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THE KAIMIN

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Your Christmas Money will Go Farther and Buy Nicer Gifts Here than Elsewhere.

Missoula Mercantile COMPANY

THE KAIMIN

University of Montana

VOL. 10 DECEMBER, 1906 NO. 3

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THE KAIMIN

A LITERARY MAGAZINE

VOL. 10 DECEMBER, 1906 NO. 3

COMMENT

FRANCES NUCKOLLS

In a short time our holiday vacation will be upon us. For many it will mean an opportunity to return home to renew the joys and pleasures which up to this time have not been interrupted; for a few it will mean the laying aside of pleasant tasks which at its close will be taken up with renewed energy; while for a still smaller number it will be a respite from routine work in order to get away from the "ragged edge" and be up with the procession when it starts out again next year. So no matter on which side one finds himself a vacation is always welcome, and the opportunities afforded should be seized. We hope those who return home, those who remain, and those who will busy themselves with affairs will enjoy themselves to such an extent that when vacation closes they can return and give their entire attention to the tasks which brought them to the University.

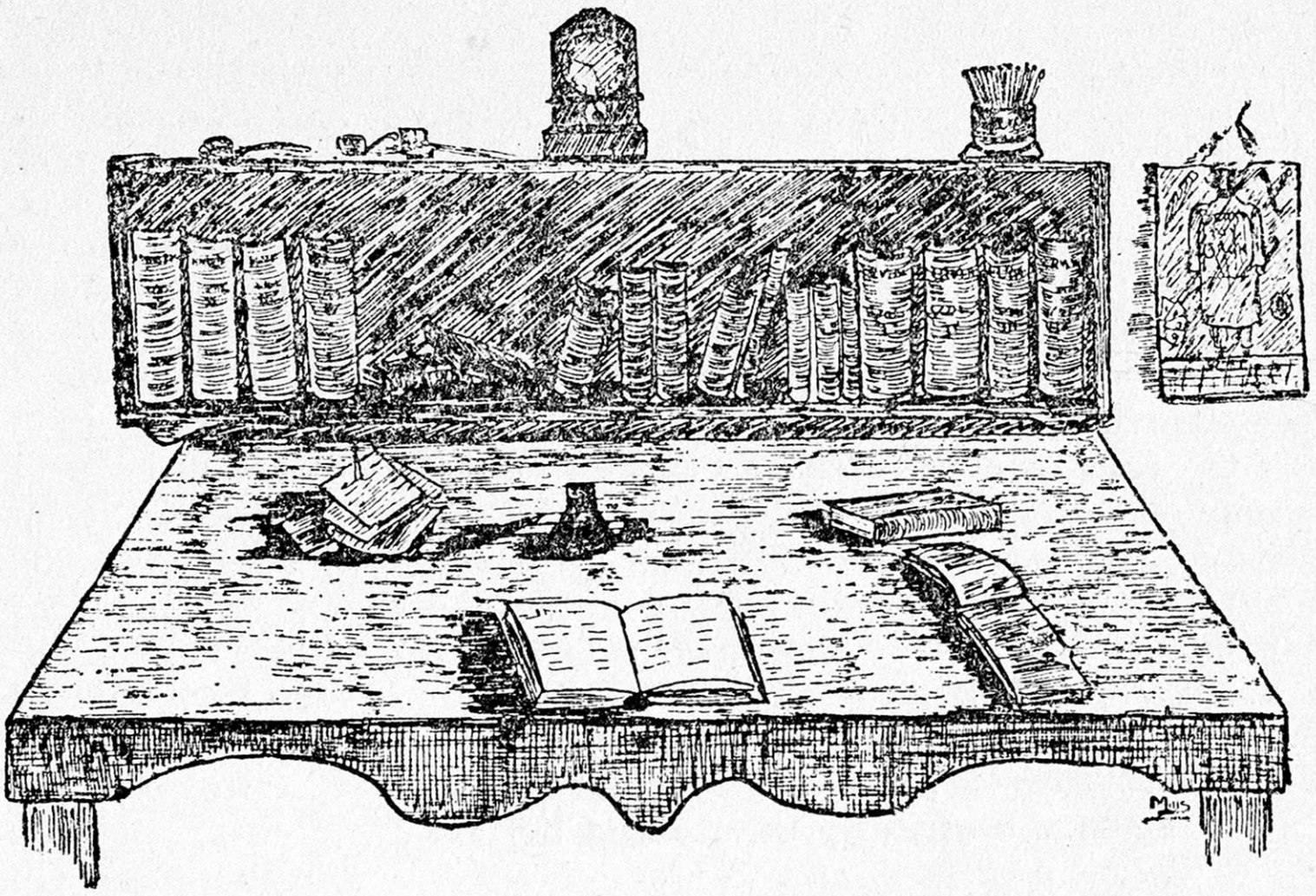
* * *

As the season advances the time for University functions approaches. At the close of the holiday vacation scarcely a month will intervene between the close of the first semester and the opening of the second. Half the college year will have passed and we shall find ourselves launched upon the harder and more serious part of the college year. Those who graduate will begin to realize that they must begin to give up their share of interest in student affairs; they must give away to those who are to continue their work next year. From the beginning of the second semester the graduating class can be identified only with the student activities and University functions which close at commencement; nothing can be carried over for next year. But while such is true the graduating class can, however, have much in common with the student body. Their experience, as well as their standing, counts for much. It lies within their province not only to raise the standards but also take the initiative in contests. Next semester a number of contests in oratory, essay writing and original research will come off. The seniors can give impetus to these contests and encouragement to the student body by entering. Vacation is a good time to begin; a change of work is rest.

It is with no small concern that we view the situation in the literary societies since the opening of the term. One of the organizations held one meeting. Two other meetings, which were scheduled to take place, failed to come off because of lack of attendance—not of new students, but of the old, the tried ones who should have been present. At first we were inclined to think that student interest in literary work was being absorbed by other affairs, but the success of another literary organization does not bear out this supposition. It is simply carelessness and indifference on the part of the older students. Why this attitude on the part of the students? Our literary society has been in a flourishing condition, why this sudden turn in which no attention is paid to the announcement of meetings? There is plenty of new material and judging from the interest taken in debates the new material is above the average, yet not one new student has become a member of the society. Is the constitution defective in the holding of meetings and enforcement of fines? If so, why not remedy it or draw up a new one and submit it to the faculty for approval? Are the older students tired of the organization and wish to get away from the work? If such is true let them do so and give the new element a chance to have a literary society. We think it high time to throw off this indifferent attitude and get down to work. Early next semester the date of our annual entertainment will come around. Shall we fail again? How many say "no?"

* * *

When this number appears our football season will have closed. The final game will have been played without our winning one intercollegiate contest. Yet, as we look back over the season just closed, we have no apologies to offer. At the beginning of the season we had every discouragement to contend against. The captain not only failed to appear, but there was also lack of material. Under these discouraging conditions our coach and manager set to work to do the best that lay within their power, and a little later—when more than a fourth of the season had passed—they, with the assistance of Captain Harriman, evolved a team and strove to uphold the honor of the copper, silver and gold. At the moment when the outcome of the issue was in doubt, we extended to them and their worthy squad our heartiest support. Now, when the contests are over and we the losers, we extend to them the warm hand of fellowship with nine rousing 'rahs. They have not contested on the gridiron in vain. When the new game has completed its present process of evolution, and all doubt and uncertainty has been swept aside, we can point with pride to the team of '06.



LITERARY DEPARTMENT

EDITORS: LINDA FEATHERMAN, FREDERICK GREENWOOD

THE GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF WORDSWORTH'S MIND AS SEEN IN "THE PRELUDE."

N. B. '08.

"Hard task, vain hope, to analyze the mind
Of each obvious and particular thought,
Not in a mystical and idle sense,
But in the words of Reason deeply weighed,
Hath no beginning."

Thus did the genius, Wordsworth, speak of the task of analyzing mental growth and development. Since it was to him difficult, how appalling it should be to us.

In the study of Wordsworth's own account of his own mental growth, namely, "The Prelude," one cannot but notice the close resemblance it bears in outline, to his stanza in the "Ode on Immortality," beginning

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting," etc.

He pictures there the child as traveling from the East—away from the shore—on toward the West. He pictures his own mind on the

same plane, only he is saved before he perceives the "visionary gleam"

"Fade into the light of common day."

In a study of his mental journey from the eastern shore of the "immortal sea" to the western, we, as Americans, cannot but notice the resemblance between the topography of our own native land and Wordsworth's mental life. First, the east—the shore, the eastern heights—second, the inland, then the West—the western heights, loftier than the eastern ones, even as our own Rockies surpass in heighth the mountains in the East, and last, the western shore, which is beauty, serenity and peace, might compare with the most beautiful part of our western paradise—California.

During his early childhood—while he was yet on the eastern shore—Wordsworth enjoyed many of pleasures common to the children "'favored in a birthplace" such as his. He grew up under the influence of Nature—

"Fostered alike by beauty and by fear."

As a child, Nature awed and at times frightened him. At ten years old when wandering at night he says:

"I was alone,
And seemed to be a trouble to the peace
That dwelt among them."

Meaning the moon and stars. Then in the episode of the discovered boat and the stolen row on the lake, the sudden appearance of the huge peak and how it "strode after" him and forced him to turn back. Even then he felt the power in Nature to "'chasten and subdue." No matter in what games or sports he mingled Nature always made her presence felt, in many different ways—

"Hunting him thus among his boyish sports,
In caves and trees, upon the woods and hills,
Impressed, upon all forms, the characters
Of danger or desire; and thus did make
The surface of the universal earth,
With triumph and delight, with hope and fear,
Work like a sea."

Then came his early school days with still the close companionship with Nature, although he was beginning to climb those eastern heights and leave behind him the "'immortal sea" but he has not yet crossed the divide and he still sees it closely for he is still the youth who "must" travel on. In later years as he looked back on those days, he feels himself to be:

"Two consciousnesses, conscious of myself
And of some other being."

It was of this time that he says:

"And I was taught to feel, perhaps too much,
The self-supporting power of solitude."

During this period of school, mingled with the plentiful pastimes in which Nature always included, such as long rides through the country, during this time he first felt the divine presence in Nature:

"That still spirit shed from evening air!
Even in this joyous time I sometimes felt
Your presence."

After this impression of the divine in Nature then it was that Nature's manifestations "sank into his heart and held him like a dream," and he began to "love" Nature. And at last he tells:

"How Nature, intervenient till this time
And second day, now at length was sought
For her own sake."

Then followed many close communions with Nature when he "drank in the visionary power," faith grew in him and

"Oft in these moments such a holy calm
Would overspread my soul, that bodily eyes
Were utterly forgotten, and what I saw
Appeared like something in myself, a dream,
A prospect in the mind."

Thus it was that at the age of seventeen, he felt a brotherhood to exist between himself and Nature, and he says:

"I, at this time,
Saw blessings spread around me like a sea,
From Nature and her overflowing soul,
That received so much, that all my thoughts
Were steeped in feeling."

Then it was that he advanced a little farther up the eastern heights—he went to Cambridge to pursue his studies. He went accompanied by his newly acquired and highly prized lessons from Nature and at first he says:

"I was the dreamer, they the dream, I roamed
Delighted through the motley spectacle."

Showing that Nature had not become, as yet, all in all to him, but he could still derive pleasure from the "'haunts of men." At times he was perplexed with his unfitness for the time and place, then a short walk and communion with Nature as she was found near there, gave an "independent solace" and he began to look for "universal things." In this friendship of Nature he had a "world about " of his own, which "lived" only to him.

His time was not all spent in solitude and we see already a preparation for the attraction of the Load Stone that was to carry him down and into the Inland, for to use his own line:

"Yet could I only cleave to solitude
In lonely places; if a throng was near
That way I leaned by Nature; for my heart
Was social, and loved idleness and joy."

He was attracted from his studies more than he knows was "wise or well." As the influences about him acted and reacted the "wisdom and the pledges interchanged with his inner being were quite forgot." He is at last forced to acknowledge that he "'roamed carelessly"

> " "Till mid this crowded neighborhood of things
> That are by Nature most unneighborly
> The head turns round and cannot right itself."

With this "sense of gay confusion" in his mind he returned to his "native hills." There all things seemed different to him. It was all

> "Changed like a garden in the heat of spring
> After an eight days' absence."

He began to feel that he was to be more than an ordinary person and no matter how he tried he could not keep his mind from himself—"his garments seemed to him to stop the stream of self forgetfulness." The love of poetry developed markedly at this time, until he was possessed of the thought of leaving some monument behind him, "which pure hearts should reverence." Nature returned more closely to him at this time. Then he went to Europe and travelled through the Alps, influenced deeply as he was by the beauties of Nature, as viewed here, they did not bear immediate fruit. He "crossed the Alps" even as he crossed the divide, and found himself on the western slope overlooking this inland, which he was so soon to experience.

Returning to England he took up his residence in London, became more and more interested in men as found in this, as he calls it, "monstrous ant-hill." He wandered alone among them studying their lives and motives. Gradually and steadily his love for Nature lead to a love for Man and "the human form became to him an index of delight."

Meanwhile the Load Stone was drawing him farther and farther inland. At last with his faith in Man at its height he was lured to France. Here he took a deep interest in the people's cause of liberty and believing them to be right, he was on the very eve of enlisting his aid to their cause when, as he is very thankful later, he was recalled to England. We pass hurriedly over this, his sojourn in the inland. The thoughts and feelings which moved him at this time were not so purely Wordsworthian, and we feel that he has, for a time, lost sight of the "immortal sea" and is shamefully neglecting Nature.

By the strange turn of affairs and the aspect the Revolution took on at last, Wordsworth lost a great deal of his faith in Man and was in a despondent state of mind when his sister came to his rescue. To her he felt that he owed the peace and happiness of his after life:

> "She whispered still that brightness would return;
> She in the midst of all, preserved me still
> A poet, and made me seek beneath that name,
> And that alone, my office on earth."

She led him back to Nature and depending on her, in a great meas-

ure, for support and encouragement he began to ascend the western heights of his mental journey. Because of his boyhood communion and close relationship with Nature, he was more easily able to return to her and he ascended these heights more quickly, although they were higher than the eastern ones. It was not long before he could say:

"In Nature's presence stood, as now I stand
A sensitive being, a creative soul."

As again he began the descent on the western slope, so again was he comforted with mankind and the problems and questions that hereto present themselves. This time, however, he was protected by experience and environment, of the most profitable. After seeking long for the ideal manhood, the one which he might feel would not betray his trust, he decided from his experience in other things to look

"Upon the unassuming things that hold
A silent station in this beauteous world."

Seeking thus he was soon able to say:

"I found
Once more in Man an object of delight
Of pure imagination and of love."

Immediately he began a deep and engrossing study of this simple man, this man close to Nature. He took for his subject the ordinary man met on the common road and having put questions to him found that

"The lonely roads
Were open schools in which I daily read
With most delight the passions of mankind,
Whether by words, looks, sighs or tears reveal;
There saw into the depth of human souls;
Souls that appear to have no depth at all
To careless eyes."

In these lonely rambles and in the intercourse with these men, Wordsworth found all that he needed—they fitted every mood and healed the wounds of past disappointment. It was at this time that he said:

"Thus haply shall I teach,
Inspire; through unadulterated ears
Pour rapture, tenderness and hope—my theme
No other than the very heart of man."

In Wordsworth's final belief in Man he felt that words were but "'under agents" and Nature to him then breathed:

"Grandeur upon the very humblest face
Of human life."

Again does Wordsworth reach the shore—the western shore of the "immortal sea." Again does he descend into the lowland from the heights where Nature, and Nature alone, was his companion. Again does he become engrossed with mankind. But this time he does not

forget or lose Nature in his contemplation of this subject dear to his heart. Nature now walks hand in hand with him aiding him in his song of mankind:

"Her works, as they present to fancy's choice
Apt illustrations of the moral world,
Caught at a glance or traced with curious pains."

Thus, in his western paradise on the border of the "immortal seat," he endeavors in his fullness of genius and experienced mind to

"Instruct them how the mind of man becomes
A thousand times more beautiful than the earth
On which he dwells, above this frame of things
In beauty exalted, as it is itself
Of quality and fabric more divine."

After we have retraced with the poet the long roads, the narrow passes and the almost pathless wilderness, through which his mind had to travel, to reach this high lofty, beautiful, noble, serene and optimistic faith in mankind, with Nature as the chief guardian, we cannot but agree

"That the history of a poet's mind
Is labor not unworthy of regard."

HAWTHORNE AND BROOK FARM.

W. F. '08.

Of the experiences and trials of the life at Brook Farm we do not hear of a great many at any time, and especially few are there of Nathaniel Hawthorne, but to the reader of his works they are very interesting.

To realize Hawthorne's true relation in regard to this place, it is perhaps better to first consider Transcendentalism and show it is one of its products, the "Farm."

Between 1798 and 1832 there was uppermost in New England a strong spirit of a revolutionary movement. The first noticeable move along the line of Transcendentalism was probably greatly aided by Emerson, for he was interested very much in the German thought at that time, and he attributed the beginning of change to Edward Everett. Channing also brought fresh spiritual powers to combat the theology of New England. Groups of people seemed to be seized by an unusual literary activity and so studied the French and German philosophy. Unitarianism was falling and Transcendentalism slowly and gradually gaining a place. Its main object appeared to be the asserting of the supremacy of man himself and of each and every man as well.

So the club was formed, called by the public in derision, the

"Transcendental Club;" by the members themselves "The Sympo-sian," but the real name was "Wedges Club," for a man of that name called the first meeting. The periodical, called "The Dial," was the first apparent result of the club, and this appeared in 1840 and the first editor was Margaret Teller, who has been called "The Priestess of Transcendentalism."

George Ripley, a leading voice in these proceedings, became en-thused with the idea that they ought to show their new thought to a greater degree, so he urged a practical application of their first views of philosophy and life. The outgrowth of this was "Brook Farm," or as it was called, "The Brook Farm Institute of Agriculture and Educa-tion." It was a purely transcendental movement in its being a specula-tion of pure idealists, and they were going, as they said, "to insure a more natural union between intellectual and manual labor than now exists, to combine the thinker and the worker, as far as possible, in the same individual; and to guarantee the highest mental freedom by providing all with labor adopted to their tastes and talents and securing to them the fruits of their industry."

It is interesting to know that sixty hours made the week's labor from May to October, and forty-eight from November to April, and that a year's labor paid for a year's board. After about four years though this place had to be sold and it is known today as "The Martin Luther Orphan Home."

Hawthorne went to Brook Farm only a few days after Ripley be-gan the experiment. Hawthorne had been working in the custom house and was glad to get out in this country place where it was quiet. He invested $1,000 from his government earnings in the enterprise and for almost four months he was very zealous. He writes of his life there in his "Blethdale Romance," and as he tells us, in the story, of the first warning there how Will Cloverdale felt, so we can imagine Hawthorne himself to have felt. He says, "As for me I lay abed, and if I said my prayers it was backwards, cursing my lot as bitterly as patient Job himself. The truth was, the hot house warmth of a town residence and the luxurious life had taken much of the pith out of my physical system and the wintery blast of the preceding day, together with the general chill of our airy old farm house, had got fairly into my bones * * * I seriously wished that the reformation of society had been postponed about half a century. * * * What in the name of com-mon sense had I to do with any better society than I had always lived in? Was it better to hoe, to mow, to toil * * * to eat salt beef and earn it with the sweat of my brow, and thereby take the tough morsel out of some wretch's mouth, into whose vocation I had thrust myself? Above all, was it better to have a fever and die blaspheming as I was like to do?"

We read that Hawthorne's first experience with a cow (the tran-

heifer) was a failure but that he, as her would-be tamer, did not wish to be unjust, so he said she had a "very intelligent face" and "a reflective cast of character." He boasted to his sister that he had become a complete farmer and wrote in his notebook that "work defiles hands, indeed, but not soul." However, this mood soon wore off and we find that in the early August he wrote, "In a little more than a fortnight I shall be free from bondage—free to enjoy nature—free to think and feel—Oh, labor is the curse of the world! Is it a praiseworthy matter that I have spent five golden months providing food for cows and horses? It is not so."

It seems strange to think of Hawthorne, the writer, as Hawthorne the man in his life at Brook Farm, indeed Swift says, "The whole experience stands as a thing apart and unrelated to the rest of his life. Such complete detachment can not be affirmed of any other of those who gave reputation to or borrowed it from Brook Farm." He never seemed to be able to enter, and did not force himself into the spirit of the enterprise and so his interest there was purely incidental. It certainly did him much good, for it afforded him the setting for one of his best books. But altogether his life there is well summed up by Trent when he says of Hawthorne that "He lived in an ideal world, but it was not that of the transcendentalist whose blended egoism and altruism did not appeal to him."

POPE AND HIS WORKS.

R. S. '10.

Few people would ever pick up a collection of Pope's poems and read them for pastime, for few care for his sarcasm and the continual rhyme of his monotonous verses. On the other hand, one studying the English language could not find a more valuable specimen of correctness. Pope lived in an age that is behind our own in a great many respects, but he took his verses and made them so perfect that they seem very modern. This is partly due to the fact that the rules of verse have not been changed and so his works seem modern.

A great many poets possess a peculiar fear of criticism. Pope's character and habits were so entirely literary that he seemed to have a fear of criticism that approached morbidness. He appeared to be ever pursuing literary fame and this appeared to be the center of his whole life. He had no near relatives and his weak health and deformities kept him from society. His likes and dislikes debarred him from the social world and so we see that literature would naturally have peculiar attractions for him. He cared more for his literary fame than for literature itself, and he exerted all his energies directly and indirectly to defend it from the slightest criticism. For these reasons he

showed great impatience with the attacks of those beneath him in literary standing, which he should have overlooked. But he used great severity when he answered their attacks. He was noted for his use of stratagem and he seemed to delight in the outwitting of those around him even if they were friends. He has been accused by a lady friend of not being able to drink a cup of tea without a stratagem.

Pope's "Essay on Stratagem" was probably the most criticised of all his works. One critic considered that the truths he expressed in it were placed in a beautiful light and illustrated with very apt phrases and that these truths possessed grace and novelty which appealed to the reader. On the other hand, another critic called these truths precepts that were false and trivial and that "his thoughts were crude, his expressions absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical." In some instances both of these critics are right, but very good things are to be found in this essay. It was the first attempt in English literature to place before the public the standards of judgment in thought and expression. The poem is faulty but has merit and is philosophical in the nature of its subject. It is brilliant and all through it we find touches of beautiful imagery.

It is said that the finest characteristic a poet may possess is invention and that this is the surest distinction of a great genius. One could hardly find a more original theme or a poem where more invention has been used than in the "Rape of the Lock." Pope has displayed all of his powers in this poem and it is the only complete work he ever published. He took a most trivial subject and spared no ornament to make it his best work. He used splendid diction in his treatment of the meanest thing, and at times is brilliant and vivacious. He was thoroughly acquainted with his subject and sympathized with the work he was doing. He shows great wit and is very clever in his sarcasm, but in this poem he also shows his contempt for the society of his age.

Pope was certainly a true genius. He wrote poetry that came from his understanding of the rules of poetry and the application of them. He hardly knew what it was to allow emotion to play any part in his poetry. For this reason his works when read aloud sound unnatural and forced. It is true that his rhymes run on smoothly enough, but his works are not the outbursts of feeling and are so highly polished that they seem unreal. Pope knew the use of artifice and applied it to all his work. In the age in which Pope lived the people demanded brilliancy and cynicism. Pope tried to put these things into his poetry to meet the demands of the people. For these reasons we find the poetry in Pope's age the kind that "will satisfy the intellect but starve the emotional nature." The poet will become an artist of form. Instead of strong passions, elevated motives and sublime aspiration he will give us critical accuracy of thought and elegance.

Pope's works have been called the mirror of the social passions,

modes and sentiments of his time. They are said to picture the personal scandal of the age and to draw character and personal relatives true and firm. For these reasons he has a place of importance and power in the literary world. But his style of poetry ended with him as he had gone as far as any poet could go in the polish, finish and exactness of poetry. Surely Pope should be accorded great praise when he is the only poet that has reached perfection in his art.

"THE TRANSFORMING OF TOM MORGAN."

When the people of Duncanville learned that Tom Morgan was intending to take a four years' course in a college way back in Indiana, there was no end of gossip among Tom Morgan's friends, and much wise discussion among Tom's mother's friends and their husbands as to the outcome. Tom must be twenty-two years old and it was high time for him to be selecting a wife and settling down in life. Of course, they knew that he had graduated from the public schools of Duncanville and later studied some at home; but they knew also that he had had to work hard, and then the idea of a man twenty-two years old starting on a four years' course; why, he would be twenty-six when he graduated! As old mother Snodgrass put the matter, "she would much rather have her boy at home earning money than galavanting around at college spending his father's hard earned cash and filling his head with Greek and Latin," and this was the general sentiment.

But Tom paid no attention to the counsel given him and when September the tenth came he took the east bound train out of Duncanville while the people shook their heads and put him down for a failure. The matter was a topic of discussion for a week or two after his departure and then matters assumed their natural course.

In due time Thomas Morgan, after passing a rigid examination in mathematics, was enrolled at Bradshaw college as a freshman. However, as there were some two hundred other first year men entered at the same time, there was no reason why he should be given any special attention. He may have been somewhat more of a rube or hayseed than the majority of them, and he certainly was older and much more mature. For a few days he was much disconcerted by the glances cast at him by the old men in the college who went around wearing coats which he thought long enough for overcoats, and trousers that looked like fair-sized balloons not filled out, but he soon overcame this ordeal. Another matter which continued to trouble him far more, and the effect of which was more lasting, was the giggling of the girls and their utter disregard for him. But his natural bashfulness kept him from making any advances, with the result that the girls soon

tired of their innocent mischief and let him go his way in peace.

The next event in his career was a visit from the manager of the football team who so enthused him over the game that Tom, clad in a football suit, appeared on the field the following evening when he was put to work with the third scrub bunch; first, because he lacked a reputation, and second, because he admitted he knew nothing about the game. But after a few scrimmages on the third time out Tom's enthusiasm began to wane. So when he failed utterly in all his recitations the next day, he decided it was time to quit football. The coach raved and the manager talked for a solid hour, but Tom stood firm, his lessons were first.

Thus it was that the letters to Duncanville told only of hard work and excellent grades. The mother and father told with pride how fine their son, Tom, was doing in college, "they knew what was in the boy even if other people did not." And so the first year went by though not without much reflection on the part of Tom, who upon his return home in the spring was still undecided as to his plans for the coming year. Of course, he meant to return to school, about that there was no question, but how should he act? He saw other people enjoying themselves in a social way, others in literary work and still others in athletics. So far he had kept aloof from all of them, but should he continue?

After a summer of hard work on the farm, he again took the east-bound train. As yet his mind was not entirely clear on some things, but of this he was certain, he would not adhere so closely to studies as before. Moreover, in purchasing his clothes he took heed to see that they conformed slightly more to the college cut and fashion, to say the least he would not be quite too conspicuous. Yet he was somewhat pained and hurt on his entering day to find that the other fellows did not meet him with such cordiality as they did other men of his class who had been more prominent in college activities. A "how-do-you-do, Morgan," was the only salutation he received, while with other fellows it was, "Hello, old chap, glad to see you back," combined with a hearty hand-shake and a slap on that part of the body just mentioned.

Thus the football manager was surprised beyond measure when the first week Morgan presented himself and asked for a football suit and the Arena Literary Society members were likewise astonished when Tom Morgan's name was presented for membership. But that sophomore year was a terror! The very thought of appearing in class without a perfect lesson was appalling, though by hard study he contrived that this did not occur very many times. On the other hand he found football no easy pastime and the best he could do was tackle on the second team. His literary efforts were just as fruitless, so it seemed to him, for he did not have the gift of oratory and was entirely too bashful to debate.

Accordingly the letters home that year were of different substance from what those of last year contained. His grades were not now in so much prominence and there was more of athletics, literary society meetings, and such like. The mother and father not understanding these made little mention of them to the neighbors who naturally surmised something was wrong and discussed accordingly—that is, when Tom's mother and father were neither one present.

The appearance of Tom in the spring again confirmed their opinions. Those clothes he wore were enough in themselves and then he appeared so much more jovial and light hearted, which fact did not look good to the people who had known him before. To them it was a sure sign of degeneration. Si and Mrs. Morgan were not so sure about it, though the former would have much preferred that Tom talked more about the crops and less about college.

At Bradshaw college the main feature for the junior year was the Junior Prom. There was too much sporting blood in Morgan to let this go by without even attending, so he began early to prepare himself. Friday evenings generally found him at the College Dancing Club, where lessons were given. Tom knew how to dance the country square dances, but waltzes, two-steps, and three-steps were something new. Tom's feet were large and he was not overly active, so acquiring the art was not at all easy.

But he did not forget his football and literary society. In the latter he even summed up courage enough to try out for the annual debate with Waterbury Collegiate Institute and though defeated, made a good enough showing to be alternate. In football he was likewise unfortunate for the two tackle positions were filled by star men, one of whom was captain and the other a three-years' veteran. But Morgan was not discouraged because the coach praised his work and assured him of success the next year, when the other men had graduated. As to studies these were now only fair. From "Aa" the grades had come down to "A" and yet he did not feel so very badly about them. "A" was better than most of the other fellows got. His letters home were less frequent now than in the two previous years and their contents still more alarming to the father and mother. One letter contained the account of a practice game in which one man on the second team, Charlie Patrick, had had his arm thrown out of place. Neither Si nor Mrs. Morgan ever mentioned this letter to any one.

The Junior Prom was held the first week in April and by that time Morgan had gained such knowledge of dancing that he was ready for anything. But one thing troubled him not a little, and that was the selection of a girl. There were plenty of them, he knew, who would be delighted to go but he also knew that the one whom he liked best would be asked by other fellows and he was not so sure about the girl's liking him. Moreover, she would think it strange for him, who

had never been seen with a girl before, to ask her to the Junior Prom, the event of the year. Therefore he contented himself with one of his own classmates with whom he was best acquainted.

The ball was a great success as all Junior hops are. Morgan made bold to ask his favored one for a dance, but to his sorrow she replied that her program was full. Bitterly disappointed and angry with every one Tom tried hard to show her that he could enjoy himself without her help; but it was hard work and he was glad when the affair was finally over. But the prom had given Morgan a start.

At home that summer he worked as hard as usual, but his heart was not in the work. He talked about little except school life and seemed anxious to get back to it. He hailed with joy the coming of September and left Duncanville one day earlier than was his custom.

That opening day of college Tom Morgan will never forget. Never before had it seemed so good to him. Every one seemed glad to see him and he knew he was glad to see every single person. The welcome hand shakes and slaps on the back, the hearty "Glad to see, old man," "How's the old boy?" and such greetings made him feel good. The coach, the manager, the men of last year's team and even a few of the girls greeted him enthusiastically. Football with its prospects was the sole topic of conversation. How many men were back? How were the new men? And how would the new rules work? Such queries as these were asked a hundred times that day and many were the surmises and answers to them, but of this they were all agreed that Bradshaw must beat Waterbury and wipe out last year's defeat.

From the very beginning Tom was put on the first team at right tackle and no man ever worked harder to hold down that position. This year he was much stronger, quicker and faster on his feet. His only trouble was in carrying the ball; time and again he was tried, but he would either fumble or fail to gain. Fine on defensive but a failure on offensive was the coach's decision.

Neither did Morgan forget his literary society. By studying like a demon he managed to make third place on the debating team which fact he communicated at once to his parents who quickly spread the news among their neighbors. And when his picture appeared in the "Bradshaw Chronicle," he sent a copy home at once which immediately removed all fear from Si and Mrs. Morgan, for their son must be all right or his picture would not appear in a paper.

But what really and truly surprised the students was the fact that staid old Morgan was rushing Lillian Moore, one of the most popular girls in school! The very idea was so absolutely preposterous that no one would believe it until he saw them together. But the sailing was not clear by any means. Two other fellows wanted her badly. Both of them appeared to have a better show than old Morgan, but this did not discourage him in the least.

Now, Lillian was a lover of football if there ever was a girl who loved it, and she was also faithful to Bradshaw. So one day as she and Tom were strolling around the campus and talking of the approaching game with Waterbury on Thanksgiving, and Tom had just asked her for her company to the reception in the evening, Lillian spoke up and said:

"Now, Tom, I'll tell you what I will do. If you will win that game for Bradshaw I'll give you all the dates from now till next June."

For a moment Tom was so thunderstruck that he could say nothing. The very idea of having all those engagements with Miss Moore for a whole college year! Before he could collect himself he was brought to his senses by hearing her remark:

"But I don't believe you can do it, so I guess I had better give that date to Fred Sherman."

In spite of Tom's insistence Lillian would not promise him anything, and at the striking of the clock he went to class to sit and study and say "no" when the professor asked a question.

Thanksgiving morning came with a dull sky and a slight drift of snow. The weather was cool—ideal for the game. The Waterbury team came with all its "rooters." They were confident of victory as never before; all comparative scores gave them the game. Their team was the best in years, while Bradshaw was no better than last year. It was a sure thing.

The game was billed for 2 o'clock and about 1:30 the "rooting" began. Bradshaw had the most rooters, being at home, but the Waterbury people were so full of confidence that their yells nearly equaled those of Bradshaw. At ten minutes past 2 the teams appeared and almost the first person that Morgan saw was Lilian Moore sitting by Fred Sherman.

The teams lined up, Bradshaw receiving the ball. "Waterbury ready?" "Bradshaw ready?" The whistle blew and the game was on. A line buck, an end run, and still two yards to gain. Bradshaw kicked. Now Waterbury had the ball and their first down gained five yards. By line bucks and half-backs outside of tackle they came slowly down the field. Would the half last long enough for them to score. With but two minutes to play and twenty yards from Bradshaw's goal the fullback prepared for a drop kick. The center passed the ball, down it dropped, squarely the toe struck it, and straight between the goal posts it flew. Score 4 to 0 in favor of Waterbury. There was a mighty yell from the "rooters," and the half was over.

The minutes passed quickly and again the teams lined up. There had been no change in the men. Bradshaw kicked off to Waterbury; down the field came the ball, but on her own fifty yard line Bradshaw held for downs and took the ball. Time and again each side held and forced the other to punt. With the ball on her own thirty yard line, the Bradshaw captain got clear of the field and raced toward the goals;

yells and cheers came from the Bradshaw "rooters," but they were of no avail. Twenty yards from the line the Waterbury deep field man hurled himself at the flying figure and Bradshaw's hopes went glimmering. Waterbury held for down and now it was turn for their "rooters" to yell. First came a straight line buck, which netted them but one yard; then followed an attempt to go around right end, but to do that they must pass Morgan. With a mighty surge Tom passed his opponent, they must not gain, but it looked as though his efforts were in vain; just a fraction of a second late; but, no, there is a fumble, the ball is bouncing before him; like a flash he seizes it and jumps forward. Only twenty yards to go, but four men are almost on him; now only ten yards and a Waterbury man jumps for him; two inches too short. Only five yards—either now or never, and he hurls himself headlong through the air. He slides for what seems a long way, then is held fast. He can see nothing and the yelling tells nothing. The referee comes and puts his hand on the ball. Morgan looks around and sees the ball is just on the line. Bradshaw has won.

As Morgan was walking slowly over to the gymnasium, where the dance was to be held that night, with Lilian, he just asked:

"How did you straighten out matters with Sherman for this dance tonight?"

"Well, Tom," she said, "do you know, I didn't make any date with him at all."

THE TRILLIUM.

FRANCES NUCKOLLS.

Half of the room into which the girl stood expectantly, seemed in shadow, more on account of the tall book cases and dark hangings than from a lack of light. Through the high windows the delicately tinted light of the early spring evening brought with it the violet and green reflections which shone on the paler colored objects and illuminated the pictures on the walls.

In the center of the room stood a round black table, on top of which, directly in the ray from a window, was a bowl of waxy, lily-like blossoms. The girl's eyes fell upon these and she looked at them wonderingly until the dean entered the room.

The Dean? She was a tall, grey-haired woman, with a decided manner of distinction, which individual success and association with successful people always gives. Standing there in the half radiance and shadow, her personality seemed dominant and every picture and bit of furniture seemed tempered with the powerful individuality of that grey-robed figure.

"Ah, dear, I am so glad you came to me early this evening." Her

voice was like her, beautiful and delicate and cultured, but, was there not some note lacking? Could it be that of sincerity?

"I have several things I want to read to you tonight," she continued. "You know there is a sort of a superstition among people who write that if we ever tell or read a story to anyone before it is ended, that it never will be finished, but I have written several more chapters to our story."

"Oh, yes;" said the girl, "the story of the young man with the strange, high ideals and the girl who could not appreciate them. I really don't believe, Mrs. Crawford, that I should have any more sympathy for him than she did. Haven't you made him just a little too—well—imaginatively ambitious, I'll say?"

The criticism was flattery to the woman. It showed her that her fancy-created characters were very real to the girl. Before she could answer, the girl went on: "Well, I shouldn't criticise the ambitious ones even in fiction. They tell me I haven't ambition at all." She bent her head over the table and asked suddenly: "What are these flowers? I've never seen them before."

"They are the trilliums, our earliest flower. They blossomed after the rain today. It is strange, almost, how very quickly the sunshine and showers bring out the blossoms or blight them. You may grow tired of my comparisons, my dear, but you are so much like the trillium. The sunshine of influence of the showers of ambition must come to bring out the blossoms of your mind. We expect so much of you, but you are not as ambitious as you might be, are you Helen?"

The girl evaded the question. "Oh, but you can't compare me to the trillium because it is not a mountain flower. I get so lonesome for those mountains, now that it's spring." She kently touched one of the white blossoms and her eyes rested upon it, but the thoughts which shone through them were far away from the flower's fragrant petals.

"It seems strange, to think that when I used to sit in my little school house and look out at snow-covered Baldy, never seeing it on account of my dreams of coming here for my degrees, that I never once thought that old Baldy would be what I'd miss and long for most of all." She shrugged her shoulders as if to dispel the burden of her own reminiscent reflections and turned to the window.

"You never forget your mountains," the woman said softly. "Doesn't the lake satisfy you, or take their place? Look at it now! Does it not answer to every emotion?"

They stood close together by the window. The branches of a maple with half unfolded leaves almost touched the sill. Below, on the broad campus, groups of girls, most of them younger than the one in the room, were walking slowly or standing in small circles, their uncovered heads and white gowns expressing the advent of spring like the flowers in the glass.

On most of the verandas along the street the groups were gathering quickly after dinner, and adding color and noise to the rather quiet and somber avenue. The broad, white line of the avenue was ended a block away by the apparent unlimited and endless expanse of the lake. A few clouds darkened its black-green depths, and the waves rolled high, breaking with each billow into a long white plume, tipped with the delicate rosiness of the sunset. The woman watched silently for a while, and then the girl spoke intensely:

"It's pretty; yes; well—beautiful even, but not inspiring. The waves just roll up and up and never reach any further. They express monotony to me and an idea of never reaching an end, or fulfilling a purpose; but the mountains make you want to climb, to reach the height of everything; to stand above the whole world, and feel you've reached the summit. They make you know ambition."

She stopped abruptly. Her face and her voice lost their earnestness.

"Read me something you've written today, won't you please?"

Conversation was ended. Mrs. Crawford looked for a moment among a scattered heap of papers in her desk and selecting a few, sat near the window. She glanced around, uncertain of the light, and then of one accord, both women's eyes were fastened upon one picture on the wall. It hung above a black-carved case upon the top of which stood two high candelebra, one on each side of the frame.

The portrait was a baby's face, very delicately colored, of rather indeterminate outlines and misty effect, which is so frequent in our recent school of painters. It was not a beautiful child's face; the forehead was too high and it had none of the cherubic roundness of babyhood; but, the all-seeing expression of the eyes and the wistfulness of the mouth impressed and appealed to everyone who saw the portrait.

That picture of her only child, who had lived to be less than a year older than the little creature of the portrait, suggested an outline of many chapters of Mrs. Crawfords' life story, and her expression of regret that she had not been with it more, filled in many of them. She had always lived absorbed in a future for herself, the highest ambition of which was to write a beautiful and inspiring hymn, but her own development of intellect and love of fame, had crowded out the more human instincts and maternal love.

The evening glow intensified the little face and gave it such an almost human flush that the mother's eyes could hardly leave it; but, finally, she said, without a trace of feeling in her smooth tone: "The light always shines strongly at this time. I am afraid it will soon be too dark to read. It is a coincidence with our conversation tonight that I should have written a few lines to the Matterhorn today. I believe I shall place it with the group I have written on the soul's life.

"Oh, Matterhorn, thou solitary peak,
From whose proud height stand reverently back,
The mountain groups, today their wreathing rack
As victory garland at thy feet and speak
Low echoes of thy kingly thunder; bleak
And stark thou standest, heeding not attacks

Of elemental whirl or sconing track
Of storm that thy long hoped-for down-fall seek!
Thou type of the ideal, with dangers hemmed,
the ice-edge over secret-holding chasm,
They audience path; few reach thy top supreme;
Some trying, fall, with failure diademmed.
Lone peak, thou art a trance, a bold phantasm
Of whose far glory many can but dream!"

The girl's wonder and almost adoration shone in her face.

"It seems so wonderful to me to hear the beautiful things you have written." She spoke softly and hesitatingly. "Your ideals of phantasms and spirituality and all that, seem to open up something new before me." She stopped a moment started to speak and then flushed.

"What did you wish to say, dear?"

The girl nervously drew from her blouse a worn closely folded manuscript.

"I have written something myself," she said, "which I'd like to read to you." She looked very guitly, and as if about to confess to a theft. It was very hard for her to speak of her own writing before Mrs. Crawford. She had tried many times to summon courage to ask the older woman's opinion of her work, but had never succeeded. Their relation was a rather peculiar one. The girl was young and the influence of the mature woman was, perhaps, the strongest which had ever been exerted over her life. The force of reasonality had caused her to idealize the woman's poetry; lines which contained not the faintest essential to move the soul of man, stirred her as if they were words of transcendent genius. The knowledge of this power was sweet to the woman, of course. To hold this reverence for her work was something which grew dearer as time strengthened it. That glow of exalting admiration which shown from the girl's fine eyes, was more gratifying than any critic's praise, for she knew that she occupied the highest place in the girl's estimation that she could fill. For the first time she was given a taste of the adulation which the whole world sometimes and only in the cases of the most favored few, gives to a great genius or master. It was such a deeply cherished thing to her that had the possibility of losing it ever entered her mind, she would have dreaded the thought. She was blinded to the fact that the strength of that

influence lay, not in intellectual admiration of her work, but in a mere girlish fascination with herself.

They had talked a great deal of writing, always of the woman's work and from her point of view.

"It must take years," she had told the girl; "years of work and experience to accomplish anything worth while. It is only when we have a fully matured mind and have exerted all our powers that we can give to others in true beauty and clearness our own thoughts and ideals." And the girl believed and marvelled all the more.

When the girl spoke of her own story, Mrs. Crawford's interest was enthusiastically expressed.

"I wrote most of it while I was teaching school last summer and it's very disjointed, and of course, full of mistakes. It hasn't a word about great religious thoughts or ideals; it's just about a few people like I know out there, who never heard or dreamed of a cosmic alchemy or infinities or even eternity of their souls; nothing, in fact, except a pretty strong and genuine fear of hell and that's about the only pride most of them have. And they can be heroes, too, not knowing the meaning of one word of all those wonderful things you write of."

The irony was wholly unconscious; the girl was merely enthused by the thoughts of the mountain people she knew so well; but it did not fail to strike the woman. She smiled indulgently.

"Read what you have written, my dear. I did not know you were writing anything but your theses, but I should be so interested to hear your story."

The girl seated herself on the low divan under the light which had just been turned on. It had grown almost dark outside and the last rays came in through the windows, whitish and faded in comparison with the brilliancy of the artificial light. As the girl began to read in a rapid, quite expressiveless and high pitched voice, the woman was conscious at first of many impressions around her which appealed to all her senses. She noticed outside that lights were rapidly appearing along the street, and at the windows. She heard the sound of girls' voices growing fewer on the campus, and the increasing noises in the rooms and corridors of the house. Through the window a cool, damp scent of the spring night was blown and mingled with the sweetness of the trilliums in the room. Then her attention became wholly centered in the girl before. On the low seat, with the light bringing out unusual glints in her drab hair, her white gowned figure seemed very young and small. Her face was slightly flushed with the excitement of reading her own story. The woman remembered that she noted all these details and then her consciousness was lost in the world which was being portrayed.

The girl's voice had become lower now. She had written as one who knew. She was reading as one who lived it all. It was not a story

of intangible ideals and vague impulses; it was a story of men and women who live, guided only by instincts of love and hate and fear; men who are low, perhaps, in their appreciations and enjoyments, but rise as heroes in their work and for duty.

As she listened certain dormant forces seemed to stir within the woman. A hard, sharp thing tightened about her throat, and then when subtle touches of humor relieved the deep pathos of the theme, tears came near to her eyes. The atmosphere, color and sympathetic feeling which the girl expressed, has the appealing power of a work of inspiration and genius. Perhaps it was immature; perhaps it told that it was the work of a girl in her early twenties; but the woman herself had never attained that touch; had never achieved anything as perfect as that story. With overwhelming force the knowledge came over her that the girl to whom she stood upon a pedestal as a revered ideal, was knocking out the blocks beneath, and that the whole base and foundation of that worship which was so precious to her was crumbling away.

The story was ended. The last words were very low, but each one stood out like a definite image in the woman's mind.

There was a tense silence and it seemed a strang irrelevant break when the whistling of a rollicking popular air vibrated through the silence. The girl stirred uneasily. She did not raise her eyes to the woman's face. The woman rose, pulled down a blind on one of the windows and when she turned her face toward the light the kirl knew all she would say and was filled with sickening disappointment.

Mrs. Crawfords' voice was honeyed and smooth, as a creamy surface. Vanity and selfishness had conquered any emotion or impulse she might have felt and not a particle of agitation expressed by her different line.

"You have done well, my dear; quite well, indeed; in fact I am sure that in time you may develop a very pleasing style."

Her words sounded flat and meaningless and she scarcely recognized them as her own.

The girl looked at her manuscript as if it were a human being who had failed and injured her. Her mouth compressed into a hard intone.

"Well, I must work tonight," she remarked lightly.

"It was very good of you to listen to me."

One thought rang through her mind: "She would have told me had it been worth anything, because she is my best friend."

As she stood near the door her eyes fell again upon the bowl of trilliums, and she took a small blighted half-opened bud from the mass of perfect blossoms.

"Poor little trillium," shes aid gently. "The sunshine and showers should not have gone so soon. Good-night, Mrs. Crawford."

The single faded trillium had fallen to the floor and as she turned, her foot ground upon it and it lay there broken and crushed.

THE DEATH OF MAKAROFF.

R. M. C., '10.

Upon his deck at dawn of day the "Cossack of the Sea,"
Did pace, and as he paced, did scan the bay most anxiously.
"Six boats I see—torpedo boats—fast steaming from the south;
And two do flee, and four pursue them, to the harbor mouth.
Lord, grant that these be snatched by me, from Togo, Terror of the sea!"

"There, one is sunk! A Russian boat it is, I have no doubt—
The other one the Strashni is—Rescue! Out, Bayan, out!
And yet—too late—beneath the sea, before they could be saved,
Her gallant crew, in vain fight, at last have found their graves;
And two more ships are lost to me, claimed by the hungry yellow sea."

"Shall it be said that safe within the harbor we did stay
Without attempt to save our ship, 'gaged in unequal fray?
Or that from such a mighty fleet, among so many men,
One cruiser, only, dared to fight; 'gainst odds of one to ten?
Ah! If that were e'er said of me, no admiral ought I to be!"

"And yet, what tho' a captain's wish, what tho' a seamen's choice,
Is slain by custom's iron sword, or drowned by cautions' voice?
The admiral should lead the fleet, and there should take his place
When shot and shell fall thick and fast; be foremost in the chase.
Petropavlosk, steam out with me! steam out, and lead the fleet to sea!"

As thru' the harbor mouth his ship, the flagship, steamed to sea,
She led the while in single file, four battleships and criusers three.
Without a shot, in seeming haste, the opposing squadron fled.
In silence deep the ship sailed on. The very sea seemed dead.
A living death it seemed to be; no sound from earth or sky or sea.

Their flight is but a deadly ruse! Makaroff, look below!
Eleven fathoms 'neath your keel there lurks a deadly foe.
O, do you not see thru' their ruse? O, will you not be warned?
Withdraw you from a contest which you cannot quit unharmed!
For swiftly, slyly, secretly, a submarine glides thru' the sea.

The hidden boats speeds swiftly on. Her captain's eye is keen;
And now close to the battleship he drives the submarine,
For him and all his crew, perhaps, he knows death lurks below;
But swifter, surer, far worse, death will he deal to his foe.
Ah, glorious to him will be that honored grave beneath the sea!

And now his voice rings thru' the boat in one farewell command:
"My men, strike for the Mikado! Strike, for your native land!"
And with one long exultant shout, one last, long, loud "Banzai!"
They hurl the missile from its tube and speed it on its way.
And with the boat's recoil they see the flagship hurtling thru' the sea.

A shock—a roar—a cloud of spray—a lurid blinding glare—
Surprise and fear, and quick dismay—two hundred feet in air
Are hurled eight hundred living men; and scarcely fifty more,
Maimed and dying, all but dead, in terror reach the shore.
And where a battleship they see—next moment rolls the turbid sea.

So perished Admiral Makaroff, and washed by the same seas,
In the same honored ocean grave, lie the bones of his enemies.
For the sacrifice which both have made, together in their fame,
Are linked forever, Makaroff's and an unknown hero's name.
And in the annals of the sea in golden words their names shall be.

"MONTANALAND."

An '07.

Oh, give me a land of beautiful vales,
  A land with the bluest of skies;
Oh, give me a land with mountain peaks;
  Peaks both lofty and high.
And sing me a song of the whip and spur,
  A song of the cowboy band,
And sing of a land where hearts are light,
  Oh, sing of Montanaland.

Here's where you draw to a "bob-tailed flush,"
  And dine on the buffalo steaks,
And here's where you hunt for cougars and bears,
  "Injuns" and rattlesnakes.
So sing me a song of the land of delight,
  With richness on every hand;
For this is land of copper and gold,
  This is Montanaland.

Oh, give me a western cayuse to ride,
  Let me hear the coyote's cry,
Let me sleep 'neath the shade of the fir and the pine
  Of Montana when I die!

So sing of the land of the shapps and the quirt
The land of the forests grand,
The greatest spot on the face of the earth,
This is Montanaland.

"WILLIE FRESHMAN."

(With apologies to "Orphan Annie.")
M. B., '09.

Little Willie Freshman came to 'Varsity to stay,
To study Latin, Greek and French, and such things all the day;
Math'matics, too—that nightmare dread, which really is no dream,
He started on "because," quoth he, "things are not what they seem."

And all the other students, when they learned his point of view,
Said, "You'll be most awful sorry, 'less you do as we all do.
First bluff a lot, but never let them know what you're about,
For the Faculty will get you, if you
don't
watch
out!"

Now Willie Freshman was a lad like other of his kind,
He didn't think it worth his while to upper classmen mind.
He took a part of their advice, and my! how he did bluff;
He prospered greatly at this game, so, soon began to sluff.

He got some ponies (not "cayuse") and still more reckless grew,
For still he prospered as at first, the Wise One never knew.
And so at last he quite forgot to do as he was told;
He'd not get caught, why take such care to please the seniors old?
But upper-classmen shook their heads, "What is the child about?"
"Sure the Faculty will catch him if he
don't
watch
out!"

At last the Faculty "got wise" and held an interview,
They sent for Willie, and he come, so scared that he was blue.
The seniors heard him holler and the juniors heard him bawl,
And when they searched the hall for him, he wasn't there at all!

They sought him in the Dorm, of course, and 'round the campus
wide,

They sought him in 'most every place where such as he could hide.
At last they found his peaceful grace, with green grass all about,
And the Faculty will get you, if you

don't

watch

out!

MARY FERGUS

Y. W. C. A.

The great event of the year for the Y. W. C. A. workers, was the annual state convention which was held here November 10, 11, 12. Delegates were entertained from the Montana Agricultural College, Montana State Normal, the Wesleyan University and the Billings High School. Several members of the state board were also present, and with the secretaries, Miss Wilson, the national, and Miss Pearson, the state, the meetings were well and successfully carried on.

THE BAND AND ORCHESTRA.

The University Cornet Band has been making excellent progress under the leadership of Louis Howard, and before very long the boys will again appear in their nifty white uniforms. It is Mr. Howard's intention to produce an organization which will not only be a credit to the University, but also to Montana. Next spring the boys will give weekly concerts on the campus, which will certainly be enjoyed.

Mrs. Whitaker, as leader, has a well organized orchestra. For the past month the orchestra has appeared in convocation, and has certainly been appreciated.

Not long since the orchestra furnished music for a dance given in honor of the football team.

The orchestra consists of a piano, organ, four violins, cornet, trombone, flute and drums.

CLARKIA.

Clarkia has been more interesting this year than for some time. The average attendance has been much better than usual, and the membership is increasing constantly.

At the regular meeting, held November fifth, the members were delightfully entertained by a paper presented by Dean Young. Miss Averill had a selected reading, and Miss Nuckolls a magazine review.

The main feature of the last meeting of the society was the debate. The question was, "Resolved, That Three Years Is Sufficient Time to Compete for the B. A. Degree."

Affirmative—Miss Smith, Miss Pennman.

Negative—Miss Theime, Miss Hatch.

Current Topics—Miss McCall.

Selected Reading—Miss Warren.

All girls are earnestly invited to attend the meetings, join Clarkia, and help make it a success.

DELTA SIGMA.

Delta Sigma has been unusually quiet this month. A dancing party was given the first part of the month at the home of Miss Thula Toole. The new members gave a dinner party recently in honor of Miss Toole, who soon leaves for Boston, to continue her study of music.

So far the girls have found no ill-luck in the traditionally fatal number—thirteen.

THETA PHI.

The most important event of the month which has been given by the Theta Phi sorority, was the initiation and dinner given on the evening of the twenty-second of November. On that evening the four pledges of the sorority, Fan Hatheway, Helen Hatch, Bessie Epperson and Effie Cordz, learned the mysteries of Theta Phi, and were made members. After the initiation a banquet was served at the home of Miss Knowles and a most delightful and palatable menu was served. The table was prettily decorated in the colors of the sorority, green and gold, and dainty little Theta Phi cards told each one her place at the table. Those present to enjoy this delightful dinner, were: Miss Knowles, Helen Hatch, Bessie Epperson, Fan Hatheway, Effie Cordz, Frances Nuckolls, Mary Fergus, Charlotte Greenough, Minta McCall, Cora Averill and Stella Duncan.

Next month Theta Phi expects to have several parties.

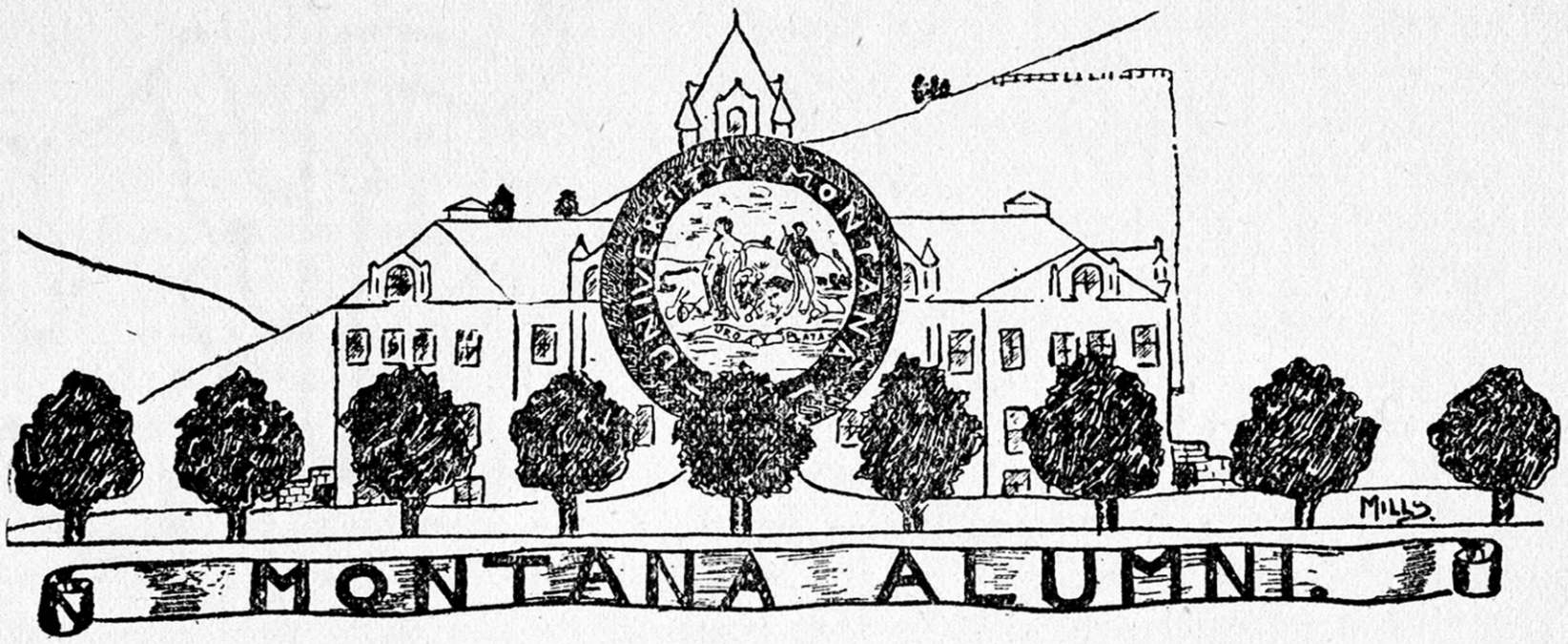
SIGMA NU.

Quietness has prevailed in Sigma Nu circles during the last month. Except for the buzz, buzz, buzz of the student's brain as he pores over his books one would think the Frat-house to be exceedingly still. The reason for this is clear, the boys wish to have a merry time during the holidays.

On the twelfth of the month the Sigma Nu gave one of its informal smokers which pleased the hearts of all the boys attending it. Impromptu speeches were made by the future leading engineers, states men and professional men of the country, probably it may have happened that a future president elucidated upon the benefits of our University.

One of our alumni brothers, Mr. Joseph Buckhouse, is at present visiting us, renewing old friendships, making new friends and dazzling the maidens with his unmeasurable knowledge. Joe is now holding a responsible position with the Missouri River Power Co.

And now we are approaching the time when all feel free and lighthearted, but with appetites unimpaired. The savory odor of our barnyard national fowl, fills our imagination with something akin to pleasure, and we soon hope to have the substantial part of this same fowl to operate upon. At present all of the Sigma Nu boys acclaim their willingness to do justice to the turk on Christmas Day and cordially extend a Merry Christmas to every one.



UNIVERSITY GROWTH.

(From "The Montana Alumnus" for Nov., '06.)

To an Alumnus revisiting the University for time first time in a number of years, one of the most striking facts in connection with the growth of the school is its internal development. Growth in the number of buildings, in the number of departments, in the number of courses offered, in the student body—all these are noticeable and gratifying to a large degree. They speak of the material prosperity of the institution, and as indices to its wider sphere of influence and higher usefulness cannot fail to be noted with pleasure by every graduate. But beyond these and transcending them in real importance, the Alumnus marks the internal growth of the school. This manifests itself in many ways. The increased interest in the deference to what have now become college customs; the building of newer, better and higher traditions; the enthusiasm that is shown in pushing some new project to completion; the spirit of buoyancy and healthy vigorous life exhibited by all the students—these are some of the features of this new development that strike the Alumnus with special force. They speak of the growth of an intangible something that influences the student and prospective student more, even, than the curriculum.

With material growth has come a confidence in the future of the University; with this confidence has come an enthusiastic desire to aid in whatever might increase the scope of that future; and following this enthusiasm has come a unity of purpose in all the members of the student body that tends to bind them together and to create that very enthusiasm from whence it came. This unity exhibits itself in the manner in which the University is spoken of by those in attendance; in the willingness of the students to accept any task set upon them, from selling tickets or distributing programs to captaining an athletic

or debating team; and in the omnipresent spirit of good will in evidence at Commencement.

It is this internal development that is of the utmost importance to a school. It is quite conceivable that a university might have the most magnificent buildings, the most renowned specialists as a faculty, the most extensive endowment, and yet fail utterly **as a university.** On the other hand, a school might have only a few buildings, men and women of small reputation on its teaching corps, an inconsiderable endowment, and yet afford ample preparation for the future of its graduates. The vast defference might be in the student body. In the first case, a group, large or small, of individuals seeking only book knowledge; in the second, a group seeking universal knowledge—the knowledge that best fits man to meet his fellow man; there you have the leaven that leavens the lump.

For a university does not simply prepare for life—a university is in the truest sense life itself. Within its wall are found miniatured all the activities of the world outside. The same laws govern, the same punishments follow their infringement. Social ostracism in college is almost as great a punishment as being cast out from society in the world at large. And in many other ways the life in a university is simply a foretaste of life outside.

This being so, it follows that the fact that a man has a B. A. or B. S. or B. M. E. attached to his name does not necessarily fit him to go out and meet his fellow men on terms of equality. The degree itself —he fact that the man has completed a certain number of hours of work—does not make him a valuable citizen. And two colleges granting the same degree often turn out widely different Alumni. The mere possession of knowledge, while highly desirable, is by no means the thing most to be coveted. The ability to turn that knowledge to some account is far more important. And the school that turns out classes who are so fitted is the best school.

It would seem that the University of Montana fulfilled these conditions. So far there has not been a single failure among her graduates. All have gone from college into their life vocation and are doing honest and useful work. And those who have completed their course up to this time have not had the advantage of this new spirit that has crept in of late. How much more, then, should we expect of the future graduates who are to be impregnated with this zeal and enthusiasm? The graduate who makes good in later life is the student who has made good in college. And the more opportunities a man has in college, the more activities he is engaged in, the stronger man is he.

These opportunities are presented by the University of Montana. Every one in attendance has a chance and an invitation to accept them and make the most of them. And to an Alumnus revisiting his Alma

Mater it would seem that the greater portion are doing so. May the good work be kept up and the quality of her graduates in proportion to their quantity.

Miss Josie Robb, '06, spent Thanksgiving in Missoula.

Claude Spaulding, '06, spent Thanksgiving with Missoula friends.

Guy Sheridan, '02, visited friends in Missoula for a few days last month.

Miss Alice Glancey, '05, is assistant principal of the Columbus High School.

Td Corbin, '06, is taking post-graduate work in science, at the University.

Miss Miriam Hatheway is a society reporter for the Missoulian and the Herald.

Sidney Ward, '01, played fullback on the "Has-been" team in the Thanksgiving game.

Leslie Sheridan, '03, has gone to Goldfield, Nevada, in the interests of a prominent mining company.

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Avery May, '05, and Will Dickinson, '05. The Kaimin extends heartiest congratulations.

The many friends of Miss Gertrude Buckhouse were pleased to learn of her recovery from a serious illness which detained her from her work for several weeks.

Miss Alice Herr, '04, was elected county superintendent of the Beaverhead county schools by the largest majority of any democratic candidate in the county.

Miss Alice Herr, '04, has the privilege of naming the department in which the '04 memorial shall be given. It will be awarded to the student most profiicent in chemistry.

CHARLES P. COTTER

THE NEW FOOTBALL.

F. W. SCHULE.

The attacks made on collegiate football during the past two and three years became so severe that it resulted in the abolition, for either a definite or indefinite length of time, of this form of sport in some of our colleges. In most colleges not so radical a stand was taken; but even in these, among which are some of our most prominent universities, training tables were done away with, the usual "big games" were cancelled, the annual Thanksgiving Day game was abolished, and stricter measures were passed to secure higher scholarship and to

prevent evasive professionalism. On the other hand, the arguments against collegiate football, although exaggerated in many cases, were, in a fair measure, pretty well founded. It was maintained that its influence at many universities was demoralizing: First, by engendering professionalism with all its concomitant evils, such as gambling on games, buying of athletes and poor scholarship, all of which is, prima facie, contrary to the spirit of amateur athletics. In the second place, and what had much stronger influence on the general public, it was contended that football was too strenuous and too brutal a game; that it was a sport only for the few who could be considered as candidates; and that too frequent and serious injuries resulted in the games. On the other hand, the loyal supporters of football asserted that nothing was wrong in the game of football itself; that if evil influence crept in, the same should be corrected, not by abolishing the game, but by rooting out the bad growth.

It was generally conceded, then, that changes should be made in the sport, and with this idea in view, reforms were made and new rulings adopted in two vital sources. In the first place, the faculties of the various institutions met and sent representatives to special conventions. Here the question of football was discussed in its relation to collegiate work. The undue prominence of football, with its demoralizing features was corrected by such measures as noted above. In the second place, the officials and committees having control over the game as it is played,, convened frequently in representative bodies; and finally, after a great deal of wrangling, effected certain changes in the rules which they considered would do away with many of the bad features of the game as it is played.

These rules, known as the "new rules," drawn up by the "Game and Rules Committees," were generally adopted. To those familiar with football, it was evident that important changes were made which would, in all probability, greatly modify the play, but, contrary to the expectations of most of the ardent football enthusiasts, the game as played in most places during this year was not very different from that played the year before. The reason lay in the fact that the changes inaugurated were new; and, as is almost universally the case, it proved that it will take some time to lay the old aside.

The great changes made in last year's rulings were the following: (1) ten yards instead of five yards must be gained in three downs; (2) one forward pass is allowed by the side which puts the ball in play from a scrimmage; (3) as soon as a kicked ball touches the ground or strikes an opponent both sides are "on side"—that is, any player of either side is entitled to get the ball as soon as a kicked ball touches the ground; and (4) the regulation halves are shortened from thirty-five minutes to thirty minutes. In addition to these changes other reforms were made, especially in regard to officials and penalties. The

officials are now instructed to enforce the rulings more strictly and are given greater power; and all the penalties, with a few exceptions, are severer than ever before. All the changes made in the rulings undoubtedly offer a greater opportunity for a more varied and open play. As a result of this the officials are required to be more conversant with the rules and more observant with the style of play in order to fulfill their duties.

The first great change mentioned above, requiring ten yards instead of five yards to be gained for a first down, prevents, to a great extent, line bucks and mass plays through the line. This is especially true where the contending teams are anywhere evenly matched; for, in the past, a gain of two yards in each line smash has been conceded to be, on the average, all that was expected of a team lined up against a well matched adversary. The change of requiring a greater gain in three downs before losing the ball to the opponents was thought to aid, defensively, the weaker team; and to result in a more spectacular game by making it necessary for both teams to resort to more trick plays, wider end runs and more kicking. The game has undoubtedly proved to be more spectacular and open as a result of this change.

The second feature of the "new rules" is the "forward pass." This ruling allows a man carrying the ball from a scrimmage to pass it forward to another of his side, provided the man to whom the ball is passed was behind the line of scrimmage or occupied the end position on the line of scrimmage at the time the ball was snapped back. The forward pass proved to be a disappointment to some. Many thought that the style of play this year would be centered around the forward pass plays. To those familiar with "old football" it is easily seen that so great an innovation can be used successfully only after a great deal of practice. it requires a new skill that has not been necessary before in the game. Most of the forward pass plays are of the nature of "fakes." To be passed successfully, the ball must be thrown forward when it is least expected by an opponent. It requires, for successful execution on the field of play, a man who has a "basket ball head" in addition to a "football head." It is only a question of time when the forward pass will be used to the extent that its advantages warrant.

The third change in the rulings, placing any player "on side" as soon as a kicked ball touches the ground within bounds, was in many respects the most radical change. The results of many games, especially in the East, were decided by kicking, and not by long or distance kicks, but by short, well-placed kicks. The short, well-placed kicks were mostly of the nature of short side-line kicks, ten to fifteen yards beyond the line of scrimmage, so placed that the kicking side could regain possession of the ball more readily than the opponents. It must be remembered that the kicking side also is on side as soon as the ball touches the ground. If the kicking side got possession of the ball on such a

kick, it made a good gain, and, in addition, obtained "first down." Its advantage over the forward pass is at once evident. The greatest difficulty in successful forward passing lies in touching or catching the ball before it touches the ground by a player of the side which has possession of the ball; for the ball goes to the opponents on the spot from where the ball was passed forward, if, before touching the ground, it fails to touch an opponent or a player entitled to get it of the side having passed the ball forward. In the case of the kicked ball, the ball will remain where it is down (provided it did not go out of bounds); and, so, distance, if not always the ball, is sure to be gained by the kicking side. Kicking was used to a much greater advantage than the forward pass for the additional reason that kicking has been in vogue for some time as a ground gainer and a defensive tactic.

The fourth change was recommended as a means to make the game less strenuous. Shortening the regular halves of the game by five minutes had its desired effect, although this was, to a fair extent, counteracted by permitting each side during each half but three occasions of two minutes each to take out time for injuries or rest. The real reason for passing this latter ruling was to prevent men severely injured from taking part in the contest; but, as many rules do, it worked both ways.

During the game officials were to pay especial attention to ungentlemanly conduct, illegal use of hands, arms or legs, unnecessary roughness, etc.; but, to anyone familiar with football as it is played, the impossibility of much change in this direction was precluded by the inability of an official to observe all things that go on around him during any play. This was partly corrected, however, by the recommendation to use two umpires instead of one.

That football playing has changed materially is beyond a question of a doubt. The spirit of the new rules has been entered into by players and officials to a far greater extent than it was at first hoped could be possible. The new rules offer a better opportunity than the old rules for speed and head work; and so, it places a lighter team, if the same be speedier and headier, on a more equal footing with heavier and stronger oppotents. This will be more and more true as time goes on when the advantages of some of the new rules will be more fully undestood; and, so, it is to be hoped that no changes will be made in this past season's rulings unless they be in a way to make the ambiguous statements in the rules more specific and clear. With the past season as an experimental one, and all facts tending to prove the advantages of the several innovations to the old rules, next season's football games will undoubtedly prove to be more interest from the player's view point and more interesting and spectacular from the spectator's standpoint.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

Since the last issue of The Kaimin, Montana has closed the football season for "'06." The success of our team has not been most flattering for we have won only 2 out of 6 games. Our only victories were over the Fort Shaw Indian School and the Spokane Athletic Club. We have lost every collegiate game we have played. The best exhibition of football we have shown during the entire season was with the Washington State College on Oct. 17, when we were defeated by a score of 5 to 0. In this game alone was the Montana spirit displayed to its fullest extent.

Yet let no one criticise our team too harshly. With only three of last year's team in the lineup we could not expect to make a winning team in a single season. One thing is a certainty, we have made a reputation for Montana spirit that is a credit to any state. A Salt Lake paper, commenting on the Utah-Montana game, his this to say:

"The Montana team was outclassed in every way, but with the usual gameness of their locality, they fought with a stubborness that was admirable."

The Salt Lake Herald has the following to say about the U. A. C. game: "The Montanians played consistent ball, but the work of the local boys was erratic." The first paper mentioned also stated: "Throughout the game the Montana men showed the effect of careful and painstaking coaching on the part of Coach Shule. It showed that all that could be gotten out of the men was done." This last in regard to the University of Utah game, certainly speaks well for our men's discipline.

How long, some may ask, will we continue to lose games? The answer is easily given: Just as long as our men continue to go to some other school when they have learned the rudiments of football. We can state this for a certainty, Montana will have a winning team next year if the men who played this season will return. McPhail will not be with us and Dimmick graduates, but how about the others? There is positively no reason why every one of them should not be back and with what new material comes in there is no reason why we should not have a winning team.

Coach Shule has done all that anyone could do; the men have done all they could do and the only thing now to do is to prepare for next year.

Let everyone who played this year come back and success is assured.

UTAH, 42—MONTANA, 0.

The score tells the story of our greatest defeat, at Salt

Lake, Nov. 3. The Utah team was about 25 pounds heavier to the man than our team and is composed of fast, experienced players. When this is coupled to the fact that we were playing on a very muddy field, which, naturally, is to the disadvantage of the lighter team, little wonder we were beaten.

From the blowing of the whistle, Utah had Montana at a disadvantage, but our boys fought desperately and at the end of the first half the score stood 11, 0.

At the beginning of the second half, Fisher and Ambrose, Montana's star ends, were both disabled and had to retire from the game. This demoralized the Montana boys and in the first four minutes of play, Utah scored 3 touchdowns. The Montanians soon recovered themselves and fought like demons. Utah had to fight hard to score her last touchdown in 23 minutes. Although the score is one-sided the spectators at the time witnessed a stubbornly fought battle.

MONTANA—U. A. C.

On November 8, Montana suffered a defeat at the hands of Utah Agricultural College. In the first half it looked decidedly like a Montana victory. Bishop went through the line for a good gain and Harriman followed with an end run for a touchdown. Craig kicked a goal. The Montana boys held U. A. C. until the end of the half, the score being, Montana, 6; U. A. C., 0.

The second half opened with Montana being greatly weakened by heavier opponents, and the effect of the game of a few days before, became apparent. Utah made repeated gains through the Montana line, and the lighter 'Varsity team seemed unable to counteract. The half ended with 3 touchdowns to U. A. C.'s credit and a final score of 17 to 6.

The Line-Up of Respective Teams.

U. A. C.		Montana
Holden	L. E.	Ambrose
Nelson	L. T.	Kitt
McGowan	L. G.	Berry
Wengsgard	C.	McNamara
Frederickson	R. G.	Dimmick
Jamison	R. T.	Morgan
Hansen	R. E.	Fisher
Peterson	Q. B.	McPhail
Andrews	L. H. B.	Harriman
Frew	R. H. B.	Bishop
Frossard	F. B.	Craig

EX-COLLEGIANS, 5—'VARSITY, 0.

Without doubt no game of the season created more local interest than the Thanksgiving Day game played between the ExCollegians of Missoula, and the 'Varsity team.

The Ex-Collegian team was composed of true spirited players of former days who have helped land many victories in their respective institutions. The colors of at least a half dozen institutions could have been appropriately hung on Montana field. The old timers necessarily lacked team work, but more than made up for it by individual starring. The old time tactics came back to the boys and at times brilliant playing was manifested by both sides. In the first half Schule, of the Ex-Collegians broke through the Montana line for a touchdown. This was the only score of the game. The University is deeply indebted to the Ex-Collegians for their kind offer and hope to meet them again next year.

LET US NOT FORGET

That a winning team cannot be made in a single year.
That Keith Ambrose is a coming star.
That Morgan is going to have a team next year.
That the Montana boys were complimented everywhere upon being gentlemen from every standpoint.
That McPhail has lost none of his old time form.
That Capt. Harriman made some spectacular plays this season.
That Vint Craig is going to be a punter Montana will be proud of.
That McNamara is one of the grittiest centers in the Northwest.
That Gene Fisher is a "whirlwind."
That Kitt, Lewis, McCarthy, Flaherty, Berry and King will be in the game all the time next season.
That Bishop has prospects of being a star quarterback.
That it took us four years to score 79-0 against M. A. C.
That the fine ovation given the boys on their return from Utah made the team think that we had the proper spirit.
That everybody did his best so don't knock, but boost.

The football season closed Thanksgiving Day and basketball is the topic of the hour. Basketball prospects never were brighter. Wenger, Gilham, Goodbourne, Garlington and Farrell of last year's team are all rapidly getting into form.

Hamilton, who was showing up splendidly last year, is still improving and promises to be a winner. McCarthy and Montgomery are both experienced players with good reputations. Bishop, who did fine work with Missoula High School last year, promises well. Harriman, Little

and Flaherty are among the new men who are showing up in a creditable manner. A fine schedule is being arranged and no doubt lovers of this popular sport will see splendid exhibitions this year.

The young ladies are preparing to commence active practice in basketball within a few days. No outside schedule will be arranged, but some good inter-class games are anticipated.

It would not be doing justice to the athletic department if we did not offer a few words of congratulation to Coach Schule upon his season's work in football. It is true that we have not had a very successful season, but the blame can not be laid at his hands. Those in a position to know have all perceived that Mr. Schule has at all time labored earnestly and conscientiously for the advancement of his team. His coaching has won words of praise from all of the teams we have contested with and he now is regarded by all of the coaches of the Northwest as a man who knows his business. No doubt the fast, snappy, playing of Montana is purely due to his training. We wish Mr. Schule all kinds of success.

It is with great pleasure that we congratulate Mr. Morgan, our newly elected captain for "'07." This was Mr. Morgan's first year in Montana, but he has proven to be a hard, consistent player, with rare judgment and we bespeak for him in advance a most successful season. We wish also to congratulate our outgoing captain, for untiring efforts he exerted to promote the welfare of his team. Mr. Harriman was appointed to fill a particularly difficult position as he was appointed in the place of Mr. Adams who was unable to return to school. We hope "Bill" will be with us next season.

Say! Deering was a "moose."

Did you notice "Red" Fisher and "Shorty" Corbin get into the game on Thanksgiving Day?

Sid Ward was reminded of "'Varsity days."

CHAPEL NOTES

J. B. SPEER

The usual convocation exercises were conducted during the past month by Professors Scheuch, Reiley, Elrod, Corbin and Harkins. Football rallies were not so frequent as at the beginning of the semester. The orchestra now plays regularly at convocation, and is greatly appreciated by the students and visitors.

THE EARLY DAY OF THE UNIVERSITY.

"Reminiscences of the Early Days of the University," was the subject of an address by Rev. O. C. Clark, October 31.

Rev. Mr. Clark was a pastor in Missoula when the University was founded, and because of his great interest in the institution came to be known as the "University Preacher." Rev. Mr. Clark said:

"I can scarcely believe that I am talking to the second or third generation of students of the University of Montana. The first days of the University are still fresh in my memory, although there are many changes since that time.

"The old residents of Missoula will always remember several things about those early days. You can scarcely imagine the excitement of Missoula people when they knew that the State University was to be here. It was an important moment for the little city.

"Everyone wanted to do all they could to welcome the institution. Among the first necessary things was a reception for the faculty. But the people could not agree on the place to give a reception, or who should be responsible for entertaining the members of the faculty. The matter was on the verge of becoming a failure, when the people of South Missoula decided to give the reception in the little chapel.

"I suppose the professors who are here today, and were present at the gathering in their honor, have a good many stale jokes about the happenings that evening. At any rate we felt that a great burden was rolled off when the last professor had departed.

"I remember very well when we first met in University Hall. The people of Missoula had a feeling of satisfaction when they had the first opportunity to convene here. It was a happy moment for them."

Rev. Mr. Clark then spoke briefly on an ideal in life, urging young people to live for a purpose. He concluded his address by saying: "Be true to yourself; be true to the age in which you live, for it is an age

of great responsibilities; be true to God as you know him, it matters not what your creed may be."

THE Y. M. C. A. MOVEMENT.

At a special convocation, November 9, Miss Wilson, one of the field secretaries of the Young Woman's Christian Association, spoke briefly of the work of the society.

"In every state university of the United States," Miss Wilson said, "there is a Y. W. C. A. organization. In Canada it is the same. All over the world the young men and women of the colleges and of the universities are organized for Christian work.

"These organizations endeavor to improve the ethical life of the university. They help in the development of character.

"Try to glorify God in the class room as well as in religious services. This is the important feature of the Y. W. C. A. movement."

Miss Wilson has spent some time in Europe, and the incidents of European university life which she related were very interesting.

MUSIC.

One of the most instructive addresses to the students this year was given by Karl Riedelsberger. Some of the things he said concerning music are well worth remembering.

"A German musician has said 'Life is serious, but Art joyful.' I think this proverb can well be reversed, 'Art is serious, but life joyful.'

"Music appeals to the heart, head and feet. The dance is the result of the third class. The more barbarous the people, the better their dance. The music for these dances is used as subject matter for much of our classical music.

"Very few people know our own folk sonks, even those of the South. It is a lamentable fact that most people know so little about music.

"The music of patriotism is one of the greatest classes. It is to be regretted that the American people do not respect their national songs. In no country in the world is there such a wonderful lack of patriotic sentiment and veneration for the national hymns.

"Music is largely a mathematical science. We wonder why the masters put dots on one note and not on another. It is very essential for a composer to understand the mathematical principles involved in music.

"We are trying to develop a system of music in our public schools. We should teach pupils to respect music. That should be the first object in our schools.

"Some prominent educators consider the teaching of music the most important course in the high school curriculum. It is absurd for students to go through the high school without learning musical terms, or names of musical instruments. We have had a system of music in our public schools for the last fifteen years, but very little has been accomplished. The school teacher in Germany impresses on the student's mind that music is of the same standing as literature.

"Music teaches love of Nature. Good music is full of the suggestion of Nature. It has a stronger effect on young men than good literature. I have often seen the moral influence of music.

"Victor Hugo, the great French writer, was asked to name the twenty greatest men that the world has ever produced. He gave Beethoven the highest place among Germans, greater than any of the German scientists. I hope that some day all of you will be familiar with the names of the greatest American composers, names which will be remembered after Rockefeller, Dewey and other men of present note, have been forgotten."

TRAVELS IN JAPAN.

Rev. C. H. Linley, who was introduced by President Craig at the convocation of November 21, as "an old time friend of the University," talked to the students of his travels in the far East, speaking especially of Japan. Mr. Linley characterized Japan as "the land of scenery, art and exquisite people, charming in disposition and sweet in their life." He said that everything in Japan is more or less artistic. A great many of the natives work at carving, painting, etc.

Rev. Mr. Linley witnessed the parade of the Japanese army when it returned from the recent war. The perfect discipline of the soldiers attracted the attention of the Europeans. The order maintained when on parade was the same as in drill, Admiral Togo, being the only man who even showed any indication of noticing the cheering of the spectators.

The description of a Japanese house, the customs, and the imitation of English, was interesting as well as instructive.

THE STATE UNIVERSITIES.

At the last convocation of the month, November 28, President Craig gave a short account of his trip to Baton Rouge, Louisiana, where he attended the meeting of the National Association of State Universities.

"Two weeks ago today," President Craig said, "I attended convocation at the State University of Louisiana. The occasion of my visit was the meeting of the National Association of State Universitiy presi-

dents. At the same time the association of agricultural colleges and experiment stations was in session, so that educational institutions of every state and territory were represented at Baton Rouge.

"Thirty-five state universities were represented out of a total of forty-four. The only notable exceptions were California, Missouri, Indiana and Ohio.

"This meeting is the most interesting to me of all the conventions that I attend during the year, for the reason that the things that interest me especially are discussed.

"One of the questions discussed would, if adopted, make quite a change in the educational system of the United States. President James of the University of Illinois advocates the plan of six-year high schools, leaving the University to begin with the usual junior year. Two more years would be added to the university course. This plan would confine secondary education to the high schools, leaving the university for graduate work alone. President James thinks the plan feasible and that it will be the plan of the future. He says that many of the high schools of his state would fall in line.

"There are some objections raised to this system. After a six-year high school very few would enter the university. It would also make the high school very expensive.

"The adoption of this plan would be practically Germanizing our school system. This plan makes the university a place for special study, a professional school.

"Uusually there are many subjects discussed within the doors of this convention which are not made public.

"How the denominational schools can be allied with the state university was discussed. We have had within the last ten or fifteen years a wonderful development of the state university. The progress of the state institutions has been many times that of other schools. Yet some of the denominational schools are making excellent progress. Some of these may be called corporation schools. Now comes the question, 'Is there not some way to unite these schools with the state university?" Some of the states have made progress in this line. There are represented at Toronto Canada, the most prominent denominations. These are allied in some way with the university located at Toronto. Each denomination has its hall where their own students live, but take work in the university.

"Something has been accomplished to a certain extent in West Virginia and North Dakota. In North Dakota the Methodists are united with the state university. Some subjects are taught by denominational professors, and credit is given in the university for this work.

"This plan supplies the religious instruction which so many want. It also supplies the opportunity for religious direction in halls. It

seems to me that this is likely to be the solution of the question of the state university and the denominational schools.

"President Kane of the University of Washington read an interesting paper on 'Definiteness and Exactness in College Announcements.' He believes that university catalogues should be written so that anyone can read them understandingly.

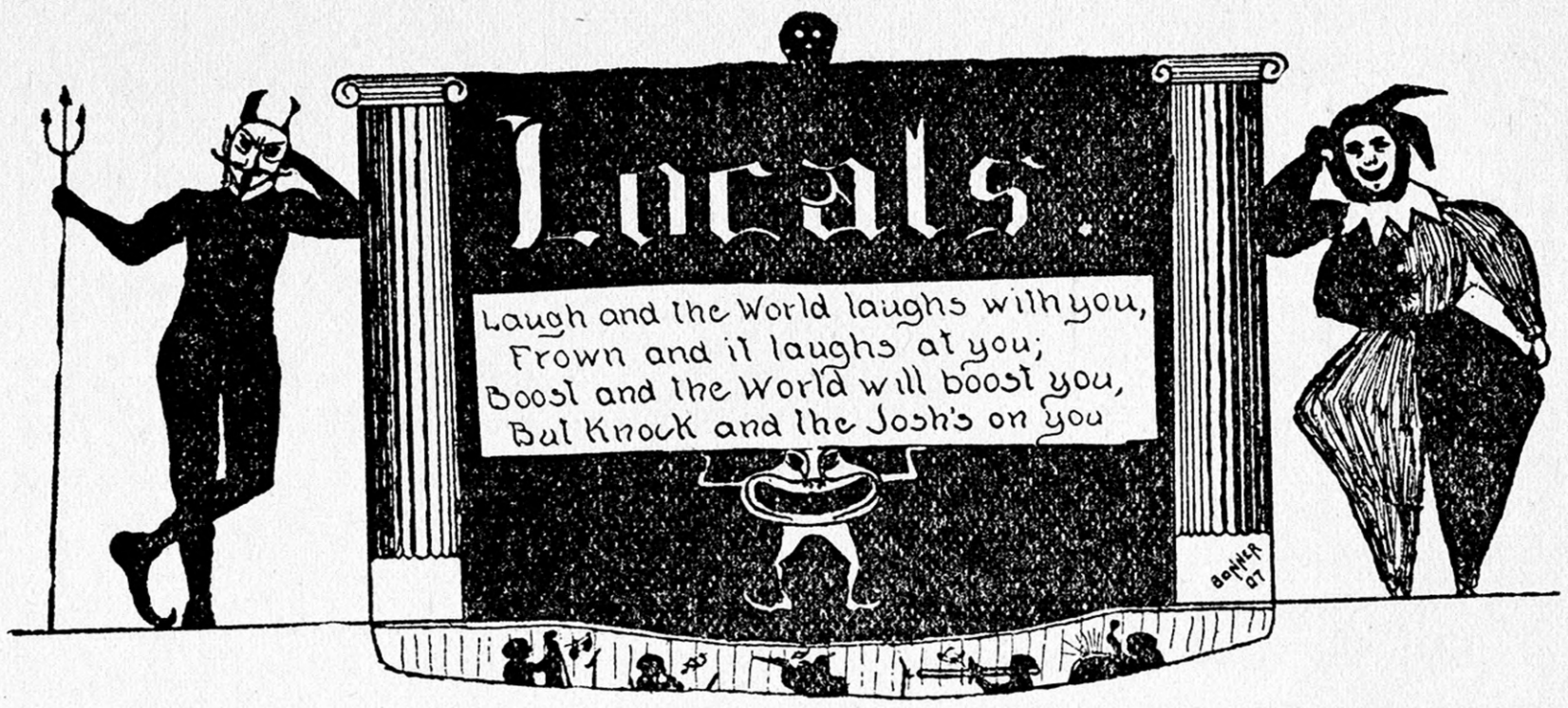
"The question of tuition came up. The general opinion is that tuition should be free, but that there ought to be laboratory fees. The state board of education of Montana has refused to make any fees, only requiring a slight breakage deposit. The association is in favor of an entrance fee, and a library and laboratory fee.

"The question of chapel exercises was also discussed. The tendency is to have an assembly once or twice a week at a convenient hour, the same plan which we started with and have kept up. It is thought best to require attendance at the weekly assembly, excusing only those who have important duties. This plan seems to be gaining favor over the old plan of chapel exercises every morning before the regular class hours.

"I can not say much about the things I saw. When one spends merely a week he is not in a position to give any definite opinion in regard to industries and sectional problems. However, I will say this much, I believe that the great question of the South is the labor question, and allied with this is the race question. There seems to be a general opinion that the blacks will leave the South. How this is to be done remains to be seen."

The University of Louisiana is located on the site of an old fort used in the Civil War. Dr. Craig was stationed at this fort and received his discharge from the army here.

He related several interesting stories about things that happened at this place during the war. Dr. Craig's recent trip was the first time that he had visited the South since war times, and so was naturally a very pleasant one to him.



JAMES BONNER

Now for basket ball.

* * *

Skating is all the go now.

* * *

Polleys: "Say, fellows, have you seen my Hat(ch) yet?"

* * *

John Lucy spent his Thanksgiving vacation at his home in Anaconda.

* * *

Ex-Collegians, 6—Montana, 0. Wouldn't that rasp your bank account?

* * *

Leo Greenough, '06, was a visitor at the University for a few days last week. He is still working in Washington.

* * *

Deare$t Legi$lator$: Our heart$, our hope$ are all with thee; are all with thee. We need your aid for our $ucce$$.

* * *

Walt McLeod entertained a few of his friends at a House party during the vacation at the McLeod residence in the Bitter Root Valley.

* * *

The selections rendered by our orchestra in convocation exercises have added very materially to our enjoyment. Let the good work continue.

KESSLERISMS.

"If going mit der girls interferes your studies mit, fy cut oud der studies."

* * *

Invitations are out announcing that the Seniors of Sigma Chi are are to entertain their classmates at the Frat House, on the fourteenth.

* * *

Montgomery: "Say, Effie, what did your father say when you told him my love was as tumultuous as a wide river."

Effie: "He said, 'dam it.'"

* * *

Rumor has it that Bill Dickinson is about to enter that land from which no traveller returns—matrimony. May Avery one of his troubles be small ones.

* * *

Roby Holmes, a former Montana halfback, was one of the players on the Minnesota team in the famous Minnesota-Chicago 4-2 game, the greatest game of the season.

* * *

Prof. Rowe: "Cotter, taste this Na Cl and tell me what it tastes like."

Cotter, (after tasting): "Gee! that Na Cl tastes salty."

* * *

Jo Buckhouse, '06, spent Thanksgiving at the Sigma Nu house. "Birch allas was a jolly old cuss and we're glad to see him, by gum." Joe is now engineer for the Helena Power and Transmission company.

* * *

"The Up-to-Date Merchant of Venice" made a hit, as did also the "Willie Boys" who occupied the front seats. It is this kind of spirt that shows the people we are still living.

* * *

They dined all alone at 8:8,
On oysters they dined and 8:8,
And he asked his dear K8
To tell him his f8
When they 8 t8—a—t8 at 8:8.—Ex.

* * *

"Beeson sells 'em." The nifty kind that wear longer. $7.00 worth of real shoe for $3.50. Get the habit.

Under the casement, the canine was howling,
His notes were frequent and long.
"What sing you?" asked Towser,
Who that way came prowling.
Quoth he: "'Tis a pup-lar song."—Ex.

* * *

It was a merry party that spent the Thanksgiving vacation at "Camp Comfort" on the Rattlesnake. Never were so many bum jokes crowded into one house and three days. The party was chaperoned by Dean Young, those present being Misses Averill, Greenough, Hatch and McCall; Messrs. Cotter, Mills, Bonner and Polleys.

* * *

When the waves wash all the pebbles
On the beach high and dry,
And the waves do gently lap the feet of you and I,
And the amber sun sinks low
In the far off Golden West,
And she puts her arm around you,
And takes the watch from your vest.
You think it is quite 'touching,'
But it really is absurd,
To think she is an angel,
For she's really a bird about this high and looks like a parrot—its name is Starling.

* * *

See the new 1907 'Varsity Calendars at Simon's Store. They are hand-painted.

* * *

Miss Newport and Fred Dion were discussing books.

Mable: "Have you read Richard Harding's book called "The Fog?"

Fred: "No. it's too dense; but have you ever read "The Broken Needle?"

Mable: "Yes; but I couldn't see the point. But have you read "The Mist?"

Fred: "No; I missed that. But you've certainly read "The Church Window?"

Mable: "I tried to, but I couldn't see through it. Did you ever read "The Mysteries of the Well?"

Fred: "No; that's to deep for me."

(Tableau with slow curtain.)

* * *

Kohn Jewelry Co.—University of Montana and High School Pins.

On the afternoon of November 26th, the Theta Phi and Delta Sigma sororities gave a tea for the benefit of the A. S. U. M. It is such little social stunts as this that tend to make the bonds of our fraternal life closer knit.

* * *

MID PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Rumor has it that Cy Moore is to make his farewell appearance this year in "Too Much Johnson," the play made famous by him.

Miss Salisbury, the famous little comedienne, is playing a leading role in "If I were King."

Jonathan Young, Ethel Wilkinson's manager, announces in that popular society journal, "The Review of Reviews," that she is rehearsing for a new play called "The Juveniles."

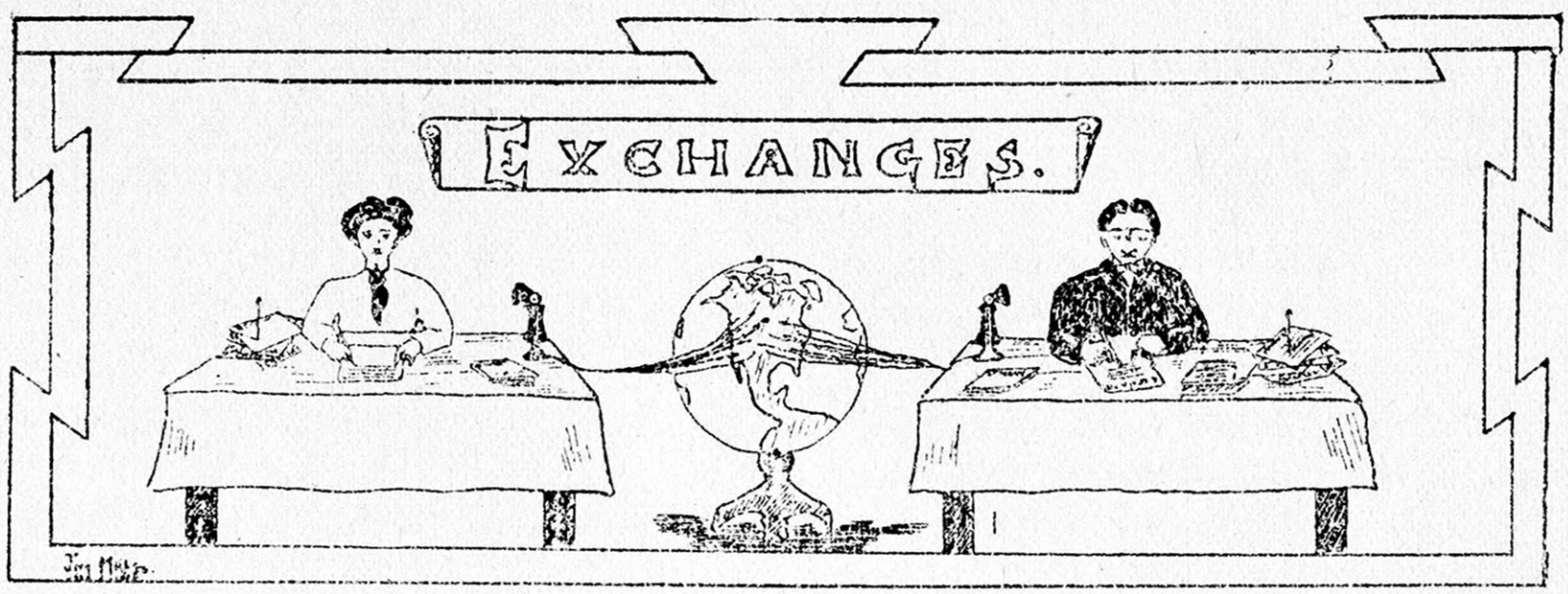
Claude Willis, with a pocket full of cloves, is a super in "The Isle of Spice."

Ralph Gilham, who starred in the comedy, "It's found in Remsen," last year, is spending his vacation at his winter villa, "The Hardenburgher," near Fort Missoula.

Floyd Hardenburgh, who played a short engagement at Fox's last year and Hovey Polleys, are the hit of the season in "The Rivals." They intend to "hatch" up something new for the coming season.

Will Harriman, the rising young actor, who first came to notice when he substituted a Bull-pup for himself in the first act, the audience remaining ignorant of the change 'til the last, is to play a leading role in "Lila Dear," Agnes McBride being his leading lady.

Maizie Murphy and J. Beryl Speer are at present making their annual tour in their private car "The Petosky," their play this year being the one made famous by Jo Streit last season, "The Sentinel."



NELLIE BULLARD

In a number of the Exchanges this month we have noticed articles on "College Spirit." This subject is one in which all colleges and universities are interested, and all wish to see this spirit developed into the highest and best ideals of it. The Oregon Weekly, for October the twenty-second, has an excellent editorial on this subject of almost vital importance to the colleges. In part this article shows the hazy idea most students have of college spirit; then, that a student comes to college to become the best man or woman possible in every way, as far as the college affords him or her the opportunity; and closes with this excellent definition of college spirit in its broadest and noblest sense:

"College spirit, then, is the zeal with which one endeavors to obtain this goal and is not so much a service rendered to the university as a duty to one's self. This duty requires each to support every worthy cause and obtain success for that cause, be it football or oratory. It requires that the student mix with his fellows, display good spirit, and hold a place in the life of the university, doing his little best to keep things moving."

No other one thing perhaps gives more aid to the development of ideal college spirit than the college paper. In an attempt to attain the best spirit of this kind, we can obtain much help from our exchanges, by reading what others are doing along this same line of our own endeavors. Each college, in its own community, is apt to become egotistical, thus developing this college spirit in the most narrow and harmful manner. Nothing tends so much to do away with this and establish friendly relations between the colleges as the college exchanges. They promote the development of the highest and most idal of all—universal college spirit. The North Carolina University Magazine has stated it aptly, thus:

"And the college exchange? It is the common bond connecting the lives of universities and colleges, which embrace men of highly developed individuality. There are other things in the life of the nation that

afford common footing to the various sections, but we know of nothing which in its nature connects so richly and promisingly East, West, North and South as the college exchange."

Through these self-same channels, we have found this month a number of interesting facts, concerning our sister institutions, a few of which we will take the liberty of mentioning for the benefit of those who may not have had an opportunity of reading these exchanges.

"Chicago, Nov. 5.—Coeducation at the University of Chicago has been abolished. Its official death warrant has been signed by the faculty, and henceforth, as fast as the plans can be matured, the men and women are to be gradually separated until complete segregation has ultimately been secured. The final aim is to build up two affiliated universities, one for women and the other for men. Dean William D. MacClintock made announcement of the new plans for the women's college of philosophy in his address at the opening meeting of the year. The buildings for the womens' dormitories, recitation-rooms and entertainment halls are to be entirely removed from those of the men, and the two sexes will never meet in class, at lectures, or at chapel meetings. They will occasionally meet on the campus. These arrangements, Dean MacClintock announced, "will insure privacy both to the men and women. They will meet on a strictly intellectual basis. University life here needs to be more secluded and freer from the publicity which is now its greatest failing."—Ex.

The Washington State College has instituted a "Song and Yell Contest." This suggests an admirable method of recruiting the ranks of that most popular department of all college life and activities.

The Idaho State Federation of Women's Clubs has performed a most commendable and generous act in establishing a number of scholarships. The Argonaut says of it, in part:

"Undoubtedly the most beneficial scholarships ever established at the University have just been established by the State Federation of Women's Clubs. The scholarships amount to one hundred dollars each and are open to any student in the University. They are founded on the loan policy. The student who receives such a loan is expected to refund the amount at some future date after graduation."

Through the columns of the Argonaut we also learn that Mr. Guy Holman, Mr. L. Edwin Smith and Mr. W. H. Mason will represent the University of Idaho in the debate with our team early in December. Mr. Guy Holman, the leader of the team, won the Ridenbaugh debate prize of twenty-five dollars in the try-out debate. This prize was established by Mrs. W. H. Ridenbaugh as an incentive to Idaho debaters.

"The Argonaut staff will get out the usual Christmas Number this year. The Number will be in magazine form and will contain about fifty pages. The covers are to be specially designed and will represent some scenery of the state."

The Oregon Weekly proposes the idea of a college banner for the decoration of the university chapel wall, back of the speaker's platform. This is a decidedly patriotic idea and might aid in the development of the ideal college spirit, spoken of elsewhere. It might be well for some other colleges to profit by their suggestion. We are apt to see too little of our college colors and almost forget them in the praise of and loyalty to some inferior ones.

The "College Review" contains a well written short story, entitled, "Elsie." The descriptions are vivid and the character delineation is excellent.

"The Bitter Root" has a suggestive cover for the month and is a well arranged issue.

"The Purple and Gold" has a well arranged November issue. However, "The Calamity of the Chaperon" too closely resembles in names of characters and plot, a certain "Belinda Story" that appeared a few years ago in "The Ladies' Home Journal." It is a too exact counterpart to insure the preservation of the author's originality.

The Tenth Anniversary number of the Pioneer is an original and interesting issue.

"Recipe for skidoo pudding: "Take twenty-three eggs, a lemon and beat it."—Ex.

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