

The Spectrum

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Students' Christmas Eve

WITH rush and roar the fire cracks
And lends its red to light the sky;
With merry click and fancy tracks,
Around the maidens, standing shy
Within the fire's charming glow,
Then deftly with a movement slow
They cease to circle.

And there with glow and warmth of fire
From each young face reflected bright
One's spirits rise a little higher
To see their joy, which for one night
To romp, and in the moonlight play
And fancy life all holiday,
Expressed in pleasure.

As all, each boy a girl beside,
With one last parting merry joke
Lock arms and thru the moonlight glide,
The murky shadows, with the note
Of merriment and care-free joy
Vibrate and quiver, and decoy,
Alert breathe softly.

Thus all: the fire's ruddy glow,
The sky with red and silver light
Illumed, bewitched by ice and snow,
The shadows, and, off thru the night
The click of skate, and merry note
Borne thru the darkness from each throat,
Give tone of Christmas.

'Tis so. And thru the pleasant hours
Within the heart, the soul of joy,
With not a thot of building towers
Contented linger girl and boy
Until the yule log coals burn low:
Then home to bed, off thru the snow.
Christmas tomorrow!

CHAS. H. CLARK.

The Man Who Was to Take Care of the House

(Translated from the Norwegian by "G")



ONCE there lived a man who was sour and cross and always grunted because his wife did not take care of the house properly. So it happened one day in the haying season, when the husband had come home and was grumbling worse than usual that his wife replied: "Don't be so cross, dear, let us change places tomorrow. I will go out haymaking and you can stay at home and take care of the house." This the husband considered an excellent idea and he readily agreed to remain at home the following day. Early the next morning the wife shouldered the scythe, and with the servants set out for the hay-meadows.

The husband began to do the housework. First, he decided to make butter, but while he was churning, he got thirsty and went down into the cellar to tap a bowl of ale from a barrel. As he was filling the bowl he heard the pig entering the kitchen, and rushed up the stairway to keep the pig away from the churn. But when he saw that the pig had already upset it and was slobbering up the outflowing cream he grew so mad that he entirely forgot the ale barrel and set after the pig. He overtook it in the doorway and gave it a kick which sent it tumbling into a corner to remain there. Now, he remembered that he was still holding the tap in his hand, and immediately rushed back to the cellar; but when he got down there the barrel was empty. There was nothing to do but to make another trial at butter-making. In the pantry he found enough cream to fill the churn once more, and again he began to churn, for butter he was determined to have, and that before noon. While he was churning he recalled that the cow was still in the barn and had not been given a morsel of food although it was nearly dinner time. He considered it too far to take over to the pasture with the cow, and since there grew luxuriant grass on the sod roof of the house, he decided to pasture her on the roof for awhile. The hut stood by a steep hill, and he knew that by using a plank he could easily get the cow up there. But he dared not leave the churn because his little baby was crawling on the floor and was apt to tip it. For this reason he tied the churn on his back and went out. Now, first the cow had to be watered; he, therefore, took a pail and was going to fill it from the well, but as he stooped over the edge of the well the cream ran down the back of his head. It was now close to twelve o'clock, and yet he had no butter. He decided to make mush for dinner and hung a pot of water over the fire on the hearth. Then he happened to think that the cow might fall down from the roof and break its neck. He took a rope and went up on the roof to tie the cow. One end he fastened to the neck of the cow and the other he let fall thru the chimney. When he again entered the kitchen the water was already boiling. As he had no time to look around for another place to fasten the rope, he tied it around his leg and began to stir the mush. While he was doing this the cow fell down after all and pulled the cook up into the chimney. There he stuck and the cow hung between heaven and earth on the outside of the building.

Meanwhile the wife had been waiting and waiting for the husband to call her home for dinner, but at last, when none came, she started home. As she saw her cow hanging in such a pitiable position she went over and cut the rope with her scythe. As she did so the husband fell down the chimney and when she came into the kitchen he was standing on his head in the mush pot.



An Indian Story



EARLY one morning in the year 1877—the year of the Sioux war—a soldier, mounted on a wiry mustang, rode out of Fort Laramie, thru the swinging gates and onto the prairie. The rider was a tall, square-shouldered young man of not more than twenty. He wore a loose-fitting shirt, fringed leather trousers, and a broad brimmed felt hat. A repeating rifle hung from the saddle-bow and a revolver and hunting knife dangled from his belt.

As he rode upon a small knoll which thrust its head up from the surrounding prairie, he turned in his saddle, gave a last look at the weather-beaten fort, and cantered down the opposite side of the hill.

It was but an hour since this youthful rider had left the tent of the commander of the fort. The latter had entrusted the boy with important dispatches to be delivered to the commander at Fort Pierce with all possible haste. This fort lay sixty miles to the west over a rough and hilly country. The surrounding district was infested with Indians who made frequent raids on the frontier, murdering and plundering. It was no easy task that lay before Charles Grant, as he well knew. He was determined to succeed if possible, however.

As "Charlie" galloped along he meditated on the dangers that lay before him, and also of the possible promotion if he was successful in his errand. Thinking thus, he trotted on, now and then patting his pony's neck, and speaking a kind word to the faithful animal. The sun rose higher and higher in the heavens, sending its relentless rays down upon the world below. Grant pulled his sombrero over his brows, opened his shirt at the throat, and galloped on. His eyes roved restlessly from right to left for the slightest sign of Indians. But the only living thing that he saw was a prairie dog, sitting beside its hole and barking at the dazzling sun.

At noon the messenger drew rein beside a pool of muddy water and dismounted. He led his horse to the puddle and after allowing the thirsty animal to drink, he picketed it close by. Then taking a long draft of the muddy liquid himself, he threw himself on the ground to eat his lunch and to take a short rest before proceeding on his journey.

He had finished his meagre repast and was about to lie down for a few minutes nap when a faint cloud of dust on the western horizon caught his watchful eye. He sat up and watched it intently. It gradually increased in size and finally he could distinguish several black specks which soon grew into horsemen. "Indians," he ejaculated. Leaping to where his horse stood he led it to the hollow. He tapped her lightly on the knees and the intelligent animal quickly lay down. Grant seized his carbine and, creeping to the edge of the

hollow, he concealed himself behind the tall prairie grass which completely surrounded the depression.

The Indians, for such they were, had now approached within a mile. They were ten in number and were evidently heading for the pool where Grant lay concealed. When they had approached within two hundred yards of our hero's hiding place the savages advanced no farther, but circled around the pool cautiously.

The messenger was now positive that he would be discovered, so, raising his rifle he sent a bullet whizzing over the heads of the redskins. "For luck," he muttered. The savages, who were also armed with rifles, fired a harmless volley and then wheeled and rode out of range. Here they dismounted and held a hurried consultation. Then forming in line they galloped towards Grant's natural fort. When the charging line had approached within two hundred yards our hero took deliberate aim at the leader, a swarthy savage with head-dress of crow feathers, and fired. With a piercing shriek the Indian threw up his hands and fell backwards off his pony. The redskins returned the fire, their bullets whistling uncomfortably close to the defender. Again the messenger aimed and again the rifle spoke, and another Indian fell to earth. The remaining savages hesitated, fired a hurried volley at their invisible foe, and then turned and fled.

The assailants dismounted when out of range and held another council. After a short discussion they picketed their ponies and seated themselves in a circle on the ground. Charlie was familiar with their methods of warfare. He guessed that the Indians would not renew the fight until darkness covered their movements.

Grant now resolved to flee. He turned to pet his horse. She lay quite still and a glance showed him that she was dead, an Indian bullet having plowed thru her brain. His heart sank as he gazed upon the body of his faithful comrade. But he resolved to try and secure one of the Indian ponies when night came.

Hour after hour passed by. The sun sank below the western horizon. Evening came on, and the darkness shut his foe from view. The stars came out, one by one. The night was dark there being no moon. Now, if at all, was the messenger's chance of escape. He slipped his revolver in his belt, left his rifle behind, and began to snake his way thru the tall grass towards the Indian horses. He had crawled what he judged to be half the distance when his quick ear caught the soft rustling of grass ahead. He lay perfectly still as an Indian crept past, not ten feet away. The enemy had already begun their advance. The savage passed by without taking alarm, and Grant continued his toilsome journey. At last he distinguished the group of animals off to his right. Beside them stood a single Indian sentinel. Grant wormed his way up behind the savage and then silently rose to his feet. As he did so he drew a shining knife from his belt and raised it, ready to strike. The Indian turned at a sound from the horses and saw the figure behind him. He gave a shout, the last word he ever uttered, for the knife descended and the redskin fell forward. An answering chorus of yells came from the direction of the pond. Charlie leaped to the first pony, vaulted lightly to its back, grasped the halter, and spurred the animal into a run. A fusillade of shots followed him as he sped away in the darkness.

A moment later the Indians had mounted and were in swift pursuit. Luckily, Grant had secured the chief's horse, the swiftest of the ponies, and he

gradually drew away from his pursuers and finally lost them in the darkness.

All night he rode, guided by the stars, and the first rays of the morning sun shot across the sky when he wearily dismounted before the palisades of Fort Pierce, weary but successful.

T. L.

What I Would Do With a Million Dollars



WHAT I would do with a million dollars is a topic which, unfortunately, I have never taken the time to study. I certainly would not expect to pick up a purse of that dimension every day, hence I think I would be careful with it—probably put it in the bank.

Another thing which would be likely to have an effect on my way of spending it would be, how it came into my possession—whether I earned it, had it thrust upon me, or found it.

If I inherited it, I would most likely spend most of it trying to buck President Roosevelt's "Inheritance Tax," and would die in despair. If I found it, I suppose I would have to hide it somewhere, and probably lose it that way, or spend it proving my innocence in court. Whereas, if I earned it, I presume I would have to work so hard that, if I did not "shuffle off this mortal coil" entirely, my health would be ruined, and I would have to surrender up my fortune to the doctors, trying to get healthy again. I presume that would be my method anyway as I would most likely eat too much pie if I were rich, and thus need a cure for gout.

If I had any money left when I got thru with the gout, I might try to buy a government position—in vain—or get myself a foreign title by buying a Duchess, or I would print my name in History by helping Teddy with his "nu wa of speling akording to sound" which is becoming so interesting. The probability is I would want to see the whole world, and all in it, and would sail thru the Panama canal, subdue the "Yellow Peril," and come back by way of Suez and Paris, with an "haccent" as long as my arm, and a few foreign-good-for-nothing-racing-automobubbles and such nothings. At any rate, I would want to enjoy it while I could, for fear that when I woke up, I would be myself again, in which case I should be beside myself.

If I could not enjoy it any more than most millionaires do, I would give the "white elephant" away to the poor.

At any rate, I would try to avoid subpoenas as "John D." is doing, only following the maxim, that "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and try to enjoy it legitimately.

I suppose I would get my name in the papers then, and I would most likely be beseged by so many solicitors for donations that if I gave one cent to each I would be broke. I would most likely give a few thousand to our dear Alma Mater, where I would remain at school learning of new ways to spend money, or I might even buy out the book-store, if I cared to pay all I had. The chances are I would have to set up bonbons to all the A. C. girls, thus founding a good sinking fund. If I were to come right down to business, I think I would buy a

neat little cottage and be sure I could keep the coal stove going at least one winter. I might even buy a commission in the N. D. A. C. Cadet corps—probably lieutenantcy or captaincy.

Then I could be conspicuous at the military balls. No, my candid opinion is, if I had a million dollars, I would become gray-headed finding a way to spend it, and when I found a way, it would already have taken care of itself, and I would die, having accomplished nothing, but having had a rollicking good time, and leave my heirs in consternation, and prepared for a great legal battle over my estate.

S. W.

Athletic Notes



WHEN November 17th came around, this year, the A. C. team and rooters were all ready for the Forkers. Mass meetings and rallies had been held for the purpose of intensifying the enthusiasm, and special trains had been chartered in order that everybody might go up and see us play the U. again.

But what did the U. do?

"Piked," of course, just as they have always done and just what they will always do. We always thot there was a "yellow streak" there, and now we know it. Even if they did have a bad attack of cold feet they might have let us know about it in time so that we would not have had to go to all the trouble and expense of engaging special trains and making other preparations.

However, we have learned our lesson and, let us hope, will profit by it.

THE foot balls have been laid on the shelf for another year, and the basket ball now holds forth. Already the boys are out limbering up and will soon be in good shape.

The prospects for a winning team are bright. Slingsby, Hill, Carpenter and Al Birch, of last year's team will be in the game, and South is showing up well as a center man to take Wambem's place.

The worst phase of the subject is the lack of a fitting hall in which to play our games.

NOT much is known about the young ladies' basket ball team, this year. "Ye Athletic editor," while attempting to gather a little material on the subject, was forced to take an ignominious departure from the gym. However, judging from the zeal with which all members of the opposite sex are excluded from the drill hall while the girls are practicing, they must be preparing a big surprise for the rooters. We expect to see them clean up all comers as fast as they show up.

WE MAY need other buildings greatly but above all, a gymnasium, for the fact remains that there is not half enough room in the gymnasium, even in the fall and spring when the attendance is at the lowest, and during the winter term, of course the lack of space is simply outrageous. Anywhere from fifty to a hundred students carry all their athletic paraphernalia from their rooms to the gym, and there are a good many more who do not get out at all. And when they do get out, about the only thing they can do is to run around the hall, for there is no apparatus, or space with and in which to do anything else.

Mechanical Notes



FOR the past month the Department of Engineering has been hustling itself and as a result, quite a number of interesting features have been developed. Not the least important of these was the erection and operation of a temporary grinding machine which was one of the novelties in machine shop practice during the first month. This machine was constructed by fastening a small counter shaft, bearing the emery wheel and a pulley, upon the tool carriage of one lathe, while an adjoining lathe was fitted with a shaft carrying the driving pulley on a feather-way, which allowed it to move laterally in conjunction with the grinding wheel. This machine did not prove to be the unqualified success which was predicted on account of lost motion and incorrect line-up of one of the lathes, but on the whole it acquitted itself very satisfactorily in grinding drills and reamers to size. A universal grinding machine as a permanent fixture of the shop would undoubtedly be a thing of beauty and a joy forever to those who are interested in the making of sized tools, such as drills, reamers, milling cutters, and the like; and as all engineers are interested in such work, a machine of this kind, while quite expensive at first, would soon show a real economy in the increased efficiency of the shop work.

NEGOTIATIONS for the working model of a Baker valve gear have been completed and Prof. Rose is looking for its immediate arrival. This gear illustrates a type, which, tho in quite common use, is not as well understood as some of the more general forms, and will no doubt be an appreciable addition to the steam laboratory. Manufacturers and jobbers are just beginning to realize that if they have an article of real merit they can get no better advertisement of it than to have it introduced into the shops and laboratories of a good technical school, where in the course of time, thousands of students will come in contact with it and study it until they become familiar with all its details.

A SMALL, simple, slide-valve, non-condensing steam engine is to be one of the finished products of the machine shops in the near future, and work on it is now being pushed as rapidly as possible. The little fellow has a three-inch cylinder and a four-inch stroke and is expected to develop about one-half horse power when carrying 50 pounds steam pressure. The engine is a correct model of its larger relatives in all details, even including governor and throttling mechanism.

A TINY engine with a glass cylinder and valve chest is another novelty in the laboratory and as this engine is designed to run with compressed air, it will be possible to actually see the action of the valve and piston when the engine is running. An old chemical fire extinguisher has been obtained and is being remodeled and fitted up as a compressed air reservoir to take the place of a boiler for this queer engine and it will soon be put into operation.

THE advanced steam class is occupied at present in making some exhaustive evaporative tests upon various boilers and have already collected considerable data. These tests when completed will show evaporative power of boiler, quality of steam obtained, loss of heat thru stack, and various other interesting items.

Science Notes

THE Department of Biology has this season added a number of new compound microscopes and some other interesting pieces of apparatus, including a small hot air motor suitable for revolving and giving motion to any small piece of apparatus. It readily develops either a high speed or can be regulated so as to give a one-fortieth horsepower under slow motion. It will be used mostly in the laboratory of plant physiology for placing plants in various relations with reference to light, heat and gravity.

BULLETIN No. 71 of the North Dakota Agricultural College Experiment Station is just ready to come from the press. The title is "Flax Culture" and represents practically a monograph of the present knowledge regarding the flax plant and the best means of improving the type and culture. The Bulletin is constructed from a report which Prof. Bolley made to the Department of Agriculture following his investigations upon flax culture in Holland, Belgium, Russia, Austria and Germany. On account of the gradual disappearance of the flax crop in this country, due to disease and improper methods of cultivation, the United States Department of Agriculture in co-operation with the North Dakota Agricultural College Experiment Station sent Prof. Bolley abroad for one entire season for the purpose of making investigations regarding all matters pertaining to flax culture, and to procure, if possible, any seeds which might be of special value. Bulletin No. 71 contains a full report of these investigations, and an outline of future work to be followed looking towards the improvement of the flax crop conditions in this country.

The Department of Agriculture has extracted many of the most practical features referring directly to the culture of flax from the report and will soon issue a farmers' bulletin upon the same. This farmers' bulletin will be published in large numbers and distributed by the Department of Agriculture.

Bulletin No. 71 of this Station will be one of the largest that this Station has undertaken to publish. It contains 22 full page illustrations. This Bulletin will not be sent to the regular mailing list, but only, upon application, to those who are directly interested.

FOR a number of years Prof. L. H. Bailey, of Cornell University has been collecting subject matter for a Cyclopedia of American Agriculture. The work will be of a type co-ordinate with the Cyclopedia of American Horticulture, tho much more extensive in form. Prof. H. L. Bolley of this institution is one of the regular proof readers, and the manuscript in the divisions of Plant Physiology and Plant Pathology is submitted to him for suggestions and criticisms. Prof. Bolley has also furnished manuscript for parts of the Cyclopedia concerning Plant Pathology and the control of plant diseases.

IN THE Biennial Report of the Department of Biology, Prof. Bolley suggests the necessity of the establishment of a State Bureau of Agricultural Seed and Noxious Weed Inspection. The time to improve and to make agricultural conditions of a farming region is when the soil in that region is new and free from troubles. Our state is becoming rapidly overrun with noxious weeds, and the agricultural seeds sold in the state are not only of low grade, but are often thoroly unreliable as to variety and quite often are the source of introduction of many of the very worst weeds known to agriculture. Our State Legislature will do well to consider these weed and seed problems seriously.

Agricultural Department



FESTOONED and resplendent with honors "Bob" returns home to pay his last tribute to his native state. For the great "International" is over and he, acknowledged by his competitors as the best Shorthorn steer, grade or full-blood at the show, returns in triumph to his own state to grace the Christmas tables of the land which brot him forth, in this way paying it the last tribute within his power to offer. In North Dakota he was born nearly three years ago; here he has been bred, and

here he is destined to die.

On November 24th in company with little Dakota Leon, three Yorkshire barrows, and three sheep, (an assembly not to be scoffed at) chaperoned by their faithful feeder, Mr. Lanxon, Bob started from the College for his conquest of Chicago. The conquest is over and he returns home, the much talked of grade Shorthorn steer from North Dakota. At this, the first showing from the North Dakota Agricultural College, Bob attained a place coveted, much and persistently sought after, yet not attained, by many older and more largely represented Institutions.

In "The American Shorthorn Association of Grade and Cross-bred Specials," two years old and under three, he won first, and then won championship over all ages in this class. He was then eligible for the class "Grades and Cross-breeds." (This includes grades of and crosses between all breeds). There were twenty-nine head in this contest and here he was beaten by one Aberdeen Angus from Kansas Agricultural College. Here then his career had to end, but already he had attained an enviable position and had become an honor to the College which he represented, and a financial success to the extent of one hundred and twenty dollars in cash winnings; besides ribbon trophies which will be stored in the College archives.

Had he won in this contest he would have had a chance to compete against and excel the full-blood Shorthorn steer and to have been defeated by the little Hereford calf for Grand Champion of the show. The winning of this place by a calf was somewhat of a surprise to those around the ring, as it is a very unusual thing for a judge to give a decision to a calf, but on examination it was evident that he could not do otherwise. Always before this the Grand Champion has been auctioned off to the highest bidder and slaughtered, but here it was only a calf, and as the Iowa Agricultural College purchased him before the show for \$400, he is destined to live on fresh milk for another year before sentence of death be passed upon him.

Altho little was expected of Dakota Leon, the Aberdeen Angus calf, he also "got inside the money."

And the pen of three Yorkshire Barrows over six and under twelve months, won first over Bretheur and Canfield, the two acknowledged leading breeders of Yorkshire Hogs in North America and the World.

No such luck attended the sheep, however, for the Shropshire wether, which would have stood high in his class, died suddenly on the morning of the day it was to be judged.

But for the victories they did achieve the Professors and the College are

thankful. Much credit is due to Mr. Lanxon, and the lonesome for his old friend "Bob" he now wears "that smile that won't come off."

Prof. Shepperd started for Chicago Thursday morning, the twenty-ninth, where he acted as Superintendent of the Students' judging contest. Space will not permit of an extended write-up; nevertheless, this is one of the most interesting features of the show and the one where teams of students from various institutions clash. Ontario and Iowa held the honors, Ontario winning the trophy given for the best judging in cattle, sheep and swine, and Iowa the trophy for the best horse judging. Other institutions represented were Ohio, Kansas, Michigan and Texas.

Prof. Richards also left for the show Thursday evening and Sunday morning twenty-five students under the charge of Prof. Waldron departed for Chicago. They spent three days in the windy city and report a very pleasant and instructive time. Among the most pleasing and spectacular things seen at the fair were the evening performances which consisted in musical programs and parades of different classes of live stock, also the exhibitors of the six-horse draft teams, with their elaborate wagons and harness. Three of these teams were Percherons owned by Swift, Armour, and Schwarzchild and Suezbacher, while the fourth was a team of Clydesdales owned by Nelson Morris.

The students returned home Saturday, December 8, while Prof. Richards and Mr. Lanxon returned later.

Music Department



CHIEF Musician VanHorn has recently purchased a new Buffet Clarinet. This makes 5 of these first grade instruments in the Cadet Band. The new Holton monster bass has arrived and Sergt. Frank Hilborn is completely enraptured with it. Hilborn's six feet of height with the big 24 inch bell of the horn fully three feet above that makes the instrument somewhat conspicuous. It's low, mellow, resonant tones make the Sousaphone a valuable addition to the instrument family. The "cornet section" of the band is the "best ever" this year. Five cornets, two trumpets and a flugelhorn make a fine combination. The players are competent too—Horner and Laske for solo cornets, Dunsdon and Andrews for 1st cornets, Long and Henderson trumpets, Gertenson, 3-cornet and Wallen for flugelhorn.

Miss Grasse, the piano teacher, is getting a fine class of pupils this term. She has over 20 piano pupils and several in voice culture. Another piano has just been added to the department, making six at the College now and another one will be needed after the first of January.

Prof. Nerhaugen now has a large class of Violin pupils. He is at the studio Thursdays.

The music department has increased its attendance in all branches fully 33 per cent over last year. If that percentage continues there will certainly be something doing in the music building after January 1st.

The second band is now organized with 20 members. The instrumentation is piccolo, 5 clarinets, 5 cornets, 3 altos, 2 tenors, 1 trombone, baritone and 2 basses. They can't play much yet but they are all working hard and will make good soon.

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EDITORIAL

"A MERRY, Merry Christmas to all!"—the old, old greeting, yet ever so new and oh! so sweet to the ear. It never loses its value by repetition but each succeeding year makes the greeting more precious because of the wealth of memories and associations it calls up for us. Maybe you, when you hear it, remember those days, not so very long ago perhaps, when you, awakened by a "Merry Christmas" in the early dawn, scampered with a strange excited feeling to where you had left your stocking for Santa Claus to fill. And the delight of the next few moments has been seldom equaled for pure, whole-souled enjoyment. Or else, you may think of the long drive in the frosty, nipping air over the glistening country-roads to grandmother's where the "loveliest"

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turkey awaited you and you could scarcely repress the curiosity to find out, in advance, what the Tree bore for you *this* time. Yes, spell that word Tree with a capital for it helps make Christmas what it is. The tall, dark-green fir with its shining, glittering fruits and its countless twinkling starlets is impressed indelibly on the mind and the image of its glory presents itself every time the magic word "Christmas" is uttered.

Christmas is synonymous with joy and happiness. For us who are older, no less than for those who are young and are still enjoying those pleasures which we now treasure among our most pleasant recollections, the Christmas season with good will and joy, awakening us anew to sympathy and fellow-feeling. He, who cannot feel his heart swell with a new rapture on Christmas day but who instead scoffs at it and all its significance and traditions, is to be pitied, for we all need once a year at least, to refresh ourselves at the fountain of joy and innocent happiness. So, hoping you may greatly enjoy your Christmas vacation

and come back, invigorated, for more hard work, we wish you again, "A Merry Christmas."

SINCE the last issue of the Spectrum, a new literary society has been organized at the Agricultural College. The new organization differs from the other literary societies in that its membership is limited to men and in that debating is its prime object. The art of debating and extemporaneous speaking is gaining in prominence in American Colleges over oratory, and it is but proper that a society of this character should be formed where the students can get the valuable practice which it offers.

The ability to "think on one's feet" and talk extemporaneously is of inestimable value and can be acquired in no better way than by debating, as the speaker in a debate is largely dependent upon what he can produce on the spur of the moment.

It is to be hoped that we may in the near future not only have inter-society debates in our College, but inter-collegiate debates in the state as well. There should at least be an annual debate between Fargo College and the A. C. Such a debate would bring the two schools in closer touch and create more interest in literary work at both institutions. The State University has already done considerable work in this line, and Fargo College has also taken part in inter-collegiate debates. The A. C. has, however, never debated with any of its sister colleges, hence, it is time that its students wake up and arrange for an inter-collegiate debate this year.

WOMANS' BUILDING

AS THE time for the meeting of the State Legislature approaches, we all begin to speculate on the amount of the appropriation we are to receive and the use to which it will be put.

Granting that there are many buildings needed on the campus and all of these urgently, we have come to the conclusion that the College stands most in need of a Woman's Building.

The Domestic Science Department has for a long time shared Francis Hall with the Agricultural Department and occupies practically but three rooms—the only ones belonging to the girls on the campus. These, it must be admitted are small when they have to serve as a class room for Domestic Art, a Domestic Science laboratory, a general reception room and a banquet hall. As such they have served in the past and tho the casual observer may have considered the appointments perfect and the discomforts insignificant, still those initiated realize that we are sadly crowded for space and limited in equipment. Our Domestic Science and Art department is a wonderful boon to the girls of our state and a well-fitted department means an increase in the percentage of girls at the College.

Besides providing more convenient class-rooms, the building would contain a dormitory and a reception hall. The value of these is beyond estimation for they would promote social intercourse among the students and the former, especially would provide pleasant and comfortable rooms where all is safe and enjoyable. The social life of the College girls should never be neglected and tho, at present, thru the Y. W. C. A., the best efforts are being put forth, it is difficult to reach them, scattered as they are, all over the city. Our college-friendships are among the deepest and dearest of our lives and opportunity should be given for their development—and where so perfectly as at a Dormitory?

For these reasons and many more, we would then urge the erection of a Woman's Building and let us, students, all labor strenuously toward that end.

Locals

Dig in, you loafers, the football season is over.

Prof. Shepperd has returned from a visit to the Texas A. C.

Prof. Hult (in English)—“Mr. Darrow, O, progeny of heav'n.”

The two Mc's are preparing to lecture on woman's suffrage.

Have you noticed how Glomset's hair harmonizes with his necktie?

Miss Thompson—“Make up your mind to flunk and you will do it.”

Miss Hal—“Do you know if there are any good books in the library?”

Mr. Carroll, the State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., visited the College recently.

Ralph H.—“D——! Somebody told Adelaide that I was milking cows for Prof. Mc—.”

Dr. Batt was called to Chicago recently on account of the unexpected death of his mother.

Sliding down the stairway in the main building is getting more popular as the cold weather sets in.

Prof., being wearied with a detailed account of Elizabeth, asked: “What was the color of her hair?”

The president of the Athenians has been provided with a potato masher with which to keep the peace.

Stambaugh (debating whether he was “It” or not—“Well, any one with my general ability ought to be “It.”

Have you heard about the Military Ball? If not see Mr. Stambaugh, “president” of the Freshman class.

It was announced in the papers that a Prohibition Society had been formed here, but it was evidently a mistake.

McKinstry seems to be interested in the cooking department and the Cook.

H. S. Russel was a visitor at the College just before Thanksgiving. He is attending the Minnesota A. C. this year.

The Y. M. C. A. held their annual social Thanksgiving evening. It was well attended and a good time is reported.

Student—“I have the idea, but can't express it.”

Prof.—“Well, send it in by freight.”

New Student (discussing evolution)—“You are an atheist then?”

Clarence Waldron—“No, I am a scientist.”

Miss May Camden, a graduate of the University of Minnesota, is taking post-graduate work in Pharmacy and Chemistry.

Mr. Jacobson, the star tackle of the foot ball team, has gone to Washington, D. C., to act as one of the guards of the capitol.

We understand that Prof. Hult gave an open air lecture on Broadway to a small audience last Sunday evening before church.

The College has recently received seventy-five fine Colorado Blue Spruce which will add to the beauty of the College gardens.

William Martindale, of the class of '07, has accepted a fine position as chemist with the Patten Paint and Varnish Co., of Milwaukee.

Adolph Mikkelson, class of '04, was a most welcome visitor at the College lately. He was accompanied by his brother, who has since enrolled as a student.

It is rumored that Mr. Swenson would like to revise the Calendar so that every year would be a leap year. Wonder what his reasons are?

Scene in a business meeting: No. 1—"I call for a rising vote."

No. 2—"Why not vote and then rise?"

On Monday, November 26, Attorney M. A. Hildreth gave a most stirring address at the convocation exercises on the subject of "Duty."

The Y. M. C. A. have organized their Bible classes. They will meet Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. All men are urged to attend.

Prof. Householder, who has been out of school work for nearly a month on account of an attack of fever, is able to meet his classes again.

On the afternoon of November 16th, Prof. Bolley heard a weak voice from the north crying, "Don't come! Don't come! We are snowed under."

Mr. McKinstry (in Sophomore English)—"What are people with three eyes called?"

Prof.—"I never heard of them."

The Freshmen have developed so rapidly since they gave away their childish things that they are indulging in such manly things as a military ball.

Mr. Birch (at mass meeting before the game we didn't play)—"What shall I talk about?"

Mr. Oswald—"Oh, talk about a minute."

It is becoming the fashion in some of the classes to put Christmas cards in the examination papers when they are handed in. Perhaps if the Sophomore Chemistry class had followed this example they would have received better marks in their last test.

Mr. Hill's library work is not as pressing now as it was the first of the term, so he has decided to play a little basket ball to pass away the time.

At the last social meeting of the Y. W. C. A. the girls had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Bolley lecture on the Conditions of Art in Italy before the Renaissance.

The girls' basket ball team has been organized for the winter season. With a number of the old players back and with the fine new material at hand there is a bright prospect for a good team.

Prof. (in discussing Great Britain's armed force)—"What would John Bull say if any one tried to impose upon him?"

Mr. L.—"He would say 'Humbug.'"

A FRESHMANS' RECITATION

"I guess"—his start at least was true.

"I think"—he didn't do it tho.

"I guess," and he began once more.

"I guess—I think—I know."

Prof. Hult has been invited to address the students of Cornell University at Ithaca, New York. The invitation comes as a personal one from the president of the University and is a fine recognition of the excellent work being done in the world of literature by the head of our English department.—*Fargo Forum*,

New Student (to Registrar)—"I want to get into the orchard."

Registrar—"I don't quite understand."

New Student—"I want to take the orchard."

Registrar still hesitating.

New Student—"Well I want to play in the orchard."

Registrar—"Oh, you mean the orchestra."

Several students and a number of the professors were in attendance at the International Live Stock exposition at Chicago.

President Worst returned the first part of the month from Baton Rouge, La., where he attended the annual meeting of the National Association of Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations. He is now busy arranging the program for the Tri-State Grain and Stock Growers' Convention to be held here January 15-19.

Prof. Ladd spoke in Chapel Monday, December 2, on "Pure Foods and Drugs." Pres. Worst introduced him as the man who had done more along this line than any other person in the United States. Prof. Ladd showed by illustrations the necessity of enforcing the pure food laws. He emphasized also the need of state laws in spite of the federal law recently enacted.

Student—"Say, Otto, wouldn't you like to go on the debate next time in the Agricultural Club?"

Otto—"Why, yes, I may as well go on as not."

Student—"Which side do you want?"

Otto—"I am awful busy just now, but you come down to my office and we will talk it over."

Prof. (looking out of his office window at the carpenters, who are building a structure for Prof. Ladd's paint experiment)—"What are they building out there?"

Miss B.—"Why, that is the new fish hatchery."

Prof.—"O, yes! I remember hearing about them receiving a barrel of fish eggs a few days ago."

Mr. Nickles, who has had charge of the food laboratory for the last year, has resigned his position to accept government work in the Philippines. He sailed the first of the month from Se-

attle for Manila, where he will begin work at once in the government laboratories. The fact that in the examination before the civil service commission, he took first place and was given the appointment, is a source of gratification to the College.

The following conversation took place between an Agricultural student and a Mechanical student:

Mechanical Student—"What would you farmers do if the mechanic did not shape the plow that turns every furrow you make?"

Agricultural Student—"Where would you mechanics be if some one had not plowed with a crooked stick before you mechanics were ever thot of?"

Words of Wisdom:

Prof. Keene—"Our country is situated peculiarly from a business standpoint. California is doing all it can to promote the wine industry and North Dakota is doing all it can to knock it in the head.

Prof. Hult (to a student who finally answered one question rightly)—"That's true, that's a glorious truth."

Dr. Van E.—"Never buy a horse with muddy feet"

Mr. Churchill—"Drink more water and save your money."

The first monument of a useful nature ever given to the College by a class of the institution, is in the nature of a complete statesman edition of fourteen volumes of Roosevelt's writings, presented to the library by the class of '08. When the class organized it chose President Roosevelt as its class patron and selected for its class motto our national executive's well-known and characteristic words, "Be there." Thruout its existence it has endeavored to lead the "strenuous life" and its members have taken intense interest in all lines of College activity.

Exchanges

Again the Exchange editor must needs rack his brain for new adjectives wherewith to offer criticisms, commendatory or otherwise, on the various exchanges that come to his table and he feels sadly tempted to substitute jokes instead, especially when he sees how many other Exchange editors have yielded to the temptation.

The Literary Department of the *Clemson College Chronicle* is especially strong in the November issue. "Killed By Wolves" is vividly written and the interest of the reader is closely held thruout. It is quite a relief when, after the thrilling fight between the Indian and wolves the author tells us that it was only a dream. The magazine also contains some clever poems under the title of "Clippings."

The X-Ray has a decidedly attractive cover design and the contents do it full justice. The poem, "The Coming Man," is very clever and depicts humorously the various stages of studiousness between the freshman and senior years. "Boarding School Hades" is an ingenious story with a good deal of point to it and shows good imaginative power and some originality. The locals also prove interesting and the illustrations at the headings of the various departments make the paper attractive.

The Search Light is a small paper, but it is not the size that counts: it's the material in the paper. The contents of *The Searchlight* are a credit to the class of '07. "What Constitutes Success" is a well written article showing good thot. Who is the successful man? Certainly not the one who lives only to accumulate wealth, but who lives for something higher and better. To quote the author, "Success does not

always mean the achievement of something great. Even a lowly work, successfully finished, and someone made happier thereby, is a greater success than the accumulation of titles or of wealth."

The Kansas Industrialist contains an instructive article on "Denatured Alcohol." The subject is treated comprehensively and the process of manufacture is explained in full. This subject is of considerable importance and is given a great deal of thot by people all over the United States today, especially by the poor and the middle class, on account of the high price of oil.

Under the title "Our Band Tour" an entertaining account is given in the *Manitou Messenger* of the trip recently taken by the band of St. Olaf's College to Norway. The cuts from pictures taken during their trip are excellent. But the Exchange columns are especially interesting as the editor of that department has busily used his little hammer in knocking other Exchange editors. However, we take the criticism in the spirit it is offered and hope to profit by his advice in the future. The only thing that troubles us is to know just exactly what to do and what not to do as he seems to commend one plan in one magazine and condemn the same thing in another.

We are pleased to welcome *The Delphian* as one of our Exchanges. The November issue has several good stories and poems but lacks editorials and solid literary material. *The World* is also lacking in heavier articles. It is a breezy, enjoyable paper, however, and is unusually rich in illustrations.