

BLACKFOOT, IDAHO.

EDITOR CAMPUS:—

Yes, I will keep the long tardy promise. I had not forgotten, but rested on the hope that you had. Trust you remember the parts of irregular Greek verb as well. You, as many others have repeatedly done, ask me to write of the country Its main fea-

tures, a common geography will describe for you; "wild and woolen," is the classic appellation, I believe. In its native state it is garbed and garmented with the aromatic sage. Peopled and irrigated, it brings forth agricultural and horticultural wonders proportioned to hush even a California tourist into silent envy. You would hardly expect a loyal Idahoan to speak calmly of his state. We are all filled with wondrous schemes and dreams. And why not? It were but time Fourth-of-July oratory to say that we have hills higher and more numerous than those from which proud Rome ruled the world. Our confines are broad enough to set an empire. The sons of Midas shall dwell upon our ore-veined mountain, while the tribe of Jeshurun shall inhabit our fertile vales. Come, dear Editor; as a humble representative of an immigration and investment company, I say come, we'll gladly take you in.

More seriously, Idaho is but a piece of the great western, inter-mountain region, with climate, topography, and natural resources much diversified. A large portion is mountainous, in many places containing rich ores, but, in the main, fit only for the great herds of horses and cattle that now graze upon it. The broad valleys have wonderfully rich and fertile soil, but because of the lack of a natural water supply, they are, before cultivation, covered only with sage brush. The great problem is irrigation, and when a farmer once has his ranch adequately and securely watered, he is comparatively independent, for a crop is almost a certainty. We have all sorts of climates. Just here it is a cold temperate and only the hardier plants and cereals thrive. At other places, south and west, fruits, almost tropical, are produced in the greatest abundance. Because of the high altitude the air here is dry and light, and many who have been invalids in a damper atmosphere, soon become strong and robust. For the rest, perhaps it is sufficient to say that it is a new country with

all of the vices and many of the virtues incident thereto.

You ask me to write about myself. A hard subject—not myself but your request. Probably I have changed but little; certainly—I say it sadly—my coat is the same. A hoary, thirty-below-zero winter has left my locks unscathed, whether from pity or oversight I know not. In spite of redskins galore, my scalp still holds its native seat though one by one have fallen its hirsute band. The baldest insult I have, since last Class-Day, received, recently came in the form of a letter purporting to have been written by Bill Nye, in which he expressed a burning desire to see a man with fewer hairs on his head than he himself is the fostering owner of. Cruel though it may seem, I promptly de-Nyed him the cherished wish. The most kindly suggestion—and strictly of the Idahoan type, too,—was to the effect that I should irrigate.

You know that I have been studying law. In fact, I have done nothing else. Since rolling into this metropolis early one morning of last July, until about two weeks ago, I had not been ten miles away from the office; not even the county fair held in the neighboring village of Idaho Falls tempted me. But commencement has come. I have said my little say to the court, paid—with borrowed money—my fee to the Clerk, and now have a devouring zeal to make peace between men—for a consideration. It is no little thing, this of tearing one up bodily and planting him out in another soil. Indeed, I can now almost imagine how one of those good sized elms that Prof. Ward used to dig and cut out from the grove east of the college, and transplant, would feel, as mangled and pruned it sought to re-root itself in strange earth. I had my legal "a-b-c's" to learn. Law was a new world to me, a veritable *ignotum mare*, with all the horrors and monsters incident thereto, still, notwithstanding the drudgery that usually attaches to the mastery of first principles, my work thus far

has been accompanied with a feeling of pleasure little less than exquisite. The exploration of new fields of knowledge over whose borders I had never set foot together with the consciousness of growth and expansion, has been attended with a satisfaction that has greatly lightened the labor. Legal thought is not easy; it is the strongest, and, in portions of the common law, the most intricate that I have ever had to deal with. Of my previous training, for nothing else so definitely and so often have I reason to be thankful as for my slight acquaintance with history; it has been chart and compass almost daily.

The practice of law here is not unlike what it is with you. Making allowances for the newness of the country, the subjects of litigation are substantially the same, with three important exceptions: United States Land Office business, mining, and irrigation. The first furnishes in the main only small practice: the last two have been and are yet fruitful of large fees. The judicial machinery having but recently been put into operation, there is a lack of popular confidence, which, coupled with a prevalent litigious spirit, sends a large proportion of cases to the Supreme Court. Professional competition is fierce. Lawyers are coming and going, some gaining a foothold and others not. Young men fresh from the law schools of the East do not so easily find the long felt want they were predestined to supply, and suffer by comparison with the shrewd though often crude practitioner of long standing. The *morale* of the profession is not beyond reproach, but is said to be rapidly changing for the better. The intellectual standard is not low, and rising. Fees are larger; so are expenses, than with you. As is characteristic of the West, it is sought to do business on a large and liberal scale. Attorneys travel much, and, by the more successful, money is freely laid out in books and office appliances. Judges are elected by the people, and the bench seems to be filled with

integrity and medium ability. We have the Code system. Ours, in a large measure, copied word for word from that of California, closely resembles that of New York.

More than this bare outline of a subject you are not particularly interested in, you do not care for. I had thought to speak of politics but I have already written too long. Perhaps, another time. And now that I might have a personal word with you all! You may be sure that I have eagerly scanned letters and exploited newspapers for news. And how meager it has seemed. But "fortunate the nation without a history," and so it may be with you. Quiet and steady growth makes poor picking for the reporter, and perhaps you haven't much of that fertile stuff out of which "war" correspondents are made. Happy I was to know of the successful issue of the endowment effort, and of the completion of the building. My imagination finds difficulty in picturing you in your new quarters. And the old building! "Your old room is lone and silent," is the saddest sentence the year has brought me. With all its faults I loved it still. An unseemly moisture of the eyes tells me that something other than the ivy clings to the old sandstone. Pardon the sentiment—it is hardly judicial. A hearty greeting and a fervent God-speed to you all.

Very Truly,

F. S. DIETRICH.