



26 Oct 1918

The Missouri Miner, October 26, 1918

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THE MISSOURI MINER.

Missouri School of Mines and Metallurgy, Rolla, Missouri.

Vol. 5, No. 8.

Saturday, October 26, 1918.

Price 5 Cents.

ROLLAMO BOARD.

We of the '19 Rollamo Board believe that in this time of great national effort, while so many of our friends and brothers are serving, or preparing to serve the Nation, that there should be a special effort put forth to record in our college annual the true story of this service. According to our present plan the '19 Rollamo will contain just this thing. Along with a record of all that is dear to us in our college years will be a lasting story of your service and sacrifices during the present crisis.

BUT, the Rollamo is simply a measure of the Student Body's industry and effort. This year, more than ever before, it will be necessary that the Student Body get behind The Rollamo and boost it. Make this Rollamo your book and our book—not a publication by the Rollamo Board alone. Come to us with those original ideas; bring us those pictures that you think are Rollamo class. And when we call on you to do your share, do your best.

CAPTAIN STOTZ TO LEAVE.

Capt. John Stotz, now the commanding officer of the S. A. T. C., is to be transferred to the S. A. T. C. at the University of Chicago. It is thot that Lieut. Shuttleworth, now in charge of Section A, will succeed Capt. Stotz as commandant here.

There are many who regret that Capt. Stotz may leave, for he has made himself a most agreeable figure in Rolla during his command here. Chicago U. is fortunate, to say the least.

Subscribe for the Miner.

S. A. T. C.

To be at once a soldier and a student is indeed a task that is worthy of any man's undivided efforts and attention. Of course, the S. A. T. C. does not require one to be a student in the peace-time conception of the term, nor on the other hand a soldier in the war-time conception of the term, but rather a well blended combination of both. It is very difficult at the outset to conform to military discipline, and apply military discipline to study, for heretofore the student was perhaps the most self-governed person one might conceive of. Lacking responsibility, some even of support, they did mostly as they pleased, and it must be admitted, with little regard for will, studied—sometimes—and retired at varied and indiscriminate times. It would appear then, that for many it is fortunate that they have this transition period for remolding themselves to fit the new requirements. The men in charge here have truly shown remarkable consideration by gradually creating a military unit where they might have imposed all of the many restrictions at once. By each day bringing some new responsibility, that is nevertheless a regular part of army life, the remolding has been done gradually, and with few contortions, so that for the most part, the various duties and responsibilities have slipped in, taken the places and become a daily or weekly occurrence almost unseen. The student is remaining a student and becoming a soldier at the same time, thereby having his ca-

Continued on Page Five.

Some Problems Confronting Mining Schools.

It is not the intention of the writer to enumerate here, all the problems that confront mining schools, for the list is so long that few would care to read it. There are some problems, common to nearly all schools, and there are some which are purely local in character; some which are of only passing interest; and some of vital importance to the institution. They are all problems in which the scholastic world is deeply interested, but which are for the most part of little interest to the mining public. This group of persons, collectively termed the "mining public," is more concerned over the working value of a dollar than over questions that may arise within the walls of a mining school, and yet many of these same questions are of vital moment to miners and teachers, for they go down to the foundations of material prosperity.

For instance, if we can not link the actual practice in mine, mill and smelter, with instruction in the class room, something is radically wrong with the institution. I do not mean by this that a school even pretends to graduate miners, millmen or furnace-men, for that is a manifest impossibility. Furthermore, it will not be the proper work for any school, and the sooner we all realize that fact, and act accordingly, the sooner shall we travel the highway of common sense undismayed.

It is not a problem in any well conducted mining school, east, middle-west, to graduate men who are competent to assume the duties of mine su-

perintendents, mill foremen or furnace men, but it is a problem to train young men how to think. In these days, overcrowded with work and urgent application, while we are bending every power that is within us towards whipping into shape the youth of our country, preparing them for the titanic struggle raging across the sea, we are wont to forget that the mind is not simply a storage chamber, to be filled at will like an ore bin. We are likely in the hurry and rush of this unnatural strain under which we are living, to overlook the fact that you can not continue feeding a furnace continually without giving time for the processes of oxidation to dispose of the fresh fuel. The student may be burdened with facts and figures, but unless we train his mind to make use of them we fall far from reaching the state of efficiency required by modern practice. In other words, unless we teach the individual to think while we are training him in his chosen vocation, we miss our goal.

The training in such highly specialized matters as mining, ore dressing and metallurgy, is largely of a more or less prophetic nature. It is based upon the ability to forecast the future, and to think out and devise how best to provide against its demands. Processes and practices that are now in use may or may not be so important, ten years, five years, or even one year hence, as they are now. Machines now running may be consigned to the scrap heap tomorrow. Applications of compressed air, of water power, or of the electric current, may affect conditions now held to be practically unassailable. Flotation of ores may bring such competition to standard devices of concentrating as to impair their efficiency. One need only to observe present tendencies in order to be

aware that what is now, is not likely to be, a few years from now.

All of this is generally granted as true, but unless we can correctly prejudice the future, and provide against its demands by preparing to meet them in advance, we can not train our young men properly.

It is true that certain kinds of instruction must always be provided for, no matter what the future may hold, but unless this necessary instruction be correlated with the emergencies of the future it will not greatly help us. The engineers of the future will need, just as much as the engineer of the past, thorough grounding and training in English, mathematics, commercial geography, economics, history, social service, and such of the other sciences as may fall within his profession. I do not mention these things in order of importance, but I do venture to say that English and mathematics and social science are by no means the least important. And by English I do not mean the study of Milton, or Shakespeare, Ruskin or Emerson, but the acquirement of ordinary verbiage and phraseology, of correct spelling and correct grammar. By mathematics I do not mean calculus, or the geometry of the Fourth Dimension; but I do mean arithmetic, algebra, plane and spherical trigonometry, and plane and solid geometry. And by social science I do not mean a knowledge of the proper time for a pink tea, or the etiquette of the ball room, but I mean the simple every-day rules of life, the observance of which enables one to keep himself in due bounds with his fellow men, and permits them to associate with him without embarrassment.

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Oct. 20, 1918.

Editor of the Miner:

I was ordered to the Field Artillery Central Officers' Training School at Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky. I reported here on October 7, and believe me, I sure am glad I am here. It is a great life, if you don't weaken. I am at present in the Observation Battery. (This is a place where they kind of look you over, and see your fitness as an officer.) The candidates (as they are known) are here about four weeks, then they are sent to the Training Batteries. The course in the Training Battery is 12 weeks. Here's hoping I have good luck.

The only technical studies that the candidates have in the Obs. is Math. I have been appointed Chief Math. Instructor of the Battery. There are six instructors under me.

Boy, they keep us going from 5:30 to 9:00 at night. We have to be on our toes all the time, and we sure have to toe the mark.

Please send me the Miners. The last one I received was No. 2. Let's have some news from the Alma Mater.

Write son.

CANDIDATE OSHER GOLD-SMITH, 13 Obs. Bat., Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky.
F. A. C. O. T. S.

TO KEEP THE FAITH.

The beautiful poem written by Lieut.-Col. John McCrae, entitled "In Flanders Field," prompted C. B. Galbreath, Ohio State Librarian, of Columbus, Ohio, to write the following reply. We are indebted for the following copy of this beautiful poem to P. R. VanFrank, '85.

In Flanders fields the cannon boom,
And fitful flashes light the gloom,
While up above, like eagles, fly
The fierce destroyers of the sky;

With stains the earth wherein you lie
Is redder than the poppy bloom
In Flanders fields.

Sleep on, ye brave. The shrieking shell,
The quaking trench, the startled yell,
The fury of the battle hell
Shall wake you not, for all is well

In Flanders fields.

Your flaming torch aloft we bear,
With burning heart an oath we swear,
To keep the faith, to fight it through,
To crush the foe or sleep with you

In Flanders fields.

Prof. Dake has received a communication from L. J. Zoller, '18, saying that he was on his way to France. He is in Co. B, 603d Eng.

John S. Brown, '17, is in Co. 7, E. O. T. S., at Camp A. A. Humphreys, Va. He says he hopes to receive a commission soon.

THE MISSOURI MINER.

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TRANS-ATLANTIC FLIGHT.

The report published in July of this year of the flight of a De Haviland plane from Princeton, N. J., to Europe, by way of Newfoundland, has been verified in the official publication, The United States Naval Institute Proceedings.

A De Haviland plane carrying four passengers left Grace Harbor on the Newfoundland Coast at 7:02 A. M. on July 28, 1918, and flew continuously, attaining a height of 15,000 feet, for twenty-four hours and ten minutes, alighting at Dingle Bay, Ireland, at 7:12 A. M., on July 29.

Lt. John J. Doyle, ex-'18, wrote Dr. McRae that he was overseas, and had a very uneventful voyage, not seeing a single submarine.

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CRIBBING.

No matter what means are employed to frustrate it, whether it be by penalizing the offender or placing him on his honor, cribbing seems to appear at times, and place a smirch upon the honor of the student body. M. S. M. is a man's institution. We pride ourselves on having no stool pigeons or students who will criticize another purely for self aggrandizement, and true the students have never been asked to, because bona fide members of a regularly instituted honor system, they have never even been asked not to crib, copy or cheat in quizzes, but they have been assumed to be honorable men, capable of withstanding temptation, and of relying upon themselves and upon their individual efforts. now, more than ever before, is it essential that a man be

honorable, for now he is a member of the United States Army, an organization of democracy which has set out to assist in the destruction of an institution whose word cannot be relied upon, whose every act is an act of cribbing, of deceit and cheating. Would it not be totally incongruous for any unit in this immense fighting machine to crib, to cheat, to pawn his honor, and misrepresent a personal value when the machine of which he is a part is endeavoring to stamp out that discrepancy? Do not refrain from dishonor because there is a penalty for it. Just be honorable and be a man because you want to be—because you want to be worthy of the cause that you are supporting and because you do not want to incriminate the members of an institution or organization by putting a blot upon their shield and destroy it.

Floyd James, '17, is an Ensign U. S. N., 10th Reg., Submarine Unit, Pebham Bay, N.Y.

S. A. T. C. DANCE.

The S. A. T. C. is giving a dance in Jackling Gymnasium this evening. As a complement of men may be reserved for vocational training very soon, and who will, in all probability, be quartered in the gymnasium, advantage has been taken. The occasion is being handled by a committee appointed by Lieut. Shuttleworth, and all indications are for a very pleasurable evening. The dance will be unique, in that it will have to commence early, considerably sooner than dances usually start, for taps will sound at twelve, and no one wants K. P. on Sunday. It is a coincidence that the tiwn lost by advancing taps from eleven, the usual time, to twelve, will not make any difference in sleep, for the time is to be put back an hour Sunday morning, thereby compensating the change in taps.

The music will be furnished by the members of the S. A. T. C., and all arrangements are being made by the company so that the dance is a company affair. Every one anticipates an enjoyable evening, and their expectations are sure to be realized.

H. S. Smith, '18, and R. G. Knickerbocker, '13, have had the influenza at Camp Humphrey, where they are in the E. O. T. C.

Gustavus A. Duncan, '74, has been made general manager of the Eldorado-Flagstaff Mining and Milling Co., at Nelson, Nev

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MUSKETRY.

"Fish" Salmon, after being poked in the jaw by our enthusiastic exponent of the manual of arms: "Boy! you 'suttinly' handle that rifle like a monkey does cocoanuts."

Lieut.: "It is a court-martial offense to drop a gun—very serious matter, so be careful!"

In the rear rank: Bang!

Lieut.: "Who dropped that gun?"

Unlucky Private: "Here, sir."

Lieut.: "First Sergeant! Put this man on K. P."

Just why there is a noticeable disappearance of towels, folded to present the greatest possible thickness, just before "Manual of Arms Drill," is a mystery—to those who haven't shouldered a Russian rifle.

John, the gentleman from Tulsa, entertained the barracks with a "sonorous" variety of noises Monday night until Campbell wrapped a piece of rubber hose around his neck and stopped the draft.

Why Bill Niece sleeps with a blue shirt on is one of the topics of gossip in the south barracks. He is quoted as saying: "You'll never know!" Bill has a hobby to "spring" a joke about Indians.

How would you like to eat "By the Numbers?"

Company! 'tenshun! By the numbers, eat! One—hold it! steady now; look it over—Guard House.

Private: "Al I do is "Fall in," all out," get dismissed, and then ordered to "fall right in" again. I think I'll ask for a furlough so I can wash my face."

Second Private: "You don't have to. Aren't you told often enough to "wipe it off?"

Why eating in the army is

called "Mess" is no longer an enigma.

Things were quiet enough in the barracks early Wednesday morning until an alarm clock, set by an industrious K. P., played reveille. One of the over-alert Sergeants turned out of his bunk and called "Here! turn on the lights! fall out!" and then glancing at his wrist appendage saw it was 5:00 a. m.!

Ed Hollow, immigrant from Cuba, has admitted that he is the best little K. P. that ever sawed bread or spilled coffee.

Every one tries to wake up some time during the night and listen to "Shanks" Moore in his continuous vaudeville. He specializes in anything from "If the River Were Whiskey" to the "Sextette," from Lucia, and never wakens.

At mess, most of our men are nervous from watching a few well meaning chaps tickle their palate with a knife. It is feared that the hold on the knife might be relaxed—goodly grip!

If we didn't have mashed potatoes occasionally, some of the men never would eat peas, even after a life time's practice at juggling.

The "Met" students and assaying sharks are trying to develop an analogy between the use of salt peter in assaying and in food. We are "lead" to believe that results have been attained already!

And then some highly original enthusiast says "You'll like it!" Why, of course we like it, despite the occasional grunts.

G. E. Johnson, '16, is with the International Lead Refining Co., Hammond, Ind.

John T. Craig is a 2d Lt. 311 Eng., A. E. F.

S. A. T. C.

Continued from Page One.

capacity for accomplishment greatly expanded with a consequent gain in value, for himself in later years when the grave situation now existing has been handled and set aside, and for his country during this period when the need for men trained in co-ordination, who can think and act simultaneously, is most urgent.

Prof. J. H. Bowen, who has been at the head of the shop work and drawing department of the School of Mines for the past sixteen years, has been granted a leave of absence from the institution. Prof. Bowen left Rolla Monday for a visit to his old home in Virginia, and from there he will go to Washington, D. C., on business.

Lieut. Malcolm B. Magers, a former student of Park College and a graduate of the Small Arms Firing School, Camp Perry, Ohio, has been assigned to duty at M. S. M., to have charge of rifle practice in the S. A. T. C.

Dr. Amand Ravold, ex-'79, pleasantly remembered for his toasts and songs at M. S. M. banquets in St. Louis, is a Major in the Medical Corps, U. S.

Prof. F. H. Frame has been Captain in the Ordnance Department. He has been in France for several months.

Mrs. A. E. Smith, of Hutchinson, Kas., is visiting her son, Ralph, of the Freshman class.

Corp. O. Blackwood is in 311 Field Service Batt. C. C., A. E. F.

George Barnett Bloom, ex-'20, has been made a second lieutenant in the Air Service.

SOPHOMORE COLUMN.

Illidge was a little late the other day, and he went on K. P.; "Fish" Salmon threw a banana skin on the barrack room floor, and then stepped on it, and he went on detail. Thus the rigors of army discipline are many and relentless. Such slight breaches, however, do not necessarily mean the downfall of good men like the above.

There was a "rippin'" report from the ranks. "Wipe it off! Wipe it off!" piped the mandates of that "guy" in the file-closers, as a smile rippled down the many files.

We've heard that Mort Wilson was engaged to a charming girl in Hannibal, but that he fell for a cabaret dancer, and broke his promise.

It is alleged that a rumor has been afloat to the effect that there were complaints reported in regard to our army "chow." This must be false, for we are indeed fortunate in our mess and its management. It asserted, as hearsay has it, that a man was shot for complaining. Gee, we wouldn't eat in preference at the Ritz-Carlton. In all seriousness, however, we are lucky (to have not been shot.)

Sophomores of '21 have always had that pep which made the Miners famous. Now that we are all soldiers for "Uncle Sam," we should not lose that pep—we want to get more of it. It's the pep, like the Miners have, that is giving the Kaiser bad dreams. We're in to see it thru with "lots" of pep.

"A freshman's a freshman the wide world over," even as a sage would state it. They are always falling for the mean Irish tricks of the Sophomore. Kosky found Freshman Mutz waiting at the window of the chemistry supply room.

"Do you want to see Fred Lane?" inquired Kosky.

"Sure," said the frosh.

"Well, why don't you turn that handle around," sought "Jack," "that's his bell," and he pointed to the crank of the pencil-sharpener.

Kosky went down stairs, leaving the frosh, who patiently turned the crank at intervals in his wait.

In the United States, to be sure, a man has the right of free speech, but we all wish that certain ones in barracks would do a little less of it in their sleep between taps and reveille. The topics of these talks are really "free speech," dealing with everything from geology to politics. If any of these men should go to sleep when stationed at listening posts in front of the trenches, the Boches would also have a chance to do some listening.

Our "top-soak," when this shall have gone to press, has extended to him the heartiest congratulations from the whole of '21.

"STUDENT LIFE."

A new bulletin, entitled "Student Life," has been issued by M. S. M. It is gotten up in a style quite similar to the old bulletin issued several years under the same name. Quite a few of the illustrations in it are new, and the whole of the reading matter has been revised and re-written. Several pages at the end of the little volume are given over to a description of the vocational training camp which started at M. S. M. June 15th. Any one will be given a copy of the bulletin who asks for it at the Library.

Huston Taylor, who has been chemist for Kusa Spelting Co., Kusa, Okla., returned to Rolla Sunday, and on Monday entered the S. A. T. C. at the School of Mines.

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## FRESHMAN COLUMN.

The Frosh, or Rookie, if that is a more degrading word, is surely getting a concentrated course now, as compared to the old schedule. But though it is concentrated, it is not always C. P. (U No.)

We fully believe that, if the truth were known, the name of Mary Baker Eddy would go ringing down thru the corridors of time, as the originator of Descriptive Geometry. We have no doubt but that with a mind so fertile as hers, and so blessed with the powers of imagination, she could grasp everything from "civer" to "civer," and possibly promulgate some new ideas.

We can't help but envy those lucky Frosh who roam the streets at will, and whose every move is not done to the merry (?) notes of a bugle. We wonder why we couldn't have come to this orb minus a heart, or with our medulla oblongata growing where our knee should be.

And sometimes we are sure that some people did come to earth in such a hurry that they were not provided with a thinking machine.

"Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling" when at 5:15 a. m. you hear the alarm clock ring for the man on K. P., and you know that you can turn over and "pound your ear" for one hour more. Then, as he goes out the door the husky voice of the K. P. comes floating back through the gloom: "Oh, you'll like it, bo," he says "Your time's comin'."

Swyers wonders why Capt. Stotz should object to a little thing like expectoration in the ranks, even if the Captain's feet were in danger of being hit.

Karges insists that the reason he allowed his wealth of nocturnal-like hair to be clip-

# VENUS PENCILS

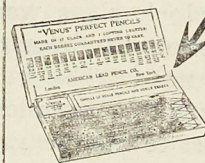


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ped was because the "fair sex" simply would not let him alone. We feel sure he will not be troubled in this matter for some time to come.

## MAJOR BAYSINGER APPOINTED A MEMBER OF GENERAL COURT MARTIAL.

The Official U. S. Bulletin of the War Department, under date of October 18, 1918, contained special order No. 225, as follows: "By direction of the President, a general court-martial is appointed to meet at Fort Leavenworth, Kans., at the call of the senior member for the trial of such persons as may be brought before it."

The detail for the court consists of fifteen members, of which Major Stuart L. Baysinger, of the Medical Corps, ranks second on the court. Only one man above him.

This is an expression of confidence on the part of the Government highly complimentary to Major Baysinger, and very pleasing to his friends.

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### THINGS NEW AND STRANGE AT M. S. M.

A great change has taken place at the Missouri School of Mines. If an alumnus of former years could come back he would find things very different. No more loafing around the drug stores and streets during off hours. Fraternity and Club Houses are closed, and the jolly hours spent in these home-like places are over. The day when the 8 o'clock class was the dread of one's life would seem heavenly now. The bugle call at 6:15 causes the once easy going Miner to tumble out at attention. Snappy setting up exercises before breakfast is a new tonic, and sweeping, dusting and bed making are the first subjects of the day. Not a minute to call one's own is a new thing for the Rolla Miner. Even when the day is done one must study from 7:30 to 9:30. And it is a case of really "must," because it is a regulation order of the day. For "Uncle Sam" says if a member of the S. A. T. C. fails in a subject he will be sent to an army camp. So it rather behooves one to study. And can you imagine a Rolla Miner going to bed at 10 o'clock? Well, he does so now. Truly an innovation. Saturday is the one big day. The whole afternoon off, and "Taps" not until eleven o'clock that night. No doubt the fair sex will be "dated" weeks in advance for Saturday.

All this has come to pass at M. S. M. The students in the S. A. T. C. moved into their barracks in Mechanical Hall Wednesday night, Oct. 16. Life has indeed changed at the old school. Foolish, frivolous things, and the care-free college days belong to the past. The Rolla Miner is a soldier now, in every sense of the word. And when the Miners of yesterday are bringing credit and honor to themselves and

to our school in this great struggle, we indeed have high hopes for the new Miner when he completes his course in the Student Army Training Corps at the Missouri School of Mines.

### TALES AND TAILINGS.

Fair maiden (stranded on sandbar by incoming tide, who has just called for help)—I knew some succor would come!

Would-be rescuer—If I'm a sucker, you can stay there!—Pennsylvania State roth.

### Of Some Use.

"Gentlemen," remarked the professor, "the general function of the heads of several learned members of this class is to keep their neckties from slipping off."—Harvard Lampoon.

### The Truth Comes Out.

Junior Partner (law firm)—Our bookkeeper has been robbing the petty cash drawer for ten years. He has confessed.

Senior Partner—Gee, whizz! And you and I have been suspecting each other.

### Somebody Says.

You have firm convictions; it's the other fellow who is plainly obstinate.

Words resemble sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.

You can't expect to paint the town red without getting some on the nose.

None but a fool is always right.

### A Large Fraternity.

"Yes," said the principal, of the young ladies' seminary to the proud parent, "you ought to be very happy, my dear sir, to be the father of so large a family, all the members of which appear to be so devoted to one another."

"Large family! Devoted!" gasped the old gentleman, in

amazement. "What on earth do you mean, ma'am?"

"Why, yes, indeed," said the principal, beaming through her glasses. "No fewer than eleven of Edith's brothers have been here this term to take her out, and she tells me she expects the tall one with the blue eyes again tomorrow."—Tit Bits.

### Revised Version.

Woman's place is in the lime-light.

Go ahead first, and take the chances on being sure you are right afterwards.

Do unto others as you know they would do to you if they ever get the chance.

If at first you don't succeed, bribe, bribe again.

Never put off until tomorrow what you can get somebody else to do for you today.

"Have you ever thought seriously of marriage, sir?"

"Yes, indeed I have; ever since the ceremony.

Ted: What do you do when a man tries to kiss you?

Marjorie: Oh, that's something you'll have to find out for yourself.

### English Pronunciation.

A maker of lyddite named Belleville

Had a temper remarkably l Belleville,

But when jilted for khaki

He cut up quite narky,

And said, "Well, if girls aren't the delleville.

A poor captive Tommy named Bethune,

Writes: "The German's my temper don't swethune

It makes me see red

When they give me 'war-bread'

It's the worst stuff that I've ever ethune."

The Scandal-Monger is the submarine of the human race.

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