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VOL. 1. No. 3.

THE STUDENT.

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THE STUDENT.

VOL. I.

GRAND FORKS, DAKOTA, JUNE, 1888.

No. 3.

THE STUDENT.

Published Monthly by the Students of the University of
North Dakota.

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As we approach the close of another school year, and glance backward, we are almost astounded by the progress made by our University during the four short years of its existence.

The marked contrast between life here four years ago and at the present time can only be appreciated by those of our number who were among the first students of the University. In none of the departments for study was there apparatus suitable for the work required. We had no library and everything was in a very crude state indeed.

To-day, we have every advantage to aid us in our work. In all departments of the University, may be found abundance of necessary apparatus, and that of the best. Our Chemical and Physical Laboratories are remarkably well equipped. Our Museum, notwithstanding the loss caused by the wind storm of last summer, is quite a surprise to strangers who visit it, because of the variety and choiceness of its specimens. Our Library is large and well selected. Our Gymnasium is bountifully supplied with dumb-bells, rings, wands, Indian-clubs, horizontal bars, parallel bars, etc., so that physical exercise and development are not neglected.

Four years ago, there was no student here farther advanced in the work than the Senior Preparatory class. Now, we have classes in all the col-

lege years except the Senior. Next year we shall have a graduating class, who, though the pioneers of the school, may well be proud of a degree taken in the University of North Dakota.

One of the questions of student life is, what shall we read Sunday? Some, after spending Friday afternoon and Saturday in pleasure, claim that it is better to spend Sunday preparing Monday's lessons than to go to class unprepared. Others argue, that, as it is our duty to read what will be most profitable, to study our week-day lessons is as wise a thing as one can do.

This question has lately been brought up by the Journal of Education for Home and School, published at New Orleans. Printed slips were sent to men interested in education, men whose opinion on the subject would be valuable, requesting each to name, in the order of preference, the ten books best for Sunday reading. About fifty of these slips were answered. Many declared it impossible to make out a list that would be the best for more than one class of people.

The lists sent in were published in an excellent article, the first part of which was devoted to the importance of giving the day to such study as would best develop the moral and religious side of the character. The books arranged in the order of the highest number of votes were:

- 1.—Bible.
- 2.—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.
- 3.—Ben Hur (by Wallace.)
- 4.—Farrar's Life of Christ.
- 5.—Imitation of Christ, Thomas a Kempis.
- 6.—D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation.
- 7.—Drummond's Natural Law in the Spiritual World.
- 8.—Stepping Heavenward (by Mrs. Prentiss.)
- 9.—Writings of Charles Kingsley.

The list sent in by President Sprague reads as follows:

- 1.—Bible.
- 2.—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.
- 3.—Milton's Paradise Lost and other poems.
- 4.—Longfellow's poems.
- 5.—Bushnell's Sermons for the New Life.
- 6.—Munger's On the Threshold.
- 7.—Ben Hur.
- 8.—Irving's Life of Washington.
- 9.—Tennyson's Poems.
- 10.—Some collection of songs and hymns, such as are used in the churches.

When the announcement was made that a new university was to be established in New England, all friends of learning regretted that the founder had not chosen to give his money to one of the old established universities. If the wisdom of the founder's original choice was doubtful, certainly there can be no doubt as to the trustees' wisdom in calling Prof. G. Stanley Hall, of Johns Hopkins University, to the presidency of the new institution, or of the wisdom displayed in the trustees' letter concerning the offer of appointment, from which we quote: "In the work to which you are thus called, the trustees promise you a hearty and unselfish co-operation. They desire to impose on you no trammels; they have no friends for whom they wish to provide at the expense of the interests of the institution, no pet theories to press upon you in derogation of your judgment, no sectarian tests to apply, no guaranties to require, save such as are implied by your acceptance of this trust. Their single desire is to fit men for the highest duties of life, and to that end, that this institution, in whatever branches of sound learning it may find itself engaged, may be made a leader and a light. To this high purpose they have dedicated their university, and in calling you to the first position of influence and authority for its accomplishment, they give you their present confidence and the assurance of sympathy, co-operation and support." Perhaps Dr. Hall has done more for the science of pedagogics than any other American. Born at Ashfield, Mass., graduated in the class of '67 at Williams College, he studied theology at Union Seminary, New York, was professor at Antioch College, Ohio, spent some years abroad in

the study of psychology and the science of education, later was instructor at Harvard, lecturer at Williams and other colleges, and has been for some years professor at Johns Hopkins University. He has published several works on psychology and pedagogics. Under his direction it is believed that Clark University will become one of the most progressive institutions of higher education in the country.

UNIVERSITY PROGRESS.

The university has just finished its fourth and most prosperous session. During the first year, 1884-5, it had only a preparatory department, consisting of three classes.

Very exceptional have been the advantages offered our students. By the generosity of the Territory and Regents, any young man or young woman who truly desires it, and who is willing to work, can obtain all the advantages of higher education. In addition to instruction in the various courses, the use of library, of laboratories and reading room is furnished the students in all departments, free of expense.

No one who has had the privilege of the superior instruction given, can regret that his college life was not spent in an older institution. Even the occasional disadvantage of not being among large numbers has been offset by the personal help each has obtained from the kindness of the professors' help rendered possible by the limited numbers in some of the classes.

During the present year, much advancement can be seen in every direction. The university has had the benefit of President Sprague's wide experience and broad culture. His labors in its behalf have been unceasing. His lectures in Grand Forks and before teachers' institutes in Bottineau, Langdon, Towner, Fargo, Valley City, Grafton, Larimore, Lakota, Bathgate, etc., have been most cordially received.

During the year two new literary societies and an athletic association have been organized. The students have seen the necessity of having a college paper, and have sent forth the "STUDENT", which we hope will not finish its course in four years.

An elegant dormitory was built last year. It has large, comfortable, well-furnished rooms on the first and second floors, for the use of ladies.

The pleasant rooms on the third floor of the main building are similarly equipped for the young men. All the rooms are heated and lighted and furnished, without expense to students.

One great draw-back to all is the number of students who enter late in the fall, or leave before the close of the college year. Of course each has, seemingly, a good reason for absence, and it is with sincere regret that many of them enter upon their studies so tardily or quit them so prematurely. Far better would it be for most of them, even in a *pecuniary* sense, to omit the farming or the teaching, until continuous and protracted study had given them the mental equipment that would secure higher positions, command better wages, and multiply the enjoyments that money can bring.

THE OBJECT OF THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.

To furnish the equipment our young men need for active service in the cause of humanity, there is perhaps no other preparation so valuable as the study of the greatest works of the greatest authors. I know there is a prevalent notion that literature is not strengthening. Many years ago I heard a distinguished scholar couple the words "weak" and "literary", as if they belonged together; but his own example proves the contrary; he is both literary and strong. Shakespeare's training, like that of all great writers who preceded him in ancient or modern times, and he was a good business man, was wholly literary rather than scientific. What did Alexander the Great not owe to Homer? Cæsar knew nothing of what we call science. Napoleon fed on Plutarch more than on gunpowder and mathematics. Milton was chiefly indebted to Homer, Hesiod, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Ovid, Virgil, Spenser, and Shakespeare; Chatham, Burke and Webster, to Milton; Rufus Choate, the foremost jury lawyer of the past generation, to all of these. The foremost statesman in England to-day is the man of letters, William E. Gladstone; the foremost statesman in Europe to-day is a graduate of two universities, Prince Bismarck; the fore-

most lawyer in America to-day bore off the highest honors for literary excellence at Yale just fifty years ago, and is said to have continued his classical studies ever since, William M. Evarts; one of the ablest of the many ministers who have represented America at the court of St. James is our foremost man of letters to-day, James Russell Lowell; our smartest—I use the term designedly—living statesman possesses rare literary skill, James G. Blaine. These examples show that the practical cutting edge of tact is not less keen when it has a heavy backing of solid learning. Did not the pen of Moses largely shape Hebrew civilization? In Greek life and even in Roman, did not the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" exert enormous power? Is not our highest modern civilization the outgrowth of the Bible? Wordsworth never uttered profounder truth than when he wrote:

"We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spoke, the faith and morals hold
That Milton held."

The Bible, Shakespeare, Milton—whoever will thoroughly master these three, will have a better business education than nine-tenths of our college graduates; for he will have a knowledge of human nature, a knowledge that is a better preparation for success than an acquaintance with all the laws of matter, and all the processes of machinery, and all the tricks of trade.

But business success is not the principal thing. Nor is the chief object in the study of literature to gain just canons of criticism, important as these are; not to memorize precious passages, that shall fulfil the triple function of a touchstone, a keynote and "a joy forever". Nor is the chief object to learn the history of literature, nor the opinions of any man, or set of men, about literature, or about any portion of it or about the men who produced it. A little of the flavor of the historic sea in which the shell-fish grew; a little of the critical pepper and salt that wise men have sprinkled on it; a little of the personal experience of the bivalve, if we can ascertain it, may not be amiss: these may whet the appetite or enhance the relish; but they are no substitute for the oyster itself.

Neither is the chief object to learn etym logy, or syntax, or prosody, or rhetoric, or philology, or logic. These, indeed, are valuable and may perhaps

be studied best by making a great author's text the basis of investigation. Our schoolmasters often builded vastly better than they knew when they made us painfully parse Milton's "Lycidas", Pope's "Messiah", or Coleridge's "Hymn to Mont Blanc." While we were intently listening to find grammatical concords, as if that were the chief business of life, and our teacher seemed to think so, we heard, faintly at first but by and by more clearly, the divine harmony that breathes through those immortal lines, and that could never be rendered entirely inaudible by the noisy machinery of gerund-grinding. While we hacked and hewed and bunglingly dissected the apparently lifeless form, to discover and label etymological tissue, syntactical sinews, logical bone-frame, the *caput mortuum* gradually became a thing of life and beauty, as the cold marble under Pygmalion's chisel grew warm with immortal loveliness.

Neither is that graceful utility, which Cicero points out in his oration for Archias, the main thing; the solace, the ornament, the light, the companionship, the serenity of soul, which these studies bring. Lowell somewhere prettily says, and the value of the remark can hardly be overestimated, "If they do not help us get bread, they sweeten all the bread we ever do get." This result is very precious, but still secondary: we are here to diffuse not to monopolize sweetness and light.

To create and maintain in every student the highest ideal of human life is, or ought to be, the chief work of any college. There is no study like that of the best literature to form and glorify such an ideal. It reveals possibilities, touches to finer issues, broadens thought, kindles faith, sets the soul free, quickens and greatens, as nothing else can. Get near Homer and Demosthenes and Thucydides and Plato and the Greek tragedians; get near Virgil, Lucretius and Cicero and Tacitus; if you would know

The glory that was Greece,
The grandeur that was Rome."

Arm in arm with a universal author, you are living in contact with the great facts and laws of nature and of human existence; you see them from the master's lofty stand-point, and your life is larger than before. A single paragraph of Burke, if chewed and digested and assimilated; much more

a great oration like his speech on Conciliation with America, can hardly fail to broaden the horizon and liberalize the soul. Even the daily speech of our fathers, unlike the flippant nothings that fill our mouths, was tinctured with dignity and grace, caught from the fewer but better books with which their minds were saturated, and from companionship with the Chrysostoms and Burkes and Websters, the Shakespeares and Miltons and Johnsons, and the heroic beings that were the children of their brain. He that walketh with wise men shall be wise. The great authors give us their children, and give us themselves.

"Ever their phantoms arise before us
Our loftier brothers, but one in blood;
At bed and board they lord it o'er us
With looks of beauty and words of good!"

PRES. SPRAGUE.

WOODEN PROFESSORS.

(The article from which we clip the following from the Cornell Era of November 10, 1869, being one of a series of articles on the subject, is perhaps the earliest public advocacy of chairs of Didactics in Colleges and Universities.)

One of the pressing needs of this country, a need that is becoming more manifest from year to year, is right education. This cannot be had without better instructors. Of these, the ordinary sources of supply, never able to meet the wants of the schools, are now totally inadequate. The demand is increasing. Millions of children and youth in the republic are growing up without any school advantages whatever. The field is vast, the harvest is spoiling, the laborers are few and weak. The work of instruction, even where it is most skillfully performed, as in the northern states, is generally carried on in a more bungling fashion than would be tolerated in any other important business. Not that instructors are commonly ignorant of the subjects they pretend to teach, though this is very often the case; but so unskillful is their manipulation of the human mind, so complete their misapprehension or misapplication of the principles which underlie its growth, so evident their want of tact in presenting truth, that the spectacle would be amusing were it not so disheartening.

We may be pardoned for glancing a moment at

the ludicrous side of the subject, as it used to be in one of our higher institutions; for in these the need of life-giving instruction is not of so vital importance to the nation, and perhaps it makes little difference with the general welfare whether a "professor" be a fungus or a burning and shining light. In one of the oldest and foremost colleges of America, a gentleman distinguished as a scholar, a thinker, and an author, used to sit silent as a statue for a whole hour in the professorial chair, while a large class listened to a repetition of the words of the text-book by a dozen of their number in succession. The only words spoken by the professor during the whole time were the names of the victims, and the welcome "sufficient", which told each that his performance was ended. Had some skillful Yankee invented a machine to run by clock-work, which should have daily called up and seated the students successively and then registered the amount of memory displayed by each, it would have perfectly supplied the place of the professor. Indeed, so general in American colleges and academies has been this method—I will not say of teaching, but of testing the ability of students to memorize words—that it is really a wonder we do not find, among the multitude of curious models in the United States Patent Office, a number of "specimens of what we might call "The Automatic Recitation Meter" or "Self-registering Memory Gauge, being a Complete Substitute for Eminent Professors." Such instruments introduced into—college, would supersede two thirds of the professors and tutors there, thus saving a great expense, without any diminution of the educational advantages. The first cost need not be much greater than that of a gas-meter, and a boy could wind it up and keep it in running order.

The celebrated automaton chess-player furnishes a hint as to the construction; it would be well to preserve in the apparatus the semblance of a human being. To avoid any sweeping change or even any appearance of innovation, I would suggest that at least the head of the image be made of wood. A due regard to gravity and consistency would require that the wheels be moved by a weight and not a spring. Then, if the face were carved to an exact likeness of the professor's, the students,

if not unusually wide awake, would not detect the difference, especially if the real professor were now and then removed, and the flesh-and-blood original should once or twice in a term walk in and take his seat before the class. An ingenious little device, such as we often see in the toy-shops, to make the bust roll up its eyes every time it called a student's name, and nod its head in token of approbation when the student should have chanced to repeat a long passage in the exact words of the book, would complete the illusion, so that the wisest Sophomores and even the Juniors would be kept in salutary uncertainty and awe, not knowing whether the venerable and serious form before them were a savan or a blockhead.

The simplicity of this contrivance, its cheapness, and the fact that the change would not be noticed by the students, all the recitations, markings, and college "honors" going on as before, must commend this plan to the most conservative. Furthermore, it would be peculiarly felicitous, if, after the demise of the real professor, the wooden one that had so long represented him should be elevated to an appropriate niche in some Trumbull Gallery, Harvard Hall, University parlor, or other pantheon of defunct sages, and, on great occasions, as at commencement anniversaries, the machinery should be set in motion, and the statue be made to go through publicly its perfunctory duties as of yore, the eyes rolling, the mouth articulating the wonted names, and the head gravely nodding "sufficient", to the delight of the alumni and the terror of the freshmen.

Probably a caveat would have been filed and letters patent issued long ago, had there not been cause to believe that the invention was old. It is more than suspected that these very machines have been in operation for many years at—college, and Dr.—, the president, is said to be waiting patiently for the death, or stoppage, of the reputed professor—, and tutors—and—in order that he may determine by a post-mortem examination whether they are flesh or mahogany, whether they have brains or cogwheels, bowels or saw-dust.

There is a University situated about two miles from town; and this University (or the students

thereof) publish a paper, a magazine, and they call it "THE STUDENT".

We were wandering around the other day, gently meandering around, when we saw a number of this "STUDENT" and we opened it; strange to say, we read it.

We read of "College Education as a Training for Business", and we read of "Hamlet", and "Mrs. Bailey", and then we found a poem. We wondered who had written that poem. It was entitled "Our Class", written on the Sophomores, and when we had finished reading that poem we arose and brushed away the dust, (office chairs never are dusted in the regular way,) brushed the hay-seed from our hair and started. We set out to wander up and down the earth, not to do evil, but to find the author of those lines. We have been wandering ever since. We encountered a stalwart youth, and holding out the printed page, said: "Prithee, fair youth, tell us whose name should be inscribed here?" The youth replied: "Oh! give me a rest! You are the fifth loon to ask me that question to-day." We left him to what rest the weary can find on this side of Jordan. After that we encountered both youth and maidens who daily bump to and from the U. N. D., and we put the same question to all. At last we found one tall, broad-shouldered youth whose moustache could be discerned by the aid of our powerful field-glass. He answered: "I aint a Soph. Say, do you know what sophomore means?" Weakly we confessed our ignorance. "Well, it means wise fool. Put that in your note book. I ain't a Soph, but still I would like to know who wrote that poem." "Don't you know?" "No, no one knows. That poem is dis-cussed in the 'bus morning and evening. It lies between three young ladies of the Sophomore class, some say; while others think our professors of ancient and modern languages got it up together. Still another lot think that the fellow who has "a fiz in his name" wrote it. "Which do you believe in?" "I go in for the Profs. It sounds just like them." "How do the lines strike the students?" "One or two of the young ladies whose names are celebrated got mad over it. One in particular got riled, and she was "delightfully spoken of, too." "Who are they?" "No, thanks, I don't smoke, and it wouldn't do to peach that style! Most

of them took it as a good joke. We all want to know who wrote it." "The boys like it, don't they?" "I should smile!" "Fiz" grins whenever it is mentioned, and "Myron, the famous in gophers and gas," with "Travis, called Joe," does likewise. "Who handed it in?" "The editors don't know. Smart set aren't they? On the whole, it is a pretty good take-off on the whole crowd, and the poem will last as long as the class does."

THE FAERIE QUEENE.

In this beautiful allegory we have the latest and, perhaps, the most brilliant expressions of the sentiments of chivalry. Our poet has been an artist and has painted, with wonderful clearness and fullness of description, scenes from a beautiful world created by his own imagination, but real to the author and to every one who enters with the right spirit into the allegory. We have, also, mirrored in the poem, a true likeness of the poet himself.

All the circumstances of Spenser's life seem to have been grouped together to form an author for the Faerie Queene. The facts of his birth of an ancient family; of his studying at Cambridge and his intimacy with men of letters; his early and hopeless love for the fair Rosalinde; his poverty and the court favor shown him—all assisted to develop and intensify his imagination until it learned to take its imagery from a world that could not be. These same circumstances disciplined the mind until it could give voice to this theme, with all its overflow of picturesque invention, in a style which unites almost mechanical precision with ingenuous simplicity.

In 1586 Spenser received from the crown a grant of 3028 acres, in the county of Cork, Ireland, out of the forfeited lands of the Earl of Desmond. As a condition of the grant he was required to reside on the estate. Here, in Kilcolman Castle, he lived until within a short time of his death. The scenery was remarkably wild and beautiful. The castle was situated in a wide plain, on the shore of a lonely lake. The river Mulla ran through his grounds, and, in the distance, a chain of mountains was seen, shutting out all view of the outside world. In this retired spot, removed from all

congenial society, and bitterly hated by the Irish peasantry, Spenser composed the greater part of the *Faerie Queene*.

The *Faerie Queene*, as it stands, is made up of six poems, of twelve cantos each, in which the thread of a single story, often becoming confused and starting anew, is carried along. The hero of the entire poem is King Arthur. In each of the books he is represented as the model of a moral virtue. Prince Arthur arrives at the court of the *Faerie Queene* and finds her holding a festival of twelve days. Twelve knights are rivals for the hand of a beautiful maiden, and, to settle their pretensions, each undertakes one of the adventures which furnish the materials for the separate stories of the complete poem.

In the first, the Red Cross Knight represents Holiness, and Una, Truth. The story shows the triumph of true religion over heresy. The second tells of Sir Guyon, who personifies Temperance; the third of Britomartis, a female champion, who personates Chastity. The heroes of the fourth, fifth and sixth books represent Friendship, Justice and Courtesy.

The first three books appeared in 1590, and were dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. The fourth, fifth and sixth appeared in 1596.

The original plan proposed twelve books, in which the hero should be perfected in the twelve moral virtues. There is a tradition that it was completed, and the last six lost at sea; but it is doubtful if the design was ever executed. It is said that Spenser intended to write a second poem, in which the political virtues of the same hero should be sung.

For this poem Spenser has culled the choicest of all the tales of adventure which, during four centuries, had been told by men from all parts of Europe. The true art of the author has placed it so far above all similar tales that it seems to have little in common with them. He has shown himself master of his subject. He has worked with an aim; he has modulated each story with respect to the others, and with a view to the great purpose of the poem. He has impressed upon it the mark of his soul and genius.

It has been said of Spenser that "magic is the

mould of his mind and impresses its shape on every thing that he imagines or thinks". In the *Faerie Queene* we are introduced into a world of imagery. The scene constantly changes. At one moment it shows a forest, wild and serene, then changes to a conflict between an armed knight and the monster who personates wickedness. But strangest of all seems the way in which he mingles Christianity and Paganism. He speaks with true reverence of the "bloody cross, the dear remembrance of his dying Lord." Yet he often mentions the gods of Pagan Olympus as if speaking of real and powerful personages. Strange it sounds to our ears to hear of how "He bade awake black Plutoe's griesly Dame, and cursed heaven, and spoke reproachful shame of highest God, the Lord of Life and Light."

Macaulay says that "one unpardonable fault, the fault of tediousness, pervades the whole of the *Faerie Queene*". Spenser takes chivalry seriously and naturally. He describes with infinite detail, never hurrying or slackening his pace, visions that would throw another into a fever of excitement. He requires long stanzas; for, of an idea which another would express in a clause, he makes a beautiful period. Everything is expanded, nothing contracted, and the poem, in its unfinished state is so long that few persons succeed in reading it through.

Taine says that "the *Faerie Queene* is truly divine, so divine that the readers of succeeding ages have found it wearisome, that, even now, few understand it." To read it with true enjoyment one must lay aside the ideas of common sense, which cramp modern civilization, and must look at things as Spenser looked at them, and the allegory will give him no trouble.

No poetry can be more uniformly musical than Spenser's; no descriptions more true. Though the *Faerie Queene* may not be read by many, it will endure through the ages as a model of pure English poetry.

One of the most delightful books of the day is Prof. Peabody's *Harvard Reminiscences* from which we epitomize the following: "In my time a student's room was remarkable for what it did not

have." Feather-beds were altogether in use, and ten dollars would have been a fair price to set upon all the chattels in a room. Carpets were unknown luxuries, coal was not in use, and wood fires supplied all the heat, except that nearly every room had a cannon-ball "which on very cold days was heated to a red heat and placed as a calorific radiant on a skillet; while at other seasons it was often utilized by being rolled down-stairs at such time as might most nearly bisect a proctor's night-sleep." Student life was not in those days a *dolce far niente*. Morning prayers were at six o'clock, after which recitations came, followed by a meagre breakfast consisting of coffee and bread-and-butter. Recitations filled up the hours of the day, broken by dinner at half-past twelve; evening prayers were at six, and curfew bell at nine. The price of board in commons was one dollar and three-quarters, and the food was not of the most satisfactory kind. The hardships which the present students in Harvard are apt to complain of were really undreamed-of luxuries then, and the only luxury of those days was hard study; indeed, Dr. Peabody says, that "there were some in every class whose hours of study were not less than sixty a week." In one sentence an answer is given to a question often asked, but as often variously and unsatisfactorily replied to: "As regards the amount of study and of actual attainment, it was, I think, much greater with the best scholars of each class, much less with those of a lower grade, than now."

EMINENT MEN WHO HAVE BEEN BOOK AGENTS.

(Extract.)

George Washington was a book agent and a good one. Prior to the fateful Braddock expedition, he sold in Fairfax and adjoining counties in Virginia 900 copies of a work on 'American Savages'. Jay Gould, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Mark Twain, were, in early life, book canvassers. So also was Longfellow, and his success was remarkable. There is now in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society a prospectus used by the poet, and on one of the blank leaves are the skeleton lines of the celebrated poem 'Excelsior', which he then evidently was incubating. Daniel Webster

paid his second term tuition at Dartmouth by selling books. Gen. Grant at one time took an agency for Irving's Columbus. Bret Harte was a book agent in California in 1849 and '50. Ex-president Hayes footed it all over Southern Ohio, selling Baxter's Lives of the Saints. After the siege of Toulon, Bonaparte, then a young lieutenant employed at the capital, and too honorable to duplicate his pay accounts, took the agency for a 'History of the Revolution'. Bismarck, Cardinal Mezzofanti, Count Metternich, Canning, Lord Denham, and Coleridge, the poet, were all, at some period of their lives, book agents. So, also, were Madame de Stael and Mrs. Jameson. James G. Blaine began his business career as a canvasser in Washington county, Pa., where he sold a life of Henry Clay. Many others whose names emblazon the pages of history owe their success in life largely to the experience obtained while engaged in the laudable and honorable calling of a book agent.

SUMMER SCHOOLS.

Summer schools, covering a part or the whole of the summer vacation, have become an established feature in our American education, and every year adds to the number of them. We observe advertisements of the following among others: The Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute; The Harvard University Summer Schools; The Round Lake and Saratoga Summer Schools; the Berlitz Summer School of Languages at Asbury Park, N. Y., also the Berlitz Summer School at Old Orchard Beach, Me; the Tonic Sol-Fa Summer Institute, University Place, N. Y. City; the New Hampshire Summer School at Hanover; the Ann Arbor, Mich., Summer School; the Chautauqua College of Liberal Arts at Chautauqua, N. Y.; The National Summer School of Oratory at Grimsby Park, Canada; the Amherst Summer School of Languages, at Amherst, Mass.; the Glens Falls, N. Y. Summer School; the Saviour Summer College of Languages, Burlington, Vt.; the Summer School of Expression, by Prof. Curry, Boston, Mass.

This list could undoubtedly be much extended.

Of all these, the first named, The Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute, claims to be the oldest and the best. It has thirty departments, and continues

in session six weeks. It was established in 1877 by Homer B. Sprague, who was its president during the first four or five years of its existence, resigning the position as he was about leaving for Europe in 1882. President Sprague was succeeded by W. J. Rolfe, the well known Shakespearean editor, who held the office till 1886, when he resigned, and the present incumbent, Dr. Wm. A. Mowry, editor of Education, was elected.

There is a chapter of curious history, that probably will never be written, connected with this Martha's Vineyard Summer School. The labor, which was very arduous, of planning, originating, and developing the institute, devolved almost wholly upon Mr. Sprague. He was at the time Head-Master of the Girls' High School, Boston, Mass. To his surprise he found himself obliged to encounter strong opposition from persons high in place and power, who ought to have been among the warmest friends of the enterprise. At some personal risk he persisted, and founded and built up an institution that has proved a blessing to thousands of students and been a model for similar schools all over the land.

SOME OF YALE'S FAMOUS CLASSES.

First and foremost is the class of 1837, of which Chief Justice Waite, U. S. Senator Wm. M. Evarts, Samuel J. Tilden, and ex-Minister Edwards Pierrepont were members. The class of 1849 was a great class, in which, among other eminent men, were Timothy Dwight, now president of Yale University, and Hon. F. M. Finch, Judge of the Supreme Court of New York, author of *The Blue and the Gray*, and perhaps the best lyric poet that was ever graduated at Yale. The class of 1853, having several able editors who never have missed an opportunity to extol by newspaper puffs their classmates, is always recognized as one of Yale's famous classes. Chief among its members were Andrew D. White, formerly U. S. Minister to Berlin and ex-president of Cornell University; the poet Edmund C. Stedman; U. S. Senator Randall Gibson of Louisiana; and Hon. Wayne McVeagh, for some months Attorney General of the United States. The class of 1862 is a noted class, counting among its distinguished members ex-governor

Daniel H. Chamberlain of South Carolina, W. H. H. (Adirondack) Murray, Joseph Cook, Dr. George M. Beard and other brilliant men. Last but not least is the class of 1852, which includes U. S. Senator Stewart of Nevada; ex-congressman W. W. Crapo, likely soon to be governor of Massachusetts; Judge Vanderburg of the Supreme Court of Minnesota; Judge McCully of the Supreme Court of the Hawaiian Kingdom; Professors Rood of Columbia College, Jackson of Washington University, Ives of Yale University, Cooper of Rutgers College, Brewer of Grinnell, etc.; physicians of national or even international reputation, like Cutter of New York, Seropyan of Constantinople, to whom Roberts College is so largely indebted, and Noyes, Supt. of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Faribault; and lastly, three presidents of Universities; viz., Daniel C. Gilman of Johns Hopkins University, formerly President of the University of California; Wm. Preston Johnston, President of Tulane University, New Orleans, formerly professor in Washington and Lee University, author of the most important biographical work on the confederate side, the life of his father, General Albert Sidney Johnston, ablest of the confederate Generals; and Homer B. Sprague, formerly professor in Cornell University, now President of our own University of North Dakota.

EXCERPTS.

Self confidence is an element of strength. A certain amount of assurance seems necessary for the best work. But when this becomes raised to the third or fourth power, and the result is self-conceit, it is quite another thing. We simply pity self-conceited persons. Possibly our sympathy is wasted; and they in turn are pitying us. Surely they are happy. This is what George Eliot says:

"I've never any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry their comfort about with them."

The author of the following epigram seems to look at the subject from another stand-point:

"The best speculation the market affords
To any enlightened lover of self,
Is to buy Addington up at the price he is worth,
And sell him at the price he puts on himself."

A good motto for a Freshman:

"Transient defeat!—What did it, but add new

fiery stimulants to energies bent on ultimate triumph?"

Who is the author of the following?

"I have endured you with an ear of fire."

"Your tongue has struck hot irons on my face."

It is stated for a fact that birds sleep with one eye open. Will some young naturalist tell us whether this statement is correct? Are they candidates?

Try your hand at giving a good, concise definition of Common Sense. This was once given by a student: "It is something about which we all do a great deal of talking, but which few of us possess."

THEY ARE PASSING AWAY.

As we go to press the telegraph brings tidings of the death by paralysis, in New York city, of the brave and brilliant officer, General Henry W. Birge, whom General Banks selected as the commander of the "Forlorn Hope" at Port Hudson, La. the day after the disastrous assault of June 14, 1863. This Forlorn Hope was a storming column of one thousand men who volunteered at the call of Banks. We feel an interest in it, because our President Sprague, then a captain, was a member of it, and was brevetted colonel for gallantry in connection with it. His regiment, the Thirteenth Connecticut, furnished about two-hundred and twenty officers and men, or nearly one fourth of the whole number. Considering the fact that there were before Port Hudson some thirty thousand Union soldiers and marines, to whom Banks appealed, this patriotic devotion of the 13th Connecticut deserves especial praise. An effort is now being made in the east to obtain for the survivors the medals of honor which Banks promised them.

SHAKESPEARIANA.

[By H. B. S.]

We have received and examined the elegant new Variorum edition of *The Merchant of Venice* by Dr. Horace Howard Furness. With one exception, it leaves nothing to be desired. That exception is the reproduction of the original text of the first folio. To nine-tenths of the lovers of Shakespeare, a modernized orthography and punctuation would

have been more acceptable. But where so much of value is given, we ought not to complain. The work is a splendid monument to the taste, the learning and the skill of the distinguished editor, as well as to the genius of the immortal dramatist.

Donnelly's "Great Cryptogram" is said to make no converts to the Baconian theory. Mr. Appleton Morgan, in the *New York World* of May 6th, shows that "the cipher narrative", which Donnelly claims to have dug out of the plays, is largely in nineteenth-century English; and Rolfe shows in the *Literary World* of May 26th, that, in the same "cipher narrative", Donnelly unearths a phrase of recent American origin, viz, "girdles the orchard," a phrase that would have been absolutely unintelligible in Bacon's day. Rolfe shows also the unspeakable absurdity of the "narrative" in making Shakespeare, then a "big-bellied" man of "two hundred pounds", get into the "suit of leather jerkins" which he had worn when a boy!

Donnelly lays great stress on what he claims to have discovered of the low breeding, the vulgar associations, and the social degradation of Shakespeare and his family. Of all such charges, if there were no other answer, it is a sufficient refutation to mention the well-established fact, that, in 1596, when Shakespeare was thirty-two years of age, a coat-of-arms was applied for by Shakespeare's father, at the Herald's College, London; and in 1598, after investigation, that request was granted. No better voucher for the social respectability of a man in that age could be furnished.

Donnelly's view is that of O'Connor's Hamlet's Note-book, one of the cleverest of the treatises on the Baconian side. We may be permitted to quote from our review of the latter in *The Overland Monthly* of Sept. 1886. "Mr. O'Connor ridicules the Stratford bust as that of 'a fat fellow, sturdy, comely, flesh-colored, blobber-cheeked, no neck, a mouth full of tongue, a ten-per-center's forehead, the funniest, perky little nose, a length of upper lip which is a deformity', etc. Alas for Beecher and Ingersoll, whom the first half dozen items describe! The tongue could at least speak for itself, if we may believe old Fuller; the forehead was better than Goldsmith's, the nose than that of Socrates, the upper lip not longer than

Scott's. 'He brought his children up in complete ignorance', says Mr. O'Connor. But the epitaph on his daughter Susanna, whom he made joint executor of his will, reads, 'Witty above her sex. . . . Something of Shakespeare was in that'. 'He had no books', says Mr. O'Connor; 'because he mentions none in his will'. For a like reason some future essayist will deny that Goldwin Smith ever owned a volume, the professor having given his whole library to Cornell University. 'All the rest of my goods, chattels', etc., may cover a library. So reads Shakespeare's will. 'He died of a fever, the result of a drunken orgy at Stratford with some congenial toss-pots', says Mr. O'Connor. It was Vicar Ward that told this story scores of years after Shakespeare's death, and the precise words are, 'Shakespeare, Drayton and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting, and, it seems, drank too hard; for Shakespeare died of a fever then contracted'. So the 'toss-pots' were two; one, the learned and gifted Drayton, afterwards poet-laureate; and the other, Bacon's warm friend, Jonson, to whom, says Mr. O'Connor, Bacon entrusted all his secrets!

Well, nobody doubts Johnson's intimacy with Shakespeare, and here is a little of what he says of Shakespeare, not Bacon: 'I loved the man and do honor his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any'. Stout Ben would not, as others did, idolize any man. Again, Ben says of him:

'While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor muse can praise too much.'

Of Shakespeare's wit, Ben writes under one of the portraits,

'Oh, could he [the engraver] but have drawn his wit
As well in brass as he has hit
His face, the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass.'

From the encomium written by Jonson and prefixed to the first folio edition of the plays, every reader will recall the following among kindred lines addressed to Shakespeare:

'Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
..... How far thou did'st our Lily outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlow's mighty line:
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek', etc.
'He was not for an age, but for all time'!

Now which writer, Bacon or Shakespeare, was Ben Jonson writing about so enthusiastically in all

these and many similar verses? If Bacon, how dared Ben tell him he had "small Latin and less Greek?" If Shakespeare, how dared he and why should he, in 1623, exaggerate so outrageously the wit, the art and the genius of Mr. O'Connor's 'fat fellow', the 'blobber-cheeked', bookless, drunken 'toss-pot', seven years dead?"

NEW INTERPRETATION OF THE FOLIO TEXT IN
MACBETH.

In the following passage the word "sides" is the stumbling-block:

Withered Murder

Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing sides, toward his design
Moves like a ghost.—*Macbeth* II, i., 52-56.

Here, in place of the word "sides", some would read "ideas"; others, "slides", "glides", etc. Mr. Fleay puts a comma after "ravishing" and makes "sides" mean "sidles" (or moves stealthily). But a crab-like movement is not appropriate for either Macbeth or Tarquin; the idea of stealthy movement has already been sufficiently expressed; and this interpretation leaves an awkward break in the syntax. Of the many proposed emendations, the most popular is Pope's, changing "sides" to "strides". But this is objectionable, because it assigns a very unusual meaning to "strides", and because it makes too much of the mere kind of motion, which, without the word "strides", is described as stealthy and ghost like.

Now we venture to suggest that side is used by Shakespeare for party, as in *Coriolanus* iv, iv, 153. Milton speaks of "a strong-siding champion, Conscience", *Comus* 212. My "side" is my party in a contest. The plural "sides" for the singular, survives in the colloquial expression "take sides". Tarquin's "sides" are those who side with him—his auxiliaries. What are they? Evidently some of them are such as are described by the poisoner Lucianus in *Hamlet* III, ii., 233, 234.

Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing,
Confederate season.

To which we may add those invoked by Lady Macbeth, "ministers" that "wait on Nature's mischief." With all the evil agencies personified that accompany Tarquin and share his accursed crime,

a gang of devils, Macbeth imagines himself moving to the murder of Duncan—

"Withered Murder
..... thus with his steady pace, [in company with]
Tarquin's ravishing sides [allies], towards his design
Moves like a ghost.

EXCHANGES.

The Dakota Exchanges are full of interest because of the various accounts and comments upon the contest of the Dakota Collegiate Oratorical Association, held May 3rd at Sioux Falls

The Volante among much other interesting matter gives in full the orations which received 1st and 2d prizes. The first was by G. R. Varney, of Sioux Falls University; subject, The Jew. The second, by C. W. Brinstadt, of the University of Dakota; subject The Battle of Lutzen.—Thanks to the Volante for the welcome it gives the STUDENT.

In the University Herald, from Mitchell, Dakota, we are especially interested in the column that tells of the improved condition of those suffering from injuries received at the time of the burning of the University building. We were also glad to hear of the immediate prospect of a new building being erected. We hope that the prosperity which the Herald prophesies may be granted.

The Censor, from Collegiate Institute, St. Mary's, Ontario, is a neat paper of eight pages, and contains much interesting matter concerning the school.

We are glad to see the Prairie Breezes, published by the students of Grafton schools. We enjoy both the wheat and the chaff.

We missed the appearance of the College Campus on our table.

The Fairbault Companion comes to us with much that is good. It seems strange, however, that so much of its contents is quoted. We appreciate the fact that brilliant quotations are more pleasing than stupid originality, but couldn't the Companion produce something good in the original line?

The Stylus, from the Sioux Falls University, gives a very complete account of the meeting of the Dakota Collegiate Oratorical Association held in Sioux Falls May 3rd. This report, together with the orations published in the Volante, gives

us a very good idea of the meeting. Would we had been there.

We find on our table the Educational Courant from Louisville, Ky. The Courant is a monthly magazine, devoted to educational, social and literary topics of the day. It would, we think, be especially interesting to teachers. It is a welcome visitor to our sanctum.

There comes from Allentown, Pa., the National Educator, an interesting paper of eight pages. The "Common Sense Female Education" we agree with. The girls should understand the managing of the home, but Oh! Oh!! she must know other things as well, or what kind of a home would it be?

Gone, two hundred pages of Xenophon—supposed to have eloped with a Dakota breeze. The finder will please return the Greek, but may let the breeze go.

The Literary Societies departed with the snow in the spring, and the voice of the aspiring orator is heard no more. Warm weather and empty seats throw a wet blanket over literary aspiration.

There were no exercises at the University on Memorial Day, and students were given an opportunity of attending the services.

The 'bus went to the cemetery in the procession on Decoration Day. It proved a good protection against the cold wind, which chilled many who were exposed to it.

The young ladies have been cultivating their muscle this year, and will give an exhibition of their proficiency with the dumb-bells, Indian-clubs, etc., sometime before the close of the term. The programmes are not out yet, but we are sure of a striking entertainment. Come and see the ladies. They expect to make a great hit.

The Regents had not calculated on Winter's finding it so comfortable in the lap of May, and staying there till June came to hold him a while. So the wood has given out, and it's a cold, very cold, time for every one.

The grounds are in fine condition now. The grass is green after the rain, and the new shrubbery is getting a good start that will help it through the hot, dry season.

Is it the scarcity of food that makes the birds so tame this spring? A water-bird was killed with a stone by one of the students this month. It seemed to be weak and unable to make a long flight. One little bird comes in at the window every day seeking what it may devour.

The impatience that possesses all as the end of the term draws nigh entered the 'bus horses June 1st. The 'bus lay by the side of the road while the passengers waited in vain for a conveyance.

The Athletic Association was to hold a meeting in the reading room June 1st; but on account of the cold the meeting adjourned to the back-steps. The warmest place about the building is out-doors in the sunshine.

June 9th is Field Day, when the boys have a good chance to show their skill. Thirty-nine exercises are offered; that ought to give every one a chance. Rain, rain, rain! No field day.

The young ladies do not seem to take much interest in the college sports. Why should there not be Archery or Tennis Clubs for the girls?

C. S. De Groat left for his home June 1st. We are sorry to have Cap. leave us now. It was necessary, however, for him to be at home during his father's absence. He expects to be with us in the fall in his usual place.

H. F. Arnold expects to attend our June examinations. Mr. Arnold has not been able to attend his class exercises this spring as much as he had planned, but we do not doubt that he will pass well, as he is a worker.

Miss Lilian Dow, one of our former students during the two years preceding this, sends greeting from far-off Vassar, and thanks us for a copy of the Student. Examinations begin a week earlier there than here; we wish her the best of success.

Joseph Kenney of Larimore, a first-year student, was in town Memorial Day. The boys were glad to see this bright light of the first year again.

H. G. Edwards spent Sunday, May 10th, at his home in Fargo.

W. J. Graham left for his home at Grafton May 31st. Willie expects to make the boys a visit about June 9th. All will be glad to see his smiling countenance once more.

C. S. De Groat made a trip home May 19th, and returned the following Monday.

T. C. Griffith left his University studies May 11th, having accepted a position in R. B. Griffith's Boot and Shoe Store, Fargo. We suppose Tom is becoming quite expert in the use of the button-hooks. He will be with us again next fall to continue his studies.

The Students will be glad to hear that Professor Montgomery's condition is improving as rapidly as could be expected under the circumstances. If he continues to progress as he has for the last few days, we may expect to see him with us next term enjoying good health.

Prof. Woodworth conducted chapel exercises during the absence of Prof. Sprague in Valley City.

W. J. Marley has obtained permission to close his school during the week of our June examinations, so as to give him an opportunity of taking examinations with his class. Walter has continued his studies since he left us in the spring; as we all know he is a good student, we do not doubt but that he will pass well.

Miss Emma Arnold returned to her studies May 19th. On account of sickness, Miss Arnold was not able to attend her class exercises during the first part of this term. All are glad to see her in her old place again.

Miss Bosard has been unable to attend her classes for a number of weeks on account of sickness. All are glad to see her with us once more.

Has a new association been organized? The small boys, who spend their time for recreation in attempts to exterminate the little animal that is so begrudged a few grains of our plenteous crop of No. 1. Hard, seem very earnest, at least, in the endeavor. They are called or rather nicknamed "The G. E. A." They can make it pay if the price they are paid for them per head by a scientific does not fall. As a great benefit to the farmer, we wish the G. E. A. success.

Some of our students have been unable to attend some of their classes on account of toothache.

Go to M. M. Lockerby for fine dentistry; office, Third street.

PRIZE EXERCISES FIELD DAY.

UNIVERSITY, JUNE 9, 1888.

- 1.—Longest standing jump forward.
- 2.— “ “ “ backward.
- 3.— “ running “ forward.
- 4.—Highest standing jump.
- 5.— “ running “
- 6.—Longest hop, skip and jump.
- 7.—Longest hop, right foot.
- 8.— “ “ left “
- 9.— “ backward jump.
- 10.—Highest kick in the usual way.
- 11.— “ “ from, by, and to the right foot.
- 12.— “ “ “ “ “ “ left “
- 13.—Barrel race, propelling barrel with feet standing on barrel.
- 14.—Swiftest run one-tenth mile forward.
- 15.— “ backward run 10 rods.
- 16.—Most accurate quoit pitching 4 rods with right hand.
- 17.—Most accurate quoit pitching 4 rods with left hand.
- 18.—Furthest quoit pitching with right hand.
- 19.—Furthest quoit pitching with left hand.
- 20.—Furthest throw of ball with right hand.
- 21.— “ “ “ “ “ left “
- 22.—Most accurate throwing of ball 100 ft. with right hand.
- 23.—Most accurate throwing of ball 100 ft. with left hand.
- 24.—Longest knock of ball.
- 25.—Best catching of ball with both hands.
- 26.— “ “ “ “ “ right hand.
- 27.— “ “ “ “ “ left “
- 28.—Longest throw of heavy weight with right hand.
- 29.—Longest throw of heavy weight with left hand.
- 30.—Most skill in keeping two balls in the air with two hands.
- 31.—Most skill in keeping two balls in the air with right hand.
- 32.—Most skill in keeping two balls in the air with left hand.
- 33.—Hi hest vault over rail touching right hand.
- 34.— “ “ “ “ “ left “
- 35.— “ “ “ “ “ both hands.
- 36.—Swiftest couple in three-legged race 25 rods.
- 37.— “ run $\frac{1}{4}$ mile on bicycle.
- 38.—Slowest continuous forward movement on bicycle 1 rod.

EXPERIMENT IN TRANSLATION.

[The original metres.]

Horace, Liber III, Carmen xviii.

Faunus, thou of fugitive nymphs the lover,
 Mayst thou through my borders and sunny acres
 Gently glide, and kind to the little nurslings
 Take thy departure,

If a tender kid is thy full-year victim;
 And the bowl, companion of Venus, large wine
 Lacks not; if thy venerable altar smokes with
 Many a perfume.

All the cattle play in the grassy pasture
 While December's nones are to thee returning:
 Festive with the leisureful ox the village
 Lolls in the meadows;

Midst the lambkins fearless, the wolf is roving;
 Spreads for thee the forest her rustic foliage;
 Joys the boor the odious earth to have struck with
 Triple-quick footstep.

S.

THE TRAMPS.

Will not some one kindly start an organization for washing the lamp chimneys in Assembly Hall? The Athletic Club could exercise its muscle upon these, removing the price mark, which, by the way, cannot be reached without the aid of a step ladder.

The Tramps wish to tell how much their souls were stirred by Miss Frances Allen's sweet rendering of "He giveth his Beloved sleep".

It is reported that the Prof. of Modern Languages has been soliciting one of the students, a bright one by name, as well as nature, for an article on art. Now really we never suspected that she knew anything about art or was at all artful. Thought it was all nature. One more illusion gone!

The Tramps want to ask one more question. In our wandering lives we have seen many things, but here is one that we can't see into, though we could get into it all right. Some of the young ladies appear with what seem to be swellings on the upper part of their sleeves. What are they for? Some of these things come further down than others and they look like balloons more than anything else.

If you, Sir or Lady Editor, can inform us where these things can be obtained we should like to have some put in our overcoats, as they seem to be capital things to put geese in.

Rosy-Cheeks should not attempt to recite pathetic pieces.

The Tramps give a long shake, a strong shake and a shake all together to W. D. Herriman, who has just arrived home. Welcome again to the brick elevator.

The young gentleman who always has a previous engagement was seen stryking down North Third Street the other day at a 2:40 gait.

Sophomores take notice! A bold, bad freshman sports a stiff hat. Such insolence must not be allowed. We demand in the name of law and order that this be crushed. Ladies do the mashing—gentlemen, the smashing.

Respectfully,
THE TRAMPS.

NORMALICS.

The Department would be glad to hear directly from any of the students engaged in teaching.

How do you like it?

What are the general features of your school?

Have you any apparatus such as globe, outline maps, etc.? Any dictionary, or other books of reference furnished? Can you report anything done by way of fixing up the yard about the school house, or setting out trees?

A question or two for anybody to answer. Is sufficient attention paid to the subject of spelling in these modern times? If so, why not better results?

Educators tell us that no good comes from teaching spelling orally. Others tell us, and I think, with some truth, that those who were drilled almost exclusively by the old method would compare favorably with pupils of the present generation. How is it?

What kind of trees shall we cultivate? Read this from O. W. Holmes:

"Nobody knows New England who is not on terms of intimacy with one of its elms. The elm comes nearer to having a soul than any vegetable creature among us."

Considering the entire area of the United States, where is the geographical centre, on an east and west line? Answer first without reference to an atlas; then look to see if you are correct.

It occurs to us that our Grand Forks citizens are either too modest or very indifferent. Because our University is only a young institution and away up in North Dakota, people outside of Grand Forks know little or nothing of the advantages it offers.

Any other enterprise in our city is well advertised both at home and abroad, and everybody seems interested. But as regards the University, even our own citizens are, many of them, quite unaware of what we have, and do not take the pains to come out and investigate. If they would come out themselves; and, when they have visitors, bring them out to see, all would be satisfied that we have a superior educational institution, and more students might be influenced to come here.

Even so near as Fargo students are sent farther away to inferior or private schools, where high tuition fees are paid, when, if their parents were only well posted, they might receive better instruction free, and be nearer home.

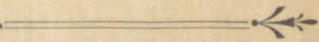
ERRATUM.—In the May number of THE STUDENT, under "Shakespeariana," twelfth line from the top, for "south" read "north"

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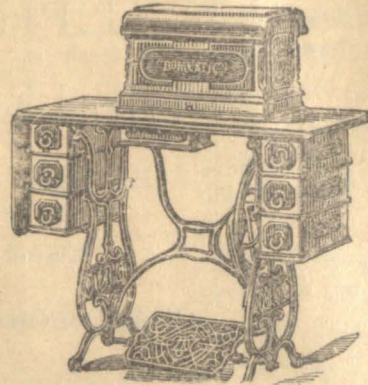
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