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D. I.

# UNIVERSITY SAFARI



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# The University Argonaut

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## "What is Truth?"

"And what is truth?" the thinker  
asked  
That yearned, mysterious, necessary  
thing,  
Upon which hangs all being, space  
and time,  
Whose harmonies the dizzying spheres  
do sing?

He sought in earth, and sea, and air,  
And in the mystic consciousness.  
He coned with labored carefulness  
The hidden lore of many tongues  
That he might find this highest good.

And when at last  
O'er him had passed  
Full many arduous years,  
He bowed his weary head,  
And wearily he said,

O Life! Thou darkest mystery of  
being,  
Tell me what may be your mystic  
meaning,

Or art thou but a shifting silhouette of  
seeming.  
That quivers dimly on the melting  
walls of dreaming?

Oh beautiful truth!  
Said the ardent youth.

And hied him away to college halls,  
And there neath dim book lined walls,  
He labored long and patient  
Upon the quest so ancient,  
But he found in a look  
And not in a book,  
In a sweet, fair face,  
Not a bookish place,

Life's deepest, divinest meaning.  
The sweet, fair face went out of his  
life.

There came again longing, and labor,  
and strife,  
And he sighed and said  
In his sleepless bed,

O life! Thou dark fantastic fabric  
spun  
From out the threads of doubt, despair  
and pain,  
With only here and there a rich, bright  
vein

That serves to make the blackness  
more intense!

What is this force that overwhelms  
me,

Makes me so other than I wish to be?

O Truth, reveal thyself to me!

The weeping mourner said,  
And laid his dead

Within their narrow bed.

Oh speak to me thou voiceless power  
That crushed me in this lone hour,  
Oh, doth all this that aches and yearns  
in me

Awake no echo in the universe?

Hath all my love but left me sad and  
worse?

Can no light penetrate the cyprus tree?

Oh hearken Earth, sick with thine  
anguish grown!

A voice is heard from out the vast  
Unknown.

A Figure fair  
Stands outlined there

Luminous against the ages.

A voice so deep, so sweet, so rare  
More tender than a woman's prayer  
Falls on Earth's stifled listening air:

"My little children worn and weary  
With life's toil and sorrow dreary,  
With its all unanswered query,  
Know ye 'tis not within the heart of  
man

To find this long-desired good  
Or e'en to know it if he could.  
I am the way, the truth, the life,  
Come unto me and ye shall rest."  
And when the Comforter shall come,  
Whom I will send down unto you,  
He shall reveal the Good, the True.

ALMA MILLS.

[REDACTED]

### IN MEMORIAM.

On the first of May, in the cemetery at Corvallis, was laid to rest our beloved friend, Mrs. H. T. French.

Although Prof French and his wife have been in our midst less than a year, they have won the love and respect of all who know them, and the news of the unexpected death of Mrs. French was as great a shock to her Moscow friends as to those in Oregon and the eastern states.

Mrs. Carrie M. French was a member of the class of '86 in the Michigan Agricultural College. One year previous to her graduation she married Prof. French, then an instructor at that institution. Her scholarship throughout her college career was uniformly excellent, and prophesied the broad and beneficial influence its possessor would wield in after life.

It is ten years since Prof. French received the chair of agriculture in the Oregon Agricultural College. In Corvallis, he and his wife made innumerable friends. Mrs. French was an honored member of the Eastern Star, and an indefatigable worker in the Congregational church. Her large minded interest in all efforts toward the good, made her influential in many and various circles of society.

Last September the University of Idaho welcomed Prof. French as a member of its faculty, and Mrs. French first met her Moscow friends.

On April 28th her death occurred calmly and beautifully. With words of contentment and happiness on her lips, she left her husband, her little son and her mother to mourn her irredeemable loss. It was the wish of Mrs. French to be buried in Corvallis, and her wishes were carried out in every particular. Prof. French and President Blanton accompanied the body to the old home in Oregon. The funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Kantner of Salem. At the grave the impressive services of the Eastern Star were read, and many beautiful floral tributes from Moscow and Corvallis friends proved the number of loving hearts that sorrowed over the departed one.

[REDACTED]

### An Alumni Reunion.

Among the numerous eastern institutions represented in the University of Idaho at Moscow, the University of Michigan stands first in point of numbers. These Ann Arbor alumni were tendered a reception on the evening of Tuesday, May 9th, by Prof. and Mrs. F. G. Frink at their home, and a more enjoyable college affair probably never took place. Representatives of eight different classes ranging from 1866 to 1894 were present and enjoyed the decorations of "yellow and blue," the college songs, twice told tales and other reminders of Auld Lang Syne. Even the refreshment table abounded in the University colors and reminiscent suggestions. Delicate hand paint-

ed souvenirs containing the U. of M. pennant and "Hail to the college whose colors we wear" were borne away by the guests. Those present were: Dr. Wm. K. Jameson of Mtiscoda, Wisconsin, '66, Medicine; Dr. John P. Davis of Nampa, Idaho, '85 and '94; Frank L. Moore, '88, Law; Prof. F. G. Frink, '86; Mrs. Mae Beadle Frink, '88; Dr. Willard K. Clement, '92; Mrs. Alice Cramer Clement, '93; Herbert T. Condon, '94, Law; Mrs. Maude Wilkins Condon, '96, University of Oregon.

#### Harriett E. Cushman.

In the annals of the University of Idaho no name will be more highly honored than that of her, who for five years has been professor of English language and literature—Harriett E. Cushman. With a feeling of sincere regret will her resignation be received by every student. Especially in the inception of an institution of learning is it necessary that every department should be directed by one of marked ability, thorough scholarship and force of character. Such a one is impersonated in Miss Cushman.

Miss Cushman graduated from Oberlin College in 1881 with the degree of A. B. and in 1886 with the degree of A. M. and immediately entered upon an energetic career. During the two years following her graduation she was teacher of history and literature, Chicago Ladies' Seminary and the succeeding three years principal young woman's department and instructor in rhetoric

in Fisk University. Two years later Miss Cushman became a member of the faculty of Oahu College, Honolulu, and in 1892 of Whitman College, Wash. In 1894 she was called to the University of Idaho, where she has labored till the present time. Especially qualified as a result of wide experience and profound and extensive research Miss Cushman has few equals in her chosen work. The department of English and literature has thus been exceptionally strong and attractive. As teacher and scholar she well understood how to accomplish the greatest results with her pupils. As friend and advisor, she has enjoyed the confidence of every student. Her quick appreciation and ready sympathy have made for her a host of admirers. No student has gone from her instruction whose life has not been influenced by her life, whose purpose has not become intensified, whose ambition has not been stimulated, whose strength and force have not been added to, whose ideals of life and its possibilities have not become more real, more pure.

The kindly interest Miss Cushman took in all that pertained to the best interest of the cadets who enlisted one year ago and her constant watchfulness of each one of them since, won for her among them the appellation "Our best friend." Nor would one of the hundreds who have called her teacher change one word of that title. Wherever the responsibilities of an earnest life impel Miss Cush-

man she will ever be attended by the best wishes of those who at the close of the school year bid her good-bye.

### "Our Own Company D."

With the ushering in of May the students of the U. of I. are reminded of a chain of events commencing with the remarkable triumph of Admiral Dewey one year ago over the Spanish fleet in the Orient.

It is not necessary to recount the happenings whose significance and meaning to this country the future alone can reveal—happenings which probably mark the beginning of an era in our country's history. We are interested in those events and in all they mean to our nation, because we are patriotic, because whatever has been brought about has been at the cost of American blood, because one-half-hundred of our own fellow classmates are today in the far away Philippines adding their strength to sustain our country's policy. We are interested, too, in the achievements of the Idaho's in battle and are proud of the boys—every one. We are doubly proud as we read of their achievements as told by him who gave them their command in the battle of Santa Ana, General Charles King. In his special correspondence to the San Francisco Chronicle he says in part: "One redoubt on a mound and two earth-works close to the stream—in which they had their Krupp guns—were

the most formidable affairs our fellows had to confront, from the extreme left of our line on the bay, north of Manila, to the extreme right, also on the bay, a semicircle of probably eighteen miles. As luck would have it, these earth-works and the bulk of the insurgent force were right in front of the first brigade, First division, generally known as "King's brigade," and as such I will designate it. \* \* \* At last the order came—and then the result. I have seen hounds loosed from their lash, and the racers of the best states given the drum tap and the word "go," but in all my life I have seen no movement, known no exhilaration like that that came when, launching the Washington's across the stream and letting the Idahos follow close, I rode into the attack. Hawthorne, with the Astor battery guns, was already well forward near the Santa Ana bridge, and, unlimbering, let drive shot after shot across the rice fields to our left front, aiming ever at the blaze of the hitherto concealed Krupps. To right and left the old bridge that so long had been the one medium or communication between Filipinoland and Yankeedom on the eastward front of the city, the Washingtons took the plunge into the narrow little estuary and clambered up the opposite bank in mud up to their middles, but in an instant their Springfields were blazing across the fields and Johnny Filipino streaked it for his intrenchments, drove into them like so

many prairie dogs, and then, turning, let drive with Mauser and Remington on the steadily advancing lines.

"The hottest, heaviest fire came from our left front, where, sheltered by the big walled enclosure of the Norwegian consul's house and by the convent walls, 700 yards away, the little rascals let drive for all they were worth. The sight of the Idahos coming up from Paco with colors flying (they wouldn't leave them behind) seemed to set fire to every wall and hedge row and the bullets buzzed like wasps in a fury, sweeping Santa Ana bridge diagonally, smashing lamps into flinders, and sending the chips flying from the stone parapets. Hawthorne's two guns were partially protected by the embankment leading to the stone arch, but not a man could safely cross it except by crawling on all fours under shelter of the north wall. Yet the sturdy Idahos had to be crossed inside of ten minutes in support of the Washington advance. The lines were now halted and lying down for the moment to allow the Californians and Wyomings, advancing from Battery knoll on the extreme right, to complete the alignment, and as I rode up toward the bridge, leaving the Idahos under partial shelter of Blockhouse II, the sensation was oddly reminiscent of my first approach to Grand avenue bridge, Milwaukee, on one of my first bicycle rides. I never felt more like dismounting in my life. \* \* \* \* \*

All of a sudden California let drive

a crashing volley and promptly every Filipino ducked and began to fire wild. Then over went the Brigadier and the two with him who were in saddle. Then up came Idaho, six strong companies, whirling over the bridge without loss of a man. Then the first three companies trotted out to the right to support the long extended line of the Washingtons. Then came the other three, with brave old Major McConville at their head, turned to the left by the General in person to aid in the assault on the earthworks and the guns. Then up rose the Washingtons on the left wing, held back till then that the redoubts might be attacked the same instant in front and flank, and then came the pinch of the fight and the fiercest work of the day.

"I think I never knew a sensation quite so thrilling as when from just behind the slowly advancing firing line at the center on the Santa Ana road I heard the crash of McConville's and Fortson's volleys at the rear and saw them leap out from their cover. Then came the moment for the big "left wheel" and then my wonderful little stiff-legged beast flew hither and yon over the field with me, for not a staff officer had I left in saddle. And like so many parts of a fine machine every blessed battalion "pivoted" on its left, and, obedient to the voice or signal of their chief, swung crashing round to the north and headed for the Pasig—the right and center going

square into and through Santa Ana, the center sharing in the glory of the left in the capture of the Krupp and the carrying of the redoubts, and the right gathering in many a squad that vainly strove to scurry away up stream. I can hear still the glorious bursts of cheers with which the center went over and into the enemy's works and the echoing hurrahs where, just a fourth of a mile away, Forston with his two Washingtons and McConville with three Idahos were making mincemeat of the west redoubt. Poor, brave, old Mac! He had fought all through the great war, served long years afterward in the regulars, and took his last order from my lips that smiling Sunday morning—took it too literally, for I did not tell him he must lead his men to the dash on the redoubt. It was only his way of doing thing—he must be far in the lead. He was, and he got his death blow on the captured slope."

Again our hearts throb with pride and admiration as we read in *The Bulletin* the words of one who is not an Idahoan, yet is the musician of "Our own Company D." Leonard M. Clark: "The death of our dear Major McConville was a severe blow to our battalion. We were all broken up. He was leading the charge of his battalion across a bridge. None of the other regiments would attempt it, but the old major led the boys across under a terrible fire and not a man was lost. He, however, was struck by a poisonous bullet through the

breast. It was just across this bridge, and in front of the last trench he lost his life. He bade the boys goodbye and said: 'Boys, you are heroes! It was grand, grand, grand!' And then he was taken to the rear. The charge of the 'Rough Riders' was nothing compared with the fighting which took place here. General King who witnessed the charge of the Idaho infantry and their capture of two Krupp guns, which I have heard that the First California claimed to have captured, said: 'Well, I have witnessed many charges, but I have never witnessed one of such dare-devil bravery as the one made by the Idaho boys.' The health of our command continues good and fighting seems to agree with the 'Rocky Mountain Braves,' or 'King's Indians,' as we are now commonly called here in Manila."

#### Sophomore Sighs.

There was renewed curiosity and added material for conjecture among the Freshman last Friday when in the bold chirography of Lude Brunzell the notice appeared upon the bulletin that the Sophomores would have a meeting at 1:55 in room 25. Preparations were immediately commenced to discover if possible what the Sophomores do and say on such occasions and long before 1 o'clock every crack, key-hole and window framed a Freshman's eager face.

Their morbid desire was satisfied at least for once, for from the time



ur august president produced silence till the motion for adjournment was made, there was not one uninteresting moment. After a few preliminary remarks from the chair, the object of the meeting was stated namely, to decide upon some insignia or mark by which the Sophomores could more readily be distinguished from the "common herd" about them.

When Mr. David rose from his chair and suggested that we wear silk hats just like the president's, canes and white vests, gasps of astonishment were heard and many of the Freshman outside fainted away. Mr. David's proposition unfortunately met with some resistance on the part of the young ladies who thought silk hats not dignified enough. Besides the Seniors must not be entirely obscured, and so after some discussion it was decided that white hats with "O" embroidered upon them should be worn. And in order that visitors might not be compelled to figure out just what class would graduate in 1901 it was agreed that to make the hats still more indicative a small cupid should be embroidered immediately above the "O".

(Increased fatalities among the Freshman.)

This business disposed of, the class proceeded to select an editor to represent them on the staff of the college paper.

Mrs. Marsey was placed in nomination, but upon the lady's spirited refusal to accept the office she was

excused. David, Smith, Griffin and Gibson were then nominated and their names voted on. Griffin receiving a majority was declared elected. There being no further business to come before the class, they listened to a few eloquent speeches by the president and others and after the rendition of the "Te Deum" adjourned sine die.

W. B. G.

### LITERARY DEPARTMENT

In response to the query "Who is your favorite author? Why?" THE ARGONAUT is able to offer a brief study of the chosen author of members of the senior class in literature.

#### Who is My Favorite Author?

BROWNING.

Why do I love and admire Browning? How can one do otherwise? I should ask. What are the characteristics in an author that bespeak admiration and enjoyment? What is it that calls forth the sympathy of readers, that makes them respond to every touch of the master hand? Is it not that Browning treats of subjects that most truly appeal to man? subjects that touch his innermost chords of feeling causing them to vibrate with delightful emotion?

As Browning believed that individual feeling and motive are the only true life, he carried out this belief in his writings. He wrote not for the pleasure of writing, but

because he must express the pent up feelings and ideas that burdened his very soul. He had a message for mankind that could not be left unspoken. It is because his expressions are so full of matter, so weighted with thoughts that we find him obscure at times. He has become obscure from the condensations of style which was the excess of significance and strength. His thought is deep and discussive and the motions of his mind rapid and leaping. His own mind was so permeated with the thoughts he wished to express, his thoughts flowed, as it were, so swiftly to his pen that he could not put them on paper, so rather trusted to his readers to follow his thoughts by his suggestions. So the connecting links have often to be supplied by the analytic reader, whose mind is not up to the required tension to leap the chasm. But is not this effort on our part one of the delights in reading Browning? Was the beauty of his work purchased at too dear a price? I think not. While the fact that he never sacrificed sense for sound is the secret of whatever repels in Browning's verse, at the same time it is the very quality which attracts us. Moreover, when he does combine sense and sound, truly we then have a music sweeter and with a deeper current than that produced by any other human pen. Browning is a writer who feeds our thoughts. A study of his works builds up our mental faculties. We enjoy a writer to the fullest extent who sets us to

thinking, who demands of us new standpoints, new habits of thought and feeling. It is by reading such an author that our minds are broadened and attain a more perfect life.

Browning is a writer of whom we never tire, because we gain something good and beautiful from every reading. We have to study and study hard to gain an understanding of his thoughts. He did not mean that we should read him as a mere pastime. He had a greater object in view for us. He was not purposely obscure, but he considered it well worth one's time to work to gain the beautiful and true in life.

His writings cover such a broad field that there is material for all minds in his works. Let the lover of art turn to "Abt Vogler," "Pictor Ignotus," "Audrea Del Sarto," to enjoy what will satisfy his mind. What can be more interesting to a psychological student than the study of Browning's "Epistle to Karshish?" If you love what is good, true, beautiful and noble turn to Robert Browning's *Literary Productions*. I would recommend you to Miss Cushman, the professor of English, as a helpmate in studying Browning.

TENNYSON.

Who is my favorite author?  
Tennyson.

From our vast number of genuine poets, it is a difficult task to choose a favorite. For, while one corresponds to your mood at one time,

another particularly suits your fancy at another. But of all our poets, give me Tennyson with his reposeful charm. All those who love and admire the noble in actions, the beautiful in nature and a perfect style in verse must find for Tennyson a lasting affection. The sweet lulling music of his poems has a soothing effect, afforded by few writers, yet withal his noble and lofty characters cannot but inspire us with a longing to become more like his perfect examples. The manner in which he deals with many of the important questions of the day teaches a lesson of priceless value. The deep feeling and sympathy of "In Memoriam" with its elaborate and elegant finish is certainly the work of rare genius. The touching story of "Enoch Arden," the gentleness and pathos of "Locksley Hall" and its companion piece stir the hearts of their readers. "The Idyls of the King" without doubt deserves the high rank accorded to it. There are no long prosaic passages, no tedious descriptions to weary the reader, but the exquisite music of its rhythm, the beauty and interest in the scenes are evenly sustained. What must one say of the charming picture of chivalry. It certainly corresponds to our conception of ideal knighthood. How perfect and yet seemingly not unreal is the character of King Arthur. "The Princess" is a delightful and satisfactory solution of the question of the modern woman. The songs are splendid examples of Tennyson's language.

## SHAKESPEARE.

Who is my favorite author?  
Shakespeare.

In all great movements or pursuits there seems to be a climax from which we date both backward and forward. Some great mind so crystallizes the separate qualities of the movement that he is the author; the great idol of all future followers. In literature this is especially true for literature seems to wax and wane in several small climaxes, as time goes on. But the great climax upon which we really consider the literature of the English tongue culminated in the greatest literature of all time, Wm. Shakespeare.

Doubtless Shakespeare has been accredited with thoughts and opinions upon various subjects, which he never dreamed. His critics seemed to delight to find all meanings possible and impossible, which may be distorted from his words. Each word, each sentence has been analyzed until every variety and shade of meaning has been given it. If Shakespeare only knew half so much as his worshipers and critics make him out to have known, Solomon in all his glory would be a pigmy wiseacre of forgotten fame.

But notwithstanding this ultra sensible worship, there can be no doubt that Wm. Shakespeare is the greatest dramatist of all time. The wonderful versatility of the man in his character portrayals show his power of studying human nature. How it is possible for one man to characterize so many phases of hu-

man life without showing some personal opinions in each and every one of them is wonderful. Men men have made a single literary character notable. Goethe created his Faust, Tennyson his King Arthur, Cooper his Leather Stocking, Goldsmith his Vicar, Mr. Shakespeare has created twenty. In fact all his characters are united in themselves and so thoroughly are the opinions of the author hidden that his plays represent each a separate field of action, each with its varied views and motions.

He wrote in a time when language was unsettled and constantly changing. No national use distinguished many words with particular meaning. But even then, Shakespeare's language with but few corrections, is a model today. Perhaps this is because he is read so widely that he has moulded to a degree the grammatical structure of the whole English speech. This may be putting it strong, but there is no doubt but that he has had a wonderful influence in moulding both language and structure.

His wonderful knowledge of the sciences and professional lore make him even today an authority. How many times a day do you hear him quoted to prove a point under discussion? How many times do you read his words in learned treatises on many different subjects? His memory must have been a veritable sticking plaster, so that whenever anything touched it, it was there to stay.

His influence upon thought can

not and never will be estimated. How many bright men have gained by perusal of his works a good literary education? It is said of Rufus Choate that he gained his wonderful command of language by a perusal of Shakespeare and the Bible. Truly Shakespeare is second only to the scriptures. And in true appreciation he can truly be called the greatest writer of all time.

#### THOMAS CARLYLE.

Of all the makers of English literature none, perhaps, is more inspiring than the staunch figure of Thomas Carlyle. As a teacher and encourager he stands like a rock pointing upward to the only rest and compensation we may ever hope to attain. His teachings are many, but the two upon which he lays most stress are the nobility and blessedness of labor, "Sweat of the heart and sweat of the brow" and the infinite force and grandeur of sincerity. Work, he declares, is the only balm for earth's troubles—good, earnest, diligent work! Not a mere wage-earning effort but "work which has its summit in Heaven." Sincerity is the standard by which he measures his heroes. Sincerity is greatness and whosoever does a noble deed from sincere motives is a hero of the highest type. To the inactive or insincere Carlyle can have no message—to any other he cannot be but a teacher whose councils will be read and re-read till they become part of him. "Remember now and always that life is no idle dream, but a

solemn Reality based upon Eternity and encompassed by Eternity."

#### BROWNING.

Who is my favorite author?  
Browning.

From so many authors and poets it is difficult to choose one as a favorite. The ground covered by one is entirely different from that covered by another, and yet each may be perfect in his own way.

Aside from Shakespeare, who is conceded to be the greatest of all poets, Browning, in my estimation, stands next in the order of versatility originality, love of nature and deep insight into the human heart. The morals of his poetry and the great love of truth embodied in them are beautiful. One might say, after having read several such poems as "Andrea Del Sarta," "Pictor Ignotus," "Fra Lippo Lippi," all of which virtually involve the same idea, that they are tiresome, and too much alike. Let the reader then turn to such poems as "Saul," with all the beauty and strength of character expressed, to "Sen Epistle," in which the great Arab physician is so puzzled with the case of Lazarus and his wonderful cure; then to "The Lost Leader," with the beautiful lines beginning:

"We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,  
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye."

Then there is "Muleykeh" showing the affection of the Arab for his steed, some of his dreams, as "Pip-

pa Passes," with the songs and poems of nature, and those of a lighter vein yet with a deeper thread underlying them, as "My Last Duchess, a Tale." Also the poems of emotion or feeling expressed in "The Last Ride Together."

Browning's own idea of life is given in the following lines:

"My own hope is, a sun will pierce  
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched."

Who but a man with so lofty a mind could have written such words as these:

"One who never turned his back,  
but marched breast forward,  
Neverer doubted, though truth were worsted,  
Wrong would triumph,  
Held, we fall to rise, are baffled  
to fight better,  
Sleep to wake."

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It is with a degree of embarrassment that your newly organized staff of editors make their bow to the public. Do you see us tremble? This is the first time that several of us have acted in this capacity. As we pick up our pencil some dozen times or more before we muster up courage enough to write the first word for our issue, a feeling of satisfaction and consolation comes to us as we reflect that after all you will not expect very much from those with whom you have entrusted the management of THE ARGONAUT—we are Sophomores.

May you criticise us sparingly, overlook our shortcomings charitably, and not measure us by the excellence of him from whose shoulders has fallen the mantle of our office.

The idea of establishing a college paper was conceived about the first of the present school year, or at

least at that time the idea developed into a fact.

Guy W. Wolfe as editor-in-chief and business manager, launched THE ARGONAUT upon its uncertain career about the middle of November. With such a "Jason" at the helm, though difficulties appeared ahead in the shape of disordered finance and an uncertain college enthusiasm, THE ARGONAUT has steadily ploughed her way through the billows in quest of the "Golden Fleece" of art, of science, of literature, of everything that pertains to "Good morals, good education, good government." The retiring editor has performed his work well and receives and deserves the commendation of the student body.

No enterprise can be established or maintained in any college which does not meet hearty and cordial support. More than that, what student could desire to shirk responsibility and to go out into the world to share the honors of his Alma Mater and not to feel that he, too, had performed a part in building up every line of student activity that commends itself favorably to the public.

Let us then rouse our enthusiasm.

Let everything that pertains to the betterment of our University receive loyal support. Let us awaken an interest full and complete in our athletics, in our societies, in our college paper. Whatever degree of success THE ARGONAUT will be

able to attain under its new management will in great measure depend upon the spirit and life and vigor of each individual student.

Every thinking student of the University is considering seriously at this time the effects—immediate and remote—that may attend the recent act of violence in the Coeur d'Alene mining district. To discuss a matter so foreign to college activity is not within the province of this paper. It is, however, within our province to invite earnest and sincere thought to the event as viewed from a sociological standpoint. Is the strike productive of good?

The careless observer says its outcome is wholly wrong, and he measures the loss to the world in dollars and cents and in the number of lives lost. Or he says the end is good and justifies his position by mentioning a probable increase in wages, which he contends the laborer should have, and by counting as good the destruction of so great wealth.

The student goes further. *If a wrong has been perpetrated*, it is because law and order have been ignored and the constitution defied; it is because man's moral sensibilities have become blunted by his resorting to physical power instead of reason; it is because former sympathy of the people for union in labor has been turned to condemnation;

it is because labor and capital have been thrown farther apart. Yet he is not ready to pass judgment. He ponders longer. *If good has been accomplished*, it is because the striker has shown to the world that the mind of the people is greater than any code of laws devised by human power; it is because his sense of responsibility and appreciation of freedom have been deepened by personal sacrifice; it is because labor has attained a dignity hitherto unknown; it is because another argument has been made that the highest economy in production will not have been attained until labor and capital work harmoniously together.

Probable it is, that after all, the deductions that have been made are right in part, and in part wrong. Doubtless, too, the only true solution will be accomplished by him alone who seeks truth patiently, by him alone who can not, or will not afford to be wrong.

As we go to press we cannot fail to express our sincere appreciation of the splendid interest taken by the students in furnishing written matter for THE ARGONAUT. This is the proper college spirit, fellow students, let the good work go on.

Leave your order and the "change" for several copies of the June ARGONAUT.

"Truth forever on the scaffold,  
Wrong forever on the throne;  
Yet the scaffold sways the future,  
And behind the dim unknown  
Standeth God, within the shadow,  
Keeping watch above his own,"

Subscribe for THE ARGONAUT for the coming year and receive the June issue free.

Our commencement issue will contain new features. Watch it.

Send a few copies of THE ARGONAUT to your friends.

#### Y. M. C. A. Notes.

Congress has appropriated \$400 to be used in refitting the hall used by the West Point Y. M. C. A.

The association has received a new impetus from Mr. Dummett's visit and the work is now going on rapidly.

A committee is at work on the hand book for next year which will be completed about the middle of June.

Chancellor C. R. Thorburn, who was invited to give the annual Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. address last commencement, died very suddenly this week in Portland.

The association holds two meetings each week, one down town Sunday afternoons at one of the

churches and the other Wednesday at 12:40 p. m. at the University in room 27. Will you not help the association by attending at least one meeting each week?

Mr. J. A. Dummett, the Y. M. C. A. traveling secretary for the Northwest, visited Moscow Saturday and Sunday, April 8 and 9. Saturday evening Mr. Dummett gave a very interesting illustrated lecture in the assembly hall, describing a trip to Switzerland via New York. He started from Portland, Oregon, throwing on the screen the principal Y. M. C. A. buildings and men in the United States, England, France, Germany, Italy and Switzerland. He also showed a number of Switzerland mountain scenes in contrast with others on the Pacific coast. Three meetings were held Sunday which were well attended and very interesting and helpful.

The inter-national committee of Y. M. C. A. has established an annual conference for college men at each of following points. Northfield, Mass., Nashville, Tenn., Lake Geneva, Wis., and Pacific Grove, Cal. At these conferences or summer schools representatives from the colleges of the country are instructed in the best methods of Y. M. C. A. work. Lectures, recitations and addresses occupy the entire morning and evening of each of the ten days of the conference. The afternoon is given over to delegation conferences, personal inter-



views and recreation. The University Y. M. C. A. will be represented at Pacific Grove by Henry Sweet.

**Y. W. C. A. Notes.**

Arrangements are being made to print a number of handbook.

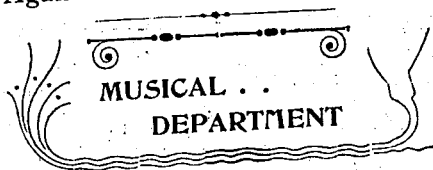
The time and place of meeting has been changed. We now meet in room No. 24 on Friday at 12:30.

The former recording secretary having resigned, Miss Tomer was elected to fill the vacancy.

Miss Reynolds, the world's Y. W. C. A. secretary, whose office is in London, is making a tour of the world and visiting the different city and college associations. Her visit to Moscow was indeed welcome. Her talk was most interesting and instructive. She gave a hurried view of the different associations throughout the world.

Extracts from Miss Maxwell's letter about the convention at Portland: "I can never tell you how much I enjoyed the convention. It was so different from what I had expected. There are so many of the elderly women of Portland, who are interested in the Y. W. C. A. Seventy-nine delegates were present. The reception given to us by Mrs. Dolph was most entertaining and highly enjoyed by all. The report of the Northwest work by Mrs. C. A. Dolph was real encouraging. She told us of the great work ac-

complished by the different college associations were indeed very interesting. On Sunday afternoon the delegates meeting for personal blessing was held. We took for our motto 'Consecrate yourself today to the Lord, that he may bestow upon you a blessing this day.'—Ex. 32; 29. At the 'Farewell Service' some of the delegates were called upon to say a few words, after which all the delegate with the Portland Y. W. C. A. formed a circle with joined hands, then Miss Reynolds offered up a prayer. This was followed by singing the hymn 'God be with You till we Meet Again.'"



**Choral Societies.**

In the growth of our nation, no art has had a more steady development than that of vocal music. It has come up from the crude psalm-tunes of the Puritan fathers to a standard which equals, in many respects, that of the European countries.

The rise and development of choral societies began with the early Pilgrim churches. The ministers of these churches felt very strongly the need of a more systematic method of singing than that which was used, so they organized singing societies, and as music became more interesting to them they used it more in their church services. From this time on the art

received more attention and as the church offered no opportunities for the study of the great oratorios, musical societies were organized in the schools and colleges. Among the first of these was the Handel Society of Dartmouth college. The culture and refining influences which this work had for the young men of the institutions of learning, cannot be over-estimated. Pres. Brown of Dartmouth says: I look back to my connection with the society during my college days with great interest and gratitude. Much of my musical enjoyment in life, my knowledge and choice of the best things, I owe to it."

This interest in choral work has continued with increasing zeal until now there are musical societies in almost every town in the United States. This proves that amateur musical work is spreading in every direction and awakening a true musical spirit among all classes of people.

Conventions are now held yearly in the cities, where the leaders of this work meet for self-improvement and for the study of the great master-pieces of music. Ritter says in his History of Music in America that "there is no doubt but that musical art cultivated and patronized by the officers and students of an influential college would readily draw into its ranks many of the American people who had been so long a time taught to avoid its practice." Should not this then be an inspiration to greater interest and earnestness in this work, to the

students of our own institution? Let us realize what Shakespeare said about the man that hath no music in his soul, and take greater interest in the work of our choral society.—R. E. C.

## ATHLETICS

In securing Prof. Grant Arnold as trainer for Field Day, our athletes have made a wise choice. In his short engagement all the boys have improved rapidly. Prof. Arnold is a trained athlete himself, being able to set the example thus far in every event. His understanding how to get the best results out of each individual, makes him an especial favorite. No favoritism is shown to those under training. Each one is put through a regular practice under his immediate supervision. He is sparing no pains to put us in a condition so we will be able to make good records against Pullman's worthy athletes.

Our University base ball team which seemed to give promise of being a strong one, failed to materialize, and our schedule of games arranged with the W. A. C. and Whitman boys has been cancelled. This undoubtedly will prove a sad disappointment to all college students. Those carefully practiced yells, which we delight to give when our team forges ahead, will not be heard. Those familiar terms of the enthusiast, "Down the line," "Up on your toes," "Now

you'r off," etc., we cannot give. Our ever loyal girls, with their yards of silver and gold, will not be seen. But we can restrain and store that enthusiasm until Field Day, when we will let it burst forth with such tremendous force that our boys will be forced to a complete victory.

At the regular weekly meeting of the board of managers of the athletic association Elbert Moody was chosen as general field day manager. He with H. H. Hoagland, the track manager, will commence grading and shaping the athletic grounds as soon as the weather will permit. No pains will be spared to put the grounds in better condition than ever before. Every effort will be made to comfortably accomodate the large crowd expected.

In the next issue of THE ARGONAUT we will give a general review of the athletic association during the past school year. How it grew from an association with one member and a heavy debt to one of seventy members resting upon a good financial basis.

### NOTES

The concert given by the Cecilia's May 20 was a complete success and thoroughly appreciated by the audience. Every number was excellent and reflects great credit upon our musical director, Prof. Cogswell.

"Not failure, but low aim is crime."

W. W. Yothers is teaching school in Kootenai County.

Ex-Congressman James Hamilton Lewis will deliver the senior class oration on their class day.

Many of the students are contemplating attending the University summer school.—Lewiston Normal quarterly.

It would be an excellent plan for each student to write a letter to a few teacher friends telling them of the University summer school. A word from you may do good.

We note with pleasure the appearance of a unique little volume translated from the German by our fellow student, Miss Anna Christiansen. The pretty title of the book is "Marcella."

W. I. Long of Oberlin who won the medal in the Western Oratorical Association was a former pupil of ex-Regent Eckman. The representative of the University of Chicago took second place.

Have you read "The man with the hoe?" This beautiful poem which appears in McClure's for May was written by Edwin Markham of Oakland. It is a gem and its present popularity is phenomenal.

Olive Lines, a former student,

has graduated at the Spokane Business College and returned to his home in Moscow.

Prof. Anthony has perfected his new model of rotary engine,—an unique piece of work.

Miss Lucy Mix who is teaching near Kendrick spent a few days with Moscow friends this month.

The boilers have been repainted and much improved in appearance. Mr. Zumhoff did the artistic work.

The department of Botany will sow a large number of different varieties of grasses on the land west of the campus.

John McConnell and Wm. Stockton left for their homes in South Idaho the last of April. They will be with us again next September.

J. E. Moody, G. H. Hogue and Clarence Edgett have joined the Moscow & Eastern surveying party. They will be absent about forty days.

McKinley: "But suppose the Freshman class, Miss President, wants to wear its mustach, it would be difficult to change that part of the regalia.

Miss Myrtle Pitt, of Lewiston, visited in Moscow several days during the month. While here Miss Pitt was the guest of Miss

Coder, and took occasion to visit the 'Varsity.

Dr. John P. Davis, late assistant professor of sociology in the University of Michigan, has just concluded his series of lectures before the senior class in sociology. The class pronounce the subject intensely interesting and are loud in their praise for Dr. Davis.

The intercollegiate oratorical association chose as president Miss Busby of Pullman, vice president Mr. Bratton of Walla Walla and Mr. Gibson of Moscow as secretary and treasurer. The association decided to put \$25 into a gold medal and \$25 cash for this year's prize. Contest to be held at Walla Walla.

On last Tuesday Prof. Muerman and a large delegation of the High School students visited the institution, the purpose being to observe the different scientific departments and laboratories. We are glad to see the High School students taking such an interest in the 'Varsity and hope to have a large number of the class of '99 with us next fall.

Dr. Clement has prepared a paper on "The Force of the Tenses of the Prohibitive in the Poets of the Silver Age," which will be presented at the annual meeting of the American Philological Association at New York University in July. The authors covered are Persius, Martial, Lucan, Silius, Italicus, Valerius, Juvenal, Flaccus and

Staius. The usage in the earlier literature has been treated by Profs. Elmer and Bennet of Cornell, but the writers of the Silver Age are now discussed for the first time.

The students in the department of mechanic arts are doing an excellent class of work this year, an improvement over that of any previous year. The department is cramped for room and feel very much the need of larger quarters and it is hoped that some steps will be taken to provide more suitable accommodations.

Dr. Wiley, chemist of the U. S. department of agriculture has asked Mr. Thorn Smith, assistant chemist in the U. of I. to fill the position of referee of foods and feeding stuffs for the U. S. association of agricultural chemists. The object of this organization is to improve the methods of analysis of foods, etc. Mr. Smith is now at the head of the most important committee which the department has to appoint. His assistant is Mr. E. B. Holland of Mass. Mr. Smith was formerly assistant referee. The position demands a great deal of work as correspondence must be carried on with the 50 stations now in the United States.

One of the most enjoyable social events of the college year was the reception tendered the faculty and students of the U. of I. and the faculty and pupils of the Moscow schools by the Baptist Young Peo-

ples Union at the First Baptist church on the evening of May 19. The elegant church was tastefully decorated with flowers and college colors. By half past eight fully two hundred guests were assembled.

Miss Bannie Worthington made a beautiful address of welcome. It was responded to by Dr. McCurdy on behalf of the faculty and students and by Prof. Meurman on behalf of the public schools, following which a well arranged program was rendered, made up entirely of selections from Longfellow and closing with an exquisite tableau showing Prescilla and John Alden at the spinning wheel. Refreshments were then served and the happy evening was over.

The concert given by Prof. Cogswell, Mrs. Clement and Misses Henry and Forney at Lewiston under the auspices of the Normal students was a marked success. The talents of our people were fully appreciated and they were encouraged again and again. The Lewiston Tribune says of the concert: "Those who failed to attend the musicale and elocutionary entertainment at the Normal last evening, given by members of the University faculty missed one of the most delightful affairs ever given before a Lewiston audience. The evening was not propitious, but those present enjoyed the program from the beginning to the finish, and each of the participants responded to hearty encores. Prof. Cogswell, pianist, Miss Henry, elo-

cutionist, Mrs. Clement, vocalist, and Miss Forney, accompanist, reflected credit on the state university and Moscow and it is to be regretted that more were not out to enjoy the entertainment."

The intercollegiate contest between W. C., W. A. C. and U. of I. was a very close and interesting one. The first speaker was Mr. Totten of Pullman. His theme was "The Labor Problem." After he had taken his seat the Pullmanites gave a prolonged W. A. C. yell. The Whitman elegate, Mr. Hauerbauch, on "The Man of Mediocrity" and although there was no yell afterward, the U. of I. crowd made up for the neglect while the judges were making out their decision. Glenn McKinley of the U. of I. was the next speaker and of course received the support of his own college. His theme was "Unfinished work." All the speakers justly deserved the hearty applause they received from the large audience, and although only one could receive the medal, each college has reason to be proud of their respective representatives. The judges on composition were L. A. Cool of Spokane, Prof. J. A. Keener of Waitsburg and Pres. Knepper of Lewiston. Those on delivery were Mr. Bryant and Mr. Roberts of Colfax and Prof Cobbs of Genesee. The medal was awarded to Mr. Totten of Pullman, Mr. McKinley being a close second.

May 4th was the anniversary of

the departure of our soldier boys for the front in response to the call of their country. The faculty granted the petition from the student body to give a holiday. Accordingly the students met and Messrs. Hattabaugh, French and McKinley addressed them. Mr. Kays was chosen chairman and Messrs. McKinley and Smith appointed on program and arrangement committee. Mr. Hogue was chosen marshal of the day. The later part of the morning was spent in May Pole dances, ladies ball games, tennis, etc. At eleven o'clock a meeting was held in the assembly hall at which time the program for the rest of the day was read and short talks made by Mr. McKinley, Miss McCallie, Mr. Mix, Miss Davis, Mr. Lee, Mr. Lancaster, Miss Playfair and Mr. Gilbert. The speeches were interspersed by music—both sacred and college songs, "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean" being one. An informal reception was held in the evening and after the following program was rendered the gentlemen served refreshments: Song—Students, Address by Burton French, Song—Mignon Quartette, Reading, Margaret McCallie, Trombone Solo—H. C. Tilly, Song—Glee Club, games, dancing and singing were diversions till 10 o'clock when "the day was over."

The annual encampment of cadets was held Thursday and Friday, April 13th and 14th, on the University campus. The following day the cadets started for Lewiston to

join in the memorial services in honor of Major McConville. The cadets nooned at Uniontown and the band serenaded the little German town. At 4 o'clock, they reached the river and in about two hours all were across to where a crowd of several hundred people were waiting to see the cadets as they formed the battalion and led by the band marched to the lot by the court house, where they camped. That night the large tent and one of the smaller ones were blown down and the boys spent the rest of the rainy night in the court house. Sunday morning about 10 o'clock they fell in line. On account of the storm the address by the Hon. James W. Reed was delivered in the court house and all the seats being filled with the orders, the cadets had to remain without. There were about 6000 people present. In about an hour and a half the band and the cadets and company of the Lewiston home guards led the way to the last resting place of brave Major McConville. Captain Shattner (late of Manila) was in command. When the head of the procession was at the cemetery the last was yet in town. The regular salute was fired, followed by 11 shots for the rank of the dead soldier. The burial over, the boys returned to camp. Monday morning they fired a salute for Captain Shattner, who spoke to them and thanked them for the honor. Salutes were also fired for the sheriff, Mr. Reed and the Masonic lodge as a token of the courtesies received. About

noon they started to climb the hill, had a late dinner at Uniontown and arrived in Moscow at 7:30. The noise they made on arrival, the citizens can testify to.

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### PERSONALS

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Miss Poe visited Lewiston on the first of the month.

Robert Ghormley has resumed his studies again after an illness of two weeks.

Among those who have left school this week are Messrs. Harry Smith and Kerns.

The recital by the department of elocution the 26th promises to be one of much interest.

President Knepper of the Lewiston Normal was at the U. of I. the first of the month.

Harry McConville, son of the late Major McConville, expects to enter the University next fall.

Miss Woodworth '00 visited her old home at Lewiston during the early part of the month.

May 4th, was the anniversary of the day on which our soldier boys left for the war. Yes I noticed.

The many friends of Zella Perkins are glad to know of her complete recovery. She has gone back to

her school again. During the illness of Miss Perkins her place was filled by Miss Mabel Martin.

Where were the boys when the big tent blew down?

They were exposed to the weather.

Master George Cushman arrived from the east this week and has joined the little kindergarten class at the U. of I.

Warren Nichols of the preparatory school has left school for this spring, and gone to his country home near Uniontown.

Dr. Blanton left this week for South Idaho where he will deliver two addresses on educational subjects at Caldwell and Shoshone.

Between twenty-five and fifty grasses are being sowed on the grounds by the department of Botany for experimental purposes.

The Watkin's medal for oratory this year was awarded to Glenn P. McKinley of Wallace. The subject of his oration was "The Unfinished Work."

Miss Moerder is in receipt of a letter from Miss Lyford, our lovely cooking school teacher of two years ago, who is now attending school in Wooster, Mass.

Miss Wickersham, class '99, musical department, who will

graduate from the Normal this year, has been engaged as one of next year's teachers in the Boise schools.

Miss Clayton '00 took charge of her mother's room in the public schools for the last two weeks of the term. Mrs. Clayton left for Camas Prairie to teach a summer school.

John M. Herman, expects to complete his school work and leave for the Buffalo Hump soon. We understand Mr. Herman will not be with us next fall. We do not like to lose you, John, but hope you success wherever you may go.

Miss Cushman, the preceptress and professor of English for so long a time at the University, will tender her resignation to the board of regents. She intends leaving the school room permanently and will live with her brother, Hon. Mr. Cushman of Wilbur, Washington.

At the U. of I. the Cecilian Society will give a concert on Saturday, May 20th, in the assembly hall. The program will consist of selections by the glee club, mandolin club, ladies quartette, and choruses. Admission 15 cts. All lovers of music invited to attend.

A very pleasant surprise party was held at the home Dr. and Mrs. C. W. McCurdy on the 5th inst. Those entertained were the senior and junior classes. The decorations and refreshments were in the



colors of the two classes—'99 blue and white, '00 purple and yellow, and a literary game and music filled up the very delightful evening. Those present were—'99 Misses Playfair, Nichols and Hughes, Mr. Wolfe, '00—Misses Clayton and Woodworth, Messrs. Jameson, Hogue, R. Fisher, Hoagland, Hattabaugh, French and McKinley, Miss McCallie '98, assisted in entertaining.

We regret to report that another University boy, Robert Gibb, was wounded in the skirmish with the Filipinos, of April 25. The burning Mauser passed through his shoulder but from latest advices the wound is not serious. "Bob" is serving with a South Dakota company.

The Freshman surveying class is busy making a topographical survey of the University grounds. When the survey is completed a complete topographical map for reference will be made.

Paul Draper is visiting in Iowa, having secured another leave of absence. His regiment is under orders to sail for Manila, if not called to the Cœur'd Alenes, which is not probable.

About a dozen U. of I. boys took a "tie pass" for Pullman in order to attend the contest. Besides these there were many who drove over, returning after the contest.

Miss Susie Maxwell has left school for this year. We have no proof, but we hear she has graduated and will soon discontinue single blessedness.

Several of our ball tossers were "ruled out," on account of poor "health," and as a result we will have no ball games this season.

Miss Margaret Scully, a former student of the U. of I., is teaching near Meridian, Ada Co.

Miss Bannie Worthington was a visitor at the U. of I. during the month.

### Passin' Thro' th' Halls.

Stumblin' over Freshmen  
Smilin' at the girls,  
Bumpin' 'gainst th' fair ones,  
With their cunnin' curls,  
Keeps us jumpin' sideways;  
There somebody falls!  
Marchin' thro' th' 'Varsity,  
Passin' thro' th' halls.

See them solemn Seniors,  
With their haughty looks,  
My! But aint they peaches?  
Gee! What stacks o' books!  
To the lower classes  
How their swagger galls;  
Marchin' thro' th' 'Varsity,  
Passin' thro' th' halls.

Twigg th' jaunty Juniors,  
Gay an' easy-goin';  
What theyuns doesn't know  
Isn't worth th' knowin';  
Cur'ous herd o' critters.  
Hark! The Docter calls;  
Marchin' thro' th' 'Varsity,  
Passin' thro' th' halls.

Is the thing a Soph'more  
Doesn't it look queer?  
His necktie's the latest;  
Wears it side his ear.  
Notice how 'e lords it  
How th' Freshman crawls;  
Marchin' thro' th' Varsity.  
Passin' thro' th' halls.  
—Adopted from "The Tahoma."

ALUMNI ET ALUMNAE

Miss McConnell, '98, has gone to the white pine country to teach a six month's term of school.

Captain Edward Smith, '98, who was wounded some weeks ago near Manila, has fully recovered.

J. A. Coffey, class of '97, holds a responsible position with the Mutual Life Insurance Co. at St. Paul.

Chas. B. Kirtley, '96, who has been in attendance at the Rush Medical College, will spend the summer at his home in Salmon City.

Chas. B. Simpson, a graduate in the class of '98, and now a senior in Cornell, has been chosen president of the Entomological Society of that college.

Miss Lola Knepper, '98, who has been attending Berkley during the school year, passed through Moscow May 15th on her way to her home in Lewiston.

Margaret B. McCallie, '98, held



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the final examination for her special class in Physical Geography last Friday. Her kindergarten work will continue till the close of the term.

J. H. Zeitler, '97, visited the institution during the month. Mr. Zeitler has been employed in a mine in British Columbia the past year, but will spend the summer in Buffalo Hump.

**The Fortune of the Republic.**

'I call upon you, young men, to obey your heart and be the nobility of this land. In every age of the

world there has been a leading nation; one of a more generous sentiment, whose eminent citizens were willing to stand for the interests of general justice and humanity, at the risk of being called, by the men of the moment, chimerical and fantastic. Which should be that nation but these states? Who should lead the leaders, but the Young America? The people, and the world, are now suffering from the want of religion and honor in its public mind. In America, out of doors all seems a market; in-doors an air-tight stove of conventionalism. Everybody who comes into

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our houses savors of these habits; the men, of the market; the women, of the custom. I find no expression in our state papers or legislative debate, in our lyceums or churches, especially in our newspapers, of a high national feeling, no lofty counsels that rightfully stir the blood. I speak of these organs which can be presumed to speak a popular sense. They recommend conventional virtues, whatever will earn and preserve property; always the capitalist; the college, the church, the hospital, the theatre, the hotel, the road, the ship of the capitalist, whatever goes to secure, adorn, enlarge these is good; what jeopardizes any of these is damnable. The "opposition" papers, so-called, are on the same side. They attack the great capitalists, but with the aim to make a capitalist of the poor man. The opposition is against those who have money, from those who wish to have money. But who announ-

ces to us in journal, or in pulpit, or in the street, the secret of heroism?

"Man alone can perform the impossible."

Now, if the spirit which years ago armed this country against rebellion, could be waked to the conserving and creating duty of making the laws just and humane, it were to enroll a great constituency of religious, self-respecting, brave, tender, faithful obeyers of duty, lovers of men, filled with loyalty to each other, and with the simple and sublime purpose of carrying out in private and in public action the desire and need of mankind.

Here is the post where the patriot should plant himself; here the altar where virtuous young men, those to whom friendship is the dearest covenant, should bind each other to loyalty, where genius should kindle its fires and bring forgotten truth to the eyes of men."

—EMERSON

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