

THE UNIVERSITY ARGONAUT

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UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO, MOSCOW, DECEMBER 16, 1908

No. 12

IDAHO COMES OFF WITH EQUAL HONORS FOR '08 FOOTBALL SEASON

Varsity Has Broken Even With Strongest Teams on Coast---Loses Many By Graduation---Good Nucleus For 1909.

The 1908 foot ball season, while not a championship year, still cannot be called a losing one. Idaho has at times held her own with the strongest teams in the Northwest, and again has met defeat at the hands of some of the smaller institutions. The team has lived up to its reputation of being one of the hardest fighting ones on the gridiron, and has overcome the weight of its opponents by speed. For the last college generation the Idaho back field has been known to the sporting world as the "speediest quartet on the coast."

In the preliminary games the Varsity showed great form, and gave promise of a victorious year. In the Oregon game, the first Intercollegiate contest of the year, while Idaho took the small

end the score, still all critics agree that, barring flukes, she should have won. She carried the ball much farther than did the Oregon men, and had it not been for the unusual punting of Clarke and the place kicking of Moullen, would certainly have won.

The Whitman game was rather a surprise to football men. Although it was known that the Denominational College had a strong team, and had sprung surprises on us before, still the most conservative thought that we would win that contest. But all teams have their off days and this was Idaho's time. Add to this the fact that the team had had a hard trip, were out of condition before the start, and the fact that Whitman had a team of no mean ability, and the defeat is not hard to explain.

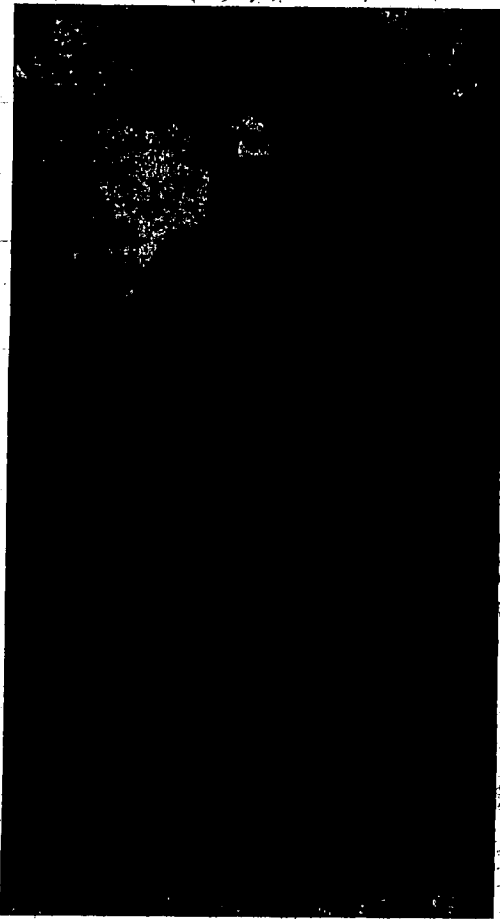
Still we tied W. S. C. the school

who is always going to do things in the news papers. For the last three years we have won from the State College and to land a fourth victory would be adding insult to injury. It was a mighty hard game and both teams deserve much praise for their work. To tie W. S. C. on her own grounds would satisfy anyone that the story would have been different on our home field.

The last game of the season, Idaho departed from her usual stamping grounds and sought fame in other climes. On Thanksgiving day we met the University of Utah in Salt Lake. Here again the score was a tie, neither team being able to score. While we do not wish to be too boastful we do say that under ordinary circumstances we would have won from the Morman Team. The trip of over twelve hundred miles, the foot of snow, and the strange

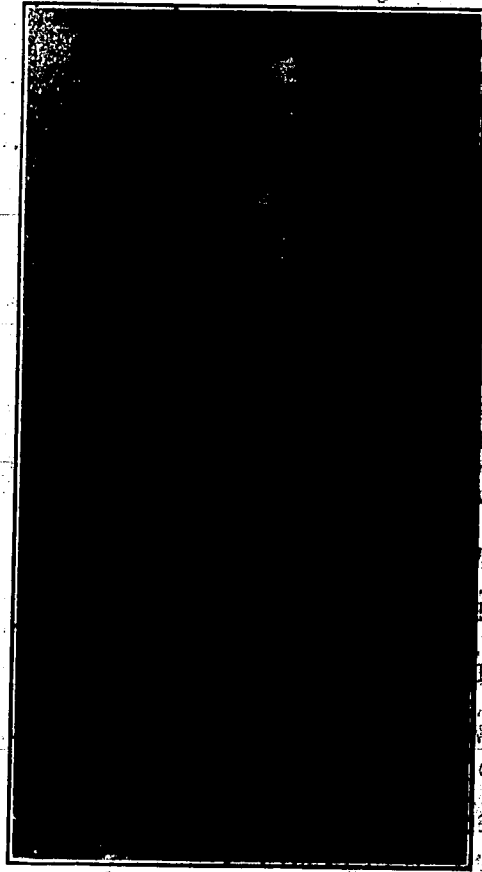
surroundings, all helped to take the ginger out the team.

Taken altogether the season was a successful one and one which no school would be ashamed of. And here we may prophesy a little in regard to next year's team. We admit that the prospects are not the best in the world. Idaho loses four men by graduation - Elton, Savidge, Johnson and Pauls. By the four year rule, Small and Smith are disqualified. This nets a loss of six men who have been the main stay of the team for several years. But there are good men left. Stokesbury, Jewell, Thornton, Lundstrom, Armstrong, will form a nucleus around which may gather a winning team. There are several subs. made out of first team material, and these, with the incoming freshmen, cannot help but win points in 1909.



COACH JOHN R. MIDDLETON, '06

Middleton has fought for Idaho both as player and coach. For three years as an undergraduate he played quarterback and during the season of 1905 had the pleasure of seeing Idaho win the Northwest Championship under his leading. He is one of the football products of "Pink" Griffith, and has even surpassed the former coach in his ability at heading the team. During his two years as coach at Idaho, he has won an enviable reputation. Last season he developed a winning team out of rough material, and the past season has seen the squad break even with the best teams. He has given football some entirely new formations and his fame for the Idaho speed has reached even the great eastern schools. This is Middleton's last year of football according to his own statement. His loss will be severely felt at Idaho.



CAPTAIN LEIGH SAVIDGE, '09, Left End

Savidge received his early football training in the Boise High School where he played end for four years. He entered the University as a freshman in 1905 and made first sub. the first year. The next year he played at left end on the first team which position he has held down for the last three years. Savidge is a little man weighing only 157 but he is a mighty hard football player. He has the reputation of being the best breaker of interference in the Northwest, and chiefly for this ability has he been given a place on the All Northwest for the last two years. He is off as quick as the ball is snapped, after succeeding in getting the runner before the interference is formed. Under his leadership the 1908 team made a most creditable showing. He graduates this year from the Civil Engineering Department and his loss will be keenly felt by next years squad.

Remember the Watkins Oratorical Contest Saturday Night

THE UNIVERSITY ARGONAUT

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THE granting of the petition for a change of vacation, again shows the receptive and democratic spirit of our faculty. They are always willing to grant any reasonable request from the student body. However in this case they have placed one stipulation on the students and that is that they return on time. This seems no more than reasonable for a straggling return means a week of broken work. Inasmuch as the faculty has granted the students their request, we feel that it is only right that the student body should reciprocate and meet the wish of the faculty by returning for work on Monday morning, January 4.

WITH this issue of the Argonaut, we wish all our readers a happy Christmas season. To those whose good fortune it is to return home, we wish all the joys attendant on the meeting of relatives and friends. To those who are deprived of this privilege, we wish a happy vacation wherever they are. They will have keener appreciation of the home going when it does come.

Whether we enjoy the recess or not, depends on ourselves. A spirit of "good will" hovers over the earth at this season of which each may partake as he wills. Let us be receptive, and open to the good around us, and return in the new year with a more hopeful view of life.

THERE was a little rowdyism shown at the last assembly which we would like to see eradicated. There is no occasion for cheering announcements, and those who persist in such practices, only show their unfitness to move in cultured circles.

Students' Matinee Musical Liszt Hall.

[Wednesday, Dec. 16, 1908.]

PROGRAM.

- Etude.....Wollenhaupt.
 Grace Pruggèr
 Flatterer.....Chaminade.
 Allene Fenn
 Soprano Solo.....
 Carrie Horton
 Fifth Nocturne.....Leybach.
 Lottie Works.
 Farewell to the Piano.....Beethoven
 Valse Op. 83.....Durand.
 Verne Smith
 In the Lovely Month of May...Merkle.
 Mattie Heer
 Serenata.....Moszkowski.
 Spinning Song.....Litoff.
 Pauline Luvaas
 Galop, Bonte en Train.....Ketterer.
 Zona Shultz
 Am Meer.....Schubert-Liszt
 Die Jagd.....Rheinberger.
 Roberta Horn

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TEACHERS MEET DURING HOLIDAYS

State Association Convenes in Boise. Addresses by Several College People.

The Idaho State Teachers' Association will meet in Boise from Monday Dec. 28th to Friday, Dec. 31st. In this organization are many University graduates and there will be several addresses by University Professors at the next session. Miles F. Reed, 01, Principal of the Academy of Idaho, formerly head of the Department of Education and Principal of the Preparatory Department of the University, is a member of the executive committee. Prof. Eldridge, head of the German department, is first vice-president, and Roy Eichelberger '07, principal of the Caldwell High school, is a member of the committee on enrollment.

At the general sessions, university men will speak as follows: President MacLean—Economic Progress and Education; Prof. A. C. Terrill, Professor of Mining Engineering,—Honesty in the Classroom.

In the high school section, Professor Gurney, Head of the Department of Physics, will speak on the High School Course of Study and the University Entrance Requirements; Lawrence H. Gibson '03, Idaho's first Rhodes scholar, now of the College of Idaho, will speak on the English School System; Principal Philip Soulen, of the Preparatory School, will give a report on the Idaho High Schools from the standpoint of the Committee on Accredited Schools.

In the Rural Section, Dean Elliott of the Agricultural School will speak on A Suggested Scheme for County Agricultural High Schools.

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Arthur Pauls, '09, Left Guard

Pauls plays left guard. This says everything, for he plays the position well. During his preparatory and freshman days Ole was an under study of "Pink" Griffith and subbed under "Nick" Sheridan. For the last three years he has worn the Varsity "I," and no one more deserves the emblem. On the offense he is always in front of his opponent, while on the defense he has a curious way of slipping behind the line and getting the backs. He is particularly fast in running down punts and often recovers the ball for his team. Ole, besides being a football player, is an "A" student. For this reason the faculty can keep him in college no longer than four years. He graduates this year from the Mining Engineering Department.

Jas. Elton, '09, Left Tackle

It was only after a good deal of work that Jim was prevailed upon to come out and help the team. He attended the Washington State College some years ago and has the reputation there of being the best and hardest football player they have ever had at that institution. He was captain of the W.S.C. team his last year there, but was forced to leave college before he had taken his degree. He came back to Idaho and came out to practice. His work in the line and on the tackle around plays has never been excelled in the Northwest. He is in every play and instills a wholesome fear in the men that play against him that is itself good considerable yardage. Jim graduates the coming June but the help that he gave the team this year, and the sacrifices that he underwent in order to do so, will always be appreciated by the team and supporters.

George Armstrong, '12 Right End

Armstrong might be called a "chip off of the old block." He comes from a family of football players and certainly lives up to the standard set by his older brothers. Two years ago George played end on the 'Varsity team. Last year he was out of school but returned and tried out for the 1908 team. At the first of the season he was played at end which seems to be his natural position. He has a peculiar ability at gently clasp the runner around the knees before he even reaches the line of scrimmage. When he fails to do this, he leaves the interference in such a delapidated condition that the half can easily nail the man. Armstrong has two more years on the 'Varsity team and may be expected to win some points for Idaho.

Fritz Lundstrom, '12, Right Half

Fritz played right half and made up the third man in what sporting writers of the Northwest called "Idaho's lightning back field." Fritz won his letter for the first time this year, but he played in every game this fall and was a hard man to beat advancing the ball. Fritz is short and stocky and an exceedingly hard man to get off of his feet. In the Oregon game he brought the crowd to its feet by making a spectacular run of forty yards for a touchdown.

He will have three more years on the team, and much can be expected of him.

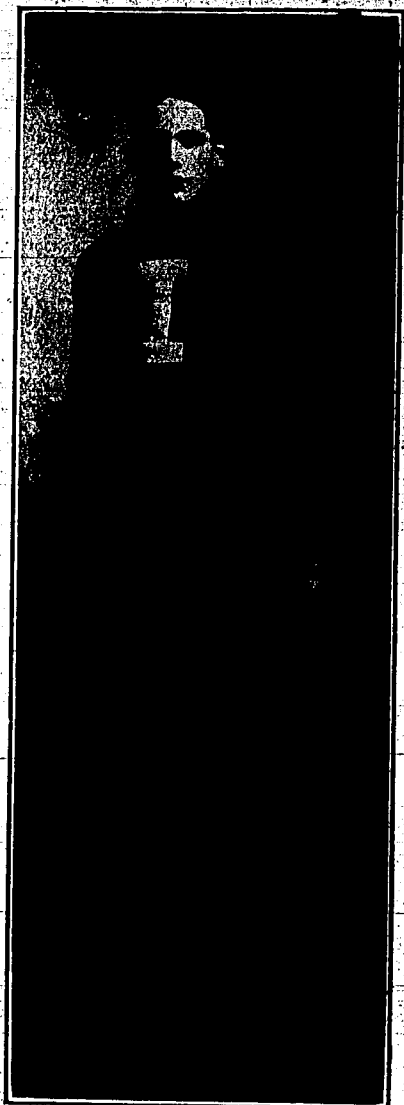
E. W. Jewell, '12, Center

Idaho was faced this fall with the proposition of breaking in a new center and considerable fears were expressed as to the result. Center under the new game is one of the hardest positions on the team to play. Jewell tried out for the position and though the new game was something different from what he had been used to, he put all his energy to it and steadily rounded into shape. Marked improvement was noted in his playing from game to game until at the close of the season he was playing a good hard consistent game. He has three more years on the 'Varsity team and he can be counted upon to make a great showing at the center position.

Misses Woods and Hitt entertained at a chafing dish party in the Library of Ridenbaugh Hall last Friday evening. The first part of the evening was spent in a novel game of advertisements after which the young ladies showed their skill in Domestic Science. Those present were Misses Wilson, Hansen, Clithero, Hitt, Woods; Messrs. Thomas, Tweedy, Vance, Crooks and Armstrong.

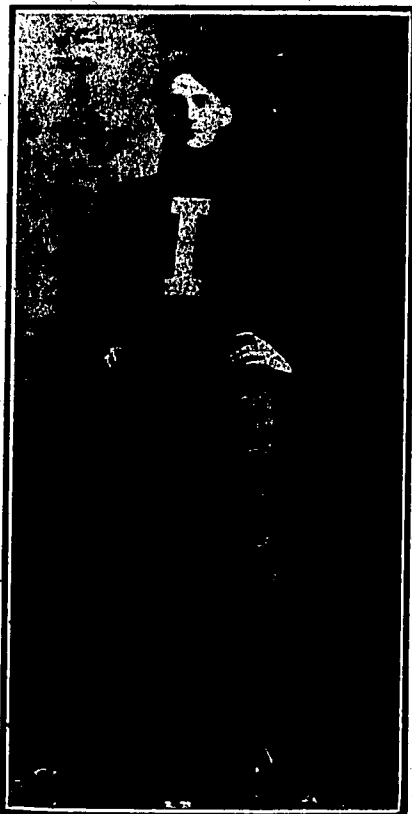
Fren Moore, director of the University farm, had the misfortune to have his left arm taken off last Friday. He was running a feed mill which became choked. In attempting to clean it out his arm was caught in the machinery and crushed to the elbow. He was immediately taken to the Gritman hospital where it was found that the forearm must be amputated. He is rapidly improving and is resting remarkably well under the circumstances.

Profs. Craig and Beach, two noted horticulturists, were visiting the University and Experiment Station Saturday. Prof. Craig was formerly Professor of Horticulture at the Iowa Agricultural college but is now head of that Department at Cornell. Mr. Beach is Prof. of Horticulture at Iowa and was formerly one of Prof. Frandson's teachers. Both gentlemen were west attending the National Apple Show at Spokane last week.



James Thornton, '12, Full Back

Thornton has played two years on the 'Varsity team—one year at end, and the last season at fullback. While a comparatively light man, he plays the back position admirably. He is quick on the start, hits the line hard, and runs interference well. He is always hanging around the mix-up look for a fumble and when he once gets away, five points are surely scored for Idaho. Twice during the last season he made spectacular runs from recovered fumbles. Jimmy says; "O I love to play football" It is this spirit that makes him such a formidable man. On the defense he is particularly strong in backing up the line and when he does not pile up a line buck, it is because he cannot get at 'em. Thornton has two more years on the 'Varsity team and will be one of the nuclei of next year's squad.



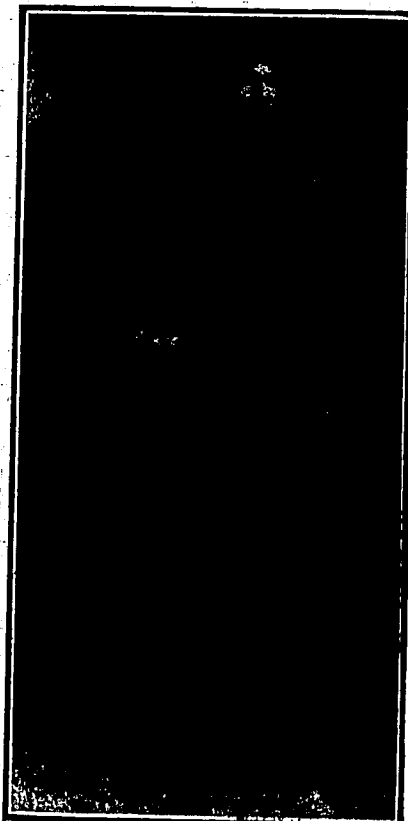
Charles Johnson, '09, Left Half

Johnson is the little man who is an awfully big football player. Utah said that if Idaho had a team of "Chick" Johnsons it couldn't be whipped. "Chick" has played the deep field for Idaho for three years and for a safety has no peer in the Northwest. He is sure in handling the punts, and as soon as the ball is in his arms he is off like a shot towards the opponents goal which he sometimes reaches tho the whole opposing bunch is in front of him. On the offense he is a good back fieldman and can always find a hole if the line opens up. Altho weighing only 150 he makes some 200 pound men look sick when he hits them. It is said that he is bashful among the ladies but he never fails to meet a man half way on the gridiron. Johnson graduates this year and his loss will be severe.

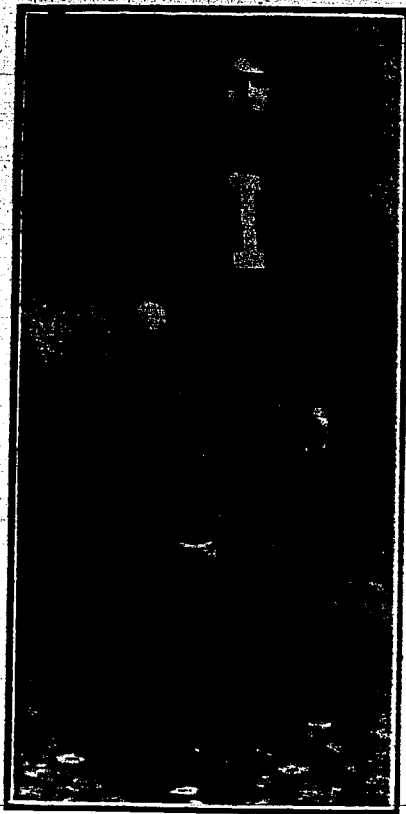
Mr. Barr of Spokane visited Jordan '11 over Sunday. The two gentlemen were class mates in Knox College, Illinois.

Smith learned the rudiments of football at Idaho, never having seen a "pigskin" before he came to the University. For the last four years he has been playing on the first team either as guard or tackle. He is at home in either of the positions and makes his opponent feel very made away from home when he hits him. For conscientious and consistent football "Herc." has no peer on the team. He weighs 192 pounds but can get the start on most sprinters. He has even been switched into the back field and made a most creditable showing at full back. When he hits the line it either bends or breaks. For his great ability on defense, he has received several votes for the All Northwest. But it is rumored that he is in love. This, and the four year rule, disqualify him from all further participation at Idaho. His loss will be keenly felt.

Claude Ashby '12 went to his home in Coeur d' Alene last week, intending to spend the holidays working in the mines.



Henry Smith, '10, Right Tackle



WALTER STOKESBERRY, No. Right Guard.

Of all the Idaho players who deserve praise, Stokesberry is one. For two years he played on the second team and was out every night to "buck" the first squad. For the last three years he has played on the Varsity team and each year has seen a marked improvement in his work. "Stokes" weighs 190 but can move that mass of matter around in a surprising manner. When a man gets through him there is something "wrong," and when "Stokes" can't get through his man there is going to be something more than "wrong." The longer he is in the game, the harder he plays and the madder he gets. He forms one-third of a center trio that can protect any quarter back, and on the defense can "muss up" some pretty back field maneuvers. Stokesbury has one more year on the Varsity team and says that he is going to make the All Northwest.

After the game is over,
After the field is clear,
Straighten my nose and shoulder
And help me to find my ear.

Small has been one of the main supports of the team since he entered the University four years ago. The first two years he played half and full. Last year he was switched to quarter and was given this position on the All Northwest Team. He works the team well, handles the ball cleverly, and gets his plays off fast. He often could be heard giving signals from the bottom of the pile for the next formation. On the defense he is a demon. His tackling is fierce and when Rodney does not drop the man there is something wrong. On the recent southern trip he surprised the Utah people by leaving his feet to catch a man. That was a new sort of football to them. Small will be out of the game next year on account of the conference rules but his four years at Idaho have netted some big scores for this institution.

President McLean and Mr. Lewis left for Boise, Monday, to attend the winter session of the Board of Regents. At this meeting the semi-annual report of the President will be made.



RODNEY SMALL, Quarter Back.

Olympic Games At London, 1908.

(By Bert M. George, '09)

The games of the Fourth International Olympiad were held at Shepperd's Bush, London, England, last July. They constituted one of the chief attractions of the Franco-British Exhibition within the grounds of which the contests took place.

The Great Stadium, a monstrous amphitheatre entirely surrounding the track, was built especially for the games. It was constructed entirely of steel and concrete and was supposed to seat over 100,000 people. The middle seats on both sides of the oval were roofed, those on the east being fitted up as a Royal Box.

The field inside the track was sodded over with the exception of the space occupied by the swimming tank situated directly in front of the Box.

On the west side of the Stadium, and almost opposite to the royal section, was the rendezvous of the American rooters, where the royal smile from across the way was combatted by wild cheering and waving of flags. I might add that the concert band which played every day divided its attention between the royal side and the American side. These two central portions, of course, were the best and highest priced seats in the stadium.

This, then, is the scene which presents itself as you take your seat at one end among the hostile red-coats. The Life Guards Band has begun the afternoon concert.

While you wait, and listen to the music, you take sly notes on your English neighbors, and they take notes on you, which, by the way, are not at all sly.

The clear tones of a bugle sound from one end of the Stadium calling the contestants. At the same time a large sign goes up in the middle of the field. It reads: "110 Meter Hurdle." By referring to your program you find that Shaw and Smithson and two other Americans are entered, running against time of course. The runners appear each bearing on his breast a shining shield of bars and stars.

The pistol cracks! You catch your breath and leap to your feet!

It is close. Smithson and Shaw are running side by side and not until the last hurdle is cleared can you tell the winner. Smithson, on his way off the field is compelled to stop and recognize the riot of cheers and yells and blowing of horns of the American rooters.

Meanwhile you have sunk into your seat once more, and are wondering if you really have seen the "wild west" Portland boy break the world's record. But you have, for there goes the stars and stripes up the staff and there is the time, 15 1-5. When you come out of it you see that your neighbors are laughing at something. It's only those eccentric Americans making such a noise.

What they should have done, according to your neighbors, was to sit calmly in their places and remark: "My word! Isn't he a clever chap?" The Americans were the only people in the Stadium who showed any spirit.

It is true that U. S. A. didn't win the games, but for my part, I can never look upon the team of 1908 except as a winning team. It was the wrestling, swimming, fencing, high-diving, archery and javelin throwing, etc., that defeated us.

In the field events such as we have in America, our team won and won easily. In many of the heats only Americans qualified. This was the case in the 400 meter hurdle in which Beacon beat Hillman in 55 seconds.

In the high jump, Porter, the Christian Science boy, had things all his own way from the start. In the finals he cleared the bar at 6 feet 1 1/2 inches.

Our representatives in the pole vault took first and second. A Norwegian took third only because our best man was not on the team.

Flanagan with the hammer and Sheridan with the discus were in a class by themselves.

The 100 meter swimming race was won by Daniels. We had the good fortune to see him in an exhibition race for the same distance. He kept the men along the edge of the tank in a fast walk to keep abreast of him. I had no idea that a man could shoot through the water in such a fashion. He was truly remarkable.

In the broad jump it might be interesting to note that Kelly, of Oregon, came in for second place.

Only two of the field events were really won by the English; viz. the 100 meter flat, and the 200 meter flat. Their victory in the 100 meter was more the result of a good start than anything else for the records of both men in the semi-finals were the same, 10 4-5.

I have regretted many times that I did not see the 400 meter flat in which the alleged foul occurred. However, Mr. Ashby, who was with me in Lon-

don at this time, did see it, and tells me that Carpenter won the race fair and square. This I do know, that Carpenter had a hard man to run against. In the semi-finals, which I saw, Carpenter and Haswell both made the time of 49 2-5. Mr. Ashby also tells me that he never heard such a wall in his life, as went up from that English crowd when Carpenter cut across and took the pole. It seems that an American official on the grounds expressed his opinion of the "decision" by calling it "rotten." In some inconceivable manner this was taken as a joke on the Americans and was therefore duly exploited in all the vaudeville theatres that week. A comedian comes on the stage and says "rotten," then everybody laughs.

One of the most remarkable men on our team, it seems to me, was Melvin Shepperd. He made a new record in the half, won the mile of which the English were so sure, and in the final relay ran away from two Germans and an Austrian as if they were tied to the pole.

A remarkable feature of the performance of our team was the apparent ease with which they ran. With the exception of Taylor, the negro from Pennsylvania, who was plainly out of condition, they all ran easily, finished strong, and left the field without showing any ill effects from the exertion. There was no such thing as failing to finish, or as fainting at the tape such as we often see.

An abundance of this sort of thing was seen, however, in the Marathon race although it was not participated in by our representative. It was certainly surprising and a little disgusting to see all the sickly sentimentalism which was handed about by the English newspapers at that time. Hayes won the race by consistent running, and Dorando lost it on bad judgment, notwithstanding the fact that he has since defeated Hayes in New York. To be sure, Dorando made a heroic effort and deserved great admiration, but he did not deserve to win. One might have been led to believe that all this praise was real and heart-felt if Hayes, the Yankee and the real winner, had been given any decent kind of recognition. If the papers mentioned Hayes at all, it was only to place under his picture, "Hayes, winner under protest." He should have been declared winner instead of being compelled to protest. The next day after the Marathon, the king and queen were present,

her Majesty presenting the first prize winners with the Olympic gold medals. I was proud to see a large number of Americans in the line. Big Ralph Rose, with his 6 feet 7 inches, towered head and shoulders above all. He was in line to get his medal for the shot put in which he easily won first place, while W. W. Coe of Boston, who beat the world's record at St. Louis and has since lost it to Rose, was only able to get third.

Also in that line was J. J. Hayes and I was with great interest and curiosity that we watched him approach the stand to take his prize. As soon as the crowd recognized him they began cheering for Dorando.

I had always believed that the English were the fairest sportsmen and the best losers in the world. But if the Olympic games afford any opportunity of testing this theory, I would say that the average Englishman is no better sport than the German, Swede, American or any other people. Like the rest of us he is a good loser when he wins. And he is a better loser when there is no American concerned. "Any thing but a Yankee" is the English sentiment. If any one but Hayes, the American, had won the Marathon, there would have been no protest. I merely mention this fact because it was the general impression of the Americans present. But another and even stronger impression with those Americans, was that the American team was a victorious team although we lost the games.

I might go on and tell you how the team trained at Brighton and how they even began to set the American fashions in that little city of 150,000, of their games in Paris, and other cities, but these things, as you see, don't concern the Olympic games.

Prominent Sociologist Lecture

Dr. E. A. Ross, professor of sociology in the University of Wisconsin, will lecture in Moscow Feb. 8th, on "Latter Day Sinners and Saints." Dr. Ross was scheduled as Commencement speaker at the University a few years ago but was delayed by floods and did not reach Moscow until the students had all left town. Dr. Ross is an intimate friend of Professor Little, the two having been on the Stanford faculty at the same time; in that University also Professor Hulme studied under him; President Lewis is an old acquaintance, and Mr. Vaughn is a cousin. These personal ties are largely responsible for bringing the lecturer here at this time.

Only a Dream.

(By Nina F. Stewart, '10.)

Fraternity flourished in the little town of Lewiston, where it was my good fortune to make my home for a few months some years ago. There were lodges and lodges, some for men, some for women, some for both.

But the brightest particular star of all the orders was the "Benighted and Pathetic Order of Egotists," a large, wealthy and popular organization, whose motto was "Show you a good time while you live and bury you when you die."

"Come, Brown old man, we want you to join the B. P. O. E. Just hand me your name, and I'll propose you for membership. Finest lodge on earth, and you won't regret it if you join us."

This and kindred remarks were made to me frequently for several weeks, and at last I gave my name, was voted in, and on a certain evening in September, I sat in my comfortable armchair, dressed carefully and correctly, waiting for my friend to call for me, to take me to the hall where I was to be initiated into the mysteries of the order of B. P. O. E.

As I sat in my chair, watching the smoke-wreaths curling upward from my fragrant cigar, I fell to wondering as to the uses and significance of lodges in general, and this one in particular, wondering as to the part I would be called upon to take in the proceedings, and if I should really enjoy it as much as my friends had told me I should.

As I sat there, the door suddenly opened, and a man, wearing a brilliant uniform, entered, bowed respectfully, and informed me that all things were now in readiness, and that my presence was desired in the lodgeroom.

Following my guide, I came to a small ante-room, where a number of ghostly figures in white met me, and in grim silence divested me of coat, vest, collar and tie, and arranged me in a long white robe and tall cap. I was marched into a large and spacious apartment with rows of seats on each side filled with people, but whether friends or acquaintances I had no time to see, as one of the ghostly company deftly adjusted an article something like a bridle over my eyes, one being covered by a green shade, and one by a red.

I was then ordered to kneel, and not wishing to be impolite, did as I was directed. As I did so I heard a rushing, pattering noise, and just in front of me appeared a hideous, long-haired beast, with wicked looking eyes and horns, which threatened me, so that as I jumped backward in my haste, I stumbled and sat down in a bucket of cold water which had carelessly been left there. My white robed attendants now condescended to speak and apologized profusely for the "accident." I was then ordered to mount the beast, which I did.

I have always been accounted a good rider, but on this occasion I seemed to have lost my skill, or the gait of the steed was one to which I had not been accustomed, for when about half the circuit of the room had been accomplished, my mount suddenly stopped, while I kept on going.

After this I was given a good comfortable looking chair to rest in, but as I sank into its spacious depths, it suddenly collapsed, and I lay on my back on the floor.

Assisting me to rise, they removed the blinkers from my eyes, and invited me to a seat on a chair, which had small tacks, point upward, scattered thickly over the seat.

I refused to sit down. They insisted. I refused more decidedly. Then I was seized by one of three of the white

robed fiends and forced to sit down on that instrument of torture, but my worst fears were not realized. It proved to be a seat not quite as soft as down, but far removed from what my tortured imagination had pictured, as the cruel, sharp pointed tacks were of soft rubber.

As I rested, exhausted by my struggles and the fear of what was yet in store for me, a deep voice sounded through the room.

"Take him to the lower dungeon that he may rest and prepare himself for the more severe tests that are to follow. He has done well, but it yet remains to be seen whether he has the courage, endurance, and loyalty to enable him to be admitted to our innermost circle."

My heart seemed to stop beating for a second.

Wild fears of horrors yet to come, filled my brain. With one frenzied leap I sprang past two of my guards, and as the third tried to intercept me, I brushed him aside like a cobweb, and reached the door, which I burst open with a resounding crash.

With a start I sat up in my chair and looked around. I was in my own room, my burned-out cigar in my fingers, while on the floor was a vase broken to bits. My dream of initiation had been so vivid that I had doubtless gone through some wild and lively motions which had caused the destruction of the vase and awakened me from my sleep.

Titania, Queen of the Fairies.

(By Jewell Bothwell, '12.)

"Danny, wont you fetch the wood now? It's time," a voice called plaintively from the little lean-to kitchen.

The boy, curled in front of the roaring wood-fire in the "other" room, arose impatiently.

"It's always time to fetch wood, or something; and I can't never have any fun."

He was a little fellow with eyes much too large, too dark, too pensive. As he entered the kitchen, the thin, tired woman turned from the sizzling bacon, and tried to smile.

"To-morrow's Christmas, son, you know."

"An' what's Christmas different from any other day? Pa'll go for wood in the morning, an' there'll be logs an' logs to unload at night, an' we'll have to saw it, and split it, and bring it in. An' there'll be beans an' bacon for breakfast, an' beans an' bacon for dinner, an' beans an' bacon for supper," he finished wearily.

The woman did not answer him. She knew the dreary routine too well.

"I wish something would happen," the boy went on. "I wish it would snow, so we couldn't bridge for a week."

After the wood-box behind the kitchen stove was filled, he returned to his place before the open fire. He was a lonely little chap. There were no play-mates on this far-off timber claim; nothing but trees, trees, trees. The little fire-spirits were his only friends. They were all here to-night, too; the poor little princes, who had been shut up in the dark tower; the cruel hunch-back uncle; and there was Titania, with her band of fairies. He had read about them all in his book. Did fairies ever come here, he wondered, or was it too cold? Sometimes he thought he heard them in the trees at night; but these seemed to be crying, and fairies ought to be happy. That there were fairies, somewhere, he never doubted; for didn't it say so in his book?

"If one would only come, if one only would," he cried, his pulse bounding with rapture at the thought,

"I'd wish—I'd wish that I had heaps an' heaps of books, an' nothing to do but read 'em all day. An'—an' I'd wish there wasn't any more beans in the whole world."

He dreamed on and on, unconscious of the fact that one of his desires had been granted, and that a heavy snow was falling. He heard his father's slow tread as he came in from his work; heard the clicking of the dishes as his parents ate their poor meal in silence. They did not call him; for they knew well he would not eat. And now the father was smoking his usual evening pipe, his feet in the oven, and his chair tilted against the wall. And the mother was washing and putting away the supper dishes. Then there came a heavy tread again, and a gruff but kindly voice saying, "Better come to bed now Dan," and the stairs creaked as the man climbed to his attic bed-room.

Danny turned as his mother entered, and watched her as she took the candle from the shelf and lighted it. They went to bed early, these people, but they would not compel him to go. At the foot of the stairs the woman paused, the pale glow of the candle lighting up the shadows neath the eyes, the hollows in the cheeks, the gray along the temples.

Something tugged hard at Danny's heart; there was a queer feeling in his throat; and the next moment his arms were around his mother's neck.

"I'm sorry, Mother, I'm so bad, but I don't like bacon and beans."

"I know, Danny, I know," she answered gently. "You'll be up soon, won't you son?"

"Yes'm." And as she closed the stair-door behind her, he clasped his hands tightly, and his eyes were bright.

"Oh, I know what I'd wish, if a fairy would come now. I'd wish—I'd wish my mother was a Queen!"

He quickly took off his shoes, and prepared to hang up his stockings as he always did on Christmas eve. He knew just what there would be in it in the morning: a few pieces of hard candy, and a pair of mittens. Ever since he could remember there had been a pair of mittens. Sometimes they were red, sometimes they were blue. This was the year for the blue ones.

And then—was that a knock at the door? The fairy, of course! He ran to the door, opened it, and there she stood, the most beautiful fairy in all the world, with snow covering her hair and dress.

He clutched her hand eagerly, fearful lest she might vanish away.

"Titania," he whispered, "You are the Titania, you are the Queen of the Fairies, ain't you? I always knew you'd come."

"Why, child, I—"

"An' you'll give me my wish, won't you? I've got it all made up."

"Yes, dear; but may I come in? Even fairies get cold sometimes, you know."

After they were seated by the fire, he told her how he had read about her in his book, and how he had played he saw her in the fire at night. "And now you'll grant me my wish, won't you? It's that my mother will be a Queen. You can make her one, can't you?"

The girl smiled. "We will see. Titania would like to sleep now, though, may she Danny?"

"You can sleep in the spare bed there. I'll tell mother to bring down some covers."

He ran up the steps, calling excitedly, "Mother, mother. Titania's down stairs and she's cold an' she wants to sleep in the spare bed."

"What's the matter, Danny, are you sick?"

"No, no. But I told Titania you'd bring down some covers, you know Titania, Queen of the Fairies."

The mother, not understanding, arose, and went down the stairs. The girl greeted her with a bright, sweet smile.

"I'm a teacher at the Station. I was on my way to a friend's; but the snow got so deep, and I became cold, so I came in here. Your little boy has evidently been reading 'The Midsummer Night's Dream' and took me for a Fairy."

"Danny's queer that way. He's always talking about such things. He reads about them in a book a lady left here once. There used to be another little boy before Danny came, but he wasn't like this one. He would run and play all day long; but Danny would rather just read, and read. And he won't eat hardly anything. He doesn't like the kind of food we have." The woman's voice trembled, and the tears fell softly. The young teacher slipped her arm about the thin shoulders.

"I think I know the kind of food Danny wants," she said. "Will you let him come and stay with me at the Station, and go to school?"

"He can if he likes. But it'll be awful lonesome without him."

"You are a noble woman," the girl said softly. "I shall be gone before Danny is up in the morning, but I am going to put something in his stocking for him. And bye and bye I'm coming back to see you again."

In the morning, Danny found that his fairy was gone, indeed. But in the toe of his stocking, along with the candy and the blue mittens, there was a little ring, set with a white, pure stone that looked like a tiny snow drop. And to the ring was fastened this note:—

"Dear Danny,—Your wish has been granted. Whenever you look at the stone in this ring, remember that your Mother is a Queen."

And it was signed, "Titania, Queen of the Fairies."

His mother was standing in the door, pinning an old shawl over her head.

"Would you mind watching the bacon a little, Danny, I'm going after some wood."

But Danny's eye caught the gleam of the ring he had slipped upon his finger.

"Oh, but you're a Queen, now, Mother," he said reverently. "Titania says so. And Queens don't bring in wood."

BASKET BALL GAMES

BREAK EVEN

Lower Classmen of Idaho and W. S. C. Each Secure Game Some promising material.

On Saturday last a team from the Freshman class, and one from the Sophomore class of the University of Idaho played corresponding teams from Washington State College in Pullman.

The teams of both institutions were evenly matched and the games were both watched with great interest by a fair sized audience that was impartial in its praise. The Idaho Freshmen came home with the small end of a 12 to 18 score, while the Idaho Sophomores won by a 16 to 18 score.

The games were both interesting and at times were spectacular. Much new material of both institutions was shown up, which gives promise of some classy playing later in the season.

*Laugh, and the
World Laughs
With You,*

Perhaps these jokes are old
And should be on the shelf;
If you can do it better,
Send in a few yourself.

—Ex.



*Snore, and
you sleep
alone.*

HOW TRUE IT IS.
Lives of editors remind us
That our lives are not
sublime,
That they have to work like
thunder
To get their copy in on time.

—Ex.

Toasts to Woman

Woman—The most vivid of Nature's products—the most complete of Art's renaissance.

Woman—While unattainable the most desirable and fascinating of mysteries, when possessed the most definite of certainties.

Woman—Here's to woman, the quite impossible she, just perfect enough for man to adore, just faulty enough for man to love.

Woman—At her worst too good for the best man—at her best all ready for heaven.

Woman—The incarnation of all the virtues, the reincarnation of all the vices. Her virtue is frequently subjectively vicious, her vices often objectively virtuous.

Woman—The Creator's joke on man. The problem without solution, the riddle without answer, the more fascinating because understood of no man, nor of herself.

Woman—The great plastic artist of the universe, molding mankind as the potter his clay, but not for results, merely for the pleasure of moulding.

Woman—Uncertain, coy, yes, if you please, yet life without her could not please.—Ex.

Reports say that Miss French returned too late to get into the Dormitory last Sunday night. According to the rules no girl can open the door after dark without first reporting to the Dean of Women. But for once formality was dispensed with. Queer, isn't it.

A grape juice whiz at Genesee,
A night of dissipation,
Make some folks talk a little wee
About the boy "Carnation."

Wallace: "You are the breath of my life."
E: "Why dont you hold your breath a while."—Ex.

Autumn Joys.

The summer days have gone their ways, to join the days of summers olden; the eager air is making bare the trees, the leaves are red and golden; the flowers that bloomed are now entombed, the mora is chill, the night is dreary; and I confront the same old stunt that all my life has made me weary: Hard by yon grove our heating stove is standing red and fierce and rusty; and I must black its front and back, and get myself all scratched and dusty. And I must pack it on my back, about a mile, up to our shanty, and work with wire and pipes and fire, the while I quote warm things from Dante.—Ex.

Running a paper is like driving a horse. Every one thinks he can do it better than the one who has the reins.

A Change of Circumstances

Said a Junior to a Freshman,
"May I come to-night to thee?"
"Yes, you may," replied the maiden,
With a blush that charmed to see.

But the Junior, false and fickle.
Met that day a new coquette,
And that night he went to see her;
Sent the Freshman his regret.

When the maid received the message,
She wondered, sighed, but trusted still,
Till the truth, which reached her later,
Caused angry light her eyes to fill.

A year had passed, and now the Senior,
Asked once more to see the maid,
She, with smooth sweet voice consented,
While roguish look in brown eyes played.

He that night was ushered in,
Self conceited, proud and trim,
But he waited, long and vainly,
For the maid had jilted him.
—Bessie L. Perkins, '12

The Boy's Escape

The boy stood on the railroad track,
The train was coming fast;
The boy stepped off the railroad track,
And let the train go past.
—Deil Garby, '12

Laugh, and the class laughs with you,
Laugh, and you laugh alone:
The first is when the joke is the teacher's,
The last when the joke is your own.
—Ex.

The man with a pipe is to his fellow creatures what the skunk is to the lower animals.—Ex.

My Dog

My dog jumps up when he beholds,
A Tom-cat in a tree;
So was it when he was a pup,
So is it now since he's grown up,
So let him be.

—Jesse Pierce, '12

Teacher.—"What is the feminine of vassal?"
Tommy.—"Vaseline, ma'am."
—Ex.

A Prep Spooning

Once a Prep was heard to say,
Spooning with his girl one day:
"Wouldn't it be funny,
If I had the money,
Every night to go
To the ten cent show!"
—Rowe Holman, '12

Drill, drill, drill.
For one whole hour each day;
And I would that I might utter,
The things I'd like to say.
'Tis well for the athlete,
For he gets out of drill:
But O the woe to the rest of us,
Who heed the commandant's will.

Went to see the football game,
Thot that I would play the same,
So in haste I joined the 'leven,
And now I'm writing this from heaven.
—Ex.

News of the Battalion.

Gen. Orders, No. 49.

The scheme for practical and theoretical instruction for the battalion of cadets during the winter months of the present year, on days now used for practical instruction, is announced to go into effect at once.

1. On days of inclement weather when it is impracticable to drill out of doors, drills will be conducted in the gymnasium by company in the order: "A" Co., "B" Co., and "C" Co. After the roll call and reading of orders, companies other than the one whose turn it is to drill, will be dismissed.

2. Battalion drill and inspection will be held at least once a week, usually on Fridays. Notification will be given in advance when this occurs on some other week day.

3. A non-commissioned officer's school conducted by the captain of each company for the non-commissioned officers of his company will be conducted during the next company drill hour following the drill hour of his company. Room fourteen will be used for this purpose.

5. The Cadet Major will have general supervision over both the practical and theoretical instruction.

General Order, No. 50.

In addition to Dr. W. H. Carithers, Capt. Surgeon, Battalion of Cadets, the physical director of the University, Dr. E. D. Kanaga, will hereafter perform the duties of battalion surgeon and all certificates from Dr. Kanaga will be accepted. Previous orders to the contrary are rescinded.

Clarence McWilliams of Co. "A", Dan Hannah of Co. "B", and Mulkey of Co. "C," put up the best appearance at the inspection last Friday. On account of the weather there was no parade.

Gwin, I. A., Paulson, and Madden have sick leave.

LOCAL

500 student shaves at Hegge's.

Matthew Boyeson visited friends in Pullman over Sunday.

Miss Lillian Clark '10, spent Sunday in Garfield visiting relatives.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Forney to Mr. Harrison on Dec. 26th.

Prof. Shinn was in Spokane all of last week, assisting in the judging of apples at the National Apple Show.

Prof. Hulme returned from Grangeville, where he delivered an illustrated lecture Tuesday, on last Wednesday morning.

Mr. Clark, Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds, has been laid off for a few days because of a threatened attack of appendicitis.

Graham's hair cuts are always the latest, try one.

F. Rollin Smythe '10 will spend the vacation as assayer in the Hecla Mine. He takes the place of Bayard S. Morrow '07 who will take a two weeks vacation.

Ernest Griner '10 and Henry Smith '10 will officiate in the Basket Ball game between Palouse and Garfield High Schools on next Friday night at Palouse.

Miss Etta Hansen, ex '11, is to be married to Mr. W. C. Dunbar of Boise on Dec. 23rd. While in College Miss Hansen was one of the most popular ladies at Ridenbaugh Hall. Mr. Dunbar is a very able lawyer of Boise.

The Preparatory Basket Ball Team defeated the Genesee High School Team last Saturday night by a score of 8 to 25. The visitors were out classed by the Preps. in almost every stage of the game. The officials were Prof. Cook of Genesee and Rodney Small of Idaho.

Percentage of absences from Assembly by classes:—

- Senior class 38 per cent.
- Junior class 23 per cent.
- Sophomore class 29 per cent.
- Freshmen Class 14 per cent.

This shows the attendance of the Freshman class to be the best in the collegiate departments.

The Executive Committee of the A. S. U. I., at a called meeting last Thursday, voted to dispense with the ballot voting for representative to the Northwest Athletic Conference. This action was taken because of the withdrawal of Mr. Jones, leaving only one candidate. Mr. Magee, being the sole nominee, was declared elected.

Mr. Newton, foreman of the plasterers in the new "Ad" building, was nearly asphyxiated last Monday while at work. He and his partner were in a closed room with a little coke burner. His friend noticed the gas and stepped out for some fresh air. Newton went on to work and was soon found in a collapsed condition. Dean Eldridge called Dr. Kanaga who sent the man to Carrithers' hospital where he is slowly recovering.

Dr. L. E. Gurney has returned from an extended trip in the east, and attendance on the annual convention of Phi Delta Theta fraternity convention at Pittsburg. There were three delegates from the local fraternity at the convention, Burton L. French, Wm. Lee and Dr. Gurney. Their mission

was to secure the admission of the local chapter into the national order and they succeeded admirably. The chapter was granted on Monday noon of Thanksgiving week, the first vote being 94 to 14. The application went through more smoothly than any application that has ever been before the fraternity before, the majority of the conservative men in the east swinging into line for the first time in the history of the fraternity. There was great enthusiasm after the admission was granted, the Idaho yell being used frequently. The Hon. Burton L. French was initiated into the fraternity at the convention, and the three upper classes of the local fraternity will meet the 40 odd members of the organization who are in Spokane during the Christmas vacation and be there initiated, and returning home, will initiate their own freshmen. Messrs. Earl and Homer David, Orland, Rogers, Middleton and Kirkwood, alumni of the local chapter, will also attend the Spokane initiation, as will many members from all-over the Northwest and probably some from the East. Dr. Gurney reports a most enjoyable program at the convention, the evenings being given to social events, from the smoker at University Club on Monday, to the banquet Thanksgiving evening and the final grand ball of Friday evening. The day sessions were closed to all except the fraternity men, and were occupied with business. The Mayor of Pittsburg gave the speech of welcome at the opening session.

SOCIOLOGY CLUB ORGANIZED

University of Idaho Sociologists Meet and Elect Officers Governor Gooding First President

The University of Idaho sociologists met on December 4th at the home of Mr. A. P. Vaughan and affected an organization to be known as the Idaho Sociological Society. The membership is open to all students in this department at the University, and to all citizens of Idaho interested in the social problems of the day. The work undertaken will not necessarily be local, for as president of the Society its charter members elected Governor Frank R. Gooding, of Boise. Governor Gooding, having been in the executive chair of the state for four years, is fully alive to the social questions in the State. He will probably make several addresses to the Society in the course of the year.

Miss Icy Curtis was chosen first vice-president and will have charge of the arrangement of the programs of the year, as well as presiding in the absence of the president.

The open meeting of the Society was held on Tuesday, December 15th, at Morrill Hall. Two addresses were given, one by S. E. Hutton, and one by Mrs. A. C. Terrill. Mrs. Terrill discussed the question of Settlement work in New York City. She was for several years an assistant in one of the Trinity Church Settlements, and told of the plan of the work used. Mrs. Terrill illustrated her talk by showing a number of articles made in the Settlement House.

Mr. Hutton spoke on the Hull House of Chicago.

The next open meeting of the Society will be held some time in February when Dr. Ross, of Wisconsin University, will deliver an address. Dr. Ross has been induced to come to Idaho thru the efforts of Mr. A. P. Vaughan, of the department of Sociology. Too much credit cannot be given Mr. Vaughan for the work he is doing in the way of developing interest along social lines.



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Bennet L. Williams '08 left for Coeur d' Alene City last Wednesday to work in the law office of J. C. McLearn. Mr. Williams, since graduating has taken a course in the Moscow Business College and is now ready to do Stenography. In doing this he is getting nearer to his chosen profession—that of the law.

Arthur P. Beckner '11 left last Saturday for the Coeur d' Alene country to work in the mines till after the Christmas Holidays.

Get your hair cut at the U. of I barber shop. W. J. Graham, Prop.

Assembly.

The address at Assembly last Wednesday was by Mr. Geo. Fields, editor of the Idaho Post. Under the title "The Highwater Mark of the Confederacy," he gave a very interesting and instructive account of the Battle of Gettysburg. Mr. Fields has visited the battlefield and it was partly because of his familiarity with its geography that his talk was so entertaining. He is a very pleasing speaker and was so thoroughly interested in his subject that he succeeded in making his audience enjoy it. After the address the audience was entertained by two vocal solos by Prof. Soulen.

The first few minutes of the hour were given to a student meeting at which nominations for a representative to the Northwest Athletic Conference were made. Frank Magee and R. O. Jones were the only nominees.

Informal Song Recital.

The song recital given in Liszt Hall last Wednesday was a success in every way. The program was enjoyed by a good sized audience among which were many faculty members.

Miss Kiefer showed the result of months of careful work by her interpretation of the song "Poppies".

Miss Carrie Horton sang the delightful little Irish lullaby "Shoogy Shoo" with fine tone, color and sympathy. The "Four Leaf Clover" showed her ability to do bright work in contrast.

Mr. Arthur Thomas surprised his friends with his easy style of singing.

Miss Sams always does her musical work intelligently.

Miss Kettenbach's voice gives promise of rare expression and power.

Basket Ball

Considerable interest at this time is being taken in the class basketball games. Each class has a team and last Wednesday night a double header was played. The Freshmen and Sophomores tangled up and the Freshmen got the small end of a 19 to 7 score.

The Juniors and Seniors also played, and their game was evenly matched. The Juniors won out by one point, the score being 18 to 17.

The two winning teams are sched-

uled to play a game in the near future and a great game can be looked for. These games are helping to stir the student body up over basketball, and also enriching the management to some extent, an admission of twenty-five cents being charged for the games.

Calendar.

Dec. 15, Tuesday, 2:55 p. m., Idaho Sociological Society, open meeting.

Dec. 16, Wednesday—Football supper by Domestic Science Department.

Dec. 18, Friday evening—Christmas holidays begin.

Dec. 19, Saturday—Watkins Oratorical contest.

Jan. 4, Monday—University schedule resumed.

Jan. 9, Saturday—Basketball W. S. C. armory.

Jan. 15, Friday—Junior Promenade.

Jan. 16, Saturday—Basketball W. S. C. at Pullman.

Jan. 22, Friday—Basketball, Whitman at Walla Walla.

Jan. 29, Friday—Basketball; W. S. C. armory.

Feb. 8 and 9, Monday and Tuesday, —Basketball, Whitman armory.

Feb. 19, Friday—Military ball.

Classical Club.

Last Friday night the members of the Latin and Greek classes met at the home of Prof. H. L. Axtell, where he interested them with a description of ancient Rome. He illustrated the talk with numerous pictures and an excellent map of the city.

After the lecture delicious refreshments were served by Mrs. Axtell and the company seemed to realize that there is something more than dead languages connected with the classical course.

The faculty, at a special meeting last Friday, granted the students' petition asking for the beginning of the Christmas vacation Friday, Dec. 18th, instead of Tuesday the 22nd. This gives practically three days longer recess. The granting of this request was in the form of an agreement with the students whereby they should return on time and not come in several days late as is often done.

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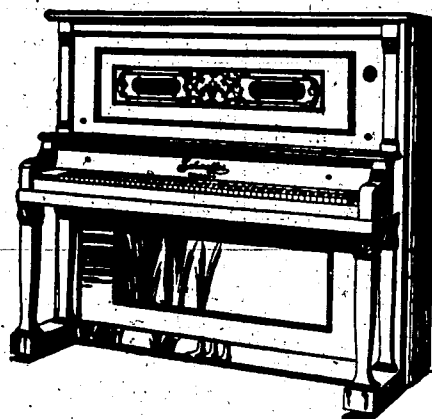
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