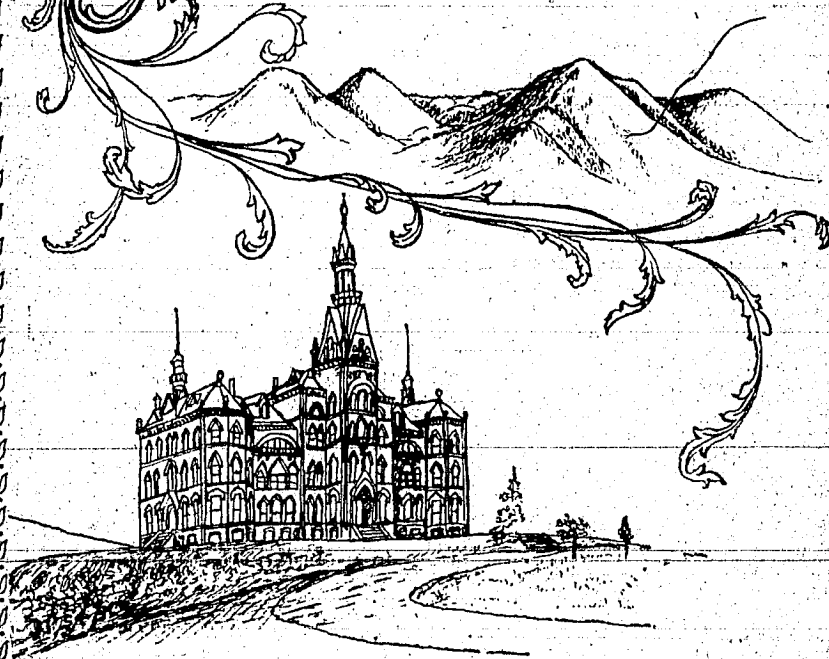




Heading to, Wm.

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# The University Argonaut

VOL. I.

MOSCOW, IDAHO, MARCH, 1899.

No. 5.

## Story of the Fight of Feb. 5.

(From P. S. Burr, Company D, Idaho Volunteers, whose parents live at Genesee, Idaho. He was a student at the state university at Moscow, Idaho, when the war broke out.)

MANILA, P. I., Feb. 18.—Dear Dad: Saturday night at about 9 o'clock we heard volley firing out at the outposts, and before 10 we received orders to be in readiness to move at any moment. A little after 10 our major rode up and ordered the companies to fall in. In a few minutes six companies were out at the old church, about 400 yards from what is known as blockhouse No. "II," the farthest out American line. We still heard firing out across the river and above Manila proper.

We lay there until about 12 o'clock, and then moved up the street toward the blockhouse, until the last of the buildings was reached. While halted in this street the firing in front of us continued, and then we heard the Mauser bullets begin to sing down our way. Two companies were ahead of D and three behind. B Company of Lewiston was next to us in the rear. A storm of lead came down the street, and the right guide of B was hit and the man next to him. Those two were the first of the Idahos

wounded. The boys suddenly began to get cold and shivers began to run up and down our spinal columns. We couldn't do a thing but stand in that street and take what came. We stood there until daylight, and as the firing had almost ceased, marched back to camp for breakfast. At 7 we were back to the old church again, and now we knew that war with the Filipinos had commenced. Major Figgins had command, and McConville next.

After and staying and lying around the church for about half an hour we suddenly began to see black faces and still blacker muzzles of Mauser rifles begin to show themselves at the windows of the old Catholic church, and before we hardly knew what was up they had begun to crack away at us. It didn't take very long to get the Idahos moving and out of the way. A detail from two companies fell out and were told to riddle that building. Part of the Washingtons were up at the blockhouse yet, and the firing had commenced again in earnest. About 8 o'clock we learned that the Americans were going to advance. Out in front of the blockhouse there is an open field,

which stretches away for a half a mile to the edge of the thicket, and across that clear place we were to go. D Company, with F and H, marched up the road until nearly opposite the blockhouse, and then turned to the right and in skirmish line stretched away across towards blockhouse No. 12. The other three companies went on up past No. 11 and across a bridge and turned to the left.

When we first went out on the line it took some time to find out the lay of the ground. In front of us at about 200 or 300 yards, the Washingtons were stretched out on the ground firing away at the line of trees in front and the position of the enemy. Then the order was given to advance.

We would rise up and start on a run for about 50 yards, then fall behind a ridge or any old thing that furnished protection, while the "ping" of the bullets could be heard over us. After a few of these rushes we were up on the firing-line, and now the fun commenced.

General King had command of our brigade. He would yell at the boys to halt, to cease firing; but nothing could stop the Idahos that day. Finally, he says, if you won't stop then go to 'em—go to 'em.

We went across that field on a run and into the bushes on the other side. The insurgents were now in full retreat: but they could not retreat fast enough, and they never got up when one of our boys drew a bead on them. General King now rode up and you ought

to hear the cheering. He waved his cap and gave orders to set fire to the buildings and run the bloody natives into the river. We never stopped after that until we were on the banks of the Pasig and had given the last Filipino a dose of cold lead.

When the firing had ceased and we had stopped to rest I found myself with Lieutenant Gage, Bill Armstrong and a few of our company away to the right and mixed up with H. We soon got straightened out and found that not a man in D Company had been touched by a bullet, while in all the other companies there were several dead and a good many more wounded.

Then we heard that Major McConville had been killed. He had command of the three companies on the left, and they were the ones to capture the big Krupp guns. The natives made a stand there, and that is where most of our boys were killed. They took the major back, but he had been shot twice in the chest and could not live very long. General King brevetted him brigadier general before he died. The major said he died happy, and was proud of his Idaho regiment. King said that it was the grandest charge of the Spanish war, and solemnly declared that his brigade was invincible.

The Washingtons and Californias certainly did good work, but the Idahos were in the front from start to finish. Seven of our men were killed and 15 wounded.

We took the town of Santa Ana,

and before night it was a smouldering ruin. We stayed there that night, but the next afternoon (Monday, 6th) received orders to move up the river and reinforce the Californias at San Pedro, a village on the banks of the Pasig. The natives had already pulled their freight for parts unknown. Tuesday three of our companies and two of the Californias went on a trip up the river for six or eight miles, but no insurgents could be found. We burned San Pedro. This afternoon (Wednesday) our company and G marched back here to camp at Paco, and now we are resting in our old quarters, and are ready to go across the island tomorrow if they want us.

I have told you of the part Idaho has taken so far in the fracas. The other regiments stationed around the city have gone to the diggers in about the same way as we have. Dewey threw shells over into Malolos, Aguinaldo's capital. I do not know what Aguinaldo intends to do; but if he don't come in and surrender in a few days there won't be a house left on the island or a Filipino to want to live in one. We have killed over 500 in one or two days and taken 1000 prisoners.

Major Figgins was where the danger was greatest, and has conducted our part of the campaign in a manner that has shown what mettle he is made of, and there is not an Idaho man who does not respect and admire him. All of our officers did well. All of the boys are feeling tired tonight; but there are a good many of them

writing home: You will probably have read all about the battle before this. I have just told of what we have done. I have been in a good fight, and have seen as many men killed as I want to; but would like to get one good crack at them again. There have been about 50 Americans killed in the last few doys, and we ought to have 500 natives for every one of our boys before we stop.

I suppose Bill will write and give his version of the fight, so I will stop for tonight and write more before we send this. We may go back to San Pedro tomorrow, but will have this ready to go if the mail leaves before we get back.

Do not bother about us; we are all right, and I think that the war is about over with. They are not used to our kind of warfare, and I think that they are so badly scared that they will not make a stand. Good night.

PRENTIE.

Five Miles Southeast of Manila, Feb. 7, 1899.—Dear Mother, Father and all:

I am seated here this beautiful morning writing on my knee, thanking my stars that I'm alive. The experience of the last three days I can never describe. Long before this has reached home you will know what has happened. The Idahos have had their trial and shown what they are made of.

Last Saturday night at 9:30 the call to arms and ten minutes later the crash of artillery told us that the parley had ended and the in-

surgeons were attacking our forces. Washington was on outpost in our section and they held them at bay until daylight. We were behind them 300 yards, lying behind a stone wall with bullets incessantly screeching over our heads. Two men of Co. B. were shot while we were getting into position. One mortally wounded is dead now, and the other has a broken arm. At daylight we moved back to an old church and were lying in line of masses. When the orders came to move forward a band of natives opened fire on us from the church tower where they were lying in ambush. Luckily there was a stout stone wall around the church, and two companies sprang over this and in ten seconds they were pumping lead into that church at a rate that stopped all firing immediately, and the rest of us marched off under cover of that fire. They then turned the artillery onto the stone church and have simply torn it to pieces. But I must write fast and condensed for we are likely to move at any minute, and I may not be able to write again soon.

General King ordered us forward and three companies, D, F and H, deployed on the right of the road and three on the left. We went past the blockhouse on the run and advanced about a quarter at quick time in line of skirmishers. Then commenced the hot work. We advanced by rushes, one company at a time, and such bravery as our officers exhibited! I was with company B, carrying the colors. Major

McConville was ahead all the time, watching every move of the enemy and giving orders. We suffered little loss until within 300 yards of the insurgent battery, then it was terrible. The insurgents were standing "pat" and didn't run until we were within 75 yards of them. They had modern Krupp guns (3 inch) and we killed them at their guns. Five men dropped close to the colors and three of them killed. Poor Major McConville was shot just to my left, within 50 yards of the insurgents. He died at 2 o'clock, and was made a Brevet Brigadier-General before he died. Not a man flinched though; and owing to the high firing only 20 men were killed and wounded out of our regiment. B and C lost 14 of those. Company D did not lose a man, though it was under a hot fire for several hours. There was a Washington company on our left, and our three companies, B, C and F, killed, wounded and captured over 300. We buried on a circular mound 200 feet in circumference 89 natives, everyone shot in the head. Altogether, we buried in our front some 200, and took 100 prisoners. The air is full of smoke, for we are burning everything inflammable. The two guns we captured were turned over to General Anderson. Our company has been highly complimented by the commanding officers.

Major Figgins is as brave a man as ever lived, and I hope this will silence those that have tried to make him out a coward. General

King, in command of our brigade, (the First Washington, California and Idaho) is a dandy, I can tell you, and was with company D in the advance on the right, and they tell great stories about him.

Reports are very indefinite. We hear that 10,000 natives have been killed and captured.

Now I don't want you to worry about me. There will be no suspense. If anything happens to me you will know by cable immediately. I think the worst is over and the insurgents will not likely make a determined stand. We took strongholds that a thousand of them could not hold against 400 Americans. If Americans were behind them they could not be taken. All the boys you know are safe. What we are to run up against, we can't guess. The weather is fine, and the country full of hogs, chickens, turkeys, etc., and we are living well. An occasional boom from the artillery and a scattering skirmish fire is all that is going on now. Dewey has been doing great work, and killed hundreds of natives. You will know how the fight started by the papers. We know nothing about facts and will not know until we get papers. My paper has run out, so I will close. Good-bye, love to all.

[The above letter was written on a printed Spanish legal paper, upon which was also printed the old Spanish Seal. The following letter from George is of later date:]

We are back to quarters again and I will write just a few lines so

you will know I am all right yet. We have passed through another battle with slight loss. The way our boys stand up and pour the lead into these heathens is a miracle. They fire so high that they get very few of us. Altogether our regiment has lost 10 killed and 24 wounded. Howland is in the hospital with fever. Many are overcome with heat, but it does not effect me a particle. Idaho is in it every time there is a fight, and no one can accuse us of being slighted so far. Major Figgins is as brave as they make them, and handles the regiment splendidly. Must close for this time for I am so tired and weary I can hardly sit up. Tell the girls not to expect me to write until this thing is over, for we don't get into quarters very often and we are so tired then that we have to rest.

Good-bye, love to all.

GEORGE A. SNOW.

### SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT

#### MORAL FREEDOM.

In these stirring, inventive, and scientific times, almost everything which man knows, and is, has been investigated and classified. With the numerous inventions which give man more time for rest and enjoyment, he is turning his mind to the study of the problems which are refining if not useful. We find new themes discussed, new sciences classified, new subjects dilated upon. The sciences of psychology

and moral philosophy although old and much aired have been of late so added, by the research of the genious minds, that they are practically new. Especially is this so with the science of moral freedom.

Time and time again has the question been asked, by philosophers too as well as the ordinary man, "Is man free to think and choose as he will," or is it true that he is bound by the immutable laws of nature to acknowledge thought as his brain is shaped, and conform his actions thereto.

A man's thought is evidently the result of some stimulus given his attention and a continuous chain of consciousness, which is seldom broken; if this thought is the result of the shape of his head, he then must have only a definite number of ideas upon the same subject, and when this number is exhausted he must begin again and rethink these same ideas with the same result. But do we not see and know that each of us is continually receiving additions to his list of ideas, and that their number is limited only by his power or opportunity of research.

Will, then, a man act twice the same? Will not the man who steals the first time, do so with fear and trembling? The second time he surely begins to think he is able to avoid discovery. The third opportunity he has to steal may he not be influenced by circumstances to refrain from the evil act? Then is it possible that this man's head has been so shaped that he may steal twice but refuse the third time?

No; he has exercised a choice which shows a moral development, and as actions conform to the thought within, he has developed intellectually. If it were true that "the hand which steals should wither," then, and only then, would moral choice and the development of thought cease. We all would act the same way each time the same conditions surrounded us, holding in mind our one stimulus, the idea of self preservation. The loss of a limb would deter us from stealing. And so on through the whole categories of actions.

But, then, if punishment or bodily harm does deter men from crime, why is not our system of laws better obeyed. For this reason, because every man who commits a crime makes a deliberate choice and immediately takes measures to prevent discovery. It is the thought of escaping the penalty which leads to a majority of the crimes.

Here then education should commence. It is possible by study and research to so educate the mind that it will refrain from wrong, because it hates wrong, then the need for laws and penalties will have practically ended. The mind is a law unto itself. It is the part which should be legislated upon.

### LITERARY DEPARTMENT

#### THE POSITION OF ORATORY.

If there is one art or science that can be placed on an equal standing



with the highest and most accomplishing arts or sciences, it is oratory. It should have a position on the curriculum of the schools of higher learning, equal possibly to that of language, mathematics or music.

There are few attainments that man prizes more highly than speech, even though it be plain and only sufficiently accurate to express his thoughts, to converse easily and freely with his fellow-man. Such an acquirement is of great value, but both as an art and as a science, oratory reaches further than ordinary language. It has a greater value, a power that has shaken the world. By oratory people and nations have been swayed and led on to action.

Attributing to oratory such a power is not a mere product of the imagination. It was this art that raised Demosthenes to his lofty position and that, through him, warned the Athenians of, and sent them against their northern invaders; it was by the power of oratory that Leo the Great softened the heathen and savage hearts of the Gothic and Vandal leaders, checked their invading hosts and thus saved Rome from destruction; and it was oratory that wiped heathenism and idolatry from the face of the civilized world and brought the Christian religion triumphant on the conquered field. It has done almost miracles in the past and was considered among the greatest accomplishments, if not the greatest. We should attempt to make oratory at least approach the position it once held.

#### The Evolution of Literature.

In this age of books we scarcely pause in our reading of them, to consider that there has ever been a time when they did not exist. Let us imagine ourselves in a world void of books, papers and magazines, and the materials of which they are made, no means of writing known and few ideas to express, even were they at hand and we shall be in the world of the first book-makers.

When these ancients began to awake and look about them, they saw as we do all the wonderful things in nature and not knowing anything of them, they told their ideas: wishing to preserve these they began to invent the ways of putting them into lasting form. They pictured them on stone, ivory, clay tablets, balls of clay, sometimes on wood coated with wax. These materials were bulky and inconvenient for handling, so the tablets were fastened together with a kind of hinge and thus the first bound books were made. But since in this form the writings would mar each other, to protect them a raised margin was left about the pictures. Different materials and better suited to the work were used later—leaves of the palm tree, the inner bark of the tree, papyrus, besides prepared skins of animals. For pens they used reeds, for ink gum water containing charcoal or ink from the cuttle fish. These pliable materials were more conveniently rolled into scrolls and kept in cylindrical boxes.

A step in advance of the picture

writing was the cunei form characters invented by the Turanians. This writing had to be learned, hence schools were established for scribes. The work on each scroll was done by three or four scribes. One would write the text, omitting the capitals, another as sort of proof reader would compare this with the context, a third would fill in the capital letters and a fourth illuminate the pages and prepare the titles. Much of this work was done by nuns and monks in the monasteries. These scrolls were often decorated with the coat of arms of the owner and his own taste was displayed in the style of his scrolls. The libraries of those days contrasted strangely with those of the present. One could not as now choose any subject on which he cared for information and going to the alcoves find it completely discussed by numerous others and in almost every phase, nor could he go and suit his mood with gay or sombre, light or deep subjects. The subjects were exceedingly limited. Then again the books or scrolls were not catalogued, and one must search through these scrolls, not for what subject he chose but for what he could find, using them from the ends of the chains to which they were attached to the walls or desks for safe keeping.

The first printed books were printed with solid blocks of wood, then portable blocks were used. About the fifteenth century, people were so filled with the desire for learning, from having great authors

in their midst and a general broadening of ideas that there must be something done to satisfy their demand. As is always the case, this great lack was supplied and by a German of Mayence, who invented the printing press. At first it worked very badly and many of the books printed by it had to be rewritten. The idea was at first unpopular with the church authorities, for the reason that the books thus printed were apt to circulate knowledge and detract from the spirituality of the people. In other instances those who could afford the manuscript books, did not like the printed book as it would become too common, but it lived through all the opposition and improved in form and material.

The form has changed from the rude, unsightly stone slabs roughly polished, if at all on which were awkward figures representing few ideas, to the most shapely and delicately bound, printed in excellent type of any variety; the alphabets suited to portray the ideas of any people, illustrated so plainly that "he who runs may read." Let us look at the evolution of the subject matter, having considered the "philosophy of its clothes."

The first thoughts in books were the myths, the expressions of vague ideas about the sun, the moon, the stars, the water and the land. These ideas came to be sacred to the people and they worshiped these different phenomena. Later, and indeed through all the ages, poets—true poets such as Carlyle talks

about have seen the poetry of these myths and have embodied them in their works, till many of them have become immortal.

It has been said that the first literature of a nation is a poem, so the first literature of the first people were these poetic myths. Each nation then as civilization has advanced has added to the world's library its national poem.

The history of different nations has come down to us from wierd writings on walls or stones or scroll, fragments picked up here and there. Cities have been unearthed and knowledge gained of the lives at different periods. Each one who writes sees a different side to all these lives hence we have such a wide selection to choose from that there is no trouble to find it in the form we like. We can take the dry facts and from them glean our knowledge or we can go to another's such as Scott and take it in form of fiction or Shakespeare and gain it from the play. As to the sciences, not long since one treatise only on a subject could be found and that limited, now the field is so broad that one sage does not even attempt but a small item in a particular line and on that he spends his life. If we are weary from heavy reading, we can seek the novelist in the lighter veins. If we are sad we go to our humorists and seek "laughter holding both his sides." Thus we find the field so broad that it is inexhaustible and we can associate with the princes and the nobles of earth through their books.

## MANILA LETTER.

The following letter was received by Miss Cushman from Manila. It was written by Clement Herbert, class '99, and is a very vivid description of the life of our soldier boys:

Dear Miss Cushman:—The saying has it that time and tide wait for no man, neither do they wait for me to answer your letters, for I find that the days have grown into months since I received your welcome letter, and still that happy message remains unanswered. I only wish that time could make my pen eloquent so I might record in fitting language the really important feeling that came over me and the pleasant memories that were recalled to my mind when I found that there was one in that dear land across the sea who remembered my natal day, and had sent a message of good wishes for my new year beginning on the 23rd of October.

I can assure you that it is as you suspected. Uncle Sam doesn't keep a birthday book nor does he favor his boys by issuing the extra ration of hard tack. You asked me to tell you how I passed the day. There isn't much to tell, for the military routine isn't much disturbed in the passing of a birthday. Some time during the day I dropped the remark "this is my birthday" and in about an hour a dozen or so of my warm friends gathered around with smiles on their faces and of course I was enthusiastic when they told me, "we are here to celebrate your birthday." I presume they enjoy-

ed the celebration, but speaking for myself I can truly say that it was by no means a pleasant affair. They totally disregarded my kicks and objections and carried me over to a big rain barrel and dipped me in until I was thoroughly in a mood to say that I liked it. After that they left me to nurse my wrath and get some dry clothes on, and then some more birthday enthusiasts came around and repeated the celebration. Of course a person has to take it in good cheer and live with hopes of getting even. So it was with me, but strange to say almost five months have passed since then and there hasn't been a sign of a birthday among the boys. I am almost led to believe that they have found the mythical fountain of perpetual youth and that as years go by you'll find them always the same lot of jolly boys with no birthdays to mark the \_\_\_\_\_.

My Dear Miss Cushman, ten days have passed since I began this letter and they are days too that I'll remember as long as I live, for the bloodshed and devastation that we have witnessed in those eventful days leave impressions upon our minds that cannot be erased by the march of time.

When one witnesses the suffering and desolation that shadow the battle fields he cannot help but wonder why the "God of War" does not stay his bloody hand and let peace reign undisturbed.

The Idaho boys have been in the thickest of the fray, we have seen our comrades fall around us, we

have passed over hundreds of the fallen foe, and have seen their homes and villages burned to the ground and after it all we must let the spirit of mercy come over us and pray for peace. There can be no glory in bloodshed. We are fighting to maintain our flag and country's honor. The Filipinos, in their blindness, are fighting for what they think is right, but for a hopeless cause and the poor people upon whom the brunt of the hardships are sure to fall are to be pitied for they will be left without homes or anything else if the war continues.

Trouble has been brewing for the last two months and everyone felt that sooner or later we would be compelled to drop all peaceful remonstrances to the Filipinos' insults and resort to arms to bring them to realize that when Uncle Sam takes a stand he is pretty sure to keep it. For a month or more we have been held ready to march at a moment's notice and a week ago last Saturday night, (Feb. 4th) when we heard a few volleys fired on the outposts away across the river we knew what it meant and fully realized that the Filipino war had begun. Inside of five minutes we were marching through the dark muddy lanes to take our places in line. We halted by the side of an old monastery and stayed there until daylight the next morning. Just before we started to camp to get our breakfast the bullets began to fly around us pretty thick. One man was killed and another shot through the arm.

When we came out again we were halted by the same old church and while we were waiting there for orders to move to the front several volleys were poured out among us. It is a miracle that we cannot understand how that none of us were struck. Two of our companies wheeled around and poured volley after volley into that church, riddling it so completely that it would seem impossible for so much as a mosquito to live in there. They searched the church and then burned it. The houses and trees seemed to be full of sharpshooters, but their marksmanship proved to be so poor that they failed to get any of us, but sacrificed their own lives instead. At eight o'clock we were ordered to the front and as we emerged from the outskirts of the town we formed a line of skirmishers and began the charge that the Idahos will long remember. An open prairie, with thick woods and insurgent trenches at the opposite side lay in front of us. The natives were extremely generous with their ammunition and the bullets fell around us like hail. We would advance about a hundred yards, lie down and fire a few volleys and away we would go again. When we came within a hundred yards of the edge of the woods the natives began to waver and run and then you ought to have heard the boys cheer and charge through the woods after the fleeing "Filipps."

At one point in the line companies B, G and C had to charge the rifle pits where the insurgent artillery

was located. The fire was terrible and Gen. King (Capt. Chas. King) as he saw our boys begin the charge shook his head in despair, but nothing could stop an American but death, in a place like that, and at the head of the line Major McConville led the boys to victory and fell mortally wounded just as the fire ceased. The natives were surrounded in a bend of the river and many of them tried to cross to the other side in boats but not one ever reached the other bank. Everything was burned that could be burned and by that night the native villages were smouldering ruins. On the south side of the river the Washington, Idaho and California troops followed the insurgents toward the mountains, meeting but slight resistance. Now and then sharpshooters would make it pretty lively for us, but they are such poor shots that we are getting used to them now.

The day before yesterday the Idahos came back to Manila and were sent out on the north side of the Pasig river to help the Montana troops drive the insurgents out of a little railroad station called Calocan. They seemed to be strongly fortified there and we faced a heavy fire but gave them a heavier fire in return. The place was first bombarded by our (6th) artillery and from Dewey's ships and when we arrived it was indeed a desolate looking place. The old stone buildings were completely riddled and hundreds of natives were killed. It seems to be a one sided war as far

as losses are concerned. So far the American loss is estimated at fifty-four killed and about two hundred wounded, while it is asserted that the authorities have buried over three thousand Filipinos and there are hundreds carried from the field by their own people. They outnumber our army about four to one and when one of them falls there is another by his side to take his place.

The war is now in full blast and it is hard to tell how many of our little band will come out alive, but whatever is the result you can all rest assured that everyone of us has dismissed his desire to go home as long as our services are needed as they have been needed and we are happy in following our flag wherever it is sorely pressed. The hospital corps and quartermaster's department are doing grand work and there isn't a man in the whole eighth army corps that hasn't done his full duty. I am sure that the scandal that followed the Cuban campaign will not cast its blighting influence on the Philippine campaign.

There are a thousand things I might write about and would be happy to tell you, but we have just come to camp after more than a weeks work in the field and I feel tired and worn out, so I will leave the biggest stories to tell when we all get back together in our dear old haunts in Moscow. A few words about the boys—Win Howland has been sick for more than two weeks but has insisted on being out with the company. He has

been too weak to do much marching but has managed to get to ride most of the time. We finally prevailed upon him to rest his war-like spirit and go to the hospital last Sunday, and I haven't heard from him since. I don't believe it is anything serious with him. Emil Mautz hasn't been well for a long time and he has been overcome by heat and fatigue two different times but still stays with the company. It has been his will power that has carried him through. Co. D has been fortunate in having but one slightly wounded (Willard). Our regiment has lost ten killed and twenty-seven wounded. Jesse Rains is well. I haven't seen Rob McGregor and Gibb, but hear that they are well. Johnnie Heyburn is as sturdy a warrior as there is on the island. With a world of love for all,

We are always your boys,

CLEM HERBERT.

Manila, Feb. 14, '99.

## SOCIETIES

### THE WEBSTERIAN SOCIETY.

If you wish to spend a thrilling hour visit the "Webs" on Friday afternoons. We are glad to greet the great and small. Music will soothe your headache or heartache. Literary productions will make your brain active, and the debate will not hurt you after you become acquainted with its natural tendencies.

The Websterian society is the

home of debate. Members take pride in the record they have made in friendly and heated contests. True, we make noise; we indulge in sarcasm; sometimes speak silly thoughts; make foes and fasten friendships; we err; we grow, not for the hour but for the institution. In these rugged contests freedom of speech sparkles in our saddest moments. Hope leads us, onward, upward to a higher meridian.

The words of Pericles wield a wonderful influence within our portals. Demosthenes' orations, Dante's poetry and Webster's rhetoric could never be eliminated from our contests. These elements stimulate minds to stronger eloquence. The poetry and prose of debate are two factors of most importance. Add to these art, tact and sincerity and you have a debater. There is not another organization in the University where young men and young women can cultivate the art of debate more fully than in the Websterian society. Some members sing, others recite and still others declaim. All are benefited.

There is no better estimate of man's ability than the salary he can command. The Websterian debating qualities are judged by the challenges they receive, what the society can command. We have met defeat. We have rallied from the fray; fought again and triumphed. This is our motto:

"One who never turned his back, but marched  
breast forward;  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed though right were worsted,  
wrong would triumph,

Held we fall to rise, one baffled to fight  
better,  
Sleep to wake."

We are a liberty loving society. The debate has taught us to honor our nation's heroes, to study our country's literature and to love our republican institutions. Other societies are patriotic, imbued with sentiments as loyal to school, state and nation as ourselves. From the bed of bitterness has come the strength of the Websterian society. Experience has been our teacher. Websterian patriotism is the offspring of Websterian grit. When the nation needed men our college boys responded. Idaho was loyal. The university shared in the glory. The Websterian society furnished two-thirds of the cadets who left their Alma Mater to free an enslaved people. One of our members gave his young life that we might take new devotion in the Declaration of Independence. Two of our members lie beneath the sod, but the light they leave behind them guides our society in doubting hours. The Websterians are patriotic. The Websterians are sons and daughters of liberty. They are known in Washington, Idaho—yes, known seven thousand miles away in the distant Philippines. We are a solid society. Our thirty-three members are taking new allegiance to the constitution. We have grown from five to thirty-three members. Our past record is open to inspection; our present is known, and our future is unfathomed. This is progress.

*Do you take the Argonaut?*

## ATHLETICS

At a meeting of the base ball club, March 22, Louis Hanley was elected captain of the team. The choice is a very popular one both on account of his superior knowledge of the game and his high standing in school. Mr. Hanley has played on the 'varsity team' for the past three years, always showing that cool judgment, which will make of him a successful captain.

G. Mix.

Geo. Dewey Brown has been selected as coach for the 'varsity ball team. He will put the team through regular work and a systematic course of training. Mr. Brown is a ball player of wide experience having played for several years with the best amateur clubs of central Iowa and last year with the famous Moscow team. As a player and coach the 'varsity team could not have made better choice.

G, Mix.

The contest for the base ball championship between Whitman, Pullman and this college promises to be very spirited. The Whitman boys are already doing outside work. Pullman has her team selected and takes advantage of occasional bursts of sunshine to get hardened for later services. We have not as yet selected our entire team. But from the showing already made we can feel confident

that a strong team will be secured.  
G. M.

The athletic board of managers chose H. H. Hoagland manager and Lee Sedgwick assistant manager of track athletics. These two students take first rank as sprinters, and are always laboring for the upbuilding of athletics. Hence their selection to these important positions  
G. M.

A committee consisting of Maj. Huggins, H. H. Hoagland and F. C. Moore went to Pullman Saturday to arrange a program for Field Day. The program arranged is very similar to last years. In addition they added the very exciting contest of "throwing the discuss." The Field Day will be held here May 20th.  
G. M.

## MISCELLANEOUS

### Our Manila Boys.

The probability now is that our volunteer boys will be compelled to stay in the Philippines their full time. The insurrection has swelled to an incredible extent and amid the scenes of danger our boys have shown vigorous action. We are proud of them in their bravery, proud of them in their manhood. We should also sympathize with them in their isolation.

Among all these scenes of war there is a large amount of time which the soldier has free, with



nothing to do. By this time the library given our boys has been read from "cover to cover." It seems to us time to organize a new library association for the purpose of sending them more good books. Let some good organizer think of this and commence aggressive work.

M. M. M.

—What does D. O. mean, Mr. Condon?

Mr. Condon, kindly—It means ditto.

Miss —

Prof. A. to Junior—Now Mr. H. how do you approximate the value of "F"?

Junior—Sight the instrument on a star and then measure the distance.

Prof.—Measure what distance?

Junior—The distance to the star.

STALE JOKES

He—Candidly what do you think of my argument?

Friend—Sound—most certainly sound.

He—And what else?

Friend—Nothing else.

"Mother" said Johnnie after deep thought, "Suppose I should knock this rose off the table and should catch it—then I shouldn't catch it, should I?"

"N-n-no, I suppose not", his mother slowly asserted.

"But", said Johnnie still toying with the rose, "if I should knock it off and not catch it—then I should catch it, shouldn't I?"

"Yes you would," said his mother, this time with firm decision.

Johnnie dropped it.

T. I. J.

Glen to Hobson—How are you today, Hobson?

Hobson to Glen—Pretty (merry-Mac.)

Senior, looking over the records

Ben.—I only had one blue book so condensed my knowledge as much as possible.

Freshy—And did Miss Cushman condense your grades accordingly?

Ben.—No they were too "rare" to be condensed.

Who said Mr. Condon went to Salem to have his eyes treated?

It must have been the same person that said Major Huggins was going back to Missouri for treatment for heart disease.

Bob.—I would like to know if the class is laughing at me.

Prof. A.—There is no telling, go ahead and recite anyway.

Minnie—Do you know that they are actually making dress goods now in imitation of the Stars and Stripes.

Tim.—I had not heard of that before, what patriotic girls we have, I tell you what, I'll rally 'round the flag now.

## Y. W. C. A.

The work of the Young Women's Christian Association has this year been very encouraging. The attendance has been larger than in former years and more interest has been shown, both by members of the association and others of the student body.

Weekly devotional meetings are held Wednesdays at 12:30 in the chapel hall. Owing to lack of time the class in bible study has not been formed this year.

Last Wednesday, Feb. 22, being a legal holiday, the regular devotional meeting was postponed. Rev. Thornquest of the Christian church promises to speak to the young women Wednesday, the first of March.

The civil engineering department of the University has received from the firm of Tinius Olsen & Co., of Philadelphia, a testing machine of 40,000 pounds capacity. This valuable piece of apparatus will be used in determining the strength and rigidity of all materials used in engineering construction, including wood, cement, stone, brick, iron and steel. In this way an accurate knowledge of any material may be obtained, enabling the builder to proceed with its use, without resorting to guess work or using an unnecessary amount in order to "make sure." The placing upon the market, within the past few years, of portable testing machines has

marked a new era in construction, as until that time the few testing plants in existence were only within the reach of a few wealthy corporations. As this one stands in its temporary quarters in the boiler room, occupying rather less space than an upright piano, it is difficult to realize that by its use a bar of iron as thick as a broom stick may be pulled apart as easily as one breaks a thread, that by a system of screws and gear wheels one man can furnish all the power necessary and the stress upon a piece at any instant is measured as accurately as one weighs flour or sugar. Such is however the actual performance of these machines, this combination of strength and delicacy being unknown in any other form of machines. Prof. Frink intends that the civil engineering department shall tend to the public the advantages of this acquisition, and tests of building materials will be made for private parties and manufacturing firms under necessary restrictions. Preliminary tests have been made, and the first regular work will be upon native woods of Idaho for which specimens will be classified by the forestry class of the Botany department. The strength of each species as regards tension, compression, shearing and cross-breaking will be determined, and a comparison with the tests of the eastern woods, recently published by the government, is awaited with interest.

The \$25,000 appropriation bill for the university passed the house.

# University Argonaut

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

\$1 Per Year.

10 Cents Per Copy

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MR. C. M. EDGETT.

## NOTES..

Wednesday afternoon the Lindsay Dramatic Company visited the University. At assembly Mr. John S. Lindsay spoke to a large and appreciative audience. His theme was "Shakespeare and his Plays," and he gave readings from different ones. He spoke of the vast difference between the stage appliances of Shakespeare's time and our own—how there used to be placards hung on barren walls declaring the scenes to be such and such. He spoke of the place the name of Shakespeare holds in literature; how Homer lightened up the dark horizon with his songs; how Dante rose proud and solitary with his dreams; how Milton unlocked the doors of heaven and hell. But Homer, Dante, Milton, all did not satisfy the longings of the human soul as did Shakespeare. Here and there are touches equal or superior to Shakespeare in thought or learn-

ing, but he is undisputed the best and greatest interpreter of the human sympathies. He was a truer painter than Raphael. Although he lived three centuries ago, he has never had an equal. His father and mother were ignorant people. He left Stratford-on-Avon and went to London, where he held horses at a theatre. In only twelve years Shakespeare owned that theatre and was acknowledged the sovereign of the imperial realm of literature. There has been more said and written about Shakespeare than any save the "Man of Nazareth," and yet his plays are not known throughout the world as well as they should be. Each one of them represents some particular human passion. For example, Hamlet shows all the emotions of the heart. What other writers would take pages to tell of suicide, he tells in a few lines. Mr. Lindsay gave here Hamlet's "Soliloquy." Next he spoke of Richard III being written to show the passion of ambition. He gave as an example Richard's opening speech. Othello, he said, shows the powerful passions of love, jealousy and revenge. He briefly gave the plot and followed with Othello's apology. Mr. Lindsay's appearance was most highly appreciated by the audience and we are sorry he did not receive better patronage at the opera house.

The Websterian society held their election last Friday evening. The election was one of the most spirited contests ever held. The contest

hinged on the election of president. Mr. Herman was placed in nomination by Mr. Lancaster, in a few well chosen remarks. Mr. Edgett placing before the society the name of Mr. Frazee. The interest in the election was caused by the supposed hostility of "Shafter" in his attitude toward the fair sex. Mr. Herman was elected and a banquet was held in the evening and the occasion duly celebrated. Mr. Kays was chosen vice president by acclamation. Mr. Kessler was reelected treasurer. The only close contest being that of Miss Davis and Mr. Hoagland for secretary, the vote standing twenty to twenty-two in favor of Mr. Hoagland.

The Amphictyons and Websterians held a joint meeting last Friday. The two societies were entertained by the mock trial of Miss Rose Coffey "for the wilful and malicious murder of one Beethoven." The former society conducted the prosecution and the latter the defense. The case was not completed at the adjournment of court and will probably be continued. Both societies are in a healthy condition and are doing good literary work. A joint meeting for a mock senate is being arranged for in the near future.

Who said that all the brave boys had gone to Manila? Surely it was no gentleman. Last week a real, live, full grown mouse made its appearance in the library during the noon hour, when a large num-

ber of ladies were there reading. All was consternation and excitement. Again it was proven that history repeats itself, and great occasions call forth great heroes. So on this occasion a great hero came forth, and with one blow of his mighty foot he brought the beast to the floor. Thus a great catastrophe was averted.

A few days ago about fifteen large pictures of a group of Co. D boys in campaign uniform were received from Manila. The pictures were rather large to come by mail, so they were brought over by Captain Shattner, of Lewiston, who was returning to his home. The number sent are to be given out to various specified persons, but it is said that if there are more desiring them, they can form a trust and make arrangements with the local photographer for copies.

The graduates from the Musical Department of the University this year will be Pearl Wickersham, Rosa Forney and Max Garrett. All three have a special talent for music and have given their preliminary graduation recitals, no notes having been used by any of them. Prof. Cogswell has every reason to be proud of the class, and those who listened to the three recitals anticipate with pleasure the three that are to be given later.

The Amphictyon Society held a reception Friday evening, March 10, in honor of two of their members,

Burton L. French and Adrian Nelson, who had just returned from the state legislature. A short program was rendered and addresses were called for from the honored members. Their noble and efficient work in the cause of the University entitled them fully to the respect tendered them that evening.

From the old maid's point of view Idaho is one of the most promising fields for a location. The editor(ess) of the Pullman Herald, says there are 17,584 bachelors and only 1486 available girls in Idaho. This makes a ratio of about ten to one and as there are several Whitman county bachelors looking towards Idaho through a matrimonial eye, the chances are still better for the Idaho maids.

Prof. Aldrich is one of the few Americans who has been invited to contribute to a forth-coming volume of *Biologia Centrali-Americana*, the most sumptuous and expensive zoological work ever issued, the part already printed costing over a thousand dollars. The professor has received a collection of about 500 flies from London, for him to report on, describing the new species, etc.

Dr. Blanton's address before the Columbian Club at Boise attracted a great deal of attention. The Statesman of Feb. 24th says: "The President's remarks were followed closely and were warmly applauded. The address teemed with well round-

ed metaphor and crisp humor, with an occasional touch of biting sarcasm. The president took for his subject "True and False in Education."

The athletic association held an important meeting March 9, to consider the proposition of holding a field day with the Blair Business College of Spokane. After some discussion, the secretary was instructed to write a letter to Pres. Blair informing him that we could not accept his request for a contest. However we hope to play ball with the Business College boys.

Senator Shoup secured the appointment of A. N. Brunzell, as second Lieutenant in the regular army of the U. S. This is the third appointment of this kind and all have come to the 'varsity cadets. The appointment gave entire satisfaction to the "home guard of cadets," all of whom are glad to see "nerving" advancing.

The address of Pres. Blanton at assembly last Wednesday would lead a sophomore to think that there are a few students in the 'Varsity that would be better farmers than students. We understand there is a large number of applicants for work on the station. We hope accommodations can be given all who apply for relief.

It is about time for us to begin preparations for field day if we expect to do much along that line

this year. The contest this year is to come to Moscow and we should do everything possible to make it a creditable event, one that we can point to with some feeling of satisfaction, such as the contest of three years ago.

A very interesting letter was received by Dr. McCurdy from K. C. Egbert, former superintendent of the Horticultural department of our school. It is written from Yainax, Klamath Indian reservation, Ore., where Mr. Egbert accepted a position as teacher in one of the schools of the agency when he left Moscow.

A meeting of the oratorical association was held during the early part of the month and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, S. J. Corbett; vice president, G. H. Hogue; corresponding secretary, G. P. McKinley; auditing secretary, Miles Reed; treasurer, Henry Lancaster.

Pres. Blanton spent several days in Walla Walla during the month, attending the meeting of the Inland Empire Teachers' Association. While there Pres. Blanton made an address to the teachers on the subject "The Old and the New Education" which was very highly spoken of by the press.

Mr. Condon, the University Registrar, returned to Moscow a couple of weeks ago with a young bride. The faculty gave them a hearty reception at the home of the Presi-

dent, and rumor hath it that a committee of students offered to tender him a reception also, but he bought them off.

The faculty tendered a reception to the members of the legislature and the new and past members of the board of regents, at the Hotel Moscow on March 15. Several interesting toasts were responded to and a very pleasant evening was spent by our learned masters.

Miss Zella Perkins has quit school and will teach school at Troy during the spring.

"The grave and reverend seniors" have appeared in their new "head

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gear." It may be irreverent for a freshman to express himself at this time, but we believe some of the heads are out of "gear". However, we admire the class spirit which is shown by the class of '99.

The Websterian Society is preparing for a debate to be held not long hence at Lewiston with the debating society of the State Normal. The debaters who will represent the Websterian are Rees M. Hattabaugh, Guy W. Wolfe and John M. Herman.

Hon. B. L. French has returned to the 'Varsity and taken up his work, after his absence of two months at Boise. It is a proud time for the University when her students are chosen to represent Idaho in the state legislature.

Miss Winnie Booth has returned from her trip to Chicago, and again entered upon her work at the University. Miss Booth reports having had a very enjoyable trip, but is glad to be back among her old friends at the 'Varsity again.

Three new students have entered school during the month. George Brown, Fred Gilbreth and Lyman Bundy. The first two named have never attended the university before but Mr. Bundy has been a student, at times, for several years.

Miss Mary McFarland, a former student of the 'Varsity visited the institution during the month. Miss

McFarland has just finished a successful term of school near Genesee and has returned to her home for a brief vacation.

The courses for the summer school are being arranged this week and will, no doubt, be published soon. This undertaking bids fair to be a success and will certainly do much for the advertisement of the University.

At a meeting of the board of managers of the A. A., last Wednesday Louis Hanley was elected captain of the base ball team for this season. Mr. Hanley is a good man and will, no doubt, make a good captain.

How many are training for field day sports? This important contest must not be neglected. We must win, can win, and if all do their duty we will win.

---

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**Washington, D. C.**

Guy Miller, a student of the Leland Stanford University, visited the University during the month. Mr. Miller lives at Colton, and in visiting his parents took advantage of his opportunity to visit the U. of I.

Gub Mix made an official visit to Pullman last Saturday, in the interests of the A. A. He informs us that the W. A. C. boys are making active preparations for a strong base ball nine this season.

School will probably close a couple of weeks earlier this year than scheduled in the catalogue calendar, on account of the summer school which will open on or about June 21.

A new catalogue will be issued this year. It is the expectation of the committee having the work in charge to have it completed before commencement.

Miss Maud Booth was a visitor to the 'Varsity during the month. Miss Booth was a former student of the 'Varsity but is now teaching school.

What's the matter with Huntley?  
Oh, he's all right.

For particulars inquire of any member of the "Shafter party."

We regret very much to hear of the injury of Capt. Edward Smith, and hope the wound is slight and that he will soon recover.

I. D. Schuh, '02, has left school

and is preparing for a trip to South America in the hope of improving his physical condition.

Judge G.—What's the cause of that noise outside of the court room?

Sheriff L.—It's Prof. Anthony "filing" an affidavit.

Miss Nona Hattabaugh was a Pullman visitor during the month, and while there visited the W. A. C.

Henry Lancaster, '02, was called home during the month by the sad news of the death of his little sister.



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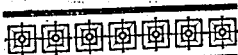
The date for the debate between the "Webs" and the Normal has been set for May 5th. The debaters from Lewiston are to be J. F. Craig, M. Korstad and J. E. Doyle. Those from the U. of I.: G. W. Wolfe, M. R. Hattabaugh and J. C. Herman. The question is—Resolved that colonial policy is essential to the commercial supremacy of the United States.

The mining department has just finished a complete cyanide plant which will be used to test the ores of the state to determine whether or not that process can be successfully used for the ores of Idaho.

The plant has a capacity of 300 lbs, which is sufficient for a fair test.

George Keys has kindly loaned his collection of shells, and other articles, which he brought from Manila, to the University. They have been placed in a conspicuous place in the corridor and have been viewed with interest by all, who have had an opportunity.

Why not have some regular time for meeting and learning college songs? It is getting that time when the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of serenading the "Prof's" and we suggest that some college songs be learned for the occasions.



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Vanity, vanity, saith the wise man,  
 Vanity, vanity, all is vain;  
 All is vanishing, fleeting, ephemeral,  
 Doomed to destruction and cannot remain.

Earth's mighty cities with all of their  
 splendor,

All their magnificence, riches and fame,  
 Dust unto dust again they shall render,  
 One with their misery, squalor and shame.

Babylon sleeps, and her power and her glory  
 Are like to a dream that has vanished away,  
 Dimly does history tell us her story,  
 Mouldering ruins attest her decay.

Carthage has crumbled, and Egypt's great  
 cities

Lie dead and decayed in the dust by the Nile;  
 The pyramids great and the Sphinxes grim  
 visage

The ravage of time may defy yet awhile.

Balbeck and Ninevah, Memphis and Per-  
 gamus,

Halicarnassus and Sidon and Tyre  
 Lie in the dust like the lost Herculanaeum,  
 Athens and Rome in their ashes expire.

Vain is the world and its glory ephemeral;  
 Fadeth like flame of the day's waning light;

Naught that we see is abiding, eternal,  
 Ruin awaits it and blackness of night.

Ruin awaits on our modern magnificence,  
 London and Paris so mighty and grand,  
 All of earth's cities and kingdoms and empires,  
 Naught is of earth that forever shall stand.

All of the old world, all of the new world,  
 All of the kingdoms and isles of the sea,  
 All of the past and all of the present,  
 All that has been or that ever shall be.

All shall go down at last unto nothingness;  
 Even the globe to destruction is doomed  
 In atoms to whirl through unbounded im-  
 mensity

Eons on eons, by starlight illumed.

Yet, there is hope of a life everlasting,  
 Whispers we hear of a home of the soul;  
 Angels it seemeth, forever are casting  
 Light on a pathway that leads to a goal.

Let upward and onward be ever our watch-  
 word;

Stars shine above us with beckoning light,  
 Wrong wins for a time, but take heart, God is  
 with us;

Go forward and fear not to stand for the  
 right.

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