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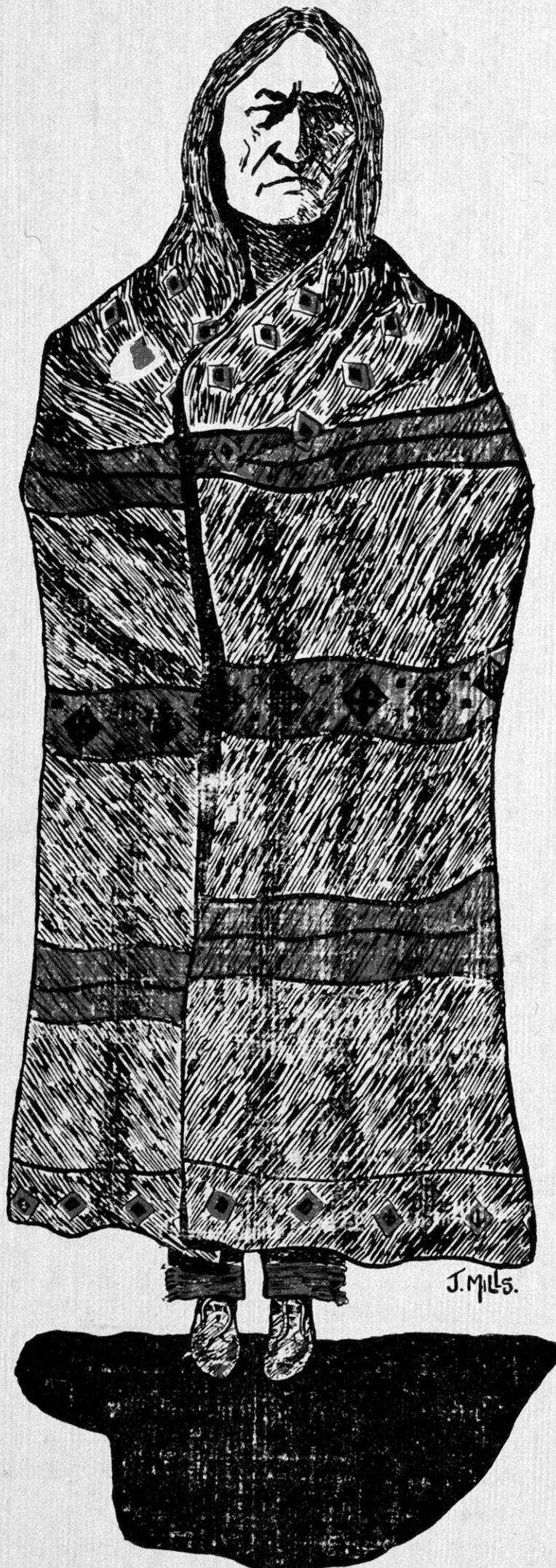
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# THE KAIMIN

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UNIVERSITY  
OF MONTANA

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APRIL  
1906



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**Missoula Mercantile  
Company**

# THE KAIMIN

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA

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Volume 9

APRIL, 1906

Number 7

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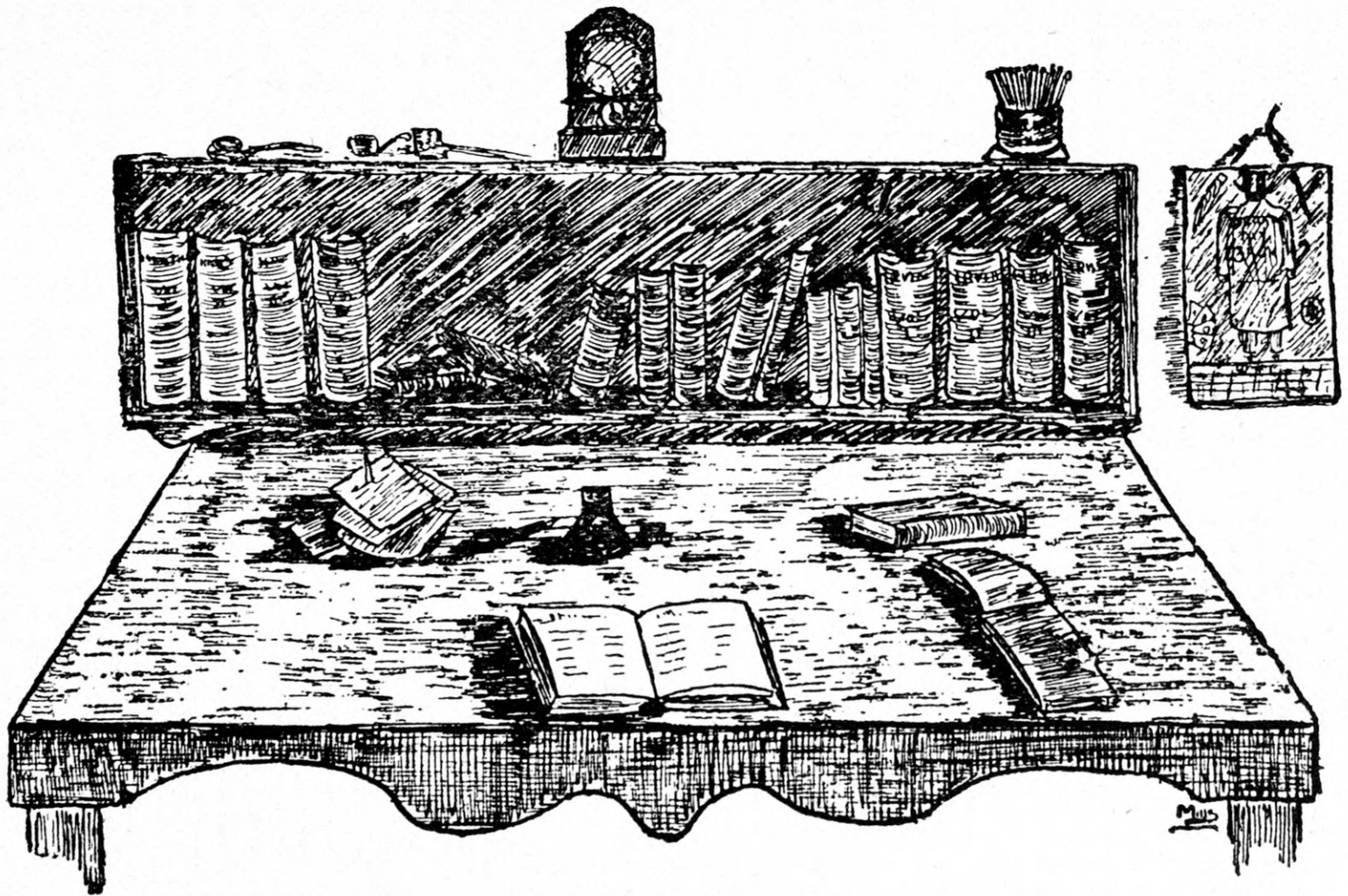
# THE KAIMIN

A LITERARY MAGAZINE

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## LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Editors: Maud Burns

Joseph W. Streit

### Yellow Rose

Yellow Rose! Sweet Yellow Rose!  
Where lingers till the jewelled dew  
Reflecting the heaven of gold and blue,  
Thou has a scintillant light that glows  
With a brilliance like unto none  
But the amber beams of the golden sun  
Through an April shower shining;  
Dazzling human eyes and mocking imitation.  
O, flowers free, disdaining revelation,



## THE KAIMIN

That in such wild profusion turning  
In billowy sprays like sunlit sea brine,  
Whence comes that marvelous light of thine.

Yellow Rose! Sweet Yellow Rose!  
That golden light doth shine  
Fom that golden heart of thine.  
And a golden heart like thine only grows  
From the weaving of nature's golden threads  
Spun from the old sun's cast off shreds.  
Thy perfume is thy spirit's exhalation,  
The overflow of love with which thine heart is full,  
Making odorous the morn so beautiful.  
Bursting from the night clouds desolation,  
Breathing gladness from the ground,  
Murmuring of the love it found.

Yellow Rose! Dear Yellow Rose!  
Amber Rose! O rose so sweet  
Softly musing at my feet!  
That seemingly no sorrow knows;  
Rouse thy slumbrous petals dreaming.  
Know ye not that on your lips the life dew's gleaming  
Are being sapped by kisses warm and tender;  
That those cadences so soft and low,  
Lulling life to dreamland's flow,  
Making glad thy heart's surrender  
Is but the sibilant voice of the Siren Wind,  
Singing to sleep the soul of thy kind?

Yellow Rose! Dear fading Rose!  
Wilt grant a kindred soul a pardon  
That reveals thy tragedy in the garden  
'Tis a sympathizing heart that knows  
Why thy soul sinks out of sight  
With the wondrous glow of glorious light  
As the wind with withered rose leaves sows  
The grass as with parchments rolled,  
Hidden secrets in a life but four days old.  
Ah! Thou yellow sphinx like rose!  
The folded buds of springtime will disclose  
The mystery of the bursting mother heart of a rose.

—F. A. W.

# A Fool

What is a fool? It is not a thing without mind, intellect; if it were, then beasts were fools. It is a human animal, possessed of intellect; possessed of the means to be otherwise, which properly earns this title to the universal peerage. The man who shuts his eyes is one; the man who shuts books is one. He who judges other human animals by his own inch measure of nothingness is one. Yet all judgment is by one's self, and how shall these two be reconciled? He of whom we speak will not see. His anti-type will see; will see that, although measurement is by one's self, yet that self does not measure all; any more than the surveyor's chain spans the twenty-five thousand miles of the world's circumference, though it be a good measure for short distances. He, then, is a fool, who discredits seeming good motives because his small soul yearns towards discredit; who is astonished at newly discovered wisdom in others; who blissfully dispenses information, presuming others to be as ignorant as he was till this hour.

He is a fool who would treat another in a way he himself would resent, for who but such a one, would think, "I deserve better than I accord." There is no criminal but a fool; which old belief is most readily perceived. For convenience's sake let the phrase be, inverted, thus, "All criminals are fools," and then he will see it himself. Does it begin to dawn? More exactly, of what criminals may this be said, of the embezzler? Most certainly, for even were he cunning enough to escape, which he never is, he is a gross blockhead indeed to presume himself worthy the thing of which he would deprive others; or truthfully deeming himself unworthy, to confer such benefits upon such unworthy being. The murderer is of the same class, for, aside from penalties he may incur—which are, however easily evaded in the United States—is he not a pitiable fool indeed, to be blind to the grief or seeing it, not to think it worth preventing? All calumniators, evil-seers, robbers of others' happiness, thieves, wanton, destroyers, they are not criminals; they are fools for they do not see that they are raising precedents against themselves. The wrongly named criminal is the concentrated residue of boiled selfishness. The only fool is a selfish human. Beasts can not progress, but man has mind and books and a chance to grow. Yet he closes his mind with willing ignorance and judges his seeing friend with his own inch measure of



nothingness. Thus man is a fool, and he has one billion, six hundred companions who walk by his side, breathing the air he breathes and performing all acts whatsoever that he performs. —Q K. G.

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## Signal Tower No. 13

The traveller who has made the journey over the branch line of the P. & R. railroad from Murdock to Haskell, will doubtless remember Signal Tower No. 13, which is passed just before reaching the latter place. Here the train stops, after its down grade run of four miles from Selwick, which lies in the mountains to the west, and if the semaphore arm reports the coast as clear, proceeds to jog and bump over the B. S. & M. tracks and runs into the yards at Haskell. But often, travellers are compelled to wait some minutes, while a train on the B. S. & M., which, being the main line of that road, has the right of way over the crossing, drags its weary length northward or southward, and finally leaves the way unobstructed. At such times, and especially if the weather be fair, the temptation is strong to spend the few minutes before proceeding to Haskell in admiring the beauty of the spot.

There is nothing about the square, glass walled, repainted tower itself that calls forth praise or admiration, nor does the solitary siding of the P. & R.'s, extending completely around the little building as if to hold it at its post of duty, appeal to the artistic eye. In fact, the immediate surroundings are anything but beautiful. But let the waiting passenger glance about him in any direction, and beauty, natural and majestic, meets his gaze. Westward, a heavy grade leads up to a branching range of the Rockies, whose peaks gleam white in the distance. To the north the hills are impassable, and their rough and precipitous slopes seem to swallow up the steel rails of the B. S. & M. road in Marden tunnel. West and south the ground is more level, but far in the distance the mountains begin again, dim and hazy in the rarefied air. The city of Haskell can be seen under the protecting slope of the hills to the northeast, dirty and begrimed from the smoke of its numerous mines and smelters.

“A Typical Montana landscape,” was what Jean Stuart thought when he beheld it on the first day of real work in his new position,

that of signal man. The former employee, one Latimer by name, had, like many of his predecessors, expressed his unwillingness to work at average wages in such an unlucky tower as No. 13 was reported to be, and was consequenatly dropped, with the result that inexperienced but willing Stuart had secured the position. The latter, being of an imaginative and rather artistic temperament, knew from the first that he should like the work, and with the promise of a neat little sum to save up each month in view of his marriage with a certain young lady of Haskell, Jean Stuart felt quite happy.

He learned the schedule with no great difficulty, and at the end of a few days could rattle off the order of freights and passengers on both roads with no trouble at all. The language of the semaphores and of the levers themselves within the tower, became clear under the tutelage of a temporary employee of the company's, and in a week Jean was ready for real business.

It was in May that he started, and by the following winter he considered himself a veteran at the work. Pioneers had predicted a severe and destructive winter, and for once the weather was not disappointing. On the morning of the 21st day of November, Jean went to work in a blizazrd. He dropped off, as usual, from the westbound morning train at the crossing, and was glad to gain shelter from the icy wind in the warm, snug, little tower. The night man, Kyle, had a roaring fire going in the little stove, and as there was plenty of wood at hand, there was no danger of Jean's suffering from the cold.

"Western Limited's four hours late," said Kyle, donning his overcoat. "That means that the other northbound trains on the B. S. & M. are behind too. This storm has been coming from Dakota, you know."

"Yes," answered Jean, "and the P & R. trains will probably be delayed. This is certainly a ripper," he added as a particularly heavy gust shook the station, "I'm glad that the snow isn't any heavier than it is, or we couldnt' see a semaphore. By the way, are they working all right?"

"So far they are, but I don't think it would do any harm to loosen them up once in a while. Well, here comes our friend Jimmie, so I'll say so long," he said a little later as a whistle sounded from the west. The train P. & R.'s No. 4, stopped at the crossing, and with Kyle aboard, puffed on to Haskell.

Jean felt a strange sense of loneliness and nervousness after his friend had gone. It was not the thought of being left by himself that



thus affected him; for the same routine had been gone over many times the preceding summer. Perhaps it was the storm which moved him, but somehow he knew that it was not. He felt as he thought a soldier must feel on the eve of battle, but dismissed the idea with a nervous laugh, wondering at the time why it should have occurred to him.

The telegraph instrument was busy that day, but he paid little attention to it, for his trained ear told him that the ticks were intended for other operators. The messages were very similar in character; reports of trains delayed by the storm all along the line.

The trains on the B. S. & M. were hours behind the schedule and were white as spectres with their coating of snow and ice. Brakemen sought the shelter of the warm coaches as soon as possible after venturing out upon the steps, while the passengers were well satisfied to remain where they were, after a glance at the weather through the frosty window panes. The P. & R. schedule, however, was more regularly maintained, on account of the shorter run on that line, so that in spite of the blizzard, there was plenty for the signal man to do. His sense of oppression remained with him all day, nevertheless.

About 4 p. m., No. 8, eastbound passenger on the P. & R., stopped at the crossing, in obedience to the semaphore whose arm rested at the danger point. The B. S. & M.'s Limited, going south, was within a mile or two of the crossing, making her best speed in an attempt to recover lost time and everything had to get out of her way. Jean had just seen with satisfaction the P. & R. passenger come to a stand, with the engine almost beneath him, when the telegraph key ticked his signal in a way that made him jump. The message following ran: "No. 7 freight running loose down grade. Seilwick."

For a moment Jean did not realize what had happened. Then it rushed over him and his blood ran cold. A heavily loaded freight rushing, unrestrained, down the mountain side; one passenger train standing directly in its path; another coming from a different direction—he dared not think of the almost inevitable consequences. It was as if the world were falling away from him, leaving him upon the brink of a yawning pit. He staggered against the side of the room trying to collect his scattered senses and was only recalled to action by a threatening rumble, audible above the voice of the storm. There was not a second to spare. Five, perhaps ten seconds grace would be allowed him, and then—. He frantically jerked the lever governing the semaphore on the B. S. & M. track, to danger, and then grasped

the one for the P. & R. siding. It would not move, and he realized with a sickening horror that the wire must be caked with ice. Desperately he tugged at the iron bar, with the swelling rumble of the fast approaching freight ever in his ears. With a last frenzied wrench he brought the switch over and a great sob of relief escaped him. He had done his duty toward others, now came his duty to himself.

He reached for the door but even as he did so there was a jar, followed almost immediately by a deafening crash and a splinter of wood. The walls seemed to fall in upon him and a great darkness closed over his mind. The switch had done its work, serving to turn the mighty demon from its path of destruction, though at the expense of one who deemed duty stronger than life.

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## Longfellow

Probably there is no poet whose name has been more generally known and loved in his own country than Longfellow. He is one of the first poets with whom the children became acquainted and one of the few whom the masses of the people of our country ever learn to know. Very fittingly has he been called the "people's poet" for he wrote of those commonplaces which speak to the hearts of simple uneducated people. One does not need to have studied but only to have lived and worked in order to appreciate the very depth of his poetry. There may be no real poetic genius in the lines so often quoted from the Psalm of Life,

"Life is real! Life is earnest  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul  
Not enjoyment and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act that each tomorrow  
Find us farther than today."

but there is truth and earnestness in them, and a simple directness and forcefulness that makes them peculiarly impressive. What a wholesome noble nature his poetry reflects!

Because he possessed singular beauty and honesty of character;



because his nature had no affinity for evil of any sort; because, as he looked out upon the world's life, he marked not the sins and mistakes but rather the good things and helpful, his poetry tells always beautiful stories, relates sweet and happy experiences and points toward perfect truth and eternal joys.

There is never any rebellion in his heart toward the trials and the sorrow of life, but rather a deep enduring peace, a spirit of faith in God and hope for man.

In one of the saddest hours of his life he wrote the little poem so well known to all,

“The day is cold and dark and dreary  
It rains and the wind is never weary  
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary.  
My life is cold and dark and dreary  
It rains and wind is never weary  
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past.  
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast  
And the days are dark and dreary.  
Be still, sad heart, and cease repining  
Behind the clouds the sun still shining  
Thy fate is the common fate of all  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.”

But even while there is sadness there is submission to the great law of life and a reproach for the repining heart. His lines breathe peacefulness and patience and never appeal to the great elemental passion of the human soul. This is due to the fact that our poet studied literature more than he studied life. He saturated himself with the riches of literature; he imbued his life with the noble and beautiful records of dead facts; and drew his inspiration from what others had written rather than what he himself had experienced.

If he had but studied less, if he had been less an academic scholar and more a struggling man among his fellow men he might have written poems which would have stirred more deeply the strong passions of the soul and have been such a poet as some of the greater English poets are, but that was not to be his field of work and we may be thankful for him as he is.

His emotion, though often deliberate, is always sincere his thoughts, though sometimes borrowed, are ever honest and true. He reproduced much from what he read, but never wrote of things to which his soul did not respond, and in which he could not feel a deep and sympathetic interest. His popularity rests more upon the poems of his own country, "Miles Standish," "The Song of Hiawatha," and "Evangeline," than upon those which take their theme from old and mediaeval times among which the most familiar are: "The Divine Tragedy.," "The Golden Legend" and the "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

The "Tales" are sometimes criticised for the mildness and lack of color in their beauty, but nobody denies that they possess beauty of a certain sort and some of them will be known and loved as long as will the melodious "Song of Hiawatha."

This "Song" is especially remarkable for the metre and repetitions which are so consistent with his conception of primitive man. The rhythm and motion have a lulling soothing influence which gives it a distinctive charm.

"Sing, O song of Hiawatha  
Of the happy days which followed  
In the land of the Ojibway  
In the pleasant land and peaceful!  
Sing the mysteries of Mondomin,  
Sing the blessings of the cornfields!  
Buried was the bloody hatchet,  
Buried was the dreadful war club  
Buried were all warlike weapons  
And the war cry was forgotten."

But of all the poems of Longfellow, the one which breathes the greatest passion, which tells the sweetest story, and which is most truly poetry, is *Evangeline*. The prelude to the poem strikes the keynote of the power and beauty of the whole "Ye who believe in affection that hopes and endures and is patient—ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion list to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest, list to a tale of love in Acadia, home of the happy."

And as we do listen to the story we feel the tender pathos of it and see through the sometimes deliberate emotion great depths of feeling. The purity and sweetness of the life and character of *Evan-*



line, the record of her love, her days of grief and her self surrender move the heart to its very depth and call forth a wondering sense of the power of faith and love. When at last the sad story has reached its close we feel that we have seen into a truer world and through a purer atmosphere than that given us by some poets whom critics have justly named as far greater in creative genius than was Longfellow. The last lines of *Evangeline* tell better than any other words can of Longfellow's idea of life, and teaches a lesson of the faith and trust which make the sorrows of life, blessings, and the unhappy things, beautiful.

“All was ended now, the hope and the fear and the sorrow,  
All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied longing  
All the dull deep pain and the constant anguish of patience!  
And as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom.  
Meekly she bowed her own and murmured Father, I thank thee.”

The peace of these closing lines of *Evangeline* is characteristic of all that Longfellow wrote. Those who love him need not covet for him the reputation of a Tennyson or a Browning. There are times in the lives of all men when the simple verses of Longfellow with their wide human sympathy, and their benediction of simple joy and peace touch just the right chord and bring rest and peace to the weary heart. There are often times when, to use Longfellow's own words,

Such songs have the power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.



# A Tale of Indian Summer

When the first fruits of autumn,  
(Messengers sent from the North Wind)  
Touch the green trees of the forest  
With their passionate caresses,  
Change them from their cool demureness  
Into blushing crimson glory;  
When the warm breath of the Southland  
Lingers still throughout the mazes  
Of a fair and dreamy fall time,  
And a haze, deep blue and tender  
As the skies are in midsummer,  
Softens every rugged outline  
Of the mountains in the distance;  
Then a peace steals o'er our spirits  
Till we cease to doubt and question,  
Cease to ask the why of living,  
And the problem of the future,  
Give ourselves up to the present.  
To the dreamy, restful present,  
To the glimmer of the noontide  
And the glamour of the moonlight,  
'To the poetry in wild things  
And the harmony of nature.  
Should you ask, "Why all these daydreams,  
Why this peace of mind and body?"  
I could only answer vaguely,  
Scarcely knowing what I answer  
'Tis the link 'twixt earth and heaven,  
'Tis the glorious Indian summer,"  
Ask the red man of this season,  
Thus he would explain it to you;  
"When the leaves are falling earthward,  
Drifting down like flashes in winter,  
Touched with crimson from the sunset,  
Glowing with the sunset's colors;  
When the South Wind lingers idly  
For a time 'ere his departure;



Then the great sun god, Micabo  
To compose himself for winter  
And the slumber which he takes then  
Fills the calumet o'er flowing  
And divinely smokes his peace pipe.  
Presently the smoke descending  
Covers all the hills and valleys,  
Nestles o'er the distant mountains  
As the mother bird her young ones.  
Then the tribes of all the nations  
Watching, see Micabo's message,  
Cease their strife, and battle turmoil,  
Dwell in peace with all their brothers;  
And the white man calls this season,  
For our people, Indian summer.''

Many years before Montana  
Was admitted to the union,  
When the name of fair Missoula  
Scarce was spoken by a white man,  
When the Indians, undisputed,  
Claimed this western territory,  
Lived the simple life idyllic,  
Lived as children, close to nature;  
From a far off eastern city  
Worn with strife in mind and body,  
Weary of the competition  
And of all the marked distinctions  
Of a bustling, worldly city,  
Richard Harding, man of letters,  
Artist always, often poet,  
Turned his face toward the Rockies  
Where the sun sets in its splendor,  
Started west in search of nature  
And the lost gods of his childhood.  
After the many days of travel  
And of nights beneath the starlight,  
Harding came to far Montana—  
Indian for the mighty mountains—  
And one evening just at sunset

First looked on Missoula valley,  
He had climbed a nearby mountain  
Thus to better view the country  
And the sight which met his vision,  
Caused his heart to thrill and quicken.  
Toward the southward stretched a valley.  
Stretched a broad and smiling valley,  
Bounded on each side by the mountains  
Awe inspiring in their grandeur,  
Whence a river, clear and sparkling  
Came to join the fair Missoula.  
Near at hand and looking northward  
Up a narrow rugged valley,  
Harding saw a silvery ribbon  
Rushing madly toward the river,  
In its wild career scarce pausing  
Rattlesnake, the white man called it,  
Everywhere o'er hill and valley  
In their stately ranks and solemn,  
Stood the pine trees, darkly outlined  
'Gainst the sunset sky's rich splendor,  
Murmuring soft and low that anthem  
Which the pines are ever singing.  
At his feet amid the pine trees  
Was an Indian encampment,  
And the tanned hides of the wigwams  
Gleaned out from their dark green shelter.  
Smoke curled upward from the teepees  
In the calm air of the evening,  
Lazily it floated upward,  
'Till it mingled in the distance  
With the blue haze on the mountains  
With the softening haze of fall time.  
Then the Harding of the cities  
Put aside all worldly feelings.  
First and foremost came the artist  
Drinking in each perfect outline,  
Picking out the tone gradations  
And the harmony of color



Then the instinct of the poet  
Would have turned the scene of glory  
Into verses full of rhythm,  
Full of nature's inspiration.  
But the early mountain darkness  
Soon would cover all the valley,  
So he hastened toward the teepees  
Murmuring, "Blest be Indian Summer."

One week passed, and Richard Harding  
Came and went among the red men  
As a friend, almost a brother—  
They so quickly learned to trust him.  
Thus it always had been with him  
Even children called him comrade.  
Men respected him and honored  
For his many high attainments,  
For his bravery and courage  
And the strength of his uprightness.  
Women loved him for his kindness  
For his courtesy at all times,  
And a hint within his dark eyes  
Of a certain wilful daring.  
So he built his lodge among them  
And the young men helped him build it,  
Helped him build it in the shelter,  
Of the sighing, singing pine trees,  
Near the little rushing streamlet  
In the early Indian summer.  
Meanwhile with persistent labor  
Harding learned their words and phrases,  
That he might converse among them,  
Might converse with ease among them,  
Soon he grew to love their language  
For its poetry and wildness,  
And he held long conversations  
With the wise men of their nation.  
Learned their customs and traditions,  
Learned their losses and their triumphs,  
Sympathized with their misfortunes.

And rejoiced when fate was kindly ;  
Till before they realized it,  
They were calling him "Our Brother."  
Then he learned to use their weapons  
And became a skillful hunter ;  
Brave and strong and always foremost  
Where the struggle was the fiercest.  
So the young men and the warriors  
Also came to call him brother.  
And they gave respect and honor  
To him, for his truth and courage.  
Life grew sweet beyond expression  
With its poetry and freedom ;  
Days of soft September sunshine,  
Nights of gleaming moon and starlight ;  
Days of glowing frost touched foliage,  
Nights of checkered light and shadow.  
Then when Harding's peace was perfect,  
Came a golden thread of romance,  
Wove itself into the fabric  
Of his simple natural living,  
And in spite of every effort  
To unravel this new weaving,  
It remained as strong as ever,  
Still remained with sweet persistence,  
In his dreams a girl's face lingered.  
Lingered till the moonlight vanished ;  
Then when day succeeded night time  
Still it lingered in his day dreams.  
He had often seen the maiden  
In the wigwam of the chieftain,  
And the mystery about her  
Gained his interest at outset.  
She was fair like some spring blossom,  
Quite unlike her Indian sisters.  
Blue her eyes were as the skies are  
And her hair was strangely golden  
Yet her speech, her dress, her manners,  
Were the same as were the redmen's ;  
And she seemed content and happy



In the wigwam of the chieftain.  
Once he ventured to enquire  
Something of the maiden's history,  
While out hunting with a warrior,  
Who was often with the whiteman  
And had proved himself a brother  
Even more than all the others.  
But the Indian's face had darkened  
As he answered rather shortly,  
"Murmuring Pines, the maiden's name is  
Murmuring Pines, the chieftain's daughter."  
When he saw the pained expression  
Of the white man walking with him  
And had heard him stammer quickly,  
"Eagle Feathers, I am sorry"—  
All his quick resentment vanished  
And he said, "My brother Harding,  
I will tell you all the story.  
Fourteen years ago this summer  
I, a little lad of seven,  
Travelled with the chief, my father,  
Toward the rising sun, the eastward;  
Till one day we reached a desert,  
'Twas the bad lands of Dakota.  
There a white man and his family  
Had been lost among the sand dunes,  
Wandered without food or water  
Till they fell from sheer exhaustion.  
There with alkalai and sage brush  
Everywhere in all directions,  
And the sun's fierce rays upon them  
Both the man and wife had perished,  
But a child of scarce six summers  
Still was breathing faintly near them.  
She my father carried with him,  
And has raised her as his daughter."  
Then with voice grown low and tender,  
'Murmuring Pines, my little sister!'  
Each one busy with his musings,  
Homeward then they rode in silence,

Homeward through the haze of fall time  
Through the haze of Indian summer.

Time fled on, and now October  
Reigned supreme in far Montana,  
And the day kept drawing nearer  
When the artist poet Harding  
Must go back to all the turmoil  
And the bondage of the cities.  
Hard it seemed to leave Montana  
And the Murmuring Pines he found there  
Hard to waken from the beauty  
Of the dream play they were acting.  
All his heart was filled with sorrow  
When he thought of this one evening,  
As he sought the wild seclusion  
Where they often talked together.  
Here with murmuring pines above him  
And their namesake sitting near him,  
He had loved as some few natures  
Have been given the power of loving.  
Here he told her of the masters,  
And his own artistic longings,  
Read to her his favorite poets,  
Poems of joy and simple music,  
But the ones that she held dearest  
Were the ones that he had written  
All of life, and love, and nature  
And of Murmuring Pines, his sweetheart.  
While he sat thus fondly musing  
He was startled by a bird call;  
"Murmuring Pines," he cried out softly,  
And she answered, "Richard Harding."  
Then they two sat down together  
In the shelter of the pine trees,  
While they talked about the future  
In an English Indian mixture;  
Told each other their ambitions  
And the thousand things of lovers.  
Harding told her of the cities,



And of men beyond the Rockies  
Till she suddenly remembered  
All her old life with the white men.  
Then she ceased to wonder vaguely  
Why the things he had related  
Although strange seemed yet familiar  
And his English language easy.  
Then he told her all the story  
Just as Eagle Feather told it;  
Begged her to give up the red men  
And to live with him forever.  
When at last he finished speaking  
Murmuring Pines turned slowly from him,  
Then she drew a leather volume  
From her blouse of deerskin.  
'Twas the song of Hiawatha  
And the only gift he'd made her—  
Found the passage that she sought for  
Marked with fragrant, green pine needles;  
Paused a moment, then said softly,  
"I will follow you, my husband."  
Neither saw the scowling visage  
Of the chieftain crouched behind them,  
Hidden by the glowing tangle  
Of the scarlet, frost touched foliage.  
Neither saw the bright steel gleaming  
Raised on high with deadly purpose,  
Till the voice of Eagle Feather  
Warned them of their awful danger.  
'Ere they two could move a muscle  
Eagle Feather was beside them,  
Hand outstretched to snatch the weapon,  
When it suddenly fell harmless  
At the bottom of a pine tree,  
Where it lay among the needles.  
Trembling then, the aged chieftain,  
Turned his sad face toward his children,  
Hoarse his voice was with emotion,  
As he spoke to Eagle Feather:  
"Nay, my son, you need not fear me,

For I cannot harm this paleface.  
Though my brain was crazed with anger  
And I steeled my heart against him,  
Still I could not kill this Harding  
For I love him as a brother.''  
Then he turned toward his daughter  
And he whispered with entreaty,  
'Murmuring Pines, cans't thou forgive me?  
'Twas for you I would have killed him,  
Would have killed your paleface lover,  
For I willed that you should marry  
With your brother, Eagle Feather.  
I was foolish to expect it.  
You are of the race and color  
Of this stranger, Richard Harding;  
Therefore, follow him my daughter.''  
Quickly then was all forgiven  
And the love they bore each other  
Was made stronger in that instant  
Than before it ever had been  
Then the chief with Eagle Feather  
Turned his steps toward the teepees,  
Left the lovers there together  
In thy fair October twilight.  
With his arms about the maiden  
Harding pointed to the valley  
Where the river gleaned and rippled  
As it hastened ever onward  
In the sky the crimson glory  
Of the sunset still shone brightly,  
And its colors were reflected  
In the broad Missoula's water.  
All about the murmuring pine trees  
In their stately ranks and solemn,  
Sang again their evening anthem  
Which this night seemed like a love song;  
And below them in the valley;  
Gleamed the tanned hides of the wigwams,  
Where the people of her girlhood,  
Murmuring Pines beloved Indians,



Lived the simple life idyllic,  
Lived as children close to nature,  
“Every year in Indian summer,”  
Harding whispered fondly to her,  
“Though we dwell across the ocean,  
We will come back to this valley,  
To this beautiful Montana—  
Indian for the mighty mountains—  
Where I found the joy of living,  
Found you, Murmuring Pines, my sweetheart.”  
Then they turned toward the valley,  
With their hearts too full for speaking.  
Smoke curled upward from the teepees  
In the calm air of the evening;  
Lazily it floated upward  
Till it mingled in the distance,  
With the blue haze on the mountains,  
With the haze of Indian Summer.

—Montana Buswell.



## The Sultan of Lulu

The morning we landed at Holo, a little town in the southern part of the Phillippine archipelago, we were met at the dock by a large crowd of people both American and Philippino and were escorted to an old cathedral where some religious fanatics were having a dance. The religious fanatic in the Philippines is a dangerous person especially a Morrow; their belief is that if they kill an American they have more of a chance to get to heaven.

We were met at the cathedral by about thirty ambulances which were to take us to the home of the Sultan of Zulu. It is about fifteen miles from the little town of Holo and a very dangerous trip as these fanatics are so numerous and so dangerous to Americans. But in spite of the dangers of the trip we all enjoyed it and saw a great many strange sights. It took about three hours as the roads are naturally very bad and in some places the mud came up to the hubs of the wheels. When we arrived at the little Barrio, or village, there was not a person to be seen. We were quite surprised to find no one to receive us, and began to get a little scared for fear of an attack, so we stationed guards at different places in the town and put all the women in the cathedral, a building, usually built of stone, which one finds in every little town. Just as we were getting tired of waiting we were startled by hearing the beating of drums and loud yelling of hundreds of natives. We soon saw them coming around the bend in the road and just then one of the guides in our party happened to think that we had gotten there just at the time when the whole town goes to the river to take its afternoon bath.

As the crowd of natives advanced we came out of the cathedral and walked a little way down the road to meet them and see the Sultan. He was leading the band waving a long piece of dirty calico in the air. The calico was evidently their flag. He left off waving the cloth when he saw us and stopped, raising one of his hands in the air above his head. All of a sudden every one was silent and you could hear the sound of the wind in the Palms. We did not know what to say and the Sultan evidently preferred to stand and stare at us. I do not know how long we would have stood there if some one from the back of our crowd had not yelled out, "Why hello old man." The suspense was broken and every one laughed and sighed a sigh of relief. The Sultan then advanced and shook hands with us all and said some-



thing we could not understand. Then he motioned to us to follow, leading the way to his house; it was built about four feet from the ground, the part in under the house being used as a pig pen. There was a bamboo ladder leading to what I suppose was the front door and which was the only opening in the building. Five of us could get in to the house at a time and so it took about one hour for the whole party to see the house. No one seemed to want to stay very long in there and I thought it was kind of strange and so mounted the stairs with the greatest curiosity and soon found out why no one stayed any length of time.

When I first entered it was dark and I could hardly see but soon I saw the Sultan sitting on the floor motioning to me to be seated but as I looked at the floor I declined, because it was so greasy and dirty. His majesty was dressed in very tight fitting pants of an orange color, no shoes, a shawl over his shoulders. His face was covered with a piece of white cloth put to the eyes and on his head a turban of red with a beautiful ostrich feather in one side. I wondered what the cloth over his mouth was but I soon found when he let it fall off. I was horrified at the sight which met my eyes, his mouth was cut from ear to ear and a more horrible sight you never saw. He smiled, and I turned away and started out of the room, the sight of him made me sick.

It is said that in his younger days he was a slave, under the power of the former ruler and for some petty offense this horrible punishment was inflicted upon him. I was glad to reach the open once more and see the sun and know I was still on the earth and not in some horrible place of demons.

After the party had all seen the sultan we were escorted to the open space in the middle of the village and there as the sultan's wives, fifty-three of them, all togged out in rags, from no one knows where and big hats of straw, some of the hats being nearly as big as the women. After looking around in the town a bit we started home and were all glad to reach the ship again. When we arrived at the boat there was a messenger there ahead of us from the sultan with a note and some very beautiful presents for Miss Roosevelt. The note was one asking Miss Roosevelt to be his fifty-fourth wife and the presents were a little bribe so as to make sure Miss Alice would accept. But strange to say the sultan was disappointed for the first time in his life, most likely, for Miss Alice sent her regrets.



## Flowers! Always Flowers!

The moment had come when that preying, intangible question, the question that was to make or unmake, in its answer, her whole future, in the eyes of the world, must be answered; and answered immediately. This was the conclusion that Ruth had at last reached as she sat that Saturday evening in her splendidly as well as artistically furnished room, in her father's house, the home that was so dear to her, connected in her thoughts with every joy and sorrow of childhood, every love of maidenhood and in the future would be connected with this question that meant so much to her. All day she had stayed it, ever rising before her, "Wait until tonight, I will answer you then." Thus she had put it off from moment to moment, hour to hour, until at last she was compelled to confront it.

Ruth was one of those girls, who thought deeply on all subjects and weighed well each action. As she sat before her dressing table lost in thoughts, two pictures confronted her. Instinctively she picked them up and gazed at both in wonderment.

"You are so unlike," she murmured, "how can I choose between you?" Dropping them in her lap, she resumed, "Harold appeals to me through my love of pleasure; he anticipates every wish; my slightest word or jest he considers a command. Should I marry him my life would be one round of pleasure, one fairy dream in which I should be queen always. All I need do is carry one of those radiant roses with my prayer book in the morning and this fairy dream will all be mine. Think how holy it would make my avowal seem to announce it to him alone, while the Easter voluntary rolled forth from the organ and the air heavily perfumed breathed forth—love."

Losing herself in the rapture of such a poetic as well as romantic ending of that little word "yes" she remained fixed with shining eyes on the gorgeous roses so stately in their tall vase on the right hand side of her dressing table. Harold had sent them that morning with the note that had caused this reverie. As she gazed on them her eyes shone as if she saw a vision of a life as gorgeous and grand as these beauties in which she would be chief actor, with one other. Ah then she halted for there had been no thought of this other actor in her reverie. Did she love him? Perhaps she might some day. She would try—oh, yes, she would try!

Almost instantly her eyes fell to the other photograph in her



lap, the picture of a clear, honest, open hearted, but rather plain face. 'Dear John,' would it hurt him much when she told him, that their lives were separated by an all too impassable barrier? Would he think harshly of her? No! John would not do that, for he loved her. Did not those lilies in their quaint oriental vase bespeak the deep love of their sender? He was a poet at heart, a lover of nature and a worshipper of woman—Ruth was his ideal. He was not successful in a wordly way and probably never would be; but his all he lavished on her in the form of flowers. By her window bloomed a saintly Easter lily, his gift of a week ago and here again were those miniature copies, almost celestial in their perfumed purity. There crowded upon her, thoughts of his deep reverence, his poetic temperament and his love. Her father, she well knew, considered him almost foolish and said she could not but recognize the mercenary spirit of his wooing. No! it could not be that. Her father was wrong. He loved her and it would break his heart when she carried the rose tomorrow down the aisle. For he would know, he always knew, from one glance in her face, what her thoughts were. For she should carry the rose on the morrow; and while she sat with throbbing heart in the pew—he, knowing, would chant forth in the choir the baritone solo that would move her almost to tears. She would gaze at the rose in her hand and all that emotion would be for Harold, because of Harold. Yes, for then she would owe it to him. Was that after all what it meant?

"No, no, I cannot do it!" With this outcry she sprang to her feet and then, startled by the trend of her thoughts, she calmed herself, as best she might. She even selected the rose she should carry with her prayer book, thinking how beautiful its deep red petals would look against the silver gray of her Easter gown.

A few minutes afterward she was wafted by the magic power of Morpheus into dreamland—that solace for all cares.

At first all was oblivion. Then two pictures presented themselves in the first of which she saw an ideal, little, vine covered cottage almost hidden by the trees and shrubs which crowded the small garden. In the midst of this garden, a lady with a sweet, smiling face stood on the velvety, green carpet. She was attired simply, almost severely, with the exception of the dainty tea apron which completed her costume. As she lifted her head, without turning it to regard something without the picture, not yet within the view of the dreamer, Ruth recognized her own image. Suddenly the panorama moved

on and there approached, toward the dream lady, a tall, slim man and in his outstretched hands he bore a large bunch of the season's offering of flowers—almost gaudy in their magnificence. In his eyes a light of years, tried devotion shone. In an instant it was gone and Ruth saw herself again, this time with flowing robes and hair, seated in a poorly furnished room. On the table by her side bloomed the gorgeous offering of the former picture in an oriental vase, strangely familiar. She held some faded lilies tenderly in her hands, while by her side had fallen a box and tissue paper wrappings that had evidently served but recently as their tomb. As this picture became more real there was wafted to her as on the night air, the simple words from the lips of this woman so like herself—these simple words “Flowers! Always Flowers!” While it seemed almost a cry of despair still there shone from the woman's eyes a light of love, true undying hope.

The Easter bells never chimed on a more beautiful morning. The whole city in its spring attire, each window filled with blooms seemed to ring out joyously with the bells, He is risen, He is risen, in long drawn out, reverberating peal on peal.

Ruth, a beautiful light in her eyes, stood a moment in hesitation before her dressing table. Then with a smile in accord with the world she looked into the face of the comely photograph, selected her flower and as she left the room to join the family waiting below, the heavy perfumed air wafted back these words to the images of the two lovers awaiting her in yonder church, “It is good to love. Flowers, Always Flowers. Love is best after all and he will understand.”





## EDITORIALS.

JOHN D. JONES.

April—The maidenhood of spring, the month of sunshine between the showers.

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These beautiful evenings, why not have "Singing on the Steps." The Glee club and band are in splendid condition. Suppose we brush up and let people know that the U. of M. is alive by a few open air gatherings.

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The Easter butterflies are already to be let loose when that eventful day arrives and the campus will blossom out in other styles than nature's simple hues.

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Since the last issue of The Kaimin the students of the university have decided to reorganize the student activities and consolidate into the Associated Students, as was urged in February Kaimin. The advantages to be gained by such a change was carefully outlined at that time and needs no repetition at this time. The change seems to meet with almost complete approval and only a few opposed the measure. We heartily believe that the consolidation of the scattered interests and associations into one compact association is a step in the right direction, and marks one of the most progressive steps taken by the students for some time. It means more unity, better support, and a systematic, progressive way of doing business. Nearly all of our contemporary colleges have already adopted Associated Students and find it to work most satisfactorily. The Kaimin has every confidence that it will work equally as well here, and greatly simplify many of our present perplexing problems. The constitution has not been entirely adopted as yet, as it takes some time to get a measure of this magnitude before an assembly, however, before the May issue we will doubtless have the constitution completely drafted and the officers for the ensuing year elected.

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Dr. Elrod's new bulletin on the Butterflies of Montana came from the press a short time ago. It is unquestionably the most valuable

publication that the university has yet published. It is a complete treatise upon the butterflies of the state and represents several years of research and study. This bulletin covers an entirely new field and opens to the lovers of nature a most interesting study. What can be more enjoyable than a closer acquaintance with those gaudy fairies of the air, that flit so lightly over our lawns, in our orchards, and over our hills and mountains. By the aid of Dr. Elrod's book they become doubly interesting, since by little study we can learn their names, characteristics and life history. The bulletin is complete in every respect, having keys for identification, diagrams and original half tones. The author is certainly to be congratulated upon the success of his efforts.

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April the 27th is the date set for the preliminary contest for the State Oratorical. At present several lovers of forensics are sharpening their wits and clearing their voices for this encounter in oratory, and give every evidence of a lively preliminary. The Kaimin wishes all who enter, every success and hope that the winner of the local preliminary will also be the victor in the State contest which takes place here on May 4.

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The preliminary for the W. S. C. debate resulted in the selection of Jones, Harmon and Goodbourn, Mr. Cotter receiving alternate. The team is hard at work and have a line of argument that they think will be a winner. The debate comes off at Pullman on April 20th. As to results—well—duplication of last year's record will do.

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The baseball enthusiasts are out in full force and rivalry between players for places is quite keen. From present prospects, a good team is in sight, and all we need is a few games to give the boys a chance.

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Track is also drawing its full share of aspirants. At least twenty to twenty-five are out every afternoon. At present two meets are certain, viz: one with W. S. C. and one with M. A. C. in May. The students are endeavoring to get up a crowd to go to Bozeman and help boost things along. Why not get up a train load and go full armed.



The greatest event of the coming month with the interscholastic meet, which comes on May 16, 17 and 18 this is an event that is looked forward to by the students with a great deal of enthusiasm. The

**INTERSCHOLASTIC** Third Annual Interscholastic announcement was issued a few days ago, which outlines the policy of the big meet. Last year twenty-two high schools entered and eight of these scored, this year we confidently expect to have thirty entries. Every high school in the state should send representatives to both track and declamatory contests. They can't afford to stay out. It is an education in itself—as not only, do the delegations have an opportunity of seeing the state university, but of meeting the contemporary high schools. No other event of the year offers such opportunities as the Interscholastic does. Not only do the high schools have some goal for the students to strive for; but it also gives an impetus towards healthy athletics, one of the most needed factors in a boy's development. We hope the cry "On to Missoula" will be stronger than ever, and that instead of one trainload, there will be two this year.

Neither is the declamation contest to be forgotten. This is also an interesting feature of the meet, and we trust will be as closely contested as ever—may this year's Interscholastic outdo all the others and may those three eventful days of May be long remembered by the students of the high schools and those of the University of Montana.

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The Glee club intends to tour the state soon. They have been practicing faithfully behind closed doors for some weeks and undoubtedly are preparing to burst forth in an avalanche of song soon. Under the leadership of Prof. Thomas, the Glee club's success is assured.

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The Quill and Dagger society have decided to give as their annual play George Ade's "College Widow." The date is to be set later.

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The Seniors will be out in cap and gown in a few days. "Just watch their stride."

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It is with sincere sorrow we announce the death of Miss Lulu Railsback. This is the second death which has occurred in the history of the university among the undergraduates. The other being that of Miss Dora Leshon. The Kaimin extends to the bereaved relatives and friends their sincerest sympathy.

# ATHLETICS.

LAWRENCE E. GOODBOURN.

## Track

The prospects for a winning track team are at present very bright. Every evening from twenty to thirty men are out, running, jumping, polevaulting, putting the shot or throwing the hammer. The present fine weather is especially conducive to good work and the warm sun will soon put the track in prime shape. Though as yet the men have done little real training. We learn that one man has run the quarter in practically as good time as it was made in at the close of last season, and the mile men are doing equally good at their distance, while McPhail is vaulting over ten feet. Such reports are indeed encouraging and if the men continue to improve the best work ever done at the university ought to be accomplished this spring. For the 100 and 220 dashes we have Farrell, Adams and Cary, the latter two being good for the quarter also. For the longer distance there are Greenough, Garlington, Wallace, H. Schule, Willis and others. McPhail and Dion will do the pole vaulting and Mc. will also enter the hurdles and the broad jump. For honors in the latter he will have to compete with Adams and also Coffee who last year in the high school jumped twenty feet. For the hammer and shot there are Greenough and Johnson with two or three new men coming fast. In McPhail and Cary we have two of the best hurdlers in the state and with the aid of Coach Schule, who himself holds the world's championship in his line, they ought to do especially good work in a short time.

Coach Schule is an excellent track man having jumped over twenty-three feet in the broad jump, over six feet in the high jump, and run the hurdles. Having participated for so many years in the work he is able to give the men pointers that will make winners out of them. Many of the men have been in school for four years and have trained faithfully each season; now they are just coming to themselves and ought to be better than ever before. The men must necessarily do better as the records made at our interscholastic now come perilously near those of the university and the interscholastic records are becoming better each year.

At last M. A. C. and the University have come to terms with the



result that our track team has secured a date in Bozeman this year. You remember how we beat them in 1903 and we can surely do it again. We also have a meet with Washington State college and while we have never defeated them yet our prospects for doing so this year are better than ever before.

## Baseball

Baseball is also booming. Montana will probably have the fastest fielding team that has ever represented the university. Of last year's team Corbin, Wenger, Johnson, Goodbourn, Grush, Cary, Bonner, Mills, Buckhouse and Steward are back and out. For new men Fisher is showing up exceptionally well at second; Smith, who could not play last year, is doing fine work at third; and Lillick, Dingwall, McClay and others are among the fly chasers. Behind the bat Cary, Steward and Thomas are working hard; in the box are Corbin, star pitcher of last year and one of the best amateur players in Montana, Mills, Buckhouse, and Coffee. For the infield positions Grush, Fisher, Smith and Goodbourn will try out, while in the outfield Johnson, Wenger, Bonner, Lillick and Dingwall will fight it out for positions. The weakest point in the team at present is batting, but with continued practice every evening the men ought to be able to bat in good shape by the middle of April. The fort has two good teams with which games have been arranged that will give us excellent practice. College games have been secured with the School of Mines at Butte and if possible one more at least will be arranged with M. A. C. It is M. A. C's time to take our baseball team over to Bozeman this year and everyone sincerely hopes that they will do so.

Let the rooters come out in larger numbers and cheer the baseball and track men in their work. The fellows like to think that their efforts are being appreciated by the students as a whole and the only way they have of knowing so is to see a good sized crowd out every night to watch them.

## Tennis

The tennis enthusiasts have met and decided to do things this year. A committee of five has been appointed, consisting of Messrs. Greenwood, Spaulding and Book, Miss Nuckolls and Miss Hardenburgh, to secure from everyone who expects to play the sum of two dollars. With this money two courts will be fixed up in first class shape. Wire netting will be put entirely around them and to the one

entrance there will be a lock, so that only the members of the club are allowed to play. Everyone that wants to play must pay. By thus going on indefinitely the tennis people have shown that they are lovers of the game at least and want to see it go ahead. Tennis is as fine a sport as there is in existence today and we are glad to see the university students take such interest in it.

We have learned that the Missoula Tennis club has had a revival of enthusiasm and that its members are intending to do things this year. Why could not a match between the university and Missoula Tennis club players be arranged? To say the least it would arouse more interest in tennis and give the players an opportunity to show their ability. Think it over.

## The Interscholastic

A few more weeks and the Interscholastic is on! The majority of the High Schools of the state have been in training for this annual event for some weeks past. All the indication point to a far more successful meet this year, not only in attendance and in the number of candidates, but especially as regards the standard of competition. Being assured that the Interscholastic is a permanent affair, the different High Schools are increasing their efforts to be well represented not only in numbers, but in standard. Judging from the score of the two preceding meets, no team has a "cinch" on this year's Interscholastic by any means. In fact, in a big meet of this sort, the first place belongs to any team until the last event is decided. A small school with only a few representatives, if they be of the right sort of "timber", can easily carry off the day. This fact was well demonstrated in the Illinois Interscholastic meet of some four or five years ago when two representatives from the never heard of town of Biggsville carried off first honors for their school in a field where sixty to seventy schools were represented. This result was the more remarkable when it is remembered that all the high schools of Chicago and other large cities of Illinois were represented by full teams in the contests. After that Interscholastic Biggsville had a place on the map; and the two representatives from Biggsville were given "the glad hand" by the athletic authorities of many different colleges.

There is a discipline to be gained by competing in athletic contests that can hardly be overestimated. The elements of prejudice or personal preference have nothing to do with deciding who is the best man in athletic contests; that is decided by inches and fifths of a sec-



ond. In a general way one may say that participation in athletic contests build up a better and stronger constitution that will help one along in all the undertakings in life, and develops a few mental characteristics that make real success more probable. Above everything else, the need of sufficient preparation for success in athletics is most evident. It is ridiculously absurd for one to expect to be able to jump six feet high in one season's training, or to run a quarter of a mile with as little preliminary work and experience in something around fifty seconds. The Interscholastic offers the High School athlete a chance to develop his possibilities in certain events and to gain sufficient experience in competition, so that, when he begins his college course, with stronger muscles and more vigorous constitution, he will be in a position to start on a higher level as regards athletics. The value of the Interscholastic for the high schools can not be exaggerated. The athlete has not only to strive to be first in his own school, but, in the larger and more general meet, the competition is more keen and trying; and, to succeed, he must work conscientiously and correctly to defeat all his rivals. By way of parenthesis it may be said that, everything considered, the man who improves gradually and carefully is the more consistent, and, in the end, the better man, than one who "has it in him" to develop his possibilities in a mushroom way.

Not only is the Interscholastic of special importance to the High Schools of the state, but, in university circles this annual event is arousing more and more enthusiasm. The university students from the different cities of the state are here to receive their high school friends. As is the custom at other colleges, the convenience of this occasion in affording an opportunity to the fraternities and societies for "button holing" likely candidates is being appreciated; and, so, in the future this time bids to become more and more a "rushing season" for the wearers of such letter Greek buttons.

Which school is to retain the Spaulding cup? After each succeeding Interscholastic that question arouses more and more interest. Two interscholastics are over. The cup, at present, belongs to most any school; and so, when the next Interscholastic is over, the importance of winning the fourth and fifth will be proportionately greater. In the terse language of the true sportsman, let us hope that the Best school wins!

# Societies of the University

RALPH E. HARMON.

Again it falls to our lot to speak of the societies. There has not been of late much activity among them generally. The Hawthorne has held but one or two meetings this semester; the Clarkia has not fallen behind in its ability and tendency to keep ahead of the Hawthorne in point of numbers at least and in point of thoroughness of work. The Band is practicing faithfully, the Glee club preparing for its tour of the state, and the Quill and Dagger working up its annual play. The character of the work now being pursued in the societies is of a nature different from what it was three months ago. At that time there was little but the proceedings of the two literary societies, while now we have the more interesting and perhaps important work of the musical organizations and the dramatic club both of which reach many more students and many more outsiders. The Band at the recent installation of officers at Thompson Falls played a conspicuous part as well as good music; and we are looking for no less success from the Glee club when it makes its tour of the state. One of the best results of these trips however is the spice of life, and the increased general interest it infuses into the students who are fortunate enough to get on the teams, etc. It is an error to think that these trips are good for "the university" as their principal good effect. Yet we hear sometimes that the students who make them are doing it entirely "for the university" and in like manner they appear to think that all our societies are organized for the same purpose; whereas if they would but pause a moment it would be clear that the university has no cause to exist at all but for the students—not for itself or even for the faculty. Perhaps if this spirit were a little less prevalent, that what we do is not for ourselves but for some professor, society, athletics, or university, we would soon get a better class of service for all of them, ourselves included, ourselves on the side as some would think.

## Clarkia

The Clarkia held but two meetings this month. One was given up entirely to business, but at the other there was presented a very interesting program. Miss Daisy Kellogg recited "See'in Things;"



Miss Florence Johnson gave an interesting reading and then there was a debate. The question was "Resolved That education has more effect upon the formation of character than has nature." Miss Debora Wagy and Miss Josie Robb had the affirmative while Miss Linda Featherman and Miss Mary Fergus supported the negative. The subject had been quite thoroughly studied and so numerous were the points to be made that each of the four speakers looked decidedly annoyed when the signal announced that the six allotted minutes had expired. The judge's decision, reached after quite a lengthy discussion, was in favor of the affirmative. The Clarkia intends to have many more debates in future. Look out for your reputation, Hawthorne!

## Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. can now give the information that the state convention which was to have been held in Missoula this spring has been postponed until October. During the past month the officers for the year ensuing were elected and are as follows: Jennie McGregor, president; Helen Smead, vice president, Florence Thieme secretary and Daisy Kellogg, treasurer.

The association enjoyed one especially interesting session when Mrs. Newell, a home missionry, who has, for a number of years worked in the home fields, told of her experience and of the great need of the work in which she is engaged. The meeting of April, 3 was lead by May Hamilton, the subject "Being true to one's self."

## Hawthorne

At the session of March 23d, instead of the regular program, there was the try out for the university's annual debate with W. S. C. There was a full house, Evan's hall being filled. There were only four who at the appointed time appeared to compete for honors although it had been generally understood that there were to be a number more. The speakers were only allowed ten minutes and each had a two minute rebuttal; this was an experiment upon time shortening but the debators declared after it was over that they did not wish to be victims to any such experiment a second time for there was a great amount of material that was not touched at all. It would be far better to go back again to the old time limit used in the first Pullman-Montana contest, twenty four minutes. There is little use in attempting to speak of even the most obvious points of a question in less than that time and when it comes to really debating it seems next thing to

absurd to think of doing it in much less than half an hour. This fact has been brought out in all the contests that have taken place here for several years and it is time that we seriously take up the matter with intent to remedy this defect. In case there are too many in one night to make a longer time imperative it is quite possible to hold two preliminaries as is done elsewhere. Fifteen or eighteen minutes are, however, ordinarily sufficient for a mere preliminary. The worst defect, however, due to short time was offset by the fact that for the first time in the annals of Hawthorne proceedings did a girl preside. Miss Nuckolls, who was also the first girl to enter an inter collegiate debate in this institution, was the fortunate fortune conferring person for it happened that the president himself was unable to be there owing to a severe illness.

Aside from this session the Hawthorne has held none since the election. Interest in the men's society is waning. There has been lately no suggestion towards a solution of this phenomena but they have not been lacking in the past. Professors have upon several occasions, when talking about these matters, suggested that the two societies which now are each composed exclusively of one sex should be divided into two each composed of the two sexes. Such a course would at least create an interest which is entirely wanting in the Hawthorne and would undoubtedly lead to several good results. The fact that this is the system in other places as well as the isolation plan, may be something of a recommendation to those who fear to think of things that have not been previously thought of. It is said by the way, to operate well at Pullman.

## Eta Phi Mu

On March 17th the Sophomore class was entertained at the Fraternity house by Messrs. Buck, Gilham and Cotter. The Fraternity house was artistically decorated to match the occasion—the 17th, green paper being woven in spider web fashion across the ceilings. Whist was the leading game. First prize for the ladies was an '08 hat pin, which was won by Miss Cora Averill, and the gentleman prize, was an '08 watch fob, Mr. Davidson succeeded in winning the latter. About 10:30 o'clock all adjourned to the dining room where a dainty luncheon was served, and thus amid laughter and song the remaining time, which was short enough indeed, was spent, and the approach of midnight caused the guests to depart. This is the second class party given by the Fraternity boys, and it is rumored that others will fol-



low. The chaperons were Prof. and Mrs. Scheuch. On Feb. 23 several of the boys decided to have an informal party at the Fraternity house. The evening was spent in various games and music and song. Later a light luncheon was served. Although only a few were present a general good time was enjoyed. Those present were, Misses Deschamps, Bradford, Ross, Howell, Evans, Featherman and McBride and Messrs. Mills, Dion, Reinhard, McPhail, Cary, Garlington and Polleys. Chaperon, Mrs. Ross.

## Sigma Nu

On the evening of April first, the house men of the Sigma Nu fraternity entertained a few of their lady friends informally at dinner. This is the first time that the fairer sex have been entertained at the chapter house and so it was appropriately decorated for the occasion with a large number of fraternity pennants. It was well along in the evening before merry feasters departed for their homes each one declaring that the warmest spot in her heart was for Sigma Nu. The guests were Helen Goddard, Winnifred Feighner, Minta McCall, Edna Salisbury and Fan Hathaway, Miss Buckhouse acted as chaperon.

“Great Sigma Nu—the name we love to call  
In heated strife or sport or banquet hall—  
We pledge a nobler purpose than the youth  
Of Sparta when he left his home to fight  
For Greece as we fight for “Love and Truth.”  
The bow thou gavest with its string of might  
Spun from a lock of thy sunny hair  
The shield of thy indomitable will we bear  
And on what fields we meet, what foes we fight  
It matters not so thy directing power  
Guide and sustain us in each trying hour  
Each well directed blow, each shout shall be  
For Love, for Truth for Liberty and Thee!”

During Lent, the boys have been entertaining informally more or less frequently, but after Easter they will again come out in full force with the formal stunts. Invitations are already out for a heart party at the Chapter House on April twenty-first when each jolly Sig and pledgeling will bring his most particular lady friend and enjoy themselves in true Sigma Nu fashion.



MONTANA BUSWELL AND JAMES H. MILLS, EDITORS

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How can the girls shake Speer?

Nell—Ah, there my Divinity!  
The Divinity—I guess not.

Town Girl—Mr. Herrick is true to his girl in the east.  
Edna Fox—Oh well, he hasn't met all of us yet.

Locals are so shy that it is positively embarrassing to meet any one.

Heard in shop at noon hour Wednesday—Wallace—How are you Farmer?

Farmer, sadly, Not so very good!

Wallace—Troubles of a married man. General laugh.

Farmer—How are you getting alone?

Wallace—Not very good.

Farmer—Troubles of a bachelor. Another laugh.



Mr. Cotter is getting on well in French. The other day he went to the board and wrote, "I would like my love to come and he put a feminine ending on it too!

Ona—I just love soft ones—pencils I mean.

Fred Greenwood—sitting on an advertisement for Ivory soap—Oh this is soapathetic.

Aks Mr. Harmon how to do a debate“”?

We see by the programme board that there has been some changes made. Prof. Snoddy has charge of shop work; Prof. Schule elocution and Prof. Aber trigonometry. Perhaps the changes were only in the programme board.

We are to have the pleasure of hearing the gentle warbling of the double sextette in the near future.

Prof. Scheuch—Why didn't you read it in German?

Miss Evans—I didn't get time.

Prof. Scheuch—Oh, so you're not prepared? I meant why didn't you read your sentences now in German?

Miss Evans—dolefully—Why or why?

Prof. Rowe—Well Miss —, you have done the experiments in sound, what is a node, also an antinode?

Bright student—A node is a little bunch of sand, and an antinode is a bunch of nothing.

Also heard in Physics lab—Prof. Rowe—Very well Mr. —, you and Miss — May do the experiments of the electric machine togther, but see to it that all the sparking is done by machinery.

Heard behind the scenes at Glee—Cary—Mr. Thomas, don't you think that it would be a fine thing to play that prelude on the cornet?

Grush—No, I will play it on my alto.

Prof. Rowe—How is a conductor made?

Third Prep—By promoting the brakeman.

Harnois—Here's to one and only one, and may that one be she,  
Who loves but one and only one, and may that one be me.

Helen R.—Head on one side, eyes cast down—Isle of View!

Dont' crow, little Soph, don't crow,  
The cleverness will wear off, doncherno.

Hugo—Say, will you walk around the campus with me?

Francis N.—Who said you could?

Hugo—I did.

Francis N.—Oh see the meadow lark! And they walked.

Miss Young—What is the difference between a country school yard and a college campus?

There were five locals in the box this month.  
The editors expired.

Bobby—Oh yes, I and another girl did that!

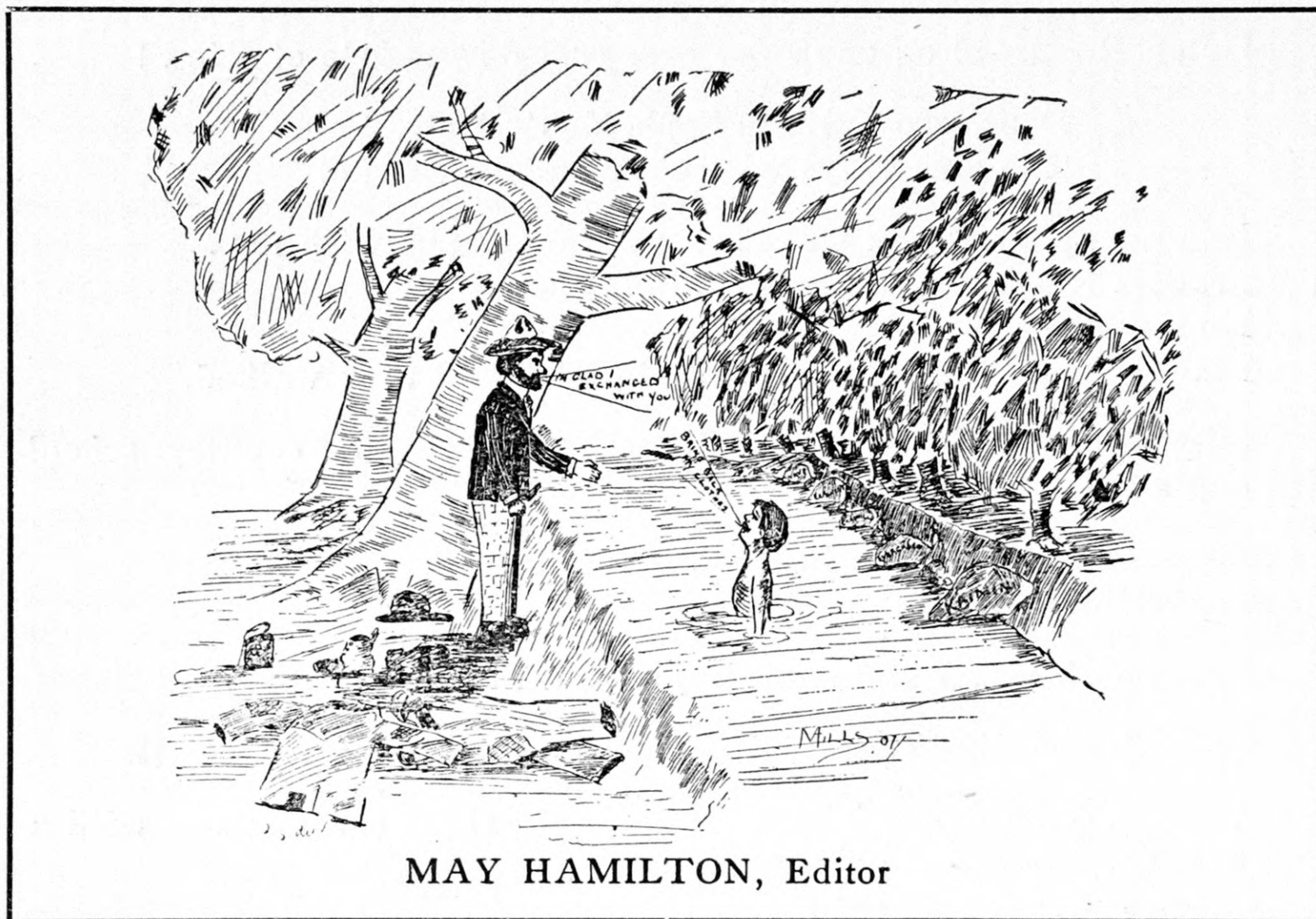
Prep—translating Caesar, And then he threw up a stonewall.

Almeda, There stood Lieut. Davidson right behind me with a hand out, the night Bobby introduced me.

Charles F., Did you eat it?







In the February number of the Nugget we find a little poem called "Long's Peak." So seldom do the high school or college papers publish really good poetry that this was especially delightful to us.

The sentiment of the poem is beautiful, and the language really poetic with no strained attempts at rhyming and no copied phrasing.

"The Monument of the Continent" in the Pioneer's March number is well worth reading. A description of this character is of wider interest and is more generally appreciated than the all too frequent would be love story. More than that, it undoubtedly requires more talent to write the one than the other.

Purple and Gold for March was not as good as its new cover would lead us to expect.

The Bitter Root's musical number is unique. All the material was well presented, one criticism however must be made—the picture of the captain of the football team inserted between two articles on music looked decidedly inharmonious.

The University of North Carolina magazine for February was even

better than usual. "The Question" was a particularly cleverly constructed story. It reminds one forcibly of Stockton's "Lady or the Tiger."

The Kaimin appreciates the fact that the exchange editor devoted a whole page and a half to discussion of its good and bad points. We certainly realize that words of commendation from such a source are valuable. All the suggestions were good, and we feel the justice of this criticism especially: "We cannot but wonder why, since so many good things are contained between the Kaimin's covers, it is not proof read." The Magazine erred in its translation of the name. Kaimin means "something written."

The suggestion contained in the Brown Alumni Monthly as to "Profane Songs" are worth serious consideration. It is not true that colleges encourage the singing of songs which if sung by any other people would not be tolerated in good society?

#### A SIDELIGHT ON CO-EDUCATION.

A well known college professor, according to a Rhode Island paper, offers two horns of a dilemma to advocates of co-education. "If you lecture to 20 boys and 20 girls in the same room," he asks "will the boys attend to the lecture or to the girls?" Of course, the co-educationist, to be consistent, must say that they will listen to the lecture. "Well if they do," replies the dean "they are not worth lecturing to."—Brown Alumni Monthly.

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