

# The Spectrum

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## Alexander Pope



ALEXANDER POPE was born May 21, 1688 in Lombard Street, London. He inherited from his father a deformed and undersized body and from his mother a tendency to nervous headaches. His parents were Catholics and so their son was prevented from attending a public school or a university and his education was therefore of a very desultory sort, mostly such as he gained for himself. His religion as well as his ill-health

shut him out of any trade, and confirmed his early choice of literature as a profession. He was the earliest man of letters pure and simple; all of his predecessors had taken up writing more as an avocation; thus, Spencer was a government official; Shakespeare was an actor and was also interested in the management of the theater where his plays were presented; Milton was an eager and enthusiastic participant in the fierce religious and political strife of his time, and Dryden also had a Civil Service position.

Making literary work a side issue was undoubtedly due to the fact that these men found it necessary to earn their living and could or would not give up their time to hard work which was the only thing that paid in pounds and shillings.

Pope, on the other hand, had a small private fortune, inherited from his father, and when a bad investment deprived him of that, his translations of the Iliad and the Odyssey sold for eight thousand pounds, which rendered him independent for the remainder of his life.

Being shut out of schools, Pope spent his childhood principally in the company of older people, and hence he was exceedingly precocious. As a child he was known as the "Little Nightingale" because of his very clear, musical voice. When he was only eight or nine years old, his father often set to writing rhymes and would make him do them over if they did not suit. Alexander writes, in his Epistle to Mr. Arbuthnot:

"Why did I write? what sin to me unknown  
Dipt me in ink, my parents or my own?  
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,  
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

His earliest poem of note, "the Essay on Criticism" was written when he was not yet 23 years of age. The truths which it sets forth are by no means new ones, but they are clothed with a new form. His terse, epigrammatic style

causes him to be the most frequently quoted writer, next to Shakespeare. Many of his lines have become so much a part of the language that we never stop for quotation marks when using them. We do not stop to tell who first said: "To err is human, to forgive divine;" "Fools rush in, where angels fear to tread," or "The proper study of mankind is man."

The greatest success of Pope's earlier writings is a mock heroic epic, "The Rape of the Lock." The poem grew out of an incident in high life in London. A lord, in a frolic, cut off a lock of a young lady's hair, and the lady was offended by the overt act. The incident was told to Pope with the suggestion that it would be a good subject for a poem.

He at the time was studying epic forms and decided to make it the subject of a mock epic. The whole poem is an artistic creation of the fancy, light, airy and graceful. We get an exquisite picture of the belle sitting at her toilet, surrounded by many butterfly-like beings, called "sylphs," each having in charge some particular part of her toilet. One has the care of her complexion, two others of her ears, one more favored than any of the others has charge of her favorite lock. This is evidently the poor little sylph, which gets in the way at the last fatal moment, and is cut in two by the cruel shears as they sever the lock.

Frenchmen have never been able to find any wit in "The Rape of the Lock." They do not understand why any one should jest about such necessary things as the appurtenances of a lady's toilet.

Of a totally different structure is the "Essay on Man." It deals with the same great topics dwelt upon by Dante in his Divine Comedy and Milton in Paradise Lost. But Pope makes the mistake of using the abstract where they use concrete examples. He even uses almost the very words of Paradise Lost, in his presentation of the subject, where he says his purpose is, "To vindicate the ways of God to man."

From the philosophical poems he passes to those part philosophical and part satirical, the Imitations of Horace. Pope follows quite closely the epistles of Horace, only adapting them to England and her life. The prologue to these satires is in a great measure autobiographical. He writes there of his frequent headaches, and also says: "The muse but serv'd - - - To help me thru this long disease, my life."

That Pope's life was, "a long disease," is, perhaps, the only excuse that can be given for his character. A deformed and diseased body will often deform the moral nature as well. Pope was hypocritical, ill-natured and venomous. He would concoct the most atrocious lies, and circulate them in anonymous letters, for no better reason than to vent his spite against some one. Many of the attacks in his satires are altogether inexcusable, such as the one made on Addison under the name of Atticus. It is probably the most famous passage in all his poems:

"Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires  
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires;  
Blest with each talent and each art to please,  
And born to write, converse and live at ease;  
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,  
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.  
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,  
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;  
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,

And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;  
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;  
 Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,  
 A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;  
 Deluding ev'n fools, by flatterers besieged,  
 And so obliging, that he ne'er oblige;  
 Like Cato,—give his little Senate laws,  
 And sit attentive to his own applause;  
 While Wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,  
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise  
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?  
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

An attack on Lord Hervey, called Sporus, is still more sharp and stinging, and worse still that on Lady Mary Montague with whom he was once on very friendly terms.

And yet in spite of all this Pope was not all bad. He was a product of his age which delighted in mud throwing. His language was often coarse, but it was no more so than the language of other writers of his time, when men could find no invective too strong to hurl at a rival. Pope, himself was proud of the position he held, as the most feared man in England. He said,

"Yes, I am proud, I must be proud to see,  
 Men not afraid of God, afraid of me;  
 Safe from the bar, the pulpit and the throne,  
 Yet touched and showed by ridicule alone."

Pope spent the greater part of his life on his estate at Twickenham. While his mother, to whom he was very devoted, lived, she was with him, but after her death he lived alone; spending his time in transforming his five acres of land into a beautiful park, building and decorating his famous Grotto, and last but not least winning for himself the well deserved name of "The little wasp of Twickenham."

SOPHA THOMAS.

## A Vacation Episode



JUST got back from vacation? Well, so did I. And it's great, isn't it, to be free for a few days; to do as you please, go where you please, and think what you please? It isn't so much of a bore to get up early and build the fire for mother, go out and feed the stock for father, poke the hay down shutes by lantern light, and work the old pump-handle in the North-wester on an empty stomach, when it is the first time in months and you know that next week you will sleep until you hear the mush-plates rattle on the table? Easy then, isn't it? Sort of a novelty. Sure, we all know how it goes. Sort of a side show for "Dad." Just a little deception to make him think we're not lazy. It really pays, you know, when time is short and bills at school are pressing. Besides it pleases him, makes his Christmas that much pleasanter, for he thinks his son the coming revolutioner of this helpless planet. And really it doesn't

hurt him half as much to think those thoughts as others he might more profitably at that time be racking his brain over. But such is life—and we're all living it.

But to continue. My original intention was not to preach a sermon but to tell of an episode which happened during my vacation this Christmas.

It was nine or ten o'clock in the morning. The sun shone warmly thru the basement door and up the long line of stanchioned stock, bantering with their tails which swished to and fro. Flies? O, no, not at ten degrees above zero inside, and ten below beyond the door-jam. No, merely a habitual greeting, a call of Merry Christmas to their unsought companions, the flies, now hibernating in the cracks and crevices behind yonder box-stall wall.

We were just cleaning up. Everything was fed, all watered, the stables cleaned, the stock cleaned, Fred had just gone up the basement stairs while I had just extracted young vicious calf's vivacious head from a milk pail and was fleeing from its lively demonstrations for more when an old familiar sound greeted my ear. I paused to listen, when quickly it came again—the same old squeak, as heard from many a groaning field of grain. And then again squeak, squeak, impatiently. I turned, and there upon the sun bathed door-sill, raised in its most expectant poise sat Mr. Gopher eyeing me intently—and, I thot, expectantly. Well, stranger, quite an unexpected call for this time of year from such as you, I thot. But you are welcome. He seemed disposed to stay—at least in no hurry to leave—still continuing to eye myself and the pail keenly. Then one quick squeak, a higher poise and stretching his upraised paws toward me and with a knowing twitch of his wise little head, he uttered a longer, more doleful, more piteous exclamation, and eyed the pail.

Well, you poor stiff, cold, hungry, yet with the same old squeak, thot I. Always cheerful. I followed his look to the pail. There was a little milk remaining. I found an old shallow pan and put it in it. While Mr. Gopher investigated, I bestirred myself and found him a good plump carrot and placed it beside the pan on the sill. Then I receded a little way and watched my visitor.

There he played, seemingly content, and thankful for the sun's cheerful rays. He sipped some milk, a little awkwardly, then munched away at the carrot. When tired of eating he started to investigate, stole cautiously into the barn a little way, then scampered back to the sill. Here he played and munched for some time. At last I grew tired of his play but not wishing to spoil his Christmas dinner left him there content and went to the house.

I told the people about my new friend but they would not believe me. At noon they came with me to the barn to prove me a prevaricator, which they did to their own satisfaction. The gopher was gone, the carrot was gone, the pan with a little milk still remaining stood where I had left it on the sill and beside it a cat fast asleep in the sun. How they laughed! Suffice it to say—and as I have told you before—they did not believe me. Said I had put the pan there for the cats and that I had spun a yarn, altogether false and highly improbable.

What was I to do? I had no one to prove my statements but the cat blinking wisely; the gopher did not return before I came back, so I left home in bad repute. However, I submit to you the tale, as I saw the original, begging you to remember that what I saw was a gopher and that in broad daylight under the best of surroundings—a well filled cattle barn. Ponder not long for it is of no vital importance either to the gopher or to myself. The gopher is now no doubt lying beneath the ground and I soon will be. Believe me if you will, doubt

me if you must, I do not care. I had a pleasant surprise party and I trust the gopher had a substantial Christmas dinner. For, after all, what would be the joy of living if we could not eat? And there are several ways of eating. Some things, for instance, you cannot chew, but must swallow whole. Such things—like this—are usually intended to fill a hole. SCRIBBLER.

## The Round-Up



HOW many people who eat beef once or twice every day of the year understand by what means the savory meat is made to appear on their table at meal time? The story is a long one and a description of all the different processes thru which the meat goes would fill a large volume. The "beef round-up" is, perhaps, not the least interesting of the various trials which beef cattle are compelled to undergo before being doomed to their final fate.

The "round-up" takes place in the ranching country, where the cattle have roamed at will from calf-hood up to the time of becoming full-fledged four-year-olds. About the middle of September or the first of October the ranchers all prepare for the great event by equipping and stocking a "grub-wagon." Into this wagon, which is generally a common lumber wagon fitted with a tarpaulin cover, go all the necessities of camp life, the chief one being the "grub." It contains almost everything from a spare saddle to a few dozen eggs packed in a box of oats.

After the "grub-wagon" has been disposed of, the most important event is the choice of saddle horses. The rancher sees that his men—of whom there are generally four or five—are each supplied with a couple of small, quick bronchos, well trained in the business. The success of the "round-up" depends almost entirely on the ability of the riders and the sagacity and quickness of the saddle horses.

Everything is now ready, so bright and early some promising morning, the start is made. The "outfit" travels toward a prearranged meeting place, picking up all the cattle they are able to find along the way. The bunch of cattle increases with the distance traveled over, and when they finally arrive at the rendezvous they have probably accumulated several hundred head. Other outfits now begin to come in, bringing with them the herds they have picked up from other directions.

When the outfits have all arrived in the designated locality the "cutting out" process commences. Each rancher takes two or three men with him and enters the great herd, cutting out all the cattle bearing his brand, which he thinks are in condition to make good beef. These cattle are run out of the large herd by men on horseback, and each rancher gathers his own into a small "group" with a couple of mounted men to watch them.

Now begins a long and tedious journey to the nearest shipping point. The cattle are restless and uneasy after being driven off their native ranges and it becomes necessary to watch them closely day and night, for a stampede at this point would be fatal to the undertaking. The men take turns in herding and driving the cattle, the "grub-wagon" following up in the rear. In this way the

herd eventually reaches the railroad, where the cattle are counted, loaded in cars, and shipped to St. Paul or Chicago.

Having arrived in either of these cities, the cattle pass thru one of the big packing houses, are loaded into refrigerator cars, and sent out all over the world. While you are eating a small part of this beef for dinner, an Englishman across the Atlantic is boasting of prime old English roast beef to a guest, and carving another member of the herd which once took part in the same "round-up."

V. P.



## Science Notes



THE question of crystals exhibiting signs of life has been studied with keen interest for a number of years. There is considerable evidence tending to show that life is not confined entirely to the animal and plant kingdoms. Just where the line of demarcation between living and apparently dead matter is in the minds of some of our most prominent scientists is a decidedly open question. Dr. Gradenwity, in the *Scientific American*, gives a discussion of the latest achievements along this line.

The article is well illustrated showing "Long crystals squirming like serpents," "Creeping Crystals" and "Fleeting Crystals at Rest." After discussing the methods used in procuring life-like activities in crystals, the author describes their movements as follows: "The miniature rods frequently show phenomena of motion analogous to those of the diatoms, being a slow creeping both forward and backward, while passing thru what seems to be obstacles to the motion. The small rods in some cases suddenly take the shape of long serpents, bending incessantly with great energy, and ever moving from their ordinary position and performing what seems to be a peristaltic motion."

"DISCOVERY of an Early Type of Man in Nebraska" is the subject of an article by Professors Barbour and Ward of the University of Nebraska, in *Science* of November 16. A number of human bones have been found in a mound near Omaha. From descriptions given the mound is evidently a burying ground of some pre-historic Nebraskan. None of the skeletons found are complete, but in some respects the ancient citizen resembled the man of today. The skull probably presents the greatest contrast, resembling closely the types of primitive man. The discovery is an important one and while the remains are not readily referable to any known aboriginal race of this continent we are awaiting some very interesting reading as Messrs. Barbour and Ward have promised a detailed report after a more thoro study has been made.

THE editor of *Science Notes* endeavors to bring the work of the different departments before the students in such a way that they will have at least a slight acquaintance with some of the subjects which they are unable to pursue in class. The following article on *Molds* was written by Miss Leebly while studying "Bacteria, Yeasts and Molds." As the subject is given in the preparatory department, this paper should be of special interest to the girls who are preparing to take the Domestic Science Course.

## MOLDS

Mold is the common name for the many minute fungi which make their appearance, often in masses on animal and vegetable substances. They often seem like white, fluffy masses of fine cobweb, and are found by the microscope to consist of threads, usually jointed and sometimes branched.

There are many species of molds, altho most of them look similar to the naked eye. They differ in structure, and when in the spore bearing state turn different colors, such as blue, green, black, red and brown. Each color denotes a species.

The most common mold in the household is Mucor. This mold is found on fruit, preserves, and especially bread and pastry. It consists of cobweb-like masses of threads from which rise many short stems, each bearing at the top a black, round ball which is called the sporangium or spore case. Each of these cases contains hundreds of spores, and when they break, the spores are let out and move about in the air until they settle.

The spores are a little heavier than the air so they settle down on substances, but do not grow unless they fall upon material that is favorable to mould growth, and unless moisture is present. Spores grow much better in darkness than in light, as the latter, especially direct sun light, kills many species of mold.

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## Engineering Notes



WHILE the Department of Chemistry is busy with tests of oils, paints, medicines and so forth, to determine which particular brand is best for the people of this state to buy, why shouldn't the Department of Engineering carry on a similar line of work in regard to some of the products which the people of this state have to sell? For instance; why not take up the question of lignite coal, which is one of the most promising products of the western part of the state, make a thoro investigation of

different kinds on the market, and determine which are most fitted for domestic purposes, for industrial purposes, as "steam coal," and which can be most easily and cheaply briquetted, and in what manner? Coming closer to home, we have, here in the Red River Valley, the question of what to do with the waste products of grain raising. To what use can we put the millions of tons of wheat straw which annually go to waste all around us? How and in what manner can we turn this waste into dollars and cents? The field for this line of investigation is extremely broad in this particular state, and such investigation would undoubtedly bring forth results which would directly affect the prosperity of the whole population. Why, then, should we not carry on this kind of work? Certainly there is no other institution so well adapted to investigation of this kind as our own Department of Engineering, nor is there any other medium more able to look after the interests of the people. North Dakota was first and foremost in the establishment of food investigation. Why not be early in similarly establishing an investigation along industrial lines and attracting to the state a large population and an immense amount of capital?

THE classes in Traction and Gas Engineering have been growing more popular with the Winter Short Course students from year to year until a point has been reached where the size of the classes is limited only by the amount of space available in the class rooms. Doesn't this look as if we deserved a new building?

DURING the last term, the class in the wood-shop turned out no less than ten heavy mission library tables, two solid oak mission chairs, and smaller articles of furniture too numerous to mention. The work was done almost entirely by the students and most of it was of a very high grade.

THE forge-shop, running full blast with two shifts a day, is still unable to accommodate the large number of students who would like to take that kind of work.

## Agricultural Department



THE sun was setting clear under a heavy bank of cloud and glowed with cheery brightness over the dazzling snow, exhilarating us as we sped along. On either side of us were fields of snow, behind us snow, and before us a smooth, glittering snowy road. And up this road the swarthy Percheron Grays crunched contentedly—still with much life and spirit—keeping time to the rythmical chime of the sleigh bells as they carried us rapidly toward home. The wind by this time was blowing briskly from the northwest and we nestled a little closer in the robes and ducked our heads slightly as the frozen vapor from the horses' nostrils flew past us. But there to the left, only a short distance ahead, enveloped in the timber which belted a small stream, were the buildings which to the horses, Jack, and the driver meant home. Jack's spirits were high, and catching the feeling from him, my anticipation and pleasure was in constant acceleration as the remaining distance was covered.

School was over and how could we help but feel good? Jack had asked me to spend Christmas with him and we were now almost there. The sun with a last hearty blink, hovered a moment, then ducked below the horizon and was seen no more save for a softer glory reflected from the fast thickening clouds. Darkness settled quickly and as the Grays turned up the winding lane to the house, cheery lights beamed their welcome to us thru clouds of falling snow.

Then as the sleigh pulled up to the hall door, it opened and there, set off by the glow and warmth of the interior, stood Jack's mother, her face lit up with pleasure and her arms extended in greeting. She embraced her boy for a lingering moment and then clasped my hand with all the warmth of a Holiday greeting.

And how good the coal fire felt, how cheery the room, how tempting the savory ordors which issued from the dining room as Jack's mother retreated to the kitchen. We stopped for a minute to warm our numbed fingers and then went out to the kitchen, nearer the tempting viands, where we could wash in good old country style with hot rain water direct from the reservoir. And, just in the midst of a spirited banter with Suzane, a clatter of feet was heard at the



door and in stepped Jack's father, eyes a-twinkle, closely followed by the man. With laughter, joke, and banter, all washed up and went in to supper. And what thotfulness! We had the pleasure of eating, for that one night, from a red table cloth. But O, how it groaned under its heavy load, and what a sigh of relief it heaved as we arose from the table.

By this time we needed exercise, so donning our coats and caps we went out with the men to do the evening chores. How good it seemed to trudge once more thru the falling snow, to the barn with lantern and milk-pail. While Fred, the man, hurried off to the cow stables with pails, we went with Jack's father for a general round-up and shut-up of all the buildings to see that everything was snug for the storm. And what an unexpressible, good old feeling came back to us as we walked up the alley between the rows of sturdy, resting horses and listened to the contented crunch, crunch of their jaws as they devoured their evening meal. Mayhap to some this is not music, but to the initiated what is more pleasing, more restful. Here we lingered to feast our eyes on the old time surroundings, then went to the well filled mow. How the frost-covered hay sparkled in the lantern light, and how the wind rushed and howled around and over the barn. When everything here was secure, we struck out again into the snow which by this time was everywhere, rushing along with ever increasing momentum. Down the banks of the stream we scrambled, over a foot-bridge, another dash and we were under cover, greeted with the welcome grunt and squeal of pigs, large pigs, small pigs, all in quest of anything and everything, exclaiming as all pigs exclaim: "Me first." But the pigs were all right, plenty of straw on the clean floor, all the windows closed, everything was snug and tight. The steers needed our attention worse, so facing the storm now, we crawled thru the fence into the feeding lot, found the steers huddled together in a sheltered corner and with a little skirmish succeeded in driving them into the shelter sheds where they were secure and comfortable for the night. Then one more dash thru the storm and we were in the cattle barn. How homey it felt here with the storm shrieking without. The long white isle, the rows of stantioned stock on one side, the box-stalls filled with calves on the other, all contented, some playful, others fat and lazy already lying down to rest. We went to see our champion sire, "Defender" and while gazing at him, commenting upon him, and admiring him, the sound of milking ceased, the thud of a milk stool was heard and Fred came up the isle, with lantern and milk pail. We stopped to chat a minute before going out into the storm, took a last look at the peaceful bovines, then each taking a milk-pail or lantern prepared for the final dash to the house.

With a quick drawn breath we set off, sticking close together, down the bank, too far down, and across the ice,—for we had missed the bridge,—then clinging, bracing, pushing, we reached the sheltered side of the horse barn and paused for breath, then struck out again in the direction of the house. But the house must have moved since supper, we surely should have reached it long since! Then just as we began to doubt our path we stumbled onto the doorstep, the door opened and, panting for breath and blinded by the snow, we stumbled into the kitchen.

The work was over, the storm had commenced. With everything in bedlam outside we felt very cosy, very homey, very much contented and ready for anything on the inside. And we did do everything that evening save going to bed. That we left for morning. We left lots else for morning. Ah me, too much to tell!

## Athletic Notes



THE first event in the line of basket ball, this season, was a game with the Fargo High School. The High School was defeated by the score of 52-11, in a rather slow game. This was excusable, however, considering the short time in which the boys have been practising, but the rooters and enthusiasts can rest assured that Coach Dobie, with his excellent knowledge of the game to assist him, will soon round the boys into shape that will insure us having a winning team in the field.

Quite a large number of games have been scheduled, among them one with the Minnesota University team to be played at Minneapolis. All the home games will be played at the A. C. Armory and patrons are assured some very fast and exciting contests.

Basket ball is preëminently the leading indoor sport among colleges and other institutions, and is a game that requires, as essential features, speed, agility, accuracy and team work of the participants in order to play a winning game. Further, the game is exciting to the spectators, and seldom fails to draw a good crowd, a factor which is important, as no game can live if financial support is lacking.

So come out, all of you, and boost the thing along. The teams are willing to work their level best for the glory of the school, but in return they want your hearty support. The Cadet Band will be in attendance at all contests and so you will not only see fast, exciting basket ball, but will hear the best of music.

IN A fast game, January 5, the A. C. basket ball team wiped the Co. G. boys completely off the earth. The score was, I hate to tell, 41 to 9. And they took it so hard, too. They are very chesty, and talk altogether too much with their mouths. It was kick, kick, kick from start to finish, and nothing seemed to suit. The notorious "Doc" Palmer, who is coaching the outfit, furnished much amusement to the spectators by his windy assertions concerning his extensive knowledge of the game, and would not remain squelched until Dobie asked him why the team didn't show it.

All the A. C. boys play fine ball and show good form, and you can bet your bottom dollar that our team will make them all go some. The line-up was as follows:

Forwards—Birch and Slingsby.

Guards—Hill and Carpenter.

Center—South.

OWING to the ill-feeling existing between the N. D. University and the A. C. on account of foot ball difficulties, all athletic events between the two institutions have been called off. This stand has been taken by the University Director of Athletics. It is greatly to be regretted that personal feeling between the managers should be allowed to interfere with the meeting of the athletic teams of the two institutions, especially as the best of feeling exists between the students of the A. C. and the U. N. D.

It is to be hoped that an amicable settlement of difficulties may soon be reached, and the old feeling of friendly rivalry be restored. This condition would have a more civilizing effect on the students than a ceaseless squabble.

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## EDITORIAL

THE Solons of North Dakota are holding their biennial session at Bismarck. What will they do to alleviate the crowded condition existing at the Agricultural College? What steps will they take to provide room for the hundreds of students who had to be turned away this winter for lack of room?

To a person visiting the College at this time of the year it is quite apparent that the facilities provided are entirely inadequate to the needs of the school and the needs of the state. To many it may seem that the buildings and the equipment already on the campus of the Agricultural College should be quite sufficient for the needs of a young state like North Dakota. But no, such is not the case.

North Dakota has provided most lib-

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erally for its educational institutions, but there are those which still need further assistance in order that they may more fully accomplish their aim—that of fitting the coming generation for their life-work. To these belongs the Agricultural College.

The department laboring under the greatest difficulty at the present time is probably that of Mechanical Engineering. There are enrolled at this writing upwards of 200 students in steam engineering, this being the largest number which can be accommodated under existing conditions. There had to be turned away from the Elementary Steam Engineering class a large number of students for lack of room. One of the classes in steam engineering is at present meeting in Francis Hall, much to the dismay of the instructor, not having access to models and instruments necessary in teaching the subject.

The classes in Mechanical Drawing and Physical Laboratory are others laboring under similar difficulties. The new Woman's Building, which is one of the expectations of this year, as was mentioned in the last issue of THE

SPECTRUM, will not only fill a long felt want on the part of the young ladies, but will also prolong the usefulness of Francis Hall to the Agricultural Department. With all of Francis Hall at the disposal of this department it would no doubt serve as commodious quarters for some time to come.

The farmers of North Dakota have come to realize the value of the work done at the Agricultural College and will spare no pains in its equipment. This is the farmers' institution, the school of the representative citizen of the state. The future prosperity of North Dakota will largely depend upon the work done at this its Agricultural College in fitting young men and women to cope with the economic problems of the future. The soil of the state is no longer virgin; and as the industrial system becomes more highly organized, competition grows more fierce, all of which necessitates industrial education of the coming citizen. The legislature now in session will, no doubt, have these facts in mind and respond liberally to the request made by the men who have been chosen to look after the interests of the Agricultural College.

**MR.** A. G. NICKLES, who for a number of years has been assistant Food Chemist at the College, resigned December 1st to accept a more lucrative position as Food Chemist in the Philippine Islands. He sailed from Seattle for Manila in the early part of December to enter upon his duties the first of the year. Mr. Nickles was conscientious, painstaking and accurate in his work and was never satisfied without going to the bottom of any problem which he undertook, which is essential to success. Mr. Nickles received all his Chemical training at this institution under Prof. E. F. Ladd and the fact that he took first place in the Civil Service examination is a

source of gratification to the College. We wish Mr. Nickles much success in his new field of labor.

**WE** ARE pleased to welcome Mr. W. B. Pope as successor to Mr. Nickles. Mr. Pope comes highly recommended from New Hampshire and has already entered upon his duties as Food Chemist. He graduated from the Worcester Polytechnic Institute in 1903 with the degree of Bachelor of Science. He then accepted a position as Chemist with the Ansonia Brass and Copper Company. At the end of a year's work in this line he resigned to accept the position of Chemist in the State Laboratory of Hygiene in Concord, N. H. While acting in this capacity Mr. Pope had charge of the analytic work of foods and waters for the State Board of Health. This experience has especially fitted Mr. Pope for his work here in the food laboratory.

**WE**, of this country, live indeed a "strenuous life" and our one motto seems to be "Hurry!" We "hurry" to work, to school, to church; we "hurry" when we read, speak, or eat and now the latest agitation is devising a "hurry" method of spelling. Phonetic spelling, as advised by President Roosevelt and the Board, is supposed to be the simplest and easiest method of spelling, one which would enable young children and foreigners to master our orthography more quickly. But is this true? The child learns partly by visualizing the words and partly by memorizing the letter-combinations of the words.

They rarely, if ever, bring phonetics to their aid, and in case they do, they manage to spell the same word a different way each time they attempt it. Children can learn one combination of letters as well as another and, in the case of the naturally "bad-speller," phonetics appears, by actual observation, to be of no value whatever.

Teacher

## Locals

“What did you get in the exams?”

Miss Louise Doleshy visited the College on her way home for her vacation.

The book store men look prosperous nowadays.

Orations! That's what is the matter with the Juniors.

Robert Dolve has again taken charge of the classes in Farm Mechanics.

The return of a large number of students was delayed by the snow drifts.

The football banquet is late this year, but it's coming—so they say.

The Teachers' Association of this state visited the College during vacation.

The band will furnish part of the music for the Grain Growers' convention.

What's the joke? Why not let the students know about the basket ball games.

If you wish to become an expert skater apply to Rex Willard for special lessons.”

Wanted: A student to furnish hot air for the engine in the biological department.

New Student (seeing Prof. Ladd's paint-test board)—“Is that the bulletin board?”

The Domestic Science girls served a dinner to the Board of Trustees just before the holidays.

The Debating Club of this institution is negotiating with a literary society of Fargo College for a public debate.

Prof.—“How would you manufacture ice?”

Bright Boy.—“Set a pail of water out of doors.”

Albert Birch has again taken up work at the College. Much joy reigns in basket ball circles.

Heard at a sleigh ride: “You are a funny fellow you are Ben, you have no shoulder at all.”

Bess (in deep slumber)—“Oh, you think you are cute, don't you. Honest? Cross your heart you love me.”

Wanted by the girls of the Y. W. C. A.—Your vote in the piano contest. Everybody should help win the piano.

Prof. Smith (in Freshman class)—“What is an allegory?”

Freshie—“A form of government.”

Student (on listening to a discussion on sensitive plants)—“Let me see, *Mimosa*, that's a little monkey, isn't it?”

It is reported that Mr. Glomset became so interested in bidding the girls good bye that he nearly missed his train.

Rufus Lee, '07, has discontinued his studies at the College to engage in business with his father at Gladstone, N. D.

The girls are rejoicing since the cold weather has come. Now they can blame Jack Frost, for all undue redness in their cheeks.

The professors have been led to think that the girls at the College are such grafters that every time they meet one they scarcely tip their hats.

New Student (looking for the Agricultural department) to old Student—“Can you tell me where they teach Agricultural Liberty (laboratory)?”

New Student—“Is there anything in this room that I can take?”

Prof.—“What do you want, a souvenir, or something for the Grippe.?”

The enrollment for the winter term has increased so remarkably that it is feared that the old students will be lost in the thronging multitude.

Prof. (in Grammar) — "Give a sentence in the active voice and one in the passive voice."

Student — "May I see you home?" (then he faltered).

Prof. — "Isn't there any passive condition in connection with that?"

If you see some of the boys wearing a button with the alphabet on it, don't ask any questions, but just remember they belong to the Engineering Club.

Lost — At the last foot ball game a small bundle of College spirit. The finder please return at once to the post office or bring to the next basket-ball game.

The Athenians held a special meeting December 14. The program was gotten up in a hurry and served while it was hot. The debate was exceedingly warm.

Prof. (in English class, to Mr. B., who is reading speech of Beelzebub in Paradise Lost) — "More enthusiasm there Babcock, you must remember that you are addressing the infernal host."

Bright Student — "Do you know that man walking along there?"

New Student — "No, who is he?"

Bright Student — "That is Mr. Chisholm. He teaches forgery at the College.

Mr. Glomset, the "shining light" of the College and more particularly of the Junior class, has entered an eastern University, where he is to study medicine. He will surely be missed in nearly all lines of work, but especially in the Biological department where he has done special work. We all wish him success in his new field of work.

Prof. — "When was Frederick the Great born?"

Miss R. — "Wait until I look at my book."

Some A. C. students and University students exchanged colors on the train while going home for vacation. It was rather difficult to tell what the colors were when all the changes were complete.

First Student — "I have made a resolution that I will keep for at least three months."

Second Student. — "You don't say so?" What is it?"

First Student — "That I won't flunk any more.

Prof. (in German Class) — "In America a merchant does not need to take out a license in order to sell dry goods."

"Mr. N. — "No, but he must, if he wants to sell wet goods."

1st Prof. (showing his hat that turned down over his ears) — "See my new hat?"

2nd Prof. — "That's pretty good. I have a notion to get a hat like that myself."

3d Prof. (to Prof. No. 2) — "What have you against yourself?"

Card of Thanks: We, the girls of the Y. W. C. A. take this as an occasion to thank the boys who so kindly and thoughtfully sent such a servicable set of furniture to be used in the Y. W. C. A. room. Altho it was slightly damaged still it will add a cheerful air to the room.

The Freshmen are to be commended in their efforts, but it seems that it would be more appropriate for the Cadets to give the Military ball. It would certainly be more successful from the military standpoint and would create enthusiasm in the military department.

If a young man's to succeed in his  
 Art, Art, Art,  
 He must keep the girls from his  
 Heart, Heart, Heart.  
 Darling

Supt. L. R. Waldron of the Dickinson sub-station was a visitor at the College during the holidays. He and his family were on their way to Washington, D. C.

Mr. Herbison, of the Minnesota College of Agriculture, has been secured to take charge of the dairy work for the winter term. Mr. Herbison is the owner of a large creamery himself and has thus had much practical experience in this line of work. He is keenly alive to the dairy needs of the state and is very enthusiastic as to the future of the dairy industry in North Dakota.

#### A SOPHOMORE'S NIGHTMARE

What's this rumble, fumble, tumble,  
 All this dazing, pacing, racing,  
 All above, about, inunder,  
 Is such a hundred plundered thunder.  
 Now there's the valence of the tangent,  
 In act the second to make Cl,  
 That radical in a plane that's vertical,  
 Is waiting for the climax  
 That's congealing 'round the square  
 secant.

If the logarithm of an acid  
 Makes neutral verse that's blank,  
 Don't you think that bases  
 Raise the power of crazes  
 For the development of races  
 That in stirring phrases  
 Warble racy praises  
 Of the unknown cases  
 When the oxides of a metre  
 Crystallize in a litre?  
 Oh the whole confounded soup.  
 It ought to have the whooping croup  
 But I better try diffusion  
 Saturate with group collusion.  
 And to filter the confusion  
 Precipitate in a versed solution.

AJUNUS.

## ALUMNI NOTES

Elmer May spent Christmas in Fargo.

Miss Bessie Smythe, '06, has joined the ranks of school teachers, and has charge of a school a few miles west of Spokane.

Miss Theresa Fields spent the Holidays with her parents in Fargo. She returned to her work at Madison on January 5.

Miss Edith Fowler, '04, has accepted the position of teacher of Domestic Science at the Lutheran Ladies' Seminary in Oak Grove. Besides her work at the Seminary Miss Fowler is teaching several classes in Mathematics at the College.

Miss Anna Stapleton, '03, is writing a series of articles under the title "Near to Nature in North Dakota," for the "Westland Educator." These articles are written especially for the district school teacher who will find very useful information in them. Miss Stapleton has taught several years and has met with great success. For the past two years she has been a member of the faculty of the Lisbon High School, where she, at present, is teaching English and Biology.

For sometime past the Alumni have been striving to get one of their members appointed on the Board of Trustees of the College. We can see no reason why this might not be done. The Alumni have several prominent members in different parts of the state any one of whom would be eligible to the position. As the time is now approaching when some new members of the Board are to be appointed, it would be well to consider the advisability of speaking to the Governor in regard to this matter.

## Exchanges

The December Exchanges are full of Christmas stories and greetings. Among the papers that have given all their space to Christmas stories is *The X-Ray*. Even the cover design shows Santa on the edge of the chimney with his pack of toys. In the Literary department "A Christmas Eve in Bohemia" is probably most worthy of note. It is always interesting to hear of the customs of other countries and especially so when the narrator is one who has but recently come from the country described. "The Letters to Santa Claus" is a rather clever idea and is doubtless very interesting to people who know the various persons to whom these letters are ascribed.

The last issue of *The Arizona Monthly* is a great deal better than the former issues. The description "A Shower in the Mountains" is vividly written. The author shows splendid descriptive power and his choice of words is excellent. We seem to hear the mad rush of the water and the hurling down of the rocks as they are dislodged by the down rushing torrent of water. Then in contrast comes the peace when the storm has abated its fury and Nature's face again wears its usual calm aspect. All who have been so fortunate or unfortunate as to have to board, can appreciate the cleverness of the definitions in "Boarding House Euclid." The parody on the Psalm of Life is good, as is also "The Cannon Explodeth."

*The Herald* comes to us this month greatly increased in size and also much improved in its contents. The stories center around Christmas and on the whole are interesting. Several original poems are also contained in this issue.

The "Has-Been" is the best of these. The "Has-Been" is the fellow who is always knocking the present methods. In fact he is a great deal like the person who is always knocking his college paper and yet never does anything to help improve it.

We are glad to welcome *The Wallace World* to our Exchange table. The Staff Artist has certainly done his share to make the issue a success. If every paper would have a Staff Artist the papers would be improved very much, as illustrations add greatly to the appearance of a college paper.

Altho *The Exponent* lacks heavier material the stories are good and go to prove that readable stories can be written on other topics besides love. So many school papers fail to realize this and the silly stories that are current in the Exchanges are to say the least, tiresome. The poems are excellent. "Inside Information" gives us the funny happenings at school and is written in such a way as to prove amusing to all. The Exchange editor says that lack of space prevents him from criticizing more magazines—probably if a few of the jokes were omitted space would be more plentiful.

*The Clemson College Chronicle* comes to us well organized and well balanced. Stories, poems and essays are all included in the literary department. The debate is well worth reading. Probably the article that interests more than the others, however, is "The Mission of the Author." Thru its writers is shown the intellectual status of a country and surely the mission of an author is to upraise, to help the individual and the nation to better, nobler things.