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v. 6, no. 1
Nov. 1925

The FRONTIER

A Literary Magazine



AMONG OTHERS

1. *A Little Girl's Ranch Diary.*
2. *Miss Hattie's Prayer: a story.*
3. *Part of a Journal on Shipboard.*
4. *Poems by: Grace Baldwin, Elsie McDowall, Violet Crain.*

STATE UNIVERSITY of MONTANA

NOVEMBER, 1925

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AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, SEPTEMBER 28, 1925

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Discounts.....	\$2,217,612.15	Capital Stock	\$ 200,000.00
U. S. Bonds Deposited with U. S. Treasurer for Cir- culation	100,000.00	Surplus	50,000.00
Real Estate	20,736.95	Undivided Profits.....	98,370.30
Furniture and Fixtures....	12,554.35	Circulation	97,800.00
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank	7,500.00	Deposits	3,340,834.51
Bonds, State, County and City Warrants	451,295.82		
Liberty Bonds \$266,800.00 Due from U. S. Treasurer	5,000.00		
Cash in Vaults and Due from Banks	705,505.54		
	977,305.54		
	<u>\$3,787,004.81</u>		<u>\$3,787,004.81</u>

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1890

1890

THE FRONTIER

A Literary Magazine

"The frontiers are not east or west, north or south, but wherever a man fronts a fact."—THOREAU.

(Copyright, November, 1925, by Sidney Cox)

Published three times a year.....Subscription yearly, One Dollar

VOL. VI, NO. 1

NOVEMBER, 1925

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Poem

I have never seen the sea, but yet I'm sure
That, if I do, I know what I shall feel;
For vastness calls to something in my soul—
The littleness, perhaps—and makes me strain
To feel within that God I seem to see
In stars far-placed in never ending night,
In mountains rough and dark, yet pointing up
And flecked with light so that they lose their gloom,
And in the thrill I feel in baby smiles . . .
Here are desire and beauty, might and truth;
Of such is God . . . And so I know the sea
Will make me worship, tho I cannot pray.

MARJORIE JONES

I Saw Pain Today

I saw pain today,
Naked and rampant in a woman's flesh.

And her eyes were like the skin of a dead fish;
And her lips were like the mud of a spring-rutted road;
And her hands were like the swaying of sunflowers in the whim of a
breeze.

And I who saw the pain, rampant and wanton,
Could do nothing but watch
The eyes, and the lips, and the hands
In their futility and their acceptance.

There was a tearing at my heart
And the weakness of desiring
Death for her Anything for her
Rather than pain,
Naked and rampant

VIOLET CRAIN

Certainty

When storm clouds roll across the sunset-colored sky
And breezes grow to moaning winds that rage
Among the sky-line trees, and toss the dead leaves high;
When sudden darkness dims the printed page
I read, and when the thunder gives me warning,
I know there's lightning over west. There'll be fires in the morning.

JOHN FROHLICHER

Leaves

Yesterday there were great pools of leaves
Along under the trees.
But today a wind came
That slapped us and stung us with them—
Then took them away.

JORAN BIRKELAND

Wintering

MAGPIES fluttered and hopped about outside the kitchen windows looking for scraps to eat. Another layer of snow, fallen during the night, gave new and grotesque shapes to the scraggly wood-pile that lay just outside the back door. Chick-a-dees and snow birds wove in and out among the snow covered branches of the tall trees that stood about the house, and small showers of snow fell from the high piles of it that lay perilously upon the branches. From the basement where the hired man was separating the morning's milk could be heard the even rhythmic churning of the separator. In the kitchen, the warmth that the cottonwood fire sent out was lost within a few feet of the stove and the rest of the room was still uncertainly chill. A thick line of frost ran up both sides of the kitchen door and stuck thickly on the brass door hinges. The usually bright brass doorknob was dimmed with the cold and on the floor at the bottom of the door lay a thin drift of snow that had blown in through the crack in spite of the rubber strip tacked on to keep out the draft. The edges of the white curtains at the windows were stuck fast to the panes with the frost. Pieces of ice and snow that had been brought in on overshoes had melted into small pools of dirty water here and there over the floor. The heavy brass clock, also dimmed with the dampness and cold, ticked resignedly and provocatively from its shelf to the percolator that fretted hoarsely and impatiently on the back of the stove.

Everett Maitland, dressed in overalls, leather jacket, overshoes buckled high over his overall bottoms, cap, with ear-flaps down, drawn low over his forehead, came up the path to the house. The kitchen door opened stiffly at his push. He drew off his soaking mitts and made room for them in the warming closet of the stove where Mrs. Maitland stacked the dishes when the pantry was too cold to use. He hung the mitts partly over the stove then took a cup from the closet and began pouring from the percolator. There was not enough coffee to fill his cup though he held the percolator long and shook it a little to get it all. He drank it black, half-sitting on the kitchen table and watching his mother, Mrs. Maitland, as she carefully turned and shook the flour sack she had just emptied into the bin.

"I almost drove over one of those little pigeons down in the sheep shed this morning. . . . It fell down from its roost sometime during the night, I guess. . . . It's getting pretty cold for them now."

"I should say," Mrs. Maitland said. Then, "Are you going over to Grey Cliff today?"

"Don't think so." He had drawn on his mitts, still wet, and was pulling his cap lower, when he added, "I've got to fix some feeders today. I'm short a couple."

As he slammed the door behind him, the magpies out on the wood-pile darted into the trees, then came quickly back again.

JORAN BIRKELAND

Sawmill Phantoms

In the light of the dying sun
The upright beams become
Row after row of gallows
Each dangling a long-necked man
Swinging and twisting in the evening breeze.

The god of industry overhead
In a steel black carriage rides.
He thunders back and forth
On a blood-rusted iron rail.
And, from crosses
Having two and three and four cross beams
Sag heavy black wires, bringing
A hum and roar to the silent steel.

The god of industry is a weazened old man
Who pushes the levers and lowers the strings
Lifting the lumber to dizzy heights
Speeding away to ravenous saws
That whine and screech as they bite the boards
Making them smooth and of different shape.

The twilight fades . . . the night has come
Giving slumber and rest to a crying world
That spins and spins in its endless flight.
The gallows with their gruesome load
Become again just upright beams
Supporting a trail for a carriage of steel.

JOE COCHRAN

A Summer on a Montana Ranch

From the Diary of a Little Girl.

JUNE 1. Jack and I are going to stay on the ranch all by ourselves this summer. I heard Daddy and Mama talking last night after they thought I was asleep and Mama said, "It seems too bad, in a way, to leave them here, but I guess there's nothing else to be done. So much responsibility will make Sara grow old beyond her years—and she's only fourteen." I don't feel very grown-up but I guess I must be. But I know I'm more grown-up than Mama thinks I am. She was just trying to fool me this morning, the way grown-ups always do, when she said, "You'll have to watch Jack and see that he feeds the pig and always milks the cow. He's very likely not to remember, so you must. You're quite grown-up now, you know."

JUNE 4. I was sure mad at Jack. Mama told him he had to come home for dinner and today I mashed the potatoes and made some flour gravy. It was all ready at twelve o'clock and I kept it warm a whole hour. But when I heard the teacher ringing and ringing the bell I just knew the whole bunch had played hookey. Sure 'nuff about three o'clock Bob and Fred and Jack came and wanted dinner. I just told them they could get it themselves. Then Jack said, "All right for you, Missy! I'll bet you'll be sorry." And Fred said, "Just after we were planning that nice thing for her. I tell you girls ain't ever good sports. Fellows, we won't have anything to do with girls." But I wasn't going to let them fool me. I told them if they'd come when they were supposed to they'd a had a good dinner. And Jack said, "A woman ought to have dinner ready for the man no matter what time he comes home." Then I said, "No such thing," and I bet I'd told them a lot of things but Bob said, "Don't pay any attention to her. We're through with women." And they went right on getting dinner, acting as if they didn't even hear me when I kept talking and talking. I wasn't going to stand for that; so pretty soon I took an egg and threw it at Jack. It hit him right on the forehead, cracked there, and ran down his face. It was awful funny. He put his hand up and grabbed it and then rubbed it all over my face. We looked so funny that we had to laugh; so we weren't mad any more. Fred said they weren't going back on their vow but he guessed I wasn't a regular girl, anyway. "That was a pretty good shot."

But right after dinner they went out to the cabin and began pounding and hammering. I tried and tried to get in but they had the door locked. I just guess I won't have anything to do with boys. We had a lot of fun after supper, though. We went down to the creek and made boats out of all my pretty pink and yellow envelopes. The boys kept looking at each other and at me to see if I wasn't going to say something. I did hate to see them all go, but I sure wasn't going to let them know it.

JUNE 5. Bob and Fred stayed all night because there isn't any school tomorrow. It was sure funny how many hotcakes they ate for breakfast. Bob beat—he ate 27. Then they took me riding in the automobile they made for me. I couldn't steer it very well. I kept upsetting and went right off the road in the sage brush twice. It's sure fun, though.

JUNE 14. Jack and I got up at half past five this morning and washed. While he was turning the last machine I "sapoleoed" the windows. Then he started to school and I wiped off the outside of one and had just got started on the inside when the mail came. So I went out to the box to get it, and I got the book Miss Donaldson had promised me. I went up in the trees on the other side of the road to look at it for a minute, but I got so interested that I forgot all about everything and just sat there and finished it. When I went back to the house my bread was all run over and hanging down the side of the pan, the fire was out, the bluing water was in the middle of the floor, and the dirty breakfast dishes still on the table. Things sure looked awful and I felt awfully bad about the bread, because I was afraid it wouldn't be good enough to sell to Old Whit. I almost cried, but when I went into the bedroom to get a handkerchief I saw myself in the looking-glass and had to laugh. I had one of Mama's old aprons on, that came clear down to my feet, an old straw hat was perched on the back of my head and there was a great big streak of dirt on one cheek. It's pretty nice not to *have* to do things when you don't feel like it.

JULY 22. It was sure funny yesterday. I was in the front room reading, and Jack and Fred were out in the kitchen getting some bread and jam, when somebody knocked. I was surprised because we don't have much company and nobody ever knocks, anyway. When I called "Come in", Clark walked in. He's a cowboy for the Cunningham herd that's ranging up here. I asked him to sit down and he said he didn't

mind if he did, but he couldn't stay long. He laid his hat on the floor, and then he said he'd been over town, and all at once he'd thought of me and wondered if I wouldn't like a box of candy. So he gave me an awfully nice box, and I said, "Oh, thank you," and started to open it. I was getting pretty nervous because all the time Jack and Fred hadn't made a sound. Just then, though, I heard them start giggling, and one of them hit the other on the back and whispered, "He bought her a box of candy." And then Jack hollered, "Whoopee," and they both ran out the door. Course it was funny, and I had to laugh, too. And I just kept laughing and laughing and couldn't stop. Pretty soon Clark got red in the face and said, well, he'd have to go, and I couldn't stop laughing long enough to say good-bye.

Aunt Belle was down today and asked me about the candy. When I told her Clark had brought it she said, "Wasn't that nice of him. Of course he was just sorry for you." I didn't say anything, but I knew that wasn't the reason, and I knew she knew it, too. Grown-ups are funny. They can't fool me. Jack wasn't fooled, either. He just looked at her and said, "Huh." I guess the only ones they fool are themselves.

AUGUST 16. Last night about three o'clock I was sound asleep when Jack called, kinda scared, "Did you hear that, Sara?" I said, "What?" But just then I heard, "KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!" at the front door.

"Is there someone out there?" I asked, and Jack said, "I don't know. It sounds kinda funny, don't it?" And then there was "KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!" again.

"Hadn't you better go to the door?" I asked.

"You ought to go—you're the oldest."

"But you're right out there in the front room."

"KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!"

Jack said, "I bet you're scared to go."

"I'm not scared, but you're the man of the family. It's your place to go."

"KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!"

"I tell you," said Jack, coming to my door and opening it, "we'll both go. Come on. I got my gun."

"KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!"

It made cold shivers go up and down my back, but I got up and we both went to the door. Jack got his gun ready, and I opened the door.

It was just getting light, but there wasn't a thing there. I shivered and looked at Jack, and he said, "I guess we'd better go back to bed."

"KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!"

I was just going to slam the door when Jack said, "There's a porcupine!" Sure enough it was a big porcupine knocking his tail on the porch. Jack shot it right through the head the first shot.

SEPTEMBER 1. Mama was up this afternoon and told me to get all packed and Uncle Kirb would come and get me tomorrow to take me out to school. I'm here all alone now. Jack went down to tell the Holt kids. He's going to bring them back with him. We're going to have a midnight supper. Jack killed our rabbit before he went—it was kind of awful to think of killing Pete, but he's fried all nice and brown now. I wish they'd come. It's getting awfully late.

LATER. We sure had a good time. I used up the last of the sugar and made some fudge. I thought the boys would be so glad, but they acted awfully funny about it. We ate our supper and a lot of the fudge, and then we sang. Every once in a while the kids would look at each other and giggle. I knew they had some secret, but whenever I'd ask they'd just look at each other and laugh. Finally Fred said, "You go get it, Jack." So Jack went outside and I heard him lift up the wash tub. Then he came in with a box of chocolate covered cherries. He said Fred had got them for me, but was afraid to give them to me. Fred said he wasn't either afraid. He just wanted to surprise me. I said of course he wasn't afraid (I knew he was, though) and it was a nice surprise.

Just before we went to bed we all made a promise that, no matter where we were, we'd all get together 15 years later on September 1 and have another midnight supper. Jack said we'd probably be living in New York and have it at the Waldorf.

DORIS ROWSE

Verses

A homeless wind, chilly with damp,
Prowls at the door like a rain-wrapped ghost.
The darkness is a welcoming host
To drops that whisper down.

Here in the glowing, fan-shaped flair of warmth
We sit, and watch the long, gay flames, red flecked,
That climb, and sink, and fade in drowsy light;
Cheek upon cheek, alone—as sailors, wrecked,
Wait in some murmurous cavern while the skies
Let pour a tropic flood—exchanging words
That border close on dreams. The fire dies
From licking flame to coals, from coals to ash
As speech gives way to silence; there is hush
And eyelids droop against the cheerful gloom
Of mellowed, moody shadows in the room.

The poplar trees, asway in the night,
Whisper and talk as the quick gusts blow.
From off the eaves a battering flow
Beats at the heedless earth.

BEA FORKENBROCK

Young Saplings Are So Eager for the Sky

Young saplings are so eager for the sky
That's shaped to meanings by the trees about them
That they grow very tall and very thin.
The hills, too, they have not seen for themselves
Except thru others' leaves on others' branches.
There's lots to live for, for a midwood sapling,
And lots to live on, too, with the dead leaves
Of many generations at its roots.

But an old tree that's standing on a hillside
With branches spread the way the strong winds blow,
From reaching long for what the winds are after
Must have long felt life's strange futility.

And an old tree that looks above the others
With a clear sweep of sky and hills and meadows
And other trees about it—it has long known
That there's a limit to what trees can reach to,
And there are bounds to what a tree can know
Save what in known things still may be discovered.

ELSIE McDOWALL

Autumn

Yesterday
Quiet and brave and tenderly wise
Grave Autumn smiled, in her lustrous eyes,
Still shy and wild, replies
To a whole world's yearnings—
Eager cries
For life and color and truth,
For hope and faith and undying youth—
Exultant burnings laying bare
Her own rich being, unaware,
For others. Her shimmering hair
And glowing raiment, perfect, rare,
Love's gift to love of beauty,
Framing the spirit that could dare
At once complexity and living.
She smiled—at once a child
And a gracious woman rich in years
But ageless, nearing
Life's highest point unfearing, giving
That others might live.

But today
Autumn is dead,
As she knew she must go.
There is only the thought of her—
And her yearning eyes—
And snow.

GRACE BALDWIN

The Critic

It wasn't what you said
That set me free—
But you shook off what you read
So utterly
I too
Could see
And go forward to a new
And clearer view.

GRACE BALDWIN

Miss Hattie's Prayer

MISS HATTIE HERRICK had been living in the old home with her sister, Miss Minnie, for five long years. Before then, Miss Hattie had liked to travel, and Miss Minnie had liked to uphold single-handed the Herrick position. But the Watertown bank had taken a notion to fail. Since then, for five years, it had been simply a question of supporting two interpretive views of life on an income for one. They were both at the age when a year isn't anywhere near as long as it used to be; nevertheless, at the end of the first five minutes or so, Miss Hattie had settled into a way of thinking that five minutes would have been long enough. Miss Hattie was fair; she admitted that five minutes would have been plenty for Minnie, too.

It was seven o'clock on Sunday morning. Miss Hattie paused on the back hall landing to feel her kid curlers and shake out the sashes of her wrapper. She reckoned it up as exactly five years that Sunday morning; at least, it would be so, to the dot, by the time Minnie had gone to Sunday school and church and come home to dinner.

There is something that gives you pause about any old anniversary, say what you like.

Miss Hattie was on her way downstairs to put on the coffee pot. She listened in the direction of Minnie's room, and, exactly as she expected, heard nothing. Miss Minnie had substituted silent prayer for coffee on Sunday mornings, since the bank failed. It might be said, in a slightly more general manner, that Miss Minnie had learned to substitute the satisfaction derived from that sort of thing for the satisfaction of making really generous contributions to foreign missions and *that* sort of thing.

Miss Minnie objected to Sunday morning breakfast; she objected to the frivolity of kid curlers and to slovenly wrappers, any morning. Miss Hattie, having observed the formality of listening on the landing, felt her kid curlers, shook out the sashes of her wrapper, which she sometimes called a kimono, and pursued her way to the kitchen. But Miss Hattie wasn't mean; she simply didn't consider it decent to give in when you're not in the wrong.

Miss Hattie built a coal fire in the kitchen range, measured coffee, accurately, from a cannister, sliced bread, not too thick, and set out two cups and saucers, two plates, two spoons on the red checkered cloth. Later, thinking it over, she tried to explain to herself that two-

ness of everything, on a Sunday morning, by putting it to the score of habit. But it *was* funny, the way that five years had got itself stuck in her mind.

When the coffee had boiled, and the toast was buttered, not too lavishly, Miss Hattie turned her head. It was just about time for Minnie to say her piece about keeping the Sabbath. Miss Minnie stood in the doorway, dressed for Sunday school.

"Harriet!"

Miss Hattie awoke to the fact that she'd set the table for two, and tried to suppress an un-Sabbath-like chuckle.

"Sit right down, Minnie," she said, "everything's ready."

"Harriet, you've wasted a spoonful of coffee and two slices of bread."

Miss Hattie looked at her sister. She felt a certain more or less resigned curiosity.

"Minerva, since it's already wasted, you'd better eat it."

Miss Minnie sat down by the table, and pointedly pushed away cup and saucer, plate and spoon. Miss Harriet had poured herself some coffee and sat opposite.

"Five years ago today, Harriet."

"Umph. So you've been counting 'em, too," said Miss Hattie, eating toast.

Half reproachfully, half reminiscently, Miss Minnie continued, ignoring the interruption.

"Five years ago today, Harriet, I got up and thanked God on my knees, in my night gown, for tempering the wind to the shorn lamb."

"Huh?"

"We'd lost the money, but you were coming. I thought you were coming home to the fold."

"What?" said Miss Hattie. "Well, well, now, Minnie, don't take it so hard."

"Harriet, in five years you've only been to church twice, and both times you had a new hat that you couldn't afford. Do you pray on your knees for forgiveness, the way I pray for you every day of my life?"

Miss Hattie took a large bite of toast. It got on her nerves, in the long run, to think of the Lord's being everlastingly pestered about her by Minnie. Certain things you like to arrange for yourself, by yourself, or not at all.

"I've been getting along pretty well," she said.

"Oh, Harriet, Harriet! You're stubborn. You're a sinner, if I do have to say so of my own sister."

"I'm uncommonly good-natured, if that's what you mean," said Miss Hattie.

By this time, Miss Hattie could see the bee in Miss Minnie's bonnet as plainly as she saw her tightening her lips and folding her hands. In other words, she could see Minnie making up her mind to settle the question of going to church then and there, once and for all. Miss Hattie fiddled with her toast and looked out of the window. It looked like rain.

She rather regretted having set out two cups and saucers; it wasn't exactly the sort of thing you'd call tempting Providence, but it certainly was tempting Minnie. Minnie certainly took a little too much on herself, praying for other people, and what not.

"Well, Harriet?"

"Well what?"

"Have you been thinking it over?"

"No," said Miss Hattie.

Miss Minnie tightened her lips.

"Harriet, will you come to church?"

"No," said Miss Hattie, "I won't."

"Why, Harriet?"

The fact was that Miss Hattie herself didn't rightly know. For the life of her, she couldn't think how to tell anybody why she hated to go to church. So she answered calmly:

"Why? Because I'm going to weed the asters once more before they freeze."

"It's going to rain, Harriet."

"No, it isn't."

"Harriet, you're wickedly tempting Providence."

Miss Hattie had a thought that was not quite a just one. She thought that Minnie deliberately called disagreeing with Minnie "tempting Providence." A Providence with a personal bias didn't seem sensible to Miss Hattie; even Minnie ought to know better.

"Harriet," said Miss Minnie with unpleasant aptness, "it's not me you'll have to reckon with. Remember that."

"Minnie," said Miss Hattie briskly, getting up and beginning to stack the dishes, "I'll remember that if you will. If it rains while you

go to church and I weed the flowers, I'll take it as a sign, what you'd call a sign from heaven."

Miss Minnie stared at her sister as if she were afraid to believe her ears, and didn't mean to, anyway, if she could help it. Her face was so pale, and her eyes so nearly starting from her head, that Miss Hattie felt rather provoked.

"Rain—church—asters—"

"No, Minnie, a sign, something to—"

Miss Minnie opened her mouth and shut it again. Not a speck of horse sense in the woman, thought Miss Hattie, not to mention a sense of humor, and hastened to break the silence.

"I'm not a heathen, Minnie Herrick. Do you suppose I don't know my old testament every bit as well as you? I'm referring to the time Elijah and the priests of Baal prayed all day for fire. Well, this time it can rain or not rain. You can pray for rain if you like, Minnie; for my part—"

"Harriet!"

Miss Hattie suffered the interruption to end her tirade. Of one thing she was sure, it would rain or not rain according to the kind of weather it happened to be, and Minnie had provoked her into making a silly old fool of herself by saying something she didn't mean. Very well, let Minnie take the consequences.

"Very well, then."

Miss Hattie hadn't really intended to say it aloud. Miss Minnie turned away her face, and went from the room without so much as a word.

Miss Minnie left for Sunday school without saying another word. Miss Hattie put on an everyday gingham dress and one of her father's old coats, and her garden gloves, and went out to weed the asters along the back picket fence. She had previously considered wearing a sun-bonnet, but decided against it. Enough is usually more than enough.

At half past ten by the bell of the courthouse clock, it began to rain. With deliberation and forethought, Miss Hattie wished she'd bitten off her tongue and held it for another five years.

The autumn drizzle increased to a steady downpour. Miss Hattie was soaked to the skin; her feet sloshed in her shoes. In the aster bed weeds were of a discouraging scarcity. Miss Hattie picked a bunch of asters that reminded her forcibly of a wet friendly dog, and hoped

that the sermon would keep Minnie from hearing the rain and that the sun would be out before church was.

At half past eleven she went in to get dinner. At this point Miss Hattie made a concession. She put the bunch of asters out of sight in the cellar, and her damp clothes behind the hat boxes on the shelf of her bedroom closet.

Still shivering now and then, in spite of an enormous fire in the kitchen range, and in spite of a smaller fire in the dining room grate, before the season, Miss Hattie got dinner.

"Must be chilly out today?" she said blandly, as Miss Minnie sat down to the table. Miss Minnie shook her head.

"Come, come now, Minnie. You know it is. Why, your face is all pinched and blue."

Again Miss Minnie thoughtfully shook her head; and it dawned on Miss Hattie that the gesture meant something else. She decided to leave well enough alone, and asked cheerfully about the sermon. Miss Minnie answered in monosyllables. If only Minnie didn't take things so hard!

One might have known it would rain the rest of the day, getting damper and chillier every minute. The parlor, where they always spent Sunday afternoons, was of course just so much damper and chillier than any other room in the house. As always, Miss Hattie brought her crocheting and Miss Minnie her testament. Although it was much too dark for either sewing or reading, they spoke little. Miss Hattie, indeed, tried to talk about one thing and another, but Miss Minnie's solemnity was too much for her. All that afternoon the rain wasn't mentioned once.

At intervals of fifteen minutes or so, Miss Hattie suppressed a sneeze, suppressed it because the whole thing was bad enough, and silly enough, without Minnie's finding out about the morning spent in the soaking rain. Each time Miss Hattie swallowed a sneeze her sister noted the fact by a nod. Miss Hattie wished she wouldn't. The clock ticked and the rain drummed on the tin roof of the porch, and Miss Hattie fidgeted against the knobby crocheted tidy on her chair. She hoped Minnie didn't really suspect.

At seven they had the lights on and tea. Hoping for the best, Miss Hattie drank three cups, one after the other. She might have prayed, in the name of peace, not to get a cold in the head, except that it seemed too much like what Minnie herself would do. But her head felt ex-

tremely thick, and her eyes were watering so that Minnie's pale face, across the teacups swam back and forth in a blur. Miss Hattie felt that her own face looked red and cross. She was cross; a cold in the head puts a person at a disadvantage.

Presently Miss Minnie went upstairs to get ready for church, and Miss Hattie tried to clear her head by drinking another cup of tea, which was no longer very hot.

"Well, Harriet?" said Miss Minnie, coming back.

"Huh?"

"It rained, Harriet. Are you coming to church?"

"No."

It sounded crosser than Miss Hattie had meant it to sound. To admit the truth, she didn't feel equal to a stuffy church; she wanted to go to bed. But she knew very well that if she made an excuse of the cold, she'd have to explain where it came from.

"Harriet, come to church! It's not too late yet!"

Minnie's voice had acquired a piercing quality. At grips with a sneeze, Miss Hattie answered mutely by shaking her head.

"I did pray for rain, Harriet, to lead you into the way of repentance. You asked for a—a sign, and it rained. Oh, Harriet!"

"Well, you say you prayed for it," said Miss Hattie crossly, and sneezed. It was a sort of relief, if self-betraying. She got stiffly to her feet, to defy Minnie, and the cold in her head, and her own sense of having made an old fool of herself.

"Yes, I sneezed," said Miss Hattie, "and I'm not going to church. Yes, I was out in the rain. It's a good rain, good for crops—well, winter wheat, anyway. You prayed me into this, Minnie Herrick, and I'll thank you to mind your own business in the future. Perfect nonsense."

Miss Hattie sat down again.

"I saw you'd been weeding; I looked. Oh, Harriet, Harriet, won't you repent before it's too late?"

"Bosh!" said Miss Hattie.

"Then I can only pray for your soul. For as surely as you've blasphemed against the Lord, you'll be punished for it."

Left alone, Miss Hattie poured out a cup of tea. It was lukewarm, and she didn't drink it.

"Bosh!" she said loudly to no one in particular.

She couldn't sleep well that night. Her bed was too hot, and her pillows not high enough to keep the stuffiness out of her head. For

another thing, when she went to the medicine chest to get some camphor, about twelve o'clock, she noticed a streak of light at the bottom of Minnie's door. It was still shining there when the town clock struck half past two, for Miss Hattie looked to see.

Miss Hattie climbed heavily back into bed, and tossed on her wrinkled pillows. She hadn't said that she'd go to church if it rained. Minnie should have known better.

It was during the phantasmagorical hours toward morning that a figure in Miss Hattie's inner consciousness began to take definite shape, the ominous figure of Miss Minnie's special Providence. It had a grizzly beard and unctuous hands, with a sort of corpulent vagueness of body. It lacked a sense of humor, and it had a trick of looming forth, suddenly, like an unexplained shadow. Miss Minnie evidently possessed a proprietary interest in its workings, as if she had secretly bought shares in a closed corporation. The devil sometimes disguised himself very well, Miss Hattie began to think, but she didn't care to go any farther along those lines. Between uncomfortable cat naps, she woke up to shiver resentfully.

Monday, for Miss Hattie, was a long grim fight against the tendency of her physical self to cower near the stove.

On Tuesday Miss Hattie had to give it up, and Miss Minnie sent for old Doctor Allen. Propped up on her pillows, Miss Hattie observed the doctor's white bushy whiskers and the little white pills he was counting out. Except that it hurt, she would have permitted herself an audible chuckle. For this was a fair example of Minnie's inconsistency—plainly, if Minnie's providence had the power to mete out punishment in the shape of a cold, no amount of medicine would do the least good. It tickled Miss Hattie's fancy to think that after all she'd live or die by the medicine, and she tried to say as much to the doctor. The thermometer in her mouth made her words sound so mumbled that she couldn't be sure whether he understood her or not.

She came back to it later, much later, it seemed, because Minnie was sitting in the corner under a shaded lamp, reading her testament. Raising herself on one elbow, Miss Hattie said quite distinctly:

"Minnie, I want you to understand that I'm getting over this cold by myself."

"Oh, Harriet, hush! Doctor Allen said you shouldn't talk."

"Hmph," said Miss Hattie.

Seeing that Minnie was still inconsistent and unreasonable, she decided to go back to sleep. After that, whenever she got tired of watching a fight between some one who had a bad cold and some other one who seemed insistent on calling it something else, she decided to go back to sleep. She was always half waking up, in an annoying, uncomfortable way.

At last she found herself quite awake, and proved it by counting nine strokes of the courthouse clock. The doctor was there again. Pretending to be still asleep, Miss Hattie kept her eyes closed and listened. Minnie was sobbing. The doctor rumbled something indistinguishable deep down in his throat. Perhaps, thought Miss Hattie, he meant it to be just a rumble.

She heard them both tiptoe from the room; Minnie was taking the doctor to the front door. She heard Minnie come back and cross the room, and after that a continuous faint creaking of the floor. Miss Hattie cautiously turned her head on the pillow and opened her eyes.

Miss Minnie was on her knees under the lamp, and her lips moved. At the open window, billowing curtains stirred vaguely, gently. Miss Hattie strained her ears to hear what Minnie was saying.

“Lord, be merciful to this sinner”—“even yet”—

Miss Hattie could catch only a phrase now and then.

“—put repentance into her heart—Lord, spare my sister, if so be it—”

Miss Hattie closed her eyes. After a little while she thought out a silent prayer of her own.

“Dear Lord, I’ve been an old fool more or less, but I know You won’t hold that against me; You understand. Please teach Minnie to believe that a cold comes from getting your feet wet and being stubborn; You know how hard she takes things like this. And forgive me for praying for her just this once. Amen.”

DOROTHY MUELLER

I Go the Ways We Used to Go

I go the ways we used to go
When you were here,
And now, without you, know
How near you were to me,
And dear.

I go the ways we used to go—
Just quiet ways,
The ways of those who seek to know
And care to see—
Exciting ways that filled our days
With challenge,
Dared us to be,
(If so men can be)
Free—
Poignant, trying, precious ways
That let us see
The mystery
Of friendship, and of life.
I go the old familiar ways,
And you go with me.

I hear men speak of you—
To praise, condemn,
(Extravagantly)
And I pity them.
I hear men say, the rare and few,
“If he were here—”
And I’m glad for them,
And you.

I go the ways we used to go,
And I know,
A little,
Through missing you,
How near you were to me,
And dear—
Shall ever be.
I go the old familiar ways,
And you go with me.

GRACE BALDWIN

“Sailing, a Sailing”

(From Diary Written on Shipboard on the Way to Oxford)

Sept. 30, 1925. On board North-German Lloyd “Columbus.”

FOR several minutes there has been a faint hum. It is steadily increasing. Now there is a perceptible vibration of the floor beneath the feet. Various timbers begin to creak. And yes, there is the water, gurgling and rolling back from the prow. And see, a faint line of white gathers and streams past. That means—we’re off!

Divinity in Heaven! What a day! Washington telegraphed yesterday afternoon that they were sending my passport, after I had spent the morning telephoning to them at the rate of \$1.35 per three minutes. My ticket was made out for the “Aquitania,” the Cunarder; my trunk was already on board, probably in my stateroom. And the “Aquitania” sailed promptly at ten a. m.

Eight o’clock this morning found me at the Cunard offices. 25 Broadway, chewing my finger-nails, as it were. And oh, the terrible wretch who has charge of passports! There he sat, sleek, tailored, divinely tailored. A big Irishman with enormous bald head and exquisite white moustache. I stood in the alcove of a large window watching Broadway—the Broadway of the Wall Street district and not of the Follies—stream past, newspaper under arm, brushing lint off of its coatsleeve, adjusting its tie, dodging its traffic. Every few moments I craned my neck around the alcove and glared at the divine Irishman to see if the mail had arrived. No. Calmly he read his paper. Eight-thirty; I screwed up nerve, walked with great dignity. “Ahem, has the, er—did my passport arrive? I was here yesterday. Oh yes, Dahlberg’s the name. You can’t tell me anything until nine o’clock? I see, have to wait until your office is officially open. I see.” Back to the window; cigarette, Broadway, some unholy reflections.

Quarter to nine, five minutes to, nine o’clock—five after, ten after . . . Back again. “Well—ahem—my passport—OH—!! No, I’m *not* sailing Saturday! I’m sailing today—or was—” this last came very faintly, very softly. And then, oh mystery, the sleek-headed Irishman unbended. . . . He was sorry; faith, he was sorry. Then, just as I was about to feel sorry for *myself*, I bumped into the North-German Lloyd offices, having already been to several others, and discovered the “Columbus,” their best boat, to be sailing tonight.

To Greenwich village then. West from Washington Square down to Barrow street. Press a bell, click, click, the night lock is undone; then a musty tunnel, across an open court-yard, into another door, up three flights and—old faces, old voices, a jabber of welcome. Coats off, cigarettes, coffee, talk. Lunch together, then down town for dinner requisites. Songs and stories. Dinner and gin fizz. Stories and talk. Songs and talk. The Theatre and Europe. Gin fizz and talk. At quarter after seven something clicked in my mental process—what—oh, yes, God in heaven! The voice of the German Lloyd clerk as he had given me my ticket in the morning: “You must be on board no later than eight p. m. The gang-plank is taken up then. Eight o’clock.” God in heaven!

“Where’s the subway for Brooklyn? Must catch boat eight o’clock. . . .”

Roar of the subway to Brooklyn. . . . Old faces, old voices fading. . . . The warmth and talk and high laughter, fading.

Already we are out to sea. The last shore-light dipped from sight but a moment ago. Up on deck a cold wind blows.

Oct. 1st. For the past hour a string quintet has been disporting itself with Teutonic heaviness. But the poor fellows are awkward. The fiddle notes are full of wobbled bowings and slivers, and yes, even bridge-riding. Everyone

enjoys it, however. They drink beer by the pint and when the playing becomes particularly atrocious they all sing and smile and laugh—and drink more beer.

Throughout the afternoon someone has been at either the piano or violin; and once a huge woman was yodeling. Then for two hours of the afternoon a ten-piece band held sway in the bar-room. Always when anyone or anything starts playing the onlookers join in upon the slightest provocation. They hesitate at nothing; they seem to have songs for even the great Symphonies. One understands a little of how it is that Germany has given the world its music and musicians. Beer, I am convinced, is an important element.

This morning I slept until the very human hour of nine-thirty or ten; but the heathens had already breakfasted at seven-thirty. The bell had been rung, of course, but I hadn't bothered. What really awakened me was the steward who popped in his shaven head to ask me if I "Sprechen Deutsch?" "No, I'm sleepy. Breakfast all gone? Well, get me some apples." He returned after a while to inform me that all the apples had been stolen from his table. "Well, here's some money. Now go and steal some from some other table." He grinned, and did. That is, he went where he should have the first time.

All directions: apartments, decks, lockers, warnings, restrictions, etc., etc., are printed in German, once in a while, but very haphazardly, duplicated in English. So that it is a gamble whether one is going to walk into a ladies' dressing-room, or possibly open a blind door and drop quite without ceremony into the great *aqua salis*—but fate, and all that, you know—

One stands on deck and looks—and looks—and that's about all there is to it.

Oct. 2nd. I have just discovered a sister to the original Eve. A trained nurse from St. Louis, Cincinnati, Columbus; originally from Erfurt in Saxony. She has lived in America two years. When she is delighted she squeals becomingly. I mean, most squeals aren't becoming; it isn't an American squeal, however. She told me the story of Peer Gynt staccatoed with many of these squeals. She told me many things. The first jazz she heard when she entered a New York theatre—her first awakening to the "color" distinction when working in a Cincinnati hospital—her sensations upon first waving an American flag (requested to do so by her employer at some patriotic demonstration).

She goes about deciphering these mysterious directions, warnings, rooms, decks, etc. Also she makes me pronounce them after her, very solemnly. *Rauchzimmer* is the smoking room, etc.

The stringed quintet had just commenced their evening's performance. I had occupied one of two vacant seats. Presently she came, somewhat hesitantly, and stood beside the remaining vacant seat. I had seen her about the decks and had been vaguely curious to know who she might be. Accordingly I partially rose and asked her wouldn't she sit—"Yes, thank you." Immediately she went on: "You are American"—"Very much," I replied. "German boys are never so polite," she observed. I subsided. "It is partly the war, or rather the war helped make it worse," she went on. "You see, we have, I forget, three or five girls to each German boy—and so they are quite the masters." I wasn't in a position to verify her figures but her logic sounded all right.

We were sitting in deck chairs near the bow when she suggested that we go up to the first and second-class quarters. "But how?" I quavered. I had been trying it all day myself but each time I had started, up would pop an enigmatical deck-hand; several times one had fairly streaked German at me and I had replied with studied indifference, "Oh, all right," and returned. And so I asked "How?"

"Oh, that is quite simple. Follow me." And I did. Up and down, through magnificent mahoganied and brass-polished saloons and corridors. Out to the stern, back along the promenades all glass enclosed that the nice people may not get wet. Talked and walked. She saying how sentimental the Germans were—and how they called our Big and Little Dippers the Big and Little Wagons—and how she was going home to visit her mother and see her elder sister get

married. Several times a deck-steward stepped quietly and mysteriously out of a passageway to encounter us, but she would adroitly turn our backs upon the fellow and point or repoint out the Big and Little Wagon and then we would come away before the fellow could fairly well say anything.

In fact, as I first suggested, I have discovered a near relative of the first Eve.

Oct. 3rd. Exceedingly dull day. The original Eve has been sick and I have sat beside her all day long talking dispiritedly. After lunch she appeared with one of America's curses—a Community Song book—and had me singing the whole blessed afternoon.

Oct. 7th. Beer and music! I wonder what manner of physiological or chemical arrangement makes for such a combination. Certainly it is something subtle, but still, you can't look at a German and say, without humor, ah, there is something subtle. I have decided that among German men there is just the one kind: fat ones; and among the women: fat and hatchet-faced ones. That is, the latter species is the blue-eyed, golden hair-in-two-monstrous-braids maiden, gone to seed.

Last night in deck chairs, Eve (Eve is nondescript; that is, she will be avoiddupoisetic) had been sleeping; waking with a start she exclaimed, "Oh, I haf been dtreaming!" "Well, well—what did you dream of?" "Oh—I don't know if I should tell you." (I gathered that she meant she would tell me if I insisted.) "Oh, surely, tell me." "Well, I dtreamed of the nicest things in the world." "Really! And what—what are these?" "A hausband, a howse, and five cheeldren—" "Oh, my God!" I gurgled. . . . And that is—well, surely it is the Fatherland!

However, today I have escaped the Teutonic maiden and have spent five hours in the second class quarters; two of which I occupied in observing one of these strange animals, an infant prodigy. We were in a drawing room; the youngster, the father, and, I took it, a close friend. The youngster was at the piano; I being directly in front could only see the top of a very black head and two fat legs that scarcely reached to the pedals. First he played scales and exercises, elegantly and with precision. After half an hour, the father—"Now do some of your themes." "No." "Yes." "No." "Yes." "I've forgotten the one from last week." "No you haven't—you remember—it goes—" humming. And the kid played for over an hour. Piece after piece. Deft, colorful, imaginative little fairy-land pieces. The father nodding, sometimes beating time through difficult passages, sometimes leaning forward and humming when memory faltered. Fascinating. Presently he got up and announced that he was going outside. I was shocked, for he was scarcely twelve—and a head of hair like a haystack. Besides the shock, I was awed—the friend was awed—even the parent, I do believe. They began talking then in something above a whisper: the friend seeming quite positive about a "service to humanity"—the parent less positive, much less positive; thinking, no doubt, of personal sacrifices and inconveniences (as a parent to genius always must). The talk grew louder and no longer philosophical. The father was saying: "Yes, absolute pitch, he has. Absolute. When he was four we would take him to the Symphony and if a single instrument played out of tune he would hold his ears and cry out. When he was five a company of musicians in Berlin took him one day through a conservatory in every room of which was a piano. Each piano had been tuned slightly off pitch, you see. Well, for two hours they hurried him from room to room, played a chord and made him say which of the notes were off, and which, if any, were true. Yes—marvelous. He hadn't a single error." The parent went on with his anecdotes, each one fetching a prodigious exclamation from the friend. As they left the room the parent was murmuring "Tremendous expense—tremendous expense—"

Oct. 6th.—Well, England tomorrow! And this last night; I shall not forget it soon. I walked the small work-deck immediately in the bows. Moonless,

starless, mist-hidden night. A wind blowing neither warm nor cold but softly, subtly penetrating. And within myself these voices of song . . . England tomorrow.

Up and down the deck.

The Germans, too, were smelling land. They stood in many small groups singing; folk songs, opera. And it struck me that the women's voices have a peculiar flatness—and yet it isn't a flatness. The notes start from the chest all right, with full promise of rounding out, making bubbles of warmth and tone; but invariably something happens, and they emit, instead, a sort of old-fashioned soup-bowl note—the sphere cut in half.

Up and down the deck.

And I was dreaming, sentimentally, of the day when Americans would be walking under strange stars, singing the songs of their own adventure. And I heard how Whitman has whispered down the ages—"I hear America singing—" And it seemed, then, that such things would happen.

Well, England tomorrow!

D'ARCY DAHLBERG.

Plea

Be not afraid of grieving me;
Be rather fearful of giving me joy.

I have looked into the eyes of sorrow,
And sadness I have known pityingly.
The suffocation of grief I have breathed
Blind, and feeble, and courageous.
No—fear not to lay pain at my feet
As the gift of the love you bear me.
Sadness I shall greet with pre-knowledge
And a half-smile of expectancy on my lips . . .

But joy-startled, I should close my eyes and turn away.
Joy is too giddy a plaything;
Happiness is too strange to me.
I should sit stiff-eyed, tingling in my finger tips,
Not daring to touch it,
For my fingers are dulled with gripping
(Sadness one does not carry lightly)
But joy would elude the heaviness of my touch
Giving place, as joys have done, for the fear that stalks them . . .

Nay—fear not to grieve me; fear rather to bring me laughter.

VIOLET CRAIN

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Master Cleaners and Dyers

The Frontier
BOOK SHELF

The Innocence of G. K. Chesterton:
 Gerald Bullett. (Henry Holt, 1924.)

Matthew Arnold's comment that all time given to writing critiques on the works of others would be better employed if it were given to original compositions may advisedly be applied to the reading of critiques. If we want to read good books we must make a point of avoiding ordinary ones.

But Mr. Bullett's *Innocence of Chesterton* is more than one of those secondary books that collect like barnacles around the masterpieces. "It aims at exposing Chesterton as well as expounding him.

There isn't much excuse for the part of the book which is given to expounding Chesterton's philosophy except that it is happily done. Even a Boswell is wanted only when a Johnson is not preserving his own talk. Mr. Chesterton has written some forty books since 1900, endlessly, plainly and attractively repeating his points.

As a thinker and a writer, Bullett is most attractive when he is at his own task in his own manner. He has very effectively broken down much of Chesterton's logic, for it was often not so much logic as fallacious analogy. For the person who has read Chesterton's essays this book will be interesting and profitable. It will give him a chance to check his own critical estimates of Chesterton against those of no mean critic. The unprofitable thing would be to read this book without first reading Chesterton.

E. L. F.

Earlham: Percy Lubbock. (Scribner 1924.)

This book is a finely imaginative recreation of the impressions made on an English boy by the life he saw and lived during vacation periods in an old-time English country home rich in tradition and in comfortable spirit. There is exceeding great subtlety in uncovering the recessive memories of delicate sights and sounds and the recollections of personalities and adven-

Tell Our Advertiser You Saw Their Ad in the Frontier.

tures. There is not much variety of emotional level in the account and it is attenuated occasionally to the point of surfeit. But in power of portraiture and in subtle beauty the book is of rare quality.

E. L. F.

Fancies Versus Fads: G. K. Chesterton. (Methuen, 1923.)

G. K. Chesterton is probably the best journalistic essayist and certainly one of the best jesters of our day. He is hardly a satirist. He is in complete conflict with his age and in these essays is thrusting effectively at many of the leading aspects of modernism. Our easiest convictions are the very things on which he makes us take most thought. In this volume he is tilting especially hard against the feminists and pacifists, the vegetarians, the scientists, the free verse writers. He is holding hard to literal Christianity, peasant proprietorship of land, and to democracy. It is rather ironical that so great a champion of the average man as Chesterton is should be so seldom read by the average man.

It does not take a brilliant mind to catch Mr. Chesterton in the act of hasty and superficial writing. Few men of his mental size can develop their complete mind when forced to give us a piece of it every week in a magazine. The modern essay is falling off in worth in the hands of such frequent purveyors. Also Chesterton is continually working in these essays under a second handicap. His now famous form of paradox imbedded within antithesis has become so much the habit of his mind that he is continually lopping off all the qualifications and refinements of honest thinking. But beneath his incessant paradox there is a wealth of earnest and searching comment on the habits of the modern mind and such an exuberance as marks him off from all his fellows.

Forty Years on the Frontier: Granville Stuart. Arthur H. Clark Co. Cleveland. 1925. Two volumes.

The two volumes, edited by Professor Paul C. Phillips, paint, for me, a most vivid picture of early life in Montana. The historical points made in the books are accurately placed; the infinite pageantry of the early west is portrayed with some sentimentality in

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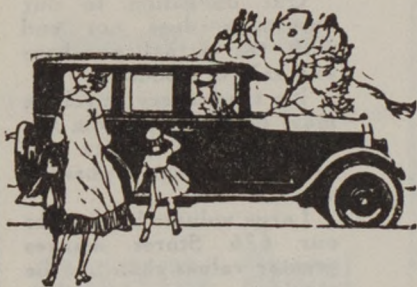
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the more literary phases of the book, but in the extracts from the day books of Granville Stuart the sentimentality vanishes. The diaries are not matter-of-fact, but interesting. They show the true spirit of the men who settled the west—not the longing for adventure, but the desire for homes—that actuated the largest tribal migration the world has ever seen. The chronicler displayed in his diaries a decided antipathy toward the Indians that is most refreshing after reading much of the maudlin sentiment with which most western historians treat the redskins. As a book of adventure; as a treatise on early customs; as the history of a man who really helped to build this state, the book is well worth reading. —J. F.

What I Believe: Bertrand Russell. New York. E. P. Dutton and Company. 1925.

This little book by one of the most eminent living mathematical philosophers is, for me, one more case to show that hard thinking of a clear and relatively cool sort is far from trustworthy. It is a hammer and nails book, hard as nails, straight as nails, pointed as nails; steel like a hammer, weighty as a hammer, and effective for hitting the nails on the head. It is simple about matters that are not simple, and clear about what can't be understood.

The deceptive air of truth about this very honest book will be adequately illustrated for some readers by the following quotations:

"When the qualities that now confer leadership have become universal, there will no longer be leaders and followers, and democracy will have been realized at last"; "but this phase will pass when men have acquired the same domination over their own passions that they already have over the physical forces of the external world."—S. H. C.

Dreams Out of Darkness: Jean Starr Untermeyer. B. W. Huebsch. New York. 1921.

This book of poems is remarkable for presenting unmodified, except as a love for musical form modifies it at the source, an honest and passionate woman's effort to cope with life. I am greatly pleased to find a woman who believes in love being unashamed in

female as distinguished from maiden meditation. The world needs frankness from those on the fighting front more than it now does from those who have capitulated. Such frankness makes these "Dreams Out of Darkness" not solace or relief but incitement and a dare.—S. H. C.

The Little Girl and Other Stories:
Katherine Mansfield. Knopf. 1924.

I have been so delightfully impressed with a number of these stories that I'm not going to wait until I have the time to finish the book before I recommend it, along with all of Katherine Mansfield's. Her stories are packed with life—the things and the desires and fears and deeds and delights and boredoms and sufferings that are life itself. In reading Katherine Mansfield you touch, taste, smell, hear, are tickled, pressed upon, strained, relaxed, made cold, heated, and you see; you admire, you are disgusted, you hate, you love, you wonder, and you lift up your hearts. You live. For Katherine Mansfield lived. She lived in such a way that she will live ever in some of her stories. She lived with the full susceptibilities and powers of a richly equipped girl and woman. She lived with courage. She lived with surpassing honesty. And no professional philosopher ever made me see so much as Katherine Mansfield makes me see. And what is also important she lends courage for the struggle.—S. H. C.

Notes About Contributors

Joran Birkeland, John Frohlicher, Doris Rowse, and Elsie McDowall are seniors in the English department.

Joseph Cochran, '27, is doing major work in English.

Beatrice Forckenbrock is a sophomore in Arts and Sciences.

Marjorie Jones, '26, is doing major work in Latin.

Grace Baldwin, '22, is doing work for an M. A. in English.

Violet Crain, '24, is teaching English at Roslyn, Washington.

Dorothy Mueller is a graduate student doing special work.

D'Arcy Dahlberg, ex '25, is in Oxford, England.

NOTE: **The Sluice Box** has not been abandoned. We have had to omit a good Sluice Box this issue in order to accommodate what is here.

Delicious Foods

found at

The
"Chimney
Corner"

601 Daly Ave., Phone 1673

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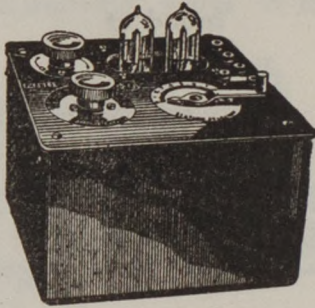
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Lawrenson, Directing
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38

PHONE

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Florence Hotel Lobby

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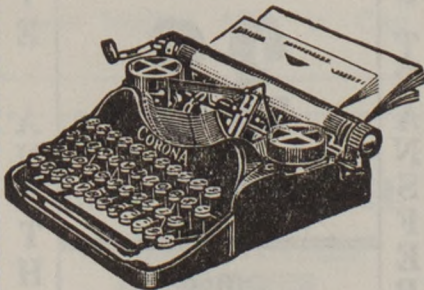
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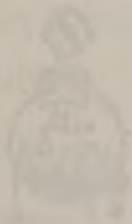
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