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# The Kaimin

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University of Montana

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CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1904







# THE KAIMIN

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA.

DECEMBER.

VOLUME 8.

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NUMBER 3.

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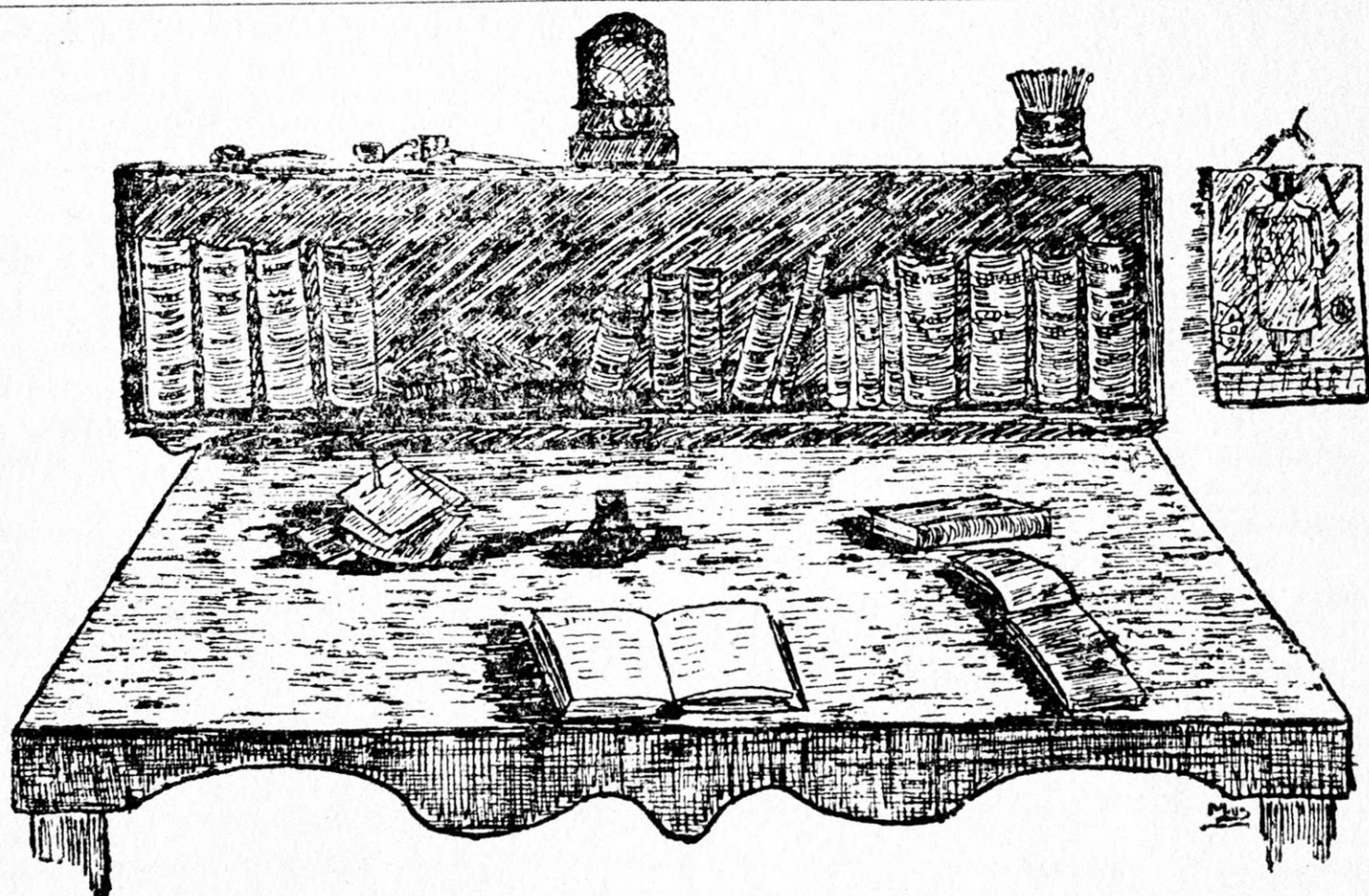
# THE KAIMIN

A Literary Magazine

VOL. 8.

DECEMBER, 1904.

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## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

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

### Christmas in the Tower

On the rocky, western shore of Cornwall, where fierce waves rage and roar in impotent fury about the base of the cliffs, there is one crag that seems more lonely than any of the others. Its sides descend perpendicularly to the sea on three sides and behind it, on the fourth, stretches as barren a heath as could well be imagined. Nothing but the presence of a human habitation could increase the utter desolation of the scene.

And as if to complete this picture of stormy wildness, there stands



near the edge of the cliff a round tower of gray stone. Usually, a dwelling of any sort seems to assure one of shelter and human intercourse; but the appearance of this tower is repellant. It has a few, small, deep-set windows, which look as if the stone had but grudgingly allowed the incisions to be made. There is nothing to be seen save that cylinder of unknown granite; no sign of domestic activity; no cheerful smoke; no life. It is completely shut up and sufficient unto itself.

But however, bleak and uninviting the exterior of this rocky nest may be—there is one room inside where comfort appears on every hand—a large room, in the second story, with a wide window looking far out over the sea. Yet the room is not cheerful. The walls are lined with cases containing many hundreds of books, most of which are ponderous volumes in heavy leathern bindings. Then there are rich, silken draperies at door and window, spacious arm-chairs and age-darkened rafters. These things cast a gloom about the place, which all the glory of the sunset cannot quite clear away; indeed, the whole aspect is that of perpetual twilight, but it lacks the cheerful hearth-fire.

At a desk near the center of this room, sits a man who seems to be a little past three-score and ten. Yet he is not old; his attitude and countenance are those of one who is peacefully happy; there is no shade of sadness on his face, neither any look of expectancy; he is perfectly at ease.

But inspite of this tranquility, he is conscious of a difference in the atmosphere, for it is the evening of Christmas day, the day for which he has waited a whole year, one of the great days of his life. This morning, his faithful servant hung a wreath of holly in the window, just as he has done for over forty years. All day this man at the table has studied as usual; but now it is evening.

To-night there is no light in the room save the after-glow of a winter sunset. As the old man sits there in the twilight, he is waiting and now he hears far away at first, the sound of music. It is made by a woman's voice and the soft tones of a harp. As the sound approaches, he recognizes the song, full and exultant; he leans forward and listens attentively. Now the tones are low and tender and he rests his head on the back of the chair in perfect contentment. But soon the chords change to minors; his head falls upon his hands and his whole frame quivers with exquisite agony. The harp trembles—ceases—speaks once more as if wakened by a last, lingering touch and its lament mingles with the wailing of the wind and the sobbing of the waves at the foot of the crag. Christmas is over; to-morrow he will go back to his books, the love of his youth and the solace of his old age.

—MAY LAFOREST.



## “Have I A Soul”

At first thought it seems absurd to doubt that one has a soul, for do we not feel its influence all the time? Yet who can describe it?

The perfect universe exists for you and me only so far as we know it, and to appreciate it more we must awake more. Life is known only by living, just as white light is only appreciated when one understands the spectrum. Thought demands an explanation of what the soul is, and we will never be satisfied until we reach the goal and know the perfection of that soul.

We know more about self than anything else, in an intuitive way but yet in this knowledge lies the difficulty to describe it. In the attempt to somewhere near define it let us look at it from the psychological, ethical and spiritual aspects

Psychology defines self as merely an aggregation of the states of consciousness, a study of changing conscious processes, connected with the physical. The thought flowing down the stream of consciousness is itself the thinker, so, one that influences and blends with the adjacent ones. But only once can we have the same idea, for the surrounding states are never twice the same. However, the same object may be dealt with twice, or more. “In short, psychology has no present need of the term soul.”

But if we try to meet this psychology on its own ground, and bring evidence that a soul exists, this evidence will be reduced to the phenomena of sensation, or the mental state of affection. For example, you may contend that there is continuity of conscious experience, but the psychologist will remind you of its lapse during sleep, and the dangers of relying upon memory. And in wonder and despair we must turn from psychology, thinking that man has no soul, that it is feeling which feels, thought which thinks.

Yet no one will argue that the mind is permanent, for we do not often change our views? It is the self which considers now this idea, now that. But the passing mental states are no more the soul of which we are in search of than the world of nature is the God whom it reveals. If one made a list of the effects of some emotion as love, what would become of the emotion itself? Does not conscience spoil the harmony of the whole, and yet not explain the true subject? And thus it is with the soul, we may tell about it, but we cannot touch it. If one carries self-examination too far one loses spontaneity of action.

In any series of actions there is a central interest; it may be in the day's work, but that centralizing interest is always present, and this interest is the very heart of us all. It is something we cannot elude or suppress, but which leads us on, and is the reference in all questions of weight. It is known by diversity of names—conscience, belief, etc.



In other words this central interest is a chooser. "The choice is different from the act of will. It is even more absurd to say that choice chooses than to say that feeling feels or that it is the thought which thinks. We are affected by something, but show emotion toward something. Choice implies emotion more than mere thought or feeling, it implies wisdom." The question therefore is: What is that in us which gives the strongest reason, what is the origin of the highest motives, why are you individually different from me?

And here we enter the question of ethics, a discussion of life's choice. Here two realms meet, the objective and the subjective. The former is the subject matter of natural science, the latter is the voluntary actions of the individual.

Just here is the strong argument of ethics. Unless there is a free actingself, how can one voluntarily alter one's conduct, and how can one be responsible for that conduct? And, too, the self is ever looking forward. When one rises through victories over sorrows, he emerges feeling that all experience leads to one mental good.

Thus we are led to the consideration of the ability of the soul to unify. The mind may be concentrated on one subject, though knowing many. Insanity represents extreme concentration, and this is no chance affair, but one governed by a law, else how could one return at will to a certain train of thought? Each man has his own individual experience. Because some people show more so-called soul in their every act than others do, is no reason that they possess more, though it may be better developed. Thought after all, is simply trying to interpret feeling.

Introspection is not much help, for how can the object examine itself? The pursued is the pursuer. In this limited existence we may not exhaust even one state of the soul. "There is too much in the soul to allow itself to be entrapped in one moment of consciousness, although all aspects of it may be represented there in one of those remarkable intuitions which govern our moral choice." You may carry introspection as far as you can, you may observe yourself receiving or producing certain impulses, but you can never observe yourself observing. But otherwise, "thought never fully overtakes feeling. We may detect all sorts of characteristics in our feelings, but the background, or unity of feeling remains."

Another trouble is that the conscious states we would observe are always changing. We cannot examine while we experience, and after experience is over, there is always some aspect we cannot recall." All that I can say sometimes is that I have lived and loved. By some magic I forgot myself when I was most truly myself, and this cold speech of mine is utterly shaken, when compared with the warm radi-



ance shed by the living soul."

There is an interchange between myself as subject and as object, farther than this we cannot say.

What we try to understand in our individual self, is the same in the world at large. The very existence of reason and of the desire to know is a proof of a soul, and those who seek and try the hardest are the most spiritual. To have a broad and charitable view one cannot shut himself up and study by introspection alone, however much he may learn, but he must look at others and learn their way of doing things, also. That characteristic so much to be desired, frankness, is simply opening one's heart and speaking or acting therefrom. And thus we form our opinions of people on first meeting, and converse soul to soul, as it were.

Then there are the phenomena of mind reading, clairvoyance, etc., which appear as soul functions that one cannot exercise fully in this life.

Still another proof that there is a self is the "awakening or turning point in a man's life. It is then one feels there is a higher Power who guides this soul, and generally later in life, one feels unquestionably this God of the Universe.

Some claim that there is no continuity of the soul, that even sleep breaks it; but as Plato says: "The soul reasons best when least harassed by the senses." The physical world is undoubtedly fleeting while the mental is eternal.

It would be nothing to simply do just what we ought, let us rather do more than is required. For we are nothing in ourselves, all that counts is the work the Father accomplishes through us. We are all manifestations of one life, yet we are not identical but individual. We each have a separate way of reaching the goal. And when we are willing to put our own ideas aside and be guided, do we not feel the soul spring to quicker life and lead us on correctly? It brings just the amount of assistance necessary, it leaves room for both finite and infinite.

The clew to life's mystery is that a man must ACT for himself alone. Certain results follow when such an act is done, and then only. It pays to take time for silent study and thought, and not feel that you must hurry on.

Perhaps this study of proof that a soul exists is rather a disconnected affair, and mixture of psychological, ethical, and spiritual opinions. But what else is soul, but a combination of everything, the only part of us worth considering?

The probable reason for us not being able to define the soul more closely is because it shades off into the Divine Being, and there, of course, we can only conjecture. That there is no soul separate from the One Soul is proven because we never look at anything in comparison with ourselves, and we cannot imagine anything separate from God.



So how can we describe or study that which we are. "I am told at the same time the soul which I would describe to you and also a part of that which owns both you and me."

Even nature herself speaks deepest and plainest when other activities are hushed. It is an indescribable feeling within one, this soul, this commune with the Great Ruler of the universe. And how can the soul be effaced when it is itself the draughtsman.

The soul is not searchable; we are ever changing and broadening our view of some new phase that is presented, for "resident in the becoming is the remaining; amidst the changeable the unchangeable abides." But choice lies back of it all and shows a permanent One who knows and directs all, and who is linked into all our acts;" and just because He can thus transcend the limitations alike of feeling and of thought, of time and of repose, is the ultimate reason for saying that man has—yes, that man is—a soul."

—MAUD BURNS

---

## The Prism of Life

With aching temple on the hand reclined,  
Aweary, worn with earthly care,  
Now fades the glim'ring landscape on the sight,  
While a solemn stillness fills all the air  
As thro gates of Sleep I gently glide,  
Tho' not to roam in "fields Elysian"  
But onward into mystery and gloom,  
Close followed by the pallid angel Pain,  
My soul wanders here and there, dumb with grief  
Always meeting cold Poverty;  
And faces pitiful and pale appear  
In scenes of desperate misery.

The barren earth lies hot on every side;  
The mountains in the still, warm sky  
In gloom rise up with outline cold and keen,  
While piteous night-birds mournfully cry,  
Mingling with the discordant echoes  
Of rude nature,—so tempetuous,  
Causing innumerable jarring sounds  
In this world so inharmonious;  
Where every brow shows the mark of sorrow,  
And thronged with anguished and dying,



Vainly searching for Peace, yet finding none,  
I wander thro' a land of sighing.

A never-sleeping terror at my heart  
Lest I also be down-trodden  
Blindly I grope onward, demon-hunted,—  
Ever haunted by these struggling soul-cramped men.  
The winds rustling thro' the withered grass  
Affect me as ghosts from their graves freed..  
Before me rises the sombre headland  
All shrouded in seething seaweed  
That is dripping and clinging like the locks  
Of drowned women in sunken ships—  
A hideous sense of utter loneliness  
Enshrouds my soul and never lifts.

The moon glares, relentless, cold and silent,  
On these whose living is not Life;  
And the swish of the never-resting foam  
Tells me of eternal conflict and strife.  
Oh! in the very sands of the beach,  
I find there labor, labor and unquietness.  
My heart is chocking with a burning pain,  
I feel a leaden sense of nothingness—  
No beauty, no love, only care and crime,  
I wish for death; I fear to die.  
O, this grinding toil and chill of woe  
Benumbs my soul;—in vain I cry.

For my soul hears the nightwind whispering  
"Not here, not here! Peace is not here;"  
The sougning pines ever sadly answer  
"Not here, not here! Joy is not here."  
But softly falling thro' the pathless air  
Comes a voice, "Here! Here! Come up hither."  
A song as siprit sings to spirit  
Stirred and thrilled my starving soul, till thither  
Led by spirit voices up a rocky stair,  
Thro' more calmer regions I flee  
Unto a peopled garden, green and fair  
Where all is beauty and luxury.

Following Thalia, the Muse of Joy,  
And softly o'erpowered by Sirens



Singing sweetest songs of sibilation,  
Liquid melodies filling all the glens,  
All memory, care, obliterated  
By the tyranny of the present,  
I pass into a delightful realm  
Where light and shade most marvellously blend  
Are never dimmed by recoil or by strife;  
And the silvery light of mirth  
Reflecting from heavenly bowers,  
Streams o'er this beauty-gilded earth.

Moving mid the splendor of earthly things,  
Walking in a world without pain,  
Released from the dread winter of despair,  
Dwelling where hatred and scorn come not again,  
I wander by a care-lulling stream,  
Idling in indolent delight.  
Pleasure is in the wavelets splashing,  
All music and metre, fragrance and light,  
Sweet melody in the fountain's dashing.  
I "smell the rose above the mould,"  
Completely wrapped in silent ecstasy  
As the sun in glory pours its gold.

My soul seems to ascend and leap and pierce  
Into the depths of infinite Time;  
Joy fills the soul's cry to overflowing,  
While Duty is banished from this fair clime,  
For with pleasant force, the sense of duty  
Currents of softest thought o'erpower.  
Even violets without conscious thought,  
Their sweetest evanescent perfume pour.  
Rising winds are sweet and lyrical,  
Nature soothes and sympathizes,  
And not a word of injustice is spoken,  
Not a cry of agony rises.

A soft light shines thro' me upon all things,  
A sunny light for sullen gloom,  
That transforms all in a land of decay  
To a restful land of ease and sweet bloom;  
Blithesome and cheery, sparkling with glee,  
The world passes on from day to day,  
Shunning all labor, sulking gaiety,



As though all life were but the Milky Way.  
Wondering at liberty for happy  
Happy golden hours of gladness.  
While every wish and longing seems appeased,  
All bound in deep contentedness.

But a mysterious hunger arises  
As ambition and hope depart.  
A beauty-pallid spirit yearns for something  
More to renew its satiated heart,  
Which, starving for more depth, feels that the  
One lovely thing wanting is duty;  
And I long for sudden storms and showers  
To break this constant placid beauty,  
That long in seeking, tho' at last was found  
Falls far short of the Infinite.  
Of the shim'ring summer sunlight weary  
Weary of this voluptuous false light.

Impassible, drunken with the sunshine,  
At last by the nightingale's grieved cries,  
So human—it seems a thing close to tears—  
My sleeping soul from pagan dreams flies,  
Clamoring for something more divine,  
Unrepressed by Lethean waters,  
Though yearning, to still that heart-rendering call,  
As loth to part, my spirit still loiters,  
Seeking, rather, the sickly separation  
Of the beautiful from Sorrow,  
By fault of my dullness and selfishness  
In vales unshaded by Sorrow.

But all the pow'rs that we have known, fail to  
Move the folded wings of restfulness  
Hov'ring o'er 'till, as in a vision fair,  
The voice of Minerva, wisdom-crowned goddess,  
Sadly from the outskirts of this careless  
Passionate life, falls on mine ears,  
"O Time! O Life! Do ye not know ye were  
Not made for languid dreaming thro' the years?  
Come and follow me in the smooth pathway  
Of Nature's laws so pure and high,  
And goals yet grander await your winning  
Upon the mountains, by and by.



With soul intent and ear awake to the  
Grandeur of life, my heart soars and sings,  
Lifting earth-bound feet from out the slough  
Of sordid-self, lending them wings  
To gain the summits of fame, where unrolled  
The future lies like a world newborn,  
Brighter and lovelier than ever,  
All steeped in sunshine and the mists of morn,  
The divine circulations ne'er resting;  
In the ascending scale of life,  
With its wondrous blending of bright and dark,  
Conscious of harmony is rife.

In the quarries, Beauty sleeps,  
But only by the chisel is it wakened  
And in this transformation of beauty  
Into practical power, unshakened  
By petty and trivial trials,  
With hopes and hearts strained ever onward,  
Gaily the heart sings while the hand works,  
As over rocks and flow'rs we climb upward  
In new and excellent regions of life;  
To do the duty which the hour brings,  
Never delaying. In wrestling comes strength  
Whether it be great or smaller things.

Thus with the Ideal with me always,  
Love unlocks the door to regions  
Of knowledge where Beauty sits enthroned  
With grandeur and strength of tow'ring mountains  
And Wisdom is the child of Sorrow  
With that refined spiritual Beauty  
Developed thro' irksome, insipid tasks—  
The enduring shadow cast by Duty—  
When at last I all but reach the summit,  
Slumber's bonds from mine eyelids fall,  
Leaving the bright lights of that dreamland shore,  
I slowly obey Reality's call.

Endless are the mysteries of this dream  
As by agony of contrast  
Have I viewed life's scenes as thro' a prism,  
Till the soft onward flight of time, at last  
Its purpose of calmness and strength



Has wrought upon the care-brooding soul.  
Thus while the human heart muses and dreams,  
God builds his sanctuary in the soul,  
Bright'ning the lustre won by charity,  
That, as we waken every morn  
Refreshed from scenes on glowing mountain heights,  
Remind us that life may yet be borne.

All things are ours! The prize of earnest trial,  
And the crown of lofty labor  
Will be a crown of fadeless beauty  
That to snowy hair will lend its luster,  
To hearts and eyes that seek the sky, and  
The maiden its matchless charm shall win;  
Tho' unsheltered from storms, the stalwart youth  
Will bear it unstained amid strife and sin,  
Learning from nature, for over and over  
The sun will rise, and never shirk,  
The eternal principal of trifles,  
Remembering "The end crowns the work."

—A. W.

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## A Christmas Wager

"Well, of all the —; really, Helen, I can't find a word, in my vocabulary, that is bad enough."

"Perhaps that is owing to its limitations, but never mind dear, you needn't tax your mental powers to such an extent, I think I get the drift of your thought."

"But, Helen, why don't you accept that Lennox man, anyway; you know he is one of the best fellows in all our class, and, you know, he has made a big name for himself, since he graduated, and then we all know that you've always cared a whole lot for him, now just give me one good reason for your not doing so."

"Well, because—" Helen would never have made a mathematician.

"See, there, you can't," the other added triumphantly. "First thing you know he'll get tired asking you, and maybe ask someone else, perhaps me, then what would you do?"

"Be you're bridesmaid, if you wanted me to be."

"Why, there's Mother, so I'll have to go, I didn't think that it was getting so late, just think over what we've said this afternoon and see



if I'm not right."

Alright, Dorothy, I'll do it, the thinking part of it; can't you come over tomorrow and bring me some of your Xmas cheer?"

"Yes, I'll come over," she said, as both girls came down the broad stairs. "Won't you make me a Xmas present of doing the sensible thing?"

They had reached the hall door and as Dorothy went out, she said, "You'll send me that present bright and early, won't you?"

Helen only smiled but did not answer.

When the other girl reached the gate she called back, "Helen, are you going to have a 'church' wedding?"

Dorothy's mother looked her surprise but did not ask any questions, and Dorothy ventured no explanations. Neither talked much on their way home, and when they finally reached home, Dorothy said to her mother "I'm not coming down for dinner tonight."

"Why, child, what is the matter?"

"Oh! just, I've got something awfully important on hand, mother dear."

As soon as her mother left, Dorothy went to the telephone.

"Is this Mr. Lennox?" "This is Dorothy Grey," — "Well, you see I've been over to Helen Mason's this afternoon and—well—about that affair of yours—you just go in and win, I'll clear the track as far as I can." — "Good luck to you, good bye."

Next day she was all in a flutter, but her mother, knowing Dorothy's love of surprises, wisely forebore questioning. The girl could scarcely wait until she started for Helen's in the afternoon, even when she reached her destination, she was still very nervous, for her at least, until the servant announced Mr. Lennox.

Suddenly, Helen said, "You know that book I've wanted so much, but couldn't get it, brother finally succeeded in unearthing one, and so he kept it in silence and so gave me a surprise this morning. Come on and I'll show it to you." Dorothy shot a significant glance at Lennox and he nodded knowingly.

"I'll call in a minute," called Dorothy.

The young man followed Helen to the library.

"Isn't it a beauty?" she said as she held up the book.

"Yes, its nice enough, but, listen here, Helen, don't you remember that wager we made last Christmas? You said that I should never marry, and I declared I would, now I want to tell you for the last time that I am not going to lose that money."

"Well, I guess I'll have to then."



## College Spirit and How to Show It

Football is over for the year and a glorious end it has made. Out of four games which our first team played, they distinctly won two, the third they played to a standstill, outstripping their opponents in every department, and only missed tying the score in the try-at-goal. The fourth game, tho' the first in order, was played by a raw team, whose members were yet strangers; and after a 24 hour's ride over a western railway they held down one of the strongest universities in this country to a score of 17 to 0. There is little use to praise the team—the Northwest, our own particular sphere of activity—knows what they did and will look this way next September with a question. Last September they didn't know we were here.

But football is only the introduction to a better, greater field of work. It exhilarates the players and spectators, but it does not satisfy the desire for action in the life of the university. It is far from being the moving principle of college life.

We are admonished to show our college spirit by attending all the games and contributing financially to the dances that follow the games. But we now see a cessation of "college spirit" till time for the referee's whistle to call the next kickoff? It is believed by many that college spirit is like a pill, to be taken before retiring; and those taking it retire to hibernate for the remainder of the first semester and all of the second. It is rather a daily food, and the more of it the better, till the appetite has been satisfied. We have yet to learn that, that appetite has been satisfied in the University of Montana.

What good does it do to tell the student body upon every public occasion that it's spirit is unsurpassed in the land, and so herald it forth in the college paper, while each individual is telling every other individual confidentially, that the spirit here is of the meanest quality?

Let everyone know what is a fact, that it is of a low order, when used simply as a virtuous cloak with which to clothe some favored line of work. You do not not speak of college spirit when you refer to that which is enthusiastic in one department and sees no more, you speak of pitiable narrowness. College spirit is shown in the loyal support of all activities, and lives through the cold weather.

There is music, which is as far ahead of football as football is ahead of top-spinning. Let the student body appreciate the efforts of the Glee Clubs, of the Orchestra and all other musical organizations. When asked to support a musicale do—something. Support does not mean the donation of twenty-five cents—it means INTEREST. Attend the musicales that may be given during the winter if you can, and do not be mislead into the belief that you are not showing college spirit because you may not wind a megaphone or give a "Missouloucum" with



ear-splitting melody.

There are the literary societies, several of them. Perhaps best of all is the Clarkia. There the members attend the meetings and respond to their parts, which is a rare occurrence in one other society at least. Yes, the Clarkia's are doing something and they are deriving benefit from it.

Strictly speaking, the Shakespeare club does more earnest work than either of the others; and work is college spirit. Neither let anyone think that because it is limited in membership and its meetings held behind closed doors that is any the less a manifestation of that spirit.

Then the Hawthorne! By way of showing your college spirit come some time and look at it. But are you certain now, that there is such a society? No. And if it would suspend meetings for the remainder of the year and the student body be none the wiser. Nine members including the Pres., and perhaps one other officer, bespeaks an event full of promise—but what kind? Don't stay away "because you're not on the programme," and do not be absent because you are. Show your college spirit and attend a meeting of the Hawthorne whether you are a member or not—try it once. Do not hurry back and complain that it is not interesting. It never will be till it has the patronage of the school. An attendance of forty or fifty which is not an unreasonable suggestion at all, would increase the quality of the productions rendered 100 percent.

The extempo speaker would be inspired after accustoming himself to the unwonted sensation, and he might even "get rattled"—can't now—he's ashamed to before such small audiences. The debators would try to convince if their efforts were taken account of; but disconsolate members and plaster of Paris curios are not prolific of either logic or eloquence. Show your college spirit and attend these meetings the rest of the fall and winter and if you do ATTEND do not think yourself a paragon worthy of praise; your attendance is not good for much without your interest in literary progress. Take a hand in this and you are advancing the object for which universities are established, and without which they fail.

The whole student body are members of the Oratorical associations, the best and noblest of all our college organizations. The committee appointed have been doing things; we are to have three college debates this year and maybe four. Who are to represent the school in them? The same team cannot hope to do so in all. There must be enough contestants at each preliminary to make a CONTEST. We do not want it as it was last year, a contest to see who will be substitute. Let each society have some of its members at every trial. Then will we enter the field with material enough, as to quality, it needs only development.

Now, do you, seriously, even want the U. of M. to win in these



coming debates? Do not say "yes." Of course, everyone would say yes; but not half would know what they had said yes to, half an hour later. Do something. It does not require ability and experience and eloquence—not to begin. And if you don't begin when will we ever get it? It certainly does require all these to win. You would know it, you would feel it, if you had sat in the auditorium of the Administration building at W. A. C. last April. Then you would know why, it was that the U. of M. sent out a losing team. This year our debates will be at home, and if you do not attend them, and if you are not impressed with the crying need of reform, then you have no college spirit.

Our position in the forensic field is a disgrace, and every person whose activities are within these halls should feel the shame of it, from the first prep. to graduates.

No half dozen men can make a debating team nor can the entire school do so in a year or in two. Now is a chance to show your college spirit, and if you believe in such a thing, begin now to think of a subject for debate, and tomorrow propose it to the committee together with one good reason for your choice. Get into the debate yourself and plead for the predominance of your ideas, believe in something, and then try to make the others believe with you—do it in the association hall at the first preliminary contest, which will be held before the end of the semester. Let us begin to see an awakening interest in this, now paramount department of college-life, to the end, that out of the coming campaign the copper and gold may emerge with a banner undefeated.

—RALPH HARMON.

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## Real and Apparent Study

Our speculation for this month has been directed to the way in which students study. It is not our intention to harp on this subject for the purpose of introducing an innovation but merely to suggest that looking into an open book is not always study. A short time ago our close associate, Will Prompt, suggested—during a stroll on the campus—that we make some excuse to visit the library, museum, "lab" and such other places as students are in the habit of congregating during vacant hours for the purpose of study. He said unless one's attention was directly called to it, nine-tenths of those who are sitting in a room apparently in deep study, will quickly look up from their work if any one should enter, and too, anything that may occur on the campus or in another part of the room, even though it be a student crossing to another building or two engaged in looking up references. Such transitionary events will often absorb more of the attention of those studying than



the subject they are endeavoring to master.

Now this statement seemed a little overdrawn, yet as we were aware that Will was a close observer as well as one competent to draw conclusions, our curiosity was soon deeply aroused and we concluded to test the truth of the statement at once. We decided to experiment on those in the library first and if successful, then try the "lab" and museum. Since we had "to be shown," it was agreed we go in first and note what took place, take a seat where all could be observed and note the effect of Will's coming.

We pushed open the door and tip-toed softly in. Twelve students were present, three were standing at the reference desk with their backs turned toward the door, and seemed busily engaged, six others were seated at tables in various parts of the room, and three others were sitting in a reclining position on benches and facing the opposite side of the room. Just as soon as my entrance became manifest every student but one in that reading room—*notwithstanding* they were absorbed in study—glanced up from their work. Thus far returns were as great as Will anticipated, so we awaited patiently his coming while feigning a perusal of the "Times."

Will's entrance was quiet as ours had been and this time nine pair of eyes only—one spectator's not counted—noted it. But Will being one who is very popular with the student body—especially the feminine part—only a moment elapsed before all had to satisfy their curiosity. During the next ten minutes we remained there five different persons entered and in nearly every instance the attention of not less than ten of those students was taken from their work. One dainty little creature sitting at a table near at hand engaged in tracing out the winding mysteries of trig. as well as a reclining young man on a bunch next us, involved in the subtle reasoning of psychology, invariably allowed their attention to be drawn by the opening door and immediately after heaved a profound sigh of despair because "this stuff is so hard to see through."

The next place we visited was the Lab. Here several groups of students were engaged in study; some working on a language; some on mathematics and others searching out the truth in science. A few roamed about the room talking first with this one, and now that one, not doing anything in particular yet intending to get a lesson before the next hour. These not only drew the attention of those whom they conversed with but likewise of those in other parts of the room. The conditions in the museum—a place not intended for study yet those who wished to do so were welcome. While many went there with that purpose their attention was soon attracted to anything that came along or happened to be suggested.

After seeing enough to convince us that Will had judged the situation quite correctly, we departed to continue our stroll on the campus.



"The truth is," remarked Prompt, after we were clear of the hall, "the truth is a good many students do not know how to study and I often find myself wondering if some of them will ever learn how. Many of them seem to have such a struggle too, that it appears strange they do not wake up to this fact sooner. They are continually at their books, often denying themselves pleasure and recreation, in an almost hopeless despair to master a difficult subject, while a classmate—who may find the subject just as hard of comprehension—will get along without the least trouble and have time to devote to other pursuits. Again I have noticed promising students outstripped by others of far inferior abilities because the one of lesser talent had learned the art of studying."

"Now," said he, continuing, "I do not want you to infer that it is because of not knowing how to study that many men do not rise above mediocre. Such an idea would be erroneous because often some of the ablest college students are never heard of after graduation, also some who are most successful and eminent in the affairs of the world were those who had the greatest struggle with their college work. So it does not follow that the student who does not know how to study will never succeed. But it is certain in college work that the student who does not learn how to study will either fail or work under the greatest disadvantages. The student who sits down to master a subject and allows his attention to be drawn away by every incident going on around him might just as well save himself the effort being put forth in study for he cannot accomplish any results."

Afterward when reflecting on the thought suggested by Will, we could easily see how true his conclusions were. It is evident that one engaged in mental occupation must give his undivided attention to the subject he is considering, if he desires to be successful. The student who endeavors to master a subject can do so only when he gives it his closest attention. If, while he is reading over a study, an under current of thought on something else is running through his mind, attention is divided and the results are nothing. After he has finished he will have very little knowledge of what he read but strange to say he may have a keen recollection of the subject that divided his attention.

The secret then of study is the concentration of one's mental powers upon the page before him. Just as all the power in a river is concentrated when no streams issue from the sides so it is with the mind in study. If when studying the student is able to control all his thoughts and hold them to his subject he will have won more than half the battle. And it is not so difficult to attain this result if properly attempted. Students who find it difficult at first to pay close attention to the subject at hand should try concentration for short periods relieved by moments of relaxation. If this is faithfully carried on for awhile it



will not be long before the period can be lengthened, and, finally, perfect control secured.

We have seen men who had such wondrous control that they could sit down in a crowded car or a library and give their entire attention to what they were reading.

Students who early learn to do this work will be surprised at the rapidity with which they can do their work. It is said the German students begin later and put in less hours in study than the students of any other country, and it cannot be gainsaid that they do not accomplish as much or more than the others, for the ability of German students is everywhere recognized. The secret of their success is none other than that when they take up their studies every other thought is driven from their mind. Their mental efforts are concentrated on the page before them. There is no under thought of that last contest in athletics, of that reception last week, or that ball tomorrow night; neither of that popular young man so much in demand, nor that fascinating "co-ed" in the Lab. All these receive their attention, it is true at the proper time, but when they are taken up then the deduction of mathematical equations, the seeming contradictions in science and contests for scholarships are laid aside and the mind turned to the subject at hand.

—SPECTATOR.

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## Sesame and Lilies

If you have read "King's Treasuries," you ought to know how to read, what to read, and should have some good thoughts on why to read. First, the author tells us we are not reading the great unless we also feel them; that we do not feel them unless we are like them. But still, in order to read thus understandingly, we must comprehend the English language—better by knowing something of others. In answer to the second he tells us, the eminent dead; because it gives us the opportunity of cultivating the friendship of true kings. Especially should books of great writers be read for the sake of time; if you read this you cannot read that.

In this essay he makes a strong plea for all he thinks good. Embraced under this is "sensation," of which he takes a peculiar view, saying, "the essence of all vulgarity lies in the want of sensation;" places it among the most desirable attributes of womanhood—"which the pure woman has above all creatures—firmness and fulness of sensation, beyond reason, the guide and sanctifier of reason itself."

Things pertaining to Queen's Garlands, are exquisitely pure, lofty and ideal, when reviewed with Ruskin. The treatise on the education of



woman, the relationship between woman and wife and the home, and the duty of the world to girlhood is beautiful throughout. To Ruskin a girl is a flower, to be nourished for the sake of her beauty. Then as she gains in strength, as well, as to "temper her mind with thoughts which tend to confirm her natural instincts of justice and refine her natural tact of love." Afterward, should come the woman of the type of his own dear mother "to secure the order, comfort, and loveliness of the home," and, the functions expanded to do likewise for the nation. But these girls, these "feeble florets" with all their fresh leaves torn and their stems broken, will you never go down to them nor set them in order?"

Ruskin's keenness and perception point out many truths, but suggest many riddles. In fact, he seems to dwell on the difficult or impossible in religious, social and political economy, but only to set out the possible and plausible. The evidence of a directing Providence to him means the necessity of co-operating rather than hindering. From speculations on various abstractions and questions of heavenly magnitude he comes out to reveal its uselessness, these having been without result even for Milton and Dante.

He philosophizes variously on all these, advocating with entirety of heart the carrying out of what seems right. There is a prevailing optimism as shown by such references as "not that any feeling possible to humanity is in itself wrong, but only wrong whenever disciplined," indicating a spirit of transcendentalism and idealistic beliefs, throwing in dark contrast the incredible nonsense about total depravity and downward tendencies.

Though optimistic in this way, along with Carlyle, Ruskin sees the life of the English people through no flattering glass and seizes the opportunity in these lectures to severely censure the British public. In speaking or reading he remarks, "It is simply and sternly impossible for the English public at this moment to understand any thoughtful writing—so incapable of thought has it become in its insanity and avarice." Again he accuses, "We have despised literature, science, and, nature and compassion."

Severe as he is, his lectures just fill the need of the age. They have brought about a needed stirring up. While there pages in "Sesame and Lilies" which instruct by reproducing the wisdom of an active life-study, or interest by their earnestness and sincerity, or are pleasing to our ear and artistic sense on account of their rhythm, natural ease and beauty of phraseology, other portions, seemingly inspire delight, charm and elevate beyond the extent of all the preceeding practical, though always exalted discourse. There is something here which impels us, having entered, to go on and on in the effort to approach more nearly the source of this power; and, as no one would stop halfway in a very sacred place to gaze curiously about, so you would not think of lingering



to discover how these words of force and beauty are linked together.

How difficult it always is for a person to bring himself to speak of a wonderful musical reproduction if it has just convinced him in part, of his own nobleness. It is like saying injury of something which you somehow feel has done you nothing but good. Better to say merely, it is good. In attempting to describe it, you realize that you are lowering into your own level, thus losing the inspirations of ideality. For, to bring advancement to ourselves, we ought to love Gods or principles instead of human beings. We must set the stars far out if we expect to reach the mountain top.

This instructive feeling makes it a hard task to pierce certain lines of poetry, certain flights of oratory, or simply to admit to anyone other than delicately and indefinitely to ourself our admiration for that which had drawn us out of our boasted self-containment and reserve. And so one feels in regard to certain eloquent passages of "Sesame and Lilies," where in are particularly exhibited those things, which demand our sincerest though silent adoration; the art which Ruskin says is art because it cannot be talked about. He himself has often attained such perfection.

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## A Strange Dream

I dreamed we dwelt in Vars'ty Hall;  
The time was Christmas eve;  
The Faculty had all retired,  
Yet WE dared scarcely breathe,—

Because for days collegiates  
These solemn words had said,  
"Oh Santa Claus will skip you preps  
Unless you're all in bed.

But now at last they fell asleep,  
The Hall with snores resound;  
And save this uncanny noise,  
The silence is profound.

It soon became unbearable,  
We simply could not sleep,  
"Collegiates are torments all  
Why can't we take a peep?"



Our plans were formed all in a trice,  
Then soon the creak of doors,  
And quiet footsteps on the stairs,  
Were mingled with the snores.

We reached the hall with bated breath,  
The moon shone through the door,  
And lit up such a scene I guess  
As ne'er was seen before.

Adown the hall a line was stretched,  
While dangling into space,  
The stockings of the Faculty,  
Some woolen, other lace!

While further down collegiates  
Had hung their socks up too,  
And we poor preps were out of it—  
I tell you, we felt blue.

But while we gazed all wonder-struck  
We heard another sound;  
'Twas Santa Claus himself we thought,  
He looked so big and round.

We were not anxious to be caught,  
So crouched down by the wall,  
"Strange, strange," said he, "I thought I heard  
Disturbance in the Hall."

Quite terrified we held our breaths  
And watched his great surprise,  
When first that awful string of socks  
Burst forth upon his eyes.

But like a man he went to work  
Upon the first he saw,  
And filled it up with books on Greece,  
And ancient Roman law.

The next upon the string he filled  
With triangles galore,  
With meter sticks and compasses,  
And rulers, half a score.



He reached the third and laughing said  
"Experiments are nice;  
I'll fill this up with minerals  
And Physics in a trice."

Another sock he partly filled  
With vials of H<sub>2</sub>O,  
And then he added one of milk  
To fill up, doncherno!

In one that dangled down near Zero  
He put a drawing pad,  
"The marble statue won't go in,  
Too bad," he said "too bad."

"I'll take and put a football here  
And suit," he said, "all padded,"  
Then as he spied some vaulting poles,  
These too, he took and added.

This last was more than I could stand,  
I cared not what came after,  
And so I did an awful thing—  
I shrieked with noisy laughter!

"What, noise like this within these Halls?"  
He started up astonished,  
"You folks had better disappear,"  
A wee, small voice admonished.

So on we hurried up the stairs  
Which seem to reach to Heaven,  
When suddenly I rubbed my eyes,  
The clock was striking seven!

—KATANA







# EDITORIALS



John D. Jones

To the students who have been delving in search of knowledge, and taking an active part in University activities, the jolliest holiday of the year approaches—Christmas—. Two weeks vacation for fun and recreation, free from books and classes, **Xmas** are as Shakespeare says: "A consummation devoutly to **Greeting** be wished for." In a few days we will once more return home, greeting parents, relatives and friends, even Shep and Tabby will come in for a share of welcome. Three months of college life has become history, whether for better or for worse. Let us hope for better. To those who are fortunate enough to live within a few minutes walk of the University as well as to those who come from more remote parts of the State, the Kaimin wishes a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. Neither does the Kaimin forget those who have worked so faithfully in our behalf—the Faculty, and most sincerely wishes them the same.

To the patrons of the University, the citizens of Montana, the Board of Regents, and citizens of Missoula who have so generously filled our advertising columns, the Kaimin wishes a Merry Christmas and most prosperous New Year.

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The growth of the University of Montana since its establishment in 1895 has been phenomenal. Many of the students and perhaps the majority of the citizens of Montana have not noticed her growth. The student body in general has regarded her growth and success as inevitable. Each year valuable additions have been made in buildings, lands or improvements on campus, until we have arrived at our present thriving condition. **A Few** A few days ago President Craig submitted his tenth **Facts.** annual report, in which the following interesting fact will appear: The University has completed its tenth year of existence. It began with an enrollment of 118 students of which more than two-thirds were in the preparatory department. This year's enrollment though only slightly larger than last, viz: 372, has an increase of 32 per cent in collegiate department over last year, and in comparison with first registration the conditions have exactly reversed, there being now two-thirds collegiates to one third preparatory students.

The first appropriation by the state was \$5,000 while the last was



\$44,610. On opening ten years ago there were four faculty members and four departments, now there are twenty-three giving instruction, and fourteen departments. At the opening, the South Side High School building was used, now we have four splendid buildings, a beautiful campus artistically laid and a track and athletic field equal to any in the state. To the original forty acre campus has been added the forty acre grant on slope of Sentinel by Northern Pacific and the summit of Mt. Sentinel by the Federal government. Inside of two years a library and museum building will be added. These are a few facts which show the unparalleled growth and success of the University of Montana.

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In keeping with the material progress of U. of M., has been this year's record in football. For the past four years we have been under the veil of defeat. In fact our defeat seemed to be a

**Football.** foregone conclusion; but "all things come to those who wait," and this year, thanks to Coach Conibear, and the faithful work of the team we have won a first-class reputation in football circles of the Northwest. As a proof of the above statement we take the following extract from U. of I. Argonaut: "Of all the teams in the West, that of the University of Montana has perhaps made the greatest strides, and must be reckoned with next year in determining the championship of the Northwest." This statement needs no comment, it speaks for itself, and as The Kaimin predicted at the opening of the season, we have won the State Championship beyond dispute. Let us keep up our record and thus meet the expectations expressed in the Argonaut.

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One thing which marks the character of a school is the action of their teams abroad, whether in athletic or forensic spheres. During the

**Friendly Relations.** past it has been the good fortune of the U. of M. to appear favorable at home and abroad. This fact has been shown by the generous write ups accorded us by the college papers of neighboring institutions. The

Kaimin was pleased to find so fair a minded write-up of games in Utah Chronicle and W. A. C. Evergreen. These speak well of the friendly feeling existing between us and our neighbors. However, with our sister institution, the M. A. C. there seems to be some friction, which has been voiced from time to time through college and local papers. The latest grievances seem to come from two sources, viz: failure to get games with U. of D. and W. A. C., which is directly charged to our negligence and indifference, and the rough handling accorded their team in Thanksgiving game. Of both these charges we plead innocent, since their failure to get the desired games was due to the fact that M. A. C. would not pledge a sufficient sum to warrant either team in making the trip. The



roughness of the Thanksgiving game was the result of heavy line bucking and tackling, in which our opponents were out matched in weight, skill and training. Had they witnessed the W. A. C. game or had played against them, we feel assured no charges of deliberate roughness would have been made. We regret exceedingly that such ill-feeling has been engendered, when only the most friendly should exist.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some splendid lectures have been arranged for, and will be given in the U. of M. Chapel this school year. One has already occurred. Don't miss them, they are rare intellectual and literary treats.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews in his recent lecture on "Problems Confronting Greater America" said: "Fault finders have one great use—to point out our faults." However, it is the one who removes the fault that is most useful to mankind. One slide forward is worth two backwards at any time.

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The Kaimin is pleased to notice the U. of M. football heroes wearing the "big M" sweaters, the gift of the Athletic Association. The honor has certainly been nobly won.

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The able editorial in Weekly Missoulian of Nov. 16th on "Duty toward the University" shows that they thoroughly appreciate the great work done by the University. Both local and state papers, generally, have given us splendid write-ups this fall.

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We notice in all college exchanges this year a marked tendency toward verse and rhyme. Perhaps the eve of another burst of poetry, such as our nation experienced between 1820 and 1850 is at hand.

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Try a surprise on the local editors, by filling the local box next month with bright newsy locals and pithy jokes—Try your hand at good nonsense and rhymes, who knows but you might be an undiscovered Mark Twain.

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Hawthorne and Clarkia societies should prepare for March annuals.

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The Kaimin is pleased to hear of the election of Harold Blake an alumnus of the 'Varsity to the Legislature.

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Begin your orations for the Buckley oratorical contests.

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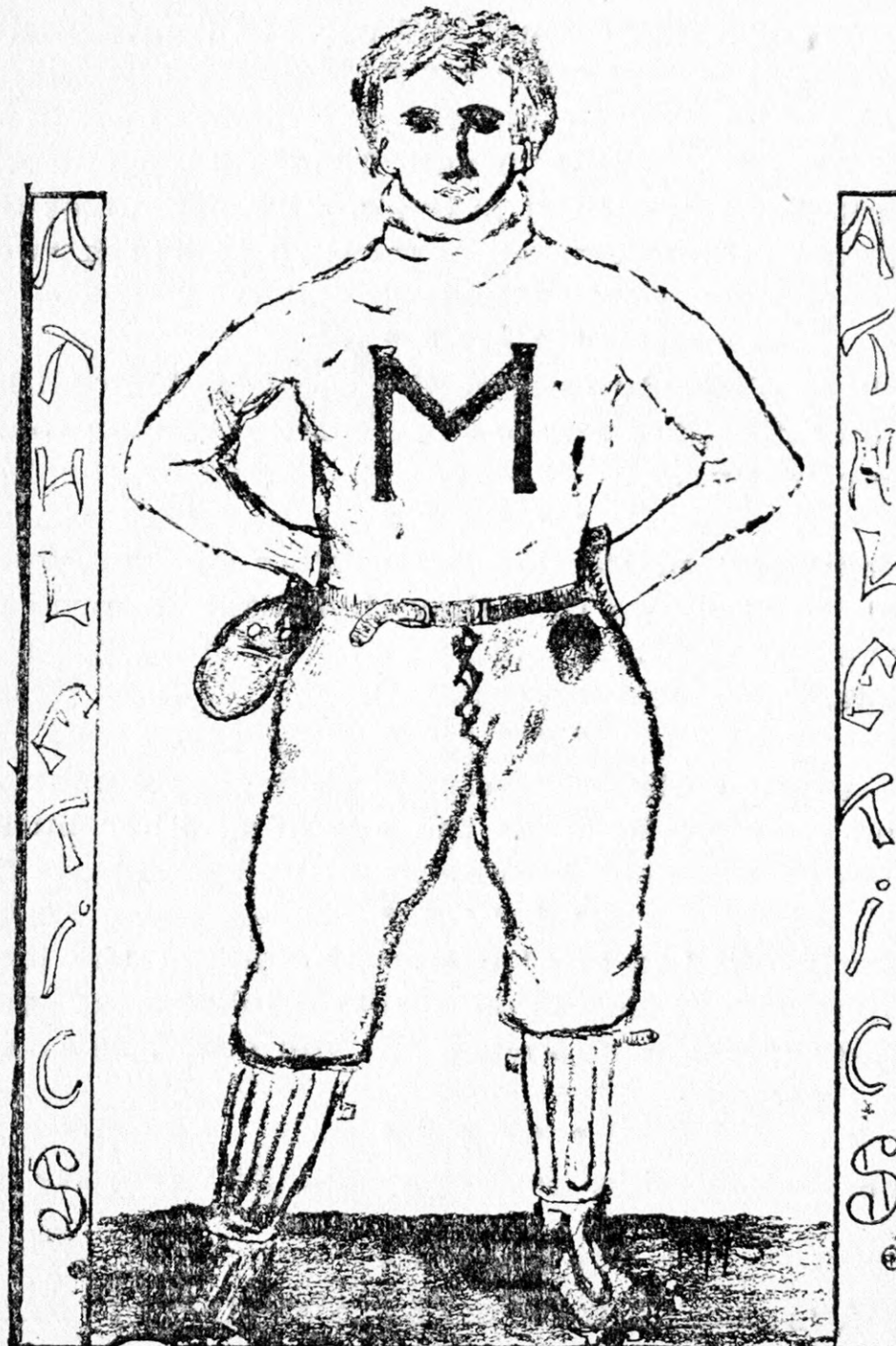
Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all.



# Athletic Department

Lawrence E. Goodbourn

FOOTBALL



FOOTBALL

The closing days of the football season have been most satisfactory, even to the weather, all the games being played in fair weather with the field in splendid condition and result of games most flattering



as the following will show:

On Wednesday, Nov. 16, the Washington Agricultural College from Pullman, played the University of Montana and won 6 to 5. The Washington team was much heavier, but the 'Varsity played them to a standstill and four times were within striking distance of their goal, while Washington got dangerously near our goal line but once, the time that they scored. From a spectator's point of view it was a beautiful game, especially in the latter half when both sides resorted to punting. It was also a hard game on our light men and several of them were badly battered up. However, their physical condition was such that they were in trim for the contest with Bozeman on Thanksgiving as the result of that game shows.

Before we give our account of the game let us look at some of the scores and compare our team with others. W. A. C. beat us 6 to 5, by the narrowest margin possible. According to the general sentiment expressed the University outplayed them. W. A. C. played the University of Washington and were defeated 6 to 12, by no means a bad defeat. Washington in turn played the University of California a tie game 6 to 6. If results and dope in general count for anything we have a team that ranks with the best in the Northwest. When we consider the fact that of last year's regular players there were only four playing this year, we can hardly praise our team too much; nor can we overestimate the ability of Coach Conibear who has virtually made a winning team in a single season.

The feature of the practice was the monotonous kicking of goals by the Washington quarter-back, who seemed to be able to kick them without looking. The game was started by Holmes kicking off to W. A. C., which made several good gains and then lost ball to Montana. Holmes made a 10 yd gain, but lost the ball when tackled. The Pullman boys now pushed the ball steadily down the field by mass plays and bucks around tackle until a touchdown was made. Montana put up a fine defense, but could not withstand the fierce rushes of W. A. C. Goal was kicked and the score was 6 to 0. Only about seven minutes time had elapsed and things looked gloomy to the 'Varsity rooters. Holmes again kicked off and W. A. C. punted, Montana soon lost ball on downs and again Washington punted. Holmes made 20 yds and "Spud" 6; but 'Varsity soon had to punt. Again W. A. C. punted, and now Montana took a brace and took the ball to W. A. C.'s 2 yd line where it was lost on downs. The ball was carried by Willis, McLeod and Holmes and most of the gains were made by bucking with W. A. C.'s line. As soon as W. A. C. got the ball they punted out of danger. Directly afterward Montana punted. Again W. A. C. kicked and Montana had the ball. However, they could make no material gains, so Murphy punted, the ball going over the head of Pullman's deep field man. Fisher here dis-



tinguished himself by tackling the W. A. C. man as soon as he got the ball. Again Montana secured the ball and carried it to 10 yd line where it was lost. Time was called with score, W. A. C. 6, Montana 0.

In the second half Montana scored by the fiercest kind of playing. Using the back field and McLeod, tackle, to carry the ball, Cary sent them time and again against W. A. C.'s line until a touchdown was made, McLeod carrying the ball over. Johnson, feeling the responsibility that rested upon him, became slightly nervous and failed at goal, this making the score W. A. C. 6, U. of M., 5. Nearly all the remainder of the game was spent in a punting duel between Cardwell and Murphy, in which the latter had the advantage. During this time Fisher of Montana, was hurt and E. Greenough took his place and played well. Montana finally worked the ball to W. A. C.'s 15 yd line, where McPhail was substituted for Cary in order to try for a drop kick from field. The kick went wild and W. A. C. got the ball. However, Montana soon secured it and worked their way back to their opponents 20 yd. line where McPhail again tried for goal, but a second time failed. Punting was again resorted to. Once when Montana punted, a W. A. C. man eluded every opponent and had clear field, but Holmes put forth a grand spurt of speed and easily overtook him. Time was called with the score 6 to 5 in favor of Washington Agricultural College.

The feature of the game on our side were McLeod's general good work, Fisher's fine defensive game, and Murphy's punting. Holmes also played a star game as did McPhail and Cary. For W. A. C., most of our players think Capt. Gill played the star game. Dimmick, however, affirms that if fullback Hardy had not been in the game Montana would have won. It was certainly a fine game from every point of view, there being neither rough work nor wrangling over decisions, nor yet was anyone seriously hurt; every spectator got the worth of his money.

The result shows, moreover, what an improvement this year's team is over that of last year's. W. A. C. affirm that their team is superior to the one a year ago and they then won from us by 34 to 0. No doubt they expected to run up a score similar to that again, but did not succeed by any means. They are certainly a gentlemanly lot of fellows and we hope our friendly relations with the Washington College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, will continue.

On Thanksgiving day we played our annual game with Bozeman and succeeded in paying off old scores by 79 to 0. M. A. C. was outclassed at every point of the game, and Montana had everything their own way after the first five minutes of the game had expired. During this time the Aggies by line bucks and mass plays outside of tackle, carried the ball some twenty-five yds. into our territory. U. of M. then got the ball on downs and began a march toward M. A. C.'s goal. The score at the end of the first half was 23 to 0 in favor of Montana.



The second half resulted in Montana running up the score to 79 while M. A. C. failed to score at all. Only occasionally did they get the ball and then could make no material gains. The plays were so numerous, as were also the touchdowns, that we shall not attempt to enumerate them. During the first half Montana tried line bucks and thus wore out their opponents. In the second half end runs were used to good advantage. Again, at the beginning of the contest 5 and 10 yd. gains were considered good, but toward the close nothing less than 30 yds. was acceptable to Montana's rooters. The longest run of the day was made by Holmes who ran about 100 yds. for a touchdown on M. A. C.'s kickoff. Cary, Adams and McPhail also made long runs of from 40 to 75 yds.

The redeeming feature of M. A. C.'s game was the playing of Hartman, Osborne and Moxley. These three did good work and showed they had some knowledge as to how football should be played. It is not football when a player willfully twists another's neck, or throws his whole weight upon his opponent's head after the latter has been clearly downed and is not trying to advance the ball. Such methods as these should be eliminated from the game. However, they were in evidence on Thanksgiving as could be seen from bleachers and grandstand.

During the second half Coach Conibear put several substitutes into the game in order that they might win over their M's. These players were, Adams, E. Greenough, Garlington, and Schoonover. In all sixteen men are now wearing fine red sweaters with big M's on their fronts, and it is no exaggeration to say they are the proudest fellows in school.

The officials were Lieut. Fulton and C. D. Flaherty. The former was impartial in his decisions and gave entire satisfaction. Flaherty was not so fortunate, and several of his decisions were critized by the U. of M. rooters, but the latter should be CONTENT WITH A SCORE OF 79 TO 0.

While the football season has been a decided success from the player's standpoint, the financial side has not been at all successful. The game with Bozeman was the only one that paid expenses. We now owe something over three hundred dollars which we hope to wipe out by subscriptions from the students and faculty. The playing of the team this year bespeaks a better patronage of the games than has been given. We hope this old trouble will not occur again. It is the fault of the students more than of any others that athletics do not pay. If they would all attend the games there would be such a little deficit that the outsiders would more than make this up. However, the facts are that the management has come to depend more upon outsidehs than upon students. Let us all consider this and give support in every way possible.



## NOTES ON THE GAMES.

Quite a difference between 34 to 0 and 6 to 5.

\* \* \* \* \*

Washington Agricultural College plays football in a clean, gentlemanly way.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cardwell knows how to tackle.

\* \* \* \* \*

McLeod and Fisher were badly battered up, but we don't hold W. A. C. responsible for this.

\* \* \* \* \*

Coach Sweeley says Fisher plays too hard for his own good.

\* \* \* \* \*

W. A. C. didn't kick on neutral officials.

\* \* \* \* \*

W. A. C. won from Whitman 34 to 0.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some people have delicate tees.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let's sing "Home Sweet Home" again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dimmick says Bozeman slugs.

\* \* \* \* \*

W. A. C. used our team up so badly we were not in condition for a week; Montana "pounds" M. A. C. till they are helpless; where would M. A. C. be if W. A. C. had played them?

\* \* \* \* \*

Montana brought W. A. C. here and lost money by so doing. Does that look as though we were irresponsible?

\* \* \* \* \*

79 is the largest score ever made in Montana. In a few years we will be equal to Michigan in piling up big scores.

\* \* \* \* \*

A vote of thanks from the University to Lieut. Fulton for his meritorious work as an official.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hartman can make some beautiful kickoffs. His entrance into the game put some life into M. A. C.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THANKSGIVING SCORES.

U. of O., 0, Multnomah, 7.

Stanford 33, Colorado U., 0.

Utah 43, Colorado A. C., 0.

Seattle H. S., 78, Spokane H. S., 0.



Pennsylvania, 34, Cornell 0.  
U. of Montana, 79, M. A. C., 0.  
W. A. C. 35, Whitman 4.  
Chicago 18, Wisconsin 11.  
Kansas, 29, Missouri, 0.  
Minnesota, 11, Iowa 0.  
Simpson, 10, Grinnell, 6.  
Nebraska 16, Illinois 10.  
Carlisle, 29, Ohio, 0.  
U. of W., 6, U. of Cal., 6.

\* \* \* \* \*

Basket ball practice has begun with the brightest outlook this game has ever had since its entrance into U. of M. athletics. Coach Conbear has received permission to get all the games possible provided that such action does not put us into any more debt. All of last year's team, McPhail, Garlington, Johnson, Farrell and Goodbourn are back, and besides we have about ten new men who have been practising. These are by no means novices, but have played on high school and other teams throughout Montana. Wenger, Hurley and Davidson come from Anaconda High School; Gilham from Townsend; Conlan, Benson; King and Fisher are also playing. The latter two have had experience on the Carlisle team and have a good knowledge of the game. They will no doubt make good if they play as well in games as they do in practice.

Saturday, Dec. 3rd, a good practice game was played between the old and new players, the formers being victorious by a good score; but the playing of the new men showed that in a short time they will make things interesting for the team of last year. The old men have had enough experience playing together so that they were able to get some good team work, and this counts as much in basket ball as in any other game. On the other team, Hurley and Wenger worked well together, as did Fisher and King, but complete team work was lacking simply because the men had never played together before.

Moreover, it seems that football has gained such a hold on many of the boys that they cannot keep from making numerous fouls. However, we have two good officials in Cotter and Moore, who do not hesitate to call fouls nor fail to stick to their decisions. Such men are almost as essential as the players themselves, and we hope our friends will continue in their good work, for they are of inestimable value to efficient play.



## Societies of the University

This has been an especially prolific month for the various societies. All of them seem to have imbued new life, and are beginning to get interesting. This condition will likely continue through all the winter months. A most prosperous future is forecasted.

### Clarkia-Hawthorne Joint Meeting

One of the most delightful events which took place this year was the joint meeting of the Clarkia and Hawthorne literary societies in John M. Evans' Hall on the evening of Nov. 19. Early in the evening before the time set for the joint session, the Clarkia held a private meeting in which about fifteen young ladies went through the mysteries of a Clarkia initiation. This initiation was thoroughly literary and original. Rumor had it that among other mysteries the candidates were led into a dark room strewn with dictionaries, lexicons, Greek and Latin books, as well as the works of Shakespeare and other English poets. In the midst of this profusion of literary productions the candidates were turned loose one at a time and asked to make a selection. After making a choice she was then led to a desk on which burned an oil lamp, of the Roman type giving off a faint blue flame, and where were seated the spectacled judges in caps and robes. Each judge held in her hand a roll of manuscript while near by stood a well of ink and a large quill.

Standing before these awe inspiring judges, the unfortunate was put through a literary drill the nature of which varied according to the book selected. If a dictionary had been picked up the candidate had to spell several difficult words; if Shakespeare's works, a quotation was requested; and if a Latin or Greek work, a translation demanded.

It is needless to say that all went through the ordeal satisfactorily, for when the hour of the joint session arrived the Clarkia easily outnumbered the Hawthorne. Never in the history of the Hawthorne literary society did the membership seem so small and insignificant as on that evening. However, the zeal evinced by the members in union with the Clarkias more than made up for the lack in membership.

The Hawthorne president warmly welcomed the visiting society and incidently pointed out the benefits that may be derived from joint sessions. The programme rendered was in every respect all that could be desired even by the most sanguine. The original story by Miss Maud Burns was a gem. Her work demonstrated she is an original and inter-



esting writer of no little worth. The debate, "Resolved that lawyers are not beneficial to mankind," was entertainingly handled by Florence Johnson and John Jones on the affirmative and Alma Myers and Ralph Harmon on the negative. Every point was strongly contested and at times the repartee was quite keen and humorous. The decision rendered by the judges—Misses Ross and Summers, Ed Williams, John Haywood and Jos. Streit for the affirmative was well received by all. A notable feature of the debate was its non-partisan character. The local paper presented by Miss Fay Murray created considerable consternation and merriment. Miss Murray is evidently awake to all doing on and about the 'Varsity. At the conclusion the critics—Miss Ross for the Clarkia and Mr. Schoonover for the Hawthorne—presented their criticism.

Near the close of the meeting the Clarkia sprung a delightful surprise. All during the evening several Clarkia members wore an air of mystery which deepened as time passed. It was only near the time set for adjournment that the significance of the mystery became apparent, when the Clarkia president, Miss Bishop, invited the Hawthorne members to join in a spread. And what a spread it was! The Clarkias must have spent considerable time to plan and prepare such a sumptuous feast of dainties as they had. Never was seen such a flow of wit, feast of reason and sparkling humor, as was at that gathering. Not until the clock began to strike the hour of midnight did the members realize the meeting had come to a close.

Every member present was unanimous in his or her opinion that the meeting was a success, and would do much toward creating a literary interest in the student body. It is hoped that several such non-partisan meetings can be held each year not only for the literary interest it will develop; but also to bring the two societies into close relations of friendliness and co-operation.

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## Hawthorne Doings

The meeting of the Hawthorne on the evening of Dec. 3rd, was well attended and the spirit evinced seemed not to have abated in the least. The programme was opened with an address by the society president followed by a resume of current topics by Jos. Streit. The critics, John Jones and Chas. Schoonover, were called upon to discuss the literary work, past and present of the Hawthorne. Both gave an interesting discussion and came up to their usual standard of diction and eloquence. The regular debate, "Resolved that would be beneficial for Mankind if Russia should defeat Japan," was ably handled by Chas. Schoonover and Ralph Harmon on the affirmative and Ed. Williams and



Jas. Bennett on the negative. Both sides contested every point and made this debate as interesting as any held this year.

This occasion was the first appearance of Ed Williams on the floor since his return to the 'Varsity and the old members gave him a rousing ovation. Ed came up to his usual standard in anticipating the arguments of the opposition.

One more meeting will be held before the holidays. At that one the programme for the annual in March will be arranged and the participants selected. It was thought best to do this at this time so as to give those who take part time to prepare; for it is the unanimous desire of the society to render the programme on the date named in the catalogue.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### CLARIA NOTES.

The Clarkia Literary Society met in regular session in Library Hall, Nov. 29. This was the largest attended meeting that has been witnessed for over a year.

The Right of Way, by Gilbert Parker, is the title of the book being discussed by the members of the Clarkia. The following program was rendered at the last meeting:

Life and criticism of Gilbert Parker.....	Jennie McGregor
Reivew of Book .....	Fay A. Murray
Descriptions .....	Jessie Bishop

On Nov. 19th, the Clarkia society had the honor of initiating seventeen new members into the order. After the intiation service the society as a whole met in a joint meting with the Hawthorne society after which refreshments were served.

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### Shakespeare Club

The Shakespeare club has enjoyed two very interesting and profitable sessions during the past four weeks. On Nov. 12, the second act of Hamlet was under discussion. By the way, it might be well to mention that this year the club has decided to take three Shakespearian plays, act at a time, thus more critical and analytical work can be done. The act was outlined for discussion as follows:

Discussion of King .....	Miss Ward
Character of Queen .....	Miss Simpson
Character of Hamlet .....	Mr. Harmon
Charactér of Polonius .....	Mr. Corbin
The Players .....	Miss Bishop



Ophelia .....Miss Glancy  
 Rosencrantz, etc. ....Mr. Streit

The topics are first discussed by those assigned, then a general discussion ensues, in which conflicting ideas are thoroughly mixed. At this meeting Miss Deborah Wagy was added to the club.

The second session occurred on Nov. 26. This time Act III was disintegrated in following fashion:

Character of Ophelia .....Miss Glancy  
 Character of King .....Miss Bishop  
 Character of Polonius .....Mr. Corbin  
 Character of Horatio .....Mr. Jones  
 Character of Lucanious .....Mr. Streit  
 Character of Hamlet .....Mr. Harmon

## Y. W. C. A.

The Association has had some very interesting meetings this month, discussing subjects of general interest and importance to students. The meeting of Nov. 9, having as its topic "A Student's Prayer," was a fitting preparation for the week of prayer which began Nov. 13. Meetings were held each morning from 8:15 to 8:30 and the work of the World's Association and committee was discussed. It was very encouraging, showing that though the number here is small, yet we are in league with a world-wide work.

The subject "One Day in Seven," brought up the idea of proper Sunday observance a much discussed subject in many fields at the present time. On Nov. 23, a joint meeting of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. was held in Literary Hall, when the subject of the Young People's Christian Temperance Union was presented. No definite action was taken, 'tho the new organization has the cordial sympathy of both associations and only a lack of time prevents more from taking an active part in it.

The last meeting, on Nov. 30, was given up to the discussion of the topic, "Exaggeration." A letter from one of the State Committee was read, explaining more clearly about the postponement of the State Convention. This was due to the sudden illness of Miss Shields, but we hope for another worker to be in Montana the first of the year.

The financial condition of the Association is quite flourishing. Thanks to the hearty support of the students and faculty, the candy sale netted a comfortable sum, which added to the proceeds of a cake sale cut down our remaining budget considerably. But we should be very glad to receive as hearty a support in the matter of attendance at



the meetings, held every Wednesday at four p. m. in Woman's Hall. Come over and see what we are doing, and let us get better acquainted with you.

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## Associated Mechanical Engineers

EXPERT DESIGNERS, MECHANICS ARE WE, WE ARE THE BOYS OF THE B. M. E.

In all earnestness and contriteness of spirit a very humble petition was presented to Prof. Sibley by a member of the Mechanics department. The petition was accepted and prompt action was insured. During the day the words, TEC INST. appeared on the program and several worthy B. M. E.'s gave each other the glad hand and smiled the smile of satisfaction. There is a good time in sight for the B. M. E.'s as there are two programs posted and the committees on arrangements, etc., for that glorious event which is to come off Dec. 17, '04. Mr. Fred Buck is chairman of arrangement committee and the Knights of the Cor-duroy expect great things from him, for he is such an enthusiastic member of the Association that things must of a necessity go all right.

The first regular meeting was held Dec. 1st at 11:30 and was a decided success. Mr. Corbin called the meeting to order and then gave one of the finest talks it has ever been the pleasure of the Association to listen to. He very ably discussed some of the greatest projects of the age and showed himself very well acquainted with his subjects. Prof. Sibley also gave a very fine talk on saw mills. His talks was made very interesting by use of good number of maps with which he was very familiar having constructed them during the summer. On the whole the program was of a higher standard than ever before attained and we hope the Association will ever continue to grow and prosper.

PHYSICS, DESCRIP AND CALCULUS TOUGH B. M. E.'s NEVER GET ENOUGH WHEN THEY WORK WITH MIGHT AND MAIN THEN ITS EAT AND SLEEP AND AT IT AGAIN.

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## Band Notes

The first silver cornet band of the University is in the best of condition and is daily gaining prestige among the University organizations. Each new selection that is tried is better than the preceding one and Leader Willis is congratulated on his good taste in selection of music each day by members of the band. The class of music used by this or-



ganization compares very favorably with that used by any of the leading bands in this part of the state. In the organization of the band and its supervision Mr. Willis has shown his natural ability as a leader of men and is to be heartily commended on the immense improvement of the band.

In leading Mr. Willis has a quick ear for discord and woe to the unlucky tenor or alto that flats or sharps a note at the wrong time. It is perhaps due to this fact that the Band boys are always jolly and good natured.

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## Eta Phi Mu

The Eta Phi Mu Fraternity circles has been rather quiet for the past month, however, several projects have been observed and something may be expected to happen at any moment. In fact the goat has been given his regular feeds of cans and boxes in order to be kept in good training. The "Grub box" has been considerably improved inside and is beginning to look quite cozy. Large wooden letters have been designed and nailed up in alcove over porch, which announces to all visitors where we live. An iron flag pole is also expected to be raised shortly.

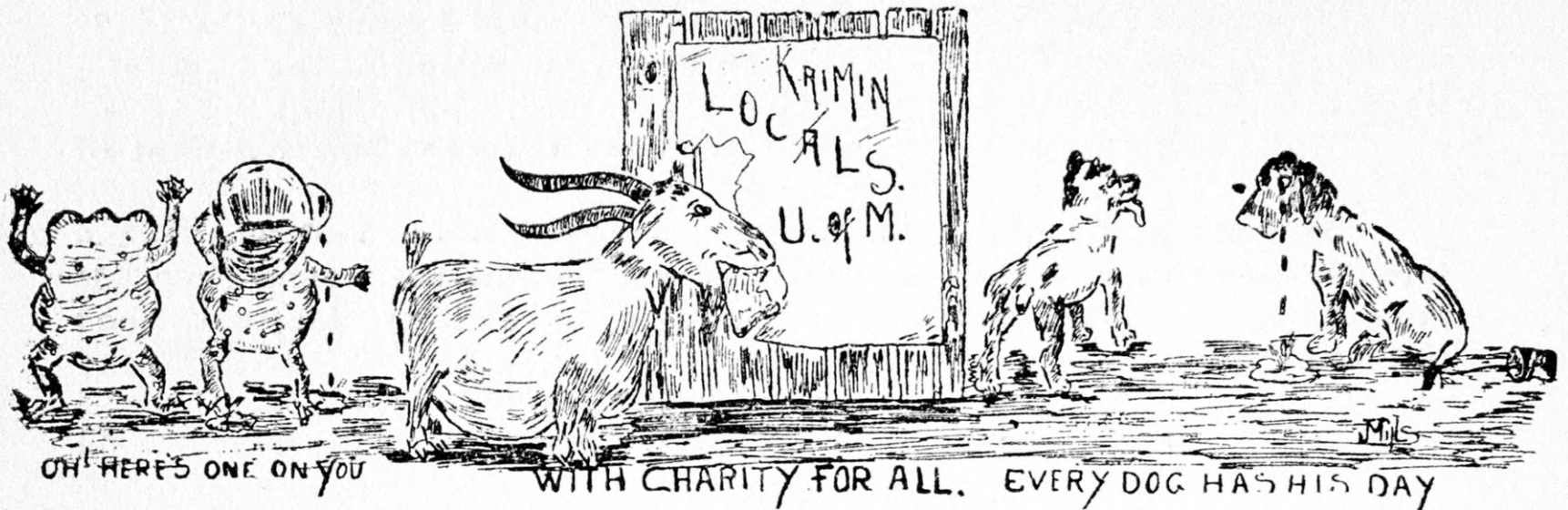
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## Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. has been rather inactive for the past month, and but little progress made, but now, however, that the out-door activities have ceased, larger attendance and better meetings will ensue.







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

Grind till Xmas, and after New Years CRAM.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lucy, go fan yourself.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hughs, why that contented sigh?

\* \* \* \* \*

Buck—Just because I am a darned old fool.

\* \* \* \* \*

“She can use her eyes if she is a prep.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Passingshot—“J. L. if you ever tell another thing about me I’ll—.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Edgar of Spokane spent a few days at Mrs. T. L. Greenough’s.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jim Mills and Fred Dion attended the Charity Ball.

\* \* \* \* \*

Buck: “I am pleased to salute such a worthy gentleman.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Prof. “What is formed by the union of Sodium and Chlorine.”

Wise Chemmie Student—“Smoke.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Jean Demers is a regular visitor at the Dorm.

\* \* \* \* \*

John Haywood had two seats reserved the night of E. Benj. Andrews’ lecture.

\* \* \* \* \*

Naughty Six—“What are you looking so sleepy about?”

Naught Eight—“I have got “Sands” in my eyes.”



"I can feel his heart beat every time I dance with him. '08 of an '08.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I don't like Boys that wink at me." Bacteriology class take notice.

\* \* \* \* \*

The members of the University Orchestra must be well pleased with themselves for after practice they make the night hideous with their songs.

\* \* \* \* \*

The class of '05 had a meeting and supper the evening of Dec. 7, and a very nifty class pin was adopted.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss McCrackin and another gentleman visited Chapel on November 30th.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Ted Welch was Hors de Combat Monday on account of some Bitter Sweets of Sunday Dec. 4th.

\* \* \* \* \*

What was Lucy carrying around the NaCl for?

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Fox—"It's a shame football season is over. We have no chance to talk with the boys at all."

\* \* \* \* \*

Ralph Harmon is going into the cap business on the wholesale. Some he buys. When is the fire sale, Ralph?

\* \* \* \* \*

79 to 0 in the language of the Dutch

We know some teams have beat that score,

But none can beat it much.

\* \* \* \* \*

Roby—"What were you and Fay making a purchase of in Kohn's on Dec. 5th? Better wait till Xmas Roby and kill two birds with one stone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some of the friends of Miss May wonder why she took such a peculiar route home on the afternoon of Dec. 6th.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Sibley is waiting patiently for a heavy fall of snow, so she can enjoy her first sleighride.

\* \* \* \* \*

Prof. Snoddy's classes are becoming very popular with some of the seniors.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Mr. Corbin, you will have to vacate the library if you do not stop



making people laugh."

\* \* \* \* \*

Spud Murphy has quit the University. We are sorry Fred will not be with us during baseball season.

\* \* \* \* \*

Edward Simons has resigned as manager of the Kaimin. His excuse was that his correspondence with G. S. was reaching such alarming proportions that he could not tend to Kaimin affairs also. We are sorry to lose Ed but would rather lose him than to have him lose out.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mother to her son during Thanksgiving vacation:—"Well, my son what course are you studying at the U. of M."

Son—"Oh, I am taking a course in co-education.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gilbert Rinehard told Mrs. — that the rabbits were chewing the ears off her horse. The lady thinking the young man insane took him in and sent for a doctor who prescribed a return to the Frat house.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a young maid named Sands  
Who the boys all think is a dear,  
She looked over three, but between you and me  
She now goes with a boy by name Cyr.

\* \* \* \* \*

There has been a great deal of talk about changing the University colors to Copper and Gold on account of the difficulty in using three colors in yells and songs.

\* \* \* \* \*

He took to the dance a Deschamps  
And when it was o'er said—Oh, pshaw!  
She was easily teased, but not easily pleased  
And wish to go home to her ma.

\* \* \* \* \*

Every student ought to take and give at least two dollars.

\* \* \* \* \*

Prof. to a Frat. Bro., who had objected to a certain night for an entertainment on account of a date—"Oh, get a substitute."

Wise Bro.—"Why don't you get a substitute Professor?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Arthur Steward is able to walk without the aid of his crutches. We hope to see him in a basket ball suit in the near future. He says when he goes to run his left hind leg balks.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Helen McCrackin of Hamilton, an alumnus of the U. of M., paid the 'Varsity a visit at convocation Wednesday, Nov. 30. Miss Mc-



Crackin was the first student enrolled in the University of Montana.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is a new fossil in the museum, lately sent from Lover's Bluff, Mont., called Sitalongwhileabus. Prof. Rowe says it's the most valuable specimen in the Uni.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss B.—“Say Doc, if we went sleighriding, do you think you could hold the mules?”

Doctor—“Oh yes. You see I was in Missouri this fall and saw how it was done.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Harold N. Blake, graduate of the U. of M. in '02, who has been associated with the Washoe Smelter for the past two years, was in the city visiting old friends. Mr. Blake was elected to the legislature this fall and has prefixed Hon. to his name. We need alumni members in the legislature.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fred Anderson another '02, and also from Anaconda, paid the 'Varsity a visit on Thanksgiving day, and saw the game resulting in score of 79 to 0.

\* \* \* \* \*

Come on, come all and hear the latest song entitled:—“You were never introduced to me,” as rendered by the (girl with the blue eyes and the golden curls).

\* \* \* \* \*

“What would be an easy way to catch Mr. Cary?”

“Stand on the corner and make a sound like rustling skirts.

\* \* \* \* \*

A tea will be given Thursday Dec. 6th, at the home of Mrs. Tyler Thompson, by the Misses Sloan, Ross, Toole and Murray for the benefit of the athletic association. Every student should endeavor to make a call on the young ladies and leave in the till all that he has.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Lou Knowles, an alumnus of the University, was married on Nov. 29th, to Capt. Robert J. Maxey of the 24th U. S. Infantry, stationed at Missoula. They left that evening for the coast. The Kaimin sends congratulations to Capt. and Mrs. Maxey.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jim and Fred to Professor of French—“Professor, how long would it take us to learn to speak French?”

Prof.—“Oh about two years.”

Crestfallen boys—“Oh, that awful long? Oh! we could cram and learn in a semester we think. You see Professor we need it in our business.”



W.—“Oh, dear.”

S.—“You must not call me such names.”

W.—“Why, don't you like it?”

S.—“Yes, if you mean it.

W.—“Of course, I do.”

Librarian—“Less noise in the library please.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Della Steward, of Butte, and a sister of Arthur and Araminta Steward is attending the University.

\* \* \* \* \*

Prof. Elrod was gone for about three weeks giving lectures around the state at Farmer's Institutes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Prof.—“A fool can ask a question that a wise man cannot answer.”

Student—“Is that the reason so many of us flunked in examination.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Ed Simons after two months absence has resumed studies at the 'Varsity.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Mechanical Engineers Association now meets regularly on Thursday at 11:30 a. m. The new officers are: President, Ed Corbin; Vice-President, J. Mills, Secretary, Miss Carter; Treasurer, D. B. McGregor; Sergeant at arms, Jack McLeod. The association will give its semi-annual feed on Dec. 17th, at Science Hall. A neat programme has been arranged and all anticipate a good time.

\* \* \* \* \*

Who broke the new fence in front of Mrs. Wallace's home on the south side.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gilbert Heyfron, lately paid a visit to Spokane. Judging from the smile on his face the visit must have been satisfactory.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was once a man named Beecher,  
Who said a hen was an industrious creature,  
One day the hen laid an egg in his hat,  
And thus did the hen reward Beecher.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Regina Deschamp has left the 'Varsity and is now attending the Business College.

\* \* \* \* \*

A number of young men went to call on Miss Murray at her home on east Spruce street on Monday Dec. 5th. They started having a good time—out in the cold.



The parlor picnic given by Mrs Moore at the "Dorm" for her banner table was as enjoyable as it was unique. The girls all wore large shade hats of different colored paper. The room was decorated with greens and pine trees to represent a forest. Miss Bishop read from a manuscript the story of the Babes in the Wood, and when she finished each act the doors were opened and the guests witnessed the play in pantomime. Various games were played and then a table cloth was spread on the floor and a delightful lunch was served in true picnic style. The guests hated to tear themselves away from so enjoyable affair.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some of the boys of the University have rented the house occupied last year by the Eta's and are making a success of it. They call it the "House of Jericho." Those who abide there are Willis, McLeod, Harmon, Cary, Leahy, Buckhouse, Holmes, Streit and Conlen. The Kaimin wishes them success.

\* \* \* \* \*

Students of the University should be highly criticised for the freezing reception which they gave to E. Benjamin Andrews. The students do not seem to appreciate the efforts of our president in obtaining for us such notable speakers for them. Don't let us imagine these speakers are for the public. They are for you and you should show your appreciation by giving your attendance.

\* \* \* \* \*

Teddy, the bear, did not want to leave the University campus and raised quite a rough house or rather a rough horse. Leo jumped from the buggy to save the bear and tried to drag Ted after him. The horse got wind of what was up (in the buggy) and ran the faster. Ted held on to the buggy to keep Leo from walking so far and Leo held on to the chain and his clothes to keep them from coming off. At last, Ted, on seeing Leo was raising so much dust got mad and rolled out much to the relief of Leo. Ted is housed for the winter at the Greenough home.

\* \* \* \* \*

Maud Evans Bert D'Autremont went walking Sunday. Before going he was asked to bring back some game, and Bert was game.

\* \* \* \* \*

On Friday Dec. 10, a basket ball game and a dance was given at the gym.

\* \* \* \* \*

Joe always takes a fan with him to a party. Its a good thing to keep cool Joe.

\* \* \* \* \*

May I print a kiss upon your lips

She nodded her sweet permission

We went to press and I rather guess

We printed a full addition.



# Among Our Exchanges

Lives of great men all remind us,  
We are of a different kind,  
And departing leave behind us,  
Tracks an Indian could not find.

—Exchange.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Did you kill your exam?”

“No, I just made a stab at it.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“A lion, exceedingly vain,  
Promenaded a palm-peopled plain;  
‘I am certain,’ said he,  
‘I could climb up a tree,  
If I tried with might and my mane.”

“A maiden who lived up in Mich.  
Said, ‘Of ice cream I’d like half a dich.’  
But her beau coldly said,  
While negating his head,  
‘I fear you will have to wick!’ ”

—Exchange.

\* \* \* \* \*

Said a husband, “you think I’m a St.,  
I will fool you a bit, for I a’t.  
Now please take a look,  
Watch me wink at the cook.

\* \* \* ! ! !

No, the black round his eye isn’t Pt.

—Exchange.

\* \* \* \* \*

You may talk of the cry of Nelson,  
In Death’s relentless grip,  
Or the battle call of Lawrence,  
“Don’t give up the ship,”  
But there’s nothing that wins in football  
Like the antidote for despair  
When the captain limbers his husky timbers  
An swears an American swear.—Pacific Slope.



## APPLIED MATHEMATICS

A youth sat on a sofa with the idol of his heart;  
 His arms were laid straight out each way upon the highest part.  
 The moments flew with golden dust of silence on their wings,  
 Until the maiden smiling spoke, while toying with her rings;  
 "Robert," sweetly queried she, "have you studied 'jometry'?"  
 Answered Robert, very dull, "What has that to do with thee?"  
 "Well, sir," she snapped, impatiently, but with magnetic grace,  
 "You ought to know that two straight lines can not enclose a—space."  
 ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

\* \* \* \* \*

The Exchange editor of Whitman College Pioneer has about the right idea of an exchange column, and the Kaimin will try and change her style of exchanges.

\* \* \* \* \*

The long list of greviances that Bozeman had written up in her local paper and reprinted in the Missoulain, came as kind of surprise to the U. of M., as the University historian did not keep note of those Bozemen being carried insensible from the field during the game, and so our chronicle would have been laid on the shelf in an unfinished condition.

\* \* \* \* \*

The girl who flirts with a featherless young gosling until he doesn't know whether he is floating in a sea of champagne to the sound of celestial music, sliding down a greased rainbow, or riding on the ridge pole of the ourora borealis, and then tells him she can only be a sort of Christmas present, opera ticket sister to him; who steals his unripe affections and then allows them to get frost bitten, and then carries into the empyrean of puppy-love, only to drop him down with a dull plunk that fills his heart with compound fractions—well, she can not be indicted for petty larceny nor prosecuted for cruelty to animals, but she is building for herself such a character that the unfortunate devil who gets her will wish that he had postponed that event until after he had reached heaven, where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage.  
 —Exchange.

\* \* \* \* \*

The write-up of the W. A. C. gave about the football game, was very impartial and was as void of excuses as if we had written it up ourselves. Although they expected to beat us 60 to 0 still when time was called and W. A. C. carried off the ball by one point, they admitted that they had played a team that was their equal. True football players who, when they are given a surprise and are men enough to admit it, are hard to find, and we are proud to know there are men in a sister college who are gentlemanly players.



When you're fooling in the library, a-having lots of fun;  
 A-laughing and a-gibbering' as if your time had come,  
 You'd better watch your corners and keep kinder lookin' out,  
 Er the librarian 'll git you—ef you don't watch out.

—Exchange.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mary had a little lamb  
 With which she used to tustle;  
 She pulled out all it's wool one day,  
 And put it in her—handkerchief.

—Exchange.

\* \* \* \* \*

Romulus and Remus were having a pillow fight, when the wolf, who would not be kept from the door, happened in.

"Don't fight," said the wolf, admonishingly. "It's naughty."

"This is only a sham battle," said Romulus, as Remus hit him again.

This cheap wit was too much for the wolf, who went out and made Rome howl.—Chicago Journal.

\* \* \* \* \*

He wooed her by soft moonbeam's light,  
 And seemed to suit her mood aright;  
 He left her, with glad heart astir.  
 Bethrothed, to sleep and dream of her.  
 He met her in the broad sunrise;  
 She looked at him in cool surprise  
 When he presumed on fancied vow.  
 Said she, "Refer not to last night!  
 That was all moonshine then—but now  
 I see things in a different light."

—G. B., in Smart Set.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the November number of the Exponent is an article which accuses the 'Varsity of showing spitefulness in not getting Bozeman a game with W. A. C. The 'Varsity was very surprised, because they did not know Bozeman looked to Montana University for a football manager.

\* \* \* \* \*

First Student—"A funny thing happened to me in class to-day."

Second Student—"The idea!"

First Student—"Yes. The professor called me up, and then called me down."—Tiger.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ulysses was showing Circe some of his old love letters.

"Ain't they the tender little things?" he asked, proudly.



"I don't know," she replied. "It's all Greek to me."

Changing one of his friends into a porcupine, she extracted a quill and picked her pearly teeth.

—Wabash.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### PROBABLY NOTHING.

A man tried to get a pink fuschia  
To grow in St. Petersburg, Ruchsia,  
But always in vain,  
Till he cried, in such pain:  
"Will nothing, O fuschia, induchia?"

—Puck.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. New-wed called in the old Dr.,  
For the baby had tantrums that Shr;  
Said the stern old M. D.,  
"It is quite plain to see  
The infant is spoiled, 'cause you've Rr."

—Exchange

\* \* \* \* \*

#### WHEN THE CAPTAIN BEGINS TO SWEAR.

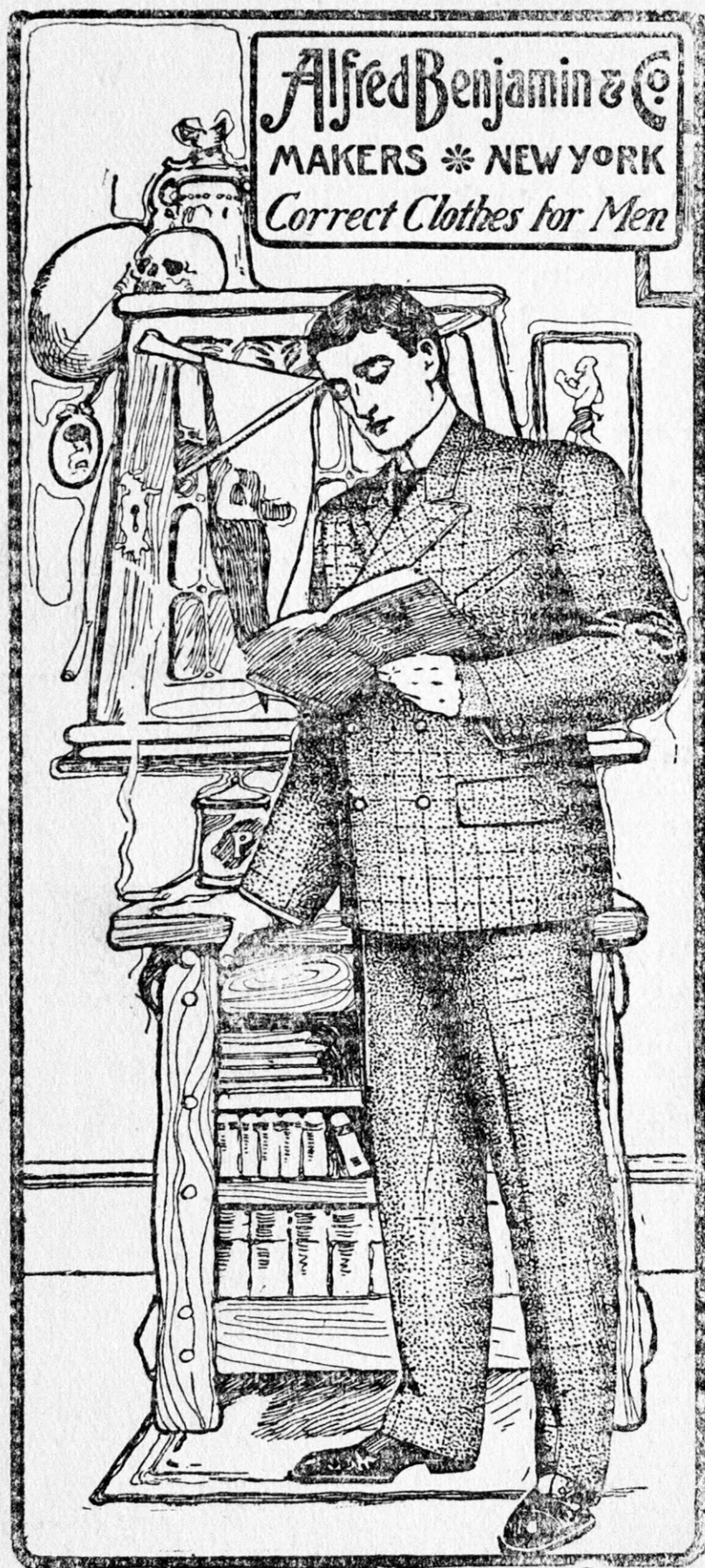
They played like wooden Injuns,  
They fumbled and missed the ball,  
They showed small pluck in tackle or buck  
And they ran no ends at all;  
The partisans groaned on the side lines;  
The coach was wild with despair,  
But there came a change in a manner strange  
When the captain began to swear.

Then they stood in the line like Trojans,  
And they snapped the ball with a vim;  
The fullback ran like a galvanized man—  
There was nothing the matter with him!  
They hammered the ends for twenty,  
And they butted the line for four,  
And they ran up the score with a rush and a roar,  
When the captain began to swear.

—Exchange.



# Lord Chesterfield



In one of his famous letters to his son, said:

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