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The Dakota Student

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The Student

UNIVERSITY, NORTH DAKOTA

Volume XIII .. Number Three

Literary

Mother.

The name of friend and sister dear
Is pleasing, charming, sweet,
But far more sacred to my ear
Is mother's: "Shall we meet?"

Her hand is graceful, tender, soft,
'Tis full of care for me,
'Tis lifted every night aloft
In prayer—my face to see.

The fragrant rose, the snowflake white,
The sky serene and fair,
And diamond-pure, and star at night,
And bird in balmy air,

These things are beautiful indeed,
Delightful to observe,
The precious truths wherewith they feed
My mind, I will preserve.

But greater beauty do I find,
And nobler truths behold
In mother's face, so sweet and kind,
What depth of love untold.

The radiant sun, the twinkling star,
The brilliant gem so rare,
Spread light and comfort near and far,
Illuminate the air.

But brighter to behold than these
Are mother's lustrous eyes,
Their beams of love bring rest and ease,
They end all sobs and sighs.

Her heart a gushing fountain is
Of tenderness and love—
A spring of sympathy like His,
Who dwells in Heaven above.—J.M.B.

Communism.

For some years past the master minds of the world have been agitated by the question of communism. Much has been written, and much

more has been said on this subject. The question is whether such a state of society is practicable or impracticable, whether it is possible or impossible.

Of all those who favor communism, Edward Bellamy has written the most complete work on this subject, his "Looking Backward."

Here, with a master hand, he has drawn the outlines of an ideal commonwealth of prosperity, and happiness, and boldly filled in most charming details. He represents the cities magnificent in all their glory; cities of stately mansions and lofty domes; cities freed from all the defiling influences of the lower classes. Within this community the weak and incompetent share, and share alike with the strong and efficient. Here perfect law and order prevail. Every refining influence of art, of music, and of literature creeps softly into the hearts of the cultured and the rude, the appreciative and the unappreciative. In fact, in this realm of fancy all men are placed upon a common level, with a common reward for all their labor, and a common chance for obtaining comfort and luxury. In this work the author, in a fascinating manner, presents to the reader a plan so complete, a mechanism so perfect, a government so ideal, that one forgets himself, forgets the world, and dares to dream that such an existence is possible. E'er long, however, he is aroused to find it but a dream. Stern reality dispels the illusion.

Countless pages in the story of the past, as we

read it, today are devoted to the history of attempts to form governments on a communistic basis, of their failures, and the reasons why such attempts can meet only with disappointment. Only a few years ago the founding of such a colony was watched with unprecedented interest. Brook Farm, as the colony was called, was situated only a few miles out of Boston, amidst most beautiful surroundings. Here were gathered men and women of wonderful genius and power. It has been said that the world's brightest minds were here brought together. This we can readily believe, when we recall the fact that Margaret Fuller, George Wm. Curtis, Nathaniel Hawthorn, and others as well known, were the instigators of the movement.

Surely here, if ever communism would be successful, sustained, as it was, by so brilliant a band all cultured, refined and learned. But here, too, as ever, it was doomed to failure. The petty tasks of farm life proved very irksome. "How much better for us" they said, "to devote ourselves to literature." "How much greater to build written monuments to our memory than to weed the garden or cultivate the corn." And so as learned people will, they talked and read and wrote, while their dishes went unwashed, the rooms unswept, and the farm untended. Soon a general appearance of neglect fell upon the place. Then a look of desolation, for the colony had disbanded, and each member had gone back to the old time customs fully convinced that for him, at least, communism was impossible.

As experiment has shown, communism to be both impracticable and impossible, the question presents itself Why is it impossible? The answer is not difficult. The very nature of man revolts from such a condition. He cannot, he will not endure it. When placed under the

sway of such a government as communists advocate, he will either fall back from the onward march of civilization or break loose from the shackles that fetter his very existence. We must either sink to the level of a slave, or mount to the grander, nobler plane of master; he must either become merely an automatic machine, or else free himself from the false limitations set up by a false state of society.

Man cannot remain at a standstill. Man cannot keep himself on one level. He must either improve or degenerate. We are told that men were created free and equal. But how long did they remain so? How long could they remain so? In history alone we find an answer. Back in ancient times, even as far as history dates, we find some tribes masters of others. We see one clan flourishing in the light of civilization; another grovelling in the dust of ignorance. Among every people we find certain individuals stepping forth from the common throng, and taking their places as leaders of vast armies while thousands are subservient to them.

In early biblical times the Egyptians were most cruel and despotic rulers over the Israelites. Here we find the Israelites an abused race, forced to submit to indignities such as are now unheard of. We behold them grinding out a miserable existence under hated masters. Soon however, the scene is changed. A bold commander springs forth from that despised race to lead them across the Red sea out of bondage. So it has always been. One nation rises; another falls; one man advances, another degenerates.

A fundamental principal of nature is that of the survival of the fittest. Nature itself is but one round of competition. The stronger survive, while the weaker perish. So with man. To bring out the best qualities of man there must be competition. Take from him all individual

rights; regulate, as some communists would, his morals, and even his religion; cause him to labor in common with his fellowmen, with a common reward in view; deprive him of all spur to individual excellence and he must degenerate. Soon he must realize that although he may have remarkable natural ability, it is rated at the same level and receives the same reward as that of the most incompetent workman. Then will he become careless, negligent, and reckless, just as a student would if he knew that for his best efforts he would receive the same standings as would the dunce of his class.

It is that same noble spirit of lofty independence of ambition and proud self esteem that was manifest in our ancestors, that today animates the hearts of our fellow countrymen and renders communism impossible for them.

This restless spirit impelled our forefathers to risk fortune, safety and life for independence alone; and it now forces us to attack with all our strength, every encroachment upon our liberty.—M.C.

Silas Marner

OR

THE WEAVER OF RAVELOE.

Perhaps no other author gives us as true an insight into the lives of her characters as George Eliot. By birth and association she was intimately connected with provincial life in England and this is perhaps why she so thoroughly understand her characters and makes them so real to us. She gives those glimpses of the hidden side which only the delicate touch of an artist such as she is could portray. *Middlemarch* is her greatest work, but the one most excellent in its simplicity, freest from all artificial ornament, the most perfect picture in a rustic frame is *Silas Marner*.

The scene of the story is laid at Raveloe, a coun-

try village nestled in the wooded hollows of merry England. The author tells us it was an important looking village with a fine old church and large churchyard in the heart of it, moreover it boasted of two or three brick and stone-homesteads whose imposing fronts looked down with disdain upon even the rectory itself.

Near the village the sole occupant of a little stone cottage surrounded by hedges lived Silas Marner, the weaver of Raveloe. For fifteen years he had dwelt on this spot, and day after day for fifteen long, weary years he had toiled at his loom. This was during the days when the spinning wheel was a necessary article of furniture, when even fine ladies busied their dainty fingers with the thread and the distaff, so that Silas found plenty of work to fill every hour in the day. He labored so constantly that his face became pale and haggard, his eyes from continued gazing at the fine meshes of the web, protruded from their sockets, his back, owing to the stooping posture he was obliged to assume, became disfigured with an unsightly hump. A pitiful figure in truth; one which struck terror to the hearts of the small urchins in his neighborhood when it stood in the door pointing a chastising finger at them after they had been engaged in some tantalizing meanness, such as only the small boy can invent.

Silas Marner in his early life had known deep sorrow. He had come to Raveloe no one knew from whence. He never mingled with the village folk, and his queer ways together with his odd appearance made him an object of suspicion to these ignorant people. It was even said by some that he was in league with the evil one. All this was very painful to one of his sensitive nature. It hardened his heart and made him crusty and taciturn with the world.

Thus lived the weaver of Raveloe, and although the pittance received for his labor was

meagre, his wants were simple, and he was able to save the larger part of his small earnings. His hoard accumulated, and now he had a large pile of gold and silver pieces. How he loved to watch their bright shining faces. Night after night when the day's labor was over he would bring his iron pot from its hiding place under the tiles, and emptying its contents on the table would, with loving fingers, count the coin over and over again and then carefully return it to its hiding-place.

It happened that one night when Silas was bending over his bright fire, fastening to the hanger the bit of pork which was to serve as his evening meal, he suddenly remembered that some fine twine was necessary to his setting up a new piece of work in his loom the next morning. Although the night was bad he could not allow the errand to retard his work the next day; so leaving his door unlatched (for no one would find his way to the lonely cottage on such a night) he set out, and reaching home after a long absence, according to his custom, he proceeded to take out the beloved hoard. He carefully scraped away the sand which concealed its hiding-place, and lifted the large stone but imagine his astonishment—the hole was empty—his gold gone.

When the heart has been centered for years on a treasure, when the treasure is the one bright spot of an otherwise starved, weary existence, when this treasure is suddenly and unexpectedly snatched away, there comes a misery—dull, stupefying in its intensity.

So it was with Silas Marnier. His gold was the one bright spot in his monotonous life. Now it was gone, he knew not whither. He became, if that were possible, more of a recluse than ever. Every man was his enemy. Hope was gone; faith he had none. He had found the world cold and bitter; he accepted it as such.

All that was good, all that was bright in life passed him by.

One night having been on an errand to the village he returned a little later than was his custom. He moved about for some time without perceiving anything unusual, but suddenly started back, for there by the fireplace with the bright light streaming over it was a small heap and something that glittered. Could it be the lost gold? He peered closer with his dim eyes, and reaching down touched something soft and silky. The small heap moved, and with a startled cry looked up at the old man. It was a little golden-haired child, a waif, who, attracted by the bright light, had strayed out of the darkness and cold into the weaver's cottage. The old man gazed at the little one in astonishment, then lifted her and tenderly soothed her.

No parents appeared to claim the little one, and no one seemed to know to whom she belonged. From that time a new life dawned for Silas. The village folk shook their heads sagely when they heard he was going to adopt the child. What did an old miser like him know about children? And what would become of the looms? But Silas went on, unmindful of their comments, doing all he could for the comfort of the child. He named her Eppie. And Eppie did get into mischief and the loom was neglected. But what of that? Eppie was happy and so was Silas. Often on Sunday afternoons the busy loom was silent, and the old man was away over the meadows gathering daisies or chasing butterflies with Eppie. A new relation arose between the weaver and the villagers. He felt that for Eppie's sake he must enter into the life of Raveloe, and gradually his old confidence in human goodness returned. His neighbors grew to respect him, for even if he had been a silent, sullen miser hadn't he cared for a homeless waif?

So the years glided by. Eppie grew to be a lovely maiden, the joy and pride of Silas whom she loved and cherished as a father. Gently she had led him forth from his dark, narrow life into one of peace and love. His heart which so long had resisted every appeal to good influences, opened to Eppie's touch. Surely a little child shall lead them.

M. S.

Science

Through the efforts of its inventor, Signor Marconi, wireless telegraphy has passed from the experimental stage to that of practical use, such as rendering it more efficient for greater distances, and the more accurate direction of the Herzian waves. The recent tests during the international yacht races have again demonstrated its practical importance. The United States government will soon have the system on the vessels of the navy. Many European governments are also putting it into practical operation. England is using wireless telegraphy in the South African war. In this respect it is very valuable. Especially is it valuable in the co-operation of land and naval forces, the land forces being thus enabled to direct the fire of the large guns carried on the war vessels. This is indeed one of the most remarkable inventions of a very remarkable age.

The city of Chicago has performed a most remarkable feat which is characteristic of that energetic city. The sewage, which heretofore has polluted Lake Michigan, from which the city derives the greater part of its water supply, will hereafter be emptied into the Gulf of Mexico. This will be accomplished by a canal thirty-five miles long, from Lake Michigan to the Illinois river, a tributary of the Mississippi. The canal is twenty-two feet deep, and from 162 to 202 feet wide. The cost of the construction

will be nearly \$30,000,000. It also opens a waterway to the gulf which may mean much to commerce.

Normal Items

Mr. McLain, who has charge of the school at McCanna, spent a day here in the latter part of last term.

A reception was given to the members of the State Teachers' Association Wednesday evening, Dec. 27th.

The Normals who are to teach during the winter term are placed as follows: Miss Bride and Miss Byrne have charge of grammar; Miss Burr and Mr. Rudser have taken the arithmetic class; and Mr. Rukke and Miss Baptie charge of the history and geography classes respectively.

Rest.

Do you hold the chair or does the chair hold you? A great many people sit down rigidly, with their muscles contracted, instead of giving all their weight to the chair. This is an unrestful as well as an awkward position. We are subject to the laws of gravity and should yield to them.

Much of the faintness experienced by people riding in a train is caused unnecessarily by their resistance to the motion. There is a pleasant rhythm in the movement of the train if we only submit ourselves to it.

The same law may be observed in driving; instead of yielding to the seat and then to the motion, we hold ourselves still. People suffering from nervous prostration sometimes find no relief in driving because their nerves are highly strung and they simply hold the muscles in position. The natural consequence is that they become fatigued, for a large amount of their nervous energy is wasted. Vital power thus spent is of no use and only leaves the nerves weakened. In order to derive the utmost benefit from the exercise we must yield ourselves as much as possible to the motion, and try to become one with the carriage, train, or other conveyance.—E. O.

if, alongside our football score of 179 to 5 for this year, we could also have a series of continuous victories by our orators in the coming contests. The contests come as follows: The Home or Local contest January 20th, from which the two best speakers will be chosen to represent the University of North Dakota in the Inter-Collegiate contest to be held at Fargo, North Dakota, in February. The two best speakers in the Inter-Collegiate contest will represent the State of North Dakota in the Inter-State contest to be held at Vermillion, S. D. next June. This Inter-State contest takes place under the auspices of "The Western League of Oratory," in which at present are included only North and South Dakota. Anyhow, there is a good field for the ambitious student, and we hope to see the University of North Dakota stand victor at the big contest next June.

◆
The STUDENT asks every loyal member of the University to patronize its advertisers. Let the students glance through the advertising columns and when making a purchase mention the fact to the firm that they saw their advertisement in the STUDENT. This will make business men feel that it does pay to advertise with us, and they will be more ready to aid us in the future. Our advertisers are aiding us very materially and we should, when possible, give preference to them when doing our trading. We kindly ask your co-operation.

◆
There are many items of news, many matters of interest, which members of the STUDENT board do not and cannot know of, unless others co-operate. In order that nothing of importance or interest may be omitted we would solicit contributions of any kind from anyone. The STUDENT has a box in the post office and if you have anything to contribute, hand it to some

one of the editors, or mail it to the STUDENT. Now that the young men have moved into Budge Hall and the rooms set apart for the STUDENT on the third floor of the main building are ours, we hope to have placed conveniently a suitable box into which you can drop contributions. When there is some feature you especially enjoy, or some policy of which you do not approve, then write your views on the subject as a contribution to the STUDENT. We, of course, reserve the privilege of withholding the publication of anything which may be handed in. We know you want your college paper to be of more interest to yourself and your friends. It is in your power to make it so, and thus aid us as well. Simply remember the STUDENT and contribute.

Athletics

When the last Student was issued we thought the football season was over. We had as we thought celebrated the last victory of the year by the banquet given the team after the state championship game against the N. D. A. C. We had laid aside our football clothes and given ourselves up to the quiet, peaceful, studious life we are obliged to lead after each football season. We may have been, during brief spare moments, thinking about next year's exploits but we never dreamed of another battle on the gridiron this year. Hence we were very pleasantly surprised when we received a message from Mitchell, S. D., saying: "Will you play us at Sioux Falls on Thanksgiving?" What better did we want than a trip to our sister state? Nothing. The making of necessary arrangements was slightly delayed and we did not know until 5:30 Tuesday afternoon that we were to make the 8:30 train that evening for Wilmar, Minn., and then their was bustling

and hurrying. From its place in the parlor of Davis Hall we took down the ball which had already been used in four games this year. Our girls had adorned it with ribbons and painted all this year's scores on it. Now we stripped away the ribbons, rubbed off the paint and took away the good old ball to add some more scores to its surface.

We were all ready at 8:30. It is needless to say that we were sent away with the best wishes of an enthusiastic crowd which would wait impatiently till Thursday evening for news from us, their representatives.

All night until 4:50 Wednesday morning we traveled. We reached Wilmar tired and sleepy, but three hours of sleep and a good breakfast at 9 o'clock found us fresh enough to go out at 10 to practice signals on muddy grounds. Practice woke us up entirely and we went rejoicing on our way to Sioux Falls that afternoon. We thought of Football all the time. We enjoyed our ride. We did not sleep all the time. We viewed as well as we could every hill we passed, the walls of every cut, the steep sides of every ravine, and every lake, river, rivulet and babbling brook in sight. At each stopping place someone stepped out on the platform and allowed the U. N. D. colors to float in the breeze. We arrived at Sioux Falls at 6:50 Wednesday evening.

That evening we heard many things about our opponents from Mitchell. According to reports they were heavy, snappy, clever and tricky. We were not so frightened that we could not sleep that night. Thursday found us wide awake, jolly, and ready for the struggle with the Mitchell giants. We had seen them before we went out to practice and dreadfully large they looked. In the afternoon their size seemed to have been doubled. Just before the game, when both teams were out on the ground warm-

ing up, Mr. Blair, our acting manager, after watching Mitchell a while said to us: "You can beat them boys. I see it in their eye."

Mitchell won the toss and chose, of course, a strong, favoring wind. We kicked off. Mitchell made a short advance. The writer had the misfortune, which turned out to be fortune, to play full back on defensive and hence watched the two teams line up for the first play. It was almost disheartening to see how small our boys looked beside their gigantic opponents. But anxiety was soon changed to relief, to pleasure, to satisfaction and even exultation. Mitchell's first play was through our center. The huge mass they formed, that slowly moving, living wall, was grudging an inch of gain and stopped dead. They tried the same play again and again were denied the coveted gain. As a last resort they tried an end run around our right end. Our chubby Right End "Carpy" took the big right half back back for a loss of four yards. It was our ball and we sent a series play through their centre and tore their heavy line all to pieces. A few line plays and an end run or two brought us to their five yard line and Flanagan went around the end for a touch down and a moment later kicked the goal. During the whole game we twice lost the ball on downs. We went around the ends for twenty-five and thirty-five yard gains. Whenever we happened to think of sending anybody through the line we did so and almost always made first down. We count this the best game we ever played as far as team work is concerned. It resulted in 41 to 0 in our favor. We were sorry that our coach, Mr. Loomis, was not with us. Yet we were glad to have an opportunity of showing people that we could play without a coach watching every movement.

We can most willingly and truly say that the Sioux Falls people made our short stay

as pleasant as possible. Even during the game they helped to pass the time away by cheering enthusiastically when a North Dakota boy made fine play.

Thanksgiving evening we spent at the opera house and of course enjoyed ourselves. Next morning (Friday) we took the 8:10 train for Wilmar. We all got to the station in time but it was not because some of us were very fleet of foot that morning. At Wilmar we took dinner and then went on to Litchfield, where we had arranged to play a game with the high school team of that town. We reached that place just in time to dress and be on the ground at the appointed hour. If we cannot credit that team with a good share of anything else we can say with a clear conscience that they have an undue amount of vanity and foolishness. The game resulted in our favor, 11 to 0.

Fitzmaurice was unfortunately hurt at Sioux Falls and could not play at Litchfield. Tom Jewell took his place as left half and took it well. We did not enjoy the game. The ground was poor, the team was poorer and the Litchfield officials were poorest of all. Litchfield is a very pretty little town and there may be many pleasant and polite people in it, but, sad to relate, we found few.

At 10 o'clock that Friday night we took the train for home and traveled all night, arriving at the U. at 7:40 Saturday morning. And glad we were to get home, for we were all sleepy, tired and hungry and some of us lame.

No sooner had we left the train than we forgot all our petty troubles upon seeing the many familiar, happy looking, smiling faces of those who crowded to the station and greeted us with a roaring, rousing college yell. To bring home victory from a football or baseball trip is enough to make any U. player forget his troubles if he has any.

Now we are certain of being through with football playing for '99.

On account of this trip to South Dakota the history of football at the "U." will not appear until the next STUDENT is published.

Report.

We, the committee appointed at the last regular meeting of the Alumni association, held in June, 1899, to secure a coach for the football team of the University of North Dakota for the season of 1899, herewith respectfully submit our report to the association through the columns of the STUDENT.

We secured Harry C. Loomis, of Minneapolis, Minn., as coach and he served in that capacity from the 27th day of September to the 11th day of November, 1899.

The following is a detailed statement of contributions made by the members of the Alumni association towards paying the salary and expenses of the coach, and also of the disposition of the funds so contributed:

Contributed by :	1899.
J. F. Douglas	\$ 10 00
L. J. Wehe	2 00
Ole Arnegard	2 00
George F. Robertson	5 00
Clara Feiring	1 00
F. C. Parker	1 00
G. F. Jonsosn	2 00
Fred Duggan	1 00
Marcia Bisbee	1 00
A. E. Coger	7 00
Cora Smith-Eaton	1 00
Anna S. Johnson	2 00
H. G. Vick	5 00
Emma Crans	2 00
Bertha Zimmerman	2 00
B. G. Skulason	10 00
Mrs. Massee	2 00
Knute Arnegard	5 00
L. O. Fiset	2 00
Minnie Wright	1 00

Cora Adams	1 00
Jean Forster	50
M. M. Upson	2 00
Minnie Kellogg	2 00
Luella Hovland	1 00
J. F. McLain	3 00
William L. Nuessle	5 00
J. E. Davis	2 00
May H. Cravath	1 00
H. Bronson	2 00
Simon Jahr	1 50
C. B. Wright	5 00
Rolla P. Currie	2 50
E. B. Robbins	2 00
Lena Otteson	50
Emma Weiss	50
William V. O'Connor	3 00
J. D. Campbell	3 00
G. L. Bickford	5 00

Total \$106 50

DISBURSEMENTS.

1899.

Sept. 12, telegram to Plankinton, S. D. . . \$	50
Sept. 15, telegram to Chicago, Ill.	30
Sept. 14, telegram to Plankinton, S. D. . .	50
Sept. 22, transportation for coach from Minneapolis, Minn.	9 25
Sept. 27, drayage for coach	25
Sept. 27, room rent for four weeks for coach	5 00
Sept. 28, meal ticket for coach	5 00
Oct. 14, one week's salary for coach . . .	40 00
Oct. 5, two breakfasts and drayage for coach	1 10
Oct. 31, cash to A. E. Morrison, treas- urer Athletic association	13 10
Nov. 10, cash paid to coach	10 23
Nov. 14, balance room rent for coach . .	3 40
Postage stamps	3 00
Dec. 14, cash to A. E. Morrison, treas- urer Athletic association	14 87

Total \$106 50

Dated this 14th day of December, 1899.

B. G. SKULASON,
W. L. NUESSLE,
HARRY A. BRONSON,
Committee.

Local

What became of the dog?

What's the matter with the rink?

Who threw the water Sunday night?

A new pi(e)ous club is doing business at Miss B—de's table.

It is really amazing what a cosmopolitan institution we are getting to be.

Quite a number of the students took in the "Hotel Topsy Turvy" on the 18th, and Black Patte Troubadours on the 25th.

We have noted with amazement the prevalence of real live onions growing on our tables. Can some one enlighten us in regard to them?

The boys in Budge Hall are fast getting their rooms into shape. Some of the rooms show that great taste has been exercised in their adornment. The picture mouldings are all up and consequently the hanging of curtains and pictures has begun. The formal dedication of the building took place on Dec. 9th.

The practice of borrowing wheels without asking the owners has become so prevalent as to be a nuisance. One does not mind lending a wheel when asked, but it is too much to expect a person to keep their temper when some one runs off with his wheel without permission and leaves it out in the rain all night. Moral—Buy locks for your wheels.

Mr. Sidney Clark, cashier of the Union National Bank of Grand Forks, gave a highly interesting and instructive talk to the students in the parlor of Davis Hall, Sunday evening, Nov. 19th. Mr. Clark emphasized the value of honesty and good character in all walks of life. His talk was a plain, straightforward, earnest appeal to young men, and his words sank deep into many minds. Mr. Clark is himself a

graduate of an eastern college, and has a warm spot in his heart for college students. We will be pleased to hear Mr. Clark whenever he can visit us again.

Until a few weeks ago Adelphi and Per Gradus were our only literary societies. Now a new society has appeared upon the scene of action. Adelphi has for some time appeared dead. So many of its members were graduated last spring that, with no disrespect to the present members, it has seemed as if they had taken Adelphi with them. But as soon as it began to be noised abroad that a new society was being formed, the combative spirit of the Adelphians was aroused. Like a Phoenix arising from the ashes of the past arose the new Adelphi. New officers have been elected, and an aggressive plan of campaign marked out. The name of the new organization is the "A. D. T. Society." The membership is limited to twenty-six and these must be college students. This society is the outgrowth of the fertile mind of Professor Squires and is his ideal of what a college literary society ought to be. Whether the name stands for "Anti-Delirium Tremens" and the society is a temperance organization is known to none but the members, as the organization is a secret one. The membership list is made up principally of Freshmen, with a fair sprinkling of Sophomores and two or three Juniors. It is expected that debates between these two college societies will be arranged, and in this way Adelphians will have an incentive to better work. Since the above was written a joint debate has been arranged to take place some time in February. Complete arrangements have not yet been made.

The great reception commemorating the opening of Budge Hall is a thing of the past. The crowds came, saw, and went away. To those who were present the history of the evening is

well known, but for the benefit of those who by some misfortune missed it, we will give a brief account of how the evening was spent. Invitations were sent to the state and county officials; the members of the legislature, the state judiciary and the University alumni, and through the newspapers a general invitation was extended to the public. For days before, the sound of hammer and saw had been heard in Budge Hall—the young men were making those affairs so useful to young couples, i. e., window seats. About 7:30 the University girls began to appear around the doorway of Budge Hall. They were shown by young men in uniform—the commissioned officers of the Battalion of Cadets—to a room in which they might divest themselves of their wraps. The ladies spent an enjoyable hour inspecting the building—rooms, closets, halls and parlor—before the train arrived. The train was a special which followed out the south-bound passenger. As the train drew up at the platform fully five hundred guests poured forth, all eager to see the new building, the pride of the University of North Dakota. Streaming up the stairs they crowded the halls and the cloak rooms. After a few minutes spent in looking over the building, the guests adjourned to the basement, where they were presented to President Merrifield, Mrs. Wm. Budge and Miss Reynolds. Here the program was rendered, consisting of speeches by Mr. Helgeson of the board of regents, Senator Arnold, Senator Ames, Hon. M. N. Johnson, Mr. Morrison of the class of 1900, and B. G. Skulason. The speeches were interspersed with selections rendered by the University Mandolin Club and by the University Glee Club. After the program the guests were told that the campus, for the time being, was theirs, and well they availed themselves of the opportunity. In every corner of Budge Hall,

Davis Hall and the main building the curious visitors might be seen, piloted around by some polite professor or under graduate. Light refreshments were served in the dining room, which was very tastefully decorated with the college colors, pink and green. The lights were shaded by crepe tissue-paper shades, alternating pink and green. Those visitors who were to return on the special at 12 o'clock sat down to the first table. After the train had pulled out everything was in the hands of the students and, well, they availed themselves of their opportunities. It was not until 1 o'clock that the President ushered out the last lingering boy from the parlor of Davis Hall, the lights flickered, revived, flickered and went out, and silence and night brooded over the campus.

On Thanksgiving morn, while the first football team was resting in preparation for their struggle in the afternoon, a battle royal was being waged on the gridiron at the University. The game was between teams selected, one from Budge Hall, the other from the Prep. Dormitory. The score was 15-0 in favor of Budge Hall. Referee and linesman, Prof. Chandler.

The parlor in Davis hall was crowded on the evening of Saturday, Nov. 25. The attraction was the presentation of the Phelps Football Championship Cup. The cup is a beauty and will adorn the Library for many years to come. Prof. Mallarian lectured in the parlor of Davis hall on the same evening. His theme was "The Novel." We all knew the subject was a large one, but the Professor made it boundless. While the lecture was undoubtedly a learned one, and showed brilliant and deep thought, it passed above the heads of most of those present.

Among the most enjoyable features of the grand opening on Saturday, Dec. 9th, were the selections rendered by the Glee Club and the

Mandolin Club. Never before have we had either of these clubs. Something was always wanting. In the Glee Club it was a first tenor. This we have secured in the person of Mr. Steenberg, who also acts as leader. The parts in the Glee Club and the young men by whom filled are: First tenor, Mr. Steenberg, Mr. Olgeirson; second tenor, Mr. Atwood, Mr. Wilcox, Mr. Brathoode; first bass, Don McDonald, Mr. Burgett; second bass, Mr. Rounsevell, Mr. Traynor, H. Helgeson. The Glee Club has received its new music and expect to begin practicing regularly at the first of next term. The trouble with the Mandolin Club was—not enough material. The arrival of new talent and the discovery of much that was latent here resulted in the formation of a really good Mandolin Club. The members are Mr. Burgett, A. Goodall, H. Goodall, Mr. Wilcox, Mr. Boise. We expect to hear good reports of them also next term.

The University trustees took supper with the faculty Friday, Nov. 17th.

Reporter's Note Book.

W. O. Atwood spent Thanksgiving at his home in Larimore.

L. H. Strom, a former "U" student, has resumed his studies for the fall term.

S. L. Wardwell spent Thanksgiving and the four or five days immediately following at his home in Pembina.

Guy Rounsevell spent Sunday, the 26th in Larimore.

Jewell enjoyed a visit from his friend, Thos. Turner, of Bottineau, on Tuesday, Dec. 5.

One of our enterprising young men in figuring up the cost of clothing a wife arrived at the astonishing figures of \$55.99. What can the young man mean?

Fred Douglas, of Grafton, visited his brother, J. H. Douglas, Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 9th and 10th.

Among other visitors at the "U." reception on Dec. 9 we noticed Miss Nellie Rukke, sister of G. V. Rukke.

Albert Arnegard enjoyed a visit from his brother Ole, class of '96, on Monday, Nov. 20.

Larimore was represented at the Budge Hall reception Dec. 9 by Messrs. Fuller, Rounsevell and Arnold.

Charles Diebel gave thanks at his home in Milton.

William Bell went to Minto for Thanksgiving day.

George Stead spent Sunday, Dec. 3 at his home in Johnstown.

Bert Humphrey paid us a flying visit Saturday, Dec. 9.

Innis Ward visited his sister at Inkster on Thanksgiving. Innis says he took in the dance.

Herbert Mills, of Drayton, visited at the "U." Tuesday, Dec. 12.

John Hancock spent Thanksgiving at his home in Emerado.

James Brathode gave thanks at his home in Reynolds and remained over until the following Tuesday.

Messrs. Jay Eliot, Larson, Ward and Olson wheeled to Hillsboro No. 25, returning on the 27th.

Clifford Welch spent Thanksgiving and the following three days at his home in Minto.

Andrew Nuessle wheeled to Emerado Saturday, Nov. 25, returning the following Monday.

Messrs. Burtness and Burke spent Thanksgiving at their respective homes in Mekinock and Hillsboro.

The young ladies have been using the basement of Budge Hall as a field for playing basket ball. It has become a favorite room for students from 5:15 to 6 p. m.

W. F. Clark enrolled as a new student Dec. 4.

A. McLean paid Larimore a visit Thanksgiving day.

Grafton furnished her quota at the opening of Budge hall. Those representing it were: Prof. and Mrs. W. L. Stockwell, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Douglas, Fred Douglass and Allan McDonald.

Anxious Room-mate — "Oh, president, Mecky's got the tootache!"

Sign on Mr. L—ke's door on the evening of the celebration in Budge Hall—"Beware this is where the A. D. T. goat is kept!"

Miss Ella Burnham, class of '99, visited friends at the University Nov. 18-19.

Donald McDonald, of Grafton, entered the Sophomore class Nov. 18.

Mrs. Daily, of Minto, spent Nov. 22 at the University with her daughter, Maud.

Professor of Chemistry—Do you notice any odor from that compound?

Mr. S-e-n-u-g—No, sir; only a very pungent smell.

Mrs. Phelps, of Minto, accompanied by Mrs. Beecher, of Grand Forks, called at the University Nov. 20.

Mrs. Andersen, of Hillsboro, spent Nov. 26, 27 and 28 at the University.

Wilfred Burgett entertained his mother, sister, brother and Miss Miller at the U December 14.

Lr. Robbie, of Cavalier, is seen quite often at the "U." of late. It would not greatly surprise us to have Mr. Robbie join our ranks before long.

Miss Thompson, of Fisher, visited her sister, Miss Severina; Nov. 22.

Mrs. Wallace, of Hope, visited with her daughter, Clara, Dec. 5.

Miss Kate Karney visited with her sister, Miss Mary, Dec. 7.

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

George Hillis, of Bathgate, visited with his sister, Nettie, Dec. 5.

Miss Grace Blair spent Thanksgiving at Thompson.

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 Out-fitter.

The class in English II. has been especially favored during the past week, in having a series of most delightful talks from Miss Reynolds. We have been tracing the history of the English drama from its most primitive state down to the present time, and it has proved to be a most fascinating study. It was made more interesting because of Miss Reynolds' happy presentation of the subject.

Lillian Bell's book, "From a Girl's Standpoint," has created quite a consternation among the boys at Budge Hall. However, each one comforts himself with the assurance that she means "some other fellow" and goes on in his accustomed way.

Miss Lillie Ulm visited friends at the University Nov. 26.

Mrs. M. D. Halliday spent Sunday, December 10, with her sister, Miss Anna McGlinch.

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

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

On Wednesday evening, November 29, the Senior Normal Class entertained the Junior Normals and Prof. and Mrs. Kennedy in the parlor of Davis Hall. Progressive games were played, and the prize for the greatest number of progressions was awarded to Mr. Haroldson. The prize was a football picture. At 10 o'clock refreshments were served in the dining room, and the following toasts were given: Miss Wallace spoke to the Junior Class. Mr. Rysgaard spoke to the Senior Class. Mr. Steenburg spoke to the Junior girls. Miss Greenburg spoke to the Junior boys. Prof. Kennedy gave a short address to the members of the Normal Department. After luncheon all returned to the parlor, where a picture of the classes was taken. The merry-makers dispersed about 12 o'clock.

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

We carry a fine line of Smoking Jackets and Fancy Vests. Ephraim, the Clothier.

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.

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