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[December 1896]

THE STUDENT.

VOL. X.

UNIVERSITY, NORTH DAKOTA.

NO. 3.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT BAKKEN.

The children of the tenants' house at Bakken were wild with joy. They ran out and in like frightened chickens. Even they were happy in anticipation of Christmas, happier than they had ever been before, because this year they were not only to have better bread and fish and belogne and porridge, as much as they could eat, but Father was also coming home from his work on the railroad in Norrland, where he had been the whole year.

Who could tell what he would bring? The year before when Anders of Nystenn came home from Norrland he had brought for his little boy pockets full of candy, and an unpainted wooden horse as long as a man's hand, with a real mane and tail.

Neither John who was seven years old, nor Lena, who was five, had ever had a Christmas present in their whole lives, but they knew that there were such things, and then, Father had never come home from Norrland before on Christmas Eve.

Now, however, both children were frightened because Mother had been so queer all day. "Today is Christmas Eve, isn't it, Mother?" they had called to her when, that morning, she had come from from the decons with milk for supper and some chalk from the store to whiten the fireplace.

"Yes, it is," she had answered, but so softly

that they could hardly hear it, and they saw that her face was as white as the cloth already spread on the table. And when she had come in she had fallen on a chair by the door and looked at the fireplace with large, frightened eyes, as though she had never seen it before, but she did not whiten it. John went over to her, took her hand in his and said, "Isn't Father coming soon!" Then she covered her face with both hands and whispered, "Go out on the hill and play, children."

So they went out on the hill behind the woodshed and played at working on the railroad, according to the account given in Father's letter. John, as Foreman Jonsson, stood on the chopping block giving commands, and Lena came from behind the barn, pushing a little evergreen bush before her, and asked "Does Jonsson want this wagon up there?"

Then they took a peep at the door again, but there was the chalk in the sack as before, and Mother sat with her head resting on the table, weeping as though her heart would break.

Poor Mother, it had been so hard to get enough to eat in the little house at Bakken ever since she had moved in as a bride, and last Christmas the money that she and Kalle had saved with so much labor during the fall had just sufficed to buy enough food for Christmas. Father wanted to go to Norrland to work on the railroad and in order to get money to go with

they had to sell their only sheep.

They had to part for a whole year; it could not be helped. Every month he sent home money. Mother bought another sheep, clothes for the children, a quilt, and a new kettle. The rest of the money she had put in the bank, and the whole neighborhood said how well Kalle Jonsson was doing.

Mother spun and half starved all winter, worked all spring and summer, and used as little of the money as possible. She had put fifty dollars in the bank, and Father himself was coming home Christmas eve. The happiness was great.

That morning, when Lisa had gone to the deacon's, she was not unlike the Lisa whom Kalle had danced with on Hallowe'en and had accompanied when she went after the cows in the evening. Her sparkling eyes and smiling face might even be called pretty. She walked as proudly as any queen, swinging her pail and every now and then singing snatches of song, a thing she had not done for many a year, and the echoes gave answer from the forest.

"Did you eve. see the like! what has happened to Lisa Jonsson today?" said Jesse Vestby, who was getting his horse shod at the blacksmith's.

"Why, she is happy because Kalle is coming home from Norrland," said the blacksmith. "There's good iron for you. He has sent over three hundred dollars home to his wife."

The old deacon grew very sober when he caught sight of Lisa coming from the store. "Oh yes! oh yes! you're expecting Kalle home today, are you Lisa?" said he.

"Yes, he comes to Wislanna on the afternoon train, and there are ten miles to walk."

"Hm,—hm— oh yes, oh yes! Things do not always turn out as we expect. 'My thoughts are not your thoughts,' saith the Lord."

"For Heaven's sake, what do you mean! Has anything happened to Kalle?" cried Lisa in

the greatest distress as she sank on a chair.

"There, there, be quiet. Give her a cup of coffee, Mother. You must not take it so hard."

But Lisa didn't want coffee; she wanted to know what was the matter. Finally he showed her, in the morning paper, an account of a landslide on the Norrland railroad. All the men were badly hurt and three were killed. One of these was Kalle Jonsson from Bakken in Smaaland.

How she got home she doesn't know to this day; but when the children ran to meet her at the gate she thought her heart would break.

"May we run and meet him down the road?" asked Lena, looking in the door, afraid and trembling.

"Come in, my poor little ones. Listen, children. If it should happen—that is—if Father is—you run out till—"

She could not tell them.

It was getting dark, and still Mother sat by the table, and the fireplace was black and gray. The children had crept to bed and were crying softly.

"Mother, we are so hungry," sobbed Lena at last, when it seemed to her that their mother had forgotten them. Lisa got up quietly and gave them each a piece of *belogne* and a slice of bread.

It was half-past five and the train came at two. Just about the time he would have been home if—. She felt as though she would die. She had to get up and stir around or she would smother. She began to whiten the fireplace, slowly and carefully, without looking at what she did.

Someone lifted the latch. Lisa started and flushed, what if it should be—

It was only the blacksmith who wanted to know if Kalle had come home. Lisa cast a look toward the bed; the children were asleep. Then she told him the sad news. He stood for a long time without saying a word, then wiped his

eyes with his hard, rough hand. Then said in a voice hollow with emotion, "You musn't give up entirely, Lisa. When anyone dies in a strange place the friends always get a letter. Did you get a letter?"

"No. The paper—"

"The paper isn't a letter, Lisa. God help and comfort you under all circumstances, poor —." He went.

The children continued to sleep. She lighted one of the two candles which she had bought, set the kettle on and took Kalle's last letter out of the drawer.

"Dear Lisa. I am well. I send you five dollars. If you get time strip some birch bark in the wood and I will fix the roof when the snow goes off in the spring."

She had done so. A large pile of beautiful bark was stored away in the loft, with big, flat stones on it. But when the snow melted on the roof in the spring, it would also melt on Kalle's grave.

* * * *

A little trembling hand stretched up to her face, patted her tear-stained cheeks softly, and a little voice whispered, "Don't be vexed, Mother, but isn't Father coming soon so we can light both candles?"

Then she had lost her self control entirely, and while the tears flowed down her cheeks, she took the boy in her lap and cried in wild despair, "My poor boy, you have no father. They have killed him up there in Norrland. He will never, never come home again. God help us!"

* * * *

"Why! why! You have entirely lost your senses, Lisa, frightening the little ones in this way just because the train got stuck in the snow, and I am here two hours late," cried a bright, happy voice in the door.

"Kalle!" cried Lisa, and threw out both hands; and then—she fainted.

"Bring me some water," cried Kalle, holding his poor wife in his arms. Then she opened her eyes and threw her arms about his neck. It was soon explained that it was another gang of workmen, and another Karl Jonsson, of Bakken in Wedbo Sogn, who was killed, and whom the deacon had read about.

Lisa's heart was full of joy, but as soon as the first excitement was over she hid her feelings under a calm exterior, as is the custom among that class, although they have hearts as warm and loving as any one.

She went softly to and fro preparing the porridge and Christmas cakes. Once—just once—when she thought of what might have happened, she seated herself on the bench beside Kalle, took him awkwardly and bashfully by the hand, and whispered, "I was almost wild, Kalle. It is so pleasant that you came."

And Kalle looked up from his bag, out of which he drew for the children, whose faces were beaming with joy, a whole box of tin soldiers, a little doll, great, large caramels, and two bags of nuts. Smiling, he said, "Do you think so, Lisa? You would not have liked it if I had been killed up there?"

Heavy footsteps were heard outside. It was the blacksmith who came in.

"Why, here he is! Lively as a cricket. I thought it was you who walked by a little while ago. Yes, wasn't that what I said? Nobody dies in a strange place without the friends getting a letter."

You seem to know everything," said Lisa.

"Yes, it helps one along to know something of the world. But—Merry Christmas, I suppose I should have said first."

J. K.

Examinations were held on the regular holiday, Monday, Dec. 21, but no one objected for all were anxious to get home as soon as possible.

CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN.

As we are approaching the welcome Christmas time and a new year, there comes undoubtedly to most of us cherished thoughts of the keen delight we used to feel as children at this time.

Christmas is observed as a joyous feast all over the Christian world, but there is a great deal of difference in the manner in which it is observed. In my mind is a vivid picture of an old fashioned Christmas in Sweden. Old fashioned, for, in spite of all modern customs, this one seems to be too sacred for change. Every mortal and immortal being in that country knows when Christmas comes. Even the birds, when they see the sheaves of oats put up in the bare trees, know what it means. People feast there for a month, and great preparations are made. Everything must be scrubbed and washed and polished. Even the poorest cabin has a clean floor and, as a rule, white curtains at the window. The poor are not forgotten either. Many little extra loaves are made for the poor children of the neighborhood.

All necessary preparations had been made. The long looked for Christmas eve had come, and it was Christmas eve all day. The old family silverware, polished until it shone brightly, was put in a prominent place. The fire-place was white, with a blazing fire upon it. The curtains and table linen were snowy white. Everything had a dazzling brightness. In contrast with this was the dark green Christmas-tree, which had been selected the previous summer as being the most beautiful and symmetrical one in the whole forest.

Before the evening meal, which was not to be until eight o'clock, we all gathered around the crackling fire and took part in an impressive worship, which consisted of songs and the ever new story of the shepherds, the angels' song, the Babe in the manger, and Bethlehem's star.

This led to many questions and telling of Christmas stories. One that was found in a beautiful poem was very impressive.

It told of a poor peasant who lived far from any human abode. As he was going home one cold Christmas eve with only one loaf of bread for his large family, he saw a boy half frozen sitting on a snow drift. He asked him to come home and share their scanty meal. His wife made a place for the little stranger by the fireside, at which the fire seemed to burn more brightly. She had divided the loaf equally when, lo! to her astonishment, the loaf was whole in her hand. She looked at the guest, and he stood suddenly transformed into an angel. For generations after that the good people in the cabin would provide an extra place with bread and milk and a burning candle every Christmas eve, and when asked for whom it was they would answer, "For the good angel."

After having partaken of a supper abounding in good things, we lighted the Christmas tree and drew up the curtains, so that anyone who chanced to pass might enjoy it also. As we watched the light within and the reflection on the snow without, little cared we for the grandeur of the whole world. Home was sufficient. It was a paradise. Heaven had touched earth with "peace and good will to men." While watching the fading embers, I mused on the unkindness of the people in Bethlehem and thought that there was surely room enough at our house for the little Jesus, and that we would not put him in a manger. To leave the house in utter darkness that night would have been thought almost sacrilegious, so we retired leaving a burning lamp on the table.

Christmas morning we awoke early to attend the five o'clock services. Sleighbells were ringing and lights from every window threw a shimmer over the snow. When we approached the immense old stone church three bells in the

same steeple rang out harmoniously through the frosty air. The hills and the evergreen forests echoed and re-echoed the sound until the whole air seemed vibrating with a continuous chime.

As the massive doors were opened to the worshippers we were greeted by a joyful strain. The great organ was pealing and a thousand voices joined in the anthem "Hail, thou blessed morning hour" which rose, not only to the vaulted roof, but surely to the very throne of God.

A. M. P.

AFTER THE BLIZZARD.

One of last year's students, who has been absent and engaged in teaching during the fall term, writes to THE STUDENT concerning the blizzard of Thanksgiving day, as follows:

"Probably you people, as well as we, have been favored with the recent heavy storm, a regular old fashioned blizzard. It was so bad I couldn't come to school Friday, and this morning I had to walk as the roads are not broken yet. I started out uncomplainingly enough for the 'man-folk' assured me the snow would bear my weight easily and it would be as nice as walking on dry ground, and I was simple enough to believe it all. It was all right part of the way, and truly I couldn't say that my walk was at all monotonous or without exciting features. The snow would seem so nice and solid; I would begin to walk more firmly, enjoying the 'crunch, crunch' of the crisp crust under my feet, and perhaps would just commence admiring the beauties of the snow-mantled landscape, enhanced as they were by the bright sunshine when—plump!—crush!—crash!—I'd go,—getting a somewhat closer view of the 'beauties of the landscape' than I really desired or enjoyed, but all things must have an end, even seemingly interminable and unfathomable snow drifts, and at last I reached my 'haven of refuge.' Here a

surprise awaited me. I opened the entry door and just stood gazing; the walls were hung in fleecy white tapestry, the broom was a fairy wand, the shovel might have been the one Santa Claus, as a precautionary measure, feels it wise to carry when guiding his reindeer team through North Dakota,—I'd forgotten the tricks that real blizzards delight in playing in spite of closed doors and windows. After standing stupidly a moment or two, I unlocked the inner door and came on into my school room proper, where new scenes of beauty awaited me. I wish I could make you see it as I did then,—the four windows on the north side were draped with 'the latest thing' in curtains, very beautiful to look upon but rather opaque, (as they were about four inches thick, filling completely the space from the panes out even with and even beyond the edge of the casings and sills) and hanging in all manner of curious puffs and folds; my 'bookcase' was more original in appearance than ever, overlaid as it was with what seemed to be the purest alabaster; with desks, seats, and chart cases, finished to harmonize in the prevailing tone; the very maps on the wall showed a heavy snow fall extending from Alaska to Cape Horn on the one hand and from Iceland to Australia on the other,—in fact the whole world, of my school house, as represented by the globe, bore appropriately upon its northern hemisphere, a burden of snow, that by careful computation, I reckon to have been, comparatively speaking of course, one thousand three hundred thirty-three and one-third miles in depth.

Now you may fancy that some of the above is slightly heightened, lengthened or broadened from the exact truth as to the state of affairs, but when I tell you that, by actual measurement and count, I carried out a hundred and eleven dustpanfuls of snow besides what I swept out from the entry, you will believe that

I have not indulged in anything more than a white fib at any rate, and if ever there was an excuse for white fibbing I think I have had it this morning."

I hated to destroy so much beauty but 'cold necessity' compelled me to build a fire and then of course all the dainty, delicate loveliness failed to avail against the immediate need for removal instant and entire, of all my quaint, fairy-like draperies and ornamentations.

"When, at last the school room has resumed its usual appearance of serene indifference to aught outside of school routine, I discover that the one pail of coal, which was brought in Wednesday last, is all in the stove and, moreover, nearly consumed, so unthinkingly I run to replenish the supply, only to start in dismay as I raise the cover of the coal-box and find that, of course, it is drifted full! packed as compactly as any 'varsity girl's trunk on her departure from college at the close of her senior year. The little snow crystals sparkle and twinkle up at me bewitchingly, as if they wish, by the display of their beauty to win me from a display of my temper. If such are their desires, those desires are unsatisfied. I cannot resist proclaiming my opinion of the school board, aloud and wrathfully, albeit there are none to hear and be impressed thereby, save a melancholy hitching post, well-nigh buried in the snow, and a solitary prairie chicken, which evidently disapproves of my railing, for at the first word it takes refuge in flight. Chilled by such an unsympathetic audience, also by the north wind, which is rising, I cease useless haranguing and bend my energies to plain, vulgar shoveling, and not many minutes pass, ere I can sit by the fire, pondering on the delights of country school teaching, and reflecting complacently that if the day is passing without pupils, I need not feel that the day's wages have been entirely unearned.

Exchanges.

Life is short—only four letters in it. Someone has noted that, curiously, three-quarters of it is a "lie" and half of it is an "if."

Prof. in Arithmetic: "How many in a family consisting of husband, wife and one child?"
Smart pupil: "Two, and one to carry."

Fifty-four thousand dollars was spent on athletics at Yale last year.—Ex.

A chemical discovery. Potassium oxide and sulphur under slight pressure give exceedingly interesting results, as follows: KI plus $2S$, equals Kiss. The experiment is dangerous, as the above result may not be accomplished, and instead, the reaction may be very violent. Therefore, this experiment should be attempted in the absence of light and when few (usually two) are present.—Ex.

Irishman (at the telephone)—"Sind me up tree bales of hay and wan bag of oats."

Dealer: "All right. Who for?"

Irishman: "There now don't get gay, for the horse, of coorse."—Ex.

To publish a college paper is but very little fun,
Especially if subscribers will not remit the "mun."

APPLIED MATHEMATICS.

"My daughter," and his voice was stern,

"You must set this matter right;

What time did the Sophomore leave,

Who sent his card last night?"

"His work, father dear, was pressing,

And his love for it was great;

He took his leave and went away

Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eye,

And her dimple deeper grew,

'Tis surely no sin to tell them that,

For a quarter of eight is two."

Miss Anna McGlinch, who was one of the students last year, spent several days with her friends the first of the month.

The Student

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THE STUDENT should be the exponent of our college life. Its columns are open to all, from the most lordly Senior down to the humblest Prep. The columns of "Locals" are the very life of a college paper. By its locals the paper and the college are judged by outsiders. In these columns should appear items on all phases—humorous, pathetic or commonplace—of our college life and experiences. This work has heretofore been left almost entirely to the local editors. They can not be everywhere or observe everything. It should be the duty of every student when he has an interesting bit of

information, a good joke, or a unique experience to write it up well and hand it to one of the STUDENT editors. Such action would be gratefully appreciated by the STUDENT board, and would give the writer a training in the most difficult branch of journalistic work. It is much more difficult to write a good column of locals than to write the same amount of editorial matter. In order to stimulate the interest and secure the co-operation of the students, two cash prizes for the best work in writing locals will be given; first prize of \$5.00 for the best fifty locals, a second prize of 2.50 for the second best fifty locals. The locals will be judged mainly on their form and style. They should be in short paragraphs and be bright, racy or witty according to the matter of the article.

Any one may compete for these prizes except members of the board of editors. The fifty paragraphs need not all be written at once. Send in a few each month. They will be credited to you and the prizes awarded at the end of the school year. Don't limit yourself to fifty. Write as many as you can and we will select the fifty best ones. They must be handed to either the editor in chief or associate editor before the 20th of each month.

The new term brings with it many new students who perhaps are away from home for the first time. They will doubtless be lonesome at first as they see the reunion of old friends, while there are none to extend a friendly greeting to them. To the new comers THE STUDENT extends a hearty welcome, and suggests to the old students that they do something to make the new members of our little society feel that we are interested in them and desirous that their stay shall be as pleasant as possible. When one is longing for a little personal sympathy and friendship there is no lonelier place on earth than in the midst of a crowd who are interested in each other but not in him. Don't

wait for the new students to make the first advances, but make them feel that we are glad to have them with us. Help them to get rid of their first shyness, and they will soon be able to feel at home in their new life. Those who enter at this time are mostly those who must, by hard work and self-denial, furnish their own means. They are the ones who desire a good education regardless of the sacrifice it involves, and who will, if their stay here is a pleasant one, return another year for a longer course. Let us then help them to make their first term here both pleasant and profitable, and in so doing we shall be helping ourselves and the University.

On the evening of January 16, there will be held at the Methodist church in Grand Forks, the preliminary oratorical contest to decide who shall have the privilege of representing the intercollegiate contest, which comes off in February. As this is the first year of the existence of the Intercollegiate League, there has not been manifested at the University any great interest in the coming contest. Perhaps it will take a defeat or two to arouse the zeal of our orators. It is certain though, that if the Intercollegiate League proves to be a success, it will have a great influence in stimulating the cultivation of oratory and public speaking in the colleges of the state. As it is, we are too much under the influence of the idea that the orator is born, not made. This idea is only partly true. The greatest orators have been those who had the most making. It requires much hard and intelligent work to develop a good style in oratory, but it is a matter in which hard work will pay.

Have you made any New Years resolutions? If you haven't do it now. It isn't too late. *Maybe* you'll keep them, probably you won't, but anyway they will help to make you more careful if you try at all to keep them. We wish you joy and success with your good resolves and a happy New Year.

The time for rhetorical has been changed again. For the last two or three years rhetorical have all come Thursday afternoon of each week, during the usual time for drill. For some time the attendance has been growing less and less interest has been shown in rhetorical both by students and professors. It was deemed best by those in charge to change the time back to the first hour in the morning, chapel hour. Already there seems to be an improvement. There is an inspiration and spur to a speaker in a well filled room. It is difficult to grow enthusiastic in the presence of empty chairs—perhaps equally difficult to most of us to “wax eloquent” before that formidable row of “faculty chairs. But we all realize the importance of the discipline—severe though it may be—that teaches us to stand on our two feet and express ourselves with ease in the presence of others. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well is a trite truth, applicable to rhetorical as well as to other things. Let us then give our best and in that way get the most from this important part of our college training.

December twenty-third we finished our fall term's work. The year so far has been satisfactory to all. The attendance has been good, the conduct of the students exemplary, the required amount of work performed, and our wood pile has lasted, thanks to the care of President Merrifield, the Board of Trustees and Joe. One of the pleasures the new year holds in store for us is the long-looked-for-much-needed - University - appropriation. May our realization of it be as pleasant as the anticipation.

We are glad to note that our sister university at Vermillion has just closed a successful term of work. It reports an increased attendance, an efficient faculty and a generally bright outlook for the year of '97. This means much considering the recency of the fire which almost destroyed the University of South Dakota.

"Oh, fellowmen and brothers!
 Could we but use the free
 Advice we give to others,
 How happy we should be.
 From each the solemn statement comes
 On highway and on by-way;
 There's but one way to run this earth,
 And that, of course, is my way."

Is there not a grain of truth for each of us in the above lines? "Orthodoxy is my doxy, and heterodoxy is the other fellow's doxy." Let us with the New Year resolve to have a little more charity for others. No one of us is infallible, and every one has a disagreeable side. On the other hand there is something pleasant about every one and he is happiest who finds that vein of gold. This world isn't such a bad place—in fact it's a very good world—the best we have just now. It all depends upon the person, the standpoint from which he looks upon the world and the glasses through which he looks. Smile and the world smiles with you, frown, and she does the same.

Our University is still young and the number of our alumni, perhaps, not yet a hundred, but that hundred is of the right kind. They show the kind of training the young people receive at the University of North Dakota. Few of them have been content with the education received here. Realizing that they must either go backward or forward, they have chosen the better course and pressed onward. We now have representatives at many of the best institutions of learning in the east, at medical schools, law schools divinity schools, and one in Europe. Progress seems to be the watchword of the alumni of the U. N. D. THE STUDENT wishes them all success in the coming new year.

Christmas has again come and gone—at least Christmas day. Needless to say we have all enjoyed it and our vacation. To most it has meant a home going with a warm welcome from friends and relatives—a time of family reunion

and homely pleasure. To some it has meant leisure to make up back work, to others a happy time with books and magazines. To a few, perhaps, it has meant absence from home and resulting loneliness. We are all glad to get back to work after our rest, and let us hope that we have brought a little of the Christmas spirit with us, and that we will keep it in our hearts all the year. "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

THE STUDENT is in receipt of the announcement of the marriage of Thos. J. Lamb of Michigan City, to Miss Carrie E. Wooderson of Little Rock, Ark. Mr. Lamb will be remembered by the friends of the University as one of the pioneers in the movement, in 1895, to raise funds by private subscription for its maintenance. He did yeoman's service in the good cause and deserves the thanks of the student body. Until April 1st, Mr. and Mrs. Lamb will reside in Washington, D. D., but will then remove to Michigan City. THE STUDENT extends congratulations and a host of good wishes to the happy couple.

Mr. Oeltjen, of Hillsboro, attended the reception Saturday evening, Dec. 12.

Miss Clara Oleson visited friends at the "U" Dec. 8.

Supt. and Mrs. Kelly and Miss Murphy called at the University the first of the month.

Miss Cooper and Miss Bosard spent Sunday, the 6th, in the city with their friend Mrs. Boyes.

The University was well represented at the State Educational Association at Fargo, Dec. 29, 30 and 31. Professors Woodworth, Merrifield, Thomas, Estes, Brannon, and Kennedy were all present and took part in the program.

Among those who remained at the University during the vacation were Misses Bisbee, Kildahl, Zimmerman and Hoveland. There was a Christmas tree, Christmas night, and presents for every one.

CHICAGO UNIVERSITY.

Just what to write to THE STUDENT about the University of Chicago that will be of interest to the greatest number is rather puzzling.

It is probably old news to say that Chicago now counts herself the foot-ball champion of the west, having defeated Northwestern badly at the last game and beaten Michigan Thanksgiving Day, 7 to 6. The game was won by some terrific punting by Chicago. There were three big games in Chicago, Nov. 26, and the rain fell steadily nearly all day. The 'Varsity game, however, was comfortably played in the immense building known as the Coliseum, in which Bryan was nominated.

President Harper had posted notices that exercises were to be held as usual on Friday. A strenuous effort was made by some two hundred foot-ball enthusiasts to break up the classes in the forenoon, and they were, perhaps, successful in a few cases. There was marching about the campus and pouring into the different halls, cheering, waving banners, singing, etc. The college yell is, "Chi-ca-go Chicago Chicago-go Go' Chica Go' Chica-Go, Chica, Go." As evidence that poets flourish here as well as on the plains, I will cite the fact that there is a college song which works the yell into the chorus, also such an unmusical name as "John D. Rockefeller." Another favorite song, written especially for the game, contained the refrain, "And we put the Michiganders in a hole." Previously to every game, marshals of cheering are appointed, and meetings are held to practice songs and cheers.

The chapel services here are very interesting, trained choir, interesting speakers, etc.,—but out of the fourteen hundred students, less than fifty on an average attend. Different hours and different halls have been tried in hopes of increasing the attendance and President Harper made a strong plea for the chapel service at his

last convocation day address, but to no purpose, and last week another change was made. Four chapel services are held each week, one for the Junior colleges, one for Senior colleges, one for Divinity students, and one for the Graduates. All undergraduates, except Divinity students, are compelled to attend. An unusual interest in chapel services is reported lately.

Though this is a Baptist school, the evidences of Baptist control are not very apparent outside of the Theological school. The speakers at Sunday vesper services include Congregationalists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Unitarians, etc. As to the religious beliefs of the faculty, the chaplain is reported to have said that "No such menagerie has been assembled since Barnum died." Right here it may be said that the Theological school offers a Presbyterian Divinity Course and a Disciples Divinity Course. The advantages of such an arrangement are apparent, Divinity students of all three churches have the advantage of one set of good instructors in language, science, mathematics, etc., instead of three sets of second rate teachers.

Two courses in the English Bible are offered next quarter, each to count as one-half major. Recitations are to be held Sunday morning from These are open to the whole school and large classes are expected.

The payment of the quarterly forty dollars tuition fee includes much more than the mere teaching. There is a musical recital, for instance, each Wednesday evening, the talent generally being of a superior order. Ian Macclaren preached one Sunday at vespers; last Wednesday, Edward Everett Hale spoke at the Auditorium. All these advantages are free to students. They have, besides, free access to the Field Columbian Museum, half a mile away,—an invaluable help to students of geology, anatomy, zoology, geography and history. Of course there are museums, art

galleries and libraries in the city with which the student will become acquainted. Famous people are often the guests of the 'Varsity and frequently address the students. Interesting lectures in some department or other are given nearly every week. A noted German professor gave three lectures on German politics a short time ago; later on, Prof. Henri Moissan, the great French chemist, lectured on "Artificial Diamonds," telling how he discovered the process of manufacturing them. That reminds me of what he is reported to have said at Princeton, when asked of his impression of American Colleges, "Outside of their splendid equipment, what impresses me most is the cordial sympathy and love between professor and students." Both things are apparent here; the different faculties hold frequent receptions for the students in their departments; the fellows are entertained by the President; students' wives receive calls from the professors' wives; the wives of the graduate students and professors' wives from the University Settlement League, etc.

As to equipment, that of the University of Chicago is world famous. There are large halls each for Oriental studies, geology, chemistry and physics, while zoology, physiology, anatomy and botany will each have an elegant hall by next summer. Each one is four stories high and covers as much ground as the Ladies' Dormitory at the U. N. D.

The classes in history, economics, languages, etc., meet in one large building called Cobb Hall. The ladies have three dormitories and the men four.

Much more might be written but STUDENT space would forbid, and nothing but a few terms spent here would serve to give one an idea of the benefits to be derived from the school, especially from post graduate courses.

W. C. HAWTHORNE.

Nearly every one went home for the holidays.

Normal.

"Institute attending,
Making out reports,
Giving object lessons,
Class drill of all sorts;
Reading dissertations,
Feeling like a fool —
Oh, the untold blessing
of the public school!"

Olaf Strandvold, an ex-96 Normal, is teaching school near his home at Trysil.

It is estimated that fully seventy per cent. of the students graduated from the University within the last three years are engaged in teaching. This includes two-thirds of the college graduates. Most, if not all these, have taken the college course in pedagogy. Those intending to become teachers should have at least a year of professional training. We learn in teaching, as in other things, by doing, but we should not learn entirely by doing. Having the results of other men's experience to start on gives a great advantage. There are cases in which it can be said of the teacher that ignorance is criminal.

This is the time when people usually make good resolutions for the rest of the year, to be kept or— as the case may be. Speaking of New Year's resolutions, New York has made one which we hope will not be broken. After the first of January, 1897, no teacher will be appointed to a position in any school below the high school who has not had at least one year of professional training in addition to a high school course or its equivalent. Another step in the right direction will probably be taken this winter, in the enactment of a law requiring high school teachers to be college graduates with a year or more of professional training. According to this, each teacher would be a graduate of

a school a grade higher than the one in which he teaches. That would be a good rule to go by, making it the minimum requirement. It has often been said that we cannot impart the whole, or even the half, of what we know ourselves. So if the teacher knows merely what he is to teach, he will not give his scholars nearly so complete a conception of those branches as he ought. In order to teach a subject well, he should not only thoroughly understand it, but should also have mastered the subjects beyond it. For example, a teacher in grammar should understand rhetoric and composition in addition to the grammar.

Teaching should be made more of a profession than it is at present. Many take up the calling intending to teach for a year or two only when they will take up their real lifework. Of every hundred teachers, we could almost count upon our fingers those intending to make that calling their profession. And the number of good teachers compared with the whole number is in about the same ratio. What sort of doctors and lawyers should we have, if nobody stayed in the profession more than two or three years. Laws that tend to make teaching a profession are a benefit to the community at large.

There are now ninety students in the Mayville Normal School.

On Tuesday, December 7th, Professor Kennedy delivered a lecture at Langdon entitled "Popular Superstitions." During his absence Miss Hanson took charge of the class in the Science of Grammar, and Mr. Aakisson of that in Theory and Practice.

The tenth annual meeting of the North Dakota Educational Association is to be held at Fargo, December 29th, 30th, and 31st. There are five departments of this association: the General Association, the High School Council, the College and Normal Section, the Elementary Section, and the Department of Superin-

tendence. The name of each one suggests its purpose. Pres. Merrifield is at the head of the College and Normal Section, and C. A. Ingbert '95, is president of the Elementary Section. At the meeting at Fargo, Professor Estes will read a paper on the Metric System, and Prof. Brannon one on the Flora of North Dakota. For the discussions, we notice the names of Professors Kennedy, Brannon, Estes, and Macnie. B. G. Skulason, '96, will read a paper on the "Race for Wealth." A High School Oratorical Contest will take place in the evening of the second day. Although those taking part in the program are teachers, the general public is invited to the meeting.

There are five in the senior class at the Mayville Normal School this year.

Local Items.

Mrs. Brannon visited with Mrs. Babcock and Mrs. Davis Dec. 18.

Hereafter, instead of listening to the president or some other member of the faculty, the students will have the *pleasure* of listening to themselves after the chapel exercises as rhetorical will come then instead of Thursday afternoon.

Mr. O'Connor, '96, visited old friends at the "U" the first part of the month.

Three students were overheard discussing an examination which they had just finished:

First Student.—"How did you come out?"

Second S.—"Plucked. How did you?"

First S.—"Never touched me. To third student, "How did you?"

Third S.—"Out the door."

At the last meeting of the Freshman class, corn color and light blue were chosen as colors. The motto adopted was "*Nullus passus retrorsus.*" The committee on the class yell was not ready to report, so at present the Freshmen have to content themselves with the college yell, but hope in the near future to adopt something worth hearing.

Miss Henrietta Paulson, '93, spent part of her Christmas vacation in Grand Forks. at the home of Miss Ethel Snell. Miss Paulson is teaching in the Hillsboro schools this year.

Miss May Pettit, '99, reports a very pleasant Xmas with Miss Helen DeGroat, '96, at her home in Hillsboro. Hillsboro is an attractive little town and Miss DeGroat a charming hostess.

That pleasant talk of Mrs. Cochranes calls to mind the fact that Prof. Penott has an excellent lecture on Oxford, and Lieut Farnsworth an interesting description of West Point life, neither of which has been given for several years. It is to be hoped that these gentlemen will favor us with their talks some time in the near future.

Those undutiful students who skipped rhetoricals the latter part of the term will meet their deserts and come on the first part of the winter term.

Every one is going to turn over a new leaf this time; except those who got less than seventy-five. They expect to turn over the same old ones.

Mr. Beck, '96, who is studying law at Minnesota, came home for his vacation looked up old friends December 15.

Among the students who passed their vacation at the "U" were Misses Cravath, Zimmerman, Bun, Kildahl and Bisbee, and Messrs Arnegard, Norton, Robblins, and Jonsson.

Miss Loring of Grand Forks spent a day at the "U" recently.

Many town students attended the reception of Saturday evening, Dec. 12.

It is expected that a class in gymnastics for the young ladies will be organized next term under Lieut. Farnsworth.

Rolla P. Currie, '93, has gone to Africa on business connected with his department in the Smithsonian Institute.

Miss Anna Sletto spent several days at the "U" with her sister recently.

Mr. J. E. Davis and Mr. C. B. Wright were the delegates sent by the U. A. A. to attend the meeting of the N. D. I. C. A. A. at Fargo December 19.

Merry Christmas.

Skating is the popular sport now.

Ask Nic. Johnson if he likes mince pie.

President Bartlett, of the Board of Regents, in his report to the governor asks for \$106,000 for the maintenance of the University for the next two years. He also urges a fixed appropriation of one half mill on the dollar of the assessed valuation of the state.

The number of students admitted to the Freshman class on certificates issued by the state examiner this year is fifty per cent. higher than it has ever been before.

Miss Sadie Mathews spent several days at her home, at Larimore, recently.

Misses Hanson, Kingsland, Adams, and Wright and Mrs. Wright, and Adams, were the guests of Mrs. Davis Saturday evening, Dec. 12.

Mr. Ole Arnegard, '96, was a visitor at the "U" Sunday, Dec. 13.

The class in the second course of Political and Social Science has finished its work in sociology and is now taking up Anthropology.

Marriage seems to be epidemic among the former students of this institution. Nine have been married since the opening of the school year. One newly wedded couple during the thanksgiving storm spent the first few days of their honeymoon snow-bound, near Petersburg, this state, on board the Great Northern "Coast Flyer".

The president has organized a spelling class in political economy.

Miss Rose Travis, a student of the University from '84 to '89, died at her fathers' home at Portland, Oregon, Nov. 30.

Mr. Walstad was suddenly called to his home, at Hoople, recently by the death of his sister.

The monthly election of officers of Per Gradus was held Dec 4. The following were elected: Speaker, Skule Skulason; Vice speaker, Miss Kelly; Sec'y, A. E. Morrison; Treas., Miss Ban; Sergeant-at-Arms, Margareth Cravath.

The oratorical contest of the home association will be held Saturday evening, Jan. 16, '97, at the Methodist church in the city. All students should attend and bring their friends as there will be a fine display of University eloquence.

Miss Mattie Glass was the guest of the faculty Dec. 20.

Mr. Bun, of the city, called on his sister Elsie Dec. 20.

Judge and Mrs. Cochrane, of the city, attended the reception of Dec. 12. Mrs. Cochrane gave an interesting lecture on her last summer's trip through Ireland. She is a bright and entertaining talker, and her lecture was enjoyed by the student body and many visitors from the city. The judge and Mrs. Cochrane are both graduates of the same class at the U. of M.

Rev. Mr. Tracy, of the city, and Rev. Mr. Fisher, of Crookston, each gave an interesting talk to the students Saturday morning, Dec. 12.

Rev. P. W. Longfellow and Mr. Ludelic of Grand Forks, were visitors at the reception, Dec. 19.

J. F. Douglas, '96, has just completed the first term's work at the U. of Minnesota law school and stopped off at the "U" on his way home to spend the holidays. Frank says he is very much pleased with what he has had to do with contracts theoretically, but withholds his views as to how they result practically.

William and Lewis Bleecker were shaking hands with old friends at the "U" recently.

C. A. Ingbert, principal of the Tower City schools, was in our halls at the beginning of vacation. (Carl is looking after special lines of the Summer School work.)

Knute Aruegard remained here during the holidays to take special work and look after important business.

A most enjoyable Christmas eve was spent in the ladies' parlor by the students remaining at the "U." The parlor was decorated with plants and carnations. A glowing fire in the grate made it look very cheerful and homelike. There was a general participation in getting ready the Christmas tree and popping corn. The program was entirely informal. Every one felt at home and every one was remembered in some pleasant way. The young ladies were reminded of their younger days by presents of tin horns, bugles, etc. The faculty, in spite of being tired, added especially to the enjoyment by being present during the entire evening telling about Christmas in the different localities and making merry

things in general. No signals were given for departure and the midnight hour ushered in the happy Christmas tide with "Merry Christmas" on every side. After a number of song books had been exhausted, the evening's pleasure closed with a merry dance about the Christmas-tree.

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WEBSTER MERRIFIELD, M. A., *President.*

UNIVERSITY, N. DAK.