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Miss Anna Walker

THE STUDENT

VOLUME XV

NUMBER 5



March

1902

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THE STUDENT

VOL. XV. No. 5

UNIVERSITY, N. D.

MARCH, 1902

Spring.

In the morn, the sunlight glancing
On the silvered leaves, and dancing
Thro' the fields, all golden, gleaming,
O'er the hills its radiance streaming,
Wakes the world to life and song.

And the blue sky, boundless stretching,
All the sun's stray brightness catching,
With pearled clouds in beauty glowing,
Mirrored in the clear streams flowing,
Broods o'er earth with warmth and love.

And the air with glad sounds ringing,
Quiver with the birds' sweet singing,
And at twilight zephyrs sighing,
Softly croon the day that's dying,
To a calm and quiet sleep.

M. B.

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A Moonlight Reverie.

Out on the waves one winter night,
The wind blew strong and free;
No cloud or haze obscured the sight,
As the moon rose from the sea.

Full-orbed and clear, with glow serene,
Upward she moved in state,
Majestic, with Diana's mien,
And loftier than her mate.

Higher she rose, and loftier seemed—
My soul stood still in awe,
While thoughts gushed forth from a source
o'er teemed
With the course of cosmic law.

Silent and calm she moved thro' space,
Nor recked of life or death,
What time she bore some sentient race,
And her air formed vital breath.

Listless she moved, similitude
Of universal fate;
The tomb of every human mood—
Of greed, and love, and hate.

Back to the sphere on which we dwell,
Turned then my saddened thought;—
The waves dashed cold, with rhythmic
swell,
As I mused on our future lot.

The winds rushed by, and they muttered
low;
No sentient force behind;
Whence did they come, and whither go?—
Fate darkened all my mind.

What, then, to come, oh, mother-earth,
In future ages here?
Wilt thou, too, be a sepulchre—
A listless, lifeless sphere?

Listless and void of human life,
Wilt thou serenely soar,
And prove the naught of human strife
When man shall be no more.

(Written for *The Student*.)

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A Startling Predicament.

It was June, 1900, in the military camp of the Denver High School Cadets, situated at Green Mountain Falls, Colorado. According to time honored custom, the cadets were assembled around the huge camp-fire which blazed every evening from eight o'clock until taps blew at ten.

All the old songs had been sung, the boys who could recite had done their share of the entertaining; those with musical instruments had played all they knew, and now there was a momentary silence. Then some one suggested, "Let's hear from Bobbie Greene."

The cry was taken up on all sides, and with much laughter and shouting Robert Greene, senior captain of 18—, was pushed out into the circle. He was a well-built, manly fellow, popular with the boys, and just then visiting Cadet camp, having graduated from school several years before.

"Boys," he began, taking off his hat and looking about him good-naturedly, "I haven't anything to say, and——"

"That's all right; go ahead and say it," came from somewhere in the crowd, so, accepting the inevitable, Greene began again:

"Since you insist upon it, fellows, I'll tell you a little incident that happened when I was at Cadet Camp years ago. It will be somewhat in the nature of a confession, for I was so ashamed of myself for my foolhardiness that I have never told anyone about it.

"It was while I was still a private, that one afternoon when I had nothing else to do, I started out alone on a little exploring trip in the neighboring mountains. I had walked for some time when all at once I came upon one of those narrow, web-like steel railroad bridges. It was a long one, for a bridge of that sort, and it stretched across a canyon that fairly took my breath away. At its far end the track entered a tunnel not five yards from the bridge, and at my end was a sign warning people against crossing.

"Now, what possessed me to walk into that death-trap I can't say, but, throwing common sense to the winds, I started over to explore that tunnel. I got nearly across, too; there was only about fifty feet more to travel, when, with a sickening sense of horror, I saw a cloud of smoke, followed by an express train, issue from the mouth of the tunnel. It was going slowly enough, it is true, but I was too scared to notice that, and immediately gave up all hope of reaching either end of the bridge. As a last resource, I lowered myself between the rails and hung by a beam, with two hundred feet of nothing between me and the earth.

"Oh! but that train did seem long! My hands were numb when the last car passed overhead; and with a gasp of relief I started to draw myself up between the ties. Imagine my feelings, if you can, when I found that something in the middle of my back caught against a tie every time I tried to pull myself up! It was

the cartridge box in my belt, which the weight of my body had squeezed through between the ties when I lowered myself, but now it was jammed so as to form a perfect brake, and turn or twist as I would I couldn't get back upon the bridge. My hands seemed about to burst, and my head swam with the awful clutching realization of impending death."

Here Greene paused a moment, and an excited little drummer broke out: "Well, and then——?"

"Then," answered Greene, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, "I did what I always do in such cases—I woke up."

There was a brief silence. Clearly in the night air rang out the first taps of the bugle. Then some one in the circle remarked disgustedly: "Say, Bobbie, you'll do us all a favor if you will go to bed and dream all that over again; only this time please drop, will you?"

H. L. McL.

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II Spanish Silver Mine.

For several days it had been raining and drizzling by turns. The trails, for in this section of Arkansas there are no roads, simply dim indistinct paths, were so soft that it was with difficulty that a horse could flounder through. A heavy blanket of dull leaden clouds, behind which the sun had hidden for several days, had sunk downward covering the dismal landscape long before night should have set in. The air was filled with a something you could not call rain, because it was too light, and you could not call it mist, because it was too heavy; but it carried with it a damp penetrating chill, which, despite your wraps, seemed to creep to your very bones in a way that cannot be understood unless you have experienced it.

But in the Lawler cabin all was bright and cheerful. In the wide fireplace a brisk

fire blazed, casting ever-changing shadows on the walls. A frugal, yet substantial meal was spread upon the table and all were preparing to draw up their chairs when a faint rap was heard at the door. It was opened, and standing on the step holding a bridle rein in his hand, stood a man shaking with the cold. His shabby clothes were soaked; he could scarcely ask for lodgings, his teeth chattered so; but the helpless, imploring expression on his face told what words could not.

With characteristic southern hospitality, he was taken in and given warm clothes, food, and a bed. His face was distinctly Spanish; mental anxiety and physical suffering were plainly written on his brow; there was a something about him that suggested that he had seen better days. The strangest thing was that he evaded all questions concerning himself.

The next morning proved that the strain he had been laboring under had been too great for him, and that he was on the point of collapse; by evening his case seemed hopeless, so rapidly had he lost strength. His kind host determined to watch the night out with him. As morning approached, the sick man motioned the watcher to the bedside, and in a low whisper said: "My end is near. I shall never see the light of another day. I want to tell you my story before I die.

"From early manhood most of my life has been spent in Alabama. Two months ago when under the influence of liquor, I got mixed up in a general drunken row. When I came to my senses, one of the leading men of the county lay dead at my feet, and I was called a murderer. I fled for my life, and after two months' wandering over trackless wastes, and enduring exposure and suffering, I have found my last resting place.

"My life has always been shrouded in mystery. In Alabama I was always looked upon with suspicion. My Spanish

countenance, and the fact that no one knew my history, and that I would not answer personal questions, probably was the cause of it. I have never worked, but have always lived the life of a man of wealth.

"I came to Alabama with the Spaniards, who soon afterward discovered a rich silver mine. They busied themselves mining the precious metal and coining it into Spanish dollars, with the intention of returning to Spain when their fortunes were made. Owing to some trouble with the Indians, the Spaniards were driven out, leaving behind them thirty barrels of silver dollars. I managed to escape the Indians, and staid on. Soon the Indians were driven out by the Americans. I kept my secret and lived in ease and luxury." His strength was almost gone, but by a great effort he continued: "You have been kind to me; I can do nothing for you but tell you my secret."

His voice sunk to a low whisper, and what he said was: "The mine is——" and they could not make out whether he said a quarter of a mile or a mile and a quarter from the mouth of Shoal creek. "It has a hidden entrance." He gasped and died.

Mr. Lawler wrote to a friend in Alabama about this man, and found that a person answering the description of the stranger had lived there and the story of his life accorded with the stranger's story. There was something in the way in which the man told his story and the heartfelt gratitude he expressed which gave Mr. Lawler confidence in the fact that the mine existed. The question was to find it. Now Mr. Lawler had a rich and influential uncle living near Center Star. He immediately wrote to this uncle describing the dead man and telling the story which had been told him, except that part which had to do with the silver mine. Soon a letter came back verifying the man's story. Mr. Lawler at once left for

Alabama, and after a conference with his uncle, they formed a stock company, admitting several of the leading citizens of the county, and soon were in possession of the mining right to thousands of acres of land along the lower course of Shoal Creek. Then the search began in earnest. Men went up and down the creek with hammers sounding the rocks trying to find a place that sounded hollow, hoping that it might be the entrance to the mine; but in this they were disappointed. Next they took to drilling holes along the bank of the creek. They kept at this until their capital, \$50,000, was exhausted finding no trace of silver. It is many years since all this happened, and even the story of it has faded from the memory of all but a few old story tellers.

W. R. H.

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A Foot-Ball Game.

The most exciting football game it has ever been my god fortune to attend, was played at Denver, Colorado, during the season of 1900.

The opposing teams were the East Denver High School team and the team from the Manual Training School. Both were composed of large, heavy players, for the High School course there covers four years, and the boys develop into very sizable young men by the time they reach their senior year.

A strong rivalry existed between the two schools for the reason that the Manuals had never been defeated by the East Denvers. This year, however, the East Denver team was better than ever before, and the game promised to be so close that a large crowd was present. The constituents of the respective teams took up their positions in the grand stands on opposite sides of the field, yelling madly when the players trotted out for preliminary practice.

Presently the players took their positions, the whistle blew, and the game was on.

For twenty minutes the battle raged; up and down, back and forth, now threatening one goal and now the other. Brilliant runs were terminated by tackles just as brilliant, and time and again the spectators rose to their feet, only to sink down in their seats as the ball was stubbornly pulled back to the middle of the field once more. The first half ended with no score on either side, and the teams left the field amid intense excitement.

The second half began in the same evenly-matched manner and was fought fiercely on both sides, until there was but five minutes left in which to play. Then—when the crowd was nearly wild for a chance to yell, or groan, or relieve their feelings somehow—the Manual team made a touchdown, and one of the grandstands went temporarily insane.

But the touchdown was made so near the side line that the Manual player failed to kick the goal, making the score five to nothing, with scarcely three minutes to play.

The case seemed so hopeless for East Denver that many of her supporters started home, but before they had gone a block they heard a cheer that brought them back in a hurry. The air was full of East Denver colors, and East Denver hats, and East Denver yells, for what had happened was enough to arouse the most disinterested onlooker.

When the Manuals kicked off to East Denver, just after failing to kick their goal, the ball was carried back to the centre of the field before it was downed. Then came the climax.

The East Denvers tried a new play. It was a marvel of deception and strength, which they had not yet used in the game. known as the "tackle-force over." It carried the ball forty yards at the first trial, and across the line for a touchdown an

instant later. The goal was kicked with about five seconds to spare, and the supremacy of the Manual Training High School was at an end. They have never beaten East Denver since.

H. L. McL.

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A Letter From Miss Peterson.

LINDAAS NYBRO, SWEDEN,
Jan. 14, 1902.

My Dear Friends at the University:—

A happy New Year and greetings from the North. I am looking out upon a scene of, first, fruit-trees and hedges, and then birches and oaks, bounded by a circumference of dark green pines and fir-trees.

A beautiful land is Sweden, although it is nearly covered by rocks and stones which look as if they had been hurled into this hopeless confusion by giant warriors. The stones are covered with soft moss, and between them stand mighty trees which defy the north wind.

It has rained a great deal since I arrived. The weather has been like Spring until now, when we have a little snow. I have strolled and jumped from stone to stone in search of ferns and heather, and think I shall take a trunk-full back with me. My friends regret that I cannot stay until Spring and sit under the lilac bushes, pick the lily-of-the-valley, and hear the cuckoo sing when "there is no night here," but I feel happy over the many green things which can be found in spite of mid-winter.

I shall not try to describe my journey, as you will read about it in my journal.

I have met so many learned, delightful people from different parts of the globe, that I feel as if I had lived years in a few weeks.

England is beautiful. We greeted it with delight, because of Milton, Shake-

spere, Tennyson, and Wordsworth.

In Gothenburg, which was the first Swedish city we visited, we did not lose a minute, but went to as many places of note as possible. We were fairly lost among antique statuary and painting. We intend to visit the capital the last of this month. Scarcely a building in the Swedish cities is over five or six stories high. Beautiful parks, canals, and green-houses are common. It would be impossible for me to live in a city here. I should turn into the worst woman's rights lecturer imaginable.

The men are better dressed than they are in any country I have ever seen, but beside them walk ladies so cheap and submissive looking that an American woman cannot but gaze with contempt upon such gentlemen. A lady of rank and wealth here, holds herself quite above work, and simply designates with a sweep of her hand to her servants what her wishes are. Yet in spite of this she is not the independent American woman, who can go where she wishes alone. How I respect the American man for the honor he shows every woman in public, whether she be known or unknown.

The land owner here, if he has a little capital, can enjoy life and live as worthily as any one, for the large farms are beautiful.

I dine tomorrow at our minister's, whose home, I am told, looks like a palace with its expensive foreign furniture. The minister, however, has a yearly salary of 10,000 crowns.

Here are a great many classes of people, and it is interesting to become acquainted with a type of each class.

Our minister says: "Sweden should be very thankful to America, because she has civilized so many good-for-nothings, and taught them to work, which they could not be taught at home. They always come home better men."

The women in this country are very

industrious. The neatness and cleanliness of even the small houses among the poorer class is quite noticeable.

* * * * *

After I began this letter I was called to Stockholm for a short visit, and had the good fortune to sit in the golden kingly opera house face to face with King Oscar, Crown Prince Gustaf, Princes Eugene and Carl, and the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark. The aristocracy of Stockholm had dressed in honor of the king and all was fairly dazzling, but I forgot all the magnificence in looking at the king's face. It is not the face of an ordinary king, but that of a man of extraordinary powers. King Oscar is much beloved by his people. He is a scholar, poet, and philosopher.

The Swedish schools excel ours only in gymnastics and in manual training, also in absolute enforcement of compulsory education

After all, there is no land on earth like Columbia, which receives free of charge into her high schools and universities any one from any part of the globe. Here it takes a little fortune if one wishes to go above the common schools. Now, my dear girls, think of the liberties and opportunities given unto you, daughters of the best republic in the world.

Kindest wishes from your fellow student,

ANNA M. PETERSON.

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**Letter From Frank Vobayda's
Comrad.**

CALBAYOG, SAMAR, P. I.

Dec. 2, 1901.

Dear Miss Vobayda:—

Your letter at hand, and although it grieves me very much to think of the awful disaster which befell my company on that fatal morning of Sept. 28, 1901, I am

only too glad to give you all the information possible regarding your brother. I am really very glad that you have written to me, for Frank and I were very close friends, and since I returned from the hospital I have been very anxious to write to your parents regarding Frank; but as fate would have it, I had no record of his address.

Frank was almost the first man killed. He had taken his breakfast and returned to his quarters, and was sitting on his cot eating, when the rush and surprise was made.

This was at 6:30 a. m. Several natives or rather savages, must have pounced upon him at once, for when I saw him after the enemy had been driven to cover and we were gathering up the wounded who were unable to help themselves, I stopped and turned his body over. He was dead, with a deep gash nearly ten inches long in his left breast, and many cuts upon the head and about the shoulders. Frank was given a soldier's burial the following day. This I saw, for I was one of the men who returned to identify our dead comrades. I was wounded slightly in the right elbow and left side, but these wounds did not hinder my rendering aid to those of the survivors who were more dangerously wounded, and also in handling my rifle after I was fortunate enough to reach it.

The savages had surrounded the village during the night, and waiting until after reveille and until the company were seated at the breakfast table, made the rush upon us which proved so fatal. We were unarmed and defenseless; but our rifles were only a short distance from us, and the men made a desperate fight to reach them; but out of seventy-four men, there were only twelve of us who secured rifles, and we did some very effective shooting with them.

We routed the enemy and drove them to cover, but their work had been pretty

nearly completed as they had intended. As soon as we could, we passed around among our dead comrades, looking at them and feeling the pulses of all to make sure that no living soul was left behind to be tortured to death. We gathered up those who were alive and unable to move, carried them to the river and placed them in small boats (our only means of escape).

The savages rallied on the outskirts of the village and made a second and a third attack upon us, but, thank Heaven, we were able to drive them back, although there were—or seemed to be—hundreds of them. When we at last left the scene of the massacre there was no white soul left except the dead.

Our trip across the open sea was severe. Several men died of their wounds. The sea grew rough in the afternoon, and we lost several more men by the swamping of the smaller boats, the men undoubtedly drowning.

We arrived at Basey, Samar, (the nearest point to Balangiga, where American soldiers were stationed) with two boats, out of the five that left Balangiga.

As soon as the commanding officer at Balangiga heard of the disaster he dispatched telegrams to several ports asking for steamers to convey reinforcements to the scene of the massacre without delay. The steamship Pittsburg arrived at Basey at about 8 o'clock the same day we arrived (Sunday, September 29, 1901), and at 9 o'clock p. m. we were well on our way back to Balangiga. We arrived at Balangiga about noon and the savages were having a feast, and burning our quarters or barracks. They had carried away all our rifles, commissaries and clothing, and had mutilated a number of the dead and burned some, and there is no telling what else they might have done, had we not arrived when we did and driven them into the foothills.

We buried the dead, as I stated in the

fore part of my letter, and finished burning the town before abandoning it.

Thus ends the story of the "Balangiga Massacre," second only to the "Custer Massacre," and in which Company C, Ninth Infantry, lost 48 killed and 22 wounded. Three of the wounded died after they were taken to the hospital at Tactoban Leyee.

Frank was well liked by every man in the company, and he made a fine soldier, always performing his duties to the best of his ability. All of the surviving members of Company C express their deepest sympathy with you and your parents during this hour of grief and loss sustained in the death of Frank, that noble hero who gave his young life for his flag.

Hoping sincerely that this reaches you safely, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

C. M. MUMBY,
Corp. Co. C, 9th Inf.

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Last Monday evening, Feb. 17, the B. Y. P. U. of Grand Forks held a reception for University students in the parlors of the Baptist church. A very interesting program was rendered. Afterwards the guests examined several photographs of students and guessed the originals. Next a musical romance was narrated. Mr. Mills, the pastor of the Baptist church, then led the company on a pilgrimage. They traversed the church several times, and finally followed Mr. Mills to the dining-room, where oysters were served. The students returned home on a special train chartered by the B. Y. P. U., and were accompanied by the enthusiastic Baptists, who were not daunted by threats of a three mile walk, but braved the wrath of railroad officials and escorted their guests to the University.

THE STUDENT

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

Mary F. McAndrew, '02	Editor-in-Chief
Maude S. Sanford, '02	Literary Editor
Eleanor O. Smith, '02	Science
Victor Wardrope, '05	Athletics
Hilda J. Feiring, '02	Normal
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Some time ago, we used to hear different members of the faculty and lecturers from outside talk of developing the social side of our natures. There seemed to be a danger that we might become one-sided, and forget that there was anything in life except books and recitations, examinations and marks. But this danger has disappeared. Never before was our college life so full of entertainment that at once combines so much of instruction with wholesome recreation. Even the veriest recluse has been obliged to lay aside his books, not without a sigh, as he thinks of the morrow's failures, and for a time, give himself up to the influence of the social spirit. What with lectures at the University and in the city, inter-society and inter-state debates, re-

ceptions given at the University, and by the clubs and churches in Grand Forks, and numberless other things, there is almost a danger of going to the other extreme. One thing that has added much to the social life of the University is the increasing interest taken in the students by the citizens of Grand Forks. We all appreciate this. If any one does not develop socially as well as intellectually at the University, he cannot now make the excuse that there is no opportunity.

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In an address at the University, Judge Pollock of Fargo spoke of the benefit students derived from attendance at a small college. We are fond of looking ahead and dreaming of the time when the University of North Dakota will be as large and famous as Eastern colleges. But in proportion as the size of an institution increases, so the intercourse with professors decreases. In a smaller college we have privileges those in larger institutions never dream of. The sympathy, encouragement and guidance of teachers are often of more value in moulding and developing a student's character and career in life than any amount of facts gathered from books in classic halls of world-wide fame.

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The students wish to express their thanks to Colonel Jenks for his courtesy in giving them a special train from the city to the University on the evening of January 27.

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Many have given sums of money to help pay for the beautiful painting by Gardner Symons which adorns the parlor of Davis Hall. Among those who have lately contributed are Stewart Brothers, R. B. Griffith, Barnes & Nuss, several members of the convention of Grocers, Mrs. Graff of Chicago, Professor Squires

of Kalamazoo College, Mich. The student body appreciate the generosity of the donors, and wish to thank them for their kindness.

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We are all much pleased to learn that Miss Reynolds is regaining her usual health, and will soon be quite strong again. The trustees of Rockford College, of which she was president, have granted her a long vacation. Miss Reynolds spent some time in Denver, Col., while en route for California, where she will spend part of the winter.

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During the past week study periods under the supervision of a member of the faculty have been abolished. This is but another proof of the progress of the University. As President Merrifield said, we have grown up now, and may be left to superintend our own study.

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Science.

SINGING AND HEALTH.

Singing exercises a much greater effect upon bodily health than is generally realized, its effects being most especially favorable upon that important organ, the lungs. In ordinary breathing, a single exhalation and inhalation renews only a small fraction of the air present in the lungs, about one-seventh. A more complete renewal at each breathing requires more active respiration, as, for example, in mountain-climbing. The ventilation of the lungs may be compared to that of a room. If the ventilation is superficial, as by opening only one sash, the vitiated air contained in the room is never so completely and rapidly replaced by the pure outer air as when all the windows are opened. Now the air that remains in the lungs, in shallow breathing, is vitiated

with a poisonous gas, carbon dioxide, which is most injurious to the organism, while deep breathing supplies the tissues abundantly with the necessary oxygen. By frequent exercise in deep inhalation and exhalation, moreover, we are able greatly to increase the capacity of our lungs. For this purpose there could hardly be devised a more suitable as well as pleasureable process than exercise in singing. This not only tends to increase the capacity of our lungs, but provides, at the same time, for a most thorough removal from the lungs of all vitiated air. In good singing, a new breath is not taken before the antecedent supply of air is well exhausted. The very term "vital," assigned by science to the capacity of the lungs, shows the high importance attributed to that capacity. The average lung-capacity is about 3200 cubic centimeters; while, according to Dr. Barth, male singers are able to exhale 5000 cubic centimeters, and female singers, about 4000.

It is the inmost recesses of the lungs that suffer most from shallow breathing. As in an imperfectly ventilated room, it is the corners and behind the furniture that the stale air lingers, so it is in the recesses of the lungs that the vitiated air is left to stagnate. Gradually it comes about that less and less of the invigorating oxygen finds its way there, and the tissues become more and more unable to resist the germs of disease. Hence it is that most diseases of the lungs originate just in those recesses, from mere catarrh of the lungs to tuberculosis. It is deep breathing only that can effect a thorough ventilation of these recesses, the favorite breeding-ground of tubercular bacilli. If what we have said is correct, professional singers ought to be practically immune against tubercular disease. That they are so is asserted by the most eminent and experienced specialists, as they state in answer to letters specially addressed to them by Dr. Barth. The deep respiration neces-

sary in singing causes a corresponding increase in the flow of blood to the lungs, and "increased supply of blood to an organ is one of the most effectual preventatives and remedies against tubercular disease."

When the lungs, by deeper inspiration, take a larger amount of oxygen, the blood is correspondingly improved. To whom, then, should this prove of greater benefit than to the too numerous class of pale and anemic girls whom we see on every hand? For them, then, do we most especially recommend regular practice in singing, for them in every way preferable to that continual sitting at a piano.

Since, then, deep respiration accelerates the circulation and strengthens the blood-vessels, singing must exercise an especially salutary action upon the muscles of the heart. Professors Kronecker and Henricius assert directly, indeed, that regular deep respiration constitutes "a most beneficial massage of the heart."

An increased ventilation of the lungs, moreover, by accelerating the circulation, promotes the transformation of material in the body, and thus increases the demand for nourishment. That is why almost all public singers seem well nourished; and all professional singers confirm the fact that with the resumption of a regular sustained course of singing practice coincides an increase of appetite. As Dr. Niemeyer says: "Singing renders not only strong but also plump," and illustrates by the following example: "About ten years ago I was consulted by Fraulein M., a student in singing, of about twenty years of age. The first glance showed that she was what is termed "undernourished," and I estimated her weight at not more than ninety pounds. But pale and poorly dressed as she was, she had a lovely voice. More rapidly than she then thought possible were verified my encouraging predictions. When I next saw her, I could hardly recognize in the stately,

Juno-like Elsa in 'Lohengrin' my obscure patient of five years before; and all this had been accomplished by careful habitual practice in lung-ventilation."

The vigorous movements of the diaphragm and abdominal muscles necessary in singing, exercise also a purely mechanical but important influence upon the digestive organs, constituting, as it were, a system of natural massage. It is women especially that suffer from digestive ailments. In them not only is diaphragm-breathing, to begin with, less pronounced than in men, but it is, moreover, rendered almost impossible by the pressure of a tightly-fitting corset. In men of sedentary habits, too, the digestive apparatus is impeded in its action, entailing a well known train of consequences. In all these cases, regular practice in singing will prove most advantageous both for prevention and for cure.

Exercise in singing is, at the same time, an exercise of the respiratory muscles. In the exhaustive breathing connected with singing, almost the entire muscular system of the neck and trunk is brought into play. The vertebral column, too, is stretched, and, in deep breathing, assumes instinctively a more erect position. Singing thus affords a means of muscular gymnastics that strengthens an essential part of the muscular system. Insufficient respiration leads, it is found, to premature ossification of the cartilages of the ribs, thus causing by their lack of elasticity that difficulty of breathing so common in old age. By regular practice in singing the elasticity of these cartilages is increased and the cavity of the chest permanently increased. Hence arises not only a more erect position of the whole body, but also a fuller and more artistically satisfactory development of the upper part of the body.

To sum up, regular practice in singing constitutes, aside from the intellectual

and artistic pleasure it affords, a bodily exercise of most beneficial influence upon health and happiness. Hence the enthusiastic frame of mind, the sense of bodily wellbeing, the cheerfulness of disposition, that take possession of the singer. Marching songs are found by experience, not only to cheer soldiers on the march, but also to increase their endurance and capacity for action. In short, the hygienist cordially agrees in the dictum of the poet:

"To whom 'twas given, sing!"

—
WATER-DROPS.

Wonderful possibilities dwell in a tiny drop of water. Several of them together can demolish tons of solid iron; but what can a single drop do? Wonderful indeed is it to imagine this drop going back to its original elements, evolving from a liquid compound into two gases, which float away and are gone. The change may come gradually, or rapidly, but the same result follows, and we have nothing left to show for our drop. Nothing, did I say? Perhaps nothing visible to the naked eye, but myriads of tiny creatures were left on the substance from which the drop evaporated. Their home disappeared and they remained behind to perish.

If the drop of water had been placed on a slide and examined under a powerful microscope, wonders would have been revealed. Tiny animals, more minute than the point of a needle, would have been seen swimming rapidly about, greedily consuming particles of matter which were floating in the water. The number of species of animals that might be found in one drop of water is bewildering. These animals may live, move, and die, without ever widening their sphere of action beyond the one drop. The space included in it is to them a

world, and a cupful of water would be a universe.

A story was told of a man who gazed thru his microscope into a drop of water. He saw what appeared to him a great forest, its vistas of enchantment ever receding in the distance as he attempted to follow them with his eye. The tree tops were interlacing their beautiful green leaves, while beneath them rolled a dense carpet of lighter green moss and grass.

In the distance fountains twinkled. The deep blue of the sky overspread the whole scene. Suddenly, from among the trees, a lovely form appeared, floating slowly and gracefully nearer. It was the form of a beautiful young woman. Her face was fair and sweet; her eyes were blue, and her curling hair waved gently in the current formed by her motion. So light and delicate she seemed that the watcher feared she was but a dream. His heart beat rapidly, and in his sudden fear, he moved the slide from beneath the lens.

"I knew she was only a dream," he cried, but he felt that he might find her again. So he moved the slide beneath the microscope. Ah! he has found her. She has seated herself beneath a large tree and is dreamily watching the scene before her.

On every side rise gigantic trees whose intertwining branches shut out almost every ray of direct sunlight. The watcher at the lens sees her delight and admiration, and he wishes that he, too, might become like her and wander thru the mystic mazes of the forest. He wants to speak to her, and hear her voice in reply.

As he gazes, he notes with horror that the scene is growing dim, the figure of the beautiful maiden is growing smaller. Her face looks pinched and her form is rapidly diminishing. What is the matter? All at once he remembers. His drop of water is evaporating, and the little creature who lives in that forest of enchantment is dying for want of her native ele-

ment. He endeavors to supply her needs by placing more water beside the cover-glass. There is no use, and he helplessly watches the light die out of her face and her body writhe in torture. He can do nothing to aid—he who would give his life to bring her back.

Do you think that such a vivid imagination as his is necessary to see beauties in the multitudes of drops of water about us? One look thru a microscope serves to give us an insight into the most wonderful and beautiful secrets that Nature has to tell us. Though they may not appear in the same form as did the young man's, they are just as interesting and entrancing.

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Normal Items.

The true novelist is a psychologist. In proportion as he is an artist, he illuminates pedagogy. Charles Kingsley preached as much truth in his stories as in his pulpit. His story of Tom, the black, dirty chimney-sweep, and how he was transformed into Tom, the clean and pure, is a parable for the teacher.

"Tom never washed. There was no water in the court where he lived. He had spent his life in this court, and in sooty chimneys."

He was led up out of that self into a clean, white self, by first bringing him face to face with an ideal. "Under the snow-white coverlet, upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl that Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow. He stood staring at her as if she were an angel out of heaven."

This gazing at an ideal aroused him to think. "And are all people like that when they are washed?" he said.

Then came the desire to be clean and white like her. "He looked at his own

wrist and tried to rub the soot off, and wondered if it ever would come off. 'Certainly I should look much prettier if I grew at all like her,' said he."

He next saw himself as compared with her. "And, looking round, he suddenly saw standing close to him, a little, ugly, black, ragged figure with bleared eyes and grinning white teeth. And behold it was himself reflected in a great mirror. And Tom for the first time in his life found out that he was dirty; and he burst into tears of shame and anger."

But the picture of the little white lady remained. The words began to ring in his ears, "Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be." Then he himself says, "I must be clean; I will be clean."

Thenceforward, to the end, the story is one of struggles and ceaseless effort until at last the guardian fairy says to the little white lady, "He has won his spurs in the great battle, and become fit to go with you and be a man."

Is not here presented a fundamental, pedagogic truth in story form? Is there any other way to climb up from lower planes of thinking? See, gaze, think, desire, will, do, are the rounds of the ladder. It is true of whatever is to be specifically taught, as well as of high ideals in general. The teacher must first so present the true, the correct—that which is to be mastered—that the pupil sees, looks long and closely, thinks, is interested, and is filled with a desire to reach the ideal. But the teacher's work does not stop here. The pupil may be led to this point of interest and desire, and fondly imagine that he has reached the ideal; his work seems to him good enough, and any criticism of it seems to him an evidence of a narrow, fault-finding spirit or of prejudice on the part of the critic. He must look in the mirror, and *himself* see his work as compared with the true and correct—see himself as he is. This is a very different matter from passively ac-

cepting some other person's estimate of his proficiencies and deficiencies, as indicated by a mark of per cent. Until the pupil himself sees the ideal more or less clearly, desires to reach it, himself sees some of the ways in which he falls short, and, as a result, himself determines to overcome the failures and to reach up nearer to the ideal, the teacher has failed.

Who is the true teacher? Not the one who by means of per cents, rewards, and penalties has pushed and pulled and coaxed the greatest number of pupils up to a prescribed line. He has succeeded best, who has sent out the greatest number of boys and girls with higher ideals—a thirst for more knowledge in order that they may be and do more—with aroused determination to know and to be more—and with power developed by means of a *habit* of hard work; hard work not for the sake of a mark, not for a gilded prize of any sort, but work inspired by an ideal that has laid hold of life.

Is the present marking system as practiced in the majority of our public schools consistent or inconsistent with these fundamental truths regarding true education? Is it a help or a hindrance?

Would it not have been possible to drive Tom into the water and scrub him until a monthly inspector could conscientiously mark him 100 per cent in cleanliness, without rousing in him the least desire to be clean? In such case, has the real Tom been touched or only the outside Tom? With this label, based upon prescribed requirements and acquirements, the artisan teacher will be satisfied, and he will train men and women of his type. Does the word *education* mean more than this?

ALICE W. COOLEY.

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He—I always say what I think.

She—You're not much of a talker, are you?

Exchanges.

Man is a kerosene lamp;
He isn't especially bright,
He is often turned down, usually smokes,
And frequently goes out at night.

Prof.—What are you doing—learning anything?

Student—No sir; listening to you.

"I have a few more points to touch upon," remarked the tramp as he awkwardly climbed over a barb wire fence.

That ladies easily learn to play the violin is not surprising, when their experience in handling beaux is taken into consideration.

Judge—What's your name, my fine sir?

Criminal—June Hunter, your honor.

Judge—Thirty days hath June. Next!

Doctor (just arrived)—What on earth are you holding his nose for?

Pat (kneeling beside victim)—Sure, sir, so his breath can't leave his body.

"Mamma," said small Harry, who had just been chastised for disobedience, "am I a canoe?"

"Certainly not, Harry," she replied; "but what put that idea into your head?"

"Well, you are always saying you like to see folks paddling their own canoe, and I thought maybe I was yours."

One of the brightest and best exchanges that come to our library, is *The Kings College Record*, published by the students of Kings College in far-away Windsor, Nova Scotia. It is filled with well-written stories and articles upon interesting subjects, and is an honor to the students of the college.

We notice that some of our exchanges are complaining that they do not receive *The Student* regularly. If they have not received our paper it is due to oversight and not to any desire to be discourteous to our sister institutions. We hope that henceforth our exchanges will have no cause to complain that they do not receive *The Student*.

We had a dream the other night
When everything was still,
We dreamed that each subscriber
Came in and paid his bill.

But of course it was only a dream.—
Ex.

A STUDENT'S LETTER.

Dear Father: If you really think
That I can live on air,
Just send me up some bellows
And I'll take my bill of fare.

When your wise Prof. tells you a thing,
Don't ask him how and why;
But act as if you thought so, too,
And wink the other eye.

"Dear father, please excuse," he wrote
"The hurried shortness of this note;
But studies so demand attention
That I have barely time to mention
That all is well, and add that I
Lack funds; please send me some.
Good-by."

The coaches say the full back
Is the mainstay of the team;
But as I think it over,
It seems an idle dream.
For to me he seems quite useless,
That man of iron calves,
For really he does nothing
But play between the halves.—*Ex.*

Exasperated Officer (coming up to new recruit)—You confounded, awkward blunderbus! Why, you are—well, not far from a jackass.

Indignant Recruit—Exactly so, sir; not more than three feet.—*Ex.*

Local Items.

Only a few more weeks till exams!
Horrible thought!

John Elliott recently visited the "U" for a couple of days.

Miss Polly Elliott of Drayton visited her sister at the "U" Feb. 21-24.

Miss Dickson spent Sunday, Feb. 16, with her brother at the University.

Miss Gertie McClintock received a visit from her father last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lund of Kindred, spent a day with their daughter, Lilian, at the University.

Miss Esther Ray and Miss Dolly McClaren have returned from visits to their respective homes.

Miss Severina Thompson, class of 1900, spent Feb. 12 visiting friends at the University.

The many friends of Charlie Carpenter were glad to see him back at the "U" for a short visit.

Prof. C. (to new student)—You are reported absent from chapel sittings.

New Student—I don't take that.

Frank Lord, of the Senior class of the Park River High School, visited with Mr. Abbey Dec. 11 and 12.

We are pleased to report that Tom Chisholm, who has been on the sick list for a few days, is again about this week.

Over two hundred students witnessed the presentation of "The Merchant of Venice" by Walker Whiteside and his company.

Owing to the illness of her uncle at Langdon, Miss Tessie Jackson has been delayed in returning to her work this term.

Several of our number have already left to take charge of their schools. Among these are Miss Calder and Miss Forsberg.

Miss Grace Cravath and Miss Hilda Feiring spent Sunday and Monday, Feb. 23 and 24, with Miss Margaret Cravath at Minto.

Prof. Joseph Kennedy will attend the Convention of the Department of Superintendence of Normal Schools to be held in Chicago February 25, 26 and 27.

Among the former students who attended the Junior hop were Misses Nellie Johnson and Anna McGlinch and Messrs. Burgett, James Douglas and Will O'Connor.

Professor Johnson was off duty for a few days on account of illness, but he has again resumed his task of training the prima donnas and the Daniel Websters of the future.

Prof. Rollefson has been quite ill for a few days, but not even the illness of its leader can stop the orchestra; they made just as much noise as ever, and it sounds louder than it really is.

We are sorry to note the departure of one of our students, Mr. Willard Elliott. He has just recovered from a very severe illness, and his health did not permit his remaining to keep up his studies.

The usual monthly reception held at the University by the ladies of Grand Forks has been deferred for some time, as the reception given by Mrs. Cooley and Mrs. Woodworth was set for the same day.

Mr. James Wardwell visited his brother Sidney for a few days a short time ago. Mr. Wardwell is a former student of the Hamline University, and says that our University compares favorably with that institution.

Professor Brannon has recently acquired a new and valuable specimen of the genus "homo" (although in this case it's a girl), over which he feels highly elated. Now he can shake hands with Professor Rollefson.

The delegates to the Retail Grocers' convention, recently held in this city, visited the University in a body, and were escorted through the buildings. All expressed themselves as highly pleased with the work the University is doing, and gratified at its rapid growth.

It is stated that Jewell is seriously contemplating starting a ticket-scalper's office. Whatever may be the truth of this report, it certainly is a fact that ever since the Junior ball he has on his hands a railway ticket which he would be glad to dispose of in a satisfactory manner.

Farewell to the beloved chapel sittings. No more shall artistically-inclined "preps" carve their illustrious names on the seats when they should be learning the conjugation of "amo." Alas! their childhood days are gone, and they are at last thrown out into the cruel world, left to their own resources, bereft of the shelter of those protecting chapel walls.

The date for the orchestra concert has been fixed upon as March 8. Prof. Rollefson intends to make it an occasion long to be remembered by the students. The orchestra has been working hard, and really has been doing very creditable work, and intends to do itself honor at that time.

Miss Rollie Skundberg was taken suddenly ill Feb. 22, and immediately left the University for her home in Devils Lake. She is now suffering from an attack of pneumonia. We sincerely hope that Miss Rollie will soon be well and able to return to her studies.

A pleasant little Valentine party was

given in the "sky parlor" by several of the young ladies to a number of their gentlemen friends. The decorations and refreshments were all in the form of hearts—in fact, hearts were in evidence everywhere. We trust, however, that no very serious affairs of the heart will be the outcome.

On Feb. 8 the "old" girls of Davis Hall gave a reception to the "new" girls. Every one received a clay pipe, a piece of tissue paper, and a needle full of thread, and was told to dress a doll as prettily as possible. It seemed like the olden time of doll-babies and play-houses, and the work of dressing dolls went on merrily until time was called. The dolls were hung in a row along the parlor wall and the most originally dressed won a prize.

The following poem was written by Ben King expressly for President Merri-field:

Oh, Love! let us love with a love that loves,
 Loving on with a love forever;
 For a love that loves not the love it should love—
 I wot such a love will sever.
 But, when two loves love this lovable love,
 Love loves with a love that is best;
 And this love-loving, lovable, love-lasting love
 Loves on in pure love's loveliness.

Oh, chide not a love when its lovey-love loves
 With lovable loving caress;
 For one feels that the lovingest love love can love
 Loves on in love's own loveliness.
 And love, when it does love, in secret should
 love—
 'Tis there where love most is admired;
 But the two lovey-loves that don't care where
 they love
 Make the public most mightily tired.

We have had a pretty steady diet of lectures for some time, and it speaks well for the speakers that the interest in these lectures is not waning, but rather is increasing. The lecturers this month have been Major Murphy, Hon. M. N. Johnson, Rev. Father Conaty, Geo. B. Winship, and Supt. Devine. All have been intensely interesting and instructive. The

speakers have all taken much trouble in the preparation of these excellent lectures, and we feel that we owe them a debt of gratitude which we can never repay.

The Junior hop, held on Feb. 11, was a complete success in every particular. Though an innovation at the University, and in one sense an experiment, its brilliant success will undoubtedly assure the custom of giving an annual ball in the future. The armory was artistically decorated for the occasion, and the bright and happy faces of the dancers, the exquisite music, the beautiful dresses, and the fragrant flowers, all combined to form a scene which will long linger with pleasant memories in the minds of the sixty-one couples present. The Junior class is to be congratulated upon the fact of its having given one of the most pleasant social events ever given at the U. N. D. They have indeed set a pace which will be hard for the Juniors of the future to follow.

Still the air is full of debates; in fact, the biggest yet remain to be contested. The most important debates will be those with the University of South Dakota and with the University of Manitoba. The one with the U. S. D. will be held in the latter part of April, on the question: "*Resolved*, That the Organization Known as the Northern Securities Company is Fraught with Danger to the Northwest." The three representatives of the U. N. D. will be chosen from the following candidates: Larsen, Wardrope, Butterwick, and Grimson.

The debate with the University of Manitoba will be held about the middle of March, at Winnipeg. The question to be debated with our Canadian cousins is: "*Resolved*, That the Abolition of the Death Penalty Would Be Detrimental to the Best Interests of Society." The U. N. D. will send three of the following de-

baters: Duggan, White, Resler, and Hamel.

On the afternoon of Feb. 22, the beautiful home of Professor Woodworth was thrown open to the faculty and students of the University. Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Cooley, Professor and Mrs. Woodworth received. The hostesses were assisted by Mrs. McLaurin, Mrs. Burr, Mrs. Bangs, Mrs. Whithed and Mrs. Long, Miss Brennan introducing the guests. Several of the young ladies from the University assisted in serving dainty refreshments. The day was pleasant, and quite a number of the students took advantage of the opportunity to enjoy a social half hour. One of the most popular spots in the house was "The Den," which contained a very interesting collection of books and pictures. The students appreciate the kindness which prompted so pleasant an entertainment, and will count the afternoon as one of the most enjoyable during the term.

The oratorical contest held in the Baptist church on Feb. 20, showed that oratory has not been altogether neglected at the U. N. D. during the past year. The speeches were somewhat uneven in their excellence, but the general effect was creditable to the University. The five contestants were Mr. S. Steenberg, Miss Hilda Feiring, Mr. G. J. Johnson, Miss Anna Walker, and Mr. J. O. MacIntosh. The large audience paid rapt attention to every word that fell from the lips of the speakers. The judges awarded first place to Miss Anna Walker, and second place to Mr. S. Steenberg. These two will represent the U. N. D. in the State Oratorical contest to be held in a few weeks, and we sincerely hope and expect that at that time these our representatives will do themselves and their Alma Mater honor.

Excellent in every respect was the debate between the young women of the



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- Train 13—For Crookston, Warren, St. Vincent, Thief River Falls, Red Lake Falls, Fosston, Bemidji, Cass Lake, West Superior, Duluth, Toronto, Montreal, Boston, New York, leaves..... 8:00 a.m.
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Adelphi and the A. D. T. societies. The speakers on both sides did splendid work, presenting their arguments with clearness and precision, and showing a thorough acquaintance with the subject. Truly, our young men will have to look to their laurels if they wish to keep ahead of these ambitious young ladies, who succeed so admirably in a field hitherto considered as open exclusively to men. Hereafter, let no intelligent person be so far behind the times as to deny woman's mental equality with man, in whatever sphere she may choose to enter.

The question was on the subject of the Fifteenth Amendment, the A. D. T. team, composed of Miss Edith Fiero, Miss Mary Brennan and Miss Katrine Belanger, claiming that the Fifteenth Amendment has been justified, and Miss Anna Larson, Miss Annetta Hillis and Miss Newlander, of the Adelphi, supporting the negative. The decision, although hardly in accordance with the opinion of Booker T. Washington, was rendered in favor of the negative. The contest was for the Gansl medal, but as Mr. Gansl wished to give all the young ladies a prize in recognition of their excellent work, he had six souvenir spoons struck off, and presented one to each of the young ladies.

On Feb. 24 was held the annual Sophomore-Freshman banquet, the complete success of which makes every Sophomore feel proud of himself and his class. About fifty students were present, and every one, we are sure, had a most enjoyable time. The members of the faculty present were President Merrifield and Professor and Mrs. Babcock. After a short program in the parlor, consisting of several selections of music, a couple of recitations, and an original poem, the young people repaired to the dining-room, where a delicious banquet was served. The tables and walls were tastefully decorated with flowers of the class colors.



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After the good things had been disposed of in a manner highly satisfactory to all, the following program was rendered, each part of which was well rendered and well received:

- Music.....U. N. D. Mandolin Club
- Address of Welcome.....Henry Devaney
- Response to the Address of Welcome..
-Herbert Goodall
- Sophomore Will.....A. W. Hillis
- Toast—"Our Antecedents".....
-Hamish McLaurin
- Toast—"Our Subsequents"....Fred Larsen
- Toast—"The Aspirations of a Fresh-
- man".....John McLean
- Toast—"As Wise as a Sophomore"....
-Miss Lucy Conny
- Speech.....President Merrifield
- Speech.....Professor Babcock

Mr. Arthur McLane acted as toast-master, and truly he did himself justice.

The hearty spirit of friendship between the two classes was evident everywhere, and when the banquet broke up both Freshmen and Sophomores went home filled with thoughts of mutual good-will.

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