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THE KAIMIN

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA



OCTOBER, 1905



WISDOM Is called for in clothes buying. More nowadays than before, because wool is used less and mercerized cotton and shoddy more. It takes an expert to detect the adulteration until after the clothes have been worn a short time, then anybody can tell—the cheat manifests itself by the clothes losing their shape and wearing shabby and often fading. Not very pleasant to think about, but a serious matter. We're experts; know how to locate any adulteration and, when we find it, steer clear of it for our own protection—and yours. Our clothes are the kind you'll like—snappy, dressy, durable, satisfactory. See for yourself.

All-Wool Suits, \$15 to \$40

All-Wool Overcoats, \$15 to \$60

Missoula Mercantile Co.

THE KAIMIN

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA

OCTOBER, 1905

Volume 9

Number 1

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CONTENTS

Browning's Philosophy.....	5
A Freshman's Letter.....	10
The Fortune Teller.....	11
Attendance in College Classes.....	13
My Strange Benefactor.....	16
A Dissertation on the Classics and Sciences in Education.....	18
Editorials.....	24
Societies of the University.....	28
Athletics.....	36
Locals.....	40
Exchanges.....	44
Alumni Notes.....	45

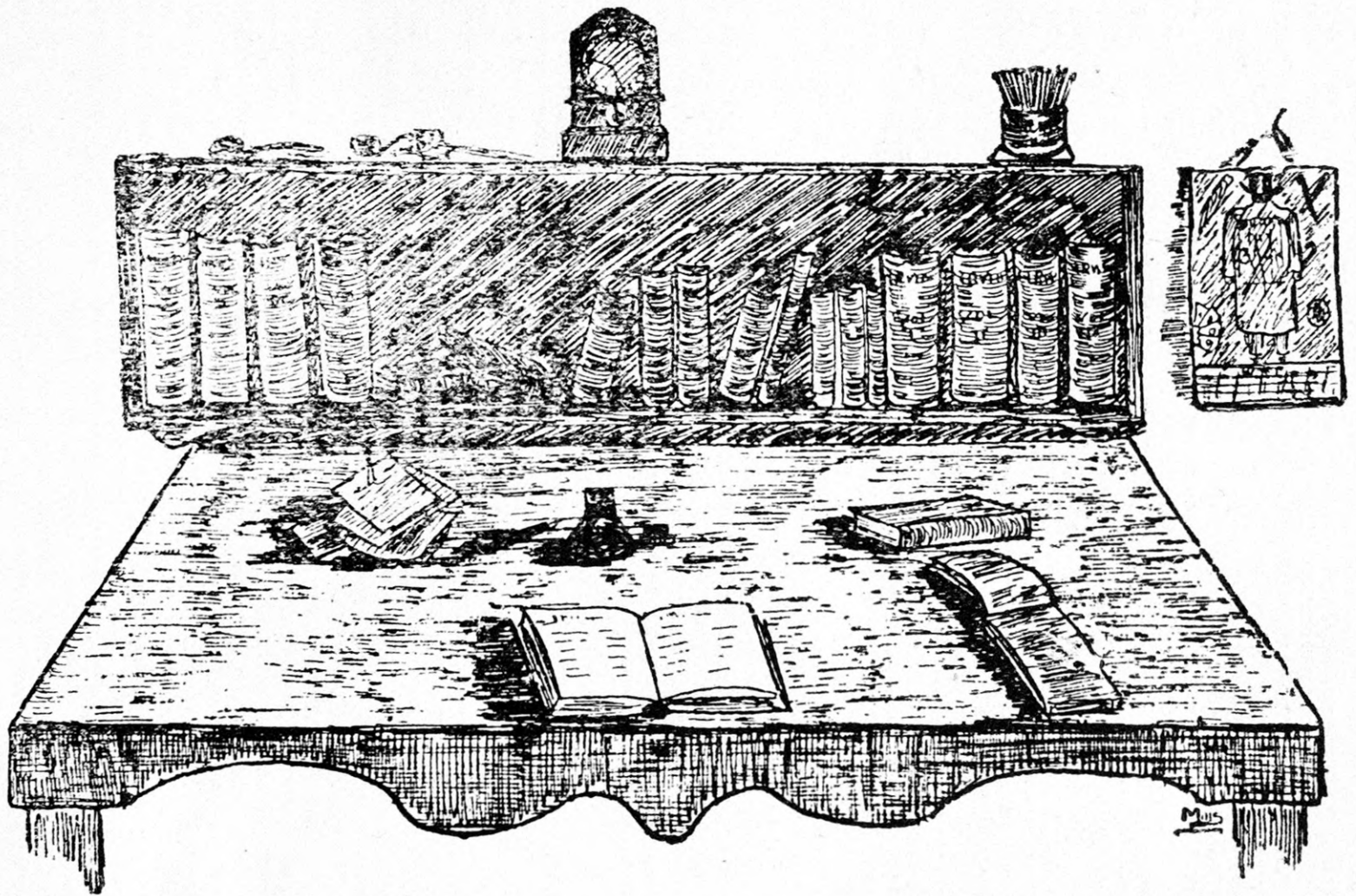
THE KAIMIN

A LITERARY MAGAZINE

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OCTOBER, 1905

No. 1



LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Editors: Maud Burns

Joseph W. Streit

Browning's Philosophy

It is indeed with considerable sense of insignificance, that an attempt is made to unravel Browning's philosophy out of the labyrinths of his verse. Now to do this is entirely beyond our meagre knowledge of Browning's works. However, by the aid of crutches, and at the risk of misconstruing, we will make a few deductions.

Philosophy, what an entrancing word, how suggestive.. At its mention Socrates Plato and Aristotle haunt the mind. The Eleatics, the faculty, Kant, the reason and the French school—the gruesome. Philosophy, what is it—the love of wisdom,—reflection—the riddle of life—from whence to whither. It is this last definition of philosophy which Browning wished to solve, to penetrate the veil of the fu-

ture; to catch a glimpse of that "land from whence no traveler returns".

Did he succeed? His answer is "I have seen God's hand thro' a life time."

To better analyze the trend of Browning philosophy it will, perhaps, be best to first take up the parts and then unite the whole.

For the beginning of all things, creation is the first step, the question how the second. Volumes have been written upon this subject and its innumerable phases—millions more will be, yet it is, and ever shall be the world's greatest riddle. Of the creation of the Universe Browning says little, and of man but sparingly, it is the growth of man's soul which interests him most; its origin he entrusts to God. Browning begins by acknowledging a God, the ruler of all, and from this source draws the greatest of all knowledge—the absolute or soul knowledge. Creation, he does not attempt to define. "In the morning of the world when earth was nigher heaven than now" here he admits creation, but wisely omits further discussion.

From creation to evolution is but a step, the borders of one constitutes the frontier of the other. On this subject Browning is more pronounced for he says—"in his prophetic vision:"

"Earth had attained to heaven, there was no more, near nor far.

Nay more; for there wanted not who walked in the glare and glow, Presences plain in the place; or fresh from the protoplast Furnished for ages—to come when a kindlier wind should blow, Lured now to begin and live, in a house to their liking at last; Or else the wonderful Dead who have passed through the body and gone.

"But were back once more to breathe in an old world with their new," Whatever had been was now what was, as it shall be anon; And what is—shall I say, matched both? for I was made perfect." Again he continues, "I began * * * From mere mortal life held in common by man and brute; In our flesh grows the branch of this life, in our souls it bears fruit." Man's place; * * Lower than God's * * Higher than beasts * * "knows partly but conceives besides, Creeps ever on from fancies to the fact And in this striving, this converting air Into a solid he may grasp and rise, Finds progress, Man's distinctive work alone * * Man partly is and wholly hopes to be," or in other words man is a rational being with mortal knowledge and a sprinkling of the absolute, a soul, and a will. Without further worry Browning leaves the theory of creation and evolution practically where he found it—with God.

With created life, however, or whenever it came, comes the prob-

lem of existence. This is a question Browning seems to solve very happily. To the philosophy of theology this one phase of human nature, for it is only rational life we shall deal with, he has given a great deal of concern. Flesh was considered a hindrance to the soul, Browning, however, does not believe so, rather he maintains it is an aid. Earth had done her best, in my passion to scale the sky." The soul constitutes man's wings to soar; but the body must supply the motive force. Then,

"Oh our manhood's prime vigor! no spirit feels waste
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor sinew unbraced.
Oh, the wild joys of living Leaping up from rock to rock * *
Of the plunge in a pool's living water * * *
How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ.
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!"

Life is a struggle, a series of victories and defeats. Without these the physical and spiritual powers would waste and vanish, we are made stronger by continual warfare. As muscles gain strength with action, so also does the soul. "Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor set nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pain; dare, never grudge the throe."

Browning welcomes rebuffs, he is a firm believer in strenuous life, it is the goad which tempers life. When doubts strikes us thus we ward it's strokes off, caught upon our guard—not struck enough to overturn Our faith, but shake it—make us learn * * *; how hard it is to be a christian!" This to his mind is what makes life worth living. The cause of struggles in the soul is doubts. Doubts, ah; how they rock that little bark called man. What pain it breeds—within human breasts, what tears are shed at doubt's shrine. Poor nearsighted mortals, even the present is filled with mists—the future chaos, the past alone is ours. But doubts, though they are hard to bear yet bear a precious jewel, and Browning says "I prize the doubt * *

Poor vaunt of life indeed, were man but formed to feed on joy.

Doubts bring us greater joy and lead us nearer God. Doubt breaks the monotony of days." But a day and the world has changed. Yet distrust is the greatest of all. Although a negative answer is implied here, it does in a measure explain why Browning prized doubt, for in soul development it ranks close to faith. In truth faith

is the consequent of doubt. Without doubt there would be no need of faith. Of the two concluding forces, faith is the stronger, the consequent is the antidote of the antecedent. Fortunate, indeed, for humanity that such is the case or else the clouds of doubt would for ever overwhelm the soul. Most wretched would man be without the beacon light of faith, the one says which illuminates life, the comfort of this world and the hope of the one to be. Faith the balm of life, the panacea of all our doubts and fears. "Love we are in God's hand. How strange now look the life he makes us lead, yet all is as God overrules." So why let doubts and fears haunt the soul. "No, on the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven the perfect round, and man is not God but has God's end to serve," and even more. "I have lived, seen God's hand through a life time, and all was for the best." What more could one wish for, all was for the best. What doubts could now assail? Yes, in the least things have faith, for the next world's reward, and repose, are won, by the struggles in this. So much has been said of faith. What is it? Faith may be, one agrees, a touch stone for God's purposes, even as ourselves conceive of them.

Closely allied to faith is the will. The will is the gap between man and beast. In his opinion of the power of the will Browning is orthodox and favors predestination. He believes with Shakespeare, there is a divinity that shapes our ends rough hew—they as we may. Will the one source of might * * While in himself he recognizes love.

No less than might and will; and rightly takes * * Thus, man's proves best and highest—God in fine and thus the victory leads but to defeat. The gain to loss, best rise to the worst fall, his life becomes impossible, which is death."

The action of the will produces good or evil. However on this point Browning has opinions of his own. "It's wiser being good than bad and there shall never be one last good! What was, shall live as before, the evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound, what was good shall be good," such in short is Browning's view of good and evil.

Unconsciously while collecting thoughts on good and evil three other factors have become involved; salvation divinity and immortality. Of the first one quotation tells all, "my own hope is, a sun will pierce the thickest cloud earth ever stretched; that after last returns the first, though a wide compass round be fetched; that what began best, can't end worst, nor what God blessed once, prove accursed." Browning's theology was broad enough to wish every soul final joy.

To him God's mercy was infinite," hence his idea of conversion would not agree with the common idea, immediate regeneration; but rather slow growth ending finally in universal salvation. Divinity, Browning never for a moment doubted, "we are all" he says, "God's servants" in fact the whole of his works are permeated with a belief in God, it is the moral texture of his poems. With divinity necessarily follows—a belief in immortality. "Think then when our soul understands the great Word which makes all things new, when earth break up and heaven expands, how will the change strike me and you? In the house not made with hands," other lines could be quoted with equal felicity but the repetition seems needless.

In our zeal to unravel the riddle of life two very essential points have been overlooked, old age, and death. Of the former Browning is especially optimistic. "Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be. The last of life, for which first was made, youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid." "Youth ended the gold alone survives thus ends old age and Death comes, the gaping monster which grey heads abhors" but notice; "I dare tread the path grey heads abhor."

"Fear death * * one fight more, the best the last." To Browning Death offered no terror, like Bryant he could "wrap his mantle around him and lie down to pleasant dreams." The circle is complete, the whole range of human experience has been traversed—except one—love. This to Browning was the greatest of all, the hub, the keystone, hence we have reserved it for the last, the first. "Love the motive force of life and object of existence. That quality of man and God which makes life here and hereafter worth living. Browning's love was large enough to encircle all the needs of man, broad enough to forgive humanity's failings; pure enough to reach God's throne.

"I report as a man may of God's work—all's love, yet all's law." "Life is the frame, the picture is love." Of human love Browning says, "What matter to me if their star is a world. Mine has opened it's soul to me, therefore I love it."

According to Browning human love is made up of three elements physical, intellectual and spiritual or soul love. To produce harmony, requires all, especially the latter, the soul. It was this element that made the love for Mrs. Browning so ideal. They had opened their souls, each had seen the dartle of the red and the blue. "That is the doctrine, simple ancient, true Such; is life's trial, as old earth smiles and knows. If you loved only what were worth your love,

love were clear gain, and wholly well for you; make the low nature better by your throes! Give earth yourself, go up for gain above!

Browning was fortunate enough to be an exponent of his doctrine; for in speaking of himself and Mrs. Browning he remarks, "If two lives join there is oft a scar" * * "We knew that the bar was broken between life and life." Death severed the bonds of law; but that of love remains for all eternity. Thus Browning found what Shelley sought, his ideal.

Thus ends the threads of Browning's philosophy, weave them into a fabric and you have the whole—Life, religion, love. "Burrow a while and build, broaden the roots of things." "For me I have my own church, God's all, man naught. "I have gone the whole round of creation: I saw and I spoke; I, a work of God's hand for that purpose, received in my brain. and pronounced on the rest of his handiwork—returned him again his creation's approval or censure; I spoke as I saw. I report, as a man may of God's work—all's love, yet all's law."

Thus may we conclude

"All service ranks the same
With God, whose puppets best and worst,
Are we; there is no last nor first.

A Freshman's Letter

U. of M., September 26, 1905.

To My Own Dear Mother who thinks she is being lovely to me to send me to this infernal round of trouble called college life:

Well, I'm here and that's all. Was passed around from one prof. to another as if I was a nugget from a mine, but in truth they didn't know what to do with me. So I wound up the first three days by going out on what they call the "gridiron"—but say, I'd rather see your own gridiron with the steaming cakes—and getting my "lamp" put out, my face punched and myself generally jarred up. But don't think I got mixed up in a free for all, no, only foot ball, and the coach says I have good material back of me if I will practice. At the end of a week I got off with flying colors, launched upon the sea of real university life. A good many times already my little Freshman row boat has come near to capsizing in the waves made by the larger boats of the upper classmen. Why, the Seniors have steam launches and they think they are real steamers. But none of us dare show them their mistake.

One night six of us "greenies" were peacefully walking down town and then ten big fellows swooped down on us from all sides. The effect reminded me of the time when sister poured the bucket of water on me when I was asleep in the hammock. We were forcibly informed of the advisability of keeping our mouths shut and doing as we were told. We obeyed peacefully until we reached the big reservoir, but when they prepared to duck us, then the big scrap came off. It ended in a compromise, everyone of us got soaked and two of their men were put in, then we came home together and now we are lots better friends. A couple of days afterwards when I was going through the hall some namby--pamby girls commenced to giggle and whisper amongst themselves, but I heard one say, "ain't he just too sweet? I must know him better, I feel sure he'd like me." There aren't any good looking girls here, of course it wouldn't matter to me if there were. I said there weren't any, of course I meant many. There's one little girl, she's a Freshman, too, and a new girl, well there's one that's really pretty. I forget what her last name is, but her first one is Margaret. You know I always did like Margaret for a name, and it fits this girl, too. I took her home from a reception they gave the new students and I'm going to call there next week.

Tell the governor he might send me another five or tenner every month if he wants. Give my love to Sis and tell her to make me some pretty sofa pillows. Now goodbye little mother for this time, for I must go to practice.

Your loving, homesick? (scapegrace son,)

NED.

The Fortune Teller

Dick Lewis was thoroughly out of humor. He was helping to decorate the parlors for the Seniors party in honor of the Sophomore class, but he was not at all interested in the success of his efforts nor in the plan of entertainment. Nevertheless, he sustained his usual interest in Carrie Hemingway, and he did not approve of the fact that a number of young men seemed very willing to hold the tacks for her while she arranged the hangings and drapery in rather secluded corners.

Presently Dick informed Miss Carrie of his views on the subject and was greeted with the astonished exclamation, "Well! Do you think I let them hold my hands?"

"No, not exactly that, but—"

"Oh, I see. You think I hold theirs."

By that time Dick was really angry and growled something about it not making any difference to him if she held the hands of every fellow in school."

"You just see if I don't then. Tonight, too.", she called after him as he left the room.

That evening Dick wandered disconsolately through the crowds of merry making students, but no where did he see anything of Carrie, so he decided that she was not there. He wondered if she had staid away on account of their quarrel. At that, he thought what an idiot he had been, but he was a little pleased too, for she must have cared if she had staid away because he was angry with her, he thought. He had not seen her since they had quarreled in the afternoon, for she had told him not to call for her for she had to come back very early to complete some arrangements.

He was just deciding that he would go and apologize to her tomorrow, when one of the girls rushed up to him and said that he must come right away and have his palm read. There was a regular fortune teller in the next room, and it was such fun!

This girl was Carrie's particular friend, so Dick was just about to give her a detailed account of his troubles and ask where Carrie was, when he found himself in a little tent like booth hung with Oriental drapings. The lights were very dim and for a moment he did not see the veiled figure seated on the couch. At a glance, Dick saw that the fortune-teller was not from the Orient, but there was no clue to her identity. She spoke scarcely above a whisper. In this subdued tone, she bade him be seated, and asked to see the palm of his left hand. After he had asked her the usual questions, and she had told him a number of facts, Dick came to the conclusion that the fortune-teller, whoever she was, knew a good deal about him.

"You must be very careful," she said wisely, or "you will make not only yourself, but others as well, very much unhappy on account of your unaccountable temper."

Dick grinned. "Will anyone in particular be—" just then the fortune-teller seemed to have difficulty, in seeing, for she bent still lower over his hand.

"Oh, not any especially particular one," she hesitated, "but you must exercise great care."

"Well I have recently—er—ah—been careless, you know today for example?"

"The lines here, seem very confused," then Dick heard something very much like a giggle. This fortune teller certainly was un-

usual. It seems as if you have been rather—well rather—”

“Beastly,” Dick finished for her. “But do you think it was entirely without cause? Don’t you think the provocation was enough—”

“It was not.” The fortune-teller seemed to have quite decided opinions on this subject.

“But she said she was going to hold the hands of every fellow in school,” Dick argued.

“What if she did. You started the quarrel.”

This fortune-teller’s powers of divination were remarkable.

“Well do you think there is a chance to make up?” Dick asked. This time the palmist laughed outright, and Dick knew that only one in school laughed like that.

“Dick, you big goosy, but I did hold the hand of every fellow in school, and tonight, too,” but Dick didn’t care.

Attendance in College Classes

Once more activities have been resumed at the college of Study Hard, and the great halls and corridors which seemed so deserted and empty during the vacation are teeming with students. All sorts and kinds of students; new and old, ready; even eager to begin work. So while the recollection of the class that went out last year is still fresh, and while their help in student affairs will be missed for some time to come, their places are being filled by those next in line for promotion, and soon only the memory of their loyalty and conscientious work will remain.

Among those who went out was the Spectator, whose speculations on students and affairs at the college of Study Hard, appeared so regularly in last year’s Kaimin. However, before going he bequeathed his pencil and “tab” to one, who in his judgment was fitted to carry on the work he began. Why he should do this is beyond our comprehension. The only qualifications we have is in the name. One who writes should have the ability to go among and converse with his fellow men. It seems to us he should do this if he wishes to have much to write about. This trait we lack entirely. Whether in the lecture room, the reading room or the athletic field we have nothing to say, nothing to communicate, no feelings to express. The persistent questioning of the enduring professor of German brings forth nothing more than “Nicht,” while an only touch down on the football field, just before time is called at the close of a hotly contested game, is not

rewarded even with applause. Still in spite of the fact that our inability to be affable with our fellow students will handicap us somewhat, we will endeavor—after being coaxed to do so—continue the speculations for the Kaimin. And while we shall endeavor to continue them along the same lines of our worthy predecessor, we have reserved the right to make such deviations from time to time as we see fit. You know Leo XIII made himself a prisoner in the vatican, thus establishing a precedent for all the popes to follow until their temporal power was restored. But the every first man that succeeded him saw fit to break the custom and acted accordingly. So with us: now that we have accepted the pencil of the first university “Spectator”, and also that the editor has consented to give us space, we may depart, when it suits our purpose, from the usual mode, and instead of offering suggestions comment on the incongruities of students that come under our notice. But which ever way it may come under our notice. But which ever way it may come about, we trust the Kaimin readers will not have occasion to feel hurt. Our shafts will not be aimed at any particular one.

Since it is the opening season of the year we thought it well to offer some speculations on college attendance for the first number. Our observations as well as personal experiences tend to show that students, as a rule, absent themselves from classes, or using a college expression, “cut them,” oftener than they can afford if they wish to maintain a high standard. The rules guarding against this are of course very strict,. But it is so easy to get around them; so easy to feel an indisposition to attend classes, so easy to find a valid excuse for absence, that the chances taken on being suspended are lessened. It seems to be a most natural propensity on the part of young people to shirk responsibilities. They do so not altogether because of an aversion to effort—many enjoy their work—but because they do not realize what continued application means. To them a specified number of hours per week requires besides the effort of preparation, the painful necessity of their presence in the class room. If this requirement could be eliminated—as occasions demanded—attendance would easily be higher. But since class attendance in the language of Dooley, is a necessary evil, students must endure the evil, and professors’ labor to overcome the evil of “class cutting.”

Of course the faculty of an institution can not do all towards raising the attendance, any more than they can compel a regular attendance. Students must be led to see that their co-operation in such a matter is indispensable, then, and not till then, will they awa-

ken to the fact that a high standard in class work can be maintained only by regular attendance. And in learning this fact, the student will receive more vividly the impression that constant application is the sure road to success. He will come to realize that the shirker and procrastinator, alike, will fall far short of true success in competition with the man who applies himself diligently.

But how are members of a college faculty going to impress this truth upon students? Should they descend from their dignified position to that of an instructor of the grades, who, among his numerous duties must admonish children on what they should and should not do? To us, an answer in the affirmative would be ridiculous. To such a reply we would ask the question: "Is it necessary that college students be treated as tho they were unable to think?" It cannot be gainsaid that young people enter college at an age wherein they are able to realize the importance of their undertaking. They have a full conception of what is expected of them and it is unnecessary that they be told that they are about to form principles of character. This much they should know, if they do not, then it were well that they remain away from college.

But if they are aware of this fact, and it seems quite reasonable to think that those who have spent several terms in college are, then why not those students impress this fact upon the new-comers. It would not be a difficult task. Under the present elective system of colleges, the first year student works alongside the third, and even the fourth year man. What is easier than for the older student, older in college work, to make evident by his attendance that he does not cut his classes? Such an example would go far on those entering college for the first time. Everything is new and strange on the first entrance and they wait and take note of what is going on. They conform readily to the established customs and usages. No matter what the unwritten laws are—good or pernicious, they become a part of their deportment and govern their actions during the remainder of their college life. It is very easy then for us who are established in college to establish a precedent in regard to college attendance. With our hearty co-operation the faculty can raise the standard of college requirements and thereby not only advance the standing of the college, but also help impress higher principles of character upon those who are about to begin preparation for their life work.

—SPECTATOR.

My Strange Benefactor

It was a cold and bleak day and the snow was falling fast. The boys had just come in from work and were sitting on boxes around the store. Suddenly one of the men, a large, heavy set fellow with a broad felt hat and dirty looking whiskers which were set out more distinctly on account of a bright red shirt which he wore said, "Say boys lets have a game of cards, I don't think the storm will slacken up any till night and the way she looks now I guess we'll not work any more today."

So the cards were brought out with some blue and yellow chips that looked like they had seen a dozen years service, and we all sat down around a large box which served as a table and started to play. I was a young man at this time, and had been sent out west by a mining company to buy some mining claims.

We had not played very long before we were joined by a young man with a slight frame but a very pleasant face. His dress was more suitable for a fashionable ball room than for a tumble down old log cabin. He walked up to the counter and with a wave of his hand invited us all up to have something.

"Say Bill," said I to one of my companions, "does he mean me too? I haven't been introduced to him and I don't want to have him think I am here for the purpose of having a good time at the expense of every new comer."

Bill laughing said, "You have introduction enough." So I went up to the counter with the other boys. After having taken our drinks we went back to the table to finish our game. After a while all dropped out of the game except Bill and I. I knew it would be to my advantage to let him win; for it was very necessary that I have the good will of these men in order to carry out my plans. But try as hard as I could to lose I could not; it so happened that I won every time. At last Bill began to swear and suddenly swept all the chips from the table and looking at me said, "You scoundrel, you cheated," and before I knew it I was looking down the barrel of a large revolver. As I looked into that messenger of death I thought how useless my hopes had been, and of my poor old mother far away, how she would toil all through the rest of her life; for it was I who was her only support.

Suddenly everything grew dark before me and I fell back against my chair as I heard the report of a pistol. When I opened my eyes again I could see that the large hand of the big fellow held no revolver but instead there was blood trickling down the back of his hand.

My gaze wondered over to my new friend and to my surprise I saw a smoking revolver in his hand. I knew then that he had saved my life. Not long after I bought some of the best claims and left the camp strange to say my benefactor had suddenly disappeared, but his face was stamped on my mind for many years afterward.

* * * *

In the beautiful valley where the C— river flows and all nature is at rest there is a small cabin surrounded by a beautiful garden. Along the sides and windows of the house are a great many vines running up the windows, a most picturesque sight to see. Some irresistible force made me feel interested in the sight before me, and I stopped at the house. A man met me at the door and said, "I am very glad to welcome you to our little home, for strangers very seldom visit this part of the country."

"And I am none the less pleased for your generous hospitality," I replied.

He conducted me into the house where everything was neat and cheerful, we sat down and talked on general topics and when I happened to ask him of his little boy he said, "Yes, he is my only son and I am very proud of him; he is the only one that will comfort me now in my old age for my dear wife has gone from me to a better world. I saw my brother once but did not know it was he; for we had not seen each other since we were children. It was this way. Soon after I was married I went down to Bill Shafter's camp and there I met a stranger. I at once became interested in him and kept my eye on him all through that memorable game of cards. A dispute arose over the game. I had not time to look around before I heard a commotion at the table, and I saw Bill with a large revolver pointed at my new friend; but I was not very much behind him and before he could pull the trigger I had shot him through the hand. In order to keep from being arrested I fled from the camp that night. A few weeks afterwards I happened to notice in a newspaper an account of the affair. Strange to say the name of the man whose life I had saved was the same as that of my brother. I have tried every way that I can to find him, but all in vain. I was told that when he left the camp he went north, but—"

"No," said I rising, "he did not go north, he went back east. But your brother's name? What was his name?"

"Robert Bushman."

"And your name?"

"Thomas Bushman."

“Then give me your hand brother” said I extending to him my hand. “I am the one whose life you saved.”

A Dissertation on the Classics and Sciences in Education

There is perhaps no question of greater importance to the American people than the one, “What shall constitute higher education?” The perplexing question, what good shall result from the study of those subjects which the student loses sight of when he leaves college is one that interests every individual who has the least concern for his country. To the casual observer, standing in the midst of our complex and conflicting forces, having no view of the future and seeing the past in very different perspective, the question is indeed difficult to answer. He would be at a loss to choose between the classics and the sciences; he might suggest the impartial study of both; he certainly would not overlook utilitarian advantages.

Undoubtedly the supreme idea of education has been at all times, and is at present, mental discipline. The primary object is to get the tools of learning, the art of reading, writing and elementary computation. This much is indispensable for every one. It is only when education proceeds to its higher work that the next step, the application of the instrument to the acquisition of knowledge, is necessary. But it is here that difficulties arise. The boundless extent of knowledge makes a choice difficult. It is impossible to study all subjects; a single mind never can begin to approach whole ranges of them. And, as what can be actually acquired is relatively small, it certainly must have been recognized long ago that the main work of education should be such as to form the mind and develop its capacities for effective action in subsequent life.”

With this idea in mind, the sciences were gradually recognized as subjects possessing such qualifications, because scientific knowledge is a method of knowing; and, in the words of an able educator—“is as comprehensive as the world in which we live.” Yes, it is even more! It is the most perfect form of knowledge upon all subjects which it is possible to know. For it is the investigation of Truth; Truth of all orders and by all the mental operations through which they can be established. Is it not true that the first facts about knowledge grow? Do they not begin in the common observation and reflection of untaught minds, and gradually develop into clearness, certainty and precision.

There is a story told of a student of Williams college, who, dur-

ing vacation, discovered what he thought to be bird tracks on a slab of sandstone which his plow turned up. Now he had been taught to believe that the ledges were suddenly called into existence by the Almighty without passing through a tedious formative process. Also he had never seen the imprint of an animal's foot upon the solid rock. But he had often noticed—as all do—the impression made by the feet of animals, in the mud, upon the shores of rivers, lakes, and in the highway. Here then, was a phenomena—real foot prints in the solid rock. How came they there? This incident occurred before the day of much geological knowledge—the close of the eighteenth century, but that student exercised a common sense method of explaining what he saw. His conclusions were that the tracks were made by some animal in an early period of the earth's history. Nothing was more natural than to surmise that they were made during the earliest aqueous deposits of which he had heard—the muddy sediments left by the Noachian deluge. Consequently he pointed out the footmarks to his friends as having been made by Noah's raven when wandering in search of dry land.

A few years later a like incident occurred in the same state—Massachusetts. A man while walking home from church had his attention drawn to a similar phenomenon. He remarked to his wife: "There are some turkey tracks made three thousand years ago." Now these two minds were untutored in scientific lore; yet, each independent of the other, expressed fundamental generalization of Paleontology which has been wonderously amplified since that time. What seemed a mystery became knowledge, through obseravtion; and investigation, when Truth was made evident years later.

To the observing it is evident that progress can be made only thro' assimilating the good results of the past, and readjustment to new conditions. The advent of the English Pilgrims into America furnishes a good illustration. They brought with them the best the old world had to give, high ideas of religion and politics; and left behind the conditions which impaired the realization of those ideals. The same is true of the progress in higher education. All that was good in the mediaeval school and all which through observation and experience is thought to be best suited for present purposes, have been employed. Because the state, that for its perpetuity and progress, felt bound to teach its children to read and write, feels an equal necessity to bring within the reach of it's youth the learning and culture necessary to the higher and more vital demands of citizenship,

for government and industry.

Besides this, the wonderful discoveries and prodigious advancement of the sciences and their invasion into all the arts and even the ordinary affairs of life made their study imperative; the mediaeval curriculum became inadequate to meet the demands of modern requirements. It was found necessary to have a system which would fit men to engage successfully in the hazardous game of life. That game in which—in Huxley's beautiful simile—we play with an unseen antagonist who enforces relentlessly every minutest rule of the game whether known to us or not.

During the century which closed a few years ago, the triumph of scientific discoveries was continuous. Up to the opening of the eighteenth century science was regarded as the physical sciences which treat of heat, light, some chemical action and rock formation. But the dawn of a grander area was at hand. Faraday drew living sparks from the lifeless magnet. Grove and Bensen found a source of electric power, and Ohm followed closely to teach the world how to measure the new power. Before the middle of the century had passed, Draper, Daquerre and Taibot discovered the actinic properties of light and made known the science of photography. A little later Joule and Mayer promulgated the doctrine of the conversation of energy, Carpenter had analyzed the relation of mind and brain, and Stokes and Tyn-dal penetrated the darkness beyond the violet and red rays.

The outcome of this advancement in the sciences was a gradual revolution in the educational system. It became necessary for the student if he kept pace with advancing enlightenment to know something of the phenomena taking place about him on every hand. With this arose the necessity that he get his knowledge through observation and experiment. To study the sciences otherwise, would be a waste of time. Consequently with this in mind, laboratories, which fostered original investigation, were established and men, specialists in their line, men who had secured their knowledge by faithful application, were put in charge.

As these investigations and discoveries went on it became necessary to make subdivisions of the original subjects and thus increased the scientific subjects that might with success be added to the college curriculum. The result was some apprehension was felt least the new study would supersede the classics entirely. And it was high time to be alarmed least the educational system should become one sided, because the advance in science was so rapid that it became impossible for men, in the different branches of the same subject to keep in touch

with one another.

Still a little reflection will show that the cause for alarm was groundless. In order to succeed at the present day, a man or woman must be able to do one thing, and do it well. In this age the applicant for a position, or a job if the expression is permissible—is not asked: How many things can you do, but, what can you do? And why not such a question? Is not the division of labor apparent in all the mere operations of industry? In a factory the highest efficiency is reached when each kind of productive faculty is employed in the proper proportion from the skill of the single managing head to that of the thousands of operatives. In the same way the proper advance of civilization requires the harmonious co operation of minds of many orders. Its operations are most perfectly performed when every member of society is able to perform his peculiar duties to his fellow men in the most effective way. And, however, desirable it may be that each individual should be able to do as many things as possible, the requirements of society at large do not exact it. However, a man should not be so wrapped up in his work that he is unable to see or recognize any other. He should have a broad general knowledge; yet, not feel he is required to do many things.

Of the intellectual training to be derived from studying all the sciences much can be said. The classics and sciences have some advantages in common, but the new study has several which is out of the realms of the older. That which takes precedence over all is observation. It has been conceded that the classics do develop this faculty. If the student were observant so much the better for himself and all concerned; if not, there was no remedy for him. And while it is a fact that the faculty of observation cannot be created any more than a memory can, yet much can be done towards improving and developing it.

In the study of scientific subjects the student early learns to use his eyes. From his study of botany and biology, the tiniest flower by the roadside, the trees on the mountain slope or river bank, the singing birds of the fields, and the buzzing insects of the air have all a different significance. The plants and flowers are no longer things of beauty only; he sees in them perfect organisms in which the parts are wonderfully adjusted for the life and perpetuation of the species. He looks at them in a different way; the veil has been raised and he is able to commune with nature.

Again his study of geology brings about similar results. The

turbid rivers winding brooks, fertile valleys, and boulder strewn plains bring to his mind's eye a picture of the changes which have occurred and which are still going silently on in the landscape. He knows and can name the agents that sculptured the mountain chains in all their grandeur. And, from petrified organic remains, he can read the history of the long periods of development through which the earth has passed. Periods, which in extent of time seem beyond comprehension.

In his laboratory work, he develops the faculties of accuracy and thoroughness.

It is of fundamental importance that a student exercise these faculties. If he is not accurate all the labor of his research is lost, and if by application or industry he has secured a reputation for accurate work that honor must go as the prize of his inaccuracy. Then too in scientific research, there are so many and complex conditions, so many possible combinations that thoroughness must be the rule. If a student is lacking in those qualifications he can never hope to succeed in scientific research. But if he has those faculties and develops them he is fitted for any walk of life.

So much in favor of scientific subjects on the college curriculum. Now for the other side on which something favorable can be said. Many and diverse are the opinions held by men of science as well as of letters on an exclusive training in the sciences.

In a recent address before the students of Mason university, Birmingham, Archibald Geike — a non partisan in the controversy—said: "A training in scientific methods failed to supply those humanizing influences which the older learning can so well impart. For the moral stimulus that comes from an association with all that is noblest and best in the literature of the past; for the culture and taste that springs from prolonged contact with the highest model of literary expression; for the widening of our sympathies and the vivifying of our imagination by the study of history; the teaching of science has no equivalents."

Now Mr. Geike has an international reputation in scientific research. And is in a position to offer sound advice. On the occasion of the address, mentioned above, he advised the scientific students before him to cherish the literary tastes they had or any they might acquire, and to devote themselves sedulously to their further cultivation in their leisure moments. He assured them that no matter what their future career might be they would find literature a source of solace and refreshment. That there would come times, even to the most en-

thusiastic, when scientific work would become wearisome. Besides this he considered it imperative that scientific men be able to express the results of their investigations in clear concise and unambiguous language. and he especially admonished them to so prepare themselves along such lines that when they went out into the world they would not, by their contributions, add to the already too great amount of slip shod scientific literature.

The advice of this scientist is worthy the consideration of students. They should take it seriously to heart and endeavor while the opportunity is given them to get all they can from both the old and the new studies. But in doing so they should not lose sight of the fact that no system has been devised that will of itself develop all the faculties. They can, however, under the present curriculum become clear and accurate thinkers and so be able to cope with the problems of life.

In their preparation they should not neglect to consider that they are living in an age of advancement and that their less fortunate fellow men expect them to contribute a little more than their share to that advancement. To this end they must get the major portion of their training along such lines as will enable them to meet the demands made upon him. For without it they will suffer precisely as the individual suffers when he follows a profession of which he does not understand the first principle. Consequently they must get considerable training in science. It will do for their future what the knowledge of mathematics does for the engineer or chemistry for the physician; or mechanics for the architect. They will find its function is not merely to furnish empirical rules for their guidance but to shed the brightest possible light upon a difficult path, in which they are to make their way by their own best judgment. With it the path may sometimes be hard to find, but without it, they must grope entirely in the dark.

—J. W. STREIT.

EDITORIALS

John D. Jones

It is with much pleasure that we present to the Faculty, Students and Citizens of Montana the ninth volume of The 1905-1906 Kaimin. We do not intend to present any formal platform as to our future policy but beg to assure the public that the best efforts of the staff will be directed to make this the banner year in the history of The Kaimin. The Kaimin has ceased to be an experiment, it is now a firmly fixed factor of University life. Indeed so great was the confidence of the management, that all arrangements for publishing were made previous to the annual canvass for subscriptions. The returns of canvass amply justified the confidence as they surpassed those of any previous year, and at this time wish to express our thanks for the splendid support accorded The Kaimin. However, the success of a paper is not marked entirely by the subscription list, although this is a vital factor. What a paper needs most is the active support and co-operation of the entire student body. In fact The Kaimin is your paper, the staff your agents, thus if you want a magazine second to none in the Northwest, contribute to its columns yourself and advise your friends to do likewise. We do not know your abilities and aptitude, consequently are at a loss whom to seek. Write down your thoughts and ideas, hand them to some of the editors and they will see that they reach the proper department. The literary department is the largest and needs most aid. When the editors ask you for an article don't refuse, but just write a story, essay or poem. The local editors will also feel greatly relieved if the local box in the library will require emptying two or three times a month. Save all your witticisms and jokes for this department. The Kaimin is pleased to welcome the large number of new students to be seen at the 'Varsity. We hope to become better acquainted as the year progresses. To the old students no greeting is necessary, they know already that we wish them well and that another year means closer acquaintance and deeper friendship.

The year of 1905 and '06 has begun very auspiciously—the attendance of collegiates greatly outnumbered last year. All student activities seem to have proportionately increased in life and vigor. Let us hope that the spirit of work will be contagious even in class work.

The college paper has become a potent force in college and university life. It is a class of journalism by itself. During the past ten years rapid strides have been made in college journalism, until now every college of any pretensions whatever has one or more publications, and even the more progressive high schools publish a paper. What has caused such a growth? Economics teach that supply is the result of demand, hence the demand for college publications has certainly been strong. But why? In this progressive age a college would need a paper as an advertising medium alone. Everything is advertised, and everybody advertises. But this is not the prime reason. The college paper furnishes largely the current topics by offering new ideas and recapitulating old ones. It calls the students attention to what takes place in his own as well as in neighboring colleges, in truth, it is sort of an encyclopaedia of every day happenings. Not only keeping the student in touch with home affairs, but also is his guide as to what others are doing. In the Exchange corner students find the publications of all their contemporary schools, and from these base the idea of what their neighbors are doing. To the average student, the college paper largely measures the calibre of the institution from whence it came. Knowing this fact all institutions have striven to put out a creditable paper.

Another potent factor which has greatly aided the growth of college papers is the valuable practical training it offers, especially to those who wish to follow the journalistic career. Every editorial staff is a miniature school of journalism, where young people are trained to write stories, squibs, editorials, or to report lectures and games. Then too a great deal can be learned from the practical side, proof reading, arrangement of material, contact with experienced printers and newspaper men. Some accuse colleges of being too ideal, too theoretical, perhaps this is partly true, but surely not so of college papers.

The business managers have real problems to solve and the editors have real perplexities.

Yes the college paper has come to stay. It fills many needed wants. It is useful—measures college life, the progressiveness of an institution and the ability of its students.

In college sports, only one permits lengthy mention at this time, football. Football overshadows all other games as a mountain does its foothills. Last year The Kaimin ventured some predictions as to our football record. Optimistic, to be sure, but none too strong as facts later recorded. Thus again we pre-

dict as before that the fall of 1905 will be the best in the history of the University of Montana. The outlook for team material is very flattering. Many of the old men are on the field and new recruits of excellent promise are at hand. Under the able direction of Coach Schule success must crown their efforts. A splendid series of games has been scheduled, everything is in readiness. The Rooters club are getting their throats into condition. Every available support will be rendered the football boys. The spirit of success is everywhere evident. Let everyone continue to "boost" and victory will be ours.

It will be noticed by the readers of The Kaimin that new departments have been added. Social department has
New Department been growing so rapidly of late that it was deemed wise to make a separate department under the direct supervision of an editor. Heretofore it was directed by the literary editors. Ralph Harmon is the new society editor so if you want your society represented see him at once.

The exchanges also has an editor this year—last year it was handled in conjunction with the locals, but this was exacting too much, consequently this important department has suffered, however, under the able direction of Miss Hamilton the exchanges will rapidly come to the front. Alumni notes will also occur but not under a separate management, however, it is hoped to make this a permanent department. We believe such a department would add largely to the interest of The Kaimin to post graduates.

A circulation manager has also has been added. This is to give our subscribers better and quicker service. With these few changes The Kaimin hopes to serve their patrons better than ever before.

Does it pay to advertise—in The Kaimin is the question asked of every business manager? Or is it simply a donation?
To Advertisers Let us place before you a few facts. The state appropriates \$46,500 per year for the maintenance of the University. \$35,000 at least goes to pay the salaries of the faculty—all of these live in Missoula and the most of them have families, consequently spend the greater portion of their salary here. Who gets the money? The merchants. Again put the student attendance as low as 250 which is very conservative, and the amount each one spends during the year at three hundred dollars per capita, which is also a low estimate, and you have \$75,000 spent in town every year.

To this add the salaries paid to univeristy employes—money spent while constructing buildings. This is not all, each year several families are brought to town as the result of the university and consequently enhance the vlaue of real estate. Thus the university brings to the city each year at least \$150,000. Does it pay to have this amount spent in a town? Does it pay to advertize? Think it over.

At this point we deem it wise to offer a few suggestions about handing in manuscripts tor publication, which if followed
Notice will greatly aid the editor and the printers. All matter should be written on uniform sized paper, in good plain script, and on ruled if you can't write straight on unruled paper. Make your letters distinct and not too small, and if a pencil is used get a soft one, as the printer has no time to trace out impressions. Avoid peculiarity in writing if you wish your production to be correctly read. Keep always in mind that at least three persons has to read your production before it goes to press, who do not know your especial style or what you intend to say.

During the past vacation a few changes has taken place in the Faculty. They, like the student body change constantly, although not as often. Miss Young has be succeeded Miss Whitney as Dean of Woman's Hall. Dr. Bacon and Dr. Holmes have supplied the temporary absence of Prof. Harkins. Prof. Schule is filling the place of Prof. Conibear as gymnasium director.

Singing on the steps has again begun. This is one of our customs which has come to stay.

It is rumored that an alumni paper will appear about January 1. The Kaimin wish the new venture every success.

See who advertises in The Kaimin and then trade with them.

We need all the "Boosters" and "Boosterettes" we can get.

However, wherever, Montana forever.

SOCIETIES OF THE UNIVERSITY

The Social Department of The Kaimin is a product of evolutions, having just this year enlarged into departmental importance from a more lowly state as a sub under the Literary editors. We think it a needed step forward and it will give; the societies whose notices shall appear hereafter, a proper dignity which they could not enjoy while sequestered among the documents of aspiring writers, however worthy those documents might be.

So it is with pleasure that the new editor assumes the new duties and it is his hope that the department may meet with as general approval as do those organizations with which it has to do.

It was inevitable that in the first number some things would be lacking. Old students will observe that there are many societies whose notices are omitted, this was due to the fact that some have not yet reorganized, others have not yet called their first meetings and some have failed to give the department sufficient information to warrant a paragraph. These defects will be remedied however in the next number of this volume and any one desiring information concerning a certain society may hope to find in these pages all that is intended for the public eye.

Clarkia

Clarkia held the first meeting of the year September twenty-third and without any unusually disturbance elected officers. Ruth Ward will preside at our meetings this semester, but if she has a good excuse and is absent Linda Featherman will fill the vacancy. Grace Flynn will guard the records. Cora Averill's duties are not performed until all dues and fines are collected and debts paid. While Montana Buswell makes out programs for May Hamilton to criticise, Margare-Summers is to provide chairs for all members even at regular meetings.

Of all years work this promise to be our best. The first meeting though not largely attended will help fill our treasury and in that way we will be preparing for the semi annual "joint meeting."

Hereafter regular meetings will be held Monday at four instead of Tuesday, the second meeting being October ninth.

Hawthorne

For the benefit of new students who are unacquainted with our societies; and of the old students whom it is hoped may become acquainted this year if they have not been in the past, we will state that the Hawthorne is a men's literary society and holds its meetings fortnightly on Saturday evenings the first program having been rendered on Oct. 7.

In the past it has had many ups and downs and is having an up at the present writing. It has been the theatre of many active intellectual, forensic and athletic feats, and it still hopes to be a theatre. It is there that winning University debaters are manufactured; that the dry tongue ceases to maintain an involuntary silence; that the quaking anatomy acquires steadiness; that, there, in short, the useful art of public speaking may be profitably cultivated.

The first meeting was held on Friday, September 22 and a complete new set of officers elected. They are as follows: Fred Buck, president; John Lucy, vice-president; Chas. Cotter, secretary; Si Moore, treasurer; Ralph Gilham, sentinel; Jos. Streit and Ralph Harmon, critics. The society has confidence in its new corps of officers and takes renewed courage, not only from this but also from the fact that a livelier and far larger audience attended its first meeting, than that which attended at the last election. Work is already begun with energy, and it is hoped with wisdom. The program will consist of speeches, debates, music, papers occasionally, and general discussions of important parliamentary topics, this latter being a new and much-needed feature.

It was with regret that the Hawthorne did not assemble at the call of its late president, S. Rae Logan. Mr. Logan was a voluble speaker and one who had the inward thoughts worthy of speech. Both the society and The Kaimin are sorry he has left us, but we bid him good cheer in his new field, the University of N. C., and hope that Montana's credit will stand there at his hands as it has stood here in the past.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. lost no time in beginning its work this autumn,. The first meeting was held on Sept. 14. "Loyalty" was the subject discussed and so great was the effect of a few words of the leader with regard to loyalty to home that even the flowers which the girls distributed after the meeting could not make some forget their

loyalty in this respect.

On Friday evening of the next week the Y. W. C. A. was at home to its friends in the parlors of Woman's Hall. About sixty guests were present and a very enjoyable evening was spent making new acquaintances and renewing old friendships.

September 27, the association listened to Miss Garlington's splendid report of the Seaside conference. Her talk though necessarily brief gave her hearers a very good idea of the general plan of the conference and of the results of its work. Her statement that the National workers were much pleased with the report from the association in the University of Montana is one that its members are fond of repeating.

Miss Josie Robb led the devotional meeting on Oct. 3. Her subject, "Hearers and Doers," was well presented and was followed by an informal discussion by those present on practical "Doing."

One o'clock on Wednesday has been set as the time for the regular weekly meeting. The meeting lasts but half an hour, and the association extends a hearty welcome to all women whether they wish to become members or not to attend and help us make this year the most successful in our history.

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. is one of the University's noblest societies and here at its first appearance in the college paper, it extends a kindly welcome to the men students, one and all, to attend its meetings and take part in a useful work it is trying to do.

Boys, how many of you are leaving home for the first time and entering upon a line of activity apart from the associations of the past? Have you thought of what this course will bring to you—or of what it will bring you to? Do you leave those old associations to try a strange way of life, where there is wild merry-making with wines and cards, and gambling devices, and late hours, and thought and deeds you would bury from the knowledge of those who are dear to you? Have you been mistaken, thinking this the approved and customary course of students and have you discovered your mistake in the anguish of remorse that followed and the despair that surrounded you as a darkness? If you have, then you know why the Y. M. C. A. is in the University of Montana

It is here, not as being better than you, a father administering precepts; but as a sympathetic friend, a source of intercourse that will lift you for a time out of the common way of life, where you will hear

no vile word, need meet with no evil thought or deed, and may find a quiet satisfaction in associations with what is only noble.

The first meeting was held on Tuesday evening, Sept. 19 and was well attended, being an informal reception to the new students and a first tonic to the old ones. A pleasant hour was spent that will tell for better friendship among all and an increased interest in the work. The members are sure of a better year than ever, and indeed there is reason for hope, for with each new semester all things look brighter and we expect some real benefit to be derived from our meeting during the term of 1905-06. When you look at the bulletin don't pass by with a careless word, that little notice that will tell you the hour of meeting and the topic. Be fair, read it through, and then—just try it once—go up to Evans Hall and for a little time put yourself in sympathy with what is being said.

The Band

The Band has been reorganized and its leader tells us that its prospects are even better than heretofore. During the past two years the University has been very fortunate in having a well-attended and working band. It has been a leading feature in game, as an advertiser and also at the monthly "singing on the steps."

A new feature has been added this year—a business manager in the person of Mr. Gilbert Heyfron of '06'. This is an important post and the energy that Mr. Heyfron puts into football and other things is an indication of the efficient manner in which this new office will be filled.

It also gives The Kaimin great pleasure to announce that Mr. Hart Willis has been chosen as leader and will lead our musical contingent to successes equal to that of the past. Were it not for his continual interest and friendly help the University Band would suffer a relapse; for from the time that he entered the institution as a first prep. in his teens, this organization has been steadily growing in efficiency and numbers. Now that Mr. Willis signs his petitions from the "collegiate department" we believe he will do a degree of work of value commensurate with the higher responsibility.

Altho' the University was not as fortunate in securing the return of certain other band boys, as it was in its leader, yet there are a number of new ones to replace them, some of whom have shown special ability with the instruments they play. Among these new members are George Coffee, piccolo; Homer Duall, clarinet; Robert Hart Cary, alto; Berny Kit, cornet and Gilbert Heyfron, also cornet.

With these and the old members the University will find itself equipped with a good musical force and it is believed that some others will shortly join the ranks.

Eta Phi Mu Fraternity

Few associations and societies are so dear to the college man as his "Greek" frat. Perhaps it would not be too emphatic to say none, hold so many pleasant memories. Such is the case with the Eta Phi Mu boys. A house was secured before college opened and plans for the incoming boys were made. This is what makes life worth living.

When you arrive in town you don't have to chase your legs off hunting a boarding place, or live in suspense for months, expecting to get fired, if you happen to get into "rough house" or accidentally poke your elbow through a window. This is not all, some one swats you on the shoulder and says "Hello Charlie, glad to see you, old man, better come down to the "Grub Box" and get some dinner, the fellows have got things fixed up swell, your stuff is in your room already to set up."

By the time this part is finished you are at the House and half a dozen yells greet you, and a general handshaking ensues.

The Eta Phi Mu are located on Myrtle street at present and nine of the boys are staying at the house. So far no especial "stunts" have taken place. Herb Hughes, a member of the '05 was given a farewell lunch on the eve of his departure for Chicago. A few friends have also been entertained from time to time.

Nothing has been done in regard to fixing up house as the present quarters are by far too small, however a new house has been secured, so don't be surprised to see us pull stakes at any time. It is also rumored that the boys have made several important purchases of late, and are preparing to cut quite a swell in their new home.

Steward and Mills have made quite a hit as hunters, the former succeeded in downing a deer and he thinks shot at a bear, while the latter killed a weasel.

Shorty Corbin is here again and has been keeping the "Frat" posted on the latest in baseball. The boys are all glad to have Corbin with us again. His sunny smile beats Ezra Kendall for chasing the blues.

Mills, Dion, Grush and Polleys went over to the State Fair with the rest of the Missoula crowd. Mills met——well it's a shame to tell——anyway he didn't get home until Sunday night.

Associated Mechanical Engineers

After another summer's quiet rest in Science Hall, the heavy machinery has been greased and has begun its yearly grind. With Professor Sibley's steady hand at the throttle the inertia of the huge wheels has again yielded to its mysterious energy; while the old electro-magnet—stronger than ever—has again drawn to their respective places the old standbys—Slim, Birch, D. P., Jim and Fred.

While the number of engineering students has been gradually growing, the room given up to us is the same and in fact is getting smaller. Already the Drawing department has resorted to double-decking the desks, while Prof. Sibley has burned the figures off his slide rule trying to perfect a system of dealing out keys and lockers to the new comers. All we want now is more room. The increase of students in the department this year over last is certainly encouraging, and why should our percentage not continue to increase when the undeveloped resources of the state demands men well versed in Engineering lines?

Three assistants have been added to the department this year. Mr. D. I. Grush is commander of the shops, and is now commencing to appreciate what it means to be a Freshman. Mr. Fred Buck is in charge of part of the mechanical drawing, besides directing the surveying class, and Miss Carter is again in her glory with her drawing classes.

The first meeting of the A. M. E. was held last Friday afternoon for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. The life of the society, which was the envy of the school last year, is still aglow and promises to be livelier than ever. A scheme is now on foot to amend the constitution so that students outside of the Engineering department may be eligible to take part in the progrms.

The officers elected this year were as follows: President, Fred Buck; vice-president, Leo. Greenough; Secretary, James Bonner; Treasurer, Ed. Wenger; Sergeant-at-Arms, Jack McLeod.

Sign of the Four

For three months, or rather three ages in Spirit Realms of the Sign of the Four, scenes of Beauty, glistening with whitening bones, permeated with the unequaled influence of ghastly grins, musical with the sounds of inharmonious bones in the conflict of ambition, and deeds of dreadful and awful impart, whose greatness, rolling onward in their own immensity, have changed the present age and will reveal

and solve the mysterious of the dark and untold future—all these have been unchronicled yea, for that long period of three months in the simplicity of human calculation,—have remained hidden, because of the rapidity and complexity of the convolutions of the mechanism of the changes in the supernatural world, and now, when in damp and heavy whiteness the first snowfall put out the sulphur fires, causing a cessation of labor in the bone—bleaching laboratories, only an infinitesimal period of time out of the present moment can be allotted for an inscription. May the fates smile in ghastly beauty on this moment of effort. In this dim cavern of bones, ghosts of former memories beckon in recollection. The first recalls the greatest event in the History of the Sign of the Four—namely the first initiation of four, the mystic number, whom, in the growing unselfishness of their philanthropic souls, sought the great Four that they might give themselves, bones and all, to aid in the advancement of the world. In solemn state the great Four sat in judgment upon the waiting disciples,—a long and serious session, a deep and searching test, because a new and foreign element was about to be introduced an element that already caused those bones to roll in agony which had not been disturbed for ages, an element closely akin to the supernatural, a mystic element,—the feminine. After long and anxious waiting of the disciples they were admitted into the awesome presence of the Four Judges where they solemnly took the oath of the order. Then silently were they led to the sacred feast of bones spread in a cell lighted by one tiny flame that in its flickerings cast weird shadows across the walls. The solemnity of the occasion was impressed upon the new members as they partook of the feast accompanied by the slow and stately march around the table by the Great Four clad in gowns of white suitable to the dignity of their positions. Ever and anon breaking in upon their Hindu chanting, blood-curdling yells and groans pierced the air, coming from the underground cavern, where dwelt an unwary I—tap—a—keg. When the meal was finished, the initiates were led to trap door which mysteriously opened whence issued forth suffocating fumes of sulphur. A command was given to proceed, and with rear and trembling they descended into the darkness below where horror-stricken they beheld at a short distance a form in flowing garments of white, above which shone distinctly a bleached skull with eyes of fire,—the Master of the Realm. Again, a command was given and with frozen heart and bated breath it was obeyed as one by one the shrinking feminites knelt before the shrine and prayed for Mercy; then raised themselves and lovingly putting their arms about its clammy

neck, kissed the hideous grinning sulphurous mouth. This ended the initiation, as the New Four were now qualified to aid in the collection and preservation of bones.

Uneventful except in unceasing labor and development, has been the following two months of history. Then in the evolving of events, one of the Great Four, obeying a wandering and ambitious impulse pursued his way to a distant land where in peaceful seclusion, unannoyed by swishing "calico," he develops his skull by day and hunts the possum by moonlight.

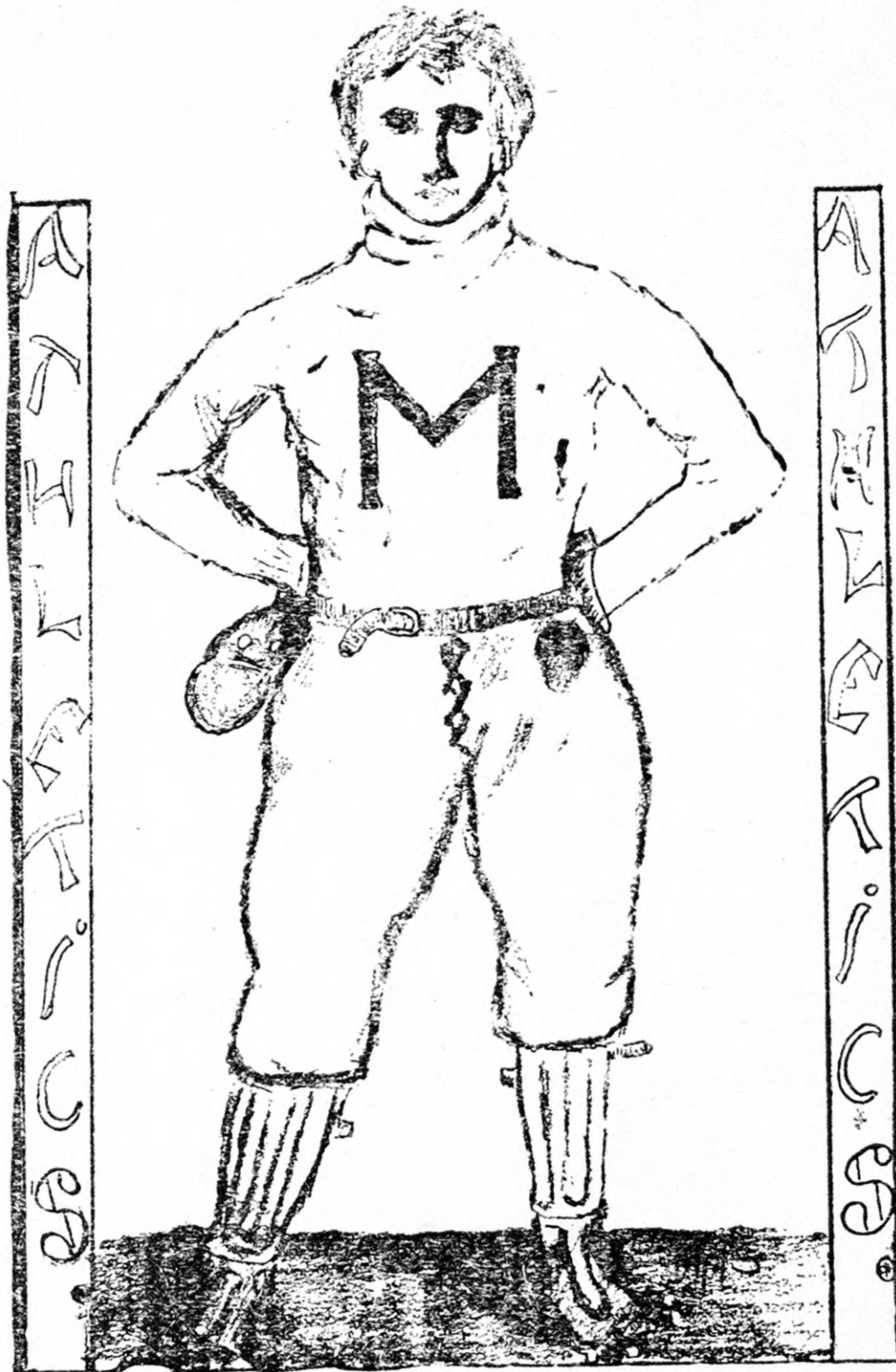
Misfortune with gloomy brow stalks even in the most happy law-abiding home. Even in the sacred abode of bones, misfortune stalked, aye, rollicked in the form of football boys, but even their "dauntless hearts" were not congenial with the atmosphere of the Sign of the Four. So only while the team thrice daily surfeits its commondious stomachs is the sanctity of the place disturbed.

After some deliberation, the remainder of the Great Four in council, determined to remove the bones to a more peaceful home. Hence in the stillness of the night they were transferred by wonderful and secret means. But they still hold a fond remembrance of their old home and in the wee small hours of the morning may be heard clinking clanking in their hurried efforts to get back to their new home, undiscovered.



ATHLETICS

Lawrence E. Goodbourn



The outlook for football this season is at present very promising. New men continue to arrive and more are expected. Of last year's team we have lost Walters by graduation, while Marks, Holmes and Murphy have not returned. This leaves Johnson, center; Dimmick, guard; McLeod and Greenough, tackles; E. Fisher, end; McPhail and Cary, quarter-backs; Willis, full back. Besides these there are

Garlington, Adams, E. Greenough, Hardenburg and Buckhouse, substitutes. For new material we have Fulton and Gunner from Fort Missoula, both experienced players, J. Fisher from University of Washington, D. McLeod and Murphy from Butte. There are many others from whom to choose, but those mentioned are showing up the best just at present.

Unless some heavier men arrive soon, our team this year will be no heavier than that of last season. It will be fast, very fast, as good or better than the team of last year, but when we have to buck up against men weighing from one hundred eighty to two hundred pounds each, our lighter men are sure to come out second best. It is a terrible strain on a man weighing only a hundred sixty to hold one who weighs two hundred twenty five. The lighter man may win, we did win last year, but he will also be battered up far worse. What Montana needs just at this time is a few two hundred pound men.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1905

Oct. 13—Utah vs. Montana at Missoula

Oct. 25—Whitman College vs. Montana at Walla Walla.

Oct. 28—Washington State College vs. Montana at Pullman.

Nov. 8—Utah Agricultural College vs. Montana at Missoula.

Nov. 18—Butte School of Mine vs. Montana at Missoula.

THANKSGIVING DAY—Montana Agricultural College vs. Montana University at Bozeman.

SECOND TEAM

Oct. 14—Spokane High School vs. Montana at Spokane.

Nov. 11—Butte, High School vs. Montana at Butte.

This is certainly a fine schedule and at the same time a hard one for Montana. When we go against the teams mentioned we meet some of the best teams in the west. Utah, our first opponent, is especially a hard team and it behooves Montana to make the best of her opportunities from now until the 13th of October. The game with Whitman college is not yet assured, though Coach Schule and Manager Johnson have been communicating with them with good chances of a game. The schedule as now arranged gives Montana three games at home and three away, an even break.

Before this appears in print the outcome of two will probably be known. However, unless the second team comes out more regularly than heretofore it is certain there will be no game with the Spokane high school on October 14. All men capable of playing football should

consider it their duty to come out and help things along. If you don't make the first team you help them nevertheless and besides may make the scrub team. Nothing can be more discouraging to a coach than to have only fifteen or twenty men out on the field. There should be thirty men out every evening. There must be competition before a winning team can be produced.

MONTANA SECOND TEAM VS. M. H. S., Score 5 to 0.

They say a poor start has good ending and we sincerely hope so. On the afternoon of October 4, the Missoula High School and the 'Varsity second team locked horns—or rather arms for it was a pushing, struggling, fumbling game—on the South Side ball grounds in a contest in which the varsity team won 5 to 0. The accommodating—to the High School—Missoulia erroneously printed the score as 0 to 0, but they evidently failed to see Adams' run down the field. It was done so quickly that they may be excused for not noticing it.

The 'Varsity second team was a patched up affair, the men having hardly played together before. The high school played good team work and tackled superbly for such light men. McPhail, Adams, Hardenburgh and Buckhouse did the best work for their team, while Bishop and Ambrose were the high school stars. Two fine runs were the only redeeming feature from the scrub's side, one of them resulting in a touchdown and the other was not counted as Lewis was accused of holding. The score came on the first line up after the M. H. S. had kicked off to the scrubs. Adams carried the ball and Farrell and McPhail made the interference. We should greatly desire to see another game between the same teams and hope that it can be arranged. The line up:

Scrubs.		M. H. S.
Lewis	R. E.	Cable
Fisher, J.	R. T.	Smead
Kitts	R. G.	Schmitz
McNamara	C.	Stoddard
Hardenburgh	L. G.	Dinsmore
Buckhouse	L. T.	Cowell
Gunner	L. E.	Hollenbeck
Garlington and Farrell	R. H. B.	Forbis
Adams	L. H. B.	Winstanley
Craig, V.	F. B.	Ambrose
Davidson and McPhail	Q.	Bishop

A collection was taken up at convocation the other day to meet

the demands for football material. A sum sufficient to tide us over the bad places was raised.

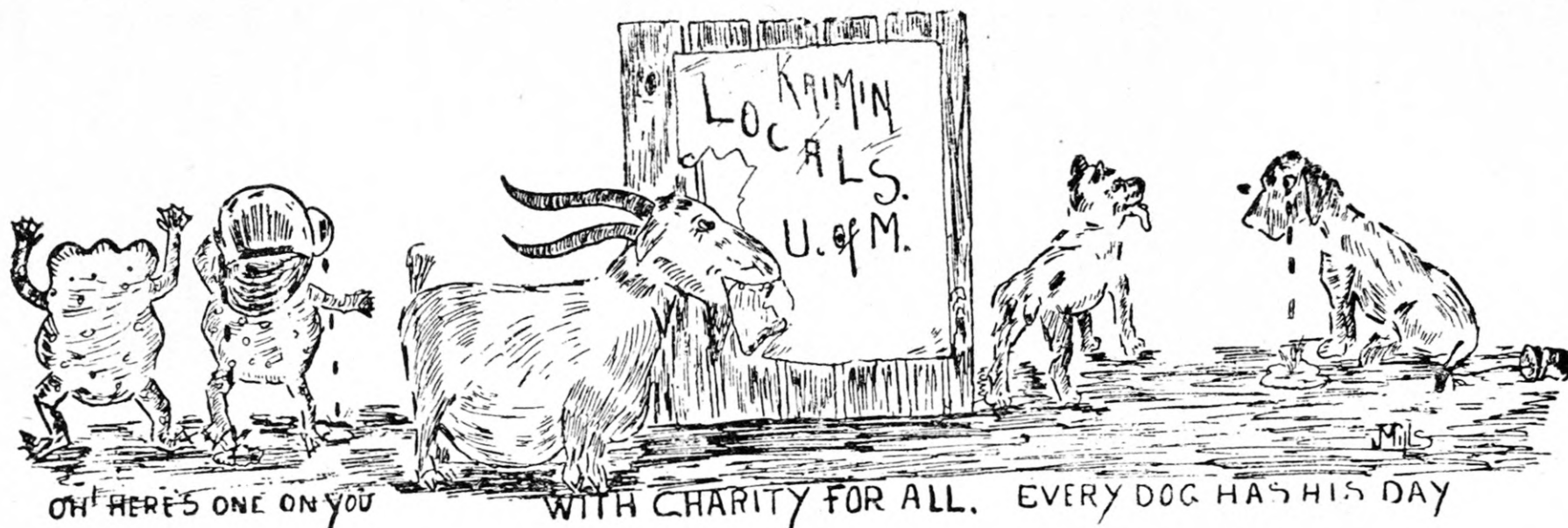
These fine fall days are perfect days for tennis and many are disposed to take exercise in this way rather than to work in the gynasium. Coach Schule has given the boys permission to exercise in this way which will count the same as gynasium work. There is no better exercise than tennis and while it is not so strenuous as football, neither is there the same danger of getting hurt. We are glad to see so many take an interest in this sport.

A word should be said regarding our new coach, Prof. Schule. We can not tell you what kind of a team we shall have, but Prof. Schule is a hard worker and comes well recommended, so we doubt not but that he will be successful. He is quite popular with the fellows who have come to know him. We wish him the greatest of success in the work that he has undertaken.



LOCALS

James H. Mills—Montana Buswell



Why doesn't some one donate another "Teddy?"

Why does Frank Wallace take rhetoric? Because he likes Thiemes.

Freshie—Doesn't Mr. Fuller look like Draper.
 Soph—Yes, only "fuller."

No I never dared dance with the girls since they wore those paper lamp shade things.

Soph—Winnie tell the ladies about the hit you made at the student's reception.

Winnie—I—I—I'd rather —n—n—not!

Minister—(baptizing baby) "Name please.

Mother—Philip Ferdinand Chesterfield Randolph Theodore.

Minister (butting in) Assitant bring more water.

"Bishop" Streit, after spending his vacation with the geological survey in Montana has returned to the 'Varsity to do work in higher physics; also to work the girls for Kaimin "copy."

Teddy—"Oh Ray have you got a Fairy Queen?"

Ray—"I have a few queens but they are not fairies."

You've heard about girls having strings on a bunch of fellows —there's one here who sure has "cordz" on a few.

He loved his Dina dearly
 And he sighed to her one night.
 "Dinah could you love me?"
 She whispered, Dinah might."
 They were married in the autumn
 When she blows him up at night
 He realizes what she meant
 When she whispered "Dynamite."

Miss Corbin—Mr. R— your essay is miserable.

Mr. R—k—"Papa will be sore when I tell him—he wrote it."

Ways of great men oft remind us that we can be as bright as
 they and departing leave behind us wise things we didn't say.

Jim Bonner and Hovey Polleys were visitors at the Helena fair.

Ralph Gilham is the recipient of a beautiful postal card from
 Miss Pratt.

An air castle—a freshman's head.

THE GIRL

A little iron,
 A cunning curl;
 A box of powder,
 A pretty girl
 A little rain,
 Away it goes;
 A homely girl
 With freckled nose.

The Liar's association officers, together with all their members,
 spent four days at the state fair in Helena.

Pa—"Baby, I merely punish you to show my love for you.

Baby—"If I was only bigger I'd return your love."

Quite matchless care her dark brown i, i, i,
 She talks with utmost e, e, e,
 And when I tell her she is y, y, y,
 She says I am a t, t, t, t.

Pistols for two

"Coffee" for one

Where does the "Devil" come in?

Ralph Gilham has succeeded Will Dickinson as "chemic" assistant. Under his supervision the Freshmen will learn to concoct unmerciful smells and unexpected explosions.

The W. C. T. U. visited the 'Varsity recently and the addresses made at convocation were well received.

Mary had a little lamb
He was her steady beau
And every place that Mary went
The lamb put up the dough

Ed Corbin has returned from Wyoming, where he spent the summer playing base ball.

He—(as he advances toward her ("Have you succeeded in thinking out that joke?

She—No! nothing funny has come until now.

IN PSYCHOLOGY CLASS

Mr. Harmon—Dr. Wolfe, are we going to have real brains to study with after while?

Mr. Delbert Grush had charge of the university exhibit at the State Fair. The exhibit was a very creditable showing and received much praise. Miss Kellogg and Professor Aber were along to see everything was in good shape.

The new students reception was held in Womans' Hall on Sept. 28. After a jollyup consisting of selections of music and singing and the introducing of new students they all went to the gym where Dr. Craig said there was "something doing." The Fort orchestra furnished the music and punch was served during the evening. As usual all enjoyed the evening very much.

Representative Blake of Anaconda was a recent visitor in Missoula.

Arthur Steward and Jim Mills succeeded in bringing home a deer on one occasion.

Hovey Polleys at the dorm door when Miss Young asked him if he wished to see Miss Fox or her mother, replied "yes, mam." He was ushered in and saw Mrs. Fox instead.

The 'Varsity already has six big games scheduled in football.

Teacher—What's the difference between abbess and abyss?

Freshie—One is a deep hole and the other is the head of a convent.

Teacher—Correct, now use them in a sentence.

Freshie—The youth stood before the mouth of the yawning abbess.

The electro chemistry students got tired of Bacon and have taken to their Ho(1)mes.

WHY

Don't some of our "preps" wear long trousers?

Don't Del and Ruth go together as much as they used to?

Don't Miss Sands find a softer place to light on?

Don't Ted Welsh board at the dorm?

Don't Jack McLeod wear his "kakies?"

Don't the students patronize the "local box" more?

Don't Mr. Kessler get "wise?"

Don't, they let the boys call at the dorm all they want to?

Don't we have more "singing on the steps?"

Don't we make some new college yells?

Don't the seniors look wiser?

BECAUSE—



EXCHANGES

May Hamilton

Although this has been by no means neglected in the past we feel that it merits a much more important place than it has ever yet filled. We would like this year to increase our exchanges with other colleges, that by so doing this department may accomplish in fact that which in theory it is supposed to accomplish.

Undoubtedly, if well carried out, this is one of the best means of getting acquainted with other schools in all their activities, and is a great stimulus to larger effort in our own school.

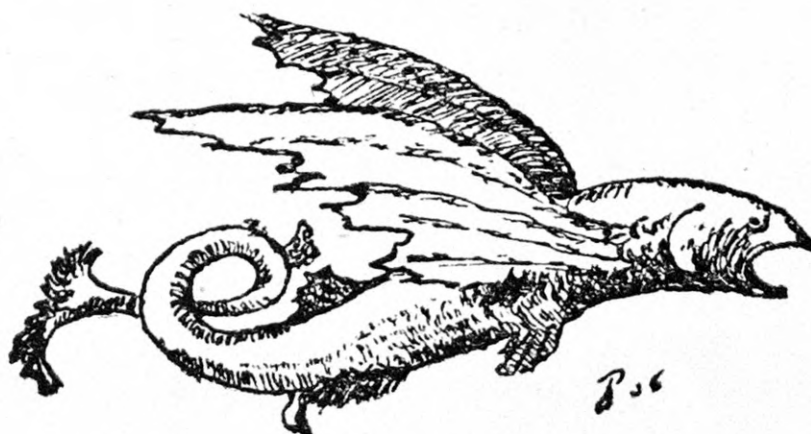
Too often this department has been confined to the mere clipping of short articles—especially witty sayings and joshes. By so narrowing our field we lose our opportunity for benefiting by the more serious work of other college publications and fail to bring into closer relationship the vital elements of college life.

The “Why?” column in the October Whitman is rather novel. It would be difficult to find a method of giving local jokes a more pungent flavor.

The Royal Purple presents its excellent material in a compact form which makes it especially readable.

Miss—“Are you a freshman?”

Miss—“No, I am an Irishman.”—Ex.



ALUMNI NOTES

Herbert Hughes, of '05 class, left Sept. 14th for Chicago where he will take a course in pharmacy. Herb has the best wishes of a host of friends.

We recently heard of the death of M. B. Greenwood of Anaconda, the father of George H. Greenwood of the '04 class. The bereaved family has the sincerest sympathy of The Kaimin.

Hon. Harold N. Blake of '01 was in town last week for a few days, visiting former friends.

Geo. Barnes of '01, who has been attending Oxford for the past two years, was a welcome visitor in Missoula last month. He reports Oxford to be a fine place.

Sidney Walker of the '00, who graduated in law at Ann Arbor last June is now practicing law in Missoula. At present he is not certain where he will locate permanently.

Percy Rennick of '00, who graduated from Nashville Medical College two years ago, is now practicing at Victor, Mont., and is quite a frequent visitor at the 'Varsity.

'05 NOTES

J. R. Hawyood is working at the Washoe smelter in Anaconda. He is doing well and likes his place.

Wm. Dickinson is working at the High Ore mine in Butte getting the pros and cons of mining.

Ed Williams is attending the Columbia Law School.

Chas. E. Schoonover is engaged on the Lewis & Clark Forest Reserve, and at present is located at Augusta, Montana.

Ray Walters and Ed Simons are still in town and are frequent visitors at the U. of M.

Miss Carter is teaching at the University, her specialty being preps, and is as popular as ever.

Miss Avery May is teaching music at Missoula. She has a large class and is doing well.

Miss Jessie Bishop is teaching in the Great Falls High School.

YOUNG MEN'S SUITS...

College boys will find their
favorite fashions here



Alfred Benjamin & Co
MAKERS * NEW YORK
Correct Clothing for Men

Among this year's most attractive garments our young men's suits hold an honorable place. Our lines are made up according to the season's dictates and the best styles are always found at our store. Our up-to-date suits, fashioned from the best English worsted, Scotch cheviot and Oxford mixtures, are the true type that characterizes the well dressed man of 1905. The neat fitting coat with full back and graceful hang and the extreme peg top pants that taper gradually to the instep, gives the wearer the snap and dashy appearance that the admirer of truly good taste likes to see. Prices range this year from \$10.00 up to \$22.50.

D. J. DONOHUE