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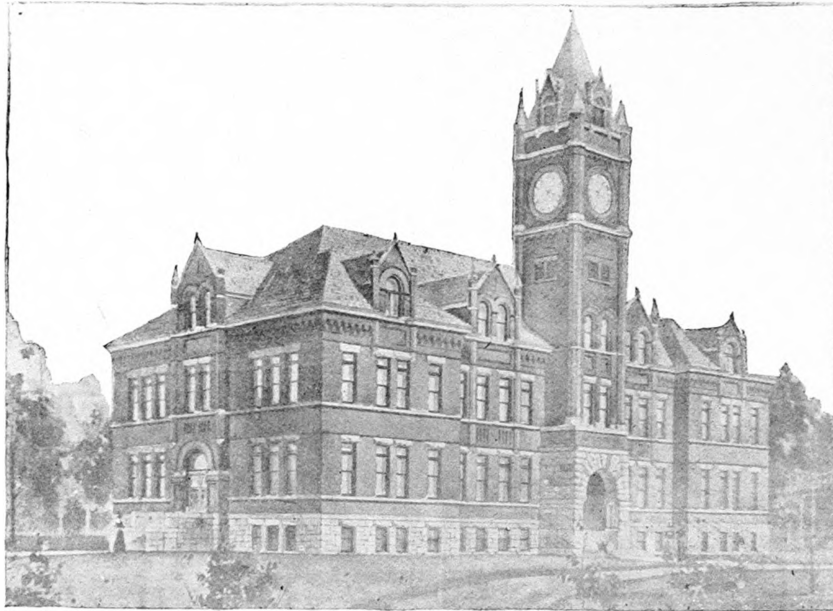
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The Kaimín.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA,

MISSOULA, MONTANA.



SIX COURSES OF STUDY AND A PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

1898-'99.*

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OSCAR J. CRAIG,
PRESIDENT.

MISSOULA, MONTANA.

The Kaimin.

THE KAIMIN.

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By the Students of the University of Montana.

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MISSOULA, MONTANA, JUNE, 1899.

This is the last number of the second volume of the Kaimin; and when the first number of Volume III is published the paper will be under new control. We hope that Volume II has not fallen far short of the expectations of the students and Faculty; but if it has, let due consideration be given to what the present board of editors had to contend with when in undertaking to publish a students paper, they undertook something new to them and equally new to the entire student body.

We hereby express our gratefulness to those business men of Missoula, whose patronage has enabled us to meet the expenses of publication, and hope that they can say of us, as we certainly can of them, that the business relations between us have been most pleasant.

We also wish to express our gratitude to those members of the Faculty who have done so much for the paper and to those students who have given us excellent support. Among these latter are the "favored four" who by the number and quality of their literary productions have won the honor of serving as members of the next board of editors.

And now a word to the new board of editors. Because of the reduced cost of publication, and because of the increased willingness of the students to write for, and to support their paper, your work should be far more pleasant and productive of much better results than was ours. We would advise that no increase in the number of literary pages (14) in each issue be attempted, but rather that you endeavor to publish a greater variety of material and at the same time accept none but good articles. In business matters we would advocate strict adherence to the policy of dealing with and supporting those business men who advertise in your paper. With us rested the responsibility of thoroughly starting the paper; this new board will be responsible for the first improvements—for one years progress.

Wishing you members of the new board every success,

and trusting that Volume III will be a marked improvement over Volume II, we submit to the criticism of its readers our last issue of the "Kaimin."

We print the following editorial from the "Simpsonian" for two reasons; it clearly explains the true object of college athletics and should be read by every University student; besides it may comfort the "Faculty Base Ball Nine" after their game on Field Day:

Socrates once berated his pupil Epigenes for his weak and puny frame. He protested that he was not an athlete where-upon the Great Grecian explained to the spindling lad that the man, upon whom rested the responsibilities of citizenship, was no less an athlete than the contestant at the Olympian games. Epigenes learned further that to be a man he must also be an athlete ready to defend the state in time of need and stand ever prepared to protect the weak and those dependent upon him.

Our colleges are full of these Epigenes' men, who, wrapped in a morbid lethargy lack the vital force necessary to the complete appreciation of bodily culture. There are those, too, basking in the sublime conceit that athletics is beneath geniuses like themselves, and who think the college athlete a mere sport, a monomaniac possessed by the dread disease, athleticism.

Is then the college athlete a praiseworthy type of collegian and are his motives good?

The student life is not a natural one. Each boy must choose, either to let his body dwindle away under his head while he cultivates his mental powers, or else enter college athletics. Usually he chooses the latter. For a few days all goes well, but now the tyro learns that a team is to be selected and herein lies the difficulty; the student has undertaken physical culture for two reasons, one that he may have a needful recreation after mental labor, and, that he may the better care for his health; now however, he sees that emulation is a great factor among many students. The novice may not have sufficient joint-water to make a grand-stand show of himself and therefore quits in disgust.

Here is the error: the purpose of college athletics is not to make athletic teams but athletic individuals. The football, base-ball, basket-ball, track and tennis teams are merely incentives.

That student whose sole ambition is to beat an opponent or parade his muscles before the crowd is in our opinion scarcely an athlete at all. This fellow is far less an athlete, even though he be on a team than the man who cultivates his physical powers with the view of making them the best possible instrument of himself and his creator, and who aims to fortify his body until when amid the vicissitudes of life, his castle strength shall laugh a siege to scorn."

The morals and character of a man also are often betokened by his use of his physical appetites and organisms.

We then, behold the true type of college athlete to be that student who realizes to their complete extent the powers and needs of his body and who treats it, as it is, the temple of God.

R. C. B.

BIOLOGICAL STATIONS.

THESE are of two kinds, those for study of fresh water life and those for study of marine life. It is to the former that the few remarks in this paper are turned. I desire to elaborate briefly on the following points: (1) Origin of the idea of fresh water biological stations; (2) the plans followed in conducting the work of stations; (3) some of the problems being worked out at the stations; (4) an idea of the work of the station to be opened at Flathead Lake this summer, and of the manner of conducting the station.

1. Fresh water stations have sprung up through a desire to enter a field in which little had been done. After the invention of the microscope extensive study was begun on the marine microscopic life. This study led to concentration at definite places for work. Among the first both in point of time and in importance was the station at Naples. This yet holds the leading position in marine work, and to it investigators go from all parts of the world. Many men inland wished to pursue similar study in the new field of fresh water life, hence the beginning of work which became concentrated in fresh water stations. About the same time, in the early seventies, stations for the study of fresh water life were started in Bohemia, in Switzerland, and on Lake Michigan, by different individuals. From that time to the present the idea has grown, stations have multiplied, and much good work has been done. In this short paper it is impossible to attempt an enumeration.

2. The plans followed in conducting the work of fresh water stations in work due to different locations, and to the differences in support and equipment. In some places the stations are opened largely to teachers and students for collecting and for study in connection with class work. In others the idea is to encourage study in definite and special lines, continued over periods of greater or less length of time, for purely scientific results. In still others both these plans are followed. Stations in connection with state institutions use the equipment, material, and supplies of the institution, are under the jurisdiction of the professors of the institution, and give credit for work done at the station. Stations not only offer opportunity for study at a season when life is abundant, but also at a season when many may attend who cannot take advantage of the regular sessions. Teachers thus get the help of university professors, university facilities, and hence the college or university may infuse new life and the spirit of investigation into the work of schools of lower grade.

3. The work of the stations has become so enlarged, the field that has been opened is so vast, that the possibilities for original study are very great. The work of stations is not measured by the number of students, nor by the location, nor by the equipment, but by the results obtained at the stations. The results are in some cases far reaching and important, in others of much less moment. Moreover, the results are in scope and character determined by the training and intelligence of the members attending. Already from the stations have come some of the richest results in biological science, and we are not yet beyond the beginning. Among those problems now being studied may be mentioned the life histories of various organisms; the relationships between animals and their environment; the development of organs under different conditions; variation of different species; relationships of lower organisms to commercial industry through the study of food for fishes or other animals; causes and means of distribution; propagation either to increase those organisms living or to introduce a new organism to prey upon some which may be in-

jurious; to determine what is in the region and its usefulness or destructiveness. In every locality brainy workers will advance new and important problems, and the longer the work of the station continues the greater the importance of the work becomes, and the more the field opens up. It is sometimes said that all has been done that is worth doing. On the contrary the bulk of the important biological work in research and study is yet undone, and as a friend has so aptly put it, when as many graves are filled by biologists as have been filled by philosophers, theologians, reformers, etc., the results of their work will be incalculable.

4. The station at Flathead Lake is in a region unsurpassed in the possibilities it presents for work. Montana is immensely wealthy in untouched resources, animal, vegetable and mineral. Flathead Lake is the largest fresh water lake in the northwest. Its size, depth, volume, life, and geological history have not yet been determined or studied. Within a few miles of the station a half dozen other lakes may be reached, none of which are known to a greater extent than in location. Dense forests extend for miles, and the forest reserves give opportunity for study of climatic and other influences unsurpassed. It is located in a charming spot—an ideal spot. Biological study in the schools of the state is at a low ebb. It should not be so. The station will help teachers if they attend. Students of higher institutions of learning should be quick to see the opportunities presented by the station, and should go and stay the full time. Montana is not thickly settled. It is useless to expect too much, and therefore the station the first year will be but a starter. Already five persons, including the writer, have signified a willingness to gratuitously help those attending. A consultation of the prospectus issued will show that they are all well known for their ability in the subjects they have chosen. Students of the University of Montana should look carefully into this question, should examine carefully the work before the students attending the station, and should lend their aid. The station merely offers the opportunity. A wise man will seize an opportunity to make for himself a reputation and a name.

Persons interested should secure a copy of the circular issued, study the location and the work, and become familiar with the plan. What people need in this world is a change of work, not a cessation. The station is located on the edge of the lake, by the banks of the beautiful Swan river, has near it a clear, cold spring, and is in a fine place to combine an outing with mental work. In the heart of a rich country, miles from a railroad and yet close to civilization, it offers an opportunity before unknown in the state.

M. J. ELROD.

PAT'S VISION.

IN all Vandell there was not to be found a more respectable Irishman than Pat Murphy, probably not one who enjoyed himself better; for besides being possessed with a naturally jovial disposition, Pat was further blessed with a healthy body, a happy home, a flourishing business and a good name. Mrs. Murphy, good soul that she was, had taken her earthly departure several years since; her death had been a cruel blow to Pat, but he was somewhat reconciled and consoled through his lovely daughter Molly, who was the pride of his heart.

The fair girl was a general favorite too, being natural and confiding in manner, generous and affectionate in disposition, although it must be admitted, somewhat wilful and often capricious.

She danced like a nymph, sang like a lark, and her

face while not at all classical, was bewitchingly sweet. Framed as it was in a mass of soft dark hair, lit by those blue eyes of Erin, the merriest in the world in mirth, the tenderest in pity, most pleading in tears. The fun-loving mouth, pert rousse nose, and flushed cheeks, touched here and there with little brown dots—"those kisses of the sun." All combined to produce an indescribable effect.

Among Molly's admirers, a certain Ted O'Brien had made himself very conspicuous, much to Mr. Murphy's disgust. He had no personal dislike for Mr. Ted—a good young fellow who had just taken his degree and commenced the law business—but Pat thought Molly could do better and from his stand point, no doubt she might. Molly's manner toward her father was so coaxing and reassuring that he was persuaded to believe her a most dutiful daughter, her smiles for Ted were equally reassuring, and he thought her an angel, while mischievous Molly laughed at the discomfiture she had caused in both. At last, however, Mr. Murphy discovered his daughter in open revolt against his decree, then he became more stern and obdurate than ever. Nothing would induce him to accept the amiable Ted as a son-in-law.

• But Ted was a young man of wit and resource, and one evening while looking through a magazine he came across an article called "Supernaturalisms Exposed," Ted read it through, gave a long whistle, scratched his head and jumped to his feet, he then put on his coat and hat for a visit with Molly.

During the next week or so an acute observer might have noticed in the faces of Ted and Molly something of suppressed excitement and satisfaction.

Mr. Murphy took good care that the young people's moments together were few and far between but still he felt rather dissatisfied with himself. One night when the Murphys had just finished supper, the door bell rang, and in slipped Ted. Pat scowled a little, but apparently Ted didn't notice it. After a few coldly courteous remarks however, Molly withdrew. Then Ted took his hat and bade Mr. Murphy good eve. He closed the door softly after him and Mr. Murphy opened his paper with a grin of satisfaction. Scarcely had he done so when Ted again opened the door looking very much excited, he declared that he had heard a low penetrating voice descend from the attic. "Bah!" said Mr. Murphy; but the suggestion of a chill stole over him as he passed into the hall. There, he too, heard a sweet, though somewhat unearthly voice, and quite distinctly, it called "Pat!" "Come," said Ted heroically, "come, whoever, whatever it is, it has some communication to make you." Pat was not to be outdone by a stripling boy, but he did mutter something of a wish, that the thing had met him in his study.

Ted went on without hesitation to the right up a flight of stairs, and lo! thin waves of rosy light were flowing from the door.

Pat's hair raised a little and he trembled perceptibly. There in a soft radiance, stood a shadowy figure bearing an unmistakable resemblance to his dead wife. Sometimes the image gleamed out brightly and then receded again into dimness. The right hand was extended as if in welcome, a voice sweet and distinct, though scarce above a whisper said "Dear Pat, give Molly to Ted, they'll make you happy, goodbye."

There was something like a dismissal in the "Good bye", so Ted took Pat's hand and gently drew him away. "Ted," said Pat solemnly, "did ye notice somethin' in the voice like Molly's? I always said Molly's voice was like her mother's." "Yes," replied Ted, "but let's not say anything about this affair to Molly, it might make her nervous, you know." "Alright, Ted me boy," said Pat brokenly,

"come over tomorrow and you shall have Molly, I'd rather not wait." "So had I," assented Ted.

Some three years afterward, Molly's guilty conscience forced her to a confession to her dearly loved father, and she revealed to him how the mysterious vision had occurred. She told how according to some directions he had read about producing apparitions, Ted had taken a picture of her mother, and had it enlarged to a life size on glass. Then by means of phosphorus and certain chemicals, he had been enabled to produce the supernatural appearance, while she, herself, had been its mouth-piece.

Pat was amazed, but the issue had been so happy, that he could not greatly regret the stratagem; although he chided Molly for the deceit.

"But Dad, darlin', said the girl "I did see Ma in my mind's eye, and I was sure that when she looked down from heaven, if her voice could have reached you, she'd have said, "Dear Pat give Molly to Ted."

Estelle Bovee.

OVER EDUCATION.

A PROMINENT citizen of Montana, a gentleman of high position, whose culture and character honor his station, recently remarked that our high schools and colleges are overeducating many of our young people. The cause of this opinion was the tendency of the schooled and colledged youth to shun the less genteel occupations, even when best adapted to them, and to crowd into those of better social repute for which they may be entirely unfitted.

In consequence there is over-crowding in the professions and kinds of labor which do not harden hands, brown complexions, and soil clothes; doctors, lawyers, and office workers abound while there is scarcity of workers in other fields, or there certainly would be if we depended upon our native American boys and girls to supply the demand. This condition causes evil in two directions; it causes in the crowded fields the lowering of proper compensation, failures and distress; and also causes countless failures by drawing persons into occupations for which nature gave them no qualifications. It is painful to see men and women whom nature formed for farmers, black-smiths, carpenters, cooks and housekeepers trying to teach, preach, practice law, medicine, book-keeping and business management.

Like most other social and economic ills, the causes of this one may be manifold and complex. Dislike of hard labor and hope of better pay are important causes; but possibly more potent than these is the greater gentility and social respectability of certain kinds of labor, according to the prevalent social standards.

When artisans and household workers can move in the society for which their culture and character fit them, without regard to their occupations, then our young men and women from high schools and colleges will not so universally shun such occupations.

For this false social standard our schools are partly responsible, and they should help to correct the evil. In most of our schools there is a complete divorce of intellectual and manual labor; also in our town and city life there is almost a complete absence of manual labor from the activities of young people during their school years, rural life has more of such labor.

Between the boys and girls who early leave school and engage in work and those who free from labor go on for years longer in schools, there must necessarily open a social chasm which, broadening with the years, becomes hard to obliterate or cross. On the one side are the hard-

ened hands, the sun-tanned faces, the coarse clothing suitable for the labor; on the other side are the softness and delicacy arising from freedom from toil and the clothing of finer material and more attractive style. These external differences powerfully aid in the formation of a false social judgment of the relative gentility and respectability of the two sides. We preach the dignity and honor of all useful labor, we practice the degradation of some forms.

The obvious remedy for the evils of this separation of school life from that of labor are these: have some work for young people during the leisure days and vacations of school life and make manual labor an essential part of school education from the lowest to the highest schools. This is being done in enough cases to show that it can be done in all.

Space does not permit even the mention of the economic, social and moral benefits likely to flow from this change in our schools and school life. They will occur to the thoughtful reader.

Then the evils which the gentleman ascribed to over-education are due rather to under education, the lack of one sort of education.

There are however persons who raise the cry of over-education because they do not believe in equal educational opportunities for all. They do believe in little or no education for serving and subject classes and liberal education for master and governing classes. To argue the relative merits of their principles and those of modern democracies is not possible here. It must suffice to say that they belong to the ancient and are totally alien to the spirit of modern democracies, especially so to American.

Whether for weal or woe American democracy has placed privilege, power and responsibility in the hands of all. Upon their wise use our national success and existence depend. Divided amid a thousand occupations, we are all united in the one occupation of living as free and responsible members of a household, a society and a nation. This occupation of supreme importance requires education, the more the better.

We may have misdirected and incomplete education, but cannot have too much of well directed and complete education.

EXPRESSION.

TRUTH, beauty, delight and expression are the replete words usually found in the many definitions of art, but the last contains its essence. Indeed, we of Ruskin's time may say, art is expression; for surely his lesson has been learned, and "Truth is beauty" is become a component part of the very term art. Just as truly, delight is implied in expression for is it not the joy of perceiving combined with the joy of producing—the work of head, hand and heart?

Art—"The flower of history"—"The infinite within the finite," appeals to the best instinct of our nature and certainly affords our highest pleasures. But, much as it has meant in the past, the indications are that it will mean even more in the future, for what has belonged to the few will become the possession of the many. It is now recognized as a potent force in uplifting and enlightening; and in many cities the walls of the poorest tenement may be decorated with copies of the great masterpieces, and the inmates hear the grandest music if they choose.

Another reason why art is destined to accomplish more is that, instead of the lessor blessedness of receiving only, the power of giving through art medium will become more general. For the great majority have ever had to content

themselves with the work of others, even though conscious of something to express if command of some means of expression were but theirs.

According to the usual enumeration of the fine arts, there must be a cathedral, a statue, a picture, a symphony or a poem to prove an artist. Then at a production of a Wagner opera where all five are given us in two hours time with such a content of beauty that we live and breathe art, there is not an artist present unless the shade of the great composer-poet be hovering near.

Jean de Reske and Calve not artists! Though the way has been pointed out, what they perceive and picture is their own and unique with the color of individuality. If art is expression then this is the greatest art, for it is not one fixed, solitary idea, but living, moving multifarious creation.

And the mediums used—language, voice and action—these do not belong to artists only; they are a universal possession, in constant use, and the laws governing them are the same in the wilds of Africa as the *Comedie Francaise*.

How much we tell by one small gesture or tone! Social intercourse is but giving and getting, and we reveal ourselves and read others through these mediums of nature. It was seeing this that made Emerson say, "you can't fool anybody," which is one better than our old favorite by Lincoln.

This is the day of the subjective, and "what are you?" is the question, for character is cause and the objective but effect.

If we are expressing what we are and know, and that being and knowledge are true, then we express the beautiful and are artists every one, no matter how small the glimpse of truth we give or simple the means of giving.

A realization of this, it is believed, will increase the educational importance given to esthetics and encourage the cultivation of our means of making our own what we have so long admired from afar. G. H.

GREAT THINGS FROM SMALL BEGINNINGS.

"The little things that happen, grow,
Grow larger day by day,
Until we have a harvest great,
Things gathered by the way."

AS a wee babe grows through all the stages of childhood, until he is an old man, so all, or most things grow, hood, boyhood; and then into maturity, and so on. Nearly everything has a greater ending than beginning. Sometimes, though the larger ending is an evil one, for even all evils come from small beginnings. But for the bright side first. An apple seed falls to the ground, is buried awhile, and at last sprouts. As the years go on it grows taller and taller and at last the beautiful blossoms appear and then the fruit. Year after year it grows larger and bears more fruit than the last year, and the sprouts from this tree start many others. All of this from one tiny seed. As with this so with many other things, from a few seeds of corn comes a stalk and on the stalk are several ears which contain many grains, which, when they are planted, make a large field; all from the few small grains at first dropped.

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not obtained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

Many great men have made themselves such in the

midst of difficulties, because they used the small advantages they had for the best results.

Our great statesman, Webster, had no early opportunities for schooling, except for a short time in the winter at a country school, and with the help of his mother, who was a woman of rare intellectual ability. As a boy he used to say: "There is one thing I cannot do; I cannot make a declamation, I cannot speak before the school." But he overcame this. It is said that in trying to do so, for practice he would declaim before the cattle on the farm, and when alone in the barn. And as a result of his efforts he became one of the greatest orators America has ever known.

And Lincoln, his opportunities were even fewer than were those of Webster. His mother, also, was his chief instructor, teaching him to read and write. She died when he was only nine years of age, but left a good and lasting influence with him, to help him in his upward course. Three maxims which she taught him, he never forgot. They were: "Never to swear," "never to touch liquor" and "never to lie." He once said, "all that I am or hope to be, I owe to my sainted mother." He worked at many things, steadily getting higher and higher on fortune's ladder. He began as a flatboat hand on the Mississippi River, and rose to the position of President of our great nation, the liberator of the slaves and the successful ruler of a mighty people. When he began to study law, he had no money with which to purchase books; but carried on his studies by borrowing them from a law office in a neighboring town, after the office closed in the evening, and returning them before time for its opening in the morning. In the autumn of eighteen hundred and thirty-six, when about twenty-four years of age, he obtained his license to practice law, and rose rapidly in his profession. Many others of our great men have risen in the same way. Beginning in a lowly position and rising to the highest.

"Give me a man whose heart
Is filled with ambition's fire,
Who sets his mark at the start,
And keeps moving it higher and higher.
Better to die in the strife
The hands with labor rife,
Than to glide with the stream, in an idle
dream,
And lead a purposeless life."

And discoveries and inventions. From the discovery of electricity by some philosopher whose name is not known, and its being followed up by several others, among whom was Benjamin Franklin, has come many great things. It was but a little thing when this same unnamed person, living about six hundred years B. C., first observed that amber when rubbed possesses the power of attracting and repelling light bodies; but it led to investigations and experiments, and as a result we now have many wonderful things. For instance many kinds of machinery run by it, electric cars, lights, messages flashed all over the country and even across the ocean.

Also the power of steam is marvelous; it too was discovered by accident many centuries ago. It is now used as a mighty power for good and useful works. In all inventions, a little thought dropped by some one, a little defect noticed, sets some great brain to thinking, and as a result we have many wonderful achievements.

In eighteen thirty-five San Francisco consisted of one small log cabin, now it is a beautiful and wonderful city of two hundred and seventy-five thousand inhabitants. And this is only one example of the many great cities of our nation, which grew from the small settlements made

so many years ago by the colonists. First, were the few small settlements then the thirteen states and since, others have been added singly, and in groups, until there is now a strong union of forty-five states. And if we look on the other side, we see a young man or boy taking his first drink, smoking for the first time, or playing his first game of cards. He tries it again and again until he sinks deeper and deeper into sin, reaping a great harvest from the evil seed he has sown.

A great fire will start from a little spark. The great Chicago fire all started, it is said, from an innocent cow kicking over a lantern in a shed, and yet it destroyed two hundred million dollars worth of property and left one hundred thousand people homeless.

The little things are happening daily all around us. Small, yet they make up life. If we notice these small things and jot them down in our memory, our stock of knowledge will grow and grow and be of great benefit to us. There is some thing besides book learning. Observe daily the little things, hoard them up, do not let the many small opportunities pass. We should use them all and to the best of our abilities, for out of the small things come the great.

"Work with the heart and work with the brain,
Work with the hands and work with the will
Step after step we shall reach the high plain,
Then pull away cheerily, work with a will."

BEULAH MORGAN.

A TALE.

IT IS a damp, wet morning, a typical morning of the lovely month of March. Rain pours torrents from the gloomy skies and lowering clouds hang heavily over the distant mountain-tops. As far as the eye can see no human figure "breaks the monotonous" and this only makes the landscape seem more dreary. At last a few wet, drabbed pedestrians are to be seen and once a stalwart horseman goes by, with rain dripping from his broad sombrero and face and figure showing that he has ridden many a weary mile. But these all pass away and again is left the desolate, lonely scene.

But look! In the distance appears a wonderful object! It comes nearer and nearer, and finally can be recognized as a 'bus, band-wagon, hayrack, or something of the kind, loaded with people. Who can these adventurous spirits be? Let us draw near, to see and hear what we can.

In a space which should properly accommodate but fourteen, are crowded, nay packed, twenty-nine miserable wretches. From the large number of text-books and lunch-boxes, it is plain they can be nothing else than University students. Their conversation, in direct contrast to the weather, is bright and cheerful.

Upon a high seat in front, to the left of the driver, sits a young lady whose expressive countenance denotes a love for art, literature and music. By her side is a dignified youth in spectacles, often addressed by the poor unfortunates behind as "Professor" or "Mac." These two, in low and grave tones converse on higher topics and as their talk is, like the clouds, too dense for mediocre understanding, we will leave them and turn our attention to the crowd beneath.

Poor things! Crowded in two or three deep, with one foot perhaps burdened with the weight of some one's books, the other in proximity, too close to be pleasant of a heavy boot heel, an umbrella poking them in the back of the neck, disarranging their elaborate coiffure or knocking off their hats; holding some one on their laps or else receiving

a sudden blow when a lurch of the wagon sends some one into their arms—they are in anything but a pleasant state of mind. But their talk does not indicate this. Listen!

"And so gymnasium practice is compulsory? Oh, pshaw! I'd like to take it and will, but I don't like to think I must do anything." "Well, papa gave me a dollar two months ago and I spent it for the musicale the other evening, and so I can't buy my rubber shoes. They will have to excuse me." "Speaking of the musicale, those songs were cute, weren't they? I hope some of you girls will profit by the advice given in that 'fishing song.'" "Thanks awfully I am sure, for your kind interest in us." "By the way, wasn't it in '1492' that little boy sang so beautifully?" "Don't know, I'm sure, I didn't live that long ago."

A laugh goes up and there is a hubbub of voices, each trying to make him or herself heard above the rest. We can distinguish a few words such as "thesis," "Clarkia," "Hawthorne annual," etc., and are glad when the noise ceases.

Then again we hear the masculine voice which spoke before: "Say, hacks are awfully expensive things, aren't they? Cost me two dollars and a half the other evening to take a girl to the theatre." "Oh, well, they are like the girls—come high, but we must have them." "Yes, I think those caps and gowns that cost fifteen dollars are the ones we want. I really can't afford to pay any more than that." "When was John Ruskin born?" "Say May, what is the future perfect of rego? I haven't all my Latin yet." "Can you get that last example in Algebra I can't." "Jones was awfully hard on us last week. He gave us twenty pages in Chem., and we had to prepare for a test in Political Economy."

These are only a few of the sentences one can hear, when there is a sudden jolt and stop and everyone jumps up to see what is the matter. One of the horses has fallen and while some of the boys run to the nearest fence for rails to pry it out of the mud-hole, others assist the ladies from the vehicle and revive several fainting ones. Finally after much time and patience has been exhausted, the poor animal regains its feet and we (for the invisible spectator includes himself) start again.

So deep the mud, so slow the pace, that no space seems to have been covered. At last the high (?) rate of speed becomes so irritating to several of the boys that with a laudable desire to better employ their time, in spite of the commands and injunctions of the rest, they leap from the wagon and occupy themselves for a few minutes by—driving several nails in the new side-walk.

They jump on again and everything is going merrily once more, when a shout is heard and a youth, frantically waving his hat above his head, rushes from a house near by and, after a quick run, mounts the steps behind to be greeted by a chorus of "Is that Howard?" Immediately the conversation becomes more literary in character and the college paper is mentioned, and from the remarks one learns that this boy is the famous "editor-in-chief" of the "Kaimin."

Meanwhile the vehicle has been slowly but surely drawing nearer its destination and it is with sighs of relief that the weary travelers see the post which tells them they are within the precincts sacred to higher education. In the foreground looms up an imposing pile—but it is not built of brick and stone into a handsome edifice,—it is a pile of the cast off boxes and bales used in shipping materials.

At last we have arrived. There is a general movement toward the front of the 'bus, caused not by a desire to descend to terra firma, but from the very acute angle which the body of the wagon makes with the ground. After a

scramble to regain their equilibrium and their own books and lunches, everyone steps from the 'bus and then around to the driver, anxious to pay their fare. "This is for both ways." "I owe you for yesterday, too, so here is the money." "Trust me till tomorrow, please? Thank you." "My sister has my money." And then they all run up the steps into the hall and find they are ten minutes late.

Think you, gentle (or ungentle) reader, that this is imaginative, a mere fiction, manufactured for the occasion, of the "stuff that dreams are made of?" Then learn, to your consternation it may be, but certainly to your surprise, that it is not "thusly so," but a true, veracious and absolutely correct account of a bona fide ride, taken one day not long ago, by a bona fide group of students (with a fair sprinkling of professors) in a very bona fide wagon, to the institution of learning situated in your, or our midst.

WAR.

ALL good implies order, all evil disorder, but on all disorder natural laws react, tending to complete universal organization. Absolute chaos was the first condition of nature, from it universes spring in never ceasing birth, thus is disorder a primary necessity in creation, an abnormal exertion of force which provides the opportunity for the orderly arrangement of affinities.

War is rampant, disorder, evil, a blind explosion of force, a fearful disruption of human effort yet war is the fiery banner of political decay and has ever stood as a hideous, awful fosterer of the progressive development of the human race. And just as the cataclysms of geologic ages were necessary to form, and endow the glorious earth of today, so have the devastations of war justified its existence in the formation and preservation of the vigorous and enlightened civilization which is now expanding over the earth.

Humanity unconsciously in the past has been compelled to choose one of two destroyers; sensuous peace or volcanic war; the first slays by a dry rot which annihilates both soul and body, but war destroys the body and leaves the soul to God. Instinctively of these two evils, the least was chosen, and war has traversed the whole earth on its terrible mission of adjustment, which cannot terminate until man's development no longer requires a physical correction.

If war had been unknown, the chain of events which has produced our civilization would have been impossible;—the embryo of this civilization might have existed and may have evolved after untold centuries a superior barbarism, but an indefinite period would have passed away before its influence could spread beyond the area of its birth, and intolerable ages would have been required for its progression toward any enlightenment. For centuries are consumed in imposing new customs and habits on savages, by mere force of contact. And as enlightenment is gained through the accumulated knowledge of many nations progress would be of slow growth amidst such a people.

Suppose that war had never been known. Tribes in course of time would have agglomerated into nations through the cohesion of proximity. But the people of these nations would never be drawn into sympathetic union, by the magnetism of an appeal to arms to sustain national aspirations; they would have no glorious epoch of national victories; no superb memories of common dangers magnificently met and overcome; no stirring records of heroic deeds grandly dared by patriots for their country's sake; nothing which would weld the people in the flame of a national enthusiasm into one sympathetic whole. And con-

sequently the nation would consist of innumerable cliques having no interests in common excepting the hand of commerce.

The governing power in such an unmartial nation would no longer rest with the superior force, but would be replaced by superior craft and treachery. A ruling class would gradually be formed from the most cunning and most unscrupulous of the people. The foxes of society would rule and the cleverest of these would be the king. Their subtlety would not permit the slightest access for intelligence to enter the squalid homes of their victims; for intelligence breeds patriots, the avengers of national wrongs, and the living forces of progress. These astute governors would avoid all such stumbling blocks to their reign; they would hide their treachery under the guise of friendship, and retain their power by veiling it; they would govern the nation in fact through the same system by which the usurers of today exert their world-wide influence.

In such a society the blackest night of secret crime would blast all healthy growth, the cancer of unrestrained bribery would eat out the very manhood of the race, and corruption would search and wither the incipient moral fibres of the nation. Every crime would combine with ignorance to drag men to the level of the brute, evolution would thus be reversed and society would drift to chaos.

No grand ideals or noble aspirations could lighten the gloom of this stagnant atmosphere; for these are the offspring of hope, and hope cannot exist where there is no progress. Thus the people losing all connection with the future, and steeped in the universal mire of treachery and corruption would lead a life of supreme selfishness, of sombre horror. Suspicion would blight every budding friendship, and neighbors would dread each others machinations; all the world would rot in this hell of fear and hatred; in this awful calm of undisturbed peace. And who of all these vice choked millions would not look upon the hideous death of eternal night, as a relief to their more repulsive life?

If there had been no war, no Greece would have vivified civilization, and no Rome would have forced it on the barbarous world. Our ancestors searching for food, might have reached Europe, and remained in its wild wastes degenerating from age to age, deformed by every evil passion until nought resulted but a stagnant sea of a decrepid and horrible humanity, governed by craft and subdued by superstition. And we instead of being intelligent citizens of an enlightened land, would have been grovelling in the filth of a sensual and dreadful existence; our numbers kept proportional to the decreasing resources of the soil by natural law; and decimation by famines and plagues. And instead of now rejoicing in a great national triumph would be (mainly) assenting to an awful reign of sin and fawning on the representatives of a satanic oligarchy. The lands of the earth would be overrun by such as we, gaunt and stunned spectres of noble manhood, living the fortuitous life of the animal (without an atom of its happiness).

Of all the nations of the earth the Chinese come nearest to furnishing visual evidence of the truth of these propositions. For since the youth of that nation, it has seen less of war than any other people, their long dozy epochs have occasionally been shaken by the shocks of Tartar invasion, but on the whole their history is scant in incidents.

The Chinese are a degenerate race, with whom genius cannot exist; with them thought is an anomaly, an original idea an eccentricity; and they have not progressed in their centuries within the ken of our history. Physically and morally they are decadent, especially in those districts

where the waves of conquest and war have least disturbed the fabric of their society. They have no patriotism and their government is the most corrupt on earth; treacherous hypocritical and crafty, it totters before the world as representative of a nation ruined by a prolonged enervating peace. Such is China; an enfeebled giant among the nations, who have wrought their empires by the force of their virility, and have found manhood's highest gifts in the storm of battle.

But the days of war as an agent of good are coming to a close, the time approaches when peace shall no longer be a blessing defiled by human weakness into a curse, and it shall yet bind together, in its united silken strands, the war dogs of the world, in one great bond of brotherhood. For now that civilization is achieving its end, men are becoming self governing and the dictates of reason begin to restrain the impulses which make peace a frightful danger and war a carnival of fiends.

As the intelligence of majorities increase, politics will be purified until the people, and not the politicians, really govern. As time passes on the purest and noblest forces of our race will become mighty in moulding a nations destiny; women will find their grander sphere, and the wife, the sister and the mother will incalculably hasten that era of enlightenment, which men have striven for long ages to realize. That era when ward politicians become extinct, when bribery and corruption shall have passed away, and machine made politics are hurled into a shameful grave with the names of fallen men who have lost their honor, sold their manhood and forfeited the glory of a victor on the stricken fields of life. And when these things have come to pass, then and only then can war be abolished and the world not suffer but gain by its abolition. War has been the instrument of tyrants, but it has also been the last resource of patriots, it has destroyed magnificent works of art and priceless manuscript; but it has formed the civilization of today with its peerless advantages. Millions of the human race have met violent deaths and countless millions have suffered from wars atrocities, but millions of countless millions have received through war, and will receive to the end of time, the inestimable privileges of an ennobled plane of human life. And we may now with civilization in our grasp see in the future that time

When war drums shall throb no longer
When the battle flags are furled
And the nations one grand
When war drums shall throb no longer

LITERARY CHAT.

CONSIDERING the fact that America is only a little over four hundred years old, and that since the time of her discovery she has experienced her share of trials and tribulations, it is somewhat surprising that, in her devotion to other of her progressive movements, she has not neglected her literature. It has been the case in most instances in the history of the world that the literature of a country was not given very much attention until after the political and industrial affairs had been arranged, and the inhabitants had settled down to enjoy their prosperity in peace and happiness. Then the muse appeared to the poetic or imaginative spirit of the yet undiscovered bard, and whispered in his ear the beautiful harmonies of inspiration. The chords of the lyre were struck and there emanated from them a grand melodious diapason whose vibrations still agitate the poetic atmosphere.

But in spite of the fact that our time and attention have been devoted to long weary wars—wars at home and

abroad, and have been occupied with the settlement of a vast continent, with political complications and economical problems, with mechanical inventions, with in-comings and out-goings and with the rush and hurry of the nineteenth century, nevertheless there have lived and breathed and moved along all these evidences of a materialistic age, those who were endowed with the literary spirit, who gave up their lives to the task of immortalizing all that is best in American life and thought. Witness Irving, Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, Bancroft, and among our later writers, Dr. Mitchell and Paul Leicester Ford.

It is in the literature of a country that one must look to find its degree of moral and intellectual development; and, too, one will find there the characteristics of that nation as a whole, which really determine its history. Those writers who have come from American parentage and have grown up amid American surroundings are the most competent to depict American life. It is their literatures to whom posterity will turn when, generations hence, they seek for the pasture in which was fostered the mettle that determined the whole course of American history.

While we do not mean to affirm that American literature has reached the pinnacle of excellence, (indeed, we hope it has not!) it yet remains a fact that we have held our own comparatively well with other countries much older than ours—a circumstance which we ought to, and do congratulate ourselves.—

NOTES.

"Mr. Dooley: In Peace and In War" by F. P. Dunne, is enjoying a wonderful popularity. It is to Chicago what "Chimmie Fadden" was to New York a few years ago.

Beatrice Harraden's new novel "The Fowler" has just been published. This is a different title from the one just contemplated by Miss Harraden. She intended calling it "I Too, Have passed Through Wintry Storms."

The Bookman has ascertained that the six best selling books in recent months are: "David Harum," "Prisoners of Hope," "Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War," "Aylwin," "When Knighthood was in Flower" and "Bob, Son of Battle."

—Kathryne Wilson.

WORDSWORTH AND COLERIDGE.

TWO men more strikingly different than these, Wordsworth and Coleridge could not have been chosen. The one grave, steadfast, intense with his life's work and aim ever before him, the other changeable, wayward and dependent, wasting his talents, ignoring his duty.

Wordsworth's life from its beginning to its close was such as to win for him the respect and love of his fellow-men. He was a diligent student, and through the effort of his mother's parents received a splendid education, even from the first poetry fascinated him and drew him to herself, but uncertain of his powers as yet, he waited, doubtful which course to pursue. His friends desired him to give himself to the church, but his love for poetry grew daily stronger and finally finding that his future was provided for through the thoughtfulness of a friend, he with a free conscience, dedicated himself, mind and soul to poetry. His whole life was uneventful and peaceful, entirely different from that of the careless, gifted Coleridge, who attended school irregularly, studied whatever he found interesting, left when things failed to please him, and hav-

ing nothing better to do enlisted in a dragoon regiment from which he was released only by the influence of his captain and his friends.

Coleridge began his works merely to give voice to his political and religious views, but later his association with the graver, more earnest nature of Wordsworth (for whom he had the greatest admiration) seemed to inspire him with a better purpose and it was while living in daily intercourse with this other poet, who as a man excelled him to so great an extent, that his best work was accomplished.

But he had acquired the opium habit and little by little it gained complete mastery over him, increasing his natural defects which had ever been numerous, making him supremely indolent and seemingly destroying outright in him all sense of responsibility or duty.

His wife and children, he left solely to the care of the long suffering Southey, while he himself lived off the bounty of his friends, conferring a favor upon them, in his own estimation at least, by so doing.

Gradually the opium was eating away all of his mental as well as moral fiber, his mind was filled with wonderful philosophical works which were to astonish the world but not even the first sentence of these was ever written, his writing faculty had left him.

Towards the last he seemed to realize how utterly he had failed, the man once so proud of his own genius and intellect now became humble and submissive and looking back, conscience stricken, saw how he had wasted his powers, he who had been said to be endowed with the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and most comprehensive that had ever yet existed among men."

His life was thoroughly selfish while that of Wordsworth was lived entirely for others with the purpose ever before him of uplifting others, enabling them to recognize the goodness and beauties around them in their everyday life and in nature herself and thus aiding them to live better, more useful lives.

Coleridge's works, even those in philosophy and theology, while they contain much merit and give ample evidence of his genius, still are marred by his irresolution and his habitual indolence, our pleasure in his writings can not help but be lessened by the thought of what might have been.

As a poet, Coleridge ranks far ahead of Wordsworth. His vivid imagination, the subtlety of his thought, the exquisite melody of his verses and the pureness and beauty of his expression far surpass those qualities of Wordsworth and carried along by the brilliancy and daring of the imagination of the one, filled with wonder at his delicate perception of beauty, we forget the perfect naturalness and simplicity of the other with its homely wisdom, its simple truths, and its perfect sympathy with nature and all mankind.

But when as man to man they stand with us thought of poetic genius or power how infinitely superior is Wordsworth with his blessed knowledge that that which was given him to do, he has done to the best of his strength.

JUNE.

Strong June, superb, serene, elate
 With conscience of thy sovereign state
 Untouched of thunder, though the storm
 Scathe here and there thy shuddering skies
 And bid its lightning cross thine eyes
 With fire, thy golden hours inform
 Earth and the souls of men with life
 That brings forth peace from shining strife.
 —Swinburne.

LOCALS.

Who is all "tuckered" out?

Dr. Craig was absent for some time, lecturing in the eastern part of the state.

Miss McCrackin who graduates this spring will enter the senior class of Bryn Maw college next fall. She takes with her a very high recommendation from Prof. Schench for her work in French. We know that Miss McCrackin will make herself felt at Bryn Maw. She has proved herself to be one of the brightest girls in her studies in the university.

Keep off the grass.

Oscar Sedman has gone to Virginia City on a business trip.

Mr. Calvin S. Pixley died at his home on the South side Monday morning, May 15th. The deceased was the father of Charles Pixley of the Senior class. We wish to express our sincere sympathy to our fellow student in his sad bereavement.

A large and varied assortment of casts has been received for the free hand drawing department.

The girls of the junior class challenged the young ladies of the senior class to a basket ball game some time ago, but the seniors knowing the strength of the juniors "crawfished."

Miss Zoe Bellew and Mr. F. Leslie Worden were visitors in the city last Tuesday.—McLeod Herald.

Mrs. Marshal and the Misses Marshal have returned from their trip to Portland whence they went hoping to benefit Mrs. Marshal's health.

The boys of the Mech. Eng. Department are almost distracted by hearing Mr. Kennedy singing incessantly "Zusie Zee Zum Zum."

Dr. and Mrs. Craig gave a reception to the students on the evening of Arbor Day. Everyone was there and enjoyed themselves. We hope the president and his wife feel in some measure repaid for the trouble they incurred by the great pleasure they gave their guests.

In connection with the reception we must mention the great commotion caused by the mysterious disappearance of Miss ————. Oh that's so we forgot we promised not to tell.

The U. of M. is always in the lead in athletics. Her baseball nine hasn't been beaten this year. Why?

"What are you doing my pretty Bill?
"Putting in time,—but keep it still."

—Biological Laboratory Poet.

Mrs. McAllister, wife of the Rev. McAllister of the M. E. church died Wednesday noon, May 24 after a short illness. She was beloved by all who knew her. Her son Claude is a member of the Sophomore class. His fellow students deeply sympathize with him in his loss.

Mrs. Bonner, Miss Bonner and Miss Bessie have returned after spending the winter in New York.

Miss Sadie Beckwith having recovered from her attack of the measles has returned to her studies.

The result of the vote taken at the University for the state tree was the almost unanimous choice of the Tamarack. The Christmas tree advocated by Mr. Ward receiving only 28 votes.

"Great Expectations"—Prof. Smith is planning to secure and bring over intact the grandstand from the old athletic park to our new bicycle and running track. The latter by the way is going to be splendid. Prof. Smith was the first to try it. The feat (!) was greatly enjoyed by the chemistry class who got tired waiting for him and had adjourned to the main building.

Say did you notice how the Prep. boys enjoyed the red lemonade?

There is a rumor that there is to be a wedding in university circles the last of June—ask us no questions and we'll tell you no lies.

We can imagine ourselves at the Agricultural College from the plowing on the campus.

The new gymnasium apparatus donated by Mr. T. H. McLeod has arrived.

Mr. McLeod is dangerously ill with pneumonia but is now on the rapid road to recovery.

Miss Jimmie Mills is visiting friends and relatives in Kansas City.

Miss Rankin of the freshman class has been suffering with neuralgia caused by a wisdom tooth. Miss Rankin should have been smart enough to have cut these long ago.

The oratorical league has been given up for this year, the U. of M. apparently being the only institution equal to the contest.

The students betenoire—the gymnasium committee.

Miss Georgie Fenwick will enter Smith College next year. The Kaimin hopes that she won't cause as much trouble to "that" Smith as she has to "this" one.

Laurence Ebert '01, son of Dr. Ebert of the 25th Infantry left for Vancouver last week on account of the seriousness of his illness. From the latest report he is recuperating rapidly.

"You may shatter the vase if you will
But the scent of the roses clings to it still."

(A dead mouse was found in his desk in the Zoology laboratory.

The announcement that the seniors will wear the regulation caps and gowns has given great satisfaction. It is hoped that this will be an established custom and that before long the caps and gown will not be unfamiliar to the citizens of Missoula.

Mr. Ellis Sedman, Editor-in-Chief of the Kaimin is confined at home with the mumps. A friend on seeing him remarked "Is this Ellis?"

The Clarkias will hold a spread sometime during commencement week. There will of course be the usual brilliant toasts and plenty to eat. The seniors and juniors will appear in gowns to preserve their dignity.

President Reed of the Agricultural College will give the baccalaureate address. He will be heartily welcomed as he is a great favorite.

Mr. F. M. Cronkrite has had charge of the boys gymnasium work since Mr. Searight's departure.

During the heavy windstorm one of the bike racks was overturned breaking the rim of Miss Buckhouse's wheel.

Lawrence Heckler has gone to Hamilton to accept the position as manager of the stamp licking department of the B. & M. Co.

Rabbi Eisenberg lost most of his library in a fire in Butte. It is to be hoped that this doesn't include his lectures which have become renowned throughout the state.

Prof. Elrod has finished a series of lectures to his Zoology class. The last two were perhaps the most interesting. The subjects being: "Instinct of the mountain lion in regard to attacking man," and "Play among animals."

Mrs. Whittaker assisted by the university school of music and local talent gave a concert at the Union Opera House May 22. The programme was excellent and greatly enjoyed. Dr. Heritage of Spokane contributed to the success of the occasion. Missoula is again indebted to Mrs. Whittaker for a musical treat.

At the conclusion of the commencement exercises Mr. Hugh Graham leaves for his home in Bonner. He will be very much missed by his many friends in Missoula.

Mr. Ward called at this office last week and left a load of hay to pay his subscription for The Kaimin. Thanks Sidney.

Mr. Kennett is still at work on his Thesis which perhaps represents more work than any one of the others. It being an original treatise on the dragon fly. Mr. Kennett has averaged 10 hours a day in his practical work in the laboratory this last semester.

A visitor at the Varsity last week on hearing clicking sounds from the Biology laboratory expressed surprise at the existence of a department of telegraphy, but was told that it was only some of the students trying to work the new combination locks.

The Clarkia Literary Society held its last meeting for this year on Friday. The following programme was rendered:

Recitation	Miss Ronan
Biography	Miss Rheim
Declamation	Miss Watson
Original Story.....	Miss McCrackin
Recitation	Miss Morgan
Essay	Miss Murray
Songs of the Late War.....	Miss Olds
Criticism—"The Society".....	The Critics
Reading	Miss Scott
Book Review.....	Miss La Caff

Charlie Allard, who distinguished himself in the football games last fall is a visitor in the city.

Prof. and Mrs. Elrod entertained the seniors last Wednesday evening. The amusement of the evening was an original game by Prof. Elrod. It consisted of questions the answers of which were names of things pertaining to the Varsity. A very enjoyable time is reported.

Leslie Wood is back at work again after an absence of several months caused by the severe fracture of his leg. His limp has now almost entirely disappeared.

Troop F, 3rd U. S. Vol. Cav. held its first reunion in Missoula on May 23d, that being the date of their departure to Chickamauga. Their celebration consisted of a banquet in the afternoon at the Rankin house and a ball in the evening at Union hall.

Miss Hatheway and Miss Bellew expect to take post graduate work next year. It is to be hoped they will for they will be greatly missed unless they do.

Prof. Reiley and Miss Hubble entertained the senior class at dinner on Tuesday evening May 30 at the Florence hotel.

A number of statues, busts and panels have arrived and now decorate the hall and library. The selections, which are excellent, were made by Prof. Aber and include statues of Venus of Melos and Sophocles, busts of Schelly, Goethe, Sappho, Psyche, Zeus of Atricoli, Julius Caesar, Shakespeare, Juno and Venus of Capua, Reliefs of Dante, Beethoven, Homer, children playing on cymbals and Nike—Victory untying sandals.

EXCHANGES.

The following clipping is of interest to those attending the commencement exercises this year: It is announced that Mr. Durstan, the editor of the Standard, will deliver the commencement address at the State University. Mr. Durstan is a college bred man of fine intellectual attainments, has traveled abroad, and has won a reputation in the newspaper world. The University is to be congratulated on securing him as its commencement orator.

THE COMPARTMENT SYSTEM OF BRAIN
STRUCTURE

A very great advance was made in ship building when the compartment system was introduced. By dividing the hull with water-tight partitions into a number of separate chambers or air spaces the danger of shipwreck is much reduced, because it would be a rare accident in which enough holes would be broken in the ship's side to sink it. But as there must be no doors cut through the partitions, the inconvenience of the system has prevented its universal adoption.

A number of our students are sacrificing convenience to safety by adopting the compartment system in the constitution of their minds. Each subject they study is neatly packed away in a separate compartment and when they "have finished the study," (by this peculiar language they mean the term is ended) the storeroom is hermetically sealed, never to be opened. In this way their accumulated knowledge is absolutely safe, unless of course it should spoil. That the knowledge is useless as well as safe does not worry them at all. They never want to use it. Such students can always be told by the skill they show in never getting different studies mixed. What they learn in Room 6 they keep for use in that room, and would consider it a gross impropriety to apply it in any other study. The names used in botany and zoology are meaningless to the best classical scholars in the institution. A student who excels in the mathematical department will not be able to find what per cent one number is of another if you ask him in the chemistry class. A girl in the drawing class will make beautiful pictures of plaster casts, but will make caricatures of the fossils in geology—and it is not easy to caricature a fossil.

Spelling, punctuation and grammar are put in charge of the professor of English, and if any other professor suggests to a student that improvement in these matters is desirable, he is meddling with what is none of his business, so there, and deserves to be reported to the Board.

A student who works on this plan of never getting things mixed sees no order or arrangement in the course of study. His ideal course is to take a Senior, Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman study at a time. If you suggest that algebra will help him in physics or Latin in French, he replies that he never found that one study made another any easier. It is true, he never has. He approaches each study with an impartial and unprejudiced mind. He is always a Freshman, even if he is classified as a Senior in the catalogue.

—Wyoming Student.

From the poems in the April number of "The Student," we judge that there are a number of excellent poets attending the University of North Dakota.

Four competitive prizes are offered by the University of Iowa this year. One of \$25 or a gold medal for the best essay of three thousand words, a gold medal for the

best short story, \$25 for the best extempore debate by a student of the Political Science department, and \$25 for the most proficient in athletics.

The white man's burden.—The wait of woe in expectation of being called upon in the recitation you haven't prepared.—Ex.

"Professor," said the weeping girl graduate. "I am indebted to you for all I know." "Pray do not mention such a trifle," was the reply.—Ex.

"Senior (at supper table).—I say kid, how did you get along today in college?"

Prep.—The recent study of anatomy I have been making says that conversation at meals should be of a pleasant character."

Oberlin will have a new \$40,000 chemical building.

The Harvard football team cleared \$26,750 during the last season. This pays the deficit made by all other teams and the crew, and leaves \$18,000 in the treasury. Wonder what the U. W. Athletic Association would do if it had \$18 in the treasury?

It is estimated that President Dwight has added to Yale about \$12,000 a week, or \$2,000 every working day during his twelve years of service.

In Spain four out of five cannot read or write.

There will be thirty miles of book shelves in the new library at Princeton.

Nebraska University sent the largest number of volunteers, one hundred and twenty-one, to the Cuban war.

Harvard has the largest faculty of any College in America. Her instructors number 337, a body nearly as large as the lower house of Congress.

PECUNIARY AID FOR POOR COLLEGE STUDENTS.

In an article on "Pecuniary Aid for Poor and Able Students" in the April Forum, Charles F. Thwing says:

"In these last years Columbia has paid to students directly or indirectly an amount aggregating \$60,000. Harvard annually awards in scholarships and fellowships and similar forms of aid more than \$40,000. For many years there stood in the annual catalogue of Harvard University this sentence:

"The experience of the past warrants the statement that good scholars of high character, but slender means, are seldom or never obliged to leave college for want of money."

"The annual expenditure in behalf of needy students of Yale is about \$30,000. Cornell has 612 scholarships with free tuition and gives 25 in cash tuitions at \$200 each, and the tuition fee at Cornell is \$100 a year. These facts with regard to certain colleges are also significant. Williams College distributes about \$9,000 annually; Brown University, about \$6,000; Amherst, \$11,000; and Dartmouth, about \$16,000. Western Reserve University annually awards about \$8,000. The amount thus directly given to students in all the American colleges is probably not less than \$200,000."

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