

The Spectrum

Published by the Students of the North Dakota Agricultural College

Vol. XI

NOVEMBER 1906

No. 2

A Letter



EVILS LAKE, N. D., November 4th, 1906, My Dear Friend:—

I am going to do my best not to disappoint you in regard to a letter, though maybe the contents will hardly be to your satisfaction. I fear I have lost a whole lot of my old-time mode of expression out here camping on the trail of Croesus, and to little advantage, as I have not yet had even a distant glimpse of the god of fortune. You want to know how we old-timers feel away from our Alma Mater now in the foot ball season. Well, we may not be exactly able to put it in the right words on paper, for the pursuit of our daily occupations is very apt to rub off the outward show of sentiment, but way inside in the region of the Solar Plexus, in some out of the way crevice where the grind and roar of business activities can never penetrate, there is some hidden nerve that responds only to the stimulus afforded by reminiscences of past or anticipation of future victories of your own particular college over their dearest enemy. It does not show on the surface; you do not go out on the street corner and announce to the world that on this particular day so-and-so plays so-and-so, and that your side is the one and only team that ever amounted to anything, and that the others don't amount to more than a row of beans anyway, (that is not compatible with the dignity and profession of a grown-up man), but that one spot in your physiological or psychological make-up, keeps you jumping and tense and fidgety like a school girl, till you hear the final score, and then may-be you give a little whoop and slap your neighbor on the back, and grin, "Didn't I tell you we could do it?" and he will reward you with a blank stare and a gruff, "What's eating you today anyway?" and then you come to again, kind of shamefacedly and remember that he has never been to college and of course can not understand how you feel about it, and then you go off to your own corner and mumble savagely to yourself under your breath, "I don't care. WE did it; WE did it, just the same."

Haven't I seen them, from Minnesota, Michigan, or Chicago, Harvard or Pennsylvania (no matter where they are, in some out of the way forgotten place; no matter who they are, the young fellow just a year or two out, or the old successful business man with his one-time long football locks already thinning and turning gray on his temples), haven't I seen them on the day of some important game drop into the telegraph office kind of casual like and inquire, "By the way, you don't happen to know how the game came out, do you?" But the visit would have no real adequate business excuse, and the voice would have an undertone

of anxious inquiry that entirely belied the stolid exterior, and in case the answer was favorable, there would be an undercurrent of hilarity in the politely voiced "Thanks," a new sort of jaunty tilt to the head, and an unconscious swagger in the gait. Nine out of every ten that he met would not know wherefore, but you and I,—we who have been here,—we would know. It is the old College Spirit that for perhaps only once in the year crops out and holds a brief sway. In imagination it carries you back to the old days when *you* had a part in victory or defeat. You see again the jostling crowds, the fluttering ribbons; you hear the blare of horns, the rattle of bells (not always silver-tongued), you feel the hush of expectancy that settles on the grandstand and bleachers as the team lines up, the ball is placed, and the halfback drops back, spits in his hand, and gauges the distance and the positions of the opposing team before kicking on. And as in imagination you hear the thud of leather against leather, your heart again leaps anxiously and exultingly as it did at the old familiar, "Now boys, all together—Dacotah."

Didn't I, myself, have occasion last night to visit the telegraph office and ask the operator "How did it come out?" and the answer "13 to 0, favor of Minne—" "Aw, go on, who cares for Minnesota, ask Fargo what *our* score was," and then wait expectantly till the wire ticked back, "65 to —" "they can't have scored—" no, it's a 0, and then into the next office occupied by a one-time Minnesotan, now a rising young lawyer, and tell him that I did not think his team was so much after all, and that I bet WE could put more score spots on them in an hour than they could work off in a month.

But after all, there is only one game that really counts with an A. C. alumnus—that with "our friend and the enemy." I'll bet I jumped a foot when I heard the news from the former game, and am willing to bet that I can lick any man in town if they do it next time without letting them score. I expect to be there myself to help slightly with the rooting, and if my voice *has* lost some of its one-time carrying power, I'll eat my hat if I am not as hoarse and have as sore a throat as any of them the day after. That may not exactly be very polished and literary English but that's the way I feel, and hope that the English Department will forgive me for the heresy.

Give my regards to all the old boys and girls—especially the latter, for I mistrust they are the ones we mainly have to look to for enthusiasm, since the boys always used to be more prone to sit down on theirs than to let it out. As you know, I am in the business of trying to keep the wheels of the world moving, and as a railroader's hours of duty are from 1:00 a. m. till 11:00 p. m. subject to emergency calls in the meantime, I have not much time left over for reminiscences. But when I do have a quiet hour to sit down and think, my thoughts wander back to the old A. C. oftener than any other place, and I hope the day will never come when I will not feel a tingling sensation under my coat as I say "My Alma Mater."

Yours sincerely,

A. M. MIKKELSON.



WHEREVER literature consoles sorrow or assuages pain; wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep,—there is exhibited in its noblest form the immortal influence of Athens.—Macaulay.

A Successful Bluff



THE season closing championship game of foot ball, played between Aster and Barton colleges, was tied. Neither side could claim a single advantage. It was little wonder therefore that the Asterites, especially the seniors, were "down in the mouth" when the class banner of the latter, through the carelessness of its president, Sidney Jones, was stolen by a tricky Bartonian. Of course a struggle ensued but to no avail; the banner was in the possession of the rival college. The loyal hearts of the seniors burned furiously when one-half hour later their cherished crimson and white was seen floating above the Barton Main building, a piece of crape having been sewed around it to add to the discomfiture of the already mortified Asterites, before they took the evening train back to Daisy.

And what of Jones? Closeted with his chum, Tom Anton, in the hotel, he paced the floor viciously, almost exploding with anger and disappointment. When five minutes later Anton pointed through the window and he looked out and beheld the fatal colors being raised above the main building, he was furious.

"It's no use, Tom," said he, "I daren't go back without that banner. I'd sooner die."

"Nonsense" said Tom. "Cheer up, old chap. It was only an accident. Nobody's going to blame you. Put your brains to work; maybe we can hit on a scheme for its recovery."

"It's no go, Tom. I've thought of everything," moaned the unfortunate Jones. "They've got it for good, and I'm the laughing-stock of the whole school. But, say, can't you think up some dodge? You always were a foxy chap; can't you help me out?"

"Say, old man," said Tom, half an hour later, "we're going to recapture that banner. I shall have to run the bluff because I've got a moustache to shave off and you haven't, but you will have your part. Sit down and I'll tell you how it's done."

* *

The eight o'clock train took its disappointed crowd back to Daisy, but it was shy a senior class president, and two of his classmates, Tom Anton and Harry Jones. Instead of these three boarding the train, three well-dressed, clean shaven gentlemen, one of them of an elderly appearance, apparently got off at the depôt, and after securing a hack were driven to St. Matthew's Hospital. An hour later two of them re-entered the hack, drove to the best hotel that the town afforded, and registered as James and John Jackson, Gold Reef Mining Co., Cal. Mr. James Jackson explained to the clerk that they wanted the best of rooms and would have to remain until his brother, who had been suddenly attacked with appendicitis on the train, was out of danger, when he would return to his offices in New York. In the meantime he would go out and wire for a specialist from the Twin Cities, "for," said he, "I'll have no cheap-jack perform on my brother until the very last minute."

During the evening these two strange gentlemen smoked several dollar cigars apiece, and entertained the influentials of the town in a discourse upon the Placer method of mining and the cyanide process of extracting gold from its

ores. The result was that the morning local papers had a column and a half about the three wealthy Jacksons who were connected with the Gold Reef Mining Co., and also the circumstances under which they were obliged to remain. It was also stated incidentally that the senior Mr. Jackson was very wealthy and very interested in small colleges, while Mr. Jackson Jr. was quite a sport. It was natural therefore that Barton U. was extremely anxious to make a good impression upon these financiers, and the President was especially desirous to be favored by an address at their mass meeting which was to be called at eleven o'clock that morning.

Accordingly, eleven o'clock found 800 enthusiastic students awaiting the arrival of the Jacksonians. College spirit was manifest of course, for there upon the rostrum, surrounded by the faculty, were the two banners of the senior classes of the two rival institutions which had met on the gridiron the day before. This, coupled with the fact that young Jackson might take it into his head to fit out a gym, or the "old boy" to shell out a few thousand for a science hall, made them fairly bubble over with good feeling. It was not surprising, therefore, that a storm of applause greeted the smiling Jacksons as they took their seats upon the rostrum. The "old boy" peered over his spectacles and nodded patronizingly with a benevolent air peculiarly his own, while young Jackson, after an approving scrutiny of the husky foot ball squad, gave his elder brother a significant nudge, and half audibly exclaimed as he pointed to the becraped banner, "A recent trophy, by Jove; that's what I like to see." He then very pointedly unbuttoned his coat, mopped the perspiration from his forehead, (for he was dressed rather warm), and glanced meaningly at the closed window to the rear of the rostrum. The little German professor very obligingly opened that window to the "young sport's" evident satisfaction.

The venerable President, chuckling inwardly, introduced the two gentlemen with no little flattery, and in conclusion said, "Owing to the unexpected arrival of a physician from the Twin Cities at twelve o'clock, we shall be favored by a few words on athletics from the younger Mr. Jackson, before we are honored by an address by the elder, altho I frankly confess I should have difficulty in picking out the younger of the two." This underestimate of his age apparently tickled the "old boy" immensely, and once more he beamed auspiciously from behind his specks upon the expectant assembly of anticipating faces.

Mr. John Jackson captured his audience immediately by a witty ten minute speech upon the subject "The Glories of Foot-ball," and stated that he wanted them to practice once more at least that season, in order that he might see what stuff they were made of; at any rate (he pompously asserted) it would break the dull monotony of the miserable hotel. A roar of applause succeeded his flattering address, nor did it subside until he had made his exit.

The "old boy" immediately rose to his feet, unrolling a large illustrative diagram and after announcing his subject "Placer Mining as Conducted in California" thus began,—"In order that you may comprehensively follow my discussion on Placer Mining, it is almost necessary for you all to see the diagram." (Here he looks perplexed at the faculty who cannot see plainly. They diplomatically think it wise to seat themselves among the student body, when the embarrassed Mr. Jackson immediately becomes relieved.) "Since I feel sure," he continues, "that the combination of colors as seen upon the lower banner is as obnoxious to your artistic eyes as to my somewhat dim ones I can do no better than pin my chart upon it." A storm of applause welcomed this statement,

but as the "old boy" holds the chart against the banner he acts rather strange. Suddenly seizing the pole with the two banners attached he leaps wildly over the empty faculty chairs. When fifteen feet from the window he suddenly falls. Up again in an instant, he thrusts the pole successfully thru the window, not a moment too soon, however, for 800 frenzied students are upon him. But Tom Anton had seen Harry Jones, alias John Jackson, pick up the banners and leap into the waiting hack. He also knew that while he was getting the bumpings and colored optics, Harry and Sidney were putting the banners into a neat little box, already addressed, which would soon be in the hands of Uncle Sam, safe from all Bartonian attacks. He therefore took his medicine with good grace, doubtless thinking of the little mass meeting he would attend on the morrow at his beloved college of Aster.

P. W. H.

Mechanical Notes



THE boys in the Machine Shop are in doubt as to whether the wire cage which recently made its appearance on the open side of the room is for the purpose of keeping out certain persons of an inquiring turn of mind, who cannot keep from handling all the machinery in sight and thus sometimes spoiling the setting of a machine so badly that the work is damaged, it will no doubt be a very useful contrivance.

THE Freshman steam class is the proud possessor of a couple of nice play things in the shape of the two traction engines, and the youngsters have been enjoying themselves hugely while chasing each other around the block in their modern chariots.

LARGE numbers of the new students in the Engineering Department have handed in their names as desiring to become members of the Engineering Society and the prospects of that organization appear brighter than ever.

PROFESSOR ROSE has inaugurated something unique in the line of text books for the Engineering Department. These appear in the form of a loose leaf book to be bound in an ordinary University cover, and are made up of sheets from various trade catalogs and bulletins, illustrating in a very effective manner the many different forms of engine and boiler fixtures handled by the firms they represent.

NEGOTIATIONS are being pushed forward to get an internal combustion engine for experimental work in the Department, which shall be capable of burning all the different kinds of fuel oil, including denatured alcohol.

THE first regular meeting of the Lyceum of Engineers was held in Chapel, Monday evening, October 29, and several good things were presented in technical way, and considerable old business discussed. Perhaps the most interesting part of the program was the comment of the critic, who, tho not all complimentary, and even inclined to be almost severe, made some very pointed remarks and succeeded in hitting the nail on the head several times.

Agricultural Department



STUDENTS of the Agricultural College: How many of you have been over to the College barns this year? Or, what per cent of you know how many barns there are over there beyond the football gridiron? Not a very high per cent, I fancy. "What do I care about old barns?" you ask. Now that's a very general comment and one which reveals the lack of scholarship and desire for knowledge on the part of that student. Every student should be interested in all the different phases of Scientific study, else he limits himself in some degree to a narrow education. And every student, whether Scientific, Classic, Chemical, Pharmaceutical, Domestic Science, or Agricultural, should be interested in the livestock at this College.

And particularly so at this time of the year when the great International Live Stock Exposition at Chicago is only a few days off. It is customary for most of the leading Agricultural Colleges to exhibit at this show some of the results of their feeding. Until this year, our College has been unable to make an exhibit, but due to the skilful feeding of one of our students, Mr. Lanxon, we have an exhibit of which we are not ashamed. This exhibit, moreover, is probably the first to be made by a College at such a distance from Chicago.

Therefore, I say, you as students should be interested in this work. Exert yourselves some day and take a walk over to the barns. You'll know more when you come back and, I know, will not be sorry for your trip. Girls, if you are afraid to go alone ask some boy to take you. They'll go then whether they want to or not.

While speaking with a senior the other day I incidentally mentioned "Bob." "Who's Bob?" he asked in a somewhat guilty way.

Well, who is "Bob?" When you get over to the cattle barn ask whoever is around to show you "Bob." They will lead you to a boxstall and when they swing open the door, before you will stand the grade Shorthorn Steer which for the last year and a half has created interest among the stock breeders of the state.

"Bob" came to the college two years ago when but a calf, weighing five hundred and eighty pounds. Lanxon recognized in him the possibilities of a feeder and has exerted his utmost skill in developing him into the animal which he now is, weighing 1760 pounds, on November 4, thus showing on the average a gain of one and one-half pounds a day since he arrived at the college. He won first in his class at the State Fair this summer and will be shown as a two year old grade or crossbred fat steer at the International. At present he is in the pink of condition and it is expected, will rank high in his class. As he stands before you in his stall he is probably one of the best specimens of the beef type which most of you will ever have an opportunity to see. Go now, for in a few days he leaves for Chicago never to return.

In the adjoining stall stands little Dakota Leon, an Aberdeen Angus yearling steer, donated to the College by R. A. Candor. He also won first in his class at the State Fair this summer and is going to accompany "Bob" to the "big show". Altho his age is against him, he has been doing well for the past few weeks and it is hoped will be in good condition by December 1st.

When you have seen all you care to in this barn, have someone take you over to the sheep barn and show you the three Fat Wether Lambs which are also subjects for Chicago. One Shropshire, one South Down, and one Grade Shropshire are there, all in the best of condition, and all of them, sturdy, healthy lambs.

Then to the north is the hog house where you will find some more show stock. There are the two Berkshire yearling barrows, which were first as a pen of fat barrows at the State Fair. At present they average 425 pounds and present a thrifty appearance and good quality. These will be shown individually.

Just beyond is the pen of three Yorkshire bacon barrows under one year old, first and second prize winners at the State Fair. They will be shown as single hogs and then as a pen of three. They show good bacon type and tho not quite finished at present, appearances indicate a pink of condition at time of showing.

There are lots of other animals, good animals, but these are the ones that are going to the Fair. Look them all over and notice the way in which the barns are constructed. You won't regret it, and sometime it may come in handy. Whatever you do, don't scoff at the Agricultural part of the school. You all like bread, butter, milk and meat, do you not?

PROF. J. H. SHEPPERD, Dean of the Agricultural Department of this College and vice-director of the Experiment Station, left November 6th to investigate the position tendered him by the Texas Agricultural College and Experiment Station. The position that has been offered him is the directorship of the Experiment Station and professorship of Agriculture. This is a deserving recognition, but the faculty of this College hope that he will decide to remain at this institution. We are without doubt, expressing the sentiment of the people thruout the state who are acquainted with his work, when we say that if he severs his connection with this institution, it will be a great loss to the state.

Athletic Notes



IN THE afternoon of October 20th, our foot ball team won an exciting game from Carleton College. The weather was mostly bad, and nobody expected to see a very fast game. In this they were agreeably surprised, for the A. C. boys developed speed that was a great shock to the Carletonians and a good recommendation for Dobie as a coach. At three o'clock the referee's whistle sounded, and the game was on. Amid a flurry of snow, Carlton kicked off, and after a few line bucks, Marks carried the pigskin across the line for a touchdown, and immediately kicked off a goal. Score 6 to 0 for the farmers.

After the kickoff the forward pass was attempted a couple of times, and invariably resulted in a failure. Carleton now had the ball, but, being unable to phase the A. C. line, were forced to punt. The farmers got the ball on their own 30-yard line, and started up the field for another touchdown, but, owing to the fact that Carleton held them for downs, they did not make it right off. Carleton made a couple more "stabs" at puncturing the A. C. line, but had to

give up as a bad job, and punted. The punt however, was worse than the line bucks, for the A. C. lads speared the ball and shot Carpenter across for another touchdown so quickly that the lads from Minnesota didn't know where the ball was until a small boy threw it back over the fence where Marks had kicked it in making the goal. Score 12 to 0, and so it was at the end of the first half.

In the second half, the forward pass was given several more tryouts by both teams, but failed to make good, altho Bills, for Carleton, nailed one of them and broke them thru the Aggie's defense for a touchdown which didn't count. It was a good run, anyway, and would have scored if the ball had been passed a foot further out from center.

Shortly after the half started, Marks began to get restless, so they gave him the ball and he did the rest, kicking the goal as a finishing touch. Score, 18 to—what the little boy shot at.

Not long after this, Nemzik tore thru poor old Carleton for another touchdown. The goal was not kicked. Score 23 to 0, and that's the way it read when time was up.

The Carleton boys were a gamey bunch and played good ball, but they were not in it with the farmers. The A. C. boys play exceptionally well. The eleven men get into the game as a single individual, and get their plays off fast. These things count. If you don't believe it, ask Dobie.

THE BIG GAME

RAH! Rah! Rah! Hurrah for the farmers! Did we skin 'em? Well I should smile!

On October 27th, we got the game we have been working for, and won it with a crippled team, at that. Nemzik went into the game with a broken collar bone, Marks did stunts with a bad leg, and Oshwald took one more crack at the U., altho his neck, while not quite broken, was badly twisted.

And the U. team had about 300 rooters and a band along to see the A. C. outfit eat dirt. That was funny. Before the game this confident bunch did a triumphal march on the gridiron, with their band in the lead. We did ours at the end of the first half, when the score stood 14 to 4 in our favor.

At 3 o'clock the U. kicked off to the A. C., and the game was on. The farmers got into the game at once and rushed the ball up to the middle of the field, but were there forced to kick. The U. got the ball close to their goal line, and, in attempting to punt the ball out of danger, lost it to the A. C. back of the line, scoring a safety. Score A. C. 2; U. 0.

The farmers now rammed into the "invincible human wall," as the Grand Forks papers called it, and tore them to a frazzle. Result, Marks over the line for a touchdown. Goal was made. Score 8 to 0.

At this stage of the game, Comny for the U., with the assistance of a kindly disposed opponent, managed to make good with a place kick, scoring them four, and that ended it for them; but the A. C. kept right on. Marks ripped thru the line and round the ends: Hallenberg circled the ends for several nice gains, and finally big Nemzik got busy and went over the line for the second touchdown. Marks was successful in kicking goal. Score 14 to 4. The University tried a couple drops but the line couldn't hold the fierce Aggies, and the kicks were blocked. There was nothing more doing during the remainder of the half.

A few minutes after the second half opened, Nemzik, who happened to have the ball, was struck with the idea that it might be a good thing to make

another touchdown, which brilliant idea he forthwith put into execution. Goal kicked by Marks. Score 20 to 4.

And then after a series of line smashes and end runs, Marks went over for another touchdown, and goal. Score 26 to 4. In the next stage of the game, the U. tried some more of those "almost but not quite" drops and place kicks, but it was noticed that their score had not increased at the end of the game. After teasing them awhile, the farmers turned Marks loose and he made one more touchdown just to show the U. that it could be done, and the call of time was all that prevented the U. from getting it "did to them agin." Final score, 32 to 4.

Quarterback Comny for the U. seemed to do most of the playing for the U., and he was right there all the time.

Marks distinguished himself by smashing great holes in the U. line, and Nemzik, who had a yellow streak in him, according to the U., made them fairly sick by the way he bowled their line around. Hallenberg played a game that entitles him to the distinction of being the best quarter that ever wore an A. C. suit.

The 'varsity have a good team, to be sure, but they were clearly out-classed and "have no kick coming." However, they will try mighty hard to even things up when the A. C. team play at Grand Forks on November 17. A special train will be run and a rate has been secured of \$2.35 for the round trip. Those who go are guaranteed to get their money's worth.

THE LINE-UP

University		A. C.
Netcher	C.	Swenson
Oliver, Westergard	R. G.	Eakins
Stee	G. L.	Haskins
Burtness (Capt.)	L. G.	Oshwald
Jereczek	L. T.	Jacobson
O'Keefe	R. E.	Birch (Capt.)
Davis	L. E.	South
J. Comny	R. H.	Carpenter
Griffin	L. H.	Nemzek
Brannon	full	Marks
Comny	Q. B.	Hallenberg

Referee, Pope, Mayville; umpire, Finlayson, East Grand Forks;

MAYVILLE GAME

THE first game of the season was played with Mayville Normal school, and was fairly good practice. The farmers made so many touchdowns in the first half that they got tired and let the second team go in during the second half. This made the game a good deal more interesting for the spectators. The score ran up so high that it was lost track of.

YANKTON VS. N. D. A. C.

THE Yankton bunch were not as strong as anticipated, and were completely snowed under. Among the features of the game was the hot air dispensing of the visitors' quarter. Birch distinguished himself by making five touchdowns, on the same double pass in each case. When the smoke finally cleared away the score was 61 to 0 in favor of the A. C.

IS IT proper that, in the fall term, every form of athletics but foot ball should be cut out? There are lots of students who cannot play foot ball and who pay their dues to the Association, and then get nothing whatever in return for their money for the reason that the gymnasium is ordinarily locked at the only time they are able to use it. We all advocate the open library: why not boost a little for the open gymnasium?

Science Notes



PROFESSOR HOLLEY is carrying on some very extensive investigations as to the nature of the products used in the brewing of beers and many of the so-called temperance beverages. Research work leading to a knowledge of the constituents of "soft drinks" is of special interest to the citizens of this state. THE SPECTRUM will aim at a later date to give its readers a discussion of this subject, based upon the results of Mr. Holley's analysis.

DURING the meetings of the Legislature in 1905, a bill was passed authorizing the State Experiment Station to investigate the relative nature of wheat in regard to varieties and different grades. Owing to a lack of funds the work has been seriously hampered.

A VERY elaborate flour mill has been purchased and for want of a suitable place to install the machinery it is now standing in the hallway of the Chemical Laboratory. It is hoped that, in the near future, the much needed money will be available so that this most important line of work can be efficiently carried on. In the meantime, considerable has been accomplished in the matter of testing the different grades of flour. Special work has been done in comparing bleached and unbleached flour. What are the advantages and disadvantages derived from bleaching flour, what and to what extent are injurious substances formed as the result of the bleaching process, are some of the questions which will be considered.

THAT Chemistry is one of the progressive sciences and one which an ambitious young man may study with some assurance of financial recompense, may be gathered from the fact that the chemical department of this institution during the past summer had five requests for graduate chemists. These offers came from some of the largest manufacturing companies in the country.

Mr. Will Martindale was the only young man in the institution who was prepared to take advantage of the opportunities. Altho an undergraduate, he has accepted a position with the Patten Paint Company and leaves in the near future to take up his struggle in the commercial world.

WITH the enactment of the denaturized alcohol bill, much interest was felt thruout the country. Often was the question repeated as to just what the result would be. The subject is a large one and the results of some experiments would be very valuable at the present time. The chemical department has sent to Germany for a complete apparatus specially adapted for such investigations. This will open a new line of work at this institution and one which should be of practical value to any advanced student, who cares to take it up.

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Published Monthly by the Students of the North Dakota Agricultural College

Entered at the Postoffice at Agricultural College, N. D., as second-class mail matter.

TERMS

One year, prepaid. \$.75
Single copies.10

Subscribers are requested to give prompt notice of any non-delivery or delay in delivery of magazines. All communications to be addressed to Business Department, "THE SPECTRUM," Agricultural College, N. D.

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EDITORIAL

CARL HULBERG

A FEELING of grief and sadness spread over the institution a few days ago when word was received that Carl Hulberg, '05, accidentally met his death by an electric shock while testing a high voltage dynamo at the works of the General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y., on October 27th.

After graduating from the Mechanical Engineering Course of our college, Mr. Hulberg entered the employ of the General Electric Co., to further qualify himself in the engineering profession. He had been working for this company a little over a year and had been promoted until at the time of his death he had charge of the testing of electric machinery.

Mr. Hulberg was a very diligent and

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industrious young man. He made his own way thru college like many young men of today, and had in him the making of a successful business man. While a Sophomore he, with J. D. Hanson, founded the College book store which he maintained, with different classmates as partners, until his graduation. He took an active part in all student organization work; and altho not a brilliant speaker, he took great interest in literary work, participating in a number of debates and contests during his Junior and Senior years. The calling away of this promising young man who had just entered upon a line of work for which he had been specially prepared while here, is a direct loss to the institution. The interment took place at his former home, Aneta, N. D., on November 7th, the College being represented by Prof. Keene and John Swenson.

ON THE 17th of this month will be played the second foot ball game of the season with the State University. Every A. C. student should make it a point to go to Grand Forks that day

and help make up a good delegation. The team is worthy of our support, fellow-students, and this is one way in which we can show our interest in those who are willing to get out on the grid-iron and battle for the glory of the institution. Last year the student-body made a very creditable showing by sending a large aggregation to support our relatively weak team. It was not only a goodly sized delegation which went to Grand Forks last year, but one thoroly imbued with College spirit. Even after being defeated at the hands of the "U" the enthusiasm was in no measure lessened, as the thot uppermost in the mind of every student was to do better at the return game. Let us, therefore, show an equal interest this year when the prospects of the "team" are very much brighter, and send a large body of rooters to the rival city down the stream.

THE well-educated man of today is the broadly educated man, but the well-cultured man is not only broadly educated, but he must have that finer finish and efficiency which social intercourse will give. One cannot afford to go thru college as a "grind." By this, do not misunderstand, is not meant that we should not study for all that is in us,—by no means,—but it does imply that we must see beyond the printed page and the laboratory experiment and out into the broader fields of student life. A "grind" does not get the best that can be gotten out of his college-days; he has missed the pleasures and the benefits that come thru the society-life of the College. There are many ways in which we get training outside of our books, and one of the most vital and prominent is the "society" factor. The societies are of all kinds, from the Christian Associations which look after the moral and social welfare of the student, to the Literary and Scientific Clubs which

care for things cultural. At our own college, we have about seven such societies and no student can afford to miss the advantages which membership in one or more offer. Join one if you can, join more if you will, and remember always that in proportion as you give yourself and your energies toward furthering the purpose and work of your society will be the benefit which you derive from it. Learn your lessons well, be diligent and studious, but don't be a "grind."

ALUMNI NOTES

Miss Aldyth Ward with her parents spent the past winter and summer in California.

Miss Kate Jensen is teaching the intermediate grades in the Buffalo school this year.

Mrs. Ralph Weible recently had an operation for appendicitis. We are glad to hear that she is convalescing rapidly.

Miss Edith Fowler is at the College taking post graduate work, with English as her major and Domestic Economy her minor subject.

On June 12th, last, Mr. Hugh McGuigan and Miss Mabel Leininger were united in marriage. Mr. and Mrs. McGuigan are making their home in St. Louis, where Mr. McGuigan is Professor of Physiological Chemistry in Washington University.

Miss Anna Stapleton still retains her position as principal of the Lisbon High school. During the past summer she taught Nature Study in the Ward County Summer school at Minot.

James McGuigan, Arthur Fowler, Ed Stuart and Elmer May were among Alumni seen at the U. game October 27th.

Locals

Have you heard the Junior quartet?

Miss Thompson—"Gee, I've got a kink in my temper today."

Clarence P.—"Never you mind, my old woman is all right."

Otto has greatly improved in looks since he began to wear glasses.

The Apha Mus gave their first dancing party Saturday evening, October 20.

Sattre wears "the smile that don't come off" since she came back to school.

Prof. Keene is more interested in foot ball than ever, since the arrival of Philip.

The stork of the Junior class boasts of several additions to its ambitious flock.

Rex seems to be absent minded: he gave the wrong yell at the Carleton game.

Ask Hilborn whether he saw any fish in the pond out by the foot ball field.

The Seniors and Juniors are busy getting material together for their orations.

Prof. Bolley addressed the Y. M. C. A. Sunday, November 4, on "Religion in Russia."

Mr. Weaver has been called to his home on account of the serious illness of his brother.

Dobie—"South did you get that man?"

South—"I had part of him."

McKinstry (puzzling over the symbol Hg.)—"What's the Atomic weight of Hygiene?"

Stambaugh has a new uniform and wants to know if it doesn't look pretty and fit nicely.

Prof. Hult was at the University on November 3 to address the students at weekly convocation.

The Juniors have such a remarkable class that it is claimed Gabriel is within their midst.

Charley C.—(in Physics)—"What are you doing, finding the specific gravity of water?"

Mr. G.—"Has a machine been invented yet for degenerating gas?"

Prof.—"I think not."

Mr. Glomset seems much interested in the New Women's Seminary which has lately been founded in Oak Grove.

Prof. Keene and John Swenson attended the funeral of Carl Hulberg last Wednesday, returning Thursday morning.

Prof. H.—"Here are a couple of papers marked 15 per cent, which is 14 per cent more than you fellows deserve."

Student in Freshman English—"The evergreen is a carnivorous plant that trains its leaves during the life of the tree."

The color of the sherbet served at the Philo dance was suspiciously near that of Mr. Darrow's hair. Was he on the refreshment committee?

Prof. Richards is greatly lamenting the death of his horse. He fears that he will not be so popular now with the Domestic Science department.

The work of the Domestic Science department is proving more and more interesting as is shown by the increasing attendance in this department.

The drainage work on the College farm is progressing nicely. The main drain has already been laid and the smaller ones are well under way.

New Student—(passing the athletic park)—“Do they drive oxen up here?”

Old Student—“No, that is Mr. Dobie and the foot ball team.”

Swenson (to Eakins who is coughing)—“Barking yet, are you?”

Eakins—“Yes, but now I am barking to get more Humbolt cough medicine.”

Otto (in Chemistry)—“Say, Professor, I saw a place where they were making—ah—um—growing coke. They made it grow right out of the ground.”

Prof. Smith (in discussing the derivation of soliloquies:)—“What does sol mean?”

Mr. S.—“Why, it means a person's spirit.”

“But when I became a man I put away childish things.” Their giving away of nursing bottles seems to show that the Freshmen are advancing in maturity(?)

Mr. Clark (in Physics)—“What do you call that little U-shaped thing?”

Prof. Keene—“I'm sure your education in Greek has been neglected, that is *mu*.”

Prof. Bolley—“All students selling season tickets please hand in money and tickets at once. Professors allowed one week longer on account of real estate investments.”

The following was a question that appeared in a recent test: How may water be decomposed to show that air has weight? Even the wiser Sophomores could not answer this.

“The Life Purpose of an Educated Man” was the subject of the address given by Rev. C. R. Adams of the Fargo Presbyterian Church, at the Convocation Services of October 22. He forcefully pointed out what should be the ideals and purposes to

animate man in his dealings with his fellow-men. His talk should have been an inspiration to every student present.

Prof. in Physics—“If a man were to go up in a balloon, where would he stop?”

Bright Student—“On the ground.”

Prof.—“I don't know about that.”

Alex Irvine has been engaged to take charge of the dairy work during the winter term. Mr. Irvine is a graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College and comes here highly recommended by his Alma Mater.

The department of Chemistry has recently had a number of accessions to its library. One of the most important of these is Hilgard's Soils, which is the first comprehensive publication on this line of work.

Fred Birch (reading “local” manuscript)—“Who writes these locals?”

Editor of Spectrum—“Bessie Rice is the local editor.”

Birch—“I thot the writing looked familiar.”

Prof. (to Otto)—“Well, Otto, why aren't you playing foot ball today?”

Otto—“Well, I'll tell you, I got a hold of Jake yesterday and I couldn't let go, and he hit me in the face and cracked two ribs.”

Dobie (after the Yankton game)—“Now is there anything you fellows want that you haven't got?”

Oshwald—“Yes, give us a roasting.”

Dobie—“Never mind, you'll get that Monday.”

A number of the old students were in town for the University game. Perhaps the most interested of the number was “Shorty” Wambum. It was all Prof. Bolley could do to keep him back of the line when the A. C. was penalized for holding.

Prof. Sheppard gave an address at the opening of the Manitoba Agricultural College on November 6. This occasion marked another important advance in the line of the world's greatest and most honorable industry.

Assistant Librarian to Mr. C. (who is sitting at a table with his elbow on a reference book and looking absent-mindedly at the dress of a young lady near by)—“That's no way to look up statistics. Those are stitches in that dress, not statistics.”

Our “Hello” girl is offering quite an inducement in the way of a reward for the foot ball boys, coach and manager, should they succeed in winning the final games of the season. (The reward not to be made known until the day of the game.) Here's a chance for you boys,—don't miss it.

“A Sane View of Success in Life,” was the subject of a highly instructive and practical address by President Worst before the Y. M. C. A. Sunday, October 20. The Y. M. C. A. will continue these Sunday afternoon meetings thru the year and it is hoped that all our young men will take advantage of them.

Miss Fishback, state secretary of the Y. W. C. A., spent a few days of last month at the College. She talked to the girls of the Association work and further outlined their plans for the year. She seemed much pleased with the advance that the Association had made since she was here before. The girls always are glad to have Miss Fishback visit them.

In the convocation exercises of Monday, October 15, Prof. Hult spoke on the “Olympic Games of the Greeks.” Last year he was present at the Olympic games and witnessed the great victory which America won in the world's contest. His description was most fascinating when he told of the crowd

present and the enthusiasm which the victory of the Americans evoked. Greeks win their victories for their country's glory, and thus boundless enthusiasm is created.

On Monday, October 29, Miss Heisser addressed the girls of the Y. W. C. A. on “The Art of the Italian Renaissance.” Miss Heisser centered her talk around the little village of Assisi, where many of Giotto's works are found. The story of the life of St. Francis, who forms the subject matter of many of Giotto's paintings, was told in a delightful manner.

A. C. boys were Harry and Vic,
With the Normal girls they were quite
thick:

To the dance one night they went,
And ever since they've had to repent.
Of course they had to go in style,
And lingered at the hall for quite a
while:

They chartered an elegant curtained
hack,
Nor anything else did their damsels
lack.

Thus happy and free
They warbled with glee,
And didn't get home
Till half past three.

Attorney W. S. Stambaugh addressed the students on the subject of “Taxation.” He outlined the different forms in which taxes have been collected and expended during the time covered by authentic history. Later he discussed the modern methods and purposes of taxation, i. e. direct and indirect, and the principles which should govern the imposition of taxes. Constitutional provisions and restrictions as to taxation were mentioned, but particular emphasis was laid on this point, that no absolute uniformity is ever attainable. The whole question always comes back to the honesty of the individual citizen.

Exchanges

The Sioux is with us again for the first time this year and is as good as ever. The article on "The Relative Value of the Study of Latin and Science" advances some sound arguments and is well written. It shows the value of broadening out, of studying more than one branch. The disadvantages of a purely scientific or classical education are brot out and good reasons are advanced why a student should study both the sciences and the classics; that is, a student specializing in some science should also have some knowledge of the classics so as to widen his breadth of view and keep him from falling into a rut and thinking nothing worth while but his own particular sphere.

"Visiting a New York Relative" is a humorous story with considerable point. The original poem "Weldon's Auto" illustrates the proverb "Pride comes before a fall" in a witty manner that cannot fail to cause the reader a smile of enjoyment.

The Normal Oracle evidently believes in heavy brain food, if one can judge from the last issue. The articles prove interesting reading matter, however. The thesis, "Luck and Pluck" shows vivid imaginative power and presents the subject matter in a concrete, unified form.

Student organizations is a subject of general interest and one of great importance to students. If students could only be made to realize how much these organizations add to their lives they would take hold with more vigor. One of the things that count in college life is the contact with one's

fellow students and this is one of the chief objects of student organizations.

The cover of the October *Exponent* is most attractive with its scene from Mystic Lake; and the contents do it full justice. "Billy Smith, Sheriff," has a North Dakota setting and contains a good deal of local color. The story tells in a realistic way what presence of mind and nerve will do for a man in an emergency.

We are glad to welcome *The Pacific Wave* as one of our exchanges. It comes like a refreshing breeze from the ocean with its accounts of foot ball games and cane rushes.

The Carletonia contains an interesting article on "Simplified Spelling" which shows the importance of spelling reform and also the difficulty which stands in the way of a reform quickly adopted. "The Reflections of a Senior" is an interesting department of the *Carletonia* and contains many wise sayings.

The Locals in *The Comenian* are decidedly entertaining, altho we cannot quite see the point in all of them. They are written in a breezy, interesting style. "Outfit Number Four" gives a good picture of the life of lumbermen.

The cover design of *The Cynosure* is very emblematic.

We wish that more of the exchanges contained Exchange columns, as they are the only medium thru which we can offer helpful criticisms and exchange greetings.