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Evening

The sun is sinking in the west,
The weary world prepares to rest,
The rosey tints now slowly die,
Dark shadows creep across the sky,
'Tis evening.

The shadows grow more long and gray,
Quickly they too shall fade away,
The evening dew begins to fall
And darkness softly reigns o'er all,
'Tis evening.

N. S. '12.

Spring Day at Cornell

(Note—The following article was written expressly for the Exponent by a Cornell graduate who was a former student at M. S. C.

It comes when April has wept itself out and the glad voice of May is heard in the land—it comes in those rollicking spring days when everything is rejoicing over a re created world, and when, appropriately enough, the whole country is whetting its appetite for the opening of the circus season; for it is a day when an entire university, from president down to the lowliest Freshman, may, with impunity, forget all dignity and go a-clowning. It is, in some respects, the "maddest, merriest day of all the year," is this circus day at Cornell University, and so long as the festivities last—they are held at noon between the hours of eleven and one—they are about the swiftest thing of their kind.

It is amazing the number of committees and sub-committees this two-hour celebration sets in motion; for weeks ahead of time these amateur circus managers are planning and scheming and executing, racking their brains for some new drollery, some new grotesque effect for the procession, some grand farcical "stunt" that will carry campus-folk and town-folk by storm. Soon town and campus begin to blossom forth with posters, and the columns of the college daily, The Cornell Sun, bristle with mysterious hints of the coming celebration and promise, in the most startling headlines, attractions which would tax the inventive genius of the immortal P. T. Barnum himself.

As the great day draws nearer and the headlines in the Sun become positively lyrical in their recklessness, there is a new and aluring bustle on the

campus, particularly on the broad green between the Sage dormitory and the Armory. And one fine morning the stately, ivy-grown buildings look down in astonishment upon a full-fledged colony of canvas cones and bee-hives of exaggerated size, with pennants fluttering and guy ropes swaying lightly in the May breeze. All morning the busy committees from the various colleges toil and tug and sweat, getting their "shows" in order and collecting their forces for the "grand pee-rade," which starts from a point down town promptly at ten o'clock and wends its way slowly through the principal streets and up the hill with a constantly growing mob of small boys in its wake.

By eleven o'clock, the crowds along the sidewalks of Central avenue begin to get uncomfortably tight, the lawns about the show-tents are overflowing, and the gaily decked motor cars are even jostling one another near the Armory green. But nobody minds in the least, and nobody makes the slightest attempt to get out, except a few zealous souls, who, at the first faraway notes of the band, scramble up the nearest tree or telegraph pole for a more commanding view.

Mortal pen has not yet described the glories of that parade. There is the high-stepping drum major who leads the band and awes the crowd with an expression of purse-proud arrogance and a shako a little smaller than a wash boiler. There are floats loaded down with performers, faculty gods bearing a fearful and wonderful resemblance to the originals, Indian braves, Chinese mandarins, spangled acrobats, to say nothing of the entire African hunting party, including Terrible Teddy himself, Kermit, war correspondents, stenographers, Zulu servants, et al. There are cages full of strange and formidable animals, whose joints do not articulate properly, to the delight of the crowd, which receives them with roars of applause and much lively speculation as to the identity of the legs which form the neck of the giraff. There are cavalcades of fashion able young ladies on horse back wearing the latest spring styles raised to the nth power, and convulsing the crowd with their airs and graces; clowns in donkey carts, and Geisha dancing-girls in tights that have only too obviously done duty as flower sacks in a previous stage of their careers; and not least of all, a squad of big, husky policemen in blue coats and helmets, who are everywhere at once in the procession, hustling the by-standers with their sticks and losing no opportunity to "stir up something," after the most approved fashion of their species.

With the cheering crowd at its heels, the procession sweeps majestically into the show grounds, where the performers scatter at once to the various tents, where each college has its own show, planned, composed, stage-managed and acted by its own students. Before the door of each tent, on an improvised platform, stands a "barker," apparently of the most advanced Coney Island type, roaring through a megaphone, "Here you are, ladies and gentlemen! Step right this way! In this tent, ladies and gentlemen, is the most extraordinary, remarkable and thrilling exhibition of the century! Do-on't miss it, ladies and gentlemen! Here you are!"

And here you are, indeed, hustled and hustled and jammed by the good natured crowd, beset by a dozen or more attractions in as many tents, any of which you may see for the insignificant sum of twenty-five cents—more if you want to give it, but no less. And right here let me say that it is an unwritten law of Spring Day that no change is made on the grounds, in compliment to the Athletic Association, which is lord and master of the box-office receipts and prime

mover in the celebration.; so you are not so foolish as to try to pay your way in with a five dollar bill.

You look about you trying to decide which shows you will patronize, for you scarcely have time to make the entire rounds, as the performance in each tent lasts from fifteen to twenty minutes and is repeated as often as possible during the two hours. The mechanical Engineers have a motor race for the Vanderbilt cup, advertised in soul stirring pictures outside their tent; the Architects have a wonderful pantomimic performance of San Francisco Destroyed by an Earthquake; the Arts and Science people are flaunting a life-sized picture of the jungle in a panic, to show that the great, modern drama of "Roosevelt in Africa" is to be performed in their tent; the Cosmopolitan Club, whose "barkers" are in native Chinese and Japanese costume, with a huge black and yellow dragon for a background, have a jiu-jitsu contest on their program. The "Aggies'" bill-board announces "Nu-Fangled Farmin'", and their show is a screaming travesty on the Country Life Commission, of which their beloved Dean Bailey was a member; here you are given demonstrations of all the latest improvements in agriculture, from the machine that plucks the chickens automatically to the machine that makes dusters and pillows of the feathers before your very eyes. The Freshmen have a spirited performance of Pocahontas saving the life of Captain John Smith; and after you have laughed your fill over the coqueries and tears of a two hundred and fifty-pound Pocahontas, you stroll off to look at the crowd, which after all, is the greatest attraction.

It is, for the most part, a student crowd, with a considerable sprinkling of school children and town-faring adults, all in bright spring colors and holiday spirits, ready to be amused at anything, from the clown vender of toy balloons, down to the Freshmen in their tall white and red dunce caps and false noses. Among the younger and giddier students you have to look very sharp, as you elbow your way about, or you will be surrounded by a ring of these happy, irresponsible spirits, and hustled into the nearest show; or if you are gallantly piloting a young lady about, you are careful to steer clear of open places in the crowd, lest they descend upon you, join hands and make you and her the center of the magic ring, dancing and singing about you in impish glee.

But while you are avoiding Scylla, you are also taking pains not to run into Charybdis,—otherwise that formidable little tent on your right, where the law fellows are holding justice court, into which those very husky policemen of the parade are marching scores of the crowd—anyone they can capture—and hauling them up before the stern and incorruptible judge, who fines them one and all for police-made offenses, or for no offenses at all, with beautifully impartiality. You see distinguished students and occasionally members of the faculty siezed and hurried away to the dread tribunal, and when the report comes that the most awesome of all Cornell dignitaries, the Registrar, has been arrested and fined "two beans," you flee in terror and lose yourself among the crowd at the further end of the grounds.

Here you come upon what is generally conceded to be the most popular feature of the Spring Day Celebration—the Slide, the Cornellian substitute for "shooting the chutes," which the Civil Engineers have in charge.: For the ridiculously small sum of five cents, you may mount the steps to the top of the scaffolding which supports the Slide, seat yourself, and with willing hands to shove you off, shoot to the bottom of the waxed board as neatly as you used to

slide down the bannisters in your younger days. You may then join the crowd at the base of the inclined plane and extract two dollars and a half's worth of enjoyment out of seeing the others "come down," particularly when the fun begins to wax fast and furious, and little raiding parties descend upon the crowd, capture willing victims and send them down the Slide, willy-nilly. Among these victims you see dignified Prexy, who takes the descent so gracefully and keeps his balance so beautifully in landing, that he receives a round of applause from the delighted crowd. His fellow captive, a grave and distinguished professor of languages, is so pleased with his trip down the Slide, that he insists on making it the second time, at the same time recommending it to his wife, who declines on the ground that one fool is quite enough in the family.

Truly, it is a mad and merry time, and so strenuous that you are almost glad when one o'clock comes, by which time, if you are a normal human being, you have spent all your money and laughed yourself tired. But at least you have left, a toy balloon for your pains,—and the memory of grown-up boys and girls stopping their studies long enough to frisk like children and to add two hours of pure, wholesome fun to the joys of their college days.

The Savage and the Suitcase

It was one of those disagreeable, rainy mornings in Yellowstone Park, when sleepy camp boys wade through the mud with pails of damp kindling, fumble impatiently with the tent flaps, with their scores of hat pins, safety pins and every available kind of a pin (precautions against the bears); when tourists cluster about the little, rusty sheet iron stoves and wish they were back east.

The rain drummed noisily on the drivers' tent sputtered on the stove and stood in great beads on the oil cloth covered tables. From the log kitchen adjoining came a cloud of smoke and a delicious smell of coffee, of steaming corn bread and fresh made apple sauce, which made one almost forget his damp clothing, the spongy sawdust under foot and the gloomy prospect of a day's ride.

"Say, Slippery! Send down that formation, you!" shouted a tall fellow in a dirty, yellow, "smelly" slicker, who was mopping a pancake through a plate of syrup. "Oh, you Kimona! Must have been up late. Quite a case he's got, eh, fellows?"

....

The fellow who entered was a clean looking boy in a corduroy shirt and trousers, and evidently a "savage." And it might be well to explain here that away back in "Park history," in some unaccountable manner, "savage" came to mean that individual who drives a stage coach up there.

Robert Endicott, Jr. was a college boy from the east, and worse than that, he had brought to the Park—a steamer trunk! His mother had packed it and had "tucked" in a pair of bedroom slippers and a gay, red lounging robe. He had objected to the latter but his mother had insisted that it would be fine ransom if he were ever captured by the Indians out in that "wild country"—bright colors always were attractive to Indians, so from the first day he had been dubbed "Kimona."

"Goin' to the dance, Kimona?" the speaker went on, helping himself to more cakes, as if any of those fortunate enough to be at the "Geysers" would miss the

dance. It was to be the last dance of the season at the "Inn" and had been discussed for weeks and "dates" had been planned for as long. "Give you all the tips I get off your bunch of 'dudes' if you'll let me drive your rig, Slipp'ry."

"Nothin' doin', old pal. Say, you rubes! We're goin' to have dinner today. Leave the plates, anyway."

"Oh, you say we will," shouted a half dozen fellows, and as many buscuits accompanied the retreating "Slipp'ry."

Half an hour later, in a whirl of mud, its side curtains flapping, Coach No. 22 dashed up to the stile.

"All aboard!" shouted "Kimona."

"Well, as I was saying, if a person is here to see the Park, let him get his money's worth. For myself, I hardly need a suitcase. If he pays for a dress party, let him spend his time dresing. And in fact, I haven't seen anything in this Park so far that is worth forty cents, let alone forty dollars! Of course the Mammoth is out of the ordinary, but merely out of the ordinary! What more is it than hot water running down a hill? Don't you say so, professor?"

The professor stiffened up, coughed a dry, little cough. "Well, theoretically speaking——"

"Yes, that's just it. This Park isn't what its advertised to be. Driver, was my suit case put in? Well, they're not going to beat me out of that besides my forty dollars. When Cousin Moll went through here five years ago, the Park was something wonderful and I expected——. Driver, aren't we even going to see any bears?"

It was the same, steady humdrum of "tourist questions," but "Kimona" was too much occupied with the dance to pay much attention. It was after they had lunched at the little village of tents near the Gibbon river that there was any imperative "driver!" emphasized with a vigorous poke with an umbrella. "Is it possible that we could have prunes for supper! We had prunes for supper last night, prunes for breakfast and prunes for lunch."

Supper was over at the "Geyser camp." The rain had ceased, but a cold wind howled through the drivers' tent. A solitary candle flickered on a rickety wooden stand. "Slipp'ry" was wrestling with a thumb marked stiff collar and a bright red tie before a cracked looking glass which dangled from a nail in the tent pole. Another driver was squeezing himself into "somebody's shirt that had got mixed with his'n;" still another was blackening a pair of badly skinned tan Oxfords with a hair brush.

"Well, what do you know about Kimona and the suit case! Some class to him! Believe muh!" exclaimed a tall fellow, who was untying the red bandana which held his "wash" and sorting out a pair of gay colored hosiery, which had suffered considerably from geyser water.

Kimona, his shirt sleeves rolled up, was fumbling at the clasp "Well, by thunder!" He sat bolt upright surveying the suit case from which a mass of feminine articles were tumbling into the damp sawdust.

"Where did you get it?" "Who belongs to it?" came from every direction.

"Say, Kimona, this ain't goin' to be no masquerade ball," haw-hawed Slipp'ry, pulling out a huge be-flowered dressing sack.

"What do you call this?" inquired a freckle-faced camp boy, jamming his fist through a mammoth wire "hair-rat." Someone was clicking a pair of curling tongs.

"Well, wouldn't that—Huh! well, wouldn't that!"

"Whose is it?" demanded Slippery.

"I don't know. When the rigs drove up they pulled out my suit case with the others and there was such a bunch, and this looked like mine."

"Well, look at the tag! Go to their tent, they probably haven't noticed the difference, yet."

Kimona searched on every side. "Tag's gone!"

"Wear the clothes you've got on."

"These! To a dance at the Inn!" He gazed disgustedly at a pair of high top shoes.

"Borrow some."

"Everybody's going and will wear their own. You fellows bring back that junk." Everything was wadded in a tight roll and jammed back in place, a shirt-wrist sleeve dangling from one end.

Robert Endicott sauntered down the main "street" between the rows of tents. There was no use in trying to find his suit case before the dance—not in that mob of people who were at the geysers that night. He couldn't search every tent. Besides he didn't know what tents to search. The camp was almost entirely deserted at this time of the evening.

He determined to trust to luck. At the farther end of the "street" a brigade of red sweater jackets were making a mad race for some geyser. Behind them a fat man, puffing and panting, pounded along. The suit case might belong to his party. At least he might have heard of the exchange. Kimona gripped the handle tighter and hurried after the fat man.

"Say, there! Did you lose a suit case?" he shouted.

"Suit-case! Na, this is the Daisy," came the disgusted answer. He panted vigorously and increased his speed. "Wonderful place, this park, eh?" The fat man drew up triumphantly at the geyser and smiled one of those "who says I'm fat" smiles at his rival.

"Your party didn't happen to lose a suit case, did they?"

"Aint with a party—alone. Hear something about a missing suit case, but—must be the Grotto playin' this time!" The fat man was off again. "Say!" he yelled back, "Come to think about it, it was last night when they lost it."

Kimona started back for camp. There was nothing to do but wait until the tourists came back for the night and discovered the mistake.

He slammed the suit case down, kicked a dilapidated camp stool out in front for the office tent and sat down to wait.

Someone was grinding out "Clementine," on the squeaky organ. Farther away he could hear the roar and splash of the geysers, and now and then came the faint sound of the band at the Inn. The matron, bustling around with medicine for complaining tourists, stopped to assure him that he wouldn't lose his suit case. The laundry boy hurried past with the matron's daughter, looked wisely at him and murmured something about "somebody has beat his time."

And Kimona waited. "R'ght in camp with that suit case and can't get it."

The Negro Problem

Winner of Local Oratorical Contest.

In the year 1619, the thrifty Dutch traders landed a cargo of twenty negroes in Jamestown, Virginia. These negroes and their descendents became the slaves of the white man and in this terrible and un-Christian condition of servitude, they remained for two centuries, until the greatest civil war of all time knocked the fetters from four million of these human slaves. This vast body of newly freed men was given equal political and civil rights with their former owners. This is the negro problem: Two races utterly dissimilar in responsibility and intelligence, living upon the same soil, with equal political and civil rights. It is one of America's greatest problems, and one which has never been solved by any nation in any time; but we have the utmost faith and confidence that the southern statesmen can and will solve this important problem to the satisfaction of the entire world.

When we look into the point at issue, we are surprised in no small degree to find an embarrassing diversity of opinion in regard to the Negro question. We can find it demonstrated by eminent authority that the Negro is increasing in numbers with such rapidity that it will only be a matter of a few years until he will far outnumber the whites in the south; we can also find it proved by equally eminent authority that the negro is fast dying out and will soon disappear in this country. One writer will convince us that education greatly improves the black man, and again another writer will show us as conclusively that education does him more harm than good. This lawyer will give arguments to prove the Negro our greatest criminal, and that lawyer, that he is one of our most law-abiding citizens. It is only after we learn of these conflicting opinions that we are confronted by the magnitude of the problem.

During slavery days, every plantation was a sort of industrial school for the Negro. He was taught carpentering, blacksmithing and agriculture; in fact all of the trades necessary to carry on the complex workings of the plantation. Their masters taught the Negroes these trades merely through selfish motives. They relied entirely on the slaves to keep up the vast agricultural system of the Southern cotton and tobacco farms. But, on the other hand, when these slaves became free men this industrial training was not followed up—one of the greatest mistakes of the reconstruction. The South and the North as well began to educate the negro. He was given instruction in the arts, sciences and languages; such instruction increased his wants without giving ability to supply them. One day, not long since, a white man was journeying in the fair Southland, and approached a log cabin, the yard of which was grown up with weeds and filled with rubbish. The tumble down structure was not fit to stable a horse in, yet, when the man entered, he saw to his surprise a Negro sitting on a box and studying a Greek grammar. A specimen of the educated type of Negro!

It took the white race hundreds of years of toil of the severest kind to reach its high position in the human family, but we have expected the Negro race—a child race—to reach the same position at a bound and in a single generation. Such an expectation as this is doomed to failure! The Negro must toil so that his sons and grandsons—yes, his great-grandsons—may in some small

measure begin to reach the exalted station of the fairest portion of mankind. He must first learn to build his own home, make his own clothes, till his own soil and rear his own children. Several years ago a Negro tailor was wanted at the Tuskegee Institute to teach the young colored men to make clothes; not one was to be found in the whole length and breadth of Dixie Land. An industrial school in every congressional district in the south would do more to free the Negro, than the emancipation proclamation ever did. We spend an average of \$25 to educate every white child into an intelligent citizen and an average of \$1.00 to do the same thing for every negro child. The South needs our philanthropy and sincere sympathy to help her solve the educational feature of the problem.

It will never be fully realized what a great burden was placed on the backs of the Southern statesmen, when the negro was given the ballot. At the same time, the right to vote was withheld from all of the Southern white men who took part in the war. The freed slaves imagined they were to become from now on gentlemen of leisure. They rushed into politics and right there commenced some of the bitterest feelings that have ever been evinced between two races. The Southern, hitherto, had extended his help and sympathy to the negro, but now he began to despise him with all of his strength. Northern politicians came to the Southland to influence the Negro vote. The brave soldier in gray had fought four long, terrible and dreary years, and now came home defeated, disheartened and disfranchised. His former servants had almost complete control over the elections. That bitter animosity sprang up between the two races, was but the natural outcome of such a terrible condition of affairs.

By far the larger part of the Negroes are absolutely not prepared to use the ballot as an instrument of power. The black race is surely not prepared to become a race of lawmakers. The American only became a lawmaker, because he comes from an ancestry that for hundreds of years has toiled and struggled in governmental actions. The Negro cannot be expected to reach at a single leap such a stage as the white Americans have attained when his ancestry dates back into the jungles of Africa where there is no law—when he comes from a parentage that served the white race as slaves for two fearful centuries. Political restrictions must be imposed upon the Negro. Some of the Southern states are now doing work in this direction, and we have the greatest confidence in the Southern statesman and believe that he will solve the political feature of the future, if the North will kindly stand aside, as has not hitherto been her custom, and permit the people down south to have a free hand in solving the problem which they understand to the core, and better than any other people does.

The Negro question will never come to a desirable solution so long as every city in the south has its black quarter; so long as the freed men are required to ride in separate cars on the railroad; so long as the negro is compelled to attend schools where only colored children go; and so long as the negro and the white men are made to worship God in separate churches.

In the old slavery days, the children of both races frolicked together around the old plantation; the Southern boys, both black and white, used to round the bend in the sparkling river and bathe together in the old swimming hole; but such is not the case today. Many a Southern patriot whose hair has long since turned to gray, is proud that he was nursed in his childhood by a faithful old black mammy, but none of the younger generation make such a boast. Uncle Tom and Aunt Susan used to attend the same church and occupy the same pew

with their master and mistress; we look in vain for such an example of friendship between the two races today. It is very unfortunate that the bestowal of full political and civil rights upon the negro has proven a barrier to the close social intercourse of the two races. This race prejudice will be driven away like the mist before the noonday's sun as soon as the negro establishes, through industrial education, his ability to build his own home, till his own soil and make his own clothes. When the black man shows his responsibility in the basic elements of civilization, then, will the white man grasp his hand in genuine friendship.

It is said that the freed men are the greatest criminals in our nation. The newspapers of the country invariably paint the crime committed by a negro in the worst of colors. When, before the war, his white brother extended to him his sympathy and support, the negro was as law abiding as any of us. The lynching party is distinctively a development since the civil war. A child race cannot be fairly expected to reach in a single generation the high plane of morality of the American people.

A negro has never trampled our flag under foot; it was a negro who struck the first blow against the British in the Boston massacre. Andrew Jackson said after the battle of New Orleans that no heart was more loyal and no arm more strong and useful in the defense of righteousness than the Negro's. During the civil war the faithful old servants protected and cared for the defenseless wives and children of their masters away fighting at Bull Run and Gettysburg. Shafter and Roosevelt testify that the negro bravely faced death in defense of honor and humanity at Santiago and San Juan hill.

So then, the solution of the momentous problem lies in the domain of education, politics and sociology. School houses and books on industrial lines—on the fundamental elements of civilization—will place the present generation of negroes in such a position that the coming generations will reap the rewards of their fathers' toil, and may so gain the admiration and respect of the white race that they may be able to cast a free ballot. Thus all political and civil rights may be exercised and race prejudice eliminated forever. If the Southern statesmen will endeavor to solve this problem along these lines, then, and not until then, will the negro problem be solved. Thus, figuratively speaking, the Ethiopian may change his skin, and by the help of God and the American people rise intellectually and socially faster than any other race ever did. In the words of Booker T. Washington, the greatest of all living negroes, "It is a question that must be faced calmly, quietly and dispassionately, and the time has now come to rise above party, above race, above color, above sectionalism, into the region of duty of man to man, of American to American, of Christian to Christian."

KYLE JONES, '12.

A Civil Engineer's Vision.

I had returned from a C. E. trip to the summit of Mt. Baldy. The invigorating atmosphere and the exertion of the day had whetted my appetite to a keen desire for those delicacies which delight and tickle the inner man. Repairing to the Chink restaurant with some of my comrades in misery, we proceeded to order a meal as delicate as that when a cannibal gets a missionary to grace his humble board. After supper we wandered about our city, drinking in the pure night air, visiting moving picture and vaudeville shows, meditating upon the movements of the stars, calculating the degrees and minutes of variation of polaris from the true meridian and such other astronomical problems as may engross the mind of the progressive engineer. With the exception of short intermissions for change of films the evening was one of continued interest.

Reaching home at a late hour I took off my boots and removed from them the pebbles which had accumulated during the day. Being slightly weary I flung myself across the bed, intending to rest a few moments before retiring for the night. About this time there appeared to me a vision which is here related.

I was on my way westward from Washington, D. C., where I had spent the winter advising President Jacob Kruse in regard to the new engineering law which had just been passed by the last socialist congress. At Chicago I was met at the train by a delegation of lawyers who wished me to give expert testimony in a great engineering case which was attracting the attention of the country at the time. The lawyers, Spain, Draper & Co., were representing the defendants, DeMuth & Livingston, a wealthy engineering corporation of the Windy City. The boat and railroad facilities being inadequate for the Chicagoans going to St. Joe, Mich., on hasty marriage trips, the city had employed this firm to design a suspension bridge to span Lake Michigan and connecting the two towns. The bridge had been in successful operation for fifteen years but had finally failed as James Annin, employed by Tremper, the Chicago transportation magnate, had reached the middle of the bridge, driving an ox-team which was drawing an automo-locomo-scooter which had to be transported in this way owing to the sharp curves on the railroads. It seems that Mr. Annin had been driving rapidly so that one of the principal boxes was smoking, necessitating him to stop. While repairing the engine one of the oxen kicked over a trace and while looking up in his Morocco edition of "Hanson's Scientific Farming" what to do in such an emergency a large crowd of bystanders gathered. As the oxen were not trained to break step while crossing the bridge and owing to the excessive concentrated load, the two half inch Manilla cables supporting the structure failed and all were precipitated 2000 feet to the water below. By rare presence of mind and much dexterity, Mr. Annin cut the traces of the harness before reaching the water, so that by mounting the backs of the animal which swam to shore all souls were saved. The suit was brought by a gentleman who had lost the filling of a tooth. The cold water had contracted the metal allowing it to fall from its position. Drs. Young and Drinville, expert witnesses for the plaintiff, were called upon to testify as to the value of the gold filling. When called to the stand I testified that the design was good engineering practice and the case was decided for the defendant. Mr. DeMuth presented me with a stogie, in payment of my services and knowing of my engineering ability proposed to make me a member of his firm, offering me a position as stake artist. Being somewhat out of practice

I preferred not to risk my reputation in this skilled work, and having offer from Sloan and Froebe, Bozeman, Montana, to dig test pits for them, decided to withhold my decision until I could confer with the latter firm.

Before leaving Chicago, Mr. Livingston presented me with a silk hat which he had won in a culinary contest, and which he valued greatly owing to its long, continued association with his dome of thought. Wearing my silk hat, which I found gave me considerable prestige, I was soon fleeting across the plains of Illinois. Gazing from the car window upon the stage whereon had been enacted the events of my boyhood, I was struck by the wonderful transformation which had taken place in that region during the past fifty years. The farmers were practicing the methods of scientific farming as given in Prof. John Taylor's hand book and the results were somewhat phenomenal. For instance, at once place I recognized my old college chum, R. B. Williams, erecting a hoisting derrick to draw from the ground a Milligan turni-squashi-spud. A short distance from here our train stopped for several hours until the local engineers, Lannin, Daly, Pound, Kirk, Chapman & Co., could design and construct a bridge across the Mississippi and which had recently been swept away by a freshet in the neighborhood. The work required much skill as the only material at hand was drift wood. No spikes, bolts or iron work were used. The pieces being glued together with Allen's world famous mucilage.

Having considerable leisure time I visited the machine shops of Mr. Walchli which were located here and was much interested in the construction of a huge copper kettle. There were 300 men at work upon it, yet they were so far apart they could not hear each other's hammers strike. I asked Mr. Walchli why he was making such a large kettle and he told me it was to be used to boil the Milligan turni-squashi-spud. Hearing cannonading in the distance I proceeded to investigate the cause and found my old friend, Booker, training a regiment of troops who were about to go to the front, war having broken out between the United States and John D. Rockefeller. Mr. Booker was clad in the uniform of a brigadier-general which rank he was given at the time he lost his left leg while fighting with the army of the unemployed. He had aged considerably since seeing him last, and only the sickle was lacking to make him the exact counterpart of Father Time. I found that he ranked high in the community and his name was identified with progressive measures, being carved on his wooden leg.

Hearing much shouting and the voice of an orator in the direction of the village, I found that Gov. Pool of Montana was addressing a crowd of citizens upon the doctrines of democracy. Mr. Pool, together with a Broadwater delegation were stumping the country for Mr. Bryan, who was making his 14th campaign for the presidency. Our train being ready to proceed I did not have time to listen to the speech, but tears welled up in my eyes when I thought of so worthy a man as Mr. Pool campaigning for what seemed to be a forlorn hope.

The trip across Iowa was uneventful and nothing interesting happened until we struck the prohibition state of Kansas, where it was so dry that the grass hoppers were devastating the state. Our train was heavily loaded and facing a hurricane from the west. The locomotive broke down not being able to stand the strain. As our train was the fast mail there was no time to be lost so grass hoppers were substituted for the locomotive and the record long distance run of 1000 miles to Billings, Montana, was made in three hours and fifty minutes, the car windows being broken and many of the wheels melted from

the heat produced by friction. We here dispensed with the grass hoppers, for these insects, upon reaching the hot air about Billings and thinking they were back in Kansas refused to go further. Besides, it was difficult for our engineer, Mr. Brown, to drive them through the tunnels, so a locomotive would be better from here on. Conductor Gottschalk, in commenting on the run to Billings, told me that he only punched half of the tickets of the passengers owing to the short time occupied in making the run and having the long train of 200 cars carrying 50,000 people who were about to settle in the Gallatin Valley.

Proceeding westward our train came through Bozeman tunnel on the morning of November 12, 1960. What a great day it was. The sunlight of early morning coming up over the snow-clad mountains, lighting up the western hills and gilding the gold covered dome of M. S. C. until it shone like a great mass of flame 600 feet above the surface of the earth. Our conductor called out "Bozeman!" "Why, we have not passed Chesnut," I remarked. "This formerly was Chesnut but is now the suburbs of Bozeman," he said. A few minutes later I was entering the great archway of the college grounds at Bozeman. It was a magnificent arch built by the alumni forty years before. As I strolled beneath the old trees that I had seen planted years before, I saw the thousands of students, went through the engineering hall erected on the east campus at a cost of \$1,000,000, and noted the improvements in general I was inspired with a sense of pride in my alma mater. Perhaps the object of most interest to me was the magnificent statue of President Hamilton overlooking the world-famous Gallatin valley. It was the masterpiece of the noted sculptor, Kirby. That afternoon I was visiting the football game between Utah University and M. S. C. which was to decide the championship of the northwestern states. They were playing on the field which I had helped to make fifty years before. While watching the game I received a telegram from Washington stating that Bryan had been elected president of the United States. It was now near the finish of the last half. Neither side had scored. Suddenly there was a mighty shout. Pool had made one of his famous end runs for a touchdown much the same as his grandfather used to do, and the game was ours.

The maddening shouts of the many thousands awoke me. I looked at the clock. It was 10:30 a. m. I had missed my breakfast and two lectures at the college. And so abruptly ended the vision of the dreamer.—W. J. K., '10.

The C. E. Society

(This Poem was read at the C. E. Assembly Program, May 6, 1910.

In our first year here we civils,
As perhaps you all have seen.
Were just like all other Freshmen
Awful, awful, awful green.
So our Profs. have thought it better
In our reasons this is done
To turn us loose with men of letters,
For to see if they can find
Any semblance of gray matter
Just to fix our frame of mind
By soaking us with tempting morsels
Of exams. that puzzle some.
Frequent algebra explosions
Till our heads expand no more.
We can hardly see our class mates,
And we really feel quite sore,
When the Prexie walking past us
Seems to purposely ignore
The fact that we, yes we are present
With accomplishments galore.
To the sophomore however,
Things take on a different hue.
And perhaps the sharpest color
Is a dark frown hazy blue.
Now take calculus for instance
And then take it just for fun.
But the third time, try and pass it,
For you'll then have well begun,
In a way to sorter savvy,
Tho you still will heave a sigh,
When those saucy young dx's,
Or the integrals of Pi
Get to squirming in your memory
And the blank space up above,
Hums with asymptotes and polars,
Also doubly points of love.
For the Prof. that set them turning,
Yea for all the others too.
For in physics we are learning
What the measly things will do,
With velocities and moments,
And our plane surveyings bring,
Areas found by integration,
Till our hearts with rapture sing.
When exam. weeks grateful pointer

Says we passed Calc and a D,
Sure the rest will be smooth sailing
On a calm and sunny sea.
Then in field work, some thing happen
That we can't just understand,
For it seems that some great forces
Start to working on the land,
Every time we run a spiral
For the point we call P. T.
Wont hold still till we can check it,
With the curve from our P. C.
Then again in running levels
Down to town and back again,
Things keep jumping in their revels
High and low with might and main.
But the junior year, O scissors!
Now we're sorry that we spoke,
For believe me that mechanics
Aint just what you'd call a joke.
Moments, stresses, O my gracious!
Yield points, and inertia too,
While Prof. Kneale in term vocacious,
Tells us we've just got to do
More hard work and those examples.
If we say tis time we lack,
He puts on a demonstration,
Just to make us take it back.
I've seen him work eighty problems,
They were all good hard ones too,
In exactly thirteen minutes.
Now you may not think that's true.
But it is and with a slide rule
He can work them out so fast
That the first of twenty problems
Will get mixed up with the last
And be gone before ten seconds
Have relieved us from the spell,
Then he'll turn and smile quite kindly
And in words pathetic tell
How he only does expect us
To work half as fast as he,
For he is quite tender hearted,
Just brim full of sympathy.
Lest work then must be a humbug,
Elasticity a farce,
Toughness is the only factor
That can really keep our sparce.
And frail makeup tied together,
For our fibre stress is weak,

Yea, fit patients for our dry dock
 We'll soon be if we don't seek
 Some diversion from such living
 That will put meat on our frames,
 Else our false-works will go crumbling
 And we won't need any names.
 Soundings made in shallow places,
 Are the questions teachers put,
 When we can't think of the answer
 And sit looking at our foot.
 In our class in roofs and bridges
 We find trusses, mostly Howe
 With occasional plate girders,
 Cantilever? Not just now.
 Water pipes we find in numbers,
 But the ones that are most clean,
 Are the kind of pipes men call "Turkish,"
 They take out the nicotine.
 Pipe joints are almost back numbers,
 Since our rulers drove them hence.
 There is only one remaining,
 There was once a shy young maiden
 Down along the campus fence.
 Ate a nail and it was thought
 She would coffer-dam backbone loose
 But the signals all say not.
 Thus, with such an awful mixture
 Whirling in our atmosphere,
 When Commencement finally calls us,
 Sorter seems we just can't hear.
 For we're all so blame near winded
 That the thing we'd ought to do,
 Is to flop down on some hillside
 And sleep for a month or two.

D. R. D.

An appropriate name.—"What's that you call your mule?"

"I calls him 'Corporation,' " answered the colored man

"How did you come to give him such a name?"

"Fum studyin' de animal and readin' de papahs. Dat mule gets mo' blame and abuse dan anything else in de township, an' goes ahead havin' his own way jes de same."

A new proverb.—No man is a hero to his own alarm clock.

He—I'm very fond of you.

She—Then we'll get along splendidly. I'm very fond of myself.

The Exponent.

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

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EDITORIALS

College Graduates

By ANDREW CARNEGIE.

The graduates of our colleges and universities in former years were graduated while yet in their teens. We have changed this and the graduates are older, as a rule, when they enter upon life's struggle, but they are taught much more. Unless the young university man employs his time to the very best advantage in acquiring knowledge upon the pursuit which he is to make the chief business of his life, he will enter business at a disadvantage with younger men who enter in their teens, although lacking in university education. This goes without saying. Now the question is: Will the graduate who has dwelt in the region of theory overtake the man who has been for a year or two in advance of him, engaged in the hard and stern educative field of practice?

That it is possible for the graduate to do so also goes without saying, and that he should in after life possess views broader than the ordinary business man, deprived of university education, is also certain, and, of course, the race in life is to those whose record is best in the end; the beginning is forgotten, and is of no moment. But if the graduate is ever to overtake the first in the race, it must be by possessing stronger staying powers; his superior knowledge leading to sounder judgment must be depended upon to win the race to the finish. A few disadvantages he must strenuously guard against, the lack of severe self discipline, of strenuous concentration and intense ambition, which usually characterizes the man who starts before habits of manhood are formed. The habits of the young man at college, and the habits of the youngster in the business are likely to differ.

* * * * *

If you want your work well done, select a busy man. The other kind has no time.—The Fra.

* * * * *

Another school year is drawing to a close and the Exponent will close up shop along with the other departments of the school. We wish to thank the students for the interest and support they have given the school paper. We hope they have gotten something of interest, possibly of benefit from the columns of the Exponent. We hope that you who come back will give it your support—financial and otherwise—and help the editor and his staff to put out the best paper in the northwest. Help them to make the Exponent most clearly reflect the spirit of the school. The school is growing continually and the Exponent must keep up with the times.

* * * * *

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in shadows on a dial. We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest and acts the best.—Bailey's "Fishes."

* * * * *

The time for the passing of the senior has come. He is a time expired man, to use Kipling's military phrase. He has served his term, well or less well, and he is mustered out. No bugle call but "lights out" is for him. He sings his swan song passes on. But not entirely out of college life. Four years is not a long time, but long enough to make friendships and ties that no time can dissolve. As alumni, the seniors will keep a careful eye on the progress of life at their alma mater. They will not find it difficult to work up something of their pristine enthusiasm at the news of a game or debate won. Every year this school sends out strong supporters, strong friends, in the alumni. As alumni, then, let us strive for more college spirit, more lively working spirit with the old alma mater.

* * * * *

Exchange

The magazine from Mills College, California, contains a worthy exchange column, smooth, well balanced criticisms that are entirely different from most of the know-it-all comments of some five words that sting and burn, but do not encourage a staff to greater efforts.

The monthly exchanges have been received with a great deal of pleasure, but the weeklies are surely a better evidence of the life of the different colleges.

* * * * *

The magazine number of Student Life (Utah Agricultural College) has been received for the first time this year. It is a very breezy, snappy edition of College activities. Rather a new idea in the way of editorials is one of the numerous good features of the paper.

* * * * *

The literary department of the Crucible (Greeley, Colorado, State Normal) has several well written articles in the April number.

* * * * *

The Eagle (Missouri Military Academy) should be congratulated on its good literary department. The continued story helps very much, we imagine in the sale for the paper.

* * * * *

The editor of the Ex column of the Huisache seems to have been endowed with the "milk of human kindness" for the comments on other papers are to the point, but are not slams. The entire paper is well arranged.

* * * * *

The Lombard Review (Galesburg) is filled with news of the college and past history that is very interesting even to outsiders.

* * * * *

Both the exchange and the literary department of the H. S. News show a very high standard which has prevailed throughout the entire year.

* * * * *

We have received during the year the Hawkesbury Agricultural College Journal, Richmond, New South Wales. It is very different from the other exchanges, but nevertheless interesting.

* * * * *

Minnesota and Dakota colleges have agreed to allow their ball players to play professional ball during the summer months without losing their athletic standing at college.

* * * * *

President Jordan of Stanford in an address before the university conference decried the "rattling" of visiting pitchers during the progress of base ball games.

* * * * *

"I'm undone!" shrieked the tragedy queen as she threw her arms upward with a wild gesture. "Yes," agreed the villain as he stole a surreptitious glance at the back of her dress, "two buttons at the top and three at the bottom."—Ex.

Sunset

Upon the distant western skies
 The darkening clouds of sunset rise,
 The bats are darting all about
 And one by one the stars peep out.

Long shadows creely across the sky,
 Birds break the stillness with their cry.
 The cricket chirps with cheerful sound
 O'er dusky air and darkening ground.

Fast fades the dying western light,
 Silently will descend the night.
 Softly the evening breezes blow
 At sunset when the tide is low.

N. S. '12

Exchanges

TRIFLES.

He took a little flyer,
 That was all;
 He thought he knew the wire
 Had the call.
 He took a little flyer
 And he went up higher and higher;
 Now his fat is in the fire,
 That is all.

He played a little poker,
 That was all;
 When his wife complained, he'd joke her—
 Stakes were small.
 He played a little poker
 At a purely social smoker,
 And he died dead broke or broker,
 That is all.

He used to play the horses,
 That was all;
 Had tips from all the courses
 For a haul.
 He used to play the horses
 Till he used up his resources;
 Now he knows just what remorse is,
 That is all.

THE EXPONENT

HIS NAMES

His parents called him William,
 The gang renamed him Bill;
 When he grew a little older
 The girls knew him as Will.

The folks saved wads of money,
 (Bill wasn't of that sort,)
 At all night poker sessions
 The clubmen called him Sport.

Bill loved to purchase suppers
 For chorus fairies, since
 The dear girls generously
 Had nicknamed him the Prince.

A few staunch friends objected,
 (Bill treated them quite cool,
 For having taken liberties
 In calling him a fool.)

At last, his money squandered,
 From sweet, his life grew bitter,
 So he used his boss's money,
 And then they called him Quitter.

When caught, 'twas kleptomaniac
 In a keen and long debate,
 But the judge pronounced him guilty,
 And now he's 1008.

University Missourian

FREE TRANSLATION

At the University of Pennsylvania there is a sophomore who has been awarded by his fellow students the palm for quick thinking. It was in a class in French a few days ago, when one of Moliere's plays was being read in the original. Mr. F—— had read ten or twelve lines in French, and, though he was reading at sight, not having prepared the lesson in advance, was endeavoring to translate the French into English. He came to the word "voleur," and getting it mixed with "olseau," translated it "bird." "Not 'bird', Ned," whispered a fellow student; "voleur means thief." But too late. "Monsieur F——," remarked the professor, I notice that you translate 'voleur' as bird. Pray what kind of a bird?" "Jailbird!" said Mr. F——, amid the laughter of the class, in which the staid professor joined.—Philadelphia Record.

Fa—But young man, do you think you could make my little girl happy?
 Suitor—Do I? Say, I wish you could o' seen her when I proposed!

THE RETURN.

When Johnny went to school
 He rigidly conformed to rule.
 At first he joined a college frat,
 And lost an arm and leg in that,
 And then he joined the Delta Pais,
 Who gouged out one of Johnny's eyes.
 A rush that launched the college year,
 Deprived him of a useful ear.
 He was so good and glad to please
 That Johnny made the team with ease.
 He left a hand at Cleveland, O.,
 A knee-cap at St. Louis, Mo.,
 His sternum cracked at Baltimore—
 Interred his nose at Portland, Ore.
 At every contest, win or yield,
 He left a portion on the field.
 Thus gradually he was bereft,
 Till little of the boy was left.
 We got his baggage home by rail—
 The rest of Johnny came by mail.

Ethel (confidentially)—Do you know, Clara, that I had two offers of marriage last week?

Clara (with enthusiasm)—Oh, I'm delighted, dear! Then the report is really true that your uncle left you his money?

Crew men of the University of Wisconsin by action of the faculty will be allowed to take their semester examinations on the train en route to Poughkeepsie. This custom has been followed successfully by the Badger institution in the past.

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM ABE MARTIN'S FOOLISHNESS.

Mother can't flare up and leave like a hired girl.

Miss Tawney Apple who is to be married in September has asked for a respite.

Miss Fawn Lippincut is writin' a recipe on how to keep from turnin' red at a musical comedy.

If prosperity will just return no questions will be asked.

A friend that haint in need is a friend indeed.

Nobuddy kin talk as interestin' as the feller that's not hampered by facts and information.

Miss Fawn Lippincut says this is positively the last time she'll change her waist line.

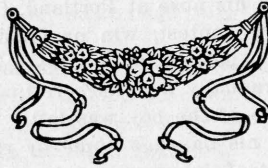
What is worse than t' have someone try t' tell you about a play they saw.

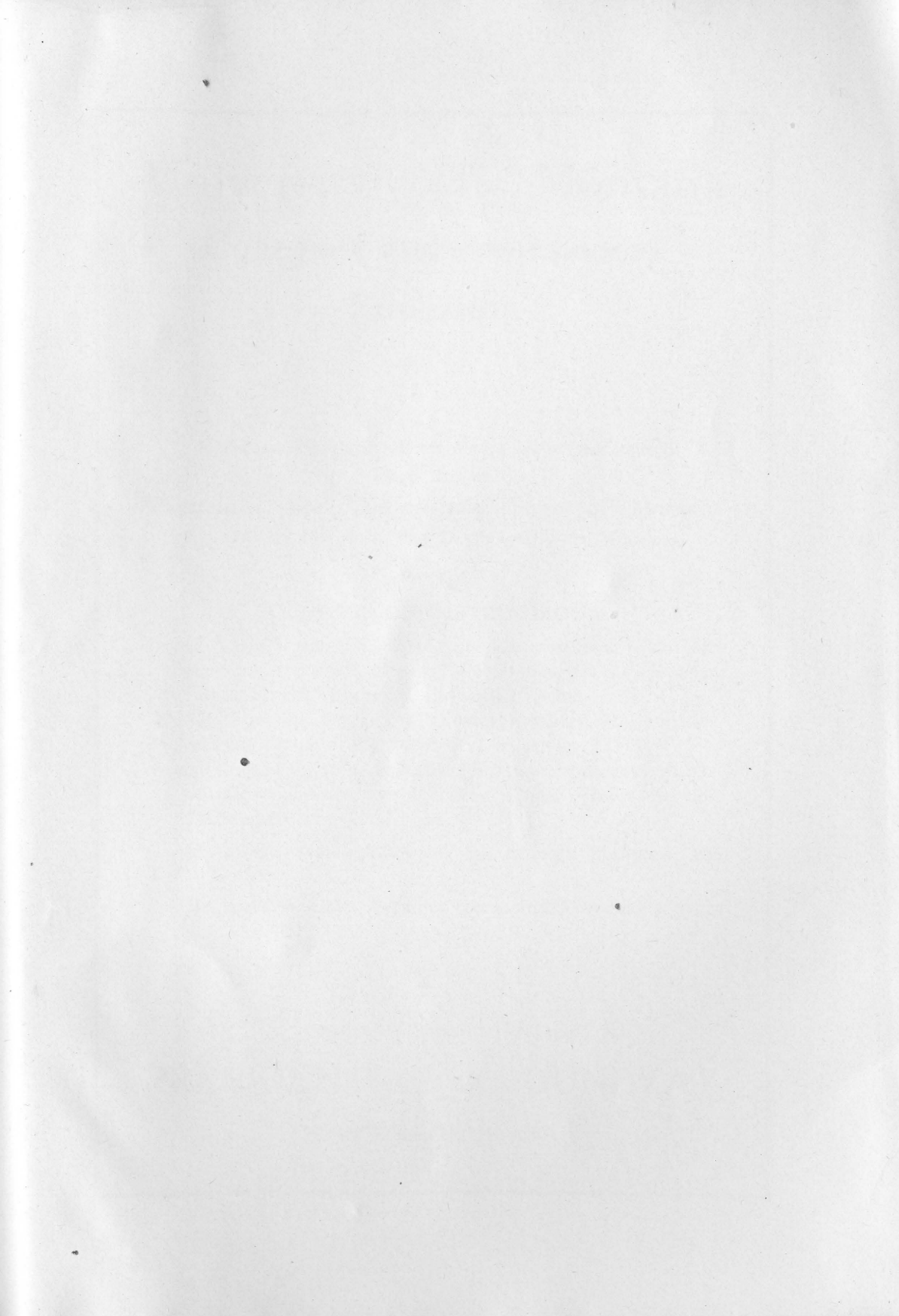
I got a letter from Rushville sayin' thet ther wuz a Uncle Tom's Cabin troupe up ther last week an' thet the dogs wuz good, but thet they had poor support.

Some of the girls up et Indynoplus hev such small waists thet they must live on spig-gety.

Its all right to be close mouthed and cool headed ef you kin be thet way without lookin' stupid.

There's a' unusually big crop of girls with bulgin' foreheadsbgkqjcmfwyp
From the May American.





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