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The Dakota Student

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The Student

UNIVERSITY, NORTH DAKOTA

Volume XIII - Number Eight

JUNE, 1900

VARSIITY VERSES.

Davis Hall.

Davis Hall, that in the nearness overlooks the coulee
black,
And the distant junction switch-light, as it gleams far
up the track.

Many a night I've watched it glimmer as I waited for
the train,
Thinking 'twas the engine's head-light, till I nearly
went insane.

Waiting for the train that came not, till my soul was
wearied quite,
And I vowed that to the theatre I would go but this one
night.

Here about the college campus I have wandered many
a time,
Plagued by science, plagued by logic, plagued by verse
that would not rhyme.

Thought about the worlds that were not, and the worlds
that there might be,
Wondered if in future ages man would reach the hidden
sea.

Here I've watched them practice foot-ball, sturdy fel-
lows striving hard,
Caring naught for blows and tumbles, best man he who
most was scarred.

Every evening wending trackward, counting ties for
miles or more,
Till the gloaming sent them homeward, were the lovers
wont to rove.

So the days kept onward speeding—how they flew at
Davis Hall,
For the lessons were so lengthy, as each Prof. thought
his was all.

Little time was there for dreaming, only dig, and dig,
and dig,
Till we grew as wise as deacons, or a judge in powdered
wig.

Davis Hall we'll love thee ever, winding coulee, track
and all,
For about thee cling old memories, memories dear as
Davis Hall.

K. M. W.

Arbor Day.

All hail to thee, thou king of days!
All hail! We sing thy name in praise.

Our spreading plains are wondrous fair,
Green, patterned bright with flowerlets rare;
In autumn changed to sober brown,
Which mother nature putteth down,
As if afraid the gayety
A stain on modesty would be.

Grey moss grown rocks, neat h which the spring,
Its treasure gurgling forth to fling,
Ascends to light of joyous day,
There leaps and laughs and sparkles, aye,

Above, the gently swelling slope
Arises high and thus does ope
To view the distant level lands,
And farm house where, with busy hands,
The grain is garnered in bright sheaves,
From which late glistened dewy leaves;
And where the soothing sweet refrain
Of meadow lark does rest the brain.

Enchanted fairy land indeed,
When looms mirage to intercede,
And plant the prairie's broad expanse
With trees and lakes, whatever chance
To strike the fancy's fitful eye
In earth, on land, in sea, or sky.

The skies, what sunset wonders bold,
To awe, inspire, amaze, embold
The artist's trembling awe-struck gaze,
When every changing hue and phaze
Is swept by nature's master hand,
By strokes that play o'er sea and land.

Delights like these the plains extend,
And dear they shall be to the end
Of trials that vex one and annoy,
Of earthly hope and grief and joy.

But, joys of other climates known,
Shall we not claim them for our own?
Shall we not make our land more fair
Than any place in sea or air?
When here we live and here we love,
Shall not our thoughts ascend above
The common carking cares of life,
Its petty struggles, petty strife?
Then must our souls in beauty grow,
In noble aspirations glow,

So that impossible 'twill be
 To aught but goodness, greatness see.
 In this surroundings bear a part,
 Perhaps more wonderful than art.
 But art we'll use and thus we choose
 The one, the other to infuse.

So here we'll bring in every spring,
 When grasses grow, and wild birds sing,
 'The trees that God's first temples were.'
 If this we've done, we will not err
 When, sitting in the grateful shade,
 With quick imagination's aid,
 We picture scenes that were and are,
 Our judgment shall not lead us far,
 If rightful name we give to cause,
 Give Arbor Day this true applause,
 All hail to thee, thou king of days!
 All hail! We sing thy name in praise.

One, Two, Three, ANNA UELAND.

The Hague Conference.

Oratorical Contest 1900.

A year has hardly passed, since the youngest and most autocratic of the world's rulers invited the nation to a conference, in order "to put an end to incessant armaments, and to seek the means of warding off calamities which threaten the whole world."

To friends of peace, the glad news came with a thrill of joy. The dream of poets and philosophers was at last to be realized. The blot of war would no longer mar the pages of history. In the ardor of their imagination, they already saw in the whole world a magnificent Palace of Peace, where in transcendent brightness, high above the beautiful altar of Justice and Liberty, were inscribed the wondrous words: There was a time of strife and horrid butchery: that time has passed. There is a time of peace and love and happiness: that time is ours.

In all past ages, war by its constant association in the political relations of people, has come to be considered an essential factor in civilization. The causes of war are as ancient as the origin of man. In human nature, side

by side with the inherent elements of harmony, are developed the opposing elements of discord. It is as natural to have war as to have peace. The one is a misused development of the instinct for self preservation which exists in all species of animals, the other is a reconciliation of the benevolent and malevolent desires of mankind.

To understand the secret of the universal approval and adoration of war, we need only understand the love of parents for their children, the love of man for his native land.

The records of the past reveal to us no institution more honored. Literature bows in humble respect, and proclaims it the author of poesy, eloquence, and history. Religion has more than once leaned on its powerful arm, and in return has bestowed her blessing and pronounced her benediction on the head of many a bloody conqueror. Philosophy, deep in the accumulated wisdom of ages, rises in majesty and declares it to have been a necessity. On history's page we find no people whose compassion for the weak could compare with their admiration for the strong; no age when deeds of love were extolled equally with deeds of valor. Through all generations no hero has been so beloved as the military hero; no man so adored as the strong man.

Can we wonder then, that through all these centuries, universal peace has been called the dream of the idealist? Can we wonder, that while in all other departments of social and industrial life, tremendous advances had been made, in this, only the light of barbarism shone? Nations are not wont to abandon unhesitatingly a custom which has been so profitable in the past, an institution to which they owe their very existence and establish-

ment. Militarism has too long been the idol of empires and rulers. Armies and navies have too long been efficient instruments for increasing and perpetuating the power of conquerors.

What then has caused such a powerful revolution? Whence comes the solution of the vexed problem, which for centuries has defied the best efforts of philosophers and statesmen? How is it possible to effect the downfall of an institution so firmly rooted in the customs of men? For the answer we must look to the progress of civilization, the development of nations, and the advancement of education. By the extension, regulation, and perfection of his social relations, man has become softened, ameliorated, cultivated. The development of the individual, the development of the human mind and its faculties, has changed the personality of man, his opinions, his sentiments. His moral and intellectual character has been regenerated. Through the reformation of the units that compose it, society has been reformed. Its conscience has been awakened. The bonds of confidence have grown and strengthened between man and man. Altruistic rays have pierced and withered the very heart of egoism, and have enveloped the whole world in the pure effulgence of Christian sunshine. These are the influences that for ages have wrought to make this world the home and temple of the living God. They were the real causes of The Hague Peace Conference.

The immediate cause was the voice of a powerful monarch, coming as a harbinger of hope amid dark clouds of uncertainty and distrust, summoning the nations to a council of peace, to the marriage supper of Power and Justice; than which a more joyful

sound has never thrilled this earth, since on the hills of Bethlehem, the herald angel cried, "Peace on earth, good-will towards men."

Many were the voices of approval which greeted this venturesome message; but many also, were the mutters of protest. Nicholas II was declared a visionary. Learned men prophesied that the call would go unheeded. Events soon tested their wisdom. No nation, however skeptical, could well refuse to consider propositions emanating from so august a person as the Czar of all the Russias. Governments at once began a search for their ablest men. In the United States no efforts were spared to form a delegation in which would be combined the highest legal, scientific, and practical authorities. No nation had a richer store to choose from, and no nation made a better choice. The men themselves need no eulogy. Their work stands today, a triumph for American diplomacy, a lasting monument for the admiration of the world. And we, as enthusiastic patriots, can be righteously proud that the plan of mediation and arbitration accepted by the Conference was essentially American. The insinuation that the result of the recent Spanish war would lead us to take a hand in every foreign controversy was set at naught, and the traditional attitude of the United States toward international and purely American questions, ingeniously guarded. Such was the showing of our country in her first appearance, as a world-power, in the councils of the nations.

The agreements or covenants of the Conference involve, in general, provisions to arrest the increase of armaments, to remove as far as possible the useless cruelty of war, and to arrange for the pacific settlement

of international disputes. Of the three, the last is immeasurably the most important. Only by its accomplishment can the first two be realized. Compulsory arbitration is rejected; optional arbitration substituted. Elaborate provisions are made for a permanent international tribunal, composed of members nominated by the signatory governments. Twenty of the powers, with the United States, have already filed their endorsements. Great Britain has promised to follow. Then the dream of years will be on the eve of accomplishment. Ere the new century has completed its course, the world will be safely launched in the calm sea of everlasting peace.

And who will mourn at the decease of that ancient institution? Many, I fear. To the conservative mind, it may come as a sign of degeneracy, of lost virility. Are we to have no more Caesars, no more Napoleons, no more Washingtons? Is the spirit of our fathers so soon to be forgotten? The answer is ready. For generals of war we shall have generals of industry. For masters of battle, we shall have masters of statecraft. The spirit of our fathers shall live in our hearts as love for our country, and our fellow-men. Peace does not mean ignoble ease. Courage and devotion, organization and discipline, are qualities of the citizen as well as of the soldier. War is not the only test of a nation's virility. Standing armies are not the only emblems of patriotism. Who would dare say that European countries, with their twenty thousand miles of soldiers, have more national spirit than the American, with only nominal armies?

The very fact that the assembling of a peace conference was possible is significant.

It alone marks a distinct advance of the world over all preceding ages. It shows a triumph of the humanitarian feeling of men over the selfish, the dominance of the moral over the immoral, the submission of might to right. It was a surrender of the will to the intellect. And as the old century moves forward to give welcome greeting to the new, in her fair crown no star will shine more bright. Readers of history may well exclaim: What a splendid sunset, and what a splendid dawn!

In the Czar's proposal, no Utopian plan for the immediate abolition of war was entertained. He had in view only the realization of the first step, which he believed would eventually lead to disarmament. Wars are not at an end. Nations will still resort to force, sometimes to perpetuate, sometimes to prevent injustice. But wars will cease to be necessary. Nations that formerly seemed to have no alternative but force, may henceforth submit to impartial reason. The Tribunal will hold the same relative position in international affairs, that the supreme court holds in the affairs of the United States. The false shame felt in referring to a tribunal will die away before a truer conception. Reference to it will become increasingly natural and normal, and will rapidly assume a part in international morals. Its range of themes and authority are certain to increase. Its decisions will be as a tonic to the whole body of international law, enriching and making it authoritative. National honor and commercial interests can be trusted to enforce its decrees. With its establishment temporary courts with their unavoidable deficiencies will be removed. The non-partisan will take the place of the bi-partisan. Ex-

perienced and specially educated judges will be substituted for untrained umpires. And only questions of real national honor, integrity of territory, or the fate of decaying States can be beyond its jurisdiction.

And now can any one doubt that we are approaching the idea of humanity? In the beauty of the statue the sculptor forgets his labor. So in the contribution of war to the elevation of society, we may overlook its terrible cost. But should we have that former state continued? Shall men still fetter the guiding hand of the intellect? Shall the best talents of our youth still waste in learning the business of mutual slaughter? From the gory beds of the murdered millions of every land comes the wild answer, No! Shall family ties be sundered, and husbands and sons still wallow in the carnage of bloody battlefields? From the billion homes of happy wives and mothers comes back the answer, No!

Where is the Christian, where the intelligent human being who would wish to blot out this magnificent work? What conscience is so deadened, what reason so blighted, that it does not thank God that the nations are about to fling down the red mantle of war, and wrap themselves in the snowy robes of peace? The whirlwinds of war, and the fierce blasts of battle will die away, and soft, gentle zephyrs of love shall breathe on the land. Civilization will not stop. Onward and upward man shall ever strive, through the dark storms of dissension, up the rough slopes of progress, till on the summit of his loftiest achievement, the God of Nations may look down upon his humbler creation and repeat the blessed words: "I have made them a little lower than the angels, and crowned them with glory and honor."

—J. H. D.

The Story Grandma Told.

"There," said Mabel, with a sigh of relief, as she folded her work; "now I can run over to visit grandma."

Mrs. Ashmore lived alone in the brown cottage about two miles from Mabel's home. Her children were all either married or in business far away, and she was alone save for two faithful servants. Her children had often urged her to live with them, but she always firmly refused, saying the home where she had spent so many happy hours, where her husband had lived and died, was too dear to be forsaken. So the sons and daughters, knowing that mother would be happy nowhere else, were satisfied with the short visits they paid her once every year.

It was a bright summer afternoon, and Mabel tripped along gaily. One of those days when it is a pleasure simply to exist in this beautiful world. The birds chirped sweetly and the wild sunflowers nodded to her all along the way as she passed. As Mabel approached the house she noticed that grandma's scarlet poppies (her special pride) had burst into bloom. How pretty the old place looked! Old John walked slowly down the drive raking up imaginary leaves. He had been over this spot so many times before that not a trace of disorder could possibly remain.

Mabel stepped lightly up the walk and into the vine-covered porch. Tapping softly, without awaiting a response, she entered.

Grandma sat in her low rocker at the window, but her soft, dark eyes as she raised them to bid "her child" welcome, had a far-away look of sadness in their depths. Seating herself on the stool beside her, Mabel recognized the picture of beautiful Aunt Helen,

whom they never mentioned, in the album on grandma's lap. "Where is she now? Do you ever expect to see her again," asked Mabel, eager to know the whole story, yet fearing to touch upon a subject which grandma always seemed upwilling to discuss. The old lady sadly shook her head.

"It all happened many years before you were born, child," began grandma. "Helen was the eldest and the favorite daughter. She was very beautiful in those days. Tall and graceful, with dark eyes and soft brown hair which seemed to have caught a gleam from the sunlight and held it in its silky meshes. Poor imperious, wayward Helen! for she was wayward, we all knew, although we loved her so and were so proud of her. Yet how large hearted she was, and how quick to avenge the slightest injury to those who were dear to her!

"This was before your greatgrandfather sold the old homestead, and Helen, with her fondness for gayety, found the old-fashioned beauty and solitude of the place very dull. I can see her now, as she paces restlessly up and down the garden walks, and hear her say in her indolent, graceful manner: 'Rose, how can you be so happy with your books and flowers? I am tired to death of this monotony; anything as a change would be welcome.'"

"Your greatgrandfather Burton and Mr. Ashmore were very close friends, and it had been understood for years that Helen and Jack, his son, were to be married some day. We wondered sometimes how Helen, with her notions of luxury and ease, could be content to settle down as the mistress of Ashmore place, but she and Jack continued to be very good friends.

"It was about this time that handsome Harry Winthrop came with his mother to spend the summer months at our quiet country home. Helen was attracted by him from the first, although for Jack's sake she tried to conceal it.

"The summer flew rapidly by, and Helen's wedding was to take place in October. The Winthrops returned to the city, and Helen seemed strange and unlike her bright self.

"What a turmoil the old house was in, and how we did work and decorate and arrange for Helen's wedding! The eventful day arrived at last. Mother and I had put the last touches to everything, and now it was tea-time. Thinking that this would be the last time we should walk down the broad staircase as girls together, I went to call Helen, but finding her door locked, concluded that she wished to be alone.

"The time for the wedding drew nigh, and the guests began to arrive from far and near. We could get no response from Helen's room, and mother became very anxious. Finally, father burst open the door. Everything in the room was just as we had placed it early in the afternoon—but Helen herself was gone. On the dresser was a note addressed to mother, saying that she was even then on her way to M—— to be married to Mr. Winthrop.

"Your greatgrandfather was a quick-tempered man, but never had I seen such wrath as this. Helen, his daughter, the child of whom he was so proud, to disappoint him in this way. Suddenly he stopped in his mad pacing through the room. I saw him approach Jack and speak a few words hurriedly to him, then cross over to where I stood at a window. 'Rose,' he said, and his

voice was deep and stern; 'we have had enough nonsense. There is to be a wedding here tonight, and you must be the bride.' Dazed and heartbroken over Helen's departure, father led me to the parlor, and there Jack and I were married."

"Oh, grandma," cried Mabel, excitedly; "you were Rose, and dear old grandpa was Jack. How funny!"

Shakespeare's Day and Ours.

As nations advance and progress in their upward aim towards a higher civilization, they sometimes forget and depreciate the work done in bygone ages. They feel that they have almost reached the highest rung in the ladder of fame, and they look back upon those people of long ago as mere children.

But man has not yet reached the good toward which he is striving, and it is sometimes well to remember that those who have gone before culled a few thoughts from the book of wisdom. All has not been left for the present age to discover and to utilize. Many lessons have come to us from our forefathers, and some of the most beautiful and the most enduring come from the great Elizabethan age.

This age marks not only one of the greatest epochs in the history of England, but one of the greatest epochs in the history of the English language. It is an era of literary splendor, unsurpassed by any other literary era of the world. Neither the age of Pericles in Greece, nor that of Augustus in Rome can equal it. It was the final triumph of the rapidly dying sixteenth century.

And why this greatness in literature? The people were but a short time removed from feudalism. Learning such as ours was not

theirs. Scarcely anything was known of science. Public schools were undreamed of. The masses could neither read nor write; still with such brilliancy and splendor did the Muse burst forth that the world has not yet ceased to wonder.

But look more closely. England was at peace, and prosperity flourished on every hand. Much that was romantic, and much that stood for the highly ideal, belonged to these people; besides, were they not the direct heirs of the Renaissance and of the Reformation,—two sources from which they might glean rich food for thought?

The court, with the brilliant Elizabeth at its head, was an assembly of wit and learning. So great was the attention paid to play on words and to quick repartee that unless a courtier was able to cut "diamond with diamond" he had no place there. He must also be a poet and pen his sonnets, for there had swept over the land a great desire to give expression to thought in fine and flowing language. Soon all aspired to become poets. It was a land of larks and of nightingales, and it seemed as if all of them had suddenly burst into song.

Amid such surroundings and under such circumstances was it any wonder that the much courted Muse should bestow upon a few favored ones the smiles of her favor?

Such a one was the romantic poet, Edmund Spenser. His genius, rare and rose-tinted as it still remains, has never been surpassed. The seeking after beauty that pervades all of his poetry, the gentle cadences, and the lofty moral tone, make him to us, as to Milton, "the sage and serious Spenser."

And there was Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, the forerunner of the New Philos-

ophy. He was there with his great intellect, sharp, polished and shining as the blade of Damascus, but with a heart about as cold. An unfaltering ambition, a contempt for the past, a wonderful faith in himself, and a far-reaching insight into the nature and law of things—such was this great philosopher.

But the greatest of all, the brilliant light that hangs the highest and penetrates the farthest, the heart, the pith, the vital spirit of the age, is exemplified in the immortal Shakespeare. He, the common actor and playwright, became the inspired poet whose magician's wand touched all classes and conditions of men in their varying moods, till they vibrate and shine to the joy and uplifting of all humanity. Language fails us when we try to express one-half of the greatness of this grand and noble man. Why attempt the impossible?

Around these greater ones, before them and after them, came others of lesser note—Lyly, Sidney, Beaumont and Fletcher, Marlow, gruff Ben Jonson, and a score of others, each contributing his mite towards the glory of his peerless age.

Such were the Elizabethans and such their times. Is it a marvel that they produced a wonderful literature?

And how do we of today compare with them? Suppose that Shakespeare should rise again to life and could view us as we are. What would he find? A far different age and generation? Yes, for he would find us living in a great commercial age, our farmers, planters, herdsmen, miners, and manufacturers daily toiling for larger returns to supply the ever increasing demand. He would find our railroads, like a great spider-web, covering the land, with monstrous puffing engines drawing long trains of heavily loaded

cars from all parts of the country to the farthest seaport. Here would be steamers taking up the load and speeding away to foreign lands, while others were returning, thus keeping up the ever-hurrying exchange under the reign of King Commerce, who wields so powerful a sceptre in this, the dawning of the twentieth century.

He would find what a busy, practical life we are leading, so busy and so practical that we ourselves often doubt if there are any who have time to dream and to "loiter along the even tenor" of their way. The poor certainly have not, and it is to be doubted if the rich have. He would find that even the men and women of pleasure are the most busy, the most practical of people, with little of sentiment, and little of the purely ideal entering into their lives.

So he would find it with the masses. The practical crowding out the ideal, and thoughts tending so much towards material expression as exemplified in experiments, discoveries, and inventions, that of necessity the emotional element is constantly being suppressed. He would find us tending towards narrowness and one-sidedness, and he would note with sorrow that we have outgrown the superstitions of our fathers, and that we think too little on the mysteries of life.

As this sage, this seer of a past generation noted all of these things, might he not with bowed head and thoughtful brow, muse somewhat after this fashion? "Here is a people, three hundred years in advance of the Elizabethans. Progress marks most of their work. Education is almost universal, and they pride themselves on their great common sense and enlightenment, on their refinement and higher civilization. Strange that considering all of

these—their wealth, higher education, gifts of the past, and the countless resources of the day—that they do not produce more that is purely literary. Yet there never has been so much written nor so much read as today. Their newspapers, magazines, and books are printed by the thousands, and sold so cheaply that the poorest may buy. Their authors are numbered by the hundreds, and, it is true that among them occasionally rises a sweet singer, whose song thrills and will live, but the percentage of the latter is low, pitifully low as compared to the great number of the people.”

And what would we feel as we stood in the gracious presence of this man, “one of the few, the immortal few, who were not born to die?”

Would we not feel with Wordsworth, that:

“The world is too much with us late and soon.

Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.

Little we see in Nature that is ours;

We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

The sea that bares her bosom to the moon,

The winds that will be howling at all hours,

And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers;

For this, for everything, we're out of tune;
It moves us not.”

As we looked into the face of this wonderful Elizabethan, would we not remember that as the soul of man has grown and passed through its different stages of evolution it has left marks of the height of its development in some form of art—either in music, painting, sculpture, or literature. But of all these, literature stands for the highest thought and purest motives as greatest benefactor of mankind. Would we not remember that it

is for the wonderful gift of their splendid literature that we are constantly lauding the ancient Greeks? And could we forget the sacred Book to the inspired pages of which we owe our present liberty of thought, and freedom of expression, the blessings of a growing altruism, and the promise of a future life? Would we not remember that literature passes down as one of the greatest and grandest inheritances that a race can bestow? And could we not see that, in this respect, the Elizabethans surpass us? For the inheritance that they have left will keep their memory green as long as the English language and literature shall last.

As the picture of the Elizabethans and the form of Shakespeare grows dim in the distance, do we not realize something of what we are losing, and can we not call up a vision of what might be if materialism and money-getting had not such a hold upon us? We cannot all become immortal poets, nor would we so desire, but we all can cultivate a higher appreciation for pure literature and a higher standard of expression. If each and every one strove in this direction what grand results there might be! Minds would grow, aesthetic tastes develop, ideals rise higher, and Heaven's gate come nearer. Then we would not be “out of tune,” but our harp-strings would be so finely strung that they would vibrate at the slightest expression of a nobler thought. Our minds would become enriched, growing in purity and blessing, not for ourselves alone, but for all humanity, thus working out and actualizing the wishes and desires of the Great Master concerning us.

—K. M. W.

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When one has something to do which he knows is difficult and which he is anxious to do well, he has a sense of fear, mingled with a feeling of impatience. Such is the situation of the new Student board of editors. We feel the importance of our position, we know whose place we are taking, and we are anxious to do our best, and to please as many as possible. We are glad to have an opportunity of testing our abilities in this line of work. For our predecessors we have only words of praise and thanks. They will serve us as a model during the coming year, for their work of the past year has, in our estimation,

fulfilled all expectations. We wish to thank them for their kind advice and good wishes. We hope that next year, when they glance over the columns of **The Student** they will be pleased with our best efforts.

The "University Picnic" given in Andrew Kemble's grove Monday, May 20, was a grand success. The river, the woods, the swing and the lunch each lent its charm, contributing to the pleasure and genuine fun of the day. Most of the members of the faculty and their families, besides many other ladies and gentlemen from the city and a large number of students, gathered at the grounds about 11 o'clock a. m. Many thanks are due to Mrs. Long and those who assisted her for the delightful outing which they gave the students.

By the time this number of **The Student** has reached your hands, another class will have passed forever from the college halls. The class the U. N. D. sends forth this year is a class not soon to be forgotten. Some of its members entered the University in the lower classes of the Preparatory department, and since then have studied long and diligently. Others entered as Freshmen from the various High Schools of the state. In the graduating class this year there are two who receive the Master of Arts degree, twelve who receive the Bachelor of Arts, and twelve who receive the Normal diploma.

Those wise-looking Seniors, who for the last year we have respected as upper classmen, and have trusted as our leaders, are now gone, and it remains for us as undergraduates and college students to rise to fill the places now left vacant. We regret their de-

parture, but still we are proud to see them start life's journey with the cheerful outlook, firm determinations and brave hearts which they bore on Commencement morn.

Hon. C. F. Amidon, U. S. District Judge for North Dakota, visited the University the first part of June and delivered some exceedingly interesting and instructive lectures in Chapel hall. Judge Amidon spoke in chapel the morning of June 1st, in a most expressive manner. His plea to the students for the full and complete preparation for life and the fullest development of every side of their natures was most earnest and inspiring. No man or woman could hear that lecture without feeling a glorious light burst upon his life and a spark of hope and determination penetrate his very nature. Judge Amidon delivered two other lectures, one at 11 o'clock Friday morning, on "The Distinctive Feature of English Constitutional Law," and another the next morning on "The Distinctive Feature of American Constitutional Law." The students of the University wish to thank Judge Amidon for these lectures, which brought them so much instruction as well as encouragement and inspiration.

△ △ SCIENCE △ △

Photography in Science.

There is probably no art that has made greater advancement in recent years than photography. Improvements and additions to it are constantly being made, by which most gratifying results are obtained. Color photography is rapidly approaching a state of experimental perfection. The new method of

photographing upon marble increases its usefulness for decorative purposes.

But although the realm of photography has been vastly increased, nowhere has it been of more practical value than in the different department of science. It has always been used to advantage in connection with the X-ray, but since Prof. Trowbridge has succeeded in getting a steady current of electricity for the X-ray instead of the former fluctuating current, so that objects can be seen with much greater distinctness, photography will be more successful than ever in promoting the study of anatomy.

An apparatus has been contrived by which fish can be photographed while in the water. This offers superior advantages for showing their movements and habits in their native state.

But by far the greatest field for investigation, and the one in which the most extraordinary facts have been revealed is astronomy. It has been found that by long exposure under a telescope objects which are invisible can be photographed. In this way many heavenly bodies have been discovered.

Another advantage of photography is that the plate is sensitive to certain rays which fail to impress the eye, and this has shown comets and nebulae much more completely than they can be seen, and added much to our knowledge of them.

Photography has proved to be most efficient in the study of spectra, and scientists are depending upon it a great deal in their search for new elements. The accuracy and completeness of photographic records and the fact that this art can penetrate where the eye cannot, make it of infinite value and it will undoubtedly be the means of solving more mysteries and unfolding many truths in the scientific world.

 ATHLETICS

Baseball at the "U" was opened by a game between Hamline University and our own team on May 10th.

The game was called at 3:30, with Hamline at bat. For the first three innings neither side scored, and the game promised to be an exciting one throughout. In the fourth inning, however, Hamline succeeded in making five scores. During the remaining five innings both sides worked hard, and only five runs were made, three for Hamline, and two for the University. The game ended with a score of 8 to 2 in favor of Hamline.

As this was the first game of the season and many of us had never played together before, it could hardly be expected that we could put up as strong a game as Hamline, whose players have played together for several seasons. However, we hope to be able to meet them on the diamond again.

Flanagan's pitching was up to his old standard, and "Scoop," behind the bat with his fact all dust and dirt, did some fine work.

Bandelin, Hamline's left-handed pitcher, deceived our boys to some extent. They couldn't get used to that left-handed throw.

Mr. Blair's sliding of bases was remarkable. There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

The Hamline boys left the same evening for Fargo. They are a gentlemanly lot of fellows, and good ball players.

May 14th, the "U" team went to Buxton, where they played the Buxton team a very hard game, which resulted in a score of 6 to 5 in favor of the University. It was a good clean game. Our boys found Wullf, Buxton's pitcher, somewhat easier to bat than

Bandelin. However, if Wullf's arm had been in good condition we might have had harder work.

Joe did his usual good work in the box, fanning a man who, it was said, had not fanned out before for three years. Helgeson also did good work on first base.

Our next game was played on our own grounds with Crookston, May 19th. This was an easy game for us, resulting in a score of 6 to 13 in our favor. It was a slow game. Both sides were slow in taking their places at the beginning of an inning, and also at bat. This fault, I trust, will be remedied in the future on our part. A quick, snappy game is what the spectators come to see, and each player should do his best to make it so.

Tuesday evening, May 22nd, we played the Grand Forks team, defeating them by a score of 8 to 10. This was only a practice game, so we can pass it by without much comment. However, we must not forget "Carp's" home run. This was the first home run of the season. However, we hope it will not be the last one.

Our fifth game was played at Crookston on the 24th of May. Manager Morrison announced that there would be a grand balloon ascension at the ball park promptly at 2 o'clock. From his actions, one would have thought he was going to make the ascension. However, he kindly gave the privilege to the Crookston team, and we came home with a score of 6 to 8 in our favor. There were eleven runs to our credit, but the rain, stopping the game in the last half of the ninth inning, while Crookston was at bat, compelled us to cut off three scores. Wagar's work at shortstop was excellent, and Rinde

did some nice work in left field. Wilcox pitched for seven innings in order to have Flanagan's arm in condition for the game on the following day, with Buxton. Robinson also made a fine catch in right field.

The Buxton return game was played at the University park Friday, May 25th. The game was called promptly at half past three, with Buxton at the bat.

The game

It was played.

It was won.

Score, 15 to 1.

This game was not as closely contested as we expected it would be. Buxton made many errors, and played a slow game. No one could doubt from the beginning as to what the result would be. This took away some of the interest that would otherwise have been manifested.

The principal features of the game were: Joe's mesmerizing curves; Wager's good work at shortstop; Skuli's picking the ball from off the bat; and Blair's running bases.

This game finished the baseball season at the "U." And though we lost two of our best players at the beginning of the season, yet we had a winning team. Fitzmaurice, our captain and center fielder, played a strong, steady game all the time, and in general all the players played well.

Of course, there were weak spots, and one of these was batting. In the Hamline game this was especially noticeable. However, in the following games the batting was much better.

We need more players. Let there be some competition for places on the team. That is the only way to make a good team. Next year we want a team that will be fifty per cent

better than this year's, so let every man, who can play ball, or thinks he can, be out on the practice diamond next spring; but don't wait till then. Go to work this summer.

The basket ball team played only two games, and were defeated in both—one with the Ontario team, 4 to 8; the other with the Y. M. C. A., 1 to 6.

Tennis and croquet also have had their enthusiasts.

Mr. Fairchild played tennis with Mr. De Camp, and although he was defeated, yet he played a very good game.

A football meeting was held May 29th, in which some questions relating to the coming campaign were discussed. And it would be well to call attention to them again in the columns of The Student.

Every one who intends to play should come back next fall at the earliest possible moment. This is very important, because we have some of our most important games early in the season.

Then every one should have a suit and should have it the very first day of the term.

The coming campaign will be the most important one in the history of the University, and it must be successful.

The aspirants to field day honors were doomed to disappointment again this year. The field day was given up again, because there were not enough entrances to make it a success.

EXCHANGES

The total enrollment of the University of Minnesota was 3,225 this year, an increase of three hundred over that of last year.

A Nebraska student who has evidently de-

voted considerable time and energy to historical research announces to the public the fact that before the invention of slates and scratch pads for arithmetical work it is evident that people multiplied on the face of the earth.

Only two of our May exchanges contain any original verse. Is it the fault of our poets, or of the spring?

Clippings From Examination—Gunpowder was invented during the reign of Louis IX, for he was canonized at his death.

Philip IV of Germany had an eventful reign. He went on the Second Crusade to rescue the Pope from "The Babylonian Captivity." He recommended a diet of Worms to stop heresy, and made St. Simon Stylitis stand barefooted for three days in his court yard.—Penn Chronicle.

We are all thankful for the copy of Whittier's "The Barefoot Boy" that appeared in one of our last month's exchanges. Of course, we all committed it to memory eight or ten years ago, but were not able to appreciate it then as we can now. Would some one be kind enough to publish a selection from Gray's "Elegy" next month?

LOCAL ITEMS

Miss Sarah Bosard and Miss Edythe Miller, a former student, visited friends at the "U" May 20.

Messrs. Jennings, Crewe, McLane, Helgeson, Arnegard, McCanna, and Ward wheeled to Buxton and took in the ball game.

Notice—Baseball news. Inquire of head of table No. 3.

Fred Traynor wheeled down from Conway and took in the Crookston game.

Miss Mable Francis attended the ball game at Buxton.

U. Rooter—"Flanagan's all right."

B. Rooter—"Who said so?"

Small Boy—"M— D—."

Forest River school has started a botany class—Violet(s) a specialty.

J. McLain and L. J. Wehe, class of '99, are said to be candidates for county superintendent of schools of Grand Forks county.

Ask Mr. Skulason how he likes the "grandstand" for basket ball games.

Col. Reed, of St. Paul, inspected the armory and arms of the battalion recently.

Sunday, May 27th, Prof. Squires preached the Baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class of the Crookston High School.

What became of Bob's roses?

Arbor Day, Prof. Brannon took his botany class to the grove of Mr. J. H. Bosard for some work in nature study, and incidentally to gather vines and small trees to be planted by the different classes. In the afternoon, after brief exercises in chapel, each class planted its tree or vine with more or less ceremony. The college seniors donned caps and gowns and amid cheers and best wishes for the future success of the class of 1900, planted a vine near the front entrance of the main building. The campus south of Budge Hall received as an ornament a beautiful mountain ash. Perhaps the most unique were the senior normals, with their band, composed of first violin, clarinet, and cornet.

Mr. Guyot's name is the latest addition to the honor roll.

Mr. Fred Larson made a flying trip to Hillsboro May 5th.

May 13th Prof. Squires entertained friends from town and members of the faculty at his rooms in Budge Hall. A bachelor supper was served.

The University cadets took part in the parade, Decoration Day. The boys made a very creditable showing, and were cheered at several places along the line.

Mr. Wiley has gone to teach near Drayton.

Miss Flora McDonald spent May 21st and 22nd with friends at the "U," on her way home from Dickinson, where she has been teaching for the past year.

Misses Hattie Angier and Violet Murdock wheeled down from Forest River May 19, and spent Sunday at the "U."

April 27 was taken by the students as the second night off this term. Despite the unfavorable condition of the weather quite a number attended "The Three Musketeers."

The University "Ys" were entertained in town Monday evening, May 7, by the Y. W. C. A. of Grand Forks. A very enjoyable time is reported.

Mr. Stead was elected manager and captain of the second football team for next year.

Mrs. Daily visited her daughter, Maude, May 13.

Is it fair to teach the young ladies to be so handy with broom-sticks?

Hon. M. N. Johnson stopped off at the "U" between trains May 31.

Mrs. Forrest visited her daughter, Miss Clara Forrest, May 12.

Miss Anna McGlinch, who has been teaching near Minto, stopped off on her way home from Minot Saturday evening, May 12.

Mr. V. Stefanson returned June 2nd from the world's convention of the Unitarian church at Boston, which he attended as delegate from his home church. While at Boston Mr. Stefanson met Miss Emerson, Miss Longfellow, Edward E. Hale, and many other prominent Americans. On his way back he visited in Chicago, and while there met Fred Squires, a former U. N. D. student. Mr. Squires is now attending the University of Chicago.

What's the matter with Platky's show window? Ask Harris or Murphy.

Since one of the seniors has readjusted his sights, he Ames to be a post-graduate Gunnar.

Mr. Louis Bleeker, a former leader of the University band, and Miss Pearl Patterson, of Wahpeton, were married June 5th.

Messrs. Rounsevell and Burgett attended the Alumni banquet of the Larimore High School June 4th. Mr. Burgett gave a toast on "Higher Education."

Notes on the University Picnic May 19—Three Juniors in a boat, not to speak of the one in the water.

Lost in Red Lake River—A bottle of antidote. Finder please return to Miss J. Kildahl.

Latest Picnic Salad—Rhubarb and onions. Agent, Mr. Abbey.

Mr. Olson's Rule of Navigation—If the boat is locked, make a key.

Miss Laura Bride has secured a position as teacher in one of the Grand Forks city schools.

Miss Clara Wallace and Mr. Olgeirson are among the teachers of the Thompson schools for the coming year, Mr. Olgeirson being principal.

Miss Laura Bride's sisters, Mrs. Grogan and Miss Violet Bride, and sister-in-law, Mrs. Gumelins, visited at the "U" Sunday, June 3rd.

The match game of tennis between Messrs. De Camp and Fairchild resulted in a victory for the former.

Miss Ethel Wood was the guest of Miss Violet Murdock at Forest River May 27th and 28th.

Mrs. Gordon and Prof. Woodworth entertained the Senior Normal and College Classes at the home of Mrs. Gordon, Saturday evening, June 2nd. A very enjoyable evening was spent, and will be remembered by the graduates as one of the most pleasant events of their senior year.

Some of the new tables are: "Senior Normal," "Senior College," "Sophomore," "Basket Ball table," "Training table," "The table," and "Old Maids' table."

Miss Josie Olson and Maude Daily attended the game at Buxton.

May 31st a reception was given in honor of Judge Amidon in the parlor of Davis Hall, by Miss Reynolds, assisted by the Heads of the tables and several young men from Budge Hall. Light refreshments were served, and no effort was spared by the hostess, Miss Reynolds, to make the evening enjoyable to all.

Query—Why is it easier to swing clubs when the floor is waxed?

Hon. C. F. Amidon, of Fargo, addressed the students in chapel Friday morning, June 1st, and spoke very forcibly of the value of social refinement and appreciation of good literature. At 11 o'clock he delivered a very instructive lecture on "The Distinctive Feature of English Constitutional Law." Saturday morning he lectured on "The Distinctive Feature of American Constitutional Law." Both lectures were highly interesting, and showed very clearly the advantage of the American and English judiciary systems over those of most of the European nations.

Prof. Squires spoke at the Commencement exercises of the Park River High School May 31.

George Whitford, of Devils Lake, visited at the "U" Decoration Day and took in the ball game between Devils Lake and Grand Forks.

Williams ——— Chandler Hall Broker. Grand Forks. Bond(s) a specialty.

Mrs. Brown, of Wahpeton, and Miss Orpha Andyke, of Grand Forks, were the guests of Miss Ethel Wood, May 25th.

Several of the students of the Law Department attended Judge Amidon's lectures June 1st and 2nd.

The gold medal offered by Dr. Thomas to the member of Per Gradus who should show the greatest improvement in debating was awarded to Mr. Grimson.

Prof. Squires has offered a prize for the best poem and the best collection of poems written during the coming year.

On account of the picnic May 19th, Prof. Macnie postponed the treat which he generally gives the young ladies on that day till the next evening, May 20th. At 9 o'clock all assembled in the parlor of Davis hall and a generous dish of ice cream and strawberries was served to each. Before the company dispersed a vote of thanks was rendered to Prof. Macnie, and he was called upon for a speech. He spoke very pleasantly and kindly, and closed by telling the girls to enjoy themselves for the rest of the evening by dancing, etc., which they immediately proceeded to do. Many thanks are due Prof. Macnie for his kindness and friendly interest in the girls of Davis hall.

The young ladies' class in Calisthenics, under the direction of Miss Wilcox, gave a public exhibition in the drill hall June 5th. The class went through all the different movements very gracefully, and made a very creditable appearance. The club-swinging division, led by Mr. Jewell, and the wand drill division, are to be especially complimented on their attainments. There were several visitors from town, besides the faculty and

many students not members of the class.

During the thunder-storm June 4th, the grand-stand in the Athletic park was blown completely over, and badly damaged. There was to have been a game of ball in the park that day between Grand Forks and the University, but fortunately the game was given up at the last moment.

Saturday evening, May 26th, the Thursday Musical Club of Grand Forks rendered a very pleasant program in the parlor of Davis Hall. The president of the club, Mrs. Gordon, made the numbers much more interesting to the audience by giving each selection an introduction, as it were. Mendelssohn, Wagner, Haydon, and Litoff are among the composers whose works were represented. Mrs. M. A. Brannon gave a very pleasant and instructive talk on the life and works of Mendelssohn. The program was concluded with Litoff's "Spinnilied," after which light refreshments were served to the members of the club. The students appreciate the kindness of the ladies and sincerely hope for the pleasure of another of their entertainments in the near future.

Judge and Mrs. Corliss, Mr. and Mrs. Bangs, of Grand Forks, were the guests of the faculty, in honor of Judge Amidon, June 1st.

Miss Hattie Wicks, who attended the University last year, and Mr. R. R. Perry, of Bisbee, were married in Grand Forks Friday evening, May 20th.

Miss Margaret Cravath has secured a position as teacher in the Minto schools.

The Fortnightly Club of Grand Forks met in the parlor of Davis Hall, Monday evening, June 4th. The meeting was called to order by Mr. G. B. Lay, and Prof. M. A. Brannon was elected president of the club for the ensuing year. A very interesting paper on "Initiative and Referendum" was read by Mr. George B. Winship, after the discussion of which, the company repaired to the dining-room, where an appetizing supper awaited them. The tables were tastefully decorated

with smilax, and the flickering light of numerous candles added to the brilliancy of the scene.

LOCAL.

The Student is in receipt of a handsome copy of a new college song book published by the Hinds & Noble company. It is entitled "Songs of All Colleges," and contains in addition to all the old popular college songs, many new ones. The book costs one dollar, and is well worth the price. Mr. W. E. Burgett is the agent for the book at the University.

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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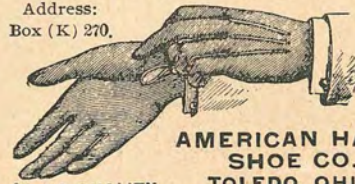
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