

4-1-1909

The Kaimin, April 1909

Students of the University of Montana

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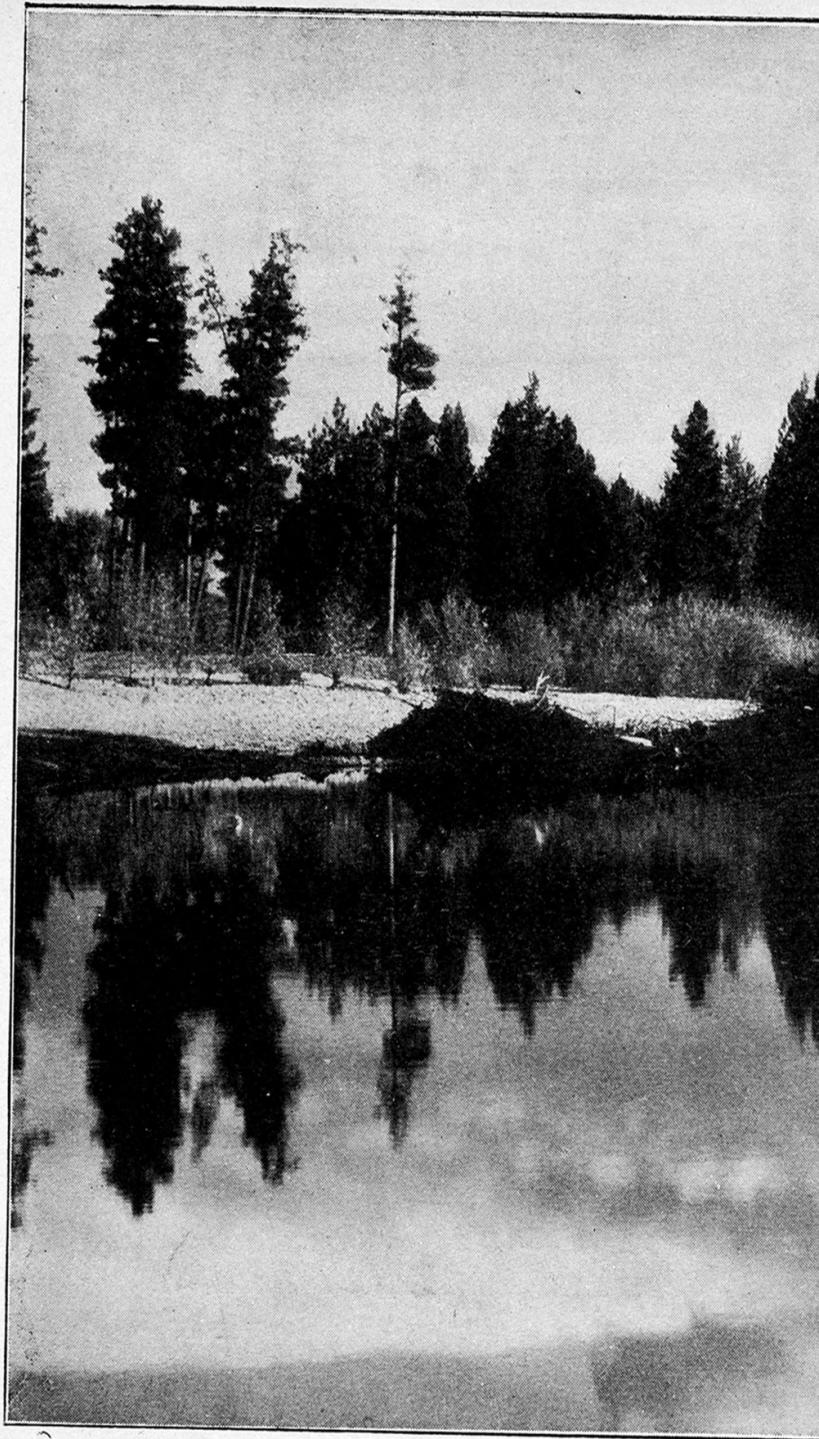
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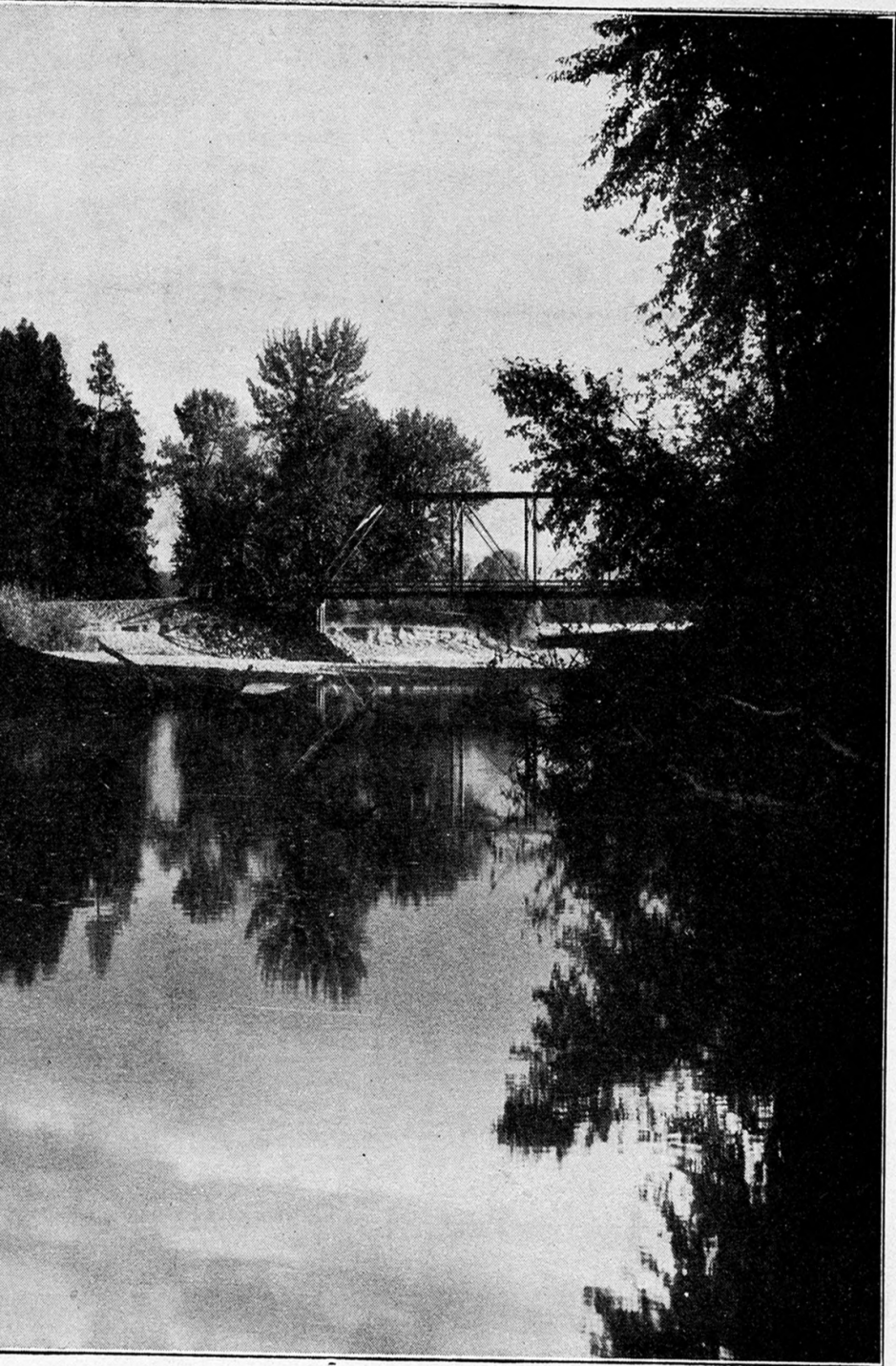
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THE KAIMIN

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

VOL. XII.

APRIL, 1909

No. 7



“OUR ALMA MATER.”

(Sung to “America,” by Arthur E. Johnstone.)

Our University
Symbol of loyalty,
Forever we love.
School of the coming west—
Hail to it's future blest,
Of these with heart and voice
We sing our praise.

There stands Mount Sentinel
Firm through our trials past
So like it may we
Stand in life's stormy blast
Changeless to very last
And praise our college dear
Through each coming year.

ROBERTA SATTERTHWAITE, '1910.

MY IDEAL PROFESSOR.

So these, then, are the opinions of representative students from the various classes, as to what the ideal professor should be. It is possible that we have him in our midst, and it is probable that there will be as many like him as there are professors in the University before many weeks.

He is cultured.

He is broad-minded.

He is sympathetic.

He is a student. He knows his subject as thoroughly as he can, yet he realizes that he will never be an absolute master of it.

He is deeply interested in his work.

He works earnestly. He takes genuine joy in his work.

He is up-to-date.

He treats his students as though they *were* students desiring knowledge, and not as people who are to have knowledge thrust upon them.

He grades on conscientious work and actual knowledge. He does not hesitate to give a poor worker a failing grade.

He strives to give his pupils his point of view, and encourages individual thinking.

He attempts as nearly as possible to understand his pupils as he would have them understand him. *He is human.*

My ideal professor is not a "dig." Nor is his mental horizon bounded by the Greek dative. He has a specialty and he knows that well, but he knows something else—a whole lot else.

He is interested, not so much in the Greek dative as in the American youth, and he has a broad, keen sense of humor, which makes him capable of appreciating a joke, even somewhat strained, upon himself.

He is a good speaker and has the capacity for commanding attention and keeping it.

He not only expects work from the students, but some way or another, he gets it.

He does not spend a lot of time trying to make people appreciate his dignity—if he has any they'll respect it.

He is just, but never unmerciful. While impartial and always demanding good work, he never forgets the days when he, too, had "awfully important matters to attend to."

He respects the student, and the student's individuality, also the student's ideas and opinions.

He is sometimes in the wrong and admits it.

And above all, he has a great, big, human heart.

The ideal professor is one who has a purpose in life, a big, broad purpose,—one who can see beyond the limits of his own department

He is able to appreciate the student's view point; a little kindly aid in straightening that view point might also be helpful.

He is not only an instructor, but an adviser if necessary.

He is just in his demands and gives the student credit for having a little honor of his own.

The ideal professor keeps an accurate record of enrollment in his classes and does not forget to hand in an account of credits earned.


A little justice in grading might not come amiss.

He is ready to aid with interest and sympathy, various student activities, and to appreciate the fact that much may be learned outside of the class room.

The ideal professor is dignified without being pompous, and makes his classes worth while.


A "perfectly ideal" professor would be about as hard to find as the people on the moon—or a perfectly ideal student—but if such a one could be found he would, above all things, be able to stand "in the boots" of a student (however loose the fit may be) and thus feel that the difference in levels was, after all, only due to his higher heels of experience and training; that though his were made of the

rubber of faculty dignity, those of the student were iron plugged, not only with the frivolity of youth, but with the earnestness and energy of purpose which not so long before (we hope) gave wings to his ambitions; that the understanding of a student is larger than that of a sun-bonnet baby and his learning does not need to be pounded in; that when a student says (as he occasionally does), "I don't know," the answer is just as true and honest and therefore, as acceptable, as that printed in a book; that a good joke is a joke, in class or out of it; that the real student does not only care about what he gets, but how he gets it and from whom.

The ideal professor, then, for lack of better words, is studently human. 

My ideal professor is jolly, but not a jollier.

His chief characteristic is a sense of humor—which includes himself.

He must be sufficiently devoted to his work to be found occasionally about the University after the noon hour, but he must not be so devoted to it that he can talk of nothing but "my department," whenever he manages to corner a defenseless student, or other unsuspecting person. 

He doesn't consider it good taste to continually impress upon your mind the fact that Prof. Blank has only ten hours a week while he has twelve.

He is not sarcastic. It is a bad example for students.

He is not too old to take a lively interest in students, and he is not ashamed to play with them.

He does not always make conspicuous the fact that he regards them from the dizzy height of his great age and wisdom.

My ideal professor works hard.

He is wise, clever and kind, and he tells me the truth!

If my professor is a man, he is a "good fellow" among the students; if a woman, she can be a girl with the girls.

My ideal professors need not worry about their dignity. If it

is an inborn and natural dignity, instead of superficial or silly prudishness, the students will respect it, and take care of it for them.

I. The ideal professor should have, above all, a well developed character. Such character involves many phases of mental activity, namely, broad-mindedness, fairness, courage, frankness, firmness, kindness, efficiency and, indeed, all that is true and right. With such a character the professor would be willing to admit it when he could not answer the question and would not, under any circumstances dishonestly "bluff." It is due to lack of character and the keen desire for it that we half prepare our lessons; that we have not a life purpose, and have so many other deplorable deficiencies. Then from the contact with a professor with big, wholesome views, the student would gain a deeper and truer view of life and be encouraged to strive for a better character in himself. Since one of the redeeming features of a small college is the opportunity of closer contact with the professors, it is evident how essential it is to have men of character.

II. The ideal professor will like to teach. He will enjoy his work and have a conscientious and kindly interest in every one of his students.

III. He should teach his pupils to think. He should make clear to them that it is chiefly the thinking that can greatly benefit, for memory work has only a minor effect. For example, in history, not the dates but the effect on the world's progress should be emphasized. Following the example given by Socrates, he should not try to pour into the student, but bring out of the student, teaching him to think fairly, logically and accurately. The professor should have such interest in the subject that all signs of mechanical teaching would be lacking.

IV. He should have gone very deeply into his subject and continue to seek for more truth pertaining to that subject, in order to do efficient work.

A professor is one who professes to know one subject and know it well. That, then, is the first requisite. It naturally follows that

his heart and interest will be centered in this subject and in presenting it. He realizes that the students expect something worth while from him. He remembers that although he is a professor he is still a learner, and the spirit of a learner is a sign of education in its true sense.

Being broad-minded and having a wide education he respects the opinions of others, though they be the opinions of inexperienced students. He remembers his own student days and knows how strong may be the influence of a teacher and he, therefore, does and is unto his students as he would have had his teacher do and be unto him.

H. Br.

My ideal professor is a gentleman—a gentleman in the broadest sense of the word—a broad, cultured man, whose very breadth and culture have given him the best of refinement. He is a man who has mingled with men; who knows and understands men. During his college days he was a fellow with the fellows, a fact which accounts for his clear insight into the characters of the young people whose lives he will have a large share in directing. He must be a specialist in his own branch of learning, but must have a considerable knowledge of other branches. He must be interested in the activities of the institution. He must not place himself too high above the student body—on the pedestal of the dictator. He must be able to guide their activities in an unobtrusive manner.

A. Mc.

At the fountain head stands the ideal man whose character must be possessed of all cardinal virtues. As we descend into the role of human activity, occupation calls for minor virtues as varied as its self.

First, then, to be an ideal professor means to be an ideal man; a term which as yet, has never been defined—a life which is yet to be lived. Next must be possessed those qualities which the occupation demands to make an ideal professor.

A keen understanding of young people and of the laws of nature that apply to young people is the first and essential thing to have.

Then the ability to apply this understanding in the daily work in such a way that the younger mind will be moulded in the region of higher thought. This must be gradual, as it is a phenomenon that requires nature's time for development. By possessing these things, together with firmness, yet kindness and thoughtfulness; insisting on having from the pupils what is known to be right; an abundance of understanding, of vigor, of aptness, of inspiration—that he may not only be inspiring himself, but able to present his subject in an inspiring way; to know what is right and stand for it; to be able to criticise with influence, and be able to withstand criticism resulting from the misunderstanding of others. By the possession of these he approaches near to the ideal professor.

W. Bul.

I shall classify him according to physical decorations and mental properties.

He must be short, (say five feet two inches), so that he can not see the title of the book I am reading when I take a back seat; and when I take a front seat he cannot look over my head at the other fellow.

He must have a soft voice, for then if I wish to know I can listen; and if not, I can sleep undisturbed. So much for physical properties.

There are only two decorative properties. He may wear any kind of shoes except ones with rubber heels, for it is a strain on the student's eyes to have to watch instead of listen. I should like him to always wear a black suit and white flower in his buttonhole. He will not only be more attractive, but can be seen without looking up, on account of the contrast.

And now for the mental.

First he must have it in his mind to realize that the ones that don't study deserve as much credit as the ones that do.

He must think that the grinds do not get any more out of life than the sluffers, and he must give them (the sluffers) a grade, and realize that it is of no use to make them take a subject over.

He must have the happy faculty of leaving the room during a

test, for then we honest ones can show our honesty and the others will be able to get a passing grade.

And most of all he must have a memory that will take him back,—well, at least to his beginning college days, and make him realize that he was a boy himself once.

J. W.

The first requisite for my ideal professor is a thorough knowledge of his subject and the ability to impart his knowledge so that his hearers will be interested enough to work for the sake of the subject and their interest in it. This necessarily means that the instructor should himself be interested.

My ideal professor should, above all things, be fair. This so often causes ill feeling among students and the feelings are often well-grounded. Perhaps it is because the professor is ignorant of the true circumstances, but he should do his best to make himself acquainted with them.

As to the professor's nature—if he is frank and just he will do, but a kind, friendly disposition adds much to his efficiency. Although an "easy" professor is not desirable, yet he should have some consideration for students and not endeavor to make "digs" out of them.

E. H.

MONTANA.

(Tune, "I've Been Working on the Railroad.")

Hail, all hail to thee, Montana,
Praise be ever thine!
Land of snow-crowned hills eternal,
Symbols of a truth divine.
Steadfast, always striving upward
As thy mountains hoar,
May thy children, oh Montana,
Be forever more.

Let us sing Montana,
Joy of college time,
Let us sing Montana,
In youth and age and prime.
We, thy sons and daughters, here
Offer thee our praise,
Hail to thee, Montana, hail
Throughout all thy future days.

MONTANA BUSWELL.

THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

"Where is the Forest of Arden?" That was the way the question stood in the literature test. There was no explanation, no hint as to what was meant, just those words, "Where is the 'Forest of Arden?'"

The class considered it. What was the idea anyhow? Where do critics suppose it is, or where is it in relation to the Duke's palace, or, what? The class were allowed to take their papers with them and finish their tests outside. Very few had it answered at all. One or two, sure they were wrong, had answered "France." Others equally sure, had answered, "England." Most of them were sadly perplexed. Ethel Jameson turned, still pondering, into the library, and it was there Jack met her. "Hello," he said, "what did you think of the fifth?"

"I don't know what to think of it," she replied, wrinkling up her forehead.

"Let's look it up," he proposed. So they got down a massive volume from the shelves and went out on the steps to consider it aloud. They went with the firm intention of getting their literature, yet, ten minutes later, Ethel was looking off into space, the book unnoticed on her lap, while Jack told a thrilling tale of how he had determined who it was that had stolen the "Senior Book" and of how he, alone, was going to rescue it.

"Oh Jack, don't go alone; you'll get hurt."

"You're like Rosalind. You remember she begged Orlando not to wrestle?"

"Yes, that's right. And are you going to insist like him?"

"Yes; and I hope like him, to come out ahead."

They were silent a few moments, then:

"Rosalind?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to give me your necklace? Be a good Rosalind."

"Won't a pin do?"

"Sure."

Blushingly she undid her pin and handed it to him.

"Now," he said, "now, I'm sure I'll win."

Ethel hurriedly looked at the book.

"About the 'Forest of Arden,' " she said.

"Speaking of forests," replied Jack, "we've been going to go out to Brandon's this long time; let's go this afternoon."

"Well, wouldn't it be better to get some one else, too?"

"Maybe; who'll we get?"

"Well, May and—"

"And Dick?"

"Yes. Isn't it funny how naturally people pair off?"

"Isn't it? Just like in 'As You Like It.' "

"Yes."

* * * * *

It was a glorious afternoon—one of those times in early May that tell us June is coming. Already the air was full of bird notes and the service bushes were white with bloom. Jack flung himself down on the grass.

"I have it," he exclaimed. "The 'Forest of Arden' is here. We're in it now."

"Oh, yes," said May. "But where's the shepherd's cot?"

"Where's your imagination May?" said Ethel. "We don't need any shepherd's cot."

"No," said Jack, "of course not; mere little thing like that—"

"I," observed May, "I insist upon being Rosalind."

"Oh," said Ethel. "I wanted to be."

"Well, why don't you both be," said Jack, coming to the rescue, "play it double."

"Oh, yes," the girls laughed.

"Who'll be Jacques?" demanded Dick.

"You will be," said May, "if you don't quit kicking so much."

"I'll be good," he promised, "I want to be Orlando."

"Who'll be the banished Duke?" John wanted to know.

"There goes a man now," said May, pointing toward a path, "he'll do; he looks banished."

"Now we ought to have a lion," Ethel observed.

"Oh," exclaimed Dick, preparing to growl, "I'll be lion for a few minutes."

"Then," Ethel continued, "You'll have to be Oliver, May, and J—I mean Orlando will shoot the lion."

"Not me," responded Jack. "I refuse to shoot my best friend."
They all laughed then.

"What are we supposed to do?" May wanted to know.

"Wander," said Jack. "Come on Eth—Rosalind, we'll wander over here."

They wandered along. The trees rustled overhead, the soft sound of running water came from the distance. Ethel bent down and picked a violet.

"The only trouble," she said, "is that I don't see any poems hanging around."

Jack laughed. "I'm afraid that's a little beyond me. I never have done it, but—I'll try if you like." He searched in his pocket for a piece of paper.

Ethel looked scared. "I wouldn't," she advised.

Presently they came to a grassy ledge where they seated themselves.

"Do you know," said John, "I rather like this game."

"Do you," was the reply. "I'm afraid we're playing it wrong."

"Why?"

"Well, each one in his time plays many parts, you know. I've been playing only Rosalind. I'm going to change and—"

"No, don't."

"Why?"

"I don't want you to. Ethel I—let's always stay in the 'Forest of Arden' and you be my 'Rosalind.'"

Silence.

"Won't you?"

"That's rather a complicated question."

"Why?"

"Well—where is the 'Forest of Arden?'"

—A. W., '09.

THE RE-VIVIFYING OF O'RYAN.

It was late in the afternoon. The library was very quiet except for the whispers of four girls at one of the tables, and the low murmur of a group of boys who had gathered together between the book-cases and were earnestly discussing the next athletic event. No one else was in sight save one big handsome boy, who was trying to study his mathematics in the corner by a window. He was well dressed and good to look at. His face was grave and earnest with a look of strength and determination in his dark eyes.

He was not able, however, to concentrate his mind on the hated "math." and seemed to be thinking hard about something which troubled him. Poor O'Ryan! Ever since he had entered college he had seemed to be under a shadow. He was not rich, but he had all the money he needed. He was not brilliant, but he had the power of earnest thought and was able to come to truer conclusions than most of his quicker colleagues. When he had first entered school his good looks had brought him the admiration of the girls—but now! He did not understand it. He was always alone. His class never included him in its affairs; the boys never offered their friendship, and the girls seemed to avoid him. Several times he had been on the point of speaking frankly to one of his classmates and asking what was the matter, but his pride would not permit this easy solution of the trouble, and now he felt that if it were not for disappointment to his family he would give it all up and go home.

He was pondering so moodily on his trouble that he did not notice when the door opened and a girl entered the room. She glanced about the room and saw O'Ryan in his corner, looking miserable. She hesitated a minute, then quickly crossed to the table nearest him and sat down where she could watch his moody face. For a few minutes she pretended to be studying, but really watched him with a look of mischief in her eyes.

Soon the boy was made conscious of her presence by a note which was slipped into his hand. He was startled for a moment, and when he looked for the writer she was not to be seen. Then he came to his senses and read:

"You look as though you would like to eat some one. I always wanted to be a martyr, and am willing to offer myself as a sacrifice—"

if you can find me. I sat directly in front of you for five whole minutes and you didn't even see me, so I'll hold the "Daily News" folded in one hand and a copy of Webster's Abridged dictionary open in the other. Then you'll know me. I won't wait long. A Heroic Maiden."

No one seemed to be in the room but himself. The girls and boys had gone and even the Librarian had left her desk. It was very mysterious! He knew she could not have gone out the door for he had not heard it close. Then he looked toward the bookcases and rose to explore them. Needless to say the gloom was gone from his face.

Between two of the cases under a long, narrow window, sat a tall, black-haired girl, in a blue sailor-suit, studying industriously from a book that did not in the least resemble a dictionary. O'Ryan went up to her and looked over her shoulder, "Where is the 'Daily News?'" he asked, innocently.

"It is usually kept in the case by the door," she answered, politely.

"So I look like a cannibal, do I?"

"You don't now, and I am afraid that if you have no savage intentions, you can't be useful to me, for I am ambitious to be a martyr. Perhaps you would tell me why you were looking so glum?"

"I would certainly martyr you if I told you—and its all gone now anyway, if you'll let me talk to you."

"Certainly, if you enjoy standing up."

"We might walk around the campus. The sun shines and the little birds sing, and all the little freshies are playing on the green. I am a freshie and I think you are, too, so let us come along."

Thus romantically began O'Ryan's first friendship, and what threatened to be his only one. He saw Hilda home from school every night; helped her with her chemistry, and was helped by her in Latin. They became confidential and told each other their small affairs, like two children. He made no headway with the rest of the school, and Hilda's friends bothered her unmercifully about her "stiff" friend. That was the trouble; as he gradually found out. He had too much pride to make the first advances, and often repelled them by his seeming indifference. He was no longer unhappy, though, for Hilda was a legion in herself. She was both daring and gentle, boyish and girl-

ish, at the same time, but she had none of the coquettish, silly tricks usually called girlish.

In February there came a big snowstorm and the nights were full of merry shouts of sleighing parties. Every evening a sleigh ride was planned by one crowd or another.

One day two girls were talking in the hall about a sleigh ride they were to give together the next night.

"And I suppose we'll have to ask Bob O'Ryan to take Hilda Spencer," said one. So O'Ryan was invited to go to his first college sleighing party.

On the appointed night, which was Friday, O'Ryan helped Hilda into the crowded sleigh and the party was off with a jingle of bells and a blowing of horns.

All went happily until they were about three miles from town, and swiftly driving through a narrow lane. Suddenly they came to a turn in the lane and they found themselves face to face with an appalling danger. Four big horses drawing a heavy sleigh, were plunging madly through the snow drifts. The drunken driver was sawing at the lines and swearing at the horses, of which he had evidently lost control. There was no time for the driver of the other team to turn aside and let the danger pass, and he was in a very panic of fright and anger.

While the maddened beasts were still a few rods away, and before the girls of the party could even realize the danger enough to scream, a figure leaped from the sleigh and ran ahead with all his power of speed. Just in time, he reached the heads of the run-aways, grabbed the reins and jerked them back with all his strength. He was thrown off his feet but he still clung on. In an instant the horses stopped, panting.

The boy dropped back into the snow, exhausted, but he was picked up by a score of grateful hands and carried back to the sled.

"O, Bob," cried Hilda, "why did you do it! You might have been killed!"

O'Ryan sat up looking a little dazed, but smiled reassuringly at her, "It's alright," he said, "I'm very much alive and not hurt a bit."

Then looking around at the eager, friendly faces, he added, "More alive than ever before."

—D. B.

THE ZOOLOGIST'S TALE.

The Death of the Frog.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I wandered, tired and weary,
 Over many a bog and marsh-land that I ne'er had seen before.
 Suddenly there came a croaking as of someone gently choking,
 As of someone gently choking, choking on an apple core;
 'Tis some murderer," I muttered, "writhing in his awful gore;
 Simply this and nothing more."

Oh distinctly I remember, it was in the sad September,
 And o'er all the barren landscape there was only one frog more,
 Eagerly I sought that wonder, for I wished to tear asunder
 That small frog and see if under that white waistcoat there was
 more
 Than a glittering, glaring fancy oft had pictured there before,
 Darkness there and nothing more.

Presently I heard a rustling, and I left that place a-hustling,
 Went and hid behind a brush heap that was growing on the shore.
 Then I saw my loved professor, followed close by his successor,
 Come from out the awful background with a dozen knives or more,
 Formaline within a bottle, and a dozen knives or more,
 And a bag with shot galore.

Then upon his knees down-sinking deep into the mud, I'm thinking,
 He began to shoot the buck-shot as he learned in marble lore,
 Then I looked and saw before him, with the slimy mud all o'er him,
 That same frog for whose possession I had sought an hour or more.
 Worthy frog, for whose possession I had sought an hour or more;
 Seeking is an awful bore.

And that frog with greed was eating, hush my heart and still thy
 beating,

All those leaden pellets fashioned for a thirty-thirty's bore (?)
 And as faster still and faster, o'er the ground my worthy master
 Rolled the buck-shot, still the frog, he kept on eating as before,

Seemed to like the leaden pellets, as he tried them more and more—
Till he sank upon the shore.

Then his eyelids closed in slumber, and his paws he folded under,
And I knew from out that slumber, he would waken—nevermore.
And within the sink out yonder, you can see him sit and ponder
On the danger of imbibing leaden bullets by the score.
Use him gently, oh, my brothers, when you slit him up before.
This is all—and nothing more.

—A. W.

“A MOUNTAIN TALE.”

Far in the northwest in a peaceful, sunny valley of the great Rockies, there may be seen a little rustic cottage nestling among the foothills. Its southern gable is overgrown with clematis and its shady porch faces the rising sun. A rustic fence surrounds the house and a wild, luxuriant growth of trees and shrubs almost conceals it from the road. It is truly a delightful spot, and especially in the spring time, for then the air is laden with the delicate perfume of violets and the sweet song of the meadow lark.

One evening in May, when, from behind the distant peaks, the sun was flooding the whole sky with crimson and golden light, a sweet-faced woman came out of the cottage door and looked anxiously down the road. Soon a pleased smile lighted up her gentle face, for from the distance she heard a low, clear whistle.

“Robert is coming,” she whispered, and stooped to pluck a violet which grew at her feet.

In a few minutes the boy appeared, greeted his mother with a smile and asked cheerily, “How is my mother this beautiful evening?”

“I am happy, now that you are here,” was the gentle reply. None but a keen observer could have detected the tears in her voice and the suppressed sigh as she turned her head quickly away toward the setting sun, and the golden rays caressed her silver hair.

For some time the boy, Robert, had seemed restless. His mother feared that he was becoming dissatisfied with this peaceful and uneventful life among the hills, although his time was not idly spent. Robert was a real student of nature as well as of books. But, now, his mother saw in the changed manner and the thoughtful expression of his face that a passion for broader experience and greater activity was stirring within the boy's soul.

While the shadows lengthened down the valley and the landscape faded gradually away, mother and son sat together and talked of the events of the day. Finally the conversation lagged.

They sat silently for a while and then the mother broke the stillness. “Robert, I want to talk to you about your future. You are beginning life, while I am nearing its close. I feel that the time is coming soon, when you must leave me. Your nature will not permit you to remain here and live on as you have lived. Although it will

cost me much pain to have you leave me, still I would have you go."

"But, mother, dear," replied the boy, "what will become of you when I am gone? I cannot, and will not leave you here alone."

"Ah! my child, you are too unselfish," said his mother. "I would not be all alone. You know there is Mary."

"I know, mother," Robert replied; "but I cannot leave you." There was such conviction in the boy's tone that his mother did not try to persuade him more.

That night Robert did not sleep well. After he had told his mother good night and had gone to his room, he was again seized with a terrible longing for a greater world and greater activity. An almost irrepressible impulse was stirring in his soul and struggling for supremacy over his determination to do what he felt was his duty. The gray morning found him weary, but triumphant. He arose and went out into the fresh morning air, and as he walked on he forgot the struggle he had had in the night and became eager to climb an exceedingly high cliff which towered above him in its majestic beauty. He started up, but found he could make but slow progress in spite of his strength and skill in climbing.

Growing tired he stopped to rest and glanced upward. He caught his breath in surprise, for sitting upon a mossy rock he saw the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. Surely she was a mountain nymph, who inhabited some rocky crevice. She had not observed the youth until the moment he looked up at her. Their eyes met. The apparition started up in affright, her golden hair falling in shining waves about her neck and shoulders; her long flowing garment fluttering in the morning breeze. Swiftly she fled up the mountain side.

The youth's heart filled with admiration for this fairy vision, and a strange longing to possess her gave him renewed strength. He hastened up the rocky cliff in pursuit. Up and ever upward they went. White mists enveloped them. At last the youth reached the topmost crag. Through the clouds that surrounded him he saw the white spirit very near him. Reaching out his arms, he sought to grasp her; but, alas, at the touch of his hand she vanished into mist.

A cry of disappointment and despair escaped the boy's lips. He gazed all around but found nothing except the bare rocks and the dense fog below on which to rest his eyes. Just when he had been

sure of success the beautiful creature had escaped him. He was overcome with the agony of defeat and fell with his face against the cold, moist rocks. For a long time he lay motionless.

When he arose his muscles were stiff and sore, and a leaden weight lay upon his heart. Slowly he made his way again into the valley. The warm sunshine and grass and flowers exerted a restoring influence upon his cold body; but could not bring back the joy in his heart. As he went on with downcast eyes, a sweet, girlish voice greeted him questioningly:

"What has happened to you, Robert? You look as though you had grown old in one day."

The boy raised his head. He felt surprised at the sweetness of the girl's voice. He realized that the blue eyes which looked so laughingly into his own were beautiful. Strange that he had not noticed that before, for he had known Mary ever since she was a very little girl. They two had grown up together as the very best of friends. All at once a fairy vision floated through his mind. He was startled at the resemblance of the mountain creature to the girl who stood before him.

His heart seemed to lighten. "I have been up the mountain yonder," he said simply. He could not think of telling her of the adventure he had had.

"You, poor tired boy," exclaimed Mary, sympathetically, "aren't you awfully hungry?"

"Awfully," he answered and they walked on home together.

One afternoon, the next summer, Robert told his mother the incidents of this memorable day. "Since then," he continued, "I have found life more pleasant here in our little mountain home. I have grown very fond of Mary. Do you suppose, mother, that she would care to spend the summers here with us after awhile?"

"You might ask her, my son," replied his mother, and a tender smile played about her lips.

—L. L., '10.

A POEM OF SPRING.

The molly coddle microbe,
She does the cutest things!
She sits upon your larynx-box,
And coyly twists the strings.
She uses then, with fiendish glee,
A feather, long and slender,
Until your poor aesophagus
Is red—and oh, so tender.
She creeps, then, up into your head
And sits, and slyly quivers
The sens'tive membrane in your nose
Until you weep great rivers.
From there she goes on down the spine,
To camp upon your back,
And with a diabolic glee
She puts you on the rack.
And as the doctor comes and goes,
He pats her shiny head,
And she—the grafter that she is,
Puts another one to bed.

—R. F. S.

THE KAIMIN

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The Kaimin is published each month from October to June inclusive, by the students of the University of Montana.

Subscription Rates: For the College Year, \$1.00; Single Copies, 15c.

[Entered at Missoula, Montana, Postoffice, as Second Class Mail Matter.]

Editorials

With this issue of the monthly Kaimin the present staff wipes its pen and closes its desk. The next and last number will be published by the Seniors early in June. Meanwhile the Weekly Kaimin which has just made its first appearance with a grand flourish and much enthusiasm, will fill its place to the entire satisfaction of everyone concerned. The monthly Kaimin turns over its place to this new child of University activity, the college newspaper, without regret. We are a growing, thriving institution, and the need of a weekly Kaimin is only another evidence of the fact. The literary

side, which has always been emphasized by the old Kaimin, will be taken care of next year by the occasional issue of a magazine, essentially literary in character. So when we say, "The king is dead, Long live the king!" it is with the feeling that we have lost little and gained much.

And now its not "good-bye," but "so long." We, the staff, wish to give to the students our heartiest thanks for the co-operation and interest which has made the Kaimin what it has been this year. We were happy when we pleased you and sorry when we did not. but most of all it was a satisfaction to do something, however small for "our Montana."

Our Sister Institutions

At this time of the year in three of the State institutions the students are very busy getting out the College Annuals. In the State Normal College the Seniors get out the annual which is called the Chinook. The Montanian is the name of the annual of the Agricultural College, and the Sentinel is the book of the University. These books are alike in their general characteristics, but each has pictures and articles peculiar to the institution. They are not only pleasing souvenirs of the different colleges to the students, but they show the work and play of the students to some people who otherwise would not learn anything of college life in the state. The social life of college is as important a factor in the development of students as their lessons, and it is well to have some way to let the friends of the students see the ways in which they enjoy themselves.

The Normal College at Dillon is interested in forming a Story Tellers' League, which ought to do a great deal of good. To be able to tell a story in a concise and interesting manner is an art which everyone ought to acquire. A couple of months ago some of the Normal students formed a league whose aim is to instil in its members a love of good stories and a knowledge of how to tell them. This kind of work, besides being very interesting, ought to help all of the members. The forming of all such organizations in the State institutions should be encouraged, as they broaden the views and aid in the better education of the students.

The Montana State Normal is trying to interest the students in buying an American flag to float over their college. Why shouldn't every college in the state have a large flag? As loyal Americans we should try to bring this about.

On February sixth the new Agricultural Building in Bozeman was dedicated, and now the Agricultural College will be able to do better work since it has more room and better equipment.

Track work is beginning to be of great interest in all the colleges of the state, and as soon as the weather is milder the college boys will practice hard.

Another spring game of great interest in the colleges is base ball, and games will soon be scheduled between the various colleges.

Alumni Notes

During the past month the Alumni Association of the University of Montana has been called upon to mourn the death of one of its most worthy members. Charles Edward Schoonover of the class of 1905, died in Missoula on March 21 of typhoid fever. Mr. Schoonover is the first man of the Alumni to die, only three deaths having occurred in the eleven years of the existence of the organization. Mr. Schoonover was born in Kilbourne, Illinois, in 1882. With his parents he came to Philipsburg, Montana, in 1890, where he received his early education. Graduating from the Philipsburg High School in 1901, he entered the University of Montana, and in 1905 received his bachelor's degree. In 1906 he married Miss Belle Jamieson, a former student of the University. Ever since his graduation he had been connected with the forestry service, receiving frequent promotions, until, at the time of his death, he was supervisor of the Kootenai reserve. Mr. Schoonover was a young man of high character and principle. Those who were in college during his four student years will always remember his steadfast purpose, his genial disposition and warm, kindly heart. Had he lived he would have continued to fill places of honor and trust, and would have reflected great credit on his Alma Mater. It is with deep regret that we learn of this untimely ending of a life so full of promise and worth.

Mr. Charles Dimmick, '07, is in Missoula on a short vacation, to visit his parents. He has been in the testing department of the General Electric Company of Schenectady, N. Y., ever since his graduation, and has become familiar with all the standard makes of electrical apparatus.

Mrs. Wilford A. Thompson, '01, formerly Miss Sue Lewis, is expected shortly from her home in St. Louis to visit her parents in Missoula, and to attend the graduation of her brother, Mr. Frank Lewis. Mrs. Thompson has not been in Missoula since her marriage six years ago. She brings with her three children, two girls and a boy.

Mr. George Greenwood, '04, and his wife, once Miss Victoria Whitaker, will be in Missoula at Commencement to attend the graduation of Mr. Fred Greenwood.

Mr. and Mrs. James Mills were in Missoula for a few days not long ago. Mrs. Mills, nee Miss Ethel Evans, was one of the initiates at the installation of the Beta Phi chapter of Kappa Kappa Gamma.

Miss Frances Jones, '08, of Anaconda, Miss Mae Murphy, '08, of Helena, and Miss Ruth Smith, '08, also of Helena, were in Missoula a brief period, being likewise initiates in the new fraternity.

Word has just been received that Mr. Josiah Moore, '07, has won a scholarship of \$450 at Rush Medical College, Chicago.

The University Month

This is the last issue of the Kaimin to be put out by the regular staff. The Senior class has been permitted to have charge of the May issue. With the advent of spring and the customary spring fever, the news is somewhat scarce. Also the Weekly Kaimin will publish in detail all the news hereafter. In social activities during the past month, the University has been slack, more on account of Lent, perhaps, than any other one thing.

PROF. CLEMENT A. COPELAND.

During the past month Prof. Nathaniel R. Craighill resigned his position as head of the School of Engineering, and considerable difficulty was found in obtaining his successor. But fortunately the University has obtained the services of Clement A. Copeland, M. E., of Los Angeles, California. Prof. Copeland is well-fitted for the position, and the Kaimin wishes him the best of success.

MERRIE MAY DAY CARNIVAL.

In continuance of an event started last year, the students and the faculty are making arrangements for a "Merrie May Day Carnival" on the night of April 30. Last year the carnival was a success from start to finish. It is expected that every organization in the University will be represented in some "stunt." The Executive of the A. S. U. M. appointed a committee to take control of the carnival, as follows: Miss Stewart, chairman; J. B. Speer, advertising manager; Frederick Greenwood, business manager. This committee will have entire charge and will later appoint several sub-committees to take control of the minor details. The early interest which the students are taking points to a great success.

HAWTHORNE LITERARY SOCIETY.

On April 2, a rousing debate was pulled off at the regular meeting of the Hawthorne Literary Society. It was one of the series of debates in which the W. S. C.-Montana team are defending their side of the question. The program for the evening was as follows:

Debate—Affirmative, James B. Taylor, Fred E. Thieme; negative, Millard S. Bullerdick, Robert C. Line.

Current events—Warren C. MacKay.

SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The Science Association gave an extremely interesting program on April 3. The topic up for discussion was Cement. Several papers treating of cement in many phases were read. Mr. Arthur, after giving an informal talk on the Chemistry of Cement, lead the members in a general discussion.

CLARKIA-HAWTHORNE JOINT FEED.

Active arrangements are being made for the annual joint meeting of the Clarkia and Hawthorne Literary societies. At present it looks as if it might take place on Tuesday evening, April 20. This event has become a custom in the University, and both societies are looking forward to it with great interest.

The University Music Club met at the home of Mary Rankin on March 9, 1909. The following program was given:

Paper on Life of Nevin—Edna Fox.

Paper on Characteristics—Beulah Van Engelen.

Current Events—Mary Rankin.

After this refreshments were served and a general good time enjoyed.

The second meeting in March of the Music Club was held at the home of Nell Lewis, on March 23, 1909. Refreshments were served after the following program was given:

Piano Solo—Edna Fox.

Vocal Solo—Zona Shull.

Piano Solo—Eva Coffee.

Science Association held a meeting March 10, 1909. The election of officers was the principal business of this meeting, and the following students were elected:

President, Mary Elrod; vice-president, Robert Line; secretary, Wilfred Winninghoff; treasurer, Mamie Clanton.

After the business was over the program of the evening was given.

Science and Approximations—Prof. Elrod.

Foods—Hazel Butzerin.

Current Science—Prof. Harkins.

On March 10, 1909, the Y. W. C. A. held a meeting in Woman's Hall. The principal address of the meeting was given by Miss Knowles. She talked to the girls on the "Interpretation of the Soul by Different Artists." It was not only interesting but very instructive.

The second meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held on March 17, 1909. Rev. D. S. Bayley talked to the girls about the Bible. This talk was more of a Bible study than a formal address.

The Sophomore class had a meeting and spread on March 12. The business meeting was held first and the election of DeWitt Warren as editor-in-chief of next year's Sentinel, and Millard Bullerdick as business manager, took place. The Kaimin congratulates these students upon their good fortune and wishes them success.

The Board of Directors of the University Press Club, met in the Faculty Room on March 19, 1909. At this meeting Charles McCowan and Gilbert McLaren were elected editor and business manager of the Weekly Kaimin. The first issue of this paper appeared while the monthly Kaimin was at press.

Clarkia Literary Society held its regular meeting March 8, 1909. The following program on Eugene Field, was given:

Paper on Life of Field—Abbie Lucy.

Selections from Works—Mary Elrod.

Criticism of His Works—Dolly Green.

Critic's Report—Bess Bradford.

The Dramatic Club has come into the lime light again. On March 13, "The Jack Trust" was presented by the following cast:

Jennie	Ethel Marcum
Maria	Frances Foster
Mrs. Dorval	Laura Johnson
Mrs. Boothby	Florence Leech
Lord Jack	Bobbie Line
Eula	Roberta Satterthwaite

The different groups have temporarily dropped their dramatic work in order to present the "Talk of The Town," a University operetta, to be presented in the new theater on April 16, 1909.

Exchanges

A SHAKESPEAREAN DREAM.

To be or not to be, that is the question.
 Like Hamlet, I once made this suggestion,
 As out upon the street I walked, I met a dog.
 I raised my arm to strike it,
 When a voice cried, "Hold!"
 I answered, "As You Like It."
 While walking on, a loving pair I met,
 I soon discovered it was Romeo and Juliet.
 Next came Othello, and his friend Iago, too,
 Which brought to my mind the Taming of the Shrew.
 Two Gentlemen from Verona dressed in their best,
 Got a good drenching, having been caught in The Tempest.
 They sat down by my fire, hung their clothes upon a nail,
 And while they were drying, they told of a Winter's Tale.
 They stayed until the Twelfth Night,
 Until the storm had ceased its terrors,
 They made Much Ado About Nothing,
 Which proved a Comedy of Errors.
 Next came Shylock, demanding a pound of flesh for his treasure;
 When Macbeth cried, "Lay on;
 You shall have Measure for Measure."
 The Merry Wives of Windsor
 Entered without fear,
 Followed by Richard, Henry, John and King Lear.
 Antony and Cleopatra, arm in arm drew near,
 When Carriolanus shouted, Julius Caesar,
 We thought Love's Labor Lost, but ere I could tell,
 The crowd shouted, All's Well That Ends Well.
 When I awoke from my sleep with a start and a scream.
 And found it was nothing but a Mid-summer Night's Dream.

A "PLAYFUL" FANTASY.

"Ben Hur" while "Coming Thro' the Rye,"
"A Melting Pot" he saw;
"A Broken Idol" lay close by,
Protected by "Jack Straw."

I'm "Paid in Full" he loudly cried,
And dashed to "Happyland,"
Where "Little Nemo" sat beside
"King Dodo" hand in hand.

The "Royal Family" gathered 'round,
To hear the "Yankee Prince,"
When lo! like "Wildfire" came a sound,
'Nough to make a "Squaw Man" wince.

The "Man on the Box" came rushing in,
"Brewster's Millions" in his hand;
"Ho! Ho!" he cried, "I have found 'East Lynne'
In old 'Bandanna Land.' "

"King Dodo" rose, and from kingly throne,
"Via Wireless" summoned "King Lear,"
And sent him post haste for the "Man From Home,"
Who resided at Sommermeer.

But when "Ben Hur" with angry frown,
Heard "Jack Shepherd" loudly say:
" 'A Knight for a Day' has come to town
By 'The Road to Yesterday.' "

He grabbed a dish full of lemon ice cream,
And hurled it at the mob;
When here, I awoke, it was all a dream,
I enjoyed in "The Land of Nod."

Princeton has no fraternities and is considered the most exclusive of the fourteen representative universities. Its attendance is the least of any of the fourteen. No provisions whatsoever are made for the education of women and no negroes are received. There are no Chinese and but one Japanese attending. The entrance requirements are high; the tuition and fees expensive. Princeton has no professional schools and offers work merely to three degrees—A. B., Litt B., and B. S.—for the attainment of which certain fixed courses with very few electives must be pursued.

Cram
Exam
Flunk
Trunk.

The college student who really helps his college is not the one who finds out what public sentiment is and then hastens to follow it; but rather the man who finds out what public sentiment ought to be and then helps to mould it.

“Fools ask questions which wise men cannot answer,” said the professor in the psychology class.

“That must be the reason so many of us flunk,” audibly whispered a youth in the rear.

The Chicago chapter of Delta Sigma Rho, the honorary debating society, has drawn up a charter of its own, professing dissatisfaction with the arrangements in the national order.

As a class memorial the Seniors at the University of North Dakota, are deliberating on the plan of planting a row of trees along the main driveway at the university, which is to be known as the “’09 Row.”

The system of paid coaches of class teams is already in use at the University of Missouri and is being planned for the coming grid-iron season at the University of Iowa.

New ruling at the University of Oregon decrees that no party can be given without petition. Students must ask permission to entertain over six, even in a private home.

Though only one in every 200 of the young men of North America is in college, yet sixty per cent of the most prominent positions are held by college men.

An enterprising Sophomore at Washington University of St. Louis, is revising the Bible. His intention is to omit all "objectionable features."

A scholarship fund of \$50,000 has been given to Whitman College. This is the first loan fund resulting from the "New Whitman" movement.

Up to the present time Clarence Mackay has given the University of Nevada \$200,000, and is considering further gifts to that institution.

The English Club of Stanford University is planning to publish a year book which will contain the best literary work of Stanford students.

Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard, is choosing members on the basis of prominence in student activities, as well as for excellence in studies.

Shipwrecked Marine—"A sail! A sail at last!"
Fair One in Distress (weakly)—"What are they advertising?"

The five hundredth anniversary of the founding of the University of Leipzig, will be celebrated July 28, 1909.

The Chicago Alumni of Cornell, are raising funds to erect a dormitory at their Alma Mater.

The University of Southern California is seeking to affiliate with the state institution.

A Latin play will probably be given during Commencement at Whitman College.

Brown University has taken a stand in favor of summer base ball for the students.

Two credits are given for chorus work at Michigan Agricultural College.

The Union at Michigan will give a circus this spring.



PAUL GILMORE THROWN DOWN.

Thrilling Adventure at the Dormitory.

As the Dean was making the rounds of Woman's Hall on the evening of March 26, she spied a dark figure in the lower end of the hall. Advancing boldly upon the intruder, she pleasantly said to him, "Good evening." Receiving nothing but a sweet smile in reply, and deciding that he was a desperate flirt of the bold bad type, she did not repeat her pleasant greeting, but pointed to the door. Still he smiled, and made no move to go. Gathering her courage, with one fell swoop she pounced upon him, threw her arms about him, and forcibly ejected him from the Hall. Sadly he bumped his way down the steps.

The climax of the story is that this is the first time Paul Gilmore has been thrown down, for that was the fate of the kidnaped statue.

* * *

SOME LATE POPULAR SONGS.

"March 19 Was Ladies' Day with Me."—Silloway.

"Oh, We're Awfully Strong for You—Dusty."—Gym Class in Chorus.

"Skiddoo, skiddoo, that's 23 for You."—Librarian.

"You Never Can Tell About a Woman."—Winstanley.

"None but the Brave Deserve the Fair (fare)."—Dorm Boarders.

"I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark."—Prof. Snoddy.

"Whistle It."—Prof. Aber.

And what is a girl?
 A bundle of selfishness tied with a curl,
 A something to tease,
 A something to please,
 A something to squeeze;
 Yes, that is a girl.

—Ex.

And what is a boy?
 A bundle of selfishness that thinks he is coy,
 A something that shirks,
 In fact never works,
 They're as lazy as Turks;
 Yes, that is a boy.

* * *

THE WAIL OF THE FRESHIE.

I wish I'd been a Junior,
 To with the Juniors sit;
 In their green hats and stockings,
 They certainly were it.

But alas, I am a Freshie,
 You can't get away from that;
 Boo, hoo—they took away our fun,
 And we couldn't wear our hat.

* * *

"I never fully understood," then quoth the lover bold,
 "Why I'm so very different from all those monks of old—
 Those hoary monks oft tried, and very hard we see,
 To quite eliminate the Thing called family—
 And so do I."

* * *

*Best Leather that money can buy in all shades of Oxfords, at
 Harker's Exclusive Shoe Store.*

“Shoulders.”

“Up.”

“Down.”

“’Xale.”

“Coiele.”

* * *

Vealey (rehearsing Vendetta)—“And the fellow kept calling for more courage and finally he said, ‘Bring on your elephants and lions and mice. I’ll fight ’em all, but I’d prefer the mice.’ ”

Edith—“Oh dear, I’d take the elephants.”

* * *

Dr. Underwood (criticising the corporation promoter)—“There used to be a fellow in college who was selling stock in a Mexican Rubber Company.”

Student—“Did he succeed?”

Dr. U.—“No, everyone got rubber-tired of his stock.”

* * *

Prof. (in Sociology)—“If you were given your choice of the use of anything in Missoula for twenty-four hours, what would you take?”

MacLaren (sotto voce)—“Sleep.”

* * *

1st Fusser—“I threw a kiss at a girl the other day.”

2nd Fusser—“What did she say?”

1st Fusser—“She told me that I was the laziest man she ever saw.”—Ex.

* * *

Bright Student (after German sentence)—“I read that from sight.”

Professor—“You’d better adjust your sights.”

* * *

Jennie—“Where did they get the word gravitation?”

Alice—“Doesn’t gravitation mean to go around?”

Mamie—“Oh, no; it means to go to.”

Dr. Book (in Psychology)—“Suppose you came to class and I gave you 100 per cent in your test. What would your emotion be?”

Still small voice—“I’d die.”

* * *

Dr. Book—“Now, how were the early universities organized?”

Bright Student—“Oh, they had self government and settled all the student cases.”

* * *

Prof. Elrod—“What do you think? I saw a young lady out on the campus just now, who is in great danger of being ‘son’ struck.”

* * *

Opal (after Sunday supper at the Dorm)—“Well, I guess I’m supposed to have had enough, but I haven’t.”

* * *

MacGregor (walking the ties)—“I think I’ll take track this spring. You know I’ve got the Steele now.”

* * *

Artists’ Materials, Artistic New Frames and Pictures—Simons’, 312 Higgins Avenue.

* * *

Edith (in Zoology)—“The oriole has a little nest—a darned little nest.”

* * *

Finest Patent Dancing Pumps for the Early Spring Balls. Men’s, \$6.00; Women’s, \$5.00; at Harker’s.

* * *

Leech—“I wish I didn’t have to mark all of these cuts.”

Bish.—“Why don’t you let Ethel Marcum?”

* * *

See the latest College Posters at Simons’, 312 Higgins Avenue.

* * *

Fancy Fads for early spring wear at Harker’s Shoe Emporium.

The Golden Rule

Special Silk Values

Latest weave and the most popular color effects of the hour. Silk of good weight and will launder perfectly.

Rough Pongee

24-inch, a beautiful fabric and delightful two-tone color effects; cream white, natural pongee, blue gray, green gray and black; a quality that sells regularly at 95c and \$1.00; per yard.....**65¢**

Rough Shantung

Five pieces 26-inch all silk, rough weave effect Shantung, in the most wanted colors of the hour—wisteria, old rose, champagne, light blue and cream white; regular value \$1.25; per yard.....**75¢**

UNIVERSITY STUDENTS

Do you know there are several reasons why you should patronize Hoover's Dry Cleaning Works?

First—We are on the South Side, where it is most convenient for you.

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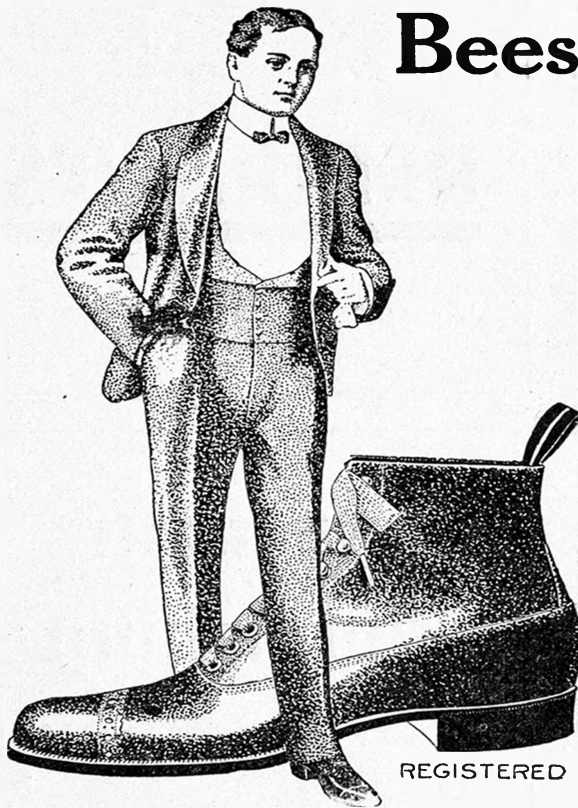
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