MONTANA SEMPITERNA.
(To the Class of 1910.)

Montana of the mighty hills,
The monitors of the eternal age
Aspiring to the sky,
Thy furrowed majesty deep stills
The puny boast, the human rage
Of men so soon to die.

Montana, we would proudly live,
The children of thy quiet heart,
Thy heights and depths to dare
Through ruth and rest that life shall give
The sons of all thy might a part,
Thy daughters good and fair.

Montana, thou wilt live that day
When we thy sons and daughters rest,
And run and dream no more.
May other sons of thine, we pray,
With dearer dreams than ours be blessed
And more thy domes adore.

Montana, may thy name decay,
Thy peaks fall down into the dust,
Thy deathless pride decline,
Ere love and truth shall pass away,
Or honor rest, or valor rust
In sons or daughters thine.

—J. H. U.
The sun came up from behind the vast plain on that fall morning and increasing its brightness, made the mountains glisten with their newly fallen snow. Everyone felt good, even the little buckskin was ready to keep up a lively pace.

"Well, Art, its the queerest thing in the world how old Murphy keeps his cattle together and never loses any either. He gets along with about half the punchers he ought to have, and never does a thing himself. Saw him in town again last night, so drunk that I bet he didn't get out till morning."

But Arthur did not seem to show much interest. It was Tib who was speaking and apparently Arthur's mind did not run to such matters as that of his younger companion. So the boys rode on, each following his own train of thought.

Arthur and Tib had been companions their whole life. Their fathers were partners in an extensive cattle business and owned the big hay ranch in the valley below. Their range extended clear to the mountains for a distance of thirty miles, and in the summer the cattle even ran far up the canyons. Tib's recklessness was counterbalanced by Arthur's precision, which was the latter's chief characteristic. He rode better, talked quicker, and showed himself the man of culture at every turn. But the two boys had the usual western spirit, tinged with the idea of cow-boy life.

As Arthur had the greater education we expected to see such developed traits of character, through which his culture might show itself. He had finished three years in college and was always considered a leader there, particularly since he had reached upperclassman years. His main strength rested in athletics and it was in football that he starred, being one of the Varsity's strong half-backs. It was known that he always held the coolest and levellest head on the team. Never had he failed and no other man was so regular.
But for some peculiar reason Arthur came home from college Thanksgiving and did not return after his vacation. He spent the following two weeks on the ranch riding on the late fall round-up, and it was on one of these early mornings that he and Tib were leaving the ranch on their way to the cow camp.

The boys had ascended the long ridge that led out of the valley and had come out on the range where here and there could be seen a few scattered cattle feeding in the crisp early morning. During most of the ride Arthur had been absorbed in his own meditation and did not care to talk, but he soon broke his silence:

“Well, Tib, I rather wish I had gone back after all. This riding gets mighty monotonous in a few days after a fellow has been off to school having a good time.”

“It's a shame you didn't go back when Thanksgiving was over. And it made your father feel pretty sorry too.”

“But you know, Tib, if I had gone I wouldn't have enjoyed it after what she said to me,” Arthur added.

“Oh, there was a girl mixed up in it, was there? I always thought it was something beside trouble with the faculty, but Dad told me I hadn't better ask any questions, so I didn't know anything about it.”

As Tib spoke he showed signs of curiosity, for although he knew very little about colleges, he had always been interested in what Arthur was doing.

“If trouble with the faculty was the only thing that bothered me I would have gone back long ago, for the little trick of putting the flag on the main hall is not punished by suspension, and moreover the president himself only said that he was sorry to know that I was the guilty person, but made no mention of my leaving school.”

Arthur was one of the star men on the football team. The last month of the season was spent in the training quarters and the rule stood that every man should be in by ten-thirty. It was a rule strictly lived up to, and the best man on the team did not dare violate it. But it so happened that three nights before the eventful day when the big Thanksgiving game was to be played, Arthur came in shortly after midnight.

In the morning before breakfast the coach, with his usual sulky tone, said:
“What time did you get in last night, Arthur?”

Without hesitation he replied, “At twelve-thirty.”

“Don’t you know that the rules require that every man shall be in by ten-thirty?”

“I know it.”

“What can you say for yourself?”

“I was simply out to a spread and did not get in on time.”

The coach turned and with a voice that signified determination, said:

“You had better watch the game from the bleachers tomorrow.”

Arthur’s heart sank for a moment; he knew that he had broken training and at the same time had anticipated its results. But for some reason he cared less. Still there was a pang of sorrow in his heart. To be kicked off the team, three days before the big game, and worst of all to face Ethel and Pete Gibson.

Pete’s aspirations ran high in football lines and he was only kept off the team by Arthur, who was considered the better player. As the two boys were both keenly interested in the same girl, the rivalry ran high.

Although keeping in practice for two weeks before the game, Pete had been informed by the faculty that even though the coach might desire it, he would not be allowed to play on account of the suspicion resting upon him. It seems that a ‘10 flag was seen to float from the main hall one morning and though no definite proof had been gathered the suspicion rather rested on Pete, and for this reason the faculty had taken such action.

Upon meeting Ethel on the campus the next morning, Arthur saw that she already knew of his disgrace. He could say nothing; there was no excuse to be made. He knew that he had lost, and the worst of it all came with her last words, when she told him that she hoped never again to see a fellow with such poor spirit, and that she would never speak or write to him until he redeemed himself.

His heart was heavy, but in his disappointment one thought seized him. He would go to the president, acknowledge his guilt of putting the ‘10 flag on the tower. Pausing but a moment to think of its consequences, he started, and with a determination to do the “square thing,” found his way to the president’s room.
Without speaking to anyone else, he hurried to the depot and in less than an hour was on his way home, driven there not by the voices of the faculty, but by the words of a girl. His heart still heavy, but his conscience clear.

The following day Pete played the game of his life and scored the only touchdown in the whole game. He was lauded from one end of the grandstand to the other and the mere mentioning of his name brought cheers from everyone.

While engaged in conversation the two boys rode down the steep hill and came in sight of the corral toward which they had been traveling. The outfit was just then engaged in branding a steer, and as they rode up Tib exclaimed.

"Gosh! Art, I forgot all about giving you that letter I got at the post-office last night."

Handing it to Arthur, he rode up and started to talk with some of the cowpunchers. Upon returning Arthur said:

"I'm going back tomorrow Tib, it's from her."

R. CAMPBELL LINE, '10.
Fra Andre was the youngest monk of all—
Indeed the other brothers called him son—
I saw him at the time he took his vows;
'Twas plain his manhood years had but begun.

The villagers all knew his story well,
How, homeless, friendless, in the storm one night
He sought the Mission,—and the good monks there
Took pity on the little fellow's plight;
Shared their plain fare with him, and gave him clothes
Coarse, but sufficient for his body's need,
Showed him his duties in the cloister halls,
Taught him, as time went on, to write and read.

And Andre, grateful for their loving care,
Repaid them with his earnest thoughtful ways,
And learned so eagerly all they could teach
In such brief time, he filled them with amaze.

The years went by, and his probation passed,
His last most solemn vows the lad had made,
And stood among them as a brother monk,
Facing his life work, calm and unafraid.
This was at Easter time. Before the breath
Of June's late roses filled the summer land
A strange new thing had come into his life,
A something far too strong for his command.
A girl's face smiled thru' all his dreams at night,
And when at dawn, in terror of his sin
He rose and sought for solace in his books,
Her sweet voice spoke the Latin words therein,
Not "Noster Pater qui est in coelum,"
But this, "Carissima," and "Amo te,"
His soul kept crying when he said the prayer,
In early morning or at close of day.

The summer filled with hopeless battle passed,
And then the dreamy fall-time took its place;
And Andre sat one day, soul sick with fear,
And heard the girl confess with covered face.
He heard her to the end, and then at last
The struggle ended in half pain, half bliss,
For lo, the father caught the girl to him
His soul forgotten in no father's kiss.

* * * *

When Andre sought his cell at dawn of day,
A new and high resolve were in his face—
The poison in his hand. At matin prayers
Another brother took Fra Andre's place
And all were silent. In the little cell
The Abbot father held the thin white hand,
And heard the lad's low whispered broken words,
And said at last, "My son, I understand"—
"Love was before church was," Andre cried,
"And man before the monk?" "Truly you say,"
The father answered sadly. "God must judge,"
Not we;—Andre, my son, absolvo te.

But Andre did not die. The poison's strength
Seemed weakened, happily, by some strange chance,
And after many weeks his strength came back,
And with it came his soul's peace sure advance—
Calmly and unafraid he faced his work—
The fire had purged his soul, the abbot said,
And left him stronger than the strongest one,
And still he is.—The girl is long since dead.

—Montana Buswell, '09.
Hear ye the songs of Departments,
Songs of both cunning and skill,
The glorious boast of a goodly host,
That echoes o'er valley and hill.

SONG OF THE ENGLISH.
I sing the song of the English,
English as she is taught,
And never a theme may so worthy seem,
Though with practical profit wrought.

I sing of versification,
Of lyrics and am'rous lays,
And ballads galore, yea, a goodly store
Of ballads of by-gone days.

For no other subject teaches
Truth in such gentle guise,
Would you win to fame and an honored name,
Heed not scientific lies.

And woe to the wight who preaches
Success in another role!
There's but one safe rule for both knave and fool—
'To Ballads! and save your soul.

Forbear, then, to scorn the English,
(Fain would I thwart sad fate)
A ballad or two may save even you,
Prepare, e're it be too late!
THE RETORT CHEMICAL.

If you think you’re educated when you’ve got a little Greek,
Can quote a bit of Shakespeare and of Chaucer glibly speak,
And can marshall dates of History in neat ranks within your head,
Talk of art and economics fairly fit to bore the dead,
You are very much mistaken; your poor head with lies is packed;
Let me call your strayed attention to this scientific fact.
There’s but one plain path to knowledge, though befogged by
smoke and fumes,
You can smell your way quite safely through the odorific glooms;
You must learn how to distinguish pungent smells and odors strange;
For intelligence is measured by a wide olfactory range.
And it’s wise to know the properties of $H_2S\,O_4$
And $H_2S$ and $H_2O$, and a lot of $H$’s more
For it saves you some confusion, helps much more than one can tell
To know whether the said symbol ends in $N$ or double $L$.
And there’s more in signs and symbols that the laymen ever dream;
A chemical analysis, at times, detects the cream
That lurks subtly, in solution, in the pitchers at the Dorm;
While a germ can’t fool a chemist in its most alluring form.
In testing heart reactions for the one and true divinity,
The only thing reliable’s the chemical affinity.
In short, if you would know Love’s way and quite surely fathom it.
Take the laboratory method, and experiment a bit.
No other cock-sure system ever yet has been devised,
(Don’t, I beg you, trust the THEORIES so highly advertised.)
Now, if my classic colleagues are objecting to my style,
’Tis no doubt in classic ignorance they mistake retort for vile.
Their wounded pride but proves my point—ONE’S NEVER EDUCATED
Until his nerves cerebral are all chemically inflated.

THE BOASTFUL BALLAD OF THE ENGINEERS.

Oh, we are the crew of the College Craft,
And our chief is a man of might,
And we trim her sail to the stiffest gale,
And we weather the darkest night,

And none is so gallant and brave as we,
As with hammer, and forge, and wheel,
With transit and chain, both mountain and plain
We fetter with cables of steel.

Rivers and seas we subdue to our will,
And torrents and tempests as well,
There’s nothing on earth, our strenuous mirth
Can’t conquer, destroy, or dispell.

Oh, we are the crew of the College Craft,
We bid her move on or stand still.
The others on board, with impotent word,
Protest, but must bend to our will.

For we are the lords of Things-as-the-are;
They, vessels of Things-as-they-seem,
As bloodless and thin as the ghost of a sin
That was thought by a nun in a dream.

Why should we care for a whining ideal
That lures from the THING and its pay?
Let poets and girls, and weaklings and churls
Waste life in this pink-teaish way.

Oh, we are the crew of the College Craft,
And never a crew was more fit;
While others are mooning about for the way,
WE GET THERE—with muscle and grit!
CHANSON DU CONTENT.

Je ne dis pas beaucoup,
Why all this stupid fuss?
Heureux qui ne parle guere,—
It's lots of work to cuss.

Es tut nichts, let them howl;
For me—je sui content;
A foreign phrase serves well
To end an argument.

You haven't got a match?
Non? Voila, c'est si bete!
Tiens! here's my cigarette,
I have no quarrel with fate.

—M. S.