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Miss Walker

THE STUDENT

VOLUME XVI
NUMBER 1



Contents

Literary

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The Student.

VOL. XVI. No. 1.

UNIVERSITY, N. D.

Nov. 1992

Traumerei.

They tell me that time cures all things,
That griefs are soon forgot when one is young;
That Girlhood of the Future, only, sings,
And leaves the sorrows of the Past unsung.

They say my sharpest grief will soon
Be but a pleasant memory to me;
That I'll not miss your dreamy smile, "Aroon,"
Nor listen for your foot-steps, fairy-free.

What is the fragrance of a faded rose,
But a sweet memory of the living flower?
The haunting echo of a harmony,
Remembrance of its pulsing, soul-felt power.

But, is our pleasure unalloyed with pain,
With longing for that life of beauty rare,
That cannot live in flower or song again,
A loss that *nothing, no-one*, can repair?

Dear heart, my grief is all I have of thee,
The fragrance of the rose will faint and die;
The echo of the song will join new harmony,
But that aching *absence*, love, will live for aye.

—M. B.



This Course in Belles Lettres

In his Freshman year, a crackerjack
In the pitcher's box, was he,
And won for himself a Base-Ball cap,
With this monogram, "B. B."
As a Sophomore in the hurdle race
He came in first, you see,
And on his Track-Team jersey wore
Two letters, thus, "T. T."
He played full-back in his Junior year,
And that was the reason why
His foot-ball sweater bore in front
A great big letter "Y."
As a Senior grave, he rowed stroke oar
And his "eight" won the victory;
Whereat the Rowing club gave him a cup
Which was lettered like this, "R. C."
Commencement Day found him admired by all,
As popular as could be,
And somehow nobody thought it strange,
That he'd failed to get "A. B."

The B. A.'s. of '02.

Almost without exception the members of the class of '02 have taken up the white man's burden and may now be found in various parts of North Dakota endeavoring to partly repay to their state now what they gained through its institution their beloved Alma Mater, the U. N. D.

Soon after graduating Rob't Muir, with his customary foresight, decided that it would not be well for a pedagogue to live alone and, accordingly, actuated by his natural prompt business principles, on July 1st married Miss Lemke '00. Together with his bride he spent the summer in Minneapolis, returning in September to take charge of the city schools of Reynolds, North Dakota.

Mary McAndrews is located as assistant principal of the Lakota Schools where she has charge of the English and Latin work. But it is said that for Friday afternoon work she has her classes practice writing editorials in preparation, should they ever be called to the Editor-in-chief-ship of the Student.

Since his graduation, Hamilton Rinde has been the Deputy Clerk of Court of Walsh County. And to this position he affirms that he has become so attached that not even a Mount Peelee eruption could drive him from it.

Contrary to the June prophecy of assisting in the Langdon schools, Maude Sanford is teaching in the schools of Minto. And undoubtedly such instruction in English is given there that in the coming generation North Dakota will be able to claim several masters of English prose.

LeRoy Jackson is principal of the

schools at Harvey, North Dakota. His duties there consist in looking after five school ma'ams and in getting Anglo-Saxon introduced into the course of study.

Delia Welie is the only one of the class who could afford to remain a lady of leisure. Or, can it mean that she is to follow the example of R. T. M.?

S. Steenberg is still the versatile man he was while at the "U". Besides his duties as principal of the Thompson schools he finds time, as sort of a side issue, to win back "those fifty votes."

Eleanor Smith is located at Ardoch where she has been hired by the Board of Education to instruct the pupils of that city in the mysteries of chemistry and googoology.

W. F. Lemke, better known to the '02's as King William, has recently entered the law department. He has not given up, but has simply postponed, his plan of going to South America and forming one grand empire out of the republics there.

It may also be of interest to some to know that the gentlemen of '02 who wore upon their coats the emblem of the V. B. G. are still faithful members of that worthy order.

The class Jewel shines as brightly as ever in its new setting — a dry goods store in Devils Lake, and the heroine of the Class-night exercises according to all reports is still upholding the policy defended by her on that night.



Behind the Scenes.

"Spread in Room 14, tonight, after the lights are out, girls. Bring some plates and spoons, I've got cups enough. This is the last night we have our old lamps you know, and when the electric lights are in we can't make any chocolate."

Grace's voice sank to a whisper over the last few words as she caught the

swish of Miss Simonds' silk skirt down the hall.

"Girls what shall I do? If she catches me this time it'll be ten marks, and I can't afford that."

"Under the bed Gracie dear, and she'll never know the diff," whispered Jess. So under the bed went Grace, and Jess turned to her history with unusual avidity.

The rule in the hall was that during study-hour every door should be open so that Miss Simonds, as she passed along the corridor might see and hear everything that was going on in the rooms. It was her habit to come along quietly and walk into a room, say nothing, but just look--Oh, how she did look--and withdraw as noiselessly as she had entered. Jess and Beatrice were too much interested in the fate of Joan of Arc to notice her entrance this time, of course, and neither looked up while she stood at the door.

Their unusual studiousness aroused suspicions in that worthy lady's mind. So instead of going on to the next room, she stood very quietly awaiting further developments. After about two minutes, "Is she gone?" came in a stage whisper from under the bed, and as the girls dared not answer, Grace took their silence as an affirmative, and soon emerged from her hiding place, pulling out with her a conglomeration of books, papers, and dishes that had been hastily shoved under the bed in a hurry that morning to get the room in proper condition for visitors. Not until she was out in plain sight and had begun to laugh over her narrow escape, did she see Miss Simonds at the door. Neither said a word, Miss Simonds merely motioned with her hand in the direction of No. 14, and Grace—well Grace wilted and went home.

Miss Simonds followed her, making a mental note of the fact, that it would be well to instruct the maid to look under the beds for any dishes that might be

missing from the dining room in the future.

Grace received the customary dose administered in such cases and said she'd be good, and that ended the excitement for the time being.

Eleven o'clock came, and the Hall was wrapt in the profoundest silence. Miss Simonds gave a sigh of relief that the day's trials were over, Grace gave a sigh of relief too—that sixteen girls had assembled in her room without being caught.

"I guess we can begin now girls, I'll hang my raglan over the transom to keep the light in, and Trix, you light the lamp, and put the chocolate on to cook, Helen, there's a box of cookies and turkey under that corner seat, will you bring them out?"

"Oh Grace, you're a dear, I'm just dying for turkey."

"Someday Dot, you'll turn into turkey."

"You'll have to see the Sultan about that my dear. Got anything else to eat?"

"Listen to that girls! As if turkey and cookies and chocolate weren't enough for anybody. Really the greed of some people is past comprehension, Sal, just to satisfy that little anaconda, get those olives out of the writing desk, and I think there's some doughnuts and jelly in that box on top of the book-case. Don't make any noise tho', it would be too bad to disturb Miss Simonds' sweet slumbers. Bring your cups up now people, and I'll fill them. Say the moon—"

"Light's fair tonight along the Wabash" put in Maude.

"Thank you for interrupting me, lovey, I was going to say we might turn the light out, and then there wouldn't be so much danger of being caught. Everybody supplied now? One, two, three, go. The first one that asks for anything

we haven't got is going to be stretched to-morrow."

"I like that girl that came last week, don't you, Grace? said Eileen."

"Yes, her name is Lillian Allison. Isn't she pretty? 'Airy fairy Lillian' she always makes me think of. What class is she in, Prep.?"

"Goodness no, Grace, she's a senior—she's been two years at Minnesota and one at Washington. I don't know what she came here for, I'm sure. Let's be nice to her. She wrote my theme for me for English 1, yesterday. I like her".

"Oh Inez fair, tonight I swear, that I'd like another olive."

"You shall have it, Janette, honey-bunch, but no profanity is allowed here, Grace I hanker for more chocolate."

"Pass the pickles please."

"Pickles!" cried Grace, "who said pickles?"

"Alice did, give Alice some pickles. She met her fate last night at Floradora and this morning she changed from the 'Sofamore class' to the Senior Normal—give her some pickles—do." laughed Inez.

"Tell us about the fate Alice," said Trix. "Does he go to school here?"

"Goodness girls, can't I say I think a person's nice without you all beginning to tease me? Dot I'd rather you'd spill that chocolate into my mouth than into my hair, that color wouldn't suit my complexion."

"Girls it's a sure thing; she's worrying about her complexion already. You remember that's the way Grace began."

"Why Trix Martin, you know very well I never did any such a thing."

"Well we'll decide that some other time. What's his name Alice?"

"I think you girls are just horrid, I won't stay here another minute," and bursting into tears Alice left the room, and in it a very astonished group of girls.

"Why—I wonder what's the matter

with her," said Dot. "She never used to be bothered when we teased her."

"I think I know, girls, and I'll tell you all, because maybe we can make things come out all right. It isn't betraying any confidences, so lend me your ears."

"All right Sir Oracle. Go ahead Nell," answered the chorus.

"Well about five years ago, when Alice first came—that was before any of you girls entered—she and I roomed together. There was a boy here that year, named Allison, Bruce Allison. He was bright, and handsome, and cute, and—well just about everything Alice thought a boy ought to be. And he was as good as gold—not goody-goody, but frank and honest, and boyish with just enough man about him to make him seem strong and self-reliant. Alice was only a little girl then and didn't seem to notice boys at all, or if she did it was to be afraid of them.

But Bruce seemed to find her very congenial, and was as nice as could be, to her for a while. They got along splendidly for more than a term, and then, one night at a party, something happened. It was really funny—but Alice was such a sincere little innocent, and Bruce thought he knew more about girls than he really did.

At the party were a boy and girl who were too tiresome for anything, especially the boy. Bruce said something about it, and toward the end of the evening turned to Alice with "I'd like to freeze him out, will you give me leave?"

Alice said yes, of course, and thought no more about it. Then the next week she felt very much hurt when Bruce took the other girl to the lecture instead of Alice. She didn't know that that was part of the freezing process. So she began to freeze too, and froze so solid that Bruce took a chill, and not even the sunshine of the Spring Term was warm enough to break the ice.

The next year Bruce went to Harvard to finish and Alice came back here. But she wasn't herself at all. You remember how quiet she was all year. Last year though, she seemed as jolly as ever, and I thought maybe it was a case of "Out of sight, out of mind." But last Monday when Lillian Allison came into the dining room, I noticed that Alice seemed very much disturbed, and very soon she went upstairs. I found out that Lillian is Bruce's sister.

Bruce finished at Harvard two years ago, and is coming back here to take Professor Adams' place. Now do you wonder that Alice is upset?"

"Nell do you know anything about Mr. Allison now? Does he still think Alice 'congenial'?"

"Well I don't know. He's had a hard time of it too, poor fellow. He was desperately in love with a pretty Madison girl, but she didn't reciprocate, and I don't know how he feels now. I told Alice about that, but it didn't make any difference. She has one of the truest natures I know. It's a pity. She and Bruce seemed made for each other. Why do some girls get just what they want, and just what wants them right away, and others have to wait for ever so long, and maybe not get it then? Alice has been almost broken-hearted sometimes. That's why we old girls used to call her Ophelia."

"Girls I'll tell you what we'll do!"

"Leave that to Miss Inez," said the voice of Miss Simonds from the hall, (the chocolate evidently had roused her) "I'll tell you what you *will* do, but first I'd like to ask what you *are* doing."

"Oh, Miss Simonds," answered Trix, "we are just admiring this exquisite moonlight."

"Well I think the moonlight and you would both be more admirable if you were where you belonged. So off with you, now, everyone of you."

This interruption put a stop for awhile to the girl's plans, and in the meantime Professor Allison arrived. He was to teach all the higher branches of mathematics and Alice luckily had mathematics II under him. It is needless to say that she put all her best study on that course, and Professor Allison began to find that she was still "congenial."

The memory of the pretty girl at Madison seemed to pale a little before Alice's brilliant scholarship and sympathetic companionship. The Professor gradually acquired the habit of asking her advice as to the best methods of solving equations, and it was wonderful, how easily he untangled the knotty points in his problems, with her assistance. Propositions which at first glance seemed improbable became clear and simple when she considered them with him, and the crowning work of their year's study was their solution of the equation, which to most of us seems impossible, viz. that

$$1 - 1 = 1$$



America a Thousand Years from To-day.

One summer day I went out to explore an old cave, and as I was very tired and warm when I reached it, I sat down to rest. All at once I started up and was surprised to find I had been sleeping. I jumped to my feet, and walked to the door of the cave. What was this that I saw? Was I dreaming? No, I was fully awake, but what a strange looking scene lay before me.

Stretching away as far as I could see, was a broad street, which was crowded with queer looking vehicles, which moved swiftly and silently about. The people were very strangely dressed. There were no women, and the men were all dressed in long gowns, richly embroidered and covered with showy

trimmings, while on their heads they wore bright colored hats decorated with stars and spangles.

On either side of the street was an immense building, extending the length of the street, and so high that its top was nearly lost in the clouds. I thought I would like to see what was inside this building; so, walking over, I was about to look for a door, when all at once one silently opened before me, and when I had stepped in, it as silently closed behind me. Here everything was bewildering. There was no clatter of machinery, but everything moved swiftly about, as if by magic. As I was watching the throng of people in front of me, they all began to move forward. As they disappeared, I saw that a section of the floor on which they stood was moving along carrying them with it. Just then another section of the floor, loaded with people, moved up and stopped where this one had gone out.

I had been aware of some men standing near me, and watching me closely for some time, and they now came up and began to babble in my face, making wild motions with their hands. Finally, after consulting together a moment, they advanced to me again, and before I could help myself, they had bound me with a silken cord. Carrying me outside, they put me in a large boat that was standing near, and soon we were going up, up, until we were above the city. Then we were carried swiftly through the air and finally stopped before a house built to resemble a gnarled tree. I was taken inside, and soon a man in a long black robe came into the room, and after examining me and searching my pockets, he went to a large book-case and took down a massive volume. After studying it for some time, he came over and began to talk to me in my own language. I asked him where I was, and why everything was so strange. Then he told me

that I looked like a man of about the twentieth century, and told me that this was the year 2902. He said I must have slept for a thousand years, but this seemed very improbable to me.

It was a very strange house that I was in. There were no walls inside, only heavy curtains and all the light came in a flood from above our heads. This was the first place where I had seen any women, and they were dressed in a manner similar to that of the men, only in softer, richer garments. Just then I began to hear the most beautiful music I had ever heard, when all at once I was wide awake. Had I been dreaming? Yes, I must have for here I was in the same old cave in which I had fallen asleep.

A Prairie Rose

It was a bright joyful June morning in North Dakota. I left the busy din of the little brown school-house for a moment, that I might take a stroll on yonder hill-side. While wending my way across the soft velvety carpet of prairie grass, dotted here and there with purple violets and yellow butter-cups, I was hoping to find the first rose of summer. Just as I reached the top of the hill I saw on the other side the object of my search. It was a beautiful one of its kind, and stood out in striking contrast against the rich healthy green of the bush, and the black of the earth about—for it grew on what had been a badger knoll. Each of its fine petals was perfect, not only in shape, but in the true wild-rose color, that exquisite tint between pink and red. The sun had not faded one drop of the precious pigment, and as yet the dewy dampness of the unfolding bud lay on its petals. A rich crown of stamens rested on the velvet cushion of pink, depressing the petals with its weight of golden pol-

len and jeweled nectar. The fussy bee or the buzzing fly had not as yet stolen one speck of the treasured dust, for the stamens were stiff, untouched, and each had its sprinkling of gold.

The rose was so beautiful, and the perfume so intoxicating and delightful, that I hesitated to pluck it; but thinking of the children in the little school-house over the hill, I threw away sentiment, and picked the little flower.

Exchanges.

The Elmira (N. Y.) College for women has a series of inter class basket ball games arranged, which are played out of doors. Why can't we have the same? —M. A. C. Record.

At 8 p. m., while Pa and Ma
Helped entertain with Sis,
Both John and May in distant seats.
Were far apart like this.

At 9 p. m., as Pa withdrew
And sought his room upstairs.
The lovers found some photographs
And nearer drew their chairs.

At 10 p. m., Mamma did leave,
And then, ye Gods! what bliss.
Those lovers sat till nearly one
About as close as this.

—Ex.

"What is a foot ball coach?"
"An ambulance, I guess."—Ex.

SURE SIGNS.

If he says—

"University Hall,"

"I saw the president,"

"Yes, I'm enjoying drill,"

No, I can't go to the theatre, I've got to study tonight."

You can wager your next check from home that he's a freshman.—"Volante."

The "STUDENT" wishes to apologize for

its lack of exchange items this month. The regular exchange editor has not yet returned but is busy writing editorials for the "Starkweather Times," which, by the way, is a very well put up weekly. When Mr. Duell published his "Cartoons on the Student Election" last spring, every one at once prophesied for him a glorious future. Still even his most sanguine admirers scarcely dared hope that he would be, before the year was over, the editor-in-chief of such a popular paper as the Starkweather Times. Congratulations, Ikey.

One man,
 One maid.
 Maid won.
 One made.
 —Ex.

From the University of Montana there comes the "Kaimin", a breezy and well arranged paper, and in it we find the best and brightest exchange items for the month.

Normal Items.

The normal college has opened with brighter prospects than ever this year. The junior normals of last year are almost all back. Some of the new students are enrolled as senior normals so that this class is even larger than it promised to be last year. It now numbers about twenty-five, which is a larger class than has ever yet graduated from the normal college.

The junior normal class will, from present appearances, be even larger than the senior class, and Professor Kennedy says that the present class is indicative of the future classes, judging

from the number enrolled in the normal department.

A new course has been added to the normal curriculum. It is known as Education III and takes the place of the practice teaching which has hitherto been required of senior normals. Mrs. Alice W. Cooley has charge of the new course and students say it is proving both interesting and profitable. Mrs. Cooley also has charge of Education I this year.

The graduates of 1902 are almost all located in advantageous positions and every one gives promise of being a successful teacher. Miss Hilda Teiring is teaching at Minto; Miss Frances Waggar, at Michigan City; Miss Virginia Anderson, at Niagara; Miss Elizabeth Cunningham, at Grand Forks and Miss Eda Thompson, at Thompson.

The ranks of the senior normal class have been increased by the coming of Miss Edith Owen, Miss Margaret Crowley of Ellendale and Mr Franklin Thordarson of Esmond. Miss Owen and Miss Crowley are graduates of the Ellendale Manual Training school, and Mr. Thordarson comes to us from Gustavus Adolphus collegio at St Peters, Minn. and holds a state professional certificate. Miss Anna Ueland of Edgeley and Miss Nellie Hanson, of Grafton, who formerly belonged to the freshman class, are also enrolled as senior normals.

We are sorry to hear that Miss Emma Elliot, who is one of last year's juniors, is in poor health. She is intending to spend the winter in the south. Miss Elliot's many friends at the "U" hope

that she may soon return to us full of her former life and vigor.

Mr. W. R. Holgate and Miss Bertha Newlander have basely deserted the senior normals and are registered as sophomores.

Mrs. Cooley delivered a very interesting lecture on the "The Union of the Vital and the Mechanical" before the Teacher's Association, at St Thomas, Oct. 10.

Three beautiful pieces of statuary have recently been purchased. Two of them, a bust of Plato and a full length statue of Minerva, add to the beauty of Professor Kennedy's recitation room, and the third, a bust of Froebel, is placed in Mrs. Cooley's recitation room. Sitting beneath the gaze of Plato and Minerva, what student can fail to catch some inspiration and some desire for higher ideals and a more useful life?

A number of the normal students have been employed in teaching during the the summer months and this accounts for the tardiness of some at the "U" this term.

A problem in Education IV. "Is the Industrial, the best kind of education for the Indian?"

Professor Kennedy spent the early part of vacation visiting and lecturing at summer schools and teacher's associations. The last six weeks he spent, with his family, at Lake Bemidji, Minn. Professor Kenndy's little boys have fur-

nished an interesting addition to the museum in the shape of a porcupine which they caught in the woods near the lake. The professor reports a very pleasant time.

One of our senior normals is a great admirer of Shakespeare and spends much of his leisure time quoting passages from that famous poet. Many a time have the members of Education III seen him enter the recitation room, his cheek *Blanche* (*d*) and his eyes flashing and heard him wrathfully mutter, as he shook his fist at his adversary's back:—"Is this a dagger which I see before me, the handle toward my hand? Whiles I threat he lives."

Science

The science editor in taking up his duties for the ensuing year, not only cordially invites everyone in the various departments of science but urgently requests them to contribute anything which may come to their notice in the way of special work, experiments, etc. The enormously increased facilities for scientific work demand more mention than has heretofore been given to them in the Student. So let all interested in such subjects kindly assist in putting this department of the Student on an equal footing with the others.

The Mechanic Arts building is rapidly nearing completion. Already the classes in drawing and wood work have moved into their new quarters. The machinery for the mechanic arts building is nearly all on the ground and only awaits the completion of the building to be placed. Among the equipment yet to arrive are the universal milling machine, the wet emery grinder, and the engine lathe.

The mechanical laboratory will be

equipped with a one hundred thousand pound testing machine for testing tensile and compressive strains, instead of a sixty thousand pound machine as originally intended. There will also be a steam engine indicator, a planimeter, injector and pressure and vacuum gauges.

The Buffalo patent down draft forges which do away with all overhead piping are already placed. It is expected that everything will be in operation before December first.

The class in mechanics are devoting their time to the study of stress and strain in bridge construction.

Some of the engineering students are at work placing the machinery in the new building. This is an opportunity which but few engineering students have. The student in doing this learns many details in plant construction and the setting up of machinery.

The class in Physics II have just completed an experiment for finding the magnetic dip for this latitude. It was found to be about seventy-eight degrees.

The class in Chemistry I is larger than ever before. Chairs have had to be placed in the aisles of the recitation room to accommodate them.

Mr. Winsor Holgate recently presented to the museum a large and remarkably fine specimen of an orthocerolite. He found it very near the University of Minnesota on the banks of the Mississippi.

There are twenty-six students enrolled in Biology I, elementary botany. They are doing laboratory work on

algae and experiments on starch and other cell contents.

The class in Biology V in which there are fourteen students enrolled are doing laboratory work on unicellular plants, animals and the earth worm. The work consists in sectioning and dissecting.

In Biology VI the class are pursuing the study of animal histology, such as fixation, staining and mounting of cells and tissues.

Dr. Wilder will occupy a portion of the north wing of science hall for class rooms in geology. During the fall term Professor Babcock will have charge of the class work in geology, as Dr Wilder is busy with his geological report.

Part of the basement heretofore occupied as lathe room for mechanical students will be used by the school of mines, and during the term will be fitted up with concentrators, cyanide tanks, chlorination apparatus and other equipment necessary for the practical treatment on a small scale of the various kinds of ores.

A forced draft system for the assay and metal furnaces has been established in the furnace room of the school of mines and two new smelting furnaces are shortly to be installed.

During the past two summer vacations a very large and valuable collection of typical ores has been gathered for the school of mines by Professor Babcock, while investigating mines for different mining companies in several important mineral regions. These ores will be of great value for the work of the mining engineering students.

The STUDENT

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

John M. Hancock '03	Editor-in-Chief
Mary R. Brennan, '03	Literary Editor
L. L. Wilcox, '04	Science
Geo. E. Baker, '05	Athletics
Arnetta Hillis, '03	Normal
Earl L. Duell, '04	Exchange
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UNIVERSITY, N. D.

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THE STUDENT welcomes all those who for the first time are entering college. The number of new students is exceptionally large this year. We hope these students will in a short time be our friends as many are needed to fill the places left vacant by the graduates and old students who have left college.

The first term of the year seems to be the time that activity is evidenced in college life. After vacation all com

back with a renewed energy and activity is the natural result. Foot ball is holding its usual interest and every evening the candidates for the team may be seen falling on the ball, punting, running, tackling and doing the other things necessary to produce a team. The prospects for a winning team are brightening every day and who knows what may happen yet. The team will win if supported. Loyal support will work wonders and one who has not played cannot conceive of the help it is. We must support the team. Let us each liven up to the possibilities and see what we can do to help win the games. More enthusiasm, more loyalty, more confidence is needed among the student body and when these come, we will see the team winning the games.

The expression that "Athletics are to be used not abused has become hackneyed, and yet it seems that the thought expressed in these words has not yet been fully realized by some. Athletics, to be, must be clean. To win is a high ideal provided that ideal is attained by legitimate means. The spirit that demands that a team win at all times and under all conditions must be kept down because it is this that will finally develop some of the worst features in the incomparable game of foot ball. A player must be a gentleman in all respects and if he is not thoroughly so, he can scarcely hope to conceal his true nature in such a strenuous game. It is no mean honor to represent a university on its foot ball team and this must be continually remembered by each player.

There is pressing need of more good yells.

The Law School has a larger enrollment than ever before. Never were things so promising. New quarters, additional money for library, good professors and increased attendance, all combine to elevate the standard of the school. The enrollment is 52.



The attendance is over 310 in the College proper.



Would it not be possible to have an intercollegiate field day next spring under

the rules of the athletic conference? Let us think this matter over.



Don't forget to take the special to Fargo on Nov. 8th.



The hold that debate has secured upon our students is evidenced by their daily talk. Each society has secured its representatives, sides are chosen and work is already progressing at a rapid rate. Last year we had a proud record and yet we are expecting more than ever this year.



Athletics.

?! 5—10—12, ! ?

X. R. A. McDonald over, Williams back !!

The annual meeting of the U. A. A. was held in Chapel Oct. 18 and the following officers were elected:

President.—Thos. Shanley.

Vice President.—Wm. Robinson.

Secretary and Treasurer.—Peter Dahl.

Two members were elected to serve with Innis Ward, who holds over for another year, constituting the board of control. They were Lee Wilcox and Marshall Brannon.

Foot ball, of course, is the all-absorbing topic now, and every night a squad of thirty-five men of assorted sizes and dispositions assemble on the field for practice. Here, under the combined efforts of coach Loomis and Captain Wardrope, they battle for that degree of excellence in playing which is not characteristic of a "lobster" and incidently for positions on the first team. In this group we have several new men among whom are McDonald, Conmy, Shanley, DeKay, Hinds and others.

McDonald is a former student of the Valley City Normal and while at that institution played football. With a little more coaching he will make an excellent tackle as he seems to have the ability requisite for that position as well as the necessary grit.

Shanley, though not a new student, is playing football for the first time and is playing a fine game at centre. DeKay, another new man has been playing left

half. He is a good kicker, and when he sends the pigskin over the goal line or when he makes several goal kicks on a windy day, we think of our old star full back, Joel Flanagan. Conmy, though still young and rather light, has been playing a good, fast game at end.

The first game of the season was played at the University park on the afternoon of Oct. 4th. The team lined up as follows.

Conmy—Right end
McDonald—Right tackle
Baker—Right guard
Shanley—Center
Thompson—Left end
Hinds—Left guard
Wilson—Left tackle
Brannon—Quarter back
Ward—Right half
DeKay—Left half
Wardrope—Full back

It was in this game that "Our Plucky Little Quarter" earned and received his name and that Wardrope made his debut as star full back. Disregarding sensational plays, perhaps the most interesting thing was the score which stood 43 to 0 in our favor after forty minutes playing.

On Monday Oct. 13 the following team lined up against Hamline.

Conmy—Right end
McDonald—Right tackle
Baker—Right guard
Shanley—Center
Brannon—Quarter back
Campbell—Left guard
Wilson—Left tackle
Thompson—Left end
Ward—Right half
DeKay—Left half
Wardrope—Full back

The game was, it is safe to say, unsatisfactory to all concerned. One of Hamlin's own men officiated as referee and the whole game was one of disputes and delays over his unfair decisions. He not

only was partial to his own team but even went so far as to coach them whenever he had the chance. When the score stood 5 to 10 in Hamline's favor and when the U. had the ball inside Hamline's 10 yard line and was steadily advancing it, the above mentioned referee suddenly conceived the idea of quitting. Accordingly he called the team, with the exception of the left half, Gould, from the field and the game was, of course, forfeited to the University with the score 6 to 0.

Regarding this game various reports were published in different papers. Some went even so far as to say that the 'Varsity rooters cheered when Hamline men were hurt. This is not true. There is no one at the University who could be so mean or so heartless as to rejoice at such a misfortune of another player. Several other reports of like exaggeration were printed and we hope that they may be fully considered by a fair-minded public before being believed. If this is done, neither team will be unjustly censured.

Therefore, in summing the matter up, we say we are sorry that any such disturbance occurred. We do not blame the Hamline players in the least, in fact we think they tried to play a gentlemanly game. Certainly with an unfair official to magnify imaginary grievances it is easy to see how a visiting team could get the idea that it was being imposed upon.

The next game played was that with the Valley City Normal on Oct. 18th. In this game several new men were tried, as many of the regular players were suffering from injuries received in practice. However, but one touchdown was made against us and that on a fumble. The Valley City players put up a clean game and seemed quite willing to allow their left end, Haggerty to do most of the playing. Though 15 minute halves were scheduled, it is quite safe to say that there was not more than 15 minutes of

actual playing during the whole game. The final score was 10 to 5 in favor of the "U."

On Monday Oct. 20th 'Varsity lined up against the Carleton team and when the dust cleared away at the end of the second half the score card said, Carleton 11. U. N. D., O. In the first half there were no scores made but in the second Carleton braced up and played a strong game while, on the other hand, the 'Varsity played slowly and laboriously. Time after time Carleton skirted our ends and broke through our line but the second touchdown was made just as time was called. The line up was as follows:

Conny and McLennon—Right End.
 McDonald—Right Tackle.
 Baker—Right Guard.
 Haroldson—Centre.
 Campbell—Left Guard.
 Robinson—Left Tackle.
 Davis and Thompson—Left End.
 Brannon and McLaurin—Quarter Back
 Williams—Right Half Back.
 Jennings and Dahl—Left Half Back.
 Wardrope—Full Back.

At the sound of the whistle the 'Varsity kicked off to Carleton who brought the ball back 10 yards. Carleton then tried line plunges but was held for downs and forced to punt. "Our Plucky Little Quarter" secured the ball and carried it back 20 yards. Then by a series of line plunges by Wardrope, Williams and McDonald, the ball was steadily advanced. At this point Davis made a 25 yard run around end and in the next play Wardrope made 15 yards then centre. Here the Varsity was held and tried to punt but was blocked. Carleton got the ball, was held for down and attempted to punt but was blocked with a loss of 20 yards. Carleton then made a run for 20 yards around left end. Then the Varsity held her for downs but soon again was forced to punt. Carle-

tons right half secured the ball and Wardrope secured the right half by a sensational tackle. The University then held Carleton for downs and the first half ended with the ball still in Carleton's territory.

Carleton opened second half by kicking off to Wardrope who carried the ball back 20 yards. Here the Varsity was held for downs and Carleton made 25 yards around left end. Then Carleton attempted a place kick which was blocked by McLennon. N. D. advanced the ball by line plunges but later was held for downs. In return Carleton was held and forced to punt to Brannon who returned the ball to its former position. Here the Varsity was held for downs and Carleton made the first touch down by a long end run. The University kicked off and Carleton returned the ball to centre of the field and in the next play made a 20 yard run around end. Finally the Varsity held Carleton on the 5 yard line. Varsity punted but was blocked and Carleton attempted a place kick but failed Carleton was again held and forced to kick but failed. Varsity got the ball but immediately lost it on a fumble and Carleton made the second touch down and kicked goal. Score 11-0

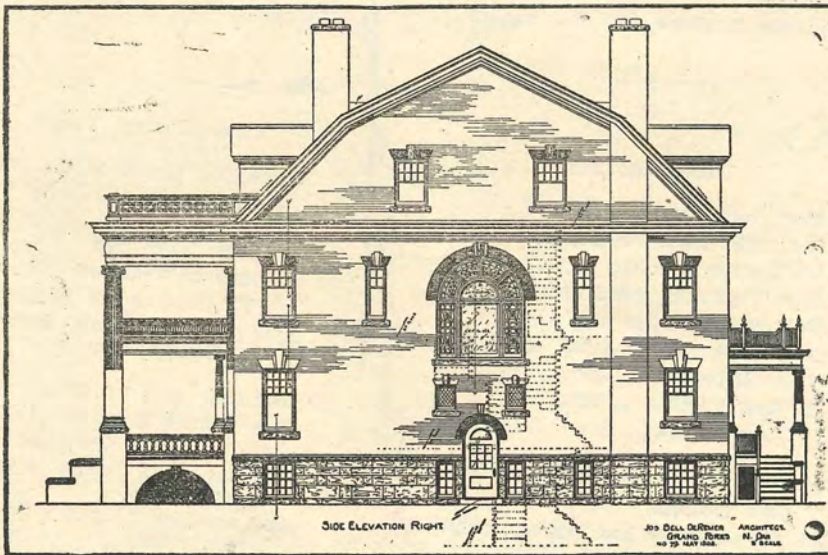
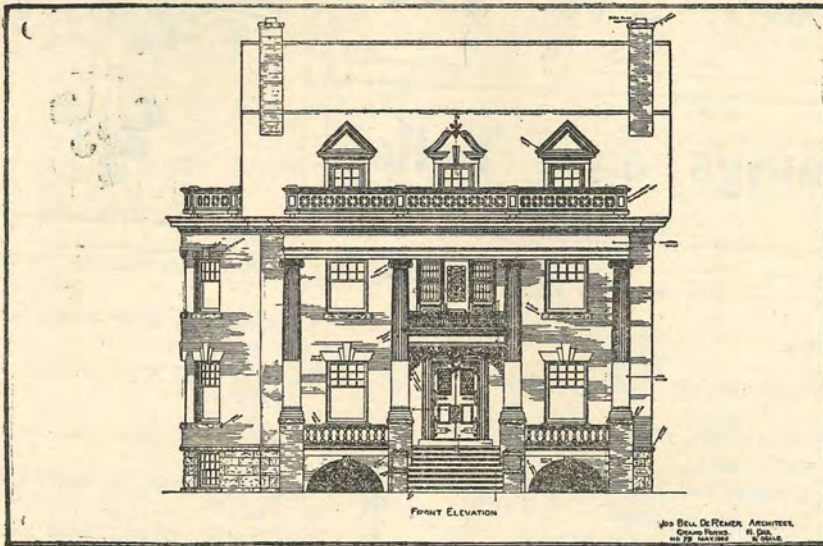
Before the next issue of the "Student"

goes to press, the Varsity, A. G. foot ball game will be a thing of the past. The annual game will be played in Fargo Nov. 8th and every loyal University student will be expected to be there. A special train will be run and very cheap transportation will be offered, so there will really be no excuse for any one's not going. Therefore let every one who can use a megaphone or give the college yell be on the sidelines, at Fargo, when the whistle is blown Nov. 8th.

The foot ball boys are not the only ones who are wrestling with the pigskin for every afternoon there is something doing in the Armory. A basket ball team has been organized by Miss Ueland and each day the fair co-eds assemble for practice. At present there is no regular team but, without doubt, we shall have a first class one before the end of the term. As yet no arrangements have been made for hiring a coach but it is to be hoped that one will be secured soon.

Why not help the girls in this matter? Whenever subscriptions are solicited for the foot ball coach fund they have subscribed liberally. Now let us return the compliment. Think this over, boys, and talk the matter up!





Perspective of the President's New Residence, Now Nearing Completion.

U. N. D.

Songs and Yells.



SONGS.

No. 1—

Tune—Bicycle Built for Two.

Aggies, Aggies, where is your foot-
ball team?
We thought you had one; but I guess
It's only a dream.
The funeral will be merry, for there
won't be much to bury.
We ring the knell, and hope to good-
ness
That the Reubens will rise again.

No. 2—

Tune—Hot Time.

Now, boys, get together
Get right into the game,
We'll ever uphold
The 'Varsity's proud name.
For we've got the stuff
And we'll get there just the same.
There'll be a hot time
In Grand Forks tonight,
My babies.

For Fargo thought that she could
play football,
But we will show her that she cannot
play at all,

For the U. is going round for another
touchdown.

There'll be a cold time in Fargo to-
night.

Cheer, boys, cheer, for we have got
the ball.

Wah, who, wah, O, won't they take a
fall,

When we strike their line they'll
have no line at all,

There'll be a hot time in Grand Forks
tonight.

No. 3—

Tune—Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.

Have you heard of the farmers and
their mighty hosts of war,

How they mop the earth with every
team they play?

And of victories they tell,

Till their heads begin to swell,

And they think they have a cinch
with us today.

Rah, rah, rah, we are the people,

Three times three for the U. so dear,

Oh, we'll win the game or bust,

Yellow and green will trail the
dust,

And we long to make the song so
very clear.

No. 4—

Tune—Rally Round the Flag.

O, they come from the corn fields,
Four hundred tanned and green.
Shouting the battle-cry of A. C.
They were taken with the blues,
And back again they flew,
Back to the woods of dear old Fargo.
The pink and green for ever,
Hurrah, boys, hurrah!

Down with the Aggies and up with
the braves,
For we'll rally round the U, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of victory.

No. 5—

Tune—Coon, Coon, Coon.

You may sing of Minnesota
And her rich maroon and gold,
You may tell us of old Oxford,

With her azure flags unrolled.
But the wild rose of our prairies
Has colors brightest, fairest,
Of college banners she's the queen,
The pink and green.

Chorus.

Pink and green—see those colors fly,
U. N. D., 'tis your's to do or die,
Steal the ball, make a touchdown on
the sly,
And we'll cheer you on to victory
with
Odz, dzo, dzi.

We're here along the side-lines, boys,
Two hundred fifty strong,
To yell for dear old 'Varsity,
And cheer you with our song.
We're a jolly band and loyal,
And boys, you play right royal,
You're pushing on to victory,
For the U. N. D.

Cho.—Pink and green, etc.—

—Mary Brennan.

YELLS.

No. 1—

Odz-dzo-dzi
Ri-ri-ri
Hy-ah Hy-ah
North Dakota.

(Sioux War Cry.)

No. 2—

U. N. D.
Ra-ra Ra-ra
U. N. D.
Ra-ra Ra-ra
Hoo-rah Hoo-rah
Varsity Varsity
North Dakota.

No. 3—

What's the matter with Wardrope?
(Supply any name.)

He's all right.
Who is all right?
Wardrope.
Who is Wardrope?
He's a la-la,
He's a lu-lu,
He's a Da-ko-ta.

No. 4—

Potatoes and straw!
Potatoes and straw!

N. D. A. C.
Whoa-back-haw.

Who are we?
Ah, see. The U. N. D.

No. 5—

Fargo, Fargo, Fargo, go,
Dago, Dago,
Sell de banano,
Fargo, Fargo, Fargo, go,
Two for a nick,
Two for a nick,
Sell de banano.

No. 9—

Rickety, ax, t' ax ti ax,
Rickety, ax, t' ax ti ax,
Hulla-ballo, Hulla-ballo,
We're all right,
How are you?

No. 8—

Boom a lacker, boom a lacker,
Bow wow, wow.
Chick a lacker, chick a lacker,
Chow, chow, chow.
Boom a lacker, Chick a lacker,

No. 10—

Strawberry short cake, Gooseberry
pie,
V I C T O R Y,
Are we right? Well, I should smile,
We've been right for a long, long
while.

Local Items

And now the husky footballe
Gets out on the railroad track,
And lets the engine run over him
A few times, forward and back,
And hires a healthy, steel-shod mule
To kick him two hours a day
Just to get toughened up a bit
For the gory, Autumn fray.

Miss Margaret Cravath, of Minot, was
down for the first reception.

The Galico Course seems popular
again this year.

The new lockers in the training
quarters are said to be the finest west of
Chicago.

Halloween was a festive night this
year. From nine 'till ten thirty the

students in all the buildings were allowed
to amuse themselves about as they saw
fit. President Merrifield aided things
materially by placing a barrel of apples
in each dormitory.

A suit for breach of damages.

Counsel (in moot court.) "Have you
read anything about this case in the
newspapers?"
Winess.—"Well, no, almost nothing."

Professor Macnie gave the girls of
both dormitories a spread in the Sky Par-
lor on the 16th in honor of his grandson's
birthday. The event of the evening was
the finding of the gold ring in the huge
chocolate cake. Miss Annie Cole, of the
cottage, was the lucky girl. The even-
ing closed with a speech by Professor
Macnie and various demonstrations by
the young ladies.

They say that Miss Owen forgot herself at roll call the other day, and instead of answering "present", she replied "Coming."

Rob't Muir, '02, passed through town not long ago, and visited at the "U" during the day. We understand he is taking a P. G. course in Domestic Economy.

Mr. Gilmore made a flying trip to Fargo and back some time ago.

Prof. of Biology:—"What would happen to a frog if you covered the pores of his skin with vaseline."

Student (somewhat given to slang) "He would probably croak."

The usual Saturday night reception was held on the 11th, of last month. In the guessing contest, which furnished most of the amusement, Mr. Abbey carried off the honors. The reception committee was made up of Misses Bobb, Hansen, and Helgeson and Messrs Dahl, Baker and Traynor.

The first dance of the season took place in the Armory on October, 20th. Sixteen numbers and an extra were danced, Miss Sulzbach furnishing the music. The electric lights went out at the second dance but were replaced by candles until the power came on again, producing altogether an effect more pleasing than other wise. The crowd was satisfactorily large and everyone appeared to have the best kind of a time. Mrs. Long was patroness, and the committee consisted of Messrs Campbell, Walker and Hamel.

The fourth reception was held in the evening after the Valley City game, and

after choosing partners by fishing for them with gum drops over a partition, the grand march was led outside to greet the Valley City boys with the Varsity yell. The greater part of the evening was spent in the game of "advertisements", the prize being awarded to Mr. Smith. A "Musical Romance" concluded the festivities. The reception committee was made up of Misses Brennan, Conmy, and Skundberg and Messrs Bull, Coulter and McLaurin.

Wellwood having heard that his class in contracts would meet at one o'clock, at eleven saw the professor going to teach the Senior class in bills and notes, took it for granted that he had had his dinner and learned his lesson, went into the class and is reported to have had a good time. Further, deponent sayeth not.

Membership in the C. B. C. is constantly increasing. The only recommendation needed is a broken collar bone. Football has already furnished Messrs. Hancock, Robinson, Gaskaden and Chisholm with first-class certificates.

The debate on the Protection Free-trade Question between Mr. Lykken and Mr. Noble resulted in a victory for the latter. Both speakers showed a profound knowledge of their respective sides of the case, and their methods of argument showed several innovations.

Miss Edith McLaren, of Ardoch, visited her sister, Dolly, on the day of the Mitchell game.

Thanks to the fine weather, President Merrifield's residence is progressing quite satisfactorily.

Who lost his hat going to St. Thomas? And who didn't lose his heart after he got there?

Regarding that Hamline game, the more said, the less the better.

Mr. John L. Ivery, a graduate of De-pauw University, visited Mr. Gilmore a short time ago.

Prof. Woodworth has awarded several members of the History I Class the doubtful title of "D. K".

Mr. Johnson (soliloquizing) "Suppose the Misses Ray should get married, what would they be then? Ex-Rays?"

Mrs. Andrew Johnson, of Leeds, paid a short visit to her sister-in-law, Miss Rosella Johnson, last month.

Miss Flora McDonald, of Ellendale, spent Sunday, the 26th, at Davis Hall, the guest of Miss Owen.

Miss Margaret Shea was called home a couple of weeks ago by the illness of her mother.

Don't miss the Harvest Home Festival on Nov. 10th. There will be a fine musical program by city talent, in Chapel followed by a dance in the Armory.

Several of the second team boys stopped off at their homes on the way back from St Thomas.

The injury hoodoo continues his dire work. Miss Kirks carries her arm in a sling, now, the result of basket ball playing. Moral:—Play crokinole.

The Misses Anna and Lilah McGlinch, of Minto, came down to see "Florodora" and spent the night at the Cottage.

It is said that Mr. Traynor uses talcum

powder instead of salt. At any rate a box of it was found at his plate not long ago.

The new hardwood floor in Davis Hall is a very decided and welcome improvement.

Almost any of the girls can show you a piece of Hamline ribbon,—except perhaps Miss Walker.

For most any old thing, from pins to ping pong, and from low-necked clams to those "you-can't-get-along-unless-you-have-a-Biscuits" apply at the Department Store next to the postoffice. Of course they sell Sanford's inks, too.

The room occupied by Messrs Ward-robe and Smith was arranged last month in a manner that was novel, to say the least. The idea was not their own, however, and the room is once more in its normal state.

The first "night off" of the term was taken to see "Florodora" on Oct. 7. A comparatively small number of students took advantage of the opportunity, but those who did cannot say enough about the excellence of the production.

The second Saturday night reception was given on Oct. 4, in the parlor of Davis Hall. After the grand march, a blackboard was brought in and the members of the company endeavored to draw the animals named on the slips which they had received earlier in the evening. Guessing the identity of these vertebrates created much sport, and after a short session of "Magic Music" the entertainment came to a close. The reception committee was made up of Misses Mc Laren, McMurchie and Wallace and Messrs Campbell, Brannon and Wilson.

Joe Flanagan dropped in last month for a look around. He can't do it to often.

A merchant in town said that he thought it was right to give money for a foot ball coach as the boys could not walk to the games very well. (This is an actual fact.)

Found in the note book of a junior law. "Tweedle vs Atkinson, executor of deceased Guy."

Wright is pondering over the question of how one person can be two parties. Ask him how it can be done.

The only requirement for office in the Law school society is that the candidate express an intention of growing a mustache, not immediately but any time in the future.

The mining engineering department has received an excellent type of universal "jolly" machine for general clay working. This will prove very helpful to mining students in their practical work in Ceramics.

Miss Nellie Hanson has changed to the normal course. By this means she will graduate a year sooner. That is what is called "head work."

The pupils in biology have derived a great deal of amusement, lately, from the live porcupine which Professor Brannon has allowed to run loose in the laboratory. "Prickley Jim" is quite a pet even though his disposition is not of the sweetest.

1st Sociology Student:—"Are't statistics fearfully dry, though?"

2nd Ditto:—"That depends. What about the statistics of rainfall and humidity?"

It's a good thing that eclipses of the moon are not pulled off every night. The effect of gazing at the last one was very

noticeable among a number of our students the next day.

"What would the defendant do to the plaintiff if he could not make him carry out the contract?" Prof. P: "Either lick him or sue him for damages."

He:—(at the game) "What splendid guards that team has!"

She:—(doubtfully) "Yes,—but which do you mean, on their shins or on their noses?"

The Moorhead boys couldn't possibly have won. Their foot ball pants were altogether too new.

Mr. William Traynor, brother of our postmaster, visited here for a short time recently.

The young man who applied at the cottage for "a silver plated melophone" found that there were none left. This was not the case with the young man himself.

Our Business Manager spent a week at the Devil's Lake Chautauqua last summer. They say the attractions were unusually fine this year.

The first reception of the season was given in the parlor of Davis Hall, on Saturday evening, Sept., 27. After drawing partners by lot, a grand march was held, followed by a violin duet by the Misses Stevens. President Merrifield then called on Professor Bruce, of the Law School, for a few remarks which were well received. The most interesting event of the evening, however, was President Merrifield's recital of what happened to him during the summer. Frequent, and almost hilarious applause greeted his remarks, at the close of which dancing was indulged in until the hour of departure. The reception committee consisted of Misses McClintock, Morgan and Johnson, and Messrs Craig, Wardrope and Hamel.

A Belligerent Affair.

The following occurred in a theme, by a member of the Rhetoric class, on "Our National Flag:" "Before the battle of Saratoga the continental flag was made of a British banner with some slight altercations in color."

A Happy Married Life

In a theme on Eli Whitney the writer says: "He married in 1817 and lived in comparative peace and comfort until his death."

Blood Will Tell.

One young man, with ancestors in the battle of Gettysburg, closes a theme on that great battle with these words: "Any one who doubts its originality will call at Room Budge Hall for contradiction of his arguments."

Culture Comes Hard.

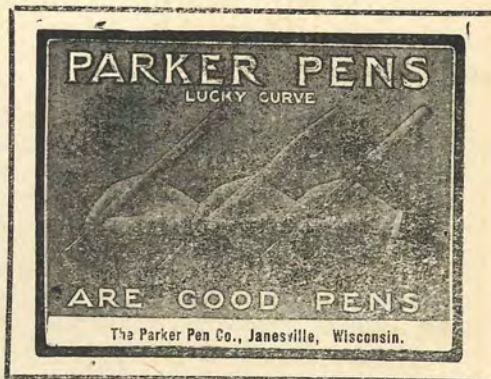
A young lady was heard to remark that she had entered one of the courses in preparatory English for culture, but that she would not have done so if she had had any idea that it was so hard.

Notice to Poets

The following is from a theme by a member of the Rhetoric class: "If you are inclined to be Poetic go to Minnehaha falls, and all the Poetry in you will come out."

Hiram:—"Hez yer son given up farm-in"? Obadiah:—"I guess so. He's attending one of them agricultural schools in the city."—Harper's Bazar.

Varsity, varsity,
U-rah-rah
Varsity, varsity,
Ha-ha-ha.
Law school, law school
North Da—ko—ta.



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