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The Kaimin, March 1909

Students of the University of Montana

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THE KAIMIN

MARCH, 1909

Howard Spa

DELICIOUS
ICE CREAM
COFFEE AND
SANDWICHES

W. H. ROCK
PROPRIETOR

First National Bank

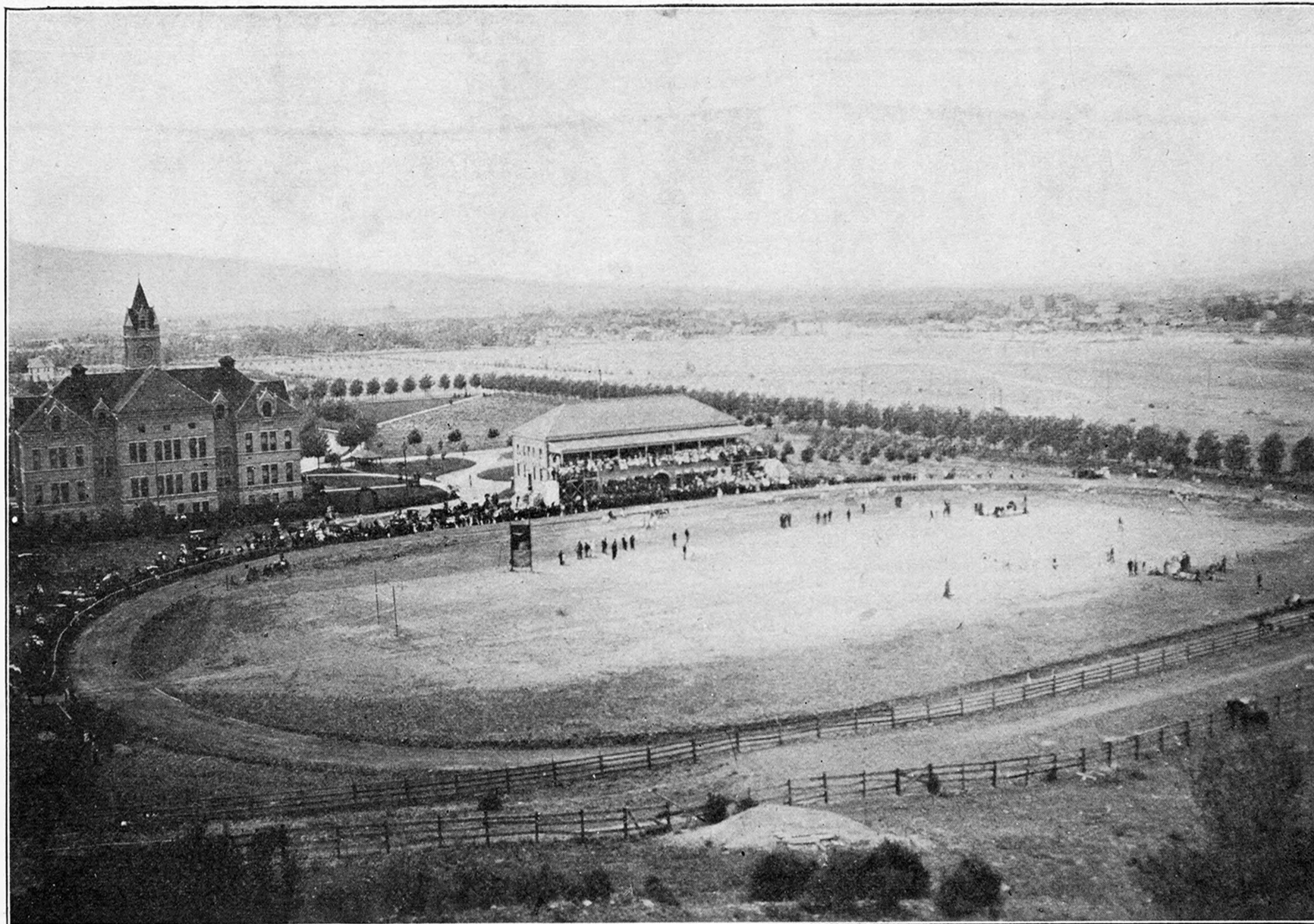
OF MISSOULA, MONTANA

Capital	\$ 200,000.00
Surplus and profits	100,000.00
Deposits	3,200,000.00

A. B. HAMMOND,	President
J. M. KEITH,	Vice President
E. A. NEWLON,	Cashier.

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THE ATHLETIC FIELD

THE KAIMIN

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

VOL. XII.

MARCH, 1909.

NO. 6



MARCH WIND AND MEADOW LARK.

Back, back, and farther up the mountain sides
 The sun's returning warmth has forced the snow;
 A half-expectant quiver thrills the ground,
 Where things will one day grow.
 The river, that was wont to loud complaint
 Against the icy thraldom that it bore,
 Breaks forth with joyous murmur from its bonds
 To greet the sun once more.
 The breath of coming spring shakes slender boughs,
 And whistles through the pine trees, sombre dark;
 A tiny throat trills merry answer back—
 March wind and meadow lark.

THE IDEAL STUDENT.

In view of the prevalent desire among us to become ideal students in the minds of those who confer the Cs and the Ds and grudgingly the As, the Kaimin has happily been able to secure a symposium from members of the faculty upon their ideals of what a student, presumably a Montana student, may be.

Next month the students shall have opportunity to tell their ideals of a teacher. Then it is our fond hope that we shall have contributed to the raising of the standard of instruction in Montana.

My student studies. When he studies he thinks. Thinking is asking what does this mean, and of what use is it? Meaning and use are the same. If the thing is of no use, it means little. But being accustomed to thinking, he is not superficial in his discovery of uses. Use is not merely what feeds the body and what makes good in the work-a-day world, but still higher, what feeds the heart and makes good in the rest and play world. He asks, not of what use is it to *me*, but of what use is it to *us*? He asks, not merely what is its use to increase the efficiency of the University, but better, how will it make the University happier? And by the "University," he means not a something institutional, but Jim, and Joe, and Jenny and the rest. When he has found the use of the thing for efficiency and personality and sociability, he uses it for these ends—Jim, and Joe, and Jenny and the rest, and thereby he loves these people—more especially Jenny—and a little bit, at least, Professor Hieronymus. When he has found the uses of truth when applied to the enlargement of the personality of Jim, and Joe, and Jenny, not by preaching, but by serving their happiness, he has reached the biggest thing in learning. He has an Aladdin's lamp, in whose light the antiquated tome, the misty laboratory and each human heart shall reveal to him its paradise. Thenceforward nothing that is human and nothing that has been human shall be alien to him or outside his touch, and all other studies, truth or uses are but means, while the end is the human happiness of comrades.

"An ideal student" is, first of all, one who exercises that rare, sweet common sense that gives things their proper values.

He places scholarship next to character, and does not forget fun.

He has a large capacity for fellowship with "all sorts and conditions" of students; his close friendships are sincere and carefully chosen.

He puts the general good above his own personal gain and takes a lively interest in all matters touching university life.

He is loyal to his friends and to his college, but before all else, he is loyal to his honor.

He has a fine enthusiasm for high ideals and splendid achievement, without which youth would not be youth, nor college, college.

He does not forget that he is preparing to live as well as to make a living. He understands that education to be of value must be translated into human usefulness or human joy.

He lives within his allowance and pays his debts promptly.

He makes mistakes, and has the courage to face them and the sense not to repeat them.

He does not knock.

He learns how to tackle hard propositions of all sorts with cheerful good will.

He never whines; and he can meet an honest defeat with as dauntless a courage as he can compel an honest victory.

He tells the truth; he works hard; he plays with zest.

And even in the lusty joy of youthful strength and opportunity he remembers to be kind.

The ideal student is hard to describe, since so many people of entirely different types have developed into such useful men and women that any one description will hardly be useful as a selecting factor. From observations of people in the past the following points of merit may be given as indicative of best success, and best success is chief object sought:

(1) The student must be awake. He must have passed the period where pushing, watching and dragging are necessary, and must be anxious to do things so as to know, and not because they are in

the outline. Some wake up when in the last year, some in the first year, some never wake, or if so it is after graduation.

(2) There must be an abundance of animal life. Lassitude will not carry one far. Milksops, who always sit on the bleachers for fear of getting up a sweat, or who refuse to take a strenuous walk because it is easier to sit in the parlor, will not set the world on fire. Life, energy, ambition, will power, under good control, make for progress.

(3) The wide awake student is not a bluff; neither is he a book worm. He does not necessarily have his lesson every day. When he is not prepared or does not know he says so and lets it go at that. He is honest in his efforts and knows the instructor will make effort to judge him on merit. While he no doubt likes to have good grades, and is quite sure to get them, they are of secondary importance to him.

(4) He is not only an honest student, but he is active in the various student activities. He does not try to hog everything, but does his best at everything, so far as ability and time will permit, in such positions of trust and responsibility as his companions may place him. He will not try to do everything or to run the institution, but will do his level best at whatever he undertakes; and he will be a force in promoting new things and advancing institutional organizations generally.

(5) He will command respect from his companions for his energy, his loyalty, his honesty of effort, his sense of honor, his cheerful disposition and optimistic view, always working for the good of the cause, the good of the institution, unconscious that by so acting he brings honor and esteem to himself.

(6) He will do the things he dislikes as conscientiously as the things he likes, without fuss or complaint. He is not jealous of his companions, is not provoked because others beat him at some things, and can be relied on just the same out of sight or in sight.

(7) He is as likely to be born as made, and to be made as born. He has ideals also, if he is any good, and has a right to his opinion. His professors are the standards he has to go by. If the teacher expects in an ideal pupil what he is not himself he is not likely to have many ideal pupils. It is, therefore, a mutual affair, each aiding the other to reach an ideal. Since the teacher is supposed to exert a great influence on the pupil he must exemplify his ideal by his life and

action. If it pleases the student he will copy. If it does not the student will look elsewhere.

The fundamental essentials for an ideal student are love of learning, sincerity, loyalty and a sense of moral obligation to faithfully and fully do all work to the extent of power to do it.

In the ideal student, this sense of obligation is so strong that wilful neglect of any work undertaken is felt to be a kind of falsity, an unrighteous and sinful thing.

With conscience put into work, with an abiding sense that sincere and honest work is the truest and highest form of human and divine service, all else, success and efficiency, will be attained.

The ideal student is the one who has a purpose in life, a purpose that is consistent with high ideals, and who uses his college life to better fit him for the work he is to do in the accomplishment of this purpose. The good student works when he works, and plays when he plays—concentration in whatever he does is his characteristic. He engages in some forms of student activity, but not in all, for fear of becoming superficial; he shuns “snap courses” because they are of no aid in the building of character or scholarship; engages in athletics as a true sport and for the sake of his own physical growth; he learns a little of many things for the sake of culture, and a great deal of one thing in order to give himself a capacity for deep thinking; he mingles with other students, not in order to make himself a “good fellow,” but because of a genuine sympathy existing between himself and his fellows, all working toward a common end.

My ideal University student is a “dig.” He must be like the old German philologist, who spent all his lifetime working on the Greek article; and when he came to die, expressed a regret that during his life he had not sufficiently concentrated his energies. He regretted

that he had not devoted his entire time to work on the dative case of the Greek article. Now, this old philologist was a specialist; what he did he did well. He, in my estimation, was an ideal student. But I cannot expect that the real will always be equal to the ideal. To be an ideal student in the University of Montana, it is not necessary that he (or she) should devote his entire time to one subject. He should select a few subjects—should try to do a few things, but do them well. His motto should be: “What’s worth doing is worth doing well.”

In the first place the ideal student comes to college with the definite purpose of getting from the institution all he can of what it has to give of knowledge and culture. He desires to come to his heritage, to make his own the facts ferreted out by the past, and to get into touch with the thoughts of its great spirits.

Also, he feels it his duty and privilege not only to get all he can from his college, but also to give his best. He enters into the heart of the student life, and does his part to promote the best general interests of the student body and of the institution. His highest aim is to leave behind a tradition of faithful service and loyalty. After this student has graduated he watches the development of his college with secret pride, for although no other person may remember, he knows that he helped in the small beginnings of that most worthy activity, or fostered that kind of college spirit, which have made his college so justly famed.

“My ideal student of the University of Montana?” As a single type, “he” does not exist—nor does “she.” My ideal students all possess individuality, each is *sui generis*. One may be passionately fond of science, observing, classifying, experimenting, seeing in ordered nature the expression of the Divine Mind itself. Another finds satisfaction in nothing so much as in the applied arts, learning to construct bridges, to produce chemicals of commercial value, to administer forests. Another adopts the motto of Horace, “*Nihil humanum alienum nihil mihi est*,” delighting in the expression of the human soul in

literature, language, art, music, political and social institutions. With these differences all of my ideal students love rational recreation, social and athletic. They are clean-minded. They are loyal to the University. They are willing to make personal sacrifices for its best interests.

The ideal student is the student with high ideals, both as to character and scholarship. He is not among those who "know not what they do," but is guided by a strong, ever-present purpose. He loves knowledge and works to gain it, not his instructor's grade mark. He does not hurry through college, does not overburden himself with excess "hours," but leaves time for other means of culture than the lecture room and laboratory. He is not all work, but enters heartily into the sports and social diversions necessary to his well being, though keeping this always subordinate to his main purpose. He loves his University and is loyal to it, taking care that he does nothing to bring reproach upon it. He makes its interests his own and labors to promote them. He respects its authority and aids in upholding it. Ever true to himself, he is true to those under whom and with whom he is working.

The ideal student, in my opinion, is one who makes thorough preparation for his daily recital or lecture. His education is not mechanical, he retains something more than a hazy knowledge of the subject matter of text books and no conception of fundamental principles or underlying truths. He is loyal to his college, instructors, and fellow students and is always ready to champion any cause that will advance their welfare. As his development and future attainments depend to a large extent upon an active interest in all activities of whatever nature, that have a legitimate place in college life, he is eager to contribute his share to make them a success. The ideal student is impressed with the necessity of leading a well balanced life, "as every excess brings its own penalty and if he overdoes in studies, athletics or social life, he will have to pay the price."

“COLLEGE HALLS.”

(Tune: “Illinois.”)

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.

—H. SILLOWAY.

LOVE, THE LOCKSMITH.

Ruth was a Senior—a quaint, demure little maiden, whose public demeanor just suited her name—but even Senior girls like fudge; and if they do not have enough sugar, and the housekeeper and the cook are both out, the demure maidens are more than likely to know in just what corner of the pantry the sugar bucket stands.

“Hurry up, Ruth,” the girls admonished, as she started on her foraging expedition. “We must be over at the meeting at five, you know.”

Ruth scurried through the long hall and tiptoed cautiously down the back stairs at the farther end. She opened the door carefully to avoid a tell-take squeak, and darted quickly across the kitchen to the pantry. Of course Mrs. Sweeny was out, but one could never tell at just what moment she might reappear. Leaving the pantry door ajar, the girl hurried to the sugar bucket. She had the lid off in a jiffy and paused to ejaculate: “If I didn’t forget to bring anything to put it in! Well,” resignedly, “manifold are the uses of a blue serge skirt.” And gathering up the article mentioned, she proceeded to pour the sugar into its folds.

Just as she was replacing the bucket lid a sudden gust of wind blew the pantry door shut with a bang, the spring lock clicked, and Ruth, with her lap full of sugar, was a prisoner. She collapsed weakly on the floor, but managed to gasp out, between hysterical giggles:

“In the name of our patron saint, Bridget, what’s next on the program for me now, I wonder?”

She remained seated on the floor, trying to think of a way out of her predicament. She couldn’t make the girls hear her for they were at the other end of the hall; she couldn’t break the lock with a cake tin or a pancake turner, either; and doughty Ruth registered a solemn vow that the landlady should *not* find a certain young Senior with her lap full of stolen sugar, seated composedly on her pantry floor, when the time came to begin preparing for dinner. She frowned thoughtfully, convinced that Sherlock Holmes never had so perplexing a problem to deal with.

Just above her head and half way up the wall was a tiny window which had been gradually forcing itself upon her attention. Sud-

denly she jumped up, climbed to the little opening, and looked anxiously across to the wide porch just opposite. Sure enough, the soles of a pair of masculine shoes displayed themselves above the veranda railing. By dint of much craning of neck and bodily discomfort, she managed to recognize the owner of the feet. It was Jack Terrill! Her face grew red at the thought of asking him to help her out and she sank down to the floor again.

"I'll wait till the girls come after me," she decided, philosophically. "But then," she reasoned, "they'll only think I stopped to talk to Irene and Mrs. Sweeny may be back any minute now. I know I've been here nearly an hour, at least."

She began to imagine all kinds of noises and to wonder if she would ever get out of that miserable little cell. When she finally decided that even Jack Terrill's teasing eyes could be better borne than life imprisonment or the exposure of her misdeed, she jumped again to the window and called excitedly:

"Oh, Mr. Terrill! Come over here a minute, please."

The feet came down with a crash, the cigar found its way to the grass plot, and their owner, a bewildered expression on his face, came down the steps, looking blankly about to see from what direction the voice came. Ruth watched him breathlessly.

"Over here," she called in a low, tense voice. "The kitchen." And the amazed youth directed his footsteps toward the sound. He was up on the gallery now, under the pantry window. He recognized the owner of the voice and his amazement grew.

"Miss Matthews!" His tone betrayed his state of mind. "What——"

"Oh, please," she interrupted, "I'm locked in the pantry. Go into the kitchen and let me out."

Blindly he obeyed her, more mystified than ever, but when confronted by a vision with its blue serge lap full of sugar, the meaning of it all dawned upon him and he began to laugh unrestrainedly. Ruth, suddenly remembering how she must look, darted past him without so much as a "Thank you," and up the back stairs, where no mere man, however bold, dared to follow. So Jack returned to his comfortable chair on his own porch and was soon seeing visions in the smoke rings again. But the visions were not those of fifteen minutes before; the pipe dreams had undergone a radical change.

It was characteristic of Ruth that she regained her composure before reaching the room and teasingly assured the girls that she had been unavoidably detained. It was also characteristic of her that she did not break her engagement with Jack Terrill for that evening, but came slowly down the broad stairs and greeted him graciously in the reception hall, wearing a very high color which Jack mentally pronounced becoming.

Everything that evening tended to remind them that the year was fast drawing to a close. They were going to the last band concert on the 'Varsity campus, and they walked the short distance with several other Seniors, who persisted in talking of the parting soon to come, until all were feeling morbid. Once there, they wandered around the old Quad, stopping often to chat with groups of friends, and Ruth gradually lost the heightened color that she had worn earlier. But the evening was rapidly drawing to a close, and not once had Jack spoken to her alone; not once had the escapade of the afternoon been mentioned. Miserably he strolled along by her side, trying to figure a way out of the difficulty—and, incidentally, out of the crowd—persistently Ruth stopped and talked to every group that they chanced to meet and Jack joined in the conversation, inwardly wishing his aforesaid friends and he had the continent between them. By dint of much perseverance, he finally managed to guide the perverse maiden's footsteps to the farther end of the campus, and to induce her to seat herself on a bench built for lovers in a secluded spot beneath the trees. This much accomplished, he felt himself wholly tongue tied, and sat there in miserable silence, mentally reviewing their friendship of four years' standing.

From the time, early in their Freshman year, when he had first met Ruth Matthews, he had greatly admired the serious, sweet-faced maiden. Her dignified manner, really shy reserve, and a humble feeling of his own unworthiness, had kept him from ever attempting to be "chummy" with her, as a boy can often be with so many of the girls. He had taken her to all the Gamma Psi dances, and to as many other functions as he could make engagements ahead of the rest, and of late, as the last year drew near its close, thoughts of her and the future had disturbed his mind often. The laughable incident of the afternoon had seemed to establish a common ground on which

they might meet, but now it seemed to have no bearing on the subject in his thoughts.

“Mr. Terrill,” said a small voice, appealingly, just then, “I didn’t mean to be rude this afternoon, and truly I was more than grateful for your timely assistance”—a bit of whimsical fun found its way into the mortified tones there—“but I was so humiliated that I really didn’t know just what I was doing, and—please don’t laugh—but I just had to run,” she ended, miserably.

Jack did not laugh, though a moment later she rather wished he had, and then, she soon felt the desire to run again. But the plan of action seemed hardly feasible and she sat as quietly as if her heart were not beating so loudly that she couldn’t hear the drum back on the campus. And when he had finished she waited so long to speak that it frightened him, but at last the band began to play, “To arms, to arms, ye brave,” and what could patriotic Ruth do but obey its summons?

M. C.

TIDDLEDY WINKS OF 1909.

During the lull in athletics in the month of February, the year of our Lord, 1909, the following notice appeared on the bulletin board in the main hall of the State University:

“The Senior Winkety Winkers Will Meet All Comers at Their Own Weight, in a Grand Tiddly Tournament, in the Faculty Room.”

The challenge was promptly accepted by the Sophomore team and the date set for Tuesday, February 11, at 4:30, tea to be served after the game. Admission, students, ten cents. Faculty fifteen cents.

The teams repaired to their training tables under the able management of their respective coaches and trainers.

On the afternoon of the eventful day the Senior team, in their caps and gowns, were seen at all times practicing thumb exercises, such as plunging the thumb in ice water and immediately running around the campus, these exercises having been said to strengthen that member.

The Sophomore team, meanwhile, might be found in quiet and sequestered spots, warm and perspiring, bending over certain various colored winks.

As this was the first game of the season, excitement ran high. The boys ably supported the girls on the teams, and stakeholders were in demand.

Promptly at 4:30 the girls took their places at the chalk rings drawn on the carpet of the faculty room. The trainers administered the last thumb exercises with the aid of a bucket of water and a large Turkish towel.

The referee's whistle sounded above a burst of cheers and the game began. The spectators crowded around the rings.

At the end of the first half the score stood 8 to 6 in favor of the Seniors and at the end of the second, 16 to 16.

It was decided to play the rubber in a five-minute game.

In the stress of the moment dignity was thrown to the winds. Both teams crouched over their rings in such anxiety that they obstructed both the view and each other's playing. The faculty stood on chairs, adding their shouts to the din.

The final result was 8 to 5 in favor of the Sophomores. The Seniors outweighed the Sophs, but the latter had a longer period of training. The lineup:

SENIORS.

SOPHOMORES.

Grand Chief Tiddly Wink.

Thieme Williams

Assistant Grand Chief Tiddly Wink.

Wright Robertson

Manager of the Tiddlys .

Buswell Whitaker

General Winkety Winker.

Bradford Hanson

Winker at the Audience.

Andrews Ross

Winker at the Funds.

Pratt Wilkinson

Tiddly Winker.

Rankin Coffee

Keeper of the Tiddleys.

Freezer Hughes

Timers.

Dwyer McLean

Referees.

Cunningham Lucy

Sentinel.

Lyng Steele

Trainers—Johnson and Lewis.

Coaches—Ryan and Greenwood.

THE ESSENTIAL NEED OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA.

In the last number of *The Kaimin* some of the needs of the University were pointed out. The needs that were emphasized most were those that pertain to the sciences: geology, physics, chemistry biology, etc. All of these subjects, it must be admitted, are important; but they are not all-important. In most university curricula they are called the practical subjects—the “subjects that prepare for life.” But do they prepare for life? Are they really practical subjects? Should they not rather be called the so-called practical subjects? In studying them we certainly do not learn how to live; we learn only how to exist.

What our University needs most of all is an opportunity for giving more attention to the humanities (or *belles-lettres*)—the culture studies, especially literature. Our University is a young institution; yet thousands of dollars have already been expended in equipping its laboratories and furnishing supplies for the so-called practical side of its work. The University is growing up one-sided. Too much attention is given to the so-called practical. The mission of a university should be the cultivation of the emotions as well as the intellect. The student who devotes all his time to the study of facts can not appreciate truth. There is a difference between fact and truth. The student should be taught to realize this. In his university studies facts should be made a means, not an end. If he become too much accustomed to the cold analysis of things, his emotions become deadened; the doors of his mental faculties are closed to the humanities; he cannot enjoy life; in fact, he does not live at all—he merely exists. An illustration of this is found in the pathetic story of John Stuart Mill, the philosopher who spent so much of his time in cold, intellectual pursuits. It is said that he, at one time, became very unhappy. This unhappiness he confessedly attributed to the all-annihilating power of analysis, which alone of his mental faculties he had cultivated. He became despondent, and for a long time it seemed that nothing could make him again become cheerful. But one day he happened to pick up a book containing selections from Wordsworth’s shorter poems. The casual reading of these little poems opened to him a source of great joy. The emotional side of his nature was awakened.

So, John Stuart Mill, in the sixty-seven long years of his existence, for a short time realized what it was to live.

The essential need, then, of the University of Montana is something that will give the student an opportunity to learn how to live—how to enjoy life. The industrial education that is now emphasized so much in our western schools is becoming a fad. More attention should be given to the culture side of the work in all our educational institutions. There are many ways in which we might have more of it in the University. Our halls and classrooms should be decorated with appropriate pictures and statuary. These should be so constructed and arranged that they will suggest lessons from mythology, history, literature and art. Books, maps, charts, old manuscripts, etc., should be added to the departments of literature, history, English, art and the ancient and modern languages. Arrangements should be made for seminar rooms for these departments, and for special rooms for laboratory work in the department of English. The recommending of seminar and laboratory rooms for use in these departments may seem inconsistent, for the seminar and laboratory deal mostly with facts. But it must be remembered that they are recommended for this use only as a means. The ultimate aim of the work done in these rooms should be the promotion of the humanities.

Surely if thousands of dollars are spent annually at the University in promoting the sciences for the purpose of preparing students for existence, a few hundred dollars might be used for the promotion of the humanities for the purpose of preparing students for life. “Is not life more than meat?”

J. S. S.

THE KAIMIN

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Editorials

Recently we heard a student say, "We prefer being put on our honor, as it were, to being constantly watched and reminded." Yes, undoubtedly, we do prefer this, but are the results what we might hope them to be? I have in mind certain evils of which we have not been constantly reminded this year. One of the most glaring of these is the uproar which makes day hideous in the halls. How Prof. Elrod makes himself heard in his classes and how the secretary across the hall succeeds in his "business methods in business matters," are riddles worthy of the Sphinx.

Then there are the paths, which formed now, when the grass is in

a half-frozen condition, will disfigure the campus all summer. Let's see that that student has a chance to repent at leisure, who hasn't time to go around by the walks.

As a fitting close to this "preach," tardiness to classes should be mentioned. This is a conspicuous evil, not only at first-hour classes, but at all of them. It is usually the people who offend first hour that offend all day. Students are seen standing in the hall and engaging in conversation with the apparent desire to pass the time until after the second bell has rung; after which they enter the classroom—sometimes when the door has just been closed. There is excuse, of course, for those students whose instructors keep them so long that it is impossible to go into the basement, get the right books, or go to another building, and make the next class on time. Would it be amiss to suggest that such instructors do a little more as they would be done by?

The Kaimin desires to call attention to the prize of \$15 which the class of '04 offers for the best University of Montana song, to be printed in The Kaimin. One has been submitted this month, and several more are promised for the next issue. We hope there will be many contributors, so that the class may have much fine material to choose from.

It would seem that we have now become old enough as a University to adopt some particular quality toward which to strive. In the large eastern institutions some such thing has usually been representative of the school, as democracy, conservatism, etc. As befits a young school and a western one, could we do better than to take efficiency as our watchword, and the goal to be all desired? This efficiency we should keep in mind as being quite unlimited, and not only mental but moral and physical. It should be productive of the best in all things—especially men and women.

Our Sister Institutions

Just at present there is a great deal of interest being taken in each one of the state institutions. The eyes of all have been on the state legislature to see what that body was going to do for our educational welfare.

The cry of Bozeman Agricultural College was for a girls' dormitory and we are very glad to know that they have been granted it. A girls' dormitory is a very important factor in the life of any college, for it is an education in itself for a large number of girls to live together. They have to learn to consider each other's feelings and be considerate of others' likes and dislikes. It is broadening and helps to make the cultured, refined women that Montana wants to graduate from her institutions.

The School of Mines has also been granted a dormitory for the men living there. That will be a great aid to the school in every way. It is better that the young men attending school there should not be so scattered as they cannot appreciate all the good things in college life if they don't get to mingle more, and this will be brought about by their new dormitory.

At the State Normal School are many interests. Of course, where there are so many girls together, spreads are a very popular form of amusement. Judging from the number of spreads spoken of in the last "Monmal," they were unusually popular during the last month.

Debates are another chief interest in Dillon and they have many good debaters among the girls in the school. They have debates among themselves but do not debate with other schools.

Among the Normal girls there is a high standard of athletics. They believe that there is more to athletics than mere physical training. They learn to co-operate with each other, and when they are victorious not to grow overbearing but be thoughtful for the feelings of those defeated, and on the other hand, the losers believe in being good losers.

Alumni Notes

Mr. Roy McPhail, '06, has a school at Garnet.

Miss Pearl Scott, '02, is teaching in Livingston.

Mr. Charles Cotter, '07, is studying law at the University of Chicago.

Miss Alice Welch, '07, is taking graduate work at the University of Chicago.

Miss Frances Jones, '08, is making an extended visit in Philadelphia and New York.

Miss Ona Sloane, '06, is planning to take graduate work in education at the University of Montana.

Miss Jeanette Rankin, '02, is taking graduate work in sociology at Barnard College, Columbia, preparatory to going into social service.

Mr. Herbert Hughes, '05, and Mr. Josiah Moore, '07, will represent the University of Montana at the American Academy of Medicine, which assembles in Chicago March 25.

The University Month

At a special convocation Friday, February 12, a joint meeting of Clarkia and Hawthorne was held in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of Lincoln. Prof. Underwood gave an address of remarkable merit on Lincoln as a student. As an introduction to the address Bess Bradford read the Gettysburg address, Arthur O'Rourke the second inaugural speech, and Alice Wright a paper on "Lincoln as an American."

At the semester election of Hawthorne Literary Society the following officers were chosen:

William M. Van Eman, president; Charles S. McCowan, vice-president; Robert C. Line, first critic; Millard S. Bullerdick, second critic; Wm. A. Bennett, secretary; John B. Taylor, treasurer; DeWitt C. Warren, sentinel.

The literary societies of the University held a joint meeting this past month to commemorate Washington's birthday. A special program was arranged by a committee from each society and the evening proved an enjoyable one. Dr. Duniway gave the principal address. He compared the lives of Washington and Lincoln as an introduction and then led up to an intimate understanding of the personal Washington which so few of us know. The other numbers on the program were:

Forms of National Conciliation	Mamie Burke
The Hague Conference	Roberta Satterthwaite
National Disarmament	Millard Bullerdick

A meeting of the Music Club was held February 22 at Woman's Hall, the club being entertained by Edna Fox and Dolly Green. The following program was given after which refreshments were served:

Piano Solo	Roberta Satterthwaite
Duet from Peer Gynt	Nell Lewis and Beulah VanEngelen
Paper on Modern Operas	Nell Lewis

Y. W. C. A. held its election on Wednesday, March 3, the result of the election being: Hazel Butzerin, president; Florence Catlin, vice president; Eva Coffee, treasurer; Edna Hollensteiner, secretary.

On Ash Wednesday the Y. W. C. A. girls gathered in the parlors of Woman's Hall, where Miss Stewart gave one of her delightful informal talks.

There was another meeting of the Y. W. on February 17, 1909, at Woman's Hall. Only a few members were present. Devotional services were held.

The Junior class celebrated Washington's birthday by giving a dance in the University gymnasium. All members of the class were present and the party was chaperoned by Dr. Underwood and Miss Stewart. At one of the class meetings this past month there was a spread after the business was over. Everyone enjoyed themselves and all look expectantly to another one.

Meanwhile the Sophomores have not been idle. After the program on Washington's birthday they had a spread in Literary Hall. The evening was spent in playing blind man's buff, hide and go seek and numerous other innocent games, befitting Sophomores.

THE SENIORS.

The Seniors took advantage of what sleighing remained on February 12 for a straw ride to Bonner. They left Missoula at 6 o'clock, chaperoned by Miss Knowles and Prof. Underwood, ate supper in Bonner and danced until midnight.

During the week following both Mary Rankin and Cecil Dwyer entertained the class at cards.

On March 3 the Seniors gave the second of a series of luncheons in the Senior office at Science Hall. These luncheons are enthusiastic combinations of class meetings, jolly up and spread, and no guests are bidden, as it is the only social affair where it is possible to have only Seniors.

DEBATE.

Preparations are being made for the try-out for the State Oratorical Contest. Many students are making ready and a good contest is expected. The try-out is booked for April 16, but chances are that it will be delayed as the debaters have chosen that day for the W. S. C.-Montana debate.

FORESTRY.

The forest service is still continuing its instructive lectures. There are only a few more numbers and they will undoubtedly be well attended by the University students. Those of the past month were:

“The Organization of the Forest Service; Its Requirements and Opportunities”—W. B. Greely. February 10.

“National Forest and Public Land Laws”—W. M. Aiken, District Law Officer. February 29.

“State Forest Policies”—W. M. Aiken. March 2.

THE WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

Considerable interest has been aroused concerning the proposed weekly. Nothing definite yet has been decided but the promoters are planning a stock company, the shares being open to the students. But whatever the plan or scheme of organization it is practically decided that the University demands a weekly paper. With the abolishing of the preparatory department and the raising the University on a strictly collegiate basis, the time is ripe for a college newspaper. Let it come and The Kaiman bids it true success.

SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

While the literary societies have been especially active this month commemorating the anniversaries of Washington and Lincoln, down in the Biological laboratories the Scientists have been equally active in honoring the anniversary of their hero, Charles Darwin.

The whole program had a serious Darwinian aspect. From start to finish everyone on the program worked with a will and produced papers that showed hard work and harder study. After the program a delightful “feed” was laid in the laboratory and this ended a humble attempt to acknowledge the great work of Charles Darwin.

Exchanges

Minnesota professors must retire at 65.

Kappa Sigma has entered Washington State College.

Stanford's Rugby team will play in Australia next summer.

The Chi Phi at Washington has given up its national charter.

Washington State College is contemplating the erection of a new College of Music building.

The editor and manager of the 1911 Quad, the Stanford annual, will each receive a salary of \$100.

A trophy cup has been awarded to the man of highest scholarship wearing the "S" at Syracuse.

At Michigan Agricultural College the team managers and officers of the student paper are elected by the student body.

No women at the University of Missouri will be allowed to wear an "M." or any honor insignia, which has been given them by the winner.

Students at Washington are complaining that dancing is the only kind of amusement in vogue there and are asking for a change for the sake of variety.

The Seniors at the University of Washington have met with considerable opposition in their endeavor to be excused from final examinations.

Twenty-eight students at the University of Oregon made less than the nine required semester hours in the mid-year exams and will not be allowed to continue their college course until next September.

A new "josh" magazine, "The Midnight Doughnut," has come into existence at the University of Oregon. Its policy is to print what the Weekly "will not, can not, dare not print." Ads will be written in "josh" style.

The legislature of South Dakota has accepted a donation from Andrew Carnegie of \$40,000 for the erection of a library building at the State University. In order to secure the donation it was required of the legislature that it make a \$6,500 permanent yearly appropriation.

A jolly young chemistry tough,
While mixing a compound of stough
Dropped a match in a vial,
And after a whial,
They found his front teeth and a cough.

A little chap was offered a chance to spend a week in the country, but refused.

"I don't want to go," he said.

"But why?" asked his mother.

"Because they have thrashin' machines out there; an' it's bad enough here, where it's done by hand."

“Johnny, why don’t you be a good boy like your brother, Willie?” the mother was sternly admonishing her naughty son. “Willie, he may be President some day, while you will have to dig in the sewer.”

“But, mother,” wailed Willie, “can’t I dig in the sewer sometimes, too?”

The College of Music at the University of South Dakota gives bi-monthly lecture recitals, the programs of which are made up of musical master works, illustrated mainly upon the pianola piano. These recitals, which are open to the general student body, are of great practical benefit as they aid in the development of an appreciation of music which is often neglected by the average college student.

The idea of a great national university at Washington, D. C., has received a decided impetus through the favorable stand taken by the national association of state university presidents. This university at the national capital would serve primarily as a graduate institution. The great government libraries, collections, departments, foreign embassies and their bureaus would offer to advance graduate students facilities which could be duplicated in no other place in the western hemisphere.

Following out the scheme of scholastic publicity at the University of Idaho, “The University Argonaut” is introducing a new plan—that of publishing the names of those who made passing marks in the university work. It is felt that this will give scholarships a position of greater dignity and prove also an efficient means of acquainting the high school teachers with the progress of their students.



Hogan was the candy kid on Charter day until Arthur saw him.

* * *

The Seniors are the "dark horses" of the University just at present.

* * *

One of the characteristics of a Leech is sticking to one thing until he gets there.

* * *

Dr. Underwood—"The reason she was Empress was that she was the Emperor's wife."

* * *

Little (in chemical laboratory)—"Get some rocks, Bish. We want to rock Fay to sleep."

* * *

Buck—"She married a man by the name of Glass."

Sloane—"I wonder if she broke him!"

* * *

Dr. Book (during Psych.)—"You see, here was his check."

Daisy—"Gee! I wish mine was here."

* * *

Fresh Spring Oxfords in all leathers at Harker's Exclusive Shoe Store.

He—"What is the matter with our basket bawlers?"

She—"They are trying to get their i's cleared."

* * *

Line—"Can you see the deer on Jumbo?"

O'Rourke—"No; but I can see the bear (bare) spots."

* * *

Johnson—"Say, do these rubbers belong to Rhodes?"

Mae Lay—"No; who ever saw rubbers on Dusty Rhodes?"

* * *

Line (at Lincoln's birthday exercises)—"We will now have the second inaugural address, delivered in 1865 by Mr. O'Rourke."

* * *

New Creations in footwear for early spring service at Harker's.

* * *

Selecting men for the Glee Club.

Bright Party—"We want Montgomery; he is strong on chords."

* * *

Artists' Materials at Simons'.

* * *

She—"I see Bob and Daisy together quite often lately."

He—"Yes; you know a Daisy Penman usually draws a good Line."

* * *

Rubber at Harker's Rubbers. All styles for a damp day.

* * *

May G.—"Eat, drink and be merry, girls, for when the Jap cooks we——"

Marie—"Diet."

* * *

Simons' Artistic Frames and Pictures, 312 Higgins Avenue.

Plant (in mathematics)—“These problems seem to be all the same. Were they worked by a committee of the whole, or by a committee *in* the whole?”

* * *

In American History: Dr. Underwood—“When Washington was inaugurated he wore a brown suit, a pair of white silk stockings, and other interesting things.”

* * *

Fay—“Do you smoke, Bish?”

Lillian—“Why, yes, incessantly, don't you, Bish?”

Bish—“No. Bull Durham.”

* * *

At Sigma Nu card party:

Craig—“Will you let me draw a heart from you?”

Dollie—“Oh, you saw my hand.”

* * *

Scheuch (during German conversation)—“What did you have for dinner, Miss Eidell?”

Isma—“Teufel—I mean, kartoffel.”

* * *

At Junior party: Simpson (tapping the can of punch)—“Gee! there's some left in the bottom.”

Bish—“Don't tap it down there; get a straw.

* * *

He—“I could hold your hand by the hour.”

She (snatching it away)—“This is my second hand.”

—(*Second-handed.*)

* * *

At the Dormitory: First Steady Male Boarder—“Say, is this sausage?”

Second Unsteady Male Boarder—“No, you fool; that's ground hog.”

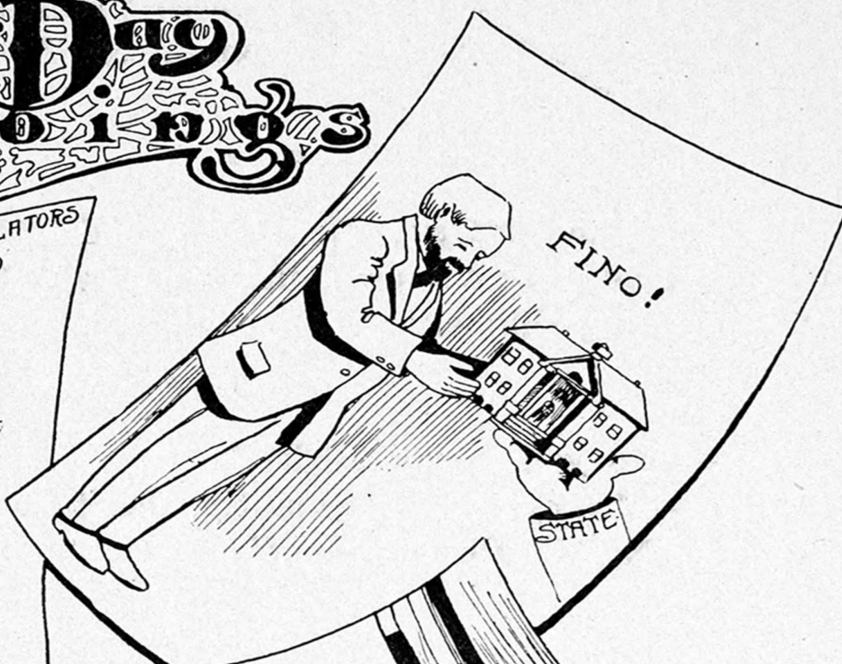
Charter Day Dinings

THE LEGISLATORS
COME TO
TOWN.

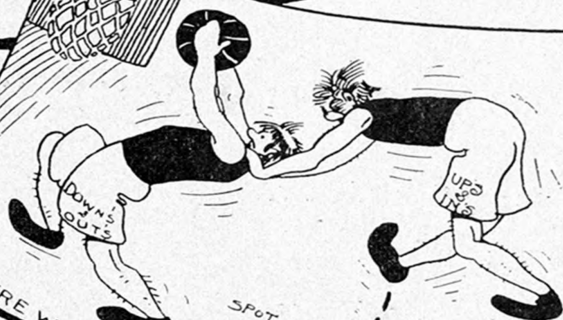
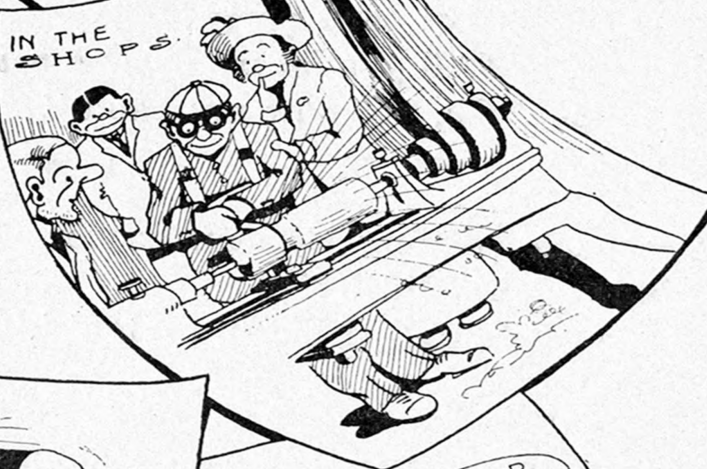


Fig Egg

FINO!



IN THE
SHOPS.



AND THERE WAS A REAL GAME OF BASKET BALL

SPOT NO. 23



OH FUDGE!

COME IN AND
SEE SUSIE'S
ROOM.



TAKING IN THE SIGHTS
AT THE DORM

Dana—"What is that noise?"

Plant—"Why, that is sundown at the fort."

Dana—"The sun doesn't make that much noise when it goes down in Boston.

* * *

English as she is spoke. (Overheard in the hall).

Munn—"Have you saw Mr. Rhodes?"

Miss Corbin—"No, I haven't *seen* him."

Munn—"Oh, hain't you saw him?"

* * *

Mix & Sons, Wood Yard.

* * *

Diogenes (entering drug store)—"Have you anything to cure a cold?"

Clerk—"No, sir, I have not."

Diogenes (dropping his lantern)—"Give me your hand. At last I have found an honest man."—Ex.

* * *

College Posters at Simons'.

* * *

Heard during the "One and Over" tournament:

Massey makes a strenuous jump, losing his watch from his pocket.

Voice (from the crowd)—"Time out."

* * *

Mix & Sons, Groceries.

* * *

(Picked up in the main hall): To the President and Faculty of the U. of M.: Dear Sir—Due to the cole smoke things is getting so dusty around hear that I will have to resine. Yours Respecktably,

MR. GEO. P. MUNN.

(Extract from a Freshman's paper on "The Dance—Past and Present") :

"The barn dance is a country cousin to the schottische and the music must be furnished in convulsive jerks. The man shoots out with his heavy fluke, grabs the girl around the waist and she places her lily white paw on his shoulder near the wishbone. The man then kicks out with his right pedal and his partner with her left. Now they jump six times as though they were dodging snakes and then resume the first position. Then they hop three times on one foot and then on the other like a man who has stubbed his toe, and then the first position is taken again. The dance commences with a bounce and never ceases until the music stops or a fiddle string breaks.

"At the conclusion of the rough house the performers get a broom and sweep up the buttons, curls, etc., that have been shaken off during the spasms."

* * *

WHO'S WHO IN MONTANA.

(WILLIAM DRAPER HARKINS.)

The career of this famous chemist was determined while he was yet a prep at Stanford. One day he was working in the chemistry laboratory when the small son of the chief chemist happened to wander near in search of his father. The wee toddler innocently swallowed a tenpenny spike and would undoubtedly have perished but for the presence of mind of young Harkins who gave the suffering infant a soothing draught of strong nitric acid solution, which dissolved the nail and saved the perishing cherub.

The chief chemist, when he was told of the child's narrow escape from a horrible death, was so grateful to the deserving young man that he offered to send him through college if he would specialize in chemistry. The offer was accepted and another genius was given to the world.

Besides discovering smoke in the Deer Lodge valley and originating the idea of piping it to the Pacific ocean in the shape of hydrochloric acid, this remarkable man has also invented the element arsenic and a famous little dropping funnel.