THE 1917
SENTINEL
THE SENTINEL

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THE 1917 SENTINEL

The Year Book of the University of Montana

VOLUME XIII

Published Annually by the Junior Class
THE FRONTISPICE

THE Frontispiece is a photograph by R. H. McKay. The picture is of a Flathead Indian and was taken last fall on Mount Sentinel, just on the edge of the university campus.
GREAT is the University of Montana—not with the greatness of numbers or of wealth, not with the greatness of many buildings or large departments—great rather with the loyalty of the men and women who are helping to create it and to build it. It is to these men and women, who are working for the best interests and highest perfection of the University of Montana, that we dedicate this book.
# Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PART I</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>GREETING</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IMPRESSIONS</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PERMANENT CLASS ORGANIZATIONS</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHOOSING AN ALMA MATER</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE COLLEGES</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE CLASSES</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE COLLEGE YEAR</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ATHLETICS</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Football</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baseball</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Track</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Basketball</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Girls' Basketball</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DRAMATICS</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PUBLICATIONS</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DEBATE AND ORATORY</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MUSIC</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE WHIRL</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ORGANIZATIONS</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FRATERNITIES</td>
<td>119</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PART II</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Student Annual Cosmopolitan</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PART III</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kampus Kalandar</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Richard P. Howell .......................... Editor
Marian G. Fergus .......................... Assistant Editor
John J. Ector ................................ Business Manager
Percy N. Stone ................................ Athletics
Eleanor Little ................................ Art
H. W. Judson .......................... Kodaks
Charles Tyman .......................... Kodaks
Carol O'Donnell .......................... Kampus Kalandar
Gladys Lewis ................................ Kampus Kalandar
Mae Pope ................................ Organizations
Emmet Riordan .......................... College Year
Bruce Hopper .......................... Locals
Le Roy Lebkicher ........................ Locals
Grant Higgins ..........................
ACTING PRESIDENT FREDERICK C. SCHEUCH
GREETING!

THE State University has just passed its twenty-first year and stands at the threshold of a brighter and more settled future. Like the wanderer who stops on his way following a beaten track or walking through the wilderness, you, the students of the University, have been pursuing your object—education—and you are still seeking your goal. You have come to another milestone where, stopping for a moment, you wipe the perspiration of endeavor from your brow and survey the path traveled during your college years. The sun has not reached its meridian with you and you look forward along the path that, winding up the mountain side, loses itself in the misty future. The day will come when, glancing backward, you will see the points of your journey individualized by some exceptional efforts made by you; the bridges you have crossed and steep inclines traversed. This is the journey of a day, but it is also the journey of life. You are in the prospect today. May you all, when you reach the retrospect, see along your way a vision here, a gleam of sunlight there, and a flash of storm; but may you see more flowers blossoming through your kindness, more sunlight through your good deeds and hear more songs than sorrows. May the touch of your hand be kindness, the flash of your eye love, and may your hearts remain unchanged—filled with the happiness of youth.

Acting President.
In the fulfillment of my promise for these few paragraphs, it seems appropriate to make this brief record of certain of my impressions growing out of the observations and experiences of the first months in Montana.

Foremost of these impressions is that of the enthusiasm, the good fellowship, and the energy of the students in the University. Close to this is that of the spirit of consecration on the part of the teaching staff to the work and welfare of the institution. All the more marked are these characteristics of students and faculty when one takes careful account of the many pressing material lacks of the University department and schools. More adequate salaries with which to retain and secure superior teachers are indispensable. Additional buildings to contain properly equipped laboratories, libraries and other facilities for educational work are demanded. Dormitories for men, as well as for women, must be erected in order to give proper living accommodations to the rapidly increasing number of students. For all of these needs, so self-evident to those who know the situation, more money must be provided in the immediate future in order that the University may fulfill even reasonable expectations and be fully deserving of educational respect within the state and without the state. Every day I have spent at the University has caused me to wonder how so much could have been done with so little, and in the face of so many obstacles. The outlook, though, is now most encouraging.

Among the many needs of the University there appears to be yet another and more essential one; all the more important because it cannot be met directly by the expenditure of money. For the want of a better and more precise word, I shall call the thing needed loyalty.

The loyalty I have in mind is not to be identified or confused with the bubbling, evanescent, noisy, pleasant, and withal, valuable activities that the college world
usually recognizes as spirit. The common or garden variety of college spirit has its chief satisfactions in the marginal, the accidental and the too often transient features of the daily life of an educational institution. Because it is playful it adds a little vagrant joy to the student's existence. We need to conserve, to develop, and to direct a proper college spirit.

College spirit as we now have it is founded on play. The loyalty I have in mind is based upon work. It means a comprehension by every student of the underlying ideal for which the University exists; the ideal that prompted the Montana pioneers to build the University into the permanent foundations of the state. It means the development of sound and distinctive traditions of student conduct, and of high standards of various accomplishments. To be loyal, a student body must give evidence that the University has impressed its intellectual, social, and academic individuality upon the personality of every one of its members.

We need in Montana today the development of a student attitude of mind that will cause each young man and woman admitted to the University to become possessed of a sense of personal responsibility; that he is in the University, not alone to be benefited, but to confer benefits as well; that the institution will be better and stronger for his having been a student; that he must help to raise the standard of the serious work of the University. That student whose feeling of regard for the University is measured in terms of athletic prowess or of personal enjoyment is wholly lacking in that thing we call genuine loyalty.

Above all the University needs today a body of graduates who carry loyalty outside of the institution. Before we may possess a strong, vigorous alumni organization, the members of which look back with affection and reverence for the institution that gave them intellectual life, professional skill and moral responsibilities, we must have a strong, loyal body of students; loyal not for themselves, but for the future of the institution which holds so much in store for this state.

We of Montana are rich in the treasure of youth. That youth is the priceless capital from which will be returned men and women whose loyalty to the ideals of college will be transformed into service for the ideal of the commonwealth.
HE Editor of the Sentinel, as he tells me, desires to bring about some form of permanent organization of the graduating classes of the State University which will result in the gathering of a larger body of the alumni at the annual Commencement and in their having a better time. At present, he tells me, he finds that the alumni, stringing back, one or two from a given class at a given Commencement, and lacking the companionship of the college mates of their own day, are likely to find Commencement only a melancholy reminiscence of old times. He feels, no doubt, that if they could meet a group of the students of their own day and exchange views of the flight of time with the men and women they used to know, they would enjoy the occasion more, have their University loyalty stimulated, and return to another Commencement more gladly.

The reason why I was asked to contribute on this subject was that your editor overheard two of us graduates of many years ago from a prominent Middle Western college discussing the class reunions there. Grinnell College is, of course, not the only one in which the problem of alumni loyalty has been solved, but it is a college in which the problem which now exists at the University existed at the time when I graduated and has since been solved in a very notable way.

For many years after my graduation from college I was so situated as to be able to go back for the annual Commencement almost every year. Year by year the number of my classmates to return for the Commencement dwindled. The students whom I had known in the lower classes of my day graduated and went their way, and I gradually found myself among a body of strangers, the older members of the faculty being, at length, my only acquaintances. The eighth year after my graduation I enjoyed Commencement so little that I definitely made up my mind to make no further effort to return at the Commencement season, and did not return for twelve years.

Meanwhile there had grown up a system of five-year reunions. That is, it was definitely planned for every class to return to the college Commencement on the 5th, 10th, 15th, 20th, 25th, 30th and 35th anniversary of its graduation, without making any special effort to gather for the intervening years. This concentration upon fixed reunion periods greatly increased the number of the alumni returning for Commencement, and certainly made the occasion much more enjoyable for them. At the twentieth anniversary of my own graduation a majority of the living members of the class were present, and the pleasure of the meeting, if I may judge others' experience by my own, was very great.

The movement for permanent class organizations, which have aided in making the five-year reunions a success, started in the college office and has been greatly aided by the college itself. For the older classes the college authorities have taken the responsibility of asking two persons in each class to act in the positions of class secretary and class president; the later classes elect such officers at the time when
they graduate to hold for a term of years. By this plan the classes are all provided with officers who take a more or less active part in keeping track of their classmates, gather and distribute information about the college and about its alumni, and so keep the class and the college in touch.

The college itself has facilitated this work by compiling and maintaining a mailing list of all the former students, whether graduates or not, and sending them printed matter about the college at least two or three times a year. It also seeks to gather news about the doings of the alumni, and prints and circulates this news in a monthly publication, which is sent to any alumnus or former student for a small sum. The class officers are called upon to assist in the work of gathering and distributing the alumni news.

As secretary of my own class I am just now sending out a call to all former members of the class, whether they graduated from college or not, to join us in the quarter-centennial reunion next June. The call will also be signed by the president of the class, a Duluth attorney, who will push the plans for the reunion. We have the help of the revised list of the addresses of all the former members of the class which was furnished from the college office a week or two ago.

Not all the class organizations are equally active. I have in mind one class which graduated nearly thirty years ago, which has maintained all these years an annual circulating class letter; and another still older class which maintains, by a sort of common consent, such a letter once every two or three years.

These various devices can easily be copied or modified; the total effect of them—the permanent class organization, the gathering and dissemination of college and alumni news, the five-year reunions, and the class letters—is an unusually compact and loyal body of alumni.
CHOOSING AN ALMA MATER

It is a custom which is almost universal in Europe for young men and women to acquire their education not in a single institution of learning, but in a number successively chosen. They proceed in this way with a view to broadening their outlook upon life or to specialize in some subject under a teacher who has become famous as an authority in that special branch of learning. There is a growing tendency in America to recognize the advantages thus to be gained and to encourage a certain degree of specialization.

If a change from school to school is undertaken in the proper spirit during the character and habit-forming years, it is possible, and indeed mighty probable that the change will have a beneficial effect upon the future career of the student, assuming, of course, that he or she will take full advantage of the opportunities offered. As one who has had the privilege of acquiring a small fund of knowledge in this way under the guidance and inspiration of great men in great institutions, I may be permitted to point out a few of the salient benefits one may derive from the privilege.

One of the first beneficial effects of going to a school away from home, in addition to acquiring knowledge, is the formation of an ability to adapt oneself to different conditions of life. Happiness then becomes independent of any fixed environment.

If an unfamiliar language is spoken in the land where the selected school is located the conditions are ideal for acquiring the use of that language. Not only this, but the habits, customs and ideas about the life of the people differing from our own can be studied with great profit and usually proves to be of the highest interest. The comparison of their superior and inferior traits with our own, the exchange of ideas and learning from them all tends to create in us a tolerance with the failings and shortcomings of our fellowmen. And frequently a helpful realization is awakened of the insignificance of our own accomplishments.

Then again we all differ in our mental makeup and so we find the influence and inspiration extended by a teacher, even though he be a remarkable character, varies greatly with the individual students. In changing from one school to another the change in the personality of a teacher may mean a turning point in a life career. Without any fault on the part of the student but due to an accumulation of circumstances he becomes discouraged and is on the point of giving up some line of endeavor when a change may bring him within what is to him an irresistible charm and atmosphere created by the subtle influence of a new teacher.

This contention is illustrated so frequently in the biographies of men of attainments. I call to mind one, especially, to whom it was my privilege to listen many times. This one, a great chemist, was considered a hopeless dullard in the school of his home town. And quite likely he would have remained one all of his life if circumstances had not brought him into new surroundings at an early date in his life. It was in foreign lands, he tells us, that his latent abilities were developed
and fanned into achieving the wonderful discoveries in the realms of chemistry that made his name a household word in the scientific circles the world over. That man was Justus Liebig.

Quite aside from the broadening and more tangible benefits to be derived from attending more than one institution of learning, there remains the indescribable joy of recollections that one may call to life at any moment and at any place. Recollections, not of a narrow, self-sufficient life, so often the result of lack of change in surroundings, but of a life full of experiences acquired under ever varying conditions; of enchanting scenes one has beheld in different nooks of the world, of marvelous works of art peoples long passed away have left behind them; of charming men and women one has met; and of a thousand seemingly trivial incidents which, nevertheless, have influenced one's life to an extent undreamed of at the time of happening.

Such recollections are among the most priceless treasures to be gathered during the happy years spent at various schools under the charm of great men and great women and of beautiful and inspiring surroundings; treasures that money cannot buy, that no power on earth can take away from us; that will help us to pass unscathed through the vicissitudes of life and to meet its joys and its sorrows with equal equanimity.

Theodore Simons.
The School of Law of the State University of Montana is and will continue to be one of the particularly recognized elements of the larger institution. Organized by a special act of the Legislature in 1911, it has developed into a school with a carefully selected library of six thousand two hundred fifty volumes, with a registration of one hundred thirteen students, including the pre-legal students, and with a faculty of five full professors and three lecturers on special subjects. The law faculty, about whom the real fabric of the school is woven, combine, according to student opinion, unquestioned competency, a unique ability to do their work effectually and the added qualities of loyalty and sincere interest in the school and its members, all of which go to make up that seriously happy student inspiration which is so necessary to proper instruction in the law.

During the academic year of 1911-1912 there were enrolled in the law school seventeen students. There was an increase of sixty per cent. in 1913-1914 and in the fall of 1915 there was a marked addition of thirty-three students. At the close of 1914 five degrees in law were conferred, Carl Cameron, Paul Dornblaser, Edward P. Kelly, Ellsworth G. Smith and Raymond H. Weidman being the first men to go out into practice as three-year graduates of the Montana School of Law.

In the fall of 1915 a policy of discouraging the taking of law by those students who could not offer standing equal to that of two years pre-legal work was adopted. Students over twenty-one years of age who are not candidates for a degree are still admitted; but they are specially urged to take the two years pre-legal work if possible. There are at this time 113 students with law as their major subject, divided as follows: Sixteen third year men and seventy-three first and second year men. There are twenty-four students registered in the University as pre-legals.

The regular law course covers a period of three years. Eight five-unit hours are required for graduation. In addition each candidate for a degree must have had work equivalent to at least two full years of college training. The method of instruction is that employed in the leading law schools of America, viz, the case system, supplemented by lectures and assigned readings. The aim is to teach the student not the cold facts of the law, but methods of legal reasoning and
THE COLLEGES
OFFICERS OF THE LAW SCHOOL

CRAWFORD
President

McMARTIN
Vice-President

DAVIS
Secretary

BENTZ
Sargent-at-Arms

attack, and a knowledge of how and where to find the law. As a feature of the training given the practice court is made a regular part of the work of each year. Throughout all the courses emphasis is laid upon the holdings of the Montana courts with respect to the questions which are established in this jurisdiction. The students are encouraged to study the Code and familiarize themselves with Montana procedure. Exhaustive and practical courses in Mining and Irrigation Law are offered, the courses being recognized as the standard for the treatment of these subjects in the law schools of America. Judge John B. Clayberg of San Francisco, consulting Dean of the Law School, comes yearly to Missoula for a series of lectures on Mining Law. The standing of Judge Clayberg as a pre-eminent authority in this field, combined with his warm personality, make his visits points of keenly anticipated interest.

That men who intend to practice in Western states realize the advisability of securing their education in a Western law school is evidenced by the number of men of quality who have migrated to Montana from other schools.

The Law School was admitted to membership in the Association of American Law Schools at the annual meeting in 1914. The students regard as significant the fact that no other law school in the Northwest is a member of this association. In 1914 the Legislature passed a law admitting graduates of the Law School to practice in Montana without examination, subject to the discretion of the Supreme Court. Encouraging reports have been received with reference to the establishing in the Law School of a chapter of Phi Delta Phi, international fraternity.

The Law School is justly proud of the recognition thus achieved. The students of the Law School recognize, however, that these matters have brought to them added obligations. The earnestness of purpose which pervades the school is unmistakable and, we are glad to say, it is continually becoming more marked.

Notwithstanding the rigid requirements with respect to scholastic standing, the students of the school are conspicuously represented in student activities, five of the University debaters are law men; seven of the members of the famous 6-6...
Syracuse football team were law men. A law school association, of which every member in the school is a member, carries on the business of the Law School. This organization meets at monthly luncheons, at which short talks upon topics of interest to the school are made by the students and faculty members. These luncheons have done much to mold the members of the school into a unified body.

At the present the Law School occupies the entire lower floor of the Library building. It is hoped that before long the State authorities will see fit to erect a building to meet the pressing needs of the school. But the students are of good cheer with respect to the matter. They seemed to be seized with the idea of former President Craighead, who said, “I would rather have on this campus professors of brains and personality teaching in shacks than marble halls filled with industrious mediocrity.”

And so with a splendid determination to “arrive without question,” individuality and as a department of what is destined to be a great University, with capable men—and several women (we must not forget the women) of good minds and strong hearts—engaged in that work that will lead them into the Law School within one year or two, with a faculty which commands respect, we anticipate the future with hope and quiet confidence.

R. D. J.
The students are no exception to the class who call that grand old man by his title, and it pleases him to hear "his boys" speak so familiarly to him. It was John B. Clayberg who nursed the new department through the earlier days of its existence and his was the influence which sustained the new department when sustenance was vitally in need. His accomplishments have heretofore been set forth and it is not necessary to recount them at this time. Only once in a lifetime does one come across such a character. While the "Judge" is a scholar in every sense of the word, still he is also a man of the world and able to appreciate the attitude of those lesser informed than himself. This faculty has made him a man able to carry out a movement of magnitude with very little display and at the same time with the highest degree of efficiency. Undoubtedly the most valuable ingredient in the make-up of Judge Clayberg is his human kindness. This quality has so endeared him to the law students that each one of them is ready to do battle whenever even so much as an insinuation is made upon his ability or integrity. Evidence of the faith of the lawyers in their patron saint can be seen whenever a case comes up for discussion wherein Judge Clayberg was counsel or judge. If he has won, which he has the habit of doing, then all are agreed that the case must be right; if, on the other hand, the decision was adverse to him, all are equally agreed that there is something wrong with the reasoning of the court, and all cases decided by Clayberg are unquestionably right to the law students, even though the United States Supreme Court has delivered a contrary opinion upon the subject. There cannot be the slightest shadow of doubt that this pioneer lawyer has the profoundest respect and the everlasting affection of all of "his boys."
IN THE
SUPREME COURT
OF THE
STATE OF MONTANA

CRANE & ORDWAY COMPANY, a Corporation, Plaintiff and Appellant,

vs.
NICK BAATZ, MARIE BAATZ, his wife, S. S. SCHILLING and NANNIE BAKER,
Defendants and Respondents.

APPELLANT'S BRIEF

PETE R S AND SM I TH
Counsel for the Crane and Ordway Company, Plaintiff and Appellant

Filed......................................................................................

.................................................................
Clerk.

The first brief submitted to the Supreme Court of the State of Montana by a graduate of the Law School of the University of Montana. Mr. LaRue Smith was the counsel for the appellant.
FORMER STUDENTS AND GRADUATES, NOW ADMITTED TO THE BAR

R. J. MILLER (1911), a County Attorney in California.
R. R. COLE (1912), Lewistown, Mont.
A. B. ROBLETT (1913), Missoula, Mont.
O. J. THOMPSON (1913), may be reached through D. C. Warren, Sidney, Mont.
IVAN E. MERRICK (1913), St. Regis, Mont.
LA RUE SMITH (1913), Great Falls, Mont.
W. J. STREVER (1913), Billings, Mont.
E. G. SMITH (1913), Missoula, Mont.
D. C. WARREN (1913), Sidney, Mont.
R. H. WEIDMAN (1914), Columbia Falls, Mont.
CARL E. CAMERON (1914), Walla Walla, Wash.

PAUL DORNBLASER (1914), Deputy County Attorney, Missoula, Mont.
E. P. KELLY (1914), Butte, Mont.
H. F. SEWELL (1914), Conrad, Mont.
C. C. SORENSON (1914), Missoula, Mont.
JACK HARRIS (1915), Lewistown, Mont.
J. J. McINTOSH (1915), Missoula, Mont.
GEO. ROSENBERG (1915), Dixon, Mont.
BERNICE SELFRIE (1915), Melrose, Mont.
J. R. JONES (1915), Twin Bridges, Mont.
FRED B. WEBSTER (1915), Missoula, Mont.
A. W. O’ROURKE (1915), Missoula, Mont.

SENIORS IN 1916

JOSEPH C. TOPE, Missoula, Mont.
J. S. CRAWFORD, Missoula, Mont.
JAMES BROWN, Missoula, Mont.
R. C. W. FRIDAY, Missoula, Mont.
LOUIS BROWN, Phillipsburg, Mont.
CLARENCE HANLEY, Missoula, Mont.
PAUL BACHELOR, Missoula, Mont.
HAROLD BACHELOR, Missoula, Mont.
JAMES J. McINTOSH (See “Admitted to Bar” list above).

LLOYD M. JOHNSON, Missoula, Mont.
EDWIN CUMMINS, Missoula, Mont.
H. W. JUDSON, Missoula, Mont.
A. W. O’ROURKE, Missoula, Mont.
L. W. ROBINSON, JR., Missoula, Mont.
FRED B. WEBSTER, Missoula, Mont.
JOS. P. BUFFINGTON, JR., Missoula, Mont.
LAW STUDENTS REGISTERED AT THE STATE UNIVERSITY LAW SCHOOL

ADAMSON, JAMES M. JR.
BAILEY, MRS. H. T.
BAIRD, ALVA
BALDWIN, CHARLES S.
BEDKE, RAY
BELL, HARRY WILLIAM
BENTZ, CHRISTIAN
BROWN, WINGFIELD
BYRON, RUSSELL L.
HILLMEYER
BUSHA, THOMAS C.
BALCK, HOWARD B.
CLARK, EARL F.
CARMODY
DAEMS, LEONARD
DAVIS, THOMAS E.
DICK, R. L.
DONOGHUE, MORT
DORMAN, DEAN S.
DREIS, FRANK J.
FARLEY, ALFRED E.
FENNY, LLOYD A.
FOOT, EUGENE B.
GARRIGUS, MARY FRANCES
GAULT, F. P.
GRANT, CHARLES E.
GRIFFITH, WILLIAM
HICKEY, CHARLES T.
HIGGINS, ETHEL A.
HOWELL, RICHARD P.
JIRVIN, THOMAS B.
JENKINS, R. D.

JOHNSON H. A.
JONES, H.
KEERAN, JOHN F.
KESLING, GEORGE H.
KIRWIN, GEORGE A.
KLEINHOLZ, GEORGE
KOESTER, B. J.
LAYTON, JACK
LONG, WILLIAM G.
MATTICKS, AMOS G.
McDONOUGH, OTTO G.
McHAFFIE, STUART
MacMARTIN, H. S.
McMENOMY, B. J.
MAY, REX
METLIN, BRUCE J.
MARSH, F.
NEWLON, GEORGE A.
O'SULLIVAN, EMMET
PRESBYE, E. C.
RANKIN, EDNA
RAY, WILLIS E.
RICHERSON, CHARLES E.
RIORDAN, BENJAMIN R.
ROBERTSON, A. J.
ROBINSON, V. E.
STITH, H. C.
TYMAN, CHARLES
TEMPLETON, PAYNE
VAN HORN, THOMAS B.
WILSON, WALTER G.
WYMOND, HAWLEY
SUMMER SCHOOL—MONTANA LAW SCHOOL STUDENTS
1915

BAIRD, ALVA
BANE, JOHN R.
BEDKE, RAY
BRECKNER, ELMER L.
DAVIS, THOS E.
FRIDAY, R. C. W.
GWIN, IRA A.
IRVINE, T. B.
JENKINS, R. D.
JOHNSON, ARTHUR E.
JOHNSON, LLOYD M.
KESLING, G. H.

LUCAS, D. P.
McINTOSH, J. J.
MOORE, VIRGIL L.
O’SULLIVAN, EMMET
RIORDAN, B. R.
ROBERTSON, ALFRED JAMES
SEYBERT, JOS.
STEPHENSON, D. A.
TOPE, JOS. C.
WARD, CLARENCE T.
WOLL, HENRY L.

PRE-LEGALS

BOURQUIN, J. J.
BROWN, KEITH
DANIELS, PHIL
DUNLAP, GLENN
FOWLER, EARL R.
GIOVANETTI, HENRY
GRETENCORT, ROBERT
GAULT, J. M.
JAMESON, WM. J.
LAMB, J. HENRY
LORANGER, R. F.
McKEOWN, W. H.

MOSBY, E. C.
MURI, JAMES B.
MURRAY, P. J.
NOBLE, WARHAM M.
ORGAIN, BLAND
PURCELL, JAMES
REES, JOHN ALVA
ROBERTS, DAVID
SHOBE, PRESTON L.
SMITH, HOWARD L.
STERRETT, LESTER
WILSON, LESLIE E.
The Department of Commerce and Accounting was organized three years ago with a total class enrollment of about one hundred, representing classes in stenography, typewriting and elementary accounting, with one instructor in charge.

The department grew rapidly; and the spirit in which the students took hold of the work and the interest that soon developed are manifested by the fact that now the total class enrollment is over two hundred and fifty pursuing courses in Principles of Accounting, Accounting Theory and Practice, Advanced accounting, Business Law, Business Organization and Management, Salesmanship, Court Reporting, Scientific Management, Stenography and Typewriting. Three instructors are now in charge of the work of the department.

Next year the fourth year of the work will be given. The present crowded conditions, which have been a great obstacle to the proper execution of the work, will be still more keenly felt when more classes and added equipment have to be provided for. New courses, such as Credits and Collections, Commercial and Industrial Geography, Business Organization and Management, Auditing and Systematizing, Advanced Accounting Problems, Insurance and Cost Accounting, will be added to the curriculum.

An indication of the enthusiasm and spirit of co-operation shown by the students is the hearty support given the organization of the Commercial Club, which, as the name implies, has for its purpose the promotion of interest in advanced business subjects, the encouragement of high scholarship among its members as well as the general growth and development of the whole department. The club has petitioned for a chapter of the national commercial fraternity Alpha Kappa Psi.

The work of the department is not intended to give preparation merely for the office stenographer or bookkeeper, but to offer that thorough, broad, fundamental training in business principles and procedure, organization and management so essential to the business manager, the treasurer, corporation secretary, professional accountant, auditor, credit man, advertiser and others engaged in executive and administrative affairs. The department does not intend to compete with the secondary schools, as so many think, but utilizes the secondary school training as a basis upon which to build the superstructure of specialization.

The opportunity for men and women well prepared in advanced business principles and practice is becoming greater every day. Never before has the demand been so keen for expert efficient help as now, and the rapid expansion of business only means a beginning of the great opportunities that await those who are thoroughly prepared.
"Make music an economic need," is the slogan which accounts for the success of the music department at the State University. Under the leadership of DeLoss Smith the department has assumed the dignity of a school. Bringing music within the reach of all the musically inclined has been accomplished in spite of the lack of equipment and the confined quarters of the instructors. The department has four faculty members: DeLoss Smith, head of the department and professor of voice; E. Orlo Bangs, assistant to Mr. Smith; Josephine Swenson, professor of piano; and Cecil E. Burleigh, professor of violin. All of them are well equipped for the positions they hold; Mr. Smith and Mr. Bangs both studied under the best vocal teachers in the United States, while Miss Swenson and Mr. Burleigh are pupils of famous European masters. Mr. Burleigh is recognized as the foremost composer for violin in this country.

This faculty has worked long and hard to accomplish its purpose: a first class music school, and in spite of the difficulties which have presented themselves, the goal has been reached. Each one has sacrificed his personal gain for the good of the department, but perhaps the one who has done the most is the department's head, Mr. Smith. It is hard to realize the problem that confronted Mr. Smith when he came to Montana in October, 1914. There was nothing with which to begin work except one or two pianos. There were no students, and there was little interest in music. It took a steady courage to start out, but once started Mr. Smith stopped at nothing.

Aside from his musical talent, he has personality, and it was not long after his arrival that the people of the community rallied to his support.

In spite of the fact that he was given a studio a room that is in no way suitable for such a purpose, Mr. Smith forged ahead with his work, and at the close of his first year here, there were seventy-five students enrolled in the music department, and in February, 1916, 195 registered.

In 1915, the first attempt at forming a Glee Club was made. The men of the University couldn't get over the idea that music was rather effeminate, but after much hard work, Mr. Smith succeeded in changing the general opinion, and as a
result the Montana State University Glee Club is an organization that is known from one end of Montana to the other. Two annual tours have been made, one in 1915, and the other in 1916, the last one even more successful than was the first.

As the people became more interested in music, voice and piano teachers were not enough, and it was necessary to add to the faculty a violin instructor. Through Mr. Smith’s efforts, the state board appointed Cecil Burleigh to the position, bringing to the university a musician of national fame. His most recent triumph is the winning of the prize for the best violin concerto in a Chicago contest in which composers from all parts of the country competed.

In the spring of 1915, Mr. Smith’s work became so heavy that he was unable to handle it alone, and E. Orlo Bangs of New York City was appointed his assistant.

Mr. Smith is not satisfied with his success; he is still working and planning for the enlargement of his department. Next fall he expects to make music a major course in the university; already classes in harmony, counterpoint, musical history and musical appreciation are established, and to these will be added the work required for receiving a degree in music.

Above everything else Mr. Smith is enthusiastic and optimistic; he has tried in the past, and he is still trying to take the music department out of the bicycle sheds and the infirmary and put it into a building of its own, but as yet that is the “stuff that dreams are made of.”
The forest school in the State University is organized with three distinct departments. Courses of four years of undergraduate training are offered in forestry and forest engineering. A short course of fourteen weeks of education and training for forest rangers is offered annually from January to April.

The Montana forest school is particularly well prepared to train men for work in the United States Forest Service. The boundaries of nine national forests lie within 50 miles of the university, and the school is within 100 miles of 17 national forests and three other government timber reservations. The headquarters of three forest supervisors are located at Missoula, as are also the offices of the district forester and a corps of 50 specialists in different lines of forestry work who assist him in directing the administration of the 30 national forests of district one of the United States Forest Service. Under a co-operative agreement with the Forest Service, these men are authorized to give special lectures in the forest school. A lookout station on the very top of Mount Sentinel is also maintained by the forest school under a co-operative agreement with the Forest Service, and is used by the government for fire protection during the summer months.

The faculty of the forest school is made up of men who have had much practical experience in Forest Service work, who know what is required of forest officers, lumbermen and forest engineers, and who are able to train their students technically and professionally to meet those requirements.

The Forestry Club

Technical and professional papers; talks by men prominent in the Forest Service, and in lumbering, conservation and similar lines of work; informal discussions and music—features such as these make the meetings of the Forestry Club keenly alive and full of interest.

The first purpose of the Club is to keep closely in touch with the more recent developments in forestry and forest engineering and with the men who are leaders in these professions, but a no less important phase of its work is the good fellowship which it promotes among the students, the faculty and the forest officers, who come from their government posts to attend the ranger school.

Each year the Club issues a semi-technical journal and each year they plan to entertain the other students of the University at a big lumberjacks' dance.
REGULAR STUDENTS

THE MONTANA FORESTRY CLUB, 1916

REGULAR STUDENTS

BUTLER
CARLSON, C.
CARLSON, M.
EAHART
EDWARDS
HARTSON
HILL
JONES, A.
KANE
McQUARRIE

PRESCOTT
ROSS, H.
WEYER
ECTOR
HAYES
HODSON
RICHARDSON
SANDERSON
STEWARD
WHITE, W.

WINGETT
BISCHOFF
BROOKS
COOK
JONES, W.
KENT
ROSS, S.
SIMPKINS
WOLFE
LANSING

BLESSING
GRUNDY
HIGGINS
INGLEBRIGTSEN
KAIN
KING
LISTER
METLEN
NELSON
WOODS

FACULTY

DORR SKEELS, Dean
J. H. BONNER
W. M. DRAKE
T. C. SPAULDING

OFFICERS

WOLFE, President
JONES, W., Vice President
WINGETT, Treasurer
HODSON, Secretary
RANGER SCHOOL

RANGER STUDENTS

ALLRED  BEDELL  BLAKE  BANDBORG  BROWER  CAPPONI  CARNEY  DODT  DOUGLAS  EDWARDS  FRIENDS  GOODFELLOW  GRAVES

GREENUP  HALVERSON  HASH  HOWE  JEFFERSON  KLEHM  KUNKEL  LOY  McLEAN  PARK  PAYTON  PFIRMMER  PRYSE

RIGGERT  RIGGLE  ROBERTS  ROBERTSON  ROBISON  SANDERSON  STODDARD  SWAIN  THURSBY  TRIPPETT  WHITE  WILLISS  ZEIGER
PHARMACEUTICAL SOCIETY

OFFICERS

A. R. Collins President
Paul Harper Vice President
Blanche Thomson Secretary
Arthur Cook Treasurer

This year has found the above named organization with an increased membership; its place and purpose among the student organizations of Montana U find their expression in its title.

The membership of the society comprises all students majoring in pharmacy, and meetings are held from time to time in the lecture room of the Department of Pharmacy in Science Hall. In its official affiliation with the Montana State Pharmaceutical Association it is hoped that the advantages and benefits of cooperation between the druggists of the state and those to be will become increasingly valuable.

The programs of the society’s meetings are composed of papers and discussions pertaining to topics of current interest and educational value to its members, contributed by various members, and, in part, by Dean Mollet and Mr. Valentine of the Pharmacy faculty. The appearance of practicing pharmacists on the program is likewise encouraged and appreciated.

This year the society has adopted a pin to be worn by its members, in the nature of the emblematical “mortar and pestle” design—a time-honored and universal badge of “pill artists” everywhere.

While the object of the society has been primarily to be of a mutually stimulating and educational nature with regard to the scientific and commercial aspects of pharmacy, the purely social feature has this year found expression in the nature of a “Pharmic’s” dance at the U gym on April 10. In addition to the pharmacy students a number of local druggists and from elsewhere in the state were present.

To use the words of the therapeutist, the past year, it is hoped, has found the M. P. A. of U. of M. an acceptable “synergist” and “adjuvant” to the studies and labors of classroom and “lab” to its members—the “pharmics” of Montana U.
Like the organs of a healthy boy, the various departments and schools which make up the State University of Montana have enjoyed an especially active and prosperous year, while the University as a whole was succeeding so well during the past year. Although each department was doing its utmost to make that department the best in the University, there was not the slightest lack of harmony. In scholastic work and in student activities the separate units were closely united whenever the good of the school required it. Never in the history of the University has there been such energetic work done within the various divisions of the school with such perfect harmony as existed throughout the school year 1915-1916.

**BIOLOGY**—Besides the regular work in biology, which consists of courses in zoology, animal ecology, entomology, protozoology, bacteriology, embryology, histology, anatomy, physiology, hygiene, photography and genetics, special lecture courses in evolution and eugenics were offered in the evening for the benefit of townspeople as well as University students during the past year. The pre-medical course offered by this department is the equal of any in the country. Thirty-six hours of biology are required from a major for graduation in this department.

**BOTANY**—The study of plant life in Montana presents an almost virgin field as well as a fertile one. Forest conditions likewise present many opportunities for graduates from this department. Courses in Botany at the University of Montana are designed for, first, those who desire some knowledge of the subject for its own sake; second, those who intend to teach Botany in high schools and those who desire to lay a foundation for more advanced work in Botany as a profession.

**CHEMISTRY**—To graduate from the University as a major student in Chemistry a student must have credit for thirty-six hours in that department. In addition the student must have a reading knowledge of scientific German and French and a working knowledge of English composition, college physics, algebra, trigonometry, analytic geometry, calculus, and elementary mineralogy. The laboratories, class rooms, balance room and offices of the department are located on the second floor of Science Hall. Graduates of the department have been exceptionally successful within the past year or two.

**ECONOMICS AND SOCIOLOGY**—"If we can send our graduates out from the University capable and willing to think deeply on economic questions we feel that this department has done its duty," is the way Prof. J. H. Underwood states the aim of the Department of Economics and Sociology. Special attention is paid to Montana economics and phases of general economic questions which are of particular interest to Montana. Mr. A. W. O'Rourke, who has had special training in Montana social, economic and political fields, is an assistant in this department.
EDUCATION—Students who intend to become principals or superintendents of schools are advised to major in Education, while those who intend to teach special subjects in high schools are advised to major in the subject they expect to teach. Major students in Education at the University, in addition to meeting the requirements for the University certificate of qualifications to teach, are required to take the following subjects: School supervision, educational administration and problems of elementary education. The work of the department is under the direction of Prof. Freeman Daughters.

ENGLISH—Three professors and three instructors give all their time to the Department of English at the University. Much of the instruction is required work for students in other departments, but English as a major study attracts a number of students. Certain courses are required from majors in this department.

GEOLOGY—Situated between the copper mines of Butte and the silver, lead and zinc mines of the Coeur d'Alene district, the University presents an ideal location for students of Geology. The department is well equipped in library and laboratory facilities to give thorough work in this subject. Students wishing to become mining or economic geologists will find work especially arranged for these professions.

LANGUAGES—Three departments of the University handle the instruction in foreign languages. These are: The Department of Romance Languages, the German Department and the Department of Greek and Latin. Six courses are taught in the German Department; numerous courses in Greek and Latin, as well as history courses dealing with these countries, are taught in the Department of Greek and Latin. Spanish and French are handled in the Department of Romance Languages.

HOME ECONOMICS—In the Department of Home Economics the courses are planned to give training in the economic and scientific administration of the household, to present the place of the household in society as a cultural unit and to prepare teachers of Home Economics for secondary schools. Four years of regular University work are required to obtain the degree of Bachelor of Science in Home Economics.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL SCIENCE—Majors in History and Political Science may specialize in American History, European History or Political Science. The department makes a special study of Montana History and much valuable historical material has been collected by Professors Phillips and Trexler.

LIBRARY SCIENCE—As a preparation for library work the University offers a training course for librarians. Requirements for admission to the course are: An examination or two years of college work; satisfactory reports on maturity of mind and earnestness of purpose; ability to use a typewriter and to write a good library hand. All instruction is done in the University Library and many students obtain practical experience by working at the library desk during their later years in the University.

MATHEMATICS—For a major in Mathematics thirty semester hours are
required. The department has one of the best libraries of mathematical publications to be found in a Western university. It contains complete sets of all the American mathematical journals, complete sets of several of the most important foreign journals, such as Crelle, Annalen, Fortschrifte and others. Reference books selected from the world's best mathematical works are found in the University Library.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION—University athletics, together with all required elective work in physical training, are in charge of the department of physical education. A well-equipped athletic field and a steam-heated gymnasium are used by this department.

PHYSICS—The Department of Physics only demands twenty-two hours in that department from its majors. This does not include General Physics, however. A student must also have: Mathematics through calculus, general chemistry, together with an additional ten hours in Astronomy, Chemistry or Mathematics.

PSYCHOLOGY—The study of the workings of the mind, or Psychology, is taking a more important place in high school and university curriculums each year. The Department of Psychology at the University offers a splendid opportunity for students who desire to teach the subject. A fully equipped laboratory facilitates the work of the department.

JOURNALISM—The place where work is pleasure—that is the School of Journalism of the University. In the words of the catalogue, "To make the work thoroughly practical is the first endeavor of the faculty." At any time during the day, or the greater part of the night, the hum of typewriters can be heard in the little brown bungalow where the School of Journalism has its home. In making the work as practical as possible students of journalism edit and handle copies of the daily reports of all of the large American Press Association and search for news stories on the campus and in the city of Missoula. Every member of the staff of The Montana Kaimin, the semi-weekly newspaper published by the students of the University, is a student in the School of Journalism. Both the faculty members—Mr. A. L. Stone and Mr. Carl H. Getz—are practical newspaper men, Mr. Stone having served as editor of the most important newspapers in Montana for more than twelve years.

PUBLIC SPEAKING—Courses offered in the Department of Public Speaking are designed to give preparation in two general lines of work; in the composition and delivery of all kinds of public speeches, and in interpretative reading and dramatic presentation. The department is in charge of Mrs. Alice MacLeod, who is assisted by Miss Florence Gettys.

FINE ARTS—Students taking Fine Arts as their major subject must complete thirty-five hours in the department. The courses should be distributed to some extent through the three lines of work; history and appreciation of art, drawing and painting, and design and handicraft, although special emphasis upon one of the three is desirable. Those wishing a minor in Fine Arts must complete at least eighteen hours in the department.
The Classes
SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

WILL G. LONG,
B. S.
Sigma Chi, Tau Kappa Alpha, Sec. Y. M. C. A. (2), Pres. Y. M. C. A. (3), Pres. elect. Hawthorne (2); Pres. State Oratorical Association (3), State Extemporaneous Contest (1, 2, 3), Winner State Contest (3), Executive Committee (2), Track (1), Band (1, 2, 3), Orchestra (1, 2, 3), Pres. Upper Class Council (4), Manager Debating (4), Ravalli Co. Law Scholarship (2, 4), Debate (1, 2, 3, 4), Pres. Senior Class.

GERTRUDE A. SKINNER,
B. A.
Class Vice-President (4), Bi Jinx (4), Kappa Kappa Gamma, Glee Club (2, 3, 4).

DOROTHEA C. DAVIS,
B. A. Economics and Sociology.
Secretary Senior Class (4), Penetalia, Y. W. C. A. (5, 4).

CLAUDE SIMPKINS,
B. A. Chemistry.
Sigma Nu.
ISABEL GILBERT,
B. A. in Latin and Greek.
Kappa Alpha Theta, Y. W. C. A., Sec. Butte Club,
Ex. Br. W. S. G. A.

PEARL E. CLARK,
B. A. in Mathematics and History.

CHARLES BAUER,
B. A. Education and Psychology.

Hawthorne (1, 2, 3, 4), Secretary Hawthorne (1),
President Hawthorne (2), Y. M. C. A. Cabinet
(1, 2, 3), Y. M. C. A. President (4).

IRENE TRENRE MURRAY,
B. A. in English and Literature.
Kappa Kappa Gamma, Penetralia, Glee Club (2, 3, 4), Y. W. C. A. (1, 2, 3, 4), Basketball (1),
Manager Coed Prom (3), Local Editor '16 Sentinel,
Vice-President Pan-Hellenic Council (4).

SESTAK, ROSA,
B. A.

WOLFE, KENNETH,
B. S.
Sigma Nu, Track (1, 2, 3, 4), President Forestry
Club (3, 4).

DONNA McCALL,
B. S. in Commerce and Accounting.
Kappa Alpha Theta, Glee Club (1, 2), Y. W. C. A. (2, 4).

STRETT, NORMAN,
B. S.
Sigma Chi, Football (2, 3, 4).

Page Thirty-nine
ALVA C. BAIRD,
B. A. in History and Economics.
Sigma Chi, Tau Kappa Alpha, Hawthorne, Sec. (1), Pres. (2), Y. M. C. A. (1, 2), Sec.-Treas. (3), Debate (2, 3, 4), Class President (3), Student Council (3, 4), Delegate A. S. U. M. (4), Pres. State Oratorical Association (3).

EUNICE DENNIS,
A. B.
Class Sec. (2), Vice-Pres. Dramatic Club (4), VD. Pres. Women's Self Government Association (4), Sentinel Staff, Captain Girl's Basketball Team (4), Manager (2), Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (2, 4), Penetralia, Hawthorne (2, 3, 4), Y. W. C. A. (2, 3, 4), Dramatic Club (2, 3, 4), Glee Club (1, 2, 3).

EDWARD C. MCCARTHY,
L.L. B., B. S. in Botany.

FRANCES B. BIRDSALL,
B. A. in Fine Arts.
Kappa Kappa Gamma, Glee Club (1, 2, 3), Y. W. C. A. (1), Sentinel Staff (3).

G. OTIS BAXTER,
B. A. History and Economics.
Sentinel Staff '15, Kaimin (1, 2), N. E. A. (4), Beta Nu, Track (2, 3).

GUSSIE DELL GILLILAND,
B. A.
Penetralia, Hawthorne (2, 3, 4), Writer's Club (2), Y. W. C. A. (1, 2, 3, 4), President Y. W. C. A. (3), Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (2, 3), Glee Club (1, 2, 3), Vice-President Junior Class (2), Sentinel Staff '15.

LEO S. HOBST,
B. A.
 Tau Kappa Alpha, Alpha Gamma Phi, Vice-Pres. Forensic Club (3), Cabinet Y. W. C. A. (3, 4), Winner Bennett Essay Contest (3), 2nd place Buckley Oratorical contest (3), Debate (1, 2, 3, 4), Winner Sixth place in the Lake Mohonk International Essay Contest (3), and eighth place (1), Glee Club (3).

EDNA RUTH CHADWICK,
B. A. English
Y. W. C. A., Penetralia, Secretary Women's League (5), Glee Club (2, 3).
ALBERT RAYMOND COLLINS,
B. S.
Sigma Chi, M. Ph. A. (4), Football (2, 3), Baseball Captain (3), Baseball Manager (4).

MARY EDITH MCILTON,
B. A. Fine Arts.
Y. W. C. A. (1, 2, 4), Basketball (1, 2).

BACHELOR, H. L.
LL. B.

VERA L. PRIDE,
B. A.
Vice-President Hawthorne Literary Society (1), Secretary Hawthorne Literary Society (4), Y. W. C. A. Secretary (4), and Cabinet (3, 4), Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4), Penetralia (4), Basketball (1, 2, 3).

PAYNE TEMPLETON,
B. A.

HAZEL F. HERMAN,
B. A.

HOWARD A. JOHNSON,
B. A.
Sigma Nu, Pi Delta Alpha, Sigma Upsilon, Tau Kappa Alpha, Hawthorne, Debate (3, 4).

IRMA WILSON,
B. A. Latin and Greek.
House Executive Committee (3), House President (4), Women's Student Government Board (4), Penetralia, Y. W. C. A. (2, 3, 4), Hawthorne (2, 3, 4).
J. M. JOHNSON,
B. A.

H. S. JUDSON,
LL. B.
Sigma Nu, Pi Delta Alpha.

C. HANLEY,
LL. B.
Iota Nu, Vice-Pres. A. S. U. M.

J. W. ROBINSON,
B. A.

ROY WILSON,
H. S.

GENEVIEVE F. METLEN,
B. A. in Economics.
Delta Gamma, Dramatic Club, Y. W. C. A. (2, 5), Hawthorne (1, 2), High Jinx (4), Sentinel Staff (2), Girl's Basketball (1, 2), Glee Club (1, 2), House: President Craig Hall (2), Tennis Club.

GREGORY S. POWELL,
B. A. in Economics.
Sigma Chi, Commercial Club, Sigma Upsilon, Member of Student Council (4), President Dramatic Club (4), Manager Glee Club (2), Hawthorne (1, 2), Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (2, 4), Glen Club (3, 4), Yell Leader (3, 4), Hobo Club (3, 4).

ERMA CORinne MCDONALd
B. A.
Kappa Alpha Theta.
FRANCES COCHRANE,
B. A.

HAROLD H. LANSING,
B. S. Forest Engineering.

Sigma Chi, Track (3), Forestry Club Vice-President (2), Editor Forestry Kalmia (4), Kalmia Staff (2, 3), Manager '16 Sentinel, Student Assistant in Forestry (4).

GRACE MATHEWSON,
B. A. in English and Literature.

Kappa Kappa Gamma, Penetralia, Y. W. C. A. (1, 2, 3, 4), Treasurer (2), Cabinet Vice-President class (2), Women's League 2nd Vice President (3), Dramatic Club, Sentinel Staff, Junior Prom Committee, Athletic Ball Committee (3), Chairman H. Jinks (2), May Queen (4).

BESSIE SESTAR,
B. A.

HARRY PENMAN SCHUG,
B. A. Education.

Hawthorne Literary Society (2, 3, 4), Y. M. C. A. (2, 3, 4).

ALPHA RUSE,
B. S. in Psychology.

Kappa Alpha Theta, Penetralia, Orchestra (4), Y. W. C. A. (4), Sentinel Staff (3).

A. B. HOEL,
A. R., B. A.

Sigma Chi, Dramatic Club.

ANN RECTOR,
B. S. in Commerce and Accounting.

Kappa Kappa Gamma, Penetralia, President Women's League (4), Second Vice-Pres. (3), Pan Hellenic (3, 4).
FRANK GAULT,
R. C. W. FRIDAY,
B. A.

BLANCHE I. THOMSON,
Ph. G.

J. J. McINTOSH,
L.L. B.

HELEN E. MACLAY,
B. A. Economics,
Class Secretary (3), Class Vice-President (2),
Basket Ball Manager (2), Hawthorne (1), Y. W. C. A. (1, 2, 3, 4), Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (4).

P. BACHELOR,
LL. B.

KATHERYN JANIE SUTHERLAND,
B. A. in English,
Penetralia Y. W. C. A., Dramatic Club, Theta Sigma Phi, Editor Kaluin (2), Editor 1916 Sentinel.

W. S. McPHAIL,
B. S., Ph. C.
M. Ph. A. (3, 4), C. S. A. (4), Sigma Chi.
RETCENT SOULS WHO WOULD NOT FACE THE CAMERA

Sigma Chi, Pi Delta Alpha, Basketball (3), Captain (4), Baseball (4), President Associated Law Students.

LAURA ANDERSON, B. S. Home Economics.

EDWIN CUMMINS, Law.
Sigma Chi, Pi Delta Alpha, Basket ball (1, 2, 3, 4), Captain (2).

RAZEL G. CLAY, B. A.

RUTH NUTTING, B. S.

EDWIN J. STANLEY, B. A.

EDNA RANKIN, B. A.

MRS. ALICE PHILLIPS, B. A.

MORRIS L. BRIDGEMAN, Ph. G.

ARTHUR B. COOK, Ph. G.

DALES A. DUNBAR, Ph. G.

GEORGE M. GOSSMAN, Ph. G.

BENJ. EMILE LAPEYRE, JR., Ph. G.

WALTER W. MCNAMARA, Ph. G.

GEORGE F. SMITH, Ph. G.

WALTER A. WOEHRER, Ph. G.

JOE TOPE, LL. B.

JIM BROWN, LL. B.

L. W. ROBINSON,
JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

ARTHUR DREW
President

CAROL O'DONNELL
Vice-President

STUART McHAFFIE
Treasurer

PATRICIA O'FLYNN
Secretary
OFFICERS

MAURICE DIETRICK, President
MARGARET McCREEVEY, Vice Pres.
VIRGINIA NUCKOLS, Secretary
MacPHerson GAULT, Treasurer
OFFICERS

LESLEI SHOBE, President
HELEN NEELEY, Vice President
DAVID ROBERST, Secretary
HAZEL BAIRD, Treasurer
THE COLLEGE YEAR
The largest class to graduate from the University of Montana received diplomas last June. Twenty-seven bachelor of arts degrees, eight bachelor of science degrees, four bachelor of law degrees, two pharmaceutical chemist degrees and five master of arts degrees were awarded to the class of 1915.

Graduation exercises consisted of class day, an alumni banquet and dance, the commencement address and the baccalaureate sermon.

An overture by the university orchestra opened the program for class day, and following that the progress and the ideals of the class were given in the president's address by Harry Ade, the class history by Hazel Hawk, a song by the senior quartette, the class prophesy by Ruby Jacobson, the class will by Edwin Stanley and the class poem by Evelyn Stephenson.

The annual alumni banquet at the Palace hotel, Wednesday evening, June 2, 1915, was attended by more than a hundred alumni, faculty members and graduating students. Dr. E. B. Craighead, president of the University; Miss Alice Wright, president of the Alumni Association; Harry Ade, president of the class of 1915, and Miss Jeanette Rankin responded to toasts. After the banquet there was dancing in the Elks' hall.

The commencement address was delivered by Senator T. J. Walsh in Convocation Hall, Thursday, June 3, 1915; and the baccalaureate sermon was preached by J. P. Anshutz, rector of the Episcopal Church of Billings, Montana.

HISTORY. Another school year is slipping swiftly into the realm of the past. Another senior class stands hesitant on the breathless edge of graduation.

Twelve months have brought many changes to this university of ours—triumphs and defeats, hopes and discouragements, shattered dreams and rebuilt ambitions, new strength, new courage, new faith.

Last June the largest senior class in the history of the university was graduated. Last June the future of the university glimmered bravely in the light of progress and promise. And last June came the crash that shattered plans and hopes, and struck at the very roots of the ideals of that university. Dr. E. B. Craighead was dismissed. The presidency of the University of Montana was taken from him. The students, scattered now throughout the state, were stunned. Then they rallied for fight, to stand loyal to their president, to be ready when his message came. And the message did come. But it was not one of anger, it was a plea for the bigger university, for the higher conception of loyalty. As always, his wish was law. The students accepted and stood back of the new regime, even while their hearts ached with the pang of bidding their president farewell, and their voices grew husky in the singing of "Old College Chums."

School opened in September with a strange tenseness in the air. The old firm foundation was gone. Many of the old faculty members were missing. The university stood broken, without a leader. Then came the notice that Professor
F. C. Scheuch had been appointed acting-president. Registration showed a return of the majority of old students, and the entrance of a large number of new students. And so with more determination and better spirit than ever before the undergraduates started the school year determined to overcome the instability caused by faculty changes and political trouble.

There was the usual class rivalry which culminated in the class fight, won by the sophomores. The faculty entertained the students with a reception and dance in the gymnasium. Dick Howell was elected editor of the 1917 Sentinel. The freshman and sophomore classes each entertained at a dance. Cool weather developed football enthusiasm and singing-on-the-steps set the shiver of excitement and anticipation thrilling down every student’s backbone.

The football season was a record breaker—Idaho, North and South Dakota, Washington State College and then Syracuse. Syracuse—from all over the state men came to see that game, and in every state in the Union men talked about that game. Who ever heard of Montana? Well, Syracuse did, to the score of 6 to 6.

One foggy Saturday morning the freshmen commenced the building of a great stone M far up on Mount Sentinel.

On October 10, 1915, at a meeting of the State Board of Education, Dr. E. C. Elliott, head of the department of education at the University of Wisconsin, was named Chancellor of the greater University of Montana, this greater university to include the University at Missoula, the College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts at Bozeman, the School of Mines at Butte, and the Normal School at Dillon.

HI JINX, Christmas vacation, a month of hard study, examinations, and the first semester was over.

Several new organizations appeared during the year. A women’s professional fraternity, the first in the University, was formed when the Scribblers’ Club was granted a charter as Kappa chapter of Theta Sigma Phi, women’s national journalistic fraternity. Three local fraternities were organized, Alpha Delta Alpha, Delta Kho, and Alpha Gamma Phi. A local literary fraternity was granted a chapter of Sigma Upsilon, national literary fraternity. The Catholic students organized as the Catholic Students’ Association.

Mort Donoghue was elected editor of the 1918 Sentinel.

The basket ball season added more triumphs to Montana’s fame. Both the girls’ and the men’s teams played winning games.

Charter day, Sneak day and Aber day were red-letter days in the student calendar.

On St. Patrick’s day the annual tug-o’-war was won by the Sophomores, and in the evening class rivalry was forgotten in the whirl of the Kaimin dance.

Track, baseball, spring fever and excessive fussing appeared on the campus simultaneously.

The Sentinel gasped for breath and went to press.
ATHLETICS
The Grizzlies

Five state championships in athletics out of a possible five! Is it any wonder that the Grizzlies—football, basketball, baseball, track and tennis—glory in their name and reputation. A survey of the collegiate year shows that the University of Montana is peer of the state in every branch of athletics in which the Montana schools have met.

Not boastful, but happy, are the students when they say this, and even if their tones be vaunting, this can be justified for it is the first time in the history of intercollegiate athletics in Montana that such a record has been made.

It was and is a glorious year.
FOOTBALL
THE SENINEL

TU: GHIZL
FOOTBALL "M" MEN

ROBERTSON
VANCE
STREIT
CLARKE
SHERIDAN

SANDERSON
KEERAN
BENTZ
M-OQUARRE
ADAMS

LAYTON
BREIS
BLACKWELL
COOKE
DAEMS

THE GRIZZLIES, THE TEAM THAT TIED SYRACUSE 6 TO 6

Page Seventy-four
Memory is a treacherous thing, leaving and returning at will. But as it will, one corner of the memory is the remembrance of the day which marked the setting of the sun of eastern glory and the ascendancy of a new orb—the Fighting West.

Much-heralded and far-famed, the big Syracuse football team, fresh as though on their own home grounds, were beaten and surprised by Montana’s hopes—the Grizzlies. If ever there was an upset of forecasts and an overturn of the most optimistic predictions, it came on that memorable Thanksgiving day.

The wearers of the Orange pulled away from Missoula, thanking some unknown power that they were not drubbed by an avalanche of touchdowns and that they held Montana to a 6 to 6 tie.

The efficiency of the West was demonstrated for the first time; the long-vaunted supremacy of the East fell to the ground, bruised and bleeding. Never was a fallacy worse jarred than when the Grizzlies showed their real caliber, and in doing so matched it against the lesser power of the Easterners.

It was a real football team; it was a real coach; it was a real game. From the first whistle the maddened Bruins tore in with teeth and claws and forced the Orange Indians back and back. There was no cessation of aggression on the part of the Montana team; rather there was an increase of battling force as the Grizzlies realized for the first time that the East was no better than the West, and that despite locality, men were men.

To recount the incidents of that game would be useless, for every brilliant move is stamped, never to be erased, on the minds of Montana’s students. The intense excitement was such that each thrill is marked in brain cells to stay. There will never be a fluctuation of memory in regard to the Thanksgiving Syracuse game.

No one man was a hero above his fellows; it was the team that won, rather than any one man. And back of the team there was a coach. The training of months, all with this final battle in view, had so primed the men that every move was one of efficiency. It was a Juggernaut, tearing down all barriers and fighting its way to the goal that was reached—the goal of Western equality.

The University of Montana reached a pinnacle of fame that time cannot cloud, for each Thanksgiving will freshen the remembrance of that unhooped for day.
Of course there were defeats before that game—but they counted little for the final battle was always the end in sight, and the defeats previous to the real struggle were but marked for their perfecting of the Grizzlies. South Dakota and Washington State administered the defeats, but they were forgotten when the ultimate was reached.

Some day a student will compose an epic of that occasion, for it affected not only Montana but the whole country, for the Grizzlies trampled all over the reputation of an Eastern superiority that does not exist.
Even those gray-whiskered pioneers, who watch so closely the progress of the University, had to scratch their heads hard and long before they could remember an official baseball team from this school. When the team turned out last spring, a new-found thrill warmed the hearts of co-ed and student alike.

To usher in a new sport with a string of victories is enough to raise hope for the future in any heart—let alone the susceptible heart of the college student. That was why baseball showered its glory so promiscuously—just because it was new and decidedly successful.

Washington state college was first, bringing with it the only defeat that the season registered for the Montana team. But even that defeat was wiped away two days later when a 1 to 0 victory was credited to this school.

Then came the men from Bozeman, confident and boastful. Following close upon their tracks into Missoula, two victories came floating in—victories won by handy margins and the University of Montana was the home of the state championship.

**BASEBALL RECORDS**

| Montana, 3 | W. S. C., 7 |
| Montana, 1 | W. S. C., 0 |
| Montana, 11 | M. S. C., 7 |
| Montana, 6 | M. S. C., 3 |
It is just a year ago that the track men gambled with the fickle weather, and a year is a long time to remember. Despite the fact that fine records went tumbling before the University team, the season was not featured with meets enough to impress itself strongly on the memory of the students who, since that time, have drunk deep of the cup of athletic plenty.

Outside the pale of broken records, there is but one thing that the students like to remember of that season, that being the annual victory over the Montana State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, which school felt again the monotonous sting of lop-sided defeat.

The other meet which went to fill the programs, was with Idaho and brought no laurel wreath to the University.

So, a year is a long time to remember an eventless season, featured only with a victory that has long since lost its power to thrill as a victory should.

TRACK RECORDS
Montana, 85; M. S. C. 46. Montana, 51; Idaho, 80

TRACK RECORDS BROKEN
John Keeran, shot put, 41 feet 9 inches.
Willard Jones, 880-yard run, 2 minutes 6 seconds.
Ernest Prescott, pole vault, 11 feet 2½ inches.
Chris Sheedy, javelin, 152 feet 8 inches.
Chris Bentz, discus hurl, 131 feet 7½ inches.
MEN'S BASKETBALL TEAM

DREIS  NISSON  DIETRICH  SHERIDAN
M. QUARRIE  ROBERTSON  PRESCOTT  CUMMINS
BASKETBALL
Girls' basketball at the University was one of the feature activities of the year. The basket tossers romped through three victories out of five games played. The girl's share in athletic contests at the University has been firmly established by this year's work.

The girls who won letters were: Lucile Thomson, Doris Prescott, Eunice L. Denis, Lenore Hemmick, Inez Morehouse and Hazel Baird.
MIDSUMMER NIGHTS' DREAM. A dream indeed, with its natural setting production of Shakespeare’s Midsummer Night's Dream by the Woman’s League on the evening of May 26, 1915. The play was staged on a corner of the campus, between University Hall and Science Hall, in the grove of maples near the Journalism building. All the parts were acted by woman students at the University and Mrs. Alice McLeod, instructor in public speaking directed the performance.

Unusually beautiful was the theater, or amphitheater, in which the play was presented. The stage was a level stretch of grass, the scenery and background, the well trimmed hedge; the maples with thir covering of young leaves; small pines stuck in the ground, with the appearance of permanency; a small hill manufactured for the occasion; a bubbling fountain and behind it all shadowy silent Sentinel. The audience was seated in a semicircle on bleachers. Three large searchlights held back the darkness of the spring night that closed like a canopy about the theater.

The play was an exquisite presentation of the dream drama. The fairies of childhood days flitted across the green lawn, bowed in the moonlight and disappeared in a grove of evergreens.

Puck, the irresistible, was well played by Ruby Jacobson, and other important parts were taken by Evylen Stephenson, Alice Jordan, Ethel Roach, Helen Fredricks, Eunice Dennis, Dona McCall, Fay Fairchild, Irene Murry, Grace Rieley and Madge Beatty.
HI JINX.  Rumm tid-e-e-um-tum, tum tum!  With a single clash of tambourines and a clicking of heels, the opening chorus closed and the red and white garbed minstrel maids sat down.  Zowie!  A head of cabbage and a dozen lemons sailed from the bald-headed row in convocation hall, and the Hi-Jinx exercises for 1915 were on.  The girls were in charge, and it was a complete success as usual.  Picture a score of maids—and they were certainly b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l—all dressed in which skirts and red coats and lined up in three rows, with a great big Merry Widow hat in the middle of the top row and underneath this hat Genevieve Metlen, interlocuter, looking every inch a queen.  That’s how the minstrels looked when they sat down.  

Dance by Elna Peterson and Ruth Keith, the program announced as the first number, but Ruth lost her nerve when she saw the clothes-basket telescopes, and that little Peterson girl had to dance alone.  And she did it nicely, too.  

The first edition end men, the Misses Dust and Snow, or Fairchild and Murray as they are better known, took a slam at half the student body in a number of jokes and later the second edition end men, the Misses Bones and Tambo, or Rector and ———— jarred the other half.  

Helen Finch played two delightful violin selections; Edna Leapold sang a solo and Francis Longeway gave a Hebrew rendition of “At the Wedding”; a trio comprised of Edna Leapold, Cora Quast and Cosette Lamb pleased the crowd; Marguerite McGreevy sang an original composition, the chorus sang again and everybody went to the gym for the annual Christmas tree. 

HER HUSBAND’S WIFE.  The most finished amateur production ever presented in Missoula, was the universal verdict of the audience which attended the presentation of the comedy “Her Husband’s Wife,” by Augustus Thomas, given under the auspices of the Junior class in the University auditorium, Thursday, March 9.  

Every part in the comedy was exceptionally well interpreted.  Arthur Butzerin as the sophisticated uncle was a scream, and his work was the best of the evening.  Mac Gault, as the husband; Marguerite McGreevy, as the wife who thought she was ill; Lucille Paul, as the second woman in the triangle; Leslie Wilson, as a lover of Emily’s, the character portrayed by Miss Paul; and Rebecca Lipson, as the maid, all did exceptionally well with the parts intrusted to them.  

The plot hinges upon Mrs. Stuart Randolph’s premonition that she is going to die, and her efforts to obtain a satisfactory wife for her husband after she has departed.  She asks a girlhood friend to marry the husband after her illness has caused her death.  This girlhood friend, Emily Ladew, is a former sweetheart of the wife’s brother.  Irritated by the readiness with which the husband apparently falls in love with Emily, who has been selected as his future wife, the present wife decides to live, and Emily and her former lover agree to arbitrate and they all live happy forever more.  The quarrels and misunderstandings entangle the go-between uncle at all times, and his worldly wisdom is instrumental in bringing about a correct understanding.  

The proceeds from the play, which were used to meet the cost of the Sentinel, were depleted to the extent of $25 when word was received but a half hour before the curtain arose, that a royalty must be paid to the author.
KINDLING. Snow and rain could not dampen the fire in “Kindling,” presented in the Missoula theater, April 29, by Mrs. Alice MacLeod of the Public Speaking department, assisted by Miss Gettys and students in the department. The play was exceptionally well acted before a S. R. O. (yes, Bruce, it means standing room only) house. It made many of the students in the audience think for the first time during the school year.

A true dramatic critic would say that the work of Mrs. MacLeod and Arthur Butzerin and Genevieve Metlen was the feature. It was undoubtedly the best character interpretation shown in University dramatics during the year. But there were several other features which deserve large headlines in any account of the show. Bruce Hopper showed exceptional skill in a touching scene with Miss Gettys. Carl Cameron, who took the part of a detective, smoked his first cigar and he sang “Don’t Rock the Boat” as he experienced the sickness that comes to all young boys who make the acquaintance of the weed. And the biggest story of all—Gussie Scherck gave away a cigar, two cigarettes and threw one away—some acting for Gussie.

“Kindling” was good, as good as the very best professional performances. It was given as part of the lecture course.
RESERVED
THE SENTINEL BOARD

Howell
O'Donnell
Little

Fergus
Hopper
Tyman

Ector
Pope
Higgins

Stone
Judson
Riordan

Page Ninety-six
FIGHTING BRUINS OUTPLAY AND TIE SYRACUSE STARS

'Monster Has No Alibis,'
Says Coach of Syracuse

Montana Threw Famous Complete Bases Hold

Upper: Streets
Lower: Riordan

E. STANLEY
G. SCHERK

Page Ninety-seven
DEBATE RECORD FOR 1916

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH DAKOTA, March 10.—Resolved: That the United States should adopt the responsible cabinet system form of government. Decision, two to one for Montana, on the affirmative. Montana debaters, Wm. Jamieson and H. A. Johnson.

UNIVERSITY OF UTAH, March 21.—Same question as the North Dakota debate. Decision, unanimous for Utah, on the affirmative. Montana debaters, L. S. Horst and H. A. Johnson.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, April 7.—Resolved: That the United States should maintain its navy above third-rate in fighting efficiency. Decision, unanimous for Montana, on the negative. Montana debaters, Stuart, McHaffie and Payne Templeton.

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, April 7.—Initiative and Referendum. Decision, two to one for Montana on the affirmative. Montana debaters, Alva Baird and Will Long.
The University scored another victory when Bruce Hopper won the State Inter-collegiate Oratorical contest at Bozeman. He won the contest this year with an oration, "The Scaffold."

Hopper was the winner of the Buckley Oratorical contest, which is a local contest for a prize offered by Dr. Buckley, with an oration entitled "Parliament of Men—A Dream." This was the second time that Hopper won this contest.
MEN'S GLEE CLUB

FIRST TENORS—E. Orlo Bangs, Sonner P. Seiff, W. D. Richardson, Lester E. Gill.
SECOND TENORS—Clarence T. Ward, Gregory
S. Powell, Emerson Stone, O. R. Barnett.

BARITONES—Harold E. Bacheller, S. Leroy Land.
Bass—W. G. Kane, De Loss Smith.

THE QUARTETTE
Mr. Bangs..................First Tenor  Mr. Ward..................Baritone
Mr. Smith..................Second Tenor  Mr. Paul Bacheller...............Bass

SOLO VIOLINIST
Cecil Burleigh.

Director..................De Loss Smith  Manager..................R. D. Jenkins

ITINERARY

March 10..................Bitter Root  March 18..................Billings
March 11..................Stevensville  March 21..................Forsyth
March 13..................Butte  March 22..................Harlowton
March 14..................Anaconda  March 23..................Lewistown
March 15..................Bozeman  March 24..................Great Falls
March 16..................Livingston  March 25..................Helena
March 17..................Big Timber  March 28..................Missoula

Page One Hundred and Two
THE SENTINEL

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB
DeLOSS SMITH, Director

SOPRANOS
EDNA LEOPOLD       MARGUERITE M-GREENEVY       FLORENCE SKINNER       FRANCES LONGEYAY

SECOND SOPRANOS
GRACE MATHEWS       IRENE MURRAY          CORA QUARTET       ESTA HOLMES       BERNICE PERKINS
LELIA LOGAN       HELEN FREDERICKS       GERTRUDE HASSLER

ALTOS
KATHRYN LUTHERLIN       THEO SHERBURN       LAURA ANDERSON       CONSTANCE BACHELOR
CHARLIE JOHNSON       E. WOOTER

Pag One Hundred and Three
ORCHESTRA

Burleigh
Webster
Barrows
Walterskirchen
Hunt
Baptist
King
Berry
Schreiber
Finch
Logan

Page One Hundred and Four
CO-ED PROM. Music, programs, punch, flowers—there was nothing lacking at the co-ed prom, given on October 16. Even men were not lacking. In fact, there seemed to be a predominance of men, for some of the “fellows” chose to stag it, and robber dances were much in demand. There was one real man there, too, but he didn’t stay long. It takes Mrs. Wilson to know a man when she sees one.

The gymnasium was overcrowded with more than a hundred couples, and the costumes ranged from full dress suits to decided informality of dress. No “regular” dance is half so much fun as the co-ed prom, but it’s a long way home in the dark.

SOPHOMORE DANCE. The annual dance given by the sophomores for the freshmen class was held in the gymnasium October 22. The hall, and incidentally the sophomore girls, were decorated in red and white, while the freshman girls were “quarantined” with green ties and ribbons. Middy blouse informality was the order of the evening.

FRESHMAN MASQUERADE. Theodore Roosevelt, Charlie Chaplin, Sis Hopkins, Gilbert Rosenstein and many other publicity-favored highlights were present at the freshman dance on the night of November 12. Green caps were discarded for silk hats, evening gowns were forgotten in the novelty of Scotch plaids and khaki riding outfits. The students drank deep of masquerade punch to one of the biggest and jolliest dances of the year.

THE ATHLETIC BALL. The students of the university entertained the wearers of the “M” at the Athletic Ball February 11. Each letter man was presented by Acting-President Scheuch with a silver ribbon bearing a gold M. Even the programs did homage to the athletes, having for a crest a miniature gold M.

FORESTERS’ LUMBERJACK DANCE. “You’re pinched for wearin’ a collar.” A huge sheriff, clad in high boots and tall hat dragged the protesting senior before the lumberjack judge. Later that same senior drowned his mortification in cider at the bar, or lost it in the excitement of a gun fight.

The hall was all too small to hold the crowd of more than 300 students who attended the most novel dance of the year. Before the gymnasium a bonfire blazed; inside was the pungent fragrance of many evergreens; dressing-room doors were disguised as ranger cabins; pelts and snowshoes, canthooks and peavies, fire warnings and danger signs decorated the walls. There was a lumberjack’s dinner, too, served in true camp fashion in the forestry building.

“Take your fine, judge, it’s worth it.”
A. S. U. M.

PAYNE TEMPLETON, President
CLARENCE HANLEY, Vice-President
ELIZABETH LEWIS, Secretary

JOHN PATTERSON, Manager
ARTHUR DREW, Assistant Manager

Delegates at Large

ALVA BAIRD
VIRGINIA NUCKOLS

Page One Hundred and Eight
WOMEN'S LEAGUE

ANNE RECTOR, President
EUNICE DENNIS, Vice-President
EDNA CHADWICK, Secretary
KATHERINE SUTHERLAND, Treasurer,

Delegates
EVELYN THOMAS
     Kappa Kappa Gamma
ISABEL GILBERT
     Kappa Alpha Theta
MAE POPE
     Delta Gamma
VIRGINIA NUCKOLS
     ERMA WILSON
     Craig Hall
GRACE REELEY
     LENORE HEMMICK
     ESTHER JACOBSON
     Town

WOMEN'S SELF GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

The W. S. G. A. is an organization of which all of the women of the University are members. Its purpose is to regulate all matters pertaining to the student life, which do not fall under the jurisdiction of the faculty. Its object is to further the spirit of unity of the women and be a medium for their social life. Coed Prom, Women's Hi-Jinx and the May dances are always under the direction of this body.

Page One Hundred and Nine
Y. M. C. A.

CHARLES BAUER, President
BRUCE HOPPER, Vice-President
JOHN PATTERSON, Treasurer

CABINET

GLEN CURTIS
LEO HORST
EMMET GRAGG
JACK SCHROEDER

JOSEPH TOPE
CLARENCE STREIT
DONALD BARNETT
HAROLD JONES

WILLIAM LONG

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Cabinet

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THEODOSIA SHERBURNE
EUNICE DENNIS
GRACE MATHEWSON

VIRGINIA NUCKOLS
GLADYS LEWIS
LENORE HEMMICK
HELEN McCARTHY
C. S. A.

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MARGARET SCALLEY
EMMETT O'SULLIVAN
PROFESSOR E. F. A. CARY
THE SENTINEL

DRAMATIC CLUB

Howell Daniels
Mettle Stone
Powell Dennis
Hoel Robinson
Mathewon Lebkicher
Bentz
DRAMATIC CLUB

GREGORY POWELL, President
KATHERINE SUTHERLAND, Secretary
RICHARD HOWELL, Manager

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PERCY STONE
ARCHIE HOEL
LE ROY LEBKICHER
WILLIAM GRIFFITHS
PHIL DANIELS
CHRISTIAN BENTZ
ELEANOR LITTLE
VIRGINIA DIXON
GENEVIEVE METLIN
VERNE ROBINSON
THOMAS BUSHA
BRUCE HOPPER
ARTHUR DREW
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THE LIBRARY
KAPPA ALPHA THETA
ALPHA NU CHAPTER, ESTABLISHED 1909

Patronesses
MRS. J. P. ROWE         MRS. J. BONNER
MRS. H. KNOWLES         MRS. SPORTSWOOD
MRS. A. N. WHITLOCK     MRS. WARREN WILCOX

Fraters in Urbe
MRS. JAS. BONNER        MRS. GILBERT REINHART
MRS. JOHN LUCY          MISS MILDRED CLARK
MRS. WALTER MacLEOD

Sorores in Facultate
ELOISE KNOWLES

1916
ALPHA BUSE
ISABEL GILBERT
CORINNE MacDONALD
DONNA McCALL
HAZEL CLAY

1917
GLADYS LEWIS

1918
AGNES SHERBOURNE
THEODOSIA SHERBOURNE
BERNICE PERKINS
MARGARET GARVIN
BETH BARROWS
HELEN McCARthy

1919
CLEORA LOGAN
GRETHEEN VAN CLEVE
HAZEL BAIRD
BERNICE BERRY
DORIS ROBINSON
CHARLOTTE PLUMMER
RUTH DAVIS
FRANCES FAULK
CHAPTER ROLL

ALPHA—DePauw University
BETA—Indiana University
GAMMA—Butler
DELTA—University of Illinois
ETA—Cornell University
KAPPA—University of Kansas
LAMBDA—University of Vermont
MU—Alleghany College
RHO—University of Nebraska
CHI—Syracuse University
PHI—Stanford University
OMEGA—California
TAU—Northwestern University
UPSilon—University of Minnesota
PSI—University of Wisconsin
SIGMA—Toronto University
ALPHA—Washington State College
ALPHA TAU—University of Cincinnati
ALPHA BETA—Swarthmore College
ALPHA DELTA—Goucher College
ALPHA ZETA—Barnard College
ALPHA KAPPA—Adelphi College
ALPHA LAMBDA—University of Washington
ALPHA NU—University of Montana
ALPHA XI—Oregon State University
ALPHA IOTA—Washington University
ALPHA MU—University of Missouri
ALPHA RHO—University of South Dakota
ALPHA PI—University of North Dakota
ALPHA THETA—University of Texas
ALPHA OMICRON, University of Oklahoma

ALUMNI CHAPTERS

GREENCASTLE
MINNEAPOLIS
NEW YORK CITY
CHICAGO
COLUMBUS
INDIANAPOLIS
BURLINGTON
PHILADELPHIA
LOS ANGELES
PITTSBURGH
CLEVELAND
SYRACUSE
TOPEKA
KANSAS CITY
SEATTLE
DENVER
ST. LOUIS
LINCOLN
SAN FRANCISCO
BALTIMORE
OMAHA
EVANSTON
PORTLAND
TORONTO
MADISON
STANFORD
PROVIDENCE
KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA
BETA PHI CHAPTER  ESTABLISHED MARCH, 1909

Sorores in Urbe

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| ANNABELLE ROSS     | MRS. GEORGE COFFMAN |
| MRS. GEORGE WEISEL | MRS. RUSSEL GWINN   |
| MARY ELROD         | MRS. FRED R. MASON  |
| MRS. SHIRLEY THANE | MRS. THOMAS KINNEY  |
| DOROTHY STERLING   | MRS. ALLEN SWIFT    |
| JESSIE RAILSBACK   | MRS. HENRY TURNER   |
| MRS. W. J. McCORMICK |                  |

Sorores in Facultate

| MARY RANKIN        | MARY WOODS              |

Sorores in Universitate

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CHAPTER ROLL

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

ALUMNI ASSOCIATIONS

BOSTON
NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
BETA IOTA
SYRACUSE
WESTERN NEW YORK
COLUMBUS
CINCINNATI
CLEVELAND
PITTSBURGH
LAMBDA
BETA GAMMA
FRANKLIN NU
INDIANAPOLIS
BLOOMINGTON INDIANA
SOUTH BEND
IOTA
FALLS CITIES
MU

ADRAIN
CHICAGO
NORTH SHORE
MILWAUKEE
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS
MINNESOTA
ST. LOUIS
KANSAS CITY
DENVER
IOWA CITY
TRI CITY
LINCOLN
OMAHA
BETA XI
SEATTLE
PORTLAND
PI
LOS ANGELES
DELTA GAMMA
PI CHAPTER, ESTABLISHED SEPTEMBER 1911

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MRS. CHAS. HALL             MRS. C. B. BARNES
MRS. J. L. SCOTT

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MRS. FRANK BONNER          MRS. D. J. HAVILAND
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MISS GRACE STODDARD        MISS HILDA MARSH
MISS ALICE SMITH           MISS ELEANOR SIMPKINS
MISS ELIZABETH GLEASON     MISS HANNAH BOOK

Sorores in Universitate

1916
RUTH NUTTING      GENEVIEVE METLIN

1917
MAE POPE

1918

COSETTE LAMB       FLORA WEAR
MARGUERITE McGREEVY FAY FAIRCHILD
DELLA PERRINE      VIOLET MacDONALD
EDITH PATTERSON    LUCILE PAUL
BEULAH WALTEMATE   MARGUERITE LYDEN
IRENE O’DONNELL    LILLIAN GASSERT

1919

JEAN THOMPSON       BARBARA FRAZER
MARY HUNTER         CHARLOTTE SHEPHERD
HELEN DEVAN
CHAPTER ROLL

BETA—Washington State University
GAMMA—University of California
EPSILON—Ohio State University
ZETA—Albion College
ETA—Buchtel College
THETA—University of Indiana
IOTA—University of Illinois
KAPPA—University of Nebraska
LAMBDAB—University of Minnesota
MU—University of Michigan
NU—University of Idaho
XI—University of Michigan
OMICRON—Adelphi College
PI—University of Montana
RHO—Syracuse University

SIGMA—Northwestern University
TAU—University of Iowa
UPSILON—Leland Standford, Jr., University
PHI—University of Colorado
CHI—Cornell University
PSI—Goucher College
OMEGA—University of Wisconsin
ALPHA BETA—Swarthmore College
ALPHA GAMMA—Toronto, Canada
ALPHA DELTA—University of Oregon
ALPHA EPSILON—Washington University, Missouri
ALPHA ZETA—Lawrence College, Appleton, Wis.

ALUMNI CHAPTERS

ALPHA BETA PHI—Philadelphia, Penn.
BETA SIGMA—Seattle, Wash.
GAMMA UPSILON—Los Angeles, Cal.
ETA UPSILON—Akron, Ohio
THETA ALPHA—Indianapolis, Ind.
THETA SIGMA—Evansville, Ind.
LAMDA NU—Minneapolis, Minn.
MU BETA—St. Louis, Mo.
PHI OMEGA—Denver, Colo.
CHI SIGMA—Chicago, Ill.
CHI UPSILON—New York, N. Y.
PSI OMEICRON—Baltimore, Md.
OMEGA SIGMA—Milwaukee, Wis.
BETA LAMBDAB—Spokane, Wash.

ALPHA ZETA RHO—Appleton, Wis.

BETA NU—Portland, Ore.
BETA OMEGA—Tacoma, Wash.
EPSILON CHI—Columbus, Ohio
GAMMA CHI—San Francisco, Cal.
THETA CHI—Cleveland, Ohio
ZETA—Albion, Mich.
DELTA PSI—San Diego, Cal.
IOTA ZETA—Champaign, Ill.
OMICRON SIGMA—Boston, Mass.
RHO SIGMA—Syracuse, N. Y.
KAPPA ALPHA—Omaha, Neb.
KAPPA THETA—Lincoln, Neb.
MU ALPHA—Kansas, Mo.
TAU ZETA—Iowa City, Ia.
XI ZETA—Detroit, Mich.
OMEGA—Madison, Wis.
DELTA PHI ZETA
(LOCAL) ESTABLISHED NOVEMBER, 1915

Patronesses
MRS. DR. E. F. DODGE       MRS. FRANK BORG
1916
KATHRYN SUTHERLAND
1917
GRACE REELEY            LENORE HEMMICK
ELIZABETH LEWIS
1918
CORAL QUAST          CHARLOTTE BOCKES
ALICE BOLES          ATTA HUTCHINSON
ESTHER LARSON
THETA SIGMA PHI
KAPPA CHAPTER, ESTABLISHED APRIL 8, 1916

O'DONNELL
GASSERT

NUCKOLLS
GARVIN

FERGUS
DIXON

CAROL O'DONNELL
VIRGINIA NUCKOLS
MARIAN FERGUS

VIRGINIA DIXON
LILLIAN GASSERT
KATHERYN SUTHERLAND
MARGARET GARVIN

Page One Hundred and Thirty-four
CHAPTER ROLL
THETA SIGMA PHI

ALPHA—University of Washington
BETA—University of Wisconsin
GAMMA—University of Missouri
DELTA—University of Indiana
EPSILON—University of Kansas
ETA—Ohio State University
ZETA—University of Oklahoma
THETA—University of Oregon
IOTA—Leland Stanford, Jr., University
KAPPA—University of Montana
WHAT'S THE GAME?

Of course, in a way, this has nothing to do with fraternities, but—
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CHAPTER ROLL

BETA—University of Virginia.
LAMBDA—Washington and Lee University.
PSI—University of North Carolina.
BETA TAU—North Carolina College of A. & M.
DELTA RHO—Delaware College.
DELTA PI—George Washington University.
KAPPA—North Georgia Agricultural College.
ETA—Mercer University.
MA—University of Georgia.
XI—Emory College.
GAMMA ALPHA—Georgia School of Technology.
DELTA MU—Simson University.
THETA—University of Alabama.
IOTA—Howard College.
SIGMA—Vanderbilt University.
BETA THETA—Alabama Polytechnic Institute.
BETA BETA—DuPana University.
BETA ZETA—Purdue University.
BETA ETA—Indiana University.
BETA EPSILON—Rose Polytechnic Institute.
GAMMA IOTA—University of Kentucky.
EPSILON—Bethany College.
BETA NU—Ohio State University.
BETA IOTA—Mt. Union College.
GAMMA PI—West Virginia University.
DELTA ALPHA—Case School of Applied Science.
DELTA ZETA—Western Reserve University.
PI—Lehigh University.
BETA RHO—University of Penn.
GAMMA EPSILON—Lafayette College.
DELTA DELTA—Pennsylvania State College.
GAMMA DELTA—Stevens Institute of Technology.
GAMMA THETA—Cornell University.
GAMMA PSI—Syracuse University.
DELTA GAMMA—Columbia University.

BETA SIGMA—University of Vermont.
DELTA BETA—Dartmouth College.
DELTA LAMBDA—Brown University.
DELTA NU—University of Maine.
DELTA THETA—Lambard College.
GAMMA AGMMA—Albion College.
GAMMA BETA—Northwestern University.
GAMMA LAMBDA—University of Wisconsin.
GAMMA MU—University of Illinois.
GAMMA NU—University of Michigan.
GAMMA RHO—University of Chicago.
BETA MU—State University of Iowa.
GAMMA SIGMA—Iowa State College.
GAMMA TAU—University of Minnesota.
DELTA ETA—University of Nebraska.
RHO—University of Missouri.
BETA XI—William Jewell College.
GAMMA XI—Missouri School of Mines.
GAMMA OMICRON—Washington University.
GAMMA EPSILON—University of Arkansas.
NU—University of Kansas.
DELTA Upsilon—University of Oklahoma.
BETA KAPPA—Kansas State Agricultural College.
EPSILON—University of Texas.
PHI—Louisiana State University.
DELTA PHI—Tulane University.
GAMMA ETA—Colorado School of Mines.
DELTA RHO—Colorado Agricultural College.
GAMMA KAPPA—University of Colorado.
DELTA IOTA—State College of Washington.
DELTA OMICRON—University of Idaho.
GAMMA CHI—University of Washington.
GAMMA ZETA—University of Oregon.
BETA CHI—Leland Stanford University.
BETA PSI—University of California.
DELTA XI—University of Nevada.

ALUMNI CHAPTERS

ALABAMA—Birmingham.
ALABAMA—Montgomery.
CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles.
COLORADO—Denver.
DELAWARE—Wilmington.
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.
FLORIDA—Tampa.
GEORGIA—Savannah.
GEORGIA—Atlanta.
GEORGIA—Augusta.
ILLINOIS—Chicago.
ILLINOIS—Galesburg.
IOWA—Des Moines.
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.
MARYLAND—Baltimore.
MASSACHUSETTS—Boston.
MICHIGAN—Detroit.
MINNESOTA—Minneapolis.
MISSOURI—St. Louis.
NEBRASKA—Omaha.
NEW YORK—New York.
NEW YORK—Buffalo.
NORTH CAROLINA—Wilmington.
OHIO—Akron.
OHIO—Cleveland.
OHIO—Columbus.
OREGON—Portland.
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.
PANAMA—D. deP.
PENNSYLVANIA—Philadelphia.
PENNNSYLVANIA—Pittsburgh.
RHODE ISLAND—Providence.
UTAH—Salt Lake City.
WASHINGTON—Spokane.
WASHINGTON—Seattle.
WASHINGTON—Lewis County Alumni Chapter.
SIGMA CHI
BETA DELTA CHAPTER, ESTABLISHED IN 1906

Fraters in Urbe

DR. J. G. RANDALL
G. HEFFRON
H. McLEOD
J. D. JONES
J. C. FARRELL
F. FERGUSON
G. T. REINHART
BARCLAY CRAIGHEAD

H. T. FORBES
F. ANGEVINE
F. T. WHISTLER
E. E. HUBERT
W. O. DICKINSON
ELZEARD DESCHAMPS
R. S. CARRINGTON
W. F. FERGUSON
E. C. SIMONS
E. G. POLLEYS
E. T. STORBRAD
PAUL GERVIZE
ROBERT MULONEY
PAUL BORNBLAED
E. C. SIMONS
E. G. POLLEYS
E. T. STORBRAD
PAUL GERVIZE
ROBERT MULONEY
PAUL BORNBLAED

Frater in Facultate

PROF. FREDERICK C. SCHEUCH

1916
ARCHIBALD HOEL
EDWIN CUMMINS
NEAL MCLAUL
ALVA BIRD

NORMAN STEELE
HAROLD LANSING
GREGORY POWELL
WILLIAM LUNG

JAMES BROWN
GEORGE M. GOSMAN

1917
HUGH KENT
EUGENE ANGEVINE
GRANT HIGGINS
STUART McHAFFIE

WILLARD JONES
HAROLD JONES
EMERSON STONE
PERCY STONE

CHARLES TYMAN
ARTHUR DREW
WILLIAM RICHARDSON

1918
CECEL VANCE
CLEARANCE STREET

MAURICE DIETRICH
McPherson Gael
MAX LINT

MORTIMER DONOGHUE
HENRY S. M-GRAW

1919
LLOYD F. HOUTZBERGER
ALDEN JONES

CLAUSE M-QUARRIE
HOYARD J. HUNT
M-DONALD

BURLINGTON M-C-DONALD
HUNT
BROWN
BERG

Page One Hundred and Forty-two
CHAPTER ROLL

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Page One Hundred and Forty-six
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COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
DENVER UNIVERSITY
DICKSON COLLEGE
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Page One Hundred and Sixty-seven
### SIGMA DELTA CHI

#### CHAPTER ROLL

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1914
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1916
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L. S. HORST
CHAS. BAUER

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1918
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1919
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SIGMA UPSILON

CHAPTER ROLL

SOPHERIM—University of the South
CALUMET—Vanderbilt University
OSIRIS, RANDOLPH—Macon College
SENIOR ROUND TABLE—University of Georgia
ODD NUMBER—University of North Carolina
BOAR’S HEAD—Transylvania University
SCRIBBLERS—University of Mississippi
KIT KAT—Millsap’s College
FORTNIGHTLY—Trinity College
COFFEE HOUSE—Emory College

SCARABS—University of Texas
SCRIBES—University of South Carolina
ATTIC—University of Alabama
GRUB STREET—University of Washington
GORDON HOPE—College of William and Mary
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SPHINX, HAMPDEN—Sidney College
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(LOCAL) ORGANIZED 1916

1917
LESTER STERRETT

1918
JOE TOWNSEND
ROSS
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1919
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Missoula, Mont.
All the pictures in this Annual were made by

Colville

133 East Main Street
The joy o' life—it's an elusive thing, made up of laughter and hot heart beats and the blue of sky—and such a little thing may mar it all.

The pages of this section of jests and knocks and little pokes of fun, are not pages of malice or sarcasm. But, oh, the funny happenings of a college campus. We looked, we laughed. And into the pages of this Cosmopolitan (we called it that because—oh, just because) we slipped those rifts of laughter.

We want you to look beneath the raps and little oddities, to feel the spirit of goodfellowship that holds us all close together. We want you to laugh with us, not the laughter of ridicule, but the laughter of pure mirth, the laughter of the joy o' life.
THE WOMAN'S QUESTION

With apologies to Elia Wister Whitt

Sometimes in the still gray of the still
unborn day,
I wonder, dear,
Have I the right to trust you of the com-
mon dust?
Am I the Seer?
When by my yardstick true, I seek to
measure you,
I know but fear.

Would my bright, budding faith be to
you but a wraith,
Easy to crush?
Would you kill the deep flower of my
inherent power,
With the full ecstasy of a four flush?

Have I the right to fear your inborn taste
for beer?
Your love of sport?
Or are these but the sign of a degenerate
line?
Things of this sort?
The Mountain Dryad

With Apologies to JACK LONDON.

Here we find this inimitable author at his best. It is a story of the outdoors—a story of a MAN for MEN. You cannot read this story without a quickening of the pulse, a tightening of the throat.

The sounds of his valet poking about awakened Leo Corst from a slumber which only the thoroughly healthy can enjoy. In his confused semi-consciousness he tried with difficulty to decide what his valet could be doing at that ungodly hour; then satisfied that she was engaged in nothing more mysterious than sweeping out the hall or the apartment of his neighbor roomer, or perhaps in abusing a beefsteak to make it tender, he lazily turned his noble head and looked at his clock. It struck five minutes after ten. With a bound he sprang out of bed.

A wonderful man to behold was Leo Corst—truly a man's man; and as he stood there with his pink striped nightshirt hanging listlessly to his powerful knees, his brawny hands spasmodically scratching his neck, and his beautiful teeth bared by a prodigious yawn, he looked altogether like an Arrow collar ad with its hair uncombed. Several times he filled his lungs with the fresh morning air, and then lazily pushed his large, capable feet into his embroidered carpet slippers.

"My morning's exercise," he muttered, "My bath, and then—" "

A moment later he was in the center of the room with a large dumbbell, weighing fully four pounds, in his hand. This he pushed out and back twice with each hand in masterly movements, and then with a sigh of fatigue tossed it into a corner. And with his bathrobe flung carelessly over his arm he repaired to the bath, his valet discreetly leaning on her broom with her back turned as he passed.

Never would Leo Corst feel like Leo Corst without his morning's shower. Once in the bathroom he turned on the icy-cold water and got the Ivory soap ready. He placed the index finger of his left hand into the shower and, shuddering, turned and finished washing his hands in the wash basin. Then, after protruding his Arrow ad head through the door to make sure that his valet was not looking, he finished his toilet by brushing his two rows of strong white teeth with her toothbrush (which was of excellent quality) and her Pebecco tooth paste.

A few moments later found him again in his bedroom dressed for his morning's walk. His dress was scanty, for he sprang from a hardy race. He wore only two suits of woolen underwear over three suits of B. V. D.s and four pairs of woolen socks.

After a hearty breakfast of a slice of toast and a cup of tea he went forth, braving, undaunted, the cold Hellgate winds. The bracing air coursed through his veins exhilaratingly as he turned his tanned face and rugged form toward Mount Sentinel, and soon he was swinging resolutely up the mountain trail. His progress was interrupted frequently by long rests to regain his superb strength, but after two or three hours' climb he at length reached the M and flung himself down between its sheltering arms, wearied and exhausted. He was shivering with the cold, which well shows how he had exerted himself in the climb.

( Editor's Note—The writers neglected to state that Corst had also put on his spectacles and a rough suit of corduroy when dressing.)

He started to blow his nose but was arrested in the act by the sound of a low moan from behind a pile of boulders. It
was a silvery feminine voice, made a little nasal by a bad cold. Corst lowered his handkerchief and looked cautiously around. Then, taking the precaution to make sure that the way down the hill was unbarred, he slowly rose to a standing posture.

“Wassat?” he said hoarsely, his whole manhood creeping into his voice.

“It’s me,” said the voice feebly, clearing its throat. He whirled with alacrity and picked up a boulder. His magnificent right arm was raised, when he caught sight of a girlish figure lying in a heap in the snow. He removed his hat, and then, (He also had a hat—Editor.)

“Madam,” he said, bowing slightly, “May I be so presumptuous as to ask what you are doing here?” The tone was well-bred and low—that of a real gentleman.

The girl raised her head in surprise at the sound of such a gentlemanly voice, so much, she thought, like the sound of the wind whistling through the telephone wires. Corst was astounded by her amazing beauty. Hers was the kind of beauty that had caused Washington to cross the Delaware and had led Clark to sacrifice his life in the writing of Jim Jam Jem. Her lips were damp and red and were trembling like currant jelly at a Thanksgiving dinner. In her eyes was the purple sunset’s glow. Her voice was like the sweet liquid sound of water dripping into a sink. Tears dripped from her eyes, freezing as they fell—in fact her feet were buried by the icy pellets. Corst tried in vain to make his gaze impersonal, but after looking at her, spellbound for a moment, his great presence of mind called him from his trance.

“Madam,” he cried, “What is the cause, I beg of you, of this great grief?”

“Oh-h-h-h!” she cried, her voice intermingled with sobs, “I’m all br-br-broken up.”

Leo looked cautiously to make sure that no one was coming. He thought he would comfort her. He dropped a piece of Sen Sen into his mouth that his breath might be sweet.

“I th-think my b-b-back and my two l-legs are b-b-broken,” wept on the maid-

en, applying her cold handkerchief to her dainty red nose. “I was on top of Sentinel and was—oh, dear—was climbing a tree when a leg—I mean a limb—broke and I fell, and did not stop r-r-rolling till I got way down here. Oh-h-h-h, how I suffer!”

Glancing above her, Corst noticed the marks the girl’s rolling body had left in the snow. Evidently she was telling the truth. What should be done? His mind worked with all the speed of a frisky dray horse. Where could he get aid? The thought of Ade reminded him of the forester’s cabin at the top of the hill. There he could telephone for help. In less time than it takes to tell it he had caught her up in his manly arms and was striding up the steep ascent. His long training for the mile run on the Varsity proved valuable to him now, and four hours and thirty-five minutes later found him in the cabin. He hastily deposited his precious burden on a shelf in the corner and repaired to the telephone.

He rang, he shouted, he raved and he swore. We hate to admit it, but he did. But no response. At last, almost in despair, he turned and flung himself upon the comfortable pine bed and surveyed his fair companion on the shelf ruefully. Then,

“Tell me,” he said, his voice quivering with emotionless anxiety, “what is your name?”

“Just call me the Mountain Dryad,” she said simply.

Catching sight of a stove, Corst was reminded that his feet were cold. With a word of excuse to his companion he took his axe from his back and passed out the door.

A half hour had elapsed when his athletic frame again darkened the doorway, which he had thoughtfully left open. In his arm was the stick of wood he had gathered. In a few moments he had a fire built and was warming himself by its feeble glow when, suddenly remembering the injured girl, he glanced to the shelf. He sprang to his feet in amazement and passed his hand before his eyes to make sure that he was seeing correctly. Impossible! Yet—

She was gone.
Penrod was in college. Heights of learning held no terror for him. The days of "Wednesday Madness" were passed. The reckless boy soul of him was conventionally garbed, the impudent boy mischief of him was conventionally suppressed. He could take detailed notes on a lengthy lecture, he wore a fraternity pin, he knew the proper procedure at formal balls, he lingered long with the black-haired colleen of his choice. Penrod had grown up.

The fellows no longer called him Penrod, they had shortened it to Red. But the Red of college days was all that the Penrod of boyhood days had been.

It was dark that night, the night that Red banged the door of his home shut behind him and started for the frat house. The damp fragrant odor of April was in the air and it tugged at the small-boy instincts of Red. Had he been the Penrod of old days he would have turned a series of cartwheels or walked on his hands or rung all the doorbells along the street or tincanned the minister's dog. The aching sweetness of the spring crept down into his throat, and the muscles tightened with an old, half-familiar thickening. His memory groped blindly back to the days of boyville and the chilly waters of the old forbidden swimming hole on sunny mornings, and the hoarse croakings of monstrous bull-frogs on its bank at night. He used to be able to imitate that guttural gurgle and Higgie and the other boys used to try it, too, but they never could do it like he could. He wondered if he could still make that queer satisfying croak deep in his throat, and he experimented with one half-hearted "Gunk." The deep mutter stimulated him and he paused on a darkened corner to practice. "Gunk," he rumbled, and warming again to the old joy of it, "Gunk, Gunk." He had forgotten the arclight on the corner and the cement beneath his feet. For a few seconds he had even forgotten the political fight at the University, and the laughter of the black-haired Patsy. His whole thought was centered in his throat, in trying to pull out that old sonorous gurgle: "Gunk, Gunk."

Red was a small boy again.

"Yay—Red," the voice was close at his elbow. Look wha' I found."

Red stopped short. "What is it, Higgie?"

"Black paint." The words stood out, glaring with possibility. Black paint.

The boys swung softly into step. There is a magic about the possibilities of a stray can of black paint that makes for silent tread and darkened alleyways and morning (from other sources) by curses, suppressed mirth, usually succeeded next many and vigorous.

"Black paint." Red echoed the words softly, joyfully. "Black paint."

One block, two blocks—their rubber-soled "sneakers" made no noise on the walks. It was Higgie who spoke first.
“Wonder how the election will come out tomorrow?”
“Dun’no.”
“Luck’s kinda going against Sam. It’s beginning to look as though Templeton’ll have a walk-away.”
Red merely grunted. He was absorbed in the possibilities of that can of black paint.
On down University avenue they walked. The dormitory might be improved with black trimmings, or the library draped in mourning, or——
It was a blur of white in the rear of the Theta house that interrupted Red’s plotting. With stealthy steps he crept around the corner of the house and with stealthy steps Higgie followed him. A clothesline stretched invitingly the length of the backyard, and on that line were pinned many garments. There they were, a prim white row of them.
Red looked up, then he looked down. White garments, black paint. He did not look at Higgie, there was no need.
The arc light a block away flared palely. In the Theta house a telephone burred and upstairs someone pulled down a curtain.
Silent footsteps crossed the yard. A brush swished noiselessly in thick, oozey, drippy black paint. A letter of black splashed into the clean white of a silk chemise with a neat, easy slap of satisfaction.
Higgie held each garment firm at the bottom. Red painted with swift, sure strokes. There was no smile, no comment, only the white garments and the black, black letters——
V-O-T-E F-O-R (Red’s face was sober) T-E-M-P-L-E-T-O-N.
The back door of the Theta house swung open and two girls stood sharply framed in the light.
“Don’t you think we’d better bring in the clothes?” It was Donna’s voice, and Alpha’s drawl, slow, melodious, reassured her:
“Oh, they can’t be dry yet and it won’t hurt anything to leave them out until daylight. I’ll set the alarm for six and get up and bring them in before any of the boys pass in the morning.”
The door closed again and a key clicked in the lock.
Along the shadows of the street two darker shadows moved.
“Say, Higgie,”—Red’s voice was innocently sober——“Say, Higgie, rem’mber the old frogs down on the edge of the swimming pool?”
“Uh-huh.”
A long pause.
“Say, Higgie, c’n you do this?” The first utterance was a half paralyzed croak, then deep, resonant, throatily twangy the triumphant gurgle rolled forth:
“Gunk. Gunk—gunk.”

SPRING

A blue of water and a blue of sky,
A sun-splashed world, a lazy May wind’s sigh,
The soft, warm green of budding grass and tree,
The low song of the water rushing free,
The gorgeous wild flowers by the sun awoke,
The hazy grayness of the bonfire’s smoke,
The shrill, clear wild-song of the mating bird,
A woman’s tender laugh, a man’s grave word,
A drowsy fragrance over everything,—
The blood pounds hotly to the call of spring.
The Campus Tour

Everybody hold his own ticket, please. Don't crowd, don't push. Everyone have his own ticket ready. Step well forward. Ladies sit down. Let those who will stand that they may be called gentlemen. Bury the secrets told you on this trip deep within, lest some wily Iota Nu find one who knows the pass word and is not a bearer of the IN pin. Yea, verily, so long as Red Stuart is crowned by that conflagration, so long as Varsity Brown remains a rah-rah hold any brain rush you may pick up while on this trip with us tight within your heads.

Stick to your seats ladies and gentlemen and curse softly when in fear of tipping. The moth eaten buildings surrounded by the trees are the University. The University was founded some time after Columbus discovered the Delaware and given a few buildings which have not been replaced to this time. The building with the Ingersol is University Hall. Some hall. It is an architectural wonder.

Notice the boys on the steps. They are freshmen. A finer set of gentlemen never sat on a patrol wagon. I'm wrong. They are not all fresh. The one with the face, yes the one doing all of the talking is Bill Long. Bill is endeavoring to get them to pay their Y. M. dues. Bill is all right. He rasses and swears and also throws the javelin. This all goes to show that a man can be a member of the Y. M. and still be a regular guy. Bill used to be a rounder, but now he has Billy Sunday faded. Besides that Bill wears the Iron Cross of Sigma Chi and is Senior class president.

You, looking among the trees, you will see an unpainted wooden building. That's the gym. Every Friday night the boys have a dance at the gym, a four-bit dance. A dozen of the boys who fuss, drag their girls to the gym and creep to the music of Sheridan brothers' two-piece orchestra. About three dozen stags go to the A. S. U. M. dance later in the evening and yell, "Robber Dance," and dance away with the regular fussers' girls, causing the R. E.'s to gnash their teeth.

In the gym there are two shower baths. Whenever anybody at the University needs a bath he goes to the gym. On Saturday night there is an awful rush.

The brick shanty over there is the Library. All of the students on the steps are "lawr" students. They make a practice of sitting on the steps that they may make slighting remarks of those who furnish the amusement. The one with the suffragette face is O'Sullivan. The prize fighter on his right is Moose Griffin. You don't know the University till you know Moose. He is one of our lights. He goes out next year. The ugly looking guy talking to the little kid is Donoghue. Mort is from Butte and is proud of it. That's what makes him so noisy. The small child he is talking to is Joe Harris. Joe meets a classy dame and falls. Yes, Madam, I will hurry by, but I don't think he would like your type.

Now, turning round you may see Science hall. There is no good reason for the name for all the students do is hang out of the windows. The one who is looking at the slim ankles of Kattie Sutherlin as she walks across the green is Clark. The severe gentleman next him is a Hoel. A's a regular student. Sometimes he gets as high as a B-plus. He is a member of the dramatic club, too. They say that a word from him will sway the whole club. It's some there at making love off the stage. Ask any of the girls. Sometimes he goes over on the bleachers.

No, madam, those are not the woodshed and the barn of the University. The one on the right is the Journalism Building. Step over close and peer into the
The Campus Tour

windows. This is where the Kaimin is written. The young gentleman is Rior-
dan. He is a Junior and also a contributor of $5 to the publication of the Sentinel so we are unable to tell the truth
about him. That fellow holding his head and rolling on the floor is Percy Stone. He’s thinking. In a minute he
will get up and tear off a joke on the Underwood. See, what did I tell you?

See the cute little red-headed girl. That’s Peg Garvin. She’s a real girl. Peg likes jokes. Just think of the time she spends with P———dink. At that she has re-formed him. He used to be popular with all of the fellows. So popular that he
was elected class president during his Sophomore year. Then he started going
with Peg.

Do not mind that odor friends—we shall be out of it in a moment. It ema-
nates from the carefully selected one-fifth-of-a-quarter seegar that you see
clutched between the teeth of that person standing on the edge of the sidewalk to
your left. Professor Trexler is his name. He makes rules governing the social con-
duct of the students, having especially prepared himself for such responsible
work while touring Europe. If you wish to know the details of his trip ask anyone
who has taken a course under him.

Come back here. Don’t get within ear shot of that building. That’s the fores-
try building. The foresters are rough necks. They chew, swear and smoke indi-
iscriminately. Corrupted characters be-come foresters. They are the riff raff.
Take for instance Sanderson, over there on the porch. That one with the grin.
He’s a football player. Can’t you see his sweater? His friends say he wears it to
bed as well as all summer. It gets pretty warm at the formal dances and looks
cumbersome with full dress, but at that he is as fine a man as the Sigma Nu
worm ever decorated.

The queer looking boy with the blond bristles is Lansing. The one who looks
as if he had been hit on the head with a pile driver is Stuart. He is short be-
cause he packs around a head of hair that hits you directly between the eyes. It
stuns the onlooker. The only thing that saved the Sophs in the Fresh-Soph mas-
sacre was Red’s hair. It paralyzed the Fresh.

Verily, we must not tarry here. Yon stands the Dorm.

Shhhhhhh! Go easy on that whistling. Can’t you see that every co-ed in the
building is hanging out of the windows thinking that you want a date with her?
The one in the middle second story? Isn’t she a bird, though?

The girl letting the Listerine bottle from the third story to the second by a
string is Brenda Farrell of Billings. She lives at the Kappa House. You ought
to see all of the boys fall for her. The minute that she dropped off the train the
boys were there with open arms. Jimmy Adamson was first on the job, with
Charley Tyman playing a close second. Then Mort came in and played heavy,
but a Cadillac is no poor rusher. They all say that competition is the same thing
that war is.

Here, you girls will have to get off. This is no joy ride. Go ahead, driver.
Let go of that man’s hand, Frances, and get off.

Stop that Charlotte.

This is where Betty lives. Not only will you find the Betty and Perk here, but
Verne Robinson, Harold Jones, Toot Hopper, P. Dink, Wolfe and many oth-
ers, including the Theta girls. Originally it was the Theta House, but grad-
ually so many of the boys got the habit of hanging around there that the girls
moved to the library. All they do now is eat and sleep at the house, otherwise
it is a sort of an inter fraternity club. The question has come up several times
as to whether the boys should install pool tables in the house. It was definitely
settled when it was found that the cheapest pool table they could get would come
to $58 second hand. At that time it was decided to put the eight dollars the boys
had and the sixty-five the girls had into a fund to buy wood, to be burned exclu-
sively in the fireplace.

Go ahead, Oscar, that we may show the ladies and gents the Shrine of Sigma
Nu. This white shanty, gents, is the Shrine of Sigma Nu. It is primarily
a fussing fraternity. All of the boys are married or about to be. If you tell them they aren't in enough activities they point to Sandy, Sheridan and Wingate as football men, or with inflated chest to Temp, A. S. U. M. President. Once in a while they gather a likely looking bunch of frosh and have a fireside. One of the boys plays some of the soulful stuff on the mandolin. Everybody yawns, which is the signal to spring the little surprise which is macaroons and chocolate. Everybody says, "Swell time," and beats it to get the girls in at ten.

That's Buddy on the front porch. He's their dog. We'd better go on or he will follow us. He doesn't care who he follows. Any Saturday night you can find him waiting in front of the Louvre.

Up here is what the boys call the Sigma Chi House. Here's Greg Powell. Let's go in.

Greg, "Well, well, I AM glad to see you. Come in and sit down. Sit down, darn you. I say sit down. (Pushes him into chair.) What's that? You sat on someone's hat. What did you sit down for? Here look at our scrap book. What's your home town? Has your father got any money? Did you have any bad habits? Meet Mr. Crawford, Mr. Collins, Mr. Streit, Mr. Gault and Mr. Busha. They are positively the most important men in the University. Fact, by gosh. Prexie says the U would go to the dogs without them. Come in and see our gallery of famous Sigma Chis. (Leads the way to other room.) Here's Lincoln, Sigma Chi; Washington, in fact all the great presidents. See all these actors and governors. These actresses would be Sigs if women were eligible. Fact. Oh, must you go. Well, come around at any time, we're always glad to see you."

Now ladies and gents you can appreciate that college is really worth while. Shhhhh. Be quiet. We now approach the Kappa tomb.

This is the lair of the Kap-paws. Hold your breath in passing. Kap-paw, to explain briefly, is a famous organization for women only. It is much like Sigma Chi in that it is the greatest body of its kind in the world. It is owned and controlled exclusively by the alumni, of which there are many. It is the ambition of every girl to graduate so that she may have a voice in the administration of the chapter's affairs. No, that fat girl is not the house mother; she is a member. Anne Rector and Grace Mathewson are also members. Irene Murray used to be, but she passed Kap-paw up for Sigma Chi. There are others who wear pins and pay their board.
The young lady says, "What's this?" This is the home of Little Blitzie Benz—truly, the Iota Nu house. Blitzie sleeps alone. He slept with a freshman one night and during the night Bentz accidentally rolled over on the frosh's leg. He mashed it and amputation was necessary. Here's where the athletic captains come from, Robertson, Stanley and Daems. All you have to do is become an Iota Nu and you have the honor thrust upon you.

The Iota Nus have a Victrola. When you go over there they make you sit around and listen to records brought over by Lewis and Clark. What's that, Ed? We'll have to go. Ladies, Bentz is tubbing some of the upper classmen, and they are apt to try to talk him out of it.

Gentlemen, before we go farther on the trip I must ask that you promise and vow not to leave and go into the house that we next visit. All right, your word is as good as an A. S. U. M. check.

"Come on in and sign the guest book, people, that's a dear." That's Cosette Lamb with her head out of the second story window of the D. G. house. "Come on in, all of you, the house is rather mussed and Fay hasn't done her hair up yet, but you're welcome. (Over her shoulder). Put on your shoes, Marguerite, Flora has a new case. We are all simply mad about him. Have you seen Ray anywhere? Oh, do come in! I'll play if you do. Flora, look at the beautiful curley hair that man has."

Ladies and those others, would that I could take you to Kelley's that you might see the boys study room, but the last bunch of sightseers I took in stole a couple of billiard cues, so we will disband here.
Six Girls
Miss Violet M'Donald

—Photo by Colville.
Miss Marie Johnson

—Photo by Colville.
Miss Patricia O'Flynn

—Photo by Coleville.
Miss Constance Bachelor
Miss Theodosia Sherburne
Miss Helen M'Carty

—Photo by Colville.
"A GIRL OF STRIKING APPEARANCE"
The Color Thief

Who but Harold Urey, the great scientific detective, would have been clever enough to find what lay behind a petty theft? Here we have an amazing robbery, seemingly small, but behind it— Read for yourself and see what Gussie Shirt saw.

With apologies to ARTHUR B. REEVE.

“Professor Urey, I am in trouble.” Jean Slowe stood before the great detective, her face colorless, her manner agitated. Her fingers clutched at her beaded purse, her usual complacency had turned to a worried fear.

“I—I’m in desperate trouble.” Her throaty voice broke hoarsely.

Professor Harold Urey pushed a chair toward her and she dropped into it limply, burying her face in her arms.

“What is it?” The great detective’s voice was kind, his manner full of reserve power.

For a few minutes the girl lost her control and sobbed wildly, despairingly.

“Tell me, what is it?” This time there was a command in Harold Urey’s voice.

Miss Slowe stifled her sobs, her hands clutched in an effort to regain control. She gulped resolutely as though to begin her story. Then for the first time she saw me, standing half in the shadows of the room. She hesitated. Professor Urey understood and nodded toward me, “That is my assistant, Gussie Shirt. He is a friend of mine and almost trustworthy. He is a reporter for the Kaimin and can be relied upon to keep the news a secret.”

Reassured she plunged into her story, with a new break of emotion.

“They’re gone; Oh, they’re gone. You must find them and bring them back to me.”

“Bring who back?” cut in Urey quickly. I, too, leaned forward, instantly alive with interest, the keen thrill of the chase shivering through my body. I moved closer to Urey. The girl turned her face toward us and I noticed how haggard she was. There was no color in her cheeks or lips, her face was ghastly, save for a strange, half-oily shine. I had seen her often before, but always her cheeks had glowed with a warm color, and her lips had been temptingly curved and temptingly red. What a contrast. My sympathy welled up, swiftly impatient at Urey’s calm coolness. His voice broke in now, hard and cold like the hard coldness of his intellect.

“Who has disappeared?”

“It’s—it’s Mary Pickford and Charley Chaplin.”

“Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin”— Professor Urey echoed the words slowly. His eyes narrowed, then he shot sharply at the girl.

“Tell me about it, every detail.”

“Well, you see I went to the show last night with my sister. It was late when we got home, about midnight, and I went straight to bed. This morning when I hopped out of bed to dress for school they—they were g-gone.” Again a sob caught thickly in her throat.

My sympathy went out to her, but Urey stood before her unmoved and impersonal. I could not tell what was going on in his keen mind back of his guarded eyes.

“And—and I was go-going to meet him this morning, too, but I was such a s-s-s-sight that I h-had to s-s-stay home all day.”

“On what floor do you sleep?” the detective questioned.
"D-down s-s-stairs."
"And the windows?"
"I always sleep with them open."
I smiled at the simplicity of the thing. But what had all this to do with the mysterious disappearance of Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin?
"You were not disturbed during the night?"
Sobbing, Jean Slowe shook her head.
"Where were Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin?" Urey was watching her keenly.
"On the chair by my dressing table."
"And they disappeared between midnight last night and seven this morning." Urey's manner changed; he became more kindly, more human. "Don't worry, Miss Slowe, we'll have them back for you in a short time. Everything will be all right." He smiled one of his rare smiles and the girl looked up at him through her tears and thanked him gratefully. The door closed behind her and Urey turned to me. I ventured a question, cautiously.
"How on earth did Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin ever come to be mixed up with Jean Slowe?"
Urey smiled, an indulgent, tolerant smile. "My dear Gussie, Mary Pickford is a rare brand of face powder and Charlie Chaplin is the newest rouge. They have not yet reached the western markets and Miss Slowe bought hers in New York. They can be obtained in no other city in the United States and consequently she values them very highly. The loss to her is most grievous. Seeing her today you can understand why. Once having used these particular brands of cosmetics she will be satisfied with nothing else, and without them she can go nowhere, do nothing. The case is the more serious because—he had crossed the room and was going through a card index, "Ah, here it is—because a certain young man has begun to take an interest in her, and she is very anxious to have that interest continue."
I listened, astonished. Urey stood by the window, deep in thought. Then suddenly he turned to me with the decisive gesture of a man who knows exactly what his plan of action is to be.
"Gussie, take that Camel out of your mouth and change that green, orange and purple tie for a more moderate one. Go to every drug store, department store, novelty store, clothing store and shoe store in town and buy up every kind of face powder and rouge obtainable. Don't miss a single one. Go to the M. M. and buy a black dress for a stout lady, get one about 48 inches by five feet. But also a grey wig and a pair of glasses. Don't lose a minute, for the co-ed prom comes off tonight. On your way down stop in the library and send Marie Johnson to me."
Silently I slipped out of the room, my Camel and my tie still safe, then I remembered. I had no money.
"Say, Urey," I called back, "You'll have to lend me some cash."
"Charge it to Forestry," he answered abstractedly.
My afternoon was a novel experience, but I came back with the black gown and the grey wig and the fifty-seven varieties of powder and rouge. I carried them into the laboratory. Urey was waiting for me with further instructions.
"Get a half dozen men on whom you can depend and kidnap Miss Corbin. Don't bungle the job. She must not be hurt, but she must be kept out of the way until tomorrow morning. About seven tonight go to the gymnasium and conceal yourself some place where you can see everything but will not be seen, and watch carefully for any unexpected developments."
Puzzled, I left the room. But I consoled myself with a Camel and hastened on my way to Kelley's, where I was sure of finding the very men I needed to earn out the desperate plot. They hailed me genially as I entered the door, and I drew the bolder and more hardened ones off into a corner. Bill Long, Morrie Bridge-man, James Friauf, Leo Horst, Merle Gallagher and Alva Baird—rough men they were, and desperate, and they fell heartily into my plan.
The kidnapping was easily accomplished—a ring of Miss Corbin's doorbell, the application of chloroform, a swift and silent blanketing of the windows—and Miss Corbin was safely out of the way. I dismissed my companions with hearty thanks and a Camel apiece, looked at my wrist watch, and
hurried to the gym, for it was already a quarter after seven.

Once in the gym I looked about for a hiding place from which I could see the entire floor and all that took place. High up near the ceiling was a narrow iron brace. It was far from inviting, but I scrambled up and consoled myself with a couple of Camels.

I didn’t have long to wait before the door burst open and in came a group of girls, laughing, talking, jesting. I knew they were girls from their voices, but their attire was varied. The hall was filled with a din of greetings as the crowd gathered, a motley crowd of co-eds disguised in all the freak costumes of ingenuity run amuck. I choked with laughter and nearly fell from my precarious perch. I clutched desperately at the narrow rod, cold shivers running through me at the thought of what that fall would mean.

When I looked again at the floor beneath me, my eyes fairly bulged from my head. Standing at the door greeting the girls, in all her sweet dignity and calm was—Miss Corbin. My head reeled. How had she escaped? How had she gotten there? Her manner was composed and unruffled, she greeted the co-eds affectionately, kissing each girl as she entered. What had I done? How had I blundered? Had I upset all the plans of the great detective? He had told me explicitly that she must not be allowed to appear that night—and here she was. I felt faint and dizzy with a sense of failure. Again I looked down at the floor below me. The girls were filling their programs, girls who could scarcely be recognized as such in their masculine attire.

I looked again at the door, at Miss Corbin. Several girls had just come in and she greeted them in turn. Again the door opened and this time a girl entered, alone. I looked and looked, certain that I had never seen the girl before, struck by her beauty. The warm color of her cheeks charmed me, the full red of her lips tantalized me. She bowed gravely, half shyly to Miss Corbin who leaned forward to kiss her. Their lips met. Miss Corbin’s body straightened tensely. Her tender embrace changed to a vise-like grip. The girl struggled, but Miss Corbin was the stronger and forced the girl back against the wall. There was a swift movement, a wig of golden brown hair dropped to the floor revealing the smooth black pompadour of a college boy. He wrenched himself free and fled for the dressing room and out the back door, followed by the shrill screams of the girls. A boy had made his way into the sacred confines of the Co-ed Prom. A boy had dared break the traditions of the girls’ frolic. The hall was in a commotion.

But the music started, irresistible, tantalizing music, and the girls formed for the grand march.

I looked again for Miss Corbin. She was coming from the door of the dressing room, as composed, as unruffled, as dignified as ever. I watched her in admiration. But what was she trying to do? Her hands slipped along the skirt of her gown. She was feeling for—pockets. Remembering that she had on a dress she shrugged her shoulders in the old unmistakable way. I shook with laughter. That old familiar gesture of Professor Urey’s, the black gown, the grey wig—I laughed till I rocked perilously on the narrow brace.

* * *

"On the contrary, my dear Gussie," Harold Urey explained to me later when he, Jean Slowe and myself had met by appointment in the laboratory, "my method of procedure was quite simple."

Jean—for I felt I knew her well enough by this time to call her that—was busy before a mirror applying to her cheeks the warm red color and to her lips that tantalizing glow. And before her on the laboratory table lay two boxes, one labeled Charlie Chaplin, the other Mary Pickford. She pursed her lips carefully as she applied the color, and I puffed furiously at my Camel to keep my composure. Professor Urey was busy in a corner setting up some new apparatus. He made his explanation slowly while he worked. I listened curiously, but my thoughts were more of Jean than of the strange story of intrigue he unfolded.

"Of course these articles of Miss Slowe must have been stolen by some one who knew of their existence, and that
naturally would be some young man. motive was furnished in the co-ed prom, therefore it must be at the co-ed prom that I would have to apprehend the thief.

"You probably know that there is a great difference in the taste and odor of the various face powders and brands of rouge, caused by the wide variety of chemicals used in their composition. No two are made of exactly the same materials, therefore no two would taste exactly alike. This fact I read only recently in a treatise entitled: "A Comparative Analysis of Rouges and Face Powders Commonly in Use,' written by the celebrated French scientist, Lapeyre, who is an indisputable authority on the subject.

"There was only one thing to do, I must become acquainted with the odor and taste of every kind of rouge and face powder obtainable in the city. These, I had you, Gussie, purchase for me, and I learned to distinguish them by applying them each separately to the face of Marie Johnson and proceeding to become intimately acquainted with them.

"Miss Slowe, you remember, bought her particular brands of cosmetics in New York City, and they could be obtained in no other market. Therefore, the brand which I was unfamiliar with was the brand used by her and stolen by the color thief. There was only one way in which to sample the various makeups present at the co-ed prom, and there was only one person entitled to kiss the various makeups. Miss Corbin must be kept away, and I must take her place. The rest was easy. The disguise was perfect. I kissed each girl as she entered, and each pair of rouged lips or powdered cheeks tasted and smelled familiar until a tall, good looking girl entered. I kissed her as I had the rest. The cosmetics were strange, of an unknown quality. I had found the thief."

The work of Harold Urey had been skillfully done. He had worked without a flaw, swiftly and surely. It was generally known about the university that Walter Davis had gotten into the co-ed prom disguised as a girl, but it was never suspected that the benign and dignified chaperone at the dance that night, was not Miss Corbin, but was no other than Professor Harold Urey, the great scientific detective.

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IN

Next Year's Cosmopolitan

We Will Publish A
Thrilling Romance

"Be Mine, Grace?"

By NORMAN S. STREIT

If you have ever been in love, or expect to be, or are in love; you can really appreciate this tale.
The Fable of the Rah Rah Sport and the Primrose Path

With apologies to GEORGE ADE.
Illustrations
With apologies to JOHN T. McCUCHEON.

ALL the Regular Fellows called him Kewpie. He was as wide as he was tall and built, the fellows said, like a Brick Blockhouse, especially that part above his Neck. The Kewpie part of it was evident on the face of him, and after blinking at his Crowning Glory you would lay a Hundred, Fifty and Ten that some Cut-up had Redinked the Danderine Bottle.

Kewpie lived in a Flail Bedroom, but his Ambition was not confined to the four bare walls. It soared along the Primrose Path where the Gay Young Bloods wore Clawhammers, and Pumps and silken Paris Garters. He longed for the day when the Exclusive Fortnightly would slip him a Bid, and with a Regular Queen on his arm he would glide smoothly and gracefully down the Polished Boards. He knew he could Cut some Ice with the Janes once he got started, for he had heard Marie Johnson say that he was the Cutest Thing she had
The Fable of the Rah Rah Sport and the Primrose Path

ever seen and that he would make a Swell Mascot on the Radiator of her new Ford. But the Cash was Low and he didn’t wear out his Hobnails going to the phone to answer calls for Dates, so he spent long hours Chairwarming at Ownie’s. Here he could pick up the Chalk for the Regular Fellows, laugh at their Jokes and hold their Coats when they got ready to leave.

When one of the boys would ask him what time it was, he would tell himself that he was Getting Along Famously. He bought a Tie like Gregg Powell’s, used Ed Stanley’s brand of Tooth Powder and affected the Languid Droop of Herr Schlegel.

During the fall he saved his Dimes by the simple process of leaving them Home in the Dresser Drawer in the Sock that didn’t have a Hole in it, and by Christmas he had fully Four Six-Bits. And all the time he was Watching his Chance to make his Debut.

The Golden Opportunity came when on New Year’s Eve, in Kelley’s, P. Dink let slip that the Gay Young Bloods would gather that night at the Palace Cabaret. Kewpie burned the Cement to his room, and Ruthlessly emptied the Sock. Ten minutes later he emerged from his room with all the Luster of a Celluloid Finish and a Noisy Tie.

The lights of the cabaret seemed as Bright and as Dazzling to Kewpie as the Whole White Way. It looked like a Bad, Wicked place, that Cabaret, and all the Naughty people in town were there. There the Wild and Abandoned Company of Progressive Young Men had Flocked. All the Highlights of Rah-Rah Society were there and even a Bold Faculty Member has risked his Reputation at a Corner Table.

Kewpie pressed his nose against the cold glass of the window to get his Bearings before he should make his Entrance.
for a Cue. He found it. Before them were some dozens of empty Glasses.
Kewpie was not Wise to the fact that they were only Lemonade glasses. He
took the Cue but followed with the Wrong Lines. He held up two fingers
grandly, and the Aproned Menial Bowed and Scrapped before him.

"I say, Heinnie, slip us a couple 'o' Aviati-
ons, heavy on the Irish," he bellowed
in a Ten-Pound voice. "And before you
go, get this, keep the River Shannon
flowin' this Direction."

Every Rah-Rah in the place twisted
his Neck to get a Glim at Kewpie. Kewp
Glowed like a Redheaded Cherub, sure
now of his Entrance into the High-Light
Heaven of the Regular Guys.

After his Fourth Aviation he Confided
to Birdie that he was a Social Lion.
"Some Ly-in'," she muttered Thickly
in her Glass.

When next the Waiter Showed, Birdie
asked for Chicken-Soup.
"Reg'lar or for you?" asked the
Waiter.
"For me."
"Mum'm's?"
"Mum'm's."

Champagne was higher than Kewpie
had ever before Flown. His Four Six-
Bits looked Sick. But the world was
Primrose-Hued to Kewp. All the De-
sirables were smiling at him. At Him,
Kewpie was In—All In.

"Shay, Birdie. Lizzen," Kewpie
Drooped Picturesquely across the table.
"Let'sh get shum showveniers for the
boys Nisch Boys, all Friendsh of mine."

The Giddy Creature across the table
shook her finger at him as he Slipped the
sugarbowl into his Pocket. "Easy on
the Shop Lifting Stuff, Kiddo. S'long,
Think I'd better be beatin' it." Through

the Fog Kewpie waved her a Blithe Fare-
well.

The Proprietor weighed Two Hun-
dred. Over a Vast Expanse of Chest and
Expense of Stomach he Glowered at
Kewpie.

"Just a minute, Little Boy, let me look
in your Pockets."

The Proprietor's Glower Penetrated
the Fog.

"Whash y' shay?"

While his eyes Blinked Innocently
Kewpie's left hand Slipped Dexterously
into his Right pocket. The sugar bowl
Came Forth but the Sugar remained.
One by One he drew forth knives and
forks which formed a Hedge around the
Top of his Hobnailed Boots. Kewp
played the Innocent Young Thing and
showed the Proper Amount of Surprise
at each new Discovery. When the salts
and peppers shook down from his
sleeves, he was A-ghast. The Flagons
which were in Storage around his Mod-
est Thirty-two brought Bitter Tears to
his eyes—they were Empty. So, also,
was the Durkee Bottle in his vest pocket.

Ten Minutes later a Big Man with a
Blue Coat, Black Mustache and Big Feet,
helped Kewpie Climb the Unsteady
Boards of the Good Ship Palace. Poor
Kewp was carrying Considerable Candle-
power.

"Well, Brows, 'twould seem I'm
pinched."

Not an Eye Wobbled in his Direction.
His Voice grew Plaintive. "Aw, c'mon,
be good shipsh, dig me outa th' Cooler."

But None of the Regulars Knew him.

MORAL: The idea that an intimate
acquaintance with J. Barleycorn puts the
Gloss on a College Education went out
with Hoop Skirts.
HINTS ON FRATERNITIES FOR FRESHMEN

A fraternity is an organization of kindred souls gathered to promote something.

It isn't everyone who can promote, so some remain Barbs. So called because they are like barbed wires catching up promoters. (Note how they do it at elections.)

Every fraternity on the campus is the best one. Ask any member of the respective fraternities and they will tell you.

A rushee is a prince or a princess worthy of any favor before pledge day, then he or she becomes a lowly vassal, to serve and be humble—some fall.

The idea of the fraternity is to kid the rushee into thinking that he is a regular guy by telling of what a wiz he was in high school, or how he used to take on likker. When he is wearing a button he is told of what a farce he is and 18793 ways to make a man of himself.

Luella Logan doesn't object to kissing, only she spells it with an e and an I.

Daems: I'm tired. I haven't been able to sleep for four days.
Dreis: Have you tried property under Langmaid?

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The First Month
In which we take our pen in hand

4. Butte Miner given the Sentinel contract.
5. National literary fraternity formed on the campus.
6. Search for the star of "Her Husband's Wife."
7. The student council says "No trenches for Tug o' War, someone must get wet."
8. The Junior play: "Her Husband's Wife."
10. Temp wins the Buckley Oratorical contest, as usual.
11. Alice Jordan leads in serenading the dorm. "Oh, you don't need to know how to sing to serenade."
12. Spring has come.
13. Tom Busha and Arva go on their honeymoon.
14. No Forester dares show up on the campus. The Forestry Kaimin appears.
15. Miss Kidder begins the spring clean-up. All of the roughnecks are kicked out of the library.
16. Hooray! We win the tug of war.
17. We did, too. Let that go down to posterity.
18. Montana wins debate from Utah here, also debate with North Dakota at Grand Forks.
19. Kappa, Theta, Sigma Chi and Sigma Nu have initiations.
20. "Look for the red and white label." Steve has one of her famous Campbell soup parties.
21. Miss Stewart calls all picnics off unless properly chaperoned. What is "properly?"
22. Rule modified. No chaperone needed if we go in groups of two—couples.
23. Mass meeting led by Professor Leapheart. Aber Day originated.
24. Wind storm. Just our luck. All the rubbish is blown off the campus. May be no need for Aber day?
25. Girls' basketball team wins from Helena. Dance at the gym.
27. Illustrated talk on Japan.
28. Why mention such an unimportant thing as that Friruff got a haircut?
29. It was worth thirty-five cents. Some sensation.
30. Miss Stewart and girls CLASH on new self government organization.
Is Jimmie Adamson registered here this semester?
Well, he registered—a kick—and he left.

Verne: Come on, Toot, I see a bad storm coming. Let's call up the Theta house and go on a picnic.

Wanted—Lease on the telephone. Joe Townsend.

“What did you do when you became engaged?”
“I kissed her where she stood.”
“Hm-m-m, a sole kiss.”

Did I understand that your father was a planter?
Yes.
What kind?
Undertaker.

Bill Kane, the tenderfoot:
Let's move away from these mountains, it's too hot here.
Leb: You poor nut, it's cool here.
Bill: No chance. How can it be cool close to a range?

1. Girls go to hear the Glee Club. "Paul Bachelor could sing the heart out of any girl."
2. Ex-Vice President Fairbanks talks at Convocation.
3. Run sheep run on the campus.
4. Easter. We go to church. It's funny what new clothes will do.
5. Vacation. Fancy dress party at Dorm.
6. Glee Club members appear in “Cut 'er loose” hats. Ann Rector on seeing Worry in his new hat, "Did I ever fall for that?"
7. Worry appears in his old hat. I wonder why?
8. Moose Griffith appointed manager of May Carnival.
9. Madam Sandal’s recital.
10. Toot Hopper went on a Japanese tea party at Honolulu. (We had to mention Toot so that he would pay his class dues.)
11. Picnics. Rain. How can a tree shelter two?
12. Scandal! A ladder is discovered at Mamie McJilton’s window.
13. Rain, rain, rain.
15. A. S. U. M. night at the Star theater. Low brows pack the house.
16. Aber Day. Baptism of the lazy
17. Glee Club returns from Hamilton.
18. We have found the wood pile. It's alive with wood-ticks. It's back of the Journalism building. On moonlight nights—well, that doesn't go in the Kalanadr.
20. (Fill in to suit yourself.)
21. Singing on the steps.
22. Law banquet at the Palace in honor of Judge Clayberg.
23. Boilermaker’s Ball at Elite hall.
24. Hawthorne picnic.
25. Fusser’s commence making the spring trips to the M.
26. Horst: Professor Ayer, may I be so inconsiderate, please, as to interpose a question at this point?
27. Y. W. picnic at Greenough park.
28. There are only gentlemen on the campus today. The foresters have left for the Blackfoot for their field work.
29. Baseball with Pullman. Game temporarily called on account of rain.
30. Iota Nu formal. Fay Fairchild, “And there was I awaiting at the church,” Doc took all of the girls home but Fay.
AT THE DANCE

First Student: Ann Rector is putting on airs tonight.

Second Student: I hope so, she needs more on.

Every Sunday at the Dorm is a nut-Sunday.

Say, I hear that Shorty owns an interest in a railroad.

How's that?

I heard he had an interest in a trunk line.

Nope. He owns part of an express wagon.

Bum on the Street: Give me a nickle please, sir; I haven't got a cent.

Vance: Go on, you have, I can smell it.

P. Dink: (Winking at the light while he waits for M. to appear): Well, it's between the two of us, one or the other of us gets put out tonight.

1. Strawberries and cream at the Dorm. Jitney dance for the benefit of the track team at the gym.
2. Glee Club returns. Big reception at the station.
4. Glee Club concert at the Missoula Theater.
5. Prexy announces that there will be no school Friday.
6. Big rehearsal of May fete. Singing on steps.
11. Interscholastic students begin to come.
12. Interscholastic events begin.
13. Women's league tea for the visitors. (Business of showing them a good time.)
14. Jolly up dance in the gym. Thank Heaven it's over.
15. Idaho track meet.
16. We sleep.
17. Hawthorne reviews Montana's customs and traditions.
18. Conference meeting of Y. W.
19. Art exhibit and tea in the lab. (Editor's note: I feel it is necessary to put in "damn" among these teas and things.)
20. Cramming commences.
22. Theta reception at Elks' Temple.
23. Waiters plan the dinner at the Dorm.
26. Midsummer Night's Dream. We have to hand it to you, girls.
27. Singing on the steps.
28. 1916 Sentinel appears. Hasha Hasha Hasha Fraternity has a banquet.
29. Junior Prom.
30. Cramming.
31. Party for Betty Kreis. "Goodbye boys, I'm through."
THE BOYS
The Fourth Month

The annual flood of tears at the Dorm.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Florence: I want to be a Bachel, Cook Orr Crowe. Hoel do?

Prof: What is the difference between house and home?
Bright Stude: House is where you go when the Prof lets you out of class. Home is where you go when he kicks you out.

Soph. (Wisely): That fellow that broke into the music store the other night must have been a journalist student.
Frosh: Why?
Soph: Didn't he take notes?

1926 A. D.

Former Member of Bo Club, after knocking at door: "Say, are you de sky-pilot?"
Minister: "I am a minister of the gospel."
Bo: "It's like dis. Me and me pal, Jay, was ramblin' west on the guts of a rattler. Jay slipped a hand hold and greased a rail. I want you to come down and do the talkin'.'
AT SYRACUSE GAME

Co-Ed: My feet are cold.
Dr. Elrod (handing her a Kaimin): Wrap your feet in this. It's a hot sheet.

She (trying to get rid of him): I really ought to go upstairs and have a bath.
He: Don't let's talk of such tropical subjects. They fail to interest me.
She: Alien subjects usually do.

Frosh (innocently): Do you like chickens?
Peeker: S-h-h! Grace might hear you.

ON TO PULLMAN
(all the facts be known)

15. About two hundred and odd freshmen make their appearance.
16. We give them the once over.
17. Classes begin. Girl's mixer at the "Dorm."
18. Y. W., Y. M. mixer. No dancing. "Kin I sign your card?"
20. The students return. The freshmen go to church. So does Riordan.
22. Benefit at the Alcazar.
23. University closed that students may attend State Fair. We all go Patty Canyon.
26. Varsity Brown thinks he was held up. The thug took everything but his fraternity pin and said, "I don't want that, I'm a Sigma Chi myself."
27. Hawthorne elects officers.
28. Frosh defy the Sophs, if you don't believe it read their posters.
29. Singing on the steps.
30. Football convocation. "Pep" begins to come into evidence.
THE DILEMMA OF THE YOUNG ATTORNEY

He can't get a client until he wins a suit; he can't win a suit till he gets a client.

Patsy: Have you some lysol?
Helen N.: Yes, do you want some?
Patsy: What color is it?
Helen: White.
Patsy: Oh, I never use anything but "Red" on my lips.

Clark (in the barber's chair): Throw some towels on my face! Give me a massage! Quick!
Eddie, the barber: Why all the speed?
Clark: That's Prof. Ayer over there. I cut a class this morning and I don't want him to see me.

THE OLD STORY.

Mail,
Kale,
Ale,
Bail.

1. Stag round up. Y. M. blows for doughnuts and cider.
2. Montana wins from Moscow.
3. Keepers of the Kalandar went on a picnic.
4. The girls find, "It has been a long and lonesome day, dear, and all because of you." Who wrote that?
5. Students watch football team workout before trip.
7. New faculty members presented to student body at convocation.
9. Frosh win interclass football game.
10. The girls get away with 563 doughnuts at the dorm.
11. Dr. E. C. Elliott named Chancellor by the State Board of Education.
13. The Grizzlies return from the Dakotas.
14. Convocation honors the team. Professor Smith springs his new marching song.
15. McHaffie starts on his quest for class dues.
17. Ed Stanley was sober. He says so himself.
18. Hanley elected vice-president of A. S. U. M.
19. Delinquent slips make their appearance.
20. Football squad appears in gray jerseys. Tommy Rowe disowns them.
21. Lansing in his Dodge runs down Urey on his bicycle.
22. Sophomore Freshman dance.
23. Annual Dorm Formal.
24. Kappa Kappa Gammas do their washing.
25. The Thetas take a fraternity jeweler for a freshman. "I like it, girls, I like it."
26. Farewell convocation for President Craighead and "College Chums" takes on a deeper meaning.
27. Paul Revere stunt pulled at the Dorm.
28. Singing on steps. Frank Longeway gets a steak.
30. First case of dormitis started. It spreads. Savage and Ethel Roche taken down with a bad case.
31. My last night as monitor—hooray. Gladys.
“There’s a guy down there working a skin game.”
“We’d better get him pinched.
What kind of a game is he running, a regular skin game?”
“Yep—face massage.”

HER FIGURE

“He fell in love with her figure.”
No wonder, for she was a peach.
He shook at the thought of proposing,
She seemed so far out of reach.

“He fell in love with her figure.”
She was constantly in his thoughts.
No wonder he loved her so wildly—
Her figure was one and six naughts!
—Ex.

“Just had my picture taken for the Sentinel.”
“Got the proofs?”
“No, you’ve got to take my word for it.”

She (suspiciously): You kiss as though you were an old hand at it.
He (suspiciously): How do you know.

1. Max begins cutting the poplars.
2. Picnics up spring gulch. Charcoal and pitch fight.
3. Mac appears with Junior peanuts.
4. Rally at train to send Grizzlies off for W. S. C.
5. Dorm girls give first “at home.”
6. Hobby party at the Dorm.
7. Jimmy and I have a fight—Gladys. (Editor’s note: There is some mistake, this must be from your personal diary.)
8. Hoboes hit the ties on the way home.
9. Snowstorm comes. We feel for those boys riding the blinds.
10. Beauty contest begins. Hoboes return; 47 hours on two doughnuts.
11. Sentinel pictures being taken at the Colville studio. (Just to bring back that bitterness.)
13. Centerville beaten by the Grizzlies. Score? We couldn’t count that high.
14. We decide to leave out Sundays.
16. Frosh begin work on their game stunts.
17. Co-eds decide to put up a women’s building.
18. Storm door put up at the Dorm. Fuslers thankful.
20. Kids party at the Dorm.
21. Remember what we said about Sundays.
22. Webb Jones returns.
26. Oh, we knew it all the time. Eastern papers don’t believe it.
27. Campus deserted.
28. Forty-eight University students come down on the Bitter Root train.
29. Re-hash still on.
30. One hundred and forty-three delinquents.
In which we go home and see the old girl

A woodpecker lit on a freshman’s head
And settled down to drill;
He bored away for half a day,
And finally broke his bill.
—Ex.

When a bunch of fellows talk about the good old days, put it down that they mean the nights.

Her: I wonder how it feels to have whiskers on one’s face.
Him: Aw, pshaw, I just had a shave.—Ex.

Speaking of whiskers—will someone kindly answer: When a man with whiskers goes to bed at night does he let them hang over or tuck them under the covers?

There was a fair creature named Mabel.
(It’s not the gag of the table),
She kicked, so they say,
(No not in that way),
She kicked a hole in the stable.

1. Sigma Chi smoker for visitors here for the game.
2. Convocation: Football jubilee and speeches.
3. New dance laws passed by Faculty. No more robber dances.
4. Dancing party at Craig Hall. Mr. Wilson had to send the boys home.
5. We have a fudge party at the Dorm, but everyone else gets the fudge.
7. Social Welfare League formed. The campus is going dry.
8. Chancellor Elliott visits and is visited.
9. Y. W. Tag day. Your life or your dime.
10. Theta dinner and dance.
12. Click Clark elected captain of football team.
13. Faculty dine at domestic science lab.
14. Final debate tryouts.
15. Hi Jinx.
16. We all go home.
In Kelley's

First Law Student: You cutting class today, too?
Second Law Student: Yes, it's too nice out to go.
First L. S.: Let's shoot a game of pool.
Second L. S.: I'm on.

Waiter, what makes this water warm?
I think it's been running, ma'am.

"Gee, but I had a funny dream last night."
"I know. I saw you with her."—Ex.

3. Scribblers Club granted charter of Theta Sigma Phi.
4. Short course forestry men begin work today.
5. Return of Co-eds makes motorman's life happy again.
8. Word received that "Aggies" have adopted the name of "Bobcats."
   Bruins win from Helena High.
9. "Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and the days of Auld Lang Syne?"
11. Howling storm siezes campus in icy clutch.
12. Nothing went right around the campus—everybody grumpy. That's the question.
13. Advertisers edition of the Kaimin. Staff took a rest, so we had no news.
14. Kappa Kappa Gamma formal at the Florence Hotel and Elks.
15. Kappa Alpha Theta entertained at a matinee leap year dance at the Florence.
16. Another one of those dreary Sundays, when everyone sought a fire place.
17. Traditions upset in forestry mixer. Huh?
18. And we heard the statement, "the great American art of using your brain. Few of us have none.
20. Colors of sweaters changed by students. Sweaters to be maroon with silver "M," gold arm band.
21. Twenty-minute-to-eleven Club held its thirteenth meeting—further information may be gotten from R. D. J. or C. H. G.
22. Shoes, shoes, shoes; but the Twenty-minute-to-eleven Club didn't adjourn.
23. Those who didn't have a fire-place went to a show or church.
24. Week of examinations started, of course everybody was studying, including the Sentinel staff.
25. Everything comes at once—blizzard and exams.
26. Sentinel staff didn't have time to work.
27. "Blank."
28. Sigma Chi formal postponed because of blizzards.
29. University students make a raid on whipped cream chocolates.
30. Some of the grades are gotten. Outlook for pledge day doubtful.
31. Pledge day.
Kaimin Cub: What shall I head this story about the two peroxide blondes who threw a fit at the game Saturday?
Editor: Why, you poor boob, just say, "The bleachers went wild." —Ex.

Bill Kane (inspecting Moore's room): Say, Moore, why don't you have a few pennants on the walls.
Moore: No chance, they'd flag my train of thought.

Fritz: How do the sausage happen to be so tasty today?
Hans: Oh, one of the neighbors gave me a pointer.—Ex.

1. Registration Day.
2. More registration.
3. Blizzard from Hellgate.
4. No water at Craig Hall.
5. Aggies at Bozeman refuse to renew athletic relations.
6. W. S. C. basketball game—we lose.
7. W. S. C. basketball game—we win.
8. Training for track commences.
9. Athletic ball. Who wore a dress suit?
10. Sentinel staff is too busy to be sociable, we are all bears.
11. Everyone swims for lack of a boat.
12. Valentine sends all kinds of mail to the Dorm.
14. Two hundred University men attend the get-together luncheon.
15. Charter day celebration. Lumber jack dance at the Gym.
16. Everyone limps around. We wonder why.
17. Professor Jesse falls downstairs.
18. Columbia University challenged to debate.
20. The boys are finding what it means to be asked to a dance the last minute.
21. Leap Year dance at the Elks' Hall.
22. The Corbin's Leap Year dance.
23. Sneak day. We dance all day.
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