FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY

Montana State University
Gift
Dr. Morton J. Elrod
from
Mary Elrod Ferguson
Old College Chums

Old college chums, be not severe
With this trite record of a year
So full of joy. Stay, do not fling
This book aside. Though now it’s spring
Remember winter follows near.
The days pass by and faces dear
Each dread September disappear,
Making the voice break when we sing
“Old
College
Chums.”

Perhaps—perhaps, when winter sere
Has toughed you, bracing, buoyant cheer
These spring-scorned pages yet may bring
Reading, the old bell seems to ring
And, bowed head bared, once more you hear
“Old
College
Chums.”

GEORGE P. STONE.
Dedication
To
President Edwin Boone Craighead
and the
Greater University of Montana
we dedicate this book
Greeting

To "the fellows and the girls," whether they be students, faculty, alumni, or friends, we present our salutations; may they find in this book a reflection of their own loyalty, and of their pride in

The University of Montana
THE SENTINEL
1914.
Contents

Book I. . . . The University
Book II. . . . Literary
Book III. . . . Athletics
Book IV. . Activities of the Year
Book V. . . . Organizations
Book VI. . . Sent'el
Book VII. . . Calendar
Book VIII. . Our Advertisers
The University

IT'S FACULTY
IT'S STUDENTS
The Montana State Board of Education

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Daniel M. Kelley . . . . Attorney General
Henry A. Davee . . . Supt. Pub. Instruction, Secretary

Appointed

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G. T. Paul . . . Term Expires Feb. 10, 1913
G. T. Paul . . . Term Expires Feb. 10, 1913
N. R. Leonard . . . Term Expires Feb. 1, 1913
C. H. Hall . . . Term Expires Feb. 7, 1914
O. W. McConnell . . . Term Expires Feb. 1, 1915
W. H. Nye . . . Term Expires Feb. 1, 1915
S. D. Largent . . . Term Expires Feb. 1, 1916
W. S. Hartman . . . Term Expires Feb. 1, 1916
G. A. Ketcham . . . . Clerk of the Board

Executive Board of the University

E. B. Craighead . . . Chairman (ex-officio)
J. M. Keith, Treasurer . Term Expires April 19, 1913
A. L. Duncan . . . Term Expires April 19, 1915
J. D. Dunlop . . . . . . . . . . Secretary
Edwin Boone Craighead, Ph. D., LL.D. 629 University Ave.

President.

Central College, 1883; Post-graduate studies Vanderbilt University, 1886, Leipzig and Paris, 1886-1888; LL.D., University of Missouri, 1898; Professor of Greek, Wofford College, South Carolina, 1890-1893; President South Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical College, Clemson, S. C., 1893-1897; President Central College, Fayette, Missouri, 1897-1904; President Tulane University, 1904-1912; President, University of Montana, since September 1, 1912.

Frederick Charles Scheuch, M. E., A. C. 319 S. Fifth St. W.

Professor of Modern Languages.

Attended public schools, Barcelona, Spain; graduate Gymnasium, Frankfurt on the Main, Germany; Colegio Santo Tomas, Barcelona; Secretary U. S. Consulate, Barcelona, 1888; M. E. Purdue University, 1893; A. C. Purdue University, 1894; Purdue Instructor in French, 1894-1895; Secretary of the Faculty, University of Montana, 1895-1909; Professor Modern Languages and Engineering, 1895-1898; Professor Modern Languages, since 1895.

W. M. Aber, A. B. 402 Eddy St.

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, 1890-1894; Professor of Latin and Greek, University of Montana, since 1895.
MORTON JOHN ELOD, Ph. D. . . . 205 S. Fifth St. E.

Professor of Biology.
B. A., Simpson, 1887; M. A., Simpson, 1890; M. S., Simpson, 1898; Ph. D., Illinois Wesleyan University, 1895; Adjunct Professor of Science, Illinois Wesleyan University, 1888-1889; Professor of Biology and Physics, Illinois Wesleyan University, 1889-1897; Director, University of Montana Biological Station, since 1899; Professor of Biology, University of Montana, since 1897.

FRANCES CORBIN, B. L. . . . 110 S. Fourth St. W.

Professor of Literature.
B. L., Ohio College, 1902; Student in Harvard Summer School, 1904; Teacher of Literature, and Principal Butte High School, 1893-1899; Professor of Literature, University of Montana, since 1900. Penetralia.

JESSE PERRY ROWE, Ph. D. . . . 319 University Ave.

Professor of Geology.
B. S., University of Nebraska, 1897; M. A., 1902; 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, 1894-1897; Fellow and Instructor, 1897-1898; Assistant Principal High School, Butte, 1898-1899; Principal Lincoln School, Butte, 1899-1900; Instructor in Physics and Geology, University of Montana, 1900-1901; Director, University of Montana Geological Survey, since 1902; Assistant, United States Geological Survey, 1906; Professor of Physics and Geology, University of Montana, 1901-1910; Professor of Geology, University of Montana, since 1910.

LOUIS CLARK PLANT, M. S. . . . 404 Eddy St.

Professor of Mathematics.
Ph. B., University of Michigan, 1897; Principal, Olive, Michigan, 1889-1891; Overisel, Michigan, 1891-1892; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, 1897-1898, and Summers 1899, 1900, 1902, 1905, 1906, 1907; M. S., University of Chicago, 1904; Assistant in Mathematics, Bradley Polytechnic Institute, 1898-1900; Associate, ibid., 1900-1904; Instructor, ibid., 1904-1907; Associate Professor of Mathematics, University of Montana, 1907-1908, and Professor of Mathematics, since 1908.
The Faculty

Joseph Harding Underwood, Ph. D., LL.D. . 516 Woodford St.

Professor of History and Economics.

B. A., Western College, 1892; M. A., State University of Iowa, 1904; Ph. D., Columbia University, 1907; LL.D., Otterbein University, 1919; Graduate Scholar in Economics, State University of Iowa, 1902-1903; Fellow in Economics, State University of Iowa, 1903-1904; University Fellow in Sociology, Columbia University, 1904-1905; Student, University of Chicago, 1906; Instructor in English and History, Nora Springs (Iowa) Seminary, 1905-1906; Professor of History and Political Science, Leander Clark College, 1906-1907; Professor of History and Economics, University of Montana, since 1907.


Professor of Engineering, in charge of School of Engineering.

B. M. E., University of Wisconsin, 1889; M. E., University of Wisconsin, 1891; M. M. E., Cornell University, 1899; Instructor in Engineering, 1892-1893; Assistant Professor of Steam Engineering, 1893-1896; Assistant Professor of Experimental Engineering, 1896-1902; Professor of Experimental Engineering, University of Wisconsin, 1902-1909; Consulting practice, also Consulting Engineer, Wisconsin State Board of Control, 1908-1909; Professor of Engineering, University of Montana, 1909-1912; Dean of Engineering, University of Montana, since September 1, 1912.

Joseph Edward Kirkwood, Ph. D. . . . 520 Ford St.

Professor of Botany and Forestry.

A. B., Pacific University, 1898; A. M., Princeton University, 1902; Ph. D., Columbia University, 1903; Fellow in Biology, Princeton University, 1898-1899; New York Botanical Garden, 1899-1901; Assistant in Botany, Columbia University Summer School, 1900; Assistant in Biology, Teachers' College, 1900-1901; Instructor in Botany, Syracuse University, 1901-1903; Associate Professor of Botany, 1903-1907, and Professor of Botany, 1907; Assistant Botanist, Department of Investigation, Continental-Mexican Rubber Co., 1907-1908; Carnegie Institution, Desert Laboratory, Tucson, 1908-1909; Assistant Professor of Botany and Forestry, University of Montana, 1909-1910; Professor of Botany and Forestry, since September 1, 1909.
The Faculty

[Continued]

GEORGE FULLMER REYNOLDS, Ph. D. . . . 1122 S. Higgins Ave.

Professor of English and Rhetoric.

Ph. B., Lawrence University, 1898; Ph. D., University of Chicago, 1905; Teacher of English, Weyauwega, Wis., High School 1898-1899; Teacher of English, Chicago Manual Training School, 1900-1901; Fellow in English, University of Chicago, 1901-1902; Head of English Department, Shattuck School, Faribault, Minn., 1902-1909; Assistant Professor of English and Rhetoric, University of Montana, 1909-1910; Professor of English and Rhetoric, since September 1, 1910. ΦΦ. TKA.

GUSTAV L. FISCHER . . . . . . . 503 S. Fourth St. W.

Professor of Music.

Musical Student in Hamburg, Weimar, Buckeburg, and Frankfurt; Member of Theodore Thomas Orchestra, St. Louis Choral Symphony Society and World's Fair Symphony Orchestra; Professor of Music, University of Montana, since September 1, 1910.

JOHN BERTRAND CLAYBERG, LL.B. . . . San Francisco

Honorary Dean of Law School, Professor of Mining and Irrigation Law and Montana Code Practice.

LL.B., University of Michigan, 1875; Attorney General of Montana, 1883; Commissioner, Supreme Court of Montana, 1902-1905; Non-resident Lecturer on Mining and Irrigation Law, University of Michigan; Columbia University and Montana School of Mines; Honorary Dean of Law School, Professor of Mining and Irrigation Law and Montana Code Practice, University of Montana, since September 1, 1911.

HENRY WINTHROP BALLANTINE, A. B., LL.B. . 404 Connell Ave.

Professor of Law, Acting Dean of the Law School.

A. B., Harvard College, 1900; LL.B., Harvard Law School, 1904; Lecturer in Law, University of California, 1905-1909; Assistant Professor of Law, Hastings College of the Law, 1905-1909; Practicing Attorney in San Francisco, 1904-1911; Professor of Law, University of Montana, 1911-1912; Dean of Law School and "W. W. Dixon" Professor of Law since September 1, 1912.
THE FACULTY

[Continued]

ROBERT NEAL THOMPSON, B. S. . . . . 322 Blaine St.

Professor of Physics.

B. S., University of Nashville, 1906; Grammar Principal, Montgomery Bell Academy, Nashville, 1903-1906; Assistant in Biology, University of Nashville, Summer, 1906; Student, University of Chicago, 1906-1909; Acting Associate Professor of Physics, Oberlin College, 1908; Instructor in Physics, Chicago University High School, 1909; Instructor in Physics, University of Montana, 1909-1910; Assistant Professor of Physics, since September 1, 1910.

ELOISE KNOWLES, Ph. M. . . . . South Second Street W.

Instructor in Fine Arts.

Boston Art School, 1892-1893; Ph. B., University of Montana, 1898; Chase Art School, Shinnecock Hills, 1899; School of Education, University of Chicago, 1904; Art Institute, Chicago, 1904; Columbia University, 1909; Ph. M., University of Chicago, 1910; abroad, summers of 1903, 1906 and 1910; Instructor in Drawing, University of Montana, 1898-1910; Instructor in Fine Arts, since September 1, 1910. KAO, Penetralia.

A. N. WHITLOCK, A. M., LL.B. . . . Rozale Apartments 16

Professor of Law.

A. B., University of Kentucky, 1906; A. M., ibid., 1908; Principal Caldwell High School, Richmond, Ky., 1906; Assistant Professor in English and Assistant in Academy, University of Kentucky, 1906-1908; LL.B., Harvard Law School, 1911; Member of Kentucky Bar since 1909; Assistant Professor of Law, University of Montana, 1911-1912; Professor of Law, University of Montana, since September 1, 1912.

WILLIAM WEBB KEMP, Ph. D. . . . . . 432 Eddy St.

Professor of Education.

A. B., Leland Stanford Junior University, 1896; Graduate Student, Leland Stanford Junior University, 1904-1905; Graduate Student, University of California, 1905-1906; Candidate for Ph. D. degree, Teachers' College, Columbia University, 1910-1912; Scholarship, Teachers' College, Columbia University, 1910-1911; Foreign Research Scholar, Teach-
The Faculty

Thaddeus Lincoln Bolton, Ph. D. 
539 University Ave.

Professor of Psychology.

A. B., University of Michigan, 1889; Ph. D., Clark University, 1894; Teacher in Normal School, Worcester, Mass., 1893-1896; Lecturer, University of Pennsylvania, 1896; Normal School, San Jose, California, 1896-1897; Professor of Philosophy and Education, Washington, Seattle, 1897-1898; Assistant Professor of Psychology, Nebraska, 1899-1904; Professor of Psychology, University of Nebraska, 1904-1916; Special Lecturer, University of Colorado, 1906; Director of Training School, Tempe, Arizona, 1910-1912; Professor of Psychology, University of Kansas, 1910-1913; Professor of Psychology, University of Montana, since September, 1912.

Richard Henry Jesse, Jr., Ph. D. 
539 University Ave.

Professor of Chemistry.

A. B., University of Missouri, 1902; A. M., Harvard, 1907; Ph. D., Harvard, 1909; with Maelinckrodt Chemical Works, St. Louis, 1903-1904; Thayer Scholar, Harvard, 1907; Assistant in Quantitative Analysis, Harvard, 1908; Thayer Scholar and Research Assistant, 1909; Instructor in Chemistry, University of Missouri, Summer Session, 1907; Instructor in Chemistry, University of Illinois, 1909-1912; Associate, 1912; Professor of Chemistry, University of Montana, since September 1, 1912.
The Faculty
[Continued]

W. Walter H. Mustaine, B. S. . . . . 418 Daly Ave.

Physical Director.

B. S., The Centre College of Kentucky, 1899; Yale Summer School of Physical Education, 1905; Chautauqua School of Physical Education, 1906; Harvard Summer School of Physical Education, 1911; Instructor Athletics and Gymnastics, Hogsett Military Academy, Danville, Kentucky, 1907-1901; Physical Director, The Centre College of Kentucky, Danville, Kentucky, 1901; Director Lexington Business Women’s Physical Training Club, Lexington, Kentucky, 1905-1912; Assistant Medical Gymnastic Clinic, Chautauqua, New York, 1907-1908; Supervisor, Lexington Public Playgrounds, Lexington, Kentucky, 1908; Director, Physical Education, State University, Lexington, Kentucky, 1908-1912; Director School of Physical Education, University of Montana, since 1912. ΣAE.

Mrs. Charles W. Norquist . . . . . Mezzo Soprano

Instructor in Voice Culture.

Musical Student in Boston, Chicago; Pupil of Professor Ferdinand Lieben, Berlin; Signor Vincenzo Yannini, Florence, Italy; University of Montana, since September, 1912.

Philip S. Biegler, B. S., E. E. . . . 930 Poplar St.

Assistant Professor of Engineering.

B. S. E. E., University of Wisconsin, 1905; with Chicago Edison Company, 1899-1906; Instructor in Electrical Engineering, University of Iowa, 1906-1908; Assistant Professor, 1908-1909; Assistant to Electrical Engineer, Washington Water Power Company, 1909-1910; Assistant Professor Electrical Engineering, Purdue University, 1910-1911; Assistant Professor of Engineering, University of Montana, since September 1, 1911. THII.

William R. Plew, M. S. . . . . . 809 Hilda Ave.

Assistant Professor of Engineering.

B. S., Rose Polytechnic Institute, 1907; M. S., 1910; Instructor in Civil Engineering, Rose Polytechnic, 1907-1910; Assistant to City Engineer, City of Terre Haute, Ind., 1907-1908; Engineer Paris Bridge Co., Paris, Ill., 1908; Instructor in Civil Engineering, University of Montana, 1910-1911; Assistant Professor of Engineering, since September 1, 1911.
The Faculty

[Continued]

MARY STEWART, A. B. . . . Craig Hall, University Grounds

Dean of Women and Instructor in Languages.

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

GERTRUDE BUCKHOUSE, B. S. . . . 206 S. Fourth St. W.

Librarian.

B. S., University of Montana, 1900; Illinois State Library School, 1900-1901; Special Course in Government Documents, Wisconsin State Library Commission, 1902; Librarian, University of Montana, since 1902. President of State Library Association; American Library Association.

EUGENE F. A. CAREY, B. S. . . . . 522 Rollins St.

Instructor in Mathematics.

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

CHARLES MELVIN NEFF, LL.B. . . . . 526 East Front St.

Professor of Law.

Ph. B., University of Rochester, Rochester, N. Y., 1899; LL.B., Columbia University, 1902; Practicing Lawyer, New York City, 1902-1905; Practicing Lawyer, Colorado, 1905-1912; Professor of Law, University of Montana, since September 1, 1912.
The Faculty

[Continued]

Robert Justin Miller, LL.B. . . . . . 236 Eddy St.
Instructor in Law.
A. B., Stanford University, 1911; LL.B., University of Montana, 1913;
Assistant in Economics, Stanford, 1910; Assistant in History, Stanford,
1911; Instructor in Law, University of Montana, 1912-1913.
ΦΒΚ. ΔΧ. ΔΣΡ. ΦΑΤ. ΤΚΑ.

Carrie Cade Patton, A. B., B. L. S. . . . 300 University Ave.
Reference Librarian.
A. B., Northwestern, 1909; B. L. S., Illinois State Library School, 1911;
Assistant in the Library, University of Montana, since September 1,
1911
ΑΧΩ. ΕΖ

William George Bateman, A. M. . . . . 329 Connell Ave.
Instructor in Chemistry.
A. B., Stanford, 1907; A. M., Stanford, 1909; Instructor in Chemistry,
Stanford, 1908-1910; Professor of Chemistry Imperial Pei Yoo University,
China, 1910-1912; Instructor in Chemistry, University of Montana,
since June, 1912.
ΦΒΚ. ΣΣ. Μιμ Καρφ Μιμ.

Paul Chrisler Phillips, Ph. D. . . . . . .
Instructor in History.
A. B., Indiana University, 1906; A. M., 1909; Ph. D., University of
Illinois, 1911; Assistant in History, Indiana University, 1907-1908; Fellow
in History, University of Illinois, and student in government archives,
Washington, London and Paris, 1908-1910; Assistant in American History,
University of Illinois, 1910-1911; Instructor in History, University of
Montana, since September 1, 1911.
ΣΠΙ.
The Faculty

[Continued]

GEORGE MERIT PALMER, A. M. . . . 523 Woodford St.

Instructor in English.
Graduate Illinois State Normal University, 1899; A. B., University of Illinois, 1907; A. M., University of Illinois, 1908; Graduate work, University of Illinois in History, English and Education, 1908-1911; Superintendent of Schools, Averyville, Illinois, 1897-1898, 1899-1901; Teacher of English, Philippine Islands, 1901-1904; Superintendent of Schools, Milaca, Minnesota, 1904-1907; Instructor in English, Academy, University of Illinois, 1907-1909; Instructor in English in Academy and Supervisor of Practice Teaching in English in School of Education, University of Illinois, 1909-1911; Instructor in English, University of Montana, since September 1, 1911.

ΔΣΡ, Adelphic Society.

GEORGE H. CUNNINGHAM, B. S., M. E. . . . 410 Eddy St.

Assistant Professor in Mechanical Engineering.
B. S., Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1906; M. E. Cornell University, 1908; Instructor in Graphics, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 1906-1907; Engineering Department of Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Co., 1908-1909; Engineering Department Virginia Bridge and Iron Co., 1909-1910; Assistant Superintendent Power and Mechanical Department Consolidation Coal Co., 1911; Instructor in Mechanical Engineering, University of Montana, since September 1, 1911.

GUSTAVE ADOLPH GROSS . . . . . 512 S. Sixth St. W.

Instructor in Engineering Shops.
Lake Mills (Wis.) High School, 1906; Assistant Foreman, Fargo Creamery Supply Co., 1904-1908; Mechanician, College of Engineering, University of Wisconsin, 1908-1911; Instructor in Engineering Shops, University of Montana, since September 1, 1911.

MARGERY WINNIFRED FEIGNER, B. A. . . . 315 East Front St.

Cataloguer in the Library.
B. A., University of Montana, 1908; Student, Library School, Simmons College, 1908-1909; Assistant in the Library, University of Montana, since September 1, 1909.

J. D. DUNLOP . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 340 South 6th, E.

Registrar.
# Student Assistants

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Department</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Paul A. Bischoff</td>
<td>Biology Laboratory</td>
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<tr>
<td>Helene B. Boldt</td>
<td>Library</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lucius E. Forbes</td>
<td>Physics Laboratory</td>
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<tr>
<td>Isabel A. Gilbert</td>
<td>Fine Arts</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cecil I. Kramer</td>
<td>Mathematics Reader</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mary P. Shull</td>
<td>Botany</td>
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<tr>
<td>Roy A. Wilson</td>
<td>Geology Laboratory</td>
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<tr>
<td>Alice Hardenburgh</td>
<td>Physical Culture for Women</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gladys M. Huffman</td>
<td>Storekeepers in Chemistry Laboratory</td>
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<td>Raleigh Gilchrist</td>
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<td>Millard S. Nesbit</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mary Hansen</td>
<td>Assistant Registrar</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bernice Oldridge</td>
<td>Bookkeeper</td>
</tr>
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</table>

**ROBERT HART CARY**  
Physical Director

- **Born**: December 15, 1885  
- **Died**: September 19, 1912
OFFICERS:
Roscoe Wells . . . President
Gladys Huffman . . Vice-president
Mary Shull . . . Secretary
Herman Allison . . Treasurer

COLORS: Yale Blue and White.
MOTTO: Slow, but Sure.
Roscoe W. Wells, B. A.

ECONOMICS:

ΣX; Class Pres. (4) (4); Dramatic Club (4); Class Basketball team (1) (2); Business Manager 1913 Sentinel; Class Treasurer (2); Track Team (1); Manager Oratory (3); Manager Interstate Oratorical Association (3); Junior Prom Committee; University Play (1) (2) (3).

Gladys Huffman, B. A.

MODERN LANGUAGES:

ΣI: Penetrallia; Clarkia (1) (2) (3) (4); Censor (2); Secretary (3); Y. W. C. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Class Secretary (3); Vice President (4); Art Editor 1913 Sentinel; Kalma Report (2) (3); Local Editor (4); Sextette (1); Orchestra (1) (2) (3) (4); Winner Bonner Music Medal (1); Science Association (2) (3); Pianist Montana Double Quartette (3); Women’s Pan-Hellenic Council, President (4).
MARY SHULL, B. S.

BOTANY.

Penetralia; Class Secretary (4); Associate Literary Editor 1913 Sentinel; Junior Prom Committee; German Club (2); Science Association (1) (2); Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4).

HERMAN ALLISON, B. S.

MATHEMATICS.

Hawthorne (1), (2); Mathematics Club (3) (4); 1913 Sentinel Staff.
Mildred Ingalls, B. A.

MODERN LANGUAGE.

KKI: Penetralia; A. S. U. M. Social Committee (4); Class Secretary (2); Clarkia (1); Y. W. C. A. (1); Dramatic Club (4); Consumers’ League (2) (4); Equal Suffrage Club (3) (4), President (4); Associate Editor 1913 Sentinel; Kaimin, Society Editor (3), Associate Editor (4); Junior Prom Decoration Committee; Chairman Hi Jinx Committee (3); Carnival Committee (2) (4); Co-ed Prom Chairman Committee (3); Floor Manager (4); Sophomore Play.

Cecil Kramer, B. A.

MATHEMATICS.

ΔΓ: Class Secretary (1); Clarkia (1) (2); Y. W. C. A. (1) (2); Science Association (2); Mathematics Reader (4); Mathematics Club (4).
Cecil F. Dobson, B. S.
ENGINEERING.
ΣΝ: ΜΣΕ: Class President (2); Dramatic Club (4); Engineers’ Club (1) (2) (3) (4); President (4); Track Team (1); Football (2) (3).

Louise E. Smith, B. A.
MODERN LANGUAGE.
ΚΑỌ: Writers’ Club (4); Dramatic Club (4); Kalmin, Reporter (2) (3); Calendar Editor 1913 Sentinel; University Play (3); Junior Prom Committee.
Gladys Heyward, B. A.
LITERATURE.
Oberlin College (1) (2); Clarkia (3) (4); Treasurer (4); Writers’ Club (4); Consumers’ League, Treasurer (4); Equal Suffrage Club (4).

Suzanne Stabern, B. S.
MATHEMATICS.
KAO: Sanford University (1) (2); Clarkia (3) (4); Writers’ Club (4); Dramatic Club (4); Assistant Calendar Editor 1913 Sentinel; Self-Government Committee, Craig Hall (4).
M A T H E M A T I C S .

1. KP: Penetralia Clarkia (1) (2) (3) (4); Censor (4); Y. W. C. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Cabinet (3) (4); Science Association (1) (2); Secretary (1); President (2); Writers' Club (4); Dramatic Club (4); Local Editor 1912 Sentinel; House President, Craig Hall (4); University Play (3); Press Club (2) (3); Board of Directors (3); A. S. U. M. Executive Committee (4).

H I S T O R Y .

University of Oregon (3); Clarkia (2) (4); Secretary (2); Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (2); Consumers' League (4); 1912 Sentinel Staff.
Gladys Freeze, B. A.

HISTORY.

KAO: Pentrailia; Vice President A. S. U. M. (4); Class Vice President (2); Clarkia (1) (2) (3) (4); Y. W. C. A. (1) (2) (3) (4), Cabinet (1) (2), Secretary (3), President, (4); Consumers' League (4).

Carl E. Cameron, B. A.

LAW.

ΣΝ: President A. S. U. M. (4); Class President (3); Y. M. C. A. (1) (2) (3), Cabinet (1) (2), Delegate to Convention (2), President (3); Track Team (1) (2) (3), Captain (2); Class Basketball (2) (3); Pan-Hellenic Council (2) (3); Tug of War (1) (2); Literary Editor 1913 Sentinel; Kaimin Reporter (2) (3).
Florence M. Matthews, B. A.

LITERATURE.

ΔΓ; Class Secretary (1); Clarkia (1) (2) (3); Critic (3); Y. W. C. A., Cabinet (3); Dramatic Club (4); Associate Literary Editor 1913 Sentinel; Winner Buckley Oratorical (2); Oratorical Committee (3) (4); Class Play (3); Sophomore Play.

Anne Hutchinson, B. S.

PHYSICS.

Knox College (1) (2); Clarkia (3); Consumers' League (4); Equal Suffrage Club (4)
MABEL GARLINGTON, B. A.
MODERN LANGUAGE.
Clarkia (1) (2); Y. W. C. A. (1)
(2) (3) (4); 1913 Sentinel Staff.

ROYAL D. SLOAN, B. S.
ENGINEERING.
ΣΝ. ΜΣΕ: Engineers' Club (1)
(2) (3) (4); President (1);
Track (1).
ROSE LEOPOLD, B. A.
MODERN LANGUAGE
Penetrilla; Secretary A. S. U. M. (4); Clarkia. (1) (2) (3) (4); Sentinel (1), Secretary (2), President (3) (4); Y. W. C. A., Social Committee (4); 1913 Sentinel Staff; Local Editor Kalmin (4); Self-Government Committee (3).

GLADINE LEWIS, B. A.
ENGLISH AND LITERATURE
KKI; Penetrilla; Clarkia. (1) (2) (3); Censor (2); Y. W. C. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Cabinet (1) (2), Vice President (3); Consumers' League (4); Equal Suffrage Club (4); Organization Editor 1913 Sentinel; Women's Pan-Hellenic Council, Vice President (4); Chairman Junior Prom Invitation Committee.
MRS. GLEN O’NEAL, B. A.

ENGLISH

Tulane University (1) (2); University of Michigan, University of Chicago (3); Writers’ Club (4).

CORNELIA McFARLANE, B. A.

MODERN LANGUAGE.

ΔΓ; Clarkia (2) (3), Critic (3); Dramatic Club (4); Organization Editor 1912 Sentinel; Junior Prom Committee; University Play (2) (3); Orchestra (2) (3) (4); Glee Club (4).
OFFICERS:

JOHN SHEEDY . . . . President
ESTHER BIRELY . . . Vice-president
BESS WILDE . . . . Secretary
CARL GLICK . . . . Treasurer

COLORS: Steel Gray and Maroon.
The Sentinel
1914

Officers:
Jay Montgomery . . . President
Ruby Jacobson . . . Vice-president
Bernice Selfridge . . . Secretary
Edwin Stanley . . . Treasurer
Frederick Richter . . . Sergeant

Colors: Green and White.
Motto: "Big things have little beginnings."
Freshmen-Sophomore Fight.
OFFICERS:

THOMAS BUSHA . . . President
CLARA ROBINSON . . Vice-president
WILLIAM MORETON . . Secretary
BARCLAY CRAIGHEAD . . Treasurer
WILLIAM GRIFFITH . . Sergeant-at-Arms

MOTTO: Umquam Alterior.
COLORS: Red and White.
GRADUATE STUDENTS
STELLA LOUISE DUNCAN
HARRIET HART
MARTHA EDITH ROLFE

SPECIAL STUDENTS
DOROTHEA C. DAVIS
GUSTAVE ADOLPH GROSS
MRS. ALICE MARGARET PHILLIPS
MRS. ELIZABETH W. SKINNER
OFFICERS

A. B. Hoblitt            President
R. H. Weidman            Vice President
D. C. Warren             Secretary-Treasurer
P. L. Dornblaser         Sergeant-at-Arms
First Year Law

CRAIGHEAD  DESCHAMPS  WELLS  WORDEN  BROWN
SPEER       SORENSON  FRIDAY  SEWELL  ANDERSON
Second and Third Year Law

DORNBLASER   SMITH   CAMERON   KELLY   MERRICK
THOMPSON      MILLER   SMITH

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Not Before the Limelight

FRESHMEN—
BRANGER
CHADWICK
CUMMINS
EVANS
GARRIGUS
SESTAK
SESTAK
JANECK
JANECK
KEMP
McLEOD
METLEN
Orr
WENZEL
WILSON

SOPHOMORES—
ALLEN
BAXTER
HART
HUNT
PEPPARD
BASK
KETTLEWELL

JUNIORS—
GEORGE ARMITAGE
CATHERYNE FINLEY
PATRICK McCARTHY
PETER DONAN

LAW—
E. M. BODDY
GEORGE ROSENBURG
D. C. WARREN
R. H. WIEDMAN
A. B. HOBBLITT
W. J. STRIVER
A. M. Baum . . . . . . . . . . President
D. F. McGill . . . . . . . . . . Secretary

A. M. BAUM
E. C. DOWD
S. J. ENSWILER
R. C. FERRIS
G. GRIGG
G. H. HANKINSON
A. W. HART
P. KNOWLES
D. F. MCGILL
G. A. PERRY
V. E. THORSELL
C. H. WRIGHT
W. H. YOUNG
H. A. GOODALE
I Hear the Mountains Calling

Oh, I hear the mountains calling through the grime and glare and heat,
Through the lifeless stone and asphalt of the high-walled city street;
Through the sky-light in the top-flat, bits of far-alluring blue
Speak of heights and breadths and distance stretching into endless view
Of still higher, wider, further regions of free, breathful space,
Leading into dim, cool canyons where the joy-mad waters race;
Tumbling, roaring, plunging, crashing, leaping, laughing on they go
From their childhood in the mountains to the calm, old stream below.
Oh, I hear the mountains calling and the voices comes from the deeps
Of the little glens and gullies where the timid wild flower peeps,
From the moss-banks and the rock-shelves where the soft, green ferns unfold,
From the quaking aspen thickets dank
with loam of leafy mould.
And my heart grows sick with longing, for the call is borne along
On the breath of pines and balsam like
a sweet forgotten song,
Bringing messages of healing for the open wounds of sound,
Whisp'ring peace distilled from sunshine, peace sprung from the natural ground.
Oh, I hear the mountains calling in the far-resounding boom
Of the fall of mighty waters, where the deep primeval gloom
Echoes to their voice of thunder and the very cliffs awake
To the conscious joy of living; and the smiling crystal lake
At the bottom of the chasm, safelocked in its granite wall,
Ripples o'er its silver surface at the far-flung parent call.
Oh, I hear the mountains calling from the voiceless solitudes
Of the pathless, tree-tracked acres where a holy stillness broods,
So profound that e'en the breezes lift the incense of the pine,
Silently, before the altars strangely wrought by hand divine
In the scarred cliffs erected when the mountains were up-hurled.
That all nature might revere Him from the making of the world.
Oh, I hear the mountains calling from the savage wilderness,
Where the awful god of nature bids no human foot transgress;

Where first forces know no mercy
and the wild things cry and creep.
Where the earth's fierce, Titan offspring grimly their last vigil keep.
And the wail of all the wild things in
the canyons deep and lone.
Somehow grips about my vitals like a
longing for my own;
And the voices of the silence ring like
trumpets in my ear,
And the breath of endless freedom
speaks so loud I needs must hear.
Every wind that blows from westward is full laden with the strain,
Till my heart cries out with anguish to
be with my own again.
Let me rise and travel toward them,
let me rise and go today;
For I hear the mountains calling and
my heart it must obey.

—M. S
“NO FARE”
By George Armitage, ’14.
Winner of the Joyce Memorial Prize for 1913

What’s these charges against me on the tenth?” demanded Gage Darrow, tearing into the taxi office.

The proprietor, Mr. Martin, slipped down from a wobbly chair. “Let’s take a look at them,” he said quietly, “maybe it’s a mistake.”

Gage pulled the statement from his pocket and threw it on the desk. “I should say it is a mistake. You’ve charged me up with six fares on January 10th and I was sick abed from the eighth to the twelfth of last month.”

Mr. Martin scanned the bill for a minute and then turned to a long book filled with blank forms. “Are you sure you had nothing to do with this?”

“Sure? Well, I guess I am sure. I can prove by my personal diary and by a bunch of friends that I was sick.”

The proprietor opened the book. “I have here,” he explained, “a record of all trips made from this office. After every call a driver reports back to the office and fills out one of these blank forms telling where he got his passengers, where he took them to, and who they were if they had it charged.”

He rustled through the leaves a moment. “January 8th—January 9th—10th. ’Tisn’t on the day shift. Here it is. Read it yourself.”

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>DRIVER</th>
<th>Red</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>TAKEN FROM</td>
<td>Woman’s Hall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DELIVERED TO</td>
<td>Royal Hotel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHARGED TO</td>
<td>Gage Darrow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TIME</td>
<td>8:30; taken back 11:30; charged to same</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NO. OF PASSENGERS</td>
<td>Three women both ways</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

“Three ladies!” cried Gage. “Why, I never sent three ladies out to the dorm in my life. When I’m flush enough to get a taxi for anyone I usually go myself.”
“Well, there it is, all down in black and white. That’s all I can tell you about it—but wait a moment.” Mr. Martin called a number over the phone. “Hello! Garage? Is Red there? Send him over to the office at once.”

When the uniformed chauffeur stepped into the room, Martin pointed out the stub. “Do you remember this call?”

Red studied his own writing for a short time. “Sure I do. The women were at the dormitory, out at the university, and went to the Royal. I took them back at 11:30.”

“How did you come to charge it to Mr. Darrow, then?”

“Why,” explained the driver, plausibly enough, “Some one made the call on the phone and said to make the whole charge to Gage Darrow.”

“Was it a woman’s voice?”

“We had so many calls that I can hardly remember. I think it was, though.”

All the time Gage stood in silent astonishment. Then he laughed angrily.

“Me giving a party at the Royal, I suppose. I only wish I had the price.” He turned to the driver. “What did they look like? I might be able to figure out who they were.”

Red studied a moment. “I don’t recollect much, but I think they were all university girls. One was a good deal shorter than the rest and had on heavy furs.”

Martin motioned that he was through. “Find out the names of the passengers themselves the next time they charge,” he called as the driver left the room. Then he turned to Gage. “Some of those girls over there have pulled off a trick on us. You needn’t pay for it, but I’ll make it warm for someone, I’ll bet.”

Gage thanked him and walked out into the street. “Who in the devil could it be,” he pondered. A terrific crack on the back brought his thoughts to a sudden check and a happy voice cried, “Cheer up! Didn’t you get your last check or has she turned you down again?”

Gage turned angrily. McCloyd, his roommate, beamed at him.

“Why, hello, Mac. I’ve just been down scrapping with old Martin over a taxi bill. Some smart bunch of girls over at the “U” have been riding all around town and charging it to me.”

Mac looked amazed. “The devil you say! What did Martin do about it?”

“Oh, he let me off all right, but he’s going after those girls. I guess probably it isn’t the first time it’s happened.”
Mac stared thoughtfully at Gage. Then he burst forth. "Say, Gage, I've got a plan. You hike back and pay Martin. Tell him you want to find out yourself who the girls were."

"You go plumb to —— What do you think I am, anyway? Maybe you ——."

Mac interrupted. "Now, look'a here, Gage. If Martin goes stirring around, the girls will get into trouble, but if we do the 'shadow' stunt, there'll be a lot of fun in it and no one'll be hurt."

"Say, it would be kinda' fun." Gage was getting into the situation. "But I hate to pay their bills."

"Ah, 'tain't much, and you'll get your money's worth before you're done with it. You go down and pay it. I'll wait at Keller's."

Mac's detective spirit won. Gage hurried back to the taxi office, paid the bill in full, and in fifteen minutes found Mac in Keller's nervously sipping a cream shake.

"Ann," Mac ordered, as Gage came in, "stir up another one of these awful concoctions and charge it to my account." Then he turned to Gage. "Sit down and we'll map out a plan to grab 'em right way. Tell me all you found out from the driver. He must have known something about them."

Gage told the whole story, and when he had finished, Mac pounded on the table, laughing gleefully.

"This is fine, Gage. It's the best thing that's happened around here for a long time. We'll put old Sherlock himself in the shade."

"Does sound pretty good, all right," admitted Gage, "but how're we going to start?"

Mac was prepared. "While I was waiting, I thought of a little plan to start things going. Of course, we could go right to the dean and ask her what three girls went out that night, but there, again, we'd get the girls in wrong. The dean'd want to know all the circumstances and she'd try her best to find who did it. That's her business. And she'd raise Cain if she found out. Girls aren't allowed at the Royal without chaperones, anyway."

Gage nodded his approval and Mac added, "You don't want to cause any trouble anyhow, all you want's the fun."

"Sure, what's your plan?"

"Well, first we've got to get an idea who they might be. I've got a list here of every girl in the dorm. Just made it out yesterday to a little subscription work on the daily. Run it through and see who looks suspicious."

With many suggestions from the head detective, Gage finally cut the whole list to five girls who might be good prospects for investigation.

"Well, we've got them named. What are we going to do with them?"
Mac’s eyes sparkled. “That’s just where the fun comes in. You’re staggering it to the ball this evening, aren’t you?”
“You bet.”
“So’m I. We’ll number these girls from one to five and eliminate them, one by one. They’ll all be there tonight. Get a dance with each one and talk taxi all the time and I’ll bet we’ll see blusters and blushes and blinks if we get the right one.”

Gage jumped up. “I’m getting excited as the devil about this. Say, but won’t it be rich to see some of them turn red and stutter out some bum excuse? Let’s beat it to the frat house and get ready.” And out went the self-made detectives.

During the grand march, Gage and Mac from their corner surveyed the long line of fussy frills stepping proudly to the music by the side of their conscious “white fronts.”

“I can imagine some of them are laughing at you now,” the grinning Mac whispered joyfully.

Gage nodded grimly. “We’ll show them.”

When the march stopped, Mac pulled Gage out into the chatter.

“Come on,” he directed. “They’re filling their programs now. Here’s where something starts.”

Both sided up to No. 1 of the prospects and after the usual “May I’s” and “You may’s,” Mac remarked casually to Gage, “Did you order that taxi for this evening?”

“Yes; but I haven’t got the price to pay for it.”

Mac laughed carelessly, winking broadly at his confederate. “Oh, that’s all right. Charge it to some of your friends. Lots of people do it.”

All the time Gage held penetrating eyes of suspicion upon the unsuspecting victim, but without a quiver she remarked calmly, “That’s not a bad idea,” and turned to another student for the next dance.

The music started and Gage looked at Mac. “She’s either a mighty good actor or else she’s as innocent as you are. When will we try No. 2?”

“Right after this dance,” Mac answered, jigging away with a co-ed.

Gage was already talking with No. 2 when Mac joined into the conversation. “It’s a fright to go to these formal dances,” he was saying, “why the taxi fare alone about breaks a man.”

Mac made a suggestion. “Gage, you should do like me. Pick out some one who has an account at the taxi office and charge your fares to him. We all look alike to these drivers.”

Gage looked up quickly from his program, but No. 2 laughed merrily.
"You always were such a joshier, Mr. McCloud. I know you wouldn't do anything like that."

"Not a flash, not a flush, not a flicker!" Mac grandly orated to Gage when they had gone into a committee of the whole in the corner again.

"Yes, and that's two of our prospects gone, without any appearance of your so-called fun," growled Gage.

But Mac cheered him on. "The best are yet to come. You'll be interested before the evening's over, I know. When do you dance with No. 3?"

"Tenth, I guess."

"Fine! I've got No. 4. We'll kill two birds at once. Remember, taxi on the corners and taxi on the whirls," and Mac pinched through a group of dancers to his partner for the next.

The tenth dance had hardly started when Gage blurted out, "Do you like to ride in taxis?"

"Why, such a funny question!" giggled No. 3. "I think all girls like to, but we seldom get a chance."

"It's much nicer when you have some one else to pay for them, don't you think?" Gage blundered on determinedly.

No. 3 blushed and stuttered with embarrassment.

"I've got her at last," Gage gloated to himself, and then out loud he asked cuttingly, "What was that last remark? I didn't understand you."

No. 3 blushed still redder. "It's just grand of you to ask me. I was wondering who could take me and my mother home tonight. We walked, but it's raining now."

It was so sudden that Gage couldn't say a word for a moment.

"It's really too much to ask you to take mother also," she continued, "but we never thought we'd have to ride home, and so didn't bring the fares."

"Not at all; not at all. Glad to help you," Gage stammered out roughly and finished out the dance in a silent rage.

The very next was with No. 4, and as he stumbled off on the two-step, Mac whispered knowingly, "She's warm, pump her!"

Gage glided away with little heart for Mac's game, but ready to do his duty.

"Do you ride in a taxi often?" he fired at No. 4 immediately.

"Not very often, thank you," she piped forth. "You see, when one is living at the dorm the fellows don't need a cab to take us. Why, I've only ridden in one this year and that was when my mother died."

Gage was all sympathy at once. "That's right; I'm sorry I brought up such a sad topic. A—a—are you expecting any more deaths soon?"
The music died with her smile and she bowed coldly as Gage thanked her for the dance. "The rude thing!" he heard her say as he raved across the hall for Mac.

"This is a fine fix you've got me into with all your detective work!"

Mac's eyes danced. "What's the trouble, now?"

"Oh, nothing at all, except I'm taking No. 3 home in a taxi with her mother and I've asked No. 4 if she's expecting any more deaths. Oh, Lord, what a mess!"

"Are you expecting any more deaths!" Mac roared. "I should think she would be sore. And taking No. 3 and her mother home in a taxi. So nice to have the mother along. It's only one more fare, and you've got lots of money."

"Yes, stand there and laugh," groaned Gage. "I'm through with your whole scheme. These girls have made a goat out of me all evening."

Mac viewed him with disgust. "Why, you old crab! Here we're having a swell time, probably scaring some girls half to death and you want to quit. There's No. 5 now. See, over there, talking with the dean. I'll bet she knows something about those taxi fares."

"I'll call you on that," cried the angry Gage. "I'll bet you a dollar she doesn't know a thing about them. This idea of yours is all a farce."

Mac's face beamed in amazement. "You're on for a dollar. We'll let her hold the stakes herself."

Both men hurried up to No. 5. "We've just made a bet," Mac explained, "and we want you to hold the stakes until it's settled." Each pushed a dollar into her hand and hurried away.

"You've got to find out," pleaded Gage. "I'm sick of the whole business."

Mac shook his head. "Nothing doing. You made the bet and you've got to prove your statement. Besides the next dance is the 'Home, Sweet Home' and that's where I'm going."

"But how'll I find out?"

"Why, the best way'd be to ask her point blank if she knows anything about a taxi ride on January 10th."

Gage wearily resigned himself to the task. "All right; I'll make this one more try," he answered and started toward No. 5.

"It'll be a good one." Mac threw back, making for the cloak room. At the door he yelled, "Have a nice ride, Gage."

An hour later Mac, sound asleep and dreaming of taxis full of beautiful girls, was jerked into an upright position by a rough hand. Gage stood at the bedside, his face white and his eyes gleaming.
"You are a fine roommate, you are," he grated out.
"What's the matter now?" Mac drawled sleepily.
Gage swelled in rage. "Matter! you ask? No. 5 told me to ask you. Said that you'd know all about it. I never thought a pal'd treat me as dirty as that. "What do you know about the affair anyway? Speak up. Don't sit there like a grinning ape."
Mac yawned and blinked at the light. "I don't know much except that you owed me a three-dollar election bet you refused to pay, and we're even now. I gave the party for No. 5." He dropped wearily to his pillow and the dazed Gage sunk into a chair.
"You're pretty smart, all right," he groaned. "You won the two dollars, too. I'm stung for sure." Then a thought struck him. "All I want to know, Mac, who was the short lady in heavy furs?"
Mac sighed dreamily.
"Oh, that was only the dean. She chaperoned for us."
HE SUN had struggled bleakly across the narrow defile between the mountains, and had disappeared again; on the southern slope the white hills glistened long after the northern exposure had been locked again in the long winter day.

Antone, the only breathing thing in a world of snow, still stood on the darkening slope, resting his bundle of fagots against the trunk of the lone tree. His bent figure crouched against the trunk; one long hand lifted the shaggy white hair out of his tired eyes, as he gazed across the valley.

"So — " he murmured, "the light lays to the Ruby mine today. Yesterday did it fall only to the Lady Love. Unt tomorrow unt tomorrow will it be yet a little longer — see?"

He laid a trembling hand on a bough of the tree, and raised his eyes to its sturdy height.

"Tomorrow unt tomorrow will it fall on the others till it shall come to us — then will the little tree be again in the light — no, my poy?"

He drew his hands lovingly over the sharp needles. The wind, sweeping down the bare hill-side, caught the branches, and tossed them lightly against his bent form. He laughed delightedly.

"So, you wouldt knock your oldt fader down?" he chided. "Such a liddle poy you was once, unt now to look! You can knock him down — unt how you talk to him — my, my!"
The tree swayed and moaned in a soft cadence that answered caressingly the old man's childish prattle. The long shadows deepened, merging into the dusky patches on the snow, where half buried cabins sent up their thin spirals of smoke. Antone watched dreamingly, protected from the wind by a curiously artificial wall of rock, blasted out of the solid mountain side to the height of a seedling. The gusts of snow that whirled down from the hill passed over his head. He saw them fall in soft clouds at his feet, and laughed again.

"So did they blow o'er you when you was liddle, my poy," he murmured, "when I didn't make the wall to keep the snow-slides off. Now you don't care. They fall in your pranches, but hurt you not."

The tree whispered sibilantly, its low branches brushing the coarse white hair and ragged sleeve of the old miner.

Into the peaceful silence the shrill voice of a woman throbbed like a wound.

"Antone! Antone!" she shrieked.

Antone started guiltily.

"Yes, yes!" he cried in the eager haste of long subjection.

The peaceful smile was wiped out with the suddenness of a gust of wind. He picked up his fagots, and lifting his sodden snowshoes with painful effort moved slowly down the hill.

At the top of the ravine that sheltered his cabin, he stopped and looked back at the tree. It stood alone amid the mass of boulders piled about its base. Its dark branches were outlined against the snow, "like a baby," Antone said, "when he holds out his hands unt tries to walk to you." No other trees grew on the slope, but the little snow-buried shrubs dotted the hillside with mounds like babies' graves.

The door of the cabin opened with a jerk.

"Antone, I shall freeze! Why not you come in? Bah! He knows nothing! He will stand in the snow like one crazy. Come in!"

She stamped her foot angrily. The wind caught her straying hair and whipped it across her lined and haggard cheeks. Clutching the remnant of a ragged blanket, about her spare figure, she stood erect and tall before the door of the cabin.

Antone hurried down into the ravine. He left his snowshoes standing upright in the snow, and carried his brushwood into the cabin.

"It is cold, my Katrine," he apologized. "I will make it warm for you — wait — see, the fire will burn."

"Shut up," she snapped, "you know nothing, Antone. Do not talk to me. It will not burn. It is not enough. More wood must we haf."
All day haf I looked for woodt, Katrine," he sighed patiently, "but when there is none, what then? Even didt I break a branch from the tree. See, I haf brought it."

"Bah, a branch! What is a branch? A tree is not enough. But it will keep us warm till the snow is gone a little. It is no good where it grows, Antone, and I freeze. We will cut it down. We will bring it in tonight."

"The tree?" repeated Antone, stupidly.

"Yes, fool; the tree," snarled his wife. "The tree shall not stand while I freeze."

"Burn the tree?" reiterated Antone. "But Katrine, it is my liddle poy to me; I made his liddle grave there unt his spirit goes into the tree. He talks to me by day, unt cries for me by night, like when he was not deadt. I cannot burn the tree. It is my liddle poy to me."

"Antone, be still!" screamed Katrine. "It is not the poy. He is dead and we have him not. He cannot come back to us in the tree. It is of a foolishness. Get out!"

She pushed him through the door, and slammed it after him.

Antone moved mechanically toward the top of the ravine, his eyes on the tree.

"But if it is for Katrine — " he repeated, "if it is for Katrine — "

The low sweep of wind laughed at him through the branches of the tree. He shook his head sadly, and reopened the door of the cabin. Katrine crouched over the tiny fire struggling in the heap of broken stones that formed the fireplace, her thin arms wound about her knees, her whole figure shaking with cold. Antone approached timidly, his eyes full of helpless grief. He picked up the pine bough, and would have laid it on the coals, but she snatched it from him angrily.

"Let it alone," she snapped. "It cannot make a fire; it is not enough. Get out. We cannot freeze. I will cut down the tree myself."

"Katrine," he implored, "you will not cut it down! You haf promised I shall lie there with my poy when I am deadt. You haf promised, Katrine."

"Antone," she cried savagely, "thirty years have I lived here in this place. I have waited and looked for the gold, and you haf found it not. For the diamonds and the silk dresses and the plumes have I waited, thirty years, Antone — but for wood I will not wait. I will not freeze."

"Might we could go to camp," ventured Antone. "Unt time is it for the letter from Bohemia."

"Do I not know? Haf I not sent to them the ore from the mine? And did I not wash to get the money to pay the assayer, because you had none. The letter will come. And it will tell me true. In America do they lie to
me always, but in Bohemia will they be honest. They will tell me my gold is
good. Get my skis. We will go."

"Might it wouldn't be better to use the webs," suggested Antone, timidly.
"The snow is soft."

But she slammed the door on him.

So they used the skis. In the early afternoon twilight they skidded
over the snow like misshapen wraiths, the gaunt woman and the gnarled,
twisted old man. She disdained the support of his pole and slid along before
him in silence.

Early as it was, there were lights in the camp, twinkling feebly from
the patched and broken windows of long-used cabins. Solitary travelers on skis
called a greeting to Antone as they passed. They were old men, too, but
most of them walked upright, and their eyes gleamed clearly from their white
brows. A lift of cheering noises floated over the frosty air to Antone and
Katrine, and a sudden flash of lantern light announced the arrival of the mail-
carrier. He was swinging up to the post-office door, closely followed by his
dog team. His cheerful, loud voice called a vociferous greeting, and then, to
make his presence more widely known, he took out his six-shooter, and fired
twice. The cabins on the hill-sides opened at once, and one after another
lithe figures on snow-shoes flew down the slope, bringing up at the post-office
door with dextrous circular flourishes.

"Look out, there, you dirty white men," shouted the young stage-driver,
genially, "or I'll sic the dogs on you." He stopped to pat one of the dogs, and
grinned at its affectionate response. "You see? They're man-biting animals,
every one of them."

"The mail is in," said Antone, timidly.

"Fool, can I not see?" retorted Katrine. "Quick, let us get the wood
and go home. Find the toboggan. I will see if the letter has come."

She added her skis to the collection before the door, and entered the
store, followed by the abject Antone. The half dozen women, clinging to
the stove, greeted Katrine effusively. She nodded and smiled with an un-
customed graciousness, but did not stop. The store-keeper came forward leisurely,
peering at Antone over his glasses.

"Gif Antone your toboggan. Wood must we haf now," dictated Kat-
rine, brushing past him.

"All right, Mrs. Hloka. You got a letter. Liz'bet', give Mrs. Hloka
her letter. I'll help Antone get the wood."

Antone glanced wistfully at his implacable wife, but said nothing as he
followed the store-keeper. Katrine went on to the post-office window.

"Good afternoon, 'Liz'bet'. Did I get a letter?"
"Letter?" repeated Elizabeth. "Yes, from Bohemia. From an assayer. He don't say much, but it don't take much paper to say whether gold is good or not."

Katrine opened the thin sheet, and then passionately tore it to shreds.

“What do they know, those assayers?” she cried. “They say I haf no gold in my mine. Always they lie to me. Everybody lies. They want I should abandon my claim. Then will they jump it and be rich instead of me.”

“Rich,” echoed Elizabeth. “I don't think so, Katrine. They'd tell you if your gold was good. And everybody says it ain't.”

“It is,” insisted Katrine. “Gold there is, if they would tell us true. Why should everybody find gold and not Antone? And the ore is good — but everybody lies to me. Nobody on earth will tell me true.”

“Then ask somebody off the earth,” giggled the school-teacher.

“Off the earth?” repeated Katrine.

“Yes, spirits, you know. We ask 'em lots of things.”

“Spirits?” repeated Katrine, awed. “You talk to spirits? You can?”

“Come on,” interposed Elizabeth, eagerly, “let's do. We haven't had a sitting since the Christmas. Let's go over to your house, Annie. There are more chairs there.”

“What is a sitting?” asked Katrine, hesitating.

“Oh, you talk to spirits,” giggled the teacher, “people you know — that are dead — their spirits — and they tell you things you want to know. A man showed us how to do it last summer. Come on. You can ask ‘em anything.”

Katrine's eyes dilated. “And they know?” she breathed. “They could tell me where my gold is?”

The teacher giggled.

Antone held out his hand as if to speak.

“Antone, be still. The letter from Bohemia has come. It says the mine has no gold.”

Antone's patient head drooped yet lower.

“I will dig another shaft, Katrine. Gold will there be some place, maybe.”

Katrine stamped her foot.

“Gold there is in it,” she cried, passionately. “I will ask the spirits where it is. But I am afraid. If it should be my father who comes to talk to me, I would cry. He would look at me from his other world and talk to me like when he was not dead, and the tears would come to my eye. Yet I want to ask him where is the gold.”

“Yes, yes,” soothed Antone, “maybe you will not cry. When he was
not deadt he fought upon you, unt the tears come not for those we do not lof.'

"Be still, Antone!" She turned upon him fiercely. "What do you
know? It is true that I haf hated him, but is he not dead? Death changes
all. I lof him now because he is gone from me. And I will talk to him, even
if I cry. Come!"

The teacher, still chattering aimlessly, ran on ahead, and led the party
over the compactly frozen trail to Annie's cabin.

Antone followed apologetically, and took up his unobtrusive position in
a corner.

"Now, course you don't really see him," explained the teacher, "you put
your hands on the table, you know —" 

"Let me tell her, Phyllis," interrupted Annie, "you pull down the cur-
tains, and open the stove door. It's awfully hot."

She glared dramatically at the company, as they slid into chairs around
the table, fixing her eye on one after the other with what she fondly believed
to be a close imitation of the hypnotic gaze of the spiritualist of the summer
before.

"When people meet together to commune with the heavens," she began
impressively, "an aura covers them up, and the rarefied air around them opens
up to the influence of the heavenly spirits. The people we loved on earth are
always with us. They flutter around trying to talk to us. We hear them
when we are alone in the hills, but we can't see them or understand what they
say. We think it is the brook running over the rocks, or the wind in the
trees —".

Antone stirred suddenly.

"Be still, Antone!" hissed Katrine, her nerves tingling.

"But they can understand us when we talk, and if we ask them questions,
they try to answer us. Now, when we're all together, we can find ways to
understand them. Course you won't see the spirit, Katrine, but it's here, and
it can answer your questions. If it raps once, that means 'no'; if it raps
twice, that means 'yes.' Now, ask a question."

The six women leaned forward and placed their fingers together. Kat-
rine's streaked and faded eyes gleamed with excitement.

"I want to know," she whispered hoarsely, "will we find the gold?
Now? This spring?"

The teacher stopped giggling, and leaned over Annie's chair. The wom-
en fixed their eyes on their hands and waited. The half green wood in the
fire snapped and sputtered, and the yellow flames chased queer elfin figures
round and round the cabin, lighting up one after another of the comfortable
chairs, the spring bed, and the cheerfulness of hunting trophies, guns, and min-
ers' tools. Tense faces flashed into the light and out again. Antone watched, fascinated.

The hands on the table quivered in the flitting light. Then there was a sharp rap. Katrine gasped. Then another.

"Where? Where is the gold? How shall we dig? Is it straight ahead in the tunnel, or does it lie in a cross lead? Ask the spirit. Where shall we dig?"

"Is the lead straight on in the tunnel?" asked Annie.

They put their hands together again. Antone waited, his anxious eyes on his wife. She sat opposite the open stove door, her face haggard in its excitement. Her eyes blazed and flamed like those of a crouching cat. Her wild white hair, escaped from the confining hair-pins, streaked her face in glistening white scars.

The table rapped sharply, and was silent.

"Where, then?" she gasped, "a cross lead?"

The raps came quickly, two in succession.

Antone started to his feet, and took a quick step forward.

"Ask, ask, that we may know," pleaded Katrine. "Where is the lead, and the gold that will make us rich?"

The women looked uncertainly at her wild eyes, and at each other.

"Why, you can't ask like that," explained Annie, "the spirits say yes and no. It's all we can understand."

Katrine pushed back her chair with a crash.

"I must know!" she cried. "Make him to come. Make me to see him and ask him myself. There! There! He has come! He looks at me from his other world! Father! Speak to me! Tell me where lies the lead? Where is the gold?"

Her eyes glared at the crooked figure of Antone, wavering in the dim light. He trembled at her frenzied approach, and put forward a feeble hand of resistance.

"No, no, Katrine — " he began.

"You must tell me!" shrieked Katrine. "The gold, father, it is in the cross-lead — you have said it — tell me now, where is the cross-lead."

Antone, terrified, shrank back into the shadow.

Annie took Katrine's hand reassuringly.

"He ain't here, Katherine," she soothed, "nobody ain't here but us."

Katrine turned slowly.

"But he was," she moaned, "and you have let him go again. The gold is there — he has said it — but we shall die before we haf found it. How can he tell us now when he is gone?"
“Oh, lots of ways,” Annie assured her, contritely. “Maybe you’ll find a mark on the place, or hear it in the trees, or dream it. You’ll find out some way.”

“And I shall be rich — ” she repeated dreamily. “Come Antone, let us go home. He will tell us in a dream, and I shall be rich. I shall be in society, and all over the world I shall go. I shall bow to the queen in Vienna, and laugh at the great ladies who laughed at me when I plowed the fields in Bohemia. They will not be rich, like me. They will not have so many diamonds and plumes.”

Antone shook his head sadly.

“The queen is very high, unt the ladies are very great, Katrine,” he murmured.

She strode past him through the door. The short lengths of wood from the company store were already piled on the sled, and Antone took the ropes.

“I guess you can’t manage it with skis,” suggested the storekeeper. “Maybe you better have webs. I got some I ain’t usin’. You can bring ’em back some other time.”

Antone looked at Katrine, but as she made no comment, he exchanged the long skis for the webs, and left them standing in the snow.

It was very dark. Antone plodded slowly on, dragging the heavy sled, while his wife strode before him, the swish of her skis trailing almost imperceptibly over his consciousness. When they came to the top of the ravine, he spoke timidly.

“Unt will you not come back, Katrine? Not to me — unt the tree?”

“Bah, what are you? You know nothing. But me — I shall be a great lady. I shall not come back. You can stay by your tree.”

“With my poy,” sighed Antone, patiently. “But you will be happy, Katrine. That is goot.”

He unloaded and piled the wood before the door of the cabin. But he stopped a moment beside the door, to pass his hands caressingly over her skis, as he had caressed the tree.

Every day, then, the light on the opposite hill grew longer. The sun level sank slowly, bringing the tops of the shrubs above the surface, and the snowslides came. Antone was happy. Katrine watched with him for the first signs of spring, her impatience tempered, for the first time, with certainty. Sometimes she spoke to him almost gently, and even when she was silent there was a breath of cheer in her hopefulness. Every day she went down into the valley to borrow late fashion books, and to plan her new clothes with the other women. She put in hours arranging her wild hair like that of the ladies in the magazines. She sent to railroad and steamship companies for guide-
books, and sometimes let Antone help her map out her extensive journeys. Then Antone would become fearful lest her happiness be snatched from her.

"Unt if we find not the goldt, my Katrine, what then?" he asked, in one of her moments of condescension.

"We will find it," she insisted. "Has not the spirit said it?"

"But where?" asked Antone. "I haf listened in the tree unt he says not'ing; unt the brooks run high, yet they tell me not."

"Be still, Antone," she cried, exasperated. "To me the dream will come. What do you know? The spirits will not talk to you."

"But my poy does," murmured Antone, dreamily.

He wandered out of doors, picking his way carefully up the hill to where the tree stood, secure and sturdy. Already fresh needles of lighter green tipped its dark branches, and Antone pressed the soft new twigs in his hands lovingly. Then he passed on to his mine. A week before, the roof had hung low with icicles, and glazed pools covered the track. Now the ice for a hundred yards had thawed and tiny streams of water trickled from a thousand minute crevices. Antone lighted a candle. The light flickered over the frost work of the tunnel, glinting against the rough-hewn rocks. The tunnel was very low, but it was very long. Antone had sacrificed himself to make it so. If he had used his time and his dynamite to blast it six feet high, he could not have made it six hundred feet long in thirty years. He did not need now to crawl on his hands and knees to penetrate its depths. Age and long usage had bent him to conform to the tunnel, since he would not make the tunnel conform to himself. He turned off into several cross-cuts, stopping to break off the icicles, and to brush away the deep frost, with a loving touch.

"There is no goldt," he sighed, "unt Katrine will cry. But I can work tomorrow."

He returned to the entrance of the tunnel, and closed the door. Katrine was there.

"Where haf you been?" she demanded.

"I look at the tree," he murmured, "unt it is green. Unt I say, 'When the needles are green with spring, time it is to work in the mine,' unt I go to look."

"The tree," she grumbled, "always the tree. No work would you do on the mine till you had plated it. No dynamite could you use for that tunnel till you had blasted the rock to keep the snowslides off. Bah, you lof nothing else."

"No, no, Katrine. I lof the tree because he is my liddle poy to me, but I lof my poy because he is of you."

"Fool," she snorted, and strode away, angry.
But falling asleep that night, she had the tree before her mind, and the dream came.

She woke with a start, and ran to the window.

"Antone, Antone!" she called. "Look at the tree! The spirit has spoken! The gold is there!"

Antone gave a short, wounded cry.

A shaft of white light glowed in the northern sky in great fan-like folds, and in its brightness the lone tree stood, its shadowy branches pointing downward, promisingly.

"No," cried Antone. "It is not the cross-lead, Katrine. It is the grave of my poy unt me. Have you not promised I shall lie there? If I dig, the roots will be broken; the tree will die. Unt it will not laugh in the windt any more."

"Antone what is a tree? And what is a grave? You can find other trees, and other graves. But I, Antone, where else will I find the gold? Where else will come the diamonds and the plumes? Thirty years have I waited, Antone — here! Look at it! Here!"

She flung out her hands tragically over the wretchedness of the kennel in which they lived. A heap of broken stones for a fireplace, a disordered bunk of pine boughs, the decaying stumps of old trees in the earth floor, for tables and stools. Antone covered his eyes with his trembling hands. Katrine threw herself on the bunk, and wept stormily.

Morning found the old man still sitting on the floor by the window. At Katrine’s first move, he rose unsteadily, and tottered from the room.

Ten minutes later a loud report shattered against the opposite slope, and for five seconds rolled back and forth, echoing and re-echoing through the hills. There was another report, and another. Katrine lifted her head exultantly, and hurried from the cabin. At the door of the tunnel she met Antone coming out with a load of rock.

"I dig in the cut, Katrine," he said.

She followed him into the tunnel, creeping with difficulty under the jagged overhanging rocks of the low roof. All day she clung to him, watching feverishly, the deepening of the cut, and urging him to greater haste. All day Antone pushed the heavy cart over the waterlogged wooden tracks with feeble but persistent effort.

By the seventh day Antone had dug five feet, crawling in and out of the cut, and removing the ore by basketfuls. On that day a fiber of the tree brushed his face. He called Kathrine.

"It is the tree!" she cried, joyously. "Now will we find the gold. Quick, Antone."
She snatched the drill from his hands and held it in place. Antone struck it feebly, but certainly, till the holes were made. Then he placed his charges of dynamite, and withdrew to the mouth of the tunnel. He waited, his anxious eyes unconsciously seeking the tree.

"It will not hurt — " began Katrine, her eyes following his, half-sympathetically.

They waited breathlessly. Then the long, hollow report came, and Antone quivered as the little tree swayed and shook with the force of the explosion. The other three reports came in quick succession, and Antone drew a deep breath.

"It did not fall," he murmured; then he sighed. "It was not enough."

Katrine had hurried back into the tunnel, and was on her knees examining the ore.

"It was not enough," she said, when he knelt down beside her. "Look, Antone, the rock under the tree—the gold is there, maybe."

"It is too high for gold, Katrine," he said, but he attacked it with his pick.

"Put in dynamite, Antone," pleaded Katrine. "The gold will be there. We will be rich, Antone — rich!"

She held her candle high for him, clutching it with a grasp that left finger prints in the tallow. The hot grease dropped unheeded on her face as she leaned forward, her eyes fixed on the slowly moving rock.

"Now will we see — now will we see — " she murmured, over and over.

Antone tugged and strained, but the rock gave slowly. He caught his pick in a crevice, and stopped to brush away the gravel that fell.

"Antone, go on!" cried Katrine, sharply.

He attacked the rock again, and brought a projection into view, to which he was able to attach his pick. The rock fell between him and his wife.

"Run, Katrine," he shrieked. "The earth comes, too! Run! Run!"

He struggled feebly forward and fell. Katrine, in frantic terror, dropped her candle, and fled from the tunnel, the dull echo of the falling rocks pursuing her. But when she reached the entrance, she remembered Antone. She turned back. The cut was filled up with boulders and earth.

"Antone! Antone!" she wailed. "He is dead! My Antone, he is dead!"

Dry-eyed, she returned to the entrance.

"We came to see how you was gettin' along," a chirping voice greeted her. "Where's Antone?"

Katrine's eyes wavered, and rested on the tree. All the earth about it had fallen, and half the roots lay exposed. But it still clung tenaciously
to the rocks, supported against the lower slope by its supple branches. Her eyes softened.

“Antone is dead,” she said quietly. “He is there — under the tree.”

“Under the tree?” echoed Phyllis, awed.

“Where he wanted — he is buried there. So shall he stay — with the boy.”

“But your gold, Katrine, didn’t the spirits say — ”

She stamped her foot, angrily.

“What do you know?” she demanded. “Did he not wish to lie there? Go away. For the gold I care not. I will gif it up to him. Bah, how could you know that I will? You haf not known lof. Not like I love my Antone.”

The women looked at each other questioningly.

Katrine shook back her hair with a fierce gesture.

“What if I did say we lived without lof?” she reiterated. “Is he not dead? I shall not go to Bohemia. I shall not bow to the queen. The gold shall stay with Antone. But so shall I. Do I not lof him?”

She watched them as they drifted away, and smiled.

“And lof is greater than gold,” she repeated, softly. “It’s greater than gold, Antone.”
1912-13

**FOOTBALL**—

CRAIGHEAD
HUNT
SMEAD
WIEGMAN
DAEMS
MCCARTHY
DESCAMPS
OWSLEY
DORNBLASER
(Captain)
KELLY
DAY
RONAN
GAULT
KLEBE
STREIT

**BASKETBALL**—

WOLFE
SHEEDY
TABOR
CUMMINS
WHISLER
(Captain)
DENHERT
STREIT

**TRACK**—

DORNBLASER
RONAN
OWSLEY
(Captain)
SHEEDY
ARMTAGE
FOOTBALL

Smead . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Full
Owsley . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Left Half
Deschamps-Ronan . . . . . . . . . . . . Right Half
Gault . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Left End
Hunt-Weidman . . . . . . . . . . . . Right End
Dornblaser (Capt.) . . . . . . . . . . . Left Tackle
Klebe . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Right Tackle
Craighead . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Left Guard
Daems-Day . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Right Guard
Streit . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Center
McCarthy-Kelley . . . . . . . . . . . . Quarter
“Dorn,” as he was called by the squad, and “Dornie,” by the ladies, was captain of the 1912 football team. At tackle he was a pillar of strength in every game. As a leader he inspired loyalty and confidence. His playing—oh, well, we endorse the Salt Lake critic who said: “I have seen them all and without a doubt he is the best tackle in the west.” Dorn has another year of football.

“Buck” celebrated his return to school by playing fullback on the team. Concrete walls cannot be compared to “Sun-kiss’r” when it comes to stopping an opposing team. His defensive work was of the sort that calls for the crowd’s applause even in out-of-town games. “Buck” is captain of next year’s team. We have great hopes.

“Spud” had his fighting spirit up and going the entire season. He was a hard worker and for his first year on the team, played an exceptionally good game at end. When not on the field, “Spud” was amusing the team with his famous Scotch songs. We hope to see more of “Spud’s” football ability, although we feel that we could get along without the songs.
"Pat," he make fun for Lizette by passing her the ball. Upon Kelly's injury Pat became a permanent fixture at quarterback. His cool head in tight pinches saved the team many times. He has two more years of football coming.

"Cliff finished his third year on the team this fall, playing a good game at guard. On trips "Cliff's" wit and liveliness were the delight of the whole team. (He slept most all the time.) However, sometimes it's a good thing to save your energy for the game. That's what C. O. D. did.

"Possum" was one of the best centers Montana ever had. He handled the ball well and played a good, defensive game. Dining car service suited "Possum" pretty well, although he thought that meals came too far apart. His most brilliant playing was at Salt Lake.
The "Belgian" is an awful mean freshman to spank. At guard he fought just as much, as any of the opposing teams will tell you. He is another one of our freshmen to whom we are going to point with pride in the years to come.

"Punk" has played his second year on the team. On offense it usually took three good men to stop him. He was faster than any man seen at Montana in many moons. As for his playing, judge for yourself. The Portland papers heralded him as a former All-American half.

"Lizette," she hurt her ankle about the middle of the season, but kept on playing just the same. Deschamps excelled as a line plunger, although no one had it on him in his defensive work. He was under everything that came his way.
"Pink" put all his energy into his playing this year and his work on the team showed it. He could be put at most any position and hold his own. "Pink" was "Spud's" partner in the songs and amusements. Some combination, what? But to really appreciate them, you should have heard them. "Pink" has two more years of football in which to make a reputation.

"Kel," although not able to finish out the season with us, played a fine game at quarter. His judgment in directing plays through the opposing team was especially good. Pat's failing, when he was out of town, is "ragging." Just ask somebody how he acted at Logan. We hope to see "Kel's" smiling countenance and expressive eyebrows on the field again next year.

"Hell Diver" is his correct name, first used at Logan. Although "German" can swim a little, that is not what the name refers to. "Hell Diver" was a good man to put on the opposite side of the line to balance "Dorn." The bigger the opponents, the better Klebe liked it. Next year will be his last of football.
"Tommy Peek" picked up his name in Seattle. He and a sailor had a contest to see which knew the most people. "Peeker" won. Right off the bat he named one that the sailor didn’t know. However, all this did not interfere with his work at center. For a first year man he was nothing short of brilliant. Before he finishes he should be one of the best centers Montana ever had.

"Jimmy," as an end, played an exceptionally strong game. Forward passes were his specialty. "Jimmy" is only a freshman, so we expect to see something great from him. He liked Salt Lake better than any other place we stopped at this season.

"Pete" or "Dago"; he answers by either name, preferably "Dago." At half, "Dago" worked like a Trojan. Without a doubt his favorite pastime is football, although he is occasionally represented at basket socials. "Pete" has a good eye for picking openings on the football field. Also for autos.
"Coach" Philoon was the one man, if one man could be picked, who was responsible for the showing made by this year's team. When asked whether he would consider the coaching of the team, at the first of the year, he accepted willingly and enthusiastically. The same willingness and enthusiasm were characteristic of him throughout the entire season. The "Coach" was prevented from going on any of the trips except the one into Salt Lake, where his presence gave the men the "pep" and confidence which made the game one of the best ever witnessed at Salt Lake. Both faculty and students of the University of Montana are deeply indebted to Lieutenant Philoon.

"Shorty" was the best little manager you ever saw. To show you that he had the interests of the A. S. U. M. at heart, we will merely mention in passing that his thrift and economy led the team to bestow upon him the name of Izzy Whistlestein in appreciation of the many meals it didn't get. Ask Shorty to tell you about Cache Junction. We won't say anything about except that it was a good thing he had the money with him. Shorty enjoyed Salt Lake very much.
Foot Ball Review

The football season of 1912 was probably the most successful one the University has ever had. Montana played several teams that she had never played before and attained a new prestige in football. In past years Montana has tried with small success to meet other state universities, and has had hard work in being recognized by them. However, this year our reputation was established by the game with the University of Utah, if nothing else.

Added to this was the showing made on the coast trip, with the result that Montana is now a known and recognized factor in the western athletic world.

During the season we played six games. The first, with the Montana Aggies, we won by a small score. In the invasion of Utah, which followed, although Montana lost both games, it was a happy and triumphant team that returned home. At Logan poor officials virtually won the game for the Utah Aggies. At Salt Lake we succeeded in holding the University of Utah, the Rocky Mountain champions, to a very close score, and but for an unfortunate fluke the game would have been a tie. We then played a return game with the Montana Aggies at Bozeman, winning by a very one-sided score. Gonzaga was our next opponent, and by a happy coincidence we defeated them with the same score with which they won over us in 1910. On Thanksgiving day we played Willamette University at Salem, Oregon. This game was the hardest of the season for Montana, and with the team crippled by injuries and sickness we lost by a big score.

Had an All-Montana team been chosen this year, it would undoubtedly have been composed mainly of University of Montana men.
Foot Ball Schedule

October 19—Montana Aggies, 0; Montana, 7.
October 26—Utah Aggies, 17; Montana, 0.
November 2—University of Utah, 10; Montana, 3.
November 9—Montana Aggies, 3; Montana, 39.
November 23—Gonzaga College, 7; Montana, 16.
November 28—Willamette University, 30; Montana, 9.
LINEUP:

Whisler                Left Forward
Cummins                Right Forward
Tabor                  Center
Sheedy                 Left Guard
Wolfe                  Right Guard
Streit                 Sub Guard
Dehnert                Sub Forward
CAPTAIN WHISLER.—This was “Shorty’s” second year on the team, and he showed himself to be one of the fastest men ever seen on a Montana floor. He sure had poor “Bing’s” goat, both in Bozeman and Helena. But that’s neither here nor there. What we say is that “Shorty” ought to keep training better or he’ll get fat.

TABOR.—“Hank” celebrated his first year in the University by making center on the team. At the pivot position he worked hard during the entire season and to him can be attributed much of the team’s success. For hard, earnest work no other man on the team was Tabor’s equal. He could always be depended upon to do what he was told.
Sheedy.—"Pat" was a sticker the entire season in practice as well as in games. Woe to the forward who played against him; there was never a minute during the game that Pat was not playing right on top of him. For the question how Montana held her opponents to such low scores, one answer is Sheedy. Pat has one more year of basketball.

Wolfe.—This is his second year on the team. His playing was far superior to his work last season. In every game he showed his mettle by keeping the opposing forwards well in hand. At throwing baskets he proved to be an exceptional guard as many of the team's points were obtained by him.

Cummins.—"Red," another first-year man, firmly established himself at forward. The feature of this freshman's work was his aggressiveness during a game. There was not a guard on any team we met this season that could keep this rusty-headed boy under control. His motto is: "You can't be a fussier and an athlete at the same time. T'ell with fussing."
Substitutes

Streit.—Another freshman who succeeded in making his letter just at the close of the season. Had Streit got out the first of the season he would have undoubtedly been a regular on the team. Watch for him in the future.

Dehnert.—A wizard at floor work. His guards simply could not find him. More will be said about Sam in the next three years.

The first team would have been a sad affair this year had it not been for the work of our second team. McPhail, Streit, Lansing, Craighead, Griffith and Dehnert made up a second team which often took the first team into camp. These men deserve as much honor for the season’s work as do the members of the first team.
Basket Ball
Season 1913

Basketball this year was far above that of any other year that Montana has ever had. More interest was taken in it by the students which meant that more men reported for practice. There were about eighteen men out for practice every night during the entire season.

The University succeeded in defeating all teams it met with the exception of the University of Utah and the Montana Aggies.

Three games were played with the Aggies to decide the state championship. Montana won on the home floor, but lost in Bozeman. Therefore, it was decided to play the third game on a neutral floor. Helena was selected as the place to play. Montana lost only after a stubbornly contested game, and had the satisfaction of knowing that though they lost hard they took their defeat well.
Basket Ball Schedule

January 17—Stevensville, 8; Montana, 29.
January 30—Montana Aggies, 16; Montana, 19.
February 14—University of Utah, 38; Montana, 17.
March 1—Carroll Club, 10; Montana, 43.
March 8—Montana Aggies, 23; Montana, 16.
PUNK OWESLEY, 1915.

Captain of this year's team is expected to show good form in this year's test. This is his second year, and despite the fact that his records were not fast last year, he has his big year before him and it is expected that he will lead his team to a brilliant victory when the time comes.

PAT SHEEDY, '14.

Montana's pole vaulter is one of her strongest and most consistent men. Pat is not phenomenal, but he wins and that is the quality that brings victory. This is his third year in the pole vault and he should show this season the best that is in him.

DORNBLASER, '14.

Is the dark horse of this coming season. He didn't have to work to win last year, and so even to himself he is an unknown quantity. To any one who knows Dorn, however, knows that failure is impossible for the husky "bear," and if he has to, we know he will heave the shot a "mile," so success in this event is practically assured this next season.

NICK TAYLOR, '15.

Our premier distance man is out to win this season, and if he improves as much as he did last year, you may pin your faith on "socialism." Last year was Nick's first in any kind of athletics, and being up against hard men he didn't grab first place, but he will be stronger this year and so will be of invaluable aid to Montana in the century run.
PETER RONAN, '14.

Is in his third year this spring, and is expected to grab at least one of the hurdles. Pete has the form and endurance, along with a willingness to work and if he doesn't win this year, it will be nothing less than the loss of a leg.

HERB KUPHAL, '14.

Who took second in the half last year should be a first place "man" this year. Last year was really his first active one in track and considering the creditable showing made then, we have every reason to hold him responsible for the half this spring.

BILL VEALY, '14.

The loss of "Big" Bill Vealy is sincerely mourned by all Montana. He was a good, all around man, both in the hurdles and field events, and had he came back he would have undoubtedly been one of Montana's strongest assets. However, Bill leaves behind him a very enviable record and we sincerely hope he will be with us next year to duplicate it.

GEORGE ARMITAGE, '14.

Who took second in the two-mile, gave one of the prettiest exhibitions of nerve and grit ever seen on Montana's field. George was up against a hard man, and while he lacked the form of his opponent, he made up for it in nerve. With a little coaching this year he should take his event easily, for he has all the requisites of a great runner.
The 1912 track season is nothing to boast of. Montana lost fairly and squarely to M. S. C. by a score of 58 to 68, and was it not for the admirable fighting spirit shown by the crippled squad which represented U. of M. last year, our defeat would have been a galling one. The time of all the events was hopelessly slow, the only record that was broken, was the broad jump, formerly held by Malcomson, with a distance of 21 ft., which was broken by Owsley with a record of 21 ft., 1-4 in. Under existing conditions, however, we have a right to be proud of the men who represented us, and we feel that if it had not been for the loss of such men as Captain Cameron, Day and Wolfe, the tables would have been turned.

The prospects for 1913 are among the brightest in the history of the University. From the freshman class there is an abundance of promising material and several interscholastic stars of former meets. U. of M. is also strong in eligible vets. All of the point winners of last year are in school again, and in addition to this, Cameron, who was prevented from participating last year by a fractured ankle, is in prime condition, and Wolfe, Day and Weidman are all expected to place this year. The two meets which have been arranged with Idaho and M. A. C. will furnish an interesting season, and unless fate intervenes, Montana should capture the honors in both of the events.
## University of Montana Track Records

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Holder</th>
<th>Record</th>
<th>Year</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 high hurdles</td>
<td>R. H. Cary</td>
<td>16 2-5 sec.</td>
<td>1906</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220 low hurdles</td>
<td>Joe Malcomson</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>Merrit Owsley</td>
<td>21 ft., 1-4 in.</td>
<td>1912</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>Emmet 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>

[ PAGE III ]
Inter-Class Meet.
## Interscholastic Records

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Holder</th>
<th>Time</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>50-yard dash</td>
<td>Lloyd Denny, Flathead</td>
<td>5 2-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100-yard dash</td>
<td>Plat Belden, Fergus</td>
<td>10 2-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220-yard dash</td>
<td>Lloyd Denny, Flathead</td>
<td>23 1-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>440-yard dash</td>
<td>Edwin Hauser, Anaconda</td>
<td>53 4-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>880-yard dash</td>
<td>Richard Crum, Helena</td>
<td>2 min., 6 3-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mile Run</td>
<td>Richard Crum, Helena</td>
<td>4 min., 41 2-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>120-yard High Hurdles</td>
<td>Sam Dinsmore, Missoula</td>
<td>16 2-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220-yard Low Hurdles</td>
<td>James Brown, Granite</td>
<td>26 4-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Allen Calbick, Flathead</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>High Jump</td>
<td>Logan, Gallatin</td>
<td>5 ft., 7 1-8 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hammer Throw</td>
<td>Davis, Park</td>
<td>138 ft., 2 1-2 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broad Jump</td>
<td>Brayley Gish, Missoula</td>
<td>21 ft., 5 1-2 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pole Vault</td>
<td>Lloyd Denny, Flathead</td>
<td>10 ft., 9 1-2 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Discus Throw</td>
<td>Trainor, Missoula</td>
<td>113 ft., 6 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shot Put</td>
<td>Emmet Ryan, Teton</td>
<td>43 ft., 2 1-2 in.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relay Race</td>
<td>Missoula</td>
<td>1 min., 34 sec.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Individual Champions

1904 ...................... J. Piggott ...................... Helena
1905 ...................... Joe Horn ...................... Anaconda
1906 ...................... Joe Horn ...................... Anaconda
1907 ...................... Lloyd Denny ................ Flathead
1908 ...................... Brayley Gish ................ Missoula
1909 ...................... Clarence Bickford .......... Park
1910 ...................... James Brown ................ Granite
1911 ...................... Edwin Hauser ............... Anaconda
1912 ...................... Edwin Hauser ............... Anaconda
Activities of the Year
To Do or Die!!!
THE Canine Poison Squad

We believe in eating to live, and not eating to die.

Therefore, have we, the representatives of the Palladium student rights and liberties, the Weekly Kaimin, come to investigate the food at the Dorm, and to discover which of the pernicious viands is responsible for the epidemic now among us.

Bring on your "Poison"
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Donald Young, '15 - Assistant
Roy Wilson, '15 - Assistant
Frances Curran, '16 - Assistant

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Horace S. Davis, '14 - Assistant
Roy Wilson, '15 - Assistant
Montana State College versus University of Montana
March 14, 1913

QUESTION—Resolved, That a minimum wage scale to be operative in the factories, work shops, department stores and sweated industries of America should be provided for by law.

AFFIRMATIVE—University of Montana.  
Payne Templeton  
William Long

NEGATIVE—Montana State College.  
Thompson  
Eberle

JUDGES—Judge Cheadle of Lewistown; Professor Kelley, Principal of Butte High School; Professor McCall, Principal of Billings High School.

DECISION—Two to one in favor of the affirmative.
Washington State College versus
University of Montana
Missoula, April 18, 1913

Question—Resolved, That a minimum wage scale, to be operative in workshops, department stores and factories, should be established by law, constitutionality granted

Affirmative—University of Montana. Horace Davis
Gordon Watkins

Negative—Washington State College. George C. Crockett
Lester B. Vincent


Decision—Three to nothing in favor of the affirmative.

By this decision, the Championship of the Northwest, based on comparative scores, was awarded to the University of Montana.
Junior Prom

Given by the Class of 1914 in honor of the Class of 1913.

Burton Smead, General Chairman

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N. S. Little
Mabel Lyden

Patrons—
Esther Birely
Bessie Wilde
June Whiting

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P. L. Dornblaser
Geo. Armitage
E. B. Craighead, Jr.

Invitations—
H. H. Kuphal
P. J. McCarthy
Catherine Finley

Lighting—
Geo. L. Klebe
F. H. Whisler
C. O. Day

Decorations—
Grace V. Saner
Earl Speer
C. S. Jackson
H. S. Davis
Bessie Rhoades
Coed - Prom
"You Never Can Tell"

By Bernard Shaw

Presented by the Dramatic Club, University Hall, April 25, 1913

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PHILLIP CLANDON
BOHUN
WAITER
MRS. CLANDON
GLORIA CLANDON
DOLLY CLANDON
MAID

ARCHIE HOEL
MERRITT OWSLEY
NAT LITTLE
CECIL DORSON
CARL GLICK
EVELYN STEPHENSON
DIANA ULINE
STELLA DUNCAN
CLARA ROBINSON
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Professor Fischer, Director.

Soprano

Edna Chadwick
Cecile Johnson
Lulu Wright

Gracie Leary
Mary Ludden
Clara Robinson

Second Soprano

Eunice Dennis
Alice Hardenburgh

Corinne McDonald
Vera Pride

Alto

Diana Uline

Evelyn Stephenson
Leila Logan
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Charles Pixley ...................................... Oratorical
Eloise Knowles ...................................... Debate
John D. Jones ....................................... Delegate-at-Large
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1914

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Cora Schilling     Jeanette Clark
OFFICERS—FIRST SEMESTER.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Position</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>R. D. Sloan</td>
<td>President</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. H. Kuphal</td>
<td>Vice-President</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. E. Montgomery</td>
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<tr>
<td>F. H. Whisler</td>
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SECOND SEMESTER.

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<tr>
<td>C. E. Dobson</td>
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<tr>
<td>F. H. Whisler</td>
<td>Vice-President</td>
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<tr>
<td>F. W. Carpino</td>
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<tr>
<td>S. R. Darrow</td>
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MEMBERS:

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<td>R. Dehler</td>
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<td>J. McManus</td>
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<td>H. Anderson</td>
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<td>F. Richter</td>
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<td>G. Klebe</td>
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<td>C. O. Day</td>
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<tr>
<td>H. Kuphal</td>
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**Fratres in Urbe.**

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<td>FRANK E. BONNER</td>
<td>BERNIE F. KITT</td>
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<td>JAMES H. BONNER</td>
<td>EARL F. HUGHES</td>
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<td>JOHN M. EVANS</td>
<td>FLOYD HARDENBURGH</td>
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<td>THOMAS E. EVANS</td>
<td>JOHN M. LUCY</td>
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<td>MASSEY S. McCULLOUGH</td>
<td>HYLEN L. SMURR</td>
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<td>F. HAROLD SLOANE</td>
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**Fratres in Universitate.**

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<td>CECIL H. DOBSON</td>
<td>DONOVAN WORDEN</td>
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<td>GEORGE ARMITAGE</td>
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<td>ROYAL SLOANE</td>
<td>LA RUE SMITH</td>
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<td>HARRY F. SEWELL</td>
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<td>BERT PEPPARD</td>
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<td>HARRY ADE</td>
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<td>JOE TOPE</td>
<td>ROBERT BORLAND</td>
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<tr>
<td>PAUL A. BISHOFF</td>
<td>CLAUDE SIMPKINS</td>
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<td>VICTOR JANECK</td>
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<td>LLOYD ROBERTS</td>
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<td>BRUCE METLEN</td>
<td>EARL DOWD</td>
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SIGMA NU
Founded at Virginia Military Institute, 1869.

CHAPTER ROLL.

ALPHA—Virginia Military Institute.
BETA—University of Virginia.
EPSILON—Bethany College.
ETA—Mercer University.
THETA—University of Alabama.
IOTA—Howard College.
KAPPA—North Georgia Agricultural College.
LAMBDA—Washington and Lee University.
MU—University of Georgia.
NU—Kansas State University.
XI—Emory College.
P—Lehigh University.
RH○—Missouri State University.
SIGMA—Vanderbilt University.
EPSILON—University of Texas.
PHI—Louisiana State University.
PSI—University of North Carolina.
BETA BETA—DePauw 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 UPSILON—Rose Polytechnic Institute.
BETA PHI—Tulane University.
BETA CHI—Leland Stanford 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 EPSILON—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 LAMBDA—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—University of Syracuse.
DELTA ALPHA—Case School of Applied Science.
DELTA BETA—Dartmouth College.
DELTA ETA—University of Nebraska.
DELTA THETA—Lombard University.
DELTA GAMMA—Columbia University.
DELTA DELTA—Pennsylvania State College.
DELTA ZETA—Western Reserve University.
DELTA EPSILON—Omaha University.
DELTA IOTA—Washington State College.
DELTA KAPPA—Delaware College.
CHI—Cornell College.
DELTA LAMBDA—Brown University.
DELTA MU—Stetson University.
DELTA NU—University of Maine.
SIGMA NU

Alumni Chapters.

BIRMINGHAM
SAN FRANCISCO
PUEBLO
DENVER
DALLAS
SEATTLE
WHEELING
MILWAUKEE
SALISBURY, (N. C.)
CANTON, (OHIO)
COLUMBUS
CLEVELAND
DES MOINES

LOUISVILLE
LEXINGTON
SHELBYVILLE
MONTGOMERY (ALA.)
PINE BLUFF, (ARK.)
LITTLE ROCK
WASHINGTON
COLUMBIA, (MO.)
ST. LOUIS
NEW YORK CITY
CHARLOTTE
ATLANTA
CHICAGO

INDIANAPOLIS
DAVENPORT
TOLEDO
PORTLAND
PITTSBURGH
NASHVILLE
BATON ROUGE
BOSTON
KANSAS CITY
MINNEAPOLIS
RALEIGH
PHILADELPHIA
WILMINGTON, (N. C.)
Sigma Chi

Fratres in Urbe.
DR. J. G. RANDALL, A. B. M. D. GILBERT HETFRON, LL. B.
JOSEPH STREIT, B. S. HUGH M. FERGUSON, B. E. E.
R. KING GARLINGTON, B. S. THOMAS G. FARRELL, B. S.
WM. O. FERGUSON, B. S. GILBERT T. REINHARDT
EDWARD C. SIMONS, B. A. FRED ANGEVINE, B. A.
ERNEST E. HUBERT, B. A.
WM. O. DICKINSON, B. S.
WALTER H. McLEOD
JOHN D. JONES, B. A., D. gur.
FRED E. BUCK, B. M. E.
EDGAR G. POLLEYS, B. S.
HUGH T. FORBIS, B. S.
CLARENCE J. FORBIS, B. S.
F. THAYER STODDARD, B. S.

Fratres in Facultate.
ROBERT H. CARY

Fratres in Universitate.
1913

ROScoe W. WELLS

1914

GEORGE P. STONE
E. P. KELLY
PAUL GERVAIS
NAT S. LITTLE
MERRITT M. OWsLEY
ARCHIE B. HoEL
C. THOMAS BUSHA
GREGORY S. POWELL
HAROLD H. LANSING
COLIN C. CLEMENTS
W. NEILL McPHAIL
ROY E. THOMAS
HENRY W. TABOR

ARTHUR W. WRIGHT
*Deceased.

1915

FRED E. WHISLER
PATRICK T. McCARtHY
PETER IONAN
PAUL L. DORNBLASER

1916

WM. G. LONG
CLAUDE W. MOLCHOIR
NORMAN C. STREIT
ALVA E. BAIRD
HERBERT B. MOLCHOIR
EDWIN J. CUMMINGS
FRANKLIN H. WOODY

Pledges.

CLYDE HUMPHREY
SIGMA CHI

Founded at Miami University, 1855.

Chapter Roll.

ALPHA—Miami University.
BETA—University of Wooster.
GAMMA—Ohio Wesleyan.
EPSILON—George Washington University.
THETA—Pennsylvania College.
KAPPA—Bucknell University.
LAMDA—Indiana University.
MU—Dension 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—Walsh University.
ZETA PSI—University of Cincinnati.
THETA THETA—University of Michigan.
LAMDA LAMDA—University of Kentucky.
MU XI—West Virginia University.
XI XI—University of Missouri.
TAU TAU—Washington University.
ALPHA THETA—Mass. Institute of Technology.
PHI PHI—University of Pennsylvania.
ALPHA ETA—University of Iowa.
ALPHA IOTA—Illinois Wesleyan.
ALPHA LAMDA—University of Wisconsin.
ALPHA NU—University of Texas.
ALPHA XI—University of Kansas.
ALPHA OMEGA—Tulane University.
ALPHA PI—Albion College.
ALPHA RHO—Lehigh University.
ALPHA SIGMA—University of Minnesota.
ALPHA UPSILON—University of St. California.
ALPHA PHI—Cornell University.
ALPHA CHI—Pennsylvania State.
ALPHA PSI—Vanderbilt University.
ALPHA OMEGA—Leland Stanford University.
BETA GAMMA—Colorado College.
BETA DELTA—University of Montana.
BETA EPSILON—University of Utah.
BETA IOTA—University of Oregon.
BETA ZETA—University of N. Dakota.
BETA ETA—Case School of Applied Science.
BETA THETA—University of Pittsburg.
DELTA DELTA—Purdue University.
ZETA ZETA—Central College of Kentucky.
ETA ETA—Dartmouth College.
KAPPA KAPPA—University of Illinois.
RHO RHO—University of Maine.
NU NU—Columbia University.
OMICRON OMEGA—University of Chicago.
UPSILON UPSILON—University of Washington.
PSI PSI—Syracuse University.
OMEGA OMEGA—University of Arkansas.
BETA KAPPA—University of Oklahoma.
BETA LAMDA—Trinity, N. C.
# Sigma Chi

## Alumni Chapters.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tr>
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<td>Washington, D. C.</td>
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</table>
Local Organized 1908

Fratres in Urbe.
RAY HAMILTON
RICHARD L. JOHNSON
CHAS. JOHNSON
MARSHALL HARNOIS

Fratres in Universitate.
Graduate
DEWITT C. WARREN, '12 (Law.)

1914
HERBERT H. KUPHAL
JOHN P. SHEEDY
CARL C. DICKEY
BURTON SMEAD

1915
G. O. BAXTER
GORDON MONTGOMERY
LUCIUS E. FORBES
EDWIN J. STANLEY
EVELYN NESBIT

1916
LANCELOT ROWLEY
LEONARD R. DAEMS
FRANCES E. DEHNERT
AVERY W. DEHNERT
EUGENE THURSTON
JOHN M. SHRODER
Mu Sigma Epsilon

Engineers' Local. Organized 1909.

Fratres in Urbe.

CHARLES FARMER       HARRY D. MACLAY
CLARENCE H. BUCK      R. L. JOHNSON

Fratres in Universitate.

1913
ROYAL SLOANE          CECIL DOBSON

1914
FRED WHISLER          HERBERT KUPHAL
FREDERICK RICHTER

1915
J. G. MONTGOMERY

1916
HENRY TABOR           BEVERLY EVANS
EUGENE THURSTON
**Tau Kappa Alpha**

National Honorary Fraternity for those participating in Debate and Oratory.

**MONTANA STATE CHAPTER.**

DR. C. A. DUNIWAY  
GEORGE F. REYNOLDS  
ARBIE E. LEECH  
D. CREGER WARREN  
ROBERT C. LINE  
MILLARD F. BULLERDICK

LUCIUS FORBES  
C. H. BOWMAN  
CARL DICKEY  
HARRY SEWELL  
ARTHUR O'ROURKE  
EDWIN STANLEY

**Chapter Roll.**

**Active State Chapters.**

COLORADO—University of Denver.  
INDIANA—De Pauw University.  
IDAHO—University of Idaho.  
MASSACHUSETTS—Harvard University.  
MONTANA—University of Montana.  
NEW YORK—University of New York.  
OHIO  
Miami University  
University of Cincinnati

TENNESSEE—Vanderbilt University.  
VIRGINIA—Randolph-Macon Colleges.  
UTAH—University of Utah.  
GEORGIA—University of Georgia.  
NORTH CAROLINA—University of North Carolina.  
WASHINGTON—University of Washington.  
WISCONSIN—Lawrence College.
Women's Pan Hellenic Council

Officers:
Gladys Huffman . . . . . President
Gladine Lewis . . . . . Vice-President
Gladys Freeze . . . . . Secretary

Members.
Kappa Kappa Gamma.
Gladine Lewis Mildred Ingalls

Kappa Alpha Theta
Gladys Freeze Esther Birely

Delta Gamma
Gladys Huffman Bess Wilde
Kappa
Kappa
Gamma
Kappa Kappa Gamma

Beta Phi Chapter. Established March, 1909.

Patronesses.
MRS. J. M. KEITH  MRS. F. C. SCHEUCH
MRS. H. T. WILKINSON

Sorores in Urbe.
ISABEL RONAN  EVA COFFEE
ANNABELLE ROSS  MRS. SHIRLEY THANE
MRS. GEORGE WEISEL  DOLOTHY STERLING
MARY ELROD  ABBIE LUCY
MAUDE McCULLOUGH

Sorores in Universitate.

1913
MILDRED F. INGALLS  GLADINE LEWIS
ALICE MATHEWSON

1915
GRACE LEARY  RUTH CRONK
CECILE JOHNSON  JOSEPHINE E. HUNT

1916
GRACE MATHEWSON  IRENE MURRAY
JEANETTE CLARK  LILLIAN SCROGIN
FRANCES BIRDSALL

Pledges.
HELEN McLEOD  MARY LUDDEN
KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA

Founded at Monmouth, Ill., 1870.

Chapter Roll.

PHI—Boston University.
BETA EPSILON—Barnard College.
BETA SIGMA—Adelphi College.
PSI—Cornell University.
BETA TAU—Syracuse University.
BETA PSI—Victoria College, Toronto.
BETA ALPHA—University of Pennsylvania.
BETA IOTA—Swarthmore College.
GAMMA RHO—Allegheny College.
BETA UPSILON—W. Virginia University.
LAMBD A—Buchtel College.
BETA GAMMA—Wooster University.
BETA NU—Ohio State University.
BETA DELTA—University of Michigan.
XI—Adrian College.
KAPPA—Hillsdale College.
DELTA—Indiana State University.
IOTA—De Pauw University.
MU—Butler College.
ETA—University of Wisconsin.
P1—University of California.
BETA ETA—Leland Stanford, Jr., University.
BETA LAMBDA—University of Illinois.
UPSILON—Northwestern University.
EPSILON—Illinois Wesleyan.
CHI—University of Minnesota.
BETA ZETA—Iowa State College.
THETA—Missouri State University.
SIGMA—Nebraska State University.
OMEGA—Kansas State University.
BETA MU—Colorado State University.
BETA XI—Texas State University.
BETAOMICRON—Tulane University.
BETA CHI—University of Kentucky.
BETA PI—University of Washington.
BETA PHI—University of Montana.

Alumnae Chapters

NEW YORK CITY  LOUISVILLE  KANSAS CITY
ROCHESTER     GRANVILLE     DENVER
ATLANTIC CITY  ADRIAN       BLOOMINGTON, ILL.
SYRACUSE       INDIANAPOLIS  NEW ORLEANS
PHILADELPHIA   CHICAGO       BERKELEY
BUTLER         MILWAUKEE     MARION
COLUMBUS       ST. LOUIS     MINNEAPOLIS
Kappa Alpha Theta
Kappa Alpha Theta


Patronesses.

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

Sorores in Urbe.

MRS. JAMES BONNER    MRS. GILBERT REINHART
MRS. JOHN LUCY    MISS MILDRED CLARK

Sorores in Facultate.

ELOISE KNOWLES

Sorores in Universitate.

Post-Graduate

STELLA L. DUNCAN

1913.

LOUISE E. SMITH    GLADYS FREEZE
SUZANNE STABERN

1914.

ALICE HARDENBURGH    GRACE SANER
BESS RHODES    ESTHER BIRELY

1915.

MERLE KETTLEWELL    MARGUERITE BONNER
DIANA ULINE

1916.

DONNA MCCALL    CORINNE MCDONALD
ISABEL GILBERT    GLADYS MCCARTHY
ALPHA HUSE
KAPPA ALPHA THETA

Founded at De Pauw University, 1870

ACTIVE STATE CHAPTERS.

ALPHA—De Pauw University.
BETA—Indiana State College.
GAMMA—Butler.
DELTA—University of Illinois.
EPSILON—Wooster University.
ETA—University of Michigan.
IOTA—Cornell University.
KAPPA—University of Kansas.
LAMBDAY—University of Vermont.
MU—Allegheny College.
RHO—University of Nebraska.
CHI—Syracuse University.
PHI—Stanford University.
OMEGA—University of California.
TAU—Northwestern University.
UPSILON—University of Minnesota.
PSI—University of Wisconsin.
SIGMA—Toronto University.
ALPHA BETA—Swarthmore College.
ALPHA DELTA—Goucher College.
ALPHA ZETA—Barnard College.
ALPHA KAPPA—Adelphi College.
ALPHA ETA—Vanderbilt University.
ALPHA GAMMA—Ohio State University.
ALPHA LAMDA—University of Washington.
ALPHA NU—University of Montana.
ALPHA XI—Oregon State University.
ALPHA IOTA—Washington University.
ALPHA MU—University of Missouri.
ALPHA RHO—University of S. Dakota.
ALPHA PI—University of North Dakota.
ALPHA THETA—University of Texas.
ALPHAOMICRON—University of Oklahoma.

ALUMNAE CHAPTERS.

GREENCASTLE
MINNEAPOLIS
NEW YORK CITY
CHICAGO
COLUMBUS
INDIANAPOLIS
BURLINGTON
PHILADELPHIA
LOS ANGELES
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Pi Chapter. Established September, 1911.

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Sorores in Universitate.
1913.
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GLADYS HUFFMAN FLORENCE MATTHEWS

1914.
MABEL LYDEN BESS WILDE

1915.
CORA HARMON HILDA MARSH
WINNIFRED MCLAUGHLIN

1916.
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Founded 1872.

CHAPTER ROLL.

BETA—Washington State University.
GAMMA—University of California.
EPSILON—Ohio State University.
ZETA—Albion College.
ETA—Buchtel College.
THETA—University of Indiana.
IOTA—University of Illinois.
KAPPA—University of Nebraska.
LAMBDA—University of Minnesota.
MU—University of Missouri.
NU—University of Idaho.
XI—University of Michigan.
OMICRON—Adelphi College.
PI—University of Montana.
RHO—Syracuse University.
SIGMA—Northwestern University.
TAU—University of Iowa.
UPSILON—Leland Stanford, Jr., University.
PHI—University of Colorado.
CHI—Cornell University.
PSI—Goucher College.
OMEGA—University of Wisconsin.
ALPHA BETA—Swarthmore College.

ALUMNAE CHAPTERS.

AKRON, OHIO
Baltimore
DENVER
DES MOINES
DETROIT
CHICAGO

IOWA CITY
KANSAS CITY, MO.
LINCOLN
LOS ANGELES
MILWAUKEE
NEW YORK CITY
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PHILADELPHIA
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SEATTLE
ST. LOUIS
SAN FRANCISCO
The Summer School

The SUMMER SCHOOL of 1912 was an unqualified success, both from an educational and a pleasurable point of view. It was the first held by the University for a number of years; advertising was delayed by a variety of causes for which the University was not responsible. The standards of admission were set high and consistently maintained; yet the plans formulated by President Dunaway and carried out by his director, Prof. G. F. Reynolds, and by the faculty, were so well laid and the Summer School so clearly desirable a part of the University calendar, that the attendance even at this first session, considerably exceeded one hundred.

The work done both in quality and thoroughness fully equalled that of the regular semesters. The Summer School was in no sense simply a cramming school for teachers' examinations nor for college students making up conditions. Indeed almost every department found demands for graduate courses by students qualified to take them. These courses were especially successful, as were also those in methods of teaching. But in all the courses the students were interested and the faculty unanimous in commending their eagerness and industry.
And everybody had a good time. It was remarkable how soon a healthy college spirit—a consciousness of unity and comradeship—showed itself. The numerous excursions—to Stevensville in motors kindly furnished by residents of Missoula, to the falls of the Rattlesnake, to the Indian dances—brought general goodfellowship. Notable, too, were the addresses to the Summer School, especially those by Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard and Dr. E. B. Craighead, the president-elect of the University.

Thus the Summer School of 1912 was a success; that of 1913 is certain to be better still. It will no longer be an experiment for one thing, and for another the more than doubled appropriation makes possible an even more attractive program. Already the plans announced by Director Kemp makes this evident. The Summer School of 1913 will be better—it will also be bigger if Montanans recognize how fine an opportunity is offered them. That they will, nobody doubts.
We Thank You

And now the 1914 Sentinel is finished. Whatever degree of success it may attain is due in great part to the kindness of our friends, without whose help a presentable book would have been impossible. Miss Eloise Knowles of the Art Department and Dr. G. F. Reynolds have aided with many valuable suggestions and criticisms. For many of the drawings in the book we are indebted to John Schopper, Bernice Selfridge, Diana Uline, Frances Birdsall and Mary Shull. Snapshots have been furnished by Gladys Huffman, W. O. Cain, Walter Conway and Fred Whisler. Miss Mary Stewart, George Stone and Gertrude Zerr have given us some excellent poems and stories. All the members of the Junior class, whether on the staff or not, have cheerfully done whatever was asked to further the success of the book. Finally, special mention must be made of "our printers," the Missoulian Publishing Company, and in particular of Mr. Lebkicher and Mr. Abbott. Only their careful and willing co-operation has made it possible to get the Sentinel out by the time set for its appearance.

For the editors, the book has been a lot of work and worry and yet the finished product is not the "Perfect Annual" we planned it to be. And, moreover, what mistakes are made, are made. We can make no corrections nor explain away any misunderstandings in the next issue. Our work is put down to stay. Everything is over but the final verdict—your verdict. And that, after all, is what we have been working for. If in your judgment we shall have written up our records faithfully, if we shall have told you something of the men and women, students and faculty, who make the University, in short if we shall have brought to you even a faint breath of the spirit that pervades the campus of the University of Montana, we hope you will see fit to mention it to some one of the editors. And then we will feel repaid.

The Editors.
THE

Sent'--el

(Fill in the two missing letters any way you please. We merely remind you what the milkman said about "to the pure, etc. ——."
Dedicated respectfully
and
with deepest sympathy
and tenderest
regard to those whose
feelings are
about to be wounded.
Senior Dash = Junior Swing Out.
(The most awful expose in recent years. Done without fear or favor.)

EDWIN BOONE CRAIGHEAD—"Our Prexy." Concerning whom we could not, would not, dare not say anything funny. He might consolidate us. Was raised on mint juleps, smokes the finest brand of Havana cigars, but lost his happy home when the lobby of the Florence was destroyed by fire.

WILLIAM ABER—Otherwise known as "Woolly." The toughest man on the faculty. Educated in the east, came west and turned cowboy, was converted. Now spends his time in giving warmth to Greek roots and building sunshades for the trees on the campus. Cannot tolerate a serious-minded student. Motto is "Eat, drink and be merry."

FREDERICK SCHEUCH—Educated at the Sigma Chi house at the Purdue U., and has never forgotten what he learned there. Became a college professor—that being the easiest way possible of earning a living. The Chesterfield of the faculty. Besides having a love of the beautiful, he is gifted with a drawing room figure. Spends his spare time in listening to Stell reminisce.

LEWIS CLARK PLANT—Has a style of hairdressing all his own. Has been mistaken several times for an escaped criminal. Loves to direct—should have been superintendent of a section-gang. Considers his subject of mathematics beyond the grasp of ordinary mortals. He means well.

GEORGE F. REYNOLDS—Our chief target. Studied for the stage under Anna Held and Eva Tanguay—but finding the Elizabethan drama much worse became an authority in it. A gracious matinee idol. Meets every Friday afternoon with the ladies of the "Culture Club."

HENRY W. BALLANTINE—Hard to say what he was before coming to the U. of M.—because we can’t decide what he is now. "Verbose" is one of his favorite words. His legal manuscripts are being continually lost in the fire. That’s mild. He leads a double life.
ALBERT NEWLON WHITLOCK—"My God! What a figure of a man!" Has never been disappointed in love. That's why! Knows what he knows, knowing what he knows. The rest is all legs. A fond, affectionate nature. When he isn't directing the affairs of the Law Department he is busy washing dishes. He, too, means well.

MARY STEWART—Conducted a matrimonial agency. Has had several narrow escapes. Educated in the west, but acquired an eastern accent. Reads the doubtful books that she may be able to stamp them with her disapproval. Her specialty is heart-to-heart talks.

J. D. DUNLAP—It is difficult to expose this man. He minds his own business too well. Regular clam. An agent for tooth-powder. Chews tobacco.

G. M. PALMER—"'Pammer'"—should he hammer. Educated in Illinois, so he says. When he's not talking, he's eating. His ideal is to combine both!

CAROLINE PATTON—Assistant canner in the library cannery. Her fond looks at the men are mistaken for warnings. Has a hard time maintaining the dignity of her position. Has an expressive glance.

ARTHUR W. RICHTER—Having devoted the greater part of his life to studying the child phenomena, Prof. Richter has decided to publish a book called "The Focus of the Age" or "Frederick."

JOSEPH H. UNDERWOOD—"'Togo'" has been mistaken several times for "'Dago'" (Ronan). This has caused much ill-feeling on both sides. We have not yet decided which is the injured party.

ELOISE KNOWLES—Art Department. The artistry in the "'newer'" dances. Special emphasis given to the interpretation of the "'Rag'."

WILLIAM GEORGE BATEMAN—Came from China. Has an antiseptic baby. Sings antiseptic lullabys.


THADDEUS LUCIFER BOLTON—One of the Kewpie Kutouts. Serves tea in his office. Has managed to preserve a remaining wisp of hair.

JESSE P. ROWE—"'Baldy'" is a living advertisement for hair tonics of all kinds. Chief renown lies in the fact of his being the father of Tommy Rowe.
MORTON J. ELROD—The only man that ever talked down Alice Mathewson on the arsenic question. Since this memorable event has fallen into obscurity.

RICHARD HENRY JESSE, P. D. Q.—Dicky is both broad-shouldered and handsome and has been engaged by Miss Stewart in her matrimonial campaign. Champion chalk-slinger. Smokes Tuxedo. Since he came to Montana his belt measure has increased.

FRANCES CORBIN—Runs a culture course. Statistics taken during one hour of her classes shows the following esthetic appreciation by the students.

Word “beautiful” used eighty-one (81) times, of which Carl Glick was guilty of twenty (20). If that isn’t proof, what is? “Intoxicating” used twice, “sublime” four times.

GERTIE BUCKHOUSE—Runs canning factory and palm garden in connection. At present is organizing a legislature. Preparing a book called “How to look young.”

The rest of the faculty we were either afraid to say anything about or we didn’t think they were worth it. Take your choice.
Things we marvel at but can't explain.
Juniors

The Juniors we must not exalt,
Though deserving, we modestly halt,
    And whate'er they may say
    Take it any old way!
But—remember that small grain of salt!

The Junior class is at present the only important class in school. Next year, however, there will be a change. The Senior Class will then be the leading class of the University.

Lawyers

The Lawyers began way up high*
But that time has long since passed by,
    Now they're below**
Where all lawyers go,
Be generous—for them heave a sigh.

*Top floor Main Hall.
**Basement of Library.
Name 'em and you can have 'em
Litiachure

(With a Capital L.)

"Works" by eminent hands.
(Some gems brought to light in the recent short-story course.)

Pomes

The year's at the spring
The day's at the morn
Morn's at eleven
On Tuesday so fair,
Elrod's at his desk
I'm in my chair
God's in His heaven
—I wish I were there.

Marion Sherrard—after Browning.

She Worked

There was a young girl (quite a dresser)
Who went off to College (God bless her!)
And worked her way through
But between me and you
All that she worked was professors.

OME OMY—'23.
Editorial

We students as a whole are very thoughtless creatures. We think only once, if we think at all. We have good intentions, but alas, they might as well be shipped at once for pavement. For instance, deduce a little. Every day we come up the library steps. Those steps can’t last forever; stone will fade away into dust, and the dust will be blown away by the wind, thereby making more work for the street sprinkler. This is logic. Well, what are we going to do about it?

C. Dickey.

The Schoolteacher

Faster and faster her faltering steps beat it out over the dead leaves. She did not dare glance backwards. She was a western schoolteacher and she thought that one of her pupils was after her. She could almost feel his hot breath on the back of her neck. Faster and faster she chewed her gum. Her hair came undone. ‘‘I must look like a fright,’’ she thought. And still she ran. In fact, she almost flew. She felt him gaining. At last he reached out a hand, caught her, and she stopped and turned. It was only a cowboy. He tied her hands behind her back.

‘‘Come and cook our Christmas dinner for us,’’ he said. ‘‘I was too bashful to ask you, so I thought I’d kidnap you.’’

Then with a long rope he tied her to his saddle horn and galloped off.

—Marion Sherrard.

The Tough Cowboy

Bill, the toughest cowboy in all the west, jumped off his horse and swung into the Double-X Bar.

‘‘Give me a drink,’’ he cried and then he shot the bartender dead.

The bartender hastened to do what Bill ordered, for he was afraid of Bill. When Bill had drunk the liquor—it was a sloe gin fizz—he shot the bartender dead.

‘‘Give me another,’’ he cried. Then he shot the bartender dead.

He drank this, and left the saloon, stopping at the door to put a shot in the bartender. The bartender died.

‘‘Goodness, Agnes, I’m tired,’’ said Bill when he got home. ‘‘I’ve had a hard day today.’’ Then he shot himself dead. He was a tough cowboy.

—George Armitage.
The Triumph of Fate

"Ha! Ha!" and a clear mocking laugh rang out on the midnight stillness.

"Why do you laugh?" asked the man bending nearer.

"Why do I laugh?"

"Yes."

"Because—because I wish to."

"How dare you."

"John Morton, how dare I." She leaned closer, and her full, voluptuous eyes goggled him full in the face.

"Pardon me, of course, you have a right." His voice dripped sarcasm.

"But at what do you laugh."

"See," she cried, her strident tones striking about his eyes. "Do you object? 'Tis one of my own funny stories."

"Hump," he said, sad-like.

—Marie Lebkicher.

The Haunting Eyes

He stood in the center of the room and looked slowly about him. In every direction he turned he saw eyes—eyes that wept and eyes that laughed, staring eyes, closed eyes, eyes that sparkled and dead eyes. The candle flickered out. He felt haunted. "My eye," he cried, "what lot's of potatoes we'll have next year."

—G. Zerr.

Thoughts

Sometimes I think that I am a convict just freed from behind the gray bars—at least, I think they are gray. Then I roll in the grass for pleasure. The grass is green, I think. Sometimes I imagine I am a man deserted by his wife, and then I hear her sing. It comes on the evening breeze to me, trembles a little and then stops. I mean her voice comes to me. I did love that voice once. Oh, yes, I did. But now, now all is different. I can never love that voice again. Sometimes I don't know what to think. Why think at all?

—Nat Little.
The Purl Ring

The evening bells rang out over the peaceful city. Little flakelets of snow, winter’s downy covering, fell softly upon the quiet earth. In fact, everything was perfectly lovely.

Robert De Camps, the most popular rector in Bonner, sat in his study quietly fingerling his last year’s sermons.

"They’ll do again," he said, sadly. "I won’t need to buy any more and I can save up for a 'purl ring.' Of course, they’ll do again." And the four walls echoed, "Again, again."  

Gladys Heyward.

Egoism, or---

How to Be Clevah, Original, Tempermental and Different—Absolutely Odd.

It’s a secret. I don’t know myself. The best way to run the bluff, however, is to cultivate a hypnotic stare.

C. C. Glick, Contributor to

Extra Feature

CONVERSATION AS SHE IS CONVERSED.

By Stella.

(Owing to the length, it was impossible to print anything but the title of this weighty work.)
"The sky was clear and cloudy," began the Dago. "A few of us more serious-minded students were reclining in the shade back of the Main Hall, discussing the advisability of the Order of the F. F. applying for membership in the Mexican Athletic Association. We had just decided that any one of the F. F.'s had it on any Mexican athlete alive, when suddenly a great cackling noise arose from behind the Gym; for all the world," went on Pete, "like a sewing circle. As this sort of thing is especially attractive to me, ever since the first time I went to Paris, I, accompanied by some few companions, walked over to the bleachers. Imagine our astonishment when we saw about thirty track girls, mainly Freshmen, on the cinder path limbering up preparatory to tearing off a quarter. All appeared to be in the pink of condition. After the usual dispute over the pole, Starter Hardenburgh, who was in pretty good condition herself, said: 'Now, girls, do try and finish within a half an hour or Musty will think I haven't made you keep strict training.' Then she made a graceful sign of dismissal and the girls started. After a wild seurry McJilton took the pole. For awhile she succeeded in fighting off the rest of the girls, but after a few minutes she was forced to give way, although her failure was not due to any lack of movement on her part, because she kept going all the time. When she wasn't running she was talking to herself, which is just as hard and requires just as much effort. My own opinion is that she was overweight. She ought to train down before the next race. About this time Coach Hardenburgh discovered our presence. Overjoyed that the girls would have some encouragement, she came over to ask us to stay and cheer. After some minutes of anxious waiting the girls reached the 220-yard post. Here an unfortunate accident occurred. Buse, who had been showing great form up to this point was spiked on the turn by some envious rival. Johnson went stale and walked the rest of the way in, finishing first. However, her record was disqualified because she hadn't finished
running. Merrifield and Steve as usual ran a pretty race. I always did like Steve, anyway. The only thing that kept her from winning the race was the fact that she was handicapped by shin splints. Merrifield, too, was loping along at an easy pace and would have been a point winner if her hair hadn’t come down. From here on the race was very exciting. ‘Hip, Hip, Hurrah!’ we on the bleachers chanted in unison. This put fresh courage into the racers and they began to show more pep. But a hurdle stood on the cinder path. With breathless interest we watched to see what would happen. Katty was the only sport in the bunch. She took it with perfect form, stopping in mid-air to brush a string of hair from her eyes. Now the race became wild and frenzied. There was hair pulling and kicking in abundance. My companions, unused to such scenes, turned away their eyes in dread, but I felt it my duty to watch them, even though my feelings were harrowed. Richter, on account of her superior build, finally overpowered the rest and forged over the tape line at a terrific pace. McCarthy finished second. In the wild hubbub that followed it was impossible to distinguish who was third, but I think it was Katty, because she was going at such a furious speed that she couldn’t stop for three laps. A most pleasant feature of the race was that there was no ragging. Coach Hardenburgh told me afterward that just before the race Kelley had addressed them with a few words of fatherly advice. A medal is forthcoming from the Mexican Athletic Association for Kel, in recognition of this great work.’

After listening to Ronan’s recital, the editor was so overcome with emotion that he was unable to finish the Sen-t’el. Besides, there isn’t any more space.
A unique and unparalleled feature of the 1914 Sentinel is the fact that it is Out on Time. As for the rest, we only echo the words of the immortal Shakespeare when we say: “We did our damnedest.” — The Editors.
OUR ADVERTISERS
Missoula Mercantile Co.
Missoula, Montana

This store, the largest, best and most progressive in the University City, is the conceded headquarters for everything one needs to wear, to add to the comforts of home, to eat and use. Its twelve immense departments, each one a complete store itself, affords the widest variety from which to make selections, and everything sold is of the highest quality, though, through the agency of enormous purchases to supply our wholesale and retail trade, moderately priced.

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SENSE of security as to quality is generally worth all you pay for the goods. Feel that way here; always. Never keep a B & A purchase that isn’t right. We don’t want your money if you don’t want our merchandise. Make this store your down-town meeting place; there’s a homelike spirit here that we want you to feel and take advantage of. Our time and courteous treatment are at your service whether you’re looking or buying.

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For a pleasant time and pastime call and see us
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Only refined motion pictures shown here

EMPERESS THEATRE
THE HOUSE OF COMFORT
Programme changed daily

[ PAGE 198 ]
14. 1914 Sentinel begins work.


22. Everybody goes to see the Parker Carnival. Singing on the steps.

23. Anxious fans watch the first league baseball game of the season from the law library windows.

24. Freshman class give four scenes from "Taming of the Shrew" in honor of Shakespeare's birthday.


26. Freshmen build "M" on Mount Sentinel.

27. Class Meet. Sophs win with 57½ points. Iota Nu dance.

29. Last number of Lecture Course. Adrian M. Newens in a "Message From Mars."
W. H. Smead Company
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Better Printing for Better Folks
Classy Society Printing Our Specialty
Union Block
Missoula, Montana
   In Helena—Oratorical Contest. Montana takes third place.
4. Sigma Nu dance and supper at Elks' Club.
6. Cameron elected president of A. S. U. M.
7. Interscholastic Track Meet. May 7-10.
   Final Inter-High School Debate.
10. Car ride for visitors.
   Finals in field events. Final Jolly-Up. "Lend Me Five Shillings" by Varsity cast.
11. Theta picnic.
13. Freshmen plant vine with much ceremony.
   Sigma Chi-Iota Nu picnic.
15. Owsley elected track captain.
17. Sophs and Frosh play ball.
   Sigma Chi dance.
18. Freshmen-Junior picnic—Sophomore moonlight picnic.
20. Special assembly and reception for our new president, Dr. Craighead.
   Mr. William Thurston Brown speaks on the tragedies of Ibsen and Shakespeare. Poor Shakespeare.
22. Last assembly of the year in charge of the Seniors. Dr. Duniway presents trophy to class of 1914. Awards books for high scholarship. Shorty Whisler to captain quintette.
23. Juniors elect officers for Senior year.
24. Inter-State Oratorical Contest. Reception and dance in gymnasium.
27. Where is Ed's frat pin?
28. Chick's frat ring is not to be seen on his finger. But—
29. Kappa Alpha Gamma Senior spread.
31. Instruction ends.
   Senior picnic given by Dr. and Mrs. Duniway on the campus.
   Junior Prom. Sad farewells.
"The King of Them All!"
"Flickerless, Pictures as Clear as a Bell!"

We show the cream of the world's output of motion pictures which are Licensed Films. Always the latest pictures. Nothing shown over seven days old. Maurice Costello, Florence Turner, John Bunny, Alice Joyce, and all leading actors appear on our program of late and classy production which are always sure to please the most discriminating.

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Enjoy an excellent program in an excellent theatre. Always cool, fresh air. Six big doors, 14 large windows; six large fans. Can it be anything else but cool and comfortable? Hear our popular Solist. Hear the popular Mr. Ed. LaVasseur and Miss Katherine Sullivan, Pianist.

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WHITE SPRAY FLOUR
The best made
Try a sack and be convinced

Model Laundry Company
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For terms and prices, see our student agent
Mr. M. Nesbit

Bell 763 Ind. 754
June

1. Kappa Kappa Gamma Senior Banquet.

3-7 Commencement week.

3. Delta Gamma spread for Seniors.
   Penetralia banquet. Annual musical at Assembly hall. 1913 Sentinel appears.

4. Reunion banquet of class of 1908.


6. 15th Annual Commencement Exercises. Address by President S. B. L. Penrose of Whitman College. Twenty-nine graduates receive sheepskins and degrees.
   University luncheon.
   President’s reception and dance. Some more sad farewells.

7. Reunion of class of 1908 at Miss Feighner’s.
H. H. Bateman & Co.


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Missoula Montana

AS A "SENTINEL"

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Donohues

THE ECONOMY CENTER

Dry Goods and Clothing

Shoes and Ready-to Wear
September

10. Registration day.
11. Assembly in the hands of students representing different organizations of the University.
13. New students’ reception in the gymnasium.
17. Freshmen parade Sophs down the main streets of the city. President calls a meeting of the conflicting parties.
20. First issue of the Kaimin.
23. Kappa Kappa Gamma gives tea for all new girls.
25. First meeting of the A. S. U. M. Baseball or track?
27. Freshmen and Sophomore dance.
28. Freshmen picnic.
   Alice H. and Roscoe W. enjoy the “movies.” Oh, my!
29. Donovan stops in Butte on his way home from Helena.
30. Suffragettes reorganize.
   Alice Mathewson makes her appearance upon the campus. Who’s that with you?
30. Professor Bolton arrives.
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The only shoe made in the United States that gives you perfect fit and comfort, because they are made in one-quarter sizes, giving you twice the number for fittings.
FULLY GUARANTEED

Schlossberg's

[ PAGE 296 ]
October

2. Girls have spread in the rest room.
3. Serpentine dance on Higgins Avenue in honor of the new lights.
4. "M" formally given to class of 1916.
5. First A. S. U. M. dance.
   Missoula High School Football team plays with the "Bruins." Chilly day, chilly crowd and chilly game.
   Kuppa Kuppa Kokoas entertain. First and last appearance.
6. Herbie and Becky go shooting. And on Sunday, too. Oh, horrors!
7. Gus Chisholm seen on the campus. He was not alone.
9. Arleen Kees leaves school ??!!?? Sh.
10. Bergen-Marx troupe first number of lecture course.
    Jimmie Brown discovers a skunk near "spoony rock."
    Freshmen elect officers.
11. Sigma Chi entertains at a dinner dance at the Elks’ Club.
12. P. M. Slim crowd turns out to dig pipe line.
    Co-ed Prom one big success. Dornblitzer stars.
13. Professor Fischer gives first musical concert.
15. We all knew it was an onion, but Miss Buckhous declared it was a palm.
16. Studes vote to change constitution. Also vote for a half holiday to dig pipe line.
17. Half holiday granted to complete ditch for pipe leading to skating rink.
18. Bruins leave for Bozeman.
   A. S. U. M. dance.
Those Unanswered Letters

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223 Higgins Avenue
October

(Continued)

19. U. defeats Bozeman 7 to 0.
21. Sigma Nu entertains all fraternity men at a smoker in their new home.
23. Dramatic Club organizes.
   Busy convocation.
   Trophies of Dr. Craig given to University at convocation.
   Mrs. Norquist, new instructor in vocal music, seen and heard for the first time.
   Professor Bolton prefers to speak rather than sing.
   The new political quartet renders some choice selections.
24. Montana gave formal welcome to President and Mrs. Craighead at Elks’ Club rooms.
   Bruins leave for Utah on a week’s absence.
   More ditch digging.
25. Freshmen entertain Sophs at a masquerade.
26. Sad tidings from the Grizzlies at Logan. Score, 17 to 0.
27. Powell returns from Pattee canyon with a black eye.
28. Red heads are heard on the campus.
   Straw vote taken for presidential preference. Teddy wins by great majority.
31. Delta Gamma entertain all new girls and faculty women at a Hallow-e’en tea.
31. Singing on the steps.
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508 S. HIGGINS AVE.
Missoula, Montana...
November

1. A. S. U. M. night at Bijou and Nonpareil.  
   "All studes get your photos taken." First call.
2. Bruins meet defeat at Salt Lake. Score 10 to 3. 
   Hallowe’en party at Dorm for town girls. Big time. Good stunts. 
   Kappa Kappa Gamma initiation.
3. Bright and fair. Nothing very remarkable except that Pat and Grace 
   didn’t take a walk.
4. Shirt waist dance in gym to welcome the return of the Grizzlies.
5. Holiday—election day.
6. Sigma Nu dance and football rally.
   9 P. M. Reception and dance for Aggies in gym.
8. Kenneth Wolfe’s new tassel cap creates a sensation.
9. Rally for football boys. 
   Game with Pullman for November 16, called off. 
   President Craighead leaves for the east to be gone until December 1.
10. Iota Nu party.
11. Sigma Chi dance.
12. Miss Patton and Miss Feighner have new brown dresses.
   Y. W. C. A gives a tea in compliment to Miss Fox.
14. Miss Leech and Miss Lyman grace the halls with their presence.
15. Football boys leave for games with Spokane and Willamette University.
16. The Grizzlies prepare the Gonzaga turkey for Thanksgiving with the 
    score of 16 to 7. 
    Second football team distinguishes itself in various ways at Victor.
17. 12:30 P. M. Thanksgiving vacation begins. 
18. 9 P. M. Iota Nu dance at Barber and Marshall hall.
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BELL TELEPHONE 62
December

1. Football boys return from trip.
   All librarians of the city dine with Miss Buckhous. Awful crowd.
   Gladys Huffman treats Dorm girls to turkey spread from 10:30 P. M. to 4 A. M.

2. The day after vacation all sleepy and "I haven't looked at a book" heard on every side.
   Grace Mathewson returns with new corduroy dress.
   Carl Glick with brown suit and red mackinaw.
   Gladys Huffman with brown coat.
   Gladys Heyward with a diamond and wedding ring. "Awful" nice to go home for vacation.

4. Rinks first flood—no freeze.
   Excited whispering among the boys over Hi Jinx.

5. Girls' basketball team makes first appearance.

6. What's the matter with the Kaimin?


10. Lost—An Iota Nu frat pin; finder return to H. Kuphal.

13. Again no Kaimin.

16. Christmas number out.

17. Smead elected football captain for 1913.

19. Hi Jinx "vudville."

20. Vacation begins.
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7. Consolidation project begun.
9. Sigma Nu "dorg" visits classes.
10. Track sweaters become noticeable among the fair sex.
11. Frats pledge.
13. A Kaimin is seen.
14. Still more consolidation.
15. Dr. Reynolds and wife entertain at a tea.
16. "University and the State."
17. Equal Suffrage club presents "On a Roof Garden" at the Harnois.
25 Sophomore and Junior sleigh ride. Everybody went except the Sophs and Juniors.
27. Exams.
30. Aggies defeated by Montana in basketball game.
31. "Dummy" hangs from tower.
   End of first semester.
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1. Kappa Kappa Gamma initiate.
2. Fire at the Dorm.
4. Registration day.
   Athletic ball.
5. Dr. Wiley’s lecture.
6. Delta Gamma initiates.
7. Penetralia takes in five members.
   Montana defeated by Utah in basketball game. Score 37 to 17.
8. No dummy.
   Delta Gamma gives dancing party.
9. Sigma Chi initiates.
10. Professor Fischer gives recital at University hall.
11. Professor Fischer and Mrs. Norquist’s pupils give music recital in University hall.
12. Assembly. Seniors swing out and so do the Juniors.
16. Thetas initiate. Kappas have spread. Delta Gamma’s have party.
17. Lucius E. Forbes elected editor of the 1915 Sentinel.
18. Pledging again.
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BOTH PHONES 758
2. Y. W. C. A. conference closes.

5. Dobson elected president of Engineers’ Club.

7. Unification bill passes.

   Appropriation day. Hurrah for the legislature, even if they didn't pass consolidation.


15. 2 A. M. Long and Templeton are welcomed home by an enthusiastic crowd.
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