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Dedication.

Like spray blown lightly from a crested wave
 To glitter in the sun
So from my heart love gave
 These verses unto thee, beloved one,
 But who shall guess
From the blown foam that in the sunbeam shines
 What secret stores there be
 Of unknown sea?
 Ah! how much less
The depths of what I feel from these few lines.
 I dedicate to thee!

—*Edward M. Hulme*

By The Sea.

Once in the long and gracious dusk I stood
Upon the hills, and gazed into the West
Where burned the ruined sunset, far across
The ever-changeful and the changeless sea.
And all the marvel and the miracle
Of brooding twilight, haunting, sad and dear,
Came o'er the world. The hollow dome of heaven
Held the faint, early stars, old as the years,
Immeasurably far, in loneliness;
While all the fields were darkening at my feet
And full of dream.
So the day faltered, like a silenced song,
Full of strange solace and the sense of you.

—*Edward M. Hulme*

Stanford Revisited.

Softly. In this silent place
Memories meet face to face.
Fair the silver moonlight falls
On the dedicated walls.
Free from sorrow, free from fears,
Here I lived enchanted years—
Ardent in the noon to dare,
Dreaming in the twilight air.
Soft the night, and calm and still,
Holding naught of let or ill.
With the ghostly breath of hours,
Dead as are last summer's flowers,
Sweet the air and sweet the dream,
Tranquil in the moonlight gleam.
Of the heart's best ministers,
When such gracious music stirs,
Is the very thought of thee—
Fragrance, too, thy memory.
Silent songs and fragrances
All thy dear remembrances.
Thou who from thy blessed store
Gave me when my need was sore.
Thine to show me greater needs,
Gracior s dreams and goodly deeds.
Thine the task to lead the way
To a better common day.
And of all thy lessons, best—
Life no witless palimpsest.
Mine thy joy and mine thy tears,
Thine the love of all my years.
So I leave thee, mother mine,
Blossoming court that is my shrine,
Flooded in the soft moonlight,
With the ancient stars and night.
In my heart thy spirit still
Hath its sweet and sacred will.

Edward M. Hulme

Geraldine.

Upon my faith I trow
 I can but love you now,
 For sweeter, nobler face
 Was never known to grace
 A form divine.

Sweet are your eyes so blue.
 A Noble soul, and true,
 Shines from those laughing orbs,
 Which my whole thought absorbs.
 Would thou wert mine.

Your pure and pearly teeth
 Within their rurby sheath
 Sweet silvery words caress
 As from your heart they press
 To soul of mine.

And in the coldest snows
 The all surpassing rose
 Upon thy gentle cheek
 Of nature's kiss doth speak
 For thee I pine.

Your beauteous brow and bold
 Is crowned with purest gold
 Of silky, fairy tresses,
 The best that earth possesses,
 My Geraldine.

—J. C. Sensen

The Weaver.

We wove a wondrous fabric, You and I,
 On our life's loom, in that long vanished time,
 And graceful were the fancies that we wrought
 Into our weaving. But one day came Life,
 And ruthlessly she cut the golden threads,
 And ruined the pattern that we had conceived.
 'Twas then we saw the cloth we'd toiled upon
 Was not so durable as we had thought.
 I took the piece that Life awarded me,
 And strove to finish what we had begun,
 But the threads tangled, and I was alone,
 And so today it lies unfinished still.
 But if, sometime, you were to come to me,
 Might we, perhaps, not mend the broken threads,
 And re-commence our weaving and our dreams?

—Hallett Abend

Old Bullet-Proof.

They did not receive the news at the logging camp as I expected. When I told them I had fatally wounded "Old Bullet-Proof," I expected praise for my skill and not this strange silence. Could it be these rough woodsmen loved this old buck? Could the report be true about their having a superstition that this king deer bore a charmed life—that he was "bullet-proof?"

The silence continued. Somehow my glory died. I felt sorry that I had wounded him:

"Don't you fellows like it because I have wounded Bullet-Proof?" I asked.

No one spoke for some time, and then it was the foreman of the camp.

"Once," he said, "when the snow was deep and there was a hard crust, I packed a blanket and some grub on my back, and swore I'd kill that old buck or never show my face again. It took me two weeks to run him down, and then, one day, all of a sudden, I came face to face with him. It may seem damn foolish, but I couldn't shoot. He stood there; didn't move an inch, and looked me through and through with eyes that were just like a person's. I came away and left him."

Other stories followed. One told how he had seen him take a pack of wolves off the track of a nearly exhausted doe by running behind her, getting their scent, and then leading them off where, by his cunning, he soon threw them off.

Our conversation was suddenly interrupted by the distant cry of the dreaded timber wolf. The cry was sharp, eager, and exultant—a bloody trail had been found. We all knew what it meant. The wolves had found the bloody trail of Bullet-Proof. Soon that long cry was joined

by others, and we knew the chase was on.

What a death for such a noble animal! I shuddered to think of it. I looked at the faces of the men about me. They showed the same thought. And I,—I had been the one to cripple him, so that in his weakened condition, he would probably fall a prey to those devils of the forest.

The cries drew nearer until they were scarce a half mile away. A sudden inspiration came to me. "Head them off on the old logging road," I cried. Grabbing a gun I left the camp followed by the others.

The night was unusually bright, for a full moon shone, and sparkling snow lay upon the ground.

We had gone but a short distance when a dark form burst from out of the shadow and fell at our very feet. Bullet-Proof! our startled senses at last made out. He had come to us to escape the wolves. Rather than die the awful death, a prey of theirs, he chose death at the hands of man, for man's death was more merciful.

He lay there, his head held high by a proud arched neck; his magnificent worry-tipped horns thrown far back.

Ah! I knew now why that hunter who, after two weeks of the hardships of the winter-woods had conquered him only to be conquered in turn by those eyes. Those intensely beautiful, unwavering, human eyes were turned full upon me and pierced me to my very soul. In their clear depths could see the reflected moon shining, and its image seemed the constant spirit of that soul. They read in me the murder I had done. Oh, why did they not turn to the other silent men about me?

The wolves came up, scented

us, and then dispersed in a circle about us, giving dismal howls of disappointment. But no one heeded them.

The proud head was falling. Slowly, almost imperceptibly at first, it was falling. Yet those unwavering eyes kept full upon me. I strated to raise my gun to put an end to his suffering. Those eyes grew brighter and

more intense. I lowered my gun. We all seemed to be under their spell.

At last the head reached the ground. The great neck muscles quivered. The light in those eyes went out leaving but the moon shining in thier depths. Bullet-Proof, the king of deer, was dead.

His Photograph Friend.

"Hello, Fritz. You just coming? Why, man, the first dance is over already and there goes the music for the second."

"I know it's late," said Fred hastily taking off his hat, "but I couldn't get here sooner. Don't wait for me, though, fellows. I'm tired and I want to smoke before I go down."

He lighted a cigar and slowly paced up and down the room. Fred Winthrop was a man whom Stanford or any other college might well be proud to own. Tall, broad shouldered and handsome, with strong features, firm chin, brown eyes, and waving black hair, he might well be called a king of men. He had won honors in his studies as well as in athletics and socially not a man in college was more generally a favorite than he. All the fraternities had "rushed" him in his freshman year and, although he had finally gone Δ . K. E., he still had many friends in all the other fraternities. Every girl in college, moreover, considered it an honor to receive attentions from him. It is natural, then, that he looked with deep regret on the close of his senior year, the time when he must leave Stanford and go out into the world. The Delta Gamma dance that night was the last informal party of the year, and all the big dances would soon be over, too. Nevertheless he intended to have a good time

while the fun lasted

His cigar went out and, as he stopped before the mantle piece to relight it, his eyes rested on a photograph of Florence Catherwood, one of his favorites among the Delta Gamma girls

"Well, Florence is a nice one not to give me her latest picture," he said half to himself "I think I'll just help myself. and then thank her for it when I get down stairs. I wonder who this girl is next to her. Say but they look alike."

"Are you never coming down, Fred?" said a musical voice in the door way.

"Sure thing. Right away. Just finished my cigar."

He stoped and threw it into the grate. Then, with his back to the door, he hastily snatched a photograph, buried it in his coat pocket, turned and followed his friend down stairs.

Some hours later, as Fred took off his coat so that he could study more easily, a photogarph fell face downward from his pocket. It wast the first time he had thought of it since he took it, for in the excitement of the evening he had entirely forgotten it. He slowly stooped to pick it up when, to his surprise he saw written on the back, "Lovingly yours, Katherine." He turned it over and examined it.

"Well, I've done it now," he said. "But say she does look a lot like Florence. No wonder I

took the wrong picture in the rush. I guess I'll have to go to Florence, though, and explain myself."

The next evening he presented himself at the Delta Gamma house.

"Good evening, Fred. I'm ever so glad to see you," said Florence as she gave him her hand. She had seen him coming and had gone to the door to meet him.

"Can't we sit on the porch? I'm afraid it will be rather warm inside."

"Just as you say. I'm perfectly willing I'm sure." Then, seating himself in a comfortable arm chair, he began:

"How did you come out in the quiz this morning?"

"Oh, it was awful. Twelve long questions, and such impossible ones, too."

"Thank goodness I have no more 'ex's', but I can hardly realize that college is so nearly over. It seems still more strange, though, that I'm not coming back next year."

"What are you going to do? Have you decided yet?"

"No, I haven't. Father wants me to go into business with him, but I don't know whether I shall or not." "But say, Florence," he continued after a slight pause, "Aren't you going to give me one of those pictures of yours? I saw one in your room the other night at the informal and almost took it, but I have decided now to ask you for it. By-the-way," feeling in his coat pocket—

"Well, I certainly want to congratulate you on your honesty," interrupted Florence. "Some men in this college have absolutely no sense of right or wrong when it comes to pictures. They seem to consider them public property. Some one had the impudence the other evening to take a photograph of a very dear friend of mine. I'd just like to

know who did it and I'd certainly make him feel as uncomfortable as I could."

"I dare say you would succeed," said Fred rather sheepishly, and buttoning his coat again. Then to himself, "Well, this is a pretty mess. Now how am I going to get out of it? Guess I'll have to 'fess' up, but what shall I say? Let's see. I took the picture. No that won't do. Florence, I'm afraid I'll have to make a confession. Well, that's a pretty good beginning. One, two, three, and then here goes. One—"

"But say, Fred," continued Florence ignoring his remark, "you're a good friend of mine. Won't you try to find out who took that picture?"

Fred cleared his throat. "One, two—"

"Won't you, Fred?"

A dead silence followed, then Fred broke it. "Of course I will. I don't think I will have much difficulty either. One, two, three. Florence—"

"Yes."

"I— I— I'm— afraid it is going to rain," and he rose to go. "May I call again soon?"

Certainly. You know you are always welcome. And don't forget about the picture."

"No. Good night," and he walked hurriedly away.

Fred scarcely slept that night, and when he did he dreamed that he was leaving college in disgrace. Just what the dream was he could not remember, except that there was a picture connected with it. He went to his classes the next morning, but everything seemed to go wrong, and in the afternoon found himself puzzling over a Latin translation. This was unusual for him, because he liked the classics and generally found them easy. He was almost ready to give up in disgust and throw the book in the corner when some

one knocked.

"Come in," he said crossly.

The door opened and Jack Catherwood, one of his fraternity brothers, entered.

"What makes you look so cross, old boy?" said Jack seating himself and tossing his tennis racket on the table. "Who is it this time?"

"I can't translate this plegged Latin," said Fred, avoiding a direct answer.

"Well, what makes you try? Come on out and have a game of tennis. It's too fine a day to sit in the house and dig."

He rose and started to pick up his tennis racket, when he caught sight of a photograph lying on the table.

"Well, upon my word! Where did you get this?"

"Get what?" said Fred rising also. "Oh—" and he stopped short flushing to the roots of his hair. Then quickly "Where do you suppose people generally get photographs?"

"Oh, no offense intended. I don't want to be inquisitive either, but I think you might have told me this before."

"Told you what?"

"Why that Katherine is a friend of yours of course. Florence would like to know it I'm sure."

"Oh, I—beg—"

"No apologies needed old boy. I understand of course. We have to keep some things to ourselves, but you might have told me this anyhow. Let's see, she comes in two weeks doesn't she? Just in time for the Δ . K. E. dance. Well I never. Oh, Fred, Fred, you're a mighty sly old boy but I've found you out at last. Ha! Ha! Ha!" and he went off into peals of laughter.

"Look here," commenced Fred, but he stopped. All power of speech seemed to have left him; his head swam; he felt giddy, and he knew he was turning red

and white alternately.

"Why Fred, you look just like a lobster," laughed Jack. "Don't let it effect you that way. I think you better come play that set of tennis now don't you?"

And Fred, glad to do anything to change the subject, grabbed his hat and racket and bolted out the door followed by Jack.

Nothing more was said that afternoon about the photograph or the girl connected with it for as Fred felt it was too late for an explanation, he decided to let matters take their course. Little did he know, however, what the result of his silence would be.

You see Stanford is a little community of its own. There are no town influences or diversions connected with it, but all pleasures and all interests of the students are centered in the college and the college life. For this reason everyone knows everything that happens and a secret or even a piece of news once 'let out' spreads rapidly. Now Jack Catherwood was perfectly innocent and meant no harm whatever when he told his sister of Fred's acquaintance with Katherine and of his queer behavior when the subject was mentioned. Again, it was very natural for Florence to tell her Delta Gamma sisters about the "queer coincidence," and for them to tell their friends. But all this helped to spread a rumor which nearly proved disastrous for Fred. For soon everyone in college thought that he and Katherine Dickson were old friends and naturally concluded that he had invited her to the Δ . K. E. dance.

Poor Fred. This was almost too much. Here Miss Dickson was coming to Stanford in less than a week, and unless he could meet her and explain matters before she came he would be the joke of college. But the possibilities of such a meeting

seemed hopeless.

[One afternoon a week later he was hurrying across the campus to the fraternity house. He had just decided to pack up and leave college on the plea of sickness, for it was Monday, the Δ . K. E. dance came Friday. All his efforts to find out where Miss Dickson lived or to get any clue to her had been fruitless and he simply would not be a laughing stock.

"Wait a minute, Fred," said a voice close behind him.

He turned and stood face to face with Florence, the last person on earth whom he wanted to see.

"I have some bad news for you—no not bad either—but I know you'll be just as disappointed as I am. Katherine isn't coming until Friday. Perhaps you would like to read this letter," and she held out a large blue envelope.

Fred thanked her and took it and as he read it they turned and walked slowly toward the Delta Gamma house. When he handed back the letter his face was beaming.

"I'm awfully sorry she isn't coming sooner," he said sympathetically, "but I am sure we will be gladder than ever to see her when she does get here. Well, good bye," for they had reached the Delta Gamma house. "I think I'll call tonight if I may?"

"Certainly. About eight?"

"Yes."

"All right, good bye," and laughing merrily she went in.

Fred fairly flew back to his room. That letter had saved him for it had given him Miss Dickson's address so that it was possible for him to write to her at least. In less than an hour he mailed the following letter:

"My dear Miss Dickson:—

No doubt you will be surprised to receive a letter from some one who is an entire stranger to you, but when you know the circum-

stances I am sure you will understand. You are the only one who can help me out of a very uncomfortable "scrape" and I beg you to be merciful.

At the last Delta Gamma informal I took your picture, mistaking it for one of Florence Catherwood, which was next to it on the mantlepiece. When I discovered my mistake I started immediately for the Delta Gamma house, intending to try to explain matters to Florence, but on account of several remarks she made, I felt that it was impossible. Later Jack Catherwood, one of my fraternity brothers, saw your photograph in my room and immediately concluded that I knew you. Now in some mysterious way a rumor has spread through college that I have invited you here for the Δ . K. E. dance, even more—for I must tell all—everyone thinks we are engaged.

Miss Dickson, will you do me a great kindness? When I come down to the train the day you arrive, as I shall be expected to, wont you recognize me as an old acquaintance? If you only will, I never can repay you I am sure.

I enclose a photograph of myself so that you may know what sort of a man to look for.

Entirely at your mercy,

Fred Winthrop.

Stanford, May 20, 1903."

Friday came, the day set for the Δ . K. E. dance. All morning Fred was busy decorating, but in the afternoon he went to his room to try to kill time until four o'clock, when the train from Los Angeles was due. For some time he stood looking out of the window. The Theta house across the street was one mass of roses. The magnolia trees were in bloom and in the distance were groups of palms and pepper trees and the low university buildings peeping among them. The clear sweet air brushed against his cheek.

He turned away sick at heart. "Tonight will be perfect for the dance but I don't much expect to be there" he thought regretfully. Then disgusted with himself he said aloud. "Hang it anyhow. Why didn't I leave a week ago instead of fooling around like this?"

He had received no answer to his letter. He had hardly expected any but still he had hoped she would answer it only to turn him down. That would have been better than this awful suspense for then at least he might have been able to get away before she came. But now he must wait four long hours of torture. The air became stifling. He took his hat and quickly left the fraternity house.

At a quarter of four he reached Palo Alto. He had preferred to walk instead of riding over in the bus. A crowd of Stanford

people were already there and he joined them reluctantly. He avoided Florence and Jack, however, for somehow he preferred not to meet them. Finally after what seemed ages, a whistle blew, the train stopped and soon the passengers were piling out. Fred watched every person who got off, in vain hope that perhaps she would not come. But he was mistaken. There she was on the car platform scanning the crowd as though looking for some one. His heart sank but he stepped forward so that she might see him. Was she going to cut him dead or would she be kind and recognize him, as he had begged her to do?

She smiled and, coming straight toward him, past Florence, Jack and the rest, she gave him her hand saying "How do you do, Fred? I am so glad to see you."

Our Northern Mail.

In Alaska, everybody makes it a point to be present at the outgoing of the weekly mail. There was but one occurrence more important. You readily guess; the incoming of the same team the evening before, with letters from fathers, mothers, wives and sweethearts. This is the event of the northern man's career. It is with difficulty that the miner can finish cleaning out the last of the thaw on which he is working; that the engineer can stay at his post of duty till the exceptionally slow hour hand points to six; that the waiter, who pretends to serve you at dinner, delays long enough to finish his task, when he knows a letter awaits his arrival at the cabin he calls home. This is the one bright spot which illuminates the path of our northern brother. We, in this country, do not appreciate a letter. How many of us would be willing to wait our turn in a line fully three hun-

dred feet long when weather is cold enough to freeze mercury. This is no exaggeration. It has fallen to the part of the writer many times to wait two and three hours in line.

While on a trip the interesting program does not begin with the crack of the whip; but long before that when the driver gets up in the small hours of the morning and over his little sheet iron stove makes his pot of coffee, fries his meat, bakes a "stack of hot cakes" and "the big feed is on." Tho this is a simple meal the driver is always cheerful. After lashing his sleigh, a process which includes the tying on of his dog feed, four hundred pounds of mail, and a robe for his own use in case he is caught out all night, he whistles for Frixy. From some remote corner in the darkness, a yawn is heard. At this time of day, tho by now it may be six o'clock it is still dark and will be for three hours. An-

the down mail. He, too, was caught out last night above the house on account of the storm. A consultation is held, and both agree to go to Salchaket for the night. The down-mail is left on the trail, and the up-mail is taken to the house with fourteen dogs instead of seven.

That night the up-river driver's report read: U. S. Mail Carrier's Daily Report.

Date: Saturday, Nov. 16.

Carrier: Carson.

Left a. m. : 6.

Arrived p. m. : 4:30.

Distance Covered: 12 miles.

Condition of Trail: Wet and Sloppy.

Weather: Cold.

General Remarks, Weather etc.:-

Weather so cold the dogs can't bark.

Water so deep the mail is wet.

Snow that man can't walk upon.

When I get home right there I'll quit.

The Countersign.

Mr. Robly Newton awoke with a start. He sat up in bed and strained his ears to hear the call once more. Perhaps, even as Newton bounced up from his pillow he feared it was all a dream—but, like many another of us, he sought to prolong the spell. When we are rudely summoned back to the realm of consciousness, how loath we are to quit the mystic Shadow City! And once outside the walls how anxiously do we turn to catch a last glimpse of its glories or an echoing cadence of its music through the fast closing gate!

As Newton listened with every nerve alert, the first sound that reached his ears was not his little son's voice, but the mingled whirring of the "owl" car and the rattle of bleated vehicles on the pavement. Then it was that he realized he had been dreaming; and with a gesture almost maternal in its passionate tenderness he extended both arms before him in the darkness, then let them fall at his side—empty.

Ah, now he understood who Stella felt when that other small one—Miriam they called her—went away to Heaven and left them childless till Benny came. Miriam! He was almost appalled at recalling how long it had been since he had taken time to pay

her the tribute of more than a passing thought. And yet he did not doubt that Benny knew the whole story of her short life—could perhaps even tell about the time she was found toddling about the room, dragging her mother's watch over the floor by its long chain; or of her fondness for looking at herself in the mirror; and, how, one day out at grandma's, when Uncle Harry teased her, she ran crying into the hall and was so displeased with her ugly reflection in the pier-glass that she kicked at it and cracked the glass.

It occurred to Robly with shame that he had not always been so delighted when Miriam or Benny called him as he would be this night, if the boy were only near enough to make his father hear.

Then he threw himself back on his pillow and began to wonder how he and Stella could ever have drifted so far apart.

Robly Newton was not a weak man—it was always his pride that he had never "backed down." At college he had not undertaken great tasks, nor had he ever surprised himself or his friends by those little spurts of wisdom which the average student is likely to experience at least once in his career; but he

had jogged along at an easy gait, and he came out feeling that college life was not, after all, as hard as some of the fellows said it was.

He was wont, for the first few years thereafter, to recall with some amusement that remark of Slimmy Browns' at the smoker given his class by the Juniors early in commencement week:

"Fellows, next year I shall emulate the example of good old Bobly here. What's the use of going home with a bald head and sore eyes, when you might as well have money in your pockets and flesh on your bones? My dear sir, I hope you will some day appreciate how much you have done toward making me a great man." And the rest cried, "Bully for old Bobly!"

But, when at last, Newton "got on his fighting togs," and began to do actual battle in the world, he came to think with regret of the "might have beens" of his college days. Since Stella had gone back to her father's farm "to spend the summer," as the papers said (and that was only half the truth, for she was going to stay there all the summers and all the winters of her life, it might be) Robly, had spent many an hour considering these and the like irrelevant matters. But always his thoughts travelled around to Stella—not the Stella of today, but she of the oval face with raven locks falling in rich waves over an ivory brow, and velvety brown eyes veiled by long lashes. He might cease to love her, but he must always admire her; for she was quite as beautiful now as she had been on the night of the ball when he first met her.

Tonight he had dreamed of her, but it was different; for the dream was of his wife and his son. He was surprised that he could have gone over those scenes of their early love so often and crowded out the immediate past

wherein Benny played such a prominent part. But Robly knew the reason—thoughts like those always led up to their foolish quarrels, and the strained relations that had existed between him and Stella until she and the boy had finally gone to the farm. He confessed to himself now that he was a coward—he, the man who never backed down!—else why should he have dodged such memories all these months?

Well, tonight there should be a clean breast of it. He himself would be the magistrate and sit in judgment, while Stella Lancaster Newton appeared against Robly Arthur Newton in that divorce case which he had once coolly suggested. Incompatibility—that was to be the ground;—Humph!

First, then, what had their earliest trouble been about? For the life of him Robly could not remember. But he did recall how, after several misunderstandings, they began to allow themselves to take offense at trifles; until that day came when they disagreed over something of so little importance that he had entirely forgotten just what it was; but Stella's words always stuck in his memory like thorn in the flesh.

"Robly, you must never have loved me, or you couldn't talk to me as you do". And he—fool that he was!—had answered tartly:

"Perhaps you are right." and walked out of the room. If he had only been man enough to back down then!

Then they had agreed to separate; and Robly, just before leaving town for a "business trip" to Kingsbury, had sent a few exquisite roses to his wife. And when he returned Stella and the child were gone—but the roses were on the hall table after that, the odor of roses—red ones especially—affected him with about the same nausea that the fumes

of chloroform gave him after he had been through a train wreck.

Robly was not a man to analyze his motives. When he sent those flowers, he fancied that Stella would take the gift as a gentle courtesy; if he hoped she would catch a message of love or a suggestion of regret from the soft breath of the roses, he dared not, even now, admit it. No, they were sent to say, "You are beautiful. Let me still admire you and wish you wherever you go on voyage."

But there! He had almost forgotten that he was playing judge. Now what were Stella's thoughts about the roses? Because he was a man—and a selfish one—Robly had never before stopped to consider that. In his hurt and angry mood he had imagined her thrusting those delicate stems into a vase with never a tremor though the briars tore her fair hands, and with her white chin set in fine scorn. But what if she had salted the water with her tears and had kept one rose for memory's sake? What if this very hour she were thinking—

Oh, hang it all! What was the use to lie in bed, making a sniveling granny of himself, when a fellow couldn't sleep? And with that Mr. Robly Newton had the lights on and was dressing. He smiled half apologetically as he called to mind a conversation which had taken place last week between him and little, old, dried-up Collum—"automatic rattlebones," somebody called him—when Collum had told Newton his latest cure for insomnia.

"I tell you, Newton, I never found anything like it; beats all the nerve cures and dyspepsia remedies put together, and I guess I've tried 'em about all. Soon as I awake up at night, I just get right out and begin to dress for work. First few times I had to put on everything—even my hat and overcoat—but now, by the time I walk to the gas jet,

I'm that sleepy I can go back to bed and be dreaming in five minutes. Great thing, the power of the imagination over the body. Try it."

And Robly who had repeatedly told his friend that he never was troubled with wakefulness said laughingly, as he parted from Collum, "All right, old man, I'll do it!"

However, Robly had no intention of trying to make himself believe that he was going to work at two o'clock in the morning. He couldn't see the necessity of sleeping, if one didn't want to, nor of spending a quarter of an hour in dressing, for the mere sake of inducing such sleepiness that one would have to spend another quarter of an hour in undressing, and all just to get to dream—of Benny!

Dreams never come out right anyway. But supposing the boy were sick. Supposing he had called his father. Supposing Stella did want him. Supposing, even, he should go back to the farm—how would she receive him? Robly set his jaws tight for, of course, he didn't intend to go! Moreover, in that very moment, when his heart gave a great bound, there came to his mind the remembrance of the time when, just after their agreement to part he had passed his wife's room and had heard Benny crying. Robly had walked to the end of the hall and back again and when he could bear it no longer he knocked at Stella's door. If he should go to her now, would she meet him with such blazing eyes and such a pitifully trembling chin? And would he stand before her like an awkward schoolboy, and stammer, as he did then, "Is our—that is—is Benny sick? I—if he is—I should like to be of service to you." And would Stella, with her hand on her heart answer him, in a voice that she hardly dared trust above a whisper, "Benny is tired,

but quite well, thank you. I am sorry his crying annoys you."

Sometimes Robly allowed himself a season of self pity when he recalled that scene, but tonight he was beginning to see the selfish, stubborn, bitter man who had stood on the other side of the threshold when Stella opened the door. For he had been too proud to let her see the yearning in his eyes, and his voice was anything but tender.

He was sitting with his elbows on his writing table and his head in his hands. It was somewhere between night and morning. If any noise reached him, it was only the far-off rise and fall of sounds—the troubled respiration of a sleeping city—which served as a dreamy accompaniment to his own breathing. It seemed to him that all the mistakes of his life came filing into that room to witness against him. They crowded about him until he felt he should snother unless he got away from them, out into the air.

But alas, the city air is always stale—no matter whether hot or cold or wet or dry—it is always stale and sickening. And no breeze, however balmy, ever wafts the perfume from a honey suckle through your chamber window, and, though you search all day, you can never find a big white house, wide-verandahed, sitting on a knoll just far enough from the dusty road to permit one to exchange a nod and a smile with the friendly passer-by. Nor will you ever find a gravel path, bordered by apple trees all full of reddening fruit, leading up to the old house.

Robly pushed back his chair and looked about his room in disgust.

"By Heaven, I can't stay here any longer, and that boy wants me!" Catching up his hat and coat, he ran down stairs and, opening the door saw, with surprise, that it was broad day light. He reproached himself for having wasted so many preci-

ous minutes, which might have been carrying him to the farm. Such a panic of haste took possession of him that he was afraid to wait for a car or a carriage. And as he hurried along, whom should he meet but old Collum?

"Why, hello, Newton! Out for a constitutional too?"

"No, going out to the farm to see my wife and boy!" And Collum, the ever obliging, turned about and caught step with Robly.

"Good boy! Give Mrs. Newton my regards and tell her she has the handsomest son in the state. Not going to walk out are you, Newton? Must be thirty miles."

"Why—no—fact is, here's my car now!" and Robly gazed about him so dreamily that Collum laughed.

"Better stay sober after this, Robly—she's worth it!" But Newton was gone.

He reached the station just in time to get the early train to Ferndale. All the way he stared through the car window, seeing only a pair of brown eyes, with lids swollen from weeping; but tears could not dim the love-light in them. And another pair he saw—blue like his own, but almost hidden in a wilderness of yellow curls. Robly wondered whether he would see that poor little face, long and hollow-cheeked which he had seen last night in his dream and which he now peered at through the window, when he came to the big house on the hill; and the fear that his boy might have changed to this shadowy thing made Robly groan.

Finally—the train must have crossed the continent, it took so long to make the run—finally he found himself on the platform at Ferndale. It was only two miles to the big house; how he thanked Heaven that he could walk! He took a childish delight in passing loaded wagons

and racing with the lighter vehicles which were on the road at that early hour. Then suddenly, as he was striding on to catch a boy on a horse, he stopped—for he had reached the gate. And as he leaned against it and gazed at the house, such a weakness came over him that he feared he might fall before he got inside the yard. Why now, as he pushed it open and started up the gravel path, he felt just as he used to feel when he came courting Stella! But if she should meet him with one of those teasing smiles she often wore when she was a girl—he

knew he could never bear that.

Robly Newton will never know whether he rang the door bell or how long he waited; for as he stood there he began to tremble and, as well as he could, he prayed. Then quickly the door swung open and he had a vision of glorious back hair piled high on a shapely head, with sad brown eyes looking into his very soul. He opened his arms to embrace her, and the sweetest voice in all the world said, "Oh Bobly, Bobly dear! I knew you would come. Our baby was sick yesterday, and all night long he called 'Daddy, Daddy, Daddy!'"

Rev. I. F. Roach Addresses the Students.

The presence of the regents at the University made it possible to secure the Rev. Mr. Roach, president of the board, as assembly speaker last Wednesday. His theme was the old standby, "Opportunities," but the way in which it was treated made it seem new. He urged the students to "buy up their opportunities," especially in society and in politics. "Breaking into society," he said was a highly inadvisable procedure, since one is likely to break into the wrong set, and find escape difficult. True culture and true right to social standing consist in something nobler than wealth or family lineage. Family connections are often the solitary boast of those who possess them. In

politics the buying up of opportunities applies with equal force. Women as well as men have the duty in Idaho of standing for civic righteousness. Party connections should be only on condition—that good men and right principles are held to by the respective parties.

After he had taken his seat the speaker expressed a wish to hear the 'Varsity yell, and he was answered with the hearty rendering of all the yells, under Goble's leadership.

The quartette, composed of Professors Morley and Eldridge, Walker Young and C. O. Oakes, sang a song and was heartily encored. The encore, which was one of the treats of the hour, was called "Spreading a Rumor."

Electrical Association.

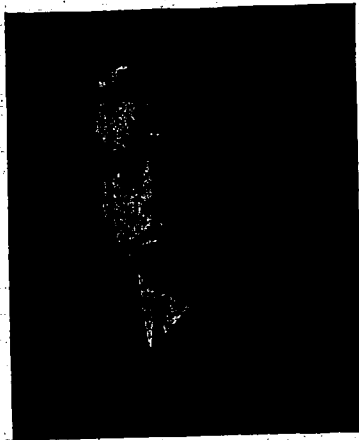
The regular meeting of the Electrical Association was held at the Mining Building on the afternoon of December 13. Two instructive and interesting papers were read.

J. D. Matthews read a paper

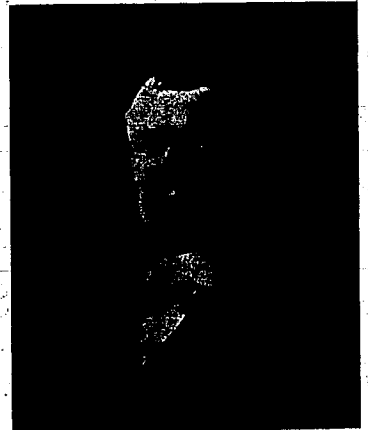
on the replacement of single currents by the single alternating current as a power for propelling electric interurban railways. G. L. Larson's paper was on the Cooper-Hewitt mercuric vapor rectifier.



ORLANDO DARWIN

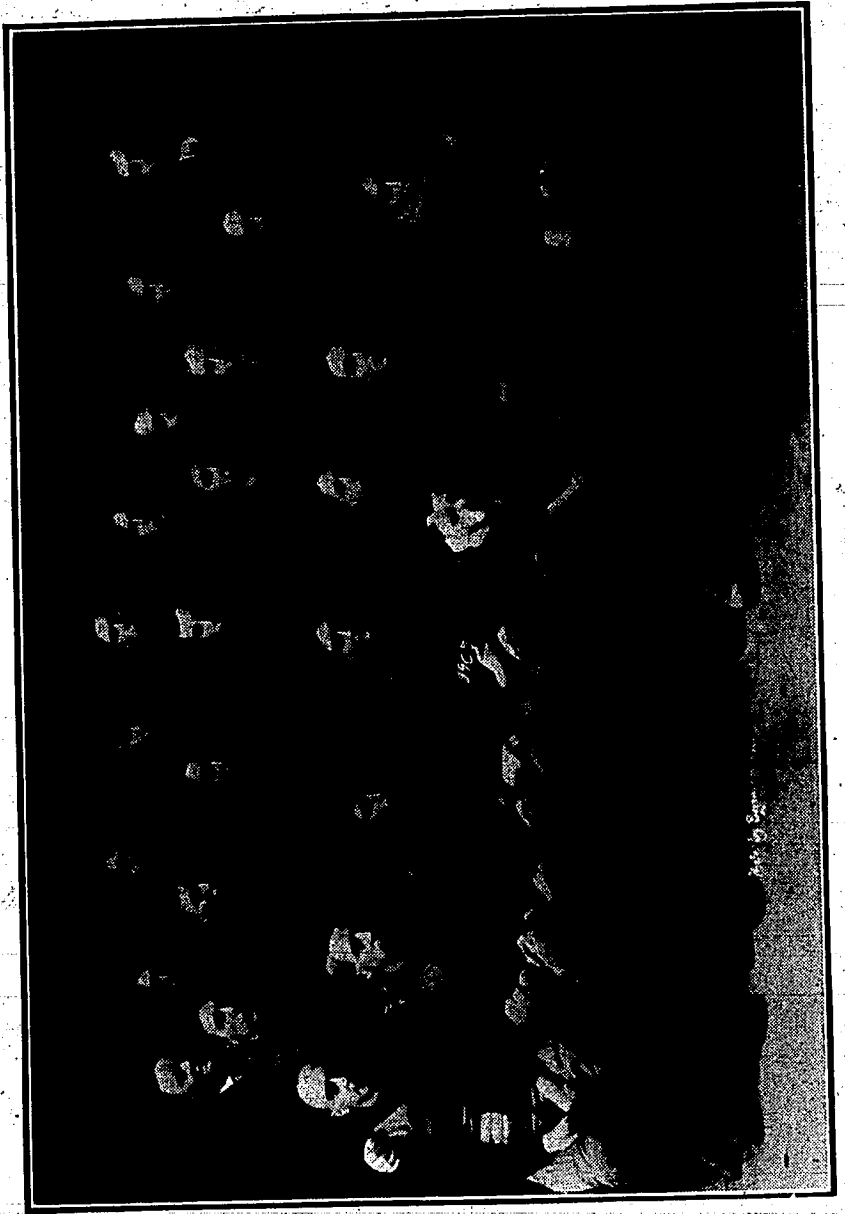


J. W. GALLOWAY

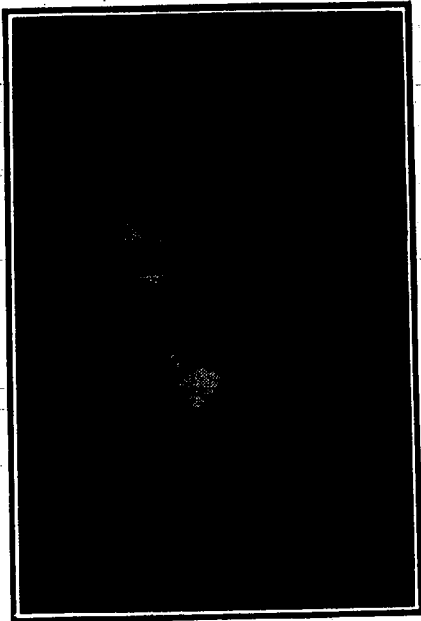


C. A. MONTANDON

MONTANA DEBATE TEAM



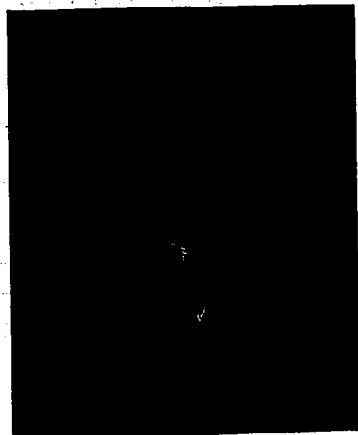
IDAHO'S FOOTBALL SQUAD



W. E. ROBERTSON '07

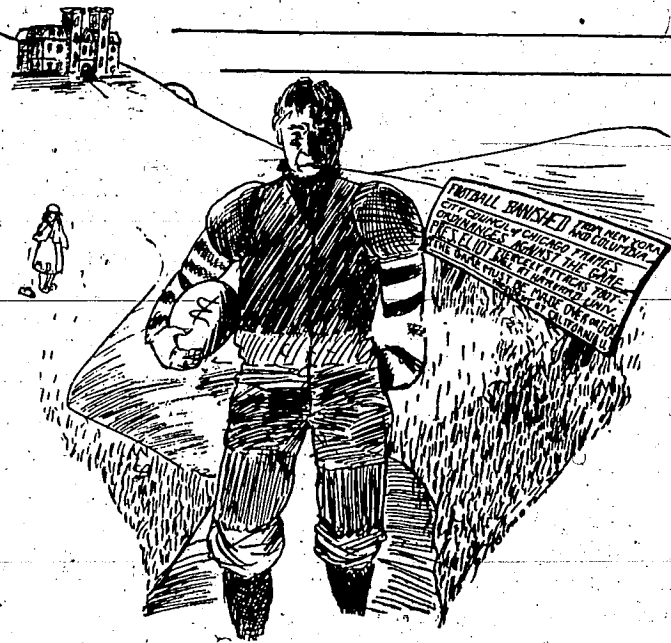


MARGARET E. LAUDER '06



V. E. PRICE '06

KAUFMANN SCHOLARSHIP RECIPIENTS



The Voice of the Powers That Be—"REFORM OR GO!"

THE UNIVERSITY ARGONAUT

Published every week by the students of the University of Idaho.

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RATES—One Dollar per Year.

Entered in the postoffice, Moscow, Idaho, as second class mail matter.

A merry Christmas, a happy New Year to all.

All innovations are accompanied with difficulties. Publishing a holiday number of the Argonaut is an innovation which has not been an exception as far as difficulties are concerned.

It was intended that the holiday number should partake more of the nature of a literary number than the regular issues. In the endeavors to present such a number the staff has been greatly assisted by members of the student body and faculty. This assistance has lessened the difficulties, but there are many that were not overcome.

An honest effort, however, has been put forth. It is hoped that the results of this effort will arouse in others such a desire to see greater success in literary numbers of the Argonaut that greater assistance will be received in future endeavors of this character.

To those who so generously lent assistance to this issue, the staff expresses its sincerest appreciation of services.

Perhaps no expression of philanthropy is deserving of higher praise than philanthropic assistance in educational pursuits. Young men and women throughout the country are striving to gain educations. This they do for two reasons, first, that they

may better themselves, and second, that they may benefit society. Any of the many assistances which they receive in their endeavors is praiseworthy.

In this list of philanthropies are the Kaufmann Scholarships which are offered annually to the students of the University. For eight years these scholarships have been given. Twenty-four students, by them, have been assisted in completing their collegiate course at the University.

The debate season of 1905-6 has opened with a victory for Idaho. This victory was over a new rival who has proved her merit in debates with other institutions. To make the record of the year a continuance of the work that has been started should be the aim of every student in the University.

Much of the credit for Idaho's success in debate is due to the untiring zeal and energy of Professor E. M. Hulme.

The offenders in the Jelick affair have been punished by the Discipline Committee. The penalties given will insure immunity from disturbances of that kind in the future. No one will wish to lose a half year's work or forfeit his social privileges for a midnight prank.

The stories published in this issue of the Argonaut were written for the Short Story Contest, which was instituted by the English Department. For the privilege of printing these stories the Argonaut is indebted to the English Department and the several contestants.

Those contestants whose stories have been published are G. O. Trumbull, whose story is "Old Bullet-Proof;" Georgiana Gilbert, whose story is "His Photograph Friend;" Arthur Thomas, whose story is "Our Northern Mail;" and Margaret E. Lauder, whose story is "The Countersign."

MONTANA DEFEATED.

Logical Arguments and Lucid Presentation Win Debate.

Last Friday evening, at Missoula, Idaho's debating team won from the team representing Montana. Montana's team was composed of Francis Nucholls, John D. Jones and Lawrence E. Goodburn; the debaters for Idaho were Orland R. Darwin, James W. Galloway and Charles A. Montandon. The question debated was "Resolved, That the federal government should adopt a general income tax."

The negative won because of its logical arrangement of argument and the clear and emphatic manner of presentation. The affirmative debaters did excellent work in refutation. Their case however was not well outlined, nor was their delivery equal to that of the Idaho team.

Montana had a strong team. They fought every argument of the negative to the end. Only such excellent work as was done by Idaho's team could win against the argument put up by the affirmative.

Francis Nucholls made the opening address for the affirmative. She spoke in a concise manner and held the attention of the audience. She outlined the case of the affirmative. Miss Nucholls is a fluent speaker and her argument was well received.

Darwin, though a new man, acquitted himself as a veteran debater. He has a polish and clearness of delivery and presents an appearance which adds greatly to the presentation of arguments. His reputation as a debater is already established, and he gives promise of being a

tower of strength in debate circles.

Jones attacked the arguments of the preceding speaker in a decided manner. He put a formidable argument and received the applause of the audience frequently. He is a fast talker and presents many points during a discussion.

Galloway did excellent work in refuting the opponents' arguments and in his clear and emphatic manner assailed the affirmative position and advanced the case of the negative.

Goodbourn was a clever speaker and contradicted many of the contentions of the negative.

Montandon with much vigor demolished the every contention of the affirmative and completed argument for the negative that could not be overcome by the opponents.

The decision of the judges, who were H. P. Knight, Wallace; Thomas C. Marshall, Missoula, and Carroll P. Dollman, Butte, was unanimous for the negative.

The program of the evening included musical selections.

The team speaks in highest praise of the pleasant trip and the welcome and courtesy shown the team and coach. From the comment by the team, the Montanans appear to be most royal entertainers. Professor Hulme accompanied the team.

The Daily Missoulian says: "The decision of the judges met with the entire approval of the audience."

BASKET BALL GAME.

Idaho Wins First Game of the Season—Score 42 to 9

The first game of basket ball which Idaho has played with another institution was played at the Gym last Friday evening. In two twenty minute halves the Lewiston High School went down to defeat by a score of 42 to 9.

This was the first time that Idaho's players were under fire. So good was this showing of the team that nearly all the substitutes were given an opportunity to display their ability in action. Idaho tried out ten men. Lewiston High School did not put in a substitute.

The game throughout was fast, and good playing was a characteristic. Team work, though not so good as the individual playing, showed development. Both teams played good basket ball. For the visitors Sempert, C. Smith and Fenn did the best work. Wyman, Robertson, Small and Horn were Idaho's most con-

sistent players.

In the first half Idaho made 25 points to the visitors 1. In the second the scoring was 17 to 8. Wyman made 12 field goals, Robertson 4 and 2 foul goals and Small 4. The High School scoring was made by 3 field goals and 3 foul goals.

The line up:

L. H. S.

C. Smith, Cap., guard
Fenn, guard
F. Smith, forward
Philips, guard
Sempert, Center
P. Smith, sub.

Idaho.

Horn, Galloway, Noble, guard
Small, Simpson, guard
Robertson, forward
Wyman, Matthews, forward
Smith, Wyman, Dunton, center
Officials—Donaldson and Griffith.

Regents Reject Building Bids and Ratify Appointments.

The board of regents of the University of Idaho Wednesday opened the bids for the construction of the new assay building, but because the bids exceeded the architect's estimates all were rejected. Eight bids were received for the whole or a part of the work.

Architect Black was instructed to revise the plans for the building in a few particulars, but which revision will not alter the general ground plan, and to call for new bids immediately.

The board ratified all appointments made on the faculty since the last meeting, nine in number. Improvements and additions to the equipment made since June,

1905, were inspected and approved. These improvements include a men's lavatory in the main building, chemistry laboratory, equipments and lockers for the gymnasium, drawing room in the main building, shower baths in the gymnasium and lecture room in the main building.

Small budgets were voted to several departments, and an appropriation was voted for recataloging the library.

Those present were Rev. I. F. Roach, of Boise, president of the board; Mrs. W. H. Ridenbaugh, of Boise; and E. S. Sweet, of Grangeville.

Debate Council Transacts Business.

At its meeting on December 13, the Debate Council decided to elect a member to fill the vacancy caused by the failure of Clement S. Hanna, of Grangeville, to return to school. The balloting was close but resulted in the election of Roy Barto, by a majority of one vote over T. E. Smith. J. H. Frazier and Wm. Schultz were also in the race. Mr. Barto, the successful candidate, has taken considerable interest in debate, represented the Preparatory Department against Walla Walla High School and debated once for the Amphictyons in an inter society contest.

The secretary presented letters from Whitman and Utah regarding the annual debates with those institutions. Whitman had refused to accede to Idaho's request that we be allowed to submit the question. Because Idaho will have six inter-collegiate

teams to put out if she debates Whitman, and must therefore economize energy in every way possible, the Council decided to write the Whitman manager that its request must be granted if the Whitman-Idaho debate is to be held this year. This may seem, on first thought, a wrong position to take, but conditions which could not be avoided compelled the Council to take this action, and they do not, therefore, feel that their attitude is to be condemned.

In accordance with a suggestion from Utah's manager, the last Friday in April was fixed as the date for the Utah-Idaho debate.

The triangular league contract has been duly signed by representatives of all three parties thereto, and all arrangements for the triangular contests are moving along smoothly.

Faculty Punishes Offenders.

The discipline committee, consisting of Professors W. S. Morley, M. F. Reed and U. R. Fountain, has meted out punishment to the participants in the Jellick affair.

The following is the punishment inflicted upon the various persons:

Albert M. McPherson is suspended from the university for the remainder of the semester. O. R. Burley, J. F. Carson, R. W. Clay, C. P. Foreman, B. M. George, J. D. Matthews, M. F. Morrow, B. D. Mudgett, F. P. Roulland and D. S. Whitehead, all of the sophomore class, lose their credits for the semester.

The entire freshman class at the university forfeits its social class privileges for the remainder of the semester.

The members of the various

classes, and especially all the sophomores who took part in the Jellick affair, have appeared before the committee and given what information they could, so that the report of the committee is made after a confession of each student.

McPherson is dealt with more severely than the others because of special prominence in the affair. The present semester ends February 5, and till that time he must not don his uniform nor must he appear at the school.

The average number of credits in this semester's work which is lost by the eleven sophomores ranges from 16 to 20. This means a loss of a half-year's work or about one-eighth of the credits leading to a degree.

Christian Associations.

Correspondence is going on at present looking toward the successful arrangement for a Bible Study Institute to be held at the University in the first part of January. Delegates from Whitman College and Washington State College will be present and take part in the programs. The University Y. M. C. A. is attempting to secure the attendance of two or three secretaries from the Portland Association who will have a prominent part in the Institute. The meetings will cover two days, Saturday and Sunday.

The Dixie Jubilee Singers, a company giving guarantees of a strictly high-class entertainment, has been engaged for early in January. They come only on condition that a heavy guarantee be made them. It is to be hoped that the student body will appreciate the demands of the situation and attend the entertainment in force.

The meetings of the Association on Sunday continue to be very interesting to those who attend and they deserve more attention than the average student gives them.

Kaufmann Scholarship.

At assembly last week announcement was made of the awarding of the Kaufmann scholarships for 1905-6. Upon the recommendation of the special committee consisting of Professors Eldridge, Morley and Moore. The scholarships were this year awarded to Victor E. Price, '06, Margaret E. Lauer, '06 and William E. Robertson, '07.

These scholarships are offered annually by Mr. and Mrs. William Kaufmann, of San Francisco. They aggregate two hundred fifty dollars which sum is

divided into three scholarships of equal value to be awarded to students of high scholarship and approved conduct. The purpose of the scholarship is to assist the students in obtaining a liberal education. The scholastic records of the three students who were this year awarded the scholarships are as follows: Victor E. Price, '06, through 2 years, 23 A's and 1 B; Margaret E. Lauer, '06, through 3 years, 18 A's and 10 B's; William E. Robertson, '07, through 2 years, 16 A's and 4 B's.

The Short Story Contest.

Some eight or nine weeks ago the English Department offered a prize of five dollars to the writer of the best short story submitted in a contest to close November 29. The number of stories entered was gratifyingly large, and the almost equal excellence of four or five made final ranking on the part of the judges difficult.

On account of its literary skill, its superior diction, and its power of suggestion, the prize was awarded to "Old Bullet Proof," by O. O. Trumbull of the Sopho-

more class.

For freshness of plot, its natural and lively tone, the story called "His Photograph Friend," by Miss Georgianna Gilbert of the Junior class, was ranked second.

Other stories deserving of special mention are "The Countersign," by Miss Margaret Lauer; "One New Year's Eve," by Alex McPherson; "Our Northern Mail," by Arthur Thomas, and "The Desert Death," by M. A. Yothers.—Agatha J. Sonna.

"In a Smoking Car."

The first of a series of entertainments to be given by the English Club, was presented before a large audience in the Auditorium, Friday evening, after the basket ball game. This was a farce entitled "In the Smoking Car," by W. D. Howells.

The incidents presented are typical of the laughable scenes that frequently occur in railroad travel. A young mother in the excitement of an inexperienced traveler had forgotten her baggage, and while she went to check it she left her baby with a gentleman in the smoking car. The continued absence of the mother caused the gentleman and his friends to suspect that he had become the possessor of an unwelcome adopted child. The friend took the baby to the matron at the station, expecting to leave it, but remonstrance from the wives of the two gentlemen caused him to bring it back. He just re-

turned when the mother, contrary to suspicions, appeared to reclaim her child.

The cast of characters was: Young mother, Zoia Clark; Roberts, Ludwig Gerlough; Campbell, Walter Balderston; Mrs. Roberts, Ellen Anderson; Mrs. Campbell, Maud McKinlay; the porter, Leigh Savidge; brakeman, Bert George.

Considering that only a week was occupied in preparation the work was good. Some very good scenery was procured for the occasion.

This effort shows the possibilities after further training along this line. The series of entertainments gives promise of benefit and enjoyment to the student body. Already more interest than was anticipated is manifest. Before the close of the year the club hopes to present a play composed by local talent.

Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. Meeting.

A joint meeting of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. was held at the Rest Room last Sunday afternoon. A large crowd gathered to listen to the program. The topic for discussion was Christmas. Carrie Thompson, president of the Y. W. C. A. presided.

The program was well rendered. Christmas in its various phases and aspects was discussed. Interspersed were musical selections. The following program

was rendered: Song 51; prayer, Professor Morley; song 55; Christmas as a Feast Day, Peebler; Y. M. C. A. quartet; Santa Claus, Jessie Fritz; duet, Thomas Fox, Lucy Case; Christmas in Other Lands; Goble; Christmas of Today, Cora Spedden; Y. M. C. A. quartet; True Significance of Christmas, Carrie Thompson; Biblical Account, Montandon; song 53; Benediction.

Deutsche Gesellschaft.

Die Deutsche Gesellschaft hielt am Abend des 18. Dez. ihre regelmaessige Zwei-Woechentliche Versammlung. Fraeulein Forney fuehrte zu dieser Gelegenheit die Versammlung. Das Thema ihrer Schrift war betreffend der "Wartburg." Fraeulein

Forney ist aeusserst gluecklich die Wartburg diesen Sommer selber besucht zu haben und deswegen war ihre Schilderung des alten Gebaeudes sehr interessant. Der Zeitpunkt ihrer Entstehung reicht auf das Jahr 1067 zurueck. Der Name kam

auf einer eigenthuemlicher Weise auf. Ludwig der Springer der den Berg auf einem seiner Jagd-Ausfluegen entdeckt hatte und bei der herrlichen Aussicht sehr geruehrt worden war, soll dass folgende gesagt haben: "Wart' Berg du sollst mir eine Burg werden". Von diesem Ausspruch soll der Name "Wartburg" seinen Ursprung haben.

Die Beschreibung des Inneren des Burges wahr auf jeder Weise sehr vollstaendig. Sie beschrieb den Ruestsaal, die eine Sammlung von Waffen und Ruestungen aus alten Zeiten enthielt. In der zweiten Etage befindet sich die Lutherstube worin Dr. Martin Luther, waehrend seines

Aufenthalts auf der Wartburg, die Bibel uebersetzt hat.

Sie beschrieb auch die Elizabethengallerie die sich in das Wartesaal des Landgrafenhaus befindet. Von der Elizabethengallerie geht es in die Kapelle, welche erst im Jahre 1319 gebaut worden war.

Der dritte Stockwerk des Burges enhaelt das grosse Fest oder Bankettsaal, welche eine Laenge von 40 Metern hat.

Nach der Rede wurden "Deutschland, Deutschland ueber alles," "Die Lorelei," "Treue Liebe" und "Wenn die Schwalben heimwaerts ziehn" auf echter deutscher Weise gesungen.

Prof. E. M. Hulme is visiting at the Montana Insane Asylum.

The Married Men's Club has given Foxy a marriage license

Individual pictures of the football team will be put in the annual.

Babe assisted in winning the debate, but won a girl without assistance.

Merrill Yothers has been kept to his room during the past week by rheumatism.

Otis Ross did not attend classes on Thursday and Friday on account of illness.

Merrill Yothers has been laid up since Thanksgiving with inflammatory rheumatism.

Professor Janes will spend part of the vacation in the Coeur d'Alenes combining a business with a pleasure trip.

Larson, Wickstrom, Sheridan, Carson and Wethered left Friday for the Coeur d'Alenes where they will spend the Christmas vacation.

John Miller, '05, spent a part of the past week in the city. John has a fine position with the Washington, Montana and Idaho railroad and is at present working at the new town of Potlatch.

R. W. Overman, '04, spent Saturday and Sunday visiting with friends in Moscow.

The Alpha Delta Pi Sorority had a Christmas party at their rooms last Saturday afternoon.

Adkison says he has his girl engaged for all the coming attractions for the next three years.

Culver has repaired the miniature mill at the mining building and put it into shape for operation.

Several of the students are planning to attend the athletic ball at the W. S. C., Thursday evening.

Roy Wethered, alias "Mose," who has been employed at the Dewey mine at Roosevelt, was a visitor at the University last week.

All of the students who live in Boise were entertained by Professor and Mrs. Henderson at their home on Lily St. last Saturday evening.

The bids for the metallurgical Laboratory have all been rejected on account of all being above the architect's estimate. New and improved plans will be drafted and new bids called for immediately.

The Eta Phi Mu local fraternity at the University of Montana gave the Idaho debaters an enjoyable banquet after the debate at Missoula.

The Annual staff got busy last week and as a result most organizations have had their pictures taken. Everything is progressing nicely now.

Montandon barely restrained Galloway and Darwin from joining a dramatic company, while on their return trip. Girls were the principal attraction.

The Missoula girls' query was: "What difference is there between a Missoula girl and an Idaho debater?" Any of the team can now answer the query.

The faculty have recently specified certain kinds of paper to be used in examinations. Heretofore the students were free to suit themselves as to what to use.

Prof. E. M. Hulme went on from Missoula, where he went with the U. of M. debating team, to Deer Lodge to visit his former Stanford room mate who is a physician at the insane asylum at that place.

There are many contradictory reports respecting a certain G. A. R. Cannon. One day it is said that the University has received the cannon as a donation; the next it is reported that the donation is without authority. Who owns the cannon and will it come into the possession of the University.

The annual meeting of the Idaho State Teacher's Association will be held in the High School Building, at Boise, December 27, 28, and 29. Among those who are to deliver addresses are four from the University. The following are the topics and lectures: English of Teachers, Miss A. J. Sonna; Co-Education, Prof. M. F. Reed; Education and Life, Pres. J. A. MacLean; The Value of the Study of Literature, Prof. E. M. Hulme.

Will E. Wallace

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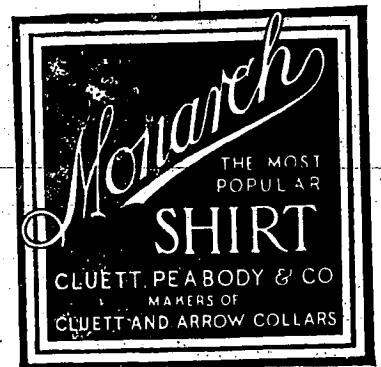
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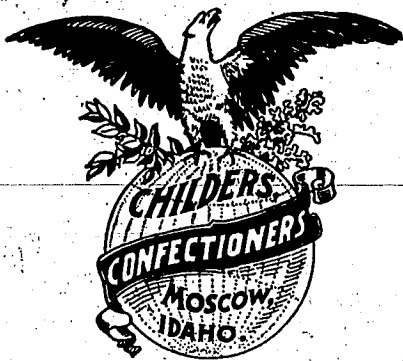
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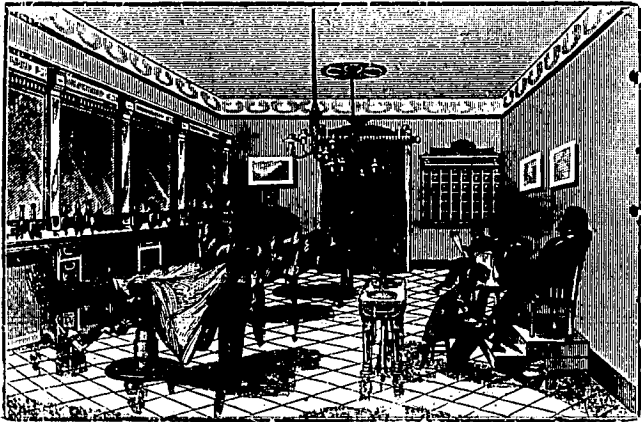
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