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Stacked

THE other evening I had occasion to go down town after supper and my room-mate decided to accompany me. As we expected to be gone but a short time, I merely turned the lamp low and left things scattered over the top of my trunk and the table as usual. My chum and I had been gone longer than we intended, and as it was about eleven o'clock when we returned, we decided we would ascend the stairs quietly and go to bed without making any unnecessary noise to waken the sleepers in the next room.

I preceded my chum across the porch and, turning the knob, softly opened the hall door. The noise which followed resembled the down fall of a well stocked hardware store. From the top of the stairs came a perfect avalanche of coal-buckets, suit-cases, chairs, and an assorted collection of tin cans and boxes. Assuming that caution was unnecessary after the pandemonium just let loose, my chum hastily scratched a match and proceeded to investigate the cause and effect of such a disturbance. The match revealed a stout cord, one end of which was tied to the door knob, the other to the leg of a chair which had evidently been placed just on the edge of the top steps, with the other articles piled upon it. Of course, when I opened the door, the tightening of the string had over balanced the chair and the result was a nerve racking crash.

As soon as one match gave out, my chum scratched another, and by their light we proceeded cautiously up stairs. Everything was quiet and we gained the door of our room in safety. Our door stood slightly ajar, and although the light was out, we thought nothing of it, but Joe quickly pushed the door open and stepped in just in time to receive a small tin pail and a quart of cold water on the back of his neck. I heard the splash of the water and a smothered "Ouch!" and guessed that somebody had propped a stick with a can of water on it, between the door and the casing. Naturally, the water had come down as soon as the door was pushed from under the stick.

Joe wasn't in the best of tempers, when a minute later he scratched another match, and exclaimed:

"What in Sam Hill is that?"

He pointed to the center of the room where stood an immense, nondescript pile, reaching nearly to the ceiling, while the rest of the room was innocent of furniture or decorations.

After a long and arduous search which necessitated the striking of many matches, we found the lamp inside of the stove, and after securing it, we lit it and set it on the floor, while we took inventory to ascertain the extent of loss and damages. It took an hour's hard work for both of us to put the room to rights and get to bed.

It seemed to me that I had been asleep only five minutes when I was awakened by the loud and persistent ringings of the alarm clock. Where was it? In the excitement of straightening out the room I had forgotten the clock and as had Joe, but the irrepressible tattoo was now buzzing merrily and claiming all my attention. I bounded out of bed and, lighting the lamp again, began a search for the missing nuisance. The sound seemed to come from under the floor, but was very loud and clear; so I knew it wasn't down stairs. I searched in trunks and closets, behind doors and curtains, and in every conceivable place, until at last Joe got up and came to my assistance. He stood in the middle of the floor and listened a moment, then dove under the bed, head first, where he discovered the clock, hanging by a string from the bed springs, and serenely hammering the minutes away on its bell.

As Joe emerged triumphantly from under the bed and shut off the alarm, I noticed that the hands pointed to two o'clock. Joe put the clock on the table and went wearily back to bed as he remarked:

"It may be lots of fun stacking a room, but I'll be hanged if I see the joke!"

V. P.

A Letter from Prof. G. E. Hult

MY dear Pres. Worst:—This is really the first time that I have felt as if I could communicate with you in something like the right spirit. Had I written much sooner, trying to give an idea of the multitudinous experiences of the summer and autumn months, I should have been as one who, although panting hard after a race, yet tries to speak. That is what the usual tourist rhapsodies are. Really to translate experiences into speech requires something more than that barren and insignificant part of speech, the interjection, the frequent use of which is too often a sign that emotion is on the wane, or entirely wanting in the presence of what is beautiful or great. But to-night with my open window looking out upon the Vesuvian Bay, and played upon by the witchery of the softest of tropical autumn evenings, wherein sound, color, and warmth soothe the senses into equilibrium with the soul, I can perhaps express a little of what this magic city of Naples is coming to mean to me, to which I expected to pay a visit of a few days, and in which a sojourn of nearly two weeks has only rendered me loth even to contemplate departure.

No wonder that the ancients named this city "Parthenope" after that syren-sea nymph, who with her two sisters captivated with melodies the passing sea-men into that fatal forgetfulness which the thong-bound Mlysses alone escaped. The very Gulf, upon which I am now looking down, and before which Naples curves in a wonderful amphitheatre with twin peaks Vesuvius on the left at the head of the bay and a cape on the right which so charmed the poet Virgil that he chose it for his tomb,—this very Gulf is fabled to have washed landward the sea-nymphs' drowned body, after she had hurled herself from the rock because the spell of her enchantment had for the first time failed. The shore which lies beneath my window, once even bore a shrine in her honor, mentioned by ancient writers, and still in existence after the Christian era had begun. The old Homeric myth beautifully symbolizes the experiences of all who visit this place. "See Naples and die," is the proverbial express-

ion of this feeling. To me it should rather read, "See Naples and *live*." For one ought surely to be allowed to draw on such spiritual capital as this for a long time in memory and dream.

I spoke of Vesuvius towering black and threatening at the head of the bay, to the left of the city looking seaward. That is of course the supreme interest, and rightly so, of the palace. Familiarity with its ebon mass by day, sending forth that languid smoke from which danger seems utterly absent, and with its trail of fire by night, as if a circular gash had been cut in the mountain side, or the course of a red shooting star had perpetuated its fiery trail above the eastern horizon,—familiarity with all this has in nowise lessened the awe with which I first looked upon the mountain. And if emotion could at any time flag in the presence of such a phenomenon, when seen far away, one has only to approach nearer, and make the ascent over the prairies of lava, centuries old or oozed out liquid yesterday, to deepen one's awe a thousand fold over the tremendous forces of nature.

I can, perhaps, do no better than to devote the major space of this letter to narrating a little of what was seen and felt by me, on making the ascent of Vesuvius a few days ago. In going to the foot of Vesuvius I passed through the old town, old Naples on the eastern side, divided from the modern Naples to the west by a ridge which is like a spinal column through the centre of the town as a whole. At the water's edge, at the foot of this ridge lies an old castle as romantic as anything I have seen anywhere during all my travels. It is called the Castle of the Egg, and as romance would have it, it was built by the magician Virgil (he is not a poet to the Neapolitans, but a magician, just as he was to the Middle Age in general) on an egg, which still sustains it. Only when this egg is broken, which is to happen some time in the course of future ages, will the Castle of the Egg sink into dust. Just above this old thousand memored castle, perhaps eighteen centuries old, on an eminence called the Falcon's Beak stands another castle, the New Castle, built by Charles of Anjon, whose history is so important to an understanding of the struggle between the Guelphs and Ghibelline, where of Italy everywhere, even to this day, shows the traces and scars,—a castle hardly less romantic than the one below, and of which I want to write in detail in some future letter. I only mention these in passing, because I wish to suggest how the land on which I now sojourn is as crowded with memories as a midnight sky with stars. Tragedies of which I have read as a child were enacted in the places through which I pass daily in going to and from my lodging place or in making any excursion. I hope to narrate in a future letter the story of Conradiu whom this Charles of Anjon executed in the market place before the church which we are now passing on our way to Vesuvius, the church of Carmine, which is in many respects the strongest point of interest, historically, in all Naples. Meanwhile hurrying on we have reached the statue of San Gennaro, the saint whom at every eruption the threatened populace invoke, and whose intervention has so often arrested the volcanic outbreaks. With out-stretched arm he stands, this saintly Canute, bidding the tidal lava to halt. Every peasant or dweller on the mountain-side is said to carry an image of this Saint at all times as a means of safety. We are now in old Naples, and to one who sees such sights for the first time, the filth, the squalor, the congestion, of Italian low life, it hardly seemed possible to credit one's senses. Not without picturesque features, here and there, however, for yonder as the teams move by a church, a

procession is emerging made up of young girls, each bearing upon her head a crown of thorns. An Italian "festa" of some kind, of which I do not know the story, and yet some symbol which would doubtless be worth the lingering, as I have already so often found the case of similar celebrations, which so delight and nourish the teeming Italian imagination.

We pass through villages clustering on this side of the mountain, some of which have unexpectedly been destroyed by volcanic outbursts, and still mostly buried. Herculaneum is among these which few visit, as Pompeii on the other side affords a field so infinitely richer. We cannot help in spite of our haste, however, to pause occasionally to marvel at the wonderful fertility of the soil as evidenced by the tropic luxuriance of growth on every side. A northerner, especially a North Dakotan, rubs his eyes and asks himself if this be a reality, or is it a dream that a land blossoms as the rose and that vegetation shows such June freshness and luxuriance, although the almanac affirms that November already verges well on towards the end.

But we are already entering the domain of that which forms the dark gloomy background to yonder blue sea, to these fruitful fields, and the gleaming city beyond,—the object of the mornings' excursion. By means of an electric train the ascent in its first stage is made. Vineyards and small hamlets are seen on both sides. Gradually the ascent becomes more sheer and arduous. Soon a stop is made at the royal observatory where it is well worth taking a closer view of the situation. This lies on a green promontory, on both sides of which the lava has plowed its way in awful torrents down the mountain. The story of how this miniature fortress was held by the heroes of science on the night of the 26th of April, 1872, with two torrents of fire rushing on and dividing at this point, causing a heat so great that the glass of the observatory windows was hot and crackling, and in the rooms was everywhere a smell of scorching, is one which cannot be read without quickening pulses and pride in the strength of human nature to resist and conquer. The mountain, according to the director of the observatory, Professor Palmieri, literally "sweated fire."

Even to-day the traces here of this tremendous eruption, ranking in terror and destructive fury with that of 79 A. D. which destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum, and with that of 1631 when the whole mountain seemed to spring into the air and sever streams of lava, engulfed cities and ran into the sea, whose waters boiled for days in consequence, are sublime to contemplate. The lava lies about in shapes that suggest the awful contortions of elements in the agony of supreme heat. No sign of plant life has yet appeared on this black waste. As we go higher the view of the bay and the cities below becomes enchantingly lovely. Soon the train pauses, and the passengers must foot it for some distance owing to the lava which overwhelmed the track in September of this year. Finally the cone of the crater is reached, where a different style of car is used for the final ascent, the so-called "funiculaire railway," operated by means of a cable. Another station and the final climb is made on foot to the opening of the crater. Here the ground is hot, and the ascent most arduous and slow on account of the ashes which give no solid footing. After fifteen minutes of painful toil, however, we stand looking into the sulphurous depths of Vesuvius. Every few minutes from within detonations are heard, as of vast quantities of gas exploding, and betimes the hot, thin crust beneath one's feet almost seems to give way. One would not care to linger long, even though San Gennaro himself were acting as guide at one's side. A glance on

either side, in the direction of the Herculaneum and of Pompeii, a thought of what was and is not, another awed glance ahead and we are plunging down the great upper cone, glad that we have beheld Vesuvius face to face and yet live.

G. E. HULT, Naples, Italy.

November 22, 1905.

My Exam.

DEAR text-books, now to you I say good-bye,
 For joyful classroom hours have swiftly passed,
 And that drear dreadful thing is come at last
 The very thought of which can make me sigh
 And push the trickling tear out from mine eye.
 O! curst, relentless, and austere exam!
 How many an hour for thee I'll have to cram
 That all my learning I may specify.
 When on the tick of twelve I roll in bunk,
 No peaceful sleep comes to my wearied brain;
 But all night long a vile hag cackles, "Flunk,"
 Until my fev'rish mind is half insane.
 And morn brings such a whirligig of thought
 That half I fear the furies have me caught.

P. W. H.

A Night in Little Russia

LITTLE Russia may not be shown on your map; therefore, I will tell you where it is. It is a Russian settlement in Morton County, N. D., about ten miles south and a little west of Mandan.

Travelers through that country are often forced to spend the night there. I had this misfortune and shall attempt to describe things as they appeared to me.

I picked out the best looking house in the neighborhood, a neatly painted mud one, and walked into the yard. There were no signs of life about, but suddenly the door opened a little and out rushed seven spotted dogs, two white pigs, an old hen with her brood, and three dirty white ducks, all singing their little songs and inviting me to dance. I was certainly "taken off my feet" by this reception. I dodged and kicked my way to the door where a bare footed woman, seven times as large as my grandmother, and four half naked children, all twins, stood staring at me, as though I was what I felt like. I had a hard time to make them understand what I wanted, but after I had tired myself out making motions, the woman nodded her head and said, "Oh! Jahie, jah jah."

She invited me in and I sat on the hen roast with my feet in the pig's trough while she scrambled some eggs and made some imitation coffee. I didn't eat much supper. A regular nightmare of pigs, dogs, chickens and

dirty "kids" kept dodging in and out of the door. They were all jealous of me: I had driven them from their beds.

The old Russian husband and father came in as I finished and spent the next two hours trying to make me understand that he wasn't a Russian but a German whose father had settled in Russia. He finally showed me to a Russian bed where I slept between two feather ticks and dreamed of white pigs with black Russian beards.

A. V. A.

Science Department

QUITE recently, Professor Ladd has returned from an extended trip throughout the East. The particular objective point was Washington, D. C., but New York, Chicago and other cities were visited. In Washington, he represented our college at the convention of agricultural colleges and experimental stations, also attending the meeting of the Association of Official Agricultural Chemists, and met in an assembly of consultation with food commissioners from the states of New York, Connecticut, Ohio, Kentucky, etc., those most prominent in the enforcing of pure food legislation. He was appointed by this assembly to act on committees, which presented to President Roosevelt and Secretary Wilson the views of the assembly regarding federal legislation on pure food. The President's message to congress, written since that time, contains a clause regarding this important subject. An item of Professor Ladd's trip was a stop of some time in New York City, where he made careful examinations of several important pieces of intricate apparatus which he is desirous of obtaining for increasing the efficiency of his department.

NEW pieces of apparatus are arriving from time to time, the latest thing being an expensive Doolittle Torsion Viscasimeter. This is the most perfect instrument of its kind, and will be used for establishing standards for some of the edible oils and fats.

PROFESSOR Kimberly is carrying on the analysis of numerous drug samples taken up over the state by Professor Ladd, embracing tinctures of iodine and opium, spirits of camphor, the ordinary witch-hazel, etc., as well as proprietary remedies, many unexpected and interesting facts are brought to light regarding these well-known drug preparations, and the worthlessness of many patent medicines is clearly shown.

THE department, through the influence of Professors Ladd, Kimberly and Holley, have recently received some very valuable and interesting donations for both exhibit and elustration purposes. Along the industrial line there have been received a complete line of color pigments from John Maswey & Son; an extensive list of varnishes and driers from the Atlantic Drier & Varnish Co., of Philadelphia; several samples of wood terpentine from L. J. Peterson & Co., Chicago; a complete assortment of graphite products from the celebrated Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., and also an exhibit of the products manufactured by the Picher Sublimed Lead Co. of Joplin, Me. The Pharmacy work will be much assisted by a splendid gift from Whitall Latum & Co., of Philadelphia, the largest dealer in glassware of the kind in the United States. The donation consists of one hundred recessed shelf bottles with glass labels which give the

prescription room a typical appearance. Other donations embrace a fine exhibit of alkaloids and alkaloidal salts from Merck & Co., cabinets of valuable materia medica specimens from Parke, Davis & Co., and from Leitheid Drug Co., each including about 300 nicely chosen samples, collections of specialty preparations from Reed & Carnick, Nelson, Baker & Co., Eli Lilly & Co., Eliel, Jerman Drug Co., and William S. Merrill & Co. The H. K. Mulford Co. is represented by an exhibit showing their antitoxins, the methods of preparing, packing, and also modes of administering. All of the donations received are of every practical value and add much to the efficiency of the work represented.

BULLETIN No 67 Paints and Paint Products by Professor E. F. Ladd and Professor C. D. Holley is attracting much attention, not only in this state but throughout the country, as it is the first comprehensive attempt to place before the public the complete analysis of many of the leading brands of ready mixed paints and to discuss the paint value of the different ingredients. In scarcely any other line of work has there been as little written or published, and as a result the general public has but little idea of the different things put into our modern paints and still less of the value of these different substances.

MISS Emily May and Mr. John Weaver will take up advanced work in Professor Ladd's private laboratory during the remainder of the year.

THE quantitative laboratory was a busy place during the holidays, several of the students taking advantage of the opportunity to take up some advanced work along commercial lines. Professor Holley and Mr. Martindale began an exhaustive study of the turpentines, turpentine substitutes and the turpentine Japans on the market; Mr. Orchard prepared several of the more difficult commercial organic preparations and Mr. Slingsby began the detailed analysis of several new milk products that have recently appeared on the market and for which some remarkable claims are being made.

OUR Pharmacy courses have been increased by the three months winter course and the number of applicants for this course is more than was expected. The laboratory and rooms although commodious will be well filled and will be one of the busiest places about the college. The boys are all here for a definite purpose and very few of them waste any time. All seem desirous of getting the most possible out of their work and success is sure to come to them. Several lines of Pharmacy, Prescriptive, Practice, Pharmacognacy, etc., will be carried on and Professor Kimberly will be very busy with the instructions. The analysis of drug samples will, however, be carried on as fully as time will permit.

DURING the holidays Professor Stallings spent ten days in Minneapolis and St. Paul gathering further ideas on the manufacture and analysis of flours and flour products. He did considerable work under Professor Snyder of the Minnesota Agricultural College and visited the large mills of the two cities, including Pillsburys the Consolidated and Washburn-Crosby. The trip was of great value to him and fits him well for the work he intends to do soon. This will consist of an extended investigation of flours and wheats.

Mr. Nickles will have charge of some laboratory classes this term, but will also continue his work in analysis of food products.

Athletics

WHAT will the year of 1906 bring us in the line of athletics? is the query that occupies the mind of every loyal adherent of the Argicultural College. It is with many hopes and expectations that we enter upon athletic contests in the new year. Among the first of these to be realized is our failure or success in basket ball. As success in basket ball does not altogether depend upon the ability and experience of the material at hand from which to build up a team, but also a great deal upon conscientious practice and devotion to work, we may hope to build up some very formidable teams. We are, nevertheless, fortunate in retaining several old players both in the boys' and in the girls' teams. Besides we have some very promising new players, several of whom have had considerable experience on High School teams. With these valuable acquisitions together with the number of experienced old players and efficient coaching, we hope to crowd ourselves to the front. Let us hope, then, that the annals of the year 1906 will reveal two championship teams with an illustrious career never yet surpassed in the history of the A. C.

BASKET BALL is a very appropriate college sport, an ideal game equally suited to both sexes. Besides giving excellent exercise to all parts of the body it develops speed and agility. It is a game that can be learned and played with considerable proficiency in a comparatively short time. It is, furthermore, a game that can be played equally well by the light, as well as the heavy man. Weight offers no natural advantage in basket ball as it does in foot ball. Besides being a fairer game, the former is also free from the objectionable roughness of the latter. From an ethical point of view, then, basket ball holds a high place among college sports and therefore should be encouraged and given a loyal support by all enthusiasts and athletic promoters.

OUR girls will make a race for the State Championship with flying colors. With their new unique suits of green with yellow trimmings and with the letters 'A. C.' on the left sleeve, they will make a novel appearance. Our girls always did have a great superfluity of college spirit, but they certainly hit the climax when they selected the college colors for their personal adornment.

From ten to fifteen girls report for practice on the days the drill hall is set apart for their use. Dr. Bell, who comes to us from Iowa, and is assistant professor in Biology, has been selected to coach the girls' team. He is very popular as a coach; he shows no partiality or favoritism. Every girl of athletic aspiration will be given a fair chance to make the team. Consequently whoever wins out will do so on her own merit and efficiency and not through favoritism. The competition for some of the positions, especially that of center, promises to be very keen and will be watched with considerable interest.

OUR prospects for a boys' team are very promising. With several old players and a few new acquisitions of varsity caliber, we hope to build up the strongest and fastest team in the history of the institution. We have at present some very good basket throwers, but few have not as yet developed any

team-work or uniformity of play which characterizes a winning team. Our boys are now working hard to attain this requisite, and will soon round out into a championship form.

THE basket ball schedule is not yet complete. Miss Lofthouse and Mr. Corbett, assistant managers of the girls' and the boys' teams respectively, are negotiating for games with several teams in the middle west. They have already secured dates with the two normal schools of the state and also with that of Moorhead. Our teams will get their first trip on Friday, January 12th, when they are to play a double header with the Valley City High School. We are anxiously awaiting the results of the first games, as the Valley City bunch are know to put up a good stiff article of basket ball.

DURING vacation the Drill Hall has been thoroughly renovated. The two center beams have been removed and replaced by iron braces. This improvement greatly facilitates throwing field baskets, and also the making of long passes. Portable seats will also be installed in the near future. Plans are being made to provide a seating capacity for 300 spectators. This is of great importance as all the home games will be played in the college armory, as there is no other suitable hall in the city. Fargo College and the High School have also made arrangement to use our armory for athletic purposes.

Sleep Sweetly

Sleep sweetly in this quiet room
O! thou who'er thou art
And let not mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy peaceful heart;
Nor let tomorrow scar thy rest
With dreams of coming ill,
Thy maker is thy changeless power,
His love surrounds thee still.
Forget thyself and all the world,
Put out each glowing light,
The stars are watching over head.
Sleep sweetly there, good night!

—Found in a Hotel Room.

Agricultural Notes

AGRICULTURAL Club No. 1 has inaugurated for its members a prize composition contest which is developing a great deal of interest. The object aimed at is to awaken livelier attention in matters pertaining to scientific agriculture and to foster and cultivate a spirit of friendly rivalry among the boys of the club. Such a contest can not help but be an incentive for better work in the classroom and tends to raise the standard of work done in the club. The following rules have been drawn up for the purpose of governing the contest:

1.—The essay shall deal with some agricultural subject; it must consist of at least one thousand words (1000), and its length shall not exceed fifteen hundred words (1500).

2.—Only members of the Agricultural Club in good standing are eligible to compete.

3.—Only those students who have taken work in the agricultural department of the college are eligible to compete.

4.—Juniors and seniors in the regular college course are barred from entering this contest.

5.—No student who wins a prize shall be eligible to compete in future annual contests.

6.—The first prize shall consist of a silver cup—value not to exceed five dollars—on which an appropriate inscription will be placed.

7.—A second prize will be offered, whose nature and value will be determined by the President and Secretary of the Club.

8.—There shall be at least six contestants for the above prizes.

9.—Those wishing to compete for the prizes must hand in their names to the secretary of the Club not later than the 20th of January.

10.—All papers must be in the hands of the Secretary of the Club on or before February 20th.

11.—The essays shall be typewritten and four copies of each shall be handed to the Secretary. No distinguishing marks by which the authorship of the essay may be inferred shall be permitted to appear on the paper.

12.—The President, Vice-president and Secretary of the Club shall form an executive committee who shall appoint judges and arrange all the details for the contest.

13.—The contest shall take place during the first week in March, at such a place and time as the executive committee shall designate.

14.—Six persons shall be chosen each year to act as judges of that year. They shall be divided into two equal sections A and B; the judges of section A to grade on composition and thought and the judges of section B to grade on the reading or delivery. Each judge shall grade on the basis of 100. The judges of section A shall be requested to give markings on thought and composition separately.

15.—The judges of section A shall be composed of the following persons: one judge from the agricultural faculty; a second judge from the English faculty; and a third judge who may be chosen at large.

16.—The gradings of each judge shall be taken and the papers placed in the order 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, the highest percentage being placed first, the next highest second and so on in consecutive order. The three placings for each

essay on thought are added together and the essay having the least total takes first place. The markings on composition and those on delivery are judged in like manner and the totals of these two latter gradings added together. These totals are placed in 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, order, the least sum total taking first place on composition and delivery. The placing of each paper on thought and the placing on composition and delivery are now added and the paper with the least grand total takes first prize. The paper having the next lowest total takes second prize.

17.—In case of a tie the paper receiving the highest grand total of percentages shall receive first prize.

18.—Any question which might arise, that do not come under the above rules, shall be decided by the executive committee.

THE Iowa Station has recently published a bulletin by Professor Pammel in which the writer discusses the economic value of quack grass. It is somewhat surprising to those acquainted with the weed that its ability to crowd out other plants can be put to good use. Quack-grass is being used to quite an extent on railroad embankments to check the wearing down of the soil. It is recommended for the sides of gullies to prevent washouts, and as it is really palatable to stock it may be grown for permanent pasture. This latter use will scarcely be a very popular one to those familiar with the wonderful tenacity of quack-grass to remain in the soil. This grass has also been used to good advantage to stop the devastating progress of shifting sands in many of the drier sections of Iowa.

EVERY member of the delegation of students which left Fargo to attend the International Live Stock Show, reports an excellent trip and the time well spent. The show was on a larger, more extended scale than ever before and fully satisfied the expectations of the record-breaking crowd present. The new coliseum proved to be wholly inadequate in size to hold the immense throngs of people who daily visit the show, besides viewing the exhibits of live stock and attending the daily programs, the boys took advantage of the opportunity to visit the great packing houses the stock yards, several of the more notable buildings in Chicago and the Zoological gardens at Lincoln Park. One feature of the show which was strictly a student affair but nevertheless attracted much attention was the annual convention of the American Federation of Students of Agriculture. This is an organization composed of agricultural students from the colleges of the central west and Ontario and meets yearly during the International Stock Show. A departure from the regular program was made this year when the delegates were banqueted on the evening of the 19th of December by the Federation. A short after dinner program was the happy climax of an enjoyable evening. The following speeches were given, the President of the Federation, Mr. Edgerton, introducing the speakers: "The International," Professor Brunett, Nebraska. "The College Professor," C. J. Tyrsell, North Dakota. "The Agricultural College Graduate as a Farmer," Professor C. F. Curtiss, Iowa. "The National Dairy Show," W. A. Peck, Minnesota. "The Guelph Graduate," J. Brecken, Ontario. "The Relations of the Agricultural Press to the Agricultural Student," DeWitte Wing, Breeder's Gazette, Chicago. "The College Paper," B. W. Crossley, Iowa. "The Domestic Science Graduate," C. A. Wilson, Michigan. "Topping the Market," Professor C. S. Plumb, Ohio.

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EDITORIAL

WHEN this issue reaches the reader the winter term will be well under way and the new students accustomed to their new environment. Judging from past winters we know the class rooms will be crowded to their utmost capacity and less than one-third will be able to crowd into the chapel during convocation exercises. For these reasons many of the students may not reap as much benefit from the instruction given as they otherwise would. But we are fully convinced that if the students will absorb and retain all they possibly can under the present conditions they will be amply rewarded for the time spent during the winter term. It will be almost impossible for the new students to become acquainted unless they take a personal part in the Literary society or in athletics, and we urge that they do so at once, not only for the acquaintance formed but for the benefits derived by taking an

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active part. It is also our hope that the Spectrum may be the means of bringing the students closer together by their writing for the Spectrum whatever may be of general interest. We solicit your aid.

UNDOUBTEDLY North Dakota was the youngest state in the union to enter stock in competition against the whole world at the great live stock show held in Chicago during the last days of the December. Mr. Fletcher, a breeder of short horn cattle of Matteson, North Dakota, not only had the grit to enter a bull calf for competition, but was able also to carry off the second prize. The honors won by Mr. Fletcher means much for North Dakota, and the breeders of state should raise their hats to him and encourage him in his zealous efforts to produce better stock.

THAT time and conditions are rapidly changing we are well aware. But one change that all American citizens are proud of is the prestige that the United States has gained in the last few years, with

foreign powers. Since the time of the complete destruction of the Spanish fleets in Manilla Bay and Santiago, foreign nations have realized that Uncle Sam must be respected, and above all, he was worthy of their respect. President Roosevelt's strong individuality and ability to cope with National questions successfully, and his action in procuring peace between Russia and Japan has again been an incentive for more recognition. It has been manifested in the notes of congratulations offered the President at various times by foreign powers.

Their latest appreciation to President Roosevelt and the United States is being shown by the wedding gifts to his daughter Alice, who will soon be married to Congressman Longworth of Ohio.

IS the United States becoming Europeanized? is a question frequently asked by many Americans. That the European population is flocking into the United States with a great rapidity is shown by the following statistics: From 1820 to the middle of 1904, 21,807,975 immigrants came to this country or an average of 261,173 per year. The real question of alarm is whether this large increase will gradually force upon the United States European habits and ideas, or whether their people will adopt themselves to American methods quickly enough to blot out and discard their mother habits. The best authorities on the matter assert that the latter is the case, and we have very little cause to fear, outside of the Chinese immigration, which was stopped a few years ago.

OUR new Carnegie Library building is completed and the library in the main building has been moved to its new quarters. Though the books are not all arranged permanently it

shows great improvement over the old cramped apartments. It is to be hoped that the additional reading rooms—well ventilated and equipped—will be an inducement to the students to do more outside reading. However, there is one draw back already noticeable, since the library was moved—namely—the lounging around in the main hall, for the want of a boy's reading room. It is almost an impossibility for the students to go over to the Library and back again for a few moments of spare time between classes. It is to be deplored that no room whatever was provided for the boys in the main building and consequently less blame can be attached to them hereafter for hanging around the hall during spare moments.

QUOTING the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, Michigan University ranks first in number of attendance. Harvard University second, and Minnesota University third, according to the records for the opening school year. Michigan has 4,049 students, a gain of 11 per cent over last year; Harvard, 3,865 students, a loss of 3 per cent over last year; Minnesota, 3,759 students, a gain of 4 per cent over last year. From the above data is seen that the western universities are increasing in attendance, while the eastern university is decreasing.

THE wisdom shown a few years ago by Prof. Carlton, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, and Prof. J. H. Shepperd, of this station, in urging the farmers of North Dakota to grow pure macaroni wheat, is now bearing fruit. Though the price of macaroni wheat has been very low in the past, the margin between macaroni wheat and No. 1 Northern is gradually closing in, as the methods of grinding become better known and the use of the flour more common among the people.

Local Happenings

The bookstore is doing a rushing business these days.

A Sophomore: "What kind of a bird is a porcupine?"

Miss Nichol spent the holidays at her home in Olewein, Iowa.

Professor Prichard going to breakfast: Gee, I forgot my wife!

Fred B. Heath joined the freshman class at the opening of the winter term.

W. L.—: I wish I was cross eyed; then I would make one smile do for two girls.

J. T. Weaver spent most of his holidays visiting friends at Buffalo, N. Dak.

Cupid fired a dart into the heart of a stately young Ash growing near a small Hill.

Miss Lofthouse says it is impossible to "hurry" the janitor and she ought to know if anyone does.

New Student in registrar's office: "I think I have a middle name but I have forgotten it."

Professor P. (in class): "What about thunder souring milk,"
Sattre: "It's a fake."

Rufus B. Lee, our genial cow-puncher has returned to the A. C. to complete the Agricultural course.

The Sophomore class in Chemistry

received a very instructive talk on diamonds last week. Evidently Professor Holley has done some studying in this line lately.

The many friends of Oscar Dahlgren were glad to hear of his marriage on December 23d to Miss Henretta Knaup.

Professor in bacteriology: "What is Anthrax called among the Germans."
J. A. S.: "It is given in the book."

New students coming up the walk to the main building: "Say! do you know where the A. C. professor lives?"

Miss Ida Smith of Buffalo, a former A. C. student, spent a few days last the college the first of the term.
And Weaver was happy.

Miss Tompson: Oh! I think Dr. Batt is the sweetest man that ever lived, I'll bet he can tell the names of the governors of every state in the Union.

Professor Dolve on going into his class room one morning found the following on the black board: "Goo, goo, at your baby and she will Goo, goo, back at you."

Miss Kathleen Rose, formerly a member of the class '07, was married to Mr. Twichler of Lucca on Thanksgiving day. She has the best wishes of her many A. C. friends.

Exams. are now over. Happy are the ones who did not receive a goose-egg. The Registrar began to learn what "the strenuous life" means during the opening days of this term.

Mr. Sattre is not only shining in society but in the realm of music as well. The way he handled the Baritone solos at the band concert was an agreeable surprise to everyone.

Professor sternly on Tuesday morning: "Have you been in class the last two weeks?"

Solsburg: "I wasn't here day before yesterday."

Professor Churchill spent his holidays at his home in Michigan in order to recuperate and gain a little additional strength before going before the farmers of North Dakota on the institute platform.

Miss May (in chemical laboratory): "Oh! what is in that bottle?"

Isn't it pretty?

And it smells so lovely.

Aha—a—ha, it tastes h-o-r-r-i-b-l-y.

Oh! my poor tongue."

Professor (in Arithmetic): "What is the taking of excessive interest called?"

Bright Student (after some hesitation): "Bigamy."

And the rest silently wondered at his knowledge.

George P. Grout, a graduate of the Dairy Department of the School of Agriculture of Minnesota, who was assistant dairyman there one year and who afterwards was traveling salesman for the U. S. Cream Separator Co., is now an instructor at the A. C.

Dr. Batt attended the Modern Language Association at Madison, Wis., which held its sessions from December 22 to 29. The Dr. reports very interesting meetings in which there were many valuable discussions and several heavy papers of a technical character.

Miss Rice: (during botany examination): "Epidermal tissue refers to plants, *don't it?*" Professor: "You can discuss it in animal if you like."

On Christmas afternoon at the home of the bride's parents, Professor Prichard was married to Miss Roberta VanHorn; the bride's father officiating. The Spectrum extends its hearty congratulations.

Profs. Bolley, Minard, Kimberly, Prichard, and Telleen spend most of their holidays hunting rabbits. After several days hard tramping through the soft snow combined with good generalship they succeeded in bringing home a cottontail and a pair of jack rabbits.

President Worst was to have welcomed the new students at the Y. M. C. A. meeting held in chapel January 4th but as he was called down town shortly before the opening of the meeting Dr. Batt generously consented to take the President's place. In spite of the fact that Professor Batt had practically no time for preparation he delivered an exceedingly clear address. He talked on the practical subject "Economy of Power."

The members of the Y. M. C. A. have been busy from the beginning of Christmas vacation up to this time. Through their efforts board and rooms have been secured for all the new students. During registration days and the first days of school Association boys have been stationed in the different buildings, where they have assisted the new students in finding their respective class-rooms. It is indeed encouraging to see how readily and gladly the boys give up their own time to help others. This is right. This is in the proper Y. M. C. A. spirit.

Our Exchange Table

A HAPPY New Year to all our Exchanges! Most of our last month's exchanges donned gala attire and appeared in new and attractive Christmas covers. Many Christmas stories are found and football, too, is an absorbing topic. Cuts of the various football teams occupy prominent places within the covers and long stories of great victories with splendid scores are found scattered all through the pages.

THE Kansas Agricultural College has a large number of students enrolled. In its paper, "The Industrialist" is the complete rostrum of the students. This paper contains a good essay on "Bands."

FROM Canada comes a bright, interesting paper, the "Vax Wesleyana." It also contains a very good essay on "The Coming Western Canadian," which shows the splendid opportunities young men and women of the western lands have for the upbuilding of a great nation. The poem, "The Two Angels" contains a new, yet beautiful idea.

JUST now Football seems to be talked of everywhere. East, West, North and South, the epidemic seems to have spread. But certainly no one ever thought of football in the Universe, with a satellite for a football and the Big Dipper and Orion as opposing teams? Still, there is just such an imaginative situation to be found in the Phrem Cosmian for December. "An Ancient Football Game," the story is called and it is certainly as wholly startling as it is ancient.

OUR South Dakota Friend "The Yankton Student" is an attractive paper. The life of that college seems strong, judging by the number of societies and the interest evinced in them. A good story is found in the December issue, called "Jack Saunders Christmas." This story is longer than most, in college exchanges, yet the interest is well sustained and we are glad that Jack "turns over a new leaf."

THE Lake Breeze as its name suggests is a breezy little paper, witty and well gotten up in all its different departments. "The First Christmas Tree" and "Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot" are two very interesting Christmas Stories.

EXCHANGE editors are much pleased with the exchanges in the last "College Chips." They contain some good thoughts for exchange editors. The article on the benefits derived from the small colleges as compared with these of the larger institutions of learning brings out a number of good points in favor of the small colleges. In the small colleges the students lay a firm foundation by learning how to study, think, and acquire proper respect for thoroughness and accuracy which become important factors in his future success. Besides laying a firm foundation the small colleges afford the benefit of personal aid from the professors which is impossible in the universities. The article further shows that although the small colleges is more beneficial in many ways to the student yet the large colleges enlightens and develops the student's mind.