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The Kaimin

University of Montana



OCTOBER, 1904

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THE KAIMIN

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA.

OCTOBER.

VOLUME 8.

- - - -

NUMBER 1.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,
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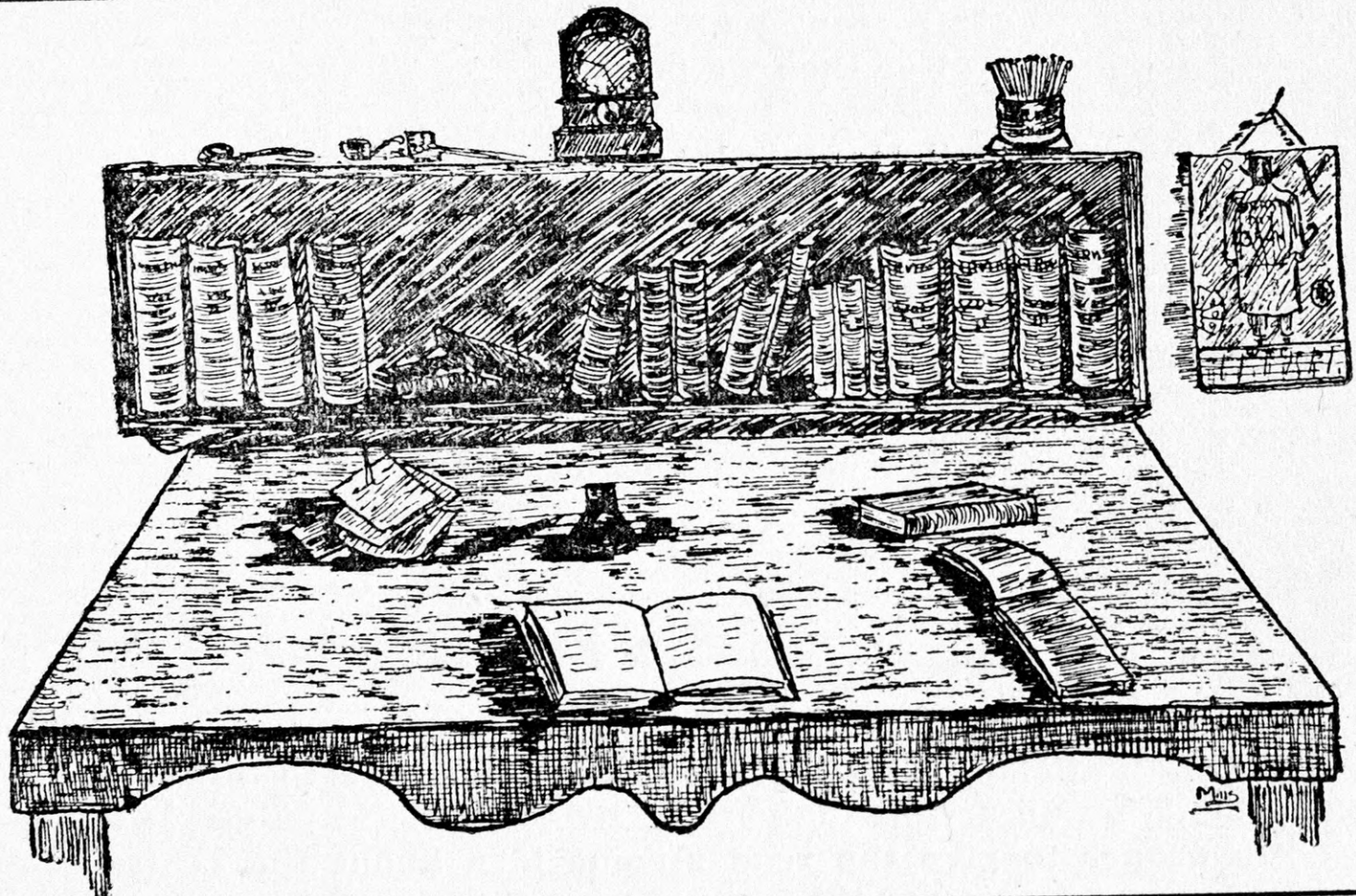
THE KAIMIN

Literary Magazine

VOL. 8.

OCTOBER, 1904.

No. 1.



LITERARY DEPARTMENT

EDITORS:

Jessie M. Bishop, '05. Joseph W. Streit, '07.

Hail Montana

(Air: "Russian National Anthem.")

Hail Montana!

Noble and strong,
To thee with loyal hearts
We raise our song,
Swelling to heaven loud
Our praises ring;
Hail Montana,
To thee we sing.

Majesty as a crown
Rests on thy brow;
Pride, Honor, Glory, Love,
Before thee bow.
Ne'er can thy spirit die,
Thy walls decay;
Hail Montana,
For thee we pray.

Hail Montana!
Gide of our youth;
Lead thou thy children on
To light and truth;
Thee, when death summons us,
Others shall praise,
Hail Montana,
Through endless days!

College Life

By the kindness of the editor we have been given premission to submit a few speculations which are to appear from time to time. Generally, in submitting an article for perusal by the general public, it is perhaps quite proper to give the reader some idea about the writer even though he is not a stranger. Such a course will in many instances arouse the reader's interest, help secure a more general recognition from the reading public, and incidently extend the prestige of the periodical to which he contributes. Still, while this may be the usual custom, yet in the present instance it would work no advantage to either the contributor or paper, because in the first place if the writer were known the reader would be too well aware that the article was not worth his attention; and secondly because those who are acquainted with us would wonder at our having something to say when heretofore we were so silent on every subject, even to the customary remarks as to the condition of the weather. So keeping this continually in mind we shall, while recording each month such speculations as are suggested from our observations, keep our identity concealed. And in reporting these events we shall not distort or overdraw them, but shall endeavor to portray them just as they actually appeared to us.

Last month, the opening of the college study some found it pleasant, as usual, to take up the responsibilities of another year's work. Registration was in full progress and as it was one's lot to stand at

the end of a long line of waiting students we concluded to wander over the campus and through the different buildings as was our usual work; nodding to members of the faculty and students known to us, and regarding the new comers with curiosity and interest. Among those returning for another year was a particular friend of ours, John Hargraves. We were especially pleased to see John and welcomed him royally. John is a prince of a good fellow, of a quiet amiable disposition and one who takes great pride in his work.

Naturally, as we had a great deal to say to one another, and a number of confidences to exchange, we sought out a quiet place in which to have it out. From force of habit more than any other reason we turned into one of the lecture rooms frequented by aimless students every hour of the day. Professor Biogny was in and very busy with his work. Of course, our presence there was a great annoyance to him but that did not make any difference with us. We wanted to talk and went to his lecture room for that purpose, and so long as a class was not in session we felt we were at perfect liberty to do so, as long as we pleased. So we perched upon a desk, made foot stools of the chairs and talked in an audible tone totally obvious of any one's presence.

In the course of our conversation, Highgrade informed us that he hoped to get more out of college this year than last. Now this was a great revelation indeed, for it was well known that John averaged 98 per cent in all studies both semesters. What more did he want? Surely he was getting considerable. "You see," he said in his confidential way, "I was wholly engrossed with my studies last year, and lost sight of everything else; in fact, I was so thoroughly imbued with the idea that a university is a place for study only, that I missed more than half what there is to be got out of college life." "This," he continued, "I began to realize during commencement last year. I saw the pleasure of my companions, who were members of the 'Glee Club,' were giving to others and the benefit they themselves derived both from a social standpoint and as a means of cultivating musical talent—a delightful accomplishment all through life. Also in several intercollegiate contests—in both oratory and debate—which took place here, some, whom I know did not have any apparent ability along such lines, gave excellent accounts of themselves, simply because they affiliated with a literary society or a debating club, and took time to prepare for the parts assigned them. Then too, some of those that made such good showing in the field-day events did not have any more skill than I at the beginning of the year. How did they come by it? Simply by going out several times a week on the athletic field." "I tell you," he said growing enthusiastic, "I have resolved to have a part in college life this year. I have the time to be present at the meetings of the Y. M. C. A.; I can make time to take an active part in the Glee Club, and in a debating

club or literary society; and I can spare the time—an hour and a half—several times a week in the athletic field, without interfering in the least with the business that brought me here, or running the risk of lowering my grades.”

Long after, when Highgrade had gone to look up his old boarding place and the silence in the room was broken only by the professor's busy pen, I sat musing over the plans I had just listened to, and the longer I reflected, the more was I convinced that John was right. There is a wider field in college life than the mere perusal of text books; a field open to every student; even those of ordinary ability. But how often it seems to be overlooked by students. They seem to be so wrapped up in his or her individual pursuits that they lose the very essence of college life. Of course, in some cases this is a natural tendency especially when one is enabled to attend college only at a sacrifice made by himself or friends. In such instances the tendency is to get all the benefit possible out of college while the opportunity is at hand. And coexisting with this almost mad eagerness is the idea that the greatest benefits can be secured from texts and lectures only.

Again there are others who are indifferent on their first entrance to college. They perceive the busy little college world outside of their required work, yet remain out of it because they are not sufficiently interested to take an active part.

Either of these cases are to be deplored. It seems too bad that students overlook, or cannot take part in that which in the end will bring them many returns. They should awake to the fact that it is in their college days that they adopt those habits and thoughts that remain with them through life. Their college days is the time in which they should endeavor to get something from both sides. It is not what they get from applying themselves to so much rhetoric, mathematics or foreign languages, that they are able to measure their success in future life; for the very next day after commencement a student may be seriously puzzled to prove a proposition in solid geometry. But as it is the training derived from contact with their studies that makes their intellects strong, so those events in college life outside of the lecture room and text book tend to make us fitter and better equipped for association in the great brother-hood of mankind. It is in this that the very soul of college life lies. And those, who in college imbibe one part without the other, rob themselves of that which they can never regain.—Spectator.

Issues of the Campaign

Did you ever hear a political speech? If not, you should have heard it. It was delivered in a certain hall on a certain night in this city, a short time ago. It was a "daisy."

You know there are dignified, manly men like Fairbanks and Bryan; they are entertaining speakers whose utterances are replete with apt-story; there are orators and logicians and among the multitude no two are alike yet each appeals to something within you which the others did not.

But did you ever observe the "teetary-teetary" kind who sidesteps across the rostrum on tip toe; with palms upon the abdominal regions and digits extended, ambitiously. This species is somewhat limited in resources, but the resources are so faithfully employed that results are obtained withal.

Suppose you have a specimen before you. He stands with both hands raised above his head, elbows bent and fingers individually observable from the third gallery (owing to their independent positions), and thus he stands while his eloquence rolls forth upon the spectators in voluminous waves. Perhaps the "glorious sunshine of heaven is flooding the villages and towns and the country," and just when he dives toward you as though to entrap a butterfly in its erratic course and both arms come downward with a grand descent and hang limply suspended—from the shoulders till further notice.

He may tell you how supply and demand adjust themselves and then upon the authority of the word he will trip from economics to the fireside and show how the wife adjusts the husband to his duties, how she will send him "on the 8th day of November with thoughts of that dear wife; and of his little ones dancing merrily to school, well-fed, well-clothed and happy with books under their arms"(demonstrated by a vigorous hunch of the left arm) how she sends him to vote for the man who is undeniably the source of all this felicity. If you will observe, this man is seldom of the opposite party.

Before his "wife" gets out of range, he will give you a dissertation on women, highly flattering (which of course, the women take to heart) and tells you that he thinks women ought to enjoy the suffrage right, and of how "the schoolmams follow the flag; where she is—the mam (growing very emotional) teaching the little ones the fear of God (voice trembling and distress in countenance) there need be no fear" that our country will go wrong—and down crash the arms with a stagger of despair, to hang suspended from the shoulders—till further notice. His paraphrase of the "schoolmams" doing the flag-following "stunt" so

touches his poetic sense that he is prone to repeat it till he is sure you appreciate the figure as it deserves.

He delights to tell in detail of the "fruitful valleys," "the fertile fields" and the "evidences of prosperity" on every side, in the long and crooked course he has pursued till he lights in "your most beautiful little city" and again beholds all these wonders magnified before his very eyes. He always knows more about your own town than you do, and you are of course, ashamed. But he dispels your fears by telling you what intelligent people the working classes are, (you are traditionally supposed to be a hod carrier) and thus inflates your bosom with his sincere praise. Especially, are the men of your state "worthy compeers of our great president Thee—o—door Rozzy—velt" and the atmosphere is again shattered. His arms come down with a terrific crash, and hang suspended from the shoulder—till further notice.

O, that potent word "Thee—o—door Rozzy—velt!"—it was a drawing card and another sentence is hastily improvised ending with the same potent syllables. His muse is awakened—"the old soldiers who went forth in '61 to do or die" go marching before your eyes; the "glorious star spangled banner" is floating above them, and if you listen you will hear the ringing of the anvil," you will know something about "the American gunners behind the guns" down in Luzon; and "the Macedonian cry that rolled across the seas and the waters" when the Boxer uprising occurred will pierce your ears. As the majesty of this mighty array of words bursts full upon the soul of the orator, there floats triumphantly from his patriotic throat the story of "the stars and stripes, the FIRST to be flung from the ramparts of old Pekin," and the mighty mover in this tragedy, with a flourish and a bow, retires to the semi-circle of chairs.

You have heard all the issues fully discussed and are edified. The only surprising thing is that there are so few spectators left at the finish.—Q. K. G.

The Journal of a Summer Girl

"THE PRELUDE."

When the school year's work is ended,
And vacation with its pleasures
Comes to fill our hearts with gladness,
And our hours with many gaddings,
Mama takes us to the country,
Takes us back to the tall timber,

To the land of dirt and nettles,
In the reign of big mosquitos.
There we spend our days in fishing
And we laugh and call this pleasure,
But discomforts are forgotten
In the glory of the sunrise,
In the beauty of the moonlight,
And the grandeur of the mountains;
Then we feel the joy of living,
And we laugh and KNOW 'tis pleasure.

AUGUST 1st, 1904.

When we woke up this morning,
The clock was striking five,
And Mama says, "We'll miss the train,
As sure as I'm alive!"

So then we all rushed madly,
Just ate a bite or two,
And got down to that depot,
Before the train pulled through.

Because the passenger arrives
So very, very late,
We thought it would be better far
To ride up on the freight.

And what a jolly time we had,
With only one mishap
Which was when poor, dear Mama
Caught me flirting with a Jap.

At last we've got to Como,
All dirt, and hungry, too;
But after dining sumptuously,
We really feel like new.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 2nd,

We got up late this morning
Quite rested from our trip,
And the first thing brother Will did,
Was to take a morning dip.

The Kaimin

He saw a big fish in a hole,
And excited and amazed,
Head first he went in after it—
Then what a howl he raised!

We put him in the sun to dry,
And I went off to ride,—
I only bounced three feet in air
And slid from side to side.

Then all that afternoon I did
A most unheard of act,
I sat and wrote three letters home,
Now really that's a fact.

We spent the day upon a ranch,
About five miles from here,
And every time I think of it,
I'd like to give a cheer.

We went in bathing in the creek,
And caught a fish or two,
In fact we did most everything
The folks would let us do.

Then in the evening when 'twas cool,
To finish up the day,
We rode home singing lustily
Upon a load of hay.

Now I will tell a joke on us,
If you'll the secret keep—
The folks who heard us coming,
Thought it was a band of sheep.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10th.
I thought I'd get some mail to-day
And walked two miles or more,
So when I didn't get a thing,
I tell you, I felt sore.

When I got home from the office,
I found to my dismay
That I had appeared at a very poor time
For a washing was in full sway.

And then when the washing was finished
They brought out an ironing to do,
I guess I would be a good hobo,
For work always makes me feel blue.

I think I could hang on the bumpers,
And a hand-out would do if 'twas clean,
But still I suppose it is better
To be just a girl seventeen.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13th.
To-day was fair beyond compare,
It's beauty reigned supreme,
The world seemed done in pastel tints,
An artist's fondest dream.

We rowed across the sunny lake
And up a deep, still stream,
Beyond the haunts and work of man,
Where Nature is supreme.

The flowers that grew all along the brink,
Peered thro' the crystal depth,
Here quaking asps laughed and shook,
And there a willow wept.

The harmony that wild things make
Came faintly from the shores
The only sound upon the stream
Was from our splashing oars.

The air blew most refreshingly
From off the snow-capped crags,
Which frequently sent echoes back—
"Look out there for those snags."

Then when the shadows longer grew
O'er hill and vale and brake,
We drifted, dreaming, back again
And out upon the lake.

And as we neared the other shore,
(We reached it all too soon,)
There floated from the dancing hall
A dreamy, waltz-like tune.

The Kaimin

And when we reached our beds that night,
The Sand Man came full soon,
While through our sleep clear waters sang
A dreamy waltz-like tune.

And water-spirits by Undine led,
A drifting, dancing throng,
Joined with the crystal waters in
A dreamy, waltz-like song.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17th.
To-day was just one big long lark,
From morn till late at night
If Grandma could have seen us all,
She'd say it was a fright.

We drove to Overturff's big farm,
A wagon load, of course,
And gave our yells and sang our songs
Until we all were hoarse.

Our appetites at dinner time,
Were good—now please don't smile,
We only ate an hour or two
And then played "flinch" awhile.

We danced that evening till the moon
Shone out above the trees,
And then we strolled around the farm
In groups of twos or threes.

Then all the homeward way we sang
The songs we all hold dear,
And ended up that jolly day
With many a lusty cheer.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 19th.
I can't remember what I did
To pass dull time away,
So I guess We'll just adjourn
And talk of Saturday.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20th.

A novel "bid" we got this morn
To come and spend the day,
At a fish fry on the Bitter Root
In quite a rustic way.

We went of course, and reached the place
In just a little while,
The feast we shared was fit for kings
And served in jolly style.

A big, fierce rattlesnake was killed,
And then with right good will
They passed the rattles on to me,
They said "to keep me still!"

MONDAY, AUGUST 22nd.

This morning I ran off to the swamp
And walked a round slick log
Until I came where cat tails grew
Far out upon the bog.

I gathered all that I could reach
And then some stunts I did
To get these things across the log
And hold my wind-blown lid.

This afternoon quite near the house,
I found a dandy seat,
Away up in an old ash tree
Above the dust and heat.

I sat so still that small wild things
Soon came to have no fear;
The chipmunks ran across my lap
And even birds stayed near.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 26th.

My last day at Como!
How strange it does seem
That I've been here a month,
And it's passed like a dream.

The Kaimin

Like a dream full of pleasure,—
All the days filled with fun
From the fair dreamy morn
Till the setting of the sun.

Like a dream the grand mountains
All softened with haze,
And the days full of sunshine,—
The sweet August days.

Like a dream the cool nooks
Where I've written these lines;
The green of the trees and
The voice of the pines.

Like a dream seem the days,
That we spent on the lake,
From which we most wish
That we never might wake.

—MONTANA BUSWELL

The American Politician

We are standing at the beginning of the twentieth century, the century of "records," of high standards in material things. At such a time it is most fitting for us to lift our eyes from the sordid matters that ordinary engross our thoughts and look again upon the high ideal which has been set before us as the shapers of our own destiny. Next to our religious standard, that before the politician should be most carefully guarded and tenderly cherished. The needs of this high ideal is particularly pressing in America and at this epoch of our progress.

It is the boast of America that in our nation the people rule, and this boast is amply justified. But on account of it, the Old World is watching with somewhat sceptical eyes to see what will become of us. The American politician stands in a peculiar light before the world. In the despotic kingdoms of Asia and the monarchies of Europe, the average ordinary man is not a politician. England comes nearest to the republican form of government, but is still essentially a monarchy tho' the regal power is now largely in the hands of the privy council. Switzerland as a republic has been a success, but her country is small, her people unified in race and sentiment, and she has not had the same

question to answer as we have. Then, there is republican France, built upon the ruins of centuries of corruption, with its degenerate people, its startling changes of policy and its general instability. It is to America that the Old World nations look for the healthy, happy realization of those ideals of governmental life which they have cherished all her hopes upon his younger generation, as it were, and says to it: "You have the best of our blood and brain; you have had every opportunity for symmetrical development. We have failed to attain perfection, but we have begun to hope again in you. Do not disappoint us!" So to the American politician comes the peculiar responsibility, not only for himself and his nation, but also for the ideals of Europe placed in his keeping.

Then, too, we have the expectations of our fathers to fulfill. They gave us this nation "conceived in liberty," endowed with all the graces and virtues, her life bought with theirs, her honor saved at the cost of their blood; for her they gave up the ease and pleasure of peace and home to assume the hardships of camp and march; better still in the days of her youth, they entered the halls of legislation and put aside fair dreams of fame and fortune in their devotion to her. There was nothing in her surroundings of which it could be said: "This need not have been, if the integrity of her politicians had been inviolate." To us, their successors, they entrusted her to be guided and cherished and kept for the future, as lofty in ideals, as pure in honor, as strong in virtue as we received her. How have we met this responsibility? How are we meeting it? We must answer not only to the world, but also to the past. She is not our own to be trusted as we will, but a sacred trust, to be passed on, whose future we are moulding now and must answer for in the days to come.

But some say, "Oh, we hear so much about the virtues of our ancestors; tell us rather of the glorious future in which we may have a part." Alas! That the children should weary of hearing their father's deeds recounted. If there is anything to raise high hopes for the future, it is the memory of yesterday's glory. Shall we cast aside as a worthless and uninteresting trifle, our greatest source of pride and inspiration? Look again at that assembly of men who framed the Declaration of Independence! Later, see Valley Forge and Yorktown! Can you now listen to the call of the life of ease? Can you descend to the level of these traitors, who daily sell their country's honor for gold? If there is anything which can appeal effectually to the grander, nobler side of an American statesman or politician, anything which can lead him away from the sordid baseness, which alas! has too often besmirched our fair name, it must be the thought of our glorious past.

As those bygone years await in us the development and to some

extent the fulfillment of their hopes, so we must plan for the future. Broad and deep were the foundations prepared for us; the proper tools have been put into our hands and upon our workmanship depends the permanence of the whole structure. For here shall the work of the coming generations stand, if our seeming granite of virtue and honor is found to be only a polished crust filled with the slime of bribery and the shifting sand of fraud? It was "for ourselves and our posterity" that the constitution was "ordained and established." Its framers looked beyond the mists and clouds of their present unrest and peculiar difficulties and saw what it was best to do for us. Can we not also rise above the petty, personal aggrandizements which may be within our grasp? Can we not climb that sublime mountain height of unselfish devotion whence we may look away to the brilliant future which shall come to the nation if only we will wisely plan and strongly dare and do? Consider strongly the stupendous responsibility which rests upon us. We sometimes think that because we have come thus far in safety as a nation, somehow we shall weather all gales. I feel assured that we shall; but it will be only because there is a strong worthy hand at the helm, and each on board, however humble his post of duty, is found serving faithfully.

But the glory of the elder days, the fate of the nation, the watchful eyes of the Old World, these thoughts, though sublime and inspiring, seem often times far away from the burning issues of the present. We look at the great national policies in the light of history. But when it comes to the vital moment, when a present advantage is being weighed against a measure of lasting importance, is our vote always guided by pure patriotism? Let us look for a few moments at some of the real difficulties which lie in the way of conscientious voting and electioneering. The first and possibly the most prevalent obstacle to clear political vision is the intense party spirit which has provoked so many bitter words and rash deeds. Men forget that the country is above the party; that faction and "fusion" are good only when they are subservient to the general welfare. When the deafening rant of the political demagogue has drowned the voice of justice, mercy, and good judgment, it is always well to slip away and put ourselves once more in tune with those nobler sentiments upon which our government depends for its success. The party spirit has its good as well as its evil side; but what a multitude of sins that cloak of "loyalty to party" is made to cover! That their side may win, some men will pocket their self-respect and truckle to the basest of their fellows. Personal ideas of right and wrong are sacrificed to what the party leaders have set forth as the standard. Even the most reserved find that they are led beyond the limits which they have set for themselves. And if these things are true of those who would scorn a base or selfish motive, what must be the

case with those to whom personal gain is of the first importance, to whom honor and patriotism are mere names. Such men are responsible for the corrupt work of political "rings," for the degradation of general politics, for the unblushing knavery which makes the names of some states and cities bywords in the land. It is not lack of knowledge of the questions at issue, or lack of real interest in them, that causes these disasters, but the lack of high ideal of political honor; for to some men, political honor and ordinary honor seem quite distinct.

And it is not in the great things that America fails. So far the men who have stood in the foremost ranks of her statesmen and politicians have been for the most part truly disinterested, acting only for the best good of the nation. But just now there seems to be a call for grave considerations of American politics as a whole. It is in the corruption of the common people that the undermining influences begin to work. Oh, how carefully we should seek to destroy those germs of discord and dishonor which have begun their fatal ravages! Their effect is seen in the class of men frequently placed in the offices of city, county and state; in the deportment of a large class of voters on election day; in the buying and selling of votes for gold or some other price; in the appalling increase in the habit of "grafting;" most of all in the lightness with which these things are regarded by the people at large. To be sure, they are condemned theoretically, but in reality, they are looked upon as almost necessary evils. What we need now is more men whose integrity is such that no temptation can weaken them, no fear drive to even countenance what is wrong; men who in the things of daily life are found blameless, men who cannot be bought at any price.

It is an imperative necessity that now as we are taking our position as a world power, we consider these things carefully and act wisely. It depends upon the individual, upon each of us, as to what America shall be fifty or a hundred years hence, and as Henry Clay called upon the Senate at the verge of the Civil War, so I call to you on the eve of a new century: "Let us discard all resentment, all passions, all petty jealousies, all personal desires, all love of place, all hankerings after the gilded crumbs which fall from the table of power. Let us go to the pure fountain of unadulterated patriotism, and performing a solemn lustration, return divested of all selfish, sinister, and sordid impurities, and think alone of our God, our country, our consciences, and our glorious Union!"

—MAY LAFOREST.

Echoes and Reflections

"Well,, well, hello! So glad to see you! When did you get back? What have you been doing this summer?" and Henry Churchill shook his friend's hand with a vigor which threatened to sever its connection with the rest of his person. Henry himself was decidedly "Dutch built," while the young man who faced him was fully six feet tall. It was a strange friendship, for there seemed to be nothing to unite them save the fact that they attended the same college and were classmates. Seth Webster was a big, broad-shouldered fellow, whose earlier years had been spent literally in the back woods." Henry hated the country as he hated a snake. In fact, his rashly indulgent parents had succeeded in instilling the idea that his own personal altruistic notions he had were due to the influence of Seth, whose training had necessarily tended to take his thoughts from himself. His family had been pioneers and were now able to give him the best of educational advantages, neither they or he had forgotten the price at which the opportunity had been purchased. In reply to Henry's query as to his summer, he said:

"The only sensible thing doable in summer—went to the mountains. How did you manage to drag out the weary hours between commencement and this present moment?"

"Oh, I followed the crowd and spent a couple of months in St. Louis, melting by degrees, from a hundred in the shade—upward you know. On the square, now, I don't believe there's a hotter place on earth. And so much to see—why, I never knew before what a blessing it must be to be blind. This last month I've been trying to get myself rested up for the winter tussle with Livy and Theocritus and the faculty. I went right into the sleeping business and my somnial powers are something immense."

"I don't doubt it in the least, if you've cultivated them any since your exhibitions in Psych class last spring."

Henry shrugged his shoulders and then asked with sudden interest, "Have you made up that month or so of Differential—what was it?—Geology? that you and Prof. Jamieson quarrelled over? I sort of half believe he was right about the necessity of there being results as well as an affidavit of work done."

A blush had mounted to Seth's face, and he laughed uncomfortably as he replied, "Oh yes, I submitted to the inevitable. He said I would have an excellent opportunity for observation and practical work when I was in 'the heart of the Rockies!'"

"He thought he was making a hit with you because you like

poetry. Really, you must enjoy your seasons of rusticity immensely. You know I couldn't stand it. I just have to be around where there is a lot of people. I'd go insane and jump off one of those cliffs if I went out alone the way you do."

There were times when Seth was just like other boys, and then times when he cherished dreams of which no one knew save himself and Henry. As the latter sometimes said, "He practices his poetry on me." Seth's reply was one of those "queer speeches" at which Henry sometimes wondered and sometimes laughed.

"You'll never know how glorious life can be, till you've been out awhile under the open sky. And I never realized how people could write poetry till I watched a storm in the mountains. I think a narrow canyon can be the darkest place in daylight that ever was. It's as good as any moving picture gallery I ever saw, to watch those innocent, white flecks come up on the horizon and collect in two or three patches and then roll together and turn about the color of that poor ink we got so cheap."

They had reached Henry's boarding place and he led Seth to the piazza.

"Say, here's a chair, boy, sit down and spiel away. It's real refreshing to find somebody who's been awake this summer. You know, I would just like to be able to enjoy life where I am; but I always have to go and see what somebody else has seen and talked about. Go ahead, I'd be willing to spend a year in the mountains if I thought it would help me to appreciate or even endure Chaucer and Spencer and those other fellows who wrote in such wretchedly bad English. There, finish up that storm; only give us some wind. I'm most smothered. It's most as hot as St. Louis."

There had been an amused expression on Seth's face as Henry rattled on; but when it came his turn to speak he was enthusiasm, for according to Henry, his heart was always "in the Highlands."

"Tell you what, you get plenty of wind out there. It's generally the biggest part of the storm and about the worst. But it's bracing I've lain lots of nights and listened to the wind come roaring down the canyon. Sometimes it's as much as five minutes before it strikes you. But when it does, it just picks that tent up and sets her down again, the way you do a saucy youngster. And then the tent will shiver and shake—and you take a good, long breath—talk about sensations, why, the associated press reports don't count."

"That must be jolly. But say, how was the fishing? I haven't had a mouthful of decent fish this year. Ellis went out and sent me a mess of suckers and minnows and I paid out about two dollars express for the things. Is there poetry enough about fishing to inveigle you into the water?"

Again Seth flushed to his hair. "Stuff and nonsense, fellow! Is my hair getting terribly long, or what peculiarity of my dress justifies you in forever hounding me with that word 'poetry?' "

With an air meant to be soothing but was really irritating. Henry laid his hand on his companion's shoulder and said: "There now, don't let your angry passions rise'. If it wasn't such an awfully lonesome, quiet job, I'd do some myself; but somehow the estimable fishes don't seem to appreciate my conversational powers. The only time I ever tried, I splashed around in the outlet of some refrigerator up there in the hills for a couple of hours and spent ten tenths of my time unsnagging my line."

"Oh, go on; I bet you sit on the bank all day and let the fish eat the bait right off your hook, while you build castles."

A dreamy far-away look came into Seth's eyes and he smiled as if at a pleasant memory.

"I guess I have lost a good deal of bait without getting much back. But then I enjoyed the other part. I'd rather lie back and listen to the noises around me. I like to go out on a broiling hot day, when the sky's at white heat and every individual atom of air is vibrating some several times a second. I invariably find myself singing off that couplet of Lowell's::

"Whether we look or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur or see it glisten."

I love to watch those shiny green and yellow bugs, or whatever they are, floating around in the air."

"I hope you were able to convert the attentions of those enormous flies into tender caresses in your romantic alembic."

"Oh, ye gods and little fishes! I never before longed so ardently for the arctic regions as I did a few days last month. But the flies did 'retire with honor' at night, and the nights were glorious. I believe if ever a man ought to be inspired, it's when he is alone in a moonlit canyon."

"Inspired with fear, I should say. Deliver me from an inspiration anyway; but above all things if it has to be drawn from strained relations with grizzlies and rattlesnakes. Really now, did you see anything of that sort worth looking at?"

"Oh, don't you worry. I have a stock of bear stories ready for city-bred infants."

Henry made a profound obeisance and remarked: "We are very much indebted to you for your patriarchal interest in our education. But about that class poem you were to turn out by the yard when you had inspirations to throw away. Do you know, it almost makes me dizzy when I contemplate the enormous height to which you lovers of the muses must rise. How do you ever forget common sense so much as

to tie the president's English up in a hard knot and say everything backwards or else begin in the middle. Really to me poetry is the most muddling thing in the curriculum. Now in 'math', there's some law and order; but when it comes to poetry, every one tries to do a little different from everyone else, so he'll be called original, and there you are—no rhyme or reason anywhere."

"Different here," said Seth, always eager to uphold his favorite study, "You can spend six or seven hours a day demonstrating some theorems and what's the use? Nobody will ever attempt to dispute Euclid, and when you have finished the whole book, you don't really know any more than if you had learned the theorems and taken the venerable gentleman's word for them."

Henry shook his fat fist in Seth's face and shut his teeth with mock determination, saying:

"If you were'nt on the road to be captain of the eleven this year, I would teach a proper respect for the exact sciences; which will be in existence long after most of your crazy effusions have sunk into merited oblivion."

Seth smiled down at him. "Really?" Well, I'll be magnanimous and call it square. But honestly, I believe it would widen your ideas about ten miles in every direction if you could pluck up courage to ostracize yourself from the madning crowd for six weeks. Maybe you would forget whether you were to put on a four-in-hand or a bow-tie till the next day."

"Do have some mercy on me. Because I don't wear one necktie more than a week at a time, don't construe the fact to mean that it engrosses all my attention. But now, fair and square, aren't the nights hideously lonesome? and if it rains?"

Seth leaned back and clasped his hands behind his head. "Camp nights. Why boy, they are simply incomparable! Do you know, the silence of nature always speaks louder to me than any of her voices. And if there is stillness and solitude anywhere, it's out there. I used to lie out and look up at the stars and wish that there were something in that old myth about 'the music of the spheres.' It always seems that if only we could stop this gramophonic noise down here, we might hear something worth listening to."

"I'm with you when it comes to squelching the gramophone. I heard such a jingle of them at St. Louis that I found myself singing a most melodious nasal tenor at glee yesterday."

Seth's face assumed an expression of dismay as he said, "Do let me know when you perform in public, so I can betake myself to my native hills."

"And listen to the coyotes. Allow me to inform you that our first appearance this year will be on the tenth instant. You had better get

an extendable ticket for we sing again on the fifteenth."

"Unmerciful wretches! But say, how about the special Dutch class? Can we get one to satisfy the thirstings of such fluent linguists as your mightiness and the rest of us aspiring innocents?"

"With all due humility, I beg to be excused. I have forever eschewed the study of languages, ancient, modern or mediaeval. Down at the fair, the gabble of the people was worse than the gramophones. And I got into more places where I ought to have been able to converse with the natives in their own tongue. But do you know, I'd have understood a Comanche war-whoop a good deal better than the genuine French, Dutch or Italian."

You must have kept still long enough to hear them speak. How did you endure it?"

"I've been making up for it ever since. But really, it's about the only thing I remember from St. Louis. All the rest is simply hash. You see, I was going to do the thing systematically. First, I was going to go around and see the externals of everything and notice the styles of architecture 'et celery' as Bob says. Then I was going to do the inside. The first two days cured me. I tramped more in those two days than you did in all your thrilling mountain climbs and I didn't lose my way once. Of course, I wasn't going anywhere in particular so I couldn't very well get lost. But I'd get so tired that I most slept standing in the car going home."

"What did you do after you gave up your system? Did you stick in the machinery building?"

"No, I wasn't there only a couple of hours the last day, and that was the only thing in the whole fair I particularly wanted to investigate. But I started in on the hit or miss plan the third day and I always managed to hit an art gallery or the Woman's Building or **some side show affair**. On the whole, the fair was the most unsatisfactory piece of business I ever transacted."

"Poor fellow," wailed Seth, "you are a much abused individual. Let me offer my condolences in consideration of your pitiable condition. Tho perhaps I had better save them for the college public. Dick told me you had promised him an interesting account of your adventures for the next issue of the Stentor. If it's hash to you, what in the world will it be when we get it?"

Henry assumed a threatening attitude. "How dare you malign my literary and creative endowments! You needn't think that because I can't write poetry, I shan't give you tales that will make your old bear stories sound like ancient history. Why, one day—Landy! there goes that gong. Come down to dinner with me."

Seth hurried down the steps to escape his friend's grasp. "No thanks; I guess I had better digest the feast you've given my aesthetic

nature first."

"Well, so long," sang out the would-be host. "Tell you some more sometime."

—MAY LAFOREST

The Ballot

In no other country perhaps in the world has the ballot such significance as in our United States; in no other government are such momentous issues committed to it for solution; and nowhere is the **right of suffrage so universal** as in this country. Here indeed, the ballot expresses the will of a people, each a sovereign in himself, and having an inalienable right to say who shall administer the laws as well as make them. The people retaining—as it were—the governing powers, bestowing it at recurring intervals on whom they please, and so long as these periods recur regularly, sedition will be warded off; for the reason that the ballot takes the place of revolution in assisting just rights and wholesome privileges. The convictions of a people, expressed through their ballot is higher than the authority of legislative assemblies or the mandates of kings.

Nor is the end attained by this means ever thwarted by counter movements. So far in the history of our country the will of the majority—with one exception—has been accepted by the minority. No matter how great the principles at stake; no matter what the outcome at the polls may be; it is a noteworthy fact—commented on by foreigners—the close of American elections are not marked by sedition and blood-shed. There may be, and often there is, immediate preparation inaugurated for the next contest, but in general the defeated acquiesce and all animosities are laid aside. Those disappointed in the outcome and those jubilant over the victory; those defeated and those elected rise above their differences and resume their former relations in business and commerce as if a stupendous contest for supremacy in the land had not taken place. This is a record our people might well be proud of. When, in the face of the old admonition—"It is dangerous to give the people too much power" our country has steadily prospered under the control of all the people.

Yet in spite of the good record made in the past and the sanguine hopes entertained for the future there are several menaces to our ballot which, if left unmolested will eventually destroy it. One of them is ignorance.

This seems a broad assertion in this day and age of education and progress, but nevertheless, it exists and can be verified

by anyone who will take the trouble to go to the polls on the second Tuesday of next month and observe all that goes on in the voting room. Of course, foreigners make up a large portion of this element. And the time is at hand when it will be composed entirely of foreigners, because, through our public school system all native born citizens will have a fair education. At present we have the most to fear from the foreigners who were reared in ignorance in their mother land, and who, on their arrival here are so busy with earning a livelihood that they have no time for self improvement. True, a few may be able to decipher some printed matter and perhaps express themselves to a limited degree in writing—employing a small “i” for the personal pronouns, a symbol very indicative of limited mental training. Still these very ones are not competent citizens from the fact that they cannot learn much about issues at stake except, through hearsay. And the enlightenment from this source is not very great because in many instances their associates are of the same class.

Let us imagine an American citizen who, using all the sources of information, is thoroughly acquainted with the needs of the country—he understands both sides of the currency, Chinese and tariff questions, as well as the labor, educational and other problems which must be decided by intelligence—imagine such a man going to the polls next month and casting his vote for the best interests of the country. Directly behind him is another man who knows nothing about the issues to be decided and who casts his ballot for the other side. What is the result?

The vote of the unenlightened man cancels that of the informed; the ignorance of the one weighs as much as the intelligence of the other. Now the fact that such a condition of affairs exist side by side in one country is to be deplored. The whole world will concede this fact.

True the foreigner must submit to an educational test before he is permitted to land, but the exactions are meagre, when compared with the requirements demanded for citizenship. A better way would be to have a higher educational test and place it in the hands of those whom the application for citizenship is made. Let it be of a general nature; the applicant should be able to read the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States; be competent to write an application for citizenship, and distinguish between a republic, a limited and absolute monarchy, and have the ability to figure the interest on the national debt. Those who cannot comply with such requirements should be denied the right of suffrage. They are not fit to be trusted with the destiny of this republic. Again such requirements for citizenship, would in time, cause the politician and political machine to be without a situation.

Another evil is intimidation. The heads of corporations inti-

mate to their employees how they wish them to vote and if the request is not complied with, dismissal is sure to follow. This practice is so established in our country that party managers, by simply ascertaining the sentiment of the employers, knows weeks before election how the vote in manufacturing centers will be cast. It seems too bad that a man who has given his services to another for a compensation must also surrender to that individual his political rights. It seems equally strange that a citizen will surrender a sacred privilege. The constitution guarantees religious freedom to every one. Did the framers of that instrument neglect to insert a clause that would give protection to the political opinion of those who depend upon others for their daily bread? Or did the reason that every one who enjoyed the rights of suffrage would have the courage to maintain his convictions? If it is due to negligence it is high time to propose a remedy; if, because of their faith in the American workman, they reckoned without their host.

Another evil is bribery. Of all the menaces to our ballot, this is the greatest. It has grown to such stupendous proportions that its influence extends to every department of government. By it the will of the people for the best interest of the country is often thwarted. Conventions put forward men for important positions whose sole recommendation is wealth. The man who contributes the most for campaign purposes is nearly always rewarder either by office or some personal beneficial legislation. Men anxious to sell out are lined up on both sides of the roads leading to every office, be it national, state or municipal. They are there awaiting the highest bidder. Among them are found some who have other commodities than wealth to exchange, such as eloquence and influence. But in either case the result attained is the same, so it must be stamped as bribery.

Another enemy of the ballot is defamation of character. What man is able to find out from the newspapers, when two men are candidates for the same office, which is the better. Allthrough a campaign there is a continuous tirade directed against every candidate by the newspapers. The good man is denounced and the bad applauded, so that a voter has no opinion as to which is the best. This pernicious influence, which has existed since the foundation of our government, is injurious to the ballot of the country.

Akin to this evil is spurious voting, or in present day parlance "the colonization of voters." In this transgression, men who are no more entitled to exercise the right of suffrage than an imported Chinaman, are taken into the precincts by some unscrupulous tool when they can be used to gain some advantage. Now the scoundrel that does this ought to suffer more than imprisonment or the payment of a fine, for he attempts the destruction of the republic. Of course, the thoughtful and just requirement of registration prevents the carrying out of this evil on a very large scale, and for this reason does not reach such alarming

magnitude as the others.

To mend these matters many suggestions have been offered and some have even been incorporated in legislative acts. But so widely are they distributed and so thoroughly rooted in our institutions, that the conviction, that they can be eradicated only by either the more thorough education and moralization of the people or by admitting woman to the ballot is almost universal.

As to the good results that would be obtained in giving the ballot to woman, there can be no doubt. The question now is, not what she will do with the ballot, but what she would do for the ballot! Give woman the suffrage and the Mormon and temperance questions will be quickly decided. She must pay taxes on her property. Ought she not have something to say as to how the money should be expended? If she transgresses the law she must suffer the penalty. Ought she not have a voice in making them? Some oppose female suffrage because they hesitate to have woman come in contact with the blasphemies and insults of election day. The argument is untenable. You have noticed the difference between the cleanliness of the gentleman's smoking car on the train, and the other cars in which women are passengers. You have noted the respect paid woman on the street, in the crowded assembly, in the home; wherever she goes, the tobacco quid, smoke and profanity disappear; she is shown respect by even the lowest. So would it be at the polls on election day. Instead of a tobacco smoke laden atmosphere, and floors stained and made disgusting by spittle, there would be cleanliness and adornment. Blasphemies and insults would be conspicuous by their absence as well as the tipsy individual who would be ashamed to be seen.

As to the moralization and education of the people; that rests with our high schools, colleges and universities. To them is entrusted the perpetuity of our ballot. A few more decades and their number will be strong enough to attempt reform along several lines; reform, not by radical means, but by example.

And you who are students today in our higher educational institutions, must begin your preparation for the reform you are to help to accomplish. Let your zeal be such that you will continually investigate the great avenues of information—magazines, periodicals, etc.—so as to keep pace with current events. Let your interest in public affairs and the good of the nation be apparent to all. On the second Tuesday of next month there will be a national election in our country. So far as you are concerned, it is a legal holiday. Why not spend part of it in visiting the different polling places and note what is going on? From sunrise to sunset, you will observe the ballots falling as gently as snow flakes. You will see the spectacled old man, with trembling hand; the blushing youth, who has been patiently awaiting this; the diamond

finger capitalist, and the horny handed laborer, standing in line to hand in their decision. And the vote of one will count as much as the vote of the other. All day long those white ballots will in our land, from Cape Cod to the Golden Gate, from the Lakes to the Gulf, silently as the snow flakes on a winter's day they will join into a mighty avalanche ready to slide down in expression of a nation's will. May each year your added influence be such that a sweeping avalanche will swallow up forever, fraud and corruption.

—JULIAN HOPE.



Woman

Homage to God for Woman!

Extol her—all ye who can,
For the gift of the only creature
Who is truly greater than man.

Oh, the infinite love of a woman's heart,
That keepeth alive man's soul,
Oh, her boundless spirit and simple faith,
Which urgeth, as toward a goal.

For triumphs be thine the glory,
Dear Mother, Sweetheart or Wife,
Oh, woman, thou hast inspiration
Which maketh so great man's life.

Homage and honor and praise be thine,
Long as the world shall be,
Till thy spirit hath taken that better life,
God giveth thy son and thee.



EDITORIALS



John D. Jones

In this the initial issue of 1904-5, the Kaimin wishes to again extend greetings to the Faculty, Students and general Public, and thereby assert that, although dormant during the vacation months, we are now ready to begin operations. The Kaimin for this year will continue as it ever has been, a strictly college magazine, devoted exclusively to promote the welfare of our University. It will also be the honest endeavor of the editors to have The Kaimin out on time, viz: about the 15th of each month.

**By Way Of
Greeting.**

Perhaps some of the new students are desirous of knowing briefly the history of The Kaimin. The Kaimin, (the term itself is an Indian word meaning something written) was established eight years ago, as the official organ of the student body, and as such it has remained ever since. In appearance heretofore The Kaimin was a pamphlet 9x10, containing about twenty pages of reading matter and six of advertisements. Under this form The Kaimin has flourished for some years, however, the present management have thought it best to deviate slightly from the time honored custom, hence the apology for the present form of The Kaimin. To our readers we hope this change will meet with their approval. In literary lines we intend to make no sensational innovations; but only wish to keep this department up to its usual standard and if possible, improve over succeeding years. In order to accomplish this end we need the support of both old and new students, and take this opportunity of solicitating your support.

**The
Kaimin**

The locals, also, will be carefully culled and only those which are bright, "newsy" and of a strictly charitable nature will be published. At this point we wish to call your attention to the local box and those who have locals or jokes that will meet the above requirements, are earnestly requested to place them in the Kaimin Local Box.

Athletics will also hold a prominent place, which is only just and due this important department, however, this will be more fully discussed later. The society, news and miscellaneous will receive their share of mention. Thus in conclusion, The Kaimin for the ensuing year will fully represent every department of college activity.

Since this is preeminently a year of politics and platforms, as

even the conservative literary department shows, we have adopted and intend to conscientiously carry out the following platform:

1. In victory or defeat, weal or woe, however, wherever, Montana forever.

2. Unflinching loyalty to our football team and all athletics.

3. Firm support to our debators and orators.

4. To promulgate absolute unity in the support of all University functions which will reflect credit upon the institution and to crush those which are detrimental.

5. To make this the best year in the history of The Kaimin. In order to make the last plank of the platform a reality, the support of the student body is needed. Remember you are the contributors, hence upon you depends the success of The Kaimin, so we seek your assistance, and have no doubt that you will contribute freely. Neither will your efforts be unrewarded as the editors for next year will be selected from the most meritorious contributors of this year.

Not since our big team of 1899 has the outlook for a successful year in football been so bright. Under the able management of Coach Conibear the "Varsity" eleven are making splendid progress. This fact was plainly demonstrated by the manner in which the "Varsity" held the Fort Missoula Giants, on defensive and advanced easily on offensive. In fact we look for big things in football this fall. The hoodoo which has been haunting the "gridiron" for the past three years has been suitably dealt with. The bleachers have been dedicated and a Rooters' Club that can't be beaten in the west organized. We must win. Defeat will be impossible. Let every student lend a hand. If you can't play, come out and yell. Let our motto for the coming game be: Every student at his post, every play a gain, every gain a victory. Ten to zero is the first score—R-E-P-E-A-T.

Nine Rah's for football and VICTORY.

The success of The Kaimin depends largely on outside support and especially to our advertisers. Indeed the greater part of our revenue comes from this source, and we take this opportunity of requesting the students of the University to look over The Kaimin ads before purchasing elsewhere. It is only just and fair that our patrons should get the benefit of our trade. One of the chief complaints made to The Kaimin managers in the past, was, that we are not loyal to our patrons. Let our present manager be free from such accusation. Read Kaimin's ads and make your purchases accordingly. One of the best ways to kill a college paper is to look up the advertisers and trade with the other fellow. Help those that help you.

It was indeed with much regret that on assembling in chapel for the first time, the jolly figure of Professor Hamilton was found missing in the faculty row. However, we are more than pleased to hear of Prof. Hamilton's promotion to the presidency of the Montana College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts at Bozeman, and feel that our relations, which have been the most friendly in the past will now be even more congenial, and that the two state institutions will be drawn into a closer fellowship. To President Hamilton and his administration The Kaimin wishes the utmost success.

* * * * *

One of the pleasant events of last commencement was the wedding of William Draper Harkins, professor of chemistry, and Miss Louise Hatheway, instructor in English and rhetoric. Professor and Mrs. Harkins spent the summer in Chicago and other eastern points, returning at the beginning of the college year. The Kaimin proffers to Professor and Mrs. Harkins sincerest congratulations.

* * * * *

Shortly before the opening of college year, another happy event took place, near the historic walls of "Old Berkerly." Professor Sibley of the M. E. department and Miss Katherine Stone were united in the bonds of wedlock, after which they leisurely returned to Missoula. To Professor and wife, The Kaimin also extends warmest congratulations.

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The Kaimin also takes pleasure at this time in extending a most cordial welcome to all new students and hope they will find their relations with the U. of M. both profitable and congenial.

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To Professor Snoddy, The Kaimin tenders greetings and pledges in the same degree of loyalty and respect, which this paper has ever been ready to render the Faculty, collectively or individually.

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We are pleased to acknowledge a subscription from George Greenwood, former editor-in-chief of The Kaimin, who is taking advanced work at Dartmouth this year. George always was philanthropic.

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Remember the Local Box; address, Southwest corner of Library.

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How about the debates for this year?

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Clarkia Annual, March 3rd, 1905, not April 10th.

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Hawthorne Annual, March 10th, 1905.—ditto.

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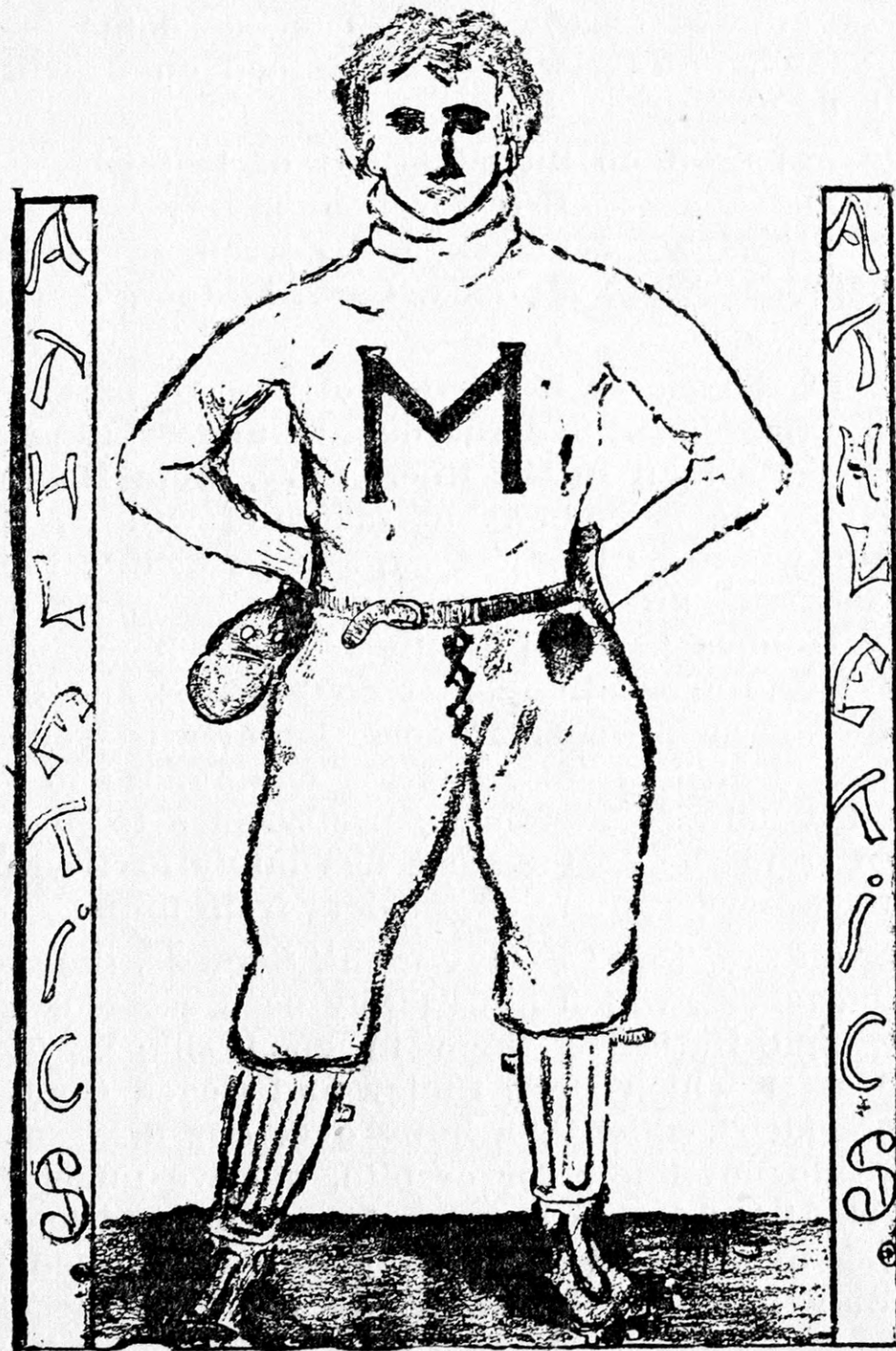
Wanted:—Some new yells and songs
Fifty subscribers to Kaimin.
Contributors for next month.
More football victories
A Glee Club leader
More Students
New and
Old.



Athletic Department

Lawrence E. Goodbourn

FOOTBALL



FOOTBALL

The football season has come again and our prospects for a successful year are very encouraging. The boys have already begun good

hard work. There has been quite a number out for practice already and new material continues to arrive constantly. Of course, we are sorry to see so few of last year's men out, but hope the new ones will be able to make good. It is always better to have men who have played a season or two together, which fact makes the work of the coach comparatively easy and chances of success much brighter. However, many of the new men have had experience on other teams and under the directorship of Coach Conibear the team this year will be a credit to the University.

Coach Conibear has already set up his training table and most of the players are now staying at the tent. The board may not be the most dainty in the land, but it is good solid food on which men will thrive and grow strong.

The old players need no introduction; of last year's team the following are again in harness: Leo Greenough, Ray Walters, "Spud" Murphy, Roy McPhail, Elmer Johnson, Joe Farrell, and Hart Willis. Some of the new candidates are McLeod, Cary, Draper, Marks, Fisher, Holmes, Longley and Adams.

McLeod is from the Butte High School and U. of Idaho, which fact testifies to his experience. He thoroughly understands the game and will make a valuable man in the line. Cary, from Nebraska, is a candidate for quarter. He is young, but fast and willing. Draper is from Cleveland, Ohio, where he has had experience behind the line and also at tackle. Fisher is an ex-Carlisle man who most likely will make a good end. Holmes is from Billings where he played on the high school team. He is exceedingly fast on his feet and his natural ability makes up for his lack of experience. Longley is from Stevensville. His experience is also limited, but his willingness to learn is a marked feature, and a man so minded is pretty sure to make a good player. Marks, also from the Bitter Root has lately arrived. He is a big husky fellow and we accordingly expect lots from him.

After "singing on the steps" Friday night, Sept. 30, the crowd proceeded to the new bleachers, which have lately been erected by the mechanical engineers, and initiated them in good shape. There was music by the band after which Prof. Sibley and Coach Conibear gave short talks. The "hoodoo" which has hung over our field so long was also destroyed. We do not know for certain, but we understand that Prof. Sibley or his right hand man Kessler, found the said hoodoo while they were wandering over Mt. Sentinel and at once handed him over to Conibear, who duly hanged him on a wire near the bleachers. At any rate the hoodoo was hanging there and after Conibear had applied the match to the hoodoo's trouser's legs—it was hard work to light him—and he was burning most gloriously, the boys executed an Indian war dance around his last embers. We hope this means of eradication

has been effective. So say we all of us, so say we all, etc."

Hurrah for football and VICTORY.

UNIVERSITY VS. FORT MISSOULA

SCORE

UNIVERSITY 10, FORT MISSOULA 0.

LINE UP.

VARSAITY

FORT MISSOULA

Walters.....	L. E.	Lilly
McLeod.....	L. T.	Kelly
Longley.....	L. G.	White
Johnson.....	C.	Dennis
Marks.....	R. G.	Patrick
Greenough (Capt.).....	R. T.	Crutcher
Fisher (Draper).....	R. E.	Major
Holmes.....	L. H. B.....	Grant
Murphy.....	R. H. B.	Lieut. Gunner
Cary (McPhail).....	Q.	Lieut. Fulton (Capt.
Willis.....	Full	Lieut Mitchell

Subs: 'Varsity, Adams.

Let the University brace up and take courage, for we have won our first game of the season and our opponents did not score.

On Saturday Oct. 8th, Fort Missoula came over to the 'varsity with their usual contingent of rooters to wipe the earth with us; but returned to their post a sadder and wiser lot. The day was not an ideal one, for it rained almost continuously from 3:30 to 4:30. The practice was only fair, the Fort fumbling often and the University running high. However, the game was a decided improvement, especially on the part of our boys, who all played a fine game against their heavy opponents. The game started off with Johnson kicking off for the University. Fisher made a good tackle and the Fort gained but little. Some two yards was made through center and then Mitchell punted. Cary carried the ball back 10 yds. Willis then made several good gains by bucking the Fort line. Holmes made 10 yds., but fumbled the ball when tackled and a soldier fell on it. However, the Fort boys could make no substantial gains against our fine defensive work and were again forced to kick. Holmes ran back the punt. When they lined up Holmes was sent through for 5 yds. after which "Spud" made a brilliant run of 30 yds. On the next play, Holmes was sent over for a touchdown. Johnson failed to kick goal. Grant kicked off to Cary who, by good dodging, carried the ball back 30 yds. McLeod gained 8 yds, Spud 5 yds. and Willis about 3. Captain Greenough then made a gain of 20 yds. but fumbled when tackled. Grant for the Fort got the ball and ran it back about 10 yds. Johnson failing to making connections with the fleeing black streak. The Fort now made 10 yds. outside of right

tackle. On the next play they lost 12 yds. on a fine tackle by Walters. This closed the first half with the ball in Fort territory. Score, 'Varsity 5, Fort 0.

The University now made two changes in its line up, McPhail taking Cary's place at quarter and Draper playing right end. Grant again kicked off and Holmes ran ball back 20 yds. Murphy made 8 yds. around left end, Greenough 3 around right end, McLeod 10 around left end. "Spud" then made 15 yds. and soon followed with another of the same number. Holmes made a slight gain and "Spud" then made 10 yds. more. McLeod made 3, Holmes duplicated this and "Spud" went over for the second touchdown of the game. Johnson again failed to kick goal. This part of the game was characterized by the fine playing of Murphy, who made at least 60 yds. gain.

Johnson made a fine kick off for the 'Varsity and Lieut. Fulton by brilliant work brought the ball back 20 yds. Holmes finally bringing him to earth. Again the Fort could not gain and had to kick. Several small gains were now made by our boys, Holmes, McPhail and Murphy carrying the ball. At the close the ball was on the soldier's 10 yd. line in possession of the University. Score, University 10, Fort 0.

Another pleasant feature of the game was the playing of the band in the grand stand, this together with systematic rooting plainly showed that college spirit runs high. The splendid playing of the "Varsity eleven" and the unanimous support of every student must bring success.

Rah, Rah, Rah! Rah, Rah, Rah! Rah, Rah, Rah! Victory.

Don't forget to join the Rooter's Club, now that we have bleachers let us use them to good advantage. Nothing is more encouraging to our team, and more demoralizing to our opponents than good systematic rooting. Here is a chance for those who lack courage, muscle, weight, or are otherwise prevented from playing football to show their colors, and thus demonstrate your fidelity to the 'Varsity eleven.

Here we are, Here we are. Watch us piling up the score;

We'll leave our foes so far behind they'll never never play us any more;

There's faith and hope in Montana's brawn, for we've got them on on the run.

The same day, Saturday, our first team played at Salt Lake city, against the University of Utah and were defeated 17 to 0. From the accounts given in the daily papers, we have reasons to think that our team put up a strong game against a much heavier team. The Mormons seem also to have played much better than they had done any time previous this year. The men who received favorable mention on account of good work were, Walters, Fisher, Cary and Captain Greenough. The ends, Walters and Fisher, seem to have done excellent work, for Utah was unable to make any gains around them.

We feel justly proud of our team regardless of the defeat and hope the game at Logan, with the Utah Agricultural College will prove a victory. Never Give up.

About as pretty a game of football as one generally sees, was played on the University grounds Saturday, Oct. 15, between Butte High School and the 'Varsity second team. The score of 11 to 0 in our favor makes the game more pleasing to us. Our boys displayed better generalship in the game and varied their plays much more than did the visitors, who bucked our line incessantly whenever they had the ball. These line bucks were generally productive of short gains, but after a time the 'Varsity would hold and take the ball on downs. Butte never punted and the University did not have to do so, so there was not a single punt during the game.

The first half resulted in neither side scoring; but after the first rush of the visitors had expended its force, our boys early showed their superiority at the game. With Capt. Garlington and Corbin alternating with the ball, it was brought to within 5 yds. of Butte's goal when an unfortunate fumble by Corbin gave the ball away. Butte brought the ball back away and the half ended without a score.

In the second half the University scored twice, both touchdowns being made by Corbin, who also kicked one goal. At the beginning of this half the 'Varsity substituted Morgan for Ray Logan, but the change made no material difference. Indeed, we have on good authority that Tom once tackled Corbin, thinking he had a Butte man. The line-up of the teams was as follows:

BUTTE		UNIVERSITY SECOND TEAM	
Kearney.....	R. E.	Ray Logan and Morgan	
McCarthy.....	R. E.	Westby	
Andrews.....	R. G.	Harmon	
Evans.....	C.	Hardenburgh	
Fluent.....	L. G.	Ralph Logan	
Crowley.....	L. T.	Hurley	
Burns.....	L. E.	DeMers	
Capt. Reihni.....	Q. B.	Farrell	
A. Bluett... ..	R. H. B.....	Garlington (Capt.)	
Thomas.....	L. H. B.	Corbin	
Chamberlain.....	F. B.....	Buckhouse	

Societies of the University

With the opening of another college year society life will again spring into life. Elections are being held from time to time, and plans for the year being made. As in all other colleg activities let this be a banner year in the varied societies. Let each take new life and vigor, and add strength and stability, thus keeping step in the march and progress of our ever progressive university.

* * * * *

Hawthorne Doings

The members of the Hawthorne Literary Society met on the evening of the 23 ult. for the purpose of organizing and beginning preparation for the work of the coming year. If any doubts were entertained as to the continued success of the society they were quickly dispelled by the enthusiasm shown at the opening meeting. All the old members left from the class of '04 were present and many brought friends—prospective members. The interest of the evening centered in the election of president. Two of the older and well tried members. Lawrence Goodbourn and Jos. Streit were placed in nomination. After a spirited and good humored contest, Mr. Goodbourn was declared the choice of the society. The other officers selected to serve during the ensuing semester are as follows: Vice President, Hart Willis; Secretary, Charles Dimmick; Treasurer, John Lucy; First Critic, Charles Schoonover; Second Critic, John Jones; Sentinel, Elmer Carter.

Judging from the number of names proposed, the membership promises to be large. Now, while this will in a measure retard individual work, still an increase of members from the new students in as much as it will place in the society a lot of new timber from which the ranks of our debators and orators may be replenished. This in itself is not a small matter of concern for it is a noteworthy fact that our debating teams in the past and the contestants for oratorical honors have been loyal active members of the Hawthorne society. This year the members of the society hope to secure at least four inter-collegiate debates. If their plans do not miscarry, the success of our teams will be measured largely by the number of 'active literary students we have to draw from.

There is also an eager desire on the part of members to continue,

as last year the practice in parliamentary drill. This idea will no doubt be fostered by the fact that the new president is a skillful parliamentarian with the ability to unravel, technical points and render lasting decisions. Last year no specific time was set aside for this drill, but it was invariably introduced during the regular routine of business, it would occur during the rendering of the programme, the pending of a motion, or the election of officers.

There is also an intention on the part of the members to continue the policy of last year in regard to the carrying out of programmes. Every member placed on the programme is expected to respond; if he does not and cannot show a good excuse for not doing so, he must pay a fine. In this way a good programme is assured at every meeting. Then besides there is an incentive for members to perform the parts assigned them. The critics keep a record of the work of each member and those standing highest at the close of the semester will be given a place on the programme of the open meeting of the society on the evening of March tenth. This honor every member strives to attain. And so our critics, who are experienced along their line, have already intimated that a closer record than any hitherto, is to be kept. The next annual of the Hawthorne, will be what the Doctor has said a few times in convocation it should be—"The literary event of the year."... ..

* * * * *

Clarkia Society

The Clarkia Literary Society held its first meeting in John M. Evans' Hall, Tuesday Sept. 27, for the purpose of electing officers for this semester. Miss Jessie Bishop was elected president, Miss Jennie McGregor, vice-president; Miss Mary Exans, secretary; Miss Maud Burns, treasurer; Miss Annabel Ross, critic; Miss Daisy Kellogg, censor; and Miss Ruth Ward, sentinel.

The next meeting will be held Oct. 11, at which we will have an impromptu by Miss Alice Glancy, a criticism on the former work of the society and some suggestions as to the future work, by Miss Blanch Simpson, selected reading, Miss Maud Burns, followed by parliamentary drill. In as much as this will be the first regular meeting, a short programme was all that could be procured. Hereafter we hope our meetings to be such as will both interest and entertain every girl student in the University. Our aim is to study the writers of the present day so as to be acquainted with their works.

We wish to make the Clarkia better this year than it has ever been and we extend a cordial welcome to all students.

Shakespeare Club

There have been two meetings of the Shakespeare Club and all the routine work has been completed. At the first meeting on Friday, Sept. 23rd, the executive committee for the year was chosen, and new membership discussed. The new committee are Miss Ward, Mr. Jones and Mr. Schoonover, and they succeed Miss Bishop, Mr. Williams and Mr. Corbin, Mr. Schoonover succeeding Miss Bishop as chairman.

At the second meeting Saturday, Oct. 1., the work was partially planned, fudge eaten, new members voted in, and apples devoured. Fudge and apples are traditionally used in the Shakespeare Club as inducements to new members. They are, however, used but sparingly and are supposed to awaken much clicking of mental machinery.

It was a maxim in the club last year that a more congenial company could not be found, to maintain this principle is one of our unwritten laws. But at the opening of this new year, there are to be a few absences from the ranks, which is a disappointment to all; not that there is any fear of discord, but that some of the charter members are no longer with us to enjoy the results of the less pleasant work of last year, when foundations were being made and our efforts were experimental. Still we hope to have our old friends with us whenever they shall be able to attend, for the feeling is prevalent, "once a Shakespearian, always a Shakespearian."

It is the hope of the new committee to arrange a programme covering for the year, three or four plays and to study them by acts, ending with a summary of the whole. This will be a much more thorough and enjoyable method than that of last year, in which character study was the principal feature. The literary, historical and dramatic phases will be fully discussed this year, together with topics upon Shakespear's varied characters, and whatever else the fertile-minded committee shall invent to stimulate activity.

To say that the Shakespeare Club is entering upon its second year with bright prospects and hopes and in a spirit of real enthusiasm, is not to quote a stock phrase, but to speak a genuine truth. We hope to maintain an interest commensurate with the increased interest in the University, which is certainly livelier and better than it was last year.

—RALPH HARMON

* * * * *

Y. W. C. A.

The first meeting of the Association was held on September 28th, under the leadership of Miss Summers, the chairman of the Meetings Committee. The aim of the organization and the benefits to be derived from it were discussed by Miss May and Miss Knowles. Several

new members were then received with the Recognition Service.

On Friday evening September 13th, the reception to the girls of the University was held at the Woman's Hall, when about seventy-five guests enjoyed the hospitality of the Association. The evening was spent with music and games, and refreshments consisting of cake and sherbet were served.

The Missionary Rally on October fifth was in charge of Miss Fern Healy, chairman of the Missionary Committee. The plans of the committee were explained and some interesting notes concerning foreign customs were brought forward. One such meeting will be held every month.

The regular meetings of the Association are held Wednesday at four o'clock in the parlors of the Woman's Hall, and a cordial invitation is extended to all the girls to come and visit the meetings as often as possible.

* * * * *

Eta Phi Mu Fraternity

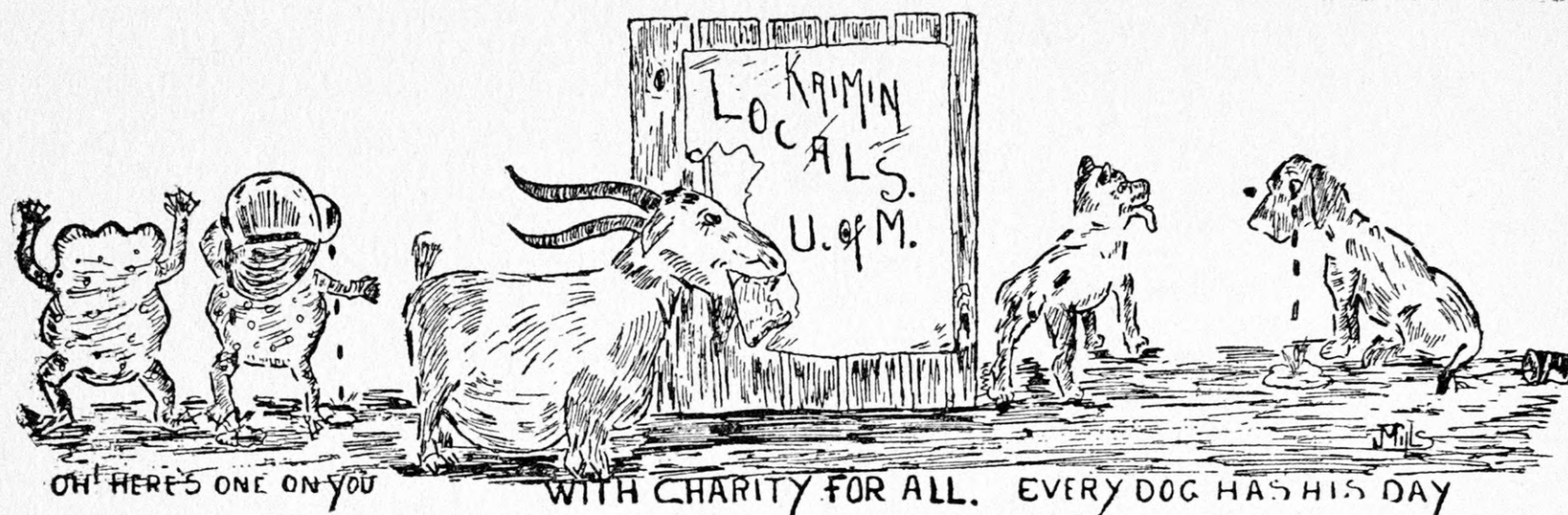
The Eta Phi Mu Fraternity is here to stay and is this year domiciled on 222 South 6th Street, only a short distance from the University, and on the "Varsity trail." There it is destined to become a favorite haunt during the fall and winter. The house is already beginning to assume a homelike appearance and the boys are daily adding new decoration. At present there are six members staying at the house, John R. Haywood, James H. Mills, Fred Dion, Dell Grush, Prof Scheuch and John Jones. Some of the old members are expected daily, so the number will soon be swelled to nine or ten. The boys have not held any banquets as yet but will begin soon, and it is hoped many pleasant evenings will be spent in the near future, and strains of jollity will permeate the air for blocks around,

"For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together."

* * * * *

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. has begun operations and the prospects of a very successful year are in sight. Several new students have signified their willingness to join and the old members are working faithfully. Plans have been already discussed, and outlines made for the ensuing year.



W. O. Dickinson and James H. Mills, Editors

The Hoodoo.

* * * * *

Who rough-housed the gym?

* * * * *

Lamb is still on the football bill of fare.

* * * * *

Dancing in the gym at 12:30 p. m. All are invited to stay away.

* * * * *

I wish you would give that old sweetheart of mine to some one.

* * * * *

Edward Williams wasn't here to holler "corner" at the dance.

* * * * *

By all appearances Ed Simons has got his butter on thicker this year.

* * * * *

If a point was a line, it would be a plane Dim—ck.

* * * * *

Don't vote for Goodbourne or Grush. They're "fraters." Vote for Ray Walters. West—bye.

* * * * *

Has Harmon got rattlesnakes in his boots again this year? No, but Ray Walters has.

* * * * *

Old students must not set a bad example to the new students by talking in the halls.

* * * * *

Since Prof. Harkins is married, chemistry is the favorite with the girls.

As my "hart" panteth after the water brook, so my heart panteth after you—Ruth Ward.

* * * * *

Martin Tucker is conspicuous by his absence. What will the Oratorical Association do without him?

* * * * *

A remembrance by Prof. Harkins—that bath I had last year. etc.

* * * * *

Will Dickinson—I will post the committees on the board.

* * * * *

Miss Gertrude Montford, who won the University scholarship from Glendive last year, is attending the "Varsity."

* * * * *

Prof. Sibley, wife and sister, are now living in Prof. Scheuch's house on South 5th street. Prof. Scheuch during the absence of his wife in the east is taking his meals at the "Frat" house.

* * * * *

Miss Alice Welch spent a few days of the first part of October as a guest at Fort Missoula.

* * * * *

A subscriber to the Kaimin—Tincankettleson.

* * * * *

Miss Janet Summers from Hamilton is registered among the new students.

* * * * *

Maud Burns is again resuming her studies at the University.

* * * * *

Did you see how well Joe Farrell held down the "Frat" corner at the dance?

* * * * *

Fred Busch, a former student of the M. E. department and incidentally a member of the ever popular "corduroy brigade" was a welcome visitor to the "Varsity" recently.

* * * * *

When the University has another football game, bring your megaphone and use the bleachers.

* * * * *

Hawthorne met Saturday night, Oct. 8th, and installed the new officers for the coming year.

* * * * *

Dave Trepp and Moncure Cockrell show their loyalty by subscribing to the Kaimin.

* * * * *

Miss Kaimin—What do you think of my new dress?

Uriel Murphy cut his hand quite badly with a chisel soon after school started. The wound is entirely healed now.

* * * * *

Sleep babies sleep—Football boys.

* * * * *

Joseph Streit and Will Dickinson have succeeded Moncure Cockrell and Page Bunke as assistants in the physical and chemistry laboratories.

* * * * *

Mr. Kessler failed to bring a wife from St. Louis, but he intends going to Germany next year to dance with the wooden shoes again.

* * * * *

"Happy" Hughes is beginning to get foxie again. His friends all thought him cured almost a year ago, but we must remember that he is one of the High Five, and as he is the only one out in the cold he has decided to stag it no longer. The High Five tender him their sincerest sympathies.

* * * * *

Coach Conibear spent the greater part of the summer at Chautauqua Lake, New York, where he attended the Chautauqua School of Physical Culture. He saw the Princeton-Chicago track meet at Pittsburgh and at Buffalo saw the champion basket ball team of America.

* * * * *

On September 30th the bleachers for the band and rooters, constructed by the Associated Mechanical Engineers were dedicated to the University. Strung from a high wire was a dummy. This had previously been saturated with coal oil and after speaking and a few selections by the band he was set on fire. As the flames leaped and wound themselves about him, the students could not show their joy and stand still, so all joined hands and circled about him, happy that our "hoodoo" is at last gone.

* * * * *

The sixth annual session of the University of Montana Biological station at Big Fork on the Flathead Lake, closed August 19th, after a successful session of five weeks. Prof. M. J. Elrod, the director of the station was well pleased with the work and says that it was the most successful in the history of the station. At the close of the season, the people of Big Fork to show their appreciation of the work done, gave the instructors and students a large banquet.

* * * * *

Prof. Harkins and wife left the early part of the summer for the east. Prof. Harkins again resumed his studies in the University of Chicago and was also an instructor at the same time. He was working on his thesis for doctor's degree of philosophy. After he finished there he and his wife visited the St. Louis fair before returning home.

Dr. Craig and wife left soon after the school year was ended for St. Louis where they saw the big show.

* * * * *

A musicale to be given later on.

* * * * *

"We guess we've got to be a going. Foot ball boys (at 10:30 o'clock, Oct. 7.)

* * * * *

"Ho(l)me sweet Ho(l)me"—Stella Duncan.

* * * * *

"When the harvest days are over Jessie dear."—Ed Williams.

* * * * *

"I've got my eyes on you"—Miss Whitney

* * * * *

Duet—"Home ain't nothing like this"—Sibley and Harkins.

* * * * *

"Hold the Fort for I am coming."—Teddy.

* * * * *

"It is Strange when the band starts playing."—Blanch Simpson.

* * * * *

"Bye Baby, Bye."—Prof. Rowe. Notice: This will be rendered each night at 7:30.

* * * * *

Trio "For She's a Fox (ey) summer girl (Hughes Corbin and Grush.

* * * * *

"I am wearing my heart away for you."—Vic Whitaker.

* * * * *

"Good morning Carrie."—King Garlington.

* * * * *

"I am wearing my heart on my sleeve"—Draper.

* * * * *

Solo: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."—Del Grush.

* * * * *

"Chorus: "In the days gone by." Rowe, Sibley, Harkins and Scheuch.

* * * * *

Prof. Rowe of the Geology and Physics department spent part of the summer studying the economic products by touring the greater part of Montana. He visited Forsyth first and studied the clays and building stones of that section. Here he gathered several boxes of Fort Pierre and Laramie fossils. From Forsyth he went to Billings and made a study of the building stones there. From Billings he went to Red Lodge and Bridger. He made a report on the oil, gypsum and coal fields of that region. He gathered some Jurassic fossils here that were not

known to exist in the state. He studied the coal and oil fields in Teton and ended by spending a week at Big Fork studying the glacial fields. He has finished the coal bulletin and he is now ready to publish an article on the gypsum fields of Montana.

* * * * *

Fred Buck had great sport this summer hunting snipe. He would start out at night with a gunny sack and a candle and go to the head of 'a coulee. Here he would open the sack, light his candle and start whistling for the snipe. Of course, they were drawn to him and he could easily catch them with his hands and put them in the sack. One could see his candle burning away into the "wee sma hours" of the morning. Members of the party he was with frequently went after him and took him to camp, not wishing to see so much of the feathered game slaughtered in this way. Don't you care Buck. There are a few more who haven't hunted snipe. Get even with them.

* * * * *

The University had a fine exhibit at the State Fair in Helena this month. It consisted of samples from the M. E. Department, Biology, Chemistry and Miss Knowles' drawing rooms. Profs. Elrod, Aber and Miss Kellogg had charge of it and Del Grush and Vincent Craig went along to help. All returned home after they put the exhibits in place, save Miss Kellogg and Vincent Craig. They staid during the fair to explain and watch their exhibits.

* * * * *

Miss Georgia Smurr of Deer Lodge, a student of the "Varsity" last year, spent a week at the opening of school with Agnes Hughes and Mrs. Simons. While at the latter place it is rumored she went hunting with Ed and got 10 grouse. One bird in the hand is worth 10 in the bush, Ed.

* * * * *

A letter from George Greenwood tells us he likes Dartmouth College very well. He says they all look at him, but they treat him very fine. Out of 900 students only 50 report on the field for football. When you consider that 15 or 20 out of 100 comes out for practice here you can't kick on our college spirit.

* * * * *

Miss Sutherland, a student at the University was called away suddenly October seventh to the bedside of her sister. We hope she found her sister much improved.

* * * * *

Said a young cadet to his Juliet,
 "I'm like a ship at sea,
 Exams' are near and much I fear
 That I shall engulfed be."

"Oh, no," said she, "A shore I'll be,
Come rest your journey o'er."
Then silence fell and all was well
For the ship had hugged the shore.

* * * * *

Miss Georgia Smurr was here from Deer Lodge on the seventh and eighth of this month. It is good the old students do not forget their college?

* * * * *

The Mechanical Engineers Association held a meeting recently to elect officers for the coming year. They will start their weekly programme again. The Engineering Department has doubled this year and good meetings are looked forward to.

* * * * *

Reflections

A moment—but a paltry space—
Is left to summarize the day,
'Ere night, with blissful rest,
Shall sooth our cares away;
Yet in that silvery thread of time,
May thoughts and acts at judgement's shrine
Invest themselves of right or wrong,
For through the deeds of yesterday,
The deeds of 'morrow come!





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