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Archives

The FRONTIER

A Literary Magazine



STATE UNIVERSITY of MONTANA

MARCH, 1923

v. 3, no. 2

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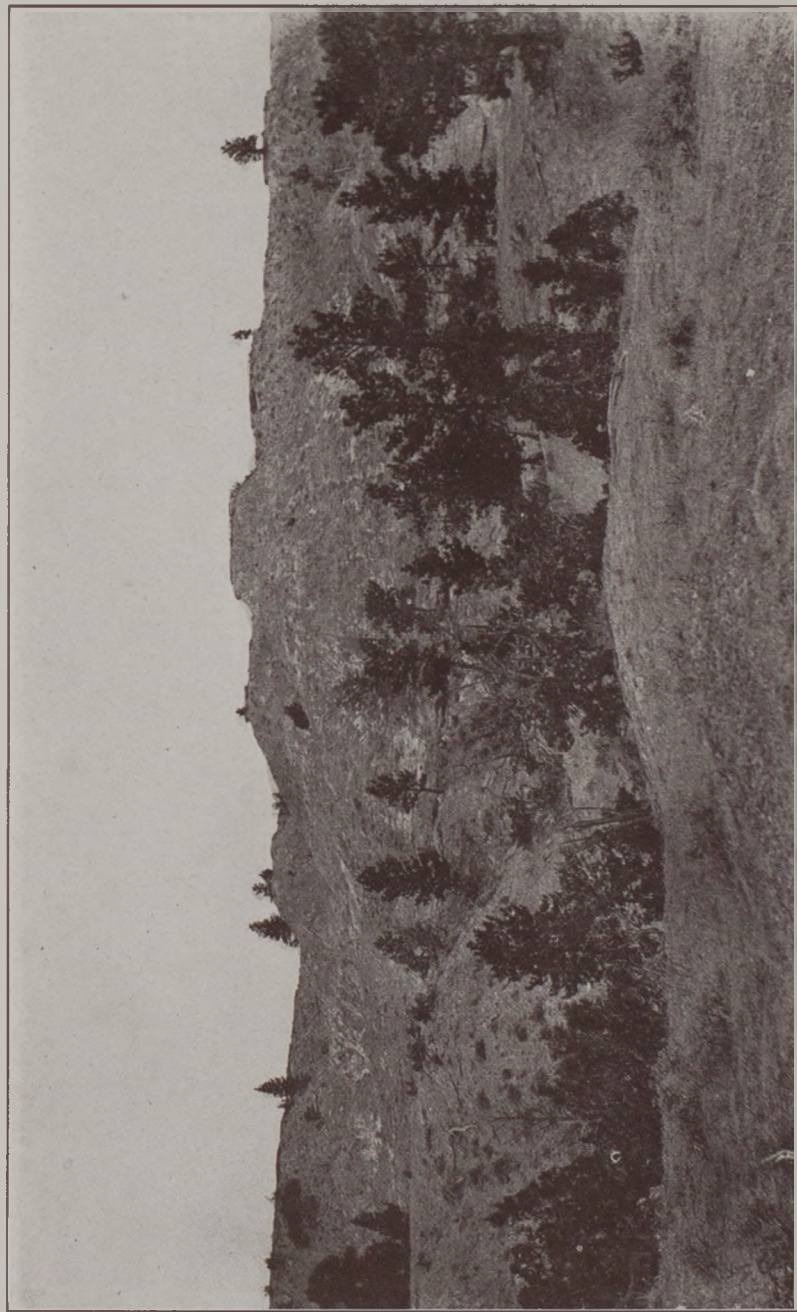
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NEAR ROUNDUP, MONTANA

THE FRONTIER

A Literary Magazine

(Copyright, March, 1923, by H. G. Merriam)

Published three times a year.

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VOL. III. NO. 2.

MARCH, 1923

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Mr. Carl Sandburg, the Chicago poet, was on the campus Monday and Tuesday, February 19 and 20. He is a listener to the play of imagination among the masses, the undercurrent activity on which nationality, with its customs and its work and its art, is built. He "hears America singing." But he hears nothing bookish, nothing academic, nothing fragilely cultural. He heeds no classical traditions, no folk-material save what is American, no ideally conceived standards. Therefore he goes about this country hearing the work-songs and the play-songs of "the people." He read quietly, simply, in musical tones, with marked accents and rhythms. Students packed the auditorium to hear him.

On the last Monday in March the Tony Sarg marionettes will play Rip Van Winkle in the afternoon and Don Quixote in the evening. For the latter production Mr. Sarg bought at auction from the U. S. customs house authentic historic Spanish costumes and accoutrements of that period. This is Missoula's first opportunity to see a complete program of puppets, altho Ellen Van Volkenburg last summer taught puppetry, and Mrs. Louise Arnoldson, of the University faculty, and Miss Frances Carson, a student, have charmingly presented puppet shows on a small scale.

The Poets of the Future, a College Anthology for 1921-1922, printed by the Stratford Company, of Boston, prints one poem from **The Frontier**, **If I Should Go**, by Lloyd Thompson, and lists as "poems of distinction" six others, namely, **Prophecy**, by Mary E. Doerr; **Aunt Allie**, by Gwendoline Keene; **April Snowflakes**, by Wilda Linderman; **Misunderstanding**, by Adalouie McAllister; **Puck Philosophizes**, by Homer Parsons; and **Pioneers**, by Jack Stone. For poems of distinction only two other institutions in the country made a higher record, Holy Cross College and the University of Michigan.

Little Lake Mary Ronan

A SKETCH

Wild rice is yellow on grey water,
Water crinkled like silver paper
Across which the black silhouettes
Of ducks are etched.

PORTRAIT

Mystic eyes,
Mauve tresses rippling out and out,
Cheeks colored faintly by the dawn,
Lips gently smiling,
Gown of soft veiling and brocaded grey silks
Pinned with rosettes of yellow water lilies.

PERSONALITY

Capricious, shy, alluring,
Mocking the loon's mad laughter,
Witching the deer from the shadows,
And coaxing the clowny wariness of the bear.

IDENTITY

Was she a lost moon wandering too near the ardent earth,
Caught and held in his never-ending embrace,
Or a tear dropped in pity by some gigantic god?

—HILDA KNOWLES BLAIR

Night

Dusky the waters by firs close-fringed,
And birches splendid curving,
Dark-flanking spires and slopes that pale
To a peak white-etched above us.
An arc of stones faint marks where shore
Slips into bottom.
Roots at the drop-off, reaching up, stretch dimly, but below
The depths lie shadowed, richly still,
Unstirred by motion save the urge
That pulls unseen to the outlet.
Quiet, dark, the currents rise, then gliding,
Gleam as they pass us asweep to the fall.

—GRACE BALDWIN.

Across Andorra

WE reached the Andorran frontier after a long hot hike from the last town on the motor bus line in Spain. The warning of our approach was given by a shaggy, black-and-white cur which rushed out of the frame shack occupied by the Spanish carabineros (frontier guard.) We saw several of them in the doorway, but continued along the road hoping to get across the line without the usual inspection of passports and the contents of our packs. However, we were soon stopped by a little man in a sage-green uniform carrying a Mauser rifle nearly as long as himself. He cross-questioned us to fill up the time until the sergeant in charge of the post arrived with all the rest of the carabineros, who were off duty at the time.

We were evidently quite an unusual party and distinctly worth seeing, for some of the guards had roused themselves from their afternoon siesta and come out into the hot sun to look us over, which represents quite a sacrifice on the part of the shade-loving Spaniard. I must admit that their curiosity was more or less justified. Our kit was rather worn after much hiking and sleeping in the open in the higher and wilder Middle Pyrenees, and all three of us had long ago recognized the superiority of the local canvas-and-rope sandals over leather boots. Our packs were rather dirty and along with the patches, camp grease, and dust on our clothing, now even more disreputable than when we brought it away with us from Oxford, made us look like tramps.

The sergeant gave our passports a long and wise-faced perusal, as tho he understood all that he was looking at, and then proceeded to a cross-examination. One point which puzzled him was why I was carrying a passport printed on green paper while those of Wheeler and Dickinson were on paper colored a solid British pink. When I explained to him that mine was an American passport he could not understand why it was not written in Spanish and why I spoke English to the other two with such apparent ease and fluency. The old difficulty had turned up again: To the average Spaniard, American is a generic term including Cubans, Mexicans and the South American nationalities. To him, a man from the United States—that is if he realizes that such a place exists—is an Englishman, or at best an “Ingles-Americano.”

The question of nationality once settled, the sergeant enquired whether we had finished our army service. It was a logical question to ask. We appeared to be about the military age and the French and Spanish authorities cooperate with each other in apprehending draft evaders who have crossed the border to the other country to avoid service. I explained the matter, saying that there was no “quinta” in England or the states. He was rather inclined to doubt me, and only with the aid of one of his men who had been in Gibraltar could we convince the sergeant that an army of volunteers existed in any civilized country. In the end the carabineros were satisfied that we were neither draft evaders nor smugglers and gave us the usual cordial Spanish farewell, “Adios, Feliz viaje,” and we were across the line in the little Republic of Andorra where there are no immigration and customs officials. This is probably the only country in Europe where there is not an examination of some kind upon entry.

We continued on up the well engineered road following the bottom of the canyon, which serves so admirably to segregate the wide upper portion of the Valle de Andorra from the Spanish foothills below. The

little republic is bounded on the other side by the main range of the Pyrenees, and it is largely because of these two natural barriers that the Andorrans have been able to maintain their independence during four centuries. Within an hour we reached San Juan, the largest village of the confederacy altho not its capital, and dropped into a cantina for a drink. We had not dared to drink the water in the river. On several previous occasions we had witnessed the approved method of street-cleaning in the Pyrenees and knew that the water was fairly certainly infected. When the town becomes too dirty, even for the natives, one of the irrigation canals on the terrace above the village is opened in various places and the water runs thru the streets and alleys and eventually into the river.

We managed to get a few bottles of soda water, which happened to be overloaded with gas and blew around the room a bit when opened. However, the liquid which shot onto the floor and walls served a good purpose in coaxing a few of the swarms of flies away from us. As it was, we had to fish a fly out of a glass from time to time. We were rather disgusted at first, but there was really no reason for being particular on such a small point; undoubtedly all the food we were eating had been treated in more or less the same way.

Very shortly all of the unoccupied men of the village wandered into the cantina to look us over. As we wanted information on several points we tried to carry on a conversation with them, Wheeler using French and I Castilian Spanish. Not one of the lot spoke either of these languages. The official language of the country is Catalan, a dialect still used, almost to the complete exclusion of the Castilian of the neighboring Spanish provinces. We didn't make a markedly successful conversation. What was lacking in the way of linguistic ability was partially compensated by the loquacity of those interviewing us. Finally a man who had been at school in Spain arrived on the scene and the language problem was solved. The subject soon drifted around to the question of the government of the country.

As regards the rights and privileges of the citizens, Andorra is virtually a free and independent state, but the two principal officers are foreigners. The chief civil officer receives his appointment from the French government and the nation forms part of a Spanish bishopric. However, in a state with only eight thousand inhabitants nearly all of whom are farmers, lumbermen, and miners there is not likely to be any serious conflict of interests, so that the functions of the two foreign officials are of very minor importance. The internal administration is carried out by a senate composed of members elected from among the wealthier families of the six villages of the confederacy. There are no police and no standing army, but every man in the country is a member of the Andorran militia and is liable for police or military service at any time. The inhabitants have no military ambitions or tradition and are content to be left in peace and free from the compulsory service they see on both sides of them. In fact, they are quite jealous of their isolation; and on one occasion when the gambling syndicate which later went to Monte Carlo applied for a concession to build a casino in the capital the proposition was turned down, even tho its acceptance would have made a rich man of every citizen of the republic. As affairs are at present there is no poverty—why trouble with a lot of foreigners whose presence might sooner or later lead to intervention by one or both of the more powerful neighboring states?

After three or four hours hiking from San Juan we arrived in An-

dorra la Vieja. The dirty little village with tobacco and grain fields around it was certainly not an imposing capital of Europe. The houses were made of stone, plaster, and wood in the conventional Spanish style, with iron-railed balconies instead of ordinary windows. There were no dooryards, the houses fronting directly upon the streets. Of these only a few were paved and those with stone blocks, over which clumsy, covered, two-wheeled carts clattered. It was the dry season and dust was flying. To this we did not object. It would have been extremely inconvenient for us to have to wade about in the dirty streets after a rain in our canvas footgear and without the wooden clogs worn by the natives on such occasions.

The following morning we left our inn—there was only one other—and proceeded towards the plaza mayor (main square). As we approached it thru the main street, a roadway twelve or fifteen feet wide with balconies overhanging from the second stories of the houses, we heard a loud rhythmic beating. Dickinson thought a crew of axmen was at work. We turned the corner and found the source of the noise on the far side of the square: a woman was doing her washing at one of the public fountains, provided with hot water from a neighboring spring, and had a shirt down on the edge of the basin strenuously belaboring it with a paddle. The shirt must have had steel buttons or was the property of someone outside of her own family, otherwise she certainly wouldn't have risked such rough treatment.

The plaza itself was uninteresting. In it was situated the state penitentiary, a little iron-bound coop about fifteen feet square, the front of which was used as a bulletin board for national governmental decrees. The only document on it at the time was a notice that a certain citizen was bankrupt and that his cow had been confiscated as partial payment of his debts.

The building which we cared most of all about seeing was the senate house. We went on a hunt for the portress. We found her at home engaged in plucking a hen in preparation for dinner; but she seemed quite willing to leave her domestic duties and take up her baton of office, an iron key fully ten inches long. She led the way down the street towards the river, shooing the hens and pigs out of the way with her apron and chattering away continually in Catalan. Eventually we arrived at the senate house. We would never have recognized it as such except for the coat of arms cut in a stone over the doorway. Its general appearance suggested a large barn or granary, rather than a public building.

A good part of the interior of the senate house is occupied by private rooms for the housing of the delegates from the outlying villages. There are three rooms used at public functions, the chapel, with its usual paintings executed in the crude style of the country, the kitchen, and the session hall. The kitchen is a place of considerable importance, for senatorial sessions are preceded by a dinner in the hall. Its preparation must be a matter of considerable difficulty, for the cooking arrangements are primitive. The fire is built on a hearth of flat stones laid in the floor and the smoke goes up an enormous bell-mouthed chimney hung overhead. The pots are suspended by tripods or placed directly upon the coals.

The session chamber is a long rectangular room with whitewashed walls decorated with banners and pictures of various state functions. The most conspicuous position is occupied by a framed photograph of a procession led by His Grace, the Bishop of Leo de Urgel, attired in

his elaborate, long robes of office and seated in a particularly uncomfortable position astride a fat, sway-backed plow horse. He is followed on foot by a number of dignitaries of the government looking quite fagged with having to wear a white shirt and collar.

The center of the room is occupied by a roughly built pine table, covered with red felt, around which the ordinary members take their places; the president occupies a smaller table placed just in front of the balcony at the end of the room. Built into the wall to his right is the square-fronted six-keyed cabinet, the depository of the state papers. It is large, highly carved, six feet high, with swinging doors, in one of which are the six key-holes placed one above another. This arrangement was devised to prevent the opening of the cabinet without the combined permission of the senior delegates from the six villages, who act as custodians of the keys.

We finished our inspection of the state's property by delving into the chest containing the official shackles and torture instruments. One was an ingenious neck-pinching device quite up to the standard set by the Inquisition. In general form it was somewhat similar to a miniature pile-driver, but instead of having a hammer to run up and down between the two uprights it was provided with a yoke which could be depressed from above on to the back of the neck of the victim by means of a powerful screw. The Andorrans are a hardy and strong race, but it is unlikely that any one of them could keep his head and body together for any length of time under treatment with this device. The portress took considerable pains to make us understand that it had not been used for more than a century.

After returning to the inn we toop up our packs, said "Adios," and started off for Salden, a small village near the French border. From here onward there was nothing but a rough mule track. A road enters the country from the French side, but the Andorrans have not permitted the joining of the two roads into their valley, preferring to maintain their isolation, with its attendant peace and tranquillity.

We spent the night in Salden, and in the morning commenced the ascent of a high but direct pass into France. During the last thousand feet Dickinson took revenge on me for my fast hiking on previous occasions and began pushing the pace. This was our last day with no reason for conserving our strength and we consequently kept up the competition until we reached the summit. Here we flopped down and puffed for about five minutes, until Wheeler, who had not joined in the race, arrived feeling quite fresh and roundly cursing us for wearing ourselves out just to gain a few minutes.

A few kilometers over the French frontier we met a French gendarme, whom we confidently expected to lift at least a portion of the generous stock of Andorran cigars that we had brought over with us. Fortunately, we had met him before on our way into Spain, and Wheeler engineered a very artful evasion of an examination of our packs by telling a string of fabrications about our experiences since we had last seen him. When the gendarme was in a sufficiently jovial mood we offered him our passports. However, he seemed to be more interested in one of Wheeler's yarns than in them; he completely ignored our packs. We eventually broke away and went off with the full complement of cigars. Late in the afternoon we arrived at the rail-head and caught a train for Toulouse, where we ended our trip, Wheeler and Dickinson returning to England and I to Spain.

—RADCLIFFE H. BECKWITH.

Bowstring Jack

OUR little cabin was situated on the north shore of Lake Cut Foot Sioux, or, as the Indians called it, "Kessie-kessie-da-pone." Back of the cabin, stretching miles and miles into the north were the primeval forests of white pine and Norway, broken only here and there by the numerous lakes of the North Country. Across an arm of the lake which stretched away to the north and west was the little Objibway village of Bowstring. Its oldest and to me most interesting inhabitant was Bow String Jack, who, as one of the younger members of the tribe afterward told me, had refused to become a "Pistocal" or a "Catlick" and remained true to the faith of his Fathers and was still just a "Medicine Injun."

It was Bow String Jack, too, who was my first caller. Late one afternoon during one of the cold snaps famous in these North Woods I was sitting by an open fire in the little cabin. Just as I had slipped into a doze I became aware of the creaking of a stealthily opened door. Clouds of mist and steam arose as the frosty air poured in to mingle with the dry heat from the blaze.

Gradually a huge form towered thru and as the mist cleared away I saw a figure most imposing, most ludicrous, yet most pathetic. He towered fully six feet four and with his massive head and shoulders, his lean strong primitive features, furrowed deep with wrinkles, weather-beaten and grimy, he seemed to personify the primitive earth, ages old. His coarse black hair hung in three tousled braids to his shoulders, each tied with a red cotton rag. Surmounting his hair was a high peaked hood, fashioned from a brightly colored flour sack, still flaunting its trademark boldly over one ear. Attached to him somehow was a little cadet blue coat, a castoff from some boy's military uniform. It lacked so much of its destination in front, was so ripped and gaping in the back, and was so short in the sleeves that it reminded one of the little jackets worn by monkeys performing with organ grinders. His splendid physique and his ludicrous apparel each made its bid for my emotion; but the shivering pathetic representative of a fast disappearing race outbid them both. I beckoned him toward the fire. His beady black eyes glistened and the thin withered lips parted with a smile showing one big lone snaggle tooth, as he greeted me with "Bo-zhu."

He looked so cold and gaunt as he sat in the firelight beating and rubbing his hands that I made some tea and offered it to him together with some little cakes. Seeming scarcely able to comprehend my act, he pointed first to me, then to the tea, then to himself as he grunted, "Neepish, me."

I nodded, "Neepish, you, Jack, heap cold."

"Ugh, heap cold," was his slow guttural reply as he eagerly took the tea. Between sips he first looked me over, then gave himself up to a close inspection of the cabin. Something took his eye and he got up abruptly and walked to the wall. A detailed map of the region was thumbtacked to the logs. Jack stooped to examine it, then reached out a long, dirty finger. "Winniebigoshish," he exclaimed exultantly.

I nodded. "Winnieboshish."

Then followed Kessie-kessie-da-pone, Bowstring, and the smaller lakes. The streams and roads came next. There was scarcely a mark on the map that the old Indian did not understand tho he could read not a word. He was as delighted as a child, then suddenly, as remembering

something, started for the door, but paused to tie more closely his flour sack hood. As I watched the ludicrous figure an impulse came to me and I stepped to the closet and pulled out my big warm skating cap and motioned him to put it on. Again he seemed unable to realize that it was something for him. He looked to me for assurance, then took it slowly in his big hands, felt its thickness, and with smiles and grunts of deep satisfaction ran his fingers through the shaggy wool. It was a thick gray angora that stood well the tests of the North Woods. The tassel seemed to delight as well as puzzle him.

He had just got it on to his satisfaction when the telephone rang. Uncle Sam had just completed a line in to the station a few months before and it was still a thing of mystery to the Indians and Jack forgot everything to listen to my conversation.

He knew that my husband had gone to Bena early that morning with a teamster from the lumber camp and from there to Cass Lake and would be back tomorrow, for he had promised to buy some beads for Jack's squaw and some beloved neepish. This message was to inform me of his change of plans. He would be home tonight. When I had finished and turned to Jack his eyes were wide and very bright.

"Man?" he asked.

I nodded, "Man."

"Bena?" half doubtful.

"Yes, Bena. Home tonight, Jack."

"Um-m-m?" pointing to the snowshoes on the wall.

"Yes, walk," I answered after I had grasped his meaning.

"Winniebigoshish?" he asked.

"Across Winniebigosh," I replied.

"Ugh, heap cold."

It was cold. Forty-five below zero that morning the thermometer had registered, and at midday had just crawled up to thirty below.

There were clouds slowly rising in the west, however, and it might not get so cold tonight, but it would take Jim five hours at least to walk out even if he cut across Winniebigosh. Surely he would freeze his hands and feet coming across the lake. I was troubled. The old Indian stood silently watching me. "Why couldn't I drive to meet Jim?" I suddenly thot. Babe stood in the barn restless for exercise.

I called the station at Bena to tell Jim of my plan but he was gone, had started for Cut Foot Sioux, they thot. He had said only a few minutes before, however, that he would come by the lake and I was sure I could not miss him. It was really better so, anyway, I thot. He would probably veto the scheme, for somehow he never seemed to get over the idea that I was still a tenderfoot, and needed a protector.

I had been in Bena but once, when we had come into the country. That was before the lake was frozen and we had used the regular road. I told Jack my intention as well as I could with motions and words and asked him to show me the road on the map. He grunted his disapproval heartily. "Ugh—cold, um-m-m," pointing to the clouds thru the window, "night."

I laughed at his ominous headshaking. Bena was the only trading point in that country and I figured that, like Old Rome, all roads must lead to it. Again I beckoned him to the map.

He traced the road to the lake. Once more he stopped and shook his head as he pointed to the lake. "M-o-o-zhuck, mozhuck" (big) he said.

But I urged him on. There were numerous crossroads, as he indicated, and two or three forks. The lake was a highway between the different lumber camps and two or three small settlements in various directions. This route in winter, because of the great saving of time, was very popular. I was sure I could find the way with the aid of Jack's directions.

As I dressed for the trip I thot of my warm cap and I must confess that I rather strongly regretted my moment of rashness. I hitched up Babe and as he stood by he conveyed to me somehow that Jim might not come that way; Bob Moghimo, who lived down toward Bena four or five miles, was in Bena with his ponies. "Mebbe come home, mebbe not," he told me. But I was certain that Jim would not come with Bob. Nobody ever heard of Bob venturing out on such a day. Once more I laughed at his fears.

It was just getting dusk when Babe took me spinning out of the little clearing by the cabin. I turned and waved farewell to Jack, who still stood very gravely on my doorstep. Shortly we entered the big woods. The tall silent Norways stood grim silent sentinels, and even the ringing of her footsteps as Babe sped and the metallic crunch, crunch of the snow seemed to accentuate the solemn stillness. A vague uneasiness began to creep over me. I tried to reason it away. Wherever I looked, calm and unmoved stood these great gloomy pines. Back they reached, one beyond the other, deeper and deeper into the shadows, back into the dim ages when men worshiped in the forests. Could they have been aught but solemn and mystic, these Druids of old?

When we swung out of the timber into the "Narrows," the channel between Kessie-kessie-da-pone and Winniebigoshish it was so dark that I could scarcely find the road. Once on it and Babe took it quickly and we soon came to the wide bleak expanse of the lake. It looked so vast and gray in the dusk and the timber on the shores looked so black. In spite of my heavy fur mittens, my hands were getting cold. But I would never turn back! Down fair across the wide expanse the road started. The north shore was fast slipping behind us. The lake grew wider and wider, colder and colder, and darker and darker! Doubt began to creep in. What if, as Jack said, Jim might happen upon someone, Bob Moghimo maybe or someone else for whom this road would not be a short cut. No, no, surely he wouldn't; he had told me he would come this way! But somehow the gray settled into a deeper and deeper gray; now the road veered away to the east shore. I could no longer see it for darkness but Babe followed it. This shore which at first seemed to offer a protection against my fears seemed less friendly on approach; it was so black and forbidding.

Presently a brush wolf yapped; Babe and I were both startled; then another; then a whole pack of them yelled and snarled and screamed. I knew they were harmless but their cry had its effect. I was stiff and my hands were numb, it was so cold. When I had almost decided to turn back, there down the road ahead of me I saw a tall dark form approaching. My heart leaped! It was Jim! I urged Babe forward. Nearer we came and nearer! Never had Jim's approach been so welcome! Then just before we reached it the figure gave a loud snort and a big bull moose dashed from our path and out into the darkness.

I do not know why I did not turn back that instant but the disappointment rather paralyzed me, and Babe went on. A great hollow boom sounded from shore to shore and sent back its echo. It was the ice crack-

ing as the cold became more intense. I shivered. Babe came to a stop and refused to go further! What was it? Stiff with cold and fear I stumbled out of the sled; it was too dark to see and I had no match; slowly and with much apprehension I felt my way ahead thru the snow. There was the fork in the road! Which was I to take, was it right or left? Which was right and which was left? I was so bewildered. We must turn back. At that instant the deep, long-drawn howl of the timber wolf cut across the night. Babe jumped and I reached for her bridle. Scarcely had I secured it when not one but several wolves took up the wail. The timber wolf always strikes terror and Babe leaped and started across the snow, dragging me with her as I held tight to the bridle. I spoke to her and at last she stopped, but she was trembling all over; so was I. As soon as she would permit I got back into the sled and she darted forward. But where? We were off the road and in the dark we could not hope to find it. As the wail died away a deep silence once more settled over lake and wood, a piercing stillness that made the nerves taut and the heart waver. I felt all the eyes of the forest were upon us and knew we must not hesitate. I turned her toward what seemed the direction of home; she understood. I gave her her head, and after much floundering she grew more confident, as tho she had found the way.

Gradually then the situation seemed to improve. Was it getting warmer? I thot it surely seemed so, tho I was still frightened. I was getting sleepy. Were we going home? Somehow I didn't seem to care very much, if I could just go to sleep. Then Babe began to sniff; I was dimly conscious of a metallic crunch in the snow. Slowly I roused myself. Was it wolves? Why couldn't I wake? Why couldn't I move? This thought struck deep into my consciousness and I came to as a huge figure loomed close and I heard a muffled, hoarse, "Ugh-ugh. Bo-zhu." Old Jack! He spoke to Babe, then lifted me out of the sled. He beat my hands and arms and made me walk, tho I seemed unable to move at first. At last he motioned me to run behind the sled as he led the way on snowshoes. Oh, I wanted to ride! He wouldn't let me. Then at last after I really could run I was allowed to get into the sled and he got in with me.

He had gone to Bob Moghimo's after I had left, he made me understand, and found that Jim had come that far with Bob and from there had walked home. Jack had then struck out for the lake, guided only by his Indian instinct. About a mile from home we met Jim with a lantern. As well as I could I explained the situation and Jack got out of the sled. We tried to take him on home with us but he just grunted and with a wierd grin, pointed to the big warm cap. As he turned to the direction of his home, we watched old Bow String Jack disappear into the night.

—ELIZABETH C. FLINT.

Late Blizzard

Shall I ever again in the windy marshes
Pause as I search for wild duck eggs
To hear the liquid call of the marsh wren,
To watch the flash of the red-wing's flight?

Sweep on, Coldmaker!
Dance, you blizzard!

A week ago, beside the creek, the willow buds were swelling.

—EUGENIE FROHLICHER.

Galli-Curci

Hast seen, in some warm-sunned vineyard,
The grape, the clinging bunch, each cheek to cheek,
Silver-dusted, throbbing, purple . . . ?

Hast plucked it from the stem with trembling hands,
And held it a long age above thy lips—
Then pressed—pressed—pressed it—
Until warm grape-blood filled thy mouth
And ran in veins along thine arms—
And filled thy mouth, and trembled on thy tasting lip?

—BURT TEATS.

Certainty

I think that I should die indeed if chance,
Or love, or bitterness, or fear should blank
With envious smudge, or kalsomining touch
The pictures in my soul . . . Remembrance
Of these is color and song, is peace and pain
To tell me that I live—that men I meet
Are warm to touch, and women strangely fair,
That new-ploughed meadows will grow green again
When dreaming seeds have had their measured rest.

Without the tapestries I treasure here,
Sacred and safe from any vandal hand,
I could not know, having no certain test,
That there is heaven or hope or meadow-lanes,
Sunrise for men or birds whose sleepy eyes
Are closing now in fearless-breathing peace.

But in my soul a certain glory gains
Upon the dusk . . . for in my ancient store
There glows the radiant picture of fresh day,
Like new love blushing in a country lane,
Birds taking wing, singing of hope . . . and more.

—HIAL S. WHITE

Views

They rested at a spring—
Around them mountains, distant hills,
And glens pine-grown,
Blue of far water,
And dusk of shadowed passes.

The Young Man:

Snow-splotched, the mountain rises sheer,
A naked mass of cliff and crag
That towers till that one shaft of light
Turns its bald top to gold—
A mighty climb and glorious,
Through creeping shale,
Past precipice, round reef and rock,
To that far height where sunlight plays!

The Man Who Was Neither Young Nor Old:

In the blue shade far down the stream
The foothills gently rise,
Their ragged outlines turned to waves
Which swell against the sky.
A boatman on that velvet edge
Would not be blown by sudden squalls
Or gusty blasts,
But sailing slow, now high, now low,
Might almost find content.

The Old Man:

Beyond the creek the breeze is playing;
It circles round that weathered pine
And in among those aspen trees.
No sudden movement there and no extremes,
No strife and no despair.
It's like the past; for all things seem
But shades of yearning ecstasy—
A luminous recess of mind
Where wander vagrant memories.

—BERTRAM GUTHRIE.

The Serf

The wagon stopped. Then through the open gate
The farm-team stopped. . . . 'T was Pete returning late
From town. Unharnessing the team he led
Them to the barn, an eye-sore of a shed,
Straw-thatched. . . . He cursed the wickless lantern; sought
The buckles in the dark, and pulling taut
The tie-ropes, plodded slowly toward the thing
That served him for a house. . . . (One rainy spring
When hopes were high, he'd planned to build,
And dug an ample cellar, now half-filled
With thistles and debris. And as Pete walked
On past, out of the dusk its wide mouth mocked
At all his addled plans).

A thing, I said,
As granary it was built, and painted red
By Pete himself . . . and hoping for a crop
To fill those bins, he scrawled PETE BARKAS, PROP.
Above the door. . . . But rooms once meant for wheat
Now served as place to cook and sleep and eat.

Beside the stove his wife stood deep in thought,
She'd washed for Greens six months, but felt she ought
To tell them to go hang, for they'd begun
To splice pajamas, counting them as one.
But this year's crop was light; the cows were dry—
With taxes to be paid, and clothes to buy,
Dry-landers' wives can't do quite as they please,
For dollars are as scarce out there as trees.

Across the table Joyce. With busy pen
She made her outlines: *who and where and when.*

Pete came in whistling—stopping short to say,
"Hoy! Ma and Joycie! How's it go today?"

Matilda scarce looked up, but using fork,
Tried both to dodge the grease and turn the pork.
This done, she took the sizzling supper up,
And poured the steaming tea into the cup.
All through the meal Pete sat without a word,
But looked down at the cloth, or slowly stirred
His tea. The meal was finished soon. Pete lit
His pipe . . . Then cleared his throat a bit
And said, "Hard luck in Willow Springs today."
"What's that?" (his wife) "Green's took the stuff away?"
"No, no, he give me time—renewed the seven notes,
But kept out all the rakin's . . . both the wheat and oats."

(These rakings were the meagre little yield
The women folks had gleaned from off the field:
A bunch the header missed—or barges spilled—
Not much, God knows, but Pete had willed

That proceeds from such grain should be
Pin money for the women.)

Angrily

Matilda spoke, "You let Green take that wheat
That Joyce and I slaved over in the heat—
You know how we need clothes, but just like you
To offer Green my wash-tub wages, too!"

Then speaks up Joyce, "My Gosh, folks, do be still
An hour or so—then you can row until
Daylight, but I must get this history done

.

"Alexander II freed the serfs in 1861."

—E. E. ERICSON.

Feet

ALTHOUGH life seems dull and routine encroaches alarmingly on the poetic freedom of the spirit—although we are told that the aim of college life is to chisel and polish and smooth until each is like to each, there is one way in which I am set unalterably apart from other mortals. In this one thing I am unique and unapproachable—my feet are so wide in proportion to their length that only a shoe made to order can ever be expected to really fit. On and by my peculiar feet I reach a high peak of splendid solitude which awes and uplifts the soul by its remoteness from the commonplace and usual.

There are many of us occupying such peaks, all possessing a common pride, but separated from each other by the diversity of the defects of our feet. There is Jane, who has the longest toes in the house; there is Lois, who cannot, for some undivined reason, be comfortable with a heel less than two-and-a-half inches high; there is Gladys, whose feet are literally nothing but skin over bone. All have great difficulty in getting shoes; and it is not surprising, for each one has the most extraordinary feet in the world.

The thought of a world of standardized feet for standardized shoes is, for some people, pleasant. But such a change would mean an incalculable loss of distinction for us. Our conversation would be bare of those sparkling tales of arches, heels, toes, and insteps which now adorn it. No longer would we be exalted by our difference from others. Instead of being persons who move about by means of highly individualized organs utterly unprecedented in shape, we would be people with type A, B, or C feet. We could not spend, as we do now, hours of pleasant competition in relative pedal monstrosity.

When we bought shoes it would be a soulless transaction involving only the exchange of money for merchandise. Now it is a lively and spirited contest between salesman and customer, one determined to fit, the other not to be fitted. It is soul-satisfying indeed to have the salesman say, as one did to me when he realized that my feet were the most unusual he had ever seen, "I am afraid we can't fit you. You see, they don't make shoes that shape," and to go out knowing as I did that there is no other such as I am, that there are no feet like my feet.

—ELLEN WALSH.

Dickinson's Modern Symposium

WHAT GREW OUT OF READING IT

THE symposium was a real treat. If intellectual shocks and surprises are our best teachers, I had a few good ones. They were stimulating. The book gave me a big jump in original thinking which resulted in the exercise of a bit of creative faculty. There was a dramatic quality about it which I enjoyed. And if life were not such a busy ordeal, I would regret that "it's all over."

I reviewed the book in an endeavor to find signs of Dickinson's personal views. As chairman of this august meeting, he was master, not only of the diplomatic situation before him, but also in concealing his opinion. After MacCarthy's speech he says, "the written word has done but poor justice." Before Coryat's appeal, he tells us that "this poet was incapable of a false note." When introducing Woodman, he refers to him as "a type of Christian so rare nowadays." We finally see this shrewd handler of men alone on his terrace "without elation or excitement," but with the calm of an assured hope for his day's work. From these and other remarks I can find no clear light on the personal point of view of this competent host.

Full effectiveness of the speeches demands oral reading. The rhythm is not exactly the restful ebb and flow of Irving's description of a scene in the Alhambra or of Addison's explanation of Sir Roger's adoration. It has big sweeps, resulting sometimes in oratorical vastness where imagination has full sway, as in the conclusion of Remenham's and MacCarthy's speeches, or in wild splashes of nothingness, as in Wilson's introduction.

And now that these gentlemen have all had their say, I should like to have mine. Although lacking the power, vision, and thought of a Remenham, Allison or Woodman, it will be equally sincere and, perhaps, more simple. Contrary to Harington's belief, we have in this country a distinct aristocracy just as clearly marked as the nobility in England. There is only a nominal difference between our moneyed aristocracy and the European sort. Members of our upper class marry into this European nobility. This aristocracy has shown itself to be ready in supporting art. Not America, but a Carnegie or a Hoover would employ a present-day Michaelangelo, if he would but appear. Harington says it was not Milan but Ludovic, the Moor, that valued Leonardo. "It was the English nobles that patronized Reynolds and Gainsborough." We could say, not America, but Rockefeller, the capitalist, would value a twentieth century Leonardo and pay fabulous sums to have his work adorning a Fifth Avenue palace or an Edgewater Drive mansion. Our democracy supplies us with something Harington thought it lacked. The kind of which he was thinking differs only in name from our distinct moneyed aristocracy. Every good democrat need not pray for the advent of aristocracy. In New York, go from the East Side to Fifth Avenue; in Chicago, go from West Twelfth Street to Sheridan Road; in Great Falls, go from South Side to Smelter Hill, and the external signs of our aristocracy will become visible.

During my stay in Anaconda I often noticed, during the early morning hours, car after car pass crowded with men going to work in the smelter. Perhaps, they were of the type of whom it might be said that

their "state is kingly." To a casual observer their lives consisted in going to work, coming home, going to bed. Not long after leaving this little mining town, I had occasion to call on one of the wealthiest women in the Northwest. Her estate covers hundreds of acres; her winters she spends in New York; members of her family entertain the nobility of Europe. I sank in rare orientals. Roses and chrysanthemums nodded to me from long sparkling vases. Burns, Emerson, Carlyle, smiled from behind highly polished mahogany cases and I thought of the poor Scotch poet's

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man the gold for a' that."

Now, as I recall many such experiences in the east and in the west, I feel justified in saying that under our democracy has grown a decided, clear-cut moneyed aristocracy.

Our government does tend to destroy that reflection needed for the development of an artist. It is a philosophic axiom, I believe, (would that I had had courses in philosophy, moral theology, social psychology and international politics) that intent destroys extent, and extent destroys intent. The predominant passion of American life is money-making; and so intent does the average American become in his particular project, that all else is excluded from his life. Wife, children, and sacred ties fall into the "fringe of consciousness." Comforts, health, friendships become a part of the background. Abruptness and ill manners grow into an irascibility that makes many of these giants of ambition interesting specimens for the psychologist. Here is the tendency of our life today, which may result in many a crime crying out to heaven for vengeance. The stronger the passions, the darker becomes all understanding of the "higher goods of life," to which Martin so often referred. So intense is one passion becoming that it promises to make one-sided human beings out of us. While our democracy furnishes an aristocracy that could support art, it hinders the growth of that reflection necessary to nourish the soul of an artist.

In spite of our many weaknesses, and they are serious ones, no radicalism will even change our government. Those tendencies which aim to destroy existing forms of government may thrive in Mexico, or in some parts of South America, but not in our United States. Any power that would destroy financial projects and seriously affect business, causing bankers and capitalists to withhold money or loan only on short terms, would find very little sympathy in the American body of citizens. A violent role would demand leaders who would be idealists. America is not famous for her production of that type of personality. She is made up principally of hard-headed business men intent on their predominant passion. There will develop, and the time of it is fast approaching in England and in America, a strong socialistic state whereby central governmental control will become mighty and all-powerful. This development will have to come about without any sudden upheaval in the business world. We may yet see a United Europe under one Social Regime, as well as a strong Socialistic Polity grown to full size under our Democracy—which, however, will never lose its powerful aristocracy.

—SISTER IGNATIUS CASEY.

Letters

I. IMPRESSIONS FROM A PROFESSOR ON LEAVE IN NEW YORK (Excerpts from private letters from Dr. J. H. Underwood)

Oct. 14. **Dramatics.** "Chauve Souris," first nighter with Mary Stuart. More splendid than the other program. "Marlborough Goes to War" even more wonderful hit on militarism. M. S. and I agree that we never saw anything in American varieties to furnish comparison. Jane Cowl in "Malvoluca," entrancing happy solution of good-bad woman—no taint of "Main Street," at Astor's theatre. Naturally, the "Equity."

Finance. Two days with the bankers—11,000 bankers in New York for Association—reserved seat, courtesy of Seligman, from Lamont of Pierpont Morgan's—to hear Reginald McKenna, Chancellor English Exchequer, in war, tell the bankers, about debts and reparations and reconstruction, what I have told room 207 L, the last two years. Without the Englishman's marvelous diction, cogency, distinction.

Militarism. Banker's excursion—7,000 of them—to West Point. The wooden soldiers in all their grandest displays, marvelous riding, games, guns, parade—before their lords who never go to war.

Society, M. S.

Seligman,
Giddings.

Bumped into Pierpont, Jr., at West Point, unexpectedly, as once on sidewalk, Boston, Pierp. Sr. by accident. Ominous coincidence. Invitation to appear on program Bryn Mawr Presidential Installation.

Education, going to hear some lectures—Watson, behaviorist, Dewey, philosophy, Kallen, æsthetics. Psychoanalyzing N. Y. U. and Columbia business colleges.

Religion, Cathedral St. John Divine. Bishop Manning "could not conceive that the creed of the church could ever change." Went to sleep. Church in New Haven.

Architecture, Union Seminary, around corner from my room, a daily joy to the spirit. Contents, a daily depression to the understanding.

Nature, Connecticut woods in autumn.

Oct. 17. I was almost sick with a cold, my chief occupation for three weeks in this frightfully sticky and dirty place.

Oct. 30. Try to do a little of my duty by New York, too, evenings. A play Friday night—Ethel Barrymore in Hauptmann's "Rose Beryl"—an exception to the theatrical claptrap of the season, although Ethel doesn't do it well. Last night heard Jefferson on his visit to Europe.

Back from Carnegie (Hall). Had the novel experience of bumping into two Missoulians in one evening. Heywood Broun, a big, fine man, drawled out amiably very impressive and tactful remarks. Mrs. Sanger, greater in heroic and vastly significant world leadership than in any remarkable natural talents. I am up here after midnight scribbling, having taken coffee both before and after—before, at a Swiss restaurant near Carnegie—all sorts of interesting cranks like me—after, with the deadly, null and void New York crowd at a Child's (restaurant). Certainly civilization here depends on: decrease of births; and a banishment of the millions to decent country life and work; and war against the organized conspiracy, of New York business and Butlers and Schools of Commerce, against rational life of the common man.

Louis Levine's brother, 'Mischa Levitzki,' whose fame is secure as

the heir to Paderewski's place, just after ten months around the world, played to Carnegie Hall full, and ten encores after the audience rose and crowded about the stage. I met him. Another brother, Marks, entertained me, both at that and today at lunch. Louis has an article in Atlantic. Is disappointed with Russian revolution—so Marks says. Is about to become prof. in N. Y. C. C.

Hugh Walpole to big theatre—full—course of lectures. Heard him on the "Four Great English Realists." Aristocrats: Moore, "Esther Waters," "greatest English novel." Realism vitiated by his feeling for world beyond the world; Galsworthy, "Man of Property." Realism vitiated by his feeling for injustice of the world. Democratic: Bennett, "Old Wives," "Hilda," "Clayhanger." Realism vitiated by his sense of the glory of life; Wells: "Tono Bungay." The artist dead since 1914. Vitiated by acute activity and interest in the times, but a hundred years hence the "most representative mind of this time." Inference intended—behold Walpole the realest realist. (Walpole seeming to care most for Bennett).

Bump into Montana students every day or so.

Nov. 15. Don't you know I had a party here too with my cake and candle, at Percy Stone's? Peg Garvin, his wife, and Helen Fredericks! I felt fifteen or so.

Today up above Yonkers where my friends the Thomases are superintendents of the finest orphanage in the world, million dollar plant, pet charity of the four hundred.

Heard Jean Longuet, saw Isadora Duncan—and two movies!—and Eva Tanguay—Wish A—— were along to get the real inner significance, too, of the frivolous, which damns perfection for the sake of Beauty, which like the wind and the Spirit bloweth where it listeth, not according to the conductor's baton!

Nov. 25. Observe me take off my hat to Shapiro, the only professor I have met who, at first acquaintance, was to me a man of æsthetic sensibility, bigness of spirit, and the only professor big or little, who appeared to me bigger than his professorship.

Have met Elise Dufour in her dancing studio, heard and talked to Arturo Giovannitti, syndicalist orator on Fascisti, in response to Arthur Livingston, professor of history. Giovannitti is an overwhelming and not very pleasant person. I preferred the apparent insight of the awkward professor, to the passionate, beautiful, satirical oratory of the poet. The professor lacked the humane imaginative sympathy of the poet. The poet lacked the analytical understanding of human nature that the professor had. It was the most exciting debate I ever heard, before the members of the Civic Club. I have a guest card there, also at the Faculty Club (Columbia). In other words I have got started into many of the best things in New York, just as I resolve to run away to visit friends and cousins (in) Balt. and Wash. and to go to the Econ(omics) and Soc(iological) Ass(ociation) in Chicago, and (accept) Jeanette and Jane Addams' invitation to stop at Hull House.

The last play I saw was Maugham's "Rain," a tremendous play. It (and "Babbitt") is art, but it is art that is to die, because of its simplicity, its deceptive isolation of characters, intentionally or unintentionally, to point a social judgment of community or class.

Shapiro, history, law, and "Nation," Van Doren. "Century," Ogburn, sociology, all "authors," couple of hours at Faculty Club, much magazine gossip, and sarcastic comment on the "New Republic," an intellectual re-

past, like an old time Coffee Parlor spree, and me the only one eager to get back to my work! It is really an unconscious defensive against the tenseness of New York stimulation, jamming, cramming, etc.

Heard little Erna Rubenstein, violinist.

Dec. 1. I have eaten there (Greenwich Village) incidentally to calls and N. Y. University, at "Pepper Pot," "T. N. T.," and "Flamingo," and Civic Club—all full of bright young people, cultivated girls for attendants—a land I'd like to know better, of fine people, mostly perhaps "futilitarians," but lovely youth; and the "Marie," with some old maids who write about intelligence and sex; "Mari's," a place where the up-town and out-of-town go to guess which of the others are obscene or emancipated. I have had several evenings (with) Coffman's sister-in-law, who is supervisor and trainer of all the telephone girls of N. Y. and New England. She showed me a lot of her eleven hundred girls in the biggest telephone office in the world, and I took her to our Russian Inn and "Seven Characters in Search of an Author."

Philadelphia. I am tired from my slumming expedition into the jungles of Bryn Mawr.

Culture is a sad and humble and funny thing in the midst of the academic fantasy. A hundred fifty colleges were here. The funny old B. Mawr Greek professor, "lazy," he said, contemptuous of "Bryn Mawr boneheads," and the patron saint, ———, too, was a humanist and a humorist, worth all the executive big wigs I met. I did not dislike Angell of Yale. He has not been president long enough to be corrupted yet. ——— and ——— of (two prominent woman's colleges) have, as everybody says, "poise"—in other words (are) cold, unmarriedable women, who never adventure into the mazes of truth. Don't know it surrounds them. On the other hand Virginia Gildersleeve of Barnard, Dean, with whom I had breakfast and talk is a big, humane, humorous, regular woman.

I cut the processional—gowns, and maudlin colors—obscurantism, livery, touched with fantasy! Felt more like a man over on the side lines with the masters!

Very valuable day for a backwoods professor!

Helen Hughes, enfant terrible of faculties, bid for by all four of the big woman's colleges for her brains and prestige, as an ornament, yet is, by intellectual integrity, at a higher range than that of (three presidents) and the like—absolutely and forever debarred from executive position.

Her next article will be in New Republic. She is writing a book with Robert M. Lovett. She got out her "Felicia"—her car—and we rambled fifty miles around Valley Forge and other sacred, somnolent spots, and (had) a dinner at a snob hostelry.

II. FROM CHRISTIANIA

Kristiania, Norway

Bygdo Alle 18

4 December, 1922

. . . You can hardly say that student life here is very exacting. Lectures ceased more than three weeks ago, and since then those who have not been taking examinations or reading for examinations have been entirely free to do what they please. Many, I dare say, have done nothing, particularly the younger students; they hardly get down to business before the second or third year. They have no semester exam-

inations, of course, and frequently they sit thru the same series of lectures twice or even three times. They do less browsing around than American students and concentrate on a limited "pensum" (subject matter). In languages they are far superior to American students, but they fall far short of them in many other fields. The student's yearly program has humorously been thus described: lectures for eight weeks in September and October; November 15 he goes home for his Christmas vacation and returns January 15; lectures again for eight weeks; April 1 he begins to sit on the University steps; and about May 15 he goes home to rest up during the summer. The student is not rushed for time. And he might perhaps exclaim: How can one study more! The University library closes at 8 p. m., and now because of the high cost of cafe life there isn't enough funds left to heat his room.

Nor are the professors overworked. The maximum program is five hours a week; frequently it is only two hours a week; it averages perhaps three. Lectures are scheduled to begin the first week in September, but a great many of them were postponed a week or two or even longer. The ground that is covered is consequently not very great. One professor, whose lectures on ballads I attended, succeeded in going through two ballads. Most of the courses are one hour a week, as was this one. It is not strange that this professor has had time to write during the last 10 years some twenty-five articles of considerable weight and bulk. The examination system naturally cuts into the time materially. One full month each semester is devoted to the written and oral examinations; these are in some respects similar to our various state bar examinations. The professor in philosophy, who had been giving five lectures a week in general psychology, closed them about November 1 because of the 450 examination papers he would have to read sometime in December. He is a youth of twenty-seven and therefore not inclined to take his duties lightly. The arrangement favors, on the whole, research work and as such it is admirable; but from the point of view of the student it must be somewhat unsatisfactory. American universities and colleges may have gone to the other extreme in organization and examinations and grades, but I am convinced that the American student can find his way better than a student here at the University. There is no wonder that professors have time to write books, engage in political fights, and actually hold positions in the government. One of the professors of history is, for example, the active head of the National Communist party. On the other hand I have seen no professor to compare with Magnus Olson in Old Norse. It is told of him that when he was first appointed in 1908, he was very young and expected prospective students of Old Norse to have mastered completely Old Norse grammar during the summer vacation. He has since moderated in his demands, and he seems to anticipate every question that might possibly arise. It is true he may cover only eight lines in the hour, but what he lacks in speed he makes up in thoroughness.

But we find ourselves both profitably and enjoyably occupied. I have hitherto been busy straightening out the thousand and one dialects, their relation to each other, to Old Norse, and to Old English. I am just now plunging into modern Norwegian literature, particularly the novel. Have you noticed Bojer's *The Last of the Vikings* running in *The Century*? If the translation is as good as the original, you will certainly enjoy it. Mrs. Orbeck too is progressing in the language and reads one novel after the other. . . .

The **StunderSamfund** is a remarkable organization. It has a history which goes back a hundred years. It is the only student organization in Norway; it takes the place of our fraternities, sororities, literary and debating societies, political and social clubs. Membership is open to all "students"—that is, to all who have passed into the University—who have taken "artium." No matter whether they are active students or not. It is on the one hand a training-ground for public speakers and young hopefuls, and on the other hand an academic semi-public forum for serious debates. It has been the scene of many of Norway's most important political, social, and literary battles. Bjornson was, for example, its president at one time and launched many a political campaign on its platform. It meets once a week, Saturday evening, and the meetings regularly run to two and three o'clock in the morning.

Last evening there was a discussion about **National Theatret** (The National Theater). The National Theater is, as its name states, a national and semi-public institution. It receives indirect support from the State and is managed by a director and an elected executive board. Its first director was Bjorn Bjornson, the eldest son of the great poet. The present director, the third since its establishment and now in his twelfth year, has of late not been altogether satisfactory. Much criticism has been directed against his choice of plays and his old-fashioned methods of presentation. To an American a program which included for the first half of the season three of Holberg's classic comedies, Ibsen's **Brand** and **Rosmersholm**, Shakespeare's **The Taming of the Shrew**, Andreyev's **He Who Gets Slapped**, and, among other things, several excellent dramatizations of fairy-tales—such a program would not appear exactly "weak." Nor did it to me. But the public and critics are very exacting. They demand that every piece shall be "best." They look upon the director, tho a good actor, as a back-number, ignorant of or indifferent to Germany's theatrical experiments since the war. People here too are hungering for new things, constantly new things, even tho they be not of the highest excellence. After the premier of the last play, an importation from England, the storm against the director gathered force and focus.

The **StunderSamfund** announced early in the week a lecture on "The Sick Man—the National Theater." The critics began grooming themselves for the onslaught—many of them candidates, of course, for the directorship soon to be vacant. But the coup failed. Or it succeeded too well. The Friday morning papers announced the resignation of the director—and the bubble burst. There was a lecture, however, in the **StunderSamfund**, tho of a somewhat different nature: on the present need of the theater. The speaker ventured to consider this last act of the director "the greatest dramatic success of his career,"—a most graceful retirement "just as he was about to be given the boot." No mincing of words, either! These students never mince anything! They have more polite ways of beating a fellow up or calling him a liar and a rascal ("socialist" and "communist" are not here terms of vituperation) than I ever imagined could exist in any language. The speaker's best concrete suggestion was that Max Reinhardt be invited to stage one of Strindberg's plays here at the National Theater and demonstrate the latest in dramatic technique.

Rosmersholm was, except for the very last scene, an excellent production. I really marvelled at the possibilities of an Ibsen play. And **He Who Gets Slapped** was even better. In finesse, in clear-cut execution,

in attention to details, particularly in the lesser roles, it was superior even to the Theater Guild production which we saw last year in New York.

On the whole, however, the critics are right: dramatic art here has slumped during the past years. The greatest successes, the most satisfactory pieces, are the classics of Ibsen, Bjornson, and Holberg, or the occasional importations like *He Who Gets Slapped*. Native efforts are either imitative, much attenuated, task work or uncertain ventures into something new. The change in management may be what is needed, the stimulation that will release new energies.

All this is apropos of the *Studentersamfund*. You see here a sample of its activity, its contact with the real world, its way of exerting influence on the national life. At the meeting last evening a resolution was adopted, after a three-hour debate after the lecture, expressing the students' "indignation at the French action in the Ruhr." The *Studentersamfund* is, as one put it, "the conscience of the nation."

—ANDERS ORBECK.

III. FROM LONDON

London, December 14, 1922.

. . . The first University debate I heard in England was on the proposition that the progress of science is detrimental to human happiness—debated very seriously, not especially ably—by speakers from Durham, Birmingham, Leeds, London, Oxford and Aberystwyth. Mr. Balfour is attacking Bertrand Russell's pessimism in his Gifford lectures at Glasgow this week; and last week I enjoyed the finest thing yet, a meeting of the Sociological Society—Hilaire Belloc reading a paper on "Factors in Historical Change" with G. K. Chesterton on the platform, G. P. Gooch, one of the unadvertised brains of England, in the chair, and L. P. Jacks of Oxford and S. H. Swinny, editor of the *Positivist Review*, in the audience. It was a battle of profundities. The issue was soon drawn in the discussion—is there progress or only change in life? Chesterton shook his shaggy locks, monotoned five minutes of brilliant and tedious paradox, pilloried America for her Puritans, prohibition and progress-prophets, talked rhetorically on strenuous gayety and holy mirth, and took his departure, leaving Mr. Belloc to stand off the pack. Mr. Belloc had difficulties. He ended the evening by saying, "I know it is difficult to understand. I knew when I came here tonight that my Catholic philosophy would not be acceptable to you. But I believe man has always been of the same powers and qualities and affections that he is today, ever since he was made man. We see changes, but they are only changes. There seems to be less cruelty in life today than in eras past, but I have no confidence my grandchildren will not see much more again. As for the inherent worth or goodness of an idea being a factor in favor of its triumph, I cannot see that it can have any fundamental proof." The three essential and sufficient factors to accomplish a change in society, according to Belloc, are (1) that the new idea shall first be held by an integral and convinced minority—"not like the Bolsheviks, for they are not convinced in favor of communism, but only against Capitalism"), (2) that the minority with its idea shall capture the executive, and (3) that its program of conquest shall be effected within the limits of one life-time. My own opinion after it all was that Mr. Belloc would do better to stay in the field of charming essays. . . .

—EDMUND L. FREEMAN.

The Frontier Book Shelf

Figures of Earth: James Branch Cabell. (McBride and Company, 1922). **Jurgen:** James Branch Cabell. (McBride and Company, 1921). These two tales are designed so incongruously in medieval imagery that the imminent danger in them is that they may be incongruously interpreted, and that Cabell may be considered an unhuman power practicing in varied symbolisms which lack familiar aspects of life. Howbeit, Cabell is a terrestrial wanderer and his subject is one of the flesh. (Regardless of his fairy-telling, he is one of the naturalists). To be sure, he is writing satire and is mildly symbolical, yet the symbolism is obvious when it occurs and need not be strongly indicated, nor should any meaning be forced unnaturally from the text; the sense of life is given by performance and not by suggestion. The key to these singular scriptures is to follow the story with the usual ardor used in reading novels and to await, without any uneasiness, for the resulting spiritual developments.

Jurgen has been abridged and now appears in its emasculate form and not, as the publishers would have one believe, in the original. There are two deservedly lamentable aspects of this extraction. First, the relegated parts were, certainly, bits of unrestrained obscenity and consequently might have given the book the correct finishing; while its present arrangement must seem too much like a litter of skilful suggestions of the lewdness which Cabell wished to effect. (The apothem to be taken from these circumstances is that when a naturalist sets out in an indecent manner, it is well to allow him to continue doing the improper thing). Secondly, the abridgments have caused undue appraisal of the book. **Jurgen** has valued significance in Cabellian handiwork, but it is unarguably inferior to its successor, **Figures of Earth**. This later production rises above plain naturalism and life, as a reverie of loneliness and regret.

Cabell avoids a deal of opprobrium because he has a more active artistic consciousness than the common naturalist and pays particular attention to the way in which he handles his realism, not playing with indecencies but making beautiful what was once unhandsome stuff. The literary instincts of John Charteris have driven Cabell to evolve a special mode of expression consonant with his individual creative attributes, in this manner saving himself the distress of wandering as a disembodied spirit in an alien literary form. The possibilities of his characteristic genre are uncertain in **Jurgen** and the book is in an inchoate state due to the unsatisfactory development of this new species of story form. **Figures of Earth** shows the Cabell spirit properly embodied in an artistry deftly shaped, correctly understood, and adaptable to life-proportions. **Jurgen** was too pretentious as a "Comedy of Justice;" it was more a comedy of sex. **Figures of Earth**, instead of a sense of sex, creates a sense of life, and should be read in the hope of unraveling life and not riddles.

A quotation from **Figures of Earth** will be illuminating. "Horvendile looked grave, and yet whimsical too. 'Why, I have heard somewhere,' says he, 'that at its uttermost this success is but the strivings of an ape reft of his tail, and grown rusty at climbing, who yet feels himself to be a symbol and the frail representative of Omnipotence in a place that is not home.'" That is not naturalism but unapproachable intellectual manoeuvring, which is Cabell's forte. There is no reassurance in it for the Philistine, but such restrictedness is invigorating, and Americans' lone contribution to art.

—C. T.

A Scrap Book: George Saintsbury. (Macmillan, London, 1923). Exactly that—off-duty personal opinions of this veteran scholar, probably the widest read man in England. He has the utmost confidence in the smallest idea that travels through his mind, and therefore records it with colorful energy of language and flavored idiosyncrasy. He reveals as well as erudition hard-headed commonsense. His egoism is sufficiently substantial confidently to attack any philosophy or practice or institution. He never hesitates.

—H. G. M.

The Bright Shawl: Joseph Hergesheimer. (Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1922). A true, human, idealistic romance that has been ruined by an inartistic purpose. Either commercialism or an inartistic dullness asserted itself too strongly for the artist and made the writer place the romance in a framework totally unsuited, for he could not forbear contrasting the youth of today, with his assumed lack of idealism, with the youth of the seventies, who would lay down his very life out of idealistic impulse. Mr. Hergesheimer may be right about the fact, but he is wrong in the literary performance. The setting, the incidents themselves and the persons are artistically conceived and vividly portrayed, and in the book there is many a fine passage of analysis of motives. Certain scenes will live in clear outline, warm and colored atmosphere, and understood intention in the mind of any reader.

—H. G. M.

Alice Adams: Booth Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page and Company, 1921). Here is the very pathos of drabness; the destructiveness of false intention; the wrecking power of insincerity in one's living. Mr. Tarkington with the mercilessness of the artist reveals the aspira-

tions of the Adams family nakedly. This story is a much finer and more nearly artistic comment on American life than Mr. Lewis' *Main Street*. It is not more sincere, but the writer has finer faculty of observation and truer processes of reflection than Mr. Lewis. He is also less of a propagandist; he poignantly feels what the latter can only understand. It is also a finer book than Mrs. Fisher's *The Brimming Cup*, for similar reasons, with this additional one that it is free of melodrama and manufactured situations. Mrs. Fisher's novel is, however, a braver effort.

—H. G. M.

Poets of the Future—A College Anthology for 1921-1922. Edited by Henry T. Schnittkind. (The Stratford Company, Boston, 1922). *Poets of the Future*, if we accept their products in this college anthology as typical, are honest. Even where they are groping they are truthful. However faint or however aggressive their poetry may be it convinces the reader of their sincerity.

There are more questions than expressed beliefs. The American student mind is seeking to find itself. It is trying for establishment of the individual—an interpretation of each in himself. Few social problems are considered. Frequently these youth are child-like, building a house of blocks and capping it with a stone which they know will crash the structure. Most of their questions assume that there is an answer. They enjoy speculating what it is. Small things are given meanings but an aggregate of life seems to puzzle. Although Death puzzles some, surprisingly Death and Motherhood are the only two things about which any of the young poets seem decided. In other fields there are no camps of decision. Death has two—it is not final, it makes no difference if it is final. Of course, there are always questions.

The writers of these theories and doubts, these coming poets, are not conformists. Their works contain broken meters, free verse, and subjects ranging from children's bread-and-butter to ear-rings and prayers. There is much description and color, appreciation of a thing for itself as it is, sans ulterior motives.

But these young American poets lack a sense of humor. They consider themselves and their questions so seriously! The great pursuit absorbs them to such an extent that they lose some of the wayside scenes in their haste. Nevertheless, it is that willingness to pursue and to see that there is a chase, which is the vital thing in our poets of the future.—M. A. C.

King Arthur's Sox and Other Village Plays. Floyd Dell. (Knopf, 1922). Washington Square at play is the predominant note sounded through all the plays. Not that they are all superficial. In *Legend* one is unexpectedly and effectively confronted with ultimate reality, which leaves an enduring impression. But, even in *Legend*, and especially in the lighter plays, one misses the discipline of consecutive, unflinching thought. There are ideas, but they lack the soundness of having withstood the test of speculation. And they are capitalized—even watered—to a lamentable extent.

The Angel Intrudes is merely an individual reaction to Anatole France's *Revolt of the Angels*. It is a rearrangement of the circumstances into which the guardian angel descends. There is a cleverness in the action of the angel when, after having declared to the girl of his dreams that he will burn his wings, he sneaks back and rescues them from the fire. But there is no addition to France's really humorous conception. The proclamation of the critics who hailed the author of *Moon Calf* and *Briary Bush* as the great American writer, have yet to be fulfilled. Floyd Dell has come out of himself, as they predicted, but he has not seen very far into the world about him.

—J. S.

COMMENTS ON SIX BOOKS OF VERSE, BY H. G. M.

Seeds of Time: John Drinkwater. (Houghton, Mifflin, 1922). Mr. Drinkwater feels the burden of the days in which we are living. He writes rather eloquently than convincingly of Anglo-American unity. A better verse celebrates Czecho-Slovakia's love of freedom. He warns England to make her heart wise. He wonders what will come out of our chaos. Gloom settles upon him. He cries for light; and death would not find him loth. A mood induced by sinful doings, real or imaginary one cannot know, puts him in wonder what the seeds of time will grow. In any work by Mr. Drinkwater there is the beauty of a varied and classic imagery and artistry. There is intellection rather than wisdom in the book. There is also considerable triteness.

New Poems: D. H. Lawrence. (Huebsch, 1920). In a fervid preface Mr. Lawrence champions a "realm we have never conquered; the pure present." "Now, now, the bird is on the wing." The verse of "the instant" is "the unrestful, ungraspable poetry . . . whose very permanency lies in its wind-like transit." The form of such verse is "free verse," which is "direct utterance from the instant, whole man." In attempting to express "the source, the issue, the creative quick" Mr. Lawrence writes in vivid colors sharply contrasted of impulsive actions and momentary moods and whims. There is some energy and rightness of expression, quick but never deep emotion, pouncing intellect, and flashing lines that stab into consciousness. The verse does not come from deep beds of thought or wisdom. The "instant" man is none too "whole."

Dramatic Legends and Other Poems: Padraic Colum. (Macmillan, 1922). The poetry of Mr. Colum seldom fails to touch both earth and sky. It is best when it is embedded in earth. He loves common actions and common people who have distinct individuality, no matter how "peculiar." He makes poetry out of earthy stuff. That is the power of his transforming imagination. His poetry has tang and flavor. It is his.

The Contemplative Quarry: Anna Wickham. (Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1921). Mrs. Wickham is a woman in rebellion against man's treatment of her and woman's pretences about herself, as well as man's about her. The mind, praise heaven, is sexless. Let man beware! A woman's desires bear children or merely satisfy passion, at her will. Away with the primnesses of traditions about woman. Mrs. Wickham gets angry in her verse. She knows how to use hot and solid words. There isn't much real poetry in her, but there is honesty and fearlessness. One respects and responds to such single-minded sincerity.

Cross-Currents: Margaret Widdemer. (Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1921). This writer is timid and not clear in either thought or emotion. She doesn't dare fully express herself. She wishes to but flinches. Her thought, therefore, as well as her feeling, wavers. Her rhythms are too often reminiscent of Mr. Alfred Noyes. **Factories**, her first volume, is better work. It is good work. It has some passion and conviction.

Last Poems: A. E. Housman. (Grant Richards, London, 1922). The mood and manner of *A Shropshire Lad*, published twenty years ago; a beautiful, rhythmic, simple, classic setting forth of quiet pessimism that bewails birth and the troubles and necessity of life, but bears them with the firm will that says, Because "we can we must." The philosopher "straps on for fighting" a "sword that will not save." The thought is that of Mr. Thomas Hardy, but classical in conception, whereas his is romantic. Mr. John Masefield plays with the fringes of this philosophy but never wraps himself in it. Mr. Housman maintains that he will not publish any more verse. It is well.

FIVE BOOKS OF DRAMA. COMMENTED ON BY H. G. M.

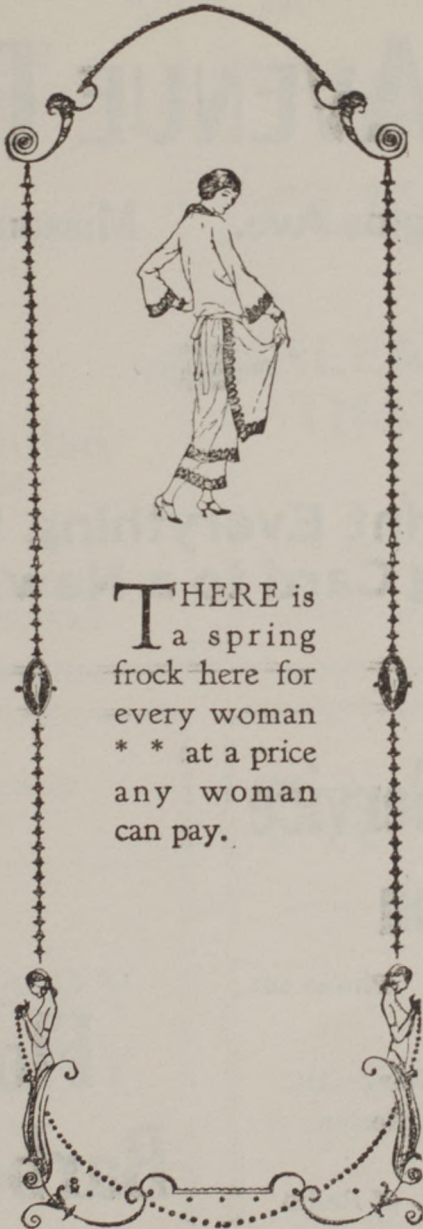
Melloney Holtspur: John Masefield. (Heinemann, London, 1922). This play is nearer the Masefield that created *The Tragedy of Nan* than any other of his plays. Its motto on the title-page is, "The consecrated things are wiser than our virtue," which is almost an appropriate motto for *Nan*. In life, the dramatist asserts, there are misunderstandings, false standards, even those considered the most infallible, and resultant unhappiness and unprofitableness of days. By a curious mixture of two or three generations of persons and of the ghosts of the earliest, Masefield in the end manages to straighten out an unhappy situation created by persons of the first generation. As in *Nan* there is poetry of the imagination.

Krindlesyke: Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. (Macmillan, London, 1922). Drama in blank verse that is not intended for the stage but could be acted. It is almost the drama of "Four bleak stone walls, an eaveless, bleak stone roof" in the "North Country" of Britain, an inanimate thing that almost takes on life, tiring out generations of its owners. It is symbolic of the ongoingness and hard, unchanging lot of life for lone country folk. There is more energy, sterner sentiment, starker reality, more original creativeness than in his earlier tragedies. Timelessness wearing out the timely. The persons are vigorously conceived and drawn.

Hassan: James Elroy Flecker. (Heinemann, London, 1922). "The story of Hassan of Bagdad and how he came to make the golden journey to Samarkand." A play in five acts, written in prose but conceived in poetry. It is symbolic of the wisdom of life: humbly seek the poetry of living, rather than position and possession; seek dreams and knowledge, for in them lives the spirit. The play is full of the colors and odor and proverbial gorgeousness of the East; with dancing girls, and veiled women; with the caliph and his court, slaves, and men of the market place; with poetry and song, humor and tragedy, sighing and singing; with quietness and adventure, justice and injustice. It is a book to stir the imagination, the heart, and the mind.

East of Suez: Somerset Maugham. (Heinemann, London, 1922). This play in seven scenes has not pleased critics or New York audiences. Its old problem of the position of the Eurasian in society has, however, a surprising freshness. Daisy, the Eurasian, is alive and characterful. The scenes are familiarly accurate, and the situations tried and found successful. The curse of present-day writers, the problem, obtrudes painfully. The author is capable of better writing; it seems the case that his book of travel about the Far East, which he toured last year, is better; and certainly the successful run on Broadway of his latest play, *Rain*, suggests a livelier inventiveness.

Dethronements: Laurence Housman. (Jonathan Cape, London, 1922). Even surer grasp of acute situations and strong personalities, with finer sympathy and subtler satire and deeper insight into life than his earlier dialogs of personality, *Angels and Ministers*. This form of expression has been little used in English literature; it should be used more. All Americans should read Housman's imaginative analysis of ex-President Wilson's factual analysis of his failure. Readers will rise from the reading with larger understanding, and renewed idealism.



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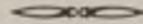
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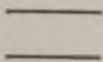
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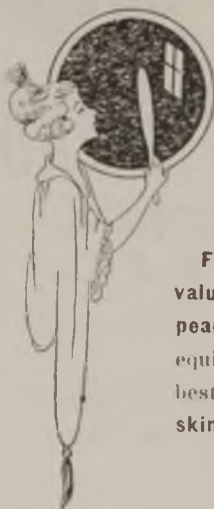
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