

Belle Street

THE UNIVERSITY ARGONAUT

VOLUME X

UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO, MOSCOW, DECEMBER 10, 1907

Price 5 Cents

FRESHMEN QUINTET WINS

Defeats Sophomore Team in an Exciting Contest

**Score Stands Tie at the End of the Second Half-Final
Score 17-15**

In a fast and sensational game in which they were outclassed until the last few minutes of play the 1911 defenders won from the second year quintet Friday afternoon.

The game was bitterly contested from whistle to whistle, but early in the first half the sophomores got a lead which they kept until near the close of the game. The score at the end of the first half was 10 to 8 in favor of the Sophomores and when time was called the score was tied 15-15. According to the rules the first two points wins the game in case of a tie.

The game was played in earnest for a few minutes, Case and Edmundson for the '10s and Sempert for the Freshmen making some hair splitting throws. But Perkins over anxious to rush the ball in safe territory, allowed "Dutch" Sempert a free throw which decided game. The game was probably the fastest interclass contest ever witnessed in the gym, and showed up some promising candidates for the Varsity squad.

Lineup:

Freshmen		Sophomores
Sempert	F	Case
Stricklin	F	H. Smith
Montgomery	C	C. Edmundson
Almond	G	Perkins
Pierce	G	W Edmundson

Goals from field: Sempert 6, Case 2, Clarence Edmundson 3, Stricklin 1, Perkins 1. From fouls: Freshmen 3, Sophomore 3.

Referee, Simpson.

Timers, Jessup and Appelman.

Basketball Schedule To Date

Dec. 20, Lewiston High at Lewiston
Jan. 10, Fort Wright at Spokane.
Jan. 17, W. S. C. at Pullman.
Jan. 24, W. S. C. at Moscow.
Jan. 31, Whitman at Moscow.

Hear Driver

The second number of the lecture course under the auspices of the M. E. Church, will be given in the church next Monday evening December 9, when Dr. John Merritte Driver, pastor of the People's Church of Chicago, will appear. The subject for Dr. Driver's lecture is "The Anglo-Saxon and the Future Rulership of the World." Dr. Driver is pronounced by the press reports as "a pleasing talker, who handles a great subject in a masterly style." He is a man blessed with an intellectual mind, a good voice and a magnetic stage presence. At every place he has spoken he has been greeted by large audiences and comes to Moscow recommended as one of the finest orators in the middle West. No student should fail to hear Dr. Driver on the great question of the Anglo-Saxon and his influence on the ruling powers. Remember the date: Monday Dec. 9. Single admission, 50 and 75 cents.

Kappa Sigma entertained Rev. Summerfield of Lewiston and Judge Huneke of Spokane, at dinner Friday evening.

Idaho Wins From State College

Secure an Unanimous Decision in Debate Over Star Trio From Across the Line.

Jones the Star of the Evening. Price Puts Up Best Argument for Visitors.

The University debate team, which consisted of Messrs. Jewett D. Matthews, Willard Gwin and Robert O. Jones, is to be heartily congratulated for winning an unanimous decision in an exceptionally interesting debate with the representatives of the Washington State College. In forcibly presenting a remarkably well-knit argument, in promptly and skillfully attacking the case of their opponents, and in effective delivery, Idaho was convincingly superior.

The question debated was, "Resolved, that the Senate of the United States should adopt a closure rule." It was submitted by Idaho, and the State College chose to uphold the affirmative. It proved to be one of the most interesting questions ever debated here. There was not a dull moment in the entire discussion, and, best of all, the two sides met fairly and squarely. It was a "head-on" collision.



Prof. E. M. Hulme
Idaho's successful debate coach.

The Washington State College was represented by Mr. Ronald Chapman, Mr. A. E. Price and Miss Elizabeth Prior, all of whom are members of the junior class. All except Miss Prior are experienced debaters. Mr. Chapman debated last spring against the University of Montana and helped to bring victory to his alma mater; and Mr. Price was the leader of the team that trailed the banner of the Oregon Agricultural College in the dust last spring.

The Idaho team was not without experience. Mr. Matthews has debated twice against the University of Washington; Mr. Gwin has twice represented the Lewiston Normal School in de-

bates with Cheney Normal School; and last year Mr. Jones led the Idaho team to victory in a memorable contest with the University of Washington at Seattle.

The judges of the debate were Judge William Huneke, of the Superior Court at Spokane; Hon. J. H. McClear, attorney-at-law, Coeur d'Alene; and Rev. I. J. W. Sommerville, of Lewiston. The presiding officer was Mr. George Fields, editor of the Idaho Post.

Mr. Chapman opened the debate. He devoted his time to showing the necessity for a closure in the Senate. He spoke with ease and finish and with no small degree of persuasion.

Mr. Matthews followed with an effective speech for the negative. He succeeded in meeting a trying situation effectively. He spoke with earnestness and with telling emphasis.

Mr. Price soon made it evident to the audience that he is a real debater, for he not only carried the constructive ease of the affirmative forward but gave intelligent consideration to the preceding negative speech.

The second negative speaker was Mr. Gwin. After disposing of some of the more important contentions that had just been advanced he proceeded to unfold the negative case. He spoke with vigor; and his argument was one of considerable ingenuity.

Miss Prior touched upon a number of points brought forward by the negative and then brought to an end the affirmative case. She spoke with a quiet and thoughtful earnestness that was exceedingly effective. Although lacking the vigor of her colleagues and her opponents she succeeded in making it evident that she had studied the question carefully.

The star of the evening was Mr. Robert O. Jones, who, although he went upon the platform in a crippled condition, having undergone two surgical operations in the last ten days, and having been absent from most of the preparatory work for the debate in the last two weeks, proved himself to be one of Idaho's best debaters, worthy to rank with his brother, Thomas Jones, Victor Price, Guy Hollman, R. W. Overman, W. E. Lee and others who have helped to win for Idaho such a brilliant record in debate. For intelligence of emphasis and persuasive earnestness his delivery has seldom been equalled upon the forensic platform in the Pacific Northwest, and his work in rebuttal was quick, incisive and telling. It is much to be regretted that he will be unable to take part in the debates against Oregon and Washington next March. He is the fifth man to win the Ridenbaugh Debate Prize, and our friend and former regent, Mrs. Mary E. Ridenbaugh, will be glad to hear of his success.

Mr. Price brought the debate to an end with a rebuttal speech of seven minutes duration. Not a minute of the time was lost, but so great was the impression created by his predecessor that he was unable to turn the debate in favor of his side.

So clean cut and decisive was the victory that no time was required by the Judges for deliberation. Within one minute after the close of the debate the chairman was able to read the three ballots and to announce that the decision was unanimously in favor of Idaho. Thus ended the fourth annual debate between the two institutions. It was the second consecutive unanimous victory for Idaho over the State College. The following statistics show the results of the four debates;

Date	Victor	Vote
January 1903	Idaho	2 to 1
December 1903	W. S. C.	2 to 1
December 1904	Idaho	3 to 0
December 1907	Idaho	3 to 0

Of the twelve judges three voted for Washington State College and nine voted for Idaho. Yet it must not be thought that the State College is not a worthy opponent in debate. All the debates except the first one have been well fought.

The State College has proved herself a powerful rival in debate, one whose ability it would never do to underestimate. Indeed, there are some of us who think that she is the most formidable of all our opponents. In the last issue of the Evergreen the following statement is made: "We have beaten Idaho before but we have never sent a stronger team against them than the three stars that represent us next Friday evening." Surely it is all the more gratifying to win so pronounced a victory over such a team.

We wish the State College success in all her other debates this year. And we are glad that we have resumed debate relations with her after a suspension of two years.

Associated Miners

The mining students have perfected their organization and the "Associated Miners" is now one of the most interesting and active associations of the college.

The organization consists of honorary, active and associate members. The honorary members consist of alumni or prominent men upon whom membership is conferred by the association. Active members consist of the junior and senior mining students. They are responsible for the program, and the talks are furnished either by the members themselves or some outsider of experience. All students registered in the freshman and sophomore classes of the department are eligible to associate membership.

The association meets on Thursdays at one o'clock, twice each month. Last Thursday the program consisted of a talk on "Cyaniding at Kendall, Montana," by T. E. Hunter, '08. This was followed by a review of the mining periodicals by R. W. Claye, '08. All students of the university are cordially invited to attend these meetings.

The holiday issue of the Argonaut will be a good thing to put in the hands of all high school students who are contemplating going to college next year. Extra copies must be ordered soon.

THE UNIVERSITY ARGONAUT

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Guy Holman, '08 Editor-in-Chief
R. O. Jones, '09 Associate Editor
C. R. Burley, '08 Business Manager
G. G. Fawcett, '09 Ass't. Bus. Mgr.
T. E. Hunter, '08; B. D. Mudgett, '08;
Orah Howard, '09; Frank P. Stewart, '10; Jas. Gwinn, '11

Entered at the postoffice at Moscow, Idaho, as Second class Mail Matter.

GLEE CLUB

One of the first questions asked by a prospective student is "have you a glee club?" When this question is asked of an Idaho student he is forced to say no.

The glee club is the most needed activity at the University of Idaho at present. Clubs galore have been organized this year, yet there has been no step taken toward organizing a glee club. Scientific associations have sprung into prominence, dead language societies have been created, the engineers have organized to broaden their education, yet no one has yet attempted to secure the organization of a glee club, the most important of all.

The glee club, next to the college band can afford more real pleasure than any organization of students. The club could lead in singing college songs, and its presence at assembly would do much to alleviate the monotony of some of those meetings. The glee club and the college band do more to bring the student body together than any other power. They make the student meetings cheery, and there is not a student who will not point with pride to a good band or glee club. It is as essential as a good football team, or a winning debate team.

With the arrival of Lieutenant Smith the band will be re-organized and an efficient leader secured. The college band in former years has been a creditable organization and has caused favorable comment on each appearance. It should be better this year than ever before. An exceptionally large number of students play instruments, and are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the new military instructor.

And now comes an opportunity to secure a glee club. Professor Soulen has volunteered to organize and direct a bunch of sweet singers if the students will show interest. Professor Soulen has had considerable experience directing choruses and his offer comes opportunely. It is hoped that the students will seize the opportunity and immediately accept his services. With a glee club, a mandolin club and a good band we would be pretty well provided with musical organizations. Will some one start the ball rolling? To bring the matter to a focus the Argonaut would suggest that the executive committee take the matter in charge.

Since the Freshman and Sophomore classes are bubbling over with rivalry it might be well for them to think seriously of an interclass debate. One debate has been held, that in 1904, when the '08s conquered the '07s on the rostrum. Since that time there has been no debate between the two lower classes and it is hoped that they will take the matter under consideration and arrange for such a contest.

A debate between the lower classes would have several desirable results. In the first place it would afford a safe, sane method to show class rivalry. Then it would afford the upper classmen excellent training by coaching. The debate coach would propose to

have the senior intercollegiate debaters coach one team and the Juniors the other. It would bring out new material and give men training who have ability undeveloped in these lines.

Holman graduates this year, while Jones and Matthews go out next year. There will be only two intercollegiate debaters left in college, upon whom we must depend to win our forensic contests. We must, therefore, be awake to the fact that unless we give debate some stimulus we will soon have to give up our rank as leader of debate in the Northwest. Finally, a clash of this kind upon the triangular question would be intensely interesting and instructive to the college at large.

A little old fashioned attention to studies now will obviate the necessity of later passing the semester examinations via the cuffs.

This issue of the Argonaut is in charge of T. E. Hunter.

Guy Holman, Editor.

Among The Colleges

Fred Tegtmeier, '09, has been elected to captain the University of Washington football team next season. Tegtmeier plays center.

The adoption of an honor system for all the colleges is being considered at Michigan.—Daily Maroon.

Brubaker, quarter-back, has been elected to captain Whitman's 1908 football team. Brubaker is the prize drop kicker of the Northwest.

The Argonaut exchange table has received the "Black and Gold," a well edited paper of the Honolulu High school. The staff consists of Americans and natives.

"The University of Idaho Argonaut is a remarkably well edited paper this year and seems to be run by a staff of broad minded reporters."—University of Oregon Weekly.

The Whitman Pioneer of Dec. 3 is a special issue devoted to incidents in memory of Marcus Whitman. The issue is double size, well edited and important as an historical document.

Whitman, Pacific, and Willamette have organized a triangular debate league similar to the Oregon-Washington-Idaho league. They will debate the Japanese exclusion question in February.

Swarthmore college has refused the \$3,000,000 gift offered her if she would forever cease to participate in intercollegiate athletic contests. The Board of directors decided last week, after a seven hour conference, to reject the offer.

"All in favor of W. S. C. winning the W. S. C.-U. of I. debate, to be held at Moscow next Friday evening say "YEP."—Evergreen.

For the second time this year our friends across the line were "OUT-YEP-PED."

There will be no past-season game between the state colleges of Washington and Oregon. The O. A. C. team has disbanded and the coach left for the East. Wolff, fullback, has been elected captain. Manager Greenhaw says an attempt will be made to secure a game with W. S. C. or Idaho next year.

Basket Ball Prospects

Basket ball has suddenly sprung into prominence and for the next two months will hold the center of the stage. The prospects for a winning team are rosy. Of last year's team there are Captain Small and Johnson,

guards, and Case and Young, forwards, in college this year. Robertson, the star forward graduated last June but a member of the freshman team, Stricklin bids fair to take his position. Stricklin has played considerable basket ball and is even faster on his feet than Robertson was, although he is not his equal in throwing baskets. With a little practice at shooting the spheroid, Stricklin should make a star player.

For the position of center left vacant by the graduation of Wyman there are several aspirants. Montgomery has played basket ball before, and plays an aggressive game. Clarence Edmundson, who played center on the freshman team last year shows considerable improvement in his play this year. Appleman was the star center of the Boise Y. M. C. A. and will try for the position.

Among the other promising candidates are Clifford Edmundson, who is trying for guard, Pierce, also aspiring to this position, Henry Smith, center, and Simpson, guard. The latter two have both played on the second team and know the game thoroughly.

Several other men are showing up well and will be heard from before the season closes.

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Christmas Issue

The Christmas issue will appear next week. This issue will be in magazine form and will be full size. It will contain articles on up-to-date football written by exponents of the game, some good humorous verse and some unusual short stories. The supply of this issue will be limited and all students desiring extra copies should order them in advance.

Notice

The meeting of the classical club on Wednesday night of this week will be well worth attending. A program has been arranged, the principal feature of which is the production of a dramatic scene from one of the satires of Horace. Three members of the Horace Class, attired in typical Roman garb will render in Latin a most interesting little play, the scene of which is laid on the Appian Way, which will be described in a paper by another member of the club. The Latin will be translated at first, so that all may appreciate what is given in the play.

Philharmonic Club

The Philharmonic Club will give its first program of the year on the evening of December 17 in the Gymnasium.

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LOCAL

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Special attention paid to the student trade by Hegge, the barber.

Maude and Olive Coram went to Lewiston to spend Thanksgiving.

Olive Perkins, '10, spent Thanksgiving in Colfax, Wash.

Florence Anderson who has been detained at home since the Thanksgiving holidays, returned to Ridenbaugh Hall the latter part of the week.

The civil engineering department is installing an Olson testing machine. The machine weighs over 4000 pounds and cost \$1,900 in Philadelphia.

Linnie Jeffreys, '08, has given up her collegiate course for the present and has taken a school at Potlatch. Miss Jeffreys expects to finish with the '09 class.

Stanley Jones, '10, who has been in a hospital at Spokane for the last three weeks, will not return to the University this year, having gone to his home at Priestriver, Idaho.

Guy Holman attended the state convention of the Y. M. C. As. of Oregon, Washington and Idaho which was held in Albany, Oregon, Dec. 6-8.

The new music for the mandolin club has arrived and the club is practicing diligently. The club will make its first public appearance after the holidays.

The athletic board met last Thursday and voted to banquet the football team in the near future. The 'I's were awarded and considerable routine business transacted.

James H. Frazier, '07, has been accepted and sworn in as a juror in the Haywood murder trial. Mr. Frazier was prominent in all lines of activity when in college and is now studying law in Boise.

Workmen have been busy installing the heating plant in the metallurgical building during the past week. Professor James is daily expecting a \$5,000 shipment of machinery. It will take the juniors and seniors nearly all of next semester to install this machinery.

The freshmen have finally decided on their colors, which are maroon and old gold, and have ordered class caps. President Appleman had some difficulty in explaining just what shade of blue it is that maroon represents, but he was equal to the occasion.

Hazel Morrow, '08, has left college for the remainder of the year and will return to her home in Boise. Hazel is one of the most popular girls in college and it was with deep regret that students received the news of her intended departure. She leaves college on account of ill health.

Mrs Young entertained on Nov. 29, in honor of Miss MacDermott of the Washington State College, and Miss Eggeman of the Lewiston Normal. Those present were: Misses MacDermott, Eggeman, Margaret Henderson, Zumhoff, Forney, Sweet, Maynard, Horning, and Mrs. Young; and Messers. Gurney, Axtell, Sheldon, Hutton, Cogswell, De Lury, E. David, and Pearce.

Mrs. Andrew, preceptress of Stevens Hall, Washington State College, was a guest of Mrs. Young at lunch Saturday.

Elsie Larson, '10, who has been ill at her home in Troy for the past month, made a visit to Ridenbaugh Hall Saturday. She expects to re-enter college after the Xmas holidays.

JUNIOR PROM

All In Readiness for the Big Function of the Year.

Electrical Effects to be the Feature of the Big Dance. Many Guests from Out of Town Expected There

Arrangements are about complete for the big social function of the college season, the Junior Prom. The Committees have been working feverishly for two months, always with one end in view—to out-do all predecessors. And from all the commotion among the '09ers it would seem that they are going to attain that end.

The one big feature of the dance will be the light effects. St. Clair and Jessup have been at work for weeks and have their inventions ready for installation. The rest of the committee have been inventing novel little "stunts" to make their dance a distinctively and unique one.

Invitations have been sent all over the state and old grads and ex-students are expected from all parts of the surrounding country. Quite a number of guests are expected from the Washington State College.

New music has been ordered and prepared for this occasion.

The first Junior Prom was given by the class of 1903. It is the one dance upon which time, care, and money is lavished, and from year to year has grown in importance until it has now become the crowning feature of the society life in the University. Every old student plans months ahead to attend the Junior Prom and looks forward to the date with the eagerness of a child.

The dance Friday eve will be held in the gymnasium and all students are urged to start the holidays in the right manner.

Gets Busy on Ad

Contractor A. S. Whiteway of Boise, who has the contract for the construction of the new administration building, has moved into the Baden residence and plans to personally oversee the work. In an interview with an Argonaut reporter yesterday Mr. Whiteway said:

"Our steel order has been filled and shipped. The steel for the floors is on the grounds now and we have four car loads on the road to Moscow. We also have 60,000 facing brick on the grounds and will start a force of brick masons today. It is our intention to push the work as vigorously as possible until the building is completed. We expect to utilize every available day this winter. If the weather permits we will not cease operations until the building stands ready for occupancy."

Mr. Whiteway immediately plunged into work upon receiving the contract and as a result has already made great progress. The firm of A. S. Whiteway & Co. has been operating in the Boise valley for several years and has given entire satisfaction in every instance.

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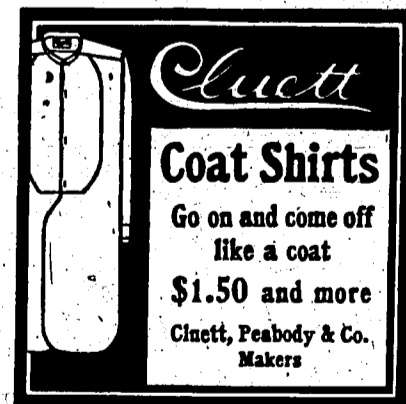
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IT WAS A FALSE ALARM

Prof. Cogswell and Hal C. Tilley Figure in Garbled Story in The Chronicle

The Spokane Chronicle of November 25 contained the following story relative to an offer of the position of band leader and track coach said to have been made to H. C. Tilley by Prof. I. J. Cogswell.

Professor Cogswell of the University of Idaho has offered Hal Tilley, a former University of Idaho student and at present located in this city, the position of instructor of the band and orchestra at the university and also the position of coach of the track team at the university. The consideration named is \$1200 a year. Mr. Tilley states that he does not think he is in a position to accept this offer.

The paragraph seems to be a fabrication out of whole cloth, and was promptly stamped as false by Mr. Tilley in the following letter to Prof. Cogswell.

Spokane, Wash.,
Nov. 25, 1907.

Prof. I. J. Cogswell,
Moscow, Idaho.

Dear Sir and Friend,—

Enclosed I am sending you a clipping of an article that appeared in the Evening Chronicle to-day. Feeling that it will be brought to your attention I wish to make an explanation of my position.

I assure you I made no such statement to any newspaper or person whatever, nor even talked to anyone about it.

I called at the office to-day and demanded an explanation, I was referred to the editor, who told me he had heard the story and sent a man to me to verify it. No one ever mentioned it to me. He then told me that a university student gave him the article, but would not say who. That is all I know about it.

I told him he owed you an apology, and he promised to write you.

The papers have a lot of reporters here paying them by the line on the news they bring in. They convert everything into some kind of a story. It seems they never fail to get it twisted.

I would not have had such a thing happen for anything, one would think that I misrepresented, and I am entirely innocent of any such statement.

Sincerely yours,
H. C. Tilley.

Professor Cogswell states that the report was doubtless started by his going to Spokane to see Mr. Tilley in regard to the qualifications of another person who was under consideration for the position of band and orchestra leader. An effort is being made to get some person of sufficient ability and experience to train the band and orchestra efficiently. Mr. Tilley, it will be remembered was a student at Idaho when he ran the hundred yard dash in ten seconds and when he established a new

Northwest record of twenty-two feet six inches in the broad jump. Later he attended the University of Washington. Last year he coached the Lewiston High School track team.

Walter Camp On Forward Pass

The following article concerning the game of football as played this year under the revised new rules, was written by Walter Camp, Yale, '80, for the Yale News. Mr. Camp believes the rules have fully justified themselves during the past season, with the exception perhaps of the one giving greater freedom in the use of the forward pass. Upon this it appears some restriction ought to be placed before next year. On account of Mr. Camp's position on the Rules Committee, his stand in this matter is one of considerable importance.

Mr. Camp's letter follows:

"When the new rules were first introduced two years ago, there were many who contended that it was too much to require of any team that they should gain ten yards in three downs, and the prediction was that "no-score" games would put an end to the ten-yard rule in short order. The contrary has proven true, and already there are those who would like to see the forward pass more restricted, relying upon it as it was a year ago, or even eliminating it altogether and keeping the on-side kick and ten-yard rule. What was needed in the game was primarily to lessen value of possession of the ball and this the ten-yard rule achieved. With its introduction there went out all the close hammering mass plays which were good for two or three yards on a down but no more. The American collegian, whether player or spectator, does not care for a game in which the element of chance is paramount. He likes to see or play a game where hard work counts, and a game where definite planning secures a well appreciated result. For this reason he does not care for the unlimited forward pass, which can now be tried without severe penalty on first and second down. Throwing the ball around indiscriminately may be the last resort of a weak or inferior team, and as such is unsatisfactory.

"In other respects, like the separation of the line of scrimmage and the improvement in the general conduct and spirit of the play, the rules have fully justified themselves and have rendered the game more popular than ever."—Harvard Crimson.

The Sophomore class in cookery gave a dinner in honor of the heads of departments at Ridenbaugh hall Dec. 1. Florence Sprague, '10, had charge of the dinner. Those present besides the guests of honor were: Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge, Prof. and Mrs. French, Prof. and Mrs. Soulen, Miss MacDermot, of W. S. C., Miss Eggeman, Lewiston Normal, and Prof. Cogswell.

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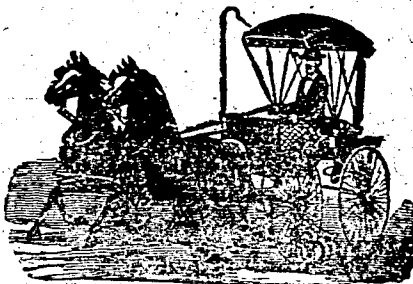
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Ragging at Oxford

(A. B. Dale, in the N. Y. Evening Post.)

In the English universities, as at all other places where young men are congregated together, a good amount of practical joking takes place, sometimes on a large scale. This is popularly known as "ragging." An individual may be "ragged," if he makes himself obnoxious to the other members of his college. This usually takes the form of breaking his windows and making hay of his furniture. But, as a matter of fact, a man who is disliked is generally left alone, unless he is particularly offensive. The great delight of the universities is to hoax the powers that be. A short time ago there was a lot of talk about the "ragging" that went on in the army, and so people down at Oxford began to think it was a good opportunity to "take a rise" out of somebody.

The idea of a gigantic hoax suggested itself to some Magdalen men who were joking with the Hon. H. Lygon one of them pretending to worry his waistcoat. They thought it would make an excellent headline "Younger Brother of a Peer Bitten on the Chest." Accordingly they wrote up to a great London 1-2d. daily of large circulation saying, that the situation at Oxford was getting intolerable, and mentioning various fictitious occasions on which harmless individuals had been subjected to barbarous ill-treatment. The bait was swallowed; the paper thought it was a good opportunity for "raising Cain" and so they sent down a reporter to investigate matters. The Magdalen men had made their preparations with careful stage management. They had arranged with a number of their friends to saunter into their rooms casually while the reporter was there and to relate the latest outrage inflicted on them. Everything went swimmingly. In the midst of all a great noise was heard outside and an excited person burst in crying "Save me! Don't let them come in!" The others rushed to hold the door upon which sticks rattled from the outside with cries of "Let us get at him!" The reporter was quite taken in and went back to town and wrote a column and a half which appeared in the next morning's edition with big headlines.

The varsity shook with delirious joy and there was such a run on the paper that every copy was gone before twelve. The most delightful controversy began. Venerable clergymen wrote to the papers to say how the varsity had deteriorated since their day; and there was a general exclamation of "Disgraceful" "Perfectly scandalous" and so forth. Unfortunately just when the controversy was at its height and those in the know were thoroughly enjoying it a rival paper got wind of the hoax through another man in the college and exposed the whole working of the thing so that the affair ended abruptly. I believe that the man who gave the show away did get "ragged."

For some unknown reason the people who live in the town of Oxford are the special bete noire of

the undergraduate. He designates them contemptuously as townees, and there is no greater insult which you can pay an undergraduate than to take him for a townee. In former times conflicts were frequent between the townees and the students, but these town and gown rows occur rarely now; the last one, I think, took place on the night peace was declared after the Boer war, but that was before I went to Oxford, and so I did not see anything of it. A special delight is naturally taken in getting a rise out of local dignitaries. About the best "rag" of this kind which was ever brought off occurred at Cambridge, the sister university, though several of the men who worked it were from Oxford.

"Fake" Eastern Potentate.
Some Eastern potentate was staying in London and word was sent down that he was coming to visit Cambridge. A party of some-hue gentlemen arrived at the London station, which was even decorated in their honor, and a special train conveyed them to Cambridge, where they were received by the mayor and all the local dignitaries in their robes and chains of office. They drove up in state to a hall, where a magnificent luncheon was served them and afterwards they were shown round the colleges, everything being explained to them by an interpreter they had brought with them. Subsequently they returned to London. It was rather a blow for the local worthies when some one received a telegram saying that the Eastern potentate in question had not been out of his hotel that day, and it gradually dawned on them that they had been hoaxed. It made quite a sensation at the time, but nothing happened to the wags themselves, though the authorities could probably have found out who they were. The whole affair was carried out with great coolness, and for sublime cheek it takes a lot of beating. At the London railway terminus the officials even apologized for the fact that, owing to the short notice given, none of the directors had been able to come and receive the supposed Oriental monarch and his suite. The "raggers" were phenomenally lucky, as it so happened that all the great Oriental scholars were away from the university at the time, otherwise they would have been found out immediately.

It is rare, however, that men are to be found who are capable of carrying out a "rag" on so large a scale without giving the whole thing away. As a rule, "rags" are much less ambitious, if more noisy.

Importance of State Universities

President Van Hise, of Wisconsin, in a recent address, declared that state universities are rapidly becoming national institutions, partly because they are attracting students from many states and foreign countries, and partly because through the research and investigation of scientific and social problems they are promoting the welfare of the whole country.

"In proportion as the state universities have become strong in men and material resources, they

have become national institutions," said President Van Hise "Already a large number of state universities have an important clientele from many of the states of the union, and a considerable group of students from foreign countries, especially from Canada, Mexico, the Argentine Republic, the Philippines and Japan and these groups are becoming larger every year. In Michigan, the only state university which for any considerable period has been of sufficient size and influence to have the advantages of age, 45 per cent of the students come from outside of the state. Comparing Michigan's claim to be a national university on this basis with institutions on a private foundation, we find that at the University of Pennsylvania only 31 per cent come from outside the state; at Columbia, only 36 per cent; and at Harvard only 47 per cent, or 2 per cent more than at Michigan. Until very recently few state universities have been sufficiently strong to attract students in large numbers from outside of the state.

A large number of state universities, including California, Minnesota and Wisconsin, require a larger additional fee from non-resident students than does the University of Michigan.

"While the state university feels a special obligation to the commonwealth in which it is situated and recognizes its first duty to investigate those questions which concern the interests of the state," continued President Van Hise. "It disseminates information throughout the country and the world. In solving the problems of the state, it lends a hand in the solution of problems for other states and nations. If the work of Professor Babcock for the dairy interests of Wisconsin is worth a million dollars a year to our state, it is worth tens of millions of dollars to other states of the union and hundreds of millions of dollars to the world. In short, it seems to me that the idea of the state university will prove to be a great benefit to the nation."

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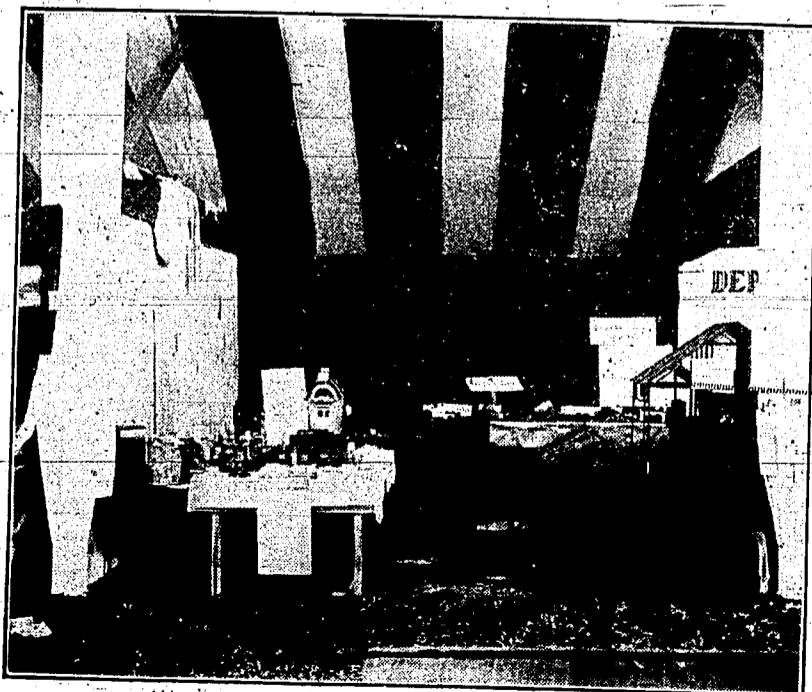
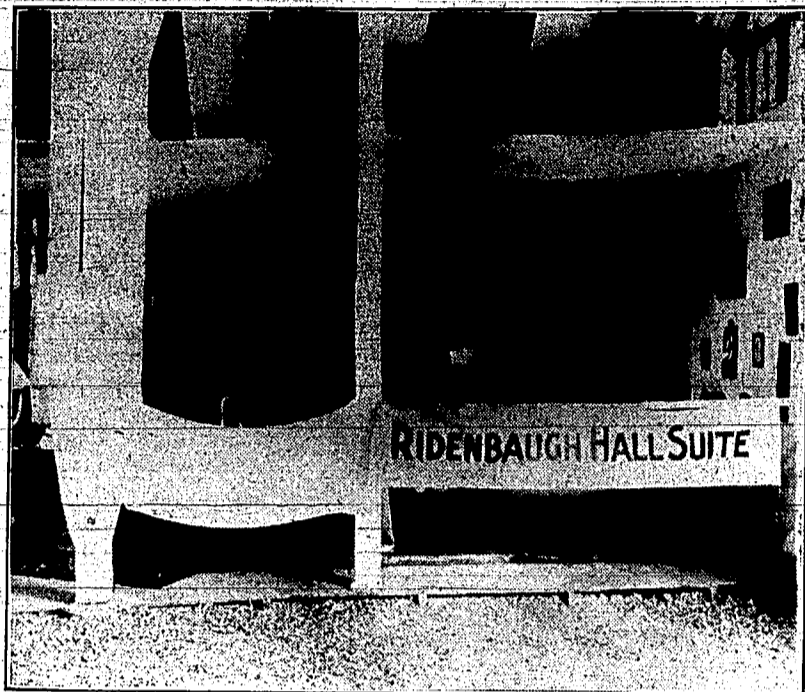
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Signs of a New University Policy

The following illustrations of some of the University of Idaho exhibits at the last Lewiston Interstate Fair indicate a new policy on the part of the University. This is to advertise the merits of the University of Idaho actively and on every possible occasion. This year has marked the beginning of a vigorous publicity campaign of which these pictures and the full page ad in this issue of the Argonaut are but two indications.



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THE UNIVERSITY ARGONAUT

VOLUME X

UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO, MOSCOW, DECEMBER 10, 1907

Price 15 Cents

OUR SINS HAVE FOUND US OUT

W. S. C. Evergreen Charges Corruption in Debate.

Idaho May Be Upright in Football But Has Dark Record on Platform

At last our Nemesis has overtaken us! After Idaho has passed through a football season with skirts unsullied of charges of professionalism, when even our friends across the line have not escaped, we stand convicted of almost unutterable corruption in debate! The W. S. C. Evergreen, in its account of the debate with Idaho has the following to say:

"On the whole we might say that the negative produced clearer argument and supported each other better than did the affirmative debaters. We do not believe, however, that this was due to superior argumentation or debaters, but rather to the large charts which contained practically a brief of the negative side. This chart was kept constantly before the judges and often referred to. The effect of this upon a judge would be almost the same as though the negative had presented him with a written brief, while the affirmative had none.

"Charts containing maps or statistics are very necessary at times, but a public speaker who keeps a chart containing the outline of his argument before his audience is certainly resorting to tactics rather foreign to public speakers."

"Another feature that seemed somewhat out of place was what might be called 'sideline coaching.' Such a thing is considered entirely unsportsmanlike in athletics. Why should it not be looked at in the same light in intercollegiate debates? A warning at a time agreed upon by both teams is alright in order that proper summary may be given, but to warn a debater in the midst of his refutation so that he will not devote too much time to rebuttal, or to call his attention to the fact that it is time for him to introduce his constructive argument, is depriving him of a responsibility that a debater should be able to take upon himself."

As far as the charts are concerned, there are two courses open to our friends from Pullman. One is to request the Idaho teams to refrain from the use of charts except for presenting statistics, maps, or diagrams; and the other is to use charts themselves. The second alternative is the one which we recommend them to adopt. The custom will regulate itself. Whenever it is followed to extremes, and debates become mere reading contests, the very ridiculousness of a platform covered with a forest of charts will bring the rivals back to reason.

The accusation that Idaho is guilty of unsportsmanlike conduct in coaching from the side lines is hardly to be regarded seriously. The inexplicable fact is that the W. S. C. debaters were also "coached from the side lines," that is, were warned a certain number of minutes before the time for them to close. The difference was that the Idaho contestants were notified three minutes after they begun rather than

three minutes before they were to close. It is rather difficult to see any moral distinction between the two acts. According to the W. S. C. code, however, the heinousness of warning a speaker must vary inversely as the time, and approaches zero as a limit at a point three minutes before the close of the speaker's address. It is an interesting variation on the standard ethical codes, but one that we are unable to understand, so that it will require a little further elucidation in the columns of the Evergreen.

But why did the Pullman charges end here? Why did they not go further and attack the personell of the Idaho team? Perhaps if it were not for the lightning change artists on the W. S. C. football team, viz., Rader from Willamette and Cherry from O. A. C., she would have accused the Idaho debate team of being "jumpers" from one college to another. She might have pointed out that Jones, the leader, came to Idaho with a past shrouded in mystery, after having spent a year at Montana Agricultural College. It would have added to the humiliation which is thrust upon us, if the Evergreen had pointed the finger of scorn at Gwin and asked why he transferred his allegiance from Lewiston Normal School to Idaho in his sophomore year. We will stop lest we convict ourselves of too much. But while the mood is upon us we wish to demand an immediate conference of the colleges of the Northwest for drawing up rules which shall purify intercollegiate debate. When charges of corruption come as close home as this, it is time to act.

FOOTBALL MEN BANQUETED

Leigh Savidge Was Chosen Captain For The Next Season

Saturday evening the Athletic Board gave a banquet at the Commercial hotel in honor of the football team which had so faithfully fought for Idaho this fall. At 8:30 the participants began to use the "close formation" around the tables and it was not until early Sunday morning that the last men had finished telling of the Idaho spirit that, with Middleton's great work, had won from the husky farmers from Pullman.

The first man called upon to speak was Coach Middleton. He touched briefly upon the past season's work, thanked the men for their loyal support and willing assistance in aiding him with his new plays, and expressed his appreciation of the spirit shown during the season by the student body.

Frank Magee as toast master, and Dr. MacLean as assistant performed their respective duties in an admirable manner. Regent Lewis told of how Idaho was ever destined to win from her neighbors from the lowlands and proved it according to historical facts. Then the faculty representatives, members of the Athletic Board, and of the squad, managers, all were given a chance to say what they thought of Idaho's most successful football team. For the last time, probably, Capt. Armstrong, Keyes and Stein stood among their team mates, told of victories won, games lost, but with tenderest thoughts of the loyal Idaho spirit that spurred them on in their past season's work as

nothing else had.

A short business meeting was held after the banquet for the members of the team and the 1908 captain was chosen. The honor fell upon S. L. Savidge who by his efficient work at left end for the past two years won a place on the All-Northwest team. He has gained a well-deserved honor and we may look to Capt. Savidge for another successful, if not championship team.

After this the banquet will be an annual affair—as much so as the Thanksgiving game. And every one who was there Saturday evening will not miss an opportunity to attend the ones in the future.

Debate News.

Last week President Campbell gave a talk upon debate to the debaters at Oregon. He takes much interest in that particular student activity and often addresses one or the other of the debate societies.

At the University of Washington extraordinary efforts to secure a double victory in the Triangular League debates next March. The Pacific Wave says: "Dean Priest, head of the debate and oratory department, has decided to make some radical changes in our system. Hereafter instead of one set of coaches, there are to be two, one of these to have charge of the team which will uphold the affirmative and will be assisted by Dr. Savery and Dean Condon. The negative team will be conducted by Dean Priest, Professor Thorpe and Professor Morris. As soon as the statement of the question for the Triangular Debate has been decided upon, these coaches for the different sides will get together and outline the argument for their side. Then each of the speakers will be assigned to a particular coach to whom he will go when he wants to consult on anything regarding his particular argument. Then after the teams get their material into shape, there will be two or three practice debates."

What an imposing array of coaches! One for each debater, and one for every argument! Two deans, one at the law school and the other at the head of the college, one doctor, and three ordinary professors! At Idaho we have only one debate coach, and only part of his time is devoted to the work. We have less than one-tenth as many literary students from which to choose our debaters. Yet our debate record will compare favorably with that of our sister institution in the suburbs of Seattle.

Change Heating System

The regents of the University were in session last week, Mrs. S. H. Hayes, Edward S. Sweet and M. E. Lewis being present. Some changes were considered in the plans for the new Administration building, on which work is now under way. It was decided to change the method of heating the building from what is known as the plenum system to the direct-indirect system. The plenum system is that by which air is forced into the rooms by large fans in the basement, while the foul air is drawn out by flues leading upward. The direct-indirect system is that at present in use in Morrill Hall. The flues required for the plenum system will be allowed to remain and will be used in the direct-indirect method of heating. The change is made because of the lesser cost of operation of the system newly adopted.

EX-MAYOR W.M. MORGAN TALKS

Holds Attention of Large Assembly Audience

Gives an Interesting Address on the Relations of the Citizens to the Government.

Last Wednesday's assembly was addressed by Hon. Wm. M. Morgan, former mayor of Moscow, who gave the University well-remembered aid in the crisis after the fire of March, 1906. He spoke on the relation of citizens of the United States to their government. Mr. Morgan said that we can take two different attitudes toward this question: first, that of the governed and second, that of the governors.

He dismissed the first because the zeal with which the Idaho students responded to the call for troops in '98 and the faithfulness with which they remained here after the fire in '05, have showed that they are good citizens not because they have to be but because they want to be. He urged this same fidelity in our future lives in regard to taxes, military duty and jury duty. These duties must be performed and should be performed by the best citizens willingly.

He expressed very clearly his opinion of the man who wants to change the United States into a kingdom, and then devoted considerable time to the financial situation, it being his opinion that the N. Y. financiers who are holding this money should be treated as President Hays treated the Louisiana lottery.

He ended his discussion in a plea that we do our duty because we want to, study the needs of our government, and avoid being retired men.

The assembly was opened by a vocal solo by Prof. Soulen.

Y. W. C. A.

One of the best meetings of the Young Women's Christian Association of this semester was that held on Sunday afternoon, December 8. The meeting was led by Miss Ethel Humphrey, chairman of mission study. Mr. Vaughn, who has spent several years in the mission fields of China gave a helpful and interesting talk on his work there. He told of the school life, home life and the work and need of missionaries in that field. His talk was made more realistic by a large collection of views of places where he has been and pictures of Chinese at their work. Mr. Vaughn will probably give a series of these talks for the Y. W. C. A. and all girls are urged to attend.

The Christmas meeting, December 15 was led by Miss Keyes. Rev. Taylor of Seattle, talked to the girls. He emphasized in his talk the little things in college which Christian men and women should be careful of.

These meetings are most helpful and the speakers always have something good to tell. More girls should come to hear them.

There will be no more meetings until the new year and the Y. W. C. A. cordially invites all university girls to all of its meetings during the year of 1908.

LOCAL

Some nice Christmas presents at the Greenhouse.

Miss Maynard, instructor of domestic science, will spend her vacation in Seattle, Washington.

Anna Kiefer was absent from her classes Thursday and Friday on account of sickness.

The Misses Anna and Minnie Kiefer will be the guests of Miss Elsie Larson at Troy, during the holidays.

Perry Mallery and Milton Rogers attended the literary at the Pine Grove school house Saturday night.

Miss Wood of Grangeville who has been visiting Miss Maude Coram at Ridenbaugh Hall, returned to her home Thursday.

Among the girls who will be present at Ridenbaugh Hall during the holidays are Rae Snow, Etta Hansen, Olive Kadlitz, Grace Kingsbury and Ruth Hess.

The total registration this year at the University of Washington is 1266. Of these 723 are men and 543 are women. The law students comprise 117 of the total number, and there are 58 students in pharmacy.

The Sophomores decided last Wednesday that they would accept the Freshman challenge to a debate between the two classes. The subject will be some phase of the Japanese question and the debate will probably be held before the first semester examinations.

For a Christmas present, nothing nicer than Dominocards; the great combination game set, domino shape, with card colors: Play cards, dominoes and new games "Show-me" and "Big Stick." Parents fascinated; children delighted. 56 parts in attractive box postpaid, 50c. Boys and girls make Xmas money, as agents. Don't delay. Write today. Dominocards Co., 1807 Chouteau, St. Louis, Mo.

John Middleton entertained his Bachelor friends at a dinner Tuesday night. Six elaborate courses were served after which Middleton presented each guest with a suitable present in remembrance of his last night spent in Bachelorhood. Those present were Fred Veach, S. R. H. McGowan, Ben Bush, Howard Kirkwood, H. Orland, A. A. Rogers, Earl David, Prof. De Lury, M. W. Griffith.

Big Guns Preside

The importance and dignity of intercollegiate debating was very strongly emphasized in the two debates in which the University of Nebraska participated December 13. By a strange coincidence the chairmen of the two debates were both prominent possibilities for the democratic presidential nomination in 1908. The Nebraska-Iowa contest was presided over by William Jennings Bryan and the chairman at the Nebraska-Minnesota debate was Gov. John A. Johnson of Minnesota.

Will Hold Interclass Debate

The sophomores have accepted the challenge of the freshmen to a debate on the Japanese exclusion question and several members from each class are working hard to represent their class on the platform. Each class held a meeting on Monday to draw for sides on the tryout, which will be held immediately after the vacation. The

successful ones in the tryouts will then represent their respective classes in the inter class debate which will probably take place during the latter part of January.

There will, no doubt, be several new students on this debate and it will be a means of determining to a certain extent who our future intercollegiate debaters will be. By debating the same question that is to be used in the triangular debate, interest will be aroused and a better understanding will be had of the question when the big event comes off.

Classical Club

The classical students felt well paid for their efforts last Wednesday evening when over seventy persons gathered in the gym to hear the Roman play.

First Jennie Gerhardt described the "Via Sacra" and told of the interesting place it holds in Roman history. Cowper's translation of Horace's ninth satire was then read by Mary Gibb, after which the actors made their appearance. They were Gerfough, Myers, Turley and Hunting, and each did his part well.

The only fault that was found with the program was that it was too short.

Sophomores, Attention

The class of 1909 expect to publish an Annual next spring, and it has always been customary to have the class pictures in this book.

About a month ago the Sophomores decided to have individual pictures taken for this purpose, and now, with only a few days left, only about half of them have done so. The management of the Annual is too busy with other concerns to exhort the backward 10 students to do their duty. If the Sophomores want respectable representation in the year book it is expedient that they get busy with the photographer.

Trophy Room Committee

President Young of the A. S. U. I. has appointed Rodney Small, '10, Leigh Savidge, '09, and R. O. Jones, '09 on the committee to look into the possibility of getting a room in which to place Idaho athletic trophies. This committee will push the movement and hope to have before the present year closes a suitable place for the exhibition of Idaho's relay banners, athletic photos, and other trophies.

To South Idaho Students.

The University Club of Boise has laid plans for a big informal reunion and banquet at Boise on the evening of Dec. 28. An attempt is being made to reach by invitation all who would be able to attend, but to prevent anyones' being inadvertently left out, it is requested that all who can be in Boise on the 28th inform Donald S. Whitehead at once.

Music Lovers' Excursion

Those who contemplate hearing any of the artists who are to visit Spokane this season, as the celebrated Pianist—Paderewski—or the noted Violinist—Kubelik—can make convenient arrangements and special terms with Prof. Cogswell. Most likely a party will be formed to hear Paderewski, to leave here at noon and return the same night. The musically inclined should keep this in mind and talk it up.

Junior Promenade

On Friday night, December 13, occurred the fifth annual Junior promenade. For four hours the class of 1909 furnished an entertainment which was the equal of, if it did not surpass, any of its predecessors. The gymnasium was decorated in a way entirely new

and novel. Instead of the traditional streamers in class colors dropping from the rafters, the class colors were draped in broad strips of cloth bunting from wires which had been stretched across from one side of the running track above to the other. Then around the entire room, hanging from the outer edge of the running track was an array of almost innumerable pennants, pennants representing almost every college great and small in the United States. Two cosy corners were arranged, one for the patronesses and one for guests. There was an array of lounges, sofa pillows, Navajo blankets, and more pennants. At the lower end of the hall, directly opposite the entrance was a large electric light design of the class numerals, 1909. These numerals were arranged in class colors by alternate lights of red and white. An ingenious machine made by the electrical students of the Junior class worked the switches on these lights in a manner so as alternately to throw on and off the colored lights.

The music furnished by Sterner's orchestra was exceptionally good.

Probably the most delightful number of the evening was the Junior special. This was a special light effect to represent a midnight scene. The large arc lights in room were turned off and light was furnished from a large Crescent shaped moon looking down upon the dancers from a remote corner of the roof. To augment this there were numerous stars shining over head, the light from minimum sized incandescent lamps scattered about among the rafters. It was an event to be remembered among the social successes at the University of Idaho.

Authoritative Figures

According to the following tables compiled from the records in the Dean's office and furnished to the Argonaut by Mr. A. P. Vaughn, the total enrollment in the University this year shows a very considerable increase over that of the year 1906-7. Not only is this true but the figures show that the University has students from almost every county in the state.

Attendance by counties.

	College	Prep school
Ada	35	6
Bannock	3	1
Bear Lake	1	2
Bingham	9	0
Blaine	3	3
Boise		5
Bonner	3	2
Cassia	1	0
Canyon	21	1
Custer	0	0
Elmore	2	1
Fremont	1	0
Idaho	9	4
Kootenai	4	8
Latah	71	111
Lemhi	0	5
Lincoln	0	0
Nez Perce	16	6
Oneida	2	
Owyhee		4
Shoshone	10	8
Twin Falls	1	2
Washington	9	5

Students from other states:

Washington, 21; Oregon, 6; Iowa, 3; Ohio, 2; California, 2; Missouri, Arkansas, Minnesota, New York and Kansas, one each; other countries, Holland, 1; Japan, 1.

Enrollment by departments:

Preparatory school, 179; College of Letters and Sciences, 109; College of Agriculture, 8; Domestic Economy, 8; School of Applied Science: Mining Engineering, 43; Civil Engineering, 38; Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, 30.

Two facts show in the above tables that should give great satisfaction. The first is that every county of the state

with two exceptions has students at present in the University. In no other state in the Union does the lack of traveling facilities so hamper students in going to and from their state institutions, and yet there are State Universities far older than ours which cannot show as complete a representation of all the districts of their territory. The second fact is the large number of students from our neighboring states, attracted to Idaho University by the excellence of the work offered here.

Debate Council In Action

Thursday evening the debate council met at the Theta Mu Epsilon house and finished its duties for this semester by transacting considerable business. Attention was first given to the coming debate tryout to select six men, three of whom will represent Idaho against Oregon and three against Washington next spring. The tryout was held last year a week before examinations but this proved somewhat unsatisfactory because it was too near the vacation period and many were not given time to thoroughly study the question. After some discussion it was later decided to hold this contest one week later—the Saturday of exams. Sides will be drawn before vacation and there will be considerable time for preparation.

The council made an entire new ruling when it decided that the positions of speaking should not be given out until the day of the tryout. Formerly places were drawn weeks ahead and it has been a comparatively easy matter for some of the contestants to enter into a sort of collusion. Under it, then, a speaker might show brilliant ability as an argument smasher and this would give undue advantage to him. By the new ruling every man shows exactly what he is worth and no more.

For the managing of the coming debate Arthur Beckner, '11, was chosen to assist Mr. Colver, who has been deluged with debate correspondence all fall. F. Rollin Smith, '09, was elected to take charge of the Watkins Oratorical Contest. It is intended to have this contest two or three weeks earlier next spring.

The council lost its girl member when Hazel Morrow left college last week. Miss Morrow has the unique honor of being the only member of her sex to be elected to membership in the debate council. The vacancy was filled by the election of Fred Lukens. The report of Manager Colver of the Idaho-W.S.C. debate showed a good surplus over the expenses. These debates always have proven money makers and this one was no exception. After allowing some minor bills, the council elected its president as file closer for Professor Hulme, and the meeting adjourned until after vacation.

At The Beginning

Spooning, spooning, spooning,
Late in the early fall,
Freshies are seen mooning
On the campus near Ridenbaugh hall.

But of course the sophs are not guilty,
For it is said "Every dog has his day,"
And besides they feel rather wilted,
For in Math 1B they must stay.

The juniors, the busiest of classes
Are planning the work before them,
No time to mix with the masses,
For this is their year with the "Gem."
The seniors, the pride of the Varsity
Are envied by everyone,
And he should be counted as wicked
Who reveres not Idaho's sons.

Miss Altha Ott will spend her Christmas vacation with her brother in Spokane.

Editorial

THE AIM IN ATHLETICS

A recent number of "The Nation," an influential weekly publication of New York City, contains an interesting editorial on the Utopian college. In his dream of the ideal college the editorial writer banishes all forms of intercollegiate athletics, and yet retains athletic competitions between different sections of the same student body. If the most important phase of athletics, as we consider it, is to be swept away in this ideal college community, why is the banishing edict not made all-inclusive? If intercollege games are tabooed, why should interclass games remain unmolested?

The reason is not far to seek. In the Utopian college the evils of athletics must somehow be eliminated. Those evils are the accompaniment, it is argued, of intercollegiate contests. Competition with outside rivals, in the first place, engenders that abnormal excitement in the undergraduate world which is a serious embarrassment to real study. A Harvard professor, for instance, said that it was impossible to get standard efficiency in the work of his pupils in the first semester till after the Yale-Harvard football game. A second and much more baneful result of the present system is that it has narrowed the circle of students who derive any real benefit from athletics in their institution. The all important thing is to find in the quickest and surest way, the eighteen or twenty men in the student body who are best qualified to represent the institution in a given athletic team. No time can be wasted on those mediocre students who give no promise of developing very soon into experts. When the eighteen or twenty are chosen, the coaches must needs spend their whole time on that select few, in order to bring them to the pink of perfection that is necessary to a creditable showing against their rivals.

These are incidents of a system which was bequeathed to us when we entered college, and which we all support, and however thoroughly we may desire the system's continuance, we are compelled to admit that it somehow inevitably carries with it these conditions.

Meanwhile, the ninety-nine one hundredths of the students, who are not able to qualify for intercollegiate teams go about without any well-planned or intelligent system of training for their bodies. There is training galore for their minds. Zealous faculties spend their waking moments in imparting to their pupils the learning of books. Every device which incessantly planning individuals, and conjointly planning faculties, and the cumulative wisdom of state and national educational societies can discover, is given a trial in the great effort to provide the student with an adequate mental training. This seems, in fact, the chief concern of that

CHRISTMAS GREETING

To the business men of Moscow, whose liberal advertising policy makes the publication of this paper possible—

To the University faculty, whose members, if they teach for anything besides their salaries, are constant exponents of the altruistic spirit of this season—

To the students—care-free as to money and rich in friends—who spend the holidays at home, where pleasures are easily conjured up and joy is in the air—

To the students whose friends are not numbered in dozens, whose money cannot keep pace with their needs, and whom a seeming hard fortune condemns to holidays of isolation—

To all these the Argonaut brings greetings and the wish that they may absorb to the full the Spirit of Christmas.

great portion of the college community, the teachers. But it should not be so, if the business of the college is what educators most frequently declare it to be.

Those who should know maintain that the college ought to send into the world men of symmetrical development. When a man takes up the work of his life after graduation, and is a powerful mind, inhabiting a weakling body and accompanied by a stunted soul; or is a devout soul with a narrow mind and a frail body; or is a splendid animal, caring little for the things of the mind and knowing nothing of the things of the soul; then the college has, in this case, failed.

It may be replied that the colleges to recognize and respond to more obligations than merely that of training the mind, but the reply is only a half truth. At Idaho, for instance, a good gymnasium stands unused by the majority of the students, partly because it is a practice building for varsity athletic teams, and partly because no effort is made to put it in shape for its proper uses or to provide intelligent and skilled oversight of those who wish to use it. At the University of Washington, too, not to go far from home for an example, there is a clamor for more athletics for all the students.

None of us would go so far as the dreamer in "The Nation." But we must recognize the force of these primary objections to our great student fetish of intercollegiate athletics. As the "Pacific Wave" puts it, in its issue for December 10, "We do not want to abandon intercollegiate sports—but we do want to make athletic training general. Every man should be urged, and compelled, if necessary, to train his body as well as mind. In devising our new scheme of athletics, therefore, the important thing to consider is not how many victories can we win over our adversaries but how many students in the university will be benefitted.

Students get a college hair-cut at Graham's

Shave at Graham's and look right.

CULTURE AND THE ENGINEERS

The fact that lack of room in the library prevents placing the Argonaut's exchanges within the reach of the students at large makes it impossible for many students to follow those deadly duels of the pen in which the college scribes are now and then prone to indulge. Several weeks ago the Argonaut unintentionally provoked considerable expenditure of editorial ink in the Whitman College Pioneer. It began when this paper printed a brief account of the recent establishment of engineering courses at Whitman. The account was headed in the Argonaut, "Whitman Surrenders—Confesses Failure of Purely Cultural Curriculum in the Northwest." That seemed an innocent heading, but it proved, apparently, very unfortunate. The Pioneer declared in its next issue that Whitman, in introducing engineer courses, is not surrendering her cultural ideals. It is the intention to make even the instruction in engineering subjects—drafting and surveying, etc.—cultural.

Lack of room has made any comment upon these statements impossible until now. The subject is not discussed now because of any itching for controversy or any hostility to Whitman. The Argonaut wishes to steer clear of editorial squabbles, and has a great respect for the ideals which the Whitman paper professes for its college. But the proposition of making engineering courses cultural is interesting to reflect upon, regardless of what suggests it.

Sermonizing speakers and writers on college subjects have said and say constantly that the contribution of the college to one's life is chiefly to introduce to him the great minds of history, literature and art, to give him self-control, balance and the power of independent thinking and judging. Such gifts put one on the high road to culture. But the sermonizing speakers and writers are referring to colleges and not technical schools. Any institution, insofar as it exists for turning out thoroughly trained mining, civil and electrical engi-

ners, is a technical school rather than a college. Can the ideals of such an institution be called "cultural?" Is not the object of its curriculum to teach how to earn a living rather than how to live?

Perhaps the Whitman professors will teach surveying and mechanical drawing and the like branches purely for their disciplinary value to the minds of their students, but it is difficult to believe that such is to be the case. One would much rather suppose that they will teach with the practical idea of equipping their students with a means of earning daily bread. And are such purely utilitarian aims compatible with "cultural" ideas?

A. S. U. I. NEEDS AN OFFICE

At no very distant date the student body should ask the faculty to provide in some building on the campus an office or offices for the A. S. U. I. At present there is no one place which the executive committee and the various departments of the A. S. U. I. may claim as headquarters. The need for such a place is evident. No regular meeting room is now at the disposal of these committees, and there is no depository for the contracts, managers' reports and other important business papers which are constantly accumulating. As a result athletic and debate contracts, minutes of the meetings of the executive committee, debate council and athletic board must be hunted for hither and yon, wherever any one of a score of student officers are to be found. An office on the campus is also greatly needed by the Argonaut. The gathering of copy from the staff members, the work of the business manager, in fact most of the tasks connected with publishing the paper, would be made easier if there were an Argonaut office on the campus. The student papers of many other colleges have commodious headquarters in the college buildings, and it would be very desirable to adopt the idea at Idaho. These reasons are important enough to demand for this subject serious attention, as soon as the relief of present congested conditions in the buildings makes it practicable.

IDAHO'S Y. M. C. A.

Idaho's students whose interest in the progress of their institution is all-inclusive will note with satisfaction the excellent showing made by the university in the recent convention of the Y. M. C. A.'s of Oregon and Idaho. It was shown at that convention that only one or two institutions in the territory equalled Idaho in the results obtained in Y. M. C. A. work. It is especially gratifying to note that the only institution surpassing the university in Bible study enrollment is Oregon Agricultural College, which is a state institution having over twice as many students at Idaho.

The showing made is a most ef-

Effective refutation of the charge sometimes made that there is little or no activity along religious lines in universities supported by the state. It is true that the state institution cannot, in the nature of things, incorporate purely religious studies in their curriculum. Courses in philosophy and ethics and, incidentally, courses in literature, history and some other subjects are the nearest approach of the state university curriculum to direct moral or religious teaching. But the work of the college Y. M. C. A. has effectively supplied this lack of religious training. Since the universities could not take up the work themselves the undergraduates have attempted it, and their efforts have been crowned with remarkable success. The year book of the Y. M. C. A. for 1905-6 shows this by some striking statistics. Ten state universities selected at random had a total male enrollment of 11,500, in round numbers. Of these almost 2,000, or over 17 per cent, were members of the Young Men's Christian Association. Over 1,150, or one-tenth of the total number of men, were engaged in Bible study in association classes. The sum of \$19,092 were expended by these ten state university associations for current expenses during the previous college year. That was an average annual expenditure of over \$1,909 a piece. The great strides made in college Y. M. C. A. work since 1905-6 would make the up-to-date figures even more surprising. For instance, this year at Iowa State College, at Ames, Iowa, over two-thirds of the men in the institution were enlisted at the beginning of the year in Association Bible study classes. The University of Illinois Y. M. C. A. will soon occupy its new building, which is being erected at a cost of over \$100,000. All over the country student Y. M. C. A.'s in state institutions are conducting successful campaigns for building funds.

With the work of a distinctively religious movement so strongly entrenched in state educational institutions, there is no excuse for the cry that the sending of a boy to a state university is surrendering him defenseless to the malign influences of a wicked student community. To any man of religious convictions, who has the backbone to stand for those convictions when he has the power of choice, there is abundant opportunity in every state university for association with students similarly inclined and for active work in a movement which seeks to make such convictions more prevalent in the student world.

WHY SUPPORT THE ARGONAUT?

From time to time the students of the University of Idaho have been urged to patronize our advertisers and to subscribe for the Argonaut. The full importance of this request is not understood by many who are in their first year's attendance. Because of this fact this article is written with the hope that when the student body knows exactly the system governing the management of the college paper it will be more staunch in its support.

The Argonaut was established during the college year of 1897-98

by private enterprise. Mr. Guy W. Wolfe, '99, saw the need of a student paper and by means of a subscription paper swelled the working capital to the incredible amount of twenty-five dollars. With this vast sum he started the paper known then and still called the University Argonaut.

Mr. Wolfe acted as editor, business manager, office boy and reporter. Only by unceasing work and a determination to surmount any and all difficulties did the paper survive its first year. The founder states that it was not a howling success financially. Nothing daunted he made up the deficit so that the paper might begin the next year with a clean record. When later the present A. S. U. I. was organized the Argonaut was made the official paper and became one of the student enterprises, receiving its proportion of the funds from registration fees. The editor in chief, assistant editor, business manager and assistant business manager were elected by the student body. Never since the student body assumed the responsibility of publishing the paper have any material changes been made in the A. S. U. I. constitution governing the Argonaut staff until the last year, when an amendment was passed changing very greatly the disposal of the funds of the Argonaut.

During last March a wave of what is jocosely referred to as "The Reconstruction Period," passed over the institution. Many wise and much needed amendments to the constitution were introduced and passed. Among the most important and one of the best is the one relating to the funds in the hands of the business manager of the Argonaut. Prior to its passage the business manager had the right to keep for his own personal use all profits arising from the publication. At times it seemed the worth of the sheet was sacrificed that the net proceeds might become greater. The object of the change was to prevent this tendency. The constitution now provides that all moneys not used in publishing the periodical shall be turned over to the general A. S. U. I. fund, accompanied by a detailed account of all expenditures. Should the business manager succeed in having a balance he is allowed to retain an amount not to exceed fifty dollars in payment for his services. All remaining moneys are placed in the miscellaneous fund to be used as directed by the executive committee. By this change it is readily seen that the paper is strictly a publication discussed it was unanimously agreed by the students that they should and would support the Argonaut staff in every possible way to make a better paper than ever before. The staff has asked student cooperation in two ways, namely, by their subscribing for the paper, and their support of the business men using the advertising columns. In the latter the students have responded to quite a marked degree, but in the former no such statement can be made, as more than one-half the students attending our University have failed to subscribe.

We have also asked you to support our advertisers because only

by so doing will the merchants get value received for the money they invest. If they should receive no special benefit they will cease to advertise, and we will be compelled to discontinue publishing the Argonaut, as more than three-fourths of the expenses are met by funds from this source.

Any student who has any love for our great University should care enough about the student enterprises to support them. Had you responded to the call to subscribe as you should have done the Argonaut would now be going to every high school and academy in the state. Not only this, but its size and appearance would have been greatly improved. The public judge a college largely by its paper and with the support we have a right to expect it is possible to have a publication that would surpass any of its kind in the Northwest. Only by such assistance will the staff be enabled to advance the paper along lines leading to that high state of perfection which was the dream of its founder and the hope of every local student of the Great Institute of Learning in Idaho.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

Let's all unite to make the glee club a howling success.

The man of Athens used to have a statue "to the Unknown God." Will the University of Washington, with her new system of numerous debate coaches, have a coach for the unknown arguments of the opening teams?

Prof. Aldrich, in his article on Stanford's Life, says that there is little "queening" at Stanford University, and that Junior Proms and like social functions are unknown. Surely, then, they must study once in a while on Friday night.

The senior class, in adopting the same form of class pin as last year's senior chose, with the substitution of "1908" for "1907," established a precedent which, succeeding classes should follow. By all means, if there are to be class pins at all, have them uniform in design.

Although steins are inseparably connected with the idea of intoxicating beverages, the one in the center of Idaho's football line was not guilty of any highballs during the past season. The ball always went squarely into the Small quarterback's hands and hence often to the Savidge end on a forward pass.

Now is a better time than any later date for the proposal of the provision for publishing every number of the Argonaut next year as a literary magazine. With the duty of publishing special issues resting upon the regular staff, he task is difficult and there should be a separate staff charged with the responsibility of providing copy and otherwise looking after the publication of a monthly literary number. The Argonaut would like to suggest the plan of having a meeting, at the end of this school year, of the half dozen who have contributed most of the year's special issues, and letting them organize into a staff which will, in 1908-9, give Idaho a creditable literary magazine.

IDAHO Y. M. C. A. LEADS

The reports of college Y. M. C. A.'s received at the Oregon-Idaho State Convention of the Y. M. C. A. at Albany, Oregon, December 6-8, showed that the Association at the University of Idaho occupies a very creditable position among the institutions represented at the convention. The largest institutions represented were the Universities of Oregon and Idaho, Willamette University and Oregon Agricultural College. Several denominational colleges in the Willamette valley had delegations present in the convention and gave reports of their work. The number of the members of the Y. M. C. A. at Idaho compared favorably with the showings made by the other colleges and surpassed by the number reported by most of the delegations. Idaho was the only institution which reported more Bible study students than members of the Association. The University of Idaho and the Oregon Agricultural College Associations received special mention in the report of the state committee on their work in the Bible study departments. The following is the report made by the local Association:

Gross Bible study enrollment	100
Minus members of more than one class	12
Net total	88
A class started on December 8 brings the total net enrollment up to 95 and the gross enrollment to 107.	
Classes—Sharman's "Life of Christ," 1; Bosworth's "Life of Christ," 3; "Acts and Epistles," 2; "Leaders of Israel," 2; Jenks' "Social Teachings of Jesus," 1; See's "Teaching of Bible Classes," 1. Members, Etc.	
Total number of active and associate members	59
Total number of men in the University	275
Total registration, men and women	415
Average attendance at Sunday meetings for the present year about	27
Statistics for year 1907-08	
Bible study enrollment, about 75; members at the close of the year, 63; total number of students in the university, 363.	

The Peak

How faint the peak glows through the morning haze
When clouds of summer draped about its head
Shield from the sun's refulgent rays
Like silent curtains of a bridal bed.
Each peak in glory at the touch of Morn
In a rapture of glory bursts in sight,
And from its gloomy depths a new light born
Heralds daily the union of Earth and Light.

How dark the view that shows on other days,
The clouds hang lowering o'er its head and deep
The wind blows slowly through the ways,
And mists that climb its slopes in travail weep.
The weary trees let droop their dripping arms,
No sprightly pennants to the breeze unfurled.
The mighty mountain shown of all his charms,
He stands a symbol of the somber world.

—T. E. Smith.

Thanksgiving in Mammoth Cave

By W. B. Hopper, Ex-'08.

We enjoy the sights of rivers, mountains, plains, cliffs and peaks; but little do we realize the beauty and grandeur that lie beneath our feet. This was made more clear to a party of thirty students and friends who spent Thanksgiving in Mammoth Cave.

With a lamp for each couple and the assistance of a guide we passed through the natural arch at the entrance of the cave and into the dark passages beyond. We saw the vats where saltpeter was made in 1812. Near these were cart and oxen tracks made at the same time. The guide failed to say, however, how often these had to be re-made to preserve their distinctness. As we saw the long parallel lines separating the different layers of stone we who had studied geology had an opportunity to refresh our minds in that subject. We saw the stalagmites and stalagmites. A number of these having united formed the Bridal Altar. Here, we were told, nine couples had been united in marriage; but this had lately been forbidden—it was running matrimony into the ground.

In the Star Chamber we put out lights while our guide slowly entered a side cavern, allowing his light to reflect upon the walls and ceiling. The effect was that of a sunset in a partly clouded sky. As the light grew fainter, innumerable stars appeared overhead. Then the clouds covered all. If darkness can be felt, then we experienced that feeling. We had orders not to light a match, but were permitted to make as many as we could.

Presently we heard a sound as of a chicken just awakening in the morning. A dog barked. A cow moored. We turned and saw white clouds in the distance. They thickened and became red. A beautiful sunrise! Then all became blue as if a storm were brewing. Then as the guide passed farther beyond with his light, we saw a beautiful marble statue of Martha Washington, the outline of which was the irregular walls of the cave with a white wall farther away.

We crossed the River Styx and entered the region of shades beyond. We went down Echo River and later saw the blind fish caught there. Then we at dinner four and one-half miles from the cave's entrance, in the Valley of Flowers, where the eye can be satisfied with the rare lustre of the place. We stopped in the Echo chamber, where even the floor would quake at the sound of a male voice. But when the ladies spoke silence followed.

On our return we went through the Corkscrew, a natural passage with artificial steps. This, as the name suggests, is a narrow stairway barely large enough to admit a man's body.

Before leaving the cave we visited the pyramids erected to the various states. As the guide called the names, the members of the party cast stones upon the piles representing their respective states, and we even ventured a song or a yell. Presently we paused before a small, irregular heap. The stones were few but above them was the name Idaho. Another stone was added. Then Yours Truly made the cave resound with the old yell,

Restlessness

Out from the West where the evening lingers,
Where the witch of the sunset melts her gold,
Why would the sleep-elf come not to me?
Why should her soothing touch withhold?
Why should she leave my eye-balls staring,
Open hard to the starlight cold?

Why could I sleep not? What was the fancy
That held my heavy lids apart?
What was the fear that twined its icy,
Icy fingers about my heart?
What was the fear, O! What was the fancy,
What was the fear that made me start?

Was it the vast the vague uncertain—
The vast uncertain that is to be?
Was it the past that's best forgotten
That turned its mournful eyes on me?
Eyes that know of a deed forgotten
That came to point and mock at me.

Out from the West where the evening lingers,
Where the witch of the sunset melts her gold,
Far and faint came the "tinkle, tinkle"
Of the sheep's sweet bell in the woods astray
And drove the past and the great uncertain—
The thought of the deed and the deed away.

—Charles E. Kincaid

and left feeling that he had endeavored to do honor to the name he loved.

The College and the Individual

The favorite slogan of reformists in the college world today is individualism. The belief seems to be growing that the point of development has been reached where the importance of the individual has been lost sight of. In different degrees to be sure this exists, from the man who sees only idleness, procrastination, irresponsibility, cramming, cheating, as a result of the present system and longs for the good, old New England days, as it is quaintly put, the days of the boarding school, strict discipline, and intense students—from this theory, to the theories of that intensely practical man, President Woodrow Wilson, who is attempting to establish upon American soil a university based upon the English tutorial system. This question of individualism is engaging the attention of men both inside and outside the college world. Mr. Clarence F. Birdseye, a practicing lawyer in the East, has written a book on "Individual Training in American Colleges," which has just been reviewed in a late number of the Educational Review by F. P. Keppel, of Columbia University. From this article we may get an idea of the question from both the inside and the outside perspectives.

Mr. Birdseye's book contains an account of development of the American college from the days which it was a mere boarding school, with low entrance requirements, where the curriculum prepared one either for the pulpit or for the bar, and where a man came out prepared to enter into the world's activities, to the age of university buildings, as he designates the present age, a time when more men go to college, when the personal contact of professor and pupil has become greatly lessened.

This system, he says, has resulted in fostering procrastination, idleness, irresponsibility, cheating at examinations, and a false importance being placed upon credits

and grades. He strongly condemns cramming, the outside quiz and snap culture courses.

One hopeful sign Mr. Birdseye finds in the system today, and that is the training afforded the student by the Greek letter fraternity. The freshmen are educated by the upperclassmen in matters of domestic life. They are placed in an environment in which it is to their own interest to make the best of circumstances. The upper classmen are educated by their responsibilities.

So much for Mr. Birdseye's book. Mr. Keppel says it contains much that is good and it betrays a deeply thoughtful consideration of an important problem of college life today. But it betrays also a one-sided consideration of the purpose of a college. It looks upon college merely as a training for the practical life which leads to worldly successes. It forgets the love of scholarship for its own sake. That subjective success in life which comes from a cultured education is as important as the objective success in practical life. Mr. Keppel says the primary purpose of the undergraduate course should be scholarship for its own sake. Instances are plenty where the individual develops the practical side of his nature in the technical school after he has finished his undergraduate course of study.

The combination of the views of these two men seems to strike the vital point in our educational system. History has taught us that when education has neglected the subjective side of life it has failed as utterly as has it when it has neglected the other side. When a nation has been unable to foster a great literature—the product of the subjective life—then has it become slack in government and morals. Furthermore the importance of the individual in society has been alternately recognized in the development of education from the very days of the Greeks, the gaps between these landmarks invariably being times of decadence.

Subscribe for the Argonaut.

News From Captain Chrisman

The following extracts from a recent letter written by Captain Chrisman we are permitted to publish. He writes from Fort Crook, Nebraska, (near Omaha), to a member of the faculty who had written him an account of the Idaho-W. S. C. game.

"It has been a long time since I have read a letter with as much interest as I read yours, having often wondered how Idaho ever did it in the face of the reports I had previously heard concerning Pullman's strong team. To say that I should have enjoyed it puts it too poorly. That was the one game for us always, and I suppose will continue to be for some years at least. Idaho is entitled, of course, to more credit for such a victory than Pullman, for the latter has had more material to select from. But quality seems to favor us in athletics often, as I believe in other departments of college life, as shown by what our fellows do when they get out into the world. I fancy the spirit or esprit du corps did not suffer from the victory; it never seem to suffer from defeat either. The spirit of Idaho is remarkable. I have had many opportunities to contrast it with that of other places, and it is really a contrast. At times there were those among us who didn't believe in it, but it has stood the test and won victories even in defeat.

"To tell you something of ourselves:—Our stay in the Philippines was full of difficult experiences. In August, 1906, I was ordered into the field in active service, leaving my family at Fort McKinley. A month or so later Mrs. Chrisman grew very ill; in fact the doctors thought she would not live, and ordered an immediate change of climate. She and the children left for China, where their health immediately began to improve, and continued so well that they converted a "sick leave" into a pleasure trip and spent several months of most interesting travel there, and it would take a volume to tell it to you as I have heard it. Meanwhile I was chasing the wily foe over mountains and valleys in Leyte, several hundred miles below Luzon. There I put in about seven months of the hardest kind of campaigning, returning in March of this year in time for the season's maneuvers around Manila. The family returned from China entirely recovered and have been well ever since, as I have also after recuperating from the campaign.

"In August we left Manila and fortunately had a nice little stop in Japan and also in Honolulu.

"In Manila we saw quite a little of Elbert Moody and Robert Ghormley. Elbert is doing splendidly, has the reputation of being one of the best engineers in the islands, and I believe has a future before him. Robert Ghormley was in the fleet at Manila for some time and used to come out quite often. He is a fine fellow, and also has a bright prospect before him. Promotion will be excellent, and he will rise rapidly. Besides he is ambitious and of fine personality. And this reminds me somehow of Cleveland Gee, perhaps you know how well he is doing—stands sec-

ond in his class, and is almost certain to eventually be in the corps of engineers. It is strange how old faces return—now I think of our dear Charley Simpson. His death must have been a deep loss to you. From what Dr. MacLean told me, he must have left a lot of useful work as a monument to his memory in South Africa.

"We would all like to see the university again, and may visit it some day. It seems like home, somehow; we have so many friends in Moscow that our natural home seems there, and probably will be some day in the distant future. We would no doubt miss the old building.

"We are settled here in a magnificently built post. Our quarters, for example, are of brick, three stories and basement, steam heated and electric lighted, and with every modern convenience, with plenty of room.

"My work is hard. The practical work is heavier than it was formerly, and is divided among fewer officers, with the result that our time is well taken up.

"Catherine and Ord have grown, especially lately. The Philippines did not agree with them well, but of late they are developing wonderfully, both physically and mentally. Ord is quite a fighter, at large as well as at home. Both are in school just outside the post.

Pick Team of the West

Sporting Editor Robert Cronin, of the Portland Evening Journal, has picked the following as his all-Pacific Northwestern selection: Savidge of Idaho has been placed on every all Northwestern selection made in Portland this season. The all-Northwestern team as selected by Cronin is as follows: Left end, Moores of Oregon; left tackle, Dimick of Whitman; left guard, Halm of Washington State; center, Tegtmeir of Washington; right guard, Jamison of Washington; right tackle, Arnspiger of Oregon; right end, Savidge of Idaho; quarterback, Kuykendall of Oregon; left half, Lissen of Washington State; full back, Clark of Oregon.

Coach George Frost of Oregon passed through Portland last night on his way back to Seattle. He does not expect to return to Oregon next year as his profession requires his full attention. It is reported that Coach Victor M. Place of Washington will not return to Washington next year. It will be noticed that Cronin does not credit Oregon Agricultural College, whose team has made a somewhat doubtful claim to the Pacific Coast championship on the basis of defeating Oregon and St. Vincents, with a single representative on his all-Northwestern aggregation.

The Telegram's selection gives Kamieson, O. A. C., the position of right guard in their all-Northwestern, but dismisses Norcross men with no amount of recognition.—Boise Times.

Most of the preps ought to feel thoroughly a home, because 111 out of the total 174 registered are from Latah county.

Hegge—The first class barber.

Special attention paid to the student trade by Hegge, the barber.



R. O. JONES, 09.

Present holder of the Ridenbaugh Prize. Leader of the debate team which recently defeated W. S. C.

Ridenbaugh Debate Prize

Robert O. Jones, leader of the team which recently met Washington State College in debate, is the fifth winner of the Ridenbaugh annual debate prize of \$25. The prize was established in 1903 by Mrs. Mary E. Ridenbaugh, who was then one of the regents of the university.

The first recipient of the prize was Mr. R. W. Overman, '05, who is now an instructor in the Boise High School. Overman was one of Idaho's best debaters. He debated twice against the Washing-

The third time the prize was awarded it went to Mr. Charles A. Montandon, '06. He, too, was one of our prominent debaters. He figured in many contests; one with Whitman, two with Washington, one with Utah, one with Washington State College, and one with Montana. In one of the Washington debates and in the Montana debates he particularly distinguished himself.

Last year the prize went to Mr. Guy Holman, '08, who has had a long and successful career as a debater, beginning with his work as a representative of the preparatory department. As a college debater he has represented the university in contests with Washington State College, and the University of Montana. Last year he was chosen as the leader of the team to meet Washington, but at the last moment he was prevented by illness from leaving for Seattle.

Robert O. Jones, the present Ridenbaugh man, was the debater who led the Idaho team to victory over Washington last year in Seattle. In his freshman year he captained his class team in a debate with the Lewiston Normal School. It is safe to say that he will not disappoint those who expect him to do able work in upholding the honor of Idaho on the forensic platform.

E. M. HULME.



J. D. MATTHEWS

ton State College, once against Whitman College, and once against the University of Washington.

The second student to win the prize was Mr. Victor E. Price, '06. Price made his first appearance as an inter-collegiate debater when he was a student at Whitman College. He represented that institution in a debate with Idaho, and was duly defeated. Seeing the superior advantages to be gained by attending his own state university he shook the dust of Walla Walla off his shoes and came here. He represented Idaho in two debates against the Washington State College, one debate against Utah, one against Washington, one against Oregon, and one against Whitman. He was largely responsible for the unequalled string of victories gained by Idaho's forensic champions.



WILLARD GWIN

Student Life at Stanford University.

Stanford University is located about twenty-five miles south of San Francisco, and a little over a mile from the small town of Palo Alto. The location therefore combines to some extent the advantages of a large city with those of isolation. The school is not so large as it would be if it were nearer to the city, as the University of California can be reached from San Francisco much more quickly, and gets the city students, who can live at home while attending it. But there are great compensating advantages at Palo Alto, and unlimited room is one of these. The buildings are located well within the boundaries of the 9,000-acre Palo Alto estate of the late Senator Stanford; by the main avenue of approach the distance is about a mile to the outside world. On the side, however, the hamlet of Mayfield is about half a mile from the institution. Slightly behind the great quadrangle of low stone buildings which constitute the center of university work is a little tract of land within which students and faculty are permitted to lease sites from the trustees for residence purposes. Twenty or thirty houses are occupied by members of the faculty, and there are, perhaps, fifteen rather spacious fraternity houses and five or six of sororities. The two large stone dormitories of the institution are near by, but farther to the front. All of the students and faculty who live on the campus are in the buildings mentioned, while the remainder live outside, mostly in the town of Palo Alto. Many students live at their homes and come daily ten or twenty miles to attend their work.

As will be seen from the description, life must be very different for the inside and outside students.

The student body is in some respects peculiarly homogeneous, however, as there are no branches or professional schools located at a distance, and the enrollment in general courses far exceeds that in law and engineering; so it happens that the eighteen hundred students massed together make as much of a central nucleus as is sometimes found in universities of three thousand or more.

The status of women is unique. Only five hundred of them are admitted, preference being given to graduate students; none may enter the freshman class with deficiencies of any kind. As there are more applications than can be granted, the process of selection appears to weed out many of the less studious and more frolicsome ones. It is also a striking feature of Stanford that a considerable proportion of the women students are of mature years, in many cases school teachers of ten or twenty years' experience, spending a hard-won year of "rest" in reviewing half forgotten subjects or exploring new ones. For women of this class, Stanford has a peculiar fascination; they are taken in and treated officially with the respect due them. They may, it is true, be nicknamed "pelicans" by thoughtless boy students, but they are so numerous as to form a conspicuous element and to lend support to each other, if such a

Continued on last page.

The Power of a Broken Arm.

Prize story

By Edith Keyes, '10

The fates are against us, Roy, Downing's broke his arm!" Max Ludwig dejectedly closed the door and faced his roommate

"The deuce! How'd he do it?" cried Clarence.

"Fell on the ice. He's a fool guy to run such risk the night before the debate. I'd like to give him a piece of my mind, and a big one, too."

"That's too bad"—

"Too bad," shouted Max, the angry flush coming to his cheeks. "It's abominable, it's outrageous. Amherst will lick us with one hand. They'll tie us up in a knot, and—"

"You'll untie it," Clarence finished as he lay a soothing hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Yes, untie it? How? With the best man laid out. They'll simply devour us at one gulp and look around for more worlds to conquer."

"Look out, old boy. You're getting your figures of speech mixed."

"If I don't get anything worse than figures mixed to-morrow night, I'll be happy. Bob and I can't do it alone. That darned fool! What did he go skating for?"

Clarence looked up with a teasing expression. "For the same reason that you were going if you had had a chance."

"I'd have skated and not tried boxing with a block of ice," Max flashed back.

There was silence in the room for a few minutes, broken finally by Clarence.

"Well, it's done and can't be helped. Dick or George will have to take his place. You know they tied in the tryout."

"Dick is sick and George won't, so it's up to Bob and me." Max mournfully sat down, placed his feet on the table and gazed at the ceiling.

"George won't? Why?" asked the other in a surprised voice.

"Do you think George would do anything if he thought it would please Roy? He knows Roy's heart is set on winning the debate. He knows Roy would almost forfeit his head of need be to make Hessex win. It will be just the chance he's been looking for to get even with the foe. You know they had a scrap last fall and George never recovered, though Roy has tried again and again to make up. You might as well hang up your fiddle on that. He is the only one who could take the place, and he won't. We're up against it."

"I believe George has more self-respect and love for the old 'Varsity than to fake out that way. I'm going over to see him. Maybe he hasn't heard about it yet." Clarence picked up his hat and left.

Fifteen minutes he knocked at the door of George's den.

"Come in," called a voice from within. "Oh, hello, Clarence," he cried as the door opened. "What brought you here this time of night?"

"Haven't you heard the news? Roy Downing's broke his arm. Fell on the ice to-night. You ready to step into his shoes?"

George had glanced up quickly at the mention of his old chum's name, but he dropped it immediately to hide the hot flush which rose to his temples.

For two years George White and Roy Downing had been the closest of friends. Then a trifling quarrel caused by a misunderstanding had grown and developed until they became bitter enemies. Roy, the stronger character of the two, discovered first that the cause of the quarrel was groundless and tried to make up, but the stubborn nature of his old friend resisted all advances and each went his own lonely way.

Although George did not realize the fact, it was, in part, his jealousy of the oratorical ability of Roy that kept him from renewing the friendship. Ever since his old chum had won over him in the tryout he had been longing, hoping for a chance to "get even." Yes, shameful as it may seem, he had even wished once or twice that something of this very nature might turn up so that he might show Roy that he wasn't the only one who could do things.

Now as the question was put to him his heart beat fast with the thought that his hopes were realized. He hesitated scarcely a moment. "Yes, I'll do it, he answered almost gladly.

Clarence could hardly suppress an exclamation of surprise at the readiness with which his question was answered. He soon recovered himself, however, and extended his hand, saying heartily, "Good, I know it will be hard with such short notice, but I'm glad you are so ready to try. You'll be at the Opera House at 7:15 will you?"

"Yes, I'll be there. Good-night."

Morpheus held no sweet dreams for George that night. Toward morning, when at last he lay down after revising and rehearsing his speech again and again, it was to sleep the sleep of a weary and worn out man.

All the following day excitement filled the air. Every one had been anxious before, but now anxiety reached the brink of despair. But the team, upheld by a few staunch supporters, set their teeth with a determination to fight to the last stroke of the hammer.

By seven o'clock the crowd was gathering rapidly and fifteen minutes later when George entered, the hall was nearly filled. He walked calmly into a dressing room at the rear where a few of the boys were assembled to give their last encouraging words to the trio. He stepped to a window and stood looking out, lost for the moment in thought.

Suddenly a familiar name brought him back to a realization of his surroundings.

"Roy's coming out to-night. The doctor did his best to keep him home, but at last he saw it would do more harm than good to insist, so gave in. Poor fellow, he was all cut up over the accident. He would give his life to win the debate."

The words stung George like an arrow. "What! am I helping to win the debate for Roy?" He caught his breath, "I'm no weak-minded sissy. I won't do it. The debate can go to thunder before I'll submit myself for services in

his kingdom. I've done his bidding long enough. He can do it himself. I won't." He turned to leave the room, but as he did so he caught sight of the pale face of Max, pale from the unusual anxiety and responsibility, for this was the most important debate of the year. "You coward," George ground to himself between his teeth. Go back to your post and don't sneak away like a thief. You are a disgrace to your father's name to think of retreating just before the battle. Do your duty to Max and Bob, and the dear old Alma Mater. Let Roy go."

"Come on, George. It's time to go," Max's tense voice broke in on his thoughts.

With nerves strung to the highest pitch, but calm and steady, George stepped upon the stage. Unconsciously his eyes glanced eagerly over the audience as if seeking someone. They were arrested by another pair near the side door. The glance of the owners was prolonged for an instant, one with a severe, stubborn stare, the other with an eager gaze full of kindness and longing, but pale from suffering. George's head fell while a hot wave of shame seemed to burn him from head to foot. What if he had gone home and left the debate! That face would have been still more drawn from suffering and pain. A thrill of joy and peace to think he was still of use to his old friend, passed through his inner consciousness and lighted his face for a second. It passed, but in its place settled an expression of determination to do his best for—Roy? Yes, for Roy. But the first speaker was arising and he must forget himself and all else but the duty before him.

As the evening slipped by, first Amherst then Hessex clapped in delight, then caught its breath in fear until finally the last speaker arose. It was George. Bob and Max had earnestly requested that they might not have to change speeches to suit the part which had been given Roy that at last George had been tremblingly allowed to take this most important place. But his heart and soul was in it. His voice was calm and even and he had himself in perfect control. He saw nothing, heard nothing, but felt only that eager, suffering face that had looked at him longingly, kindly. His voice broke the silence. It fell in even accents, but with convincing force on the ears of the anxious audience. First he refuted two principal points of the opposing side, proving them beyond a doubt to be false. The room became as silent as a tomb but for the one voice as it rose and fell with power. Girls clasped and unclasped their hands, old men leaned forward to catch every word, even the boys in the gallery stopped cracking stale jokes and sat silent, charmed. His conclusion gave a concise statement of each of their main points and, at the blow of the hammer he returned to his seat in a death-like silence.

It was fully fifteen seconds before a move was made, then such clapping as the old hall had never head arose again and again from both friend and foe.

Again silence prevailed as the judges wrote their decisions and the slips were handed to the chairman. A glad light came to his eye, but was quickly suppressed. He was in stating that the decision is unanimous in favor of Hessex."

In an instant every Hessex man was on his feet and heading for the stage, giving nine raps on the way for the team and for George. But before one foot could touch the top stair, one chair was vacant. George had slipped down and was going out a side door. Roy saw him coming and waited. George made as if to push past without noticing him, but the latter held out his left hand, smiling apologetically at his right resting in a sling, and asked hesitatingly, "May I offer congratulations?"

George grasped his hand awkwardly and answered in a gruff voice, but with a glad light showing from his eyes, "What are you here for? The doctor had no business letting you come out?? He brushed past and was gone, but a happy smile lighted the face he left Roy understood.

The Engineer.
Who comes with saber sharpened keen,
With profile long and sober mien,
With transit, level, book and tape,
And glittering axe to swat the stake?
The Engineer.

Who sets the level, bends his spine,
Squints through the glass along the line,
Swings both his arms at rapid gait,
Yells, "Hold that god-darned rod up straight?"
The Engineer.

Who raves and snorts like one insane,
Jumps in the air and claws his mane,
Whene'er he sees a scraper take
A whack at his most cherished stake
The Engineer.

Who says he'll charge "an even ten
For stakes destroyed by mules and men,"
While on all fours he tries in vain
To find the vanished stake again?
The Engineer.

Who sees the air with madden rage
And turns with hate the figured page,
And then with patience out of joint,
Ties in another reference point?
The Engineer.

Who calls it your unrivalled gall,
Whene'er you kick for overhaul,
And gives your spine a frigid chill,
Whene'er you spring an extra bill?
The Engineer.

Who deals with figures most profuse,
And tells you solid rock is loose,
That hard pan is nothing more than loam,
While gumbo is lighter than sea foam?
The Engineer.

Who, after all, commands our praise,
In spite of his peculiar ways,
While others harvest all the gains
That spring from his prolific brains?
The Engineer.
—Ames I. S. C. Student.

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ALL IDAHO TEAM

(Selected from the star players who have upheld Idaho on the gridiron during the last eight years. The numeral in the composite team represents the last fall each played.)

First Team—Snow, '05, center; "Silent" Smith, '03, left guard; Larson, '06, right guard; Rogers, '05, left tackle; Jenkins, '02, right tackle; Savidge, '07, left end; Armstrong, '07, right end; Middleton (captain), '05, quarterback; Small, '07, left halfback; McFarland, '98, right halfback; Keyes, '07, fullback.

Second Team—Stein, '07, center; Sheridan, '05, left guard; Stokesberry, '07, right guard; Roosevelt, '05, left tackle; H. Smith, '07, right tackle; Miller, '04, left end; Thomas, '05, right end; Griffin, '01, quarterback; Johnson, '07, left halfback; C. Smith, '05, right halfback; Horton, '03, fullback.

Since the football season has ended every large paper in the community has presented an all-star team. The Argonaut has picked the two teams above from the Idaho gridiron stars who have helped to make the varsity famous in this branch of athletics.

In picking this team particular attention has been paid to the players' usefulness under the present rules. An attempt has also been made to rule from the list all men whose sole object was football and those whose amateur standing might be questioned. The teams here presented are named first and second team, respectively, although one is about as strong as the other. However, take each man individually and each composite team, and consider their adaptability to all styles of football, the so-called first team has a shade the better of the consideration.

For the position of center, Snow, '06, is the choice. Snow is beyond dispute the best center that ever donned an Idaho uniform. He was fast on his feet, a sure passer, and an excellent defensive man. Snow played on the 1905 championship team. He would make an ideal center under the new rules. The second team center, Stein, earned his right to be classed among the stars, by his work during the past season. Stein played under difficulties all season, yet put up a remarkable game.

Two tackles, Larson, '07, and H. Smith, '04, are placed at guards, not because there have been no good guards, but because there are four valuable tackles, not one of whom could be left off. Larson is probably the greatest lineman Idaho ever developed. He played tackle during the past three years of his career, but has also played guard and it was in this position that he first displayed his ability, in the great game with the University of Oregon in 1901. Larson was heavy and fast, a magnificent ground gainer and a stonewall on defense. He was thrice selected as a member of the all-Northwest. The other guard, Harry Smith, popularly known as "Silent" Smith, captained the team in 1903. Smith played half back and tackle, and was a star in each position. His strong point was his defensive playing. While not in the class of Jenkins, Rogers, or Larson as an all-around tackle, he is too good a man to be left out entirely and

would make an ideal guard. Sheridan, '06, and Stokesberry, of the present team, are a great pair of guards, and are given positions on the second team. While neither is as fast as Larson or Smith, yet each has made an enviable record in the line. Neither is a sensational player, but both are dependable and consistent.

With Larson playing a guard, the premier tackle is Rodgers, '06. Rodgers was a brilliant ground gainer and made many sensational gains on the old tackle around tackle play. He stripped 190 pounds and had a magnificent physique. He was fast, a good defensive man, and played teamwork all the time. The other tackle position is given to Tommy Jenkins, '03. Jenkins was either a halfback or a tackle. He played tackle on the 1900 championship team and after a severe attack of typhoid, starred in the game against the University of Washington, which won for Idaho her first championship. In 1903, when W. S. C. defeated Idaho 17 to 0, Jenkins played the whole game for Idaho. Tommy was speedy, stockily build and besides being a football player, was a track athletic and baseball player.

The other tackles are Roosevelt and "Hen" Smith. The former played guard on the 1905 team and earned his spurs as a great guard by opening up holes in the line large enough to drive a wagon through. Before coming to Idaho "Ted" played tackle on Stanford University and played a grand game when Michigan defeated the latter at Los Angeles. "Hen" Smith is the third of this name and family to make a reputation as a football player. "Hen" is picked on account of his fine work of the past season. He is one of the surest defensive tackles in the Northwest today.

There is an abundance of good material from which to select the ends, and after considerable thought, Armstrong and Savidge are given these positions. "Armie" is as great an end as he is halfback and no gains were made around him when he played that position. "Armie" is a brilliant tackler and can bring any giant to the ground. Savidge is placed at the other end on account of his ability to break interference. Savidge is a player who makes good use of his head in a game. Miller, '05, captain of the '04 team, was the fastest and most deadly tackler of the trio, but he was not the all-around man that either "Armie" or "Daffy" is. Miller also played half and some regard him as the best in this position that Idaho ever produced. Miller sustained a broken shoulder early in his career and hence was very susceptible to injury. Were it not for this fact he would be placed on the first team in place of McFarland. The latter was probably a shade better football player, but never played an intercollegiate game with Idaho. He and Thomas are placed on the second team. Thomas was a stubborn little player and his drop kicking helps to land for him the position.

Quarterback and captain goes to Middleton, '06. Middleton led one

championship team, and he now has developed another. His record as a coach is known to all and the fact that he was the unanimous choice of all the coaches for the position of captain and quarterback, is a tribute to his playing ability. He is a natural leader, a born football player, as well as a competent coach.

At left half is placed Small. Byers, of the '00 team, is the only other man who stands to challenge his right to the position, but this man was an out and out professional and is ruled out. He was, however, without an equal as a cashing halfback. Small played half last year and was just as good in that position as he is at quarter or fullback. He would be indispensable on account of his long passes. Rodney is a fearless player, and is equally efficient at bucking the line as shirting the ends. "Rod" would be played at safety on defense and would be an excellent man to return punts.

At the other half is stationed Dave McFarland, who caused the whole W. S. C. team to refuse to play one time. McFarland at one time played with the Carlisle Indians and was one of the most phenomenal players in the United States. McFarland is a full-blood Nez Perce Indian. He was as fearless as a lion and was a terrific line plunger as well as a great trick player. His remarkable drop kicking would entitle him to a position on any team. It was no uncommon occurrence for him to kick goals from the center of the field.

For halfbacks on the second team Johnson, of the present team, and Charley Smith, of the 1905 team, are selected. Johnson earned the right to be placed in the No. 1 class by his brilliant play this year. His handling of punts gives him the position and as a defensive safety he is unbeatable. Charley Smith was a born football player. He came to Idaho and played tackle in the first varsity match he ever saw. He was as fast as lightning, a sure tackler, and a hard man to throw when once tackled.

Keyes is placed at fullback because of his all-around work and particularly because of his steadiness at critical moments. At sending out punts with a team closing in on him he is without peer. Keyes ended his career by playing a remarkable game, his performances against Oregon and W. S. C. being particularly bright. He is a first rate line buckler and plays a splendid defense. Horton was the greatest Idaho ever had and for

this reason is chosen as fullback on the second team. Griffin, of the 1901 team, has undisputed claim to quarter on the second team.

Take the first team as a whole and there is found a wonderfully strong aggregation of players. With a line composed of Savidge, Rodgers, Larson, Snow, Jenkins and Armstrong, each a star, and a Lack field composed of Middleton, Small, Keyes and McFarland, the team would be strong in every particular. The line would not have a weak spot in its entirety. The back field could not be improved upon when all kinds of football is to be played. With McFarland to drop kick and Keyes and Small to do the punting, the team would be well provided with kickers. It would be a wonderful team and a line-up such as is presented would put up an interesting game against any aggregation. The second team as already intimated would also be a power combination. With a line just as heavy as the first team's, a feet set of backs, with Thomas to drop kick, and Horton to punt they would be a combination with great scoring possibilities.

In picking this team many good men have been left out who were real stars and deserve great credit, but these twenty men are probably a great bunch of all-around players as could be named as eligible for an "All Idaho" selection. For instance, Gibb was a great line plunging halfback, but would not be fast enough for the new game. Edgett was a fine center, but would not be shifty enough for 1907 rules. Other good guards are Lweedt, '03; Gibson, '01; Pauls, '08, and Snow, of the 1900 team. Oakes and Hague were fine ends, while Mix was a rattler at quarter. Strong, Russell and Thornley were star back field men, while McLeod played a grand tackle.

The first team contains four men who have been captains—Smith in 1903, Middleton in 1905, Larson in 1906, and Armstrong in 1907. It contains eight men who, at some time or other, have been on the all-Northwest and others who would have had they received their just due. The second team is composed of two captains, Miller, '04, and Horton in 1900-01, and three men who have made the all-Northwest. It contains the names of others who will undoubtedly make the all-Northwest ere their career is closed.

She (as they watched the football game.)—The captain of your team never loses his head, does he?

He—No; he's lost part of his nose, his right ear and most of his front teeth, but he's still got his head.

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The Football Retrospect.

The football season of 1907 has passed into history and its record stands forth in red letters. It has been one of the most successful years that Idaho has experienced since she became a serious contestant on the gridiron among the colleges of the Northwest.

The opening of the season was exceedingly inauspicious and it was the general comment that Idaho would undoubtedly win nothing but the cellar championship. The preliminary games seemed to justify these predictions. The first game was with the Spokane High School team, and when it held the varsity to "no score," and indeed outplayed her, the pessimists began to bewail and grumble. The next game was with the S. A. A. C. and the team showed some improvement, but still was far below standard. The score was 22 to 0. A severe misfortune befell the team when Middleton was confined to his bed by an attack of typhoid fever. For two weeks he was forced to give up his work and practice was almost discontinued.

These were the conditions which confronted the team when they entered the first big intercollegiate game with the University of Oregon; only one week of coaching, out of condition, and a horde of new plays still untried and uncertain. In addition they were heavily outweighed, on a foreign field, and were obliged to play on a gridiron covered with a deep layer of sawdust. Few expected victory, some dared to hope for it. Yet, when the game began, Idaho revealed a stock of plays that fairly bewildered the Oregonians and startled the football world. Using an open attack, difficult to diagnose, and even more difficult to execute, they made forward passes and end runs at will and early in the first half scored a touchdown. But Idaho could not hold out long against such odds. During the second half the heavy web-footers battered down her defense, and by their weight, aided by magnificent team work, and the sawdust field, won the game decisively by a score of 21 to 5.

But the team was not disheartened. They knew well the conditions that had caused them to lose and knew that the score was no criterion of the comparative strength of the teams. They returned from Portland and for two weeks worked zealously developing their embryo plays. During recitation periods "Calc" and mopper mathematical series, the code of signals; in the afternoon they practiced on the field, and at night they dreamed of forward passes, trick plays and spread formations. They ate football diet, studied football problems, spent their spare time with football worshippers, and were stimulated by a desire to beat the Washington State College, already heralded as football champions.

In the meantime Coach Bender was working overtime polishing the mechanisms of his machine. Much different were conditions at Pullman; there were so many candidates that the manager could scarcely furnish enough suits; there had been assembled a great aggregation of stars with weight, speed, and experience; and behind

it was an imposing preliminary record of 240 points scored and not a point against them. Idaho had scored 27 points and had had 21 made against her.

Finally the day for the big game arrived, November 8. All of Pullman came to Moscow to witness the massacre and bear home the scalps. Who can ever forget that battle? A long chain of memorable contests fade into insignificance when compared to that one. Never has there been a game between these institutions where the enthusiasm ran so high, where the game was so bitterly contested, or where the victory has been so sweet. Every witness of that contest will remember to his last day how W. S. C. came onto the field confident, formidable, and ominous; and no witness will ever forget how Idaho stepped onto the field grim, determined, and hopeful. No witness of that contest will ever forget the intensity of every moment, nor will he forget the joy with which the Idaho students heard the final blast of the referee's whistle. For, although Idaho won decisively and clearly, the game was not safe until time was called, when playing such a team as W. S. C. presented. They have always proved to be Idaho's worthiest rival on the gridiron.

Idaho won the game by playing superior 1907 football. She scored five points on a forward pass early in the first half. W. S. C. kicked a goal from the field in the second half, making the final score 5 to 4.

After the W. S. C. game the team continued to practice diligently preparing for Whitman College. This team came to Moscow on November 16 and they, too, suffered defeat by the touchdown route. It was a great game, one team battling for the Northwest championship, the other to finish the season without further defeats. It was again a contest of new football against old and the new again demonstrated its superiority under the present rules.

The final game was played in Seattle with the University of Washington on Thanksgiving day. For the first time in intercollegiate games this year Idaho failed to score, but she also kept her opponents from registering a point. This game pitted new football against new football with the result that the contest was spectacular and interesting.

Thus Idaho ended a successful season. She had played four big colleges and lost one game. The team that had been "dubbed" as mediocre had developed into a powerful machine, speedy and well trained. Its brainy coach had developed a system of plays that upon every occasion brought favorable comment from critics, and finally the team had fought with a determination that was a triumphant vindication of Idaho spirit.

Big Bone Discovered

Prof. H. T. French has recently come into the possession of a bone of a pre-historic mammoth, dug up in the process of dredging the Snake river, near Rupert, Idaho. The bone is over three feet long and is remarkably well preserved. It is not known yet from exactly what species of mammoth it comes. It will be placed in the college museum.

MOODS OF THE MOUNTAIN

No doubt all of us wish to wander over classical and historical ground and to feast our eyes upon the sights that have moved the hearts of other men and have been celebrated in song and story long before us. The castled Rhine, the placid Po, the Alps or the Apennines, all make a moving appeal to our sentiment. Poets from Theocritus to Byron have sung the natural beauties of Greece. Switzerland has called forth songs from a thousand hearts. We cannot help feeling a regret that we are not permitted to share their delight at first hand.

This is a noble feeling and one that is representative of the best that is in us. The longing for beauty is at the bottom of all art and is the root of all progress. Beauty is but harmony and harmony is the keynote of the universe. All men are moved by beauty even if by nothing else, and this desire to look upon beauty is like the desire to do better and to be better. So when we read what others have said about the beauty of nature they have seen, it is well that we wish to see it too.

But there is one danger in this desire. If our minds are busy picturing our leisure hours with scenes of Greece and Italy, we are apt to miss the beautiful scenes of our own country. If our thought is on the lakes of England the lakes of Idaho are likely to escape our notice. There is beauty all around us if we could but see it. Greece was beautiful to Byron because he saw beauty anywhere. Wordsworth was strangely impressed by the beauty of the Alps, but he saw beauty in every hedge-row of his native country. Many a tourist is disgusted with Italy for the same reason that he is bored at home.

Beauty and grandeur are not absolute qualities, but are reflections of the man himself. "He who would go abroad in search of treasure had best first shake his own door-mat" is an old saying that applies equally well to all kinds of treasure. He who would go abroad in search of beautiful scenery should first observe the landscape about his own town.

Often in the afternoon I have stood at the window in the upper floor of the old Ad building and watched the play of the sunlight on the top of Moscow mountain. The memory of one such occasion is particularly vivid. It was about three o'clock one day in November. The sun was near the horizon, surrounded by banks of haze, not dense enough to obstruct its rays, but only prism-like, to break the light into its different colors as it fell on the snow-covered peak. At first I noticed only an orange-colored patch in a little valley, but as the sun descended the color slowly crept upward, spreading as it went and separating into all the shades of the rainbow. As the sun sank lower and as the banks of mist became thicker on the horizon the coloring increased until every peak and valley was clothed in a light each of its own. The gullies and lower slopes took the deeper and darker and darker colors, crimson and purple, the open

spaces higher on the slope showed gorgeous hues of yellow edged with blue and green, while the top itself glowed like a huge orange. The somber green of the trees against the snow seemed to lose its individuality and to mingle with and envelop all the other, to the enhancing of the whole. As the sun went down, the lower parts of the mountain grew dark. The yellow spaces on the sides turned to crimson and then faded, but the golden halo about the peak remained long after twilight had fallen upon us in the vale.

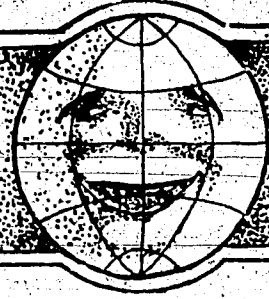
In the spring when the trees are putting out their new shoots and ending a brighter hue to the mountain side, the sunrise is a sight to remember. A little before four o'clock a faint glow appears above the trees, but soon it breaks up into colors as the light grows stronger. About an hour later, when the sun is well up, the view is at its best. The bright, clear sunlight of the spring morning lights upon the dewdrops and breaks up into its component parts. Each of ten thousand liquid pearls on every tree drinks in the sunshine and then, breaking it up into seven glories, hurls it afar upon the world. The solid dull body of the last year's growth of the evergreens is a background for the delicate yellow and green of this spring's beginnings. Each twig is a setting for ten thousand gems, each one alive with the glow of the morning until they all twinkle and flash, now with a clear white light, now with a tint of crimson, or a glow of orange and then die down again. But each drop of dew in the distance is lost in the whole, and each flash of color and each ray of light loses its individuality and contributes only to the glow and radiance of the whole mountain side. Gorgeous beyond a painter's imagination it shines for us, until, surfeited with the very abundance, we turn away.

Even at night it retains some of its charms. One night I was walking on the road between here and Viola when I first noticed the fact. The sky as far as I could see was so thickly clouded that it completely obscured the light of the moon, when suddenly, as if by magic, the clouds parted and left the whole mountain in the bright moonlight. It glowed with a silvery whiteness through the darkness of the night. It seemed so mysteriously close that the sight was almost creepy. Every tree showed clear and distinct, not dark and substantial as it ought to be at night, but with an airy silveryness that seemed a mockery of the substance. Not an owl or a bat flew by. Not a breath of wind stirred a leaf. Not even a mouse rustled a blade of grass. But, alone in the moonlight, with the thick canopy of clouds above me and that great white spectre before me, I stood still and let the full intensity of the scene prevail.

Only a short time ago the mountain showed itself to us in another way. It was after a week of rainy, dismal weather, but at that time the sky was clear as crystal and the wind was unusually strong. But all one day a cloud hung sta-

(Continued on last page.)

"Laugh and the World Laughs With You



Weep and You Weep Alone".

The New Rules

The old grad on the bleachers sat
Beside the Sophomore,
And watched the reformed warriors
play,
Unlike the brutes of yore.
He saw the off-side kick go wrong,
The misplaced forward pass,
And sighed in vain for the line of
beef
And the centre plays en masse.

The half-back staggers from the
game;
A sub goes to his place.
"Now what is wrong," the old grad
asks.
The "Sophy" hides his face.
"Must have wrenched a knee or hip."
The graduate then said:
"Perhaps its a stiff old Charley
horse,
Or doesn't he use his head?"

The under-grad looked far away
And sadly wiped his eye.
The graduate grew sore and cried,
"Come, Sophy, tell me why."
"It ain't no harm to slug man,
To answer be not loath."
The soph'more heaved a sigh and
said,
"He used a violent oath."
—Daily Maroon, Chicago.

Football in 1583.

The gentle game of football is
described thus in a work entitled
"Anatomic of Abuses," published
in 1583. "For I protest unto you
it may rather be called a friendly
kinde of fight than a play of recre-
ation, a bloody and murdering
practice than a sport of pastime
for dooth not every one lye in
waight for his adversaries, seeking
to overthrow him and to picke him
on his nose, though it be on hard
stones, so that by this means, some-
times their backs, sometimes their
legs, sometimes their armes, some-
times one part thrust out of joynt,
sometimes another; sometimes the
noses gush out blood; sometimes
their eyes start out."

Back to Nature

McKean F. Morrow, ex-'08,
now a Rhodes scholar at Oxford
University in England writes en-
tertainingly in a recent letter to a
friend here of the "boozing", pro-
clivities of many of the Oxford
students. He tell especially of a
don in Christ Church College, who
was wont to "hit the bottle" long
and hard. He was found one day
in a state of advanced intoxication,
sitting on the grass in the college
quadrangle. He was seated in a
bath tub (one of the English sort,
circular, made of tin, and six or
eight inches deep.) He had an-
other bath tub over his head, and
as one of his discoverers lifted this
to see who or what was under-
neath, he gave the warning, "Ssh!
Don't open me. I'm an oyster!"

Even if the proposed eligibility
rules for Northwest college athlet-
ics did not work, they would serve
one useful purpose. Violations of
them would make unlimited copy
for the sporting pages of the vir-
tue-loving city dailies.

False Reasoning

The professor of philosophy was
crossing the campus deeply en-
grossed in a new copy of Locke's
"Human Understanding," when he
bumped into something. He had
politely raised his hat and mur-
mured "I beg your pardon" before
he noticed that it was an old cow.
He hurried on with his head over
the book he was carrying, and pres-
ently collided with something else.
"Get out of my way, you old cow,"
he said angrily.

"Sir!" came a shrill feminine
voice; and, looking up, the profes-
sor gazed into the eyes of the ma-
tron of the girls' dormitory.

Love and Philosophy

My love wears a frown. A Stoic am
I,
And bear her displeasure with never
a sigh;
For why should I dissipate grief upon
one

Who'd receive all my dolorous glances
in fun?

If I honored her wrath so much as to
grieve,
At the sight of her power she would
laugh in her sleeve.

My love wears a smile. Epicurus I
serve,
And pay for her smiles in the coin
they deserve.

I yield to the witching demands of
her mirth,
I enjoy all her jests to the whole of
their worth.

'Tis wise, while her smiling illumines
the skies,
To shout and be glad ere its radlance
dies.

Gin a body meet a body gulping down
the rye,

Need a body ask a body for a reason
why?
Help the lad who has the bottle,
Do not pass him by—
Mayhap he needs assistance in the
killing of the rye.

Two Sides of It

Strohbehn to W. K. Gwin—You
may feel pretty big, but I stand a
lot higher in the community than
you do.

Gwin to Strohbehn—Maybe you
do, but that doesn't give you any
excuse for feeling exalted. I've a
great deal more weight in the com-
munity than you have.

On December 23

Book Agent—Allow me to pre-
sent the merits of the Excelsior En-
cyclopedia of Universal Knowl-
edge. I am selling the set of seven
volumes at a reduced—

Paterfamilias—Maybe so; but
my son has just got back from
college for the holidays and I don't
think an encyclopedia would be in
it with him. Good day.

The professor of English stop-
ped his lecture and answered the
knock at the door of the class-room.
A stranger was standing there who
asked if there was a student with
one eye named Simmons in the
class.

"I don't know," the professor
answered, "What is the name of the
cold?"

"Why heat, of course. Can't
offer eye?"

Football

(S. W. Gillilan in "Judge.")
The melancholy days have come,
The maddest of the year,
When men with hugely padded
clothes

Bite off each other's ear.

Heaped on the thirty-yardward line
Two quarterbacks lie dead;
They cashed in when they fell be-
neath
Ten husky fellows tread.

The cruel Jap-Russ war is done,
Manchuria is still;
But yet the football season's come
A host of chaps to kill.

Where are the boys, the mamma-
boys,
That lately sprang and stood
In college halls, 'mongst musty walls—
A lusty brotherhood.

Alas! in convalescent cots;
The gentle race of lads
Weren't proof against the knocks
they got
Regardless of their pads.

The rain is falling while they lie;
But the wet November rain
Won't let them wallow 'round in it
And hear "Five yards t' gain!"

Whose Argonaut do you read?

Tommy Watson 11 vs. the Land- lady

(At the hour of 8 o'clock Friday
morning, Tommy Watson, in bed
in his room. His landlady, with
broom and duster, on the landing
outside his door.)

Landlady (tapping on the door)
—Mr. Watson!

Tommy (yawning prodigiously)
—Um-m-m-m. Huh?

Landlady—Say, there, Mr. Wat-
son!

Tommy—Yes, there, I hear.
What d'you want?

Landlady—It's 8 o'clock.

Tommy—Thank you, Mrs.
Scraggs. I don't have to go to
school till 10:20, and I'm not a
bit hungry, so I guess I'll not be
stirring out for a while yet.

Landlady (to herself)—You
guess you won't, eh? Plague take
the young scamp! (After a min-
ute of silence.) Mr. Watson!

Tommy—What is it?

Landlady—May I come in to
make the bed and sweep? (A
series of emphatic though inarticu-
late sounds from within.) What
did you say, Mr. Watson? May
I come in?

Tommy—Beg pardon, Mrs.
Scraggs. I was merely saying my
morning prayers. As for your
coming in, I'm a little doubtful
about it. Fact is, I'm hardly out
of bed yet.

Landlady—Not out of bed yet!
What do you mean? I hope you
realize that I've got all my house-
work to do and can't afford to be
kept waiting here.

Tommy—You don't have to
wait, ma'am. I'm in no hurry to
have the bed made up, and I don't
see why you can't go on and do
your house work and come back to
this room after while.

Landlady—Well, I see why. I've
got my way of doing my work
and I propose to do it that way.
Mr. Watson, when are you going
to get up? Do you think I am go-
ing to wait here all morning?

Tommy (lowering his voice)—
The Lord only knows. I'm afraid
you are. (Aloud.) I can't get up
yet, Mrs. Scraggs. Isn't that
rough for you?

Landlady—Yes, sir, Mr. Wat-
son, it's enough for me. It's so
much that you can either get up
and get dressed and let me in to
clean up that room in fifteen min-
utes, or pay your rent and move
out altogether. I won't be trod
or by any such doings as yours
this morning. What did I tell you
when I rented you that room?
Didn't I say that it must be ready
to be cleaned up by 8 o'clock every
morning?

Tommy—What's that about pay-
ing rent?

Landlady—This is the first of
the month.

Tommy (to himself)—Great
guns! I guess she's right! And
not a red cent in the bank, or hope
of a sou from home till the tenth!



He has "Yeped" twice before and in vain.

* * * Resolved, That T. Watson had better be good! * * *
(Aloud.) I'll do my best to be out in a quarter of an hour, Mrs. Scraggs.

Mrs. Scraggs starts down stairs. Confused noises emerge from Tommy's room. They finally resolve themselves into the sound of a man trying to sew.

Tommy—Darn—it! Dog-on it! Elaine the thing! My last needle broke! Oh, cuss for me, somebody. Please cuss. What'll I do for trousers if I don't get these patched? Only other pair I've got at the clothes-presser's, and a tear in these as big as a barn door! The deuce take chicken stealing expeditions, anyway. Say, Mrs. Scraggs!

The landlady returns.
Tommy—Will you please lend me a needle?

Landlady—What in the name of goodness can you want of a needle now?

Tommy—Well, to tell the truth, I'm—I'm—trying to darn—I mean patch—my trousers. And my last needle's broke. Some fellows caught me going to a party last night and hazed me, Mrs. Scraggs. It's pretty rocky—pretty rough, I mean—on trousers. You know how it is with me, Mrs. Scraggs; you know I'm working my way through college, and I hate to tell you, but if you are going to run me out of here whether or no—

Landlady—Oh, you poor persecuted boy! Those dreadful hazings! Are you much bruised up? Just wait, Thomas, till I get my sewing basket. (She runs down stairs and returns with the basket.) Now hand those trousers out here to me, my boy. (The door opens a little way and Tommy passes out the torn trousers.) What a tear! How they must have treated you! And to think that this is your only pair! Tommy, don't you be in a hurry to settle with me for this month's rent. Just save your money for a little while and get you some more clothes.

Little drops of water
On a freshman's face
Make him quite a credit
To the human race.
—C. E. K.

The Freshman

There once was a freshman of great renown—
Matches and pipes and a puff of smoke—
Came to college and claimed the town;
Matches and pipe and a puff of smoke.

He was his mama's greatest pride—
Matches and pipe and a cigarette—
Walked like a king—a mile at a stride;
Matches and pipe and a cigarette.

English and Math and Physics too—
Matches and pipe and maybe a beer—
"Lifty" took him in at a chew;
Matches and pipe and maybe a beer.

Mid semester—"Hurry along!"
Matches and pipe, a drink and a chew—
Flunkety-flunk, the same old song;
Matches and pipe, a drink and a chew.

—C. E. Kincaid.

"What travels faster, heat or anybody catch cold?"

"Why heat, of course. Can't anybody catch cold?"

(Wild paroxysms of laughter.)

(Wild paroxysms of laughter.)

The Fire

I was sitting in my room one evening in November, 1907, with my mind about equally divided between Greek philosophy and the sage brush of South Idaho, when I was suddenly aroused by the cry of "Fire" from someone in front of the house.

I am not of a very nervous disposition, and, as it was about ten o'clock on a typical Palouse night, I put my books away, put on my rubbers and raincoat, and went out on the porch. There, by listening intently, I could hear the fire bell which is nearly two blocks from where I live, and in less than half an hour I heard the hose cart coming down the sidewalk. I was now deeply interested and, expecting to be out all night, I returned to my room for pipe and tobacco. Thus equipped I started in search of the fire.

When I reached Main street I found that several others had either heard the alarm or had been awakened by thoughtful friends, and, as all were going the same way, I entered into the spirit of the occasion and started down the street on the run.

I had proceeded but half a block when I came to a blockade. The hose cart was evidently as far as it could go, because the sidewalks ended there and the street was very muddy. Making my way past the stranded life savers, I soon reached the head of the crowd where a man with a lantern was leading the way to the fire.

Following the guide we soon came to the O. R. & N. coal sheds, where, after an intervening boxcar was pushed aside, the fire could be plainly seen. It seemed that several tons of coal had been placed in one bin where, being damp, it had heated, and already there was a hole burned in the side of the shed nearly a foot in diameter.

Everybody was excited and the crowd had steadily increased until there were probably seventy-five partially clad spectators anxiously watching the ravaging flames. Some of these presented a ludicrous appearance, especially one woman, who had on her head something that looked like an Easter hat and who was also barefooted.

After about an hour of this suspense somebody shouted the joyful news that the hose cart was coming. We accordingly drew back a short distance and waited patiently until the firemen brought the hose within about a hundred feet of the fire. There they stopped and began signalling for someone to turn on the water. This was done after another short delay and it was then that the thorough training of the fire department was first manifested. Disregarding the facts that there were no other buildings near, and that rain was falling and had been falling for over a week, they first carefully sprinkled the ground all around the coal shed, to avoid all danger of the fire spreading.

This precaution having been taken they directed the nozzle toward the hole in the side of the shed which was now as large as the head of a barrel. After a futile attempt to persuade the stream of water to find the fire a short consultation was held. Apparently the firemen decided that the hole in the side of the shed was too small, for sev-

eral of the bravest of them undertook the perilous task of opening the door. To do this they had to go so near the fire that they were in great danger of being sprinkled, for the other firemen were still sending water somewhere in that direction. After several attempts, however, the door was fastened open and the men returned unharmed.

The worst was then over. The door was about ten feet square and the practiced firemen succeeded in thoroughly sprinkling the coal in less than an hour. This subdued the fire until the next morning, when the triumphant firemen returned and entirely extinguished it.

There was time then, when the danger was all over, to look around and see to how our neighbors had fared. You can imagine our surprise when it was found that not one person had been killed in the mad rush of the fire department; considering the fact that they covered a distance of nearly two blocks and most of it on the sidewalks of Main street, this was certainly remarkable.

I was at the fire several hours and I wish to say, in appreciation of the way these men worked, that, although I have witnessed fires in most of the large cities of our country, I have never seen any fire department, whose skill and speed could in any way compare with that exhibited here.

The firemen now are the heroes of the town and no doubt will be so considered for many years to come, and, as I look back on the scenes of that awful night, I cannot help wondering why men go to war, to sea, or to large cities in search of excitement, when there is such a city and such a fire department as we have here.

FRANK P. STEWART.

Wordsworth To Date

The profs are too much with us,
Late and soon
Cramming and cheating we corrupt
our souls.
Inscribed cuffs and compact paper
rolls
Win us the credits—an unworthy boon
Would that kind fate had made us all
immune
From all the faculty's oppressive tolls,
Had replaced lectures with compustry
and strolls,
And bade us banish every thought of
June.

The profs are firm, and have not eyes
to see
The huge demands upon a student's
time,
And give out work in generous style
and free—
A five hour course recalls that torrid
clime
Where imps of Satan howl in fiendish
glee;
And two hour courses drive e'm saints
to crime.

"I am sorry to spoil your looks, kitty," said a fair young dorm girl as she daubed pussy's face with jam, "but I can't have people suspecting me."

Read your own Argonaut; don't borrow your neighbor's.

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TO MAKE ELIGIBILITY RULES

Committee Appointed by A. S. U. I. Considers Question of Northwest Athletic Conference

The committee appointed by the president of the A. S. U. I. for the purpose of investigating the proposition of holding a conference of northwest colleges and adopting rules governing eligibility for athletic teams held a lengthy session Saturday afternoon. Frank Magee, chairman; K. L. Keyes, Clarence Edmondson and Guy Holman were present.

The committee based its investigation on a set of tentative rules which were drawn up at Seattle in a conference between Coach J. R. Middleton and representatives of the University of Washington and the University of Oregon. At that conference it was recommended that a second meeting be held, attended by duly elected delegates from the three universities, and that at this second meeting a permanent organization be effected. Certain rules were also proposed for the consideration of this conference of elected delegates.

The committee adopted the report of the Seattle conference nearly as it stands, and made a few additions to it. It was decided to recommend to the students that Idaho be represented by two delegates, one student and one faculty member, (it being understood that each university shall have but one vote in the conference) and that the expense of sending the delegates be borne by the Associated Students. In the opinion of the committee, the conference should be held as soon as possible. The intermission between the first and second semesters was chosen as the time, and Walla Walla, Wash., recommended as the place.

While it was agreed that the state universities of Oregon, Washington and Idaho ought to organize the conference, draw up the rules, and possibly try them out, it was also the opinion of all the members of the committee that provision should be made for admission of other colleges later. The opinion seemed to be general also that only such colleges should be eligible to membership in the conference as require four years high school work for entrance into the freshman class.

The report of the committee recommends that there should be an annual meeting of the representatives of all colleges belonging to the conference for the arrangement of athletic schedules. An early date for the first meeting was recommended with the idea that next spring's base ball schedule might be thus arranged.

Considerable discussion was given to the rules which should be adopted governing eligibility for intercollegiate athletic teams. Not all the rules which will receive attention at the conference were considered, but some of the most important were taken up and recommendations made concerning them. A rule declaring that no athlete shall compete for his college more than four years was deemed necessary. It was recommended that no student coming from college where he was registered as a college student, and going to another college, should compete for the second institution during his first year of attendance there; except when at least a year shall have intervened between his leaving the first college and going to the second.

The recommendation concerning scholarship is simply that all members of teams shall be carrying at least twelve hours of work in a manner satisfactory to their respective faculties.

The committee was not in favor of the adoption of the "amateur rule,"

which professionalizes and bars from college athletics any man who has ever competed for money. It was felt that in many cases, realizing money on one's athletic ability is a legitimate act and does not stamp one as unworthy of a place on student athletic teams, when standards of scholarship are complied to and when no pay is given for participation in intercollegiate games. To prevent salaried college athletes two rules were recommended especially: one that no athlete shall receive any scholarship from his college during his first year of attendance, and another, that no athlete shall receive compensation for services as tutor or instructor.

The report of this committee in its present form, or as modified in an A. S. U. I. meeting, together with the report of the Seattle conference, attended by Coach Middleton, will probably serve as the basis for Idaho's action in regard to the conference.

Neatly Lettered Placard

A WRITER in the Fleur de Lis (St. Louis University) has made a discovery which is of great interest to students everywhere. "A few weeks ago," he says, "I noticed a modest and unobtrusive brick house within a half dozen squares of the University, bearing a neatly lettered placard—'The academy of scientific defence.'"

On making inquiries regarding the purpose of the academy, he learns that "a defence that is scientific is taught here, not that vulgar physical defence that some seem to hold as an art. 'By defence, I mean protection, not against tax-collectors, or footpads, but against the professors that infest a student's college life. We all know the attitude of college professors. They are, it is true, intellectual men—often highly intellectual; but because they live by reason they are frequently unreasonable. They must have things just so. They live by rule and rote. They domineer. They tyrannize. They are wanting in that great human element of sympathy. They have no heart. I am serious, sir, when I say that hundreds of students are really hampered in their ideals, and worried and annoyed by the persecution of their professors. A course at our school ends all this. We give instruction in Strategic and elegant Subterfuge, by which the student escapes all that unpleasantness which casts a gloom over what should be the sunshiny years of his life."

The secretary produces an outline of "The Academic Course in Scientific Defence."

Period the First.....Kinesology
Course 1.—The Approving Nod.
Course 2.—The "Hands Aloft."
Course 3.—The Phillip of Annoyance.
Course 4.—Mock Attention Drill.
Course 5.—Throat Clearing and Forced Swallows.

Period the Second.....Logologies.
Course 1.—The Low Moan.
Course 2.—The Angry Snarl.
Course 3.—The Gasp of Recollection.

Period the Third.....Facietics.
Course 1.—The Anxious Face.
Course 2.—The Vacant Stare—followed by the Surprised Face.

Post-Graduate Work—Laboratory Work."

In explanation of the course the secretary explains that we exclude lies from our list of defences, not only because of their dishonesty, but chiefly because of their shocking crudeness. An artistic liar, sir, is a genius and therefore almost a myth."

The various courses are described in detail and the writer is given an opportunity of watching a class at work.

"The professor mounted his platform and seated himself at the desk. He opened a book and gave a brisk, rapid fire commentary on the lesson, a

really excellent imitation of teaching. He then asked a question of the class, to see whether they really understood the explanation as given. A careful, calculating expression crept gradually over the faces of all. The secretary watched them with intense admiration. "That is the Dawn of Thought," he whispered. Slowly this expression merged into a look of benign approval, and then emphatic nods added the superb climax to a really beautiful example of the Approving Nod."

Strange Isn't It?

That a cavalryman unhorsed is most easily cowed?

That one can show his temper only after he has lost it?

That no young man ever rose rapidly till he had settled down?

That the plough must be soiled before the soil can be ploughed?

That being a big ass at night will often make you a little hoarse the next morning?—The Hya Yaka.

With Other Colleges.

The Triangular Debate League of Pacific, Whitman and Willamette will debate this year upon the same subject that will be discussed in the league of the three state universities, the question being, "Resolved: that the United States should continue to admit the Japanese on the same condition as the European immigrant."

A third freak organization has made its appearance within the last two weeks at the University of Indiana. The first was the "Hikin Thirteen," the second was the "Hobo Club," later called the "Vagrant Club," because two members had been arrested and slated on the charge of vagrancy, while the third is the "Pompador Club." The purpose of this club is to encourage the old style of hair cutting and to institute chapters in all other western universities.

"To become a member," says President Gorrell, "one must have his hair cut in the approved style; no 'cow-licks' will be allowed to matriculate. This is an exclusive organization."

Some thirty Sophomores at Brown University were arrested for posting proclamations in the business section. They were fined two dollars and cost each, after spending the night in the city "bastille."

The Cornhusker football team will not play Bender's team at Pullman,

Washington, Christmas. Several of the players do not want to make the trip and the Athletic Board does not look with favor upon the proposition.—Daily Nebraskan.

Idaho's Outlook for 1908

Idaho loses three valuable men by graduation. Armstrong, captain of the 1907 team, a senior in school who has played his four years of college football, filling the position of right half in his senior year, is no doubt one of the best all around foot ball men the northwest has ever seen.

Keyes, another senior, who has served his alma mater four years, filling the position of full back, is one of the strongest players the school has ever turned out and his place will be hard to fill. Stein, also a senior in college, who has served his school the past two seasons as center, has made a record here for himself that shall long be remembered.

Those who are slated to return for 1908 are Savidge, who has been chosen to lead the team of 1908, Stokesberry, Pauls, Smith, Jellick, Nesbitt, Thomson, Small and Johnson; all of whom have had experience. Out of the first team subs. Crom, Cook and Perkins will make some of the regulars work for a place on the '08 team. For the positions of end and backs. Montgomery will surely make good. Lundstrum is a close second to Small for the position of quarter. Appleman who was in two games this year promises to make good. Numbers and Fluharty are determined to make the team next year or make two positions stronger by their work as halves.

If the work of the team of 1907 is any criterion to go by, the team of 1908 ought to be as good or even better than the fast, snappy bunch which nobly represented Idaho during the season just ended.

Miss Edith Watson, of Spalding, a former member of the '09 class, has been visiting Miss Ruth Broman for several days. She came up to attend the Junior prom.

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OLD VS. NEW FOOTBALL.

By Coach J. R. Middleton

The second year of football is as much of a surprise to the critics of the new game as the first year was to the lovers of the old sport. The old-time players are not wont to give up the old game for the new, but are instead urging that the old style of play be used. During the first year under the new rules a number of critics predicted the life of the new game to be of short duration, while a few foresaw the possibilities of the new game, and assisted by the clamor of the people for a game free from injuries were able to maintain the game for at least another year. Two seasons play under the revised rules has proven the fact that fewer deaths and permanent injuries have resulted from the game.

The first year's work under the new rules brought out many new formations, both on offense and defense, some of which were used to a good advantage, while others were found to be of little value. For the defense men were drawn from the scrimmage line and placed in the back field for the purpose of intercepting forward passes and inside kicks. On the other hand for the offense many trick plays and loose formations were invented. During this experimental stage, the majority of teams were unable to use the new style play successful enough to make the required yardage in three downs. Punting back and forth was the only resort, and the result was in most cases a tie score, and few goal lines were crossed. Many coaches have gone so far as to use the forward pass for a blind, for the purpose of drawing men from the opponents line of scrimmage and then resorting to mass plays, which according to the spirit is a violation of the rules; a thing not so bad in itself, but these same leaders are urging that the team on offense be allowed three downs in which to make the necessary gain, and in case it is not made, a kick must result on the ensuing down. This if put into practice would only tend to increase mass play, also increase the chance for injury. The opposite intent was the one for which the new rules were created.

The past season has proven the fact that the team which uses the inside kick and forward pass not only as a blind, but rather as a means of gaining ground is the team which has had a successful season. If we look back on the old game and review it during the first few years we see it in the crude form, as compared with the present game, we find the new game more advanced by far than the old game was after even five years of play. It is true that the old game contributed largely to success of the new and much credit must be given the old game for the success of the new. The old game was several years in perfecting itself to the standard of 1905, and so it will be with the new game. If we can judge from the advance of the past season over the first year, we can see a bright future for the new game. It is argued by some that the forward pass is too open, so much so that the opponents are able to judge the intent and intercept the men designated to receive the pass, either by receiving the ball from the attacking side or by blocking his man, allowing the ball to strike the ground and have the penalty inflicted on the offensive team. It is the opinion of the writer that the offense can be perfected to such a state that the offensive team will be able to gain consistently by using the forward pass, and inside kicks, but it will take time to perfect the new game, even as much as it did for the old.

From the spectator's point of view the

argument is all in favor of the new game, and from the record of the past two seasons the game shows a marked elimination of injuries, thus doing away with the worst feature of the sport.

For Judith.

By Curran
Richard Greenley.

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Landon eyed the crumpled scrawl doubtfully, a fragment torn from a sheet of writing paper on which the characters were faintly penciled, broken here and there as if the writer's strength had failed. "If you want news of Jack Henderson it will be worth your while to follow the bearer of this without delay."

"Who sent this?" he said to the grimy faced gamblin.

"Dunno. He blew in 'tween two days, an' the ole woman tuk him in. She lows he'll croak 'fore night."

Landon hesitated, but the memory of Judith's face on the day of Jack Henderson's flight urged him on. He followed the boy through the back streets to the tumbledown row of tenements down by the river known to the police as "Carter's Rents," along a black passage and across the court to a room at the back of the saloon, where the light, filtering through the unwashed panes of a small window, accentuated the poverty and silt. On the heap of rags in the corner a man stirred and moaned. Landon recognized him as one of the wrecks that had haunted the river front during the past summer.

"Here, take this and get some brandy—the best," and, thrusting a coin in the child's hand, he pushed him out and closed the door.

"So you have come to the end of your row, Red?"

The man on the floor opened his eyes. "Yes; I'm where the best and the worst of us have to come, but we haven't time to be passing compliments. Do you know where Henderson is?"

"No. He has dropped out completely. What do you know of him?"

"What I brought you here to tell you—that he never stole that money."

"What?"

"I tell you the boy had nothing to do with it. Locke knew a thing or two about me—knew that I had escaped from Sing Sing—and he forced me to do his dirty work. I could not refuse. It was that or prison, but I'll swear I didn't know that the boy would get the blame for it. Locke wrecked the bank and had me doctor the books, making the entries in another man's writing. He gave me an old letter to copy it from; then he had me forge old Dalton's name to that check. I never did figure out just how he managed to lay it on the boy, but I reckon my false entries must have been in his writing, and when the young fool ran away that fastened it on him. Locke kicked me out like a dog when he got things fixed to suit him. I drifted south for a couple of months and came back like this. I didn't know my time was so short or I'd have sent for you before. Write it out and let me sign it."

Landon's pen flew over the paper. Black, ugly and tangible, the temptation whispered at his ear:

"Delay, gain time, Henderson free to come back, and Judith is lost to you."

The man on the floor moaned feebly. "Hurry, Mr. Landon. It's getting dark—mighty dark. Get Mother Biddle and Jimmy Sullivan from the saloon for witnesses. Where's that boy with the brandy? There he is now!" And he snatched eagerly at the bottle. "Get it done with, Mr. Landon. I cannot hold out much longer."

It was over, and Red Matthews lay

back, panting from the exertion.

"I almost forgot," he said to Landon, "when I was over in St. Louis I met Don Battle. He told me about Henderson's trouble, the first I'd heard of it, and he said that a fellow from Laramie had told him about meeting Henderson in Santa Fe. He got on to his name by accident and didn't know that Don knew Henderson when he was telling it, so I reckon you will have to go to the jumping off place to find the boy. You will find him and set this straight, Mr. Landon?"

The glazing eyes sought for the face above him, and Landon answered, "Yes, Red, I'll find him."

He watched her come slowly down the stairs, the light of the great window behind her framing the little head in an aureole of sunset rays. His heart's lady—his no more! With blind resentment choking the words in his throat he blundered through the story of Red Matthews' confession, and then he found himself wondering at the self possession with which she discussed the ways and means of dealing with Peter Locke.

"Poor little Lillas! What a miserable tangle!" said Judith as they walked to the gate.

"Lillas?" He had forgotten Locke's daughter, the pretty little girl who had been Judith's shadow since Jack Henderson's flight. The position had reversed itself. It was Judith who would play consoler now.

Landon lost no time in placing the confession with the proper authorities. He swore out the warrant against Peter Locke, interviewed reporters and then, with Judith's letter in his pocket, started westward on his quest.

The limited paused just long enough to drop Landon at Umiltas, the straggling settlement strung along the track, half shanties, half tepees.

"Hotel?" The station agent grinned and pointed to a house whose crazy clapboards rattled in the desert wind.

"Arapahoe Kate is a-runnin' that there hash joint. She'll take you in, but you want to keep your gun handy."

And he strode off down the track. The knot of Mexicans and half breeds made way for Landon. Kate stood in the doorway, leering a drunken welcome from under the man's hat slouched over her frowsy head.

"Grub's a-plenty, an' Texas Charlie's hit the trail, leavin' his bunk behind," and upon that assurance Landon followed her to a cubbyhole back of the saloon, where the aforesaid bunk was located. Somewhere behind the thin partition a jangling piano r-e-e-d and shrieked, and a chorus of discordant voices bellowed a medley of ribald songs. He could hear the snap of cards upon the tables, the clink of glasses, and then a few minor chords were struck, and a mellow baritone rolled forth in a border song of starry nights and women's faces. Landon sprang to his feet. He knew that voice, and he pushed the door open.

"Henderson?" The singer, a handsome, haggard boy, sprang from the piano and started for the outside door, his eyes fixed on Landon's like those of a haunted animal at bay. Landon caught his arm.

"No, you don't, Jack. I have not come all this distance to lose you now."

Not a man stirred to interfere. The scene was too common in Umiltas, and Landon and his quarry passed out to the shelter of a clump of mesquite.

Then the boy faced him.

"See here, David Landon, if you have come here thinking to take me back I tell you now I won't go. I've reached my limit in singing for bread in this hell hole, and I'll never go home alive."

Landon's gray eyes bored their steady, sane insistence into the desperate brown ones.

"Shut up, Jack. You will go back with me tomorrow. I came here to find you, and I won't leave without you. Wait; hear me out! Locke's tool,

Red Matthews, the forger, died last week. He made a clean breast of it, and we know—all Trenton knows—that you had nothing to do with wrecking the bank. Locke will die hard, but we have him cornered, and he has to take his medicine. Let go, boy. You are throttling me!"

Henderson's hands dropped, but he poured out a storm of questions.

"He confessed! Landon, he told me that Lillas did it—Lillas; that he had forced her to forge Dalton's name to that check in order to gain time with the New York people; that the truth must come out and she be tried for forgery unless I would take the blame upon myself to shield her, and my flight was the only thing that could save her. I never knew of those false entries on the books until I saw it in the papers—that was a forgery too. But what's the use of all this? You know all about it."

"Lillas!" Landon caught the tone in which Henderson uttered the name. The rest was meaningless babble. And Judith had sent him to bring her lover home!

Henderson was still pouring out his questions as Jack thrust the letter in the boy's hand. "Never mind all that. The girl had nothing to do with it. Red Matthews did the forgery, and Locke sent him out of town before he found out that you were accused of it. Here is Judith's letter." And he turned his back, every nerve a-quiver with the blind rage that possessed him.

"Here's one for you." And Henderson held out the sheet of paper.

You Dear Old Stupid David:
Who so blind as a man that will not see? When you have brought Jack back to Lillas Locke to comfort her in these black days of her father's disgrace, come to me and ask what you will. JUDITH.

Not Certain About That.
Mrs. Verdigris was enumerating her various ailments. "I haven't kept track of all of 'em," she said, "but one of the first things I had was the lumbago in the small of my back. Then I had the influenzy awful bad. The next thing was the rheumatiz. Since then I've had neuralgy, nervous headache, sore throat, indigestion, a breaking out on my skin and ever so many other pesky little troubles that I can't remember."

"It would be an interesting list," said her sympathizing neighbor. "Why didn't you take an inventory?"

"I'm not certain but what I did," answered Mrs. Verdigris. "I took ever so many things. I'll try it if you think it'd help me, but unless it's very mild I just know it won't stay on my stum-mick."—Youth's Companion.

Made a Record.
"Yo' said in yo' sermon, Brother Dickey, dat Jonah wuz eat up by de whale?"

"I sho' did."

"Well, den, how comes he, live ter tell it?"

That seemed to stagger the old man, but he gathered himself together and replied:

"Dat's easy. You see, Jonah wuz de fust fisherman, an' he had ter make a record!"—Atlanta Constitution.

An English View of Robert E. Lee.
General Robert E. Lee was indeed fully Washington's equal as a hero and a gentleman and much his superior as a soldier. It is only in the larger political or semipolitical sphere that he stands lower and there perhaps only because his opportunities were so much smaller.—London Times Review of Trevelyan's History.

What Dropped.
"I heard you let something drop in the kitchen just now, Kate. Did you break anything?" asked the lady of the house when dinner was being served. "Only one leg of the chicken, ma'am!" replied the girl innocently.—Charity.

Inquisitive.
Nell—I declare! That woman finds out everything. I never knew any one so inquisitive. Belle—That's right. I believe she would even pump an organ.—Philadelphia Record.

Henry and The "Bum B."

By Arthur Brindamour.

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Howard Dighton stopped at the stenographer's desk, and Henry ground his teeth together savagely. He knew very well that he could never hope to marry Phoebe Childers, for she had made this quite clear when, under the first impulse of his boyish love, he had written her a fervid declaration of his intention to marry her when he should have grown up. Thereafter it was a hopeless passion that he nursed, but his grief was not assuaged at the spectacle of Dighton bending over his desk, for the lad shrewdly noticed that she did not draw away from the chief clerk as she did when the junior partner came to her desk, as he so often did.

Time had been when Dighton was Henry's boyish hero. It was he who had trained the lad to office ways, and until they two became rivals for Miss Childers' love Dighton had been Henry's favorite. But with the coming of the pretty typewriter to the office all this had been changed.

As Dighton stepped away from the desk Henry slid up to Miss Childers' chair with a remark conjured up on the spur of the moment, just to show Dighton that he, too, could lean over Miss Childers' desk until the fair hair almost brushed his cheek. Then he went back to his desk, but not before Dighton had called him to his side and had sharply ordered him to stop wandering about the office.

"I'll get square with you," muttered Henry as he went slowly to his seat, and even Phoebe's bright smile as he again passed her desk did not ease the hurt to his pride. He stood well with Miss Childers, but it was within Dighton's province to "call him" before her, and the man had an absurd and unreasoning jealousy of the boy. Dighton had not yet gained the assurance to put his fate to the test, and the air of easy familiarity with which Henry copied his exact attitude was not to be borne by a somewhat fiery and love-trying temper.

Henry was still meditating the particular form of torture to which he would like to see Dighton submitted when the two active partners, Evans and Sutton, came out of the private office. Kincaid, the silent partner, was with them, and their faces were grave and serious. The senior partner became spokesman.

"The Burton-Bradley company has obtained our bids on the naval job," he said without preliminary. "Can you explain, Miss Childers, how they come to be in possession of a typewritten copy of our bid?"

"I know nothing of it," said the girl evenly. "As soon as the proposal was made out I returned to Mr. Sutton the original, while the typewritten copy I laid on your desk to be signed."

Kincaid looked sharply at the junior partner. "That is correct, Mr. Sutton?" he asked.

"I think so," said Sutton uncertainly. "I remember Miss Childers giving me a rough draft of the bid and laying some papers on Mr. Evans' desk. I was just about to go to lunch, and after thrusting the draft in the safe I left. I did not look to see the copy on Mr. Evans' desk."

Kincaid frowned.

"It is unfortunate for you," he said, turning to the typewriter, "that Mr. Sutton did not examine the copy on the other desk. Some one in this office delivered to the other company all our figures. They made their bid a few thousand lower and got the contract. The man from whom I obtained my information could not tell me by whom the delivery was made, but the inference is obvious. You are the only stenographer employed in this office."

He waved the incriminating docu-

ment toward her, and the current of air from the electric fan blew it out of his hand. Henry, who had been gradually edging closer to Miss Childers' desk, sprang to pick it up. He rose to his feet slowly, ignoring Kincaid's impatient gesture.

"This ain't Miss Childers' writing," he declared. "Even a kid could see that."

"You employ a detective upon your staff?" asked Kincaid of Evans, with a sarcastic smile. Henry flushed.

"I'm only a kid," he retorted, "but I got sense. This was written on Mr. Sutton's machine."

Sutton flushed. He had been a clerk for Evans before an unexpected legacy had permitted him to buy into the firm. He still used the typewriter occasionally.

"Don't you see that bum B?" demanded Henry. "That's on Mr. Sutton's machine. The B key fell off about a month ago, and they sent a ham over to fix it. He didn't know as much about the job as I do, and he left it crooked. Get Miss Childers to write something on her machine."

The girl grasped the idea and rapidly transcribed a few lines from the paper. Kincaid examined the two and nodded approvingly toward Henry.

"You've been reading dime novels and detective stories to some purpose," he said, "though I'm hanged if I ever saw their use before. Let's see that machine of yours, Sutton."

He led the way into the private office, and Henry followed, unchallenged, though Dighton and Miss Childers remained outside. Sutton uncovered his machine and wrote a few lines. When he arose his face was drawn and white.

"It looks bad for me," he said. "The boy was right about the broken key. The repair man could not adjust it, and as I was in a hurry to use the machine I told him to come again when there was more time. This was a week before the bid was put in."

"You had a copy of the bid," said Kincaid meaningly. Sutton nodded.

"I still have the draft," he admitted, "but I did not make this copy, though it must have been made on my typewriter."

Kincaid's face grew dark.

"I am sorry about this," he said slowly. "I trusted you, though it has been apparent for some time that other firms were getting the best of us on big contracts. I think, Sutton, that the partnership had best be dissolved."

"I admit that appearances are against me," said the junior, "but I did not give out those or any other figures."

"Sure not," put in Henry. Kincaid frowned.

"How dared you follow us in here?" he thundered.

"Thought you wanted me," was the calm response. "Mr. Sutton didn't copy that stuff. It was a little man with a nanny goat beard. He came in to see Mr. Evans while the push were to lunch. There was only me and him here, and this fellow comes in, and he goes in the office and bangs the machine for fair. Then he goes out, and Mr. Evans chases me over to Graves & Sitgreaves with the money he got for margin. One of the kids over there says Mr. Evans can't play the market any better than he does the ponies."

Kincaid caught Henry by the collar and helped him hurriedly out of the office. Then he locked the door, and the three employees in the main office could hear only the hum of angry voices, though Henry had an explanation. Probably Kincaid knew what the boy had picked up through the freemasonry of office boys. Evans was betting on the market and on the races with no success. He had overdrawn his share of the profits of the firm, and in his pressing need of ready money he had sold information to his partners' undoing.

It must have been the right explanation, for later on Kincaid apologized to Miss Childers for his suspicions, and the three men left the office.

Phoebe threw her arms about Henry's neck and planted half a dozen kisses upon the freckled cheek.

"You have saved my reputation and my happiness," she whispered to the

blushing boy as she released him. "I shall never forget it."

Henry winked at Dighton. "I guess that's something you can't do," he exulted.

For answer Phoebe slipped an arm about Dighton's neck. "But he may," she laughed, "for we are to be married soon."

"Stung," murmured Henry, "but all the same I'm glad I knew about that bum B. I guess I'll wait and marry your daughter when she grows up."

His Salt Water Pond.

Thomas W. Mulford, the Alameda county pioneer rancher, was immensely proud of his place and the diversity of the crops he could command from its soil. Mulford maintained that the produce of his acres was sufficient to supply every want of an epicure. Once, years ago, while entertaining a party of barley buyers of the famous Guinness' stout malthouse of Dublin, which concern bought the crops of barley raised by Mulford, he spread a Mulford feast. There were oysters on the table and clams in the chowder, trout from the skillet and shad on the plank; the olive trees that furnished the oil shaded the dining room window; the wheat and the beet sugar fields lay within the vista. Little brothers of the suckling pig grunted complacently in the sty while their kin were seryed roasted for the edification of Dublin palates. The slopes near the house bore the grapes from which the claret and sauterne were made. It was easy to believe in the nuts, raisins, oranges and lemons, and Mulford paraded his little coffee shrub for the Irishmen.

It was a complete course dinner, nothing lacking. The Dublin gentlemen were polite, but they raised their eyebrows over the juxtaposition of trout, shad, and oysters. After the meal was over Mulford continued his demonstration. He showed his fresh water fish pond, and then he said:

"Gentlemen, I'll now show you my salt water pond."

He took the party down to the lower portion of his ranch and pointed out San Francisco bay.—San Francisco Call

A Freshman's Composition

Now is a better time than any later dater for the proposal of the provision for publishing every fourth to suggest the plan of having a meet-ceeding classes should follow. By death must have been a deep loss to Cleveland Gee, perhaps you know soon-with the words, "I take pleasure in mediocre had developed into a enough for you?"

At the time the amendment was in his room. His landlady, with The Power of a Broken Arm

then per away at the eternal snow His remarks were few, out of sympathy for the tense crowd

Moods of the Mountain

Continued from page eleven

tionary around the mountain, extending perhaps a fourth way down to the foot, and hiding its head completely. It was not one of those dark, threatening storm heads that sometimes gather around the mountain, but light and fleecy like a curtain, yet dense enough to defy both light and sight as if it were tired of the attention it had been receiving and wanted to rest.

But if you do not care for such delicate beauty, if you prefer sights more solemn, somber and enduring, go up on the summit some cold, dismal day. Sit down by one of the everlasting boulders among the gnarled, stunted twisted trees, feel the fierce gusts of the wind in that upper air, and feel your own feebleness against the solidity of

the earth. Or climb one of those blasted pines and look around over the country. Recognize a dozen towns in sight. Trace the course of two great rivers, and follow a dozen creeks and lesser streams, then peer away at the eternal snow caps of the mountains to the east, that still defy the coming of man, and then appreciate the fact that man is, after all, but an atom in the scheme of the universe.

T. E. SMITH.

Student Life at Stanford University

Continued from page eight

thing were necessary. There is no corresponding class of men in the university, the result being that the average age of women students is probably three or four years greater than that of the men.

As the school is only grudgingly coeducational, the idea prevails among the men that they are the only essential part of the student body. Little or no attention is paid to women students, however young and attractive, in the daily round of work. No couples sitting on a window-sill or stairsteps; no young fellows carrying books for girls, or holding umbrellas over them, sitting beside them at chapel hour, or indulging in similar frivolities not unknown in more northern latitudes. If the girls wish to see the athletic contests, they make their own arrangements—the boys do not offer to take them. There is no junior prom, or military ball, nor any other similar function, in the the Stanford calendar. Any amusement of this kind are on a small scale, each little circle by itself.

Students get together at a weekly assembly, very similar to the one occurring in Idaho, addressed by a member of the faculty or by outside talent that may happen to be available. The women sit in the gallery, with visitors, and the men fill the ground floor, greeting distinguished visitors with voluminous yells.

Work presses pretty hard on the average student. Much is required, and the faculty committee has an unpleasant habit of issuing about twenty free passes to the outside at the middle of each semester, invariably choosing the fellows who are having the best time of all (rarely a woman) on the alleged ground that scholastic requirements are not being met. This is discouraging to certain forms of social activity.

On the whole, Stanford is perhaps a little dull socially for a student, yet it is a great pace to learn things, which partly makes up.

J. M. ALDRICH.

R. R. TIME TABLE

O. R. & N.

No. 81 Leaves.....	8:00 a. m.
" 84 Arrives.....	11:45 a. m.
" 83 Leaves.....	3:00 p. m.
" 82 Arrives.....	8:00 p. m.

Northern Pacific

No. 32 Local, north, lvs..	7:00 a. m.
" 10 North, leaves.....	12:05 p. m.
" 9 South, leaves.....	12:35 p. m.
" 12 North, leaves.....	2:00 a. m.
" 11 South, leaves.....	4:30 a. m.
" 31 Local, arrives.....	9:15 p. m.