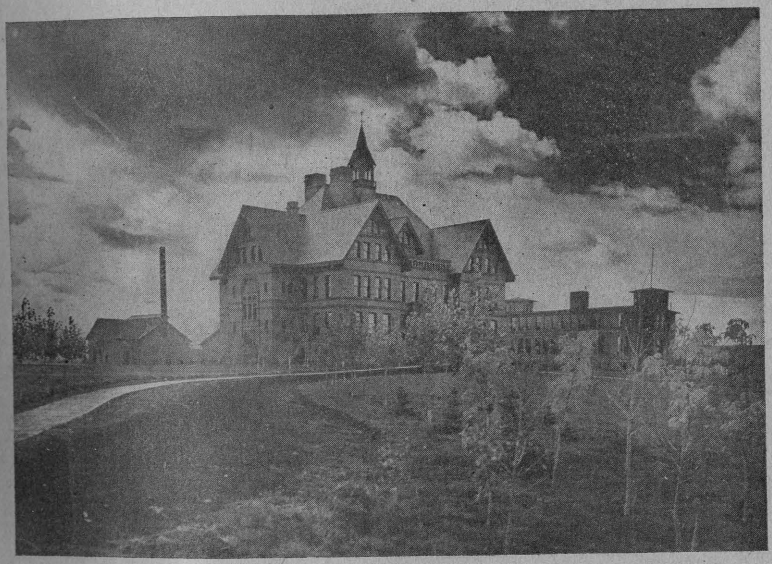
COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

THE EXPONENT

Volume XI Number 8



M. A. C.

MAY 1907 BOZEMAN MONT.



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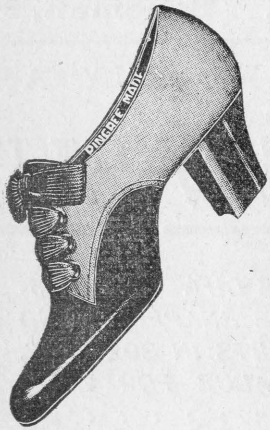
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1:00, 1:45, 2:30, 3:50 and 4:45 p. m.

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FOR DOWN TOWN

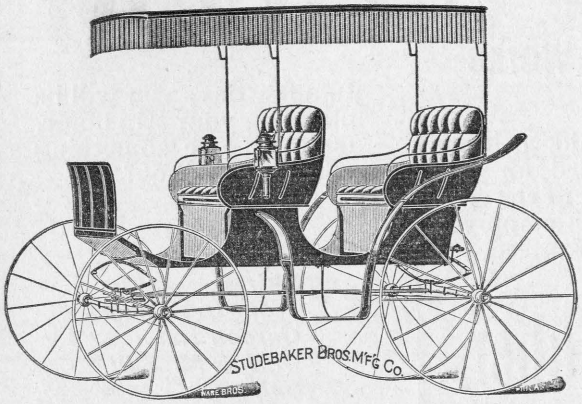
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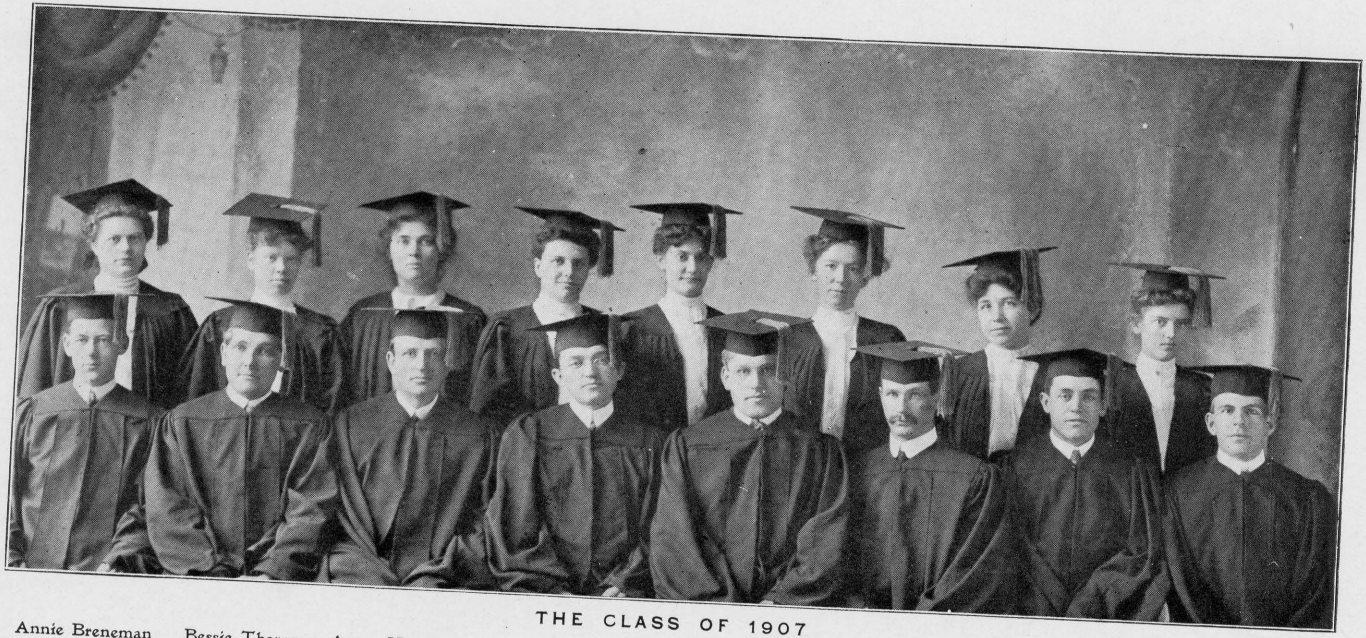
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THE CLASS OF 1907

Annie Breneman Bessie Thorpe Agnes Mountjoy Belle Osborn Frieda Bull Lois Hartman Maud De Muth Mabel Thorpe
Harold Flager Clyde W. Penwell Warren Griffith Floyd Lorentz Harry Baker Jay Pease Clyde C. Penwell Tom Quaw

The Exponent

VOLUME XI. NUMBER 8. WHOLE NUMBER 95.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA, MAY, 1907.

The Class of 1907, M. A. C.

My vision is of ships that sail
Far out upon the sunlit sea.—
Beyond the blue horizon's veil
So fraught with charm and mystery.
Into the life that is to be
These chosen ships sail valiantly.

Some tower aloft with mighty frame
Of steel and oak to bear the shock
Of tempest wave or battle flame.
Some dainty crafts but dip and rock
In gay responsive sympathy
With gentler moods of wind and sea.

Some graceful ships of queenly poise
Ride forth undaunted and serene,
A tpye of power unvexed by noise.
While others plunge and dash between
The slower hulls.—Thus busily
Thev serve with speed and energy.

Blue shadowed hills along the shore,
Like loving home friends waiting stand.
While waves green glinted dance before
The prows that seek a distant land.
The glad sea air sets life astir
And lures the eager voyager.

As out from the sheltering port they fare,
These ships—our class of 1907,
God grant them tender watchful care.
Through crushing storm or peaceful haven
May each dear ship ride gloriously,
An argosy from M. A. C.

—M. K. H.

Commencement

It was a beautiful June day. All the scents and sounds of spring filled up the fragrant spaces of the woods. Far up through the great feathering branches gleamed patches of blue sky. On every side stretched long aisles pillared with the clean gray trunks of the pine trees wrought in net work pattern. Far down below rushed the river, foaming and dashing against the unmoved black rocks. Up the rocky sides from the water's edge, bravely clinging to nook and cranny running along ledges, hanging trembling to ragged edges, boldly climbing up to the forest, were all spring's myriad tender things, wherewith she redeems Nature from winter's ugliness It was a spot where Nature was certainly at her best—soothing, resting and gladdening the heart.

Dick lay here for an hour, watching the pine branches wave about him and listening to the voices from the wood and from the waters below, and thinking of his college days and the life he had left a few short days ago —for it was just a week ago that he had received his degree and said farewell to his classmates, and now he was on his way to join a surveying party in the heart of the Rockies.

As he thought of those carefree days and his dear old Alma Mater, a sadness came over him for they were gone and only the memory remained, but it was a very sweet memory. Had he not had the honor of playing on the famous foot ball team that for four years had held the state championship? Even now his heart beat faster as he thought of the hard won victory of a few weeks before in the meet with the State University. And then there were the boys and girls he had known so well who, like himself, were starting out up the trail of life.

Pleasant memories indeed! He rose, caught his horse and proceeded up the winding mountain trail. His memories were like this trail, a slender, unbroken, never-ending thread, connecting experiences. It unrolls behind like a thread so that you never do quite lose connection with yourselves. There is something a little fearful to the imaginative in the insistence of it. You may camp, you may linger, but sometime or other you must go on, and when you do, then once again the trail takes up its continuity without reference to the muddied place you have tramped out in your indecision or indolence or obstinacy or necessity. "It would be exceedingly curious to follow out in patience the chart of a man's going, tracing the pattern of his steps with all its windings of nursery, playground, boy's afield, country, city, forest, mountain, home, always on and on into the higher country of responsibility until it leaves him at the summit of the Great Divide. Such a pattern would tell his story as surely as do the tracks of a partridge on the snow."

At last he reached the top. Behind him lay the canyon and the trail he had ascended. His eyes followed it until it disappeared, swallowed up in the pine trees—but in fancy he followed it on through those pine trees, past the hills and plain to the town. Before him stretched out a broad, green valley and on beyond a magnificent primeval forest.

Here was life in abundance—yes, life and happiness and opportunities. He saw them all and it was a glorious view. He was looking upon real life but he did not shrink from the responsibility.

"Afoot and light-hearted I take to
the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose."

—B. A. O., '07.

Her Opportunity

Jessie Vaughn, five feet in height and weighing ninety-five pounds, was reporter on the Radford Review, a large, up-to-date bi-weekly. She was one of many reporters and a very earnest painstaking one. She wanted very, very much to be placed in a better position. Not that she needed the money. Her father was well off and looked upon her present employment as a short-lived fad. Besides, a very nice young man was waiting and eager to endow her with a share of all his earthly goods whenever she was ready. But she wanted to show both her father and him that her college education had not been wasted—that she could do something, even if she was little; and if she had gotten her position through a pull she could get promotion by her own meritorious work. Then perhaps she would be willing to see what she could do with a six room flat for two.

Things were at this stage and Jessie was waiting for something to happen that she might show her abilities when she was called one day to the office.

"Miss Vaughn," said the editor, after a somewhat impatient but comprehensive survey of her diminutive person, "there has been a great deal of agitation on the child labor question of late. We want a good truthful article on this subject for our paper. As you seem to be the most available person at present we wish you to visit the cotton mills at X— and get a good report on conditions there. It may be hard to do, impossible in fact, as they are weary of reporters now. But do your best. That is all, I believe."

Miss Vaughn left the office with beating heart. He had not said so exactly, but she knew it was her chance. Oh! if she could only make use of it now and show what she could do.

Next day found her at X— at the home of a former college friend. But she had heard the discouraging report that it was impossible for any reporter to get inside the mills. Such people had already made them too much trouble and were now guarded against.

Jessie lay awake several hours trying to think of some plan by which she might gain admittance. Finally a bright idea struck her. How glad she was now that she was small and had a "baby face," as she called it. Bright and early next morning she related the details of her plan to her friend, who soon caught her enthusiasm and went with her at noon to the home of an old lady who worked in the mills. As a result, when the noon workers returned one haggard old lady brought with her a girl (of 15 years she claimed) with tangled brown braids and innocent blue eyes, but a dirty face and ragged dress. The old lady claimed the girl was her niece from the mountains, who had just come down to get work. She had no trouble getting in as help was much needed and few questions were asked as to who or what she was.

That night Jessie returned from the mills tired from the noise and work and sick at heart from what she had seen there. She was full of indignation and surprise. Indignation against the mill owners and parents of the little slaves. Surprise that such things could be and not be known or if known, tolerated for a day. For she had seen delicate, nervous children, some scarcely able to stand at times, working in those noisy, hot rooms, broken women bringing their tiny children there to help with the work in order that their drunken

fathers might get daily drinks without the trouble of work.

In this mood she wrote her thrilling article for the paper next morning and the simple truth of the details and forcible manner in which they were told was the beginning of the reform movement in the child labor in that state.

I shall not harrow you longer with this tale. She had proven herself capable and could have had a better position on her return, but she declined—and you may finish the story.

—A. M., '07.

We Seniors

Once we were as Freshmen rated;
Zeal was ours, as we debated.
Modest were we and retired
And by Profs. were much admired.

Ah! those days were filledwith laughter
Music crept our footsteps after.
Eager we, for wisdom yearning
Trod the pathway unto learning.

Fun and frolic, work and worry,
Came, but left us in a hurry
Giving way to new ideas
Which would bring us big careers.

Fame as Sophs. for us was waiting;
Basket ball and deep debating,
Oratory, larks and scrapping,
Nothing e'er found us a napping.

Contests, prizes, all came our way
We were blessed with Nature's dowry
And when Autumn came back smiling
We as Juniors, sweet, beguiling,

Turned again to our dear College,
Climbing still the path to knowledge
Gaining yet more fame and glory,
Which to tell would be a story

Teeming so with deeds of daring
That you would not find it wearing.
But as Seniors, you all know it
For our very actions show it,

We have had our greatest pleasure
And secured our greatest treasure
From the friendships we are making
And the mem'ries that we're taking.

Now's the time to be fulfilling
Our high missions, ready, willing,
Eager still to use our knowledge,
And bring honor to our College.

—A. T. B., '07.









MUSIC GRADUATES

ETHEL WIDENER
GRACE GRIFFIN

FLORA HARTMAN
ELLIS FEATHERSTON

History of the Class of 1907

The famous class of '07 came into existence on the 14th day of September, 1903, at the Montana Agricultural College, Bozeman, Mont. During the first two weeks it waxed strong under the able care of the faculty and was started aright, along the staight and narrow path that leads to knowledge: as soon as it had attained its full growth the energetic members began to look around and size things up for themselves. They noticed at once that the college wasn't all high for excitement so proceeded to deal new cards and with this hand things started on the jump. The class of '06 wakened up and the fight for supremacy began in earnest.

The antics of this class of '06 were so ludicrous that the '07's bethought themselves of the idea of portraying them in song, so forthwith wrote a play using the Sophomores as star characters and produced the same in the assembly hall the latter part of the year. This was the greatest success of the first year and was a fitting dessert for all that had gone before, and a beginning for great things to come.

Their career as Sophomores was not so eventful and exciting, perhaps, but several encounters with the '08 class served to attract the attention of the public. Physically they were not quite equal to this class of three times their number, but this weakness was due partially to the bad effects produced by the excellent repasts served at irregular (but none the less sure) intervals throughout the year by the Freshmen.

The next year as Juniors they put aside all such undignified proceedings as class scraps, party raids, etc., and devoted themselves to the task of acquiring that dignity and superior bearing that would be such a necessary part of their make-up the following year. All other happenings of this year were crowded into the background by an event that seldom happens in a Junior class, in fact it might be called a calamity for it seemed such to the members of the class. Our noble president became entangled in the wiles of matrimony —a fate from which his selfish classmates could not save him.

As Seniors the following year they attained their full dignity and by their studious habits and close attention to work they set a good example to all the under classmen and received the everlasting gratitude of the faculty.

The college librarian is especially indebted to this illustrious class, for by their good behavior while in the library and the influence for good they have had on the rest of the students, the hard task of preserving order was simplified. It is the sincere regret of every member of the class that their visits to this place of rest were necessarily so infrequent, on account of heavy classroom duties, but even the occasional visits of any member were looked forward to and appreciated by the librarian.

A look of sadness has crept into the faces of every student due, no doubt. to the fast approaching time when the class of '07 shall be no more in M. A. C.

This our desire—That our good influences shall be everlasting; and for ourselves—that no worse fate than that which took from our midst one member, shall overtake any of us in the years to come.

—H. J. F., '07.

Representative Men and Moral Principle

[This oration represented M. A. C. in the State Oratorical Contest.—Ed.]

Stamped in bold relief upon the pages of all history are the lives and achievements of certain men. They appear as integral parts of their various works for we cannot imagine Plato separated from philosophy, Shakespeare from the drama, or Blackstone from law. To the world they represent certain realms of thought and action wherein they surpassed their contemporaries and rose to heights that are unattainable by men who apparently possess equal will and intellectual power. Recognizing their quality the human race has elevated them above the ordinary plane where they are regarded as genuine benefactors of mankind. Surrounded by a halo of simplicity, which is the true badge of real greatness, they have been heralded to the world as noble and their renown has emerged, scathless, from the crucible of time.

No mortal of mediocre mental strength occupies a niche in the hall of fame as one of these representative men—and for what reason? Why is the character demanded so far beyond his scope that he must give place to men of more excellent temper? Many persons are endowed with a mighty intellect and a will of iron and yet they do not climb where these others have climbed in the estimation of humanity. Let it be our purpose tonight to isolate, if you please, the factor in their make-up which makes them so grandly superior and thus discover the secret of their power.

Philosophers agree that the mind is composed of the intellect, the sensibilities, and the will. For sympathy and maximum mental capacity these three must be developed to the fullest. Of the sensibilities, moral principle is the highest and noblest. This is the rule of action in respect to right and wrong that governs the discharge of all social obligations between man and man. Its practice displays the noblest parts of human nature and is an essential condition to supreme mental power. A brilliant intellect without moral principle is like a kite without a tail. It is erratic and spectacular in its light, but it rises to no great height. A strong will without moral principle is sure to meet with disaster. A combination of intellect and will dashes itself in pieces upon the rocks of controversy where it leaves no impression further than to strew them with wreckage.

These facts are borne out by innumerable examples in the records of the ages that are gone. Voltaire has faded into a dim vista of the past. With his brilliant intellect and facile pen he is gone. For a few years he scintillated in the bright heat of French admiration, but he is fast being closed in by a cloud of mist, and it was the lack of moral principle that ruined his appeal to the human soul. On the other hand, Shakespeare, the acknowledged interpreter of human character, grounded his works in the foundation of morality, a vantage point from which he reaches forth and touches the heart strings of his people until they vibrate again, sending out melodies that shall never cease. Pizarro went with pomp and circumstance, backed by all the power of Spain, to conquer Peru and bring home the treasure of the Andes, but his name is erased completely with the exception of a few musty corners in history. The name of Columbus, who was despised and maltreated at the very hands of those whom he would lift up, is in the mouth of every school child. The one was a gold seeker whose greed faltered not at the sight of blood to

attain its ends. The other had a theory which, if proven, would be of vast benefit to the world and he was willing to risk his life, his honor, and all that was dear to him to put it to the test. The haughty Pharisee of Tarsus was a mere mental pigmy by the side of Paul whose intellect was balanced with moral principle. The Pharisee has taken his place with the forgotten, but Paul rose to heights that are unsurpassed and today Christianity holds him as her ablest champion. It was the lack of moral principle that made Aaron Burr a traitor and it was its possession that made Alexander Hamilton a statesman and a patriot. It was moral principle combined with a massive intellect that gave us Burke, Chatham, Clay and Webster and it was the lack of moral principle that gave us Lord Byron, the brilliant misanthrope and silver tongued personification of sensuality and dissipation.

These few are typical of the host.

Moral principle has ever been the ballast of the spiritual ship. Time after time without it the vessel is overturned and sinks into oblivion. Time after time with it she breasts the waves with an even keel, upright and majestic. No storms affect her and from each recurring tempest she proceeds stronger than ever, ready to do battle again with the sea of life. When the sky is fair she holds true to her course, unswerving and steady. With the ballast overboard she bobs about like a cork. The same hull, the same rigging, and the same rudder, but the ballast is gone and all are useless. The sails that should carry her straight on her way become dangerous and serve to capsize rather than to propel.

The great do not come from any one walk in life. On the contrary they issue from all possible places under all possible circumstances. When with us in the flesh they lay no claim to eminence, but fulfill their mission as they see it and pass out, insofar as they know, unhonored and unsung. More than three hundred years ago a little monk stood before an assemblage of princes. On one side was arrayed the Church of Rome with all its insane jealousy of religious power. On the other side stood Martin Luther defending his religion in the face of the Inquisition with all its horrors. No wordly recompense was to be his, yet he defied the papal will that his belief in God might be perpetuated. Freedom to worship the Almighty according to the dictates of the conscience results from the steadfastness in moral principle of this one man and today millions rise at the mention of his name to invoke the blessing of heaven. What grander memorial could he have? The backwoods of Illinois yielded us Abraham Lincoln. Tall, gaunt, and sad eyed he arose from amid the throng at his country's call to give his life in her service. How nobly he bore the trials of those years of strife. The assassin's bullet which opened the foutnain of his life's blood twinged the heart of every man, woman and child in this broad land. The news that the head of the nation had been stricken was flashed from coast to coast and its answer was a wail and a flood of tears. Heart broken they laid him away in his tomb and waited for time to heal the wound. The tenderness with which that sacred name is uttered gives testimony to his fidelity. Like the voyager on the boundless ocean who singles out the pole star from among the galaxy which fills the skies for his guide, Abraham Lincoln chose moral principle for his guiding star and when his storm tossed soul was ushered into the great beyond he left behind him the most precious monument ever erected to man—a shrine in the hearts of his fellowmen.

When Milton wished to portray a character that was absolutely wicked he chose one that was destitute of moral principle. He gave him a powerful intellect and an immovable will, but the sense of right and wrong is not there. Contrasted with Satan is Gabriel who is the very soul of morality, the embodiment of all that is good and great, combining intellect, will and moral principle in their finest development. The one is despised of the Father and cast into outer darkness. The other is made the foremost angel in heaven, delegated to represent the infinite First Cause and dwell forever where there is naught but peace and music and sunshine eternal.

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave," wrote the poet and he should have added that the man who treads them wears a crown of thorns by the way. Temporal power and vulgar display are strong temptations for a struggle towards eminence, but if we examine the catalogue of real fame we shall find that the names of the men who yielded are not there. Instead there is Luther, Milton, Lincoln and a host besides. Oh, noble men! How humbly you have borne your cross! Over splintered rocks with bleeding feet you have gone responding to the cry of nations in distress and moral principle was your guiding star. Heaverward your pathway lead you; to a land of prefect joy among singing birds and babbling brooks where angel voices in heavenly anthems swell forth upon the perfume laden air until the hills resound and the trees bow their branches in homage to the King of Kings.

If our heart's desire is to go where these have gone we must embrace the sources of their strength and bear the cross which they have borne. The road is one of anguish and heart yearning. Our ideals will be shattered and they must be built anew. The mountain top which we so long to reach will seem ever farther and farther away. We shall drink of springs that bubble from the earth as clear as crystal only to find them as bitter as gall. The horizon of hope will grow black with clouds of despair but if we struggle on the victory shall be ours. We shall find an altar in the heart of every person whose life we touch and when at last we stand at the entrance of the vale of shadows we can look backward with content upon the lifetime of well spent years and when the silent tide bears out to sea the going will be one of peace, "too full for sound and foam."

—O. S. Peters, '09.



His Dream

It was warm, oh, so warm. They had sought the coolest spot on the whole place, down in the big pasture, beside the creek. It was too late for mosquitoes and they could be perfectly comfortable except for the heat. Her mother had advised them to stay on the porch where it was already cool, rather than take that long walk through the sun in search of possible comfort, but they wanted to be alone, and the porch was far too public to suit them.

Ruth's rosy face was rosier still, and Keith was fairly limp as they dropped onto the grass in this little spot of theirs, where they had confessed to each other all their joys and sorrows for so many years. It was worth the long hot walk to be here at last, for there was no one to hear what they might say except the cows, standing knee deep in the stream, and the birds in the branches above them, all fast asleep on this sultry afternoon. Other people might prefer the porch, but for them, nothing could compare to this cool, shady nook, where the clover was as smooth as a lawn, and the creek rippled softly past them, singing to them as it went.

Ruth curled up cosily, with her back against a tree, and Keith stretched himself near her, with his head close to her knee, in hopes she might forget now and then and drop her hand for a moment on his forehead or hair. He had been doing this very thing for several summers now, and she had never forgotten, but then, you know, she might today. At least once a month during all these summers he had told her how much he loved her, and each time she had laughed at him or entirely ignored his remarks. It had come to be an expected thing by this time, and although the scene was sometimes tearful, sometimes stormy, and very often laughable, it always ended the same. Keith was so earnest, and Ruth so persistently declared she did not want to hear about such things. And when he would hopelessly declare he didn't believe she ever would care for anyone, or even had a heart, she would insist that he was unfair, and that some day she would love someone enough to marry.

It was all very amusing to their friends, and a little trying to the match-making ones, for it had long ago been decided by all these that Ruth and Keith were surely meant for each other, and simply must marry, sooner or later.

Today it was too warm to talk, and so they sat in silence, Ruth gently fanning herself with her hat, and Keith watching the water as it splashed over the rocks, breaking into fine sprays, or fell over a root grown up in the creek bed, making a miniature water fall. But mostly he watched and waited, if by any chance her hand might touch his head. This had been his dream, and each time he was with her, he hoped that that day would mark its realization.

Ruth was dreaming too, and whatever her dreams might have been, she was wondering if he would propose again soon. She felt that it was coming from the way he fidgeted. He never would get over that funny little nervousness if he had lived to be a hundred years old. He was quieter than usual today, and his eyes were just a little sad. Three years of this sort of thing showed its effect, if Ruth did consider it a joke, or rather, because she did consider it as such.

His head didn't seem to rest well in the grass for he turned it over and over, and finally sat up, altogether.

She had noticed he looked a little pale, but she attributed this to his nervousness, but now as she looked at

him more closely, she decided that there were dark rings under his eyes. She had been away for two weeks on a little visit, but she hadn't noticed he was looking ill when she returned a few days before. It must be just the heat, she thought, and fanned herself more vigorously.

"Ruth," he said suddenly, as he straightened himself from his half reclining position. "Ruth, do you know, I like that dress immensely you are wearing today?"

She started a little, for this was not what she was expecting.

"Oh, do you?" she replied in a moment, lightly. "It's an old thing, you know, but it's so cool I picked it out for this awful afternoon."

"Well, I guess that's why I like it, because it is old."

"Oh, thank you."

"I mean because it seems more like you, it's so white and soft and—"

"Thank YOU. That IS a compliment. I am so glad to know I am soft."

"And it makes me think of lots of happy times we used to have." He went on, not heeding her interruption.

"You talk as if we never had any good times any more," she answered.

"We dont'—not as we did the first year we knew each other."

"Oh Keith, do cheer up. You're as gloomy as a grave yard. You must be sick," she added anxiously, coming a little nearer to look closer at him. His head dropped down by her knee again, but her hand stayed in her lap.

He didn't answer, and they were silent for some time. Finally she slipped her hand softly out into the grass.

He did look so hot, and she believed his head ached. But he didn't notice it, so she drew it back again.

"I have just decided something," she said at last. "Do you want to know what it is?"

"Of course," he answered without moving.

"Well,"—she spoke slowly, as if scarcely sure just what to say,—"well, I have decided to wear this for my wedding dress."

He was standing in a moment, looking squarely at her.

"Ruth," he gasped, "you—you are going to be—married!"

"Did you suppose I was going to be an old maid?"

There was a catch in her voice, but he didn't notice it. So this was why she had been so happy since her little visit. She had treated him just the same as before, just the same except perhaps a little more tenderly, and that was because she was sorry for him. And now she had come all the way down here in the hot sun, to their favorite spot—to tell him.

He couldn't bear to look at her, and he must think it all out. She would be kind. And so his head went down again, and the thought flashed through his mind as it had so many times before, "Will she put her hand on my forehead?" But in an instant he had put it from him, for it was that other fellow's head she would caress now, and his—never.

He was a man, yes, and a strong one, but the tears slipped out from under his tightly closed lids, and rolled across his face. His head throbbed with the force of the hot, suppressed tears, and his throat had a dull, tightening ache. Even his mind was playing him tricks, for he felt her cool hand in his hair and on his forehead, as he had so often dreamed it would be, and he could not shake it off. Well, he must be a man. He must say something to her, tell her he is glad, even if it is a lie, for she will expect it. Oh, if this dream might go on forever.

The throbbing in his temples and

eyes seemed to lessen under the magic touch, and then—he surely felt her breath against his cheek, but he dared not move or the vision beautiful would vanish. Then he heard her voice, in his ear, very soft, but distinct, and she said, "Keith, dear, don't you care?"

He was dreaming yet, but he answered softly, as if still fearing to break the spell, "Care for what?"

"Why—why, for my hand here, and the dress, and—"

That wakened him, and as he rose, and turned, and looked at her, her head went down into her hands, and it was her turn to cry. He came nearer, and gently drew her head over to his shoulder, and petted and soothed her until she had cried it all out.

"What will you think?" she sobbed at last. "But I couldn't let you go on always misunderstanding."

The sun dropped lower and lower in the western sky. The air was cooler, and over their heads in the treetops, the birds, refreshed from their afternoon rest, were singing their evening song. The cows had long ago started on their slow leisurely journey to the pasture bars. The water was still singing and rippling softly past them. But it was all unnoticed, for Keith's head rested quietly on her knee, and Ruth's hand passed lovingly through his hair. The dream was realized.

—A. M. C., '08.

The Sunset Hour

It is evening, just at sunset.
All the world is hushed and still
Waiting God's last benediction.
Every leaflet, every rill
Pauses in its ceaseless motion,
Lost is all its strange unrest;
Pausing, waiting for that blessing
Even they consider best.

Roses bloom along the roadside
Where we wander at this hour,
And the murmuring of the water
Seems to sooth us with its power.
Far above us tower the treetops,
Near us blooms the fair, pale rose,
Loveliest of all God's blossoms,
Fairest flower of all that blows.

Suddenly a splendor rises.
And the western mountain tips,
Where the sun has slipped behind them,
Seem to reach up with their lips
Just to kiss the roseate splendor
Of the clouds above them spread,
Just to touch the growing glory
Of the magic gold and red.

Breathlessly we watch the journey
Of this train of pink and gold,
As it rises to the zenith
Billowing upward, fold on fold.
And the eastern mountain summits,
With their caps of glistening snow,
Catch a part of the reflection,
Part of all this wondrous glow.

Then it widens. All the mountains
Sink behind a golden mist.
Only in the west we see them,
Where, with pink and violet kissed,
Stately in their pride they're standing,
Lifting their gold crowns on high;
Bold and rugged, silhouetted
Dark against the illumined sky.

Is it fading? Slowly, slowly,
All the splendor steals away,
Leaving only soft, faint flushes
To mark the dying of the day.
High above us in the treetops
Murmurs softly the night breeze,
As it starts upon its mission,
Bringing rest and sleep and ease.

Have we lost it? In its passing
Has it left us for all time?
Deep within our hearts we keep it
With a reverence sublime.
Other sunsets come and vanish,
And we feel life's chastening rod,
But within our souls we cherish
Memories of that hour with God.

—A. M. C., '08.



GRADUATES OF PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

ETHELBERT COOMBS JAMES HIGGINS MAUDE SMITH WM. HAINES ETHEL FRANKS WM. BESSETTE
WILLARD BROWN BLANCHE METHENY LESLIE BOYLE FAYE WIDENER GEORGE COOK

Graduates not included in picture: BEN CLARK, HIRAM HUTTON

The Exponent

A Journal Published Monthly During the College Year
by the Students of the Montana Agricultural College.

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ENTERED IN BOZEMAN POSTOFFICE AS SECOND CLASS MATTER

Editorials

This, the May issue of the Exponent, is the last for the present college year, and the last one to be issued by the present staff. In looking back over the year, we realize that many mistakes have been made, and that many things might have been added to the various departments that would have made the Exponent a better paper. In turning the work over to the new editor-in-chief and his staff, we hope they will profit by our mistakes and failures, and, with the aid of the whole student body, edit a paper next year that will be very much a credit to our college.

If any student finds time hanging heavy on his hands during the vacation, that time will be well spent in writing a story, or a sketch of something he has seen or done. Such a production will gladden the heart of the Literary Editor. His duty is not to write all the poems and stories, you must remember, but to edit and publish the ones given to him by other students. Although the staff is directly responsible for the success or failure of the paper, in the end that success or falure is really due to what the student body has done or has not done.

As members of the staff, we wish to thank all the students and members of the faculty who have aided us in any way,—by subscriptions, manuscripts, local items, or patronage of our advertisers.

The long looked for Junior Annual has at last appeared, and the Juniors need not be ashamed of their work. The book shows careful work and preparation, and is one every student should possess as a memento of his college days. The Annual staff deserves much credit for its work, and especially as this is the first Annual published in our college. Half the

work was in blazing the trail, but it is opened now and succeeding classes can undoubtedly accomplish more for the same amount of labor and time and money. This first M. A. C. Annual compares very favorably with the first ones from other schools, and as a member of the faculty was heard to say, "It has the first one published by the University three years ago beat all hollow." The class of 1909 are so anxious to show the '08's how much better they can do, they have already elected their editorial staff, and work will begin immediately in the fall. This is the right kind of class spirit, and M. A. C. is grateful to the class of 1908 for starting the ball rolling.

At the Assembly on May 3 the election of the editor-in-chief of the Exponent for the coming year was held. Mr. Wilbur Robinson, who was then at Missoula with the base ball team, was elected. On returning, Mr. Robinson announced his inability to take the position and presented his resignation, which was accepted, and at the Assembly on May 17 another election was held, Mr. Chas. M. Fisher being chosen.

As editor of the Exponent, Mr. Fisher has a great responsibility resting upon him, because the Exponent is the only means by which the institutions outside of the state can come in touch with us, and from the appearance of our paper they will judge the school. It is interesting to look over the great number of Exchanges we get from the various schools of all kinds throughout this broad country of ours—from Maine to California. It is interesting to see what other schools do, to compare oursevles with them, and most of all to see what they think of us, and to all the students in this College (if any) who think that this paper is up to the standard a paper in a school like this should be, I suggest that you look over the Exchanges and see what some schools of our own standing think of it. And to those who don't think this paper is up to the standard I suggest that you shift the responsibility off yourself before expressing any opinions about it. And now when you have realized that there is room for improvement just remember that you are as much a part of the College and Exponent as anyone else, for the students who are selected as leaders are only to direct the abilities of the others and not to really do the work themselves. And so next year if you wish to see this paper without fault just kindly place your service, subscriptions, patronage of advertisers and suggestions or criticisms at the disposal of Mr. Fisher and there will no longer be any need of making explanations or offering apologies for the Exponent.



ALUMNI—MONTANA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

NAME	Class	Degree	Graduate Degree	School Attended for Graduate Deg.	Course	Present Occupation	Present Location	School Att. Since Leaving M. A. C.	Married or Unmarried
Allen, Elbert	1903	B. S.			General Science	Lawyer	Livingston Mont.	Univ of Missouri	Married
Benton, Ralph	1906	B. S.			Biology	Ass't Entomologist	Berkeley Calif	University of Calif	Unmarried
Blankenship, E. V.	1897	B. S.			Agriculture	Farmer	Bozeman Mont.		Married
Bole, William S.	1906	B. S.			Biology	Medical Student	Baltimore Md.	John Hopkins Uni	Unmarried
Brown, Edith	1904	B. S.			History	Music Teacher	Bozeman Mont.		Unmarried
Caldwell, Thos. O	1899	B. A. C			Chemistry	Assayer	Gilt Edge Mont		Married
Chaffee, C. Sarah	1906	B. S.			Biology	Teacher	Missoula Mont		Unmarried
Cockrill, Irvine	1900	B. A. C			Chemistry	Surveyor	Missoula Mont		Unmarried
Cowan, Lewis	1901	B. C. E	C. E.	Cornell University	Civil Engineering	Ass't Engineer O S L Ry.	Salt Lake Utah	Cornell University	Unmarried
Collins, W E.	1902	B. S.	J. D. (Juris Doctor)	Univ of Chicago	General Science	Lawyer	Townsend Mont	Chicago Univ	Unmarried
Flager, Howard	1906	B. E. E			Elect. Engineering	Apprentice Westinghouse Elect & Mfg Co.	Pittsburg Pa		Unmarried
Flaherty, C. D.	1904	B. C. E			Civil Engineering	Civil Engineer	Vale Oregon		Unmarried
Foster, Florence	1896	B. S.			Domestic Science	Ass't Domestic Science	Agricultural Col N M		Unmarried
Freeman, Beatrice (Davis)	1900	B. S.			General Science	Housewife	Columbus Mont	Chi Uni DegreeAB	Married
Freeman, W. B	1903	B. C. E	C. E.	Cornell University	Civil Engineering	Ass't Civil Engineer	Cody Wyoming	Cornell University	Unmarried
Gardiner, Henry C.	1903	B. S. A			Agriculture	Veterinary Surgeon	Bozeman Mont	Chicago Vet Coll Degree M D C	Married
Ham, Frank W.	1903	B. S.	M. S.	Mont Agri College	Literature & Phys	Instructor Chem M A C	Bozeman Mont		Married
*Hutton, Fred	1902	B. E. E			Elect. Engineering				
Jones, Burle J.	1904	B. S.			Biology	Charge Plant Pathology	Yuba City Calif	University of Cal	Married
Jones, W. W.	1901	B. S.	M. S.	Mont Agri College	Biology	Instructor Biology M A C	Bozeman Mont	Harvard Univ S B	Unmarried
King, Lowell R	1904	B. S.			Mathematics	Inst Math Butte H S	Butte Mont		Unmarried
Kirk, Mary	1906	B.			History	Teacher Springhill H S	Bozeman Mont		Unmarried
Koch, Ellers	1901	B. S.	M F (Master of Forestry)	Yale University	General Science	Supervisor of Bitterroot Forest Reserve	Missoula Mont	Yale University	Married
Lamme, Maurice A.	1903	B. S.	A. M.	Columbia Univ	Chemistry	Tutor Mineralogy	New York City N Y	Columbia Univ	Married
Lewis, Edaa	1903	B. S.	M. S.	University of Cal.	Mathematics	Inst Math G Co H S	Bozeman Mont	University of Calif	Unmarried
Maynard, Edna	1900	B. S.	M. S.	Mont Agri College	Gen Sci & Biology	Inst Sci Big Timber H S	Big Timber Mont		Unmarried
Monforton, Zoe (Patterson)	1901	B. S.			Domestic Science	Housewife	Bozeman Mont		Married
Moore, Ellie J	1901	B. S.	M F (Master of Forestry)	Yale University	Biology	Furniture Business	Glendive Mont	Yale University	Married
Morgan, O. P.	1896	B. S.			Agriculture	Farmer	Gallop Mont		Married
Morris, G. T	1903	B. C. E	C. E.	Cornell University	Civil Engineering	Ass't Engineer O S L Ry.	Salt Lake Utah	Cornell University	Unmarried
Nash, Lewis F.	1904	B. S.			Biology	Farmer	Bozeman Mont.		Unmarried
Penwell, C. C.	1906	B. S.			Mathematics	Student	Bozeman Mont		Unmarried
Potter, Ermine L	1906	B. S.			History	Student	Ames Iowa	Ia State Agri Coll	Unmarried
Quaw, Lucile	1903	B. S.			Literature	Housekeeper	Ames Iowa	Univ of Minn	Unmarried
Quaw, Mignon	1902	B. S.			Literature	Teacher Gallatin Co H S	Ames Iowa		Unmarried
Reese, Herbert J	1904	B. S.			Chemistry	Chemist	Denver Colorado		Unmarried
Sackett, C. T.	1904	B. C. E			Civil Engineering	City Engineer Livingston County Surveyor	Livingston Mont.	Columbia Univ	Unmarried
Sales, Reno	1898	B. S,			General Science	Head Geologist Amalgamated Copper Co	Butte Mont.	Columb Univ E M	Unmarried
Schabarker, W W	1902	B. M. E			Mech Engineering	Mechanical Engineer	Minneapolis Minn		Unmarried
Schmitt, Fred W	1903	B. S.			Chemistry	Cyanide Man	Gilt Edge Mont	Columb Univ E M	Unmarried
Shaw, W. T.	1896	B. S.			General Science	Unknown	Unknown.	Unknown.	Unknown
Sloan, Frank W	1903	B. E. E			Elect Engineering	Electrical Engineer	Chicago Ill	Univ Wis B E E	Unmarried
Sloar, J. H	1903	B. C. E			Civil Engineering	County Surveyor	Bozeman Mont		Unmarried
Spragg, Frank	1902	B. S. A	M. S.	Mich Agri College	Agriculture	Agronomist Mich Ex Sta	Lansing Mich	Agri College Mich	Unmarried
Stafford, Lucy (Peck)	1896	B. S.			Domestic Science	Housewife	Billings Mont		Married
Tavenner, F. L	1903	B. C. E	M. E.	Cornell University	Elect Engineering	Electrical Engineer	Provo Utah	Cornell University	Unmarried
Thompson, Homer C	1902	B. S.			General Science	Principal Longfellow S.	Bozeman Mont		Married
Williams, F. B.	1899	B. M. E			Mech Engineering	Mine Superintendent	Elkhorn Mont		Married
Williams, Lee	1902	B. E. E			Elect Engineering	County Surveyor	Deer Lodge Mont	Cornell University	Unmarried

*Deceased

The Aesthetic Qualities of Painting

In approaching the field of painting we must remember that it is distinctly in its evolution a Christian art. Among the speculative philosophical peoples of the Orient as typified by the Buddhist and Mohammedan, we find little painting. The wandering Arab on his desert sands with an unbroken horizon meeting his eye on every hand is driven psychologically in upon himself and his mind schooled in the intangible seeks to find but little expression in the concrete. Not so with the European. The Greek in the narrow confines of his valley shut in on every hand with jagged and stony mountains, or isolated upon multitudinous and picturesque and broken islands that stud the Ægean Sea, finds in himself the deep-seated tendency to expression in concrete form. His eyes are habituated to rest upon the sculptured hills and graceful curves of valleys and coast until his ideals find expression naturally in curves and symmetry sculptured in marble. The great truth about Greek art is it's universality. Venus de Milo is not a Greek woman but the perfect type of all womanhood. Not so at least in the technique of painting. In Italy it reflects Italian life; in Holand, Dutch life; in France, French life; and again in Spain, Spanish life. The great truths of pagan religion found adequate expression in the sculpture of Greece and Rome. From the first under the conditions which the early Christians labored stowed away in the close quartered catacombs, taken together with their abhorrence of everything pagan, we find them rejecting sculpture and founding as it were the new art of painting. To be sure painting is older than the Christian era, but the early antique works of the Greeks resembled relief work and presented largely historical scenes, being excluded by sculpture from depicting the gods. Roman painting followed in the same way and assumed a playful place of mural decoration largely in colors with no idea of delusion or symbolism.

In the advances of early Christian art it is interesting to note the development of the symbolic signs of Chi Ro, Alpha Omega and the fish of the catacombs, probably first used merely as tokens of recognition among themselves by the hunted Christians, into the pictorial expression of the idea of the Good Shepherd and the Lamb. It will be seen that the origin of Christian painting was in the kindred art of writing and so symbolical in the highest sense of the word. As the Christian painters advanced in their art they sought to evolve a system of technique and we find them reverting to the antique. This employment of the antique was greatly heightened when Christianity emerged from the catacombs and places of worship began to be erected with the great call for decorative work. From this time on in Italy painting and architecture became inseparable and the heights to which painting rose is due to the happy union of the two arts, which was at the expense of the development of a pure type of architecture. From now on we find the fusion of the historical and symbolical in painting on the one hand with the decorative and formal on the other hand. The Church dictates the subjects to be painted and the artist busies himself in fitting his symbols and figures into the great wall spaces with masterful effects and harmony of colors.

The medium of expression of the painter requires such a mastery of technique covering such a range of elements, e. g. form, symmetry, tone, gradation, light, shade, color, har-

mony, perspective, atmosphere, values, and a host of other things, that the painter is liable to busy himself very largely with the technical or formal aspects of his work. This has led to what is called formalism in painting in that the emphasis has been put upon the decorative attributes of the art. Since painting has as its aim the portraying and hence transmission of truth, the same criticism of formalism here holds true as the criticism of mere form in poetry or any of the other arts. Important as the way of saying is artistically yet what is said after all is more important. One may be a perfect technician and yet fail of being a true artist. In short there is much in the selection of a fit subject to be portrayed and much in the imaginative development of the theme apart from the mere technique of expression.

We have seen that painting and writing are closely related in that they are both symbolical of truth. Writing appeals to the intellect and emotions. In like manner does painting. The word tree as written is symbolical of what we know in nature as a tree and with its recognition as such there is an emotional shade visualizing in our mind's eye a more or less universalized tree. Similarly in painting a conventional sign brings to our minds with an emotional shade the form of a tree.

There is however in all art a law in operation to the effect that that which gives the greatest stimulation with the least expenditure of energy, is the higher art. Accordingly in painting the tendency has been to present the sybmols as nearly as true to the appearance of nature as is necessary to give the eye its maximum stimulation with the minimum of loss in potential energy. The aim is not to present things as they are known to be in nature for that would be actualism or naturalism, requiring greater energy for the given stimulation for things would not be portrayed as they are seen. As the eye rests upon a tree the center of focus is distinct and the visualization of that point is fairly true to nature. But with the eye so focussed the edges of the same tree appear more or less blurred. Obviously if the whole tree be presented in the picture in its miniature form with the extremities in equal detail with the center, the natural appearance of the tree is disturbed, giving us merely a fatiguing wealth of detail and not a tree as it really appears to us in nature. We thus find that Aristotle's canon that art must imitate nature holding true. A familiar illustration used to make the point of realism in painting clearer is that of a running horse. To convey to the beholder a sense of motion in the horse, the artist deliberately increases the proportionate length of the painted horse which viewed apart from its surroundings, would look disproportionate. But in the picture with the eye centered upon the proper focal point a realistic appearance of a horse in motion is produced and that with the minimum of fatigue to the eye.

But as it has been tritely yet aptly said to paint a boot so that you could pull it on is not the highest type of art. That would be mere imitation —realism. The element of universality must enter in. None of us are disturbed because the early Christian painters depicted the Christ as slight of figure almost boyish, and those of mediaeval times painted him as a mature man. Nor are we distrubed at Corregio's oval faced Madonnas or that Raphael's Madonnas are dark haired and dark eyed while the Madonnas of the German and Dutch masters are German and Dutch peasants. The depicting of the universal in the Christ and the Madonna is the important factor and the details of fea-

ture and dress need not necessarily be true to history or even the appearance of nature. Take as a further illustration Millet's Gleaners. They are not particular peasants to us but universalized types. Take even an instance in portrait painting. No two artists would paint a portrait the same; yet the work of each might be called an excellent portrait of the individual. The thing that is important here is the expression of the eye, giving the beholder an insight into the soul or universal element of the individual portrayed.

The same thing is requsite in landscape painting as pointed out by Ruskin. A landscape painting to be truly effective must have a glimpse of sky, a vista through which one can look to the light and see and feel the soul of the Eternal. The same effect is accomplished in sculpture by an indeterminateness of color, leaving that as an opening into the infinite. The lack of determinate form in painting supplies in a measure this sense of the infinite, and in this sense the two arts are complemental. Unite the two and we degenerate at once into materialism. The rise of landscape painting parallel to music bears out this statement of required indeterminateness in one direction as a necessity for the expression of the infinite or universal. Music can be defined but in one way, e. g. by hearing, and so indeterminate in other respects and so presents the infinite. This is what lends so much beauty to the Greek play, the presence of the chorus and the lack of stage furniture. The early English theatre followed this law by merely suggestive stage conventionalities in the way of furniture. It is the presence of the infinite in music which lends power to the opera over and above the ordinary play where everything is determinate. Some of us may have experienced a sense of regret after having come from a presentation of a play at the theatre. This because the castles of the drama as we read it, were infinite and the characters ideal. If the acting has been good the characters will in a measure still remain ideal to us. The situation of the whole is greatly relieved by the presence of a good orchestra in the pit. In architecture the expansive sweep of pure white marble or brown stone gives us the sense of the infinite as does the upward sweep of Cologne cathedral.

We have taken care to give the universal application of this law in the several arts in order to establish it in view of its importance in determining just why a painting has greater power with us than the original model. In nature or in the original model things are not left indeterminate, or in so far as they are so, they gain in power and sublimity with us and approach the same goal as art. The flower not only has color but depth and tangible form and perfume, appealing to two or three senses, making it determinate and individualized—connected with the flow and ebb of life and so perishible. Art and so painting would however tend to fix the flower's beauty in a lasting form and so universalize it and give it the stamp of the infinite.

Romanticism and Classicism in painting may be defined relatively as Humanitarianism and Judaism in religion. Each is but a half truth. One gives the soul and spirit of the thing and the other the law and form of it. It is interesting to note the relation here between religion and art since we have seen that painting in its evolution has been a Christian art just as sculpture in its evolution was a pagan art. In Greece art got the best of religion and both died. Not so in Western Europe. Religion in the intensity of the Reformation and the assertion of its power, cast painting aside and has lived, with the re-

sult that painting in turn as the product of religion has entered upon a new era under the creative spirit of Protestantism. The interesting thing to note is that art can not create religion but that religion can and does create art, in witness to which we have the Pre-Raphaelite school with all of its energy and power. Religion and art are not opposed to each other and one can not supplant the other, both are but complemental. Art is contemplative and its principle is the incarnation of eternal beauty. Religion is action and its principle is the incarnation of the eternal human heart.

The impulse of the artist to paint is said by Grosse to be to communicate with or influence others. We may apply this to any one of a series of paintings. The Sistine Madonna of Raphael is well known. Here the impulse of the artist seems to have been to communicate with and influence the people of the congregation as the latter kneeling, gazed upon the altar piece from the ailes of the Church of the Black Friars. The curtains are supposed to be those of the altar and the cherubs below to be on the altar. The Madonna seems to be walking forward on the clouds holding up the Child while San Sisto points her to the waiting congregation. The method is by the means of symmetry and harmony of color, and the effect is the strengthening of the social bonds through the elevation of the spirit, at once social and individual. Or we may take Millet's Sower. Here the impulse is to communicate, and again the method is through symmetry and rythm—that of a half shadowy figure rythmically swinging across the field scattering broadcast the grain. And the effect is again on the individual, elevating his spirit to the strengthening of his social bonds.

Karl Groos points to play as the origin of art and the impulse of the artist is to instruct. On applying this theory to the Transfiguration in Raphael's Loggia it seems to fit. The object of Christ's transfiguration was undoubtedly to instruct the disciples, to make them realize a truth that mere words could not tell them. The picture carries with it in addition the intensely dramatic scene of the waiting disciples unable to heal the epileptic boy despite the frantic appeals of the father and the taunts of the jeering crowd. The hope of the artist seems to have been to influence the minds of others. The method according to Groos is through conscious deception following the principles of self-exhibition, decoration and imitation. The painting is decorative, well balanced and with a wealth of color. It imitates nature and the beholder is consciously deceived. It certainly is an exhibit of the dramatic power and ability to depict character on the part of Raphael. Its effect is pleasure through the illusion. It is a stimulation to action and that through aesthetic pleasure depending upon sensual stimulation. In applying the theory to a more recent painting the Resurrection by Burne Jones, it seems again to hold good. The impulse is to instruct, the method through conscious deception, decoration and imitation, and the effect is that of stimulation to intellectual action through feeling and aesthetic pleasure dependant upon the sensual pleasure of the illusion.

The Last Judgment of Michael Angelo as Marshall would tell us is an outgrowth of the instinct to attract others and in this he appears to be right for it certainly startles and arrests the attention of the passer-by. He says that imitation is but a means to an end and in this he is correct. The neagtive principle is the exclusion of pain and the positive principle is vividness of presentation. This is accomplished by a shifting of the

focus over a wide pleasure field and the avoidance of too much concentration. As one's eye roams over this vast painting some sixty feet in height covering the whole end of the Sistine Chapel with a varied wealth of character, one can not help but feel the appeal to be emotional, intellectual, volitional and sensual—a continually shifting field of pleasure of which one never wearies in spite of the almost gloomy twilight of the surrounding through which the half shadowy figures emerge. Turning now to the Fighting Temeraire by Turner it seems that the impulse at work to lead Turner to paint this old stately vessel, was an instinct to attract. And he has given us in his method a dreamy atmosphere with appeals from varied objects to varied emotions, thus resting the eye which then ever returns to rest upon the huge ship in tow of the tug.

That the sole impulse of Titian in painting the Assumption, now in the gallery at Venice, was merely an exercise of the play instinct, seems almost ridiculous. That the effect is pleasure is true and that the means is through stimulation of the senses by symmetry and blending of rich colors harmoniously is clear. The implied effect of pleasure through intellectual-discrimination seems to be also true, but the theory appears to be incomplete in that it does not account for the wealth of dramatic display and the power of the symbolism. Or if we consider the Jolly Man by Hals the theory again seems incomplete in that it does not account for the expression of the personality evident in the picture. It is true that the impulse of the artist here may have been more of a playful nature, and that the method is through the appeal of the senses is plausible.

Hirn takes as the impulse of the artist the craving for social intercourse, and in applying this to Tintoretto's Marriage in Cana, in Santa Maria della Salute, it seems plausible. Here is a goodly display of character, the long crowded table in the spacious saloon and the dramatic filling of the pots in the foreground—the whole is an extremely social scene. The method is by the expression of one's idea of what the world is and should be, and the effect is the securing of a freedom from pain. The effect of the miracle was to relieve the embarrassment of the situation and make the feast independent of the disturbing and painful limitations of life. Or taking up Proserpina one of the works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, we may say here again that the impulse might have been a social craving, or at least a pondering upon a universal trait of mankind, e. g. that of eating the apple and the consequent loss of Eden, the enjoyment of earth to the loss of the power of enjoying heaven. Ceres found her daughter Proserpina in Hades and obtained from Jupiter permission for her to return if she had eaten nothing during her stay there. But Proserpina had eaten of a pomegranate and so was doomed to spend half her time in Hades. Rossetti's method here is the expression of his idea of what this phase of the world is and should be and the effect is destined to be a freedom from a repetition of the pain here depicted.

We turn now to Hegel who says that the distinctive desire of man is to develop himself externally, to recognize himself in his works. His aim is to fix the ideal in concrete form. In classic art this was a perfect union of the divine, the human and the material. In romantic art the perfect union could not be because of the Christian sense of sin and estrangement from God on the one hand, and the feeling of separation from things material on the other hand. This is well shown in Rossetti's Blessed Damosel. The pro-

strated man below is wondering if there will be a recognition and remembrance of the close drawn affections of this world, beyond the grave. Above is a beautiful woman intently gazing down as it were into his very soul to instruct him that something worth going to awaits him on the other shore. The method is more than imitation, it is the development of truth as Hegel says under sensible form. This is accomplished through conformity to the laws of regularity, symmetry and harmony. The effect is the perception of truth by our spiritual beings through the senses. This theory seems to fit the best of any that we have considered. In applying it to Millet's work entitled the Gleaners, the aim again appears to be the embodiment of an ideal in concrete form, though not an imitation of nature alone, but also by the development of truth in a form appealing to the senses through its regularity, symmetry and conformity to law and harmony. The effect is the perception of the truth of the Gleaners by our spiritual beings through the senses.

All of the above theories it is to be noted, with one possible exception in part, appear to be sound when applied to the art of painting. In conclusion let us say that the several aesthetic theories may be either merely different points of view or incomplete exposition, of what may resolve itself into one unified and universally applicable theory, reconciling the present seeming confusion. The field is inviting.

—RALPH BENTON, '06.

April -- Calendar -- May

Monday, 1—April Fool's Day.

Friday, 5—Bouffon dance.

Saturday, 6—Hamiltonia in charge of Senior girls.

Tuesday, 9—Senator LaFollette's lecture.

Friday, 12—Miss Pearson addressed College girls. Preliminary oratorical contest. Band dance.

Saturday, 13—Exponent-Arena trial.

Sunday, 14—Miss Pearson lead Vesper service and evening service.

Tuesday, 16—Arbor Day.

Wednesday, 17—Exponent out.

Friday, 19—Dr. J. P. D. John's lecture.

Saturday, 20—Hamiltonia and Philomathian.

Monday, 22—Miss Wolfe's recital.

Friday, 26—Freshman play.

Thursday, 2—Annual out.

Friday, 3—Band boys appear in uniforms and play in assembly. State oratorical contest and reception for orators. Base ball game in Missoula, University vs. M. A. C.

Sunday, 5—Y. W. C. A. May Day Luncheon. Base ball game in Butte, School of Mines vs. M. A. C.

Tuesday, 7—Old-Time concert.

Thursday, 9—President and Mrs. Hamilton entertain Seniors.

Friday, 10—Visitors' Day.

Saturday, 11—Base ball game, School of Mines vs. M. A. C.

Thursday, 16—Junior reception for Seniors. Senior Y. W. C. A. meeting.

Friday, 17—Commencement recital.

Saturday, 18—Track meet; M. W, U. vs M. A. C.

A Student's Introduction to Algebra

There is no time in a student's mathematical career at which careful and skillful teaching is more absolutely necessary than when entering upon the study of algebra. The transition from the study of arithmetic to that of algebra must be made of such a nature that the student will fully realize that algebra is nothing but an extension of arithmetic. He must be brought to realize that the liberal and symbolic notation of algebra is nothing but a mathematical language more abbreviated than that with which he is accustomed. During his course this idea must be kept continually before him. He must learn to translate algebraic expressions and equations into ordinary English, also to acquire the ability to express ordinary statements concerning quality and quantity in alegbraic language. Then beyond these two acquirements he must attain the ability to think in this new language and when he has mastered it sc thoroughly that he can do his thinking in it, you will seldom if ever hear him speak of the difficulties of algebra but rather of its advantages.

A few points well to bear in mind are that in learning a new language it is best to proceed at first rather slowly. Repeated translation from the old into the new and vice versa are essential. And in these translations it is absolutely necessary that the meaning in one language shall be accurately expressed in the other.

What is true in the learning of a foreign language in this respect is equally true in the learning of the language of algebra. For this reason numerous arithmetical illustrations must be introduced to assist in impressing the student with the identity existing between the algebraic statements and operations and those of arithmetic with which they are familiar. At the same time this is being done it is necessary to point out the breadth of meaning in algebraic equations as compared with the special nature of arithmetical statements. While this is very important the teacher will have to use his own judgment as to just how far the development of the student will allow the matter to be pressed.

It will be necessary for many processes to become mechanical in nature but no student should be allowed to perform an operation mechanically unless previously he thoroughly understands the reasons back of the operation. Thus he should not be allowed to remove parenthesis until he is aware of the reasons for the rules governing the signs. Likewise he must have bases for the rules used in addition, multiplication, division, transposition, etc., etc. A student should not be allowed to use a rule until he can perform the operation without the use of the rule.

In all cases numerical examples will be of great assistance to the student in deriving rules and formulas. Care must be taken that while studying into the manipulations of abstract algebraic expressions such as found in multiplication, division, factoring, evolution, theory of exponents, etc., the meaning of the expressions dealt with is not forgotten. One way to help prevent this is the constant insertion of problems throughout the course. Personally I believe a subject so abstract as theory of negative and fractional exponents should be left to the college course.

—W. D. TALLMAN.

SOCIETIES

CORRESPONDENTS

Y. W. C. A. ..... Bessie Thorpe
Y. M. C. A. ..... Raymond Bancroft
ARENA ..... Arthur Peterson
ENGINEERS SOCIETY ..... Harold Flager
DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLUB ..... Phoebe Morgan
K. S. C. ..... Eugene Quaw
PHILOMATHIAN ..... Maud Smith
HAMILTONIA ..... Mamie Alward

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. has just received their Gearhart pennant, which was won at the summer conference by our society for having the best exhibit of all the schools represented there. The society has also received a very large and beautiful M. A. C. pennant.

Miss Pearson, the Y. W. C. A. secretary of South Dakota and Montana, visited us for several days about April 13.

The annual May Morning Breakfast was changed this year to a May Day Luncheon. It was held on May 4th. The society realized about $55.00.

Delegates from Y. W. C. A. for the Gearhart convention in August have been chosen. They are Edna Tracy and Addie Kimpton, who will do all they can to further the success of Y. W. C. A. in the college.

Hamiltonia

On April 20th, one of the most interesting programs of the year was rendered. The meeting was held at the home of Ruby King. The program was as follows: Roll Call, response by quotations pertaining to flowers. Essay, "Flowers in Myth and Fable," Ruby King. Oration, "The Mission of Flowers," Amy Cooke. Debate, Resolved, That floriculture as a business enterprise for women is more profitable than chicken raising; affirmative Bertha Morrison, Gladys King; negative, Elizabeth Swan, Rose Jones. Essay, "The Place Flowers take in Literature," Lucile Mountjoy. "Luther Burbank and Some of His Work with Flowers," Mamie Alward. Recitation, Emma Dunckel. Music, "The Flower Song," Ethel Widener. Owing to the absence of Rose Jones, Belle Osborn was appointed to substitute in the debate and proved herself a competent extemporaneous debater.

On May 11th, the following program was rendered, which will probably be the last one of the year. The subject was a study of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Roll Call, response by quotations from Aldrich. Reading, "The Little Violinist," Ruth Flager. Essay, "Life of Aldrich," Louise Accola. A Few Selections from Aldrich's Poetical Works, Edna Tracy. Reading, "A River Mouth Romance," Edna Bull. Essay, "The Works of Thomas Bailey Aldrich," Helen Fisher. Music, June Hartman.

K. S. C. Club

The students of the Art club have been visiting the famous art galleries in Europe, becoming familiar with the different masters and their work. King Solomon's Carpet having been worn nearly threadbare by their constant travel over the globe, the stu-

dents have decided to return home for the summer so that there will be ample time for repairing the carpet before next fall. After visiting all the famous art galleries of the world they have come to the conclusion that their own surpasses them all and the greatest treat of the season was offered to the beauty loving public in form of an art exhibit displayed Friday, May 10, 1907, in the art rooms of M. A. C. and continued one week.

Graduation Demonstrations

On April fifth, Miss Belle Osborn gave her graduating demonstration. She prepared a simple, but healthful and delicious breakfast for four. There was fruit, a breakfast food, muffins, omelet, coffee, toast—all one could wish for or need.

On April twenty-sixth Miss Lois Hartman prepared a three-course luncheon, which looked fit for a queen. Soup, a dinner course, including the salad, and a dessert is no small item for one to prepare in less than an hour.

A large number, both college students and town people, attended the final, most difficult and best efforts of our two senior girls in the long course Domestic Science.

Engineers' Society

The Engineers' Society held a special meeting May 8th for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. The following is the list of officers as elected: President, W. J. Driscoll, '08; vice-president, B. S. Hind, '09; business manager, D. DeMuth, '09; secretary, Frank Froebe, '10; sergeant-at-arms, J. S. James, '09. The matter of bonding the business manager and paying him a commission on all goods sold was discussed, but the decision was left until the next meeting at which also the new officers will be installed. The society is in a prosperous condition and has a membership of fifty, all of whom are registered in one of the regular four year courses in engineering. About five hundred dollars worth of engineering books and supplies have been purchased during the year, and this constitutes a saving of about twenty-five per cent or of one hundred twenty-five dollars to the members. A great deal of credit is due Carl Widener, who, as business manager, has given much of his time to this work and has so ably managed the business end of the society. Several plans for improvement in the society have been suggested and these will be taken up next year and will add greatly to its usefulness.





GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Fred Robinson, Coach Rosalind Owenhouse Mamie Alward Bertha Morrison Miss M. A. Cantwell, Manager
Edna Tracy Agnes Mountjoy, Captain Edna Vreeland
Mildred Livingston Belle Osborn



Girls' Basket Ball, 1906-07

Although basket ball is fully as popular and satisfactory a game for women as for men, the most of the state institutions have for some reason failed to place much importance in the sport. There are but few other forms of exercise in which so many women and girls of the east and middle west have indulged with so much zeal and interest, and from which the physical benefits have been so marked. Basket ball comes at the very time of year when out door games must be put aside. This period covers considerable space varying from three to four months. All this while the basket ball hall is a most desirable place of recreation for young women, engaged all the day as clerks or office helpers and for the college girls who in great numbers forget there is something more to be gained than mere book knowledge and that other parts of the body aside from the brain need training. Basket ball is by no means a passing fad, but it is gaining ground and favor every year. Teachers and directors having in charge the providing of suitable means of bodily exercise for college and high school girls have found this game better suited to the needs and conditions than any other and this fact ensures its continued popularity and progress. In this state the high schools in particular are much alive to the game and are deriving more benefit from it than the higher institutions. It is quite safe to state that this year Bozeman has lead all other towns in the state in this game. Its popularity here has been shown by the large numbers who have shared in the fun and exercise which it affords. Not only the college and preparatory girls of M. A. C. and the high school girls, but even the office girls and clerks have entered most enthusiastically into the sport. Never before in the history of our college have so many girls been seen in the hall of the ball tossers as during the season just passed. This year for the first time, class teams were organized, teams representing the preparatory department, and classes of the college proper. Contests were arranged between these various class teams and the common interest taken was exceedingly striking; interest not such as based upon class glory alone, but upon the physical benefits received and upon the individual love for the sport. While dwelling briefly upon interclass games, it is only fair that some mention be made of the class champions. The members of this team wear the '07 brand, and although there are only eight in the band, six were found who were able to become so expert in the science of ball tossing as to establish for themselves the title: "Champion ball players" of 1906-07.

But now we come to the college team, the team which defends the Golden A. As this one represents M. A. C. in all contests with other schools it is upon it that our interests are more directly centered; we depend upon it to win glory and honor for the college. Necessarily then its members must be the cream of the athletes. They must be agile, accurate in their aims, quick to adjust themselves to meet new conditions, cool headed, and able to meet successfully new plays from the hands of their oppo-

nents. Of such athletes was the team composed. The high character of their work and the standard set by them cannot be questioned. Five games were played and in all but one the team was victorious. At the hands of the Fort Shaw Indian team our girls met their only defeat and then only, after one of the pluckiest and most spirited contests. It was in this game the M. A. C. girls showed remarkable endurance and skillful playing. The remaining four games were played with the Helena Business College team and the Bozeman Business Girls, two contests with each. Three were easy victories, one with the Helena girls was hard fought and closely contested, although played on the home floor.

This year two members of the team will graduate, Miss Mountjoy, captain and guard, and Miss Osborn, forward. As a guard, Miss Mountjoy has no superior; as a forward, Miss Osborn's team work was unexcelled in past years and this year she developed unusual skill in basket throwing. By the outgoing of these two, the team will lose efficient players; players who have been faithful and loyal to the team and who have assisted much to brighten the halo around the Golden A. For next year, Miss Edna Tracy, who will then be a Senior, has been elected captain of the team.

It is to be hoped that next year every state institution will have a team in line, and that such friendly relations may be established between them as now exists between the Helena Business College and us. Basket ball is a means of maintaining vigorous health and recreation and as such demands a place and ought to secure it in our systems of physical education. The rapid growth of the game the last few years is evidence that it will succeed and thus play a large part in the physical development of the coming generation of women.

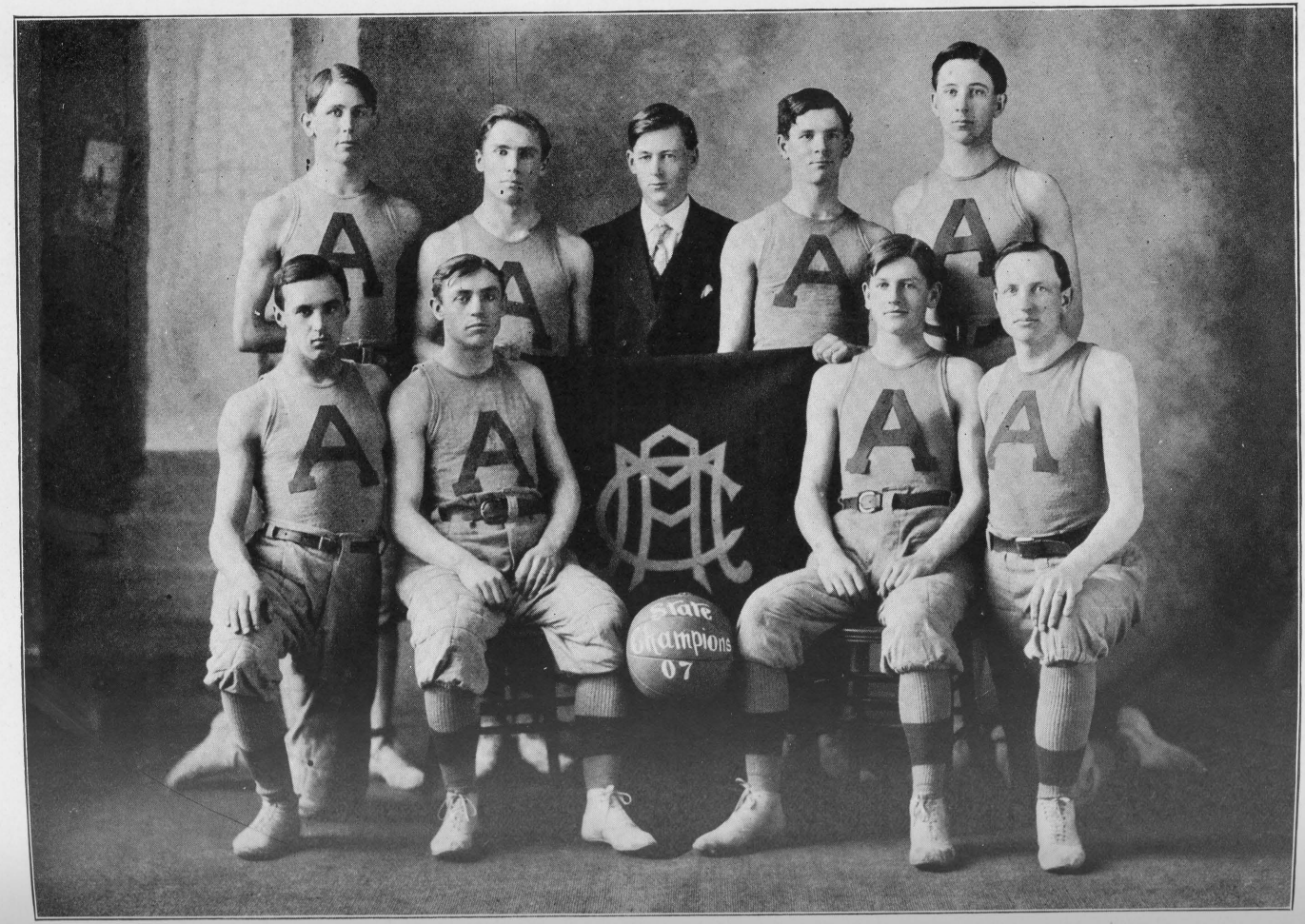
Boys' Basket Ball, 1906-07

The season has ended quite satisfactorily this year for the boys' team, as they have successfully defended the intercollegiate championship of the state, which the team last year won for M. A. C. This makes five years out of the seven years that basket ball has been played in the state that M. A. C. has held the championship. The main reason for our success this year has been due to the faithfulness of the team in practicing and also to the interest, which the students in general have taken in the practicers and games. Basket ball has also been a great success financially this year—and this is very encouraging as never before has the game been self-supporting here, which shows that it is growing to be a more popular sport with the people.

Six games were played with teams in the state representing the University of Montana, the Montana College, and the Helena Business College. Of these six games, one with the Montana College was lost, but the return game with them proved that our boys had much the stronger team. A list of games shows that M. A. C. scored more than twice as many points as were scored against her during the season.

As a final game for the year, M. A. C., the champions of Montana, lined up against the Crescent Five from Chicago, the champions of the world. As the score shows, our boys were in the game all the time and they showed that they could play basket ball with the best of them.

The list of games for the year and the scores is given below: January 18, M. A. C., 48; H. B. C., 15. February 2, M. A. C., 43; U. of M., 14. February 15, M. A. C., 49; H. B. C., 11. February 22, M. A. C., 22; M.



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

LOUIS POOL LOUIS ALLARD HAROLD FLAGER, Official WILL HARTMAN HARMON WILSON
OTIS KEELER CLYDE C. PENWELL, Captain GLENN SLOAN WARREN GRIFFITH

C., 32. March 1, M. A. C., 16; U. of M., 15. March 8, M. A. C., 35; M. C., 17. Total, M. A. C., 213; other colleges, 104. March 21, M. A. C., 25; Crescent, 33.

M. A. C. vs. U. of M.

On Friday, May 3d, the M. A. C. base ball team crossed bats with the University on the University ball field in Missoula. The game was very good, considering the fact that it was the first of the season. Montgomery, for the University, pitched a good ball, but at critical times allowed hits that meant runs. Hartman, for M. A. C., at all times had the varsity in a hole; only one hit being made off of his delivery. The work of Higgins deserves mention, as he batted like a fiend and caught a fine game. Line-up: M. A. C.—Catcher, Higgins; pitcher, Hartman (Capt.); first base, Keeler; second base, Gray; third base, DeMuth; shortstop, Hinds; left field, Butter; center field, Willson; right field, Ward. Varsity — Catcher, Bishop; pitcher, Montgomery; first base, McCarthy; second base, McManus; third base, Smith (Capt.); shortstop, Goodbourn; left field, Dinsmore; center field, Wenger; right field, Bonner. (Mgr.). Aggies—6 runs, 7 hits, 1 error. Varsity—4 runs, 1 hit, 2 errors.

M. A. C. vs. S. S. of M.

In Butte on Saturday, May 4th, M. A C. was defeated at the hands of the State School of Mines in a loose game of base ball, made so by the bad condition of the ground; chuck holes and ruts made fielding uncertain and not a few muffs were made on this account. It is evident from the score, 14 to 11, that the teams were evenly matched. When we take into consideration the fact that our representatives had played and won a hard game of ball the day before at Missoula and that "Billy," our man in the box who had pitched a star game against the University the previous day, was not in the best of condition for the game played in Butte, we must say that they are a gamey bunch and do credit to the colors they represent.

The game started with Butte at the bat. The Aggies were a little wild at first and allowed the Butte boys to get a little the start on scores at the first, which they were unable to cover in spite of their best efforts for the hard work of the day before could not help but place them at a disadvantage, and they were forced to leave the field at the end of the ninth inning with the score fourteen to eleven in favor of the miners. In spite of the fact that the score was in favor of the wrong side, the gritty potato growers (as they were called) showed their friends, the miners, that they could handle other things besides the hoe and rake. Keeler, Willson and Higgins deserve special mention for their effective playing, while Hartman and the rest of the team all deserve a great deal of credit for their work. Line-up: M. A. C.—Pitcher, Hartman; catcher, Higgins; shortstop, Hinds; first base, Keeler; second base, Gray; third base, DeMuth; right field, Ward; Center field, Willson; left field, Butter. S. S. M.—Pitcher, McLaughlin; catcher, Lowry; shortstop, Patten; first base, Weigenstein; second base, Kane; third base, Jensen; right field, Foote; center field, Laughrin; left field, Johnstone.

M. A. C. vs. S. S. of M.

Upon a heavy field and in a slight drizzle the return game with the School of Mines was played on the College Athletic field, Saturday, May 11. It was thought that the game would be postponed until the following Monday on account of the rain, but owing to the fact that the Butte

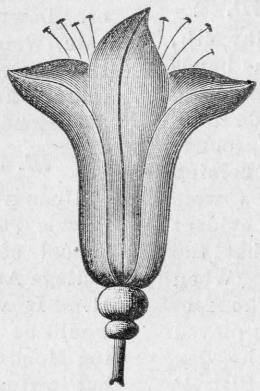
team had to go back before Monday it was decided to play regardless of rain. Due to the inclemency of the weather and the mud only a small but very enthusiastic crowd witnessed a closely matched game of base ball.

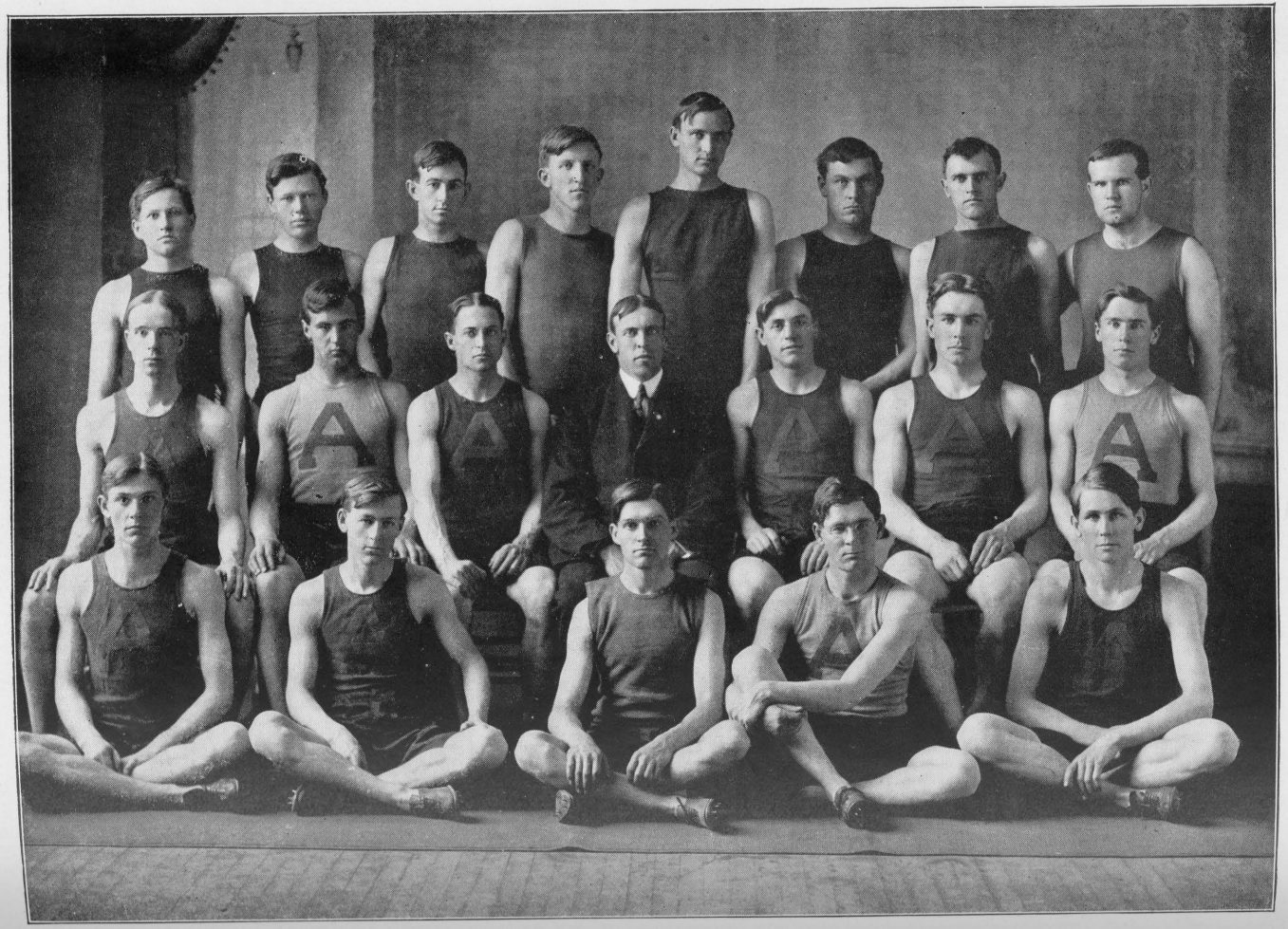
Butte was first at the bat and before their half of the inning was over Jensen had scored one for the Copper Heavers. In our half an old granger, Gray by name, trotted in a point for our side of Prof. Tallman's score card. No other scores were made until the fourth inning when Johnstone and Weigenstein each carried a load of mud over the home plate and thus added two more scores to their side of the score board. In M. A. C.'s half of the inning our man, Billy, came home with a score for the Aggies. In the fifth inning Jensen took another trot around the diamond for Butte and in the sixth Pease increased the score for the hay-makers by one point. Here the game might as well have stopped for the score which stood four to three in favor of our friends from Butte was not changed during the three remaining innings of the game, for both pitchers, supported well by their men, were pitching their best and both were hard to find. On the whole the game, which was the first played in Bozeman this season, was well worth seeing and though the playing was necessarily a little heavy, yet it was interesting from the first ball to the last. Both teams were well matched and the best of feelings prevailed throughout the game.

The line-up for this game was the same as for that played in Butte with the exception that Butter took Higgins' place behind the bat and Pease took Butter's place in left field. Higgins, our heavy batter, was forced to stay out of the game on account of sickness. Evans took Laughrin's place in the Butte team.

M. A. C. vs. M. W. U.

Ninety-nine to twenty-three in favor of the Aggies tells the tale of an easy victory over our friends from the Wesleyan University in a track contest upon our home track. From the resulting score it can easily be seen that M. A. C. simply outclassed her opponents in every respect—the result of having a good coach. Unfortunately the track was so muddy that no good records could be made, though a few of our old records were broken regardless of this drawback.





TRACK TEAM

Ethelbert Coombs, Herman Willson, Edgar Allen, Archie Brown, John James, Edwin Draper, Elwood Morris, Wm. Driscoll
Everett Williss, Otis Keeler, Lisle Henderson, Walter Knox, (Coach), Clyde C. Penwell, Fred Homan, Louis Allard
Guy Kirscher, Harold Flager, R. B. Barnard, Will Hartman, Louis Pool

The Big Guns

So-Long—"IT"

Harold: "I've a beard coming."

Agnes: "Such oratory! It makes the Gods weep."

Jay: "The down upon his lip lay like the shadow of a hovering kiss."

Belle: "What, are you married?"

Warren: "In that day shall seven women lay hold on him."

Frieda: "Jahre lehren mehr als Bucher."

Harry: "A pleasing countenance is no slight advantage."

Maud: "And yet, good faith, I wished myself a man, or that we women had the privilege of speaking first."

Floyd: "He is willing to be what he is."

Annie: "Short and sweet, and hard to beat."

C. C.: "It is a great plague to be a handsome man."

Bess: "Why, then you are in love."

C. W.: "Laugh and grow fat."

Mabel: "One cannot be good natured all round."

Tom: "And melancholy marked him for her own."

Lois: "I wouldn't cry for the best man living, so there now!"

Senior Alphabet

A is for Annie; don't think it a slam
When I say there's not many as bright as I am.

B is Baker, a bright lad am I,
I don't always flunk but sometimes I try.

C, Oh C. C., what a cute boy am I,
I can make the girls love me, though I only half try.

D, yes DeMuth, I'm the sweetest by far
'Mong the '07 girls I'm a bright shining star.

E is for Elizabeth, an historian you see,
And if I can't remember dates I'll make some with G——."

F is for Frieda, well, that's ME
I'm the president of the U. P. G. C.

G is we graduates, the best that ever were.

H is Harold, a Hercules am I;
I'm only twenty now, I'll be older by and by.

I am IT, you know me,
For I hit you pretty hard,
But I know what I'm about
When I let your little secrets out.

J—I'm a Jay, but I'm out for a LARK,
If I get me a girl and learn how to spark.

K—Lois Katherine, that's me if you please,
I do like the boys even though they will tease.

L—Floyd Lorentz, a big bug you know,
I am the man who made the Exponent go.

M—Mount of Joys—
There's nothing I like half so well as the boys.

N is the Naughty '07's of course,
Of all wisdom and knowledge we are the source.

O,—I'm Bell Osborn, the belle of the class,
And justly I claim, the title will last.

P is for Penwell, that's me you know;
When the hand-car I start I make it "a go."

Q—T. Buchanan Quaw
A flirt without flaw,
Take lessons of me
And an "old hand" you'll be.

R—for regrets that you will all feel
When us, you don't see coming over the hill.

S—Oh so sweet! the '07 girls
The boys that don't like us are degenerate churls.

T—Mabel Thorpe—I'm pretty and dear
At whatever place or time I appear.

U is for US, the '07 boys
We bring to the girls, just OODLES of joys.

V is the victories our class has won.
Whatever we tried we never lost one.

W is Warren, I answered the 'phone,
When my wife called me up I wasn't alone.

X the unknown, not what we don't know,
That, if summed up, would equal zero.

Y is for you,
It's sad but it's true
There's no show for you.

Z is the zeros that we never had,
The A's were the marks that made our hearts glad.

College Band

The College band is a young organization, having been organized the latter part of last March. At that time half of the boys had never played a horn, but everyone stepped in to work having but one thought in view—the success of the band. Nearly every night the boys met promptly at seven o'clock and devoted an hour of their time to rehearsals. This undivided effort has brought the boys to a place which very few young bands attain in such a short time. The band having in view the trip to Missoula, ordered new uniforms, regular army suits thoughout, the cloth being the olive drab. These suits will be worn by all the drill students next year, providing the college is fortunate enough to secure an army officer. The band has given two dances and played for the Freshman play, for Visitors' Day and were to play for the Missoula track meet.

Mr. L. L. Howard deserves great praise for his work as leader, having given all his time and services to the band free of charge. Mr. Howard is a cornetist of no small renown and it is due to his energetic work and the individual work of the boys that has brought the band to the front. Next year the band will be re-organized and all but one or two of the players expect to return. It is hoped that they can swell their numbers and anyone playing an instrument will be welcomed into the ranks. Mr. Howard expects to start a second band next year for beginners and as soon as they progress sufficiently they will join the regular band.

The instrumentation is as follows: Louis L. Howard, leader, solo B-flat cornet; Fred Homann, solo B-flat cornet; Everett Willis, 1st B-flat cornet; Paul Stanton, 2d B-flat cornet; C. C. Penwell, 1st B-flat clarinet; Guy Kirscher, 2d B-flat clarinet; Ross Bancroft, piccolo; Wilbur Robinson, 1st E-flat alto; Willaid King, 1st E-flat alto; A. S. Brown, 2d E-flat alto; Geo. Hogan, 3d E-flat alto; Harry Edsall, B-flat tenor; Charles Fisher, baritone; Howard Gillet, trombone; Herman Willson, trombone; Chas. Soper, E-flat bass; Walter Livingston, bass drum; B. Berg, snare drum; Clinton Booker, drum major.



COLLEGE BAND

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BEN BERG ARCHIE BROWN GEORGE HOGAN CLINTON BOOKER WILLARD KING WILBUR ROBINSON WALTER LIVINGSTON
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GUY KIRSCHER CLYDE C. PENWELL DAVID DE MUTH

EXCHANGE

As this is the last number of our paper for this year we take this opportunity to say good-bye to all the Exchanges we have received this year. We hope to see them all again next October. In looking over the different papers for this year we believe it can be truly said that none of them have lowered their standard of excellence and most have improved a great deal. As a general criticism we might say that most of the papers would be improved by more literary contributions from students, and some of the weekly exchanges might be improved by editing monthly instead and putting all their work on the monthly edition. Of course there is room for improvement in all the exchanges and we hope that all will be improved next year.

He: "May I print a kiss on your ruby lips?"
She nodded sweet concession.
He went to press, and I rather guess
He printed a large edition.—Ex.

If she has to stand on her head.
We know that she'll get at it some how
This poem she has already read,
ing

But you bet she'll find out some how
to know,
It's something that she ought not
woman
If there's anything that worries a

The Fairmont Normal School Bulletin is a very praiseworthy paper.

The High School Review, Hamilton, has a very attractive cover this month.

In the College World, of Adrian, is a good article, "The Man and the Hour."

The Lake Breeze Exchange department is always good.

A flea and a fly were imprisoned in a flue.
Now what should they do?
Said the fly "let's flee,"
Said the flea "let's fly."
So they flew through a flaw in the flue. —Ex.

The Literary and Editorial departments in March "Hedding Graphic" are especially good.

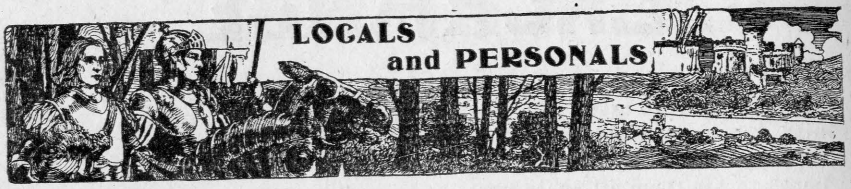
Freshman: "I wonder if the professor meant anything by giving me this ticket to a lecture on fools?"
Senior: "Why?"
Freshman: "It reads 'Admit One.'" —Ex.

Little Willie, from the Mirror
Licked the mercury all off.
Thinking in his childish error
It would cure his whooping cough.
At the funeral, Willie's mother
Smartly said to Mrs. Brown
"T'was a chilly day for Willie,
When the mercury went down."
—Ex.

Miss B— (in Mediaeval History) What was this gentleman's name Pete?
Pete: You've got me.
Miss B—: That's very interesting. I didn't know I had such a valuable possession. —Ex.

Caesar's dead and buried
And so is Cicero.
And where these two old gents have gone,
I wish their works would go.
—Ex.

A Lady: Mr. Anderson are you single?
Mr. A. ——: Do I look like twins? —Ex.



Kinney Freeman was in town a few weeks ago.

Rita Ostrom is out of school with the measles.

Mabel Thorpe expects to go east to school next year.

Elizabeth Thorpe expects to teach high school work next fall.

Miss Mary Stevenson left a few weeks ago for her home in Radersburg.

Prof. Tallman says he spent a very pleasant day in Missoula, Friday, May 10.

The Mission class elected Ruby King and Wm. LeFevre leaders for next year.

Charles Backes was in town May 10, from Billings, to attend the band boys' dance.

Isabel Nevaro has finished a three months' term of school down near Central Park.

Profs. Atkinson and Elliott were delegates to the State C. E. convention at Billings.

Harold Flager will report for work with the Westinghouse Co., at Pittsburg, on July 1.

Harry Baker will work with the Missouri River Power Co., in Butte, after commencement.

Phoebe Morgan has completed a three months' school in the country and is again in college.

Amy Cook left Friday, May 17, for Fort Benton. She will teach school near there this summer.

Frieda Bull will spend next year at home in Bozeman. She will probably take music at M. A. C.

Rita Shellenbarger, who has been suffering from an attack of the measles, has returned to school.

Prof. Baker, a former member of the Civil Engineering faculty, has been in town the last few weeks.

Warren Griffith has accepted a position for the coming year with the Missouri River Power Co., at Hauserlake.

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Prof. F. A. Oliver, musical instructor at the college, expects to leave May 24, for Europe, where he will study music in Germany for a year.

The Sophomores report having had the most enjoyable time of their short but happy career, when they went out to Howard Gillett's home the evening of May 16.

Agnes Mountjoy has been elected teacher in the Pony school for next year with a salary of $70 a month. Agnes stands a good chance for promotion the following year.

Prof. W. F. Brewer was suddenly called to Iowa on account of the illness of his wife's sister. He returned in a week. Miss Brewer taught his classes during his absence.

Prof. Currier left May 6, for Ohio, where his mother is dangerously ill. He does not expect to return before September. Mrs. Hall is teaching his French and German classes.

Floyd Lorentz has been accepted by the Westinghouse Co., at Pittsburg. He will leave immediately after commencement in order to be in Pittsburg ready to begin work June 17.

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Harry Baker—correct spelling—Marry Aaker.

Lois Hartman (explanation of name)—A heart + a man = a case.

Bessie's favorite (occupation): Cook

Oh, Bell, C!! C!!!

C. C. wants to know what the joke is.

"Maud, why are you so happy?"
"Gotts(ome)chalk."

Frieda, the Prof. of E. E. says he will go to Germany this summer if he can get a "nice girl" to go with him.

Who will donate a new box of talcum powder for the Y. W. room next year?

Where is electricity mentioned in the Bible? Where Noah saw the ark light on Ararat.

"Lemon Pie" Spain: "Gee, this cake and candy is good, aint it!"
"Senior Cake" Robinson: "Golly, you bet!"

Country Gentleman at College on Visitors' Day: "Where is the Fiddle Department?"

Freshman Quartette: Swan, Thorpe, Barnard, Allard. Offices: Alcoves and Bulletin Board. Office Hours: 8:30 A. M. to 4:30 P. M.

Hattie, '10: "The first beau I ever had, I'm SO proud".

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At ROSE DRUG STORE

Miss Edna Vreeland entertained, Friday, May 3, at supper in honor of Miss Hirt, of Missoula, and Mr. Peters, our orator. A most delightful time was enjoyed by all.

The band boys gave a dance on the evening of Visitors' Day, in the drill hall. A large crowd attended and the door receipts made the boys feel well repaid for their hard work.

Lois Hartman expects to enter the Teachers' College connected with Columbia University, next fall. She will take post graduate work with Domestic Science as a major study.

A Sophomore class meeting was held at which J. James was elected president: Erma Noble, vice-president; Elva Wilson, secretary; E. Morris, treasurer, and D. DeMuth, historian.

The Old Time concert, which was held at the opera house, Tuesday, May 7, was a great success and brought in a neat sum for the pipe-organ fund of the Presbyterian church.

The Freshmen had a class meeting and elected the following officers: C. Booker, president; A. Brown, vice-president; E. Swan, treasurer; E. Allen, secretary, and M. Lewis, sergeant-at-arms.

Mr. James Peterson, ex-editor of the Junior Annual, left two weeks ago for Helena, where he will become a reporter on the Independent. He expects to return and take his examinations, however.

A fair sized crowd witnessed the all-star production of "Tommy's Wife," at the opera house Friday night, April 26. Those who took part in the play are: Helen Fisher, Ruth Flager, Zoe Duncan, Louise Accola, Emma Dunckel, Glenn Sloan, Willard King and Everett Willis.

Prof. A. Atkinson, of the Agricultural department of the College, gave a very pleasing and instructive lecture Monday May 13 at the Presbyterian church. His subject was "The Agriculture of the Future."

In the morning of Visitors' Day, assembly was held at 11:30. A rally was then held and yells given for the base ball boys, followed by speeches from the manager and captain of the team. Coach Knox was called upon but was not present.

The Freshman class was delightfully entertained at Mrs. Hall's home at Shedd's Bridges, April 27. In spite of the stormy weather and a "balky horse" they thoroughly enjoyed themselves and voted Mrs. Hall a most entertaining hostess.

Prof. A. P. Anderson, of the Engineering department, has resigned and expects to go to California to continue his studies in the university there. Prof. Kneale, his successor, is a Purdue man, and is considered well qualified for his position.

A small but enthusiastic crowd turned out in the rain May 11 to witness the base ball game between Butte and Bozeman. The score, 4 to 3 in Butte's favor, is accounted for by the mud and the sickness of Higgins, catcher, which prevented him from playing.

On the evening of May 14 the lady members of the faculty had a surprise party for Miss Harkins, who left Thursday morning for the east, and from there will travel in Europe the rest of the summer. Her friends met at Miss Cantwell's and proceeded to her home, to say good-bye and wish her a very pleasant and prosperous summer vacation.

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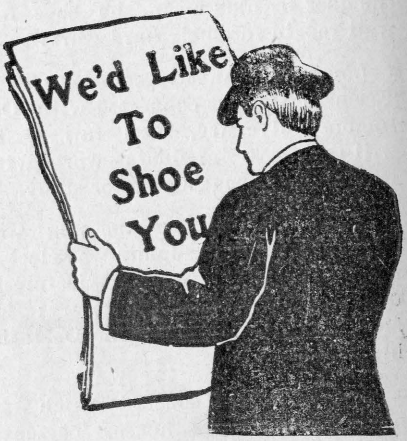
The Junior Annual staff was elected last week. They are: Editor-in-Chief, D. DeMuth; assistant editor, O. S. Peters; cartoonist, Lisle Henderson; business manager, Whit. Spain. The Annual next year can not help being a glorious success with such an efficient staff.

The track meet, which was scheduled with the State University for May 13th, was called off on account of the refusal of the University to adhere to the rules of the State Athletic Association, which barred all "ringers" and four-year men from participating in athletic events.

The Y. W. C. A. girls gave their annual May Day luncheon Saturday, May 4. In former years they have served breakfast with great success, but they decided to change and have a luncheon. It was well patronized by Bozeman people as well as by the students. Fifty dollars were realized.

The first Thursday in May was Annual Day at College. Daily bulletins announced the approach of the great day, and Thursday morning an excited crowd of students thronged about the reception room, where the Annuals were doled out. For the first one of this institution, the Annual was a great success and was greatly enjoyed by all who read it.

Friday, May 3, was the Annual Oratorical contest between four institutions of the state. The representatives of the different institutions were Arbie E. Leech, of U. of M., who was adjudged winner of the contest; O. S. Peters, of M. A. C., who was awarded second place; Thos. A. Clapp, of Dillon Normal, and Samuel Taylor, of Wesleyan University. The judges were J. H. Durston, Anaconda; D. O. Noel, Butte; R. G. Young, Butte; Lewis Terwilliger, Livingston, and Miss Jane Austin, Livingston. A large crowd attended, and expressed great satisfaction with all the orations and the decision. A reception in honor of the contestants was given in the domestic science rooms after the contest. The Senior girls served, and a delightful luncheon was participated in by the guests. All present reported a most enjoyable and entertaining time.



At this, another close of of a school year, we take this opportunity of thanking the faculty and students for their liberal patronage for the past year, and we hope we have served you to your entire satisfaction, and our merchandise, we hope, has been what we recommended it to be. We wish all of you a pleasant and profitable vacation, and no misfortune may overtake you to mar the pleasure of the season. We might remind you at this time of our magnificent line of shoes for vacation wear. If you are in need of any outing shoes of any kind, we most cordially invite you to call and see what we have to offer you, and when you take up school next year, we will be pleased to fit you with a pair of our good school school shoes. Once more thanking you—all of you,

We are very truly yours,

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The Shoe Men

On Thursday afternoon, April fourth, at 4:15 p. m., the junior pupils of Miss Barnes, Miss Wolfe and Mr. Oliver gave a recital in College Assembly hall. The program was a success in every way, the pupils showing talent and industrious practice. The teachers also are to be complimented on their efficient work. The audience, though very appreciative, was not as large as it should have been, and it is to be hoped that in the future the students will be spurred on and encouraged by an audience large enough to fill the hall.

Thursday, May 16, the Seniors were the honored guests at another banquet. This time the Juniors did the entertaining and proved that they know how to make people have a good time. The two novel and interesting games of "Unlucky" and "Skidoo," occupied the first part of the evening. The latter part was taken up with a sumptuous banquet served in proper domestic science style by four of the Preparatory girls. During the entire evening a very "cozy" hammock swung on the front porch. All were loath to leave when morning arrived. The members of the '07 class are beginning to think it pays to be Seniors when they are entertained so often and so royally.

On May 7, the student members of the "American Institute of Electrical Engineers," of this college, held a meeting for the purpose of oragnizing the "M. A. C. Electric Club," this club being a branch of "The American Institute of Electrical Engineers." Mr. Floyd Lorentz was elected chairman; Prof. Thaler, secretary, and Mr. Charles Fisher, treasurer for the remainder of this school term. The club held their opening meeting Friday, May 17, Mr. A. C. Pratt, of Hauserlake, giving an address on "Design and Instalation of High Tension Transmission Lines." Aside from this the Senior electricals gave abstracts of their theses. The purpose of this club is to keep in touch with the latest developments of electricity.

Friday, May 10, was Visitors' Day at the college. Lessons were suspended during the afternoon and the students were engaged in showing the many visitors to the institution about the different departments, where great preparations had been made for the day. Great interest was evidenced in the domestic science rooms, where was the finest display of M. A. C. and class pennants which this college has ever witnessed. The wireless telegraph from the electrical building to the chemistry building was also a great drawing card, while the new stock down at the barns received its share of attention. The college band played at intervals during the afternoon on the front steps of the main building. The college has great cause to be proud of the band, which added much to the enjoyment of Visitors' Day. In the evening the Freshman Public Speaking class, under the direction of Mrs. Hall, gave a program in the Assembly hall at eight o'clock. The buildings all over the campus were lighted up to their utmost brilliancy and presented a beautiful sight. Many hundreds of people visited the various departments after the program had been concluded.

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Thursday evening, May 9, President and Mrs. Hamilton delightfully entertained the Seniors at dinner at the Bozeman hotel. The table was beautifully decorated in red carnations and '07 pennants and every minute during the bountiful and delicious dinner was enjoyed by the guests. Each guest received a fortune done up in a Chinese cracker. The beautiful handpainted place cards, made by Mrs. Gage, made the daintiest of souvenirs. After dinner the crowd went upstairs to Mrs. Hamilton's cozy room and had a good time singing and chatting. Altogether the Seniors had a splendid time and all say that Pres. and Mrs. Hamilton make the best of entertainers. This dinner will be one of the pleasantest of the many happy memories the class of '07 will take away.

The Assembly on Friday, May 17, was given up largely to the election of officers of the student organizations for next year. The election of the editor-in-chief of the Exponent was held first, Mr. Chas. M. Fisher being chosen. The Athletic Association then elected officers as follows: President, Lisle Henderson; vice-president, Carl Widener; secretary, Edna Tracy; treasurer, Prof. Elliott; assistant treasurer, Whitfield Spain; sergeants-at-arms, Guy Kirscher and Edna Bull: Manager Boys' basket ball team, Glenn Sloan; manager track team, Louis Allard; manager base ball team, Wilbur Robinson. The election of the manager of the Girls' basket ball team was deferred until next year. For the Oratorical Association the following officers were elected: President, Irvin Mountjoy; vice-president, Addie Kimpton; secretary, June Hartman; treasurer, Louis Allard. The College band was present and at intervals played several very entertaining selections.

Annual Slide Rule Contest

On Saturday, April 27, the third annual Slide Rule Contest took place at the home of Prof. Couper, on Third Ave., S. Although all who gave in their names did not show up this was the most exciting and interesting of the three contests yet held.

For about two hours the four boys and two girls worked hard as was shown by the final result. Mr. Froebe was the only one of the contestants who was not handicapped, the other five, having been in the class last year, were handicapped ten per cent of the number of points they made.

Irvin Mountjoy, '08, won first place and will wear the medal for a year. Floyd Lorentz, '07, has had this medal for the past two years, but was debarred this year as one person is entitled to win only twice. Harold Flager, '07, received second place again this year and so got the slide rule. Frank Froebe, '10, received third place and was rewarded with the pliers given by the Owenhouse Hardware Co.

In recognition of the time and work that Prof. Couper has put into the class, the Engineers' Society presented him with a beautiful large photograph of the Spanish Creek falls.

After the contest Mrs. Couper served popcorn and candy and then the evening ended up with one of those good old "sings." Those present said they had a jolly time and wished that Slide Rule Contests came oftener.

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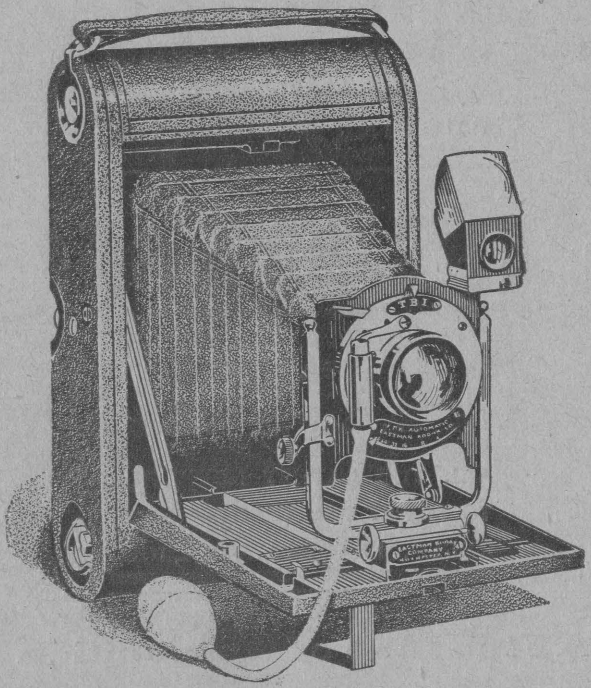
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