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### The Kaimin, November 1903

Students of the University of Montana

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# THE KAIMIN

## THE KAIMIN

Published Monthly during the University Year by the Students of the University of Montana.

Single copies ..... 15 cents

Editor-in-Chief.....George H. Greenwood, '04

Literary Editors..... } Fay Murray, . '05  
                                      } John Jones, . '06

Local and Exchange..... } Evelyn Polleys, '04  
                                      } Roxy Howell, '04

Athletics .....Walter Hammer, '04

Business Managers..... } Lawrence Goodbourn, '07  
                                      } Delbert Grush, . '06

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter at the Postoffice at Missoula, Montana.

MISSOULA, MONTANA, NOVEMBER, 1903.

## Editorials

In "Student Life," the paper published by the Agricultural College of Utah, in a list of "Don'ts for Freshmen," was found this paragraph: "Don't knock the football team. It is working harder than you have the nerve to." This paragraph may find an application here in our own University, and among those who are not Freshman. During the past month remarks have been made by some who felt that they were in a position to criticise, but who in reality knew nothing of what they were talking about, which have been very adverse to the football team. It has been said that their playing has been "rotten," that the work of some men has been poorer than their training justified, that favoritism has been shown, and that fair treatment has not been given. Let it be said in justice to some that these remarks have been made chiefly by those who have done nothing to advance the cause of the University in any way, and who, when called on to do any work, say "Oh, I have so much to do." They are all willing to tell you how things could be done, but do it—oh, no, they haven't time!

If you do not like the work of your own football team, then keep still about it. Don't explain to everyone how it could be improved, but remember that those men who go out and work every night are doing their best, and that that best is a great deal better than you could do. When the team loses, don't wonder what might have been if certain other men had played, but praise the plucky fight put up by the men who did play.

If a man plays on the team representing the University, it is proof that the coach considers that he is the best man to be found for his position, and the coach is the only man

who is in a position to know and judge. What can men, ignorant of football, who come out about once a week to watch practice, know about the work of each individual player? Very little, assuredly; and, knowing very little, let them say very little.

The coach is placed here by the state to obtain the best team possible from his material. It is his duty to show fair play to everyone. When he does not, the state will be heard from; until that time, it will do no harm for every one else to keep quiet.

The person who comes to school to criticise the professors and persons in charge and to work against them has no business here. The person who comes here to get as much as possible out of the University, and to give as little as possible to it, ought not to stay. We are told that here are splendid opportunities for helping ourselves, and for improving ourselves. Very true, but here also are splendid opportunities to help others, and to improve our school. It is our duty as students of a new University to establish once and for all, those principles of true college spirit without which no school can be successful.

The true college spirit is supremely unselfish. It prompts a student to do work, not for glory and honor, but in order that his school may derive some benefit from it. It inspires him to make sacrifices so that his college may be helped. It spurs him on to act in such a way that his University shall never be ashamed of him, but shall rather be proud to count him among her students. It incites him to play the man, to take whatever task may be assigned to him and discharge it to the very best of his ability, and not to grumble or make unnecessary excuses.

True college spirit is strenuous. It permits of no lagging or resting until the work of the present is done. It tolerates no laziness or lack of enthusiasm. It is not content with simply giving nine 'rahs for the team when it is ahead and then going home and forgetting duty in pleasure. It demands something more than mere words—than simple talk. It demands work—honest, faithful work—and until there is given this work, real college patriotism is lacking.

The true college spirit is optimistic. It does not praise the team in victory and blame it in defeat. It takes defeat hard, but it is always ready to come up smiling and try again. It backs its representatives for good or ill, and it never knows when it is beaten. It always sees a brighter future, and spends no time surveying the gloomy past. It does not waste time and breath in telling what might have happened, but rather it speaks of what will happen, and its confidence always brings good results.

Let us try, then, to inculcate into the minds of our students this true college spirit. Let each one find his work in the college life, and let him do it with a will. Let us hear no more grumbling and harsh and unjust criticism. Let us support our representatives in all departments with that earnestness and loyalty which knows no discouragement, and let our sentiments be summed up in this paraphrase of Decatur's famous toast: "Our University—may she ever win! But,



win or lose, our University!"

\* \* \*

The editors have seen fit to establish a new department in the Kaimin, that of Athletics, and Mr. Hammer has been elected editor of this branch of the paper. Mr. Hammer is in a position to fill the post well, and, without doubt, will prove that the choice was a wise one.

Owing to ill health Miss Florence Wood was compelled to resign from her position as literary editor, and Miss Fay Murray has been chosen to fill her place. Miss Murray's ability is known to most of the Kaimin's readers, and she will doubtless demonstrate that she is fully capable of filling her position with credit.

## Literary Department

### CARNIVOROUS PLANTS.

Moncure Cockrell.

Among the creations of nature in the plant world is one class which stands alone in its peculiarities and interesting structures. These are the carnivorous or insectivorous plants.

One of the most interesting of these is the *Drosera Rotundifolia* or common sun dew, a species of which is found in Montana.

This plant bears from two, three, six leaves, generally extended more or less horizontally, but sometimes standing vertically upwards. The whole upper surface is covered with gland bearing filaments, or tentacles, each surrounded by large drops of extremely viscid secretion, which glittering in the sun, have given rise to the plants poetical name of the sun dew. The glands have the power of absorption as well as secreting the viscid fluid.

The tentacles consist of a thin, straight, hair-like pedicel, carrying a gland on the summit. The pedicel is somewhat flattened, and is formed of several rows of elongated cells, filled with purple fluid or granular matter. Spiral vessels, accompanied by simple vascular tissue, branch off from the vascular bundles in the blade of the leaf, and run up all the tentacles into the glands. When a small organic or inorganic object is placed on the glands in the center of a leaf these transmit a motor impulse to the marginal tentacles. The nearer ones are affected first and slowly bend towards the center and then those farthest off, until all become closely inflected over the object. The difference in the time required for this depends on many circumstances; namely, on the size of the object and whether it contains soluble matter of the proper kind, and on the vigour and age of the leaf, and whether lately been in action, and on the temperature. A living insect has been found to be a more efficient object than a dead one, as in its struggles, it presses against the glands of many tentacles. The inflections take place indifferently in the light and darkness; and the plant is not subject to any nocturnal movements of so-called sleep. If the glands on the disc are repeatedly touched or brushed, although no object is left on them, the marginal tentacles curve inwards. So again, if drops of various fluids such as a solution of a salt of ammonia are placed on the central glands,

the same result quickly follows in less than half an hour. The tentacles are also sensitive to various stimulants, heat, galvanic action, etc. The blade of the leaf becomes much inflected at times as to form a cup enclosing any object placed within it. When a gland is secreted it sends stimulus down its own tentacle causing it to bend, but also influencing its neighbors. The tentacles re-expand after time and become dry as soon as they begin to secrete again they are ready to capture more food.

As this plant gains most of its nutriment in this way its roots are very poorly developed, and they often grow in places where hardly any plants but mosses exist.

An interesting process in this plant is the aggregation of the cell contents of the filament on irritation, this is cited by almost all the stimulants which induce movement but the process does not depend on the glands secreting more copiously than before; and is independent of the inflection of the tentacles. The process begins at the anterior portion of the filament on inflection, and continues down; as the tentacles straighten themselves the little masses of protoplasm begin to redissolve at the posterior end. This process is very comparable to the molecular change in nervous tissue as stimulus is carried by them. Darwin found that nitrogenous substances have a greater effect on the plants than non-nitrogenous substances, and it was shown by him that they detect almost unerringly the presence of nitrogen. Also through his experiments he showed the leaves were capable of true digestion, and that the glands absorb the digested matter. The sensitiveness of the leaves is seen when Darwin in his experiments caused them to act when 1-268,800 of a grain (N. H. 4) 2-CO-3 was put upon a single tentacle. A piece of thread weighing 1-8197 of a grain was sufficient to cause movement. Among many other species of *Drosera* examined by Darwin, all were adapted for catching insects in nearly the same manner. About the strangest species Darwin examined is the Venus Fly trap. This is only found in the eastern part of North Carolina, growing in damp situations. The roots are small, and serve, as in the case of the sun dew, solely for the absorption of water. A circle of more or less prostrate leaves surround the base of a flower stalk which bears numerous flowers at a height of from four to six inches from the ground. Each leaf is a fly trap. The broadly flattened or winged stalk is constricted to the middle at its junction with the bilobed blade, the halves of which are movable on one another along the middle, closing together with a snap, as a very tightly bound book will do. Around each margin are from 12 to twenty long teeth, and, when the leaf closes, those of one side interlock with those of the other side, thus forming a very perfect miniature fly trap. The center of each half leaf bears numerous rosy glands, and on each side there are 3 hair like filaments, which are described as spikes to impale the insect, but which are weak, and bend flat on a basal joint when the leaf closes. When a leaf has captured an insect and closed it acts as a temporary stomach and the insect is digested and absorbed, as far as possible, and then the leaf reopens, but remains for a time in a torpid state. Sometimes, however, if the insect caught happens to be a very large one, the leaf never opens again, its meal causing indigestion; and even in a state of nature the most voracious leaves are rarely able to digest more than twice or the most three times, during their life. (Geddes, page 3) Geddes says the attractive rosy patches on the leaf, the rapid closure of the blade on the mid rib, the interlocking of



eth around the margin, the specialised sensitiveness of the x jointed hairs, the copious secretion of the digestive glands, combine to make *Dionaea* a very efficient fly trap.

As in the sun dew, the digestive glands secrete a substance resembling gastric juice, in having marked antiseptic power. So abundant is the secretion that when Darwin made a small opening at the base of the leaf which had closed over a crushed fly, the secretion continued to run down the footstalk during the whole time—9 days—during which the plant survived. That absorption follows digestion was shown by the disappearance of the digestible substance, and Frausnitz was able by feeding leaves with albumen stained with a saline red to colour the contents and nuclei of the gland cells.

The three pairs of hairs are exquisitely sensitive to the contact of solid bodies, but are indifferent to wind and rain. The triangular area between the bases of the hairs are also somewhat sensitive. Inorganic or non-nitrogenous bodies placed on the leaves without touching the hairs do not excite any movement, but nitrogenous substances, if in the least degree damp, cause the lobes to close after several hours. As to the movement of the fly trap, Darwin detected a measurable contraction on alternation of form, and showed that the movement follows a stimulus passing through the cellular tissue from the sensitive hairs. Geddes says there are two kinds of movements, one rapid, which follows the irritation of the sensitive hairs; the other, slow excited chemically, as when the leaves gradually tighten their hold on a fly and bring the glands on both sides into contact with it. According to Sanderson, the property by virtue of which the excitable structures of the leaf respond to stimulation, is the same as that possessed by the similarly endowed structures of animals.

Among other insectivorous plants is the *Aldrovanda*, with a leaf somewhat similar to the Venus fly trap. This plant grows in clear, well sunned ponds, in South and Central Europe. *Aldrovanda* has a thin rootless floating stem, which bears wheels of modified leaves. It dies away at one end as it grows at the other, and in autumn is reduced to a tuft which sinks to the bottom of the pond during winter. The leaves are of about the same shape as those of the fly trap.

The surface bears numerous sensitive jointed hairs and hairless stalked glands, and the leaf closes on water fleas, larvae of insects, and even diatoms, very much after the fashion of *Dionea*. Darwin showed that the glands secrete some sticky substance, perhaps attractive to small animals.

Another plant is the *Drosophyllum lusitanicum*, which is found only in Portugal and Morocco, growing in dry, sandy rocky places, with a better developed root than those before described. It grows about 10 inches high, with long narrow leaves, covered with stalked glands which secrete a sticky dew drop like juice, by which it captures and digests insects.

If this plant and its allied species be compared with the sun dew the great development of the glands and filaments of the latter can be traced.

All previously described plants are of one class; that is, they capture their prey in about the same manner, but there are other insectivorous plants whose modes of procuring their prey are somewhat different. These are the pitcher plants, called from the shape of their trap. As an example of this, let us take *Nepenthes*, a genus comprising some forty species, and having a large range. In all the species the

pitcher is born on the end of a long tendril like prolongation of the leaf and is from one inch to a foot long. Two varieties of pitchers are found in some of these species. In the young stage the pitchers are broad and short with two wing like prolongations which rest on the ground and provide a very suitable pathway for ants, etc., to crawl to the lip of the pitcher. The adult pitcher is longer and narrower and with the appendages less developed, or atrophied, or absent entirely. The anterior surface of the lid is well open and is baited with nectar. The rim is nicely rounded and leads the insects gently down to the verge of a glassy surface down which the insect slides, into the fluid contents of the pitcher where it is digested.

The rim is also provided with a row of very large flask shaped glands.

The large leaf and the filaments by which the pitcher is attached, are covered with honey secreting glands, which present a lure to insects and provide a pleasant pathway to the rim of the pitcher. Dr. Macfarlane says: "The pitcher plants may thus be regarded as ingenious mechanisms for first attracting the insects, in order to receive their aid in fertilization; and next for the capture of these insects, and their subsequent appropriation for purposes of nutrition."

#### PROPHECY OR RETROSPECTION?

"Yes," said Grandfather, as he leaned back and lighted his meerschaum—for he was a foxy grandfather in spite of his seventy odd years.

"Yes, it was in the fall of naughty-three that we removed the hoodoo which for some time had hung over us. The Agricultural College had been putting it into us pretty strong for about four years, and it was clearly 'up to us,' as the saying was, to do some thing. The scores up to this time, had been pretty bad on our part; in fact, for three years we hadn't scored at all against them. They were beginning to feel as if they owned the earth, and we decided it was time to ask them to step off.

"In Bozeman there was a family called Flanigan, or some such name. There were thirteen in the bunch, (which in itself was enough to constitute a hoodoo), and, they were, every one, all around sports. And there were always half a dozen or so on their team.

"Well, this fall we were in better training than ever before. The team was stronger and, in spite of the fact that we had made a pretty bad showing in a game earlier in the season, we had good material and some hopes of running over the Farmers in the Thanksgiving game. All fall we worked like—troopers. And when we started for Bozeman, it was with the determination to do or die.

"Thanksgiving day was cloudy and still; an ideal day for a game; and, when we trotted out on the field, we were feeling pretty frisky.

"It was Bozeman's kick off. For awhile, it was anybody's game. Then Bozeman got the ball, and by a series of line bucks forced it down the field for a touch down. They kicked their goal and, after some brilliant playing on both sides and a fumble or two, the first half ended with a score of 6—0, and one of their men, a Flanigen, out. Whether he was the hoo-doo or not I can't tell. But, at any rate, when we kicked off at the beginning of the second half the ball went clear to their ten yard line, where it was fumbled and stopped. Now was the time to show what we were made of! The first



down, they didn't gain an inch. In the second we forced them back for four yards and it was up to them to kick. Here lay our chances. Could we block it? they lined up. Their signal was called. And, before any one knew how it happened, Old Waters was through and had thrown their quarter over the line for a touch back. At last our luck had turned. At least we had scored. They brought the ball back to the twenty-five yard line and kicked. After that we played like mad and not once did we lose the ball until, by a clean end run, we went through them for a touch down. We missed our goal, however, and the score stood 7-6 in our favor. But there were yet fifteen minutes to play; yet time to lose the game.

"We had two minutes more to play. Neither side had raised their score. It was the Farmers' ball on their fifteen yard line. They lined up for a kick, but in place of the ball, down the field tore their left end. Twice he was tackled, and twice he hurdled. I, only, stood between him and victory. I made one leap and—missed. But there might yet be time; so I got to my feet and started after him. It was almost a race for life and he had nearly ten yards the advantage of me when he passed the center. Down the field we raced. Little by little my training began to tell. The thirty-five, thirty and twenty yard lines flew past. Then the fifteen and ten. I was almost even with him. Did I imagine it or was he lagging a little? I made one last effort and as I crossed the five I made one leap and threw him just two feet from the goal. As we went down I heard the referees whistle and knew the game was won."

"A telegram? From Bozeman." Then after opening it: "38-0 in favor of the 'Varsity."

"Yes," said Grandfather as he leaned back and relighted his meerschaum—for he was a dear, sporty grandfather in spite of his seventy-odd years. "Yes, that was fifty years ago, and we broke the hoo doo."

#### THE HUNTER'S THANKSGIVING.

The preparations for Thanksgiving dinner which take place annually in the numerous little valleys that lie secluded in the indentations of the mountains of Montana, are scarcely less interesting than those carried on in the larger cities. Although there are no butcher shops displaying long rows of dressed turkeys, dangling by their feet; yet in the surrounding woods than are hams of venison, equally inviting to the hunter, whose log cabin chances to occupy one of these isolated valleys. And even did not the close proximity of autumnal feast day demand an extra roast, there is a still deeper feeling aroused within his breast, and when the leaves begin to turn yellow, and fall in countless thousands, covering the ground with a carpet of golden yellow, there comes to him, who enjoys a ramble through the woods, with a gun on his shoulder, an infinite longing to take his rifle out of its dust covered case, refill his belt and set out for his favorite hunting resort. This longing is especially intensified if he happens to hear that a neighbor has already come in with a trophy of his marksmanship in the shape of a fine buck. His eyes glisten with enthusiasm as his friend recounts the events of the tramp, which arouse a train of fascinating thoughts in his own mind. Again and again he lives over his past inferrences, unconsciously he imagines himself stalking cautiously through thick underbrush, carefully feeling each step, lest he make undue noise. His body is bent well forward and every

nerve of his restless eye is strained to its utmost to catch a glimpse of a browsing doe or a bounding buck. Then glancing at his friend whose face is passing through the contortions of a good natured smile, his muscles relax and a sheepish smile gathers around the corners of his mouth as the ludicrousness of his actions become apparent, and he is not a little chagrined that he has allowed his senses to play the fool with him in the presence of his rival. But why waste much feeling on scenes of the past, when new ones of equal agreeable emotions may be enacted daily by such an experienced hunter. So hastily bidding his friend good-bye he turns his foot steps toward his cabin home.

The road leading to the cabin runs in a northerly direction, through an open prairie for nearly a mile, thence it enters a grove of scrubby cottonwoods and small willows which fringe the edge of the denser timber belt beyond. After entering this fringe of woods the road is no longer straight, but winds backward and forward in irregular bends, so characteristic of all timber roads, especially where the land is hilly and undulating. Continuing on a few hundred yards the hunter comes into a small park near the center of which stands his little cabin, the sole occupant of this woodland island. In appearance it is low and squatty and the two ridge poles of the roof and its wael logs projecting conspicuously at every corner, while the white lines of "dobe" make its nine rounds of logs easily distinguishable for some distance. The roof is covered with long "shakes" a type of roofing which is so prevalent throughout the west. These are made of long slabs split thinly, and are nailed on similar to shingles. In the end facing toward the entrance of the road is a low door and a small window which jointly admit the necessary light into the smoke colored interior.

As he approaches the cabin he is met by Shep, who comes in long bounds to meet his belated master and dances joyously around him licking his hand at frequent intervals to express his joy.

Reaching the door way he stops to gather a few sticks of wood, unlocks the door, stoops and disappears within. The interior is in complete harmony with the rough exterior. Directly in front of the door is a spacious stone fire-place around which hangs the blackened pots, pans and kettles, reduced to their dusky color by long acquaintance with the immediate locality. Midway between the fire-place and the window is the "bunk" which is a rectangular structure, about four by six feet in size, being supported by four posts driven into the ground. It contains a fat straw tick and a few green woolen blankets. Beneath the window is a table covered with sundry tin cups, plates, knives and forks.

Being rather hungry and desirous of securing an early departure the next morning, the hunter prepares a simple meal and loses little time in eating it. After washing the few remaining dishes, he gets his rifle in readiness, refills his partially empty belt, and hanging it on the bed post, he jumps into bed and is soon chasing visionary herds of deer through the forests of dreamland.

Long before the streaks of daylight venture to cast a few refractory beams through the smoke stained window and half open door, the hunter is sitting before his crude table hastily eating slices of bacon, boiled potatoes and thick "flapjacks" covered with syrup, all sluiced down with generous gulps of steaming black coffee. This pleasant task is, however, soon over, and turning his plate and cup over to save the time of washing, and hanging the black associates of the



fire-place in their usual places, he buckles on his belt, should-ers his rifle and leaving the cabin in the care of Shep, he sets out for the hunt.

His route lies in an easterly direction, and leaves the little park at nearly right angles to where he had entered the previous evening. Here he encounters the main timber belt which bounds the north-eastern portion of the valley. The tall pines, bushy firs and yellow tamarack in great abundance on either side. For a couple of miles the hunter decides to follow a disused timber road, which will take him almost to the locality where he had intended to try his "luck." The tramp along this road was, as he anticipated uneventful, for since the advent of man, deer rarely ever ventured so near the borders of the woods. Thus nothing interrupted the stillness of the morning except an occasional chirp of a pine squirrel, as he hastily leaves a half-eaten breakfast to find a more secure perch in some adjacent tree, and there to sit with his tail arched over his back and scold at his early guest. To this might be added the usual noisy screams of butcher-birds, and gaudy blue-jays, which the presence of man rarely fails to invoke from these wood-land scavengers.

Although the sun has risen, the air is still sharp and biting, as are nearly all of the autumn mornings of these mountain valleys. The hunter walks on at a rapid pace, and in due time arrives at the point where he intends to leave the road. Here his course changes abruptly toward the north. On the right is a large tule swamp, beyond which arose a series of high shelving ridges covered with a growth of scrubby bull pine and scraggly firs. Directly ahead is the dense spruce swamp, within whose confines the hunter hopes to find his quest. And, indeed, his hopes are not unlikely; for on many other trips, this particular locality has rarely deceived him. On entering this swamp his pace slackened, and he assumed a half stooping posture, partly from habit, and partly of necessity, owing to the thick underbrush and lowness of the overhanging limbs. His steps are slow and cautious, as one careless step might ruin a day's toil; for the deer are always on the alert, and any unusual noise would cause immediate stampede. His rifle rests lightly on his shoulder or is carried before him; but ever in readiness should the occasion demand. Into each thick clump of spruce, he looks long and anxiously for here he expects to find them in their beds or browsing near by. For, perhaps, a quarter of a mile he moves cautiously along, always on the alert, keeping as much as possible within the deeper shadows of the trees, for the quick-sighted deer are not to be captured in a haphazard manner. However, on entering a thick undergrowth of willows and young birch, which he carefully pushes aside, his vigilance is rewarded by the sight of three deer, a buck, doe and fawn, peacefully feeding in a little opening a few rods away. No time is wasted in admiring the beautiful animal, for to the hunter these are common scenes, so drawing his rifle quickly to his shoulder he fires at the buck. Almost simultaneously with the sharp crack of the rifle the doe and fawn, with one leap disappear into the brush on the opposite, leaving their less fortunate lord struggling in long grass, an easy victim for the hunter's knife, which he hastily proceeds to use. After waiting a few minutes for the buck's dying struggles to cease, he binds the animals fore and hind legs together thus forming a loop by which he may suspend the body from his shoulders, much as a soldier carries his blankets. Heavily laden, but with a light heart and high spirits he walks with long strides in the nearest direction for the road by which he

came a few hours before, and at the expiration of three hours, he is again on the borders of his woodland island, greatly to his own satisfaction and the joy of old Shep. Both, perhaps, thinking of the fat juicy roasts which will greet their eyes for Thanksgiving dinner.

#### THE RELATION BETWEEN THE ALUMNI AND THE UNIVERSITY.

The personnel of all universities may be divided into three parts—the faculty, the alumni, the undergraduates. The boundary lines may not be as sharply defined as were those of the provinces of Gaul, yet these divisions are separate and distinct. For instance, the undergraduate may become the alumnus (all ought to); and the alumnus may number himself with the faculty. The alumnus, however, and the faculty member should never forget that they once were undergraduates.

The feeling is sometimes apparent that all connection on the part of a student with an educational institution cease with graduation. This should not be true. Sometimes it is the alumni should be and are the richest assets of any university. When Chicago can boast of a large alumni association with all the traditions and influences which that carries, she will have a more valuable asset than the millions of Rockefeller. The policy of an institution should be such as to foster a continued vital connection of the graduate with all which pertains to the advancement and success of the university.

Many of our larger universities owe their athletic prowess to the interest of the alumni; Princeton must thank her graduates for many of her most beautiful buildings; some of the greatest movements Harvard and Yale ever inaugurated were suggested by their alumni.

A person's college days have amounted to little unless he goes out into the work of the world with a patriotic devotion to his Alma Mater. The influence of every graduate should count in the gaining of new students; his interest should be such as to assist in shaping and advancing every project which will increase and widen the usefulness of the university.

Another valuable relationship the alumni may sustain to the university is in finding and filling its true position midway between the faculty and the undergraduates.

It should be an axiom in all schools that the faculty is not infallible and that the students are not always right. The converse should also be stated that neither the faculty nor the students are always wrong.

Granted that as a rule the decisions of the faculty are fair and impartial, wise and just, it often follows that these decisions do not meet with the approval of the student body, either because of a misunderstanding or because of a difference in opinion, and hence they partially or wholly fail in their intended object. Conferences between students and faculty are generally unknown; a stubborn opposition arises; ill feeling is bred; when a little concession or explanation on both sides would avoid all difficulty. In such cases the alumni may be useful in gaining a reasonable adjustment.

Now may we apply these few general remarks to our own Alma Mater. The University of Montana will constantly grow; the student body will become larger with each succeeding year; the alumni will soon number in the hundreds; a growing connection among this three-fold division in our University should be manifest.



The first essential is an active, interested alumni organization. As the University spirit grows in the student body the same enthusiasm will be felt among the graduates. Let the interest and the enthusiasm increase! It means more students; more graduates; a wider interest in our University.

A second essential is a closer relationship between the alumni and the faculty on the one hand and the students on the other. How can this be produced? Two simple ways suggest themselves as practical at present.

First, an alumni department in the Kaimin, in which appears each month, news from the various graduates. Possibly a new editor would be required to have charge of this department and to keep in touch in various ways with all the graduates. If so, the time is ripe for appointing one. It would both increase the efficiency of the paper and would add to the subscription list. For with each succeeding year the graduate knows fewer of the undergraduates, and if he cannot find in his university paper news of those with whom he associated when a student, what inducement is there for him to take the paper?

Second, an annual football or baseball game between the alumni and the students. This could be made an annual rallying day for all former students. They could all plan to return at that time from year to year and not string along by ones and twos during the year and never find any of their classmates. The spirit of such a day could not but be helpful to the University. The alumni would be impressed by the progress apparent from year to year and their loyalty would be quickened; the faculty would be aided in their work by the knowledge that former students are still interested in the affairs of the University and by becoming acquainted with the attitude of the people throughout the state would be enthused by coming into acquaintance and fellowship with those who have been students before them.

In future years other methods of strengthening this bond of union among the various members of the University life will suggest themselves. At present may there be a growth of University spirit; an increased emphasis upon the value of the Alumni Association; a deep loyalty and a true harmony which shall make our University not only the pride of the state but also the glory of the West.

ALUMNUS.

#### HER CLASS PIN.

##### I.

149 Stevens Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., May 12, 1900.  
To the Principal of Arnold Hall,  
San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Madam:—If possible will you let me know if there was a young lady in your graduating class of '98 having the initials "M. M. H." A short time ago I found a class pin bearing those initials, the date, and seal of Arnold Hall. I know how such things are valued and desire to return it to the owner.

Yours very respectfully,  
NORMAN HAYES, M. D.

##### II.

San Francisco, Cal., May 20, 1900.  
Dr. Norman Hayes,  
Los Angeles, Cal.  
Dear Sir:—Your inquiry of the twelfth inst., was received

and I hasten to let you know that there was a Miss Margaret M. Harris graduated from here in eighteen ninety eight. At that time her parents resided at 421 Orange Ave., Pacific Grove. I sincerely hope that she may prove to be the owner of the pin.

Yours truly,  
HENRIETTA HUMPHREY,  
Prin. of Arnold Hall.

##### III.

Los Angeles, Cal., June 4, 1900.  
Miss Henrietta Humphrey,  
San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Madam:—Being called by business to Pacific Grove shortly after the receipt of your letter, and with that for an introduction, I called upon Miss Harris to return the pin.

Thanking you for your kindness, I remain,  
Yours sincerely,  
NORMAN HAYES.

##### IV.

(From Pacific Grove "Star," Sept. 18, 1900.)  
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Harris gave a charming little dinner last evening in honor of their daughter, Miss Margaret, who leaves shortly for Europe. The table decorations were of yellow and covers were laid for ten. The guests were, Miss Margaret Harris, Alice Clinton, Gladys Farrel and Clara Howard, and Messrs. Frank Sadler, Paul Neldon, Edgar Earle and Dr. Norman Hayes, of Los Angeles.

##### V.

(From Los Angeles "Times," Jan. 15, 1901.)  
Dr. Norman Hayes left yesterday for New York, and from there he will soon sail for Italy. He intends to be gone some months, and will combine pleasure and business.

##### VI.

4 Rue de Chevreuse, Paris, May 1st, 1901.  
Miss Henrietta Humphrey,  
San Francisco, Cal.,

My Dear Miss Humphrey:—It is almost time for this school year to close, and I can imagine how glad you all are. It seems so long ago since I was with you, and but for one thing I would wish to be back again. And to tell you that "one thing" is the very reason I am writing this.

Do you remember almost a year ago of a Dr. Hayes writing to ask you about a class pin he had found? Well—can you guess the rest—Norman and I are to be married just as soon as I reach home, and he says it is all due to you and my little class pin!

Your affectionate pupil,  
MARGARET HARRIS.  
—G. B. S.

#### A HISTORICAL FORECAST.

Owing to the freedom with which men in these later days advance new theories on flimsy foundations, which are supported with apparently invincible facts, based on a few well constructed hypotheses; and the vivacity with which they forecast the future and cast doubts on the past, it is doubtful to anticipate what the future will bring out.

Scores of scholarly arguments have been written on the



poems of Homer, discussing their authorship, and the arguments pro and con are equally tenable. Even Switzerland's great hero William Tell, by a series of logical conclusions, deducted from supposed facts, is proven to be nothing but a fanciful hero of the imagination. Already grave doubts have been cast on the brilliant name of Shakespeare, by a few fame aspiring critics, who wish to add lustre to their own at the expense of a master, hence we have the Bacon, Shakesperian controversy.

With such tendencies as these, so conspicuous now, to what limits will these daring critics and versatile historians attain in the distant future? It is not unfair to predict that their critical vandalism will in time tear our present literature to pieces, with as much greediness as a pack of wolves would a belated lamb. Neither is it improbable that some future historian, five or six centuries hence, will write a history of our country and especially of these later times, in which he will produce apparently undeniable evidence, proving that Washington was only a legendary character created by the minds of superstitious sect called Puritans, or perhaps he will begin by saying: "We are now a nation of three hundred millions of people; about the middle of the nineteenth century we were only forty millions; now we have a federation of one hundred and twenty states, then we had only thirty-eight; then the republic was just emerging from its infancy, now it surpasses in grandeur the fondest dreams of its founders. What caused this wondrous growth, this marvelous development? Some of our people once believed—and, indeed, the story is current still—that in those days an institution known as human slavery existed in America, an institution under which human beings were owned and bartered as cattle, and under its blighting influences the growth of our nation was retarded and social progress held in check; further the story runs, that between the years of 1860 and 1870, a man named Abraham Lincoln was raised up by the people of the North and made their leader; that by his side, as aid and counsellor, was a man named Hannibal Hamlin; that these two men called around them the people of twenty-eight states, and went forth and made war upon the people of the other states, won great victories, and wiped from the face of the land the stain of slavery. Thereupon the upward and onward progress of our nation immediately become wonderful in rapidity, until at last we have grown beyond all that ever patriot hoped for.

"This is the story; but we are not satisfied with it. It will not bear analysis. Later investigation convinces us that it is simply an aggregation of fragmentary truths scattered through history. That such a person as Lincoln existed may be true, but we feel warranted in saying that his enthusiastic admirers have invested him with qualities he did not possess. Let us look at this tradition in the light of critical scholarship. Abraham Lincoln! Why the very first syllables of his name—Abra—furnish a clue to the mythical or legendary character of the whole story. The word Abram in the original, means mighty father, but frequently used to signify a benefactor. A ray of light falls on the legendary nation of the story; Abram—benefactor. Let us go a step further. We have recently discovered that in those times, among the English-speaking people, the word Ham, stood synonymous with the word slave, and that slaves were frequently called the sons of Ham. We at once perceive that the mythical or symbolical significance of the name Abraham is greatly enhanced by the remarkable discovery that Abraham means Abra, benefactor;

Ham—slave; benefactor of slave. Now this significant fact must cast a doubt upon the story in the mind of every critical scholar. But still further. Hannibal Hamlin! We positively deny the existence of any such person. We find no authentic trace of him before that war, and his career ended when the war closed. He drops out of the story as suddenly as he enters it. A moment's analysis will convince the most skeptical. His name furnishes conclusive proof. The first syllable of his name, Ham, is the last syllable of Abraham, and the second syllable of his name, lin, is the first syllable of Lincoln; so we discover that the name Hamlin is taken bodily out of the middle of the name Abraham Lincoln, and the people believe his given name was Hannibal because those times were war times, and the story is a war legend, and Hannibal had been known as a great warrior for many centuries! Can any critical scholar now doubt the mythical origin of the story? But still further: It is said that those two men led the people of twenty-eight states. Count the letters in the name Abraham Lincoln; there are fourteen. Count the letters in the name Hannibal Hamlin; there are fourteen. Combine the two and there are twenty-eight! Who believes that the twenty-eight letters are not designed to stand for the twenty-eight states that waged the war, and who can fail to see in this traces of that ancient superstition which attributed magical power to the relation which numbers bore to names and events?

"Thus dissecting this story, we find it doubtful, mythical traditional, legendary, and, as rational independent, unbiased investigators, we reject it, doubt if slavery ever existed, believe the war a myth, and deny that Lincoln and Hamlin ever lived!"

#### HOW WE GOT THE BITTER ROOT.

Many years before Missoula  
E'en was heard of as a city,  
When our state, our fair Montana,  
Was a lawless territory,  
Indian mothers in their tepees  
Told this story to their children;  
Told this story of our flower,  
Of the Bitter Root, our flower:  
"There was once a lovely maiden  
Quite unlike her Indian sisters,  
For her face was like the blossoms;  
Pink and white like apple blossoms,  
None knew where this maiden came from;  
Where the chief had found his daughter,  
But 'twas said the Mighty Spirit  
Gave her to the Flathead's chieftain,  
As a sign of his approval  
Toward the Flatheads as a people.  
This was in the early summer—  
'Ere the first frost of the autumn  
Changed the leaves from green to scarlet.  
All the Indians knew the maiden,  
Knew and loved this fair-faced daughter,  
Treated her with every kindness;  
But her heart was sad within her,  
Filled with things she understood not,  
And her strength went slowly from her  
With the winter days that followed,  
Till when Spring smiled o'er Montana



She lay dead within her wigwam;  
 She, the fairest of the maidens,  
 She, the chieftain's pale-faced daughter.  
 "Filled with sorrow were the people,  
 Filled with anguish all their hearts were,  
 Till the Mighty Spirit soothed them  
 Saying, 'Listen, oh my people!  
 Cease your moaning and bewailing.  
 Though your hearts be sad within you,  
 Wait ye patiently till summer;  
 The reward shall be forth coming.  
 You shall have the pale-faced maiden  
 With you always! Yes, forever.'  
 "Though the red men understood not;  
 Yet they did as they were bidden;  
 Ceased their moanings and bewailings,  
 Waited patiently till summer.  
 Then, indeed, they were made happy,  
 For upon the hills and valleys  
 Stood their lovely pale-faced daughter,  
 Changed into a lovelier flower.  
 Pink and white the flower's petals  
 As the chieftain's daughter's face was;  
 Bright and smiling was the flower,  
 As the maiden's face had once been,  
 Glad indeed were all the people,  
 Thanks they gave unto their spirit  
 For the fairest of their maidens,  
 For their lovely pale-faced daughter.  
 Every year from that time onward,  
 When the South Wind woos Montana,  
 When the first warm days of summer  
 Clothe the land in warmth and gladness,  
 Blooms the pink and white-faced flower  
 Thickly over all the valley.  
 And we love the dainty blossom,  
 As the red men did before us;  
 Love Montana's fairest flower—  
 Love the Bitter Root, our flower.

—M. B.

## SOCIETIES OF THE UNIVERSITY

Of course among the Societies of the University the Literary societies rank first. Both Hawthorne and Clarkia societies are holding regular meetings and are beginning to get down to business.

The Hawthorne has held two regular meetings. In the first meeting the time was chiefly taken up with installation of officers, after which a short extemporaneous program was carried out. The second meeting of October 23rd, was up to its usual standard, and a rousing program was enacted. The meeting opened with Pres. Cockrell in the chair, and after the roll call and reading of the minutes, the program was begun with an extemporaneous speech by Martin Tucker, who came up to his usual standard and delivered a very forceful talk on the influence of College Life. This was followed by

an extemporaneous debate by Messrs. Streit and Goodbourn in which both gentlemen made some telling hits. The next was a reading by Jos. Streit which was well received by the society. Then the regular debate on the question: Resolved That War Advances Civilization. The affirmative side was ably defended by Ed Simons and John Heywood, and the negative by Arthur Westby and Chas. Schoonover. The judges, however, decided in favor of the negative. The irregular debate being suspended, the meeting adjourned.

### Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

This year, if the work goes on as it has begun, promise to be a very successful one. The membership has so increased that the old members feel very much encouraged.

The candy sales, thanks to the members of the faculty and students, proved decided successes.

The money thus raised is to send delegates to the first state convention of the Y. W. C. A. which is to be held at Bozeman.

The University's Association will be represented by Avery May and May Hamilton.

The Y. W. C. A.'s annual week of prayer beginning November 8, will be observed. Meetings to be held each morning at 8:15 in Literary Hall.

Sunday, Nov. 8, the meeting will be held in the M. I. church at 3:30 p. m.

Sunday evening, Nov. 15, the ministers of the several churches will preach to students.

Weekly Bible study is conducted by Mrs. Knapp, on Friday afternoons from 3:30 to 4:00.

On November 24, Miss Shields and Miss Condey are expected. All old students will remember Miss Shields and be pleased to hear of her intended visit.

### CLARKIA NOTES.

The Clarkia is still alive and in a flourishing condition. The meetings are unusually interesting and are well attended. There are a good many new members and to them we give a hearty welcome.

The program of Oct. 6, was as follows:

Reading—Fay Murray.

Recitation—Daisy Kellogg.

Current Events—Evelyn Polleys.

Music—Avery May.

The next meeting was held Oct. 20. The program was well rendered though the musical part was greatly missed.

Paper—Jessie Bishop.

Reading—Anabel Ross.

Current Events—Alice Glancy.

Pantomime—Anna Bielenberg and Agnes Hughes.

A meeting was held Nov. 2. The subject taken up was Washington Irving.

Sketch of Irving's Life—Blanche Simpson.

Reading from Sketch Book—Florence Johnson.

Reading from Knickerbocker—Avery May.

"Dialogue between Van Twiller and Wolfert"—Evelyn Polleys.

It was decided to take up American authors this year and make a study of early American Literature.



### THE GLEE CLUB.

Encouraged by the work done last year the University Glee Club has reorganized and expects to accomplish considerable in the next few months. Nearly all the old members have returned, and several new voices have been added. So far the music that has been taken up has been chiefly in the line of old college songs, but after Thanksgiving, when the football men can be spared, it is expected that more difficult choruses will be learned and that the good work of last year will be carried forward to a creditable conclusion. The officers elected for this year are: President, Wm. Dickinson; vice-president, Moncure Cockrell; secretary and treasurer, Ed Simons. George Greenwood has been chosen musical director.

### ORPHEA.

The Orphea held its first meeting Wednesday, Oct. 26. The following officers were elected:  
Sadie Beckwith—President.  
Daisy Kellogg—Vice-President.  
Anabel Ross—Secretary and Treasurer.  
Those chosen for directors were: Miss Ruth Kellogg, Miss Flo Foster, Miss Avery May.

The Orphea is in an unusually flourishing condition this year. There are many new members and greater interest is being shown in the work than ever before. They have been practicing faithfully and if all we hear be true, expect to accomplish great things before spring.

### Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. has begun to hold regular meetings on Sunday afternoon at 4 p. m., in the Literary Hall, and already much interest is manifested. The meetings have been fairly well attended by members and visitors and the Association wishes to extend a cordial invitation to all their future meetings.

### BAND.

The University Band has been revived under the management of Hart Willis, and in the near future we may expect to hear the rat-a-tap-tap of the drum and the notes of cornets on the University campus.

While people are puzzling their heads over the age of Ann, here is a little problem in algebra which the readers of the Kaimin may think about. The University is eight years old. It is twice as old as it was when it last won the state football championship. How old will it be before it wins it again? To the person sending in the first correct answer, we will give a year's subscription to the Kaimin, absolutely free of charge.

Owing to the time it takes to set up and print the Kaimin it was not possible to publish in this month's issue a write-up of the second game with the School of Mines, or the Fort Shaw game. Next month there will be found a description of these games, of the western trip, and of the Thanksgiving game, together with a review of the whole season's work.

## Athletic Notes

### SCHOOL OF MINES, 19; UNIVERSITY, 0.

The chief saving feature was the good crowd and the never-say-die enthusiasm of the boys and girls in the yelling chorus.

Then there were the receipts which looked good to the management. Just about next to the receipts came the playing of Williams as tackle and the two Greenough boys next as the stars of the 'Varsity team. "Spud" Murphy did a few nice stunts.

The 'Varsity boys were in splendid condition physically, much better in fact than the Miners, but the latter showed practice and the trickiness of the game as well as a weight which counted far to the good in the mass of plays.

Butte went through Missoula's line right from the start and there were but half a dozen times that 'Varsity was able to hold the visitors. Twice or thrice the 'Varsity livened up and went through for gains, but these were oases in a desert of weak and slow playing.

Two or three good fake plays held the ball for Missoula, but there were not effective as the ground was lost as soon as gained.

The Miners would buck the 'Varsity line, cross buck and hurdle and every effort with few exceptions, went for from three to five and occasionally a 10 yard gain. Corey, and Art Young smashed through Missoula's line time and again and both appeared to have full swing in going through straight tackles.

Williams for the 'Varsity played a bright game and his tackling was superb at times. His running was a great feature and in the second half he won high honors with a dash around the end which gave Missoula 20 yards. Art Young for the visitors made a 50 yard run through tackles at one time, the best play on the grounds.

Altogether the University was wholly outclassed, more through lack of practice than anything else. A few more games such as that of yesterday will undoubtedly put the team on a higher plane. The material is there all right, the boys are in good condition and with the development of speed and the finer points of the game will certainly come out of a muss such as yesterday, winners.

Murphy kicked off for the 'Varsity and Brinton copped the pikskin at the 25 yard line, snapping to Corey, who went through the line for five yards gain.

Missoula was blocked right from the start and with the sphere alternating from Corey to Art Young the Miners pushed through for gain after gain, using a cross buck and hurdling. At the 45 yard line Art Young picked the ball on a cross buck and breaking clear through with splendid interference made a gain of 20 yards before being downed by Williams. Corey went through for five yards and for a time Missoula held the visitors.

A cross play fooled the students, however, and Corey started through again, but was tackled by Williams, losing the ball on a fumble. Greenough kicked to the 50 yard line



and Corey got the ball. On the next play Corey hurdled, gaining five yards. Corey got the ball and passed to Kane for a gain of 15 yards. Corey got another five yards on a cross buck and when the 'Varsity settled down in sheer desperation, holding the visitors at the five yard line for several attempts.

The ball was handled on a fake play and Corey again hurdled and was pushed over for a touchdown. Corey kicked a difficult goal. Score, Miners, 6; 'Varsity, 0. Time, 10.

From that time on until the call of time it was hard bucking and steady gainst for the visitors with constant gains for the visitors. Only once did the students rally and then the visitors held the 25 yard line until the call of time.

In the second half Brinton kicked off to McPhail who got back to the 35 yard line where the students were held by the Miners. It seemed that the 'Varsity boys could not rally against the heavy winners. The only times they showed aggressiveness were on a few mass plays at this time which were broken or hurdled.

Leo Greenough got through twice for five yards each time. Missoula lost the ball on a fumble and from that time on it was hard playing against steady gains for the visitors.

'Varsity rallied for a brief turn and then Brinton got the ball on a fumble. Corey went through the tackles for 20 yards. Art Young gained six yards on a cross buck and hurdled for five more. Corey went straight through the line then for a touchdown but missed goal on the kick. Score, 11 to 0.

S. Young kicked off to Missoula's 25 yard line. Hammer passed to Corbin who went through for five yards. Murphy kicked to Butte's 45 yard line and Corey got the ball, going down on a tackle by Paul Greenough. Paul got excited just then and as he recovered himself grabbed the Miner's captain by the collar and dragged him five yards further down amid the cheers and laughter of the players and spectators. The ball went back to the 45 yard line, however, and for a time 'Varsity kept the ball in Butte's territory. It was only a spurt, however, and the visitors rallied and went through like hurdling a paper wall. Missoula got the ball at their five yard line, but Young got through when Missoula tried for a short gain, but was forced over.

There was a scrap over the rules then, 'Varsity claiming the kick from center for Butte. Rule books were pulled and it was finally decided that Butte could kick from the 25 yard line. Corey missed the goal, making the score 13 to 0.

Missoula held the visitors but a short time on the next play, doing more with fakes than straight bucking or masses. Butte gained steadily as before and although Greenough got through twice for gains the ball went back to the visitors easily and in a steady scrimmage down the field Young was finally pushed over the 10 yard line and Corey went through straight tackles for a touchdown.

There was but 10 minutes of play left and some of the hardest scrimmages of the game came then. The brilliant feature was Walters' dash through the tackles and Williams' great run for 20 yards through the bunch and around the end. Corey was hurt then and Duthie was substituted.

Just at the call of time, Greenough was downed with the ball by Kelly on a splendid tackle.

\* \* \*

If you wish to know the inmost thoughts and "workings" of the soul of some of the football players, we would advise you to gently stalk to the gymnasium in the dead of night, when the pushers of the pigskin are in the land of dreams and there you may hear the football signals, the interview with

the faculty, the tender confessions of the heart, the comic opera from "Don't Get Worried" to "It Was the Dutch" mingled with French and German and Latin. When the sounds are echoed from the walls of the gymnasium, it becomes such, that it would make the ghosts weak-kneed and compel Shakespeare himself, if he were here, to coin a phrase more ghoulish than "making the night shideous."

\* \* \*

The members of the football team are making considerable sacrifice in an endeavor to yet win victory for the colors that they represent. Eating at a training table where coffee, tea, cake, pie and pastry of all kinds are never seen, practicing two hours per day and observing all the prohibitions of the coach. Aside from victory there is a training in football and attending circumstances that does as much for the development of manhood as in any other part of school life. It accustoms one to hardship, eliminates awkwardness and tends to give grace of body; teaches one to talk less and act more; cultivates self-control and discourages cowardice and promotes courage.

\* \* \*

The advent of the keen air and the cool days assure us that the time is fast approaching when the big games of the football season of nineteen hundred and three will soon be played, and according to the reports and conditions, the state will be the scene of some of the fiercest and fastest football contests ever witnessed.

\* \* \*

The schedule of our team is as follows: 'Varsity versus State Schol of Mines, at Butte, November 7; 'Varsity versus the Fort Shaw Indians on November 14, at the University grounds; and on November 26, Thanksgiving day, the annual contest between the bearers of the copper, silver and gold and the representatives of the state Agricultural College will take place on the farmers' gridiron at Bozeman.

\* \* \*

A tea was given on Friday afternoon at Woman's Hall by the young ladies for the benefit of the Athletic Association. The reception room was artistically decorated with the brilliant hued leaves of cordiality and kind consideration were from that air. The tea was deserving of a more liberal patronage than it received.

\* \* \*

Hand ball is a very popular game at present, especially among the boys and girls of prep'dom. The game is on almost continually and in almost all conceivable places.

\* \* \*

The old and excellent game of tennis has her followers and enthusiasts, and the courts are the scenes of many a whole-hearted, jovial contest. However, with the coming of the cold weather the many eyed-racket will be laid away until the coming of the warm days of spring.

\* \* \*

The tackling machine which was designed and built by the coach is a unique affair and one, too, from which the football men derive a great benefit, in that it enables a player to get the correct idea of tackling and teaches how the act is done easily, quickly and effectively.

\* \* \*

Arthur Williams, alias "Red" Williams has contracted his clip of rich and red hair, the same to be delivered immediately after the close of the football season.



The two games which were played with Fort Missoula resulted in victories, the first by a score of 32 to 0, and the second, 11 to 0. The soldiers played hard ball, but were out-classed by the 'Varsity in every respect. Our boys showed a superior knowledge of the game, and played better ball all around.

## Locals

Ba-a-a.

\* \* \*

Watch for the '04 pins.

\* \* \*

Will you be my freezer?

\* \* \*

"I'll take two tickets, please."

\* \* \*

Why was Hay late to church?

\* \* \*

"The dog got canned."—Who did it?

\* \* \*

We look for some startling developments.

\* \* \*

"Backward, turn backward, oh, Time in thy flight."

\* \* \*

A new pen has been built for Prof. Conibear's sheep.

\* \* \*

Sadie Schmalhausen was a recent visitor at convocation.

\* \* \*

John Curtis has returned from a short visit in Butte.

\* \* \*

"Freeborn, shut your mouth so that we can see your face."

\* \* \*

Mr. Watson of Red Lodge, was a late visitor to the University.

\* \* \*

Megaphones—A good substitute for long distance telephones.

\* \* \*

The menu consisted of spuds a la Murphy. Translated—sweet potatoes.

\* \* \*

"We got them at the Bee Hive"—That's right. Patronize Kaimin advertisers.

\* \* \*

W. D. H.—How did marsh gas get its name?

W. D.—From Mr. Marsh.

\* \* \*

Dewitt Peck of Deer Lodge, attended the game with the Butte School of Mines.

\* \* \*

Frank German of Butte, has matriculated and will take a course in International Law.

\* \* \*

Prof. Hamilton has been attending the institute at Virginia City during the past week.

Guy Sheridan and Homer McDonald have been visitors at their Alma Mater the last week.

\* \* \*

German Student, (hesitatingly)—Dam—it.

Professor—Accent on the "mit."

\* \* \*

The mechanics have joined a corduroy brigade, under the supervision of the professor in charge.

\* \* \*

The girls hung the cat.

But the cat couldn't help it.

\* \* \*

Nick Zenor came down from Deer Lodge to see how the colony from that town was prospering.

\* \* \*

"I have to go and take Gym."

"Where are you going to take him?"

\* \* \*

The senior class were astonished to discover that one of their number had been to the State Reform School.

\* \* \*

The Y. W. C. A. held a candy sale in the Secretary's office, October 23. A large amount of candy was sold.

\* \* \*

The rushing is just about over in other colleges, but excepting in one or two cases it has hardly begun here.

\* \* \*

The Orphea has started with an encouraging number of new members. Mrs. Whitaker is still the director.

\* \* \*

If they feed the football boys much more mutton they will be playing "run-sheep-run," instead of football.

\* \* \*

Dowie has been trying to enlist the services of Prof. Sibley, but he prefers his position as University rooter.

\* \* \*

The local editors were about to throw up their jobs until they found seven locals in the local box, and their hearts were made glad.

\* \* \*

The girls at the Hall chartered a bus and went to "The Prince of Pilsen." They were chaperoned by Zoe Bellew and Miss Buckhouse.

\* \* \*

Fay Murray has been elected to succeed Florence Wood as literary editor of the Kaimin. Mr. Hammer has been appointed athletic reporter.

\* \* \*

Rev. Barnes gave a farewell talk to the students at a recent convocation. The best wishes of all go with him to his new pastorate in Helena.

\* \* \*

"Was Miss Foster injured when she fell from the window?"

"Oh, no; she fell on hay!"

\* \* \*

"My, but those Mines boys can hurdle the line!"

"Yes, they can hurdle all right, but the 'Varsity could do it, too, if they had a Kane."

\* \* \*

One of the students in advanced chemistry was horrified to discover that her hands had gradually turned yellow and a few minutes later they were entirely black.



One of the students has said that the Kaimin is for the editors. Well the editors will be delighted to have you claim some part in the contributions.

\* \* \*

The graduating class may not be the largest in 'Varsity history, but it is all right. At a recent meeting George Greenwood was elected president, and Roxy Howell secretary.

\* \* \*

The girls at Woman's Hall celebrated Hallowe'en with a pumpkin party. The evening was spent in telling very spooky ghost stories and dancing. During the evening a large quantity of nuts and candies was disposed of.

\* \* \*

"Who are those perplexed individuals looking so cross and writing as if their lives depended upon it?"

"Sh—Those are the local editors and they are cracking jokes for the Kaimin!"

\* \* \*

"What do the newspapers mean when they talk about the seat of war and the standing army?"

"Why, don't you know? The seat of war is for the standing army to sit on when it gets tired."

\* \* \*

Convocation was held under the direction of Prof. Hamilton, Nov. 9. His subject was the Relation of Education to the State, and was very much enjoyed by the Faculty and students.

\* \* \*

Mr. Korten, a well known violinist, gave a recital at Woman's Hall, to a small audience Sunday afternoon. It will be remembered that Mr. Korten played at a convocation last year, and the students are always delighted to hear him play.

\* \* \*

It is lamb, lamb, lamb,  
Nothing but lamb, lamb, lamb.  
Eat till you're made of it  
Don't be afraid of it  
Glorious, glorious lamb!

—The Nursery.

\* \* \*

R. H. Chapman of the U. S. Geological Survey, gave a talk at convocation of last week. This interesting address was illustrated by lantern slides. These slides, which were taken from government pictures, are not easily obtained and the students thoroughly appreciated the honor.

\* \* \*

The "Co-eds" gave a delightful coffee at the Hall for the benefit of the A. A. The parlors were beautifully decorated with autumn leaves and berries. Flo Foster presided at the coffee urn in one room, while Florence Ervey performed similar duties in the other. No charge was made, the offering being free will.

\* \* \*

Who is it runs that Science Hall?  
It is the Dutch, no dream.  
Who is it runs the furnace,  
And makes our good hot steam?  
Who is it winds the 'Varsity clock,  
And knows all about the weights?  
Who is it mends the door locks  
And fixes all the gates?  
It is the Dutch; it is the Dutch.  
Does the Prof. in charge

Run Science Hall? Not much!  
It is the Dutch.

\* \* \*

Hallowe'en was uniquely observed by a crowd of ambitious students who took all available sandwiches at the Hall and climbed to the top of Mt. Sentinel. There a huge bonfire was built and the lunch was served at midnight. The descent was made by moonlight, and the merry party dispersed after a most adventuresome and hilarious evening. Those who were in the party were: Misses Winnie and Victoria Whitaker, Flo Foster, Georgia Smurr, Ted Welch, Florence Ervey and Agnes McBride; Messrs. Leo Greenough, Paul Greenough, Earl Greenough, Ray Walters, Red Williams, Spud Murphy, George Greenwood, Walter Hay, Ed Simons, Hugh Galusha and an unknown.

\* \* \*

A merry party gathered informally at the home of Miss Evelyn Polleys to observe the rites of Hallowe'en. Order was at first observed, but—well, brooms are ridden by more than witches on Hallowe'en. An exciting contest as to who could eat the most popcorn and apples resulted in the prize being awarded to Prof. Sibley. In spite of his enormous capacity there was a sufficiency for every one, as the menu was not limited to pop corn and apples. The revelers were Margaret Ronan, Inez Adams, Fay Murray, Anabel Ross, Nellie Kellogg, Alma Berglund, Agnes Hughes, Ona Sloane, Saidee Beckwith, Roxy Howell, and Evelyn Polleys; Messrs. Frank Wilcox, Jim Mills, Hovey Polleys, Tip Napton, Prof. Sibley, Mr. Donahue, Warde Rathburn, Herbert Hughes, Frank Williams, and a ghost.

\* \* \*

I.

One more unfortunate  
Most tired to death  
Rashly importunate  
Playing for breath.

II.

Lift him up tenderly  
Handle with care  
Only a Flaherty  
Playing for air.

III.

Touch him not scornfully  
Think of him mournfully  
Gently and humanly  
Only a farmer's boy  
One day his daddy's joy,  
Perishing gloomily.

IV.

Pick him up tenderly  
Lift him with care  
There is not much left for him  
Only the air.

V.

Alas for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Only a Flaherty  
Playing for air.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for the editors to have some money, it behooves the gentle and long suffering public to pay their subscriptions to the Kaimin.



## Miscellaneous

### CHAPEL NOTES.

During the past four weeks the students of the University have enjoyed some very interesting and instructive addresses.

On October the 14th, the Chapel address was given by Judge J. M. Evans, the U. of M. "War Horse," and his address in Character was well received by the students. The judge is always a most welcome visitor at the "U."

The address of October the 21st, was delivered by Mr. R. I. Chapman, a member of the United States Geological Survey, who spoke for nearly an hour on the Lewis & Clarke Forest Reserve. His lecture was profusely illustrated with stereopticon views, which added materially to the uniqueness of the lecture.

On October the 28th, the address was given by Rev. Barnes, more commonly called the "University Preacher," who, with Judge Evans, is one of our most frequent and popular visitors, and one whom the student body is always glad to have with us. The address of Rev. Barnes was in the nature of a farewell talk, as he expects to leave Missoula soon. During his address he referred to the University and recalled some very pleasing recollections. His address was one of the best we have had this year, and the kindly face of Rev. Barnes will be greatly missed by the student body during the coming months.

The Chapel address of November 4th, was conducted by Professor Hamilton, whose appearance always brings forth multitudes of applause from the student body. Professor Hamilton based his remarks on "The Relation of Education to the State," and in the introductory remarks related several pleasing incidents occurring on his recent trip to Virginia City, and other cities of the state, where he met several U. of M. graduates, and told what they were doing to honor their Alma Mater. Later he traced the evolutions of Education in China, Sparta, Athens, England, Germany and the United States, and concluded with a strong plea for higher education in our own state.

### A REVERIE.

Who has not felt the charm of the hour when night lays her robes of restful shade upon the earth as a mother covers her tired child? The stars forget to shine, and the draperies of cloud that rest above us seem bending low to hear our good night greeting. The gentle night-wind whispers the chorus of little leaves that they sing us a soft lullabye. Then the Spirit of Peace descends with the darkness and, laying her hand upon our heavy eyes, bids us prepare to receive her companion, sweet sleep, whose poppy-laden chariot will bear us as with eagle's wings to the fair land of fadeless green, where Past and Present go hand in hand, Far and Distant meet, and our weary spirits rest once more amid the flittingancies of Dreamland.

JESSIE M. BISHOP.

### DRAMATIC READING.

The recital which was given by Mrs. Fenetta Sargent Haskell, University Hall Tuesday, Nov. 10, was greatly enjoyed by all who had the pleasure of hearing her. Mrs. Haskell is an artist and it is too seldom that an opportunity is given to the Missoula public of hearing such a talented dramatic reader. Her program was entitled "How Men Propose," and consisted of eight different love scenes from various authors. The recital was given for the benefit of the A. A. and a neat profit was realized. Following is Mrs. Haskell's program:

- 1 (a) The Wooing of David and Dora ..... Dickens  
(b) Elopement ..... Ben King
- 2 (a) The Balcony Scene from "Romeo and Juliet" ..... Shakespeare  
(b) Candor ..... H. C. Bunner
- 3 (a) The Dividing Fence ..... Ruth McEnery Stuart  
(b) Forfeits ..... H. C. Bunner
- 4 (a) The Middle Hall ..... Ruth McEnery Stuart  
(b) Jennie ..... Fred Emerson Brooke

We won in base ball and track events last year, we won the State Oratorical Contest, but we had the misfortune to lose at football. And because of this, some people are saying: "Oh, we will never be any good at anything. We can't do a thing, or win a point." It is needless to say that such comments are absurd and unnecessary.

No more truthful statement was ever uttered than that made by Dr. Craig at a recent convocation, when he said that we lacked earnestness. We do not try to do what we are engaged in as well as we can, and until we do, the University will never be a success in the true sense of the word.

The printer tells us he needs more copy. Will some of the readers of the Kaimin help the editors out by handing in a few jokes and bon mots which can be used as "fillers."



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