

The Spectrum

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A TOAST



HERE'S to the sedate old Seniors,
With their heads full of knowledge and lore;
Here's to the indolent Juniors,
Who are nearing the long-looked for shore;
Here's to the wise seeming Sophomores,
With their emptiness easily seen;
And here's to the awestricken Freshies,
And their natural color, green.

Although each of us is loyal
To his own fate chosen band,
And around our gay class colors
We are sure to take our stand,
There's a toast we'll drink to forever
O, no matter where we be;
And it's this, —let's all stand together,—
Here's to the old A. C.

H. G. C.

The School-master at the Bar-Nine



HEY, fellows! heard the news? There's goin' to be a school on this here ranch an' the teacher's comin' tomorrow mornin'. The old man's told them bloomin' farmers in the valley that they could have the old dobe chuck-house 'cross the road for a school-house, an' now they've went an' sent fer a school teacher, and he's comin' on the Whetstone stage in the mornin'. I saw the letter he wrote the old man." This astounding piece of news was breathlessly uttered by the "foreman," Sam, a long, slim individual, attired in the conventional leathern chaps, boots, and sombrero, of the western cow-puncher, as he leaned against the door-post of the rough log "bunk-house" of the Bar-Nine ranch.

The two occupants of the bunk-house were seated on opposite sides of a table on which stood a smoky kerosene lamp, playing "seven-up" with a greasy deck of cards. At such an unheard outburst from the breathless foreman, they dropped

their cards by common consent and faced the speaker. Jack, the largest and eldest of the players, glared for a moment suspiciously at Sam, and then said, severely, "Sam, if you think you can stuff me and Jim with a fairy tale like that, you must have been drinkin' something almighty strong since supper."

"Taint no fairy-story, ner I haint had a drop to drink, but just now as I goes in to get the old man's orders fer tomorrow, he says, 'Sani, I want you an' the boys to take the buckboard over to Whetstone, tomorrow, and bring back the teacher, what's goin' to teach school in the old chuck-house this winter.' 'He's comin' from Cedar Rapids, Iowa,' says the old man, 'an' I expect he's green to the range, so I want you fellers to kind o' look out fer him, and see that you git him and his baggage up here without no trouble.' Them's his exact words," continued Sam, "and he showed me the letter, too. It was dated Cedar Rapids, sure 'nough, an' signed 'G. W. Wheeler,' so I reckon his name'll be George Washington an' he can't tell no lies."

"Well, I'll be hanged if I don't throw up the job!" ejaculated Jim, who until now had been staring open mouthed, at the speaker. "I allus knew," he went on, "that the old man was kinder soft on kids, but I never thought he'd disgrace this here ranch that way, an' asking us to meet the tenderfoot an' bring him home,—Ugh!"

"Aw, shut up yer croakin', Jim," interposed Jack, "you know, well enough, that now the round-up's over, you'd starve to death this winter 'fore you'd get another job half as good as this one. Best we can do is to give the tenderfoot a warm reception. Hey, Sam?" and he winked slyly at the foreman.

"Reckon that's all we can do considerin' the circumstances," said Sam as he returned the wink, and leaving the two to their own reflections he stalked off to the ranch house, where, in his capacity of foreman, he had a room of his own, called by courtesy an "office."

Sam was up and dressed by six o'clock next morning, and altho it was still dark, he stumbled across to the bunk-house, rousing the sleepers with a gruff, "roll out, we've got to freight that tenderfoot this mornin', boys," took a lantern and proceeded on his way to the stables, where he overhauled the disused buckboard and its set of harness before breakfast. When the summons came, he strolled back to the ranch house and sat down to the table with an evident determination to say nothing more about the expected stranger. The subject was not to be dropped so easily, however, for Jack's greeting of, "Mornin', Sam," was quickly followed by "What ponies you goin' to hitch to the buckboard this mornin'?"

"Oh, any old cayuse will do, I guess," was the answer.

"All right," said Jack, with a knowing look at Jim, "we'll hitch up them two calicoes, Jim brought in yesterday. They ain't never been drove yet, and as we won't carry no valuables today, I reckon now's a good time to give 'em a lesson."

Sam glanced up suspiciously, but Jack's face was as grave as an undertaker's, and not even the ghost of a smile played under gack's heavy mustache. Still the atmosphere seemed, to Sam, to be heavily surcharged with latent mischief of some sort or other, which would only show itself when the time came, and against which he was utterly powerless. However, he wisely refrained from saying anything to precipitate the calamity, until, after many rearings, plungings, and false starts, on the part of the calico ponies, they were speeding down the train to Whetstone, as fast as righted horses could run.

Then, laying a hand on Jack's arm, he said, "Pull up a little. We ain't in no particular hurry, for we ain't nothing to do till the stage comes in with the school-

teacher, then the ponies'll be fresh for a quick ride back to the ranch, an' we'll show that dude tenderfoot that these here arn't no common cayuses, when it comes to follerin' a fire engine."

"Right you are," said Jack, as he slackened the pace of the horses, "an' if that Cedar Rapids tenderfoot don't occupy more'n his fair share o' hand-hold on this here tourin' car, I'll buy the old man a team of Jack-rabbits. Say," he continued, suddenly turning to Jim, "I'll bet you a quart that he wears a pair of window-lights across his nose, just like that picture of Roosevelt we've got in the bunk-house."

"Sure thing," assented Jim, "an' ten to one he carried an umbrella so's not to git wet in the sand storm. You fellers just wait till I get my hands on that parasol, and then watch the way I'm goin' to initiate it into the wild and wooly west."

"Hold on boys," continued Sam, "the old man said for us to see that the school teacher didn't get into no trouble, an' if you fellers don't want to hunt another job, you'd better be careful how you handle him, and don't hurt his feelin's at the beginnin'. He might be a decent sort of a feller even if he does hail from Iowa and teach school for a livin'."

"Well I'll be blamed, if I on't believe Sam's in with the old man on this deal to import school houses, and school teachers, an' eyeglasses, an' umbrellas, into the cow country, and disgrace the range," vociferated Jim, "and now I wouldn't be surprised to see him take to herdin' sheep, 'stead of earnin' an honest livin' punchin' cattle. It's bad enough for the old man to let them women have his chuck-house fer a school 'thout importin' school teachers from Iowa. This is about the limit!" and Jim viciously bit a great chew from his plug to emphasize his remarks.

"Well, here's the stage office" said Jack "an' now to wait for the stage coach, an' Mr. G. W. Wheeler of Cedar Rapids."

Silently the trio sat on the board side walk in front of the stage office and awaited the coming of the stage. Altho nothing was said on the subject, all were tactily agreed that the tenderfoot was to receive a good warming up on the way back to the ranch, and if possible the ranch would be made too hot to hold him, whereupon the ranch could again assume its old atmosphere of untrammelled freedom. A school-teacher! Why it was almost as bad as having a parson on the ranch! Such were the thoughts of the trio, when with a rattle of wheels and clanking harness, the stage-coach drew up at the office door.

The trio unconsciously struck an attitude of expectant alertness and silently awaited the descent of a party in store clothes, with eye glasses and an umbrella, but strange to say, the vision which met their wondering eyes was that of a young beautiful girl, in a dainty dress, and a large hat, the like of which had never before been seen west of the cities. She came directly to where Sam, with his mouth and eyes wide open, was staring at her, too dumbfounded to speak.

"Can you tell me," she asked, "Where I can find Mr. Samuel Block, foreman of the Bar-Nine ranch? They told me he would be here to meet me and take me out to the ranch. My name is Miss Grace Wheeler, and I've been engaged to teach school somewhere near the ranch this winter."

At the last words, Jack, who with Jim had been standing a little in the rear of the foreman muttered something about "getting the mail" and beat a hasty retreat in the direction of the Post Office, followed closely by Jim, who said he'd help carry it over, as if he expected a whole car load. Sam, however, stood his ground, and waiting only to give his threatening comrades a threatening look, which boded them no good in the near future, he said, "Well, I reckon my name's Sam Block, an'

I reckon the old man sent me in to meet a school teacher, but I'll be hanged if I was lookin' fer one like you! But, seein, as you're here, you might as well climb aboard that wagon while I rustle up your outfit. Also I've got a little matter of business to tend to with them two gents you saw takin' to the hills over by the Post Office."

"Thank you," said the girl, with a bewitching smile at the foreman's confusion, as she mounted to the front seat of the buckboard, "I'll wait here until you come back with my trunk."

When Sam entered the post office he found the two delinquents excitedly discussing the new turn of affairs, by which the "tenderfoot" school master they had pictured with eye glasses and umbrella, had suddenly materialized into a young and good looking school-ma'am.

"You're a nice bunch! you are!" greeted Sam, "and now look here! If I hear another word about makin' the Bar-Nine too hot to hold a school teacher, I'll break every darned bone in your carcasses. Understand?" and Sam placed one hand on his belt, from which depended the inveterate ".45 Colt" in order that there should be the least possible excuse for a misunderstanding between them.

"Yes, sir," the culprits hastened to reply, "an' I guess we'll call that little initiation game off," continued Jack, "I'll drive them ponies home as quiet as—."

"You'll do nothin' of the sort," interrupted Sam, who suddenly remembered the school-ma'am's position in the buckboard. "I'll do the drivin' myself, this time."

Returning with the culprits to the buckboard, Sam introduced them as, "A couple of the boys from the ranch," and mounting to the seat beside the school-ma'am he started the ponies on the trail to the ranch. At first, too shy to engage in conversation, Sam soon found himself, under the school-ma'am's clever questioning, pointing out the objects of interest along the route and enjoying the drive immensely. Jack and Jim were completely forgotten on the back seat, where they amused themselves by smoking innumerable cigarettes and glaring enviously at Sam's uncompromising back.

That evening, after supper, the trio held another consultation in the "bunk-house," and unanimously declared in favor of personally investigating the "chuck-house" and seeing that everything was in readiness for the new school teacher to start the school on the "Bar-Nine."

V. P.

From the Acropolis



exquisite hour.

Today, as I recollect beauty in tranquillity, that entrancing spectacle becomes a metaphor for my experiences of the past few months. Successively I have visited Italy, Greece, and Sicily. In my consciousness the experiences of Italy and

SKY rocket suddenly made a parabola of light in the sky. It was the signal for the naval illumination in honor of King Edward's presence in Greece. More than a dozen English warships arranged in a line across the harbor of Corfu suddenly became transfigured with a dazzling white light, while the King's yacht at the center broke into all the colors of the rainbow. From the deck of our vessel, slowly gliding away into the night, I watched that necklace of splendor stretched across the sea. It was an

Sicily arrange themselves in a line of white light, while at the heart of both, and glowing more richly than the royal rainbowed yacht, is the experience of immortal Hellas.

A few colored post-cards with space for hardly more than the name of the sender, a circumstance for which, feeling almost too much for expression, I was thankful—are all that my friends have received from me during my sojourn in Greece. Yet I have visited Corfu,—the Scheria of Odyssean fame, which neighbors the more famous Ithaca, a place I gazed at with hungry eyes, and should willingly have trodden, had but our boat anchored there, Olympia, which for a decade of pre-Christian centuries was the meeting place of the entire Hellenic world for competition in feats of physical prowess and skill; Corinth, St. Paul's Corinth, to which he sent his thirteenth chapter of the first Corinthian epistle, the supremest poem on the supremest emotion of the heart; Delphi, the chief seat of the worship of the ancient Sungod; storied Thebes, the many fountained; Athens, the mother city of all who would live in the spirit.

Everyone who has seen something of this goodly frame, the earth, treasures the memory of rare moments in his experience as a traveller. I still recall the time when met out at sea and ushered into harbor by the white gulls, which literally garlanded the waters on both sides of the vessel, I saw for the first time the English chalk cliffs rise white and glittering from out the surfy blue. I recall perfectly the moment when entering what Lowell well calls "Wordsworthshire,"—The English Lake District.—I almost shrank back from the joy to be with a kind of yarrow-unvisited feeling, wanting, and yet not wanting, trembling to have reality fend the veil on reverie, a kind of strange yet delicious bridal uncertainty at the heart of one. I know what it is to look upon the Alps for the first time, appearing in the distance like a heavenly nuptial of white. I have seen Angelo's dome anchored in an ebbing sunset, which involuntarily made me echo the cry of the Venetian, who, intoxicated with the beauty of the west, exclaimed: "Titian, where art thou now." Yet I believe the most speechless moment I have known was when approaching Athens thru the gnarled olive groves of the vale of Attica, I saw for the first time the Acropolis.

Nature is fine, but human nature is finer. The human interest, the associations of splendid names, and yet more splendid lives form the chief spell and enchantment of the Acropolis. This rock upon which I stood and mused had once felt the tread of Socrates and of Plato. Yonder below in the rock-hewn theatre looking toward the sea were once acted the trilogy of Aeschylus, the *Antigone* of Sophocles, the *Alcestes* of Euripides. There, too, the Athenian audience once thrilled to the enthusiasm of Aristophanes exclaiming:

"O thou, our Athens, violet wreathed,
Brilliant, most enviable city."

Toward this spot Miltiades fondly and lingeringly gazed, being about to march north to meet the Persian host at Marathon. Hither likewise Themistocles turned his eyes while calmly awaiting the verdict of destiny at Salamis.

Dreaming his dream of Hellenic imperialism with Athens as the capital, Pericles lavished upon this rock all that Athenian genius in the heyday of creative power could create, so that today after the lapse of more than twenty-three centuries, it is still the world's high altar of beauty. Standing in the midst of its decay which yet has a freshness surpassing that of any creation of yesterday or today, and amidst its dearth, which is nevertheless richer than any aesthetic wealth which time still

leaves entire, one feels the truth of those words of Plato, written, perhaps, with his gaze resting upon this temple crowned summit: "From beautiful works of art there smiles upon eyes and ears, as it were, a breeze from a healthful region, leading them insensibly from childhood to a conformity and harmony with the good, and a love of it."

Pericle's dream of Athenian supremacy and Hellenic unity failed miserably of realization. After having tasted the bitterness of defeat in high purposes, the chastened statesman breathed his last, glorying in the fact that "no Athenian had ever been obliged by him to put on mourning." The richest positive contribution expressed itself in so modest a negative. If what Keats, that belated Greek, affirmed to be true, that

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever"

surely the reservoirs which Pericles filled still brim exhaustless.

Time will not violate so perfect a symbol. For the whiteness of the Pentelic marble in which Phideas wrought at the bidding of Pericles, time has only substituted a kind of old ivory tint, which makes the ancient temples appear as if they had been quarried from the mellow golden light of an Athenian sunset.

"And is power all?—brute lunge of arms,
The metal crown, the actual earth?
A little country over seas
'Mid strife of tongues and war's alarms
Sits calm above the potencies
And boasts: "To Homer I gave birth,
And Plato, and Praxitiles.""

G. E. HULT.

Commencement

The Senior Prep. Program

ON Saturday evening, April 24th, the Senior Prep class gave their program. This, while not especially long or elaborate, showed much preparation and thought. This class contains many who in future years, will do great things for the honor and glory of the old A. C.

The program was as follows: Vocal Solo, Kathryn Grest; President's Remarks, William Mercer; "Isaac Watt," Howard Darling; Cornet Solo, Allen Clark; "Robert Burns," Fred Shively; Piano Solo, Miss Spence; "Who's Who," Prophecy, J. Warden Wheeler.

The Freshman Class Flag

THE Freshman attempted something on their evening, June 1st, in which they succeeded beyond expectations. Their presentation of "Mr. Bob" was excellent, each acting his roll well nigh perfectly. The play was a short one in two acts with a humorous complication and entertaining plot. Lyman Miller, as Philip Royson, the athletic young man; Wilfred Heath as Robert Brown,

the clerk who, for a short time, was every one but himself; Karla Van Horn, as Rebecca Luke, maiden lady with a tender heart for cats; Deborah Hunter and Louise Doleshy as young light-hearted school-girls; Jaredine Thompson as Patty, the maid with an overwhelming affinity for "dramatic art" and Victor Parker as Jenkins, the grave and dignified butler, who learned the part of "Romeo,"—all played their parts with ease, grace and realism. The play was a marked success and congratulations from all sides showered down on the supporters of the Crimson and the Gray.

The Sophomores

ON Saturday evening, June 2nd, the class of '08 presented a very satisfactory program. The subject of the evening was "North Dakota" and the individual paper abounded in local color and traditions of our native state. Some of the papers showed exceptional literary ability and all bespoke a large amount of study and preparation.

The program was as follows: Solo—"For All Eternity," Ross A. Babcock; Violin Obligato, Ray Babcock; State Loyalty, Elizabeth Rice; Attorney Smudley's 4th of July Speech, Carl Myhre; Our Legacy from the Indians, Genevieve Holkesvig; On the Plain, Charles Clark; Trombone Solo—"Radium Polka," Ralph Mainwaring; As seen by Others, Ruby Hicks; Just Neighbors, Messrs. Babcock and Thysell; The Future of North Dakota, Daniel Glomset; Vocal Solo—"Now Torue", Mildred Romsdahl.

The Inter-Society Banquet

THE most successful banquet ever given by the two literary societies without doubt was held Friday evening, June 8th at Francis Hall. The long hall was decorated in green and red festoons, the combination of the Athenian and Philomathian colors and the banners of the societies graced opposite ends of the room. Covers were laid for one hundred and the repast was most delicious. It consisted of six courses, each more delectable than the last. After the dinner came the toasts, over which Miss Teresa Field presided with able grace and address.

The toasts were as follows: "Student Financiers," Mr. W. R. Porter; "The Literary Societies," Mr. Fred Birch; "Reminiscences of a Trip with Dr. Hult," Mrs. Mary Weible; "College Paper," Mr. Harry Carpenter; "The Girls," Mr. Victor Parker; "The Professor and the Student," Dr. J. M. Telleen.

The Baccalaureate Service

THE Baccalaureate Service was held in Chapel, Sunday afternoon, June 10th. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. Charles R. Adams of the Presbyterian church and was a true inspiration to those who were nearing "Commencement Day." His text was the command of God to the youth, Joshua, "Moses, my servant is dead; now therefore arise, go over the Jordan." He said that this command of God was especially directed to each individual who lives in this great twentieth century. We must all arise and go forward to the splendid future which awaits each youth and maiden of this glorious commonwealth, North Dakota. But like Joshua, we must be courageous, God fearing and patient and when the great, true commencement day does come, be ready to shoulder the duties which lie before us. With such and more inspiring thoughts, the speaker encouraged the Seniors who were soon to commence their life's work, and who will long remember, without doubt, the grand inspiration of the Baccalaureate sermon.



SENIOR CLASS 1906

Senior Class Program

MONDAY evening, June 11th, the Seniors gave their class day program in chapel to an enthusiastic audience. The platform was prettily trimmed with ferns and bunting, and the program was a decided success.

Mr. A. G. Nickles in his usually pleasing manner, sang "Conquered" as an opening number. Miss May, as class-president then delivered the "Farewell Address" in a thoughtful, earnest manner well suited to the sentiments she spoke. Miss Teresa Fields with a "Co-Ed's Journal" kept the audience in good humor and many of her remarks were strictly to the point. The debate which occupied the greater part of the evening was full of interesting facts related in a logical manner. The subject was, "Resolved That Polar Expeditions shall be Encouraged," the negative winning the decision. Mr. Porter and Miss Smyth upheld the affirmative; Mr. Swenson and Mr. Birch, the negative. During the withdrawal of the judges Dr. Putnam played a most excellent cornet solo. Then Mr. Schollander with his superior wisdom and experience, undertook in a paper, "Roasts and Boasts" to immortalize the Seniors and instruct the lower classmen in the way they should go. His poetry was good.

Now followed the event of the evening, the presentation of the "Hatchet" by Miss May. In the total lack of a Junior class to which to give this worthy weapon, the Seniors presented it to "Maud" who for one year will act as custodian and then give it over to the tender mercies of the class of '08. The Juniors, with Mr. Dynes as representative, made a daring effort to retrieve themselves by presenting the Seniors with such worthy tokens as a rattle, a doll and a milk-bottle. After this excitement had somewhat subsided, Mrs. E. R. Wright sang in a sweet, touching manner, "Parted."

The Commencement

TUESDAY afternoon, June 12th, the class of 1906 consisting of eight young men and women received their Bachelor's degree. The orchestra played several enjoyable selections, after which the Rev. Mr. Leonard offered prayer. The Hon. Mr. Sweet gave the commencement address, "The Control of Opportunity," which made a great impression upon the audience. At the close all joined in singing "Our Alma Mater."

Science Department



UCH has been written and said during the last six months regarding the advantages of tax-free alcohol and the many uses to which it could be put, especially for replacing gasoline and other petroleum oils for lighting, heating and power purposes. In the light of these many general statements, it seems desirable at this time to make some specific comparisons and to ascertain as far as possible at what cost and from what sources denatured alcohol can be manufactured.

Alcohol when burned in a lamp provided with a Welsbach mantle produces a very strong, steady and powerful light, and in comparison with the latest patterns of round wick kerosene lamps of equal candle power, it has been found that a gallon

of alcohol would keep the alcohol lamp burning twice as many hours as a gallon of kerosene when burned in the round wick lamps. In other words, one gallon of alcohol is equal to two gallons of kerosene for illuminating purposes. Hence, it follows that if the price of alcohol be less than double that of kerosene its use on the farms and in the smaller villages would become enormous.

It is said that there are over 300,000 gasoline engines in use in this country and that the output for 1905 was more than 100,000. These engines are adapted to farm use, for pumping water and cutting feed, and the multiplied uses to which an engine on a farm may be put. The recent advances in the price of engine gasoline indicates that the demand is even at present greater than the supply and with the consumption of gasoline increasing as rapidly as it is, it means a continual advance in the price unless the consumer can find relief elsewhere. Denatured alcohol offers him the possibility of relief, for it has been found by experiment that a gallon of alcohol of 90% purity yields 10% more power than a gallon of gasoline. Hence the principal question is therefore the cost of production of alcohol as compared with the cost of gasoline and kerosene.

The most of the alcohol manufactured in this country is made from corn. The record for ten years at a large distillery in Peoria, Ill., shows an average cost of 42.36 cents per bushel for the corn used, with the recent improvements in distilling the average production of 90% alcohol has been raised to 2.78 gallons per bushel of corn representing a total cost of about 18.4 per wine gallon. The cost of manufacture of crude wood alcohol according to census reports is 40 cents per gallon. Using 10% with the 18.4% alcohol the cost of denatured alcohol would be 20.5 cents per gallon which is less than the price of gasoline at many points in the Northwest. The price of corn at these points is considerably less than at Peoria, and with the cost of distribution being much lighter, the consumer being near the source of supply, would indicate a selling price for alcohol that would be below the present selling price of gasoline.

There is another material used in the manufacture of alcohol which is much cheaper than corn, which up to the present time has not received much attention as the odor of the alcohol prepared from it renders it unfit for beverage purposes. This is molasses of the lowest quality produced in South America, Central America and West Indies which at the present time is being largely burned as fuel. According to official report two gallons of this molasses will make a gallon or more of 90% alcohol. This molasses is dumped into the various ports of the United States such as New Orleans and New York at a cost of about 3 cents per gallon and with improved methods such as are used at the Peoria distillery would result in the production of alcohol at 9.4 cents per gallon.

A similar grade of molasses is produced in the manufacture of beet sugar. Ten of the factories in Michigan send this product to a distillery in that state which produces therefrom about 600,000 gallons of 90% alcohol annually. Should the beet sugar industry develop as its friends anticipate, a large supply of this material would be found in the Northwestern States, where the price of kerosene and gasoline is exceptionally high. Unquestionably this would supply a market for the by-products in the manufacture of beet sugar, which generally goes to waste and would prove a potent factor in the development of that industry.

A new process for the manufacture of alcohol is claiming considerable attention in the scientific world just at present. The so-called Classen process, in which the material used is ordinary sawdust. One large factory has already been built in this country at Hattisburg, Miss., the sawdust being obtained from the local saw mills

practically free of cost. The essential feature of this process as developed by Professor Alexander Classen are the conversion of the wood into glucose by means of sulphurous and under heat and pressure. The glucose being readily soluble in water is bleached out. A long ton of sawdust produces about 500 pounds of this sugar of which about 80% is fermentable, the fermentation being complete in twelve hours instead of requiring seventy-two hours as in the case of grain products. This process is being constantly improved and about 27 gallons of 90% alcohol is now being obtained from a long ton of sawdust, at a cost of about 9 to 10 cents per gallon to the manufacturer.

From the data above presented it would seem to be a question of only a few months before alcohol will begin rapidly to supplant gasoline and kerosene in the production of light and power, especially in the rural communities.

C. D. HOLLEY.

Athletics



THE baseball season is now over, and as we review the past two months' work, we find that we have had varied success considering the adverse circumstances under which the baseball squad have been working. The season opened up with most favorable prospects; we had good coaching and several experienced players in the field, trying for the team. But adversity soon came. Coach Marshall who had been with us for two years, resigned to take charge of a stock ranch in McHenry County. His resignation left us without a coach. The baseball squad did well for a while, but soon some of the most promising candidates began to drop out. Mr. Oshwald, one of the twirlers, left school to take up elevator construction work. Al Birch who was starting on the first sack, quit the team to join his parents who have temporarily made their home in the Mormon city. Fred Birch found his work too heavy to permit him to hold his position in the right field. The leaving of these players crippled the team and necessitated several changes in the line up. The team work that was being rounded into form, was somewhat destroyed, and the unity of the team lost. But in spite of these drawbacks our boys worked faithfully and made a good record for the A. C.

A pleasant feature of the baseball season this year was the number of trips our boys have enjoyed, in spite of unfavorable climatic conditions.

The first trip abroad was on the Aneta branch, where the A. C. was scheduled to play Page, Hope and Aneta. Owing to the heavy rain the Aneta game was not played, but the other two went to the A. C. The Page game was won by the score of 2 to 0, the Hope game by 14 to 1. Andrews handled the sphere in the first game, and Nelson in the second.

The second trip abroad was to Minneapolis, where arrangements had been made to play two games with the Minnesota "U" team. The first game was stopped by rain at the end of the fourth inning when the score stood 6 to 3 in favor of the University. Andrews performed in the box for A. C. The second game was taken by the gophers, the score being 3 to 0. Nelson pitched for the Farmers.

The last trip was directed to Grand Forks, where the "U" heaped vengeance on the A. C. for last year's defeat by taking both games. The morning game was lost



FARM HU BANDRY CLASS

by the lop-sided score of 11 to 3, and the evening game went over to the "U" to the tune of 3 to 0. These games decided the state championship, and it went to the University. The boys all agree that the "U" put up a strong article of ball and deserve the victory.

Altho we have lost the state championship, we have won the championship honors in the College League which was organized early this spring. The League comprises the following institutions: Fargo College and the Agricultural College of Fargo; Concordia College and Moorhead Normal of Moorhead; Park Region Luther College and the Northwestern College of Fergus Falls. The Agricultural College has won every game played with teams of this league and is therefore undisputed champion of the college team.

The following candidates were successful in making the first team: Van Horn, Capt. c.; Nelson and Andrews, p.; Sattre, 1 b.; Lofthouse 2 b.; Haskins and Hall 3 b.; Anderson, s. s.; Slingsby, 1. f.; Murphy r. f.; Sims and Ueland c. f.

Following is a list of the games played and the comparative scores:

A. C.	Teams played	Opponents
10	Concordia College, at home	3
10	Park Region Luther College, at home	3
1	Fargo League at home	8
11	Moorhead Normal abroad	0
2	Page, abroad	0
14	Hope, abroad	1
6	Fargo College, at home	2
0	Minnesota "U" abroad	3
3	U. N. D. 1st game, abroad	11
1	U. N. D. 2nd game, abroad	3
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58	Totals	34

Of the ten games played the A. C. has won six. Considering the merits of some of the opposing teams, our boys have done remarkably well. We can safely say, that had we retained our coach, and all the players that started out in the beginning of the season, we should have made the best baseball record in the history of the A. C.

The boys have elected L. T. Nelson, the crack pitcher, captain of the next year's team. Nelson is a heady player and knows all the phases of the game. With a strong pitcher as a nucleus, Coach Dobie will be able to round out a winning team next year, as he will have lots of material for the other positions.

Agricultural Notes

THE value of an agricultural education to the student lies in his ability to apply such knowledge in practical every-day life. Don't learn a thing just because it's in the daily schedule of lessons but seek to apply it in the business of life. When you go back to the farm this summer make up your mind not to drop back into the old way of doing things but endeavor as far as possible to improve your methods of farm work. Such efforts will tend to cultivate within you a stronger liking for the vocation of agriculture and will help to place farming on a higher plane among the professions.

THE returns of the judges in the Farm Mechanics Prize Essay contests are all in with the exception of the one on binders. The awards have been announced as follows: The Oliver Chilled Plow Works Prize: For the best essay on the "Merits and advantages of the Oliver Gang in material, construction, and operation for North Dakota Farming." Prize—A No. 1 Oliver Gang Plow, list price, \$65.00. John Magill, Verona, N. D.

The American Thresherman Prize: For the best essays on "Some of the abuses to which threshing machines are subjected," 1st prize, one portable forge; prize \$20. Don McLeod, Langdon, N. D. 2nd prize, one Weiler lifting jack, list price, \$8.00, George M. Larson, Star, North Dakota. 3rd prize, one copy of a book entitled, "The Musings of Uncle Silas." Chris Johnson, Kempton, N. D.

Fairbanks, Morse & Co. Prizes: For the best essays on "The gasoline engine, recognized as valuable farm equipment," 1st prize \$15.00, Jas. C. Smith, Benlien, N. D. 2nd prize, \$10.00, V. C. Parker, New Rockford, N. D. For the best essay on "A reliable scale needed for farm equipment." Prize, \$15.00, John Magill, Verona, N. D. For the best essay on "The windmill as a labor saving device" Prize, \$15.00, Benjamin Wright, Antler, N. D.

Lindsay Bros. Prizes: For the best essays on the "Merits and advantages of the Johnston Binder in material, construction and operation for North Dakota Farming." First prize, \$15.00, second prize, \$10.00. Returns are not yet in.

The above prize contest has been a feature of the work carried on each year in the Farm Mechanics department. As an instance of the active interest taken in these competitions, this year's plow essays amounted to fourteen, and each student was given a minimum of 2500 words for his essay.

IN establishing demonstration farms in various sections of North Dakota the directors of the Experiment Station and the officials of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific Railroads have taken a long step in the advancement of agriculture within the confines of the state. As a large part of North Dakota is classed in the semi-arid region the investigation of problems which are intimately associated with dry land farming cannot fail to be productive of good results. Three farms have been established along the line of each railroad. They will consist of twenty acres apiece and will be divided into four acre plots. A five year system of rotation of crops will be followed and a satisfactory rotation for each particular locality worked out. E. G. Schollander '06 has been appointed to take charge of the work. Altho the work of the Experiment Station corps is closely affiliated with the work of the college proper, too few of our agricultural course students are acquainted with the actual scope. A great deal of first hand information and much practical instruction can be secured by visiting the tree plantations and horticultural gardens. By inquiring into the methods of planting and caring for the various garden crops, the mysteries of plant breeding become no longer a mystery, when the matter of fact manner of procedure in the plant nursery is viewed on the ground. The almost numberless experimental field and rotation trials of the small grains takes on a new meaning to the student who has had some class-room work in agricultural science. Field work on the Experiment Station, however, is not seen to its fullest advantage so early in the season as the first of June. During the time of the Farmers' excursions the fields appear at their best, and this is the time that students should avail themselves of the opportunity to join the delegation from their own county and visit the Station Farm.

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EDITORIAL

WITH this issue the present editorial staff closes its pages of the Spectrum forever to the public. It seems but a short time ago that the staff made its initial debut, with anxiety, yet full of hope and expectancy for a successful year financial as well as literary. Financially it has been a success, the literary we have left the readers to judge. With all the trials and tribulations that befall the editor and his staff in producing a respectable paper, it is hard indeed to say the word farewell "forever" to its readers. Yet it must be so, on account of the constant change of the student body every new school year. The old saying "change not the old one for the new" is correct in many instances, but undoubtedly a change in the editorial staff of a college paper ought to be a benefit, rather than a disadvantage, for the reason that every new staff's ambition should be to produce a better paper than the year before. The editor extends his hearty ap-

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preciation for their staunch support in preparing material. If the Spectrum has been a success the support of the associates has made it such, as no college paper could become so without the united effort of all connected with it. It seems strange, however, that the patronage of the paper by the student body is as poor as it is, because it is solely a student paper for the students and by the students. For these reasons we urge that ample and proficient assistance be supplied the new staff, that the Spectrum may continue to be of interest, to our own college as well as to other colleges with whom we exchange.

THE end of the school year is at hand and in a few days, the students will be scattered far and wide. Some will begin life's work in earnest; others will tide over the hot summer months, ready to begin school anew next fall, with greater vim. The month of June with its flowers and singing birds, seems to be in perfect harmony with the young graduates, who soon leave school, full of hope, cheerful-



EDITORIAL STAFF SPECTRUM, 1905-6

ness and expectation, eager to begin the struggle for existence among the thousands of their fellowmen. Why is it that so many hopes and aspirations of the young successful graduates dwindle away to nothingness in a short time, when they find themselves shoulder to shoulder, with jostling crowds of men and women who are striving to exist on a mere pittance of a salary earned by brawn and the sweat of the brow? Why is it that so many graduates after five or six years training in college, should be no better qualified to manage responsible positions, than those who have not had the opportunity? Is it the lack of application, or is it the lack of the right kind of training while in school, or is it due to the lack of opportunity? Perhaps in some instances all three are intertwined. But in the majority of cases one or the other reigns supreme. In this great land of ingenuity, invention, freedom, and equality, the lack of opportunity is nothing more or less than the lack of ability to catch the opportunity; in other words the lack of application. The lack of proper training while in school is undoubtedly a large factor with many students. Whether this fault is wholly the student's, or the educators themselves, is hard to decide. But it seems to be the opinion of many educators that a college education should consist entirely of classics, Literature, History, etc., instead of the above being sandwiched in with the more important element of mental and manual training for some specific industrial purpose. If this was done in all colleges, a student, when his school days were over, would be equipped to take charge in some chosen vocation whether it be a professorship in a college or superintending some industrial enterprise. If a college education stands for anything at all, its influence upon the students should be such that they can make use of it in after life for the betterment of the struggling

masses who have not had the opportunity of a college education. Otherwise a college education stands for naught, and much better had it been for the students had they used the time spent there in learning a trade of some kind. It seems to be no more than fair that a college curriculum should consist of such training that it may be of special use to the students, when they are confronted with the fact, self support.

THE girls' number of the Spectrum was a credit to the ones who worked so hard, to show this college and other institutions that they are as wide awake in writing as in athletics. It is original thruout and it shows a good deal of thought and preparation. Other institutions practice publishing a girls' number during the school year, then why can't ours is a question often asked. The answer is a woman's reason "because." Because it takes a great deal of work and grit to gather up material, to run back and forth to the print shop a half dozen time before the material is ready to print. Above all it takes nerve to be willing to take the ridicule and criticism of the whole school provided the undertaking becomes a failure. It has been demonstrated time and time again that many are the ones, willing to criticize, but few are they that are willing to put their shoulder to the wheel for an extra lift, beyond that which is compulsory. Girls, you have shown that you have the right spirit. The Spectrum congratulates you. However, you showed your forgetfulness or modesty, perhaps, in not labeling the front cover with large emblazoned letters "Girls' Number." It would have stood out more distinctly as a special number.

The efficient service of Prof. Kimberly will be missed by the pharmacy students next term. He expects to leave for the east to complete his medical course.

Local Happenings

Mr. Porter is taking a few lessons in girlology.

Mr. Ralph Froemke was a visitor at the college May 30th.

Mr. Alfred Sattre has gone to shake hands with King Haakon of Norway.

Miss Emma Aamoth is despondent and wishes that school would close.

Miss Grace Lofthouse is rapidly recovering from the operation for appendicitis.

Mr. Whitcomb was up before the discipline committee. How embarrassing for him.

Much against the will of Fred Birch, Miss Doleshy left for her home a few days ago.

On June 4th President Worst spoke a short time to the students on coming back again next fall.

Miss Bele Nichol of Oelwein, Iowa, is visiting with her sister Miss Amy Nichol, and renewing old acquaintances.

Glomset: "I am not going to belong to the class of '08 next year, because I'm going to join the Hospital corps."

Student: It's too bad that you have to turn that separator yourself.

Miss F.: I'll make Mr. S. turn it.

Due to the sleepiness of the sophomores they lost their banquet cake, and as a result had to fill up on crackers.

John Swenson says that, since he became a Senior, the preplings have the audacity to take his girls away from him.

Mr. C. I. Gunness was elected editor-in-chief; H. Carpenter, business manager of the Spectrum for the coming school year.

The Engineer's club held a social meeting at Francis Hall, on the evening of June 6th. This was the last meeting of the year.

A letter from Mr. Manns and wife now teaching in the Philippine Islands states that they will not be back for another year.

On June 5th the campus was swarming with would-be pill mixers, ready to take the state board examination for Pharmacists.

A new edition of Professor Shepperd and McDowell's Elements of Agriculture had been ordered, the first edition being exhausted.

Another dog was shot by the Fargo authorities on supposition that it had the rabies, and brought to Dr. Van Es for examination.

At a ball game the other day Prof. Bolley was heard to mutter to himself. "If only our boys could win, we would have a good team."

A short while ago one section of the faculty challenged the other to a game of base ball. By this method the faculty was sure to win.

If rice, old shoes, and a good send off are an assurance of a happy married life, surely Professor Parrott and his bride will have one.

During the convocation period on May 28th, Dr. Dudley of Fargo gave a very interesting and instructive talk on the Boys of '61.

President Worst decided that all students regularly classified in the two-year Mechanical short course, the two-year pharmacy course and the teacher's course, as well as the four-year courses, are regular college students.

Miss Maria Calley, formerly with the class of '06 is spending a few days with Miss Ash, and incidentally taking in the commencement exercises.

Were the Seniors excused from the exams by the action of the faculty? Not that any one heard of. Neither did they give them a chance to take their exams a week earlier as promised.

Dr. Batt in German class: There should be thirty-three men at the Rutli convention, but Schiller only accounts for thirty-two. How is that?

Baernstein: "The thirty-third was a preacher."

On June 6th, at 6 P. M., the marriage of Prof. Alfred Parrott to Miss Ednah Canniff took place at the Broadway M. E. Church, followed by a reception at the bride's home. The happy couple will spend their honeymoon with Prof. Parrott's relatives in the east. The presents were handsome and numerous.

The pharmacy boys have organized an alumni association. The flag was proudly floating in defiance over the new Chemical Laboratory on June 5th. But, alas! they boasted too much, with

the result that the next morning, pieces of their proud flag were found scattered all over the campus.

It has been said that our college spirit is dead. But those who attended the meeting of the student organization were surprisingly awakened to the fact, that the fire had been only smoldering for a while, ready to burst forth again at the first opportunity, with renewed vigor. Several orators made their maiden speeches, while others again used their tantalizing eyes, in persuading some of the girls to vote their way.

RESOLUTION OF THANKS

Whereas, The Seniors with careful foresight and admirable intrigue did on the night of Saturday June the second so graciously relieve us of our indigestible Angel Food, and

Whereas, by so doing they only opened to us the new and greater pleasure of strawberry shortcake,

We, the Sophomores, wish to take this occasion to publicly thank the class of 1906 for their kindness and considerate action, at this and all times.

The Class of '08

OUR NEW DIRECTOR OF ATHLETICS

THE Agricultural College has usually been very fortunate in procuring coaches for the different teams; and athletics, so far as football and basketball are concerned, have never been anything but a marked success at this institution. In procuring for the new professorship in charge of Athletics, Mr. Gilmore Dobie of the University of Minnesota, it is felt that the College Board has made a very fine selection and the students and friends of the A. C. may feel assured that, in the near future, the A. C. will be represented in all lines of athletics and show marked achievements.

Mr. Dobie has been selected because of his qualifications as an organizer, and it is expected that classes in all types of physical training will receive proper attention, while the major competitive sports, football, basketball, baseball and track athletics, will be systematized in a manner not heretofore attempted.

Mr. Dobie is a graduate of the St. Peter High School and of the University Law College of Minnesota. He was an able athlete during his entire University course making end and quarterback on the Varsity Football team during the years when her teams won against all comers. As quarterback and end, Mr. Dobie won the distinction of being placed on the all American Star team.

Our Exchange Table

WITH this issue, the present Exchange Editors close their year of pleasant association and communication with the other colleges of the country. It has been a pleasure to be thus in touch with the various schools and their work and to be subjected to kindly criticism and help, and now, hoping that the next year will find you all back at our tables, say "Auf Wiedersehen."

SPRING numbers are generally late in appearing and this time the exchanges were slow indeed about arriving. Perhaps this is due to the general laxity shown along all lines in the milder days of May and June, but more truly, no doubt, the extra amount of work and study one has to do near the close of the school year, accounts for this fact. The papers when they do arrive are easily up to standard, some show marked improvement,—fine literary articles being a feature of the present group of exchanges scattered over the editor table. These college magazines make interesting reading; some are almost equal to a good periodical. The short story is the favorite of the college paper—stories of all kinds, lively, humorous, reminiscent, sad. Poems, too, some with much true feeling and fine sentiment, are popular. Best of all, perhaps, are the thoughtful, interesting and well-written essays on live modern questions, history, or literary men and women. Such is the literary department of a modern college monthly. Besides this, there are the "locals," which give the news and gossip; the "Athletics" which chronicles victory and defeat; the "Science" or "Art" which give department news; the "Editorials" and these are important—which give the sound opinions of the Editor on local or national issues; then last, but not least, the "Exchanges." These

should be a part of every college paper. It is a point to be insisted upon for the feeling of inter-dependence, the inter-social feeling is fostered by this department as by no other. Through it, one student body speaks to the other; thru it, a bond of union is established between the colleges, East, West, North and South of this great country of ours. Let us endeavor to do justice to our Exchange table and to make it interesting and instructive.

THE April number of the "Sioux" which, by the way, is the latest number received—is especially strong from a literary standpoint. Its other departments are noticeably weak. Poems, essays, stories, and two of each—such is the content of that little enterprising magazine. The poems have a beautiful tho somewhat trite sentiment, well expressed. The essay on "Southern Novels" is interesting and deals with a live modern question. The sympathy expressed for the South is great in these days and when we follow a Joel Chandler Harris or a John Fox thru a recital of the Southerner's brave struggle and defeat, we feel tempted to wonder if, after all, the North was not wrong in fighting those brave people as they did. "We need to be careful," says this article, "lest the pendulum swing too far toward Southern sympathy." And then the plantation scenes, the big house, the darkies, the mammies, the long, sweet summer days,—all these pictures softened by time, form a beautiful background for the "Southern Novel."

INDIAN stories and traditions are everywhere becoming centers of interest. The Phreno-Cosmian for May, has an entertaining discussion of "An Old Ree Village," which gives a clear and delightful appearance of the village.