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The Kaimin, January 1901

Students of the University of Montana

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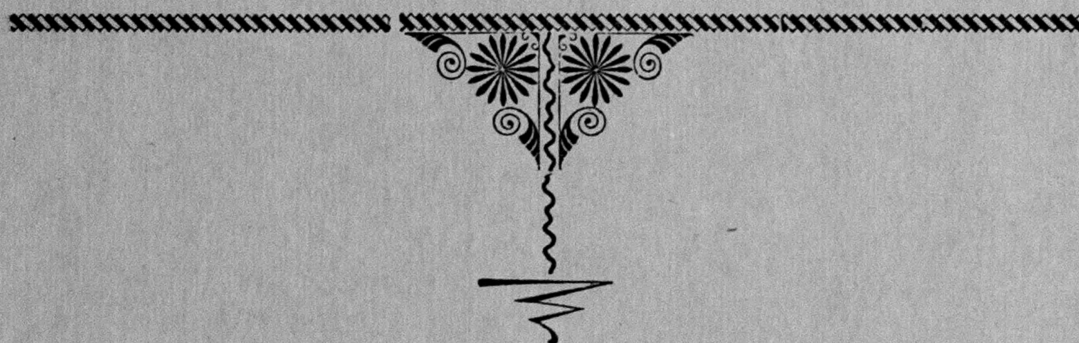
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Volume IV., No. 4.

January, 1901.

The Káimín



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MISSOULA, MONTANA.

At West Point the investigation of the hazing committee has brought some cadets rather prominently before the public, and a few have not escaped the scrutiny unscathed. The hazing process has been stigmatized as brutal and un-

worthy of American soldiers, and indignation has run riot. The four classes met and passed resolutions, however, condemning the practice in the future, and the prospect is somewhat more gratifying.

FACTORS OF DECAY.

Some of the most significant records of history are those which tell of the rise and fall of nations, and the changing moral and social conditions which attend the progress of the nation from its inception, to its end. Reinforcing history is archæology, which, delving deeper into the strata of the past than history, sinks deeper into the embryo emotions of mankind and therefore brings strong light to bear on the causes for events which succeed each other through the centuries.

Through every age the rising nation has seen the vision of the death it was destined to die, in the decay and dissolution of some great contemporary; yet the nation in its morning of life was too vigorous, too occupied in itself and its doings, to waste a glance on the prophesy before it. And so, through all time similar causes have inevitably prepared a similar doom.

Traces of mighty civilizations whose dawn is lost in the fog of primeval time, are found deeply buried beneath the alluvial soil of Mesopotamia. Traces of nations, so old that their birth must have seen the earlier Tertiary, are discovered year after year by the enthusiasts of science; and every discovery tells a tragic story of an heroic birth, a vigorous national existence which ended in ruin and bloodshed and a reversion of the people into a degenerate representative of a noble ancestry.

Inscriptions on stone and metal, and deductions drawn from broken ruins and musty tombs tell us of the times before History. First, some modest sketch on a broken wall, records some desperate war of defence, the one perhaps, during which the young nation first realized its growing power.

Other sketches evidently more recent, show the nation triumphant in foreign wars. The older inscriptions in their rugged simplicity, reflect the vigor of the rising nation, at that time when the people are semi-barbarous, and before the hardy virtues of the race are destroyed by the inherent weaknesses which prosperity develops. The later chronicles show the progress of the civilization from this point, and we may trace the gradual refinement of the people up to the period when kings become all dominant, and general progress is stopped by the loss of liberty, constant war and the introduction of a vicious standard of public morality. Here the written record ends apparently in the zenith of the nation's history. But the broken city, buried beneath the drifts and sands of centuries completes the story by the insertion of a tragic prologue.

Thus embryo humanity long ages ago tried the experiment of national life and failed through the underlying weakness of its being. And in its failure prophesied the failures following it, since human nature cannot change.

Through all historic time this formula of failure has been followed by every nation which has striven for the phantasmic crown of empire. Egypt, Chaldea, Assyria and Babylonia; Persia, Greece, Rome and Spain—all were products of a strenuous and virile race; all stormed over the rights of man, and devastated land and sea in a mad struggle for power, and all were destroyed in the whirlwind of violence and death which they had sown with the wind of their oppression.

Living as we are in the light of the ages, with all the accumulated experience of the centuries at our hand, and with the chain of events, connecting causes with effects,

so clearly outlined before us; it would seem natural that we should struggle to avoid the most obvious dangers which have beset our predecessors. But such is not the case, and the great nations of today are treading in the steps of the dead, on their way to the place of phantoms.

The decay of these nations is evidenced by the degeneration of society; by the upheaval of the Argus eyed monster of commercial greed, which creates the savage lust for land and awakens the heartless military spirit which slumbers in the breast of man. Their decay is proven by the subversion of culture by sensualism, by the increasing body of the "submerged tenth" which make foul the cities of these countries; and by the growing servile, and consequently degenerating class, which is a sequence of the concentration of wealth.

Is it necessary to give specific instances of these things, when they are recorded day by day in the great newspapers of the world? One may trace the gradual trend to arbitrary power, the decay of morals in aristocratic circles of these lands, together with the failing energies of the people, who are worn by the maintenance of the standing armies; if but the trouble is taken to read the current history of today and compare it with the records of a decade ago.

It is not comparisons between generations a century apart which determines progress or decay, but between generation and generation. For it is easier to descend than to ascend, and if a people is on a downward way during one decade we may expect it to be falling during the next decade, and unless some great moral revolution intervene we can predict the final dissolution of that people as an effective power.

Even the United States is tainted by the falsehood and rottenness of a degraded life in so-called upper circles. There are in existence society papers which prate about the aristocracy and the lower classes; drivel about nonentities and record the latest scandals. In these columns Wealth is a god; the Aristocracy is a fact and pedigrees are gravely discussed. If in the line of some of these society apes a titled scoundrel of the Tenth century is discovered, their joy is intense and the disgraceful facts published to the world. If such a scoundrel is lacking in the family tree he is sought for in the charnel houses of the European cities and bought.

In other conditions of life, the fatal lust for the robbery of conquest predominates, among them are the jingoes who loudly proclaim their ability to whip the world; they parade the streets and cry down with this nation or up with that nation—and call it patriotism.

We have sweat shops and factories where men and women starve, while they work for 70 cents per day. Mines which are death traps yawn for their victims at \$1.00 per day. Great corporations are spread over the land devouring the substance of the people, while they flatter them. Great newspapers owned by politicians are treacherously leading the people into the mire, in order to further the ambitions of a man behind the scenes—and we do not see it.

Are we also, to follow the long procession of nations gone by into national eclipse? Or are we a breed of men who can move untainted through the ages; men whose strong hearts and hands never weaken; men whose mental force will stem all wavering of the national purity; men who will stand unsmearched by the noonday rising tide of prosperity?

Evolution is for us.
Heredity is against us.

G. WESTBY.

DEDICATED TO THE PREPS.

Little boy! Little boy! Where do you go
So early each morning before the cocks crow,
A walking so briskly with books on your arm?
Oh where are you going so early each morn?

"I am going to college," the little boy said,
Then passed on a nodding his wise little head.

Little boy! Little boy! whence do you come?
The goose girl has driven her goosies ail home.
It was late when the maid milked the crumpled horn
cow.

Oh where can you be a coming from now?

"I am coming from college," the little boy said,
Then passed on a nodding his wise little head.

L. S.

TWO NINETEENTH CENTURY PROPHETS.

The work of the nineteenth century was eminently materialistic. The investigation of scientific truth and its application to the needs of humanity has been the marvel of the nations. Engineering achievements and scientific discoveries that have added to the richness and satisfaction of living have not only been greater than in any other century, but they have surpassed all preceding centuries of which we have any record.

It would appear that in the strain and stress of the century,—the absorption of mankind in the material interests of life, there was hardly room for those thinkers and artists who devote their energies to more sentimental considerations.

But the century was not wanting in poets and artists and musicians. Its progress in these directions has been sufficient to satisfy the most exacting. Material development has been accompanied with equal growth in scholarship and spiritual culture.

During the last year of the century, two men whose work and character had much to do in developing what was best in the age in which they lived, went to their long home among the immortals. Both were men of the century,—most emphatically men of the century. They were born just at the right time and to receive in their early youth the best impressions of its opening years. The four score years of usefulness to which they were devoted did not overlap either the eighteenth century or the twentieth. As the last year of the great age that has just passed was ebbing away, they took their departure with it leaving a legacy of good thought and noble living for the coming years,—those years that are approaching with such unequalled possibilities, but with special need for just the lessons these two great men taught so faithfully in their day and generation.

John Ruskin and Friederich Max Muller had many elements in common, though the special fields of their activity were apparently so far apart. They were both men of whose personal character and cultured minds any age might be proud. Each gave himself to the work that fell to his portion with an entirety and a love that gave him ten fold power. Mr. Ruskin was far from being a great painter or a great architect. Max Muller was easily distanced as a philologist, even as an orientalist by many of the men who caught their first inspiration from him. Yet each so taught the essential truths of his subject, that the world was decidedly the richer for what he said and did, and without their inspiring lives and writings,

the aesthetical and practical value of effort in these two directions would have been seriously affected.

In my caption I have called these two men prophets. Prophets they were, and their work very happily shows what a prophet can do. By intuition, as it seemed, Mr. Ruskin recognized the essentials of art in many directions, and so painted his burning thoughts in language as to enthuse the lower imaginations of artists more skillful technically than he. By the same intuition, Prof. Muller saw beauty, and knowledge and actual value in what others considered the decayed linguistic roots of peoples long since dead.

The one, through his writings and the work of his disciples, has added immeasurably to the enjoyment and satisfaction of living, and has contributed largely to the amelioration of the conditions of existence. The other, in the same manner, drew closer the concepts of the eternal brotherhood of men, and revealed to the world the hidden arcana of the ages.

In the material part of these two men that yet remain,—the writings that have been left for our perusal, there is a priceless legacy. They were both masters of English diction, and one who desires to ascertain how language can be used in the best manner, both in respect to elegance and strength, can find few better models. Both men were from goodly stock, and so situated as to make the best of their early opportunities.

Mr. Ruskin inherited a million of money, and received such a training as that amount can supply when intelligently used. His socialistic career under the circumstances was the more remarkable, but it is not yet time to say whether or not he was right. We are speaking now of his writings and it is not exaggeration to remark that never have more inspiring remarks been clothed in choicer diction. At the time of his death one of our leading newspapers said, "Whatever judgment may be passed on Ruskin's ideas, he set people to thinking who had never thought before, and what he had to say he said in phrases that will live as masters of English prose."

Prof. Muller inherited from his father the soul of a poet, and was schooled by his environments in the best culture of Germany. His musical training helped to develop the charm of his style in an adopted tongue, while his many social qualities gave influence to his ideas.

There are often instances where, to our human vision, great men are taken away from us before their work was done. It was not thus with our prophets. The seeds had been planted and had thoroughly matured. In the case of one, the days of darkness had come, as we regret to have them fall upon such a career, so that death was probably a relief to the sufferer, as well as something not to be regretted by his friends. In the other case, the calm that we feel belongs to a ripe old age seemed to be assured, but we may be sure that when his work was completed, the scholar himself looked not upon dissolution as an evil.

JOHN F. DAVIES.

CHARACTER.

There are two qualities which distinguish the men who have been considered deserving of a place in the halls of fame at New York University; these are character and intellect. One may well hesitate to give either of these characteristics precedence over the other, when looking at the matter of desert. Both are generally possessed to a moderate degree, but a marked degree is what is required.

Intellect is excited by character and is governed by it, but character is by no means coincident with intellect. Strong character is more conducive to success than strong intellect where the other quality is not possessed in a marked degree. We find no stronger illustration of this than in Washington. We find nothing in his achievements to account for the lustre of his name. William of Orange is another instance, and throughout history we find figures whose fame is not justified by the facts of their career, yet no one will contend, or possibly does not dare to, that they are not deserving of the estimation in which they are held. We can explain this only by the latent power in them acting by its mere presence, the strength of their inherent power forms a magnetism which appeals to like forces in others as a great magnet attracts smaller ones. Character is the only quality which appeals to all factions and combinations of people, it seeks merit rather than fame, and though it is sometimes himself, rather than his material achievements, that is great, this only increases the reverence in which he is held.

One who is only superior in his intellectual self must have very great ability if his name is remembered beyond a generation. The sympathy of the soul is stronger than that of the mind, and while intellect may be identical with the brain, character is a part of the soul.

Our character is in great part a creation of our own. We are naturally gifted only with the seeds, and constant and arduous cultivation only, will bring it to a semblance of perfection. It is impossible to make us over again when we are once mature; this is as true of character as of our mental and physical bodies. The surroundings of our youth and our own dispositions are the soil and sap which determine our growth, and we have the privilege of choosing these for ourselves. It is almost wholly a matter of voluntary choice.

Let those who are striving to perfect their mental faculties turn a little attention to the shaping of what is to be the guiding influence of their lives and they will confer a great benefit to the generation of the twentieth century and eradicate some of its greatest dangers.

WILLIAM COCHRANE.

TURNING A NEW LEAF.

When the Christmas festivities are over, there comes a reaction from their mirth and gaiety, and with feelings akin to sadness we approach the close of the year. Burdened with the hopes and fears of the past, with its joys and sorrows, its cares and anxieties and with its privileges and opportunities, the Old Year is passing away and we draw near his death-bed with reverent step. No matter with what feelings we have greeted his birth we cannot witness his death without some sensation of regret. We have watched the smiles and tears of his early days, have seen the beauty and splendor of his summer time, and noted the strength and perfection of his maturity and now when his form is bowed with age and his locks are whitened with the frosts of winter, we realize that he has been a constant and faithful companion who, once gone, can never return to us, and we are loth to let him go.

Yet with that variableness which is characteristic of human nature, we turn from his bier to greet with happy hearts the coming of the glad New Year, and hope for the future drives out all regret for the past. We heap the stones of forgetfulness upon the grave of our buried hopes and opportunities, but if we are true to our better instincts we raise there a monument which shall mark our onward progress and preserve the memory of the past in higher resolves for the future. In short we turn over a new leaf

and begin the year with brave hearts that are full of hope and longing for a better life.

The Calendar-makers, setting the pace for the world at large, take a new page and write thereon 1, 1; and business men, acting on the suggestion, balance their books and take a fresh start. And so, too, in our work of character-building, if we would not be out of date or cultivate habits of carelessness which will incur the risk of moral bankruptcy, we must occasionally balance our accounts, take an inventory of our habits and purposes and obtain a true estimate of our own intrinsic worth. If we are carrying on a cash account with our conscience, if we can balance our book at the close of each day and have only credits to carry forward, then we shall have little need of change. But unfortunately most of us are conducting our moral affairs on the credit system and have reason to be thankful *tabulae novae*. The prevalence and continuance of this habit of attempting reform at New Year prove the difficulty of the process. A forcible illustration of this principle is found in the remark of the little girl who was told that she ought to turn a new leaf and overcome the habit of teasing, to which she was greatly addicted. Shaking her head solemnly she replied: "I can't do it; the leaf is too sticky on the other side." How often, witnessing the failures of our good resolutions are we tempted to say like the little child, "I can't do it." The mistakes of the past which we would fain repair, the bad habits we would overcome, the evil companions we wish to avoid have so strong a hold on our lives that we can scarcely turn the leaf—"It's too sticky on the other side."

In the gloom of defeat we can see what we could not discern when our eyes were dazzled with the radiance of hope—we can see the difficulties which lie in our path—difficulties which can only be overcome by our mightiest efforts guided by a "heart within and God o'er head." But if we will put forth the necessary effort the result will more than repay the cost, and we shall rise to a higher level and a nobler life.

"Standing on what too long we bore,
With shoulders bent and down cast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before
A path to higher destinies.

"Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on the wrecks, at last,
To something nobler we attain."

D. T. WRIGHT.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The first bible class meeting since the holidays was held Thursday, January 10th. The attendance was quite gratifying and the meeting was, as usual, full of interest. During the week the books for systematic study in bible work were received and were distributed to those present. These will enable the work to be carried on in a more systematic and profitable way than was before possible.

Reports were last week forwarded to Mr. Anderson of the International committee of the Y. M. C. A., upon receipt of which our organization will be admitted into American Student Movement; and a record of our admission will appear in the year book soon to be published.

Our first copy of the *Inter-Collegian*, the publication devoted to the Y. M. C. A., interests in this country has been received and is now in the library. It contains a brief notice of the organization of our local association.

THE LADY WITH THE CROSS.

The young woman was not tall, very slender; with dark enigmatical eyes, in the depths of which, changing lights mirrored successively an inward ecstasy, a passionate longing, and some nameless grief.

She was clad in black, although the fabric was rich, the dress was exceedingly plain, and its wearer had a single jewel on her person, this was a small golden cross with diamond settings and it rested on her breast.

The afternoon was far advanced, when the maid neared the little secluded chapel toward which her feet were directed; the voices of nature were singularly still, and even the rude wind touched vine and leaflet with soft tremulous breath; as though fearful of doing them some violence.

No human being was visible to the young girl, but raising her eyes, she beheld two wild doves cooing above the western window of the chapel, and a tender smile lit her face as she entered the house of worship. Inside the church, she stood with bowed head in silence a moment, and then perceived that the room was occupied, and a friend advanced toward her with this greeting: "So you have come Eldris, to fulfill your fanatical purpose; time for reflecting has made you the wiser, books that I have placed in your hands to convince you how erroneous and impractical your views, have been dissected, rejected here, and adopted there, to meet your own perverse will; and I whom I know you love, for whom you once endangered health and life itself, I, who have no memory of ever pleading before have plead with you Eldris, as for the happiness and welfare of the only human being I ever really loved; but I had as well spoken to the wind."

"Oh my Bertha, sweetest, dearest friend," exclaimed the one addressed, clasping the slender hands of her companion in her own smaller and darker ones; "do not reproach me tonight. I asked you here, as the nearest of all to my heart, that you might bless me and wish me God-speed in my undertaking. I was taken a helpless and wretched wanderer into your beautiful home; you shared with me even your name, and lavished upon me all a sister's love. It has ever been your fondest desire to make me forget my dependence, and to enjoy all the privileges of wealth. In return, Bertha, I have loved you; and if I have ever given any mark of my affection, ever suffered or risked aught for your sake, only remember that 'twas nothing to what always lies in my heart to do for you. But, Bertha, you took an alien bird to your nest, and no luxury, not even your dear love, could ever make me forget the source from whence I sprung; and an irresistible force is drawing me back to the place I was born, without a home, perhaps without a name. The other evening you know, we received the gay crowd in the house on the hill; the rooms were filled with rosy light and sweet sounds, while the fragrance of rare flowers beguiled the senses, and a rich feast was spread before our guests. I looked upon you darling, as you sat opposite me in all your fair beauty, and with your white robes and gold-crowned head, you seemed to me one a king might covet for his bride. But just then I caught a sobbing voice in the music, and a vision came before my eyes; I saw a child alone in the night—a child with bare feet, treading the snow; I beheld her small bony hands clasped in despair, and her eyes raised pleadingly to the stars, a cold bitter blast of wind caught the ragged mantle and lashed the slight shivering body. Presently it seemed, the child looked on the light and warmth of our home, and I heard her whisper, 'no one cares, not even she, Oh God, and she knows what it means.' Do not blame me Bertha, oh you cannot. I took pity on my poor little one-time self. You belong to me by

the right of adoption, by the strongest ties of affection and gratitude, but the outcast belongs to me by a mightier tie even than that—the tie of blood and birth. Nature has imposed upon me these primary claims that I can never put away."

"Eldris, you are illogical; some strange circumstances threw you among outcasts, I grant that, but an outcast by birth, I'm sure you never were. What have you to do with idlers, beggars, paupers and criminals, by birth? You, with your rare gifted nature, and high sense of duty? I am proud, but you are prouder; I have crimsoned with shame and anger at shafts directed toward you, to which you were grandly indifferent, conscious of an inborn nobility, you were too proud to care from whence you came. Do not think, Eldris, that amid the outcasts for whom you propose to sacrifice all your fair prospects and devote your life, that you will ever find a counterpart of your 'one-time self.' You were taken to my home because there was something in you, which made my aunt understand that you belonged by nature to better surroundings, and there was a poet-soul looking out of your eyes. You were always a strange child, I could never quite understand you, perhaps that was why I loved you so well; and when you stood apart from the crowd and your eyes grew deep and shining, I knew that you were thinking of the past, and soaring on mystic heights unknown to me. Instead of turning with disgust, from all thoughts connected with the loathsome and sordid surroundings of your sad childhood, you withdrew yourself from festivities, and studied medicine, as few ambitious men have studied that you might go back and serve the wretched mass of people among whom your lot was once cast. It was all poetic, it was brave, but what a mistake! You will go to those you call your own, and they will receive you not; that is, in the spirit in which you go unto them; you will take your beautiful pearls and cast them before swine and how I shall miss and grieve for you—oh Eldris, have some pity on your own sweet self and me."

"Bertha you have many friends and new ties will steal away the greater part of your loneliness; as for myself, I have chosen the path that to me is the most attractive the world offers. Never having had any experience, my friend, you needs must look at some things with the eyes of the world; because I have been your play-fellow, and you have learned to love me, you imagine that there is something in my nature utterly alien to, and above, the mass of people from which I came; but listen, Bertha, if my parents were paupers or outcasts and were compelled to desert me, I am duty bound to serve the helpless class to which they belonged; if, what is harder to think, both or either of them were powerful or great, and forsook their own flesh and blood, I will seek to make their crime less by coupling faithfulness with faith. In either case, I was born an outcast, and to outcasts will I go. The world sees in the helpless and unfortunate, a mass of creatures insensible to their wretchedness; incapable of development, and entirely responsible for their position; yet statistics show, that even in the worst slums, only 17 per cent. are found to be unworthy of help. There are some things, Bertha, that one cannot know without feeling—such as I can understand, and we must go to our own. Let me say a word in prayer, and when I have finished, dear, raise your hands above my head in blessing."

"I will," answered the fair woman, while the proud lips quivered; "I will do this thing you ask me, Eldris, tho' it break my heart." Then a sweet earnest voice breathed these words in prayer, "Oh Heavenly Father whose wisdom is all in all Thou knowest all mysteries, and in what way this life I call mine, came from Thee to me; I have

heard Thy voice calling me to the work I undertake. Oh Father, fit me for it. Teach me to be a friend to the friendless. There may be great vices and weaknesses that are mine by inheritance; Holy Spirit, be stronger within me than they guide my feet, and cause Thy light to shine upon me. Amen."

(To be Continued.)

Society Notes.

DEBATING TEAM SELECTED.

On Thursday evening Dec. 20, 1900 a debate was held to decide who should be selected to compose the University Debating team. As the weather was very disagreeable but few were present and some of the contestants failed to appear. The subject of the debate was: "Resolved, That the Chinese Empire should be partitioned among the nations of the world." The contestants were selected for places according to their merits as debaters. Those selected were as follows: Elmer F. Woodman first, Miss Estella Bovee second, Guy Sheridan third. William Cochran alternate. To the judges: Mr. Mulrooney, Judge Webster and Miss Hord the literary societies desire to extend thanks, for the cordial way in which their services were rendered.

This debating team is now awaiting the result of a challenge sent to the State Agricultural College at Bozeman. If a debate is secured with the Agricultural College it will probably be held in Missoula sometime in February. The Montana Wesleyan University at Helena accepted a challenge from the Hawthorne and Clarkia Literary societies of the University, but would not accept some of the rules suggested by the latter, so a debate with that school will not be held.

HAWTHORNE ANNUAL.

The annual entertainment of the Hawthorne Literary Society will be held in the University hall on Friday evening, February 15, 1901, at 8:30. This is an entertainment given to the public and all persons are cordially invited to attend.

The following programme will be rendered:

President's Address.....Ben Stewart
 Declamation.....Elmer F. Woodman
 Essay.....Arthur Westby
 Oration.....Guy Sheridan
 Declamation.....Martin Tucker

DEBATE.

Resolved: That a Literary Society is of more Benefit to a College Student than the study of Mathematics.

Affirmative—Chas. Savage; Negative—Hugh Galusha.
 Original Story.....W. Cochran

Music will be rendered by: Messrs. Will Beck, Elmer Woodman, Leslie E. Wood, George Greenwood and Olaf Bye.

CLARKIA ANNUAL.

The annual entertainment of the Clarkia Literary Society will be held in the Assembly Hall on Thursday evening, February 14th, at 8:30 o'clock.

These annual entertainments are for the purpose of showing the interested friends of the University and the literary societies what the students have accomplished in this line during the year. It is always a gratification to

the members of the society to have a large attendance at the annuals, and they feel that the pleasure is not always wholly confined to the performers.

The programme of the Clarkia this year promises to be a particularly interesting one, and the entertainment has been christened, "An Evening With Dickens," in accord with the character of the programme which follows:

Invocation.....Rev. Hays
 Music.....
 President's Address.....Kathryne Wilson
 Dicken's Place in Literature.....Sue Lewis
 Recitation.....Mabel Jones
 Sketch of the Best Known Characters of Dickens.....
Nell Lewis
 Monologue from Dickens.....Margaret Ronan
 Dickens as a Character Artist.....Estella Bovee
 Music.....

DEBATE.

Resolved: That the Characters of Dickens are Overdrawn.

Affirmative—Florence Wood, Katherine Ronan; Negative—Edith Watson, Bertha Simpson.

Music.....
 Benediction.....Rev. Barnes

A PERFUME.

He paused at the gateway of his old home. A wanderer in the far distant countries, he had returned to his native land, and now stood at the rustic gate of the home of his childhood days.

The sun was just sinking, and the long rays touched with gold the tops of the rugged hills which surrounded him, and made a pretty frame for the "lowly thatched cottage" of his old parents, so artistically surrounded by beautiful pig pens and stables.

A warm zephyr, laden with the odors—sweet and damp—of nature, bore to him a perfume, bewitching, dreamy, and intoxicating.

He started, his broad nostrils dilating at the unexpected odor, and then his face grew ashen under its tan.

It was gone! As quickly as it had come, it vanished, losing itself in the balmy air of the summer evening.

A young and beautiful swine of a snowy complexion squealed gently not far distant.

The leaves sighed mournfully, and again a light breeze stirred, and again, now more strongly than before, the perfume permeated the air.

The strong man, browned by the heat of tropical suns, and hardened by the blasts of frigid winter, leaned heavily on the gate post and sobbed.

The perfume! 'Twas that delicate and penetrating perfume which had always clung tenaciously to the faded gowns of the fair haired, weak-eyed young wife—the idol of his soul—who had died in the days of her youth.

'Twas that which had first greeted him on his returning home from a hard day's work, which had gladdened his senses and filled his hungry soul with delight.

Now it lingred lovingly about him, like a fair shade of departed spirit. It crept into his very blood and diffused itself throughout his frame; it mingled with his thoughts, until everything was in a mad whirl. It deluged his whole being as it were, with the force of its bitter-sweet memories, those memories which he had sought to obliterate in extensive travelling.

He passed his hand wearily across his brow, as if to drive away the distressing thoughts—when—

"Ach shure! Bedad it's Pat himself! Shure an its a kiss I'll be havin' from yez, me son!"

His reverie was disturbed, and he roused himself, shaking off those memories of the past which had enveloped him like a shroud.

Throwing his arm about the neck of his sweet, tousle-headed, bare-footed mother, he entered the hut, and was greeted by the melodious notes of a goat.

And now borne on the evening breeze, comes more strongly than before—from the open door of the cottage—that perfume the bewildering, clinging, and delicious perfume—of fried onions. NELL LEWIS.

Locals.

Remember the Local Box.

The skating rink—oh, where is it.

Remember the local box in the library.

Miss Caroline Conkrite, returned from Butte for the holidays.

Miss Bellew spent a few days in Butte during the Holidays.

Wanted—A can of oysters to make soup. Bring to Biological Lab.

Miss Knowles spent the holidays in Butte with her sister, Mrs. Blair.

Miss Evelyn Polleys and brother entertained their friends at a New Year's party.

In French I the following translation was made, of embrassez, vous, et ne recommencez plus: Kiss yourselves and commence again.

Why did Elmer Woodman look "surprised" on a recent Sunday at the evening service?

A course in Literary Economy will be given by Mr. Davies during the next semester.

May the blessings of the twentieth century alight upon you, maidens and youths of the U. of M.

Prof. Aber was also a Butte visitor during the holidays, and while there was the guest of Mr. Davies.

Miss Annabel Ross recently entertained her friends at a card party. Miss Margaret Ronan won the head prize.

Rev. Barnes, pastor of the Congregationat church, addressed the students very pleasingly at chapel on Jan. 16.

The Whist Club met twice during the holidays, with Miss Mills and Mr. Lynd Catlin and with Miss Reinhard and Mr. William Murphy.

Mrs. Corbin, Mrs. Merrilles, Mrs. Skillman and Mrs. Fickelburg visited the 'Varsity recently and were shown through the buildings.

How much time does it take to run around the grass plot or "circum?" Jeanette Rankin and Ben Stewart have tried it and ought to know.

The south part of the river has been a most popular resort since it froze over, and the "whirr" of the skaters is audible for some distance.

Several new cases were placed in the library during the holidays, and will soon be filled with books which have heretofore been stored in the basement.

Anyone desiring to have thrilling adventures need only to consult Miss Katherine Ronan, who spent the holidays in Butte, and he or she will receive his or her fill.

Lost—On Lolo road, an overturned sleigh containing a bundle of slabs and a sack of sawdust labled "R.," billed for Grant Creek. Finder please return to Missoula.

The Whist Club was entertained by Miss Rankin and Mr. Wilbur Catlin, Friday evening, Jan. 18th. Miss Bellew and Mr. Worden won the head prizes, Mr. Lynde Catlin and Miss Mills carrying off the consolation prizes.

The Athletic Association will give a ball in Elk's Hall, Friday evening, February 8th. The proceeds will be used to defray the hospital expenses of the football boys who were injured last fall. An urgent invitation is issued to all the friends of the University.

Miss Reilly has relinquished the arduous task of keeping the "lunchers" accounts, and Grant McGregor was chosen for the enviable office. By his pale face and worried expression, we know that he realizes the honor conferred upon him, and feels the responsibility.

While the sleighing lasted there were numerous parties, one of which proved rather disastrous for one young lady. Being tired of sleighing, the aforesaid stood up in the sleigh, but not for long. She was hurled forward suddenly, striking her nose violently against the head of a masculine companion, which resulted in a fracture of her "\$50,000 jewel."

Gymnasium work three times a week with the credit of an hour, provided there will be no more than three absences between Jan. 15th and May 1st, has been started. This work is wholly voluntary on the part of the students, yet a goodly number have signified their desire of developing muscles as well as brain cells. Prof. Harkins has charge of the young ladies and Prof. Rowe that of the young men.

"What's the matter with the KAIMIN anyway?" "I suppose the next issue will be the commencement number, won't it?" Such epithets are constantly thrown up at the editor. Verily, verily, I say unto you all concerned, the way of the editor is straight and narrow; and the way of the non-contributor is broad and wide. Then harken unto our cry. Contribute and hand the work in before the middle of the month after the issue is to be out.

The "Lunch Counter" in the Biological Lab. has developed into a real business proposition and meal tickets are procurable. We will expect to see in the future years of 'Varsity history, a sign placed in a conspicuous place in the assembly room, "where all who run may read" some such information as this: for a good square meal go to the Experiment room. We are doing business at the old stand. Frogs' legs on toast, fried angle worms, jelly fish with cream, sea urchins, a la brine, and mud turtle soup.

Exchanges.

AN EXERCISE IN POETRY.

I sit me down upon me thumb,
I take my pen in hand,
The little thinklets would not come,
What shall I write that's Grand?

I see a house, I see a tree,
I see a sidewalk, too,
A dog is barking merrily,
Upon the grass so blue.

The sky is gray, the grass is green,
The rain is pouring down,
And huge mud-puddles may be seen
On every street in town.

I rise up from my lonely seat,
I put my pen away,
I hope I may never repeat
What I have done today.

—Ex.

The University Argonaut, of Moscow, Idaho, contains a computation showing that the University of Idaho football team holds the present championship of the states of Idaho and Washington, of which fact they are justly proud. Next season our team should be in the lists as a competitor with the teams of these surrounding states. We're "old enough and big enough" to organize a team which would do honor to the Silver, Copper and Gold in match games with any of the college teams from neighboring states.

Do you hear the ocean moaning
Ever moaning sad and low?
'Tis because that fat old bather
Stepped upon its undertow.

—Ex.

The University of Oregon Monthly has for its frontispiece in its December issue a most excellent likeness of the late Henry Hilyard Villard. Its editorial department also pays a rich tribute to the dead financier and philanthropist.

Plant patience in the garden of thy soul.
The roots are bitter, but the fruits are sweet,
And when at last it stands, a tree complete
Beneath its tender shade, the burning heat
And burden of the day shall lose control,
Plant patience in the garden of thy soul.

—Exchange.

In connection with the announcement of the election of officers for the local oratorical association the Bozeman Chronicle states that the state contest will be held on the first Friday in March. We should like to call attention to the fact that this is an error, as the first Friday in May is the date of the occurrence of this event.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us."
But how much better if by spells
Ithers could see us as we see oursel's.

The last issue of Silver and Gold is unique, in that the entire number is devoted to football. Two cuts, one of the

'Varsity squad and one of the Sophomore team, occupy prominent places in the paper. The poem on the first page entitled "A Dedication" is an exceptionally good production. The remainder of the paper is taken up by an extended resume of Colorado's football season.

The wind bloweth,
The water floweth,
The subscriber oweth,
And the Lord knoweth
We are in need of our dues.

Baker Orange.

"By chimney," the smoke did say,
As the draft flew up the flue,
"I get a new soot every day,
A mixture of black and blew."

—Ex.

THE CRACK'S COMPLAINT.

Nothing to do but race;
Nothing to eat but food;
Nothing to wear but clothes;
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air;
Quick as a flash it's gone;
Nowhere to fall but off;
Nowhere to ride but on.

Nothing to comb but hair;
Nowhere to sleep but in bed;
Nothing to weep but tears;
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs;
Ah, well ; alas! alack!
Nowhere to ride but out;
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights;
Nothing to quench but thirst;
Nothing to have but what we've got;
Thus through life we accursed.

Nothing to strike but gain;
Every wheel moves that goes;
Nothing at all but common sense
Can withstand the racer's woes.

—Ex.

As the maid so nice,
With steps precise,
Tripped o'er the ice,
She slipped, her care in vain
And at her fall,
With usual gail,
The school boys call,
"Third down; two feet to gain."—Cynic.

For joy he scarce could speak—
He murmured, Mother listen to
Our William talking Greek."—Ex.

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