The Sentinel
Volume VIII
The fire burns low and in the purple night
True, at his silent post, the sentinel stands;
About, nay more mysterious, beyond sight
The lurking foes, with arrows in their hands.
But he stands fearless, guarding, all alert,
As evening shades change to the tinted dawn,
The men who there lie silent and inert,
As thru the land of dreams they wander on,
As loyal as the watcher at his post,
To shield from foes that lie in darkness hid,
Superb thou watchest 'gainst wrong's blackest host,
That dares its legions 'gainst thy people bid,
Thou guardest well the state wherein we dwell
Our University, Our Sentinel!
The Sentinel

Published by the Class of 1912 in their Junior Year University of Montana.
Greeting!

TO

THOSE KIND AND CHARITABLE FRIENDS, WHO, TO LEARN WHAT FATE HAS DOLED THEM, HAVE BEEN TEMPTED OR BRIBED INTO PERUSING THIS BOOK, WE GIVE HEARTY SALUTATIONS :: IT IS FOR US TO COMMAND

Open Sesame!
Dedication

When we review the year that is past and recognize the marked advancement our University has made;

When We Realize

That Our freshman class is the largest in the history of the institution;
That Departments already established have been expanded and new ones added;
That The University, by its extension work, has spread beyond its campus in fostering education and culture in the State;
That Its future growth has been assured through the passage of the constitutional amendment;
That The old school spirit among our students in scholarship and in activities, has merged into the magnificent university spirit;
That There have been forces behind this impetus striving ever for a greater Montana,

With Sincere Appreciation

We turn to the source; and to our earnest student body and public spirited faculty, and especially to our loyal alumni and friends of the University, not only in Missoula but throughout the State;

We Dedicate This Book
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Editor-in-Chief ................ ARTHUR W. O’ROURKE
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Leo W. Baker
Daniel M. Conner
Ernest Fredell

Circulators
Milton Mason
Warren C. McKay
In Memoriam

"God's finger touched him, and he slept." His rich friendships, his broad Christian culture, his splendid gifts of mind and heart made him easily a man first among a multitude.

He lived long enough to see his work nobly and successfully accomplished, and the University of Montana stands as a monument to his faithful and efficient pioneer work for education in this State. Thus, "being dead he yet speaketh."

Prof. F. C. Scheuch
DR. OSCAR J. CRAIG

Born, April 18, 1846. Died, March 5, 1911
President University of Montana 1895-1908
Montana State Board of Education

Ex Officio

Governor Edwin L. Norris............ President
Albert J. Galen..................... Attorney General
W. E. Harmon............ Supt. Public Instruction, Secretary

Appointed

O. W. McConnell, Helena, - Term expires February 1, 1911
Roy Ayres, Lewistown, - Term expires February 1, 1911
O. P. Chisholm, Bozeman, - Term expires February 1, 1912
S. D. Largent, Great Falls, - Term expires February 1, 1912
G. T. Paul, Dillon, - Term expires February 1, 1913
H. G. Pickett, Helena, - Term expires February 1, 1913
Chas. H. Hall, Missoula, - Term expires February 1, 1914
Dr. N. R. Leonard, Butte, - Term expires February 1, 1914

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A. L. Duncan, - - - - Term expires April 19, 1913
J. H. T. Ryman, Treasurer, - - Term expires April 19, 1913
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PRESIDENT CLYDE AUGUSTUS DUNIWAY, A. M., Ph. D.

A. B., Cornell University, 1892; A. M., Harvard University, 1894; Ph. D., Harvard University, 1897; Instructor in History, Harvard University and Radcliffe College, 1896-97; Assistant Professor of History, Leland Stanford Jr. University, 1897-99; Associate Professor of History, Stanford University, 1899-1908; Associate Professor of History, University of California, Summer School, 1900; Student in Leipzig, Berlin, and Paris, 1901-02; Professor of History, Stanford University, 1908; President, University of Montana since September, 1908.
W. M. ABER, A. B.

Professor of Latin and Greek.

Graduate from Normal School at Oswego, N. Y., 1872, and from Yale in 1878; Graduate Student at Johns Hopkins, Cornell and University of Chicago; Instructor in Oswego Normal School; Professor of Latin and Greek, University of Utah, 1890-94; Professor of Latin and Greek, University of Montana, since 1895.

FREDERICK C. SCHEUCH, B. M. E., A. C.

Professor of Modern Languages.

Attended Public Schools, Barcelona, Spain; Graduate, Gymnasium, Frankfurt on the Main, Germany; B. M. E., Purdue University, 1893; A. C., same, 1894; Secretary of the Faculty, University of Montana, 1895-1909; Professor of Modern Languages, since 1895.

MORTON JOHN ELROD, Ph. D.

Professor of Biology.

B. A., Simpson, 1887; M. A., Simpson, 1890; M. S., Simpson, 1898; Ph. D., Illinois Wesleyan University, 1905; Adjunct Professor of Science, Illinois Wesleyan University, 1888-89; Professor of Biology and Physics, Illinois Wesleyan University, 1888-97; Director, University of Montana Biological Station, since 1899; Professor of Biology, University of Montana, since 1897.

FRANCES CORBIN, B. L.

Professor of Literature.

Chicago Woman's College, 1885-87; New York State Normal School, Graduated, 1888; Student in Vassar College, 1890-93; B. L., Ohio College, 1902; Student in Harvard Summer School, 1904; Teacher of Literature, and Principal, Butte High School, 1895-1900; Professor of Literature, University of Montana, since 1900.
The Faculty—Continued

WILLIAM D. HARKINS, Ph. D.

Professor of Chemistry.

A. B., Stanford University, 1900; Ph. D., 1907; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, 1901 and 1904; Graduate Student, Stanford University, 1905-06; Assistant in Chemistry, Stanford University, 1898-1900; Instructor in Analytical Chemistry, Stanford University, 1900; Instructor in Chemistry and Physics, University of Montana, 1900-01; Institut fur Physikalische Chemie u. Elektrochemie, Karlsruhe, i. B., 1909; Research Associate, Research Laboratory of Physical Chemistry, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1910; Professor of Chemistry, University of Montana, since 1901; Special Expert U. S. Dept. of Justice, engaged in Research for the Carnegie Institute.

JESSE PERRY ROWE, Ph. D.

Professor of Physics and Geology.

B. S., University of Nebraska, 1897; M. A., 1903; Ph. D., 1906; Student University of Oregon, 1893; Graduate Student, University of California, summer, 1901; Graduate Student, Chicago University, summer, 1905; Assistant in Geology, University of Nebraska, 1894-97; Fellow and Instructor, 1907-98; Assistant Principal, High School, Butte, 1908-09; Principal Lincoln School, Butte, 1899-1900; Instructor in Physics and Geology, University of Montana, 1900-01; Director, University of Montana Geological Survey, since 1902; Assistant, United States Geological Survey, 1906; Professor of Physics and Geology, University of Montana, since 1901.

WILLIAM FREDERICK BOOK, Ph. D.

Professor of Psychology and Education.

A. B., Indiana University, 1900; Ph. D., Clark University, 1906; Graduate Student, Chicago University, 1901; Fellow in Psychology, Clark University, 1902-06; Principal, High School, Princeton, Indiana, 1900-03; Lecturer in Psychology, Indiana University, Summer Quarter, 1907; Lecturer in Educational Psychology, Indiana University, Summer Quarter, 1910; Lecturer in Psychology, Columbia University, Summer Quarter, 1911; Professor of Psychology and Education, University of Montana, since 1906.

JOSEPH HARDING UNDERWOOD, Ph. D., LL. D.

Professor of History and Economics.

B. A., Western College, 1906; M. A., State University of Iowa, 1904; Ph. D., Columbia University, 1907; LL. D., Otterbein University, 1910; Graduate Scholar in Economics, State University of Iowa, 1902-03; Fellow in Economics, State University of Iowa, 1903-04; University Fellow in Sociology, Columbia University, 1904-05; Student, University of Chicago, 1906; Instructor in English and History, Nora Springs (Iowa) Seminary, 1905-06; Professor of History and Political Science, Leander Clark College, 1906-07; Professor of History and Economics, University of Montana, since 1907.
The Faculty—Continued

LOUIS CLARK PLANT, M. S.
Professor of Mathematics.
Ph. B., University of Michigan, 1897; Principal, Olive, Michigan, 1889-91; Overisel, Michigan, 1891-93; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, 1897-98, and Summers, 1899, 1900, 1902, 1905, 1906, 1907; M. S., University of Chicago, 1904; Assistant in Mathematics, Bradley Polytechnic Institute, 1898-1900; Associate, ibid., 1900-04; Instructor, ibid., 1904-07; Associate Professor of Mathematics, University of Montana, 1907-08, and Professor of Mathematics, since 1908.

ARTHUR WILLIAM RICHTER, M. M. E.
Professor of Engineering, in Charge of School of Engineering.
Graduate, University of Wisconsin and Cornell University; M. M. E., Cornell University and University of Wisconsin; Instructor in Engineering, Assistant Professor of Steam Engineering, Assistant Professor of Experimental Engineering, and Professor of Experimental Engineering, University of Wisconsin, 1902-06; Professor of Engineering, University of Montana, since September 1, 1909; Member, Sigma Xi, and Tau Beta Pi; Member, American Society of Mechanical Engineers, American Gas Institute.

JOSEPH EDWARD KIRKWOOD, Ph. D.
Professor of Botany and Forestry.
A. B., Pacific University, 1898; A. M., Princeton University, 1902; Ph. D., Columbia University, 1906; Fellow in Biology, Princeton University, 1898-99; New York Botanical Garden, 1899-1901; Assistant in Botany, Columbia University Summer School, 1900; Assistant in Biology, Teachers' College, 1900-01; Instructor in Botany, Syracuse University, 1901-03; Associate Professor of Botany, 1903-07, and Professor of Botany, 1907; Assistant Botanist, Department of Investigation, Continental-Mexican Rubber Co., 1907-08; Carnegie Institution, Desert Laboratory, Tucson, 1908-09; Assistant Professor of Botany and Forestry, University of Montana, 1909-10; Professor of Botany and Forestry, University of Montana, September, 1910.

GEORGE FULLER REYNOLDS, Ph. D.
Professor of English and Rhetoric.
Ph. B., Lawrence College, 1898; Ph. D., University of Chicago, 1905; Teacher of English, Weyanwega, Wis., High School, 1898-99; Teacher of English, Chicago Manual Training School, 1900-01; Fellow in English, University of Chicago, 1901-02; Head of English Department, Shattuck School, Fairbault, Minn., 1902-09; Assistant Professor of English and Rhetoric, University of Montana, 1909-10; Professor of English and Rhetoric, 1910.

JAMES BERYL SPEER, A. B.
Registrar.
B. A., University of Montana, 1908; President's Secretary, 1908-09; Secretary of the Faculty, and Secretary of the University Executive Board since 1909; Appointed Registrar, September, 1910.
The Faculty—Continued

GUSTAV L. FISCHER.
Professor of Music.

Student in Germany under Prof. Richard Sahla, Court Conductor and Violin Virtuoso to Prince of Schaumburg Lippe at Buckeburg; Student in Frankfurt with Hugo Kortschak; Member Royal Orchestra at Weimar, under conductorship of Abbe Franz Liszt and Edward Lassen; Member Theodore Thomas Orchestra, Chicago, the St. Louis World's Fair Symphony Orchestra, and the St. Louis Choral Symphony Society; Private Teacher of Music in Montana; Professor of Music, University of Montana, since September, 1910.

ROBERT NEAL THOMPSON, B. S.
Assistant Professor in Physics.

B. S., University of Nashville, 1905; Grammar Principal, Montgomery Bell Academy, Nashville, 1903-06; Assistant in Biology, University of Nashville, Summer, 1906; Student, University of Chicago, 1906-09; Acting Associate Professor of Physics, Oberlin College, 1908; Instructor in Physics, Chicago University High School, 1909; Instructor in Physics, University of Montana, 1909-10; Assistant Professor of Physics, 1910.

EDWARD MARVIN SHEALY, B. S. E. E.
Assistant Professor in Engineering.

Clemson Agricultural and Mechanical College, 1897-01; University of Wisconsin, 1901-04; Engineer for New York Fire Insurance Exchange, New York City; Engineer, U. S. Reclamation Service, Extension Division, University of Wisconsin; Instructor in Steam and Gas Engineering, University of Wisconsin, 1904-10; Assistant Professor of Engineering, University of Montana, since September, 1910; Member Honorary Engineering Fraternity of Tau Beta Pi.

ELOISE KNOWLES, Ph. B.
Instructor in Fine Arts.

Boston Art School, 1892-93; Ph. B., University of Montana, 1898; Ph. M., University of Chicago, 1910; Chase Art School, Shinnecock Hills, 1899; School of Education, University of Chicago, 1904; Art Institute, Chicago, 1904; Columbia University, 1906; University of Chicago, 1910; abroad, summers of 1903, 1906 and 1910; Instructor in Drawing, University of Montana, since 1898.

MARY STEWART, A. B.
Dean of Women and Instructor in French and English.

A. B., University of Colorado, 1900; Instructor in State Preparatory School, 1900-01; Principal of Longmont High School, Colorado, 1901-05; Instructor in East Denver High School, 1905-07; Student, Columbia University, summer of 1908; Dean of Women, University of Montana, since 1907.
The Faculty—Continued

GERTRUDE BUCKHOUSE, B. S.

*Librarian.*

B. S., University of Montana, 1900; Illinois State Library School, 1900-01; Special Course in Government Documents, Wisconsin State Library Commission, 1902; Librarian, University of Montana, since 1902.

EUGENE F. A. CAREY, B. S.

*Instructor in Mathematics.*

B. S., University of California, 1905; Reader in Mathematics, University of California, 1905, Graduate Student, 1905-09, Assistant in Physics, 1905-7, Instructor in Matriculation Physics, Summer Session, 1907, and Assistant in Mathematics, 1907-09; Instructor in Mathematics, University of Montana, since September 1, 1909.

MABEL ROCKWELL SMITH, M. A.

*Instructor in Elocution and Physical Culture.*

B. A., Western College, 1901, and M. A., 1907; Student, Columbia School of Oratory, 1901-02, and Northwestern University, 1902-03 and 1907-08; Instructor in Public Speaking and Literature, Campbell College, Kansas, 1903-05; Teacher of Public Speaking and Literature, High School, Toledo, Iowa, 1905-07; Instructor in Elocution and Physical Culture, Dakota Wesleyan University, 1908-09; Instructor in Elocution and Physical Culture, University of Montana, since September 1, 1909.

ROBERT H. CARY, Ph. B.

*Director of Physical Culture.*

Ph. B., Yale University, 1909; Physical Director, University of Montana, since September, 1910.

WILLIAM R. PLEW, B. S., M. A.

*Instructor in Civil Engineering.*

B. S., Rose Polytechnic Institute, 1907; M. A., Rose Polytechnic Institute, 1910; Instructor in Civil Engineering, Rose Polytechnic Institute, 1907-10; Assistant Engineer to City of Terre Haute, Indiana, 1908-09; Engineer for Paris Bridge Company, 1909; Instructor in Civil Engineering, University of Montana, since September, 1910.

J. HOWARD STOUTEMYER, A. B., Ph. D.

*Instructor in History and Education.*

A. B., Kalamazoo College, 1905; A. B., University of Chicago, 1906; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, 1905-07; Ph. D., Clark University, 1910. Instructor in History and Education, University of Montana, since September, 1910.
The Faculty—Continued

JOHN WARREN HILL, B. A., M. A.

Instructor in Chemistry.

Graduate New Brunswick Normal School, 1900; B. A., University of New Brunswick, 1905 (with honors in Science); M. A., University of New Brunswick, 1907; M. A., Yale University, 1909; Assistant in Demonstrative Chemistry, University New Brunswick, 1908; Principal High School, McAdams, N. B., 1905; Principal, Gibson High School, N. B., 1906; University Scholar, Yale University, 1908; Instructor in Chemistry, Rutherford Institute, New Haven, 1908; Assistant in Chemistry, Yale University, 1909; Instructor in Chemistry, University of Montana, since September, 1910.

HELEN MARGARET WALKER, L. B., Ph. D.

Instructor in German and English.

L. B., Oberlin College, 1902; Ph. B. (with honorable mention in Germanics) University of Chicago, 1902; Summer Quarter, University of Chicago, 1896; Graduate Student, Summers 1908-10; Graduate Student, Columbia University, 1906; Tutor in German at Preparatory School of Oberlin College, Ohio; Head of German Department, Saginaw High School, Saginaw, Mich., 1896-1900; Summer in Europe, 1898; Student of Germanics and Pedagogy in University of Jena, Germany, 1900-01; Graduate Student and Official Tutor, University of Chicago, 1901-03; Head German Department, High School, Clinton, Iowa, 1903-10; Instructor in English and German, University of Montana, since September, 1910.

WINNIFRED MARGARET FEIGHNER, B. A.

Assistant Librarian.

B. A., University of Montana, 1908; Student, Library School, Simmons College, 1908-09; Assistant Librarian, University of Montana, since September, 1909.

Student Assistants

George Armitage .................................. Assistant in Chemistry
Madge Beatty..................................... Assistant in Library
Arthur Bishop..................................... Assistant in Gymnasium
Millard S. Bullerdick............................ Assistant in Biology
Orin S. Cunningham............................... Assistant in Chemistry
Anna Davis......................................... Assistant in Office
Ernest W. Fredell................................. Assistant in Shops
Mary Hansen ....................................... Assistant in Office
Bessie Irwin........................................ Assistant in Library
Velters V. Logan................................. Assistant in Engineering
Hazel G. Murphy .................................. Assistant in Office
Charles S. McCowan ................................ Assistant in Psychology
Arthur W. O'Rourke................................ Assistant in Office
Dudley D. Richards............................... Assistant in Geology
Hugh Satterthwaite............................... Assistant in Library
Shirley Shunk...................................... Assistant in Art
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M. LUCILE MARSHALL
EVA M. COFFEE
MILLARD S. BULLERDICK

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer

MOTTO: “Not yet but soon”
COLORS: Green and White

RYAN, WILLIAM EMMETT, B. S.,
Valier, Montana
Geology

Sigma Chi; Silent Sentinel; Theta Nu Epsilon; President, class (1),
(4); Football, (1), (2), (3), (4); Tackle All-Montana team,
(2), (3), (4); Track, (2), (3), (4); captain, same (3), (4);
Basketball, (1), (2), (4); captain, (4); Manager class team,
(2), (3), (4); Athletic Com. A. S. U. M., (2), (3), (4);
Associated Engineers, (1), (2); Sentinel, same, (1); Pan Hellenic
Council, (2), (3), (4); Circulation Editor, 1911 Sentinel; Chairman
Hi Jinx, (4).
AVERILL, FLORENCE HALE, B.A.
Townsend, Montana
Literature
Kappa Alpha Theta; Clarkia, (1), (2), (3); Censor, (2); Y. W. C. A., (1); Science Assn., (1); Sentinel Staff, (3).

BISHOP, ARTHUR F., B. S.
Seattle, Washington
Forestry
Sigma Chi; Silent Sentinel; Football, (1), (2), (3), (4); Captain, (3), (4); Baseball, (1), (2); Captain, (2); Basketball, (1), (2); Manager, (2); Track, (2); Member 1910 Sentinel Staff; Associated Engineers, (1), (2); Gymnasium Assistant, (4).

CATLIN, FLORENCE E., B. A.
Anaconda, Montana
Literary
Kappa Alpha Theta; Penetralia; Y. W. C. A., (1), (2), (3); Vice President same, (3); Clarkia, (1), (2); Science Association, (2), (3); Pan Hellenic Council, (3); Secretary same, (3).
Coffee, Eva M., B. S.
Missoula, Montana

Biology
Kappa Kappa Gamma; Penetralia; Science Assn., (2), (3), (4); Y. W. C. A.; Treasurer, (3); Sextette, (2); Music Club, (2); Treasurer same, (2); Member Board of Directors, University Press Club, (4); Sentinel Staff, (5); Social Com. A. S. U. M., (4); Class Secretary, (4).

Bullerdick, Millard S., B. A.
Sheridan, Montana

Economics
Silent Sentinel; Science Assn., (2), (3), (4); Vice President same, (4); Hawthorne, (1), (2), (3), (4); President, (4); Y. M. C. A., (3), (4); Class Treasurer, (4); Track, (1), (2), (3), (4); U. of M.-W. S. C. Debate 1909, 1910, 1911; Winner Buckley Oratorical Contest, 1909, 1910; Winner Montana State Oratorical Contest, 1910; Representative Interstate Oratorical Contest, (Eugene, Oregon) 1910; Business Manager, 1911 Sentinel; Editor and Manager Student Handbook, 1910-11; Laboratory Assistant in Biology, (1), (2), (3), (4).

Bennett, William A., B. A.
Missoula, Montana

Economics
Iota Nu; Silent Sentinel; Theta Nu Epsilon; M. A. C., (1); Football, (3), (4); Student Member, Lecture Course Com., (4); Assistant Bus. Manager, 1911 Sentinel, (3); Managing Editor Weekly Kaimin, (3), (4); Secretary Hawthorne, (2), (3); Y. M. C. A., (2), (3); Secretary same, (2), (3); Pan Hellenic Council, (3), (4); Manager Track Team, (4).
BOWMAN, CONRAD H., B. A.
Lynden, Washington

*History and Economics*


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EIDELL, ISMA CAROLINE, B. A.
Helena, Montana

*Literature*

Kappa Alpha Theta; Clarkia, (1), (2), (3); Censor same, (1); Dramatic Club, (2); Science Association, (4); Delegate Pan Hellenic Council, (2); Glee Club. (2).

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DINSMORE, OLIVER RAYMOND,
B. S.
Missoula, Montana

*Engineering*

Sigma Nu; Pi Eta Pi; Saint and Satan; Quill and Dagger, (1); Dramatic Club, (3), (4); Annual play, (1), (4); Hawthorne, (1), (2); Associated Engineers, (1), (2), (3); Engineers' Club, (4); Baseball, (1), (2); Sub-Football, (2), (3); Representative State Oratorical Contest, 1908; Circulator Weekly Kaimin, (4); Sentinel Staff, (3).
FORBIS, HUGH TEMPLE, B. S.
Missoula, Montana

Geology
Sigma Chi; Silent Sentinel; Associated Engineers, (1), (2);
Science Association, (3); Baseball squad, (1); Football squad,
(3); Manager Football, (3); Executive Committee, A. S. U. M.,
(4); Manager Junior Prom, (3); Circulation Manager, 1911 Sentinel;
Assistant in Geology, (3).

ELROD, MARY JOSEPHINE, B. S.
Missoula, Montana

Biology
Kappa Kappa Gamma; Clarkia, (2), (3), (4); Secretary same, (3),
(4); Y. W. C. A.; Sextette, (1), (2), (3); Manager same,
(3); Junior Prom Committee, (3); Science Association, (2),
(3), (4); President same, (3), (4); Secretary same, (2).

GLEASON, FRANK ELLIOTT, B. S.
Florence, Montana

Engineering
Football, (4); Associated Engineers, (1), (2); Engineers’ Club, (3),
(4).
HANON, JESSIE, B. A.
Dupuyer, Montana
Latin, Greek
Western College, Oxford, Ohio; Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo.; entered University of Montana, September, 1910; May Queen, 1911.

HOFFMAN, CHARLES HENRY.
B. S.
Glasgow, Montana
Engineering
Mu Sigma Epsilon; Associated Engineers, (1), (2); Engineers' Club, (3), (4).

HANSEN, MARY, B. S.,
Missoula, Montana.
Biology.
Penetralia: Science Association, (1), (2), (3), (4); Vice President (3); President, (4); Clarkia, (1), (2), (3), (4); Censor, (4); 1911 Sentinel Staff; Junior Prom Committee; Executive Committee, A. S. U. M., (4); Chairman Student Constitutional Amendment Committee, (4).
HUGHES, ETHEL GRACE, B. A.
Missoula, Montana
Modern Languages
Clarkia, (1), (4); Music Club, (1); Sextette, (2), (3); Dramatic Club, (2), (3); Sentinel Staff, (3).

LITTLE, GEORGE D.
Missoula, Montana
Geology
Sigma Chi, Theta Nu Epsilon; Science Association, (3); Associated Engineers, (1), (2); Football, (3), (4); Basketball, (2), (3); Baseball, (2); Glee Club, (2), (3).

LUCY, ABBIE CATHERINE, B. A.
Missoula, Montana
Modern Languages
Kappa Kappa Gamma; Pi Eta Pi; Sextette, (2); Clarkia, (1), (2); 1911 Sentinel Staff, (3); Junior Prom Committee.
McCOWAN, CHARLES STEWART, B. A.
Great Falls, Montana

Economics
Iota Nu; Silent Sentinel; Theta Nu Epsilon; Hawthorne Literary Society, (1), (2); Sentinel, (1); Secretary same, (2); Science Association, (2), (3), (4); Monthly Kaimin, News Editor, (2); Editor, Weekly Kaimin, (2), (3), (4); Alternate W. S. C-U. of M. debate, (1); Junior Prom Committee, (3); Associate Editor 1910 Sentinel; Assistant Editor, 1911 Sentinel; Secretary Boosters' Club, (3); A. S. U. M., (2), (3), (4); Debate Committee, (2); Delegate-at-Large, (3); President same, (4); Assistant in Psychology, (4).

McGregor, Mildred Aleene,
B. A.
Literary
Hinsdale, Montana

Kappa Kappa Gamma; Penetralia: Y. W. C. A., (1), (2), (3); Treasurer same, (3); Pan Hellenic Council, (2), (3); Secretary same, (3); Quill and Dagger, Literary Editor, 1910 Sentinel; Vice President, A. S. U. M., (3).

McCULLOUGH, Massev Sanderson,
B. S.
Missoula, Montana

Geology
Sigma Nu, Pi Eta Pi; Saint and Satan Society; President 1910 Class, (2), (3), (4); Associated Engineers, (1), (2); Dramatic Club, (2), (3); Secretary Treasurer same, (3); Glee Club, (1), (2), (3), (4); Manager same, (2), (4); Manager Football, (2); Advertising Manager, 1910 Sentinel; Circulation Manager, Monthly Kaimin, (1); Local Editor same, (2); Manager Weekly Kaimin, (3); Reporter same, (4); Editor-in-Chief same, (4); Manager 1910 Junior Prom; Business Manager Carnival, (2); Floor Manager A. S. U. M. dances, (4); Assistant Manager A. S. U. M., (4).
McLean, Gladys Ann, B. A.
Anaconda, Montana
History
Kappa Alpha Theta; Penetralia; Science Association, (2), (3), (4); Clarkia, (2), (3), (4); Sentinel, (4); Dramatic Club, (2), (3); 1911 Sentinel Staff, Senior Editor, (3).

Maclay, Harry David, B. S.
Missoula, Montana
Engineering
Mu Sigma Epsilon; Associated Engineers, (1), (2); Engineers’ Club, (3), (4); President same, (4); Football, (2), (3), (4); Captain, (4); Track, (3), (4); Interclass Basketball, (3), (4); Athletic Editor, 1911 Sentinel, (3).

Marshall, Mary Lucile, B. A.
Missoula, Montana
Modern Languages
Kappa Alpha Theta; Vice President Class, (4); Associate Editor, 1911 Sentinel.
ROLFE, LUCIA IONE, B. A.
Missoula, Montana
Biology
Science Association.

REARDON, STEPHEN J., B. S.
Missoula, Montana
Engineering
Iota Nu; Associated Engineer (1), (2); Engineers' Club, (3), (4).

ROSS, MARJORY LEE, B. A.
Missoula, Montana
Modern Languages
Kappa Kappa Gamma; Penetralia; Vice President Class, (1); Secretary Class, (3); Social Committee, A. S. U. M., (4); Clarkia, Vice President same, (4); Girls' Glee Club, (1); Dramatic Club, Junior Prom Committee, (3); Calendar Editor, 1911 Sentinel, (3); Women's Pan Hellenic, (4); President same, (4); May Queen, (3).
SIMPSON, MORTON DIXON, B. S.
Stevensville, Montana
Engineering
Associate Engineers, (1), (2); Engineers' Club, (4); Football, (3), (4).

STEELÉ, MARY EDITH, B. S.
Billings, Montana
Biology
Sigma Tau Gamma; Penetralia; Clarkia, (1), (2), (3), (4); Secretary, (3); Treasurer, (3); President, (4); Critic, (4); Science Association, (2), (3), (4); Treasurer same, (2), (3), (4); Y. W. C. A., (3), (4); Vice President same, (4); Vice President, University Press Club, (4); Vice President, A. S. U. M., (4); Pan Hellenic Council, (3), (4); Secretary same, (3), (4); Literary Editor, 1911 Sentinel; Junior Prom Committee, (3).

SMITH, RALPH WALLACE, B. S.
Missoula, Montana
Engineering
Sigma Nu; Mu Sigma Epsilon; Hawthorne Literary Society, (1), (2); Critic, same, (2); Associated Engineers, (1), (2); Engineers' Club, (3), (4); President same, (3); Class Treasurer, (2); Assistant Business Manager, Monthly Kaimin, (2); Organization Editor, 1911 Sentinel, (3); Chairman Social Committee, A. S. U. M., (4); Pan Hellenic Council, (4).
Spencer, Harvey George, B.S.
Missoula, Montana
Chemistry

Williams, Lillian, B. A.
Deer Lodge, Montana
Literature

Warren, DeWitt Cregier
B. A.
Missoula, Montana
Economics
OFFICERS

DANIEL M. CONNER .................. President
FLORENCE MARY LEECH .......... Vice President
HELEN ADELAIDE WEAR .......... Secretary
MILTON MASON .................... Treasurer

MOTTO: “Do others or they’ll do you”
COLORS: Green and old gold

DANIEL M. CONNER
Darby, Montana

What does our President like to do?
Go sleighing under the starry sky,
Play football on Montana Field,
And sing the Laura-lei.
Florence De Ryke
Missoula, Montana

Florence is president of Y. W.,
She manages Clarkia, too;
She's our poet and our Lit. shark;
My goodness, what can't she do?

Ernest W. Fredell
Anaconda, Montana

Ernest in name and character,
A good man in football;
He's tall and broad and sturdy,
With a genial smile for all.
What muse has strayed from Ancient Greece, 
And landed on our soil? 
For Hubert has the Art divine, 
And wields his pencil like a god.

Parallelograms, triangles, circles and signs, 
Equations, theorems, axioms and lines, 
Pl., sin, tan and figures all tumbled 
and whirled, 
To Birdie are the prettiest things in the world.
Bessie Irwin,
Florence, Montana

Bessie is our librarian,
So very shy and demure,
But when you're looking for a book,
She'll find it, you may be sure.

Allen A. Kirkwood,
Forest Grove, Ore.

He comes to us from another clime,
We hope he's come to stay,
For he knows the game of basketball,
And more than once has saved the day.

Maude Johnson,
Missoula, Montana

She belongs to the "Shorty Club,"
you know,
Just notice her smile and the twinkle bright,
Did you ever see such curly hair?
Her ambition you ask? Just to grow.
FAY KENT,
Helena, Montana

Go to Elton’s for candy,
The Royal Bakery for buns,
Go to Speer for your grades,
And to Fay Kent for your puns.

HOLMES MACLAY,
Florence, Montana

From the land of the McIntosh Reds
he hails,
Where the wood tick crop and the
fruit never fails,
To dig up rocks is his daily toil,
For the future he’ll till the Bitterroot
soil.

FLORENCE MARY LEECH
Choteau, Montana

Melba trills with an exquisite grace,
Nordica, too, has a very high place,
But Florence Leech with her ripples
so gay,
Has got them all simply “faded”
away.
Helen Frances Metcalf,
Stevensville, Montana

Paris' Helen stirred up war,
And set the arms a flash;
Our Helen goes serenely on,
Amid life's din and clash.

Milton Mason,
Missoula, Montana

Never hurry, never hurry, so says the snail,
Do not worry, do not worry, says Milton when professors rail,
Socrates took years to get there, so will I;
There are years and years a coming before I die.

Maude Brooks McCullough,
Missoula, Montana

Maude is so dignified and tall,
That most people regard her with awe;
But she's very jolly and brim full of fun,
At the games, have you heard her "Rah! Rah!"
WARREN C. McKAY,
Anaconda, Montana.

Warren is not noisome,
In fact he's very quiet,
But he belongs to the Class of Nought-
Twelve
So he's all right.

GERTRUDE CORNELIA
McFarlane,
Winnifred, Alta.

Cornelia likes to sing and play,
She likes to make a pun,
She likes to drive dull care away,
In fact, she's strong for fun.

ARTHUR W. O'ROURKE,
East Helena, Montana.

His duties are manifold as the stars,
His success revealeth his power,
He guides a dozen things at once,
In fact, he's the "Man of the Hour."
Grace Evelyn Rankin,  
Missoula, Montana

Grace is the girl with the curls and puffs,  
The winning smile and the charming way.  
Like a good little girl she never bluffs,  
But gets her lessons every day.

Azelie Agnes Savage,  
Missoula, Montana

In the dim distant future,  
When women have made their place,  
You'll see the name of Azelie,  
A leader in the race.

Dudley D. Richards,  
Butte, Montana

Dudley on the Kaimin staff,  
Doth with the other members vie,  
Upon my soul, I do declare,  
He yet will rival our "Bill Nye."
F. Harold Sloane,
Missoula, Montana

What if a thousand worlds go crash,
And books and lessons go to smash,
And the Earth forgets to spin a while,
So long as we have Hal’s sunny smile?

Shirley Belle Shunk,
Missoula, Montana

Some like the starry decks of night,
When fairies dance and elfins play;
But Shirley likes the morning light,
And pines and sighs for Day.

Fred. E. Thieme,
Missoula, Montana

Fred is so full of business,
Without him what would we do?
He smiles and orders us all around,
But every one likes him,—don’t you?
Florence Josephine Sleeman,
Stevensville, Montana

A quiet girl from Stevensville
Has come Missoula's way,
She makes a weekly visit home.
—But tell us why, we pray?

Helen Adelaide Wear,
Helena, Montana

Fluffy, sunny, golden tresses,
Flutter round her dimpling cheeks,
Lips red as Marichino cherries,
That "Boozies" bring her every week.
Milton had a sense of sound,
For nature's music keen,
But Carrie loves best in the world,
The camera's click, and "Sweet Irene."

Crown him with the laurel rare,
And to him many honors yield,
Bring out the band and toot the horns,
For our hero of the football field.

Some people come to school to work,
And never, never, never shirk,
Gertrude is here to make her mark,
Perhaps you have guessed—she is a shark.

Beulah majors in Library Science,
Books and cards are her delight;
"Lit" she takes as a mere diversion,
But proves herself a shining light.
OFFICERS.

Cecil F. Dobson ........................................ President.
Gladys Julia Freeze .................................. Vice-President.
Mildred Ingalls ......................................... Secretary.
Roscoe W. Wells ........................................ Treasurer.

MOTTO: "Slow but sure"
COLORS: Yale Blue and White

Cecil F. Dobson, Dickinson, N. Dakota
HERMAN THOMAS ALLISON,  
Missoula, Montana

LEBARON WAYNE BEARD,  
Missoula, Montana

GLADYS JULIA FREEZE,  
Missoula, Montana

DOROTHY FRANCIS BIRD,  
Missoula, Montana

MABEL ALMA GARLINTON,  
Missoula, Montana

CARL ERNEST CAMERON,  
Missoula, Montana

PETER HANSEN,  
Missoula, Montana

VIOLA GOLDER,  
Missoula, Montana
Mildred Ingalls,
Missoula, Montana

Kenneth Daniel McDonald,
Philipsburg, Montana

Richard L. Johnson,
Missoula, Montana

Marie Lebkicher
Missoula, Montana

Rose Leopold,
Helena, Montana

Mary Shull,
Missoula, Montana

Royal Daniel Sloane,
Missoula, Montana

Florence May Mathews,
Missoula, Montana
Gladine Lewis,
Howard, Montana

Warren E. Theime,
Missoula, Montana

Alice Seabury Mathewson,
Anaconda, Montana

George Putman Stone
Missoula, Montana

Louise E. Smith,
Florence, Montana

John Baker Taylor,
Missoula, Montana

Owen Duigid Speer,
Ray, Indiana

Walter Christy Marshall,
Missoula, Montana
Roscoe Ward Wells, Fridley, Montana

Gladys Marguerite Huffman, Butte, Montana

Richard C. Wm. Friday, Sigourney, Iowa
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Spencer Walter Small......President.
Percy J. Friday..............Vice-President
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MOTTO: “Not yet nor soon”
COLORS: Maroon and Gray

Spencer Walter Small, Butte, Montana
GEORGE THOMAS ARMITAGE, Billings, Montana

HAROLD WEST BERRY, Missoula, Montana

MADGE ELIDE BEATTY, Great Falls, Montana

ANNA EVELYN DAVIS, Missoula, Montana

HELENE BERTHA BOLDT, Missoula, Montana

EDNA ALLISON BRANDENBURG, Kalispell, Montana

MARGUERITE NEOMA COEN, Missoula, Montana

CARL CHANDLER Dickey, Belt, Montana

GERTRUDE CRANE, Helena, Montana
CATHERINE FINLEY, 
Missoula, Montana

CHARLES EDWARD DOBSON, 
Dickinson, North Dakota

PERCY J. FRIDAY, 
Sigourney, Iowa.

PAUL LOGAN DORNBLASER 
Clemons, Montana

GERTRUDE ANNE GILLIGAN, 
Butte, Montana

THOMAS IRVING DURFEE, 
Philipsburg, Montana

CEDORIS GREGORY, 
Newbury, Oregon

JOHN EUGENE FOLSON, 
Missoula, Montana

HAZEL FERN HERMAN, 
Missoula, Montana
CLIFTON SAMUEL JACKSON,
Victor, Montana

JAMES CLAYTON HAINES,
Kalispell, Montana

BONITA MAE RENTFRO,
Missoula, Montana

ALICE HARDENBURGH,
Missoula, Montana

JOHN WILLIAM SHEEDY,
Missoula, Montana

GEORGE LESTER KLEBE,
Missoula, Montana

ADELAIDE STANLEY,
Great Falls, Montana

JOSEPHINE MARIE HUNT,
Kalispell, Montana

EARL LEROY SPEER,
Seybert, Indiana
WILLIAM WAYNE JOHNSON,
Great Falls, Montana

WILLIAM DAVIS VEALEY,
Missoula, Montana

ELLEN FARRAR KENNETT,
Helena, Montana

BESSIE MAY WILDE,
Missoula, Montana

ROBERT LOGAN KITT,
Missoula, Montana

DONOVAN WORDEN,
Missoula, Montana

HAZEL GERALDINE MURPHY,
Helena, Montana

TATSUTARO RATUGAMI,
Fukn-Ken, Japan

HERBERT HUGH KUPHAL,
Missoula, Montana
ARTHUR EDWARD LINDGREN, 
Philipsburg, Montana

DOROTHY JOSEPHINE POLLEYS, 
Missoula, Montana

J. P. MITCHELL, 
Missoula, Montana

LANEING SADDLER WELLS, 
Helena, Montana

WILL MAURICE METTLER, 
Kalispell, Montana

GRACE YATES SANER 
Butte, Montana

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Philipsburg, Montana

HUGH SUMNER SATTERTHWAITE, 
Iron Mountain, Montana
Nathaniel Stanton Little,
Missoula, Montana

Charles Little Eggleston,
Anaconda, Montana

Peter Ronan,
Missoula, Montana

Constance Darrow,
Lewistown, Montana

Clifford Olen Day,
Missoula, Montana

Mabel Mary Lyden,
Butte, Montana

Patrick Thomas McCarthy,
Anaconda, Montana

Wilson Minnery,
Missoula, Montana

Edward Simpkins,
Missoula, Montana
VICTOR JOHNSON, Philipsburg, Montana

FREDERICK HERBERT WHISLER, Missoula, Montana

PAUL LOEN GERVAI'S, Anaconda, Montana

MALCOLM WADE PLUMMER, Stevensville, Montana
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WALTER R. EYMAN.............................. Vice-President.
SIDNEY COLE ARMITAGE........................ Secretary.
JOHN F. MORROW................................. Treasurer.

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OWEN DOUGLAS DAVIS,
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MARK EDICK,
WALTER R. EYMAN,
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LEWIS CLEVELAND STOCKDALE,
A. PRICE TOWNSEND,
RALPH HUGO WEISS,

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Missoula, Mont.
Kalispell, Mont.
Billings, Mont.
Dell, Mont.
Harlem, Ida.
Sheridan, Mont.
Wallace, Ida.
Troy, Mont.
Missoula, Mont.
Missoula, Mont.
Saratoga, Wyo.
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Kooskia, Ida.
Bena, Minn.
Boulder, Mont.
Ashland, Mont.
Libby, Mont.
Libby, Mont.
Helena, Mont.
Libby, Mont.
Gold Creek, Mont.
Missoula, Mont.
Chetaur, Wash.
Missoula, Mont.
Anaconda, Mont.
Ashland, Mont.
Stockdale, Penn.
Augusta, Mont.
Missoula, Mont.
The 1910 Memorial Bench
Montana

Tell me of that Treasure State,
    Story always new,
Tell me of its beauties grand
    And it's hearts so true,
Mountains of sunset fire,
    The land I love the best,
Let me grasp the hand of one
    From out the Golden West.

Each country has its flower,
    Each one plays a part;
Each bloom brings a longing hope
    To some lonely heart,
Bitterroot to me is dear,
    Growing in my land
Sing then that glorious air —
    The one I understand.

Montana, Montana,
    Glory of the West,
Of all the states from coast to coast,
    You're easily the best.
Montana, Montana,
    Where skies are always blue,
M-O-N-T-A-N-A, Montana,
    I love you.

—Howard.
The Day is Done

The day is done at last; her heralds clothed
In flaming garments all of rose and gold
Stand at the portals of the sunset land
To make her passing beautiful and glad.
They lift their torches up to fire the sky,
And far across the broad Pacific way,
They spread a gleaming carpet for her feet
A pathway for the fair departing one.

Earth does not grieve because the day is dead
For other days will come as fair as she;
And in the haze-soft haunts of yesterday
This day still lives and will live through all time.

So may it be when day is done for me.
I want no sorrowing, no tearful grays
But earth serene and smiling and the sky
All flaming color, gorgeous rose and gold.
So may day's heralds make a path for me
Across the broad Pacific till I come
Unto the sunset land, and fearlessly
Enter the haze-soft haunts of yesterday.

Montana Buswell, '09.
AC INTYRE stood at his window, looking moodily out, a hopeless dejection and forlornness about his whole figure. His eyes rested despairingly on the campus before him, in the first, fresh, tender greenness of spring. The trees were just beginning to leaf, and there was that peculiar freshness and softness about them that can belong only to that time when the air teems with the life of growing things. It was spring, spring everywhere, and all nature tingled with the message.

Suddenly, as he gazed, almost unseeingly, something inside of MacIntyre seemed to loosen. He closed his eyes and took a long, deep breath. He was the boy of the farm again, walking through the tall, wet hay, and its perfume, the sweetest in the world, came to him with a thrill of delight. He felt again the plow under his hard, calloused hands, he felt the cold perspiration trickle down his hot face, as he stood for a moment, leaning heavily on his pitchfork. The scene brought with it a sense of peace and security such as he had not known for four lonely years. Was it worth the struggle? Would it not be better to go back and give the whole thing up? He would never be anything but an awkward, ungainly country boy. He longed for companionship, for popularity, for the hundred and one little things making college life dear which the other fellows took as a matter of course, and for which he would have given anything he possessed. He knew how the fellows regarded him—a good fellow, but among that smaller number who still had the mistaken idea that college was a place for work. He knew there was toward him none of that spirit of comaraderie and good-fellowship that they felt for the other fellows. That was the reason he had been out practicing for two months now, for the race at the big meet, to wrest from the fellows what they would not give freely, to make them notice him, to have one hour of triumph with the whole world as his.

He started abruptly, rudely awakened from his dream as a girlish voice, shrill with anger, floated up to him. He pulled aside the curtain and leaned out, to look down upon two familiar figures, Shorty Armstrong and Eleanor Wilkins, engaged in rather heated conversation.
"Why, you can't do anything. I believe you're lazy, Ellsworth Armstrong," and her voice gave scornful emphasis to the word *Ellsworth*. "Yes, lazy, there's no other name for it. Why, if I were a boy, a big, strong, healthy boy, and had a chance to do something like that, a chance to bring honor to my school and—and—win," she fairly panted the last word, she was so angry, "I'd be ashamed to stand 'round and watch other fellows do it. You're lazy, do you hear me?"

MacIntyre looked down at the slim, angry little figure confronting Shorty. He saw the flushed cheeks and the suspicious glitter of the girl's eyes. He saw Shorty make a vain attempt to open his mouth and speak, but before he could say a word, she had swept by him, her skirts seeming to cut the wind; MacIntyre felt sure he could hear the air crackle and sizzle.

He gazed down at Shorty, a wry, crooked little smile appearing at the corners of his mouth.

A deep wave of red had dyed Shorty's face from neck to temple. The blood beat hard in his ears, as he stood for a moment in utter astonishment. Shame, wonderment, anger, anger such as he had never experienced in his whole life before, succeeded each other quickly in his heart as he stood there. He bit his lip hard, while the color mounted and receded in his face, leaving him pale and trembling.

Something, he could not tell what, made Shorty glance involuntarily up at MacIntyre's window, and his face became almost purple as he saw MacIntyre leaning out.

"What's the matter, Mac, that you're not out? This is a great day to be moping around inside. Better come and take a stroll with me."

In a few moments MacIntyre was at Shorty's side, a stack of books under his arm. "I'll walk over to Main Hall with you. I have a class next hour."

Shorty seemed, all of a sudden, to become very embarrassed. "'The dickens! Wonder if he heard her?" Then, aloud. "Yes, it does look like fine weather for the meet. Hear it's a regular walkover for you, Mac."
MacIntyre smiled foolishly and became very red. "You mustn’t believe everything you hear," he murmured, in what he tried to make an indifferent voice; nevertheless he looked ridiculously pleased.

"Well, time alone can tell," said Shorty, with the air of a philosopher delivering himself of some great truth. He nodded brightly to MacIntyre, who disappeared into the main building.

As the heavy doors closed on his retreating figure, Shorty’s air of jauntiness became less pronounced, and he slackened his speed considerably. His eyes lost their merry twinkle and for the moment became very serious. "The little spit-fire!" Then the humor of the situation overcame him, and he threw back his head and laughed loudly. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets, straightened up to his full height—about five foot five—and assumed a peacock strut, whistling merrily all the while.

"Here’s where Ellsworth," and he mimicked her tone exactly, "Here’s where Ellsworth (the dickens with that name) Armstrong enters. It’s win—win”—and he closed his mouth hard,—"or—Holy cat, but I’d give my eye teeth to know if that young innocent heard her."

For six weeks, Shorty, in his more dignified moments, Ellsworth Armstrong, practiced diligently, and for the first time in his rather desultory, aimless life, he was putting heart and soul into his work. "He’d show her. He’d beat MacIntyre. He’d show everybody." but even as he said it, he became very red at the recollection of those stinging words that had prompted this sudden determination.

The big meet was only three days off now, but oh, the agony of those three days! They were interminable, yet not half enough for the work Shorty wanted to do. When he thought of MacIntyre’s long legs, a sort of chill closed around his heart. To have his school win was, of course, the big thing, but Shorty was young, only a Freshman, and still human enough to want to have the glory himself; besides she had said— Then MacIntyre was a Senior, and couldn’t, simply couldn’t want to win as much as he did. Mac was such a slow, plodding fellow—never seemed to get excited about anything. He was doing a fine thing, working his way through school, and going every Saturday to the little farm, to work and help support his mother. Shorty admitted all this but—. "He knows he’ll win, of course, but I don’t believe he cares beans about it." Thus reasoned Shorty in his youthful ignorance and cruelty.

It was the day at last, the great day, the only day which had been on the calendar to MacIntyre for three months. He sprang from bed with unusual alacrity. A peculiar sense of exhilaration and inexpressible joy pervaded his whole being. For the first time in four years he failed to note, with a secret pang and tightening of his heart, the desolate bareness and shabbiness of the little room. It was spring, this was his day, and he was going to win the race, that race whose victory had come to mean to him the only thing worth living for, the only thing in his whole life. He was happy, exuberantly, ridiculously happy.

Then abruptly, unpleasantly, that little scene that had taken place under his window six weeks before, came back to him. He heard again that angry voice, scraps of the conversation, almost forgotten, came back to tantalize him—“chance to bring
honor to my school—win.” He saw Eleanor Wilkins as she stood that day, six weeks before, confronting Shorty. He recalled her straight little figure drawn to its full height, the angry glitter of her eyes. Once before he had seen Eleanor angry. Eleanor was a Freshman, and he, MacIntyre, a Senior, but even this gulf, had not prevented him from asking her to a lecture. He would never forget, he knew, the awful, embarrassing silence, then the hard, stony expression that came into Eleanor’s eyes as she haughtily said, “I am very sorry, but I am engaged this evening.” His ardor had not been dampened, however, by even such a rebuff as this, and he continued to worship in silence and from afar, despite the fact that more than once he had hungrily watched her smile on Shorty, while he, MacIntyre, passed unnoticed.

As he stood there thinking, he suddenly became aware of a feeling of depression that had gradually been growing upon him. Something seemed to have entered in and was gnawing at his happiness, something intangible, indefinable, yet definite enough to disturb him. He hurried into his clothes and started for a long walk, thinking to throw off this feeling.

It was only half-past one when he returned from his walk and went straight to the gymnasium, a curiously drawn and set expression on his face. Already the crowd had begun to stream in, and the ticket windows were besieged by eager, pushing people who were afraid of not getting a good seat. Business men waited impatiently behind enthusiastic and much beribboned high school girls, craning their necks every now and then to see if the meet had begun, and if they were missing anything.

“You know Harry MacIntyre, do you? Of course you know him. He’s going to win the mile race today.”

Eleanor Wilkins turned around in her seat at the sound of the high, rather querulous voice. She found herself looking into the careworn face of a woman of about forty-five or fifty. That she was from the country was easily recognizable by her dress and manner.

“He’s my boy, you know. He’ll win all right. He told me he was going to, and he always does what he says. Takes after his father that way.”

Eleanor was too surprised, for the moment, to speak. She looked coldly at the woman behind her; then something in the pathetic droop of the hard coarsened hands, as they lay folded in her lap, in their black, cotton gloves which came only to the knuckles, touched her and she smiled kindly up into the face.

“Yes, I suppose he will win,” murmured the girl, but her hand tightened on the handkerchief as she said it. “Everyone expects him to win, and—and—he deserves to win,” she faltered on the last word.

“Well, now, I’m so glad you think so, I’m going to stay right here beside you and you can just tell me everything.”

Shorty sat huddled upon a bench, his short legs wiggling in the cold, a serious, intent look on his face. He saw the crowded grandstand, the officials with their badges, but they made no impression on him. He looked up quickly once, and thought he saw the flutter of a handkerchief. A warm glow enveloped his whole body. He looked again, but he saw only a blurred mass of faces.
At the touch of a heavy hand on his shoulder, Shorty turned around to look up into the red homely face of MacIntyre. Long, lank, awkward, he towered over Shorty. Shorty looked slowly at the long, loose legs, at the big, ugly hands, then at the red, homely face, and his eyes lingered unconsciously. There was a hungry, yearning look in the eyes, a strange quivering of the hard, firm mouth.

"I can win I know," MacIntyre was saying to himself: "I can win. Wouldn't mother feel proud tho? She expects me to win, I told her I'd win. And the fellows? I'd make them like me, if only for this one day. To hear them yelling and shouting my name—mine, mine—oh the joy of it!"

Already the sound was ringing in his ears. He saw himself the center of an admiring throng. The lonesome, starved heart of the boy cried out for this one, exquisite pleasure. He demanded it as his right. Then he looked down at the brown head so far below him. "It can't mean more to him—no, it can't but the fellows would rather have him win and he'll enjoy it more, and she wants him to win," and he smiled grimly to himself at this. He closed his mouth hard and clinched the hand that hung at his side, until the nails pressed into the flesh, and he felt the blood come.

Shorty looked around just in time to see a curious smile overspread MacIntyre's face. He thought, reluctantly to himself, that he had never seen anything sweeter. "Why, Mac was almost handsome."

But even as he look a pang of jealousy seized him, and he had almost a hatred for MacIntyre. "Feels sort of sure of winning I suppose. I wouldn't be so darned certain if I were he. Wouldn't go around with that satisfied grin, anyhow." Shorty knew this was unjust, but he felt too mean to care just then.

"Shorty," and Shorty felt the hand again tighten hard on his shoulder. "Shorty, you're going to win, old chap, and you must win—must, do you hear me?" and the voice choked the last word. Shorty looked up in surprise just as the last call for the mile sounded.

Shorty took his place next to MacIntyre. His legs trembled and he felt cold all over. His heart thumped until he felt sure the whole grandstand could hear it. "Wonder if she could hear it and knew what a coward he was?" He moistened his dry lips, gritted his teeth hard and bent over, ready to dart forward.

The pistol sounded and Shorty started mechanically. A fresh breeze blew full on his hot face, and, then, for the first time, long, oh, long ago, since the first pistol sounded, he was conscious of his surroundings. He saw MacIntyre's long legs ahead of him and his heart sank.

It was on the third lap when suddenly Shorty became conscious that somebody had darted ahead of MacIntyre. He could not see whom, but Shorty bent every muscle to the struggle, his eyes riveted straight ahead.

"They must win, they must." He no longer thought of himself, his own glory, but only of his college, of her honor. But he never could—no, he never could last all that way 'round. The blood was pounding in his head and he ached all over. Just a few paces more and he felt he would fall in a heap.

"MacIntyre! MacIntyre! MacIntyre!" These cries rose one after another, shouted by hundreds of hoarse, mad voices.

Once more Shorty pulled himself together, and with a wave of relief, saw MacIntyre ahead, his long legs flying out behind him. Shorty thought, then, he had never
seen such a welcome sight as those long lean legs. He could drop over, now. MacIntyre would get there—the day would be saved yet and MacIntyre was a mighty good fellow anyhow.

"Rah, rah, rah! MacIntyre! Long legs! MacIntyre!" The whole grandstand had risen and they seemed to sway back and forth with excitement.

"But he’s giving out, he’s giving out, at the very end too. What a shame!"

They were on the last stretch, and MacIntyre was at least five yards ahead. Shorty gasped and then MacIntyre seemed to hesitate, but just for a moment—then he fell back, breathing heavily, and Shorty simply shot past him and fell over the line in a heap. On the grandstand, a brown eyed girl was bending over an old woman, whispering words of sympathy, although her eyes were glistening.

"Pretty, plucky fellow, that little one. But what happened to that big fellow? He seemed to give out at the very last. Too bad."

"But he didn’t seem at all winded when he came in. That’s the funny part of it."

These and various other remarks floated to the ears of MacIntyre as he stood leaning against the grandstand, fairly beaming.

"Doesn’t seem much cut up about it. That’s going too far though, to wear a grin like that. I like to see a fellow lose hard." MacIntyre caught these words as one of the fellows, passing by, glanced at him curiously. The grin became rather grim as he looked after him, and he turned away, rather sadly, to go into the gymnasium and dress.

About half an hour later, as he came out, he was seized by Shorty who took his hand and wrenched it hard in his grasp. Not a word passed between them for a full minute, while the blue and brown eyes met in a long look of eloquent understanding. Then MacIntyre broke into a laugh as he looked down into the eager boyish face, into the already adoring blue eyes of Shorty, and his face softened.

"Well, I guess I’m in for it now. Look, Shorty," and both boys turned to look at two figures approaching, the one, slim and girlish; the other, tall and angular. The faces of both were wrinkled in smiles.

"Oh, Mr. MacIntyre," and the girl took both the big hands in hers. "The President said you did the most sportsmanlike thing he had ever seen done. Will you let me tell you, that it was the most courageous, the most beautiful thing I ever want to see," and as she looked into the bright face, smiling so happily down at her, a great lump rose in her throat, and she felt herself winking back the tears. The older woman stood unobtrusively by, smiling in a happy, peaceful way, as she looked at the tall boy before her.

"Oh, Shorty, this is awful. What is it going to be first? A bunch of violets (and he smiled down at the girl) or your highly prized cat’s eye," and Shorty chuckled in pure glee.

—Helen A. Wear, ’12.
The morning star hung gleaming in the west;
The morning mist still lingered on the peaks;
Yet in a grassy vale of Hindu Kush,
A motley crowd of people, flocks, and carts
Surged to and fro,—a mighty multitude,
With droning buzz of voices like the hum
Of countless locusts whirring through the air;
Upon the green a crude stone altar rose;
Upon it lay the sacrificial flesh.
Before it stood the rough-garbed, bearded priest,
Who raised his large hands high above his head.
The crowd, its moving ceased and silent stood,
As clearly came the reverent words of prayer
From him who stood before the altar's flame.
"O gold-robed God of beauteous, breaking day,
Hear now thy children of the gladsome earth
Who journey hither toward thy draped tents
That spread each eve their gay folds in the west.
O, give us courage as we hither go
To seek more light beyond these dreary peaks."
The morning prayer was ended as the smoke
Rose fragrant toward the zenith's hazy gray:
There came the clang of roughly fashioned arms,
The cries of children, and the bleat of flocks,
The lumbering of rough carts by oxen drawn,
And forward toward the purple unknown west,
The vast procession moved to seek the light.

The Aryan priest for centuries in the vale
Of sacred Indus has his last rest made.
But ever has his mighty race pressed on
With his old cry of conquest, "Light, more light."
Its knights have scoured the yellow desert's plain,
Have suffered winter's chill and summer's heat;  
The monk in cell has spent the fleeting hours  
And born the bitter pain and solitude;  
The Greek the snowy marble chiseled well,  
And striving well, coaxed heroes from the stone;  
Then crossed the changing sea the Genonese  
To grasp the jeweled isles set in the deep—  
But whether round the gay symposium board  
Athenians lounged to hear wise Socrates,  
Or Pheidias carved the splendor of his Zeus,  
Or Raphael touched the canvas with his brush  
And lo! an infant's face shone sweetly pure,  
Or Milton heard the heavenly music sweet  
That vibrates through the boundless universe,  
Or Goethe saw the truth of human life  
And set it in the scope of living art.—  
Like struggling buds of bright, puissant spring,  
That seek to bask in heaven's golden light,  
The race has sought to burst its heavy bonds,  
And find somewhere Truth's whole, eternal light.

Since Alcuin taught first within the court  
Of Chivalry's bold hero Charlemagne,  
The armored knight and richly gowned dame,  
The college has in trumpet tones e'er called  
The race to seek the ever beckoning light;  
Like Agamemnon's torches burning bright,  
It ever flashes high the signal flame  
Of Truth from height to height and shore to shore  
Where smoke of factories pales the glowing red  
Of morning's glory in the eastern sky,  
Or mountain peaks throw up their heaving crests  
From valleys green with flocks upon the mead,  
Or flowing plains lie soft and gently warm  
'Neath living light from summer's clearest skies,  
The college there lifts high its towers aloft,  
And to the race says, "On, let us seek on,  
For in the depths of life's immense unknown,  
There shall we find forever, 'Light, more light.'"

—Florence De Ryke, '12.
MARIE, remember that I trust you to help Ethel in all ways. She is my baby and all I have left. See that she gets along all right, and does not get lonely."

"How queerly auntie writes!" Marie ejaculated to herself. "Anyone would think that Ethel were a baby. Imagine her dependent on me for anything!" and a low laugh rippled from between her lips.

"Marie, oh Marie!" Ethel's voice interrupted her reading, and the letter fluttered to her lap, as a tall dark-haired girl rushed into the room. Through a fly-away mass of hair two eyes sparkled merrily. Her lips curved into a contagious smile, and the poise of her head defied trouble.

"I am going skating, you with the pink cheeks. Don't you want to take care of this until I get back?" "This" was a small tin box which she held in one hand. "The girls all paid their class dues today, and so there is quite a bit of money in the box. I hate to leave it in my room while I'm gone, because, you remember, the matron warned us against Helen, the new maid. Say, by the way, have you seen her? The girls say she looks like me. I wonder if she really does. Well, I must be off or I will miss that car. Here, I'll put the box in your desk-drawer. Farewell, dear coz." She laughed, and with a light hurried kiss she was gone.
After the door had closed Marie quietly went on with her reading. When she finished her mail, she found that she couldn’t study without a book that she had lent one of her classmates. She hurried off down the hall.

As she came slowly back about forty minutes later, she noticed wonderingly that a faint rectangle of yellow showed on the wall opposite her room. Her heart jumped convulsively; she stopped with her hand on the door-knob. Her first thought was of the money in her desk-drawer. It was not much, and yet it was not hers.

“I am sure I turned my light off before I went down to see Gertrude. Who can be in my room?” Marie asked herself, as she hesitated before the door. Resolutely she turned the knob and softly opened the door. She stopped just as she got inside, and a surprised gasp escaped her involuntarily. There, over the desk, bent a tall figure in a soft loose kimona. A dark heavy braid hung down her back, which was turned to the center of the room. The opening of the door had been so noiseless that she was not interrupted.

Marie started to speak. With recognition of the black braid had come a wave of relieved feeling. It was only Ethel after all. And yet—What would Ethel be doing there? She had gone skating not more than an hour before; she couldn’t be back yet. She stood irresolutely in the doorway trying to frame in her mind a plausible explanation for her cousin’s appearance.

“Ethel, what are you doing?” The sound of the tone startled the girl bending over the desk, and she quickly reached out and turned the electric switch. Under cover of the darkness, she glided softly across the room and through the side door—the door leading into Ethel’s room.

Stumbling dazedly in the dark, Marie reached the other side, and fumbled the light on again. The drawer of her desk stood open, and a glance showed that the tin box, which she had left there, was gone.
Two perplexed wrinkles furrowed themselves in the girl's forehead, and her mouth puckered into a low whistle of wonderment. What could Ethel have wanted with the class-money, and how had she come back so quickly?

"I will go and ask her what the meaning of all this can be," she decided to herself, and turned to follow in the direction that the girl had taken. She opened the door quickly, and said as she did so:

"When did you get home, Ethel?" But the room was dark, and in the same state of confusion that it was in when Ethel left for skating.

Marie turned back. The perplexed wrinkles in her forehead deepened, and her eyes widened, as she went to her own room. Here she looked fixedly and unseemingly at the open drawer in her desk. It couldn't all be a dream, for there, before her own eyes, was the empty drawer.

"I am as sure as can be that the girl who was here was Ethel, and yet what could she have been doing with the box, and where is she now?" She would ask Ethel to explain it, when she saw her, she decided, and made her preparations for bed.

Throughout the night, vague shadows haunted her dreams, and a bent figure beckoned to her from every corner of her sleep. One time the figure straightened itself to look suddenly about with its finger upraised, saying, "I, Ethel, am taking this money, but you will be accused of the theft." So familiar was the voice, and so realistic the figure, that Marie awoke with a start. The light was just drifting in through a crack in the shades, and one long strip fell across the still open drawer with an accusing finger.

"I? I accused of the theft? How?" she asked herself, fully awake by this time. Suddenly it all came to her. The box was left in her care. No one knew where it was. Ethel had gone skating, and, while she was gone, the money had disappeared. Who else but she, Marie, would be suspected? What could Ethel want with the money? Oh! She remembered now! That very morning her cousin had complained, because she had not a new pair of skates. The money would be more than enough to buy them. But surely, Ethel, her own cousin, would not stoop so low as to steal. Marie shuddered as she expressed the word to herself. Evidence was against her though, surely. A cold perspiration stood out on her face as she unwillingly came to the conclusion that, as far as she could see, the thief must have been her cousin.

"I can't believe she took it", she half wailed. Then the dream voice seemed to repeat its prophecy. Could it be that Ethel had taken the money and done everything in such a way that suspicion should point to her? The very forming of this thought made Marie shiver, and she rose quickly to dress and hurried into the out-doors to walk off her doubt.

When she returned, she was surprised to see how late it was. Breakfast was over, and the girls were talking in groups about the lower hall, waiting for the bell to call them to the assembly room. One glance sufficed to show Marie that something unusual had occurred. The girlish faces were flushed, and their eyes sparkled with excitement. A sudden hush pervaded the hall, when Marie entered, and no
one spoke to her as she crossed to the stairway and climbed to her room. The girls had found out that the money was gone, she decided. Did they suspect her already? How would Ethel take the news?

Wearily the girl tidied herself and room, and started out with her books under her arm. As she came down the stairs she heard one of the girls say sharply, "Well, who else could have done it? Of course she did."

Marie trembled at the unsympathetic tone. In spite of the cold stares and silence that met her approach, she advanced bravely up to the girls and followed the rest to their places in the assembly hall as the bell rang, and then waited in strained silence for the matron's words.

"Girls", the matron's voice was low and sweet, "We need make no hidden allusions to the sad thing that has happened. I have decided to speak to you at this time frankly, openly, about the disappearance of the Freshman class money. We have Miss Dunlop's word that she placed the box in Miss Farnsworth's care when she went skating. Beyond that we know nothing save that, when Miss Dunlop went to get the money this morning, she found the room empty, and the box gone. I see that Miss Farnsworth is in the assembly now. If she can explain the disappearance of the money, which I feel confident she can do, will she please rise and do so?"

A deathlike hush weighed down the whole assembly. The matron calmly looked at the girl in the back seat. Every eye was turned in her direction too, but the girl did not speak. Her gaze wandered from the matron about the room, until it rested on a dark head in one corner. The head was bowed slightly, but the eyes seemed to flash a meaning look across the room. As clearly as though she had spoken, the sad, frightened eyes seemed to say, "Don't speak! Don't!"
Marie’s eyes brightened, her head raised itself a little, and she looked directly into the matron’s face, as she said in a voice that trembled but slightly, “I have nothing to say, Miss Evans.”

The hush gave place to a confused flutter; subdued voices exclaimed and wondered.

“Silence, young ladies!” the matron commanded sharply. “Perhaps what Miss Farnsworth has to say cannot be said here. Perhaps she knows nothing. Who the thief is must be discovered sooner or later, and, for the sake of the reputation of the school, and for the protection of the girl herself, I wish to urge the guilty one to come to me quietly and refund the money. She has been punished sufficiently by this time, I am sure, and, if she comes to me alone, no one shall ever know who it was. I will deal with her myself.”

Marie secretly rejoiced at the words. Now Ethel would have a chance to redeem herself. She glanced at Ethel across the room, and was surprised to meet a look from cold piercing eyes. Beyond a doubt there was no sign of repentence in the disdainful gaze; only a quickly expressed denunciation.

“If any girl”, the matron went on, “knows anything about the theft, or can tell me her grounds for suspecting any one, come to me with your story. Don’t talk about it among the girls. That is all. Go to your classes, and remember that I will be in my office all morning.”

Marie quickly went to her own room. Here she tossed her books on the table, and threw herself dejectedly on the bed.

“Will Ethel speak? Will she exhororate me?” she asked herself as she lay there.

She recalled the cold stares and silent accusation of the girls that morning. The matron’s face, surprised and grieved at her silence, appeared before her.

“I can’t stand it”, she cried aloud, “I will go to Miss Evans and tell her all I know about it. Accused of stealing money belonging to the Freshman class! Oh, no! I can’t bear to be blamed for such a petty theft. I can’t have my name linked with any such rumor!”

She jumped to her feet, and began to cross the room. She stopped half-way.

“Marie, remember that I trust you to help Ethel in all ways.” The words of her aunt’s letter flashed through her mind. She glanced at the door of the room that separated her from Ethel.

“I will go to her and tell her that I know who did it, and ask her to go to Miss Evans and explain—No—that would not help Ethel. If she is honorable she will go herself. Oh, why doesn’t she come to tell me that it is she who is guilty and not I. Doesn’t she see that the girls blame me?—I am not guilty—I will go to her!”

She stumbled half blindly across the room, when her eye fell upon the picture in a silver frame on her dressing table. The eyes met hers squarely; the mouth was bowed into a soft smile which seemed to say, “I love you, Marie. We have been friends so long!”
“I can’t do it, Ethel!” she murmured brokenly to the picture. Her mouth ceased trembling. The wrinkles smoothed themselves from her forehead, and her eyes lost their staring brightness. From her parted lips a confused string of words tumbled.

“No—she is my cousin—I won’t—I can’t. I will give her a chance to clear herself.”

As the muscles of her face relaxed, she became weak and limp all over, and she dropped into a rocking chair. Only a minute did she remain so. Her glance fell on the school books on the table; the clock struck the half-hour. Resolutely she arose, took up her books, and with a glance and a nod to the pictured face on the dressing-table, she went out to class.

Miss Evans was awakened from her troubled sleep early the next morning, by foot-steps outside her door. She jumped up, and hurriedly throwing a dressing-gown over her, she went to the door to see a tall figure in a long coat hurrying down the passage with a small satchel in her hand.

“Ethel Dunlop!” she exclaimed.

The girl turned quickly, and her eyes burned with a frightened light under the heavy mass of her black hair. When she saw the matron in the doorway, she started and a shrill scream pierced the grey, dusky hall. Doors flew open on both sides of the hall, and kimoned figures flitted from every direction. In the far corner crouched the figure. The air buzzed with questions and exclamations.

“Ethel!” the matron commanded. “Come here! What are you doing here at this time of morning dressed to go out?”

As the matron spoke the name “Ethel” so sharply, a frightened look gleamed in the eyes of a small girl on the edge of the anxious group; she looked steadily at a tall girl in front of her. Could it be that Ethel had not confessed, and that Miss Evans had discovered who it was? But who had screamed?

At the quick command the girl in the corner started and her fingers released their hold on the bag in her hand. The catch loosened, it struck the floor, and countless small coins rolled and clattered on the hard wood. When she saw the money rolling on the floor, the girl turned quickly and straightened herself to meet the inevitable, like a stag at bay.

“Helen! The Freshman Class money!” ejaculated the matron in one breath. The words sounded clearly through the silent hall. Then every tongue seemed loosed; every girl exclaimed and wondered at the same time. Under cover of that din of many voices, two girls expressed simultaneously their relief in the longing petition—“Oh, cousin, forgive me!”

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QUESTION
RESOLVED—That the control of natural resources should rest with the Federal Government rather than in the State. (Federal resources including only forests, minerals and waters.)

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Millard S. Bullerdick

WASHINGTON STATE COLLEGE
Negative
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84
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George L. Klebe
Holmes Maclay
Will M. Mettler
Hugh S. Satterthwaite
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Lansing S. Wells
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Arthur W. O'Rourke............................Critic

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Dr. C. A. Dunway
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Millard S. Bullerdick
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James C. Haines
Clifford S. Jackson
Wayne W. Johnson

Arthur W. O'Rourke
S. Walter Small
Earl L. Speer
Owen D. Speer
George P. Stone
Harry F. Sewell
Fred E. Thieme
Hugh S. Satterthwaite
D. Creger Warren
Eine Gesellschaft für den Förderung die Deutsche Sprache unter den Studenten der Universität von Montana
(Gegründet Januar 1911)

Die Mitgliedschaft

HAROLD W. BERRY
HELENE BOLDT
ELSBERT A. BRANDENBURGH
KONRAD HEINRICH BOWMAN
MILLARDE S. BULLERDICK
KONSTANZ DARROW
FLORENTIA DE RYKE
SEPPI E. FOLSOM
JESSIKA HANON
GLADIS HUFFMAN
JOSEPHINA HUNT
MILDRED INGALLS
ROSIE W. JOHNSON
LENE F. KENNEDY

ROSA LEOPOLD
SUSANNE G. LEWIS
MABEL LYDEN
HATZEL MURPHY
ALENA McGRUGOR
ALICE MATHESON
HEINRICH F. SEWELL
MARIE SHULL
MABEL R. SCHMIDT
MARIE STEWART
JOHANN H. STOUTEMEYER
HELENE M. WALKER
GERTRUDE A. WHIPPLE
Pan Hellenic Council

(MEN'S)

OFFICERS

Dr. Jesse P. Rowe...........................................President
William A. Bennett........................................Secretary

STUDENT MEMBERS

Sigma Nu
Ralph W. Smith Arthur W. O'Rourke

Sigma Chi
Emmett W. Ryan Dudley D. Richards

Iota Nu
William A. Bennett Fred E. Thieme
# SIGMA NU

Gamma Phi Chapter  
Established January, 1905

## Fraters in Urbe

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Name</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>FRANK E. BONNER</td>
<td>FLOYD H. HARDENBURG</td>
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<tr>
<td>JAMES H. BONNER</td>
<td>ELMER R. JOHNSON</td>
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<tr>
<td>CLARENCE H. BUCK</td>
<td>JOHN M. LUCY</td>
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<tr>
<td>JAMES BUCKHUSBRE</td>
<td>J. P. MARTIN</td>
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<td>JOHN M. EVANS</td>
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<td>THOMAS E. EVANS</td>
<td>ALLAN H. TOOLE</td>
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<tr>
<td>JAMES H. CALLISON</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

## Fraters in Facultate

JAMES B. SPEER

## Fraters in Universitate

### 1911

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>RALPH W. SMITH</td>
<td>O. RAYMOND DINSMORE</td>
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<td>MASSEY S. McCULLOUGH</td>
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### 1912

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<tr>
<td>DANIEL M. CONNER</td>
<td>ARTHUR W. O'ROURKE</td>
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<tr>
<td>JOCelyn A. Whitaker</td>
<td>F. HAROLD SLOANE</td>
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<td>HOLMES MACLAY</td>
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### 1913

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<tr>
<td>CECIL F. DODSON</td>
<td>OWEN D. SPEER</td>
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<tr>
<td>CARL E. CAMERON</td>
<td>ROYAL D. SLOANE</td>
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### 1914

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<tr>
<td>EARL L. SPEER</td>
<td>ROBERT L. KITT</td>
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<td>DONOVAN WORDEN</td>
<td>CLIFFORD O. DAY</td>
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<tr>
<td>CHAS. E. DODSON</td>
<td>C. WALTER BECK</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GEORGE T. ARMITAGE</td>
<td>HARRY F. SEWELL</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
SIGMA NU

Founded at Virginia Military Institute, 1869

CHAPTER ROLL

ALPHA—Virginia Military Institute
BETA—University of Virginia
EPSILON—Bethany College
THETA—Mercer University
THETA—University of Alabama
IOTA—Howard College
KAPPA—North Georgia Agricultural College
LAMDA—Washington and Lee University
MU—University of Georgia
NU—Kansas State University
XI—Emory College
PI—Lehigh University
RHO—Missouri State University
SIGMA—Vanderbilt University
UPSILON—University of Texas
PHI—Louisiana State University
PSI—University of North Carolina
BETA IOTA—Maryland University
BETA ZETA—Purdue University
BETA ETA—University of Indiana
BETA THETA—Alabama Polytechnic Institute
BETA IOTA—Mount Union College
BETA MU—State University of Iowa
BETA NU—Ohio State University
BETA XI—William Jewell College
BETA RHO—University of Pennsylvania
BETA SIGMA—University of Vermont
BETA TAU—North Carolina A. and M. College
BETA UPSILON—Rose Polytechnic
BETA PHI—Tulane University
BETA CHI—Leland Stanford, Jr., University
BETA PSI—University of California
GAMMA ALPHA—Georgia School of Technology
GAMMA BETA—Northwestern University
GAMMA GAMMA—Albion College
GAMMA DELTA—Stevens Institute of Technology
GAMMA UPSILON—Lafayette College
GAMMA ETA—Colorado School of Mines
GAMMA ZETA—University of Oregon
GAMMA THETA—Cornell University
GAMMA IOTA—State College of Kentucky
GAMMA KAPPA—University of Colorado
GAMMA LAMDA—University of Wisconsin
GAMMA MU—University of Illinois
GAMMA NU—University of Michigan
GAMMA XI—State College of Mines and Metallurgy (Mo.)
GAMMAOMICRON—Washington University
GAMMA PI—University of West Virginia
GAMMA RHO—University of Chicago
GAMMA SIGMA—Iowa State College
GAMMA TAU—University of Minnesota
GAMMA UPSILON—University of Arkansas
GAMMA PHI—University of Montana
GAMMA CHI—University of Washington
GAMMA PSI—Syracuse University
DELTA ALPHA—Case School of Applied Science
DELTA BETA—Dartmouth College
DELTA THETA—Loyola University
DELTA GAMMA—Columbia University
DELTA DELTA—Pennsylvania State College
DELTA ZETA—Western Reserve University
DELTA EPSILON—Oklahoma University
DELTA IOTA—Washington State College

ALUMNI CHAPTERS

Birmingham
San Francisco
Louisville
Pueblo
Lexington
Denver
Shelbyville
Dallas
Montgomery (Ala.)
Wheeling
Pine Bluff (Ark.)
Milwaukee
Little Rock
Salisbury, N. C.
Washington
Canton, O.
Columbia
Cleveland
Columbia (Mo.)
Atlanta
Des Moines
Charlotte
Chicago
Indianapolis

Davenport
Toledo
Pittsburgh
Baton Rouge
Detroit
Kankakee City
Minneapolis
Raleigh
Wilmingtom (N. C.)
Philadelphia
SIGMA CHI

Beta Delta Chapter
Established September, 1906

Fratres in Facultate

Professor Frederick C. Schuech
Professor Wm. D. Harkins
Mr. Robert H. Cary

Fratres in Urbe

Dr. J. G. Randall
Gilbert G. Heyfron
Joseph W. Street
Hugh M. Ferguson
R. King Garlington
Chas. Edward Simons
Thos. J. Farrel
Wm. Godwin Ferguson
Gilbert J. Reinhard

Wm. O. Dickinson
Walter H. McLeod
French T. Ferguson
John D. Jones
Dr. G. C. Buck
Fred E. Buck
Edgar G. Polleys
Roy W. Winton
Ovid M. Butler

F. Thayer Stoddard

Fratres in Universitate

1911

Wm. Emmett Ryan
Arthur F. Bishop

Geo. D. Little
Hugh T. Forbes

1912

E. E. Hubert
D. Dudley Richards

Milton Mason
Edward A. Winstanley, Jr.

1913

Walter C. Marshall
Geo. Putman Stone

Roscoe W. Wells

1914

Harold W. Berry
Wm. Wayne Johnson
Malcolm W. Plummer
Nat S. Little, Jr.
Fred H. Whisler

Wm. M. Mettler
Pat T. McCarthy
Paul L. Dornblaser
S. Walter Small
Peter Ronan

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ACTIVE CHAPTERS

ALPHA—Miami University
BETA—University of Wooster
GAMMA—Ohio Wesleyan
EPSILON—George Washington University
ZETA—Washington and Lee University
ETA—University of Mississippi
THETA—Pennsylvania College
KAPPA—Bucknell College
LAMBDA—Indiana University
MU—Denison University
XI—De Pauw University
OMICRON—Dickinson College
RHO—Butler College
PHI—Lafayette College
CHI—Hanover College
PSI—University of Virginia
OMEGA—Northwestern University
ALPHA ALPHA—Hobart College
ALPHA BETA—University of California
ALPHA GAMMA—Ohio State University
ALPHA EPSILON—University of Nebraska
ALPHA ZETA—Beloit College
DELTA CHI—Wabash University
ZETA PSI—University of Cincinnati
THETA THETA—University of Michigan
LAMBDA LAMBDA—State University of Kentucky
MU MU—West Virginia University
XI XI—University of Missouri
TAU TAU—Washington University
ALPHA THETA—Massachusetts Institute of Technology
PHI PHI—University of Pennsylvania
ALPHA ETA—University of Iowa
ALPHA IOTA—Illinois Wesleyan
ALPHA LAMBDA—University of Wisconsin
ALPHA NU—University of Texas
ALPHA XI—University of Kansas
ALPHA OMICRON—Tulane University
ALPHA PI—Albion College
ALPHA RHO—Lehigh University
ALPHA SIGMA—University of Minnesota
ALPHA UPSILON—University of Southern California
ALPHA PHI—Cornell University
ALPHA CHI—Pennsylvania State College
ALPHA PSI—Vanderbilt University
ALPHA OMEGA—Leeland Stanford, Jr., University
BETA GAMMA—Colorado College
BETA DELTA—University of Montana
BETA EPSILON—University of Utah
BETA IOTA—University of Oregon
BETA ZETA—University of North Dakota
BETA ETA—Case School of Applied Science
BETA THETA—University of Pittsburgh
DELTA DELTA—Purdue University
ZETA ZETA—Central University of Kentucky
ETA ETA—Dartmouth
KAPPA KAPPA—University of Illinois
RHO RHO—University of Maine
NU NU—University of Columbia
OMICRON OMICRON—University of Chicago
UPSILON UPSILON—University of Washington
PSI PSI—Syracuse University
OMEGA OMEGA—University of Arkansas

ALUMNI CHAPTERS

Atlanta, Georgia
Baltimore, Maryland
Boston, Massachusetts
Bloomington, Illinois
Charleston, West Virginia
Chicago, Illinois
Cincinnati, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbus, Ohio
Dayton, Ohio
Denver, Colorado
Detroit, Michigan
Duluth, Minnesota
Danville, Illinois
Hamilton, Ohio
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
Indianapolis, Indiana
Kansas City, Missouri
Lincoln, Nebraska
Little Rock, Arkansas
Los Angeles, California
Louisville, Kentucky
Manila, Philippine Islands
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Memphis, Tennessee
Missoula, Montana
Madison, Wisconsin
Nashville, Tennessee
New Orleans, Louisiana
New York, New York
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
Peoria, Illinois
Phoenix, Arizona
Portland, Oregon
San Francisco, California
Salt Lake City, Utah
Seattle, Washington
Springfield, Illinois
St. Paul-Minneapolis, Minn.
St. Louis, Missouri
Toledo, Ohio
Washington, D. C.
IOTA NU

(Local)
(Organized January, 1906)

Fraters in Urbe
Ray Hamilton
Marshall L. Harnois

W. Burton Smead
J. Charles Johnson

Fraters in Universitate

1911
William A. Bennett
D. Cregier Warren

Charles S. McCowan
Stephen J. Reardon

1912
Fred E. Thieme

Warren C. McKay

1913
LeBaron W. Beard
John B. Taylor

Richard L. Johnson
Kenneth D. McDonald
Warren E. Thieme

1914
Lansing Sadler Wells
Hugh S. Satterthwaite

Carl C. Dickey
Victor Johnson
Charles L. Eggleston
MU SIGMA EPSILON

(Engineering, Local)
Organized 1909

COLORS—Deep Blue and Gold

Fraters in Urbe

CHARLES F. FARMER

CLARENCE H. BUCK

Fraters in Universitate

1911

HARRY D. MACLAY

CHARLES H. HOFFMAN

RALPH W. SMITH

1912

ERNEST W. FREDELL

MILTON M. MASON

FRED E. THIEME

1913

PETER E. HANSEN

ROYAL D. SLOANE

RICHARD L. JOHNSON

1914

ARTHUR A. LINDGREN

EDWARD SIMPKINS

112
PAN HELLENIC COUNCIL

(WOMEN'S)

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Edith Steele .............................................................. Secretary

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Marjorie Ross ......................................................... Carolina P. Wharton

Kappa Alpha Theta
Gertrude A. Whipple ................................................ Lillian Williams

Sigma Tau Gamma
Edith Steele .............................................................. Helen A. Wear
KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA

Beta Phi Chapter
Established March, 1909

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MRS. H. T. WILKINSON

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ANABEL ROSS MARGARET LUCY
ETHEL WILKINSON HELEN WHITAKER
MRS. GEORGE WEISEL LUCY WHITAKER

Sorores in Universitate

1911

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MARY J. ELEOD M. ALENE McGROR
EVA M. COFFEE

1912

FLORENCE M. LEECH GRACE E. RANKIN
CAROLINA P. WHARTON MAUDE B. MCCULLOUGH

1913

GLADINE LEWIS MILDRED F. INGALLS

1914

JOSEPHINE M. HUNT E. FAERAK KENNEDY
EDNA A. BRANDENBURGH HAZEL G. MURPHY
D. JOSEPHINE POLLEYS

117
KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA

Founded at Monmouth, Ill., 1870

CHAPTER ROLL

PHI—Boston University
BETA EPSILON—Barnard University
BETA SIGMA—Adelphi College
PSI—Cornell College
BETA TAU—Syracuse University
BETA ALPHA—University of Pennsylvania
BETA IOTA—Swarthmore College
GAMMA RHO—Allegheny College
BETA UPSILON—West Virginia University
LAMBDA—Bowdoin College
BETA GAMMA—Wesleyan University
BETA NU—Ohio State University
BETA DELTA—University of Michigan
XI—Adrian College
KAPPA—Hillsdale College
DELTA—Indiana State University
BETA PI—University of Washington
IOTA—De Pauw University
MU—Butler College
ETA—University of Wisconsin
BETA LAMBDA—University of Illinois
EPSILON—Northwestern University
CHI—University of Minnesota
BETA ZETA—Iowa State University
THETA—University of Wisconsin
SIGMA—Nebraska State University
OMEGA—Kansas State University
BETA MU—Colorado State University
BETA XI—Texas State University
BETAOMICRON—Tulane University
PI—University of California
BETA ETA—Leland Stanford University
BETA PI—University of Washington
BETA PHI—University of Montana

ALUMNAE CHAPTERS

Akron
Boston
Bloomington, (Ill.)
Bloomington, (Ind.)
Buffalo
Berkeley
Chicago
Cleveland
Columbia, (Mo.)
Denver
Des Moines
Henderson
Indianapolis
Iowa City

Kansas City
Los Angeles
Lincoln
Milwaukee
Minneapolis
Madison
New York
New Orleans
Philadelphia
St. Louis
Seattle
Syracuse
Wooster
KAPPA ALPHA THETA

Alpha Nu Chapter
Established July, 1909

Patronesses
MRS. WARREN WILCOX  MRS. J. P. ROWE
MRS. J. BONNER  MRS. H. KNOWLES
MRS. C. E. SPOTTSWOOD

Sorores in Urbe
MRS. JAMES BONNER  MRS. JOHN LUCY
MRS. GILBERT REINHART

Sorores in Faculate
ELOISE KNOWLES

Sorores in Universitate

1911
FLORENCE E. CATLIN  ISMA C. EIDELL
M. LUCILE MARSHALL  GLADYS A. McLEAN
FLORENCE H. AVERILL  LILLIAN WILLIAMS

1912
GERTRUDE A. WHIPPLE

1913
GLADYS J. FREEZE

1914
GRACE Y. SANER

121
KAPPA ALPHA THETA
Founded at DePauw University, 1870

CHAPTER ROLL

ALPHA—DePauw University
BETA—Indiana State University
GAMMA—Butler College
DELTA—University of Illinois
EPSILON—Wooster University
ETA—University of Michigan
IOTA—Cornell University
KAPPA—Kansas State University
LAMBD—University of Vermont
MU—Allegheny College
PI—Ablon College
RHO—University of Nebraska
ALPHA THETA—University of Texas
ALPHA ZETA—Barnard College
ALPHA IOTA—Washington University
ALPHA KAPPA—Adelphi College
SIGMA—University of Toronto
TAU—Northwestern University

UPSILON—University of Minnesota
PHI—Leland Stanford, Jr., University
CHI—Syracuse University
PSI—University of Wisconsin
OMEGA—University of California
ALPHA BETA—Swarthmore College
ALPHA GAMMA—Ohio State University
ALPHA DELTA—Woman's College of Baltimore
ALPHA EPSILON—Brown University
ALPHA ETA—Vanderbilt University
ALPHA LAMDA—University of Washington
ALPHA MU—University of Missouri
ALPHA XI—University of Montana
ALPHA XI—Oregon State University
ALPHAOMICRON—University of Oklahoma

ALUMNAE CHAPTERS

Athens
Burlington
Chicago
Cleveland
Columbus
Denver
Greencastle
Indianapolis
Kansas City
Los Angeles

Lincoln
Minneapolis
New York City
Philadelphia
Pittsburgh
San Francisco
Seattle
Syracuse
St. Louis
Topeka
SIGMA TAU GAMMA

(Local)
(Organized September, 1908)

Patronesses

MRS. TYLER B. THOMPSON  MRS. WILLIAM F. BOOK  MRS. JOHN M. EVANS

Sorores in Urbe

MRS. CHARLES FARMER  LAURA S. JOHNSON

Sorores in Universitate

1911
MARY EDDITH STEELE

1912
GERTRUDE C. MCFARLANE  HELEN A. WEAR  MAUDE S. JOHNSON

1913
GLADYS M. HUFFMAN  FLORENCE M. MATHEWS

1914
MADGE E. BEATTY  ADELAIDE STANLEY  BESSIE M. WILDE
1910

Track
W. E. Ryan, Captain
E. Hughes
F. Buck
H. D. Maclay
C. F. Dobson
E. A. Winstanley
A. W. O'Rourke
C. Cameron
M. S. Bullerdick

Football
G. D. Little
H. D. Maclay
W. A. Bennett
M. D. Simpson
E. K. FredeLL
E. Simpkins
D. M. Conner
W. E. Ryan
L. B. Beard
P. L. Dornblazer
E. A. Winstanley
E. Deschamps
C. Day
C. F. Dobson
F. Thieme
F. Gleason
FOOTBALL

1910 Football Team

VARSITY

H. D. Maclay ........................................... Captain
Hugh T. Forbis ...................................... Manager
H. D. Maclay, Captain ................................ L. T.
Geo. D. Little ........................................ L. E.
Wm. A. Bennett ...................................... L. G.
Martin Simpson ...................................... L. G.
Dan M. Conner ...................................... C.
Ernest W. Fredell ................................... C.
Edward Simpkins ................................... R. G.
Frank E. Gleason ................................... R. G.
W. E. Ryan ........................................... R. T.
LeBaron W. Beard .................................. R. E.
Edw. A. Winstanley ................................ Q. B.
Clifford O. Day ...................................... L. H. B.
Elzierd Deschamps ................................ R. H. B.
Cecil F. Dobson ..................................... R. H. B.
Fred E. Thieme ...................................... L. H. B.
Pauk Dornblaser .................................... F. B.

SUBSTITUTES
Warren E. Thieme
George Klebe
Stephen J. Reardon
R. H. Cary.................................Coach
G. H. Weisel..............................Coach
Doctor Warren...........................Coach
A. F. Bishop..............................Trainer

Record of Games 1910

Oct. 7. M. S. S. M.............. 0 U. of M.............. 8 At Missoula
Oct. 21. M. A. C................. 0 U. of M.............. 0 At Bozeman
Nov. 2. U. A. C.................. 5 U. of M.............. 3 At Missoula
Nov. 5. Gonzaga............... 17 U. of M.............. 5 At Spokane
Nov. 12. M. S. S. M........... 0 U. of M.............. 3 At Butte
Nov. 24. M. A. C................. 0 U. of M.............. 10 At Missoula

Opponents.......................... 22 Varsity.................. 29
REVIEW of THE SEASON

The football season of 1910 was one of the most successful that the University of Montana has had in several years, if not since the beginning of the institution. With the exception of Bishop, Ittner, Johnson and Stoddard, all of the squad of 1909 were back and out in togs.

At the beginning of the season twenty-five men answered the call for practice. The new material proved to be worthy opponents for the old men and but few were at all sure of maintaining their positions. The men showed up for practice better than in previous years, it being possible to have two teams on the field at practice, with a great deal of scrimmage as a result.

Every man worked hard, not only for his individual place but for the good of the team. With Physical Director “Bob” Cary and Doctor Warren to coach, the team was given a good start; and George Weisel, who did the coaching during the latter part of the season, whipped it into a magnificent winning machine, among the best Montana has ever turned out.

During the season there were six games played.

The first game was played in Missoula with the School of Mines. It was a very decided victory for the Varsity. The second game was in Bozeman against the State Aggies and resulted in a nothing to nothing score. The third was in Missoula with the Utah Agricultural College team and was won after a hard struggle by the “Aggies.”

The fourth contest was with Gonzaga College. It was played in Spokane and was a decided victory for Gonzaga. This was the hardest fall which the team had during the whole season. The fifth was played in Butte with the School of Mines and resulted in a victory for the Varsity. One of the notable things about this game was the fact that it was the first time in eleven years that the Varsity had scored a victory over the School of Mines on their home field. The sixth and last game was played in Missoula with the State Agricultural College and ended in a decisive victory for the Varsity thus winning the Championship of the state for the University of Montana as no state school was even able to score on them.

It is a notable fact that the University was greatly crippled in the first, second, and fourth games due to players being injured and to the faculty ruling as to eligibility on account of scholarship; also that the team was successful in getting five of its players placed on the All-Montana team. These men were Dornblaser, Conner, Little, Ryan and Winstanley.

The prospects for the 1911 team are very bright although Ryan, Little, Simpson, Gleason, Bennett and Maclay will not be on the team, as they will have been graduated, but with Winstanley for captain and the new material to take these men’s places we should have and must have another championship team.

H. D. MACLAY, ’11.
Captain.
All-Montana Teams

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CARY</th>
<th>McIntosh</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>L. E., Little</td>
<td>U. of M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. T., Sheriff</td>
<td>M. A. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. G., Osenburg</td>
<td>M. S. S. M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. G., Conner</td>
<td>U. of M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. G., Clinch</td>
<td>M. S. S. M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. T., Ryan</td>
<td>U. of M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. E., Chambers</td>
<td>M. A. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Q. B., Winstanley</td>
<td>U. of M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. H., Dahling</td>
<td>M. A. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. H., Cullerton</td>
<td>M. S. S. M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. B., Dornblazer</td>
<td>U. of M.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FURMAN</th>
<th></th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
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<td>L. E., Little</td>
<td>U. of M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. T., Sheriff</td>
<td>M. A. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. G., Osenburg</td>
<td>M. S. S. M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. Roach</td>
<td>M. S. S. M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. G., Hodgkiss</td>
<td>M. A. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. T., Ryan</td>
<td>U. of M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. E., McElvenny</td>
<td>M. S. S. M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Q. B., Winstanley</td>
<td>U. of M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. H., Grape</td>
<td>M. S. S. M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. B., Dornblazer</td>
<td>U. of M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. H., Cullerton</td>
<td>M. S. S. M.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Maclay—"Mac" as he is called by the squad, and "Slim" as he is elsewhere known, has played three years on the team. "Mac" was captain of the 1910 Championship team and he sure was a good one. He plays left tackle and has been one of the best players in the line that Montana has had for a number of years. We are sorry to lose him, as he will be graduated this year.

Little—"Gittle" has played two years at end and has been one of the best ends Montana has ever had. He is a wizard at receiving the forward pass and is a wonder at bunting. In the social line, he is likewise a wonder.

Bennett—"Oh, you Bill." How many times he heard the yell from the bleachers. There's one bad thing about Bill, he's graduating too soon, for he's a good man and we have to lose him. Bill tried Bozeman first, but he couldn't make a farmer if he had to, so decided he needed some Economics and came to the varsity. He spends his spare time writing "Lit" and "Sociology" papers, always behind the stacks, and managing the 1911 track team.

Conner—This was Dan's second year on the team. Last year he played guard, this year he switched to center and showed his good taste, handling that position in a most delightful manner. It is sufficient to say, he was given the position of All Montana Center by Coach Cary. Next year he will be better, as he will have had one year's experience at center to his credit. Dan also has other "hobbies", is Junior prex, and in social lines is certainly there, taking for his standard, "Don't dissipate your energy."
Fredell—Like some other of the fellows, this is “Friddle’s” first year on the team. Although a trifle light, he played a good game. “Friddle” is a Junior, which means he is a 1912 man, showing again the good sense he inherits from the engineers. He has one more year at school, and we hope to see him make another “M” this fall.

Simpkins—“Hail to the freshman.” This is “Simpy’s” first year on the team as well as his first year in school. He believes in taking up both at the same time, which shows that even Freshman can choose well. The best we can say is, “When he hit his man, he hit him hard.” Here’s hoping that “Simpy” will be back next year. There’s plenty of room waiting for him.

Gleason—Gleason is a Senior but this is his first year on the team, which proves the old adage that we improve with age. As a guard Gleason was a good one, knew where he was wanted, and was generally there. His other recreations take the form of Engineer “labs”, although he occasionally takes a week off to recuperate now and then. This is also his first year in the social line, but he’s budding.

Ryan—“Husky”, our friend from Teton, has played four years on the team and has played brilliant ball from start to finish. “Rin” as he is socially known, has finished athletics much to the sorrow of the track and football fans. He plays all around his opponents all the time. “Rin” is as good at track, and at basketball as he is at football, and his few spare moments are spent as a Geology shark, and also in running the 1911 class.
Beard—“Bud” has played two years on the team, but this is his first year at end. He found his place there, and a good mate for “Gittle.” “Bud” is only a Sophomore, and has two more years at the Varsity, but we know how he’ll spend them. Here’s to seeing his bright and smiling face this fall.

Winstanley—“Windy” stands for lots of things. But the important thing here is, it stands for one of the best quarters Montana ever had. He’s fast, he’s in the game every minute, and knows how to gain ground for the team. He is captain-elect, which means he will play this fall, and undoubtedly in his old position, as he made the All Montana team as quarter this last season. “Windy” takes up his spare time in Geology, and in singing on the glee club. Is he a lady’s man? Well, we all know where he stands.

Dobson—“Dobby” saw his first year at football this last season. Besides being one of the fastest men in the team, he is undoubtedly the lightest, if not the lightest man in the state playing college football. But there’s one sure thing, he certainly played good football. Has he other “hobbies”, yes, he’s prexy for the Sophs, and he also runs in track. And then, we might class him as a lady’s man, but of this we are not sure.

Deschampes—“Frenchy” is always laughing, even in a game. He is the fastest man on his feet in the team, which is going some. Like other famous freshman he went to work, and made his place with ease, owing to his good practice at prep school. “Shorty” is another name, and it is just as good for him. When he has spare time, he plays more football. That is his one specialty, unless another is farming. He left us between semesters, but we hope he’ll be with us this fall. We need him.
DAY—“Curly’s” first year at the varsity and on the team. A good record for a freshman. He only played part of the season, but made up for lost time when he once started. He has three more years to help the team, and he’ll be there. Here’s hoping he will make good use of them.

F. THIEME—“Fred” is a good old Dutch name. It also stands for a mighty good football man. He made his letter for the first time this year. He is a good, hard, conscientious worker and plays the game for all its worth. He’s also an engineer, and I wonder if there’s any connection. He has one more year in school and the squad will be glad to see him this fall. “Fred” is quite a lady’s man, but takes his work in series, which means he fusses in the spring time.

DORNB LAZER—“Well look at that smiling countenance, that cheery smile, and ask who it is.” That face and grin is famous. It belongs to “Dorn,” or “Blitz,” or “Baron,” which all stand for the same thing, one of the best men on defense Montana ever boasted. He tackles hard, runs low and above all, is the cleanest player ever seen. “Blitz” is also a lady’s man but that never interferes with football. And he has three year’s more.

SIMPSON—This is “Simp’s” second year on a Montana team. Both years he has played guard and has played his position well. Takes an engineer to do a thing right, that is, according to the engineers and they are mostly right. “Simp” is a Senior which means we lose a good man. It will be hard to fill his place this fall.
Captain-Elect Winstanley Trying a Place Kick
1911 Interclass Basketball

MANAGERS.

ARTHUR BISHOP........................................ Senior Manager
ED. A. WINSTANLEY.................................... Junior Manager
WALTER MARSHALL..................................... Sophomore Manager
HAROLD BERRY.......................................... Freshman Manager

TEAMS.

Senior
EMMETT RYAN, Captain.
RAYMOND DINSMORE
HARVEY SPENCER
ARTHUR BISHOP
GEORGE LITTLE

Junior
DANIEL CONNER, Captain
A. A. KIRKWOOD
ERNEST FREDELL
LEO BAKER
ARTHUR O'ROURKE
FRED THIEME
MILTON MASON

Sophomore
WALTER MARSHALL, Captain.
CECIL DORSON
WARREN THIEME
PETER HANSEN
ROScoe WELLS

Freshman
VICTOR JOHNSON
PATRICK MCCARTHY
ELMER GUEST
HAROLD BERRY
WAYNE JOHNSON
JOSEPH MCDougAL
REVIEW OF THE BASKETBALL SEASON

After the football season had closed, the candidates for the basketball team were called out but there was not a quick response owing to the fact that many of the basketball men had played football and it was thought best to give them a rest. At the beginning of the year, after the Christmas holidays were ended, more men came out and in order to encourage the sport the A. S. U. M. offered a cup to be given to the class winning the highest number of games in an interclass series. A schedule was drafted, and about forty men were continuously active in basketball throughout the season receiving much benefit from the indoor sport. The Seniors went through the season without losing a single game and this was a fitting close for the men who are to play no more in college athletics. The Sophomores received second honors by winning three of the six games played. The Freshman were placed third, losing four games and winning two, while the Juniors forfeited games by not being able to play the entire number scheduled for them. The series showed that there is good material in the University to form the nucleus of a strong Varsity team next season.
1910 CROSS COUNTRY SQUAD
Review of the Season

The year 1910 ushered in Cross Country at the University as a new addition to sports, a thoroughly organized team practising faithfully throughout the season. The team was organized by Athletic Director Cary early in the fall. From the very nature of the sport it is very exacting in its demands upon the participants, and has connected with it but few pleasurable incidents. Regardless of this fact the squad was large and the men entered into the work with the proper spirit. Every man made a creditable showing, and if indications are at all reliable, the 1911 track team will be as good if not superior to any in the state.

After several weeks of steady work the cross country squad broke into the limelight. The first "hare and hounds" race covered a distance of about five miles and was easily won by Brown '14; the second race was won by McDonald '13, and covered a distance of about eight miles. Other races were planned but bad weather interfered and the season closed on December first. Now that the sport has started, next year will see another live squad with hopes of intercollegiate contests. The season of 1910 gave cross country a splendid start.

K. D. McDonald, '13, Captain.
The 1910 Track Team

Captain............................................. WM. EMMETT RYAN
Robert H. CARY

Coaches............................................. ALLTON H. DANA
Carl Woodward

THE SQUAD

FRED S. BUCK
MILLARD S. BULLERDICK
CARL E. CAMERON
HOMER H. DEUELL
CECIL F. DOBSON
ERNST E. HUBERT

EARL S. HUGHES
ARIE E. LEECH
ROBERT C. LINE
HARRY D. MACLAY
D. LAMAR MACLAY
MILTON M. MASON
ARTHUR W. O'Rourke

CASS G. RUSSELL
G. HARVEY SPENCER
JOHN B. TAYLOR
ROScoe W. WEELS
EDWARD A. WINSTANLEY
W. EMMETT RYAN

Results of 1910 Triangular Meet

120-yard hurdles—(1) Reid, M. S. S. M.; (2) Annin, M. A. C.; (3) McElv--
venney, M. S. S. M. Time, 17.

100-yard dash—(1) Pool, M. A. C.; (2) Winstanley, U. of M.; (3) Dobson, U.
of M. Time, 10.

880-yard run—(1) Cameron, U. of M.; (2) Donaldson, M. A. C.; (3) Taylor,
U. of M. Time, 2:08 2-5.

Mile run—(1) Bullerlick, U. of M.; (2) Clark, M. A. C.; (3) Wells, U. of
M. Time, 4:48 2-5.

220-yard hurdles—(1) Reid, M. S. S. M.; (2) Annin, M. A. C.; (3) McEl--
venny, M. S. S. M. Time, 27 3-5.

220-yard dash—(1) Pool, M. A. C.; (2) Dobson, U. of M.; (3) Winstanley,
U. of M. Time, 23 4-5.

440-yard dash—(1) (2) tie, Buck, U. of M., and Pool, M. A. C.; (3) Cameron,
U. of M. Time, 53 3-5.

Two-mile run—(1) Bullerlick, U. of M.; (2) O'Rourke, U. of M.; (3) Don-
aldson, M. A. C. Time, 11:37 3-5.

High jump—(1) Annin, M. A. C.; (2) Ryan, U. of M.; (3) Brabrook, M.
A. C. Height, 5 feet, 6% inches.

Broad jump—(1) Buck, U. of M.; (2) Brabrook, M. A. C.; (3) McCool, M.
S. S. M. Distance, 19 feet 6 inches.

Pole vault—(1) Hughes, U. of M.; (2) McCool, M. S. S. M.; (3) Mason,
U. of M. Height, 10 feet, 9 inches.

Shot put—(1) Annin, M. A. C.; (2) Maclay, U. of M.; (3) Ryan, U. of M.
Distance, 34 feet, 5% inches.

Hammer throw—(1) Ryan, U. of M.; (2) Maclay, U. of M.; (3) Cooper.
A. C. Distance, 119 feet, 10% inches.

Discus throw—(1) Maclay, U. of M.; (2) Sleeman, M. A. C.; (3) Ryan,
U. of M. Distance, 105 feet, 7% inches.

James Annin, of the Agricultural College team, won the individual
championship, with the total of 15 points, while his school-mate, Pool, was
second with 14 points.
REVIEW OF THE 1910 TRACK SEASON

With the first call for candidates for the track team last season the prospects did not look very bright. Only about thirty men reported and of these few had had any experience on the path. The season was begun late and the varsity had no coach, only the fighting spirit of Captain Ryan. However, with the assistance of Robert Cary, ex.'08, Allston Dana, Assistant Professor of Engineering, and Carl Woodward, of the local forestry bureau, all of whom magnanimously gave their time and experience to the new squad, the bunch of green material began to assume the form of a possible track team. During the season Mr. Dana and Mr. Woodward ran with the distance men and they soon began to know of the strain that was expected of them. The distance squad ran altogether for the early part of the season and later on the men were grouped in long and middle distance squads. Much credit must be given the men for the manner in which they worked and came out in all weather conditions, and when the first test, the spring games, came, the coaches and captain realized that the varsity would have a team to give the Aggies and Miners a close meet.

Every effort was made to score a victory over their opponents in the triangular meet held just before the annual interscholastic meet of the High Schools. When the final test came the supporters of the Copper and Gold were made happy by the decisive score by which they won the triangular. The varsity won more points than both the College and Mines together, the score being Varsity 65, College 45 and Mines 16. The beginning of a poor season ended so successfully that every one was filled with hope for the next year when the University expected to extend her policy and enter new fields.
# University of Montana Track Records

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Holder</th>
<th>Record</th>
<th>Season</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>100 yard dash</td>
<td>R. H. Cary</td>
<td>10 sec.</td>
<td>1906</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220 yard dash</td>
<td>R. H. Cary</td>
<td>22 3-5 sec.</td>
<td>1906</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>440 yard dash</td>
<td>Leo Greenough</td>
<td>51 3-5 sec.</td>
<td>1906</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>880 yard dash</td>
<td>W. H. Maloney</td>
<td>2 min. 7 sec.</td>
<td>1908</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 mile run</td>
<td>W. H. Maloney</td>
<td>4 min. 45 3-5 sec.</td>
<td>1908</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 mile run</td>
<td>M. S. Bullerdick</td>
<td>10 min. 42 sec.</td>
<td>1908</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>120 yd. high hurdles</td>
<td>R. H. Cary</td>
<td>16 2-5 sec.</td>
<td>1908</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220 yd. low hurdles</td>
<td>Joe Malcolmson</td>
<td>25 3-5 sec.</td>
<td>1908</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>High jump</td>
<td>A. H. Toole</td>
<td>5 ft., 6 3-4 in.</td>
<td>1906</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broad jump</td>
<td>Joe Malcolmson</td>
<td>21 ft.</td>
<td>1908</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pole vault</td>
<td>Roy McPhail</td>
<td>11 ft., 1 1-2 in.</td>
<td>1906</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shot put</td>
<td>Paul Greenough</td>
<td>37 ft., 8 in.</td>
<td>1904</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hammer throw</td>
<td>Emmett Ryan</td>
<td>119 ft., 10 1-2 in.</td>
<td>1910</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Discus</td>
<td>Ernest Patterson</td>
<td>107 ft., 9 in.</td>
<td>1907</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Seventh Annual Interscholastic Meet
Montana Field, May 11, 12, 13, 1910
Won by Gallatin County High School

RESULTS OF THE MEET

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>School</th>
<th>Points</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gallatin County</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helena</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Granite</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Teton</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Butte</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anaconda</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Powell</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flathead</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beaverhead</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Custer</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

SUMMARY OF THE MEET

James Brown, Granite County, Individual Champion, 15 points.

Relay Race: Granite, first; Helena, second; Flathead, third; Park, fourth.
120 High Hurdles: Duncan, Butte, first; Walters, Helena, second; Neff, Butte, third. Time, 17 1-5 seconds.
50-yard Dash: Fott, Granite county; first; Jolley, Gallatin, second; Husker, Park, third. Time, 6 seconds.
220-yard Dash: Housner, Anaconda, first; Farrens, Billings, second; Jolley, Granite, third. Time, 24 3-5 seconds.
Half-mile Run: Matteson, Powell, first; Binko, Helena, second; Sipple, Butte, third. Time, 2:07 2-5.
100-yard Dash: Brown, Granite, first; Husser, Anaconda, second; Husker, Park, third. Time, 10 3-5 seconds.
220-yard Low Hurdles: Brown, Granite, first; Willey, Beaverhead, and Jarvis, Granite county, tie for second. Time, 26 4-5 seconds.
Pole Vault: Brittan, Gallatin, first; Webster, Gallatin; Mettler, Flathead; Brantley, Helena, and W. Brown, Granite, tied for second. Height, 9 feet 11½ inches.
Hammer Throw: Armstrong, Teton, first; Jolley, Gallatin, second; Hodgson, Flathead, third. Distance, 107 feet, 10½ inches.
High Jump: Border, Gallatin, first; Brantley, Helena, second; Wilcomb, Beaverhead, third. Height, 5 feet 6½ inches.
Broad Jump: Armstrong, Teton, first; Walters, Helena, second; Brantley, Helena, third. Distance, 19 feet, 3½ inches.
440-yard Dash: Sipple, Butte, first; Dickson, Helena, second; Schroeder, Park, third. Time, 55 4-5 seconds.
### Interscholastic Records

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Time/Distance</th>
<th>Year</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>50 yard dash</td>
<td>2-5 sec.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100 yard dash</td>
<td>2-5 sec.</td>
<td>1907</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220 yard dash</td>
<td>1-5 sec.</td>
<td>1907</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>440 yard dash</td>
<td>1-5 sec.</td>
<td>1907</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>880 yard dash</td>
<td>2 min. 6 3-5 sec.</td>
<td>1907</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 mile run</td>
<td>4 min. 4 2-5 sec.</td>
<td>1907</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>120 yard high hurdles</td>
<td>2-5 sec.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>220 yard low hurdles</td>
<td>4-5 sec.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pole vault</td>
<td>10 ft. 9 1-2 in.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>High jump</td>
<td>5 ft. 7 1-2 in.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broad jump</td>
<td>21 ft. 5 1-2 in.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shot put</td>
<td>43 ft. 3 1-2 in.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hammer throw</td>
<td>138 ft. 2 1-2 in.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Discus throw</td>
<td>113 ft. 6 in.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1-2 mile relay race</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Davis, Flathead</td>
<td>1907</td>
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<tr>
<td>Belden, Fergus</td>
<td>1907</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Denney, Flathead</td>
<td>1907</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Gish, Missoula</td>
<td>1907</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crum, Helena</td>
<td>1908</td>
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<td>Crum, Helena</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dinsmore, Missoula</td>
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<tr>
<td>Calbick, Flathead</td>
<td>1906</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brown, Granite</td>
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<td>Denney, Flathead</td>
<td>1908</td>
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<tr>
<td>Logan, Gallatin</td>
<td>1907</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gish, Missoula</td>
<td>1908</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ryan, Teton</td>
<td>1907</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Davis, Park County</td>
<td>1909</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Trainor, Missoula</td>
<td>1908</td>
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<tr>
<td>Trainor, Conrad, Vealey,</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beard; Missoula</td>
<td>1908</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
First Semester

Editor.

George P. Stone ......... '13

Assistant Editor.

E. E. Hubert .............. '11

Managing Editor

Warren C. Mackay .......... '12

Reporters

Massey S. McCullough ...... '11
Gladys Hoffman ............. '13
Helen A. Wear .............. '12
Louise Smith .............. '13
John B. Taylor ............. '12
Winnifred Feighner .......... '08

Business Manager

D. D. Richards ............. '12

Subscription Manager

Nate Little, Jr ............ '14

Advertising Manager

Milton Mason .............. '12

Assistants

Walter Small .............. '14
Pat S. McCarthy .......... '14

Circulator

Carl Dickey .............. '14

Second Semester

Editor in Chief

Massey S. McCullough ......... '11
William Bennett, '11, Managing Editor
D. D. Richards, '12, Athletic Editor
Marjorie Ross, '11, Society Editor
Peter Hansen, '13, Engineering Editor
Winnifred Feighner, '08, Alumni Ed.
Madge Beatty, '14, Exchange Editor

Reporters

Florence Leech .............. '12
Helen Wear .............. '12
M. J. Sawyer ............. '13
Louise Smith ............. '13
Carl Cameron ............. '13
Gladys Hoffman ............. '13
H. F. Sewell ............. '14

Business Manager

Ernest E. Hubert .............. '12

Ast. Business Manager

Milton Mason .............. '12

Subscription Managers

Wade M. Plummer .......... '14
Nate Little, Jr ............ '14

Advertising

William Vealey ............. '14
Pat McCarthy ............. '14
Walter Small ............. '14

Circulators

Herman T. Allison .......... '13
H. Kuphal ............. '14
ANNUAL PLAY

“Un Curioso Accidente”
(A Curious Mishap)

An Eighteenth Century Comedy by Goldoni.

THE SETTING: THE HAGUE.

Presented under the auspices of the Associated Students on Friday Evening, April 28th, in Assembly Hall.

THE CAST.

Filiberto, a rich Dutch merchant..........DUDLEY D. RICHARDS
Guillanna, his daughter......................ETHEL G. HUGHES
Riccardo, a broker............................EARL I. SPEER
Constanza, his daughter....................CORNELIA G. MCPARLANE
De la Cotterie, a French Lieutenant.....ROScoe W. WELLS
Mariana, Mademoiselle, Guillanna's maid..FARRAR KENNEDY
Gascoigne, De la Cotterie's servant.......NAT S. LITTLE
"The Shorty Club"
(American Translation)

Her Royal Shortness..............................................Grace Corbin
Next Royal Shortness.............................................Constance Darrow
Royal Scribbler....................................................Helen Wear
Keeper of the Short Domain.................................Helen Wear
Mascot...........................................................................
(When there are funds) Governor Jos. W. Folk

ROLL OF MEMBERS

Grace Corbin
Constance Darrow
Winnifred Feighner
Josephine Hunt

Maude Johnson
Farrar Kennett
Helen Wear

Motto: Small, but oh my!
General Chairman, Fred Thieme.

Music
Leo Baker
Fay Kent
Shirley Shunk

Patrons
Maude McCullough
Cornelia McFarlane
Carrie Wharton
Gertrude Whipple

Reception
Dan Conner
D. Richards

Invitations and Programs
Ernest Hubert
Dan Conner

Decorations
Grace Rankin
Arthur O'Rourke
Florence Leech
Holmes Maclay
Helen Wear
Florence De Ryke

Lighting
Milton Mason
Ernest Fredell
Warren McKay
OFFICERS.

Professor Gustav Fischer ........................................ Director
Robert H. Cary .................................................. Leader
Massey S. McCullough ........................................ Manager

First Tenors ..................................................... Robert H. Cary
Leo W. Baker
Ernest E. Hubert
Dudley D. Richards

Second Tenors ................................................ Massey S. McCullough
F. Harold Sloane
Edward A. W instanley
Donovan Worden

First Basses ..................................................... Herman Allison
Cecil F. Dobson
Walter C. Marshall
John B. Taylor

Second Basses ................................................ Paul L. Dornblaser
James C. Haines
Joseph E. Folsom
Harry F. Sewell
TUG or WAR
TUG OF WAR

Held March 17, 1911

JOINT COMMITTEE IN CHARGE

Seniors.
William A. Bennett
O. Raymond Dinsmore
Hugh T. Forbis

Juniors.
Leo W. Baker
Arthur W. O'Rourke
Edward A. Winstanley

Referee—Ernest E. Hubert

Sophomores.
Walter Marshall, Capt.
Cecil Dobson
LeBaron Beard
Carl Cameron
Richard Johnson
Kenneth McDonald
Royal Sloane
Owen Speer
John Taylor
Warren Thieme
Peter Hansen

Freshmen.
Paul Dornblaser, Capt.
Clifford O. Day
James Haines
Robert Kitt
George Klebe
Joseph McDougal
Peter Ronan
John Sheedy
Edward Simpkins
William Vealey

Won by Sophomores.
THE VARSITY ANNUAL ROAST

An Illustrated Annual Magazine
Founded A.D. 1492 by Geo.F. Polleye

FEB. 31, 1912

$ 2.50 THE COPY

"You And Your Loving Ways."
By Mr. Smythie
Complete in this Issue.

"DRAWN BY"
Egg

MORE OR LESS THAN A MILLION AND A HALF CIRCULATION ANNUALLY
The Only periodical in the Varsity that tells the whole truth and nothing but the Truth, also the only magazine that throws open to the glaring light of publicity the events which have occured and others that might have, in self offence only.

CORKING CONTENTS
CLEVER CARTOONS COLORS
Contains Contemporaneous Convivialities,
Caroms Continuously, Completely
Contenting Carping Critics,
CURES CARE
Clear, Compact, Cultured, Companionable,
Consumingly Comical, Classic, Comprehensive,
Caps Climax!

Compiled without reason or sense. To miss a copy is a calamity.
To avoid it, obey the impulse, open up, come through and get a "Roast."

Some get them gratis but get a copy to be sure you’re included.
YOU & YOUR LOVING WAYS

Campus Becomes Confidential

CAMPUS had had a rather strenuous day of it. Precisely at five o’clock, long before she had sent her peremptory message to her Sentinels, Trees, Sun burst in upon her without even knocking, and at his first dazzling glance, she awoke with a start, and opened her eyes wide, laughing happily.

In a moment she was up and alive, and all her little world seemed suddenly electrified with an undertorrent of tingling fire and life. She soon had her whole household flitting here and there, with a bustle and hurry, quick to respond to her brisk yet kindly commands.

“My people, I fear this is going to be a hard day for us, particularly you and your family, Grass,” and Campus, smiled sympathetically at Grass, who had assumed a most ludicrously droll expression.

“Don’t feel so bad about it tho, Grass, for I heard the junior member of the firm, Farrar & Company, making a noble plea for you to-day. He even threatened to wreak vengeance upon the offender with the venom of his pen. There, now, is a promising young man. I have always been partial to him on account of his hair. Such a romantic color! But we always were good friends anyway, and I have done him a good turn more than once. He is grateful tho, and never forgets me, and he has entertained me during the evening more than once. Did I ever tell you of that particular night? Well, perhaps it would be taking an unfair advantage to do so. But just watch him now that he has got his new car. Isn’t it a dandy?

“No, the senior partner doesn’t give him many opportunities, but my sympathies are entirely with the junior member and I believe that you can’t down a good man.

“Oh, I knew this was to be a bad day. I felt it the minute I awakened. The rest of the Campus’ speech was muffled by the regular tramp of feet, and the sound of a chorus of girlish voices.

“Isn’t this the grandest day? Let’s sit right here on Spooner.” Campus looked at Spooner knowingly, for she felt sure the latter would be called upon to do her share of the work that day.

“Spooney, look quick,” and Campus tapped Spooner smartly on the shoulder. “There he is, Spooney, but there’s no chance for any one so you needn’t try.

“Yes, Spooney, that one with his hands in his pockets, in the awful hurry. He’s always in a hurry, Spooney. It’s a blow to one’s vanity to meet a man like that. Spooney, listen, listen, did you ever hear such a laugh? You simply can’t tell whether it is going or coming. I love that laugh.”

“But, Fraulein dear——”

“Did you hear that, Spooney?

“Oh, no, he doesn’t mean a thing by it, as I heard one of the girls say. He is very indiscriminate and partial with it.

“Yes, I know those two pretty well, but they have given the canyon and the gym steps preference over me, so I am naturally a little jealous. But I feel that I started on the right path, even tho they have gone on too fast for me to follow, and scornfully look on me now, as the adviser of the young.”

“Yes, Grass, he has a very deep voice, but I can distinctly remember occasions upon which that sonorous voice was very soft—oh, no, I won’t tell on them. I haven’t seen much of them lately, tho I heard that they had leased the south-east room on the first floor of the dormitory, indefinitely.

“Click! what was that,” and Campus looked inquiringly at Grass, as something bright and shining rapped on the pavement, and rolled right over under her feet. Campus chuckled to herself, as a very excited girl ran over to Grass and began to fumble around in the folds of her green dress.

“If I have lost that ring? What shall I do, girls,” and there was a suspicion of tears in her voice.

“Don’t worry. You can never lose it with that red string you have coiled about it. Take my advice,
THE FALL CLIP

BY SYLVESTER SNOODLES.

William Goes to College

(Memo. of Note.—This is the third of a series of six collections of letters written by William W. Jones, of the Bitterroot, to his parents detailing his experiences.)


Dear Ma:

I arrived here safe and sound yesterday noon, the train being on time, and when I et dinner I asked a street car engineer to take me over to the university which he did, as I wanted to see the president to tell him what Pa wanted me to take. When the university is a fine place, all nice and green. There was all kinds of fellows and girls there, and they all seemed awful nice to me. They need a little fellow in the office what took my money and he said he was glad I'd come. I told him I knew he would be. He was nice looking and me and him saw the president in another room, but he looks fine. He's got such nice brown eyes, and he asked me specially to come to his reception Friday night at Woman's Hall, they call it. I'll go with him so I guess it'll be all right. A couple of big fellows helped me to find a room and it's a dandy. Tell Pa that the president and another teacher wants me to take English and I've decided that I can take it, it's easy as pie you know, and tell Pa to send me just a little more money, the books cost so much.

Your loving son,

WILLIE.

Missoula, Montana, Sept. 21, 1910.

Dear Ma:

Tell Pa I got the money all right and thanks. I am getting along fine now with my studies. I like them fine. That English professor says I can take another course in English right now to. Gee, he wants me to go along faster than the rest, so me and some of the other better ones are going to have another class. It is called correct English, different from the ordinary class. He likes my writing fine and wants me to do some every day for him to read. Some freshmen came to me one day and wanted me for president of the class. I told them I had to study hard but maybe I could do it. Well we had a meeting in a fine hall and they had lots of other fellows that wanted it so I let another little fellow have it. Then some big fellows grabbed me when we was going out and I wanted to know what for. But he just told me to walk along but I just hit him one hard and ran. I wasn't going to be run over by them football fellows. Another big freshman, they call him Bill, says I done right. Gee, he's a fine big fellow to and knows lots about the other fellows. He made a fine speech one day in class. Well, this is all I know this time. How are the new rafters getting along and tell Jim to feed old Buck up cause I'm comin' home mighty soon for a visit.

Your loving son,

WILLIAM.

Missoula, Montana, Sept. 28, 1910.

Dear Ma:

I got your fine letter and now I'm going to answer it. An awful lot has happened but I will try to tell you all about it. You don't disremember me telling you about Bill? Me and Bill are fine friends now. Well, some fellows, they call Sophomores so they can tell them from us freshmen came up in a onathomobile and grabbed Bill and took him away off to a river and they clipped his hair on one side. "He's spotted," they say. Well, Bill and me and some other fellows went after them fellows after supper and they took their hair to, and then last night some fellows came up to see me. I was studying mathematics, it's like arithmetic only different, and they asked me to come down and talk with them. It looked secret like and you know they had fraternities here. Gee, them fellows are nice to me. I of at one place one day and I'm going to a party. Wednesday, it's a smoker but I won't smoke. And then when I came down they clipped my hair too. But it's an honor to have your hair clipped here at school. The other fellows call this the fall clip of wool, I don't know how it is but it happens like this every year. One fellow told me. Some of my studies are pretty hard, I don't study them much because I have got to keep writing for that English professor. I'll send all I write home to you pretty soon to read to Pa.

Your loving son,

WILLIAM JONES.

Missoula, Montana, October 1st, 1910.

Dear Ma and Pa:

I must write you today to tell you something. Last night I joined a fraternity. They have two kinds here, honor fraternities and the kind what lives in houses. Well, I've joined the Freshman honor fraternity, what only the best Freshman belong to. The old fellows and the professors gave us a smoker. Say, you don't have to smoke at things at all if you don't want to, and we had a fine time. It was in the top of a bank building called the Missoula Club. Well, I just knew some fellows wanted to talk to me all night and sure enough they did. We went in a dark corner and one told me about it and another pinned on the pledge pin, they call it. It's the thing what pins you to it. They pinned it onto me and told me not to tell anybody else about it but I figure I can tell you about it. It's the Black Fryers, an old society and the Sophomores, not Sophomores any more don't belong, and you pay fifty cents to join and maybe more later. Some faculty man is president, and its a fine thing to belong to. You ought to be proud of me today. Its nice to know your the leading freshman. And then Thursday morning the Sophomores got so sore at us for clipping their hair that they waited us on the campus, that's the green place you know what goes around the buildings at the varsity, but just when we had them licked the president came up and told us to quit, so I went off quick before he could see me. Some of the fellows want me to play football, and Pa maybe I can a little every night cause another fellow told me to write my papers for the English professor on Sundays. When you write why just tell me that I can play just a little and please send me a little check because you don't want your son to live like the Sophomores do, so Bill says.

Your loving son,

W. W. JONES.

Me and Bill hates the Sophomores.

W. W. J.
Editor's Note—The above group of pictures are printed only because of the insistent demands of our readers for sensational material. The pictures were collected with great difficulty and we take pleasure in presenting them to our readers. We will disclose no names. We wish to present "A Story Without Words." Just as interesting a plate as this will be published in the next issue.
Singing on the Steps

Hark! what gay notes hither wing
Across the circles dewy ring,
As Eve sits throned in the west
In her royal garments dressed.
College songs of spritely mirth
Seem to wake the drowsy earth:
Yells and jokes and laughter free
Float thru evening shades to me,
Now the clock in silver tone
Says, "Eight o'clock and day has flown."
Silence settles far and near
On tree and hill and campus dear.
Homeward now goes every one—
The Singing on the Steps is done.

Hi Jinx

There were some bad boys at the U
Who thought it a cute stunt to do,
They called it Hi Jinx
And with laughter and winks
They entertained folks not a few.
They dressed like the girls in the Prom,
And manfully sought to be calm,
But their feet were so big
They got mixed with their rig,
And often upset poor Madam.
They met as a suffragette club,
To give the poor coeds a rub,
But a silly, gray mouse,
Quite brot down the house,
And spoiled the effect of the dub.
They mocked their professors, Oh My!
Who looked on with faces awry,
And thought if they could
That they certainly would
A dozen young switches apply.
They sang and they cowered around
To music so dreadful in sound,
Some the back door did seek
And for more than a week
The boys dared scarcely be found.
But after the show, I have read,
They found half the audience dead;
Whether killed by the show
Or from laughing laid low
The coroner has not yet said.

The Annual Tug of War

Then up spake doughty Dornblaser,
"Ye Faith, we'll pull them thru,
Ye day ye Faithful wear ye green,
We'll make ye wear ye blue.
Ye day did come all bright and fair,
And at ye river's side,
Ye rope lay stretched across ye stream,
Which ice cold was and wide.

Now Marshall bold ye stalwart ones,
Doth gather in his hand,
Ye warriors who do love ye fight,
The best in all ye land.

Stout Dobson that a thick pinetree
Could tear up by ye roots,
And Cameron brave and Taylor bold
There stood in warlike suits.

But hark! A far across ye stream,
Ye sound of singing loud,
Ye valiant men do start to hear,
Dornblaser's warlike crowd,

Quoth then ye gallant Hansen dark
"By my best Sunday shoe
When ye sink in the icy depths
This bravado ye'll rue."

Ye men on either side ye stream
Did seize ye waiting rope,
They dug ye great heels in ye soil,
And pulled both in hope.

Now slowly toward ye river's edge
Did ye bold Freshmen come;
"Alas," quoeth Billy Vealey then,
"Alas, our race is run."

When Conrad in the water splashed,
The tears were in each eye,
For each upon the blithsome shore
Had a bonnie ladeye.

Dornblaser bound his woeful head
In cypress and in yew,
This the direful tale of those
Who got pulled thru the slough.
The Stranger Entereth the Gym

Among the campus trees I wandered lone,
When lo, I saw the glimmer of a light.
And heard wild shrieks more terrible by far
Than ever Freshman gave in terror dire
When Bold Soph scissors then his hair did slip.
I passed me to a doorway gleaming bright
Whence crimson light did splash the hideous dark
And horrid din did issue forth, and walls
And shock with horror sounds my listening ear.
They sounded like the hungry cruel waves
That dash their billows on some cliffy coast.
A keeper clothed in black stood sternly by
With many blood red tags of divers size
That like the flames of Hades crimson shone.
Or burnished hair of witty Irishman.
I drew my garment close about my form
And fearsome I approached the keeper dire.
Then with a sudden courage forward plunged
Resolved to solve the mystery of the Gym.

Canto I.

The Stranger Seeth the Beautiful Maidens

But 'ere I passed into the gleaming lights
I saw a sight that fixed me to the spot.
"What goddess here holds revel gay tonight,
Hath Juno from Olympus sauntered down?"
So quoth I and beheld the joyous sight
There danced about a pole with ribbons gay
A crowd of nymphs like forms in misty white,
Bedecked with garlands wrought of gaye flowers
Than ever topped a merry widow hat.
I feign would on the happy sight have gazed
Until the morning star had stained the sky
But from afar the sound of megaphones
Did smite mine ear with sound voluminous.

Canto II.

He Seeth the Shows

I hastened hither toward a shouting form
That told of wonders great within the door.

Canto III.

I crossed his hand with good denaria
And breathless walked into the darksome gloom.
Now toward the west a fearsome sight loomed high,—
A beast such as brave Jason saw me thinks
When first he sought the wondrous golden fleece—
His eyes glare fiery, great his shaggy head
His feet great clawed and large with blood
Of man bedied a brilliant red.
I fled in terror to another door
And ventured then again the show to try
I walked around a sheeted form alone,
But nothing saw nor heard within the room
Left then I that: "Alas, alas for me!
What lemon have I now for my good gold."

Canto IV.

A whirlwind seemed to compass me about
Such as e'er Simian desert sweepeth hot,
And hurleth in the weary traveler's face
The burning sands from off the desert's waste.
I could not see, far came there then alas
A thousand stinging blasts upon my cheek
Thrown by the mecking imps that grouped about.
Did call for more confetti from a shape
That sold it by the sackful for good gold.
I hid my eyes and dashed into the night
The stars shone coldly on the sleeping earth.
The dreary wind swept thru the campus trees,
The din still rushing into the smoky air
Like shouts from bleachers at a game of ball,
I drew my cloak then close about my form
And shuddering passed out thru the eastern gate.
—Florence DeRyke.
As a rule there is only about one thing to mar the joy of college days and nights and early mornings. That is the coy-eds. Honestly I used to sit up until long after bed-time every little while trying to figure out some real reason for coy-eds. For at old Kibosh they would treat a fellow the way they should all year, make him think he was the only Speer on the campus and then when Track Meet would come, a stude might be a cipher message on an early Assyrian brick and stand a far better chance of being seen by a coy-ed at Track Meet. In May a coy-ed’s fancy lightly runs to pink sox, turned up hats and High School Rah rah boys. This atrocity comes down every year before their own meet to take in the Triangular and the girls get busy at once. Even now Tubby is walking around the campus with that pink-soxed, turned-up-hat curiosity. We only wonder if the same outfit was worn last year!

Now don’t understand me to say that there isn't anything like this among the fellows, bless you No! Their failing is the little “Declam” girls. Why just now I saw Milton Hasten fussing a sweet young thing in hair ribbons and innocent smiles. Hasten with his reassuring face and his sophisticated manner casually remarked, “I’m a Sig Muckeye. Won’t you wear my pin?” When Hasten smiles that way who could refuse him? Not Miss Declamatory surely. She murmured: “That’s my brother’s frat. I’d love to.”

Just to show the fussability of men, not ten minutes later I saw the same “faire laydie” with Sleve Raredone. He would look up at the femme from under the brim of his derby and then quickly and shyly let his eyes drop. But he wouldn’t do the talking. It was up to the girl.

“What frat are you?” she asked.

“I ought to know”, he answered blandly.

“If you don’t who does,” she replied. But anyway it was “her Brother’s frat” and she got the pin.

Well it is this way every spring except at Triangular. There the girls have absolutely nothing to do except to sit on the bleachers and in a squeaky voice yell for Jimmy. Everything there is men. But this year we were all sitting up nights seething and we seethed all day. We had the men all right but we didn’t have a man for the high jump. We had it figured out to win the meet if we could only get first in the high jump. Of course there was Miley Rulerstick, but he was the distance man, in more ways than one. However we were counting on him for the high jump. At least he could step over the thing and it was our last hope. But imagine our state when we found the two events were to occur about the same time and he couldn’t do both at once, so there we were stranded, and old Kibosh’s glory likely to go down in defeat.

That morning we had a meeting in the Yaphard office in the gym. Coach Skary was there with his head down between his knees and he said he didn’t care—we could knock up no way to beat the Naggies and the Minors.

Still straining his mental powers Skary started across to the Van Buren bridge when he ran into Herman Smileyson. Now Herman is a nice lady-like boy, who carries his books in a sack, rides a bike, pounds the ivories, and runs to green suits and smiles, but never to track or in when I saw the same “faire laydie” with Sleve Raredone. He would look up at the femme from under the brim of his derby and then quickly and shyly let his eyes drop. But he wouldn’t do the talking. It was up to the girl.

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track. He and Bob walked quietly along together for some time but mid-way down the walk they saw a mad bull come tearing across the field from Chesnuts. Skary crawled under the walk but Herman carefully laid his bike and his book sack down, dusted off his green peg tops and then started to run. And Lordy! how he ran with the bull a near second! The fence at the baseball park was in the way. Smileyson knew his one best bet was to jump; so up he soared as if shot from a sling shot and cleared the fence by a perfectly good neck leaving the bull behind feeling furious and Bob Skary glorious. If Smileyson could do that for a bull he could do the same for old Kibosh!

In the afternoon of the Triangular the whole college and a lot more were out to see Kibosh get the championship. Everything was at high pitch, even the yells. Smileyson was in a track suit, (had been tempted by Coach Skary by the prospects of getting in the picture with the regular team) and he looked as if the only thing he needed was a rose in his hair to complete the outfit. Everything depended now on the high jump and Bob was devoting his time to his man. The meet wore on during the afternoon, first old Kibosh a couple of points ahead, then the Naggies would nab a first and shoot ahead a trifle, but we were neck and neck. At last it reached the point where all depended on the result of the high jump. The Minors had only twenty points and were out of the running, but the Naggies had fifty-two and we had only fifty even! Bob coaxed Herman out and started him to try jumping. Just as he started his run, to make it more realistic, Skary shouted, "The Bull! Look out!"

At that same instant, some Glee Club Torturer (newly returned from a trip of some sort (??) ) began to sing, "Tie it outside." Then it was that Smileyson turned his back square on the high jump and made a run for the pole vault standards. Our hearts stopped and our spirits were downed. But Smiley ran as if the bull were there and up he went and over the standards with the same nick to spare.

The crowd went wild. They yelled for "Birdy" Smileyson. It was easy! It was ours!! We had put the proper "kibosh" on the Minors and the Naggies!! Just as we grabbed the long sought championship the Woesman band down in front, with much "tooting and much blowing of horns" started up a bully rag, and to the tune of "Who Let the Cows Out." Kibosh was hailed Champions of the Great Triangular.

**MEDITATIONS**

Years after I received my degree—
I came back here, the changes to see,
I walked around the campus green,
And thought of other sights I'd seen;
For, strange as it may seem to you,
Boys fuss just like they used to do.
In classes too, 'tis just the same,
It still is just a little game
That's played by profs and studes alike,
This game of bluff when you're not all right.
And at the Hall it is a fright,
The girls still "cut" most every night,
So after all the joke's on me
There isn't any change to see!

*An Observer.*
"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the tongue of him that makes it."

—Jakesper.

Foreword

THE ROAST appears for the first time today. It is like all other similar roasts in that it must start like them, in all other particulars it is different. It has endeavored to roast everything, also everybody, in every conceivable manner. If your name does not appear either see the editor or write him, preferably the latter, for others whose names do appear have probably already seen him. He will try to have consultations within a few weeks. If there is something you do not like in the Roast, get a pair of specs and read carefully the quotation above, it is taken from "Love's Labor Lost." If your name appears prominently within these pages, it is because your popularity has placed it there; if not, consider yourself fortunate. As you will notice we have not run a calendar; we do not expect to have need for it after this issue. With this foreword, we'll throw in the clutche, and "let 'er slide."

Frapped Fussing

THERE ARE WAYS to fuss and there are other ways. There is the case where the girl does the fussing and then at times the boy does it. We employ every method here on the campus and most all of the methods have proved successful. The girls vie with each other for Sunday afternoon walks and week night sneaks—while the boys—we are not sure what the boys do. One thing is certain, however, and that is that the indoor baseball games were very popular last winter. Did you notice how many boys took girls? Oh! the admission? That was a small matter!

But fussing in the dorm is always at its height with the doors all closed between the parlors. Sometimes "hermetically sealed," as our dean calls it, and one morning it was found a girl had lost the pin out of the back of her Dutch collar, for the pin was found on the davenport!

Since Spring began quite the fashion it is to cut class and spend the time on the bleachers. The bleachers are also kept quite busy at night. Spoonsy Rock this spring has gone out of style, and library evenings is the latest. Does the Roast advocate fussing? Well, to answer, we say that fussing is an awful news-getter, and we are always glad to feature a movement so popular among our readers.

College Spirits

THERE are a great many kinds of spirits, and even right here on our campus there are spirits and spirit, but we shall mention only two kinds. The first is an old stale kind, which is all very well but there isn't enough, we need more. Of course when we get an appropriation, we cut classes and have a dance and yell a little bit. When we get a law school we have a bonfire and another little yell. And when the appropriation bill is cut we toll the bell and mourn, and smother a little yell. Then, too, at track meet the girls get up in the bleachers and when old Montana comes in ahead we have another high-pitched wobbly little yell. Once in a while we gather on the steps of old Main Hall, and sing a few songs that are—shall we say ancient, or simply antiquated? This is all very well, but we want more spirit!!!

We want the second kind that comes in big doses, that permeates the entire "student body" (excuse this expression, we realize it's old, but take consolation only in the fact that some things, like spirits, improve with age) that makes us tingle and feel great. That kind comes in an altogether, regular tug-of-war heave ho, pull that brings to us whatever we want. Hail to the heave ho refrain that never fails:

Where ever; what ever;
Who ever; when ever;
Let us yell; now or never;
Montana for ever!!

Now we shall speak of a spiritual spirit that Montana should have. Where is that spirit that should haunt each building, each great doorway, each uncanny nook, that takes everything that disappears, and is responsible for everything that goes right or wrong? Some of our neighboring schools take pride in their spirit, their "ghost", for it is a most convenient thing to have lying about and yet always invisible. When something disappears or goes wrong, their ghost did it. When fuzzers got in early, the ghost scared them! We can easily see how beautifully such a ghost works. Of course you are right when you say it is merely a tradition, and you would hit it correctly. Traditions we need, and such a tradition we should have. Think of it spiritually—then dream about it—then adopt it.

Prohibition

SOME ONE asked us the other day if we were prohibitionists.

We replied that—anyway, we replied—our answer is not important. The fact remains that some things should be prohibited, if not by law at least by common offense. Among these we mention studies walking across the grass. Of course many do this to get the effect of the two shades of green, but we seriously entreat them to walk on the walks, which shows them up much better by contract. Then there are foolish studies who sing Casey Jones on all occasions, and cog-eds who watch the track boys practice (it fusses some of the Freshies), and also Sigma Nus who insist upon getting the measles. If you must be sick stick to the mumps or spring fever. It is hard to say which is the most deadly of these evils but we think a canvas would show the former some votes ahead of the politics used on the campus.
"Hello, Reddy?"

There are at present three shades of red hair,—
red, redder and auburn. The last named is the only
genuine shade, all others are imitations resulting from
a switch from herpicide to peroxide. But there is a reason;
the herpicide supply has been cornered for years by—but
I'm afraid we're rambling. However, true, glossy, wavy,
silky, shiny auburn hair is rare, and the congenial, enter-
prising and bustling editor of our flourishing editorial
organ values his crop as a most serviceable asset. And
he has the usual accompaniments too,—flashy eyes, the
engaging manner, the "acquiring" habit, and an un-
squelchable ambition to,—oh to enjoy college life.

When he started in at college he had the flashing eyes
and the unsquelchable ambition, but during his Sopho-
more career he adopted the "acquiring" habit. This is
how it started. He decided he ought to be class presi-
dent. He got it, and in fact, liked it so well he kept
it for three years. About a year ago he took a "snap
course" in Advanced Comp and acquired a taste for jour-
nalism; he now hibernates in the Kaimin office and ex-
punges his journalistic inspirations in editorials.

He has his hobbies too,—yes, two—automobilizing and
fussing: as pastimes, he tries to help the seniors realize
their real importance, and endeavors to teach the fresh-
men their first duties, but we have doubtless forgotten
about the upperclassmen's court, likewise the senior vigi-
lante committee; indeed it is only when we hear some
Freshman hum that half forgotten strain, "Oh, we are
the Jolly Black Friars," that we pause to think of those
"dear old days of long ago," when baby pins were still
in demand,—at fifty cents a piece.

Yes, "Mack," for that is short for McCullough, glori-
ies in his auburn locks, and they are striking, no mat-
ter where we see them,—in the librarian's reception
parlor, in the museum, or in the Dorm parlors, particu-
larly the last. They stand for McCullough. They
also stand for more active college life and for farrar—I
mean fairer—fussing. And that reminds me, did you
ever hear the story about "Hello, Reddy?" No? Well,
ask Massey.

Our Musical Punster

The casual and unenlightened observer might think
that Fay Kent is a chorus girl, or a nature Fay Ker,
but she isn't. She is,—well, she is Fay Kent. Every-
body knows Fay. She is the tall blond girl,—no, the other
one, not the slender one—who always wears the smile
that won't come off. That's the way everybody does;
they see her then they notice her smile.

Like all other residents of the Hall, Fay is extremely
regular in her habits. She always retires early, whether
it be in the evening or in the morning, and she either eats
breakfast or she does not. When she does eat break-
fast, she always eats the same thing—also like other
residents.
If anyone cracks a joke, Fay is the first to get the point and the last to let go of it. Usually, however, no one else gets a chance to crack jokes, for if there are any lying around loose, she pounces on them and cracks them before she has time to think—a circumstance which is often indicated by the joke. Like most other geniuses she has hobbies, but she has one, in particular before which the others pale into insignificance. That hobby is making puns, puns of all descriptions, good, bad, and worse—in fact, she is the original punster from Punville. But let us go on and (s)leave this alone. (Remember the proper gesture.)

Her other hobbies? You ask, "Is she musical?"
Oh, yes, she plays on the violin and at the piano; that is, she plays on the violin when the spirit or sufficient inducement moves her, and at the piano when no one can prevent it. Her favorite song is "Daffy dils," and her most characteristic instrumental selection is the "Fussy Ray."

The State of Montana is Fay's native state, the free spirit of Montana is her spirit, and work in the U. of M. is here present occupation. But she hasn't been here always, no indeed! Once she went to the University of Minnesota, but she came back. Her most important acquisition at Minnesota was a Swede version of "Miles Standish Bane Havin' a Courtship," with which she still favors selected audiences at irregular intervals.

Once in her early youth Fay ventured upon a stage career, and vented her dramatic talents upon an innocent and unsuspecting public. She was starred in the role of Santa Claus, a part in which she made a howling (?) and uproarious success. Satisfied with this demonstration of her genius, she has since reserved her talents for private performances.

Perhaps she is most noted for the facility with which she transfers her affections. If she were older, she might be of the "College Widow" type, but as it is, she—well, as we said before,—she is Fay Kent.

"What's in a Name"

WAT’S in a name? Here at Montana we have a Whisler, a Baker, a Taylor, a Sawyer, and all kinds of Smiths; you'll find a Book, and a couple of Thiemes; we have a Stone, a Hill and Knowles, and once had Dusty Rhodes, that is, until an enterprising street commissioner—cleaned—but now, we've got Small, so,—as I said, what's in a name?

But now, I should expand. Let me not introduce merely Small, but Spencer Walter Small, president of the Class of Nineteen Fourteen, who hails from Butte, Montana, that largest and most enterprising city in the state. Butte has the largest high school enrollment in the state also, but that was no impediment to Spencer Walter when he once started debating. He simply started; there was no ending, he kept on debating. He tossed aside his opponents with ease, took a couple of schoolmates, came down to the Varsity last spring, and took back with him to Butte, Montana, the State Championship in Debating, also some scholarships! He showed his gratitude, however, by coming to stay with us a few years.

When the Freshmen wanted a president there were several aspirants, then there was a little debating, and lo! there issued forth President Spencer Walter Small. As somebody once said, "There's a powerful lot of persuasiveness in debating," but that's off the subject. Others looked about and gasped, and some are still gasping occasionally.

Next some energetic Sophs though best to subject their youthful brethren to an earthly plane of existence, but gave external instead of internal treatment, using clippers instead of slippers (due no doubt to spelling, for the Correct English class had not as yet commenced its infantile toil). Side clips, (not side burns) became the fashion, and President Spencer Walter Small one evening obliquingly left his Math four minutes and a half to acquire the latest fashion, then hurried back to his Math, for time is valuable and four and a half minutes is too much to waste on a paltry sophomore.  

A president should set the example; the class should follow. For those who are skeptical, let me suggest that a few minutes debate alone should suffice to convince them of their error. President Small was and is president; he therefore wore the first white Freshman cap, which by the way, was a splendid fit. The members of the class hastened to follow his example. One in his eagerness bought as many as fifteen, probably due to debatative persuasiveness, and then in a fit of remorse,

"Stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clock was striking the hour,
And when no one was approaching,—
Lost fourteen—"

"There issued forth President Spencer Walter Small"
Hon. J. B. Mitchell, of the class of fourteen, has at last displayed his natural talents. As chief high mogul of the peanut stand during track meet, with his engaging smile and hat also, he created one of the sensations of the meet. The freshman class are reserving him for next carnival time.

It was Mr. Ryan, Senior President, who remarked last fall that the trees might just as well be cut down as they were going to leave in the spring anyhow. He neglected to mention that their trunks should have been held for board.

It is rumored that Dud Richards, who is majoring in geology, is contemplating entering a theatrical career, having received offers to play in "Misdemeanors of Nancy," and also in "East Lynne." Just when he will commence is not yet definitely known.

Alice Mathewson appears every morning with her arms full of books and triangles and rules. She is a math shark and is proud of it. Do those books contain all she knows or all she doesn't know? is a question often propounded.

Doc Underwood, who teaches over at the library, has three hobbies, taxation, woman's suffrage, and farming. Do you see the connection.

Prof. Eldred was an enthusiast cyclist until he saw the flying machine at the fair last fall. He hasn't got his model completed yet but is making a special study of butterflies this summer in hopes of improving his ideas.

We know who made woman, but who made her hat? This is an interesting problem for Anthropology. We hesitate to name the proper department to solve this interesting problem.

Many of the students find a pleasant pastime in taking in the ten cent shows. Some say the pictures recall fond memories; others say that the man who sings the songs, does likewise.

"A Curious Mishap," the late university production, developed several theatrical stars. Much suffering has been experienced since by several members of the student body.

Herbert H. Kuphal, one of the prominent members of the Freshman Class, is quite a practical architect. He is engaged this spring in field work, and also has designs on the dormitory.

Wm. Bennett, as manager of the Varsity Track team, upheld Montana's social position at the Pullman reception. We were able to bring him back with us however.

The 1911 season in frat pins shows little changes. During the past week the demand shows a slight acceleration, several new pins appearing at the dormitory. No serious consequences have been reported.

Nobody thought anything about Earl Speer's first visit to the infirmary, but when he spent a second week there we remembered the close proximity of the hospital to the dormitory.

Mr. Sylvester Spencer's reputation as an orator rests chiefly on a lengthy and weighty speech made in Convocation on receiving the Interclass Trophy, the gist of which was "much obliged."

When very young Miss Carolina Wharton learned to play "Sweet Irene." In later years she learned "Cuddle Up a Little Closer." With her voice and talent for music, a great future is predicted for her.

Rose Leopold is contemplating taking up a long course in forestry, as her short course proved successful. Edith Steele has had such splendid success with her long course that all the girls are becoming interested.

Donovan Worden, the great apostle of peace, plays the violin, which doesn't make for any peace in his neighborhood—just ask the cats.

It is rumored that Dornblazer, who played a solo part in the football band, is to organize a brass band and is to manipulate his own trombone.

Inquiry has been made as to whether the pictures shown at the Junior Convocation were poses or snapshot.

Miss Hazel Murphy while in college was a victim of Wanderlust. She made several moves but finally landed on top.

Cornelia McFarlane was one of the stars in the annual play. She also enjoys playing neath the stars—but she has neglected to take astronomy.

Professor Rowe, or "Doc," as he is known to all the students, always wears a soft black fedora hat. It is said that this is recommended by the Herpicide people.

Charles Eggleston, the artist, fully intended to be a pirate, but a cruel fate landed him in a school of design and made him an illustrator.

Professor Reynolds hasn't refused to give a consultation this year—before that he never gave any.

Miss Steward has three fads: Parlor talks, pink teas, and mountain walks.

J. B. Speer, Secretary to the President, not only looks but dresses the part.

Killing time is an easy way of becoming a dead one.
SENSE AND NONSENSE

On Main Hall Steps

I met her in the early fall,
Upon the steps of Old Main Hall,
I acted like a clown—
But she alas, came right on up,
She did not even deign to stop,

up and coming was
she was going

For

Two months have quickly passed us by,
Have quickly passed my love and I
At last I've lost my frown—
Now when I meet her on the stairs,
She does not put on haughty airs,

For now we go
down.

Public Hi Jinks

(With apologies to the Public Hygiene Class.)

I.
The Doctors come from over town,
And try to talk to us—
They use such words, I've never heard,
They make an awful fuss.

II.
I sit up straight and look so wise,
It really is a joke,
But when they tell how sick I am,
I feel it's time to croak.

III.
One tells me the most awful things,
About ourselves and him,
And now if all those things are true,
No wonder I'm so thin.

IV.
I really do, I try my best,
To get all that is said,
But there's a million "pains" and "germs,"
Get mixed up in my head.

V.
Of all the little bugs and things,
They tell us all about,
I like the ones that live on plants,
And pears and Sauerkraut.

VI.
They are so cute and small and cunning,
But they are awful sly,
Sometimes they make us dreadful sick,
And sometimes make us die.

VII.
But I will cut and sluff along,
And then smile on the Prof,
For I just bet that test will beat
The germs to kill us off.

Library Science

Why is it the dorm girls all
Dig so hard most every night?
The way they flock to the library
Really gives me quite a fright.

Yes, Miss Stewart, I must study,
But I haven't got the "books."
So off the coy-ed flutters,
With a few shy backward looks.

She goes right to the library,
But to stop is not her plan,
She don't want to seek for knowledge
For she's going to meet a man.

After this there is a joy-ride,
Or perhaps a picture show,
But as long as she's in by half past nine,
The dean will never know.

When next day the coy-ed's lessons
Are poor, what can it mean?
For she studied at the Library,
I'm sure for I asked the Dean.
**My Mind**

My mind is like the restless bird,—
So says a certain text,
That sits an instant on one tree,
Then flutters to the next.

I often wondered on exams,
Why my mind was so slow,
It has perplexed me many an hour,
But now the facts I know.

For since my mind is like a bird,
A flitting, moving thing,
Why at examination time
My well known thoughts take wing!

But oft this birdlike quality,
Proves not within the rule,
For on somethings—say German verbs,
My mind acts like a mule.

Editor’s note:—The author wishes to offer apologies to the Psychology I class.

**The Midnight Oil**

The midnight oil is burning.
Just before Commencement Day,
A pallid female wearily
And slowly works away,
What? writing essays?
No, you’d better have another guess,
It is the woman finishing,
The sweet girl graduate’s dress.

**Last Night I Dreamed**

Last night I dreamed, mine own sweet heart,
That you were at my side,
That not a thing had entered in,
Our spirits to divide.

I dreamed of all those happy days,
That we together spent.
Of all that wondrous olden time,
Before my heart was rent.

And I forgot that other one
Who stole your love away,
That other younger fairer one,
Who stopped my joyful lay.

Last night from dreams, mine own sweet heart,
I woke in tears and knew,
Our souls apart, your fancy flown,
That I’d been stung by you!

---

*He’s Spotted*
Who's Who and Why

(Continued from page 12)

Mr. Small, I mean President Small, is most affable to meet as an acquaintance, but most formidable as an opponent, particularly from behind that bulwark of general debatative persuasiveness. And remember, President Small is the president of the largest class in the varsity, and his duties are onerous. He will shortly become an upper classman, in fact about War Dance time, but the dreadful overshadowing thought still pursues me—next fall he will be but a mere sophomore! There is one way out however; some more general debatative persuasiveness.

A Book Review

Practical Mineralogy, by J. P. Rowe.

This popular text book, which appeared recently has been prepared especially for the use of the students of the University of Montana. It is not intended primarily as a reference book, but the author feels that the excellent elucidation of the subject matter and the clearness and simplicity of the language used would materially aid in sharpening the wits of those people whose duties are similar to that of the clerks in the dead letter office whose function it is to determine in what part of the United States J. Smith resides. It is certain that to anyone who has completely mastered this whom the foregoing problem would be too simple for consideration.

The author has not found time to thoroughly arrange the book, and the student may still find places in which the subjects follow each other naturally and undisturbed. However the second edition will make it impossible for the student to study a lesson without studying at least one more in advance. The novelty of this system in getting twice as much work as ordinarily out of students marks it as one of the most brilliant methods yet advanced for arranging a text book. In case the student encounters any chapters which he can not master readily, the author has referred him to the Encyclopedia Britannica, in which much of the book will be found in facsimile. The author has asserted that he will answer no questions whatever.

—A Sufferer.
Why Spend an Hour in the Barber’s Chair?

WHEN YOU CAN GET A HAIR CUT ANYWHERE, ANY TIME, ON THE CAMPUS

YOU @ YOUR LOVING WAYS

(Continued from Page 3)

‘Kiddo,’ and wear it for a bracelet,” and the speaker laughed in wicked glee.

Campus looked at Grass and they both smothered a laugh. “That, Grass, is one of the most alarming cases, but it can’t last much longer. You know they had a quarrel oh, quite a while ago, and he had to give her picture back.”

“Oh, oh, Campus! What was that blinding flash right in my face! What! a diamond! No, no, but there it is. Oh, isn’t it a dear! I never thought it would so soon. You know I feel responsible too, for they started right here three years ago. But he’s a fine tall handsome fellow, and she was going to leave us soon. Well, here’s best wishes.

That other girl isn’t wearing hers yet, that other girl that is going to leave us soon, but maybe she’ll wait until Commencement. He’s such a splendid fellow but I don’t see him often only when he comes now and then on a flying trip. He never even asked me to help him either.”

“Do I recognize that voice, Grass? Indeed I do! It’s rather dark and I can’t see very well, but I know her too well to mistake her. She’s the merry widow of the college. Long ago I gave up the fruitless task of trying to keep my eyes on her.

“No, she is too far advanced for me. She did not even take her preliminary work with me. In fact, I think she must have had a very skillful teacher before coming to us.

“Yes, even the football hero went down before the tackle. He tried hard for a touchdown but she simply wouldn’t let him make it.”

“Did you say sleepy, Grass? Well, you’re not accustomed to the hours I keep and the work I do. Why, I’m just waking up.”

“Stop, oh, don’t right under the light! ! !” Campus smiled happily.

“Good night, Grass, I fear this is going to be an all night session, for me, but oh, how I love it!”

(Continued in our next issue)
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Otherwise

No Cases
Have you heard the suite voices in the Dormitory?
Dorm Girl (while same one plays Casey Jones) "You know, we have two factions here in the Dorm, Casey and Anti-Casey."

Miss Stewart:—"I’m surprised! I didn’t think any Dorm girl was ever Anti-Casey."

Mixed Psychology
Dr. Book (In Psychology Class), "You can find a good description of the eye in Miss Calkin’s Appendix."

Rather Warm
Junior Sleigh Ride: Many were cold but few were frozen.

Monotonous
As it Seems in Art Class: "The pictures come, the pictures go, but we stay forever."

Division of Labor
Doc Underwood: "Adam chased away the animals while Eve did the other domestic work."

Wayne, I: "Adam didn’t do a very good job with the snakes, did he?"

Which?
Louise Smith: (Appreciation of Art) The trees in this picture look rather—Dobby!

Oh! Mary!!
Prof. Stoutemeyer (In English History) "A book was produced in B—against which all the preachers talked from their pulpits, telling the people not to read it. By evening next day every copy in town was sold and a new edition ordered."

Mary Shull: "What was the name of the book, please?"

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<td>135 Why I am in Favor of Woman’s Suffrage</td>
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<td>231 When we shall have Woman’s Suffrage</td>
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<td>232 Result of Woman’s Suffrage</td>
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<td>233 Remedies, or first aid to the injured</td>
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PHONES 83 BELL
1910

April 20  1912 Sentinel commences its labors.

21 Interclass track meet won by Juniors. The Seniors also ran.
Mrs. Whitaker returns from California.
ZX smoker for officers of Fort Missoula.

22 Annual play, “La Malade Imaginaire.” Everybody eats candied apples.

23 “Peanuts” is sick. The Dorm stays at home.

26 La Malade Imaginaire cast banquet Doctor Reynolds.
1912 Sentinel Editors chosen.

27 Final number of lecture, course, Laurant the Magician. Whence the little white rabbit?
Dana, in A. S. U. M. meeting, “I just feel like Henry the Eighth.”

28 And lo! as the clock struck eleven, there appeared myriads of pajama clad figures. Robed in their garments of night, they drew nigh to the May Pole. The blast of the trumpet sounded, and they went on their way rejoicing. And the girls “beat it out on the balcony.”

That “Aggie” band in the parade on wheels. Dusty lost his head as usual. The coy Miss Eggleston made a hit with the faculty.

30 The morning after. Dorm girls hold picnics.
May  2  Miss Stoner visits B Φ chapter of K. K. G.


4  Class handicap meet, and track team chosen. Close race between Taylor and Cameron, in the half, result, a tie.

5  Singing on the steps, introducing "Who howls tonight?"

6  State oratorical contest. Bullerdick "runs away" with first honors and gold medal. The bell rings.

7  ZN picnic up Rattlesnake. Everybody finally got home. B. S. club held first meeting at the rapids. (?)

9  Clarkia spread for Senior girls. 
Z T G box party to see Otis Skinner.

10  Z T G tea for D G inspectors, at home of Mrs. Tyler Thompson.

11  First Triangular Track meet held on Montana field. WE howl tonight. Bell rings again, also the serpentine was marched. War dance "howling" success. "Doc" forgot his wig. ZX annual banquet at Savoy.

12  Interscholastic track meet opens. Boys declamatory contest.

13  Some more track meet, finals ran. Jolly up at Harnois Theatre. ZX quartette "Stole away."

14  Athletes wend their way wearily homewards.
Dorm girls have some more picnics. "Oh, those wood-ticks."
May 15  “Sunshine club” convenes in Hell gate canyon.

16  “Sunshine club” assembles on Library steps.

17  Special meeting of “Sunshine club” on Spoony Rock.

18  Annual election A. S. U. M.
    The comet came, but the world rolled on  Who stayed up to see the comet?  Ryan re-elected track captain for 1911.  Bullerdick leaves for Eugene.

19  Coach “Boston” Dana resigns.

20  Engineer’s smoker at Professor Richter’s.

21  Comet in the west eclipse of moon in the East.  How can Dorm girls watch both at once?
    Dorm girls have another picnic.

24  Sororities withdraw from Pan Hellenic council.

25  Doctor Cox leaves for Philippines.  Freshmen Chem class sigh heavily.
    Z N banquet their Seniors.

28  Dorm girls have another picnic.

30  Memorial Day.  Picnics up Hellgate and Rattlesnake.
June 1 Assembly in charge of Seniors. Boosters meeting. Most all the Seniors talked.

3 Instruction ends. Junior prom.—the famous comet dance in style. Also moon dances are popular.

5 Baccalaureate sermon.

7 Class Day "1910" illuminates the clock. Re-presentation of La Malade Imaginaire.

8 Alumni Day. Faculty-Senior vs. Undergraduate basketball game. Score 23 to 13, favor of "Undergraduates." "Slide, Togo, slide!" Dusty makes a home run (slide?)

9. Commencement exercises. University luncheon. Also "packing up" day. President's reception.

10 Summer vacation commences. "Bood bye, dear old Missoula town."
September 13 Instruction begins. Freshmen arrive.
New student's reception. (Cheer up, Freshies, it isn't always so slow as this.)

14 Old students commence to arrive.

15 1910 Memorial bench set up at Entrance Gate. Freshmen try it out.

16 Proclamation issued forbidding freshmen to sit on Memorial bench. Dr. Duniway entertains the faculty.

20 Sophomore tonsorial artists commence work on freshmen. Freshmen audaciously plan to meet, but——.

21 They meet, but what? Jack Johnson (alias Wayne), knocks out Russell in the first round. Freshmen elect officers and assume heavy burdens of self government. (Sarcasm.)


22 1913 Class election. Freshmen warned.

23 Old Girls entertain "New" girls at Woman's Hall.

23 Men's smoker in honor of new students at Missoula Club.

Organization of Black Friars at———. Freshmen puzzle: How many half dollars does it take to feed the upper classmen?

24 Kappa Alpha Theta House party at Bonner.
Sigma Chi Theatre party.

26 Iota Nus migrate.

27 Freshmen cap day. Bill sinks his money in caps. Slim Maclay elected president of engineers.

Sigma Nu smoker.

30 Sigma Chi dance.
October 1 Faculty "sports", S. W. B, and U, R, T, and S inspect the fort.
Kappa Alpha Theta initiation at Knowles.
New Montana song.

3 Norman Hackett speaks to students on Shakespearian Haunts.

4 First meeting of Science Association.

5 Sigma Nu entertain.

7 School of Mines defeated, 8 to 0, on Montana Field.
Reception to visiting team.
The serpentine, the bell and the smile.

8 Sigma Chi entertain Butte girls and vice versa.

12 Columbus Day. Nothing doing.

13 "Willie Emmett chosen to lead seniors in wisdom and council."

14 "Doc" Reynolds opens up office for Freshmen. Consultations at all
hours. Come early and avoid the rush.
October 17  "Boost for the amendment!" is the slogan.


21  Varsity plays 0 to 0 game with Aggies at Bozeman.
    McCowan: "Somebody please start a song or say something."

24  Sigma Nu banquet.  McCowan resigns editor-in-chief of Kaimin, and
    Stone appointed.

25  Fraternities pledge.

27  Engineer's hold annual election.

28  Freshmen dance. "Dicky" drew Miss Walker for circle two-step.

29  Sororities pledge.

31  Amendment fever takes Millard to court.
    Haroldi under auspices of A. S. U. M.
    Manager Thompson, "If we had had a larger audience, why——"
November  2  U. of M. vs. Utah Aggies, Score 3—5 in favor of Utah.
4  Maude Ballington Booth in lecture course.
5  Football game with Gonzaga College at Spokane.  17 to 5 in favor of Gonzaga.
8  Election Day.  We won the amendment but didn’t know it.  “Say mister, please vote for the amendment.”
9  Dr. Duniway departs for Washington.  Freshies at mercy of Sophs.
12  School of Mines game at Butte.  Score 3 to 0 in favor of Montana.
   Beat them on their own field!
   Co-ed. prom.  “Move rapidly, boys, but don’t shake the ladder.”
   Who’s overcoat is that?”
14  Hare and hound chase, with a little marathon mixed in.
15  Dr. Reynolds sees Madame X.  “It was so elevating!”
   “Lost between Dr. Book’s residence and Library a black four in hand tie.  Finder please return to Prof. Aber.”
16  Candy sale for benefit of infirmary.
17  Dornblaser rejects Chicago invitation.
23  Thanksgiving vacation begins.
   Monster rally on cars.  Perennial freshman: “Who saw my "M" on the mountain.”
24  Thanksgiving Day.
   Game with Aggies, Score 10 to 0.  Varsity wins the Championship.
   Dance in gym.
25  Iota Nu dear (we mean deer) dinner for Sigma Tau Gamma dorm girls.
26  Dorm girls entertain at fudge and dancing.
27  Kessler returns from ”Chermany.”  “The university is still here.”
28  Who got caught on the street car.  Snow!
29  Slush!
30  Philharmonic concert.  Jolly up in Convocation Hall.
   First hymn by Freshmen choir.
   McCowan, “Yes, we will kill one bird with two stones.”
   Cafeteria dinner in Main Hall
December 3  Kappa Alpha Theta entertain at a reception in honor of Miss Meissner.

6  Glee Club Organized.

8  George Daniel cuts a class.
    Governor Norris' Christmas gift to University.

9  Kappa Kappa Gamma reception.
    Wayne takes a nap in history.

10  Skating begins.

11  Gladine goes skating.

12  Hubert goes skating.

13  They meet.

14  Fred Thieme appointed manager 1911 Football team.
    Lunch in Main Hall for infirmary.
    Sigma Tau Gamma Christmas tree at Mrs. Chas. Farmer's.

15  Hi Jinx.
    The "pretty" girls, Eggleston, Beard and Bishop.

16  Ellen Terry on lecture course.

17  Central Grand Concert Company.
    Dorm breakfast at 4:00 A. M.

25  Merry Christmas.
January  3  Happy New Year!
   Faculty appear.

4  A few students appear.

5  Law Library donated by Mrs. Dixon.
   Train late. Some more students.
   "Gee, I wish I was home again."

6  Basketball game with Portage. U. of M. team in role of enthusiastic
   spectators.

7  Dorm girls too slow for Cass' watch. No prunes!

8  Thermometer falls. Grand scramble for Dorm parlors.

9  New lockers for gym.
   Edith went to meet Helen. Helen didn't come.

10 "Pride goeth before a fall." Cass took a fall.
    Cass fell down in the gravy brown,
    And the tray came tumbling after.
    Freshman-Sophomore basketball game, 20 to 22.

11 A. S. U. M. bought new piano for gym.
    Faculty met and decided not to have a dance.

12 Executive committee and Faculty met (in mortal combat).
    Executive committee severely wounded.
    Hugh F. froze his musical ear.
    Junior-Senior Basketball game. Seniors 63, Juniors 9.

13 Students dance in Barber Marshall Hall. (A howling success.)
14 Kappa Alpha Theta entertain Sigma Tau Gamma informally.
16 End of semester approaches. “Sharks” being to “grind.”
18 Mrs. Duniway entertains Junior and Sophomore girls at tea. Forester Silcox addresses students in assembly.
19 Kaimin editors take vacation. Sophomore vs. Senior basketball game.
20 War started in the Dorm. Gladys plays “Casey” sixty-five times.
24 Miss Rankin addresses Clarkia in Women’s Rights Movement. Dornblaser converted.
Freshman class meeting: Treas. Vealey, (in report) “1 pr. clippers, $2.50.”
25 Isma looks dejected.
27 Miss Stewart returns from Europe. First semester ends. Iota Nu smoker for faculty men.
30 Entrance exams. Reports received. Twenty Freshmen have sore eyes.
February  1  Sigma Tau Gamma Initiation.

2  New course in hygiene.
   Senior-Freshman basketball game.
   Penetralia initiates.  Decorators at work.

3  Athletic ball.  They were all there.

4  Kappa Kappa Gamma initiation.

6  United Woolen and Gold Fleece Manufacturing Company calls Ernest
   Lovett away.
   Sophomore vs. Junior basketball.

8  First students convocation.  The Senior swing out.
   Professor Whipple lectured on "Frosts."

9  Sophomore vs. Freshman basketball.

10 Sigma Chi freshmen entertain.

11 Packard makes some fancy slashes.

13 Organization of Foreign Club.  Baron Kessler regretfully accepts
   presidency.

14 St. Valentine's Day.
   Miss Kawai speaks on "Japan."  Tea in honor of Miss Kawai at dorm.
16  Tag Day. Seniors win basketball series in final game.
18  Big rally and fire at Milwaukee depot. Hail! Hail! We got the Law School.
     Sigma Nu initiation.
20  Kappa Alpha Theta initiation.
21  Engineer's Club entertain Foresters at home of Professor Richter.
     Mr. Riley comes to town.
22  No school! Nine rahs for old George! Fay and Mr. Riley renew acquaintances.
23  Mr. Riley and Fay are seen together.
24  Earl Speer gets a "measly" notion. Also, John Taylor got the "swell head."
25  James Beryl Speer, registrar, has measles.
     Lansing Wells has mumps.
26  Holmes Maclay has measles.
     Victor Johnson has mumps.
27  Harry Sewell has measles.
     Miss Carolina Pack Wharton almost has measles.
28  Dan Conner has measles.
     Miss Caroline Pack Wharton almost has mumps.
     First meeting of the new Hawthorne.
March  1  After a week’s "vacation" (condensed to save space) Mr. Riley leaves
town.  
Senior convocation with startling disclosures.  
Sigma Chi initiation.

2  Annual reunion of Sunshine Club. The meeting was an especially en-
joyable one as all the members were unable to be present.  
German club organized.

3  "The Appropriation Bill passed." "Congratulations. Celebration
has commenced to last all day."  
Mr. Fredell and Miss Sawyer attend the dance.

5  Fussers decide to have Dorm enlarged.

6  Miss Stewart entertains Freshmen girls at tea.

7  Science Association elect officers. Hawthorne also holds meeting.
"Madge vacates post of duty in library to study astronomy."

9  Dobby and Louise take a walk.

10  Dobby and Louise take another walk.

11  Dobby and Louise enjoy outing.

11  (Evening) Dobby and Louise take another walk.
March 12 “Sprigg, giddle sprigg is here.”
   Bennett starts race among fussers.
13 Track work begins.
14 Address by Sidney Drew on “Founding a National School for Acting.”
   Also a track rally in the gym.
14 Edna B:—“This weather ‘reminds me’ of spring at home.”
15 Dusty sends his regrets for tug of war.
16 Governor Folk of Missouri addresses students in convocation. Was
   “shown” about by faculty. Had picture taken with Las Chiqui-
   titas for scenic effect.
   Carrie enrolls in short course in physical culture.
17 The tug of war. Oh, you sophomores. Dance in the evening. Or-
   ganization of “Wearers of the Green.”
18 The 1912 Sentinel bids a fond farewell to “College Life.”
The 1912 Sentinel Prize Contests

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College Story
HELEN A. WEAR, '12

Heading
HERBERT H. KUPHAL, '14

Cartoon
CHARLES L. EGGLESTON, '14

Snapshot Pictures
GLADYS M. HUFFMAN, '13
The 1912 Sentinel is finished, and to those who have been so kind in assisting to make our annual what it is, we wish to express our sincere thanks. Especially, we wish to express our appreciation to Dr. Reynolds for his many kindly suggestions and helpful criticisms; to Dr. Elrod, for his work in furnishing many of the photographs and scenes used throughout the book; to Josephine Polleys, Charles L. Eggleston, Herbert H. Kuphal, Nat S. Little, and Ernest E. Hubert, for headings and cartoons to illustrate the book; to Gladys M. Huffman and Grace H. Sauer, for snapshots, which have helped greatly to improve the tone of our work; to Montana Buswell, '09, and Louise E. Smith for poems and stories submitted; and lastly, to the editors of former annuals to whom we are indebted for many suggestions. If our book receives a measure of praise from its readers, its success is due in no little part to those who have so willingly lent their services and time to aid the staff in accomplishing its purposes. The work is finished; nothing remains but your verdict. We realize that we have made mistakes, but these cannot now be remedied. Our purpose has been to portray truthfully at least a touch of the college spirit, a glimpse of the college life at our University. In the measure in which we have done this, shall we feel that our efforts have been well spent.
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