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# THE KAIMIN

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UNIVERSITY  
OF MONTANA

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MARCH  
1906





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By W. C. BOTH  
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# THE KAIMIN

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA

MARCH, 1906

Volume 9

Number 6

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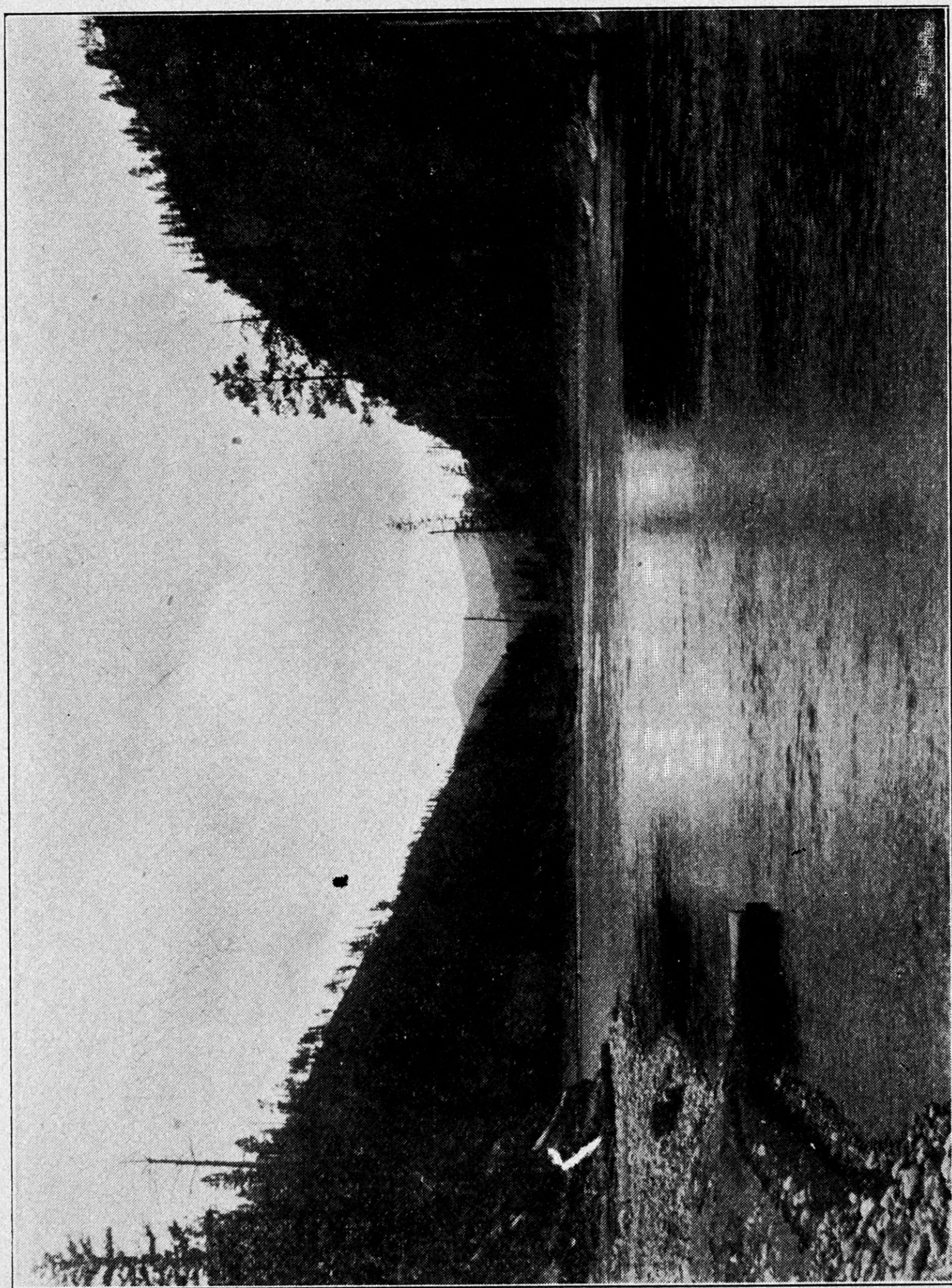


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RIVER SCENE UP THE BLACKFOOT



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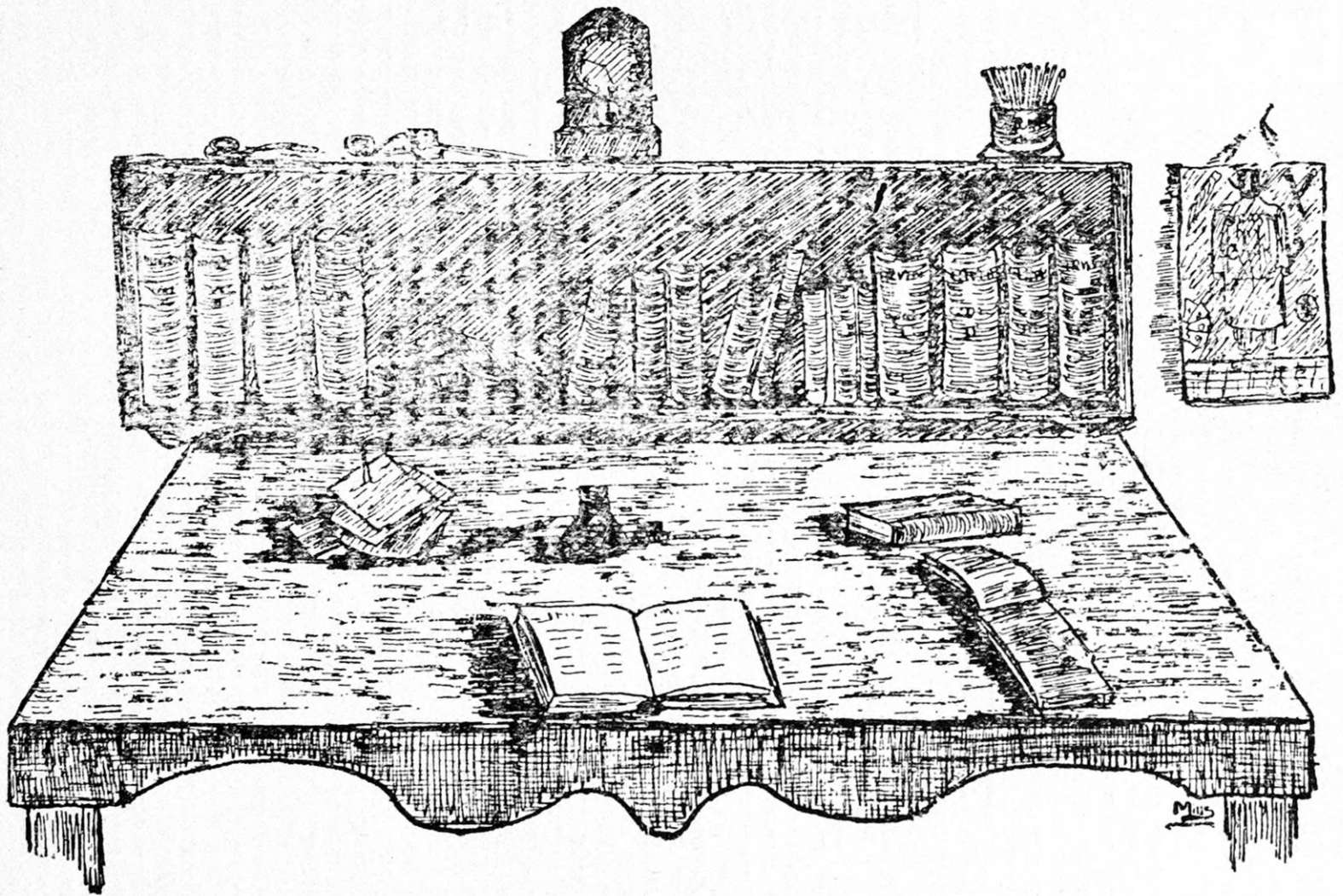
# THE KAIMIN

A LITERARY MAGAZINE

Vol. 9

MARCH, 1906

No. 6



## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Editors: Maud Burns

Joseph W. Streit

### WINTER WINDS

O, ye moaning winds  
That roam the wild woods o'er,  
What art thou seeking now  
As thou sweep'st the lonely moor?

Tell me, sobbing winds,  
Thy seeming sad story;  
Is it thou art lonely  
Without the sunlight;



## THE KAIMIN

Once wert thou happy,  
To roses, whispering love,  
Fainter, softer, than  
The cooing of a dove.

Pleasure thou didst spread;  
Thy soothing breath bore  
The perfume of flowers sweet  
Where they bloomed no more.

Then when autumn came,  
In jealous madness  
Thou didst snatch the shy leaves  
In arms of gladness.

But, onward rushing  
Hurled them down, alas!  
While the blushing leaves  
Hid their faces in the grass.

In the land of love,  
Now thou art sighing.  
Because thy fickleness  
Sent rose petals flying.

O'er beds of beauty  
Rests the snow-sheen's wing,  
Still, plaintive and mournful  
Is the strain you sing.

When thy grievings cease,  
The joy of thy heart,  
The rose of summer,  
Her blooms will impart.

All coldness and sorrow  
Like shadows are fled,  
When spring comes again,  
Her beauty to spread.

Winds, no longer wail  
In the forests of gloom,  
But softly hasten away  
To where the roses bloom.

Among the roses  
Banish each sad regret;  
Thou shalt be loved again  
Roses do not forget.

—F. A. W.

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## JUNE

It was between classes; and Rupert McVie and Lionel Baron sat, tilted back in their chairs, smoking, their feet upon the windowsill. It was June, and upon the atmosphere there was a suggestion of commencement—the eager faces of classmates and graduates hurrying about the halls and campus, perhaps, lended much to this air of solemn festivity. The friends were killing time in this lazy manner, when suddenly, McVie, taking a yellow slip of paper from his pocket said, “Say, Baron, did I show you my telegram? No? Well, you see, London was expecting a telegram from his girl, but by some mistake I got it. Here it is. I will read it.

“Don: Meet me at 5:30. Look for violets if you have forgotten me. June.”

“Oh, I see; old Don didn’t get it, but you did, eh?” asked Baron.

“Yes; and won’t it be great sport? I shall go and meet her, and then we can have some fun.”

“Do you suppose it is his girl? That he is engaged to her? That would account for his queer attitude toward girls,” continued Baron.

“Yes, it would; but I really believe she will prove to be his cousin, or some relative, because it is too incongruous—the idea of London engaged to a girl.”

They sauntered out to their ensuing classes and it was not until afternoon that they met London, walking restlessly about.

“Hello, old man, what’s the matter with you? called out Rupert, “you look as though you have lost money or something?”

“Oh, no; only I expected a message today from my—from a friend and none has come, so that I am becoming anxious.” He looked at the two boys thoughtfully while they regarded him compassionately.

“Well, you will probably get it tomorrow, Donnie,” they told him.



Adonis London was a member of the graduating class, and he was quite a favorite with his teachers, who called him a devoted and able student. But there was some mystery about him that had made him doubly interesting to his fellow students. He habitually avoided the company of any and all women. The boys called him a woman hater, but the girls all held the opinion that he had a past. Surely one would say that he was peculiar in this attitude; but then, there was something so pathetic about his make up that one would look for some such mystery in connection with him, just from his shy manner. This was why it seemed strange that he should receive such a telegram and the boys were eager to see the girl.

McVie, leaving Baron on guard, went to the station about five o'clock. The air was beautiful and balmy with the beginning of summer. He felt as though something more than a mere episode was about to happen as he took deep breaths of glad air and walked up and down the platform.

"She will be tall, will wear glasses, dress plainly, and talk intellectually," he said to himself. He was enjoying the situation more than he had hoped to. Presently in came the train; but few people got off and McVie was astonished as he saw what must be her; there was no mistaking, the violets she wore proved it, and he was charmed. He approached a little girl of, perhaps, nineteen years, dressed in a gray suit with a gray hat, under the brim of which were almost hidden against her gold hair little bunches of pink rosebuds. She looked about her with sweet, but sober inquiry in her large blue eyes, till they rested upon McVie.

"You are June?" he asked.

"Yes, but—"

"Oh, it's all right. I am Rupert McVie; London sent me to meet you since he couldn't come himself," he fibbed with pleasure.

"Yes, I have heard of you often. Don has written much about you. You are one of his friends. I feel as if I know you well myself." She had such a childlike way with her, such a trust, that McVie felt a trifle melancholy as he placed her and her things in the carriage and took her out to the college. She asked such questions that he was quite sure she was a cousin, though for some unknown reason, he failed to ask her.

"I am anxious to see Don," she said, "mostly because I feel so strange. When do you think he will be able to come to me?"

"Immediately after dinner," he answered, as he helped her out

of the carriage, "and now here we are at the girl's dormitory, where you may rest a bit before I come to take you to dinner, if I may have that pleasure?"

"Thank you so much," she said.

McVie found Baron and told him about the girl. "She is a little beauty, Lionel, and I am sure she is Don's cousin. If she is, by jove—"

"What have you done with her?"

"I took her to the dormitory, and just think, I am to take her to dinner; she said I might."

"Then she can't be London's girl or she wouldn't do that."

"Oh, I am almost convinced she is not—you could tell, anyway, by the telergam that he has not seen her in a longt ime. Come around and I will introduce you."

The dining room as almost full of students, seated at little tables. Roses were the decorations for the season, and everyone felt their fragrant and romantic inuflence. In came Lionel Baron and reserving two places at the center table, took for himself the third and looked about just in time to see Adonis London come in and walk sadly over to his lonely place in a corner. Baron chuckled. It was such a good joke!

A sweet peal of laughter was heard in the hall, then the doors opened admitting to the brilliantly lighted room, well dressed handsome Rupert McVie and—a vision. The whole room stared. She was dressed in a way best calcualted to set off her hair and eyes—in a dress that seemed to Baron to be moonshine, and she was a tiny girl, so that she seemed to them all to be a veritable fairy of grace and beauty.

"This is Mr. Baron, another friend of Don's," said McVie, as he lead her to their table.

"Oh, yes, and I must know him also," was her greeting, as she sat down, it happened with her back to London's corner, where he, with the rest was staring. First he had a mad impulse to rush toward her, then a better thought caused him to remain quietly seated during what seemed an age to him and a moment to those who were being entertained by her gracious wit and laughter. After it was over they hurried her out to the parlor, where she went naturally to the piano and sang for them a number of lively songs. Then she turned toward them, saying:



‘Y‘ou have been very lovely to me here and I have been well entertained, but I am growing impatient. Where is Don London?’

“There he is,” said both of them, and truly, there stood Don. Then, seeing the laughter in her eyes, he advanced till he took both her hands in his for a moment. Then he looked at McVie and Baron, and said, “Fellows, I thank you for bringing her to me. Allow me to introduce to you—my wife! We were married last summer.”

They bowed gravely; then quietly withdrew, leaving June behind them.

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## AN EASTERN SUNSET PICTURE

The tired day is fading into night. The once dark blue waters of the little bay are tinged with lavender pink and blue, with all their countless shades and tints, as they gently lap, lap the shell strewn beach. The faint rosy flush in the western sky deepens into copper and gold as the great fiery sun slowly sinks toward the horizon.

Across the bay, at the top of the small cliff stands a house, whose windows seem ablaze with a glorious beauteous light of a soul in ecstasy. The soft, hazy smoke arises in graceful scrolls and rings like a delicately tinted fairy’s veil, that the wind has ruthlessly torn from her fingers. Near the house an oak extends his bare arms in supplication to the ruddy skies, because the cruel wind has shorn it of all its gorgeous beauty which lies in great heaps of golden brown at the feet of the mourning king.

A little farther, a row of tall soft maples, gray and scarred, stand as sentinels in front of a row of golden trees which are softly and gently rocking the birds to sleep, while the sun gives a last peep at them between their gloomy guards.

A path winds in and out toward the water; between black walls of earth nature’s artist, as she passed, has touched her brush here and there—perhaps she was cleaning her palette. Slowly and painfully an old man with uncovered head wends his way down this path, the wind softly stroking his silvered hair, while the sunbeams sympathetically kiss the bowed head and leave a halo about it.

Like the old man’s radiant hope in eternity, gently soars a great white gull, basking in the last rays of sunlight. Now he soars near an enchanted lavender cloud which changes the snowy feathers to its own hue. Now he darts away, opaline, a gleaming silver, then a purple, and in ever changing colors. Now unlike the tall, stiff,

lank, lombardy poplar, wrapped up in himself, resisting all the lovely influences about him and standing moodily aloof from its kind like some human sceptic.

Imperceptively the shadows grow darker and longer, the rich, dark colors change into pink and pearl and softest amber. The colors fade into tints, the tints into shades. As the head of the aged sun bows in reverence to his Creator, a fleecy veil of clouds is drawn as by an unseen hand, in profound obeisance to the law of nature which now works so swiftly that one may see her action and hear the voice of silence—the murmuring of life from out the sod, as evening sadly calmly wraps the earth in the soft September twilight. —F. A. W.

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## THE SPECTATOR

In casting about for a speculation this month, the spectator thought it well to reflect upon our observations of a recent gala day at the college; notwithstanding the fact that at the time they were made we had no intention to record them. But as everything seemed so much out of the ordinary to the average student that they were at a loss to adjust himself or herself to the new order, we thought it well—in recalling the incident afterwards—to give it a little serious thought. The day in question was an anniversary of an important event at the college of Study Hard and those in authority had decided to inaugurate the custom of celebrating it annually the main object was to throw the doors of the institution open to the public so that they might view the equipment; see the students at work in the laboratories; in short to make the inner workings of the institution for the cause of higher education manifest to all. To this end distinguished speakers were invited to deliver addresses, and prominent men of every profession throughout the state were invited to be present. In this way the event was not only advertised but an inducement was offered to those having sons and daughters in college to visit them.

In all probability many of those who visit a college on an anniversary—it being the custom of all leading colleges to set apart such a day—step for the first time in their lives into a college hall. Their sons or daughters may or may not be at the college they are visiting, but that is immaterial. The fact that they are present signifies that they are interested in the cause of higher education, and their inspec-



tion of a college, either preparatory to sending their sons or daughters or merely out of curiosity to see what they are doing, is conclusive evidence of their interest. But to return to our theme.

The day before the event at one college was a busy one for students and faculty. The forenoon was to be devoted to intellectual treats—speeches, instrumental, vocal music, while in the afternoon work was to go on as usual except that visitors would have access to every room and laboratory. Then too students while at work were expected to explain what they were doing to all who came in. That is, for instance, if a student was carrying on a chemical experiment he was expected to explain for the benefit of his visitors the chemical change that was taking place, its nature, importance, etc. Naturally this requirement of student ability caused a little deviation from the usual order of daily routine. Those without natural aptitude to entertain were not present; they were given permission to make themselves useful in any and every other way possible. Consequently the Spectator's aversion to speech secured him a vacation, in which we had ample opportunity to wander about and see what was going on.

On the afternoon in question great crowds thronged the halls; if a great fair had been opened the people could not have been more interested. In the shops, forge rooms, laboratories, crowds gathered about the students eagerly watching what they did and listening attentively to what was told them. In wandering about and noting all that took place we could observe the—shall we say—the patriotism of the students. The application of the word in this way might be questioned but we see no reason why it is not as appropriate between students and the colleges as between citizens and the state. For one can have—at heart—the welfare of the institution that is preparing him for his life work as well as he can for the country that gave him birth. And as we noted the different phases of student attitude evinced that day, patriotism is the only word that expresses the idea clearly. There were students who seemed to regard the whole affair as a huge joke and did not scruple in the least to so impress all who came near them. There were others who regarded every visitor as not having the least conception of what was going on and as a result endeavored to display their over abundant knowledge. Between these two extremes there was another class that took a great interest in the visitors telling them all about the institution and the work they were interested in; but displaying very great tact in not getting into deep water by their explanations.



As for the visitors they preferred the latter class of students. Their modest unassuming demeanor won the visitors' regard as was shown by the number to be found around such students desks. Besides, this same class of students considered the welfare of the visitors. Some of them managed to secure a room near the final exit at the edge of the grounds where the visitors could receive refreshments after their weary journey of inspection and sight seeing. This was perhaps one of the courtesies that will be long remembered by those who were present that day. It is always the little things that count; the little things in which the welfare of others is considered. And it was this thought that was brought so vividly to our mind that evening while listening to our chum Prudence discuss the events of the day.

He said: "Despite the fact that the sightseers seemed indifferent and backward they always responded when a little regard for their welfare was shown. I recollect an instance where a student in performing an experiment in vibrating plates noticed a lady among his auditors holding tightly to her chin as if to prevent her teeth from vibrating in unison with the plates. He immediately desisted and as soon as was convenient entertained them with something else that did not rend the nervous system. The look of gratitude that came into her eyes would more than repay one for the trouble. Escape for her was impossible because a great crowd was between her and the exit so she had to endure unless the performer should see her plight and have some compassion. Another incident easily showed that visitors were really interested in what was going on. The curious and peculiar apparatus in the physics and chemical laboratories and whirling lathes in the shops really had a fascination for them.

"The making of sulphuric acid or hydrogen in the chemical laboratory, or Atwood's machine and the spectrum analysis in the physics department will no doubt, in time seem common place and insignificant to those who come in daily contact with them, but those who do not have this familiarity there really is an interest a fascination. No matter whether it is knowledge gleaned from self imprisonment or from seeing the principles demonstrated, the idea of its purpose exists and there is a desire to know more. Again scientific apparatus has a fascination for those who have had a college training because of the improvement and delicacy of adjustment which the modern laboratory instruments are undergoing. These, knowing the difficulties encountered in performing experiments, are in a better position than any other one to appreciate up to date equipment.



“Then, too, in the presence of such people, how ridiculous it is for students to give offence by assuming the ‘‘know it all air.’’ Those who know can have nothing but contempt; those who know nothing whatever about it will have a very similar idea because there is nothing so annoying and disgusting, to those who have not had a college training, then for one to assume an attitude of superiority. To such people the term ‘‘Smart Aleck’’ is not half contemptible enough. Sometimes such students are unexpectedly taken by surprise. I recollect reading an account where Lord Kelvin in going through an English college on a day similar to the one we just celebrated was told by a student, experimenting with a dynamo, all about electricity and its uses. The great physicist appeared interested to the close and then calmly asked one question: ‘‘My boy what is this stuff you call electricity?’’ Of course the student was at a loss to answer; at least it is to be hoped he did not venture an explanation, and expose his ignorance further.’’

This indeed seemed to fit, exactly, some cases which came under our observation that day. Some who tried to impress the visitors with their knowledge would have been at a loss for an answer if a searching question were put to them. How much more congenial would be their relations, how much closer they would come in touch with their visitors if they would give just what they have and not try to sail under false colors. If such were the rule instead of the exception anniversary days would soon be eagerly watched for and people far and near would find it a pleasure in being present and mingling with the student body.



## A LASTING IMPRESSION OF A KINDNESS

Consternation reigned at the Sartwell plantation, near the town of—, in Virginia, when Unker Dan was found dead by the edge of the wood between the rows of great magnolias which shaded the lane leading up to the spacious Southern mansion. Possibly Unker Dan had been dozing when he toppled over and was killed by the fall; possibly apoplexy had brought about his death. Nobody could say for no one knew. He was dead when found by Rastus who had gone out to search for him directly after Gray and Brown drew the surrey up to the step as neatly as if Unker Dan's hand guided them.

Unker Dan, a fine stalwart negro of refined feelings and high sense of honor, was Mr. Sartwell's carriage driver, and the day on which our story begins had driven his master, who intended to take a long journey, to the railway station; it was on the return trip to the plantation that his death occurred.

That was a long time ago said Mrs. Wendom, a sweet faced matronly woman of about fifty summers, to her grandchildren in reply to their request to tell them the story of Abram Jacob. "I was seventeen then and I recall very distinctly the circumstances. Unker Dan had driven father to town and was returning when death in some unaccountable way overtook him. Next day my brother, who was just a little older than I, went with me to the cabin where loving black hands had laid out Unker Dan. I can never forget that scene. His grief stricken widow and two daughters were kneeling by his side and near them his little son—a tiny pickaninny of two summers—not old enough to comprehend the meaning of it all. The scene was so pathetic that brother and I could not restrain our tears. We placed a wreath of white flowers on the still cold breast and spoke kind words to Aunt Manda—his widow—and the girls. And while the little boy could not make out the sense of what we said, still something of our visit or the words of comfort spoken was not lost on him; for as we were passing out between the rows of mourners, he murmured to his mother: "Dat my young mistress, dat my young mistress," and he kept repeating it, as if he felt comfort in the sound or in the sense of proprietorship.

"That fall I returned to the seminary to complete my studies and a year later your grandfather and I were married and came here to live. A few years after, father and mother died; the old southern home was broken up; the plantation passed into other hands, and



Abram Jacobs, whose existence had been so pathetically impressed upon me, passed from my mind. But he, however, did not forget me. About eight years after the incident, while visiting a cousin, then living on the old homestead, he managed to let me know whom he was and what I was to him. It was a beautiful summer day and I had ordered out the surrey to take a drive. While waiting I went into the garden to cut some roses. This brought me quite close to stile where the surrey would stop and when Thomas drove up—expecting me to come down the walk—I heard him begin to remonstrate with someone whose presence he thought not worthy of my survey.”

“What you doing heah Bags?” he said.

“Des waiting,” piped a childish voice.

“Waiting fo what?”

“Des waiting till my young mistress come out o’dar.”

“What you wan see er?”

“Des wan see er.”

“What you gwine do wid er arter you see er,” asked Thomas rather scornfully.

“I aint gwine do nothin wid er.”

“You aint gwine wait here! Sich a scarecrow ez yo is! Ef you stay round dis place you go in de back yard. Yo sich a sight, yo is.”

“I grew interested and suddenly appeared on the scene through an opening in the hedge. Before me stood a forlorn, ragged little negro, who instantly cried in ectacy: “Dar my young mistress.” I turned to Thomas and asked who the child was? “I bin trying to get him to go away,” he protested in self defence.

“I turned to the little black ragamuffin and asked kindly what he wanted?

“I want see yo case yo my young mistress.”

“Am I?”

“Yessam. Daddy belonged to yo pa.”

“What is your name?”

“Abrm Jacob, marm.”

Nobody could forget that name,” said Mrs. Wendom. “I recalled the child instantly now, and the circumstances which impressed the personality upon me. This little ragged nigger was Unker Dan’s son. Unker Dan and a great many pictures of my childhood days rushed upon me. I had often sat upon the old negro’s knee and listened to his stories. He had brought me flowers and curious plants from the harvest fields. Once he brought me a young bobolink which

he found in the wheat, telling me that he looked for its mother first and failing to find her, had been sure the little missy would mother it. Often while driving my mother had given me permission to sit in the seat beside him, and the birds and squirrels and wild things which we passed were common property of talk between us. Sometimes I dropped to sleep beside him and slept in the shelter of his protecting arm or had been passed to mother with the gentle words; 'little missy sleepy. Bad road long here an I feared to keep er.' All this came back to me again and I felt my eyes grow moist as I gazed at that forlorn ragged little negro, who stood and devoured me with bright affectionate eyes.

"Finally I asked, where is your mother?"

"She done daid."

And your sisters."

They done got married."

"Married."

"Yassam."

De got chillun."

"Who takes care of you?"

"I takes keer o' myself."

"Don't you live with your sisters?"

"O, yassam! I at de house sometimes. De got chillun. De got little house."

"What did you want to see me for Jacob," I said opening my purse.

"Des case you my young mistress—thank ee!" he said as he caught the dollar.

"I got into the surry to take my drive but the doglike devotion in the fascinated eyes made me pause. I looked at him a moment and said: 'Will you take a ride with me, Jacob?' His eyes glistened and every white tooth in his mouth was visible. But to take this little ragged, dirty negro driving with me would create a sensation. An idea suddenly came to me; I would go in and get a robe from Mary to cover him. 'Do you know Abram Jacob, Mary' I asked when she had complied with my request.

"Certainly. every one here knows Abram Jacob."

"Where does he live Mary, and how?"

"I think he picks up a living around our kitchen, when he is not selling berries. What he does in winter is a mystery to me."

"Here indeed was my chance to do something for Unker Dan's



son. I resolved to have him cleaned and dressed at once and find out more about him, while driving. So I sent out for him and turned him over to Sarah, the colored cook, with instructions to wash and dress him at once. A half hour later he came to me a cleaner, as well as a funnier looking little nigger than ever. Sarah had crowded him into some of her boy's clothes. Her boy being about half as big and half as old as Abram, the result was something startling. The spotless white suit was full to bursting and unusual lengths of black arms and legs extended beyond the boundaries of jacket and trousers. To me it was a question of the suit bursting at the seams or of Abram collapsing. As for Abram he seemed to have no misgivings; he was simply flushed, panting and radiant. He had never been so fine in his life before—nor I, dare say, quite so queezed, pressed and packed into narrow confines. We bent out to the surry and I placed him in the seat opposite mine.

"How do you make your living Abram?" I asked as we were driving away.

"I cuts wood fo Ant Sarah, an she gie me suppin to eat. Den when dar's berries I picks a heap an sells em. Sometimes I holes a gentmans horse fur im an he gie me suppin. Den again, I katches morkin birds and sells em."

"What is it that you catch?" I said somewhat surprised.

"Morkin birds. Gentman in town gie me fifty cents fur evry morkin bird I kotch for em."

"Oh, Abram. That is a very wicked thing to do! You must never catch another mocking bird."

"Norm," he replied crestfallen.

"Don't you know it is unlawful?"

"Norm."

"Well that gentleman certainly does know. He ought to be punished. And now you know it is wrong and you must never do it again. The punishment is twenty-five dollars fine and a long time in jail.

"Law!" and his little eyes grew large as saucers.

"Where do you sleep, Abram?"

"Mos anywhar. Dese here nights its mighty good sleepin out doors. When winter time comes, den the good places to sleep gits scarce. Ef yo kin git longside a dorg in a barn, dat's good. Dorg sho keep you warm.

"Abram never realized what that confession did for him. I had

to stop asking questions to keep back the tears. Here was Unker Dan's only son sleeping out of doors in winter. Ah! I thought if father and mother were still on the old homestead such would not be the case. I wondered how many of these poor houseless waifs, were wandering about homeless like sheep without a shepherd. Poor babes in the wood; free without knowing what to do with freedom, their old masters and caretakers gone; themselves unwilling and unable to keep each other.

I resolved, if there was no opposition, I would keep this homeless waif until he could at least provide for himself. I ordered Thomas to drive us to town and straightway took him to the tailors and had him measured for clothes. During all this time, the docile manner in which he did my bidding, the confiding look in his eyes were unconsciously making good this resolve. On our way home I asked him whom he belonged to.

"You mistress," he said in some surprise.

"I asked if he expected me to take him away with me." A great wondering look began to dawn in his eyes. I do not believe hope had ever soared so high in his breast. When I asked if his sisters would be willing for me to take him; if he would go with me and be my little negro, his shining black eyes grew wet with longing as he simply answered: "Yassam."

"So when I came away Abram also came with the free consent of his sisters. At first I kept him as a page and sent him to public school. Later I sent him to a colored seminary in the south where he made such good use of his opportunities, that a few years after graduation he was called to a professorship in his Alma Mater. Today he is at the head of that institution and his influence for the betterment of his race is markedly felt."

Such was the result of Abram Jacob's recollection of a comforting presence. Occasionally when Mrs. Wendon visits the south she makes it a point to stop off on her way and visit a certain college for colored people. These visits make days which the dean marks with a white stone. His students, before whom he is always a grave and commanding presence, are impressed and amused to see him enter the reception room, and bare his head before a white, sweet faced elderly woman, and address her with worshipful reverence as: "My young mistress."

—Julian Hope.



## “THE BLOT IN THE ‘SCUTCHEON”

There is something almost more than human in the power which Browning displays in his drama, “The Blot in the ‘Scutcheon.” He makes life shine out as it must under the light of eternal truth, he casts aside all the conventional thoughts and feelings of the world and presents things as they are. He shows how love and sympathy will bring to light a justice such as cold reason and a clear cut desire for justice could never accomplish.

In order to see how marvelously his theory of love transforms, it is perhaps most helpful to look at the simple unilluminated plot of the tragedy. The story is of a young girl who had fallen; whose brother learning of the disgrace that has come upon the family, watches for and kills her lover, and then ends his own life by poisoning while the girl dies of the shock of her lover’s death.

Such a story we might read in our newspapers or hear gossiped about us and consider much too far beneath us, much too vulgar and low to stir in us any other feelings than contempt; and yet this story, seen in the light of all its truth, Browning has so presented as to make our very hearts bleed for sympathy.

Viewed from the standpoint of dramatic criticism the production has many merits. The character portrayal is good; the suspense, begun in the very first scene with old Gerard’s refusal to be enthused by the visit of the young earl, is well sustained and ends only with the end of the drama; the movement is rapid, but not so rapid as to spoil the probability. But it required something more than technique to make the drama a success. There is that understanding, deep seeing mind, which can look far below the things seen by the unsympathetic eye, and read the very soul of human acts and words and feelings, which gives us the drama as it is.

In a drama in which there is the conventional hero and villain we have no division of feeling. We watch the action and rejoice with the success of the hero and are happy in the fall of the victim, but when, as in the drama in question, there is no decided light of right and wrong, hero and villain, we are subject to a conflict of feelings.

Lord Thresham wins our sympathy and respect fully in the scene with Gerard, but we feel a desire to check his headlong movements and rash acts. We do not blame him, but we deplore his action. With Mildred we always sympathize. We are aware of her feeling



of dissatisfaction with herself and repentance for the mistake in her past life. We cannot fail to love her for her tender, sensitive and womanly nature, and never does a feeling of condemnation enter our hearts.

What tragedy is expressed in her words "I—I was so young! Beside, I loved him Thorald—and I had no mother; God forgot me, so I fell." Her soul was something more than gentle and delicate, it was great in strength and power. What wonderful woman's love is expressed in her last words to her brother, "I forgive you not, but bless you, Thorald, from my soul of souls."

For the young earl there is the greatest conflict of opinion. On general principles we would despise him, when we see the unutterably suffering which he has caused the lives that are sacrificed to his sin, and the awful anguish of heart which ensued before these lives were extinguished we might judge severely and yet as he lies in his last agony of heart and body, and he turns his dying eyes to Lord Thresham with the words, "I did you greivous<sup>w</sup> wrong and knew it not—upon my honor knew it not!" and a little later, "We've sinned and die: never you sin, Lord Thresham! for you'll die, and God will judge you." What blended bitterness and pathos in those words, and what a mighty sermon! The bitterness dies out entirely a little later when he says, "Die along with me dear Mildred! tis so easy and you'll 'scape so much unkindness," but a trace of irony is noticeable again in the lines "Die Mildred! leave their honorable world to them for God we're good enough, though the world cast us out." After these words who can judge him? Lord Thresham could not. All too late he sees that he has taken upon himself the office which belongs to God alone. "I saw through the troubled surface of his crime and yours,"—he says to Mildred—a depth of purity immovable," and to his brother "Vengeance is God's not man's, remember me!" One thing especilaly evident in this poem is Browning's idea of the healing power of death. How welcome death is to the suffering life! How gladly these young hearts left the life that had been so full of tragedy! How inadequate life had been, and how full of promise was death! So completely does this feeling seize upon us that with Lord Thresham we say when Mildred dies, "I wish thee joy, beloved! I am glad in thy full gladness!" There is in this drama a wonderful power to stir the soul, an almost appalling sense of the helplessness of man and a volume of thoughts on the inability of humanity to see life as God sees it, and the awful presumption of



the man who dares to judge his fellow man. To read this poem often and to possess and live all that it contains is better far than all the sermons in the language. There is in it a power for cultivation and soul development such as is seldom found. The possibilities for growth expressed in the drama grow with every reading and the limit to their height and depth is not visible. —M. H.

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## THE SERENADE

Swish, bang, went the bootjack against the back fence and peace reigned once more in the neighborhood. This bombardment of the backfence—sometimes the woodshed—with objects that properly belonged to a bedroom, frequently occurred in the wee hours of the morning when a sleeping individual was least inclined to be disturbed. The cause of the disturbance was the unearthly yowlings of a Thomas cat who took it upon himself to serenade the members—or member—of his tribe: and the flying missiles against the fence were due to the desperate endeavors of Mr. James to interrupt the weird serenade by throwing at random from his bedroom window anything that was near at hand. Thomas was a fine specimen of the Maltese tribe and enjoyed the distinction of belonging to Mr. James' household where he was an object of interest by all who saw him.

But however,—that may be—he was not the only object of interest in the James family, especially to the young men, for there was a daughter. Contrary to our expectations, she was not so very beautiful, as she had red hair and a snubnose, accompanied by a very gracious sprinkling of freckles. However, she was a girl, not one of your soft spongy brained affairs who giggled at everything you said—whether it was meant to be serious or humorous—and talked about nothing at all in a very high falsetto. She was a girl, a person who had something to say and said it, or who held her peace. She had any amount of sympathy and could keep a secret; for which reason she became the friend and confidant of everybody for blocks around. All the boys who knew her loved her; but, strange to say, on her nineteenth birthday she said truthfully that she had never yet had a beau.

Now, about this time, the people renting the next house moved to parts unknown and a new family took their place. The strangers



were a middle aged man and his wife, who as was afterwards learned had an only son who would graduate from a college in another city that spring. It was furthermore learned that he was just "of age" and that he had little or nothing to do with the girls. He had gone to college to study, and he had twice as much knowledge stored up in his brain as any other person in his class.

The spring came; Lloyd McFarland graduated. However, he was not valedictorian; he had never done any particular "stunts" in athletics; he had not learned to play extra well on his cornet and had never tried to sing; he danced well but went to few of the social functions. Altogether, he was not a popular fellow, although everyone considered him good to look upon.

It will not be hard for the readers to imagine his horror upon reaching home, when he heard that his parents had invited all the young people of the neighborhood to spend the next evening with them for the express purpose of meeting their son. All the rest of that day and most of the next he spent in trying to think up an excuse which would allow him to slip out of the affair. But all his thinking was in vain; his looks would belie any attempt at sickness, and that other reason was there for a strange fellow in a new town? No, he must "face the music" and do it "like a man." So he summoned his best smile and his newest clothes and prepared for the ordeal.

The event was to begin at eight, but, of course, no one came until nine, except Evelyn James, who came promptly at eight. What a relief her coming was to the boy's nerves. Here was some one who dared step over the boundary laid down by fads and customs.

Now it happened that when "Eva" arrived, Mrs. McFarland was busy in the kitchen and Mr. McFarland had not come home from his office; so Lloyd was thrown on his own resources and, one might say, honor, for he must hold up in part the reputation which his mother had given him in speaking to the neighbors. But the task was not nearly so hard as he had expected, for the girl seemed perfectly at ease and at once started a conversation which was both entertaining and instructive. He soon forgot his natural reserve and found himself chatting as easily with this girl as if he was back with his old college friends. He enjoyed her simple, straight forward manner, and was aware of the soft and delicate touches of sympathy in her voice which awakened new tunes in his own heart.

He gave a great start as the door bell rang; glancing at the clock he was astonished to find that an hour had passed so quickly in the



presence of a girl. What would his chums think, if they could have witnessed the events of the past few moments? But there was little time for reflection, as a second vigorous ring of the bell testified.

Upon going to the door, he found his mother just greeting Madam Salvini, the music teacher, and her niece Ethel. The girl at once started a lively chatter about nothing at all—as far as Lloyd could see—and kept up a running fire until relieved by the next caller. But the guests were not all girls, for there was a silly boy who did his hair up on papers every night and a fellow who wore a whole jewelry shop on his person—except the earrings—and some few other “freaks.”

However, the evening passed very well indeed, and at last Madam insisted on trying Lloyd's voice. This was rather an embarrassing ordeal for the young fellow, but he squared his shoulders and sang one of his old college melodies. Madam listened intently until the last note died away and then said quietly but with great distinctness, “Mr. McFarland, you have the most beautiful tenor voice I have ever heard. It needs training, though, and you must go abroad at once.”

The guests had been gone nearly two hours and Lloyd lay awake in bed and thought—thought of a girl with red hair and a snub nose. She, too, had admired his voice. Yes, he would learn to sing for her—to her. He would get right up and serenade her. She should hear his heart full of love in his silver toned voice. She should! But hark! What was that? Ah, there it was again! The agonized wail of that Thomas cat. And Lloyd put down the window and went to sleep.





## FATHER RAVALLI

## Pioneer Missionary of the West

In the northern part of Western Montana, is a small valley called "the Bitter Root," and no more beautiful valley can be found in the west. It has a deep, rich soil, plenty of water and an exceedingly mild climate and is certainly the Paradise of Montana, as it is sometimes called. It is noted all over the west for its excellent fruit, and it gives the traveller the impression of a great continuous orchard from one end of the valley to the other.

The greater part of this valley is embraced in the county of Ravalli. Near the center of this county, near what is now the town of Stevensville, is a small old mission church and by it is a large white marble monument. This monument was erected to perpetuate the memory of one of Montana's most illustrious men, Father Ravalli, after whom the county was named.

Father Ravalli S. J. was born in Ferrara, Italy, in the year 1812. His family, being in fair circumstances, gave him a good education in natural sciences, languages and mathematics, taught in the schools of his day. When he had finished school, he became a teacher in his native land. It was at this time that he came to the notice of Father DeSmet, who was on a visit to Italy. Father DeSmet succeeded in creating a lively interest in the young man, in the Indians of North America, and he straightway resolved to devote his life to their enlightenment.

What nobler sacrifice was ever made to the Almighty, here he was in the full strength of his young manhood, thoroughly educated and equipped to succeed in any vocation he might choose, tearing himself away from home, family and friends and the work of the old world where he might have won undying fame and honor, that he might serve his master, that he might assist in Christianizing and civilizing of the savages of this gigantic wildernesses.

Before leaving for America he thoroughly equipped himself for the great work; he completed his course in medicine and also learned a number of the mechanic arts; he could swing an axe, shoe a horse, use the saw of the carpenter, lay brick and do various kinds of mason work. He has left marks behind by which we can tell that he might have become a celebrated sculptor, painter or musician. With these acquirements and very little worldly goods, he landed in Portland in



1844. His first experience was among the Kalispel Indians in the winter of 1844-5 and here he learned what it was to go hungry and to sleep on the cold hard ground. In September, 1845, he was ordered to Colville where he remained but a month, going from there to St. Mary's mission in the Bitter Root valley. Those who, in the present day, travel from Colville to Missoula, Montana, by rail, have but a faint idea of the hardships undergone by Father Ravalli and his party, as they view the almosst impassible mountains, wide rivers and tangled undergrowth from behind the plate glass windows of the present day palace cars. St. Mary's mission was established in 1841 by Father DeSmet and was, for several years, the only mission in Montana. It was located on the right bank of the Bitter Root almost due south from Missoula.

Father Ravalli arrived at the mission late in November and found a log cabin in the way of a mission, and Indians who spoke a strange tongue. So the Father was soon very busy erecting buildings, and here his manual training stood him in good stead, and in mastering the Flathead tongue, that he might preach to the Indians in their own language.

Very little in the line of agriculture had been done by his predecessors, so he found there, very little in the way of edibles beyond a little wheat, oats and garden vegetables. They, having no way to grind their flour, were forced to bring it overland from Colville and Vancouver and so they were frequently out of it for months at a time. As soon as spring set in, the Father went to work to build a gristmill. They brought the millstones from Portland and they were the only materials not manufactured on the grounds, and are still in a museum as remnants of the first flour mill in Montana. He also built a saw mill with such assistance as he could get from the Indians. He described the lumber cut by this mill as "more or less undulating but satisfactory," and satisfactory it certainly was as is shown by the church and school buildings he erected with it; the mission church standing to this day as a monument to the old adage, "Necessity is the mother of invention."

He remained in charge at St. Mary's until 1857 when he was transferred to the mission among the Coeur d'Alenes, later he went to California, but he always pined for "dear old St. Mary's," as he loved to call it; so in 1863 he returned there where he spent the remainder of his days.

During his absence, placer gold had been discovered, so on his re-



turn he found the country full of prospectors so he became missionary, not only to the red man, but to the white as well.

It has been said of him, that when he entered a mining camp, he literally owned it, "always cheerful and happy himself, he made everyone around him happy and there was generally a strife among the miners as to who should have the honor of entertaining him." They also honored him for his mechanical knowledge and if they were having difficulty with any machinery, he could usually suggest a remedy, or what was more to the purpose, he would repair it with his own hands. In the early days of Montana, there was considerable sickness among the miners, probably caused by their crude way of living and from working in the water, so they found the good Father a God-send with his good cheer and his knowledge of medicine, and many a man in this country today, swears that he owes his life to Father Ravalli. Physicians at this time were very rare and so calls came from far and wide for the services of the Father and he never refused to go, no matter how bad the weather, he never inquired whether the sick person was of his church or any other, but it was sufficient for him to know that a fellow creature was suffering and needed his services. He would don his snow shoes, if necessary and start on the journey. When he arrived, it was like a burst of sunshine entering the cabin and, as a rule the patient began to recover from the moment he entered the door. He would remain until the patient had passed the crisis and was well on the road to recovery. It was said that his merry laugh and his well told tales did as much for the recovery of the patient as his medicine. When it came to compensation, he would accept a reasonable fee if he thought the patient could afford it, and he usually spent it for some charitable object before he left camp; but if he thought the patient unable to pay him, he invariably answered "No, no, my son, I have no need of money, it maybe some time before you are able to work again and you will need it yourself. Keep it now and hereafter, when you have plenty of money, give whatever you think you ought to pay me to some of God's poor and my bill will be settled." Every Sunday when he held services in a mining camp, the crowd was enormous and the hall was usually inadequate. Work stopped everywhere; the miners came, not because they thought they needed the advice, but because it pleased the Father to have them come and that was sufficient. He was no great orator, but his discourse was simplicity itself, it was a strong, plain spoken man delivering a message to brave, strong, plain spoken men, who were all his



dear friends; and you could not hear the good Father speak for half an hour without feeling that you had learned something which had made you a stronger and better man; and when he bowed his head in prayer you were certain that the Almighty inclined a listening and attentive ear.

He was a man of fine physique, tall and of commanding presence. He had finely cut features, a winning smile and there is not a living man who ever saw him lose his temper. He was witty and had a ready fund of anecdotes, was at home in any society and as always the center of attraction.

He fell a martyr to his own kindness of heart; at the age of seventy-two, he had nursed a patient through an attack of illness and, not realizing that he was getting on late in life himself, he overtaxed his system and was seized with a severe attack of sickness, from which he never fully recovered and in October, 1884, he peacefully passed away. He was buried at "dear old St. Mary's," the place he loved and the scene of his best work. His friends, not only Catholics, but all denominations, whose devoted servant he was, erected a splendid monument to commemorate his virtues. It was built by subscription, only a small limited amount being received from each subscriber. Contributions were received from every village and city in Montana, from nearly every state in the union and from many foreign lands where his old time friends had wandered. It is the most massive monument Montana has ever erected to her honored dead and, not content with this, it has bestowed on the best county in the state the name of one of the best men that ever lived in any state.

What a glorious ideal to have in whose footsteps we might follow, what a glorious ending, and what a glorious future must await such a man who gave his life blood that he might benefit his fellow-men. And thus, honored and blest by all who knew him died Father Ravalli—pioneer, missionary and martyr.

—J. B.





# EDITORIALS.

JOHN D. JONES.

March—a breeze—a bluster—a squall—a promise of sunshine—that's all.

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Since the last issue of The Kaimin a slight change has been made in the staff managers. The advertising and collecting has been placed in the hands of Mr. Cary and Mr. Cotter, and Mr. Hovey Polleys appointed to fill the position of circulation manager.

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How about "singing on the steps"? Now that weather is beginning to be pleasant of evenings it would be well to renew the old custom of meeting once or twice a month and sing the old songs, and have a real jolly up. Why not? Tell your friends about it.

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The February number of The Kaimin was considerably late, due chiefly to the lateness of the January number which was made a special football issue and held until late in the month. The editors and managers have made a special effort to get this issue out on time and will continue to do so during the remainder of the year.

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We are met frequently by our Junior friends of late, each have a small check like book in their hands which they ask you to sign. This is nothing more than a request to subscribe for as many annuals as you think you can pay for. The scheme seems to work well and The Kaimin wishes them every success. We will say, for the benefit of our readers, that the '07 Sentinel will be much superior to last year's. The editors has given us a glimpse into their plans, which are certainly all right. So when you are asked to subscribe, take what they tell you on faith, for we assure you that the Annual will be easily worth one dollar and fifty cents and more too.

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We have not heard anything of the State-Oratorical contest. It is about time the halls were echoing with peals of oratory if the U. of



M. is to win this contest this year. Less than two months intervenes before the contest is to take place. The Kaimin would urge all those who intend to go into this contest to get busy at once.

The debators for the Pullman try out are working quite faithfully, but we would like to see more enter; thus make the contest more spirited. The trip, to say nothing of the value of the training, and honor of representing the U. of M. is easily worth the effort.

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The Hawthorne annual which was to come off on March 3d failed to materialize, owing to several unexpected and unavoidable turn of affairs. The most serious obstacle was the departure of Mr. Goodbourn as a delegate to Nashville which was not anticipated soon enough to procure a substitute. This together with other difficulties made it impossible to give the annual on the appointed date and the faculty decided some time ago no extension of time would be granted on any consideration.

The Clarkia were more successful in marshalling their forces together and succeeded in giving a most excellent program on Longfellow. The chapel was suitably decorated and suitable costumes were procured. The Kaimin most heartily commends them upon their entertaining program.

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Bulletins for the interscholastic in May is about to be issued and elaborate preparations are being carried out to make this the most successful meet yet held. From our high school exchanges we infer that quite a lively interest is manifest in nearly all of the high schools. The events will undoubtedly be more closely contested than ever.

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We notice the last issue of the Chautauquan is given entirely to the discussion of forestry. This number contains many valuable and timely articles upon forest preservation. This is a phase of American wealth that has been sadly neglected, and only of recent years has the government and people awakened to the importance of our forests. President Roosevelt recently put the problem before the people in an article entitled, "Forestry and Its Relation to National Prosperity." It is to be hoped that the awakening will be permanent and genuine. Already millions of dollars damage has been done by reckless lumbering and devastating fires. Let the people awake to their folly before nature's richest boon shall be hopelessly destroyed.



The Student association movement is afloat, it is being discussed by all. We have yet to hear an unfavorable comment. In fact we don't see how, in face of present facts it could be otherwise. Let every one lend a helping hand, and before this school year ends the U. of M. will have unified associations that will be second to none.

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For some time there has been a sentiment afloat that we ought to drop baseball and concentrate on track. We believe most heartily in this sentiment for most obvious reasons. First, baseball has become a secondary sport in many of the colleges of the middle west.

**TRACK** Wisconsin has only kept baseball by a close vote for several years, and in Michigan only a comparatively few students engage in baseball, while track is becoming more popular each year. University of Utah with a student body of over eight hundred voted to drop baseball altogether and concentrate upon track. Baseball is not strictly speaking a college game in the same sense as football and track is. It is a national game and the best season does not open until after the school term closes, viz: July and August. Then, most of the big games are played upon Sunday, another feature which colleges could not employ. Track on the other hand is a typical college sport. It offers opening for almost any number of candidates with fifteen or twenty different events to pick from. Nearly any one with an average aptitude can, by long and persistent practice become proficient in some phase of track sports. The question of which sport we will continue, should the matter come to an issue is already decided. We are irrevocably committed to track sports. Did not the university authorities establish the interscholastic to stimulate an interest in track athletics? This is one of our greatest events and we must maintain a track team at any hazards to carry out what we have begun. To drop track would be foolhardy. We must continue it. Our interests with the high schools of the state demand its maintenance. If one must go it must be baseball.





# ATHLETICS.

LAWRENCE E. GOODBOURN.

In absence of Mr. Goodbourn, who is away attending the Students' convention at Nashville, Tenn., the athletic department has been edited in a sort of catch as catch can process; however, we hope that it will represent to a fair measure the athletic movements.

A very successful season of basketball has just closed. In the home field we have come off victors, but in the two contests with M. A. C. were defeated on both occasions. This is the first year that basketball has taken a serious enough a trun to warrant playing outside games.

At present track and baseball is engrossing the attention of the university students and representatives of both sports are out upon the field daily, and considerable rivalry is exhibited as to who can muster the larger force. In baseball no forecast can be made at present as to games in sight, but doubtless several can be arranged for. In track two meets are in sight, one with Pullman, to be held here and one with M. A. C. to be held at Bozeman. There seems to be considerable agitation on foot to drop either track or baseball and concentrate on one sport, and preferably the latter as we are unquestionably committed to track through the interscholastic. However, whether this will take place the future must decide. Whichever way things may turn an interesting season of spring athletics is evident.

Financially this has been our most successful season, heretofore we have had a debt of three to seven hundred dollars facing us, while at present we are only something over one hundred dollars behind. This deficit will be easily met by spring events. Much of this is due to the careful and wise management of Coach Schule. It is to be hoped that the day of cramped finances is at an end and that each year will be a greater success financially.

In the series of basketball games with the Y. M. C. A. and High School teams, the 'Varsity played through the entire series without meeting a defeat, thus winning the handsome gold medals offered by the Y. M. C. A. to the team taking the most number of games. The following teams were defeated before the final awarding of the medals: Y. M. C. A., Missoula High School and Second 'Var-



sity. Although basketball is practically a new game in Missoula it has come to stay. It has not only grown to be very popular during the past winter months but has also been a success financially.

### M. A. C. vs. U. OF M.

On February 23d the Varsity basketball team played the Montana Agricultural college team at Bozeman. The following men played in the contest for the Varsity: McPhail, Garlington, Wenger, Farrell, Goodbourn, Gilham and Smith. Although the score, 53 to 10, would seem to indicate a "walkover" for the Bozeman team, still the game was more evenly matched contest from the spectator's standpoint, if it was not for the basketmaking view. In fact, the teams were nearly as evenly matched as they were when the two played together in Missoula on February 2d. Although the Bozeman players were better basket throwers, the teamwork of both sides was excellent. Poor judgment in throwing baskets and poor guarding were the main factors in causing Montana to lose.

The friendly feeling existing between the two state institutions was very apparent. The team for Missoula was cordially received by the faculty of the Montana Agricultural college and especially by President Hamilton. A fair crowd was present at the game. After the contest was over, a dance was given in Armory hall in honor of the visiting team.





# Societies of the University

RALPH E. HARMON.

A word to the wise seemeth sufficient. From what follows it appears that there is still activity among our societies. Six of them were so much interested that items were handed into the department, not more than two days late. Some others, such as the dramatic association are active enough but as yet the activities are "entactic." Later, when its annual play is rendered the silver silence it has maintained will be broken in a shower of golden notes, we believe. Let them be golden and not wooden. It is quite likely that before another issue of The Kaimin, there will be no oratorical or athletic associations; but in their stead the Associated Students. Considerable discussion has been aroused on the matter.

This leads to another suggestion concerning societies. If this movement is carried, it will quite probably result in a preponderance of sentiment in favor of athletics rather than "forensics," as it is a notable fact that the latter receives comparatively little attention. In view of this fact there is an enterprise on foot looking toward the formation of a debating club. This would create a nucleus, a rallying point for debating and oratorical interests which would aid materially in keeping alive and active this kind of work. It is sincerely hoped that neither of these suggestions are as seed on stony ground.

## Clarkia

The Clarkia's semi annual election was held Feb. 12, the following were chosen: President, May Hamilton; vice president, Cora Averill; secretary, Mary Fergus; treasurer, Winnie Feighner; censors, Nellie Bullard and Daisy Kellogg; critic, Jennie McGregor; sentinel, Edna Fox.

The next session was occupied with a discussion of the Clarkia annual which was rendered Friday evening, March 9. The members have worked hard in planning this program and in drilling for its execution. It was a Longfellow program, and is well arranged and shows a just appreciation of proportion, as will appear from the program below.

Owing to the sudden snow storm, a real western Montana bliz-



zard, there were only about 65 persons present. Some of the performers, evidently thought the program would not be carried out remained at home. This made a gap in the rendering and threw parts out of their proper places, so that the girls were hardly able to do justice to their society. Yet what was given was appreciated. The pantomime was impressive and its reading good; in fact it was all very good except its length—it took less than one half an hour for the loyal, dutiful ones to perform their duties. Below is the program as designed: Invocation; music, Invitation to Dance, Weber, May Murphy; paper, Longfellow, May Hamilton; music, Saltarel, Scottson Clark, Roberta Saterthwaite; recitation, The Children of the Lord's Supper, Nellie Bullard; recitation, The Children; The Children's Hour, Bess Bradford; Music, Daybreak, Balfe, Zona Shull; recitation, King Robert of Sicily, Miss Kellogg; pantomime; music, Sonata, Beethoven, Clarissa Spencer; benediction.

## Hawthorne

On Saturday, February 24 the semi-annual election of the Hawthorne Literary society took place. The entire time was occupied with the election, and resulted in securing the following named officers: President, J. W. Streit; vice president, Josiah Moore; secretary, Geo. Coffey; treasurer, Chas. Dimmick; first critic, Lawrence Goodbourn; second critic, Claude Spaulding; sentinel, Chas. Buck.

The annual open meeting of the society will not be held this year. owing to its failure to be prepared at the appointed time and unavoidable absence of some of its members.

## Y. W. C. A.

During the past month the meetings of Y. W. C. A. have been interesting and we are hoping that the spring fever can be warded off a while longer and that this interest will continue through the next few months.

Miss Ambrose, Miss Reiley, Miss Kellogg and Miss Theim have been the leaders for the past four weeks and they all have had good meetings.

Miss Ambrose's subject, "Respect for the Opinion of Others" was a very helpful one and was presented in an able and attractive way. The next meeting was led by Miss Reiley and her subject, "Contentment" left the girls with many good and encouraging thoughts.



"What we can do for our country," was the subject by Miss Kellogg and it had the sympathy of all, coming as it did the week following Washington's birthday. "Patience," the subject chosen by Miss Theim was in itself suggestive of good thoughts and was well and interestingly treated.

The date for the Y. W. C. A. convention has not yet been set, but it is expected that the delegates will arrive sometime towards the last of the month and preparations are being made for their entertainment. We are hoping that this will be a great success as it is the first time that such a convention has met at the University of Montana.

### Eta Phi Mu

Since the last issue of The Kaimin which was somewhat delinquent there has been no especial activity at the "Frat" house, and no social stunts have been given; however, it is very probable that two events will take place soon. These will be recorded in due season and until then we remain,

Yours sincerely,

ETA PHI MU.

### Sigma Nu

On the evening of February tenth the Sigma Nu fraternity again tendered its young lady friends one of their popular fraternal card parties at the home of James Bonner. Those who proved themselves the masters of the game of the evening were Miss Ethel Evans and Claude Willis and they were awarded appropriate prizes while those less fortunate were "Henny" Goddard and "Billy." It was long past midnight when the merrymakers broke the "ties" of the evening and departed each "Ladye Fayre" voting that "fortunate is she that is in especial favor with ye knights of Sigma Nu."

At the athletic ball the boys won the compliments of their friends by their interpretation of the "Ideal Corner Cosey." The corner occupied a portion of the east wall of the gym, and was built up of the black, white and gold of the fraternity all intertwined with many of small, colored electric lights, and topped with the largest fraternity banner ever seen in the state; taken all in all the effect was most pleasing and the boys deserve the numerous compliments they received.

On the evening of March 7, these merry disciples of the skull and bones celebrated the anniversary of their first initiation by having an elaborate spread at the Chapter house on university avenue. Cov-



ers were laid for twelve and after the conclusion of the banquet proper, the evening, or properly speaking, the night, was passed in song and speechmaking. A few of the toasts responded to, as called on by the toastmaster were as follows: "Our badge;" "may he ever be honored who wears it," Jack McLeod; "A Year Hence"; "What untold tales the future holds," Floyd Hardebnurgh; "Our Chapter House, Our Home Sweet Home," Tib Adam. "Skirts," "Oh! how I love her," John Lucy. As the hour neared twelve, the boys bid each other a regretful adieu amid the strains of "The Black, White and Gold."

"Here's a toast to old Montana  
To her maids, her gallant sons;  
Here's a toast to our Fraternity,  
And our brothers, every one.  
So fill up your glass for your sweetheart,  
To them may you ever be true.  
And fill them again for your college,  
Your nation and—Sigma Nu."

## The Band

If you should happen to be strolling around the campus or sitting on Spooky Rock of a Tuesday or Thursday afternoon and a peal of music gently breaks on thine ear, don't imagine that Kessler has bought a phonograph for it is simply the University Brass band at its bi-weekly practice. The band has made good progress in the last few weeks under leadership of Mr. Louis Howard and has developed into an organization of which the university, as a whole, may well be proud. Mr. Howard took the band in charge a few weeks ago when the majority of the members didn't know there was to be a university band any more, and now we have a band that can compete with any amateur band in the state. A great deal of this credit is due Manager Earl Greenough who has devoted much of his time to the work and created considerable enthusiasm. On March, the first, the boys through the management of Earl, secured the first "job" of the season, playing at the installation of officers at Thompson Falls, Montana, when Sanders county was officially launched. The boys made a "hit" from the time they left the depot until they arrived at home again and, as a local paper expressed it, "played straight to the hearts of all who heard them. "Petty" Willis, the former leader of the University band, was also there with his Plains musical aggre-

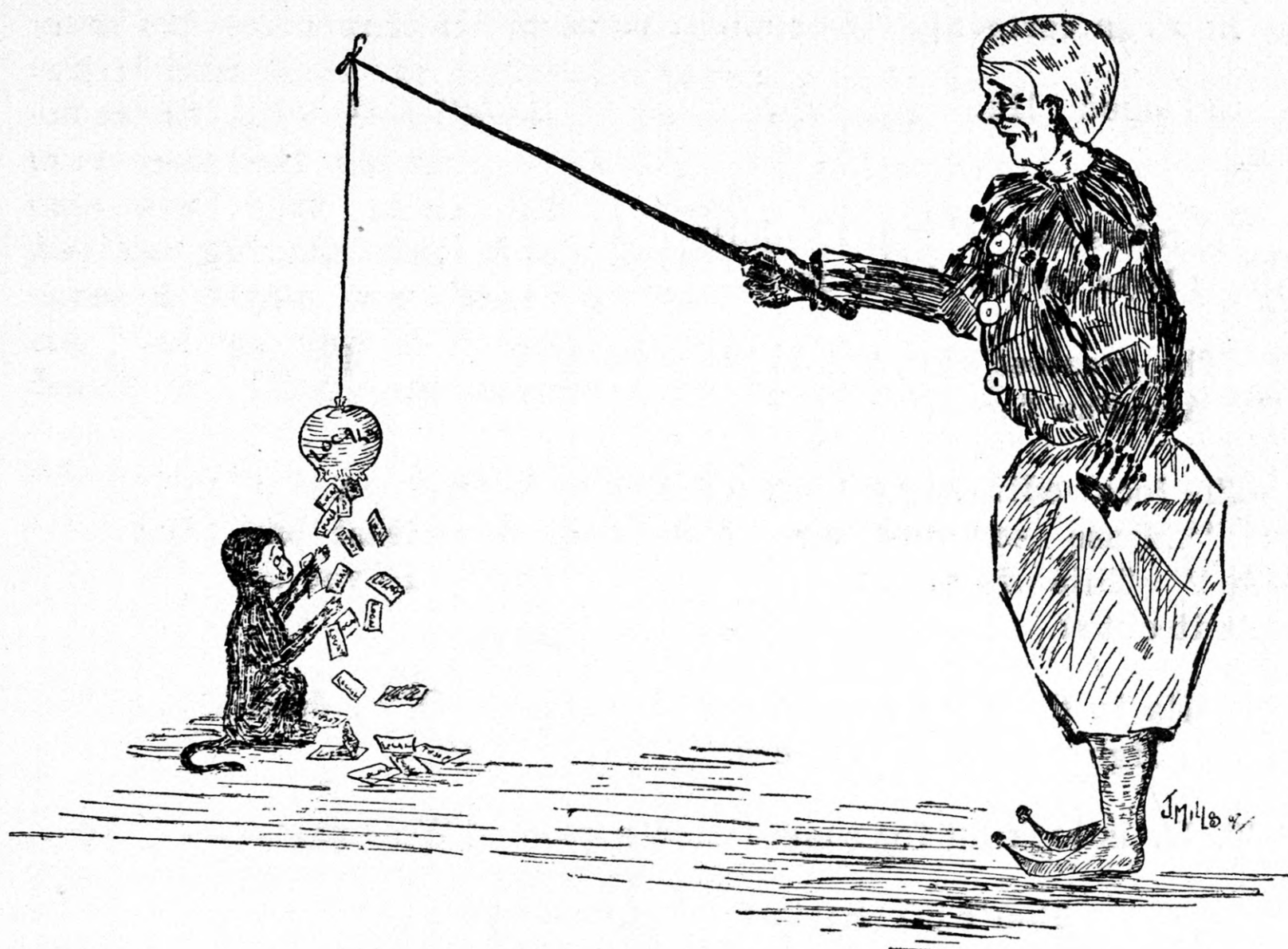


gation of 20 members and the rivalry between his former and his present subjects was the cause of a genuine classical continual treat to the people of Thompson. The boys were highly pleased with the royal way they were entertained by the inhabitants, who saw that they were first in everything from the banquet to the dances; they were also pleased with the numerous compliments which their playing received as one old timer expressed it "I haf heard bands wot played de same moosic dey do, but nefer haf I heard any play it de way dey do!" An account of this trip, guaranteed to be "humorous," will be found elsewhere in this paper.

The band announces a Grand Promenade Ball to be given in the gymnasium soon after lent, and it is being awaited with a great deal of anticipated pleasure.







MONTANA BUSWELL AND JAMES H. MILLS, EDITORS

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Ask Isabel about the supper in Bonner?

Some of the "Dorm" girls have things Cumming(s) their way.

King Garlington has a great appetite for PIE—especially for breakfast.

Hugo, do not look at, speak to, or walk with a girl for one month.

The meadow larks are all wearing German socks and singing "In a Field of Snow White, Etc."

Helen Smead---as she sees a buggy and team coming up the avenue---No that isn't mine. My coach is single.

Coach Schule's girl---So is mine NOW.



You can certainly Spear an Olive at the Hall now.

It looked like spring for a while judging from "Queener's" Rock.

It takes the Coach to jolly headwaitresses. He had all the younger boys in the shade on the Bozeman trip.

The greatest song hit of the season—"Billy, My Surburned Billy." Ask Fan for it.

The local editors got busy one day and put up a sign on the local box: "Please surprise us by putting in at least one local this month." This is the one we found, "Oh did you see that sign, wasn't it cute?"

Stella in the rig going to the Fort dance—"h, deah I, wish they wouldn't light so many matches."

T. R. is looking for some titled person. We suggest an "Earl."

Don't cry little freshie don't cry,  
Your greenness will wear off by and by.

Jim Mills—Say kid, why in the name of thunder did you throw that banana right under me?

Mabel—Say Fred how did it happen I didn't get banana all over your coat—and Fred grinned.

The address given by Dean Young in convocation February 28th was excellent and was very much enjoyed by all who heard it.

Prof. Book—What is space?

Ralph—Oh, dear, I can't say it, but I have it right here in my head.

Seniors, thermometers are not the only thing which are graduated and get degrees without having brains.

The 'Varsity band went to Paradise, February 28th. It is nearer to Heaven than they'll ever be again. The farmers down there woke up when they heard them playing thinking it was Gabriel and the Angels.



Prof. Rowe took a trip to the Drummond coal mines Sunday, March 4th and brought back a number of specimens.

The Glee club is most likely going on its trip the week following Easter. It expects to go to Hamilton, Deer Lodge, Anaconda, Butte and Helena. Vegetables and eggs will be sold cheap when the members return.

Some astounding Lent resolutions have been made. Ask Fred. Hovey or Jim.

The blushing youth said May I have your heart? She hung her head and sweetly said "It's Lent."

A cadet said if "X" means "unknown"  
Why we'll just have the greatest f"x"  
We will puzzle the col.  
With riddles infol  
Concerning the greatest g"x."—Judge.

Ethel Evans and Helen Smead had a great color on their cheeks one day and it wasn't rouge either. Joe you shouldnt' jolly them so much.

Daisy—in annual editor's meeting—Why that blue cover will look like overalls.

Wise One—also there—Well, let's have it and then we will have it overall the others then.

The baseball squad is out every night practicing hard. There is enough material for the best team the Varisty has yet put on the diamond.

Prof. Snoddy's address in chapel March 7th on "A Trip to Shakespeare's Home," illustrated with lantern slides was one of the most enjoyable ever given there.

The athletic field has been alive with track men during this fine weather. A great deal of interest is being shown and the track team this year will certainly be a winner.

Prof. Thomas treated the Glee club boys to "fudge" at his house last week. Guess he wanted to make their voices sweeter.

All Varsity students should take advantage of the Y. W. C. A. offer for U. of M. banners and pennants.

The faculty have canned nearly all they can but those they have not canned they can can.—Ex.

Although there was a blizzard March 9th, the Clarkia open meeting was well attended. The program was fine and was well worth the while of those who faced the storm to go to it.

On bended elbows and with tears running down our backs we, the local editors, beg of you to put some locals in the "box." Answer our plea oh ye merciful Varsity students.

Each student should at once subscribe to the "Annual." Now is the time. Show that you take an interest and go and see Anna Hutter, Mary Fergus or King Garilngton. Don't make them come to you. There are not going to be three or four hundred copies published. Just a few more than are subscribed for. No old students will part with their other ones. All students will appreciate the Annual in after life and many a dull, dark afternoon will be cleared away by reading through the pages of its contents. The Annual editors need your help. Give it.

Lost—something pink by Jim Mills. He believes it to be near the Hall.

Mr. F. R. Feitshans, a Sigma Chi from Kansas City, Missouri, was a visitor at the Varsity recently.

Let us all hope the campus will again be green on the 17th of March.

Prof. Harkins, Elrod and Sibley were away from the Varsity during the second week of March. Most of the classes under them were taught by assistants.

Ralph Gilham—I was simply Carrie(d) away by the Piff, Paff, Pouff music.

Dr. Kennett visited his Alma Mater on Tuesday, March 6th and the biology class was given a lecture—by George.

Isn't Smith taking work with the M. E.'s? Fan—"No, he is taking work with ME."



There has been a great deal of "sparking" in the physics "lab" lately. Prof. Rowe is going to put a stop to it with a big test and that will end electricity.

Students! Now is the time to get out on the athletic field and yell for the boys the same as you would in foot ball season. Nothing helps athletes more to do their work well than a crowd of interested students yelling from the bleachers.

Saturday, 4 p. m., Over the Phone—Hello, is this the Frat house? Well may I speak to Charile or Ralph. Oh this is you, Charile. Well this is Helen. Say Will you come over tonight and tell Ralph to bring Carrie. All right, be sure now or I'll be terribly disappointed.

Saturday, 9:45 p. m.—Hello, this you, Charlie. I thought you were coming over tonight.

Charlie—Oh, Gilham's got cold feet.

Helen—That's right, lay it onto Ralph. We had everything all planned. Can't you come over now?

Charlie—Do you know how cold it is?

Helen—Yes, I have been to the library and back. You've put me out a great deal tho—goodbye.

Central—Gee, I bet the Frat house is warm now.

Gilham and Cotter up stairs in Frat house ? x—? x—blankety—blank—x—y—z—z !?z.

How will I square it with Helen?

Well, how'll I square it with Carrie?

### ECHOES OF THE BAND TRIP.

Del Grush on train—Is my ilttle Willie in here? Oh, ex-excuse m-me, miss, I guess this is the wrong berth.

Fred Smith—at the dance—Come on Louie, lets' not rough house, people will think we are only "Varsity" boys and dont' know any better.

Did you have a dance with Mattie?

Orator of the day—We'll now have a selection by THE Band.

Same orator a few minuets later—we will now have a selection by the Plain band.

We are still looking for the Rube who wanted to know if you could cash a "quarter note" when you came to a "bar."

Louie's playing will certainly make old Gabriel go some when he does his triple-tongueing stunt on judgment day.

At the hotel—What'll ye have, turkey, chicken or pork chops? 'Take pork chops, that's all wev'e got.'"

A Thompson girl—"My ain't them university boys stylish; they don't even wear rubber collars."

Dimmick—Let's smoke cubebs and eat animal cookies and make them fellers think we're sports.

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Button! Button! Who's got the Button? We have them in the new Gun Metal and Bright Leathers. All the new College swings and University Heels—Get a Walk-Over. Beeman & Dixon, 316 Higgins avenue.







## May Hamilton

The March number of the University of Texas magazine is grand. The literary department not only presents a large quantity of material but all of the stories, articles and verses are of a high grade. The one on "Cutting" is especially clever.

The two cuts of college buildings on the first page of the Whitman College Pioneer add much to the appearance of the paper.

"Sweet Thoughts" in the March Occident are decidedly original and quite to the point. They include a good share of the people of any college and it might be well for all of us to look them over and see where we come.

The M. A. C. "Exponent" is the only one of our exchanges who call us the Univeristy of Missoula. Perhaps if they would lay aside such foolishness and speak of us as the University of Montana people in general would know of whom they were speaking.

We are glad to welcome a new exchange, The Harvard Monthly. It is by far the best exchange in our list. In the March issue "The



Spirit of the Woods'' is beautiful. It is not an easy matter to write descriptions of nature and her influence without falling sometimes into worn out expression, but the author has almost entirely avoided this and has succeeded in picturing not only external nature but also the subjective feelings which these beauties aroused.

The March issue of the Bitter Root contains some clever cartoons.

The cut of the Botanical Garden in the University of Michigan News-Letter makes us wish we all had Botanical Gardens.

The Spectrum's new cover is pretty and its general appearance and material good. The article on Beowulf, the hero shows a careful study of the old poem, and an appreciation of its merits.

If some of our exchanges, especially the "Tome, Volante, M. A. C. Record, "Oregon Weekly" and "Evergreen" would wake up to the fact that in simply performing the function of a newspaper they are not accomplishing all that a college paper should accomplish. They might come out in magazine form and be a real credit to their schools.

First Boy—Where are you in the study of catechism?

Second Boy—I'm in the middle of original sin.

First Boy—Oh, that's nothing; I'm past redemption.—Ex.

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Stationery and Fountain Pens. Pyrography Supplies at The Simons store.

