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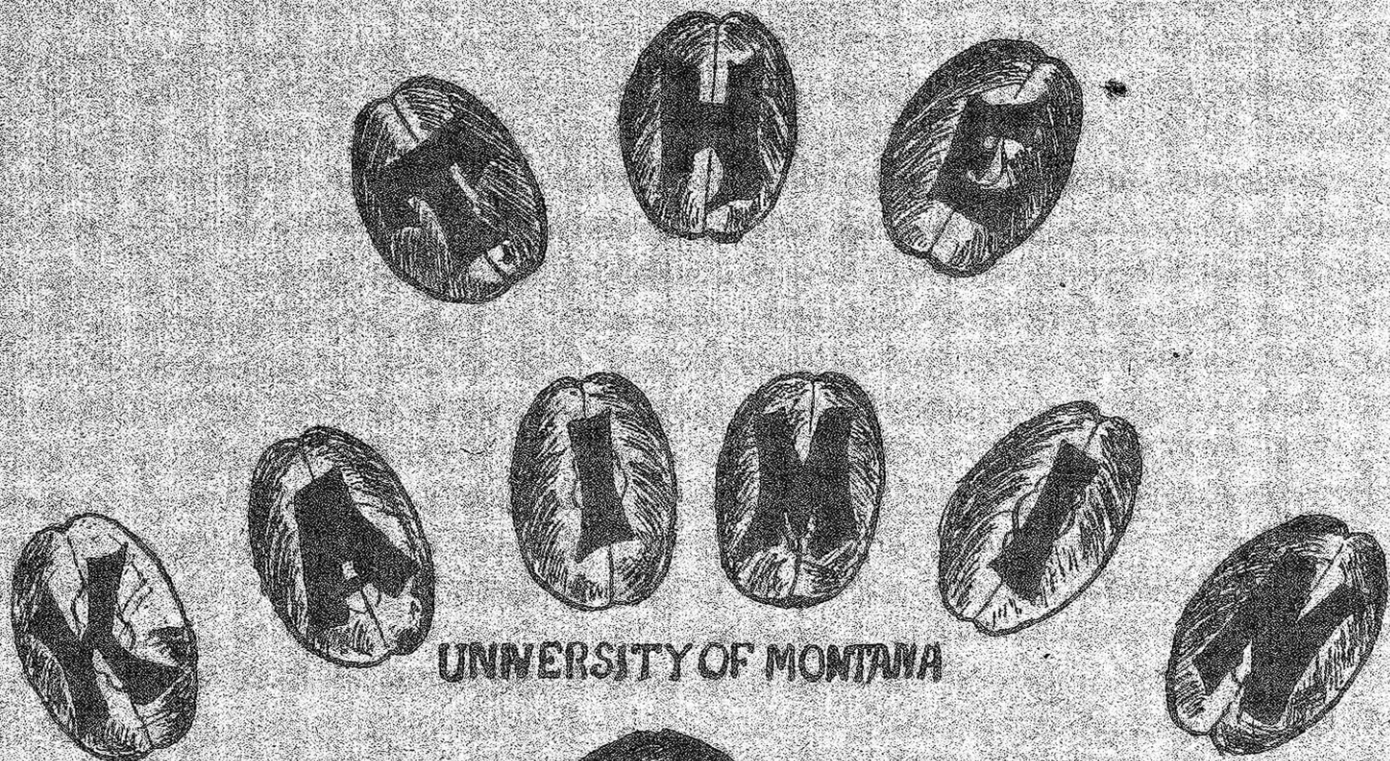
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UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA

JANUARY

1906





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# THE KAIMIN

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA

JANUARY, 1906

Volume 9

Number 4

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# THE KAIMIN

A LITERARY MAGAZINE

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Vol. 9

JANUARY, 1906

No. 4

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## ATHLETICS

Lawrence E. Goodbourn

Commenting upon our football record of 1905, we can neither say it has been glorious or inglorious. We won against weak teams and lost against strong ones. It is true Montana scored 117 points to her opponents 79, but when we consider that 88 of those 117 were scored against Fort Shaw which was beaten by a high school in the state, our record is not so glorious. On the other hand when we consider that our men were outweighed from five to twenty pounds per man in every game except the one against Fort Shaw, our bright side shows up. But this "being outweighed" excuse is becoming tiresome. As the game of football is played now and even with slight modifications, the players should weigh from 160 to 200 pounds. Some say that in the open style of game sought after the light man will have an advantage. That is true to a certain extent, but in the game of football if two men have equal speed, the heavier man is harder to stop. Montana must have weight. Of this year's team but three men weighed over 170 pounds and five weighed less than 150. A high school team ought to weigh more. The only way for the Montana university students to do is to keep a watchful eye for all big high school students and head them our way. First respect the school yourself and then try to bring others here, or no one who is undecided himself about coming can have influence over others.

Our failure to win is not due to poor coaching. Nothing illustrates this point better than our games with Montana Agricultural college the last three years. Previous to this the Aggies had been winning with ease; then Montana secured a regular coach and while the Agricultural college won by a score of 17 to 6 they had to work for it. The following year Montana won in a walk 79 to 0 and this year the Aggies threw up the sponge without a contest. M. A. C. probably averaged about the same as our team in weight. In our games with U. A. C. we have won each time though outweighed badly one year and slightly the other time. In each contest our team was well



coached and showed the results of it. With Whitman and Washington State College we put up good games though we were beaten.

The worst feature of this year's football is the continued losses financially on the games. We have not paid expenses in a single instance. In the first place, for as small an institution as ours is at present we are always under a larger expense than we can bear, due to the fact that we must look outside the state for opponents. Montana Agricultural college and Butte School of Mines, our natural competitors, are so little to be depended upon that it is absolutely necessary for us to go outside the state. But more than this we find two main reasons why football has not paid this past season. The first reason was that the Missoula High School put out the best team in its history and had several games which the town people naturally attended. Then when the University had their games the people had become tired of football to some extent. The second reason was that the people have come to expect for the University team nothing and will not patronize the sport when the home team loses so constantly as Montana has done for the last five years. However, if we can keep up our record of this season and last and slightly improve upon them each year we truly believe that the game will pay its way.

Indeed the past two years have been so much better than the three previous to these that we can well hope for continued improvement. We want always to expect greater things. Of the team as it was playing at the close of the season we lose only two men by graduation. Next year ought to be the banner year in football for the University of Montana.

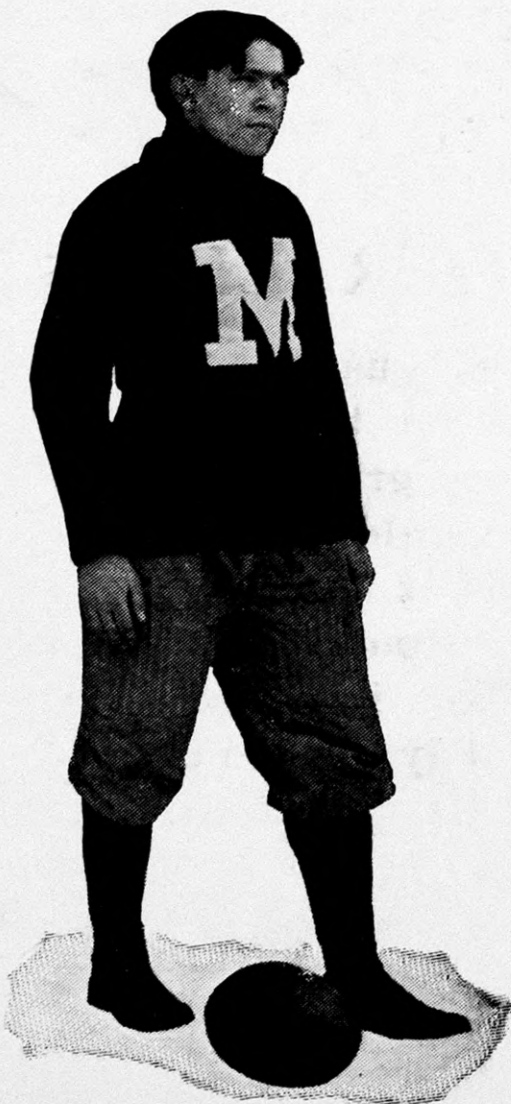






## JACK McLEOD

Jack McLeod, captain, left tackle. Jack came to Montana two years ago, having previously been captain of the University of Idaho football team. McLeod's weight makes him a good man to back up the line as well as insuring a gain by bucking the line. Jack has been re-elected captain for next year and may he lead the best team of our history to victory. Weight 180; years on team, 2.



## ELMER JOHNSON

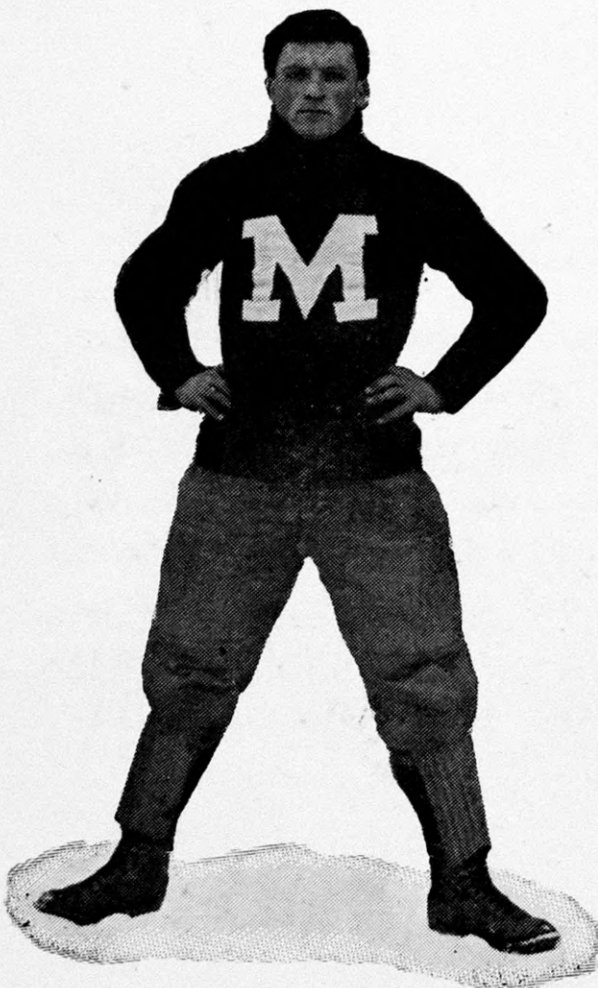
Elmer Johnson, center. Elmer has been playing this position for two years or ever since Conibear decided he was a better man in the line than back of it. His passing has always been accurate. He plays both a good defensive and offensive game. Though light for the position he always holds his own. Weight, 165; years on team, 3.





## CHARLIE DIMMICK

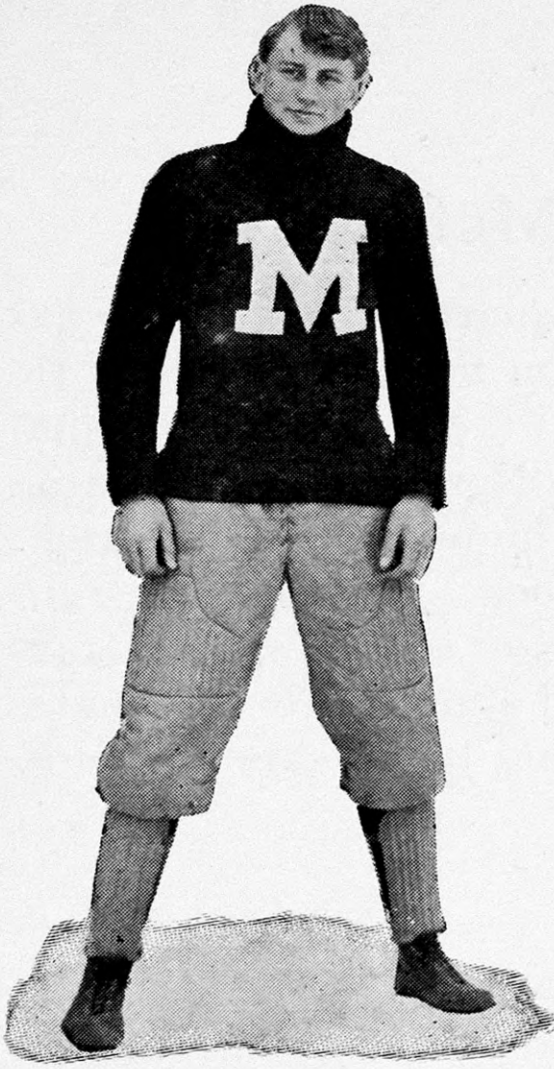
Charlie Dimmick, left guard. Dimmick is another of Conibear's finds, who has always given a good account of himself, even when playing against men nearly twice his size. Though handicapped in weight he has proved equal to any guard he has had to contend with. Weight, 150; years on team, 2.



## ED FITZGERALD

Ed Fitzgerald, right guard. This is Eddie's first year, but he has shown up so well that we expect great things of him hereafter. Fitzgerald learned the rudiments of the game at the School of Mines in Butte and has come to Montana to put this knowledge into practice. Fitz is an aggressive player, who always keeps his eye on the ball. Weight, 185; years on team, 1.





## LEO GREENOUGH

Leo Greenough, right tackle. Leo has played this position for past two years and has developed into a hard fast player. He is an especially strong man for heading interference and one of the best ground gainers on the team. Greenough graduates this year. Weight, 182; years on team, 4.



## EUGENE FISHER

Eugene Fisher, right end. Fish is a student of the game as well as a player. One of the most reckless players on the team, his defensive work has been of the best for the past two years. He is of great assistance to the man carrying the ball. Fish came from Carlisle where they know how to play. Weight, 148; years on team, 2.





## ROY McPHAIL

Roy McPhail, quarter back. Roy has played this position for three years. He is a sure deep field tackler and the equal of any man in the Northwest for running back punts which he never fails to catch. He also showed good judgment in running the team. Roy is the especial favorite of the grand stand. He graduates this year. Weight, 132; years on team, 3.



## JOHN FISHER

John Fisher. Fisher was played at guard, tackle and end positions during the year and showed up well in each, always playing a steady, consistent game. This was his first experience at football, but he was certainly an apt pupil. Weight, 165; years on team, 1.





## SCOTT FULTON

Scott Fulton, half and quarter. Fulton is a general sure enough in running a football team. An excellent dodger he will take any kind of chance to get away. He is sure under punts and runs them back fast. Weight, 138; years on team, 1



## ROBERT CARY

Robert Cary, right half back and end. Bob is exceedingly fast, which fact combined with his ability to follow interference and take advantage of openings, marked him as the largest ground gainer of the past season. He uses his head at all times and is also fine on defense. Bob is another favorite of the grand stand, especially of the feminine portion. Weight, 140; years on team, 2.





## TIB ADAMS

Tib Adams, half back and end. Tib is another flaxen haired youth who can adept himself to any position at a moment's notice. Strong and aggressive in carrying the ball, he also heads interference well and is sure in defense. Weight, 143; years on team, 1.



## EARL GREENOUGH

Earl Greenough, half back and full back. Earl is a hard line plunger and exceedingly strong at heading interference. He always improves as the season advances and though inclined to sluff training, always shows up well in the games. At defensive game he is a sure tackler. Weight, 158; years on team, 2.





## HART WILLIS

Hart Willis, full back. Hart is one of the hardest workers and most conscientious players on the team. His opponents always know they have been in a game. He is an aggressive line plunger and seldom fails to make the required distance. He is equally good on the defense. Hart is another favorite of the ladies and shares honors with Roy and Bob in this respect. Weight, 165; years on team, 2.



## JIMMIE GUNNER

Jimmie Gunner, left end and left half. Gunner is a strong runner who follows his interference well. He is very fast in following up punts and always play a sure steady defensive game. Weight, 160; years on team, 1.





## FLOYD HARDENBURGH

Floyd Hardenburgh, guard and tackle. Floyd adopts himself to either position with equal aptitude, and can be relied upon to play a good game. Hardenburgh has also played position at center. He graduates this year. Weight, 158; years on team, 2.

Average weight of team, 151.8.

## COACH F. W. SCHULE



Coach F. W. Schule attended the following schools: Northern Indiana Normal, 1892-1898; University of Wisconsin, 1898-1901; graduate student at the Universities of Chicago and Wisconsin, 1901-1902; Bacteriologist for Chicago Sanitary District, Sept. 1901-Feb. 1902; Fellow in Bacteriology at University of Wisconsin, 1902; Wausau, Wisconsin, High School, 1902-1903; University of Michigan, 1903-1904; Mining Chemist in Utah, 1904-1905; at University of Montana since September, 1905.

Competed in athletics for the Universities of Wisconsin and Michigan, and in A. A. U. athletics for the Milwaukee Athletic club.

From the above brief sketch it will be noticed that Coach Schule is not only an athlete, but a student, and man of large educational accomplishments. Coach Schule has a pleasing personality and is very popular with the students, and we confidently believe, that his coming to the University of Montana will mark the advent of better things in 'Varsity athletics.



## THE 1905 FOOTBALL SEASON

The University of Montana football season of 1905 showed most conclusively that, in order to have a successful season, more care must be given to the scheduling of games. Most of our important games came at the very beginning, before the team had the advantage of rounding into form by trying conclusions with weaker elevens. In other words, the team representing Montana was not in the shape it would have been if practice had begun earlier—as early as our rival teams make it a point to begin. The playing of practice games early in the season aids in getting the men out sooner; but true university spirit and the effort to excel for one's Alma Mater does more than anything towards the appearance of a great number of candidates on the field early in the season.

The error of playing two hard games on a wearying trip is also as obvious as it is ridiculous. On our western trip we played Whitman first and were barely beaten in a hard fought contest. (Whitman's team ranks about second in the Northwest.) Three days later, after this bruising game together with loss of sleep, our men played the Washington State College. Washington beat us by a score of 28 to 6, the last three touchdowns against us being made in the last seven minutes of play. The important point to be borne in mind is that the Washington State College was shortly afterwards decisively beaten by Whitman.

The most disappointing feature of our season was the cancelling of our annual Thanksgiving-day by the Montana Agricultural College. The refusal to play this game was a sore disappointment to the team, especially as that game was the one they had counted most upon and had worked to make their best showing in. By far the worst feature of the cancelling of this customary game is its cheapening effect on far west athletics. It shows that true sportsmanship is lacking somewhere in some places.

All in all, the whole season's work was rather better than it might have been; and, what is very gratifying, the outlook for the next football season is even more encouraging. F. W. SCHULE



## THE ALL NORTHWEST TEAM

Name	School	Position
Middleton, 162	Idaho	Quarterback
Walker, 211	O. A. C.	Center
Roosevelt, 210	Idaho	Left guard
McDonald, 195	Washington	Right Guard
Larson, 185	Idaho	Left Tackle
Dimmick, 180	Whitman	Right Tackle
Moores, 168	Oregon	Left end
Pullen, 190	Washington	Right end
Williams, 190	O. A. C.	Left half
Rader, 155	Wil	Right half
Hardy, 190	W. S. C.	Fullback

The All Northwest Intercollegiate Football team was selected for the Spokesman-Review by a vote from eight of the nine coaches of the teams belonging to the Northwest Intercollegiate association.

It is the coach who selects the football team, and his eye is trained to detect those qualities which make for team work among the number of candidates that swarm the field at the opening of the season. To select a picked eleven from nine colleges of the northwest the point is that the individual who takes the responsibility, should have seen each team several times. A single individual may play star ball in one game but may put up an inferior game in another contest. Every player selected for this all star team has been seen in from two to six games by the men who are voting on the all northwest team.

Not any of the coaches had seen every team in play when his selection was made. Not any player had the benefit of a critical observation from all the judges, but the above composite team selected is probably more nearly a fair and impartial selection than any one coach could make.

Eight of the nine coaches who were asked to select an all northwest team, responded. They are: J. G. Griffith, Idaho; E. M. Sweeley, W. A. C.; O. F. Cutts, University of Washington; E. J. Smith, Whitman; Bruce Shorts, University of Oregon; A. C. Steckle, Oregon Agricultural college; F. W. Schule, University of Montana; A. G. Harbaugh, Montana Agricultural college; Each coach was asked to exclude from consideration the players of the team he represented.

The reason for that exclusion is patent. A coach might not wish to discriminate among his own players. If he did, he would not



have so fair an opportunity to judge when passing upon the abilities of men with whom he had worked all season, and those whom he had seen but once.. Allowing him the opportunity to consider his own players as he did those of other teams would be unfair to the remaining eight elevens, for he would not have seen them in action so often. The players in the end selected would feel more especially honored that their selection had been made by impartial, even rival judges.

The final eleven selected represents a team, admirably equipped with every feature of the game which makes a football strong team. With Rader to punt, Middleton to score from the field by place kick and Hardy to kick goals, the team would be indeed well equipped in the kicking department. The total weight of the eleven is 2032, averaging 185 pounds to the man, which weight compares favorably with any of the heavy elevens in the east. Michigan's eleven, which was defeated by Chicago, weighed 2090 pounds and Chicago's weighed 2041, which gives an idea of the relative strength of this team so far as weight is concerned.

Williams, Moores or Rader are fast enough to run the ends and each has proven himself a star at this feature of ground gaining. Hardy, Larson, Pullen, Dimmick and McDonald are line buckers of ability, and Walker and Roosevelt are hole openers for this style of game to suit even the most fastidious.

John R. Middleton, captain of the University of Idaho eleven, which boasts an uncrossed goal line this season, was named almost unanimously for the position of quarterback, and also secured the majority of votes for captain. Coach Griffith could not vote for him, and Smith of Whitman is the only coach who thought there was any one else in the northwest his equal, save Shorts of the University of Oregon, who would undoubtedly have named his own little quarterback and captain, J. B. Latourette, for the position, had not there been the rule to select the eleven from outside his own team.

Williams, Rader, Hardy and Kerron are the only back field candidates to receive more than one vote. Hardy and Kerron tied at fullback with two each, but Hardy secured an additional vote, for halfback, which gave him the choice. Rader had but one vote for halfback, but the additional vote for fullback gave him the place. Williams had three votes.

At center, Walker bested Snow by a vote of four to two. Stewart, captain of the W. S. C. team, had one vote for this position.

For the positions of guard and tackle, which positions are often played interchangeably by good, heavy linemen, McDonald has the first choice, no less than six coaches having chosen the Washington



captain for one of the line positions. Roosevelt and Larson win their positions with three votes each. Dimmick, Babcock, Pullen, McKenny and Pollard are credited with two votes each.

Dimmick secured his two votes from the only two coaches who had an opportunity to see him play, and who chose a team at all, which cannot be said of any other of these players, and he is given the position on that account. Dan Pullen has one vote for tackle and one for end, and on account of his weight and experience is given the position over Smith and Dowd, his teammates, who have two votes each for that position.

The ends find Moores with three votes; Dowd, the Washington freshman, two, and Smith, two. Smith was out of condition and did not play in some of the more important games, which loses him the position to his teammate, Dan Pullen. Dowd was not given the place because it was his first year on a college team, and because he, like Smith, was not in the lineup for some of Washington's big contests.

Coach Everett M. Sweeley, in naming his eleven, selected some of his own players, as his team had been prepared for another newspaper, which did not hold for the same requirement. He had also named a second eleven, and in the position of guard, where Mr. Sweeley named his own player, Thayer, the name of Roosevelt, whom he indicated as substitute for that position, was inserted. The same thing was done in the instance of Hardy, whom Mr. Sweeley named for a halfback. Long of Willamette benefited by this change.

Coach O. F. Cutts declined to select an eleven, but was asked especially to select a quarterback and captain. He replied: "I will say, however, that I should choose Middleton of Idaho for quarter over all the men I have seen work in this part of the country."

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## EASTERN COACHES IN THE NORTHWEST

The All Northwest football team, named in another column of this issue, was selected for The Spokeman-Review by the courtesy of the coaches of the teams of the Northwest Intercollegiate Athletic association. They are all eastern men, educated in the best football methods of eastern and middle western elevens, all of them stars of the gridiron and athletic field in their own college days. A resume of their own athletic records and education is given.

### J. G. GRIFFITH, IDAHO.

Coach John G. Griffith, of the University of Idaho, is completing his fourth and most successful year of all at Moscow. His eleven



this year won every game played and deserves the championship of the northwest. Griffith is an alumnus of the University of Iowa, of the class of 1901. He went out of his last year in football, the captain and fullback of the champion eleven of the middle west, which defeated Chicago and Michigan universities. Iowa's goal line was not crossed in the last two years of "Pink" Griffith's playing, nor was Idaho this year under his coaching. Griffith has also officiated at many of the big games in the northwest and is one of the most widely known and most generally feared of the coaches of the northwest.

#### O. F. CUTTS, WASHINGTON.

Coach Oliver F. Cutts, Harvard, '01, is closing his first year with the University of Washington eleven. Starting out this season with a badly disorganized team, he has kept at his work, and despite discouragements, until he finally produced a remarkable football machine, which was able to tie the University of Oregon, although defeated by the heavy Oregon Agricultural college. Coach Cutts was a tackle on Harvard's championship eleven of 1901, and was almost universally selected for the all America team of that year. He is practicing law in Seattle.

#### BRUCE SHORTS, OREGON.

Coach Bruce Shorts of the University of Oregon, is another great Michigan, playing his last year at tackle on that eleven during the first year of the Coach Yost regime. Shorts was another member of an "all star" eleven, having been generally selected for the all western eleven in 1901. Last year he coached the champion interscholastic eleven of the northwest, Seattle. This is his first year at the University of Oregon and he has produced an eleven undefeated by any northwest team, though generally placed second to Idaho.

#### E. M. SWEeley, WASHINGTON STATE.

Coach Everett M. Sweeley of the Washington State college eleven is closing his second and, he announces, his last year as instructor in the art of football. Sweeley has always had heavy and husky players, but has been handicapped by lack of a good field general both years, or his team would undoubtedly have forged its way still higher up this year. Sweeley is another Michigan star, playing on Yost's championship eleven two years, 1901 and 1902, also two years prior to Yost's debut. He is generally admitted to have been the greatest punter the middle west ever knew. He will practice law next year.

#### A. C. STECKLE, OREGON, A. C.

Coach A. C. Steckle of Oregon Agricultural college is another



old Michigan star, captain of the '99 team, and an alumnus of the class of 1900. After graduation, Mr. Steckle coached the University of Nevada team, where he was very successful, scoring a defeat against the University of California and a tie game with Stanford, raising Nevada from a secondary place in coast athletics to a position never before attained. Mr. Steckle is completing his first year at the O. A. C., where he has had excellent success, his team winning decisively its last game against Washington, which tied.

#### E. J. SMITH, WHITMAN.

Everett J. Smith, an alumnus of the University of Indiana, 1901, is in his first year at Whitman, which has risen under his tutelage to a clear rank with the best of the northwest elevens. He coached the football team at Culver Military, Indiana, before coming west. Mr. Smith was captain and right tackle of the strong Indiana eleven of 1901. He is now general director of athletics at Whitman.

#### F. W. SCHULE, UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA

F. W. Schule, another Michiagn alumnus figuring prominently in northwest football, has led the fortunes of the University of Montana eleven this year. He was famous for his hurdling and jumping abilities, and track work generally kept him off the football eleven, although he was a prominent candidate at both Michigan and Wisconsin. He holds the world's intercollegiate record indoors for the 75 yard hurdles, at 9 4-5 seconds and defeated the best eastern college cracks in the contest on Franklin field, Philadelphia, 1904.

#### A. G. HARBAUGH, MONTANA A. C.

A. G. Harbaugh, now coaching the eleven at the Montana Agricultural college, is an old Knox college player, Galesburg, Ill., playing four years on that strong secondary eleven of the middle west. He coached athletic and high school teams in the east before coming to Bozeman, and has had charge of the M. A. C. team there for the last three years.

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## THE SECOND TEAM

It is a very evident fact, that in the majority of western schools the second football team is looked upon as a small compartment of the football squad. This is wrong, perhaps it is the thoughtlessness of some that this mistake is made; but if so, they should as is generally heard "get wise."

The second team is practically the maker of the 'Varsity, but



what little credit do they receive. The man on the scrubs takes the hard knocks for naught, perhaps he hasn't a chance to make the first line up, but he works on just the same, never giving up, getting bruised and battered one night after another only to go out and receive the same on the following evening. I say hurrah for the scrubs.

This year our second team worked hard, while it can not be said that they were all too faithful. Nevertheless they always gave the 'Varsity the best of practice when they did come out and certainly deserve honorable mention.

Jospeh Farrell, captain and quarterback, was the fastest man on the team. He was cool, used the best of judgment in deciding plays. He is a reliable deep field man, in fact, he has practically all the requirements of a good quarterback. Joe weighs 138 and has played on the team two years.

Garlintgon, half back, has just finished his third season on the team and was always one of the hardest workers. He is faithful at practice and has been captain of the team the two previous years, which proves his popularity with the team. His light weight 132 is all that kept him from making the first team as half.

Craig played fullback and weighs 150. He is a good line buckner, very faithful and will no doubt with practice make one of the best kickers the University has ever had, and I would pick him as a strong candidate for the 'Varsity in his coming years in college.

Lewis played tackle and tipped the scales at 145. He is one who says little but does much and will later on make the 'U' a good man.

Howell weighs 145, also played tackle and is one of the same make up as Lewis. He was always faithful and could be depended upon to buck the line for short gains.

Kitt, guard, weighed 152. Ask Dimmick what kind of a man Kitt is? Dimmick played against him all fall and on many occasions his face wore a troubled expression. I wonder why?

Whitesett, guard, 151. A short chunky boy, but hard to move out of his place. Whitesett is a new man at the game and succeeded well.

Hardenburgh, weight 150. Floyd generally played center and was one of the most aggressive men on the team. He also played



a good game at guard. As a center his passing is all that could be asked and very seldom it is, that he causes a fumble.

McNamara, weight 150; played center, but on account of absence from Missoula was unable to give best account of himself. He always troubled his opponent and when I first saw him play I picked him as a man who would make them all go.

A. Johnson, the lightest man on the team except Davidson, played end and took care of his position creditably.

Thomas comes from the Butte High School. He weighs 138: played half and was always a good ground gainer and defensive man.

Wallace is also a hard, faithful worker and with his strength should make a good record for himself before he graduates.

Davidson, last but not least, was one of the grittiest players on the second team. Imagine Davie playing guard and our bucking the line. I doubt if he weighs more than 125. He is one of the ones to be commended for his grit and college spirit. He played a good game whenever he played and it was his first year.

Then here's to the second team, partly makers of the 'Varsity, may their college spirit long prevail and may they be the cause of our next fall's champions of the state.

“BY A FIRST TEAM PLAYER.”

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## BASKET BALL

The basket ball season has opened with a double victory for the University. On Monday evening, Dec. 11, the first team defeated Missoula Y. M. C. A., 15 to 10, and the second team won from M. H. S., 13 to 12. Both games were exceedingly rough and lively affairs, more after the nature of football than basketball and devoid of features. They were played in the Y. M. C. A. rooms which were entirely too small to allow of team work to any extent. In this respect the University teams were at a decided disadvantage as they had been playing in the gymnasium which is large enough for the game to be played properly.

The standing of the Missoula Basket Ball League at present is:

University First team, 1000 per cent.

University Second team, 1000 per cent.

Y. M. C. A. Second team, 1000 per cent.



M. H. S. First team, 333 per cent.

Y. M. C. A. First team, 000 per cent.

We would state that five gold medals have been purchased by the Y. M. C. A. and are to be given to the men constituting the team that wins out in the series. The University teams ought to land first and second honors. At present they have by far the best show. It is for this fact, that the Y. M. C. A. is presenting the medals, that the ten games counting in the series are all to be played at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium.

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## TWO TRIPS IN SIGHT

It all depends upon whether or not the men come out to practice whether we get two fine trips. One of these would be West and would include games with Idaho, Whitman, Washington State College, and possibly Spokane Y. M. C. A.; the other would be East where we would play the Normal School, Montana Agricultural College and the Montana Wesleyan at Helena. While these are not certain, still Coach Schule thinks that one of them at least can be made, provided the boys turn out well enough to warrant the same. Come out fellows and show your spirit. Basket ball is one of the finest indoor sports in existence and Montana has material for two crack-a-jack teams. Ten men can travel as cheaply as seven, which means that two entire teams will take the trips. Moreover, the exercise will do you good, you will feel better, and get out of gym work. Basket ball is more fun than gym work ever was. These are certainly incentives enough for anyone.





# LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Maud Burns--J. W. Streit

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## HOW BILLY WON

The rivalry which existed between Haverly college and the Archer Military Academy was of many years standing, and while not of the most friendly sort, was yet of benefit to both colleges. It evidenced itself in debate, baseball, basketball and track events, but was most evident in football. The annual battle between the elevens of these two institutions excited the keen interest of the public, as well as the unquenchable college spirit of the students themselves, and bore the reputation of fierce, close contests, where touchdowns were few and calls for "time out" many.

In years past, the struggle had been of small importance, but of late it was reserved until Thanksgiving day, and as no eleven had as yet come into the field that could score against either of the rivals, had come to be considered as a state championship match. For three seasons the Military academy had held the honor, in spite of the stubborn and courageous defense put up by their opponents, and on this account, the latter had trained to the best of their ability for this year's contest.

It was the night before the game, and the Haverly eleven was gathered about the table at the training house, talking of the morrow's battle. Captain Moore, left half, held the place at the head of the board, sprawling in an easy attitude. At his right sat big "Bluff" Gordon, right tackle, who tried to bully all who had dealings with him. His efforts were not always successful, however, as was the case with stocky, little Billy Armstrong, right end, who Gordon hated like poison, and who returned the feeling with interest at 100 per cent. To enhance this, there was Mabel Deland, who was admired by both. At one time her admiration for Billy was equaled only by her dislike for his rival; but recently, and quite suddenly she had turned, and although her dislike for Gordon ceased not yet there were only distant, freezing glances for the poor little end. The latter had, with difficulty, obtained an interview, very unsatisfactory one it is true, but one which had convinced him that Gordon was responsible for the condition of affairs. Since then the boys' mutual hatred had been blacker and their conversation extremely limited.

Ranged down the side of the table were the other members of the eleven: Sweeney, center; Gilbert, right guard; "Sleepy" Kemp, left guard; Warner, left tackle; Scott, left end; "Midget" Blake,



quarter; Crockett, right half; Patterson, left half; and Benton, full. At the foot of the table sat Coach Maynard.

"Well, we've got to win tomorrow," said the latter, "and I haven't any doubt but what we shall if you play as hard as you've been training. The Academy has its head 'way up in the clouds just at present and we want to bring it down with such a thump that they'll wish they'd never seen Haverly field."

"The 'Kid' said that they weren't as heavy as usual this year," remarked "Midget", thoughtfully.

"Um-m-m," was all that his piece of news elicited, and he wisely kept still. Evidently the opinions of Manager Laughton, commonly called "The Kid" did not carry much weight.

Time passed swiftly with conversation of this turn and before long the coach ordered them all off to bed.

"And mind," he said when he left, "don't lose any sleep to-night. Tomorrow won't get here—"

"Till it arrives," finished Warner, whereupon everyone groaned to show their appreciation of his wit.

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As the two teams trotted out upon the field they were greeted with a thunder of applause from grandstand and bleachers, and from that time throughout the whole game, the almost incessant "rooting" was continued. One section of the grandstand contained the Archer faction of "rooters," and was gaudy with the colors of the school, yellow and green; while everywhere else appeared the sober blue and white of Haverly, whose honor was to be upheld by those eleven neat looking young men in blue sweaters. The cadet eleven appeared in green jerseys with yellow stockings. After a short signal practice, the elevens lined up for the kickoff, and there was a moment's silence as they stood waiting for the signal.

"Are you ready, Haverly? Are you ready, Archer?" Then came the shrill whistle, a forward movement of the Academy's line and the game was on.

Crockett caught the ball fairly, but was downed in his tracks by a yellow stockinged giant. A shout arose from the Academy faction. but it was Haverly's turn to cheer when, a few moments later, Moore, on a double pass, charged around right end for a fifteen yard gain. Then came a series of ripping line bucks and short but swift end runs. Archer's line braced up for a time, near the center of the



field, and notwithstanding the villianous onslaughts of the Haverly men, the ball changed hands.

“4-11-19-36.”

A smash between left guard and tackle for a gain of two yards.

A slightly different signal, and one of the cadet halfbacks knocked Gordon sprawling as he crashed through the line on the right side. Billy Armstorng, on the end, was watching, and lunging forward, tripped the runner, who fell into Gordon's arms.

“Good work, Gordon,” said Moore as they scrambled to their feet, and Billy blushed at the praise which he knew should have been his.

The next play was directed around the left end, but Scott broke through the interference and got his man behind the line. Archer's quarter surveyed the line rapidly and called a signal. Its sound was familiar and Captain Moore shrieked, “Look out for right tackle!” Yes, here came the whole Academy team, wedge formation, and the whole Haverly team moved over to check the rush. A groan arose from the bleachers, as the man with the ball quickly and surely passed it to a runner coming in the oppoiste direction, who sailed triumphantly around the left end for twenty yards before he was downed. The Haverly team had not expected this old fashioned criss cross so early in the game.

In vain Captain Moore implored and swore at his men; in vain the linemen dug their cleats into the ground; in vain the backs watched and braced; slowly and steadily the ball was forced back, until the home team fairly stood on their own goal line. Here he very desperation of the Haverly men held them firmly and the ball once more changed hands, amid the cheers and delighted screehcings of the Haverly crowd. After two ineffectual line bucks, Quarter Back Blake reluctantly gave the signal for a punt.

“Now, hold 'em, fellows,” called Moore frantically, and as the ball was passed, the line braced. Not one of the Academy's players got through and Benton had plenty of time for his long, clean kick. The Archer fullback had run back for the ball and now stood waiting for it to drop into his arms, but the punt had been a high one and Gordon and Billy were upon him before he could start to run. Billy could not help smiling to himself when he noted that Gordon had dropped behind, perfectly willing that another man should receive the shock of a hard tackle. As Billy's small body hit the fullback the latter dropped the ball in an effort to save himself and Gordon, seizing this golden opportunity for glory, caught the ball on the second or third bounce and was off down the field, this time having



no trouble in keeping up speed. As he crossed the line for the first touchdown of the game, nothing could be heard but cries of "Gordon, Gordon." Kemp failed to kick goal, and the score stood: Haverly, 5; Archer, 0.

The pace was beginning to tell on both teams and they all looked tired as they prepared for the kickoff, which had, by Moore's choice, fallen to Archer. Scott caught the ball and was able to advance it to about the center of the field close to the grandstand. Impelled by something, he knew not what, Billy glanced up into the crowd and there saw Mabel Deland with Coach Maynard beside her. She was looking at him but turned her eyes quickly away as he saw her. Then he dug his heels savagely into the ground and waited for the signal.

"Right tackle back!"

Gordon jumped back into position.

"17" ah! that was Billy "64" around left end with four men for interference. The ball was snapped and Billy was there to receive it but "Midget" unaccountably fumbled and an Archer player was upon the ball in a flash.

Then began a series of smashes against right tackle, where the enemy had found a weak place. Steadily they hammered until Gordon lost his head completely, and—

"Time!" and the first half of the game was over. Wearily the twenty-two men trotted to their dressing rooms, where their respective coaches joined them, to encourage, criticize and suggest.

All too soon came the call of "Time up," and the two elevens faced each other again. When Archer received the ball on the kickoff, he began to hammer at Gordon once more, and Billy, recognizing that all the plays were directed against this point, played in closer than usual for a defensive end. The Archer quarter now and again would shoot a man around the end, but Billy, ever watchful, broke up the plays as best he could, and the gains were small. Each time a formation was directed against Gordon, the burly tackle drew back a trifle, leaving Billy to bear the brunt of the attack. And each time Billy would remain upon the ground after the others had scrambled to their feet, while the crowd cheered Gordon long and loud for holding his position in the line and pitied Armstrong for his weakness. And each time Billy rejoiced within himself for he knew that Gordon was afraid.

But this could not go on forever, and finally, though much against his will, Billy was taken out, bruised and bleeding, and



sore in spirit that he could do no more for his college. But in a way he still rejoiced, for he knew that Gordon was afraid.

The substitute put in in his place did not do Gordon's work as Billy had done and consequently the gains were greater, until one of the halves backed Gordon up, when the cadet quarterback changed his tactics, much to Gordon's relief. They barely made their yards now and finally lost the ball. Thus the game went on; back and forth across the field, the ball changing hands frequently, and every inch of gain hotly contested, the cadets playing for a touchdown, and Haverly playing against time. Many were the injuries received, and to the exhausted players it seemed an eternity before time was called, but an end must come to everything and finally the fiercest of battles stopped, with a score of: Haverly, 5; Archer, 0.

Crowds waited to compliment Gordon on his brilliant run and his steadiness in the line and he received all these honors with a bored air, as though he had been used to that sort of thing all his life. Billy, resting on a cot in the gymnasium, heard the demonstration and smiled to himself. Everyone had forgotten him, but he cared not, for within himself was the consciousness that he had done his duty, and that the one who was being so idolized had not done his.

The door opened and Coach Maynard stepped into the room. He walked quickly over to Billy and grasped his hand in a grasp that Billy will never forget.

"Armstrong," he said, and hesitated. Then he exclaimed, "Thank God! Gordon is a senior and you are only a freshman."

And Billy knew that he understood and was glad.

A day or two later Billy found a letter in his room and had no difficulty in recognizing the writing of Mabel Deland. He opened it in some haste and found

"Dear Billy: I don't know how you can forgive me for the way I have treated you lately. Mr. Maynard came up into the grandstand for a few moments at the game the other day and from him I learned the truth about some things which had been misrepresented by an acquaintance of mine, and I—"

That was all he read. Reaching for his hat he rushed out of doors and over to the Deland house. Courtesy permits us to go no farther than the door.

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## APPEARANCES

There was no use denying it; every passenger was a helpless victim of the blues, when the Cannon Ball express drew into the preten-



tious station of Wyberg. With the exception of two college girls the passengers were a few of those pathetic, self-pitying mortals, who are forced to leave their homes during the holidays. For it was the holidays and the day before New Year's at that.

When the train stopped two elderly ladies, in the rear of the Pullman, peered out into the fast gathering dusk, glad of any diversion from the monotonous sameness within. Almost before the train had come to a standstill the men were on the platform for a stroll and a refreshing smoke.

Suddenly the attention of the old ladies and the college girls was diverted from the platform to the rear of the car where much laughter and scurrying of feet announced some excitement at last. Almost immediately the crowd entered the car. Each was armed with a supply of rice and other missiles, easily identified as those of a merry crowd speeding a newly married pair on their journey of life as well as that of their honeymoon. These they bestowed generously upon a young lady and gentleman, who, for the time being, were the center of attraction. All, even the victims, were enjoying themselves hugely and the inmates of the car looked on with world wise smiling eyes.

"Bride and groom!" in chorus from the college girls.

"Isn't he handsome?"

"Yes, and isn't she just too dear?"

While the old ladies called them "dear children" and marveled how much they looked alike.

The two, who were the cause of it all, certainly merited approval as far as appearances were concerned. After the warning gong had forced the teasing crowd to withdraw without, where they continued to pelt the glass with their missiles, the young couple with much laughter seated themselves near the rear of the car. The conductor punched their tickets with a worldly smile and answered some question put to him by the youth and soon they withdrew to the observation car. It is needless to say that the majority of the remaining passengers soon managed to find some reasonable and conscientious reason for doing likewise.

As the old ladies entered the car they overheard one of the college girls say: "I wonder why she has such a ruby. I think diamonds are so much prettier." And the other: "Oh, Vi! I heard her call him 'Jack.' Isn't that romantic? I can't keep my eyes off of him. I think he is positively grand!"

"Well, you'd better keep your eyes off of him or there will be something doing," was the other's wise rejoinder.



Meanwhile the subjects of their discourse were apparently unconscious of the severe scrutiny they were undergoing. They laughed and chatted together in a way that was both reserved and familiar. After two hours of this mingled excitement and curiosity, the train pulled into the small but brilliantly lighted station of Hausville. Every one except the two old ladies went out on the platform for it was so stifling within and their curiosity only made it more unbearable. Soon however, the girls came back incoherently excited.

"She went off with that crowd in the bus and"—

"He didnt' seem to care at all—just called after them 'Take good care of her, people.'"

"My, I should l—," their voices died out of hearing of the old ladies and all they knew was that some crowd or other had carried off the bride and that the groom didn't seem to care.

The next morning the groom, smiling and happy, appeared on his way to the diner. It happened that he arose to leave the dining car at the same time as the college girls. They were just ahead of him and as he passed their table, which was next to his, he noticed the pocket book of one of them lying forgotten beside her place. He picked it up and hastened after the owner. Overtaking them in the vestibule accosted them, hat in hand.

"I beg your pardon, but I believe one of you young ladies left your pocket book on the table," extending, as he spoke the forgotten possession.

Both girls looked up in surprise and the one, whom we have heard called "Vi", claimed it.

"While we were sidetracked for that train," resumed the young man, apparently anxious to make the most of his opportunity, "I could not help but overhear your conversation and your frequent mention of Scotston, made me wonder if we might not have some mutual friends there." He proceeded to mention two or three names and the girls exclamations of "Why, I should say!" "Know him? Well I guess, yes." "Isn't she just lovely?" etc., told plainly that they indeed had mutual friends.

Then they went into the car and were deeply interested in their conversation until both girls, at the same instant, remembered the departed bride. At once their manners became more politely cool and civil. John, ever sensitive, noticed it immediately and rising said: "I see I have intruded. I beg your pardon. It was very thoughtless of me to make myself such a bore."

"Please don't think that Mr. Burrows, we only, we-didnt'-oh, you explain Vi, I can't."



“Well,” said Vi in her impetuous matter of fact manner, “we just remembered your wife, who left the train at Hausville and out of respect for her, and you too, we couldn’t help but become more reserved.”

“Don’t think for a moment we meant to be impolite,” broke in her companion.

John stood amazed while the girls were speaking and then he fell back in the seat in a fit of latughter.

“Ha! ha! ha-ha-ha! Well, if that isn’t too funny; ha-ha-ha! I don’t wonder at it.” And off he went again.

The girls’ curiosity now being aroused they waited impatiently for his mirth to subside when they plied him with questions.

“It was this way,” he said with suppressed laughter, “you see, Miss Rockford and myself have been spending a part of the holidays as guest in Wyberg at a Christmas house party.” A surprised “Oh,” of interest, from his two listeners, “When we decided to come home together at an earlier date than the rest, they decided to have some fun at our expense. We entered into it with thoughtlessness and Kate—I mean Miss Rockford—even changed her rings and kept her gloves off to carry out the joke. The rest you have seen. That she should leave the train at Hausville, apparently deserting me, was a part of their plan. You see, she was billed there for a New Year’s party and I didn’t happen to be equally fortunate.”

“Wasn’t that jolly?”

“Such lots of fun!”

“I almost envy you both the experience.”

Such were the exclamations that greeted his finished explanation.

All the rest of the day, until they reached his destination, the three enjoyed themselves hugely as well as hilariously.

And all the while the two old ladies wondered where the bride was and how two self-respecting young ladies could “carry on that way with a married man.” However they consoled themselves by relating how girls did when they were young.

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## EMERSON’S PHILOSOPHY

What the philosophy of any man is as we understand it from his writings, is an external view or picture—one studied from inner feelings outward, and not from outward to the inner parts—for in all time and during the lives of all wise men the inner feelings and recesses of men’s soul is as yet unsearched. But one thing we do know



is, what every man's inner life is, his character, from his outer or external dealings with the world at large. Man's life is a vast panorama, both from his view upon the world, for what he sees and from its effect upon him. So it is with the soul, our faith is ever changing, one moment we think and believe one thing, and change our belief in the next, and through all ages past, the errors we have made, and the years spent in study, is that that age when man reaches the highest point in human perfection as where Emerson says "That unity, that oversoul, within which every man's particular being is contained and made one with all other; that common heart of which all sincere conversation is the worship, to which all right action is submission, that overpowering reality which confutes our tricks and talent and constrains one to pass for what he is, and to speak from his character, not from his tongue, and which evermore tends to pass into our thought and hand and become wisdom and virtue and power and beauty." Our life, our views, are forever changing; it is made of small parts which come in succession and it is these parts that make the universal beauty—and the better each part and particle of this great assimilation is related the grander and better is the relationship to the eternal one. It is this deep power whose beauty we recognize as a part of our innerself which is and makes life a perfect harmony, every minute and every act and deed is made a harpstring from which that exquisite pleasure is desired—as Emerson says, "The act of seeing and the thing seen, the seer and the spectacle, the subject and the object are one." And it is not only that beauty in man that we recognize but that great assemblage of which each animal, tree, rock, star and the sun and moon are shining parts and all these together go to make up the soul, and man whom we recognize as earthly man—has not or does not possess soul. Man is merely an organ and it is the soul in man that we rather respect. "When it breathes through his intellect, it is genius; when it breathes through his will it is virtue; when it flows through his affection it is love." Emerson continues, "The blindness of the intellect begins when it would be something of itself." Also he says, "The weakness of the will begins when the individual would be something of himself." Here we plainly see the stress our author puts upon that oversoul, that unity of the highest in man—as the paramount aim. How many of us have ever had such a grand and optimistic view? Do we not rather say that we like to see a man with a marked individuality, as it shows power, strength and a great will. We recognize it as strength attained, worldly power, probably worked for during a lifetime, and as the result of years of experience but conquered finally, as we



say, by a strong character, but Emerson says, "When individuality expresses itself, then weakness of the will begins." Why? It is because this philosophy of ours is to Emerson, as something mechanical compared to something spiritual. Human knowledge is, we may say, the effect produced in man, and of this effect individuality is but a phase. But the will, the cause of this effect, which is God, and the spiritual attributes derived therefrom, as justice which we see and know—love, freedom and power, tower over us and conquer us, even in moments when our interests tempt us to wound them. Emerson believes it is that inner feeling, it is the soul, that spiritual sense, that tends to coalesce all truth and reveals it to the world in the face of all scoffers, as a God, for he who truly believes in God becomes God." And does it not strengthen us to believe and also give us admiration for the man, who emphasizes the thought or the idea that we must be true to ourselves—that we must believe and know—that we must have that higher understanding between man and man—that we must not have faith on authority or what some one tells us; but must know for ourselves and look always forward. It seems as though Emerson had an understanding with all the rest of the world, for we recognize the truth when he says "In the well born child all virtues are natural and not painfully acquired. Speak to his heart, and the man becomes suddenly virtuous. What a great pleasure it is to see a pure innocent childhood and know that every act done is tempted rather as we say from the heart, not from knowledge. Browning voices the sentiment in the words "It is not victory that exalts us, but the preparation of the work," and we know that every victor must fall, but he who goes plodding along, slowly but "who is capable of humility, of justice, of love, of aspiration, stand already on a platform that commands the sciences and arts, speech and poetry, action and grace."

We do not think of any special property in truth but tell it because it is the truth. Wise men have no monopoly on wisdom because many wise sayings come from those who are not real, acute or profound. It is because truth comes without effort—that is Emerson's philosophy. It comes or is a part of that understanding or over-soul. How true we all know as Emerson says, "We know better than we do," but, "Men descend to meet." Because in this day and age man forgets and thinks that wealth, riches, adornment and pleasures are to be sought. However, those do not avail, it is the soul, that higher understanding—truth in and of all things magnified that we set up as our empire, that makes each one of us revere and love one another. People ask us, "How do you know it is the truth and not



your own mistake?" Because there are some things we know just because we do. Do we not know when we run that we are running and just so we know truth when we see it. Emanuel Swendenborg says "It is no proof of a man's understanding to be able to affirm whatever he pleases, but to be able to discern that what is true is true, and that what is false, is false, this is the mark and character of intelligence." "We are wiser than we know," Emerson says, and truly too but we would have a much greater wisdom if we would not bother or hinder our thoughts but would act and see how the Maker of us all sees humanity, because He is maker of all things and every man and hence we would have better understanding of all things and beings. But how do we experience the soul in life, we say. It is through man because he doest give a part of it but it becomes man—it passes into him in the proportion to that truth he receives, it takes him to itself. We must seek truth and then we cannot be mistaken. But to seek truth we must be the truth—we must not deceive, we must be grandly simple, we must be plain and true. "Simplest utterances are worthiest to be written." We must meet man face to face cast aside all adornments and embellishments and speak from the heart, for sincerity is far more excellent than flattery. Emerson says "Deal so plainly with man and woman as to constrain the utmost sincerity and destroy all hope of trifling with you." It is the highest compliment you can pay." Their highest praising," said Wilton, "is not flattery and their plainest advice is a kind for praising."

Emerson believes that the sources of nature are in each of us. What an inspiring thought this is, for when the great trial comes we wish to be alone and to communicate with the soul. It is this that makes us truly great, that makes earthly man bow before us. What of earth can give us such pleasure as the understanding of souls? Both in relation to man and to God, so let us live a pure and simple life—that life of strength and power, that life which tends to bring us all into common understanding—to see beauty in all things, to live as we believe, to speak not merely for the sake of saying something but because of the thoughts within, and to act from the impulse of doing good. We should try to understand and see all things so that the future might be already in our hearts. It is well to look upon all history as sacred. Be content withour station in life as long as you are doing good to some one or something; be calm and take life good naturedly, blending the earth, sun, moon and stars, which are merely parts in the great concourse, into one grand and universal mind, and make the heart of one of us and of time above the heart of all.



## FICTION OF TODAY

That this is essentially a novel reading and a novel writing age few observers of manners and customs will deny. The character of the fiction produced and its effect on the reading public are questions of great concern in this day and generation. To use a work of fiction rightly we should ask when it is finished not so much "What is my opinion of the book" as "How has it impressed me?"

The true purpose of the novel is not to serve us with cakes and ale—the nectar and ambrosia of life. Can any work be claimed as a masterpiece of art that bears no message to humanity? Its ultimate and all important aim is to reveal life truly, to show through its portraiture of social phases the true social Ideal. The true novel is a miniature of the real world. Even when it leaves the humdrum facts of daily life and encroaches on the marvelous, as happily it often does, it must never "swerve aside from the truth of the human heart." It may or must perhaps then, have a purpose. With this may be any other which will not mar the truth of the initial purpose. To raise the mind and elevate the heart to a better world is a purpose worthy of the best efforts of the novelist.

A novel must entertain as well as inform. It is unfortunately true that some novelists make an appeal to the emotions, the aim rather than the means of interesting.

The novelist must have some of the qualities that go to make the poet and historian. So this newsman of common life, also, is allotted the task of lifting the curtain from the common and showing us that divinities are sitting disguised in the seeming gang of gypsies and pedlars.

Emerson says: "One moment in a man's life is a fact so stupendous as to take the luster out of all fiction."

The field with which this art of fiction deals is nothing less than the whole of humanity. The life of man is not the subject of novels but the inexhaustible magazine from which subjects are to be selected. There is need that veracity be maintained and so make stories true as well as typical. For the supreme virtue of a novel is the air of reality. It is the quality of a truthful work that it never grows old or stale—one can return to it again and again—there is always some new truth to be discovered.

Ruskin has said, "That virtue of originality that men so strain after is not newness, as they vanily think, there is nothing new, it is only genuineness. All depends on this single glorious faculty of



getting to the spring of things and working out from that. It is the coolness and clearness and deliciousness of the water, fresh from the fountain head, opposed to the thick hot unrefreshing drainage of other men's meadows." In the novel we find not perhaps new facts or incidents but at least a genuine application or setting of old incidents or facts.

Plutarch relates when Thespis introduced the drama, Solon after witnessing a performance, asked him if he was not ashamed to tell so many lies before so many people. The difficulty raised by matter of fact Solon is felt by many persons today with respect to the novel as well as the drama. The legitimate novel is fiction only in form. It is not falsehood. We do not ask of the novelist that his stories shall be a collection of facts, though he may not despise facts, but that they shall be founded on reality, on the truth of the human heart.

The novelist has as his store of material two kinds of experience; one which he has lived out in actual and outward life; and the other not less real that he has lived through his imagination and it is out of the latter that the greatest works of pure genius are written.

The novelist with large intuitive faculties and sympathetic imagination does not need to realize in outward detail every fact that vitalizes itself in his mind. The novelists of the past that have survived with honor are those which satisfy our test—being true to humanity they have not grown old or stale. How many friends these novelists have given us whose doings and sayings we may pleasantly remind one another of, applaud and censure, laugh over and grow tender to think of.

One had rather lose sight of a good many of one's acquaintances than of the homely Wakefield family. One had rather have a good many doors closed on him than the door of that hospitable little vicarage.

We all know the power of Shakespeare's characters in our own thoughts. We know the noble men, the loveable women. We know the ignoble and the hateful. The secret of his power to touch and guide us is mainly this, that his creatures are true to life. His drama throws us back upon nature hopefully. He opens our eyes to the fair and pure and the deep things within the compass of our nature, and their story tells us of what we are capable in our capacity as men and women.

Each book we read should produce an influence upon us and if we have really read it we ought to be able to understand this influence. Two things are necessary to success in writing fiction. To know what



you pretend to expound to the rest of the world; to have something to say, not to make an effort to say something by laborious study of life and character unknown. What is best is to have that spontaneous sympathetic understanding more or less of all humanity and every human thought and feeling which made Shakespeare and which make all true romanticists and all the best historians, preachers and teachers of men, that invaluable power of putting one's self in another's place, seeing with his eyes, feeling through his heart which is at once the highest moral influence and essence of genius.

“To combine the presentation of an ideal, a true and noble ideal with the culture of sympathy should be the aim of the writer of fiction who desires that his work should be the highest of its kind.”

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## THE SPECTATOR

Recently, on a Sunday evening, the Spectator wandered into one of the churches of the city just at the moment when the minister was announcing his text. The selection, from the Psalms read: “Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.” After repeating it several times for emphasis, he read a selection for the choir to sing. One of the verses made quite an impression upon our mind and as we repeated it over and over we thought there was quite a contrast between the sentiment expressed by the selection from the Psalms and that, by the hymn. It ran thus:

“Down through the starry intervals,  
Upon this weary laden world,  
How soft the soul of silence falls!  
How deep the spell wherewith she thralls,  
How wide her mantle is unfurled.”

At the conclusion of the singing the minister began his sermon. During his entire discourse he pleaded with his hearers to have such a reverence for holy things that they would not use the name of God in disrespect; that they would not say any thing that would cause any one pain; or say that which would have been better left unsaid. While the sermon made a great impression upon us, the thought suggested by the hymn took complete possession of us and at the conclusion of the sermon were thoroughly imbued with the idea that the Good Man might have done a little more than merely moralizing. It seemed to us there was a greater message in the sentence “Set a watch O, Lord, before my mouth.” And that same evening as we, in the seclusion of our “den,” pondered over and over the text



we heard, the more we became convinced that there could have been some sound advice administered in that sermon.

He could have taken for his theme, "The power of silence," and oh, what a world of good might have come from such a sermon. We of this day and age talk, talk, talk, incessantly without a moments' silence, without a break. We seem to have become a nation of talkers, of self-imagined orators. Everywhere, at home, on the cars, in the club, talk is the eternal occupation, and if by chance they should stop, off they rush to theatre or meetings to hear others talk. Our men young in years, yet gray and bald, are talking hard. Our women, the hope of our nation, have become like the inhabitants of a parrot house—when the talk ceases the birds must be sick. When men and women and children visit each other, all talk continuously. And no matter how aimless or frivolous, it is a most important social duty to keep up the latter. Indeed so much so, that if it should cease for a moment in a gathering, in the drawing room, some one feels bound to apologize.

Now we do not wish to convey the idea that one should not talk. To advocate such a theory would be a monstrosity, because it is too self evident that talk, the interpreter of the mind, is man's most valuable physical accomplishment. Is not our knowledge handed down from generation to generation through speech and writing? Would our present state of civilization have been possible without speech? Surely the answer is very apparent. But is not necessary to defend talk, for it is a gift of the American nation. They need rather to cultivate the gift of silence. Is it not true that back of speech thought must stand, if our speeches are to be of any value. Yet how many are there who realize the value of silent thought, and that without it the mind does not develop. Some one has likened the American people to babies who cry when left to themselves because their little brains cannot work and solitude frightens them. From the very fact that our country has produced so many profound thinkers, we would say there is no relation whatever in the comparison. We would, however, say there are many who are very little accustomed to steady thinking—many who can talk steadily for hours about nothing in particular. We would venture the statement that there is not one in every five hundred who can think consecutively for three minutes. You kind reader put down this magazine and try to think steadily for the length of time mentioned, about any one thing; consider the extent of the universe, infinite, time or space. Perhaps you yourself, will be able to do it, but just as certain as you are reading this article there are four hundred and ninety-nine others



who are not capable of keeping their thought steadily upon one subject even for a few minutes. Unconsciously it will wander off; some other thoughts will run through the mind as an undercurrent.

“But,” you may say, “is it necessary to have such control over the mind in order to accomplish a mental effort?” In reply we would ask: “Would Newton have questioned why the apple came down instead of going up if he had been in a crowd and talking when that memorable event occurred?” More than likely he would have picked it up taken a bite out of it and continued to talk. As it was he began to think and in that concentrated thinking there began the thought that has immortalized his name and bestowed a great glory upon the intellect of man. Again Columbus, alone and thinking as he drew the maps which were to him the means of a livelihood, conceived the idea of the sphericity of the earth. Dante turned adrift by an ungrateful people, forced into solitude, with no companions but his thoughts, wrote his “Divine Comedy” that has outlasted centuries. Certainly it cannot be gainsaid that effective thinking can be accomplished in other surroundings than silence.

Was it not largely, one of the great silent thinkers of the last century, who said in “Sartor Resartus:” “Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together; that at length they emerge, full formed and majestic, into the daylight of life, which they are thenceforth to rule.” Would, that the restless, nervous, self-tiring people of our country would take the above quotation from Carlyle for a text and not only preach it but put it into practice. It would then occur to them that everyone would be better off for a few hours of solitude and silence each day so as to think. It would then occur to them that the success of the country boy is due, not to any magical phenomenon, but to the plain cold fact that thought is forced upon him through his being compelled to keep himself company. “Silence and secrecy,” quoting again from Carlyle, “altars might still be raised to them—were this an altar building time—for universal worship.” We think the idea would be ideal. It would call attention to that useful man, that coming man—whether in the business house, the lecture room, or within the legislative walls—the silent man.

Dear student reader, try silence for awhile. Eliminate all the useless talk possible, and thereby give your mind a chance to work. Note, as you go down the avenue, school girls, shop girls gathering in groups and talking; the boys on the street corners talking. Visit the libraries, factories and the announcement on a card: “No loud talking,” will offend your sight. You will find, go where you will,



the same chatter and aimless gossip. Then Carlyle's admonition: "Speech is too often not, as the Frenchman defined it, the art of concealing thought, but of quite suspending thought, so that there is none to conceal"—will dawn upon you in all its clearness. Lincoln, when warned by a friend that a certain senator was intending, in a series of speeches, to hold him up to ridicule, replied that Mr. — reminded him very much of a tugboat he had often seen on the lower Mississippi river. This tug, he said, "had a louder and shriller whistle than any ohter on the river and she would invariably blow it when in the midst of the other tugs for the purpose of showing her superior point. But alas! Every time her whistle was blown, her engines stopped." So it is with many, when they begin to talk they cease to think. But we would warn you again as we did above that speech cannot be dispensed with. Quoting Carlyle again, "Speech, too, is great, but not the greatest." As the Swiss inscription says, sprechen ist silbern, Schweigen ist golden—speech is silver, Silence is golden—or, as I might rather express it, Speech is of time, Silence is of eternity."

"Bees will not work except in darkness. Thought will not work except in silence."

If we could only take those admonitions thoroughly to heart and act upon them how much better for our talk surfeited minds. We would suggest kind readers that you read "Sartor Resartus," entire, slowly, carefully, and in solitude. The thought producing character of that work and the reward in material happiness will reward you a thousand fold.

We would warn you, however, not to get over enthusiastic on this question of silence. You should reflect, if you have not already noticed it from your observations, that there are two kinds of silence—positive and negative. And while it may not have occurred to you in this light, you certainly have seen examples of each. You can recall or see the first in the demeanor of those men—philanthropists, jurists, statesmen who are working silently, down deep in their mind on the solution of some great problem that will effect some portion of humanity or the entire world. For an example of negative silence you need not search far. You can see it any hour of the day standing against a building on the street corner or sitting on the iron railing which guards the basement entrances or windows. They are doing nothing in particulair or thinking of anything. Simply avoiding or seeking the sunlight according to the condition of the temperature, perhaps staring insolently after your mother or sister—may be yourself—if they or you happen to pass along the Avenue. This si-



lence—indolent silence—a mere cessation of noise is as useless as the chatter of a parrot. But that silence in which concentrated thought is going on, silence in which an open, searching receptive mind, in search of truth, is contemplating the phenomena of the material and spiritual world, is the silence that strengthens the mind and leaves a benediction in its wake. It has been demonstrated over and over that the mind can be developed to an unlimited degree, by work. And this development—the very opposite of muscular development which ceases at a relatively early age—goes on as long as health lasts.

Then why not strive for that development? Does not the man who trains his mind grow steadily, add steadily to his chances of success? Which do you respect the more, the man grave, talking when he has something to say, courteous, but reserved, apparently occupied with thought; or, the man who chatters incessantly from whom escape is difficult? We would not find it hard to make a selection; we would venture the statement that the choice would be unanimous in favor of the first.

Perhaps it is as hard to overcome talking as it is to overcome the vice of lying, but it can be overcome by effort. All that is necessary to think a little when tempted to be loquacious and ask, "Is it worth while to say this?" If not do not say it. In the words of Pythagoras, "It is better neither to be silent or to say things of more value than silence. Sooner throw a pearl at hazard than an idle or useless word; do not say a little in many words; but a great deal in a few." Place those words of Pythagoras on the wall of your study or on your desk, and below it—again from Sartor Resartus—this: "Silence, the great empire of silence, higher than the stars, deeper than the kingdom of death! "Silence and the great silent men! "Scattered here and there, each in his department silently thinking, silently working; whom no morning newspaper makes mention of. They are the salt of the earth. A country that has none of these is in a bad way. Like a forest which has no roots; which had all turned to leaves and boughs; which must soon wither and be no forest."

Certainly the nation which has no silent, thinking men is in a deplorable way. It cannot stand for much in any age. And just as this is true of a nation so is it true of the individual. He too is in a bad way if he has no thinking hours or days. He must be satisfied to stand by and see his fellowmen, who have even a few days a year for solitary thought, outstrip him in the race for usefulness. For it is thinking, intelligent thinking, and not talking that fosters success. The man who accomplishes something worthy, does so, not



through babbling about it to his friends, but by earnest careful planning in his own mind.

We would, if it were possible, impress upon those, who are serious in life's great work the importance of more thought and less talk. We would suggest that they listen to others; listen to their own thoughts, and ponder them over and over in their own mind. That they have some friend to whom they can go when in need of advice or encouragement, and discuss matters seriously, briefly and profitably. That they have some hours when they may be alone so as to think. Then and only then will the development of their minds become a real, a truly serious possibility. Then and only then will there be a possibility of their becoming something more than mere parrots that can be taught to talk, but cannot be made to think.





# EDITORIALS

John D. Jones

1906—a synonym for opportunity.

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The greatest of success, happiest of days, smiling faces and few flunks is the wish of The Kaimin. May 1906 record a phenomenal year for the University of Montana.

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Was one of your New Year resolves to hand in more copy to The Kaimin? If so we hope you will not break this resolve until after June 6th.

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The Juniors of the University of Idaho have petitioned the faculty not to allow any student to graduate, who has not paid up all his legitimate dues and student obligations contracted while in college. What a splendid idea, with this regulation delinquent subscribers would not be the bugbear of college papers.

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As The Kaimin did not come out in holiday attire as did many of our contemporaries, we decided to come out in football dress. The cover design is the work of Roy McPhail. The heading for locals and exchanges James H. Mills. For the excellent photographs of the football team we are indebted to Prof. Elrod.

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Some people and newspapers of Montana seem to be unduly exercised over our bonds. Don't worry, the "Treasure State" and her wide awake citizens are not going to let a little thing like that stand in the way of her educational institutions, even if it will take a special session of the legislature to straighten out the tangles. Neither will the citizens of Montana allow a single bondholder to lose a cent. Montana's credit is at par and she will keep it there. Perhaps a little attention directed towards our state educational institutions will be more beneficial than harmful, as it will let the state know what they are doing, and bring the fact home to every citizen that we have educational institutions second to none and entirely worthy of their support and patronage.



The Washington State College seems to be greatly disturbed by the nightmare of Frats for the past few months. They seem to have an especial horror, that this creation of modern college life will creep in and spoil class rivalry and college unity, or even endanger college democracy. However, we are unable to share life fears. Fraternities have existed here for two years and we have not noticed any decrease in college spirit or diminution of democracy, or any other deleterious effects claimed. In fact we believe that a fraternity composed of representative students and affiliated with a strong national organization is a strength to a college. It draws the alumni into close bonds with their Alma Mater, by adding to the regular college ties the bond of fraternalism. Further it keeps the alumni members in touch with the college through the home chapter; and the chapter with its enthusiastic members are ever ready to welcome a former member, and see that he get a good time; thus the loss of former acquaintances are more than compensated by the acquiring of new; and the Alumni are at once made to feel the spirit of former college days. They share the spirit of their younger associates and once more old scenes become alive and former days are lived over. They are again students and just "fellows among the boys."

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The '07's are beginning to busy themselves with their annual, and from the activity shown and competent staff, who have the matter in charge we believe that the '07 Sentinel will surpass

**THE SENTINEL** all its successors, in artistic effect and literary merit. Now is the time to do the bulk of the work, so that there will be no undue rush when the spring work begins. Now is the time for the business manager to practice his ad speech and to commence his attack on less wary advertisers, so that by the end of the season his persuasiveness will become irresistible. We notice through our exchange columns that one of our contemporary colleges publishes annual subscription blanks in the college paper. The Kaimin gladly extends the same courtesy. Although the Sentinel editors have anything but a snap, under the able direction of Joseph Streit, The Kaimin has not doubt, but that this year's annual will be an unqualified success.

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Since the last issue of The Kaimin the 'Varsity has met defeat in the hands of the University of Idaho, and although the home team made a hard fight, they were defeated by a close margin. The debate was spirited throughout and showed hard work and careful study by



**U. OF I. DEBATE** both parties. This debate begins the first of a series of annual debates with the U. of I. Next year our team goes to Idaho, and we hope to defeat them as badly as they defeated us this year.

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The question for the April debate with Washington State College has been submitted and accepted, although sides have not yet been selected. The question is similar to that debated with Idaho, viz: "The Income Tax." The local preliminary will be held at an early date. Several new candidates are expected to enter and we sincerely hope the coming preliminary will be the liveliest one yet encountered.

**FOOTBALL NUMBER** Strictly speaking December should be the special football issue of a college paper, however, owing to the difficulty of getting cuts made and the extra work preceding the holidays The Kaimin decided to make January the football issue. In getting out this number the staff has endeavored to do two things—to present to our readers the most artistic edition of The Kaimin yet issued and to give a complete survey of the football season from various points of view. How well we have succeeded the public must judge. The athletic editor has been saving his energy for this particular occasion for the past two months'. The only issue of the year in which the athletics will over-shadow every other department. It is the hope of the staff that the innovations of this issue will meet with the full approbation of its readers.





## THE DEBATE

On December 15, 1905, was held in University hall the first debate between the University of Idaho and the U. of M. The question was a good one, indeed far too good a one for the time put upon it, "Resolved, That the United States should adopt a general income tax." An agreement between the respective co-rivals eliminated a most interesting and perplexing topic, viz, the constitutionality. Idaho's team consisted of Messrs. Darwin, Galloway and Moutandon on the negative and the U. of M. team of Miss Nuckolls and Messrs. Goodbourn and Jones on the affirmative.

The first named speaker on each team was appearing in intercollegiate debate for the first time, but despite this fact both made a good impression. Each speaker appeared in the order in which his name appears on the lineup. At this distant time little would be gained however by attempting to give an outline of the argument as each presented it. A brief glance might nevertheless be of interest. Certainly it should be to all U. of M. debators, and should be more even than a glance. Our team had been preparing but a few weeks; while the necessary books being scarce and the volumes ordered being delayed prevented any systematic pursuance of the question. As a result, the evening of Dec. 15 found us with an inadequate supply of data and not a very coherent plan of action. There was however, some good preparations and had there been opportunity for selecting a team campaign of greater unity and force would have produced a less doubtful doubt than the one that caused the judges to change their decision after it had been rendered. But of this more anon.

On the part of Idaho there was a similar want of material although they operated more in unison and showed clearly the advantage a team undoubtedly has when coached by one whose special line is in this class of work. They spoke forcefully, as did their opponents, but there was one great error in their plan. They admitted that theoretically, the income tax is good, that is in principle, and so made this fight against its practical application. The battle on this ground was held about equally, each side being inclined to make statements, and to quote from economists, categorically and with little attempt to show the how or the why. But in the final speech of the negative, a "solution" of the tax difficulties which had been hopefully promised by each speaker in turn came forth in the last three minutes in the shape of an inheritance tax which it was boldly asserted would mitigate much if not all present evils as well as all evils



of the larger income tax. This appeared as a weak support—a three minute assertion with little time to establish its verity upon which to hinge an intercollegiate debate, yet this is what it did, and that according to their own statements. It had been intended to make this coup de etat when too late for breaking down and is not a discreditable method. Yet it must be confessed dangerous unless sufficient argument appears to firmly establish the assertions made. Moreover, shrewd as it was, Mr. Jones was ready and in a few well directed and forceful sentences sadly riddled it. He was in the midst of his onslaught when the negative objected that constructive argument was being introduced. We differ, frankly and squarely with that position and believe that Mr. Jones' remarks were in direct rebuttal of Mr. Montandon's last arguments. The objections were made during this seven minutes. These in themselves are just, but in this case they answered the form of a reargument of the vital points of the question directed to the chairman instead of the judges and practically gave the equal show in the final rebuttal. This however, need not have been and perhaps would not, had Mr. Jones declined to discuss the parliamentary questions, and we think he should have done so. Having entered into this question it cannot be said that either side was the more in error. Despite, however, this momentary ripple the decisions were handed in; but after a time recalled and surrendered up by the chairman, who if we mistake not should have refused to return them. When the final decision was reached Idaho had won the verdict. Who won the debate? Well that was one of those times, as so frequently occurs, when opinions differs. The Kaimin and students can not complain, but a general dissatisfaction was freely expressed among the audience. We thus make bold to differ respectfully with the Daily Missoulian, which journal ran in the stereotyped expression—do butless an accident—"the decision of the judges met with general approval", or perhaps the Daily Missoulian's reporter didn't know.

At the banquet held afterward all the battle scars were healed and Montana parted company with her neighbor state, well pleased with her acquisition and looking forward to next December when her own chosen ones will be the guests of Moscow.

We wish to mention as a fitting end to our first contest, the fair and impartial report given in the Argonaut concerning the debate.

RALPH L. HARMON.



## THE SIGMA NU'S CHRISTMAS

It is said that dear old Santa  
On his rounds on Christmas eve  
Dropped in at the house of Sigma  
His annual gifts to leave.  
He took a peek at the window  
To watch out for a nighthawksing kid  
But all were in bed and snoring  
So straight down the chimney he slid.

"Yo ho" he is quoted as saying,,  
What under the merciful heaven  
On the hearth twelve stockings are hanging,  
And I only expected seven  
But then boys are always such joshers  
So I'll leave these five for the last  
I know that the Frat is expanding,  
But I didn't think it was growing that fast.

My! see the size of that stocking  
Did you ever see such a sock?  
Why Jack must be guilty of this one  
So in goes the Union block.  
Oh! look at this nice fancy lace one,  
I'll bet it belongs to the Turk  
Now what was that, that he wanted?  
Oh! a substitute for work.

This next must belong to old Elmer  
And I haven't a thing in my sack.  
Well don't you care old sweetheart,  
Next time I'll bring your rails back.  
Oh! look at this cute little red one  
By the horn spoon, it belongs to Tib,  
I'll let him herd sheep for papa,  
Helen says that this is no fib.

The one with the hole is Old Birchs  
Some Scenery'll do pretty trim  
They won't need the canyon for walking  
If I leave it right here for him.  
The one by the wall must be Lucy's

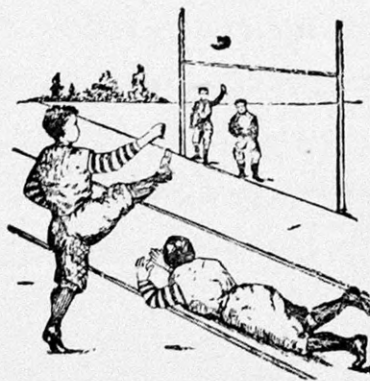


That sock of pigeon wing blue,  
Well, I am proud of you Johnny,  
The Queen of Anaconda for you.

This gunny sack here must be Jimmies  
Who went riding 'till Betty got hot  
But then the poor boy can't help it  
A Pony is all that he's got.  
Notice those five little baby sox,  
There's Vinties and also old Sy's,  
Smitheys are right behind Willis'  
While Toole's I also espy.

Now what shall I give to these infants,  
Would some infantry do for them?  
Or perhaps a bell and a kitty  
Or may be some little gem.  
Let me think, oh, now I have it  
'Tis the badge of Sigma Nu.  
Let each have that sacred of emblems  
That's worn by the privileged few.

Now children I leave you these presents  
As a token of my regard,  
And also to remember our friendship  
And your footsteps will I guard.  
Now always be true to your college  
And for it win many a fight.  
So children with these words as a blessing  
I wish you all a goodnight.





# Societies of the University

Ralph E. Harmon

We wish to call attention to the fact that several articles in verse have been declined by this department, and to suggest that such be handed to the literary editors as they are the only staff members who can make use of such material. What we want is facts—compiled in the form of an article if desired by the contributor—but without such adornment and also without reference to “we” or “us.” It will be readily seen that articles appearing in any organized department of the paper must be edited impartially, that is, from the standpoint of the college paper, not from the standpoint of the member who is so kind as to write it up or from that of his society. All articles are so altered as to appear in the third person, except where there is an editorial comment, and those wishing to have their contributions appear unchanged should observe this rule—it is of universal application.

For the same reason verse cannot be used—who would want to read editorial comments in verse? The department must be consistent and observe unity. To do this many articles, perfectly good in themselves, have been altered and have thereby contributed to some extent in accomplishing this purpose. This is an editor’s only office.

## SOCIETIES

In our last issue we ended the year with a brief glance at the past. Now we begin the new year and it is in order doubtless to make predictions, and perhaps impress our readers with oracular wisdom, or that failing—with something else. But we will not venture thus out upon the unknown sea, for who knoweth, what a day may bring forth, especially an associate editor of The Kaimin? He might tell with fluency what a day will not bring forth, and as it is so easily done, we will give away our knowledge—a day bringeth forth no response from any University society. This however, is little of a surprise for our societies have been taking a Christmas vacation and will be heard from later.

## Y. W. C. A.

The joint meeting of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. was hardly the success that we might have hoped for and while we don’t want to be-



gin the new year by knocking we might suggest that though the Y. M. C. A. was well represented as to quality the quantity was somewhat scarce. However we shall hope for better things to come and we have no doubt that when the next joint meeting occurs it will be well attended by members of both societies.

Miss Hamilton's subject "Work" was of itself a splendid one and was ably and interestingly treated. She had spent some time in preparation and the result was a very helpful paper suggestive of much that was new. Professor Aber added some remarks, and on the whole it was a beneficial and interesting meeting.

On the first Wednesday after school opened Mrs. Knapp gave a helpful talk on the New Year deal with Ideals. There was a large attendance and it has been pronounced the best meeting of the semester. It is hoped that this meeting is typical of those to come as it was an exceedingly enthusiastic one.

The Y. W. C. A. New Year, like the Chinese, comes later in the season, though plans are now being formulated for the convention in March and for the work of the year generally.

The candy sale held before the holidays was a decided success financially and it is also said that the "bon bons" were the "best ever."

## Clarkia

The Clarkia in their last meeting, held January 14, gave up their whole time to Hawthorne. It was not intended at all as any allusion to the masculine literary society by that name but one ardent member, mistaking the purpose, proposed to return the honor by devoting one meeting in January to an investigation of the feminine literary society, the etymology of its name, its purposes, etc. Much speculation was rife as to why the ladies had chosen Clark's name for special honor—why not have called their society Lewisiana and thus have celebrated Capt. Clark's worthy co-explorer?

But the ladies all oblivious to curiosity had an excellent meeting. The mild American was dismembered and each one digested some part of the subject. He was viewed from several different points and some of the discussion were much appreciated. It is a pleasant method of social intercourse, thus to devote one entire meeting to an author and if carried out is productive of much good, especially if those on the program exert some good thinking power and invent a subject out of the beaten paths.

Another interesting feature was the parliamentary drill, and the Clarkias carry out this part of their program, rather more earnestly



than the Hawthorne's, although it is doubtful if they are more in need of it.

## Eta Phi Mu

Since the December issue of The Kaimin the Eta Phi Mu boys have been rather quiet. The most of them went home during the holidays to get a change of fare and renew old acquaintances.

On the evening of December the 15th the spread to the Idaho debators was given at the Frat house, owing to the fact that the dining rooms of Woman's hall were engaged. The parlor and dining rooms were tastily decorated in Idaho colors and under the direction of Mr. Polleys, who acted as "chief cheff" a very dainty luncheon was served.

With the beginning of the new year several "stunts" may be expected soon and the gaieties of life will be generously mixed to soften the sorrows of college perplexities.

## Hawthorne

During the holidays no preparation was made for the meeting of January 20. Owing to there being no published program, the meeting, however, will have a special interest from the fact that it deals with a question closely related to the one we will soon win in Pullman, Wash. "Resolved, That there is no just method of taxation." Little material can be found but much profitable thought can be put upon it and should bring out some good points.

The Hawthorne is also beginning work for its annual open session in March and has asserted its intention of having the program on the appointed day—an "innovation," as one college wag put it.

## The Bohemians

In our last issue The Kaimin breathed a sigh of relief—there had been no seeds of new societies dropped in the wayside soil for four months; but its equanimity is again ruffled for it learns that a new society has organized with a tall glass receptacle marked "Mum Extra Dry" for a center and five staining phials for its outer points. We can not be so specific regarding the human elements of the new order. Of course the meaning of this is not a public matter and The Kaimin declines to go into details as it is doubtful what the result might be. The professor of psychology says that the element of doubt always enters in where the human will is concerned and we believe the faculty is composed partially of this doubtful ingredient. However, two merry hours were spent in the lower regions, and a number of other hours



afterward, all of which were enjoyable during consciousnesses. And the funny point is that the new organization was not "rushed", albeit Mr. Robt. Hart Cary was in Nebraska with his Indian club, and no other means of defense was at hand. Immunity may have been due to the fact that almost all the classes and societies of the University were interested and were represented, all but Freshmen, Hawthorne's Clarkia, Dramatists, Scientifics, Literaries, the band, frat men, anti-frat men and others.







Montana Buswell and James H. Mills, Editors

Hurrah for 1906.

Free lunches in Prof. Snoddy's room.

Cora—Gee, just think if I have to sit on Charley's lame side.

Please hand in more locals.

Dr. Winship's lecture was the most enjoyable one the students have heard.

Prof. Harkins spent a week of this month in Anaconda on the Smoke case.

#### ECHOES FROM ETA PHI MU SLEIGHRIDE

Chaperon—You had better not let that young lady fall out.

Sophomore—Mr. Gilham don't hurt Carrie.

Freshman N. W.—The chaperon will see you.

F. C.—Nope, she's near sighted.



Juniors—Miss Knowles—Mr. Polleys, I wouldn't get down on those girl's feet.

Fancy dancing by Fred Dion. Lessons free of charge at the "gym."

The local editors may scratch a pen  
Till the ends of their fingers are sore  
When some one's sure to remark with a jest  
Rat, how stale—I've heard that before.—Ex.

Record poor—feeling "punk,"  
Yellow note—fear a "flunk.,"  
Worried note—rumpled hair  
Poor exam—vacant chair.—Ex.

Be sure and register next semester for Girlology, Hallology, Socialology, Walkology and Kissology. It will be a soft snap.

Leo Greenoguh went to Spokane during the holidays to look over some of his father's mines.

New student seeing Kessler—Is that the German prof?

Would you—could you—have you—

Nearly all the out of town students spent their vacation at home.

Sing a song of touchdowns  
A pigskin full of air,  
Two and twenty sluggers  
With long and matted hair  
When the game was open  
Sluggers 'gan to fight  
Wasn't that for tender maids  
An edifying sight.—Ex.

Teacher—What comes after G?  
Student—Whizz!

The Seniors, Juniors, Freshmen and sophomores have all been taking advantage of the fine sleighing and giving class rides.

The sleigh ride January 19th, given by the Eta Phi Mu was a great success. After riding all over Missoula and the surrounding county the gay parties returned to the new "frat" house for a "feed".



Some queer stunts have been going on around the 'Varsity lately, but one will now miss the jolly doings. The people be it said in their favor were compelled to do them.

Ralph and Deacon only had a half a girl a piece on the sleigh-ride.

The Engineers' annual banquet has been postponed to some future date.

Now is the last chance you will have to buy one of those University Calendars 50c a piece or two for 75c. No more to be had after Feb. 1. "Don't knock—boost."

Speaking of "College Boots: Say girls! You just ought to see what Beeson and Dixon are showing. The swellest ever and only \$3.50 a pair. Jack has a pair of Walk Overs too. Walk Over Store, 316 Higgins avenue.

Some of the students have been pushing the idea of a college seal pin. This pin will be of 14 karat and gold about the size of a dime. Surely every one would like to have one. They will last forever and they are something we can be proud of. Those thinking of buying one give your name to Miss Murray. If 25 students will subscribe they can be had for \$3.00 a piece.







## May Hamilton

An exchange editor sometimes feels strongly tempted to select the best publications among the exchanges, read them, and let the others pass unnoticed. Among The Kaimin's list of exchanges are about a dozen which are really interesting to anyone not in the school or well acquainted with it. The others, while they occasionally present something of general interest, more often do not repay the editor for the time it takes to read them. No editor finds pleasure in constantly saying uncomplimentary things and often the only alternative is to keep still and if that plan is adopted his department shows a shortage of material and the editor is criticized for lack of interest, laziness etc.

The holiday edition of the Argonaut has some very good poetry and stories. "Old Bullet Proof" is easily the best of the stories. It displays an unusual power of depicting deep and pathetic emotions. It is certainly an exquisitely written literary production.

The Christmas number of the Evergreen is almost as good as it looks and that is saying a great deal. With every number of this paper there is a marked improvement. We hope the industry will prove contagious.



There is a peculiar charm in the story of the Hill Man in the Milton College Review for December. The story is unhappy, unsatisfactory, hopeless, the style is abrupt almost to harshness; and yet withal there is a strength and beauty which makes the story retain its hold on the memory.

"Observations" in the December Aurum is a clever piece of verse.

However there is nothing to be gained by lamenting. One of our exchanges modifies the lines of Ella Wheeler Wilcox to make them all the more impressive thus:

"Schmile und der vorltdt schmile mit you  
Laugh und der worldt vill roar,  
Howl and der worldt vill leafe you  
Und never come pack any more.  
Not all of you couldn't peen handsome  
Not all of you hafe good clothes  
But a schmile is not egspensif  
Und covers a worldt of woes."

The Nugget Christmas number is full of the spiciest sort of localisms and joshes. As a high school paper the Nugget certainly ranks high.

Among the many football issues none has succeeded in presenting a more attractive and appropriate cover than has the "Purple and Gold."

The football number of the University of Arizona Monthly is a grand success. The variety of the material, its quality and quantity all combine to make it an exceptionally good issue. From the first story in the magazine "For the Sake of the School" through the whole paper there is a high literary tone which speaks strongly for the Editors of and for the school.

A college professor was interrupted in a lecture one time, by three tardy students entering the hall. Without a word of direct reproof he incidentally remarked: "I have already heard that all Gaul is divided into three parts".—Ex.

Physican—Mr. Jones, I am sorry to say it but your mother-in-law is at death's door."

Jones—anxiously—"Doctor, can't you pull her through?"—Ex.



Lives of Seniors all remind us,  
We can make our lives a pest  
And departing leave behind us  
Feelings of relief and rest—Ex.

Generally speaking, women are—

“Yes, they are.”

“Are what?”

“Generally speaking.”—Ex.

“Oh, the leanness of the Senior when he's lean  
And the meanness of the Sophie when he's mean  
But the leanness of the lean  
And the meanness of the mean,  
Can ne'er compare with the  
Greenness of a Freshie when he's green”—Ex.

Recitation,  
Hesitation,  
Pony balked,  
Ruination!—Ex.

Among the Argonaut locals we find something which will perhaps be of interest to at least some of the U. of M. students. The Missoula girl's query was “What difference is there between a Missoula girl and an Idaho debater? Any of the team can now answer the query.





## College Boot Style 517

Retails \$3.00

Patent kid lace boot, circular heel foxings, dull tops, light flexible soles, shapely, full opera toe, and medium high heel; cut represents exact style and appearance. Queen Quality meets every demand.



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Patent kid, silked worked eyelets, high arched instep, very light flexible soles, high French heel. A better fitting nor a prettier shape was never put upon the market. It excels many \$5.00 shoes of other makes. Insist on having a Queen Quality.



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