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The FRONTIER

A Literary Magazine



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STATE UNIVERSITY of MONTANA

MARCH, 1925

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VOL. V

NO. 2

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AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, DECEMBER 31, 1924

RESOURCES

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U. S. Bonds Deposited with U. S. Treasurer for Circulation	100,000.00
Real Estate	13,695.47
Furniture and Fixtures....	11,465.55
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank	7,500.00
Bonds, State, County and City Warrants	348,862.06
Liberty Bonds \$280,500.00 Due from U. S. Treas.....	5,000.00
Cash in Vaults and due from Banks	1,380,607.39
	1,666,107.39
	<u>\$3,954,350.55</u>

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock.....	\$	200,000.00
Surplus		50,000.00
Undivided Profits		72,983.78
Circulation		100,000.00
Deposits	\$3,519,366.77	
Semi-Annual Dividend....	12,000.00	3,531,366.77
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"THE CLOUD of dust come nearer and nearer. I reckoned it was more'n a half a mile wide. Directly I could hear a low rumbling and then pretty soon I could see a black line down under the dust. I knowed it was buffalo. The rumbling come on louder and louder, till I could see the leaders plain. Their black tongues was lolling out and they looked to be nigh winded." * * * *

LIGE MOUNTS, by Frank B. Linderman.

THE FRONTIER

A Literary Magazine

The frontiers are not east or west, north or south, but wherever a man fronts a fact."
—THOREAU.

(Copyright, March, 1925, by H. G. Merriam)

Published three times a year.....Subscription yearly, Sixty Cents

VOL. V. NO. 2.

MARCH, 1925

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Daubers

All are artists . . . coloring and marking lives.

The dull gray tones of colorless souls strike on the pink of youth . . . a superior mind railed at the eager praise of a boy for Tom Mix.

Roulette? The reds and blacks whirl . . . and a flaming-haired girl stepped beyond the lines . . . trailing scarlet . . . tinging a washerwoman's soul with black, a mother's life with the oozing of dark tubes.

The dabs stain . . . indelibly. Bits of chance praise from a patient teacher stirred in the breast of a boy a passive, white hope to a bursting, breathing red ardor. He would paint.

The regal purple dims and knights are story people. Millions saw roaring motors trail through a blue sky around the earth and breathed a sigh.

The lines? On the soul?

Fine things. Delicate, worn lines . . . That father there is struggling to see if that is a pin or paper in baby's mouth.

And sometimes bold and sharp . . . deep-cutting. Foul vapors of scandal touched a man's lifework.

Oh . . . Art? Sometimes crude, now nice. Color-splotched. Lined slowly. No Raphaels, perhaps. Just people, blinking and bumping . . . whittling boys on the tail of a buckboard . . . laughing between bumps.

RICHARD CRANDELL.

"Wind's a Foolish Thing"

Wind's a foolish thing,
Sweeping and howling with no thought,
Wherever its vagaries lead;
Shrieking and crying down unoffending ways
Through trees
That whistle shrill signals of its approach;
Scattering leaves and whirling them,
Lifeless,
Bereft of smiles of loving sun,
Into jumbled heaps.
There's no direction in its mad career
Ripping off limbs, whose life-blood
Drips and clots.
Stark and scarred from its passage,
The humble trees bow and heal their hurt
Ere it comes again.

Wind's a foolish thing . . . So's war.

RICHARD F. CRANDELL.

The Master

I am the task-master of the race,
I, the destiny of men;
They are my servants, all!—nor may they shirk
The toll which I demand of those
Who enter my teeming ranks.
With brain or brawn, with mind or might,
They yet are mine—man, woman, child.
My ceaseless wheels grind out their years
As the millstones grind the grain
Which lies between. Belts, pulleys, cogs—
Such instruments as sear the hearts and hands
Of humankind!—or counters, desks,
That numb the brain and dull the eye.
Mine is the reign supreme,
And mine the hand that curves the lash
Above the backs that bend beneath the loads
I lay upon them.

Am cruel, unjust?—

I, who give these toilers roofs above their heads?—
Who clothe them, give them bread?

ELSA E. SWARTZ.

Shiny Shoes

AUNT AGNES MARIE, called by the Indians, "Mee-ah-sing-gwape" (Half Moon), sat on the ground with the birch-bark basket before her. Using a tin cup she was measuring out one quart of huckleberries for the lady who lived in a summer-house by the lake. The lady was stooping over looking at the basket in a manner that made her appear squint-eyed and puckery, especially so, as she was trying to make Aunt Agnes Marie understand that she would like to buy the basket as well as the pungent purple berries. She was pointing to the basket, then to herself and yelling very loudly:

"Buy—me buy!" But Aunt Agnes did not wish to sell the basket, so she didn't understand.

Lone Beaver, who was standing back of Aunt Agnes Marie to act as interpreter in business transactions, said nothing, for he knew Aunt Agnes was handling the situation. At last the lady took her bucket, filled with one quart of the wild fruit and placed the stipulated price in the Indian woman's hand. The lady then turned to go into her house when the Shotlemeehoo (white boy) came running out, and it was this simple happening which caused all the trouble that followed.

He was wearing shiny black shoes. They made a squeaking noise like the cry of a tortured rat. Lone Beaver swallowed hard and his eyes popped out so that he looked like an astonished bull frog—never had he seen anything so sleek and shiny. But Aunt Agnes Marie had fastened her seet-sum (blanket) about her and tied the birch bark basket with buckskin thongs onto the back of the saddle. She motioned to Lone Beaver and he was compelled to go.

He climbed onto the horse behind Aunt Agnes Marie and they set out jigglety-jig for the next house on the lake. Lone Beaver could see his kai-kashee swinging on either side and those moccasins filled him with disgust—so soft were they and in use, so silent. It was tiresome going on business trips with Aunt Agnes Marie, for she never talked excepting to say such things as: "The whinnying colt attracts the coyote," or "The silent hunter is fattest." But if she succeeded in selling all of the berries she would let him buy an ice cream cone and Lone Beaver considered this reward well worth the tedium.

Times were rather hard with Lone Beaver just then, anyway, for sister had come home from the school. She was a very different girl from the one who had gone away. That one had been timid and quiet, wrapping herself close in her seet-sum and hiding her face in her chee-yat-hook-an (head handkerchief)—but this returned sister was dressed like a Shotlemeehoo; she also wore tes-tah (hard shoes), but they were not shiny. She was always clumping about the cabin in them, sweeping and washing and ordering every one around.

"Wipe your nose!" she would yell at Lone Beaver. This the Indian boy considered an insult, for if one's nose is not one's own to do with as one pleases what in the name of the sacred coyote is?

Aunt Agnes Marie grumbled a good deal, also, for she did not see the necessity for washing the pots and pans after every meal, and once Father was terribly angry when he came home for a sleep and found his blankets hanging on a tree limb for the wind to blow upon.

Sometimes, however, Lone Beaver felt sorry for Sister. That very morning she had thrown herself down and cried because she had no tub with which to wash and no clothes pins and it was so hard stooping over the banks of the river. She said teacher had told her to be a little missionary in her own home,

teaching cleanliness, and it wasn't of any use at all. She couldn't make anyone be clean. Lone Beaver had then promised her to wash his face every morning and she said that helped some.

But Lone Beaver couldn't take his mind off the shiny shoes of the Shotlemehoo. He longed for them, he felt certain, more than he had ever longed for anything. He tried to think of a way to obtain his desire. There was the birch-bark basket the lady had wanted but he did not think she would consider it worth the shoes. He knew he must offer something very beautiful for those shoes. He would ask Aunt Agnes Marie what was the most beautiful thing they possessed.

The next day the Indian woman went down to the marshes, where a stream flowed into the lake, to catch fish and smoke them for winter. She took Lone Beaver with her to help. Part of the time, however, he paddled about in the water and played he was an otter.

But all the time he kept thinking of the shoes. A little Indian boy could never have such a thing as money. There would be no use in asking aunt or father. Mother had died when the last baby came—she would have understood and helped him.

Aunt Agnes worked at the water-side, but Lone Beaver lay on his back, gazing at the sky while he dreamed. He was imagining himself clumping up the aisle of the church at the feast of St. Ignatius, the black shoes on his feet, squeaking and shining. All the little boys seated on one side would roll their eyes in astonished envy and all the little girls seated on the other side would catch their breaths with a hiss of admiration—"s-s-s," they would go. He was like a chieftain returning victorious from a far valley. Black shiny shoes had the Shotlemehoo, while he, Lone Beaver, had nothing at all but some old kaishee and a reed whistle.

Then he asked Aunt Agnes Marie what was the most beautiful thing that they owned and she told him while she was stooping over holding her back, because it had a crick from cleaning fish. The little Indian boy was very much astonished at her information, for he had never considered the thing at all, but then anything pertaining to the new baby had seemed to him not only uninteresting but disagreeable. From the first Lone Beaver had not liked this recent member of the family. She was a girl and, besides, sister paid her far too much attention.

Aunt sat down on the wild clover alongside the cone-shaped shelter within which the fish were being smoked and told him the story of the beautiful cradle-board. She said that mother was very young and as lovely as a wild swan when she started to bead the Indian cradle for her coming baby. She expected it in the early summer and so she worked bitter root blossoms where the feet would come so that the child might have health; on the sides she formed the heads of horses, which signified prosperity; and at the top with the quills of the porcupine she wove feathers of the eagle, so that her baby might acquire wisdom and courage. It was a long labor of hope and love and to insure its being ready for the occasion she worked hours after dark sitting close to the tepee fire so that its rays might aid her in threading the beads. Aunt said that no young mother of the Selish tribe had a more beautiful cradle-board.

At last Aunt Agnes Marie had enough fish smoked to last for many moons and they returned to the cabin. There they found things in a sad mess. Sister had taken the baby out of this most beautiful thing that they owned, the cradle-board, wherein aunt had tied her to stay while she was gone. Sister insisted that it was very wrong to keep a baby tied up like that. Then sister's

oo-too-weet (lover), Peter Finlay—who was the best horseman in all the valley, being able to ride bucking buffalo as well as bucking horses—said that sister was disloyal to her people, that she was too independent and bossy for an Indian girl. He said that it was time that she did as he told her—put her hair back into braids and wear kaikashee.

Sister was angry and told him now she would not go with him to the priest and that he was a “back number.” Peter Finlay then walked haughtily out of the cabin, his eyes blazing. At the door he turned and said that he hadn’t desired marriage anyway, and he called sister a Shottlemeehoo name—“flapper.” Sister had screamed and stamped her foot.

Lone Beaver did not know what “back number” or “flapper” meant but he felt more sorry than ever for sister, for often in the days that followed her eyes would fill with tears—and he didn’t blame her for wanting to wear “tetsum.”

However, Peter Finlay was sorry, too, and hung about in the forest. He did not like to say so to sister, though, because he was young and just as stubborn as sister was. He went to town the day after he received his money from the agency and bought himself a second-hand automobile. This he drove madly up and down the mountain roads and even across the Jocko river. Sister heard about this and sent Lone Beaver to tell him that he should stick to horses, and he said to tell her that it was she who was a “back number.”

All of this time Lone Beaver was thinking and thinking for a scheme to obtain possession of the cradle-board and exchange it for the shiny shoes. Sister was unhappy and aunt was scolding—and most of the time father was sleeping. Aunt had put the baby back into the cradle-board and commanded sister to let her alone or her legs would grow crooked. She said that it was because of cradle-boards that a Selish’s legs were so straight. Also, she told sister that if she didn’t be careful the first thing she knew she would have developed the evil eye. For sister was all droopy and thin, but she put her hair up higher on her head than ever before and Peter Finlay gambled away the tires of his automobile and rode around on the rims. However, the ill-wind that is supposed to blow some good was favoring Lone Beaver. Sister did not refer so often to his nose and he had hopes that she would soon cease altogether.

It was early one morning, the wind of dawn was still blowing, when sister, carrying the soiled clothing of the baby, went to the river to wash. Aunt Agnes Marie had piled her baskets on her horse and gone to the canyon for wood. Father was still snoring on his blankets, that now were strapped to the logs of the walls of the cabin so that sister could not remove them. It took but a second for Lone Beaver to obtain his prize and run out the door, then quickly and silently down the trail. He crawled through bushes to where his horse was grazing. Mounting, he galloped at top speed down the road, guiding the animal by the rope about his neck and slaps of the hand on the sides of his head. He rode straight for the cabin on the lake.

When he reached the house of the white boy he hid for a time in the bushes. He felt some qualms as to the result of his daring, but argued with himself that the family would be much better off with the most-beautiful-thing out of the way. Sister and aunt would not quarrel so much. At last, mustering all his courage, he climbed up onto the porch and knocked at the door—the way he had seen Shottlemeehoo do.

The white boy opened the door.

“I like to buy dose shoe,” said Lone Beaver. “I geeve you dees cradle for dose two shoe you ’ave.” But the bargain was not consummated. Further

speech became impossible. The Shotlemeehoo started back with a whoop of consternation—shrieks of hunger and terror rose in an astonishing crescendo from within the offering. Lone Beaver, when stealing the most-beautiful-thing, had neglected to remove the baby.

Its cries brought the white boy's mother. Lone Beaver took the cradle frantically, trying to still the noise, for the occupant had been ugly enough before, looking just like a ripe service-berry, and now—to tell the truth, he had had some hopes that the lady might take a fancy to it and thus make his ownership of the shoes certain.

It was Aunt Agnes Marie who first discovered the disappearance of the most-beautiful-thing, and with it, the baby. She accused sister of exerting the evil eye and changing both domicile and occupant into a crow's nest and a crow, or a waterfall and a fish. Sister was frantic; she ran about calling the baby, "Cula-Cula—?" Father woke up and swore at her. He took his long braided quirt and threatened to whip her if she did not produce the baby. Then sister ran out the door; her hair tumbling down and her arms still wet from the washing. She caught her pony and rode madly to the village, where the first person she saw was Peter Finlay. Forgetting their quarrel, she told him about the calamity—someone had kidnapped the baby. Peter Finlay asked the whereabouts of Lone Beaver. Thus suspicion fell upon the small Indian boy. With the keen observation of the red race they set out to cover his trail. Jouncing and jerking along in the tire denuded automobile, they came down the road just as the Shotlemeehoo lady was trying to soothe the screaming baby with milk from a spoon.

"Whatever made him give Tom the baby?" cried this bewildered woman when sister had proved her ownership. "She surely is the cutest thing I have seen in a long time, a remarkably clean Indian baby, and this cradle-board is the work of an artist, but I do not understand." Sister said she thought Lone Beaver just meant to be polite and Lone Beaver, realizing his quest was now a hopeless one, said nothing.

When they reached home, Aunt Agnes Marie, whose Indian name was Mee-ah-sing-gwape (half moon), gave Lone Beaver a switching with smoking willow branches to counteract the evil eye, and sent him after wood dressed in a woman's skirt. This last punishment was too terrible to endure and he removed the obnoxious covering in the bushes, but as this necessitated his remaining under cover, his heart became as heavy as a stone in his chest.

Just at this critical moment he heard the clear whistle of the meadow lark repeated often and coming closer; he knew that some one was calling him, but he did not answer. Nevertheless, Peter Finlay giving one final loud shrill, jumped through the thicket and squatted at Lone Beaver's side. Peter's face was shining and there was about him a strong smell of perfume, for he had just scrubbed with scented soap procured at the trading store, in order to celebrate his renewed engagement to sister.

"What would you like to have for the favor you did me?" he greeted the melancholy boy. Lone Beaver gulped in amazement. He hadn't appreciated the fact that his crime had returned the lovers to each other's longing arms but he was quick enough now to realize the situation and grasp his opportunity.

"I want," he choked, "I want shiny black shoes."

So it was that, at the celebration of St. Ignatius, Lone Beaver walked up the aisle of the church for all the world like a chieftain returning from conquest, wearing shoes that shone and clumped and squeaked like a dozen tortured rats.

HILDA KNOWLES BLAIR.

Badland Nights

I.

THESE BADLANDS, in the heat of day, have few attractions for the pleasure-seeker, and fewer still for the bread-getter. Arid, rugged, water-worn, they are so sternly forbidding that only those who must will enter. But night is a different matter, indeed.

The coming of night is heralded when the sun is yet half a hand from the crest of the Little Rockies. The hot wind dies down, the waxy flowers of the prickly pear begin to close, the prairie-dog ceases his chatter and retires into his burrow, the horned-toad glides silently to cover, and the black-tail deer begin their nightly voyage to the river.

I like to watch the coming of night from the top of a certain hill, one side of which drops down into Chippy Canyon. The gray and brown of the Badland assumes rose-gold tints under a hazy veil of royal purple, and as the last of the sun's rays lift, the whole canyon takes on a pale, golden transparency—a beauty of which one receives no hint during the day. Slowly the gold fades into gray uncertainty, and then the eastern moon brings the whiteness of the high-lights and the blackness of the shadows into startling contrast.

The change in the scene is not the only alteration. I reach the hilltop tired, hot, and irritable from the labor of the day, and find that the heat has given place to pleasant coolness. As the color-scheme changes, my mind is drawn from the day's cares, my tired muscles relax, a feeling of quiet, yet lively, pleasure comes over me, and presently the night and I are one.

As I slip and slide down the steep sun-softened walls, I cause a great clatter of loosened earth and stones, and I pause to listen, almost in fear, for any other sound. Here in the canyon's bottom the air is laden with the heavy fragrance of primrose and wild pea, and among these I see a bed of sego lilies. There is a strange elation in the steep climb to the farther rim, yet there is a feeling like dread—dread of making a sound, or as of some impending danger. I pass through the black of the insurmountable sandstone tower, "Old Baldy," and now, standing on the rock-bound rim, I am awed by the vastness of the moon-whitened waste around me.

Down below, there on the left, winds a narrow band of black-bound silver, the Missouri river, which has carved this awful, jumbled, ruined land from the once smooth prairie. The Sunset Buttes, black and ugly now, are off there on the right. Behind is the canyon and the hill, and to the left, the narrow ridge on which I stand winds and twists parallel to the river. In front, the ridge breaks off into abysmal depths of white sandstone and black shadow.

Seated here on the canyon's rim, I find myself wondering if animals enjoy these nights and the scenes they bring, or if they use them as we mortals often do the days; and I have felt starts of real fear at the sudden chorus of the coyotes, bursting suddenly far and near. Once, angry at the impudence of the coyotes, a Canadian lynx, wandering far from his native haunts, added his scream to the din. And the coyotes, frightened at the fierce rage in that scream, instantly subsided. The lynx, at least, knows the value of silence on such a night.

II.

The day had been pleasant, and my camp outfit was in readiness. Tomorrow I would return to the town, and perchance it would be years before I should see another Badland sunset. I had taken a book, and had sought a narrow ridge projecting out from the level prairie into Wilson canyon. From

here I could look to the right and see the sun sink behind the Little Rockies, forty miles away, and to the left down Wilson and Armstrong canyons, across the Missouri and into more Badlands.

This ridge ran sharply out to the south, and was narrow as it could well be without falling over. A trail so narrow and so steep that it was dangerous to travel wound back and forth and up and down along the top of the ridge until it reached a rock-crowned knob somewhat higher than the remainder of the ridge, and on a level with the prairie from which it sprang, just over this knob was a smooth platform with a break and another platform, like a step, and then the abrupt drop, a hundred feet or more, to the canyon's bottom. To miss one's footing anywhere on the ridge meant a fall of from seventy-five to a hundred feet.

I had taken a position on the platform at the end of the ridge, and had followed the story of my book with such keen interest that I did not know, until the page became crimson, that the sun had neared the mountain-tops.

I was surprised to see that the sky, which had been cloudless, was now flecked with long rows of downy clouds, and that the sun had flooded these with crimson. The mountains, deep purple in hue, now had a rosy veil over them, not hiding the color, but softening it to violet. From the edge of the Badland, the purple sage stretched away and away, up from the rose and gold of the prairie to the purple and violet of the mountains. The pines around me were black, and the grass on the smooth plateaus was gold instead of brown. And to the left, the sheer walls of the jumbled Badland were crimson, rose, gold and gray. The sun sank behind the mountains, and, quickly as its going, the color faded, and night was upon me.

I should have gone back over that treacherous two hundred yards of trail while the light was good. Yet I sat there musing until the darkness became so black that the trail was almost invisible. Oh, well, the moon would be up in an hour, so why should I not wait? I settled myself comfortably, but that was a long hour; it was after ten o'clock when I at last reached the prairie.

Silence, intense and oppressive, was around me. I wondered how far it was to the nearest animal, for I knew it was miles to the nearest human being. Then, coming out of the darkness, apparently close at hand, I heard a rustling of steps, as among leaves. Intently alert, staring into the darkness, I located the sound as on the right and far below me, and then a snuffling grunt told me that the intruder was a porcupine in the cherry bushes in the canyon. And I had hardly settled to thinking again before I was again startled by a sound. This time it was behind me, and within a few feet. I half turned and waited. Again it came, a rustling, scraping noise that could mean but one thing. I waited no longer, but drew a match from my pocket and lighted it. As the match flared, there was a quick movement, and when I could see, I was staring at the sinister coils of a rattlesnake. Cold chills raced up and down my spine, and I wanted to run. But I sat there until the match burned out, and then felt for a stone. My hand encountered a lump of sandstone, and I stood up and threw it with all my strength at the place I thought the rattler would be. A hollow thump followed by a frenzy of whizzing that passed out into space, and then another thump, told me that my visitor was gone.

A wave of relief swept over me, and I laughed aloud. Across the canyon a coyote answered defiantly, and for half an hour we scolded each other persistently. Then the moon came out of the clouds, but I did not stop to view the scene. My taste for silence and night was gone, and I crept back over the ridge and made my way to camp.

R. O. YEATTS.

Minuet in G

Exquisite song of the little grey-days,
And of the night-time—
Poignantly side by side
In faded, faded tapestry . . .

Exquisite sadness of men who walk,
When somewhere—
The swing of an endless dance . . .
Gracefulness that, somehow, never comes,
Only as a shadow thru the singing summer-air . . .
But oh, the long, long hope!

D'ARCY DAHLBERG.

Minuet in G

Plaintive, gracious, lilting little air!
Pictures grow,
Come and go
To its measures, yet I hardly dare,
Dreaming, quite believe I see them there.

Can it be that to me,
Fancifully yearning,
Are returning,
From their perfumed rest of long ago,
Damsels fair,
Down the stair?

For they come tripping, tripping, quaintly
Dressed in silks that faintly
Rustle, like the laughter
Of gay children after
Bedtime, till I wonder,
Are they dancing under
Cover of my dreaming so?

Lest I call, and those who should not know
Find you there,
Ah, beware!

DOROTHY MUELLER.

Confession

I try to forget you and all you meant to me
And tell myself I hate you, but I lie.
If I should hear your call upon the wind tonight,
I could not even stop to close the door behind me.

DOROTHY MARIE JOHNSON.

Drop Anchors

THE ANCHORS were dropped; the mud that had been caked on the chain was now made soft, the mud was a pinkish red. And the stern old mate, with those blue eyes that sparkled with so many strange lights, examined the striking color of the mud with interest.

Down we were ordered, into the fo'c's'le head, down farther to the door of the chain-lockers. Everything was dark. We finally lit the poor, sickly light down below there, the feeble rays of which seemed to lose themselves in the four surrounding walls of steel, dark and unpolished, absorbing and unreflecting, and swung wide the heavy steel doors to the pits. A rope, matches; an interested lowering of the carpenter; a hauling upon the rope. The hand of the carpenter appeared from the threatening blackness of the empty pit, holding a ragged piece of a man's vest, upon which a solitary button, greasy with human blood, still clung. Muttered exclamations of "Beachcomber," "Christ." For me a momentary sensation of faintness and nausea. That was all.

We returned to the deck, lit cigarettes, and spat over the rail. The Black-gang cursed with new energy; this was but a reminder that they themselves were still vital and full of energy and life. But there, in the mate's hand, was the ugly residue of another, who had been sitting, no doubt, on top of the chain, cursing at the darkness and the delay, but a few minutes before.

Eight bells. I sauntered past the galley, winked at the cook, and made my way down the alleyway into the messroom.

The messman entered, balancing a platter of griddle-cakes.

"Make it ten, Roosevelt," I said.

FREDERICK SCHLICK.

The Song of the Volga

CHALIAPIN had just finished his song of the Volga, and then I knew why the Russians in the gallery had been clamoring all the evening. At the end of each song they had risen to their feet and leaned far out over the balcony railing and pleaded with him, shouting, asking for something in their deep guttural voices. Chaliapin would raise his great tawny head and smile up at them and shake it as if to say: "Not yet."

At last he sang their song—his song, too—sang as I have never heard anyone sing before, as I suppose only one man in the world can sing. The voice was a bass, deep and vibrating with unleashed power. It came rushing out of the depths of his massive chest to fill and re-echo in every corner of the dark theater. He stood in the center of the stage with his great head proudly uplifted and sang with a voice that was as a living spirit revealing its pent-up life. There was life itself in the voice: misery, hope, laughter and pathos. I could not understand a word of Russian, yet I knew he was trying to tell me of suffering and pain, sorrow and hardships—and of laughter and smiles, too.

If he had put his heart into the other songs, one could say that he put his life into this Volga boat song. He sang to the gallery, to the Russians, to his comrades who were there; and he carried them back to where the Volga drains the heart of Russia, washing her sorrows into the Caspian sea. A barge comes down the great river, on it are men, men who toil and while they toil, sing. The river is deep and peaceful, yet it carries the barge lightly along with its powerful currents. Faintly the voices are carried over the river, louder and more distinct they grow, as the barge comes sweeping on. Louder, louder, dis-

inct and more distinct, thundering, rumbling over the darkening water. The barge is abreast, it passes, swept on towards the sea. The voice lowers and softens as the boat bears the men down the river. Less distinct and still less, until they are heard no more. The distance has swallowed them.

The song ends. Chaliapin has finished. Again the Russians leap to their feet and fill the theater with their cries. There is no longer pleading in their shouts; only gratitude, admiration and understanding. It would be a sacrilege to ask him to sing again; he has made his supreme effort, he has lived his song. The audience gathers up its wraps. The theater is now a darkened place of echoes and memories.

JOSEPH COCHRAN.

Shams

Why should you begrudge me happiness?
For seven dollars and a half
I bought a big revolver with a barrel
Half as long as my arm;
For the sum of eighty-one cents
I got a cartridge belt from Sears Roebuck.

If for this paltry sum I buy
Ashes of Romance to bring back to me
Wild days I never saw, then why
Should you begrudge me happiness?

DOROTHY MARIE JOHNSON.

Question

I thought that I would care for you
Perhaps, when you had done all things
That other men have feared or failed to do.

But something's happened. You have feared or failed
To do all things that other men have done,
And still I care for you.

What mockery is this?

DOROTHY MARIE JOHNSON.

"I Have Known Green Mountain Meadows"

Yes, I have known
Green mountain meadows, and swamps where blackbirds call,
And pools where stones and water glisten
In the bright hot rays of noontime sun;
And I have travelled newer, longer trails,
Feeling the tug of packstraps on my back,
Hearing the soft slow tread of mountain men—
(My ancestors who knew the Oberland)
Re-echoed on Montana's scarce-known hills.
And I have camped at night by ice-walled lakes
Above the clouds.

I wonder why the pavements hurt my feet.

JOHN FROHLICHER.

Champion Plus

GERALD BARLOW of Davenport, Iowa, lied brazenly and whole-heartedly about his age when he enlisted in the American army at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war. Jerry had all the youthful enthusiasm of seventeen, a strong thirst for adventure and insatiable curiosity—indeed, his desire to see things and do things far exceeded his patriotic zeal. He craved action from the start.

Much to his disgust, Barlow's regiment was ordered to the Philippines instead of being sent to Cuba, the closest scene of action. He was bitterly disappointed. He wanted action, not travel. Yet all the adventure that he had anticipated, and more, awaited him.

The regiment, the 58th infantry, composed of enlisted men from Nebraska, Iowa, and Kansas, embarked on the S. S. Republic for Manila six weeks after Jerry had enlisted. The journey across the Pacific irked him; but he made the best of what he termed a tough situation by trying to be a good fellow amongst his comrades on shipboard. He played poker with the boys on the ship, shot dice with them, and assumed all the airs of a man of the world according to his own light. Reckless with the impetuosity of youth and his own desire for excitement he went in for these games for all he was worth. He played with the frenzied manner that characterized all his actions. The result was that he lost to his cooler and more cautious comrades—a little at first, and then more heavily, until he was finally forced to drop out of both pastimes.

But his impetuosity made one fast friend for him. Harry Cummings, the veteran top-sergeant in his company, became acquainted with the boy in the various card games, and liked him from the first. He saw that Jerry had nerve and would take chances. At any rate, their friendship developed to such an extent that Cummings came to assume a position similar to that of guardian over him.

Together they attended various boxing matches staged on shipboard for the amusement of the soldiers. Jerry followed these fights with avid interest. One day, immediately after he had seen the lightweight champion of the boat knock out an opponent in two rounds, he turned to Cummings and blurted out:

"Say, Sarge, do you know, I can lick this champion with two weeks' training? I used to fight a little in bouts at celebrations and carnivals at home."

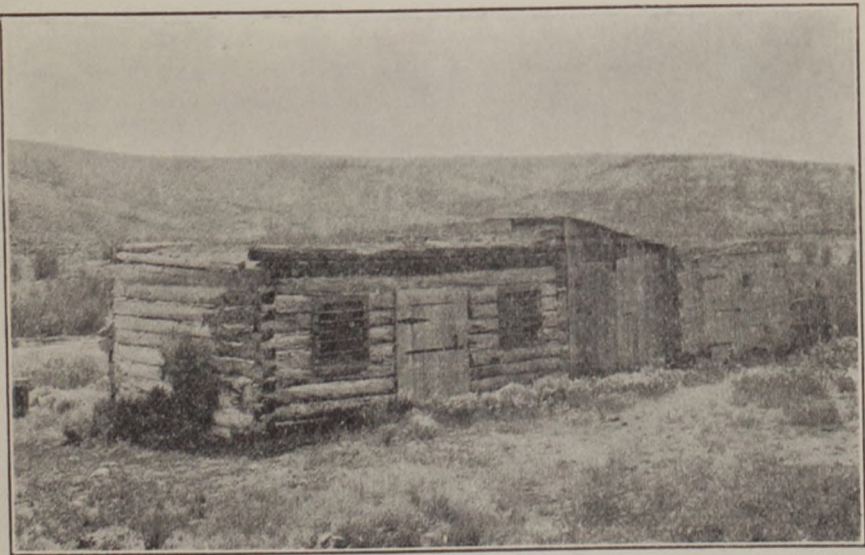
Cummings had had a good deal of experience with fighters in the army—in his younger days he had served as boxing instructor in an army camp. He knew that Jerry possessed a remarkable physique, and that he had a fighter's nerve. Barlow's blurt gave him the idea of making a scrapper out of the youngster.

Jerry agreed. He went through a short period of intensive training and began to achieve results that were gratifying to both himself and his trainer and friend. He had the fighter's ability and he made use of it. He appeared in all the fights the sergeant could arrange for him, and rose rapidly, eliminating all would-be fighters in his division with ease. He had what is called the "fighter's heart"—he could stand up and pound an opponent to pieces or take an unmerciful mauling, and like it. He became lightweight champion of the 58th division. He showed such promise that Cummings had no trouble convincing him that a professional career in the ring would be the thing for him when they returned to the States. Immediately rosy visions of fat financial plums appeared before them as they contemplated his future ring career in



Old building at Nevada City, Montana, a short distance below Virginia City. First Masonic lodge room in Montana was in the second story. The first story was used as a dance hall.

—Photo by U. S. Forest Service.



The first jail in Montana—at Bannack.

—Photo by U. S. Forest Service.

the States. Jerry's enthusiasm and confidence were boundless. He had to be held in constantly.

Cummings, though not given to enthusiasm, was often heard to remark:

"This kid can lick any man his size in the States with a little more trainin', and I aim to groom him for the lightweight championship when we get back after this fight we got comin' with the goo-gos."

The regiment reached Manila in due time, and in the two years of the war the 58th division saw plenty of action. Fortune favored Jerry Barlow. He was just plain lucky. Twice he was cited for bravery in action, and each time he was promoted, until he occupied the position of sergeant. This office served to increase his friendship with his chum, Cummings.

His final promotion, to sergeant, came after the capture of a Filipino spy, the story of which Cummings never tired of telling. Seated in the army barracks at Manila, surrounded by an always attentive throng of soldiers, the veteran sergeant would puff slowly on his bulldog pipe, and tell the tale of the capture of Mario Marsando, Filipino spy, by Jerry. Jerry always listened with the reverence of the rest of the crowd. Even the crowd of soldiers, hardened and experienced as they were, never wearied of the story that had left such an indelible impression in the mind of the unemotional sergeant.

Removing his pipe, the sergeant would begin:

"Barlow spotted him sneakin' from Captain Munson's tent about one o'clock one night, after we had just finished postin' the last guard before goin' off duty. The spy is creepin' stealthy-like away from the tent toward a fringe of trees about one hundred yards south of there when Jerry runs up from behind him and rams his .45 into the small of his back, makin' him stick his mitts up. Jerry searches him first thing. He finds a paper with some Spanish writin' and figures on it. He asts the feller what the paper says, but he won't reply although he kin speak English pretty good, judgin' by the way he answered Jerry's questions that didn't have nothin' to do with the papers. Jerry told me all that.

"Then Jerry decides to call me. I was sergeant of the guard over on Post No. 2, about three hundred feet from where they was standin', but I hadn't heard no noise. When Jerry whistled, I hurried over to him. We worked hard but the both of us couldn't get a thing out of the blasted goo-goo, and we're damn sure he's got some good information. We tried everything, bullyin', threats, and promises of torture, but he won't talk."

Cummings would pause to relight his pipe.

"Pretty soon, Jerry grabs my arm and says: 'I know what we'll do that'll make him open his face—we'll give him the water cure.' I had heard of it, but I never believed it could've worked; but I agreed, as we wanted to know what that paper said. So I holds the prisoner, and Jerry goes to the barracks and brings back an ordinary size funnel, some rope, and a five-gallon jug about full of water. You see Jerry figured on getting all the dope without any outside help, thinking it would be a feather in his hat, and you all know what come of it. Jerry always plays the game to the limit, you know that.

"We then lays the Filipino down and binds his hands and feet so he can't possibly move 'em. We asts him to talk, but he shakes his head agin. Jerry tells him to open his mouth so as he can put the funnel in, but the ape refuses agin. Then I crawls astride the varmint's chest to hold him down and closes my hand tight about his nostrils. Good trick. Pretty soon he wuz forced to open his mouth to breathe, and then Jerry crams the funnel into his craw. He kicked and squirmed somepin' fearful, but he couldn't do nothing, bound

tight and me sittin' on top of him, and then Jerry reaches for the five-gallon jug and starts pourin' the water into him, stoppin' every now and then and astin' him if he'll tell about the paper."

Another long pause for dramatic effect before the sergeant would continue:

"It don't sound like much, but let me tell you this water cure is terrible. As Jerry keeps pourin' the ape's eyes begun to grow glassy, and roll around idiot-like in their sockets, as we see by lightin' matches. He squirms, twists, coughs, belches and groans with a horrible gurglin' sound, and his skin becomes puffy, bloated, half greenish-yellow as Jerry empties all of about a gallon into him. He then stops a minute, but the skunk only shakes his head. The gurgle of the water goes agin down his throat. It's terrible, I tell you—part of the water bubbles back up the funnel—but the pourin' don't stop. His eyes roll more and the blood-blotched white part of 'em stuck out almost a full inch from the sockets before he nods his head, in dumb terror and horror, that he will tell. Then out comes the funnel, and the ape lapses senseless for almost a half an hour. When he comes to, they ain't ever no sicker man. Between fits of violent shakin', which he can't stop, and when he's not too sick to talk, he tells us what the words and figures mean—the worst part about the water cure bein' the sickness after it, which lasts for five or six hours. And you all know what it was the paper said, about how it was a plot of Don Waihou's for the assassination of General Funston, and how Jerry got rewarded. But it took the water to make him come clean. That's what they used on all of them spies after that when they wanted 'em to speak. It sure has compellin' ways."

The crowd always nodded assent. Some of the old soldiers knew, however, that Jerry Barlow had overplayed his hand.

During the war Jerry had his share of adventure and luck. Now with its close his sole desire was to get back to the States and capitalize his fighting prowess. As he put it to Cummings:

"We can clean up big in the States, when we get out of this mess."

To Jerry's great delight he learned one morning that his division, the 58th, was ordered to start back to the United States within a month. Great! Within a year he'd pull off two big bouts, after a lot of little ones. Two weeks later he received news that disgusted him. He had been transferred to another regiment, which was to remain in the islands as part of an army of occupation. That's what his daring and ability as a soldier had done for him, he was told. So he was given further opportunity for action and promotion. Sergeant Cummings returned to the States with the 58th division. Jerry Barlow cursed his luck. Now where were the big bouts? Aw, well, he'd play hard for what there was; but damn the luck. Perhaps he would catch another greasy spy and give the water cure again.

Of the first water cure only two of the three participants held pleasant memories. A rankling, half-consuming desire for vengeance was left in the heart of Mario Marsando, the victim. If he had never openly vowed revenge, it was ever uppermost in his mind; but there had been nothing he could do to get at the American. However, he contented himself as best he could, and joined one of the marauding groups of Filipino outlaw bands that worried the outposts of the American troops left in the islands, occasionally captured a lone American soldier, and in general kept things stirred up. Now Marsando had long been the best friend of a certain Manuel Lopez, a fellow countryman, who served in the same outlaw band.

At the conclusion of the Spanish-American war Lopez decided that he had enough of that form of fighting and forsook the field of battle for the squared

circle. The American soldiers had introduced boxing as well as baseball into the islands at that time; and the more peacefully inclined of the natives took to these sports with great interest. After some training many of the natives manifested a remarkable degree of aptitude for both sports.

Unlike most of the natives, Lopez seemed to be a born fighter. He, too, had the fighter's heart. Where the other Filipino glove men took little punishment in the circle, Lopez, like Jerry, pounded an opponent to pieces or took an unmerciful mauling, and liked it. With Marsando, he forsook the outlaw band and went to Manila. There, after months of training and many small bouts, he began to rise in ring circles. Finally he became one of the leading lightweights of Manila. He had developed a punch which reinforced his native speed and ruggedness to such an extent that he became a dangerous opponent for any man of his weight, native or white.

Meanwhile, Jerry Barlow had continued his fistic activities in the islands, and had attained in some measure the degree of proficiency which his friend and trainer, Cummings, had prophesied long before. Jerry had become lightweight champion of the islands. He had fought all the leading soldier lightweights and defeated them with such ease that there was soon a dearth of contenders for his title.

With the rise to fistic fame of Manuel Lopez, demand from the fans for a bout between the Filipino socker and the American champion became so strong that the latter decided to risk his laurels. But he did not reach this decision until after a conference with the Filipino. It was a nice secret meeting, at which an agreement was reached.

The agreement for the championship fight was not a strange one, although it throws light on the character of the American champion. It had been his idea, and was in the nature of a precaution. Barlow had agreed to give the Filipino five hundred dollars, a large sum to the native, if he would just box and not attempt to put the American away; it was further stipulated that the American was to win "on points." In other words, the fighters were to make a good fight, in order to please the fans, but the American was to be allowed to outpoint his opponent, and thus receive the decision. A nice friendly fight, which to all appearances was in dead earnest. Barlow was playing for the future. He did not want to take the chance of having his reputation spoiled before he got back to the States, where the "big money" was obtainable. At first Lopez had not wanted to consent, but the lure of the five hundred dollars was too much for him, and he finally gave in. The agreement was made.

Major Henry Griffith, a soldier promoter, attended to all the details of securing the fight, got the Manila Armory ready, guaranteed the purses of both fighters, and set the date.

A throng, half native and half white, jammed the Manila Armory to witness the struggle. Lightweight honors of the Islands were at stake. There was intense quiet as the contestants went to their corners. Barlow, when he had crawled through the ropes, had received a distinct surprise to see Marsando, the Filipino whom he had given the water cure, swinging a towel for Lopez. If Marsando recognized Barlow he gave no sign, much to the relief of the latter. Barlow forgot him immediately and fixed his thoughts on the twelve-round bout confronting him.

For three rounds the fight went as scheduled, Lopez fighting hard in order to make a good showing, but not attempting to land a sleep-producer. The American champion was gradually earning the decision on points; the crowd was getting its money's worth. Early in the fourth round the unusual hap-

pened. The men had just come out of a clinch. Lopez dropped his gloves temporarily and grinned into the face of Barlow. A thought leaped into the latter's mind with lightning-like rapidity. Why not end the affair now? The ignorant Filipino could be easily appeased afterwards. Seizing the moment Barlow rushed savagely at the grinning native and crashed a terrific right to the point of his chin. Lopez's eyes became glazed, he swayed momentarily his knees sagged limply, and he crumpled to the canvas, face downward. Wild acclaim greeted the victory of the American. Lopez was senseless for half an hour. A medical examination revealed that his jaw had been dislocated.

If Jerry had expected to hear from the Filipino immediately after the fight, he was mistaken. The native did not show up to collect, a strange thing for a gold-greedy Filipino. However, the native did collect his end of the fight purse from Major Griffith, even before Barlow could see him.

Barlow tried for weeks to find Lopez to square with him for the knock-out but no one was certain as to his whereabouts, or that of his friend, Marsando. It was rumored about Manila that both had joined one of Aguinaldo's raiding bands of insurrectionists. Lopez could certainly get no more profitable bouts. Neither was seen in town.

Again Barlow longed to return to the States, but again his desire was thwarted; his regiment was ordered into the interior of the island to capture the native chieftain, whose daring raids were becoming more than a menace to Americans. He had felt alone since his friend, Cummings, had been transferred to a division that had embarked for 'Frisco.

With the exception of occasional skirmishes with the natives the Filipino rebellion did not prove as exciting as the war had for Barlow. The Americans chased the rebellious chief farther and farther into the interior, but could not capture him. Barlow had served as head of several small scouting parties whose aim was to get into Filipino quarters. It was necessary to obtain information concerning Aguinaldo. It was the general belief that the revolution would stop with the capture of the famous chief.

One night Sergeant Barlow commanded a scouting party of six men to spy on the enemy camp, which was situated some ten miles north of the American army lines. As the party neared the enemy encampment about two-thirty in the morning the American party split into small groups in order to avoid detection. Barlow sent the men in pairs; he decided to do some reconnoitering by himself. His two former citations and his promotion were not forgotten; and his nature, restless for risk, had been chafing under restraint for weeks.

To satisfy his craving for excitement he ventured farther into the camp than prudence or even common sense should have told him. Half of the time crawling on his stomach, he managed to evade the native sentries. That was not so difficult for many of them stood silently against trees in a semi-dozen in place of walking their posts. Barlow's objective was the largest of a number of hastily-constructed thatched huts, which occupied the center of the hewed-out opening. This hut was scarcely more than three hundred feet from him now. He was making rapid progress. No one was in sight. He could now not even discern the shadowy forms of two sentries pacing their beats some five hundred feet distant. Lying flat he listened intently but he could hear nothing save the muffled footbeats of the sentries. He half arose and crept with cat-like cunning to the rear of the thatched huts. Slowly he made his way around the principal one to the entrance. He dropped on his hands and knees at the opening, which was covered with a skin of some kind. Sud-

lenly the flap of the skin shot back, a dark form appeared in the opening, and before Jerry could lift his head a thick club descended on it. He was knocked cold.

As his senses began to return about noon next day, he was conscious only of a dull throbbing in his head, and the swaying, liltng motion of his body. He opened his eyes. What he saw horrified him. He was being carried by the two Filipinos, Marsando and Lopez, across a low sandy stretch of land covered with a sparse and water-starved gray-green vegetation. The sun literally boiled down on him with a fierce, white glare; shimmering heat waves rose in clouds before him. Perceiving that he had opened his eyes, the two Filipinos stared intently at him, grinning faintly, but uttering no word. Lopez, he noted, carried a rude knapsack made of bamboo reeds.

"What are you going to do with me?" quavered the American.

His answer was a grin from Marsando; Lopez, walking ahead, did not even turn his head.

Jerry became conscious of a sense of impending horror. He looked up at Marsando and faltered:

"Where are we going?"

Again his answer was a slow grin. Jerry was becoming horror-stricken; but he could read nothing on the stoic faces of the natives. All his questions were ignored. He had to give up. The pain in his head brought on sleep, finally.

About two o'clock that day the three reached their destination. The natives deposited him near an anthill of the largest proportions he had ever seen. He watched big, red, vicious-looking ants swarming about it. They fascinated him. Lopez opened his bamboo knapsack and produced four long spikes and drove one at each corner of the anthill. Suddenly with a shock of horror and a wave of nausea Barlow guessed what they were going to do—stake him to the anthill and leave him at the mercy of the big, red ants. Yet this was unthinkable. Were his eyes deceiving him? He closed them for a moment. Opening them he saw the two natives approaching him. In a frenzy of awe-stricken terror he begged, pleaded, cajoled, offered every bribe he could think of. But he had offered bribes before. The two men did not heed him enough to answer.

The stakes were driven tightly. Barlow was placed across the center of the anthill, bound securely by his hands and feet to the four stakes. Sickening sweet sugar-cane syrup was applied to his eyes, nostrils, mouth, and ears. The big red ants found the sticky syrup a tempting morsel. The two Filipinos grinned gleefully, as the ants swarmed savagely into his nostrils, ears, eyes and mouth, crawling far down his throat parched to painful dryness by the terrific heat and gritty particles of sand. And the sun turning a lighter color at the hottest part of the day sent down fierce, white-hot rays of penetrating heat.

"Too good for him," murmured Marsando to his companion, as they turned to leave the anthill. Lopez grinned appreciatively.

Four days later, outlined against the deepest of blue skies, a buzzard rose lazily from an anthill and drifted contentedly into the sky. A searching party of American soldiers that had seen the buzzard and the anthill retraced its steps.

J. D. LEWELLEN.

THE SLUICE BOX

I.

What Should I Have Said?

It was my first sight of a pedigreed chow. I stood entranced on the top front porch step, and he walked before my incredulous eyes like a beast from the pages of *Alice-in-Wonderland*. A hop o' my thumb lion, with a face like the ones they glue onto furs! But there he was, crossing the street.

"Would you be wanting some nice roasting ears today?"

I remembered why I had come to the door. I looked down at the vegetable woman, and the vegetable woman smiled up at me. I like the little vegetable woman. She is sturdy and self-reliant, in spite of her many years. Her eyes are old and shrewd, and yet they look into yours with a simple candor that is astonishing and a little pathetic. I like her; but I couldn't help thinking again what a very odd-looking baby she must have been. The chow-dog, wearing an air of legitimate and gracious curiosity, like that of the lady who comes to take the school census, was trotting up the front walk. I said:

"Is that your dog?"

The vegetable woman smiled oddly.

"Why do you ask?"

Compunction seized me, and I murmured:

"Why, I—just wondered—"

The vegetable woman smiled again, and said, quite as a matter of fact:

"No, he isn't mine. But I think he looks just like me, don't you?"

II.

Santa Fe, New Mexico

After hours of driving over atrocious roads, through stale dust and aching heat, with nothing for scenery but sand, mesquite, and ugly villages, the plaza with its trees and grass, with its memorial fountain and its monuments was a green spot in a burnt land. The plaza is a strictly Spanish inheritance and is the very center of everything. Everyone goes to the plaza and its seats are always occupied. Women go there to sit and gossip, men to smoke and trade and watch the *muchachas* go by. A dilapidated two-wheeled vehicle, propelled by a phlegmatic, flea-bitten burro, draws up and stops; a woman climbs down, shakes out her immense purple satin skirt, and starts for the cathedral; a man climbs down, rolls and lights a cigarette, spies a crony, and crosses to the plaza. Burros seem to be parked everywhere and the burro, wherever you see him, spells leisure. He is the very antithesis of the automobile. The people seem to be imbued with the same spirit as these docile animals, for hurry and tasks of whatever kind are relegated to the background.

Facing the plaza on the north is the palace, a massive-walled, one-story structure of adobe a block in length. From here the Mexican quarter straggles out like an immense game of dominoes toward Santa Fe Canyon. One wanders down narrow, dusty, crooked streets that meander toward the nearby foothills, bordered by old-rose and gray adobe houses. They look like the sort of houses children draw; door in the center, window on the left, window on the right, and everything a little crooked. Mud has fallen from the walls in cakes and the flat sod roofs are flowered with weeds. There are great quantities of dried peppers, livestock, and dark-skinned progeny in and about each hut, together with dark-visaged men dressed in dirty overalls and decrepit straw or felt hats, and stringy-haired, furrowed women in gaudy clothes. Here and there one sees jagged fences with weathered, gray cedar posts, scraps of bright flower garden, and corrals where undersized cows, burros, and an occasional goat stand sleepily in the afternoon sun. The whole town seems to be dozing in a blazing silence. It is reassuring now and then to hear the tinkle of a guitar.

On the opposite side of town one finds many Americanisms to blemish its vaunted Spanish antiquity—the state capitol of brick and stone, the federal building, the state penitentiary with its great walls and towers, an occasional garage or gas-filling station, and here and there a shining new bungalow with its well-kept lawn and flower beds. The streets are wide and clean and automobiles are numerous.

One gets a picture of two civilizations, that of the old world and that of the new, side by side but as distinct and separate as the strata of rock in an exposed cliff.

II.

I loathe my friend with her ever-present self-sufficient air. I blunder: I make mistakes; I am not perfect. My friend is.

My friend is not absent-minded, she does not forget. I do.

In the morning when the ringing of the alarm on the clock breaks our slumber, my friend pushes back the bed-covers and arises. I do not. I snuggle deeper into the quilts to snatch an extra ten minutes in dreams from other worlds. I am late to classes. My friend never is.

Often my finger-nails are jagged and unpolished. But the tips of her fingers are pointed and they glisten.

Sometimes when I stop to chat with three-year-old Bobby she orders me to come on, to hurry.

My friend is perfect; I am not. I am in love with life; my friend is not.

IV.

While riding in a street-car last evening, I was unconscious of doing anything uproariously comical until two mirthful young ladies, by their boisterous laughter, caused me to leave my seat to smoke on the rear platform, and, incidentally, to conceal my embarrassment.

Good fun, rather than vanity, had glued my attention to the reflection beyond the imperfect pane directly across the aisle. By moving my head to the right my jaw would suddenly become ferociously pugnacious. A trifle farther and I had no chin at all. A little twitch upward and my nose hung like a corpulent wiener-wurst attached to my face. I had almost conquered the technique of twisting and stretching my neck so as to change my features to those of the German, the Jew, the Indian, and even the slant-eyed Chinaman, when the feminine hilarity sent me to the rear platform, ostensibly to smoke.

V.

Katy Bergner paused in the doorway on one of her flying trips from the cupboard to the rickety stove and looked up the road. The intense heat of the noon-day shimmered before her eyes and a stillness had settled over the dusty highway. The corn field across the road stood green and shining, unstirred by a breeze. Far off she heard the faint sputter of the mail-carrier's Ford, and then from around the bend in the road she saw a team of horses and two men.

"Hurry, Mary," she exclaimed as she quickly turned from the door into the small, dark kitchen. "Here comes pa and Willie back from the north lot already an' dinner ain't ready yet. They'll be awful hungry, too—pullin' stumps ain't so much fun!"

Mary, an over-grown girl of twelve, turned from the cracked mirror where she had been patting and smoothing her hair and began hastily to set the table. In a short time weighty steps sounded on the porch, and Pa Bergner, a heavy-browed man, entered the kitchen, over-crowding it with his presence.

"Tired, pa?" asked Katie anxiously.

Pa was bent over the wash basin and did not reply. When he was ready to eat he seated himself at the table and waited, black and frowning, to be served.

VI.

Going West

A Ford rattles down the road . . . stickers from seven states on the windshield . . . a young-old man at the wheel. He waves as the car vanishes around the curve . . .

WHOOOOOOO!!! . . . The Oriental Limited—two grimy men under the second car . . . no freights for blowed-in-the-glass bindle-stiffs while the passenger trains are running!

A dusty desert rat walks slowly up a switch-back trail . . . His tired burro carries the badge of his master's fraternity . . . Gold pan and pick!

Who knows what is over the hill—just a little farther West?

VII.

March in the Cow Country

The steers is workin' on the south slopes. I saw butter-cups in the medder yesterday—near where that coyote bitch is diggin' her den . . .

Jim heard a medder-lark this mornin'—the gray mare foaled . . . pinto colt . . . too many scrub stud hosses on this range. . . .

Ho hum! Guess I'll fix my latigos an' look up the cavy. Wagon orter be startin' out in two weeks. . . .

VIII.

George

It was embarrassing to see him so ill at ease. We had something in common, and I found myself wishing I could make him feel it, too.

"How's everybody—your wife, and kiddies?"

George shifted his weight from the right hob-nailed boot to the scuffed and recently oiled boot of his embarrassed left foot. He pulled off his tasseled cap with a motion that said, "Sorry! I forgot something!" Then, remembering my question, he surprised me with, "By golly, they're not so bad off!"

I caught a vague apology, and a flitting gleam of pride, in the quick glance that met mine. Pride? Pride in what? I was grateful for a second more of trust from the shy eyes, as he raised his stubbly chin from the red plaid shirt front.

"No. By golly! They're not so bad off, considerin'. We wintered every one of 'em—even little Buddy's plump's a partridge!"

A new feeling gripped me as I saw something I had failed to notice until then. Hunger has a crude, bold stroke when it paints the story of its gnawing on muscle and skin. However well "Buddy" had "wintered," Buddy's father was hungry.

This time, they were my eyes that looked quickly away—far away.

When for six months the snow lies deep over the mountain-laurel, it requires good stuff, and a mystic will, to "winter" six hungry kiddies—on a newly logged-off claim—a hundred miles from a neighbor—"By golly!"

IX.

On Last Words

The admirable animadversion, "et tu, Brute," which Shakespeare, or Plutarch, has put into the mouth of the expiring Caesar, has always seemed to me eloquent enough, but I should scarcely wish to die with it. To me this thing of being poniarded to death by a former trusty friend contains little of the delectable; and I should avoid that immortality that comes from being eminent enough to give title to a play, even though I knew another Bard of Avon, and at the same time dangerous enough to warrant a handsome funeral oration, even though there were another Antony. Then, too, our businesslike reprobation of all war has somewhat debased the rhetoric of the epitaph of the Three Hundred at Thermoplae, of Lawrence's "Don't give up the ship," and of Nathan Hale's "I regret that I have but one life to give to my country;" though in the days of my chauvinistic youth I thought them soul-animating enough to live up to and, if necessary, die up to.

But the times, my propagandized conscience and the new realism have forever stolen from me the heroic attitude, and had almost compelled my mind to resign itself in its last earthly moments to something in free verse, such as "Doc, snatch that gritty thermometer from my maxillaries," until I got an inspiration from a recent reading of Plato's account of the death of Socrates. The last words of that most skillful dialectician and estimable philosopher of the ancient world were, "Philo, I owe a rooster to Aesculapius; don't forget to give it to him." Here, I thought, is a great mind in a great moment turning to the pin-feathers of life. Why should lesser minds ignore them at such a time? If Socrates in passing is scrupulous over a cock, why shouldn't I, in my turn, direct the return of an ivory cigarette holder, or that umbrella I borrowed last fall from Jenks?

However, the Greek lexicon I had forced myself to examine—for I like, when it is not too great a trial of "my small Latin and less Greek," to refer to the *ipsissima verba* of such worthies—explained that Socrates had reference not to some defrauded Athenian butcher, but to the apotheosized Aesculapius, the god and patron of good health and well being. Socrates, though full of hemlock at the time, enjoined upon his friend, Philo, the duty of sacrificing a cock to the healing god in thanksgiving for the impending deliverance of the philosopher from the ills of the flesh.

Now the inspiration I referred to is this: Socrates may have taught me to say in my last faltering accents:

"Doctor Riley, what is your fee?"

"Two hundred dollars," the doctor will respond.

"Be sure to pay the doctor two-fifty," I remark to my impoverished heirs.

"But why the extra amount?" complains one of these.

"A slight honorarium," I feebly reply, "for the doctor's having delivered me so quickly out of this."

LINOLEUM CUTS



B. Bateman



Dorothy Taylor

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM FOUNDERS

Editor's Note: As many founders as could be reached by letter were asked to contribute to this issue, the one completing the fifth year of publication. Mrs. Whitham's note states the composition of the first board of editors and the history of the first issue, named The Montanan. With the second issue the name was changed to The Frontier.

Reminiscences of Creative Writing Class and the Frontier

Scanning the schedule of study for the Fall quarter, 1919, I found listed among the English courses a class in creative writing. Here was something new and different in courses. My curiosity was aroused, for though interested in creative writing I was not aware that there were classes to instruct one in the art. I knew one might be instructed in the art of letter writing, news writing, or story writing, but to me creative writing was something quite apart, more in the nature of a gift bestowed than something acquired. How could it be taught or who was so bold to undertake the task? But there it unmistakably stood among the courses: 160b Creative Writing, by Merriam. It was of impelling interest; and I decided, if possible, to become a member of this class. On making inquiry about it, I learned that it was under the direction of the new head of the English department, Professor H. G. Merriam, late of Reed College, Oregon. I sought and gained an interview with Mr. Merriam, which resulted in my being signed up for the course.

We were seven in that first Creative Writing class: Professor H. G. Merriam, instructor; Tate W. Peek, Homer Parsons, Ruth Hamilton, Tesla Lennstrend, Wilda Linderman, and Belle Whitham. At our first meeting quick glances darted about, as if each person scanned the other for some clue to the desire which had prompted the joining of this class; but there were no visible signs. A shyness, aloofness or some illusive quality was there and marked the early intercourse of the members. For instance, if one passed a member on the stairs reading the criticism on his returned manuscript, one did not call out as in other classes, "What did you get?" but appeared not to notice; for one might be intruding upon a near genius—or upon a disappointed story teller.

The shyness of each member was tried and tested to the uttermost on that blissful-painful occasion when his or her writing was selected by the instructor for reading to the class for criticism. I recall the caught-in-a-trap look of protest on Miss Hamilton's face when "The Black Crepe Hat" was read. The reading of "The Golden Sponge" was an ordeal for Miss Linderman; you could tell that by her immobility, as if all her senses except that of hearing had been suspended. Mr. Peek's efforts to appear unconcerned at the reading of "Something Across the Ferry" were unsuccessful. He slouched too low in his chair and looked too indifferent to be natural. But these had their reward, for their stories appeared in our first magazine issue and were rated by other college authorities as "quite up to professional writing." Others of us passed through similar ordeals, without even honorable mention at home.

It was plainly evident, at that first meeting, that I was not the only one uninitiated in the ways of Creative Writing classes, for a watchful, expectant air pervaded the class, as when one watches a game, not knowing what the next move will be. But if anyone looked for some new method to solve his writing problem, he was doomed to disappointment. There were no hard and fast rules of procedure indicated. The unusual thing about this class was its atmosphere of freedom, simplicity, sympathy and aspiration. Each writer was encouraged to express in his own way; and the faintest beginnings of a true creative character were sympathetically encouraged. The best in literary thought and expression was brought to our attention but not as models to be patterned after: originality was held the highest goal of attainment. Aloofness fell at first among the members; it was soon displaced by a spirit of friendliness and understanding which made the class harmonious.

Inspired by the helpful atmosphere of the Creative Writing class, writing became a pleasure and numerous essays, stories, sketches, and verse came to the instructor's desk. Feeling the need of an outlet for these articles and others on the campus, Professor Merriam suggested the founding of a magazine by the class. This was a con-

siderable undertaking for a "We are seven class," but it began securing advertisements, rates for printing, etc., and the enterprise was soon launched—all in name.

The naming of the magazine was not regarded as a light matter by the class, who now became the board of editors. In fact, they took it as seriously as a young mother with her first born; as a mother often seeks something different and high-sounding at first, only to return, in the end, to plain Mary, so the editors racked their brains for days, submitted numerous names, were unable to agree upon any one, and at last in desperation, as the issue was ready for the press, called it *The Montanan*. However there was a feeling of dissatisfaction that the name was inadequate. Before the next issue the name was changed to *The Frontier*, the first name that had originally been suggested and favored as expressing our motive most forcibly. Montana has still respects of the frontier, the last frontier, and the aim of the magazine has been to reflect the spirit of the state; the writings of the contributors are largely of a pioneer character as literary achievements.

This first creative writing class did something besides founding a magazine which was quite unique among university classes and which has been kept secret even from its instructor, and I have a delicacy about divulging it even now, five years distant but as the members are properly graduated and established in careers, it may not be disastrous. Well, the thing was this. It boycotted an examination. Word got about that one was to be given at the last meeting of the quarter. The very idea of giving creative writers an examination! It was an insult to our dignity. Word was passed to cut the class. Cuts did not have penalties as now. University students were quite free subjects then. Not a member appeared to be examined. When we met at the first meeting of the new quarter our instructor remarked, "I had a nice little examination prepared for the last meeting of the quarter, but none of you came." We looked properly sorrowful; and if he suspected something, he kept silent, and so did we.

BELLE M. WHITHAM.

Chinook

Whispering softly over mountain and plain,
 Bearing my message of cheer—
 Promising summer will come back again,
 Foretelling springtime is here—
 Little-by-little I lead back the snows,
 Down to the winter-bound brook—
 Soften the ice-pack and break up the floes.
 Men call me Spring Wind—Chinook.

Hurrying swiftly over prairie and break,
 Murmuring low through the trees,
 I bid the living things, "Up and awake!
 Live up your heads to the breeze!
 Cast off your blankets; the long night is done!
 Spring!—It is time ye partook.
 I bring you word from the Court o' the Sun!
 I am the Spring Wind—Chinook!"

Into the caverns and fastnesses drear
 I drift an instant to say:
 "Out, sleepy marmot—drowsy old bear!
 Time to be up and away!
 Haste, for the springtime, the sunshine is here!
 Wild geese are flying, and—look!
 Sweet-smelling green things begin to appear!
 Hark to the Spring Wind—Chinook!"

Then to a cabin I steal in the night,
 To the man by his lone fireplace,
 Gently I flicker his lone candle light—
 Softly I breathe on his face—
 Waft to his nostrils the freshness of pines—
 "Spring!" he shouts, "Spring!—by the Book!"
 Turns to his rifle, his rod and his lines—
 Chuckles the glad word, "Chinook!"

TATE W. PEEK.

The Minstrel

The strings of the lute broke at the first playing
 It had been untouched so long
 In a quiet corner
 I saw a plaintive smile quiver
 And happy shadows rest upon your eyes
 That played at sleep
 There was just light enough to see your countenance
 In the dusk of evening
 The hush of happiness
 Of spent desire

The lute is strung again with cords of silver
 And in the twilight
 The strings leap with the joy of music
 Strange music
 Crying with the passion of forgotten beauty
 Out of a land where time is not
 Nor eternity
 Only the unmeasured hour of evening
 Before the lamps are lit

And there shall be no shelter from the winds
 Nor haven of refuge from the storm
 Save in the halls of the minstrel
 Only there
 Where unseen hands pluck at the lute-strings
 Only there
 With music borne on the wings of darkness
 Can we forget
 The raindrops on the window

HOMER M. PARSONS.

The Schoolroom

The little boy was sleeping in his schoolroom. In the morning, I knew, it would be flooded with sunshine and full of the sound and the sparkle of the sea. Elizabeth, the English maid, would have just made up the bed.

Elizabeth had worked in an American hotel for a while. The sheets always had extra folds at the top, which made the little boy seem a very important person. His black silk-stocking cat would be sitting straight up between the stiff pillows, the black braided tale of him trailed precisely over the spread. The little boy's mother complained that Elizabeth didn't understand children, but she had a most pleasant way with the kitty, I always thought. Folded at the foot of the bed, too, like the sheets, was a pink silk quilt for nights that were chilly. It matched prettily the pillows on the chaise-longue, and the chintz top on the gray wicker table. It was an odd room for a little boy to have for his lessons. For what has a child to do with a chaise-longue, except to stumble over it during gymnastics?

Arm movement after recess on the beach is the grittiest sort of business. We had made a game for ourselves from the *Jungle Tale* of the *White Seal* and we played it nearly every day. We played it from the sea-wall and the shore in front of the little boy's house, and the little boy was Kotick. He flopped off the wall and wriggled up the beach, dodging sharks and *killer-whales*, until his pale cheeks glowed with motion and excitement and there was sand in every corner of him. Naturally, the room would be full of sand. It would pour out of his jersey and ooze from his sandals, until the table and the chairs and the chaise-longue and the plain gray carpet were all covered over, and at last it would be put away in the cupboard with our drawing lesson.

Only the pictures on the walls seemed to escape. One of these was an angel flying, a detail from some larger piece, I thought. The family who owned the house and had written their names in the books downstairs had probably brought it back from abroad, and now they had gone off on some travels again and, because they had tired of it or outgrown it, it hung in the little boy's schoolroom. All the things in the schoolroom were outgrown. They carried with them suggestions of the far-away different life lived among them. Who knows but the little boy, himself, noted this, and in the years to come, mingled with dreams of the schoolroom and the beach, will be an impression of these charming people, these owners on their journeyings.

WILDA LINDERMAN.

Financing the First Issue

Managing the finances of the University's first attempt to sell literature was not the easiest thing I ever did. I've heard of a few more pleasant jobs since, and one of them is organizing a Ku Klux Klan in Ireland.

Five years! It seems more like ten. But that first issue will stick in my memory for some time to come—to be exact, until three days before I'm buried, providing, of course, that religion and custom are sitting in the game and that the health officer has the deal.

My simple task was to sandwich in the literary filling with that staff of publishing life, paid advertising. Summing it up, all we had to do was to convince Missoula's business public that the University supported the town and that no student would buy so much as a stick of gum or a hairpin unless he saw it advertised in his own magazine; then, having convinced the public, to make it pay the bill. But if our job was a tough one so were our tools, for, besides a complete outlay of black-jacks and jimmies we had sworn testimonials proving, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that cigarette fiends had stopped smoking when *The Kaimin* misplaced Kelley's ad for a week.

Morals? We had none. Ethics? Everything from arson to blackmail. But we got the ads and, if I recollect correctly, paid a twenty-dollar dividend on the first issue.

I remember my first victim. He was a music dealer. After buying some records and telling him how he would never have sold them if the University hadn't happened to be located in Missoula, I shot my gag. . . . I was about to decide that I didn't need the records when he finally gave in.

The advertising manager of a large business firm took a half-page but insisted on having a clerk credit the amount to charity before I left his office.

We went on the theory of the old nigger who stole a mule so that he could deliver a quart of bootleg liquor so that he would have a quarter for the church collection box. In other words, the end justified the means!

As time goes on and I see the progress that the magazine has made I can only believe that I'd do it all over again and cheerfully.

EVERETT POINDEXTER.

A Note by the Instructor

It was the boldness of title, creative writing, that first attracted attention to the new class, in the fall of 1919; it was probably the title, also, that kept triflers with the pen out of it. The first class was composed of students who genuinely wished to write all classes since that one have been composed of earnest students, whatever their equipment for expression may have been. Many learned honestly in the class that creative expression is not their peculiar ability; some learned that they have capacity for sincere expression of their thought and emotion. Both lessons are profitable.

The class in creative writing had been studying for two quarters of the college year before any suggestion of publication of a magazine was made. At that time enough good material was in sight for approximately two numbers; the suggestion was made. Like all effective pioneers, the members thought only of the present, believing that if the magazine possessed quality and strength it would prosper in the future. It has prospered. Despite gloomy predictions of early death, the undertaking has grown from vigorous infancy into sturdy five-year-old childhood. It grows of itself.

The first editors set a high standard; they had a clear-minded policy. Succeeding boards of editors have kept the standard strict. There has been no wavering in policy. The judgment on material submitted to the editors asks these questions: Is it well handled, is it sincere, has it power? The question, Will it be popular, has never been a determining matter.

H. G. MERRIAM.

Lombardy Poplars

Sometimes you are slender, verdant dancers,
Swaying in the breeze;
Sometimes you are golden sheaves of flame,
Suffusing cloudy seas;
Sometimes you are staves whereon the wax-wings
Write strange melodies;
Sometimes you are gleaming shafts of rare
Silver traceries
That uphold a grey and sagging sky.

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The Frontier BOOK SHELF

'49, *A Story of Gold*: George W. Crony (Dorrance, 1925.) One should read the first novel by a professor in the English department of the State University not for its human interests, not for its love story or even for excitement of story, but for its lively picture-incidents—the eventful trip in two boats up the Sacramento river; the elimination of the picturesque Hound who, by bullying, dominated Shantytown before it grew into San Francisco; the cool handling of card games by "gentlemen of the cloth"; the feverish dancing and drinking of the miners in the fandangos; Jenny, the overland mule, clearing the mountain trail or ploughing her way by instinct through the blizzard for a rescue party; the panning of gold at the diggings, the singing of the hunchback Arkansas Jim, to the homesick roughs; the great flood at Sacramento and Marie's adventure with it in a scow; the hanging of Rattlesnake Dick and Buckeye Jones; the law judgments of the alcaldes; the lyrical passage about Dolores, the Chileno's break-up of the overland immigrants; the cashing in of Jean Deschelles, gambler; the settlement of the Diggers, Californian Indians. A reader takes each incident eagerly as it comes, and puts it in a growing picture-gallery. Aside from interest in reading one forms a sense of the social history of that event in '49. The pictures carry conviction of authenticity. "Febravos in town cared to dispute with the owner of that blue-barrelled weapon point of business or honor?" "Roast Grizzly, \$1.00; Beans, plain \$.75; greased \$1.00;" "I take it, Jedge, that you meanter iterate that these here hounds is our desirables hereabouts;" "'What's your limit?' asked Don Pedro, matching indifference for indifference;" "There ain't no rumpus—it's jess a strike"—such phrases suggest the excitement of the novel.

H. M.

Plays for a Folding Theatre: Colin Campbell Clements. (Stewart Kidd Company, 1923.)

The most pathetic person in the world is a young poet—and, in the same breath, the most laughable. Pathetic because he says so very much—and understands so little of what he says. And here one is tempted to say that that is also why he is the most laughable—but that would be in the nature of paradox, and hence not quite true.

Here now is "Colin a' Paris" . . . There is great warmth in the sunshine—

Make Business Reciprocal—Patronize Those Who Patronize Us.

a feeling for life . . . And Colin sits in the cafe counting the fly-specks on the awning—and the saucers in front of him are piled higher and higher by the inexorable Garcon . . . Symbolically one might say—the saucers are but incidents of “tears, anger, lust, love, laughter and friendship, resignation, despair and death.” They are the things a young poet gathers in his heart whilst watching the show of life . . . One day he will come to count each saucer—and know poignantly the meaning of each. They will no longer be just things in his heart—they will become part of his speech, his look, the touch of his fingers . . . but he will be an old man then.

And such is the nature of this book of plays. They are a young poet's dreamings without much of the solidity and rough texture of life. Twenty or thirty years from now Clements will probably understand the things of which he has written. Perhaps he will not like them then. On the stage they should prove very actable—most of them could be handled with striking effect. Seen on the stage they would rather startle an already alert audience—and remain to haunt the sub-conscious for months.

D. D.

The Little French Girl: Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1924.)

For a novel that gives so much the impression of complete truthfulness *The Little French Girl* is unusually powerful in its sway over the emotions. And it is remarkable for presenting, sympathetically, conflicting attitudes toward the art of living. It impels the reader to reconcile, as far as he is able, the best of both. All the time it keeps him warmly interested in the personal struggles and changes of the characters, whose affections compel them to care about, and try to understand, a culture alien to them.

As the reader follows their efforts at resistance, and sees them growing wiser through sympathy, he recognizes that the author, for all her cosmopolitanism, finds deep and wholesome significance in patriotism. And that is only one of the ways in which Mrs. de Selincourt (Anne Douglas Sedgwick) rises above the extravagancies of her time. For she is too fully enlightened to share the prejudices of the intellectual fashion, though she takes notice of all the vital discoveries of her generation.

She has much of the insight, the precision, the sense of irony, of Henry James, as well as resemblances to him in theme and diction. But she is no mere second Henry James. She is warmer than he, stands closer to our common lives, and combines more enthusiasm with her serenity.

S. H. C.

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pictures

The Poets of the Future: A College Anthology for 1922-24, Edited by Henry Schnitzkind. (The Stratford Co., 1924) "Youth asks so much of life.

Asks but does not receive;
Fortune, fame and great men's homage,
Worlds to be tolerant of and seas to wal
upon,

All of this youth demands
But receives a handful of little things."

Yes, that is the way of it. Youth continually making claims for himself, demanding concessions, iterating his virtue crying shame on classical standards—anyet, give youth the concessions, be tolerant to him—and he makes a miserable show of it. Oh, there is the fine fervor, the high hope, and underneath it even a philosophy—but over and above all is a vague, elusive impotency. He says he *can* and *will*—but he tries, and invariably he puts the cap on the wrong head, makes his bow to the wrong deity . . . Little things you perceive, which only age and a general growth of suavity seem to remedy. And so in an anthology of college verse one would expect—not too much, something fine, but nothing grand. A collection, perhaps, of many poetical people, and few poets.

However, one would expect and be glad to find such bits of pure poetry as these for instance:

"A face I know

Its loveliness comes to me on sandaled feet
As warm rain."

"The dusk's a tune from gypsy violins."

"Life is a livid light
Set in a shapeless dark."

"Time threw off its shawl of darkness, a
old shawl tattered and torn.
A blue God rested on the pillows of creation
moulding worlds.

O the worlds are a necklace around the
white throat of God, and He counts
His beads slowly."

And this last:

"Only when you speak
Does Music flutter before you
Beating Silence with slender silver whips.

One can read such extracts as these and be glad—first, that youth has lived and been able to say the things, in the way they have been said—and secondly, that there has been someone with the love and patience of collecting and bringing them to our enjoyment. There can be little doubt but what the anthology is fairly representative—not consistently the best nor is it by any means illustrative of the worst in undergraduate verse-writing. It would take it to be a healthy representation

ion of American college poetry—chosen with warm sympathy and understanding of the young writer.

D. D.

A Passage to India: By E. M. Forster (Harcourt, Brace, 1924) is a novel that gives subtly drawn pictures of many Indias—the ultra English India of the ruling class secure in their English club; the India of the educated native permeated with bitterness against the Anglo-Indian. Yet incapable of intelligent revolt, consistent co-operation, sustained patriotism: the India of Mr. Fielding, a man devoid of herd instinct, but unable to bridge the gap between the hostile groups: the mysterious, alluring, futile India as glimpsed uncomprehendingly by two newly arrived English women still burdened by their English ideas of equality. Mr. Forster's thesis, the utter impossibility of an English-Indian understanding, is given with dramatic force and intensity. The charm lies not only in the apparent fairness with which all points of view are presented, but also in the admirable delineation of the Indian character portrayed against a background of arrogance, suspicion, sullen submission, and misunderstanding.

L. B. M.

Notes About Contributors

Evan Reynolds, '26, and Dorothy Taylor, '27, are students in Fine Arts.

Mrs. Belle Bateman is in charge of the department of Fine Arts at the State University.

Elsa Swartz is a correspondence student living in Missoula.

Dorothy Mueller is a graduate student doing special work.

Mrs. Blair, formerly a special student, lives in Missoula.

Richard Crandell, '25, and J. D. Lewellen, '26, are students in Journalism.

Dorothy Johnson, ex-'26, lives in Whitefish.

John Frohlicher, '26, and D'Arcy Dahlberg, '25, are students in the English department.

Joe Cochran, '27, and Frederick Schlick, '27, are Business Administration students.

Roy Yeatts, '27, is a pre-medical student.

Mrs. Whitham and Mrs. Rowe, '18, live in Missoula. Wilda Linderman, '21, resides in Kalispell. Tate Peek, '20, teaches English at Conrad. Homer Parsons, '29, lives at San Bernardino, California. Everett Poindexter, '20, lives in Massachusetts.

Contributors to *The Sluice Box* are: Dorothy Mueller, J. C. Dimond, '27; Lurena Black, Joseph Dunham, '25; Fern Johnson, '25; John Frohlicher. Mrs. Winifred Muckler and W. J. McCormick.

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