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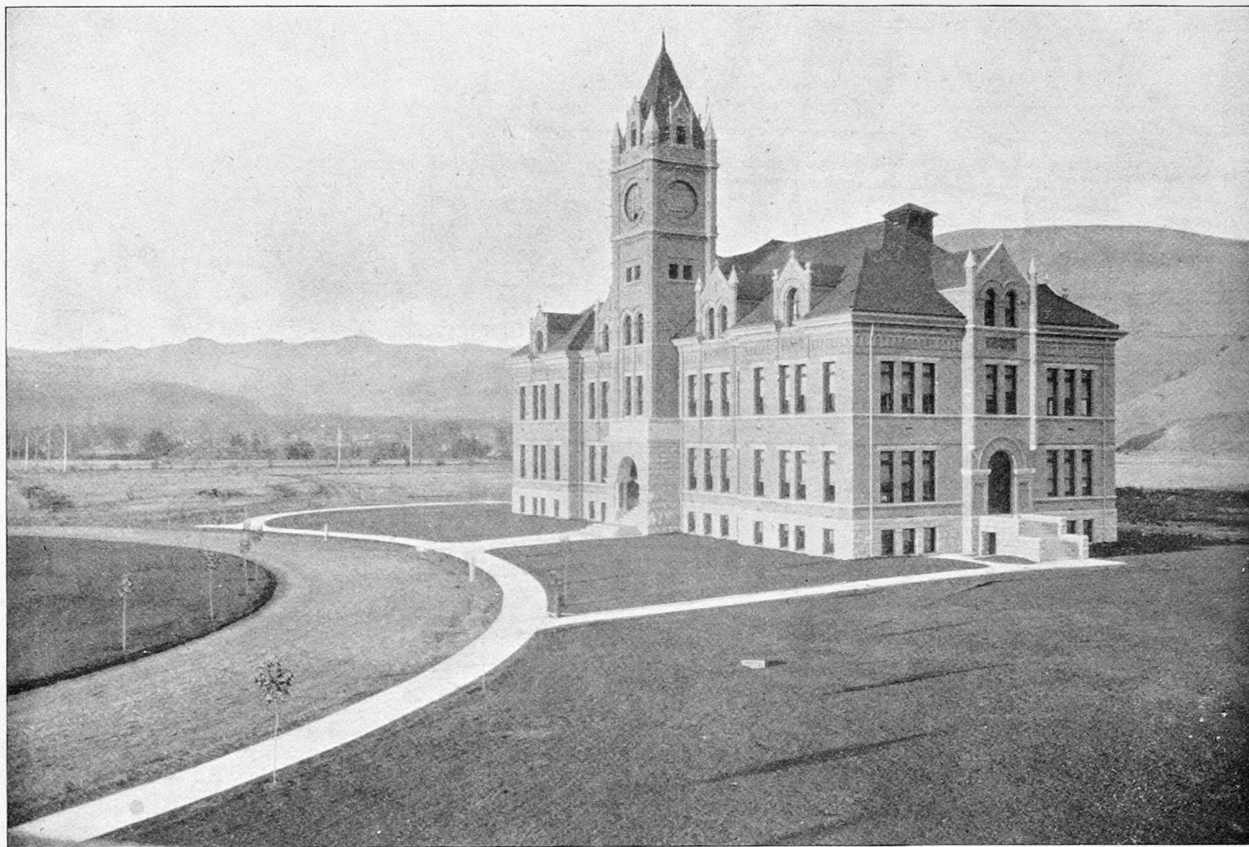
FEBRUARY, 1900

The Káimín.

Missoula, Montana

THE UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA,

MISSOULA, MONTANA.



SIX COURSES OF STUDY AND A PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

1898-'99.

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MISSOULA, MONTANA.

PRESIDENT.

The Kaimin.

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MISSOULA, MONTANA, FEBRUARY, 1900

There are a great many things that go to make up college life aside from the mere learning the reciting of lessons. There are other things to be gained from it besides facts. Higher education has other aims than simply to infuse into minds prepared for its reception, wisdom accumulated through ages of experience and research. Its purpose is to round out the character, plane down the sharp corners, and smooth off the rough edges. Its aim is to furnish a discipline and training which will enable one to go out into the world of activity prepared to combat opposing forces and to conquer adverse circumstances. All this cannot be accomplished by eighteen hours of recitation per week, alone. There must be other interests, other pursuits, other objects to occupy the attention. Our societies, our athletics, our associations, are all part of this life, and have their place in it. Why can we not make more of it? Why can we not arouse some university spirit, some social interests which will belong solely to the university? We ought to be able to establish a kind of little colony out here, with common interests, common ambitions and similar aims. We think too much of our own individual selves, and too little of our Alma Mater. Too little interest is taken in society work and in our local organizations. When students will stay to association meetings because they think they have to, and then proceed to get out their books and study their next lesson, oblivious of what is going on around them, it is time to wake up and be doing something. Let us have more university spirit!

The general public is awaiting with much interest the outcome of a rather unique experiment which the management of the Topeka "Daily Chronicle" are about to make. Beginning with March 13th, the "Chronicle" is to be turned over bodily to Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon, the author of "In His Steps," and for one week he is to be given complete control of the paper, during which time Mr. Sheldon expects to give a practical example of his ideas of what a newspaper should be, run on Christian principles.

Most of the religious journals speak approvingly of the project, but the newspapers are inclined to doubt its success. The most reasonable argument against it is that

advanced by the Chicago "Chronicle," which contends that the experiment may be successful for a week, but that "it is the pace that tells in the life of a newspaper" and that Mr. Sheldon's ideas would not work for any length of time. It remains to be seen what the result will be.

The exclusion of Mr. Roberts of Utah by a vote of 268 to 50 seems to have created no particular surprise in the public mind, and once the decision has been made, a general satisfaction seems to prevail. It did not appear to be so much a question of his eligibility, as it was how he should be deprived of his seat. The resolution of the minority that he be sworn in and then expelled was lost by a vote of 81 to 244. The House then passed the majority resolution declaring his seat vacant, by a vote of 268 to 50, and Mr. Roberts made his exit from the scene.

The other contested seat, that of Senator-elect W. A. Clark, has not yet been decided, and the case is attracting attention all over the United States. It is most unfortunate for Montana that this stigma has come upon her, since the trial has brought out facts which are a disgrace to our politics, a disgrace which is not confined to any one party or division of a party. Whether or not Mr. Clark is guilty of the charge against him, the testimony on both sides has shown that principles of honor have not formed the "motif" of the play.

The assassination of William Goebel, Democratic contestant for the governorship of Kentucky, capped the climax of the political troubles with which that state has been besieged, and seemed to act as an eye-opener to the seriousness of the situation. At the beginning of the week, Governor Taylor had the sympathy of the entire press, with few exceptions, but his action in the adjourning of the legislature and declaring a state of insurrection to exist even while the Board were deciding in favor of Goebel and when the latter had been sworn in, has resulted in general condemnation. President McKinley refused his appeal for recognition and aid. Mr. Goebel's death which occurred on February 3rd has called forth expressions of regret from all sides and Governor Taylor and his adherents were especially loud in their condemnation of the assassin. No clue to his identity has been found although a man was arrested shortly after the shooting, in the act of running out of the building from which the shot came. No other evidence has been found against him, however, and he protests his innocence.

In "The Independent" (New York) of February 1st is a short article by William J. Bryan on the issues of the next National campaign in which he states that the principal issues of the campaign will be trusts, imperialism and the money question, and that no one will be more important than the other two. He refuses to put the silver question aside, contending that it continues to be of radical importance. He says the Democratic platform will stand for anti-trusts, anti-imperialism and for silver; that among other

issues these three will be leaders. The Gold Democrats would support Mr. Bryan if he would leave out the Free Silver plank, but since he refuses to do this, they will probably affiliate with the Republicans unless the expansion question becomes more important.

EMPIRE

UNIQUE among the nations stood America; for she alone of the peoples who dominate the world, was the only nation who with grace could remonstrate at any act of unwarrantable aggression or greedy tyranny; the only one of the great powers, who stood inviolate on the moral plane of Christianity and kept her hands from murder and theft, in the shape of malicious conquest and unjustifiable retention of the ancestral lands of other nations.

But America in her triumphant hour, while exulting in the glory of her strength which had made so light a task of the demolition of the Spanish power; and while still stirred by the ancient war spirit of the fierce old races from which she sprang; was overwhelmed by the inherited corsair instincts, was tempted and fell.

Old ways and old ideals were relegated to the archives of the past as archaic idols, which had been outgrown. New thoughts and new ambitions evolved in the national mind. A vision of empire stole over the consciousness of the people, in which America no longer contentedly devoted her energies to achieve the first ideal government of the ages, no longer did she aim to pose as "liberty enlightening the world"; but as a conquering race standing on the shores of every sea, the law giver of many lands, the power whose voice should control the international councils of the world and whose armies should overawe the nations on land as her fleet should on the sea. This was the vision, and the opportunity to retain the Philippines was the temptation to take the first step toward its realization, and when 60,000 gallant soldiers of the republic were sent to subdue the Filipinos the first step was taken.

In retaining the Philippines, America swerved from every tradition of her past, and entered upon the rough and devious course which leads to imperial power.

Over this course once poured the armies of Persia, but after their terrible journey was ended, after they had gained their goal, the nation found that the glory and universal power which the inauguration of their youth had pictured as lying beyond the mist, which hung over this road to empire, were naught but the phantoms which had lured them on to desolate ruin, and now the shades of imperial Persia grieve over the contemptible remnant of their power which crouches in the Persia of to-day.

The Phalanxes of Greece next marched over this high way to power, stirring the dust raised by their predecessors, as they dreamed the same dream. Gradually they marched on to their doom, sacrificing as they marched, a magnificent future in the world of thought and art, which the bright promise of their youth had assured them. At last their march was finished, and like Persia, Greece disappeared. Then the "Mistress of the World" sent her eagles along the track, and for a while Rome traced her name over all the known world, overwhelming every nation who dared to struggle for their inherent rights; seeking always new worlds to conquer, and new subjects to enslave. So for a while the legions of Rome stormed over the

earth, but at the end of the trail over which she strode, she met the nemesis of empires, and like Persia and Greece, Rome was no more.

After Rome had passed away, other nations eagerly entered on the perilous path, but they were hurled back broken and lamed ere they achieved their ends. Spain, bigoted and insolent, stood for a time, rudely overmastering the states of Europe, but soon her empire crashed into ruins at the shock of England's charge.

France in a few months of rapid victories gained the evanescent wreath of international dictatorship, for twenty-four hours she held it, and then marched on to Waterloo.

Great Britain has been long started on this same worn road, but the combined enmity of Europe, retards her progress and keeps her ever on the defensive, compelling the concentration of her forces in strengthening her bulwarks for an attack which is always imminent. But when at times her surplus energy has overborne the rights of others, her loss in blood and future peace have ever overbalanced the doubtful advantages won for the nation by the sons of the empire. Twice have her conquests been relinquished, and the bitter humiliation of disgorgement has only been softened by memories of the hundred victories on sea and land, gained while fighting the battles of freedom.

Such is the history of nations who have aspired to win the glory and power of dominion; in every case the nation found that the path of conquest led to disaster; and so while these similar culminations do not constitute a law that such is the inevitable end of all such attempts to achieve universal power, they sufficiently indicate the preponderant dangers besetting such a course.

If in spite of all precedent America determines to follow the fatal star of empire along its course, her immense energies and practical genius backed by the limitless resources of the land, will give her the momentum which gaining in inertia as other nations fail will finally place her in the position where no combination could bar the way and we should be little hindered in the pursuit of "our manifest destiny."

Mere poets and dreamers may regret the pursuit of this certain uncertainty, but men of affairs, vigorous men of action, hail this phantom of "manifest destiny" as a glorious ambition which is to be persistently worked for and fought for until realized.

It is not our duty to sacrifice this magnificent "will o' the wisp", in order to stand before the world as an exponent of the ideal principles of Republicanism, to show the theoretically grander possibilities of life where governments restrain the growth of inequalities in wealth and social differences, and seek to encourage and promote the diffusion of wealth among the many, and a high but common standard of culture among the people, it is not expedient that we should forsake our new gods in order to proclaim lasting enmity to existing international inhumanities and our intention to scientifically erase crime from our civilization. Such attempts to enlighten the world would be Quixotic, such examples of prosperity unallied with poverty, culture uncoupled with coarseness, liberty untainted by tyranny is in the present age an impossibility, for society has yet to attain by means as yet unseen, that breadth of mind which regards justice to the weak of more importance than the physical good of the many.

This being true we are at liberty to drift to the

grandeur toward which hereditary impulses are urging us, toward that alluring future where we may stand pre-eminent and dictatorial before the humiliated rivals of our fame and the less aspiring peoples who populate the earth.

Toward that future then where a national glory attains its culmination, throned on the bones of savage races, and supported by the wealth of weaklings who have questioned our right to override their freedom. Forward to that grand period when we shall straddle the globe proclaiming in trumpet tones the gospel of physical supremacy and anathemas on all the cant of moral right and spiritual supremacy. On to that future and that which follows.

—GEO. WESTBY.

"THE WRECK OF THE UNDINE."

(Dedicated to all the sea-sick members of "Sing Sing Camp")

It was the steam launch "Undine"
That sailed the Flathead lake
And the boys had taken their best girls
There pleasure for to make.

Bright were their eyes as the morning dew,
Their cheeks like the flowers of May,
But their faces grew white as the hawthorne buds,
A while later in the day.

The fat boy stood behind the cabin,
His hand was on his mouth,
And he watched how the shifting wind did blow
The boat now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Jack Tar,
Who had sailed to Kalispell,
"I pray thee put into Wild Horse Isle
Ere we listen to death's wild knell."

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Rockies high,
The sardines fell into the brine
And the billows frothed with pie.

Up rose the waves and smote amain
The steam launch its full length.
She shuddered and plunged like a balky horse,
Then stopped bereft of strength.

"Come hither, come hither, ma chere petite fille
And let us the elements mock."
"Oh Mr. Captain stop the ship
We want to get off and walk!"

They tried to wrap up in their summer coats,
Against the stinging blast,
They drew their leathern belts up tight,
To help them keep their fast.

"Oh Frankie! I hear a sweet bell ring
Oh say what may it be?"
"'Tis a dinner bell on some cow punchers ranche,"
And still they stayed in the open sea.

"Oh Frankie! I hear the sound of groans,

Oh say what may it be?"
"Some man in distress that tosses and moans,
While there is such a heaving sea."

"Oh Frankie! I see a gleaming light
Oh say what may it be?"
But the captain answered never a word;
As white as a corpse was he.

Then the passengers clasped their sides and prayed
That land might soon be near,
And they thought of Bill who rode the waves
Like a keg of Missoula beer.

And slow through the billows high and low
Just at the close of day,
Like a tired out dog, the vessel crept
To the shore of Yellow bay.

And ever the fitful songs between,
A cry rose from the band,
It was a cry to search for food,
On the rocks and the wooded land.

The night was closing fast o'er them.
As they rested their weary feet,
Then a whooping yell came from the boys;
They had found a place to eat.

They guided the crowd where the big white waves
Looked soft as soapid suds
And there on the top of a great high rock
Stood a house that promised grub.

Their shivering forms all wrapt in clothes,
To the house went on the run,
Like members of a mob they strove and fought,
Till all the food was gone.

At day break from her pallet of straw,
The chaperone cried alas!
To see the forms of the maidens fair
On the bare floor dumped in a mass.

The dirt was grimed upon their cheeks,
Their fists were in their eyes,
And she saw their hair like porcupine quills
On their heads so slowly rise.

Then the boys cried "Wake up and feed,"
And then they paid their bill,
And they all crawled stiffly to their boat
For the elements were still.

And when at last they reached their camp,
And landed on the shore,
They all did cry as with one voice,
"We will never go there any more."

Such was the wreck of the "Undine,"
On the billows high and low,
"Molly Reilley" save you from a trip like this.
And the suffering of such woe.

—C. H. C.

LOOKING UP.

BY SOME phenomena of nature, great boulders of rock were so arranged that in the distance they assumed the aspect of a kingly countenance.

Tradition says that a little boy who lived in the valley below, admired this face and gazed on it morn, noon and eve. Years passed and when the child became a man people said that his face wore the majesty and grandeur of the great face hewn in stone.

It is ever thus; we grow like that on which we gaze, and no better rule for development can be given than simply this: Open as far as you can the eyes of intellect and soul, then look upon the most beautiful thing you see; keep it ever before you until it vanishes into something more beautiful still. Today what seems perfect,—tomorrow you may find insufficient and incomplete, but your old ideal has performed its mission if it has lifted you to a height where you can see beyond it.

This is what Emerson had in mind when he said: "Treat your friends as Gods", and again when he said: "To love unreturned is considered a disgrace but I tell you that a great love cannot be unrequited;" meaning that we shall find an adequate compensation for our love in its development of ourselves.

We develop by an ascending sense of ideals, we grow into, and are not born into our greater selves.

However, often we may hear innocence and purity, coupled with youth, yet the highest state of virtue and holiness should be found in unison with wisdom and age, for if we look up, we shall grow.

The early years of life we all spend in much the same way,—careless and thoughtless as lambs in the fields or flowers on the plains. When all is youth and spring, when the sunshine about us is bright and glad, the sky blue, and every little twig throbs with life and growth. What think we or care we for tempest or winter?

Then suddenly through some incident the great bells commence tolling their warnings to us,—clouds gather over the smiling sun; and we pause in bewilderment and doubt.

Fragrant flowers seem mixed with poisonous weeds; the sweet song of the lark and screech of the owl are intermingled.

Now it is here that the paths of men diverge. Just below are the fields of sin, tempting and fair; some hurry thither, the weak heedless of consequences follow wherever the crowd leads; but there is the youth who amid the confusion listens and ponders; whose soul cries out for divine truths and the true purpose of living, the youth that dares look up.

Trial and sorrow drives hence for support to those realities which before had seemed hard and stern; strange he deems it that he has never appreciated the peace of their calm, nor the majesty of their beauty before.

He looks now for higher pleasures since those to which he has been accustomed are denied him, and new stars illuminate his horizon. The bars to a new bliss are removed. "Then call not pains-teaching punishment, the fire that lights a soul e'en while it tortures, blesses." The sorrow that unmakes some old desire, and on that same foundation builds a higher hath more than joy for him who acquiesces."

When driven from our common joys, let us look up and we will find joy still. There is music which when we hear

we can think of nothing but clapping our hands and stamping our feet. There are poems, there are people who affect us in the same way.

There is music like Mendelshon's that breathes forth beautiful holy sentiments that awakens in us great, pure yearnings impossible to encompass. There is art and literature and there are personalities like this,—yet one must have a cultivated taste to appreciate Mendelshon,—and if we find joy in any of the higher, nobler things of life, we must arise and put ourselves in harmony with the great. For being base and low one cannot find pleasure in what is pure and high.

Oh if you desire to be blessed in this life and in the next let that soul of thine ever look up for the true sunshine of God and ever looking upward, even if like Paul you are cast in prison, like him you will find joy there.

Let us recall the story of the maiden martyr at Rome:

One beautiful morning, gathered in the cavernous arch under the Colosseum were a little band of Christians awaiting the command of the emperor, when the iron doors should open which separated them from the roaring lions.

Below was only a sea of gaping, curious faces devoid of pity and anxious for the preliminary show to be over.

Among the martyrs was the fearless maiden Marcella, so young and beautiful and a little child clung to her robe frightened and weeping.

Carressingly Marcella laid her hand on his head saying in a voice triumphant and infinitely sweet: "Look up, little Lucian, look not around, look up and thou shalt see the angels!"

—ESTELLE BOVEE.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

(With apologies to Mr. J. W. Riley.)

The mighty god of Discipline
'S come to our school to stay,
To hold our lofty standard up,
And keep carelessness away.

And all the little boys and girls,
Whose consciences do prick,
Grow red and white from very fright,
And hide their faces quick.

And when a step sounds in the hall,
Which seems to bode no good,
They all do run, nor think to stay,
—They could not if they would.

Now all you merry bright eyed girls,
And all you mirthful boys,
Whose only pleasure is to stand,
In the halls and make a noise,

Ye 'd better mind yer business
'N yer teachers fond and dear,
'Er many a boy and many a girl
'Ll shed a bitter tear.

An' ef yer in the library
A-playin' round about,
With many a laugh an' many a wink,
An' many a muffled shout,
Ye 'd better stop right quickly
An' betake yerself without,

Er the Librarian 'll git ye,
Ef you don't

watch
out.

Ef yer seated on the stairway,
With books an' wraps about,
A-readin' Julius Caesar,
An' all his bloody routs,
Ye'd better look around ye
An' scamper lively out,
Er the President 'll git ye
Ef you don't

watch
out.

An' in the laboratory,
Where fumes and odors float,
Where one gits blistered fingers
And blows the gas jet out,
Ye mustn't use the acids
An' gaze dreamily about,
Er you 'll spatter the Professor
Ef you don't

watch
out.

An' in the lunch-room down below
Ef you yell an' squeal an' shout,
(This don't apply to boys, you know)
An' scatter crumbs about,
You'd better run an' hide yerself,
Er else, you know, ye mout
Be caught by the Professor
Ef yer don't

watch
out.

An' in the evenin's when ye think
Ye'd better study some,
An' seat yerself in a big arm chair,
To wait fer the mood to come,
A big black thing will sneak up close,
An' stealthily crawl about,
An' snatch ye up the chimbley
Ef ye don't

watch
out.

So ye'd better mind yer parents.
'N yer teachers fond and dear,
An' cherish them 'at loves ye,
An' dry yer own sad tears,
Er ye 'll be most awf'ly sorry
When some night ye venture out
An' the gobble-uns git ye—
Ef ye don't

watch
out.

K. C. W.

HALF A LIE

"YES, I know you all think I am of no account just because I am faded and worn and dusty. You ought to have seen me when I was first

out of the factory. My! but I was stunning and so easy to get along with."

"Humph!" sneered the ax, "the first day you were here you got hot at the stove."

"Look out, or you will fall down and cut yourself" was the good natured reply of the much abused car-seat and then he continued, "I feel so stuffy, being shut up in this old repair shop, seems as if I couldn't breathe."

"You probably have spring fever", murmured the stove, at which everyone except the ax laughed, he being really too dull to appreciate a deep joke like that.

Then followed a long silence, finally broken by the water tank suggesting that each one tell some of their experiences to while away the time. Lots were drawn and first place fell to the seat. The seat was very modest and declared that he was "really afraid to begin, he had been sat on so often, but after being urged, he straightened out his back, folded his arms and commenced:

"As I have often told you I was very beautiful when I first came out and had many honors pressed upon me, but in spite of this I was forced to support many rude and foolish people. Situated as I was at the end of the car, I had in my favor not only my beauty, but a good position, and high and low, rich and poor ran to place themselves in my care.

Among these was a young evangelist and his bride. I did not know he was a minister for some time. He spoke to his wife continually, calling her his "lamb" and I naturally concluded that he was in the sheep business. He said something about folding his arms about her, and went on to say they were now but dipping into the sweets of life, but in the future lay a great field before them, and she would help him with his flock, and thus both working side by side they would realize the full beauty of a useful life. What was there in that talk that would make you think of anything else, but a sheep ranch?"

"But how did you find out he was not a sheep owner?" ventured the poker.

"Oh that was easy enough" responded the seat "she dropped one of her calling cards on the floor and my plush cover read it for me and the "Rev. Mrs. ——— explained very fully to me what she meant when she told him she thought she had been predestined for the wife of a parson. Then he seemed to think my back was not easy enough so he put his arm behind her. Then they sat still a long time, holding hands and staring absent-mindedly at the floor. Maybe he was calculating on the cost of board. Anyhow they made me tired and I tried to forget them by looking out the window at the passing trees and returning their bows.

"Suddenly I was startled by a loud smack and my springs gave a sudden lurch. I was much disturbed for a minute until I discovered that he had just kissed her. Before I had time to recover from the first shock he had kissed her again. Then they commenced to coo at one another "Does oo love me", etc. Really it was very disgraceful, but what was I to do? If I had not been screwed to the floor I certainly should have dumped them off and walked away, but there I was and I would have to stand it for forty miles more. Just as I was composing myself they commenced again, then to add to my despair I saw that the other passengers were laughing at us. Finally I heard a young lady behind me say "What makes people act

like that in public. They must think they are the only ones on earth. Well 'tis said love is blind, and I guess it is true." Then she laughed. This set me thinking and it dawned on me that no one thought of me in connection with it, so I began to enjoy it and was really sorry when the journey was over. No less than sixteen times he kissed her while going only forty miles. Towards the last they slipped down below the top of my back so the others couldn't see them. The looking glass and I were the only witnesses of their caresses. The former is so apt to slur people, but on this occasion he cast no reflections on them, but held their images and reflected their deeds to the others.

"Now comes the sad part of my story. Five years afterward, I was still in my old position when one day we stopped at a little way station and some people came into my car. The first was a stern looking man wearing a rusty black suit and the white neckwear of a clergyman. In one hand he was carrying a small grip and with the other he was dragging a little boy along. He was followed closely by a thin tired looking woman carrying a baby and two handboxes and a good-sized valise. They stopped when they came to me and deposited the grips, hung up the band boxes and settled themselves in my lap.

All went well for awhile, the man read and the baby slept, while the little boy stared at the people. They seemed to impress me with the idea that this was not the first time we had met. All doubt disappeared when I heard the sweet voice crooning over the baby "I loves oo". Then it all came back to me and I winked at the looking glass and his face brightened and I knew I was right. Presently what a shock. The baby began to whimper and the Rev. ——— turned angrily upon his wife berating her for allowing the child to cry. In a few moments the little boy was climbing on his father's lap only to receive a like rebuff and to redouble the cruel upbraidings that were being hurled at his mother. Oh! what a time I passed! The man fussed and fumed, the baby fretted and yelled, the boy restlessly climbed about. Toward the end of the journey the baby and boy fell asleep, the man still continued to scowl and read "The Road to Eternal Salvation." The woman laid her weary head against my back and sighed.

"Poor thing" murmured the stove "if I had been there I should have opened my doors to her on the spot."

"Men are such heartless things any way," added the saw "a man once broke off six of my teeth."

The poker leaned against the wall, a black frown on his face, while the water tank silently dropped a tear.

C. CRONKRITE.

KARMA

A Theosophical Romance in Miniature.

I.

A BREATH of cool night air, laden with perfume from the garden danced in through the archway, and lightly kissed the white brow of the princess Zara, as she lay among her silken cushions. It stirred the loose locks of jet black hair that fell carelessly about her face, and ruffled the folds of the delicate robe that clung loosely about her. A red fairy lamp suspended from the palms at her back cast a mellow light on the rich tapestry of the chamber and intensified the passionate yet aesthetic features of the minstrel sitting before her with his harp upon his knee.

There was something spiritual in his face. It may have been the somewhat feminine expression that the thin straight nose and sensitive mouth gave to it. Or it may have been the transparent olive skin, so clear that the veins were almost visible through it. The princess watched him silently. It seemed to her that she had known him always; that for ages and ages his being had called to hers through the limitless space of the universe. Blindly and longingly had she striven to reach him but had ever been prevented by an invisible barrier of circumstances that resisted her every effort.

Now, when the spiritual barrier had been overcome, by the concentrated strength of their spiritual love, when their souls were enabled to meet in holy communion, now another barrier, an earthly one, was to separate them once more, perhaps for ages. Must it be? herself pleaded. Was it according to natural laws that the material life so deeply affects the spiritual?

But the princess belonged to a long line of kings, and was bound by the customs and laws handed down from generation to generation. For the sake of her people she must resist.

The minstrel struck a full rich chord on his harp, and followed it with a rippling, dashing air in which were embodied a chorus of caroling birds, the sparkling of a fountain, and the faint odor of tropical foliage. Then in notes at first hesitating and uncertain, there came forth a low, sweet song, tremulous and quivering as though filled with an emotion it feared to express. As it gradually gained confidence, it became smoother, more pronounced in its tones. It thrilled with the intensity of its theme, now rising, now falling, in its varying moods. Occasionally it would break forth into almost uncontrollable passion, but recovering itself, would fall back into indistinguishable murmurs. Throughout it all stood out the picture of a soul, weary and miserable, wandering blindly through the black ethereal depths, hoping, longing, for a ray of light from that other soul—lost, for ages. The song grew louder and louder, more fervent and intense until the climax was reached in a grand crescendo. It vibrated through the halls of the palace, echoed and reechoed through the corridors, and returned again to the minstrel whose breast was heaving, whose eyes were sparkling with his emotion, as he poured forth his hopes and longings through his music.

Outside a breeze had sprung up and was stirring the foliage uneasily. A palm leaf brushed against another sympathetically, but received only a harsh, rasping sound in response.

When the minstrel began playing, the princess closed her eyes, to hide from her sight his beauty, and the pleading in his eyes. But as the song grew more intense, as his being plead to hers, she felt herself yielding. She clinched her hands tightly, but her heart throbbed violently. The color deepened in her cheeks, and her nostrils quivered. She tried to think of her duty to her people, but the voice of the minstrel came to her through his music, and she forgot all but him. Slowly, gradually, she felt herself slipping down, down into immeasurable nothingness. He was beside her and all around them were faint strains of music and voices singing songs of rejoicing. On and on through the spiritual forces, his arms around her, his strength supporting her, and at last a flash of light, brilliant and sparkling, then—oblivion.

A soft touch upon her forehead had the effect of an electric shock. She sat upright on her couch, and looked straight into the eyes of the minstrel bending over her. For a moment they gazed steadfastly at one another, the minstrel's eyes filled with a tender sadness, the princess' overflowing with misery that had been hers for centuries.

Recovering herself by an almost superhuman effort, she made a slight gesture with her hand and the minstrel stepped back and resumed his seat.

Leaning forward, her beautiful eyes filled with mingled anguish and determination her hands clasped convulsively in her lap, the princess spoke.

"O my minstrel" and her voice was tremulous, "know ye not this must cease? Had'st thou too forgotten that I am the princess, thou only the minstrel?"

He raised his eyes to hers with the confidence born of the knowledge of their mutual love. "Yea, my beloved, I had forgotten. Methought we were two beings alone in the great universe, divinely happy in each other's love. Beloved" he cried, extending his arms, "let it be so. Let the spiritual prevail over the material. After all these aeons of separation and misery, let not an earthly barrier part us again!" His eyes met hers beseechingly, he trembled violently, and as he leaned forward in his eagerness, his harp fell to the floor, and the strings vibrated like the wail of a lost spirit.

Zara clinched her hands tightly till the nails made little blue crescents on her palms. She swallowed hard once or twice but when she spoke her voice was calm.

"Tempt me not, lest I yield to thy pleading. I am a princess. My people call me to rule them. I must sacrifice myself and you for them.

The minstrel buried his face in his hands. The wind sighed dismally without and the perfume of the exotics was stifling. The tinkling of the fountain sounded somewhere down in the earth, fathoms and fathoms deep.

At length the minstrel lifted his head proudly, and his face was pale with suppressed emotion and a calm resignation. "They are my people also," he said and his eyes had in them a new light. He rose to his feet, and stretched forth his hands. "Thou dost love me, beloved, and then there shalt come a time when our longings shall have their complete fulfillment. Until that time—farewell!"

The princess rose from her couch, tremblingly. She took a step forward, stretching forth her arms, and surrendered herself to the fervent embrace of her lover.

Another moment and he was gone. As she saw the tapestry fall together behind him, the princess Zara staggered and fell unconscious upon her couch. Out in the garden the trees rustled, the fountain gurgled, and an owl hooted as he flew from one tree to another.

(To be continued.)

LET US DO GOOD TO ALL MEN—Gal. 6:10.

Do your best for one another.
Ask not their Guild or Creed.
Man's the agent of a mission
As by law Supreme decreed.
When you meet a brother erring,
"Be not first to cast the stone."
Greet him kindly, smiling, loving,
The chances are he will atone.

If thou'rt blessed with Earth's abundance,
Forego proud exclusiveness,
When you meet the poor and lowly,
Spread the Halo of graciousness,
Cheering all with loving sympathy,
Speak a genial, kindly word
For all men are socially equal
In the mansion of our Lord.

Oft a girl reserved and gentle,
Oft a bright and noble man
Bear a load of silent anguish,
Lift the burden if you can.
With your help they can make headway
'Gainst the somberness of life,
Give them of your staunch assistance
Lead them onward past the strife.

Take from alley, vault and slumway,
Children the breed of sin
Lead them to the church, the school house
Bid them welcome, take them in,
Educate them each with patience,
Love them, drive away their fears.
Then as sunshine, chasing dewdrops,
Smiles will chase away their tears.

Form the ring of true Fellowship,
Encircle all therein,
Heed not the color, black or white
Each one has a soul within
Do your best then, for each other.
Your deeds the Heaven born sing
Yea before the common Father
Of the Peasant, peer and king.

—CAMBRIA.

THE FALL OF ENGLAND, AND THE DIVISION OF HER SPOILS.

England at the present time is out of fashion, all the world is amazed at her atrocities and virtuously shrink from her contaminating touch.

For a thousand years her armies have marched over the earth and her navies patrolled the oceans. But now her career is nearly at an end, and freedom breathes once more.

The army of the despotic Boer republic safely ensconced behind brave bulwarks of rocks, bids defiance to the British tyrants. In trumpet tones these gallant men of the republic, announce to the world their determination to sweep from South Africa, the invading armies of the country which for ten centuries has held its own against the hostile combinations of Europe.

Europeans having experienced the difficulties of such an undertaking, compliment the Boers on their magnificent valor and in their admiration for them, tender any little services that would not compromise their governments with Great Britain.

Meanwhile the world awaits the crash of the empire, and begins to wonder which nations will be the inheritors of the pieces.

Spain certainly should have Australia for she has been so wronged by England, who prevented the extension of

her beneficent inquisition some centuries ago, and put a period to the Spanish methods of disseminating freedom once or twice since then.

Russia should be well repaid, for the travail she has undergone, in her benevolent endeavors to embrace Turkey in her grand system of free government. India may help to soothe the grief England has occasionally caused her while engaged in this laudable occupation.

Holland once signified her intention of sweeping the seas of England's fleets; but was rudely checked by that barbarian nation when about to set out to perform that holy duty. Holland then has claims.

Men of England fought in the van of the armies of Frederick the Great; accordingly Germany was robbed of a monopoly of the glories adhering to the operations of Frederick. Germany therefore, should have a share of the spoil.

France however needs to be solaced for centuries of tears, that the brutal perfidious Albion has caused her, and it is recommended that Canada be given her as a balm to heal the wounds caused by the "hundred years war" to soften the anguish which overspread her heart when England relegated Europe to the dark ages again by halting the liberty extending armies of Napoleon.

In whatever manner the division is finally effected, there is but little doubt that the world, will as an whole, be greatly benefited thereby; for a mighty impetus will be given to the cause of true freedom, by the systematic operations of the vast armies of the continent of Europe under the intelligent directions of the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Germany and other superior leaders.

It would be unfortunate if the British Lion should continue to follow its traditions and end the war by swallowing the Transvaal, after these dispositions.

MEMORY

MEMORY is an ever growing record of things we realize, a phantasm of bygone things, and a criterion of the future. Years pass in seconds as we peer through the past, space is annihilated as we retrace the wide circuit of our wanderings, and vast multitudes glide past our mental view as the will moves memory to unveil its vistas.

Loved faces of the past, long lost to our material sight, smile forth their greetings, friends whose warm handclasp we have missed for years, we see again, and as we look we seem to travel once more with them over the paths we once trod together. We live again in the life that is no more, and are happy in the scenes of unconstrained enjoyment in the presence of staunch friends of years ago, or are saddened by our return to homes of sorrow, when "farewell" meant, a severance for life from the old familiar ties. Again we traverse the highways and byways, where we are known no more, or over wild mountains, threading deep forests again we take our way. Thus by memory's aid we may retrace the steps which have led to our present.

Such journeys are often pregnant with good, for the faces and incidents, we view again in the light of later knowledge, either bring some kindly message to the heart or suggest some lesson for the mind.

But those who have self predominant in their minds, cannot realize or know the fairer images of memory, they

see in bold relief their own ego, and seeing only that with its meagre attributes, fail to perceive the wide realms of self sacrificing love and noble deeds which have encircled them, and thus they are barred from benefiting by the more glorious lessons of life. Their narrowness of view see only in memory a purely physical phenomena whose operation is a great convenience.

Sometimes memory brings remorse, which is too often the comprehension of a ruined life, and the man grovels in the waste of high ideals and noble aims crushed by a distorted weight of vices and meannesses, an unsympathetic heart and a slanderous tongue, realization has pierced his soul and memory has overwhelmed him with reminders of an innocent past and a guilty present.

Hood's lines beginning:

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection present them to view"
well express the half sad, half pleasurable effects on the mind which such reminiscences tend to call from the past.

G. W., '01.

LOCALS

Bless the man who invented blizzards.

How much did the Hawthornes go in the hole?

Dr. Craig was out of town for a few days last week.

Classes were dismissed for nearly a week during the blizzard.

Miss Bessie Totman was enrolled last week in the Freshman class.

Lawrence Heckler visited at his home in Hamilton during his vacation.

Miss Wilson spent her vacation in Butte the guest of Miss Bickford, a former student of the U. of M.

The Clarkia annual has been indefinitely postponed on account of the inclemency of the weather.

Miss Hubbell entertained about twenty of her friends in her rooms in the Hammond block, Tuesday evening, the 6th of February. The evening was devoted to whist, after which dainty refreshments were served, and the time was spent most enjoyably.

Prof.—"What does octo mean?"

Brilliant Prep.—"Octo from octopus, meaning eight."

The Oratorical Association held its first meeting on Jan. 24th. The following officers were elected: Ben. Stewart, Pres., Chas. Avery, Vice Pres., Kathryn Wilson, Sec. and Treas. The charter members number thirty-five.

There was a short vacation between the first and second semesters for which everyone was thankful. Some took advantage of the holiday to visit their homes, some to nurse their wounded feelings, and others to celebrate. Each one according to the result of his record.

The young ladies' whist club held its first meeting at Miss Mills. Miss Knowles was elected president, Miss Kennett, Secretary. The prizes of the evening were carried off by Miss Knowles and Miss Cronkrite. The club will be entertained next time by Miss Rankin.

Gilbert Heyfron secured last week an honorable discharge from Dr. Craig. The young man has given up his University work for the stage. Mr. Heyfron is a gentleman of considerable talent and he has all our wishes for success.

Daniel E. Bandmann presented Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde on Jan. 25th. The play was a great success and everyone went home well pleased. Mr. Bandmann was assisted by local talent including some of our students.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Dr. Jekyll, Mr. Hyde.....	Daniel E. Bandmann
Vicar Howland.....	Mr. Avery
Dr. Lanyon	Mr. Glenney
Mr. Utterson	Mr. Gil. Heyfron
Pool	Mr. Guy Cleveland
Detective Newcomer	Mr. Kelly
Policeman O'Brien	Mr. Graham
Guest, a Lawyer's Clerk.....	Mr. Kennedy
John, a Servant.....	Mr. Walker
Frederick, a Cook.....	Mr. Dickinson
Second Policeman	Mr. Kline
Coachman	Mr. Smith
Sarah	Miss Beard
Mrs. Wylie	Miss Caroline Cronkrite
Lillian	Mrs. Elizabeth Kelly
Sybil	Mrs. Bandmann

Prof. Elrod left Feb. 3d for New York city to attend the League of American Sportsmen. While east the professor will visit all the leading universities. During his absence Miss Knowles, Miss Cronkrite and Mr. Narry will have charge of his classes.

"Richard the Third" will be presented on Feb. 26th by Mr. Bandmann for the benefit of Gilbert Heyfron. Mr. Bandmann will be assisted by some university students, and the University Silver cornet band of 20 pieces will furnish the music. This is one of the most famous of Shakespeare's plays and the opportunity of seeing Daniel E. Bandmann in one of his best character representations should not be missed. It will not only be an evening of enjoyment but one of instruction as well.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

King Richard III.....	Daniel E. Bandmann
King Henry VI.....	Lynde Catlin
Richmond (afterwards King Henry VII.)	Benj. F. Searight
Duke of Buckingham.....	Gil Heyfron
Duke of Norfolk.....	George Taylor
Lord Mayor of London.....	Fred Crain
Radcliffe	H. Graham
Prince of Wales.....	L. Heckler
Duke of York.....	Master W. Boone
Lieut. of the Tower.....	Hugh Graham
Tressel and Catesby.....	Leslie Wood
Lord Stanley	Guy Cleveland

Earl of Oxford.....	J. Gannon
Tirrel	F. O. Crain
Blunt	L. Harris
Queen Margaret.....	Miss Jennie Beard
Queen Elizabeth.....	Miss Caroline Cronkrite
Lady Anne.....	Mrs. D. E. Bandmann

Hark! hark! the dogs do bark, the students are coming to town.

Some in rags and some on jags and some in college gowns.

The University Silver Cornet band favored the students with a short program at convocation recently. The band play well and was quite a surprise to many who have hitherto rather smiled when the organization was mentioned. Their time was perfect and the shading was excellent. It is hoped we will soon again have the pleasure of hearing them.

The childre of Miss Cronkrite's dancing class will give a fancy dress ball on Mardi gras night (Feb. 27th) at the Union Opera House. The program will consist of exhibition dancing by the children including sword dance, Spanish dance, May pole dance, etc., ending with a grand cake walk. The specialties being done by the little tots. At the close of the program the floor will be turned over to the spectators. A fine orchestra of four pieces has been engaged for the occasion.

After the band concert, Prof. Elrod prepared to take a picture of the band. Marcii rolled his eyes, clasped his cornet excitedly and restlessly wiggled his feet. Wood raised his drum sticks and looked unconscious. Craig smiled, licked his lips and struck a careless attitude. Heyfron, who is used to facing audiences, winked his left eye at the girls in the front row and felt happy. Jameson, Latimer, Williams and the rest, aware that their feet and hands were not showing on account of sitting in the rear, spent all their time in arranging their faces trying to assume thereon disinterested expressions. A sharp click and all was over—and once again our boys looked natural. N. B. The plate was never developed.

A special class in pen and ink sketching has been organized by Miss Knowles.

Miss Hubbell gave a very interesting talk on the "Philistine", the magazine published by Elbert Hubbard, at a recent convocation. The publication is very unique and its contents are excellent.

Basket ball in the University of Montana will probably not materialize for want of a coach. At least such is the outlook now.

Vincent Wood has returned to his home in Stevensville to be absent some time.

Don't fail to be at the opera house the night of the 26th to see the sad parting of the Prince of Wales and his mother. Warranted to bring tears from the man with an onion.

"The University Rapid Transit System" has resumed operations once more "after many days", and a bus runs to the U. four times a day. We all appreciate it, and will do our best to help the good cause along.

All wraps and books found in hallways will be promptly thrown into the basement.

"I would rather buy a new lunch box than walk up stairs after mine—they are very inexpensive."

The last number of "The Exponent" was a very interesting issue. There seems to have been new life and enthusiasm infused in its veins, which gives it a livelier and brighter tone. The locals were especially good.

Friends, Americans and fellow students. Lend me your ears. We are not here to do all the work on the "Kaimin". Lend us your assistance by contributing to its columns. Don't let a few do it all. This is your paper as well as ours. What we want is something new and startling.

"The Exponent" spoke of their lower hall being used as a spoonholder. Strange to relate the U. of M. seems singularly free from such things. The question is who is to blame? Are the boys shy, or are the girls very uninteresting? Of course there are a few exceptions but not many.

"B——" said "H——" the other day, "you 'd better come up to the Richard III rehearsal. Mr. Bandmann wants more soldiers to come in with the bier."

"Oh!" exclaimed "B——" ecstatically, "are they going to have beer?"

"No, no," replied "H——," I mean a coffin— to bring in the corpse, you know."

"Oh, I see," said "B——", "you mean a dead corpse."

The furnishing of the literary hall has been completed, and the room presents a most comfortable and attractive appearance. A rich red carpet covers the floor, heavy curtains drape the windows, a new secretary's desk and a table for the critic adorn the platform and another small table is meant to serve any purpose for which it may be necessary. Judge Evans, beside contributing \$150 to the general furnishings, is intending to present a large mirror for practicing purposes. If all this kindness on the part of our benefactors does not arouse new interest in society work, the case is hopeless. The only way to show our appreciation of it is to do our best to make the work as interesting and as beneficial as it is possible to do, and our failure to do this will be disgraceful to ourselves.

Once upon a time "In Old Kentucky". "Before the War", "The Man from Mexico" ran away with "The Girl from Chili", and they were married by "The Little Minister", who, however, advised the "Runaway Girl" to return to "Peaceful Valley" where she belonged. But she disregarded his advice and instead, they took "A Trip to Chinatown" where they ran onto "Wang". After viewing the sights of that notable place, they went and sat "By the Sad Sea Waves" and talked to "My Friend from India", who told them all about "Why Smith Left Home" and informed them that "Brown's in Town." About that time

"Richard III" and "Cyrano de Bergerac" came along and joined them, and together they all went down to find "Nathan Hale" who was an ardent "American Citizen." They found him talking to "Barbara Frietchie" who was "carrying a "Milk White Flag" and dissertating on the tiresomeness of "Vanity Fair". Cyrano turned up his nose when he heard her, and "The Girl from Chili" shivered audibly. However, the whole crowd started down toward "Alabama" on a little jaunt, but when they were crossing the battlefield of "Shenandoah" "The Man from Mexico" discovered that "The Wife" was not "A Contented Woman" and wanted to go home, so they changed their plans and went north again, and that broke up the party and the other members betook themselves their separate ways; all of which goes to show that "Accidents Will Happen."

A most successful meeting of the Hawthorne Literary Society was held in Literary Hall on Friday evening March 2nd. This was the first regular meeting of the society since the annual open meeting and also since the refitting of the hall.

The added attention claimed by the society as a result of these two events has evidently aroused a renewed interest on the part of the members. The attendance was greater than has been enjoyed by the society before this year, and the programme for the evening was exceptionally well given.

During the rendering of the programme the society enjoyed as visitors Judge J. M. Evans, to whose interest and generosity the present almost luxurious appearance of Literary Hall is chiefly due, and Mr. B. F. Searight. At the close of the regular programme Judge Evans and Mr. Searight were called upon by the unanimous voice of the society for speeches.

Mr. Evans in eloquent terms declared his interest and belief in the literary societies and urged upon the members, with forceful arguments, the necessity of seizing the present opportunities for literary training, which he considered the most important factor in a young man's college work.

Mr. Searight also responded in an earnest address in which he noted the improvement in the society's work, and congratulated the members upon their advancement.

A voluntary declamation was then given by Mr. L. Heckler, entitled "The Black Horse and His Rider", and was rendered in his usual correct and spirited manner.

The president then called upon Mr. Searight to express to Mr. Evans in behalf of the society, their appreciation for his generous gift to the University and for his interest in the work of the societies.

The request was responded to cheerfully and Mr. Searight spoke eloquently. Mr. Evans answered in a neat speech and renewed his expression of interest in the welfare of the society.

This meeting being also the occasion of the election of officers for the society the following ones were chosen to serve for the remainder of the year. President, Ben Stewart; Vice President, Leslie Wood; Secretary, Elmer Woodman; Treasurer, Will Craig; First Critic, Emory Rhein; Second Critic, Percy Rennick; Trustees, Messrs. Tucker, Savage and L. Sheridan.

The society adjourned, highly elated over the success of the meeting.

BEN STEWART.

EXCHANGES

Little boy—"Mother, your husband is my step-father, isn't he?"

Mother—"Yes, my son."

Little boy—"And I'm a lad, ain't I?"

Mother—"Yes, that's right."

Little boy—"Then I must be his step-ladder."

St. Peter—"And who are you?"

Candidate—"I am a college man."

St. Peter—"Did you take a college paper?"

Candidate—"Yes."

St. Peter—"Did you pay for it?"

Candidate—"N-No."

St. Peter— ? ? ? ! ! ? ? ! ! ? ? ! ?

—Ex.

Prep.—I tell you the ordinary John Bull aint in it with Sir Redvers.

Freshie—Why?

Prep.—Cause he's Buller.

"Enthusiasm sets the pace,
But patience always wins the race."

—Ex.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches,
None go alike, yet each believes his own.

—Ex.

Small boy—"Why is a mariner the most inquisitive person known?"

Playmate—"Because he is always going out to sea."

—Ex.

Little verbs of Latin,
Little roots of Greek,
Make the verdant Freshman
Feel extremely meek.

—Ex.

It costs a girl \$400 to go to Vassar, \$400 to go to Smith, \$420 for a year at Wellesley and between \$450 and \$750 to spend a year at Radcliffe's.

—Ex.

He—Do you like Lord Byron's poems?

She—Yes; but some I don't like.

He—Which ones are those?

She—Why—the ones I haven't read.

I've stood beside the cataract
Of the great Niagara flood;
I stood with Lee at Malvern Hill
And saw the earth drink blood;
I've seen the Vatican at Rome
And St. Paul—but alas!
These are but molecules beside
OUR present SENIOR Class.

—Ex.

There are in all 426 universities and colleges in America. In these are 175,000 students, and 25,000 teach-

ers. During the year 1899, over \$30,000,000 were given for the support of the educational institutions in the United States.—Ex.

A rush, a scramble,

A tackle, a fall—

Six wounded, five senseless,

Four dead. That's all.—Ex.

A recently discovered copy of the first folio of Shakespeare sold in London for \$8,500. It comes from Belgium and has been out of England for two centuries.—Ex.

Prof.—Where do the Helvetians live, Mr. Hutchinson?

Mr. H.—I know but I'm ashamed to tell, Professor.—Ex.

Old Farmer—"That's a fine lot of hogs over there. What do you feed them?"

Amateur—"Why, corn of course."

Old Farmer—"In the ear?"

Amateur—"Certainly not. In the mouth."

—Ex.

Our students have the evil trait
At times to take their ease,
And even when they graduate,
They do it by degrees.

—Ex.

Here are some hints from the "Butte Business Educator."

Not need, but pride keeps us poor.

None love life like those who have love.

It is poor honesty that is practiced for policy's sake.

Prepare for success and you will certainly succeed.

Make the most of what you have and you are sure to get more.

If things don't come your way, go round and head them off.

More people owe their success in life to struggle than to help.

To err is human, but to refuse to correct the error is devilish.

Two things our neighbors know: How good and how wise we are.

You cannot rise in the world if you are balasted with bad habits.

The most disastrous waterfall is the weeping over lost opportunities.

Ostentation is not success. A great majority of successful people are never heard of.

He who says we die as the beasts is quite likely to shape his living on the same rule.

Too much indulgence in "ponies" of beer will lead to the "horseless age" of which we hear so much.

In the besieged city of Ladysmith a local paper entitled "The Ladysmith Lyre" has been established for the express purpose of amusement. In its columns appear the most astonishing statements conceivable. The paper makes no pretense of authenticity, and if a truth should happen to be published, the fact is designated by a heading in large black letters of "True News."

PROCLAMATION

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