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THE CLASSICS AT MONTANA

THIS department was one of the five provided for at the beginning of the University of Montana and has developed with the progress of the institution, without interruption or great changes. The first organization of the University work was into courses of required work, arranged by years and without electives within the courses. This was soon changed to a mixed system of required and elective work, except in the School of Engineering, the work of which must of necessity be required and fixed according to the branch of engineering sought for. Elsewhere in the University groups about one-third of the total hours required for graduation is required of all students, and to some extent the time taking this general required work is fixed.

The Classics is not one of the departments favored by representation in these required hours, as are English, Literature, History, Science, Psychology and Economics. No degree given by the University requires Latin or Greek for its attainment; these subjects are entirely elective. Under these circumstances, without the fostering aid of fixed requirements, the department has always received and is receiving a fair share of student patronage, both in respect to the number and the quality of those taking the work. For this

year the number of collegiate registrations in the Literary group is far greater than in others, as is usual; next to this in numbers are the Classical and Engineering group, about equal in number. The essential difference between the work of the Classical and Literary groups is the requirement in the latter of a certain amount of literature and the usual substitution of modern for ancient languages; though students in this group may pursue Latin or Greek and some do so. The fact that in this section of the wild and woolly West the Classics receive a fair amount of patronage without any extraneous aid from University legislation, is interesting; whether gratifying or not depends upon the reader's taste and judgment.

The work of this department, as outlined in the Annual Register, offers in Latin three years of collegiate work and three years of preparatory, in Greek four years' work. Besides this language work, one semester each is offered in Greek life and in Roman life. These require no knowledge of the languages. While required of all who pursue the classical group, they are open by election to all students and are taken by many from other groups.

Study of a language, the oral use of which is not cultivated, naturally and practically divides into two lines. In one the philology or science of the language is the chief study, and the literature is used as material for this purpose; in the other the literature is the primary aim and the philology is secondary and subservient. The importance of each of these great lines of classical study is recognized, and as requirements are made and means furnished both will be developed. With existing limitations, to give adequate development to both is impossible, and an attempt to do so would be unnecessary dissipation and waste of resources. The classical department has thus far chosen to concentrate on literature rather than on philology. The grammatical foundation essential for intelligent reading and for appreciation of subtle shades of thought and feeling is given in the preparatory work which is required for the higher work.

The collegiate work consists chiefly of readings selected from the authors and works universally recognized as representing the best in Greek and Roman literature; incidentally grammar is required, reviewed and extended in its application to correct interpretation and translation. To present so wide a range of reading as can be

offered by a department with many instructors would be foolish ostentation and pretence. The number of courses offered must be limited by the actual or possible teaching force. Our classical department has outlined and offered work which in variety and amount seems to be adequate to enable those who pursue it successfully to measure up fairly with the average graduate from classical courses in the colleges and universities of this country. When going to other institutions for graduate work in classical departments our graduates have not been found wanting.

If all the work offered in Latin and Greek were called for at the same time, the teaching force would have to be increased to meet the demand; but this condition has not yet arisen. Nearly all the work offered has been called for at some time, but not yet all at the same time. The study of Greek is greatly neglected in Montana. This is unfortunate because it has rare disciplinary and culture value, and, for the scientific and professional student, Greek has such a direct application to technical language as to be decidedly useful. An Alumnus of this University, in his subsequent medical course, found Greek to be one of the most useful bits of his work done at the University. So far as I am aware, Greek is taught at no other school in Montana.

The courses in Greek and Roman life, while historical in character, are given by the classical because they are of great value both for information and culture and are not adequately treated elsewhere. The purpose of these courses may be well stated by the following remarks, quoted from Mr. Dooley's observations: "I know histhry isn't thru, Hinnessey, because it ain't like what I see ivry day in Halstead sthreet. If any wan comes along with a histhry iv Greeee or Rome that'll show me the people fightin', gettin' dhrunk, makin' love, gettin' married, owin' the groceryman an' bein' without hard coal, I'll believe they was a Greeee or Rome, but not before. Historyans is like doethors. They are always lookin' f'r symptoms. Those iv them that writes about their own times examines th' tongue an' feels th' pulse an' makes a wrong dygnosis. Th' other kind iv histhry is a post-mortem examination. It tells ye what a country died iv. But I'd like to know what it lived iv."

To accomplish its work the department is fairly well equipped with books, maps, charts, pictures, stereopticon views, slides and

reproductions of classic art in casts and photographs. The casts and pictures serve a double purpose, for illustrative material and for effective adornment of the University halls. The refining influence upon taste and character of noble works of art should be highly estimated. The present modest equipment is adequate for present demands, but must be increased from year to year to meet increasing demands.

Probably no department furnishes a larger amount of effective service for the expense incurred. Yet a few people may question the value of such service and may relegate all classical departments to the scrap heap of outworn and antiquated institutions, to be discarded by twentieth century hustlers. But such an opinion cannot be held by anyone who regards a liberal education as the highest type—the type to be sought by all who have the taste, capacity and means of attaining it.

A liberal education, properly defined, is one that frees from the bonds of ignorance, prejudice and the limitations of an undeveloped and uncultured body and soul. Its essential characteristic is the production of power to appreciate, enjoy and create the best in art, literature and science; in a word, to nobly use, improve and enjoy life. For such an education, the ancient classics have been and are yet one of the most valuable means.

All such reflections seem, no doubt, as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal to one whose ideal of education is purely or mainly industrial and commercial. The savage is completely educated when he has learned the arts that supply his necessary food and shelter. The modern advocate of a narrow industrial and commercial education has essentially the same barbaric ideal. The progress of material civilization brings refinement and luxury of food and shelter, but does not change the nature and influence of this ideal. Such civilized, refined and luxurious barbarians are a menace to true civilization, to true and permanent progress.

Industrial education has claims and should receive proper attention. The right educational ideal is formed by the due proportion of industrial and liberal education. Yet this ideal cannot be the same for every one; it must be largely subject to individual capacity, taste and circumstances.

Our higher civilization, that of the mind and spirit, is rooted in the past; from that it sprang, by that it has been and must be nourished, as well as by present environment. Of the ancient civilizations, those of Greece and Rome hold unquestioned primacy. Their art, literature and institutions furnish us noble inspiration and models. The greatest product and expression of a people and a civilization is a language and literature. The scientific student compasses sea and land to study the fossil remains of even the lowest forms of plant and animal life. The classical student need not apologize for his study of the noblest product of the greatest nations of ancient times.

WM. M. ABER.

In the Days of First Things

A REMINISCENCE.

THEY always persist—the days of first things. They are of the past, of the present and of the future. They are the marks of everything. Nothing, either tangible or intangible, ever escapes its day of first things. And so long as anything exists and grows, there will be days of first things for it.

It was thus of the 'Varsity. Those of us who were permitted to be a part of its "firstness," who, ourselves, were among its first things, have much to recall that is denied those of its later students, perhaps to repay us for some of the blessings they now enjoy that were not for us then.

There is always to be found a compensation of some kind for all things, and there is yet to be discovered anything that will take the place of memories, whether they be pleasant or otherwise.

There is a certain air of ridiculousness about all first things—their primitiveness, their pretense, their sufficiency. It is more funny than pathetic. There was the old University, for instance.

I remember how I felt the first time I saw it. It was after a Mary-on-the-wild-moor trip across the flat on the "South Side" that I beheld it—a plain, square building, characteristic of all public school

edifices in country towns—its narrow, gray-painted halls, its cubby-hole class rooms where the “gentle rain from heaven” fell persistently through the plaster “upon the place beneath”; its rattling storm doors, whose only efficiency was evidenced in the admirable way in which it permitted billows of snow to drift in artistic undulations between the cracks and into the entrance; its tutti frutti odors of H_2SO_4 , coal smoke, Pasteur’s solution, steam pipes and carbonic-acid gas in one beautiful amalgamation; its low-ceiled attic “Assembly Room” where our “bright and smiling faces” were wont invariably to charm our assembly visitors—all of it admirably typical of “first things”—and equally a personal charge. I think there never was quite the same feeling of proprietorship attached to the well-equipped new buildings, with those of us who knew the old one—it seemed just a little less our own. It was all very inconvenient and stuffy and inadequate, this first University building, but it was a good enough old place in a way, and there was a snugness and familiarity and comradeship about its atmosphere—cold as it was—that brought us all nearer together in a common cause—such as chasing with a horned toad from one room to another after him who is now Deputy District Attorney of Nome and who was desperately affected by the little beast—that kind of a fellowship, you know.

The first graduation exercises—what an event! Held in the “Grand Opera House,” another relic of “first things,” whose bareness was decently covered with flags and bunting in the class colors; its draughty stage honored by the presence of numerous state officials and members of the faculty,—and, oh, yes!—the two graduates; and its shifty chairs bearing up as best they could under the weight of a large audience, it was a scene long to be remembered, for did not the guests sit quietly and appear interested while the class read its two theses? Indeed, yes, and when it was all over, lo, there were the first alumnae and the nucleus of an Alumnus Association!

The dedication of the first building on the real University campus marked the end of the beginning and practically turned into history the days of first things, and yet, as always, there were first things to happen there—the first assembly, the first commencement exercises, the first Clarkia and Hawthorne entertainment under the new

conditions. There was even the first Clarkia banquet in the new gymnasium hall! A gala event was that.

A long table, arranged for the accommodation of some twenty girls—or, as the society editor puts it, “covers laid for twenty”—was arrayed with a supply of donated refreshments that would have made a square meal for three times the number. Toasts were enthusiastically drunk in lemonade, and well-prepared impromptu speeches were responded to by the presidents of the society, of the senior class, of the junior class, by the secretaries, treasurers and committee chairmen ad infinitum, until dry toast gave out. Then at this point a member of the junior class who had learned to rely upon her wits in moments of trial and who, for that reason, had not prepared a speech, rose to deliver herself of what she confidently expected to be a mirth-provoking talk. But alas! her wits had played her false, the funny ideas refused to come, and she sat herself down after this vain attempt, thus establishing a record for herself in first things—the first time she had ever been at a loss for something to say.

After the collation had been exhausted, the party scattered over the building, as the bear went over the mountain—“to see what he could see,” and among the first things to attract the attention of two or three of the number were the more-than-life-size statues of the Venus de Milo and Sophocles who kept circumspect guard over the destinies of the main hall.

The seniors had appeared for the first time that evening in their regulation caps and gowns. The juniors, barred this distinction, supplied the deficiency with white ones upon which were painted in black the numerals “ ’01.” At the sight of the Venus, one, more compassionate than the rest, was suddenly filled with pity for the Armless One’s evident chilliness, and without a moment’s hesitation, generous girl that she was, tore from her own back the white gown and deftly slipped it over the Venus’ head, fastening it solicitously at the throat. The white mortar-board likewise, was placed upon the classic brow at a picturesque if somewhat rakish angle, and beauty unadorned stood appropriately garbed for once. True, the gown came but to her knees, but her own draperies there were sufficient, and all was well.

The Venus was left in possession of her new habiliments when the party dispersed that night, but when the first-hour classes entered the main doorway the next morning, the poor creature had been once more cruelly bereft of her robe de nuit and stood as of old before the world. The perpetrator of the deed has never been identified, but suspicion has ever leaned a trifle toward the department of dead languages, for they do say there were some inmates there who had a peculiar regard for the simplicity of the classics, but the real truth none but the angels know.

Ah, well, there is something a little sad in the thought that many of these first things have their only existence in the memory of one or more of those who in time will also exist but in the memory of others. It is all very transient and immaterial. But it is something to have experienced them, for in the end, experience is about the only thing that counts.

KATHRYNE WILSON.

EDITORIALS.

The college man's enthusiasm is often made the subject of jest by his friends, neighbors and relatives. It is referred to slightly, as if it were merely one way of obtaining relief from an exuberance of animal spirits; and when the young man begins to descant upon the superior merits of his own institution as compared with sister schools, he is met by rebuff and ridicule—implied, if not directly expressed.

The college man's enthusiasm progresses as he progresses. As a Freshman, he is usually impressed by the newness and the size of all about him, and he is wont to express himself a little extravagantly over the unmeasured superiority of his school in all respects over all other schools. He becomes a Sophomore, and his enthusiasm finds an outlet in his pride in his football team, or in the stupendous achievements of his class. As a Junior, he is most voluble concerning the fine class of students who attend his college, with now and then a mention of some especial educational advantage the school offers. His Senior year finds expression in voicing the splendid attainments of his professors, or of Alumni who have preceded him and have made their mark in the world. And finally, as an Alumnus, he dilates most extensively on the all-round training that a prospective student is sure to obtain at his Alma Mater.

This enthusiasm and its varied expressions are what outsiders—persons who do not know college life from the inside—smile at and shake their heads over. They cannot understand why a young man should waste time and breath talking college, when he might so much better talk something that they are interested in. Athletics and professors, fraternities and the classics—these mean to them little that is at all definite. All are merged into one dim something which is called college, and which they know as a place where young men and maidens go to learn things that must be forgotten later. They can see nothing useful in all this talk, and consequently nothing good in the activities it voices.

And yet this very enthusiasm of the college man is what keeps the world young. Not that the college man possesses all of the world's supply of this elixir of youth—far from it. Many there are among

those who never attended college who are so enthusiastic over some activities in their own lives that they bore their friends by persistently talking about them. And these are among God's own children—who vex Father Time by refusing to grow old. But the college student almost invariably possesses this enthusiasm, and he is therefore to be taken as typical.

Granted that he is often tiresome, that he frequently rhapsodizes over trifles, that his optimism and his cheerful faith in his own are vexatious to a large degree. Yet there is that in his enthusiasm that brings results, whether in or out of college. Frivolity there may be, and carelessness; but beneath these there is something that endures. The frivolity and carelessness are but expressions of youth; and when tempered by age and experience the rhapsodical optimism of the boy displays itself as the earnest self-reliance of the man.

A certain French novelist has spoken, through one of his characters, these words: "My son, we should lay up a stock of absurd enthusiasms in our youth, or else we should reach the end of our journey with an empty heart, for we lose a great many of them by the way." That sentiment is true, and should be heeded. And one can do no better than by laying up a stock of college enthusiasms, for by so doing he is sure, directly or indirectly, to help along the cause of true all round education.

So, parents, friends, neighbors, do not deery the college youth's enthusiasm. If you cannot enter into the enjoyment of it as he does, at least listen to it and smile with him. For it is this same enthusiasm which, when shaped by life's experiences, will tunnel mountains and bridge rivers and sway senates and mold the destinies of nations. And it is this same enthusiasm—this youthful, almost childish, exuberance—that will keep him, and you, and all the world, from crystallization and old age.

* * *

A catalogue does a great service to a University. In it are to be found all the courses offered by the school, a list of faculty and students, together with much miscellaneous information that is almost indispensable to the prospective student. Here he may find all the work of the institution outlined, and he may pick and choose as he will. But often it is not easy to pick and choose. If he is

seeking a technical education, it is not difficult to select the courses that conform most nearly to his ideal. However, if he has no marked inclination toward any one course, but wishes to obtain a solid foundation of general culture, it is not so easy for him to decide what courses will be of the greatest value to him. If, in this dilemma, he turns to the catalogue for explanation, he finds no help. It can give him the names and scope of the various courses, but nothing as to their desirability in his particular case. He may seek the advice of an Alumnus; but that individual, being familiar with that portion of the curriculum only with which he has come into immediate contact, is rather chary of giving advice. So the new student finds himself at a loss as to just what to take up, and the Alumnus feels rather ashamed at not being able to be of more service.

It is this condition which The Montana Alumnus hopes to remedy. Commencing with the present issue, articles will be published upon the various departments of the University by persons who are able to speak with authority—preferably the heads of those departments. These articles will aim to give the scope and outlines of the work, the aims of the department, and its value to the student. They will contain the personal note that is lacking in the catalogue, and, while in no way taking the place of the latter, will supplement the information it contains, and will greatly add to its effectiveness. If these articles are read by the Alumni and then passed on to prospective students, it is believed that they will prove of great value.

The first of these articles, found elsewhere in this issue, deals with "The Classics at Montana," and is written by Professor William M. Aber, head of the department of Latin and Greek at the University.

* * *

It is the intention of the board of editors to make this a publication for all the Alumni, as nearly as possible. To that end we wish to institute a department of comment that shall be an open court for the expression of opinion on any subject relating to the paper or to the Alumni Association. We ask that before the next issue as many as feel inclined give us an expression of their opinion as to the conducting of the paper, suggestions for improvement, discussions of the best policy for the Association to pursue, etc. These

will be printed, anonymously or not, as the writers prefer; and in this way many opinions can be aired or suggestions made, that do not require an article of several hundred words for their exposition. It is hoped that members of the Association will heed the request, and that the Department of Comment and Criticism may be a permanent feature of the paper.

A VISION.

I had a dream, a vision—what you will. You shall be the judges. From out the void of unconsciousness I struggled, dazed and bewildered, not recognizing the people or places that I saw. Entirely independent of any act of will, or even, it seemed, without those natural movements which have through years of habit become almost involuntary, I moved along a road shadowed by overhanging trees. Houses appeared here and there in the forest; men, women and even little children were visible during the first part of the journey. Gradually, however, they became fewer, the buildings more scattered, and still I went on. I had no power to speak, no ability to hear; only the sense of vision was left, and that doubly acute. I presume that I must have been invisible to those I saw, as several times some one of them passed close to me and gave no sign that my presence was noticed.

Darker and more gloomy grew the way. The road narrowed until it became a mere path, rough and uneven. The forest was more dense, the trees growing so closely together that the branches of one interlaced with those of a dozen others. The underbrush, too, was thicker and seemed absolutely impenetrable. And, to add to the terror caused by this weird wood, my sense of hearing seemed to return suddenly and I heard a mighty wind surging and roaring through the trees. It could not be compared to the raging of the ocean for it held in its sound something more mournful, more threatening and more awful than the restless crash of breakers in a storm.

And still I went on, driven by the power behind me, each sense strained in apprehension of an unknown horror. Suddenly I saw before me a high stone wall, round whose corner the path led. As I drew nearer, I noticed a small gate in this wall, and when opposite it, I made a mighty effort to shake off the spell which bound me,

and finally succeeded. A bright light shone upon me, too dazzling for my eyes, so long accustomed to the darkness. I covered my face with my hands and sank to the ground.

Gradually a sense of warmth, of comfort and security, stole over me and I at last ventured to open my eyes. I stood at the top of a small hill, one of many which surrounded a vast plain. Far as eye could reach these hillocks rose, one after the other, green with hundreds of varieties of trees, their leaves rustling in a gentle breeze, so different from the wind which had pursued me with its demon voice. From every hill steps of white marble led down to the plain which was, apparently, a solid mass of flowers of every conceivable hue and shape. Crimson, blue, yellow, white, they gleamed and shone in the sunlight, more beautiful than pen of mine can tell. I stood gazing at the magnificent spectacle, so much greater in its splendor than anything of which I had ever dreamed, more gorgeous than brush of painter or word of poet could describe.

"Wouldst go below?" said a voice, soft as a silver bell, and, turning, I beheld a beautiful boy. His long golden curls shadowed eyes of the deepest brown. His form was unusually graceful, his face perfect. He was clad in a robe of some shining white material, which fell in soft folds nearly to his feet, shod in sandals. He carried a golden bow in his hand and a quiver of golden arrows hung on his shoulder.

Upon my signifying assent, he took me by the hand and led me to the nearest flight of steps, which we descended. As we drew near the garden, an odor was wafted from it which fairly made me gasp, so mingled was it of sweet and bitter, pleasant and unpleasant. As we came out from under the trees I started in surprise. Gone were the beautiful colors, the splendid effect seen from the hilltop. A garden lay before me, it is true, laid out in regular beds, with trim borders and well cared for paths. The garden beds were of varying sizes, but the flowers? Side by side stood new, fresh blossoms and old, decayed and broken flowers, their aspect of death and destruction seeming to cast a blight over the hardier and more perfect ones.

Saddened by this picture of destruction, I turned to my guide.

"O why, why do you permit this? Why not give the beautiful flowers a chance to grow unhindered by the others? Surely it would

not take much time or labor; or, if it did, better to have a few perfect ones than so many poor blossoms."

He smiled rather mournfully and replied, "I can do nothing."

I pressed forward, eager to see if this neglect was general. Decay was present on every side, but in a varying degree; and, sorely puzzled, I asked: "Who are you, and what garden is this?" The boy seemed reluctant to answer, but finally said: "I am the New Year, 1907, and this is the Garden of Resolutions. Upon the faithful keeping of the resolves made by different people depends the condition of these flowers. Come, let us explore the garden."

As he spoke, I observed a bed of tiny flowers, oblong and rather puffy in shape, none of whose stems were more than an inch long. They were of a peculiar dusky, smoky shade, and seemed almost closed. In fact, they produced upon me the sensation of drowsiness. It was not necessary to speak. My guide said, "Those are the Rising Early Resolutions." I hurried on, the name seemed so uncomfortably familiar.

My attention was next attracted by a large collection of wine-red flowers shaped like cups or glasses, and nearly all broken completely or else bent over so far that few of the blossoms stood erect. "The Don't Drink Any More Flowers," said the boy, and I thought he wiped away a tear.

An immense bed of bright yellow flowers was planted near the center of the garden. I could see it from quite a distance. Apparently its flowers grew on longer stems, but I supposed that they were resolutions like our sun-flowers and that that was the reason they were so tall. On nearer view, however, I discovered that not one of these flowers was broken, not one dying or dead, not one in any way injured. They were of a most peculiar shape, being perfectly round, about an inch and a half in diameter, and were placed on the ends of their stems in such a manner that they reminded me of the way a juggler balances a plate on a cane, holding the latter in his mouth. These flowers grew so closely together that they rattled against each other continually, and this sound and their metallic lustre made me think of piles of gold pieces on a bank counter. My little leader seemed to read my thoughts. "Yes," said he, "they are like money. And what more fitting shape could they take than this, for this bed is of the Get Rich Resolutions."

Near by grew a flower so hideous, so completely revolting, and with such a poisonous odor that I looked at my guide in dismay. "What can this awful flower be?" "The Resolution of Revenge Mixed with Envy. The thirst for gold has its attendant vices." I hastened away from this part of the garden and came into pleasanter places. I found that there were not lacking here resolutions pertaining to the gentler thoughts and aspirations of man's soul. There followed in close succession the Punctuality, the Economy, the Patience and the Kindness Resolutions, each having its own distinctive blossom. Broken and bent a great many of them were, but even as I watched some seemed to grow stronger, the broken ones to heal, and a general improvement took place. "The earth-people are renewing their resolves," said the boy.

I would not have you think that these were all the Resolutions in the garden. There were many, many more, the pure white flowers of Charity and Love occupying many large beds, mingled with the blue flowers of Faith, and these beds were generally in better condition.

At last I approached the farther end of the garden. I thought I had seen nearly all the Resolutions in which I had any interest, and great had been my contrition over the condition of some of the familiar ones, while in one or two I felt that I might justly have pride—a pride tempered by modesty. I was about to mount the steps to the nearest hill, when the New Year, touching me on the arm, called my attention to a small, neglected bed lying near the outskirts of the enclosure. At most it could not have held more than a hundred plants, and if that number had been planted originally, a great many had apparently never sprung up. Most were straggly, ill-nourished plants, and only a very few were thrifty, giving evidence of thought and cultivation. "Now, what Resolution is this?" "Does not your conscience tell you?" replied my leader. "No!" "Then know, rash mortal, that this little bed, neglected, ill-kept, all but extinct, is the bed of RESOLUTIONS TO SUPPORT THE MONTANA ALUMNUS."

And with his words, chagrin and shame overcame me, and when I raised my head, Garden and youth had vanished and about me lay only desolation and solitude.

AFTERMATH.

A clever cartoonist a few years ago published in a June magazine two drawings which he called, respectively, "Before" and "After." The first had for its subject a College Graduate in cap and gown, who held in the palm of his hand a little world, no larger than a plum, which he was regarding with much the same avid satisfaction that he would bestow upon a luscious specimen of that purple fruit. The second picture, dated a year later, was a sketch of the same college graduate shrunk to pigmy size, and this time gazing with apologetic awe upon a huge world towering above him like some giant ogre that might crush him into dust were he careless enough to get in its way.

It was all a matter of experience.

It is a beautiful thing—this confidence of the college graduate—as he steps out of the front door of his institution of learning and turns his face toward the practical world of affairs. It is probably the only thing that saves him during the aftermath, the first year of his trial. But for his superlative belief in himself and his ability to accomplish infinite things, he would undoubtedly taste the bitterness of defeat many times more than he does. Yet, on account of it, he is universally laughed at by the world, and is victimized time and again by those who love to scoff.

Courage, under any circumstances, is never reprehensible; bravery may be. Bravery may incite one to a deed that is foolhardy or desperate or inevitably fatal. Courage urges on to accomplishment, because it has in it the elements of control and confidence. Bravery is trust; courage is belief. And it is the latter that governs the college graduate in the first days of his experience.

However, for the sake of his own peace of mind, the college graduate needs to guard against assurance plus. Acute self-confidence always induces a fatty degeneration of the effort-producing faculty, and nothing but a painful operation can overcome its effects. Too much of anything is not good for one, axiomatic as it may seem, and the man who takes it for granted that there are a few things left in the world that he does not know, is the one who has the least to learn.

The college man has a reputation for being theoretical, rather than practical, and it is this prejudice that he has to fight against the minute he faces for the first time an experienced man of affairs. Forgetting that all experience must have a beginning, and that when he himself began he probably knew much less than the graduate who is before him, the business man invariably smiles in a skeptical way and gives him a job at the foot of the ladder. (The word "job" is used advisedly. His "position" comes much later.)

This is the chance for the graduate to make good.

The world is also a graduate—of the University of Hard Knocks, and it is not unnatural that he should look askance upon the representatives of any other institution. It is a trait common to all schools of learning. But the Hard Knocks man is peculiarly loyal to his alma mater, and his faith in those who have learned under any other faculty is microscopic. With him experience, and plenty of it, is the only teacher worth while, and the college graduate who also recognizes in him at the start a First Citizen of Missouri and acts accordingly, is sparing himself many a bad quarter of an hour.

Courage, it takes, and self-confidence, but also deference for the practicality and experience of the Hard Knocks man.

Whether he likes it or not, the college graduate will in all probability be forced to do some special post-graduate work in the Hard Knocks man's college before he is considered fit, and after a little he will have to admit, too, that there is more to be said for the course than he supposed. He will find in time that its curriculum is not so insignificant as he had thought. And in the end, if he is a sincere, straightforward sort of person, he will come out like a man and tell you that he has learned more from the Hard Knocks course of a year than in all four of his collegiate career.

This is the point that marks the beginning of the end, and the end of the beginning. The aftermath has faded away.

KATHRYNE WILSON.

IMPRESSIONS.

“Hold ’em, Nebraska!”

“Who’s got the ball?”

“It’s Nebraska’s.”

“Whee-e-e! three yards to make.”

“Will they make it? Ah, a touchdown!”

The entire bleachers rose involuntarily, a mass of red and white, wildly cheering human beings, utterly oblivious to anything but that small piece of pigskin and the crowd of dusty, perspiring men on the field.

This picture made a cheerful and favorable first impression of the University of Nebraska. College spirit may be more effectively displayed in other quieter ways, but an outsider will judge from the enthusiasm shown on such an occasion, and without question a college is judged largely by the spirit the students display.

Nebraska ranks high among the co-ed schools. It is fourth in size, and its already high standard is being raised from year to year. It is situated in the heart of Lincoln, with the exception of the departments of agriculture and medicine. Every available space allotted to the University has been used for buildings; so, according to our western expansive way of thinking, there is little or no campus. To be sure, there is a small plot of grass surrounded by benches which the students call the “department of bench-workers.” What college is without it under one name or another?

However, it is not the buildings and campus that make a university so much as the students and student life. Perhaps it will give you some idea of the kind in this university to say that in a city the size of Lincoln student life predominates. Every one takes the liveliest interest in student activities. The fraternities and societies are the most important factor. Nearly every large one is represented and they all seem to have acquired the faculty necessary for the success of secret societies—that of placing college spirit before fraternity spirit, or rather of knowing that college spirit is fraternity spirit. Hence they are not the menace there that they are in so many institutions. The rivalry seems absolutely friendly, the rushing being governed by strict Pan-Hellenic rules. These prevent the friction so dangerous to colleges and fraternities. To be sure,

fraternity life has become almost entirely the college life, and many who cannot join miss a great deal. Yet the good they do the institutions as a whole overbalances the harm they do individuals.

The class of students is good. It is a western university and they are western people—we all know what that means.

Now jump from Lincoln to a small college of central Iowa. We of a small university should be interested in all small colleges, for we can sympathize with their struggles and progress. This is Iowa College, and it is situated at Grinnell. Although it is so small, it is over sixty years old and has all the traditions of an old college. The progression of Iowa College has not been in numbers so much as it has in class of students, standards and comparative standing. It has no help from the state—everything comes through individual contributions. The beautiful library is a gift from Carnegie, given on condition that the college raise a certain amount for a maintenance fund. This was done. The woman's gymnasium was given and equipped by a former dean of women, but the men's gymnasium, the pretty chapel and their chef d'oeuvre, the spacious Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. building, were built with money raised by the efforts of the college itself. The question was asked, "How can you do it?" The reply was, "We have a loyal alumni." Then came explanations of how the alumni of even thirty years' standing retained their interest and did all in their power both by subscribing and by helping to interest others. The results are amazing.

The student life differs in some ways from that of a university. Fraternities are forbidden. There must be a substitute and they find this in their literary societies. These are four in number and a very fraternity-like rivalry exists between them as well as similar methods. Class spirit is intense. On occasions they all join together for a common good, but there is, as a rule, little intercourse between them. Each class is a world to itself. The Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. are exceptionally strong, being given a support they would not have if there was more college life. Their building would be a credit to any institution. It is used for receptions and such college functions as there may be, and it is truly an ideal place for such affairs.

From a literary standpoint it is not at all correct to write any sort of a production without a point. But it must be confessed that this has been written without considering the literary standpoint. It

has occurred to me that possibly this may in part be remedied by tacking on a few comparisons—"remarks," as it were.

These institutions have been of interest largely on account of an ungovernable impulse to compare them with our own institution. Comparisons are not odious when they are for the sake of increasing appreciation and obtaining ideas for improvement.

In the first place, our campus could not be improved upon. We have plenty of elbow room and can have all the buildings we want and still a campus. Our secret societies are safely started with the right spirit toward each other and the University. They can be made a good thing. College spirit is improving—we could impress an outsider at a football game now, which we could not a few years ago. Such outward expression shows there is something back of it. We need one thing—that is age; but time will bring that together with high standards and number of students. The class of students is better than the average.

The small college in Iowa shows what individual effort can do. We have not enough of that; the work is shouldered by some few, and, considering what they accomplish, wonders could be done if all would do likewise. The professor's remark, "We have a loyal alumni," made an impression—but it is enough for me to attempt a point without bringing in a moral too.

K. '04.

NOTES OF THE ALUMNI.

- 1901.—Kathryne Wilson has accepted a position in the editorial department of the Chapman Advertising Bureau, Portland, Oregon.
- 1902.—Harold N. Blake returned to the State Legislature this year, having been re-elected representative from Deer Lodge county by a large majority.
- 1903.—Wellington Rankin is doing post-graduate work at Oxford University, Oxford, England.
Leslie Sheridan is located at Ely, Nevada, where he is connected with the Nevada Consolidated Copper Co.
- 1904.—Alice Herr has awarded the prize of the class of 1904 for the current year to the student most proficient in chemistry.
- 1905.—Ray Walters is doing post-graduate work at Columbia University.
Avery F. May and William O. Dickinson were married Christmas morning at Missoula. They will make their home in Great Falls, Montana, where Mr. Dickinson has a position with the Boston and Montana smelters.

University of Montana

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