

THE WEEKLY SPECTRUM

EDITED AND CONTROLLED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE NORTH DAKOTA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

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DRAMATIC CLUB ENTERTAINS DAKOTA PLAYERS AT DINNER

Members of the Cast of The Rose o' Plymouth Town, Director Rickaby and Mrs. Cooley Are Guests of A. C. Playmakers.

On Monday evening the cast of The Rose o' Plymouth Town, the executive staff, director and coach, all of the University of North Dakota, were guests at a six o'clock dinner given by the Edwin Booth Dramatic Club in the Hayloft of the Little Country Theatre. The three-course meal was prepared under the direction of Miss Marjorie Lieberg and served by six little girls dressed in the Puritan costume which characterized the play later in the evening. Lynn Huey, president of the Club, welcomed the Playmakers in a few well-chosen words and expressed the earnest wish that this gathering would be only one of many more that should tend to knit together in closer ties of friendship the students of the two institutions.

A motion was made and adopted unanimously that Mrs. Cooley and Mrs. Rickaby be made honorary members of the Edwin Booth Dramatic Club. Mr. Rickaby replied by expressing the sincere thanks of both he and Mrs. Cooley for the honor thus conferred and hoping that as fellow playmakers who had so many interests in common this gathering would be the beginning of a bond of friendship that should know no bounds in the growth of friendly relations between the students of the A. C. and University.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Arvold and Acting President and Mrs. E. S. Keene were the honorary guests of the evening.

THE STUDENT'S PART IN PREPARING FOR SUCCESS

(From the Address of J. H. Libberton, Manager of the Service Bureau of the Universal Portland Cement Company, before the Conference on Employment and Education Sponsored by A. A. E.)

In preparing for his own success, the student must realize that his success will not depend entirely upon his technical attainments. He must learn to work with others, to be tactful, and to fit in with other men so as to make for teamwork. He should get in touch with men in industry and get their point of view. The student must realize that very few people will go out of their way to make things pleasant for him unless he plays his part and is willing, if necessary, to make the first advance. He should feel the necessity for keen observation and investigation. This will make him familiar with the objects with which he is working and will keep him from merely acquiring superficial knowledge. He must realize that in whatever work he does undertake, he must make himself adaptable.

The student should learn how to approach a man, how to feel at ease when talking to a superior, how to think when on his feet, how to talk in public, how to write a clear, concise and interesting letter. He should study what constitutes making a good impression. Psychology is an overworked word, but a practical knowledge of it may be of considerable assistance, for instance, when "striking the boss for a raise."

The student should make use of his vacations to learn more about the particular field in which he is working. He should, if possible, shape his course with a definite end in view. You will agree with me

LET ENGINEERS BE HEARD

"American engineers to the number of many thousands, under the leadership of Mr. Hoover and others, are taking concerted action to impress upon the government and the people of America the fact that it is high time that the counsel of engineers was taken as well as the advice of politicians in technical affairs. The war, it has been said and seen, was an engineers' war; but at all times and in all places partisan political affiliation was allowed to interfere with its most effective prosecution. Politics, nominally adjourned, was given right of way over disinterested policy. Our major public utilities, in making large tracts of desert land arable, in developing projects of canalization and inland waterways, in utilizing water-power for hydro-electric developments, in the proper and equitable exploitation of Alaska and in many other connections, demand the best brains of experts, not the casual attention of politicians with axes to grind, fences to mend and feudal armies of heelers to maintain. In the service of the country already are many excellent engineers who have admirably performed. They are entitled to the guidance of those who are familiar with the problems they are facing. They must not be victimized and their work must not be nullified by the ignorance and incompetence of directors whose personal power and private gain come before the nation's good."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

that it is not desirable for the senior to prepare a thesis on the Pitot Tube and then find himself shortly after graduation working for a cement company, where such a tube is wholly unknown. By correlating his work during college with what he is to do after graduation, he will begin with a flying start.

When the time for graduation comes, the student should study what companies would best make use of his talents. The first years after college are so vital that it is decidedly important that the student connect himself with a company of reputation and one in which he may secure valuable experience.

In the final analysis, success depends upon the student himself. Character, honesty, sincerity, accuracy, love for fellow-man, health, stick-to-it-iveness, ability to work without worrying about hours, optimistic disposition, dependability—these are fundamental. No college can teach them to the student unless he is receptive and has the proper background.

It is not correct to say that college can fit a student for success. Yet I don't exactly agree with the late Elbert Hubbard, who said, "The only reason for going to college is to find out what is not there." College certainly should bring out the best qualities in the student. It should develop those qualities, making the student aware of his abilities, giving him such a technical training that he will find the transition into industry merely a step forward and not a complete change of activities.

—Professional Engineer.

FARM ACCOUNT SCHOOL

Dr. P. F. Trowbridge, head of the experimental division at the Agricultural College, and County Agent E. A. Willson were the speakers at a Farm Account school held last Saturday at Casselton. Dr. Trowbridge gave a demonstration in meat cutting. There was a good attendance of farmers from the Casselton community.

"DAVID HARUM" TROUPE RETURNS

Trip Successful. Had a Good Time.

The Little Country Theatre players left Fargo at 6:20 Monday, March 21. That is most of them did. Sickness claimed two of the cast. Lynn Huey and Henry Nichols were victims of the dread sleeping sickness and could not be present when the train pulled out. Lynn is excusable to a certain degree but Henry—there is absolutely no excuse because he didn't know Kathryn then. About the time that the train got in motion there was a wild rush for ringside seats at the "whist tournament." The games were not as interesting as the one that kept one of the cast up the night before he was supposed to leave. I don't believe in mentioning any names, but if it was any one besides Bud Nichols I certainly would.

When the train got within ten miles of Grand Forks Prof. Arvold got his hair combed and prepared to leave the train. No one else was much enthused, however, until the train was by the depot, and then: "Have you got my suitcase?" "No, isn't that it that Judd has?" "Oh, there it is up there."

We did get off all right in time and went to the Hotel Decotah and deposited our baggage. The only remaining point of interest before dinner was a mixture, cards, pool and street walking.

At eleven we went over to the Metropolitan theatre, and looked it over. It was then I believe that the cast got instructions about staying off the stage while the scenes were being changed. Fat Nichols thought Arvold meant all week I guess, because he never touched any scenery from that day to this.

Well, Grand Forks isn't such a bad town after all. The U bunch came up town after us and took us all out to dinner at various fraternity and sorority houses. Say, boy! They had pie, even where I went. I certainly am glad that Fat Nichols fell thru on that deal because an extra meal like that would burst him. We simply stalled for time until supper when we again went to the University. This we were all guests of the "Playmakers." We had real food twice. Now, that makes twice we ate and once we bought a meal. Quite a difference with only fifty cents allowed for each meal.

The Metropolitan theatre was the next scene of conflict and we went thru with the show just like we know how it is supposed to go. Lynn got such a swell write-up in The Herald the next morning that we did not expect to get a chance to speak to him again; but not much, he was just the same as ever, except that he caught all the rest of the trains.

We could not forget the bright lights altogether so went out for a "little theatre luncheon" at Black's. Durned if everything wasn't white, tho.

On Thursday we again boarded the train and started for Cando. When we got to Devils Lake we felt so homelike, that we dropped off for dinner after the usual chase for baggage. The business manager lost a meal here on a sort of a gamble. She might have known that a man wouldn't do what she expected him to do. They have a pool hall in Devils Lake and so the male members of the cast engaged in recreation. Yes, and they continued their recreation so close to train time that Mr. Arvold pulled out some more hair.

When the train pulled out we were all in amongst the orange peels and dust. "Say, did anyone bring a whisk broom?" No one did, I guess, because none was brought out.

On the arrival at Cando we posed for the natives, and then went over to the auditorium and fixed up the stage. About that time Mrs. Noyes was taking up supper and we all beat it up there on the double quick. "If I had only known this." It is a

question in my mind yet as to where the food all came from but it was there—for a short time. I never knew that traveling gave one such an appetite, but that food just melted like snow before the sun. Dragert took such a big helping of salad that he mistook his plate for the salad dish and passed it. His fork caught in Mr. Arvold's necktie tho, and the catastrophe was averted.

Fat Nichols and Bishop slept with a Methodist preacher but I guess that the preacher did not sit in at the game that night. Say! I nearly forgot that was the night that Fat and Kitty watched the moon. Fat got full of moonshine from it.

If there is any thing I like better than breakfast at the Noyes' home it is two breakfasts at the same time and same place. You can't know what a breakfast is until you talk with those who were there and hear about it. We all waddled down to the depot (because we were too full to walk) and got on the train. The whist tournament was opened up again and played until Wolfe and Nichols claimed the championship.

There was time enough between trains at Devils Lake to go over and play a game of pool or so.

At Larimore we saw our old friends and neighbors, Bill Gass and Bridgetford; also a theatre with a stage about two by six. With the help of our green drapes and our noble horse, which Waldie carried in his vest pocket we got thru with the show in time for Miss Blake and Miss Thompson to go out. They got back in time for breakfast and would you believe it? One of them stubbed her toe when she came upstairs.

The train left about 4 p. m., and after a seemingly interminable ride we were in America. We found some real honest to goodness food waiting for us there too. And service! Well, I should snicker! Trouble was we had to leave before we had our feet clear under the table. We hit America about seven, ate supper and put on the play which took until ten-thirty. We had to wait five minutes for the bus to get its chains on and that left us just fifteen minutes to get to Vance where we were supposed to be when the train went thru.

You wouldn't believe it, but we did get that train, even if Dragert did go back to Larimore on foot. Lynn and Judd "did distances on the home stretch" too, and no doubt have learned to stay on the bus until they arrive at their destination.

Well, after all is said and done, the trip was a complete success. And if there is ever another trip, I for one want to be in on it.

—Donald Bishop, Dramatic Eng.

TRACK

Track athletics, long dead at this school, but resurrected last spring, promises to attain a higher prominence this year than it has enjoyed at A. C. for many moons. In the past baseball has been the big noise of spring athletics here. This year, however, owing to difficulties in arranging a schedule, baseball may have to bow the knee to track. Inasmuch as nearly all colleges in this section (Minn.-Dak.) have track athletics it is possible that A. C. can get entered in meets easier than it can get ball games. In that case, it would be a great change to put track where it belongs here.

Candidates for the team will begin training this week. Captain Harry Bee Quick, Bublitz, Mortenson, Eddy, Gass, Roach and Bullard are members of last year's team who will again don the spangles. There ought to be a turnout of at least 20 men this year. With prospects for a few good meets with South Dakota and Minnesota colleges looking exceedingly rosy there is no reason in the world for track to be only a half-way sport at A. C.

BINGLES AND BUNGLES

Spring is come. The honkers are flying north; the gumbo clings to our boots; EM has found a new girl; and baseball practice has begun. Prospects for a classy club here are exceptionally good this spring. How do I know? Both the Fargo Forum and Courier-News say the same thing, and when anything like that happens, it must be so. Q. E. D.

To get down to earth. Last Wednesday Coach Borleske supplied the men with uniforms. Regular practice began Thursday with about 20 men out. Of last year's championship team, seven members are back, five have left school, and one (Thornfinson), while still here, will be unable to turn out. Of the six men who are not with us again, three were quite valuable to the club last year and this loss will be felt unless some of the new men show unexpected qualities. These three men made 30 base hits in 79 trips to the plate last spring, so it is easily seen why their loss is felt at the bat. Each one was also a smooth working defensive player, and was fast on the paths. However, with about 15 men to pick from these three positions—first, third and one outfield, should and will be acceptably filled.

Behind the bat, Ladies and Gentlemen, we have with us again that classy backstop, Floyd Borderud, than whom no man a better arm ever owned. For a pitching staff we have that long stack of whips, Clarence "Hooks" Jensen, assisted by "Beauty" Van Arnam and the redoubtable Sub Kraemer. Jens is in pretty fair shape right now, having thrown a few occasionally all winter. The old smoke is still there and the old curve will be better than ever this year for 'Sheen has a nice slow curve to mix with his fast ones. Anybody expecting to take a toe-hold and kill the fast one is liable to have to swing twice, for believe me—it ain't right the way that slow one comes up there.

Old Jocko Kraemer with his "nothing" ball will be in there again. Jack's curve isn't the best in the world and his fast one doesn't look like a picket fence as it goes by, but if he's easy to hit I'm a liar. "Beauty" Van Arnam! By gad, he's a picture out there. Van made his rep in twilight and semi-pro ball in and around Fargo during the past couple of years and will go good in college ball.

With Hunter and Sage both gone, we are in need of a good, hard-hitting first sacker. Come on, you big guys!

Gass, last year's second baseman, is back, but may be relegated to third base duty to fill the gap left by the graduation of "Rat" Movoid. Johnson, last year's short-fielder, is out for second base this year. Bensch, the steel-armed daisy-picker, is again out and intends to punish the old apple to the tune of .350 or more. Stewart, utility player last year, will try for a regular berth in the rhubarbs. He seems due.

Of the new men, Butte, the walloping kid from Wahpeton, and Trumbull, star out-fielder from Lisbon, are going well as are nearly all the others. There are few who are too green to bear watching.

The schedule this spring is up in the air. The University will not have a team and Fargo College probably will not. There is no college ball in South Dakota, and the small Minnesota colleges have various and sundry reasons for not playing us. The contemplated trip to Montana is a bust, as is also the one to Iowa. Minnesota U. may have baseball in which case a game may be had with them. However, I am of the opinion that the team will have competition of some sort. It would be a sad blow if this school were forced to give up baseball because of lack of games. If the A. C. doesn't get a fairly good schedule this year, college baseball for the whole state will be about shot. And that ain't right ay tall.—V. Johnson, Athletic Eng.

THE JUNIOR PROM PROMISES TO BE A GAY AFFAIR

The armory will be the scene of the most brilliant social event of the school year Friday evening, April 1, when the class of '22 will stage the annual Junior Prom. The two months of careful planning and preparation indicate this momentous occasion the Juniors will set a new standard along the line of class festivities.

Decorations will be carried out in the Junior class colors of gold and delpa-blue. The committee on decorations under the leadership of Miss Noyes, have a novel plan which will transform the interior of the usually bare appearing armory into a pavilion of artistic beauty and color.

Lovers of the "light, fantastic toe" will tripp to the latest catchy fox-trots and one-steps and dreamy waltzes furnished by Ferrel's ten-piece orchestra.

Informal dancing will constitute the program from 8:30 until 9:00 o'clock, at which time Leonard Sivertson, president of the Junior class, will lead the grand promenade. Dancing will then continue until mid-night. Luncheon will be served at intervals during the evening to accommodate the large number of guests.

Invitations have been sent out although all members of the school and friends are invited.

The patrons and patronesses for the evening are Messrs. and Mesdames E. S. Keene, A. G. Arvold, H. L. Bolley, A. E. Minard, A. H. Parrott, W. T. Pierce, W. S. Sudro, S. E. Borleske, I. W. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. E. F. Ladd, and Major and Mrs. Carrithers.

The executive committee for the occasion consist of Harry Hofmann, Lawrence Bohnhoff, William Zimmerman and Leonard Sivertson, the two latter also having charge of the financial affairs. Bernice Noyes, Ethel McGuigan, Anna Jorgenson and Philip Moe will have charge of the decoration of the armory. Edith Challey, Elmer Darling and Lawrence Bohnhoff have had the supervision of the printing and distribution of programs. Mildred Jenkins, Alice Wolody, Eleanor Trowbridge and Harry Hofmann oversee the luncheon. The music committee consists of James Ballard and Clarence Dragert.

At a meeting of the Junior class it was decided to dispense with the flowers that it has been customary for the escorts to buy in the past.

GENERAL EDUCATION IS FAVORED FOR ENGINEERS

Prior to the conference on employment and education held by the American Association of Engineers on November 12, a brief questionnaire was sent to educators and engineers asking for their opinion as to whether engineering, legal and other professional college courses should be preceded by one or two years of general collegiate training. Out of the 154 replies received, 99 were in favor of two years of general education, 43 were in favor of one year and only 12 were opposed to any general collegiate training in addition to the professional course. These figures expressed in percentages are: 64 per cent in favor of two years, 20 per cent in favor of one year, a total of 92 per cent who are in favor of at least one year of general education. Out of 154 engineers who replied, 54 were deans, professors or instructors in engineering colleges and the balance was made up of consulting engineers, chief engineers and other engineers.

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A. C. BOOK STORE

Engineers Issue

THE WEEKLY SPECTRUM

A WEEKLY COLLEGE NEWSPAPER. PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE NORTH DAKOTA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, FARGO, N. D.

THE ENGINEERS' SPECTRUM STAFF
 JAMES A. McLAUCHLIN CHIEF INSPECTOR
 HARRY SWANSON CHIEF HOT-AIR ENGINEER
 LARRY BOHNHOFF SOCIAL ENGINEER
 DONALD BISHOP DRAMATIC ENGINEER
 VICTOR JOHNSON ATHLETIC ENGINEER

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THE ENGINEERS' SPECTRUM

This issue of the "Spectrum" is reported and edited by various members of the engineering courses according to their abilities, inclinations, and desire to break into print. Credit is given elsewhere to those to whom it is due. A liberal supply of crepe will be secured for the engineers (?) who are too dead to have helped with this issue. All flowers received by the staff will be placed in cold storage under one of the boilers in the power plant until the dead ones stop kicking long enough to be measured for their asbestos shrouds. The flowers will then be placed on the roller-bearing coffins and a merry trip will begin to the place where the fire-proof shrouds will be appreciated. Please do not be offended, Mr. Dead-in-Life Engineer, at the destination chosen for you, we are going the same way on roller skates, but with this difference, we shall see some of the scenery on the way and you will not.

ENGINEERING IN NORTH DAKOTA

Many people wonder why engineering is taught at all in the schools of this state, since grain and cattle are the staple products.

Here are a few reasons: Farmers, and this includes 70% of the population of the state, want land surveyed, ditches and roads laid out, bridges built, large buildings erected in and out of cities; they want cities built so they may come in and "do the town" once in a while, at least they supply the money for city building; they demand brick-paths, coal mines, electric generating plants and other power plants. These are but a few of the many demands made upon engineering skill in a purely agricultural country.

To look into this further, let us review the resources of the state. Our farms produce an infinite variety of raw materials for food and clothing in almost any desired quantity, most of which has to be shipped out of the state, manufactured into usable goods and a great deal shipped back again. Why not do this manufacturing at home, within the state, thereby keeping a large number of laborers at call for harvest and threshing who could be spared from the factories during the Fall and yet would have steady work the year around in the state. This would make for the benefit of all the people of the state as well as the laboring men who might come in.

The objection to this plan is that there are no factories, but there will be, and that soon. Good sites are plentiful, where everything necessary is close at hand. The western part of the state holds a small matter of 700,000,000,000 tons of good coal all of which is easily accessible. In addition to the coal, almost every square foot of soil in the state is underlain with clay, suitable for every purpose from common brick to excellent table ware. Another problem that may interest the chemist and engineer is that of extracting the aluminum from this same clay. This is, however, a rather remote possibility as aluminum bearing earth is very common.

This is a bare outline of the possibilities for the employment of engineering skill and technique in the branches of civil, mechanical, electrical, mining, chemical, architectural and industrial engineering.

Now is a good time for far-seeing citizens of the state to prepare to develop the resources of the state with the aid of home talent and skill so far as possible, or else we shall see outsiders come in some day and reap the benefits that should accrue to the people of the state. This is a state endowed with wonderful resources, and with unselfish aid from men who know how to release the stored-up riches, should in time become the richest and happiest commonwealth in the Union.

No one will deny that to develop these resources will require the services of hundreds of engineers, who should for the most part be natives of the state. We must all work for the betterment of the engineering schools of the state, realizing that as the engineer has made this present civilization possible, and keeps it going, so must he continue in his work if the world's progress is to continue.

"WHEN IN ROME"

It is an old, old saying that has come down, or up, as you may prefer, to us, that, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do." Now, there are many things that the Romans did that one wouldn't care to do in Rome today, but in order to get along comfortably in that city one would have to conform to a large degree with their practices.

One need not go so far from home to find people who would be better worth knowing if they would just conform, or adapt themselves to the manners and customs of the successful people that they may have the fortune to meet, especially in matters of common courtesy.

At one time in the history of colleges and universities; graduates were regarded as scholars and gentlemen, and justly so. The schools existed to produce cultured people who were looked up to as leaders by less fortunate folks who admired learning. Those scholars had a dignity and wore it as a cloak, more than that, it was a part of their lives and actions.

That tradition has survived to these days, to a remarkable degree, among the people outside of schools and colleges and traces of it may still be found in some universities. Here, however, it seems either never to have existed, which is hard to believe, or to have fallen entirely into disuse and become a thing forgotten, like the song of the Dodo, which is heard no more. To put it mildly, this is a sad state to fall into, since some things that accompanied that old tradition would have a very definite value in our life today.

It is a shame that education should have reached a stage in which bread and butter value counts for more than culture or refinement. Of course we all dislike the person who has oily, unctuous manners, and who gains his living by his wits; it is much better to have the bread and butter attention to the things that make the stream of life, (as the poets say) flow smoothly?

In addition to getting along more comfortably with their fellow sufferers in this world, the polite people seem to get along better in a worldly way. The truth of this is plain to any one who will stop to think it over. In my opinion, many of us would reap untold benefit from a course in "The Bread and Butter Value of Common Courtesy" under that name or as "Social Sense."

Imagine, if you can, one of the students who desired a favor of his Dean, stalking into the office without knocking, wearing his hat, and interrupting a conversation with these words, "Say, Dean, how about this?" etc." Another fellow addressed the President of the school with a familiar "Hello." That is no crime, of course, but if I could whisper a word in your ear I should advise that you say, "Good morning," or other appropriate words when you greet our acting President. Now, these incidents actually happened here, and similar ones occur every day. The faculty is apparently used to it and some perhaps encourage democracy in that way, others are undoubtedly callous and indifferent to the manners of their students.

It is a purely personal matter so far as any individual is concerned. We sin, for the most part, thru ignorance or simple-mindedness. The ignorant can learn and if not simple-minded will appreciate the fact that what salesmen call the "approach" has a definite bread and butter value, and that an "approach" made without politeness had better be made with a retiring motion thru the door.

ENGINEERS NEED EDUCATION IN FUNDAMENTALS

By Professor Clyde T. Morris of the Ohio State University.

Previous to 1860 most of the engineers who received any college training at all went through the usual classical courses with perhaps a little specialization in mathematics and physics, or "natural philosophy" as it was then called. I can well remember as a boy, my interest in browsing among my grandfather's books on natural philosophy. As I remember them now after thirty years they must have been rather elementary treatises on physics and chemistry, but doubtless sound in the fundamentals.

The first engineering courses that were offered were in civil engineering, as it was called to distinguish it from military engineering. These early engineering courses were patterned after the classical courses and were very fundamental in character. Their efficiency is evidenced by the high character of the engineers which they produced.

Later, after the founding of the Land Grant Colleges and the stimulus thus given to the study of agriculture and the mechanics arts, the parent stem of civil engineering was split up into the more specialized branches of mechanical, mining and electrical engineering. During the early years of the present century the desire for specialization caused the establishment of special courses leading to a degree in some dozen or fifteen branches of engineering. Each specialist demanded a course in his particular field and schools were deemed out of date which did not offer a wide selection in specialized engineering courses.

The swing of the pendulum has started back and many of the degree courses which were offered a few years ago, are now given only as electives or options in the older established engineering courses. As an example, municipal, sanitary, structural, highway and railway engineering are all recognized as branches of civil engineering, and separate degrees in these branches are now offered in only a few colleges.

Educators and employers are rapidly coming to realize that the work of the real engineer is largely managerial in character and that the work at the drafting table or in the shop and laboratory are only stepping stones to higher positions. A college education is not necessary for the technician in the shop nor for the draftsman in the office if they expect to stick to these as their life work. Two years in a technical school will supply all that is needed for these positions, and indeed many most excellent men have received all their engineering training in the shop and office.

The training required for an engineer whose duty it will probably be eventually to direct the operations of many different kinds of forces, including human forces, is necessarily fundamental in character and broad in scope, embracing courses in economics and sociology, and perhaps accounting and business administration as well as the fundamental sciences. For this reason most of our colleges are now placing more emphasis upon the fundamentals and are requiring a broad and nearly uniform foundation in the first two years upon which to build a certain amount of specialization in the last two years.

Another important reason why too much specialization in college is not desirable, is that few young men at the time of entering college are competent to select a proper course. Indeed, in ordinary times when positions were not so plentiful as they have been in the past few years, the college graduate has been glad to accept the first position which offered, and often times this first job decides the branch of engineering which he will follow through life. I have in mind a graduate in civil engineering who is now an official of a large steel casting company and a prominent member of The American Society of Mechanical Engineers, and another who is superintendent of a coal mining company. These examples might be multiplied indefinitely and simply serve to show that few of us are masters of our own destinies and that chance often plays an important part in shaping our careers.

The college training of a man should be such as to best fit him to meet the problems of life, and the broader and more fundamental this training has been, the more readily will he be able to adjust himself to conditions as he finds them in life. —Professional Engineer.

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THE ENGINEERS' BALLAD

To the niggard lands were we beckoned, twixt deserts and fives were we penned;
 To the South where the sun was gleaming, to the North where winter reigned;
 To us the earth was given, to us to strengthen and mend,
 Ours till the earth be riven in the crash of the utter end;
 This is the song of the engineers; to win, we must have men.

Our men are sent to colleges so they our way may learn,
 But men of steel and metal, they only our name may earn;
 You may send us the spawn of your gutters, but carefully we weed them out.

For men we want, and only men—them that will bless our name—These are the men of the engineers, and to us they bring always fame.

But we do not work to make riches and we do not work to win fame; We work for a cause, a glorious cause, and that is to serve men. And the others there who would do us harm are driven from our ranks in shame.

They are plucked from their places one by one, repelled by our mighty arm;

For this is the creed of the Engineers, and thus we make it plain. Send not the black sheep of your families, for they only do us shame.

But those who do us justice we harbor with loving ways,
 They are the ones who meet success, they are the ones who win our praise;

They are the ones who love us; they who bring us fame;
 They are the ones who help us, who play their part in the game—The sons we are proud to have answer the Engineers' name.

So I have said to you in roughly rhyming creed,
 An Engineer must be strong and noble and wise indeed,
 He must love and work and serve his fellow's need—

He will then be loved, and loved by all, and honored for each deed.
 Ye Engineers who seek the goal, let this stand as your creed.

Want not, ye Sons of the Engineers, nor fear either hunger or thirst,
 For the Engineer shall be at the last as he ever has been from the first.

—J. F. H., Freshman Eng.

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WANTED—ARCHITECTURAL DRAFTSMAN

The following advertisement appeared in the classified section of one of the Chicago papers during September:

Drafting, Architectural — Young man, \$12 per week; references. Hess, 5 North LaSalle St., room 1207.

A draftsman who noticed this advertisement made the following reply:

Mr. Hess,
5 North LaSalle St.,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

In answer to your ad in the Daily News for an architectural draftsman. As to my ability I had several years' experience as janitor for F. G. Burman and Company when the Sherman Hotel was being designed; worked for Graham & Company as window washer when they drew the plans for the famous Dearborn Station and for a railroad contractor as teamster when the famous International bridge was built between the United States and Canada (that was several years ago; the bridge has since fallen down).

As for salary, if you cannot afford to pay \$12 a week, I will accept \$10, as I am living in the Always Hungry Hotel, 1901 Madison Street; board and room for \$2.85 a week.

Kindly advise what instruments are required.

Yours forever,

Rip Van Winkle.

THE ENGINEER

Who is the man designs our pumps with judgment, skill and care?
Who is the man who builds 'em and who keeps them in repair?
Who has to shut them down because the valve seats disappear?
The bearing-wearing, gearing-tearing Mechanical Engineer.

Who buys the juice for half a cent and wants to charge a dime?
Who when we've signed the contract can't deliver half the time?
Who thinks a loss of twenty-six per cent is nothing queer?

The volt-inducing, load-reducing Electrical Engineer.

Who is it takes a transit out to find a sewer to tap?
Who then with care extreme locates the junction on the map?
Who is it goes to dig it up and finds it nowhere near?

The mud-bespattered, torn and tattered Civil Engineer.

Who thinks without his products we would all be in the lurch?
Who has a heathen idol which he designates Research?

Who tints the creeks, perfumes the air, and makes the landscape drear?
The stink-evolving, grass-desolving Chemical Engineer.

Who is the man who'll draw a plan for everything you desire?
From a trans-Atlantic liner to a hair-pin made of wire?

With "ifs" and "ands", "howevers" and "buts" who makes his meaning clear?
The work-distinguishing, fee-retaining, Consulting Engineer.

Who builds a road for fifty years that disappears in two?
Then changes his identity, so no one's left to sue?

Who covers all the traveled roads with filthy oily smear?
The bump-providing, rough-on-riding Highway Engineer.

Who takes the pleasure out of life and makes existence hell?
Who'll fire a real good-looking one because she cannot spell?

Who substitutes a dictaphone for a coral-tinted ear?
The penny-chasing, dollar-wasting Efficiency Engineer.

—Journal of the Western Society of Engineers.

Gusto—"Do you notice any change in me?"
Beno—"No, why?"
Gusto—"I just swallowed a dime."

THE CORNER HOUND A True Story

By Geo. Henry Ellis

Blackie was a little dog
Of mostly mongrel breed,
With dark and curly hair upon his
hide,
Who followed the survey rig
From morning until night
And begged for grub, and sometimes
for a ride.

The boys were on retracement work
And hunting corners rare
And sub-dividing sections 'cross the
flat,
And Blackie, in his wise old way
Looked on with sober mien
And wondered what's the use of all
of that.

One day the boys a-hunting went
And took their guns along
To get some sage hens, on a holiday,
And Blackie also went along
To help as best he could
And point the boys to where the
chickens lay.

Soon Blackie pointed, and the boys
Crept up with weapons cocked,
As quietly as quietly could be;
And when they got up close enough
To find what Blackie meant,
A well-marked section corner did
they see.

—The Monad.

The following was recomposed by
Prof. Norcross while out on a survey
in California:

THE LAST SURVEY

When earth's last survey is over,
And transit and tape set aside,
And all the surveys are recorded;
And the last surveyor has died;
We'll rest and faith we shall need it,
Lie down for an eon or two,
'Till the great Engineer of creation
Shall set us to work anew.

And only the Master shall praise us,
And only the Master shall blame;
And no one will work for money,
And no one will work for fame;
But all for the love of the doing,
And each in his separate star
Shall survey and set permanent
corners,
For the God of things as they are.

FORESIGHTS

By Daniel Timothy Murphy in The
Professional Engineer.

When a load of hay stops in the
line of sight it is no fit time for delicate
nuances or fragile imprecations.
Make it strong and audible.

The highway engineer with his
"wash-out" signals and carefully
engraved detour cards is looked upon
by exasperated tourists as the
hopeless, degenerate offspring of the
highway robber.

Andrew Carnegie was shrewd. He
endowed a college for those who
yearned to be civil engineers and
later an asylum for such as tried to
practice the profession at the then
prevailing wages.

Every branch of applied muscular
energy is advertising itself as a full-
fledged line of engineering. Why not
designate bunco-men and wildcat
stock salesmen as credulity engineers?

An eastern literary cult is incensed
because, in the matter of feasibility
of a huge engineering project, an
audacious justice preferred the
unsupported word of an engineer to
the overwhelming testimony of an
editor, two poets and a half-bred
real estate broker.

THE ENGINEER'S PERIL

Or The Well Aimed Spittoon.

"Cap'n Dan was busy with the
facial calisthenics of dehydrating a
man-sized chew of tobacco. Fully
aware of life's uncertain tenure and
the brevity of man's existence here
below, Cap'n Dan had doubled up on
the nicotine shift, and tho his rhythmic
jaws moved regularly upon the
tobacco, his lips remained firmly
gripped about a sinister and serpentine
stogy from whose fuming end
emanated an aroma which has never
been duplicated since the memorable
evening that marked the burning
of Rome.

"Into this smel" plunged the courageous
engineer."
—Saturday Evening Post.

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FACULTY TOURNAMENT CLOSES WITH DINNER

The Faculty volley ball tournament, which has been going with so much enthusiasm this year, was officially ended with a dinner at the Y. M. C. A. building last Thursday evening. "The Blues," having won the highest percentage of games, were declared winners of the tournament and were honor guests at the dinner. Losing teams were compelled to do duty as cooks, chefs, kitchen police, and "general utility" men.

The program and menu are given below:
Honor Guests—The "Blues"—Beard, Hulbert (capt.), Long, Stevens, Sudro, Yeager, Walster.
Toastmaster—Dr. H. L. Walster.
Chefs—The "Pinks"; Capt. Lubbehusen, director.
General Utility Squad—The "Blacks"; Capt. Amadon.
K. P.'s—The "Reds"; Capt. Nelson.

Menu
(Table d'hote)
Consomme Salted crisps
Beef a la St. Florentin
Potato Fluff an gras
Brown gravy
Salted Gherkins Celery
Corn a la Maitre d'Hotel
Apple Pie a la mode
Coffee an lait
Briocle

Invocation—Dr. Harry L. Foust.
Dinner—First Course.
Music—Mrs. Thompson and Miss O'Dell.
Dinner—Second Course.

"The Ecology of the Faculty Athlete"—O. A. Stevens.
"Prevailing Spring Styles in Gym Suits"—Ralph Beard.
"Volley Ball As My Wife Sees It"—A. F. Yeager.
"The Pharmacodynamic, Therapeutic and Prophylactic Properties of the Floating Sphere"—W. F. Sudro.
Colorometric Determination—Roberts Hulbert.

Captain's Quartette—
(a) Selection from Handel (with care)
(b) Encore (only in case of absolute necessity).
Captains Amadon, Hulbert, Lubbehusen and Nelson.
Announcements.
Sixty faculty men, wives, sweethearts and guests attended the dinner.

BRICKNER RESIGNS
Garland A. Brickner, president of the Wahpeton State School of Science, has resigned, his resignation to become effective on June 30, 1921.

SPECIAL CONVOCATION APRIL FOURTH

Mr. E. C. Mercer of New York City will be the speaker at a special convocation at nine o'clock next Monday, April 4. Mr. Mercer has been engaged in constructive Christian work for the past sixteen years and he knows college men. He will have a real message for high school and college men and women. His topic will be "Prerequisites for Making an Education Successful."

A. C. SUMMER SCHOOL JUNE 20 TO JULY 29

Dates for the 1921 term of the North Dakota Agricultural College summer school have been announced as June 20 to July 29 by Prof. P. J. Iverson, who will be superintendent of the summer school.

In addition to regular college work, which will be offered, special courses for college, elementary and rural instructors, with special reference to Smith-Hughes vocational work, will be given.

Members of the regular teaching staff of the college will be engaged to conduct the classes.

Full credit for all work done will be given by the college, while work done by elementary school teachers will be accredited towards certificates, just as work in normal schools will be accredited, Professor Iverson said.

Opportunity will be given for completing full term work in the various college subjects.

SAND

By An Engineer

I observed a locomotive in the railroad yards one day;
It was waiting at the round house, where the locomotives stay;
It was panting for the journey, it was coaled and fully manned,
And it had a box the fireman was filling full of sand.
It appears that locomotives cannot always get a grip
On their slender iron pavements, 'cause the wheels are apt to slip.
And when they reach a slippery spot their tactics they command,
And to get a grip upon the rail they sprinkle it with sand.
It's about this way with travel along life's slippery track,
If your load is rather heavy and you're always sling back
(If a common locomotive you completely understand),
You'll provide yourself in starting with a good supply of sand.
If your track is steep and hilly and you have a heavy track grade,
And if those who've egone before you have the rails quite slippery made,
If you ever reach the summit of the upper table land,
You'll find you'll have to do it with a liberal use of sand.
If you strike some frigid weather and discover at your cost
That you're liable to slip on a heavy coat of frost,
Then some prompt, decided action will be called into demand,
And you'll slip way to the bottom if you haven't any sand;
You can get to any station that's on life's schedule seen,
If there's fire beneath the boiler of Ambition's strong machine,
And you'll reach the place called Flushtown at a rate of speed that's grand,
If for all the slippery place you've a good supply of sand.

HOBO ENGINEER

I have often tried to settle down To office work and live in town,
And act like civilized folks do.
Take in the shows and dances, too;
But I'd no more than get a start
Till 'Wanderlust' would seize my heart.
And in my dreams I would see
The great white silence calling me.
And at the chance I'd never fail
To drop it all and hit the trail.
Back to the solitudes again,
With transit, level, rod and chain,
To lead the simple life again,
And do the same thing o'er and o'er,
Day after day, week after week.

When our final survey is done,
And tied up in the great unknown,
And to the chief our records brought
Of lonely work with dangers fraught
Of hardships cheerfully endured
That best results might be secured;
Against all this our little specks
Will seem like ponds compared to seas,
And the angels surely will decide
There's a balance on the credit side,
The Lord, I think, will drop a tear,
And bless the hobo engineer.
("The Tech," V. P. L., Blacksburg, Va.)

FREAKS

As tangible evidence that people have an exalted idea of the engineering professions, and of the uncanny powers of the devotees thereof, we find the title of "Engineer" adopted in many amusing instances. In fact there are people who assume the title even tho in very humble connection with a small job. For instance, have you ever heard of:

- A Social Engineer? Bohnhoff.
- A Wheelbarrow Engineer? Ikke.
- A Typewriter Engineer? Sid.
- A Political Engineer? Oscar.
- A Home Brew Engineer? Dutch.
- A Newspaper Engineer? Latimer.
- An Efficiency Engineer? Waldie.
- A Health Engineer? Eli.
- A Fussing Engineer? Munkoby.
- A Dramatic Engineer? Bishop.
- A Bunk Fatigue Engineer? Butte.
- A Bean (Be an) Engineer McCusker.
- A Matrimonial Engineer? Kratzke.
- A Barn Engineer? Hoffman.
- A Y. Drive Engineer? Jensen.
- A Hot-Air Engineer? J. Hoisveen.
- A Sociological Engineer? Bates.
- Would-be Engineers? All the rest.

A SURVEY YARN FROM KANSAS

By A. G. Barnett, Jr.

Paul Bunyan, who worked as county surveyor out in Kansas, had some reputation in his profession. The following is an account of a job he did for Silas Emery. Silas himself told the story to a party of Rock Island engineers who had taken refuge in his toolshed from one of the Sunflower State's justly famous summer showers.

"I hired Paul," said Silas, "to run my north line out because my neighbor was aimin' to string a fence on what I knowed was my land. They had been a stone sot twenty rod notheast o' my cow barn when the idder Smith owned the layout, but seemed as if I couldn't rightly locate the darn thing. But Paul, he had the guvment notes for the whole county and the one west, so I knowed he could fix me up proper.

"Well, out 'im and his long-legged boys come one mornin' at sun up and set out to find a monnyment to start out from, but they didn't find none till they come to the second range line east; but that there was a buffalo horn set seven inches down in gravel at the aidge of a crick, as the notes called for, so Paul he felt safe to start and they lit out. They'd chain out eighty rod after the compass was set level and the proper declination set off, and then Paul would pull up his instrument and go whar the boys had got to and start 'em off again. And then this-away, bein' right pert steppers, they seavayed them seven miles in two hours, and come to where my corner was supposed to be at. I recollect Paul he was lookin' mighty cocky when he come up to whar the last pin was stickin' in the ground.

"Thar she be," he sings out, "just six inches underground, and if you'll shove down on that there pin you can find her yourself." Wall, I goes over and shoves her in clean up to the red flannel but nary stone did I tech ner feel.

"Now Paul havin' the name he had for doingtptop work I felt right disappointed thinkin' of him amissin' that stone, and I reckon I showed my feelin's some too. Paul, he wasn't lookin' so cocky no more neither. Never did I see a feller more put uot. He reads all his guvment notes over time and agin, and him and the boys they puts down a whole raft of figgers and takes turns a addin' them up.

"Then Paul gits up and takes their sightin' pole and rams her down where the pin was settin'. Full two foot he druv that there pole down fore he give it up as a bad job, and set down and went to pawin' over that old yaller note-book agin. 'Fore he set down, tho, he allowed as how he'd give up and take to ranchin'.

"Finally I heered him snickerin' and I looked over to whar he was, and thar he set grinnin' fit to kill. 'Come here, Si,' sez he, 'and read the discripshun of this here monnyment.' Seems he had overlooked readin' that there discripshun all this time cause of it being over on the right-hand page with figgerin' all 'round and runnin' into it.' But thar it set, writ plain enough for anybody once you noticed it. "For the northeast corner of section 14, havin' run out of buffalo horns, I set an old grindstone purloined from the widder Smith's shed, six inches below the surface of the ground."
"Yep, the pole Paul had shoved down two foot was stickin' plumb thru that there corner."

MAKING CIVIL ENGINEERS

A most extraordinary conception of the qualifications of the civil engineer is apparently held by the editorial staff of the Arizona Republican, Phoenix.

In commenting on the local epidemis of automobile thefts, this paper says, "The way to stop these young dare-devils is to sentence them for from six months to two years to road improvement work. Many a young man who is sentenced to one year's hard labor on the road would blossom out to be a full-fledged civil engineer, so thorough would be his training."

Engineering educators, please note.—Professional Engineer.

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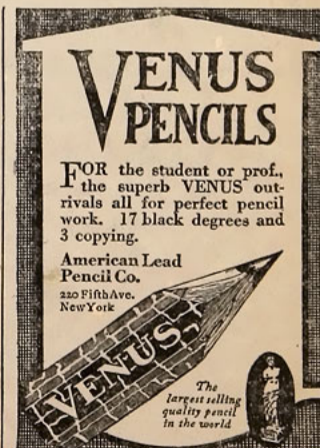
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