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## January 1902

The Dakota Student

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# THE STUDENT

VOLUME XV  
NUMBER 3



January  
1902

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# THE STUDENT

VOL. XV. No. 3

UNIVERSITY, N. D.

JANUARY, 1902

## Ode of Welcome.

You have come from the town and the farm,  
You have come from the South and the North  
with the charm

Of youth on your face. The vigorous West  
From her unexhausted breast  
Has fed you strength,

Has lent you maiden grace and manhood power.  
She trusts you in the hour  
Of trial with her future and her fate.  
We trust you too.

We build our hopes upon your strength; we know  
That youth is truly great  
Which to itself is true.  
And so have faith in you.

We bid you welcome to our house; we throw  
The portals of our friendship and our faith  
Ajar, and bid you enter.

There is much in you,  
We expect much from you.

You are fresh with the charms  
Of the towns and the farms;  
The strength of the land  
Is in your mind and in your hand.

There have been before you classes who have  
done some work that passes

Well before the world, and shows them made  
of straight and seasoned grain;

Your strength is yet untried, untested; there are  
storms that must be breasted,

There are prizes must be wrested, there are  
goals that you must gain!

Strike your best and swiftest pace,

Be the foremost in the race

Striving for the highest place.

Standing by each other's side

Be your Alma Mater's pride,

Be her champion and defender, be her guardian  
and her guide.

Be yourselves!

Don't make yourselves

Pewter pots on painted shelves!

First and last, today, tomorrow, you must to  
yourselves be true;

You have men of strength and power—there is  
much that you can do;

Then let the fruit of promise ripen to achieve-  
ment's golden hue!

What has been done, that can be done again;

What has been done can also be excelled;

Be yourselves; don't duplicate and copy other  
men;

Be not compelled

To trick yourselves in borrowed plumes,  
but stand

For what is in you, be it small or great.

Yea, better be the lowest in the land

Than be a living, pasteboard, fashion  
plate.

Don't mimic lofty Seniors,

Don't imitate the Juniors,

Don't copy swell-head Sophomores—

For many a mode, but fit for long-eared asses,  
Is caught from Paris, and from upper classes.

\* \* \* \* \*

We give to you the hand of kinship, give to  
you the hand of friendship,

Bid you bring your Alma Mater strength and  
praises and renown!

Stand for her!

Work for her!

Win your laurel wreaths for her!

We shall not envy, do not fear you; we will be  
the first to cheer you;

If you equal, if you pass us—yours the glory,  
yours the crown!

Naught shall check our firm endeavor,

Nothing shall our purpose sever,

We'll stand together, stand forever, for her glory,  
her renown!

V. S.

### Is a Room-mate a Desirable Acquisition.

"Well, my first day is nearly done, and I must say, I'm tired out already, just thinking of all the things I have to do this year," said Nan, to herself, as she went into a gloomy room on the third floor of the Ladies' Dormitory, after a tiresome afternoon, spent in the registrar's office.

"What *shall* I do first? I guess I'd better hunt up my room-mate, and see what she's like. Dear me, I hope she'll be agreeable. I'll die of lonesomeness if I have to live with anyone who wants to obey all the rules, and get all her lessons, and 'improve herself,' all the time."

This very interesting monologue (which gives us a clue to Nan's true character) was interrupted by a light rap on the door.

"Come in," called Nan, "adding to herself," I hope it's not my room-mate."

The door opened and in stepped a little miss of about sixteen, fair, and gentle faced.

"Is this No. 27, and are you Miss Paine?" was her timid question.

"Yes this is 27, and I'm Nan Paine; are you my room-mate? What's your name?"

"Yes I'm your room-mate, and my name's Therese Kelley."

"Oh—all right. Where's your trunk? We'll have to get to work pretty quick if we expect to sleep in this room tonight."

"My trunk's down town. The man I paid my board to said I couldn't get it till morning."

"Well, I've got material enough here to keep us both busy till supper time. Here, put on this apron, and run across the hall to that empty room, and get a broom, dust pan, and washbowl and pitcher. Bring back a pail of warm water, too. You'll find that at the sink at

the end of the hall." And Nan almost overwhelmed the poor girl with directions, at the same time unlocking her trunk and getting soap, brushes, and dust-cloths ready for the cleaning.

Miss Kelley did the best she could at finding her way "across the hall." But she took so long about it, that Nan went to look for her, and found her carefully testing all the brooms to find one whose handle had no red paint on it (to fade onto your hands) and whose bristles were put in to stay.

"Goodness," said Nan, "don't bother about that. When one broom wears out, all we have to do is to ask for another," and picking up the nearest one she led the way back to her room.

Nan could work as fast as she could talk, and in a couple of hours had succeeded in scattering her belongings about the room in such a way, as to give it the appearance of having been lived in for a couple of months.

"Well, now we'll go down to the parlor for a few minutes before supper, and see who's back and who's not. Do you know anybody here?"

"Not very many people," said Therese, "only Miss Chase, and Mr. Hamilton, and Harry Bothwell."

"Well you've got a pretty good start. They're just about *the* people here. Where are you from? Same place as Mr. Bothwell?"

"Yes, we graduated from the High School together, but I was traveling all last year, so I haven't seen him for some time.

By this time the girls had reached the parlor and Nan went straight to a crowd gathered around the piano.

"Here she is now. Hello Nance."

"Hello Jack, Tom, Dick, Harry, everybody." Girls this is my room-mate, Miss Kelley, Miss Kelley—Miss Eaton, Miss Smith, Miss Colton, Jack, Harry, you know Miss Kelley don't you?"

"Well, I rather guess so," said the boys.

"My but it's nice to get back again, isn't it? We've got our room all settled, and I'm not going to begin to study for a whole week," said Nan. "I hope that doesn't shock Miss Kelley."

"Miss Kelley's not shockable" said Harry she's known me too long for that. Isn't that right Tess? There's the bell. Say can't we all get a table together to-night? The new visiting rules haven't gone into effect yet have they?"

"Don't matter if they have," said Nan. "I guess we can spare thirty cents a piece. Come on, we'll have to hurry, or all the places will be taken."

\* \* \* \* \*

There was no girl in the institution more likely to set a new student at her ease, than Nancy Paine. She and Tess became fast friends in a few weeks, and by the end of the term were known as the "inseparables." Possibly one reason for the strong attraction between them was the great difference in the two girls. Nan was impulsive, so was Tess, but in an entirely different way. If Nan felt good, she wanted to have a rousing good time, but if Tess felt good she wanted a new song to sing, or a new book to read, or would write such an affectionate letter home that her parents would straight-way telegraph her to make them a visit over Sunday.

Nan and Harry were good friends; so were Tess and Harry, Nan and Harry had had lots of good times together the year before, but Tess didn't know that. Tess and Harry had had lots of good times the year before *the year before*, but Nan didn't know *that*. The three attended lectures, concerts, debates, and banquets together. Poor Harry was in a dilemma. He felt that if he accompanied one girl to a concert, to the neglect of the other, the other would feel hurt, and vice versa.

A peep at the girl's diaries shows what they thought of it.

Nan wrote:

*Saturday Eve.*

"Just home from lecture on "Ethics of Shakespeare." Had a pretty good time. Tess was rather quiet tho." Wonder why Harry always takes her along. S'pose he thinks that because she's my room-mate, and is from his home, he has to. If I were she, I think I'd refuse once in a while."

Tess wrote:

*Saturday Night.*

"Professor Wait lectured on Shakespeare tonight. Pretty good but I was too tired to enjoy it much. Nan seemed to be having a good time. She and Harry keep up a running fire of witty remarks. Wish I could say bright things. Harry's pretty good to take Nan along to everything."

After a term or so Harry began to think that it was becoming a little too expensive. Soon his studies took up so much of his time that he couldn't spare any for receptions, etc. Nan scolded him for studying too hard. Said he ought to take more exercise, and frequently proposed a walk to the bridge after school. Tess said nothing, but wrote home that Harry was a fine student, and that his parents ought to be proud of him. Then she went to work to get an average of ninety-five per cent, so as to be on the honor role for the spring term. And she did get it. So did Harry. But Nan fell below.

That was the beginning of the trouble. Strange to say Harry always had time for entertainments when only honor role students might go. Nan's wasn't available, so he had to be satisfied with Tess's company. By and by he began to think that Tess's company was more satisfactory anyway. Tess was more sympathetic. She always made him feel as tho' he knew a great deal, because she lis-

tened to him so respectfully. That was a very pleasant feeling. She praised his poetry too, but Nan made fun of it. He really might amount to something if Tess would take an interest in him.

Tess thought so too, and went about her daily tasks inspired with the noble purpose of making a man out of Harry. She was very fond of music herself, and thought that maybe by playing to him, she could give Harry ideas for some wonderful poem which would mark him as one of the geniuses of the day. So she played, and Harry spent all his spare time in the parlor. Finally the president informed the students in chapel that from that time on the policy of the University would be "less love, and more music," and that the music would be furnished by an eminent eastern pianist, who had promised to give a course of recitals during the coming year.

Harry and Tess were forced to console themselves with the railroad track. By the end of their senior year the track was almost worn out. Their last walk was to the Junction, one mild June evening. When they turned to come back, the track had crumbled into dust, so they walked on to Emerado, where they took the train for a coast trip. They are now the wealthy proprietors of a fruit ranch in California. Nan went to Cuba in response to Clara Barton's call for assistance. She is still there, explaining to the Cuban school girls the use of aprons and brooms as she did to Tess in the early days at the "U."

—*One who expects a room-mate.*

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### Letter from Professor Squires.

*Kalamazoo, Mich., Dec. 7.*

Dear North Dakota Friends:—I hardly know what to send you in reply to the request of the *Student Board* for a con-

tribution. At first I thought of attempting something that would seem weighty and learned, but soon decided that you have enough of that during recitation hours; and that you would prefer a few random, chatty notes on such subjects as we might talk about were I suddenly transported to the parlor of Davis Hall, or to the familiar lounging places of Budge Hall. Since the University closed last June, I have been busy most of the time; but I find that hard work agrees with me better than loafing, so that, as a matter of fact, I am getting alarmingly stout, and fear I must soon take to football or dieting. Perhaps my condition is accounted for by the fact that I no longer have the exercise of running up and down the corridors of Budge Hall in the middle of the night.

During the summer I visited various Chautauqua Assemblies. A most pleasant feature of this Chautauqua work is that it affords one an opportunity to meet interesting people. One of the most conspicuous instances of this, last season, was my meeting with Gen. Ballington Booth of the "Volunteers." His name was familiar—so familiar, in fact, that I can easily believe the story of the New York policeman who, on the Civil Service examination, when asked who killed Lincoln, replied "Ballington Booth." I had the good fortune to meet the General very familiarly at the home of a common friend, and found him peculiarly affable and friendly. There is nothing about him suggestive of the "crank." He rather suggests what Chaucer called "a verray parfit, gentil knight." He is a poet of decided ability, and a really wonderful musician, playing on nearly every kind of instrument. He always carries with him a very fine accordion, which was made especially for him and has several unique features. It is called a German-Engilsh concertina, and is thought to be the finest instrument of the sort ever

made. He sometimes plays on this in public before or after giving an address. He told us that once when about to play, the presiding officer of the meeting asked him the name of his instrument. Gen. Booth whispered the name, but presently was almost paralyzed to hear the announcement that the audience would be favored with a selection on a remarkable instrument, called a German-English Concert Screamer.

The "Volunteers" are doing a wonderful work in the states prisons and penitentiaries of this country. They get hold of the men in prison; and when the convicts are released, provide temporary homes, and give the poor fellows a chance to get a fresh and honorable start in life. It strikes me as one of the most practically beneficent works of which I know. General Booth is certainly a splendid example of devoted, cultured manhood, and it was a great pleasure to meet him as I did. I only regretted that his wonderful wife, Maude Balington Booth, was not with him. She is in some ways even more remarkable than her gifted husband. I bespeak your interest in the "Volunteers." Do not confound them with the Salvation Army. They are an entirely separate organization.

Another well known man whom I met recently, and in whom you are all interested, is Ernest Thompson Seton, as he calls himself in private life. Many of us heard him lecture in Grand Forks last spring, and I am sure we were all delighted. It was recently my good fortune to meet him at a small dinner party in Chicago, and I assure you he is just as charming in private as in public. Mrs. Martha Foote Crow, now of Northwestern University, whom some of you recall as a visitor at the "U" a few years ago, and as the founder and patron saint of the Mulberry Club, was also at this dinner. *A propos* of her name, Mr. Seton

gravely told the following story:

Once there was a farmer who was greatly troubled by crows in his cornfield. Having failed to get rid of the pests by the ordinary method, he at last hit upon a new and ingenious scheme. Having soaked a large amount of corn in whiskey, he scattered it over his field, hoping that the crows, sickened or offended by the doctored grain, would leave his field alone in the future. What was his surprise a few hours later, on making a tour of investigation, to find that a company of thrifty birds had gathered up all the soaked corn in a heap, and were making a small fortune by selling it to their neighbors at the rate of one soaked kernel for two ordinary kernels!

This is supposed to be a true animal story; but I advise you all to keep very quiet about it. What would be the effect on the North Dakota corn crop if the *east side* crows should get hold of the idea next spring and start up a lively business with their friends on your side of the river? I fear that it would not only spoil the Dakota corn crop, but give a setback to the much needed movement toward diversified farming.

It happened that I was in Buffalo at the time of President McKinley's assassination. The excitement was very great, and strongly impressed me. Never before did I realize so keenly the kinship of all human hearts, and the power of a strong elemental human feeling to break down all the formalities of artificial society. The very air seemed vibrant with intense emotion. But all this has been described in every newspaper in the country, so I will pass it by to mention an incident which occurred the day before, and which interested and stirred me. On that day, as you will recall, the President gave an address, and participated in various other exercises. Among other things, he reviewed several



regiments of troops in the Stadium. I had a seat directly opposite the reviewing stand. As the troops marched by, the officers of course saluted the President, who stood at the front of the stand, and he returned the salute with a dignified bow and wave of the hand. But every time a color-bearer marched by, bearing the Stars and Stripes, off came the President's hat and off came also the hats of the Judges of the Supreme Court, and the various foreign ambassadors, who were the guests of honor. It was a simple thing; I presume it is a regular custom in military circles. But I had never noticed it before, and it made a deep impression on my mind. Men are worthy of our respect and admiration, but the flag which represents the greatness of our nation is entitled to even more reverence. In its presence the mightiest must do obeisance; the chiefs of the most powerful nations must uncover. I resolved to pay due respect to our national ensign in the future, and also to follow the growing custom of standing uncovered whenever *The Star Spangled Banner* is played or sung.

But I am talking too long. I must bring my rambling letter to a close by giving to *The Student* my hearty congratulations on its improved appearance and its excellent quality, and by sending to all my Dakota friends who chance to read these lines my sincere regards and good wishes.

Very truly yours,  
VERNON P. SQUIRES.

XXXXXX

### Letter from Miss Bride.

Ranchito del Laguna, Watsonville, Cal.,  
December 4th, 1901.

Some of *The Student* editors have asked me to write a letter describing the scenery of our new California home. I shall be happy if I can make you see,

even very dimly, the beauty that is about us which ever way we may turn.

Let me speak for a moment of the weather we are having. Although it is now December, we are wearing with greatest comfort, clothing that would be appropriate for June at home. No greater contrast can be imagined than a December in California and one in North Dakota. Here the grass is coming up fresh and green, and the flowers are blooming with no evident intention of departing for some time to come. I presume that almost everybody imagines (as I did) that, while the winters are unsurpassed in beauty, the summers are too warm for comfort, but never was there a greater mistake. Our summer days are all alike and consist of a slight fog in the morning, which is quickly melted by the rays of the sun; then follows a forenoon of pure, unadulterated sunshine, disturbed by not so much as the flutter of a leaf. About noon, or shortly after, we are charmed by an ocean breeze, which gently fans all Nature into a softly moving picture of brightness, and one cannot help feeling that it is good "just to be alive." No thought of a sudden shower, or thunder storms accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning, need occur to dampen the ardor of a seeker after pleasure in the open air, for showers are unheard of during the summer time. Some of my friends suggested that the "monotony of the sunshine" would grow wearisome, but I have discovered that that sort of monotony does not pall.

Some very amusing questions have been asked us concerning snow, and when people look askance at our prodigious tales of the drifts to be found in North Dakota, we produce some highly treasured kodak pictures taken during winters of heavy snow fall. They are silenced, but I am not sure that they are always convinced. It was only with an effort that we realized we were having

a genuine Thanksgiving Day when it came, for the day was at first warm, even balmy, and ended with a soft rainfall. They tell us that our Christmas Day will be even more pleasant, for it is nearly always full of sunshine with little prospect of rain.

The mountains look especially beautiful at this time of year. They vary in height from the gently swelling foothills to the highest and most rugged peaks in the Coast Range. Owing to the winter rains, the foliage is fresher and more abundant than it has been since our arrival, and it is interesting to note the variety of colors (too numerous to tell) that may be seen within a small radius, each one a contrast to the other, yet each in perfect harmony with the other.

Nothing is more delightful than to take a drive of twenty or thirty miles over one of the many mountain roads, especially to one unacquainted with California scenery, and to whom each mile brings some new surprise of beauty. One may see far above him a winding road that looks like a ribbon in its height, and immediately afterward have his attention diverted by the scene through which he is passing—there is always abundant material for such diversion, by the way. In a few minutes he is filled with wonder when he is told that he is now driving on the "ribbon" which has changed into a broad, well-traveled road. He will believe it only after he has looked down upon the way in which he has come and sees the orchards, the little white cottages and the patches of corn, now appearing very diminutive in the distance.

The roads are beautifully kept and, I think, bicycling will always be indulged in here. Driving, as well, seems to be a necessary part of existence, and a family that has not horses and carriage is very rare. Since coming here I have seen more fine horsemanship than I had imagined possible. Men and women alike are

at home in the saddle. This is especially true of the people of Spanish descent—they have beautiful horses and manage them well.

A charming scene is that in which the fog is dispelled by the rising sun. During the night the fog rolls up from the ocean and covers mountain and valley with billows of soft, white fleece. In the early morning nothing can be seen but this sea of whiteness, seething and heaving up and down in endless convolutions. But even as we look, the whole scene changes; the sun suddenly appears, forcing his way through the drifts, which melt away at his approach and roll back, disclosing a panorama of beauty not easy to describe. In contrast with their recent whiteness, the mountain peaks seem to take on a hue of deeper blue, as the shadows chase each other over their brow; the lake is glittering and sparkling at their base, and everything rejoices at the triumph of the sun. Nothing is seen of the fog but a filmy streak lying along some distant mountains, which, in a moment, is gone.

Just a word of the lakes about here: Our home stands but a few rods back from a "laguna" which, at all times, presents a most pleasing picture. This lake is seldom free from rowboats, while an occasional sailboat may be seen. Altogether the effect is most happy at any time of the day one may wish to look at the view.

I have just read over what I have written and look out upon what I have tried to describe. The effect is discouraging, for I find I have attempted the impossible and cannot put into words this wonderful presentation of Nature's handiwork. All that can be done is to "come and see."

*Laura J. Bride.*

xxxxxx

Don't forget to pay your subscription to *The Student*.

# THE STUDENT

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Everyone is counting the days until the last examination is over, the last book closed, and the trains are off for home. *The Student* wishes all a pleasant vacation, a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year. It is not without regret that we see the old year go—regret for some things done, and some that were left undone. And so, as we try to look out through the mists of the coming year, there is a longing to make it better than the one that is past. We talk of New Year resolutions, and rather laugh at them because they seem made but to be broken. But even if we do not keep them every day and all the time, are we not better for having had those nobler thoughts, for striving if only a while towards our ideals? The New Year res-

olution may be one of the rounds by which we climb to something better than we were before. It gives us a glimpse of what we might be if only we would.

xxxxxx

We are much pleased to have received a letter from Professor Squires, which is printed in another department.

xxxxxx

*The Student* acknowledges the receipt of a sample copy of "New Pieces That Will Take Prizes in Speaking Contests." The book consists of selections from noted authors: Eugene Field, Joel Chandler Harris, Robert Barr, Charles Dickens, Marietta Holley and many others. The pieces are compiled and arranged by Harriet Blackstone, and are specially adapted for use in High Schools and Colleges. Hinds and Noble, New York, are the publishers.

xxxxxx

*The Student* has also received a copy of "Pressed Flowers from the Holy Land" by Rev. Harvey B. Greene, B. D. The book contains 12 beautiful pressed flowers from Palestine.

xxxxxx

The last lecture of the term was given by Judge Amidon, December 14, in the parlor of Davis Hall. The subject was the "Attainment of Nationality." On looking back over the lectures given this term we can readily believe the statement made recently that Eastern Colleges are not better provided in regard to lectures than is the University of North Dakota.

xxxxxx

## The Day of Judgment.

The awful hour is near at hand; the day of measurement is slowly but surely approaching. The giddy "Prep.," the green Freshman and the dignified Senior

are all cramming, cramming, cramming!

There are many speculations as to the outcome of this awful event. It is the topic of conversation in the classroom, in the halls, at the table, and in the parlor. "Do you think you'll pass?" "Oh, I shall be so tickled if I *only* get 75," are common expressions, especially in Davis Hall.

Some of our instructors take great pleasure in telling us about this delightful day. No doubt, they have pleasant recollections of similar occasions in their own experience.

Soon begins the ordeal. Some of us will go to our classrooms with our brains overflowing with knowledge; perhaps a greater number will go with minds empty and void.

Let us hope that we shall be victorious. If we are in fear of failure, let this be our consolation: "While there is life there is hope."  
C. A. B.

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## Science.

### SOME AIMS AND OPPORTUNITIES OF BIOLOGY.

To economize energy and time in performing any definite work clearness of purpose is necessary. In view of this fact a concise statement of the aims and opportunities afforded by every subject of the curriculum would render material aid to all prospective and present students of the University. Instead of gaining clear conceptions of the purposes of all of his subjects many a student allows himself to drift through various courses. He seems to be satisfied if those courses only count toward the degree. This is deplorable, and would be impossible if student and instructor would emphasize the aims of every subject introduced into one's college course.

Believing that a definite conception of

the primary aims of all educational subjects tends to an economy and directness of effort, to keener interest and more satisfactory progress in all branches of learning, the science editor offers the following observations upon some of the aims and opportunities of biology.

The primary aims of biology are identical with those of education in general. There are three of these primary purposes: (1) to promote culture; (2) to acquire mental power; and (3) to equip one for his life's work. How biology shares these aims may not be self-evident. By way of illustration, how does the science of life promote culture? To answer this question we must first define culture. Shall we accept the statement of Matthew Arnold, that culture is "to know the best that has been thought and said in the world," or do you prefer Thomas Huxley's idea, that "perfect culture should supply a complete theory of life, based upon a clear knowledge alike of its possibilities and of its limitations?" There is a wide difference between these definitions. The first limits itself to the mere knowledge of the best that *has* been; the second specifies that the best that *has* been and *is* shall be assimilated and used. The first excludes while the second includes the services of the "science of life," in attaining culture.

President Elliott of Harvard University has been an earnest believer in the Huxley culture. He believes and has advocated that culture might be reached by more than one route. He recognized science as a very desirable avenue, because many minds traveled in it more easily, hence more quickly, than would otherwise be possible.

Since biology treats of life it should contribute to a "complete theory of life." It does this by affording information regarding the laws that control life. One division of biology traces the life history of a plant or of an animal, and shows

how its development is effected, through the operation of physical and chemical forces. Another department of this science offers information concerning the evolution, distribution, adoption and relationship of living matter. Another department treats the causes of disease and how those may be removed. Such in brief are some of the aims of biology in contributing to the culture of the race.

Biology attempts to develop mental power. This aim is realized in dealing with the countless problems connected with that perpetual miracle, how does lifeless matter become living, and *vice versa*? These problems demand concentration of mind and penetrating analytical power. They require keen observation and accurate, judicial reasoning. The subject matter is concrete and offers information first hand to the inquirer. Mere information contained in the text, if perchance one has been prepared upon that particular subject, does not suffice. Because of these conditions every true student of nature learns to reserve his conclusions until ascertained facts support them. He acquires a wise but not conceited independence of power, and skill to use it successfully. The life and labors of Darwin, Huxley, Pasteur, Agassiz, and all biological investigators, bear emphatic testimony to the foregoing statements.

To interpret correctly a portion of a book that has been read and a story that one has heard is very difficult. The trouble consists of inability to interpret the truth, not in articulating sounds. In biological work the printed text is supplemented by the living plant and the living animal. This makes the constant comparison of like characters, and constant contrast of unlike characters possible, until the truth of nature's story is perceived and interpreted. This comparative process results in a double acquisi-

tion—knowledge, and ability to use that knowledge.

Life is the most common and the most familiar subjective phenomenon known to us. It is attractive to the child and elicits countless questions, but the childhood whys are gradually crowded out, and forgotten because of the superficial demands of life. This results in closing the doors to some of the most important departments of information, repressing rather than encouraging inquiry and investigation. It is the aim of biology to correct this condition by inspiring one with the questioning spirit concerning life and its manifold variations in cell, and tissue, and organ, in causes and effects. The result of this inspiration is the development of power to know truth in the ever changing phases of all life phenomena.

Biological study is not only analytical, as it proceeds to disclose the structure of an organism, and reveal the relation of form to function—it is constructive as well. Beginning with the study of one celled form, it progresses to the examination of more complicated organisms, in this manner affording material for the construction of a theory of development of the widely varying plant and animal groups.

In a somewhat similar constructive manner is the development of a complex organism traced from its original one cell stage. This work of synthesis, or putting together, is an agent of importance in developing mental power. It aids in acquiring the ability to form comprehensive and correct views of all problems with which the student and citizen has to deal.

How the third aim of biology is attained is evident. If it teaches clearly the physiological laws and relation to environment, then he who conforms to those teachings must reach a higher physical

development and possess a higher level of working power in any sphere of life.

Prospective sanitary engineers, experimenters in agricultural sciences, teachers of nature and students of medicine must find great assistance in securing equipment for the chosen work.

Prof. Huxley has stated clearly the relations of biology to medicine. With certain modifications these remarks show the interrelation of biology to hygiene, agricultural sciences, and investigations of nature herself. He says:

It appears to me that there is no more hopeful indication of the progress of medicine towards the ideal of Descartes, "the body of a living man is a machine, the actions of which are explicable by the laws of matter and motion"—than is to be derived from a comparison of the state of pharmacology, at the present day, with that which existed forty years ago. If we consider the knowledge positively acquired, in this short time, of the modus operandi of man, of atropia, of physostigmin, of veratria, of casca, of strychnia, of bromide of potassium, of phosphorus, there can surely be no ground for doubting that, sooner or later, the pharmacologist will supply the physician with the means of affecting, in any desired sense, the functions of any physiological element of the body. It will, in short, become possible to introduce into the economy a molecule mechanism which, like a very cunningly-contrived torpedo, will find its way to some particular group of living elements, and cause an explosion among them, leaving the rest untouched.

The search for the explanation of diseased states in modified cell-life; the discovery of the important part played by parasitic organisms in the etiology of disease; the elucidation of the action of medicaments by the methods and the data of experimental physiology; appear to me to be the greatest steps which have

ever been made towards the establishment of medicine on a scientific basis. I need hardly say they could not have been made except for the advance of normal biology.

There can be no question, then, as to the nature or the value of the connection between medicine and the biological sciences. There can be no doubt that the future of pathology and of therapeutics, and, therefore, that of practical medicine, depends upon the extent to which those who occupy themselves with these subjects are trained in the methods and impregnated with the fundamental truths of biology.

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## Athletics.

When we returned from Minneapolis we considered the football season ended as far as the U. S. D. was concerned. Nothing had been heard from Mitchell for over two weeks, and we came to the conclusion that the S. D. people had given up the idea of a game on Thanksgiving Day. As a consequence, our team went out of training, and when about a week before we were obliged to start, word was received that we were expected to meet the champions of South Dakota at Mitchell on the 28th of November, very little time was left in which to get the team into playing condition.

Though a number of our players were opposed to the trip, all felt that we could not refuse to go without breaking faith with our sister institution, and we at once went to work to get into shape for the game.

On Tuesday evening, Nov. 26, fifteen men of the "Varsity" squad, accompanied by Manager Blair, left for South Dakota. The trip to Mitchell was without particular incident, the boys enjoying themselves as only football boys can. Nothing

occurred to mar the pleasure of the journey, and though the Jewell of our team is supposed to have lost his heart and incidentally his best cap somewhere near Granite Falls, the "heart part" of the story is doubted by a few of the boys.

We arrived in Mitchell late Wednesday evening, and were enthusiastically welcomed by a large crowd of Mitchell "rooters," who in "yelling" terms, prophesied our downfall on the following day.

In Mitchell the excitement over the game was intense. Football seemed to be the one topic of conversation, and the chances of the home team's winning were eagerly discussed. All remembered our victory of two years ago, when we defeated Mitchell by the score of 40 to 0, and were eager to see that disgrace wiped out.

The following account of the game is taken from a South Dakota paper, and is substantially correct, except as to the weight of the North Dakota team, which averaged 165 pounds, instead of 180 pounds.

The first touch-down for Mitchell was made on a "forward," instead of by a "double" pass, and should not have been allowed.

#### ACCOUNT OF THE GAME.

MITCHELL, Nov. 29.—[Special to the Argus-Leader.]—The game of football played here Thanksgiving day between the teams representing the University of North Dakota and Dakota University of Mitchell was won by Mitchell, score being: Mitchell 27, Grand Forks 0.

The game was hard fought from start to finish, both sides contesting every inch of ground. Mitchell's superior team work, however, manifested itself and resulted in the score above indicated.

The weights of the teams were practically the same, Grand Forks averaging 180 and Mitchell 183 [see note]. The

game was witnessed by over 1,000 people. It was called promptly at 3 p. m. Grand Forks won the toss and chose the south goal. Mitchell kicked to Grand Forks' five yard line, ball was returned to Grand Forks' twenty yard line, and was lost to Mitchell on downs. Mitchell's ball on Grand Forks' twenty-five yard line. On line bucks ball was advanced five yards by double pass from Hardy to Nelson; ball was carried across the line for downs in just two minutes of play.

Grand Forks kicked to Mitchell's five yard line, ball was returned to Mitchell's thirty-five yard line, and by continued bucks and end runs the ball was advanced to Grand Forks' thirty-five yard line and lost on downs.

Grand Forks advanced the ball to Mitchell's forty yard line, and was held for downs. Mitchell advanced ball six yards in two downs, and punted to Grand Forks' fifteen yard line. Grand Forks returned the punt to Mitchell's thirty-five yard line, Mitchell advanced ball to Grand Forks' forty yard line, and lost ball on downs.

By series of rushes by Flanagan Grand Forks succeeded in pushing ball to Mitchell's fifteen yard line and there were held for downs. Hardy punted to Grand Forks' twenty yard line. Grand Forks lost to Mitchell on their thirty yard line.

By a series of end runs, Mitchell advanced ball and sent it across goal for another touchdown.

First half ended, Mitchell 11, Grand Forks 0.

Second half, Grand Forks kicked out of bounds, ball was returned to center of field, and again Grand Forks kicked out of bounds and ball went to Mitchell, and Mitchell kicked to Grand Forks' ten yard line, Grand Forks returning the ball to Mitchell's thirty-five yard line, where they were held for downs.

By a series of line bucks and end runs

Mitchell succeeded in placing ball over goal line for touchdown after eight minutes play.

Grand Forks advanced to Mitchell's fifteen yard line, Kingsbury returned the ball to Mitchell's fifty yard line, Mitchell forced the ball to Grand Forks' thirty yard line and were held for downs.

Grand Forks returned the ball ten yards and were held for downs. Here occurred the longest run of the game. Nelson skirted Grand Forks' end for a run of thirty-five yards. Mitchell scored another touchdown in eight minutes of play, making the score, Mitchell 21, Grand Forks 0.

Grand Forks kicked to Mitchell, returned ball to their forty yard line, and by successive line bucks and end runs crossed Grand Forks' goal for their last touchdown just forty-five seconds before the whistle blew for time. Score: Mitchell, 27; Grand Forks, 0.

R. R. Bodle and J. E. Blair officiated. Wilcox and Douthit, timekeepers. T. Graham, line man. Time of halves, thirty minutes.

The line up of the teams was as follows:

*Mitchell*—Gerkins, c; Levings, rg.; Weeks, lg.; Williams, rt.; Smith, lt.; Baker, re.; Nelson, le.; Hardy, rh.; Johnson, lh.; Kingsbury, fb.; Cropp, qr.

*Grand Forks*—Harlodson, c.; Lemke, rg.; Robinson, lg.; Wardrope, rt.; Hancock, lt.; Frazier, re.; Pease, le.; Wilcox, rh.; Fitzmaurice, lh.; Flannigan, fb.; Skuleson, qr.

*Substitutes*—Mitchell: Natt, Oliphant and Gregory. Grand Forks: Jennings, Moran, Baker, Jewell.

With the exception of Minnesota, the Mitchell team is by far the strongest team we have met in the last three years. It has not been beaten since our team defeated it in '99, and has been scored against only once this year. The men who compose it are heavy, active, know

how the game should be played, and get into every play with speed and energy.

Our men played the pluckiest game they have played this year, but the greatly superior weight of the South Dakota men put them at a decided disadvantage. The lack of practice was very much against our boys also, as was shown by their frequent and costly fumbles, which alone prevented us from scoring.

We were fairly beaten, however. The Mitchell team played a splendid game and won by straight, hard football. Our only complaint is that Cropp, the Mitchell coach, was allowed to play with his team—a proceeding which was against the rules of amateur athletics.

The courtesy shown us by the Mitchell people is worthy of comment. Throughout our stay in their town we received the kindest possible treatment, not only from the students of the University, but from the citizens of the town as well. The evening after the game we were taken to the theatre as the guests of our conquerors, and during the evening the Athletic Manager of Dakota University came upon the stage and said many pleasant things concerning our team. After the theatre the majority of our men attended a social dance given in our honor by the "four hundred" of Mitchell society, where they spent a very pleasant evening.

Though we were beaten, we are glad to have met the football team of Dakota University, and every man that fought for the pink and green on Thanksgiving Day hopes that next year we may have the pleasure of meeting the same team on our own grounds. Not only that we may win back our lost laurels, but that we may repay some of the kindness shown to us.

The past season was far from being a successful one as far as the U. was concerned. But this year we have learned a few lessons which will not soon be



forgotten, and which will be useful to us in the years to come. Already our students are looking eagerly forward to next year, determined to wipe out the disgraces of '90 and '91, and to place the U. N. D. football team in a position second to no team in this section of our country.

One of the most encouraging features of the past season was the loyalty of our students to their team. Notwithstanding our defeats, not one word of reproach or discontent was heard either from a member of the faculty or from a student. To the very last we received the enthusiastic support of everyone connected with the University. This is the proper spirit and it is the spirit which will give us a winning team next year.

Though our team failed to win the most important games of the season, none of the blame for the defeats can rest with Manager Blair. Throughout the season he was untiring in his efforts to make the team a winning one. Notwithstanding his numerous duties in connection with the Law School, hardly an evening passed but what he was out coaching the boys and urging them on to greater efforts. On our trips, by his courtesy and ability he gained the esteem and friendship of every man on the team, while his kindness to Mr. Ward when "Innis" was suffering from his broken leg will long be gratefully remembered by the students of the U. N. D.

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### Exchanges.

A lawyer at Stratford, Ont., whose sign read "A. Swindle," was advised by a friend to have his first name spelled out in full—Arthur or Andrew, or whatever the case might be. He didn't follow the advice, however. His first name is Adam.

"THE TIRED STUDENT'S IDEAL WORLD."

"Tell me, ye winged winds,  
That round my pathway roar,  
Do you not know some spot  
Where students fail no more?  
Some lone and pleasant dell,  
Some valley in the west,  
Where free from toil and care,  
The weary "pupe" may rest?  
The wild winds dwindled to a whisper low,  
And whispered for pity as they answered,  
No!"

The following lively conceit occurs in the local columns of the *Kalamazoo* (Mich.) *Index*. It was written by a girl of the Sophomore class and left where Professor Squires could get hold of it. The "star" referred to is not of the "shooting" variety.

"I shan't have any one unless he has money, likes horses and driving, dancing, ice boating, owns a summer cottage at some lake resort, enjoys traveling, and—must be good looking." This girl certainly is trying to "hitch her" little "wagon" to "a star."

The young ladies of Hamline College are highly wrought up over the fact that no dormitory for young men exists there, and give vent to their lament in an editorial in this month's *Oracle*. The writer, however, timidly suggests that this deprivation of female society might teach the boys the virtue of self reliance. Let us hope so.

The following, if true, is too good to be suppressed:

One of the freshmen girls has a founness for the expletive, "O, forevermore!" The other day while skating, she collided with a tall junior boy and as she sank into his arms she gave vent to her emotions by using her favorite expression, but as he was a bashful youth, he said he wasn't prepared for eternity just yet.—*Oracle*.

## VERY COOL HEADED.

*Left Halfback*—That man Punter, the fullback, never lost his head in a game of football yet, did he?

*Right Halfback* (a joker)—No, I think not. He's lost an ear, part of his nose, five teeth; but I don't remember ever hearing of him losing his head.

The seven richest colleges in America, with their endowments, are: Girard, \$15,250,000; Leland Sanford, Jr., \$13,500,000; Harvard, \$10,000,000; Columbia, \$9,500,000; Cornell, \$8,000,000; Chicago, \$6,500,000; Yale, \$4,200,000.

On the present roll of the Carlisle Indian School there are 1218 students, representing 76 tribes in all.—*Ex.*

## TWENTIETH CENTURY ELOPEMENT.

The coatless man puts a careless arm  
 'Round the waist of the hatless girl,  
 As over the dustless and mudless roads  
 In a horseless carriage they whirl,  
 Like a leadless bullet from a hammerless gun,  
 By smokeless powder driven,  
 They fly to taste the speechless joy  
 By endless union given.  
 Though the only lunch his coinless purse  
 Affords to them the means  
 Is a tasteless meal of boneless cod,  
 With a side of stringless beans,  
 He puffs a tobaccoless cigarette,  
 And laughs a mirthless laugh  
 When pap tries to coax her back  
 By wireless telegraph.

*Blue and Gold* of Fargo College was full of good things this month. Among other things was an article on "How We Did the 'Varsity"—also "How We Were Done on Divers Other Occasions." When the balm of victory comes to allay the sting of defeat, it is not so bad, and Fargo did well on the gridiron this fall.

The *Penn* (Iowa) *Chronicle* has an interesting article on "Falstaff," one of Shakespeare's famous characters, which is worth while reading.

The approach of Christmas seems to have roused the muses haunting the pages of our sister publications to new activity.

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**Normal Items.**

Miss Clara Olsen, class of '99, is teaching at Bathgate.

Miss Ruby Rutledge, class of '99, is again teaching at Cando.

Misses Etta Greenberg and Lulu Byrne, both of the class of '90, are teaching in Grand Forks.

Miss Clara Feiring, class of '99, will attend the superintendents' division of the State Association in January.

The Practice Department will be opened in the winter term for the benefit of those who wish to review the commo. branches.

The University is to be congratulated on having secured the services of Mrs. Cooley as critic teacher. Mrs. Cooley has had a wide experience in this line of work as supervisor of Primary work in the Minneapolis schools.

We are sorry to learn that Miss Anna Weiss of the Junior Normal class, does not expect to be with us this year. Miss Weiss was detained at home the fall term by the illness of her sister and two brothers, who were sick with typhoid fever. We hope Miss Weiss will be back next year.

Miss Emma Weiss, class of '99 is teaching the home school at Crystal.

Miss Maud Daily of the Junior class has discontinued her work at the University on account of ill health. She expects to go to California to spend the winter.

Those who will teach in the Practice

Department are: Miss Elizabeth Cunningham, Miss Virginia Anderson, Miss Agnes Skundberg, Miss Blanche Wehe, Miss Nellie Smith, Miss Francis Wager, Miss Eda Thompson, Miss Edith Fiero, Miss Hilda Feiring, Mr. Stephen Nason, and Mr. Robert Muir.

We are indebted to Prof. Kennedy for the following article on:

#### TELLING VS. TEACHING.

There is probably no greater evil in the school room than telling on the part of the teacher. One great purpose, if not the greatest, of the recitation period is to give the learner a chance, an opportunity to express himself, and yet teachers go on telling, telling, telling, while the learners sit passively in their seats. Teaching is causing another to learn; but activity, experience, and not passivity,—letting things in one ear and out the other—is the best means, the best course of the mental process and change which we call education.

Telling becomes such an inveterate habit with some teachers that they proceed to answer their own questions after the least hesitation or at the slightest stumbling on the part of the pupil. It is, however, a law, as stable and uniform as human nature, that the more of the recitation the teacher does the less the pupils will prepare to do.

This vicious habit (for such we must designate it), like that of drinking, has, nevertheless, its origin and development in a kind heart. The true teacher has large sympathies; to see pupils in the throes of a recitation pains him also, and he feels a strong altruistic impulse to lend a helping tongue, and so the habit grows on him little by little and unawares until instead of being a help to true education he is a veritable stumbling block. He forgets that the teacher's face should be expressionless while the pupil is trying to bring order out of chaos and to

express this order in well-chosen words; he forgets that under such circumstances he "must be cruel only to be kind;" he forgets that then the pupils should be allowed to sink or swim, rise or fall, survive or perish. At West Point a student's recitation is discounted if the teacher has to ask a question in order to render the explanation complete.

There is a story of a boy who, in order to be kind to his pet squirrel, cracked all the nuts for it; but the consequence was that the poor squirrel's front teeth grew to so great a length for want of use that it died of hunger, being unable to provide for itself when thrown upon its own resources. Nature intended exercise to be her great means of proper development.

Some one has said that the best lesson one of his old teachers ever taught him was to *untie* knots. It is a difficult and tedious thing, at times, to untie knots, but in problems of any kind it gives *insight* and *relations*. It is the easiest way to cut a knot and have done with it, but it gives none of that habit of procedure needed in solving the problems that life is constantly placing in our path. Telling is merely cutting knots.

I would call the attention of the practice teachers during the coming term to the injustice done students if they themselves be not given the opportunity of expressing their thoughts. I would also say that in your teaching life, after you leave the University, eternal vigilance will be the price of freedom from this enslaving habit. It becomes easier for a teacher to talk than to listen in his classroom.

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### Local Items.

Exams! Exams! Exams!  
Snow! Skating! Sleighing!  
I—d—a. Hancock over!

Cheer up! Percy—it may not be true.

Ask Professor B. if Mr. H. ever snores.

Say! have you seen those football pictures?

Ask Thompson what became of the sofa pillow.

Mr. Wardwell recently spent several days at his home in Pembina.

On Thanksgiving John Coulter entertained several University boys for dinner.

Drop a nickle in the slot and hear Professor Macnie's new phonograph. Only ten cents an hour.

*Prof. C.* (in Mathematics II.)—How much is  $2 \times 2 \times 2$ .

*Mr. W.* (absently)—Six.

Why that photograph on the bulletin board of the youthful candidate for success?

Who saw Flanagan and Jewell at the Burgomaster? They both say they enjoyed the play immensely.

While in Sioux Falls Mr. Haroldson and Mr. Lemke visited their friends at the penitentiary.

As there were no weighing machines in Willmar, Mr. F. was obliged to patronize the gum machines.

There is a certain young lady of Davis Hall who has a reputation for bravery. At any rate, she certainly has Sand.

We should like to know why Coulter is always looking forward so anxiously to those Saturday evening receptions.

A certain student in German is authority for the following frothy conjunction: Ich Schlitz; du Pabst; er Ham.

Alas! alas! those horrible exams! laden with thoughts of midnight oil, hasty reviews and subsequent encores!

Mr. William Oscar Atwood and Miss Florence Baptie spent Thanksgiving in Larimore, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ensign.

Mr. Burgett, of the class of '01, recently spent a few days at the University while on his way to Illinois to visit friends.

*Captain F.* (ordering dinner at hotel in Mitchell)—Please bring me everything except cocoa.

*Mr. M.*—I'll take the same.

Miss Rose Wagoner has again returned to the University, after having spent the summer in wielding the birch over the young hopefuls in a school near Grafton.

It was rumored that Mr. A. intended to enter the oratorical contest, but decided not to, as he feared he could not secure the a-Ward without fighting a Duel(1).

Miss Maud Daily has not returned since Thanksgiving, and is reported to be quite ill at her home in Minto. Her many friends sincerely hope for her speedy recovery, and that she soon may be able to resume her studies.

At last the exterior of the new Science Hall is finished, and the building is one of which any university might well be proud. Hereafter, those interested in the sciences can not say that they do not receive their due share of attention.

After that anti-cigarette lecture we no longer expect to see suggestive brown stains on forefingers of certain degenerate young men, who are not blessed with the restraining regulations of Budge Hall.

The Christmas vacation will be longer than it has been heretofore—almost three weeks. That time should be sufficiently long for every one to be thoroughly recuperated in mind and body, so as to take up the work again with renewed vigor.

The reception given by the Adelphi to her sister societies, the A. D. T. and the Per Gradus, was in every way a complete success. After an excellent program consisting of speeches and music, both vocal and instrumental, refreshments were served. The right good will of all present did much to strengthen the bonds of friendship which already united the societies.

Those of the students who attended the liquid air entertainment certainly enjoyed an interesting lecture and a number of wonderful experiments. To see cranberries frozen at a temperature of nearly 300 degrees below zero in the same vessel with steel burning at a temperature of about 3200 degrees above zero, is a sight not soon to be forgotten.

On Saturday evening, Dec. 7, was rendered in the parlors of Davis Hall an entertaining temperance program. The debate on the canteen question was won by Mr. Arthur McLane and Mr. Guy Wylie, the decision being contrary to the canteen. The program was varied by speeches, recitations, and music by the Glee Club and by the orchestra.

At last the students living in Budge Hall have been left to the tender mercies of home rule. We suppose the reason for this to be that it is felt that their case is so absolutely hopeless that it would be simply a waste of time and patience for any professor to trouble his mind and lose his sleep on their account.

It is said that Professor Lauder broke one of the legs of the piano stool in rendering some of his mighty octaves. We suppose this to be a parallel example to the broken violin strings of which we have all heard. Or possibly the stool was roused up to such a high pitch of musical enthusiasm that it could contain itself no longer, and simply snapped in the intensity of its emotions.

A new time system, known as the

Program System, is soon to be introduced into all the University buildings. Electric bells will be placed in each room to ring at the beginning and end of each period. They will be regulated by one large clock. This plan will save much confusion, and incidentally will also save Lykken from the annoyance caused by the pranks of certain light-minded individuals, who think it a joke to steal the bell-rope.

The piano recitals and lectures given by Professor Waugh Lauder have been well attended, showing the deep interest taken by the students in true art. Professor Lauder is certainly a remarkable musician, and an artist of the highest order. That our young people are able to appreciate Professor Lauder's entertainments is truly a good sign. A person who cannot appreciate the music of the great masters loses a great deal of the sweetest and best in life. True music is written, not to be pleasing to the senses, but to be understood by the intellect.

Saturday evening, Nov. 30, was Eugene Field night. The program consisted principally of stories and facts about Mr. Field, and of poems by him. The spacious parlors of Davis Hall were suitably decorated for the occasion, and all present spent a delightful evening. The following program was well rendered and well received:

1. Music.....U. N. D. Mandolin Club
2. Personal Recollections of Mr. Field.....  
.....President Merrifield
3. Story of "Werewolf".....Mr. Johnson
4. Duet—"Pittipat and Tippitoe,".....  
Miss Rosella Johnson and Miss Mabel  
Kingsbury.
5. "Seein' Things and Jes' Fore Christmas"  
.....Miss Anna Walker
6. "Bench Legged Fyce" and "Our Whip-  
pins".....Mr. Butterwick
7. "Providence and the Dog" and "Mr. Bill-  
ings of Louisville".....Mr. Johnson
8. Solo—"Little Boy Blue".....  
.....Miss Beulah McGlinch
9. "Gettin' On".....Mr. Johnson
10. "Soldier's Farewell".....Glee Club

**Nonsense Column.**

Olie, Olie, Olie, did you hear the song  
 By Adelphi boys both short and long?  
 How their knees did shake  
 And their jaws did ache!  
 How the audience did quake  
 At this great awful fake!

XXXXXXXX

I know a tiny, weeny boy  
 Who is a "Cottage" girl's great joy.  
 He's taking "Norsky," so they say,  
 And by her aid can read each day.  
 In chapel any fine P. M.  
 You're almost sure to pop on 'em.  
 He looks askance and she is shy,  
 She blushes red; he winks his eye—  
 A sign it is they're not quite through  
 A conjugating "elsker du."



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  - Train 8—For Crookston, Ada, Barnesville, Fergus Falls, St. Paul, Minneapolis, lv. 8:05 p.m.
  - Train 9—For Ardoch, Minto, Grafton, Neche, Winnipeg, leaves..... 8:00 a.m.
  - Train 10—For Hillsboro, Fargo, Wahpeton, Aberdeen, Ellendale, Huron, Yankton, Sioux Falls, Sioux City, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Chicago, leaves..... 8:00 p.m.
  - Train 13—For Crookston, Warren, St. Vincent, Thief River Falls, Red Lake Falls, Fosston, Bemidji, Cass Lake, West Superior, Duluth, Toronto, Montreal, Boston, New York, leaves..... 8:00 a.m.
  - Train 14—From Duluth, Cass Lake, Crookston, arrives..... 5:35 p.m.  
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