

NINETEEN FIFTEEN

LITERARY

MONTANA, MY MONTANA

*Our chosen state, all hail to thee
Montana, my Montana;
Thou hast thy portion with the free,
Montana, my Montana.
From shore to shore, from sea to sea,
Oh, may thy name full honored be,
Symbols of strength and loyalty,
Montana, my Montana.*

*God bless our state for what is done,
Montana, my Montana,
God bless our people, every one,
Montana, my Montana.
And as the years shall go and come,
May Freedom's bright eternal sun,
Find here full many a victory won,
Montana, my Montana.*

*Thus ever through our valleys wide,
Montana, my Montana,
Re-echoing from each mountain side,
Montana, my Montana.
Thy fame in ever swelling tide,
Which time's encroachments cannot hide,
Shall ever be our joy and pride,
Montana, my Montana.*

CAMPUS LORE

Montana's campus is rich in the traditions of an early day. The site of the thriving University, its buildings grouped artistically at the foot of old Mount Sentinel, has a history romantic and unique among the annals of American colleges. Its situation on the eastern rim of the basin which the first white settlers knew as "Hell Gate Ronde," the ancestral domain of Chief Victor and his Selish tribes, makes it one of the important spots in the building up of the state.

At the southern post of Hell Gate Canyon lies the University campus. The name of the famous pass, so incongruous with its natural beauty, is traceable to the experience of the early Selish (misnamed Flathead) occupants of the valley. The canyon, as well as affording an eastern gateway into Missoula valley, was the one available route to the extensive plains of the Blackfoot country where large herds of buffalo ran in the summer and autumn months. Both Blackfeet and Flatheads looked upon the skins and meat of these animals as the natural gifts of the Great Spirit to them alone. Each tribe was stubborn in the belief that the privilege to hunt upon these plains was theirs by ancestral right. Although the Flatheads were justified in their belief by early precedent, the Blackfeet had managed to obtain from the Astor trading posts firearms to which Chief Victor's warriors could oppose only their bows and arrows and their unflinching courage. The Blackfeet, ever cowardly and treacherous, and having the natural advantage of greater numbers, were wont to ambush on the eastern slopes of Jumbo when they knew their enemies to be starting on a hunt. The cruel conflicts which ensued caused the Indians to name the country round about—it was near the confluence of the Rattlesnake and the Missoula rivers—"Mn-i-sul-etiku," which means "at the stream of ambush." This name the Hudson Bay men applied to the Canyon in the picturesque and more vigorous French phrase "Porte de l'Enfer (Hell's Gate). The English significance has clung to the pass and was, for many years, the name of the first actual white settlement of Missoula Valley. The river, flowing through the canyon and the city, at its mouth retain the name "Missoula," which Father Palladino has traced to its Indian source—"Mn-i-sul-etiku."

Before the days of transcontinental and electric railroads, Hell Gate Canyon was singularly beautiful. An early description calls it "The Canyon of Wild Roses," for it was arched in places with sprays of the wild brier. The trail, itself, easily traversed save for a narrow passage or two, led through a splendid forest unbroken for miles.



YESTERDAY--TO





DAY--TOMORROW ?



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"Wonderful, indeed, is the history of this mountain pass! Remarkable has been its importance in relation to the reclamation of the one time wilderness about it! There has been hardly any First Thing associated with the development of this region which has not been initiated in Hell Gate Canyon."* Mr. Granville Stuart found the first Montana gold here in 1852. The first commercial lumber dealings were carried on in the canyon. At its mouth the first treaty between the whites and the Montana Indians was signed. Through it came the first white settlers into Montana, Father De Smet and his companions. Indians, trappers, miners, priests, settlers, and prospectors have all followed them through this mountain pathway into the beautiful valley where Missoula and the University have grown up together.

The Missoula basin, before the white men had crowded them from it, the Flatheads had made their favorite haunt. They had mourned and feasted here whenever the Great Spirit called a brave warrior into the Unknown. They had delighted in dancing and singing songs of the hunt night after night; they had kept their tom-tom thumping ceaselessly. They had stopped to camp at Sentinel's foot and to feast after a big kill. They had celebrated their victories with wild and riotous races across the level plains. They had traded with the white men—ponies and robes for guns and ammunition. They had even welcomed the whites hospitably, had befriended them, had kept the savage Pend O'Reilles from warring against them. Even at the time of Judge Woody's coming into the valley there were three hundred Indian lodges set up for the purpose of trading with Major Owens.

But the Indians have been crowded out, finally. The white men needed more room. Chief Victor had made negotiations and had withdrawn his tribe to St. Mary's Mission at Stevensville. This had been their home until Chief Joseph had been prevailed upon to lead them to the land reserved by the government for them in Jocko Valley.

Meanwhile, the little town of Hell Gate had been transferred to the mouth of the Canyon, had changed its name to Missoula, and had started life anew. Pack trains no longer came through Hell Gate. Pioneers came overland in emigrant trains and in stage coaches. Before many years these were banished and the Northern Pacific Railway came to aid in the reclamation of the west.

The pioneer traditions of Montana's campus cease here. Civilization has stamped out all but their memory. Perhaps civilization has given us something of greater value in their place. At any rate, it is upon the ground sacred to Flathead tribes, now fast diminishing, and to Pathfinders of a generation almost past, that our University has been builded. It is upon the ancient watch tower of the Selish Indians that we have set our M.

K. M. K. '15.

*Following Old Trails—A. L. Stone.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAINS

*"Happy, I said, whose home is here;
Fair fortunes to the Mountaineer."*

The mountains are all things to all men. Very differently they affect different natures. Each man who loves the mountains is charged with energy therefrom; but each goes his own way to expend, according to his light, the strength received at the common source.

History bears witness to the fact that those who dwell near the mountains do develop a rugged hardiness, an indomitable courage and a sturdy independence, that, backed by an adventurous spirit and a certain dynamic force of expression, tend to make them leaders. All that we see becomes a part of us, and the firmness and tenacity of purpose evinced by men who live near the mountains seems to show that something of "the strength of the hills" has entered into and possessed their souls.

Literature abounds with references to the power of the mountains to sustain and strengthen mankind.

The psalmist sings: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

"There is assuredly morality in the oxygen of the mountains," writes Professor Tyndall.

Ruskin says: "The valleys only feed; the mountains feed and guard and strengthen us." Listen to him again: "We shall find, on the one hand, the mountains of Greece and Italy, forming all the loveliest dreams, first of Pagan, then of Christian mythology; on the other, those of Scandinavia, to be the first sources of whatever mental (as well as military) power was brought by the Normans into Southern Europe."

And Emerson, the nature lover, writes:

*"So call not waste that barren cone
Above the floral zone,
Where forests starve:
It is pure use:—
What sheaves like those which here we glean and bind
Of a celestial Ceres and the Muse?"*

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The inspiration which the mountains have to give is limited only by the capacity of the individual to receive. Just to the extent that a man comes into harmony with the mountains may he draw upon them for power. And the gamut of appreciation of mountains ranges from the stolid, unseeing indifference of the few, through the complacent enjoyment and satisfaction of the many, to the ecstatic rapture again of the few.

The delirium of delight evoked by a mist smoking mountain is not a mawkish, sentimental thing, fit only for artists and poets, women and children; it is a great world force. How the ecstasy brought into being by a ragged mountain peak, with halo of gauzy cloud, may be translated into the dwellings and cities of men is perhaps best told in the words of Rabindramath Tagore, the Nobel prize winner for 1913. He says: "The immortal being manifests himself in joy-form. His manifestation in creation is out of his fulness of joy. It is the nature of this abounding joy to realize itself in form which is law. The joy, which is without form, must create, must translate itself into forms. * * * Man in his role of a creator is ever creating forms, and they come out of his abounding joy." Emerson expresses the same thought thus: "The beauty of nature reforms itself in the mind, and not for barren contemplation, but for new creation."

Inspiration is everywhere, in homely things, and always in worthy literature and music; but to many people it is the mountains that speak loudest. A book, a strain of music, may open splendid new vistas of thought and alluringly suggest that one might pass that way. But the music stops, or the book is closed, and too often the vision is lost. With the mountains it is different. In the first place, literature and music, which filter to us through the brains of men, can never make the intense appeal that nature, the direct handiwork of the Almighty, does. Again, the message of the mountains is not a single summons to be regarded or disregarded at will. We may decide to leave well enough alone—to follow the path of least resistance. We may temporarily dismiss the divine discontent with the bonds that bind us. But we have now no closed book, no song that is sung, to be reckoned with. The challenge is repeated every hour of the day. From the moment when the first pure radiance of morning light illumines the white peaks to the hour when the mighty bulk of the mountains loom purple against the sunset sky, the appeal is driven home, until the warrior, the artist, the saint, the man with a mission everywhere, answers, "I will."

In primitive peoples, the spirit of independence and liberty which the mountains foster may easily become the ruling passion. For this reason, mountaineers are noted for their fighting qualities. It was the rude barbarians from the mountainous regions of Southern Germany who introduced the sentiment of personal independence, the love of individual liberty, into European civilization. Mountain

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bred are the Afghans, warriors worthy of a foeman's steel, as Great Britain knows to her cost. Mountain bred, too, the intrepid Swiss peasants, who have so valiantly wrested their freedom from a grudging fate. And by many a hard-fought battle the Scotch Highlanders have won deserved fame.

With an individual or nation in a higher state of civilization the impulse is towards subduing the elements, towards creation—towards art. The Greeks placed beauty next to holiness; and the mountains of Hellas were largely instrumental in determining the character of their art. For clearness of outline is the dominant characteristic alike of Grecian mountains and Grecian art. Mounts Parnassus and Helicon were thought to be favorite haunts of the Muses. And today, as then, the mountains are an unfailing source of inspiration for poets and artists.

Mountains have also played an important part in the religious life of men. The Greeks believed that the mountain tops were frequented by the gods. And the old testament abounds in eloquent allusions to the hills. It was at Mount Horeb that Moses was commanded to lead Israel out of bondage; at Mount Horeb, also, the "still small voice" spoke to Elijah. The Himalayas are held in reverent awe by the people of India and thither throng countless pilgrims seeking salvation. Mahomet was wont to resort to the foot of Mount Hira, north of Mecca, where "his mind was wrought up to rhapsodic enthusiasm." And in Japan, pilgrims travel long distances to reach shrines and temples built on the tops of mountains.

The spirit of the mountains, their mighty urge, is not, at least not in full measure, for the tourist. It is, generally speaking, for the mountain dweller alone. Emerson touches upon this when he says that beauties of nature "if too eagerly hunted, become shows merely, and mock us with their unreality." I had an experience in the Yellowstone Park which will serve to illustrate this point. On a perfect summer afternoon, with a party of gay young people, I approached the Grand Canyon, of which I had heard, and expected so much. But here, for the first time in my life, nature had no message for me, and I felt myself an intruder, an alien. It was all very wonderful, very beautiful, but I felt somehow left out. "If I am beautiful, what is that to you?" the canyon seemed to say. And though deeply disappointed, I understood. In the midst of a crowd, with only a brief hour to linger, I had no right to expect a mental and spiritual feast. My companions and I were treating the canyon as a show place, and I felt it a sort of poetic justice that to me it should be just that, a show place, the soul of which eluded me. Then the afternoon began to mellow, softer and richer grew the light, friendlier grew the aspect of the canyon; but alas! it was time to dress for dinner and my friends were ready to go. I followed them reluctantly, for though I had visited the Grand Canyon I had not seen it. I have fancied since that perhaps this experience explains the varying degrees of interest which people take in the mountains. Perhaps some people feel always, as I felt once, an aloofness from

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the grandeur they gaze upon—that it is of little or no import in their lives.

The mountains are to me, in larger measure, what music and literature are. They satisfy some hunger, some longing that is in me. They exalt me, until, indeed, I appear to lead a dual existence. For the soul that so keenly feels its oneness with the sublimity of the mountains, yet so feebly manifests itself in the world of men and women, seems scarcely one and the same. Ever above the continual delight that the mountains afford me sounds the heroic note. I feel that I must press onward if I would be worthy to commune with them. And I believe that is what the mountains mean to most Montanans. It matters not what we ascribe it to, the invigorating climate or the western spirit of hustle, we are feeling and responding to the urge that is the very spirit of the mountains.

Though neither warrior, artist nor saint, I shall be more aggressive, and a more ardent seeker after beauty and truth for having lived in the mountains. I rejoice that they have goaded me out of self complacent inertia into the race. I shall try to find and do the task that is mine. And in the meantime, while I stand empty handed at the very foot of the Mount of Achievement, I am glad for the spur of the mountains forcing me to attempt the hard, steep road of progress. It may be that I shall make no perceptible headway up the toilsome grade. My mission may be only to cheer and strengthen someone who will pass me on the way. Yet I will toil on and be glad that the mountains will not suffer me to rest. For

*"More it is than ease,
Palace and pomp, honours and luxuries,
To have seen white presences upon the hills,
To have heard the voices of the eternal gods."*

—BLANCHE MAE YATES.

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A SUMMER GARDEN

Oh, are you weary of the heat,
The noise and glare of city street,
The anxious face, the hurrying feet,
Of sad-eyed, tired workers—
Discouraged, burdened, and distressed
With futile effort, old unrest,
The aimless, senseless pleasure quest
Of dull-eyed, selfish shirkers?

Then come with me where flowers blow,
Where green leaves whisper, fountains flow,
Where all the tired people go
To rest from care and sorrow;
Where children laugh and play,
And old folk nod and smile all day,
And men and maids at twilight stray,
And there is no tomorrow.

Here music wild, grotesque, or sweet,
To mark the time of dancing feet,
Of flying swing, of soft heart beat,
Or any mood or notion,
Steals softly, subtly on the ear,
With just the strain each longs to hear,
With just the thought to each most dear,
Compact of sound and motion.

And fairy boats rimmed round with light,
From out the old mill's darksome night,
Slip quickly in and out of sight,
With wierd and luring wonder.
Where shining tracks to nowhere lead,
Swift magic cars without a steed
Ride through the air with breathless speed
And most alarming thunder!

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Soft little lights, white, blue, and red,
Gleam from the branches overhead—
They're fairy lamps, I've heard it said,
 Hung there by incantation;
Though some say when the flowers die
Their bright souls flit to tree-tops high,
They shine in elf-land's starry sky,
 A floral constellation.

I cannot say how this may be,
But if you'll only come with me,
The Garden's lovely mystery
 Will thrill your soul with gladness;
For just one blissful hour,
The spell of leaf and grass and flower
Will hold you with the dizzy power
 Of sweet earth-gendered madness.

And care and age shall slip away,
While youth and love together stray
Adown some dim, rose-scented way
 To lands where dreams die never;
Where old dead hopes are born anew,
And all the things you've wished come true—
The world, a garden just for you
 And her to love forever!

Oh, come with me where flowers blow,
Where green leaves whisper, fountains flow,
Where all the tired people go
 To rest from care and sorrow;
Where little children laugh and play
And old folks smile and nod all day,
And men and maids at twilight stray,
 And there is no tomorrow.

—M. S.

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PROLOGUE

(TO BARRIE'S "QUALITY STREET")

Full like you'll think us bold—a bit—
To dare preceede the gentle Barrie's wit,
Explain the garb and gab of other days,
Set forth in tinkling rhyme our modern ways,
To ask your favor first, with fair intent,
E'er we essay his drama to present.
For spinsters now aren't quite the sort, you know,
Of those quaint ladies of the long ago,
Who, tender, timid, shrinking, lived apart,
And shunned the world's rude noise and blatant art;
Who sighed and dreamed, and dreamed again to sigh,
Nor knew of sigh or dream the reason why;
Nor dared to ask, lest they immodest seem,
But answered dream with sigh and sigh with dream.
All men were heroes to their virgin eyes,
Brave, gallant, tender, gentle, loyal, wise,
Their little world, a room with window small,
Their far horizon, just the garden wall;
And all the wisdom of their passing years
Drawn from the smiles and hopes, the pain and tears
Of one short, narrow street, that chanced to be,
Dispite its narrowness, called *Quality*.
What if their minds were narrow as their street?
Their hearts were gentle and their spirits sweet.
And should their simple thoughts your laughter raise,
Their brave and gentle deeds will claim your praise.

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'Tis true our modern spinsters do not shrink,
Nor are they deemed immodest if they think.
To them a dream is but a mental sham,
A sigh, a shudder of the diaphragm,
A hero, a delusion or a bluff
To be tried out by this eugenic stuff.
So clever are they, self-reliant, proud,
You'll hardly find a Phoebe in the crowd,
Be-curled and blushing, wistful, trustful, shy,
With manners of a hundred years gone by.
Yet though she's fashioned for another age,
You'll follow her with pleasure on the stage.
We're different now in dress and manner, too;
Times change and we change with them, it is true.
And nothing changes oftener with the years,
Than women with their smiles and moods and tears.
Yet though they change, full oft, mind, dress, and name,
Their hearts, thank God! their hearts remain the same!

—M. S.

TRY-OLET

*I passed tests today,
 Will I pass them tomorrow?
Light hearted and gay,
I passed tests today,
If there's no other way
 I'll be tempted to borrow,
I passed tests today,
 Will I pass them tomorrow?*

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"DIALENE THE DIAPHANOUS"

A ROMANCE OF CHIVALRY

(NOTE. Believing that an apology is an unwarranted egoistic procedure, we decline to offer any to Mr. Stephen Leacock.)

It was in the flood-tide of chivalry. Knighthood was in the Pod. Dialene the Diaphanous stood upon an embattled turret on the second story of the Castle of Maidens. Her arms were outstretched to the tower clock, and her features were rent with yearning.

Anon, she murmured, "Hop o' My Hart," and the flowers on her crepe waist trembled with deep emotion.

Willowy and slender in form, she was as graceful as a meridian of longitude.

She was hung in the middle of a billowy gown, be-flowered with flowers, be-bound with a green girdle, on her head—nothing, save a few shreds of hair—her feet planked in russet "sneakers."

"Hop o' My Hart," she murmured, "Hop o' My Hart!"

And erstwhile, she wound her arms around each other, and muttered, "He cometh not."

To explain further, the Lady Dialene perched upon the battlements and mourned for the absent Hop o' My Hart.

The love of Hop o' My Hart and Dialene was of that divine tincture read of only in the dark ages.

They had never seen one another. They had not been introduced.

Yet they loved.

Their love had dropped from high heaven, mayhap from an aeroplane, with all the incomprehensible charm which is love's greatest happiness.

Years before, Hop o' My Hart had seen the name of Dialene the Diaphanous painted on a signboard.

He had turned pale, swooned, and started at once for Butte.

On the self-same day, Dialene, in passing down the Avenue, had seen the coat of arms of Hop o' My Hart hanging on a clothesline in the Wuzza Fly Yard.

She had fallen back into the arms of her sorority sisters more dead than alive.

Since that day they had loved.

Dialene would wander forth from El Dormitoire, the Castle of the Maidens, with the name of Hop o' My Hart on her lips. She breathed it to the cards, as she bent over her solitaire in the afternoon. She sung it over in her heart, while she perforce strolled with Soupa the Smasher.

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Suitors were there in plenty for the hand of Lady Dialene. Feats of folly were done daily for her sake. To win her favor, suitors were willing to vow themselves to utter Perdition. For Dialene's sake, Punk the Picker had disagreed with his brothers. Shaw the Scimitar had hurled himself from the highest battlement of the castle into the mud. Kenneth the Killer had hammered out two Philistines, and Soupa the Smasher had given up wrecking hearts. Hop o' My Hart, not to be outdone in these deeds of derringdo, had eaten a can of sardines.

But Dialene the Diaphanous was heedless of the court which the other suitors paid to her.

In vain her stepmother, Delia the Dull, begged her to marry. In vain her father, the Lord of Huggensberg, when he sent her allowance, commanded her to choose one or the other of her suitors. In vain her sorority sisters urged her to announce her engagement, so that the fortunate hero could transport to them ten pounds of Victoria chocolates.

And in the meantime, Dialene waited.

Her heart remained unwaveringly true to the Hart.

And if the love of Dialene burned thus purely for Hop o' My Hart, the love of Hop o' My Hart flickered with a flame no less pure.

Love tokens strengthened their affection. From Jerusalem, Hop o' My Hart sent her a stick with a notch in it to signify his undying constancy. From Anaconda, he sent her a frying pan, and from Roeker, a ton of coal. All these Dialene treasured. At night, they lay beneath her pillow.

Finally, after years of wandering, Hop o' My Hart determined to crown his love for Dialene's sake, with one tremendous achievement. It was his deep laid design to return to Ma Soula, to scale by night the walls of El Dormitoire, and to prove his love by burning her father's picture, tearing to shreds the picture of her mother, stabbing her sleeping sorores, and carrying her away in his Hop-mobile.

This plan he was now hastening to put into execution. Bolstered up by twenty of his trusty yeomen, all wearers of the King's X (meaning fraternity), Hop o' My Hart had made his way to Ma Soula. Under cover of night, also under cover of their coats of male, they reached El Dormitoire. Relying on their hands and knees, they crawled up and down and up and down the walls, with no visible success. Once they well nigh reached the windows of the second story, when a terrific burst of song almost split the window panes, and drove back the braves. But perseverance will persevere, and finally, Hop o' My Hart gained a foothold on a second-story window ledge. At this crucial moment, Dialene the Slender appeared at the aperture, as was her wont at twilight, to scan the hills for her true love. "Hop o' My Hart! our liege lord," shouted his valiant men. "Dialene, our Darling"! shrilled her loyal sisters.

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For a sixteenth of a moment the lovers looked into each other's faces.

Then with their visages wrung with agony, they swooned in different directions. There had been a mistake! Hop o' My Hart was not Hop o' My Hart, and Dialene was not Dialene. Each of them was somebody else.

Deluges of remorse flooded over the lover's hearts.

Dialene thought of Punk the Picker, ostracized by his brothers; of Shaw the Scimitar broken in shreds, and head-first in the mud; of the two Philistines hammered out as flat as postal cards by Kenneth the Killer.

Hop o' My Hart thought of the can of sardines, and the ton of coal.

And all for nothing!

Their love had proved vain. Each of them was not what the other had thought. So is it ever thus!

The hearts of the two lovers burst together.

They expired.

Meantime, the twenty valiant brothers, in order to drown their sorrow, crawled back down the walls, feet uppermost, mopped their tear-stained cheeks, and took the next car for the movies.

H. M. L. '15.

*The President once planned to call
At a dance—'Twas the K. A. T. ball;
But he couldn't, you see,
For it was not to be,
His son loaned his dress suit, that's all.*
(Note—This is a true story).

THE ISLAND

A bit of an island splits the river, a sandy, rock-roughened island, with frayed edges continually wet by the splash of the swirling water. On one side of the river are the narrow lines of track, and a civilized, man-built station where the trains halt a moment in their headlong rush across the continent. On the other side are the brick walls, and the piled up buildings of the city. And across the river and across the slit of an island, a great bridge stretches, over which the crowds pass and the cars go clanging. Caught in the meshes of this civilization, the island looks like a piece of drift wood. There are trees on it, scraggly, water-torn trees. The great logs of high water tragedies lie bleached and rotting in the sand. Crouched at one end is a cabin, a one-roomed, roughboard cabin, with shreds of tar paper on its sides, and a door closed stoutly against curious eyes of passers on the bridge overhead. But even on the stray bit of an island man has flaunted his conceit in huge signboards and glaring posters, and the wild lies tangled in the civilized.

—M. F. '17.

DID THIS EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?

The Library is like money, it is a medium of exchange. Some students use the Library to purchase knowledge, others for the next best thing, a "fair co-ed." Every evening, history repeats itself. About nine P.M. he enters, casts a hurried glance around the room. He asks for a book from the tired and worried librarian. He goes to the drinking fountain, there to quench his thirst, and collect his thoughts. If luck favors Him, He seats Himself beside the lady of his choice, and with His book upside down, pretends to study; His neighbor, desperately unconscious, continues to scan the Delineator styles. He scribbles a few lines, She scribbles an answer—a couple of hurried messages, and all's well. He smiles, She smiles. She folds her notebook, puts on *His* hard-earned sweater, with His tender assistance. He returns the much-read volume of knowledge to its custodian. He opens wide the swinging door, out She goes, he follows in the rear, struggling with the load of books which She always carries over to study. (Curtain).

JOHN JAY ECTOR '17.

IN DEFENSE OF BUDDY

"Buddy" is a dog. The Sigma Nu fraternity has finally admitted that they own the animal.

It is in tribute to this canine that I write.

The average student of the University of Montana is entirely ungrateful for the service done him by Buddy. Many times, when all is quiet in the building presided over by Miss Buckhous, when some means of amusement is necessary for a few moments of relaxation from the deep and scientific subjects that are discussed in "Life," Buddy stalks proudly through the door and calmly lays himself down to pleasant dreams under a study table. Often a cruel-hearted female, who is supposedly seeking a higher education at the University, "plants" her delicate "sneakers" on the ribs of Buddy. In fact, I saw one of the afore-said, a student of Professor Coffman's Freshman English class stop writing a theme one day (she knew that Prof. C. was not very strict about having themes in on time) to have a little amusement at the expense of the sleeping Buddy. She reached back as far as she could with her right foot, which appeared unusually small in the aesthetic sneaker, her foot quivered as she slowly took aim and gave Buddy a swift kick, terribly executed. She would have lifted the poor dog from the floor with her mighty strength if the fashions of the times had permitted. I heard a young lady from town say that she thought such behavior was very unladylike, but that is the way they are raised over at the Dorm.

But this is not the worst aspect of the matter. As Buddy jumped up with a yelp of pleasure a titter of amusement ran through the massive reading room of our library. Think what that means to our institution! Students derive pleasure from inhumane treatment of dumb animals! It certainly does not speak well for our institution. But as I said before, it provides relaxation and perhaps really raises the standard of scholarship in the University.

There is, however, a class of students who do not derive any pleasure from such acts. I actually saw our A. S. U. M. president, "Spud" Weidman, weeping for the dog as if the kick had been carefully directed against his own ribs. He is always tender with small animals, especially with the boys of the Freshman class.

Buddy frequently makes a round of the different class rooms and with much difficulty succeeds in attracting the attention of the students away from the interesting lectures for which all of our professors are noted. It is in Mr. Coffman's English class that Buddy always meets a stone wall. Each and every student is eagerly awaiting the next word of the instructor, and Buddy simply can't get a rise.

NINETEEN FIFTEEN

Buddy has appeared in public and is an animal of which the whole University might be proud. He gained especial notoriety in convocation one day last fall. A lieutenant of the army was giving a talk on the subject of war. Buddy could not resist the temptation to listen to that talk. He first sought a place where he thought that he could hear the entire discourse without any difficulty. He selected a place a short distance back from the stage in the center of the aisle. However, he had not thought of the excellent acoustics of the hall and the reverberation soon drove him from his place. (He always finds a soft rest place on the floor while he listens to anything instructive.) Next, he calmly trotted on to the platform to see if he could hear better. He took one look at the girls on the left and made a hasty exit from the hall. He has never explained whether his action could be accounted for by the good looks of the girls or by their inhumane treatment of him.

Perhaps you think that he should not judge the girls as a whole by the actions of one or two. The answer is simple. They abuse him in many ways. Sometimes the girls of the "Dough Lab" cause all the trouble. They must have someone to practice on if they wish to make their future husbands happy. Long ago they gave up the attempts to entice young men, wise by experience, into the unexplored depths of the building. Their candy and cake have gained a reputation all over the campus, of which everyone but Buddy has heard. Gladly he accepted the invitation of the young ladies to partake of their cooking. They gave the fortunate dog a piece of cake. Buddy politely gulped it down, but refused a second piece. Several hours later, I was passing the building and saw the poor beast in terrible agony. He was attempting to go home, but some weight seemed to be bearing him down.

Such is the life of Buddy. It is rumored that Buddy has advised other members of his tribe never to come to the University. Life there is just one d— thing after another.

STUART M'HAFFIE '17.

DINING HALL RULES

Hour of the breakfast—8:44½ A. M. (Never go down a moment sooner because the waiters would expire from the shock).

Lunch—Mad rush at 12:31 M.

Dinner—6:00 to 6:30. (Depending whether you are walking with a man or not).

Rule 1. Always seize the raisinbread as soon as you are seated, and suspend your piece on your napkin ring, if you haven't time to eat it. If there isn't enough to go around, then smile sweetly at the girl next: "Oh, didn't you get a piece of raisinbread? That's a shame!"

Rule 2. Always "slam" the food. It gives you a superior air, and the other girls will probably think your people have money. If you wish to build your altar of egoism especially high, donate your dessert to some other girl. Your self-esteem will rise by leaps and bounds, and she will probably be uncomfortable from over-eating, so everyone will be happy.

Rule 3. Never pass anything until you have been requested to do so at least three times.

Rule 4. Never reach for anything more than four feet distant—get up and walk around to the other side of the table for it.

Rule 5. If the dining room is too quiet, you may introduce an element of excitement by tipping over a cream pitcher, or swallowing a doughnut hole.

Rule 6. Always ask for a second helping of everything, whether you wish it or not, because it gives the waiters good exercise.

Rule 7. The moment you have consumed your last bite, rise hastily from the table and rush upstairs, without waiting for the others to finish. This undoubtedly invests you with a certain air of importance.