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The Kaimin, February 1908

Students of the University of Montana

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CHARTER DAY NUMBER

THE KAIMIN

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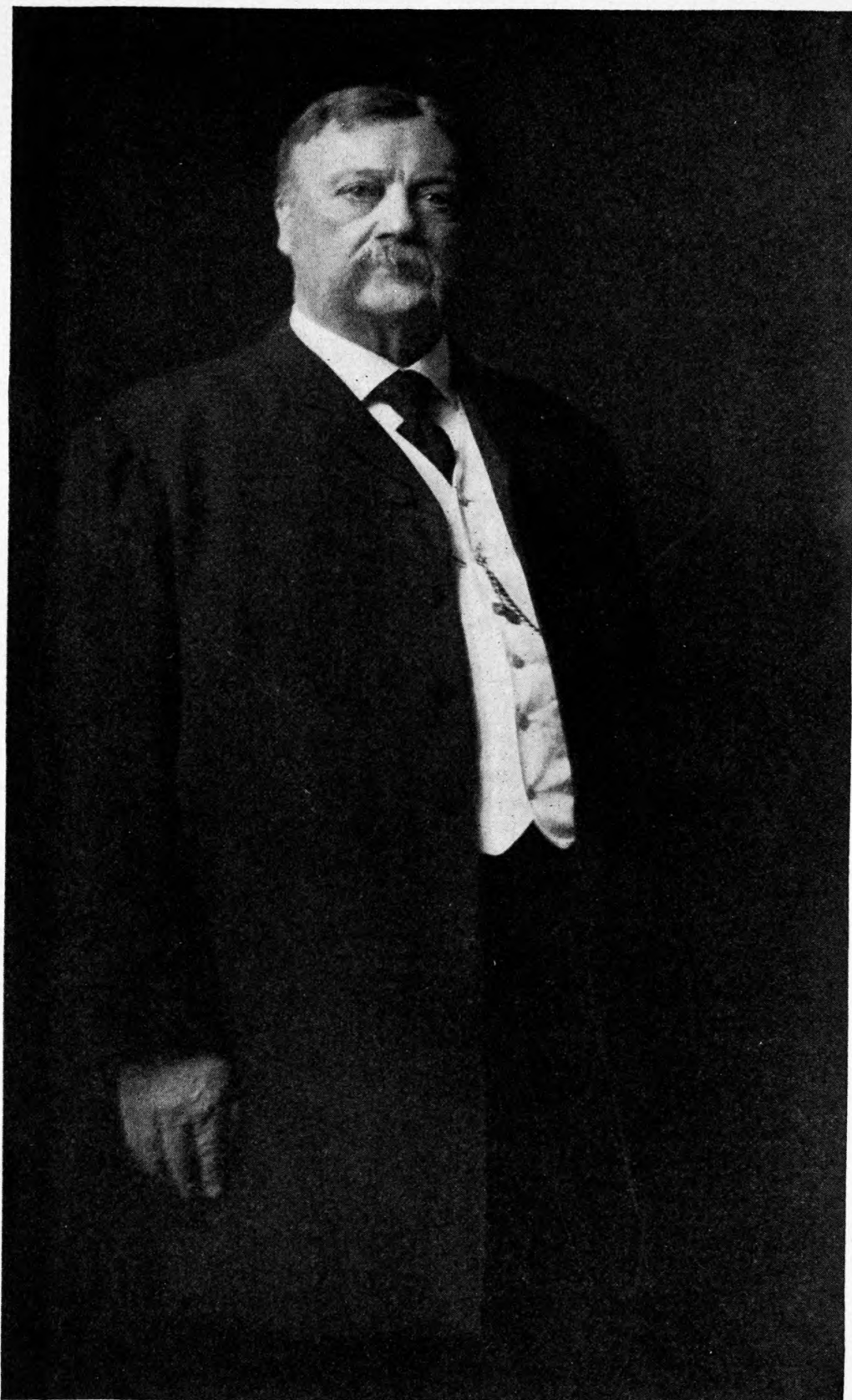
FEBRUARY, 1908

There Can Be
But One Best

The Best Clothing Store
The Best Dry Goods Store
The Best Shoe Store
The Best Millinery Store
The Best Women's Apparel Store
The Best Carpet Store
The Best Furniture Store
The Best Crockery Store
The Best Grocery Store
The Best Hardware Store
The Best Implement Store
The Best Vehicle Store

In Missoula IS

Missoula Mercantile Co.



PRESIDENT OSCAR J. CRAIG, A. M., Ph.D.

THE KAIMIN

Published Every Month During the College Year by the Students of the
University of Montana.

VOL. XI.

FEBRUARY, 1908

NO. 5

Literary Department

"MONTANA."

In the western land of sunset,
In the fair Montana land,
Our beloved college mother
Doth in solemn beauty stand.
Alma Mater, we thy servants,
Offer thee our love and praise,
Hail, all hail, to thee Montana,
Glory through all future days.

When at night across thy campus,
Light shines out in beauty rare;
When in noonday's gleam we see thee,
Always thou art just as fair.
Sentinel, thy guarding spirit,
Seems to tell us what to do—
"Sons and daughters of Montana,
First of all be steadfast, true."

In our youth, O fair Montana,
We will give our best to thee;
When we leave to do our life-work,
We will still devoted be.
And when Time has taught its lessons,
We will love thee as of old,
And will sing, "All hail Montana,
Copper, silver and the gold."

—Montana Buswell.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY.

On a September day in 1895, five persons met in Missoula and held the first Faculty meeting of the University of Montana. This day might claim to be the birthday of the University rather than the day in the preceding February, when the bill establishing the University was signed by the Governor.

Scarcely any institution of like rank had a humbler beginning. Mathematics, Ancient languages and Science were each in charge of one person. Modern languages and the beginning of a course in Engineering were cared for by one person. The President took charge of everything else except the Library.

One line of development has been the division of these groups of work, of which two only could be called departments of instruction, into real departments. The Science group has been divided by the appointment of Professors of Biology, of Chemistry, of Physics and Geology. At present the field of Science is in the hands of three professors and three assistants. Two professors with some assistance care for the department of Mathematics. One professor and an assistant provide for Ancient languages. Modern languages are in charge of one professor with an assistant. The School of Engineering is conducted by four persons. From the wide field at first in the President's care, have been formed four departments: Literature, English, History and Economics, Philosophy and Pedagogy. Four persons care for Art, Elocution, Music and Physical Culture, departments receiving no attention at the beginning. The biological Station and Summer School at Flathead lake are an important development of facilities for scientific work.



WM. M. ABER, A. B.
Professor of Ancient Languages
since 1895.

The registration of the first year comprised 112 preparatory and 6 collegiate students; that of last year had 103 preparatory, 173 collegiate, 3 post graduate, 17 irregular and special students, with 49 in the Summer School, 45 in the School of Music, and 13 at the Biological Station.

The requirements for admission to collegiate work were for several years based upon a two-year preparatory course; this was changed to three years. In the future, beginning next September, there will be a four-year requirement, nearly equalling that of any American university. Also at this time the closing of the Preparatory School will begin by dropping the years successively, beginning with the first preparatory.

At the beginning there were fixed courses of college work, with no electives. This was soon changed to the present mixed system of required and elective work, except in the School of Engineering. At present 45 of the 130 hours required for graduation are required of all students except the Engineers, from 27 to 30 hours are entirely free electives, while from 55 to 57 hours are partial electives, so called because they are restricted by the requirements of the general group the student elects; that is of the Classical, Literary and Scientific groups.

The University at first granted three degrees: B. A., B. Ph., B. S. At present the following degrees are granted for work done: B. A., B. S., M. A., M. S., Ph. D., also the honorary degree of L. L. D. So far the following degrees have been given: B. Ph., 6, not given since 1901; B. A., 71, of these 34 were B.A. from the Literary group; B. S., 42, of these 15 were B. S. in Engineering; M.A., 1; M.S., 1. Three honorary degrees of L. L. D. have been conferred.

Voluntary student activity has displayed itself in the formation of organizations and societies, in regular publications, in athletics, and in literary, oratorical and dramatic contests and exhibitions. About 17 organizations and societies are now well established, of which 4 are Greek Letter fraternities whose mysteries and rites are doubtless dear to the hearts of the initiates. Besides these living societies there has been an unknown number of mushroom quality, whose names are forgotten. The most important strictly student organizations, most important for work and influence, are the literary societies, the Clarkia for women and the Hawthorne for men, the Quill and Dagger dramatic club, the Y. W. C. A., the Band, the Orchestra, the Glee club and last mentioned, but not least, the Associated Engineers. The supply of societies is abundant, quite adequate to meet the great American craving to be a joiner.

The monthly Kaimin and the annual Sentinel are decidedly successful and contribute much to college life and interests. Athletics has been developed with fair success in foot ball, base ball, basket ball and track contests. The intellectual contests of debate and oratory have been fostered. In oratorical contests the University has been especially successful, having won 5 out of 8 state contests.

The duty of a state university towards the industries of the state and towards the lower schools has not been neglected. The scientific departments have made many investigations whose results are given in published bulletins



FREDERICK C. SCHEUCH,
B. M. E., A. C.

Secretary of the Faculty and
Professor of Modern Lan-
guages, since 1895.

and in museum collections. The University has contributed to establishing good, uniform standards of school work by aiding in the establishment of a system of accredited high schools with uniform requirements. Annual state high school track, declamatory, debating and essay contests, all from the University initiative and under its auspices, do much for stimulating and regulating interest in athletics and literary pursuits.

The University began its life and work in a borrowed home, a public school building in Missoula, whose basement, 8 rooms, and attic for convocation hall, furnished for nearly four years the University building accommodations. From this zero beginning the University lodgings have grown to 4 buildings and about 60 rooms, besides those in Woman's hall for students' residence; and the foundation is laid for a library and museum building. To reckon the percentage of this increase belongs to the domain of higher mathematics, into which we shall not venture to intrude.

The University Campus in September, 1895, was 40 acres of unimproved, open common. The Missoula Board of Trade soon enclosed it with a rough board fence, part of which still remains with sundry repairs and props. The same generous friends planted on Arbor day of 1897, 500 poplars which form the double row around three sides of the Campus. From this humble beginning of improvements, the Campus has steadily progressed with lawns, trees, shrubs and flowers, until it has become the most beautiful public ground in Montana, a valuable University asset, whose beauty and value will grow with the years.

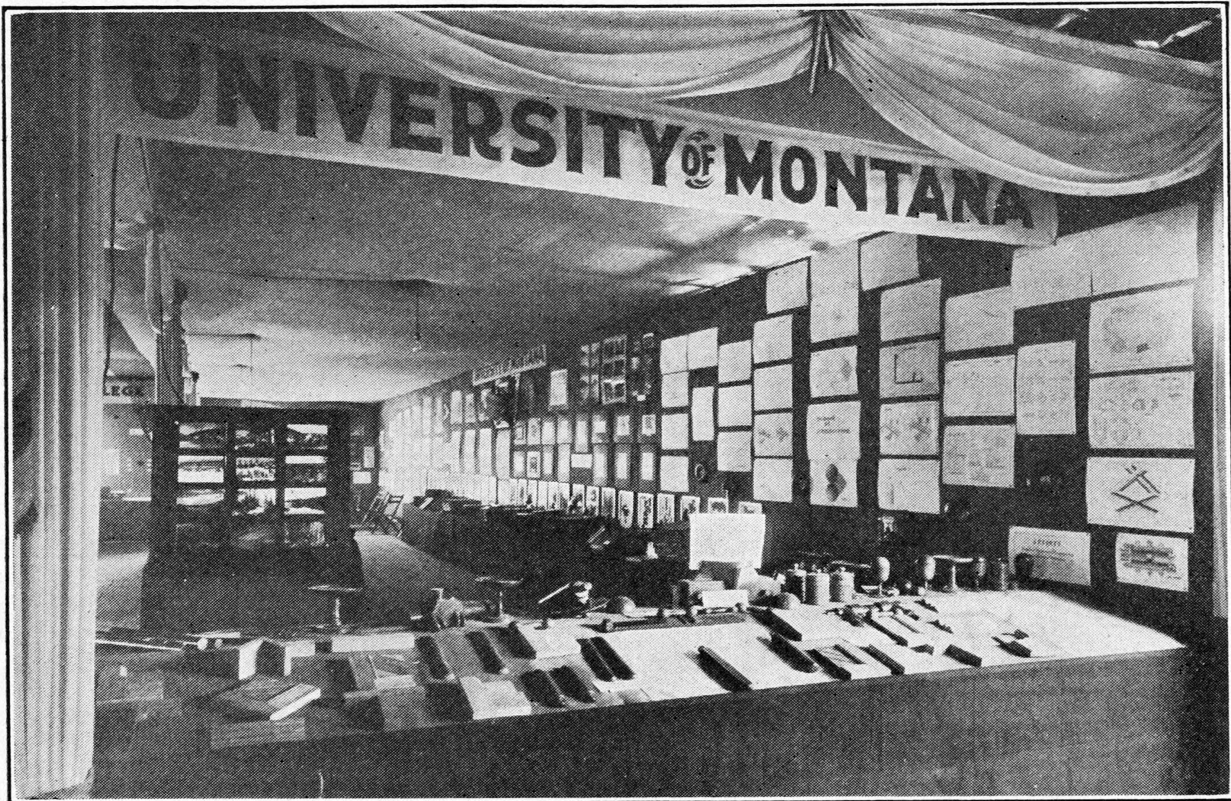
While the University seems to have made at least fair progress during its short life, with larger means, greater progress, might have been made. With millions well applied a great University can now be created in a few years. The University began with a legislative appropriation of \$12,500 for its first year and no other income, the last annual appropriation was \$57,555. The University has been very conservative and reasonable in its requests and has almost always been granted the amount asked for. Proper growth will of course require a gradual increase of the amount for its support.

Probably expansion in the immediate future should be in the direction of an increase of the facilities of the School of Engineering and of the establishment of Schools of Forestry and Pharmacy. These naturally grow out of the present departments of Biology and Chemistry. Work in this direction is now being carried on; the University has the best collection of woods in the state. With comparatively slight expenditures such schools could be developed. Without question the western part of the state, with its extensive lumbering industry and its great forest reserves, is the best place for a School of Forestry. Modern education imperatively demands such schools of applied science. Without them a university, in this part of the country at least, is deprived of the best opportunities for popular appreciation and support.

Nearly thirteen years ago the University was planted in its beautiful home. The frail and slender plant has grown and branched, with blossom and fruitage fairer in each successive year; by its fruits, its Alumni, it should be judged, not

by the exceptionally poor or exceptionally excellent, but by the average. No institution escapes the misfortune of poor representatives, and all take pride in their best.

The University of Montana has 121 graduates, 57 men and 64 women. Of these one has died, the remaining 120 are distributed in occupations as follows: Teachers, 38; women at home, 24; engineers, 14; business, 8; government service, forestry for the most part, 8; graduate students, including a Rhode's scholarship man, 9; doctors, 5; lawyers, 5; chemists, 5; bankers, 2; journalists, 2; museum curator, 1. With little exception the University can



UNIVERSITY EXHIBIT AT STATE FAIR, 1907

point with pride to the record and lives of its children and feels secure of their loving interest.

The one greatest need to insure future success and progress for the University is general state interest and pride in the institution as a precious possession whose possibilities for good are of untold value. The University has many friends whose aid may do much to realize these possibilities. We hope it has few enemies. Why should it have any? While there is probably little active enmity to the University in the state, there is too much indifference and lack of active friendship. Too many teachers care little or not at all for home institutions and act practically as advertising and recruiting agents for other states. Loyalty to the state schools is the duty and should be the privilege of every teacher and student in Montana. Friendly, constructive criticism has in the past done much good and will be welcomed in the future. Unfriendly, carping, destructive criticism has in the past done harm; this will, we trust, dis-

appear in the future. The University will probably live and flourish long after sneering, carping critics have been forgotten. It is dear to those who have wrought into its foundation a large portion of life and to those who have spent happy college years within its halls; crowned by their love and devotion may the University of Montana go on its way ever onward and upward to a destiny worthy of the treasure state.

UNCLE JERRY'S LITTLE LIGHT.

"No, little girl, it won't do; you've no idea what a God-forsaken country it is. Nothing but heat and snakes and fever, and the men live in tents for the most part. It's no place for a woman, and I'd never forgive myself if——" he turned abruptly away from the appealing gray eyes and looked hard into the blue-red blaze of the pitch-pine logs.

The early twilight deepened without, while within the fire-light brightened and the shadows in the far corners lengthened and wavered and changed into grewsome shapes that flitted inquiringly across the walls and ceiling, retreating and returning, like restless spirits. Neither spoke; the silence became tense and the moving shadows grew large and formless as the logs burned low. At length the young man rose and heaped fresh fuel upon the embers; the rich wood crackled and sizzled and flared into flame, throwing into bright relief the fair, earnest face of the young girl sitting on the huge bear-skin rug before the hearth.

She looked up into his smiling face; her own, eager and troubled, showed that she was still pondering over the unfinished conversation.

"Mother came West with father," she began, "when there were no railroads and this town was a rough mining camp. And she was a New England girl, too," she added convincingly.

He attempted to interrupt her, but she raised her hand in protest. "Oh, I know she doesn't want me to go, but——"

"Don't tempt me, dear. I wouldn't be half a man to allow the sacrifice. I've been selfish enough hundreds of times to want to do it, and sometimes it seems as if I can't go and leave you."

Crawford sat down and laid his hand lovingly on the soft brown hair. "Listen, little girl," he went on, tenderly, "in a year or two the country may not be so bad and I can fix up some kind of a place for you; or, the company may send me some place else, and it's only a little while at most." He was trying to be cheerful.

"If it's an awful place for me, it's an awful place for you, too;" her voice broke with the sob she could not keep back, "and so much can happen in a year or two!"

"An engineer's life is hard at best," Crawford continued; "you don't know what it means; and I want to make a home for you, Mina, before I take you away from all the things you love best in the world."

"All, dear?"

"Mina!" It was the mother's voice from the kitchen and presently she appeared in the doorway. "Go to the window, Mina, and look for Uncle Jerry's little light; I've looked and looked and can't see a sign of it shining through the falling snow."

The daughter rose and drew back the heavy curtains, straining her eyes toward the snow-covered hills. High, high up on old Monarch's rugged sides she sought the gleam of a little light from a miner's cabin window. Almost every night since Mina was a little girl in short dresses, she had looked for the light gleaming from the cabin at the head of Grizzly Gulch, and never before had it failed to send back a greeting to her.

"Perhaps he has come down, mother," she said, "it's Christmas eve, you know, and he'd never stay on the hill over Christmas."

The mother shook her head. "He was down Sunday and, though I begged him to stay, he couldn't be persuaded, and his cough was worse than usual, too."

"He may have gone to bed early," Crawford suggested.

"I didn't urge him too much," the mother went on; "he is better out of town at holiday time. Christmas punch flows too freely, and Uncle Jerry isn't proof." And sighing at this recognition of human frailty, she went back to her manifold preparations for the morrow.

The household grew merry with Christmas cheer, but the mother and daughter could not forget the lonely old man in his dark cabin and the light that had never failed to say "All's well" as soon as the night came on.

After a time it stopped snowing, the stars came out, cold and white, and the moonlight transformed the mountains and valley into a silvery sheen of light. Mina found herself again at the window, eagerly scanning the hillside for the welcome gleam. Jack followed her. They stood silently gazing at the snow-capped peaks, white and strong and high in the glory of the winter moon, and for a moment they were lost in wonder at the mystic beauty of it all. At length Jack's voice broke the spell.

"Who is Uncle Jerry, anyway, Mina, of whom I've heard so much, about whom, so little?"

"Uncle Jerry? Why, he's just Uncle Jerry. You see he's nobody's uncle, that is, he's everybody's uncle. No one ever calls him by any other name. He has one, of course, but they never think of using it.

"When he was a very young man mother nursed him through a severe illness, and ever since then he has been a sort of family appendage, as it were. He has been working that mine for years and every one else has lost faith in it, so he stays on by himself, fully believing he will sometime 'strike a pocket' and make a million. He owes everybody I think, and often gets discouraged, though he doesn't admit it; that's why he drinks when he is in town."

"But he must have had an origin," Jack persisted; "where did he come from?"

"He came out here after the war, like so many of the old timers, pros-

pecting. He expected to strike it rich in a week and go back to Indiana, where he had left a sweetheart, and do all sorts of wonderful things. But he didn't, you know; it's the same old story in these parts. He sunk all he had and then couldn't give it up till he'd made it back; he got deeper and deeper into debt and so on from bad to worse. These old mining camps are the Monte Carlos of America. He couldn't go home destitute, and so he stayed on, hoping against despair, and working in the mines. About a dozen years ago he staked out this claim and has stuck to it ever since.

"Now he has miner's consumption. You know what that means. We've always felt worried at his working there alone, and so we watch the light. If it appears, we know everything is all right; if it shouldn't—oh, it would be awful for him to be hurt or sick up there all alone! And so many things can happen in the mines."

She paused for a moment and then continued: "When we were little things Uncle Jerry would take us on his lap and tell us war stories; and such wonderful stories they were, too. And next to his claim—no, I believe, better than his claim—he loves the Grand Army. You should see him on Decoration Day! But if I were to tell you all about Uncle Jerry's queer, dear ways it would take all night. And the good times we have had in the little cabin!" Here she looked up again at the hills, dead white, with never a cheerful, red gleam through the pine trees.

"I'll look around in the morning," said Jack consolingly, "and, if no one has seen him down town, perhaps we had better ride up to the cabin and look into things."

With this Mina seemed comforted. She slipped back to her seat on the rug, with Jack beside her, and they two, watching the bright firelight, forgot, for the time, the dark cabin where a little, old man, with pinched, blue face and dry, burning throat, lay alone on his bunk in the corner.

The cabin was cold, so cold; there had been no fire for twenty-four hours; the water in the pail was frozen. On a chair beside the bed stood a brandy bottle, half empty. The room was quite still except for the painful breathing of the form on the bed. At length it moved, the heavy eyes opened and stared at a ghostly streak of moonlight lying pale upon the floor. Then a shaking hand reached for the bottle, but dropped helpless on the worn coverlet. There was a crackle in the hollow chest, a rasp from the dry throat, and again the weak hand sought the saving flask. After repeated efforts and long interims of rest he succeeded in bringing the liquid to his lips. His whole frame quivered with the new life; he grew warm, and lifting his head higher on the pillow, looked about at the bare room. It all seemed very strange and unreal. Perhaps he was dreaming. Then he remembered how he had shoveled a tunnel in the mountain, how his clothes had frozen fast to his body; he recalled the long night of painful struggle for breath, the longer day of thirst and cold and torturing smotherings, the blank, half-conscious stupor—it all came vividly back to him. He took another draught from the bottle; he remembered every-

thing quite distinctly now. This was Christmas eve; he had intended to go down town and have a time with the boys, but some way he didn't make it. Well, another drink would fix things and he would go down in the morning. He began to feel almost comfortable and sat up straight against the rough boards.

The moonlight poured through the window and fell upon the chinked wall at the foot of the bunk. Involuntarily his eyes followed the stream of light. What was that black object with the shiny top at the end of this ribbon of light, like the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow? He puzzled for a moment, then it came to him in a flash of thought. It was his old leather trunk with the brass-bound lid that he had brought from Indiana with him. That trunk! What a store of memories it held! As he fixed his gaze upon it, gradually everything else in the cabin grew unreal. He had gone back to his youth. The old farm house, his mother's face, every dear, familiar form and field about his boyhood home came before his eyes. Then, in the soft rays of the silver moon, appeared a fair girlish figure; he could hear her voice, but even more clearly could he hear the strains of martial music and the shouts of the boys as they marched away to war. And he went with them! He cheered aloud at the sound of the fife and drum. He lived over again those four awful years; but they were splendid years, too; for wasn't he young, and wasn't she waiting for him?

The old man leaned forward with wide-open eyes. But it was not he who was looking; he was out there in the moonlight with her, and he was young and strong and full of life. And the moonlight was no longer winter moonlight, but had become the first glow of a summer's dawn; the cabin room was a garden, and he was telling her a wonderful story, as old as the earth and as new as the morning. He would go West now the war was done; there were better chances for young men out there; the hills were full of gold and silver; he would make a fortune and come back to her. The future was aglow with love and hope.

The old man on the bed breathed painfully and, bending forward still more, tried to speak. Didn't the young fool know there was no gold to be found? Didn't he know the promise he made was a lie, that he would never go back? Why didn't he answer the appeal in those eyes and stay where he was? Oh, blind! blind! Why couldn't he speak and tell them so, he who knew so well? Then he saw her take something from her bosom and lay it in the young man's hand. From a wee bit of cardboard a sweet face looked up into his own; it was her likeness. With trembling fingers he raised it to his lips. The old man gasped. It was only a cold flask! The youth and the maiden faded away into cold moonlight; the boy and the old man were one.

The grizzled head fell forward on the hands that had reached out into emptiness, and the feeble voice that had striven to speak broke into a sob. All the bitter, lonely years yawned before his vision like open graves, the graves of his hopes and ambitions; he sobbed aloud like a child.

How long he lay thus he did not know. His fingers were stiff about the flask when he looked up. Mechanically he raised it to his lips and drained the last drop. The moon had gone far on her journey and left the room in utter darkness, like the blackness of the mines. As the alcohol sent the blood once more warm and living through his veins all his being seemed to center on a single thought and purpose—to reach the trunk at the foot of the bunk. The thought and the brandy lent him strength; he fumbled on the chair for matches, lit the remnant of a tallow candle sticking in the wall near by and slipped from the bunk.

How cold it was! He drew the blanket tight about him. After a few tottering steps he fell in a heap upon the floor; he was too weak to raise himself, so, with a mighty effort, he crawled the rest of the way. He stuck the candle in the wall and, crouching beside the trunk, opened the lid. With uncertain fingers he tumbled about the odds and ends that had lain there undisturbed for years. The candle burned low and began to sputter; he noticed it and, with fearful haste, continued his search. Oh, would he never find it? His hands were so cold and stiff and clumsy; his head whirled; his breath almost stopped; he clung wildly to the trunk, quivering, gasping, dying! Then, with a joyful gurgle—he was beyond a cry—he seized upon a battle-stained, time-worn American flag! Eagerly he unrolled the beloved banner, disclosing the still more beloved keepsake that lay protected in its folds. With a final flicker the wasted candle burned itself out, and left the old man alone in the darkness with his treasures.

* * * * *

Christmas morning dawned clear and bright; the hillside was a-dazzle with millions of diamond snow-flakes, as Mina and Jack urged their cautious horses up the slippery, winding trail. Up and across and ever up they went, until the houses and streets in the town below looked like figures on a geometrical plane. Soon the little window that had denied its light the night before flashed upon them in the morning sunshine as if the gleam from all the millions of snow crystals were there united into one huge diamond.

"I can see no smoke from the chimney," said Mina, as they neared the ledge whereon the cabin stood. "Can you, Jack?"

The stalwart engineer shook his head. They had been very merry when they set out, but, somehow, as they approached the end of the journey, a chilling dread filled their hearts and sealed their lips. Silently they dismounted, tied their horses to a convenient pine, and made their way through the drifts of snow to the doorway. As she lifted the latch, Mina felt her courage failing; the silence of the snow-shrouded hills was so intense, the inner dread so fearful.

The door swung open wide; all fear instantly vanished. With a pitying cry she ran to Uncle Jerry and knelt beside him. On the floor, by the open trunk with its motley litter strewn about him, lay the white, pinched, little old man. One hand, at his side, clutched a battered rag of stars and stripes; the

other, held close against his breast the picture of a fair young girl, dressed in the fashion of the early sixties. The eyes in the photograph seemed to look beseechingly into theirs—and they were such wonderful eyes; so full of love and longing; the mouth seemed to be trying to speak. For a moment these two young lovers looked pityingly at the lifeless face of the girl in the picture and the lifeless face of the patient, homeless, lonely old miner. In spite of the lines of suffering, his face wore a wistful smile, a smile that seemed to hover about it rather than to emanate from it. And there, between the eyes of the girl and the smile of the old man they saw, shining for them, Uncle Jerry's little light. Jack stooped and lifted Mina to her feet. With a great sob she buried her face on his shoulder.

“Oh, Jack, Jack, you shall not go away without me!”

His strong arms held her close. He, too, had seen the light.

—M. S.

HER RIGHT.

Wana met me that morning as I crossed the flat to the Varsity. When I would have greeted her, she silenced me with the words:

“Come! Wana needs to talk to you.” Then turning she walked ahead of me back towards the Hall. That something had gone amiss with my “Indian maid,” as I delighted to call her, I readily perceived. Her hair, which yesterday she had arranged pains-takingly in the prescribed fashion, today hung in coal black braided ropes to her waist. Her agile feet which yesterday trod these walks in patent leathers, today skimmed over the icy paths in native moccasins.

Obediently I followed, wondering at this semi-return to the barbarisms that she apparently had been wishing to overcome and abolish. Stoically she trudged ahead—up the stairs to her sunny room in the southeast corner of the building. Carefully she closed the door and locked it behind us. Then seating herself in true Indian fashion on the floor, surrounded by a number of true “college” pillows, she made an ideal picture of what she really was—the savage maid of the West, tamed and influenced by the binding customs and education of the East.

“Take the rocker, Nonah,” she spoke again, construing, as she loved to do, the hard, unmusical name which was mine. Knowing that any demonstration on my part would rather wound than soothe her, I sank into the chair and half-unconsciously assuming her manner of speech, I only answered:

“Tell me what troubles you, Wana. You know I will understand.”

Then it was that her years of training at the Indian school, as well as the influence of her semester here at the University, came to aid in the expression of this sorrow, which otherwise would have been all but silent. Thus I sat for more than an hour, unconscious of the lapse of time and listened to her story.

The sunlight played about her head, bringing out weird high-lights from its glossy coal-black surface. For the most part her eyes rested on the floor, but when in the excitement of her story, she raised them to meet mine, they were filled with all the pent-up suffering of a wounded animal at bay, as well as a soul enduring the keenest of tortures.

"I will tell you all the story that you may better understand," Wana began in almost perfect English. Then followed her sad story—a parallel to which I have never heard. Told as it was in the simple language of this simple maid—a language whose style and manner I dare not attempt to reproduce—it was impressed upon me as only those stories of the simple, true-hearted can make a place for themselves in the hearts of the people of the world.

Years and years ago—so ran the content of her story—her people came each year from their home, out to the west, passed through our canyon here, on through to where it spreads out on the plains beyond. There they hunted the buffalo. Often the Blackfoot warriors would lie in wait for them, there at the head-waters of the river, which our Sentinel guards on its course to the sea. Many and bloody were the battles fought. And because of all this, they called the river Missoula—Waters of the Surprise.

It was after one such battle, when a band of victorious warriors of the tribe of her people were returning, with the blood singing in their veins and all thoughts of peace and justice fled, that they rounded the point of Jumbo and saw a small wagon train that had just forded the river at the foot of Sentinel. What wonder that they lost control of their already over-excited, blood-thirsty instincts! What wonder that the sight of the usurping white man's wagon excited their already boiling blood! With one wild yell, in which rang all the inherent fierceness of generations of warriors, and leaning low over their ponies, they dashed down the stream and into the water.

The white men, alarmed by this time, hastened around the point. Not finding there the expected shelter, they drew up the three wagons in a triangular shaped barricade and prepared to defend themselves in what they felt would be a losing struggle.

It was night when at last all were taken. Of the eight who were in the wagons, only two were left—an elderly man and a small girl of about five. These were prisoners. They seized upon the contents of the wagons. Having emptied four large boxes of books, they set fire to them and then stood by and watched in all the delight of ignorance and savagery, the play of anguish on the old man's face, as he saw these most precious treasures, the last remnants of his old home and happiness, consumed by the hungry, lapping tongues of the eager flames. Such was the reward of the minister who had given up everything to come and teach his red-skinned brother of the West.

When at last, tired of their revels, the warriors sank down where they were to rest, the old medicine man, who was with them and who now acted as guard, seated himself by the smoldering fire; from under a board, which his foot moved accidentally, appeared the corner of a small volume. Curious, he picked it up. Fingering the book strangely and with the reverence always felt

by the learned of all races for the unknown, he turned its almost transparent pages one by one. The fire-light flickered over the pages. The aged man's eyes strained to see this "picture writing" of the white man. A sudden breath of smoke of the now fast fading fire, swept across the pages, blinding his eyes. The white man moaned near by. The moon was just silhouetting the mountain against the sky. The old scholar of Indian lore, thus disturbed, glanced up and there in the smoke, now curling spirally upward, touched into fleecy whiteness by the moon's radiance, he saw a picture—such a picture as only medicine men could see. Shadowy and illusively he saw pictured before him, strange buildings with towers, many beautiful trees, unlike those on the mountain, and everywhere flitting hither and thither strange people, of the white man's tribe, carrying ever objects like this he held in his hand. None paused to glance at him except one dark maiden, who paused for but a moment and, with hand out-stretched, smiled on him as in benediction—and he was sitting alone again by the now fast dying embers.

In the morning he told the warriors of what he had seen. That the Great Spirit was angry with them, he was sure. Some day the white man would come again, with more of those objects like they had burned, and he would build a wigwam there under the mountain. There they would learn the meaning of the white man's picture writing. Until they came, he bade his people to care well for the old man and the little girl that the Great Spirit might not become more angry with them.

* * * * *

When the little girl was ten years old, the old man died. In a few years, because she was fair and quick, the old Medicine man gave the little girl to his son to be his squaw. When at last he, too, was called by the Great Spirit, he gave to his son and little girl the book he had found that night—the book which he had so jealously treasured these many years. He told them of his vision. And because he had learned from the old man that the book told of all the things of the Great Spirit and his people, he bade his children to watch for the wigwam that was to come under the hill. Some day his children were to go there and learn what the white man's books told of the Great Spirit and his people.

The little girl lived to be an old woman and when, after a life lived in this savage environment, far from the customs and comforts that were by right hers, she was in her last hours lying on a hard pallet in a stifling wigwam, surrounded by a group of women who were making those garments which were to be her last—here in this almost choking atmosphere, rent by the moans of these faithful women, she in her turn gave the book to her own daughter. With almost her last breath she told her the story of the vision and passed on to her the charge of the old Medicine man.

It was for Pawa, the little girl's daughter, to see the many changes of the white man. And, yes, to see the wigwam of the vision. Pawa was old then, but she told her child that it was for her to return to the people of the little girl

and learn of all the things told in their books, there under the shadow of the Sentinel.

Only a year afterward, they sent for the child to come home from the girls' school at the Mission. Pawa died, leaving to her child the little book and making the agent promise to send her to the white man's school. And Wana came thus to the Varsity.

"And now I must leave it." Thus she spoke, when she had finished her story and, as she spoke, she rose to her full height, stretching her arms in pitiful despair and wailed: "I must leave all this love. Must leave these buildings that are mine by right. This University my grandmother's own books founded. The University that my ancestors first saw in the smoke of those burning books. I must go back to my people because the white man does not want me. I was not the girl in the vision." As she finished speaking she turned to the walls and began taking down the strange mixture of Indian decorations and typical college-girl pictures.

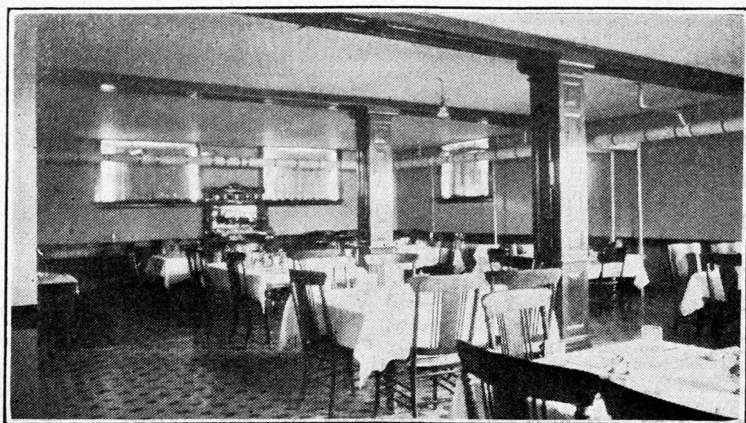
"Surely there is some mistake, Wana," and I laid a restraining hand upon her arm.

"Their fathers have written," she answered, with a despairing wave of her arm, indicating the other rooms of the Hall. "I cannot be where they are. I do not belong here. They are sorry, but I must go." And in utter dejection she turned once more to her work.

"I won't believe it! I shall go see for myself. It can't be true!"

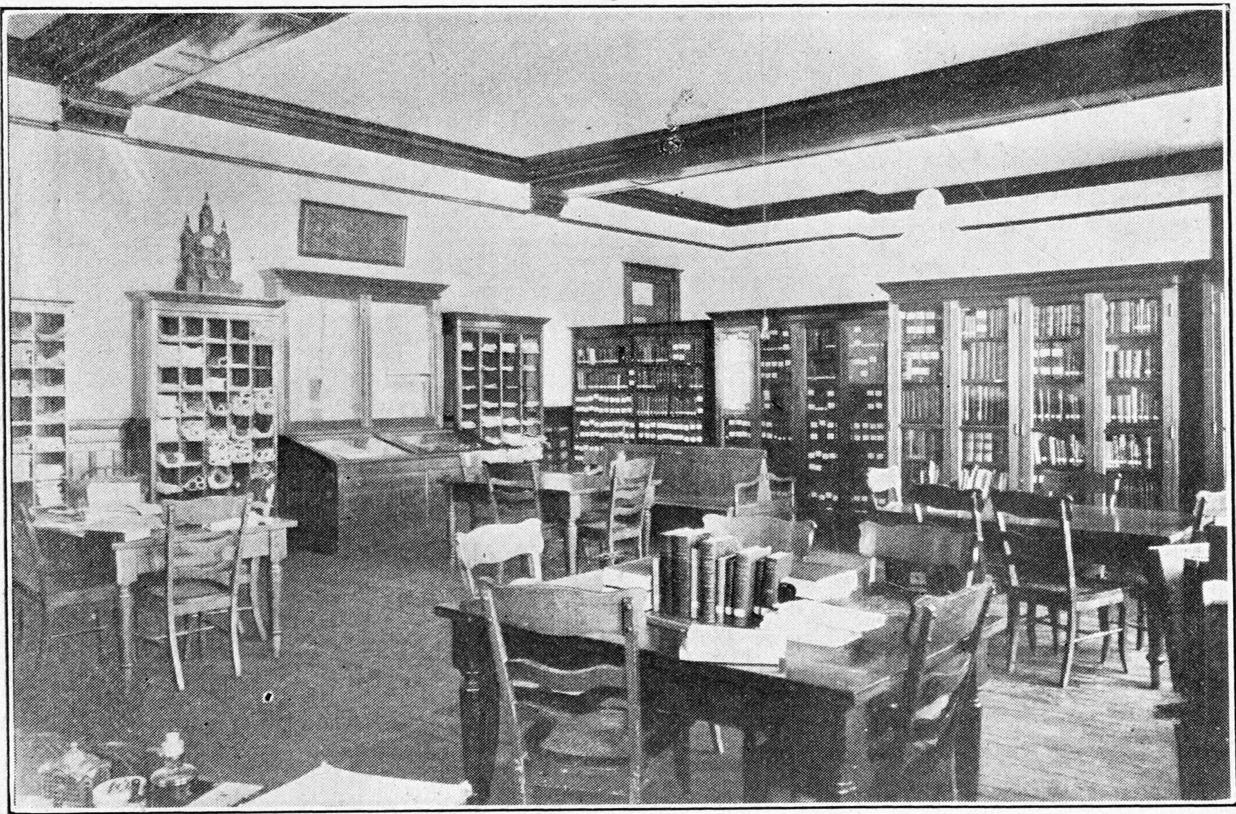
All the answer she made my impetuous outbreak was to turn and look at me with eyes that held a world of endurance and love in their depths. But she added: "That is not all. They have found out that I love Him. I must go. It is not time yet for the little girl's children to come. I must go back to my people and wait. Sometime there will be one worthy. I must do my duty. Wana must be brave. It must not be my fault that the prophecy is not fulfilled. Nonah will stay. She will remember me and help me. She will wait with me for the coming of the little girl's children to the University."

—Nell Bullard.



THE UNIVERSITY AS PREPARATION FOR SERVICE.

The University idea has undergone perhaps as radical an evolution as any present day attainment. We are accustomed to think back to the mediaeval scholasticism as the progenitor of the modern institution of higher education, and no doubt this ancestry is as reliable as any other. Starting from this school of abstractions, most unpractical of all unpractical mental activities, it is a far cry to the present concrete and useful training schools which for the most part our universities have become. The earliest Anglo Saxon learning was cloistered among the monks, where scanty theological questions were theorized on within prescribed limits and with the utmost exertion of casuistry. From these



beginnings came the early city universities of the continent, originally made up of the following of one famous professor, and usually under the personal patronage and favor of the ruler.

The original intent of the University then was something which corresponds roughly to that of the research institutions and societies of modern life. When this notion was developed so as to include the training of average persons with no particular scholarly ambitions, the aim was formulated a little differently, and was spoken of as the mental discipline needful as a preparation for the problematic after life of the student. This idea was carried down into the present century, and indeed, is prevalent in many well-meaning communities at the present day. To state it more clearly, it was believed that the place of the university was merely a subordinate and superfluous one, when viewed by the

hardheaded standards of success. That it was useful in a general culture sense no one denied, but its lessons were looked upon as extraneous to the actual matter of every day life. It was argued that algebra and Latin and Greek and astronomy were interesting but not indispensable; that a man could sell woollen cloth or buy railroad stocks quite as intelligently without a quoting knowledge of the English poets as with it; that a woman who had never read Kant's Criticism of Reason made quite as efficient, if not as entertaining, a housekeeper as one who had. However, it was conceded that these various abilities to do things were quickened and brought out by the otherwise useless university training. The years spent in study were granted to be lost commercially, but were



MISS ELOISE KNOWLES,
B. Ph.

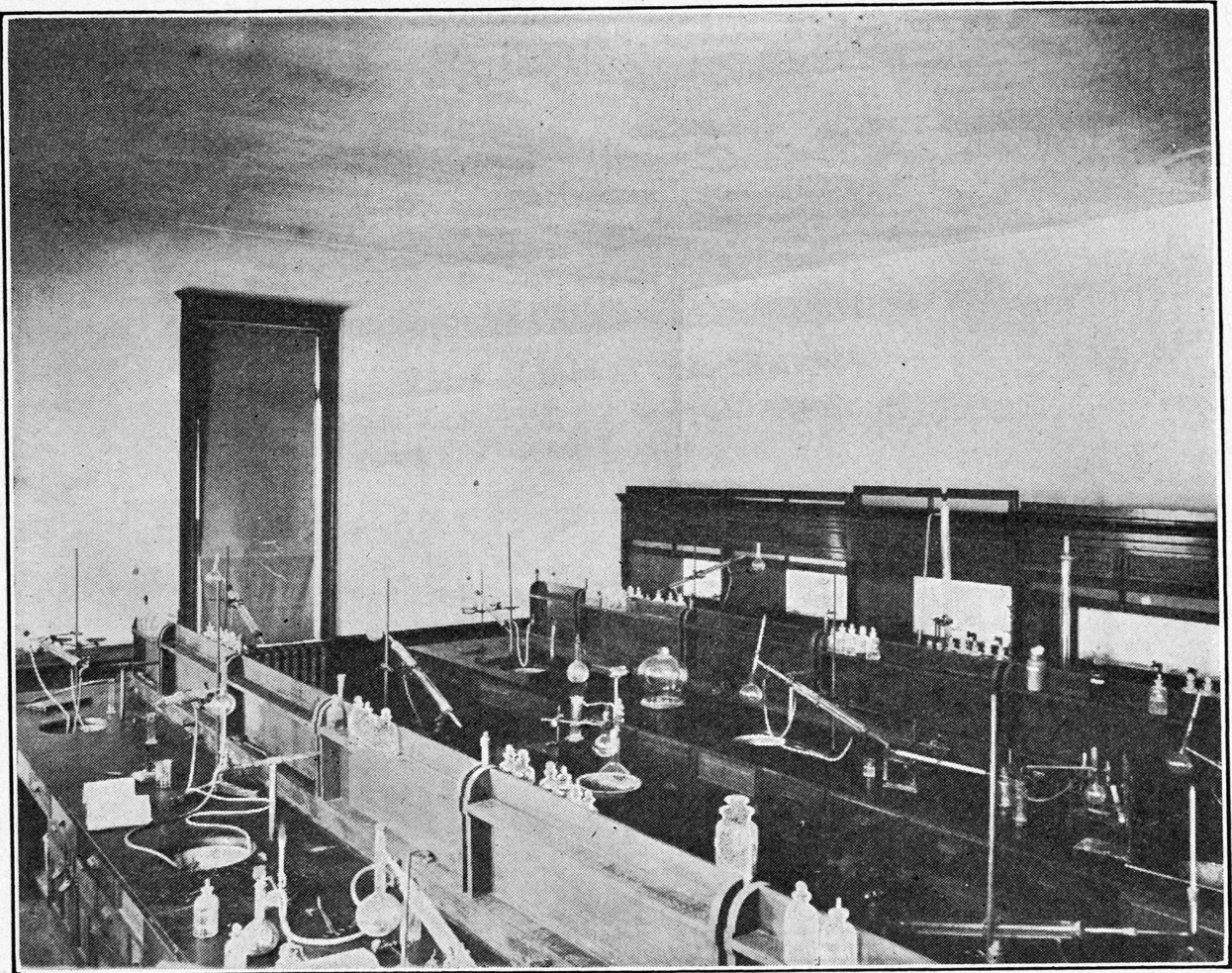
Member of the First Graduating
Class and Now Head of the
Art Department.

regarded as strengthening the student by strengthening his mind in every direction, potentially. Just as an able-bodied, though untrained man would make a better blacksmith than a weakly, but equally untrained man, so it was said that Latin and Greek were as good subjects for university study as any others, if not better, since they furnished fairly difficult material for mastery. It was due to this idea that up to the last of the 19th century the universities granted only one kind of Bachelor's degree, and specializing other than that which was looked upon as the harmless indulgence of a temporary penchant, was unknown.

To a large extent this ancient and honorable idea has been changed, gradually and recently, but without doubt, finally. The universities no longer give their students any kind of pabulum under the impression that their teeth are cut as rap-

idly on corn-husks as on corn. The cutting of the teeth is a desirable accomplishment, but is now regarded as incidental to the swallowing of nourishment. Training in some subject which is actually put into practical use in later life, either as an avocation, an interest, or a serious life work, is what the universities are now striving to give. The years spent in the college or university we are accustomed to hear called preparation for life, not life itself. Here, again, the cry has changed, and we are told by the great educators that the four years on the campus are just as much a part of our one real life as any years of middle age. True they are spent in preparation, actual learning of the business which is to engage the student in after years, but the way in which they are spent, the thoroughness with which he learns his trade, are of the utmost importance in determining his later success. There are not many instances of striking changes in methods, abilities, or intensity after the college years are finished. Thus the

universities recognize their immense charge by offering courses which fit their students for immediate service to the world. The law, medicine, divinity, engineering, and other technical departments found in nearly every big institution are proof sufficient of this practical modern trend of education. The same thing is even more strikingly exhibited in the new manual training and other industrial schools which are springing up all over the country to supply the demand for just such immediately applicable instruction. These, of course, represent a lower grade of service to society than that which the universities offer.



The University of Montana is a striking exponent of this later day theory that the university should train for actual specialized service. Its adaptation to the needs of the state is a worthy example of the tenets set forth above. The young people of Montana come here and receive, not a general modicum of what is vaguely termed culture, but a clearly defined training that fits them to go back and take up, intelligently and efficiently, the work of their own community, or that of some other. As yet, of course, we consider the University to contain only the beginnings of what shall be a manysided development. Already the engineering school is sending out mechanical and civil engineers who are helping to put through the railroads that shall open the great resources of the state, who are building the bridges, and cutting down or preserving the forests, as need be, who are working the mines, and building the cities over the

entire state. Chemists trained at the State University are employed in nearly every smelter in the West, and a large part of the teaching force of the state was graduated from this institution.

In a new state whose main interests, besides agriculture and herding, are mining and smelting, it seems eminently fitting that the first professional school should be that of engineering. To fit the intelligent population of a district to handle the important activities and resources of that district, should be the main object of its educational institutions. This the State of Montana has wisely and practically accomplished. The University sends out men and women specially trained to execute the tasks immediately at hand. The broad, general culture usually sought for, and so much lauded, is the inevitable concomitant of just such specialized effort. No subject is so isolated that concentrated training therein does not mean the incidental touching of many other subjects. Moreover, a student who makes such a culture his specialty, in accordance with the old idea of higher education, will find all the material he desires ready to his hand.

When the University has grown so as to include schools of law and medicine, domestic science, sociology, dentistry, pharmacology and the other half dozen professions, it will only have developed in degree and not in kind. Its place as a specialized preparatory school for service in life is already established.

THE REFORMATION OF BOBBIE.

Bob flung down the letter he was reading. "Damn!" he exclaimed.

"News from home on the subject of grades? inquired his chum, sympathetically.

"Oh, yes! From mother." He stamped around the room for a moment. "Well this has certainly got to stop. The idea of coming to college for this sort of thing. I'm going to work hereafter."

"Flunk in everything?"

"No. One 'B,' two 'C's' and one 'D.' Ought to have all been 'D's.' I never did a thing last semester except chase after a lot of fool petticoats. Well I'm going to make up those 'C's', and make all 'A's.' And I'm going to cut out girls. This business of coming to school to learn something and then spending all your time walking around the campus, is no go. I'm not going to look at a girl this semester." And Bob thumped the table with decision.

"May's having gone to Chicago may help some on that," his chum observed quite carelessly.

Bob grinned.

"And I notice, too, that you haven't sworn you wouldn't write to one," continued the tormentor.

"Oh, well—no; but I mean it now. No girls for me this semester. I'm going to beat any darned dig that ever existed."

"Going to cut us, too?"

"Oh, no; but you know well enough that if I cut out the feminine, I'll have lots more time to study."

"Sure—well I guess!"

"Well, I'm not a-going to take a single girl to a single thing, no matter if she's all kinds of a Venus and a good fellow in the bargain."

Dick Matthews, the chum and roommate of Bobbie Clark, turned suddenly serious and sat up straight. "After tomorrow," he said.

"No; after today. From now on."

"But, Bobbie——"

"I mean it. Why not?"

"My sister."

"Your sister?"

"Yes. She's coming down to stay until Thursday morning with Anabelle, and I've promised them no end of a good time, and I figured on you to help me."

"Well, I'm sorry, old fellow."

"Oh, come on. She's going right back. All I want you for is just tomorrow. Surely, for that little time——"

"But——"

* * * * *

When the "Copper City" came in the next day the little party of three meeting it, divided, Mathews and Miss Anabelle Brownson going together, as usual, and Bobbie going in the opposite direction. He had neglected anything so obviously silly as inquiring as to the looks of this unknown "sister." In his wisdom, born of experience, he decided that Jack, being a pretty swell fellow, his sister according to the nature of sisters, would probably be "tacky." So when he met a tall, somewhat awkward looking woman, he inquired, "Miss Mathews?"

"Sir," she replied, in a tone implying that to be called "Miss Mathews" was to be insulted. If she was insulted, what must that term really stand for?

Just then he met another person, a girl this time, in brown, with a somewhat frightened look in her big eyes, struggling desperately with a bulky suit case. Then Bobbie knew.

"A—are you Miss—a—Dick Mathews' sister?"

This time the brown eyes expressed first surprise, then anxiety. "Yes, what's—where's my brother?"

But at this moment the delinquent brother returned, and, after the first greetings were over, introduced her to his "Dear Friend, Bobbie Clark."

"And, now," he continued, "we'll go to Anabelle's in Evan's auto. Bobbie, you go in the tonneau with the girls." And Bobbie went. The seat beside the chauffeur was perhaps more suitable for the prospective "dig"—but—

What is your idea of heaven? Bobbie's just now, was luncheon in Brownson's dining-room with the little brown girl just at one side of him.

Every time he coined a joke or thought one, he turned to her and was quickly answered by her ready appreciation. She laughed gaily at mere nonsense and smiled sweetly at nothing. Presently she leaned over and observed, "Aren't they the limit? Dick always has such hard cases when he's at it, and he has quite a number; enough for one family. I never have any."

"Don't you?" he replied. "I never had one either, before."

She giggled understandingly.

"Well," observed Dick, "I reckon you'll want to see the town, sis."

She laughed easily. "I should indeed!"

"Say, kid," observed Bobbie, "let's get that bay team from McLeod's and take the girls around."

"Fine, boy; I'll go right down and get it."

While he was gone, Bobbie and Miss Mathews went out onto the front porch. "You'll sit with me, won't you?" he inquired.

"Oh, sure!" she replied.

He looked pleased.

"Because," she went on, "it would be a shame not to let Dick and Anabelle sit together."

They had shown her the town, pointed out all the interesting scenes; the place where they met to rush the Freshmen; the barn where they hid the rostrum, and many more important things. They had been to the "U," too, and were now on the Fort road, when Dick turned around suddenly. His sister was gazing dreamily off toward the Bitter Root range, while Bobbie was leaning forward devotedly and telling her how lonesome he was in Missoula.

"Bobbie discussing the Bennett prize?" inquired Mathews.

"Why, no. What is that anyway?" she returned.

"An essay business," replied Bobbie, definitely.

"I supposed you'd heard all about it by this time. He's crazy on the subject. He talks about it all the time."

"Oh, go on," from Bobbie.

"And," continued Dick, "he's all kinds of a dig, beside. It was all I could do to get him to come with me today. He said he wanted nothing to do with girls."

Bobbie blushed red at the truth in this last. Miss Mathews looked at him and lifted her eyebrows, "Oh!" she said. "Well I'm sure 'twas awfully good of him."

"I—oh—well—" Bobbie started, then he kept still; he would settle Dick later.

* * * * *

The play that night was a good one, but Bobbie was not enjoying it. During dinner Miss Mathews had told her brother about the "folks at home," and now she was industriously discussing the players and the play with Anabelle. He stared disconsolately at the curtain. Presently he became aware that the little person next him was silently regarding him. Instead of turning

to her, however, he kept looking straight ahead, only pulling down the corners of his mouth a little. Surely he presented a picture of desolation, if ever man did. Presently the girl spoke.

"Wishing you were home getting your Latin?" she inquired.

"I don't take Latin," he responded, gently.

"Ah, no? What was it then?"

"I was thinking of my mother," he remembered that parent with thankfulness, his imagination was not working well.

"Oh, yes. She is very proud of you I expect?"

"I trust she has no reason to be otherwise."

"Won't she be glad if you get the Bennett prize?"

"Indeed she will." This last was easy.

"And do you think you can?"

"I'm afraid not." His veracity was alarming.

"Oh, well, maybe you can if you work very hard."

"Maybe."

She took a piece of candy. "Did you ever play football?" she wanted to know.

"Oh, a little."

"It's great fun, isn't it?"

"It's nice exercise alright."

"You can study so much better after the practice."

He gave her a quick look. Was she "on?" But no maiden ever looked more innocent.

"Can't you?" she insisted.

"Oh, yes! yes indeed." He squirmed.

"I suppose," she continued, "you sit up quite late every night?"

"Ye—es."

"And I dare say you're the best in your class, studying so hard?"

"Er—ah, no—no, indeed, Miss Mathews."

"Oh, I'm sure you are. I don't see, though, how you and Dick are such friends. He has always gone with fellows that liked a good time pretty well, and liked girls, too. You're the very first friend he ever had that was a woman hater."

This was too much. With a snort Bobbie retired behind his programme. But her giggle followed him. He gave up and became his usual self.

"Tell me about it," she urged. "Why didn't you want to go around with me today?"

But just at this moment the curtain went up.

After the play, on the way to Brownson's, she tried to return to the subject.

"Oh, never mind about it. Except just this, I'll never be more thankful for anything than for this day with you. You can't think what meeting you has meant to me. I've never liked girls much before——"

"I dare say you haven't," she gurgled.

"No—but really," he insisted.

"Oh, well—wasn't the show fine?"

"It was good. We get quite a number of good ones here. Say, couldn't you come down occasionally and stay with Anabelle for some of the good ones?"

"Why, yes; I guess I could."

"I'll send you word."

They came to a muddy crossing and she took his arm. Somehow he was feeling very much better.

"Are you a Junior, too?" she asked later.

"Yes."

Dick's always talking 'Annual' and 'Prom' and stuff."

You bet. The 'Annual's' going to be the best ever, and the 'Prom'—we haven't decided just when that'll be though, yet."

"I'm going to make Dick ask me?"

"Won't I do?"

"What about your 'U' girl?"

"There isn't any," he might have added, "now."

"Oh, well, we'll see. Here's the house."

After a little supper they said good-bye.

"I think I'll be home for Sunday, sis," her brother observed.

"I hope so. Maybe Mr. Clark could come up, too. The fishing's good."

"Oh, no. He'll have to study, I'm afraid."

Bobbie glared at him. "I'll be delighted, Miss Mathews," he replied.

"Well, I'll expect you. Good night."

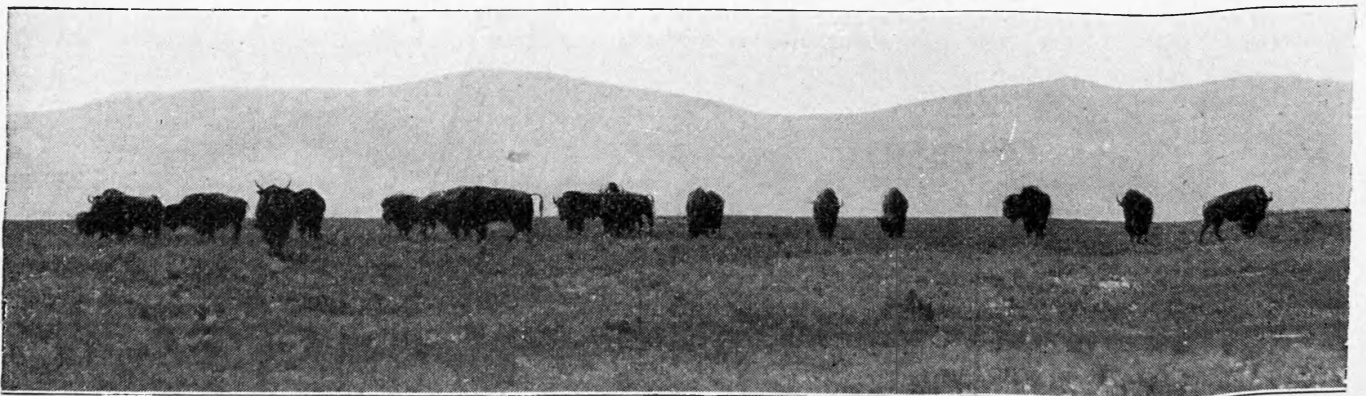
On their way home Dick remarked, "I guess you must not have sworn you'd never go to see a girl again."

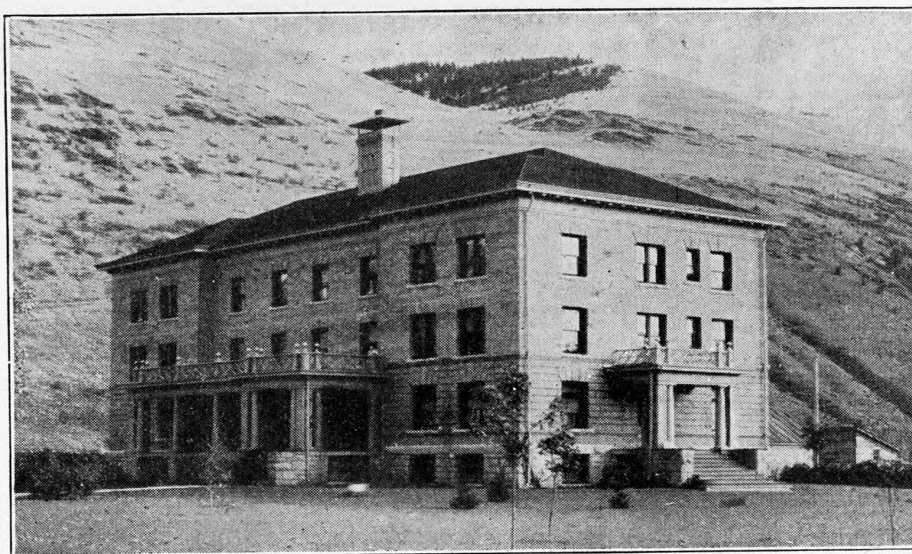
"I don't remember doing so."

"Oh, well, that accounts for it. I knew you wouldn't go back on that oath."

"Mathews," said Bobbie, "you make me tired."

—A. W., '09.





“COLLEGE HALLS.

(Tune: “Illinois.”)

Submitted in the “Kaimin” Competition by H. Silloway.

Hark! A melody comes stealing,
 College Halls, College Halls.
 And of Thee its strains are breathing,
 College Halls, College Halls.
 Surging o’er our heart and brain,
 With the thrilling throb, its fond refrain,
 Stirs a love we cannot name.
 College Halls, College Halls.

Our love for Thee is great, indeed,
 College Halls, College Halls.
 True product of a mighty seed—
 College Halls, College Halls.
 Fair, each mother sheltering wall,
 The home of wisdom, staunch and tall,
 Oh, we love Thee—one and all.
 College Halls, College Halls.

Whene’er we leave Thy cherished walls,
 College Halls, College Halls.
 Fondest memories time recalls.
 College Halls, College Halls.
 To Thee our thoughts will ever turn,
 For Thee our hearts will ever burn,
 For Thee our souls will ever yearn.
 College Halls, College Halls.



“MONTANA U.”

(Tune—“I Love You Dear and Only You,” from “The Burgomaster.”)

Montana is our Alma Mater,
 All hail to her whose name we most revere;
 Her campus fair, her halls so stately,—
 We'll hold forever these most dear.
 Her silent friend, Mount Sentinel,
 Through future years shall guard her well;
 Oh sunset land, Montana true,
 All hail to thee, our own Montana U.

Chorus

Montana, Montana,
 Our Alma Mater dear—
 Forever, and ever,
 Thy fame has naught to fear.
 For thee we are striving,
 To thee we'll 'en be true—
 We love you, we love you,
 Our grand and good Montana U.
 —Montana Buswell.

QUALITIES OF A GOOD ORATION.

Prof. Thomas C. Trueblood, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

(This paper was read before the National Speech Arts Association at Chautauqua, N. Y., in June, 1906.)

The question has often been asked by students of oratory, "What are some of the elements of a successful contest speech, and how may it be delivered most effectively?"

The first element of a good oration is a good subject. It may often be necessary to spend as much time in selecting a subject as in writing the speech. The student must first take into account his maturity and capability. He must consider the nature of his audience, and especially the character and bent of the average judge of contests. There are some subjects which he may treat well, and others which it would be folly for him to undertake. There are subjects acceptable from the standpoint of thought and style, that would not succeed in a contest because of the prejudice of the ordinary judge. For example, in a contest in one of our large universities, an oration on the "Banishment of the Mormon People," which was considered by good critics as altogether the best piece of workmanship presented that year, met with the violent prejudice of one judge, and was not given the decision.

A subject to be acceptable must be a live one, must have human interest. This does not mean that old subjects and old characters may not have human interest, but it does mean that the principles involved and which certain great men stood for, may be applied vigorously to present-day problems. At any rate, there must be personal interest in the theme. There must be a careful searching of the heart to see if there is not some wrong to be righted, some high thought to be pressed home as a direct message, something that must be spoken, something that wells up from the heart for expression, something that comes, as Beecher used to say, "like the gushing of a fountain, not the pumping of a pump."

Then, too, an audience likes to hear one speak on a subject that one has had opportunity personally to investigate. Especially appropriate was an oration in one of our large contests by a Southern student on the industrial situation at the South; another, on the "United States of South America," by one who had been brought up in that country, and who spoke with great feeling on the bringing together of all the nations of that continent into one great republic; another on a sociological subject by a student who had lived some years in the slums of one of our large cities; another, on "The Mission of New Japan," by a Japanese student, who spoke with fine feeling upon the part Japan is playing and is likely to play in the civilizing and christianizing of China. All these orations came with added interest because the audience felt that the men spoke as having authority. It is the same spirit that in public affairs led the Senate of the United States in 1898 to call for speeches from Senators Proctor and Thurston on the Cuban situation, because these men had but recently visited

that unfortunate island; the spirit that caused the Senate instinctively to turn to Senator Beveridge, who had recently visited the Philippines, to make his maiden speech on "Our Duty in the Far East;" the spirit that makes people crowd into lecture halls to hear Jacob Riis speak of his battle with the slums of New York, and to hear Judge Lindsey tell of his method of dealing with boys in the Juvenile Court of Denver. Now, while it is not possible for students with lack of experience to treat these subjects as men would who have had experience, it is possible for them to find subjects of living interest and treat them from the standpoint of thoughtful investigation.

Having selected the subject, then comes the work of gathering material. The student should first go to the best sources of information, the well-known authorities on the subject he has to deal with. He should read for facts, for full information in regard to conditions and principles involved, and always in search of food for his own best thought. Copious notes may be taken, but unless one desires to quote directly, notes should be taken in one's own language. It is a grievous mistake to use consecutive thought or consecutive expression without credit. This is plagiarism, which, besides being dishonest, is the source of much annoyance in oratorical contests. The student should remember that an oration is not a mosaic of stolen gems, but original thinking founded on critical reading. To grow in mentality one must not only gather thought from other sources, but must compare that thought with his own conception of the fitness of things. Observation, intelligent use of the eyes and ears, the attitude of interrogation, mental alertness and open-mindedness are essential to power of thought, the basis of all good speaking.

As a working basis a few tentative divisions of the subject may be made. Notes may be gathered, most conveniently, perhaps, by what is known as the card system. Small cards or slips of paper are used, each for the development of a single idea, and when the work of collecting material is through, the cards are shuffled into the order that seems most logical. Then follows the process of thought development in accordance with a better-organized and more definite plan. But the main point in gathering materials is to master the underlying principles, and to develop a spirit that is willing to deal fairly and squarely with facts and principles. It is this candid dealing and clear insight into the fitness of things that develops purpose in the oration, without which nothing can be accomplished.

The material in hand, then comes the actual work of constructing the oration. The production proper should consist of the usual three parts, the introduction, the development and the conclusion.

In the introduction the speaker should aim to get possession of his audience, and direct them into favor and co-operation. He must create a friendly disposition toward himself and his subject. The very first sentence should bear on the subject, and prepare the way for the central idea of the speech. Generalities such as might be used in many other introductions should be scrupulously avoided. To illustrate: In a student oration on "Gettysburg," delivered in a contest of the Northern Oratorical League, the

first sentence gives a clue to the vital point of the speech. He says, "A century ago this world was a slave-holding world." It is plain that he intends to show that this battle played a great part in the downfall of slavery. What follows confirms this thought. "Throughout the earth there was not, and never had been, a nation where the crack of the slave-whip was not heard. Today there is not a civilized nation on the globe where man can own his fellow man." Each new sentence, then, should strengthen the speaker's hold on his audience, his grasp of the subject, and make clear the course of the speech.

The purpose of the introduction should be to conciliate and arouse interest. Its length should be proportionate to that of the speech. It should not be drawn out so as to detain the audience from the discussion. In style it should be simple, concise, without figure or ornament. It should be neither argumentative nor persuasive, but rather narrative, historical, or expository. The first sentence should be short and calculated to catch the ear; the last may be longer, and may connect the introduction easily and logically with the main discussion. Not infrequently the last part of the introduction takes the form of a partition of the subject. This may take shape in a question, or may be a more formal statement in a transitional paragraph. For example in the oration on Gettysburg cited above, the conclusion of the introduction is as follows: "What were the principles there at stake, what is the history of that battle, and what its influence?" The parts suggested by the question become the main divisions of the speech.

The development of the oration usually hinges about two or three divisions thus set apart. There may be a greater number of parts, but for the average oration three parts will be found to be a convenient number; the first, we will say, historical in character; the second, a setting forth of the present conditions; the third, the outlook, in which it is always pleasing to the audience to have one take a hopeful view of things. Pessimism is poison to an audience or a judge.

The material of an oration should be so arranged that each idea will gain additional strength from those that precede it. The purpose of the speech should be kept steadily in view, and every step taken should aid in accomplishing that purpose. In preparation the audience should be kept constantly in mind, and one should strive to impress his thought as though he were actually before the people. It is well for the student to write clear through his outline, or at least a division of it, at a single sitting. Then the speech may be laid aside for a time before the process of rewriting and polishing begins. He should strive to clothe his thought simply, in direct and pointed language, without pyrotechnics in thought or style.

The oration is essentially different in style from that of the essay. Certain phrases, parenthesis and qualifying expressions, common in essays, may be omitted from an oration, as they detract from the directness of the address. The essay is to be read at leisure; the oration is to be heard. The essay takes the form of explanation or statement of fact; the oration refers to facts without stating them as facts, and draws the desired conclusions. The essay is directed

primarily to the understanding; the oration to both the understanding and the will. The object of the speech is to secure action, and everything must be bent to that end.

In structure, one should strive for clearness, force, variety and rhythm. The speech, if properly outlined, will proceed by paragraphs, each adding a block to the structure, and bearing directly on the end sought. By the use of proper transitional phrases, paragraphs may be bound together, and their relation to each other clearly shown. This is easily done by reference to the crucial phrase of the paragraph just finished, and to the vital point of the one in progress. Not only should there be transitional link-phrases to bind paragraphs together, but there should be link-words to bind sentences together within the paragraph. If properly written, a sentence grows in strength toward the end. The same may be said of the paragraph, of the division, and of the speech.

While the beginning of a sentence is an emphatic part, the end should be more emphatic. Variety in sentence structure gives rest to the mind, and is an element of force in expression. An intermingling of light and heavy syllables in due proportion gives rhythm to utterance, and is a relief both to the voice of the speaker and to the mind of the listener. But the element of rhythm may be carried to excess so as to destroy the directness of the address, and make it sound too much like a poem.

The conclusion should be the most persuasive part of the speech. It should be the purpose in this part to bring into hurried review the main points of expression and appeal. It is the last opportunity to awaken the convictions and the conscience of the audience. It gives opportunity for appeal to the loftiest sentiments, and to reach the highest moral level of the address. The last sentence may be longer than the usual sentence, and may contain special beauty of thought and rhythm of expression.

The production having been completed, then comes the preparation for its delivery. It goes without saying that the words must not be in the way. The speech should be committed long enough in advance to become automatic, to require no effort of the mind to recall the lines. This verbal exactness is a valuable mental discipline and ought to be more commonly cultivated.

The words once in mind they should be given out so as to be perfectly understood by every auditor all the time. One who comes to listen may forgive many other faults, but not the fault of indistinctness. But the words must be clearly and accurately expressed upon the ear without a strained or unnatural utterance. The voice should be directed to those well in the rear of the audience. If they can understand, all can understand. There should be variety of vocal expression to rest the ear and the mind, for it is a mistake to think that good matter alone will very long hold attention. It must be put entertainingly from a physical standpoint.

The words out of the way and the distinctness acquired, the speaker may give full vent to his interest in the subject. It often happens that practice on a set speech causes one to lose enthusiasm and feeling. To keep up interest, the student should re-read the best articles he has used in preparation, and even

write out his fresher thought on the subject, so that when he returns to the speech already written he will find new meaning in his words, and will put new life into every sentence. This will add new spirit and purpose to the speech and when the speaker comes before his audience he will not think of himself or his methods, but of the message he has to deliver.

Not only should one know the subject and believe in the message, but it is necessary to be physically and mentally earnest about it. No one who is tired out can do his best speaking. The day of the speech ought to be one of rest and recreation. I do not mean that one should engage in strong physical exercise, but that he should be surrounded by that in nature or art that will give him most enjoyment. Rather than torment one's self with the thought of his speech, it is better to gain vitality by complete rest and recreation, even to the point of "Knitting up the raveled sleeve of care" with some "innocent sleep." One must be physically fit if he would arouse himself and his audience. Then he must be convinced of the justice of his case, and urge it with honesty of purpose and all the force of his personality.

But more important even than earnestness is directness in speaking. This means that one should speak to, not at, or over his audience. That there should be the same searching out element of the voice that we find in conversation, only that it should be dignified for a larger audience. That the song element, so often heard in unskilled speaking, should be wholly obliterated, for no one who means what he says sings it out. That action should be directed as well as tone. That gestures of appeal, of denial, of assent, of welcome, of pointed argument should be between the speaker and his audience. One of the best ways to acquire this prime element of expression is for the student in his practice to open his sentences with a direct address to some person present, bodily or in imagination, calling him by name, or to interpolate here and there an address to the audience. This may be greatly varied from time to time, and of course wholly omitted at the time of the contest, but the effect of such practice will be to make one impress his thought as though he really meant it—every word.

These, then, are what seem to me to be the most important elements of a contest speech. They have been suggested to me by much experience in drilling contestants, and I trust they may be of some slight service to students of oratory, and to some of my fellow-teachers, in this divine work of making effective public speakers.

A DREAM REALIZED.

Hills Dale College was celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary. Hundreds of people were on the campus, who had come from the city, going in the same direction—towards the assembly hall. The students were seen quickly moving from one building to another, acting as hosts, and showing the visitors their college. Many parents were manifesting their interest in their sons' and daughters' education by viewing the exhibits and displays of interest.

There were but few there this day who had witnessed the laying of the corner stone of the first building. Time had swept away those who participated in the dedication and the younger generation had not portrayed enough interest in the event to remember it.

There was one, however, to whom it was different. He appeared upon the campus on this day of commemoration long before the sun had sent its first beam over the eastern wood. He walked slowly over the campus, often stopping to notice some tall tree, or to break a dead branch from a shrub. His form was that of an average man, but rather slender, which attracted more notice because of his manner of walking. Gray hairs were on his head and served to partly cover a high forehead, which gave him the appearance as that of a man who had reached the retreating days of his life.

On his way toward the main hall he met two students, who spoke with the greatest deference and in turn received that pleasant smile which it was his custom to give. Professor Russell continued on his way to the buildings and entered his own history class room.

Ever since the college had been founded, Professor Russell had been with it. He had aided and supported it during its infancy, watched its steady growth and had spared nothing to save it from disasters to which it seemed at many times destined to succumb. In fact, he loved it as he loved his own life and now it seemed that he was even a part of the institution. But this afternoon he was to present his resignation and look upon his last day of college life.

There was no one in the whole school who had an ill word for the professor. He maintained the greatest of respect and admiration from everyone. Whatever he did was sanctioned by all. To him, the faculty's debt was a still greater one. They had profited by his experience and accepted his advice.

But to Professor Russell there was one thing in which he felt he had failed. Since the school had gained a standing among the institutions of learning, he had wished that a chair of philosophy might be established. But the practical ideas of the college promoters were not akin to such subjects, so the chair had never been established, and had always hung over him as an unaccomplished task.

* * * * *

It was in the early afternoon and the crowds of people before mentioned, had arranged themselves in the assembly room; the president was seating the distinguished visitors upon the rostrum.

It had been planned that Professor Russell was to deliver a short farewell address, after which the speaker of the day was to give his address.

When the crowd had quieted the president arose. He spoke of the efficient work of the beloved professor, and turning to him assented for his speech.

Stillness followed and all listened with great attentiveness. When he completed his remarks, expressing his appreciation to the students, he spoke of that well known subject—the establishing of a chair of philosophy. But this time he spoke not with his usual enthusiasm, but with the sorrow of a man who has fought his last battle and lost.

When the professor returned to his seat, nothing broke the stillness of the occasion, until the president announced in a calm voice that the address would be delivered by Mr. Dixon, a wealthy and influential politician of the state. Arising he said:

“An hour ago I had a speech in my mind to present to you. It has been forgotten. My heart has been so touched by the labor, fortitude and perseverance of your beloved professor, that I consider it an honor to establish such a chair of philosophy.”

* * * * *

The professor had retired. He still lived in the college town and watched the progress of the institution with a keen eye of interest. After some months had passed, he delighted to return to those college halls and watch the progress of his former students, particularly in that department for which he had so long worked.

Two years later the graduating class was of particular interest. There had been none like it before in Hills Dale College. Not only were they above the average as students, but their orations were of exceptional character, portraying something of the deeper side of life which was before unknown in the college.

The effect of such orations upon the professor was gratifying. He had accomplished what he had desired, wished none of the honor to be his. He had worked for an education which was to show students that there was more in life than the practical and technical. He had made an inroad by which men were to see that the greatest happiness in their future life was only to be gained by culture and refinement learned in their college life.

—Robert C. Line, '10.

SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN.

(Continued.)

NELL BULLARD.

III—The Women of Balanced Intellect and Emotion.

1. Portia, (The Merchant of Venice.) Many would class Portia among the heroines of intellect. It is indeed true that she possesses high mental powers and displays a remarkable executive ability. "But," to use the words of Brooke, "Portia's wisdom is, alone, all the wisdom of fine womanhood." Her wisdom does not overpower her gentler graces as does the intellect of Lady Macbeth. Portia is, rather, a woman first of all. She is well educated and enjoys life from this broader field which her learning affords her. There is almost a perfect harmony between her emotions and her intellectual powers, thus producing what Mrs. Jameson calls a, "Heavenly compound of talent, feeling, wisdom, beauty, and gentleness."

Added to her other gifts, Portia has a keen insight and is capable of reading the character in the face. This is brought out cleverly in her conversation with her maid, in speaking of her many suitors. In each she finds the most pronounced characteristics which she ridicules in a truly charming, carefree, and girlish manner. Her emotional nature could tell her that she did not like them, but it took her mind—her knowledge of the world—to tell her why they failed to appeal to her heart. Thus came the suitors,

"From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine."

And still was the gentle nature of Portia unspoiled by vanity, and still humbly was she able to say to the successful Bassanio:

"Yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself,
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich,"

and so on to the end of the gentle speech with which she fulfills the will of her father.

Then during the absence of her husband, instead of passing the time in bewailing his absence, as would many a love-sick maiden, she sets forth, with the help of her old teacher, to untangle this difficulty that has ensnared the friend who made possible her great happiness. It is as the young lawyer in the court room that we intensely admire the bravery and courage that come to the aid of her affections. That she should win the case by a mere quibble of the law is characteristic of her clever, quick-witted character. Her beautiful and famous speech on "Mercy," is one full of her beautiful philosophy of life—a philosophy which is found throughout the play, for, to quote again: "Portia is always a piece of a philosopher, full of gracious moralities, of wise thoughts of life and love and service."

Immediately after the trial she enters with all the zest of her well-balanced womanhood into the jest of the "Ring Episode." Her heart is full of her great love and she must needs be joyful and happy in the midst of it. "Nor is it any drawback on her strength and substantial dignity of character," says Hudson, "that her nature is all overflowing with romance; rather, this it is that glorifies her, and breathes enchantment about her; it adds that precious seeing to the eye which conducts her to such winning beauty and sweetness of deportment, and makes her the 'rich-souled creature' that Schlegel describes her to be."

2. Rosalind, (*As You Like It*.) In comparing Portia and Rosalind, Mrs. Jameson says, in part: "Portia is dignified, splendid and romantic, Rosalind is playful, pastoral and picturesque; both are in the highest degree poetical, but the one is epic and the other lyric." In her sparkling wit, endeavoring to guide herself through the maze of perplexities that present themselves to her in her disguise, Rosalind becomes almost intangible. Her perfect love for Orlando runs no rash risks, as would the love of Juliet, but rather is Rosalind guided by her woman's mind, aided by her ever-ready and powerful wit. Unlike Beatrice, "her love does not check or dim her humour, but it sparkles forth." "Rosalind's character," says Hazlitt, "is made up of sportive gaiety and natural tenderness; her tongue runs the faster to conceal the pressure at her heart. She talks herself out of breath, only to get deeper in love."

The equality of her emotion and intellect make her able to carry through this farce she is forced to play, and bring it to a triumphant conclusion for all, even poor, love-deluded Phoebe. To use the words of Hudson, "In her presence the head and heart draw together perfectly."

Rosalind's character was not one to fit well into the too real life of the court, but it is in the Forest of Arden, where the life is ideally picturesque and simple, that her happy laughing grace casts its influence over all around her and to quote again, "No sort of unhappiness can live in her company; it is a joy even to stand her chiding; for, 'faster than her tongue doth make offense, her eye doth heal it up.'"

3. Isabella, (*Measure for Measure*.) Of Isabella and Portia it has been said: "They are portrayed as equally wise, gracious, virtuous, fair and young; we perceive in both the same exalted principle and firmness of character, the same depth of reflection and persuasive eloquence, the same self-denying generosity and capability of strong affections." How alike indeed are their respective discourses on "Mercy," one in pleading for a friend, the other for her brother. Portia speaks in part:

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; * * *
* * * * * it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power.
* * * * * * *

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When Mercy seasons justice."

While Isabella voices the same sentiment in—

"Well believe this,
 No ceremony that to great one 'longs,
 Nor the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
 The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
 Become them with one-half so good a grace
 As Mercy does."

Isabella, however, is distinguished from Portia by some of her most pronounced characteristics. She is rigidly religious and the possessor of pronounced high moral standard and a pride in her "vestal purity," while Portia no doubt, was religious and pure, still these traits were not so prominent that one would say of her as Hudson does of Isabella: "Her purity is almost awful." Because of her saintly purity Isabella inspires respect and reverence from even Lucio, who says:

I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin
 With maidens to seem the lapwing and to jest,
 Tongue far from heard—play will all virgins so,
 I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted
 By your renouncement and immortal spirit
 And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
 As with a saint."

Isabella is also possessed of remarkable reasoning powers in which her brother has great hopes, as—

"for in her youth
 There is a prone and speechless dialect,
 Such as move men; beside, she hath prosperous
 Art,
 When she will play with reason and discourse,
 And well she can persuade."

She is, however, not as confident of helping her brother as was Portia of winning a far more difficult case. Isabella exclaims,

"Alas! what poor ability's in me
 To do him good?"

But at last, like the true woman she is, she consents "to do the best she can."

She is too pure and values her purity too highly to sacrifice it all, together with the consciousness of her goodness, to save her brother from the punishment for a crime she feels was base indeed. She condemns him for expecting her to sin for him, but her love for him speaks in her words: "I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit." For to use the words of Hudson: "She cares not what face her action may wear to the world, nor how much reproach it may bring on her from others, if it will only leave her the society, which she has never parted from, of a clean breast and a pure conscience."

4. Viola, (*Twelfth Night*.) "Viola is Rosalind's sister," says Lang, "but without that gay humor and merriment of a kind heart which makes Rosalind alone and unexampled, a peerless maiden, the dearest of all the daughters of dreams." Viola, however, is quick-witted and possessed of that powerful weapon, woman intuition. This last is shown when she discovers Olivia's love for her in disguise,

"And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe.
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie!"

Her ever ready wit gives her answers to Olivia's and the Duke's questions—answers which while true do not betray her, as when the Duke, on hearing the story of her supposed sister's unrequited love, asks:

"But died thy sister of love, my boy?"

Viola answers:

"I am all the daughters of my father's house;
And all the brothers, too."

It is this active wit springing from an intellect principally intuitive, added to her deep and lasting affections, that makes her what Hazlitt calls, the "Great and secret charm of *Twelfth Night*."

5. Beatrice, (*Much Ado About Nothing*.) Beatrice is witty beyond any other character that Shakespeare has presented to us. Her jests are large but not coarse, and her wit is purely of the Elizabethan period. She says of herself: "I was born to speak all mirth and no matter." And it is from these comments by herself and her friends on her ever-abounding, sparkling wit that we gain the clearest idea of her character. Hero says of her:

"But nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice;
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Mis-prising what they look on, and her wit
Values itself so highly that to her

All matter else seems weak; she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd."

Having launched herself on this full tide of "chaff," as we would call it today, she finds that wit is always expected from her—she is forced to keep up her reputation. Thus as Benedict, being forced to play this part, at first through choice and later through necessity, she gains a reputation that credited her with being almost heartless. When she over-hears this speech of Hero's intended for her ears, together with the acquired knowledge of the love of Benedict, she expresses herself in a loyal, true womanly fashion that shows the real depth of her character,

"Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And Benedict, love on; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our love in a holy band;
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reporting."

Thus is she clear-sighted enough to realize her fault and correct it. While her wit would ever be her best play-fellow, never again would she allow it to over-master and hide her better nature.

Hudson says: "Beatrice, intelligent as she is, has little of reflection in her wit; but throws it off in rapid flashes whenever any object ministers a spark to her fancy." It is her intelligence that saves her from ruining her life and her love—saves her from the evil results of this practice growing playing of the wit and brings her in the end to be one of the truest, most charming, "amiable and loyal hearts whom we meet even in the plays of Shakespeare."

(To Be Continued.)

THE KAIMIN

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Editorials

To the visitors who have come today to see our buildings, our students, and our work—to understand better the advantages offered here and determine what might enhance them, The Kaimin extends a hearty greeting. The fact that you are here indicates an interest on your part. This is just what we wish. The work of students and faculty is well known and appreciated among ourselves and vicinity. What we need now is a proper understanding of conditions here by the people of the state; when they have this, their interest and assistance will surely be ours. There are some people in university circles and out who still judge the University by a wrong standard—that of comparison with much older institutions. Such comparison is good and necessary—if done for the proper purpose with the proper spirit. It means advancement for the University; it stands as something higher to which the University is ever striving. The just standard is judging by comparison with respect to age or comparison in development. When you consider the progress of this University by itself, in a country as yet undeveloped, with city population in the main, contrast it with the progress of other state institutions, you can not, if you know the proper

conditions of affairs, but be surprised. The University has passed through its pioneer stage, guided by the able executive hand of our President, Dr. O. J. Craig, who has been with it from its beginning, and is now ready to develop.

This University which is only 13 years old, by the investigation of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, is ranked along with the Universities of Ohio, of Wisconsin, Illinois, Nebraska and Wyoming. The Faculty of the University are represented in educational interests. The University holds the chairmanship of the Department of Higher Education in the National Educational Association, and has also membership on its board of directors and in the National Council of Education, and on the executive committee of the National Association of State Universities.

The advantages of a small university are many and this one is no exception to the rule. We can not state these here and indeed it would be unnecessary, for they are well known. The student misses something, of course, which can only come from an older institution, and from great numbers of students, but instead, he receives something else, which tends to develop him more.

The optimists among us are looking for endowments; let us first secure the support, interest and sympathy of the people of Montana, and these will follow.

Athletics

Since the last issue of The Kaimin, work in athletics at the University has steadily progressed. Basket ball is the all-absorbing attraction, and the squad and team have made fine progress, as is evidenced by the scores of the games already played.

On Jan. 17th, the team defeated a team of "All Stars" from the city, by a score of 46 to 9. The "All Stars" included in their line-up, Cordz, Grady, Ambrose, Garlington and Woodworth, while the "U" lined up as follows: guards, Bishop and Little; forwards, Wenger and Hamilton; center, Montgomery. The game was merely for practice and was, of course, not featured by exceptional playing on either side. The team, however, showed admirable collective work, and this, coupled with the fact of lack of practice on the "All Stars' " part, was responsible for the size of the score.

The effect of a week of strenuous coaching and practice was very apparent, when on Jan. 24, the "All Stars" again went down to defeat, and this time to the tune of 81 to 5. Against the same line-up for the "All Stars" the "U" played the following men: guards, Bishop and Little; forwards, Wenger and Hamilton, Montgomery; center, Dorman and Ryan. The team work was almost faultless and took the interest away from our opponents. With but 26 points in the first half, we were able to obtain 55 more, playing a strong game from start to finish.

On the same evening the "Prep" team defeated the Missoula High School in a practice game, 23 to 5.

The "U" men in basket ball this season will be presented with V-necked jerseys, the emblem for basket ball is a four-inch block letter of maroon on a white shirt, as distinguished from the five-inch block letter of maroon on a white sweater. To make more of a distinction between the two, and to enable the basket ball men to wear the letter outside of the Gym, the V-necked jersey has been decided upon.

The first regular game of the season came on Jan. 21, when Montana Wesleyan was defeated by the overwhelming score of 87 to 2. Helena's team work was admirable before the game in practice, but against our superior speed, it proved useless. Helena relied on the old-fashioned regular running formation, but with every play broken up before it was fairly started, the result was failure.

The speed and admirable team work for Montana showed up to excellent advantage, and every man is deserving of great credit. With a little more practice in basket-throwing, our team will prove a hard proposition for any other team in the state. To name a star would be most difficult, for each man was a star in his position. Wenger and Hamilton in throwing baskets, vied with Ryan and Montgomery for honors, while Bishop, Little and Dorman were always "Johnny-on-the-spot" to spoil Wesleyan's chances when they got the ball. Wesleyan's one basket was made toward the beginning of the game by Palutnik.

The game was free from roughness, Referee Farrell only having to call three fouls.

The teams—Wesleyan: center, Palutnik; forwards, Noble and Miller; guards, Hughes and Hughes; Montana: center, Dorman, Ryan; forwards, Wenger, Hamilton and Montgomery; guards, Bishop and Little.

On the same evening the Preps. and the Missoula High School competed for honors. The game resulted in a victory for the High School to the tune of 12 to 8, thus evening up the Preps.' victory of a week ago. The game was hard fought from start to finish, the score at the end of the first half being 6 to 6. The High School team, however, outplayed the Preps. in the last half, and so earned the victory. The tie will have to be played off at a game in the near future, which should be most interesting.

Organizations

ASSOCIATED ENGINEERS.

In the rear of a small restaurant about six years ago, was gathered a mere handful of students paying tribute to one of their number. The students represented what was then the Engineering department of the University of Montana, while the honored one was the sole graduate of that department for that year. It was upon this evening that some one present suggested that the students form themselves into an engineering society that they might band themselves together to help them in their chosen life work—the study of engineering.

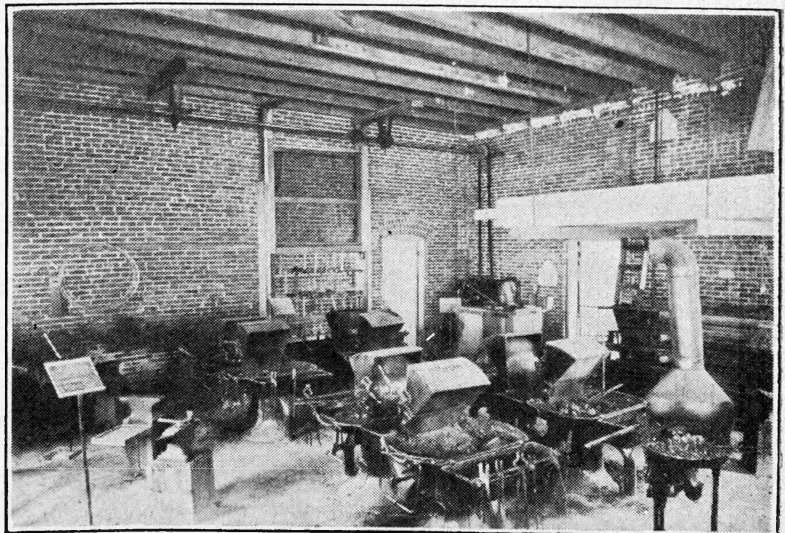


Not even the most imaginative person present on this night of first things, would have ventured a guess that the society would, in such a short time, grow into what is now known as the Associated Engineers of the University of Montana. The Associated Engineers is a society with a foundation, one with traditions; it is one of the customs and main factors of University life; one of the most sacred traditions of "Ye Merrie Engyneers Societee" is its famous banquet given in the spring of each year by the under classmen to their Seniors. It is on this occasion that every engineer drops his hammer and monkey wrench and rushes at the call of the anvil, to the festive board, which is usually set in the midst of the shops they love so well. Here midst the whirl of wheels and clang of the

miniature "grub" railway, each engineer sings to his brother of the birds and sunshine as seen through his practical eye; for upon this auspicious occasion every "lit. student" is excluded, so there is no danger of his words falling upon an unappreciative or profane ear. The banquet, to be given this year, is to be even more extravagant than usual and it is planned to repeat the entire performance on the following evening by removing the entire anvil chorus to the "Gym" for the benefit of Montana's Fair Sex. It will be seen that each Co-Ed be properly escorted to the performance by a student in the conventional Engineers' attire—the overalls and jumper.

In looking over the past year's work of the society, a feeling of satisfaction comes over one, blended with a feeling of sadness. We see the Seniors of 1907 seated around the banquet table a few short months ago, while now we see them scattered to the four winds of the earth; we hear occasionally from our friends, "Ducky" Smith and "Happy" Dimmick, from their happy home among the dynamos and motors at Schenectady, New York. We hear that our smiling friend, Jim Mills, is associated with the Underwriters at Butte, where he is inspecting electric light wires. We always thought Jim would look on the lighter side of life. Hovey Polleys desists from his pursuit of that "root of all evils," semi-occasionally, long enough to drop in and see that Kessler is still instructing his class in Mechanical Lab in the engine room. Then again, in thinking of those who are gone, comes the memory of Uriel Murphy, who has left us for good. How clearly we can see "Spud" now, striding across the campus, or cheering his college Athletic team on to victory. Spud was one of those bright morsels of humanity that is met with but once in a lifetime, ever cheerful and ever smiling, making us think that somehow the world is better for his having lived in it, and that we are a little better for having known him.

The Seniors this year are five in number and are of the leaders in all branches of activity in the college life, and the farewell banquet which is to be tendered them, is what may be termed, "the beginning of the end," for it marks the first of the ceremonies incidental to their departure. While we deeply regret the nearness of their leaving, we remember that "e'en the best of friends must part," and can wish them no better luck than that they may follow in the footsteps of those who have preceded them.



The Alumni

Claude Spaulding, '06, spent the greater part of last month in Missoula.

Born on Jan. 2, 1908, to Will Dickson, '05 and Avery May Dickinson, '05, a son.

Jim Bonner, '07, has entered into partnership with Robert Sibley. The Kaimin wishes him success.

Nettie McPhail, '02, who is teaching in Broadwater county, spent a short vacation in Missoula, visiting friends.

The many friends of Guy Sheridan, '02, will be pleased to learn that he is rapidly recovering from the effects of an operation performed several weeks ago.

George Westby, 1901, who was called to Missoula by the sad news of his father's death, will remain in Missoula some time. Mr. Westby is now located at Ely, Nevada.

Exchanges

Examinations are the thieves of time.

The deeper true merit, the less noise it makes.

Minnesota cleared \$25,000 on her past football season.

Some women's heads are turned by flattery—others by peroxide.

Strange isn't it that no young man ever rose rapidly till he had settled down?

"Why We Laugh," from the Collegian is a pretty good argument and funny, too.

When a man is in earnest and knows what he is about the work is half done.

Vanity of woman looks like a plugged nickel when compared with the conceit of man.

At Kansas University there is a class in newspaper writing with thirty-eight members.

The Catholic students at the University of California will soon build a chapel of their own.

Yale, Harvard and Princeton are talking of forming a triple football alliance for next season.

Many a man is a dark lantern. He never pulls aside the slide to show the real brilliancy that is in him.

The University of Oregon has a Correspondence department with over two hundred students enrolled.

All but five of the cadets at West Point belong to the Young Men's Christian Association there.

"So he was convicted for selling gold bricks, eh?"

"Yes, they proved his guilt."

The founder of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity, John W. Lindley, died Dec. 17th, at Mount Vernon, Ohio.

In the M. A. C. Record for January 7, is an interesting letter on "Agriculture in Alaska." It is worth reading.

"Pa, what is a football coach?"

"The ambulance, I should imagine."

"What's the difference between vocation and avocation?"

"Football at Yale and Harvard."

Yale made 282 points in football and so did Pullman; they consider this a tie for the United States championship.

Even those who don't believe in race suicide must admit that sometimes the stork makes a perfect goose of himself.

The reason more of our young men don't come to the front is that the front row is always filled by the bald-heads.

"Kick and the world kicks with you;
Boost and you boost alone."

Sixteen hundred students at Northwestern signed a petition to have football reinstated among their athletics. On December 20th, it was granted to them.

The smallest attendance of Americans on record at the Berlin University has been this year, 68 men and 27 women.

The Spectator of Columbia University is the only college newspaper in the country which owns and operates its own plant.

Freshie—"How long can a person live without brains?"

Prof.—"I don't know. How old are you?"

"Do you suffer with the cold?"

"I suffer all right; I don't suppose the blasted cold suffers."

Teacher—"Johnny, what is a hypocrite?"

Johnny—"A boy what comes to school wid a smile on his face."

Rockefeller has added another endowment to the University of Chicago of \$2,000,000, making a total of over twenty-three million dollars.

"Have you found space for my poem yet?"

"No; but I will as soon as the office boy empties the waste basket."

Six boys from Vanderbilt University sang their way through Europe. They thus advertised our colleges and attracted a good deal of attention.

From another story in this paper comes the advice given by an editor to his striving contributors: "Don't care what people say about your story as long as they say something."

A library has been started at the University of Pennsylvania which is to contain all the books written by its graduates. Several thousand volumes have been collected and the library is only partially completed.

"Mother, may I go out to graft?"

"I do not care a straw, son.

Just keep your weather eye on Taft,

And don't go near Tom Lawson."

Last Easter the superintendent of a Sunday school startled his hearers by this announcement: "Now, children, we will sing hymn number ninety-three, 'Begin My Soul, the Exalted Lay,' after which I will distribute the eggs."

He sent his boy to college;

And now he cries, "Alack!"

He spent a thousand dollars.

And got a quarter-back.

On the Campus

An invitation to call—"When you come across the river, drop in."

* * *

Miss Mary Rankin has gone to California for a trip of several weeks.

* * *

Miss Reilly (in Geometry)—"What happens when two faces meet?"

* * *

"Shorty" Stuart of Idaho, visited his Missoula friends for several days.

* * *

To Sophomores—To have an election it is necessary that some one besides the candidate be present.

* * *

Miss B.—"I refuse to allow anybody to study in here——"

Claire—"We're not studying."

* * *

Dr. Underwood—"Virgil led Dante through the infernal regions and even now he guides many through them."

* * *

Gil—"Dan, what color do you prefer?"

Dan (absent mindedly)—Mild—red.

* * *

Scheuch—"Can you understand French at all?"

Edna P.—"Yes, if it's spoken in English."

* * *

The girls at the Dormitory charmingly entertained at a party on January 27th. Dancing was the mode of entertainment.

* * *

History Teacher—"Why was the reformation a dual movement?"

Second Prep.—"Because it was a duel between church and state."

* * *

January 18th was the date of the first Senior party of this year. It took place at the home of the President, Vincent Craig, and was a thoroughly enjoyed affair.

* * *

N. N. deserves honorable mention for not having "stayed away" from any classes for the length of time consistent of one week. This was some time ago.

* * *

What do you know about this: It is being rumored around town that those "Swagger Walk-Over" Spring Oxfords are on the road to Missoula and will arrive by the 15th. Beeson says they were made especially for us. Read page 60.

J. B. to M. Mc.—“I think a fitting conclusion to a college romance would be a wedding in the chapel.”

* * *

The third A. S. U. M. dance was held at the Gym on the evening of January 17th. It was most successful—as are all University functions.

* * *

A number of new students have registered for this semester's work. Among them there is our fellow student of last year, May Graham, and also a sister of our fellow student, Miss Hatch.

* * *

Cecil—“Is A—— the youngest?”

Florence—“No, she's the oldest.”

Cecil—“Who is the youngest?”

Florence—“The baby.”

* * *

Dr. Powers' lecture on the evening of the thirteenth, in the Christian church, was one of great instructiveness. His subject was, “Michelangelo and the Sistine Ceiling,” and he treated it in a thorough and masterful manner. We thank Miss Knowles for bringing him before us.

* * *

Miss R. (reading)—“When you are copying figures from the theodolite—”

Thayer, (nodding his head)—“Yes.”

Miss R.—“We haven't a theodolite in the University, have we?”

Class—“No.”

* * *

A wise man once said to his son:

“Whenever you think of a pun,

Go out in the yard

And kick yourself hard,

And let me begin when you're done.”—Ex.

* * *

Miss Corbin—“Who looked up the Pre-Shakespearian drama?”

Genevieve Reid—“I did.”

Miss Corbin—“Where did you find it?”

Genevieve—“In the Fool's (Poole's) Index.”

* * *

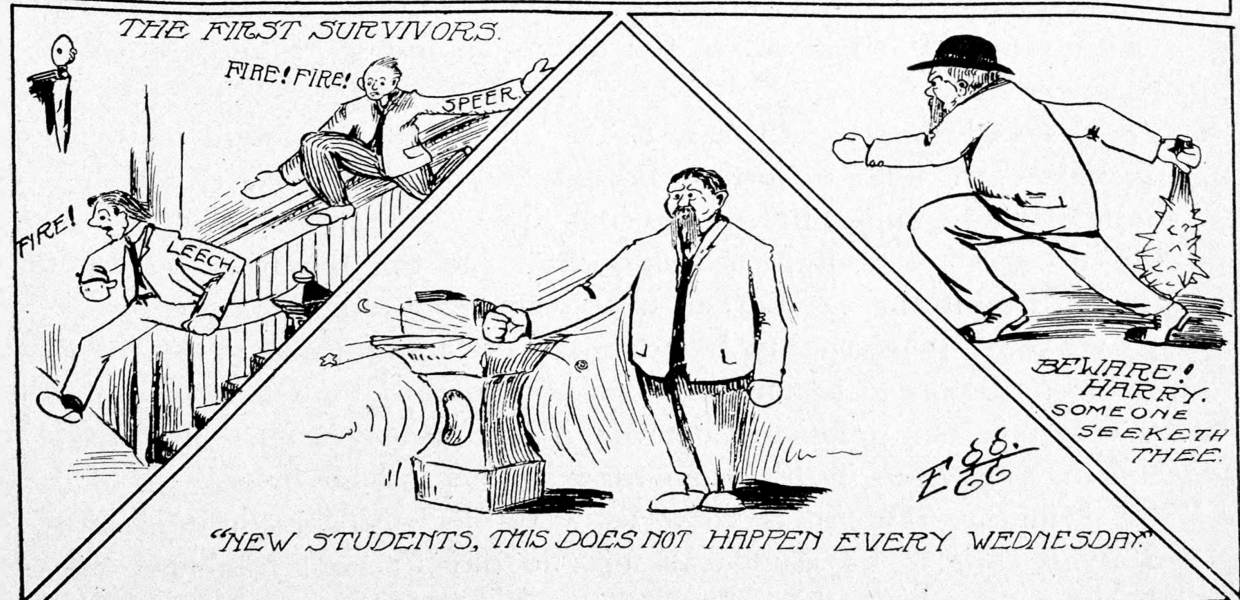
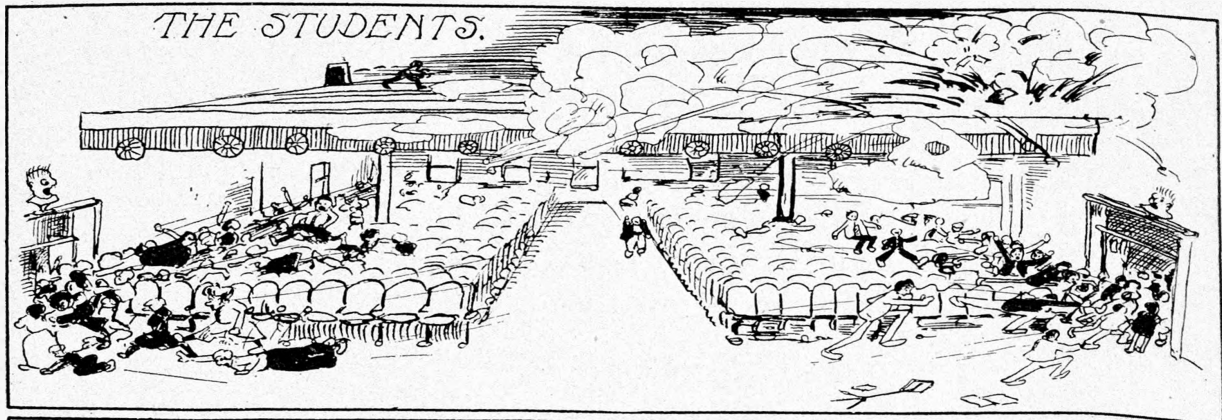
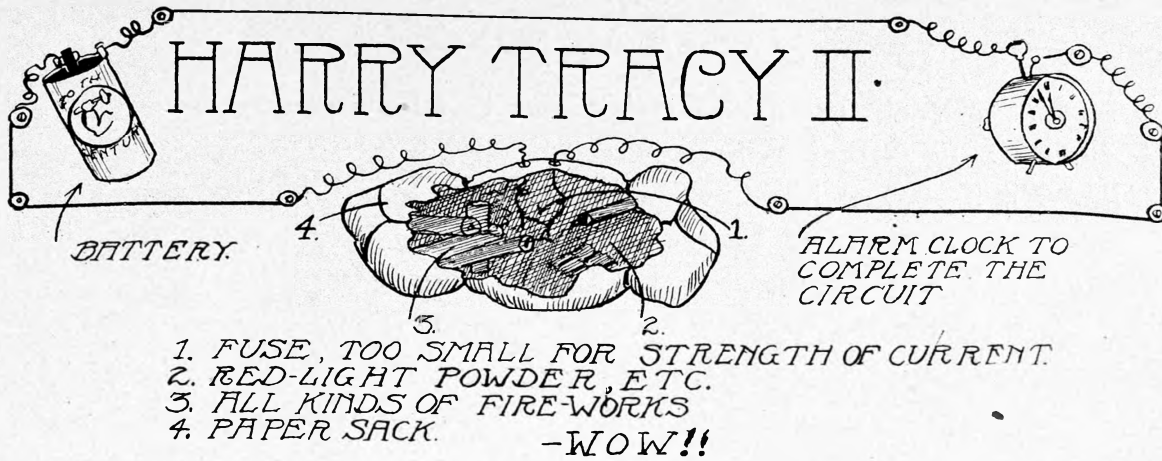
OF FRANCES AND LAURA.

“Fuzzy” and “Wuzzy” are two little maids,

With two fair heads of hair;

And everywhere that “Fuzzy” goes,

“Wuzzy” is sure to be there.



POPULAR SONGS.

Ivan L.—“Well, It's Good Bye Cases For Evermore.”

Ethel W.—“Arbie, Where Art Thou?”

Edna Pratt—“Let Me Go Back to That Dear Old Chicago Town.”

Claire—“I Love The Farmer.”

Edna F.—“I'm Trying So Hard To Forget Him.”

* * *

There is a little fairy
Who is very fond of work,
So when you want a poem
Just call on Cap's Miss Burke.

She also has a helper
Who is never known to sin,
But in writing Varsity locals,
Beware of our friend Win.

* * *

DOOLEY ON REFORM.

“Oi see bi th' papers, Hinnesy, that th' counthry is goin' t' th' dogs.”

“Now,” said Hinnesy, “you've bin readin' th' minnits iv wan iv thim socialist matins.”

“No, I haven't; but th' anarkists bum is soundin on all sides, at all kinds iv political 'nd social gatherings. Th' Fourhundred is all upset over le'pyear. Th' byes are waitin' f'r th' gurls t' spake 'nd th' gurls are waitin' th' same as they did last year.

“But pollyticks is pickin' up all th' time in spite iv th' slump in le'pyear stock. Th' South Ward is out in full armor against th' Stand-Patters iv th' Era iv Prosperity.”

“Yes,” says Hinnesy, “Oi saw th' South Ward dillegation marchin' one iv their victims t' th' altar iv justice through th' blindin' snow t' cast his vote in favor iv liberty and union, th' ither avenin'.”

“Yis, th' spirit of rayform is runnin' high 'nd th' bloody sweat-dhrops iv th' South Ward rayformers is markin' th' pavements iv our public walks.”

“Dy ye know it makes my blood boil with admirathion t' see th' young men iv our institutions iv larnin' put their shoulders t' th' wheel iv misfortune 'nd roll th' cart in our pollitical float out iv th' mire iv serene obscurity, 'nd placin' it in th' proceshun iv th' men with th' pliers 'nd life-belts.”

“Yis, Hinnesy, rayform is what we want 'nd th' consthitution must be praserved at all costs. Ye must walk up 'nd pay f'r your franchise 'nd cast yer ballot, 'nd if ye vote f'r th' right party yer vote'll be counted.”

“Yis,” says Hinnesy, “Oi’m f’r th’ constitution all th’ time, but Oi’m broke ’nd can’t pay f’r my last month’s board.”

“If ye can’t pay keep off th’ grass thin, f’r th’ constitution must be upheld ’nd ye can watch th’ game from th’ sidelines. To th’ man with th’ dollar belongs th’ spoils, be hivvens.”

—Pansy.

* * *

EIGHTEEN.

Oh, quick, my glass; I am eighteen years!
 Let me see how it looks to be grown up.
 For even a sweet little thing in tears
 On the sands of time may be thrown up
 High and dry, high and dry,
 When the years that used to be have become
 The years that are now a being;
 And people sit on the sand and look so glum
 They scarce are worth the seeing.
 So shall I, so shall I.

Now, even though I am so old,
 I am sure one little wrinkle or so
 Will not make any one so bold
 As to turn on me a twinkle or so,
 Blink at my wrinkle, blink at my wrinkle;
 Nor say behind my back with glee,
 Pretending to worship before me,
 “How pretty the little one used to be,
 And how my heart she tore me,
 With a twinkle, with a twinkle

“Of her eye, but now I am my own.”
 And will any one ever seek of me
 A peep? O, dear! I feel a bone
 A-sticking through the cheek of me.
 Oh, boo, hoo! Boo, oh, hoo!
 I’m eighteen years, if I’m an hour,
 Almost old enough to marry;
 But which? Timotheus — Sour,
 Or Thomas, or Richard, or Harry?
 Oh, who, who! Who, oh, who?

I'm such a little girl. I'm sure
It's awful just to think of it;
However can the folks endure
To see me on the brink of it?
Sixty sticks or so
Of candy I'll make papa pay
Me not to marry. Oh, deary,
I'm getting older every May,
And sweethearts make me weary,
Six or so—six or so

Of them. Only six or so this year!
I must be one of the old maids
To have but six or so come near
And some of those to scold maids.
Only six! Only six
Or so—and six or so are enough
To be six or so too many.
Who cares a bit—oh, nonsense and stuff!—
If there never were any—
Or just six? Say, just six.

And then I'm only eighteen years,
And will be many years yet;
And that doesn't seem so old for fears
I'm sure there are no fears yet
Of wedded woes—wedded woes.
Fie, such thoughts for so little a miss
Set my heart it's beat to hushing.
To think of an awful thing like a kiss
Sets my cheek a blushing
Like a rose, like a rose.

My glass. Oh, dear! What a kid I am!
Oh, see how my innocent eyes are
A blink in the glass like the glance of the lamb
I am. The eyes where the cries are—
What a folly! Childish folly—
I'll dry the cries of the little lass
I am and coo some, maybe
With the cute little lips in the glass.
Papa's "tow head!" Mama's "baby!"
Where's my dolly? Me want dolly!

SOCIAL EDITORS.

In every room and lab. they're found—

Social Editors.

In every hall the friends abound—

Social Editors.

They hear each thing you've done or said,

Until your heart sinks down like lead—

They make you wish that you were dead—

Social Editors.

They find out if you have a case—

Social Editors.

They stick around in every place—

Social Editors.

You meet a girl—the best you've found,

You tell her so, and look around,

And watching you—yes, I'll be bound—

Social Editors.

—M. B.

* * *

Before
Leap Year.



Now.



* * *

The Boy (walking down the diagonal, a girl on either side)—“I have to walk on the crack.”

The Girl—“Yes, you're cracked and we're bored.”

* * *

Get your Artists' Supplies and Picture Frames at Simons'.

MINUTES OF THE A. S. U. M.

Missoula, Mont., Dec. 9, 1907.

A regular meeting of the A. S. U. M. Executive Committee was called to order by President Greenwood. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

It was moved and carried that the financial report of Manager Rowe be approved.

Moved and carried that Dr. Rowe's bill of \$5.05 be approved.

Moved and carried that Greenwood's bill of \$10.00 be approved.

Moved and carried that Mr. Gene Howard be asked for a report of the subscription list for the purchase of band suits, and also for the distribution of the instruments.

Moved and carried that a guarantee of \$50.00 for a basket ball game with the Spencer Business College be approved.

A guarantee of \$60.00 for a basket ball game with Montana Wesleyan University and one of \$90.00 for a game with Montana Agricultural College were allowed.

Upon motion the meeting adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,

EDWARD A. WENGER, Secy.

Missoula, Mont., Jan. 8, 1908.

A special meeting of the A. S. U. M. Executive Committee was called to order by President Greenwood at 9:40 A. M., for the purpose of receiving the report of the committee, consisting of the Manager, Coach and Captain of the football team, on football M's.

The following men were granted M's through the recommendation of the committee: Stoddard, Ryan, Berry, Kitt, Bishop, Harriman, Cullen, Murphy, Thomas, Ambrose, Lewis and Morgan.

The following men were granted sweaters: Davidson, McClaren and Dinsmore.

Moved and carried that the rules governing the eligibility of "M" men be referred back to the Athletic Committee.

Moved and carried that we set the third of the series of A. S. U. M. dances on Jan. 17.

Upon motion the meeting adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,

EDWARD A. WENGER, Secy.

Missoula, Mont., Jan. 22, 1908.

A regular meeting of the A. S. U. M. Executive Committee was called to order by President Greenwood. The minutes of the regular meeting on Dec. 9, and of the special meeting on Jan. 8, were read and approved.

Moved and carried that the financial report of Manager Rowe on the second A. S. U. M. dance be approved.

Moved and carried that Professor Snoddy's bill of \$2.75 be allowed.

Moved and carried that Dr. Willard's bill of \$25 for services rendered to Mr. Bullerdick be approved.

Moved and carried that a bill of \$5.75 for sewing "M's" on the foot ball sweaters be approved.

Moved and carried that a guarantee of \$60 for a basket ball game with the Montana School of Mines be approved.

Moved and carried that the following base ball games and guarantees be approved:

Montana Agricultural College at Bozeman	\$125.00
Montana Agricultural College at Missoula	125.00
Montana School of Mines at Butte	100.00
Montana School of Mines at Missoula	100.00

Moved and carried that a letter from the Associated Students of the University of Washington, inviting the University of Montana to a conference with the colleges of the Northwest, for the purpose of formulating rules to govern athletics in the Northwest, be referred to the Faculty.

Moved and carried that a letter from the Intercollegiate Association of the United States be laid on the table.

Moved and carried that the Manager be allowed to procure some A. S. U. M. stationery.

Moved and carried that the President appoint a committee of such a number as he deems necessary, to have entire charge, after the exercises on Charter Day, of a dinner to be given for the benefit of the A. S. U. M.

Upon motion the meeting adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,

EDWARD A. WENGER, Secy.

Missoula, Mont., Jan. 30, 1908.

A special meeting of the A. S. U. M. Executive Committee was called to order by President Greenwood on request of Oral J. Berry, who represented a committee of one from the foot ball "M" men, who wished to know if proxies could be used in the election of foot ball captain.

Moved that the election of the foot ball captain be carried on under the same rules which governs the election of A. S. U. M. officers. Carried.

Upon motion the meeting adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,

EDWARD A. WENGER, Secy.

Report of subscription for foot ball sweaters:

RECEIPTS

Missoula Mercantile Company, advertising department.....	\$22.50
Berthon & Armstrong	10.00
Golden Rule	5.00
The Martin Company	5.00
F. C. Stoddard	5.00
Gannon & McLeod	5.00
D. J. Donohue	5.00
C. H. Marsh	5.00
L. D. Howard	5.00
Total	\$67.50

EXPENDITURES

To Missoula Mercantile Company, (15 sweaters)	\$67.50
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Missoula
Agency
for
Alfred
Benja-
min's
Fine
Clothing
for
Men.



D. J. Donohue Co.

Missoula's Best
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Satisfactory
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Exclusive stocks of Men's Women's
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Goods, Millinery, Shoes, Carpets,
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