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Don't Miss a Walker

THE STUDENT

VOLUME XV
NUMBER 4



February
1902

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THE STUDENT

VOL. XV. No. 4

UNIVERSITY, N. D.

FEBRUARY, 1902

The Light That Failed Not.

"Fighting the battle of life
With a weary heart and head,
For in the midst of the strife
The banners of joy are fled!
Fled and gone out of sight,
When I thought they were so near
And the murmur of hope this night
Is dying away on my ear."

The crimson tinge of a northern sunset was just settling over the peaceful little village of Lillehammer, Norway, and the last rays of the departing sun touched the rocky, irregular landscape with a farewell caress. To the south lay the beautiful Mjos fjord over whose shimmering surface was mirrored the glorious ever-changing panorama of the western sky. All around rose the grave majestic mountains, typical of the strength and sternness of the Norseman.

The trees were putting on their autumn colors and the little village looked like one vast bewildering mass of gold and red and yellow, intermingled here and there with white where the houses peeped from among the trees. In the distance, was heard the music of running water as the laughing water falls danced down the mountain side, blended with the faint tinkle of cowbells and the chirping good-night of birds.

Not oblivious to the beauty of this scene was Brynhild Berglien or her companion Sigmund Reidmar, as they walked along the shore of the Mjos fjord. Playmates, school fellows, friends, they were. A pretty picture they made, this young girl and her boy friend. As they wandered along the old familiar path they come upon some object here and

there associated with their companionship. The first cloud had risen. Sigmund was going away; Brynhild was not going with him.

"You are going to Christiana Monday Sigmund?" asked Brynhild, breaking the silence.

"Yes, father says I must go Monday in order to be at the University at the opening of the term" answered Sigmund.

"I am sorry you are going, Sigmund. I shall be lonely without you. Why, there will be nobody to talk to me, nobody to read to me, nobody to take me rowing across the fjord. How *shall* I pass the time for a whole year?"

"Why, Brynhild, I don't believe you want me to go to college, and you who have built so many castles for me," said Sigmund.

"O, yes, I want you to go, but-but-I-I-well I don't—"

"How pretty Lillehammer looks tonight! I hate to leave the dear old place. Why, Brynhild, it isn't much fun to go to College, said Sigmund.

They had stopped under the old oak tree and both stood looking out over the fjord. Both were silent. Brynhild looked at her playfellow. He was gazing across the fjord to the tall mountains beyond. They had always been playmates at home and in school. Two years before they had stood together at the altar on Confirmation Day. Could it be possible that he was going away to stay a whole year?

How many times they had rowed on that beautiful little fjord! How often had they sung together the dear old Norse songs, "Gamle Norge" and "Ja vi Elsker

Dette Landet," or in lighter moods the wierd old ballads of the north! How often had they laughed together over the wonderful tales of the Sagas, or read Synnove Solbakken," "En Glad Gut," or Ibsen's "Dukkehjem," and now it was all over.

Byrnhild was the only child of a wealthy merchant of Lillehammer. On account of her delicate health she had spent much of her time out of doors. What wonder then that she had absorbed the bewitching enchantment of the surroundings—the strength and defiance of the mountains, the sweetness of birds and flowers. In her Sigmund Reidmar had found a friend. At school when his anger carried him away Brynhild's light touch on his arm, a word from her, and the biting retort would die on his lips; the uplifted hand would stay the intended blow. No one knew him better than Brynhild. And now he was going to a large city to new surroundings. His father had determined that he should study medicine at the University of Christiana. It had been Sigmund's ambition since he finished the *real* school in Lillehammer to go to the capital to become a doctor. Now his ambition was to be realized. A brilliant future lay before him. Sigmund's stern sense of justice made him intolerant. His blood boiled at anything unfair and his revengeful spirit was his most bitter enemy. Brynhild thought as she noticed the tall erect figure, the proud head, the broad forehead, the frank open face; "what a boy to be proud of and yet what a boy to be feared!"

This was their last Saturday evening walk together! The sunset deepened into pearly twilight. Night came on and the great golden red moon came up behind the dark gray mountains, silvering the waters of the fjord whose dimpling eddies danced along the shore. Silence! Silence more eloquent than any language!

And the story which never grows old was told once again.

"Sigmund!"

"Brynhild! What is it?"

"Sigmund, you are going away to stay for a long time. You have often said you would do anything for me."

"Yes, and I meant it," answered Sigmund.

"I want you to promise me something before you go, Sigmund. You may think it foolish but I have always had a fear that in an unguarded moment you would do something wrong, something seriously wrong, because you are so passionate, so revengeful." Sigmund's face darkened. He knew that Brynhild spoke the truth. He hated himself for it.

"You are right, Brynhild. I am afraid of myself sometimes. Yet I would not willfully do anything wrong. But what do you want me to promise?"

Brynhild went up to him, laid her hand on his arm and lifting her serious face to his said:

"Promise me, Sigmund, that if you ever should feel prompted to do anything wrong you will think of this night on the dear old fjord, and remember that 'a promise made over running water is doubly binding.'"

Sigmund's face softened as she said those words and then as he felt her searching eyes upon him he said: "Brynhild, on the honor of my manhood I promise you and I shall remember that 'a promise made over running water is doubly binding.'"

How often he thought of that night in the long years after! How pale and delicate Brynhild looked in the moonlight! What if anything should happen to Brynhild while he was gone! Impossible!

"You must write often, Brynhild, that will help me to keep my promise," said Sigmund, and Brynhild consented.

They walked homeward. "A promise

made over running water is doubly binding" kept flashing through Sigmund's mind. All thought of the future now, away! Sigmund thought only of the present, of the sweet young girl at his side. Brynhild! Only a girl! and what in the midst of the great drama of life are girls and their blind vision? Treasure of human affection! Aspiration to a higher life! What are these? Only a girl!

The day of Sigmund's departure had come and gone. He entered the University and each week a letter found its way to his little playmate at Lillehammer. Bright, hopeful letters they were, telling how he hoped to be a great doctor some day and how much he missed her, what they would do when he came home for vacation. Sigmund was making a brilliant record.

Once when on some provocation on the part of a classmate, he stood with hand upraised ready to strike, the memory of the soft moonlight shining on a pale face, large, dark, reproachful eyes, caused him to drop his uplifted arm. Again he heard those words "a promise made over running water is doubly binding." The battle was partly won. The memory of the Mjos fjord and its associations had staid the revengeful blow.

* * * * *

Three years had come and gone. They had been long years to Sigmund. They had been longer to Brynhild. No more could she roam the shores of her beloved Mjos fjord. No more was she seen rowing on its beautiful blue water. No more she watched the sun setting over the stern, grand mountains. No more she listened to the music of the waterfalls. Brynhild was seriously ill and the doctors could give no hope.

* * * * *

Sigmund stood looking out of the window in his room. There was no outward manifestation of the fear that had taken

possession of him. He had received a letter telling of Brynhild's sickness. He was impatient to be off for Lillehammer but the Xmas holidays were only two days off and he must wait. There was a quick sharp knock at the door. A telegram was handed to him. No trace of emotion save the white set face told of the agony that was going on in his heart. "Brynhild is seriously ill. Come home at once," so ran the message.

Mechanically he prepared for the journey. Ages seemed to have passed before he sat at the bedside of Brynhild, and Brynhild, his playmate, the light of his whole life was slipping away from him. No power could stay her. The tragedy of a heart! Brynhild was dead.

* * * * *

It was New Year's eve. Sigmund stood looking out into the starlit night. The lights of the picturesque little village of Lillehammer gleamed a merry invitation to the New Year but they brought no cheer to the lonely watcher of the night. Mute, motionless, alone, he struggled with his bitter sorrow.

The fierce, restless fire of many generations was burning in his brain, and coursing wildly through his veins. His hopes had been blasted. The light of his life gone out, what cared he for his life? Why not end it? That would be better than this blank hopelessness, this mockery of existence. "A promise made over running water is doubly binding." Ah, yes, his promise! He had forgotten that. Where was Brynhild now? He came of a race which was not easily thwarted in anything. The object of his dearest desire, his highest hope, had been snatched away. The little stars twinkled in the sky, casting a soft light on the snow covered earth. The old year with its load of sorrows departed, and the new year with all its hope for the future was ushered in. But it brought no peace to the sad soul of Sigmund.

It was a bitter struggle. At last when the first flush of dawn had tinged the eastern sky, the long vigil ended.

For her sake I must live. I will do what she would wish me to.

Sigmund graduated with honors the next year. He built up a great practice and is now one of the greatest doctors in Northern Europe. That is many years ago. People wonder at the kind old man who works so faithfully among the sick and dying. There is a quiet, stern, yet tender dignity in his face and manner that mark him as a man among men.

Every year he goes back to his beautiful Lillehammer to gather strength and inspiration by wandering among the majestic mountains, rowing over the placid waters of the Mjos fjord, recalling the days of his companionship with Brynhild Berglie. Under the old oak tree where they stood together that September night so long ago, is a little mound covered with wild roses. As Sigmund stands there, he hears the cascade dancing down the mountain side and a sweet voice comes back to him through the silence of many long years: "A promise made over running water is doubly binding."

And Sigmund has kept his promise.

J. H. F.

xxxxxx

An Incident at the Foot-Ball Game.

They were walking briskly along. He had a megaphone; she carried a banner and great streamers of maroon and gold fluttered in their train.

"This beats high school all to pieces," said the boy.

"Yes, I want to come here some day, the girl replied.

"They don't do a thing up here but go to football games and have big mass

meetings in chapel—spend a whole hour singing and yelling."

"The very idea!" she said surprised. "I thought they had to study lots harder than we do."

"Min, I came up here one day with my cousin. He said he didn't have to go to class but he guessed he would show me what a snap he had. The Prof. talked all the time, never asked a question. Some of them took notes but my cousin said you didn't need to."

"O how jolly! said the maid.

"Time to go in. It's one o'clock.

Lots of the fellows were to be here at 12."

"O, see that tally-ho and all the red and white ribbon. What are they saying, George? I can't catch it?"

"Just the Nebraska yell. Let them holler. They won't get a chance after the game.

There's the seat we want. Hurry up Minnie. The crowd's all making for it. Here—run." They reached it and sat down breathless and satisfied.

Soon the yell captains took their places and a little later the band came.

When the train appeared George and Minnie made two lively particles in the great wriggling color mass that greeted it.

"Isn't this glorious!" said Minnie. "Football is dandy. Do you know I never was at a game before."

"Minnie," he said almost savagely don't let anyone hear you say that," and he looked around cautiously to see who had heard, but all were intent on the field.

"Why," is it so terrible? Don't believe you'd be so shocked if I said I'd never been to church."

"Well, you know anybody around here who has never seen a game is a regular curiosity," he whispered.

You know my cousin told me once they found a fellow who had never seen a

game. They put a cord on him marked "fossil" and made him sit in the museum for an hour. Then they dressed him up in some queer togs and took him to a game. On his back was marked—"Abraham watching a modern battle on the gridiron."

"Gee, whiz! I missed that," as a great uproar rose from the crowd. Can't talk here."

"O what is that yelling about? You might teach me that Indian war-whoop."

"Listen, you'll learn it. And George was swelling the noise with his lusty pair of lungs.

"See that run! Shaw, Minnesota fumbled."

"Minnesota did what? asked Minnie.

"Made another touchdown" shouted George, watching the rapid progress of the game.

"Is a fumble the same thing as a touchdown? asked Minnie, but luckily her voice was drowned in the volume of sound that filled the air.

George was counting with all his might and emphasizing each number with a jump and a rooster like motion of the arms.

"O, dear, there's a poor man hurt. He can't get up. They're bringing him water. Isn't it awful! Maybe he's killed," and she shuddered as she shut out the sight.

"Nonsense, Minnie, what are you making such a fuss about? That's only a Nebraska man."

"Well, I don't care who he is, he's hurt, and you're just an old heathen if you aren't sorry."

"Shaw, he's just playing off to take out time, so they can rest, see?"

"O, do they do that? I'm so glad, sighed Minnie in great relief.

"See that man there with a broken finger—playing right along? said George in great admiration. That's what I call grit."

"He's a Minnesota man, I suppose," said Minnie, who was getting wiser.

"Of course."

"I'm very sorry you told me. I shall think about the poor finger all the time."

"Well, you needn't. He'll have more glory over a broken finger than the rest of us would for a broken neck. He'll be the popular idol."

"Ha! See Nebraska bite the dirt. You're used to it. You corn huskers."

The score board turned finally for the last time and showed nineteen to nothing.

George forgot everything as he stood up there roaring and yelling till he almost lost his balance. He even forgot his little companion. The crowd moved and he went with it not knowing what he did. Finally the firm earth partially restored his senses. "Well, how did I get down here? Where's that girl? No business to take a girl to a game anyway. They don't know anything about it," he muttered.

Just then he spied a blue cap and a little blue figure making its way energetically toward the gate. The fluffy light curls danced about her face keeping time to vigorous thoughts within.

George caught up to her. She looked at him and the gentle blue eyes flashed steel gray.

"You're just horrid mean," she pouted. "My own brothers wouldn't treat me that way."

"Well, what did you run away for?"

"I didn't. I stood there calling you till the crowd laughed and then I started. I didn't care if you stood there hooting all night."

"I'm awful sorry, Minnie. I wasn't accountable, really. You don't understand the game well enough to thoroughly enjoy it. I'll give you a book I have and you can read up on it before the next game. Say, here's some bon-bons I forgot all about."

"I'll forgive you this once," she said

as she took a chocolate and talking and laughing they disappeared around the corner.

xxxxxx

H Fantasy.

The light burned fiercely, radiantly before his brain. By day and by night it was before him, as the pillar of fire in the wilderness. No smoke rose from this seemingly unquenchable flame, but a strongly penetrating heat, ever warmed his heart to greater, mightier deeds.

The flame grew daily, mightier and stronger, fanned by the sweet, soft breezes of success, and as the fire became hotter and brighter, the chill of defeat was driven steadily out, and the bright, level pathway stretched smoothly away before him.

The flame was ambition; the pathway, mighty deeds, and nothing stood between him and the jeweled throne of fame.

* * * * *

A faintly dim light flickered unsteadily behind his bowed head, shedding its feeble rays through the mists of despair.

Oblivion's yawning cavern lay darkly ahead, through whose thick gloom the feeble rays could not penetrate.

The living light had led his confident steps astray. He had taken the road to oblivion. It had narrowed. He was lost. What mighty, intervening power now could save him?

H. P.

xxxxxx

Science.

The following classification of College students is one based on chemical analysis:

Freshmen: Gassy but harmless individuals.

Sophomores: Children or kids who

are continually thanking their lucky stars that they got safely through the Freshman year.

Juniors: Indescribable jelly-like substances about to fall in love.

Seniors: Men and women grave and dignified who have passed through three years of labor and may now rest on their laurels and watch the rest.

NECKLACES OF CORAL.

When one examines a beautiful and expensive necklace of coral one may wonder why and how the delicacy of the article was produced. On wandering in at the open door of the museum one day the collection of objects which first impressed me was one of some fine corals, and on examining them more closely I felt a sudden impulse to learn more of the wonderful creatures who were able to build up such a lovely home for themselves out of the simple material that their natural home furnishes. Thinking that the readers of this paper might perhaps be interested in learning a little of them too I record the result of my inquiries.

The substance coral is much harder than bone; it seems much like ivory in both strength and firmness. The minute openings which one may notice in the sides of the coral branch were once the central chambers or stomachs of the coral polyps. The polyp did not live in this hard substance as an oyster or clam lives in its shell, the whole body being inclosed in a protective armor. The coral substance is secreted within its own body; just as we today secrete bony material within our own bodies.

Therefore when next you look at a coral necklace or a coral display in our museum imagine you can see a tiny cylindrical shaped body which may stretch outward, or draw back to the surface of the coral shield. Look closely at the anterior portion of this minute animal, and you will see several hairy or threadlike

tentacles waving continually backwards and forwards, creating a current in the water which will draw any unwary small fry about the mouth of the polyp, down into the central chambers where the nutritive parts will be absorbed, and the remainder thrown out again somewhat on the mechanical principle of a syringe. The body of the polyp draws itself down ejecting all these undigested parts.

The branching coral with which we are most familiar is the product of several millions of tiny polyps living in a colony and reproducing themselves by budding. There are other kinds of coral *e. g.* the mushroom coral, and the brain coral, which are each the skeleton of a single animal.

Coral forming polyps belong to a type of animals called Calmiera. The chief characteristics of this type are the presence of only two cellular layers the ectoderm and the entoderm, and as a result of having only two cell layers, they have only a single body cavity called the calenteric or digestive cavity; thirdly, they have radiate symmetry.

To the Calenterata belong two chief sub-types of animal sponges and cnidaria, or stinging animals, so called because they have stinging cells whereby an injection of their acid contents into small animals causing paralysis and some times death, may be effected.

To the second sub-type belong the beautiful sea anemones, polyps of all kinds including our coral builders, also the medusa forms with their long and graceful tentacles. Representing the medusa form is the Portuguese man-of-war and many so-called jelly fish.

The habitat of reef-forming corals is in water ranging from 68 degrees F. to to 80 degrees F., or an average of about 74 degrees F. Within isothermal lines bounded by this mean temperature corals grow abundantly, being especially luxuriant in the warmest waters. Most

of the corals which grow in colder waters are solitary forms.

Corals are found in great abundance in the Feejee seas. The most valuable species is *corallum rubrum*, a bright red variety, which is found in the Mediterranean Sea, near Italy. They are widely distributed thru all the warm waters. One might reasonably expect to find corals in any part of the Torrid zone, where the water is not too deep, or where no cold current from the Arctic regions lowers the temperature of the water too greatly. Along almost the entire western coast of Africa a coral reef is found, the reason for this being that there are no streams flowing out into the ocean. Coral never grows where there is a great deposit of sand or mud ooze, as is found where rivers empty. Most of the islands in the Indian Ocean are of coral formation, besides many of the smaller islands of the Pacific, and in the Atlantic are found the Hebrides, the Bahamas, the Florida Keys, all of coral formation.

Corals do not build on anything but rocky soil, and not at a greater depth than 100 feet below the surface. Where they are found at a lower depth two explanations have been given; first, the land has sunk, thus carrying the polyps lower; second, they have extended operations outward and downward from their origin.

The work of the coral polyps is to form reefs, islands, and atolls. The reefs are like water-breaks to the land and are of two kinds, fringing and barrier.

The fringing reef is very close to land, fringing on it in fact, while the barrier reef is formed a mile at least, usually much farther away from land, often twenty miles distant.

Within the barrier reef is found comparatively still water. The growth of corals is usually toward the sea, where the waves are the strongest.

Great benefit is derived from these

reefs: 1. The limits tributary to the lands are greatly enlarged. 2. They are barriers against the ocean, often forming valuable harbors. 3. They act as dikes to detain the detritus from the hills. 4. They stop the waters of the streams, causing it to drop the silt it was bearing off, thus they secure an addition to the land. Therefore they prevent the waste which is constantly going on about islands with no such barriers.

Coral islands resemble reefs except that a lake or lagoon is encircled instead of a mountainous island. A narrow rim of coral reef stretches around the enclosed waters. The land is seldom more than ten or twelve feet above high tide, and is usually covered with the rich foliage and palms of the tropics, altho on almost every island indications of the manner of formation may still be seen.

Thus we see that coral polyps, tho so small, have performed a great service in the world's economy.

xxxxxx

Athletics.

The year 1901, with its hopes and its fears, its joys and disappointments, is gone. Its baseball games are matters of history, and its great football season is but an honored memory.

To the U. N. D. athletes '01 was far from being a successful year; both our baseball and football teams were defeated several times, and by opponents that we once considered very much our inferiors. But '01 is gone, and it is useless to bewail our past defeats. Let us profit by our experiences and see that last year's mistakes are not repeated. Let us begin the year 1902 determined to "wipe out" the defeats of '01 and to place the Univer-

sity, in athletics as it already is in education, in the lead among the institutions of the state. We have excellent material, an enthusiastic student body, and many staunch supporters among the members of the faculty. Why shouldn't we be the baseball and football champions of North and South Dakota for 1902?

The broken bones have grown together, the bruises have disappeared, and the men of the good old "U" are themselves again. Now that the football season is over and baseball has not yet begun, our hardy athletes and would-be "strong men" are forced to use their surplus energy in more humble sports. Skating, boxing, tumbling, track walking, and hockey now occupy the spare time of those who were wont to have their faces pushed into the hard and unfeeling ground, and who derived great pleasure from having the opposing team saunter carelessly over their prostrate forms. The military uniform has replaced the football armor, and now the fellows who follow Will Lemke to victory or defeat without a tremor, quail before the fierce glances of a few undersized cadet instructors. So have the mighty fallen.

Thanks to the energy and push of Mr. Walker, the tennis court has been flooded and makes an excellent skating rink. It is larger than last year's rink, and promises to be a great source of pleasure to the young people of the U. N. D.

A hockey team has been organized and played its first game Jan. 17 with the Grand Forks hockey team. Though the U. boys were beaten they played a fast and plucky game, and give promise of great work in the future.

At the recent meeting of the U. A. A. Mr. Blair, our popular manager of last year, was re-elected as baseball and football manager for 1902. Mr. Wilcox was elected baseball captain, while Mr. Lemke was again chosen as captain of our football team.

Normal Items.

Miss Emma Weiss attended the Association Jan. 2 and 3.

The Normal Department is furnishing some of our leading debaters.

Mrs. Cooley is giving the course in primary methods this term and has a class of about sixty.

The attendance in the Normal College is from a fourth to a third greater than in any previous year.

Miss Bertha Ferguson, class of '99, is teaching the fourth and fifth grades at Drayton. Miss Ferguson attended the State Association at Grand Forks.

The students in the Pedagogy class who remained at the "U" or in town during the holidays attended the meetings of the State Educational Association.

A new text book has been adopted in Psychology, Course I—that of Prof. James, who is head professor of Psychology at Harvard University.

A Round Table has been organized for the benefit of the teachers in the Practice Department, under the supervision of our critic teacher, Mrs. Cooley, together with Prof. Kennedy and Prof. Brannon. This is a movement in the right direction and will without doubt be highly beneficial to all concerned. The Round Table meets every Saturday at the eighth period.

The work of the Practice Department has begun. The following are teaching now: Agnes Skundberg, civics; Edith Fiero, grammar; Emma Elliott, arithmetic; Nellie Smith, physiology; Miss Cunningham, history; Miss Wager, geography.

"The Art of Questioning" was the subject of discussion at the first meeting of the Teachers' Round Table.

In every teacher's experience there comes a time when he must ask himself these questions: What am I aiming at? Am I responsible for the manner and matter of what I am teaching? Does it make any difference to me what my pupils are doing? And every teacher, if he be not either ignorant of the aims of education or indifferent to his mission, must acknowledge that he ought to have a definite aim, that he is responsible for what he teaches and how he teaches, and that it makes the greatest difference in the world to him as a teacher whether those intrusted to his care *learn* in the true sense of the word.

Perhaps the greatest and most noble aim of the teacher should be the spiritual good of the pupil. All other aims are really subordinate or should be. "The teacher who levels his work to the merely practical will miss that and all else; but the teacher who seeks the kingdom of heaven first will have all things else added."

Thus every lesson becomes a conscious purpose toward the great aim of life. The teacher must make the lessons which he presents in the schoolroom reveal to the pupil his possibilities, give him confidence and pride in his own worth, must inspire him with a longing for truth and righteousness, show him how to give his life definite current under a strong purpose, a fulness and joy which shall elevate him above the common clay. To be conscious of these, in teaching, is the triumph of professional knowledge and skill.

In conclusion, when all is said and done, the teacher who realizes the responsibility of his calling, who is not indifferent to the wants and cravings of the pupil's mind, who really desires to know how to *teach* in the true sense of the word, and who goes to work with a conscious, steady unflinching purpose, is the teacher who will succeed.

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The Student extends a hearty greeting to all whom the year 1902 has brought to our midst. Each new student aids in increasing our numbers, and thus adds to the popularity of the University. The enrollment has now reached the highest mark in the history of the institution. The young people throughout the state are awaking to the fact that it is the height of folly to pass by their own University and its increasing advantages for some more distant place of learning.

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Two of the series of inter-society debates are over, leaving the Adelphi and A. D. T. societies to contend for the championship of the University. Judging from the abilities of the speakers in both

these teams, the contest between them will be one of the most interesting events of the year. With such strong, enthusiastic debaters the University does not fear for the results when the inter-collegiate debates take place, but entertains high hopes of victory. The arrangements for these debates have been completed, and we are glad of the opportunity of measuring swords with South Dakota and Manitoba in the arena of debate.

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In 1883 the University of North Dakota was founded. In 1884 it was opened for students. On looking back over the progress that has been made in eighteen years it seems fitting that something should be done in the way of holding an anniversary to celebrate the founding of the University. We read of other colleges, many of them not so large as this, holding such celebrations. There is no reason why we should not. We think as much of our alma mater as other students do of theirs; let us not be afraid to show our appreciation in every way possible.

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There is another matter which the student body might do well to agitate and carry out. The University of North Dakota ought to have a college song of its own. That there is no such song is not because there is a lack of those whom the muses favor, but just that the idea has not as yet taken root and developed. You all know the power of a national anthem to arouse enthusiasm and devotion in a nation's cause. The Frenchman's blood courses faster in his veins as he hears the music of the Marsellaise. The martial strains of the Battle Hymn of the Republic inspire the American with a still deeper love for his country, and in the hour of conflict urge him on, heedless of danger, to defend her honor. We are not with-

out enthusiasm, but a real college song all our own would at least not lessen our ardor, and should aid in increasing our loyalty. Can not our poets and musicians compose a poem and set it to music before the year is out, so that we may no longer complain that there is no University song?

xxxxxx

Exchanges.

There was a man in our town,
His name my memory slips.
He kissed ten thousand microbes,
Off his sweetheart's ruby lips.

And when he found what he had done,
With all his might and main
He raced up there another night
And kissed them on again.

Ki plus 2s equals KISS.

How many New Year's resolutions have you kept?

"Gates Index contains many interesting articles this month.

The "Cresset" and the "College Arena" were up to their usual high standards this month.

Our Canadian contemporary, "King's College Index," is a deserving magazine, and full of good things this month.

Nothing is better than a pretty girl. A homely girl is better than nothing. Therefore a homely girl is better than a pretty girl.—*Spectrum*.

Speaking about a man that painted fruit so naturally that the birds came and pecked at it, said our artist, "I drew a hen so true to life that after the editor threw it into the waste basket it laid there."—*Ex*.

Professor (translating)—Tell me, thou slave, where is thy horse.

Guilty Student—It's in my pocket, but I wasn't using it.

The College Index (Kalamazoo) contains portraits and sketches of members of the faculty this month. Among the cuts we notice that of Prof. Squires' familiar face.

An attorney named Else, rather diminutive in his stature and not particularly respectable in his character, once met Jeckyll. "Sir," said he, "I hear you have called me a pettifogging scoundrel. Have you done so, sir?"

"Sir," said Jeckyll, with a look of contempt, "I never said you were a pettifogger, or a scoundrel, but I said you were 'little Else.'"

No, friends of the "Spectrum," we are not behind the times and unprogressive, as you would have your readers believe. That you have not yet received *The Student* regularly has been due to an oversight, which will be immediately remedied. But is there any occasion for such an outburst of spleen over the matter?

If I were a Freshman, oh how I would dig;
If I were a Sophomore, you bet I'd feel big;
If I were a Junior, I'd be filled with joy and mirth;
And if I were a Senior I'd think I owned the earth.

—Ex-Student Record.

The "Minnesota Daily" does itself proud in an artistic Yule Tide number. This interesting issue of an interesting paper contains a complete write-up of the 1901 football team. "There were giants in those days," judging from the towering figures in some of the cuts displayed. The editor philosophizes in this wise:

"183 to 18 isn't so bad after all. It

was a sad blow to have our old time rivals at Madison secure the honor of being the only team to cross our goal line during the season of 1901, but we admitted a fair defeat and met it like men. It was a fine trip down there, just like riding out into the country where everything is fresh and green and verdant, and if we could blot out that awful two hours we were forced to endure while there, we could look back upon the trip with pleasure."

Continuing in the same vein, the editor takes occasion to give the North Dakota team complimentary notice in the following paragraph:

"Aye joust come down from North Dakota" on Nov. 11. The second team went out and met the North Dakota visitors, gave them a few pointers on football, then 'aye go back to North Dakota.' That was all there was to tell."

But let us forget it.

The state of Minnesota has in operation an excellent High School debating league, organized within the past year. The most important high schools in the state have joined the league, and great results are looked for. Could not our own high schools interest themselves in the organization of such a league? It certainly seems a good project. The high schools are without doubt as capable of organizing as good debates as many of the higher institutions.

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Local Items.

Mr. Atwood and Mr. McIntosh are living down town this term.

Every Sunday evening Mrs. Long and Prof. Cox give a supper to fourteen students.

Mrs. Wagner recently was the guest of

her sister, Miss Murdock, and of Miss Wagner for a short time.

We understand that the orchestra is contemplating giving a concert some time before long.

We welcome all the new students to the the University and wish them a pleasant and profitable year.

Hereafter the military companies will drill on alternate days, each company drilling but twice a week.

We take pleasure in noting the brief visit of a former student, Miss Cassie Fee, of Milton, among her old friends.

Mr. R. T. Muir has recently been elected president of the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical League of North Dakota.

Miss Lena Otteson, class of '99, spent a few days visiting with her friends at the "U." We were all much pleased to meet again one of the Alumnae.

Bare your arms, ye dormitory students, to the vaccinator's knife. Smile and go unflinchingly to your doom; it may kill you, but never mind; it is the law.

In the near future the Sophomores will give a banquet to the Freshmen. For some years this has been the custom, based on purely philanthropic motives.

The fine weather is being utilized to best advantage by numerous young couples, who like to indulge in long walks, merely for the sake of exercise.

The students took Wednesday for their night off, and attended Quo Vadis in a body. Ursus has been in evidence ever since.

We are grieved to learn that our worthy brother, John Coulter, has sustained a grievous accident. It is reported that that unfortunate hero has seriously fractured his heart in a vain endeavor to catch on bobs.

There is soon to take place a debate between the girls of the Adelphi and those of the A. D. T. Policemen will be on hand to see that no one pulls hair.

Said Jud to Hobson: "Have you heard the latest weather prediction?"

Hobson—"No; what is it?"

Jud:—"Sand storms, and colder."

Among the former students who have returned to the University this term are Miss Ferguson, Miss Tallackson and Messrs. Boise and Brannon.

The enrollment at present is the largest the University has ever had, being in the vicinity of four hundred. We are young yet, but we're growing rapidly—there's no question about that.

Mr. L. Fairchild, of the class of 1900, spent a few days renewing friendships at the University. Mr. Fairchild attended the Fish Supper given by Mrs. Long and Prof. Cox.

Mr. Austin recently visited the University for a short time. All vied in their efforts to render his visit pleasant, and he went away satisfied, we are sure, that his former friends have not forgotten him.

The lecture given by Bishop Shanley, of the diocese of Fargo, on the subject of Mary Tudor, was of intense interest. Bishop Shanley is a man of extraordinary ability, and a most careful and profound thinker.

We learn with pleasure that it is probable that a street car line will be built to the University next summer. The great benefit this would be to the University can easily be seen by all. It would save many a cold walk on frosty mornings when the train is late, and many a weary tramp down town at night. It would add much to the business-like aspect of the University, and undoubtedly influence more students to come here instead of going elsewhere to school.

AT "THE BURGOMEISTER."

The many colored curtain rises slow
On the show,
And the pallid brow of Hobson fails and fades
In the shades
But his troubled, restless glasses pore and peer,
And the fear
For the safety of the treasure of his heart
Makes him start
At every sign or titter wafted soft and low
From below.
Oh, the anguish and the tremor and the flood
Of his blood
To the heart that flits and flutters and will own
Her alone
As its keeper and its mistress and its queen,
When the scene
Passes, and the golden gas light flares and falls
On the walls
And blazons on his soul the picture of a pair
(Fond and fair)
Cooing in each other's faces down below!
Oh, the blow
Was one to sear his soul with sorrow! "Faithless
one,
Have you gone
Back on all the pleas and pledges, vows of troth,
That we both
Sealed with kisses in the morning of our love?
Gods above;
You have left the battled fortress of my care
(False, though fair)
And builded thee a mirage palace hall that stands
On shifting sands!"

Beware, ye croonole players and ye over-fond lovers! Your days are numbered, if the President can find anything to throw when he gets his eye on you.

Samuel Duncan McIntyre, who has been attending the Grand Forks High School, is enrolled in the Commercial Department.

One of the most delightful addresses of the year was that of Bishop Mann, on "Christian Manhood." Bishop Mann is the new bishop of North Dakota, and is a very entertaining speaker. A large audience was present, and all came away highly pleased. These Saturday evening lectures are a regular thing, and add much to the intellectual development of the students.

Prof. M. (in French class)—*Mr. J.*, you may translate.

Mr. J. (translating)—Oh, heavens!

Then he wondered why everybody laughed.

The Sophomore class has elected the following officers: Henry Devaney, president; Miss Baptie, vice president; Miss Wagner, treasurer; Miss Bushee, secretary.

Now that Prof. Babcock and family have moved into their new house, their former residence is being occupied by Prof. and Mrs. Chandler, and Miss Bisbee and her mother.

The skating enthusiasts of Budge Hall have spent some time in flooding the tennis court, and now they have quite a respectable rink. We are inclined to believe that the love of skating for its own sake has not been the only motive of some of the young men, but still we shall be charitable and not even imply any other incentive.

The engineering class has finally got moved into the new Science hall. There at all hours may be seen overall-bedecked young men industriously making the shavings fly, carving out fantastically shaped objects which could only be recognized by one gifted with an exceptionally vivid imagination. It looks easy—but it isn't.

A most delightful hour was spent Sunday evening in the parlors of Mrs. Long, by a few of the successful (?) fishermen and women of the U. The guests were charmingly entertained by Prof. Cox and Mrs. Long at a fish supper. During the evening each person recounted a *true* fish story, which every one else was perfectly willing to vouch for. The most unique decoration was a centerpiece consisting of a bowlful of gold fish and tadpoles. The bowl was placed upon an improvised ocean of mirror, and sur-

rounded by sea weed, coral, and shells. As a souvenir of a very pleasant evening each guest was presented with a shell from the Florida keys.

The work of the Sabbath Evening Bible class has been resumed. Prof. Brannon has very kindly consented to take charge of the class during the winter term. The student body show their appreciation of this kindness by turning out in large numbers. New hymn books are being procured which will add to the interest of the song service.

Prof. Squires paid a brief visit to the University during the holiday season, and was very heartily welcomed by the members of the faculty and the students who were spending their vacation here. Although his time was fully occupied, Prof. Squires found an opportunity to speak to the students a short time in the parlor of Davis Hall. We all enjoyed his witty, kindly remarks, and it was not without a tinge of regret that we replied to his "au revoir."

Owing to the thoughtfulness of Mrs. Long, Christmastide at the University was not without its delights. One of its most pleasant events was the Christmas party given to the students at which Mrs. Long acted as hostess and Prof. Cox as host. Prof. and Mrs. Kennedy, Prof. and Mrs. Chandler and Miss Chandler of Madison, Wis., and Prof. and Mrs. Babcock were the invited guests. A novel feature of the party was a miniature Christmas tree, which, laden with toy presents for each guest, occupied the center of the table.

It is indeed with feelings of the deepest sorrow that we learned of the sudden death of Stillman Bushee. A young man, but little over twenty years of age, full of life and vigor, rich in the strength of

early manhood, he died before his friends had begun to realize that he was ill. His death came on New Year's day, the result of an operation for appendicitis, after an illness of only a few days. At the time of his death he was engaged in business in Park River where he had been only a few months.

Two years ago, when he attended the University, his kindness of heart, his amiable disposition and his nobility of character made him admired and loved by all who knew him. His was a life of singular uprightness and purity, and those who knew him best loved him most. Highly talented, educated and refined, as he was, it seems cruel to think that his young life, so full of promise, should be so ruthlessly snatched away. Ever, by all who knew him, will his name be remembered with respect and love.

The second of the series of inter-collegiate debates was held in the chapel hall, Tuesday, Jan. 21. The question was, "Resolved, that the abolition of the death penalty in the United States would be detrimental to the best interests of its citizens." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Holgate, White and Hamel of the A. D. T.; the negative by Messrs. Skulason, Risler and Duggan of the Law School. The debate was intensely interesting. The speeches on both sides showed the most careful preparation. The courteous manner of each side towards the other, and the absence of all personal reflections deserves commendation. The judges were: Mr. Geo. B. Winship, Mr. E. J. Lander and Mr. H. L. Whithead. The decision given was 2 to 1 in favor of the affirmative. It is perhaps needless to say that the members of A. D. T. were more than proud of their representatives, who had worked so faithfully for the honor of their society.

Debating teams are organized to con-

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tend with the representatives of the University of South Dakota and those of the University of Manitoba. The contest for a place on the team is open to all who wish to try for it, preliminary debates being held in order to select those who may best represent us. All should take an interest in this matter, as it is only through contests of this kind that people are to judge the University.

During the Christmas vacation President Merrifield visited Don. McDonald at West Point. After giving satisfactory evidence that he was not smuggling in tobacco or whiskey he was allowed to go through the buildings and to inspect the barracks. He tells of several rules at West Point which might seem rather strict to the students of the University. He was disappointed, however, in not being honored with a little refreshment in the way of tobacco sauce, which he fully expected.

On Tuesday, February 14, occurred the first of a series of inter-society debates, between the teams of the Adelphi and that of the Per Gradus. As a result, several of the Adelphi supporters will dine at the expense of the Per Gradus enthusiasts.

A large audience of students and city people were in attendance and certainly were amply repaid for going. The subject of the debate was the trust question, the Per Gradus taking the ground that trusts and monopolies are advantageous to industrial welfare, and the Adelphians supporting the negative. The Per Gradus team was composed of Messrs. Wardrope, Lykken and Butterwick, and that of the Adelphi of Messrs. Larson, Wilcox and Grimson.

The judges of the debate were Rev. Father Conaty, Hon. Tracy R. Bangs and Hon. R. M. Carothers, the decision rendered being unanimously in favor of the negative.



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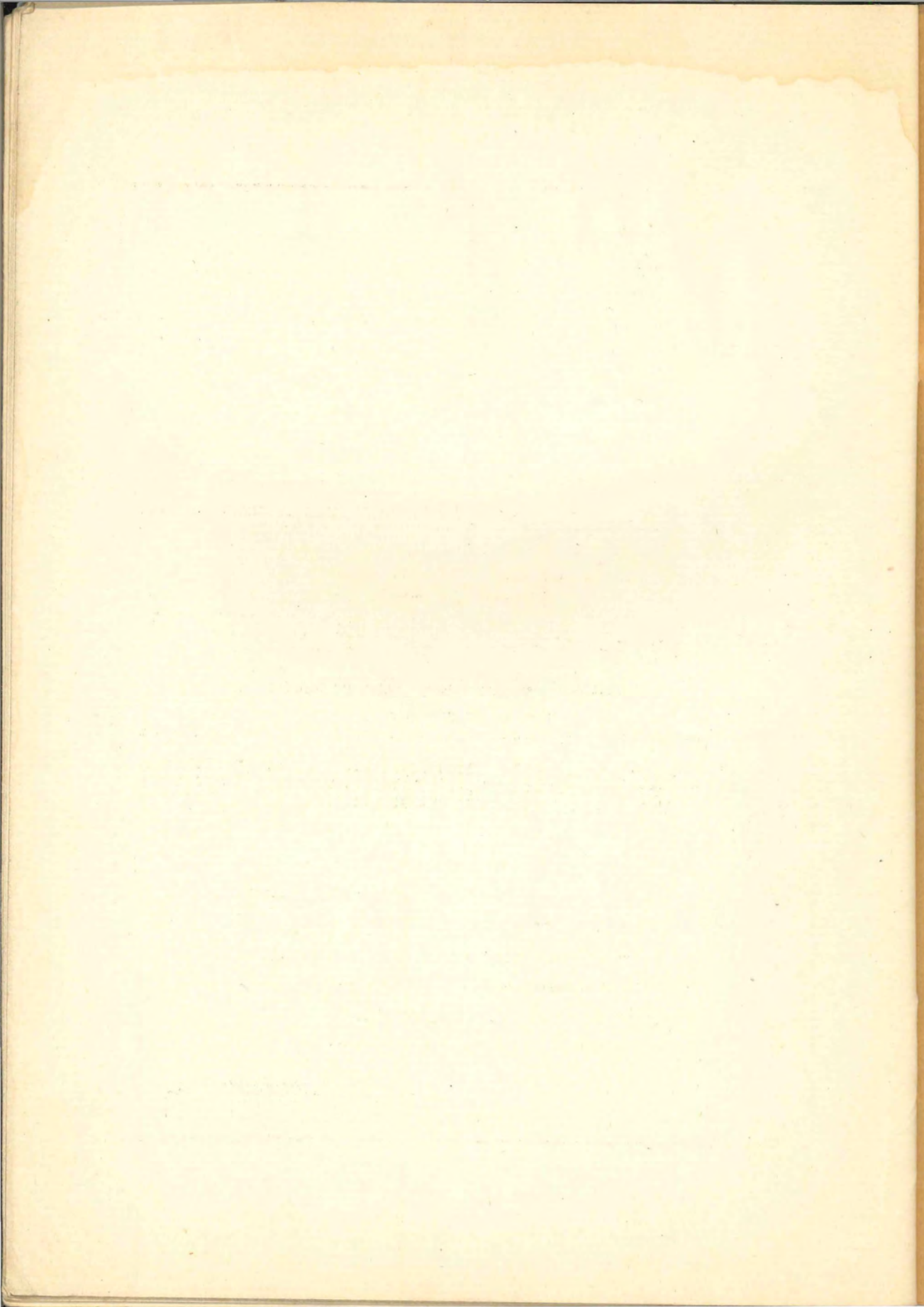
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