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UNIVERSITY, N. D.

THE STUDENT

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Through the Mountains.

The train sped onward, and its lonely path
Was through a range of wild and rugged mountains.
A traveller gazed upon the shifting scenes
As they were spread before him. As he gazed,
From out the distance rose a giant mountain peak.
A single one which seemed to overhang
Its neighbors with a towering disdain,
Scattered on its granite sides, where scarce
But rock and stone had lodged, grew firs
Of darkest green, with huge and rugged boughs,
Which stood out in a grim significance,
Against the gray cheek of the massive rock—
Suddenly from a dark aperture near its base
Rushed out a fuming locomotive, like a demon
Spouting forth the breath of fiery regions,
On it plunged and passed the traveller's train;
Some seconds more and speeding onward
'Long the path glittering rails' it too
Was swallowed up in that great giant's cold embrace.

—N: S. J.

Bismarck and Gladstone.

ORATORICAL CONTEST, 1899.

The Nineteenth Century with its wonderful achievements will soon have passed into history. Ere the seasons can make another revolution, this century of invention and discovery, of reform and progress, will have drawn to its closing year. We turn back to view the work of the hundred years gone by, and we behold a wealth of great deeds and great men. Arts, science and literature, all have their great names to add to the list of former centuries. What a splendid array we see! And the sphere of government certainly is not lacking in its share of the great men whose deeds will brighten the pages of our history. Here too, we can point to names as illustrious as any that the world fondly cherishes. Every nation has its statesmen whom it would place in the foremost rank, but from that number stand forth with especial prominence two surpassing figures,—two whose deeds place them in the ranks of the greatest history-makers of all time, whose names already are known to the youth of every land,—Bismarck, the unifier of Germany, and Gladstone, the regenerator of England. What interesting food for thought in the lives of these two men! The magnitude of their deeds and powers will ever attract the students of our century's history. Standing, as they do, side by side through the major part of two generations, they seem to invite us to the common study of their deeds and the measurement of their success. Let us endeavor with justice and respect, to compare these two great figures. Similar, indeed, compare these two figures. Similar, indeed, they are in greatness—but in essence, how widely different!

The life of England's grand old man is rich in glorious triumphs of peace. From his schooldays to his death we find him crowned with the laurel wreaths of bloodless victories. His was a great career in Christian citizenship—a career at once the noblest and most

difficult, not of narrow brilliancy, but of the studied perfection of varied ability. In his youth means and influence lent him their aid. Eton and Christ's Church, Oxford, the training schools of prime ministers, recognized his talents and gave him that education of his powers that was the firm foundation of his subsequent success. His parliamentary career, begun at the age of twenty-three and lasting for more than sixty years, trained his genius in the practical school of government, and taught him how to lead and rule a thinking people. The finished man reaped the harvest of his toil in honor and in love. Slowly, but steadily, he won his way to the highest position a subject could hold in the British Empire, or in the hearts of the British people.

Gladstone was a moral statesman. His nature and ability made him the recognized champion of the fundamental principles of Christianity in all national questions. His sincerity gave an aesthetic tone to every question he discussed and raised the national politics to a higher moral level. He was a man of extreme conscientiousness. In Parliament his brilliant intellectual power and marvelous oratory turned many a grim defeat into a splendid victory. As Chancellor of the Exchequer he was recognized as the ablest financier of the day, and under his masterly guidance the commercial prosperity of England advanced by leaps and bounds. Four times he ruled the destinies of the nation as Prime Minister. He devoted himself untiringly to reform and progress.

The first act of his ministry was the greatest legislative achievement of modern times, the dis-establishment of the so-called Irish church. He freed Ireland from this oppressive and intolerable farce, and from the tyranny of landlordism; he extended the suffrage in England until he made it almost popular suffrage; he accomplished a host of minor reforms, his activity never ceasing, while he saw a wrong to right, and his endeavors failing at the last, when his mighty efforts in behalf of Home Rule were made vain by the House of Lords. In his retirement and in his public life he found time to devote to deep studies in the classics, to literature, and to theology; his eminence in each and all of these is but another instance of the surpassing breadth and quality of his mind. In 1894, at the ripe old age of eighty-five years, he bade a modest farewell to parliament, and subsequently, until his death last year, lived in busy retirement, beloved beyond all other Englishmen. Such was the Grand Old Man of England.

But Bismarck was a man of another mould. He too was a great statesman, but dynamic, rather than moral. He was born near Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1815. At school he was no more than an average scholar, but noticeable for his fine physique. The easy, rollicking, German, university life agreed with him; but he studied enough to make his mark. He then entered upon his political career with certain ideas which are the key to his whole life. He believed implicitly in the absolute power of the king, and in the supremacy of Prussia in the German Confederation. This, with a firm belief in God, was his religion; and all the efforts of his life were devoted to these ends. The German Confederation was a bundle of states bound together by not much more than common feelings and common interests; and of these states Prussia was far from being the greatest. Bismarck devoted all his magnifi-

cent energies to putting his beloved Prussia at the head of the Confederation, and then unifying the whole into one strong nation, under an absolute monarch.

In this he succeeded. To his king he gave one of the most absolute powers in Christendom; for his people he secured, even against their will, that unity wherein real greatness lies, and which when realized, was to give him the proud title of the Father of Germany. When he entered the Diet in 1847, as the representative of Prussia, the members of that body little knew that they had among them the greatest statesman of the century. They jeeringly called him the Honest Burger, but they respected his courage and unbending will. He was sent to represent his country at the court of St. Petersburg, and later at Paris, and he returned from these excellent schools of political intrigue, the finished master of statecraft. He became Chancellor and governed Prussia with all the skill of a master. In spite of angry and dangerous Lower Houses, which he repeatedly dissolved till his purpose was accomplished, he created a great army; which under the guiding genius of Von Moltke became a most powerful weapon. This he wielded unscrupulously for the accomplishment of his purpose. Austria he combated and checkmated. Prussia, and his own position, he greatly strengthened by his skillful annexation of Schleswig-Holstein. In the contest with France, which his own deeds had made inevitable, he lowered the proud banners of Napoleon, and from Paris itself, dictated a merciless peace, after a short and glorious war. Then, having accomplished the seemingly impossible object of his life, the unity of Germany, he still retained the reins of government and guided his beloved land to a commercial prosperity which firmly cemented the work of his hands and made the new empire into a strong and great nation destined to endure. The last few years of his life he spent in retirement, loved, perhaps, by few, for his acts had made him many enemies, yet admired by all the world. Such was the Iron Chancellor.

What a strange contrast in these two modern Titans! They seem to be alike only in the strength of their intellects, and the greatness of their achievements. Gladstone was essentially moral; Bismarck, in very truth dynamic. The Grand Old Man was a constitutional statesman. All his achievements were in the realm of intellect and accomplished by the slow and laborious method of conviction. He never stooped to use simple force to gain an end; but by logical reasoning and irresistably eloquent argument he persuaded the English nation that there was justice in his acts, and succeeded in his noble purpose by the sublimer means of direct legislation. He was more richly endowed with the qualities we would ascribe to the ideal statesman. He was great in the strength and in the diversity of his talents. He was always a sympathizer with the opressed and down-trodden. The life of every British subject was precious in his sight.

How different is the title to fame of Bismarck! He was a master in the handling of mighty forces, and he wielded these forces constantly, devotedly, and unscrupulously, for Prussia and his king. The lives of ten thousand men made not one jot of difference to him; if their removal was necessary to his ends, their blood flowed in rivers. If the Germans themselves for whom he labored, opposed and hated him, it mattered not. How marvelous, indeed, was his indomitable

courage and determination, blended and supplemented, as it was, by a subtle craft and cunning! He was a lion and a fox. He believed that the end justifies the means. He believed that by "blood and iron" empires are made. German unity was the chief dogma of his religion and the end of all his efforts. Perhaps for his bold aims gentler means would have been unavailing. Perhaps no policy but "blood and iron" with all its attending horrors would have sufficed. His title to fame rests in the magnitude of the great work of his brain.

Whose fame will endure? Most certainly the fame of both! Future ages will look back through the simplifying perspective of centuries and see in Gladstone the man who, more than any other, gave to England the unrivalled prosperity which she enjoyed in the Nineteenth Century; and who, without the horrors of a revolution, guided her destinies while there was wrought in her that momentous change from a monarchy with a few of the forms of a requblic, to a republic that still retains the forms of a monarchy. They will see in him the great moral statesman of the century. Bismarck, on the other hand, will be hailed as the maker of modern Germany, the man who in three short wars welded a mighty empire out of a bundle of petty states. While Germany exists the mighty statesman can never cease to be honored by every German as the maker of the German Fatherland. The world can never refuse to admire his might. But the world is rapidly advancing toward a higher regard for the welfare of the masses, and to republicanism in government; and though mankind must ever admire the mighty Teuton, the moral and social greatness of Gladstone, a citizen of the whole world, a champion in accord with universal progress, must ultimately prevail.

—Fred S. Duggan.

The Poet of Humanity.

In that school of poetry which had its rise about 1830 we find the name of Tennyson prominent. The work of Coleridge, of Wordsworth, of Scott, was finished. Across the stage had passed the forms of Byron, Shelley, Keats, each in the attitude induced by the peculiar life of England in the early days of this century.

Byron had been moody, rebellious, revolutionary; Shelley had been visionary, preoccupied, discontented; Keats with a face turned to the past had lived a quiet life quite away from England, finding no inspiration in his own land like that which he found in the Pagan world, in the dim vistas of Athenian romance, in the foreign beauties of Florence and Rome.

England at this time had suffered a relapse into materialism. The great social and political movements, the deep, turbulent, stormy life of the Revolution ,the European struggle had exhausted themselves,and the nation sank into a lethargic state ,wishing not to be disturbed by any voice, even though it asked them to look at a flower by the wayside, or to behold the glory of an English dawn! We are told how Wordsworth felt this influence even ten years before it had reached its height, and how it caused him to write that sonnet in which he says:

> "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 !"

But England was to arouse from this con-

dition; a great religious revival swept over the country, awakening to life once more, thought and discussion. Social, political and religious questions engrossed every mind; the reform movement had taken place; a strong philanthropic impulse was upon the people. National excitement again called forth genius from the obscure and darkened places where it lay shrouded awaiting such a breath of life as this; again called forth the leaders whom the people would follow, and set up the idols whom the people would worship. In this period belongs Tennyson. Byron had uttered his last passionate word of scorn; Shelley had dreamed his last dream; Keats had traced his last picture from a resurrected past. For some ten years no great poet had arisen among the people, no voice broke the silence that had settled upon the world of song. Now Tennyson comes to take that place in the world of poetry, that place in the minds, the hearts, the affections, the loves of the people which only a poet can who will speak to them in their own language, who will tell them of Nature in connection with human life, who will sing to them of God, and of the great religious feelings that mean so much to them. His finest poems, his most perfect works of art, his most thrilling tragedies he constructed from incidents in lives such as they lived—the simple, honest lives of every day men and women.

There are those who tell us that Tennyson was not liberal enough, was not broad enough in his sympathies, was not international enough in his ideas, that he did not champion the great matters that relate to the full and free development of mankind; did not feel enough upon subjects of universal importance; that for this reason he is not the true poet of the people. No doubt some of Tennyson's poetry may be open to this charge, but of what importance is this, after all? Why do we demand so much of a poet? Why must he think with equal vividness, fervor, and charm upon all subjects? May he not have any particular loves and delights? Must he be the very opposite of what we demand of ordinary mortals? What matters it to us, what mattered it to the English people, that Tennyson does not grow violent in a short-lived gust of admiration for republican ideas as did Wordsworth,does not utter useless invective against law and order like Shelley, or grow sour with discontent over existing conditions like Byron! Is he not the poet whose lines are nevertheless upon every tongue, who saw delicate beauty in the lives of English working people, who fashioned dainty, fragile, rose-tinted structures from the materials of every day life, and gave them back in perfect form to live forever in the hearts of all true lovers of the beautiful?

A poet's place in a nation's life is secure. We admire and reverence those who can do things that are beyond our own powers. We cannot all see the "vision splendid," but are we not thankful that Wordsworth saw it? We do not all become transported by the song of a skylark; but are we not filled with admiration when we read those lines that Shelley flung forth from his song-laden soul? Thankful we are that although the masses must keep their minds and hearts intent upon the "getting and spending," yet there are those who hear strains of music inaudible to our dulled hearing, those who see glorious sights unknown to our earth-bound visions, who can tell us in the pauses of our work-a-day lives of the smiling forms that

have flitted before them, of the messages that have come to them, the heavenly visitants that have crossed their pathway. If then a poet, no matter what his theme, is such a telling force in a nation's life, what an influence one must have whose greatest theme is humanity, the intense story of the struggles of the human heart!

Tennyson's poetry has this peculiarity, this strange characteristic which will always insure him attention, reverence, devotion—the powerful, magnetic, sensuous charm of painting human life.

As long as there are those who care more for the intense story of humanity than they do for the pictures of Nature, as long as we see more in the face of a human being than we do in a landscape, as long as we feel like turning from the lonely, somewhat unmeaning glory of a sunset to the companionship of ordinary mortals, so long will Tennyson's poetry endure. And when will the world cease to trace, to watch, to read this deep, strange story? Shall we ever tire of reading the story of life as it is written in the faces of men and women?

In speaking of this peculiarity of Tennyson, Stofford Brooke says: "What Wordsworth has done for the beginning of this century Tennyson has done for the midst of it. . . . . .When we are out of this transition period of poetry in which we live at the present and are fully wearied with its fantasies of nature and passion and words, the poet who will recreate our song will take up again the common love and life of men, he will drink deep of the wayside fountains of humanity.

Wordsworth loved Nature as one would a human being, for its own sake alone; Tennyson loved Nature only as he could read it into a connection with human life. To Tennyson it was invaluable since he could fashion it into such glorious backgrounds for his vivid life—laden pictures. Wordsworth, musing by woodland and stream, by mountain and meadow, studying the mystery of leaf and bud, of flower and foliage, received his revelation, his gospel of life; Tennyson, studying the subtle workings of the human heart, watching the great panorama of human life, looking in men's faces and reading there a story more full of meaning than any soulless scene that nature might present, received his vision, his baptism.

In very few places is Tennyson able to free himself from this passion for associating human life with nature; indeed it is the element of endurance in his poetry, the something that makes us turn, oft times with impatient gesture, with wearied soul, from lines where no human face is seen, where no human voice is heard, where no thrill of human life is felt.

Those poems of Tennyson which have established his fame those most marked by this influence. This is the reason that the garden song from "Maud" has for so many its strange fascination. The beautiful images from nature are made like to human beings. What hand but the hand of a true artist could have presented to our minds such witching pictures as those where crimson roses listen to the music of the flute, where jessamine vines vibrate to the strains of a waltz, where lilies are awake and larkspur is listening, where tears fall from passion flowers and dust dead for centuries colors into purple and red!

In "In Memoriam," the most noble and stately monument ever erected to a friendship between man and man, this influence is strong. Nature is painted into a series of

wild, changeable, tragic pictures—the background for the tempest of a soul. We can almost see Tennyson as he stands where the waves are breaking at his feet—a dreary, desolate scene, low-hung, hurrying clouds, dark, cold waters, the unspeakable, unknowable murmur of the sea; with him we watch the ships approach and disappear, watch the sea gulls fly screaming overhead, see the sudden gloom of his face as with quick revulsion of feeling all his grief, his loneliness return to him. How true to life is this sudden distaste for nature, this nerceness against her strange stolidity! Why should all these things go on? Why should nature still hold her changing pictures and Death be in the world beckoning now to this one, now to that? Why should the fisherman's song come out over the waters and he stand here alone?

It is this peculiar art of keeping nature and human life before us at the same time that has made this short poem where the waves are breaking on the stones, one of the most perfect in our language.

Neither Byron nor Coleridge, Shelley nor Keats could do this. This is a chord which no other musician has sounded so perfectly, a touch which no other artist has employed so skillfully, a spell which no other magician ever threw so completely over his subject.

Tennyson's place is a well-defined one, his fame and influence secure. The English-speaking people will not soon forget his great personality; they will not soon forget the pen that traced so well their joys and sorrows; they will not soon forget the man whose intense humanity made it possible to him to find a whole philosophy of life, of creation and creator, of man and God in the hurrying figures that passed in fevered procession before him; whose great love for mankind broods over every page, electrifies every word and sends a current strong and powerful to all who come in contact with him.

When he answered the call that came to him with the sunset and evening star, when he embarked at the time of twilight and evening bell, a rare soul, a true poet, a noble man went from out our Bourne of Time and tho' the flood may bear him far, yet for many of us no other will ever fill his place, to him alone we will always accord an admiration unshared and unrivalled by any other.

Bertha J. Ferguson.

Limitations.

One of the most striking characteristics of human nature is a longing for the unattainable. We do not appreciate the things that we have, because of our desire for the things that we have not. A child on seeing a new toy, drops his old playthings and will not be satisfied with them again; to him the new object is the one thing worth having. The boy grown older dreams of what he will be and do in manhood; he finds his chief pleasure in the prospect of fulfilling his ideal of what a true man should be. It is this trait that makes youth beautiful. The constant hope of being something better than we have been in the past, and of attaining some higher end than has yet been accomplished, is the one thing that makes life worth living. This powerful incentive is strongest in youth and grows less and less as age and experience teach us our limitations.

In youth all things are possible because all are then untried. In childhood, shielded and helped by others, we are quite likely to be successful in our small undertakings. In early youth we have little or no responsibility and

life is still easy for us. It is when we are left to struggle onward by our own unaided powers that we meet with discouragements. However we dispise ourselves for our weakness if we yield to petty grievances. We scorn to complain of trifles and when we fail we determine that we will try again and succeed. Yet after a time, and perhaps unconsciously we learn to have less faith in our own abilities and finally some humilating failure brings home to us with cruel distinctness the sense of our limitations.

To a proud ambitious spirit there can be no more bitter hour than when the thought comes "I have done my best and have failed. I can never do anything better." To fail with the consciousness of reserve power; to fail knowing that greater things are in store for one, may be hard, but it does not cause the resentful and bitter agony that strong natures know when they recognize the barriers which from the very limitations of their being they may not surmount. And this experience in a greater or less degree is common to all men. It is the price we pay for our ideals. "Greater than Fate ordains we fain would be, wiser and purer, strong with life and power, and insight and compelling energy." But when we came into this world our limitations were born with us and no amount of longing and endeavor will enable us to pass beyond them.

Beyond a certain limit we can never go; further progress is forever barred to us. The best of life seems always just beyond our reach. What we should be is clearly defined in our mental vision, but strive as we will we may never attain to that ideal. As Moses from the summit of the mountain viewed the Promised Land which he might never enter, so we realize with painful vividness the heights which we may never tread. The Promised Land of our longing smiles before us but no effort of ours can bring us within its borders.

And yet life has its compensations even for our limitations. Life, love and death are given to us all. It may seem that there is not room for much within the limits of life, and that in life, love and death the soul might fail to find its satisfaction, but there is no one in all the ages who has had more than these. These are in themselves sufficient. No man ever yet lived all that he might have lived; no man ever dared attempt all that he dared to long for. In our fairest dreams we can not imagine so beautiful a life as God has planned and made possible for us. Some things may be denied us, but enough is given to round out a beautiful completeness. All the splendors of earth and sky are made up of but a handful of tints. The soul of the sweetest strains is hidden away in a trio of chords. Think how few elements are contained in the numberless changes of creation. Contentment in life depends upon the skill with which things that are given are utilized, and glorified, and made sufficient. He who makes full use of his opportunities and abilities, who from every experience wins the utmost to be won, will have few vain regrets because of his limitations.

And again we should consider the fact that progress would be impossible were it not that perfection is never quite accomplished. All great achievements spring from life's unrest. If our every wish were satisfied, there would be nothing left for which to live or die. Our glory is not in obtaining our desire but in the struggle made for victory. "'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay, but the high faith that fails not by the way." Our attitude should be that of the man of whom Browning sings:

"Who never turned his back but marched breast forward, never doubted clouds would break, never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would tri mph; held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake." "In the pain of conscious limitation lies the prophecy of continuous growth, the hope of that consumation for which all aspiration and sacifice and endeavor are a divinely ordered preparation."

Since these things are so we should learn to be patient in our failures. We cannot be condemned because of our faults; we are held accountable only if we do not try to overcome them. Then let us accept ourselves with all our weaknesses as God has made us, and not be afraid that we shall thwart the purpose of our living by such self-tolerance and such self-forgiving. For though we may be of but little worth in our own eyes it is certain that we have a place to fill in the world's life. The best man is he who has the highest and dearest conception of what he ought to do and to be, and turns all his activities toward the attainment of these high ends.

In a famous gallery of France, side-by-side hang two pictures which attract the attention of all who enter that great hall. The first of these is that of a young man strong in the strength of his manhood, who with earnest resolute face, knitted brow and clenched uplifted hand, exclaims, "My rights." The second painting is also of a young man, whose attitude is one of eager aspiration. His watchword is, "My duty," and his soul's desire is to act well his part in the uplifting of humanity. Upon him has come the benediction of the higher mood; the thought not of self but of others. Before such a one the future pauses, waiting his supreme commands. The man who can put aside his rights and say "My duty," the man who stands strong in the power which is given, though realizing that which he has not, has achieved an independence and a purpose which, please God, shall never die. Despite their limitations, "all true whole men succeed, for what is worth success' name unless it be the thought, the inward surety, to have carried out a noble purpose to a noble end."

Annie L. Campbell.

The Secret of Progress.

The greatest products of a great age are its great men, men in whose bosoms are felt the great heart throbs of national life and of progress, and whose thoughts register the advance of civilization. The greatest victory is a noble manhood, rising in splendid triumph over the evil of its own nature and over the brute. The truest progress is an advancing right over a retreating wrong.

But the advance of truth has been slow and painful. The history of civilization echoes with the din of human conflict. All down through the vistas of history two false extremes have waged unceasing warfare in human society. One is a false conservatism, the other a false radicalism. Long and terrible seems the conflict from the early dawn of history down through the darkened ages, as one or the other of these two gigantic errors has vainly tried to intercept the march of truth Sometimes the conflict has resounded with the clash of arms, sometimes with the death agonies of martyred heroes, while more often, those deeper subtler influences of hidden thought, and the silent agency of the pen, have been preparing the way for both.

False conservatism is blind to the evils of the present time, and to the possibilities of

greater good in the time to come. Firmly believing that what is, is right, it becomes the keeper of a prison house, rather than of a treasure house. It is a slave to the inertia of rest. A lover of ease. Encumbered and enfeebled, it chills free thought under the ice of formalism. With face always turned backward to the darkened ages of the past it fails to see the glowing star of humanity's bright possibilities. It smothers enthusiasm by promising nothing better than what is. It never nerved a single heart, nor inspired a single life to strive for higher ideals.

Equally in error, but diametrically opposite to a false conservatism is a false radicalism. Impatiently hostile to the slow progress by which truth and right are being evolved from the great mass of error, it would trample both the good and bad under foot, and rush wildly to its own destruction in an abyss of lawlessness and darkness. It would ignore experience and seek all truth by experiment. Dreamy and fanatical it shouts "Eureka" to every new fad, and is mislead by every false principle. Because the present human society is not ideal it welcomes the wildest dreams of socialism and communism to take its place, because religion is touched with awe and mystery it resigns itself to agnosticism.

False conservatism and false radicalism are the two monster principles of error which have ever stood athwart the path of truth. Both have been retrogressive, cruel and guilty of some of the blackest crimes which have ever blotted the pages of history. We see the footstep of the one in those heretic fires, when error tried so desperately to throttle the voice of truth in the dark days of inquisitions. While the work of the other is equally hideous in the murderous hailstorm, and unbridled fury of the French Revolution.

But the black picture which a false conservatism presents should not blind our eyes to the blessings which true conservatism has given to mankind . True conservatism may seem prosaic but it is trustworthy. While it is old it contains within itself the possibilities of the new. It is like that great rugged mountain, which from the twilight hours of creation, bears unchanged the handiwork of the infinite One, while within its bosim it contains many rich mineral treasures for the use and comfort of mankind.

There is hardly a secret of law or life, that conservatism does not keep for us to and us in our struggle for better living. Conservatism endows us with patience and fortitude, teaches us at the same time to respect the past, and to look hopefully into the future. It helps us to discern effect by revealing to us the causes. It is practical because it is true to human experience. It teaches us the impossibility of anything ever coming out of nothing. It gives the laurels to the good, and to the true and rewards the false and the wicked with the true reward of their works. It is by conservatism that we have become "the heirs of all the ages." From over the eastern hill tops it has brought to us those rich streams of example and precept, burdened with the wisdow of the ages, fruit ladened with the experience of many generations.

But the work of true radicalism is just as important as that of true conservatism. The real reformer looks for the good in what is and upon that seeks to build better. His emphasis is upon doing, not upon undoing. He would resist evil by doing good, banish darkness by letting in the light. He is hopeful without being dreamy and fanatical. This is the wisdom that inteprets the handwriting

upon the wall, at his voice of command the world awakens and moves on. With self-scrificing energy the true reformer has ever labored to make this world better. Down through the misty ages we see his trials and sufferings and struggles as he cheerfully gave his life for truth and right.

What though his glad prophetic vision pictures human society in such an ideal state that the old feuds of rich and poor, the false pride of race and blood and gold are vanished and gone. It is only a glimpse of that millenial dawn when the dark night of evil shall forever give way to the glorious day of perpetual good.

Conservatism and radicalism are the two balancing forces, which have ever guided truth in its onward flight. They are the two poles of culture, the two wings of progress. The one eagerly searching the past that it may miss nothing from the vanishing point of ages to the present time, the other with prospective vision searches for new stars in an ever widening horizon. While the one rejoices in the abundance of a bountiful harvest, the other with an equal trust places all its hopes in the refreshing showers of a sunny seed time. By these two forces every immortal, every leader, every would-be reformer has either been borne on in triumph or hurled back in ignomineous defeat.

Thus civilization has progressed and so it will continue to advance, for until history is no more conservatism will teach knowledge; until the ideal is reached, radicalism will promote reform. Between these two extremes the great pendulum of human sentiment will continue to swing, until in some far-off future age it will come to rest in the happy golden mean.

J. F. McLain.

Commencement Notes.

Miss N. E. Jones, '94, is a Commencement guest at the U.

This year the Alumni banquet was held at the U instead of in town as formerly.

Mrs. B. T. Davis was the guest of her son, J. Ellsworth, the 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Weiss, Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Feiring, and Mrs. Campbell, were guests of the graduates.

Among those who returned to take examinations Commencement week are Mr. Fraynor and Don McDonald.

Miss Florence Douglas, '98, Miss Anna Peterson, '97, and Miss Lotta Cooper, '98, spent Commencement Day at the U.

The $15 prize for the best Commencement oration was awarded to Miss Bertha Ferguson, whose oration was entitled "The Realism of George Eliot." We all extend congratulations to Miss Ferguson.

The class night exercises were held in Davis Hall on Thursday night, June 14. The class of '99 have always been noted for their originality and they have kept up their reputation by changing the common routine of class night evercises and introducing a play into the exercises.

The Juniors gave their annual banquet to the Seniors on Tuesday night, June 13. The first part of the evening was spent in talking and singing in the parlor. At 10:30 the party retired to the dining room where an elegant feast awaited them. After fully satisfying their appetites a number of toasts were given and then the Seniors went their way home and every one voted the banquet a grand success.

The Student.

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A. E. Morrison, '00 . . . . . Editor-in-Chief
Sadie P. Matthews, '00 . . . . . Associate Editor
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With this issue the new board enters on its duty. To the retiring board we say, "Well done." It will be our earnest effort to carry on the duty you have so sincerely and satisfactorily performed. From amid the press of studies and the general rush of college work you managed to steal time to set forth to the community and state the course of University life. We, in turn, will strive to foster the spirit of loyalty and love to Alma Mater and the thirst for knowledge which she can give.

—o—

The work on the new dormitory for the young men has been commenced. It is to be southeast of the Main building on the south end of the football practice ground. As this will relieve the present crowded condition of the Main building, the Faculty has signified its intention to give the Student apartments of its own. The paper after many years of indefinite ubiquity will have at last a "local habitation" as well as a name.

—o—

The executive ability shown by the Athletic Association in the construction work and financial affairs of the new Athletic Park is worthy of mention. Thanks are especially due to President Frazier whose energetic brain and hand were ever active until the last board was nailed and the grounds given their finishing touch. He is a splendid example of that public spirit that is the making of a college or a state alike.

—o—

The news that the Agricultural College would not enter the Field Day contest came as a severe shock in the athletic circles of the University. All were looking forward to a grand event—to the real opening of the Athletic Park. What has happened to the A. C.? Are her athletics declining? Two years have not slipped by without an intercollegiate field day. The two schools have only met in football. Surely the A. C. has not taken previous success in field day sports and on the gridiron so much to heart as to be discouraged. We hope for a renewal of the old spirit of contest. Without it there can be no such thing as athletics. Rivalry is the life and soul of physical prowess, and nowhere is this so well attained as between two wide-awake colleges.

—o—

Another school year has drawn to a close; the work of another term has been completed. Each class takes one step in advance, the Se-

ior becomes an Alumnus; the Junior, Sophomore and Freshman show their aggressive spirit by calling themselves respectively Senior, Junior and Sophomore; and the First "Prep." now enters upon the threshold of his college course. We say our work for the year is finished. In one sense that is true, but looking at it from a different standpoint it has just begun. We would refrain from giving the student a treatise on that hackneyed subject of "How to spend a vacation," but we would call your attention to the fact that work in one line is just beginning. During the school year we are ever and anon speaking a good word for our U, by our spirit at the time of our athletic meets, and oratorical contests, or again we are doing it through the columns of The Student. But this is not enough. You can do work of great value during your vacation at your home or wherever you may be. You can accomplish much by your spirit and enthusiasm, by your words through personal contact with your friends. Let us see how many new scholars we can bring back with us next fall.

—o—

This year the University sends forth from her halls the largest class that she has yet graduated. The class numbers 23; 10 college and 13 normal students. The class is not great in numbers only; its members are noted for the excellence of their work in the class-room, on the athletic fields, in the literary societies, in the oratorical contests and on the Student board, and they will leave vacancies which it will be hard to fill. Several members of the class entered the University in the lower classes of the Preparatory Department and have come to seem to us almost a necessary part of the U. All will not be great men and women but we are sure they will exert an influence upon their surroundings and do credit to their Alma Mater in their own way, while some will gain honor and distinction for her in greater fields of work. The members of the class are: College—Flora McDonald, Grafton; Chas. Anderson, Grand Forks; Luther Bickford, Kempton; J. Ellsworth Davis, Cathay; Neal Dow, Grand Forks; Fred Duggan, Grand Forks; Geo. McDonald, Forest River; William Nuessle, Emerado; J. F. McLain, Hillsboro, and L. J. Wehe, Grand Forks. Normal—Annie Campbell, Larimore; Clara Feiring, Bertha Zimmerman, Cooperstown; Ella Burnham, Wheatland; Bessie Douglas, Pembina; Bertha Ferguson, Drayton; Jean Forest, Hillsboro; Clara Olsen, Fisher, Minn; Emma Weiss, Crystal; Lena Otteson, Langdon; Ruby Rutledge, Grand Forks; Wm. Calder, Forest River, and Henry Ulve, Grand Forks.

The Student would not attempt to tell the Seniors, who are just entering upon the duties of the world, how to perform those duties, but it does congratulate them and wish them all success.

—o—o—

Athletics.

The first game of the season was played at Buxton against the Buxton team, May 29. The game was very well played up to the sixth inning when Buxton made a number of errors. The result was 15 to 4 in our favor.

—o—

We do not pretend to be the mark in athletic enthusiasm, but, sad to relate, our fellow members of the I. A. A. show more sluggishness in that line. Because they withdrew from the contest we had no field day

meet this year. We belon- to an I. C. A. A. but to what end? For the past two years there has been no intercollegiate field day. It is a deplorable fact, a sad disgrace.

—o—

We are proud of our young ladies for everything they do, their basket ball playing not excepted. They have had two regular teams all spring and have done some real good work which promises success if they should play against any outside teams.

—o—

It is gratifying to look toward town and see our fence and grand stand loom up in the distance. Mr. Frazier, as president of the U. A. A. has shown enthusiasm and capability. His efforts have been unceasing and the result is everything that could be wished for.

—o—

It may be truly said that the athletics of the University have taken rapid strides in the line of improvement during the last year. We must remember that it is our duty not only to keep up our reputation during coming years but to add to it. To do that, each man who takes part in athletics should keep himself in good condition during the summer vacation. Anyone can do that if he wants to, no matter what his occupation be. The members of the foot ball team are in duty bound to come in next fall in a first-class condition, ready to go to work and play better ball than ever. The last foot ball team was better than any we have so far had. Let the next be better still.

—o—

Saturday, June 3, we made a date with Lakota, but when we arrived there it was raining and everything was disagreeable. Not so were the Lakota boys. We have long known that they are perfect gentlemen and now we know that they can not be beaten as regards hospitality and accommodations. The game was put off till Monday afternoon. Then everything was favorable and an enthusiastic crowd came to see their home team beaten by a score of 7 to 3. This score indicates the game was a hard fought one and a well played one from beginning to end. The Lakota team has always been counted one of the best teams in the state. They are, however, not skillful enough to bat Flanagan's sharp shoots. His able work won the game. Still all the boys deserve credit for their playing. Baptie's work on second base was very good indeed. Our boys are made of such stuff that they surpass expectations when put to the test.

—o—

Four new men have been added to the base ball team this year, namely, John Baptie, William Robinson, Pat. McNeil and John McIntyre. Baptie plays second base in a pleasant cool-headed way. He runs well and throws well but his batting is not so good as it might be. Robinson plays in the field and pitches some. He has a good strong arm but needs to get it under his control a little better. McNeil is a good fielder and an all around player. McIntyre has never before played third base, but he does it very well. His third base, but he does it very well. His thowing is remarkably good—much more so than his batting, which he needs to practice especially. The old players play their usual game with some improvement in most cases. G. K. Fitzmaurice has developed into a first-class fielder. His catching is accurate and he can make a better long distance throw than any one on the team. Calder has only played one game with us before this season. He is a

good man in any position—especially handy at the bat. Duggan does credit to himself and to the institution by his work at short stop. Bickford's playing on first base is good. Flanagan's arm is a little sore and yet he is the main stay of the team as he has always been. The team work is on the whole good. We have always been weakest at the bat and we are yet. The writer does not pick out weaknesses because he likes to but because he thinks it useful. He trusts that the players will credit him with good intentions only. While speaking of the team just as it appears to him he does not claim to be absolutely right in his remarks.

—o—o—

Exchanges

Little Jack Honer
Sat in a corner
Taking a hard "exam."
He passed it, of course,
With the aid of a "horse,"
And said: "What a good boy I am!"

—Exchange.

—o—

The plea of a man charged with having cracked a borrowed kettle, ran thusly: 1st. The kettle was cracked when I borrowed it; 2nd, the kettle was whole when I returned it; 3rd, I never borrowed any kettle; all of which I can subscribe to under oath.—The Normalia.

—o—

The May "Phreno-Cosmain" containing the speeches delivered at the S. D. State oratorical contest is a strong number. Although some of the other orations have more of "the sublimity of syntax," Mr. Rodee's "Our Social Crises" is the most notable. It is daring in conception, aggressive, and almost Carlylian in strength and sourness.

"The Kaimin" of the State U of Montana is a strong, business-like publication. Some of its quasi-scientific articles seem to us, however, not to have legs quite long enough to touch the ground. But the appraisal must differ with the reader's view-point.

In general, the style of "The Kaimin" is mature and of a high literary excellence. Its "Literary Chat" is clearly and forcibly written; but when the editor stands aloof and views with a pitying smile the many victims of the "literary fever," the reader suspects that this prescription of total abstinence from dreams of lettered eminence is written by a doctor who would not be willing to take his own medicine. This multitude of would-be literati is not wholly an evil. Everywhere, the fittest survive. For a space a few will raise their voice above the gabble and one or two may earn a monument.

—o—

Some of our exchanges show rare selective ability and taste in quoting Kipling, Riley, Swinburne and other celebrated writers (not to mention the last month's magazines). These extracts from the classics are of inestimable value to those who have not access to the district school, or circulating, library; and, in our estimation, far better become the dignity of a college journal than the childish attempts of 'downy lipped Sophomores" or upstart Preps. But it strikes us that some of the very best and most quotable material is being overlooked. For instance, there is Miss Partia's oration on The Quality of Mercy, and Mr. Longfellow's Psalm of Life, both of which, in our opinion, are productions of great merit and deserve to become more widely known through the medium of the college press.

Our Reporters Note Book.

Deuce!

Love all.

Six-thirty

In the morning.

On the tennis courts.

A. E. M. where is an apple pie?

Wanted—Boys at table No. 3. Ours have deserted.

A new way of flagging the train—let your red nectie loose.

The next time you go up town after 7:30 p. m.—stay at home.

Don't walk on the rails too much—the young ladies have a new telescope.

Capt. Co. A., "Hold up your heads, fingers extended and joined to the hands."

The prettiest thing about the painting of the Sisture Madamia is the two little cherubs down in the front.

Prof. Macnie has recently invested in a vial of mosquito oil—warranted to keep all mosquitoes off young ladies—sure death to boys.

Why didn't you boys use Prof. Squires and Prof Macnie as you did the boys who appeared on the courts in white duck tennis suits?

Prof. of Economics: What was the cause of the panic of 1873.

Surprised student: Why, was it the revolution?

Prof.: Well, between that and the fall of Adam, I think it was the fall of Adam.

A week or so before the close of school Miss Reynolds took the young ladies of the Senor class out for a drive and picnic in the woods.

Personal

Mr. Jennings has fallen out of our ranks.

Attorney Young visited his brother "Tub" the first of June.

Miss Robinson spent May 21 and 22 at her home near Ardoch.

Miss Josephine Olson visited her friends at the U May 5 to 7.

Mr. Fairchild made a flying trip to Fisher, Minn., the last of the month.

Mr. Frank Voybada left for his home in Conway the middle of last month.

Attorney Campbell paid his sister, Miss Campbell, a short visit on June 6.

Miss Gertrude Quam and Miss Maude Cooper spent a few days at the U the last of May.

Miss Ueland was the guest of Miss Severina Thompson at her home in Mallory May 27 to 19.

Prof. Squires left here the 10th in order to be present at a reunion of his class at Brown University.

Miss Edith Johnson left for her home in Petersburg to take charge of a school for the summer.

The professors of the North Dakota High Schools met at the University May 22, to discuss the high school work with our professors. Mr. Schmidt of Jamestown and Supt. Halland addressed the students in chapel.

Mrs. Long from Foster Hall was the guest of Miss Reynolds for a few days in May. Mrs. Long will have charge of the boarding department here next year, and the University is to be congratulated on securing her services.

Miss Mathews was home over Sunday and Monday, May 21 and 22.

Miss Smith was visited by her younger sister from Park River the last days of May.

On account of the bad weather, the battallion did not march in town on decoration day.

Mrs. Brannon and her little daughter Charlotte were the guests of Miss Reynolds on May 14.

The Faculty entertained Rev. and Mrs. Mills and Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Griffith at the U on June 2.

Miss Helen Douglas and Miss Wardwell spent the last days of the term with Miss Bessie Douglas.

Mrs. J. Forster, of Lucknow, Ont., has been the guest of her daughter Miss Jean Forster for the past week.

Prof. Kennedy gave the address to the graduates of the Larimore High School Thursday evening, June 8.

Mr. Burgett went home on his wheel Saturday morning, June 3, returning the next Monday evening.

Instead of drawing in the dining room, Miss Reynolds permitted us to select our own tables for the last three weeks.

Miss Bertha Ferguson entertained her two sisters, Miss Annie Ferguson and Mrs. R. B. Johnson, of Hallock, the 14th and 15th.

Mr. Tisdale ,representing the Northwestern Library Association, has been transacting business with a number of the boys.

June 2, Laverne Fairchild has as his guest Lew Wallace, of Drayton, who has recently returned from the Philippines. He was a student at Hamlin at the time he enlisted and has been in the Philippines for the past year.

Messrs. Thos. Jewell and W. J. Buchanan accompanied the base ball team to Lakota. Bill had hard work to "hang on to himself."

G. F. Jonsson is a frequent visitor at the U. He was present at the meeting of High School principals and the 6th of June was here again.

Miss Reynolds entertained her friend Miss Skiffington, teacher of English in the Moorhead Normal School, at the U a few days the first week of May.

Those who took part in the battallion entainment last term presented a set of books to Miss Burnham in return for her kind service as a pianist.

Ed. Fitzmaurice, one of our last year's students, spent a few days here on his way home from Chicago, where he has been a "medic" the past year.

C. B. Wright, '98, has returned from John Hopkin's University where he has been taking a course in medicine. We are glad to see him back with us again.

Miss Reynolds enterained her class in English II in her parlor May 22. The evening was spent in looking over a large collection of pictures from the Lake District of England.

The band boys have gone back into drill and the Main building seems dreary without those sweet strains of martial music resounding through its spacious halls.

There was a large attendance at chapel this term while the seniors were giving their orations. Those who are to be the commencement orators were chosen, three each from the Normal and College departments, as follows: Messrs .Duggan and McLain and Misses McDonald, Campbell, Ferguson and Feiring.

The Fortnightly club met with President Merrifield at the U on the evening of June 5. About forty ladies were present and a discussion was held on the divorce and marriage laws of the state.

Prof. Macnie gave the girls a royal treat Friday evening, May 19. The occasion was the birthday of his son Dr. Macnie. The sky parlor was thronged with the girls all eager to do their part in celebrating the event. Prof. Macnie came up the stairs amid a storm of applause and made a very complimentary speech to the young ladies. All present voted that no ice cream or strawberries could be better than Prof. Macnie's.

Poetry.

Little verbs of Latin
Little roots of Greek
Made the verdant Freshman
Feel extremely meek.

Then a little German
With a little French,
Makes the foolish Soph'more
Think he has some sense.

Then a year of Logic
And Philosophy
Makes the best of Juniors
Wise as he can be.

Then comes analytics—
Turns a fellow's head,
Makes the wisest Senior
Wish that he was dead.

—Ex.

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