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## June 1890

The Dakota Student

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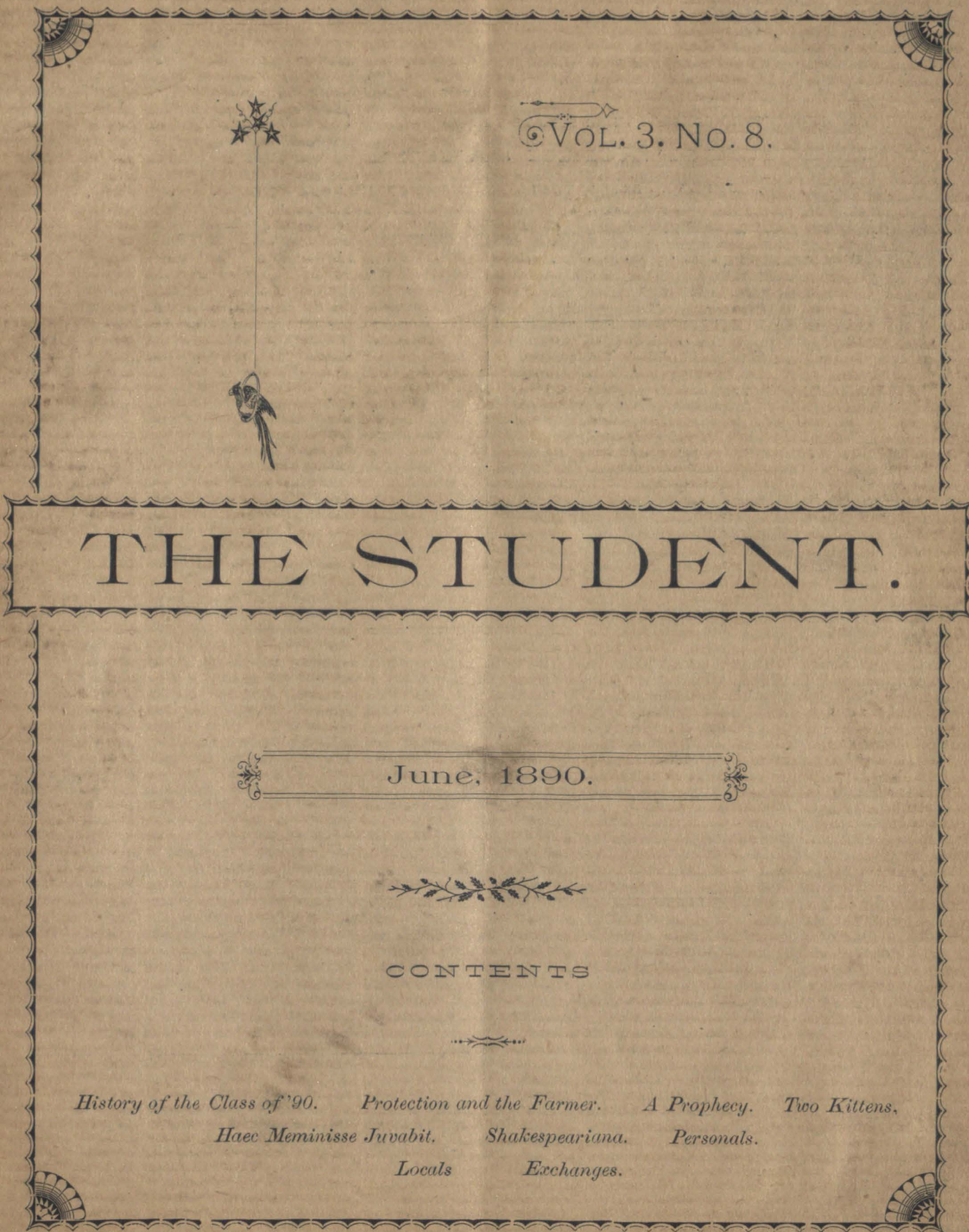
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# THE STUDENT.

June, 1890.



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# THE STUDENT.

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## THE STUDENT.

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### History of the Class of '90.

In the fall of '84, when the University of North Dakota first threw open its doors for the entrance of the orators and statesmen of the future, four of those who graduate this year as the class of '90 were present, one as a special and three as Juniors, as the class was then known that now is the First Preparatory, which numbered 18. This was made up almost entirely of students from the Grand Forks High School who would have graduated from there in two years. Since that time two more from

that school have joined our ranks and remained with us.

At the beginning of the next year when we returned to renew our researches for knowledge we assumed the exalted title of Seniors, though above us were the Freshmen. Of those who have become students with the class of '90 since that time none joined but that have left us. This year there were but 14 students in the class.

As the years went by our numbers rose to 18 again, then to 9, to 8, and then to 7, as we became successively Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors.

In the Sophomore year a sharper division was made between the Arts and Science courses. There were two of the class studying for the degree of Bachelor of Arts and seven for that of Bachelor of Science.

Illness prolonged for months so weakened the to return and resume her studies. This reduced the ranks of the Arts to one. Another, a scientific student, by diligent study during the summer months was able to graduate with the class of '89.

Last year there was but one addition, an Arts student who soon dropped out of the class unable to continue his work on account of over study and consequent brain fever. That year the class had a temporary organization, Mr. Sharpe being president. In the school year just ending a permanent organization was ef-

fect and Mr, Sharpe re-elected as president.

This year has been by far the pleasantest and most profitable of them all, many new faces met us at the beginning and many happy acquaintances have come about through the year, which we hope may continue throughout life.

Of the students who have belonged to our class, ten have gone into business, one is studying medicine, two are teaching, one is a surveyor, another a student in the South Dakota University, three are married, two are members of the class of '91, one graduated last year and seven take their degrees this year, one in Arts and six in Science.

This class, the first to graduate from the State University, though not the first to receive diplomas under its charter, firmly united in its Freshman year, has grown mentally and physically. The number of studies they have Rose of our class that year that she was unable thoroughly gone over I cannot say; but physically it weighs 1016 pounds and has one hundred and forty-five years.

May it continue to gain in years seven for one, and gain in avoirdupois until they reach that happy weight when the world in whatever condition they find it, is bright and joyous.

#### Valedictory.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FELLOW STUDENTS: You have listened to the history of our past lives; the veil has been lifted and you see what destiny holds in store for each of us. Happily and swiftly have passed the five years that we have spent together. Our memories of those years will be ever pleasant, and we shall always hold in our hearts a warm place for the University of North Dakota, and all connected therewith.

To the members of the Faculty and to the Regents are due our sincere gratitude for their kindness and thoughtfulness. We have never turned to them for help and turned in vain. In the name of the Class of '90, therefore, I thank them.

Classmates, we have finished our course here. We are going forth into life with its certain trials and possible triumphs. One chapter, and an important one, in our education is finished, yet I trust that we shall not forget that our education is but just begun. If we have learned how to study, and have gained a true perception of all that education implies, we shall eagerly grasp any knowledge that comes within our reach, not, by any means, only what can be gathered from books—for books, after all, are but the means of education—but all that is revealed to us in the great drama of life. We have spent many happy hours together; we have shared each other's trials; we have gloried with each other in our triumphs. But it dims the brightness of our Commencement morn to think that no more shall we meet day after day in the pleasant companionship of common pursuits. Our lives will henceforth run in widely diverse channels and that community of interests is gone. Yet in these years a bond has been formed which can never be wholly broken. Some of you will go once more to the professional college, some will follow other vocations. To each I wish the best of success in the career you have chosen and I feel certain that you will attain success. Whatever may be your aim in life, I feel certain that you will always work towards the highest good. Remember what was suggested to us as a class motto, "Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again; wisely improve the present; go forth to meet the shadow of the future without fear and with a manly heart."

And now I must say farewell, that word so often said, yet ever so hard to say, farewell, farewell.

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#### PROTECTION AND THE FARMER.

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After a century of protection, manufacturing, constantly favored though it has been at the expense of commerce and agriculture, still

clamors for more favors, that is for the imposition of additional burdens upon the rest of the community. After practically wiping out of existence our magnificent merchant navy, which once bade fair to outrival that of Britain, protection is now drawing the life-blood of agriculture. That this expression is no exaggeration, may be inferred from the fact that in Connecticut, a state full of factories, where the "home market" theory ought, if anywhere, to approve its truth, farms in all parts of the state are sold for less than the cost of the buildings, and the same cry of distress goes up from every part of New England, New York, and even Pennsylvania. The western farmer, burning his corn for fuel and struggling to meet the interest on his mortgage, can hardly be said to be in a more prosperous condition than his eastern fellow sufferer. Yet has he not been protected? Since that first modest imposition of an average duty of eight per cent, *for seven years only*, insatiate greed, backed by a skillful and unscrupulous lobby, has gradually raised the scale of duties until, for the last thirty years, the average duty has been close on fifty per cent. Verily, if increase of tariff meant increase of property to the dear farmer, for whose welfare the protectionist is so affectionately solicitous, the farmer ought now to have reached the acme of prosperity.

For a hundred years the farmer has been fooled with fine phrases, has been made to believe that, in some way, he was to become rich by having his hard earned dollars transferred to other people's pockets. Now, when he finds that none of those fine promises has been fulfilled or is likely to be fulfilled, he feels even more bewildered than angry. He feels somewhat as did the countryman, who, inveigled by an artful stranger with a bet that he could lift any weight under two hundred pounds, failed, of course, to lift himself by his boot straps. Laws of political economy, as inexorable in their operation as the law of action and reaction

prevent a nation or individual from growing rich by shifting money from one pocket to another. Yet that is what the protective system practically amounts to. Some may get rich, even enormously rich, but others must necessarily be so much the poorer.

The infatuation that has so long led the farmer to support a system so unfair to himself is no unusual phenomenon. Much of the history of mankind is merely a record of the skill with which an interested minority has hoodwinked and overreached a helpless majority. Not to speak of the infatuation of the Spaniard for the Inquisition, of the Russian serf for the system that robs and degrades him, our own country affords a striking example. Slavery was the curse and opprobrium of our country, the one great danger to our institutions; yet it was enthusiastically upheld in the South where it was contrary to the true interest of nine out of every ten whites; to doubt of it was unpatriotic, it was, as is now affirmed of the tariff, the cause of our national prosperity; it ruled, in fact, the nation, and might have continued to do so to this moment had not God smitten its champions with the judicial blindness that fore-runs destruction. How was that sway secured? By an adroit use of catch phrases and party cries.

No phrase has exercised such sway over the farmer's mind as the magic words "home market." The idea implied is that, by submitting, for a while, to pay high prices for manufactured goods, the farmer will ultimately find a market for all his produce within the limits of the United States, and at good prices. We say the states, for the Constitution fortunately forbids interstate protection, and good prices, for, unless the prices were good, what special advantage would there be in that over any other market. Let us see how this hope, held out to the great-great-grandfathers of the present generation of farmers, has been fulfilled in the past. In 1860, under a revenue tariff, agricul-

tural produce constituted 79 per cent of our exports, this was seventy years after the first talk of "home markets." In 1870, after ten years of high protection, agricultural products formed 80 per cent. of our exports; the rainbow and the pot of gold were no nearer, at least. In 1880, after twenty years of high protection, agricultural products formed 83 per cent. of our exports, the rainbow actually further off than ever! In this year of grace 1890 the pot of gold is a vain hope. For high tariff, it has effected nothing else, has driven some of our best customers, as France and Germany, into retaliatory discrimination against our agricultural produce; others, like Great Britain, have been compelled to develop other sources of supply. For it must not be forgotten that international trade is essentially an interchange of commodities. No nation could, even if it wished, long carry on trade with a nation that tries to sell without buying, unless the latter possessed a monopoly of some commodity; as, for example, till lately, China did of tea. But the one-sided policy of the Chinese, which our legislators seem so anxious to copy, has resulted in the irrevocable loss of the tea monopoly. For the English, compelled to seek a source for tea where they could pay in goods, have developed the tea plantations of Assam and Ceylon till their produce has almost driven Chinese tea from the markets of Western Europe. Exactly similar causes have forced the development of wheat raising in India and elsewhere, which has so disastrously affected the value of American wheat.

The tariff is thus a double injury to the unlucky farmer. He is compelled at the same time to pay double prices for everything he buys, and has to sell wheat he produces in a market that is depressed by the operation of the same tariff. For the price of American wheat cannot rise above the price obtained in the Liverpool market. Now for years, in that market, prices have been abnormally depressed.

For the wheat from those recently developed sources of supply nearly satisfies the demand there, and American wheat is only bought when the price goes so low as to tempt purchasers not pressed to buy. It is true that many people in Europe previously unaccustomed to wheaten bread now enjoy that luxury. It is a good thing for them, but small comfort for the farmer obliged to sell at unremunerative prices.

Unable to deny the fact that this state of things will continue as long as there is a surplus for export, certain protectionist scribes are now trying to make the farmer believe that the home demand, in a few years, will overtake the supply. Now, in the first place, what is going to become of the farmer in those intervening years? How is he going to exist if he has to pay still higher prices for wheat he buys, and obtains still lower prices for wheat he sells? For one effect of the proposed changes in the tariff will be to lessen the already decreasing demand for our agricultural produce. In the next place, though it is true that, for some years, the area under wheat has not increased—a thing not wonderful considering the prices that have prevailed—it is certain that, as soon as there is any improvement in prices, more land will be put under wheat. Whatever he tries it is the same story, lower and lower prices, whether he turns to pork, corn, butter, or beeves; yet as soon as any one of these shows signs of becoming profitable, there is an immediate rush with that line of production, soon glutting the market. The absurdity of pretending to protect the farmer by placing duties upon products that are practically not imported is manifest. Last year we exported 69,592,929 bushels of corn and imported 2,388 bushels; exported 46,414,129 bushels of wheat and imported 1,946 bushels, and similarly of other farm products. Yet they talk of protecting the farmer by imposing a duty upon such things; as if it could matter whether they place the duty at 10 cents or \$10 a bushel.

Upon the farming class, in fine, rests ultimately the heaviest burden of the tariff, seeing that the farmer alone cannot pass on the loss to another class. The importer passes on his extra outlay to the jobber, the jobber to the retail dealer, and he to the customer. The consumer, again, unless he is a farmer, recoups himself for the high price of living caused by the tariff by charging higher prices for whatever he has to sell, whether labor or the products of labor. Whether it be the skill of a carpenter or a lawyer that is required, it must be paid for at rates corresponding to the high cost of living. The farmer alone cannot raise his prices; he alone has to compete in the markets of the world with the low-priced labor of the Russian moujik and the Hindoo ryot, the most wretchedly paid labor in the world. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that, as the census of 1880 showed, of the thirteen billions added to the national wealth during the preceding decade, the share of the farming class, the most hard-working and self-denying class in the nation, was not six, its fair share according to numbers, but one billion, and that largely representing land wrung by hard labor from the wilderness. What a blessing is protection to the farmer; and how dearly he ought to love it!

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#### A PROPHECY.

---

And it came to pass in the 5th month of the 7th year after the building of the Temple of Wisdom, hard by the coulee, as thou goest down to Ojata, that the young men and maidens, who were about to take the parchments, said one to another, Go to let us leave a memorial to them that tarry, that they may know both whence we came and whither we go. And the saying pleased them well. And they said: Let a record be made of our name and nation, and let there be a salutation of peace, also let there be found an eloquent orator, to lift up his voice. And behold the sweet singer shall take the

timbrel and sing a pleasant song. And one of goodly stature, shall utter words of parting. And, moreover, there shall be a prophetess. Let it be Clara, of the house of Joseph, of the tribe of Anderson. Lo! *she* hath visions and dreams, let her tell us of things to come. And all, with one voice, said: It shall be done. And it came to pass, that all we have said aforetime, was done, on the eleventh day of the month, about the twelfth hour of the day.

And these are the words of the prophetess: And it shall come to pass after many days that the nation shall be at war with the people that dwell beyond the Great Lakes. And this shall be the cause thereof. Certain fishermen shall let down the net into the sea and a fish shall be caught therein, and when he shall be brought to land one on the one side shall say: The fish is mine; and one on the other side shall say, It is mine; and they shall smite each other and all the nation shall go out to battle; and the sons of the North men were too much for the sons of Samuel. And the son of Samuel said, is there none to lead us as in the days of old? And while they yet spake there came one mighty with the sword. And he did lead them to the battle. And they drave the enemy before them even into the great fish-pond which is by the mouth of the river. And the whole land was given to the sons of Samuel to be an inheritance forever. Then shall sing the sons and daughters of Samuel, this song: Grant hath slain his thousands, but Travis his ten thousands. And it shall come to pass that beyond the great gulf as thou goest toward the south and beyond the great river even the river Amazen there shall arise a great nation, like unto our own. And all the people shall gather themselves together, once a year, to choose men to be their judges. And they said let us appoint one to be chief judge whose brain worketh mightily in the solving of doubts that he may make the law known to us. And they shall say: Lo! there is one from the cold north who hath great estates and very much cattle in the valley of the great



river. And behold he earneth much bread by the sweat of his servants' brows. And he hath written many books withal and him they appointed and he did judge wisely and multitudes of young men came to sit at the feet of this Gamaliel. And he shall get him a great name in so much that they shall say, he shall no longer be called Peter Sharpe, but Peter the Great.

And again it shall come to pass that there shall be an inhabitant of one of the chief cities whose title shall be H. D., which being interpreted is Healer of Diseases, and behold he shall gird up his loins, and take ship and pass over to the coasts of the great island where the lion rageth. Now there had been a grievous famine in the land, and a great plague followed the famine and the healer of diseases shall give them medicine in great abundance such as the apothecary mixeth with pestle and mortar, and the plague shall be stayed. And it shall come to pass after the queen of the Island hath slept with her father, her son shall reign in her stead. And the king shall appoint the healer of diseases whose fame shall be great to dwell in his own house that he may look well to the health of the royal household. And he shall come, and dwell with the king, he and his wife and little ones. And behold his name is written on the record of the royal household, Louis of the house of Obediah of the tribe of Fiset.

And *again* it shall come to pass that as the wise counselors shall be gathered together in the chief city, they shall say one to the other, come now and let us build a *great temple* which shall be for the glory of all the people. The height thereof shall be fifty cubits, the length thereof one thousand cubits, and the breadth five hundred cubits, and let the highest seat be given to him, who not only excelleth in figures but who is also skillful in carving the bodies of men with the sharp knife. Then shall stand up one of the chief consellers, a great pedagogue of the tribe of Campbell who shall say: Harken I pray you unto me, behold one standeth at the

door who loveth hard problems and also seeth with his fingers as he cutteth the bodies of men within and without, and forthwith he shall come before them and they shall ask him saying: Wilt thou be at the head of this great school of surgeous in this temple of wisdom? Then he lifted up his voice and said, I will do as thou sayest. Only in this will I be spared, I will impart wisdom not to the young men alone but to the maidens also, for if it be not so verily my spirit would faint within me, neither should I take heart again, and they shall say, What is thy name? And he say, Myron of the tribe of Smith.

And it shall come to pass, after a score and ten years, behold a stranger shall come into the court of this temple. and as he shall look upon the rolls in which are written all wisdom and knowledge, he shall see one great and heavy whose covering was taken from a young kid of the goats and he shall open the book, and, Lo! here is knowledge of all manner of creeping things such as have their habitation in the rushes by the bank and in the deep waters of the salt sea. Here are written the generations of the Trilobita, of the Anthropoda, and the Branch-i-ropoda, and of the Appendicularia, and of the Lamelli, Branchiata, and many others like unto them. And, lo! another roll like unto the first even a book of songs full of all manner of mirth. Then shall the stranger be greatly amazed and he shall ask the keeper of the books, who is the son of Vick, saying: Who hath written all this and he shall say, it is one whom the overseers have appointed to give knowledge daily in the temple. Verily she is cunning with the knife in severing the bones of the frog and of the rabbit and she looketh sharply with the glass, that she may discern the minor life of the beasts. Then was the stranger astounded for one hour and he said: What is her name? Then shall answer the keeper of the books behold it is Helen of the tribe of Bangs.

And again it shall come to pass in the ninth month, in the twenty-seventh year, of this tem-

ple, just after the wheat harvest, there shall be a great tumult throughout all the land, such as had not been since George the Great did cause such destruction with his little hatchet. And this is the reason whereof the tumult arose. It was written in the law: Let all the people come up to the high places and choose them a wise man to rule over them. And all the people shall say: Go to now, let us have a good ruler and perfect laws.

Let the lot be no longer cast, neither let us pay tribute upon merchandise of the land lest there be a surplus, and let us give all our strong drink to the heathen nations round about us. And the men shall run to and fro and shall cry one to another saying: Let us go up to the battle and let us take the scalps of these Philistines. And behold seven women shall lay hold upon one man saying, "Come thou and vote with us and that one man shall surely make haste and do so. And the battle be sore in the land but the people of the better sort shall triumph over the sons of Belial insomuch that they shall lie as dead men along the valley. And it shall come to pass that after the president of the nation has made his vow with his right hand upon the law of Moses that he shall call for a wise man to be his chief counselor. But none worthy shall be found. Many indeed shall come but neither shall they be able to answer the questions of the doctors and scribes, and one shall say unto him, behold there is a woman here that hath great wisdom and can answer hard questions. And behold she shall come before the president and she shall please him well, and he shall give her the great seal and cause her to ride in the second chariot. And she shall go in and out before him and all the people and she shall write letters to all the kings and princes and seal them with her great seal in so much that all the people shall marvel greatly and her name, is it not written in the records of Samuel the uncle? Mary Bruyen of the tribe of Crans. And the rest of the acts

of the class of '90, Behold they shall be written in the *Student* in all time to come.

### TWO KITTENS.

One bright sunny day, in summer, a little girl went out to gather flowers. She was a very pretty child with large blue eyes and golden curls. On her arm she carried a basket and in this basket lay a dear little snow-white kitty, a four-legged kitty with a bob-tail. It was fast asleep, with one eye open. The kitty was dreaming. She was dreaming about the last mouse she caught up in the garret. It was the same mouse that frightened the girls in the Dormitory. The girls rejoiced when its life came to an end—cruel girls! When the kitty thought of the great time the girls had over that mouse she smiled in her sleep, and winked with the open eye.

This set Golden-hair to thinking. She wondered how kitty could sleep with one eye open and even wink. She resolved to try the same thing.

She tried and tried, winked and winked.

And the kitty with one eye open blinked,

Her bob-tail stuck straight up in the air.

I know very well, since I was there.

Golden-hair sank down in slumber sweet,

And dreamt with her nose twixt kitty's two feet.

She dreamt of her dolly, with her broken nose,

And her big brother Bob with his cruel blows.

She thought she saw kitty with a dirty face,

And old mother cat with most imaginable grace,

Was trying the dirt to wipe off with her paw,  
The most comical sight that she ever "had saw."

Kitty now had eaten the girl-frightening mouse,

And had lapped up her milk just outside the house.

This all in her dreams—she's thinking now  
Of Golden-hair's mamma and wondering how  
She'll know where the two little kitties have  
gone,

And if she will be very sad and forlorn.

While thus dreaming how could they know  
That both their dear mammas had been fright-  
ened so?

They wandered all over their kitties to find.  
And left their home and others behind.

Golden hair thought she heard a meow,  
Kitty opened both her eyes now,

Golden hair waked from her dreams with a  
cry,

There stood mother cat and mamma near by.

---

**Haec Meminisse Juvabit.**

Long ago when we were Freshmen,  
By our Latin held as slaves,  
We read in Virgil of the Trojans  
And of Aeneas brave.  
We read of toils on fields of battle,  
Of dangers in the flaming town,  
Of murdered maidens, old men slaughtered,  
Of the Goddess sweeping down  
To save her son from cruel foemen,  
And to cheer him on to Rome;  
As with old decrepit father,  
Wife and child he fled from home.  
We struggled slowly through the mazes  
Of Aeneas' many woes.  
Through his weepings and bewailings,  
Through his rescues from his foes.  
And we found with him the haven,  
From the winds, and waters, war  
Rested with his trusty followers,  
As they lay upon the shore.  
With Aeneas we regretted  
All the loss of that fair band,  
Looked with him from off the hill top  
O'er the waters, o'er the land,  
Searching for our shipwrecked comrades.  
And with him we chased the deer,

Slew the quarry for our shipmates,  
Helped bring to their spirits cheer,  
When the welcome feast was over;  
And we talked of comrades slain.  
Grieved we for the brave Cloanthus  
Swallowed by the angry main.  
Turned we then to old Aeneas,  
Listened to his words of cheer,  
Calling us his friends and comrades  
Telling us to banish fear,  
And he said, "Perchance, my followers,  
When the future nigher seems,  
Your hardships will become as visions,  
But as shadows of your dreams;  
It will please you to remember  
All your labors and your strife,  
When your trials are lost in comfort,  
When you find rewards in life."  
So with us, my friends and class-mates,  
When commencement day is o'er,  
Behind us are our college hours,  
And the great wide world before,  
May we with a smile remember  
Rocky Calculus and rough,  
Shoals and quicksands met in Logic,  
Latin whirlpools that engulf.  
No more shall we indulge in weather  
Of the wildest, wooliest kind,  
Spend our time in getting dew-points,  
Take directions of the wind.  
Tornadoes fierce of Economics  
Howling storms of Science too,  
Gentle English winds upon us  
All these things we've struggled through.  
No more, as Preps in Algebra,  
Well nigh wrecked by rough waters  
Fearing, trembling for our standing,  
Shall come the warning to head-quarters.  
Bugs and beetles no more shall sting us,  
Gophers, rabbits, take a rest.  
Away the knife and microscope—  
Trials over, let us jest.

Then dry your tears, my comrades all,  
Finem fors illis dabit,

Clouds are lifting, sun is shining—  
Then haec meminisse juvabit.

### SHAKESPEAREIANA.

If it be ought toward the general good,  
Set honor in one eye, and death in the other,  
And I will look on both indifferently;  
For let the gods so speed me as I love  
The name of honor more than I fear death.

*Julius Caesar*. I, ii, 81-85.

The third line of this quotation contains a stumbling-block, the word 'indifferently.' It is used five times in Shakespeare. Schmidt thinks it here means *without interest, unconcernedly*, as it clearly does in *Coriolanus*, II, ii, 16. In *Hamlet*, III, ii, 33, and *Henry V*, II, i, 52, it means *tolerably, pretty, quite*; but no one would claim such a signification here. Wright, followed by Meiklejohn, interprets it as equivalent to *impartially*; and such is its sense in *Titus Andronicus*, I, i, 430. Hudson, affirming that "the paralogism (false reasoning) is surely too glaring," whichever sense we assign to 'indifferently,' concurs with Theobald and Warburton in changing 'both' to 'death.' Johnson says, "when Brutus first names *honor* and *death*, he calmly declares them indifferent; but as the image kindles in his mind he sets *honor* above life." Coleridge remarks, "Warburton would read *death* for *both*; but I prefer the old text. There are here three things—the public good, the individual Brutus's honor, and his death. The latter two so balanced each other that he could decide for the first by equipoise; nay—the thought growing—that honor had more weight than death. That Cassius understood it as Warburton is the beauty of Cassius as contrasted with Brutus." Braik dissents as follows: "It does not seem necessary to suppose any such change or growth either of the image or the sentiment. What Brutus means by saying that he will look upon honor and death indifferently, if they present themselves together, for the sake of honor, he will not mind the death, or the risk of death, by which it may be

accompanied; he will look as fearlessly and steadily upon the one as upon the other."

We think that Braik comes nearest to the true interpretation, but does not quite reach it. Honor is a hobby with Brutus, as almost every speech of his in this play shows. Now if we must make him self-consistent, we suggest that honor and death, side by side, confront him; yet he sees but one, honor, because death is comparatively infinitesimal, while honor fills the horizon.

But is it necessary or desirable to make Brutus self-consistent? "Consistency," says Emerson, "is the bugbear that frightens little minds," and Brutus evidently thinks so: he thinks it 'cowardly and vile' to commit suicide, V, ii, 102; but does it nevertheless, because "he bears too great a mind" to be led captive to Rome! A dozen times in the play he is illogical. The utter impossibility of reconciling assassination with honor breeds in him moral and mental confusion, and it looks as if Shakespeare meant us to see it. Why, then, attempt to straighten Brutus's crooked logic?

The substitution of *death* for 'both' is peculiarly Hudsonian. In his latest editions this great critic seems to think it his duty to make every line a pentameter, every sentence grammatical, every speech complete, every character consistent and reasonable. So did *not* Shakespeare.

### PERSONALS.

Armstrong will be a law student this summer.

"Christ" Brennan will divide his time between politics and baseball.

Campbell will leave the University to enter a wider field. We will hear of him again. The Normals are always heard of again.

Durant next year hopes to exchange the tonsorial forfex for the dentist's forceps.

Evenson is an enterprising pharmacist at Moscow, Idaho.

Fee, so successful in love, so lasting in fame,

This summer a wholesale shawl business will claim.

Gram heads the list of Ransom county's enterprising young pedagogues.

Henry will elucidate the gospel. Although not a Catholic he has a sacred regard for the Pope's wishes.

Ingwaldson, Ben., has just finished one year of his law course at the University of Minnesota.

Jenks, hunting and fishing from morn  
to morn,

Will hardly find time to blow his horn.

Van Kirk will drive mules and write poetry.

Luke is learning the hardware business.

Maloney is studying Greek, and enquiring for Mrs. Cæsar's grandfather.

Norton, a true farmer, pays us a visit every once in a while.

O'Keefe will teach his lady friends how we play croquet at the U. N. D.

Col. Pomeroy is lost to us.

Quammen ditto.

"Kernel" Robertson, D. B. S., will go to Minneapolis to write exchanges.

Simon, the jolly old pedagogue of Thompson town,

Umpiring and boxing will bring renown.

Travis is going east to Point West.

Corporal Urdahl will become a fly-catcher.

Vick, the Freshman. Viking intends to make his fortune by writing Latin verse. Don't mention it, or you make him blush.

Walker will try, try again.

Xenophon, who plucks the Freshies.

Young will endeavor to maintain his dignity as Prof.

The Local Editors now bid good-bye. When you censure our work remember we are Freshmen still.

Our *Student* work at last is fully done,  
One year the local columns have we run.  
When first upon the staff we came,  
Freshmen were we very green;  
Now grave, as future Sophomores,  
Smile we on the past serene.

—Vale.

---

### LOCALS.

Vale!

Examinations!!!

Sweet Vi-o-lets!

Vale, Seniors!

Long Faculty meetings.

"O, what is so rare as a day in June!"

They say there is something green on the Freshies' class tree.

R. W. Minaker paid us a visit June 5th. He looks like a hale and hearty farmer.

Prep.: "The Omnibus Bill was beneficial because it provided for traveling and transportation."

Does it pay to come at the beginning and endure to the end of the school year? Yes, every time. Make your plans to do this next year.

President Sprague lectured before the S. S. Association, in the Presbyterian church, on the afternoon of May 27. The subject, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, was handled in a masterly manner, and proved a rare treat for those who heard it.

Jno. D. Campbell took a flying trip to Buxton May 24th.

Now when the year draws to a close,  
Of that emetic get we our dose:  
Examinations!

Our boys are becoming noted preachers—that is, some of them are.

The University post office will be closed after June 12 till about Oct. 1. During that time any mail for the University will be taken to Grand Forks.

J. I. E venson, one of our last year's boys, is now settled at Moscow, Idaho. Jake has a very good position in a drug store there and gives a glowing description of his "booming" city.

We see by the *Sheldon Enterprise* that Chas. A. Gram, one of our Normals, was elected president of the Teachers' Union Literary Society which met at Sheldon, N. D., May 3. Our boys come to the front.

Mr. Heyland, our handsome Junior, preached in the Grand Forks Baptist church for two Sundays last month. A number of the boys hired a 'bus and went down to hear him.

And now it is claimed that all our college girls are *not* Democrats.

Have you noticed how well a lady's hat pin looks when fastened in a gentleman's neck tie?

Decoration day did not pass unheeded at the U. N. D. A majority of the students went down to the city to help observe it. Our wheelmen made a good showing in the bicycle part of the procession.

The trees planted on Arbor Day are all doing well. We must not forget that our efficient janitor worked hard that day, but he feels rewarded. Joe can make things hum.

W. S. Henry, one of our few remaining Normals, preached two Sundays at Reynolds last month.

The dignity of the Freshman class was considerably lessened the other day. Three of its members—three little Freshies—were kept in for bad conduct.

Some of our Scandinavian students talked of a miniature "Seventeenth of May" celebration

here, but after further thought gave it up.

The Faculty have been holding some lengthy meetings lately. We are told that important changes in the different courses have been made.

Some time ago we noticed that one of the leading educators of our state began an article thus: "In the absence of Normal schools in North Dakota, etc." Such statements need no longer be made. Our last legislature showed by the laws passed that they recognized the Normal Department here. We have sent out some Normal graduates of whom we need not be ashamed, and, at present, our Normal standard is higher than ever.

Jos. Travis left for West Point, June 3. He found himself very busy when he must bid good-bye. The girls decorated him with flowers, and the boys turned out to escort him to the station. As the train drew up the boys all joined in giving the '90 class yell.

Mrs. Alleu, of Thompson, spent several days during the last week in May, with her daughter Miss Jennie Allen.

President Sprague lectured in Fargo, May 29. On Memorial Day he delivered an oration at LaMoure.

1st Freshman: "What did you get in Greek?"

2nd Freshman: "100--90."

3rd Prep.: "Freshies in the stew!"

Mrs. Cocks visited her daughter Madge at the Dormitory, May 28.

Miss Zina Amsden returned June 2nd, from a visit to her home in Langdon.

Miss Helen Hamilton has been appointed 1st sergeant of the girls' company.

Mrs. Patten visited the University, May 23.

Frank Stanton, of Fargo, called on G. S. Sprague, June 2nd.

Hamlet's ghost, arrayed in spotless white, was seen parading the campus in the dusk of June

28th. Hamlet's biographer was also seen.

The Regents visited the University June 23, and the students enjoyed a long faculty meeting.

What shall we call our next Freshman class? There will not be a man among them, and it would be rather risky to mention "Fresh-girls."

Some of our girls are very ambitious. The early dawn discovers many poring over Greek, Latin, etc., long before the rising bell is supposed to arouse from slumbers.

The members of the faculty, and teachers will be scattered far and wide during the summer months. President Sprague and family will spend vacation in California; Professors Macnie and Merrifield will visit the New England states; Professor Estes expects to remain in Grand Forks and test our scorching south winds; Dr. Patten will spend some time at Milwaukee and the great lakes, gathering scientific material. He then will go to United States Fish Commission Station at Wood's Holl, Mass., to gather material for his Biology classes and to pursue scientific investigations. Miss Allen will visit southern Minnesota; Prof. Babcock will spend the vacation in Minneapolis and vicinity; Prof. Hodge will go to Michigan.

What makes the gloom so sad?  
 What makes us feel so bad?  
 With drooping head and listless air,  
 The gay and joyous college fair,  
 Who oft too far dispell our care?  
 Would stand and chat upon the stairs,  
 Now pass so silent down the halls,  
 Nor hear our soft, low whispered calls.  
 What is this pall that shrouds our joys,  
 And makes us feel that, though we're boys,  
 We can not pierce this low'ring shade  
 Though all our powers are called to aid?

At length the mystic doubt is cleared,

The night that long our day has seared,  
 For, when we wreath our face with smiles,  
 And try our very cutest wiles,  
 We note a dreamy look come on;  
 The fair one murmurs, "Joe is gone!"

Examinations have come fast and furious; and some of the papers are quaint and curious—those handed in by Freshman Greek students, for example.

Miss Alice Nelson visited her home in Larimore, May 31.

A new cave of enormous dimensions has been discovered. For particulars observe Guyot.

Such remarks as the following are wafted to us as we sit pondering over the nature of sound:—"Thirty—forty," "love," and "game." Occasionally we hear something of the "deuce."

The latest fad, said to be excellent for one's health, is moose-back riding. We have noticed some of the young ladies practicing.

The Adelphi Society held an open meeting in Chapel Hall on Thursday, May 29. Prof. Woodworth lectured on "The Work and Opportunities of the Scholar in the Last Decade of the Nineteenth Century." The address was instructive, sympathetic and entertaining. Professor is with good reason one of our most popular teachers, as was indicated by the respectful attention and hearty applause of the students, as well as the complimentary remarks heard afterward.

A strong odor of burning feathers in the main building one day last week was strikingly suggestive of "plucked" Seniors.

The second recital of the Grand Forks Musical Society, under the management of Prof.

Hodge, was given in the Presbyterian church, June 3.

We are sorry to be unable to report Class Day exercises in this, our last issue. The president of the class is Peter Sharpe; valedictorian, Mary Crans; poet, Helen M. Bangs; prophet, Josephine Anderson; orator, Louis Fiset; historian, Myron W. Smith.

John Campbell is the only member of the 4th year Normal class.

One by one they near the coulee;  
 One by one they tumble in;  
 One by one their light skirts flutter  
 In the dark and muddy stream.

A close observer of the young ladies' military company might be led to imagine that levity is more easily preserved than gravity.

Weather report for May, 1890, at the University:

Mean Temperature—by degrees:	
7 00 a. m. ....	42.52
2 00 p. m. ....	55.29
9 00 p. m. ....	46.58
For month, .....	47.45
Highest temperature, on the 29th, .....	81.00
Lowest temperature, on the 1st, .....	16.00
Monthly range of temperature .....	9.00
Prevailing wind, North.	
Mean barometer .....	29.96
Highest barometer, on the 31st .....	30.34
Lowest barometer, on the 28th .....	29.33
Monthly range of barometer, .....	1.01
Number of clear days .....	12
Number of fair days, .....	11
Number of cloudy days .....	8
Number of days on which rain or snow fell .....	11
Mean maximum temperature .....	60.19
Mean minimum temperature .....	34.29
Total precipitation, .....	1.12 inches,

G. S. SPRAGUE, V. O.

**EXCHANGES.**

*The Woodstock College Monthly* is a new exchange from Woodstock, Ontario. The literary articles are excellent; but we fail to find any written by the students. The magazine has the novel feature of attaching the fac-simile of the writer's signature to his article.

*High School World* contains an excellent article on "English Politics."

An examination in gymnastics is now required by John Hopkins undergraduates before a degree is conferred.—*Ex.*

A college president has collected statistics as to the annual expenses of students in eastern colleges. The average expense at Harvard is \$800; Yale, 630; Princeton, 420; Amherst, 346; Brown, 500; Bowdoin, 500; Wesleyan, 350; Colgate, 200.—*The Manitoba Messenger.*

The phonograph is being used in teaching elocution at St. Joseph's Academy, Greensburg, Pa.

An Italian pointer is said to have patented a phonograph which reproduces music, voices, and other sounds in an almost perfect manner. The whole instrument costs about \$20.

Our May exchanges are very much absorbed in topics concerning class blowouts, field day, commencement and alumni exercises. Why does not our alumni organize?

The Aegis, of May 16, contains an excellent article on "The New South." It should be of interest to every citizen, and will, at least, give to those who have not read Henry Grady's articles, broader and more charitable views toward our Southern brethren. We too often cherish



remembrances of former times and forget the accompanying incidents. Let us hope that some one may come to complete the work of Henry Grady and then shall the South rival the North in "material greatness."

The Southern states, since the war, have spent \$37,377,637 to educate the negro.—*Ex.*

The first college paper was issued by the students of Dartmouth, in 1821, and was called the *Gazette*. At present one hundred and seventy-five, out of three hundred and sixty-five colleges in the United States, publish college papers.—*Ex.*

The Agassiz Museum, at Harvard, which already has a floor space of over four acres, is to be enlarged.

*The Breeze* is the name of a new weekly paper at Cornell College. We wish the new enterprise success.

The May number of *Arms Student* is decidedly poetical (a typical spring number.)

Dr. Stetson, president of the Des Moines college, (co-educational) has announced that students who fall in love with each other during any term are violating one of the college rules, and are subject to severe discipline.—*Ex.*

If this rule works as such rules generally do, we judge there are more love manifestations there, than in any other institution of twice its size.



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## UNCLE RASTUS' PARROT.

New York Sun:—"Polly wants a cracker!" "No," retorted the parrot, "None of your poor white trash in mine. Give me a hoe cake."

---

## Had Drawn Only Blanks.

Chicago Tribune:—School boy (who has struck a snag in history lesson)—"Dick, what did it cost to buy Louisiana?" Elder brother (gloomily)—"I don't remember, Jerry, but it cost me \$96 last year to keep her going."

---

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## AHEAD, AS USUAL.

Terra Haute Express:—Englishman—"We have lately been building steamers that can sail over six inches of water."

American:—That's nothing. We have long had steamers in America that have sailed three days over due."

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## His Original Topic.

Chicago Tribune: Associate—"Have you finished your lecture to be delivered before the Association of Physicians?"

Doctor—"I have, and it will create a sensation."

"New subject?"

"Totally new and original in medical circles."

"What is it?"

"The good results to be obtained from the use of food."

---

## HAIR AND DIAMONDS.

Waseca Radical: "Another excellent feature of the McKinley tariff bill is that human hair is put on the free list. This with free diamonds just fixes the farmer. With a big diamond and a small wad of human foreign hair he can sit up nights and grow fat enjoying solid comfort."

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## Tender Grief Indeed.

New York Sun: The Rev. Dr. Primrose— I'm glad to see you so kind hearted and I love you for crying when your father cut the tail off your dog. What made him do it?

Little Johnnie—"To stop me tying a can to it"

---

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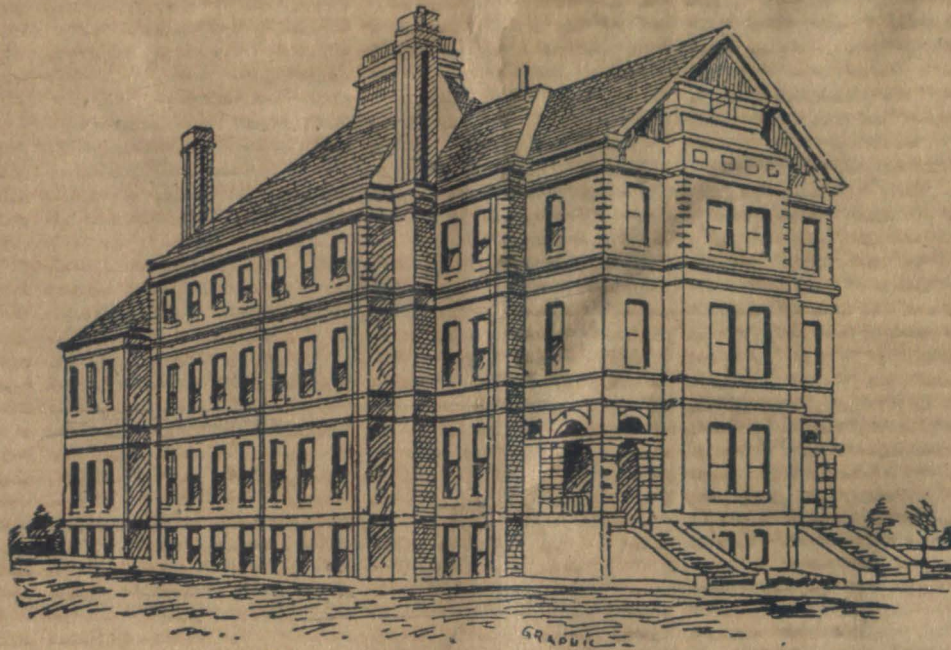
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