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Moscow, Idaho.

The University Argonaut

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Lessons of the War.

At assembly on the afternoon of February 15, interesting exercises were held to commemorate the blowing up of the battleship Maine. Miss Henry read Drake's "American Flag." President Blanton spoke briefly upon the education of individuals and of nations, closing with Longfellow's "Sail on! O Ship of State!" Dr. Clement read a very interesting paper on "The Lessons of the War," which is well worth a wide publicity and is given in full below:

"In the life of a nation, as in that of the individual, more events of far reaching importance are often crowded into a single year that would ordinarily occur in a generation. Such a year, certainly, in our national history, has been than which ends tonight.

"It would be impossible for me, this afternoon, in the time at my disposal, to enter into any detailed account of the events of the twelve-month or any extended analysis of the lessons they convey to us as American citizens or as a nation. I shall only hope to touch briefly upon the salient features of the war, as well as their revelations of our

strength or weakness. If, on this sad, yet inspiring anniversary, I can bring before you what was best in our struggle to free oppressed Cuba, I shall be more than satisfied.

"When 1898 opened, the 'Cuban Question,' which had occupied the attention of Spanish and American statesmen for almost a century, seemed as far from its solution as ever. Weyler, the butcher had, it is true, given place to Blanco, but there was no perceptible improvement in the condition of the oppressed and starving Cubans or their fair isle. The boasted scheme of autonomy had proved a failure.

The wretched reconcentrados were dying by thousands, amidst scenes of filth and deprivation that would baffle the power of pen or pencil to portray. Our repeated protests and appeals fell upon deaf ears. It seemed to many as if the only way in which good government and prosperity could be secured for Cuba, was by the armed interference of the United States, to secure the island's freedom. The feelings existing between the two countries were far from friendly. Spain felt that the insurgents were receiving our moral, if not material support, while America, sickened by the

never-ending story of outrage and starvation, with their attendant train, was convinced that the mother country had no intention of bettering the conditions prevailing in Cuba.

"In the middle of January, the Atlantic squadron was ordered off the Florida coast, some six hours distant from Havana. This movement was regarded as a threat. When, a few days later, the battleship *Maine* was ordered to leave the squadron for a visit to Havana, Spain protested against it as an unfriendly, if not a hostile act. The protest was not heeded, the *Maine* entered the harbor of Havana January 24, to be destroyed by an explosion on the night of February 15, with a loss of nearly 270 officers and men. The wave of horror and righteous anger that swept over the land could only be restrained by wise counsel, until the result of the official inquiry was learned. While the responsibility for the explosion can never be definitely placed, no candid person can, I think, after reading the simple, straight-forward story of Captain Sigsbee, reach any other conclusion than that universally reached from the first, that the explosion was the result of Spanish treachery, official or otherwise.

"Congress, realizing the gravity of the situation, March 8, by a unanimous vote, placed an emergency fund of \$50,000,000 at the disposal of the president. A large part of this was devoted to strengthening the navy.

"April 19, resolutions passed both houses of Congress, demanding Spain's withdrawal from Cuba. These resolutions formed the basis of an ultimatum which was cabled to Madrid the following day. In this, Spain was given three days in which to express her intention of complying with our demands. Before its delivery by Minister Woodford, he was escorted to the French frontier, Spain informing him that our action was equivalent to a declaration of war. April 22, Admiral Sampson was ordered to Havana to commence the blockade and a call was issued for 100,000 volunteers.

"The first great engagement was not to take place in Cuban waters, but in the far off-Pacific. Commodore George Dewey, commanding the Asiatic squadron, stationed at Hong Kong, was ordered to seek out the Spanish fleet at Manila, the Philippine capital, capture or destroy it. How completely he carried out his orders, the magnificent victory of May 1, unequalled in naval history, bears witness. In one brief day, the quiet, determined, fearless fighter became the idol of a grateful people and the admiration of a hero-loving world. The months since have but strengthened his hold on the people's love, as the one man, who, in every varying crisis, has faced his duty with bravery, firmness, tact that are above criticism. One hero, surely, the war gave us, in our great admiral, worthy to rank with any of the great captains of the past!

"On April 29, Admiral Cervera.

with the flower of the Spanish fleet, sailed from the Cape Verde islands for an unknown destination. In the light of later developments, the terror this announcement caused along our eastern seaboard seems almost ludicrous. On paper, Cervera's fleet was a dreaded antagonist, a powerful fighting machine. Actually, with its wretched, hurried equipment, its insufficient coal supply, it merited our pity, paying the eloquent tribute it did to the incapacity and dishonesty of Spanish officials. It appeared at Martinique and Curacoa, again evaded its pursuers, to enter May 19 the harbor of Santiago. Though the harbor's narrow entrance was watched with tireless fidelity night and day, it was feared that Cervera might elude the watchers' vigilance and escape. To prevent this, Hobson, with his gallant crew, endeavored to sink the 'Merrimac' right across the channel in the early morning of June 3, while exposed to a murderous fire. The plan, through no fault of the party, failed of complete success. It was an example of reckless bravery the like of which we rarely see. That practically the entire fleet volunteered for such a hazardous, almost hopeless undertaking shows the material that composes our navy.

"For seven weary weeks our gray battleships watched the harbor mouth until, on Tuesday morning, July 3, the brave Cervera, sacrificed by his superiors, sailed out to his doom. We all remember that terrible pursuit, how ship after ship

caught fire under the avalanche of shells from Yankee gunners, turned to the shore and surrendered, while our brave sailors, ceasing their work of destruction, rescued their frightened, wounded, drowning foes, even at the risk of their lives. For the second time in the war the 'man behind the gun' had taught the world a lesson.

"During these months of spring and early summer, our land forces had been preparing for the invasion of Cuba. Camps had been established at various points in the south, where enormous bodies of troops had been concentrated. June 15, the invading host left Tampa, Santiago being the objective point. July 1 and 2 were the days of sharpest fighting, 'great days,' so an English critic styled them, 'for the Anglo-Saxon.' We may read that story of El Caney or that matchless charge up San Juan hill a score of times, yet, with each reading, comes a quickening of the heart-beats, and we feel our pulse grow stronger. Europe had been fond of calling us a nation of traders and shop-keepers, but her sneers ceased when the daring of volunteers and regulars eclipsed that of her veterans. No Spaniard, who, after the most stubborn and desperate resistance, was compelled to flee before that resistless line, can be persuaded that the 'pigs' of whom he had heard so much are the cowards they were painted. Neither branch of the service can claim a monopoly of bravery.

"With Cervera's capture, pre-

ceded as it was by those days of reckless fighting, the hopes of Santiago's garrison grew less. With starvation staring him in the face, the commander of that city surrendered his exhausted, weakened troops July 17, thus marking the practical conclusion of the campaign. Porto Rico opened wide its gates to welcome its conquerors. Spain, weary of the struggle, hopeless from the first, and fearful of a naval attack upon her coast cities, opened negotiations for peace through the French ambassador, who, on August 12, signed the protocol in her behalf.

"While Cuba had been, during June and July, the scene of the greatest activity on the part of the army and navy, troops were being continually hurried to the Philippines to secure the fruits of Dewey's victory. Manila surrendered the day after the signing of the protocol. The recent conflict with Aguinaldo's forces has been the only one of any moment since.

"The peace commissioners met in Paris October 1. After protracted discussions, in which the Spanish were forced to yield to our demands, the treaty was signed December 10. After a lengthy debate, in which the Philippine question excited the most vigorous discussion, the United States senate ratified the treaty February 6. The Spanish Cortes, which meets the coming week, will take similar action. The four months war has thus virtually stripped Spain of the last remnants of her colonial empire.

"The final expulsion of Spain from the Americas and from the Philippines," says Henry Cabot Lodge, "is the conclusion of the long strife between the people who stood for civil and religious freedom, and those who stood for bigotry and tyranny as hideous as any which have ever cursed humanity. Spain has ceased to rule; her once vast empire has gone, because she has proved herself unfit to govern, and for the unfit among the nations there is no pity in the relentless world-forces which shape the destinies of mankind." Lord Salisbury, not long ago, classified nations as 'living' and 'dying'. It is easy to see in which of the two categories the English Premier placed our late antagonist. One has merely to follow the record of Spain's colonial policy for the 350 years since Charles the Fifth to understand why our war ended as it did. The basic elements of national character must be radically wrong, when 'the greatest military and political power among civilized men' can become what Spain is today. 'The sole remnant of the Middle Ages in Europe,' Buckle styles her, 'the most backward of nations, while believing herself the most advanced.' There is too much of the Moor in the Spaniard, too much of the fatalist on his make-up to make his struggle with the most progressive of nations anything but unequal. The Spanish peasant, they tell us, is brave, thrifty, and, even after centuries of ignorance and misrule, can rise under proper influences or

in encouraging surroundings. He is the victim of an utterly dishonest and incompetent office-holding class, which seems unable to profit from a series of disasters and defeats. Regarding her colonies as the proper prey of her officials, Spain saddled her self with an immense debt in her efforts to subjugate and retain them, sacrificed the lives of her sons by the tens of thousands in wars that could easily have been avoided, and lost her dependencies in the end. What would have been the history of such colonies under English administration!

There could be no better illustrations of the modes of thought and action and the different training of the two peoples than the record of our Oregon from San Francisco to Santiago and that of Camara's crippled comic opera fleet that kept sailing up and down the Mediterranean, when its patched-up machinery would permit.

For more than thirty years we had been a peace-loving, peace-keeping people, known for the unparalleled development of our material resources and our marvellous inventive skill. Had we been less peaceful, less patient, Spain would not have so misjudged our temper and thought us indifferent to insult. Like most of the foreign powers, we ourselves had almost forgotten our victories in the past and that passionate devotion to country and the willingness to do all and dare all in her service that are born with every American. Not even the most optimistic could anticipate

that mighty wave of patriotism that swept over the land after the destruction of the *Maine* or that followed the calls for volunteers. The workshop, the office, the college class-room were deserted and the only regret was that the nation could not employ the services of all her sons. We remember the patriotic fervor in our midst and how our brave boys marched away that bright May afternoon to meet whatever fate might send them in their country's service. Their one fear, you recall, was that no opportunity might be given them to see active service. So it was everywhere.

It was feared that an army composed so largely of citizen soldiers might fail of the greatest efficiency. While lacking the experience of the regular, the intelligence of the volunteer made up for many a deficiency. In the battles of last July, as well as in these last days at Manila, the discipline, steadiness under fire and general behavior of our volunteers, east and west, have won nothing but praise. Official red-tape and unpreparedness have claimed more victims than the soldiers' inexperience. In our natural interest in our volunteers, we should not forget the members of the regular army. The attitude of public and press, too often, merited the criticism of Gibson's stinging cartoon, 'I'm no hero, I'm only a regular.' In the various criticisms passed upon the conduct of the war, none have been aimed at the private soldier. No matter how great the discouragements which hampered

him, he did his full duty. None recognized this better or more generously than foreign military critics.

"The work of our navy in the two great engagements of Manila and Santiago, as in those of lesser moment showed, that we were true to the grand traditions of the past. The same spirit animated all from the admiral on the bridge to the stokers toiling in that furnace hell below. One anecdote that found its way into the magazines has always interested me, as illustrating the spirit of even the humblest. One of the stokers of the Oregon at the battle of Santiago (you remember what an important role the stokers of the Oregon played that day) fainted in the awful heat. He was brought up into the open air for medical attendance. His first question as he regained consciousness was: 'Say, Doc, have we caught the Dago?'

"The war broke down one wall that had defied all efforts to remove it—the sectional feeling between the north and south. Henceforth Mason and Dixon's Line will be only a memory. The progress of our northern troops through the south was a veritable triumphal march. Joe Wheeler led the boys in blue as gallantly as he did those in gray a generation before, and, in moments of forgetfulness, he urged us to 'charge the Yankees,' the slip was perhaps only natural under the new conditions in which he found himself. Fathers sent out their sons to do battle for the

flag against which they had fought. In more than one village of the southland, mothers laid their sons to rest with the stars and stripes as their winding sheet, beside fathers who had died for the stars and bars. If proofs of this utter disappearance of sectionalism were needed, none better could be given than the reception of President McKinley in the old capital of the Confederacy. Roosevelt's 'Rough Riders' was unquestionably the most famous regiment in the service. No such unique combination of fighters ever gathered under one flag. In no other country would such a composite body have been possible, and, I had almost said, no other could have furnished such an ideal commander. Western 'cow-punchers' and New York society leaders, ministers and gamblers, college athletes and full-blooded Indians fought side by side with the same reckless daring. In one respect, this organization of 'Rough Riders' taught one of the most valuable lessons of the war, for it broke down the barrier of prejudice between the rich and poor. The press sneered at 'Teddy's Pets,' as they styled them, when they gathered at San Antonio, and referred in sarcastic terms to their alleged valets and other marks of luxury. When a New York millionaire, enlisting as a private, took up the dish washing of his mess as cheerfully, though perhaps not as gracefully, as he had led the German at the Patriarchs' ball and afterward rose to an officer's commission by his bravery, the critics

were manly enough to change jeers to praise. The members of that regiment, and the whole country with them, learned that no class or section has a monopoly of patriotism. Easterner and westerner bunked, fought and died together and the death of the one brought as genuine grief to his neighbor, as if he had been of the same class. The sailors of the Maine did not die in vain, if their sacrifice removed the distinctions of class and section!

Three years ago we were on the verge of war with England, as a result of the dispute over the boundaries of Venezuela. A fortnight or so ago, our delegate to the Venezuela boundary commission sailed for London without his departure calling for more than a passing notice. The war had broken down still another barrier and the eagle and the lion are nearer and in closer sympathy than at any time since they parted to go their separate ways. England alone of European nations understood what it meant to fight for a principle. The stand England took at the opening of the war, in opposition to or defiance of the Great Powers, meant much to us and was an act we shall cherish in grateful remembrance. No nation was so uniformly friendly or as appreciative of our successes as the mother across the sea. While no formal alliance may ever join the two, while they may differ on questions of policy, from this time on the two great Anglo-Saxon nations are des-

tinued to work together for the world's betterment.

"They two step forth together,
God's hand has struck the hour,
All paths ways lead to freedom,
Each footstep broadens power.

The world is still in dull amaze,
Agape and dazed to hear,
There is a rustling of the thorns,
Uncasy far and near.

King leaning unto King
And on oppression's hateful lips
A pallor, as the wind brings in
The booming of the ships?

"We have served notice on the world that, whatever may be our future policy, we must henceforth be reckoned as a world-power. The day of submission to insult at the hands of second and third rate powers is gone. Dewey's message to the German admiral at Manila, who had violated all the fundamental requirements of international law, 'Brumby, tell Admiral von Diederich that if he wants a fight he can have it right now,' can fitly serve as a nation's model. Nations receiving such a message will recognize, as did the German, the holy indignation that prompts it and apologize as satisfactorily as he. Dewey is neither a bully nor a coward and the country can safely follow where he leads. Spain's fate should teach other and stronger nations that the republic across the sea must be respected as never before.

"It will never be our policy, I trust, to arouse controversy. We shall doubtless continue a peace-loving people as in the past. If we are to command respect, as we are determined to do, even when treading the paths of peace, we must be

in a position to make ourselves respected. It is not necessary to cripple ourselves by the maintenance of a great standing army or an enormous navy. We can, however, without committing ourselves to any extremist policy, take such measures as will prevent our being again confronted with the conditions that prevailed last April. Had the war been with a nation greater, more efficient, better prepared and more alive than Spain, our loss of life and property would have been immeasurably greater. Let us hope, too, that this war has put an end to military red tape and its train of attendant ills!

"In an eastern city, today, they are laying the keel of a new Maine. May she be spared all buffetings of fortune and may her course be as free from storm and shock as that of the country she is to serve! Let us, this day, while remembering the sorrow her loss brought to us, go forth to take up our duties, inspired and strengthened by the revelations of the year, grateful that to us is given the greatest honor earth can bestow—American citizenship in these last days of the nineteenth century. And let us, as we go, swear anew allegiance to the flag—the grandest banner that ever led hosts to victory in the cause of the down-trodden and the oppressed

"The star is up, the star of splendor,
Never to set nor wane;
The flag leads on, the flag of glory,
Never to turn again;
And where it goes, we cheer and follow,
No man of us will fall;
We all are where our armies camp
And where our navies sail."

A Manila Letter.

The following is a letter from Charles Armstrong one of our soldier cadets concerning the Christmas boxes. "The St. Paul anchored in Manila Bay on the 22nd, bringing mail and the assurance that she carried the box of Christmas presents which has claimed our thoughts for several weeks. Now the boxes here reached us in perfect condition and we have gloated over their contents.

"On the evening of the 24th a cart loaded with boxes came to our quarters and in two minutes after it came to a stand, the boys of Company D were densely crowded around it, just 'rubbering' to see if there was anything addressed to them. As I approached, one said in a loud voice, 'Armstrong will have all he wants,' and in a moment I saw the two boxes and recognized them as one does a long looked for friend. We carried them to our quarters and in less than no time a half dozen cadets had obtained axes, hatchets, hammers and saws, intent on opening the large box to satisfy our burning curiosity but circumstances forbade it. We did not wait to open the box until a picture could be taken, nor did we want to see the packages until we were free to enjoy them; so, after carefully examining every mark and scratch on the outside, we left the box in my quarters, not to be touched until the day after Christmas.

"Tomorrow, the 25th, it was

true would be Christmas but it brought with it bad luck; Co. D was slated to do outpost duty Christmas day and night, so we decided to change our calendar and have Christmas on the 26th. It was hard for us to lie down that evening at 'taps' with the boxes all unexplored but most of us have learned to do difficult things when we know that they are best. Instead of sleigh bells and Santa Clause all we could hear was tattoo and taps, but we gave ourselves to pleasant dreams until the same old bugle awoke us again. Christmas day and night were spent at a block house near the Insurgent lines, where we paced our beats with hearts joyful that our celebration would come 'Manana.'

"Next morning at 9 o'clock we were at quarters all in a rush to see things and by 10 o'clock, Howland with a hatchet, was trying to find his way into the large box; all eyes were eagerly bent on it and just as soon as the tin was cut, your letter was espied and all progress was stopped till that could be read. There was a deathlike stillness while the warm greetings and the instructions were read, and as soon as we understood, the packages were handed to those whose names they bore. Some had been opened and a few had not when the camera which had been strengthened for the occasion, appeared on the scene and caught us just as you requested and as you will see when I can forward the pictures. If we don't look merry and surprised, I will eat

my old campaign hat; but if some should look a little sleepy out of one eye, you will remember we had been keeping the watch the day and night before. As soon as each one was familiar with the contents of his package, a yell went up that must have cracked the roof. It was the same yell heard at the University, and the one which used to arouse the anger of Moscow policemen. It was loud, but no louder than the cheer that followed for the faithful, loving hands which had labored to make us thus happy. Some of the boys were overjoyed, and others were sad from tender recollections. The regimental band was playing near our quarters as we read greetings and surveyed the useful presents, and the whole occasion made me feel that our dear friends are not so far away after all. You can hardly imagine the extraordinary feelings it brings to one who has trodden the rough road of a soldier in the Philippines for six months to receive and enjoy something that has come neatly prepared from women's hands. Everything was in excellent condition and I must thank and congratulate you all for your tasteful preparation of the boxes and their contents.

"The presents are things for which we have immediate use; many are articles we needed and could not obtain. All in all, they have more than accomplished the object you all desired; they have made dreary soldiers' life seem pleasant. You could not have done us as much good in any other way. We all feel more

indebted and endeared to you, and you may rest assured that your faithful and successful efforts are appreciated by us as true friends only can appreciate them. You have made our 'Christmas in the Philippines' one long to be remembered. We carried out all the instructions; some of the boys from Moscow were not named and were given the extra packages.

"The delicious fruit and jellies were on the table for our dinner and the candy (which looked as if it had just come from the store) was kept until evening. At noon we had a splendid dinner, the best that could be had in the Philippines.

"At 3 in the afternoon the cadets went to a gallery and had a group picture taken. It is good and I will send one as soon as I can. In the evening we cleared the floor for a Christmas dance, and of the fun that can be had, we had the best. The candy disappeared at intervals during the progress of the dance—the ladies ate it!

"We wish through this letter to express our appreciation to you and all who have kept us so well in mind."

As Seen by Others.

The stamp mill built by Mr. Moore and Mr. Jameson which was exhibited at Boise last month has brought the University into more notice than anything we have done for some time. Below is what the Oregonian says of the mill and its builders:

From time to time reports have

gone out from Northern and Central Idaho of remarkable discoveries in quartz ledges and of new placer finds in the mountains of the "Panhandle." Lately the developments at Buffalo Hump, southeast of Lewiston, have startled the old miners out of their agricultural retreats and sent them again prospecting over the mountains.

So long as this region has been known and probably so long as it will be known the production of the precious metals is the industry attracting the most attention. Digging for gold is developing into a legitimate business. It is no longer a pursuit whose success depends simply upon luck. Knowledge has been gained by years of experiment and investigation guides capital and human energy in delving for ores. These general observations are the result of association for a few days with the people of Lewiston, Moscow, and near by towns. The traveler is strongly impressed by the animation which is exhibited in mining.

The state university of Idaho located at Moscow, consistent with the progress and interests of its constituents, has made an important feature of the department of mining, metallurgy and geology. To show how the subject has been taken up by the students it is necessary only to mention that the number of students in this department increased 409 per cent during the school year of 1897-98. At the beginning of the present term one-third of the male members of the freshmen class

elected mining engineering. The head of the department has doubled the equipment by donations of apparatus and money for apparatus, secured by him from persons living outside the state. The course has been made strong. That the students are enthusiastic is shown by the results of their practical work and experiments. A miniature five-stamp mill, which two of the boys designed and constructed and which has been on exhibit, has convinced those who have seen it of their lively interest. Practical surveys which the class has made of mines in this part of the state are further proofs.

The university has one of the finest cabinets or series of cabinets of mineralogical specimens that has been gathered in the Northwest. One case contains a number of crystals of each of the six systems of crystallization and a set of minerals illustrating the physical character of minerals. On each block upon which a specimen is placed is a neat label, giving the name, variety, composition, crystal form, locality and the particular property illustrated by the specimen. The set contains 25 specimens on structure, 12 on cleavage and fracture, 10 on hardness, 5 on tenacity, 25 on specific gravity, 5 on diaphaneity, 60 on color, 15 on luster, 12 on seysiological properties and six on fusibility. Orés of economic importance are grouped in another case, which also contains the United States educational series of rocks. The other specimens are arranged

in the following order: Native elements, sulphides, sulpho-salts, haloids, oxides, oxygen salts, salts of organic acids, hydrocarbon compounds. The department has shown such vigor and progress, and its work is of such vital importance to the principal industry of Idaho, that its friends have labored with the legislature to make appropriation for a metallurgical laboratory and other improvements.

F. Cushing Moore, a son of the late pioneer, Charles Moore, is one of the most original students of the university. He it was who conceived and designed the miniature stamp mill which has already been mentioned in the columns of the Oregonian. On the assembling of the students last September Mr. Moore proposed to erect a hydraulic plant with elevator, to be used as an exhibit before the classes. But Dr. A. S. Miller, professor of mining engineering, advised a stamp mill complete in every detail. It was desirable to put together a frame not too large to be easily handled and still not so small that the machinery would be wanting in any of the parts of a working mill. The scale of one inch to the foot was agreed upon. Plans were drawn up and approved by the professor before the foundation was laid, so that construction was proceeded with with as much certainty as would have been the case in a real plant at Butte or any other mining camp.

As a partner in the enterprise Moore associated with him Ralph

R. Jameson, a classmate and a skillful mechanic. Jameson did the carpentry. As a foundation for the mill he built a frame and painted it to resemble a sidehill. The workmanship on the building is perfect, including the trusses that support the roof. While Jameson was at work on the building Moore was making the machinery, which called for much preparation before it could be put together. As the mill was to contain an ore-crusher, orefeeder, a 5-stamp battery, concentrator, water motor and dynamo, a foundry had to be improvised. This was accomplished by using one of the assay furnaces of the university and constructing flasks to hold the sand molds. All castings were made in brass. As it is difficult to make machinery by hand, it required a great deal of time and skill to get working machines on so small a scale. A mine and smelter supply company of Denver donated drawings of the concentrator, but otherwise all designs were made by the builders of the model.

One of the most wonderful and striking features of this model is the electric light plant which it contains. A miniature dynamo generates the subtle fluid which produces brilliant incandescents. One section of track leading from the supposed mine is shown. From the track the ore is dumped upon a "grizzly," which separates the fine ore from the coarse. The fine ore drops into an ore bin, while the coarse ore falls on a platform and is

passed through on an ore-crusher and is emptied with the other ore in the bin. From this bin the ore is conveyed by an ore gate and spout to the automatic orefeeder. The ore then passes into the stamp battery, where it is crushed fine and with water is splashed through a 40-mesh screen and upon an amalgamation plate, where all the free gold is caught. From the plate the "battery slimes" are conveyed through a pipe to the table, where the concentrates are separated, and afterwards shipped to a smelter, chlorination or cyanide plant and the combined gold extracted, while the worthless tailings are allowed to run off with the water. The mill is strictly modern in every respect, and all ore is handled by gravity. It is bounteously supplied with electric light, so a night shift can be run, as well as a day, and is fitted with hose for supplying the stamp battery and concentrator with water, as well as having the water for fire purposes. The machinery works perfectly in every part, even to the dropping of the stamps, which is in the order of 1, 4, 2, 5, 3. Although the stamps are but three-fourths of an inch in diameter and two inches long, with stems $\frac{1}{4}$ X 11 inches, the mill makes enough noise to cause a person to imagine he is in a real mill. The object of the builders in making this model was to assist the instructor in his lectures on milling.

That the Snake River valley and the Palouse country are intimately connected with and tributary to the

metropolis of the Willamette is impressed upon the traveler when he meets in these towns many men in business who have been prominent in Oregon and who are still connected with the old state by financial and family ties. H. T. Condon, formerly editor of the Eugene Register, was seen at the Idaho university, where he holds the position of registrar. In the same institution is H. T. French, formerly professor of agriculture in the agricultural college at Corvallis. E. C. Hall, of Polk county, Oregon, is deputy clerk of the district court in Moscow.

F. N. Gilbert, once a banker at Salem, is now cashier and manager of the First National bank at Moscow.

W. P. Connaway, formerly cashier of the Independence National bank, Independence, Or., is receiver of the Moscow National bank. When he was put in charge of the institution by the bank examiner the books and business were in a chaotic state, according to the reports of those interested, but he has cleared up the accounts so that depositors and stockholders know just how they stand.

Dr. C. E. Worthington, some time ago a resident of McCoy, Or., now considers himself one of the fixtures of Moscow.

Judge Warren Truitt, formerly of Dallas, Or., is a member of the bar of Idaho. He lives at Moscow, and is a member of the executive committee of the board of regents of the state university. For four

years Judge Truitt presided over the United States district court of Alaska. It was during his term in the northern district that the squaw men, the smugglers and the despoilers of the forests felt the strong arm of the law as they had never felt it before in Alaska.

Jonathan's February Maxims.

1. The shortest month in the year is the one whose end is pay day.

2. The difference between anarchy and socialism is this: The first would make man the state, the last would make state the man.

3. What next? The milk trust in Chicago contemplates watering its stock.

4. We are now fairly launched in the new year. It is now time to plant the seeds for the year's harvest.

5. Many of the vices that were discarded at the beginning of the new year have now been called home again.

6. A good husband is the noblest work of his wife.

7. How the deuce is Uncle Sam to become a mother country? Verily colonization hath many difficulties.

8. It has been written, and how true it is, "that there is always margin enough in the statute for a liberal judge to read one way and a servile one another.

9. The Philippines have one advantage—it makes no difference whether we start east or west to go there.

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It is somewhat unusual for a college journal to say much outside of matters which pertain to the school or its neighbors. But it seems to us that we should also exert influences for the advancement of the town in which we are located. Moscow is an agricultural center of a country extending at least fifty by seventy-five miles. A country which for fertility is equal to any spot on earth. The railroad connections are excellent. Tracks are being laid to tap fine country across the Snake. A road is planned to extend into the white pine. Mining and mining industries are in a powerful potential. Yet with all these there is a wonderful stagnation of every and all kinds of business. Trade is practically at a stand still. Something is necessary to guide us into a prosperous harbor.

In a time like this, if there is any time needful for organization of effort, that effort is necessary. The

business men of Moscow should not let another week pass before they have organized themselves into a body to advance the interests of our little city, politically, socially or commercially. Business organizations exert a powerful influence when brought to bear upon material advancement. We should let the world know that we have fertile farms, thick woods and rich mines, all tributary to Moscow. Even a boom, if it is conducted carefully, would leave Moscow in a more solid condition than it will be at the present rate. If we can't do business now let us organize and prepare for an enormous trade in the near future.

Why is it that plainness and simplicity are always sneered upon? Many are the notable men whose simplicity of dress or manners has been food for the biting sarcasm of the unnecessary hogpen of fools who manage in some way to locate themselves near the seat of power. Loubet, the new French president, is noted for his simpleness of manner. He is a man, who, by the force and character within him, has raised himself to the head of France. Yet the rabid howlings of French newspaper fanatics are "peasant," "wooden shoes" and "simpleton." If there is anything which makes us want to fight it is when some egregious fool makes such an open exposure of his ignorance.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

There are constantly appearing new books in various lines, but it is to be lamented that among the long list of good selling books as given in "The Bookman" for January, we are unable to find any poetry. The dramatized novels continue to take a prominent place in the list of popular books.

In spite of the depressing influences which have prevailed from time to time, and which operated to retard business, the year which has lately closed was a successful one in the literary circle.

"The Day's Work Done" by Kipling is very popular and is said to have been the most called for book of last month, and, hence, lead the sales of popular books by a large margin. Kipling's "Recessional" also had a large sale, and his late if not his latest poem "The White Man's Burden" seems to have caused quite a sensation. It was published in the February number of McClure's Magazine.

It is just one hundred and forty years since Gray's "Elegy Written in a County Churchyard" was first published. The Macmillan Company has imported a new edition of Gray's English Poems, from the Cambridge University Press.

Robert's "Forty-one Years in India" continues to sell freely both in the East and in England.

"Nathan Hale" was lately acted by Clyde Fitch who is only thirty-three and has already a notable history. He has already succeeded practically with "Beau Brummel," "Frederick Lemaitre" and "The Moth and the Flame." Mr. Fitch has surpassed all other play-wrights in the last ten years. The theme of the play is one of the most simple and dramatic in American history, and if the drama were all raised to the level of its strongest parts, it would be likely to see long life. In "Nathan Hale," Mr. Fitch has fitted a love story to the historical theme and thus secured some of the conflicts necessary for a drama.

THE CHARACTER OF HECTOR.

Hector was as great as he was good; he was great because he was good. Born beneath a wealthy but virtuous roof, brought up at the knees of a mother not unworthy to be named with the noblest matrons of Rome, he passed uncorrupted through the temptations of Troy, and developed into a good man. Engaging in early youth in the service of his country, rising to the highest trusts, influence and praise, all these did nothing to break down the austere simplicity of his manners or to shake the solid basis of his virtues. Placed at the head of the suffering armies of his country, he did more to keep back the Greek horde, even aided by the immortals themselves, than any other Trojan. And Troy was never taken nor did any brave Greek dare to harrass its sacred walls, until the the Fates had

finished spinning brave Hector's thread of life.

After the most pathetic appeal that could be made in any language, for him to remain inside the strong walls of the city, Hector left his wife in tears, went out and fought with all the bravery that can be ascribed to any hero, until he was cut down by the will of the Thunderer with the aid of the God of the silver bow.

Hector was kind, even to Helen, although she was the chief cause of all their disaster. Hector knew no glory but his country's good, this sentiment was expressed when he told his wife that he would go and fight in order that the city should not be taken, and the people carried into bondage. On this basis he ceases to be the hero of the Sacred Ilium and becomes the hero of mankind; and wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of liberty and patriotism, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with the spirit of Hector.

MISCELLANEOUS

Very frequently a trait of character is much better described by an anecdote than by mere descriptive words. The following story is told of Ruskin and the reader is left to draw his own conclusions: "When Ruskin was at Rome, a beggar on the steps of the Pincis begged of him every day as he passed, and always received something. On one occasion the grateful beggar

suddenly caught the outstretched hand and kissed it. Mr. Ruskin stopped short, and then, with a sudden impulse, kissed the beggar's cheek."

These three rules, which Dr. Edward Everett Hale in his recent address to Harvard students, said had helped him most, would seem to be especially suitable for a student's life: Be in the open air all you can. Every day hold converse with a superior. Rub against the rank and file daily.

Poor Richard's Almanac: Be civil to all; serviceable to many; familiar with few; friend to one; enemy to none.

The Saturday Evening Post relates the following anecdote of Mr. Zangwill: A western woman who had heard Zangwill deliver a lecture, insisted on speaking to the lecturer. She plied him with questions about himself and about his opinions.

"What is your Christian name, Mr. Zangwill?" the inquisitive member finally asked.

"I have no Christian name" was the cool reply. "My given name is Israel."

A half dozen or more of America's living authors have had more than a million copies of their works sold.

Mr. Anthony has taken charge of the freshman surveying, and mechanical drawing classes.

PREPARATORY NOTES.

The members of the preparatory department are now fairly launched in the second semester work. There were very few failures in the late examinations and the record of the entire department has been on the whole very satisfactory. Nearly every member in the department has seemed to take up his studies with renewed energy and ambition. This is due partly to the encouraging remarks made by the principal in the morning assemblies and partly to the fact that a great many of the students are just getting down to hard work. After the long vacation, it was hard at first to do any real studying, but now that the students have learned how to study, it is expected that the entire department will make a record which will be difficult to equal.

The learned professor in his article in the "Educational Review" has thought it advisable to present an excuse for the existence of the Preps. We are glad there is an excuse. Sometimes it has seemed as if there were no reason for their existing.

The senior preparatory class is now fully organized and has had several interesting meetings. It is thought that the class will form a debating society and meet once a week to discuss the topics of the time. This is a movement in the right direction, as it would further self-improvement. We hope the class will soon meet in a lively clash of wit and intellect.

Since the inter-society debate, the preparatorys have felt an increased admiration in the atmosphere surrounding them. Their rights have been more respected and their presence better tolerated by the obnoxious sophomore and freshman.

The Preps. seem to believe with Socrates that the best way to find the fruit on the tree of knowledge is to ask questions. Consequently the unfortunate teachers are frequently forced to the sad conclusion that "A fool can ask questions that the wisest can not answer."

STALE JOKES

Prof.—What is space?

Fresh.—(Tremblingly.) I can't tell at present, but I have it in my head. U. C.

A Physics student.—Professor, can gases be solidified?

Prof.—No, I never heard of them being solidified.

Prof.—Do you think it would take much to knock a normal man out of his right mind?

Fred (who has been there.)—Three whiskeys and a champagne punch.

Mr. Jones (who has caught his black servant with one of his neighbor's chickens.)—Peter, how will you account for that chicken when

you stand in heaven before your master's face?

Peter.—Please Massa Jones, if I done steal de chicken, how's I gwine to get to hebbin to account fah it?

Papa, what's a "Juggernaut"?

It's one of those fellows, who drifts into a town, without any visible means of support.

Student.—Why a sophomore told me they could.

Prof.—My young man, be careful and do not take a sophomore for a text book.

W. P.

A student who analyzed a sample of the air upon the University Heights, found 75 per cent. of distilled garlic.

Young Hopeful.—Papa, what is a "chronic nuisance"?

Papa.—That, my son, is a man whose mother-in-law has done much for his family.

Prof.—Why do we know Columbus and Washington to be great men?

Freshman.—Columbus discovered America after great opposition and Washington became the father of it by a majority of one only.

Miss C.—What kept you waiting so long?

Chas. F.—I was having an argument with the janitor. He wanted me to draw in some wood.

Miss C.—How did it end?

Chas. F.—It ended in a draw. I drew it.

Mr. B. explains (at) a proplem in the college Algebra class.

Prof. A.—"Well, that is strange, the square of a negative quantity is equal to a negative quantity!"

Mr. B. (studiously)—"Yes, that may be professor, but to tell the truth, there were a great many things about that problem that were tranqe to me."

ALUMNI PERSONALS

J. Herbert Zeitler, a graduate in the class of '97 has been in the British Columbia mines since last spring. He is now running the hoist at the Waverly Mine.

Charles B. Simpson '98, will gain the degree of B. S. from Cornell in June next. Mr. Simpson is doing excellent work in entomology.

Miss Margaret Van De Walker who was a student in the University during the first years of its history, is now stenographer for the Thompson Investment Company of Butte, Montana.

Arthur P. Adair, a member of the first class of graduates from the U. of I. will be successful in his work at Cornell and the degree of C. E. will be bestowed on him in the spring.

Miss Jenkins, a former student of

the University during the '96 year, is in charge of public schools of Wardner and has been since her connection with us.

The father and two sisters of Lieut. A. J. McNab, have set sail for Manila and a tour around the world.

Axle P. Ramstedt of '97 holds the position of assistant auditor in Latah County.

Fred Kling, a student during the first year of the institution's history was married to Miss Lottie Schattner at Lewiston on February 22nd. We all wish our old school-mate much happiness in his new life.

J. A. Coffey, class '97, is now in the loan department of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co. at St. Paul, Minn. He has also completed half his course in law at the University of Minnesota.

NOTES..

A large house greeted Mrs. Williams of New York, in the Assembly Hall on January 27, when she recited "As You Like It." Mrs. Williams won the admiration of all present and everyone seemed well pleased with the entertainment.

The zero weather of examinations has once more passed by never to return. The little boy who has been reading from Whittier's works

when his mamma thought he was mastering the principles of geometry, now very sadly reflects over his past life. His favorite maxim which he had so often quoted in response to his name at roll call in '32 now comes back to him with a new meaning fuller than ever before and he struggles vainly to forget the words which so completely envelope his mind: "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, I've flunked again."

L. A. Turley, who graduated from the Boise High School, is now attending the University of Idaho.

Phillip Schools, who formerly attended the Walla Walla High School, has been enrolled at the University.

A. B. Pomeroy, a former student of the University, is now assistant book-keeper in the Emporium at San Francisco, California.

Miss Lylford our well remembered teacher in the cooking school has been given the free scholarship offered by the Oread Institute of Worcester, Mass. She was given the scholarship by Gov. Tanner of Illinois.

The A. A. Association Minstrels, gave a pleasurable treat Faiday last. They made several local hits and every one present had an enjoyable evening. A large crowd attended.

A fitting memorial containing the

names of all the cadets who enlisted for service in the Spanish-American war, has been engrossed, framed, and placed in a conspicuous place in the corridor. The citizens of Idaho may well feel proud of the fact that their University furnished more soldiers, for the number of students enrolled, than any other like institution in the United States.

D. Russell Morris, '02, has left school for the year and will devote his time to his clothing business. We are sorry to see you leave us, Russell, but wish you success in whatever enterprise you undertake.

Several of the "grave and reverend" seniors are in receipt of photographs from Manila. The "likenesses" of Chas. Armstrong, Clem Herbert and Geo. Snow, being the interesting features. The pictures are very good and speak well for Manila artists.

Archie Martin, of Grangeville, left school at the close of the first semester and returned to his home.

The freshman class had its picture taken during the month. The artistic work is the best ever done in Moscow, in its line, and speaks very highly for our popular photographers, Burns & Agnew.

Two new students of this semester are Louis Turley of Boise City and Phillip Schools of Wardner.

Harley French, one of the 'Var-

sity's old students, spent a couple of weeks in the city during the month. Mr. French is at present engaged teaching a term of school at Johnson, Wash.

Bruce Sheppard has returned to his home in the country near the city.

February 15th, the anniversary of the sinking of the battleship Maine, was properly observed in the 'Varsity. In assembly a fitting program was carried out, consisting of a very excellent address by Dr. Clement; recitation, Drake's Address to the American Flag, by Miss Henry, and very interesting remarks by Pres. Blanton.

The importance of having the building completed may be illustrated by a little incident that happened soon after the beginning of the second semester. A freshman B. E. M. student after spending eight hours in the recitation room, started home, thinking he would have time to return for the morning session. He had not gone far until, to his great surprise, he met himself coming back for his first morning recitation. To say that he "flunked" the second day would be doing him an injustice.

Mr. Fred Merriam, one of our former students, surprised his many friends by making them a visit on the 8th and 9th inst. For the last year Fred has been employed as timekeeper at the Bunker Hill and

Sullivan mines at Wardner and renewed his connection with the 'Varsity by subscribing for the ARGONAUT.

Mr. Turley, a student of the zoological department, has been busy making stereoscopic views and magic lantern slides.

The first explosion in the Freshmen chemistry class took place during the month. Evidently someone had failed to keep his eye on Pasco.

The sophomores evidently believe in the old doctrine that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." It is true the Lord loveth a cheerful giver, but this reminds the freshman of his old maxim: "The Lord helps those who help themselves."

The Driscoll Quartett of Spokane did not appear at the University during the month as was expected, owing to the fact that the leader was called away to Portland. It is hoped, however, that they will appear some time in the near future.

Ralph Jameson has returned to school after being out the greater part of the month on account of illness.

The educational interests of Idaho have lost a valuable friend in the death of C. O. Knepper, brother of Geo. E. Knepper of the Lewiston Normal. Mr. Knepper was the

very able editor of the Inland Journal, and an instructor in the Normal.

George Horton of the preparatory department has quit school, temporarily, on account of scarlet fever in his home.

Professors Aldrich and Henderson attended a meeting of the fruit grower's association at Kendrick last Saturday.

For the first time in the history of the institution, as far as we know, the freshman college algebra class passed the examination with-



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out a single failure. This record speaks well for the instructor in charge, Mr Anthony.

D. R. Morris will leave, as soon as the conditions of the roads will admit, for the Buffalo Hump mining camp. We hope he will meet with success and return again to the 'Varsity next fall.

The freshman trigonometry class is one of the strongest classes in the institution. In it can be found representatives of every class in college, except the junior preparatory.

We notice that Mr. Chas. R. McNab, a former student, well known here, has entered the McGill University at Montreal, Canada.

One of the features of the A. A. A. Minstrels the other night showed the excellent drill that the students are receiving. This was the silent manual. The squad under Serg't Wright executed a very intricate and lengthy drill without commands.

The entrance for the Watkins gold medal is now open. Everyone who has oratorical ability, no matter how potential it is, should enter this contest.

The citizens of Moscow should make it a point to visit the institution and at least bring the visitors to the city over and show the well conducted school which the state is building up. Idaho now stands

third on the list in the U. S. statistics in having the least illiteracy. We should make this generally known.

Pres. Blanton has returned from a trip to Boise, where he delivered a lecture before the Woman's Columbian club. He has been looking after the interests of the institution and advertising it throughout the state.

We see by the reports from Boise that our old friend Burton French is taking the lead for the University. We know our friends and are glad to have our interests in the hands of one who while he is fair and just is also earnest and zealous.

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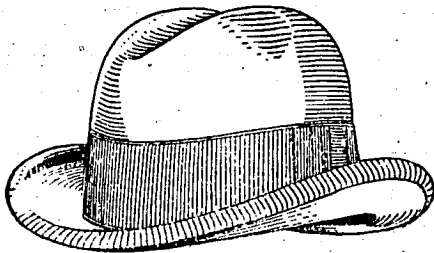
A fine set of carving tools were received by Miss Bowman, who expects to turn out some expert whittlers in wood.

The summer school is creating considerable interest and a large attendance is promised. This school is a feature which is new in the west and which will advance the cause of education more than any project yet undertaken.

The syringa, our state flower, is a beautiful white blossom. It may be found in the woods in almost any part of the state. We should take steps to cultivate it and make it one of our pet plants.

The recital given at the University Monday afternoon by Mr. Dodge and Prof. Breech, of the Sanford Dodge Company, was highly appreciated by the faculty and student body. Mr. Dodge gave "Othello's apology," "Mark Anthony's speech over Caesar." As encores he gave "The Vagabond Prince" and "How Casey Slugged the Ball." The readings were interspersed by violin solos by Prof. Breech assisted by Prof. Cogswell. The instrument he used was not yet a year old yet he handled it as an artist of great ability.

The new rules governing the library, have been adopted, and have



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been posted in the library. No student should fail to read these rules, and understand the government of this important part of the university.

Friday, January 27, three lady members of the Amphyctyon Society met in a debate with the lady members of the Websterian Society. The question was "Resolved: That the education of woman should be identical with that of man." The Amphyctyons, represented by Misses Forney, Playfair, and Clayton defended the affirmative, and the Websterians, represented by Misses Daughters, Maxwell, and Davis defended the negative. Mr. Wolfe acted as chairman, and Profs. Aldrich, Frink, and Henderson were the judges. The debate was well sustained on both sides, but the bulk of the argument was ad-

judged the negative. While no insinuations were made against woman's right to an education or her ability to acquire one, it was conclusively shown that on account of the difference between the two sexes the higher education of woman could not be identical with that of man.

It is not proper to say Lieut. Chrisman any longer, but we must say Captain Chrisman. We are loath to give up the familiar rank "Left." but all join in one accord in hoping the time is not far distant when we can speak of Major Chrisman.

George Kays, who returned from Manila last month, took up his studies again at the beginning of the semester.

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