

The Exponent

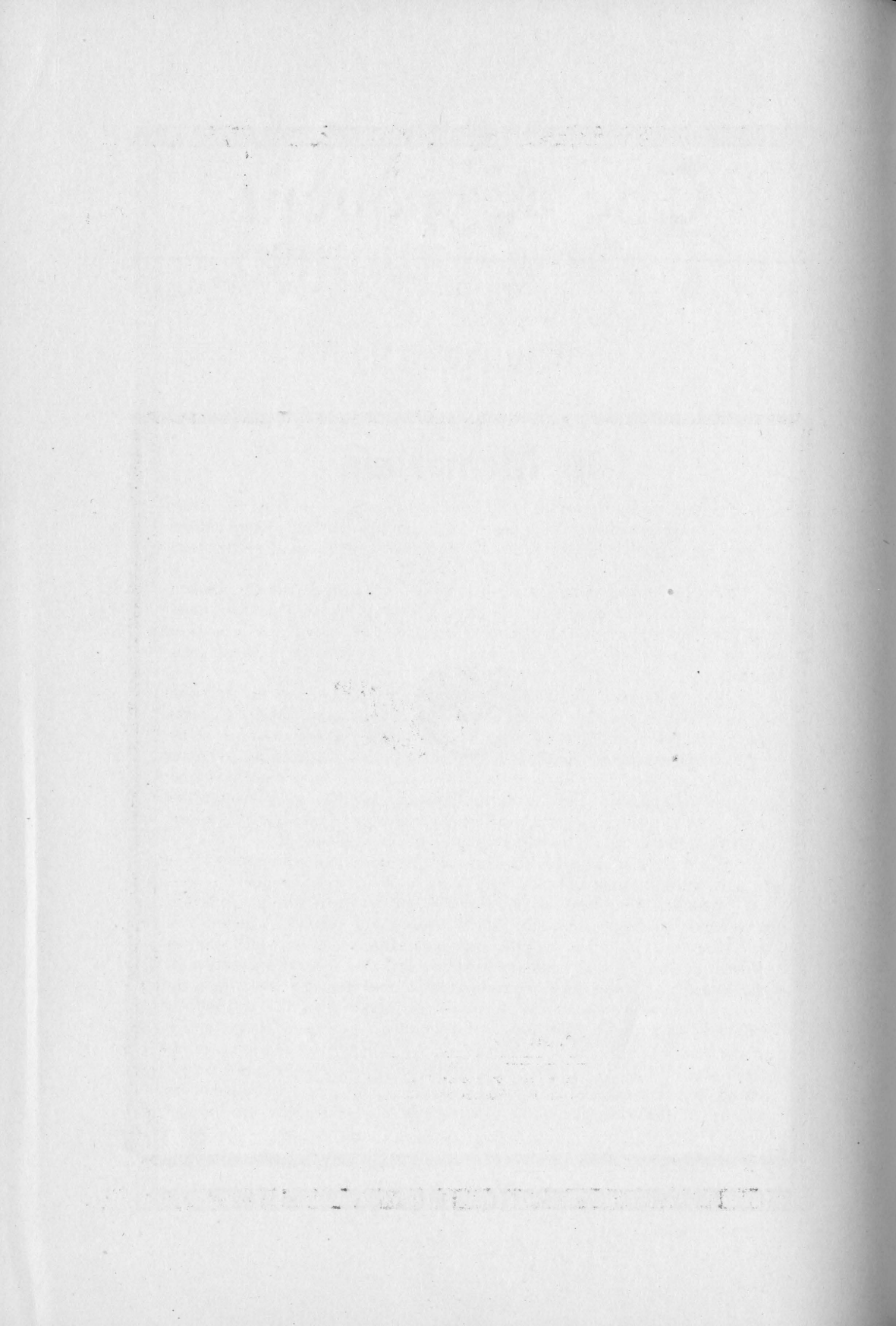
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The Exponent

VOL. XIV.

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BOZEMAN, MONTANA, FEBRUARY, 1910

In Memoriam

For the second time this year the Grim Reaper has entered the ranks of the students enrolled at college. This time the person claimed was Albert C. Couper, a sophomore who was taking work in the chemistry course.

Mr. Couper succumbed to the attack of scarlet fever, Sunday, December 12, at the Bozeman hospital, after a week's illness. He was under the care of Dr. Dawes, the osteopath, and for this reason the true cause of the sickness was not known until it was too late for medical treatment.

This young man was born at Northfield, Minn., and was nearly twenty years old at the time of his death. He was a quiet, studious, young man, and soon found a place in the hearts of his teachers because of his substantial character; and his honesty and quiet, unassuming manner commanded great respect from all the students who knew him well. He was very independent and preferred working his own way through college. His character and work did not permit him to take part in college activities, but he was always a loyal booster for the college.

At a memorial assembly the class of 1912 presented resolutions which in part were as follows:

"Whereas it has pleased the Almighty Father, in His infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst our beloved classmate, Albert C. Couper,

Therefore, be it resolved by the sophomore class of which the deceased was an honored member, that we feel the deepest sympathy for the father and sister in their bereavement, and that we shall miss the quiet, unassuming nature, the steadfastness of purpose, the unremitting industry, and the sterling honesty which has ever been characteristic of our deceased classmate. He was always prompt and thorough in the fulfillment of his duties, and was upright in all his dealings with others. His unswerving nature will always remain an uplifting factor in our lives, and we shall always cherish the memory of his good deeds and habits."

Revenge

A tall, rawboned individual entered the Monarch Mercantile Co., one early fall morning in 1890, and sauntered down the aisle toward the back part of the store. He wore a pair of greasy overalls, a flannel shirt, and about his neck was a large soiled blue handkerchief. At his waist was strapped a heavy Colt's revolver. His bloodshot, wicked eyes and flushed face showed that he was a heavy drinker.

"Good morning, mister. Want something?" asked, Williams, the head clerk of the store.

"Yes, I want some things for prospectin'; I'm goin' prospectin' in the Little Belt Mountains and want some good tools," replied Burt Shaw, who was a new arrival in Monarch.

"We've got 'em. Here they are," replied the clerk.

Burt soon selected the tools he wanted and then he and the clerk came to the front part of the store, where Burt added to his prospecting equipment a few cooking utensils, enough groceries to last a month, bedding, and a small tent. Burt pulled out a \$50.00 bill which was a small part of what he had won the night before in gambling, and paid what he owed. On going out he remarked that he would be back soon with his pack horse to get the stuff. The day before, he had purchased a saddle horse, pack horse, saddle, bridle, and pack saddle from an old, discouraged prospector.

"Say, Smith, what do yer think of that feller that wuz in here just now," inquired Williams.

"He's a suspicious looking character to me and that was a dandy pistol he had strapped on him," replied Smith.

"Gee! but he had a horrible scar on his forehead. Wonder where he got it?" continued Williams.

"He's been in a mix-up somewhere, all right," returned Smith.

After awhile Burt Shaw returned to the store with his pack horse which he hitched to a post in front of the store. He came into the store and without saying a word, helped Williams carry the articles out and lay them on the side-walk. Burt silently went to work to pack his horse and in the course of a half hour he was finished. He then untied the animal and led it up the street to the Roaring Furnace saloon and secured it again by his saddle horse. He went into the saloon; bought a glass of beer and four bottles of whiskey. He drank the beer, picked up the bottles of whiskey and walked out.

He was soon on his way out of town, leading his pack horse behind him. He followed the lonely trail all day and camped by a cool spring for the night.

As he sat by his camp fire that night, his thoughts went back over his previous life. Four years before he arrived at Monarch, Montana, he was playing cards and gambling with a man by the name of Sid Cameron in a saloon in a small eastern town. Sid was a man of medium height, broad shouldered and strongly built. He was about twenty-one years old, while Burt was about four years older. Sid was not much of a drinker or gambler, but under the influence of Burt Shaw he was drinking heavily and losing his money rapidly. At last when Sid put his hand into his pocket and found no money he realized that something was wrong.

"You dog, you are cheating me and stealing my money," growled Sid, his eyes flashing with anger.

"You d—— liar, I'm not," replied Burt, whose face was red with rage.

Both men rose to their feet and Burt hit Sid in the face with clenched fist. Sid picked up his chair and knocked Burt senseless to the floor. Sid realized what he had done and fled from the building. The bartender ran to Burt's assistance and when he saw that Burt was bleeding badly from a gash in his forehead, he went to the telephone and ordered a doctor. Before the doctor arrived, Burt came to himself and his first words were, "I'll blow that d—— Sid's brains out if I ever ketch him." While the doctor was dressing his wound, he kept exclaiming, "I'll kill him. I'll kill him." The next morning a search was made for Sid Cameron but he had escaped.

After this trouble with Sid Cameron, Burt had led a hellish life. He went west to Nevada where he became a worse drinker and gambler than he had ever been before. After working there in a silver mine for two years he had serious trouble with the manager and was fired. By degrees he worked his way to Cheyenne, Wyoming, where he went to work in a brickyard. After two months of work in this place he stole a sum of money amounting to two hundred dollars from the company and skipped to Montana, arriving at last, at Monarch. During these years the desire rankled in his soul to be revenged against the man that had done him injury; and this night, out in the mountains, he rolled in, with this thought on his mind, wondering where Sid Cameron was.

In the meantime Sid Cameron had successfully dodged the authorities for two weeks when he arrived on a ranch fifty miles south of Great Falls. Sid worked on this ranch for one year and then took up a claim in a park on the west slope of Black Butte in the Little Belt Mountains.

Sid's nearest neighbor was Jim Martin, five miles away, but Sid very seldom saw him and then it was only on business. He went to town only when it was a necessity and then he did not drink or gamble because the figure of the senseless Burt Shaw, bleeding profusely from his head came to Sid's mind. The only faithful friend he had was a shepherd dog, which was his constant companion wherever he went.

The next morning Burt arose early, ate his breakfast, tended to his horses, and then started out prospecting. A week passed and as he had no luck he moved his camp twenty miles farther into the heart of the mountains. He had the same results in this new place and he became more sordid and sullen everyday. He misused his horses, muttered to himself and partook frequently of the whiskey.

One day while out prospecting he saw a man with a dog about a half mile away coming his way, so he sat down on a log and waited for him. As the person drew nearer Burt could see that he was carrying a rifle and surmised that it was a hunter. When the hunter was about fifty yards away, Burt saw something familiar in his form and walk, and he soon recognized Sid Cameron. But Sid did not recognize Burt until he was within a half a dozen paces of him. Sid's face turned ashy pale and his entire frame shook with fear.

"Is,—is this But—, Burt Shaw?" faltered Sid.

"Yes," thundered Burt, "this is Burt Shaw, and I have been waiting to meet you for a long time."

Sid controlled himself and started to raise his rifle, but Burt's revolver was

quicker and a shot rang out which echoed and reechoed among the mountains. Burt had secured his revenge.

Jim Martin rode up to Sid Cameron's cabin one day in October and knocked at the door, but there came no answer. He opened the door and walked in but found no one and things showed that Sid had been absent for many days. Thinking it would be wise to search farther, Jim went to the barn and found a dead horse which had died of starvation and need of water. This looked strange, but Jim made up his mind that Sid had gone somewhere for a few days and had forgotten to turn the horse out. Jim went home and did not think much about the matter.

About five months later Jim became worried about Sid and rode up to his place again. This time the dog came out in the road to meet him and Jim noticed that it was very poor. Jim found the house and barn as he had left it in October, which meant something was seriously wrong. The dog acted strangely by running out on the trail that led to the mountains and shortly afterwards returning, Jim followed the dog and after traveling about six miles into the mountains, the dog suddenly stopped and when Jim arrived on the spot it was lying near the bones of a man. On looking closer Jim discovered a bullet hole in the skull. Near by he found a worm eaten memorandum book with the name of Sid Cameron in it. There was no weapon in sight and this evidence showed that Sid might have been murdered.

In later years relatives in search of Sid learned that he had been murdered in some strange way in the mountains, so the matter was investigated and the evidence showed that the mountains alone kept and respected the uncanny secret of revenge and death.

G. M.—'12.



Late Autumn

Gray skies and a cheerless plain,
Dead leaves and pattering rain;
Cold brooks and tall trees bare,
Nothing that made the summer fair.

Wind tost sea and breakers white
And the lone sea gull's winding flight;
Dark gray rocks so cold and bare,
Nothing that made the summer fair.—G. H., '13.

Uncle John's Story

Yesterday I heard some bad news. The Northern Pacific Railroad switchmen have gone on a strike. President Hill said that he would stop every train before he would raise the wages.

Wall, Jimmy, bein' as ye seem so interested, I will tell ye all about it. It happened away back in the forties in old Kentuck'. Us folks lived near a railroad track away from everybody. The nearest neighbor was old Aunt Jane, a mile or more away.

One day, paw heard that the railroad workers had gone on a strike. And he sez, to me, sez he, "Johnny, me boy, thar's likely to be trouble on the road tonight. Now, your maw and me are goin' to town today, but we'll be home 'fore dark. Yew take good care of everything.

Wall, I worked around all day, and began tew look for paw and maw about six o'clock. But six o'clock came and went and it got dark and still they hadn't come.

Finally, I decided I'd go over and see Mary. Mary wus a girl visitin' old Aunt Jane. I knowed her purty well considerin' my bein' so bashful. As I walked along, I thot I heerd somebody talkin'. I stood still and listened. I cud hear some men on 'tother side of the hedge talkin' 'bout the strike. From what I cud hear, I found that they had wrecked the bridge 'bout a mile away. 'Why,' sez I to myself, I sez, 'the local will come along and go down over that bridge, sure as shootin'!

Maybe you bet I wusn't scared. Why, my hair stood straight up. As soon as I collected my senses, I ran home as fast as I cud. I did some hard thinkin', too. When I got there, I saw that it was twenty minutes before eight. The train wud be along in ten minutes! My, but I did hurry! I grabbed up a lantern and lighted it, and got an old red blanket. Then I ran up the road toward the bridge as fast as lightnin'. Sure enough, when I got there, all out of breath, I saw the bridge was gone! And there coming up the track, wus the eight o'clock train! I kicked off my shoes and plunged into the river, holdin' the lantern and blanket above the water. When I got across and scrambled up the bank to the track, the train wus almost there. I ran along the track wildly wavin' the blanket and lantern and yellin' at the top uv my voice. But the train kept on comin'. I wus almost scared to death for fear it wud run over me. At last it stopped just in front of me.

The engineers and passengers got off and I told them about the bridge. Then they all praised me up and made me wish I cud get away right quick. Then I heer somebody say, 'Why it's Johnny!' I looked around and there stood paw and maw. They had left the horses in town and started home on the train.

Wall, Jimmy, we all had a thanksgiving meeting right there on the railroad track. Then the passengers went back on ttrain and paw and maw and me stayed all night with Aunt Jane. When maw told 'bout my brave deed, as she called it, Mary told me she wus proud of me and then I felt proud too.

The bridge wreckers were caught the next day and sent to the penitentiary. A new bridge was put in place of the old one. An the strikers—wall, we didn't hear no more from them. If they struck, nobody ever knowed about it.

F. N.—S. C.

ALONE

By the cold gray sea I stand alone,
 Listening to the waters sighing,
 With the sea gulls round me flying;
 While the keen north winds are moaning
 Like a tortured spirit groaning,
 "Alone, alone."—H. S. '13.

* * * * *

WINTER

On the ground the snow lies deep,
 And the wind is cold and keen;
 On the pond the ice has frozen,
 And skaters may be seen.

 All the air is filled with laughter,
 Who would mind though feet feel numb?
 None among this merry gathering,
 They're all glad old Winter's come.—H. S., '13.

* * * * *

A MAIDEN'S RED CAP.

A bit of bright color it is
 Against a field of sparkling white snow,
 A maiden's red cap with a coquettish tilt
 When her eyes are a sparkle and cheeks are aglow.
 It is cheerful, charming and chic,
 There's nothing about it old fashioned or staid
 And O what a vast deal of difference it makes
 When 'tis worn by a laughing-eyed maid.—G. H., 13.

* * * * *

ALONE

Alone 'mid the deepening shadows,
 Alone at the close of day,
 My life like a leaf lies before me,
 I review it; the hours slip away.

I forgot to be sad and lonely,
 My cares and worries have flown,
 As I sit by the fire in the twilight,
 I am glad to be alone.—M. S., '13.

* * * * *

DREAMS

The little child dreams in her downy bed,
 And softly around her the angels tread;
 She dreams of singing birds and waving flowers,
 Of playing fountains and fairy bowers,
 And so all night in the moon's soft beams,
 Guarded by Angels she sweetly dreams.—M. S., '13.

College Extension Department

There is to be organized shortly in the College what is known as an Extension Department. The object of this department will be to advance education in Montana, especially vocational education. It is not to take the place of regular College and High School education, but it is to reach the great number who are unable to attend College, and to teach courses which the high schools are not at present prepared to teach.

Some extension work has already been done in connection with the Farmers' Institute. During the week beginning January 10, 1910, a short course in fruit growing was given at Hamilton. Four or five lectures were given each day, every phase of fruit-growing being treated by competent men. Some of the more important lectures were: "Pruning Mature Trees," and "Pruning Young Trees," by Prof. O. B. Whipple; "Forage Crops," by Prof. F. B. Linfield; "Maintenance of Soil Fertility," by Prof. A. Atkinson; and "Diseases of Orchards," by Prof. D. B. Swingle.

The course was very successful and well attended and showed that much can be accomplished by this method of lecturing on practical and vital topics.

A course of high school lectures was given last year by different professors of the College at fourteen high schools of the state. Three or four lectures were given at each school, a total number of about 3000 people being reached at a cost of about six cents for each person.

It is such work as this that the Extension Department will take up. Movable schools, similar to the fruit growing course mentioned above, are to be organized more extensively to include courses in grain-raising, dairying, live-stock, and home science. This will add to and supplement the work of the Farmers' Institute. In the \$1000 corn growing contest of next year the prizes offered by James J. Hill will be awarded in Bozeman. It may be possible for the extension department to bring some of the prize-winners from each county to Bozeman at the time the prizes are awarded. While here they can visit the College and Experiment Station. The dairy and barn, with the milking machines and different types of separators, the biology museum, domestic science departments, and chemistry and physics department would all be of great interest to them. Lectures on agronomy, chemistry, etc., would also be given which would prove interesting as well as instructive.

The high school lecture work will also be continued by the extension department. This year about seventy lectures were given at twenty different schools, by some of the strongest men on the college faculty. Prof. W. M. Cobleigh lectured on chemistry; Prof. J. A. Thaler and R. D. Kneale lectured on engineering subjects; Profs. A. Atkinson, R. A. Cooley and D. B. Swingle on agriculture, and Pres. Hamilton on economics.

Such lectures are not only of much value in themselves but they inspire a desire for more thorough knowledge of the subjects treated than can be obtained in a few lectures. These lectures may be extended to one- or two-week courses in Home Science, Applied Science, Engineering, etc. A lecturer may be employed to devote his entire time to work in one or two of these branches. This work will be carried on until the high schools are themselves equipped and able to carry on the same work.

The whole work of the department may be still further extended by corres-

pondence work—supplying text-books, answering questions, etc. This question department might be made of great benefit; for instance a farmer may wish to know the best method of getting rid of fox tail in hay land, or how to set the spark in a gas engine. Answers to such questions which will be not only authoritative but easily obtained, would be valuable to a large class of people. The Experiment Station is at present approximating this work by publishing bulletins on experiments; the latest of these is on the subject of dry farming.

Such work as has been here outlined is carried on in many other states in various ways. In some it is conducted as part of the Farmers' Institute work; in others a Commission of Agriculture, or a State Board of Agriculture has charge of it. Some states have three different organizations for this work. It is hoped to obtain a more efficient organization in Montana by combining the interests of the College, the Experiment Station, and the Farmers' Institute, in the College Extension Department.

President Hamilton and Prof. F. S. Cooley, Supt. of Farmers' Institutes, are now drawing up plans for the organization. Prof. Cooley will probably be in charge of the department.



Symposium

A symposium of letters from the alumni on the fraternity question is here printed for the perusal and consideration of the reading public. The letter as sent out is printed below:

Montana State Agricultural College,
Bozeman, Montana

Dear Alumnus:—

We are writing to the different alumni and former students to find out their view of the fraternity question. We expect to publish the answers in the College Exponent, unsigned, and would therefore ask you to keep all identifying references to yourself or school out of your letters. The questions are:

1. Have you since graduation attended or been connected with an institution where Greek letter fraternities were in existence?
 - a. Were the fraternities a significant factor in the college or university life?
 1. Graduate?
 2. Undergraduate?
2. Were these fraternities in your view beneficial
 - a. To their members?
 - b. To the institution as a whole?
3. Should they be abolished in the institutions you know or reformed, or left as they are?
4. There are at present no fraternities in existence at Montana Agricultural College. As an alumnus would you favor the introduction of fraternities here?

Please answer immediately as we wish these letters to go into the February number of the Exponent.

And oblige,

EDITOR,

* * * * *

Since leaving Montana I have been actively identified with the fraternity movement as a member of one of the leading fraternities of this institution. Consequently since receiving your letter I have been giving the subject not a little thought. After canvassing the situation pro and con we have come to several quite definite conclusions.

1st Fraternities rest upon a sure ground being deeply rooted in inherent love of fellowship and companionship. They are an outcropping of our dominant Christian age. As such they have a double significance in University life since the University is a daughter of the church.

2nd. Unfortunately fraternities as they are do not always tend toward the higher ideals for which they are founded. There is a tendency to lose sight of the ideals and to run them as an end in themselves. As such their influence is frequently degenerating and sometimes positively immoral.

3rd. They increase materially the cost of living and what is worse tend to erect social barriers based upon wealth. In a large University where the social life is inevitably broken up from sheer numbers and social make up, these influences would come anyway and while furthered are not wholly to be laid down as caused by fraternity life.

4th. In as democratic an institution as the Montana Agricultural College and in as small an institution as it is comparatively speaking, and as it will be for some time to come, I believe fraternity life as it is developed elsewhere would be a positive detriment. This would not be entirely true if standards and ideals could be kept up, but there is the rub. I believe that for the Montana Agricultural College small dormitories or house clubs democratically organized even on the fraternity plan of selective membership would provide for all the advantages accruing from the home life found in fraternities. And then I believe that strong literary societies for culture, fellowship and as an aid to ideals of scholarship, should be encouraged and as far as possible adequate housing facilities in the shape of rooms in the dormitories or other college building should be provided for them.

This whole matter has been quite thoroughly thrashed out by the Michigan Agricultural College and I believe rightly decided. And since Montana Agricultural College is an equally democratic institution founded and so far developed upon the same principles I believe that she should hold in this instance to her democratic ideals, and cannot do better than to align herself with the stand taken by her older sister college.

I shall be glad to give more in detail what I mean in these generalizations if you desire such a paper for publication. There are a number of points that I have not here touched upon more especially in reference to the feasibility of having fraternities at M. A. C. and how to go about to secure such chapters should it be found advisable ever to have them, as the institution grows.

* * * * *

I have your letter referring to Greek letter fraternities, and beg to report as follows:

1. I have taken graduate work at a university where Greek letter fraternities existed.

a. These fraternities were certainly a significant factor in the university life.

1. Their influence seemed to be chiefly concerned with undergraduate students, most members becoming connected with them during undergraduate work, and these generally making their homes there to a greater or less extent throughout the course.

2. I was not able to find after as much study as is possible to one who is not a member that these fraternities exerted any appreciable beneficial influence upon either

a. their members, or

b. the institution as a whole.

NOTE—The above statement should be made exclusive of the Greek Honor Society, which was both a wide and a very favorable power in raising the standard among students. The reasons for the above answer, and for the note as well, would occupy a considerable space and I presume that you do not care for these in detail.

3. I do not think that they should be abolished, and in some cases even reformation is not necessary. But they should be subjected to a vigorous and thorough investigation by the proper authorities, some practices should be abolished, and the whole scheme reorganized along lines which will result in a cleaner and healthier life among members and with a higher and more practical objective for association.

4. As an alumnus I do not favor the introduction of these fraternities at the Montana Agricultural College. Instead of cultivating clannish tendencies among the students and offering inducements to the richer class which will separate them off from the others as is usually the case where these fraternities are concerned, it should be the object of the college to conduct such organizations as they do have, along broader and more practical lines. These purposes are being served, I think, by your agricultural and engineering clubs and literary societies. If a still closer association is desirable these clubs could be housed together under the name of their society as well as under Greek letters.

* * * * *

1. Yes.

A yes of the undergraduate.

2. Yes.

More especially to their members but individually to the institution.

3. Left as they are.

4. I most emphatically favor the introduction at the M. A. C.. While fraternities may in a measure lead to class distinction this disadvantage is more than offset by their benefits to the school. Fraternity men usually lead in social and all undergraduate activities. They have at heart the interests of their school and spare no pains to make every undertaking successful in the good of this cause. You will find much greater university spirit and love for their school among the fraternity men than among the other undergraduates. The same is true of the alumnus.

To my mind a person goes to school to get the most he can out of it and at the same time to do the most he can for his school. It is all very well to work

hard and to finish in good shape at the end of one's course, but the things which one learns are not the only important objects to be obtained. The associations are fully as important, if not more so. The "greasy grind" is not usually the one who does the most for his school or his fellows or who reflects the most credit upon his alma mater.

Fraternity men do not class as "greasy grinds" or excel in scholarship but when the total of their accomplishments during their college course is summed up they usually are found in the foremost rank.

* * * * *

Since graduation from M. A. C. it has fallen to my lot to be at one institution where Greek letter fraternities played a significant part in student life and also at one institution where they were either absent or of no consequence.

On the whole I believe that these fraternities did the members more harm than good. It is true that they gave the members many social advantages but on the other hand the rivalry for social prestige both among the fraternities and as against the barbarians usually led to a greater demand upon the time and money of the student than they could well afford. Of course the sons of wealthy parents could afford the extra expense but none could spare the time wasted and do the school work that they should. While I have no records to prove the case I believe that the fraternity men who came under my observation had, as a rule, more natural ability and had had better opportunities than the barbarians, but I am quite certain that their work was much poorer. Shrewd, brainy men were quite common among the fraternities but good students rather rare. The "grind" is in no danger of getting into a fraternity but the liberal broad minded fellow whom would otherwise make the finest type of student is the one who suffers.

This effect upon the better students leaves its mark upon the institution but this is not the only damage. The fraternities aim to make the social life of the institution center around them and the general nature of the members combined with their liberal use of time and money usually make them successful in this effort. The barbarian is thus left with no social opportunities and comes out of college utterly lacking in the finish and good address which should mark every educated man.

As to the introduction of fraternities in M. A. C., I must say that I am not in favor of admitting any fraternities whatever. They are always a source of ill feeling and trouble and had better be let alone.

* * * * *

In regard to the fraternities in the institution in which I am now working, I should say:

We have here two Greek and one Latin letter fraternities. These three are not significant factors in the university life only as they help to divide the student body into more cliques. These are all undergraduate fraternities. I do not know whether they are of any value to their members but they are certainly of no definite value to the university.

I should not favor their existence in M. A. C. because in so small a college all interests must be centered in the college in general—not in the frat, which is generally the case.

Will answer the questions in order as briefly as possible.

1. Yes. I would consider the significance of the fraternities to be principally in a social way. In this they have their part, both as to graduates and undergraduates.

2. To the institution as a whole I would consider the fraternities beneficial, but as to many of their members I could not say the same.

3. I think many fraternities might be reformed. Especially those which only have the realizing of certain social joys in view.

4. I favor the organization of fraternities in M. S. C. Of course there will some evils arise, but I believe enough good will be done to more than counteract all opposite effects. Fraternity publications widely advertise the institutions where their branches are located. Then in after life fraternity men have a naturally developed brotherly feeling for each other and by means of their organization paper keep in such communication that much good often results. Fraternities also give a college or university a broader conception in the views of strangers. I have often been asked if there were fraternities in M. S. C. and after answering the question could read in the expression of the inquirer his idea of my college. I believe President Taft was a prominent fraternity man in Yale. Many of the professors here are connected with fraternities.

I have briefly given a few of the reasons why I think fraternities should be organized in M. S. C. I don't think they will hamper the class work of conscientious students, although I must confess there are many fraternity men here whose scholarship is a disgrace to the university. But still I believe these same men would satisfy their social cravings somewhere else if the fraternities didn't exist. Of course there isn't much chance for a poor man to belong to a fraternity, (I don't belong) which has a tendency to create a sort of caste distinction in college and university life. Still the fellow who does good class work is respected above all others and suffers none on account of any artificial social cleavage.

I am glad the students of M. S. C. are taking an interest in this matter and hope I have answered your questions in the way you wished to have them

* * * * *

Finding myself unable to answer the questions you sent me on the subject of fraternities in universities and colleges, by simple yes or no, I have added a few remarks on the subject which may or may not enlighten you on the subject. I wish to state at the outset, however, that I do not consider myself an authority on the subject, or anywhere near it, for the simple reasons that I have not made a careful and exhaustive study of the matter, and that my point of view is necessarily that of an outsider, rather than that of a member of a fraternal organization.

But my observation has been, from what I have seen in my own Alma Mater and from what I have heard others say of their respective Alma Maters, that the chief and most serious charge to be brought against fraternities is that they militate against the spirit of democracy and seem to make for an artificial exclusiveness that carries the members very far from the good comradeship and friendliness which is the alleged basis of the fraternity idea. I have known men at my Alma Mater who refused to wear their fraternity pins, after a time, because they discovered that it kept them from making new and desirable acquaintances outside the fraternity. They were recognized as having drawn the line of exclusiveness about themselves and it was taken for granted that they wished to associate with none but the members of the fraternity. And exactly the same may be said of the sorority. Now, this assumption is manifestly unjust to the man or woman

of cosmopolitan spirit, who does not care to narrow his circle of acquaintances down to a certain "set," but who wants to extend his spirit of friendliness among all classes of students, wherever he can find a kindred mind. Yet the fraternities have brought this judgment of the outer world upon themselves. For as a rule, fraternities and sororities frown upon the attempts of their members to "chum" or "mix" much with outsiders. I know of one sorority girl who was advised by some of the other members not to be seen on the campus with a certain outsider who, though brilliant, showed a somewhat eccentric taste in dress. The same girl was called to account for showing a friendly spirit to a colored student.

There is a fraternity in my Alma Mater which costs the men a thousand dollars apiece just to join, and the scale of living in the frat house itself is in the same proportion. This frat does its little best to promote the idea of the aristocracy of wealth; and I leave it to the judgment of thoughtful people if this is a good thing for any institution of learning, where the spirit of "liberty, equality, fraternity and democracy," ought to be kept alive and active at all costs.

Another thing,—I have observed that fraternities have a tendency to discourage independent thinking. The member is too apt to accept the judgment of his clique in matters affecting the development of his own character where he should decide for himself. Far from deriving strength from the clannish spirit of the fraternity, the weak man or woman is only made the weaker by this constant encouragement to shift moral responsibility. An Eastern High School principal remarked last year that the High School frat member would lie, perjure himself, commit almost any other misdemeanor, for the sake of his frat. To a certain extent, I think this is true of the average college frat member. Fraternity life is too apt to make a lot of intellectual sheep of men and women who ought to be veritable lions in fearless thinking.

You ask if the frats in my Alma Mater should be abolished, reformed, or left as they are. I am sure I do not know. I have had fraternity men tell me that their frats made men of them, and that nothing else could have done the work at that time of their lives. On the other hand, it is a well-known fact that a certain inter-collegiate athletic contest was lost to my Alma Mater two years ago on account of the jealousies and dissensions sown by the frats and their interference in the selection of the 'varsity team. I question whether such power as this in the hands of a fraternity would tend to make men of immature boys or women of the girls.

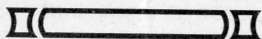
* * * * *

Being asked for my view on the value of Greek letter fraternities, I may say that since graduation, I have attended and am connected with an institution where a high selection of these organizations exist. I have also visited institutions that are cursed with some of the more selfish ones.

In general I consider these organizations a curse to an institution. However, there are two that I consider should be encouraged. The Tau Beta Pi is an engineering fraternity having for members those who have "conferred honor upon their Alma Mater by a high degree of scholarship as undergraduate or by their subsequent attainments as alumni, and aimed to foster a spirit of liberal culture in the technical and scientific schools of U. S." Likewise the Alpha Zeta membership can only be obtained by those who have stood high in agricultural studies or attainments. Such organizations as are unselfish in purpose can as a rule be en-

couraged. Those aristocratic organizations and those aimed to give its members higher social standing to the exclusion of the general student body are absolutely harmful.

Please don't forget that societies and clubs, which are exclusive in any way may do much harm. Organizations for the benefit of members should not be exclusive but democratic.



Why the Rose Has Thorns

Long ago, when the earth was young, everything both old and young, good and bad, flowers, people and animals were endowed with the power of speech.

In an ancient garden there bloomed many, many rose bushes all very old—that is except one. The roses often carried on conversations among themselves and more often with the people on the earth at that time, who were our ancestors. The youngest rose bush was the worst-tempered of all, though not that she was impolite. Oh, no, but she was always complaining and never satisfied.

The years went on and all the fragrant flowers died except the one little rose which grew yearly more beautiful and bad-tempered. (I had forgotten to mention, though that roses then had no thorns). The good fairies in the land felt very bad over the complaining, fault-finding little rose for they loved her dearly and had reared her very carefully for she was the one bush left and if she died never another rose bush could be found. But she was fast pining away because of her bad temper, and so the fairies were very sad. They held a counsel and at last one fairy was appointed to visit the rose.

By flying all day and all night the weary fairy prince at last came to the rose who was asleep. Being struck with her beauty he decided to sleep and then tell her of the fairies' mandate, so lying down he was soon slumbering peacefully.

After a while the rose awoke and seeing the sleeping, handsome prince she soon became so deep in her imaginings that she forgot to be careful and bending far over she gazed on his face as he slowly opened his eyes.

Starting back and blushing the rose demanded to know who he was and why he was there, also why he was spying on her, in a very impertinent manner indeed. Struck by her insolent tone the prince blushed the deep red of shame and then in a very dignified way told her who he was and his errand there.

Seeing that her attitude did not change he then said:

"Hear me, my little rose, I am very sorry, but the fairies have a use for you and do not wish you to die so they have decided to deprive you of all power of speech and also inflict a punishment upon you. Listen then; whenever you think an unkind thought (for you cannot speak it) there will come a thorn on your stem. Farewell."

The rose tried to cast a hateful remark to him but to her amazement could not speak. At the same time she felt a pain in her side and looking down she saw a huge thorn sticking on her stem. Then she burst into tears but the fairy prince had disappeared. Bad habits will not be cured in a day and so it was many days before she overcame hers and by that time she had many thorns. She lived a good, long life and scattered her seed far and wide but they always had thorns. And so roses have thorns to this day.

The Exponent.

A Journal Published Monthly During the College Year by the Students of the
Montana State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts.

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EDITORIALS

Owing to the excitement and extra work attendant on the launching of the Weekly Exponent and its subsequent increase in size two weeks later it was deemed advisable not to print the Exponent for the month of January, and therefore the February number, if somewhat later than usual, is with all apology placed in your hands with the hope that its quality may make up for the tardiness of its appearance.

* * * * *

"To avoid trouble, get off the earth."—R. Burton.

* * * * *

We wish to thank the Alumni who have shown their real, unassumed love for their Alma Mater by interesting themselves as far as possible in her future well-fare, by answering promptly the request for information recently sent out by the editor. We hope the students will get as much enjoyment out of these letters as we have and give them the attention we believe they merit.

"I am not bound to win but I am bound to be true; I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have."—A. Lincoln.

* * * * *

It is with great sadness and regret that the death of another student is to be chronicled in the pages of the Exponent. Last December after the proof for the December number of the Exponent had been turned in, the sudden death of A. C. Cooper occurred. The sincere sympathy of the students and indeed the entire college goes out to the sorrowing family of the deceased, whose place in college life as a genuine and trustworthy student and a true friend will be hard to fill.

* * * * *

Not of the sunlight
Not of the moonlight
Nor of the starlight!
O young Mariner,
Down to the haven
Call your companions
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And ere it vanishes
Over the margin
After it, follow it,
Follow the gleam.—Merlin.

* * * * *

The following is taken from Elbert Hubbard's Philistine:

Never an issue of this bibliozone comes out, but that some one writes in, "Rotten, rotten!"

Of course the criticisms may be just, you say. But since it always happens that what one man calls rot, another person says is sublime, it falls to reason that whether the thing is punk or perfect is largely a matter of mood in the reader. Our minds are only alive and alert and receptive at certain periods. Every man is a darn fool for at least five minutes every day, and if he has three days out of a month when he is filled with insight and great love, he does remarkably well.

When the Father of his Country proposed to beautiful Mary Phillipse, he afterwards wrote in his journal this sorrowful statement, "Ye ladye was not in ye mood."

All propositions of love, business, literature and art must be presented at the opportune time, otherwise nottings diddings.

Even the genius is only a genius occasionally. Most of the time he is deadlly commonplace.

I am fully persuaded that if the Mss. of the Play of Hamlet could be presented, brand new, to a thousand intelligent people, not ten in the bunch would read it thru.' Most of the rest would simply skim a little and lay it down, but several would write to the author informing him that he was pushing a tired pen and had worked out the vein. So, brother writers, the moral is, when certain folks explode their pop-valves and intimate that your stuff is rot, rubbish, drivel and hogwash, smile and simply assume with George Washington that, "Ye layde was not in ye mood."

Every good thing has been rejected and jumped on by the glibsome party with overweening faith in his own omniscience. He has nothing at stake—he spits out his verdict—forgets it, and goes on to something else. When things come your way, and the man is in another condition of mind he'll pound you on the back and cry, "great stuff, great stuff! You have John Milton skun a mile—great!"

And next week he will cancel his subscription.

Write to please yourself, and you will please a part of the people a part of the time. But do not imagine that you can please all of the people all of the time. You can no more satisfy all of the people than you can fool them.



Meetings of the X Club

The Ex-Club held its second meeting Thursday evening, Dec. 9, 1909, at the home of Prof. Brewer. Part of the evening was spent in getting the members of the club together, but meanwhile the business of the meeting went merrily on. The committee on program reported an original poem by David (DeWitty) DeMuth, some music by Eugene Quaw, and a free-for-all discussion by the members of the club. David extemporized his little ditty which was somewhat poetic and nearly all original. He was promised an encore at the next meeting. The "only" Gene then rendered the overture from The Prince of To-Night which, needless to say, was worthy both the prince and the evening.

Then, before anyone could "butt in," Edgar Allen, the chairman of the committee on organization, offered a draft of a constitution for the club. Edgar's constitution proved satisfactory even to Mr. Draper, and it was voted so by the members of the club who had by this time assembled.

Came the christening and with it much deep thinking to hit upon a name which should convey to the ears of the multitude the true purpose of the club. After the list of new food names was exhausted, Mr. Draper suggested Ex-Club, and this suggestion was approved. Now "Ex" does not mean that the Club is the remains of any other college organization; neither must it be misprinted as "Ax". The true purpose of the club is to stimulate interest in and improve the quality of the Exponent.

So much for the christening—now for election. The officers who are to pilot the Ex-Club for the coming year are as follows: President, June Hartman, '10; Vice-President, Court Sheriff, '11; Secretary-Treasurer, Blanche Conard, '10; Executive Committee, Prof. Brewer, David De Muth, '10, Charles Draper, '12.

After the strenuous work of organization, refreshments were served by Mrs. Brewer and immediately the organization took on new life. Vice-President Sheriff, who took the chair in the absence of President Hartman, soon had his hands full. The subject of discussion (continued from the last meeting) was the advisability of establishing a college weekly. It would savor of a debate between the insurgents and the "stand-patters" in congress if the scribe should at-

tempt to follow the discussion in all its details. Suffice it to say that the business manager was forced to exceed all previous speed limits. Resolutions were made and adopted with the cheerful composure of which is typical of those people who do not have to pay the bills. It was decided to print a college weekly to appear on Friday of each week in the school year—the first number to appear immediately on the opening of college after the Christmas vacation. It was further decided to continue the college monthly as a literary magazine to appear on the 15th of each month in the school year—the first number to appear in February. This delay in the appearance of the monthly was deemed justifiable in view of the fact that the editorial board would have to re-organize and carry on both papers.

It was now in the neighborhood of December 10th, and the more conscientious members of the club rose to go—a few continued to discuss until Miss Conard concluded the business of the evening by inviting the club to her home for its third meeting on January 29.

Tuesday, January 4, 1910, the X-Club met at the home of Blanche Conard. This being the last meeting of the club before the debut of the Weekly Exponent, the business manager had some important business to transact.

The president, June Hartman, appointed Chas. Draper, managing editor of the Weekly Exponent. Ned Chambers, Dorothy Gatton and Myrtle Alderson were recommended for new reporters and appointed by managing editor.

Refreshments were served and the meeting adjourned to meet at Miss Hartman's in February.

The X Club met at the home of June Hartman, February 3rd, 1910. The president outlined the work to be done for the February issue of the monthly Exponent and assigned some special work to several members of the club.

Two new members were present, having been added to the staff of the Weekly, George Morgan, assistant business manager to fill the position recently vacated by Mr. Sheriff, and Ross Bancroft as reporter.

A flashlight was taken of the club for the Junior Annual.

The program for the next meeting is in the hands of the executive committee and it was suggested this meeting plan a program of discussion from the following topic, "What is your idea of a college education."

After refreshments were served the managing editor treated the members with a huge box of chocolates, which were soon devoured by the young men present.

Next meeting will be held at the home of Frieda Bull on the first Wednesday in March.

Exchange

Since our last issue of the Exponent we have received several new exchanges and many old familiar ones. It has been suggested by a few of these worthy papers, that the Exponent enlarge its staff by the addition of a cartoonist or artist. In due time the staff expects to engage a second Christy or Fisher provided that some of the numerous exchanges can dispense with their services while we have a few hen scratchings executed.

Said and Done, (Muskegon, Mich.) is a splendid example of what can be done by a body of energetic students. The cuts are artistic and the novel arrangement of them lends much to a very fine paper:

Again we wish to congratulate the Poly High (Los Angeles, Calif.) The last issue has just arrived containing a goodly amount of news. We have no criticism to offer to this little brown friend of the Pacific Coast.

The Lake Breeze, (Sheboygan, Wis.) is death on criticisms, perhaps it is due to the fact that the exchange editor is new at this work and thinks it's his business to find flaws in even the best.

The exchange editor of the Niagara Index, believes in thrashing out severe criticisms. The article in the February number was good and sounded very much as if he meant what he said.

Casey—"I'll work no more for that man Nolan."

His wife—"An' why?"

Casey—"Shure, 'tis on account av a remark he made."

His wife—"An' phwat was that?"

Casey—"Saye he, 'Casey, you're discharged.' "

—The Fulcrum.

Some folks like initials on rings,

Ties, suit cases, even shoe strings;

But should your full name

Be Antone Saul Sayne

You'd not care for initials on things.

—Ex.

'Twas midnight and the setting sun

Was slowly rising in the west,

The rapid river slowly run

The frog on her downy nest,

And the pensive goat and the sportive cow,

Hilariously leap from bough to bough.—Ex.

English Teacher—"What do the poems, 'L'allegro' and 'IlPenseroso' represent?"

(Sotto Voce)—"Happy Hooligan and Gloomy Gus. —Ex.

ANSWERS TO SUBSCRIBERS QUESTIONS

No Angeline: Your nimbus is not on straight when you wish us to endorse the use of the word "anent." The expression is used only by cub reporters, sophomore essayists, and editors who have a patient inside. In writing it is best to use the words you use in conversation, and no live man ever said "anent" to his girl any more than he would write her and say "thanking you in advance."

To Cecil: To double your money—fold the bill carefully and put in your pocket.

To Anxious Subscriber: No; you are wrong—Saratoga Chips and Buffalo chips are not the same thing.

I know a man who uses his wife to bat up flies several times in the course of a year.

After each such inning he holds averages good by buying her diamonds.

The last time this occurred she protested mildly, thus, "George, you are a lovey dear, but I wish you had bought pearls instead of diamonds—they would go so much better with my black eyes."

And then she got what was coming to her again.

Some women are never satisfied.

A LESSON IN HARMONY.

Modest Altschuler recalls an amusing incident of his last season's tour from coast to coast with the Ben Greet Players. The orchestra and the Shakespearean actors had landed at a small theatre in an equally small town in the Lehigh valley, and crowded into the "edifice" to prepare for the performance of "The Tempest." Mr. Altschuler was looking out for the comfort of the ladies of the company.

"Where is the ladies' dressing room?" he said, addressing the stage manager, a German.

"Dere," responded the German, indicating the decidedly diminutive room of which the men had already taken possession, its rough appearance betokening it as being intended for masculine use.

"No. no, the ladies' room!" said Mr. Altschuler, testily.

"Dots it," was the second affirmation.

"I want the ladies' dressing room," thrilled Mr. Altschuler, his tenor rising in a startling crescendo, "ladies' room, woman's room, female's room, fair sex's room, Daughter's of Eve's room! Savvy!" elucidating his meaning with a strongly accented climax.

A nod of affirmation.

"You don't mean to tell me that the ladies and gentlemen are supposed to dress in the same room!" add Mr. Altschuler seeing a light.

"Yah," returned the other in surprised tones. Vat's the matter? Don't they speak?—The Violin World.

THE FARMER'S CURRICULUM

"Columbia is shortly to be equipped for training students for the farm."

Professor Silas Muggins, late of Agawampus, Ill.,
The Chair of Agriculture at Columbia will fill.
He is a famous farmer of a very high degree—
At least a dozen colleges have made him R. F. D.
He knows the farming business from Izzard back to A—
Or Omega to Alpha, as the classicists would say.
He learned it in his childhood, and he learned it through and through,
And he's given us a hint of what the boys will have to do.

"The class," says he, "in farmin' will arise at three A. M.
And feed the cows and hosses that the college keeps for them.
At four they'll git together at the soundin' of a horn,
And give the wakin' roosters and the hens their daily corn.
At five they'll have ten minutes for a dish o' bread and mush,
Which eat, they'll scrub the stables with a mop and scrubbin'-brush.
At six they'll draw the watter and do all the household chores
Their Almy Matter sets 'em, both inside and out-o'-doors.

"At seven by the whistle they'll seek out the cordwood pile,
And wrastle with a bucksaw on the kindlin' for a while.
At eight they'll hitch the hosses to the harrer and the plow,
And scar a half an acre each, as hard as they know how.
At nine they'll gather up the stones they've left along the trail,
And build a stone wall round the lot, and top it with a rail.
At half-past nine they'll sow the field, alfalfa, wheat or rye.
At ten they'll have a recess for their buttermilk and pie.

"From 'leven until midday they will mow the early hay.
From twelve to one they'll toss it, and then stack it all away.
From one to two they'll pile it on a four-wheeled scarlet wain.
At three they'll store it in the barn to keep it from the rain.
At four they'll quit ten minutes for to eat some apple-sass,
With maybe some fresh cider and a dish of sparrergrass.
From five to six they'll gather up the taters in a sack,
Before they seek the pasture for to drive the cattle back.

"This done they'll do the milkin', after which they'll take a turn
At helpin' make the butter in the dairy with a churn.
At seven all the critters they will feed and put to bed.
At eight they'll have their suppers of cold beans and gingerbread.
At nine the little loose ends that you're sure to find at night
They'll tackle, and keep at 'em till they're got 'em all set right.
Their workin' day will finish at a little after ten—
Which leaves 'em time for football till the mornin comes again!"

—John Kendrick Bangs.

UP-TO-DATE

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
 "I'm going milking, sire," she said.
 Then, showing her dimpled hands with pride:
 "I've washed them just now in formaldehyde;
 "My bonnie white skirt has been baked since dawn
 In an oven with all of the heat turned on.
 "My waist has been baked, and all that I wear,
 And listerine poured on my beauteous hair.
 "I'm breathing, you see through a new device
 That filters the air through some charcoal twice;
 "I'm going a down, as you've been advised,
 To a pasture that's properly pasturized,
 "And I'll milk the cows as they walk the path
 From the pool where they take an antiseptic bath.
 "They are scrubbed, they are rinsed, and beside the gate
 Is a cute little house where we fumigate;
 "And Bossie, and Bess, and the other cows
 Must use toothbrush and powder before they browse,
 "And the stream where they loiter and splash and wade
 With bichloride of mercury has been sprayed;
 "The shade of the trees where they chew the cud
 Has been rid of all germs, be it understood.
 "And we put anti-toxin on each swinging tail
 Lest it harm while upsetting my germ-proof pail.
 "And now I must go, and I'll warble a song
 In a sterilized voice as I stroll along."
 "May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
 "If you've been boiled, kind sir!" she said.

* * * * *

WRECKS

Right here, good folk, in the padded cell is the man who invented the College Yell; a pitiful sight, as you all can see, and a doleful wreck of a man is he. He tears his hair with a Rah-Rah-Rah and rends the air with a Siss-Boom-Ah, and he mumbles and jumbles and screams and cries; seen the swelling throat and the bloodshot eyes. All day he yells and all night he howls, and up from his throat come fearful growls as though he remembered the campus where the first of his College Yells rent the air. He grins at you with a vacant eye and thinks you're a brother of Pi Chi Si; he makes a sign that the brothers know and waits to see if it's really so; then he thinks you are, and his great lungs swell with a rush of air for the old-time yell, and his cheeks puff out and his mouth swings wide and a rush of sound from the far inside of his mighty chest strikes on the ear and your heart beats fast with a dreadful fear; but you need not run from the frightful noise, for he's only one of our Rah-Rah Boys.

And here is the woman of tricks and wiles whose hats were at one time the Paris styles; but the horrors of bandeau and rim and crown got on her nerves and broke her down; so she sits all day with her paper flowers and builds peach baskets and great straw towers with ribbons, and buckles, and birds, and wings,

and glassware, and debris, and other things; she twists and she bends and she dabs it here and she jabs it there till it's just a dear, so she says herself, and she scallops the rim and sews more rubbish on crown and brim; then she tramples on it and she lays it down and she rocks her chair on the tall, tall crown, and when it is beaten and banged and torn her eyes light up with the sparkle born of genius real, and you know that she is a mistress past of hattery. Then she trims the basket that holds the waste and builds a bonnet in perfect taste with a feather duster, an old whisk broom and a wisp of straw for an ostrich plume. But when she marks on the tag to sell at only a dollar, you know full well that her mind is gone, for no woman alive but would gladly buy it at thirty-five.

And here is the maiden, oh, more than fair, who has robbed her mattress of all its hair and fashioned it up into curlicues, and rats, and switches, and puffs to use in assorted styles on her billowy crown. She puts it up and she takes it down and hangs it on bureau and stand and chair, till it swings and dangles from everywhere; with pins and glue she sticks and stuffs her own hair with ringlets and frills and puffs that wave on her forehead and cover her neck and piles in bales on her quarterdeck. She has braided switches, and rolls, and frills, and pins, and ribbons, and old goosequills that she smooths and sticks and stuffs and stabs and dangles and does into dingedabs. Then she stuffs it high with old bed springs and pillows and bath towels and other things, and sinks in her chair with a gladsame sigh, with a pile of coiffure two feet high and yards across and fathoms deep, and falls exhausted and fast asleep.

—J. W. Foley.

Review of Bulletins

A bulletin on "Corn Growing in Montana," is now ready for distribution by the experiment station. The bulletin contains instructions for the growing of corn in this state. It tells which soil is best adapted for the production of this crop, as well as the climatic conditions, irrigation, and methods of cultivation suitable to corn growing.

It will be remembered by readers of the Weekly Exponent that the first issue contained a detailed account of the prize contest to be conducted by Jas. J. Hill and the Great Northern R. R. The various prizes are to be awarded next fall; and this circular is intended to be a guide to all those entering that contest, and is published at this time of the year so that its instructions can be followed this summer.

The M. A. C. experiment station has ready for distribution a circular entitled, "The Pear and Apple Blight in Montana." Prof. D. B. Swingle, botanist, is the author of the bulletin. He has spent a great deal of time in the last two years in investigating this disease as regards the conditions of its growth and spread in Montana, and it has taken much work to get the results of his observations into a publication which could be given to the people.

In this work he has been assisted by the State Horticultural Society.

In part the circular says: "This disease is comparatively new for Montana, being first recognized in the Bitter Root in 1906. Here it was found that many orchards were infected. This discovery led to an investigation which covered the entire state. It was found that nearly every fruit growing region was more or less 'blighted,' with the exception of the Flathead valley. The Bitter Root and Yellowstone valleys were very badly infected.

"The disease is of bacterial origin, forming dark spots on the twigs and branches, and causing large drops of a gum-like substance to appear on the pear or apple. Leaves of a blighted tree cling to the limbs long after the others have fallen.

"About the only known cure for this blight is to cut out and burn all infected parts. Many difficulties have been encountered because of this method of treatment, as the ordinary farmer hates to cut down his orchard trees, especially after they have reached the bearing age. The fruit grower should not, nevertheless, allow any infected parts to winter over.

"By selecting hardy varieties, which will resist the blight, instead of those trees which are very susceptible to the disease, the blight can be prevented from getting started, and all dangers of spreading are eradicated."

