

The Dakota Collegian

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THE DAKOTA COLLEGIAN.

A monthly paper published by the students of the Dakota Agricultural College.

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It seems that the spring term is the most wide-awake one of the year. Not that we have been asleep at all, for we hold that there may be degrees of wide-awakeness without approaching drowsiness; but in the number of pleasant events like the Mayparty, the Arbor-day picnic, and the sophomore-freshman contest is evinced a growing improvement in sociability and mutual acquaintance which comes naturally from the length of time that the students have been together. Nor can it be said that these events have interfered particularly with class work. They have been scattered through the term like little oases at which we might refresh ourselves for the farther journey. Of course, it is quite easy for students to give themselves up too much to relaxation as warm weather approaches, and the tendency in this direction must be overcome; but it is equally possible for students to tie themselves down to their studies too much. Let us try to find the golden mean.

THE bulletin just received of the Iowa agricultural college experiments represents one of the important lines of work before this institution. The bulletin contains full reports on the progress and results in a series of experiments embracing grasses, vegetables, etc., with many valuable observations on other subjects of interest on the farm. If these reports are interesting and valuable in Iowa, why would they not be more so in Dakota, where the country is so new that very little of this kind of work has been done?

No doubt the experimental station will be an important medium in the improvement of agriculture in the territory. The work in this line for the present year is necessarily somewhat limited, but next year the farm will be much larger and the work will probably extended correspondingly.

The fact is, Dakota needs a more intelligent system of farming. There is too much of a tendency to run into the rut of continual wheat raising, which is sure to end disastrous if followed very long. We expect to see a considerable change in this respect before many years have passed.

THE Athenian Society has shown its progressive spirit by arranging for a lecture by Belva Lockwood. Unfortunately, however, the arrangement fell through. From present appearance we can see no reason why the D. A. C. cannot have a lecture course next year as well as any college. Such a desirable end is worth working and planning for. The value of a good course of lectures is unquestioned.

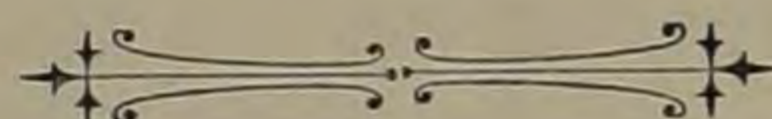
WE propose to issue next month a commencement edition of the COLLEGIAN which we wish to circulate more extensively than the previous numbers. The business manager will take orders for extra copies of it, and it will be desirable to know as early as possible how many will be needed. Should support justify it, we may issue sixteen pages instead of twelve.

THE celebration of Arbor Day in the college was original and pleasant. The students and faculty took a picnic to the Sioux river, and two large trees were successfully transplanted from thence to the college grounds to commemorate the day. It was remarked that Governor Church selected the very best day possible for the purpose. Everything was propitious, and the pleasure of the occasion was not marred in any way. It is indeed an appropriate thing in this prairie country to devote a holiday to the important work of tree planting. Blessings on the man who invented Arbor Day!

A CELEBRATION will be held in St. Paul on the approaching Fourth of July in honor of the centennial of the act of congress creating a "Northwest Territory" out of all that part of the United States lying north and west of the Ohio river. This act became a law July 13, 1787. Although Dakota is outside that territory, and did not become a part of the national domain till 1803, this centennial is of some interest to us, as calling vividly to mind the change wrought in a century. The intention is to invite to the celebration the governors of all the states which were included in the old "Northwest Territory" together with other eminent men of national repute. An oration befitting the occasion will be pronounced by one of the foremost men of the country.

STUDENT labor is in greater demand this term than last. There are plenty of opportunities for any student to work who is disposed to do so. Several are demonstrating the practicability of working their way without assistance.

A serious oversight was made last month in neglecting to change the names of the staff. The correct list appears this time. Three members were obliged to be absent this term so the change was necessary, and should have been mentioned in our April issue.



So the fiat went forth,
 And our wish doth so decree;—
 "Plant this land so dreary,
 Deck it with shrub and tree!"
 Ye sons from the Ultima Thule,
 From the Ural to over the Rhine,
 From the isles of the oak and the yew,
 From many a far away clime.
 Plant ye these prairies so drear,
 With woodland and shady haunts
 Where poets may walk and sages talk
 And youth think grander thoughts.
 There's a tale in the brave old tree,
 That moulds our thoughts and will;
 There's a touch heroic in his grand, old
 form,
 That makes the stout heart thrill.
 There's a tale in the brave old tree,
 As he faces the howling blast;
 "Oh howl and rage as you will,
 I am firm and fast!"
 There he will stand a tree old friend,
 To love him as naught but meet;
 He's a shelter sure from winter's cold,
 He's a guard from summer's heat.
 He's a finger of the grander power,
 Ever pointing upwards higher;
 Bringing to our mind the sweeter thought,
 To our hearts the broad desire.
 Let the leaves of his swinging boughs,
 Give a record of your deeds;
 Tell how you lived for a better time,
 And thought for another's needs.

Then plant for the sake of the old;
 Plant for your love for your child;
 Enrich with woodland and bower,
 Your prairies so broad and so wild!

And under the trysting tree,
 Shall gather the old men grey;
 And tell as brave tales of old,
 What thrills toroughs our hearts to-day.

Of those who first trod the unknown west,
 With a dauntless free-born air;
 Who laughed in the face of grim old death,
 And never knew dark despair.

Who left friend and home and all so dear,
 With a smile at the redman's knife;
 Who with strength of mind and hand and
 heart,
 Made the prairies leap with life.

Of those who broke the virgin sod,
 And made the drear earth bloom;
 And left a reminder grander far,
 Than a gilded marble tomb.

They work for self and they work for more,
 Who do their work aright;
 And heaven discard the niggardly soul,
 Who grudges to do what he might.

Then plant! plant! plant!
 Plant, both young and old!
 Make this prairie a home,
 Of which wonderous things shall be told!

—o—
PIONEER DAYS.

In the year of '83,
 Just five years ago this fall,
 Work at the D. A. C. began,
 However, with hammer and saw.
 Laborers were busy from morn till eve,
 Planing and planning and scolding.
 "No rest for the weary," we heard one com-
 plain
 As he fitted a piece of moulding.
 Hastening always were these men,
 Doing all their work by force,
 Very anxious were they all
 To get through their "college course."
 When at last they went away,
 Uncompleted still their task;
 Leaving us three finished rooms,
 Though for more we did not ask.

These three that they left to us
 Were, room A across the hall,
 And the two west music rooms,
 These sufficed us through the fall.

On our first assemblage there
 We were only twenty-four.
 But we did not feel discouraged
 Knowing that there would be more.

In the first term of our schooling,
 Everything was bright and gay,
 For, were we not gaining knowledge,
 Which is lost not in a day?

But the next term came in winter,
 Jack Frost played his part well,
 Blizzard came and found us shivering,
 Left us so, and always will.

Sat we there and shook and shuddered,
 Quivered as a leaf,
 Knowing if we left the stove once,
 We would surely come to grief.

At the opening of the next term
 Ready were all for work,
 All of us were nicely thawed out,
 None of us were known to shirk.

In the year of '85
 Back the laborers came again,
 Not the students but the workmen,
 Ready to complete the plan.

Worked they busy though the summer,
 Faithful were they to the last,
 Still their work was left unfinished,
 Still an uncompleted task.

In the fall term we were merry;
 In the winter sat we there,
 Caring naught for roaring blizzards,
 Heat we had and some to spare.

Great things have the workmen promised,
 When again they shall come back,
 Wondrous things shall be accomplished,
 Nothing shall the college lack.

Then success to this stately college;
 Long may she live as a shining light,
 Guiding the ignorant into knowledge
 Turning their darkness into light.

COB HOUSES.

Who among us has not watched little children dressed in pinafores, carrying a small basket, toddling about the yard, gathering cobs? They roam about here and there picking them up. Some, intent only on getting enough, take them just as they come; the dirty cobs and the crooked cobs, the white cobs and the red cobs, the whole cobs and the broken cobs. Others will pick their way daintily through the yard, picking up a cob now and then, passing by the soiled ones and the broken ones, taking nothing but the fair white ones. Others take the straight ones, while for others the crooked cobs seem to have a fascination. Material gathered, they look about for a building spot. This is by some selected with great care. The building commences. The corner stone, so to speak, is laid, and now note the difference. The ones who have selected the straight cobs find no difficulty in building and their house is soon completed. Those who have taken them just as they come, the blackened, the crooked and the hollow cobs, have more trouble. The house will not stand. It has a tendency to topple over, and frequently is not rebuilt. The ones who have selected the white cobs, have a house remarkable for beauty. But the white cobs are not all solid. They have taken these because they were fair to look upon, but the corner cob (though smooth and white) is hollow. The house has not a good foundation, and the lightest breeze will blow it over. The ones who have chosen the solid cobs, unsightly though some may be yet firm in texture, find that they have the hardest work of all. But, "Perseverant is the secret of success". These builders toil and toil, and at last their house is completed. Though they have had the roughest material to work with, it has all been solid; and their houses stand a model of strength.

These days have passed away. We take up our school books. The happiest time of our life begins. Here we gather material for the building, which will require a lifetime to complete. The cobs of learning are gathered, not aimlessly as in our childhood, but with a fixed purpose. We first take up, the common branches; which are to be the corner stones of our structures. On this depends the success of our building. Some, as in their first houses, aim only for beauty, and the cobs possessing solidity are passed over lightly; only those that are ornamental are chosen. Mistaken idea! That house has not a solid base and will soon crumble. Mathematics are cobs containing some crookedness but also, much strength and durability and are very necessary to the foundation.

How difficult it is to rear this superstructure can only be learned by experience in the schools of architecture. But "Patience will bring a timely reward". If this building is to be beautiful, and symmetrical, in all its proportions. Much time must be spent in gathering cobs from the fields of the ancient classics, from the realms of science, and from the worlds of art and literature.

The allotted time for collecting our material is over. The gathering time, our college days, is ended. We start forth upon the journey of life, with the material we have been gathering so many years. Now comes the time when we must wisely choose our building spots. Some prefer large cities. Others wander to foreign lands, far from the scenes of their childhood; and still others, seek the western wilds. Soon that class that gathered their cobs so near each other are widely separated. Some build upon literary ground, and as authors, rear a structure renowned for beauty and wisdom; others choose to build in the fields of politics. And there a few rear structures of grand statesman-

ship. While alas! Many build with the blackened cobs of fraud, the hollow cobs of selfish ambition, and the crooked cobs of intrigue. Thus rearing a structure that will topple before the tests of time. Others choose different spheres and so on, in the numerous paths of life. We are erecting buildings that will either stand or fall, according to our skill in the use of the cobs we have gathered. These bright days of our youth are the gathering time. Every thought of the intellect, every emotion of the heart, every word of the tongue, every principal we adopt, every act performed, is a cob, which will mar or perfect, the character we are building.

Let us, who, for the past few months, have been gathering our cobs within these college walls, remember we can repay the debt of gratitude we owe our parents, only by gathering the white cobs of virtue, the solid cobs of morality, and the perfect cobs of religion.

Each man makes his own statue and builds himself. Let us endeavor to build so our structure will stand the storms of life. In a few months or years, we will leave these halls and become scattered throughout the world, seeking our building spot.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show,
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our todays and yesterdays,
Are the *cobs* with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these,
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen,
Make the house where God may dwell,
Beautiful, entire and clean.

COURTSHIP IN JAPAN.

I am indebted to Isabella Bird for my information upon this subject.

Writing an essay about courtship in Japan is like writing about frogs and snakes in Ireland.

It is said that a Japanese man and woman were once left on an island. This island was to be their continent. Thinking that something must be done, they separated man to the left and woman to the right, intending to make a journey around the island. On meeting, the woman spoke first, saying, "how joyful to meet a lovely man."

This offended the man because the woman had spoken first. They agreed to make another journey around the island as before. On meeting the man spoke first, saying "how joyful to meet a lovely woman."

They were therefore the first couple, and this was the beginning of the art of love. We are told that "small beginnings make great endings."

Perhaps you think there is a great amount of love affairs carried on by the young Japanese, but when I tell you that it is conducted by their parents, no doubt you will feel sorry for them, as I really do.

Marriages are managed by the friends of both parties, while great ingenuity is exercised to make their plans successful. Still youthful affections do not always run in the prescribed channel. An attractive girl, in spite of her seclusion in her father's house, is sure to have many lovers, and the suicides committed by the disappointed prove that in Japan as in this country the course of true love does not always run smooth.

A lover who has formed a very decided preference for a lady fixes a sprig of the *Celastus elatus*, to the house of the lady's parents; and if it be neglected, so is he, but if the maiden blackens her teeth he is accepted, subject to the approval of her parents, and they are married in the prescribed Japanese manner.

But it often happens that they never see each other until the time of the marriage. Wedlock is the manifest destiny of Japanese female children, who are trained to its duties from their earliest infancy. Matrimonial feasts are carried on in quite a different manner from what they are in this country.

It is essential for the lady to be accomplished and to be mistress of etiquette and domestic management.

Betrothal precedes marriage. It has often been written that wedlock must be solemnized by a priest. This is a mistake. Japanese marriage is a purely civil contract. No religious ceremony is necessary. The bride is carried to the house of the groom followed by her parents and friends.

She is attended by two beautifully dressed ladies who accompany her to the chamber of the groom, who sits with his eyes fixed on the ground. She is seated by his side but he does not look up to receive her. The company gather, around taking their several places in the apartment. A *zen*, or table, loaded with eatables is placed before each person. A tray with three cups containing sake, a kind of tea, is passed. Each person is expected to drain until he comes to the god of luck, at the bottom. The bride and groom then retire but soon return in full dress, the bride wearing a long white veil which is to be her shroud at death.

The order of drinking sake tea is then resorted to until each has imbibed nine cups after this the bride and groom drink from a two spouted kettle alternately until they ex-

haust its contents. This last ceremony is said to be emblematic of tasting together of the joys and sorrows of life, and so they become man and wife till death or divorce shall part them.

THE MISSION OF LAUGHTER.

We know what a laugh is much better than we can define it. Webster says a laugh is the expression of merriment visibly and audibly, but if it were a characteristic of some peculiar people whom we had never seen, what kind of an idea would we have from that definition, of how they act or look when they laugh? Milton says:

"Haste thee, nymph and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles."

Truly laughter has many forms; we often see him in the guise of a giggling school girl, and sometimes we pause and wonder whether it is "merriment", or simply habit, which gives that perpetual smile and giggle. Two girls go down street after dark and become so convulsed with laughter at the sight of a lighted cigar moving in the distance that they attract the attention of all who pass. Now what there is about a lighted cigar walking down street to cause such uncontrollable merriment, we will leave you, gentle reader, to discover. To us the reason is obvious.

Laughter is fond of the company of the romping school boy and here Webster's first definition is fully personified. What is more pleasing than the full hearty laugh of a happy school boy? By his simpering sisters he is called a "horrid nuisance," but we defend him and say that if they had half the real cheerfulness and goodness which he possesses they would be thought more of by all. In the form of some blithe-hearted sunshiny person, laughter goes to visit the sick and afflicted and here he acts the part of the physician.

We have in mind a poor sick woman who used to say that a good laugh did her more good than a dozen bottles of medicine. She was always pleased to have us come and we enjoyed it too, for she did as much for us through her kind words, good advice and patient endurance of suffering as we did for her by helping her to forget for a little time her physical pain. If young people only realized more fully how much good they could do, both to themselves and to others, by giving a smile or a kind word to those who are sick or in trouble, they would improve more of their numerous opportunities and thus lighten the burden of many a heart-sick or head-sick neighbor.

But laughter is sometimes cunning and satirical. "A nail will pick a lock which defies hatchet and hammer," so at the bar a laugh has won important points where the most dignified arguments would have failed. The speech of J. Proctor Knott delivered in the House of Representatives in 1871 on the St. Croix and Superior land grants, is a good example. In speaking of Duluth, the terminus of the desired railroad, he says, "Duluth! The word fell upon my ear with a peculiar and indescribable charm like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses. * * * Duluth! 'Twas

the name for which my soul had panted for years, as the hart panteth for the water brooks. * * * If the immortal spirit of Homer could look down from another heaven than that created by his own celestial genius upon the long lines of pilgrims from every nation of the earth to the gushing fountains of poesy opened by the touch of his magic wand, he would weep tears of bitter anguish that instead of lavishing all the stores of his mighty genius upon the fall of Ilium, it had not been his more blessed lot to crystalize in deathless song the rising glories of Duluth." His words were so full of irony,

sarcasm and ridicule that the bill was never spoken of afterwards except in connection with his speech.

By his appearance at a wrong moment, Laughter has often broken the peace and harmony of a social gathering and made some one or all to feel extremely uncomfortable. How many times has some diffident person been on the very verge of expressing a good opinion on the subject under discussion when a thoughtless person deems it time to laugh and thus nips a budding thought. The impression it makes is more easily seen in children for they, as yet, have not learned the art of masking their feelings and they often furnish good examples of the discomfiture caused by a laugh. Looking back over childhood days, the little, old schoolhouse rises to view; the familiar form of the teacher is there, and

"A class in front with their readers,
Are telling with difficult pains,
How perished braye Marco Bozzaris
While bleeding at all of his veins."

The little freckle-faced lad who cannot speak without stammering is slowly and laboriously repeating "Greece—her—knees—Greece—her—knee—Greece——." A burst of laughter causes his little face to grow red with pain and anger; the tears start; he sits down and no kind words from the teacher can induce him to make another attempt.

In other cases Laughter is like oil on troubled waters. By his appearance more than one tempestuous sea has been calmed. A certain graduating class was discussing the subject of leaving a memento to their college. Their commencement expenses had been very heavy and most of the class were not in favor of the plan. One young man, who was not usually noted for his generosity, was determined that a gift should be presented. A class meeting was called. He sat in the back part of the room and was the first to speak,

doing so in a very sarcastic manner, and making every member of the class grow more and more angry. A number were prepared to give an answer to his remarks, but instead of taking his seat when he had finished, he started to leave the room. He wore a long overcoat lined with plaided red, the skirts of which were opened down the back. While he had been speaking two of the boys had taken the pains to pin back the tails of his coat, forming "reverses" of the bright lining. One "reverse" was daintily fastened with a blue bow stolen from one of the young ladies in front, the other by a red feather from the hat of the second. The seats were facing the door and as he swept down the aisle, he came in view of the whole class, who burst into sudden laughter at his unusual adornments. He was not a little surprised, and as he shut the door made a low, sweeping bow of disdain which only added the more to the amusement of the class. All their anger was gone and the matter of the present was dropped then and there. If it had not been for that laugh the discussion would have become hotter and hotter and have ended, perhaps, in hard feelings which might not have been forgotten in years.

We have seen a number of ways in which Laughter is used, both good and ill, but used rightly it is one of God's blessings. Laughter wears no disguise. Falsehood may clothe itself in the sweetest smiles and

— put on

That look we trust in,"

but it's laugh would tear away the mask.

If, then, Laughter speaks the truth, is medicine for the sick, argues in our courts, brings peace out of turmoil, we exclaim with Milton:

"These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee we mean to live."

PERSONAL AND LOCAL.

Miss Josie Arey is teaching school near Flandrau.

"A college paper is the pulse by which the faculty determine the condition of the students."

Bullard suffered from an inflamed eye during the first part of this week,—the effect of his loving base ball "not wisely but too well."

The venerable question, "Can February March?" and its invariable answer, "No, but April May" are again heard softly floating on the balmy spring air.

Rob. Roe and the editor-in-chief went to Egan one Saturday, returning the following Tuesday. During their stay in Egan they were guests of A. G. Brown.

Prof. Updyke occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church on the 1st of this month, and Prof. Lewis preached in the Presbyterian church on the same day.

Miss Cranston and Miss Spear are both teaching school in Moody county,—the former in the northern part, the latter in Brookfield near the southern boundary.

Owing to the fact that the Sentinel's day of publication fell on the twentieth of last month, the COLLEGIAN was two days late. It has not been so late before this year.

On the 23rd of last month the 323d anniversary of the birth of Wm. Shakespeare, Miss Daniels issued invitations to the English Literature class to spend the evening with her in properly celebrating such an auspicious event in the literary world. The class assembled accordingly, and, each taking a part, read "As You Like It." Refreshments were served, and all were sorry when the ten o'clock bell warned them not to infringe on the rules. The guests departed well pleased with their evening's entertainment, and with a greatly enhanced opinion of the immortal poet.

Pres. McLouth preached in the Methodist church on the 8th and 15th inst.

The cadet corps marched up town after supper on the 12th; and after drilling some time on the street, went to the armory, obtained muskets, and drilled for an hour or more. They do splendidly, and should be allowed this kind of exercise quite frequently.

On the 22nd, the Sophomore class extended a challenge to the freshman class for a literary contest, which was accepted on the 26th. Owing to some trouble concerning the details, however, the sophomore class withdrew the challenge, at the same time extending another iron-clad in every respect. This was not accepted by the other class, so the literary contest is likely not to be. We suggest that both classes concede something, and that the contest still take place, as all the participants are prepared.

Misses Keeney, Barnes, Williams and Hedger gave a May party in the dining hall, which was attended by the students and faculty en masse. Several of the clerically inclined members of both organizations were quite properly shocked at the appearance of cards on the tables, but they were promptly relieved by being informed that the cards signified nothing worse than authors and war of words. In these amusements, in a wierd looking fortune teller, and in trying to locate the caudal appendage of a mule, executed in paper and hung on a door, the evening was passed very pleasantly. The faculty, in particular, distinguished themselves in the last maned exercise, coming much nearer than they would have cared to have been had the animal been alive and in his natural condition. Some music and recitations were given, after which the guests were served with refreshments. The guests departed well pleased with their entertainment.

We understand that E. J. Rowe, formerly business manager of the Collegian, stopped a few days with E. J. Scott, formerly corresponding editor, in Grand Rapids, where Mr. Scott is editing a newspaper. Mr. Rowe was on his way to Helena, Montana, where he will enter the law office of his uncle.

The picnic on Arbor day was a grand success. The day could not have been better selected as to weather, no difficulty was experienced in procuring conveyance and the proverbial storm did not put in its appearance—three things which are extremely conducive to the success of a picnic. The carriages started off intermitantly between the hours of nine and ten, arriving on the grounds at about 12:30. The leaves were hardly out as much as the more fastidious could desire, but we consoled ourselves with the fact that we did not experience the tribulation caused by the bugs and little red ants, which usually make life a burden at picnics. Some of the thoughtful ones had brought the croquet outfit, and several were soon interested in that sport. Swings were improvised, and every one enjoyed himself after his own fashion. The boys succeeded in having a game of ball, in spite of the great heat. A bounteous dinner was spread and promptly disposed of, after which the college instrumental quartette favored us with some fine music. Nearly all went to lake Campbell, a distance of only three miles, and enjoyed a row on the lake. Two good sized trees were dug up and hauled into town on the dray, and planted in front of the college building. They present a very respectable appearance, and are in a thriving condition. The picnicers returned home at about six o'clock, everybody declaring that they had passed a very pleasant day. We feel deeply grateful to Pres. McLouth for originating such a scheme. In the first hour on the following day, the exercises were held in the chapel. The remarks by Pres. McLouth, prophecy by Miss Shannon and the very oppropiate music were duly appreciated.

The genial face of Fred Baker was seen among us Monday.

Rev. Adkinson, of Huron, visited his old friend and classmate, Prof. Kerr.

Will Allan left school on the 7th, and is now a country pedagogue. We predict success for him.

"She" seems to be the popular novel at the college. It certainly possesses some merits, being interesting and original.

On the 6th Mrs. C. H. Collins gave a supper under the auspices of the Presbyterian church, which was quite largely attended by the students.

The lecture on Socialism delivered by Prof. Updyke, at the Presbyterian church, May 1, was excellent and thoroughly appreciated by all.

Smith and Hall opened their new soda water fountain on the 8th, and attract quite a number of the boys by the reckless manner in which they dispense the sweetened wind.

Mr. C. H. Allen visited friends at the college Saturday and Sunday. We are pleased to know he has so far recovered his health as to be with us again even for so short a time.

Pres. McLouth and family arrived safely on the 21st of last month and have moved into the house next to Mrs. Brooke's. The professor has taken charge of the sophomore class in analytical chemistry.

A Lawn Tennis Club has been organized and there are at present sixteen members. The ground is being prepared and the set has been sent for. The Club is anticipating a great deal of pleasure in this delightful recreation.

Miss Kittie Barnes spent Sunday with her friend, Miss Whiteman of Estelline, and while there visited Oakwood lakes. She gives such glowing descriptions of the scenery that we are compelled to believe that that is the place to repair on Decoration Day,

We are pleased to note the presence of F. McLouth as a student.

The special drill of Co. G, D. N. G., attracted some of our students on the 30th.

Chess is the popular game at college, and chestnuts seems to be the popular word. Here's consistency for you.

Base ball has attained quite a run among the boys. They played the town nine twice on the 30th and 14th and both times succeeded in inflicting a severe defeat on them. Next Saturday they go to Estelline to play the club there. We wish them success.

Fred Baker, of Huron, visited his college friends here on the 23rd last of month, and then proceeded with the Brookings band to Watertown, where the band played for the Odd Fellows' Territorial gathering. Several of the college boys took the trip, and all report a good time.

ATHENIAN NOTES.

The last election of officers occurred May 3. W. T. Bell was elected president, Nettie Williams secretary, and C. S. Bullard sergeant-at-arms. The other officers of the society hold their position the whole term.

[The names of officers were received too late for insertion in the society notice on page 2 of cover. Ed.]

An interesting program was carried out at the meeting of May 6th. The question for debate was one that required a great deal of deep study. It was "Resolved, that a girl is more afraid of a rat, than a rat is afraid of a girl." The question was decided for the negative. Great credit is due the young ladies on the debate, for defending so heroically a cause which they knew to be just.

The constitution has been revised and is certainly greatly improved. It was decided at the last meeting to have the constitution printed.

F. J. Baker, a former student and president of this society, visited the college this week. We are always glad to see you, Fred.

At the last meeting the names of James McAndrew and Ashton McKenney were accepted.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The usual list of exchanges arrived this month.

The last Indiana Student contained a prize essay on "The Political Geology of Indiana," which was not unworthy a place in any of the great magazines of the country.

During the past year, the COLLEGIAN has frequently received words of encouragement and praise from exchanges and others, for which we have been, we trust, duly grateful. But it was reserved for the Stylus in its last issue, to express its favorable opinion in terms which really warm our editorial heart and cause us to plunge into our labors with renewed vigor, feeling that the eyes of the world are, indeed, upon us. The article in question begins with the following remark: "Brookings Sheaves has donned a new dress and likewise a new name, the Dakota Collegian." This statement is all the more startling when we consider that the aforesaid change took place so short a time since as January, 1885 A. D. The spirit of bold discovery which animates this editor is only comparable to that of Columbus. As the latter discoverer pressed forward into the unknown waste of heaving waters and would not return till he had discovered the land he sought for, so in this later day our Sioux Falls cotemporary goes out mentally and traverses the rolling prairies of Dakota, far from home and kindred, out of sight of all known landmarks, and brings home in triumph such thrilling news as the above. It is wonderful.

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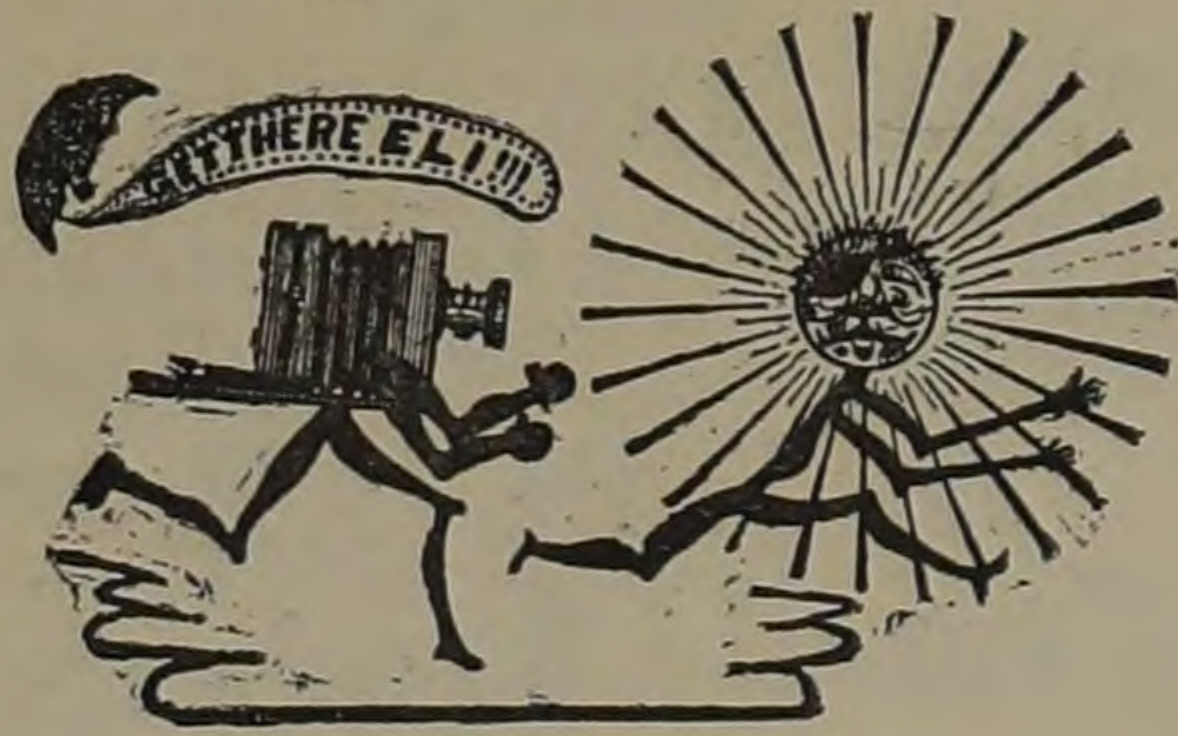
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