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The Montana Kaimin, February 20, 1920

Associated Students of the State University

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GUESS WHO HE IS GIRLS

The Montana Kaimin

SIGMA DELTA CHI EDITION

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE UNIVERSITY

CIDER PRESS LEASED WIRE REPORT.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1920.



WEATHER
Outlook for
hikes Sunday
very poor.

CO-EDS VOTE TO DETERMINE WHO IS BEST FUSSER

Kappa Vote Comes in Late But It
Doesn't Defeat the Delta
Gamma Candidate.

"Who is the most popular man on the campus?"

The neophytes of Sigma Delta Chi, in conclave assembled, kicked their heels in the air with glee as the Big Chief burst out with that dazzling inspiration.

"Burleigh Miller," Pat Keely, "Bernie Bierman," and "Irish Cassidy," burst hoarsely from as many throats, made raw by harsh cider and language.

"Ha, Ha," shouted Ye Ed, exultantly, "It is as I thought. There is a division. Let us therefore, vulgarly speaking, get the straight dope. When a person would know how to spell a word, does he go to the English department? Nay, nay, neophytes, he goes to the Forestry school or to the dictionary. And so shall we go direct to the font of knowledge. Verily, we will ask the co-eds. We will go straight to the houses of the Greek sisters. Perhaps we will not remain straight after we get inside."

And so it was decided. The neophytes went separately and individually to the Greek houses. There they beguiled the maidens with coupious candy and smiles. There were no other men around the houses, for it was Elite night. Then, being students of psychology, they selected the proper moment for taking the vote. And with one accord they returned to the den of Sigma Delta Chi.

There were the votes counted and the B. Chief was on the point of announcing the returns, when some observing neophyte shouted:

"But where is the delegate to the Kappa house?"

Truly he had not returned. The editor fainted. The office was in an uproar.

Then a snore was heard coming from one of the corners of the room. And there was the brother delegated to call upon the Kappas. He was awakened rudely.

"What time is it," he enquired, nonchalantly, as he flicked an unperturbed eyebrow at the ink-splattered ceiling.

"1:30 a. m.," responded the campus clock politely.

(Continued on Page Four.)

Merriam Says "Open Up Windows," And Then Chancellor Takes the Floor Bad Breaks Made at Charter-Day Convocation---Speeches and Horrible Singing Feature of Two-Hour Torture--- "Faculty Squeaks for Lack of Oil"---Chancellor.

Charter Day started off with a rush. The faculty kindly decreed that there would be no classes after 10 o'clock and as all the students had nothing but 8 and 9 o'clock on Tuesday, this was duly appreciated. At convocation in the morning, which was supposed to start at 10:15 and didn't get under way until 10:17 o'clock, there was a goodly representation of all students who had breakfast before their 8 o'clocks. The others went home and got something to eat.

Mr. Merriam, of the department of English, started off the proceedings with a statement that the day should be dignified. Then he introduced Professor Elrod, as the oldest member of the faculty next to Vice President Scheuch.

Elrod said he came to the University when it was a year and a half old and only had four buildings on the campus. He reviewed some ancient history and suggested that Charter day be returned to its former position on the calendar, Friday, so that the students wouldn't have a holiday in the middle of the week. In speaking of the good old days he said they served tea in the dorm, had athletics in the afternoon and speeches in between. The program last Tuesday was about the same except the tea was served in the sorority houses.

He also said that the idea was to introduce the students to class rooms other than the ones in which they had classes. They ought to make the modern charter days answer the purpose of introducing some of the students to the classrooms where they

(Continued on Page Four.)

SENIORS CHALLENGE GIRLS TO DECIDE SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIP

Lanky Patterson, the speedy captain of the senior basketball team has issued a challenge to the winner of the Theta-Town game to meet his redoubtable team in a two game series to determine the championship of the University.

Patterson announces that his team is practicing faithfully for the approaching game, paying special attention to their guarding as the co-eds are known to be fast.

The co-eds announce that they will appear in men's basketball suits, as unwieldy bloomers and middles seriously interfere with their form. The co-ed who will be right forward announced coyly, "I will do everything in my power to make those horrible men respect us in the future." "Yes, indeed," cooed a shapely young Amazon, "if I play against that terrible Swede he had better be gentle as Lamb or I'll show him Howe."

Miss Leyda expressed the opinion that the game would be of great benefit to all concerned, as it would show beyond a shadow of a doubt the superiority of bloomers over B. V. D.'s. She insisted upon refereeing the game. However, upon the violent protest of the seniors she finally consented to allow Dr. Jesse to co-operate with her in her official duties.

ROUGH-NECK SENIOR TEAM MANHANDLES PROFS IN FAST GAME

Harold Urey Finds Out That a
Ball Has No Respect for a
Chemical Title.

The word "Prof." before your name doesn't carry much influence with a basketball. And students don't have any respect for your gray hairs when you are dressed in a gym suit. Those were the sentiments expressed by Profs. Dietrich, Suchy, Bierman, Urey and Freeman, after the faculty quarrel with the seniors Charter day.

The co-ed rooting section was on hand early. The sweet young things wanted to see how a Ph.D. looks without pads. They didn't find out. Doc Lennes stayed at home.

And then the quintette of star basketballers oozed out of the dressing room, led by Captain Dietrich. "Oh, oh, oh! Look at Bernie," seeped with one accord from the throats of the co-eds.

"And look at Harold Urey's suit," added one, "and the cut of the pants—marvellous! They fit. They almost fit too much!"

The seniors attracted little attention when they galloped on the floor. They warmed up for a few minutes, hit the backboard twice, and then the game began.

The scramble was mad, furious. Twice the referee called time out for the players to locate the ball.

Suchy had his foot on it both times. H. Urey at guard was easily the star of the game. For five minutes he defended the faculty goal without a mistake. He was guarding a chemistry student. In the meantime Suchy had ambled down the floor, with the ball under his arm. While the seniors were waiting for him to throw the ball to Bierman, he fooled 'em and tossed it through the hoop. Similar strategy by Maurice Dietrich netted two more points.

And then cigarettes and a college degree began to tell. Urey's forward shot a goal. "Do that again," hissed the sterling guard. "And you get a yellow slip. Do it twice and you get a black eye." He did it twice, but by that time the star faculty performer was too far gone to notice it. All through the first half, the game was good-natured. In the second it got rough. Bernie Bierman got the first tip-off and pushed it toward Freeman. The English teacher couldn't dodge it. Neither could he dodge the five seniors that were right behind it.

(Continued on Page Three.)

BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION SCHOOL ANNOUNCED BY CHANCELLOR

Shirley J. Coon, Newly Elected
Dean, Announces Plans for
Coming of Con.

The executive affairs of the new school of business administration will be handled by an administrative committee consisting of the dean of the school and five faculty members from other departments. The members of the committee are selected by the president of the University subject to the approval of Chancellor E. C. Eliott.

Shirley J. Coon, professor of business administration, has been selected to act as dean of the school when it is formally installed next October. Other members of the board are Walter R. Adams (psychology and education), Arthur C. Bevan (science), Archibald L. Merrill (mathematics), H. G. Merriam (English), and J. H. Underwood (economics).

The curriculum for the first two years in the school will be general and practically the same for all students in the department. Six courses for intensive specialization will be open to upperclassmen upon the completion of the general course. These are general business, accounting, banking and finance, secretarial work, merchandising and commercial teaching.

CO-EDS WILL FINISH THEIR WILD BASKETBALL SEASON FEATURED BY ROUGH PLAYING AND MISS LEYDA WHEN THETA BATTLES THE TOWN QUINTET FRIDAY

The co-ed tourney will be brought to a riotous conclusion at a game between the Town girls and the Thetas this afternoon. For the past three months the members of the various teams have staged furious battles for which they conscientiously trained. Miss Leyda intended to announce that all of her players have given their all to the cause, but she didn't have time before last Pan show.

It is a fact, however, that the players have not been to more than two Pan shows a week, have gone to bed as soon as they possibly could after their escorts decided to leave the front porch to the milkman, and gave up going to Kelly's for the period of the tournament.

All-star First Team.

Sol Anderson, Anne Wilson, guards; Helen Newman, Gene McAuliffe; for-

wards; Eunice Whiteside, center. Sol Anderson was picked on account of her ability to stand in the middle of the floor and hit the backboard three times out of five, a feat that few of the co-eds can equal. Malta Camp said that Sol's speed in climbing trees also influenced his decision somewhat.

Anne Wilson got her position through egotism and having the record of knocking more oppositions players cold than any other girl on any team. She well deserved the honor accorded her.

Helen Newman was allowed to get on the first team for two reasons. One is that Malta Camp was very much pleased with the way she smiles and the other was that when she shoots she don't act like she had string halt in the off foreleg.

MEN STUDENTS SAY IT WAS A GOOD CONVOCATION ESPECIALLY SINCE IT WAS MADE GOOD AND SHORT BUT THE CO-EDS HANG THEIR HEADS AND BLUSH

Convocation Thursday was some how. It was good and there is no getting around it, good and short. But if you were not there you missed something in spite of the fact that it lasted only fifteen minutes.

The Y. W. C. A. gave a little picture of Oriental life and worship, the characters dressed in the native costumes of Korea, India, China and the Philippines. Before a shrine of some funny looking bird a couple of maids from India waved some flower vases in the air but didn't say anything. If they had we might have suspected that Maggie was going to hand Jiggs a compliment. On either side of the stage were three more ladies dressed in silk bathrobes, each group consisting of two girls standing and one sitting on the floor. On the left side,

one Philippine native picked a ukulele to the tune "Itchy-itchy-choo."

The feature of the performance was the dancing of a Chink woman who has Ruth St. Denis beat a mile. That dancing was so good it was almost naughty.

After the dance, which was Act 3, someone piped up on the left and sang a song about a Chinaman who fell for a native dame and some Mellican bird butted in and broke up the affair. The Mellican fell too, and when he did the whole bunch on the stage outside of the dancer and the worshippers sang a little ditty about how he popped the question.

That ended the show, and the crowd which nearly filled convocation hall, poured out of the doors weeping salty tears because it was too early for lunch.

GUY MOONEY, Manager. M. C. BORLAND, Editor.
ISSUED EVERY DAY EXCEPT 364. THIS YEAR 365.

The Montana Kaimin

SIGMA DELTA CHI EDITION
MEMBER OF THE CIDER PRESS

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OFFICIAL EDITION OF SIGMA DELTA CHI

RONALD KAIN City Editor
W. E. CHRISTENSEN Honorary Owner
HOMER PARSONS Special Writer
HARRY M'NUTT Telegraph Editor

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1920

HE MUST PROSPER

The announcement by the Chancellor at Charter Day convocation that he would without a doubt get several millions of dollars for additional buildings for the University was met with a polite silence. Where is the Montana spirit? Where were the girls who have been fighting for the only chair in Burley Miller's office ever since the beginning of school? Perhaps they did not realize that a new building would mean a bigger office for Professor Miller. Perhaps they prefer to be entertained in a little cubby hole where he cannot get so far away from them. However, in fairness to Mr. Miller, who must throw three or four women out of his office after every class before he can find his desk, the girls should have shown by vociferous applause that they are not the selfish creatures they are popularly supposed to be. Considering the fact that Burley IS popular and that his office is always full, why not give him your support when a measure beneficial to him is being supported by the best lobbyist in the state. Wake up, girls. Send the chancellor a telegram saying you are heartily in favor of a larger office for Burley if it costs a million dollars.

TOMORROW'S HOROSCOPE

Saturday, February 21.

Although the moon rules strongly for good, it is not a fortunate sway, according to astrology. The plan(e)t Garlic is in position too much for influenza patients. It will make them strong. Neptune, God of Water, remains weak.

The influence of the moon will be nullified in places by the campus fights, but they will afford no competition on the bleachers or Mt. Sentinel. Hikes will be prevalent, with a striking tendency toward Spring gulch and Marshall creek. Chaparones seem improbable.

There will be extreme cases of fatigue and charleyhorse at the Theta house, due to the baleful influence of the 'round Town girls. It is also hazarded that there will be cases of a-little-something at the I. N. and Sig Ky houses, caused by antagonism to Neptune, God of Water.

The evil effect of the moon and star gazing will be further felt in popular gloom and depressing the first of next week. Yellow will be the prevalent color in stationery, with predictions of correspondence for the majority of students. Doc Jesse and Mrs. Jameson are expected to be at home almost any old time.

Indications are that Dr. Jesse and Miss Guess who will go to Pantages tonight if they didn't last night. But don't look to the stars for the dope on this event. Use your bean.

On account of an unfortunate tendency on the part of Postmaster Burleson, Pat Keeley will probably not get his bid to the co-ed formal this week. Pat thinks it must have been sent to Missouloffsky, Ireland, his former home.

FASTER, HORATIUS, FASTER

Following is an exact copy of a code message from Prof. Orbeck congratulating Oscar McGoof on getting "A" in C. Lit.:

"Hoe pew bus chore em tea dome."

To which Oscar replied:

"Go tay case woman car bun bye sul fide."

TWO ARE LET OUT

Steve Sullivan and Lloyd Thompson have been honorably discharged from the Reserve Officers' Training Corps because of physical unfitness.

THIS DATE IN HISTORY

February 20, 120.

1491—Chris Columb has a date with Issy. Wants her to hock her earrings so he can go take a look at Montana. Issy is obdurate. "Why should you want to go there, Chris? There's no free lunch in Missoula."

1576—C. Columb has died in disgrace, but his spirit marches on. Birdinhand De Soto decides to discover Montana, but gives it up as a bad job when he learns the only railroad to Missoula goes through Bozeman.

1666—Nels Dahlberg, Sr., goes to Stockholm to buy a couple of boxes of snus. "I have decided," sezee, "to send my great-great-grandson to the University of Montana to play football when he grows up."

1777—George wins the battle of Brandywine from the ale hoisters. Referee J. Barleycorn gave the decision to the Yankee fighters.

1820—The Lewison Clark expedition puts one over on De Soto. They dodge Bozeman by sneaking in overland.

1887—The spirit of C. Columb wins. Joe Townsend discovers Montana.

1910—The shade of J. Barleycorn turns over in its grave, as the Yankees lose the second battle of Brandy-Wine.

1920—Montana discovers Joe Townsend.

PRESS CLUB TO BANQUET AT PALACE ON SATURDAY

The annual Press club gridiron banquet will be held Saturday evening at the Palace hotel. This is the biggest social event of the year held by journalism students. The most prominent newspaper men in town have been invited to attend the banquet.

A long program of speeches have been arranged for. Those who will address the club are: E. B. Craighead of the New Northwest; M. J. Hutchins, editor of the Missoulian; French Ferguson, editor of the Sentinel. S. E. Gorsline, Ed Rosendorf, W. E. Christensen, Blinn of the Missoulian staff, Guy Mooney, Joe Townsend, Mary Farrell and Ann Wilson.

All journalism students are invited to attend the banquet. However, it was decided at a meeting of the Press club Wednesday night that all students must pay their Press club dues

IN PAS REQUIESCAT

Since this is the last time I shall write this column I ask that I be allowed to drop the editorial "we" and make this a more personal message.

I have been forced to relinquish the editorship of The Kaimin by circumstances over which I have no control. Among the c. o. w. i. h. n. c. I might mention Doc Fussy, Mrs. Somejane, Noloss Smith and others of the deans. Our difficulties arose over my efforts to control the cough drop industry. Dean Smith was naturally the leader of the opposition.

During my term I was the Main Person on the student council. It was due to my efforts that Mr. Morbunk resigned from the faculty after a misunderstanding with Oscar Rosinporch and that Mr. Rosinporch was later appointed floral adviser to the English department. I saved the reputation of Vague hall by suppressing the news of the Two Daring Professors and the Fudge Party. I did this as a special favor to Matron Human Clock.

By vigorous editorial policy I kept the Wienerwursity from being roasted.

It is with many forebodings that I turn this page over to Harry Grippin, the new editor. Until now it has been perfect, because I realized that the editor must virtually be the mayor of the campus. In fact I was almost its nightmayor.

—S. (acr) E. (bleu) Whattaline.

We wonder if a draft law for women would speed up leap year proposals?

Don't write your compliments on this issue to The Kaimin. Tell the Great Falls Leader how much better you like the model (this issue) than the original.

before they can attend. Students who have not yet obtained tickets for the affair may get them from Ann Wilson or Sadie Erickson.

Snowstorms and dress suits do not go well together, and therefore you who expected to see the pledges of Sigma Delta Chi perform in front of University hall this morning were disappointed.

The pledges will put on their little stunt next week when the weather permits stylishly dressed editors to parade on the campus without the protection of overcoats.

Pick Up the Money, Pat; Your Li'l Feebey Wins

"Why was there no sour grapes party the night of the co-ed formal?" countered Pat Keeley when the same question was put to him by a Kaimin reporter. "Because there was no occasion for one by the men. The sour grapes party should have been put on by the girls who couldn't get a man to go with them."

Patronize our advertisers.

16 YEARS AGO TODAY

Events Taken at Random From
The Kaimin Files of this
Date, 1904.

Russell Ireland, two-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Downythe-Ireland of Chicago, won the quarter-sawed loving cup at the Bonner Baby Beauty show. The mothers of Bonner protested that the management should have ruled out professionals.

Joe Townsend made a great race for president of the A. S. U. M. but was nosed out by the narrow margin of 69 votes. There were 75 students registered in school, but five did not vote.

Kid Speer, a student from the Normal school at Taft, visited the campus. He was almost thrown off the train a few miles out of Taft because he couldn't find his ticket. "You see," he explained in an interview with The Kaimin, "I had it in my wallet, but my filing system didn't seem to work."

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Stuyvesant Villsohn of Havre announced the birth of a daughter, whom they named Ann Katrinka. "You can Havre, etc."

W. G. Bateman, attending school in the east, was seriously ill from the effects of a cigarette. "My gracious," he said, when interviewed, "I shall never touch one of the vile things again."

Pat Keeley registered in the University, and signed up for a course in ecstatic dancing. He flunked.

DEAN STONE TO SPEAK FOR NEXT BOND ISSUE

Dean A. L. Stone of the journalism department left Thursday afternoon for Miles City, where he will deliver a speech at a Father and Son banquet on the proposed bond issue for the Greater University of Montana.

CO-ED DRESSES



The Store that sells
that which is
different
and with that touch
of exclusiveness



"The Store Different"

"IF IT COMES
FROM
BARNEY'S
IT MUST BE
GOOD"

"Barney's"
FASHION SHOP

"THE STORE
OF THE TOWN
FOR MEN
AND
WOMEN"

P. S.—We show the large and different line of Camel's Hair Coats

WOMAN'S INTERESTS

MEN

DANCES

HIKES

MEN

The Woman Who Loved
and Learned

A Modern Story of Pumps and Rouge

She was not a blonde or a brunette. Her hair was of the brilliancy of a Hershey chocolate in summer. Her eyes were as those of the Statue of Liberty. She was an imperfect 32, and her dancing pumps would have served most girls for hiking boots. But the fellows called her a "queen."

The answer—she could dance. On sidelines she looked like a candidate for president of the Wallflowers' association, but when the orchestra warmed up she was never on the substitute's bench. She could give the other contenders a pat hand and beat

em on the draw. She knew when to step and when not to step.

The handsomest man in school was always hanging around her when she danced. He always seemed to come with another girl, but he guided the queen to the punch bowl between every dance from the second fox trot to the last waltz.

When the season opened for the co-ed formal, she decided on our handsome hero. He had just had a tiff with his regular girl, and accepted. The affair was a success. Two days later he was sucked in on a fireside at the queen's sorority house. Once more the dance registered a bullseye. The queen began to speculate on how much fun it would be to present him to the family. He would go big.

Then the handsome boy's frat formal was announced. The queen had already decided on the stuff she would have to borrow from the sisters, and that she would ask him not to send her flowers. The other girls at the house got their bids, but her's was somehow delayed. She thought that our hero must have patched up his differences with some other girl.

"Clever pump fillers are an asset," remarked the queen at an impromptu sour grapes party that night, "but don't give your 'beauty hints' or Mary Garden case to the Salvation Army."

ROUGHNECKS ABUSE PROF.

(Continued From Page One.)

"Remember the time you stepped out with my girl?" hissed one of the five, digging his heel into the helpless prof's left eye.

"How about all those Delta Gammas you flunked last quarter?" added Ireland, twisting a stray ankle.

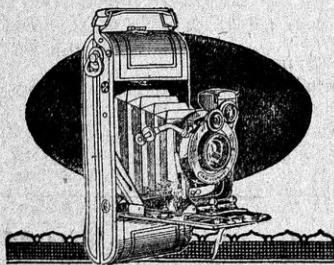
"This isn't any fudge party," twittered Shorty Whistler, stepping where science says the instructor's lunch was located.

In the meantime Urey had been walking up and down the floor with the ball.

"Hey, Shorty," he yelled, "C'mere. Less practice." Whistler left the other four seniors to play with Freeman and strolled down to shoot a basket. Score: Faculty, 4; Seniors, several more.

The faculty did a lot of browsing around in the second half, but characteristically, failed to hit the mark. They still had four points when the game ended. The seniors couldn't rob 'em of those.

"I am sore all over," remarked Prof. Urey, after the game. "Except in the head. I didn't use that."

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GOOD NIGHT STORIES

By Blank Sliver.

Once upon a time there was a prince who lived at a university, a place where everybody is happy and good, a fairyland where boys and girls sit together in classrooms, and step lovingly on one another's feet, while a professor croons lullabies from his chair of learning. Now this prince was a faculty member, which you would not understand, as no one understands them. And he was single.

Now it happens that every spring the sweet maidens display their agility to the mountain breezes on the first of May, and dance around their queen. "But," they said this year, "we want a prince, too, to share the honors. Whom shall we choose?"—for they spoke very select English.

They wouldn't choose Bill Kane, because Dean Jesse because he was already taken. But they finally did decide on a nice faculty member—our prince. "He's not exactly tall and willowy, but his name suggests grace and princely qualities, so if he diets a little," said one, "and exercises some, he'll be ideal." So they all agreed, and putting on soft Salome nightgowns, they waved their toes languidly at Mt. Sentinel, and prepared for May 1.



With nymph-like grace.

So now, when all is still and quiet in the gymnasium, and the moon shines sweetly o'er the campus, our prince steals quietly forth, and with nymph-like grace shimmies the Terp-sichorean. Isn't that nice, dears?

We must apologize to the regular Kaimin staff for getting out two hours earlier than they ever did.

EMPRESS

"The
Life
Line"

By

Maurice
Tourneur

ALSO

Wonderful Color Prizma

Continuous from 1 to 11 p. m.

Sunday

Sister Mary's Kitchen

In the kitchen of her sorority house, Sister Mary cooks every week for one or the other of her four admirers. Perhaps agreeably, but nevertheless surprised.

She brings to her kitchen an understanding of the politics of fudge gained at a State University and consequently the advice she offers is a happy combination of theory and practice. Every receipt she gives is her own, first tried out and served in the kitchen of her sorority house.

Menu for Sunday Nights.

Call your favorite fraternity house not later than Wednesday noon and arrange for a nice, tender, but not overripe, active or pledge to appear not later than 8:30 o'clock Sunday night. When he comes, go at once to the kitchen if there is a gang of the sisters occupying the lounge. If not, he may be made to lead you to the lounge, with proper handling, and if this is the case there is no need of fudge. If the lounge is occupied, the kitchen is preferable. Here, with a pan, a spoon, some chocolate and a little milk, he will respond nobly. If he wants to stir the mixture don't get another spoon but offer him the one you are using, being careful not to remove your hand when he reaches for it. From this point on, your own judgment must be good. If he doesn't simmer as soon as you expected, finish the fudge and seat yourself on the only chair in the room. Then when you offer him a piece of it, he will have to bend over. By careful handling and the right kind of a look in your eye he will be bunkoed into believing that he stole a kiss and that you were very much surprised.

Editor's Note: Sister Mary is always glad to hear from her readers to find out how her receipts work. Address your letters to The Kaimin.

BIJOU

The Great Emotional
ActressFlorence
Reed

IN

The Woman
Under Oath

TWO DAYS

SATURDAY &
SUNDAYInitial Showing of
Spring Millinery

Creations from the Studios of Fisk or Gage, as well as the latest style whims in the LeWharton Chapeau; America's smartest of Black Hats

Fashion is indeed lavish in the latitude she allows the new hats. And this spring display is faithful in following her dictates. Bright patent leather, horse hair, fancy braids, lisere, raphia, lacquered flowers and wings, batavia cloth, hair cloth, cellophane and exquisite glistening straws make modes that range from the piquant, tip-tilted turbans to the pictorially trimmed flower laden hats. All these lend their presence to this spring display. The new Le Wharton chapeaux, which are made in black only, feature distinctive style treatments of hair braid, maline and wings. Priced at.....\$5.00 to \$27.50
Donohue's Second Floor

"LOOK FOR IT FIRST" AT

Donohue's
THE ECONOMY CENTER

B. & H.
Jewelry Co.

Complete Jewelry and Optical
lines. Eyes tested free of
charge. Student rates on
glasses.

B. & H. Jewelry Co.

The Store on the Corner

CHANCELLOR SPEAKS AT CHARTER DAY MEETING

(Continued From Page One.)

have their 8 o'clocks every morning, according to Professor Ormsbee.

"Everybody is out making money," said the speaker, "but nobody, outside the family circle makes men. We need more men and less money." This statement was heartily approved by every fraternity on the campus.

That was about all Professor Elrod read that was of interest, and when he stopped and the customary applause had died a natural death, Merriam got up again to introduce Mac Gault. Mac was representing the student body, but he did a poor job of it. Maybe the introduction Merriam gave him got him fussed. He was introduced as being four years old and Mac blushed.

The student representative got up and greeted everybody in the customary manner and then went on to say how he had looked in the files at the registrar's office after he found out he had to make a speech to see what to talk about. He said he found that the old ideals were the same as those of the present and right after Dr. Elrod had told about how much the University had improved, too.

"Speaking of traditions," says Mac, "we've sure got 'em." "There ain't none of the Universities in this here United States what has any more considering the length of time Montana has been in the world." And to prove it he mentioned a few that everybody knew about, such as Aber day, Charter day, Sneak day and a couple more.

Dud Richards, secretary of the Missoula Chamber of Commerce, came next on the list of speakers and from the way he rallied after the music one would never think that he had been sitting right on the stage almost on top of the singers. Perhaps his introduction, which was ably handled by Merriam with an entirely complimentary line as a feature, was responsible for the fact that he didn't stutter or clear his throat.

He said he is one of the University students who has gone wrong. All the girls sighed with pity, but he went on and bared his past some more saying that he had spent four years in the halls around the campus. Some freshman told the reporter afterward that he didn't see how he got away with it because if a freshman loafs

around the halls too much now and don't go to class, he gets a couple of those yellow envelopes and pretty soon Papa is sending him transportation to get back to the farm.

After Dud finished, Professor Merriam got up again and asked some of the back seaters to open the windows. Then he introduced the chancellor.

Chancellor Elliott survived Merriam's introduction in fine shape. He looked as though he believed all the nice things that were said about him. His speech hung together a lot better than most of the ones preceding it. Probably the most strutting thing he said during the discourse was that he expected to go to heaven. As no one had told him to go anywhere else, it was startling and after the girls got over being shocked they laughed. This didn't take very long.

Another big hit that was stopped by almost everybody was the statement that the University squeaks for lack of oil in the faculty bearings. The applause which followed this statement came from students only. The remainder of his speech was mostly taken up with bawling out Professor Merriam for not allowing him to introduce the lieutenant governor, and not permitting him to speak as long as he wanted to. He also took a crack at Mac Gault, saying that he had unwittingly cracked a joke and his seriousness was the

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best part of it. Mac blushed again.

After this speech came some more singing, lead by De Loss Smith of the school of music. Mr. Smith wasn't put on the program for a speech, but he made one anyway, telling the audience where he got the music from that he had the choral society sing afterward. He said he went to a negro camp meeting in the south somewhere and he heard some barber shop harmony that made a big hit with him, so he came home then to sing like those enthused colored folks did. He didn't say whether or not he made a success of it or not, but soon afterward the audience learned that he didn't.

Lieutenant Governor W. W. McDowell made the only good speech of the day. He saluted the service men and everything and although his salute resembled the kind that the F. M. C. A. men usually dished out overseas when some rookie saluted the lower half of the Sam Brown, the spirit was all right and it got over fine.

KEEP IT

Found. Part of gold watch chain. At Simpkin's hall during forestry ball luncheon.—Guy Mooney.

CO-EDS VOTE ON MOST POPULAR MAN AT U

(Continued From Page One.)

The reporter turned over comfortably on the other side. "S'no use," he mumbled, drowsily, "Won't be anybody at the Kappa house for a half hour yet."

An hour later the returns were in; i' faith, they were counted. And it was found that the vote stood 713 to 23 scattering. It was suspected that the Delta Gammas had stuffed the ballot box in favor of their candidate; but in deference to the editor of The Kaimin, no investigation was made.

And who was voted the most popular man on the campus?

Verily, it was none other than Russell Ireland.

"EAT FAST," SAYS SPAULDING

All blue tickets from Simpkin's hall must be used before March 27, on which date the dining room will suspend. No refunds will be made.—T. C. Spaulding, faculty director.

It must be true, I seen it in The Kaimin.

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