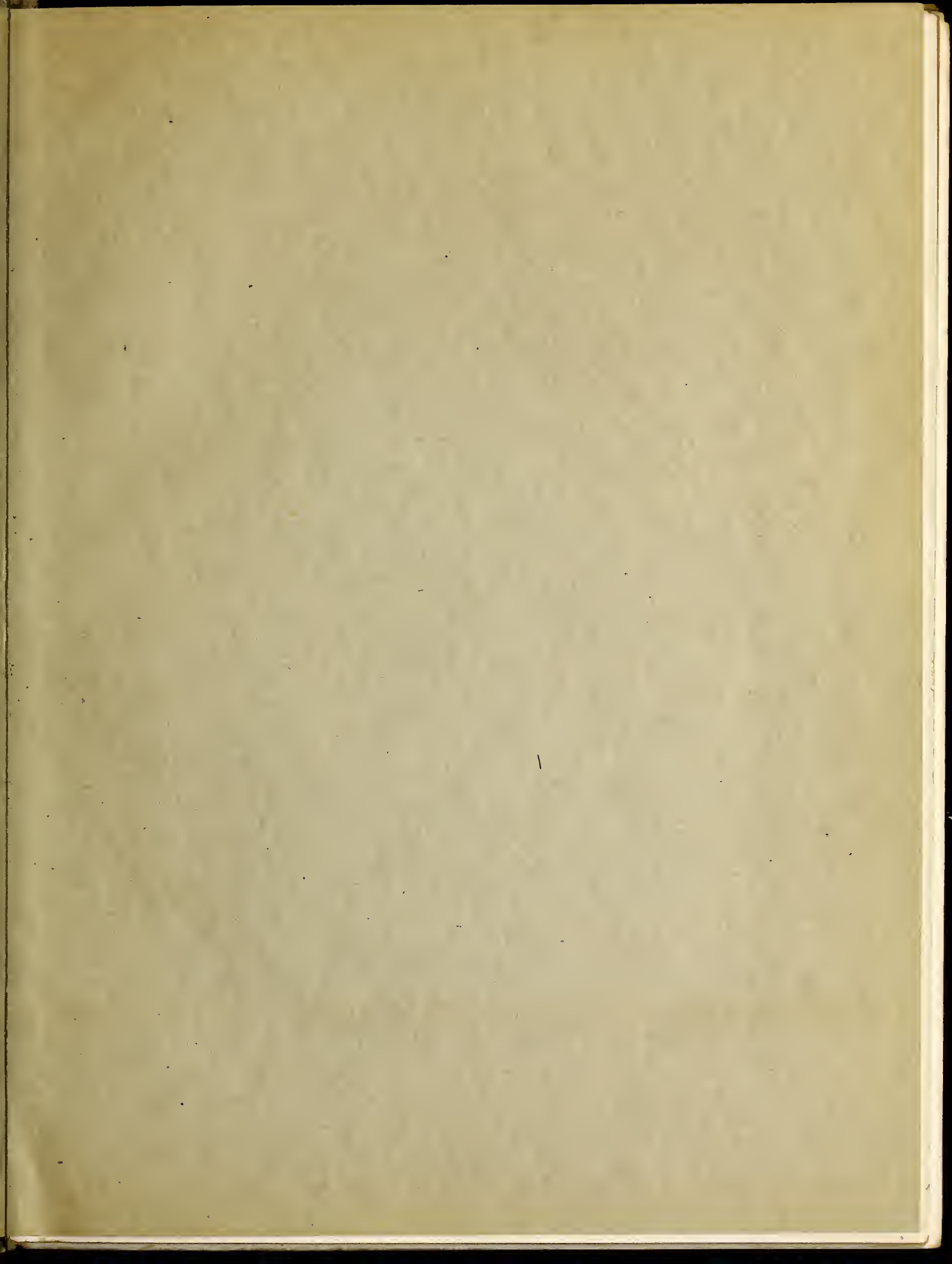
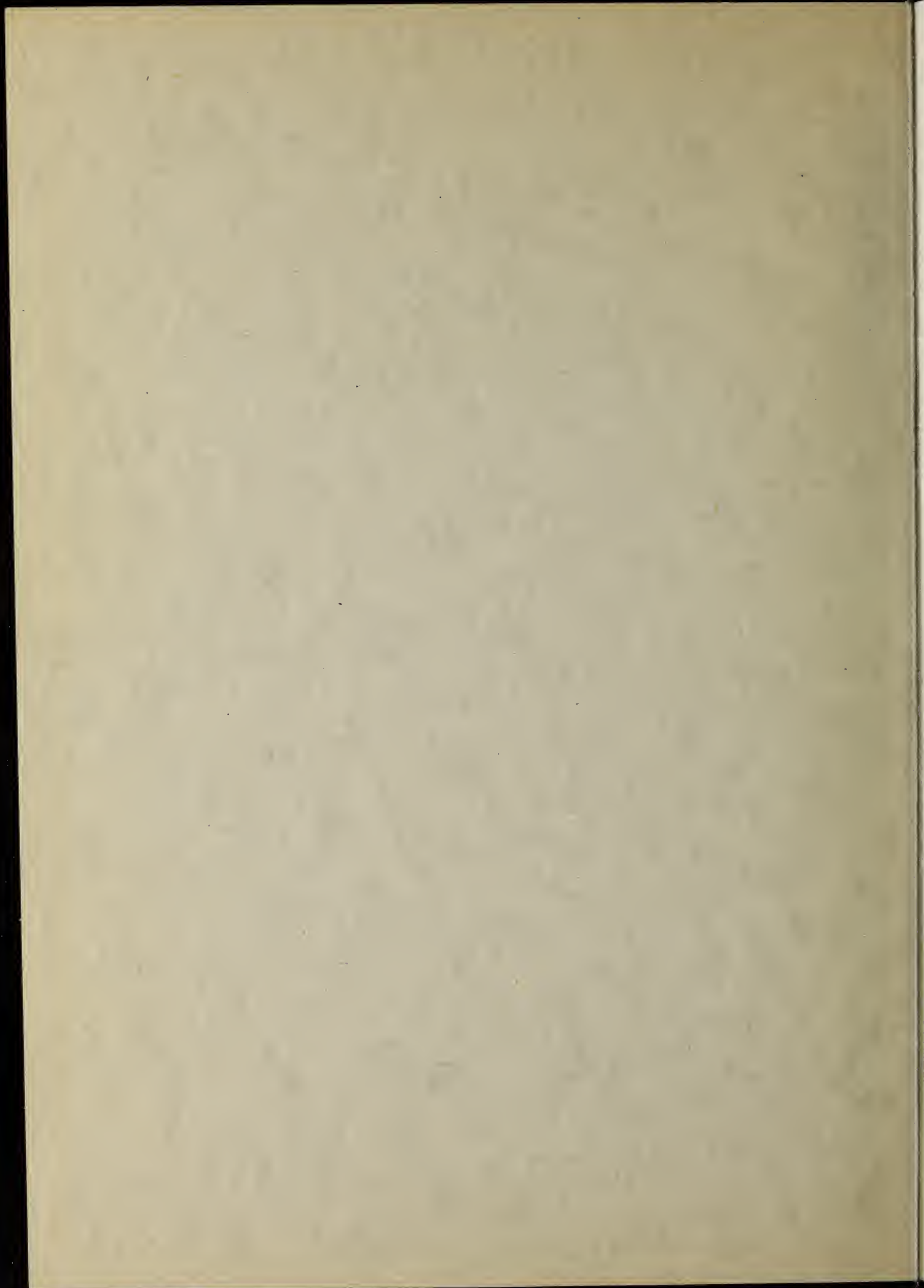
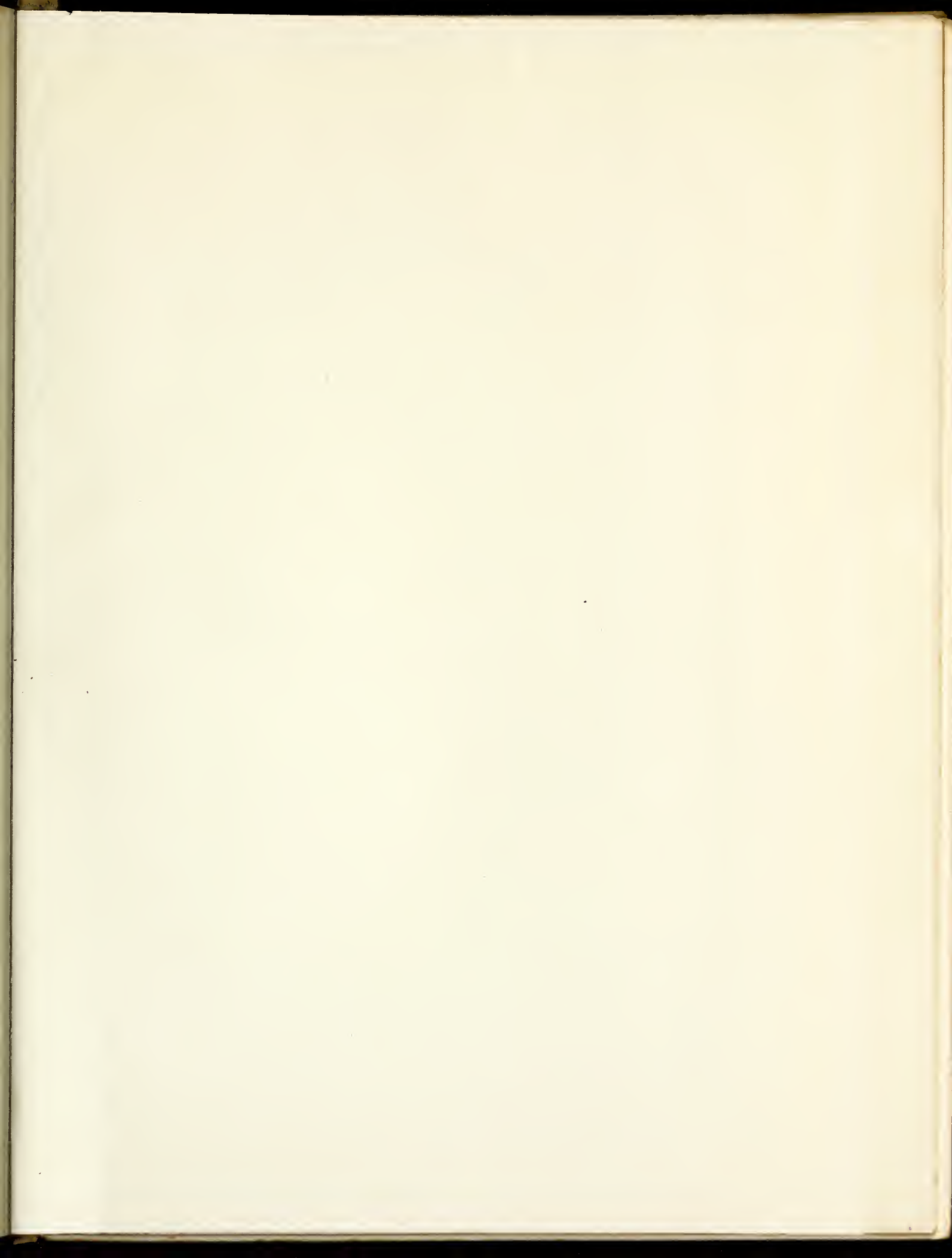


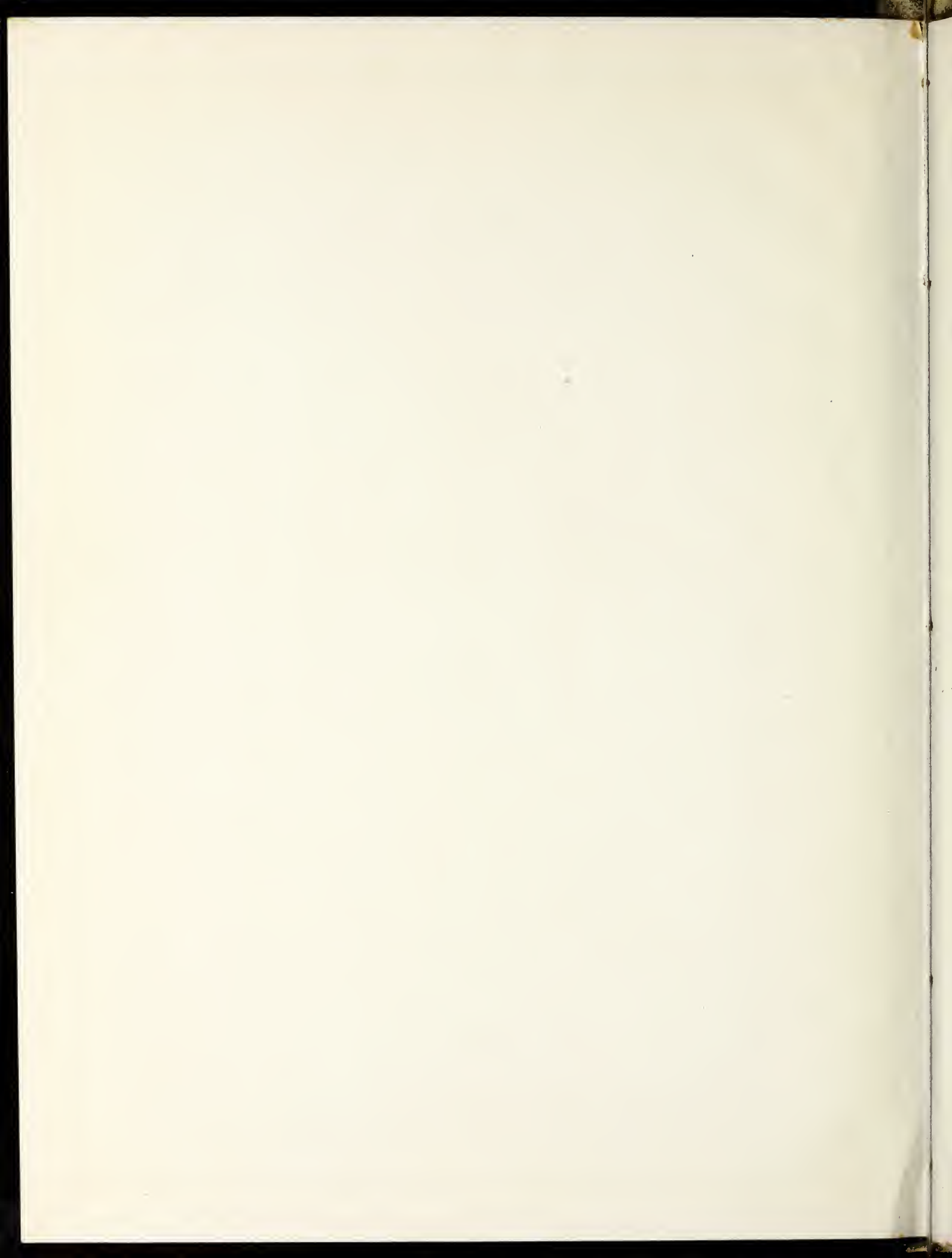
PRICKLY PEAR

18









THE



IN

FULL BLOOM



PUBLISHED BY

STUDENT-BODY

MONTANA WESLEYAN COLLEGE

TO THE
NINETEEN SONS
OF MONTANA WESLEYAN

WHO ARE NOW IN THE

COUNTRY'S SERVICE

WE GLADLY DEDICATE THE
PRICKLY PEAR OF
1918



Lieutenant Francis I. Moats.
Lieutenant Sidney Kain.
Lieutenant William B. Neville.
Lieutenant Howard Smith.
Sergeant Fred Steuernagel.
Sergeant Ralph Boid.
Corporal Harry Kain.

Privates:

Selden Tracy
Iden Rasmussen
Jack Clark
Francis Haines
Edgar Ashmead
John Greer
Howard Hunter
Carl Knudsen
Alvin Canole
James Hart
Robert Thomson
David Crane

Note: These names represent student and faculty members who have been in the college during the past two years.





FOREWORD



The Fourth Edition of the "Prickly Pear" is in your hands, and we hope it will merit your unqualified approval. We were sorry you were not in our office when we arranged the order of the various organizations as they appear in the following pages, for we value your opinion. We disliked to place Athletics before the paneled pictures of the Freshmen but the latter had taken up five pages of this book already and we didn't want to make it appear as a Freshman almanac.

In printed and pictured page we have endeavored to prepare a memory book for you of the days you spent on the campus and in doing so we have tried to picture life as it is really lived. We know you like the size of the book much better than you did in the previous editions and we trust the annual is increasing in quality as rapidly as the college is growing.

The Editors

— GREETINGS —



to the students of our school, and to the great army of splendid young people of which they are such worthy representatives, we bring kindest greetings. Yours is a task unlike any the world has hitherto faced. The world must be remade. Old standards are being swept aside. They have failed to save civilization from disintegration and irreparable loss. New standards must be set up, and a new pattern provided after which the new world shall be made. What shall the pattern be? It is for you, dear young people, to determine. You must build better than your fathers did. There must be a virile Christianity at the bottom of the structure, a Christianity after the type presented by the great Master of men. The Christian College faces a supreme opportunity. You are to be congratulated upon having chosen to fit yourselves for life's duties in such an atmosphere. That you may be thoroughly prepared for the highest usefulness in this epochal age is the wish of your friend,

Leon H. Sweetland







THE ANNUAL BOARD



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HELENA HALL.

Show me the ranger who doesn't love the pine tree;
Show me the maiden who doesn't love the rose;
Show me the son or the daughter of Wesleyan;
Who doesn't love the place where the Prickly Pear grows.

PREXBY PLAZA



MILLS HALL



PROPOSED DORMITORY FOR WOMEN

We're out for a fight, Wesleyan;
We're Red and the White, Wesleyan;
We'll back you to stand 'gainst the best in the land,
For we know you have sand Wesleyan. Bah! Bah!



MOUNT HELENA FROM KLEIN CAMPUS

**So smash that blockade, Wesleyan;
So crashing ahead, Wesleyan;
Our team is our fame protector, on boys,
For we expect a touchdown for Wesleyan.**





LEON H. SWEETLAND
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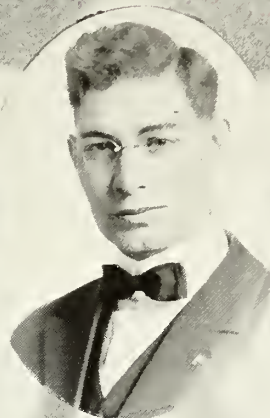


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Department of Education.

HERBERT C. JONES
M. A.
Department of Mathematics

LYDIA EMERSON
Dean of Women

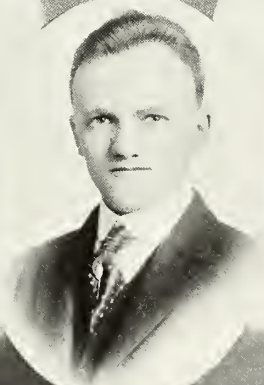
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Department of Commerce



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B. S.
Department of Home
Economics
Instructor in Violin



FRED W. KELSER
B. Mus.
Instructor in Voice

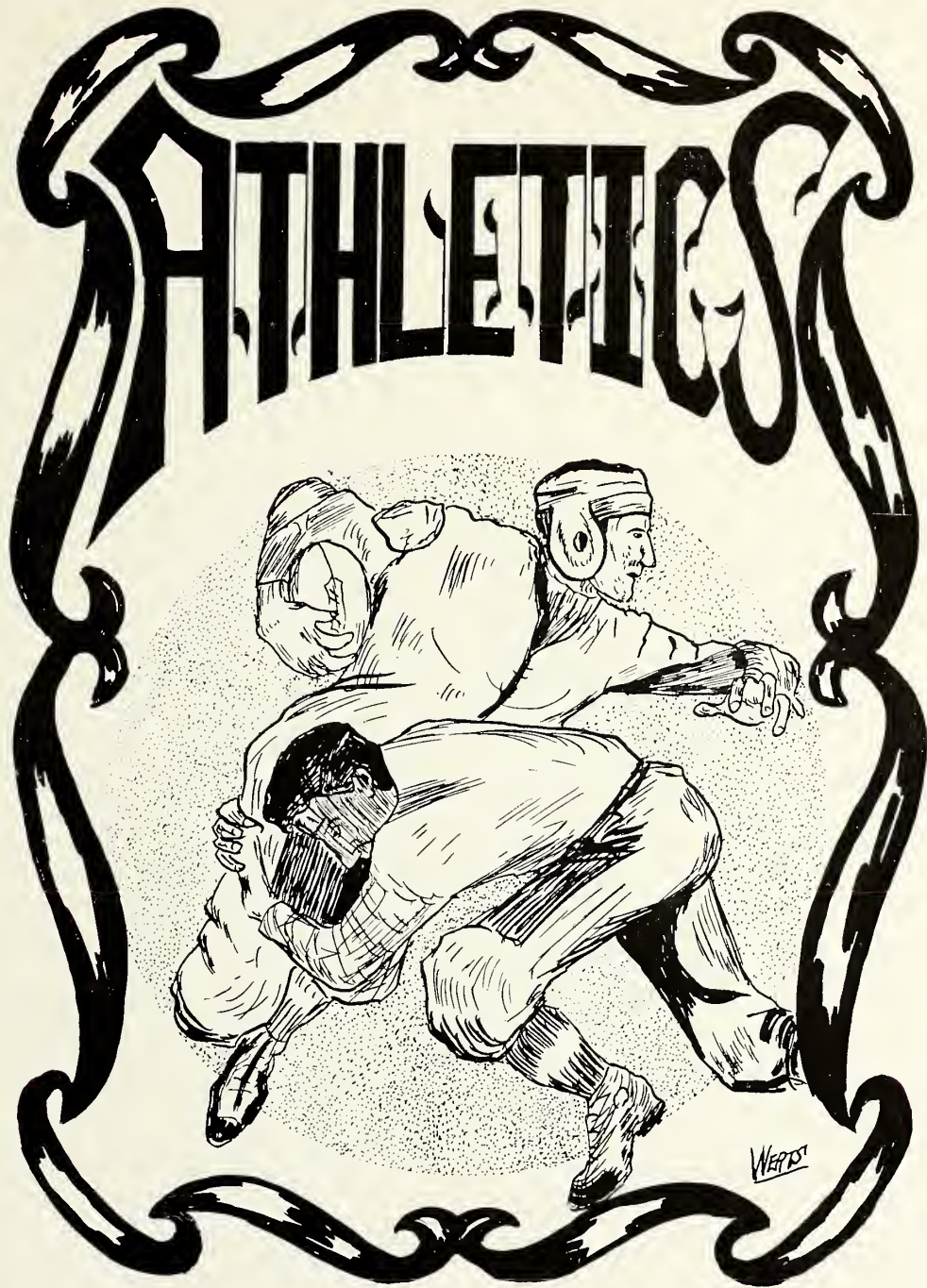




AGNES MARY HOLLISTER
B. Mus.
Directory of Conservatory
of Music

MARY R. L. McCULLOUGH
Instructor in English

RACHEL B. TRUMBO
Instructor in Dramatic Arts



COACH LEMON

The written history of any college is but the record of deeds accomplished. In order that the history be true and complete it is indeed just that the makers of that history be given credit for the work they have done and for the foundations they have laid.

Of all activities of college life the one that sums up the real life of the college is the record of its athletic triumphs.

Mr. Allan C. Lemon came to Wesleyan from Culbertson, leaving the superintendency of the Culbertson schools for a place on our Faculty. While at that place he put Culberston—a small high—on the map in Athletics.

Mr. Lemon is indeed a real coach. The reason for this is the *man*. In his college days he played quarter-back on Morningside's Football team, was captain of the track team and a member of the basket-ball squad. The matter of fact is that he excelled in athletics, which is proven by the large number of records that he made; that he excelled in debate; that he excelled in scholarship; that he proved himself an all-around student, a thorough sportsman and a perfect gentleman.

These high, noble qualities of manhood he brought with him to Wesleyan. They are a part of his life because his movements are actuated with lofty purposes made safe by soundness of mind. He was able to do for Wesleyan the very thing that was needed—the establishment of real athletics.

He labored for a football team that would bring Wesleyan to recognition with the best colleges of the West and would have gone "over the top" with his expectations had not the city of Helena been quarantined. Taking hold of the basketball situation he moulded a team that tied for the State's Interscholastic Championship and is at present developing the nucleus of a star team in track activities.

Lastly let it be said that to Mr. Lemon, our coach, we are indeed thankful for the work that he has wrought. We admire his ability to manage men, to develop team work, and to instill into those with whom he works the same elements that have made him—a coach.



FOOTBALL



CAPTAIN M. E. VanDEMARK

The football squad of last year in its election of a leader for 1918, unanimously chose Martin E. VanDemark for the position. That its confidence was well placed is shown by the fact that under his leadership a team of first class caliber was developed. As a leader Van set a good example for his men as a fast and heady player and a consistent ground gainer. He never asked of his men that which he did not do himself. His ability to cooperate with the coach and to keep harmony in his team are marked characteristics of the successful captain. Van's place will be hard to fill on the team next fall.



THE SQUAD 1917

SEASON 1917

The season opened with excellent prospects for a successful year with a squad of about thirty candidates. Although it was the first year of football for many years a large number of candidates showed first class calibre. A fine schedule of five games was arranged including a Thanksgiving Day contest with Mt. St. Charles. After practicing faithfully and consistently and developing into a first class machine the squad was much disappointed in having the season broken up by the Scarlet Fever epidemic which quarantined the city. It so happened that one game was played and that with Billings Polytechnic at Billings on November 3rd. The calibre of the team was shown by the fact that the experienced Polytechnic eleven was out-played—in this Wesleyan's first game. The game resulted in a score of 0-0, after the ball had been in the Poly's territory most of the time.

The remaining games on the schedule were cancelled by order of the State Board of Health.

Captain Van DeMark, leader of the squad, played a half back position. His playing was marked by dash and speed and an ability to get into every play. Against Billings he was easily the star in carrying the ball through or around the line.

Dad Werts was our stand-by at center and a tower of strength at the position. Having had much experience at football he was a veritable stone-wall on defense and a plunging rhinoceros on offense. In the critical point of the Billings game Dad saved the day by holding the Poly team for downs.

HOWELL played fullback throughout the season and displayed a good deal of headwork and metal in this position. He was particularly strong on defense—repeatedly ripping up the Poly's plays before they had gained headway. His toe is responsible for the fine work in the booting department.

SWEENY was a veritable whirlwind at both end and half. He was one of the most promising men on the whole squad. His fighting spirit and tackling ability is seldom equalled on any team. As a half back he would bid fair to make the All-State.

HAGEN playing at quarter, gave the team the finish of a well-oiled machine. Always displaying a great amount of accuracy and quickness of movement he put pep and dash into his team-mates. His

never failing ability to receive the forward pass made him the dread of his opponents.

DEKAY held down the half back position. His speed and weight marked him as a man of ability. Injuries to his knee made him unable to show his real worth.

HART was a hardworking mate with Sweeny at end. He was always in the game putting his entire soul into every play. He displayed the ability of a real end at smashing interference and very few gains were ever made around Jim's end.

HUNTER played guard and end in the Poly game and was a consistent hard working player. He was a general utility man, always holding down his position with much credit.

SMEDSTAD, the fighting Norwegian, was in every play though often with a much damaged nose. His tackling in the Billings game was a feature. He was as game a tackle as ever stopped a smash.

McGINNIS, the other tackle, for bucking the line has never been equalled by any other Montana brone. He hit his opponent like a cyclone and gives promise of developing into one of the hardest charging men in the state.

BOID was a standby at the guard position. He could always be counted on to do his part in making the line impregnable. Always cool and deliberate he was never drawn into a fake play. His former training in football gave him the needed knowledge in helping to cement the line.

MAYBERRY substituted in the Billings game at guard. He was one of the most consistent and hard-training men on this year's squad. Mayberry will be one of the most dependable men on next year's team.

Gonser, Lane, and Crane, substitutes, while not making a regular berth on the team, displayed much ability and should be towers of strength for next year.

The second string men deserve much credit for the success of the first team. By their faithful training and hard playing they were able to pound the first team men into shape. The work of the scrubs is never enjoyable, but the second team men this year showed the real Wesleyan spirit by their loyalty and faithfulness.



SPRING PRACTICE 1918



CAPTAIN-ELECT GEORGE HOWELL

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1918

October 5, Butte Central at Helena.

October 19. Mt. St. Charles College on Wesleyan Field.

October 26, Billings Polytechnic at Helena.

November 16, Butte Central in Butte.

November 28, Mt. St. Charles Collge on St. Charles field.

BASKET BALL



CAPTAIN THOMAS A. GONSER

The selection of Thomas A. Gonser, of Belt, for leadership of the basketball squad was a particularly fitting one. Gonser's experience on the Belt high school team stood him in good stead and made him one of the stongest men on the team this year. At forward he was speedy and accurate. He led his team on field goals scored, caging a total of 51 baskets in the nine games played. It was due to Gonser's work more than to that of any other man on the team that the season was so successful.



BASKET BALL TEAM

SEASON 1913

The past season in basketball was one of the most successful Wesleyan has ever had. A total of nine games were played, seven of them resulting in victories by decisive scores. The first and last games were lost by five and six points respectively. The game with Townsend was lost to them on their own floor, before the team had well started the season. The last game was lost to Mt. St. Charles after Cass had been called away from school and the team work of the Wesleyan five demoralized.

Beginning the season with individual players, Wesleyan's chances were not bright. Scarlet fever prevented a game with Whitman College and other early season contests. After starting however, the team settled down to machine-like precision and showed a class of basketball, hardly thought possible in the first season of working together.

Gonser, as captain and forward, displayed excellent form in basket shooting and in speedy all around floor work. With DeKay, who played the other forward, an accuracy of passing and shooting was developed seldom equalled on a basketball court.

De Kay, a consistent twin for Gonser, was strong as a traveling floor man and as an accurate shot in caging the ball.

Cass, at center, was one of the hardest players on the team. His consistent following of the ball prevented many scores by his opponents, and made it possible for him to feed his forwards, accounting in a measure for their large number of baskets.

Van DeMark, at guard was fast and aggressive. His work was exceptional, in all the games. He was a consistent follower of his opponent and very successful in breaking up plays. He often turned the tide of victory by a basket at an opportune time.

Mayberry, as basket guard, got into the scoring very little himself, but his excellent passing to his forwards made victory often possible. He was particularly strong at breaking up the opponent's plays.

McConnell, held down the center position after Cass left school. While new in the game, he was high scorer in the Poly game, and showed much ability. He should develop into a star man next year.

Hunter, as substitute, did not take part in any games. He displayed excellent form however and would, no doubt, have held a regular position by the end of the season had he not joined the marines.



FRESHMEN BASKETBALL TEAM

Winners of Tournament

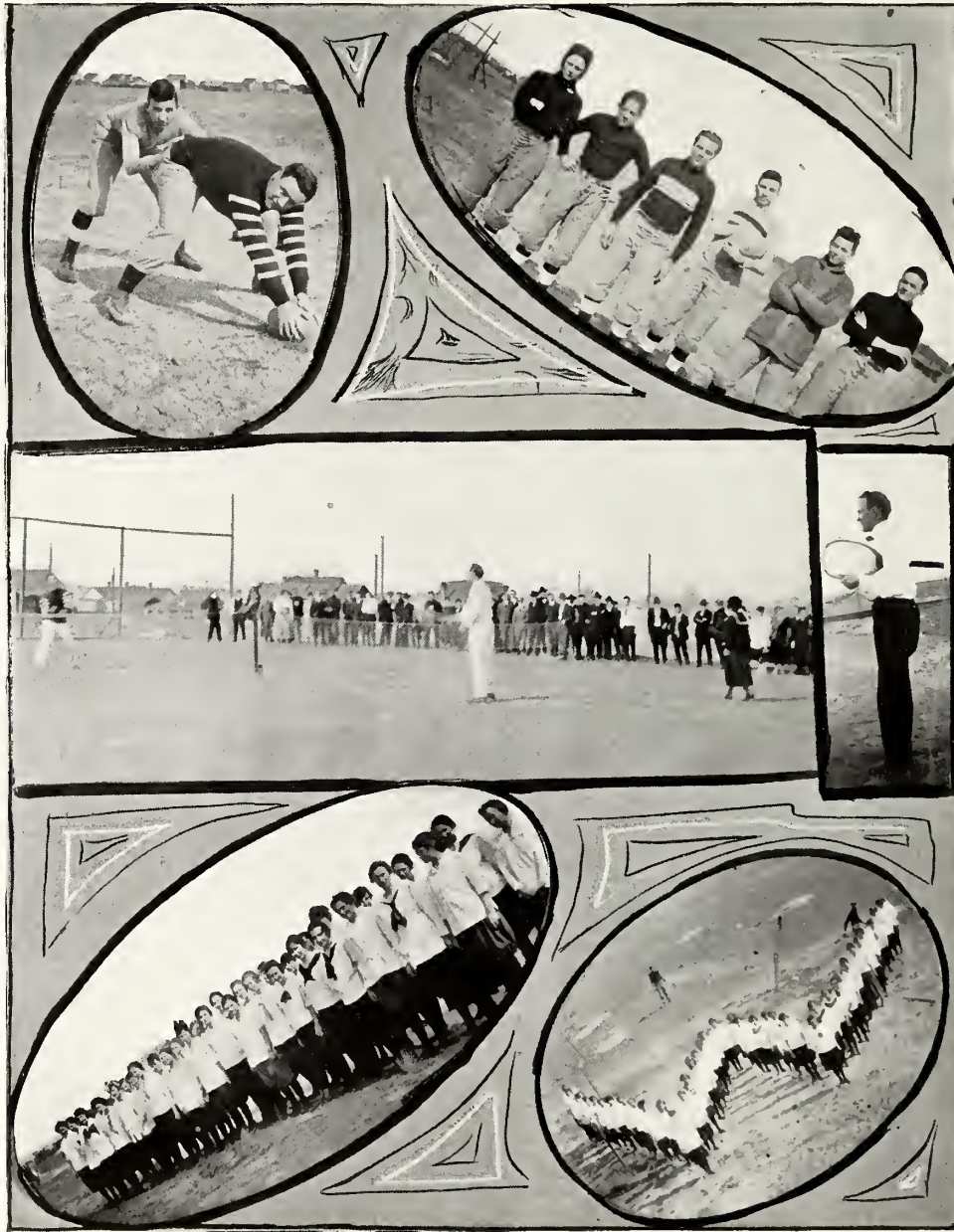
Senior-Junior vs Freshmen Firsts	} Freshmen	} Freshmen
Faculty vs Freshmen Seconds	} Faculty	
Commercial vs Academy Fresh	} Commercial	} Freshmen
Academy Senior-Junior vs Academy Sophs	} Academy Sen.-Jun.	
		} Commercial

SUMMARY OF SEASON.

Jan. 19	Wesleyan	20	Townsend	25
Jan. 25	Wesleyan	34	Helena "Y"	20
Feb. 3	Wesleyan	26	Helena "Y"	20
Feb. 10	Wesleyan	47	Helena K. C.	13
Feb. 18	Wesleyan	31	Helena "Y"	14
Feb. 20	Wesleyan	43	Mt. St. Charles.....	17
Feb. 27	Wesleyan	47	Helena K. C.....	36
Mar. 2	Wesleyan	31	Billings Poly	19
Mar. 6	Wesleyan	32	Mt. St. Charles.....	38
	Wesleyan	311	Opponents	201

INDIVIDUAL SUMMARY.

Name	Position	Games	Field goals	Free throws	Points
Gonser	Forward	9	51	10	112
DeKay	Forward	9	47	29	123
Cass	Center	6	9	0	18
McConnell	Center	4	7	0	14
Van DeMark	Guard	9	18	0	36
Mayberry	Guard	9	4	0	8



TRACK



CAPTAIN LANE

By winning the cross-country run in fast time, Horace M. Lane demonstrated his ability as a track man and received the captaincy from his track mates for the season of 1918. He has made a good leader and track work as a sport has become a feature of sport life at Wesleyan. Lane runs the middle distances. He is one of the hardest workers and the most consistent trainer in school.

Bob Kopriva was chosen by the academy men as their leader for this season. He promises to be one of the best track men in the state in a few years. This year he has been the fastest sprinter in Wesleyan and holds the school record in the shorter distances.



BOB KOPRIVA
Academy Track Captain



TRACK SQUAD OF 1918

SEASON OF 1918.

Track work made its initial appearance at Wesleyan this year. A late cold spring handicapped the men in their work-outs and made it impossible to hold dual meets with other schools. Due to the lateness of the season the Home Meet and the College-Academy Meet had not yet been held when the Annual went to press. A medal is to be offered to the winner of the most points in the home meet. Competition promises to be keen for this honor. So far but one Wesleyan record has been established. That was in the cross-country run, made by H. M. Lane in 9 minutes and 19 seconds. Plans for next year include dual meets with Mt. St. Charles and other schools of the state.

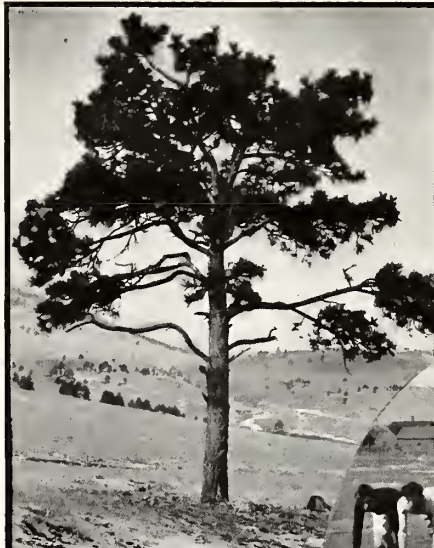


LANE WINNING VIGILANTE TREE RUN

CROSS COUNTRY.

The cross-country run to Vigilante Tree and return, a distance of one and one-half miles has been made an annual event and a medal given to the winner of the race. Horace M. Lane took first place this year from a field of 11 entries and set a record of 9 minutes and 19 seconds for the event. Cecil Hammon finished 2nd, Summer Crane 3rd. The run comes between the basketball season and the regular track season and is one of the very popular late winter sports.

The course is over typical cross-country turf to the historic tree on the lower slope of Mount Wesleyan. The whole course can be seen from the college and the run is watched with much interest by the fans of the sport. It is hoped to make this run one of the traditions of the school.



VIGILANTES TREE



HOWELL 10' 6"



HUNDRED YARD START



DIBB 5' 4 1/2"



TRACK SQUAD

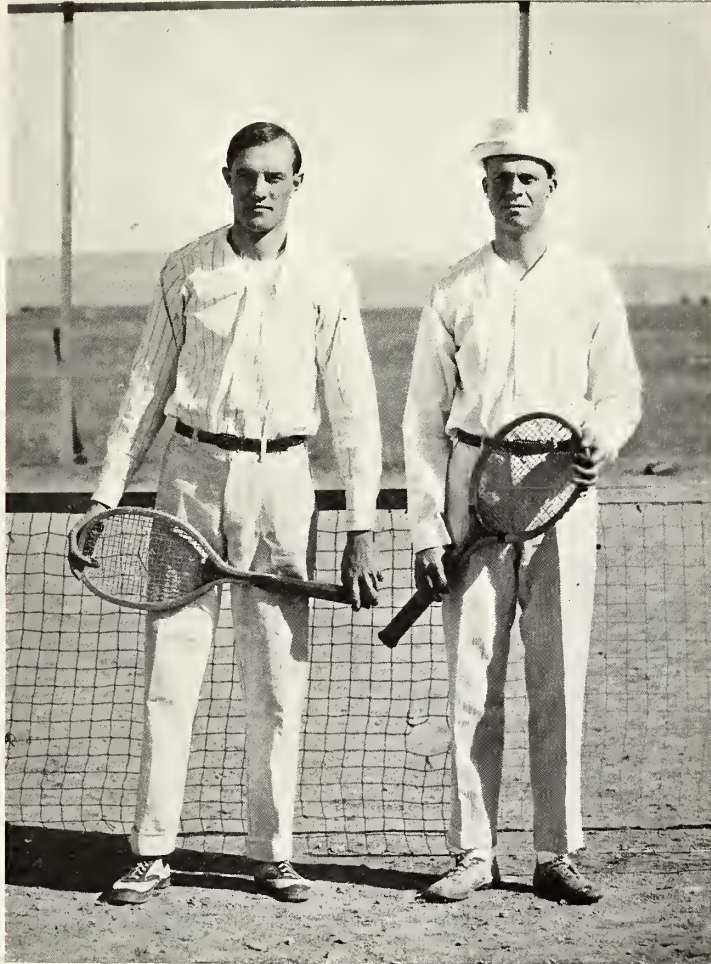


START CROSS COUNTRY



GREEN

TENNIS



PAN-WESLEYAN DOUBLES CHAMPIONS

The Annual Tennis Tournament is open to both faculty and students. The doubles championship was won this year by Professors Jones and Lemon and the singles championship by Professor Jones. The playing of Morio Tambo, of Japan, was a big feature of the tournament. A total number of 24 men entered the tournament this year and the playing was of a high quality.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT—DOUBLES

Hagen & Hale vs. Tambo & Mitchell	}	Tambo & Mitchell	}	Lemon & Jones	}	Lemon & Jones	}	Lemon & Jones	}	Champions
Lemon & Jones vs. Adams & Sweetland		Lemon & Jones		DeKay & Gonser						
Hunter & Howell vs. DeKay & Gonser	}	DeKay & Gonser	}	DeKay & Gonser	}	Lemon & Jones	}	Lemon & Jones	}	Champions
McCormell & Cass vs. Bieber & Moore		McCormell & Cass		Wampler & Plummer		Wampler & Plummer				
Werts & Mayberry vs. Wampler & Plummer	}	Wampler & Plummer	}	Wampler & Plummer	}	}	}	}	}	}
Koehler & Anderson vs. Kelser & VanDemark		Kelser & VanDemark								

TENNIS TOURNAMENT—SINGLES

Anderson vs. Lemon	}	Lemon	}	DeKay	}	DeKay	}	Jones—Champion
Hannon vs. Sweetland		Hannon						
DeKay vs. Gonser	}	DeKay	}	DeKay	}	DeKay	}	Jones—Champion
Cass vs. Bieber		Cass						
Parmenter vs. VanDemark	}	VanDemark	}	DeKay	}	DeKay	}	Jones—Champion
Kelser vs. Koehler		Kelser						
Howell vs. Tambo	}	Tambo	}	DeKay	}	DeKay	}	Jones—Champion
Hunter vs. McCormell		Hunter						
Wampler vs. Mayberry	}	Wampler	}	DeKay	}	DeKay	}	Jones—Champion
Jones vs. Adams		Jones						
Werts vs. Mitchell	}	Mitchell	}	DeKay	}	DeKay	}	Jones—Champion
Hagen vs. Hale		Hale						

WEARERS OF THE "W"

FOOTBALL.

Martin E. VanDemark	James Hart
Forrest Werts	Roy Sweeny
George Howell	Maurice McGinnis
Asbjorn Smedtad	Olaf Hagen
Fred Boid	Fred Mayberry
Howard Hunter	Wm. DeKay

BASKETBALL

Thomas Gouser	Martin VanDemark
Fred Mayberry	Wm. DeKay
Robert McConnell	Francis Cass

FOOTBALL—SECONDS.

Harry Mitchell	Lloyd Hale
Horace Lane	Walter Greer
Summer Crane	Luther Powell
Reuel Golding	Delbert Shirley
Clair Hill	Robert Oakes
Thomas Gouser	Robert Kopriva



GIRLS DRILL TEAM

GIRLS' ACTIVITIES



GIRLS BASKETBALL TEAMS

The girls of the school, under the direction of Miss Trumbo, have done excellent work this year in the physical training class. Several fine exhibitions were given during the year, the crowning accomplishment being the pageant presented at the New Marlow theatre. In basketball, while not having an indoor court, a team was organized on the outdoor court and some good material developed for next year.



SONG

THE DREAM OF A DAY

Mary Eva Foster.

There was a fairy castle
 On cloudy pillars high;
It lent a magic beauty
 To all the quiet sky.
The breath of summer breezes
 Its airy towers tossed,
And cloudy walls and turrets
 In trailing mist were lost.

Chorus.

It was only a glimpse of a vision;
 It was only the dream of a day;
But my heart has read the symbol
 Of a beauty that vanished away.

There was a mossy rosebud
 That fair and fragrant grew;
The dawn had flushed its petals;
 Its gems were of the dew.
But when the Frost-king's finger
 Forbade it to unclose,
The garden lost the glory
 Asleep within the rose.

Chorus.

MONTANA

MONTANA! MONTANA!

Glory of the West

Of all the States from coast to coast

You're easily the best

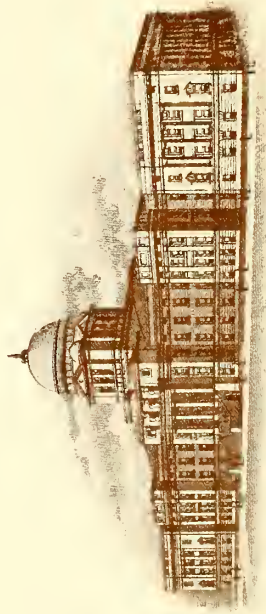
MONTANA! MONTANA!

Your skies are clear and blue

M-O-N-T-A-N-A! MONTANA

I LOVE YOU!

MARVELOUS



MONTANA



(Photo, Jansrud.)

GREETINGS

It affords me very great pleasure to extend greetings to the students of Montana Wesleyan College. The College is so located that I see it every day from the windows of the Executive office. By reason of that fact I have noted the growth and development, not alone of the institution, but have had ample opportunity to observe the faculty and the students in their daily activities. The location of the College makes it easily possible for the students to pursue the study of Government and Political Institutions. I have the highest regard for the Wesleyan College as a factor in the scheme of education in Montana. It is certainly destined to exert a potent influence on the lives of our people and the progress of good government.

S. V. STEWART,
Governor.

THE PACIFIC RIVER



THE PACIFIC RIVER

PROSPECTS FOR THE FUTURE



PROBLY DEPT



PHOTO
©
JANSKUD



HEARTEASE

Mary Eva Foster.

The heart is awake to the joy of the world,
To the carol of life and the lovelight unfurled;
In the dawn of the morning the heart is awake,
When the spirit of love bids it live for his sake.

The heart is awake to the sadness of life
When duty and love with their lot are at strife,
And awake to the pain of a sorrowful way,
To the dread of the night and the blank of the day.

The heart is awake to a holier claim
When it clings to the faith of a holier Name;
To live for His sake,—then what fear can befall?
In the infinite love of the Christ it has all.

The heart is asleep like a bird in its nest,
When the rose of the sunset has died in the west.
Though in dreams the dear image of love yet appears,
'Tis asleep to the sorrow and heartache of years.

The heart is at rest in the comforting hand
Of the Father of life, whose wonderful land
Holds time and eternity flowing in one,
And His love as the light that outshineth the sun.





FRED W. KELSNER,
Medina, Ohio
Bachelor of Arts.
Major History and Economics

MARTIN E. VanDEMARK
Cut Bank, Montana.
Bachelor of Arts.
Daedalian
Major English







ASBJORN SMEDSTAD

Daedalian

It often happens that brilliant intellects gather within the halls of Wesleyan and find that their brilliancy is made more so by the dazzling scintillation of others. But among all the "gems" in Wesleyan there is that rare Norwegian stone "Smetty" that dazzles our eyes with his philosophy, his witticisms, and his versatility. Let it be said that if we had nothing more than his smile Wesleyan would still have the finest piece of Norwegian art in America.

FORREST W. WERTS

"Dad" is a hard proposition to diagnose for he is everything from a Sky Pilot to a Married Man. He is in love with everything including his wife. Dad has a reputation for handing things out to you in a forcible way and his hands have had a part in every phase of this annual. You can depend upon him to give his entire support to those things in which he believes.





ALMA ANDERSON.

And above all else she is a lady. Studious and intellectual, never idling the moments she moves forward with a happy smile to the goal that she has set before her. Words but detract from the thought when they are employed to describe her. She lives and moves and has her being in a sphere as yet unknown to any man.

FRED MAYBERRY.

Daedalian

“Stick-to-it-ive-ness.” That is Fred Mayberry. In every phase of his life’s activities this peculiar asset asserts itself. He never meets defeat because he keeps on going. He will succeed despite the English Language, the oracles, and women.

Dependable, honorable, trustworthy, kind, helpful, and sympathetic he is found a necessity in athletics, in the class room, and in the Literary Society.



IN SIGHT OF THE SEA

Mary Eva Foster.

Breathing halts for very wonder, something blinds the eager eye,
As it measures solemn ocean stretching out to meet the sky.
Depth and breath and restless motion and its endless monotone
Seem to be the weird expression of the world's long grief alone.

From the day when Eden's pilgrims wept the woe of exiled years,
Have the ages poured their anguish in the swelling sea of tears.
Still does its unquiet bosom heave with all a world's unrest,
And its moan unceasing echo all the grief of human breast.

Hearts oppressed, the cheering sunlight smiles upon the sea of woe;
Heaven bends above the sorrow of the centuries marching slow.
Moan of waves and moan of weeping in God's time shall cease to be;
When His world at last is ready, then "there shall be no more sea".



WARTS



NORA MAY HOWARD

“As a star that dwells apart im-
patient with its orbit.”

CARL KNUDSEN.

Daedalian

“The call of duty is mightier than
praise of men.”

IRENE GORDON.

Philodorian

“Wisdom is the food upon which
the soul must be fed if it be hap-
py and content.”

FRESHIES



THOMAS A. GONSER,
M. W. A.
Philodorian

President of the Class
He takes care of the business end
of the Annual and keeps it above
par.

* * * *

RUTH VanDEMARK,
Hartford (S. D.) High
Vice-President of the Class
Daedalian

“A maiden of sweetness and in-
nocence rare.”

* * * *

MAGGIE YOUNG,
Belt Valley High
Secretary of the Class.
Daedalian

“She had sighed to many but loved
but one.”

* * * *

WALTER C. WAMPLER,
M. W. A.
Treasurer of the Class
Philodorian

“A gem—fit to be worn on a
lady’s finger.”

* * * *

HELEN HALLER,
Stevensville High
Philodorian

“Has a friendship sincere for the
piano, pipe-organ and ukulele.”

GLADYS BARKER,
Park Co. High
Prophet of the Class
Daedalian

“A voice whose softness harmonizes the whole.”

* * * *

ALVINE CANOLE,
Nevada, (Mo.) High
Philodorian

“The time I spent in wooing, in watching and pursuing, the light that lies in woman’s eyes, has been my heart’s undoing.”

* * * *

FRANCES RICE,
Pueblo (Colo.) High
Philodorian

“Life’s good while we have you, our friend.”

* * * *

ROBERT McCONNELL,
Lewistown High
Daedalian

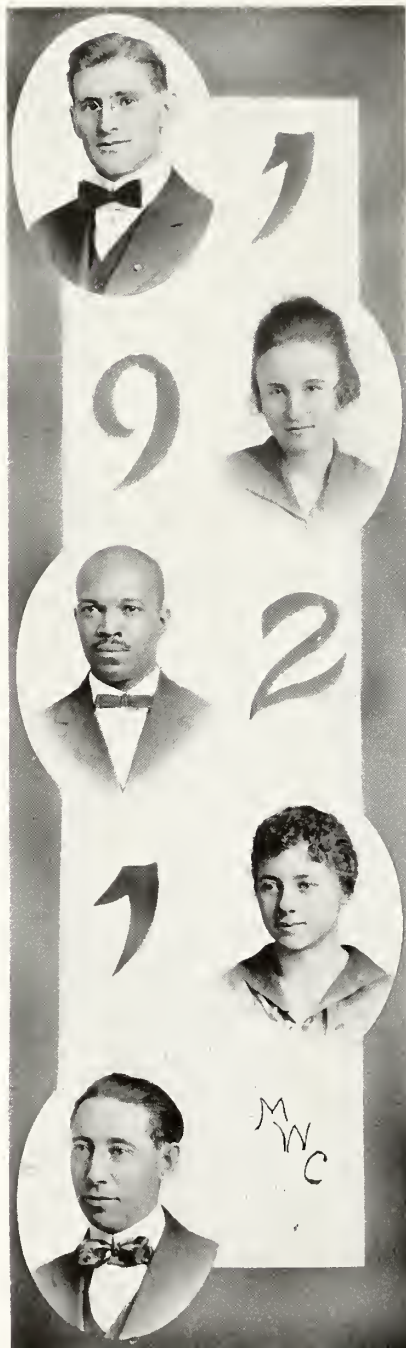
“I searched long and vainly but at length she came.”

* * * *

FLORA BIEBER,
M. W. A.
Philodorian

“She has a reputation in the culinary world.”





FRANCIS CASS,
Milton Academy.
Philodorian

“Though a member of the married
man’s club he has never lost his
grit.”

* * * *

EFFIE HARPER,
Harlowton High
Philodorian

“With life and all in it,
She seems quite content.”

* * * *

GEORGE MARTIN,
Kansas City High

“A royal good fellow with a heart
of gold.”

* * * *

HAZEL ASBRIDGE,
M. W. A.
Daedalian

“The shortest, sweetest Freshman;
but how can so small a girl be so
great an attraction.”

* * * *

WALTER GREER,
M. W. A.
Philodorian

“Do not as some ungracious pastors
do, show me the steep and thorny
way to heaven.”

GEORGE HOWELL

Daedalian

“He cares not for wine, women or
song.”

* * * *

ETHEL RITZ,

Helena High.

Daedalian

“To every Wesleyan stunt or dare
You can trust her to be right
there.”

* * * *

HORACE LANE,

Culbertson High

Philodorian

“She came and smiled and now
life is bliss.”

* * * *

BERTHA FLINDERS

Helena High.

Daedalian

“Alas! alas! there is more peril in
her eyes than in twenty swords.”

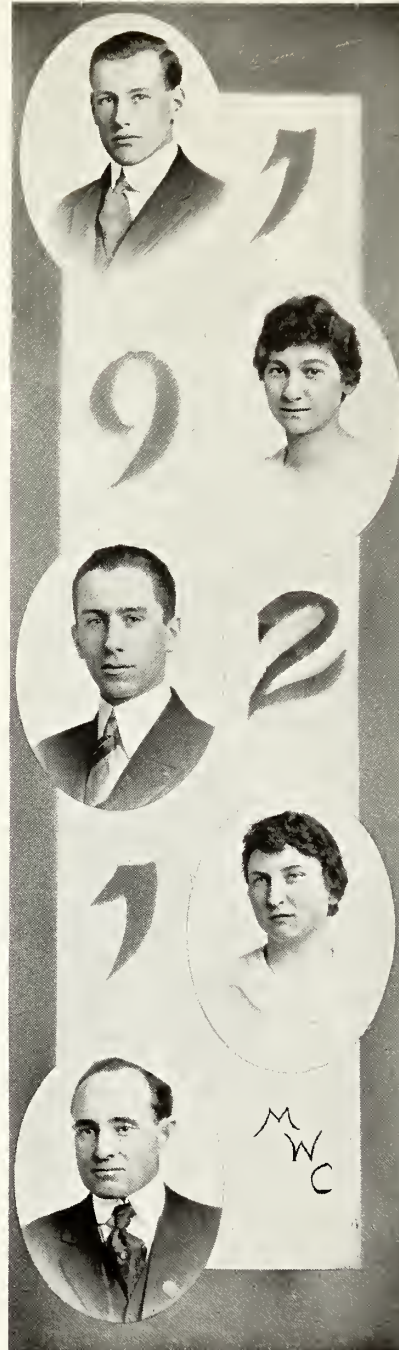
* * * *

LEE HOLLAND,

M. W. A.

Philodorian

“A heart never won by woman’s
charm; speak to him ladies and
see if you can move him.”





WILLIAM DEKAY,
 Randolph (Neb.) High
Philodorian

“Often he laughed with delight,
 Just as often he howled with his
 knee.”

* * * * *

IRMA BROWN,
 Olympia (Wash.) High
Daedalian

“Faithfulness to duty has its re-
 ward.”

* * * * *

HOWARD HUNTER,
 Moore High
Daedalian

“The ladies say he’s fickle, But
 we’re not so sure of that.”

* * * * *

FRED BOID,
 Culbertson High
Daedalian

“If aught of ill betide her better
 I had lost my life.”

* * * * *

LELAND LINN,
 Three Forks High
Philodorian

“Bright Eyes” with a smile to
 match.

every boy. Then, on top of all that, she is an orphan girl, and is doing housework in a large family for her board, room and spending money. But these things prevent her getting her lessons. Just think, she was President of our class when we were Freshmen, but she has failed in her classwork until now she is only a Sophomore. She doesn't seem to mind it, though; she actually seems proud of the fact that all the folks call her 'The Widow' and that her close friends call her 'Wid.' Wonder why I never call her that. I know. It is because the very idea of her is so sacred to me that I can't represent it with a nickname.

"Oh, if I could only stretch my imagination enough to think that she might maybe care for me a little! But if she doesn't, why does she let me go with her almost as often as she does Hal? Now why does she? And why did she tell me yesterday that her class loyalty would compel her to root against me in the game today, but that she hoped I would be more than a match for anything her classmen might try to put over on me, and for me to remember that her hopes were secretly on me? She can't be a flirt; she can't possibly; it is too awfully foreign to her nature, I have it. It must be that she does almost care for me, and she wants to see me develop enough physical stamina and personal charm so she can be proud of me. Well, if she does, I will. I WILL. I WILL. If she wants to see me spill Hal Hudson, I'll spill him a thousand times. I shall use all my power of determination to bring the little good there is in me out. Of course, I don't dare think I can win Madge, but there is no harm done if I try; so here goes."

With his mind engaged with these thoughts and his lips humming the last four lines of the stirring football song: "Round the end a man comes running," etc.

Hi, as he was familiarly called, came trudging across the campus to the College dining hall. As he was half an hour late for breakfast, he went around and entered the kitchen. The motherly cook had remembered to save him a warm breakfast. He carried it into the big, lately deserted dining room and sat down at one of the tables; but all at once a sick feeling came over him; the food did not smell appetizing like it usually did. The sick feeling increased. He dropped his arms on the table and his head upon his arms. After a few minutes he arose and went out into the open air, but he felt so wretched that he decided to forego breakfast for that morning. Accordingly, he made his way to his room, telephoned Jacobs, the captain of his class team, that he was not feeling well, so was going to bed for a little while. He assured Jacobs that a few hours in bed would fix him up all right, but Jacobs was wary. He was too busy with class work that morning to go to see Hi personally, so he telephoned a physician, and asked him to be sure to fix Longfellow up for that game in the afternoon. The physician arrived about ten thirty o'clock, carefully noted Hi's condition; then, without the slightest hesitaion, pronounced it a case of scarlet fever (there was an epidemic of it in the city), called an ambulance and sent Hi away to the pest house.

A substitute played on the Senior team that day, and the Sophomores easily won the interclass football tournament. Hi came back in due time, studied throughout the year and graduated with his class. Just before commencement he enlisted in Uncle Sam's army. He was to be called to the colors next week and hoped to be in France soon.

Hi's last day in College had nearly passed. As he walked across the campus toward the chapel hall, he was entertaining melancholy and retrospective thoughts: "Oh, what hasn't Asbury College meant to me these four years—my room mate, who knows all my secrets and has given me all his"— And then he recalled, one by one, the different students and professors who had entered into his life in a large way and, last of all, Madge. This brought his mind more particularly to the events of the closing year. He was remembering how fate, as it seemed, had denied him the chance to test his

manhood by playing against Hal Hudson in that football game, how another opportunity had come to him when he had been chosen captain of the Shakespearean Literary society debating team, and Hal Hudson, captain of the Wordsworthian disputes for the intersociety debate; how he had sat up late at night working on his debate speech until he had worn himself out; then, when there were but three nights left before the debate, he had purposed to have a good rest, but the first night he was called out of town with the College Male Quartet, of which he was first bass; the second night an attack of insomnia had broken his rest and the third he had sat up with an ill Freshman, who would not rest under the ministrations of any other nurse; how all this had brought on a nervous headache that had so incapacitated him that the Worthsworthians had won. Then he recalled the cross-country run on Field day, when he again competed for class honors and had nearly won, but over-exertion on the final dash had blinded him, and he had fallen, which allowed Hal, who was representing the Sophomores, to win. He was asking himself, as he had done so often before, "What do all these failures mean?" And his logical mind worked out the answer:

"I am just naturally a scrub. I need never hope to compete with strong men like Hal Hudson, and I do not want to; these rivalries are likely, almost sure, to weaken our friendship. Oh, what a loss the friendship of that big, genial fellow would be! And Madge—she likes me, as a friend, very much. If—but there are no 'ifs' in this world. Madge is my friend. And such a friend! Oh, this world is so full of good, noble people; it is great to live among them! Especially the folk here in the little world of Asbury college. But I am graduating. I am leaving it all, and though, when the kaiser is whipped, I mean to come back here for post graduate work, things will never be the same."

A little later he was sitting upon the platform among his classmates, all dressed in caps and gowns; a vast throng of people were before him; addresses were being given; but he heard and saw as one in a dream. To him, the only reality was, "Oh, how I love old Asbury, but it can never be the same again."

In the same dreamy way he heard President Goodwin announcing the several medals and scholarships awarded for various accomplishments. He heard him explaining about the John G. Stoughton scholarship, the one that Madge had won for the last three years in succession. The thought of Madge brought him to present consciousness. He sought out her face in the throng. He wanted to see it light up with suppressed joy when President Goodwin should announce that she had won it for the fourth time. Now his heart was leaping with pride, pride for Madge, the class "widow," the College idol, as he heard Doctor Goodwin saying:

"The John G. Stoughton scholarship is awarded each year to that student whom a committee who know ever detail of the lives of the several students, judges to have accomplished the most work in the four fields, scholarship, athletics, social activity and religious work, all to have been accomplished in the face of difficulty, the greater the difficulty, the less might be the achievement. This year it gives me singular pleasure to announce that this scholarship has been awarded to Hiram James Longfellow."

Hi, looking into the face of "The Widow," saw a beam of joy that transcended his expectation. Probably it was the memory of that beam that nerved him, when the exercises were over and "The Widow" had succeeded in pushing her way to his side and murmuring, with downcast eyes, "I'm so glad you got it, Hi; you are so worthy of it"; probably the memory of that flash of joy nerved him to reply:

"I don't care about being worthy of it. I want to be worthy of you. If I could but win you! Oh, forgive me, Madge, I—I—I shouldn't"—

"Oh, that's all right, you silly boy," she smiled up into his face; "say all that is in your heart. I surrender myself to my superior in achievement." W. L. G.





SENIORS

DORRIT GOOD

“Life is a picture of smiles and
frowns.”

MARGARET GORDON

“How good to live and learn.”

MILLARD PETERSON

“Most highly valued where he is
best and longest known.”

CECIL HANNON

“Bluffing is the secret of my
success.”

ASTA PONATH

“And make forever the world
more fair and sweet.”

RUTH MACK

“With gentle grace ye wear the
crown of youth.”



GOOD

GORDON

PETERSON

HANNON

PONATH

MACK

1918

JUNIORS

WILLIAM KOEHLER

“There is no royal
road to Geometry.”

FRANKIE DENNY

“One who can share my grief or
mirth.”

LILLIAN Mc DONALD

“A sunshiny insurance against
the blues.”

HAZEL REEL

“It was no broken reed you rest-
ed on, when you trusted her.”

WILLIAM ANDERSON

“To talk too much is to talk in
vain.”

RUTH SMITH

“Duties fulfilled are pleasant to
the memory.”

GEORGIA WHITE

“For art is her greatest desire.”

LEONE CARTER

“She smiles in the morning,
she laughs at night.”

HANNAH KNUDSEN

“The task seemed superhuman,
but I dared and did it.”



DENNY

DONALD

DONALD

REEL

1919

SMITH

WHITE

CARTER

KNUDSEN

SOPHOMORES

MARGARET CAMPELL

“If e'er she knew an evil thought,
she never spoke an evil word.”

MABLE CASTLE

Her heart (Hart) is always in
the right place.

ANNIE WERTS

A girl with a personality remark-
able for its sincerity and indi-
viduality.

REUEL GOLDING

A man after his own heart, yet
he would rather a girl were
after it.

JULIAN MARTIN

A head to contrive and a hand to
execute mischief.

RETA DeCOURTNEY

A sweet kind grace, continual
comfort in her face.

VIOLET BOWEN

An ounce of mirth is worth a
pound of sorrow.

LILLIAN GORDON

As timid as a flower, yet noise
doth e'er precede her.

LAURA McALLISTER

Thy modesty is a candle to thy
merit.

RUTH JOHNSON

Life is a jest and all things show
it, I thought so once and now
I know it.

SUMNER CRANE

I like a girl, really I think I do.



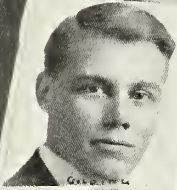
CRATLE



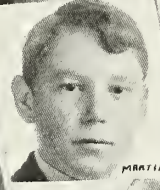
HANCOCK



WERTS



GARDNER



MARTIN



LOVELL



DOWEN



GORDON



MALLISTER



JOHNSON



CRANE

FRESHMEN

HELEN BUHLER HARVEY MARCUM EDITH GRIGG

JOHN SMOVIR MAURICE McGINNIS HUBERT ARMSTRONG
HARRY MITCHELL

LESTER WHITE KATHERINE KLOS
NELLYE MOTHERAL HOWARD BIEBER

DORMAN SCHAEFER ESTHER LINDH
ROBERT THOMSON VERA SWEETLAND

EDITH SWEETLAND LUTHER POWELL

CLAIR HILL OSCAR ISAACSON



"AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"

It was midnight.

As the moon rose slowly over the distant hills it reflected its ghostly light on the tall, stately mansion of "Lowry Hill."

The clock in the church tower had struck twelve.

Two figures, a tall man and a boy about sixteen years of age could be seen stealing slowly toward the mansion. They quietly opened the gate and sprang swiftly across the lawn toward the east side of the house.

As they came near the hedges they crouched on all-fours in a cowardly manner and peered around as if afraid of being seen.

The boy moved and a branch brushed against him.

"Sh!" warned the father. "Be still, kid; it's our last chance. De kid's window is up dere, see," he whispered, pointing to a large French window on the second story.

"Sure?" asked the boy.

"Yep, dat's it, an' say, we'll have a dern hard time gettin' up dere wid all dem vines creepin' roun'. Now foller me, but mum I say."

"Uh-huh," answered the boy carelessly.

They crawled quietly toward the corner of the house. When they came near the vines that climbed to the very top of the house, they stopped and the father took the boy by the arm. "Now," he whispered, "if ye foller my directions, it'll work swell. You stay here, see, and I'll climb up. Den when ye sees me, ye lend a hand and when I gets down ye take her whil I sees if de coast's clear. We'll get de chain and den when ye sees me, yer ready."

"What if the child wakes?" asked the boy.

"I'll tend to dat," said the father, shaking his finger at the boy. "Now ye just give me a little boost."

The father reached his hands up and grasped the vines and climbed slowly up. When he reached the top of the porch he crawled over the bannister and stood still with his hand on the door knob to listen. He heard not a sound except the chirp of the crickets in the swamp far off.

The moon was very full and shone brightly into the room thru the French window. Then he slowly and carefully reached for the knob and tried to turn it—but it was locked.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed, "what's dat fer? Maybe dis'll fit; hope so."

He pulled a skeleton key from his pocket and quietly put it into the keyhole, glancing around to see if anyone was in sight.

Then he turned it and tried the knob. The door unlocked.

"Dat's luck," he mused.

He opened the door softly and tiptoed stealthily into the room. He glanced around and his eye caught a little white bed. The moon shone upon it and revealed a mass of light brown curls showing just above the coverlets.

As he crept closer to the bed he saw the innocent little face of the sleeping child. His heart leaped for a moment, but he straightened his shoulders and looked closer at her. It was the most beautiful little girl he had ever seen. He paused a moment in thought.

What a wicked deed he was about to perform and the child was—but he caught himself. He couldn't think of that. It was the money—gold, the most precious thing in the world to him.

He took the blanket from the bed and laid it on a chair. Then he bent down and lifted the sleeping child carefully in his huge arms. He then grabbed the blanket from the bed and wrapped it around her. He looked around for a moment; he was worried lest the child should awake and cry, but it did not. Then he gave a hurried glance around the room and walked quickly but quietly out of the door.

Now was the task, getting down. But it was not as hard as he had expected and he was soon safe on the ground with the child in his arms, still sleeping soundly.

"Say, dat's luck again," said the father to the boy. "Take her now an' be steady while I look 'round, keep dat quilt 'round her. Come on now, I guess no one's 'round. Hand me de kid, dere's no time fer bosh, we got to beat it."

So saying, they hurried quietly away and disappeared in the moonlight, over the hills.

Morning came and the sun shone bright and beautiful.

Far off in a cave were the two thieves with the little child. It was about eight o'clock when she awoke and found herself in very different surroundings from what she was used to having. She sat up on the dirty quilt and peered around; her big blue eyes wide open and a very frightened look on her face. She was not more than six years old. She gazed at the two men, who were watching her, then hid her face on the quilt which served as a pillow.

"I ant my daddy," she sobbed. "Where's my daddy?"

The man looked at the boy and scratched his head.

"Say, kid," he said, putting his hand on her glossy ringlets, "yer dad's all right, only he's got so much money we want ter share it with him."

"But my daddy," she sobbed, sitting up and looking tearfully into his face, "my daddy'll miss me, he will. Will I see him any more? You won't kill me, will you? Cause then Rebecca Jane'll cry and so will I, and so will daddy, too."

She laid down and sobbed again. Soon she raised her head, pulled out a dark-haired doll from under the covers, and held it up to him.

"See, she's Rebecca Jane, we always sleeps together, we does. Daddy loves Rebecca Jane and I love her, too, and God does, too. God loves everybody, don't he?"

The tall man said nothing, but sat beside her, watching her closely as if she were the most important and interesting thing in the world.

"Do you love God? Nurse says everybody should. My daddy loves him so much. You know mamma's in heaven and daddy prays every night for his baby. That's what he calls me. Daddy's the best man in all the world. It's wicked to be naughty, too, cause he says God don't love them ones, and my daddy knows. Was it nice to take me away from my dady? I love him an' he'll cry, he will, cause he says I'm his heart and nobody in this world can take me from him. Please, Mr. Mans, take me back to my daddy, c—cause I want him, an' so does Rebecca Jane, an' he'll give you so much money, too. Daddy's the best man in the world. He'll give you every so much. Do you want money? Please, I ant my daddy," and the child buried her face in the covers again.

The father looked at his son as if he were dumbfounded. He couldn't bear to have a child talk to him like that. He clenched his fists. He'd—but as he looked at her pressing her doll to her little heart and looking at him so pathetically, he knelt beside her and took her little white hand in his. "Tell me, little kid," he said, "does God love everybody?"

"Yes," said the child, "God loves everyone, an' if you're good he'll do ever so much for you."

"But he does an' you're an awful good man. Have you any little girls? You didn't know it would break my daddy's heart if I leaved him, did you?"

"He don't love me, kid," said the man, sadly. "No—he—don't—love—me."

Her soft little arms stole up around his neck.

"Please, Mr. Man, if you love God, will you take me home to my daddy?"

The man did not look at her, but gazed at his son as if he were fearfully hurt.

"Money, money," he moaned.

The temptation was great, but the words of the little child were greater.

"Yes, kid," he said, slowly bowing his head, "I'll take you home."

"Oh, you're so good," exclaimed the child, clasping her hands, "an' I know God does love you so."

"Wait till tonite, little kid, an' I'll bring you back safe as anything to your own little bed."

The community was aroused soon after the disappearance of the child and, led by the Judge and the nurse, they spent the day in a futile search for her.

Night came on at last, but the child was not to be found.

The party, tired and discouraged, did not lose hope, but continued in the search until morning, when they decided to disband to their homes for a rest.

At midnight, true to his promise, the man wrapped the child in the blanket and carried her over the hills to her home. He crept into the room as quietly as a mouse and laid her in her little white bed again.

He pinned a note on her gown and was about to leave when she called him.

"Dear mans," she said, with the most wonderful light shining in her big blue eyes. "God loves you an' daddy loves you an' I loves you. You won't take me away any more, will you?"

The thief bent over and kissed the child on the forehead.

"No, little kid, no. Good-bye an' God bless ye. I'll never forget ye as long as I live."

And in a moment he was gone.

The child fell asleep with a happy smile on her face, thinking of her father.

When morning came at last, the tired and forlorn-looking nurse entered the little bed-room again, to look at the child's toys and other little things the child had loved so well. As she stepped near the little bed, she started back in amazement.

"My God!" she cried, "Was I dreaming?"

The child awoke and called sleepily, "Nursie."

She grasped the child's hand for a moment.

"Judge," she screamed as loudly as she could, "baby's here!"

In a second he bounded into the room and when he saw his child he folded her in his arms and pressed her close.

"My baby," he cried, the tears streaming down his manly face. "My baby, they brought you back to me—back to your daddy. Oh, God, how grateful I am to you."

"Dear daddy, the man brought me back to you," said the child, "canse he loves God an' dear daddy an' nursie, an' he'll never take me away again."

The nurse spied the note and, putting her arms around the little child, she opened and read it aloud.

"To de kid's dad," it read, written on a dirty piece of scrap paper: "Fergive me—God knows I love money, but I'm goin' ter do right if it takes my right arm. De kid saved me. Say, dat's some kid. SLIM."

The nurse and the father read and re-read it again and again—the words meant so much.

Then kissing his child and pressing her to his heart, he lifted up his voice to God, crying, "And a Little Child Shall Lead Them."

R. J.



OSBORNE DUSSEL

FRED ARMSTRONG

JAMES HART — FRANCES STOKES

ALLEN LAWSON

GEORGE REEVES

ELLA OGILVIE

AGNES SABO



LILLIAN HAUSKE

BAYARD MOORE

HARVEY HORTON

GERTRUDE WATSON

WINNIFRED ROWE

ELIZABETH BLAIR

ROBERT OAKES

MARY BEATTY

RUTH FRADY

ORLAND McDOWELL

ALEX SCHMIDT

DELBERT SHIRLEY



SCHOOL OF COMMERCE.

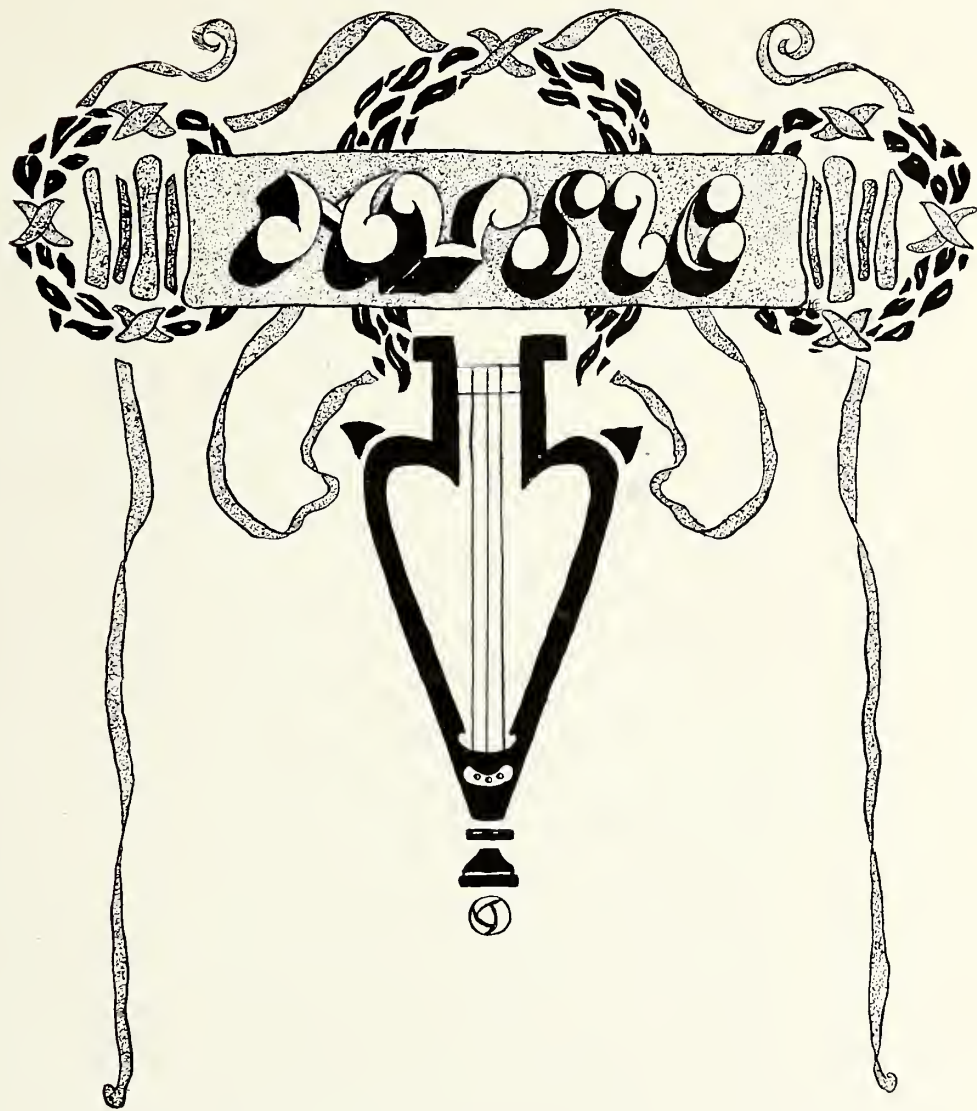
Last but not least is the school of Commerce. Of all departments of school education there is no other that is in the same rank; no other can fill its place; and no other can duplicate the work it does.

This Department is of high rank. It ranks high in personnel of students, and in the quality of the work turned out.

From the first bell until the last the click of the typewriter, the motion of the pen, and the rustling of papers, tells the story of the work necessary to prepare to meet life's duties.

That the School of Commerce will come to hold a place equal to the best has been the aim of Professor Parmenter by constant efforts and persistency in holding to the high ideals that are necessary for success. The day will soon dawn when to say, "I am a graduate of the Montana Wesleyan Commercial School" will be the only recommendation required.

This year two will graduate from this Branch of the School. They are Elizabeth Blair and Gertrude Watson. We bespeak for them the success that can only come from a thorough education.





AGNES MARY HOLLISTER, Director

SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

One of the most successful departments of the College is "The School of Music." No pains nor expense has been spared to secure the best instructors to be found in the Northwest and the increasing numbers of students has shown that these efforts have not been in vain. New members have been added to the faculty but still the demand for musical training is taxing the instructors to the limit.

One of the most popular organizations is the "Wesleyan Concert Company" which travelled during the Holidays. This organization gave concerts in all of the leading cities of the State and its trip was followed by flattering press comments.

Miss Hollister, the director of the conservatory, is without doubt a pre-eminent artist in piano and pipe-organ, and has had much to do in placing the conservatory in its present noteworthy position. She has been assisted by two able instructors, Fred W. Kelser in voice, and Miss Coffey in violin; and also by three advanced students in piano, the Misses Young, Haller, and Ponath.

New instruments of the best quality have been added and we have also one of the finest pipe-organs in the state at our disposal. Beautiful studios and practice rooms will be available in the dormitory.

A summer normal course for teachers is to be offered this year for the first time. This feature of the department promises to be a great success, judging from the number of teachers who have signified their intention of enrolling for the course.

The college male quartet composed of Messrs. Kelser, Dix, Parmenter, and Van DeMark made a very successful tour of the state.

GRADUATES

TEACHER'S DEPARTMENT



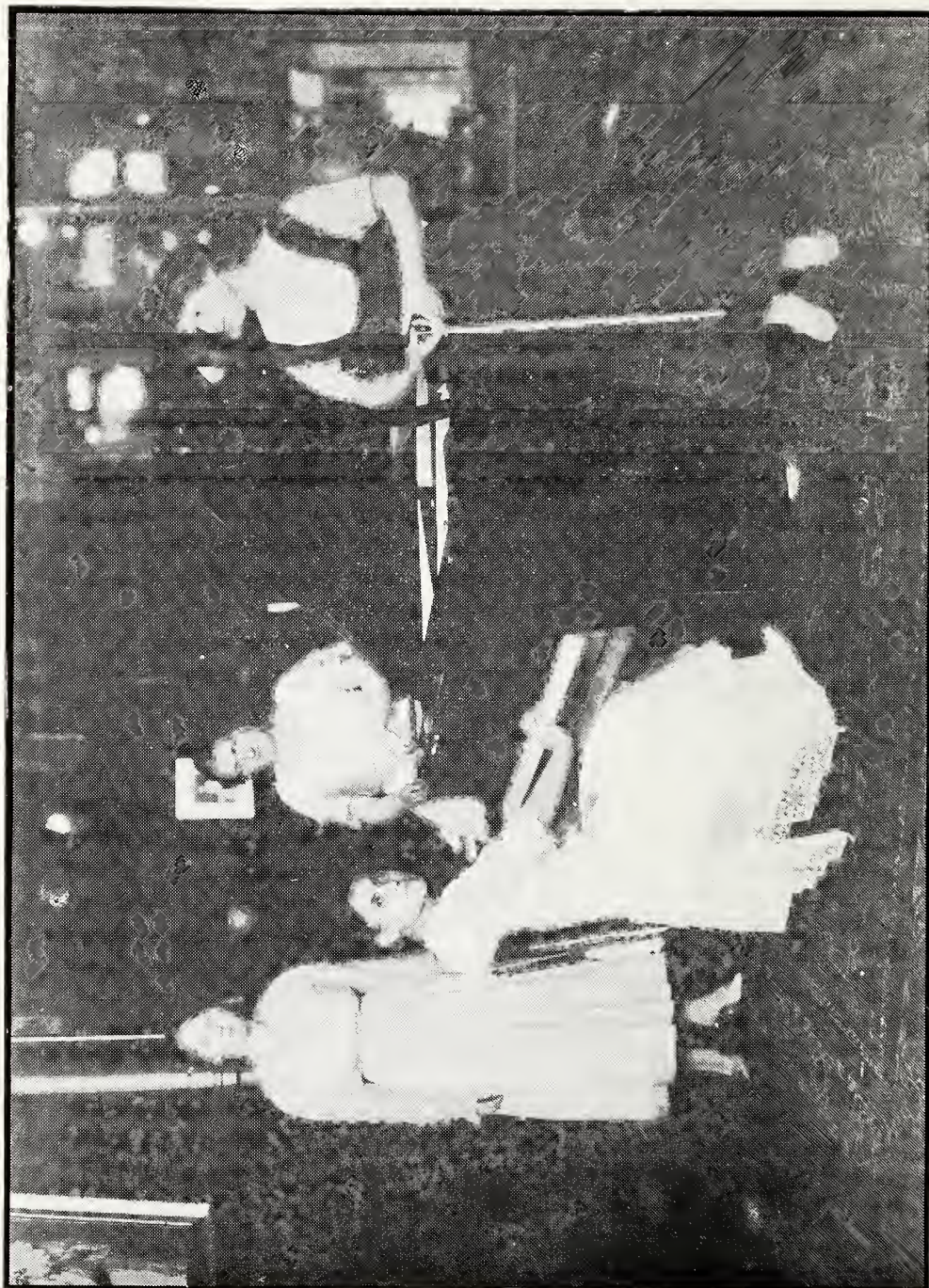
HELEN IRENE HALLER.

“The summit of existence is feeling; the summit of character is sympathy; and Music is the art-form that links them together.”—Munger.

ASTA LINNIE PONATH.

“Music is the Manifestation of the inner essential nature of all that is.”—Beethoven.





WESLEYAN CONCERT COMPANY



WESLEYAN MALE QUARTET

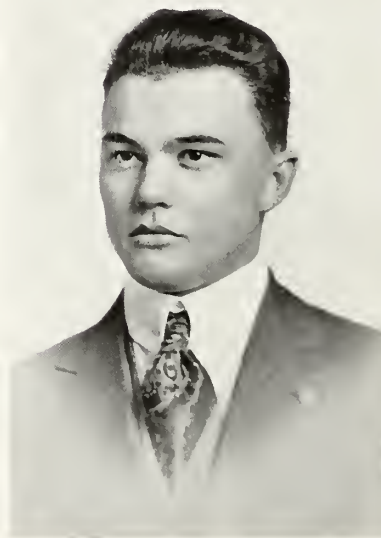


GRACE TUTTLE

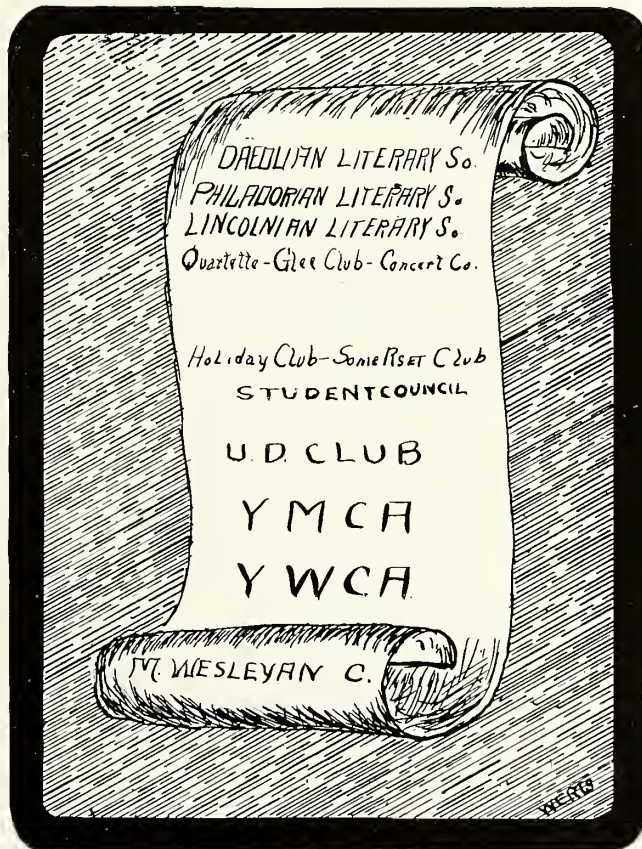
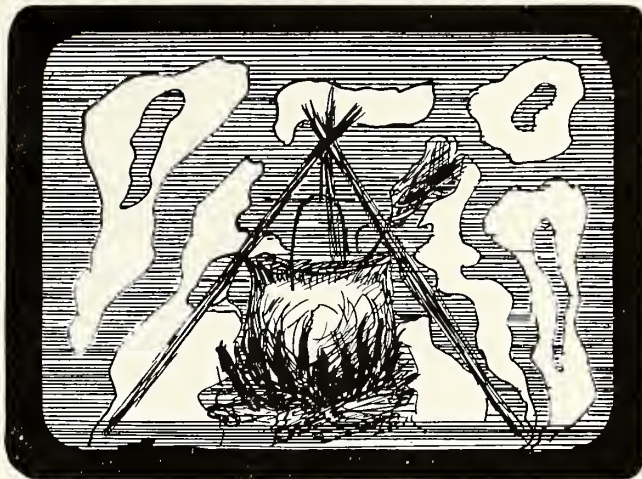
Born Oct. 20th, 1900.
Died Nov. 23rd, 1917.

JOHN SCHMIDT,

Born May 29th, 1898
Died Feb. 23rd, 1918.



WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY





Y. M. C. A.

Officers and Committeemen.

1917-1918		1918-1919
Walter C. Wampler	President	Walter C. Wampler
William Koehler	Vice-President	William Koehler
Fred Steuernagel	Secretary	Fred Boid
Thomas Gonser	Treasurer	Leland Linn
William Koehler	Membership Committee	William Koehler
.....	Finance Committee	Leland Linn
Martin E. VanDemark	Mission Study Com.
Fred Mayberry	Social Committee
Thomas Gonser	Employment Bureau
A. E. Plummer	Religious Meetings Com	Walter L. Greer
Walter L. Greer	Gospel Team Com.	Forrest W. Werts

The ideal of the College Y. M. C. A. is threefold; namely, to minister to each of the three sides of the college student's nature; mind, body, and spirit. Our Association has enlarged somewhat upon that ideal program, for we have gone into at least one field that refuses to be classified under either of these three heads; that is our Employment Bureau.

This Bureau, which is one of our committees, has been in operation for the past three years. Before it began there were three or four boys in school that were supporting themselves by doing odd work about town. This year about thirty-five men and half a dozen ladies have found employment, several of them earning their entire way, and have earned an aggregate round sum of Six Thousand Dollars.

We have not been able to accomplish very much for the athletic and social life of the students, because of lack of equipment. However, an arrangement has been made with the City "Y" whereby we get the use of their gymnasium floor for some athletic work; but this has proven inadequate. We now hope to see a new gymnasium and club house erected on the campus next year. The members of the Y. M. C. A. are standing by the proposition of erecting this building; and will do all in their power to put it "Over the Top."

The leaders of the Association work feel a great responsibility in the fact that the work of the "Y. M." must keep pace with the rapid growth of our College. The future calls us to great things, and promises great rewards.

In ministering to the spiritual nature, it has been the chief aim

to give the students a world-wide vision of service. Our efforts have been directed through the student midweek meetings and the "Wimpy-chum" campaign in connection with St. Paul's Epworth League. This has been partly accomplished through Mission study and through inspirational addresses delivered by some of the city pastors and by the few Travelling Secretaries that these war times have allowed to come our way.

For the benefit of the intellectual side of the student's nature there have been speeches by some of the leading business and professional men of the city. These addresses have proven popular and helpful. We wish we might have had more of them.



THE U. D. CLUB

This club had its beginning in the middle part of the school year when the Y. M. C. A. was organizing study groups for the second semester. The members of the group felt that it would be a fine thing to form a club which would hold the fellows to-gether. The plan has worked very successfully and the club has had many social events in connection with the work as set forth by the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

Members:

Bayard Moore, President
Orland McDowell, Vice-President
Robert Kopriva, Secretary
Reuel Golding, Treasurer
Lester White, Chief Cook

Allen Lawson
Martin VanDemark
Clair Hill
Harry Mitchell
Harvey Horton



Y. W. C. A.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Cabinet 1917-1918.

President	Hazel Asbridge
Vice-President	Irene Gordon
Secretary	Elizabeth Blair
Treasurer	Lillian McDonald

Chairman of Committees.

Meetings	Helen Haller
Finance	Gladys Barker
Social	Irma Brown
Poster	Ruth Van Demark

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

One of the two great organizations that aims to keep at the best the moral and spiritual atmosphere in our school, is the Young Women's Christian Association. During the year this Association has worked with the Y. M. C. A. in a way very helpful to both organizations and to the school life.

Especially since the second semester began, service for our country has had a great place in the plans of the Association. A large sum was raised for war work; Christmas boxes were sent to "Our Soldier Boys"; and much sewing has been done for the Red Cross.

With all, we have tried to keep the spiritual life uppermost. Through our weekly devotional meetings, the regular student prayer meetings, the ten minute prayer service daily when the noon bell rings at school, and the series of Sunday afternoon meetings held by a group who were especially interested in becoming better fitted for Christian work, something of our ideal has been attained.

But we realize that the future holds tremendous responsibilities, and we mean to face it with a deeper consecration and loyalty to the Great Leader whom we follow.





DAEDALIANS

CARL KNUDSEN
IRMA BROWN

HAZEL ASBRIDGE
HOWARD HUNTER

GLADYS BARKER FRED MAYBERRY MAGGIE YOUNG

MARTIN VanDEMARK GEORGE HOWEL

RUTH VanDEMARK BERTHA FLINDERS

FRED BOID



ASBJORN SMEDSTAD

ROBERT McCONNELL

ETHEL RITZ

DAEDALIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Daedalian Literary Society now holds the distinction of being the only College literary society in school. When the society was organized some years ago there were not enough college students to form an additional society of college members alone and so the Academy and College students united to form the society. However, in the fall of 1917 there was a large enrollment and owing to this fact it was decided to organize two separate societies and base eligibility to membership in the college and academy departments respectively. Those who were responsible for this division felt that it should be done for two reasons. In the first place it was felt that those who came from the high schools of the state had passed their academy or high school days and were ready for an association with college students. In the second place the division will give a greater opportunity for leadership among the academy students. The plan has worked well and serves as a strong precedent for the future.

In addition to serving as a medium for work in a literary way the society aims to promote the closest of fellowship among its members and to serve as a social unit in the college. From the beginning there has been no dissension in the society for everyone works in harmony. The members are active in college life and are usually well represented on all school organizations and athletic teams.



FRASER PARK





PHILODORIANS

MABEL CASTLE

JAMES HART

IRENE GORDON
HORACE LANE WALTER GREER

HOWARD BIEBER

LILLIAN GORDON

LAURA McALLISTER *P* LILLIAN HAUSKE

ALVIN CANOLE

FRANCIS CASS

HELEN HALLER WALTER WAMPLER
THOMAS GONSER

WILLIAM DEKAY

EFFIE HARPER





PHILODORIANS

FLORA BIEBER

MILDRED FILMER

HARVEY MARCUM

MARGARET GORDON

ROBERT KOPRIVA

ROBERT THOMPSON

ELIZABETH BLAIR

P

CECIL HANNON

FRANCES RICE

LEONE CARTER

LELAND LINN

DELBERT SHIRLEY

LEE HOLLAND

SUMNER CRANE

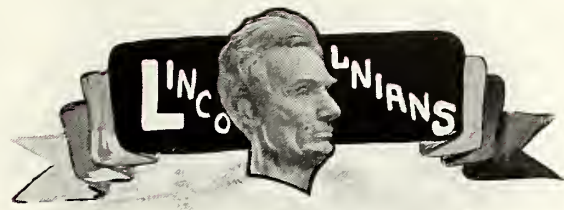
PHILODORIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Spurred on by the thought of our motto, "Desirous of all good," the Philodorian Literary Society closes its work for this year with a record which it is proud to leave behind. With thirty members, all loyal and faithful, much has been accomplished along literary lines. This, after all, is the one purpose of a literary organization, and we have been rewarded for the persistency with which we have labored to excel in debating and in the other phases of our literary work. Only in later years will we be able to realize fully the opportunities we have had in thus working together.

The Philodorian Society has been well represented in every branch of athletics in the school. Three of the first six men who wore the white "W" on the basket-ball floor were Philodorians. But the crowning success was the annual cross country run, and here the first four men who finished, carried the Philodorian emblem to greater glory and made a new record for the event.

Nor are we lacking socially for some of the most enjoyable events of the school year have been the pleasant evenings spent at the "Philodorian Home".

Too much cannot be said in honor of those society members who are serving their country under the colors. Five of them are there now, and others will be very soon. May they not forget our beloved "Maroon and Gold" while they are fighting under the Stars and Stripes, and may "Philodorian"—"Desirous of all good", be forever, the watchword of every society member whether at home or in our country's service.





LINCOLNIANS

GERTRUDE WATSON
HELEN BUHLER

MILLARD PETERSON
AGNES SABO

BAYARD MOORE

LILLIAN McDONALD
VERA SWEETLAND

RUTH JOHNSON
HANNAH KNUDSEN

WILLIAM ANDERSON
ELLA OGILVIE

EDITH SWEETLAND

MARGARET CAMPBELL

RUTH SMITH

L

HUBERT ARMSTRONG



LINCOLNIANS

FRANCES STOKES
WILLIAM KOEHLER — EDITH GRIGG

HARVEY HORTON

MAURICE MCGINNIS
HAZEL REEL

ALLEN LAWSON

DORRITT GOOD
REUEL GOLDING

WINIFRED ROWE
NELLIE MOTHERAL

ASTA PONATH

HARRY MITCHELL

L

ORLAND McDOWELL

MARY BEATTY

LINCOLNIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The fall semester of 1917 opened with a large number of students far more than we had been accustomed to find enrolled, thus giving the literary societies a large field from which to harvest recruits for the coming year.

It was a pleasant task to look for students who appeared to have an interest in the literary field, and at the same time persuade the promising ones that the Daedalian society was far the better in the school. It was real work, and after the first month it was seen that the efforts were not without results.

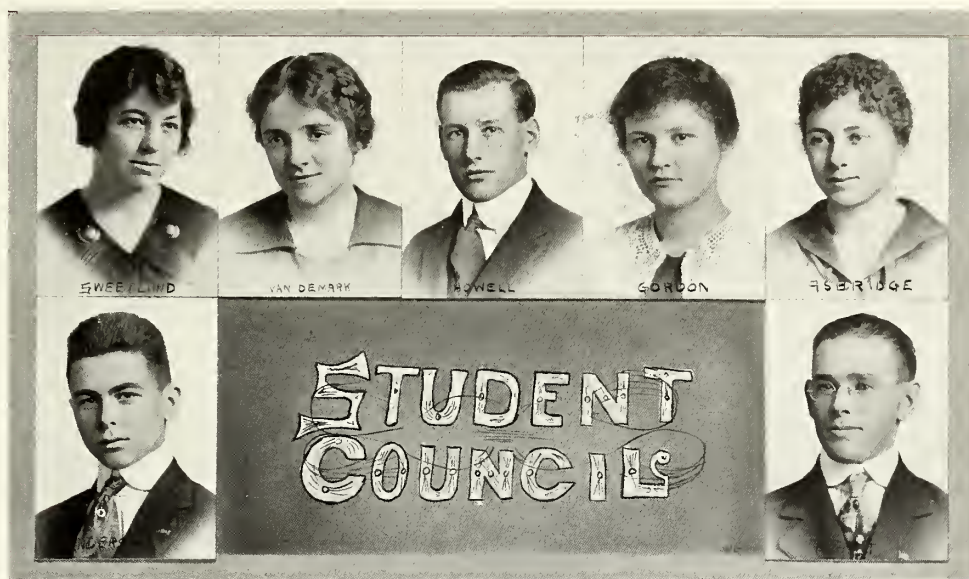
We met for a regular meeting after the rush was over and to our amazement found that there were fifty, who then claimed relationship to the Daedalians. However, no one was disappointed even though we had enrolled more than thirty. We did not make any discrimination between college and academy students, because the society was composed of students from both schools.

At the close of last year we had considered that if a large number of college students did attend next year, there would be need of a separate college society. With so large an attendance in that first meeting, it was not a surprise when some one suggested that, owing to the fact that there were enough students of both academy and college to form individual organizations, we make some movement to that end. An arrangement was made that steps should be taken to form separate groups and this was accomplished after several weeks. As it was the desire of the group as a whole, we remained together sufficiently long to become acquainted.

A final agreement was made that the academy society should occupy the old meeting room, but that the Daedalians should retain the former name and abide by the former constitution.

The first meeting called by the academy members was one of interest. No one knew what name we would adopt, by what rules we would govern ourselves, or just what changes would be necessary for us to make in regard to rules and regulations. However, it was soon learned that there was plenty of material in that group to cope with problems of that kind and soon a committee was at work selecting a few names. In the meantime others were planning a constitution, and so on until a few weeks later, we resembled a hive of bees, all ready for the winter. We are proud to say that we have endured this first winter wonderfully well, and have been enjoying the spring as only Lincolnians could do.

Our society is composed of academy students only and is also the only such society in the school. We have found that it is much better to work with members of the same rank, for college ideas are too far advanced for the average academy student.



STUDENT GOVERNMENT

During the year 1916-1917 student government was inaugurated at Montana Wesleyan. This first year was a year of experiment and it was during this time that a foundation was laid for permanent student government. The present year has witnessed a reorganization of the council in which the College Department is given a stronger representation. The entire discipline of the school rests upon the shoulders of the Student Council and the plan is proving satisfactory to both faculty and student-body.



"THE HOLIDAY CLUB"

As Xmas Vacation was drawing near, the students who were fortunate enough to be able to go home for vacation, were thus planning. The remaining ones were wondering what was in store for them during their vacation. A Club was suggested and permission was received from the Faculty to use the College kitchen, dining room and parlors, provided that an organization was formed for conditions arising during the period of time when there was no school.

A Club was organized, Mr. Canole being elected President, Miss Phillips head chef and treasurer, and at noon Dec. 23, the Holiday Club was a thing of reality with a membership of twenty-four members, consisting of faculty and students.

The dining room and parlors were decorated with pine boughs, holly branches, and other suitable Xmas decorations. At our first meal Miss Phillips asked us if we wanted to have an enjoyable vacation and a unanimous vote in favor of the affirmative was cast. She said, "Each must do his part and all will be well." Plans were accordingly arranged. First was to be a Xmas Banquet at 6:30 P. M., Xmas Day. A typical southern dinner was served, Miss Phillips officiating as toast mistress. The menu was arranged co-incident with a symposium.



THE SOME-R-SET CLUB

Founded by Francis I. Moats.

Official Song: "Drink to me Only with Thine Eyes."

This humanitarian organization was founded, organized, and perpetuated through the activity of a professor at the college. The initial aim of the organization was to furnish a means whereby the marriageable ladies of the city could meet the gentlemen of a similar predicament under favorable auspices. Up to the time the Annual went to press the committee on ways and means had not reported but we are informed that the work has been of a very satisfactory nature.

THE BOON OF FRIENDSHIP

Mary Eva Foster.



UNDER the hackneyed theme of friendship no new message can be brought; it comes only with the dear familiarity of the old. Yet in this world of consistent renewal of life, even the old is ever becoming becoming new. The contrary thought was once expressed by an aged man of culture and ability. The day of poetry was past, he said; there were no new subjects all the aspects of nature and the phases of human life had already been nobly sung by the great poets of the ages. What was left for poets to sing?

But because Greeian Homer sang for all time of the rosy-fingered dawn," and English Shakespeare mused as

"The morn, in russet clad,
Walks o'er the top of yon high eastern hill,"—

should the modern Tennyson have been mute before the flush of glory in the sky? The world of thought would then have missed the wonderful metaphor:

"And on the glimmering limit withdrawn,
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn."

No; as long as young eyes look upon "the recurring miracle of springs": as long as there are children to whom the world of beauty is eternally young; as long as human hearts loan each to each in the fresh tenderness of love and friendship, "ever old and ever new"; so long will there be need for every age to find its own expression for all noble and poetie feeling. The race of poets will never die for lack of new poetie material; the world will never lose the passion of friendship for lack of fresh hearts to thrill to the old music of the harp of life.

Though the theme of friendship was old before "Jonathan's soul was knit to David's" and "he loved him as his own soul"; old before Damon and Pythias became the typical representatives to the Greek world of the thought expressed later by "the Friend of Friends"—"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend"—yet the beauty of friendship itself is daily born anew in human hearts.

There is mystery in all friendships. What uncomprehended law makes mere acquaintance sufficient for many, or gives but a passing attraction between others who, according to all analogies, ought to find each other satisfying, yet binds others by "the ties that know no breaking"? Friendship is fortunately still an art, not a science.

What is found in friendship? Affection first—the response to the deepest need of life. "Where love is, God is," said the Russian thinker; where love is not, life in its best sense is not. Friendly affection must be based upon trust, and trust is only to be inspired by character.

Another essential element is sympathy. The temperaments may be widely different, but there must be some phase of character, some experience, some high purpose in common, to make the delicate interchange of feeling that forms the atmosphere of friendship.

"Not chance of birth or place hath made us friends,
Being oftentimes of different race or nations;
But the endeavor for the selfsame ends,
With the same hopes and fears and aspirations."

Understanding is one of the comforts of friendship. To know that mistakes will not be misread, nor motives misinterpreted; that "every desire of goodness and work of faith" which springs from the passion of service will meet with sympathetic comprehension; that the trend of life is recognized aright, and its best and purest purpose meet with response and not rebuke—such understanding goes far to make happiness.

"I breathed a song into the air;
It fell to earth I knew not where,"

Said our best-loved poet:

"And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend."

There is fascination in a new friendship; there is peace and tenderness in the old. No one friend ever takes the place of another; each has his or her own special part in the life and affection. Each answers to some different need of the heart. The little circle of friends who hold the charm of intimacy for one, might not all be congenial to each other if they were gathered into one group, yet the central figure of the magic ring holds attraction in different ways for each of the widely differing natures found in loving allegiance.

Sometimes friends care so deeply and honor others as so much nobler than they know themselves to be, that the admiration humbles even the sense of unworthiness. But is it not rather that their vision, love touched, sees the true possibilities for the life as if they were already fulfilled? Thus they unconsciously call the spirit to realize "the heavenward will." "Love me," says some one, "not for the man I am, but for the angel I hope to be."

What is most attractive in any life is the reflected glimpses of Christ-likeness. Not every life has the gift of transparency, to let the light of the Holy shine through, but wherever the Spirit of Christ is permitted to dwell, He will in time make His presence apparent.

The prismatic colors of all human friendship are enfolded in the perfect purity of the love of Christ. Trust, affection, sympathy, understanding, never quite complete in even the dearest friend of earth, find their perfection in Him.

And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."
"They are but broken lights of Thee,

FORENSICS



FORREST W. WERTS

Winner of Local Extemporaneous
Speaking Contest 1915 and 1916.

Second place in State Extemporane-
ous Speaking Contest 1916.

CECIL G. HANNON

Winner of Local
Extemporaneous Contest
1917

Winner of State Extemporaneous
Speaking Contest
1917



DRAMATIC CLUB



SCENE IN "WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES?"

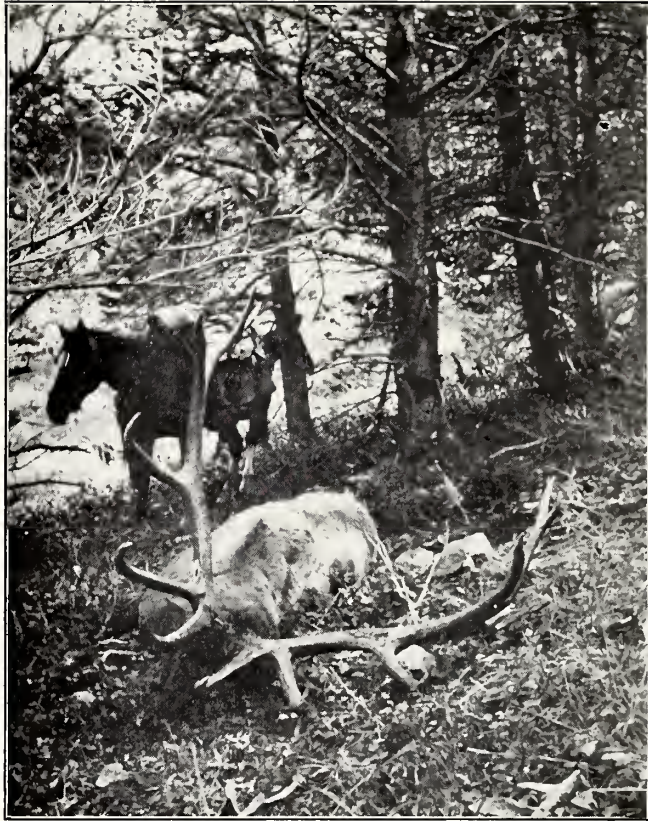
"WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES?"

Annual Dramatic Club Play.

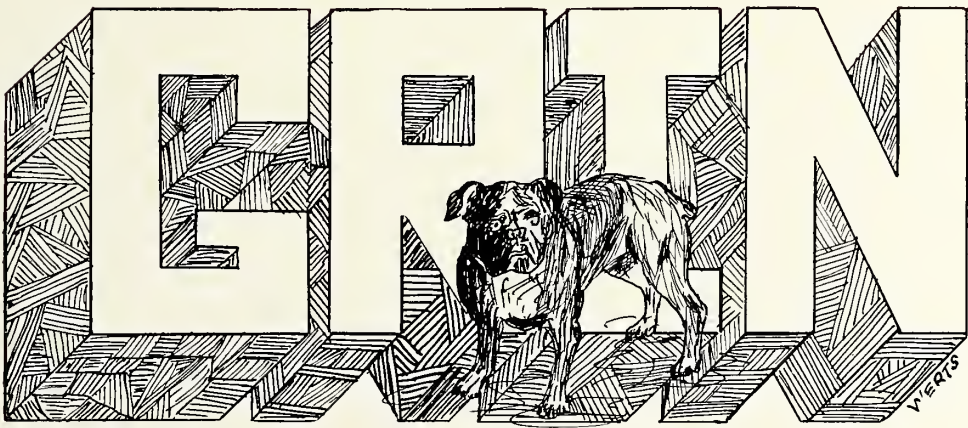
AUDITORIUM, APRIL 11, 1918.

Cast of Characters.

Jones, who travels for a hymn-book house.....	Thomas A. Gonser
Ebenezer Goodly, Professor of Anatomy.....	A. C. Lemon
Antony Goodly, D.D., Bishop of Ballarat.....	R. W. Parmenter
Richard Heatherly, engaged to Marjorie	Fred Boid
Thomas Holder, a policeman.....	Forrest Werts
Bigbee, an inmate of the Sanatorium.....	Millard Peterson
Henry Fuller, Superintendent of the Sanatorium.....	Walter Wampler
Mrs. Goodly, Ebenezer's wife.....	Gladys Barker
Cissy, Ebenezer's Ward.....	Margaret Young
Marjorie } Ebenezer's daughters.....	{ Margaret Campbell
Minerva }	{ Helen Haller
Alvina Starlight, Mrs. Goodly's sister.....	Georgia White
Helma, a Swedish servant girl.....	Dorrit Good



IN THE HEART OF THE FOREST



HUMOR DEPARTMENT

One of the wise ones of earth has differentiated between "wit" and "humor" thus: "Wit deals with the externals, humor with the heart; wit with contempt, scorn and hate; humor with friendship and love; wit with folly and criticism, humor with wisdom and sympathy." If we concede this, we are happy to present a few lines for the "Humor Department", without trying to resort to wit; for since wit uses such sharp-edged tools, someone might get hurt, and we, being "chicken-hearted", do not enjoy hearing anyone cry. Therefore, if any wit creeps into these pages the joke is on the Department, because we would, in that event, prove ourself too dull to detect the difference.

It is with a tremulous heart, however, that we present these lines as "humor"; for another of the wise ones of earth defines "humor" thus: "Humor is only wisdom smiling, and it is incomplete if it lack either the smile or the wisdom." Now we are conscious that this department is devoid of wisdom, absolutely; and we fear that in many places the reader will have to get out a search warrant for the smile. There is one fact, though, that gives us courage; that is what we are here recording are the sayings and happenings at which the Wesleyan folk have laughed. And Wesleyan folk know when to laugh; so we ask that no one be led by the title of this department to go searching about for wisdom and store-made smiles; instead, we suggest that you laugh with the jolliest of people as you read.

Not quite all the wisdom of the universe is bound up in Webster's Unabridged. Webster defines "nothing" as "that which does not exist", but we should be willing to "consider the source" with Webster, for he never had an opportunity to come into contact with the many concrete forms of it, as we have at Wesleyan. For instance, he never heard Nellie Motheral make a noise like a clam. He never heard Irene Gordon swear. He never saw Wampler in bed early at night. He never saw Martin study Greek. He never saw the inside of Bill Koehler's note book. He never saw McCullough listening to someone else talk. He never saw Daddy Werts disobey his wife. He never caught a whiff of sweet perfume from Professor Adams' room. Poor man, he never ate any tender beef steak at Mills Hall. He never noticed the Wesleyan students come to Chapel promptly. He never noticed Hannah Knudsen's tact. He never saw Carl Knudsen refuse Lillian's pie. He never heard the sweet strains of music emanating from the practice rooms, Doctor Renbhausen's class translating

Spanish, nor the subject of conversation in Miss Foster's Philosophy class. Oh Webster, if you had only witnessed all these forms of nothing, surely you would never have been misled into saying that nothing is that which does not exist.

If it is true that "birds of a feather flock together", what kind of a flock is S. Crane and I. Brandt?

We have heard that both rice (Rice) and oaks (Oakes) are products of the swamp.

We have two varieties of rice sandwiches at school. At Mills Hall we notice a variety of which Canole and Wampler are the slices and Rice is the filling; while out on the campus, DeKay and Oakes are the slices and Rice is the filling.

When Gonser was in Townsend his watch stopped and upon investigation he found a bedbug inside. Miss Coffey knows how it got there. Tom told her that it just naturally belonged between the ticks.

WOULDN'T A BED BE BETTER?

Smedstad: "I made a New Year resolution not to drink coffee in the evening."

DeKay: "Don't you sleep well if you drink coffee?"

Smetty: "Oh yes, I sleep as well on a cup of coffee as anything else."

SHE SAID "BLANK", BILL, NOT "LANK."

Doctor Reubhausen: "Mr. Koehler, don't look so blank."

Koehler: "How can I help it? I didn't have any breakfast this morning."

Miss Phillips: "This morning, I asked three College students what a conjunction was and not one of them could tell me."

Mrs. McCullough: "Why didn't you come to me? I could have told you."

SOME RECORD!

Maggie Y.: "When I was home I was really sedate. I only said 'darn' once."

THE LORD LOVETH A CHEERFUL — — — (?)

Elizabeth B., addressing Alvin Canole: "Mr. Wampler, may I see you after dinner?"

Canole: "How is it that you look at me and speak to Wampler?"

Lizzie: "I am cross eyed."

WAS IT NIGHTMARE OR JUST DREAMS?

Miss Coffey, at the Slumber party: 3:30 A. M.: "Girls, girls, do be still! Don't you know it is study hour? Oh Mrs. Emerson, don't ——— Oh Rachael, where am I, What are we doing?"

WE LIKE THAT.

Nellie M., in the Library; "I got a good lesson prepared last period. I was in here alone. Mr. Greer was in here too."

Vera Translating Latin, came to the word "Amabantur." On being asked to give the principal parts of the verb from which the word came began thus, "amo" "amo Bill"—we wonder where her thoughts were.

Bob was sick and had not come to the dormitory for dinner. Boid saw Helen give McDowell a letter and asked, "What's that letter for?" She replied, "It's my picture. I thought Bob would like to look at it while he was sick."

Mayberry, "Who is that girl Smetty is with?"
Eleanor, "Oh! don't make me jealous."

Miss Anderson, "I wonder how I could make a magnet out of myself."

Smetty, "I don't care for a chaperon when I am out with Miss Allen."

WONDER WHO HE HAS AT HOME.

Linn, "I'll have to mar that picture of Lizzie and myself or I won't dare to take my Annual home."

Ruth VanDemark, speaking of her home town: "I dearly love Hart—ford."

Mabel Castle: "You better say "Hart—FORD".

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS

Miss Hollister: "I love to ride a bicycle; I used to ride one twenty years ago."

Professor Adams, in Chapel: "Professor Jones will now tell us "what happened to Jones."

Professor Jones, bashfully: "Well, my boy is a loyal Wesleyan, all right."

Professor Adams: "Any more announcements from the Faculty?"

IF SHE COULD ONLY SEE ME NOW.

A Four-Act-Comedy.

Presented by The Pest House Dramatic Club.

County Pest House

1917-1918

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Scarlet Bill, a football fan.....	R. W. Parmenter
Samuel Fever, his aide.....	Robert O. Thompson
O. U. Scratcher, attendant.....	Carl C. Knudsen
King Itcher.....	Maurice McGinnis
Chief Pealer.....	Walter Greer
C. Pox, a skin collector.....	Hubert Armstrong
S P. Blotcher, a rival of Itcher.....	Fred Mayberry
Hal R. Scaly, a reader of letters.....	Robert McConnell

NO, HE JUST PRACTICES IT.

Hannon,—“My motto is ‘tomorrow’ ”.

Koehler,—“Aw, I don’t believe in that kind of stuff”.

THEY MIGHT ADOPT EACH OTHER.

Prof. Adams, in joint Association meeting,—“I recommend that each of you young men adopt one of the younger boys as a ‘little’ brother’, and each young lady adopt a ‘little sister’ from among the younger girls.”

Bob:—“Prof., why couldn’t a fellow adopt a ‘little sister?’ ”

Helen H.—“Or a girl adopt a ‘little brother?’ ”

WHAT CAN IT BE?

Elizabeth Blair, in Commercial Arithmetic class,—“Mr. Hart and I have but a single thought.”

WONDER WHO IS TO DO THE CAPTURING?

Wampler,—“Are you going to get captured or stay in the trenches?”

Hazel,—“I’m going to get captured.”

SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE?

Wampler, to Miss Trumbo,—“I believe you enjoy studying Spanish”.

Miss Coffey,—“Yes, she does; I recommended it to her.”

WAS HE LOOKING FOR A CELL?

Hubert Armstrong,—“I am asking everybody where I can work for my room. I asked a policeman this afternoon.”

Prof. Adams, to Genetics class:—“The substance of which my hand is composed is the same at that of a cabbage. Notice that I referred to my hand, not my head.

“A plant contains a green substance called chlorophyl. A man’s body does not contain it, not even a Freshman’s.”

TOM SEEMS TO BE DEVELOPING ACCURACY.

Tom. G.:—“I’m tired. I worked all day this afternoon.”

NATURAL!

Miss Hollister: “I like those little narrow sleighs just barely wide enough for two. They are so nice and warm.”

Linn: “I didn’t go to bed until after 10, but I went to sleep on the sofa.”

Miss Trumbo: “Why didn’t you go home earlier?”

CHARACTERISTIC.

Koehler, in Y. M. Inner Circle meeting: "Beg pardon, fellows, for coming back to the subject."

Miss Phillips, to Freshman English class: "Mr. Martin, what does this sentence mean? 'Even I, came to school this morning!'"

Mr. Martin: "It means that, humble and insignificant as you are, yet you came to school."

HOW SHOCKING!

Hannah Knudsen, (speaking of Werts) "Say I'd like to be his wife for a week."

FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.

Wampler: "Miss Smith, I can't understand why you give your pie to Mayberry when I have been talking nice to you all through dinner."

Ruth S.: "Well, you see Mayberry talked to me before dinner."

Lane, reading the Secretary's report at Philodorian Society: "Attorney Gonser persecuted the Defendant."

ALL'S FAIR IN — — AND WAR.

Nellie M.: "Reuel, did you go to the basketball game?"

Golding: "I sure did."

Nellie: "Why Reuel, that's no fair."

WONDER IF IT WAS A D-E-A-R ?

President Sweetland, to American Literature class: "Shakespeare was accused of stealing a deer, when he was a boy; maybe he did. He was married at eighteen."

WE THINK SO TOO.

Holland: "I suppose you folks have a picnic in Eloention class these days?"

Effie H.: "No, we don't, but I am sure you would."

OH GEE!

Mildred Anderson: "The first little boy I can remember had red hair; he could scratch his ear with his toe. He was a bear at it. That was why I liked him so well."

Kelser: "Oh, here is an original manuscript of some ancient language!"

Pres. Sweetland: "You are mistaken. That is Koehler's note book."

SURE, THEY DID.

Miss Phillips, to Prof. Jones: "The other day there were visitors at Chapel, and the only members of the Faculty on the platform were four women. I think it looked awful!"

Miss Coffey: "Oh no, we looked nice."

President Sweetland, to the First Year Greek Class: "The Greek is a very smooth language."

Werts: "The Greeks must have greased their tongues."

Martin: "No, they didn't have to; they lived in grease (Greece)."

Wampler: "The rice (Rice) on the chair is of a better quality than the rice in the dish."

Frances Rice: "I am going to change my name."

Wampler: "Congratulations! Who is he?"

PHILOSOPHY CLASS TAKE NOTICE.

President Sweetland: "Some people are so worthless that when they die it is a case of a void becoming more void."

OH BOYS, LET'S RUN!

Helen Buhler: "A bear isn't much like a girl, they walk on all fours, you know."

Hazel Asbridge: "But they walk when they are coming to meet one; and they hug."

TO WHOM DOES HE SIGNAL?

Wampler: "I have a little system of signals of my own that no one else understands."

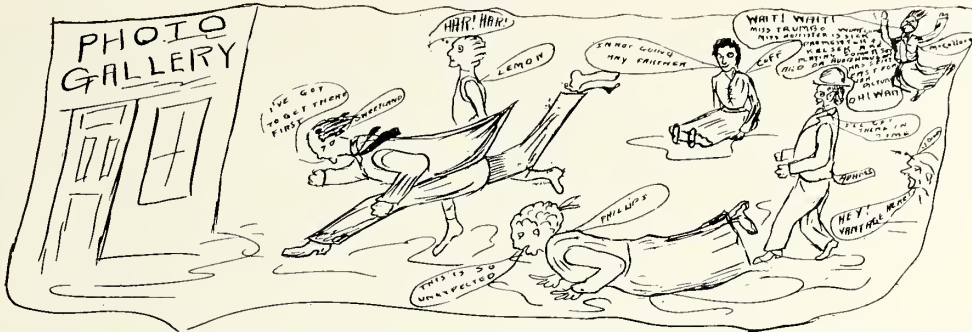
SOUNDS NATURAL.

Hannah K.: "Somebody called me 'my Hannah,' but I bawled him out for it.

"You know, I just fairly love that Mr. Peterson. He has the soul of an artist."

Academy Freshman, looking at the blackboard in Prof. Jones' room: "Whose initials are Q. E. D.?"

There was a young fellow named Kelsner
With a voice like the chime of a bell, sir
He lead the Glee Club and taught them to yell
Most wonderfully, wonderfully well, sir.

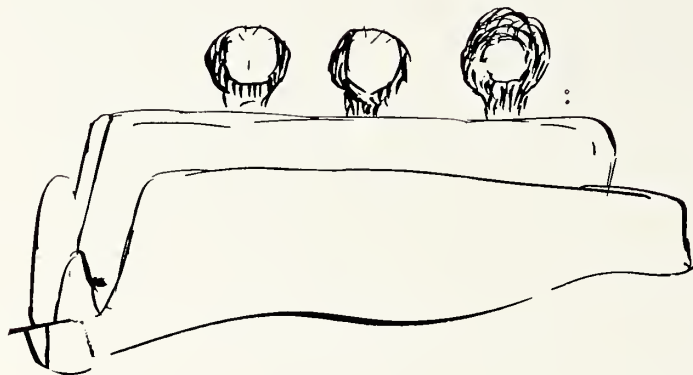


When it was announced that the faculty was to have their pictures taken for the annual there was a general stampede upon the part of the faculty to the photograph gallery. So great was their haste that all classes were suspended for the day and several members have asked the annual board if they might go again as it was perfectly delightful. The photographer complains that he could not do the best work on this group for most of them could not keep their lips together they were so exhausted from their run to the gallery.

Will you kindly hold this picture at a distance and observe Walter L. G. selling tickets. Now do as I tell you, hold it at a distance. We are not able to tell you just what kind of show it was for we were not there but Greer says it was a go'er and we believe he tells the truth.



Any mechanic will tell you that the diamond is one of the hardest of all substances but anyone who attended the U. D. Club and Faculty baseball game will swear that Lawson has a head that will compare favorably with the hardest of substances. You can hit it with a rock, baseball-bat, or a baseball and it will never produce a welt. The United States government has offered to place his head on the front end of one of the tanks in France for it will withstand any kind of ramming or shellfire.



When the opening date of the Marlow had been announced there was a great deal of anticipation and Canole, Thompson, and Greer began polishing their binoculars. We must however hand them this enjoiner that they should not have enticed us younger fellows to join them in their baldheaded row propaganda.

The Music Department of the College has been responsible for many things and we wish especially to mention several improvements at St. Paul's church. The Bald-Headed Row informs us that they are especially well pleased with the color of the curtain which adorns the organ and they claim it to be of a special Oriental design of rare beauty. It certainly would harmonize with the color scheme of the Bluebird specialty in the Rose Dream Operetta.



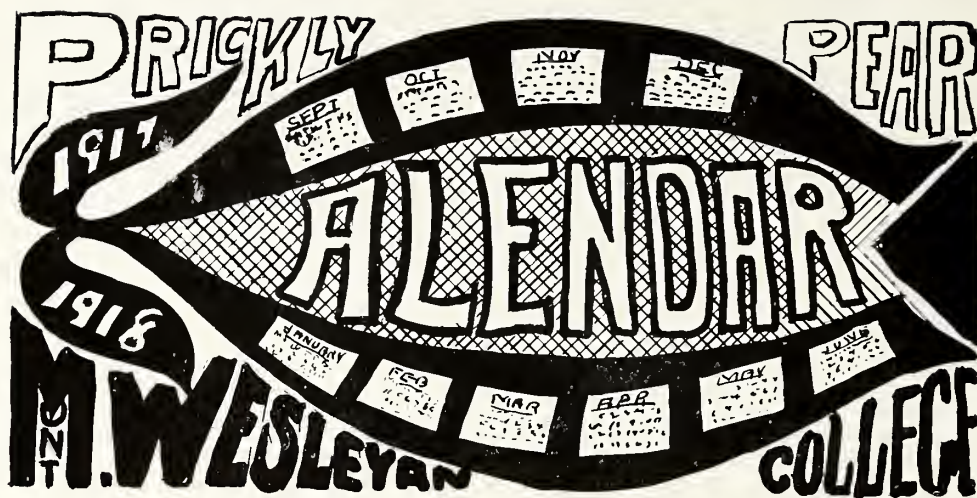
We disliked to publish this fac-simile of that individual—one who belongs to a specie found altogether too commonly, (but rarely at Wesleyan) who does not play football when he is physically and financially able to do so. You can see him in every student-body. He will play if he can make the team without too much exertion, but he will not soil his hands just to play with the second string of men. We shall take our hats off to the man who plays whether he is a first team man or just a scrub, but the man who is in athletics for himself and not for the school should never be permitted to wear the Red and the White.



Smedstad claims to have the best pompadour hair in the school and several of the militant suffragettes in school have concurred with him in this regard. He wears a night-cap to keep it nice and glossy as you may discern in the picture. He has had a continual conflict this year between his sleeping hours and the eighty-thirty class.

We believe the deeds of a good man should be heralded all over the state so we must mention the remarkable record of Bieber in preserving order in the chapel room. You know Bieber had a conviction that there should be no visiting in the chapel during the day and so he appointed himself as the official to keep order. He worked with such determination that his nerves became somewhat shattered so that he took a vacation. This occurred during the good old days when Bill Anderson was a member of the Student Council.





SEPTEMBER.

10. Registration Day. Mountain Party.
11. Plunge Party.
12. Jubilee at Chapel.
13. Miss Trumbo reads in Chapel.
14. Broadwater Party.
15. Elizabeth, "Six Spoons are my supply."
16. Wesleyan Sunday at St. Paul's and Oakes Street.
17. Hart taken for a preacher.
18. Miss Phillips arrives.
19. Miss Phillips presented with a lariat rope in Chapel.
20. Mr. Ashmead leaves for American Lake. Wesleyan in Parade.
21. Y. M. and Y. W. Banquet to New Students and Faculty.
22. Philodorian party after literary meeting.
24. Fair Begins.
25. Trustees promise a New Dorm.
26. Greer takes tickets at the Cabaret.
27. Fair Vacation.
28. "Some Sandwich Sellers."
29. Elizabeth, "I am through with spoons."

OCTOBER.

1. Last Plunge Party.
2. First Birthday Party at Dorm.
3. Miss Phillips agrees to take care of Clair Hill.
4. Frankie Denny returns to school.
5. Epworth League reception to new students.
6. Daedalians entertain visitors at a Theatre Party.
7. Wesleyans on Mt. Helena.
8. Election of student council.
9. Literaries friendly to all new students.
10. First Civic Club. Maggie and Knudsen try to get in on looks.
11. Foot ball between first and second squads.
12. Faculty Banquet.
13. Literary Society Banquets and Initiations.
14. Gospel team at Fort Harrison.
15. Sunday School boys entertain Students and Faculty at Dry Gulch.
16. Beginning of Scarlet Fever.
17. Birthday party in Maggie and Elizabeth's room.
18. Whoop-er-up in Chapel.
19. Y. M. and Y. W. Cabinets visit Placer.
21. No church for Wesleyans. Quarantine look dreadful.
22. Dr. Martin visits Chapel.
23. Another case of Scarlet Fever.
24. Fred Boid upholds Ralph's Rep. as a circuit rider.
25. First Snow.
26. Hallowe'en party at Helena Hall given by girls.
27. Election of Literary officers.
29. Hazel Thomas returns to Dorm.
30. Conservation Day.
31. Memorial for Bert Pippy.

NOVEMBER.

1. Y. W. give informal reception to all girls.
2. Foot-ball boys leave for Billings.
3. Foot-ball game with Billings.
4. Mr. Holland preached at Helena Hall.
5. Parmenter goes to Pest House. Thompson follows suit.
5. Cogswell visits school.
7. Governor sends message to Pres. Sweetland.
8. Foot-ball boys quarantined.
9. Quarantined boys play "Som-er-set."
10. First Lincolnian meeting. Dr. Reubhausen arrives.
11. Mountain Party. Mr. Canole preaches on mountain. (Oh Nellie and Golding.)
13. Rice changes from DeKay to Oakes.

14. Van learns to knit.
15. An elopement.
16. Spanish class starts.
17. Why couldn't Mable and Flora go to literary?
18. Miss Coffey and Miss Trumbo took a Flivver Ride.
19. Esther Cockrell leaves for her home in Nebraska.
20. Annual Staff had charge of Chapel.
21. Basket Ball game with "Y."
22. Tambo defeats Van at Tennis.
23. Kelsner out of quarantine.
24. Jones defeats DeKay for championship in singles.
26. Fred Boid takes on a new charge.
27. Parmenter says, "Go to Poor Farm if you care to put on flesh."
28. Thanksgiving vacation begins. Old Maid's party at Gordons.
29. Daedalian "Som-er-set Party" at Bower's.
30. Fudge party at Pres. Sweetland's.

DECEMBER.

1. Slumber Party at Mills Hall.
2. Who had a flivver ride? (Ask Mable, Gladys, and Lil.)
3. Mrs. McCullough, captain of Faculty Team, challenges freshman girls at snow ball.
4. Chain gang made strong by additions.
5. Basket Ball in full swing. Golding sweeps Gym stairs.
6. Freshman don their colors.
7. Freshman Party. Ask Mr. Werts about the Freshman feed.
8. Dedication of Lincolnian Society.
9. Wesleyan takes charge of League at St. Paul.
10. Freshman Flag floats all day.?????????
11. Freshman spirit still prominent.
12. Prof. Moats visits Chapel.
13. Sommie gets tired washing dishes; lies on sink.
14. Hunter went to bed on time.
15. Lill and Lane made their debut.
16. Wesleyan's make good showing at S. S. Eh! What!
17. Every body making candy for France.
18. Where you going for Xmas, Maggie?
19. Gladys, 'Are you going to hang your stocking up this year Mable?'
20. Xmas Pageant and Tree.
21. Vacation begins.
25. Holiday Banquet.
28. Holiday Party at Mills Hall.
31. Banquet at the Dorm.

JANUARY.

1. Happy New Year.
5. Kentucky has a great beckoning for Montana. (Ask Miss Ponath.)
7. Vacation ends.
8. College Freshmen and Faculty Basket-ball game.
11. "Hungry Eight" have first real feed.
14. Hazel's happy, a letter from Moats.
15. Mable and Gladys enjoy a ride in Sommie's Jitney.
16. Miss Trumbo has experience with frozen gasoline.
18. Mable and Hart go walking in a strange land.
21. Fred Boid takes up new territory.
22. Kelsner comes for Breakfast!!!
24. Bob serenades Rodney Dorm.
25. Wesleyan boys entertain girls at "Som-er-set Party."
28. Mable, "Oh my cats."
31. Gladys uses fifteen slang words in two minutes.

FEBRUARY.

2. McGinnis resolved never to call at 640 Rodney St.
3. Sights are fine looking from the "Woodpile," ask Dorrit and Asta.
4. Tom resolves to have no more special chapel talks.
6. Second team plays St. Charles.
7. Peterson gets excited and mixed names.
8. Basket Social.
11. Reception for the enlisted Marines.
12. Marines leave. The "Q" organized.
13. Carroll Club meets defeat.
14. DeKay changes girls.
15. Ester's in town, Bill's happy.
16. Literaries have second initiation. Goat hard to ride.
18. Scarlet Fever quarantine lifted. Oh Joy!
19. First Dramatic Play.
20. Students visit Capitol.
21. Civic Number. Wesleyans all saw the "Chief."
23. Mrs. Werts cleans house: What's the matter Dad??????
24. Flowers, Flowers, everywhere. Ask Miss Hollister, Miss Barker and Miss Ponath.
25. Students visit Legislature.
26. Lil and Lane have a spat.
27. Non-Breakfast squad called on the carpet.
28. Dr. Harris visits Chapel.

MARCH.

1. Hazel feels real devilish.
2. Wesleyan-Poly game.
3. Mable is happy, "Hart" is out of hospital.

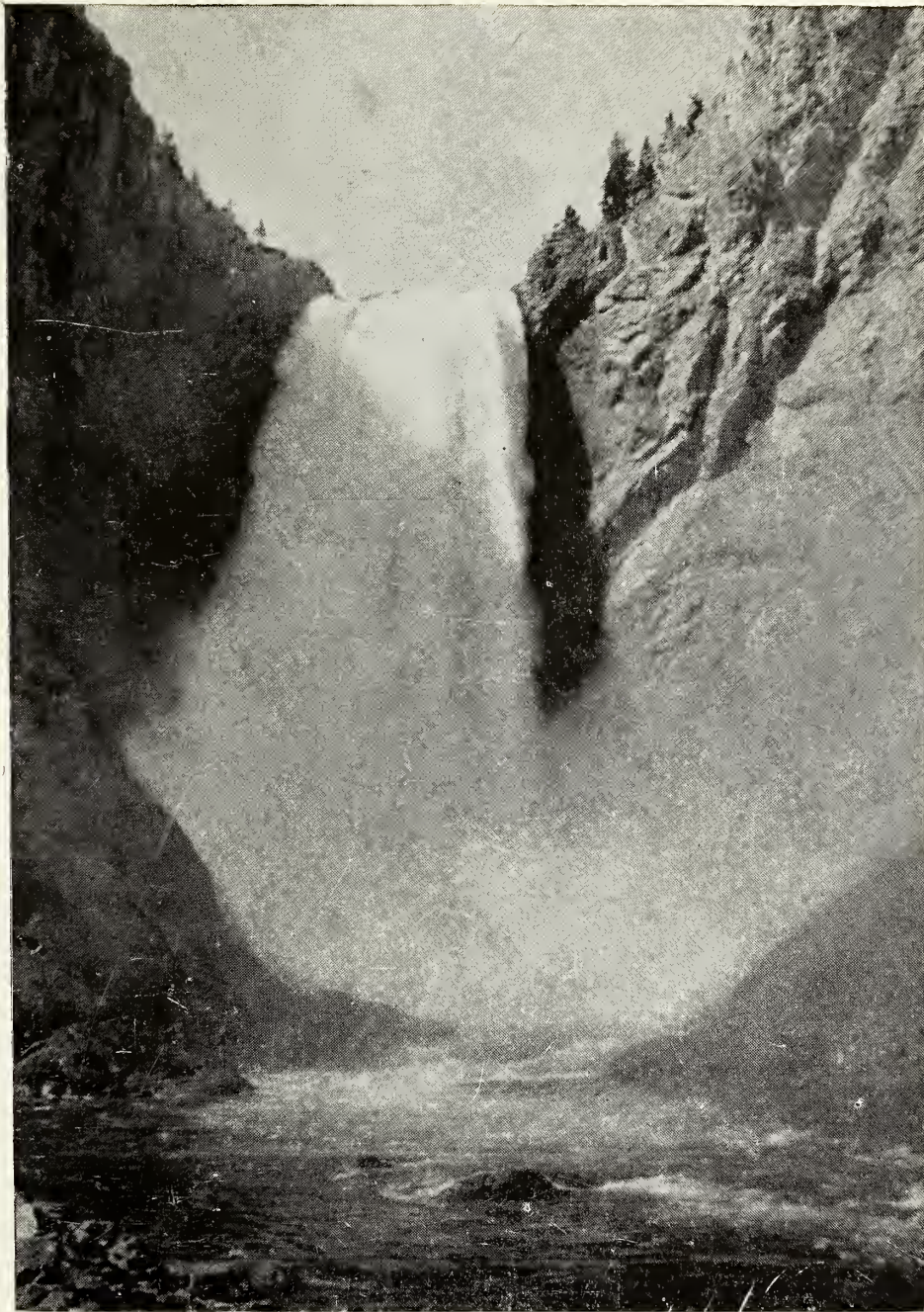
6. St. Charles-Wesleyan game.
7. Lane still loves Lil.
8. Quartet delights Chapel.
9. Daedalians have "Som-R-Set" party.
10. Picture taking hike by four minus two.
11. New student from Livingston.
12. Tom receives a package.
13. The "Hart" of Wesleyan has gone to Arkansas.
14. A blue day for Mable. I wonder why????
15. No more smoke for U. D. C.
16. Sonnie and Ruth take sick.
19. "Over the Top." New Dorm.
20. Sonnie and Ruth are well.
21. Gladys quits Dorm.
23. Maggie gets a letter from France.
27. New kind of war bread at the Dorm.

APRIL.

1. Loud Socks. Oh My!
4. Mable receives a box from home.
7. Mr. Edgington at church, "What happened to Jones? I believe it was a 9-lb. boy."
8. Poor Bobbie has the Small Pox.
10. Mayberry joins Bob at the Pest House.
11. "What Happened to Jones". Given at Auditorium.
12. Gladys and Van take in a Show.
16. Woodpiling.
17. S. S. boys hold a secret meeting.
19. S. S. girls meet Miss Trumbo. I wonder why????
21. Great excitement. Boys defeat girls in contest.
22. Nellie realizes the necessity of Hooverizing. She eats the crusts of her bread.
23. State Council of Defense banish German books.
24. Installation of new Y. W. officers.
25. Spanish becomes a popular study.
26. Quartet entertains the Student Body.
27. Society party on Mt. Helena.
28. Lil departs for her home.
29. Leone is happy for Howard is back.
30. Rose Dream Operetta. Bald-headed row present.

MAY.

1. Error prevailed.
3. Storm still rages.
5. "Smetty finds handkerchief.
6. Thompson leaves.



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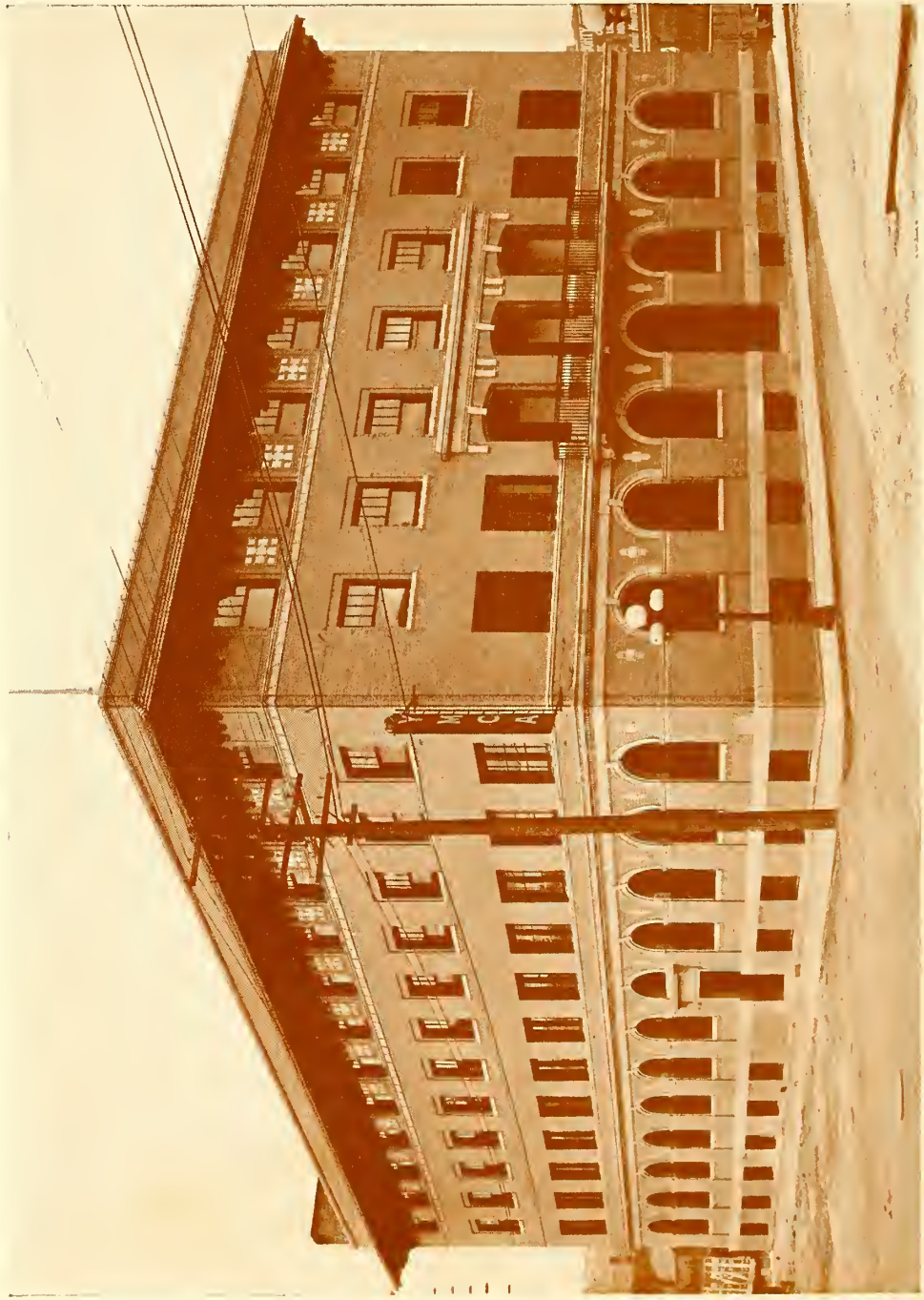


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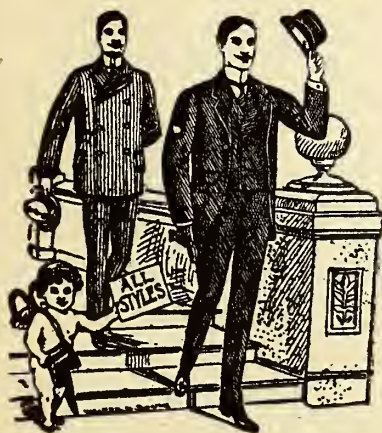
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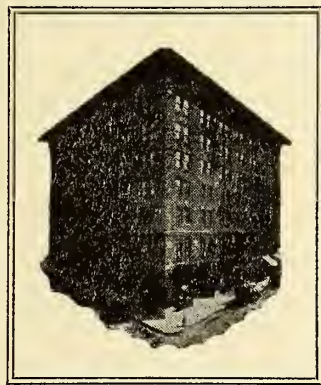
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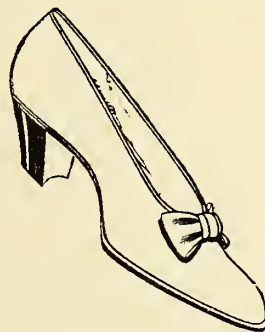
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50,000,000 bushels of wheat annually, and many other grains.
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\$113,000,000 annually

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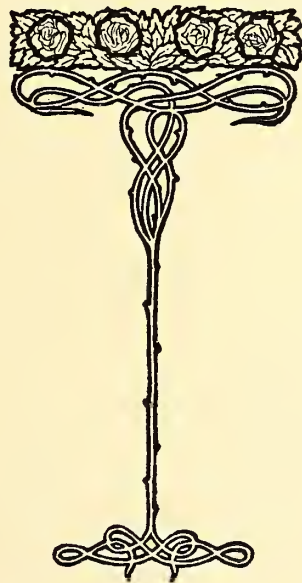
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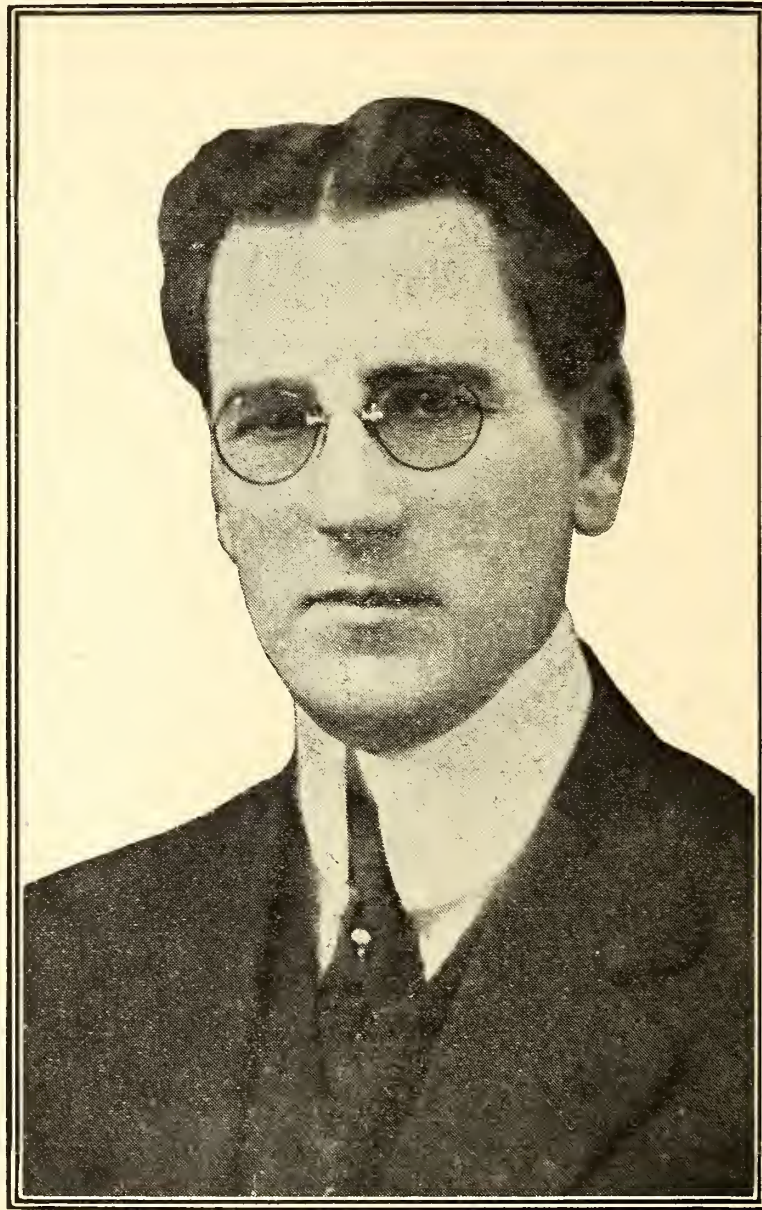


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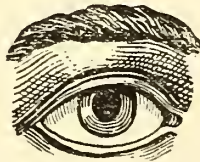


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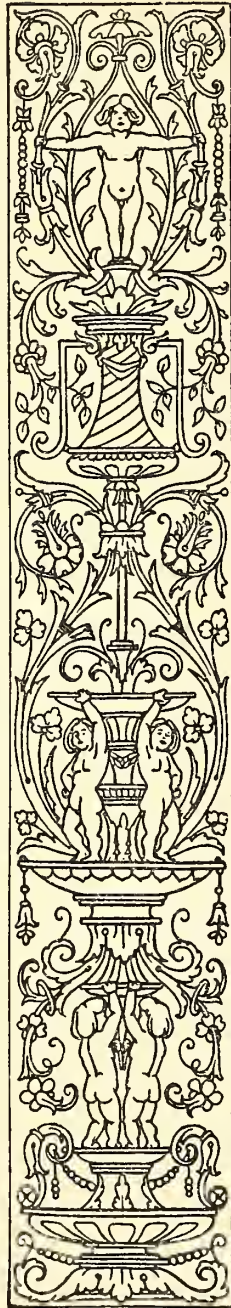
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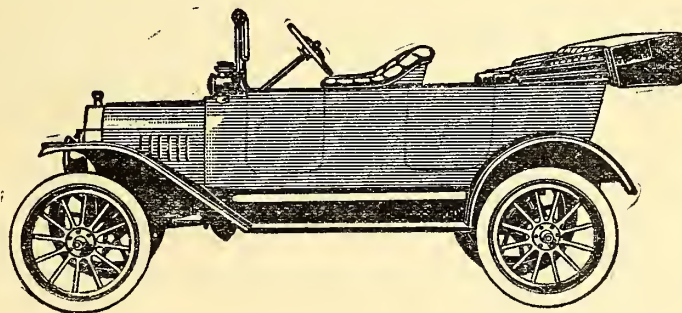
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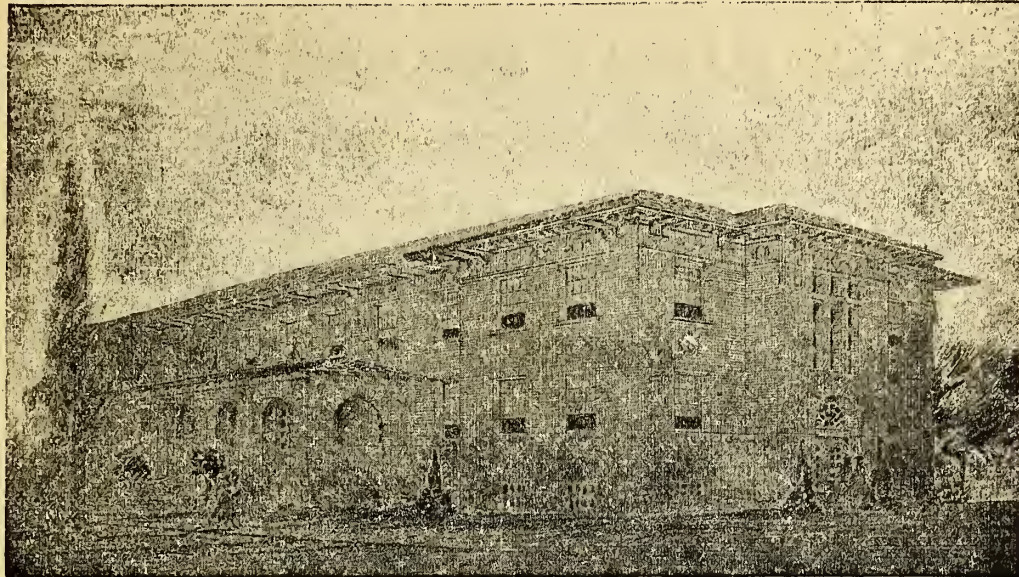
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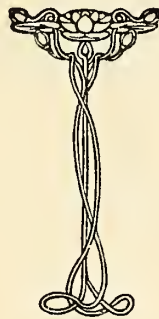
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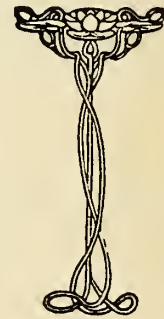


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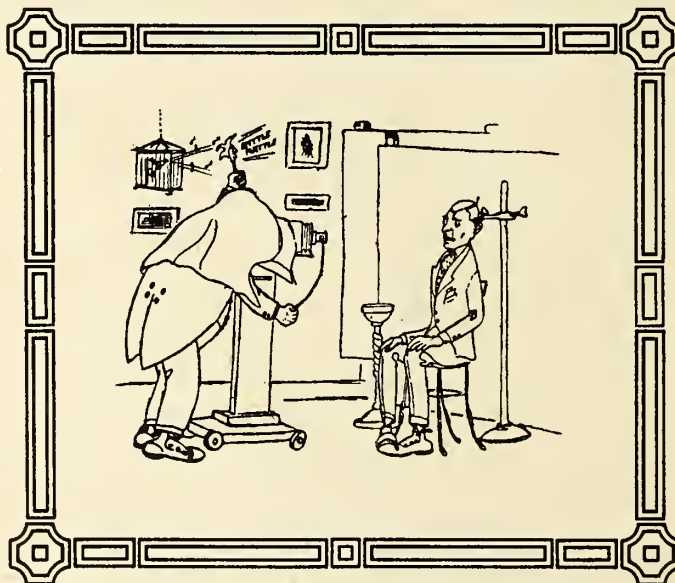
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In making of good soda, the quality of the materials used is the vital thing. Even at this late day, artificial essences and extracts are used in the preparation of syrups at many fountains. Here the juices of fresh ripe fruits are used wherever possible.

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We hope to see you often at our tables this fall. Come and bring your friends; and when you come and go away pleased, as we are sure you will, remember that the care and attention we give to the making and serving of soda are evidence that the same regard for your interests extends to all other departments of the big store.

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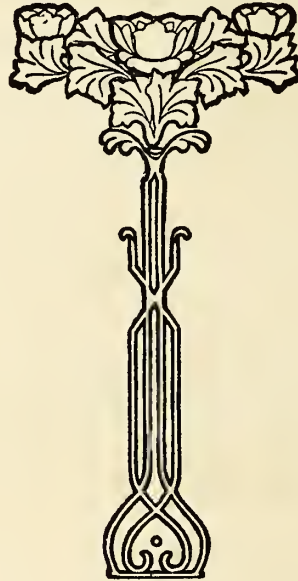
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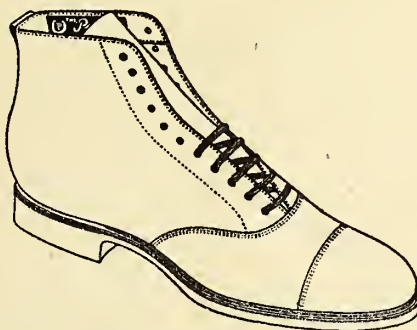
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We are proud that Wesleyan is in Helena*

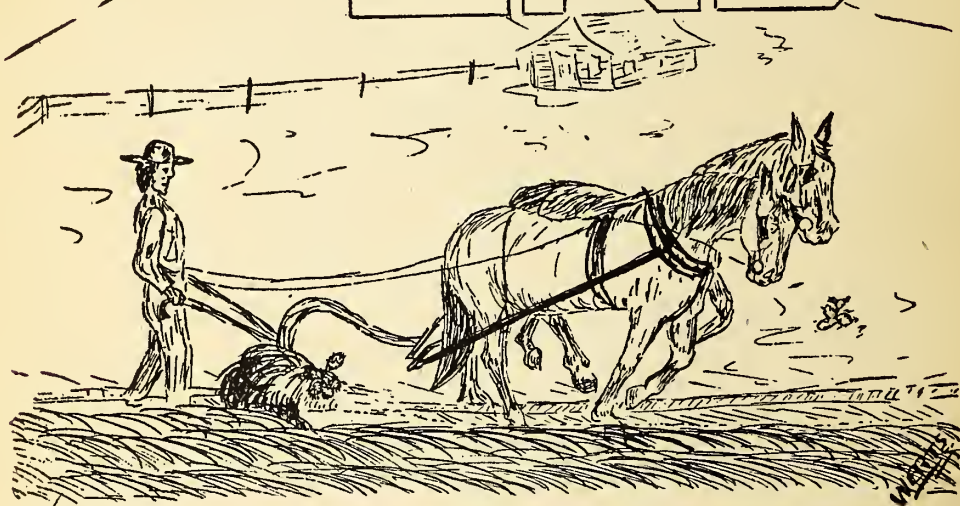
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OF THE PRICKLY PEAR

