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The Student

UNIVERSITY, NORTH DAKOTA

Volume XIII ... Number Two

Literary

An impromptu Poem given at the Foot-Ball Banquet.

Foot-Ball Poem.

When the foot-ball is over,
 When the hard work is all done,
 Let us rejoice with the victors,
 Let us honor the boys who have won.

When "Skuli" has given the signals,
 And Frazier has held the line,
 When "Fitz" has made his touchdowns,
 And "Joe" has kicked the goal fine,

When Lemke has pushed through the center,
 Aided by Nuessle and Wardrope and all,
 When "Carp" has tackled the runner,
 And "Robbie" has stolen the ball,

When Currier has warded the foreman,
 And Wilcox has fought a good fight,—
 Why shouldn't we all be merry?
 Why shouldn't we feast tonight?

Why shouldn't we celebrate gladly,
 And shout aloud and sing,
 And wave our colors proudly,
 And make these old halls ring?

All hail! say I, to the victors,
 For one, I'm glad I'm here,
 And may forty-six to nothing
 Be the score again next year.

V. P. S.

A Foot-Ball Hero.

About four o'clock in the afternoon Helen entered her room in the dormitory of Stanley Hall, and began to prepare for an hour's study on her Xenophon. She was rather tired after

her recitations that day, and taking up the book, opened it somewhat listlessly. As she did so two little white notes fluttered from it and fell to the floor. When she saw them her weariness soon vanished, for she recognized them as the ones she had received as she was going into class at the last period. She picked them up hastily, and opening one, quickly perused its contents:

My Dear Miss Stern:

As a member of the Senior foot-ball team, I write to inform you of a game which our class is to play with the Juniors at the Association Park tomorrow afternoon. It would give me great pleasure to see you there wearing the enclosed colors. I assure you that we will work nobly to uphold them and to prove ourselves worthy of the favor which you thus confer upon us.

Sincerely yours,

RAYMOND HARTLEY.

As she finished reading this she laid it aside with a decisive little nod which plainly said Mr. Hartley's colors would be in evidence at the game. The second note was quite similar to the first, only it contained the colors of the rival class. "Sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Blake," she said, "but I am afraid my sympathies are with the other team." Just then there was a knock at her door. She shuffled the notes quickly into her Xenophon and called out: "Come in!"

It was three of her classmates who had just heard a very sensational story and could not rest until they had talked it over with their friends. "Oh, Helen!" one of them began, "they say Raymond Hartley's got his foot in it

this time. He's been doing something positively disgraceful. The boys won't any of them tell just what it is, but I know it must be something pretty bad. Kind of funny, too, for no one ever heard of him doing anything out of the way." "Why, that is strange," said Helen, "do you suppose it is really so?" "Well, it is something that can't exactly be proved, but he was suspected and didn't make any attempt to deny it. Besides, no one can get a word out of his room-mate, Jack Frawley, about it, so it looks sort of bad." "Say, by the way, girls," broke in another who always got tired of a topic after two minutes' discussion, "are you going to the Senior-Junior foot-ball game tomorrow?" "Sure, aren't you?" answered another of the trio. "Which colors are you going to wear?" "I am going to wear Junior, what about you, Helen?" "Well, I hadn't thought much about it, but unless—unless—well, I guess I will wear Junior." "Oh, don't you hope the Seniors will be done up so bad they'll never play another game of foot-ball?" Helen gave a passive nod, but her heart was hardly in the assent. Perhaps she ought to wear Raymond's colors, but after what the girls had told her, how could he ask it? How could she wear them?

Wednesday afternoon came, clear and pleasant, and a large crowd soon gathered at the park to see the foot-ball game. The teams were quite evenly matched and the game promised to be an exciting one. As Raymond Hartley was entering the field he cast a swift glance along the line of girls who were chatting gaily to each other and each selecting the player who was to win the laurels of the game. Raymond looked at Helen with a smile as his eyes fell upon the ribbon pinned on her coat, but his expression very rapidly changed when he saw they were the colors of the Junior team. His puzzled look, however, met only a haughty one from Helen,

and he knew that no explanation was possible then. Even if there had been time he was not so sure that he would have asked it. Helen was that day an unconscious agent in the work of the Senior team. Hartley played as if his very life depended upon winning. No one seemed to be able to make any resistance against him. "What's got into Hartley today?" said some of the boys, "he plays better than I ever saw him play before." "Well, they'll need all his good playing if they keep the Juniors from scoring now," said another. "Five yards more and they'll have a touchdown." "By George, look at that! Just see Hartley go! Stole the ball as sure as preaching! A touchdown as I live! Three cheers for Hartley!"

"Well, that was quick work," said the first as soon as he could be heard above the wild cheering of the crowd. "Fox fumbled the ball, and Hartley had it quicker'n greased lightning and was half way down the field before anyone knew where the ball was. I say, fellows, isn't it a shame the way he let on he was in that Halloween affair, so that suspicion would not fall on Frawley. He said Frawley would be expelled sure if it was ever found out, and so put an end to it all by letting on he was the one. I tell you what, he's what I call an all around good fellow."

Quick as a flash Helen turned to look at the speaker, her eyes big and her cheeks pink with excitement. She had misjudged Raymond Hartley! It took but a minute to tear the Junior ribbons from their place and to put there Raymond's colors, which, almost without knowing why, she had slipped into her pocket and brought with her. When the game was over Helen was among the first to make her way up to where she could congratulate the victors. As she held out her daintily gloved hand to Raymond Hartley, she said: "I want to congratu-

late you on your playing; everyone is proud of you, but I happened to overhear a conversation which made you seem to me ten times more of a hero than that touchdown made you. Surely that noble courage which makes one stand up for a friend, even though it shows one's self in an unkindly light, is the very same which fires the athlete to victory on the foot-ball field."

—N. S. J. and L. B.

Paul Kruger.

When we hear anyone speak of Africa, the picture of the dark continent, with its desert wastes, its tropical forests, and its dusky millions in heathen blindness, passes through our minds. We see Livingstone, in his great love for humanity, living and dying in that land of darkness that he might win the benighted people to a better life. To reach Livingstone and explore the unknown wilds we see Stanley and his men enduring untold hardships on their march through tangled jungles, over swollen rivers and scorching sands. But the man today most closely associated with African affairs is Paul Kruger, the sturdy old giant, who dares to defy Britain in all her majesty and power.

Like Acadia in the heart of Greece, the Transvaal, by its situation, is somewhat shut in from the outside world, and so the Boers cling to their old laws and customs. They would keep the aggressive intruder out by withholding the franchise from him. Oh, that little thing, the ballot, and yet the greatest instrument of a free people! How much legislation, strife and war it has caused! But Oom Paul knows that if he grants the franchise to the Uitlanders his little republic will be overthrown, for England is like the proverbial camel, and the only way to preserve his state in its simple pastoral customs, is to keep the intruder at bay.

There is a great difference of opinion as to the

merits of the claims of the rival parties in the present trouble. Some take the part of the Boers; others favor the Uitlanders. Some see only England's desire for power, and her greed for territory; others claim that the Boers are narrow-minded and are hindering the "onward march of civilization." But if they are lacking in that luxury and culture which we enjoy, are they not free from much of the evil which it cannot be denied accompanies our boasted civilization? Whether the Boers have a right to independent government, or whether England possesses sovereign powers in the Transvaal, is a question which nations must decide. Already the struggle has begun. The homes on every side are deserted. The verdant fields, where so lately all was peace and quiet, are now the scenes of fearful strife. Instead of the peaceful lowing of cattle at evening, there is heard the booming of cannon. In place of the shepherd tending his flocks, there are armies marching to the drum-beat. Already many a sturdy Boer has made his last stroke for liberty, and has given up his life for the land he loved. Away from the smoke and din of battle many an anxious one is waiting with heart wavering between hope and fear for the lists of dead and wounded. Afar in England many a home is mourning the fate of some loved one, who so gaily sailed away to defend the honor of Britain's flag in that distant land.

Whatever we think of the Boers and their simple mode of living, we cannot but admire them and their heroic leader in the struggle for that liberty of thought and government which all hold dearer than life. At the thought of a nation struggling for freedom a thousand thronging memories stir our hearts. Our voices would echo the cry of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death." What a mighty influence it exerts on nations! What will men

not do and dare that they may enjoy unchallenged their liberty, and that their children may inherit the blessings of freedom? Our very blood tingles with admiration as we behold that rugged hero defying the greatest empire on earth. Kruger in his struggle with England, seems like Leonidas striving with his three hundred in the pass of Thermopyle against the Persian host.

From his boyhood Paul Kruger showed that fearless courage and powerful strength of will which have characterized him in later life. In his early years he learned what hardships meant. It was in his boyhood that the Boers, intolerant of control, and strong in their provincial prejudices, emigrated to the unoccupied region beyond the Vaal river, where they hoped to escape the interference of foreigners. Look back sixty years and see a long line of ox wagons winding slowly through the wilds and over the mountains of South Africa. In one of those wagons, with his little sister, is a boy of fifteen. And that boy, with all the rest, is fleeing from the might of England's power. It was on this journey a little incident occurred which made Paul Kruger, when a boy, the hero of the hour. A lion leaped suddenly out of the jungle. The oxen became frightened and rushed madly off. The little sister fell out, and just as the fierce beast was about to spring on her, the brother, attracted by her cries, hurried to the rescue and killed the monster. Who can say but in his boyish brain even then thoughts were shaping themselves, that, in his maturer years, have developed into tremendous action. We are not so astonished at the audacity of the man challenging the British lion, when we remember that the boy conquered the lion of the desert. Do we wonder that a boy of such a dauntless spirit should, when a man, risk everything and dare everything for his state?

Paul Kruger is loved and honored by his people. The esteem in which they hold him is clearly shown by the fact that he has held public offices for thirty years. For sixteen years he has been president of the Transvaal Republic, having been elected four times. When we see that grand old man, a giant physically and mentally, standing among his people, urging them on to defend their country and cheering them with words of hope, we cannot but admire him. His strong, massive features, framed with silver hair, speak to us in a language more eloquent than words of a dauntless courage, and a never-dying devotion to the cause he loves.

What will be the outcome of it all? Will the fate of the Transvaal be a repetition of the fate of Poland? Whatever happens, Paul Kruger's name will go down in the annals of history. Some may call him an oppressor with regard to the foreigner, but to his own people he stands as the champion of liberty. He may be right, or he may be wrong in his views of what is best for his country, but in his steadfast adherence to what he undertakes, he has the iron will of a Cromwell or a Bismarck; and the perseverance and decisiveness of a Napoleon; and, looking at him from the Boers' point of view, we can do no less than honor him, and wish him victory in the unequal struggle.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her deafness and noises in the head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drum, gave \$10,000 to his institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Address No. 7855, The Nicholson Institute, 780 Eighth Avenue, New York.

Call at the Savings Bank Store for tablets and stationery.

The occasion will be a memorable one. There will be music and speeches, while the guests will be given the freedom of the new building. They will be given a chance to see for themselves how the students of the U.N.D. are cared for, and how they live. This is sure to be a very enjoyable affair.

Alumni et Alumnae

Miss Willa Carothers, '96, and Miss Florence Douglas, '98, are taking post graduate work in English at Wellesley college.

At Minneapolis, Minn., on October 8th, a son was born to Dr. John S. and Rena Percival Macnie, both of the class of '93.

Word comes to us from Mr. B. E. Ingwaldson, of the class of '89, that he has located permanently at Fargo, in partnership with Lieut. M. A. Hildreth.

We have the pleasure of announcing to the members of the Alumni Association the marriage of Miss Henrietta Paulson, '94, on October 18th, to Dr. E. Haagenon, of Hillsboro.

C. B. Wright, '98, has been appointed a demonstrator of anatomy in the medical school of Johns Hopkins University, where he is a student. The position carries with it a salary of \$100 a year.

The STUDENT is in receipt of a brief communication from Miss May Cravath of the class of '96. Miss Cravath is very pleasantly located with her parents in Ann Arbor, Mich., where she is taking a course in medicine.

The members of the class of '99 not already mentioned in the columns of the STUDENT are located as follows: Miss Bertha Zimmerman and Miss Clara Feiring are teaching near Cooperstown; Neal Dow is at Munice, Ind., where his parents have moved; Fred Duggan and L. J. Wehe are in Grand Forks; J. F. McLain is principal of the school at McCanna; J. E. Davis is engaged in the cattle business at Cathay; Geo. McDonald's address is Park River.

Athletics

We've practised, played and conquered,
 The trophy cup's our own,
 Now shines our star of glory
 As it has never shone,
 We hope, in nineteen hundred
 Still brighter it may shine,
 Till then we rest in comfort,
 Hurrah for ninety-nine.

The season which has just closed was a successful one for the University. We played four games and won them all: Moorehead 57 to 0; Henley 18 to 0; Macalaster 6 to 5; and Fargo A. C. 46 to 0. It now stands to reason that we will be able to get games with some of the larger and older institutions of neighboring states during the season of 1900. Our coach, Mr. Loomis, has left us and gone to Minneapolis. He has in vain put forth his best efforts to secure a game for us with the University of Minnesota. According to his letter Minnesota is not playing a very good game this year. We will in all probability have to wait till next year for a chance to try our skill and strength with Minnesota.

The playing this year has been very much superior to that of former years. The material for good foot ball players has always been present here, but we have not known how to use weight and speed to the best advantage. Now we have been learning how many things ought to be done. Each man has learned that it remains with himself whether or not he improves in his work. What our coach has taught us we must cherish like a treasure dear, not as the miser does, but as the wise man who uses what he possesses to the best advantage. The players have gone through a hard training and are in good trim. They should keep themselves in that condition. We have a gymnasium. Use it. Spring is coming with field day contests

and base ball. Vacation is also coming, bringing with it any amount of hard work on the farm. One consolation is that this year's team will be next year's team. Not a man is going to drop out.

The first game of the season was played against the Moorhead Normal team. It was a practice game, yet hardly deserves that name. Moorhead's playing was weak indeed. An end run on our side meant a touch down. We had not enough opposition to make it interesting. Our best efforts were not called for. Still the playing in general promised well for the hard battles we were expecting. We claim no credit for that game. It resulted in 57 to 0.

Our coach then worked us without any mercy for a week. He put forth his best efforts to get up team work for a game against the Henley Athletic Association of Minneapolis. This team played the A. C. of Fargo, on the 28th of October. Same resulted in 6 to 0 in favor of the Henley. Sunday evening, Henley, flushed with victory, came to Grand Forks to play us on Monday October 30th. The heavy A. C. team had not hurt any of them. The athletes were safe and sound and confident, ready to add a circle to their wreath of laurels won in this western country, which is just beginning to play foot-ball. Monday forenoon dragged along. We were impatient. Anyone who is at all spirited waits restlessly to get at a difficult or an unpleasant task. Ours was not unpleasant by any means but we imagined it would be difficult. We prepared ourselves well for the coming fray, the outcome of which we were not at all certain about, though hopeful of victory. When we arrived at our grounds at 3 30 an impatient crowd was waiting and among them the sturdy men from Minneapolis. We won the toss and took the south goal for the wind was blowing from the south. Not a sound was

heard while Flanagan carefully and coolly adjusted the ball for the kick off. The whistle blew. Flanagan kicked. The ball shot upward and northward all but to Henley's goal. A Henley man caught the ball but was downed on the spot. The game was on. Each was earnest and eager to do his best, and the crowd cheered us on to victory.

The Henley team was heavier than ours, but our boys were more fleet of foot, had better endurance and outwitted them. It was our game from the start. The ball was kept in Henley's territory almost all the time for the first half which ended with a score of 18 to 0 in favor of the University. None of our men were seriously hurt, though many a Henleyite had from time to time been stretched on the ground in seeming agony. In the second half Henley made a brave stand. They could not make an inch around our ends, but they gained through the line. Poor fellows! we felt sorry for them. They again and again plowed from their goal to the centre of the field on repeated line bucks. No team can endure such work for any length of time, and they got winded and tired and lost the ball on downs. We then made one or two end runs or line plays and then Flanagan punted, sending the ball to their five yard line or so, and our ends never failed to tackle the full back before he made any gain at all. Neither side scored during the second half. Thus ended the second game of the season.

Once more the coach "put us through the mill." Harder and still more hard became the work. Macalaster played the A. C. November 2nd. Again the farmers were defeated by a score of 22 to 11. The Macalaster boys reached Grand Forks on the 3rd to play us on the 4th. It gives us pleasure to say that we never played against a team made up of more thorough gentlemen than they are. From the very start they

played a fine fast game. They hit our line low and hard and carried the ball from the centre of the field by successive line bucking down to our five yard lines. Then the struggle was hard. Our resistance was desperate, and still they scored on us within five minutes. They failed to kick the goal. The fact that they scored did us good. Each man ground his teeth and buckled down to work. When the first half was about half over our good right half Wilcox, was hurt and had to quit. Jewell took his place and filled it well. We did not know till that time what Tom could do. He is fast on his feet and has any amount of grit and a good share of strength for his size. Fitzmaurice has a reputation for being most reliable at critical moments. We had been bucking the line with little success. For a change we gave Fitz the ball. He took it around right end, and long after his interference had been broken up he kept on. He either dodged his men or knocked them over and took the ball to Macalaster's ten yard line. Lemke made three yards through the line. Robinson followed with another three yard gain and then Lemke shot through for a touch down. Flanagan kicked the goal as usual. Score 6 to 5 in favor of the University. No more scoring was done during the game. Throughout the second half both teams worked as if life depended on every inch. Our visitors could not gain on end plays, but they tore up our line again and again. At the close of the game they had the ball on our fifteen yard line. Thus ended the best, the hardest game of the season.

Next and last came the state championship game against the N. D. A. C. of Fargo, on November 11th. Over this game there was more enthusiasm than there had been over any game we have ever played. Years have passed since the A. C. has had the pleasure of beating our

boys. This time they naturally cherished fond hopes of carrying away the honors and the silver trophy cup from the last battle field of the season. But they hoped, they fought in vain. They came within squinting sight of the goal posts but were never dangerously near to scoring. We beat them 46 to 0. We venture to say that the foot-ball cranks of the University, as well as the enthusiasts in Grand Forks, have never had a better treat in the line of clean team playing. Our boys helped each other so nicely that day that it could not have been done any better. We kicked off, and Fargo made a slight advance on the kick. They then started in on their old game, line bucking, and they gained steadily. They were coming right along when our Joe tore through their interference twice in succession, each time getting the man with the ball in Fargo's territory. On the next play Carpenter met an end run in a decisive way and the ball was ours. After that the whole game was the same simple story. We would make a few line plays and then an end run, resulting in a touch down. An unusual thing occurred during the game. Flanagan missed a goal, the first one this season. It surprised many for they did not know that it was not his fault. Henley and Macalaster had told us that the heavy A. C. team had an invincible line. We did not find it so. Lemke, our resolute right guard, shot through that heavy line just eleven times during the seventy minutes we played, and he never failed to make first down. Robinson, our left guard, walked through whenever he had a mind to. Fitz. always bucked the line for a gain. Sometimes the A. C. men lay down in front of Fitz., but he jumped high over the pile and made his gain in spite of them. To say it all in few words, we did not try any play which did not meet with success. All our trick plays worked admirably. Many a time did the

burly farmers stand in open-mouthed, speechless wonder looking for the ball which some of them at least, at one time; did not see until it was across their goal line. Carpenter got the ball on a fumble and made a touch down. Near the close of the game Robinson got a fumbled ball and ran the whole length of the field for a touch down. Some one remarked afterwards that the A. C. boys thought he was going for a drink. We kept making touch downs and kicking goals till the score stood 46 to 0 and time was called.

While we feel happy over our victories, we must not forget our weak points. We have some which we must get rid of before we play another season. It gives us pleasure to note that the team of '99 has scored 127 points to 5.

Now, a few words in regard to the team. The line-up in all our games was as follows:

Centre—Capt. L. J. Frazier.
 Right Guard—Wm. Lemke.
 Left Guard—Wm. Robinson.
 Right Tackle—Wm. Nuessle.
 Left Tackle—V. Wardrope.
 Right End—Chas. Carpenter.
 Left End—Chas. Currier.
 Right Half—L. Wilcox.
 Left Half—G. K. Fitzmaurice.
 Full Back—J. J. Flanagan.
 Quarter Back—S. G. Skulason.

Our heaviest man weighs 180 pounds and the lightest 140 pounds. We are an average team in weight and speed. The principal features of our playing are Flanagan's punting and tackling, Fitzmaurice's tackling and running with the ball, and Lemke's line bucking and defensive work. Saying this does not cast a shadow on the reputation of any of the other players. We are inclined to be a little slow until aroused. Had we started in and done our very best, Macalaster would not have scored on us. The

reason that Fargo scored last year was that we did not get into the game until they had made a touch down. We have two new men this year, men who never played foot-ball before. Wilcox, our right half back, lacks only practice. He plays a very fine game for the experience he has had. Wardrope, our other new man, is heavy and strong, and all that, but because he has played only six weeks his understanding of the game is limited. Practice makes perfect. For all we know—and we hope it will be so—Mr. Wardrope may belong to the all America before many years roll by. Any one who knows the University and its foot-ball players, knows the rest of the team. They all distinguished themselves during this season. The next issue of the STUDENT will contain a history of foot-ball at the University.

Among the Societies.

Per Gradus held its first meeting Friday, November 17th. The following officers were elected:

Speaker—J. G. Johnson.
 Vice-Speaker—Mr. Grimson.
 Secretary—Miss Edith Feiro.
 Treasurer—Miss Hilda Feiring.
 Sargeant-at-Arms—Jay Elliott.
 Asst. Sargeant-at-Arms—Fred Larson.

Per Gradus ought to have a profitable year. Material is plenty.

Adelphi held its first meeting Thursday, November 23rd. The Adelphians should put forth two orators who will lead our institution to victory in the contests.

We wish to call attention to "The Xyste." This will be an up to date dramatic club. Its membership is limited to fifteen, who must be members of college junior, senior, or post graduate classes. Election of members for each

ensuing year takes place annually during commencement week.

Rumors are afloat that we are to have a new literary society. It is to be hoped that these rumors are well founded. For several years now the work of our societies has been at a low ebb. The meetings have evoked but little enthusiasm, and have afforded but little profit. There is an abundance of good material for several first-class societies, and anything which will shake up the dry bones of Adelphi and Per Gradus will be heartily welcomed. There has been of late a great revival of interest in debate in our leading institutions. The annual contests between Harvard and Yale attract almost as much attention as do the athletic meetings. This is as it ought to be. The atmosphere of a university ought to be surcharged with literary spirit, and there ought to be a keen pleasure in following the ins and outs of a debate, and noting the keen and subtle play of mind against mind as there is in watching the movements of the pigskin up and down the gridiron. An interest in debate is one of the most stimulating influences which can come into a student's life. It is, therefore, to be hoped that the new society will prove a fact, that it will issue challenges to the other societies, and that the long winter before us will see several interesting contests.

Normal Items

M. Clair Hinds of the class of '98 Normal, is now taking a medical course at the Battle Creek Sanitarium.

Miss Luella Hoveland, class of '96, normal, and class of '98 college is principal of the Grand Harbor schools this year.

The Normal students were excused from clas-

ses on November 10th, to attend the Tri-county Teachers' Association in Grand Forks.

Prof. Kennedy was elected president of the Tri-county Teachers' Association for the ensuing year. The next meeting will be held in Bathgate in May, 1900.

Miss Elspeth Emerson, a former excellent Normal student here, was married October 19th to Mr. H. H. Oakes of St. Thomas, formerly principal of the Bathgate schools. The best wishes of the STUDENT go with Mr. and Mrs. Oakes.

Miss Anna Peterson, of the Normal class of '97, has returned to complete her college course. For the past year she has been principal of the schools at Grand Harbor.

The State Educational Association will meet in Grand Forks during the holidays, and will be entertained one evening at the University. We bespeak for the teachers of the state a hearty welcome.

The Senior Normal class, which has ten members, was organized the first week in November. The officers are: President, Miss Clara Wallace; Vice-President, Mr. Rudser; and Secretary, Miss Laura Bride. Nineteen hundred, nineteen hundred. Who are we? We are Normals, senior Normals, U. N. D.

The Senior Normals are anxiously awaiting and planning their work as teachers of arithmetic, grammar, U. S. history and geography during the winter term. These subjects will be taught primarily as reviews for teachers or prospective teachers. It will serve as a winter school for teachers.

I have made extra efforts to carry the best that the markets afford for the holiday trade, in Men's Furnishing Goods. Frank Ephraim, the clothier.

Local

W. Hunter visited friends at Cando, Oct. 28.
Mrs. Kearney visited her daughter Miss Mary, Nov. 12th.

Jas. Brennan, of Bathgate, visited friends at the University, Nov. 13th.

J. Baptie, of Bathgate, spent some days at the University during November.

Miss Jessie Guyer of Emerado, spent November 4th and 5th at the University.

Miss Maud Daily accompanied by Mable Francis, spent Sunday, Nov. 12th at her home in Minto.

Miss Emma Weiss and Miss Jean Forster, both of class '99, spent Nov. 11 and 12th at the University.

Miss Gertrude Quam visited at the University Nov. 11th. Miss Quam is teaching near her home in St. Thomas.

Miss May Baptie, class of '98, and Miss Mable Burdick, both of Bathgate, spent Nov. 10th and 11th visiting Miss Maggie Baptie.

Miss Bessie Douglas, class '99, visited with friends at the University Nov. 10th. Miss Douglas has charge of the second-intermediate department of the school at Inkster.

Miss Reynolds gave an interesting talk to the teachers of the tri-county Association Friday evening, Nov. 10th. Her subject was "A Literary Trip Through England and Scotland."

Macbeth was played in the opera house Nov. 2nd. The part of Lady Macbeth was played by Modjeska. Almost the entire student body was in attendance and fully appreciated the privilege of seeing this great actress. All felt amply repaid for the weary hour spent at the station waiting for the train which was "twenty minutes late."

Miss Josephine Olson spent Oct. 29th at her home in Buxton.

Miss Forest, of Cando, has resumed her work at the University.

Hallowe'en passed off without the least disturbance at the University.

The "Xyst" dramatic society expects to give a play in the near future.

A new brick store-room has been added to the power house. We are still growing.

Wm. Hale, of Devil's Lake, was a visitor at the University, Saturday, Nov. 11th.

The plague of the student's life: Getting up before breakfast and working between meals.

Prof. of political economy:—To what race do the tramps belong? For instance, those that walk up and down our railroad track here.

It is rumored that some time in the near future the faculty and the board of trustees will give a grand reception in Budge Hall. This will probably be one of the great events of the season.

If you are looking for an Overcoat, or suit remember that we carry the celebrated line of K. N. & F. make, recognized among well dressed men as the best. Frank Ephraim, Men's Outfitter.

Luther Bickford, '98, has attended all the foot-ball games of the season. While attending the University Mr. Bickford was for several years a member of the team. His friends were glad to see his smiling face again.

There are at present four musical organizations in the institution, viz: Band, Glee Club, Octet and a string Band. Most every class has its musicians and even the faculty, it is said, has a quartet consisting of the following singers: Pres. Merrifield, tenor; Prof. Macnie, bass; Prof. Chandler, alto; Prof. Squires, soprano.

Mr. Hamel of Grafton, has entered the freshman class.

See the handsome line of New Neckwear just arrived at Ephriam's.

Mr. Hamel, a graduate of the Grafton high school, has entered our freshmen class.

Samuel Hocking, a member of last year's football team, is now playing with the Rush Medical college team.

The second foot-ball team had a game with the Crookston high school boys on Oct. 28th. Unfortunately we were defeated.

Among the town people who attended the foot-ball banquet were, Misses Bosard, Bates, Bushee, Cavanaugh, Griggs and Corbett.

Our foot-ball boys have been so successful this year that it seems too bad for them not to have a game with the University of Minnesota.

S. J. Fuller, a former University student, was a visitor on Wednesday, Nov. 1st. Mr. Fuller expects to resume his studies in a few days. This means another player in the band.

The oration entitled "The Hoarding of Wealth," which was delivered in chapel on Wednesday, November 8th, was the cause of many comments among the economists at the University.

H. E. Loomis, the coach, returned to Minneapolis on Monday, Nov. 6th. The University is well satisfied with the work which he did, and although he seemed rather hard on the boys at first, he left none behind him at the University but true friends.

A great change has been made in military drill. Each company drills only twice a week. Company A on Wednesdays and Fridays, and company B on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Excuses are not accepted only in the case of severe illness. All absences have to be made up.

Miss Mathews of Larimore, spent Nov. 2nd with her sister Sadie.

Miss Nettie Carpenter visited friends at the University Nov. 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. Currier of Crary, visited with their son Bertie, Nov. 3rd.

Albert Cosger, '96, attended the foot-ball game between the Fargo team and the University.

Miss Anna Peterson, class of '97, has entered the University and is taking a special course in English.

Another line of new and exclusive designs in Fancy Dress Shirts have just made their first appearance at Ephriam's.

Hallowe'en passed off very quietly at the University. The members of Davis Hall enjoyed a masquerade for about an hour in the fore part of the evening. No mischief was indulged in, however, and in consequence there were neither fearful nor remorseful countenances observed next day. Probably the stern decrees issued by the faculty had something to do with the serenity of the night.

A Tri-county Teachers' Association was held at the court house in Grand Forks, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 10th and 11th. The Normal students from the University were given a half holiday Friday, that they might have the opportunity of hearing the discussions. Several teachers, formerly of the University, were on for discussion. J. Sonderaal, class of '98, gave a talk on physical culture in our schools.

On Monday night, Nov. 13, the faculty attended a calico ball in town. During the afternoon some members of that honorable body were seen in their costumes. The girls say that our professor in English looked very cute in his swallow-tailed calico coat.

Get your cameras and supplies at the Savings Bank Store.

Miss Katrine Belanger spent Nov. 5th at her home in Mayville.

Miss Severina Thompson spent Nov. 5th and 6th at her home in Fisher, Minn.

Miss Sadie Mathews spent a week in November at her home in Larimore. She went home to attend the wedding of her sister.

During the past week Prof. Perrott has given a very interesting address to three of the ladies' clubs in Grand Forks. His subject was "Oxford."

Every day many girls go by Budge Hall and look longingly up at the windows as if to say, "Boys, when are you going to show us the inside of that beautiful building?"

It is quite evident that the older students among the boys have the right kind of sentiment to put a stop to any practices of the less experienced members which might tend to reflect discredit upon our institution.

Prof. W. L. Stockwell, of Grafton, visited the University Nov. 11th. He addressed the students in chapel for a short time, and left a very pleasant impression with all. Such kindly interest in the welfare of the University must needs be appreciated by the students, and Prof. Stockwell has shown himself to be in hearty sympathy with the work here.

Among the visiting people seen on the football ground Saturday, Nov. 11th were State Supt. Holland, Prof. Hoover, of Park River, C. E. Jackson, Co. Supt. of Pembina County, Prof. Taylor of Bathgate, and Prof. Stockwell of Grafton. Most of these gentlemen wore the pink and green and did not seem disappointed when the score stood 46 to 0 in favor of the University.

We carry a line of Smoking Jackets and Fancy Vests, suitable for Christmas presents, see Ephraim, the Clothier.

Although the new building was not fully completed, the boys moved in on Monday, Nov. 6th.

Don't go into the main building after six o'clock, because the doors will be locked at that time.

Martin McMahon has been out of school for some time on account of the death of his younger brother.

Be patient, wistful fair ones, we boys are working faithfully to give you a royal entertainment some Saturday night.

Prof. (seeing Fitzmaurice in post office with grip in hand) Wal, would you like to see the president? Are you entering for the first time?

On Monday, Nov. 13th, a ripple of pleasant anticipation ran through Davis Hall when the young ladies received the following dainty notes from Mrs. E. J. Babcock.

"You are invited to join in our fun,
As we hie us away toward the setting sun,
To the Yellowstone Park, we'll pull out at four,
And be back after dark
We deem it a treat
Mrs. Cochrane to meet,
For she's promised to come
And talk to us some
Next Tuesday p. m.,
November fourteenth."

A most delightful evening was spent. Mrs. Cochrane, of Grand Forks, talked to the ladies about Yellowstone Park, and her words were so realistic that one could almost see the park with its wonderful natural curiosities. Mrs. Cochrane had a great many views of the most beautiful portions of the park, and these helped to make the whole picture more vivid. After this informal address a dainty luncheon was served. The ladies went home each declaring Mrs. Babcock to be a delightful hostess.

See those bargains in standard novels at the Savings Bank Store.

On Saturday, Nov. 11th, was played the last game of foot-ball for this season, and in the evening the annual banquet was given to the foot-ball team. The dining room of Davis Hall was very prettily decorated. Pink and green bunting was draped around the pillars and across the ceiling, and our red, white and blue was also draped across the walls. Chinese lanterns added to the graceful effect and gave a subdued light to the room. About 8 o'clock the people began to assemble in the parlors of Davis Hall, and a pleasant social evening was enjoyed. The chief object of interest seemed to be the picture of the foot-ball boys, which includes Mr. Loomis, Prof. Brannon and the first and second teams. At 10.30 all repaired to the dining room where a dainty supper was served, after which several toasts were given. Prof. Squires acted as toast master, and he needed no introduction to the students. He conducted the evening in his peculiarly happy style, and expressed our appreciation of the work done by our foot-ball boys this season. Mr. Frazier, as captain of the team, spoke on the subject "Our foot-ball team." Prof. Blair, of the law department, spoke on "Foot-ball in the East." Miss Clara Wallace spoke on "Foot-ball from a girl's point of view." Mr. Morrison's subject was "What foot-ball has done for our schools." Prof. Brannon spoke on "Clean athletics." Mr. Skulason spoke on "Foot-ball and the Alumni." About 12.30 the company left the dining room and only happy recollections of the banquet of '99 remained.

The Morrison and Jewell Electric Co. has taken the contract for putting in a University telephone system. There are to be five 'phones and one extension bell. The latter to be from the president's office, in the main building, to the janitor's living rooms.

Just arrived, an up-to-date line of fancy shirts for seasonable wear. We carry them in all sizes and sleeve lengths. Frank Ephraim.

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