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The Kaimin, February 1902

Students of the University of Montana

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It was on account of lines such as these that he received the name of "The Children's Poet." Lines full of love and sympathy for child life, and of the kind of love and sympathy that comes from one who is a child at heart. He was claimed by the children from the very first for

children are quick to recognize a kindred spirit. And who is this children's poet? What need to tell that this tender and loving man was Eugene Field?

Eugene Field was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on the third day of September, eighteen hundred and fifty. He was of New England stock, for his father and mother were both born and reared in Vermont. His father was a very scholarly man. He was an attorney and was the lawyer employed in the Dred Scott case in which the Supreme court gave the famous Dred Scott decision.

His mother died in eighteen fifty-seven, when Field was only seven years of age. He then together with his brother went to live with his aunt, Mary Field French, who resided at Amherst, Massachusetts.

When he was nine years of age he went for a seven months' visit to his grandmother, who was still living at the homestead in Vermont. He is said to have enjoyed his visit there very much. It was in the country and Field had a love for going about and observing nature on the farm.

His grandmother was a very religious woman and insisted that he make a study of the Bible, and that he should learn large portions of it by heart. Field, like all boys, disliked the work. He much preferred running around the farm to sitting still and studying, but his grandmother was firm. However, he said when he was older that his knowledge of the Bible was invaluable to him. His grandmother also, in order to make him more zealous, gave him ten cents apiece for every sermon he wrote. Of course he earned a great many ten cent pieces but very little can be said as to the merit of the productions. The money for these sermons was the first pay he received for literary work.

Field lived with his aunt at Amherst, until he was nineteen years of age. During this time his education was by no means neglected. He attended school at that place, and he was taught a great deal by his father. The latter took great pains to perfect his son in the classics, for he was desirous of having Field as learned as himself. He also insisted that all correspondence between them should be carried on in latin.

Between eighteen sixty-eight and eighteen seventy-one, Field attended successively Williams College and Knox College at Galesburg, Illinois, and Missouri State University at Columbia. His college career was not very satisfactory or successful, because he was too fond of "jess-foolin'" as he expressed it.

His father died in eighteen sixty-nine, when Field was nineteen years of age. However, Field was not thrown upon his own resources immediately after his father's death for his share of the estate amounted to sixty thousand dollars. He came into possession of this two years afterward upon attaining his majority.

What he did with his fortune is typical of his generosity. He had always desired to go to Europe and this seemed a favorable opportunity, so he took an intimate friend of his, who was a brother of the lady he afterwards married, and went to Europe.

He told of the trip in these words: "I spent six months and my patrimony in France, Italy, Ireland and England. I just threw the money around. Just think of it, a boy of twenty one, without father or mother and with sixty thousand dollars! It was a lovely experience. I had money. I paid it out for experience—it was plenty. Experience was lying around loose." He paid money out

for "experience" all of his life, it would always go on the impulse of the moment.

Upon his return he was obliged to go to work. He went into journalism immediately and he began as a reporter on the St. Louis "Journal." Afterwards he was successively city editor of the St. Joseph "Gazette;" editor on the St. Louis "Journal" and St. Louis "Times-Journal," and managing editor of the Kansas City "Times" and the Denver "Tribune."

In eighteen eighty-three he accepted the position which has made him one of the best known men of the day. He took charge of the column called "sharps and flats," in the Chicago Daily "News," known now as the Chicago "Record." He kept this position until his death, always doing it full justice, and yet always finding time for outside work. It was in addition to this newspaper work that he wrote his famous child poems.

His attachment for children was always made apparent in whatever position he was placed. A story is told of how he once obtained an increase of salary while he was working on the Chicago "News." He tried day after day to make up his mind to ask for a higher salary but his courage had always failed him and time went on without his having made his wish known. At last one morning there stood before the editor a starved, shabby looking man with four of the most wretched looking children. The appearance of all was that of people in the most deplorable straits. It was some moments before it dawned upon the astonished editor that this man was Field. Then the children stretched out pleading hands and looked at the editor appealingly and Field said with a beggar's whine, "Please, sir, won't you raise my salary?" Needless to say his request was promptly granted.

Field married Miss Julia S. Comstock in eighteen seventy-three, a sister as has been said before, of one of his most intimate friends. His married life was a very happy one. His wife was perfection in his eyes and he was never happy away from her. After his death these lines were found pinned under her picture in one of her scrap books:

"You are as fair and sweet and tender
Dear brown eyed little sweet heart mine!
As when a callow lad and slender,
I asked to be your Valentine."

She often read with him and helped him with his work.

He was devoted to his five children and had odd pet names for all of them. The names were: "Trotty," "Pinney," "Daisy," "Posey," and "Googhy." His eldest, a girl, he called "Trotty," and when she was a lovely young lady of nineteen, she was still called by that name, and she probably always will be. At her christening his wife and he had an argument as to what they should name her. Mrs. Field wished to call her Frances, but he objected to that because he said it would be shortened to "Frankie," which he disliked very much. At last he said, "Well, name her what you please, I shall call her Trotty." The youngest, called "Posey," was the cause of several of his poems.

During the latter part of his life, he lived in a beautiful home of his own at Burnside Park in Chicago. He had his own room which he called his "den," fixed up according to his peculiar taste, and it was a very queer but at the same time a very attractive room. We may be sure that it was a rendezvous for a great many children, children of outsiders as well as his own.

Field's death occurred November fourth, eighteen ninety-five, when he was but forty-six years of age. His illness was not believed to be serious but one night he died while sleeping. It was such a death as he had always desired. He was always the same cheerful man until he died. Those who knew him least as well as his intimate friends were heart broken at his death, so dearly was he loved.

Field was not a handsome man. He was tall and rather gaunt looking. His face was a plain one but full of character with its square chin and kindly, winning eyes. He did not care much about his personal appearance and was careless of his clothes. This fact is illustrated by a little anecdote of his wedding day. He was to be married at the church and everything was in readiness. The bridal party arrived but there was no groom awaiting them there. After a wait of a few minutes and he had not arrived, one of his friends went in search of him. They found him a few blocks away on his hands and knees in the mud trying to settle a quarrel between some little street urchins. He was utterly oblivious of every thing but that quarrel and it was not until his friend spoke to him that he remembered that he had a bride waiting for him and that his clothes were covered with mud. However, people knew his peculiarities and he was easily forgiven.

He was of a very lovable disposition, this poet of the children, all child lovers are. And his love for children was so great and so marked that when one thinks of him, the thought of his children friends comes almost at the same time. Of all the visitors he had the most appreciative were children. They loved to hear him tell his droll stories, and recite his poems and lullabys, for he never tired of doing this for them.

Several stories are told of his kindness to certain little tots. On one occasion he received a letter written in a scrawling, painful handwriting from a little girl, telling him how she had read all of his poems and stories and of how she hoped he would write many more. Although he received many such letters from young admirers. He sat down immediately and wrote to her. He told her of his surroundings, of the birds and flowers and trees in his own charming manner. And he closed it with, "And now I must go out and kill a buffalo for breakfast."

Another story is of how a father brought his baby to look at Field for he wished him to be able to say when he grew older that he had seen 'Gene Field. But Field, much to the surprise and delight of the parent, took the child and played with him for over an hour.

And still another anecdote is told by one of his most intimate friends, Dr. Gunsaulus of Chicago. It was the first time that Field had visited at his home and his children had all been told of what a wonderful person Field was. At his arrival they all rushed in to pay him homage. He had probably already dined as it was early in the evening, but he immediately asked them for something to eat. They were delighted at doing him a service and so bore him off to the kitchen. There he was afterward found with a large turkey bone in one hand and literally surrounded by children. He was telling them stories and singing to them. Needless to say the children had given him their whole hearts when he left. And so it was with all children with whom he came in contact.

His "den" was very illustrative of the character of the man. He sat in the arm chair once used by Jefferson Davis; upon the table was an ink stand used by Napoleon.

And near by was a pair of scissors belonging to Charles A. Dana, and Gladstone's famous axe, which had been presented to Field by Gladstone himself. Mechanical toys, dolls, strange pewter dishes, old china, bottles of various shapes and sizes, and small images were strewn about the room in seemingly hopeless confusion. But every thing was known to him and all had their history. During the latter part of his life he did most of his work in this room and rarely went to the newspaper office, where he was employed. He spent hours at a time reading and writing here, with the children running in and out, and shouting and playing outside.

(To be Continued.)

THE CHARACTERISTIC OF KEAT'S POETRY.

MIRIAM HATHEWAY.

It is a bold enterprise for even a skilled person, in an analytical frame of mind, to approach the work of a poet, and in a cold-blooded fashion, dissect it into parts, examine minutely each dissected part, inquire the why and the wherefore,—all this done in search of that palpable but elusive charm which has made the poem what it is.

How few come forth from this undertaking covered with glory; how many come forth appalled by the revelation of their own unworthiness and inefficiency to perform such a task.

"Do all charms fly at the mere touch of cold philosophy?" sings the poet, a rather discouraging remark to be recalled by an amateur critic. "However," thinks the amateur, "I am such a haggler at this kind of work, that what I will say will not have much weight whatever—either to dispel charms—or increase the potency of their mystic influence."

A poor critic, unlike a poor jeweler, cannot destroy the jewel upon which his attention and work are concentrated. He makes no impression on it and the remembrance of his effort perishes simultaneously with the ceasing of the effort.

In speaking of the characteristics of a poem—one, whether wittingly or not, speaks of the characteristics of the man behind the pen. You may say—perhaps you may have heard it said,—It is the style of versification, the meter, the use of words, the rhetorical figures, that give the distinctive quality to poetry—that give one assurance in saying, "This is Shelly," "this is Keats," "this is Byron."

I must contradict you and say, "It is not the versification, the meter, the choice and use of words, the rhetorical figures, that give the particular individuality to the work of a poet but it is the man behind, it is his temperament breathing forth in every line." Mere form can be copied and has been. You may say this poet has imitated that poet, but you know it is only an imitation of style for there is the radical difference in the tones of the poems.

Poets vary in the amount of themselves they imbue in their poetry, some merely infuse their personality, others their very life's blood, sacrificing themselves to their art, yielding up with each word a grain more of their vitality.

Keats was of the latter class. It is needless for this to be told to a sympathetic reader of his poems, for the throbbing, burning heart of genius is felt in every line.

Some have deplored the fact that he died young, prophesying the wonderful maturity of such genius. Had he lived is it possible he could have produced another poem equal to his "Ode to a Nightingale?" Could he have continued at that high water mark of literary attainment?

No, it is more than likely that his succeeding poems should have been placed in the list of mediocre.

It is not often in a lifetime that two works of such brilliancy are produced by one brain. Let us rather rejoice as well as wonder at the fact that the genius of the poet was sufficiently matured before his death to give to the world some of the most lovely English poems.

They are all English poems written by an English poet, for Keats is always distinctly English. In his later poems it is a virtue, in his earlier often a vice, in these he is sometimes betrayed into mere English cockney rhyme.

That Keats was over fond of elegant language we are told by many critics, but who could object to the rich, voluptuous wording used in the poem, "Ode to a Nightingale." So rich and voluptuous that even Shelly, that sweet singer, seems insipid and shrill in comparison.

"Oh for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cool'd for a long age in the deep delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance and Provencal song, and sunburnt mirth!
Oh for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen
And with thee fade away into the forest dim."

Every word a picture, a taste, a fragrance, teeming with sensuousness, languorous with sweetness, all senses appealed to until one is almost overcome by the voluptuousness.

It is true that he has carried his sensuousness to such an extreme that it has very often degenerated into sentimentality. For instance:—

"Her pearl round ears, white neck and orb'd brow;
The which were blended in, I know not how,
With such a paradise of lips and eyes,
Blush tinted cheeks, half smiles, and faintest sighs."

This is rank sentimentalism and, let it be said, work similar to it abounds in all his longer pieces.

I have now illustrated two classes of Keats' sensuousness, the heavy voluptuousness and the sentimental. There is yet another to be considered, the light natural, the result of a more healthy condition of mind. It mingles the most charming of natural pictures, in it we feel the soft freshness of the morning air, the tender green of dew-besprinkled foliage, the coolness of pure brooks shadowed from the sun and the soft loveliness of delicate flowers.

"I stood tiptoe upon the little hill,
The air was cooling and so very still,
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
Pill droopingly in slanting curves aside,
Their scanty-leaved, and thin-tapering stems,
Had not yet lost their starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new shorn,
And fresh from the clear brook: sweetly they swept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the caves,
Born of the very sighs that silence heaves;

For not the faintest moisture could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green."

While he is a poet of beauty, the beauty which he describes is material. He makes no pretense to the spiritual. His charming fancies are aerial and fairy-like but never do they enter into loftier regions—he is but a materialistic portrayer of the physical senses. His finest lyrics are but the beautiful expressions, beautifully expressed, of sensuous emotion. As an example of this take his "Ode to Melancholy." He revels in what he calls the wakeful anguish of the soul. Were we inclined to disbelieve that he was the hero of the pepper episode, we would find that anecdote corroborated in every line of the ode.

"But when the melancholy fit should fall
Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
And hides the green hill in the April shroud,
Then glut thy sorrows on a morning rose,
Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
Or on the wealth of globed peonies;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
Emprison her soft hand and let her rave,
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes."

Resulting from this absence of the truly spiritual, in no part of his poems, is the element magnificence found, a chief attribute of the spiritual. There are studies of exquisite beauty, tenderness, pathos, even of splendor, but of magnificence, never.

The rather insipid tenderness of his longer poems is due to this fact, they continue in the same strain of loveliness, with no culminating point of a grander tone. In *Eudymion*, for instance, Keats' striving after the magnificent has succeeded in but portraying scenes of fanciful beauty.

He himself acknowledges the failure of *Hyperion* as due to his inability of depicting grander emotions and passions involving magnificence. As he has left it to us, it is an interesting fragment and although a failure when compared with the more mature works of other poets, it is the proof of the powers of a mind, not yet fully ripened.

When he deals with subjects, whose handling requires but purely exquisite he is at his best, proving himself a master of the art, rising pre-eminent above his fellow poets. Living in a world of dreams and mystical ideals he has thrown over his works a charm, elusive but tangible and palpable.

How charmingly he has set those old Italian tales of Boccaccio in verse, losing not one iota of their former romance but gaining rather in purity and polite glamour. There is a mystical remoteness about those poems, a something which prevents an analysis of the pervading tone. In them he maintains the spirit of the renaissance subduing all modernism into perfect harmony with his subject.

Some of his most gorgeous pictures are found in "Lamia," splendid color studies imbued with romance.

How glowing those lines beginning:
"She was a gorgon shape of a dazzling hue."

And how pathetic these:
"Her head was serpent, but ah, bitter sweet!
She had a woman's mouth with all its pearls complete,
And for her eyes—what could such eyes do there
But weep, and weep, that they were born so fair."

We are as instruments under the poets skilled hand, answering to his lightest touch, attuned to respond to his every emotion. What he feels, we feel, our pity if solicited is given wrongfully or not. And is not this true genius? To convince through the might of one's own personality not through intellect.

He, above whose resting place, are inscribed the words: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water," remains in our memory not alone among the list of unnotables but as the Keats of our affections.

THE NEGRO QUESTION.

By the introduction of negroes into America, over one hundred years ago, the American people were confronted with one of the most gigantic problems of the ages, and one which remains unsolved, though many solutions have been offered. Where the Anglo-Saxon sets his foot, there he rules. Only with due regard to this fact can the race problem be solved. The white race is bound to rule whether the negro consents or not, and for this reason the white man should take a sensible and just view of the question, and unprejudiced by any politics or feeling, and with an unbiased mind, settle it to the satisfaction of his own conscience and then act accordingly. For only the simplest application of the principles of democracy and Christianity, can the solution be reached.

The negro belongs to an undeveloped and backward race, and as many centuries behind his Aryan competitor; but still he has shown himself to possess a good degree of intellectual ability. This statement is refuted by thousands of white people and even by a few blacks. But the denial does not alter the fact. The most intelligent men of our nation and those who have made wise and careful investigations assert this to be true.

Carlyle said "that one man should die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in the minute." Is the white race of America to fulfill this prediction of Carlyle by not allowing the negro equal rights with ourselves? No! a thousand times no! Let us recognize the manhood, and mental and physical capabilities of the negro, and give him our help, ourselves if need be, which should and must come from deep and heartfelt convictions. The negro is black and we are white; but he has a soul and a brain as well as we, and shall his color bar us from giving him an opportunity to rise?

Two hundred years ago, the negro was snatched from the lowest conditions of savagery and placed on a continent, side by side with a race that had been working out its destiny for ages; and we have expected the negro to do in two centuries what it has taken us over twenty to achieve. In the three wars that the United States has engaged in since 1861, the consideration of the darker races has been a dominant feature. This shows that Providence has a work for America to do in showing to the world what the black races are capable of.

It is a mistake that the negro is increasing at a faster rate than the white. And even if this were so, no one but the American white is deserving of the blame. Up to the present time there has been an unequal distribution of the colored race throughout the United States, but now it is spreading out more and more over the entire country.

The first step taken to solve the negro problem, was the enactment of the thirteenth amendment, which en-

franchised the slave. The second step was made in the fourteenth amendment which provided directly for his civil rights and indirectly for his political rights. The third step, and the last national one, gave the negro political rights and prohibited any state from denying him the electoral franchise. By this process the negro was made the ward of the nation. He and his interests were watched carefully and protected well. Special laws were enacted to guard his right to vote and have his vote counted. The Mongolian and the Indian were void of any such concern, in short, a degree of interest was shown the negro, greater than that of any other race. But thirty years have passed since the negro was made a freeman and a citizen. He is by no means a saint, nor is he the worst element of the nation.

It was believed that the negro armed with the ballot would be master of the situation, but the proposed and tried remedy has failed to work out the correct solution. The problem is one that concerns the adjustment of two races of widely divergent ethnic types. It is clear and right that the Anglo-Saxon and African will come together for business, but will return to their own races for social intercourse and religious worship.

Then the question which seems to block the way is, shall or shall not the right of suffrage be taken from the negro? It was given him long before he was ready or capable of using it, but now that he has it shall we take it from him? The English do not encounter the obstacle in governing their ignorant classes that we do. Under the consideration of this question, comes the discussion concerning suffrage. One class of people say suffrage is not a natural right but that it is only an artificial one. They claim it to be a means and not an end, and the conditions on which it should be granted, are wholly to be determined by consideration of the question. The opposed class defend suffrage as a natural right. They claim that every man of sound nature, mentally and morally, and of full age, has a right to an equal share with his fellow men in the government of the state of which he is a member. Suffrage to them signifies a means to an end, that end being a just government. But there should be a compromise in these beliefs. The suffrage of the negro must be based on the same principles as that of the white, and when once such an uniform custom or law shall be established, the whites must be forced to put a stop to their methods of fraud, force, bribery and fraudulent count. In only one location of the south is the negro in the large majority and consequently the whites need have no fear of negro domination. And this one locality is a position in which whites could not and would not live.

Many states in the south have passed constitutional amendments regarding the rights of their people to vote. But in all cases the change of law has been for the disfranchising of the negro, and this the whites do not deny. The amendment generally requires that every person presenting himself for registration shall be able to read and to write any section of the constitution in the English language. He is required likewise to pay his poll-tax as prescribed by the law. Then there is a provision which is called the "grandfather clause," which provides that the requirement as to reading and writing shall not apply to any male person who was entitled to vote on January 1, 1867, or at any time prior thereto. Nor shall it apply to the lineal descendants of any such person who shall have registered prior to December, 1908. This provision of

course excludes the illiterate negroes, while admitting to suffrage the illiterate whites. The ability of the person to read and write is passed upon by white men. There is another clause which provides for the person that can neither read nor write. That says if he is capable of understanding any portion of the constitution which may be read to him he is entitled to suffrage. These white judges of course, that are to judge a man's power of understanding, admit any and every white man to the polls, but turn the negro away, claiming him unable to understand. Limiting the right of suffrage will be a help in the right direction, providing the laws are carried out in an honest way and that it applies to the white and black alike. The grandfathers' and the great grandfathers' right to vote should not determine that right of the lineal descendants.

(To be Continued.)

MY TRIP TO HAWAII.

NELLIE KELLOGG.

We were to have left San Francisco early in the afternoon, but did not get away until evening as the steamer had to wait several hours for the English mail. So we retired almost as soon as the boat began to move and it was not until next day that we had a good look at our surroundings and began to get acquainted with our fellow passengers, who were of various nationalities and pursuits. There were two German students from Berlin, who had immense mustaches and great scars on their faces of which it was evident they were very proud. There was an opera troupe the members of which were very jolly. They were going to play in Australia and later in Honolulu. They were a lively crowd and furnished much entertainment in the line of music. But the most interesting passenger was a young native Hawaiian, who was in the employ of the government. He entertained the passengers with stories of his country and with native songs, sung to the accompaniment of a guitar which he played entirely by ear. He could not say enough in praise of his home and as we neared the islands he seemed very happy and repeated over and over that we would soon see the "Paradise of the Pacific."

Sea gulls followed the steamer nearly all the way from the Golden Gate, then suddenly left, having discovered some boat, away in the distance going toward the coast, in whose wake they would follow in returning. Once the sailors for sport baited a large hook with meat and with it caught one of the great birds, but they soon let it go as they consider it a bad omen for a sea-gull to die on board ship.

As the ship nears the tropics it is surrounded by flying-fish whose iridescent wing-like fins are brilliant in the sunshine. In the evening the water is dotted with phosphorescence, so that it looks like a reflection of the sky and stars above. In the tropics the stars seem much more numerous and bright, and the last two evenings the great Southern Cross was clearly visible on the horizon. The sun-rise and sun-set are especially beautiful in mid-ocean, such vivid and gorgeous colors being present as would appear altogether exaggerated in a printed picture even if it were possible for an artist to reproduce them. The most popular amusements on board were quilts and duck billiards, and when these failed to amuse

and one lacked for other entertainment he could always find a pleasant pastime in looking down from the prow of the boat at the water, where it was plowed upon great heaps of white and blue foam. The longer one looks at it the more fascinated he becomes.

When first told that land was sighted we strained our eyes in vain to see anything that looked like land, for at a distance the islands appear like white clouds low on the horizon. The first island we saw was Molokai, on which is situated the leper settlement and to which all lepers from the islands are sent for life, as soon as discovered by the authorities. In the entire settlement of several thousand souls there are only three people who are free from the disease, a priest, a doctor and a nurse, these having volunteered their services for life, as with the exception of the sanitary inspectors who visit the island once a year, no one ever leaves the place after once entering it. The lepers have their own city government, leper band, church and other institutions, and are said to live very happily as the disease causes very little or no suffering. We could also just distinguish Hawaii, the largest island of the group, and on which is the largest extinct volcano in the world.

The first sight of Oahu on which is Honolulu, the capital of the group, was an apparently bare, rocky, promontory called Diamond Head. It is an imposing sight, but one feels that he does not like to be put off on a "rock in the sea" as the island looks from the distance. But this view is deceiving, for the island is forty miles long and twenty-five wide, and the closer view is very different, showing luxuriant growths and wonderful verdure on all sides.

As we steamed slowly into the harbor of Honolulu late in the afternoon the steamer was surrounded by native boys, who dived for nickels thrown into the water by the passengers. A boy would disappear and then suddenly bob up in some other spot with the nickel between his teeth. He would always bring up the coin, even though it was thrown several yards away from him.

As we came up to the wharf we looked down from the deck on a crowd of two or three thousand people. There were Whites, Natives, Japs, Chinese, and Portuguese, people of all colors and sizes. The Hawaiians, both men and women, wore wreaths of flowers unknown to us, on their hats and around their necks. The men wore bright bandana handkerchiefs thrown loosely around their throats and knotted at one side. The women are decidedly inclined to obesity, which they think is a beauty. They wear holicus—full yoke gowns, like our 'Mother Hubbards'—and most of them go barefooted. The China men are all alike, very yellow, with almond shaped eyes and long pig-tails, and dressed in their native costumes. Nearly all the white people of Honolulu, men as well as women, dress entirely in white from hats to shoes, which gives them a clean, cool, appearance, contrasting with the dark races. When we left the boat and mingled with the crowd, we noticed everywhere piles of strange native fruits and wreaths of native flowers for sale.

But suddenly we became aware that it was dark as there is no dusk in Hawaii. The sun seems to sink or fall into the ocean almost in an instant. Our friends hurried us into a carriage and soon we reached the house. We retired early thinking we would get well rested by early morning, but instead we were pretty well tired out by morning from fighting mosquitoes, which as one

of our party expressed it, were 'nearly as big as sparrows and twice as saucy.' There are in Hawaii at least six kinds of mosquitoes, big ones, little ones, day mosquitoes, night mosquitoes, black ones, and striped ones, and they must have all taken a hand at mutilating us, for our faces and hands were so swollen and red in spots as to make us almost unrecognizable. The mosquitoes there attack the tender feet with a vengeance as their blood is richer—so the natives say, at least.

Nevertheless we did get up early in the morning and we felt that we were fully recompensed for the disagreeable things by the beauties around us. As we looked out of our windows, we found the brightest pictures of our imagination eclipsed by the scene before us. Looking over neatly laid out Chinese gardens across the road through a cocoanut grove, we could see the grand old ocean and hear the rumble of the distant surf dashing against the rocks.

When called to breakfast we found the dining room to be a part of the verandah enclosed in a wire screening. This out-door room is called the lanai and nearly every house has at least one lanai. From where I sat at the table I had a beautiful view of the mountains which are just back of Honolulu and which were flooded with different shades of green and purple and dotted with little cottages, only the roofs of which were visible through the trees. But to notice the dining-room itself. The outside wall was nothing but lattice-work covered with vines of honey-suckle. Japanese matting covered the floor as it does most of the rooms in the islands. Spiders nearly as large as the palm of one's hand were crawling around on the walls unmolested and outside were a number of little lizards. In fact they are everywhere in Hawaii and one can never know when a huge spider may crawl out of his shoe, a lizard tumble from his glove, or even a hideous many-legged centipede shake from his clothing.

The house unlike most of those in Honolulu was a two story building. In other ways it was a fair example of most of the houses here. It was large and airy, having wide halls from the front to the back door, and deep verandas extending around it on three sides. The windows which reached to the floor were always open and each served as a doorway.

The yard was large and from the gate to the house was a wide driveway, on each side of which was a row of royal and wine palms. The royal palm is said to be the most stately tree in the world. It lifts its slender stem, straight as an arrow and without a single branch or leaf to a great height and then puts forth a feathery crown of foliage and fruit. In the yard there were also two large umbrella shaped trees with fine fern-like leaves and bearing long black pods. In a neighboring yard was a tree, which we were told was the same (*Pontiana Regia*), but which looked entirely different. It had not a leaf on it and was so covered with bright red blossoms as to entirely hide the branches, so that it looked from the short distance even, like the great flower itself with the trunk of the tree for a stem.

There were pomegranate, mango, grape-fruit and alligator pear trees in the yard, all of which we inspected and sampled. Mangoes lay under the trees like apples in the states, and the people eat them at any time of day. However, to the taste or smell of the newcomer, they are repulsive, as they have a strong odor and taste of turpentine. They are very juicy, the pulp is stringy, and clings

to the stone. In Hawaii they are used for sauce and pie. After being cooked the turpentine taste disappears and they taste much like rhubarb.

There were also bananas and grapes growing in the yard so we could find plenty of fruit that we had already learned to like. All around the house and in corners of the yard were beautiful beds of ferns. The most interesting trees were the luhala trees, having short stubby branches and covered with fragrant yellow flowers, the magnolia tree bearing great white blossoms which are very sweet smelling also, and the banana trees or rather plants, some with their huge clusters of green fruit, and all with great long, smooth leaves, the edges of the older ones fringed by the wind.

The servants consisted of a Japanese cook, Fukamota; his wife Oshina, who did the housework; and a China boy, Bung Chong, who took care of the yard. The little Japanese in their kimonos, looked as if they had just stepped off a Japanese fan. They lived in a little cottage at the rear of the big house.

(To be Continued.)

Literary Societies

THE CLARKIA.

Owing to the short vacation between the first and second semesters, the Clarkia was not able to hold the regular meeting on February the fourth. A few special meetings, however, have compensated for the loss. Of late the sessions have been characterized by a great deal of business transaction, due partly to the preparation for the Clarkia Annual, occurring on February the fourteenth.

The society appreciates greatly the assistance given by Miss Kellogg in the preparation of their program. She amply supplies a long unfilled and "aching" void in the University. In fact, the amateur poet has shown our appreciation of her in this beautiful little idyll:

Before we had Ruth Kellogg here
We cared not much about her.
But now we have her, do you know
We couldn't do without her!"

Of late there has been noticed a tendency toward rivalry between the Clarkia and Hawthorne societies—not jealous rivalry, but that whole-hearted, unmalicious competition which makes things more lively and interesting. It is a very encouraging symptom, and we sincerely desire that the "ball be kept rolling." There was a time in the life of these societies when rivalry ran high, and it was at that time that everybody was aware of our existence. Let history repeat itself!

It is a deplorable truth that not for many meetings has the Clarkia received a visitor within her halls. This is rather discouraging to the members of the organization. We feel that, having risen from the dead ashes of a somewhat aimless existence, and leaped into an encouragingly bright and steadfast blaze, we are due a certain amount of attention and patronage which thus far, has been denied us. There is more encouragement and inspiration

in a visit from a friend than any one may believe possible. Any of our regular meetings are freely open to every one.

F. A. W.

THE HAWTHORNE ANNUAL.

A larger audience has scarcely ever been present at any student function given at the University than that which greeted the performers on the occasion of the Hawthorne Annual on February twenty-first. The evening was perfect as to weather, a fact which contributed largely no doubt to bringing out so many. Every seat in the gallery was occupied some time before the program was started and good seats were at a premium on the lower floor.

It can justly be said that the program was such as to warrant the large attendance and the hearty applause accorded each number was truly deserved.

It would scarcely be just to make particular mention of any special numbers on the program as all were equally well presented.

The program consisted of the following numbers:

Piano Solo—Polka de la Reine.... Geo. Greenwood.
Invocation.... Rev. Mr. Barnes.
President's Address.... Leslie Sheridan.
Recitation—"She Had Traveled".... John Jones.
Vocal Solo.... Miss Della Harding.
Essay—"Precious Jewels".... J. W. Streit.
Declamation—"Regulus to the Roman Senate"....
..... Fred Frazer.
Biographical Sketch—"William McKinley"....
..... Claude O. Marceyes.
Vocal Solo.... Mr. McAllister.
Oration—"The South African Republic."—Martin Tusker
Quarrel Scene from Julius Caesar:
Cassius.... Harold N. Blake.
Brutus.... George Barnes.
Benediction.... Rev. Barnes.

THE CLARKIA ANNUAL.

The Clarkia Annual, given in the University convocation hall on the evening of February 14, by the young ladies of the Clarkia Literary Society, was certainly in every way a pronounced success.

A large and interested audience was present to witness the excellent program which had been prepared by the society's members and all were thoroughly pleased with the manner in which the entertainment was carried out.

A novel and pleasing feature of the program was the play entitled "Place aux Dames," or "The Ladies Speak at Last." For this the rostrum had been prettily decorated and each of the young ladies who took the several parts was exquisitely gowned for the occasion. The play was in itself clever and was cleverly rendered.

The programme was as follows:

Vocal Solo, Memories—Miss Kellogg.
Invocation—Rev. Walter Hays.
President's Address—Katherine Ronan.
Violin Solo, "Song Without Words"—Thula Toole.
Recitation, "Gabriel Grub"—Katharin Haines.
Oration, "Uncrowned Queens"—Myrtle Weber.
Violin Solo, "Sing, Smile, Slumber"—Miss Herndon.
Recitation, "How the Church was built at Keho's Bar"—
Mabel Jones.

Essay, "Charlotte Bronte"—Helen LaCaff.

Piano Solo, "Pasquinade"—Harriet Rankin.

"Place aux Dames," or "The Ladies Speak at Last,"—
Juliet—Evelyn Polleys.

Ophelia—Margaret Ronan.

Lady Macbeth—Nell Lewis.

Portia—Florence Wood.

Benediction—Rev. Walter Hays.

Miscellaneous

THE OCTOROON.

Despite the threatening weather which prevailed on the evening of January twenty-third, the capacity of the Union Opera House was taxed to contain the audience which assembled to witness the production of the Octoroon by the University students.

If perchance any uneasiness existed before the curtain's rise, caused by a foreboding lest some one would "fall down" in his part—and such a feeling is very apt to be present among an audience in attendance upon an amateur performance—it was speedily dispelled. The ease and confidence with which each player assumed his part lent assurance that a well played performance was in store for those present.

Each act and scene was so rendered that no criticism save that which is favorable could be made upon it. Each and every participant had received such excellent training that all of the situations were carried out naturally and gracefully and the lines said without any suggestion of hesitation—a statement which can seldom be made concerning the work of amateur performers.

In comment upon the work of the individual players mention should first be made of the excellent depiction of the Indian character "Wahnotee," which part was taken by Mr. J. C. Blake, under whose direction the play was given. Though not the most conspicuous role in the play this was perhaps the most difficult and the way in which Mr. Blake acted it, revealed in him talent of a high order.

The difficult character, "The Octoroon," as assumed by Miss Kellogg, was perfectly played and elicited much applause.

George Barnes, as the hard-hearted overseer, McClosky, had every one in the audience down on him, a fact which demonstrated that he played his part exceedingly well.

Harold Blake by his clever work in the part of "Scudder," won the sympathy and applause of the audience.

The work of Miss Jimmie Mills in the part of "Dora Sunnyside," was such as to gain the admiration of everyone and has been the subject of much favorable comment.

The same may be said of the manner in which the characters of Mrs. Peyton and "Paul," assumed by Miss Mabel Jones and Miss Eloise Rigby, respectively, were played.

The tender role of young George Peyton, was essayed by Benj. Stewart and the very nature of the part was such as to immediately win favor with the audience.

A more perfect presentation of the part of the Elder

Sunnyside could scarcely be conceived than that given by Will Craig.

The negro parts were all well rendered. The principal one of these, Pete, taken by Gil Heyfron, served to display his talent in a new direction and was strongly presented.

Homer McDonald, as auctioneer, did excellently. Upon him rested the responsibility of properly carrying through the auction scene, the climax of the play, and this he did in a manner deserving of much credit.

The many minor, though necessary parts, were all well played.

The financial results of the play were very satisfactory, a sum in the neighborhood of one hundred dollars being netted.

Enough cannot be said in appreciation of the assistance rendered the students by Mr. Blake, in assuming charge of the production of the play. It was almost entirely to his generous work in training the students in their parts that the success of the play was due, and we are correspondingly indebted to him.

Locals

A number of frozen ears and one severely frozen cheek have been reported as a result of the recent cold snap.

The preparatory department has elected Gilbert Heyfron to fill the office of athletic director recently made vacant by the departure of George Farrell.

Among the new students who placed their names upon the register at the beginning of the second semester are Edwin Graver, Miss Maud Pulser and Miss Blanche Chadwick.

Dr. Craig delivered an address, during the meeting of the State Horticultural Society, upon Education and Horticulture, which was listened to with much interest by all present.

Some time since Miss Jimmie Mills made a visit to Hamilton and while there was the guest of Miss Bessie Totman. Her stay in the valley city was extremely brief but pleasant.

The last days of winter administered to the people of Missoula a little concentrated extract of winter, it being so cold that attendance at school was somewhat impaired for a few days.

One of the most interesting and instructive programs yet given at convocation was that furnished by Miss Knowles. The lecture which she gave was upon modern art and was accompanied by illustrative stereopticon views.

New apparatus continues to arrive for the use of various departments. A large shipment of glassware was recently received for use in the chemical laboratory, assorting and storing which has kept those employed in that department busy.

The following elective subjects were for the first time included in the curriculum at the beginning of the second semester: Experimental psychology, entomology, microscopy, advanced physiology, plane surveying and organic analysis.

On several occasions this year science hall has been shaken to its foundations as a result of explosions in the chemical laboratory. In a recent event of this kind Homer McDonald gave an exhibition that bore a vivid resemblance to the blowing up of the Maine.

During the cold days above mentioned the water supply of the University was seriously curtailed. At one time it was thought possible that it would be necessary to shut down the heating plant, but a timely increase in pressure prevented such a disagreeable necessity.

During the session of the Horticultural Society the University was honored by a visit from ex-Governor R. B. Smith, Mr. Black and Prof. Traphagen of Bozeman. Special convocation was held in honor of the visitors, at which Mr. Smith addressed the students.

At a convocation recently presided over by Prof. Hamilton a most interesting program was carried out. Music for the occasion was furnished by Misses Thula Toole and Sadie Beckwith and Mrs. Whitaker. Each number was exquisitely rendered and much enjoyed. Also a very pleasing recitation was given by Miss Kellogg.

Communication has been received from the Oratorical league of the colleges of North and South Dakota, notifying the local oratorical association that they may be admitted to the league if they so desire. The matter was brought before the local association for consideration and after some discussion action upon it was deferred.

The students were agreeably surprised by the unexpected visit of the Plains band which came somewhat in the nature of a serenade. The concert given by them in the chapel was an agreeable relaxation from studies and was eagerly listened to by all who were present. A pleasant feature of the occasion was the presence of Mr. Willis, the "father" of the band, and of Mr. Barnicoat, former leader of the University band.

We regret to have to chronicle the departure from the University one of its best known and its most popular students, George Farrell. Mr. Farrell was always a leading spirit in promoting any project which he thought would redound to the benefit of the University, and his presence will be sorely missed. Mr. Farrell has departed on an extended trip to the Pacific coast and will later visit Mexico and other southern points.

Arrangements are gradually being perfected for the debate which will occur some time in the latter part of April or early in May, between the University and the Washington Agricultural College. A preliminary contest for the selection of those who will represent the University will be held soon. The question which will be discussed in the final debate has not yet been chosen nor has the place of holding the debate been definitely decided, although it will likely occur at Missoula.

At a meeting of the Hawthorne Society, on Feb. 7, an interesting debate occurred. The question discussed was: Resolved that the Northern Securities Company is a proper and beneficial organization. The affirmative side was taken by Benjamin Stewart and Guy Sheridan, while the negative was handled by Leslie Wood and Elmer Woodman. The question was ably discussed and the result was a decision in favor of the negative side by a score of 515 to 539. The judges were Prof. Williams, George Barnes and Grant McGregor.

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In accordance with a proclamation issued by Governor Toole, January twenty-ninth was set aside as a memorial day out of respect for our late president. Appropriate exercises were conducted upon that date in the University chapel. Music suitable to the occasion was rendered by Mrs. Whitaker and Miss Hope Whitaker. Dr. Craig delivered an address reviewing the life and character of McKinley, which served well to increase in the minds of all the appreciation of the real worth of our late chief executive.

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At a recent meeting of the class of '02 occurred the election of the various dignitaries who should act as class poet, prophet, orator, artist, et cetera. After much discussion and parliamentary (?) procedure and as the dignified meeting was on the eve of adjournment a spirit of regret over the choices that had been made seized the fickle body and a motion to annul all the proceedings of the meeting met with hearty approval and was unanimously carried. The meeting was adjourned amid mingled feelings of joy, consternation, satisfaction and indecision. The minutes of the meeting which had been most carefully prepared by the class secretary at the expense of much labor, will be solemnly cremated upon a suitable occasion and their ashes, if there be any, carefully preserved.

Exchanges

The Harnessed Squash.

Mr. Hubbard, at Amherst College, tells about an experiment once made with a squash. Would it be irrelevant to wonder if it was a Hubbard squash? But really the results are of great interest. Mr. Hubbard says in Success:

While in Amherst College I was forcibly impressed with the truth that the world wants men who can carry heavy loads; who are able to develop necessary strength to support burdens as they are increased. No man knows his own hidden resources until the unexpected burdens are thrown upon him. An experiment was being tried at a neighboring agricultural college with a growing squash. A harness, or basket of strap-iron, was placed over the squash in such a manner that, in order to grow, it would be compelled to lift any weight that might be placed upon it. Harnessed in this manner, on August 21, the squash lifted 60 pounds; August 31, 500 pounds; September 11, 1,100; September 30, 2,015; October 18, 3,120; October 24, 4,120; October 31, 5,000 pounds. At this time, the squash had nearly reached its growth, and

it was impracticable to put off the old harness and put on a new one.

How forcibly this illustrates the power that is given to conquer difficulties! For shall not a man be better than a squash?

Overcome With Shame.

A young Irishman in want of a five pound note wrote to his uncle as follows:

"Dear Uncle: If you could see how I blush for shame you would pity me. Do you know why? Because I have to ask you for a few pounds, and do not know how to express myself. It is impossible for me to tell you. I prefer to die. I send you this by a messenger who will wait for an answer. Believe me, my dearest uncle, your most obedient and affectionate nephew."

P. S.—Overcome with shame for what I have written, I have been running after the messenger to take the letter from him, but I cannot catch him. Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him, or that my letter may get lost."

The uncle was naturally touched, but was equal to the emergency. He replied as follows:

"My Dear Jack: Console yourself and blush no longer. Providence has heard your prayers. The messenger lost your letter. Your affectionate uncle."—New York Herald.

Chemistry room.—

"When rain falls does it ever rise again?"

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"Why in dew time—"

"That will do. Be seated, Mr. Kerns."

"Speaking about the man who painted fruit so naturally that the birds came and picked at it," said our artist, "I drew a hen that was so true to life that after the editor threw it into the waste basket it laid there."

"How do you like keeping student boarders?" "It's real nice. They are so kind. Why, even when the muton was underdone the other day they cheered me! Their merry 'Raw, Raw, Raw!' was so helpful."—Selected.

The faculty of Illinois have voted to give their student debators credit of three hours per term for work done while on the contest.

Sure Cure.

If you have a headache stand on your head and you are bound to get over it.—Lampoon.

President Roosevelt has been invited to become an honorary president of the 1904 Olympian games to be held in Chicago.

Grover Cleveland was recently elected a member of the board of trustees of the Princeton University.

Why is chapel like an old cheese?

Because it has "skippers" in it.—The Oracle.

The University of Michigan now offers a course in ship building.