

*Edith Toyne*

# UNIVERSITY ARCONAUT

APRIL, 1900

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# The University Argonaut

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No. 6.

## Jack's Awakening.

It was a beautiful day in late September—one of those hazy, Indian Summer days when the earth seems resting from her toil, when the orchards hang full of ripened fruit and the leaves just begin to change their every-day costume for the gay holiday garb.

In one of the country districts of Maine the first day of school was over and the young teacher, Marion Eaton, was just starting home. This evening she was in a thoughtful mood and as she slowly walked homeward she was thinking of her past life, of how her mother had died five years ago leaving her, a girl of seventeen, in charge of her brother Jack, then only twelve years old. "Take care of him, Marion; you know my ambition for him, but first of all train him to be such a man as his father was—an honor to the name," had been her mother's parting words. Had she faithfully followed her instructions? Was Jack as he would have been had her mother lived? True, she had kept him in school and had sacrificed her own ambitions, had used all her own money that he might go through college. He was in his Freshman year now, three more

years—oh! dear. The expression escaped from her almost involuntarily. It seemed so long and—and she wouldn't mind, but Jack—oh! if he would only love her a little. He always brought some friend home for the holidays and vacations and didn't have any time for her. And he never asked her to come up to college on commencement or anything like that. But what could be the matter with her; of course he loved her and she ought not to think of him that way, and with an impatient little jerk she turned in at the gate of her home to be greeted with, "La, chile, I se 'fraid youse gwine be later supper."

"I felt rather tired, Aunt Neelie, and I walked slow."

"Well, now you jes' tak' ol' mammy's word for it, youse gwine to be sick. Youse jes a workin' yours'ef cleah down and you bettah be keeful." And then followed some really good advice to which Marion answered nothing.

For two or three weeks Marion seemed neither better nor worse. Only to old mammy's practiced eye did there seem to be any change in her "chile's" health. She went about her work muttering about "de resks dat chile am takin'" and

"dat raskation boy who am de cause of it all." So one night when Marion came home so weak she could scarcely stand Aunt Neelie was fully prepared for it. The next day she had a high fever and old Doctor Petrell, who had always known her and who had come from the city to see her, said that it would probably develop into a complicated case of fever. Mammy wanted to send for Jack at once, but when she proposed it to Marion she met with strong opposition. "No, mammy, because I've got a little money saved, and we can use that, and then anyway he couldn't leave college right in the middle of the term. You can tell him that I am a little sick but not to worry," and so the matter was settled, for the time at least. But some days later it became evident that she was very ill. The doctor looked graver than usual when he came out of her room one morning and calling mammy to him he told her just how serious the case was. While they were talking they could hear the delirious Marion constantly talking of "Jack." "You had better send for her brother," were his parting words, and so the next day Jack came home.

He was a generous, open-hearted fellow, but easily influenced. In college he had fallen in with a fast set and though Marion did not know it, much of the money sent to him was spent in gambling and playing cards, and he even drank some.

"I say," he said to Aunt Neelie,

as he met her at the gate, "how's Marion; she's not so very bad, is she?"

"Yes she is an' it's your fault too, dat po' sistah of youse ies' wuked and wuked fer you and you jes' a spendin' her money fas' she kin git fo' youse ol' wicked things, and now she's sick and nearly ded and you wont keer," and overcome by her feelings Mammy sank down on the doorstep convulsively sobbing, for she had lived with them all their lives and loved them as her own.

Dr. Petrell coming out the door said, "You had better go to Marion, Aunt Neelie. I'll be in again in a few minutes. Jack, may I speak with you?" When they were left alone the white-haired old doctor laying his hand on the boy's head said, "laddie, your father and I were boys together, we grew to manhood side by side, and a nobler man than your father never lived. When he led sweet Marian Dell to the altar his happiness seemed complete for your mother was a woman such as I have rarely met. For fourteen years they lived as happy as anyone on earth could. Then God saw fit to take your father to heaven. In five years your mother followed and you were left alone with Marion. You were twelve then, but you do not know how Marion gave up her own ambition to go to college, gave up all her bright, girlhood dreams, that you might have your ambitions realized. Laddie, how have you repaid that love and care? Tonight

will come the crisis, tonight you will know whether she will be with you longer or not. Think of it, my boy, now I must go to her." And Dr. Petrell left Jack sitting with his head on his hands thinking of what he had said. For a long time he sat there but when he arose it was with a new expression on his face and a light in his eyes which made old Aunt Neelie, sitting by the window say, "Praise de Lawd."

That evening, when they watched by the bedside of Marion, was one which Jack Eaton never forgot. He was tormented by the terrible fear that if Marion should die he would be responsible. But when the good doctor said "It is well Jack, she will live," his heart gave a great leap and he grasped his hand and shook it till it ached.

Marion recovered rapidly and as soon as the doctor would permit it, Jack went to his sister and told her all.

What passed in that room none will ever know, but today Jack Eaton is a man whom all honor and respect. He says he owes his success in life to Marion's sickness.

J. E. G.

### Harold Bennett.

It was a beautiful day in September, and the sun was just shedding its last beams on the mountain peaks, while the clouds, piled in great heaps in the west, seemed to be trying to out-rival each other with their gorgeous hues. It was a sunset on which one could look,

apparently, without being touched by the beauty of it.

Yet, seated in a chair on the piazza of a very comfortable looking home, was a young man whose large, gray eyes were turned in the direction of the sunset, but did not appear to see it. There was a frown upon his handsome face, and his hands were held together convulsively.

"Well, it's all off with me. I wonder that I didn't see it before?"

Uttering these words Harold Bennett rested his face in his hands with a look of despair. He was an only son who had grown reckless while at college during the past school year, and had spent the fortune of his widowed and indulgent mother. She had expected him to return with honors, but instead, he brought a dissipated face and bills that demanded immediate payment. He was her pride and joy, but she was compelled to tell him, though with tears, that it would be impossible for him to return to college, and this caused him to utter the above words. The treasure of education so far from his reach seemed more precious to him now than it ever had before.

"Oh, if I could have just one more chance," he moaned. "I know I have been a fool, but I'm sure I'd do better if I had one more trial, and I'd like to show mother that I'm not wholly bad."

"Why, what's the matter, Harold?"

On looking up he saw the merry face of his foster-sister, Mabel Pres-

ton. Her father had died when she was just a babe, and two years later her mother's dying request was that Mrs. Bennett, her dearest friend, should take the child. This the kind-hearted and motherly Mrs. Bennett was glad to do, and she had always loved Mabel as her own child. While Mabel had been a comfort to both Harold and his mother. He felt that he must talk to some one about his trouble and that Mabel was just the one. Her happy, but sympathetic manner, seemed already to help to clear the cloud away, so while she sat at his feet, he told her of how he had behaved at college the year before, and of his mother's decision that morning. He concluded by saying again, "If I had just one more chance, I'd prove that I can be a man yet."

Mabel said nothing, but as they arose and went into the house a puzzled expression could be seen on her face, as if there was some mental struggle taking place. After a few moments her face appeared bright again, as if the struggle had passed. A small amount of money had been so placed by her parents that at the age of eighteen, she was to receive an income from it. She was now of that age, and had been planing all summer to attend college with this money during the coming year.

That night when they were ready to retire, in place of going to her own room Mabel followed Mrs.

Bennett to hers, and with her finger to her lips as a sign for silence, she stepped in and softly closed the door. Throwing her arms around Mrs. Bennett in whispers and with tears she told her that it was her desire that Harold should be sent to college on her money and that she would remain at home.

Mrs. Bennett would not listen at first to such an idea, but Mabel entreated and pleaded, saying that it was much better for her to remain at home any way, and that Harold, who was in need of an education, was so repentant that he would be successful with another attempt. At last the mother was persuaded, and Mabel went to her room feeling more real happiness through her self sacrifice than she had ever experienced before.

"Harold, I have changed my mind," said Mrs. Bennett at the breakfast table next morning. "I decided last night that you might return to college."

He arose and quietly going to his mother's side threw his arms around her and looking into her eyes said, "Mother you'll never be sorry for that. I'm going to be a man this time."

She wept tears of joy, for notwithstanding the fact that he had caused her so much sorrow and had almost broken her heart, she loved him more dearly than life itself. Although he loved her much, in his selfishness he never thought whether or not it would be a sacri-

fice to her or anyone else to send him.

School opened on the 20th and it was now the 10th, so the next few days were spent in making preparations for the departure.

When the time came to leave he was accompanied to the train by his mother and Mabel. As he stepped on the train he heard his mother say, "Harold I will not tell you to be strong, you know that I trust you. Good bye and God bless you."

In a moment he was speeding away to the place where he had been humiliated and disgraced. When he arrived there he was met at the train by a number of his old wild associates.

"Hello, old boy," said Chester Lawton, a young fellow who seemed to be the leading man in the crowd, and who stepped up and tapped Harold on the shoulder. "Just thought you'd be in on this train. Mighty glad to see you, for don't you know, old boy, we've just been planning the most fun this winter and our crowd is not complete without you. Come along, come boys."

Harold had hardly expected to be met with a difficulty like this immediately on landing. He knew that if he was to make any improvements in his condition, that he must drop his old habits and associates. So the expression on his face was one of disgust, yet he said in a half-shameful way, "No I'm

afraid I can't do it boys. I've sworn off, and I mean to make a success of my work this year."

A loud "ha! ha!" was the only encouragement he received from them.

"Well, now I like that," said Lawton. "And so you have thrown off on us, have you? Ha! ha!"

Harold was stung to the quick, for if there was anything he did dislike it was to have anyone laugh at him. So he thought, well, I'll go with them just this once.

They started off down the street, and being unable to leave them, Harold spent his first day with them. The next day he entered college with the determination of doing better, and again he fell into the company of his wild associates whose derision he was unable to withstand. Oh! had he only the power to say "No" in the right way, what a different effect it would have had on him and his companions. His good intentions were as nothing, without the courage of facing wrong with a dominant spirit.

For a month he struggled, but at last he found himself in the same old groove, a miserable, unhappy boy. At the end of the first term he was unable to pass his examinations. Failure met him at every turn; debts were heaped upon him, and he felt that he could look no honest man in the face. For three months he had neglected writing to

his dear old mother, yet never once did she fail to send him words of encouragement. How could he ever face her again, she who had sacrificed her whole life for him, she who had been ever kind. He grew more wretched every day, and one night as he walked to and fro in his room, he was desperate. His once handsome face was distorted with mental agony, and he was the picture of despair.

"Oh, mother, how you will despise me when you know? I did try so hard, but I couldn't, I couldn't. Oh, why didn't I have the power to resist them? I wish I could die, I wish I could die," and throwing himself into a chair, he leaned on the table with his face buried in his arms, and sobbed like a child. He felt that he had not a friend left. He knew that Chester Lawton and his companions were rather his enemies than his friends. As he sat there his mother's parting words came back to him, "You know I trust you."

How guilty he felt. Could she ever trust him again after all his wickedness? If he had just that hope there might be some chance for him yet.

Suddenly he thought of her photograph which he carried in his coat pocket. He took it out and gazed at it long and thoughtfully. The kind and sweet expression seemed to say to him: "My boy, I am still your friend. Though you have done wrong and all the world forsakes you, you may depend on me always."

"Yes, I'll try for your sake, mother, once more," he sobbed. He knew he would never succeed there, so he decided to go away, any where, he cared not to what place, just so long as he was free from this terrible weight. Hurriedly he wrote this note to his mother:

"DEAR MOTHER:—I am going away. You need not look for me for it will be of no use. I have disgraced you again, and I am not worthy to be called your son. I tried so hard, but I was too weak. Never will I see you again unless I can be an honor to you. Oh, try to forgive your miserable son.

"HAROLD."

Taking a small bundle, he started out in the night. The snow was falling in great flakes, almost blinding him, yet he rushed wildly on, he knew not whither. After walking many hours, streaks of gray light began to show on the horizon and he realized it was the dawn of another day. He was in an unfamiliar place, and he thought he must be some distance from any town. The snow had ceased to fall, and its peaceful silence, as it lay around him, together with the glory of the new day, seemed to relieve his troubled spirit somewhat, and he pressed onward with renewed vigor. About noon he arrived at a small village, which he learned was thirty miles from the college. The shrill whistle of an engine was a welcome sound to him, and hastening to the depot he boarded the train.

Two weeks later he was many miles away in a large city. He had



been seeking work but had always met with a refusal. One day as he came out of an employment office, he stood looking first up and then down the street, showing his distress plainly. A good natured, cheerful looking man of perhaps fifty years came walking down the street. He noticed Harold's uneasiness and stepping up to him asked, "Are you looking for some one, young man?" Harold then told him he had been looking for employment and that he was not able to find any, and asked if he knew of anything that he could get to do. The man was impressed by Harold's earnestness and told him that he thought perhaps he could help him. He asked Harold to go with him and they turned and walked up the street. Having asked Harold several questions about himself, because of his friendly and sympathetic manner, he soon heard the whole of Harold's story, during which time he would cast scrutinizing glances at Harold, and then look away again as if satisfied. They soon arrived at a large mercantile establishment, of which this man was the sole owner. He took Harold to the head clerk to whom he whispered something that Harold could not hear. This much he did know, that they employed him as clerk.

\* \* \* \*

Six years later Mrs. Bennett went to the door in answer to a rap. Before her stood a young man with bearded face whom she did not at first recognize.

"Mother, I have come home to you a prosperous man."

"Harold, my darling boy, can it be you?"

In a moment they were in each other's arms.

He told her how he had been employed as clerk and how hard he tried to fulfill his duty, of his different promotions, "and now," said he, "I am co-partner of the firm."

He asked to see Mabel, but before the mother would permit him to see her, she told him of Mabel's sacrifice for him.

How his conscience smote him, and when she entered the room he could have dropped at her feet in humiliation and shame, but she would allow him to say nothing.

"That was the happiest moment of my life, Harold," was all that she said.

A few months later the following article was seen in a newspaper:

MARRIED—At the home of Mrs. L. Bennett, Miss Mabel Preston to Harold Bennett.—G. J.

### Trade Unions.

Since the earliest of history's records down to our present time there has been a continual strife between the stronger and weaker classes of mankind, or if you will, between the rich and the poor. The result has been that the stronger class has reigned in the midst of splendor and plenty, while the weaker class because of the evil fruits of that reign has suffered by disease and hunger until death,

taking compassion on its victim, claimed him for her own and called him away to the great unknown. Because of this cruel and unjust oppression, because of this cold blooded murder (for he who takes the means by which I live takes my life) of the weak by the strong, the former were forced in order to procure and maintain their interests as a class, to combine and to organize, what are known as trade or labor unions.

The objects of these trade or labor unions are classified by Mr. C. J. Bullock as follows:

First, "By regular assessments upon their number they raise large sums for the purposes of the associations.

"These funds are often employed in insurance and benefit schemes, by which sick, injured or unemployed members are assisted."

Second, "They aim to educate laborers in various ways and to promote culture and social intercourse among their members."

Third, "They frequently encourage cooperative enterprises among their members, and desire to promote self-employment."

Fourth, "They sometimes enter into political movements, and thus influence much labor legislation in their favor."

Fifth, "Finally they aim to secure practical as well as nominal freedom and equality in the labor contract. For this purpose they seek to control the supply of labor in two ways: First, they assist laborers to move to less crowded labor markets when

the supply becomes excessive. Second, they may try to control the future supply of labor in particular crafts by restricting the number of apprentices admitted into each trade. More than this they seek to secure collective bargaining with employers." Because of the second part of the fifth object, labor unions are often called monopolies, because they seek to restrict the number of apprentices in a particular trade, and to limit the supply of labor. Such measures may be considered legitimate methods of industrial warfare whenever the employers make it a practice to get the greater amount of all their work done by apprentices, and then discharging the same upon the completing of their apprenticeship, and again in cases where employers keep in reserve large numbers of laborers for the purpose of keeping down wages. Trade unions have often found it necessary in order to promote and advance their interests to resort to weapons known as strikes. These strikes are condemned by many because they involve the loss of property and human life on both sides. Strikes are beyond a doubt detrimental and evil, but if strikes are the only means the laboring men have of obtaining a good principle or right—a right due them by the laws of man to man and God to man, then strike! forward then! though it does cost property and human life. No great cause was ever won without the sacrifice of human life. The liberty, the independence we breathe today were the

outgrowth of great effort and sacrifice. Millions and millions of dollars of property were destroyed, the destroyer sweeping the country like wild fire laying waste all that came within its reach, while thousands upon thousands of human lives were hurled into eternity by powder and shell. Why such a revolution when it involves such immense loss of property and life? Because of a principle due them, because of a right denied them. In Patrick Henry's own words, "Give me liberty or give me death." What is a strike but a revolution in a smaller degree? What are the causes of strikes? In the majority of cases strikes are made against the reduction of wages and for the raise of wages, and what are wages when reduced down, but bread? Are the means or the end of a strike unworthy?

Our own land is the richest in national resources that the sun shines upon, a land capable of sustaining with comfort, yes, with luxury 5 times its present population, yet within the city of New York 10,000 children die each year for the want of food and medicine. Men, women and children are dying thus around us each day.

"There among the glooming alleys progress halts on palsied feet, —crime and hunger cast out maidens by the thousands on the street.

"There the master scrimps his haggard seamstress of her daily bread. There a single sordid attic holds the living and the dead.

"There the smouldering fire of

fever creeps across the rotted floor, and the crowded couch of incest is the warrens of the poor."

What are the causes? Many. But one of the greatest causes that attributes to that lamentable stage of affairs, is the inability of the laborer to obtain from his employer what is justly due him—a living.

Are trade unions beneficial? Yes not only to the individual laborer, but to the nation as a whole. First, I shall refer you back to the first object of trade unions, namely: to take care of its sick, injured, unemployed and dead. Mr. C. J. Bullock in speaking of expenditures made by trade unions in that line, says: "In the year of 1893, 682 trades unions disbursed \$10,928,076, of which fully one-half was employed for the above said purposes."

Again we have by Mr. Bascum the following: "The Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners with a membership in English speaking lands of 22,935 and in the U. S. A. 1,127 in the year of 1885 spent on the objects mentioned the following sums:

Unemployed.....	\$174,549.70
Seeking situations.....	1,471.67
Tools.....	6,498.50
Sick.....	83,567.42
Accidents.....	8,750.00
Superannuated.....	12,909.70
Funerals.....	14,568.20
Strikes.....	23,127.60

There could be no strong and more pathetic evidence furnished to prove the narrowness of the life of the laborer, than the sum devoted to funerals. Subject to the hardest

toil the few years he treads this earthly sphere, receiving for that toil a mere subsistence, a means so paltry that it could not bear the extra strain of purchasing a shroud, coffin and a grave 6 feet by 3, to be laid to rest in. Again, glance at the other sums devoted to a purpose, what do they indicate? They indicate that experience has taught the laborer a bitter but valuable lesson and that lesson has aroused within him a spirit of self reliance and a determination to know justice and to demand his due or share. The above sums show that the laborer is determined to help himself and furthermore that he is desperately in need of the same.

Second, trade unions benefit the nation as a whole. If it were not for these trade unions, if it were not for the constant battling they make for their daily bread, the oppressor would extend his hand farther and farther in his greed for wealth, taking away first the few comforts that some of our laboring men enjoy today, at last leaving them but the bare necessities of keeping soul and body together. What are the results? Not only has the straight of the worker been greatly reduced, but along with the loss of strength has gone all hope, self-respect and social ambition, and we have instead of a hopeful, cheerful, energetic and ambitious class of workmen, a degenerating mass of people, a loss to the nation as a whole that can never be repaid.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;  
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;

A breath can make them as a breath has made;  
But a bold Peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

For in the mad rush for wealth the greatest producing factor has been destroyed, those that are left are incapable of performing the work as it should be done.

Unless labor is exalted our nation will decline faster than she rose, until she goes down on history's pages a fallen and lamentable wreck.

## ATHLETICS

Unusual interest is manifested in the coming athletic events for this year. The boys are beginning regular practice in tennis, base ball, and track athletics. Every day is being utilized, and with the great amount of new material to work on, the boys are hopeful of having the best teams ever put out by the 'Varsity.

The ball team is preparing for several games in the near future. At Whitman, Pullman, Blair, Lewiston and other places, games are proposed and a meet will be had as soon as the weather permits. G. O. P. Mix is captain. Mr. Mix is too well known in base ball, foot ball and on the track to be rehearsed. His good record as pitcher will surely be sustained this year. Under the management of C. W. Gibson the interests of the team abroad are certain to be enhanced. Among other good players from afar is the name of

Harry Blanton, field, the son of President Blanton. Mr. Blanton comes with a good record both in foot ball and base ball. Chief Joseph Lavin, from Rathdrum, promises to be one of our best first basemen for the season. Lieut. Armstrong also is to be at his old work on third base. Jenkins and Gibb, our allround athletes, Wright, Hales, Burr, Gilbreth, and Hanley are well known players and will in all probability, constitute our team.

With this personnel, our possibilities are more than alluring. But let us bear in mind the fact that other teams are working hard and any slack work will be felt for the first game or two. Our boys are, it is true, practicing hard; but a little more of regular, all-around work would add much to the organization of the team. This we expect in a short time when the ball park can be put into shape for playing, indeed it is begun now.

Another form of athletics which has hitherto received not a great deal of deal of attention is tennis. But this year a good tennis court has been fitted up east of the Varsity building, and the association is doing active work. W. B. Griffin has been elected manager. The good work Mr. Griffin is doing in his capacity will surely speak for itself in the next season. Homer David is assistant manager, and a good reliable player. He took part in the mile run, last season's field day, and with the short practice, did remarkably well. Earl Barton this year, one of our best foot ball players of last season,

will devote his entire time to tennis. Messrs. Hanley and Moody, together with the former players, will constitute the players for the season. A game will be played as soon as possible as the boys are doing some good timely practice.

Then there is our field day work, the most important in the eyes of the public in connection with college athletics. The University of Idaho should not be ashamed of her trackmen this year. In addition to our best men of last year, we have many good men who have come here for the first time. Our old men, Hoagland, Tilley, Lancaster, and others are beginning to get into good shape for the heavier work. It is not possible to give a forecast of the events to be entered by the different individuals. Some of our recent athletes, Martin, Cochran, Lavin, and others are somewhat unsettled as to their positions. The proposition of extending our meet to include Seattle and Whitman is meeting with favor among the boys, and they are likely to do good work with that object in view. It appears to be a very good project, and would do much toward advertising the schools and their athletics. Some new equipments have just been received for the game which will make it possible to do good training for the jumpers, shot and hammer-men and the pole vaulters especially. Our gymnasium is growing, and a short time should find it one of the best.

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MCCALLIE

The first and second prize stories of the Freshman class by Jennie Gibson and Gertie Jenkins respectively, appear in this issue of the ARGONAUT. In the May issue will appear the third prize story by Mabella Wolfe.

The Mullan Mirror says: "The total enrollment of the State University has this year reached 433 (including summer school) The school is growing very rapidly. Every boy and girl in the state ought to strive to attend this great school." Such are the kind words that are being spoken by the press and by citizens from one end of our state to the other. The University is becoming more favorably known as days pass. The enrollment among the student body is steadily increasing, especially so the enrollment from remote parts of Idaho.

Such things speak volumes for the future greatness of our institution and more than anything else tend to make secure the place the U. of I. is destined to hold in the Northwest.

The Standard published at Grangeville, says of our old-time student: "Rev. H. H. Pogue has been engaged to teach at Clearwater, Idaho, and will commence a six months term of school there Monday. Mr. Pogue is an excellent instructor and we predict a successful school."

The following is a copy of a page from the day book of Chas. Armstrong; treasurer of the fund tendered Co. "D." by U. of I. students and friends:

Received from Ollie McConnell \$62+ for a sick fund for Co. "D."

**EXPENDITURES ON SICK FUND:**

Crackers.....	\$	40
" .....		40
" .....		40
Oysters.....		80
Pain killer (two bottles).....	1	25
Eggs, fruit (Allan Morton)..		50
Gave to Sergeant Harris for light diet for quarters.....	10	00
Pain-killer (three bottles)....	1	87
Crackers (two boxes).....	1	00
Crackers (one box) .....		50
Oysters, 9 cans at 25c.....	2	25
Crackers (two boxes).....	1	00
Oysters (two cans).....		50
F. Lansdon (sick in hospital)	1	50
Crackers (two boxes).....		80

H. cream (five cans).....	65
Tea (four ponnds).....	2 00
Tapioca .....	1 00
Fruit, crackers.....	2 30
Gave Snow for sick.....	5 00

USED 4TH OF JULY DINNER:

Milk, vanilla.....	80
Fish.....	1 00
Eggs .....	15
Eggs .....	1 00
Chickens .....	2 25
Fruit, butter, etc., .....	8 78
Lemons, ice.....	2 50
Sugar.....	1 36

Gave Sims (sick).....	50
To Howland.....	1 00
To Carnahan (milk).....	1 00
To Ricketts (milk).....	1 00
To Moore.....	50
To milk.....	50
Snow returned \$4. charge	
to Snow.....	1 00

\$53 56

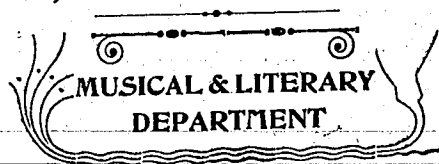
One box crackers (Yoko)....	5 00
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Total Expenditures.....\$58 56

Bal. due..... 3 84

(The balance \$3.84 was donated to the Hagberg monument fund.—

Ed.)



Walkers and Walking.

To the student of character a world of meaning exists in the way his fellow men walks. We have in mind just now a long-legged stu-

dent who, we are sure, came from the farm. As we watch him walk, we seem to see beneath his feet freshly plowed field; we imagine sticky Palouse mud, for this student takes long, determined steps, intent on hitting only the high places.

Then there is that young fellow with his rolling, jolly-jack-tar like gait. We imagine that he must have been a sailor once; that he was on a frail little bark which got caught in a hurricane in the China Sea; and that ever afterward the world seemed to rock beneath his feet.

Another student swings his body with his legs. He gives an exaggerated swing to his hands also. He belongs to that class of men who "walk all over."

Another one walks like him who intends on springing a step, to soar to the ethereal heights of eternal heaven, but who decides when he is nearly tip-toe that he would better soar on the other foot. This individual also swings his hands, so much so that people say they can tell that he is coming when he is a quarter of a mile away simply by the atmospheric disturbance.

Now comes the short fellow who takes his time in walking, who has no affected swing of his body nor of his hands; who is in his walking, in his studies, in all things else, "solid."

These are all boys. Of course, girls show character in their walking as well. There is a short lass who walks just as a rubber ball

would bound along the sidewalk. Then comes a prim little queer young Quaker who walks as if her life depended upon it, who looks neither to right nor to left, and who wonders, perhaps, at the end of her journey, what she was in such a hurry for?

A few remarks by Samuel R. Wells, in his "New Physiognomy" may help interpret these types. It is likely that the correctness of the observations can be agreed to by all who are observant:

"In the walks of a tall, healthy, well-built, perpendicular man; both dignity and firmness may be seen. If approbateness be especially large, with moderate self-esteem, there will be a canting to the right or to the left with a sort of teetering tiptoe step. A person with a straight-forward, honest, but uneducated mind will walk in a straight-forward manner, turning neither to the right nor the left, but if there be considerable executiveness the gait will be heavy and more strong than delicate, but if educated and refined, the person will acquire a more refined step, characterized by regularity and time. A secretive and cunning person will have a stealthy walk, like that of the fox, and though his body may weigh two hundred pounds, his step will be light rather than heavy, and somewhat like that of the Indian. The humble man has a humble walk; the dignified man, a dignified walk; the vain man, a vain walk; the hopeful man a light, buoyant and hopeful walk;

the executive man, an executive walk; and the lazy, slothful man, a walk corresponding with his real character. The 'inquiring mind' of this young man is apparent in his sauntering, irregular gait; and he has the expression of one recently from the 'rural districts.' He is evidently in the pursuit of knowledge and sacrifices manners to gratify the desire to see, and is suggestive of the question. Do you see anything green? Mr. Cautious Timidity is afraid he may step on eggs, fall in a ditch, or stumble over a rail. Mr. Jeremy Jehew is 'always in a hurry' no matter whether he has anything to do or not. He always walks in an attitude as though he were facing a regular northeaster with steam all on. What are the peculiarities of a man's walk? Is his step quick and easy, or is it slow and heavy? Is it vigorous and strong, or is it weak and vacillating? Is it soft and sly, or is it distinct and emphatic? Is it foxy or cat-like or is it open and free? As is the walk, so is the character."

But all these variations detract not a whit from the enjoyment a fellow feels in tramping among the mountains. It matters little to him whether his walk be heavy or light, furious or reasonable, coarse or refined, he feels that he must gratify his desire to be out in the open air.

There is a fascination about this habit of walking which makes it harder to give up than the drink or opium habit. True, when one comes back from a long day's tramp



he generally feels that never again will he indulge in such foolishness. But what a magic effect is wrought by rest and something good to eat! The displeasures and petty annoyances are dropped from the mind and the pleasant features stand out in bold relief. How much fun it was to climb that tree and have the "fiend" take a snap shot! What a beautiful view from the summit of the mountain! How delightfully cool and refreshing the breeze! How enjoyable it was to drink the pure water of the mountain spring (after finding it!) Surely these remembrances repay for aching limbs and "ruined" complexion. Surely a day is not wasted if the recalling of it arouses such associations. The aches and pains are transitory; the recollections endure as long as the possessor of them. What wonder, then, that we do not care to break ourselves of the habit of walking! What wonder then as we sit in the stuffy too-familiar rooms of the University and see the sunshine and hear the birds and get a whiff of the morning air! What wonder that we feel like playing "hookey" and running off to see dame nature?

RA.

One of the pleasantest events of the season was the literary and musical entertainment given in the auditorium March sixteenth, for the benefit of the Amphictyon society. Every number on the program was carried out successfully and the audience was an appreciative one.

Complaint was made however,

that the lecture, intended to be humorous, was taken altogether too seriously. But one should not judge too harshly. Very likely many of those present were of English descent and had to take the jokes down in order to study them out at home. Who can tell how many a hearty laugh was indulged in that night after reaching home and taking time to consider? And how awfully funny it all was when at last they saw the point!

The Philharmonic club is giving a series of very interesting study programs. At the last one Schubert was the subject. Several of his compositions were played. Miss Henry read an instructive biographical and critical paper and Miss Poe and Miss Hinkley sang "The Serenade" beautifully.

Chaminade is the subject for the next study.

The students' matinee musicale given by the departments of music and elocution on March fifteenth was enjoyed by all who heard it. Especially pleasing were the vocal solos rendered by Miss Henry and Mrs. Bonebright.

WANTED.—Somebody to give instruction as to the manner in which an appreciation of humor may be cultivated.

The preparatory department will listen to a series of lectures by the different members of the faculty during the morning assemblies.

## .. NOTES ..

Cannot the "preps" organize an enlivening club for the fun of it? Merely a suggestion.

The picture of the Freshman class was taken last week by Mr. Turley, the Freshman photographer.

Elementary water color class have commenced the spring work on the study of the wild flowers of the vicinity.

The Senior preparatory class in English, under Miss Poe has finished its work in Milton, and is now studying Tennyson.

Miss Daughters rendered a fine reading in assembly. When the college falls the "preps" are called upon to take their places.

Carlton French is wielding the birch in the school room near Garfield. May he meet with success is the wish of all his classmates.

Corporal Sedgwick, and Adelbert Matthews inspected the battallion of cadets at the W. A. C. March 5th. For details consult the corporal.

The Christomathean bulletin is finished and the programs which are illustrated by Mr. Glendenning are the subjects of much comment. The workmen are Mr. Clarence Talhott and Leroy Zeigler.

Letters lately received from Miss Rose Coffey say that she is very well pleased with her college life in Ann Arbor. She is spending a few weeks vacation in the northern part of Michigan, with a school mate.

Dr. Blanton's lecture on "The Ministry of Woman" delivered March 26, in the University auditorium was largely attended and well received. The lecture was under the auspices and for the benefit of the Amphictyon Literary Society.

Reese Hattabaugh, of Columbia law school, has been chosen by his class of 123 members to represent them in the May debate. This debate is the closing one of the school year and is one in which considerable interest and enthusiasm is displayed.

Miss Winnifred Hall, a student here in the fall of '98, was married to Mr. David Sassenberg on April 4th in the M. E. church of Grangeville. It was a very pretty and elaborate wedding. Miss Maxey and Miss Rowlen, old students, were two of the bridesmaids.

"Chief Justice Huston has accepted an invitation to deliver the University oration, on the evening of June 12. His subject will be 'The Scholar in Politics.' The commencement exercises will be held the next day, when the class, which numbers 12, will be address-

ed by General King."—Statesman.

Prof. Aldrich is making some experiments in spraying crude petroleum this spring.

Several varieties of wheat have been imported from Hungaria and Australia, for experiments on the farm this year.

A number of forage plants have been planted on the University farm, for experiments in feeding sheep. Among other varieties of plants are rape and field peas.

A Farmer's Institute will be held in Peck, Nez Perce county, April 4th to 7th. The University will be represented by Pres. Blanton and Profs. Huntley, Aldrich and French.

Mr. Hooper left school the first of the month and Miss Wolfe has been compelled to quit on account of her eyes. It is with regrets that the Freshman class parts with these two members who were among the best in the class.

The contract for printing the college catalogues and summer school circulars has been let to the Lewiston Tribune. The proof is being prepared for the first twenty pages of the catalogue. The catalogue will be out May 30th. The summer school circulars will be out April 30th.

The Websterians held their third

quarterly election last Friday and elected the following officers: Pres. Wm. Lee; vice pres., Frank French; sec'y, Miss Traver; treasurer, Miss Daughters.

The cadets are preparing for gallery practice in the near future.

The Senior mining students are engaged in working ore by the cyanide process.

Dr. Miller has made arrangements for the Seniors, to have practical work in sharpening, hardening and tempering hand drills.

Several promotions have been made in the military department among the non-coms. Corps. Lee and Sheppard being promoted to sergeants. The new corporals are: Orland, Tilbert and David.

Many of the pupils in wood carving classes have finished the regular exercises teaching the use of the tools and are at work on the pieces which they are to take home, such as picture frames, handkerchief boxes, glove boxes, wall pockets, book shelves, etc.

The experiments in feeding beef cattle, which have been carried on at the University farm, have been a success. Prof. French recently sold the steers for five cents a pound on foot, realizing twice as much as he paid for them. The results of the experiment will be published soon in a bulletin.

Dr. Miller has just received three hundred fossils from Germany for the department of Geology.

The Junior B. E. M. students have completed their mining maps. They all show excellent work and speak well for the juniors.

The debate between the Websterian society of the U. of I. and Whitman College resulted in a victory for Whitman. Our boys put up a splendid array of argument and although unsuccessful in receiving the decision made a fine showing for the U. of I.

The following officers were elected March 23, by the Amphictyon society for the spring term: Pres. A. I. Eagle; vice pres., Lena Olson; recording sec., Edna Dingee; cor. sec., Max Garrett; treasurer, Burton French; critic, Edna Clayton; chorister, Mable Martin; sergeant-at-arms, R. S. Thompson.

While in South Idaho Prof. French addressed the session of the Northwest Wool Growers Association at Boise, on the outlook for sheep in Northern Idaho. Mr. French says it is estimated that there are 2,800,000 sheep in the state and that the wool crop for this year will amount to several millions of dollars.

The Senior Preparatory class is preparing to celebrate the day of

graduation with characteristic enthusiasm. They have chosen those best able to impress the public to represent them in the graduation exercises. Miss Daughters has been chosen class prophet, Thos. Martin class orator, E. P. Martin class historian and Miss Dingee to give class reading.

The base ball game between the B. E. M. students and the "world" resulted in a tie at the end of the fifth inning, the end of the game. A sixth inning was played and the farmers made a score. Willie Griffin and Homer David did excellent work for the farmers, while Snow and Herbert nobly sustained the reputation of the B. E. M's.

The Amphictyon Literary Society won the debate for the Heyburn award over the Websterian Society March 23. This is the first time the award has been offered and both societies were keenly ambitious to win. The Amphictyons were represented by Burton French and the Websterians by Henry Lancaster. The judges were Hon. Warren Truitt, Hon. A. T. Spotswood, and ex-Regent D. M. Eckman.

The electric bell rings the end and beginning of the lecture periods, each fifty-five minutes in length. Our "college electrician" has taken great pride in the successful running and perfect time of this old clock. However, the other day, the pro-

fessor was very much worried. He frowned, scratched his head, and watched his watch at the ringing of each bell, finally he declared in despair "the darned thing gains five minutes every hour."

Until this year only the young ladies of the Senior Preparatory class were allowed to take wood carving. This year ten young men asked for it and were granted the privilege. Their lessons come Thursday afternoons, while the young ladies have theirs on Friday. The talks are so arranged in room 41 that those who have a vacant hour or two to spend on the work during the week can do so. Thus all are able to accomplish much more than under the old plan.

Professor French went to South Idaho, in the early part of March, for the purpose of organizing a dairy association. The purpose of the organization is to promote the interests of the dairy and prevent the sale of adulterated foods. The dairymen met at Caldwell and effected an organization. The following officers were elected: President, Prof. French, Moscow; vice president, Mr. A. E. Gipson, Caldwell; secretary, Mr. R. W. Sweet, Nampa; treasurer, Mr. J. F. Groome, Caldwell.

The Freshman oratorical contest for the Hodgins' prizes took place in the auditorium March 28, before a large and appreciative audience. The contestants were Lee McCon-

nell, Ghormley, Yothers, Calkins, Sheppard and Showalter. It was the first time the boys had ever been before the public, but they did remarkably well; it has been said that the oratory of Wednesday evening was of as high character as has been heard from students on the rostrum. This is the third innovatory the class of '03 has introduced in the regular monotonous life of under classmen. The successful men were Mr. Lee, first, Mr. McConnell, second and Mr. Ghormley third. These men will take part in the Watkins' contest to be held April 13. The judges Hon. Warren Truitt, Mr. F. C. Veatch and Rev. G. M. Booth said the contest was so close that it was difficult to decide who the successful men were. All the boys say that the experience was well worth the effort.

Boise Statesman for March 27, says:

"Dr. J. P. Blanton of the State University delivered a lecture last evening at the Methodist church, there being a large and attentive audience present.

The subject of Dr. Blanton's lecture was "The Ministry of Woman." The lecture was highly interesting and instructive throughout; appealing to the finer feelings of the audience and causing them to feel that they were better fitted for the duties of life because of having heard it.

Dr. Blanton spoke of the project to erect a monument to the memory of Ole Hagberg on the University

grounds and a collection was taken to swell the fund being raised for the purpose. Dr. Blanton thanked the people of Boise for the generous manner in which they had responded to the appeal of the University for help to build the monument. He especially thanked Mrs. Ridenbaugh, who had acted as trustee of the fund and who had been unremitting in her efforts to forward the enterprise; the ladies of the Columbia club, who had contributed generously and co-operated effectively, and Lieut. Worthman and Colonel Figgins, who had called on the citizens and secured their contributions."

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PERSONALS

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Why does Lawrence Gipson take so many walks out in the country lately?

A good many preps failed to attend classes the day Bryan spoke at Colfax.

George Horton has left school and gone to his home near Farmington.

Miss Traver graced the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. social with a well rendered reading.

Joseph and his bed-tick are prominent features on the campus during the afternoons.

Professor French is able to meet

his classes again after a severe attack of fever, which threatened to turn into pneumonia.

Lyman Bundy has left school and will probably spend the summer in the Coeur d'Alenes.

Miss Lavin, of Rathdrum, paid a visit to her brother Joe and attended the debating contest while here.

Miss Effie Wilson has the sympathy of her school mates here in her present trouble—the loss of her mother on March 13th at Wardner, Idaho.

Prof. Aldrich was among the number who went to Colfax last week to hear the address delivered by W. J. Bryan.

Carrol Smith has been out of school several days, visiting in Walla Walla, Dayton and other places.

P. L. Orcutt received the appointment as postmaster at Mullan, Idaho. Mr. Orcutt is editor of the Mullan Mirror.

A large number of the students went to Colfax the 30th, to hear Bryan speak. All returned well please with their trip.

W. H. Howland, a member of the "old guard" is visiting friends in the University. Mr. Howland expects to enter school soon.

The Seniors are now wearing their class pins. The design is a very beautiful one, and speaks well for the taste of the class.

Henry Lancaster leaves today for Spokane to accept a position with the Great Northern railroad. Henry will resume his studies next year.

Dr. Willard K. Clement, formerly of the University of Idaho, has been appointed acting professor of Latin at Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., to serve during the absence of Prof. Daniel Bonbright.

What a stately figure! Who can it be? He has sergeant stripes. He must be some stranger. Yes and a fair one on each arm. Such were the remarks made among those who were on their way to the Amphyc-tion entertainment, but upon closer observation he was recognized as the orator from Ashville, N. C.

ALUMNI ET ALUMINAE

WANTED—To know, where C. L. Kirtley, class '96, keeps himself.

A. P. Adair, '96, is again at his post of duty in Indiana.

Lieut. J. L. Gilbreth '97 was, at last report, doing marshal duty at Praiegue, P. I.

Clara Ransom, '98, appears on

he program for a paper on "Modern Inventions," at the teachers' meeting in Kendrick, April 7th.

Lolo Knepper, '98, will finish her work in Berkley the first of May.

Mrs. Stella Allen Roberts '96 has been afflicted with la grippe for the past three weeks.

Clara Playfair, '99, is again at her place in the St. Cloud schools after an illness of two weeks.

Mrs. Florence Corbett Johnston, '96, entertained several of her old college mates on "Bryan Day" in Colfax.

J. J. Anthony, '98, returned on March 19th, from the University of Minnesota, where he has been since September.

Mr. Garrett ('99 music) played Rubenstein's Nocturne in G and Chopin Ballad in A flat at the recital March 30th.

C. B. Simpson, '98, has a position in the Nature Study Department in Cornell University, for the Summer School, beginning in June.

A. F. Nelson, '97, expects to leave for Washington, D. C., early in April. He has received an appointment with the government.

A. F. Nelson and A. P. Ramstedt, both of '97, attended the

Heyburn debate with their old society—the Amphictyons. Both are graduates of the society.

Mrs. Glenna Swadener Reed ('97 music) was the accompanist for Miss Hinckley in the late recital given by the musical faculty.

Maude Mix, '99, begins a term of school April 1st, at Hillside school house, about seven miles northwest of Moscow, in Whitman County, Washington.

C. B. Simpson, '98, is now manager of the "Gamma Alpha Lodge" and is indulging quite freely in receptions, parties and sleigh-rides.

Rosa Forney ('99 music) together with Mrs. Preffer, soprano, of Spokane, will give the next Philharmonic recital, April 23d. Third of the series.

Edward Smith '98 made a flying trip to Sumpter, Oregon, last week. He has been tendered a position in the "Big S" mine at Tellerid, Col. but declined the place.

Helen F. Adair ('97 music) returned to her home and aged father on March 18th, giving up, for the present, her study of music in Cincinnati. She visited her brother in Michigan on her way home.

At the last students' matinee Max Garrett ('99 music) now in the corps of musical instructors in

the college, was represented by two pupils who played beautifully, thus winning praise not only for themselves but also for their able instructor.

F. C. Moore, '99, had a narrow escape in the Republic mines lately. While sitting in the office at work a huge bolder, thrown from a blast near by, crashed through one end of the room, just missing Fred. In describing the accident he says—"It was so lucky it missed our fine lot of surveying instruments."

#### Odds and Ends.

To speak of "reverend seniors"  
With a mild, sardonic grin,  
And talk of "most wise juniors"  
Like they didn't know a thing,  
Requires a lot of nerve  
And is surely rather mean.

He is even somewhat bold  
Who calls the sophs "loquacious"  
But of all the acts of daring,  
This is far the most audacious  
To call the freshman "verdant"  
Which interpreted is green.

Poor "unsophisticated preps,"  
Be happy while you may!  
For your time is quickly coming,  
And at no far distant day  
You will find, much to your sorrow,  
College life is not a dream.

It has been officially decided to send the track team of the University of California on an eastern trip this summer. There will be meets with Cornell, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin and Princeton, and possibly with Yale and Chicago. The team will also compete in the intercollegiate meet.—*Yale News*.

The University of Kairo, Egypt, est. A. D. 988, is the oldest university



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We believe the great poet was only playing with words when he uttered this apothegm, for in the lines immediately following he exhibited one by one the virtues of the dead, and painted them in such overwhelming colors, that

"Age cannot wither nor custom stale"

their brilliant hues.

The evil he had done was expunged from the memories of men, and consigned to oblivion ere the heated blood that followed Brutus' dagger' out, had time to cool.

Every young man should copy the advice of Polonius to his son, and pin it in his hat. This above all:

"To thine own self be true  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

All history teaches that desolation, famine, sickness and death, follow closely on the heels of "Grim visaged war." Therefore while war is on or during the interim of peace,

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at,  
Be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's."

Then should fate seem unkind, and strike you down with SMALLPOX or any of the many

"ills that flesh is heir to"

Some one will rise and say,

"He was my friend, faithful and just to me  
His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed  
In him that Nature might stand up and say  
To all the world, 'This was a man!' or  
This was a lady!"

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