

# The Spectrum

*Published by the Students of the North Dakota Agricultural College*

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## In the Twin Cities



AFTER having applied two or three rubbing treatments to the exterior portion of my optic organ I was able to realize the fact that I was in St. Paul—Ye gods, how soundly a man can sleep in a seat. Since I had my program all made out before hand I lost no time boarding a street car for the City and County Hospital. After meandering around on the slippery sidewalks for awhile I finally found the main entrance and once inside I lost no time asking for my friend. He, however, was busy operating and could not be seen for several hours. Then for the Capitol, Glorious Capitol, who can help admiring thee! There it stands upon the hill, austere and august, taking in the entire city with one controlling dignified look. It seems cold and majestic at a distance, becomes beautiful and possessed of an awful strength at a close approach, and as one goes thru the building these two qualities—beauty and strength—seem to be reflected back from every point. A more perfect architectural structure than the "Rotunda" is difficult to imagine.

A guide kindly showed a party of visitors around and followed for oratorical reasons. (Any one desiring a copy of his "spiel" may get one by sending thirty-five cents worth of stamps to the Capitol Sign Store and asking for a Souvenir.) Numerous paintings have been added since I last visited the State building, and among others was a group by Mr. Simmons showing the progress of civilization. Another represents Minnesota as the "Home, Butter and Cheese" making state of the Union, and by the way, most of the paintings show something done either in or by Minnesota. The very fact that these paintings have been produced thru the inspiration of the Almighty Dollar has robbed them of a great deal of real value as pieces of art. One shining exception to this, to my notion at least, was the painting entitled "Progress of the Flame" by Mr. Walker. In this picture natural sitting as well as the position and form of the three females—Heri, Hadie and Gras—is not only handled with a master-hand but there is something indescribably inspiring in the picking up of the tiny glowing coal by Heri and in passing it on as a clear vigorous flame into the hand of winged Gras by Hadie. The seeing of the large glass globe supported by a golden chain brought back to my mind Prof. Hult's description of the Miltonic spheres and the faces of that Infernal Host listening to them.

Of course I visited the Senate Chamber and read Webster's famous "Let us develop the resources," etc. The senators certainly have enough good advice to go and do right. Saw the Ghost Chamber also, where one can always hear ghosts and in the silent midnight hours even actually feel them. After reading a few German proverbs down in the "Ratskeller", I left the proud Capitol.

My doctor friend showed me enough misery to last for a long, long while. As we went thru the Hospital and as I observed those dozens of crippled children and those hundreds of suffering human beings I had to think of the hundreds and thousands of grunting people who ought to be rejoicing.

From the hospital I went to see the big "U". Thinking that the institution certainly must be on the Minneapolis side of the river, I did not want to be so ignorant as to ask the conductor about getting off before we were on the right side. For this wisdom I was obliged to walk back across the bridge but I did not regret it, for the grand sight looking down upon the Father of Waters from the middle part of the bridge was a sight worth going miles to see. "Well, the 'Varsity' is quite a place," said I to no one when I reached the campus. Walked over to the nearest building and was in the act of trying to open the door when a piece of paper caught my eye. I read "closed today",—sighed, and went my way. This was the Dental Building. My next attempt was the Anatomy Building. Here I was more fortunate, got into a murky hallway, found every door locked and not a soul in sight. My imagination saw all those who had been offered on the medical altar of science, could so easily see how the ghosts of the bodies and bones inside and of all those who had been inside—No, can't be a physician and a poet too. I went out.

The next was a beautiful building just being furnished. Here all doors were open. I put on my best smile and asked a laborer what building it was. "D— if I know—some kind of a slaughter house I believe." was the reply. I thanked him and thot it certainly was a good one. Outside the door I took one last fond parting look at the building and read above the door, "The Public Health and Pathology Building." At the Library I saw numerous trophies of football victories and had a pleasant talk with the Registrar. He was almost as pleasant as our own Mr. Parrott. Wonder if all registrars are such angels. In the course of my journey I found myself approaching a very attractive building but when near enough I read "Alice Hall." Scared to death over being so near a forbidden place, I immediately made half right and was tempted to go double step down to a safe haven which I spied at the end of the walk in form of the Y. M. C. A. Building. As I ran by the forbidden building, however, I glanced over and lo, and behold! there was a man sitting quietly by the window. The Y. M. C. A. was locked and on my way back I bravely walked over to the entrance, gently touched the Alice door, and to my astonishment (Miltonic sense) it flew open as by magic. I entered, walked around, and saw a few sewing machines, evidently ornamental in their nature. Then I came upon a large room having nothing but a lot of readily movable chairs in it. On entering the smoothness of the floor immediately attracted my attention. My! it was easy sliding. What a mistake John Swenson has made by not receiving his education here. What a sum he could have saved not having to buy floor-wax.

The Main building just being built is going to be a grand one. I could not leave the grounds before visiting the famous Northrop Field. As I stood there the sun sent its farewell rays in over the quiet field where so many battles have been won, and so many lost. So many a boy who had spent all his energy and set all his hopes on winning the game played at this field has gone bitterly disappointed away from here. So many a limb has been broken. So much dishonesty and so much professionalism have been resorted to in order to win here. Win what? In the future when the true judgment of history is passed

over our football what will it be? What do we go to school for anyway, what is life? What is man and where is he going? Old, old questions when will they ever be solved?

I left the University in a strange mood.

D. J. G.



## An Oval Portrait



ANY years ago I was traveling in northern Italy, accompanied by my slave, Pedro. Late one afternoon after a long journey, we came to an old castle. Everything seemed desolate and lonely about it, but I determined to find out if we could not find lodging for the night. We rode up to the place, which seemed to have been but recently deserted. After taking care of our horses we broke open a door and entered the castle. It must have belonged to some rich and ancient noble family, for every apartment was gorgeously furnished and on the wall hung oil portraits of knights in armor and their wives, evidently the ancestors of the last inhabitant.

We found our way to the kitchen, and there we found plenty to eat, for in their flight the family had evidently taken nothing. After satisfying our appetites, we proceeded in search of some sleeping apartments. I soon found one that suited me. It was most richly furnished, and the bed was hung with richest of tapestries. On the walls were several oil paintings, one of which attracted my attention in particular. It was an oval shaped portrait of a knight in full armor, and, as it was hung on the wall it looked directly on the bed. I ordered Pedro to push back the curtains that I might use the bed, and then told him to take the next apartment. I had also noticed a heavy book on the mantelpiece and taking it down, I lay down on the bed and began to turn over the pages. It seemed to be a record of a noble family and I read of one young knight, who, on the night before he was to be married, had slept in the same room wherein I now was. He had not appeared the next morning and upon going to his room they found the bed empty and blood spattered on the furniture.

I looked up and noticed the oval picture on the wall. It tallied exactly with the description of the knight in the book, and on his wrist was an iron bracelet, engraved with a coat of arms, which he was said to have worn on the night of his disappearance.

I perceived that the painting was mounted on the solid wall. I rapped my hand on the wall and it sounded hollow. Running my hand over the frame I struck against a small projection which I had thought to be only an ornament, but to my surprise the portrait swung backward, disclosing to me a secret chamber. Curious to know the reason for this chamber, I secured a candle and entered it. I had taken only one or two steps forward when to my horror, I perceived at my feet the skeleton of a human being. Upon his wrist was the iron ring which I had seen in the picture. I now knew that this was the end which had so suddenly overtaken the young man on the eve of his marriage.

## A Day at the Fair



WE paused outside of the gate to procure our tickets, a street car stopped outside of the grounds and a crowd of people got off. It was noon and they were coming together for the afternoon's entertainment. We passed in and joined the throng. It was a hot, sultry day in July; all people were dressed in gala attire. Young girls in white dresses with ribbons fluttering from waists and shoulders. Country boys with large cigars and hats tipped at rakish angles. Old men with canes and ribbon badges. Small children sailing their toy balloons. Women with tired, sunburned faces, and farmers. All in gay spirits and bent on making the best of their holiday.

The big white fair buildings, grand-stand with race track and stables lay before us in the hot sun. Along the walk to our right were the fakir's stalls and the lunch counters. Also the Merchant's Building, a large colonial structure. Entering, we were greeted by many friends and after looking at the furs, biscuits, photograph galleries, etc., we crossed over to the Women's Building, similar in shape and size. Here we caught the sound of music, saw grain, fancy work, pictures and works of art. Next we proceeded to the stables where we saw the Percherons, and Clydesdales which had won the prizes. From here we made our way to the race track.

Here the crowd was denser, but we met many friends and acquaintances; it was well nigh impossible to get a seat in the grand-stand. Sprinklers were brought out to settle the dust on the track, the horses were lead out one by one and the excitement grew for the races were about to commence.

Suddenly in the midst of the race, when every eye was fixed upon the competitors a great clap of thunder startled everyone. Clouds and wind were playing havoc in the sky. At once all was confusion. The great assemblage of people began to squirm and fight their way to shelter. Most of us were under cover and waiting for the storm before it burst. Down it poured in torrents, drenching, soaking everything.

It was over almost as quickly as it had come and we all began to make our way into breathing space. But the mischief played by the storm had wrought havoc with the holiday. The zest of pleasure was gone for the young and care had returned to the old. So gathering in little groups the throng dispersed.

J. M.



## Objects of a College Education

WHAT is your object in attending College? The answer is probably vague in your mind, but to be conscious of it and to express it in some form gives meaning, purpose and content to your pursuit. Objects of ambition vary with different natures and at different periods, but it is usually one of the following motives that brings students to College:

1. Parents sent them.
2. Desire for influence.
3. Desire for life of ease and pleasure.
4. Desire for acquiring wealth.
5. Desire for culture and love of work.
6. To study football.

The first is usually a good reason. The student probably was sent by parents of means and culture, either because he has shown a preference for study, or because he has not shown a preference for study at all. Or the student may have been sent by parents that seem old-fashioned and everyday people, but from the fact that to have lived gives wisdom, regretting their own probably meagre and inefficient schooling, have resolved that their child or children shall see better days than they have, if it is in their power. In either case the parents' hopes and prayers follow the student.

But the student usually has some more personal reason than this. It is probably desire for the influence which he expects to gain by the training of a College course; the power and esteem, it will give him among others. This quality is undoubtedly legitimate when put to the right use.

The third class includes those who expect happiness and welfare if they can only receive sufficient trimming to get into a soft position. Those who have tried this have found that it makes them soft,—sponges, that will be squeezed and pressed by any one who finds it to his advantage to do so; they have discovered that the soft place is not to be found in the position but under the aspirant's hat. But the College training will do better than that. It will smooth the path of the student for effort and attainment that yield happiness and welfare without consciously seeking them.

The prevalent custom of presenting the examples of "captain of industry" for emulation, the power which they wield in our politics, and the fact that the most prominent part of their work is the amassing of fortunes is responsible for much of the ambition among those who desire ability to acquire wealth. But constantly, the truth has been emphasized since men came upon the earth that riches do not warrant its owner character, true friends, or love, or happiness, of itself. It must be a means to an end and the end must be worthy. But the knowledge of business transactions is important, and the student should arrange for and satisfy himself that he gets a clear conception and working familiarity with modern principles of commercial operations.

Desire for culture is probably one of the most general and also most vague objects of ambition. The ambition for personal improvement for its own sake often resembles the ambition for wealth, pleasure, and power. Pursued for their own sake they fail of their purpose. They are too selfish, too material, too narrow to allow, much less insure, the realization of a complete personality. While any or all of these objects of ambition may be definite at different periods of a college course, if it is effective, and the student receptive, they will change with the development it gives and resolve themselves into the desire of doing the work because the student's activity, enthusiasm and inclination compels him to do it, and he does it with no more than necessary regard for the other results. If this motive predominates he will feel a thrill of delight in every new demonstration of Geometry, every new law of Chemistry, every new inspiration of Literature; a sense of gratitude, of strength, of victory. He will feel that in his science, music, mechanics, literature, household art, farm life, and associa-

tions and intimacy with friends and teachers, the joy of learning truths which reveal constantly more of the world, himself, his fellowmen and relations to them, which is what he really has sought. If he sees this he has the best opportunity for realizing any worthy ambition. He has realized the most worthy.

The sooner the student arrives at this view, and if possible at the very start, the better is he able to meet the expectations of others, and the better will he be satisfied that his sojourn in College has been a boon and a blessing in his life.

C. M., '08.

## The Junior Annual

**T**HE Junior Class has decided that the time has at last come when the College has grown to such a size that it is necessary and altogether right for it to issue an Annual. This publication, which would aim to be fully representative of the College and to abound in photographs and stories of College life and activity, marks an important step forward in the progress of the College. We have grown old enough and large enough to merit such a publication and if we are to have one, we must make it such that it will reflect honor on the Institution. To this end the Juniors would ask the hearty coöperation of every student, faculty member, class and society at the College. Some are already busy; let us all join in and make it a success. Show an interest in it, help it along and above all, subscribe to it!

G. H.

## Athletic Notes



**J**ANUARY 12th the A. C. team played the Y. M. C. A. boys. The A. C. team had the advantage in weight and had no difficulty in winning out handily, by the score of 28 to 48. The Y. M. C. A. play a fast game and will be heard from when they grow a little. Darrow and Clark, both A. C. students, did most of the playing for them. The A. C. boys played fair ball, but were a little slow, owing to the short time they had been working together.

**J**ANUARY 19th, the Normal team were up from Aberdeen to show us farmers how to play the game. They claimed the championship of South Dakota, but we "skinned" them, and that ought to give us the title. The score was 16 to 42. They put up a good game tho, and in the second half the scoring was very evenly divided. They are very anxious to have us come down to Aberdeen, but no dates have been arranged as yet.

Mayville Normal came down on the 26th with both teams. The first game was played between the girls' teams, and tho the farmer lassies played a plucky game against their more experienced opponents, they were beaten by the score of 31 to 2.

However, a sad fate awaited the normalites, for when the boys' game was on, the school teachers didn't seem to be able to locate the basket at all, while the farmers didn't seem to be able to miss it,—21 to 92 was as close as the score could be determined. The normalites took their defeat gracefully, tho, and had "no kick coming."

## Agricultural Department



THE North Dakota Live Stock Association is asking the Legislature for an annual appropriation of one thousand (\$1,000.00) dollars and it is to be hoped that the appropriation will be granted. The organization has no official connection with the Agricultural College, although Prof. W. B. Richards has been the Secretary of the Association for the past two years. The Association has done some very efficient work in promoting greater interest in the production of better live stock in the state. There is no line of business where concerted action is more needed than among the producers of live stock. The annual meetings and other gatherings that are held bring the breeders thruout the state together where they may exchange ideas and get new inspirations. Several public sales of pure bred breeding stock have been held during the past two years and they have been very satisfactory both to the buyer and seller.

The appropriation will be used for the publication of a report of the proceedings of the annual meetings; and also for the purpose of showing the possibilities of live stock production in the state. One of the most helpful things that it aims to accomplish is the maintenance of a breeders' directory. The objects of this directory will be to keep on file in the secretary's office a record of the kind, number and quality of animals each breeder has for sale at all times of the year. This information will be placed in the reach of the buyer to guide him in his purchases. Many other things that will be a benefit to the industry can be accomplished, providing funds are available, and no end of good will result.

A NEW Bulletin on Cereals, by Professors Shepperd and Churchill is about to go to press. Cereals from all over the world, from Russia, Australia, Great Britain, Canada, and other countries, including all the spring wheat growing states of the union, aggregating over two hundred strains of seed were gathered by this department. These were grown on uniform trial plots for five year periods and the results used as a basis for selection, the poorer kinds being regularly discarded. At the same time the better ones were being grown as individual plants in the plant nursery until now, not an original strain is able to compete with those emanating from the plant nursery, in points of yield, grade and rust resistance. (Interesting facts are here disclosed. For instance one kernel of grain, fighting its way thru the nursery and breeding plots yielded in the tenth year to the farmers of North Dakota, seventy-five bushels of grain. In 1892 one lone kernel was planted; in 1902 three train loads of twenty-five cars each, full of grain from this one kernel was produced in this state.) But this is only one of the many subjects dealt with in this bulletin. It is very extensive and complete, dealing with fertilizers, thickness of seeding, rust resistance, and many other features of special value to the grain grower.

MR. MAGILL was elected President of the Agricultural Club for the January term. At the first meeting, a committee of three was appointed to revise the constitution and report to the society. The first reading of the report was heard at the last meeting, and the proposed changes discussed. Among the proposed changes, is a provision for meetings of the Club during the Short Year

Course instead of the Winter Course term as formerly. Instead of elections every month, it is proposed that they be limited to one election in the fall and two in the Winter term. Interesting programs are being arranged for the weekly meetings, and the popularity of the club is evident from the steadily increasing attendance.

## Science Notes



SA rule we are opposed to copying material from other publications, but when a prominent magazine like *The Ladies' Home Journal* publishes such a tribute to our state we feel that it is not too egoistic on our part to reproduce it in full:

"Every one of us ought to stand ashamed before the people of North Dakota. Just see what the people of that comparatively small State have done. They made up their minds: We want pure food for ourselves and for our children. And then they said to the State: And you must see that we get pure food. So they passed a law, and now every article of food sold in that State must be examined and passed upon for its purity before it can be sold to the people. The State took up the work and found one candy colored with coal-tar dye, and chocolate made of cornstarch; they found benzoic acid and aniline dyes in preserves; olive-oil to be largely cottonseed oil; and the State said to the concerns who manufactured these humbugs: Here, either be honest or keep your foods out of this State. And now every analysis of a food is published, and every house-keeper knows exactly what to buy: what article is pure, and what article is not. Could anything be simpler, or a surer protection to health?

"Next, said these sensible North Dakota people: We want to know about these "patent medicines": what there is in these "medicines": whether they are safe or not. And the State got busy. It found indications of alcohol in "Paine's Celery Compound," in "Dr. Shoop's Restorative," in "Swift's Specific," in "Peruna": it found indications of morphine or laudanum in "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup": it found indications of acetanilid in "Bromo-Seltzer," and it said in substance to the makers: Either you state the fact on the labels of your bottles that these drugs are in your medicines or keep them out of our State. And now, the people of North Dakota know exactly where they stand on this question of "patent medicines." And that is precisely what all of us living in other States should know.

"Folks write to us by the Hundreds: "How can we protect ourselves from these adulterated foods and alcohol-filled 'medicines'?" The answer is shown above. Do as the people of North Dakota have done. Don't get the notion that the National Pure Food Bill does this. It does not. If there is alcohol in "Peruna" that fact must, beginning with this month, be stated on the label of every bottle sold outside of Ohio. But how about the people of Ohio, the State in which "Peruna" is manufactured? No such statement need be made on the labels of bottles in that State. In other words, the people of the State in which a "patent medicine" is manufactured know less about that "medicine" than the people who live in other States. For that reason the people of every State should insist upon a Pure Food and Drug Law of their own—a State law, in other words, that will tell them just as much about the "patent medicines" made in their own State as now has to be told to the people outside of their



State. They have a right to that protection, just as the North Dakota people felt they had, and now have. Every State owes it to its people. We must have protection in our foods and drugs: we owe it to our children if not to ourselves. But we must all ask for it, as the North Dakota folks did, and insist upon having it, and not be satisfied until we do have it. Your State Senator or Assemblyman is the man to get such a law for you, and he will get it just as soon as he knows that you want it. Let us, each for himself or herself, ask him, and keep asking him. Let us prove that North Dakota is not the only sensible State in the Union."

## Mechanical Notes



**J**UST why it is that among all her liberal provisions for education, North Dakota has, as yet, made no provision for the training of young men in the profession of Civil Engineering, is a matter of considerable wonder. In the rapid march of progress upon which this state is now entering, it stands to reason that there will be employment within our borders for several score of civil engineers in the near future. These men must be professionally trained and educated somewhere. Al-

most all the states have made provision in one or more of their institutions of learning for the teaching of this profession. So far as North Dakota has made no such provision, and in the course of time when it becomes necessary to secure these men, they will have to be transplanted from states or countries existing under entirely different conditions from our own. Any thinking person can readily see that, from an economical standpoint alone, it will be greatly to the advantage of the state at large to have these men recruited from the ranks of her own citizens who not only have the existing conditions well in mind, but who have the welfare of the commonwealth at heart as well. All of which goes to prove that now is the time and here is the place to establish a chair of civil engineering in our own Agricultural College and thereby be forearmed against the future.

**A**T A recent meeting of the Lyceum of Engineers the question of municipal ownership was pretty fully discussed from an engineering point of view, and surprisingly enough, it was finally decided that municipal ownership of street railway systems is a paying proposition, Chicago to the contrary notwithstanding.

**T**HE element Selenium, according to Prof. Ladd, is a metal that possesses the peculiar property of conducting electricity in proportion to the intensity of the actinic rays acting upon it. Here then is a principle, the correct application of which would give us a direct means for determining the efficiency of photographic materials such as plates, films papers, etc. No doubt the manufacturers of such articles would welcome an invention which would enable them to judge exactly the product which they are making and putting on the market.

**A** BILL, pending before the Canadian House of Parliament, is designed to prohibit the exportation of electrical energy beyond the boundary. Canada, it is claimed, needs all the power she can produce for her own growing industries, and takes this means of reserving it. Electrical power has long been

manufactured and sold as a strictly commercial product but this is the first case on record in which a nation has tried to collect duty on an invisible, intangible force. In retaliation, no doubt, the United States will soon begin to collect import customs on Canadian smoke.

**I**T HAS long been supposed that the rotary plow was the culmination of science applied to "snow-bucking" on railroads. In the light of recent events, however, it would seem that the rotary snow-plow fails just at the crucial moment and that the "snow-fence" is entirely inadequate to meet the exigencies of a really determined blizzard. If the old adage that "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," applies at all to railroading, it is evident that a good deal of energy has been wasted in the wrong direction. Whether it is possible to so construct a road-bed that obstruction from drifting snow shall be entirely eliminated or not, we do not profess to know, but perhaps a few thousand dollars spent in investigating different methods would not prove without return when it comes to considering the enormous cost of removing the snow after the damage is done, as at present. It is up to someone to either invent a snow-less climate or else evolve a system by which railroads can be run independent of climatic conditions, if we are to have an efficient service during the winter months.

**M**R. PAUL FUNDERHIDE, a former Engineering student at this institution, left last month for Ft. Myres, Florida, to join a field party of the U. S. Drainage Survey which is to make a preliminary topographic map of the Everglades with a view to drainage and ultimate reclamation for Agricultural purposes. Mr. Funderhide first entered the field corps of the drainage survey two years ago in the capacity of a rodman and thence rapidly rose to the charge of an instrument. The best wishes of his classmates follow him to his new field.

## Pharmacy Notes

**T**HE "Short Course" in Pharmacy is now in progress with an attendance of thirty. Prof. Stallings has charge of the class in Chemistry and is quite busy these days explaining such intricate problems as the atomic theory, Valence, gas laws, besides the numerous other questions that arise during the course. Dr. Putnam conducts the class in Materia Medica and Therapeutics. Pharmacy and Pharmacognosy is in charge of Prof. Brown and laboratory work is given every afternoon and Saturday morning so as to thoroughly acquaint the student with the various preparations used in Pharmacy. Considerable of the time is devoted to prescription work, the consideration of such incompatibilities as may arise in this work and the best means of overcoming them, so as to guarantee to the patient the proper interpretation and preparation of the prescription.

The work as given in the "Short Course" will necessarily have to be a rapid survey of the field of Pharmacy, Chemistry, and Materia Medica; but the greater number of students have had from 4 to 6 years of practical experience, several having previously taken the course at Drew's Institute, so that the work can be covered quite rapidly, yet thoroughly enough to guarantee passing the State Board examination in the spring.

**M**ISS MAY CAMDEN is acting as assistant to Prof. Brown in Pharmacy laboratory during the Winter term.

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## EDITORIAL

IN THE winter of 1896, President Worst and Dr. Hinebauch, in order to awaken more rivalry between the Philomathians and Athenians, decided to offer two medals as rewards for the best declamations to be given at an annual contest. That year in May, the first contest was held, Miss Ida Bottenfield, an Athenian, winning the gold medal. Since then, a contest has been held every year, making in all, eleven contests. During this time, the honors have been about equally divided by the two societies, sometimes one society winning both medals, sometimes each winning one. Since it is necessary for the contestant to win his place at two consecutive contests in order to become the permanent possessor of the medal, it is not strange that not many have won the medals for their own. In the case of three young ladies,

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Miss Bottenfield, Miss Bronson and Miss Edith Hill who won the gold medal at one contest and did not live until the time for the next to come around, the medal was given to the parents as a memento. Aside from this no one has yet fairly become the possessor of the gold medal. Mr. Thomas Osgood is the only one, moreover, who has a silver medal permanently in his keeping.

But the contest is accomplishing its purpose, and the rivalry between the two societies is strong indeed. The societies have grown with the College and are becoming a vital feature of College life. The Athenian Society alone has an active membership of fifty, nearly all of which are regular College students. And the societies are becoming more efficient and active each year. Perhaps at no time has greater interest been taken in their work than at present, situated as they are in their comfortable, pleasant society-rooms.

That the ability to make a noise has not been lost was amply demonstrated Friday evening, February 8th, by the members of the Athenians when it was announced that their contestant, Peter

Olson, had won first place. Miss Agnes Halland, a Philomathian, won second. All the declamations were highly creditable to the individual speakers and the contest was a very good one. The several musical numbers were greatly appreciated and the audience only wished for more during the long absence of the judges. Prof. C. B. Waldron acted as chairman and afterward awarded the medals to the successful participants. The judges were the Rev. Mr. C. R. Adams, Dr. F. E. Stratton, and Supt. W. E. Hoover, and their decision was highly satisfactory to all.

**M**UCH has been said and written as to the actual value in dollars and cents of a human life to the state. This, as other commodities, must necessarily be governed by the law of supply and demand, but nevertheless, no specific sum has been arrived at which can be said to truly represent the value of a citizen. The operators of the railroads of the United States have probably studied the question more fully than anyone else and they seem to have reached the conclusion that the large number of lives lost through railroad accidents during the past year could be sacrificed in preference to a liberal expenditure of capital for safety appliances.

What per cent of these accidents could have been prevented even by the most approved systems is a question difficult to answer; but that the number could have been reduced with a slight diminution of the railroad dividends is quite probable. Railroad legislation could very profitably be directed towards obtaining greater safety as well as lower rates.

But now, is the greed of the railroad operators the sole cause of these horrible catastrophes that have time and again shocked the people of our country? Isn't there something below

and beneath the immediate greed of the railroads that should bear part of the blame for this wholesale slaughter of human lives, something in the very character of the American people? There is a tendency toward recklessness prevalent everywhere but the effects are probably nowhere as serious and obvious as in the operation of our railroads. This spirit of recklessness has become so common that as Americans we pride ourselves on this questionable quality. The railroading of today is not only tolerated but desired by public opinion. No system whatever can continue to exist perverse to public opinion. It may be thrust upon the public for a limited time but in railroading as in everything else, existing conditions are the products of the age and the outgrowth of the sentiment of the day. The railroads of Europe with which our own are compared when our attention is drawn to the numerous fatal accidents, are ridiculed by the greater portion of our citizens "Think of creeping along the ground at the rate of 45 miles an hour," they say "Our time is too valuable to be spent in that fashion." Yet, it is evident that the speed of the American trains is an objectionable feature. "We are willing to take the risk" the American says,—and the railroads have provided him with the risk. Let public sentiment demand safer transportation and it will come as a matter of course. Not that the speed of our trains is the sole cause of the accidents or even a great cause, but the fact that we are willing to sacrifice safety to what we consider economy has given us existing conditions. The question with the traveling public in selecting a route is seldom which is the safer, but which is the cheaper and which is the swifter. These things determine the popularity of a road and they are naturally uppermost in the minds of the operators in conducting their systems.

## Locals

Ask Connor if the girls were good to him at the Xmas party.

The Pharmaceutical Association has revived after a temporary relapse.

A noble Junior—"Don't make so much noise, I am trying to think."

A great deal of interest is shown in the impending debate with Fargo College.

Are the Y. W. C. A. going to win the piano? If they have their way they will.

Mr. Willard (at Senior Ball)—"One, two, three, one, two, three; this is a two-step, isn't it?"

It is rumored that Prof. Smith is going into the sewing business by and by—if he has time.

Weren't we all surprised when the seniors really did something, even if it was only to have a dance.

Ralph H.—"Is there any danger of a student losing his social standing if he delivers milk for his board?"

It is rumored that the Senior Preps are to have the best play that ever was. Let us see if they are good for it.

Our orators and declaimers seem to have created quite a disturbance in the atmosphere during the past month.

The shortage of coal the first of the month came near forcing the authorities to close the College for a time.

Mr. Otten (after the Mayville basket ball game)—"Well, our girls were too little. They should have tackled lower."

Miss R. (to the Registrar)—"I want one subject that I won't have to study."

Registrar (laughing)—"You must be Irish."

New Student (standing outside the gate that leads to the stack-room in the Library)—"Do you charge admission to go in there?"

Chas. C. (who had been studying logarithms for three months and three days)—"Say, Professor, what is an antilogarithm?"

When you buy shoes go to Kurtzman's and get votes for the Piano Contest. You can help the girls win a piano for the College.

The girls of the College most heartily enjoyed a reception given by Mesdames Bolley, Bell and Pritchard on Saturday afternoon, January 26.

A Committee from the Legislature visited the College Saturday, February 2 to inspect the different buildings and find out the needs of the institution.

On Monday afternoon, January 21, the girls of the Y. W. C. A. gave, in their new rooms in the Library Building, a social tea to the Faculty wives.

On account of the blizzard of Saturday, February 2, the basket ball teams were unable to go to Valley City for the games with the Normal.

Out of sight is evidently out of mind in Mr. Glomset's case, for not long ago one of the Juniors was heard to say, "Don't Mr. D— and I make a fine pair?"

Some of the young ladies of the College have an interest in a shoestore down town. If it is not the Queen Quality shoes they handle, it must be the Rex Brand.

The juniors became so hungry at the last noon-session class meeting they held that they have changed the order of business and hold their meetings on Sunday afternoons.

The students in farm mechanics are busy writing essays for the liberal prizes annually offered by the different manufacturers who are interested in this line of work.

The juniors are busily planning their Annual. It is the first class that ever

attempted to get out an Annual and everyone should help make it a success by subscribing for it.

Conductor on street car—"A. C. College."

Mr. Clark—"Te! he! What does 'C' stand for?"

Conductor—"Cattle, I suppose."

Prof. K. (explaining)—"It's just like this. If a fish and a half cost a cent and a half, how much will two fish cost?"

Darrow (quickly)—"Three cents."

Wow! Thirty-five below zero and the boys are still wearing their military caps without even plugging up the air holes on the side. Never was there such enthusiasm in the military camp.

Prof.—"What studies do you take?"

E.—"Chemistry and Geometry."

Prof.—"What's the difference between them?"

E.—"I don't know."

The Cadets have evidently taken the hint given in the last Spectrum as they are now negotiating for a dance. The College may be expecting a grand military affair in the near future.

Mr. Dobie (at basket ball practice)—"Say, South, can you come out Sunday to practice baskets for awhile?"

Mr. South—"No, I've got a Sunday School Class to teach."

"Gerald" Swenson has gone to Bismarck, where he is serving his country. We hope that he will use his influence in getting the College some of the necessary appropriations.

Prof. Richards went to Mandan the latter part of last month, and Mr. Lanxon took his place in the stock judging room and gave the "Short-horns" some pointers on judging Jerseys.

Instructor (in beginning Grammar)—"In the sentence 'We sat or reclined

about a bountiful repast', what does repast mean?"

Bright Student—"It means past over again."

First Student (entering Science Hall)—"Is Rex Willard upstairs?"

Second Student—"I don't know. There is one of the Willards there, but they both whistle the same tune so I can't tell which one it is."

Weaver (collecting money at Senior Ball) to new Student—"Here, you must pay before you go in."

New Student (looking in his pocket)—"Well, I had a nine dollar bill here and some one stole it."

Miss Emma Aamoth was recently operated on for appendicitis. The basket ball girls will lose not only their captain but also one of their best players. We are all glad to learn that she is recovering rapidly from the operation.

Clarence W.—"I have one study that I like best on Thursday and Friday."

Stud.—"How often do you have it?"

C. W.—"The first three days of the week."

Nemsic—"What are you doing, Marks?"

Marks—"Testing for arsenic."

Nemsic—"Are you using Marsh's test?"

Marks—"No, Mark's test. Eat it, and if you die it's arsenic."

The girls resolved that in order not to let the boys get ahead of them they would organize a debating club to compete with them. They are to have their first debate in the near future on the question: Resolved that science has done more for education than literature.

Word has been received from Mr. Glomset, who is attending the University of Chicago, to the effect that he

feels like a bird in May. We surely don't feel like that here with the thermometer at 30 below zero. He is well pleased with his new surroundings and much interested in his new line of work.

Overheard on the walk:

First Student—"Say, what are you going to take this term?"

Second Student—"O, I guess I'll take English."

First Student—"What's that?"

Second Student—"I don't know, but they say there are lots of classes in it and I guess you can have your choice."

After much argument and some little experimenting on the part of a group of students in the chemical laboratory, they decided that the lady bicycle-rider in the ten-cent show was the mother of one of the other riders. It is not known whether it was the argument or the experiments these gentlemen were making that brought them to the above conclusion.

President Worst has ordered four different types of potatoes from the Department of Agriculture that have been especially bred for the production of alcohol. These potatoes were raised in Europe where denaturalized alcohol is produced for manufacturing purposes. The Agricultural Department is going to see how they will produce in North Dakota soil and climatic conditions.

Prof. Keene—"Is there Chapel at noon today? Some one said there was a notice on the bulletin board."

Junior Class (in chorus)—"O, yes, the juniors are going to hold a class meeting there."

Prof. Keene—"Pardon me, I forgot that the junior class was the whole thing now-a-days.

Mr. C. (in Physics)—"They have found a new method now and can make ice-cream out of buttermilk."

## Alumni Notes

John Swenson, '06, is working in the Capitol at Bismarck.

Miss Katie Jensen, '04, spent the Christmas holidays in Williston near where she took up a claim.

Mr. L. R. Waldron of the Dickinson Experimental Station visited the College last week on his way home from Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jensen with their daughter Norma spent January 16th, in Fargo. They were returning from Buffalo to their home in Westhope.

On the west wall of the Library hangs the magnificent picture of the Italian poet Dante, presented to the College in memory of Mr. Charles M. Hall, '95, by his parents and Mrs. Jessie Taylor Hall. Very few of the present students knew Mr. Hall, but we of the Alumni, who knew him both as a student and teacher, felt ourselves urged to greater diligence in life's work by the force of his example.

On going to press we regret to learn of the departure of Fred Birch for Salt Lake City. Mr. Birch has been in constant attendance at the A. C. for the past seven years, coming here from the 8th grade and completing the mechanical course with the class of 1906. Thruout his College career he has been a member of the foot ball squad and has played the right end position for six years.

During the years 1904-5 and 1905-6 Birch served as manager of the Spectrum. He has held many other offices in different organizations, being especially prominent in the Alpha Mu Fraternity.

In his new role as Secretary and Treasurer of the S. Birch & Sons' Contracting Company, we are sure that he will meet with the same success that has always attended his College endeavors.

## Exchanges

We are sorry to note the absence of *The Manitou Messenger* but hope that it will come back soon to its accustomed place on our Exchange lists.

We wish to bid the following Exchanges which appear on our tables for the first time a hearty welcome and we hope that they will visit us each month: *The Cricket, The Arrow, The Optimist, The Red and Black, The Oracle* (Hamilton), *The Columbiad, The Mercerian, and The Tiltonian*.

In place of the usual routine of praising the good articles, "knocking" the poor and expounding in general what a College paper should be we will give you instead a few of the poems found in our various Exchanges, without comment, allowing the reader to judge for himself whether they be good, bad or indifferent:

### COMFORTERS

I was moved to song as I strolled along  
Where the pines in their grandeur grew,  
Where the earth was wild and undefiled  
By the ruin that man can do.  
And the breath they gave sent a soothing wave  
Thru my heart lately filled with care,  
I was told of the love of a God above  
In the words He was speaking there.  
All the needles spread to ease my tread  
And the interlacing shade  
From the branches thick, and the snapping sticks  
That were in my pathway laid.  
E'en the chickadees that hopped with ease  
From branch to branch again,  
Were each a friend and glad to lend  
Some comfort to me then.  
For they seemed to say in their peaceful way,  
Brother give us thy care

And receive, instead of the haunting dread  
Manly courage from God's pure air.

I forgot the tares of my daily cares  
That so often denied me rest,  
As I gathered the wheat so pure and sweet  
From the fields that His hand has blessed.

I have found relief from my unbelief  
In the depths of the verdant wood.  
And 'tis ever so with those who go  
Back to nature to look for good.

There is endless good in the calm, deep wood,  
Let us learn to perceive it then;  
To partake of the food in our solitude  
That will fit us to meet with men.

CONNOR, in *The Tiltonian*.

The quiet scene in peaceful slumber lay  
And all the busy world had sunk to rest

Save where the night bird piped the hours away  
And gentle breezes stirred the top-most crest.

And o'er yon distant mountain top serene

The pale moon flings her soft and silvery light

And casts upon the dew a silver sheen  
That beautifies the woodland after night.

O. N. M. in *The Columbiad*.

### FALL FANCIES

Kiss me sweetheart, summer's over,  
And the year is fast a-dying;  
Where we walked amid the clover,  
Dusty withered grass is lying;

And the swallows south are flying,  
And--I have you still, my dear,  
What's the sense in all this sighing?

Kiss me, sweetheart, winter's here.

Ex.