THE SENTINEL

BEING THE
YEAR BOOK
OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA

PUBLISHED BY

THE CLASS OF 1915

MAY, 1914

Volume Eleven
"THE UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA, IT MUST PROSPER"
TO

MORTON J. ELROD, Ph. D.,

WE DEDICATE THIS BOOK
THE SENTINEL

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My sincerest felicitations to the class of 1915 of the University of Montana! May you be imbued with wholesome ambitions, actuated always by the loftiest ideals, and determined at all hazards to win for yourselves that priceless jewel: an education that will equip you, head and heart, to take your places as the makers of history in the active life of State and Nation.

Nothing worth while is won save by striving, and much of the zest of life comes with and because of that striving. For the active, energetic, purposeful man life holds reward without stint. For the slothful and unambitious there is naught save the deadly dullness of oblivion.

That youth who puts into his efforts the ultimate ounce of energy, who ceaselessly strives to acquire that which the better equips him for his career—that youth realizes a thousand fold more of profit on his investment than does the youth who listlessly loiters through his term and then passes out to drift with the tide to whatever port Destiny may choose for him.

Education cannot make a man, although it can and does make him better and stronger. It cannot make a diamond where there is only a moss agate base to work upon. It cannot make a pearl where the material at hand is only cold gray stone. But it can refine to its greatest worth the pure gold that is lying dormant in the character of the student. It can help him to find his place in the world and fit him for the task that he may be best able to perform.

In the final analysis, man gets out of education just what he puts into it. If he approaches it with a determination to saturate his soul with the things that are worth while and that are designed to broaden his vision and make of him a man among men, he will find his way to the "seats of the mighty." If he be urged on by no ambition beyond the needs of the hour he has no cause for
rebellion if life holds out to him none of the prizes that are waiting for those who accomplish things.

A few of our great men have achieved high place in the affairs of the Nation and the hearts of the people without the aid of the colleges, but this fact cannot be heard in argument against our institutions of higher learning. In the nature of things an education in its truest sense must give a man greater strength and depth and breadth. If in after years he be numbered among those in the humbler walks and professions, he is yet the better man and better citizen for having acquired his education. He may not make an indelible impression upon his day and time, and yet deep within his heart will always be that profound satisfaction that comes with knowledge. In the approval of his better self man finds much of comfort; in fact, without that approval life can hold little of enduring benefit to him.

Not every man can become a "captain of industry" or a leader in the profession that he has chosen. Yet there is always room for the man who comes ready and willing and thoroughly equipped to his task. In the matter of men capable of leading, in all of the avenues of life's activities, the supply never exceeds the demand. And for those of us who cannot lead there is always the reward for persistent, intelligent industry and conscientious devotion to the task set us.
EDWIN BOONE CRAIGHEAD, LL. D., D. C. L. 661 University Avenue
PRESIDENT
A. M. Central College, 1883; teacher, Neosho Collegiate Institute, 1884; graduate student, Vanderbilt University, 1884-86; graduate student, University of Leipzic, 1887; Graduate Student University of Paris 1888; Professor of Latin, Emory and Henry College, 1889; Principal Pryor Institute, 1890; Professor of Greek, Wofford College, 1890-92; President, South Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical College and Director Experiment Station, 1891-97; President Central College, 1897-1901; LL. D., University of Missouri, 1898; President State Normal School, Warrensburg, 1901-1904; President Tulane University, 1904-1912; D. C. L., University of the South, 1907; President University of Montana since August 15, 1912.

W. M. ABER, A. B. 402 Eddy Street
PROFESSOR OF LATIN AND GREEK
Graduate from Normal School at Oswego, N. Y., 1872, and from Yale in 1878; Graduate student at Johns Hopkins, Cornell and University of Chicago; Instructor in Oswego Normal School; Professor of Latin and Greek, University of Utah, 1890-94; Professor of Latin and Greek, University of Montana, since 1895.

FREDERICK C. SCHEUCH, M. E., A. C. 309 South Fifth Street West
PROFESSOR OF MODERN LANGUAGES
Attended Public Schools, Barcelona, Spain, 1874-1882; Graduate, Gymnasium, Frankfort on the Main, Germany, 1888; Graduate, Colegio Santo Tomas, Barcelona, Spain, 1889; Secretary, U. S. Consulate, Barcelona, 1888-1889; M. E., Purdue University, 1893; A. C., same 1894; Instructor in French, same, 1893-1894; Secretary of the Faculty, University of Montana, 1895-1909; Professor of Mechanical Engineering, University of Montana, 1895-1897; Professor of Modern Languages, University of Montana, since 1895.

MORTON JOHN ELSORD, Ph. D. 205 S. Fifth St. East
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, 1888-89; Professor of Biology and Physics, Illinois Wesleyan University, 1889-97; Director, University of Montana Biological Station, since 1899; Professor of Biology, University of Montana, since 1897. Fellow, A. A. A. S.; Associate, A. O. U.; Member American Bison Society, American Society of Zoologists, American Forestry Association, National Geographical Society; Editor Inter-Mountain Educator.
Frances Corbin, B. L. . . . . 128 S. Fourth St. West
PROFESSOR OF LITERATURE
B. L., Ohio College, 1902; Student in Harvard Summer School, 1904;
Teacher of Literature, and Principal Butte High School, 1893-1900; Pro-
fessor of Literature, University of Montana, since 1900.

Jesse Perry Rowe, Ph. D. . . . . 341 University Avenue
PROFESSOR OF GEOLOGY
B. S., University of Nebraska, 1897; M. A., 1903; Ph. D. 1906; Student
University of Oregon, 1893; Graduate Student, University of California,
summer, 1901; Graduate Student, Chicago University, summer, 1905;
Assistant in Geology, University of Nebraska, 1894-97,
Fellow and Instructor, 1897-98; Assistant Principal, High School, Butte,
1898-99; Principal Lincoln School, Butte, 1899-1900; Instructor in Physics
and Geology, University of Montana, 1900-01; Director, University of
Montana Geological Survey, since 1902; Assistant, United States Geological
Survey, 1906; Professor of Physics and Geology, University of Montana,
1901-10; Professor of Geology, since 1910; Member, American Institute of
Mining Engineers, Fellow Geological Society of America, Fellow American
Association for the Advancement of Science, National Geographic Society;
Field Geologist, U. S. Geological Survey, 1906 and 1907; President, Montana
State Teachers' Association, 1908.

*Joseph Harding Underwood, Ph. D., LL. D.
PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND ECONOMICS
B. A., Western College, 1902; M. A., State University of Iowa, 1904;
Ph. D., Columbia University, 1907; LL. D., Otterbein University, 1910;
Graduate Scholar in Economics, State University of Iowa, 1902-03; Fellow
in Economics, State University of Iowa, 1903-04; University Fellow in
Sociology, Columbia University, 1904-05; Student, University of Chicago,
1906; Instructor in English and History, Nora Springs (Iowa) Seminary,
1905-06; Professor of History and Political Science, Leander Clark College,
1906-07; Professor of History and Economics, University of Montana,
since 1907; Member, American Economics' Association, American Academy
of Political and Social Science;

A. N. Whitlock, A. M., LL. B. . . . . 415 Connell Avenue
ACTING DEAN AND PROFESSOR OF LAW
A. B., University of Kentucky, 1906; A. M. ibid, 1908; Principal Caldwell
High School, Richmond, Ky., 1906; Instructor in English and Assistant
in Academy, University of Kentucky, 1906-08; LL.B., Harvard Law School,
1911; Member Kentucky Bar, 1909; Member Montana Bar since 1911;
Assistant Professor of Law, University of Montana, 1911-12; Professor of
Law, 1912-13; Acting Dean and Professor of Law since September, 1913.

Charles Melvin Neff, LL. B. . . . . 526 East Front Street
PROFESSOR OF LAW
Ph. B., University of Rochester, N. Y., 1899; LL. B., Columbia University,
1902; Practicing Lawyer, New York City, 1902-05; Practicing Lawyer,
Colorado, 1905-12; Professor of Law, University of Montana, since Sep-
tember 1, 1912.

*Absent on leave, 1913-1914.
NINETEEN FIFTEEN

JOSEPH EDWARD KIRKWOOD, A. M., Ph. D. 319 University Avenue

PROFESSOR OF BOTANY

A. B., Pacific University, 1898; A. M., Princeton University, 1902; Ph. D., Columbia University, 1903; Fellow in Biology, Princeton University, 1898-99; New York Botanical Garden, 1899-1901; Assistant in Botany, Columbia, University Summer School, 1900; Assistant in Biology, Teachers' College, 1900-01; Instructor in Botany, Syracuse University, 1901-02; Associate Professor of Botany, 1903-07, and Professor of Botany, 1907; Assistant Botanist, Department of Investigation, Continental-Mexican Rubber Co., 1907-08; Carnegie Institution, Desert Laboratory, Tucson, 1909-09; Assistant Professor of Botany and Forestry, University of Montana, 1909-10; Professor of Botany and Forestry, 1910-14; Professor of Botany, 1914; Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Member of the Society of the Sigma Xi, Botanical Society of America, Torrey Botanical Club, American Nature Study Society, School Garden Association (Chairman for Montana), Columbia University Biochemical Association, American Forestry Association, American Geographical Society, National Education Association, Association of the Doctors of Philosophy of Columbia University.

GEORGE FULLMER REYNOLDS, Ph. D. 1122 Higgins Avenue

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH AND RHETORIC

Ph. B., Lawrence College, 1898; Ph. D., University of Chicago, 1905; Fellow in English, University of Chicago, 1901-02; head of the department of English, Shattuck School, 1902-09; Assistant Professor in English and Rhetoric, University of Montana, 1909-10; Professor of English and Rhetoric since September 1, 1910; Director of Summer School, University of Montana, 1912; Director of University of Extension, 1913; Instructor in Literature, University of Minnesota (Summer Session), 1914; Member of Modern Language.

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

NON-RESIDENT LECTURER ON MINING AND IRRIGATION LAW

AND CONSULTING DEAN

LL. B., University of Michigan, 1875; Attorney General of Montana, 1899; Commissioner, Supreme Court of Montana, 1893-05; 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, 1911-12; Non-Resident Lecturer on Mining and Irrigation Law and Consulting Dean, since September, 1912.

WILLIAM WEBB KEMP, Ph. D. 419 Eddy

PROFESSOR OF EDUCATION

A. B., Leland Stanford Junior University, 1898; Ph. D., Columbia University, 1912; Graduate Student, Stanford University, 1904-05; University of California, 1905-06; Scholar, Teachers' College, Columbia, 1910-11; Fellow Teachers' College, Columbia, 1911-12; Foreign Research Scholar, Teachers' College, Columbia, Summer of 1911; Instructor in History, Holt's School, California; Principal of Schools, Alameda, California, 1903-05; Head Department of Education and Director of the Training School, State Normal School, San Diego, California, 1906-10; Bibliographer, Educational Department, New York Public Library, 1910; University of Montana since 1912.
Thaddeus L. Bolton, Ph. D.

PROFESSOR OF PSYCHOLOGY

A. B., University of Michigan; Ph. D., Clark University, 1894; Psychological Specialist and Teacher in Worcester, Mass., Normal School, 1892-1896; Teacher of Psychology in San Jose Normal School, 1896-97; Professor of Philosophy and Education, University of Washington, 1897-98; Student at Berlin, Leipzig and Heidelberg, Germany; Instructor and Junior Professor of Psychology, University of Nebraska, 1899-1910; Director of Training School and Professor of Psychology and Education, Tempe Normal and Agricultural School of Arizona, 1910-13; Professor of Psychology, University of Montana, since September, 1912; Member American Association for the Advancement of Science, American Psychological Association, Western Philosophical Society.

Richard Henry Jesse, Jr., Ph. D.

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY

A. B., University of Missouri, 1902; A. M., Harvard University, 1907; Ph. D., Harvard University, 1909; with Mallinckrodt Chemical Works, St. Louis, 1904; Austin Teaching Fellow in Chemistry, Harvard University, 1907-08; Thayer Scholar and Carnegie Research Assistant, Harvard University, 1908-09; Instructor in Applied Chemistry, University of Illinois, 1909-11; Associate in Chemistry, University of Illinois, 1911-12; Professor of Chemistry, University of Montana, since September 1, 1912.

Charles E. F. Mollet, Ph. C.

PROFESSOR OF PHARMACY

Ph. C., University of Kansas, 1904; Kansas State Normal School, 1896-99, and teacher in grade schools for five terms. Instructor and Head of the Department of Pharmacy, Montana State College, Oct., 1907; Assistant Professor, 1909; Professor, 1911; Professor of Pharmacy, University of Montana, July 17, 1913. Student, University of Chicago, summer 1910; Postgraduate student, University of Kansas, summer 1911. Licensed Pharmacist by examination in Missouri, 1904. Pharmaceutical Chemist and Prescriptionist for W. D. Webb; Pharmacist, St. Joseph, Mo., until 1906. Member of the office force of C. D. Smith, Wholesale Drug and Manufacturing Co., St. Joseph, Mo., until March, 1907. Licensed Pharmacist in Montana in 1907. Employed by the Gallatin Drug Co., Bozeman, April-December, 1907. Member of the American Pharmaceutical Association and of the Montana Pharmaceutical Association.

C. W. Leaphart, A. M., LL. B.

PROFESSOR OF LAW

A. B., University of Missouri, 1905; A. M., University of Missouri, 1906; Assistant Professor of Greek and Latin, Kentucky State University, 1907-08; LL. B., Harvard University, 1913; Professor of Law, University of Montana, since September 1, 1913.

Eloise Knowles, Ph. M.

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF FINE ARTS

Boston Art School, 1892-93; 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 1913, 1906 and 1910; Instructor in Drawing, University of Montana, 1898-1910; Instructor in Fine Arts, 1910-1913; Assistant Professor of Fine Arts, since September, 1913.
LESLEY JAMES AYER, B. S., J. D. 317 South Sixth Street East

PROFESSOR OF LAW

B. S., Upper Iowa University, 1899; Graduate Student in English and History, University of Chicago, Summer Quarters, 1899-1901; J. D., University of Chicago Law School, 1906; Assistant Instructor in Biology, Upper Iowa University, 1888-1899; Principal of Waucoma Public Schools, Waucoma, Iowa, 1899-1901; Superintendent of City Schools, West Union, Iowa, 1901-1903; Instructor Teachers’ Institutes, Fayette County, Iowa, 1902-1903; Admitted to Practice in Illinois, 1906; Practicing Law, Chicago, 1906-1913; Professor of Law, University of Montana, since September 1, 1913; Admitted to Practice in Montana, 1914.

N. J. LENNES, Ph. D. 507 Blaine Street

PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS

B. S., University of Chicago, 1898; M. S., ibid, 1903; Ph. D., ibid, 1907; Teacher in Chicago High Schools, 1898-1906; Fellow in Mathematics, University of Chicago, 1904-1905; Instructor in Mathematics, University of Chicago, Summer Quarters, 1906-1907; Instructor in Mathematics, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1907-1910; Instructor of Mathematics, Columbia University, 1910-1913; Head of the Department of Mathematics, Chautauqua Summer Schools, Chautauqua, N. Y., since 1908; Professor of Mathematics, University of Montana, since September 1, 1913; Member of the American Mathematical Society.

STEPHEN I. LANGMAID, A. M., LL. B. 530 McLeod Avenue

PROFESSOR OF LAW

A. B., Harvard University, 1906; A. M., Harvard University, 1907; LL.B., Harvard, 1911; Practicing Law in San Francisco and Oakland, California, 1911-1913; Professor of Law, University of Montana, since September 1, 1913.

DORR SKEELS, Logging Engineer 606 Woodford Avenue

DEAN OF COLLEGE OF FORESTRY

Special Student in Engineering and Forestry, Michigan Agricultural College, 1909-1903; Assistant Forest Expert, United States Forest Service, 1904; Student Assistant United States Bureau of Forestry, 1903; State Forester of Michigan, 1904-1906; Special Student Graduate School of Forestry, University of Michigan, 1904-1906; Forest Assistant, United States Forest Service, 1906-1908; Acting Forest Supervisor, Coeur d’Alene National Forest, 1908; Forest Examiner in Timber Sales, District 6, United States Forest Service, 1908-09; Forest Supervisor, Kootenai National Forest, 1909-13; Logging Engineer, Districts 1 and 3, United States Forest Service, 1913-14; Special Lecturer in Lumbering, University of Montana, 1911-12; Dean of College of Forestry, University of Montana, 1914.

DE L O S S H I M I T H Evans Avenue

HEAD OF THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND PROFESSOR OF VOICE

Attended Eureka College, Ill., 1892-1893; Graduated from Music Department, Campbell University, Kansas, 1895; Attended Metropolitan School of Music, Indianapolis, 1896-1897; Director of Music and Teacher of Voice, Western Normal College, Ill., 1898-1899; Studied voice under Professor L. A. Phelps of Chicago, 1903-1905; with Mr. and Mrs. Mehan, New York, 1908-1913; Teacher of tone production and interpretation, Summer School, Columbia University, since 1911; Professor of Voice, University of Montana, since September, 1912.
HARRISON ANTHONY TREXLER, Ph. B. . . . 601 Daly Avenue

ACTING PROFESSOR OF ECONOMICS

Ph. B., Bellevue College, 1906; Graduate Student University of Chicago, 1906-07, 1910; Professor of History and Economics, Hardin College, 1907-09; Graduate Student University of Missouri, 1907-08; University of Boon, 1909-10; Acting Professor of History and Economics, Allegheny College, 1910-11; Graduate Student, Johns Hopkins University, 1911-12; University Fellow and Instructor Johns Hopkins University, 1912-13; Acting Professor of Economics, University of Montana, since 1913. Author "The Slavery System of Missouri." Contributions to the Missouri Historical Review. Member American Historical Association; Mississippi Valley Historical Association; The State Historical Society of Missouri.

JAMES DENTON DUNLOP . . . . 304 S. Sixth Street East

REGISTRAR

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

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS

B. S., University of Nashville, 1905; Grammar Principal, Montgomery Bell Academy, Nashville, 1903-06; Assistant in Biology, University of Nashville, Summer, 1906; Student, University of Chicago, 1906-09; Acting Associate Professor of Physics, Oberlin College, 1908; Instructor in Physics, Chicago University High School, 1908; Instructor in Physics, University of Montana, 1909-10; Assistant Professor of Physics, since September 1, 1910. Member of American Association for Advancement of Science.

EUGENE F. A. CAREY, B. S. . . . 120 Burlington Avenue

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS

B. S., University of California, 1905; Graduate Student, University of California, 1905-09; Assistant in Physics, ibid, 1905-07; Instructor in Matriculation Physics, Summer Session, ibid, 1907; Assistant in Mathematics, ibid; 1907-09; Instructor in Mathematics, University of Montana, 1909-13; Assistant Professor of Mathematics, since 1913; member of the American Mathematical Society.

PAUL CHRISLER PHILLIPS, Ph. D. . . . 122 Burlington Avenue

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF HISTORY

A. B., Indiana University, 1906; A. M., 1909; Ph. D., University of Illinois, 1911. Member American Historical Association, American Political Science Association, Mississippi Valley Historical Society, Illinois State Historical Society, Adjunct Member Public Archives Commission; Assistant in History, Indiana University, 1907; fellow in History, University of Illinois, 1908-1910, traveling fellow, 1910; Assistant in History, 1910-1911. Instructor in History, University of Montana, 1911-13; Assistant Professor of History, since September, 1913.

WILLIAM GEORGE BATEMAN, A. M. . . . 814 Hastings Avenue

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY

A. B., Stanford University, 1907; A. M., Stanford University, 1909; Assistant in Chemistry, Stanford University, 1905-1908; Instructor, 1908-1910; Professor of Chemistry, Imperial Peking University, Tientsin, China, 1910-12; Acting Professor of Chemistry, University of Montana, Summer Session 1912 and 1913; Instructor in Chemistry, University of Montana, 1912-1913; Assistant Professor in Chemistry, since September, 1913.
NINETEEN FIFTEEN

HENRY HAXO, PH. D. . . . . . . 319 University Avenue

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ROMANIC LANGUAGES

A. B., Leland Stanford Junior University, 1910; A. M., Leland Stanford Junior University, 1911; Ph. D., University of Chicago, 1913; Teacher of French, Pomereret Sprach Schule, Berlin, 1901-1902; Berlitz School of Languages, San Francisco, 1902-1907; student, University of California, summer 1908-1909; assistant in French and Spanish, Leland Stanford Junior University, 1910; fellow in Romanic Languages, University of Chicago, 1911-1912; University of Montana, since 1912.

CARL HOLLIDAY, M. A., LL. D. . . . . Johnson Flats

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH

B. S., University of Tennessee, 1901; M. A., same, 1903; Graduate student in English, University of Chicago, 1902, University of Tennessee, 1902-1903, University of Virginia, 1906-1907; Fellow in English, University of Virginia, 1906-1907; Instructor in English for five years in private and public schools of Tennessee and North Carolina; Professor of English, Alabama State Normal College, 1909-1910; Fellow in English and lecturer on Southern Literature, University of Virginia, 1906-1907; Professor of English, Cox College, 1907-1908; Professor of English, Southwestern Presbyterian University, 1908-1910; Acting Professor of English, Vanderbilt University, 1910-1912; Associate Editor, American Library of Reference, 1913; Assistant Professor of English and Director of Department of Journalism, University of Montana, 1913; Director of Bureau of Public Information, 1913; Instructor in Virginia State Summer School, 1907-1912; Lecturer in Monticello Chautauqua, 1912; Member of National Council of English Teachers, National Committee for Revision of Grammar Terminology, 1912-1913, Religious Education Association, Authors' League of America, Classical Association of the South and Middle West; President, Tennessee Intercollegiate Oratorical Association, 1908-1912; Director, Montana State High School Debating League, 1913; Daughters of American Revolution Prize for the best treatise on Tennessee history, 1913; Colonial Dames for the best treatise on Colonial Virginia, 1906.

GEORGE R. COFFMAN, PH. D. . . . . Rozale Apartments

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH

A. B., Drake University, Iowa, 1903; A. M., Harvard University, 1909; Ph. D., University of Chicago, 1913; Assistant in Greek, Drake University, 1901-1903; Instructor in English and History, East High School, Des Moines, Iowa, 1904-1906; Assistant in English, Bradley Polytechnic Institute, 1906-1908; Reader in English, University of Chicago, Summer Quarter, 1906; Instructor in English, Washington University, St. Louis, 1909-1911; Fellow in English, University of Chicago, 1911-1912; Substitute Instructor in English, University of Chicago, Summer Quarter, 1913; Assistant Professor of English, University of Montana, since September 1, 1913.

ALICE WICKLUND MACLEOD . . . . 306 University Ave.

INSTRUCTOR IN PUBLIC SPEAKING AND PHYSICAL EDUCATION

B. S., Oregon Agricultural College, 1905; Student at Western Academy of Dramatic Art, Portland, Oregon, 1905-06. Studied in Studios of Expression in New York City, 1906-08; traveled and studied abroad, 1908-10; conducted Studio of Expression, 1910-11. Graduated Cumnock School of Oratory, 1912; Postgraduate Cumnock School of Oratory, 1913; Instructor of Public Speaking at University of Montana, since beginning of Summer School, 1913.
THE SENTINEL

CHARLES C. STAELHING, Ph. B. . . . 811 Hilda Avenue
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF COMMERCE AND ACCOUNTING

Graduate, School of Commerce and Accounts, Kankakee, 1904; Ph. B., University of Chicago, 1908; Instructor in the Department of Commerce, University of Oklahoma Preparatory School, 1908-1909; Head of the Department of Commerce, State Normal School, Warrensburg, Mo., 1909-1911; Head of the Department of Commerce, South High School, Milwaukee, 1911-1913; Instructor in Business English, Evening Industrial School, Milwaukee; Practical Work in Auditing and Systematizing, Milwaukee, 1911-1913; Head of the Department of Commerce, Missoula County High School, 1913; Assistant Professor of Commerce and Accounting, University of Montana, since September, 1913.

JOSEPHINE SWENSON . . . . 811 Hilda Avenue
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF PIANO

Studied with Professor Ove Christensen, (Royal Court Musician to the Czar of Russia), Copenhagen, Denmark, 1898-1905; with Professor Dr. Carl Reinecke, Leipzig, Germany, 1905-1906; Instructor in Piano, Mary Baldwin Seminary, Staunton, Va., 1906-1907; Professor of Piano, Gustavus Adolphus College, St. Peter, Minn., 1907-1913; Assistant Professor of Piano, University of Montana, since 1913.

MARY STEWART, A. B. . . . Craig Hall, University Grounds
DEAN OF WOMEN AND INSTRUCTOR IN LANGUAGE

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

GERTRUDE BUCKHOUS, B. S. . . . 206 S. Fourth St. West
LIBRARIAN

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

MARGERY WINNIRED FEIGNER, B. A. . . . 313 East Front Street
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

B. A., University of Montana, 1908; B. S., Library School, Simmons College, 1908-09; Assistant in the Library, University of Montana, 1909-11; Assistant Librarian, since September 1, 1911.

W. WALTER H. MUSTAINE, B. S. . . . 22 Rozale Apts.
DIRECTOR OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION

B. S., The Centre College of Kentucky, 1899; Postgraduate work, major, Physiology, the State University of Kentucky, 1910, 1911, 1912; Graduate, Yale Summer School of Physical Education, 1905; Graduate, Chautauqua, N. Y., School of Physical Education, 1905; Graduate, Harvard Summer School of Physical Education, 1911; Instructor in Gymnastics and Athletics, Hoggsett Military Academy, 1897-1901; Director Boyle-Humphrey Gymnasium, Centre College, 1901; Director Physical Education, State University of Kentucky, 1902-1912; Director, Lexington, Ky., Business Women's Physical Training Club, 1906-12; Supervisor, Public Playgrounds, Lexington, Ky., 1907; President, Kentucky Physical Education Society and Member National Council A. P. E. A., 1919; Director, Physical Education, University of Montana, since November, 1912.
MARY ELIZABETH EDMONDS, B. S. . . . 306 University Ave.

INSTRUCTOR IN HOME ECONOMICS
B. S., Ohio State University, 1916; Student Assistant in Chemistry, Ohio State University, 1908-10; Instructor in Home Economics Extension Department, Ohio State University, 1910-13; Instructor, Summer Session, Ohio State University, 1912; Instructor in Home Economics, University of Montana, since beginning of Summer Session, 1913. Elected to the Omega Chapter of Sigma Xi, Ohio State University, March, 1919.

BELLE KEMP BATEMAN, B. A. . . . 814 Hastings Avenue

INSTRUCTOR IN FINE ARTS
B. A., Stanford University, 1909; Student of Jean Mannheim; Instructor in Art, Shasta County High School, California, 1909-1910; rug designer, China, 1910-1912; Instructor in Fine Arts, University of Montana, Summer Session, 1913; Instructor in Fine Arts, University of Montana, since October 1, 1913.

ADAM GEORGE HEILMAN, Ph. B., M. D. . . . The Penwell

INSTRUCTOR IN BIOLOGY, COACH OF FOOTBALL AND TRACK TEAMS
Ph. B., Franklin and Marshall College, 1908; M. D., University of Pennsylvania, 1913; Instructor in Biology and Coach of Football and Track Teams, University of Montana, since September, 1913; Member of the American Medical Association; the Graduate Medical Association of the University of Pennsylvania; the John B. Deaver Surgical Society of Philadelphia. Athletic record. Member of the Football, Basketball and Track Teams of Franklin and Marshall College, 1904-1908; Second place in the All-Around Championship Indoor Athletic Meet, same, 1908; Y. M. C. A. Championship Basketball Team, Lancaster, 1907-1908; Freshman Football, Basketball and Track Teams, University of Pennsylvania, 1908-1909; University Crew Squad, same, 1909; Rowed for Undine Barge Club, Philadelphia, 1909; University Football Team, Captain Second Football Team, University of Pennsylvania, 1909-1912; University Basketball Team, same, 1911-1912.

JAMES H. BONNER, B. S. . . . 520 South Third Street West

INSTRUCTOR IN FORESTRY
B. S., University of Montana, 1907; Graduate Student (Water Power Engineering), 1907-1908; County Surveyor of Missoula County, since January 1, 1909; Instructor in Forestry, University of Montana, since November 1, 1913.

A. W. L. BRAY, B. S., B. A.

INSTRUCTOR IN BIOLOGY
First Class King's Scholar, Triple Distinction, England, 1900; Diploma in English Literature, Cambridge, England, 1906; Government Teachers' Certificate, First Class, with distinction in Higher Mathematics, England, 1904; First Class Art Masters' Certificate, 1904; Cambridge University Diploma in Education, 1907; Honorsman in Hygiene, Cambridge, 1908; Honorsman in Natural Sciences, Cambridge, 1909; Graduate Student, Oregon University, Summer, 1912; Lecturer in Hygiene to Red Cross Association, London, England; Vice-Principal and Tutor in Chemistry and Mathematics, The College, St. John's, Newfoundland, 1909-1911; Tutor in Biology and Chemistry, Columbian College, New Westminster, B. C., Canada, 1911-1912; Graduate Student in Botany and Instructor in Biology, University of Montana, 1913.
THE SENTINEL

HARRIET LOUISE KIDDER, A. M. . . . . . . . . 661 University Avenue
ASSISTANT IN THE LIBRARY
A. B., Wellesley, 1907; A. M., University of Chicago, 1910; Assistant in the Library, University of Montana, since September, 1913.

C. L. F. KELLOGG, LL.B. . . . . . . . . . . 1130 S. Higgins Avenue
LECTURER ON ABSTRACTS AND EXAMINATION OF TITLE
LL.B., University of Wisconsin, 1882; admitted to practice in Wisconsin, Washington, Minnesota and Montana; practiced law three years in Seattle; five years in St. Paul, remainder in Montana; President and General Counsel for Northwestern Abstract and Title Insurance Company.

F. C. WEBSTER, A. B. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 241 South Fifth Street, East
LECTURER ON PROBATE LAW AND PROCEDURE
A. B., Yale University, 1873; law lectures at Yale University during last year; two years student in law office; admitted to practice in Connecticut, 1875; admitted to practice thereafter in Minnesota, Colorado and Montana; Judge of District Court of Montana twelve years, 1901-1913; practicing attorney and law lecturer since 1912.

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"We Will Find a Path or Make One."

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Earl LeRoy Speer, A. B.,

*History and Economics*

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Paul Logan Dornblaser, LL. B. *Law*

*Sigma Chi*

Football (1), (2), (3), (4); Baseball (1), (2); Track (2), (3); Football Captain (3); Tug-of-war 1), (2); Glee Club (1), (2); Y. M. C. A. (2), (3), (4); Hawthorne (3), (4); President A. S. U. M. (4); Upperclass Council (4).

Carl Chandler Dickey, A. B.,

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Weekly Kaimin (1), (2); Editor in Chief Weekly Kaimin (3); Debate (2); Writers' Club (3), (4).
Catherine Finley, B. S., Biology

Alice Hardenburgh, A. B.

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Kappa Alpha Theta, Penetralia
Clarkia (1); Y. W. C. A. (1), (2), (3), (4); Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (2), (4); Assistant Physical Director for Women (2); Physical Director for Women (3); Y. W. C. A. Treasurer (3); Orchestra (4); A. S. U. M. Executive Committee (3); Organization Editor SENTINEL (3).

Bess May Wilde, A. B., Modern Languages
Della Gamma
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George Thomas Armitage, A. B.

Journalism and Commerce
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Writers' Club (1), (2), (3), (4); Chemistry Club (1), (2); President Chemistry Club (2); Circulation Manager Kaimin (1), (2); Class President (2); Joyce Memorial (3); Manager A. S. U. M. (3), (4); Manager Football (4); Manager Basketball (4); Manager Track (4).

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Louis James Fischl, Ph. C., Pharmacy
(1), (2), Montana State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts; (2), Vice-President Pharmaceutical Society; (4) President Pharmaceutical Society.
Grace Yates Saner, A. B.,
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Orpha Ann Culmer, A. B., Mathematics
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Edwin Boone Craighead, Jr., A. B., Law
Kappa Alpha, Olive Wreath
Tulane (1), (2); Football (1), (2), (3), (4); Track (2), (3); Basketball (1), (2); A. S. U. M. Executive Committee (4).

Ellsworth Smith, LL. B., Law

Corne!ius Bol, B. S., Physics
Graduate Holland Technical Schools; Princeton (1), (2) (3); Intercollegiate Socialist Society.
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Sigma Chi
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"Gilligan"

Harry Ade
"George"
Sigma Nu

Hazel Hawk
"Hawkie"

Joseph Tope
"Sister"
Sigma Nu

Diana Uline
"Di"
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Paul Batchelor
"Hippo"
Sigma Nu
BERNICE SELFRIDGE

"Tom"
Penetralia

WALTER CONWAY

"Skigack, the Man from Mars"

RUBY JACOBSON

"Jakie"
Penetralia

CHESTER BODDY

"Crip"
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CECILE JOHNSON

"Sus"
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HILDA MARSH

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Lansing Wells
"Lance"
Iota Nu

Winnifred McLaughlin
"Fredie"
Delta Gamma

Edward Allen
"Hero"

Cora Harmon
"Cree"
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Otis Baxter
"Two Dot"
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EDWIN STANLEY
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Iota Nu

LOUISE SINCLAIR
"Ethel Barrymore"
Donald Young
"Don"
Sigma Nu

Irene Teagarden
"Wenie"

Mamie McJilton
"Fuzzy"

Raleigh Gilchrist
"Hunk"
Sigma Nu

Evelyn Stephenson
"Steve"

Helen Boldt
?
ISAAC CRAWFORD
“Sam”
Sigma Chi

RUTH CRONK
“Kranick”
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MERLE KETTLEWELL
?
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“Pat”
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Prescott  Kent

Roberts
NINETEEN FIFTEEN

SHULL
Clapper
BROWN
DIXON
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DUNCAN
PARKHURST

STUTZMAN
Hershey
STUBBLEFIELD
FULLERTON
MURR
ANDERSON
THOMPSON

WARD
A. Newlon Whitlock, Ll. B.
Dean of the College of Law.
The extent of territory with its almost unlimited resources, and the rapid development in all lines of industry, made the need of a Law School in the State of Montana imperative. The great Northwest with its wondrous expanse of territory, with its rapidly changing and increasing population, with its great and peculiar problems in irrigation, mining, and real property law, impressed the founders of the Law School with the opportunities and possibilities before them. Appreciating their responsibilities, with a view to making the Law School of the University of Montana, the greatest Law School in the Northwest, three main considerations entered into its foundation—a high standard in its course of study, a high standard in the choice of its faculty, and a high standard in the requirements of its student body.
The course of study embraces those subjects outlined in the leading standard university law schools of the United States, and a standard course is offered which is the equal of any Law School in this country. The courses are based entirely on the Case System, recognizing the need not only of a general knowledge of the law, but of a legally trained mind, capable of grasping facts and principles, presented in the class room in actual cases and problems, and later in life in the cases and problems of actual practice. Obviously a training of such a nature must develop a mind capable of legal analysis, logical and original reasoning, and a real capacity for quick and complete grasp of new problems and situations. In connection with and in addition to the standard course, particular and special attention is given to the subjects of Irrigation, Mining, and Real Property, the first two of which are peculiar to and chiefly a development of the Western Law. In the treatment of Real Property, emphasis is laid particularly upon the opening up of new territory and those conditions affecting Real Property which are more peculiar to the new states of the West and Northwest. And in general in any course, although the leading principles and decisions are considered on the various points, the position of the Montana courts is also discussed.

The faculty is composed of carefully selected men, consideration being given to their legal training both from the standpoint of education and practice. There are five professors of law, one from Columbia, three from Harvard, and one from Chicago, in addition to which there are three non-resident and resident lecturers, all being chosen both with reference to their high educational qualifications as well as their experience in practice.

The close co-operation of the Governor and State Board of Education with the President of the University has given and promises to give the University a Law School second to none in the Northwest.

Seemingly in recognition of the results of the efforts of the founders of the Law School, the Law School has practically "jumped" into pre-eminence in the Northwest. From a few students in the first year it has an enrollment of over sixty in its third year, comprising students from practically all the Northwestern States, as well as some scattered states over the entire United States, a number of whom have entered from other leading law schools.

The present prospects point to an enrollment of over one hundred students in the Law School next year. In view of the opportunities in Montana, the co-operation that exists in the executive management, and the favorable attitude of our Supreme Court and the legal profession throughout the State, the future success of the Law School is assured.
When the call for the first law class of the University of Montana was issued in 1911, it was not the usual bunch of "rah-rah kids" that assembled to take up the study of torts and contracts but an aggregation of men from all parts of the United States. They came all the way from Kokomo to Kalamazoo; from Dartmouth to Stanford. They brought with them the traditions from older schools and the ambition to do things.

When other law school graduates face the world, it is usually with fear and trembling but not so with '14 Montana. The fellows in old '14, like Bernard Shaw, know that they have wonderful minds and that their success will be measured only by the number of clients that live in the vicinity in which they are to practice. Look at the following list:

Dornblaser came from Chicago. He has more nick-names than any other man on the campus. His smile is his fortune; it is like the rising sun. His father is a preacher, yet "Dornie" plays football.

Ray Wiedman is renowned chiefly for the fact that he had the courage to stand up before the Supreme Court and confess that he came from Pony. He was a student at Stanford, et al. Sometimes he fights in football games and once he kicked a man (?). He is a brilliant chap and one of the best samples of clear "grit" in the state of Montana.

Edward Patrick Kelly, otherwise known as "Pat," is a blue-blooded Irishman from Massachusetts. He attended Dartmouth but was not affected. Dublin Gulch will be the arena of his political operations.

LaRue Smith and Strever have left. After allowing 50 per cent shrinkage, they still report wonderful success. Warren came from Illinois. He has been here ever since Prof. Aber played football. Once active in debate, he now devotes all of his time to the study of law. He will practice at Deer Lodge.

Carl Cameron is the idol of the dorm. He is the hardest working man since Hoblitt left. He is also a native son of Montana, which makes him a sort of novelty in the bunch of "hoboes" with which he has to associate.

Ellsworth Smith is anxious to be a malefactor of great wealth. He is now a full-fledged lawyer and does and cares about examinations.

Merrick; well Merrick is a hard-working sort of a "cuss" whose worst fault is the fact that he is a socialist. He is a fussier of the most pronounced type, but he does not "scatter his fire."

1915

"How could a man," thundered Sorrenson. We do not remember the rest of it, but we got the meaning just the same. Following the same line of argument, how could a class? That is how could a class that is composed of such illustrious personages as those of the class of 1915, fail to carry away all the honor, glory, and learning that is to be found in any college of law. Answer: It could not and has not.
Take Chester Boddy, for instance. He won a scholarship and a lady. In the short time that he has been with us, he has taught two different kinds of schools and has run a "gospel mill." He has gone down into the mines at Wallace as a mucker; and he has sorted dirty linen for the Pullman company. He has sold city lots in Seattle and has conducted a collection agency in Missoula. He has stoked the fires at Johnson Flats and has commercialized the Flathead Lake.

Friday is the Secretary of the Bull Moose in Missoula and he is going to run for the presidency (sometime).

We have the word of Prof. Trexler that Sorrenson is a viking, a Sir Edward Coke, a Jupiter, et al. The professor also tells us that Jack Jones is a Blackstone, that Sewell is a "fusser" and that Bill Anderson is longlegged. Punk Owlsley is captain of everything, Rosenberg owns a bank, and Craighead is so many things, good and bad, that we hesitate to write them down.

Miss Selfridge has twice proved herself the most brilliant student in the University, etc., *ad infinitum*.

Someone described the Freshman class as a book of *gentlemen* as distinguished, of course, from the Junior and Senior classes.

For the edification of the world at large, the class doesn’t mind having it known that with its advent to the University, new life immediately began to feel its way through the veins of the latter. As a result, Bozeman bit the dust twice in succession, and is still wondering how it happened.

Sam Crawford came with a gallon of medals. Specialty, basketball.

Never since the days of R. Justin Miller has one student possessed such wisdom and learning as John McGough. He is the All American End from Colgate and he is an all-around man at Missoula.

Walton is a B. R. Cole, the second; while Hanley, the "tall-red," is imitating Tommy Thompson.

Lewis Brown is a champion track man. The rumor that he is lazy is a base untruth.

The class is young. Its members have not yet had an opportunity to hang many trophies to Montana’s Hall of Fame. But watch it grow.

If you want to get acquainted with some of the world’s future legal lights, now is the time to get in before their brilliancy gets so dazzling that it will hurt the eyes. This isn’t meant for co-eds, for some of the class are married. But as someone has said, "Get on; don’t wait to be pushed." The boat is about to start, and before we go, here’s three cheers for the University, for the Law School, and for the Class of 1916.
NINETEEN FIFTEEN

PHARMACY

Prof. Chas. E. T. Mollet,
Ph. C.
Dean of the College of Pharmacy
THE DAILY PLAY

Act No. 12, Scene No. 47. (Pharmacy lecture room).

CHARACTERS
Mr. Louis James Fischl—A haughty Senior.
"Chris" Sheedy—An "obstreperous" Frosh.
Florence Ingham—The Farmer Sister.
Soldiers, servants, bouncers, etc.

Mr. Fischl—"The class in beginning pharmacy will now, with due modesty
and humility, come to order. Miss Ingham, you may now tell the class all that
you know about the use of the Pharmaceutical Arithmetic in determining the
difference between general Pharmacognosy and Therapeutical and Toxicological
analysis of the alligation scale."

Miss Ingham—"I-I-I—Really—Well, I don't know."

Mr. Fischl—"That was a very simple question and I can not understand how
anyone could remain in the class as long as you and not be able to answer at once.
Mr. Sheedy, will you explain to the class and when you have finished that you
may go on and tell the class how you would proceed to find the Galenical formula
of acids and alkalies by means of Pharmaceutical Jurisprudence and Greek, and
Microtechnology; and what branches of these subjects you would use."

Mr. Sheedy—"What is all that to you?"

(Dear Reader, the scene rapidly changes to the laboratory. Many soldiers,
servants, bouncers, etc., rush in and firmly grasping Chris by the back of the
neck, hurry him into the nearest laboratory. Here many others rush up to offer
help in bringing the patient out of his precarious condition. His head is placed
in the centrifugal tincture press and the blast lamp is turned on his feet. Carbon
Disulphide is placed at the base of the neck. Hoods, water baths, tables of chem-
icals, fly into the air through action resulting from the excess of his agony.
While the Farmer Sister looks in Merke's Report under the head of fixed and
volatile oils, the servants pour something less than fifty buckets of water down
the unfortunate sufferer's back, thereby succeeding in bringing normal heart
action and respiration to poor Chris. The Farmer Sister wrings her hands in
sorrow and then hunts for the mirror. The scene shifts again to the lecture
room).

Mr. Fischl—"Mr. Sheedy, will you now kindly answer the question?"

Mr. Sheedy—"I do not know."
INGHAM
SIMPKINS
PARKHURST
ANGEVINE
COOK
ERB

FISKE
DISBROW
SHEEDY
COLLINS
FISCHL
MOLLET
Mr. Fischl—"Very well answered; neither do I; the class is dismissed for the day."

These little plays are repeated semi-occasionally, whenever the instructor thinks it best for the general educational tone of the department. You see the department wishes to give every advantage to the pharmacy students—wait; we should have said to the "pharmacy student." There is one student in the department—one, count him. Several others have aspirations along that line, but there is only one real student. That is Pankhurst, we beg your pardon, Parkhurst. He and McCoy made their presence felt to the Sophs one day in March. Fiske comes pretty near being a student—by stretching a point a very little bit we might call him a shark—but his attention is generally directed elsewhere. The pharmacy students are liberal—they believe in equal suffer-age; they have a farmer sister. Needless to say she is the most popular girl in the department. She is modest, is this young pharmacist—the Butte Stub says she left the lab irradiating blushes and tears when the fellows put Sheedy in the tank. Sheedy is rather obstreperous for a Freshman but he is getting over it—or washed out of it. That is one of the duties of the day over in the pharmacy department—throwing Chris in the drink. There is a Hen in the department, too. Erb doesn't increase the cost of living, particularly, but he does cackle, continuously, and with variations. His motto is "A pleasant grin, like a soft tomato, turneth away wrath."

The Pharmacists have a scientific society but they do not yet know enough to draw the crowd by serving "eats." The only thing they ever do serve is good intentions. We don't suppose we should be so hard on them—one good thing at least they have done. They almost decided to give a dance, but luckily they stopped in time. The Chief queered the thing—he refused to bring a girl. But in excusing himself he forgot to state whether it was lack of funds, or an inability to choose, and run the risk of hurting the other dear ones' feelings. Collins is the bluffer of the class—he bluffs the class, he bluffs the faculty, and he bluffs himself occasionally. Whenever he succeeds in bluffing himself he wears a pleased, well-satisfied air—you will recognize it when you see it. He also tries to flirt with the farmer sister; Simpkins generally queers his game there, though. There are only two things wrong with Claude—he can not let well enough alone, and he is a Soph. He is not as far gone as Fischl however he is young yet. The Pharmacists love Fischl. They can not get along without him—fact is, he won't let them. Nuf sed! However, the School of Pharmacy is rapidly becoming one of the best, in quality, of the schools in the University. We love them all and want to see them do well.
Miss Edmond, B. S.
Head of the Department of Home Economics.
Yes, and he is—Oh! you should have seen her new—Then we went—Say! how do you make that dressing we had—Yes, I think that—And Doc said—Oh! Stell, we all know—And then, what do you—But as I was saying—just think, she lead the ace of—No, this is not a case of printer’s pi, it is merely a representation of the Home Economics laboratory when the class is at work!

Of all cases of metamorphosis (Look that up, I had to) about the University, the one at Science Hall is perhaps the greatest. Last year, the drawing rooms and office of the College of Engineering, the lecture rooms and laboratories for Electrical and Civil Engineering; this year the laboratory of the Home Economics department and the—but why go farther? Nothing else on earth counts in comparison. This part of the campus has become in less than a year, the most popular place to go; the girls go to work and the men go for something to eat. (They get it, too).

The most dainty delicacies tempt one to enter; once there you are gone. Each thing you taste is better than the tid-bit you had before, and the first thing you know, you have to stop eating for lack of ability. If you ever get in this unfortunate condition, escape at once, for then everyone delights to press you with more and you will perish for the very abundance of food. However, rumor says that no one leaves custards, cups of junket, jelly or anything of that sort, out on the window ledge any more. They are considerate folk in that laboratory and do not believe in tempting the frailty of human nature.

No little part in the success of the department of Home Economics is due to Miss Edmonds. Coming here from Ohio State for the Summer School, she showed such ability and was so well liked by her pupils, that with the establishment of the department in the University, she was put in charge. Under her guidance, the department of Home Economics bids fair to become one of the strongest departments in the whole University.

"THE UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA, IT MUST PROSPER."
Up to the present time, the short course in Forestry has been the only one given at the University. With the appointment of Dorr Skeels as dean of the new College of Forestry, this branch of the University work will assume a new importance. The College of Forestry is destined to become one of the largest and strongest of the colleges in Montana.
Prof. Carl Holliday,
Head of the Department of Journalism.
The Department of Journalism has seen its cradle year in the University curricula and has the promise of the title "School of Journalism" next year. The embryo reporters, enrolled as journalists, have spent a profitable year under Professor Holliday, and those who do not graduate, look forward to still more active work when they shall be members of the full-fledged college; the School of Journalism.

Every phase of newspaper work has been studied, worked out, and later put into practice. In order to make the courses practical, the cubs were given real live assignments on local occurrences. One of the first assignments was the fire at Johnson Flats. Heart-rending would not be stirring enough to describe some of the "write ups" of the terrible fire in the men's dormitory. Some of the aspirants showed a strong tendency to "yellow" journalism and had the fire start in the dead of night with the fire engines broken down. Most of the inmates were burned, some of them fatally. All this under a gaudy headline and in a single column. Amazing stories, featuring local heroes, were handed in as copy from time to time; even Governor Stewart was not immune the frenzied pens of the energetic reporters. Since the course began, Governor Stewart has died three times; once from heart failure, once from repeated attacks of endowments, and once from a bad case of indigestion contracted while attending a banquet at Craig Hall. President Craighead could find several obituaries of personal interest in the morgue of the journalistic department, while every faculty member has his or her pedigree recorded in the lost and found section. Thus far but one individual has been placed on the "black list"—Professor Carl Holliday—reasons are withheld.

Almost every great personage in or around the University has been interviewed by the reporters and many great speakers have addressed the class in the interest of newspaper work. Ex-Senator Dixon told many of his experiences with the Press Gallery at Washington, to which all newsmen aspire. Editor Stone and Mr. Lebkicher of The Missoulian explained the inner workings of a newspaper office, while Professor Ayer and other legal lights, lectured on the Copyright Law and other phases of the law relative to newspaper work. Professor Holliday is concluding the year's work with lectures on the history of the American newspaper.

Whether or not, the present members of the class go on with journalism, they certainly will have gained a great deal from the year's work. The broad perspective gained by newspaper men attracts most of them to continue the fascinating work of which they have had a taste. More than likely, some of Professor Holliday's cubs, will become newspaper powers in our state. At present, they are looking for "scoops" and may jump into fame direct from the class room.

"The University of Montana. It Must Prosper."
Prof. C. E. Staebling, B. S.
Head of the Department of Commerce and Accounting.
Clickety, clickety, clickety, bang!
A sound as from a boiler man.
It fills the streets, it fills the air,
And makes the natives tear their hair.

Nothing else can so well describe sounds which emanate from the typewriting room of the Commercial Department. One need not walk stealthily up the stairs to keep from being heard, nothing short of the “Crack of Doom” could make an impression on the roar which fairly shakes the windows when the class is at work. Professor Staehling represents the highest type of development of the Spartan when he attempts to give dictation to the advanced class in Shorthand. Standing unshaken before his followers, he bravely faces that awful tempest and with the manner of an old sea captain in a bad storm, howls out words like commands into the rising fury of the noisy gusts. Such fortitude is but seldom seen on this earth. If the reader should care to make the attempt, let him borrow ear muffs from a boilermaker and, being careful not to go too close, peek in at the door. Inside are from twenty to forty people, hardened to their environment, each busily engaged in trying to smash a perfectly good typewriter. Like mad they pound and pound; the mere fact that they do not succeed in making a total wreck of the machines, should be a great advertisement for the typewriter company.

However, all the work is not confined to the typewriting rooms; the man who expects to get by in Mr. Staehling’s department must be well grounded in other branches of work. Battered about from pillar to post, or in other words from Physics to Economics, from Political Science to German, from Mathematics to History, a person has a very full four years before he can secure the desired degree.

The courses are divided into groups, one group leading to General Business, another leading to Secretarial Work, yet another to the Public Service. In fact, here one is prepared to grapple with the greatest economic problems of the present day. To quote Professor Staehling: “The work of the department aims to give a broad well-rounded business training, combining as far as possible, theory with practice. Theoretical study is absolutely essential, for it is this element that produces the new improvements, discovers the potential possibilities, and brings them into reality. To understand the underlying theoretical principles of trade and industry is to appreciate and properly interpret the present tendencies and future possibilities. Our purpose, then, is to promote industrial advancement, and extend the sphere of activity of our University by preparing young men and women for efficient service and successful business careers.”
Prof. De Loss Smith

Head of the Department of Music.
Seated one day at my typewriter,
    I was weary and ill at ease,
And my head it itched most terribly
    As if filled with a million fleas.

I know not what I was writing,
    Nor what I was thinking then;
But I heard one yelp of torture
    Like the shriek of an old wet hen.

It came through the doors and the windows,
    And even the walls themselves.
It seemed like a modern Inferno
    Was casting out all of its elves.

I rushed from the building madly
    To escape from that sound of pain;
But ever anon it pursued me,
    My labor was all but in vain.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
    The peace that I lost again,
But never while Smith remains teaching
    May I secure rest from my pain.

The new Department of Music is rapidly becoming one of the most popular departments in the University. Professor Smith, the new dean, is a happy choice, a blend of rare ability with an extremely pleasing personality. Already he has become one of the enthusiastic working for Montana. The whole department is of a higher quality than ever before attained. It now has dreams of an entire building all to itself, with a great pipe organ at the end of a long Concert Hall. May it come soon.

"The University of Montana. It Must Prosper."
Clifford O. Day
Summer School

William Webb Kemp, Ph. D.
Director of the Summer School.
SUMMER SCHOOL

Once upon a time in the days of long ago, the "Powers that be" met in room No. 4 of the University Hall and held solemn conclave. They decided to have a Summer School for every one who wished to attend. Now did every one bring out his or her attainments and display them before the admiring audience, desiring the appointment of Director. Among them all, no one displayed so many desired qualities as Professor William Webb Kemp. With loud acclaim was he welcomed as the leader.

Now Professor Kemp was an energetic sort of man and at once he began to lay plans for the largest gathering of young men and maidens ever seen on the campus. For months the office sent out his literature to the ends of the state and even into the states bordering on the Mississippi. Leaders of thought in the greatest universities in the land were invited to come and share in the work. They came from Washington to Pennsylvania; from Columbia to Tulane; even from old England herself.

About the first of June, the railroads leading to Mis­soula became sawmived with traffic (Yes, a few of the people were tourists going on to the coast) and the fountain of knowledge. Some of them returned in the fall to stay and attempt to quench that consuming thirst with which they were afire.

At this time, nature seemed to outdo herself. The hill­sides were covered with sweet smelling shrubs, the sun came out warm and smiling, beds of flowers hid in out-of-the-way corners both on the oval and out in the hills. Then one could say in answer to "What is so rare as a day in June?" "A day in June is too general, make that a day in June in Montana." Every day was a day for a picnic and everyone was a king or a queen of Mankind.

The campus was more beautiful than ever before because of the flower bed in the main entrance. Here the tulip bed, conceived by Professor Aber, and guarded by him with watchful love, gave beauty to any one for the asking and transported one in his thoughts to fairy land. Indeed, the University had become "A thing of beauty and a joy forever."
NINETEEN FIFTEEN
Never before had the campus held such a gathering of earnest people. Nearly all worked hard and long; the dormitory was seldom dark and yet time was found for play. Dr. J. Harding Underwood soon became the Moses for many a trip into the "wilderness." At the end of every week did this maker of joy organize a picnic into the hills.

Now these picnics found many a "Jacob"; especially on moonlight nights did the men of the community flock to the "House of the Thousand Queens." Everyone was released from all bondage and previous conditions of servitude.

Sad though it be, the married men were the most sought after of all those who followed Dr. Underwood into the mountains.

Many a morning, at the break of day, the tennis courts were filled, and many a contest of friendly rivalry was fought. The song of the meadow lark mingled with the shout of gay, care-free joy; the beauty of the dawn blended with and enhanced the beauty of youth. Many a party of young people started out, while the dew was yet on the grass, and went for delightful tramps before the work of the day should begin.

At this time the glory and gladness of the springtime of life cried out from the very blades of grass. Even to the older men and women the world called out the worth of living.

All morning long did the maidens wrestle with the teachers in class, but the afternoons were given to study and to pranks. Sad though it may be, some of them would play tricks on the others. Even thus did it happen. It happened that among the girls was an ardent suffragette. At various and sundry times did she expound the rights of women, and the injustice of not sharing in all of man's God-given privileges. After many days of this wisdom, many converts had espoused the cause, and ardently did they try to show their unswerving loyalty. One of these converts became so enthusiastic that she even went to the city and bought of some cigarettes that she might demonstrate the equality of women with man. Together with her immediate chums she lit and burned some of these cigarettes. Then to prove her devotion to the cause, she placed the remains of all the burning brands under the door of the famous "leader."
And now did a terrible gloom overspread the place, for the great "leader" misunderstood. Summoning the maidens to her she spake in this fashion: "Lo, am I now heart broken. Some of our beloved girls has been smoking of the deadly cigarette. The proof of it is even under my door. Now will I go to the President of the University, yea, even to Director Kemp himself. A pestilence is among us. Weep, for we are undone." Thus did she commune with the girls and when they had fled to quiet the laughter which rent their frames, she continued to address the heavens, even the starry firmament. Her nights were passed in sadness and her days in care. Let not your pranks be played upon a suffragette, for they are serious persons.

And then came the day for departure. The dread occasion was celebrated by a dance the night before, and many stayed up even all of the night, to prepare for the journey, back to their own land. Many were the tears which were shed, for all had been very happy that summer. On that sad morning many a one stopped, and looking back wiped a watery eye for the good times and for the man they would never have again. Then all went home, even to the places from which they came.

(Editor’s Note—We do not wish to leave the idea that the young ladies mentioned above were actually smoking cigarettes. They did not. The joke happened just the same).
Located midway on the eastern shore of Flathead Lake, on the best bay of the lake, is the Biological Station of the University of Montana. It is the quintessence of beauty in the most delightful spot in the state, which means the most delightful spot in the world. On the boundary between nature's most favored mirror and the stately pine-clad mountains, it can be excelled nowhere. The climate itself cannot be surpassed. Even in August the hot days were those when the thermometer registered but a little above 80 degrees. Entertainment is furnished in abundance by the two motor boats, the row boats, the bathing beach, the trout streams, the quiet paths in the primeval forest, and the gatherings about the open fire on cool nights.

The courses of study unfold the wonders of nature under the most congenial surroundings. The well-equipped laboratories are the pride of all the lake dwellers. The woods and the water present continually new trees, flowers, animals, birds and insects. Everywhere the marvels of nature cry out to the scientist to be investigated and understood. The photographer is presented with such a variety of beautiful and unique situations that choice is difficult.

The faculty almost equals the students in numbers, each member being one of the best specialists in his work in the United States, and each is met under such conditions that all the pleasant, ennobling traits of character are emphasized, in a way which can never be realized in the ordinary classroom.

The students are gathered together for a serious purpose, most of them being graduates from other Universities, and all work with the attitude which would make even the most uninteresting subjects the greatest pleasures.

Frequent trips are made to other parts of the lake and vicinity, combining work and recreation. The dances of the Flathead Indians, the Pend o'Reille rapids, and the scientific work in the woods are attended with the same zest; every day is made a red letter day in the calendar of life. Many interesting and sometimes trying situations are presented, which call out unusual traits of character. At such times the one best fitted to command is recognized as the leader.
Such an incident occurred when one of the professors was injured in a runaway on the return from one of the trips. He was caught by the broken limb of a tree, and a large hole was torn in his side. The man of the hour was a mere undergraduate student; one of the shrinking and retiring kind. Who would have thought it? Edward Allen of the class of 1915 at once assumed the role of hero, succeeded in stopping the team, and cared for the wounded man. Orders flew thick and fast from his otherwise timorous lips. "Dr. Kirkwood, take that bed off the wagon, and spread it out. Dr. Adams, get some water. Somebody find some bandages." To "Hero" Allen’s prompt action has been given the credit of saving this man’s life.

Last, but by no means least, may we mention the name of the official organ of community gossip, the "Yellow Bay Skeeter." Conceived in a mere jest, this paper soon grew to be one of the dominating factors of the social life of the station. The last edition has run out, and the few remaining copies are treasured by the owners as being among the most precious trophies of the happy summer. Glancing over the well-worn leaves of The Skeeter, one becomes lost in the reveries of the past. One sees again the sun going down behind the Painted Rocks, filling the sky with colors which defy description, and kissing the lake with a parting warmth. The silver glow of the moon comes out of the tops of the pines and firs, casts a soft radiance over a picture of peace, and breathes a holy benediction of love and kindness to all mankind.
MONTANA, MY MONTANA

Our chosen state, all hail to thee
Montana, my Montana;
Thou hast thy portion with the free,
Montana, my Montana.
From shore to shore, from sea to sea,
Oh, may thy name full honored be,
Symbols of strength and loyalty,
Montana, my Montana.

God bless our state for what is done,
Montana, my Montana,
God bless our people, every one,
Montana, my Montana.
And as the years shall go and come,
May Freedom’s bright eternal sun,
Find here full many a victory won,
Montana, my Montana.

Thus ever through our valleys wide,
Montana, my Montana,
Re-echoing from each mountain side,
Montana, my Montana.
Thy fame in ever swelling tide,
Which time’s encroachments cannot hide,
Shall ever be our joy and pride,
Montana, my Montana.
Montana’s campus is rich in the traditions of an early day. The site of the thriving University, its buildings grouped artistically at the foot of old Mount Sentinel, has a history romantic and unique among the annals of American colleges. Its situation on the eastern rim of the basin which the first white settlers knew as “Hell Gate Ronde,” the ancestral domain of Chief Victor and his Selish tribes, makes it one of the important spots in the building up of the state.

At the southern post of Hell Gate Canyon lies the University campus. The name of the famous pass, so incongruous with its natural beauty, is traceable to the experience of the early Selish (mismamed Flathead) occupants of the valley. The canyon, as well as affording an eastern gateway into Missoula valley, was the one available route to the extensive plains of the Blackfoot country where large herds of buffalo ran in the summer and autumn months. Both Blackfeet and Flatheads looked upon the skins and meat of these animals as the natural gifts of the Great Spirit to them alone. Each tribe was stubborn in the belief that the privilege to hunt upon these plains was theirs by ancestral right. Although the Flatheads were justified in their belief by early precedent, the Blackfeet had managed to obtain from the Astor trading posts firearms to which Chief Victor’s warriors could oppose only their bows and arrows and their unflinching courage. The Blackfeet, ever cowardly and treacherous, and having the natural advantage of greater numbers, were wont to ambush on the eastern slopes of Jumbo when they knew their enemies to be starting on a hunt. The cruel conflicts which ensued caused the Indians to name the country round about—it was near the confluence of the Rattlesnake and the Missoula rivers—“Mn-i-sul-etiku,” which means “at the stream of ambush.” This name the Hudson Bay men applied to the Canyon in the picturesque and more vigorous French phrase “Porte de l’Enfer (Hell’s Gate).” The English significance has clung to the pass and was, for many years, the name of the first actual white settlement of Missoula Valley. The river, flowing through the canyon and the city, at its mouth retain the name “Missoula,” which Father Palladino has traced to its Indian source—“Mn-i-sul-etiku.”

Before the days of transcontinental and electric railroads, Hell Gate Canyon was singularly beautiful. An early description calls it “The Canyon of Wild Roses,” for it was arched in places with sprays of the wild brier. The trail, itself, easily traversed save for a narrow passage or two, led through a splendid forest unbroken for miles.
"Wonderful, indeed, is the history of this mountain pass! Remarkable has been its importance in relation to the reclamation of the one time wilderness about it! There has been hardly any First Thing associated with the development of this region which has not been initiated in Hell Gate Canyon." Mr. Granville Stuart found the first Montana gold here in 1852. The first commercial lumber dealings were carried on in the canyon. At its mouth the first treaty between the whites and the Montana Indians was signed. Through it came the first white settlers into Montana, Father De Smet and his companions. Indians, trappers, miners, priests, settlers, and prospectors have all followed them through this mountain pathway into the beautiful valley where Missoula and the University have grown up together.

The Missoula basin, before the white men had crowded them from it, the Flatheads had made their favorite haunt. They had mourned and feasted here whenever the Great Spirit called a brave warrior into the Unknown. They had delighted in dancing and singing songs of the hunt night after night; they had kept their tom-tom thumping ceaselessly. They had stopped to camp at Sentinel’s foot and to feast after a big kill. They had celebrated their victories with wild and riotous races across the level plains. They had traded with the white men—ponies and robes for guns and ammunition. They had even welcomed the whites hospitably, had befriended them, had kept the savage Pend O’Reilles from warring against them. Even at the time of Judge Woody’s coming into the valley there were three hundred Indian lodges set up for the purpose of trading with Major Owens.

But the Indians have been crowded out, finally. The white men needed more room. Chief Victor had made negotiations and had withdrawn his tribe to St. Mary’s Mission at Stevensville. This had been their home until Chief Joseph had been prevailed upon to lead them to the land reserved by the government for them in Jocko Valley.

Meanwhile, the little town of Hell Gate had been transferred to the mouth of the Canyon, had changed its name to Missoula, and had started life anew. Pack trains no longer came through Hell Gate. Pioneers came overland in emigrant trains and in stage coaches. Before many years these were banished and the Northern Pacific Railway came to aid in the reclamation of the west.

The pioneer traditions of Montana’s campus cease here. Civilization has stamped out all but their memory. Perhaps civilization has given us something of greater value in their place. At any rate, it is upon the ground sacred to Flathead tribes, now fast diminishing, and to Pathfinders of a generation almost past, that our University has been builded. It is upon the ancient watch tower of the Selish Indians that we have set our M.

K. M. K. ’15.

*Following Old Trails—A. L. Stone.
"Happy, I said, whose home is here;
Fair fortunes to the Mountaineer."

The mountains are all things to all men. Very differently they affect different natures. Each man who loves the mountains is charged with energy therefrom; but each goes his own way to expend, according to his light, the strength received at the common source.

History bears witness to the fact that those who dwell near the mountains do develop a rugged hardiness, an indomitable courage and a sturdy independence, that, backed by an adventurous spirit and a certain dynamic force of expression, tend to make them leaders. All that we see becomes a part of us, and the firmness and tenacity of purpose evinced by men who live near the mountains seems to show that something of "the strength of the hills" has entered into and possessed their souls.

Literature abounds with references to the power of the mountains to sustain and strengthen mankind.

The psalmist sings: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

"There is assuredly morality in the oxygen of the mountains," writes Professor Tyndall.

Ruskin says: "The valleys only feed; the mountains feed and guard and strengthen us." Listen to him again: "We shall find, on the one hand, the mountains of Greece and Italy, forming all the loveliest dreams, first of Pagan, then of Christian mythology; on the other, those of Scandinavia, to be the first sources of whatever mental (as well as military) power was brought by the Normans into Southern Europe."

And Emerson, the nature lover, writes:

"So call not waste that barren cone
Above the floral zone,
Where forests starve:
It is pure use—
What sheaves like those which here we glean and bind
Of a celestial Ceres and the Muse?"
The inspiration which the mountains have to give is limited only by the capacity of the individual to receive. Just to the extent that a man comes into harmony with the mountains may he draw upon them for power. And the gamut of appreciation of mountains ranges from the stolid, unseeing indifference of the few, through the complacent enjoyment and satisfaction of the many, to the ecstatic rapture again of the few.

The delirium of delight evoked by a mist smoking mountain is not a mawkish, sentimental thing, fit only for artists and poets, women and children; it is a great world force. How the eustacy brought into being by a ragged mountain peak, with halo of gauzy cloud, may be translated into the dwellings and cities of men is perhaps best told in the words of Rabindramath Tagore, the Nobel prize winner for 1913. He says: "The immortal being manifests himself in joy-form. His manifestation in creation is out of his fulness of joy. It is the nature of this abounding joy to realize itself in form which is law. The joy, which is without form, must create, must translate itself into forms. ** Man in his role of a creator is ever creating forms, and they come out of his abounding joy." Emerson expresses the same thought thus: "The beauty of nature reforms itself in the mind, and not for barren contemplation, but for new creation."

Inspiration is everywhere, in homely things, and always in worthy literature and music; but to many people it is the mountains that speak loudest. A book, a strain of music, may open splendid new vistas of thought and alluringly suggest that one might pass that way. But the music stops, or the book is closed, and too often the vision is lost. With the mountains it is different. In the first place, literature and music, which filter to us through the brains of men, can never make the intense appeal that nature, the direct handiwork of the Almighty, does. Again, the message of the mountains is not a single summons to be regarded or disregarded at will. We may decide to leave well enough alone—to follow the path of least resistance. We may temporarily dismiss the divine discontent with the bonds that bind us. But we have now no closed book, no song that is sung, to be reckoned with. The challenge is repeated every hour of the day. From the moment when the first pure radiance of morning light illumines the white peaks to the hour when the mighty bulk of the mountains loom purple against the sunset sky, the appeal is driven home, until the warrior, the artist, the saint, the man with a mission everywhere, answers, "I will."

In primitive peoples, the spirit of independence and liberty which the mountains foster may easily become the ruling passion. For this reason, mountaineers are noted for their fighting qualities. It was the rude barbarians from the mountaineous regions of Southern Germany who introduced the sentiment of personal independence, the love of individual liberty, into European civilization. Mountain
bred are the Afghans, warriors worthy of a foeman's steel, as Great Britain knows to her cost. Mountain bred, too, the intrepid Swiss peasants, who have so valiantly wrested their freedom from a grudging fate. And by many a hard-fought battle the Scotch Highlanders have won deserved fame.

With an individual or nation in a higher state of civilization the impulse is towards subduing the elements, towards creation—towards art. The Greeks placed beauty next to holiness; and the mountains of Hellas were largely instrumental in determining the character of their art. For clearness of outline is the dominant characteristic alike of Grecian mountains and Grecian art. Mounts Parnassus and Helicon were thought to be favorite haunts of the Muses. And today, as then, the mountains are an unfailing source of inspiration for poets and artists.

Mountains have also played an important part in the religious life of men. The Greeks believed that the mountain tops were frequented by the gods. And the old testament abounds in eloquent allusions to the hills. It was at Mount Horeb that Moses was commanded to lead Israel out of bondage; at Mount Horeb, also, the "still small voice" spoke to Elijah. The Himalayas are held in reverent awe by the people of India and thither throng countless pilgrims seeking salvation. Mahomet was wont to resort to the foot of Mount Hira, north of Mecca, where "his mind was wrought up to rhapsodic enthusiasm." And in Japan, pilgrims travel long distances to reach shrines and temples built on the tops of mountains.

The spirit of the mountains, their mighty urge, is not, at least not in full measure, for the tourist. It is, generally speaking, for the mountain dweller alone. Emerson touches upon this when he says that beauties of nature "if too eagerly hunted, become shows merely, and mock us with their unreality." I had an experience in the Yellowstone Park which will serve to illustrate this point. On a perfect summer afternoon, with a party of gay young people, I approached the Grand Canyon, of which I had heard, and expected so much. But here, for the first time in my life, nature had no message for me, and I felt myself an intruder, an alien. It was all very wonderful, very beautiful, but I felt somehow left out. "If I am beautiful, what is that to you?" the canyon seemed to say. And though deeply disappointed, I understood. In the midst of a crowd, with only a brief hour to linger, I had no right to expect a mental and spiritual feast. My companions and I were treating the canyon as a show place, and I felt it a sort of poetic justice that to me it should be just that, a show place, the soul of which eluded me. Then the afternoon began to mellow, softer and richer grew the light, friendlier grew the aspect of the canyon; but alas! it was time to dress for dinner and my friends were ready to go. I followed them reluctantly, for though I had visited the Grand Canyon I had not seen it. I have fancied since that perhaps this experience explains the varying degrees of interest which people take in the mountains. Perhaps some people feel always, as I felt once, an aloofness from
the grandeur they gaze upon—that it is of little or no import in their lives.

The mountains are to me, in larger measure, what music and literature are. They satisfy some hunger, some longing that is in me. They exalt me, until, indeed, I appear to lead a dual existence. For the soul that so keenly feels its oneness with the sublimity of the mountains, yet so feebly manifests itself in the world of men and women, seems scarcely one and the same. Ever above the continual delight that the mountains afford me sounds the heroic note. I feel that I must press onward if I would be worthy to commune with them. And I believe that is what the mountains mean to most Montanans. It matters not what we ascribe it to, the invigorating climate or the western spirit of hustle, we are feeling and responding to the urge that is the very spirit of the mountains.

Though neither warrior, artist nor saint, I shall be more aggressive, and a more ardent seeker after beauty and truth for having lived in the mountains. I rejoice that they have goaded me out of self complacent inertia into the race. I shall try to find and do the task that is mine. And in the meantime, while I stand empty handed at the very foot of the Mount of Achievement, I am glad for the spur of the mountains forcing me to attempt the hard, steep road of progress. It may be that I shall make no perceptible headway up the toilsome grade. My mission may be only to cheer and strengthen someone who will pass me on the way. Yet I will toil on and be glad that the mountains will not suffer me to rest. For

"More it is than ease,
Palace and pomp, honours and luxuries,
To have seen white presences upon the hills,
To have heard the voices of the eternal gods."

—Blanche Mae Yates.
A SUMMER GARDEN

Oh, are you weary of the heat,
The noise and glare of city street,
The anxious face, the hurrying feet,
Of sad-eyed, tired workers—
Discouraged, burdened, and distressed
With futile effort, old unrest,
The aimless, senseless pleasure quest
Of dull-eyed, selfish shirkers?

Then come with me where flowers blow,
Where green leaves whisper, fountains flow,
Where all the tired people go
To rest from care and sorrow;
Where children laugh and play,
And old folk nod and smile all day,
And men and maids at twilight stray,
And there is no tomorrow.

Here music wild, grotesque, or sweet,
To mark the time of dancing feet,
Of flying swing, of soft heart beat,
Or any mood or notion,
Steals softly, subtly on the ear,
With just the strain each longs to hear,
With just the thought to each most dear,
Compact of sound and motion.

And fairy boats rimmed round with light,
From out the old mill's darksome night,
Slip quickly in and out of sight,
With wierd and luring wonder,
Where shining tracks to nowhere lead,
Swift magic cars without a steed
Ride through the air with breathless speed
And most alarming thunder!
Soft little lights, white, blue, and red,
Gleam from the branches overhead—
They’re fairy lamps, I’ve heard it said,
Hung there by incantation;
Though some say when the flowers die
Their bright souls flit to tree-tops high,
They shine in elf-land’s starry sky,
A floral constellation.

I cannot say how this may be,
But if you’ll only come with me,
The Garden’s lovely mystery
Will thrill your soul with gladness;
For just one blissful hour,
The spell of leaf and grass and flower
Will hold you with the dizzy power
Of sweet earth-gendered madness.

And care and age shall slip away,
While youth and love together stray
Adown some dim, rose-scented way
To lands where dreams die never;
Where old dead hopes are born anew,
And all the things you’ve wished come true—
The world, a garden just for you
And her to love forever!

Oh, come with me where flowers blow,
Where green leaves whisper, fountains flow,
Where all the tired people go
To rest from care and sorrow;
Where little children laugh and play
And old folks smile and nod all day,
And men and maids at twilight stray,
And there is no tomorrow.

—M. S.
PROLOGUE
(TO BARRIE’S “QUALITY STREET”)

Full like you’ll think us bold—a bit—
To dare precede the gentle Barrie’s wit,
Explain the garb and gab of other days,
Set forth in tinkling rhyme our modern ways,
To ask your favor first, with fair intent,
E’er we essay his drama to present.
For spinsters now aren’t quite the sort, you know,
Of those quaint ladies of the long ago,
Who, tender, timid, shrinking, lived apart,
And shunned the world’s rude noise and blatant art;
Who sighed and dreamed, and dreamed again to sigh,
Nor knew of sigh or dream the reason why;
Nor dared to ask, lest they immodest seem,
But answered dream with sigh and sigh with dream.
All men were heroes to their virgin eyes,
Brave, gallant, tender, gentle, loyal, wise.
Their little world, a room with window small,
Their far horizon, just the garden wall;
And all the wisdom of their passing years
Drawn from the smiles and hopes, the pain and tears
Of one short, narrow street, that chanced to be,
Dispite its narrowness, called Quality.
What if their minds were narrow as their street?
Their hearts were gentle and their spirits sweet.
And should their simple thoughts your laughter raise,
Their brave and gentle deeds will claim your praise.
"Tis true our modern spinsters do not shrink,
Nor are they deemed immodest if they think.
To them a dream is but a mental sham,
A sigh, a shudder of the diaphragm,
A hero, a delusion or a bluff
To be tried out by this eugenic stuff.
So clever are they, self-reliant, proud,
You'll hardly find a Phoebe in the crowd,
Be-curl'd and blushing, wistful, trustful, shy,
With manners of a hundred years gone by.
Yet though she's fashioned for another age,
You'll follow her with pleasure on the stage.
We're different now in dress and manner, too;
Times change and we change with them, it is true.
And nothing changes oftener with the years,
Than women with their smiles and moods and tears.
Yet though they change, full oft, mind, dress, and name,
Their hearts, thank God! their hearts remain the same!

—M. S.

TRY-OLET

I passed tests today,
Will I pass them tomorrow?
Light hearted and gay,
I passed tests today.
If there's no other way
I'll be tempted to borrow,
I passed tests today,
Will I pass them tomorrow?
(NOTE. Believing that an apology is an unwarranted egotistic procedure, we decline to offer any to Mr. Stephen Leacock.)

It was in the flood-tide of chivalry. Knighthood was in the Pod. Dialene the Diaphanous stood upon an embattled turret on the second story of the Castle of Maidens. Her arms were outstretched to the tower clock, and her features were rent with yearning.

Anon, she murmured, "Hop o' My Hart," and the flowers on her crepe waist trembled with deep emotion.

Willowy and slender in form, she was as graceful as a meridian of longitude. She was hung in the middle of a billowy gown, be-flowered with flowers, be-bound with a green girdle, on her head—nothing, save a few shreds of hair—her feet planked in russet "sneakers."

"Hop o' My Hart," she murmured, "Hop o' My Hart!"

And erstwhile, she wound her arms around each other, and muttered, "He cometh not."

To explain further, the Lady Dialene perched upon the battlements and mourned for the absent Hop o' My Hart.

The love of Hop o' My Hart and Dialene was of that divine tincture read of only in the dark ages.

They had never seen one another. They had not been introduced.

Yet they loved.

Their love had dropped from high heaven, mayhap from an aeroplane, with all the incomprehensible charm which is love's greatest happiness.

Years before, Hop o' My Hart had seen the name of Dialene the Diaphanous painted on a signboard.

He had turned pale, swooned, and started at once for Butte.

On the self-same day, Dialene, in passing down the Avenue, had seen the coat of arms of Hop o’ My Hart hanging on a clothesline in the Wuzza Fly Yard. She had fallen back into the arms of her sorority sisters more dead than alive.

Since that day they had loved.

Dialene would wander forth from El Dormitoire, the Castle of the Maidens, with the name of Hop o’ My Hart on her lips. She breathed it to the cards, as she bent over her solitaire in the afternoon. She sung it over in her heart, while she perforce strolled with Soupa the Smasher.
Suitors were there in plenty for the hand of Lady Dialene. Feats of folly were done daily for her sake. To win her favor, suitors were willing to vow themselves to utter Perdition. For Dialene’s sake, Punk the Picker had disagreed with his brothers. Shaw the Scimitar had hurled himself from the highest battlement of the castle into the mud. Kenneth the Killer had battered out two Philistines, and Soupa the Smasher had given up wrecking hearts. Hop o’ My Hart, not to be outdone in these deeds of derring-do, had eaten a can of sardines.

But Dialene the Diaphanous was heedless of the court which the other suitors paid to her.

In vain her stepmother, Delia the Dull, begged her to marry. In vain her father, the Lord of Huggensberg, when he sent her allowance, commanded her to choose one or the other of her suitors. In vain her sorority sisters urged her to announce her engagement, so that the fortunate hero could transport to them ten pounds of Victoria chocolates.

And in the meantime, Dialene waited.

Her heart remained unswervingly true to the Hart.

And if the love of Dialene burned thus purely for Hop o’ My Hart, the love of Hop o’ My Hart flickered with a flame no less pure.

Love tokens strengthened their affection. From Jerusalem, Hop o’ My Hart sent her a stick with a notch in it to signify his undying constancy. From Anaconda, he sent her a frying pan, and from Reeker, a ton of coal. All these Dialene treasured. At night, they lay beneath her pillow.

Finally, after years of wandering, Hop o’ My Hart determined to crown his love for Dialene’s sake, with one tremendous achievement. It was his deep laid design to return to Ma Soula, to scale by night the walls of El Dormitoire, and to prove his love by burning her father’s picture, tearing to shreds the picture of her mother, stabbing her sleeping sorores, and carrying her away in his Hop-mobile.

This plan he was now hastening to put into execution. Bolstered up by twenty of his trusty yeomen, all wearers of the King's X (meaning fraternity), Hop o’ My Hart had made his way to Ma Soula. Under cover of night, also under cover of their coats of male, they reached El Dormitoire. Relying on their hands and knees, they crawled up and down and up and down the walls, with no visible success. Once they well nigh reached the windows of the second story, when a terrific burst of song almost split the window panes, and drove back the braves. But perseverance will persevere, and finally, Hop o’ My Hart gained a foothold on a second-story window ledge. At this crucial moment, Dialene the Slender appeared at the aperture, as was her wont at twilight, to scan the hills for her true love. “Hop o’ My Hart! our liege lord,” shouted his valiant men. “Dialene, our Darling”! shrilled her loyal sisters.
For a sixteenth of a moment the lovers looked into each other's faces.
Then with their visages wrung with agony, they swooned in different directions. There had been a mistake! Hop o’ My Hart was not Hop o’ My Hart, and Dialene was not Dialene. Each of them was somebody else.

Deluges of remorse flooded over the lover’s hearts.

Dialene thought of Punk the Picker, ostracized by his brothers; of Shaw the Scimitar broken in shreds, and head-first in the mud; of the two Philistines hammered out as flat as postal cards by Kenneth the Killer.

Hop o’ My Hart thought of the can of sardines, and the ton of coal.
And all for nothing!
Their love had proved vain. Each of them was not what the other had thought. So is it ever thus!

The hearts of the two lovers burst together.
They expired.

Meantime, the twenty valiant brothers, in order to drown their sorrow, crawled back down the walls, feet uppermost, mopped their tear-stained cheeks, and took the next car for the movies.

H. M. L. ’15.

The President once planned to call
At a dance—‘Twas the K. A. T. ball;
But he couldn’t, you see,
For it was not to be,
His son loaned his dress suit, that’s all.

(Note—This is a true story).
THE ISLAND

A bit of an island splits the river, a sandy, rock-roughened island, with frayed edges continually wet by the splash of the swirling water. On one side of the river are the narrow lines of track, and a civilized, man-built station where the trains halt a moment in their headlong rush across the continent. On the other side are the brick walls, and the piled up buildings of the city. And across the river and across the slit of an island, a great bridge stretches, over which the crowds pass and the cars go clanging. Caught in the meshes of this civilization, the island looks like a piece of drift wood. There are trees on it, scraggly, water-torn trees. The great logs of high water tragedies lie bleached and rotting in the sand. Crouched at one end is a cabin, a one-roomed, roughboard cabin, with shreds of tar paper on its sides, and a door closed stoutly against curious eyes of passers on the bridge overhead. But even on the stray bit of an island man has flaunted his conceit in huge signboards and glaring posters, and the wild lies tangled in the civilized.

—M. F. '17.

DID THIS EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?

The Library is like money, it is a medium of exchange. Some students use the Library to purchase knowledge, others for the next best thing, a “fair co-ed.” Every evening, history repeats itself. About nine P.M. he enters, casts a hurried glance around the room. He asks for a book from the tired and worried librarian. He goes to the drinking fountain, there to quench his thirst, and collect his thoughts. If luck favors Him, He seats Himself beside the lady of his choice, and with His book upside down, pretends to study; His neighbor, desperately unconscious, continues to scan the Delineator styles. He scribbles a few lines, She scribbles an answer—a couple of hurried messages, and all’s well. He smiles, She smiles. She folds her notebook, puts on His hard-earned sweater, with His tender assistance. He returns the much-read volume of knowledge to its custodian. He opens wide the swinging door, out She goes, he follows in the rear, struggling with the load of books which She always carries over to study.

(Curtain).

JOHN JAY ECTOR '17.
"Buddy" is a dog. The Sigma Nu fraternity has finally admitted that they own the animal.

It is in tribute to this canine that I write.

The average student of the University of Montana is entirely ungrateful for the service done him by Buddy. Many times, when all is quiet in the building presided over by Miss Buckhous, when some means of amusement is necessary for a few moments of relaxation from the deep and scientific subjects that are discussed in "Life," Buddy stalks proudly through the door and calmly lays himself down to pleasant dreams under a study table. Often a cruel-hearted female, who is supposedly seeking a higher education at the University, "plants" her delicate "sneakers" on the ribs of Buddy. In fact, I saw one of the aforesaid, a student of Professor Coffman's Freshman English class stop writing a theme one day (she knew that Prof. C. was not very strict about having themes in on time) to have a little amusement at the expense of the sleeping Buddy. She reached back as far as she could with her right foot, which appeared unusually small in the aesthetic sneaker, her foot quivered as she slowly took aim and gave Buddy a swift kick, terribly executed. She would have lifted the poor dog from the floor with her mighty strength if the fashions of the times had permitted. I heard a young lady from town say that she thought such behavior was very unladylike, but that is the way they are raised over at the Dorm.

But this is not the worst aspect of the matter. As Buddy jumped up with a yelp of pleasure a titter of amusement ran through the massive reading room of our library. Think what that means to our institution! Students derive pleasure from inhumane treatment of dumb animals! It certainly does not speak well for our institution. But as I said before, it provides relaxation and perhaps really raises the standard of scholarship in the University.

There is, however, a class of students who do not derive any pleasure from such acts. I actually saw our A. S. U. M. president, "Spud" Weidman, weeping for the dog as if the kick had been carefully directed against his own ribs. He is always tender with small animals, especially with the boys of the Freshman class.

Buddy frequently makes a round of the different class rooms and with much difficulty succeeds in attracting the attention of the students away from the interesting lectures for which all of our professors are noted. It is in Mr. Coffman's English class that Buddy always meets a stone wall. Each and every student is eagerly awaiting the next word of the instructor, and Buddy simply can't get a rise.
Buddy has appeared in public and is an animal of which the whole University might be proud. He gained especial notoriety in convocation one day last fall. A lieutenant of the army was giving a talk on the subject of war. Buddy could not resist the temptation to listen to that talk. He first sought a place where he thought that he could hear the entire discourse without any difficulty. He selected a place a short distance back from the stage in the center of the aisle. However, he had not thought of the excellent acoustics of the hall and the reverberation soon drove him from his place. (He always finds a soft rest place on the floor while he listens to anything instructive.) Next, he calmly trotted on to the platform to see if he could hear better. He took one look at the girls on the left and made a hasty exit from the hall. He has never explained whether his action could be accounted for by the good looks of the girls or by their inhumane treatment of him.

Perhaps you think that he should not judge the girls as a whole by the actions of one or two. The answer is simple. They abuse him in many ways. Sometimes the girls of the "Dough Lab" cause all the trouble. They must have someone to practice on if they wish to make their future husbands happy. Long ago they gave up the attempts to entice young men, wise by experience, into the unexplored depths of the building. Their candy and cake have gained a reputation all over the campus, of which everyone but Buddy has heard. Gladly he accepted the invitation of the young ladies to partake of their cooking. They gave the fortunate dog a piece of cake. Buddy politely gulped it down, but refused a second piece. Several hours later, I was passing the building and saw the poor beast in terrible agony. He was attempting to go home, but some weight seemed to be bearing him down.

Such is the life of Buddy. It is rumored that Buddy has advised other members of his tribe never to come to the University. Life there is just one d—— thing after another.

STUART M’HAFFIE ’17.
DINING HALL RULES

Hour of the breakfast—8:44 1/2 A. M. (Never go down a moment sooner because the waiters would expire from the shock).
Lunch—Mad rush at 12:31 M.
Dinner—6:00 to 6:30. (Depending whether you are walking with a man or not).

Rule 1. Always seize the raisinbread as soon as you are seated, and suspend your piece on your napkin ring, if you haven’t time to eat it. If there isn’t enough to go around, then smile sweetly at the girl next: “Oh, didn’t you get a piece of raisinbread? That’s a shame!”

Rule 2. Always “slam” the food. It gives you a superior air, and the other girls will probably think your people have money. If you wish to build your altar of egoism especially high, donate your dessert to some other girl. Your self-esteem will rise by leaps and bounds, and she will probably be uncomfortable from over-eating, so everyone will be happy.

Rule 3. Never pass anything until you have been requested to do so at least three times.

Rule 4. Never reach for anything more than four feet distant—get up and walk around to the other side of the table for it.

Rule 5. If the dining room is too quiet, you may introduce an element of excitement by tipping over a cream pitcher, or swallowing a doughnut hole.

Rule 6. Always ask for a second helping of everything, whether you wish it or not, because it gives the waiters good exercise.

Rule 7. The moment you have consumed your last bite, rise hastily from the table and rush upstairs, without waiting for the others to finish. This undoubtedly invests you with a certain air of importance.
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Twenty Professors
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Six Hundred Students in Varsity This
Year—Two Hundred and Fifty-
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Founded at De Pauw University

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Lambda—University of Vermont.
Mu—Allegheny College.
Rho—University of Nebraska.
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Omega—University of California.
Tau—Northwestern University.
Upsilon—University of Minnesota.
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Alph Sigma—Washington State College.

Alph Tau—University of Cincinnati
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Alph Delta—Goucher College.
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Alph Iota—Washington University.
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Kappa Kappa Gamma

Founded at Monmouth, Ill., 1870.

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Beta Chi—University of Kentucky.
Beta Pi—University of Washington.
Beta Phi—University of Montana.

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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—Aleph College.
Pi—University of Montana.
Rho—Syracuse University.
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Founded at Virginia Military Institute, 1869.

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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.
EPSILON—Rose Polytechnic.
BETA PHI—Tulane University.
BETA CHI—Leland Stanford University.
THETA—University of California.
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GAMMA GAMMA—Albion College.
GAMMA DELTA—Stevens Institute of Technology.
GAMMA EPSILON—Lafayette College.
DELTA MU—Stetson University.
DELTA NU—University of Maine.
GAMMA ETA—Colorado School of Mines.
GAMMA ZETA—University of Oregon.
GAMMA THETA—Cornell University.
GAMMA IOTA—State College of Kentucky.
GAMMA KAPPA—University of Colorado.
GAMMA LAMDA—University of Wisconsin.
GAMMA NU—University of Illinois.
GAMMA NU—University of Michigan.
GAMMA XI—State College of Mines and Metallurgy, Mo.
GAMMA OMICRON—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 ETA—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.
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DELTA MU—Stetson University.
DELTA MU—University of Michigan.
MU—Kansas State University.

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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.)
NINETEEN FIFTEEN

Beta Delta Chapter, Established September, 1906.

FRATRES IN URBE

Dr. J. G. Randall F. E. Buck E. E. Hubert E. C. Simons
G. Heyfron G. T. Reinhardt W. O. Dickinson E. G. Polleys
J. D. Jones F. Angevine B. K. Garlington R. W. Wells
T. G. Farrel F. H. Whisler W. G. Ferguson F. Ferguson

FRATER IN FACULTATE

Prof. Frederick C. Scheuch

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE

Graduate (Law)

E. P. Kelley

1914

Paul Gervais Peter Ronan
Paul Dornblaser Jack Jones

1915

Merrit Owsley Isaac Crawford
Archibald Hoel

1916

Thomas Busha James Brown Alva Baird
Harold Lansing Arthur Wright Claude Molchoir
Niel McPhail Thomas Shirley Franklin Woody
Norman Streit Gregory Powell Raymond Collins
Herbert Molchoir Colin Clements Frank Gault
Edwin Cummins William Long Barclay Craighead
Charles Tyman

1917

Hugh Kent Aubry Clapper Phillip Sheridan
Willard Jones Emerson Stone Harold Jones
Grant Higgins Earnest Angevine

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# THE SENTINEL

## CHAPTER ROLL

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## ALUMNI CHAPTERS

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NINETEEN FIFTEEN
NINETEEN FIFTEEN

Local Organized 1908.

FRATRES IN URBE

RAY HAMILTON
WARREN E. THIEME
CHARLES JOHNSON
FRED E. THIEME
RICHARD L. JOHNSON
LEBARON B. BEARD
MARSHALL HANOIS
W. D. VEALEY

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE

Graduate.

DEWITT CREIGER WARREN

1914

CARL CHANDLER Dickey

1915

G. O. Baxter
L. S. Wells
E. M. Boody
E. J. Stanley
M. F. Nesbit

1916

J. M. SHROEDER

1917

T. B. STUTZMAN
C. Sheedy

Special.

H. H. KUPHAL

W. B. SMEAD
NATIONAL HONORARY FRATERNITY FOR THOSE PARTICIPATING IN DEBATE AND ORATORY

MONTANA STATE CHAPTER

George Fullmer Reynolds, Ph. D.

A. E. Leech
D. C. Warren
R. C. Line
M. F. Bullerdick
C. H. Bowman
C. C. Dickey
L. E. Forbes
E. J. Stanley
A. W. O'Rourke
H. F. Sewell
G. D. Watkins
P. Thempleton

W. Long

ACTIVE STATE CHAPTERS

COLORADO
INDIANA
Idaho
Massachusetts
Montana
New York
Ohio
TENNESSEE
Virginia
Utah
Georgia
North Carolina
Washington
Wisconsin
Penetralia

FAYETTE WRIGHT
ALICE YOUNG
DAISY KELLOGG AMBROSE
ANNE BEILENBERG
MINTA MCCALL BONNER
BLANCHE SIMPSON BORG
BESS BRADFORD
NEL BULLARD
MARY ELIZABETH BURKE
MONTANA BUSWELL
Hazel Butzerin Bisbee
Eva Coffee
Mrs. O. J. Craig
Frances Corbin
Florence Catlin
Avery May Dickinson
Mrs. C. A. Duniway
Faye Evans
Linda Featherman
Mary Fergus
Winnifred Feighner
Frances Foster Bonner
Marie S. Freeser
Alice Glancy
May Graham
Verna Green
Ruth Ward Grush
Carrie Wharton
Florence Leech
Ruby Jacobson
Mrs. G. F. Reynolds
Bernice Selfridge
Gussie Gilliland
Beulah Van Engeelen
Florence De Ryke
Gladys Huffman
Mildred Ingalls
Rose Leopold
Florence Sleeman

ALENE Mcgregor
Gladys McLean
Mrs. D. T. Mason
Daisy Penman
Annabelle Ross
Marjorie Ross
Roberta Satterthwaite
Mrs. Robert Sibley
Edith Steele
Mary Stewart
Ruth Smith
Alice Welch
Mary Hansen
Mary Henderson
Anna Jo Hutter
Laura S. Johnson
Frances Jones
Frances Kelly
Ruth Kellogg
Eloise Knowles
May Murphy
Agnes McBride
Alice Mathewson
Gladys Freeze
Nina Gough
Grace Rankin
Viola Goldner
Catherine White
Mabel Lyden
Mary Shull
Esther Birely
Gladine Lewis
June Whiting
Alice Hardenburgh
Vera Pride
Helen Smith
Diana Ulene
Bernice Selfridge
Ruby Jacobson
NINETEEN FIFTEEN

DEBATE

ORATORY
DEBATE

This has been Montana's year in the circles of debate. Few institutions can boast of such a record as that which our debaters have made for us this year. Our first debate was with the University of Utah, at Salt Lake City, on February the 13th, the question being: "Resolved, That immigration to the United States of all the unskilled laborers of the Slavonic, Italian and Hellenic races of eastern and southeastern Europe should be prohibited." Gordon Watkins, William Long and Payne Templeton represented Montana in this contest and won a decisive victory over the Utah team. This was a notable achievement and served as a stimulus for the following battles.

An innovation in the way of debating this year was the formation of a Triangular League which includes the College of Gonzaza, the Montana State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, and the University of Montana. Each institution had two teams in the field, one defending the affirmative and the other the negative side of the question, "Resolved, That the American government should take immediate steps toward the granting of independence to the Philippines, such independence to become a fact in 1920." These debates were held March 12th. For the Varsity, William Long and Payne Templeton upheld the affirmative against the representatives of the Montana State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. This debate was held in Missoula and resulted in a unanimous decision for the University. In Spokane, Alva Baird and Stuart McHaffie upheld the negative for Montana against the representatives of Gonzaga College. Here, too, Montana won the decision, this time two to one.

For the second time Montana has established her rights to the championship of the Northwest. In four years the University of Montana has held eight debates and has lost but one of these. Three successive times she defeated the debaters from Washington State College, twice the teams from the Montana State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, once the University of Utah and once Gonzaga College. The future is as promising as the past is encouraging. The glory of these victories must be shared by Professor Palmer, our last year's debating coach, and Professors Holliday, Coffman and Trexler, who so faithfully coached our teams this year.
The Buckley Oratorical Contest of 1913 was characterized by enthusiastic interest and splendid work on the part of the aspirants. The contestants were Miss Edith Merrifield, Mr. Edwin Stanley, Mr. William Long, Mr. Payne Templeton, and Miss Kathryn Sutherlin. Mr. Templeton won first place and Miss Merrifield won second.

In the Extemporaneous Speaking Contest, Mr. Long won first place. He and Mr. Templeton represented the University at the annual state contest of Oratory and Extemporaneous Speaking between the five institutions of higher learning: the University of Montana, Montana College, the Montana Wesleyan University, the Montana State Normal School, and the Montana State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. In this contest, held in Dillon, Mr. Mosher of Dillon won first place with an oration called, "Night Brings Out the Stars." Mr. Templeton was awarded second place for his oration, "Humanity vs. Economic Tradition." In the Extemporaneous Speaking Contest, Mr. Long was given second place, first place going to Mr. Don Chappelle of the College of Montana, at Deer Lodge, Montana.
The Department of Economics, while making a survey of economic conditions in the Middle West, found conclusive proof that in the struggle between the Landowner and the Unemployed lay the beginning of our present College Athletics.
ATHLETIC REVIEW

The University is closing a very successful year in athletics in that athletic activities have been broader than ever before. The football team won the championship of the state against almost overwhelming odds. They held champion teams of other states and conferences to fair scores. The basketball championship was lost only after a hard fight. Outside of the state more games were played, and against stronger teams than ever before. When the fact is taken into consideration that of two of the teams which the University played, and against whom they held their own creditably, one has held the Rocky Mountain Championship for the last two years, and the other last year won the Northwest Championship, it will be seen that the basketball season was a great deal more successful than might appear at first glance. The track championship of Montana was won by the University. They lost to Idaho, it is true, but only after a hard fight. The Varsity team did not lose the meet listlessly—they pushed Idaho for every point, and at no time during the meet was there a difference of more than ten points in the score. This, in spite of the fact that the University of Idaho men are in a class with the teams of the great coast universities. The track season for this year promises to be as successful as that of last year. There will be three big meets this year—one here with Washington State College, one in Idaho with the University of Idaho, and a triangular meet here with the Montana State School of Mines and the Agricultural College at Bozeman. The Tenth Interscholastic Meet held last spring was the best ever, and the meet this year promises to be even more of a success, if that is possible.

The whole year in athletics has been singularly successful. Teams of prominence and of "class" outside of the state were held down to comparatively small scores. Two state championships were taken, in football and track, while the State Basketball Championship was lost only after two hard battles.

Credit must be given the Chamber of Commerce and the people of Missoula for the support that was given the teams all through the year, and especially in football. For the first time in years the town really got behind the University, and for the first time in years, the games at home were on a paying basis. Practically all of the deficit was incurred on trips, and even now the A. S. U. M. is in better shape financially, as far as athletics are concerned, than it has been for years. In every respect the spirit both over town and at the University, was better than ever before. The year was a year to be proud of; it carries a promise of a better one next year. But most of all it has made for the development of real spirit at Montana, the spirit that wins, that is what counts.
THE SENTINEL

Top row—Armitage (Manager), Gault, Anderson, Sheridan, Nesbit, Busha, Heilman (Coach)
Third row—Kress, Owsley, Lambert, Smead (Captain), Craighead, Streit, Daems.
Fourth row—Peek, Powell, Graham, Collins, Clapper, Robinson.
WINNERS OF THE "M" IN FOOTBALL

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Coach: Dr. A. Heilman
Captain Sinead’s first call for candidates brought forth a promising squad, but for a time there was no official coach, and little could be accomplished. While Dr. Craighead was looking through the east for new faculty members, and incidentally a coach, Mr. Leaphart volunteered his services and put the squad through a few rudimentary workouts. With the arrival of Coach Heilman the squad began hard practice, but before a team had been whipped into shape the game with W. S. C. came due. Montana was defeated in a hard-fought contest by the heavier and more experienced Washington opponents.

Two weeks of snappy practice added much life to the team, and they went into the Utah Aggie game on the home gridiron confident of winning. It may have been over-confidence, but certainly the Varsity did not get together and play real football at any time during the game. The listless contest ended in a defeat for the Varsity to the dissatisfaction of all her supporters.

With the Varsity-M. S. C. of A and M. A. battle but a week off, and with Captain Smead out of the game with a bad knee, the best hopes of the Varsity were far from bright.

It was a determined squad of Montana brawn that journeyed to Bozeman; and their determination became more firmly fixed when the confidence of the M. S. C. of A. and M. A. was learned. The game, a fight from whistle to whistle, and declared by many authorities the best game ever played in Montana, ended in a 7 to 0 victory for the Varsity. The M. S. C. of A. and M. A. championship hopes were blasted, and their bonfires remained unlighted. Two weeks later on the home field the Varsity piled up a 20 to 0 score on the discouraged visitors.

The coast trip ended rather disastrously. Again in the Gonzaga game the Varsity failed to get together, and met defeat in a listless game. The Thanksgiving Day game with Whitman stood scoreless at the end of the first half, but several Montana men were out with injuries, and there were no more substitutes. When the game ended the Whitmanites had beaten through the crippled Montana line for a 35 to 0 victory.
FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

Nov. 1—Montana vs. M. S. C. of A. & M. A. at Bozeman, Mont.
Nov. 22—Montana vs. Gonzaga, at Spokane, Wash.
Nov. 26—Montana vs. Whitman, at Walla Walla, Wash.
BASKET BALL
WINNERS OF THE "M" IN BASKETBALL

Cumins
McHaffie
Sheridan
Streit
Coach W. W. H. Mustaine

BASKETBALL REVIEW

In spite of the fact that the University lost all but a few games of the season, the basketball year was fairly successful. The men were handicapped right along by illness and injuries, but especially they were held back by a lack of friendliness and good feeling among the men themselves. It is generally better not to mention a thing like that, but it is almost necessary, to explain the scores made against us. Even so, the results would have been far more encouraging had it not been for the injuries which kept the men out of the games and out of practice, and the general hard luck experienced all along the line. One of the players himself in talking the season over said: "The St. Louis Browns are our own rivals." That is hardly a true comparison, though, for although the scores were unfavorable, the season was successful in other ways, and under the circumstances the scores were almost as good, at least, as could be expected.

For one thing, we may say that basketball is only four years old in the University. Until the last two years we have not risked our reputations by playing teams from outside the state. The teams that were on our schedule this year were the very best in this part of the country. The University of Utah, against whom the University of Montana played a fairly good game, has for the last two years held the championship of the Rocky Mountains, and Washington State College last year won the Northwest championship. In Utah there have been held high school tournaments for the last twenty years, while we are just commencing to get in our University men who are familiar with the game and have played it in high school. It takes years of familiarity with a sport and confidence in old victories to turn out a winning team. Even the Montana State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, who defeated us twice this season, and who have had years more of experience than we have, won only one game outside of the state with all that their schedule was unusually heavy. Battles with strong outside teams is what the University needs to develop a good team and the right kind of spirit to back it. A sport that is new to a college needs years of development, and a string of defeats such as we were forced to take this year is only a part of the story.
We did win two games from the Miners but the less said about them the better. The School of Mines has been out of the basketball game longer than we have, and they were practically forced to train themselves.

The two big games of the year, in point of interest, were the games with the Montana State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. Montana lost both of the games, but only after a bitter fight. With the exception of one man, their team was just as it was last year, while all but one of our men were new on the team this year. With the odds all against us, and a pitiable lack of team work on the part of the Varsity team, in spite of flashes of the old Montana spirit, both games were lost. The trips to Utah and to the coast might be called disastrous, but "disastrous" is too mild a word.

At any rate the season was valuable in the experience it gave us, and the chance to get in touch with the big universities of other states.

To change the subject to more pleasant things: they brought a good story about one of our smallest men, Ricketts, back from the Utah trip. At the Brigham Young University, the baskets are hung from the running track, and the place underneath is exceedingly dark. Ricketts ran behind the basket, and ducked out a few seconds later to receive the ball from one of the other men. "'Hey, kid!'" some one yelled, "'Put that little kid out, did he pay his admission?"

Red Cummings, who captained the team, and later was disgraced by permitting himself to be embarrassed in the library, came back with his share of the glories. Red is very fussy about his meals. He can easily be induced to leave the table. There was one restaurant keeper in Logan who talked incessantly while the fellows were eating. Red didn't enjoy the meal much—some of the things the fellow said took away his appetite. Next day Red, for the first and only time in his life, expressed a desire to have the ladies around. "'Say,'" he said, "'you scoot down to that restaurant and see if there are any ladies there. If there are not I won't go there to eat again!'" This is deep, but if you read it over it will penetrate.

Next year we can start a new sheet and redeem ourselves.
NINETEEN FIFTEEN
WINNERS OF THE “M” IN TRACK

Wiedman  Day  Sheedy
Brown  Craighead  Cameron
Taylor  Long  Owsley (Captain)
Dowd  Wolfe

Coach: W. W. H. Mustaine

Of the two big meets of the season the first was with the University of Idaho on Montana field, May 7. The meet was fast and exciting from start to finish, although the Montana men lacked condition. While the final score was 68 to 58, the meet was no walkaway for Idaho. The Montana men put up a game fight, and the team from Idaho had to struggle for every point they got. Two Montana records were broken, when Craighead raised Greenough’s shotput record from 37 feet 8 inches to 39 feet 1 inch, and Wolfe broke Toole’s high jump record by a jump of 5 feet 9 inches. Morrison of Idaho was the individual champion, winning 11 points by taking first place in the hundred and two-twenty, and third in the broad jump. He surprised everybody by defeating Brown in the dashes. The hundred-yard dash, particularly in 10 1-5, was one of the prettiest races in the meet. The 440 was run in 52 2-5, the fastest time made on Montana field since Leo Greenough made his record in 1906. First place in this event went to the man who finished third, Dingle of Idaho, Whitten and Cameron, who finished first and second, being disqualified.

To Nicholas Taylor, ’15, captain of this year’s track team, must go the honor of being the hero of the meet—“The gamest little mile-runner who ever put a spike into the cinders of Montana field.” Running against men almost twice his size, he made one of the best races of the day. After losing the lead at the 660 yard mark, by one of the best efforts of the day, Taylor finished but a few feet behind the lanky, experienced Downing.

Phillips of Idaho starred in the hammer throw, breaking Ryan’s 1911 record of 124 feet 10 inches by a throw of 136 feet 2½ inches. Phillips also gave the prettiest javelin exhibition ever seen here.

Another real display of Varsity spirit came when Bill Long, the smallest and youngest man on the team, won the two-mile from Warren of Idaho by a lead of 75 yards.
The meet with the Montana State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts was slow and not at all spectacular. The meet was held in Bozeman, May 14. The University had an easy time with the meet and won by the substantial score of 71 to 53. One state record was broken in spite of the unfavorable condition of the weather, when Craighead hurled the discuss 114 feet, breaking Patterson's record by seven feet. The time in most of the events was slow and no other records were touched.

In spite of the inefficient way in which the meet was managed, and the imperfections in the track, the Varsity had no trouble. They took nine firsts out of the total of fifteen, and a majority of the seconds and thirds. Captain Owsley worked in his old-time form, and together with Brown, the Freshman star, ran away from the Farmers in the hundred and the two-twenty. Had Dowd been able to run he would undoubtedly have taken third place, and the Montana State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts would have been cut out of the sprints altogether. Craighead was Montana's best point winner, taking first in the shot-put and discuss, and third in the hammer throw.

Taylor was again the hero of the meet when he ran away from his old rival, Captain Schumacher, in the mile. Taylor showed surprising strength. This was young Taylor's first victory, and was one of the pluckiest, headiest races ever run by a Montana man.

Even the 440 yard dash, which was one of the few races in which the Montana State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts expected a victory, was lunch for the Varsity. All three places were taken by the University, the Montana State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts trailing far behind. Captain Schumacher beat Bill Long in the two-mile, but all of the other races went according to schedule, Montana getting better than was expected in the half-mile when Cameron and Weidman won first and second. The only spectacular thing in the meet occurred in the low hurdles, when Kenek of M. S. C. of A. and M. A beat Brown of Montana by an inch. Brown really deserved victory in this race, for someone had left a hurdle out of his course, and instead of running straight ahead, Brown turned out, waited for Ronan, and played Alphonso to the Dago's Gaston, waiting until he had passed before going ahead again.

On the whole, the track season was very successful. The indications for this year are that Captain Taylor's men will have everything coming their way this spring. The schedule is heavier than it has ever been, two out-of-the-state meets being planned, one with W. S. C. and one with I. U., as well as the Triangular State Meet.
100-yard dash—Morrison (I), first; Brown (M), second; Whitten (I), third. Time: 10 1-5 seconds.

Mile run—Downing (I), first; Taylor (M), second; Warren (I), third. Time: 4 minutes 50 seconds.

440-yard dash—Dingle (I), first; Wiedman (M), second; Anhorn (I), third. Time: 52 2-5 seconds.

120-yard high hurdles—Lockhart (I), first; Dowd (M), second; Ronan (M), third. Time: 17 3-5 seconds.

Hammer throw—Phillips (I), first; Day (M), second; Harris (I), third. Distance: 136 feet 2½ inches.

880-yard run—Dingle (I), first; Wiedman (M), second; Anhorn (I), third. Time: 2 minutes 8 seconds.

Shotput—Craighead (M), first; Phillips (I), second; Dornblaser (M), third. Distance: 39 feet 1 inch.

220-yard dash—Morrison (I), first; Brown (M), second; Dowd (M), third. Time: 22 4-5 seconds.

Two-mile run—Long (M), first; Warren (I), second; Schopper (M), third. Time: 11:06 1-5.

High jump—Wolfe (M), first; Scott (I), second; Dowd (M), third. 5 feet 9 inches.

Discuss hurl—Phillips (I), first; 115 feet 5½ inches; Craighead (M), second, 106 feet 3 inches; Brown (I), third, 93 feet 4 inches.

Broad jump—Dowd (M), first, 20 feet 5½ inches; Lockhart (I), second, 20 feet 5 inches; Morrison (I), third, 20 feet 3 inches.

Low hurdles—Lockhart (I), first; Brown (M), second; Dowd (M), third. Time: 27 seconds.

Pole vault—Sheedy (M), first; Barton (I), second; Scott (I), third. Height: 9 feet 8 inches.
120-yard high hurdles—Kenck (A), first; Dowd (M), second; Brabrook (A), third. Time: 19 1-5 seconds.

Mile run—Taylor (M), first; Schumacher (A), second; Wilcomb (A), third. Time: 5 minutes 12 seconds.

100-yard dash—Owsley (M), first; Brown (M), second; Kenck (A), third. Time: 11 seconds.

440-yard dash—Cameron (M), first; Wiedman (M), second; Schroeder (M), third. Time: 55 2-5 seconds.

220-yard low hurdles—Kenck (A), first; Brown (M), second; Dowd (M), third. Time: 28 seconds.

Two-mile run—Schumacher (A), first; Long (M), second; Taylor (M), third. Time: 11:50.

880-yard run—Cameron (M), first; Wiedman (M), second; Lott (A), third. Time: 2:14 2-5.

220-yard dash—Owsley (M), first; Brown (M), second; Kenck (A), third. Time: 25 seconds.

Shotput—Craighead (M), first; Hodgkiss (A), second; Heagney (A), third. Distance: 38 feet 5 inches.

High jump—Wolfe (M), and Brabrook (A), tied for first; Border (A), third. Height: 5 feet 6 inches.

Hammer throw—Day (M), first; Hodgskiss (A), second; Craighead (M), third. Distance: 114 feet 8 inches.

Broad jump—Brabrook (A), first; Maddox (A), second; Dowd (M), third. Distance: 20 feet 5 inches.

Discus hurl—Craighead (M), first; Heagney (A), second; Wilcomb (A), third. Distance: 114 feet.
## 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>
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<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>Mile Run</td>
<td>Richard Crum, Helena</td>
<td>4 min., 41 2-5 sec.</td>
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<tr>
<td>120-yl. High Hurdles</td>
<td>Sam Dinsmore, Missoula</td>
<td>16 2-5 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220-yl. Low Hurdles</td>
<td>James Brown, Granite</td>
<td>26 4-5 sec.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Allen Calbick, Flathead</td>
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<tr>
<td>High Jump</td>
<td>Logan, Gallatin</td>
<td>5 ft. 1 1-8 in.</td>
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<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>
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<tr>
<td>Relay Race</td>
<td>Missoula</td>
<td>1 min., 34 sec.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hammer Throw</td>
<td>Lorimer</td>
<td>146 ft.</td>
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<tr>
<td>880-yl. Dash</td>
<td>Jones</td>
<td>2 min., 6 sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shot Put</td>
<td>Brittain</td>
<td>43 ft., 3 1-3 in.</td>
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### INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Champion</th>
<th>School</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1904</td>
<td>J. Piggott</td>
<td>Helena</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1905</td>
<td>Joe Horn</td>
<td>Anaconda</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1906</td>
<td>Joe Horn</td>
<td>Anaconda</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1907</td>
<td>Lloyd Denny</td>
<td>Flathead</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1908</td>
<td>Brayley Gish</td>
<td>Missoula</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1909</td>
<td>Clarence Bickford</td>
<td>Park</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1910</td>
<td>James Brown</td>
<td>Granite</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1911</td>
<td>Edwin Hauser</td>
<td>Anaconda</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1912</td>
<td>Edwin Hauser</td>
<td>Anaconda</td>
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<tr>
<td>1913</td>
<td>Phelps</td>
<td>Butte</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>E. Jolley</td>
<td>Gallatin</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE SENTINEL

WEARERS OF THE "M"

Grace Saner
Grace Mathewson
Arva Willoughby
Diana Uline
Alpha Buse
Stella Duncan
Patsy O'Flynn
Isabella Gilbert
Helen Buckley
Marion Fergus
*Esther Birely

*(She conceals it, but nothing can be hidden from Ferosha, the girl detective.)
THE SENTINEL

THE GUARD

BEING THE

YEAR BOOK

OF THE

UNIVERSAL KIDDERS

PUBLISHED BY

THE CLASS OF 1915

MAY, 1914

Volume One
To
Sore-Heads, Fussers, Hypochondriacs
Dipsomaniacs, Melancholiacs, Hysterics,
ad infinitum; we respectfully
DEDICATE
This Book
THE SENTINEL

FACULTY

To those distinguished gentlemen who work us to death, and attempt to guide our feet in the flowery paths of knowledge, this section is respectfully (?) dedicated.

GEORGE FULMER REYNOLDS
A genius who stays up all night hunting for more difficult courses. He gorges you with poetry and will swear up and down that you are doing B work and then give you a "C."

CARL HOLLIDAY
This man distinguished himself with a "goatee." He can talk at the rate of 1,642 words a minute. His courses in Flirtology are huge successes.

GEORGE RALEIGH COFFMAN
"I am human. I believe in being square. If you come to the University to learn, take one of my courses by all means, but if you come for a mere "College Education,"—take care! ! ! !

W. W. H. MUSTAINE
Inflate ???? 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 8 9——
Exhale !??? 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 8 9——
His teas are the events of the College year and his popularity with the Co-eds is unsurpassed.

RICHARD HENRY JESSE, JR.
Does this man like work? He eats it. He expects you to do the same. He declares "No student at Montana shall ever take a pipe course under me." His lectures are entertaining in the extreme, but after all we must admit that at times he is absentmindedly gazing out of the window toward the dormitory during the lecture period. Also, he some times cuts classes.
SENIOR CLASS

Worden Gatkins, B. A. (ts) in Brainology
   *Sigma Nut*
   Chief University preacher; leader of the Fussers’ Club (2), (3), (4); champion heavyweight (3), (4); the “Ideal” of the Senior class.

Grace Saner, B. A. in Armitology
   President of the Kandy Klub (4); good looking and kind, yet she graduates this year.

Fouis Lischl, Ph. D., ????
   Noted for his traveling (1), (2), (3), (4); research in Pharmacy (1), (2); results rather disappointing (3), (4); a great fussier. Always has his work.

Label Mvden, Ph. D. in Ragtime
   *Do Good*
   Teacher’s pet (1), (2), (3), (4); Captain Track Team (4); Pitcher Baseball Team (1), (2), (3), (4).

Bster Eirely, B. A., Astronomy
   *Tappa Kluha Aleta*
   Little, but Oh My! she is one of the few who can combine politics, society and studies and get away with all of them.

Dahl Pronblaser, B. of Campustry
   *Sigma Cheese*
   The man with a future. Also the man with the adorable smile. He is very refined, yet he can be heard all over the campus.
SARL EPEER, B. S., Bluffing

_Nigma Su_

Empress admiration society (3), (4); President of the Cigarette Club (1), (2), (3), (4); Founder of the "Batchelor Club."

DARL CICKERY, LL.B., in Lawing

_Idle Nuisance._

Very little and very cute. Almost baldheaded and yet young. Very bright. The man with the cherubic countenance.
ORGANIZATIONS
CHARTER MEMBER
Earl LeRoy Speer, S. W. A. K.

FRATRES IN URBE
Massey McCullough
William Vealey

FRATRES IN FACULTATE
Richard Henry Jesse, Jr., Ph. D., A. X. E.

FRATRES ET SORORES IN UNIVERSITATE
“Spud” Wiedman
Patsy O’Flynn
“Sac” Swanson
Carol O’Donnell
Edward Patrick Kelley
George Thomas Armitage
Grace Leary
Amy Brusven
Stella Duncan
“Buck” Smead
“Soupy” Sewell
“Dewey” Warren
“Chief” Angevine
NINETEEN FIFTEEN

Fussers' Club

President . . . Cornelius Bol
Vice-President . . . Grace Leary
Treasurer . . . Millard F. Nesbit
Secretary . . . Grace Saner

MEMBERS

Cronk
Rector
Lease
Stevenson
Lyden
Leary
Skinner
Saner

Craighead
Long
Anderson
Cummins
Gilchrist
Nesbit
Swanson
Bol
Suffrage Club

OFFICERS

CHIEF BIG SUFFERER . HAZEL HAWK
CHIEF LITTLE SUFFERER . GERTRUDE BUCHHOUSS
KEEPER OF THE SHEKELS (?) . STELLA DUNCAN
CUSTODIAN OF THE SECRET RECORD . RUBY JACOBSON

The purpose of this Club is a dank, dismal secret. However, they live in hopes.
FIRST TENOR
Cornelius Bol
Walter Conway
Nickolas Taylor

SECOND TENOR
Sam Crawford
Earl Speer
Carl Dickey

FIRST BASS
Greggie Fullerton
Louis Fischl
Barclay Craighead

SECOND BASS
William Anderson
Franklyn Woody
Sac Sorrenson

REGULATIONS
Meet every Monday at 4:30 P. M. in the Assembly Hall. Practice as follows: First Tenor, 4:30 to 4:45; Second Tenor, 4:45 to 5:00; First Bass, 5:00 to 5:15; Second Bass, 5:15 to 5:30.

Ensemble, 1:10 A. M.
OFFICERS

President . . . . . . . GORDON WATKINS
Vice-President . . . . . . ALVA BAIRD
Secretary-Treasurer . . . . . WILLIAM LONG

This organization passed peacefully away two months after birth. An elaborate interment was given in the Gymnasium. Pax Vobiscum.
Somewhere between the years of 1911 and 1914 a body (?)!! Rewards were offered for the recovery of same, but no one brave enough to attempt the deed was found, until the year of 1913. Then a member came forward who dared search through dark secret recesses and from the depths drew forth a skeleton, in whose bony claw a scroll was found. Thereupon were scratched the ancient secrets. Now the organization flourishes in all its old time grandeur.
My Dear Miss O’Flynn:
I greatly regret to find that I have done you the serious injustice of marking your paper C when you, of course, deserved A++. I have accordingly made the correction in the records.

Humbly yours,
MORTON J. ELROD.

Dear Son Bruce:
Your expenditures for the past month have been so extremely low that I fear you are depriving yourself of some needed recreations. I therefore enclose a check for fifty cents, hoping that you will spend it all.

Your affectionate,
DAD METLIN.

My Dear Kate:
Have you any date for next Friday’s performance at the theater? I have box seats and would like to order the taxi and flowers if you will go with me.

Yours affectionately,
SAC SORRENSON.

My Dear Professor Coffman:
I do not like to criticize your methods, but I do think that your course in Freshman English is not quite difficult enough. May I suggest that you pile on a little more work?

Beseecingly yours,

(Editor’s Note—Out of regard for the writer of the above note, we refrain from publishing the name which was signed).

My Dear Mr. Ronan:
We have watched with intense admiration your success in managing college entertainments. Can we not induce you to devote several hours a day to managing our business plant? This need not interfere with your college activities. Kindly name your price.

Respectfully,
DUBSON AND DUBSON.
Dealers in Antiques

Address De Smet, London, and Evaro.

Lost—On a dark and stormy night, a picture of—you Kent guess who—touchingly inscribed with, “Oh, we’ll never tell,” in the lower right-hand corner. Finder please return to E. S.
NINETEEN FIFTEEN
THE SENTINEL

HOW TO EARN $3,000 A YEAR
OR
TWO DAYS IN A CLASS ROOM

FIRST DAY

A. M.
8:30—Studes wait patiently in lecture room.
9:10—Heilman strolls into Main Hall just in time to see his devoted class disappear out of the side door.
9:13—Goes out in Hall to get a drink.
9:15—Takes a walk—up and down the hall.
9:40—Reluctantly goes to class.
9:55—Sees Stell out of the window.
9:55½—Has to set his watch by the hall clock.
9:56—Accidentally meets Miss Duncan P. G.
9:57 to 10:20—Class makes off with a live frog chanting "Hail, hail, we're out of jail, But Stell has copped our Adam, etc."
10:25—Stell and Adam stroll down the "Diag."
10:26 to 11:30—Coach listens to Stell reminisce.
11:30—Coach a la Punk, "Say, Stell, how about Tony and Cleo at the Empress tonight?"
   Stell: "Well, I had to pay my taxes today."
   Coach: "Oh, I'll buy the tickets—"
   Stell: "Yes,—and let's walk—er—by the Sig house.
   Coach: "Ah! have a heart!"
   Stell: "I'd rather have your little gold football."
   Coach: "You're on."
11:45—Bring Stell back to the Dorm.
12:00—They have lunch at the Coffee Parlors.
12:00 to 6:30 P. M.—Ssh! We'll never tell.
7:00 P. M. to 10:00 P. M.—Takes Stell to see the moon.

SECOND DAY

The 9:30 Physiology class plans a sally on Coach Heilman. The vanguard comes through the laboratory door, the rearguard comes through the hall door, closes and locks all doors.
Kate Finley—"Gr-r-r!! We have you in our clutches—surrender!"

Heilman, weak kneed, opens the textbook and feverishly studies the lesson. After a wild scramble for back-row seats, Fiske, Disbrow, Finley and "Steve," by force of brawn, win the battle. Ingham, lightweight, resists all efforts of the backrow to upset the middle bench.

Heilman—"There are twelve cranial nerves, Mr. Fischl, how many cranial nerves are there?"

Fischl—"Just a minute." (Leisurely looks up answer in book). "Twelve."

Disbrow—"Well read! well read!"

Heilman—"Mr. Disbrow, which way does the spinal column run, longitudinally or transversely?" Embarrassing silence. Coach magnanimously.

"Then—er—up and down."

Disbrow (triumphantly)—"That's just what I thought."

Steve (in stage whisper)—"Yes, I'd imagine."

Heilman—"Miss Finley, what is reflex movement?" (Fifteen minutes elapse while both the Coach and Kate read the discussion in the textbook. Kate, however, has an inspiration from one of Dr. Bolton's half-remembered lectures).

Miss Finley (with dignity)—"Reflex movements are those which are controlled by the ganglion in the spinal column."

Heilman—"Well, I do not like to contradict, but—er—it isn't in the book. We'll dismiss the subject" (hearing the click of tiny heels in the corridor). "and while we're dismissing, we might as well dismiss the class."

He leads in the stampede out of the door, while Mr. Fiske assigns the advanced lesson.
HALT, HARKEN, HEED!

Ye benighted oafs, addle-pated dupes, whose putrescent presence, puerile prattle and epitudinous vacuity have offended the equanimity, erudition and magnanimity of your superiors beyond the most elastic bonds of tolerance:

Ye intellectual pygmies whose scrawny brain cells, bedizened with the gawdy glamor of your insipid high school career prompts you to conduct that precludes you from any position in the cosmic order of the University:

Know Ye! Ye cradle worms that by the conscientious observance of this edict you may, e’re the silver cord is loosed, or the golden bowl is broken, shed the insipid verdance that now attests your ignorance, and sit in the halls of the cultured.

FIRST. No smoking on the campus—No cutting across the grass—No sitting upon the Senior bench.

SECOND. All Freshmen will use the side doors and the side doors only of the main building.

THIRD. All Freshmen will remove themselves to a respectful distance when Sophs and upper classmen are passing and will tip their hats—if necessary they will step clear off the walk.

FOURTH. The Freshmen shall spend one day in painting the “M”

FIFTH. They shall spend one afternoon at hard labor upon the football field. (Saturday following the Contest.)

SIXTH. They shall not call at the Dorm. until two weeks after the contest.

SEVENTH. All Freshmen shall wear green caps during class days, (Saturday and Sunday excepted.)
WE BOW not in homage to the smallest, homliest and most egotistical bunch of SOPPIES that ever attempted to peddle their contemptible and worthless line of guff under the cognomination of a Montana class.

THE GREENEST, PUNKEST AND MOST ODORIFEROUS, ossified bunch of bawling brats that ever left the farm; the most chicken-hearted, fried egg, lobster sort of fungus growth ever fashioned by nature for future freaks; the most lop-sided, double-jointed, knock-kneed, lop-eared, glass-eyed, insignificant, indistinguishable bunch of nothingness ever recognized as fine specimens for zoological collections or barnyard ornaments.

O! ye spawn from slimy marshes, Lilly-gagging lunatics, Fattened fools for fearful slaughter, Hearken, hearken, 1 - 9 - 1 - 6. We have read your witless poster, Your insipid little gruel, And we think you'd better show us, Ere you try to run the school.

Signed: FRESHMEN.

We furnish vegetables cheap. Pumpkins and cabbage our specialty. Guaranteed to be soft, green or rotten. One long-eared, braying, bragging, bloomin' wart of a Sophomore given with every purchase.
NOTICE!
UPPER CLASSMEN
AND
SOPHOMORES

THE
CLASS OF 1917

makes an apology for the insulting Proclamation which was promulgated without the consent of the Freshmen Class.

The Class of '17 also agrees to abide by the 1916 edict and bring to punishment, if possible, the traitors and culprits who committed said offense.

Signed in behalf of Class '17
BRUCE HOPPER,
President '17.
THE SENTINEL

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD

(Taken from the New York Times.)

1. George Armitage.
5. George Thomas Armitage.

PROF. JOLLIER'S CLUB

President . . . . . . . . Prof. Trexler
Vice-President . . . . . Prof. Bolton
Secretary . . . . . . . . Prof. Mustaine
Treasurer . . . . . . . . Prof. Heilman

Official Color:
WHITE
Flower:
MADONNA LILY

Song:
“BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS”

Motto:
LOVE ME, LOVE ME LONG
JOHNNY-JENNIE

In the presence of all the Stew-Eds of the U. of M., Jennie and Johnny became one on the Spoony rock of the U campus. After the spiel by the officiating justice, (E. D. X.) free beer and sardines were served. Then every one ragged to their hearts content. (Viz., Carrie and E. D. X. together, etc.)

Mrs. E. D. X. was the matron of honor, being an old friend of the contracting parties. By the next time she will be left at home as she made her husband jealous by dancing so many times with M. X., on whom she once had quite a case, but has not seen since her college days.

The bride's outfit was conspicuous because of the "M" sweater she wore. She acted quite sensible upon this occasion and did not pester the X—'s much. Elsewhere the reader may find a card of thanks from E. D. X for such actions.

By the time of the B. D. ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. X—— are the proud parents of two children. Mrs. X—— will be remembered as Carrie Natalie Copperthwaite, one of the worst fussers of the U. of M., and the cause of many stinging remarks from the dean, Miss Mary Stewart, who still retains that position, and holds Mrs. X—— up as an example of the dangers of college cases.

Note—The above was handed in as having been picked up on the campus. If the reader can make any sense out of it, he can do more than the Editors could.
NINETEEN FIFTEEN
THE SENTINEL

UNIVERSITY DIRECTORY

Bolton—Domestic science expert—especially in coffee and hot dogs. Found in the psychology laboratory or in Spring Gulch.

Kidder—Guardian angel of all fussers. Keeps library open for them in the evenings.


Reynolds—Agent for Georgia minstrel suit. All the latest checks, stripes and plaids. Phone 1, 111, 111—Green.

Trexler—Famous flirt. Here is an opportunity for all hopefuls to learn the wonderful art of fussing. Instructions given hourly. No settled abode.

WANT COLUMN

WANTED—A RICH GIRL WITH beautiful eyes—Gorden W.

WANTED—A "DATE BOOK"—Pat-sy O'Flynn.

WANTED—A "MAN"—R. CRONK.

WANTED—A "MARRIAGE LICENSE"—Anna Beck.

WANTED—"HOME SWEET HOME"—Ann Rector.

WANTED — A NEW SWITCH—D. Uline.

WANTED — A PUG NOSE—HAZEL Hawk.

WANTED—MY MONTIE BACK—628 S. 1st West.

WANTED — A HAPPY HOME—Punk.

WANTED — ENOUGH TO EAT—O’Leary.

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To Ivan Merrick, the seat next to Emma Taylor in the southwest corner of the library.

To Rhea Townsend, the monopoly of Joseph Clarence Tope’s time.

To H. H. and Carrol Baker, the board walk leading to Van Buren street bridge between 1:00 P. M. and 1:30 P. M.

To Miss Kidder—The sole right to stare us out of countenance (as well as out of the library.)

To Grace Leary—The right to stow away Pat’s pin and stroll with Thayer Stoddard whenever she chooses.

To Eunice Dennis and Ed Stanley, to bring up in the rear on the way home from moonlight picnics.
SAMPLE CASES
PRESENT CALENDAR DEPARTMENT NO. 2
PRELEGAL COURT

1. R. Townsend vs. Just Caught Tope.
2. Ever-there Taylor vs. Idolizing Merrick.
3. Merry Pope vs. Faculty Fiske.
4. Have-'Im Hawk vs. Caught-'er Baker.
5. Graceful Metlen vs. Happy Guy Ade.
10. Innocent Gilbert vs. Verdant Robinson.
17. Enveloping Stephenson vs. Extricate Cummins.
ON HALLOWE’EN

The girls were happy as could be.
The guests were laughing merrily.
The stunt was on, ‘‘Who howls tonight?’’
And everything was running right.
But, suddenly, there came a pause,
The cats forgot that cats have claws,
Through the window, like a flash,
There came a goat, with such a crash.
We heard a shrill, excited scream,
The girls first thought, it’s just a dream,
Then grabbed the goat, turned him about,
And pushed and pulled and dragged him out.

A goat, you ask? That’s all they had
(Poor boys) to make the co-eds mad.
They tried so hard—give them their due;
Just think! They managed something new!
Perhaps they thought the goat would pay
For stolen cream; for cream? you say.
Why yes, ice cream—for some took that.
They had to take it—to feed the cat.
They happened to be strolling by,
And, when they saw no one was nigh,
Goodbye, ice cream! and goodbye boys!
For all they left was one big noise.

—G. L., ’17.
WOULD-BE WIT

Frosh, to Prof. Mustaine—"Say, Prof, what do all of those Ws in front of your name stand for?
Prof. Mustaine—Oh, nothing; the person who christened me, stuttered!

A Freshman girl after having her class picture taken—"Now I want my sorority picture taken." Oh! these Freshmen!

Eunice Dennis during the Christmas vacation—"Paul looked so Krest fallen!" A pun is the minimum of wit.

Anna Beck, watching the Coach, and "Stell," strolling about the campus—"I wonder if she calls him Adam."

Ethel Stubblefield—"Do you know, girls, I think that my hair is getting red."
Eunice Dennis—"Oh, Stubbie! red hair isn't catching!"

Prof. Trexler—"Now, Miss Shunk, do be careful and don't drop that pen on the floor, because if it bursts, it will surely ruin the library ceiling."

In Math., Verne Robinson at the board demonstrating; ! ! ? ? x x ! Prof. Lennes—"For God's sake, talk English, or if you are determined to speak some other language, prepare me."

Prof. Lennes to Trig. class—"You haven't been well prepared in High School Mathematics."
Baker—"Well, we used your text in the High School."

Miss Buckhous has a new circulating library—a revolving bookcase—get it?

Ilaxo, in French V—"Do you ever think, Miss Sutherlin?"
Miss Sutherlin, nonchalantly—"Sometimes."

If you do not like the pictures in this book, paste your own in here.

Now are you satisfied?
If there's noise at the end of the hall,
   Blame Kate Murr.
If you hear a terrible call
   Blame Kate Murr
If you hear racket and fun
When study's begun
   Be sure that it's only Kate Murr.

If any mischief's been done,
   It started with Kate.
If all the third floor's having fun
   It started with Kate.
If you ever come in
And see her broad grin,
   You'll know it all started with Kate.
NINETEEN FIFTEEN
Prof. Bolton—"I don't see how you girls can go about without a hat."
Miss Culmer—"Well, we've more hair on our heads than you have."

During the High School Basketball season; McGough to Hester who was trying to shoot baskets from the middle of the floor: "Now don't try to be a second "Steve."

Colin Clements, interpretation—"The girl I'm impersonating is somewhat of a croquette."

Reynolds, lecturing in English—"The unifying basis of Freshman themes is the paper upon which they are written."

Prof. Mustaine—"Eunice, you and Ray may teach the Deer Lodge people how to grapevine."

Don Young to Dr. Phillips—"Are these History papers to be exhaustive?"
Dr. Phillips—"I've read many History papers that were exhaustive."

Oh! where, oh! where, is my little "goatee,"
Where, oh! where, can it be.
With its twenty-two hairs
Divided in pairs,
Oh! where, oh! where, can it be?

Prof. Lennes.—Oh! Waltah, I desire some information. Who is editor of your annual?
Walter.—Mr. Forbes.
Prof. Lennes.—Who is manager?
Walter.—I am.
Prof. Lennes.—For heaven's sake why didn't they elect somebody?
Walter.—They didn't know you were coming or they would have waited.
NINETEEN FIFTEEN

CALENDAR

1913-4
March—

14th. Lucius entertained the staff of the 1915 Sentinel over at the Iota Nu House tonight. After discussing plans for the annual, we had some eats and made fudge. Just watch for the 1915 Sentinel if you want to see a classy book!

15th. The Delta Gammas had their annual reunion banquet at the Palace Hotel.

17th. This is St. Patrick’s Day. You could tell by Pat Kelly’s necktie that it was a festive day. The Theta’s had an informal party and the Delta Gammas had a St. Patrick’s spread in honor of Adelaide Stanley.

20th. Pretty pink Kaimins came out today. The headlines show that there is something doing in basketball. “DEFEAT THE AGGIES. ON TO HELENA.”

21st. A whole mob left for Helena on the special to see the championship game. Carl Cameron, owing to a slow alarm clock, missed the train. He couldn’t even make the Milwaukee, which left ten minutes later. Too bad, Carl.

22nd. The Sigma Chi entertained this evening at the house.

23rd. It doesn’t look much like Easter with the snow falling, but it saves us the trouble of buying new Easter hats so early.

24th. The dorm girls all came back today from their Easter vacation, bringing lots of eats.

26th. Payne Templeton took first place in the Buckley Oratorical Contest.
29th. Sigma Chi dance and supper at the frat house. The basketball girls banquet in the private dining room at Craig Hall. Sigma Nus and their guests went to the "movies."

31st. The Law School moved today from the "Black Hole" in the attic to better (?) quarters in the basement of the Library.

April—

1st. April Fool.

2nd. The track men began practice today by sprinting around the campus. Jimmie Brown is the cute kid in his blue tights.

4th. Pat and Grace went strolling this afternoon. Pat played baseball for half an hour, then resumed his walk with Grace.

5th. Michigan Glee Club appeared this evening. Some classy program, also some "awfully good-looking men."

7th. The sun shone all day for the benefit of the fussers who roamed around idly.

8th. Signs of spring fever everywhere—what's the use of studying these nice days?

9th. First singing on the steps of the year. The crowd didn't have much pep, though, and the yells were rather poky.

10th. A. S. U. M. night at the Bijou and Nonpareil.

12th. Inter-department meet. Lits score first, lawyers second. The engineers seem to be asleep.

15th. Dr. Bolton off on an inspection tour. I guess the Psych. class rejoices—no class for two whole weeks.

Tommy Rowe shows some of the men how to train for track by trying out for the quarter-mile.
16th. "Monty" cut classes today to go fussing (not alone, however.) The sight of Monty and Ruby made Raleigh envious, so he followed suit, hunting up Helen and taking to the bleachers. These things happen quite often.

18th. Montana debaters defeated Washington State College, winning by a unanimous decision.

19th. The Kappa's gave a pretty reception.

23rd. The lawyers have their annual banquet at the Palace. They sure are some sporty bunch.

24th. The University Dramatic Club presented "You Never Can Tell" to a good audience in assembly hall. Carl Glick stars. The Iota Nu entertained after the play.

26th. The Kappas had their reunion banquet at Elk's Hall.

May—

2nd. This has been a big day. The Queen was crowned, and the annual Varsity carnival at the gym was heaps of fun. The class of 1915 presented a clever farce, "You Can't Never Be Too Darn Sure," which was the hit of the evening.

7th. Idaho meets Montana in track on Montana Field. The Idaho men were too much for us and they won the meet.

8th. Interscholastic began today. Crowds of people came wandering out to the dorm, seeking lodging.

Daily Kaimin appeared for the benefit of the visitors.

9th. More visitors arrived on incoming trains. The Hall is packed to overflowing, but "there's always room for one more" at the dorm.
10th. Track week is over and I guess everyone is rather glad. Gallatin County High School won the meet, and Jolley of Bozeman and "Buddy" Phelps of Butte, the little "Smoke," tied for the individual championship.

15th. Dr. and Mrs. Reynolds gave a nice little party for the Writer's Club. Kind of nice to be a lit. shark once in awhile.

17th. The Sigma Chis had their annual picnic today. Everyone seemed to have a good time.

19th. The Kappas had a "good eat" spread in the suite.

24th. President and Mrs. Craighead gave a beautiful reception at their home in honor of the Senior class. They all looked quite imposing in their caps and gowns.

27th. Miss Stewart gave a tea for the girls of the University. She planned on having a pretty porch affair, but since it never rains but it pours, she gave it inside.

28th. The Delta Gammas gave a dinner in honor of their Seniors.

30th. Professor and Mrs. Kemp had a pretty tea this afternoon in honor of the graduating class. Tonight everyone fussed up in their best and nicest things, and went to the Junior Prom. The decorations were beautiful, the punch was good (?) and the music—well, it was all nice. But wait until the class of '15 gives their Prom.

June—

1st. The baccalaureate sermon was given this afternoon and the exercises, or program, I guess it was, were fine.
2nd. The Delta Gammas gave a party for their seniors tonight. A "jolly-up" they called it.

4th. Senior Class Day. History, prophecy, and all the rest of it gave the graduates an insight into past, present and future.

5th. The Seniors received their diplomas today. They all looked kind of weepy when it was over, and even the rest of us felt a lump in our throats when "College Chums" was sung.

6th. Homeward bound.
September—

8th. Back at the old stand again.

9th. Today we registered in the gym. Almost everywhere scores of bashful Freshmen were busily fixing their schedules.

10th. We attended our first classes today. It won't be long before we are grinding again.

12th. Impromptu dance in the gym. George is paying courtly attention to the Freshmen (as usual).

13th. This afternoon the Freshmen and Sophomores had a keg rush and wrestling match. The Sophs were winners in the keg rush and triumphantly marched off with their booty, a keg of cider.

14th. Blue Sunday—all of the Freshmen girls want to go home.

15th. A big crowd of University people went to see 'Everywoman' tonight at the Harnois. Glick 'stars' on the organ.

16th. The campus looks natural again. Hank Tabor stopped off in Missoula on his way to Wisconsin. Hank still likes the 'scenery' around here.

17th. The Y. W. and Y. M. had a joint reception tonight in the parlors at Craig Hall.

18th. The first 'Singing on the Steps' was held this evening. Kel gave the students a roasting for their lack of 'peppah.' The Frosh were called down for violating the Sophomore rules, but an apology from one of the worthy Frosh in behalf of his class set things right again.

The Thetas gave a picnic in Greenough Park this afternoon. Everyone had a 'grand time.'

20th. Pat McCarthy and Hank Tabor seem to be of the same opinion concerning the scenery on the campus. At least they have enough Grace to show it. (Joke).
The Kappas gave a big reception at the Toole home in honor of their grand president, Miss Powell.

21st. Sunday. (nuf sed).

22nd. Blue Monday.

24th. The boys have a stag party at the gym. Meeting of Hawthorne and election of officers.


26th. First A. S. U. M. dance. The Thetas have "eats" after the dance. Hawthorne showed signs of failing strength.

27th. The D. G.s gave a breakfast for some of the Dorm Freshmen who were two lazy to get up for the dorm breakfast.

29th. Joy! Bill our Bill, came back today!

October—

1st. Official convocation. The new profs made their debut. Prof. Coffman insisted on being recognized as a "human being."

2nd. Julius Caesar was played tonight at the Missoula theater. Some of our "would be" actors helped to make up the mob in one of the street scenes.

3rd. The class of '16 gave a rube dance tonight in the gym in honor of '17.

4th. Iota Nu moved into a nice big house today. It was lots of fun watching the men scrub windows, porches, etc. (Oh, for a pledge!)

The Kappas gave an indoor picnic at the Elk's Temple.

6th. Moving day at the dorm. Some of the girls moved over to the Annex to take up their abode.
8th. Today there was a business meeting of the A. S. U. M. to discuss the advisability of paying the manager a salary. After several heated discussions, the proposition was voted down.

9th. Football rally tonight. Pat Kelly and Jimmy Brown both proved to be "champeen" yell leaders, in spite of the fact that they got the yells considerably mixed up. Kel gave a demonstration of the "Coyote" as his specialty, while Jimmy starred on "Who Howls Tonight?"

10th. This morning, bright and early, the most peppy stuves went down to the train to see the football men off. James Arthur Murray Brown (nothing to be ashamed of) got peeved at the crowd, and in his excitement nearly lost his cap.

In the evening the Sigma Nus had a picture show party, going to the house afterwards for "eats."

11th. The Thetas entertained at the Empress tonight. Montana played Pullman, scoring 6 against their 28.

12th. Columbus day, and nice weather. The fussers strolled around enjoying life.

13th. Miss Stewart returned today. It seemed good to see her back.

15th. Prexie made a spectacular run this morning for the street car. After chasing it up for a block he discovered that it was the wrong car. Hard luck!

18th. Butte High School beat Missoula this afternoon on Montana Field. The D. G's, gave an indoor picnic at Frank Bonner's home. The Kappas had a spread at Dorothy Sterling's in the evening.

24th. Utah Aggies played Montana this afternoon, and although we didn't win, the core was close—9-7. A dance was given in the evening in honor of the visitors.
26th. The Sigma Chis have a party at the frat house.

29th. Miss Fox, student secretary of the Y. W. C. A., gave an interesting talk this morning in convocation.

30th. Professor and Mrs. Mollett gave a Hallowe’en party at their home this evening. Everyone had a grand “spooky” time.

31st. Hallowe’en dorm party. “Who howls tonight?” Somebody got somebody’s goat. Big reward offered for the arrest and conviction of the guilty parties. “Why are you heah?”

November—

1st. Miss Corbin entertained the Y. W. C. A. bazaar workers this afternoon. Everyone had a good time and accomplished lots for the Christmas bazaar.

3. The Thetas had an informal tea for their grand president who is visiting the chapter.
5th. Miss Swenson, the new piano instructor, played two solos this morning at Con. After regular assembly, the students had a business meeting to elect a Kaimin editor and manager.

6th. Three weeks from today to Thanksgiving. The girls have already counted the days and figured out on what train they shall leave for home.

7th. The class of '17 entertained the class of '16 this evening at a masquerade dance. All sorts of characters were represented, from the perennial pickaninny to the "intoxicated gentleman." (Admirably taken off by the honorable president of the class of '16).

8th. The D. G's. had a Kensington this afternoon at the Dorm Annex. Everyone was busy with Christmas presents.

9th. An ideal day for fussers. (Needless to say, it was taken advantage of).

10th. Lelia hunted for big game last night. Seven innocent mice were the victims of the hunt.

13th. The M. S. C. of A. and M. A. football team appeared on the campus today. They were escorted by the college band and seemed to be confident of victory. A big rally in the evening showed them that we had not only confidence, but lots of pep.

14th. The day of the big game—and a perfect one. The town people supported us royally, and the grandstand and bleachers were full. But listen to the best part of it—the score—20-0 in our favor. "Everybody happy!" A dance was given in the evening in honor of the visiting team.

15th. Sigma Chis entertained at the house.

16th. Sigma Nu fireside party.

19th. Joe Tope discovers for the first time that he has beautiful hair. Wake up, Joe, it's time you are getting acquainted with yourself.
20th. Gladys Huffman '13 is visiting Delta Gamma.

Isabel Gilbert '16 is visiting Kappa Alpha Theta this week.

21st. The big event of the year came off tonight—the Co-ed Prom. The men were not a bit curious; they did not even want to get a look-in. However, they got some pictures, which was just as good.

22nd. Montana lost to Gonzaga in football this afternoon. In the evening the Delta Gammas gave a pretty reception at the Dorm Annex.

25th. The parcel post man and the express men were kept busy today bringing boxes from home for the Thanksgiving feed.

26th. Some of the lucky girls went home for Thanksgiving. Weepy Freshmen betake themselves to their rooms. Sob parties popular.

27th. Thanksgiving Day—and, oh, such a dinner! There must have been fifteen courses, and everything tasted SO good.

28th. Innumerable spreads from the "boxes from home" have kept the girls busy for the last two days.

29th. The Delta Gamma girls entertained the Y. W. bazaar girls at the Dorm Annex this afternoon.

30th. The girls came back today from Thanksgiving vacation, loaded with more eats.

December—

2nd. The Belgian leaves school. Weeps for someone.

3rd. Mr. Gatley gave a fine talk this morning at convocation.

5th. The A. S. U. M. dance.

6th. Y. W. C. A. bazaar. The girls made a success of it, raising the necessary money.
8th. A big crowd of Varsity students went skating at Bonner today. Awfully good ice, but "Ain't it cold?"

10th. At convocation today the Chamber of Commerce presented the football team with watch fobs. Streit is rather dubious about his. (He owns a $2.00 watch).

11th. Buddy Sigma Nu treed a chipmunk this morning and kept the poor animal "up a tree" for an uncomfortably long time.

13th. The Kappas had a spread in the suite this afternoon.

14th. The Delta Gammas had their Christmas tree this evening at the Dorm Annex.

15th. The annual Christmas party of the Thetas afforded lots of fun.

17th. The Sigma Nus had a smoker today; their Christmas tree was much in evidence.

18th. Hi Jinx certainly scored a big hit tonight. The entertainment was a morality play, "Every Co-ed," and was cleverly arranged and gotten up. (If we do say it ourselves).

20th. Home for the holidays. No school till next year!

January—

1st. Resolution No. 1: "I'm going to get my lessons every single day."

5th. Back at school again. It seems good to see everybody, but it is pretty hard work getting back to "grinding."

6th. Resolution No. 1 broken.

10th. The Sigma Chis has a dance tonight celebrating the birthday of their chapter. The Sigma Nus had a fireside party. Mr. and Mrs. Coffman entertained some of the members of the English classes in the afternoon.
14th. Vera Pride gave a good talk in Con. today about her trip to Kansas City.

15th. Montana played the School of Mines tonight and won by a score of 46 to 11.

17th. The "Old Stars" played tonight in basketball. The Coach and Whitty were seen to good advantage.

The Sigma Nus gave a smoker at the house, and the Iota Nus had a party.

19th. Mr. and Mrs. Smith entertained the orchestra tonight after their usual practice.

20th. Mildren Scott takes the measles. The Dorm Annex is under quarantine.

23rd. The Dramatic Club gave the play, "Quality Street" at Assembly Hall. The play was a big success. "Steve" as an interested old maid made quite a hit. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds entertained the cast after the play.

24th. Kappa Alpha Theta ball at Elk's Hall.

27th. Exams begin. Sluffers, sharks and studes in general begin to grind.

30th. Governor Stewart was a guest of honor at a banquet at Craig Hall.

The Athletic Ball, one of the big events of the year, was held tonight in the gym.


February—

1st. Sigma Chi had a fireside party this evening at the frat house.

2nd. The Iota Nus gave a jolly sleigh ride tonight in honor of their pledges.

3rd. The Delta Gammas entertained this evening at an unique Japanese party.
4th. A blizzard snowed everyone in this afternoon. The town girls stayed at the hall. To make a real exciting party, the lights went out, and Christmas candles were substituted. Prof. Neff battled heroically with the storm and froze his ears. The Dean put the girls to bed by the light of a lantern.

The Pullman team played Montana. We don't remember the score.

6th. The basketball team left today on an extended trip. Luck be thine, Oh team!

7th. Marguerite Bonner gave a pretty party this afternoon. Ed Craighead entertained informally in the evening.

9th. Miss Stewart "was at home" this afternoon to the women of the University.

12th. The Delta Gamma girls had a Lincoln's birthday party this afternoon.

13th. Montana defeated the University of Utah in debate. They may put it over us in basketball, but in debate—never!

14th. St. Valentine's Day. Various tokens were sent the fair ones at the dorm. The Kappas entertained at the Empress, then went to Dorothy Sterling's, where they concluded the good time.

The D. G's had a jolly sleighing party and dinner out at Johnson's ranch.

Mrs. Wilcox gave a pretty party for the Thetas. Good old St. Valentine was surely well remembered.

15th. Eunice Dennis was hostess at a Valentine dinner.

19th. The "Weekly Kaimin" comes out with an excellent page of jokes. Some winter picnic enthusiasts went off snow-shoeing this afternoon. George twisted his knee while endeavoring to do clever stunts.

20th. Charter Day. Mr. Stone gave an interesting talk in Con. this morning. Senior Swing Out and Junior Parade. The peppery law bunch entertained the kind audience, too. In the afternoon the "P-burg" girls played against our girls in basketball and were defeated.
21st. Mrs. Whitlock gave an elaborate luncheon for Kappa Alpha Theta.

22nd. Corinne McDonald celebrated her birthday at a dinner today.

23rd. Sororities pledge Sophomores.

24th. Spud Weidman was elected president of the A. S. U. M. by an unanimous vote.

25th. The Sophomore class elected their editor-in-chief and manager for the 1916 Sentinel. (The present staff wishes them joy).

26th. Montana lost in basketball tonight to M. S. C. of A. and M. A. Hard luck we call it. Lucile Thompson entertained the basketball girls at her home.

28th. A. S. U. M. dance. There was a slim crowd on account of two other parties going on. Irene Murray and Alberta Stone gave a cute kid party, and Helen McClay, Helene Boldt, and Vera Pride gave a jolly party at Helene’s home.

March—

1st. The Sigma Nus had one of their regular fireside parties.

2nd. The Thetas had an enjoyable fraternity supper in the suite this afternoon.

3rd. Sneak Day. (Instigated by the pepperbox, otherwise known as the Law School). It all happened on account of Prexie’s birthday. An informal dance and stunts of various kinds filled the morning program, while a hike to Bonner concluded the enjoyable “holiday.”

4th. Senior luncheon at Craig Hall. The Law School backs up.

6th. Tonight was A. S. U. M. night at the Empress and Nonpareil. Both places were well patronized.
7th. Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Hall entertained at cards this afternoon in honor of the Delta Gamma girls.

In the evening, the Kappa's held their initiation, followed by a spread at the home of Cecile Johnson.

8th. Sigma Nu entertained this evening at a fireside party.
Miss Ona Sloane entertained at supper in the Kappa suite.

11th. President Craighead gave a "family talk" this morning at convocation.

12th. Montana men debated this evening with the team from the Montana State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. The contest was great, but the decision was even greater.
Montana also debated Gonzaga tonight, winning by an unanimous decision.

13th. Maude Johnston, '12, Gladys Huffman, '13, of Butte, and Madge Beatty, ex-'14 of Great Falls, came today to attend the reunion banquet of Delta Gamma.

14th. Misses Isabel Gilbert and Arva Willoughby entertained at breakfast this morning in honor of their Butte visitors.
Mrs. Scheuch and Mrs. Wilkinson gave a pretty party for Kappa this afternoon.
The Craig Hall girls entertained in the evening for a large number of men friends. Decorations were suggestive of St. Patrick's Day.

16th. The Hawthorne Literary Society held an interesting meeting tonight, which was well attended.

17th. Freshmen-Sophomore tug-of-war. Neither side had to go through the icy stream. Mr. Owens, the heroic Freshman, took a daring plunge into the waters. (A clever strategic feat, although unsuccessful.) Aside from this performance the tug-of-war wasn't very satisfactory.

18th. This is the last day I am going to record in my diary.
THE PERPETRATORS OF THIS ATROCITY
When 'omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
'e'd 'eard men sing by land and sea;
Hand wot 'e thought 'e might require,
'e went hand took; the same as me.

You do not need to read any further. You will probably find the spelling atrocious and the grammar abominable.

One of the things which I was most desirous of putting in the 1915 SENTINEL was a "Hall of Fame" which should contain the pictures and history of all those loyal professors in the University who had received offers of positions in larger institutions than Montana, with larger salaries, and yet had stayed with us. This I have been unable to do. However, may I speak of them here?

The first person to go in a University "Hall of Fame" would naturally be "Prexie." Big and noble, he is never too busy to stop and speak a pleasant word to the "Stude" on the campus. In two years he has become the ideal of many an undergraduate. He took a small university in Louisiana and in eight years built it up to be the largest in the South. We think that he will do a similar work in Montana. We are all with him.

The next person would probably be Dr. Morton John Elrod. After years of work at Montana, he has fallen in love with the place and it will be a very fine offer which will tempt him away. Seventeen years seems a long time to the mere undergraduate, but in that time Dr. Elrod has inspired many a man and woman to better work and better things. Meet any of the "old-timers" and among the crowd you will be sure to find some who will ask about Dr. Elrod and the work that he is doing. If you must search for a cause you will probably find it in the fact that "Doc" has a habit of getting close to the student when he is discouraged, disappointed; putting new life and hope into him, and inspiring him toward higher attainments. He will become a friend in the true sense of the word if you will let him.

Dr. Thaddeus Lucifer Bolton is the only one of his kind in captivity. Parting his hair in the middle as he does, and, and with the melting curves of his figure, he becomes the chief of the Kewpies. Dr. Bolton can get as many laughs out of a class as any man on the campus. However, you find the next day that you remember the subject under discussion because of the laugh which went with it. His courses are not "snaps," but take real serious effort. I am reminded of the University student who left because he had to support his mother and the money had given out. Dr. Bolton found a hitherto unknown job in the laboratory and then a job down town which he had held till this boy
could be brought back. Thus he leads a double life; a driver in the class room and a big "brother" out of it.

Before the end of the Summer School, we thought that we were going to lose Dr. William Webb Kemp. He would be a credit to any university. Mentally very keen and with a winning personality, he is bound to accomplish big things. With us but one year, he received offers from other places, but he has faith in Montana and stayed with us. May his kind increase and may Montana get all of them.

Last but not least comes "Daddy" Aber. I think that any mention of the University would be incomplete without some mention of him, "the noblest Roman of them all." I do not know how many offers he has had from other places or whether he has had any, but he is the most loyal man on the campus, bar none. One of the most familiar faces at all of the University affairs is that of Professor Aber. I believe that if he lost faith in any team representing Montana to the extent that he could not be seen on the sidelines or in the audience, that team would meet defeat.

With men such as these showing so plainly the faith they have in the University, which ultimately means the student body, what can not we, the student body, accomplish with united effort.

"The University of Montana; It Must Prosper."

I wish to acknowledge the help I have had on the 1915 SENTINEL. To "Pinkie" Hunt, ex-'15, must go the credit for the cover design. Mr. E. S. Paxson, through Miss Kettlewell, gave the sketch of Mount Sentinel years ago. For the rest—well go back and read the heading:

"Hand wot 'e thought 'e might require
'e went and took; the same as me."

That is just what happened. Mr. Walter Lincoln Conway had a bright idea for a track heading, result—the Athletic series. Most of the headings are the work of Miss Selfridge, to whom the 1915 SENTINEL owes much. But for her faithful work, I do not know when this volume would be out. I have not the space to mention each member of the staff by name, but I wish to thank them publicly for the work which they did.

The work is finished. If you are pleased, we are repaid for our efforts; if you are not, try and be as gracious as possible, then lend your co-operation to the 1916 SENTINEL. It will need it.

Lucius Elder Forbes

(NOTE.—Just before the last forms went to press, the announcement was made that Prof. Carl Holliday was going to stay at Montana. Add him to the list of professors given above.)
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