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Weekly Kaimin, December 12, 1912

Associated Students of the University of Montana

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Weekly Kaimin

VOL. VIII

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA, MISSOULA, DECEMBER 12, 1912

NO. 12

Issued Tuesday, December 17, 1912.

"Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas!"

THOSE are the words that will be voiced by millions of Christians on the anniversary of the birth of Christ. ¶ There are among those

millions multitudes who wish their fellows "Merry Christmas" as a matter of formality. This is part of the system of strict conventionality in the lives of people who call themselves Christians. That so many people give their "Merry Christmas" with no sincerity in their hearts, with no goodwill in the expression, has laid the basis for the assertion that Christmas is a commercial holiday—the day of obligatory giving and ungrateful receiving. ¶ Perhaps the Christian people of the world have forgotten the full meaning of Christmas—perhaps we have forgotten that the true Christmas spirit does not involve the mere giving and receiving of gifts. That is a substantial expression of the feeling in the hearts of men. If we forget that Christmas is a day of "good will on earth and peace to all mankind" we forget one of the fundamental principles of Christianity. ¶ Perhaps, too, we have forgotten that our religion teaches us to keep in our hearts every day a feeling of friendliness, tenderness, unselfishness and sympathetic comradeship for our fellows. In the rush and hurry of progressive civilization we have forgotten this. Today we think of ourselves, of our "company"

and let the others do the same. And still we claim to represent cultured Christianity. ¶ The world owes us nothing, but think of the great debt we owe the world. For what happiness and health we have, we are indebted to the world. We can never settle the debt in its entirety; we can never repay the world for what she gives us. We may have to fight for what we get, but the world never withholds from us our just due, if we make a fair, stern fight. We may in part settle this obligation by allowing our Christian impulses to superpose the modern day animality.

THE settlement of our obligation to the world does not involve the giving of costly presents. A word of cheer to the discouraged, friendly

sympathy for the unfortunate—this may represent the Christmas spirit in a far greater degree than gifts. It is not what a man gives, but how he gives. Think of what the world has given you, and give to your fellows all you can. Wordsworth says "Give all thou canst; Heaven rejects the nicely calculated less or more." And give all you can—all

of sympathy, all of encouragement, all of friendliness, all of love and all of fellowship. Our debt to the world is immeasurable; our settlement should be consummate. ¶ If we greet our Christmas Day with the true Christian spirit—if we seek to alleviate the suffering in some discouraged heart—if we displace somewhere sorrow with gladness, pain with happiness, no one need wish us "Merry Christmas." In our unselfish acts will be found happiness and merriness, even if the whole nation wish us ill. No man can have a real Christmas when he thinks only of himself, for happiness does not come from within, but from without. ¶ On Christmas Day, be a Christian; have a Christian spirit. Carry this Christian spirit with you throughout the new year. Do not let it perish when the Christmas bells have ceased their clamor.

PEACE AND GOOD WILL

The time draws near the birth of Christ;

*The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the midst.*

*Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound.*

*Each voice, four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and good will, good will and
peace,*

Peace and good will to all mankind.

—Alfred Tennyson

If you incorporate this spirit into yourself, you will do good for others and greater good for yourself. Nor does this mean that you must be "churchy." Psalm-singing hypocrites are more numerous than true Christians. It means that every man should remember the words of George Meredith, the English novelist, "Not an act lies dead in a man's past, but it blesses or curses him at every step." Make every act a blessing, and begin on Christmas Day by thinking of the other fellow. Give him your friendship and tolerate his faults and the world will wish you "Merry Christmas."

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DEBATE TEAMS WILL BE STRONG

State College Will Defend Negative of Minimum Wage Question

The first try-out for the intercollegiate debate teams will be held in the assembly hall Tuesday, December 17. Debate Coach Palmer expects at least fifteen candidates to appear in the try-out. In case this number comes out, a second try-out will be held, in which those ranking highest in the previous try-out will again present their arguments. In this last try-out the two intercollegiate teams will be chosen.

College Takes Negative.

Montana State College has accepted the negative of the question, "Resolved, that a minimum wage, to be operative in workshops, factories, and department stores should be provided for by law. Constitutionality granted." Since the Washington State College suggested this question, Montana will now accept the affirmative of the question in the debate with them. This will be in effect a triangular for Montana. The two teams will debate against each other and uncover the weak points on both sides.

Experienced Debaters.

Several veterans will try out this year. Sewell, who was on the team defeating W. S. C. last year, will appear. Warren, a veteran of three intercollegiate debates, will also try out. Davis, who was a member of the victorious Montana State College team, and Miss Evelyn Stephenson who, representing the University, opposed him, also intend to try for the team. The two alternates of last year, Bernice Selfridge and Frederick Richter, will be out again. There are several among the freshmen who have hopes of making an intercollegiate team.

Lower Class Debate.

The debate between the two lower classes of the University will be held soon after the holidays. The two freshmen ranking highest in the intercollegiate try-outs will represent their class. The sophomores have not yet decided in what way they will choose their champions.

Coach Palmer thinks the University will take a double victory this year. The material is the best to appear in many years. With the practice gained from the near-triangular system the University will have a marked advantage over her rivals.

NO UNIFORMITY IN THE TRACK EMBLEMS

The men who won their letters in track last year have finally secured their emblems. A few of the men appeared on the campus this week wearing their sweaters in which there is a sad lack of uniformity. Some men have maroon sweaters with white emblems and others have gray sweaters with maroon letters.

The sweaters cost \$6.50. The A. S. U. M. pays \$3.50 of this amount and the track man pays the other \$3.00.

The emblem is a five-inch letter, encircled with felt of the same color as the letter.

The men who won their emblems last year are Owsley, Taylor, Dornblaser, Miller, Vealey, Ronan, Armitage, Connors, Kuphal and Sheedy. The Associated Students also gave O'Rourke and Cameron emblems in appreciation of their work in former years.

FRESHMEN WIN.

The freshmen girls defeated the sophomore girls at basketball, 10 to 5, Saturday, December 6.

Extra copies of this issue, ready for mailing, may be bought at the Library desk. Price, 5 cents.

ALL RIGHT IN ITS PLACE.

"What do you think about higher education?"

"It's all right, except where they let it take too much time from football practice."—Baltimore American.

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NEXT TO BRIDGE

MURDERER TO BE EXECUTED

Ladley Found Guilty of Murder of Jennie Brice and Will Be Hung.

An interesting problem in the sufficiency of purely circumstantial evidence to convict a man of a capital crime is presented by the "Case of Jennie Brice," a story running in "Everybody's Magazine." On the facts of this story which relates the mysterious disappearance of an actress in Pittsburgh during the flood season, the students of the Law Department held a public mock trial for murder on the afternoon and evening of Friday, the 13th.

Prizes Offered.

"Everybody's" is offering \$11,540 in cash rewards for the best reports of mock trials to be held by organizations throughout the country. There are national prizes of \$500.00, \$300.00 and \$200.00, and state prizes from \$75.00 down to \$25.00. Great interest is being aroused and a public mock trial will be held by the Missoula high school on Wednesday evening of this week in the same competition. Numbers of the high school boys, together with their coach, Mr. Lever, were present at the trial taking extensive notes, and two of them were removed from the jury, by objections for cause. The final installments of the story have not yet appeared.

During the afternoon session Professor Whitlock of the Law Department, wore the judicial ermine, in the temporary absence of Judge T. N. Marlowe. The latter, however, sat during the long evening session, which lasted from about 8 in the evening until 2 o'clock the following morning.

Pretty Mrs. Pitman.

After the opening statements had been made by the prosecution and defense, the case for the people was opened. James Brown, as Mrs. Pitman, was an unusually pretty and pert boarding house keeper, whose sensitive soul was outraged at the murder, which she was sure had taken place under her roof. She had no special liking for "Jennie Brice," the actress, but had an intense aversion to the playwright husband, Ladley.

Brown made a striking contrast in the role of Mrs. Pittman on the one hand, and his characterization of the old, white-haired sharp-tongued Mrs. Murray, mother of the eloping stenographer, who furnished the supposed motive for Ladley's ridding himself of his wife.

An Amateur Holmes.

A. B. Hoblitt was Holcombe, the humane, but eccentric retired merchant, whose enthusiasm for the reliability of circumstantial evidence, made him follow Ladley's trial with the intensity of a blood hound on the scent. This amateur Sherlock Holmes delivered his evidence with the gusto of the astute extremist.

Earl Speer, as little Eliza Schaeffer, with a rosebud mouth and roving eye, was the postmistress of the little town of Horner, where the defense claimed that Mrs. Ladley was seen after the day of the alleged murder.

DeWitt Warren, the red-bearded Irishman—"Shanty-Boat Tim," the boatman who rescued Ladley, had probably the cleverest make-up of the evening.

Miss Hope, An Actress.

"Lizzette" Deschamps, as Miss Hope, the actress friend of Jennie Brice, revealed latent and unsuspected beauty, while Harry Sewell, in the part of the tight-laced sister of Jennie Brice, was mirth provoking, but kept herself in character. Deschamps appeared during the afternoon and was recalled in the evening for the special edification of the large crowd.

Dr. E. Craighead, the coroner, who had examined the headless corpse, supposed to be Jennie Brice, was suave and unshaken under the brilliant cross-examination of the defense as to the results of decomposition of the body.

Carl Cameron, as Ladley, in long frock coat and wig, looked the part of a dissipated genius, who might be engaged in the profession of writing plays. Ladley betrayed his early training, however, when he got in

ahead of his attorneys, and interposed numerous and weighty objections to questions which were asked him by Prosecuting Attorney Kelly.

Strever, as Howell, the newspaper reporter, testified that he had crossed the bridge with a veiled lady, who he was positive was Jennie Brice, on the morning after the murder. Howell created some amusement when he testified that the lady raised her veil before he put her on the train, and refused to state her purpose in so doing.

Don Worden was the matter-of-fact druggist, who supplied Ladley with a bottle of Peruna on the morning of the crime.

Anderson, as Dr. Littlefield, head of an institute for inebriates, was quick, alert, and convincing in his testimony, identifying the headless corpse as the body of Jennie Brice, by the scar on her left breast, the same having been caused by an operation which he had performed for the removal of a tattooed name.

E. G. Smith as Reynolds, the boarder, gave efficient evidence for the prosecution, and R. S. Borland, as hotel clerk, substantiated the testimony of Eliza Schaeffer.

O. J. Thompson, the theater manager, preserved his dignity when called on to answer the unintentionally humorous question of counsel, as to whether or not "Jennie Brice had anything on at his theater that week."

Attorneys.

Justin Miller, and E. Pat Kelly conducted the prosecution, and La Rue Smith and Ray Wiedman presented the defense. The defense brought out their evidence well and developed some brilliant hypotheses to explain the various suspicious circumstances, but the jury were carried off their feet by the masterly summing up by prosecutor Miller, whose ingenious arguments, and convincing earnestness, which will be worth many more verdicts in actual practice, made them believe on scanty evidence, that no other hypothesis than guilt was sufficient to raise even a reasonable doubt.

Ladley to Be Hung.

Judge Marlowe sentenced the prisoner Ladley to be hung by the neck until dead, and this pleasing function will be carried out with appropriate ceremony next Thursday evening at the celebration of Hi Jynx.

As was announced in the papers before the trial occurred the proceeds taken in at the door are to be turned over to the A. S. U. M. to be used toward the football deficit. The students of the law department take this means of thanking the various publications for the advertisement given to this fact, for it no doubt served to swell the receipts in considerable degree.

DEAN H. W. BALLANTINE.

COLLEGIANS LIKE COURTESY SHOWN

President Craighead has received the following letter from Coach Dockstader of the State college:

Your kind letter of the 11th inst. at hand. It was a great pleasure to learn that our team made a good impression in some ways despite the poor quality of their work as players.

I have already told Professor Cunningham and Manager Whisler how much we appreciated the courtesy with which we were treated and the manner in which we were entertained while in Missoula. From the time we arrived until we left, we were shown only the height of square and sportsmanlike conduct by both team and student body. Everyone of us came away with the greatest respect for the University of Montana.

I, too, regret that the score could not have been closer, but such are the fortunes of war and we can only look forward to doing better next year.

Trusting that the two institutions may always have the friendly and courteous rivalry manifested in this last meeting, and thanking you for your kind inquiry, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

E. A. DOCKSTADER,
Athletic Director.

IN HOT WATER WILL DISSOLVE.

The trust that makes bathtubs is doomed to the slaughter. Why talk of excuses? They will not hold water! George B. Morewood in N. Y. Sun.

SOPH RULE IS ABROGATED

Granting Petition of Fraternities, Faculty Will Permit Pledging.

Granting a petition, signed by four of the national fraternities in the University, the faculty at a special meeting held Saturday morning, decided to abrogate the sophomore rule for the year 1912-13. The fraternities will be allowed to pledge some time after Christmas, and before the end of the semester. The exact date will be decided by a faculty committee—Professors Reynolds, Rowe, Aber, Scheuch and Dean Richter. This committee will meet the first week after the holidays.

The petition was received by the faculty at its regular meeting. Since the petition stated that conditions necessitated the temporary abandonment of the rule a faculty committee was appointed to investigate.

This committee met a member from each of the six fraternities Friday. In their report to the faculty they said that the conditions seemed to warrant the temporary abandonment of the rule.

In informing the fraternity representatives of the action of the faculty, Dean Richter, of the School of Engineering, said that it was the wish of the faculty that the fraternities cultivate harmony among themselves. He expressed the belief that the sophomore rule was the best rule for all concerned. He said he hoped no contingency would arise in the future necessitating the fraternities to ask for an abandonment of the rule.

"PROFESSOR MALADY" PLEASURES AUDIENCE

Kaimin Correspondence: State College, Dec. 11.—"The Professor's Malady," staged by the Jack-o-Lanterns, the college dramatic club, Friday, in the Bozeman opera house, was the best play put on by the club. Everybody spoke in the highest praise of the work of the college thespians. The play was not nearly as difficult as attempted by the club before, but was much better handled.

The attendance was encouraging to the members of the club and convinced them that their previous efforts had been appreciated.

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The Weekly Kaimin

Pronounced "Ki-meen." This is a word taken from the language of the Salish tribe and means writing, or something in black and white.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1912.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy tales, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.
—Hamlet.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

The basketball game Saturday night between the two lower classes is an event worth chronicling. The women of the University are participating in athletics for the first time in the history of the institution. It is worth chronicling because it places Montana on a higher plane among universities. The old idea that women should sit on the sidelines "frilled up" in laces and high collars is vanishing. The athletic girl is taking the place of the "primped" lady and the world likes the new girl more than the old one.

In the leading universities of the country the women are encouraged to participate in athletics. In some they are awarded athletic letters. Basketball is not the only sport the girls have either. In some institutions they have crews and track teams.

That game of basketball marks the beginning of a broader minded Montana. The women are fast assuming the place of equality which rightly belongs to them. The narrow prejudices are being overcome and Montana will be a more progressive institution.

Basketball is only a beginning—the women will do more in athletics.

LIEUTENANT PHILOON.

Usually when a football team wins a game the players get the credit. When a team loses a game the coach is blamed.

This has not been so at Montana this year. When the team won, the men on the team got the credit—most of it. But when the team lost Lieutenant Philoon got the credit, for the Grizzlies always lost fighting. It was the former All-American star donating his services and his time patriotically to the Varsity team, who instilled into the Grizzlies the spirit that made them gentlemanly victors and fighting losers.

To Lieutenant Philoon the University people owe a debt they cannot settle. We may thank him time after time but we cannot pay him for the successful season just passed. In part, the showing made by the team

repays him for his work. In the scores and in the satisfaction that his team was a collection of human "tiger-cats" he may find in part reward for work well done.

The Kaimin wishes to thank Lieutenant Philoon for coming to the University in all kinds of weather to work with the football men. The Kaimin thanks him individually for his part in helping the 1912 Grizzlies "make football history."

To this man is due the greatest credit. Thank you, Lieutenant Philoon.

THE APPROPRIATIONS.

Why is it that the educational institutions of the state are always given minor consideration at the hands of the state board of education?

Why is it that the young people of the state—the future citizens in the educational institutions—are always given "what's left"?

These are the questions before the people of the state. Can any citizen remember the time the state officials cramped other institutions to give more money to education?

Since Montana has become a state our educational institutions have been traded and bartered in political deals. Politics, and not the importance of education has been the issue upon which all appropriations and educational questions have been decided. And then they wonder why it is that Montana colleges do not enjoy the rapid growth they should.

Politics! Always politics! Two years ago when the tax amendment was before the people what was the argument used? This amendment will benefit the educational institutions of the state by making more money available for their maintenance—that was the pre-eminent argument in the whole campaign.

As soon as the amendment was passed, other things were given pre-eminence. Education was ignored. Two months after the amendment was passed the appropriation of the university was halved. The other state colleges suffered, too, but not as much as the university.

At that time they did not attempt to cut the appropriation of other institutions. Education can stand it, was the apparent thought.

But this year, too, they again want to make education suffer. They make the appropriations for other institutions and give the colleges the dregs.

Consider the necessary appropriations recommended by the attorney general at the meeting of the state board: Sixty thousand dollars for the state fair. Of course, that may be a legitimate appropriation. The state fair advertises Montana. But don't you think it would be a better and more lasting advertisement for the state to put that amount into education? We want more people to come to Montana, yet we invite them here, perhaps deceiving them into the belief that we have great educational institutions. We have good institutions, but they must advance with the state, and they cannot grow on promises.

Consider, also, the \$25,000 recommended for the establishment of the state tuberculosis hospital. That would be a legitimate expenditure. But why not give that money to education, and promise to establish the hospital when the next appropriation is made. Surely, it is not an immediate need.

One hundred thousand dollars is recommended for improvements at the state prison. We were given a subordinate position to the prison two years ago. Why not make it turn about and compel "Conley's institution of higher learning" to suffer this time?

Perhaps nothing ought to be said about the \$460,000 recommended for the state insane asylum, or the \$330,000 for the state prison. Those are necessary expenses. But could not those amounts be made smaller?

The \$400,000 left for the four state

educational institutions will hardly pay their running expenses.

Perhaps, however, the college people ought to say nothing. When a man goes crazy he has to go crazy in his own state; when he goes to the penitentiary he has to "attend" his own state penitentiary; but when he goes to college he can go to some other state.

Still we persist in calling Montana the Treasure state—the state of copper, silver and gold—when we cannot decently finance our educational institutions.

TRADITION ON SMOKING.

There has been much discussion on the campus on the motives of the Kaimin in an attempt to stop smoking on the campus.

The prevailing opinion points to the belief that the Kaimin thinks it is "naughty" for a man to smoke on the campus. Certainly it is not "naughty" to smoke. Those who are attempting to stop smoking are attempting to uphold an old tradition established by the founder and first president of the University of Montana.

Those who suggest that the tradition be overthrown and those who break the tradition, should remember that President Craig surely had good reason for the initiation of the tradition. If he did not have a good reason we would not have the tradition.

Some have said that other institutions have no such tradition prohibiting smoking on the campus. Inquiry among the faculty members points to the fact that nearly every institution, large and small, has a certain area on the campus in which no one is allowed to smoke.

Montana has an area in which the first president desired there should be no smoking. It is a defiance of the tradition to smoke on the oval or in any of the university buildings. But the tradition does not say that a man cannot smoke behind any of the buildings. Apparently the tradition permits smoking in the dressing room of the gymnasium or in the shops of the engineering building, providing the instructors in the two buildings do not object.

Certainly, the great man who founded that tradition did not wish to restrict the personal pleasures and enjoyments of the University men. He did wish, however, to weave around the name "Montana" a maze of inviolate tradition. These traditions differentiate the University of Montana from all other western institutions.

Tradition is the soul of every university. It is by observing the traditions of our alma mater that we acquire that self-control which is part of a university education. If we allow our unbridled desires to overthrow the traditions of our institutions we have less respect for our university and in the future we will have less respect for ourselves.

Don't you think we owe it to President Craig to observe the tradition established by him? Don't you think we owe it to our alma mater to make her traditions sacred? Don't you think we owe it to the women of the University to keep our cigarettes and pipes from their sight? Don't you think we owe it to ourselves to be men and control ourselves for the good of ourselves and our alma mater?

We observe the tradition of "singing on the steps," why may we not observe this one also?

THE OCCASIONAL KAIMIN.

For the first time in a year the literary geniuses of the University have the opportunity of giving to the community the products of their artistic sentiments.

The University needs a literary publication. With no medium of expression the literati have been compelled to keep their inspiring messages within the narrow limits of the English

rooms. They have clamored for wider fields but their demands were denied, until the "Weekly Kaimin" this week includes the so-called "Occasional Kaimin" as a literary supplement.

The problem of providing an outlet for the mass of literature evolved by the young Kiplings and De Maupassants has furrowed more than one brow. But the man who scratched his head most over the question is Professor G. F. Reynolds, head of the Department of English. The students may thank him for the "Occasional Kaimin."

The institution is too small to support a literary publication. Even if it were a financial possibility it would be a task to find enough good material to fill the magazine.

The literary people scorn to work upon the staff of the college newspaper. Journalistic work is, don't you know, not quite artistic enough to allow full play for their powers, even if their presence in an office where stuff is "hammered" without respect for art or sentiment, was tolerated by reputedly impatient editors.

But now the audience is given and the geniuses will be silent until they have molded into artistic sentences a few more cosmoplastic ideas.

It is hoped that the attitude of the University students toward the contributors of the "Occasional Kaimin" will be more untrammelled than that of Vadius, who scorns in Moliere's "Learned Ladies":

"The common failing of our authors is to show their works and tyrannise the talk;

In the court galleries and promenades, At dinner, in the boudoir, they are still The trielless readers of their tiresome verses

To my mind there is nothing more absurd

Than authors begging incense everywhere, Who, buttonholing anyone they meet, Make him the martyr of their lucubrations.

I never yield to this insistent folly, But hold with the opinion of a Greek, Who, by express command, bids wise men shun Unworthy forwardness to read their works.

DEBATE TRY-OUT.

Montana's brawn has conquered. If every debater will appear for the try-outs next week her brain will also conquer.

The brainy student should be ready to do as much for the University on the platform as his stronger fellow does for her on the gridiron. The football men have sacrificed something to make the past season successful. Certainly their sacrifice is worthy of emulation.

Debate lacks the glamour and the sensationalism of football. But it takes as much aggressiveness to make a successful debater as it does to make a gridiron star. There is not as much glory in debate—but if a man is participating in activities for personal glory, debate has no attraction.

Montana wants debaters who will fight for her and not for themselves. That is why a large number should appear for the try-out. There will be many who will not appear because they do not think they have a chance to make the team.

Those people are not thinking of Montana. They are thinking of themselves—of their own personal glory.

The University does not care to be represented by that class. Rather does she want to be represented by those who will make every sacrifice for her—those who will spend their time working for a University victory and not a personal victory.

The seekers for personal glory will certainly not appear for debate, for they know they would be beaten by the class of men who, inspired by the ideals of Montana, will fight to bring honor to their university.

Montana wants to win her debates this year. She can do it if the debaters will sacrifice for her.



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Young Men's "Fashion" FULL DRESS SUITS, the last word of perfection in style, fit and quality, \$40. Full dress accessories.

This is Everybody's Christmas Store. Immense assortments of gifty things for women and children, as well as men.

MAIL ORDERS FILLED.

The Best Gifts of All for Men and Boys Come From This Great Clothing Store

GIVE something practical and useful, something to add to one's comfort and you'll please a man or boy every time. Our Clothing department is now a great Christmas Bazaar of things particularly suitable for gifts for father, husband, brother and boys generally. Great, broad, comprehensive stocks affording the widest variety for choice, everything of a quality and character that makes it most acceptable, everything priced on a basis that enhances the pleasure of buying.

PRETTY GIFT BOXES FREE

Fancy Christmas boxes add so much to the attractiveness of even a small gift and so enhance its value in the recipient's mind that one should not overlook our offer to furnish **WITHOUT CHARGE** fancy boxes for gloves, hosiery, neckwear, suspenders, handkerchiefs, mufflers and many other articles selected from our holiday showings.



Christmas Neckwear In Grand Array

Grandest collection of men's neckwear we've ever shown. Exclusive styles, exquisite colorings and a grand richness of patterns. One might choose blindfolded and be sure of a good selection. All in fancy boxes.

Pure silk accordion and fancy knit Scarfs; regular \$1.00 values—50c.

Newest novelties in reversible Four-in-Hands, a great assortment and incomparable values—50c.

SPECIAL

Men's silk Four-in-Hands in a score or more of handsome designs and colors; each tie in a fancy box..... **25c**

The latest French novelty silk velvet accordion weave Ties, in changeable color effects—75c.

Open-end and flowing-end Four-in-Hands in hundreds of beautiful new effects—75c.

Beautiful flowing-end Four-in-Hands, made from the choicest imported neckwear silks; nicest in colorings and patterns ever shown in town—\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50.

English silk crocheted Four-in-Hands—our own importation—in the very newest weaves and colorings of the season, plain colors and combinations—\$2.00.

KEISER'S finest fancy silk and silk-knit accordion Four-in-Hands, the very latest ideas in neckwear in a wide range of patterns and colors—\$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50.

SMOKING JACKETS

The solid comfort and luxury that any man can derive from a smoking jacket or house coat makes such a garment one of the happiest of gift selections.

Coats in fine quality plaid-back velours, genuine Worumbo cloth and other rich fabrics; neat patterns, rich colorings, silk trimmings; perfectly tailored and stylishly made garments—\$7.50, \$10, \$12, \$13.50 and \$15.

LOUNGING and BATH ROBES

One of these garments is a necessary and appreciated adjunct to a man's wardrobe. There is style and comfort as well as beauty and durability in the styles shown here.

At \$5.00 and \$7.50

Values the like of which have never been offered before in Mis-soula at \$5.00 and \$7.50; twenty different styles, in exclusive and beautifully patterned materials.

Genuine St. Maries wool blanket Bath-ropes, in choice patterns—\$10.

Lounging Robes made from fine all-wool materials in Navajo art craft designs; attractive and luxurious garments—\$15.

Famous Pendleton Blanket Robes, in a good selection of patterns—\$20.

CANES AND UMBRELLAS

The walking stick has become immensely fashionable the last few seasons and a selection made from our showings is certain to please, especially if one should pick one of the imported novelties.

Folding Suitcase Canes, silver mounted—\$4.00 and \$5.00.

Folding Cane-Umbrellas—a cane for fair weather, an umbrella when needed—\$5.00 and \$6.00.

Electric Canes, regular walking sticks equipped with electric lights or cigar lighters—\$5.00.

"Spreadmore" Umbrellas—the little umbrella with the big spread—finest union and pure silk tops, with natural wood handles in fancy shapes or natural growth; plain and silver mounted—\$1.50, \$3.50, \$5.00, \$7.50, \$10 and \$12.

FINE SHIRTS

A really fine gift is one of shirts—there's always room for more in a man's chiffonier and they are most acceptable. Our showings embrace the best makes in a material and pattern range but little short of wonderful.

Men's Soft Shirts, Hallmark, Yorke and famous Manhattans—\$1.00, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, up to \$3.50.

White Shirts, with the new-style plaited bosoms—\$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50.

Flannel and Silk Negligee Shirts—Manhattan make—\$2.50, \$3.50 to \$5.00.

Full Dress and Dinner Shirts, including the latest things from abroad—\$2.00 to \$6.50.

PAJAMAS and NIGHT SHIRTS

Our showings of these very necessary articles of men's apparel affords no end of good gift suggestions.

Pajamas, in good quality, medium weight outing flannel—\$2.50 and \$3.00.

Pajamas in fine soisette and mercerized silks—\$2.00 to \$3.50.

Pajamas in silks and linens, individually boxed—\$3.00 to \$6.00.

Pajamas made from imported Vyella flannel—\$10.

Nightshirts made from outing flannels and Edencloth, good, full size and roomy garments—\$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00.

Carlsbad Sleeping Garments—just the thing for men who sleep out-of-doors; made of extra heavy fleeced cloth, cut extra full size and provided with pockets in the skirt for the feet and hood or night cap to protect against draughts—Men's, \$2.00; Boys', \$1.50.

MEN'S SWEATER COATS

For a gift that lends itself to the wearer's warmth, comfort and service, a better selection than a sweater coat would be hard to make.

Our assortments of these are very extensive, embracing all popular styles; values without equal—\$1.50 to \$10.

Our \$3.85 Special

Men's genuine Shaker knit sweater coats, warranted pure wool; good, heavy weight; made with "ruff neck" collar and pearl button trimmed; colors oxford or cardinal.

Our Athletic Sweaters are great favorites with college men.

MUFFLERS AND SHAWLS

Most any man would be glad to get a good muffler or one of these splendid dress shawls.

Phoenix Mufflers, the handy kind so much worn by men, women and children; great assortment; in fancy boxes—50c.

Knitted Shawls—our own importation—in white, cream, black and black-and-white effects; boxed—\$3.50, \$5.00, \$7.50 and \$10.



CHRISTMAS GLOVES

Whether for business, street or social wear, or motoring or driving, our Glove section affords assurance of correct selection.

Knitted Gloves, wool and worsted—50c to \$1. Silk Knit Gloves, imported—\$1.50. Scotch Knit Gloves, genuine imported—\$1.50. Cape Street and Dress Gloves—\$1.50. Dent's and Fowne's Street Gloves—\$2.50. Silk-lined Reindeer Gloves, outseam—\$2.00. Imported silk and wool-lined Gloves—\$4.00. Fur-lined Gloves and Gauntlets—\$3.50 to \$12. Chauffeurs' one-fingered fur-lined Mitts—\$2.00 and \$3.00.



MEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS

If in doubt, choose handkerchiefs. If in doubt where to buy, see the assortment and values offered here. Our assortments include everything—plain and fancy, plain and initialed, linene, linen and silk.

Individual handkerchiefs, plain and with embroidered initials—12½c to 75c.

Finest imported linen handkerchiefs—the newest things in plain and crossbar weaves, with narrow hemstitched edges; plain or embroidered with script, tall, cloister and Japanese initials, some with colored borders with initial in colored medallion or in reverse color; three in a box—Each 35c to 50c.

Men's plain and initialed handkerchiefs, 3 to 6 in a box—Box, 75c up.

SPECIAL

Fancy linen and Excelda handkerchiefs, for gentlemen's use and for making **3 for 50c** fancy articles; 50c and 75c val.

GIFT SUSPENDERS

Suspenders bought here are give-able because good. We have none of those cheap, worthless kinds, whose only appeal lies in their gaudy flubdubbery.

Fine Lisle Suspenders, packed in individual burnt-wood boxes—75c and \$1.00.

Knothe's Silk Suspenders, in a great variety of new and attractive styles; each pair in a fancy box—\$1.50.

The Occasional Kaimin

The Robber Wind

Of all robbers, Robber Wind is the most bold. He does not hide around the corner, cowardly awaiting your approach, nor does he lurk in dark hallways; he is brazenly bold. He announces his presence in many ways; sometimes he harps on the telegraph wires; sometimes he howls through the skeletoned trees, and at others he goes bowling down the avenue, creaking signs and rattling windows.

Despite the fact that he is not cowardly, he is extremely ill-mannered. He snatches the slips from the grocer's bundles, and Mrs. Smith receives prunes for beans. Your hat is regarded by him as unnecessary to roof your anatomy, and he wisks it away along with empty candy bags and discarded handbills, the while howling in fiendish glee. Many times he goes on mighty depredations; the wash is jerked from the line and distributed in such inappropriate places as the neighbor's chicken pen or possibly the duck pond. Sometimes, when in a decorative mood, he may even see fit to hang a pair of pink pajamas in the lilac bush or tuck a sheet of snow white linen about the roots of the cedar hedge.

Often he exhibits an inconceivable meanness, an utter disregard for people about him. He slams and re-slams the stable door and plays at billiards with the empty tomato cans which have overflowed the garbage barrel. He whistles down the chimney, flaps the window shade and does a score of other things equally effective toward robbing some poor night-capped mortal of a little needful sleep.

Robber Wind, aside from being assertive, ill-mannered and mean possesses a quadruple personality. Sometimes he is the deep voiced and bearded Boreas, sometimes the lithe and youthful Zephyrus. Often he is the shrill aggressive Eurus, and when he is neither of the other three he is Notus, who hails from the south-land in the belling sails of the rain ships. You may meet him in any one of his four personalities in almost any place at almost any time. You cannot dodge his acquaintance. He does not wait for a formal introduction, but introduces himself, invariably taking a remembrance of the meeting; if nothing else is available, he steals a kiss.

The Unroofed House

One cold, bleak day this fall, as I was walking about the campus, I discovered, in the fork of a leafless tree, a deserted bird's nest, forsaken and lonely. Strong winds had shaken the tree until the nest had slipped away from its place and part of it hung in shreds. But still it remains silent testimony of the countless laborious efforts of its inhabitants. Here and there was a bit of twine, discolored by age and weather, and small sticks and grasses, which had helped to make this home comfortable and warm. The nest alone against the bare trunk of the tree, looked exceedingly small for the family it must have sheltered. There must have been numerous quarrels in such small quarters, when the fledglings were just learning to fly. Here and there I could even see places where the nest had been torn and scratched at the sides. Here and there the edges were rubbed down almost on a level with the branch. A poor forsaken, roofless home, but nevertheless eloquent of every action that had ever passed under its roofless completeness.



THE GYMNASIUM.



Better Than Wireless

(By George Armitage)

Cheyenne awoke, happy as usual, but given time to think, he cursed softly and rolled disgustedly from his soughs. A bitter December wind was crying at the corners and a sharp chillness filled the whole interior of the little cabin.

"What a fool I was," he muttered, with a wry face, as he tugged viciously at a pair of "Hyer Special" box-toed boots, so hardened during the night that he could only get them partly on. Stumping to the stove, his heels five inches from the floor, he pettishly kicked a box that stood in the path of his wobbling feet. A protruding corner caught on the end of his toe and with a cry of pain, he sank weakly to a chair. "D—my fool soul. I suppose everything has to go crooked now; why didn't I have sense enough to quit when I was ahead of the game?"

Like a dream he would forget, he saw again as he sat with his head in his hands, that green table in the rear end of the Silver Dollar saloon at Shawmut, littered with cards, and the sickly kerosene light above dimmed by the foulness of hand-made cigarettes manufactured from white papers and Bull Durham. He saw the many colored chips slide continually to his pile and the "busted" cow-punchers slink away. Then came the stranger, and then—and then—that awful ride home—broke—in debt to the saloon—and his two months' salary all shot to pieces.

Cheyenne dejectedly blew a tiny flickering flame into a blaze and when the thin sheet iron at last began to glow, he put on the wash basin to thaw and wondered wearily what he was living for. His spirit of despondency suddenly changed to an outbreak of wrath and he cursed himself and the stove and cow-punchers in general and everything that he could think of till he stopped from lack of breath; what was the use? He had lost by his own foolishness, and the vacation for Christmas to town that he had secured only a week before, would do him no good. To disheartened to cook, he brewed a pot of coffee and gulped down cup after cup of the black, unsweetened juice in sympathetic companionship with many soothing cigarettes. Suddenly his melancholy thoughts were brought to a quick stop by a sharp, "Oh-ho," and he shuffled to the door to see McDool the boss, loping up from the gate leading a big blazed-faced sorrel, and accompanied by another cowboy.

"Where in the devil did you get Cracker Jack?" he greeted the boss. "Nosey caught him in Trail gulch last night. If someone hadn't seen him he would 'a' been clear to the Yellowstone before you heard of him. Probably some one would had their brand on him by that time."

Cracker Jack nestled his sleek nose in his master's arms and Cheyenne

stroked him fondly. "I don't see how he got out, Mac. He was safe in the Razor Creek pasture yesterday and all the gates were solid."

"I don't know anything about that," warned McDool, "but you'll lose a good horse some of these days if you persist in letting him run loose without a scratch. I've told you time and time again to stick your brand on him." Then, dismissing the subject, he said, "Mike here, will take your place till New Year's and you can come on down with me if you want."

Cheyenne's hand dropped sulkily from the horse's head and he viciously kicked a couple of tin cans toward the barn. Then he said quietly: "I'm not going in."

"Then what did you ask me for and make me ride clear up here for nothing?" McDool demanded hotly.

"Why I—a—things are not as I thought they would be and if—a—I can't make it now, Mac."

"Tisn't money that's worrying you, is it, Cheyenne? You know that you can have all you want," McDool offered.

Cheyenne hesitated. He knew he could get all he needed from the boss or any of the men, but he thought proudly to himself: "What would they think of me if I told him that, me, an old cow-puncher that played poker when he was a baby, went and got buncoed out of the two months' salary, that he just gave me last week?"

"No, thanks, just the same," he answered firmly. "I've got plenty, you know."

"I'm sorry you can't go," McDool sympathized. "You deserve a holiday more'n any of us. Mike and I'll be hiking right back then. Cut the water holes every day and ride line pretty close. If those old cows ever get to driftin' they'll be gonnors sure. We'll be back New Year's." There was a clatter of hoofs and in a moment they were out of sight.

Cheyenne put Cracker Jack in the barn and began his day's work with his only other winter mount. "That scatter-brained Nosey probably run the devil out of him on the trail," Cheyenne told the horse that he was riding by way of excuse for letting Cracker Jack rest.

All day the saddened cowboy rode line and automatically went through his work. The cold penetrated his woolly chaps and heavy sheepskin; tiny icicles rattled at his pony's nose, but Cheyenne's thoughts were not there to notice.

"That old rascal of a Cracker Jack, he'd been clear to Carrie Ryan's if somebody hadn't stopped him—he loves her about as much as I do; no wonder, the way she used to feed him candy and apples—I ought to brand him, but I promised her—d—that Jimmie Bowman, he thinks he's so good lookin' and he's so all-fired nice to her—say! didn't she like to ride

that horse, though; but she wouldn't take him when I offered him to her as a present—said she knew he was the best friend I had. That Christmas dinner she's going to give! Here, me invited two months ago and now not sending any present or even any word—spose Jimmie will be there with a fine present for her—then they'll sit alone by the big fire-place at night—I know he's crooked, but Lord—I'd never dare tell her that—I wonder if she really cares for—huh, a poor cow-puncher like me's got no show for her on a salary of forty a month—Bowman's got scads of money an' horses—I wonder if I'll be wagon boss next year when Mac goes in as general manager? I could get a chance to prove up on my claim—h—, I've just got to send that girl a present."

Ryan's was two days' ride from the river ranch and at the river ranch every day, Cheyenne knew he had to be. The oldest man in the company's employ, just because he had always done just what he was told, he wasn't going to ruin his reputation now. All the way home he decided that the only thing he could do was to let Bowman go to the Christmas dinner, give all the Christmas presents, and probably marry the girl for all that he could hinder.

In the morning he awoke early and lay for some time thinking and planning again. Suddenly he sat up and scratched his head. "Hurray!" he yelled, springing out of bed and dancing around the room regardless of the cold, "I'll do it; I'll send her the best in Montana."

He celebrated his idea by cooking everything he could find for breakfast, and after a grand feed on oatmeal and beans and hot cakes and bacon and coffee and spuds, he found a clean sheet of paper and wrote triumphantly, "From William Maxwell to Carrie Ryan—A Merry Christmas." Finding an old tobacco sack, he placed the note in it and hurried to the barn. He led the whinnying Cracker Jack out into the light and jerked the steel "never-slip" from his left front foot. Then he nailed it back on again with the note in the little sack tacked neatly against the bottom of the hoof. "I wonder if she'll remember the time I told her I would send Cracker Jack to her some time with a message in his shoe. It won't do any hurt anyhow, and maybe she'll find it."

Clear to the top of the divide Cheyenne led the wondering Cracker Jack and turned him loose with a parting slap, "To the basin, old man." Cracker Jack trotted a few feet and then stopped and turned undecidedly back to his master. Cheyenne laughed sadly, and pulling his automatic from his chap pocket, fired its entire contents quickly into the air. The frightened horse waited no longer but sprang down the long slope with ex-

(Continued on Page Ten.)

Diamond Dust and Cotton

(By Gertrude Zerr.)

A little boy who had never had a toy of his own, watched with keen delight a neighbor's gray kitten, playing with the curtain ball. At his earnest solicitation he was permitted to touch it, whereupon he cried in disappointment, "Aw, gee, it's nothing but a cat! Anybody could make a live kitten do that. I thought it was machinery!" He had never known anything but reality. He wanted symbols.

Shall we abolish Christmas with its needless expense of useless gifts and tinsel? The practical person says that the money annually wasted on diamond dust and cotton, on trees and candles, on holly and mistletoe, would feed 1,000 children for one year. The money spent for Christmas festivities, church decorations, theaters and street celebrations, would erect sanitary homes for a thousand families. The money spent for meaningless Christmas gifts would abolish poverty.

But even if we did accomplish all this by the abolition of Christmas, we should have paid too great a price. A thousand dollars spent annually on diamond dust and cotton to represent snow, is a better investment than a thousand dollars spent on overshoes. We may overcome the lack of the so-called necessities of life but every attempt to destroy the symbolism of Christmas is a blow at the most virile force in the world—its youth.

We do spend a great deal on useless show. The ground may be covered with real snow, yet we must represent it by an extravagant outlay of cotton, sparkling with diamond-dust. We do abuse the spirit of Christmas by gift-giving, but we would far more abuse the generosity of our hearts by not giving at all.

"At least," says the practical person, "if you must give gifts, give something useful. Don't give a jumping jack to the child who needs shoes."

By all means, don't. It is far better to give both. The practical person usually gives neither. But if you cannot give both gifts at Christmas time, give the one that means the most. The shoes express your duty to the child. The jumping-jack the free love of your heart.

The spirit that prompts Christmas giving is the same today as it has always been. The practical person is really a dreamer who sees only the surface and mistakes for reality what is but a passing phase of life. Bread and butter, caps and mittens, what have they to do with Christmas? There is no child in the world so abused as the heir of a great fortune who finds a million-dollar mansion, a yacht, and several new touring cars in his stocking on Christmas morning. Yet they are useful gifts—good investments.

If love and good-will are destroyed by giving gifts and making a holiday show, that spirit is a poor thing, worthy of destruction. But the more vital it is, the more eagerly will it seek expression, and grow by the very act of expressing itself. The love that presented the first Christmas gift was a vital force. The child was in need of clothing and shelter. Yet the Great Givers brought Him gold to crown Him king, frankincense, to express the homage of His subjects, and myrrh to give His body kingly burial. What do the practical persons say of this? That it would have been far better for the child, had the magi remained quietly at home and indulged in thoughts of love for the Christ-King? Perhaps so, but the magi were wise men. So are we when we see beyond the falseness of reality into the truth of symbolism.

Work in His Line

New housekeeper—Is this the taxidermist?

Man on the telephone—Yes, ma'am. New housekeeper—You stuff birds, don't you?

Man—We do, ma'am.

New housekeeper—Well, how much would you charge to come up here and stuff the turkey we're going to have for Christmas dinner? I myself don't know how.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Occasional Kaimin

Formal Receptions

From battle, murder and formal receptions, good Lord, deliver us!

Such sweet things, formal receptions! So—so—charming, you know. The moment you receive your invitation, the degrading efforts begin. At every thought of the approaching event, you stiffen perceptibly and practice arranging your features. If you are a lady, you decide, of course, that you will be exquisitely gowned. If a gentleman, you carry your dress suit to the Pressorium.

When the night arrives the actual formalization really begins. You rise elegantly from the supper table, sweep upstairs to your room and prepare for the worst. At last you are gowned or groomed, whichever it may be, in your happiest draperies and sweetest graciousness. Your face wears a plaster of paris smile, warranted formal, and every gesture bespeaks studied perfection.

You lay aside your outer garments at the door and straighten your shoulders with painful grace. You poise for a moment at an angle of fifty-seven degrees; you smile graciously. Your patent leather shoes pinch, but it's all perfectly charming. In the reception room you glance with critical approval at the decorations. Then, with a final flourish, you pass down the receiving line. Ah! What a magnificent relic of civilized barbarism! You are perfectly delighted to meet ——. Then you pass on and with an air of a crown prince, you greet the other Lord Highers and Highesses, you happen to know.

The climax comes when you meet your best friend disguised in a swallow tail, or it may be a train, and a smile. You step lightly up and present one hand. You remark about the charming—etc., etc. Yes, you do. This person you are conversing with, wearing—let us say a dress suit—is the very fellow you've eaten out of the same tin plate with out hunting. And now you're bowing elegantly in affirmation to his rhapsodies about the "tasteful decorations." Finally, you wake with a thud. You dimly remember that there have been other days. You nudge your best friend and with a dawn of independence in your eye, venture: "Say, old man, for the love of Pat, let's beat it. Let's go out and raise—." But your outburst is drowned by the eager ascent of your best friend.

Dreams

The window opened slowly and easily and the man slid noiselessly over the sill. For a moment he paused. He could see a light through the portieres. The house was considerably changed in five years. Five years ago he had been the master of this house. Five years ago his wife had—his wife!—If he had only trusted her he would not have spent five long years in prison for trying to kill another man. It was to find her, to ask her forgiveness that he had come. Suddenly a woman's laugh, followed by a silken rustle of skirts drifted to him from the lighted room. Could it be she? Then a voice floated out to him, rising clear and true in the air of a popular song. It was the one voice he would have known in a thousand. She had been a singer when he married her, a prima donna in light opera. He wondered if she had gone back to the stage when he—left. Maybe—she would not want to see him at all. Yet—in answer to his thoughts the last few lines of the song she was singing forced themselves upon his consciousness.

"Though the stars may fade, and the sunshine, too

I will keep on loving you, dear, for I dream of you."

The voice stopped and the man slowly but surely crossed to the portieres and opened them.

He noticed that the Victrola was mahogany—blood color.

A Typical Lit Paper

I think that it is very beautiful. I like it very much. I don't know why I like it, but I like it. It is the author's best style—his choice of words is excellent. His philosophy is expressed here as well, I think, as in anything he ever wrote. It is hard to determine just what his philosophy is, but it is certainly splendid. I agree with him in everything that he says. The wages of sin certainly are death, and I know from my own experience that it is best to be good. (Here the paper ends with an apt quotation.)

THE STAFF.

A. S. MATTHEWSON, Editor.

CONTRIBUTORS.

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WALTER CONWAY
GUSSIE GILLILAND

Tete-a-Tete at the Dance

"May I have the pleasure of a dance, Miss Blank?"
"You may—Yes."
"Do you like the University?"
"Yes."
"Are you a Senior in high school?"
"Yes."
"So many charming young ladies."
"Yes."
"We college men have quite lost our hearts."
"Yes."
"Can you blame us?"
"Yes."
"But we hope to recover."
"Yes."

The Christmas Stocking

What memories you bring up, old stocking, as I gaze upon you, hanging there by the flickering fire light, awaiting the arrival of St. Nick. The curly-headed youngster who hung you there has gone to bed, to dream all night of the good things you will give to him in the morning. You and I alone remain. You hang there as happy and contented as mine did when I was a child and rushed down to turn it upside down in order to disgorge all the good things which it contained. You are its very reincarnation. You were but a mere rag, a slave of my will, bidden to await the arrival of the Royal Guest—Santa Claus—and when he came storming in, one broad, all-including smile you received obediently and gratefully what he had to give. Then, after you had served my purpose, I threw you into some closet, because I had newer and better things to concern myself with.

I used you, Christmas stocking, this way for many years, during which time you were my ever-faithful servant. But as I grew older, I became more and more independent of you, until at last I quite discarded you. Gradually I forgot that you ever existed. But as I sit here tonight before the dying embers with my old pipe held firmly between my teeth, memories of you come back to me. It is sixty years since I saw you last. Then, you and I were happy and gay. Tonight I am old and thoughtful and you are only a memory faded and tender, and as I sit forlorn, I draw out from the dusty attic of my memory, the dusty and cob-webbed, crippled, disfigured and fragile toys, and play with them like a child. The little steam engine, toy dogs, tin soldiers, the tiny red wagon, drums, horns, dolls and fire wagons, make me a child again. I call them by name, but they will not come. I stand them up, but they fall down. The soldiers will not obey orders. The horn will not blow. Everything is broken and different. I play with them secretly and with great delight, for they are tokens of love from those who are gone forever. They recall old memories of dear ones whom I did not prize until it was too late. They suggest good deeds which should have been done before the tomb was sealed.

Christmas stocking, you have awakened in me something that is new and noble. I cannot do good to those who are gone; it is too late. But I can and will be of greater service to my fellows hereafter. Friend you were to me in childhood; a greater friend you are to me in my old age. The fire is nearly out; I must go to bed; but I shall come down to see you in the morning and will help my grandchild empty you as I did long ago.

Weather

When the chill sun of northern mid-December,
Gilds the dull campus with its softened light
And the frost crackles at his every football
Gay is the student's heart, his eye is bright.
Oh, the keen joy of skating in the evening,
Drinking the wintry air so crisp and clear
And keener still the joy of looking forward
To Christmas time and home, both now so near.

On The Campus at Twilight

(By H. Hart.)

Leaving the closed library in the early dusk of a winter evening, one enters a scene of restful beauty. At the southwest, all the bare trees of the campus are darkly silhouetted against the last gray and rose of sunset. Toward the west and north, the soft blooms of the electric globes space the horizon into regular plots. At the north and east lies the half-turned bowl of the Rattlesnake, its entrance well dotted with the same fair lights. The wide circuit of the whole is closed by the dark mountain near by and, against its base, the darker mass of the University buildings. The scene is all subdued in color and yet with a fine setting forth of contrasts; trees against the sky, lights against the depths of color, the black of buildings against the thickening mountain shadow.

What meanings would a Ruskin find in such a scene? Something more than simple beauty, we may be sure. Confidence it brings. The unapproachable sky is brought closer by the dark trunks and limbs, so near and tangible. They are poised steadily and firmly, resting silently in their winter sleep—their leaves no longer sing, nor their branches wave in the autumn breezes. It is December and they await the spring. Our rest, like theirs is earned; we may take our leisure, our readings, musings and other simple pleasures of the home with



their confidence. The city lights against the smoke of town are simpler to understand. The lifting smoke of evening, what is it but the toil of street and home, and the care that binds us hour by hour throughout the day. The lights set forth the social intercourse. As leisure is ours by right, so companionship and laughter are our heritage. We need only to stretch out our hands for the benefits that come.

The meanings of the mountain and the University at its foot, are so plain that he who runs may read. The beginnings of education by the state

were made in a fortunate spot. The symbolism of the place is rich in confidence. The sure foundation of rock, the upward winding paths and the possibility of reaching a summit, all apply. Every student who faces the mountain on his way to morning work, feels, however vaguely, the message of the scene. He leaves it behind for the lighter occupations of the evening, but finds it waiting him unchanged on his return. It is a scene to which his thought will often turn and from which he will half consciously draw helpful meaning, after the lessons of the class room are forgotten.

Dilly-Dally Land

Ah! Ah! The pleasant but deplorably shiftless idleness of Dilly Dally Land! How often you have strolled along that delightful little path, all autumn leaves and sunshine and "Spoony Rocks," where fussers love to go? Or, perhaps, smoking is more to your taste and you prefer to spend your time in that foggy, densely clouded little lane, where cobwebs stretch from tree to tree, and entangle themselves in your logical thoughts and your memory that used to be the best in the class? You are lucky indeed, too, if you have never been entrapped in that dreary little passage, where loss of sleep helps you yawning and phantoms closely resembling your professors pursue you as you stumble along over themes unwritten and papers long overdue. But still it really is a very alluring place for a short time.

There are scores of other ways, too, of reaching it, principally broad streets most pleasant to look at, as long as you happen not to know where they end. There is "Indolence Avenue," where numberless alluring benches are placed along the way, inviting you to sit and rest and dream away your time. At right angles to this and with an easy slope down hill, is a side street, "Put It Off." I think they call it, though the sign beside its entrance reads: "No Will Power Allowed To Enter Here." I do not remember ever having seen it look quite deserted. Probably students prefer to walk here and leave W. P. at home. The favorite street, however, is "Lack of Concentration." This is where a large group of students make their daily walk.

But alas! broad and numerous as are the entrances into Dilly Dally,

there is but one way out. Once you are well started you have no choice but to go straight ahead. You are pushed headlong down a steep and stony pathway, which lands you breathless at the bottom, in a wretched little place called "Flunkin!" where the temperature never rises much above zero.

The Furnace

"There are many pleasures in the winter not to be had in the summer."

Extract from a Freshman theme on "What Season I Like Best."

"In reviewing the pleasures and activities of the winter months, almost every enthusiast fails to mention the most important and most conspicuous of them all. This is the furnace. What joy is there to be compared to that of coming down early every morning to "fix" the fire so that the rest of the family may eat breakfast without wearing overcoats and mittens? What is so invigorating as the crisp, fresh morning air? What offers such scope for "profound and melancholy" thought as the contemplation of a smouldering fire, especially when you are wearing pink crocheted slippers and your breath makes such a fog that you can scarcely see the "dying embers." And then what else can put such a good taste in your mouth for starting the new day besides the misnamed action of "shaking down the furnace;" misnamed in view of the fact that it means "shaking up" the ashes into your eyes and mouth and hair? Ah, yes, taken all in all, it's lovely. The person who wrote on winter as his favorite season, evidently lived in a steam heated flat."

A Billboard Santa

"Big bargains in toyland, toys for all ages, toys for the girls, toys for the boys, at Humphrey's, the home of Santa Claus!" Goodness how unseasonable. Here we are in the middle of sweltering July, the blistering sun poised directly overhead, two inches of heavy yellow dust in the road, and there on the bill board that token of snow-bound December. Goodness how unseasonable. But here comes the bill poster in a cloud of sifting dust; probably he is going to shave old Santy and give him a straw hat, for he seems uncomfortably hot in those heavy flannels and furs. Yet, he still wears the jovial smile of Christmas, his beard is just as white as December snow, but his once rosy cheeks are of deathlike paleness, and his fur trimmed coat has been transformed from the reddest of reds to the palest of pinks. His eyes lack their original lustre, they do not sparkle as they did at Yuletide, but look longingly into the future; perhaps to the time when the cycle will have been completed and a new Christmas born.

The leaves of the neighboring cottonwoods wave defiantly at those of the engrailed holly, which once the richest of green have been washed by April showers to a faint yellow. But, look! The bill poster has smeared old Santy with a thick paste, and the first smoother out square bears the head of the woman, pink cheeked ad smiling. The next square adds her shoulders, ha, ha, I see what is coming. It is the Coca-cola woman who wore her low-necked purple gown until last Thanksgiving—wonder if she brought her furs this season.



THE BATTLE.

SOCIETY

Faculty Ladies' Club.

The Faculty Ladies' club met Monday afternoon with Miss Eloise Knowles at the home of Mrs. J. W. Buford on Hilda avenue. About 20 ladies were present to enjoy Miss Knowles' hospitality.

Football Captain Surprised.

Mrs. J. W. Moore entertained the members of the University football squad at her home on East Main street last evening as a surprise for her nephew, Paul Dornblaser, captain of the Montana eleven. Twenty men, including Coaches Philoon and Greenough and Trainer Stone, enjoyed Mrs. Moore's hospitality. Progressive whist was played during the early part of the evening, Merritt Owsley winning first prize, a box of cigars. A supper was served at the conclusion of the game, after which the men sang and gave yells.

At Luncheon.

Miss Dorothy Sterling entertained at luncheon Monday in honor of Miss Genevieve Walsh. Covers were laid for nine at a beautifully appointed luncheon table which was most effective in its lace cover, red candle shades, and bright red center piece of red berries and Oregon grapes. Miss Sterling's guests were: Misses Genevieve Walsh, Grace Rankin, Florence Leech, Bess Epperson, Edna Power, Stella Duncan, Esther Birely and Diana Uline.

For Miss Walsh.

Miss Stella Duncan entertained at a chafing dish supper Sunday evening at Craig hall in honor of Miss Walsh. Miss Duncan's guests were the guest of honor and Misses Dorothy Sterling, and Esther Birely; Messrs. Joe Farrell, Wayne, Johnson, Clarence Forbis, Roscoe Wells.

An Informal Evening.

A pleasant informal party was the one given at the Sigma Nu house on Saturday evening. Music, cards and pleasant conversation before the open fire made the evening pass only too quickly. The guests were the Misses Florence Leech, Grace Rankin and Clara Robinson; Messrs. La Rue Smith, Arthur Wright and Bob Borland. Mr. and Mrs. David Mason chaperoned.

A. S. U. M. Dance.

On Friday evening the last of the A. S. U. M. dances to be held before the holidays was given in compliment to the football men. An unusually large crowd attended. The music of the University orchestra was thoroughly appreciated by all.

Miss Kemp Hostess.

Miss Bernice Kemp was hostess during the week at two informal dancing parties, one on Thursday and the other on Saturday evening at her home on Connell avenue. Card tables were arranged in a room on the second floor so that the guests when tired of dancing, might enjoy a game of bridge. About twenty couples were present each evening.

Out-of-Town Guests.

Messrs. Syrel Guest and Guy Clements of Wadena, Minn., and James McQuarter, of Spokane, Wash., are guests this week at the home of Miss Eunice Dennis.

For Miss Walsh.

One of the charming functions of the week was the bridge party given on Thursday afternoon by Miss Stella Duncan in compliment to her guest, Miss Genevieve Walsh of Helena. The Kappa Alpha Theta suite was attractively decorated for the occasion with yellow chrysanthemums. When refreshments were served the guest of honor was presented with a large bouquet of chrysanthemums. The guests were Mesdames A. N. Whitlock, James Bonner, J. J. Lucy, Gilbert Reinhard, Misses Louise Smith, Agnes Lombard, Alice Mathewson, Mildred Ingalls, Esther Birely, Dorothy Sterling, Ona Sloane, Anabel Ross, Eva

Coffee, Bess Epperson, Edna Power, Phyllis Gagnon, Evaro Avery, Alice Hardenburgh, Gladys Stabern, Florence Leech, Bess Rhoades, Merle Kettlewell, Diana Uline and Grace Rankin.

Miss Buckhouse Hostess.

Miss Gertrude Buckhouse was hostess on last Sunday evening at a pleasant dinner party at the home of Mrs. George Fox. Miss Buckhouse's guests were the librarians from the public and the university libraries. After dinner music formed the evening's entertainment.

Informal Spread.

Several girls in the University gave a spread in the rest room of the library Wednesday noon. The affair was informal and very enjoyable. Those present were Miss Buckhouse and Winnifred Feighner, the guests of honor, and the Misses Florence and Mary Shull, June Whiting, Eunice Dennis, Hilda Marsh, Bess Wilde, Winnifred McLaughlin, Helen Orr, Pansy Evans, Irene Teagarden, Hazel Hawk, Bessie and Rosie Sistack and Cora Schilling.

Sigma Nu Dance.

The members of Sigma Nu gave a dancing party at their fraternity house Wednesday evening in compliment to Miss Genevieve Walsh of Helena, Professor and Mrs. Whitlock, Misses Walsh, Duncan, Birely, Uline, Robinson, Messrs. Newells, Cameron, Wolf, Sewell, Speer, and Borland were the guests who enjoyed the very pleasant evening.

Cosmos Club.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Evans entertained the Cosmos club Monday evening. The members assembled first in the assembly hall to hear an interesting talk on "Bermuda," given by the Rev. H. S. Gately, rector of the Episcopal church and illustrated with stereopticon views shown by Dr. M. J. Elrod. At the conclusion of the lecture the guests went to the Evans home where Mrs. G. F. Reynolds read a few selections.

Sigma Chi Smoker.

The local chapter of the Sigma Chi fraternity entertained the Missoula alumni and a number of friends at a smoker in the chapter house Thursday evening. The affair was an informal one and was spent pleasantly by about 40 men. Cards were played during the early part of the evening and afterward a light lunch was served. A number of impromptu vaudeville stunts helped make the evening enjoyable. Professor Mustaine, the new physical director at the university, Paul Greenough, Ronald Higgins, and about 20 freshmen were the guests for the evening.

Delta Gamma Alumnae.

A meeting was held Saturday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Edgar Polleys for the purpose of organizing an alumnae association of Delta Gamma. Mesdames D. J. Haviland, S. A. Bisbee, Frank Bonner, Donald McGregor, Edgar Polleys; Misses Maude Johnson, Grace Stoddard and Hannah Book will make up the local membership of the alumnae association.

To Welcome Mrs. Leech.

Mrs. F. C. Scheuch asked a company of ladies to her home on South Fifth street west, Saturday afternoon, to welcome Mrs. Arbie Leech, who has come to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Wilkinson. Mesdames Scheuch and Mrs. Wilkinson assisted the hostess in receiving her guest. Six tables accommodated all who cared to play bridge. Other ladies came in for an hour of social conversation at tea time. Christmas greens and red berries made bright the reception rooms for the function.

At Toole's.

Saturday evening Mrs. E. H. Freeze and Mrs. George Weisel entertained at the Toole home in honor of Mrs. Arbie Leech and Mrs. Mills, who are

KEL TALKS ON HI JINX -- NOT

Chairman of Foolishness Committee Surrounded by Maze.

"Hi Jinx! Hi Jinx!" Where have I heard that concoction of English before?" said the Hon. E. Patrick Kelly, as he shifted from one foot to the other and thrust his lower jaw forward.

"So you are a Canine reporter, are you; and you think we will give you rag anything about our great Christmas entertainment, do you? Well, I want to tell you right now, pup, that you have about as much chance of success in getting some dope on Hi Jinx as a tallow-legged terrier would have if he tried to chase an asbestos cat through the Infernal Regions—and speaking of the Infernal Regions, pup, believe me, there will be about as much contrast between Hi Jinx of former years and the one this year as there is between the fires in the Infernal Regions and a Christmas candle. Hi Jinx is going to be a real Hi Jinx. Why, we've had nothing but taffy pulls here before compared to what we are going to —"

"But, Mr. Kelly, can't you give us something definite about your entertainment," pleaded the reporter, in the hope of penetrating the mass of un-interviewability.

"I did not get you, pup. Repeat." "Somebody said you were going to give a musical comedy."

"Lovely. You're a bright boy. You ought to turn train robber and pilfer the football coaches."

"But, Mr. Kelley, who is the star in your musical comedy?"

"Dornblaser would make a good prima donna, wouldn't he, pup?" And Kelly poked the reporter under the "frat" pin. "Dornblaser is sure petite; is that word Francois or bourgeois, cub?"

"And the hero; who is he, Mr. Kelly?"

"Fred Richter; wouldn't he make a great hero—and Dornblaser, the prima donna, would fly into his manly arms—and 'Iklestein Whisler,' he'd make a whistle of a French poodle. Say, pup, you have nearly convinced me that a musical comedy is the thing to give. Why, there's the carnival clowns and —"

"Why, Mr. Kelly, aren't you going to give a musical comedy? I've been interviewing you on that for the last half hour."

"Say, you capering cub, take this, and take it straight. Go back to your cantankerous yellow journal and embellish the front page with this line in the next edition: 'Kelly reticent concerning Hi Jinx. Will say nothing except that celebration will be a moan-producer.' Good day, sir."

Mr. Kelly waved his hand in salute and disappeared into the "Black Hole" of Calcutta.

visitors in Missoula, for the holidays. Those invited for the delightful evening, aside from the guests of honor and local members of Kappa Kappa Gamma were: Misses Alice and Grace Mathewson, Jeanette Clark, Alpha Buse, Helen Maclay, Isabel Gilbert, Clara Robinson, Frances Birdsall, and Lillian Scrogue.

Sigma Chi Initiates.

Beta Delta Chapter of Sigma Chi has announced the initiation of Paul Gervais, '14, and Archie Hoel, '15.

At Dinner.

Professor and Mrs. Whitlock entertained charmingly at dinner Friday evening in honor of Miss Walsh.

At Evans'

Beverly Evans was host at a charming birthday affair Friday evening. Clara Robinson and Cornelia MacFarland were guests at dinner and other friends were invited for a most pleasant evening of dancing, cards, music, and refreshments. The guests were: Misses Kemp, Nutting, Uline, Richter, Grace Mathewson, MacFarland and Robinson; Messrs. Frederick, Richter, Wright, Bischoff, Branger, Norman Streit, and Janek.



Gifts for Friends

One of the greatest pleasures of the Yuletide season is the giving of gifts to friends. There is always a certain degree of genuine pleasure in remembering a friend at Christmas time that not only is not possible at other times or which may not be entirely proper. Arrange a list of the friends you want to remember and bring it here—you will find it easy to fill and that it will not be necessary to overstep your purse limits.

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PRESIDENT TELLS OF TRIP

Doctor Craighead Believes "No Smoking" Tradition Should Be Upheld.

Convocation was held in the regular period on Wednesday morning for the first time in a month. President Craighead took up the hour in telling of his trip to New York, and in speaking of several matters of interest, especially the matter of state school consolidation and smoking on the campus. This was the first time the president had met the students since his return, and the account of his trip, and especially his meeting with Mr. Carnegie and Dr. Carrell, the winner of the Nobel prize, was full of interest.

Carnegie Generous.

"Mr. Carnegie is now 70 years old, and wants to live to be 100 so bad that he would gladly give \$125,000,000 to do so," said President Craighead. At the luncheon of the Carnegie fund directors he gave to the fund \$125,000,000 to be used to promote education. Because of the absence of any "strings" on the administration of the gift it is the most remarkable bequest ever made.

Nobel Prize Winner.

Dr. Carrell, who has been known all over the world since he won the Nobel prize for scientific research, does his work at the Rockefeller institute in New York city, and it was here at a luncheon that President Craighead met him. The little French surgeon showed the president around his laboratories and explained his work. His great achievement is the grafting of limbs and parts of one animal on another animal of the same species. In the laboratory he had a dog who was equipped with a hind leg from another dog, and a rabbit who was hearing through another rabbit's ear. Although no such operations have been performed on human beings, it is believed to be possible.

Dr. Carrell is a French student of medical research, who came to America six years ago. Since then he has perfected his system of joining blood vessels by the use of a certain shaped cut and a ligature. This is what has made possible his wonderful operations. He does not seem to realize himself that he has done anything wonderful. He is quiet, even bashful, and is now quite worried over the prospect of having to make a speech when he goes abroad to receive his medal.

Attends Board Meeting.

On his return from New York the president stopped at Helena to attend a meeting of the state board of education, at which the question of finances for the next two years was considered. There is less money to run the seven state schools than there is for the maintenance of the state's penitentiary. It was suggested to Mr. Craighead that he move to have the convicts fed at the Waldorf Astoria, which would probably cost the state less than it does now. Nothing has been done yet with the question of duplicated courses and consolidation of professional schools.

College Men Running Country.

"Of all horned cattle," quoted the president, "the college graduate is the wildest. Too many people believe that a college education is of no assistance in attaining success, but that is because success is measured in terms on money. I do not object to money-making," said the president, "but I do protest against a man's money being taken as a criterion of his success. There are failures among college men, but at the same time it is the college men who are running the country. Once in a while an uneducated man may force himself to the front, but the big men now are college men, and college men will be the big men of the future."

The president said that he approved of the tradition "no smoking on the oval," and thought it should be upheld.

While at Columbia university the president saw in the basement of one of the buildings a large, well-furnished lounging room where students may

LIBRARY LAW IS PROPOSED

Statute Providing for County Libraries to Be Suggested to Legislature.

A bill providing for the establishment of a county library system in Montana will be presented to the state legislature at the next session. The Montana Library association, at its meeting in Great Falls last year, appointed a committee of five to draft the law. Miss Gertrude Buckhouse, university librarian, is chairman of the committee. The other members are T. J. Walsh of Helena, Jenny Connor, Carnegie librarian at Great Falls; Josephine Haley, Carnegie librarian at Helena, and Mary Sherriff, state historical librarian.

Miss Buckhouse has made the final draft of the bill. This will be considered by the library association at its meeting in the university library, December 27.

Way of Financing.

The bill authorizes the county commissioners of each county to levy annually no less than one-seventh of a mill nor no more than one mill upon each dollar of assessable property for the maintenance of the library system.



GERTRUDE BUCKHOUSE '00. University Librarian.

tem. County bonds may also be issued, the interest to be used in the erection of buildings and the purchase of sites.

The bill also says that the state shall appropriate \$10,000 biennially to be used in furthering interest in the county libraries.

Mode of Control.

The libraries of the state will be under the control of a state board of library commissioners. This board will ascertain the condition of the libraries through a field secretary. To consider ways of improving the conditions the county librarians will hold an annual convention. The state board will be composed of the state historical librarian, the state superintendent of public instruction and the university librarian, who may assume the duties of secretary. As part of the duties they will also pass upon the qualifications of the candidates for the positions of county librarians.

Rules governing the county librarians will be passed by the commissioners of the county. The commissioners are also given the power to hire or dismiss all employes of the library upon the recommendation of the librarian.

The system will greatly aid in the cultural development of the state. It will benefit more people of the rural communities who now have access to no libraries. Since the population of Montana is largely agricultural, the new system will be welcomed.

The plan has already been put into successful operation in many states. The plan was first tried in Ohio, but has now spread to other states. Fourteen counties in Wisconsin has the system.

study, or rest and smoke. With such a room it is easy to keep the "smoke nuisance" off the campus and out of the halls. As soon as the money is available a similar room will be provided for university students.

SHORT COURSE BEGINS JAN. 7

Six-week Course in Forestry Starts Immediately After the Holidays.

"I will not attempt to estimate definitely the number of men who will register for the short course in forestry, but in all probability there will be as many this year as finished the course last spring," said Professor Kirkwood, head of the department of forestry, when asked concerning the prospects for the short forestry course which opens January 7.

"I have no further information to give," Professor Kirkwood added, "other than that given in the little booklet, 'Short Course in Forestry,' gotten out by the department. This year there is an inducement offered that has never before been made. A special rate of a fare and a third has been granted by both railroads, and as some of the foresters come from distant parts of the state, this reduction in rates will aid them materially."

Course Practical.

The short course in forestry has been given at the university for three years, gaining each year a wider reputation. Both the men who have attended the course and the officials of the forest service have warmly testified to the value. The aim of the course is to be practical—to give the "ranger" an opportunity to combine his own experience with the knowledge required to meet his special needs. It affords a technical training in forestry not to be acquired elsewhere in the state.

Requirements for Admission.

The short course is open to men 19 years of age and upwards, the only requirements being an ordinary knowledge of English and evidence of ability to carry on the studies successfully. The schedule of the course of instruction is outlined with the purpose not only of attracting men interested in forestry, but men preparing to pass civil service examinations.

Its Practicality.

The fundamental idea of the course is to accomplish the most possible in the least time. Beginning on Tuesday, January 7, and continuing until March 29, the arrangement allows the foresters sufficient time to reach Missoula, complete the course and return to their stations within the limit of their furloughs. The rates on the Northern Pacific and the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound railroads, affecting all points in Montana and Idaho, go into effect on the fourth of January, and for return on the 29th of March.

In the course such studies as dendrology, silviculture, surveying, mathematics and physics will be pursued, but no previous special training is necessary. The physics course is intended for those who have not had high school physics.

SONG OF THE SMASHING HALF.

I am gaining, gaining, gaining;
I can feel the crouched line straining;
With the ball gripped tight before me,
I am plunging on and on;
How my heart is pounding, pounding;
In my ears the mad blood sounding,
As I'm fighting, fighting, till the last
fierce inch is won.

Now I'm tackled and I'm falling,
Fighting, fighting forward, crawling,
With the burning joy of battle in my
soul;
In the last wild effort turning,
I can taste the lime dust burning,
And I know I've rushed the ball across
the goal.

How the stands are cheering, cheering,
Till the blood leaps at the hearing,
How the breath of autumn tingles
sweet as wine;
O, it's great to just be living,
In the flush of power giving,
With the strength to take the ball
and buck the line.

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Better Than Wireless

(Continued from page six.)

cited bounds that then gradually slowed down to a long, easy canter. Cheyenne watched the favorite until he had disappeared. "So long, old chap," he mourned after him, "I wish things would happen so you would be mine again some day."

For three hours Cracker Jack plugged sturdily forward, when he pricked up his ears at two horsemen jogging in front of him, and as they reined out, he tossed his head and trotted majestically between them. The men scanned each side closely as he swung by and then looked at each other questioningly.

"Not a mark on this side, Deacon," said Bowman.

"Same here," replied the Deacon.

In perfect understanding they spurred up and headed the snorting Cracker Jack into a small coulee. After a sharp chase over slippery rocks and snow-hidden badger holes, they landed him in a small corral two miles down the creek. Bowman took down his rope and as the captured horse raced excitedly around the corral, carelessly swung the lariat and wheeled his horse in the center. Suddenly there was a swish and a slide, and with a snort of terror, Cracker Jack reared only to find his two front feet in a perfect loop, placed by Bowman's accustomed hand. There was a twang as the rope snapped taut, a thud, a squeal, some flying snow, and before the jolted gelding could regain his breath, Deacon was twisting the quivering nostrils into the air and Bowman had slipped from his saddle to tie the four kicking legs in a crude but secure knot. Again they searched from jaw to hoof but found no sign of a brand.

"As perfect a 'slick' as I ever saw," admired Bowman. "It's a shame to take the money. We'll have to be mighty careful though, for by those 'never-slips' and the saddle marks, he's some poor cow-puncher's best mount."

Both men snurved the silent horse for a moment. Presently Bowman began to collect dry wood. "You beat it up to the top of that little knoll and keep a sharp look-out, Deacon, and I'll do the rest."

When Deacon came back at the call from his boss, he found the familiar "—" seared in the red flesh of a quivering horse; also a little smoke from a recent fire and an odor of burnt hair.

"Cut out with him for the Big Dry country," Bowman ordered. "As soon as the brand has dried, sell him for not less than one-fifty or throw him in with some of my bunch."

"All right," Deacon answered, "where'll I find you when I come back?"

Bowman smiled. "I hope to be married by that time, if everything goes all right. Look for me at the Ryan ranch in the Basin, anyhow."

With no more words, Deacon started, leading the humble Cracker Jack behind him, and Bowman whipped for the Basin, rejoicing in the prospects of a happy Christmas.

"That horse will just about pay my marriage expenses," he mused gleefully; then his face hardened and the dark eye-lashes quivered as he thought of Cheyenne's being there too. "But that poor fool hasn't a chance, if he does come," he gloated. "Why he couldn't buy one horse like the animal back there and I've got hundreds."

Long before the dinner was ready, Jimmie—Bowman's silver mounted spurs were jingling at the Ryan door step. Carrie Ryan greeted him cordially.

"Have you seen anything of Mr. Maxwell," she asked looking down the road. "He is invited for dinner, too."

"Nope," was the short reply.

When everything was giving off spicy odors in the long, low, log-roofed dining room and every man in the bunkhouse had begun to feel that there would be only enough goose for himself, Carrie Ryan grew impatient. "I knew he wouldn't come," bragged Bowman, "but I did not want to tell you so."

Shyly he took her hand in his and for the first time Carrie did not object. "If Cheyenne don't think enough of me to come or even to let me know,

he needn't think that I care," she said bravely, looking at the fine set of Alaskan fur on the center table. "He could have at least sent me a little present or a note," she thought to herself. Then out loud to the beaming Jimmie she said, "You are really too nice to me," and slowly drew her hand away. "Let's go to dinner."

"She's mine," he exulted and followed her.

The men had hardly begun their great feast when they heard iron shoes clicking down the frozen lane and Carrie ran to the door expectant of Cheyenne. Instead she saw her favorite Cracker Jack, covered with frosted foam, pawing at the gate. Bowman started up when he recognized the horse. "I might've known that fool Deacon would let a good horse get away from him," he cursed under his breath.

"Why, he's got your brand on him, Jimmie, and it's still fresh," cried the perplexed girl.

Unable to conceal his embarrassment, but never thinking she had seen the horse before he stammered, "Yes—a—I bought—I bought him down in the Pryor country a few days ago."

"You bought him, why that's—" Carrie hurried through the gate, calling to her father. Cracker Jack kept lifting his foot towards her as if he wanted to shake hands. Her wondering face cleared suddenly and she clapped her hands excitedly.

"I have it. Father give me your knife and hold this poor pony's left foot up." Then, the surprised father, but more amazed Bowman, saw her dig the snow from the horse's shoe, pull out the little bag, and from a water-soaked bit of paper, read slowly, "From William Maxwell to Carrie Ryan. A Merry Christmas."

Two days later a deputy rode up to Cheyenne's cabin and handed him a note which read: "I want to thank you for your beautiful Christmas present. Will you please come in at once, and prove he is yours. At present there is a fresh "—" brand on his right shoulder, and Mr. Bowman is spending Christmas with the sheriff."

OLYMPIC ATHLETE WOULD COACH BEARS

George Philbrook, a member of the American Olympic team and former star tackle at Notre Dame, conferred with President Craighead and Physical Director Mustaine Thursday concerning his application for the position of football coach.

Philbrook is anxious to coach a Grizzly team. His application could be given no definite consideration. Several good football coaches wish to come to Montana. Schulte, an All-American man, now assistant coach at Michigan, has also applied for the position.

Philbrook was on his way to Seattle.

A HOLIDAY BALLAD.

Do your Christmas shopping early is no advice for me, I couldn't buy the "phony" snow to sprinkle on the tree; I'll keep no store clerks working for hours overtime, I couldn't buy a gift if my choice went for a dime; I'll spoil no grand assortments of the season's merchandise; they'll interest me less than does poor old Jennie Brice; no over-worked expressman will have the slightest cause to curse at me, for I refuse the role of Santa Claus; the maddening crowd can revel and enjoy their Christmas cheer, but for my days of joy I'll pick the glad New Year; the meaning of the shouting "shop early" now is lost, for Christmas gifts are bargains, and they go for less than cost.

EDITOR AND MANAGER RESIGN.

The resignations of Carl Dickey and Peter Hansen, editor and manager of The Kalmin, were received by the executive committee of the Associated Students Saturday. The committee delayed its action upon the resignations until Tuesday.

Extra copies of this issue, ready for mailing, may be bought at the Library desk. Price, 5 cents.

MR. RYMAN EXPLAINS METHODS OF BANKING

J. H. T. Ryman, cashier of the Western Montana National bank and a member of the executive board of the University, addressed the class in "Money and Banking" Wednesday, explaining national banking methods. Mr. Ryman emphasized the method of making reports to the comptroller of the currency.

Mr. Ryman, through his many years experience, is qualified to speak with authority on banking questions. His talk was practical. Stories of his personal experiences as a banker added snap to it.

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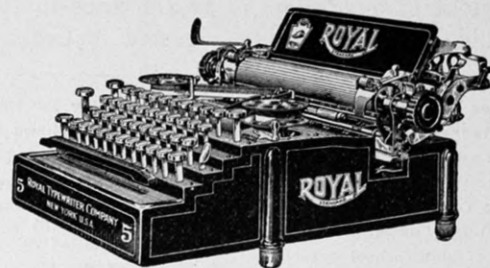
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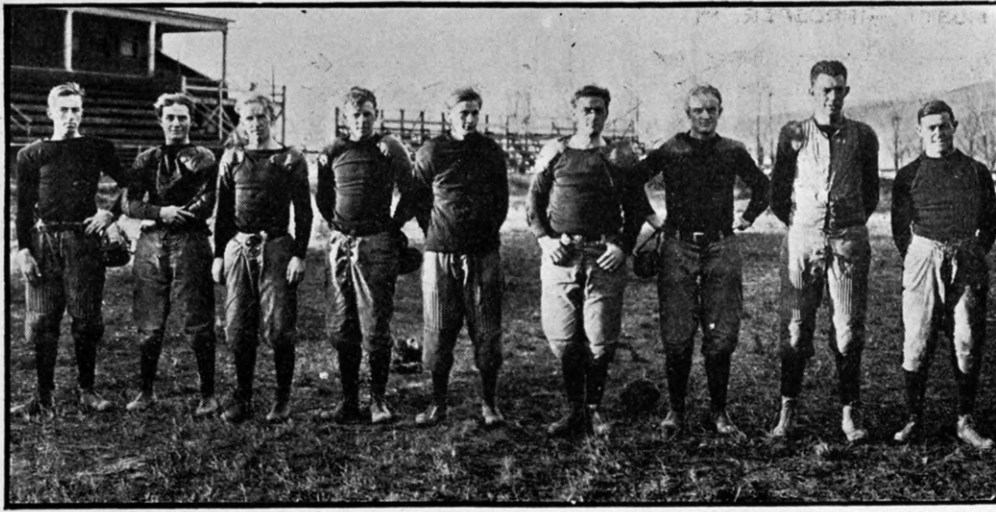
The newspaper for the business man; for the professional man; for the home.

The Missoulian

Offers specially attractive inducements to those persons who are fastidious in their demands for artistic work in printing. Student societies and fraternities whose needs in the line of printing are exacting will find in **The Missoulian** print shop exactly what they require. The men who make Missoulian printing are artists in their line; to them printing is more than the mere sticking of type and obtaining an impression from it. They understand the real art of printing. This is why Missoulian printing is pleasing to those who insist upon having fine work. To the student who has individual needs in this direction **The Missoulian** shop is inviting. Combined with the artistic skill of its workmen, this shop prides itself upon the care used in the selection of material. We ask consideration when any printing work is projected. We are sure that we can please you.

Missoulian Publishing Company
West Main Street, Missoula.

THE GRIZZLIES OF 1912; THEIR DEFEATS AND THEIR VICTORIES



LEFT TO RIGHT: SHROEDER, GAULT, RONAN, STREET, ANDERSON, FORBES, DAY, SHAW, KELLY.

A football season is usually looked at in two ways, or rather from two sides, before and after—anticipation and realization. And in most cases there is a woeful lack of our-dreams-came-true when the retrospect is taken. That brings up the remarkable thing about the season of 1912; it looks just as good as it did some months ago when the air was full of castles, and that means dream fulfillment.

Coach, Captain and Manager.

The success of the season was made possible by the energy and confidence of many, but at the head of the list stand three men—Coach Philoon, Captain Dornblaser and Manager Whisler.

In Lieutenant Philoon the varsity had probably the best coach in its history. Confidence in him was established by his reputation even before the season opened, and it was kept up by his ability and his personality. His material to start with was considerably assorted. A few men had played together on the 1911 team, but a large number had come in from high schools and other colleges. To get these men working together under his system took some time, and the real strength of the machine did not become apparent until the season had been well started. Then was seen an expression of the football genius that built up the Yale-beating cadet team.

The head coach was assisted during the season by Professor Cunningham of Virginia Polytechnic, Paul Greenough of Yale and George Weisel of Minnesota. All of these men were with him at the beginning of the season, when the general plans for the fall's work were made. They were also on the field much of the time. Professor Cunningham acted as faculty representative in football, and the bugaboo of ineligibility which has heretofore claimed more victims than have injuries, was kept from the squad as much by his efforts as by the leniency of the faculty.

The schedule as first announced listed 11 games, but through various agencies of bad luck the number of games played was only six. Interest

in the race for the state championship was slackened by the failure of the Miners to appear with a team. This cut two games from the schedule. Washington State college cancelled their games two days before the slated date on account of excessive rains. The games with Puget Sound university and the University of Idaho were cancelled because of difficulties over guarantees, and because the coast trip

the field. In the third quarter Owsley intercepted a forward pass and ran back ten yards. From then it was a steady march to the goal line, which Owsley crossed just before time for the quarter was called. The remainder of the game was straight football, with the Bruins having a little the better of it.

The whole game was slow and consisted of straight football, with many

thing amiss and no points were allowed for the Varsity.

The week following this game was spent in Logan in preparation for the game with the University of Utah on November 2. The time was well spent in perfecting several new formations which were tried out on the Aggies in a practice game. This time the Bruins scored easily on the Brighamites and made the score of the Saturday before look even more exaggerated.

University of Utah.

The Bruins left Logan on Thursday and arrived in salt Lake City in time for a day's practice before the game. This game was the surprise of the season, to the Rocky Mountain conference especially. The fast and heavy Utah men had defeated every team they had met and when they were able to defeat the lighter Montanans by only 10-3, football fans in the northwest were startled. Up until the last two minutes of play the score was 3 to 3; Owsley having balanced Fitzpatrick's goal from placement with a similar point winner in the fourth quarter. With the score tied and but five minutes to play the Grizzlies fought for every inch and were playing even with the Mormons. In the last two minutes the Utah men opened up and shot a forward pass which was intercepted by Shaw, who was unable to hold it. The ball bounced into the arms of Captain

came to Missoula. The "Tiger Cats" in the home arena proved too fierce for the visitors, who were taken down the line to the tune of 39 to 3. In the last of the first quarter, Carr, the College fullback, put over the place kick that saved his team from a shut-out. Montana's first touchdown was made in the first four minutes of play by Owsley, who dodged through the Collegians in a 35-yard run. Another seven points was added in the second quarter.

The third period was the harvest time. In a succession of long runs and steady line smashing, the Grizzlies paraded down the field for three more touchdowns. Second string men were used in several places. In the last quarter another touchdown made the final score 39 to 3.

This victory gave the Varsity the state championship for the fifth consecutive time. Although the Miners were not in the running, it is doubtful if they could have made a very strong bid for the pennant.

Pullman Game Called Off.

November 16 was the date scheduled for the meeting with Washington State College at Pullman. On the day before the team was to have left for the game, Manager Whisler received a telegram calling off the game on account of rain, which had turned the field at Pullman into a lagoon. He then tried to have the game played in Missoula, but the time was too short for any new arrangements and it was cancelled for good. W. S. C. is a member of the Northwest conference and for that reason it would have been of value to play them.

Gonzaga University.

The first game of the coast trip was played with Gonzaga university in Spokane on November 23. The "Tiger Cats" were victors over the fighting Irishmen by the score of 16 to 7. The game was slowed by the poor physical condition of the Gonzagans. In the last half time was called so often that fast play was impossible.

Straight football and open work with forward passes and end runs were used equally by both teams. Montana exceeded in the number of first downs and in the total yardage made. Ronan had his knee twisted in the fourth play so badly that he was taken from the game.

Willamette University.

In the Willamette university game the Grizzlies received a surprise. It was well known that the Methodists were husky and had some fast men and a hard game was expected, but the real thing was more than had been anticipated. Even as it was, the Varsity would not have been so outplayed had they been in shape.

In the first quarter the Grizzlies had it on their opponents. They scored in the first five minutes and generally outplayed the Methodists. Then the Willamette men got together better. Smead was taken out with a useless knee and Montana was rushed.

At the end of the first half the Grizzlies were still playing good, fast ball, but in the first of the third period when Owsley was taken out the Salemites began to get in their work. From then on they crossed the goal line at regular periods and when time was called they had rolled up 30 points against the "Tiger Cat's" 9.



STONE (Trainer), WHISLER (Manager), GREENOUGH (Assistant-Coach), DORNBLASER (Captain), PHILOON (Head Coach), OWSLEY, DESCHAMPS, MCCARTHY.

was considered hard enough without them.

Montana State College.

The first two scheduled games were with the School of Mines. When they were called off the opening game was postponed two weeks until October 19, when the Bruins met the state collegians in Bozeman, and beat them 7-0. The varsity had never doubted a victory, but were hardly prepared for the desperate stand of the Bozemanites. For the whole first half neither side had the advantage, and time was called with the ball in the middle of

fumbles and little machine work. Its value to the varsity was to expose the weak points, which were made so evident that most of them were well remedied before the trip into Utah.

Utah Aggies.

The "jinx" that has pursued the varsity in all their games with the Utah Aggies was on the job when they met the Mormons in Logan on October 26. The Bruins were beaten 17 to 0, but the difference in strength was not as evident as the score tells. A touchdown made by Montana was not allowed by the officials. Three times the ball was hammered over the line, once going six feet beyond, but in each case the officials found some-

Gardner, Utah's center, who had no opposition in covering the twenty yards to the goal line.

A particular feature of the game was the tackling of the Grizzlies. It was hard and sure and a great surprise to the Utah backs. Hardly a tackle was made by one man. Two or three would hit the runner together. This was the game that won for the Varsity the title of "The Tiger Cats," bestowed by Utah sport writers. This was also the last game of the season for Quarterback Kelly. A broken shoulder bone and two damaged ribs tied him up in a sling for the rest of the season.

On November 9, the Montana State

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Weekly Kaimin

VOL. VIII.

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA, DECEMBER 12, 1912.

NO. 12

THIS IS TO BE A SENSIBLE CHRISTMAS

Thoughtful wives and sweethearts will remember the men with useful gifts from the exclusive men's store.

Shopping will be easy this Christmas for the person who is thoughtful enough to give him something practical and useful from B. & A. Our intimate knowledge of a man's needs will aid you in your selection and make gift-buying a lighter, more pleasant task than you expected.

Gift buying in a modern men's store like ours is no longer restricted to a necktie or a pair of suspenders. The liberal assortment you will find here is not confined to men's wearing apparel alone, but includes a large variety of men's jewelry, tie pins, cuff links, swivel watch chains (worn across the upper vest pockets), evening dress sets and the like. Our line of leather novelties is the very finest and fully up to the high standard of quality that marks every article we sell.

Read every word on this page and next time you are up town see our Christmas windows. A look at our spacious display and a half hour in our store will enlighten you on the gift question and help you to "Make the Man's Christmas Merry."

RIGHT ON THE "TICK."

Most young men like to be up-to-the-minute in dress, and as fashion has declared the wide four-in-hand tie and a collar that spreads enough to accommodate a larger knot, to be the thing, many young fellows would appreciate one of the new heavy silk cravats we've just unpacked—or a box of the new English collars in his size. No man can have too many ties or collars. These new styles in ties and collars require a larger tie pin—perhaps he hasn't one. They're \$1, \$1.50 \$2 and \$2.50.

Here's a holiday hint that will help you: Simply pass around Christmas boxes of Interwoven socks among the men you want to remember. The box with its pretty picture, gives the holiday touch. And the makers have made the socks so good that every man who knows them, wears them. In cotton, 25c a pair; in lisle, 35c, and in the silk, 50c. Sold singly or in boxes of two, four or six pairs in any grade.

BE GOOD TO YOURSELF.

For a starter be your own Santa Clause. Don't forget that you owe yourself something at Christmas time. Favor yourself, rather than take a chance on someone's generosity.

To be of right good cheer and to have a Merry Christmas be prepared personally. Look spick and span when you greet old friends and relatives. How's this for "Good will toward men?" Purchase your requisites now, and if you receive similar fixings from those "near and dear," bring them back after the holidays.

FOR THE TRAVELER.

You should see the splendid men's sets, consisting of military brushes, hat brush, clothes brush, tooth and nail brush, French bevel mirror, soap box, talcum can, comb and manicure scissors, nail file, etc.—all in a genuine walrus traveling case, \$10.00. A splendid gift for any man.

We show a splendid line of bath robes, smoking jackets, slippers and everything for a man's comfort after a hard day's work. Smoking jackets at \$5.00 and more. Bath robes and house coats, \$5.00 to \$20.00. Slippers from \$1.00 up. Many of them in neat traveling cases that serve as a wall receptacle for the slippers when open.

Woodbury foot gloves (fit the pocket when folded) \$3.00 in neat vici case.

HAS HE A COLLAR BAG?

Are you sure he has a bag for his collars, his handkerchiefs or his hose? Or does he find collars, handkerchiefs, sox, ties and peppermint lozenges all in one jellied mass in the lower right hand drawer for want of a better place to keep them? We have a splendid line of collar bags with draw strings or hinged top at from \$1 to \$2.50. Little leather boxes, with separate compartments for pins, collar buttons, cuff links, etc., make a neat and inexpensive gift.

We've a new necktie holder that's different from anything you'll see elsewhere. It provides a means of keeping ties from getting soiled or dusty while hanging, \$5.00.

WE take this opportunity to wish the readers of the Kaimin a *Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.* The New year will find us even better equipped to serve the men and young men with up-to-the minute apparel of the highest quality. That nothing is too good for Missoula and Missoulians shall always be the creed and practice of

Armstrong-Beeson-Wingert Co

THINGS FOR FORMALITY.

You've probably noticed the evening dress display in our Higgins avenue window. We show everything that's new and authentic in formal clothes and accessories for evening, wedding, ball, reception, formal dinner and theater. Styles are constantly changing and unless a man "lives in his evening clothes" chances are good that he's not equipped with all the little details of formal dress. A gift of this nature carries tone and refinement and you'll find something here for any price you want to pay, from a dress tie or pair of black silk hose to the whole outfit. You'll find here only the latest approved fashions in formal wear.

CONFIDENCE IN QUALITY.

There's a lot of satisfaction in patronizing a store that you can have absolute confidence in. Quality may be counterfeited by mere appearance. Nowadays the name and reputation of a store is often a surer guarantee of quality than the buyer's own judgment. Nine chances out of ten that he would come to this store for his gift if he were buying it himself.

Cravat and sox that happily harmonize in a leather case that will serve as a traveling case, makes a neat and inexpensive gift. They come in all the fashionable shades at \$1.50 and \$2.00.

WOMEN ARE WEARING MEN'S OVERCOATS

They want them for automobiling, for the street, for any outdoor purpose, they like the luxury of plenty of pockets.

The new departure of offering men's overcoats for women is not exactly a "departure." Like the old story of the first apple "the women started it." The plan originated with a large exclusive men's shop in New York city. They found that women were buying men's overcoats without being invited to do so. It began, tradition says, with some woman who started for a neighborly call on a crisp, fall evening. In order to save time and to be informal, she put on her husband's overcoat. It looked so well on her and was so comfortable and convenient, and had so many good pockets, a feature that women's garments lack, that she went to a clothier next day and bought one for herself.

Merchants in the larger cities have been quick to realize the advantage of this new demand for mannish styles for women, and are now featuring them in their windows. The other day we tried one of our overcoats on a young lady and discovered that the beautiful "L" styled garments we feature were, perhaps, better adapted to the fair sex than any other make.

The styles are distinctly men's styles; nothing feminine about them but the narrow English shoulders and belted backs now so much the vogue for men, are particularly adapted to a woman's figure.

The fabrics, linings and trimmings are such as are uncommon in women's clothes; the tailoring is of the highest class and the prices are about half what women usually pay for tailored garments. Add to this the big reductions now pending on our entire stock of overcoats, and you have an irresistible combination. Whether you intend to buy or not we would like very much to have you try on a few of these overcoats next time you are shopping.

And while we're dwelling on the subject of men's clothes for women, we might add that it is considered very, very fashionable in eastern style centers for women to carry canes with tailored suits. The new umbrella cane, now on display in our windows, would be ideal for this purpose.

FOR "SIS" AT COLLEGE.

A big, warm, sweater coat, with a shawl roll collar that makes it ideal for skating and out-of-doors sports, would be appreciated by any girl. The superb line we show varies in price from \$3.50 to \$7.50 in red, white, tan, and two shades of gray. The styles are distinctively "mannish" and look "just like a fellow's." Skating toques to match them at 75c.

You should worry! If unable to decide what to give, a B. & A. gift bond will enable him to do his own choosing.

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