

The Spectrum

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A DEDICATION

To the lofty Senior,
To the fallen Junior,
To the modest Soph'more,
To the Freshman, still more,
To the Prepling, great or small,
To the Faculty and all—
We this Spectrum dedicate,
Waiting eagerly its fate.

THE GIRLS.

My First Thimble Bee



USED, often time, to hear the ladies and the older girls say that they had been to a thimble bee, and that they had had a "perfectly splendid time." So this year being my first year in going out among "grown-ups," I was invited to a thimble bee. I donned my newest gown, took my embroidery, and started. I was among the first to arrive. The conversation started with the weather, the beastly weather.

One lady said, "Do you know, girls, I've been mad ever since this weather began and will continue being mad until it stops."

At this the girls laughed and laughed. I joined in the chorus.

Now the conversation drifted into table linen. (By the way, not one of those fair women had been married more than four years and one not more than two months. The party was given for the two monther.)

Some one said, "Oh, Heavens, do you suppose I'd hem my table cloths by hand, when they look just as well on a machine."

"Why, how awfully sloppy they must look," muttered one next to me, nobody hearing save myself.

"Why Mrs. J—hems all her napkins on four sides."

The sighs and the groans that arose from every one present were simply appalling.

Now the tide drifted into the servant girl question.

"Oh, but I have a perfectly splendid girl," said the cutest and sweetest

one there. "But I had the worst dream about her. I dreamt I returned home, and she had worn my beautiful lingerie that cousin Kate gave me. I told Charley and he said that I had the nightmare."

"I have a big burly negro woman working for me till my other girl comes back," said another.

"Mercy, I wouldn't have one around if I had to do my work for the rest of my days."

"My girl is simply fine, the best thing that ever lived. Ernie makes me so mad 'he says she is so good she won't stay—you know she takes care of the baby and dresses him every morning," said another.

Finally it reached the husband stage.

"My husband is a doctor and is so late to his meals."

"My husband is the finest ever about coming home to meals on time."

We three unmarried creatures sat and sat. We said nothing. For knowing as much as we did about table linen, servants, and especially good husbands, we kept still lest our words of wisdom on such weighty subjects be overwhelming to these fair connoisseurs.

"Yes, indeed, I had a perfectly delightful time at your charming party. And I am dying to come again."

J. T. '09.

Emerald Lake



EMERALD Lake is a beautiful little sheet of water, nestling among the Rockies, near the town of Field, British Columbia. This Lake is one of the many points of interest in that vicinity, and my uncle, with whom my mother and I were visiting several years ago, insisted that we should see it. The usual way of reaching the lake from Field is on the back of an Indian pony, but since neither of us had ever ridden horseback, my uncle got a dog-cart for us, to which was hitched one of those little ponies, and away we started, alone, on this eight mile drive to the lake.

The first two or three miles of the road followed the windings of the Kicking Horse River. As the way made rigid ascent up the mountain, there was soon an almost perpendicular bank or declivity from the narrow roadbed cut out of the mountain side, down to the boiling waters of the river. It was very exciting, especially so, as the road was so winding that we could see but a few feet ahead; for there was the constant fear that at every turn we were likely to meet a rig and not be able to pass. There were, however, passing places cut out of the mountain every few rods all the way up. Accustomed as we were to the prairies, this part of the drive filled us with the combined sensations of fear and delight.

Presently, as we turned away from the river, straight before us for miles stretched a comparative level road, hemmed in on either side by great forest trees. Although it was nearly noon, these trees by excluding every ray of the sun, made the air deliciously cool and woodsy. Suddenly, the lake came into full view. There it lay perfectly quiet, and we realized instantly why it had been named for its water was as green as an emerald. Why this color, I do

not know, but it seemed to me to be the reflection of the evergreen trees, with which the mountains surrounding the lake are covered. However it is caused, there the lake lies, dreamy and peaceful, a beautiful product of nature, five thousand feet above sea-level, and completely surrounded by great rugged mountains, one of which I remember, was a little more than a mile in height.

R. J. A.

A Glimpse Into the Future



I STOOD there in a reverie. I was dumfounded. I knew not what to do. I trembled, and yet tears of joy rolled down my cheeks. I gazed dizzily up the bough-covered walk in utter amazement. Could it be possible? Could it be true? Surely, I was not dreaming. Ah, no—it seemed but yesterday that I trod this same path.

Wonderingly I wended my way up the brick walk, stopping now and then to gaze with a feeling of surprise at the many miracles nature had wrought during the long period of years that had elapsed since I attended the old A. C. On either side, the various clumps of shrubbery which were once mere handfuls of straggling trees and bushes were now verdant miniature groves. A little further up the walk an immense bower of green met my view. This was the Main Building. The woodbine now covered the entire structure, save for the doors and windows. Slowly I mounted the old stone steps and made my way into the building.

I did not feel quite at home when I entered the hall and well I might not for everything seemed so changed. Numerous bulletin boards now adorned the wall besides the five or six that once hung there. The several doors that lead from the hall into the various rooms bore name-plates which read, "President," "Secretary," "Registrar," "Military Science," "Spectrum," and "Waiting Room."

Feeling rather shaky and curious to learn the various changes that had taken place, I walked into the waiting room and took a chair near the door. There were several people in the room—all strangers to me. A young girl seated at the writing table opposite the door looked up as I entered. Seeing that I was a stranger she advanced and asked if I wished to see the President or the Secretary. I told the young lady I desired to see both. Upon being informed that the President was busy, I was ushered into his private secretary's office.

When I was announced the secretary turned slowly around in her chair and greeted me with a business-like smile. Again I was dumfounded. I stared at the secretary and she stared at me. Could this really be the girl that played center on the girls' basketball team in 1906. As Teresa rose to shake hands with me she seemed taller and more stately than ever. After a quiet little chat with Tess about old friends, school days and the college in general, we started out on a tour around the campus so that I might renew old acquaintances and old familiar places.

First we went to the library. Going along we passed the eight tall spruce and evergreens planted by the senior class in 1906 on Arbor Day. We passed

on into the library. Here I met another old friend whom we used to know as Ruth Ash, then assistant librarian. Ruth married shortly after I left college and went out west to live on a ranch. After Mr. Hill's death in 1920, she returned to Fargo. Not long after her arrival here, the College librarian resigned her position to accept a similar occupation in the Library at Washington, D. C.; Ruth was offered the vacancy and accepted.

Leaving the library, Ruth, Teresa and I then visited the Chemical Building. On our way to the laboratory the girls informed me that Emily May was now Assistant Chemist. Emily had no class that period so we went right up to her office. When we entered she was busily engaged in analyzing some food products put out by the Plath Manufacturing Company. Emily laid aside her task for a while and escorted us around the building, telling us of the wonderful things that chemical analysis was revealing to the public. She then introduced me to the Professor of Chemistry, who was none other than John H. Norton, at one time Assistant Chemist at the old A. C.

As we left the Chemical Building I heard strains of music coming from the direction of the old drill hall. To my utter surprise upon turning the corner no old chemical laboratory or armory could be seen; instead, a beautiful two story stone building—the Conservatory of Music. The melody was so enchanting it seemed to lead me to the very door of the building. I entered without ringing and wandered aimlessly about the large hall until I came to a door that stood ajar. This was the director's office. Seated at her desk, the director was busily engaged; hearing footsteps she looked up and I beheld Mabel Bowers. Mabel had after leaving College graduated from the Boston Conservatory of Music, and having spent several years abroad returned home to take up her chosen profession at the College.

My time was limited so we did not visit the Mechanical Building. It had been enlarged a great deal and the Department of Farm Mechanics was now a branch of the Mechanical Division.

Science Hall had been completed in 1915 at which time the winter session of the legislature saw fit to make an appropriation for the purpose. The spacious auditorium in this Hall now accommodated the enormous influx of students that attend College. The English Department occupied the north wing. Walking leisurly down the hall I nearly stumbled into the English professor, Miss Genevieve Holkesvig. While a student at College she took a special course in English and well deserved the honor she now held.

From here I passed by the new cadet armory and gymnasium, a substantial brick structure. Francis Hall was enlarged also and the Division of Agriculture were the sole occupants of the building.

But where had they put the domestic science Department? Certainly, they had thrown it out of existence. Wearily, I turned about, when I caught sight of a handsome brown-stone edifice towering above the tall trees on the other side of Francis Hall. As I drew near, classes were just dismissed and a bevy of young ladies came down the walk. I stood in perfect bewilderment before the entrance of the Woman's Building. I climbed the marble steps, at the top of which stood a tall but rather stout lady attired in black. She wore a white apron and a little frilled cap adorned her head from beneath which the silver gray locks peeped forth. This was the matron of the Woman's Building—Mrs. John J. Norton.

Mrs. Norton informed me that Miss Ruby Hicks had become a wealthy old

maid after finishing her education. She left her entire fortune for the erection of the Woman's Building on the condition that they hang on the walls of the reception room a life size oil painting of the spinster painted by herself a few years before her death. Sure enough, as I entered the hall the first thing that loomed up before me was a flattering portrait of this venerable maiden lady hanging in the most conspicuous place in the hall.

As I made the rounds of this beautiful new building,—we visited the south wing first,—and passing through several class and lecture rooms we finally entered the laboratory. Here Miss Bessie Rice held full sway. Becoming very discouraged with the drug business she entered the famous cooking school for young ladies in Chicago. After five years of study she returned home a full-fledged cook.

I then made a visit to the sewing department where I found Laura Morrison busily engaged in instructing a class in fancy needle work. Laura had become a fancy needle artist, having made a tour through Europe learning the latest methods of the renowned needle workers.

I was anxious to see the gymnasium so I did not stop long in the Y. W. C. A. rooms. This organization had grown from the small handful of members to the banner Y. W. C. A. of the state.

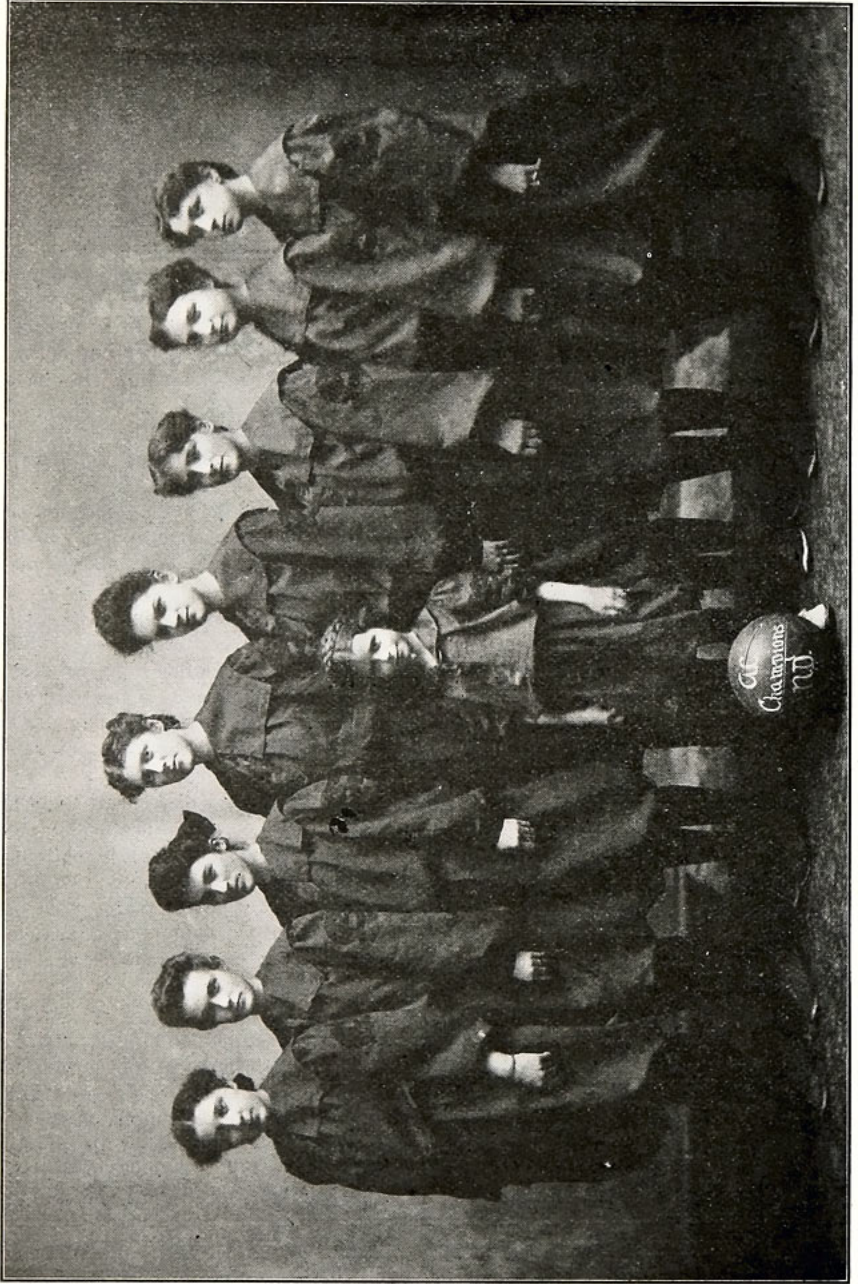
From here we proceeded to the north wing of the hall which contained the matron's suite of rooms, and the girls' dormitory on the second floor. On the first floor of this wing was a large auditorium. This spacious room was used for lectures, plays, parties and receptions by the girls.

Entering the gymnasium I heard the shuffle of feet and girlish voices calling to one another: "Here, Pearl." "Oh, Mattie." "Over here, Bess." They were engaged in a game of old fashioned basket ball. The athletic director's voice could be heard now and then coaching the girls. During a few minutes' rest which the girls took, I had the opportunity of shaking hands with the director—Louise Doleshy, the girl who played star forward on the team of 1906. Louise now put the girls through a series of gymnastic exercises.

How different all this was from the time when we played basketball together in the old College Armory. No boys were here to order them off the floor saying that it was their hour to practice. The girls now had a most excellently equipped "gym" of their own, and all were required to enter one or two gymnasium classes. Louise had the world championship basketball team under her direction composed of Pearl May, right guard, Dorothy Keene, left guard captain, (mascot of our championship team in 1906,) Mattie Walcott, right forward, Bess Schollander, left forward, and Susie Norton, center.

Mrs. Norton and I now returned to the reception room where we had a pleasant visit together. I learned from her that Jaredine Thompson had become a star actress and was now touring the world. Emma Aamoth married the first baseman of the 1906 College nine in 1912 and moved west where they now have a comfortable home. Bessie Smyth had become a famous orator and was receiving two hundred dollars an evening for delivering lectures on "Beauty." Several of the clique had gone to the newly discovered gold fields of Iceland and perished in the catastrophe of 1919 similar to the one experienced at San Francisco in 1906.

At four o'clock that afternoon all of my old College friends, now at the institution, at Mrs. Norton's "hurry up" invitation, gave me quite a surprise in the reception hall of the Woman's Building. It seemed so good to see Emily



and Bess as fast friends as in their school days. Louise favored us with a solo and Tess accompanied her on the piano. Genevieve read us a beautiful poem which she had recently composed and a musical selection of her own composition was rendered by Mabel, while Laura, Ruth and I played the part of an appreciative audience. This splendid little party ended all too soon for me as I had to take the evening train for home. However, I was not sorry that I had come to Fargo as a delegate to the North Dakota Women's League, and my only regret was that I would have to bid them and the old A. C. a fond adieu.

G. L. L. '09.

Taraxacus



LONG time ago in a beautiful wood
 Beneath the tall trees, a mansion stood.
 Behind the old mansion, a delight to view,
 All the flowers of earth in a garden grew.

Dan, the gardener, was feeble, and bent, and old,
 But he came to his work each day (so 'tis told)
 With a smile and a nod, now here, now there,
 For the flowers he loved, both common and rare.

There were daffodils, tulips, phlox, daisies, and roses,
 There were violets, pansies, and all kinds of posies:
 Some vied with the rainbow colors bright
 While others there that were dark as the night.

Far off near one end in a tiny plot
 Mid the hare-bell, the aster, the forget-me-not,
 A sturdy flower all yellow and gay
 Imbedded in green, there grew (so they say.)

A lion in spirit, Taraxacus stood
 The proudest of flowers within the wood.
 He held his head up, oh, ever so high
 And looked like a miniature sun from the sky.

One morning the master strolled down the walks
 Through the midst of the flowers all bending their stalks
 And eying our gay little flower of yellow,
 "We'll drop you next spring, your too vain, my fellow."

The master passed on; but Taraxacus pale
 Then drooped and drooped (so goeth the tale)
 And when the first gleams of morning came, lo
 The poor flower's head was as white as the snow.

Ere the snow flakes came fluttering over the land,
 The flowers all joined in a grave little band
 And departed to Fairyland—whither, none knows
 But it's far from the cold of the frost and the snows.

The fairies received each flower with a smile
 And put them to bed to rest for a while.
 Then the Fairy Queen viewed them, not one did she miss,
 But stopped at one bed-side with, "Ah, what is this.

We must have no sad faces in Fairyland, dear.
 Come, tell me your troubles. What makes life so drear?"
 So Taraxacus sad, his head all white,
 Told how he'd been banished from earth and its light.

The Fairy Queen smiled, and on the dear head
 Pressed a lingering kiss. His fears all fled
 And soon he was sleeping as flowers can
 And dreaming the while of the gardener Dan.

The first of the spring saw the flowers all up
 But long ere the crocus had opened its cup
 There was seen on the lawn where the grass was cropped
 The bright yellow flower the master had "dropped."

The gardener looked grave, the master swore
 But the brave yellow flowers popped up by the score.
 By the time Dan dug one up—such was their pace—
 The next morning's sun saw three in its place.

And so they've been growing from that day to this,
 Such virtue lies in the Fairy Queen's kiss.
 And all summer long they sing through the heat,
 "Never, never can mortal the fairies defeat."

K. V. H. '09.

Intercollegiate Debating



EBATING has become very popular during the last few years.

It does for the mental part of man what football does for the physical, but it is not so recent. Looking far back in the ages, we find debates taking place in the universities of medieval Europe, tho the debaters were the learned doctors and teachers of the age and the subjects for discussion seem often idle and inconsequential. Among the colleges of our own country, the debate was in high favor in the early nineteenth century and in the middle of the century, about 1840, was the most popular form of collegiate contest.

But after 1860, due perhaps to the general depression along all educational lines, the practice almost died away, only to be very recently revived. In 1890, some enterprising Harvard students suggested that intercollegiate debates might be held with good results. It was not till 1892, however, that the first debate was held, participated in by Harvard and Yale, which afterward admitted Princeton into their league. Since that time, this type of contest has grown in favor until now all the larger eastern universities and many of

the southern and western, belong to flourishing leagues. There are several such leagues in the East, the William—Dartmouth, the Pennsylvania—Cornell and many others; on the western coast, Leland-Stanford and the California form a strong league; but most interesting of all to us, because it is nearer home is the Central League of the Northwest. Until recently this has consisted of Michigan, Northwestern, Chicago, and Minnesota; the last has of late withdrawn from the league and is now contemplating the formation of another with Iowa and Wisconsin. So the movement is spreading and it is safe to predict that before many years pass, every college in the United States will belong to a league.

Debating has been gradually superseding that other collegiate encounter, once so widely popular and even now greatly in favor among the western schools—the oratorical contest. In two ways, especially, the debate is superior as a college contest—it is of more value to the speaker and it makes a stronger appeal to the audience. From the standpoint of the listener, the debate is more interesting than the oratorical contest. The latter usually consists of discourses on widely differing subjects, each receiving a comparatively superficial treatment. It is impossible for the mind to go thus from one subject to another and to place itself in a sympathetic relation to all. The debate, however, is a unit. Because of this unity, the mind readily follows each successive speech and is especially alive at the close, when the rebuttal takes the floor.

Not only is it more interesting but it is a broader, a more mature method of expression. Because of the greater length of time devoted to one question, the subject can be thoroughly discussed. The scope of the debate is wider and in fact, "the less specific the question, the more interesting the debate," declares Mr. Hart of Harvard. Instead of seizing on a few superficial details and one or two real incidents as a twenty minute orator does, the debator, because of the longer time he has for developing his subject, makes a speech which tho it may not be more brilliant, it is still more logical and satisfying than the other.

Some of the ways in which a debate benefits the speaker have already been hinted. Thus developing a broad question demands much knowledge of a subject, and to a student nothing of more value than such personal investigation can be imagined. "At no other time," says Mr. Rinwgalt, "does a college student have so much opportunity to work up a subject thoroughly and consistently. Not only must a great mass of facts and materials be collected but he must react on them in an original way. The power of selection and judgement is constantly called into service; what to leave and what to take is an ever perplexing problem." After he has carefully gathered this material, his next care is the arrangement of this in a clear and logical way, so as not only to make himself understood but also so as to convince. In this way, it is a school of reasoning and a trainer in oral expression. The rebuttal, that important feature of a debate, is certainly a 'sharpener of wits.' It trains a mind to grasp an idea quickly and by skillful maneuver, either to change its significance, render it ridiculous or utterly disprove it. As an encounter of college wit, debating has all the good points of an oratorical contest and a few of its own.

It seems as if, in the natural course of time, this form of contest is destined to prevail. Already here in North Dakota, the University is debating with

several institutions from outside the state and, judging from reports, great interest is evinced in these contests. If this is true, it would seem a reasonable thing that the colleges within the state should hold yearly debates. The oratorical contests need not necessarily be dispensed with and the debating contests would thus furnish only one more bond of sympathy between the state educational institutions.

But before any strong work could be done in this line between the colleges, the debate must be made strong at the individual school. Special practice should be given in this form of speaking in all the clubs and literary societies. If thought wise, a debating club might be organized and much instructive and interesting work done. Whether the intercollegiate contests are held or not, debates between the societies are valuable and should be encouraged. However, because of the greater responsibility in the way of upholding college honor and likewise because of the deeper interest and enthusiasm which such a contest would call forth, an intercollegiate debating league should be the next organization to be seriously considered by the colleges and universities of North Dakota.

Domestic Science Department



THE Domestic Science Department of this institution, which was organized for the benefit of the girls throughout our state, is rapidly growing in importance and the field of work has been enlarged accordingly. During the past year nearly all of the girls in attendance at the institution have taken advantage of the opportunities offered by this department and the fact that several, after completing the course required for graduation, are still enrolled for advanced work, gives evidence of the great interest the girls take in the Domestic Science Department.

In order to give a more concrete idea of the course of instruction in the Department, a detailed account of the work done by the various classes of this term is set forth.

The class in Dietetics is running an interesting line of work at present. The members are planning three meals a day for a family of four persons. The three meals are to cost twenty-five cents for each person, proportioned as follows—the breakfast not more than six cents; the luncheon, seven; and the dinner, twelve cents. To this amount is added ten per cent, the estimated cost of fuel, utensils, etc. Every one will concede that this is a difficult thing to do in a North Dakota market and can only be accomplished by giving very close attention to prices of provisions; by buying staple articles in large quantities at reduced prices; and by planning the meals ahead as well.

But this part of the work is comparatively easy, when one considers that these meals must also be balanced in accordance with a certain given standard of dietaries which allows a certain number of grams of each of the food principles per day for individuals under different conditions.

The popular idea as to what kind and how much food one needs to keep the body balanced is far afield of what students of dietetics have found by a careful series of experiments to be more than enough. As a matter of fact, some of

the most recent investigations prove that even the accepted standards are yet too high in food requirements.

The bread and butter problem could be easily reduced to a very simple affair if only the extravagant American people would come to eating what was good for their bodies instead of thinking they must have their tables laden with forced and out-of-season luxuries of low nutritive value and high price.

Aside from the composition of foods for the three meals and the cost of them, there are two other factors which enter into the planning of the meals,—the digestibility and the palatability of the food. Very often foods of high nutritive value are very hard to digest so that this factor is quite important, especially in considering individual cases. The effect of unpalatable food is too well known to need more than mention here. But too much stress cannot be laid upon the manner of serving food, especially to one with a lagging appetite.

After the three meals are carefully balanced and all of the above points are considered, the class goes on a marketing expedition to purchase the provisions necessary for their preparation. Previous excursions to the meat markets have made them familiar with this part of the shopping. Much is gained by personal marketing both from the economical standpoint and also because of the inspiration one receives for variety in the planning of daily menus by actually seeing the things in the market. And then, too, by personal marketing the housekeeper is enabled to get the out-of-door exercise so necessary to her mental and physical well-being. Those who have done household work know how monotonous and confining it is, and that it is imperative that a woman should have a change of scene and of air daily if she is to do her household duties successfully.

And then, when the marketing has been done, the meals must be prepared and served and all will now agree that the girls, after expending so much thought and labor, have earned the eating of them.

THE first year cooking class prepared and served their first dinner to the Board of Trustees on April 11th. The following menu was served:

Boullion	Whipped Cream
Roast Spring Lamb	Mashed Potatoes
	French Peas in Timbales
Olives	Radishes
	Baking Powder Biscuit
	Cucumber and Spanish Onion Salad
Neufchatel Cheese Balls	Water Crackers
Pineapple Ice Cream	Rosettes
	Sunshine Cake
	Coffee

ON Friday evening, April 27th, immediately after the Stockwell Debate, the advanced cooking class served a two-course supper to the participants in the debate and a few guests.

IT is a lamentable fact that when certain young ladies in the preparatory, yes, even in the sub-preparatory classes, were honored with an invitation to serve at the Senior party given recently, these young ladies refused with much indignation and uptilting of noses. Is it not high time that the upper class girls were taking these same up-start youngsters in hand and showing them the true insignificance of being a prep?

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EDITORIAL

WITH this special issue of The Spectrum, the girls of the College have attempted something which is a completely new departure. Realizing this and also the fact that the spring term always brings with it numerous cares and duties, we hope our readers will grant us as kindly a consideration as they can. All the girls as far as possible have contributed to this number which we hope is a not unworthy representative of the ability of the 'gentler' sex at this college. With these few modest remarks, we send this, our first attempt, out to meet its fate.

HISTORY repeats itself. In reviewing the events of the past we find man accomplishing but little without the coöperation of woman. Adam, without the inspiration of Eve, would never have left the Garden of Eden; Columbus without the timely aid of Isabella would never have discovered

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America; and the Lewis and Clark expedition without Sakakawea would never have scaled the Rockies. Robinson Crusoe in fact was the only man who ever existed without woman and he got stranded. So it is with the present Juniors. Their fate was evident from the beginning of the year. What *could* they do without a solitary girl in their class? Acting as a storehouse of ideas and energy, the girls by tireless perseverance and continual prodding manage to keep a class together and to carry it with honors thru its college career. Until this present year, the Class of '07 has been in possession of such a propelling force. This year, deprived of its girls, the Junior Class has floundered hopelessly about and has at last sunk into oblivion. We regret your fate, Juniors, but do not wonder at it.

JUDGING by the enthusiasm evinced the other evening at the Stockwell prize debate, our two literary societies are awakening into a new realization of their own importance. This is as

it should be, and is, no doubt, a natural result of the fact that each society now has a home of its own. Since their establishment in their cozy rooms in the Library Building, much greater numbers have been present at the meetings and better programs given. Each society has a "debt of honor" hanging over it in the shape of a fine piano and the effort to pay for this is sure to unite the members closer than ever. The Stockwell debate was a good one and altho the Athenians won, their success was likely in part due to the large green and white banner which showed so bravely just behind them on the platform. This banner is just another evidence of increasing society spirit and before long, the crimson banner of the Philomathians will no doubt also be in evidence.

FOR many years, the one dream which the girls have hoped to see materialize has been the erection of a comfortable, well equipped "Woman's Building." We girls feel sure that until this is done, the percentage of lady attendance at the College will be limited for until an adequate boarding-place is provided for them many girls do not wish to leave their homes. We feel sure, moreover, that the gentlemen-aggregation at this College would feel sorry to see the number of girls decrease, and certainly it is to be feared that this College would degenerate if such a thing should happen. The present girl-less class of Juniors is a living example of what would follow. But, seriously, this question should be carefully considered and action taken as soon as possible.

PERHAPS the one thing which most deeply of all touches the College student in regard to the San Francisco disaster, is the complete destruction of that beautiful educational institution

situated near that fated city—the Leland Stanford University. Erected by loving parents as a memorial to an only son, this university has stood for the best in all its departments. Its president, David Starr Jordan, is famed throughout the United States and it has served as a source of inspiration to many young men who have studied within its walls. The grounds themselves were exceedingly beautiful and repaid a long journey to the school. The students of the west sympathize with their brother students still further west and hope to see the Leland Stanford again erected and developed to its former prospering condition.

WELL, the Intercollegiate oratorical contest of 1906 is now a thing of the past, as is also the delicious banquet which completed that momentous evening. While we might perhaps have been more widely elated, if the victory of the evening had been ours, we feel proud and justly so, of our representatives. Mr. Dynes, with his masterly oration, is destined to take a place, certainly, next year and Miss May, too, deserves honorable mention. The speakers from North Dakota "U" let their deeds talk for them and they carried home both places. The Fargo College girls certainly deserve commendation for their orations were good and their elocution excellent. The outcome, of course, bars the A. C. from the interstate contest this month but, since we won a place last year for North Dakota, we leave it to the University willingly and hopefully, to uphold the honor of our state in the coming conflict.

The College men are very slow
They seem to take their ease,
For even when they graduate
They do it by degrees.

Ex.

Local Happenings

A fair coed was heard to exclaim on Arbor Day, "Oh, is that really a Birch?"

We hear that some of the Freshman girls are too old to be "called down" by the professors.

Miss May is lamenting because she will never have a brother-in-law, yet Clarence has a brother.

Roy Corbett made the College a visit one day last week. He has just recovered from a long period of illness.

Monday, April 30, Professor Koch from the State University spoke at the convocation exercises on the drama.

Students entering the chapel during the noon hour will oblige Mr.——and save Miss——many a blush if they will kindly knock loudly.

There's another joke out; who on we do not know.

All that we heard was, "Plath is not so slow."

Mr. D. in Sociology:—Under what institution would you class an item on a dog growing to be like its master?

Prof. H. :—Evolution.

Dr. Batt at Philo meeting:—"Every member of the society ought to see that one other certain member is present at the meetings."

Mr. Schollander was recently called to St. Paul by the serious illness of his brother-in-law, who for sometime

has been confined in a hospital at that place.

Overheard at the Senior Ball.

Miss N. :—Just look at John Swenson over there jollyng Miss M.

Mr. C. :—That's not Swenson, its Prof. Kimberly.

Just what the attraction at the Ball Park is between 9 and 10 A. M. is not known to many. Those who are in the secret, however, seem to have an "all fired" good time.

It is strange what an effect a bright light has on some people. Only the other evening a Senior Pharmacy boy is known to have literally faded in thin air just because a porch light was turned on.

Chas. Oswald has completed his work at the College for the spring term and has gone to engage in the machine business during the summer months. He is expected back in the fall, however, to take his place in the football ranks.

Said Professor Keene:—"If I look at you and immediately look away.

Your image at once will leave my eye and another will have full sway."

Then said the youth to Professor Keene:—"Yes, I'll admit your right.

But my image would not leave your eye if I were a shining light."

A large (?) and enthusiastic (?) crowd witnessed the baseball game between the A. C. and the Park Region Luther College teams on Satur-

day, May 5. College spirit swells high through football and basketball seasons, but it is not in evidence when baseball begins.

On Friday, April 27th, occurred the third annual Stockwell Prize Debate. Special interest was taken in this event in as much as the members of the Philomathian Society defended the affirmative, while the Athenians upheld the negative. Although the Athenians had the best of the debate and the prize for the best individual speaking, every one seemed satisfied with the outcome and voted the debate the best ever held at the institution.

Two boys there are, both rather nice,

Who, though they do not shake the dice

Waste all their time in shooting rice.

Their ages? Well, it seems to me
That acts like these could never be
Performed by boys *much* over three.

Their names? Just guess, I know you
can

If you pretend to be a "fan."
That's right. Their names are Nels
and Van.

The annual senior ball, given Friday, May 4, at Pirie's Hall, was the event of the season. To borrow from the newspaper—"The exquisitely decorated hall swarmed with daintily gowned ladies and their escorts"—but we do not need to borrow when we say that every one spent an evening that will long be remembered. At 12 o'clock ice cream and cake was served in the banquet room. Nerhaugen's orchestra of five pieces furnished the music.

Arbor Day this year was observed at the College in an appropriate manner by exercises in chapel. Professor Waldron gave a very instructive address on the value of trees to mankind and urged the necessity of preserving the forests so standing and of increasing the number of trees, especially in our own state, as rapidly as possible. The exercises closed by planting trees on the campus in honor of the several classes. The seniors planted a clump of five Colorado Blue Spruce and three Red Cedars, in front of the new library, and the Sophomores placed a Birch near Science Hall. While the trees were being set the College Band played spirited airs suitable for the occasion.

With the aid of Miss Fishback, State-secretary, the girls have at last organized a Y. W. C. A. This is to be known as the Edith Hill Y. W. C. A. in memory of a girl who many years ago was an earnest student at this College, anxious for the girls' welfare, and who later died. A Girls' Club which also bore her name was the only girls' society at the A. C. but because of its deeper significance and its broader affiliation, the Association was organized. The President and the Cabinet have been elected and all is on a working basis now. Weekly religious meetings and fortnightly social meetings are to be held and much benefit and value is sure to result if the girls maintain their present interest in the movement.

Freshman—Feel Wiser.

Sophomore—Budweiser.

Junior—Get Wiser.

Senior—Look Wiser.

Ex.

Our Exchange Table

AMONG the different exchanges, which came to our table this month were several special numbers gotten out by the different College classes. The *Normal Oracle* was edited by the Junior class, the *Phrenocosmian*, by the Freshman, and the *Comenian* had a special Easter number. The *Normal Oracle* which is always an attractive paper, is better than ever this month. The main fault with the paper is, however, that it has no exchange department. This department while it may seem of little value to some, is surely a great help to the editors of the different papers which receive the criticism. They are better able to detect their mistakes and raise their papers to a higher standard.

THE *Comenian*, which is an Easter number, contains several good stories. "A Moravian Easter" is full of nature touches and bits of human trust which make it very interesting. Aside from this, the information regarding Moravian customs is valuable. Two orations, "Compensation," and "Esprit de Corps" are full of fine thoughts well expressed and the last one especially, with its strong declaration of love for the old Alma Mater, appeals to the heart of every loyal College man.

IT IS a fact that even though the eastern colleges are older and have a much larger student body, the college magazines of some of the western universities compare very favorably with those received from the eastern states. One of the best of these exchanges is the *University of Arizona Monthly*, which has lately been added to our exchange list. The paper is

bound in magazine form and has its different departments well arranged. The literary section is especially good. The first article, "San Xavier del Bac," which is treated in an historic and descriptive manner, deals with one of the early missions of the Jesuits founded in the last part of the seventeenth century. The beautiful old church is built in the style of the Spanish Renaissance. The interior of the building is elaborately decorated with gildings, paintings and fresco work. Besides the description of the Mission, a number of the customs of the curious people are placed before the readers. The article is well illustrated by several good cuts of the mission. "Un-grounded Fears" is fascinating through out and brings out well the heroic bravery of a child. The jokes are good and are well balanced with the rest of the material in the paper.

THE *Manitou Messenger* comes to us with many good stories and editorials. The literary department is especially good. The two stories show much careful work and the plots in each are deep enough to hold the interest of the reader to the conclusion. The editorials take up subjects of interest, i. e. college debates and questions very close to the student body of any educational institution. Criticisms in the exchanges bring out well both favorable and unfavorable points in articles of other college papers.

THE *Flickertail* though it contains but few solid articles has a number of good editorials. We are sorry to learn that The Spectrum has become a stranger to them. We will see that hereafter it is received regularly.