

The Spectrum

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THE LIFE OF SPRING



URST the iron bounds of winter
Nature could hold in no more.
What a murmuring, what a germinating,
As it opens up its store.
As it oozes, as it looses
That restraint, now felt no more,
Felt no more since it has broken
From its bonds, our souls, too, soar.
There's a bursting forth of feeling,
Though on outward signs give token
And our hearts with joy are pealing.
Which, our sorrows quite concealing—
We now feel a new life stealing,
New blood surging—fresh hope urging
To our life, now winter's o'er.

Subtle 'tis—this inward feeling,
Strange its actions o'er earth.
Softly creeping, gently heating,
Heralding a new hope's birth,
As it moves us, it there proves us
To be nothing more than earth,
More than earth made into being
By our God—who gave us worth.
From the earth this same outpouring
With our feelings is competing.
This same subtle, silent creeping.
Thru the frozen ground comes leaping,—
Still, at first it seems but peeping,
Then with swelling and with welling
Fills all life with joy and mirth.

This it is that gives us courage,
Makes us want to live still more.
As it issues, stirs the tissues,
Hinting of new life in store,
This soft creeping, gentle heating
Life of Spring, which from each pore,

From each pore of earth, of creature
 In the world does gently soar
 Quivers shyly as it issues,
 From each pore and from each suture
 Floats upon the air and quivers.
 'Tis the Life of Spring that issues,
 'Tis this life that moves the tissues,
 Fills the breast—disturbs the rest
 Of earth and man forevermore.

C. H. C.

A Spin on a Bit of Sidewalk



IHAD done an exceedingly hard day's work and, after a hearty supper of beef-steak and onions, went early to bed. In spite of a full stomach and a hard bed I was soon dead to the world in the sleep of a tired man. I was awakened by my heart pounding violently against the roots of my back teeth and sat up in bed with an awful feeling; the same kind of a feeling one has when he thinks of death and his chance for a hereafter. The air seemed heavy and hot, nearly choking me.

A dull throbbing noise sounded in my ears as from a vast crowd shouting in the distance. This increased rapidly until it seemed that all creation was moaning and howling about the house. I jumped from the bed and ran down the stairs, in my night clothes, and out into the open air. The streets were jammed with a great sobbing crowd who seemed to be all gazing toward heaven and calling for mercy.

No one noticed me as I ran down the sidewalk, fearing to return to the house and trying to keep out of sight. The cold sidewalk under my bare feet sent chills through my body but still the sweat of my face poured from me. I feared, yet knew not what I feared.

Suddenly the earth seemed to drop from under me. I threw myself face downward on the cement walk and clutched a block which seemed forced up from among its fellows. I and the block went spinning and whirling off into space so fast that my head and feet became entangled and I knew not which was the other, while my shirt tail, not knowing which part to cover, fluttered behind like the tail of a comet.

As we shot out of the hot thick air which encircled the earth the spinning motion ceased and the block floated edgewise through a thin cold air. Wrapping my light muslin shirt about me I sat down on the cold floating stone, hung my feet over the edge of my seat, and studied the situation. Below me, by peering over the edge of my seat, I could see the old earth behaving in a very queer manner, spinning and whirling as I had done when the thin thread of gravity snapped between us. Flames seemed to burst forth, as it spun about, leaving showers of sparks behind. It had changed from a cool old planet into a "rip roaring" comet. I could catch now and then the wails of humanity as I sailed on through space.

Above me all was darkness. The air was so thin and cold that my lungs

pained and I gasped. I crossed my legs, put my elbows on my knees and rested my chin in my hand to await my fate.

A great black shadow appeared before me. I tried to make out its outline before we collided, but before I knew it my frail back smashed into a solid body and I went rolling and scrambling on a strange surface. Another bump and I sat up. The feet of my bed fellow planted in the middle of my back and he bawling in my trembling ear, "Hy, quit rolling up in the bed clothes."

S. V. A.

Madam Tussaud's Wax Works



IF I WERE asked to name what I considered the ten sights most worthy of notice in London, Madam Tussaud's wax-works would certainly be one of the number. Nor could its place among the ten be challenged, for of all London sights, the imprint of this one upon the mind of the visitor is the most lasting. He does not find in the long galleries the ancient curios of the British Museum, not the awe-inspiring historical relics found in the Tower, but he does find, and becomes acquainted with the most illustrious individuals, both living and dead, of every nation.

It is not a cold grey bust, nor yet a living portrait which greets the eye of the visitor, but a wax figure, so real and life-like that the whole hall seems actually inhabited by the living bodies of the great.

Here, on one side of the first gallery, the royalty and princes of all nations are mingled together. In the centre, and occupying the main body of the floor, the late Queen is seen, surrounded by her courtiers and many descendents. The other side of the gallery or hall is honored by those heroes, long since fallen in battle, but apparently existing in the flesh, with faces as fearless and determined as was ever the originals.

So much for the first gallery. In the second; immediately to the right, and looking down from the summit of a lofty pedestal, stands the greatest of our American heroes, George Washington. No idle picture that, nor colorless statue, which at best is suggestive of a stone cold corpse, but this is the individual, the living personality, who every moment seems about to speak and instinctively the passer-by will pause to hear; then recollecting will pass on. Inventors, artists, politicians, knights-errant are introduced by the guide, and here and there are scattered characteristic men and women of the day, such as would be seen in any public street. One of these, a benevolent looking old gentleman with a "smile that won't come off," stands to the left with his watch in his hand. One short-sighted old gentleman asked him for the time, as I have little doubt many a hundred had done before him.

Below the galleries just mentioned, lies the Chamber of Horrors, approached by a winding stair from the rear of the second gallery. Here is a different type of people are portrayed, those notorious criminals and murderers whose brute faces awe the bold and make the timid shudder. Toward the centre lies

a coffin enclosing the form of a woman whose breast heaves automatically as if she were asleep.

Horrible sights are visible on all sides. Here a perfect tableaux the raid of the police on a gambling den; there is a murder as yet unaccomplished, but the uplifted knife seems ever descending, and momentarily one pauses in horror, utterly oblivious to everything else, so perfect is the work of skilled artists in depicting the scene. The last tableaux is the murder of Gordon at Khartoun. The sight of those black, blood-thirsty, African savages, as with flashing eyes and uplifted spears they rush upon the English hero, Gordon, will never be erased from my memory. It seems like a terrible yet fascinating nightmare, the sight of the human demons, and a feeling akin to relief takes possession of the unerved visitor as he ascends to the gallery above. Here his recent acquaintances, the illustrious and good, by their greatness serve to counteract the feeling of horror, before the sightseer makes his exit into the foggy, cold, uncanny night outside.

W. H.

The Farmers' Convention



ONCE the farmers held convention,
 Held a very wise convention,
 In the land of the Dakotahs.
 And from all the towns and counties,
 From the Red to the Missouri,
 From the State of Minnesota,
 And from North and South Dakota,
 From the Falls of Minnehaha:

From the edge of the Dominion,
 Came the farmer's delegation.
 Came their wives, and sons and daughters,
 Came to Moorhead and to Fargo,
 Came to see and to listen
 To the wise men of the meeting,
 Smoke the peace-pipe, and to ponder
 O'er the counsels of the sages.

They attended all the meetings,
 And they passed some resolutions,
 And they uttered their opinions;
 Told their sorrows and their troubles;
 Told of smut, and rust, and water;
 Told of chickens, and of cattle;
 Told of fruit trees and potatoes;
 Told of dykes, and spoke of ditches.
 They acclaimed their wheat was graded
 By a man in Minneapolis,
 One, a sage of many counsels

With the trusts and corporations.
Said the market had been doctored;
Elevators stole their profits;
And said they were always cheated,
And the brokers got their money.
Said their crops had been a failure,
They were on the verge of ruin.
But they listened to the speakers;
Pondered deep on what they said;
Sat in judgement on the question;
Whether farmer, trust, or tradesman,
Should be ruler of the nation.

Four long days they sat in council,
Keeping very straight and sober;
But the meeting was concluded,
And the weighty questions settled,
And the farmer's minds untroubled,
As they journeyed home from Fargo.

But a few they left behind them,
Who were looking for some trouble,
As they walked across to Moorhead,
To the town of mirth and glitter,
To a place of jugs and bottles,
For to seal the bonds of friendship
And to celebrate the meeting.
They forgot their wives and daughters:
They forgot their sons and neighbors:
They forgot their sheep and cattle:
They forgot their church and pastor:
They remembered only war songs
And they boasted of their triumphs
In the days when they were warriors.

When the sun rose, in the morning
Streets were covered with the wounded,
Strewn with trophies of the battle:
Strewn with bottles, and with glasses,
And the braves were bruised and silent
As the farmers homeward plodded,
Very meek, and very humble,
With their faces badly shattered,
With their eyes half-closed, and battered,
With their pockets torn and empty,
With hard head pains and slow foot steps,
As they zig-zagged toward the sunset,
Toward the land of the Dacotahs,
Toward their farms, and toward their wheat fields,
Where there is no great convention,

Where there's wife and son, and daughter,
 Where the members of their families
 Could deride them for their folly:
 Make them sign the pledge, and swear
 Not to have another tear.
 But to do as all their neighbors
 Ride upon the water-wagon
 At Dacotah's big convention.

V. P. C.

Science Department



DURING the winter months, indeed from November until as late as May, one of the most luscious fruits to be found in the eastern markets is the seedless orange from California. The enormous demand for this fruit has caused a great industry to spring up in that state, one which now brings an annual income of more than \$14,000,000. The cultivation of the seedless orange tree, which was begun about 1873, was due primarily to W. F. Judson, U. S. Consul to Brazil, who took back to the Department of Agriculture at Washington six cuttings from a few trees found in the swamps of the Amazon, and secondarily to Mrs. Eliza M. Tibbets of Maine, who carried the four Brazilian orange trees from Washington to California where they were planted near Riverside. Thus was the beginning of the seedless orange groves made and in five years the first crop of sixteen oranges was picked from the two trees that survived. Those were the first seedless oranges ever grown in North America. But the two trees were only the beginning of the large orange groves. Several attempts to propagate those trees by cuttings and shoots were made but proved unsuccessful. At last the budding process was tried. In this the buds from the seedless trees were grafted on seedlings and it was found that only in this manner would the seedless orange trees be propagated. After the young trees have been taken from the nursery and planted in the groves they demand constant care in order to develop properly. The ground must be fertilized frequently, and during the dry season cultivated often. The grove must be well irrigated and also protected by wind-breaks. Then there is the struggle against the disease and insects that attack fruit trees. In the orange grove the scale is the most troublesome. The common methods of treatment are spraying and fumigating with potassium cyanide or sulphuric acid. Finally, if the trees survive and mature, the grower is paid for his labor by the harvest of fruit. But this fruit must yet pass through many hands before it is ready for market. It must first be picked from the trees and placed aside to wilt, which means that moisture and some soil are given off from the cells of the skin and the orange shrinks in size. Then the fruit is thoroughly washed with water and dried in the sun. Next it is passed between brushes, which polish it, into a machine which runs the different sizes into separate bins, ready for the packers. Now each orange is wrapped in tissue paper and placed in boxes to be shipped to the eastern markets where during the winter months the fruit is retailed at from thirty to sixty cents a dozen, according to the grade.

THE Forest Service has been investigating the effects that different seasons of cutting and different methods of seasoning may have on telephone poles, when they are to be treated with preservatives. The conclusions arrived at have been: that poles cut in the winter months season more regularly throughout and show a greater loss in weight at the end of six months seasoning; that when it is desired to decrease the weight for shipment before completing the season, the poles should be cut in the spring or summer; that air seasoning only slightly reduces the circumference of the poles; that soaking the poles in water from two to four weeks increases the rate seasoning; and that injury by checking in seasoning is not serious when poles are well cut.

MUCH investigation has been done by the naturalists of our country in the attempt to domesticate the game birds. C. F. Hodge, in "Country Life," gives the result of his experiments with the ruffed grouse. He undertook the work with this bird for two reasons:—first, because that species is generally supposed to be untamable; second, to satisfy himself that the fear of the wild bird is not hereditary, but rather the results of environment. The first experiment was made with twenty eggs taken from three different nests. Some of the eggs were hatched under hens and the rest in an incubator, but all of the chicks died inside of fifteen days. However, from this trial it was evident that the chicks were not particularly timid and remained tame the whole time. The next year twelve eggs were taken from two nests sixty miles apart and were hatched under bantam hens. Six chicks were raised to half size and four lived for several years in captivity, rearing young of their own, thus giving the experimenter ample chance to study their peculiarities and habits. It was found that the very young birds lived entirely on insects, preferably small ones, and that they took but little food of any kind. Their habit of feeding was to take pecks at the food as they walked along, rather than to stop to fill their crops. Then changes in food and feathers which the grouse underwent before reaching maturity were also very striking. Many interesting facts were discovered as well, while studying the grouse during the breeding season. The worst features of this season were the vicious fighting of the cocks and the bad treatment they accorded the brood hens. In one instance the cock killed the hen by pecking her skull bare, while another was only saved by separating the pair. The hen usually laid ten eggs which required twenty-four days to hatch. The nest, in an ordinary hen-house, was chosen in the darkest corner and there the hen brooded, singing to the eggs in a low drone. One strange thing here noticed was that the hen left the nest within three days of the end remained away for some time and then returned to it again. When the chicks came out the independence, solitariness and lack of social instinct so characteristic of the grouse became evident. The cock paid no attention to the hen or chicks nor did the other scratch for their food as does the domestic hen, although she brooded them and fought for them. The young ruffed grouse, although they became very tame, did not show any attachment for the keeper and only ate from his hand as though from the ground. The attachment for familiar spots, however, was very strong, as the birds returned after a short time to such a place although once driven away by fright. On the whole the observations and experiments give helpful information along the line of domesticating game birds, and as many authorities have come to the conclusion that this is the only solution to the problem of saving our game birds, the information may even be more valuable than at first imagined.

Athletics



THE basketball season is over and we are the champions of North Dakota. Our boys made a splendid record. They have defeated every team with which they have played, within the state, and have also made a creditable showing against some of the strongest and best teams of the Northwest. One commendable feature about the boy's team this year, is the pleasant feeling and harmony that has prevailed between the members of the first squad throughout the entire season. The "regulars" who have represented us so well are: Albert Birch, (Capt.) Andrew Wambem, Fred Hill, Harry Slingsby, and Harry Carpenter.

The girls' team was the strongest in the history of the institution. Although the girls did not play as many games as the boys, they made an equally good showing. At times considerable rivalry was exhibited between the different members of the team. Sometimes this rivalry became intense, so as to mar the friendly feeling and harmony of the whole squad. With this petty contention eliminated, the squad of 1906 was the best team that ever represented the A. C.

Our co-ed warriors who have made such a record are: Karla Van Horn (Capt.), Bessie Rice, Emily May, Louise Doleshy, Teresa Fields, and Bessie Smyth.

To review the season's work we can do no better than to give a summary of the scores and games played:

THE BOYS' GAME

A. C. Scores.		Opponents' Scores.	
45	- -	Valley City H. S.—Abroad	- - 12
31	- -	Fargo Athletics—At home	- - 23
38	- -	Valley City Normal 1st game—At home	- - 36
13	- -	Red Wing, Red-Men—At home	- - 14
14	- -	St. Johns 1st game—Abroad	- - 22
29	- -	St. Johns 2nd game—At home	- - 22
15	- -	Minnesota "U"—Abroad	- - 26
23	- -	Co. "K" Stillwater—Abroad	- - 41
30	- -	V. C. Normal 2nd game—Abroad	- - 12
85	- -	Fargo High School—At home	- - 22
<u>320</u>	- -	Totals,	- - <u>230</u>

THE GIRLS' GAME

A. C. Scores.		Opponents' Scores.	
15	- -	Valley City H. S.—Abroad	- - 14
17	- -	V. C. Normal 1st game—At home	- - 6
24	- -	Fargo High School 1st game—At home	- - 3
14	- -	Minn. "U"—At home	- - 15
35	- -	Fargo High School 2nd game—At home	- - 1
12	- -	V. C. Normal 2nd game—Abroad	- - 19
<u>117</u>	- -	Totals,	- - <u>58</u>

AGGIES vs. SCHOOL MA'AMS

On March 3rd our teams went to Valley City and played return games with the Normalites. The results of the games were a surprise to both contingents. It was generally conceded that the boys of the respective institutions were evenly matched, but our girls were given credence for being the stronger team. But as fate would have it, our girls met their Waterloo, while our boys won a decisive victory.

The girls' team was greatly crippled by the absence of Miss May, our star guard. To make matters worse, Miss Doleshy sustained an injury in the early part of the game that prevented her from playing her usual strong game. Our girls were at further disadvantage on account of having to play on an extremely slippery floor. The Normal girls were provided with cork soles and thus had a greater advantage over the Aggies. Miss Aamoth substituted for Miss May and played a good game. Miss Fields, who alternated with Miss Smith at center, remained through the whole game, but did not appear in her best form. With due credit to the school ma'ams' ability to play basketball, we must nevertheless say that their victory was not due to any superiority on their part, but rather to a fluke, due to the crippled condition and poor team work of the Aggies. The score: A. C. 12, V. C. N. 19.

The boys' game was fast and furious. The over-confident Normalities were out-classed, from the start, in every stage of the game. On account of the slippery floor, no big score was possible. The farmers maintained the lead, and piled up a score of 30 to 12.

A social informal dance followed the game.

From the camp of the Normalities comes the cry of championship. Their claims are founded on the late chance victory over the A. C. girls. In their eagerness for championship honors, they forgot to consider the score of the first game, neither do they remember to make comparison of other scores. To jar their memory, and to inform the public, we will again state that the first game played between the two institutions resulted in a score of 17 to 6 in favor of the College girls. Again it will be recalled that the Normal girls were taken into camp by the Minnesota "U" to the tune of 60 to 11; while the great team defeated our girls by the margin of one point, the score being 15 to 14. With these facts in mind, can there be any doubt as to which is the stronger team, and as to who should hold the championship title?

Some interesting minor games have been played between different organizations of the College. The first of these was the contest between the Faculty and Seniors for athletic supremacy. The game was hotly contested from the start and was replete with frequent mixups and scrambles for the ball. The faculty who were so chesty of their athletic prowess, are now boys in trying to explain how it happened that they lost to the Seniors by a score of 15 to 14.

The Annual Basketball Contest between the Athenian and Philomathian Literary Societies was held on the evening of St. Patrick's Day. Two interesting games were played. The girls of the two respective societies first contested for athletic supremacy. The Philomathians, having four of the "regulars" in their line-up, handily defeated the Athenian girls by a score of 20 to 6.

The boys' teams were more evenly matched, however, and the contest proved very interesting. The first half ended with the score standing 15 to 10 in favor of the Athenians. In the second half, however, gastronomical and

physical training began to tell, and the Philos scored almost at will. The final score read 34 to 21 in favor of the Philomathians. Best of feeling prevailed, and both the victors and the vanquished enjoyed the sport.

The Preps or Lightweights who made such a record at minor football, have also heaped honor and glory on themselves at basket ball. The little fellows have won every game they have played with a handsome margin. They have met and defeated such teams as the Fargo High, Moorhead High and Moorhead Normal. The star players of this speedy aggregation are: Kent Darrow, Charley French, Allen Clark, Fred Hall, and Richard Holzer.

The base ball season is now opened. From now on till the end of the term, an exhibition of the great national game can be witnessed each day on the College campus. Several candidates have reported to Director Marshall for work; among them are several members of the last year's team. A few new men have also signified their willingness to come out and try for the team. Several of the new candidates have had considerable experience on High School teams and will be valuable additions to the College team.

The pitching staff will probably be composed of Nelson, Oshwald, and Andrews. The latter is a new man, but it is said that he can deliver the goods. Van Horn will don the mask and catch, while Sattre will hold down third base, where he did such excellent work last year. None of the positions are cinched yet. Each candidate must do hard and conscientious work to hold down his position. Marshall's motto will be "The best man gets the position." Heretofore the A. C. have supported and maintained two teams. This year the management has planned to equip, at least, three full teams. Base ball is recognized as the cleanest of College sports, and it will be given a loyal support by the A. C. contingents.

Agricultural Notes



OMEWHAT of a departure from the usual run of student literary contests was taken when the Agricultural Club started a prize essay contest for its members. The rules provided that not only would the essays be graded according to thought and composition but that each contestant must read his paper at a public meeting of the club. Twenty-five per cent was allowed for the proper rendition of the essay. The public part of the contest came off as scheduled on March 16th and was in every way a marked success. Six contestants qualified for entrance. The papers were all of a high grade, each one dealing with some particular phase of agriculture. The two winning papers "The Farmer's Elevator," by John Magill, and, "Fruit Farming in North Dakota," by W. O. Whitcomb were especially good and showed much originality and splendid thought. The first prize won by Mr. Magill was a handsome silver cup donated by the club; the second prize presented to Mr. Whitcomb was in the form of a silver medal.

The inauguration of yearly contests of this sort, where the members

have incentive to do more and better work, cannot fail to raise the literary standard of the work done in the Club.

A GREAT deal of interest was shown in the annual stock judging contest which took place at the close of the winter term. From a total of one hundred and twenty-five students comprising the several classes in stock judging, fifteen men holding the highest standing in excellence were chosen and allowed to compete in a series of the various classes of stock. Besides the gold medal offered by the College and the silver cup donated by Dean Shepperd which were competed for by the advanced students, a magnificent silver loving cup was presented to the winner in the first year class by Professor Richards. Adolph Wiesback and Gilbert Roaldson of the advanced stock judging class received the gold medal and silver cup respectively, while the loving cup was won by John Sherman. Five classes of stock were judged, the men with the highest averages securing the winning places. Dr. A. G. Hopkins, editor of the Farmers Advocate, Winnipeg, Can., and Professor Gaumnitz of Minnesota acted as judges.

THE appointment of Mr. C. M. Hennis to the position of farm superintendent on the Experiment Station has met with general approval by that gentleman's acquaintances, and friends. In the two years that Mr. Hennis has spent as a student at the College, he showed himself to be a thorough and enthusiastic student. As president of the Agricultural Club the past winter when the largest membership in the history of the organization was obtained, he showed himself to be one of the best executive officers the club has ever produced. His present appointment is, beyond a doubt, well merited.

THE first class to graduate from the new three year course in Farm Husbandry have received their diplomas and without exception have gone back to the farm to put to practical application, the knowledge acquired in the class room. Some of these men will return to take up further work in College; others will remain permanently on the farm. The classes in this short year course, which was launched three years ago, are constantly growing and will doubtless become even more popular. In the Minnesota School of Agriculture, which has been one of the pioneers in work of this sort, over a hundred students of both sexes are graduated yearly from the three year course.

A FITTING climax to a successful year's work was made when the Agricultural Club held its annual banquet in Francis Hall on the evening of March 9th. After the banquet, which was served by the ladies of the Domestic Science Department, a series of toasts were given by the members of the club and of the faculty. The toasts were as follows:

Toastmaster, O. W. Dynes.

The Club. An Etching from History	A. P. Murphy
The North Dakota State Fair	W. R. Lanxon
The Country Gentleman	Prof. C. B. Waldron
The International	C. J. Thysell
Advertising the Club	H. S. Russell
The Domestic Science Graduate	Prof. R. M. Dolve
In Days to Come	C. M. Hennis
The Farm Husbandry Graduate	Pres. J. H. Worst

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EDITORIAL

THE last terms work of the College year has commenced in earnest. Most of the old students have remained, and seem eager to get the most that can be obtained under the circumstances. As a rule the warm sultry days of spring often leave students indifferent. This at times must be excused. But we hope there will not be too much of such indifference, so that it will brake up the resolve made at the beginning of the term. It will be but a short time before commencement is here, when farewells to the faculty and to associates must be given, some perhaps forever. Think of these things and let your work be of such a character that it will be a beacon for others to follow in the future.

ON the 21st of March the first "Farm Husbandry Class" graduated. To complete this course requires three years of six months each, and this

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course consists of such practical subjects that can be made use of upon the farm. A short program was rendered after which President Worst presented graduating certificates to the following students: Gilbert Roaldson, Carrington, N. D.; Hans Kristjanson, Mountain, N. D.; O. A. Schollander, Montpelier, N. D.; John L. Thompson, Hatton, N. D.; Adolph Wiesbach, Lynchburg, N. D.; and A. P. Hertsgaard, Kindred, N. D. A fortunate coincident with this is the fact that all but one have returned to their farms to make farming a profession.

JUNIORS, as an organized class you have failed to make good. You have broken the precedent established several years ago, to produce one number of the College Spectrum. By so doing you have acknowledged that you were unqualified to perform, even such a slight task, or that you were afraid of a little extra work. The action taken has clearly shown that you are selfish to say the least, in that your comfort and leisure is first taken into consideration, the welfare of the

College secondary. O, Ye Jnuiors of little ambition, tear asunder the mucous membrane of your abode—the inert clam shell,— absorb some fresh water of life and some vitality forming food, that when occasion again requires your services, you may at least have life enough to face squarely the work expected of you as a class, instead of wriggling helplessly within the shell. The Spectrum feels very keenly the unwarranted negligence.

UNDOUBTEDLY the Experiment Stations throughout the United States will appreciate the work done by Senator Adams in securing the passage of the bill to increase the Experiment Station fund. The increase will be \$5,000.00 the first year, and will probably apply to the present fiscal year, with an increase of \$2,000.00 per year until the \$15,000.00 mark has been reached. It will then become a permanent fund. As the Stations are now receiving \$15,000.00 annually, it means that eventually they will get \$30,000.00 per year or twice the amount of the present time. This means that several lines of research work peculiar to each state can be expanded and data secured that will be of benefit to the public. This Station is especially in need of such an increase, as no aid is received from the state. It seems strange that an enterprising state like North Dakota should be so blind to its own welfare, that every time a bill is up before the legislature, to that effect, it is immediately downed or else vetoed by the governor on the plea of economy, and then bills are passed allowing three and four times that amount for some political graft, that benefits but a few select politicians.

OFTEN there are subjects of interest to the whole school touched upon by students, in writing short essays

for the English Department, which are well worthy of repeating in the columns of The Spectrum. The following was written by one of the students:

“Civil engineering is now one of the most important branches of science. Engineers of this class find employment in a great many fields, and are constantly in demand. In fact, civil engineering is less crowded than any other profession. Two reasons may be given for this: The first is the difficulty of the course, as evidenced by the small percentage of graduates from the numbers who commence. A second reason is that many who would like to take the course are often unable to do so owing to the fact that they cannot afford to go where such a course is offered.

“In the face of the above facts it seems strange that no such course is offered at the A. C. To be sure, courses in Agriculture, Mechanical Engineering, and General Science are given, but what use are any of them to those desiring a different course?

“If such a course were introduced, graduates would find little difficulty in securing positions. North Dakota alone, presents unlimited engineering possibilities in drainage and irrigation projects. The cities also are rapidly finding civil engineers necessary as they continue to develop. In addition to all these, Uncle Sam is continually in need of assistance, and has repeatedly called on the A. C. for surveyors.

“In view of the foregoing, it is obvious that we ought to have a civil engineering course in at least one of our leading institutions, and, in such case, what institution is in better position to offer such a course than the Agricultural College? In all important educational matters, the A. C. has invariably taken the lead, and now, why not take the lead in this?”

J. M.

Local Happenings

Were there any flunks last term? Were a few, but of course it doesn't mean you.

If you are in doubt as to whether or not spring has come look on the baseball diamond.

A reward is offered to the student who has no conflicting studies during the registration.

Prof. Halland in Sociology class:—What is a social disease?

Miss Rice:—Tuberculosis.

Boys take notice! Every able bodied student must drill, unless excused. By order of President Worst.

Mr. Hennis, one of the short course students, has been promoted to farm foreman, to take the place of Nick Grest.

Who would believe that an English professor would speak of the early ages as "a delightful grammarless period?"

Prof. Bolley in class:—Never make any strong assertions in Biology, but always modify your statements with if, may, generally and possibly.

A Senior with only one compulsory subject during his last term of school is rare and odd, indeed. But such is the distinction held by W. R. Porter.

For a varied occupation Mr. Wambem's record is hard to beat. Farmer, carpenter, football player, girl masher, draftsman, basketball player, engineer, baseball player and machinist.

WANTED—Boys to play baseball, apply at the private office of Director Marshall.

The Senior Class will give their annual ball May 4th at Pirie's Hall. It promises to be the grandest affair yet given by any of the College classes.

Several of the Sophomore girls have been analyzing wine lately in the chemical laboratory. It is to be hoped its odors will not have any lasting effects upon the fair damsels.

Professors Batt, Minard, Householder and Burnet have classes at seven o'clock during the spring term. We understand there is no tardiness on the part of the students.

Under the direction of Dr. Van Es, the advanced veterinary class made a tuberculine test upon the College stock during vacation. Some very excellent practice was obtained by the students.

Prof. E. E. Kaufman, Assistant Commissioner of Agriculture and formerly Professor of Dairying of this College, recently purchased the Emerson Smith Dairy, just outside of Fargo. The Spectrum hopes that he will make a success of his new undertaking.

On April 2nd, Col. John D. Benton of Fargo, addressed the students during convocation on "North Dakota as a Commercial Factor." The address was both interesting and instructive. He advised as many of the students as possible, to secure a piece of land as it is constantly increasing in value.

Prof. Burnet has tendered his resignation as registrar of the College.

Emily has a new one, not the Worst, by any means, rather a White one this time.

Miss Lofthouse entertained the basket ball girls at her home Saturday, April 7, 1906.

The Stork of the Sophomore Class has carried away Charley Clark for the spring term.

Monday morning, April 9, 1906. Dr. Batt was unable to meet his seven o'clock class on account of a late breakfast.

The Seniors seem to be the whole thing around the College buildings this term. It is their last chance and they are making the best of it.

Mr. Sattre attends Christian Endeavor and church regularly every Sunday evening. We understand, he is willing to give advice to any sinner wishing to know how the great change came about.

Mr. Hill was seen carefully carrying Miss Ash's cat home one day. He must be a member of the Humane Society as nothing else (that we know of) would cause him to resist the natural instinct that boys have to kick cats.

At the opening chapel exercises of the spring term, Prof. Willard, gave a very interesting talk upon "The Bad Lands" located in the Western part of the state. We hope we may hear some more such instructive talks during the term.

Through the agency of a chicken thief Prof. Shepperd is mourning the

loss of some Plymouth Rocks that he was experimenting with. The results of careful and constant selection were just beginning to be noticeable and he says he would rather have had two cows taken.

In a butter contest recently held in the dairy department, by the students, a cream separator was offered as a prize. When a young lady won the much coveted prize, Mr. Swenson was heard to mutter, "I'll have that cream separator yet." What he meant by such a remark remains to be seen.

Mr. Weaver bade a fond adieu to his college friends a short time ago, stating that he would at once go to his sister at St. Thomas, N. D., to recuperate his health. But to our surprise he must have got his sister's address mixed up with some one else's, as he was seen to take the train for Buffalo, N. D. Perhaps he has a sister at each place.

At last the engineers have realized the importance of having an organization of their own and are now making strenuous efforts to put the society on a working basis. The new organization is called the N. D. A. C. Lyceum of Engineers, but in spite of its name, its members are beginning to make things move in the engineering circles of the College. The purpose of the society is primarily technical, but will also cover the broader field of thorough co-operation among its members. At the present early date the roll numbers twenty-five active members besides the usual compliment of associate and honorary members. An organization, having in view the high purposes of this one, is not only a great benefit to its members, but reflects credit on the College as well. Rah! for the engineers.

Our Exchange Table

BESIDES some technical essays on "School Teachers," we find in the *Normal Red Letter* almost hidden among the rest of the material, two little stories of child life that are charming. The one, "Never too Late," depicts childish imagination and is delightful in its simplicity. "Through the Valley of the Shadow" is told by a tiny tot and appeals directly to one's sympathy of its utterly childish innocence and pathos.

THE SPECTRUM would like to call the *Industrial Collegian's* attention to a mistake made in their last issue. It has, we fear, gotten the two colleges, the Fargo College and the N. D. A. C., slightly mixed up, for while it is true that the A. C. has had women in two interstate contests, the program spoken of was not ours.

A THRILLING detective story is found in the Girl's Number of *The Student*, from Marinette, Wis. It is called the "Hidden Will" and while the description of the emotion of the actors is perhaps a little too protracted and verges toward the sentimental, the interest is well sustained and the plot well planned. The imitation of "Swift's Academy of Lagado" is a series of rather startling suggestions, alto each certainly has a humorous aspect all its own.

SOMETIMES the Exchange Editor, too, puts down his pen and, ceasing to wrinkle his brow, determines to take verbatim, the criticisms of other faithful editors, giving them full credit, of course, and so "take life easy." This seems to have been the case with the editor of the *Normal Oracle*, for there is hardly an original article in the column; everywhere one sees "Ex—"

appended to the neat little paragraphs. Otherwise the paper contains many good articles well worth reading.

IF the *Industrialist* contained an exchange column, it would cause us to feel a little better acquainted with it. The last number received, contained several good articles, since they were written by faculty members, the exchange editors do not feel competent to criticize. To a student of Keats, the essay on his Endymoin, Book IV, would make delightful reading, while all who presume to oratorical abilities would certainly profit by reading, "Qualities of Oratorical Style." This is written by their professor of English and contains not only much good advice but some interesting facts about our extremely cosmopolitan language which we do not often consider.

THE two papers in *Blue and Gold*, "An Unappreciated Poet," and "Significance of Browning's Saul" are unusually good, both in thought and composition. The world has long condemned Byron; the world of his time misunderstood him, but as the writer says, "We may find much in the life to condemn, but does not the heart go out in sympathy to the man who would cry in the prime of life: 'I would not charge anything in my life, but I would have preferred not to have lived at all,' and in our great love the unworthy things will fade from sight as minor incidents in a picture and only the generous, magnificent and powerful man alone stand in full view." It is truly an appreciation of "unappreciated" Byron. The new department, "On'est-ce que c'est que cela?" should prove interesting and beneficial and we wish it success.