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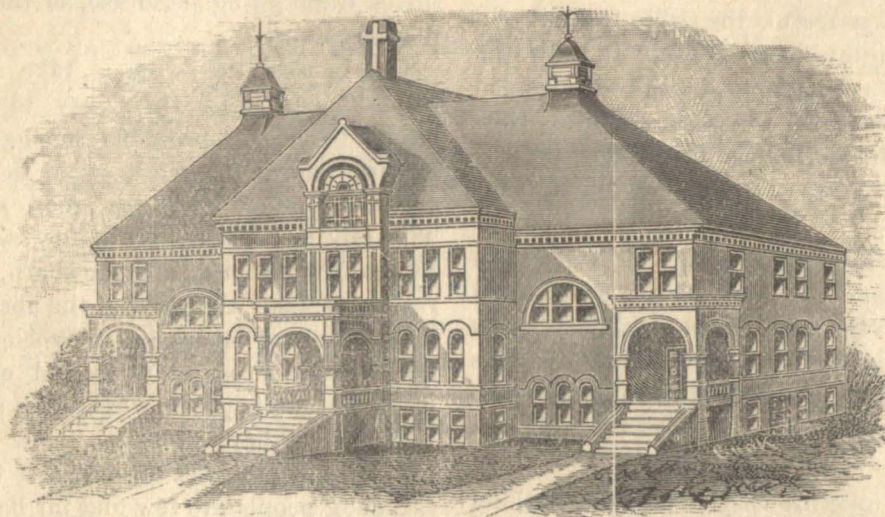
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# THE STUDENT.

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## THE STUDENT.

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We would call special attention to Prof. Estes' article on "Scientific Methods and Their Place in the Educational System." In the future numbers we hope to be able to give the views of some of the other Professors on related subjects.

Since the last number of our paper was published, the students have all enjoyed a well earned vacation. The old students have returned, each feeling that he has enjoyed a better time than any one else, the few who were grappling with la grippe excepted. With the opening of the new term quite a large number of new students have been added to the Preparatory and Normal Departments. This term several of the students have been made conscious of the presence of the prevailing disease, but no serious cases have occurred among us.

The Freshmen have visited their homes and enjoyed their first vacation, since they donned their college colors. No doubt, like all other Freshmen, they had wonderful stories to tell of battles fought and victories won, of course, none lost. In the last number of the STUDENT a somewhat lengthy local appeared written in a very Freshmanlike spirit. All that ails our Freshmen is, that by a change in the courses of



study, the University is, this year, without a Sophomore class. It is to be feared that the discipline that the Sophomores would otherwise administer to the Freshies will fall to the lot of the upper classmen. At all events a little more modesty on the part of the Freshmen must be insisted upon.

#### A COUNTRY TOWN IN OREGON.

So quiet, so peaceful, the little town lies in the valley. High hills all around it. In the clear weather a snow-capped peak can be seen thrusting its head over the highest hill. During the summer months the mountains are hidden by smoke, but the hills are green to the very top.

The trees in the orchards are crowded with fruit. The plum trees, especially, are bowed with their burden,—often the branches break with the weight, but the people say that plums and prunes are of no account, so the trees go uncared for, year after year, and the fruit rots on the ground.

The people take life easy. There is nothing to hurry for—so why should they hurry? Good crops are almost a certainty; no thoughts of severe rains and high winds disturb their minds, for such things are almost unknown.

The houses, raised a foot or two above the ground, are roomy affairs. Most of them are only one story high. Every yard is filled to overflowing with rosebushes, and in the spring the gardens are all aglow with flowers. Over the porches hang Kenilworth ivy and grape vines.

The men sit in a row on the sidewalk, slowly chewing tobacco. Their ideas come slowly, and their words still more slowly. Their hair is quite long and looks as if comb or brush had never touched it. If they feel that they can bear the exertion, they will engage in a game of marbles, or quoits. Once in a long while comes a shooting match; then the men rouse themselves to something approaching activity.

The women find their time fully occupied in canning and drying fruit, and making bed

quilts. The women give one a better impression than the men do. They are neat about their dress, and greatly given to wearing white aprons. Their homes are in perfect order, from the sacred parlor, with its worsted mottoes, wax work, school report of the daughter hanging on the wall, and brilliant chromos, to the great, big kitchen, the living-room of the family. Most of the houses were built before stoves came into general use, so the open fire-places are found.

Once a week the women take scissors and thimble and wend their way to the sewing circle. There are probably sewing-circles that gossip, but few that do it with the relish that the one attended by these good sisters does. The talk is harmless—if a few words should be said that seem a little too sharp, some one is ready to take the part of the absent member. The secondary business of the society is making quilts of all sizes, patterns and colors. The old ladies are happiest when, with spectacles on their noses, they can say: "Now girls, hurry up. We have to get through this to-day."

Young people are few and far between. The girls are all married under seventeen.

The afternoon wears slowly on. Hornets, bees, yellow-jackets, and wasps are the only swiftly moving things. On the streets the men have had to shift their seats to be out of reach of the hot sun. In the house the needles move more slowly, and the older women have commenced to tell of olden times, for this little town was not always so quiet. Many of the people came across the plains in their wagons, some losing their way and almost perishing with hunger. One or two of the men will tell of a twenty-mile tramp through the woods on a rainy night to warn the settlers of an uprising among the Indians. In one building there is a deep stain on the floor that can never be effaced, and the story connected with the stain is told in low tones.

The sun sinks still lower, the sound of cow-bells becomes louder as the cows come wandering homeward through the grass-grown streets where they have been browsing all day. The matrons fold up the finished work and stroll



home. A little later the men leave the sidewalks, for it is supper time.

By nine o'clock the whole town is asleep, save two or three boys who are yearning for water-melons, and prefer to pick them for themselves in the cool of the evening, although it may be necessary to walk a mile or two to the melon patch.

### JAPANESE ART.

Until within the last thirty years, this peculiar people have been so exclusive that comparatively little has been learned of their history.

All that is known of the origin of their art is, that its rudiments were probably borrowed from their neighbors, the Chinese. Yet, as they are themselves descended from the Chinese, the process can hardly be called borrowing. They have created one of the few original schools of art, uninfluenced in the slightest degree by any other. They have endeavored, from the first, rather to adorn and beautify the objects of common utility, than to create great masterpieces only to be immured in museums or palaces. They seem, however, to dislike covering more than is necessary of their beautifully polished trays, or other articles, so we see birds, fishes and trees crowded into one corner, leaving by far the largest part of the shining surface exposed.

No nation, since the Greeks, has had a larger spark of celestial genius in art than the Japanese. They seem to possess an inherent taste for drawing and painting, yet the driest realism prevails. They show but little imagination, and when it is displayed, it leads only to fantastic distortion. The illustrations of their scientific works, however, where no imagination is needed, are remarkably exact. They are close imitators and their vigorous precision of drawing claims admiration. The flowing lines of drapery are drawn so exactly as to produce an impression of grotesqueness. Vividness in copying gesture is one of the leading characteristics of their art. They have a peculiar skill in imparting the idea of motion in their pictures; their birds seem instinct with life; the cherry blossoms and chrysanthe-

mums, so prominent in all their scenes, seem visibly swaying in the light breeze.

The greatest fault in their work is its lack of perspective; and even this fault has some excuse. Joseph Cook in his charming book "The Orient," says: "The hills of Japan have not been worn down by glacial action, so there is a certain sharpness, symmetry, and nameless grace about Japanese scenery never found in any other. The tops of the hills are so sharp in some places that there is room for only one row of pines; and when a delicate haze over-spreads the landscape it causes the trees to look unnaturally large. The Japanese have often been criticized for making the trees too large for the hills on which they stand, but it is really a close copying of nature.

Japanese art was almost unknown to the civilized world until the London Exhibition, in 1868. At that time a rather inferior collection of articles from Japan was shown, and excited great interest. Other Exhibitions followed, and to the one in Paris, in 1878, the Japanese Government selected and sent a matchless collection of perfect workmanship and design in every variety of material.

A. D. S.

### SCIENTIFIC METHODS AND THEIR PLACE IN THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

During the middle ages and far into modern times Latin was studied, not as now for mental discipline, but because it was the language of the church, of diplomacy, of controversial literature and such science as they cultivated. (Even within the present century astronomical and mathematical works, intended for general circulation, have appeared in Latin.)

It was a necessary tool, the use of which had to be acquired and the acquiring of it was the only end in the study of it. Similarly, when the fall of the Byzantine empire threw open to Europe the treasures of Greek learning, a knowledge of that tongue was the only means of taking possession of those treasures.

The advocates of the continued study of Greek and Latin in modern times, having been driven from one position to another, now base their demands for the retention, if not for the



monopoly, of these studies, almost wholly on the mental discipline which they afford.

Here the advocates of scientific education are content to let them rest, with the concession on their part that equally valuable mental discipline can be obtained by scientific study. A similar concession must be made by the friends of science, for it is not alone to the classicists that intolerance can be imputed. Many scientists who have contended for the recognition of the value of scientific studies, have been unwilling to admit the value of classical studies, and would gladly have done away with them altogether. The true education lies in neither extreme.

The curriculum of study suitable for the youth can be fixed only by a definite idea of the end of education, a comprehension of the needs of the mind, and then seeing what will best supply those needs. The ancient Spartans who conceived the perfection of bodily vigor to be the highest destiny of man, had a perfectly definite aim, and pursued that aim by exactly the method adapted to secure success. Likewise the school-men of the middle ages, who cared little if the body were half-starved, if they could dispute with all the resources of logic on questions, the subtlety and trivial character of which only provoke derision at the present day, pursued a method of education that perfected them in that now useless system of polemics. The guilds of artisans who decreed that their sons should become skilled at their respective trades, work-men "that need not be ashamed," secured that end by a long and severe apprenticeship.

A complete theory of education takes into consideration the powers of mind, body and soul, to determine in what way those powers can best be developed and trained for future use. That intellectual development is within the legitimate domain of the school, no one questions; but to what extent the school shall enter into physical and spiritual education is yet a subject of bitter controversy, and I shall not attempt here to decide it.

Undoubtedly the chief factor in arousing popular interest in science and a consequent de-

mand for the study of it in the school is the utilitarian idea. This is a scientific age. The 19th century has no more prominent characteristic. The wonderful progress that has been made in the mechanical arts, the increase in the comforts of life, the spread of commerce, and everything that distinguishes the civilization of the present from that of the past, are so clearly seen to be the results of scientific research and dependent upon it, that the demand for education in science is irresistible.

This is not wholly an illegitimate aim of education, as some educators think. No objections have ever been made to the study of literature, ancient or modern, with the purpose of the better preparing for the so-called "professions." It is only the boy who expects to become a farmer, a mechanic, or a business-man, who is debarred from studying those things he will afterwards need, on the ground that education should not be utilitarian. Getting a living is, and will continue to be the main occupation of the majority of mankind, and the education that teaches a boy how to get his living successfully and honorably, not at the expense of others, but in such a way as to profit others, as well as himself, is an education not only not to be despised, but an education that every boy should have, and an education that the state is justified in providing in certain lines and to a certain extent, as it already does in agricultural and technological schools. The question for educators now to decide is, what should be the relation of schools at large to that feature of education; since the main purpose of the schools is not technical training but the general training of those faculties which everybody must use in order to be successful in life.

Bad methods of attempting to teach science have been the greatest obstacle to a recognition of its claim to an equal standing with the ancient classics. So long as the latter occupied the entire and undisputed field the methods of instruction in it were hardly a subject of criticism. No one seemed to question that the proper way for a boy to learn Latin was to begin at the age of eight or ten years to memorize the Latin grammar, its paradigms, its rules of syntax and



the exceptions thereto, and to fix in mind its prosody by making "nonsense verses." That is the system which Thackeray describes as being in his case "ten years of infernal misery," in which he was subject to "the discipline of vulgar bullies, who, in order to lead tender young children to the Temple of Learning, drive them on with clinched fists and low abuse; if they fainted, revived them with a curse; if miserable, consoled them with a brutal jeer; "so that I have," says he, "the same recollection of Greek in youth that I have of castor oil."\*

Better methods have made the study of Greek and Latin very different from what it was in Thackeray's youth, and yet the first few years of it are mainly memorizing. The paradigms, the rules, the lists of words must be learned in some way, and the weightiest pedagogical accusation that lies against the mode of study is that it is often made the end of the study, the very purpose of it. It is, in fact, the terminus of the study, with the great majority of our pupils, whose school education stops before they reach the point of classical education where the burden of declensions and conjugations rolls off their backs and they enter a course of interpretation of the records left to posterity by the master minds of the past. With this last step a truly intellectual training begins. The trouble in the teaching of science has been that it has been too largely of the same character as the elementary teaching of Greek and Latin. When the demand for the natural sciences forced them into the schools and colleges an attempt was made to fit these into the same educational methods that already prevailed, by requiring simply a memorizing of the facts about science rather than scientific study.†

[\*Miscellanies, p. 515.]

[† I was once so fortunate as to be for a short time a member of a class in "chemistry" (so called), in a reputable college, not ill-supplied with apparatus, but in which "chemistry" was the memorizing of descriptions of experiments in the text-book, and the reciting of them in the class.]

In classical study, as has been stated, where a truly educational process began, but the students failed to reach that point in science even in our colleges and universities, save in isolated cases, where the student had sufficient independence of mind and force of character to break over the traditional obstacles and enter upon true scientific study; though in the most striking instances this was done rather outside the long established colleges and universities than within them. Conservatism, opposition to change and consequently resistance to progress in the direction of scientific pursuits were for a long time the rule in our older educational institutions, both American and English. It was correctly said that it was of little benefit to memorize text-book after text-book in Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Geology, Astronomy, and so forth. The facts therein given are not difficult to comprehend; and objection was rightly made that scientific studies (so called) required too little work of students and that they were only a refuge for idlers, who wanted the credit of having "gone through college," without doing much work. College faculties accordingly submitted to this demand under protest. The requirements for admission to the "scientific courses" were little more than to a first-class high school or academy, and the "scientific graduates" from college—particularly from the smaller colleges, many of which had excellent classical courses—were almost a laughing-stock among the literary men and scholars; they had no standing among the latter nor did they deserve to have. The "graduate" could perhaps give an account of his proficiency in Natural History (there was no such thing as Biology) by reciting fluently a classification of the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms, and giving high-sounding Greek and Latin names to common animals and plants; an example of his proficiency in Chemistry by filling a hydrogen gun and firing it, or by some other harmless explosion of chemicals; and of his proficiency in Natural Philosophy by working an air pump, or "raising the hair" on the head of an electric doll. To burst a bottle by air pressure with an air pump is, in itself, no



more a scientific experiment than to pump a pail of water with a water pump. Brilliant experiments often serve only to dazzle. Much of the so-called "scientific apparatus" is really a set of toys. More real scientific work is done in some laboratories with a simple metre-stick, costing twenty-five cents, than is done in some others with an electrical machine costing twenty-five dollars.

At the present time the tendency of scientific instruction, not only in our leading colleges, but even in our high schools, is to relegate this playing with scientific toys into obscurity, save as they shall be brought out like any other amusement when amusement is the object.

Scientific instruction has been elevated from the "study of science" to "scientific study," to use the expression of Pres. Chamberlain of the University of Wisconsin. [Address at Univ. of Mich., 1880.] The study of science is certainly not to be despised, nor should there be a failure to provide for it in a liberal education. A mere knowledge of the facts that have been discovered by the great investigators of nature is as likely to be valuable as the mere knowledge of the facts of ancient or modern history, for instance. The satisfaction obtained by some acquaintance in these things, by the ability to read or listen with some degree of intelligence to discourses on scientific subjects, as well as the ability to apply some simple scientific principles in ordinary life, is a legitimate object of pursuit, and our schools may well provide some means of securing it. But this is not scientific education, by any means, and the mistaken apprehension that it is, has unjustly brought scientific studies into disrepute. Scientific education is that which gives the student a knowledge of the methods by which the facts of science are obtained, by giving him a training in those very methods. The cardinal purpose of scientific study is to "interrogate nature," that is, to find out the facts, not from books but from facts themselves, unlocking the secrets of nature with nature's own keys, by direct investigation of the phenomena of nature. This is very different from the mere physical illustration of nature's laws.

The statement of a law, the detailed description of an experiment with the result to be expected, and the literal following out of the directions given, even if the expected result is obtained, is an exercise of great value, but it is not a scientific study. Instruction about science can be given by lectures—and Professor Cooke of Harvard thinks it can generally be best so given\*—in which the lecturer furnishes all the illustrations by his own manipulation of the apparatus.

But scientific study can be carried on only by experiments performed by the student himself, experiments that are experiments in fact, as well as in name; that are not illustrations but real searchings and testings of nature. Scientific education is that which teaches the student how to investigate, how to discover facts and principles for himself, how to avail himself of the means which others have already provided for investigating, and, when these fail, how to make or devise new means for himself. It does this, not by telling him *how* to do, but by training him to *do*. It does not give him the solution and require him to prove it but it gives him the problem and requires him to find the solution, if it does not require him to find both problem and solution. Study of this kind develops as great scholarship, as truly educates the mind, is as "humanizing" as the purely literary studies. The culture it gives is very different from classical culture,† but it is as broad and generous. It is entitled to the same recognition as classical scholarship, and in many institutions it has already secured it. Do not misunderstand me as saying that I would withhold from the student all knowledge of the results obtained by his predecessors in science, that I will "tell him nothing he can find out by himself." This principle carried out literally leads to an evident absurdity. I do not think that one student in a hundred days can find out by his own researches all that scientists have worked out in a hundred years, or even all that he ought to know.

[\*Scientific Culture, &c. p. 230.]

[†Id., page 267, et saepe.]



Nevertheless some educators have seemed seriously to take this ground, particularly in Mathematics, urging that no demonstrations be given to the student, but that he be required to produce them from his own resources. (They apparently forget that where this method is tried, that among the "resources" of a pupil there may be other books in which the demonstrations are given.)

The ability to give original demonstrations is undoubtedly the prime object of mathematical training, but the majority of educators find it best to make the student thoroughly acquainted with the methods of mathematicians, by a careful study of demonstrations, and they consider that it would be impossible for the student to prove for himself a title of those propositions which it is important for him to know about, and the proofs of which he should not only understand, but be able to give. In the same way the teachers of natural science would have the student learn the facts of science in general from books, lectures, and illustrations, but the methods of science from his own properly directed investigations. The facts discovered in the latter way will of necessity be fewer than those he can learn in the former, but they are worth a great deal more to him. Knowledge gained "through the finger's ends," the ability to pursue a line of independent research, is worth more to any one than simply "going over" all the "ologies."

Now who should receive this scientific training, and when should it begin? I answer, everybody, and in the elementary schools. By "everybody" I do not mean that I would have all students become scientists, nor that I would make education exclusively scientific. Prof. Cooke—to whom I have before referred—himself an ardent advocate of scientific training, thinks that a literary and classical education is probably better for the majority, at least of those who go to college. Without assenting wholly to this opinion, I certainly agree with him where he says (Sci. Cult. p. 216:) "In this age no professional man can afford to be ignorant of the results of science and he will constantly be lead into error if he does not

know something of its methods." If the preacher and the lawyer, not to say the doctor, need to know about the methods of science, certainly the business man, the mechanic and the farmer, all of whom have more directly to deal with the results of science, should know something of its methods.

The education of the masses, that is, the education which the masses can get, should be both literary and scientific. The general education of the people in literature thus far has produced a demand for literary work and an appreciation of it, to which writers have been quick to respond. "Successful intellectual effort," says Felix Adler, speaking of the advancement of science (Century Mag. Oct. 1889), "depends as much on favorable environment as on original endowment. \* \* \* The masses of the people constitute the environment. \* \* \* The larger the number of persons able to appreciate the best mental work, the greater and more varied the stimulus imparted to those who are capable of doing such work."

To reach the highest efficiency, scientific instruction should begin in the elementary schools. I take from a recent paper of Professor Woodhull, of the New York College for the training of teachers,\* the following resolution of the American Institute of Instruction: "Resolved, That instruction in natural science by experimental methods should be given in schools of all grades; that in primary and grammar grades it should take the form of observation lessons, calculated to develop the spirit of investigation so that by the time the pupil reaches the high school he will be prepared to begin more systematic study; that in the high school it should undertake to give a thorough training in scientific methods of studying nature, rather than a comprehensive knowledge of the whole realm of natural science."

Much more authority might be adduced, if necessary, in support of this view, and many schools are now carrying out the spirit of the resolution just quoted.

[\*Educational Monographs, No 12.]



One reason why science has not been more taught in our common schools is the delusion that expensive apparatus is necessary. I have known several instances where as much money has been expended in district schools for a comparatively useless Unabridged Dictionary, or an almost wholly useless Atlas, as would have been sufficient to buy all the scientific apparatus that a district school should be allowed to have. For chemical and physical experiments the resources of every farmer's kitchen need but little supplementing. For work in mineralogy and botany—which two Prof. Cooke thinks should come first in scientific education—in geology, meteorology, astronomy, and physiology nature itself furnishes the material; not all of them everywhere, but enough of some of them anywhere.

The kind of teaching in science, on which I have here insisted, makes greater demands on the teacher than simply "hearing a recitation." No formulae of conducting it can be laid down; for the teacher, in order to make it successful, must draw on his own original resources of ingenuity and judgment.

LUDOVIC ESTES.

Grand Forks, N. D., Dec. 27, 1889.

### Twenty-Four Hours on the Prairie.

In the pioneer days of Manitoba my brother and I were on a visit to some friends in a little town thirty miles from the railroad.

One day appointed for our return, we arose bright and early; but, before we could collect the little forgotten odds and ends, get our tent and provisions prepared, (we had to sleep on the prairie over night) and our ponies ready, the morning was almost gone. At last we mounted our ponies and set forth; a man following with our tent and baggage in a wagon.

It was about the last of April; the snow had melted into floods, and the frost was coming out of the ground, so we had to travel slowly. Nothing was to be seen on any side but a broad expanse of prairie covered with dead grass, with, here and there, great ponds of water re-

flecting the deep blue of the skies. At intervals a settler's shanty appeared, looking as lonesome as the owner must have felt.

At about eight o'clock in the evening, we came to a high ridge of ground from which the water had drained. Here we decided to pitch our tent, and remain for the night. After supper, made cheerful by a bright fire of hay, purloined by our man from a neighboring settler, I decided, as it looked so dark and gloomy inside the tent, to sleep, like Jacob of old under the canopy of heaven, and a buffalo robe. Having convinced Jim that I would not be afraid, I lay down not quite sure that I had told him the truth.

How brightly the stars glistened overhead! What countless numbers there seemed to be! Counting stars, however, did not court sleep well, so I drew the robe over my head, and was soon far away in the land of Nod.

During the night something lying above on the robe dispelled sleep, and made me vow I'd never boast again of being brave. I gave a start; the animal jumped up and tried to worry the robe. If hand or foot stirred, he would pounce upon the moving part, and thus I kept him from biting too long in one spot. He kept springing about for what seemed ages, till I decided I might as well be eaten as scared to death. So I ventured one peep from under the robe, to discover—a little black pup.

After picturing in your mind the horrors of being eaten up, and wondering which part will be attacked first, it is a very pleasant sensation to realize that you'll have another chance of being good.

Next morning, in reply to Jim's "Did you dream that the Indians were after you?" I gave a brief "No," but did not enlarge on bravery or dogs. It was too sore a point.

Breakfast was over and our ponies ready just as soon as the sun began to tinge the eastern sky with brilliant hues. How grand the earth and sky looked, undesecrated by any work of man! It seemed vast and pure enough for God himself to be present.

After we had ridden for about two hours we came to a large coulie, whose waters over-



flowed the banks and made it look like a wide river. Our ponies boldly waded in and swam through the deep parts. As I had gathered my habit on top of my saddle, and as Jim wore long rubber boots, we passed over dry. Not so fortunate were a wagon-load of new settlers who were crossing from the opposite side. The wheels of their wagon stuck in the soft mud about twelve feet from the bank, and the men had to carry the woman and children ashore. Here was a scene where the idea of "weaker sex" appeared rather ludicrous. A little man attempted to carry his wife, much larger than himself, to dry ground, but the force of her spring from the wagon overcame his equilibrium, and they both mingled their disgust with the muddy water.

After two more hours of riding, we were joined by a party of mounted police, some of whom were acquainted with my brother. Many of them were sons of English landlords who had come West for adventure. As a lady was rather a scarce article in those regions, all their gallantry came to the surface and we had a very pleasant time.

But now the wind seemed to moan through the long grass; large, black clouds appeared in the west; a thunder-storm, so unusual at that season, was coming on.

A shanty appeared in the distance, and we spurred forward our tired horses that we might reach it in time, but in vain. Before we had covered half the distance, the wind was blowing at such a rate that we could scarcely keep in our saddles, and we concluded we were going to be treated to a tornado whether we were willing or not. All dismounted, and the gentlemen formed a ring on the windy side so that I might be sheltered. Finally, such a burst of wind came that some one of the party shouted, "Down on your knees, and hold on to the grass!" Down we dropped, and not a moment too soon, as it was we could scarcely keep the wind from sweeping us into the air. I felt convinced that I should have lost my grip on things of earth, if, in the confusion, some one had not by accident thrown his two hundred and fifty pounds on my foot. The impress of

the man remained long after the last traces of the storm had disappeared.

When the fury of the wind had abated, we looked for the shanty, but not a board of it was left standing. We found our horses huddled together not far off, so we remounted, and a very damp and quiet party rode into town a few hours later. M. R. G.

### SHAKESPEARIANA.

[BY H. B. S.]

Hon. Mellen Chamberlain, Librarian of the Boston Public Library, has recently discovered what he believes to be a genuine autograph of Shakespeare. It is on a fly-leaf of North's *Plutarch*, believed to have been in Shakespeare's possession, and from which he drew largely in his classical plays.

To you my good lord mayor,  
And you good brethren, I am much beholding;  
I have receiv'd much honor by your presence,  
And ye shall find me thankful.

*Henry VIII.* v, v, 69-72.

So reads the first folio (1623).

Here another of those questionable "corrections" has changed "you" to "your" before "good brethren." Theobald (1733) first did it "at the suggestion of Dr. Thirlby," and all subsequent editors concur; because "The king would not call the aldermen his brethren!" We prefer the original folio reading, "you," because the king in his exceedingly effusive mood *would* call them his brethren. He is overjoyed, he cannot be too gracious, he speaks in hyperboles. He feels like *Henry V* on the morning of Agincourt—

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:  
For he to-day who sheds his blood with me  
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,  
This day shall gentle his condition.

*Henry V.* iv, iii, 60-63.

Before we take the responsibility of changing the text of the earliest editions, let us put ourselves in the place of the speaker, and inquire whether the utterance that seems to us, in our cold critical mood, to need "correction," may not be the spontaneous and appropriate expression required by the dramatic situation.



**Ode on the Deposition of Louis I.**

[DETHRONED IN PER GRADUS JAN. 4, 1890.]

Steady, steady, gentle Louis!

Now they all are at thy feet,  
Now their eyes are dim and dewy,  
Now their accents soft and sweet;  
Steady, then, Oh! steady Louis!

Keep thy face now sweet reposed;  
Or, thou soon, too soon, may rue it,  
Shouldst thou smile and be deposed.

Well thou knowest, wily Louis!  
When this office thou didst seek,  
Thou didst make a sacred promise,  
Smiles from off thy face to keep.  
Thou didst promise not to snicker;  
Thou didst promise not to grin;  
And thou saidst, "Oh! Let her flicker!"  
I shall keep my mirth within."

Thou hast failed, O fickle Louis!  
Opened have thy lips for smiling,  
Shamed thou hast thy throne with laughter;  
All the while thou wast beguiling,  
While we thought thee firm and faithful;  
Oh, thou yielded hast to weakness,  
Whom we thought so staunch and sturdy;  
Noted now for naught but weakness.

We all know, O faithless Louis!  
We all know the certain sequel;  
Stripped thou wast of all thy glory,  
All thy pomp, and power regal;  
Not for politics nor treason,  
Not for church nor chance disgrace;  
Simply for the awful reason:  
Calm thou couldst not keep thy face.  
GUS. NEMO.

**FORT TOTTEN.**

Fort Totten was established at the time of the Minnesota Massacre, as a defense against the Indians, and for the protection of travellers going to Montana. It was named in honor of Gen. Totten, and has been an army post for over twenty years. It is situated on the southern shore of Devil's Lake, opposite Devil's Lake City, with which it has mail communication, as it also has with Oberon, a town on the

Northern Pacific railroad, thirteen miles distant.

There are at present two companies of soldiers stationed there. About a mile distant is a school conducted by the Sisters of Charity for the training of Indian children. There are about one hundred and thirty-two children at present attending this school. At another school seven miles from the fort the Indian boys are educated. They are taught the English language, farming, etc.

The Indian reservation extends the entire length of the lake, sixty miles, and is eight miles wide. There are on this reservation one thousand Indians, some of whom are self-supporting, while others obtain a certain amount of aid from the government. They have farms and raise wheat, oats, corn, and vegetables. Some of them have warm log houses in which they live in winter. They live in tepees or tents in summer. They are not industrious, and are very improvident. In winter they fish through the ice on the lake. By putting up a few sticks and stretching over these a blanket, a slight protection from the wind is obtained, and sitting under the shelter of this they remain, sometimes for hours, patiently waiting for a bite. They travel long distances on foot, and, unless the weather is very severe, seem never to become weary. They are very superstitious. One of these superstitions is that there is a great monster which inhabits the lake, and for this reason some of them will not cross the lake in summer, although in winter they drive across. Until recently they buried their dead in rude coffins raised about four feet from the ground and supported by four posts. In these coffins they placed food and clothing. Now there are two burial grounds on the reservation—one at each of the mission schools. They are becoming more civilized and industrious each year, and, except in the case of children and very aged persons, are self-supporting.

A clear conscience is a good pillow.—That is the reason why some of the Freshmen sleep till 8 o'clock every morning.—Ex.



**LOCALS AND PERSONALS.**

## La Grippe.

The editors have had the La Grippe. If anything is the matter with our paper, blame La Grippe.

They all have it!

The Senior with his sober style,  
The Junior with his ladies' smile;  
The Freshman with his vacant stare,  
The Normal with his kingly air;  
The Prepy with his timid trip,  
They all are sure to get La Grippe.

Those who cannot get the "Grippe" otherwise, go to the station to get it.

"Johnny's or-r-ful sick!"

'90 has been ushered in by many good resolutions, most of which have been broken.

"Oh girls, I've got the finest shaving cup in North Dakota."

Will Smith was one of our visitors Jan. 6th.

President Sprague lectured at Emerado Jan. 3rd. Subject, Shakespeare.

Miss Helen Bangs spent Christmas vacation visiting relatives at Langdon. Illness, we fear, rather detracted from the pleasure of her vacation.

Miss Nellie Hamilton and Miss Florence Brennan were guests of Miss Mattie Glass during a part of vacation. All three enjoyed an ice carnival at St. Thomas, at which they conjointly represented the U. N. D.

One of our Juniors has recently become the happy possessor of a charming selection of songs.

Miss Paulson had a serious encounter with a curling iron, in which the latter came off victor. We refrain from particulars.

3rd Prep. in Geometry. "Why, how many of these demonstrations Q. E. D. wrote!"

Miss Mae Roberts, one of our last year favorites, is attending Hamline College. She spent the last six weeks visiting friends in Minneapolis.

"Do you believe in being extemporaneous?"  
"Yes, but not in class recitations."

In every college the Juniors are supposed to be the ladies' men. There is no doubt but what they are here.

Why is a Freshman like a telescope? Because he is easily drawn out, easily seen through, and easily shut up.

Bjornson gives fair warning to everybody that hereafter all jokes at his expense must be paid for in advance.

President Sprague has suggested that the students make their own rules. He favors self-government among the students.

'Tis rumored that the "Kernell" is cutting his I-teeth.

A meeting of the students was called on Sunday, Jan. 5, for the purpose of organizing a Bible class.

Many features of the entertainment given by the boys Dec. 13th, were highly original.

At the close of Miss Allen's usual Monday evening talk, Dec. 16th, Miss Simmons, in behalf of the U. N. D. girls, presented to her a silver bon bon tray.

Miss Mattie Glass visited Miss Florence Brennan at Bathgate, during the first part of vacation.

Mr. J. Travis spent Christmas week visiting friends in Pembina. Very remarkable stories are told of his feats (feets) in the graceful art.



The Freshman class in Physics have dedicated the new Physical laboratory.

The friends of Miss Florence Bosard enjoyed a sheet and pillow case party at her home New Year's eve. Dancing, refreshments and farewells to the old year, was the order of the evening.

Professor Montgomery, formerly head of our science department, is teaching in a normal school at Cortland, New York.

Students are invited to contribute locals through the box in the STUDENT office door, or by handing them to the local editors. All such will be gratefully received.

Every member of our University should have sufficient college spirit and loyalty to subscribe for the STUDENT, and to increase its circulation by persuading friends to subscribe. There is no better way of advertising our University.

We are very sorry to learn that Miss Jessie Higgins, one of our charming Preps. will not return to the University. She paid a farewell visit Jan. 7th. She leaves many friends here, and will be greatly missed.

ACT I, SCENE II: Moonlight—Starlight—Snowcovered earth—a window half opened—Maiden above—Youth below—an apple—upturned face—apple falls—broken nose—sighs and groans—murmured consolations—step in hall—disappearing heels—closed window—studious maiden.—Such is life in—U. N. D.

Mr. King, of Fisher's Landing, visited the University Jan. 6th.

Miss Emma Allen, of Thompson, spent a week with her sister at the 'Varsity before Christmas.

Will Graham, who spent a part of last year at Beloit College, Wis., is now a farmer in the sunny South. His athletic powers will be called into practical use.

Mrs. Marburger, *nee* Miss Daisy Whipple, is living at Luddington, where the STUDENT visits her monthly.

Three of our young ladies—two 3rd Preps. and a Freshman—while out for a stroll a few days ago met a man on a hay rack. They gratefully accepted the proffered sleighride, but as they neared the U. N. D. gates, the horses showed no signs of slowing up, and the girls had the pleasure (?) of making their way back as best they could.—Work after play.

Matron to young lady whose cousin (?) has called: "My dear, if the light goes out, there's another in the next room!"

Prof. Froggart, our late music teacher, has gone to Fort Wayne, Ind. Prof. Brewer, a graduate of London (Eng.) Conservatory of music, has taken his position as teacher of instrumental music, both at the University and in the city. We regret to see that so few of our students are availing themselves of this opportunity of receiving a thorough musical education. Prof. Brewer comes to us with the highest credentials.

By the number of new gold watches sported by denizens of the Dormitory since Xmas, one would be led to imagine Santa Claus was in partnership with the Elgin Manufacturing Company.

George W. Young, a member of our bright and shining Freshmen class, has returned to his home at Young, N. D. We hear that he has given up his intention of finishing a college course.

Prof. in Science: "Is the interior heat of the earth sufficient to melt a crack?"

Silence among the perplexed and subdued Seniors.

Some of our boys always keep this quotation in mind as a consolation: "When a girl hates you, she either loves you, has loved you, or will love you."



Among the numerous advantages enjoyed by the student of the University of North Dakota is a varied climate. After spending an hour in the Frigid Zone he is immediately plunged into the Torrid, and then perhaps allowed an hour's comfort in the North Temperate.

At the meeting of the Olympic Athletic Association the following officers were elected:

President—Chas. A. Gram.

Vice President—Wellwood J. Fee.

Sec. and Treas.—Goldwin S. Sprague.\*

Executive Committee—C. A. Gram, W. J. Fee, G. S. Sprague, J. D. Campbell, H. G. Vick.

An example of our mild climate: Our boys played base ball quite frequently last term, even during the last week before Christmas.

The Per Gradus has elected the following for term of January:

President—Jno. D. Campbell.

Vice President—H. G. Vick.

Secretary—W. J. Fee.

Sergeant-at-Arms—W. J. Burke.

Critic—W. S. Henry.

The Per Gradians are taking warning at M. N. Johnson's defeat. At their last meeting over an hour was spent in the discussion of parliamentary rules.

Prof. Hodge is getting a great deal of spirit into his classes in Pedagogy. Jan. 7th and 9th a very interesting debate was held in the Second Year Normal, on the subject of Prizes.

On Jan. 3rd the Freshmen held a meeting in Prof. Estes' class room. Among other important matters, they chose old-gold for the class color. They talked of adopting for their class flower the violet, the emblem of modesty, as it was so appropriate for the class; but a few objected. After much deliberation, it was decided that rose buds, for innocence and budding promises of future greatness, would be the correct thing.

Prof.:—"What was the profession of William Shakespeare's father?"

Bright Pupil:—"He was a farmer. He baked his own bread and so he was a baker; he broke his own bread and so he was a broker; he caught his own cows and so he was a cow-catcher; he—"

Prof.:—"Yes; a moment there, please."

We are glad to welcome back so many of our former students. In doing this we must not forget to extend a cordial hand to the new ones, and to make them feel that they are not strangers, but welcome additions to our number.

By mistake one of the young ladies received a trunk belonging to a resident of the University building. One peep was sufficient to let her know there was something amiss in the "eternal fitness of things."

Miss Ruth Anderson and Miss Graham left for their homes Jan. 9th, suffering from La Grippe. We hope they will soon return fully recovered.

1st Young lady: "Did you have a lovely time Xmas, dear?"

2nd Young lady: "Perfectly delightful! It was simply elegant."

1st: "I had a perfectly sublime time too,—got such magnificent presents. Didn't you hate awfully to come back?"

2nd: "I felt diabolically fiendish. It was vile to have to return New Year's day." Etc., etc.

Prof. to class in "Julius Caesar:" "Caesar, in a battle off Alexandria, jumped from his boat, and saved his life by swimming with one hand, while he held aloft his commentaries in the other. Thus he saved them for future ages."

Student (aside): "Pity he didn't drop 'em."

We are constantly adding to our library. In the last list of books was a varied collection of French and German plays suitable for class reading.



Once more our students rejoice over and intently study but one bulletin board.

At the first meeting of the Adelphi society this term, the following officers were elected:

President—Walter J. Marcley.  
 Vice President—Mattie R. Glass.  
 Secretary—Helen M. Bangs.  
 Treasurer—T. W. Heyland.  
 1st Marshall—Goldwin S. Sprague.  
 2nd Marshall—Helen N. Hamilton.

Resolved: That the giving of prizes is commendable in schools, was debated by the second Normal class. The question was decided in favor of the negative. Judges: Mr. Hodge, Mrs. Babcock, and Miss Nora Niles.

Weather report for December, 1889, at the University. Average temperature:

7:00 A. M.....	13.42 deg.
1:00 P. M.....	21.83 "
6:00 P. M.....	18.34 "
For month.....	17.83 "
Highest temperature, 39 degrees on the 6th.	
Lowest temperature, -10 degrees on the 29th.	
Prevailing wind, South.	
Number of clear days.....	10
Number of fair days.....	10
Number of cloudy days.....	11
Number of days on which rain or snow fell	7
Dates of mirage, 7th.	G. S. S.

The following is a list of those who have been victims of la grippe. We are pleased to be able to report no serious cases: J. Travis, W. Marcley, P. Sharpe, Miss Pope, Ruth Anderson, Anna Miller, Rena Percival, Minnie Benham, Florance Bosard, Agnes de Kops, L. O. Fiset, H. Vick, Henrietta Paulson, Miss Young, Miss Graham, John Simons, J. Guyot, "Dora."

Our former popular fellow-student, W. J. Graham, now a prospering farmer in Jackson, Tennessee, writes a very interesting description of Christmas in the South. He says that Christmas is celebrated there very much as the

Fourth of July here. Guns, fire-crackers, rockets, Roman candles, and in fact everything that tends to make a noise are in great demand. Christmas is celebrated for a much greater length of time there; some of the people will not work for a month or so after New Year's Day.

Geo. W. Stoner, a student here, year before last, has again joined our number.

We quote the following from the New York Tribune:

### The Grip.

If you have a "bigness" of the head,  
 A cough and "ringing ears;"  
 A hot and feverish cuticle,  
 And eyes suffused with tears;  
 A billious feeling 'bout your waist,  
 And aching legs and hips,  
 Though far from well you are not sick;  
 You have not lost your "grip."  
 If you have "running" at the nose,  
 And constant fits of sneezing,  
 A chilly feeling down your back,  
 As though your spine was freezing;  
 If in a nervous, "rocky" state,  
 Like one in drunken frenzy;  
 My friend, you've got the French "la grippe"  
 Or English influenza.

Last year when Miss Winnie McMillan came back she brought her sister with her. This year she brings her brother.

Jno. D. Campbell was a happy boy, when he received a "pass" to Duluth, with an earnest request to come home for Christmas.

### EXCHANGES.

A writer in the *National Educator*, in speaking of the advantage to teachers of the study of literature and especially that of the English language says: "This wider and more systematic knowledge of the mother tongue is, in a measure, the golden key to all the other studies of the school room. It penetrates and pervades



them all and without it almost every other study is but a mere mechanical and barren exercise."

An exchange contains the following extract from *Alcott*: "A parent who sends his son into the world uneducated and without skill in any art or science, does as great injury to mankind as to his own family; he defrauds the community of a useful citizen, and bequeathes to us a nuisance."

The *Yankton Student* appears, for the first time, among our exchanges. We welcome the enterprising paper from our twin state.

*College Chips* for December contains a well-written article entitled "The Voice in Reading and Speaking."

An exchange says: "We forgot to state why the Seniors and Juniors had to vacate their former class-rooms: they were cracked." We wonder which; and, where were the Freshmen?

The *Acta Victoriana* is a royal representative of Ontario. Its last issue contains a lengthy article on the life of Queen Victoria. The article, in the same number, on Shelley, is interesting, but leads one to surmise that the writer is not a stickler for correct punctuation;—but of course it was the printers' fault.

Geo. Bancroft, the American historian, spends his winters at Washington. Though 89 years of age, he still continues his literary labors. He is the only living member of the class of 1817, Harvard college. He is at work on the life of President Polk, which he hopes to complete this winter.—Ex.

We can realize how fortunate our institution has been when we consider the afflictions that some of our sister institutions are suffering. Last issue we chronicled the sad death of the President of University of South Dakota. "*The Yankton Student* bears the sad tidings of the sudden death of President Ward of their col-

lege. On January 3rd, a fire broke out in the University of Minnesota, causing heavy loss; the institution suffered a similar loss in November of this school year. *The Student* extends its heartfelt sympathy.

Harriet Beecher Stowe is an honorary member of the Authors' Club of New York, and the only woman writer connected with that organization.—Ex.

An exchange, commenting upon the proclamation of President Harrison admitting the two Dakotas, says: "The Dakotas will always be remembered as the first twins born to Uncle Sam and Dame Columbia. The family is large but the children heretofore have come one at a time."

"To gain a fair knowledge of books one need not become a voracious book worm, spend every moment pouring over the books of many libraries, go about with a look of "my soul today is far away," in his eyes, wear spectacles, and talk like the cultured Bostonian."—Ex.

"The celebrated Libby prison has been moved from Richmond, Va., to Chicago. A museum of mementoes of men who suffered within its walls, forms an attraction to the visitor."—*The Common School*.

*The College Star* from Hiram College makes its appearance for the first time on our table.

Some of our Exchanges fail to appear this month. We surmise that the exchange editors have been prevented from sending us a copy, by that fashionable epidemic which might be expressed in the language of Shakespeare:

Untimely 'Grippe

Stayed me a prisoner in my Chamber.

*The Student* received the New Years Souvenir of the Minneapolis Tribune through the kindness of B. E. Ingwaldson, an alumnus of '89. We understand that our worthy representative at the Minnesota University is employed by the Tribune during his spare hours.



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