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[March 1895]

# THE STUDENT

VOL. VIII.

UNIVERSITY, NORTH DAKOTA.

No. 5

## Centre and Circumference.

[An Oration.]

Who of us have not stood upon the bank of some mossy stream and hurling stones into the water below, watched the circling eddies rise, expand, and fade away! These diminutive waves rise with a splash, but the rush of the first few moments is gradually lost in a smooth unruffled course. Life is somewhat like these little circles, ever broadening in the struggle towards the unobtainable. Discipline and knowledge furnish the means and methods. *Ego* reaches out and describes its new circumference.

Emerson has said: "Our life is an apprenticeship to the truth that around every circle another can be drawn; that there is no end in nature, but every end is a beginning."

Permanence then, is but a name. The artist, the sculptor, the scholar are laboring to excel, to become famous, to draw their circles outside of those that have already been described. The inventor wears his life away searching for the new that shall take the place of the old. The stage coach gives way to the swift speeding railway train, and steam is in turn displaced by electricity. All is subject to an endless course of change.

Thus it is in the world of thought. Every age has put forth its doctrines of philosophy and

its champions of truth; but time has brought other theories, other thinkers and extended the field of knowledge. Ideas that have stood apparently firm and immovable have been followed by ideas more just and comprehensive of truth. Fact leads to the discovery of fact, and the general law yields to one more general.

From early childhood until he murmurs his last farewell, "through nature to eternity," man is but a draftsman. His education is not complete until he ceases to labor and to live. The many years spent at school, the four or five years at college, constitute a small portion of his intellectual culture. Nor is his training at an end when he receives the precious tin roll. Labor and experience will enable him to draw many a circle outside of this and others that may be wrongly said to "finish his education." True, the Sophomore often sees himself standing at the limit of learning and wisdom; but this is only the little eddy that follows the first splash. When he becomes a Junior and pauses to think of some one beside himself, he is usually converted to the contrary belief.

We are all struggling amidst a multitude of possibilities. Ambition is our incentive. The ideal is perhaps something that the individual will never attain, yet he strives to reach it, and in so doing broadens, covers a larger area and becomes greater. The continual effort of man



to become something more than he really is, is visible everywhere, and is not limitation his greatest fault? We were attracted by some one perhaps, because of his ability, knowledge and genius. If we have reached the boundary line, there is nothing new.

The nation has today commemorated the birthday of one whose limitations we can not reach—its greatest hero. One who possessed almost infinite power and force of character. We study his life and deeds; they seem far beyond us and we regard him with admiration and love.

And is not this the same feeling we cherish toward the poet? Do we not love poetry because it enables us to reach beyond ourselves? With stirring fancy it rouses the sluggish soul, and we look into the future with happier thoughts and brighter expectations. Work is too apt to be associated with a certain routine of so many hours, minutes, and seconds. When then the production of some great imagination excites us, we see possibilities together with realities, and our new prospects become a power.

Literature is one of the greatest blessings bestowed upon us. With it lies the power of broadening in every direction, describing circle after circle with an ever increasing radius. We may look with Lowell from his Study Windows; we may wander through the streets of London with Dickens. We may dip into the future with the author of *Looking Backward*; we may go back through ages past with the immortal Greek. We may seek the companionship of the world's greatest artist, Shakespeare, who was "not for an age but for all time."

Put it as you will, rising above the present condition or reaching beyond it. You may represent the former by the ascending spiral, a series of circles in many planes. In the latter, concentric circles in the horizontal plane serve to illustrate the same truth.

Our virtues, too, are subject to this law. Each succeeding year, in so far as it bears us bravely through our various trials, must strengthen our moral character. The difference between impetuous youth and gentle old age is not one of years only. Light, floating clouds may obscure the half risen sun; but in the zenith, the cloud which would darken the earth must be thick and heavy.

We might go on with circles, political, social and religious. And yet, reform is the terror of many. It seems to take away that which we already have, while it is in reality the larger circle containing the smaller. The laboring man curses the invention that drives him out of immediate employment. The economist proves that the invention will create new labor for him, and in facilitating production benefit the community.

An eminent writer has said the present age is one of moral flippancy, "when it rains invitations to undertake journeys to the moon, and to peril the existence of solid realities, in the hope of establishing a millennium on their ruins." This, so unjustly overdrawn, is but an evidence of progress. While we do not wish to soar, we can hope to accomplish nothing if we do not rise above, or reach beyond, ourselves. The whole universe is a series of concentric circles and the nineteenth is but a prophecy of the twentieth century.

Life is a system of moving circles with a centre whose nature we cannot know, the human soul. I use the words of another: "Far superior to all knowledge, thought and genius, the soul labors to create something equal to itself." This is why we struggle to do something better than we all have done—to become better than we are.

From this wonderful centre may we ever continue to stretch out our hands, each describing a new circumference.

HENRIETTA T. PAULSON, '94.



### A Lover Chides a Stream Which Bars His Path.

[FROM THE LATIN OF OVID.]

Oh Stream, thy muddy banks with reeds o'ergrown,  
 I hasten to my sweetheart, pause awhile!  
 Thou hast no bridge, no hollow skiff is thine,  
 Without the rower's stroke on tight-drawn ropes  
 To bear the traveller o'er thy foaming waves.  
 Once wast thou small, thy highest-swelling wave  
 My ankles scarcely reached,—I mind it well,—  
 Nor then to cross thee was I wont to fear.  
 Now dost thou rage, with newly melted snows  
 From yonder mount thy current hugely swelled.  
 In treacherous whirlpools roll thy angry waves.  
 What boots this haste? Why dost thou give  
 So little time to peace and quiet rest?  
 Why join the day and night in ceaseless toil?  
 Respect thy limits, thus and forever flow  
 Within thy bounds, nor seek to wander far  
 Beyond thy confines, o'er thy lofty banks.  
 Believe me, raging one, on thee will light  
 Such hatred fell, as will be hard to bear,  
 If men shall say that me, a lover fond,  
 Thou didst delay, a barrier in my path.  
 Young men in love ought rivers all to aid,  
 Since rivers oft the pangs of love have felt.  
 'Tis said Inachus pallid onward rolled  
 And in his frozen waters burned with love  
 For the Bythinian nymph. Thou, too, 'tis whispered,  
 Hast with passion glowed for some light-footed maid.  
 But groves and woods your crimes forever hide.  
 While thus I spoke, more broad with widening waves  
 His channel grew. Though deep, the rushing flood  
 It could not hold; so far and wide it spread.  
 Thou furious torrent, by what right dost thou  
 My plans thus frustrate, mutual joys destroy?  
 Why dost thou, rustic, thus obstruct my path?  
 Art thou a stream, I pray, of high renown?  
 And does thy fame resound throughout the earth?  
 Name thou hast none; composed of transient rills;  
 Nor fountains deep nor any certain home.  
 Thy fountains are but rain and melted snows—  
 Riches that sluggish Winter gives to thee.  
 But when the year its snowy mantle dons,  
 What then becomes of all thy noisy pride?  
 Then dost thou crawl, a muddy stream, along  
 Or dry and dusty press the parched soil.  
 What traveller then doth slake his thirst with thee  
 And grateful say "Go on forever more?"  
 To flocks a curse and to the fertile fields  
 A greater evil still, thy waters roll.  
 Such sorrows others, me my own provoke.  
 Ah me! the loves of rivers do I sing  
 To him? What madness turns my brain?  
 It shames me now such high and noble things  
 To speak so lightly to unworthy ears.

Man's humanity to man—placing an empty  
 cake box before a hungry student.

### Social Intercourse as a Factor in Education.

"Social intercourse is the the teacher of all things to mortals." So wrote Eurpides long ago. At first glance this may appear to be a sweeping statement and one lacking foundation in fact. Yet, carry it to its logical conclusion and analyze it and its truth will become evident. What is man when isolated from his kind, from childhood up, but a being little above the ancestral ape? Again, where does he get his education but by social intercourse? Books, his teachers, are but the thoughts of men transmitted from age to age in a tangible form. All of the great men of the past that is worth preserving, the soul itself, is there on the printed page. There you may meet them in the freest and most profitable social intercourse. Unless endowed with superhuman attributes, you will meet a human mind under one form or another in every field of inquiry; and thus, your whole education becomes a sort of social intercourse; you will, therefore readily admit the truth of the Greek dramatist's statement.

In the most degraded branches of the human family the social instinct is feeble if not wholly absent. It is said that the Bushmen of Australia have no social intercourse in the proper sense of that term. A nation's status in the civilized world is determined by its development of the social faculties. There may be danger of ignoring the individual, his influence and importance, in the present age; still, it must be conceded that as a social being man is to achieve success and work out the destiny of the human race. Isolate a man and you start him on a downward path, which, if followed, would ultimately lead him to the condition of the Australian Bushman. It may sound strange, but it is nevertheless true, that in the last decade of the nineteenth century there are men and women, who if left



entirely to their own instincts, would be making rapid strides toward that goal. Still less credible will appear the statement that some of those individuals are to be found in our halls of learning and in the University of North Dakota. Yet it is equally as true as the former assertion. Yes, there are some of our students who, carried away by a false conception of the nature of education, are ruining their health and dissipating their powers by an incessant poring over books. Their only occupation is ceaseless digging into text-books and an endless cramming of their systems with facts, principles, and theories, never digested. From lack of exercise the physical man becomes sallow, wasted, and weak, and the spiritual part fares even worse. By an unalterable law of nature, the disuse of a member entails deterioration. It is so with the muscles; it is so with the faculties of the mind. Now, imagine what will become of the social instinct in such an individual. If not wholly destroyed, it will at least lie dormant. This hollow-faced wretch will soon begin to shun all his kind and become a solitary, moping idiot. This is, of course, carrying the case to extremes impossible in any community. Other men will not permit it and the individual, no matter how much he may desire it, can not cut himself off entirely from his neighbors. But he does all in his power to bring himself to the stage just described.

Many of us come here from the log cabin in the backwoods and the sod shanty on the frontier. And what do we come here for? To try to make men of ourselves; to rub off the corners and get rid of the greenness. But can we hope to accomplish these objects if we, keep ourselves, as far as lies in our power, out of the society of our betters? If we make of ourselves pale bookworms and exchange the healthy simplicity of the rustic for the nauseous pedantry of the recluse?

Aside from these considerations, the individual "has no right to live in selfish isolation from his fellowmen." As a member of the community, he has certain obligations to discharge. In return for protection of life and property, he is in duty bound to make certain sacrifices of privileges peculiar to him as an individual. And, to bring the case home, in return for the splendid opportunities for improvement offered him by the state, it is incumbent upon him to make the most of himself and to strive to become a good citizen. These sacrifices it ought not to be hard to make, since, by making them, untold benefits, obtainable in no other way, will accrue to him. Yet, as was intimated before, some of us seem to have lost sight of all these things.

And now let us glance at the inestimable benefits to be derived from good society. "Social life gives breadth of view, tends to remove the narrowness into which, if left to ourselves, we would be likely to degenerate. It gives us ease of manner and self-possession which we can acquire in no other way. And hence it gives power. For a man must know how to use other men if he would have the most power over them; must know how to meet them, must have address. And that he can gain only through mingling with society."

And yet, some of us as students seem to ignore all this in our relation to the University, and the University, as a whole, seems to forget it in its relation to the city on whose outskirts we reside for nine months out of the year. This can not fail to bring about the most disastrous results and to militate most powerfully against our success in life. We go out from here only half educated. We know next to nothing of the world except through the fallacious medium of books. We furnish examples for the man who says that college bred



men are mere theorists and cranks. Instead of developing the whole man, body and mind, we are utterly neglecting one side of our natures. As reasonably might the man who never exercises his left arm hope to become an athlete as we, with such one-sided development, expect to become educated men and women. Shall we shut ourselves up and from our respective corners hope to guide the world through our pens? To do so requires a genius; and we are not geniuses, but simply common persons, most of us, whose sphere of activity must be narrow and who, to make our lives a success, must learn to influence our immediate neighbors.

"Now and then a man, exquisitely made, can live alone; but coop up most men and you undo them," says Emerson. Social intercourse of the right kind "tends to give a polish and finish to character which it otherwise would not have. One of the derivations of the word 'gentleman' makes it come from 'gentile,' that is, one who has been among other people, has travelled, and so gained that polish of manner that can only come from mingling with other people." Book learning is all very well, but it is not the whole of a liberal education, and if we proceed on the assumption that it is, we shall become mere theorists and cranks in very truth, beings unfit for the world and for whom the world is unfit. In the street, the assembly, and the busy market place, the statesman, the philosopher, and litterateur, must learn their most valuable lessons. In the court-room the lawyer must learn his law, in the sick chamber the doctor must study the art of healing. Contact with our fellow men is the only way to gain ascendancy over them.

Let us, therefore, as individual students abandon all such senseless and suicidal seclusion, and as a body, as a community, do our utmost to establish and maintain closer and more

extensive social relations with the city to which we are such near neighbors.

BARDI G. SKULASON,

### Honor the Goddess of Music—Frau Musica.

[GERMAN COLLEGE SONG—TRANSLATION.]

A lusty old Musician, once travelled up the Nile,  
O tempora, O mores!  
There crawled from out the water a monstrous crocodile,  
O tempora, O mores!  
Whose project was to eat him;—oh sound his praise afar,  
Hurrah za-za-za, O tempo-tempora,  
Eternal honor be to thee, Frau Musica.

Then seized the old Musician his darling violin,  
O tempora, O mores!  
And catching up his handy bow, to play he did begin,  
O tempora, O mores!  
Allegro, dolce, presto;—oh, sound her praise afar,  
Hurrah za-za-za, O tempo-tempora,  
Eternal honor be to thee, Frau Musica.

The saurian heard a single note, he stopped as if en-  
O tempora, O mores! [tranced,  
And scarcely were two measures played, ere he began  
O tempora, O mores! [to dance,  
Minuett, galop and quickstep;—oh sound her praise afar,  
Hurrah za-za-za, O tempo-tempora,  
Eternal honor be to thee, Frau Musica.

The crocodile upon the sand, kept dancing round and  
O tempora, O mores! [round,  
He danced till he had shaken full seven pyramids down,  
O tempora, O mores!  
For these are tall and shaky;—oh, sound her praise afar,  
Hurrah za-za-za, O tempo-tempora,  
Eternal honor be to thee, Frau Musica.

The pyramids fell on the beast and smashed him like a  
O tempora, O mores! [pan,  
And the fiddler sought a tavern, to refresh the inner  
O tempora, O mores! [man,  
Burgundy, Hock and Lager;—oh, sound their praise afar,  
Hurrah za-za-za, O tempo-tempora,  
Eternal honor be to thee, Frau Musica.

A fiddler's throat is bottomless, it never can be filled,  
O tempora, O mores!  
So if he hasn't gone away, he sits there drinking still,  
O tempora, O mores!  
Now let us all drink with him; oh,—sound her praise afar,  
Hurrah za-za-za, O tempo-tempora,  
Eternal honor be to thee, Frau Musica.  
(They all drink.)

Instructor (illustrating a topic).—What was the distinguishing feature in the Freshman class in '93?

Will (who is taking the subject again).—Ponies!



## College • World

Of 29 mayors of Boston, 13 have been Harvard graduates.

Nearly 300 young women are enrolled at Leland Stanford.

Athletes have gone into training for next summer's contests, in the eastern colleges.

The largest University in the world is at Cairo, with its 10,000 students. It was founded A. D. 973. The smallest is in another part of Africa, and has 5 students and 12 professors.

During Pres. Dwight's seven years of administration, Yale has received \$4,000,000 in gifts.

A late number of the *Ariel* publicly thanks Mr. Chute for a donation to the Minnesota University. Who will start the fashion of bequeathing property to the U. N. D.?

Chauncey M. Depew said recently to the Yale students: "What made the class of '53 so famous was that half the members went into journalism, and praised the other half."

Lieut. John H. Alexander of the ninth cavalry, and one of the two colored officers in the army, has been detailed as instructor in military science at Wilberforce University. It is claimed to be the first time such a detail was ever given to a colored man.

As a result of the College Y. M. C. A. movement, over twenty thousand students are reported to have become Christians in America during the sixteen years of its existence; three thousand have entered the ministry and over six hundred have gone into foreign mission work.

Squibs.—My, what a divine spirit there is in the Sophomore class. One of them objected to looking at a piece of mineral because it wasn't pure.

### Science Electives.

Communication.

Permit me, Mr. Editor, to add a few words to what was said last month on the above subject. I am glad that attention has been called to this (I hope unintentional) disadvantage under which the science student labors. A glance at the course of study shows that a choice of French, German or Scandinavian is the only elective given in the science course. The arts students have the same choice of modern languages, and of seven other subjects as well. Is this entirely just?

True it is that "the interests of the University as a whole must be consulted, rather than individuals;" but what composes the University? Is it not individuals? We do not wish the privilege of choosing easier subjects. We do not wish to risk the accusation that we took the science course because we were too lazy to grapple with any other. If two subjects are offered as alternates, let one be made as difficult as the other. But every one knows that more and better work may be done on a congenial task than on one that is entirely foreign to the student's nature. One student likes languages, and hates mathematics. Would the University go to pieces if he were allowed to substitute Latin or Greek for analytical geometry and calculus?

Other changes will readily suggest themselves. Some studies are sadly slighted. What can a student learn of botany in two fall terms, with an interval of five years between them? If it is absolutely necessary to have a knowledge of psychology, ethics, and political economy could not shorter courses in them be arranged? I think that most of the teachers would be glad to have special work done in their departments. As it would be individual work, general direction only would be necessary, and the teaching force would not be increased. This school is far behind many others in this respect, and there seems to be no reason why more electives should not be offered, if we, fellow students, are only persistent in asking for them. '95.







mentioned above. In our experience interest is taken in the societies only when some battle is being waged. In former years there was plenty of rivalry and the societies flourished. This year the hatchet has been buried, and old-time enmities and long-standing differences lost to view. Nothing has disturbed the even tenor of our way, and we have had a regular love-feast. Factional strife, while it has its disadvantages, is productive of good. Our college course should be a species of warfare. Our best efforts are put forth when conducting a siege or planning an attack. If we cannot have local and personal issues, let us have national and political issues; if not real strife let us make believe. A mock senate would arouse a great deal of interest, would divide us into hostile camps and rouse us from the deep stupor into which we have fallen.

**A**MONG The collections of interest in our museum is one now being arranged, consisting of bird skins and eggs, donated by R. P. Currie of the class of '93. The collection is one which it has taken Mr. Currie years to collect and will serve as a nucleus for a collection that will in time embrace all the species of birds and their eggs to be found in North Dakota. Besides those collected by himself, Mr. Currie donated a number of sets from different places in North America, including some from Iceland and the Bahamas.

**T**HE Sad news of the death of P. P. Allen of Thompson, N. D., reached us on Monday, Feb. 20th. Mr. Allen, who was well known and esteemed throughout the community, was the father of Miss Jennie Allen, former preceptress at the University, and of Frances Allen of the class of '89. We would extend our sympathy to them in this time of sorrow.

## The Alumni

Graduates are requested to communicate items of interest to this column.

Corrections of any errors made in this column will be thankfully received.

Matter for publication should be sent in before the twentieth of each month.

Address all letters to

THE STUDENT,  
UNIVERSITY, N. D.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 14, 1894.

To The Student:

It was with great pleasure that I noticed, in the November number of THE STUDENT, the column set apart for the Alumni of our University; not that I consider myself able to write anything for it that will be of any special interest or instruction to my fellow Alumni, or to the body of students who are following in the steps which we have trod, but it makes us feel (I think I can safely say this for all of the Alumni) that we are still connected with our beloved *Alma Mater*, and that when we have left the college walls and gone out into the cold, cold world, we can look to the U. N. D., and consider it as still our home. It only remains for us, the Alumni, to keep the column well filled with news, and thus show our appreciation of the kind forethought of the editors of the University paper, and bring about the purpose that this column was intended to fulfill.

In regard to the Alumni reunion at Commencement, 1894, I think that no one can doubt its desirability. The only question is the ability of enough graduates to attend it, to make a success of the undertaking. For those who are living near the University, I should think that they could arrange to attend if they would plan a little in advance of the time. Unfortunately, however, we are not all so favorably situated. The matters of time and



space loom up before us in a way that make us rather despair of accomplishing it. If any of our mathematical friends can solve this knotty problem for us, we will be greatly obliged. The body of the Alumni is increasing year by year, and it is time that it should be better represented at the yearly commencements. At that time, it is fitting that they should be present in as large numbers as possible and make it an occasion of renewing friendships and memories of college days. May we, the Alumni, do all in our power to be present, and to thus aid the cause for which our society was organized. Hoping to hear from the other members of the Alumni in regard to this matter through the columns of THE STUDENT, I remain,

Very truly,

ROLLA P. CURRIE, '93.

M. W. Smith, '90, is again able to resume his studies in the Boston Medical School.

W. J. Marclay, '91, has been appointed House Surgeon in Boothby's Hospital, Boston.

Jno. D. Campbell, '90, is principal of the Tower City schools, Cass county, N. Dak.

Mrs. F. Boyd, *nee* Irene Mares, '89, presented her husband with twins last week. Mother and twins doing well. Congratulations.

Peter Sharp, '90, has been elected county attorney for Norman County, Minn., with his office at Ada. THE STUDENT wishes the young attorney every success.

G. S. Sprague, '93, has found his calling at last. He is travelling for the *Churchman*, the official organ of the Episcopal church. We wish him success, and hope he will call on us in his travels.

Geo. F. Robertson, '91, president of the Alumni, spent a few days with us last week, reviewing the scenes of his school days. Mr.

Robertson was making arrangements for the Alumni banquet at Commencement. He expects to return in a few weeks to complete them. This is a timeley move on the part of the president and he should receive the hearty co-operation of every graduate. From what we can learn the attendance will be unusually large, and the meeting will be one of lasting importance.

#### A Letter from Per Gradus.

Now that our association has adopted the rule of our sister society Adelphi, viz: the exclusion of all non-members during sessions of the society, it may be of interest to outsiders to know what we are doing.

The society was never in a more prosperous condition than at present; the interest is largely due to new members, these being nearly all the young ladies from the Preparatory department. We have now under consideration the adoption of a society pin. Our programs are assuming a new feature. The omission of debates for the two coming weeks being a noticeable feature, while the substitution of reading, declamations, essays and music cannot fail to benefit and entertain.

While we do not claim to possess the talent of our big sister, Adelphi, we defy any to say that interest in Per Gradus is degenerating.

A MEMBER.

#### Cuts and Bruises.

First Student (after receiving his examination returns).—"Is there anything worse than being plucked in a study?"

Second Student (looking at his own returns sadly).—"Yes,—to be plucked in two!"

Mr. Cozman.—What a pity Adam wasn't born in North Dakota.

Miss D.—Why?

Mr. C.—Well, the human race wouldn't be compelled to work because of Eve's eating the forbidden fruit.



## Exchange

The *Phoenixian* from Earlham College has much excellent original matter. Specially interesting this month are "A Letter from Italy" and a biographical sketch of Lucy Stone.

\* \* \*

The *Yankton Student* has a good article on "Student Representation in College Government."

\* \* \*

The *Banner*, from the School for the Deaf at Devils Lake, is publishing a translation of "The Savant and the Crocodile." Members of the French class could have appreciated it last term.

\* \* \*

North Dakota is not in the rear by any means in the matter of amateur journalism. Besides *Ink Drops*, there is the *Wahpetonian*, a 16-page paper full of good things, the *Normal Item*, from Valley City, short but sweet; *Prairie Breezes*, Fargo, and *The Banner* from Devils Lake.

\* \* \*

The dainty little poem entitled "How They Made Up," in the Christmas number of THE STUDENT, from University of North Dakota, presents a New Year's session in a very attractive guise.—*Normal College Echo*.

\* \* \*

The *Normal Student*, from Valparaiso, Ind., a large 16-page weekly, is running a series of biographical sketches of prominent Americans. The editor "wonders how papers are supported at some colleges much smaller than this." We know of *one* that is largely run on faith, neighbor.

\* \* \*

The *Yale Alumni Weekly* is not very inter-

esting reading to an outsider, for it is packed full of news concerning Yale graduates. It will be sure of patronage, for no alumnus would do without it. We wish, though, that the editor would impart his secret of getting news from the Alumni.

\* \* \*

*DePauw Weekly* prints the "Writers' Ten Commandments," which all writers, in school or out, would do well to learn.

### Washington's Birthday.

The open meeting of the Adelphi society was the most brilliant event of the year and showed that the University is not wanting in patriotism. The meeting was held in the large parlor of the ladies' hall. The room was gaily decorated with the national colors, and the draping of the beautiful battalion and national flags above the stage curtain was very effective. The cadet rifles were stacked in different corners of the room beneath the stars and stripes gracefully draped above them, Washington's hatchet on the wall, and the many little ornaments peeping out here and there from their partially concealed nooks, all blended under the glare of the bright chandeliers to give the room a martial air that was simply charming.

At 8 o'clock Pres. Hempstead called the meeting to order, and on behalf of the society, greeted the guests with a hearty welcome, and in a few well chosen words spoke of the society and the work it is doing.

The first number on the program was an instrumental solo very ably rendered by Miss Dora Creswell.

Miss Helen De Groat, in the neat costume of a jockey with whip in hand, showed "How Salvator Won." Miss De Groat acquitted herself with great credit.

Mrs. Geo. McCaskey, in her usually charming



manner, sang "Going to Market," and later in the program sang a beautiful solo, "The Pretty Mountain Maid."

Miss Paulson's oration, "Centre and Circumference," which appears elsewhere in this issue, was rendered in a most able manner.

Miss Cora Adams, in her solo, "Merrily I Roam," brought forth a rousing applause.

Fred Bechdolt recited "The Battle Hymn of Labor" in a manner that well sustained his reputation as a speaker.

Frank Adams gave a very pleasing violin solo, "The Pretty Mountain Maid," with a piano accompaniment by Miss Hyslop, and the program closed with a farce entitled "The Garroters," by William Dean Howells, with the following dramatis personæ:

Mrs. Roberts . . . . .	Neva Bostwick
Mr. Roberts . . . . .	W. L. Cooper
Willis . . . . .	C. A. Fairchild
Mrs. Crashaw . . . . .	Lizzier Angier
Mr. Bemis . . . . .	E. B. Robbins
Mr. Bemis, Jr. . . . .	R. Ray
Mrs. Bemis . . . . .	Josie McCaskey
Dr. Lawton . . . . .	H. R. York

Mr. Cooper as "Mr. Roberts" showed conclusively that his fortune awaits him on the stage.

A large attendance from the city added to the interest and a very pleasant reception was held after the program.

**To Our Patrons.**

Our advertisers are the true friends of THE STUDENT—they supply the life-blood, without which the history of our school life could not be chronicled and presented for the admiration and imitation of future generations. It cannot, therefore, be a matter of surprise if we heartily recommend them to the patronage of our readers, the students, and their friends visiting Grand Forks. It would enhance the position of THE STUDENT very much before the commercial advertising portion of the community if it could be known that patronage was consequent upon announcement in our pages. Boys, can you not see to it that this be done? Patronize the STUDENT Hotels and Restaurants, and Jewelers and Clothiers, etc.

♦ ♦ Local ♦ ♦

A number of our young people attended the opera March 5th.

Mr. Geo. Robterson, '92, visited the U. N. D. the first of the month.

Miss Helen De Groat visited friends in Hillsboro a few days, returning Feb. 20th.

The president's parting injunction is ever "Remember to drink nothing down town."

Did you see the procession of the "K. N. S. Lodge?" If not you missed the event of the season.

Miss Sadie Lauterman was indisposed a few days last month but is around again just as pleasant as ever.

Trustee Upson and Mrs. Upson attended the open meeting of the Adelphi society on Washington's birthday.

Miss Genevieve Arnold, '90, is one of the Alumni who did not forget to attend the open meeting of the Adelphi.

Instructor.—Mr. B., what does *incidental* mean?

Mr. B.—Five dollars, ma'am.

We are very sorry to hear that Miss Minnie Kellogg has left our ranks. She will be much missed by her fellow Sophomores.

Miss Lilian Robinson has left us to attend the college at her home in Fargo, N. D. She will be greatly missed by one and all.

Miss Ida Lanterman of Hillsboro, spent a week at the University visiting her sister. A hearty welcome ever awaits her here.

Miss Mamie Kingsland, '96, another editor of this department, has been absent for some time, being confined to the house with erysipelas.

Among those ill in the city of Grand Forks we regret to hear the names of Prof. Root' Miss Marguerite Bechdolt and Prof. Estes' little son.

Dr. Thomas.—(Contemplating the record of the Freshman Greek class.)—

"One by one the sands are flowing,  
Some are coming, some are going;  
Do not strive to grasp them all."



Misses Paulson and McCaskey, Messrs. Love and McDonald attended a party given by Miss Nellie Freeman at her home in Grand Forks, March 4th.

Prof. Macnie gave a very interesting talk on "Eaton School and Vicinity" on Saturday evening, March 3rd. The professor is a most charming story teller.

Mr. Brennan still persists in being an athlete. He has gotten as far as the cripple already and is waiting patiently to race with some other daring person.

The "New Comedy of Errors" is being acted with great success. It begins with a battle and ends with the quelling of all insurrections and a declaration of peace.

Dr. Eaton's practice has been so increased that she has not been able to take her Physical Culture class of late but is back once more and finds us prepared to resume with renewed vigor.

We are pleased to state that Miss Willa Carothers, '96, of the local department, has almost recovered from her sickness and intends to return to work at the opening of the spring term.

Ice Man.—"I see you fellers talkin' a lot in THE STUDENT about bacteria and microbes and things in the water; now I've been lookin' in my ice right along and I can't find one."—That settles it.

We are glad to record the fact that none of the students in the University are ill, thanks to the boiled water regime, and that those called home through the fears of their parents have rejoined us.

All members of the University are very grateful to Prof. Woodworth for his kindness to us in holding services every Sunday in the parlor and to Prof. Macnie for his teaching our Sunday School class so faithfully and well.

Baseball for the coming season will not be up to the high water mark of last year unless some means are developed to raise funds for bats, balls and other needed apparatus. A meeting of the O. A. A. should be called at once to look into this matter. If we neglect raising money until fair weather arrives a great deal of valuable time will be lost waiting for supplies.

On the evening of March 4th, Prof. Macnie delivered an interesting lecture on Soudan and its suburbs. His manner of mingling anecdotes and bits of personal experience with the dryer details of history and architecture proves extremely interesting to an audience.

On February 20th, Mr. Irving McDonald, '95, received a telegram calling him home to the sick bed of his father. He left on the same day for West Superior. THE STUDENT joins with his many friends in expressing our heartfelt sympathy for Irving, and our hope that his father may yet recover.

Carlton's "Three Lovers in Shadow" pantomime was very successfully given at a recent Saturday evening reception. The disappointment on finding that the lover from the ceiling was but a pair of boots might be likened to the child's grief at discovering Santa Claus to be an imposter—"Things are not what they seem."

Some of the numbers of the Y. W. C. A. are doing active work at present in the way of feeding poor wanderers who are so thin that their forms fade to a shadow on the light walls as a window is heard to rise from above. We hear less promising reports from our brothers who feed their poor starving fellow beings with the crumbs from their repasts "after the spread is over."

President Merrifield has given, in the parlors of the dormitory, two very interesting lectures on his visits at London, illustrated by stereoscopic views. It furnishes a very pleasing as well as instructive way of passing our Saturday evenings and we hope they will be continued. Last Saturday evening after the lecture, nearly all adjourned to the rink where they thoroughly enjoyed a frigid skate.

Jno. E. Hempstead left for Detroit Feb. 26th. Mr. Hempstead is a delegate from the University Y. M. C. A. to the international convention of the Students Volunteer Movement which assembles there February 28th and closes March 4th. Mr. Hempstead is a genuine college man, and filled with the college spirit, so we may look for an impetus to college life on his return from a week's sojourn with college men from all parts of the world.



At the regular meeting of Per Gradus the following officers were elected for the coming term: Lars J. Wehe, speaker; Geo. Robbins, vice speaker; Miss Bisby, secretary; Miss Moody, treasurer; N. E. Johnson, seargt.-at-arms; Daniel Johnson, assistant seargt.-at-arms. The average attendance for the month was an exceedingly good one, being 31. Total number of resident members 33.

A novel feature of one of our recent receptions was a slight conflagration caused by an overturned lamp. A judicious application of blankets and quilts quickly smothered the blaze. Meanwhile some long-headed members of the fire department distinguished themselves by the rapidity with which they turned on the hose. After the fire these same individuals carefully replaced the hose with the water still running.

J. F. Douglas, our Senior Normal and brother editor on the local department, was found missing after the northbound train passed here February 17th, and we have not heard anything of him since. He is reported to have gone home to Grafton and is expected to return in a few days—so *someone* has whispered—and if the expected does not arrive before this issue of THE STUDENT appears, any shortcomings in this department may be laid to him.

Query! Will you come?  
Where? To "Budge Cottage."  
When? 6 P. M.-7:30 P. M., Wednesday, Jan 31, '94.  
What for? To eat supper with Mr. and Mrs. Babcock.

It was in response to the above unique invitation that a small party of students were seen to cross the campus in the direction of Broadway a little before dusk on Wednesday evening, January 31st, on their way to Budge cottage, jubilant in anticipation of the many good things that awaited them. No one who has not attended one of these little gatherings can appreciate what an enjoyable feature they are to our little social circle, and this occasion, like every

other, was *par excellence*. At each place at the table was a mysteriously folded paper bearing the name of the person intended to sit there. The paper contained digestion powders which proved to be quotations on small slips of paper. The party consisted of the Misses Angier, De Groat, Jones and Paulson, and Messrs. Radcliffe, MacDonald, Skulason and Brennan.

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