L'Envoi
**Sentinel Want Ads**

Wanted—A man in college that can be trusted with Ethel R.

Wanted—Up-to-date phrases for my sport column—Percy Stone.

Wanted—A private secretary. May find steady work by applying evenings to Carol O'Donnell.

Wanted—Agents for my new "homesickness and ill-health cure"—guaranteed to keep you up and going nine months of the year.—G. Metlen.

For Sale Cheap—My stand-in with the faculty.—"Steve."


Needed—Steady dishwashing, by day or hour.—A. Buse.

Wanted—Peace and quiet in our own room.—The Sherburnes.

**Unclaimed Thoughts**

(If you recognize any of yours, kindly call at the office. We will return them at once.)

"What does she see in him?"

"New York's sky-line hasn't anything on us. We have a flour mill, a Montana block, and Shorty Schlegel."

"It does seem to me that he could do something for it—Herpicide or Danderine."

"Oh, pshaw—it's nothing to be clever. I'd lots rather be good looking."

"We'll do it together tomorrow."

"Times has changed—a few years ago the Faculty wouldn't allow us to do the new dances—now they give "small" parties for the purpose of learning and teaching them."

"This Sentinel's punk—wish I'd had a chance at it."
Advice to Troubled Ones

Di. Perplexed. Yes, you are right; blue is to be worn this year, especially with light hair. Green would necessitate a change of color."

Mugsy: I fear your communication cannot be answered through the columns. That is a matter of personal interest, and of no direct benefit to the school as a whole."

Chicago H: I would not advise you to compromise yourself, but if the ladies wish it, why not take them about a little?

Alice J.: I should not worry about my looks if I were you. Any worthwhile man will look to character and not be driven away by first appearance.

"'Buck': Don't attempt to have them set in—they are wearing them loose this year.

Harry Struggling: I should never give up. If you really care for the young lady, I feel sure you will win yet.

Anxious: P. G. is a degree given by state institutions to those who have spent four years or more with us. It's English equivalent is "Please get."

Ignorant: No! The Girls' Glee Club does neither plain or fancy sewing.
The Sponge—\((A\ la\ Biology)\)

(\text{It is reported that his paper is a brief resume of all the papers heaped on Dr. Elrod by the 1918 scientists, but we here wish to draw attention to the fact that George Ade and the Universal Film Company have already immortalized the humble sponge.})

\text{There are two general classes of the sponge, successful and unsuccessful. In defining them, it is possible to say one class gets away well and the other doesn't. For examples see Snickerback's "Dissertation on Freaks and Fancies." The sponge, in general, as a whole, collectively and individually has its chief characteristic, the fact that it absorbs anything with which it comes in contact—especially that to which it doesn't belong. It is a curious fact that "spiked" punch and fountain pens are taken up with equal ease. (Continued on page 999.)}
Psychological Short Story
By T. Lucifer Boultwin

Object: Brevity, interest and instruction.
Setting: This mundane sphere.
Theme: Man is fickle; and things will be.
Man.
Agent.
Auto.
Girl.
Speed.
Fence.
Brake.
Crash.
Funeral.
Man.
Car.
Girl.
Etc., ad infinitum.
Strip Poker
Old Woman in a Shoe

Formerly in the old days before records were carefully kept
It is reported that one of the fairer sex dwelt in an edifice resembling the
Cover of a human foot, while in action or repose.
She dwelt here, not alone, but attended by a multitudinous company.
Of her own children, who it would appear at times, because of the crowded
condition of the home.
And the lack of proper nourishment and dessert
Became very troublesome and clamored to go to the "movies."
The record has come down, that upon one such occasion
Instead of complying with their unreasonable demands
She decided that she would take the reins in her own hands
And be mistress of her own home. Accordingly before the children knew
what she was about
She hurried them to the table, where they found cream tomato soup, but no
wafers,
When they were not satisfied with this she belabored them with no gentle
hand
So that they were very glad to escape from her threatening eye and thrashing
arms
To the shelter of their own rooms, and the comfort of their couches.

Little students full of glee
Substituted for the key
Paris plaster melted quite
With it stuffed the keyhole tight
Oh, the naughty boys.

There was a young man from Butte
Who really was dreadfully cute,
He found at the U
There was much work to do,
And so he slowed down with a "toot."
At the End of the Path

There is a winding pathway,
    Through a sheltered, sylvan nook;
And I wondered as I saw it
    Hidden close beside the brook,
If it lead to secret treasures
    Or some fair, secluded dell;
And I asked the beauteous pathway—
    But, alas! It would not tell.

So I said, "I'll follow freely,
    'Til thy end has been made mine—
All thy restful, shadowed bowers
    Shall exult me as old wine."
Eager then, I hastened onward
    And I found—say, shall I state?
A blanket, and some pillows,
    And my GIRL and my ROOMMATE!

Ruth Cronk (during a spirited discussion of "spiked" punch)—"Is that what they call Punk Drew?"

Who'll play the drum when the dance is on?
Who'll help us win on the baseball day?
Who'll see that Helen gets home from school
"With Sheridan twenty miles away?"
Where's Fisk?

On her Armstead Estate
Chronological History of the "U's"
Best Frosh Class

Sept. 27, 1913—Jimmy Brown active in Frosh-Soph rush.
Dec. 9, 1913—Jimmy Brown and class edit official freshman Kaimin.
Dec. 20, 1913—Jimmy goes home for Christmas vacation.
Due to lack of space and the amount of material we are forced to omit the second semester.

Ruth Cronk: "A Charley horse! Is that what you call those things they jump over?"

Marguerite Leyden (to Prof. Scheuch in German)—"What do you say when you get an unusually dumb boy?"

At the Library Phone: "Hello, hello—is Tick there? Oh, hello Tick, this is Steve. Say, what are you going to do this afternoon?"

At the Cafeteria: Crash! "What was that?" "Nothing, only a Theta come for lunch!"

In anatomy class: Heilman—"What kind of teeth are thre, Mr. Claypool?"
Claypool—"Er-er-er—Cuspids!"
Heilman—"What kind of cuspids?"
Claypool—"Eer-er—Cuspidors!"

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Here, ladies and gentlemen, you see before you the Co-ed Prom. This is a discreet picture thereof and has been passed by the National Board of Censorship; you will find their seal on the back.

Do you notice the face in the upper right-hand window? That is a Man. No, he is not supposed to be there—that is why he has come. Likewise is it with the youths at the other windows.

Note the ladies dancing. One of them is trying to lead and is having a hard time. See the fair co-ed in her brother’s suit!

Here’s another in someone’s elses brother’s suit. Shocking! But let us not interview this party. “On with the dance.”
Oh, it's great to be a rushee in September!  
In society you really can fly high.  
The frats make dates you never can remember 
No matter how hard you really try.  
But next year when it's you who does the rushing 
You find fraternity life has its ills.  
The weight you bear, you think, is simply crushing, 
Because it's you who has to foot the bills.
WATCHA GOIN TO DO WITH IT?

Say, this is good. If I save 8192 Selima Cigarette coupons I can get a swell sofa pillow.

I have been smoking Selima Cigarettes for a week. My mouth is sore and I am broke but I have 132 coupons.

Shorty, smoke Selimas, give me the coupons, an' I'll shine your shoes for a week.

I need only 2076 more. I tend a fellows furnace and he gives me cigarette coupons. My fingers are sore from being stepped on pickin' up coupons in cigar stores.

Hooray, after six months of saving coupons, at last I have the pillow.

Now that you have it, watcha going to do with it?

Search me! Maybe I can get my dog to sleep on it.
The ever popular "Chet" Jenkins is starring this season in his own production "A Dream of Fair Women."

Billy Leaphart who appeared last season in "He Married Her Anyway" is working on the latest Cohan creation "Dancing Around."

"The Mystery of the Dutch Cheesemaker," with Christian Bentz in the title role is creating much notice in western circuits.

Miss Evelyn Stevenson, erstwhile comedy idol will appear next year in "Martha by the Day."

The Molchior twins, recently of the Pantages are billed for the big spectacular film "The Stolen Engine."

After a run of 333 days in New York, Manager Cowen of the Nonparel will stage here his intense feature "It Pays to Advertise."

Manager DeLoss Smith this year presents Miss Gertrude Skinner, last season's understudy to Rose Coghlan in the musical comedy, "Jack's Romance."

Paul Bischoff has dramatized his South American experiences in a fascination vehicle, "The Love Route."
TWO MINDS

WITH NOT A SINGLE THOT
This is a picture of the Sigma Nu house. The Sigma Nu's are a fraternity. They are very original and can do anything from set fire to Mount Jumbo to clean up the campus in convicts' stripes. The Sigma Nu motto was betrayed to us, and we will slip it to you if you promise never to tell. It is:

| CEE I WISHED | SAY QUIT YER CRABBIN |
| ID GET A LITTLE STREAK OF LUCK | WHEN YOU LOSE |
| HAS ANYBODY GOT A TAILOR MADE |
| STAKE ME ONE MORE WILL YAH? |

**Let the Pledges Do the Work**

That is a very good motto, we think, and it is evident that the Sigma Nu's believe in living up to their motto.

The Sigma Nus are expert in rushing the ladies. One of their favorite methods of entertainment is a "fireside." Owing to the great demand for the formula for this we are printing it below:

- Sunday evening.
- Three couple—one fire.
- A song or two from Brice with his mandolin.
- One deck of cards.
- Shorty and Cone.

A chaperone (this is not necessary but the reaction is less violent if this element is present).
Some conversation on important subjects (if the chaperone is present).
A telephone for later permission.
Eats.
Mix these ingredients thoroughly. The result is no lessons Monday morning.

**Iota Nu**

The real name of this fraternity is I Oughta Know. They ought to know, but sometimes they don't. Do you believe in signs? The sign above the door says,

"WANTED—A COOK"

The Iota Nus have troubles with their kitchen mechanic. The Sentinel is unable to state whether this is because Bentz and Daems are such big eaters or not.

The noted musician, Jack Schroeder, has composed a very popular song for Iota Nu. The title of this song is:

"I SIGH FOR PHI PSI"
This is the Kappa House. Can't you hear Skinney playing on the piano. No, hear that discord! It must be O'Leary playing. That is Dot Sterling's car in front of the house. You can tell by the squeak in the front axle. Massey's car isn't here but it will be soon. The Kappas are strong for ears. They are also strong for bobs.

If you want anything to happen, ask the Kappas to concentrate and it will surely go the other way. If this does not work perhaps Patsy will consent to pray for you. This is a sure thing.
The Sigma Chis are strong on politics, though if you ask them they might deny the appellation. They are the best looking bunch in school, but that’s not saying much considering what Prexy said about the looks of the Frosh. The Sigma Chis are very inconsiderate of editors. The Sentinel editor went and begged them on bended knees not to take in any more members because they wouldn’t go on a page picture, but the Sigs paid no heed. They never pay anything.

The Sigma Chis have a most interesting rogues gallery, which includes pictures of all the Sigma Chis and President Wilson. Why try to be president? You only have to be a Sig to be thus honored.
Because of the lack of space it is necessary to print the itinerary of the Girls' Glee club below:

May 3—Riverside.
May 4—Bonner.
May 5—Stevensville.
May 6—Ronan.

The date of the home concert is yet to be announced.
"What has just been said?"

For the best answer to the above The Sentinel will give any number of checks on the A. S. U. M.
Campus Bromides

"Isn't Buddy the smartest dog?"

"Convention is the crystalized wisdom of the ages."

"Isn't that the loveliest sunset? Why, if anyone were to paint that—."

—etc."

"Be co-operative!"

"Did you ever eat such food?"

"That's as far as I got with the lesson."

"This is very beautiful. These lines express the author's philosophy. I like his poetry very much."

"The first time I heard that joke, I kicked two slats out of my cradle."

"Say, Prof. Bray! I have here an amoeba verricosa!"

"It hardly seems enough!"

"Say, fellows, what case do we start with?"

"Listen, Katty, I hear you've put something awful about me in the Sentinel!"

"When will the book be out, Peg?"
My Cake

I beat the whites of nine eggs stiff
(This story's sad, but true)
And flour sifted carefully
And added sugar too.

I put it in the oven
And then I watched it rise
'Twas such a heavenly angel cake
I thought 'twould reach the skies.

And when my angel cake was done
I put it on the ledge
To cool while I the frosting made
('Twas very near the edge).

But e'er I came to frost it
It vanished out of sight.
I hunted vainly through the lab,
I searched with all my might.

My cake, I guess, was purloined
By boys so very rude,
And though it was an angel cake
I fear 'twas devil's food.
In arranging a program, Professor Smith asked the faculty and students to hand him the names of their favorite songs. The following are among those received:

"Oh, Promise Me"—Earl Clark.
"Peg O' My Heart"—Irene Murray.
"How I Love a Pretty Face"—Dr. Underwood.
"Row, Row, Row"—Geology Department.
"Sympathy"—The Sentinel Staff.
"Over the Hills to Mary"—Dr. Jesse.
"My Hero"—Ann Rector.
"I'm On My Way to Mandalay"—Bruce Hopper.
"Floating Down the River"—Wolf and Bischoff.
"Then They'd Start Their Victrola"—Cone and Mary Brown.
"Oh, Genevieve, Sweet Genevieve"—Harry Ade.
"Alice, Where Art Thou?"—Bill Breitenstein.
"More, More About Morry"—Myrtle Wanderer.
"Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?"—Steve.
"Goodbye Girls, I'm Through"

and

"Goodbye, boys, I'm Going to Be Married Tomorrow"—Carl Getz.
"A Sweetheart of Sigma Chi"—Gladys McCarthy.
"A Little Love, A Little Kiss"—Dr. Heilman.
Lines on a Feminine Frosh

Her face is as bright as a pool hall at night,
   And though she’s not clever or wise
I am simply amazed at the trouble she’s raised
   With that far-away look in her eyes.

Why, she thinks that I am a regular guy
   And her attitude’s getting my head;
And I know that I’ll fall for her, no brains and all
   And my bank book will go in the red.
The Weavers

A Doubtful Drama in a Prologue and an Act.
(With apologies to Hauptmann).
Scene—The campus of our fair Alma Mater.
Time—The merry month of May.

Characters—
Ruby I .S. J.
K. J. S.
K. M. K.
Kossette
Mary May.
Innocent Irene.
Fairy Fay
Steve.
The Powers that Be.

An admiring audience—Ko-eds—Buddy.

Prologue
Main Hall.

Enter a fair co-ed with a large poster. She looks stealthily around, and seeing no one is near swipes the thumb tacks from the Hawthorne notice and posts her own over half a dozen "Lost" ads.

The notice reads:
MAY FEET
Rehearsal

Thursday evening 7:30
On the Campus

Wear your Gym suits
all dancers MUST
be On Time

Spectators NOT
Allowed
Her work done, she departs.
A noble youth enters. He reads the poster and carefully erases the word "not."

—Exit.

(Curtain).

ACT I.

The Oval.
May pole in the middle.
Musty's exhibition platform near at hand.
Piano.
Around the pole frisk a score of Co-eds, who are looked upon by an admiring audience of "the young men of the institution."

R. I. S. J. shouts:
"Girls, please pay attention! Take your places at once!"
The co-eds struggle slowly and form a lop-sided circle around the pole.
R. I. S. J.: "Count in couples beginning with Kattie."
K. J. S.: "One!"
Innocent Irene: "Two."
Next Girl: "Three!"
Irene: "You mean 'one'!"
Next Girl—"No, I mean — — oh, excuse me—One."
The counting continues until it comes to K. M. K. She is so busy telling her partner how hard she is working that she has forgotten to count. After much urging she wakes up and counts and then turning to her partner says:
"'Why, you know, in Shakespeare'—etc., etc., ad infinitum.
The counting comes to an end. R. I. S. J. waves her hand to Kossette.
Soft music.
The weaving begins. Fairy Fay drops her streamer and the wind carries it away. The weaving stops and she charges around the pole after it.
They unwind and begin weaving over again.
Alberta goes under and over the wrong streamer. When she gets half way around the pole again she discovers her mistake. The girls unwind the pole again.
R. I. S. J., desperately: "Girls can’t you pay attention. Haven’t you any sense?"
K. J. S.: "No!"
They weave again.
K. J. S.: "Kossette, you skipped a bar there."
Kossette: "I did not!"
They dispute.
The audience applauds vigorously.
Steve trips over Buddy and falls down.
She remarks something which isn’t allowed aloud in Craig Hall. After much persuasion, she is calmed.
Enter—The Powers that Be.
T. P. T. B., wrathfully: Young ladies, you do not mean that you are practicing on the campus in your gymnasium suits?"
The young ladies are forced to admit that they are.

(From here on, the scene was too painful to print.)

Exumt omnes.

(Curtain).
ON TO MOSCOW

OFFICERS

Moose Griffith ................................................................. President
Mort Donohue ............................................................... Sargeant-at-Arms

Colors—Black and blue.
Purpose—To get something for nothing.
Qualifications for membership—(We have been unable to discover this useful bit of information).

The list of members is too long to publish.
Ducks Club

OFFICERS

John McGough ...................................................... President
Boob Fredericks .................................................. Secretary and Treasurer
Lamport ................................................................. Sargeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

Justin McCarthy
Louis Brown
Leonard Daly
Willard Nesbit
Waiting list—
Will Long
H. Guy Woodward
Mr. Kaiser
Overheard at Singing on the Steps

Co-ed sings:

"Our chosen state, all hail to thee,
Montana, my Montana.
* * * * * the free
Montana, my Montana.
From shore t'shore, from sea to sea,
Oh may * * * honored be
Symbol of strength and loyalee,
Montana, my Montana."

To her neighbor frantically—
"How does the next verse start?"
Neighbor: "I forget."
Co-ed—"How dandy the glee club sounds. Isn't that harmony swell?"
N.: "Look out, Greg's looking at you."
Both loudly: "Montana, my Montana."
The speaker of the evening gets up—
C.: "Isn't he good looking?"
N.: "No I don't think so. His mouth is too — — — Oh, gee, I bet he heard me!"
C.: "You should worry!"
N.: "Are you going to the game? I'm not."
C.: "Neither am I."
The siren drowns out the conversation.
N.: "I wish they wouldn't yell so loud. I can't hear a word you say!"
C.: "Well as I was saying — — —
Greg, angrily: "I wish you kids would pay attention and get some pep into your yelling. Come on now! "Up with Montana, boys."

Both start on a different key from the rest of the assembly.
Co-ed: "Up with Montana, boys, down with the Ags — — er foes I mean—you know I never can remember that they've changed that. Can you?"

Neighbor: "No! Would you look at that girl's hair! It's all coming down. I don't see why some people — —"

Co-ed, interrupting rudely: "Shut up. The clock's striking."

The clock strikes eight.

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The Elusive Joke

The editor sat in his easy chair,
And he was weary and sad,
For Sentinel soon must go to press
And he needed some joke stuff bad.

And suddenly before him sat
A brown elf shaking with glee
And he twisted his face in a double-bow knot,
"I'm a joke, if you please, sir," he said.

And the editor reached out a long right arm
And grabbed for the little brown elf,
He grabbed but air, for the fairy sat
Above him on the shelf.

He hurried about the office;
He ran till his face was red;
For miles he pursued, but ever
That joke before him sped.

And when, of exhaustion, he fainted,
The officers took him away,
And put him in a padded cell
In Warm Springs the very next day.
FOR SALE

Speeches and Orations

A speech for any and all occasions. Don't run the risk of being called upon for a speech, and being unprepared.

Let The Sentinel Write Your Speeches

Out of our large experience and knowledge we can say nothing correctly without waste of time or energy.

Look Over Our Samples and See for Yourself
Speech for New Member of the Faculty at Convocation

"It certainly gives me great pleasure to meet you all. I like Missoula very much. You have a growing institution here, the best in the west. This place is certainly very democratic and that is a very good thing.

I want you all to speak to me on the campus whether I know you or not."

Speech for Out-of-town Gentlemen Addressing Students at Convocation

With his eyes fixed on the vacant seas in the back of the balcony, he says:

"It gives my great pleasure to address such an audience. There is an inspiration to be gleaned from this multitude of receptive, eager faces. When President Craighead invited me to address you, I felt overwhelmed, but highly honored. This is one of the greatest moments of my life, to be able to say something of benefit to such a body of young people.

You have great opportunities here. Missoula is a lovely city. This is a thriving institution. President Craighead is" and so on.

For the Captain of Any Team at Convocation or Singing on the Steps

Tomorrow is one of our biggest games of the year. The team is in the best condition and is ready to do its utmost for Montana. All we ask is for you to come out and support us. This is your game as well as ours. We want you on the bleachers. We want you to get behind your team. The price is small and we assure you a first class contest. Come out and support your team!" (Applause).

Note—If this is used in connection with debate the words "game" and "bleachers" should be taken out and "contest" and "assembly hall" substituted.

For an Interscholastic Contestant

"I thank you very much for the beautiful medal. I think Missoula is a beautiful town, and the campus is beautiful, too. I am very glad I came over for track meet, and I hope to come again next year."
This is a very sad time for us Seniors. We are standing before you for the last time as undergraduates. We leave behind pleasant friends and take with us invaluable experience. We love our Alma Mater dearly, and we look to you students to keep things going.

For a Newly Elected Officer

I thank you very much for the great honor you have conferred upon me. I certainly appreciate this greatly. I assure you all that it shall hereafter be my earnest endeavor to fulfill these duties as well as I can.

We have also speeches suitable for—

*House Meetings*
*Fraternity Rushing*
*Political Campaigning*
*Boosters’ Meetings*

In fact, we can supply one on short notice for any occasion that may arise in your lifetime.

Give ours a try and you will never accept a substitute.

Mimeograph copies furnished for your friends or for publication at small cost.
Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy

To honorable Editress 1916 Sentinel:

Dear Ma’am.

I write to tell you I very busy Interscholastic. He go off fine. Mazula win big meet. Everybody happy.

One day I call up gymnasium. Honorable Mustain answer telephone.

‘Hello,’” say he.

‘Hello, yourself,’” say I. ‘‘Must talk Honorable Nisson.’’

‘He very busy,’” say Mustee.

‘Me, too,’” say I.

‘He on track,’” report Honorable Mustain.

‘I no care. Why you no call him? I want to know?’

Honorable Mustain he hang up. I ver’ angry, make much wrath. Wish to fight Honorable Mustee. My friend he tell me ‘‘consider source,’” he say. I do! Nuff said.

Examinations come. Honorable faculty decide hold exam Saturday. Much sorrow with honorable studes.

Mid-Summer Nightmare come ’long fine. Fairies flit. Everything she go but the honorable weather. Weather rain all time. Not dry up. Oval much wet. Dorm girls they get cold in head to cross campus.

Soon come time Penetralia plant pine. Very secret. Nobody know except just only me. I tell you.

When do book be out? I hope not soon.

Cone Cutler fall today. Most break honorable limb.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO,

(With apologies to Wallace Irwin.)
Gone Dry

Why, no, I haven’t got those notes,
I don’t know what I’ll do!
Today our note-books should be in
I have to study, too!

Oh, yes, I was in class that day,
But I will tell you why,
I failed to get them. It’s because
My fountain pen went dry.

The references he assigned?
I read them all today.
I don’t remember what they were,
Just something, anyway.

No, really, I could not take notes,
And I will tell you why,
Right in the midst of chapter one,
My fountain pen went dry.

Oh, yes, I fluked the darned old test,
What! You got ninety-three?
How some folks get such splendid marks,
I really do not see.

I got the first two questions right,
And now I’ll tell you why,
I didn’t pass that awful test,
My fountain pen went dry.
At Two A. M.

A sound of soft footsteps comes down the front stairs,
Perchance 'tis a burglar, who knows?
The matron crawls valiantly out of her bed
And slowly gets into her clothes.

A dim figure halts, then advances again
And stops at the end of the hall.
'Who's there?' says the matron in deep, awful tones,
A co-ed replies, 'It's Saint Paul.'

Foot Damsel—'Do you think it would be all right, Mrs. Kettlewell, for
me to go off for a picnic with Punk this afternoon?'
Mrs. K. (searchingly)—'Are you engaged to him, my dear?'
Fair Damsel—'No, but—' hopefully, 'I may be before I get back!'

Jack Jones' favorite inquiry is, 'Where is that wood-pile?' Do you
s'pose he is merely inquisitive, or does he wish to charter it for a day or so?

Whoever Doesn't Like
This Book—
This Is Them
AS THE CARTOONIST SEES THE STUDENTS

About the Campus
The Sentinel's Confidential Guide

In registering always consult this valuable explanation
of courses in the university

Typewriting—A good chance to keep up back correspondence.
Journalism—Not advised for ladies with weak hearts.
Chemistry—A grand blow-out.
Home Economics—A fine opportunity to obtain two good feeds a week.
This course is advised for all dorm girls.
Sociology—A sure cure for insomnia. Ask H. Ayers Hill for a recommendation of this course.
Freshman English—A painful necessity.
Library Work—Develops pessimism and distrust of human nature.
Literature—Good exercise for the vocabulary.
Forestry—A chance to go on a field-trip vacation every spring.
Law—Opportunity to display how little you know.
Biology—Simply buggy!
Geology—A rocky job.
Short Story—A course in which you can make use of everything you ever read.
Current Events—If you want to find out who is Vice-President of the United States, register for this course.
Shakespeare and Drama Courses—Longer names for hard work.
Music—Violin, vocal or piano—A chance to avenge yourself upon the unsuspecting public.
Trial Calendar

The following cases are set for trial in the practice court during the next session.

May 27—Boys' Glee Club vs. Girls' Glee Club.—Libel and slander.

May 28—Helen Buckley vs. Leonard Daems.—Divorce.

May 29.—University of Montana vs. McGough, Fredericks, Brown, McCarthy, Daly, Nesbit and Lamport.—Vagrancy.

May 31—Doris Prescott vs. Lawson Sanderson.—Damages.

June 1.—Kappa Kappa Gamma vs. Kappa Alpha Theta—Alienation of affection.

University of Montana vs. Ray Ricketts.—Murder.
DID YOU EVER SEE IT FAIL.

Here lies a worthy youth
It is reported
That he died from overwork.
It might well be
But then again, it could be moth
Who knows?

OR THIS?
To the Memory
of the Faculty
Whom no one loves
Whom no one respects,
Who no one understands,
Or ever pities,
And yet there isn’t a student in school
Who doesn’t nearly die for them.

Student Epitaphs for Sale

DO YOU CHOOSE THIS?
Here lies a worthy youth
It is reported
That he died from overwork.
It might well be
But then again, it could be moth
Who knows?
Campus Fashion Notes

Skirts are to be wider this spring to allow co-eds to run for street cars.

Middies for Sunday dinner are no longer considered au fait. Dancing frocks are not being worn at the event.

Raincoats, hats, an umbrella and rubbers the proper attire for spectators at all track meets. This is useful as well as extremely chic.

The participants in track athletics will continue wearing as little as the National Board of Censorship allows.

A clean white apron in the Domestic Science class is a rarity. Towels are being worn instead.

Jerseys and sweaters bearing insignia other than "M" are worn with that insignia behind.

Evening gowns and dress suits are no longer required at the theater of college students who care to sit in the peanut gallery.

For May dances, the elite are wearing long, white cheesecloth garments much resembling a robe de nuit.

Crepe paper, while it is useful in decorating, is scarcely advised in the construction of scenery and theatrical costumes.
The entire attention of a most capable dressmaking establishment is working night and day upon the costumes for the coming production of Mid-Summer Night’s Dream.” The four hundred are watching for the result with interest. It is expected that some remarkable creations will be turned out.

Borrowed or rented dress suits are the thing for Glee Club trips.

The fashion of ladies wearing men’s “M” sweaters is much disputed at present. An attempt to do away with this by making the sweaters the “slip-on” kind, failed dismally.

“Silk stockings are not good taste in gymnasium class,” says an authority on the subject.

Stampede hats are very fashionable at present. It is well to have all your friends put their autographs on your hat. This lends an air of distinction. This fad is not expected to be permanent.

Flowers worn to classes add distinction to one’s costume, but are hard to procure because of the eagle eye of faculty and gardeners.

Many inquiries are constantly coming to The Sentinel as to the proper attire for breakfast and we have decided to answer these all at once:

The proper dress breakfast is anything that can be fastened on the way down stairs. It is usually done crooked to lend the right air. Low shoes are worn, and only that underneath which is absolutely necessary. The hair is done loosely and fastened with two large wire pins. Red about the eyes and a sleepy expression enhance greatly the tone of the costume.
If this Sentinel is poor, ask Bill Breitenstein, the lord high ruler of Sigma Delta Chi why. He will tell you that it is because in two separate places the careless co-ed who corrected the copy spelled his name wrong. Awful! He said with much wrath:

"I'd as soon have the name Swanson under my picture as Brietenstein."

We said we thought Swanson was a good name, and why insult it. The suggestion was also made that he spell it Brightenstein, but we hardly think this appropriate.

Question: If Browny were to marry, would Dick howl?
Answer: Probably, for they say he has Brown-kitis.

Stupid Student: "Er-er—I think—"
Peppery Prof.—"What do you think with?"
Things We Are Urged to State

1. Where the tulips went?
2. How long the sun shines on the Berry porch?
3. Do the Foresters really swear?
4. How Diana does it.
5. Is it the lilac bush or the fall willow that attracts?
6. Whether or not Nesbit’s name is really Evalyn?
7. Is Lisle Darrow married?
8. Will Stella be back next year?
10. What in the Dicken’s is Mid-Summer Night’s Dream?
11. If the presidency of the Y. M. were open, would Will Long for it?
12. Who did Ann Rector go with last year.
13. What will happen to the Dorm without Steve?

Remarks We Have Not Been Urged to Make

1. Were the table flowers tulips or lilacs?
2. Where was Archie when the moon came out?
3. That the foresters have been known to remark “durn.”
4. That she is a charming girl, and of course, naturally attracts.
5. We hope it’s the lilac bush.
6. We understand his name is Millard.
7. We hope not.
8. Er—well, no.
9. Have you ever attended one?
Sentinel Staff in Verse

Peg, the Sentinel Manager
Tries hard to make the book pay,
But the one thing he manages the best
To keep out of the editor's way.

The calendar for the Sentinel
Was kept by Grace and Geve
If they have left out what you did,
Go to them with your "peeve."

Helen chases faculty
All the live-long day,
And when that's done she will have naught
To pass the time away.

If you don't want Claude to kodak your face
Ingenuity he will not lack;
He waits for a moment till you turn around
And takes a snapshot of your back.
The New Woman and the Old Eve

Vera Keen and Lotta Dimples were Roomies. That is, Vera condescended to take the Innocent Young Thing under her protecting Wing. Lotta, well, Lotta was just a "Small-Town" girl. Lotta took domestic science and could sure pound the "Box." All the Low Brows thought Lotta was a Cute Kid.

Vera was a Clever Girl, even the other sorority Sisters admitted that. Now, you couldn’t talk to Vera but you could listen to her Discourse. Because Vera had the Dope. She was the Kind you couldn’t tell Anything. And as for any Heart-breaker pulling this "Your the Only girl who understands me," stuff, he could Not. For Vera was Hep to Sex Psychology and knew that Holding Hands and the Snuggle, belonged to the Mechanics of Love-Making. The Brothers always drew Lots to see who would fuss Vera and the winner always Lost. But It had to be done because Vera had Some Stand-in with the Dean, and so was an Influence. She used to Cop every Frosh co-ed and drag the poor forlorn One to Y. W. and always got in some of this heart to heart, beware of bold bad boys advice which put a two months’ Handicap on any Would-Be Steady.

Vera was also a Feminist, which means she was willing to do a Man’s work at Half wages, only her PaPa had the KALE, and she never had to, like little Lotta did. When Vera raved eugenics, the Friendless Man was all in the Dark. If he was a good Bluffer and knew Life Insurance and Livestock he might Stall until 10:30, which is the Time for all Good little girls to Retire. Even Joseph Harding Underwood balked at Crossing Vera in the Socialism class, and she wanted to know Where the poor Zob who voted the Democratic ticket kept his Brain.s

Yes, and Vera had all her College Patter and a pet little NickName for every Ham in Trousers. She had a Healthy contempt for the dense Male intellect. It was no Skeleton in the Closet, but Vera could say those White Hot Band things and Bawl out a Rook in a regular Holliday fashion. Vera always said she wanted to be treated Just the Same as a Man, but would raise an Aggie Howl whenever she was. In spite of all this Vera was fussed rather often (she wore a Pin and we have already mentioned her father.)

As for Lotta, she never had to go Dutch with the Girls to the Movie on Friday night. Nay, nay—Lotta while not Ultra-Modern was Polite and when the boys got off their Gasjet Delights she always laughed—a Fresh little laugh, instead of springing "Whence did’st Thou resurrect that Antique Matter."

One day the young Man with a Purpose came along. He could Carry his
Rags and Swung a Stick which for Montana is unusual. Also he could break 50-50 with Vera in a High Brow Gabfest. They locked Horns over Ibsen and had a Delightful Time settling the Cause of the War.

Vera told her sisters that he was a Remarkable young man, which was as near as She ever got to saying ‘‘I lovum.’’ Vera said He had a Profound knowledge of the Activities necessary to Life at Montana. Which translated means: He could roll 30 in call shot and Knew who won the game between Montana and the Aggies in ‘‘02,’’ and a score of similarly vitally important things.

EVERYBODY said they were an Ideal couple and they both had the Goods.

A certain Sunday afternoon Vera was Out, she went Down to talk to the Prisoners or Something and Lotta entertained Br. Bill Lined.

Now Lotta couldn’t spring this NEW WOMAN stuff but all the Fellows said she had Nice Eyes. She made Bill all Puffed Up and told him he had just the Best Line ever, but that was Over her Head. When he left, he asked her, if he might Call again. Lotta shyly Intimated that she would be ‘‘Tickled to Death.’’

When Vera heard about IT she only Laughed and said she hoped Lotta could get Well acquainted with an Intellectual Fellow. But then Lotta never seemed to attract THAT sort of a man.

When Junior Prom came along Vera was Left at the Post. Lotta beat her to IT. Now Vera was There with the May Fete Terpsichore and had studied Esthetics. But Lotta—poor Lotta—about all the Light foot she knew was the Castle and a couple of Hesitations and—she—she could Sure RAG. Vera was long on this Faraway and always gabbed when the fellas Swung her. Lotta was a Clinger, you know what I mean, and she Always had Twenty or Thirty dances Ahead.

As they were coming Home she let Bill hold her Hand and before long he Told her she was Just like his mother. Bill said he was Kind of Tired of Feminine Phonographs and she agreed to Let Bill make her Happy for Life.

When the Engagement was Announced, Vera had a good Cry and told her New roomie that Lotta was a horrid, little CAT.

MORAL: The New Woman may be all right, but the Old Stuff still gets BY.—(Apologies to George Ade and the Reader).
When the Sentinel's last pages are printed
And the roll of the presses is dead,
And where we expected a surplus
We find only debit instead,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it,
Lie down for an eon or two
To look with great joy at the next staff
That's taking the work up anew.