

The Spectrum

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A Ride Through the Bad Lands

IT WILL do no harm if we lay aside our work for a few minutes, let our imagination loose, and go out west to a little town called Elbowoods, which lies on the bank of the river which is famous for the muddiness of its water, the Missouri. It is a fine June day. There is hardly a cloud in the sky and a gentle breeze from the west causes the prairie to look like a waving sea of deep green. I have always thought since I moved out to the western prairies that the grass was greener there in the spring than it is in the east. I suppose this is because the greenness fades so early. It hardly lasts until the first of July and then the grass ripens and turns brown, as though it had been blighted by frost. Still it may not all be a delusion, for the stockmen of the country claim that the buffalo-grass that grows here is second to none in quality.

I am sure you would all be glad to go for a ride on such a day as this, but where shall we go? It is always well, even in pleasure, to know just what we intend to do. There is one place that everybody who comes here wishes to see, and that is the Bad Lands. The dry old geography inspired us with a desire to see them long ago, but I don't believe it was the description that gave us the desire; it was the pictures. Pictures are much better than poor descriptions, but what is best of all, is to see things as they are; to see not the mere outline, but the color, the grass, the flowers, the springs and rivulets as they trickle over the ground.

Now as we have decided where we are to go, we will start at once. We can see the hills in the distance. A reddish layer of earth that is exposed on the bare sides of the hills make them very noticeable. As we get near we can see that the layers have three different colors. Of the other two, one is an ashy gray clay and the other is black. This latter layer is coal. We are now in the Bad Lands. And "bad land" it is, as it is barren, being covered with sage brush and cactus. The smaller "buttes" (that is what all hills are called here) have the shape of cones and pyramids and to me look like huge piles of ashes. Let us get off and walk around the foot of one of these buttes. There is little grass here, and what there is seems to be almost choked out by cactus; but one thing is found in this barren place that we should expect to find any place but here. Right on the side of the butte, where even cactus does not venture to climb, grows one of the most beautiful white flowers, the delicate primrose.

While we are standing at the foot of this butte we may be wondering how this marvelous landscape came to be made this way. Let us look closely at the side of this butte. We can see that the rain in washing down the side has worn it so that it looks like a model map of some river system. We shall imagine it is raining and we can see thousands of little streams running down the side of the butte. At the foot of the hill they gather into large channels

and run down into a creek that trickles along in a little valley below. Could it be that this process, which has been going on for hundreds and thousands of years, has gradually worn away the land until it has come to look as it does? But we must go on, for it is getting late.

Our ride will take us right into the heart of the Bad Lands. Here we shall find that the land is not all barren, for here and there down between grass-covered hills are some of the most beautiful valleys. Standing on the top of the hill you see a partly wooded valley with a little stream flowing in the center, while at the farther end we can catch a glimpse of the waters of the old muddy Missouri.

The sun is now getting low and we shall return home through trees by the river; for it is always delightful to ride through the trees in summer, especially in the evening when it is growing cool and the air is still and sweet.—L. T.

A Free Lunch

WEARY WILKINS was not an ordinary hobo; he was a gentleman hobo, as he expressed it. It is well to bear in mind that there is a difference between a common hobo who goes through life attired in any old rag he can find, with a crooked stick over one shoulder from which dangles a rusty tomato-can, and the gentleman hobo who is fairly decently dressed and who relies on a fertile brain rather than back door "hand-outs."

Weary Wilkins was his name, or at least that is what his particular friends called him. (He was given other names in the police courts and still others by his enemies.) His dark brown suit was rather shiny and the creases were long since gone from the trousers, but on the whole it presented the appearance of belonging to a respectable laborer. The vest was lacking and Weary had forgotten to procure a collar when he got the stiff white shirt which he wore. Perhaps this was because there were no collars on the clothes line when Weary took a sudden liking to the shirt.

According to the description in a certain volume kept at police headquarters, Weary was a man of about twenty-five or thirty, with black hair and beard, and stood five feet ten inches from the ground up.

He had arrived in Chicago at six o'clock Wednesday evening. He didn't just remember the name of the road he had patronized, but he came in a private car; so the name of the company didn't really make much difference. He was now standing in the door of a State Street saloon, soliloquizing on his next move. The two great questions which confronted him were: "Where can I get something to eat?" and "What can I do to get it?" Weary hadn't seen a square meal for two whole days and his stomach told him that these questions should be answered immediately, but he was financially incapacitated, and a person's stomach is a poor adviser when that person is in a strange city with but two cents and a collar button as assets.

Suddenly he was seized with a bright idea, one so forcible that it almost made him yell with delight, but he knew better than to express his feelings that way, because the blue-coated policeman on the corner might take it into his head to investigate the source of the disturbance and Weary wasn't anxious to make any new acquaintances just at present. He revolved this idea in his

mind, and after he had made several resolutions, he came to a conclusion. The conclusion must have been a happy one, for Weary grinned from ear to ear and began brushing his slouch hat on his coat sleeve and buttoning up the brown coat. He buttoned the coat tight up under his chin so as to conceal his lack of collar, vest, and tie, and then prepared to "beard the lion in his den."

His first move after leaving the saloon was to hunt up a respectable restaurant. Having discovered the object of his quest, he pulled the slouch hat low over his eyes and boldly stepped in. He hung his hat on a hook, took a seat at a small table in the darkest corner in the room, and commenced an interesting study of the menu. A waiter came to take his order.

"I don't think I care for game," said Weary, "but you may bring me a large porterhouse steak, about an inch thick and nice and rare in the middle, also some raw oysters, sweet potatoes, rolls and a cup of strong coffee."

The waiter hastened away with the order and Weary sat alone at the table and smiled complacently to himself. The waiter soon returned with Weary's order on a large tray, arranged the dishes on the table, and again withdrew. Weary went to work with a will and for the next half hour he enjoyed himself as never before.

When he had finished the first course he prepared for the second. This time he ordered plum pudding with brandy sauce, a bottle of champagne, and two fifty cent cigars. At the mention of champagne and cigars the waiter looked at Weary suspiciously and remarked that champagne was very expensive.

"That's all right," said Weary, "you ain't paying for it, are you?"

Thus assured, the waiter again filled his order, but when he came to the cigars he looked intently at Weary and said he would have to go to the office to get them. He walked across the room and soon Weary saw him in earnest conversation with a man whom he took to be the manager. The conversation was punctuated with many glances at the table where Weary sat and it made him feel rather uneasy. He had finished the pudding and made good progress with the champagne, however, when the manager walked over and asked him if he was sure he was able to pay the bill.

"What's the tax?" he asked the manager.

"Three dollars and fifty cents."

"But where are my cigars?" he replied.

The manager didn't seem to think his question had been satisfactorily answered and motioned toward the door where a policeman was standing. The officer walked over and was about to take charge of poor Weary when Weary recognized him and exclaimed:

"Hello, Rafferty! I didn't know you was on the police force."

"Sure, and its Weary Wilkins. Come along, me boy, and you'll get free lodgin' again tonight."

"Is the man unable to pay his bill, officer?" asked the manager.

"Begorra, and if stameboats were sellin' at a quarther a dozen, he hasn't got the price av a gang-plank."

When Weary and the officer were out on the street on their way to the station, Weary clapped him on the back and said:

"Rafferty, that was a fine supper, and now for a good bed in the station, but I wish they'd brought me the cigars before you came in."

"So do I," said Rafferty, "and I'd have helped you smoke 'em."

A Bachelor's Soliloquy

When I was a boy,
 I thought of the joy
 That married life would bring;
 And how I did long
 For the girl and her song
 And the evening in the swing.

My joy was complete:
 I ne'er dreamt of defeat,
 Never let her out of my sight.
 I thought she was mine,
 Naught between us but time,
 'Till she turned me down one night.

I saw my mistake
 Alas, 'twas too late,
 That turn down cut me like sin,
 But the wound quickly healed
 And the scab from it peeled
 I swore ne'er to get caught again.

I now live in peace,
 A hundred year lease
 On a bachelor's quarters have I.
 This Elton keeps neat,
 And here I retreat
 From the girls with the dreamy eye.

Just a little retreat
 Where I lounge and sleep,
 But, boys, it is better by far
 Than to live with a wife
 Who pesters your life
 And robs you of every cigar.

Yet, boys, just a word
 Don't think me absurd—
 The grub is not always the best.
 So if you can win
 And you've got the tin,
 Well—marry and go to your nest.

—C. H. C.

Y. M. C. A.

THERE is every reason for believing that this year is going to be a year of special activities within the Y. M. C. A. To be sure, much has not been accomplished, but the strong interest shown by old as well as new members in Y. M. C. A. work, together with the hearty support which the Association is receiving from the members of our faculty, seems to justify the prophecy that this year will be an "annus mirabilis" for the Young Men's Christian Association of the college.

At the last Y. M. C. A. meeting Prof. Minard addressed a comparatively large audience on the subject, "Why a College Man Should Study the Bible." The boys listened in deepest silence to the excellent lecture and as a result of this address three Bible classes have since been organized. One of these classes meets every Saturday with Mr. Minard as a teacher; the other two, taught by Drs. Telleen and Bell respectively, meet on Sunday forenoons. The subject studied in these classes is the life of Christ, Bosworth's "Studies in the Life of Jesus Christ" being used as text.

The Association is to be highly congratulated on having such men at the head of the Bible work. Prof. Minard, whose work has become indispensable to the Bible class he taught last year, has had his training at Harvard. Dr. Telleen comes from the Y. M. C. A. at Yale, which is known to have the most active Young Men's Christian Association in America, and Dr. Bell brings with him the enthusiasm of the Middle West movement, the leading factor in which is Iowa, his native state, with its Iowa University, where over 600 men studied the Bible last year. These men have brought with them the Y. M. C. A. spirit of their colleges, and through their efforts the Bible work of this institution must necessarily prosper. By having these able men, who are eager to do all they can for our Association, a golden opportunity is opened for every man in college to become acquainted with the Book of Books, and learn to know the Most Perfect of Men.

Mr. Kennedy, the Interstate Y. M. C. A. Secretary of North and South Dakota, has recently visited the college. He was all aglow with enthusiasm from the success which the Y. M. C. A. work is having down at our sister college at Brookings. He came here to go over the coming year's work with the different members of the cabinet. According to Mr. Kennedy, there will be held a Y. M. C. A. Convention at Grand Forks after Christmas. Among the speakers at that Convention will be Mr. Henry, one of the very best Y. M. C. A. men of the United States. Mr. Kennedy believes it is possible to have this man remain at our institution for a few days, and if this can be arranged we shall be fortunate indeed.

So then a year of most excellent opportunities is opening for the Young Men's Christian Association of our institution and all men should join.

Truth is the summit of being; Justice is the application of it to affairs.—*Emerson.*

Science Department

THE WORK AND PROGRESS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF BIOLOGY

IN THE study of nature, matters do not seem to have been especially arranged for the benefit of man. He has become what he is, intelligent, chiefly because of the action of physical forces upon him and because of the natural reaction of similar forces within him. His intelligence has come as a natural development or survival. Having intelligence, in proportion to his ability, man has put himself to the task of systematizing the facts with which that intelligence is concerned, in order that he may better survive and deal with the powers about him. After this manner have arisen the great interlocking sciences, with their subordinate and co-ordinating branches, systematizing into one great whole the facts composing the unitary law of the universe.

Of these related sciences the most general, perhaps, is that of biology dealing with life in general and in detail. Each plant lives because it can; so also with the animal, and with man, the master-animal. The How and Why of life in its various phases: these are the problems of biology. These problems in varied phases and sub-phases concern the life and work of every man. How may each spark of life in plant, in animal, and in man, be best aided to serve its purposes, or at least such purposes that, when its work is accomplished, it shall be done to the benefit of man, constitutes the great and ever present question. Because of this, there are great departments for the special study of the science of life, biology, in all schools of learning. These departments are, or should be, closely affiliated with the working departments of the other great and specialized sciences of physics and chemistry.

The authorities of the North Dakota Agricultural College have, from the first, given a prominent share of their attention to this department of study in the college. Since the opening of the institution, Oct. 15, 1890, it has been a constant aim to place this department on such plane of efficiency that its graduated students should not only be abreast with those from similar departments in the best state colleges and universities, but shall be conversant with those features of life which have direct application to the life work of the students concerned.

A large room, 34x34, is equipped for experiment station work, bacteriological, and plant pathological student work. A similar large room is used for a botanical laboratory. It faces south and west, and accommodates the work in general botany and plant physiology. There is also a preparation room for animal anatomy and histology, and a large laboratory for the work in zoology and general biology. The rooms intended for the regular experimental laboratory, general lecture room, the herbarium, and other offices, are now occupied by the departments of horticulture and mathematics. When the north wings of Science Hall are finally constructed, these rooms will be available to this department, and were constructed with this point in view, so that there will be no need of any material changes in order to complete the system of laboratories and lecture rooms for the biological work. When the main structure of Science Hall is erected, a large general museum will furnish available storage room for the numerous valuable specimens which are gradually accumulating. Each

laboratory is provided with complete and suitable store rooms, and the various pieces of permanent apparatus and appliances necessary for class work.

Leading from the general biological laboratory, there is a class entrance way to the new plant house, lately erected for the student and experimental work of this department. This is a small but compact greenhouse of the finest finish, so divided into sections as to allow the best possible utilization of space for the experimental work of the department, and yet be directly available for class work. This close association of the plant house with the laboratories will greatly facilitate the work of biology during the long winter months. Aside from the regular plant bed, upon which will be grown all the various and special types of plants which are most suitable for illustrative purposes, and for class investigation, there will be a full equipment of the latest seed testing appliances, and a room set apart especially for plant diseases. There are also a number of large aquaria provided for the culture of water plants, algae, and small aquatic animals to facilitate the work in zoology and general biology.

Besides the general lines of instruction, the department has always carried on an extended line of instruction for farmers by correspondence, and farmers' institutes. The experimental division has aimed to gain such facts about plant life as shall be of actual application upon the farm, attempting to aid the farmers of the state to understand how plants grow, to gain an underlying knowledge of the principles of plant life which affect farm operations, and especially to aid farmers in arriving at means of combating those diseases which directly attack farm crops.

At present the Experiment Station and Teaching Staff consists of Professors H. L. Bolley, F. J. Pritchard, and W. B. Bell, and one scholarship student, Mr. D. Glomset.

Prof. Pritchard's work is chiefly concerned with teaching in bacteriology and plant pathology. Prof. Bell has charge of the teaching in zoology, general biology, and physiology. He will also aid in perfecting the plant and animal survey of the state, on which the department has been at work for a number of years. Prof. Bolley's time is chiefly given to the oversight of the general work of the department, carrying out the Experiment Station work, and instruction in botany.

The chief lines of experimental investigation now running lie along the lines of plant breeding to escape the diseases of farm crops and the study of other means of controlling or combating plant diseases. Extensive studies are made upon the question of what fungus diseases infest agricultural soils.

Much new equipment is added to the department from year to year and the work of the Experiment Station furnishes much material for aiding the work of instruction. There are now open to students a complete course in the following lines. General Biology, Plant Morphology, Plant Physiology, Plant Pathology, Plant Classification, and General Bacteriology. Under animal work: Animal Morphology, Human Physiology, Normal Anatomy, and Comparative Anatomy and the Classification of Vertebrates and Invertebrates. A course is also offered in embryology.

Associating his work with physics and chemistry or agriculture, as his interests may especially direct, the student may thoroughly prepare himself for any of the following lines: teacher of biological branches, Experiment Station investigation, or for entrance to the best medical colleges. The aim of the instruction is to aid the student to independence in research, and thought. Every effort is made to facilitate that end.

Agricultural Notes

PROF. RICHARDS was kept exceedingly busy for a few days prior to Nov. 8th, arranging for the big Live Stock Sale which took place in the college pavilion on that date.

A carload of typical range steers, from one to two years old, have been secured by Prof. Richards for trial feeding purposes. The steers are all high-grade animals and represent three of the well-known beef breeds, the Shorthorn, the Herefords and the Aberdeen-Angus. The animals will be divided into two lots, each lot being represented by the several breeds, and a different system of feeding followed in each lot. The grain ration will consist of corn and bran for one lot, and wheat and bran for the other. This trial will be carried on primarily for the purpose of testing the practical feeding value of the poor grade of wheat which has been so abundant in the Red River Valley the past two seasons.

Every student interested in live stock should make it a point to visit the cattle barn and see "Bob," the grade Shorthorn steer, weighing 1200 at eighteen months old, and of that low, broad, compact type so desirable in a beef animal. This steer is indeed a triumph of the feeder's. Mr. Lanxon, the station herdsman, under whose special care the animal has been, is very proud of him and believes he has a steer worthy of being a winner in the fat classes at the International Stock Show.

The Department of Agronomy has gathered and prepared for exhibition samples of many kinds of weeds, tame grasses and grains. These samples have been tied on cardboard with ribbons, and a whole set, which consists of about thirty varieties, will, so far as possible, be sent to each of the public schools in the state, with the compliments of the Agricultural College. These samples should prove invaluable to any teachers as an aid in presenting to young people the subject of elementary agriculture.

Owing to the frost holding off so long, the corn on the experiment station has fully matured and a splendid crop of well filled ears was obtained. A glance at the station corn crib will convince any sceptic that when the problem of earlier maturing varieties of corn has been fully solved, North Dakota will stand second to none in the production of that great staple product.

A course in judging cereals is being given to the short-year course men. This course consists of practice in judging corn, wheat, oats, barley, flax and grass seeds according to market and variety standards of excellence. The student is taught how to select desirable breeding types and required to be able to distinguish readily between the different varieties of the Northern grown cereals.

During the past two or three years the growing popularity of the four year course in agriculture among the members of the incoming freshman class has been the subject of much favorable comment. This school year has been no exception, a larger proportion than ever of the first year men taking this course. The practical value of an education which broadens one's field of activity and at the same time gives splendid opportunities for advancement along the various

lines of work in agriculture, is coming to be more fully realized by our students. Without a doubt, this tendency on the part of the boys is a move in the right direction.

Dr. Van Es has an interesting case at present of a horse supposed to be afflicted with the so-called "swamp fever." A marked rise in the body temperature, together with a stupid appearance and a wobbling gait, are external characteristics of this disease. A rapid breaking down of the red blood corpuscles, probably by some protozoan form of bacterium, is one of the features of swamp fever. This disease is fatal to horses and, as yet, very little original investigation has been carried on regarding its history and etiology.

Harvesting and threshing on the station was much delayed this fall by the rains, and on the whole the yield has been light. Owing to the excessive rainfall it was impossible to run an ordinary harvester on the fields, most of the grain being cut by means of a binder mounted on trucks, and the cutting and binding attachment operated by a gasoline engine.

An exceedingly interesting experiment was tried this summer in the plant breeding department. Some Minnesota King corn, eleven years old, was planted last spring in the nursery. Its extreme viability was plainly shown when it sprouted and produced an excellent crop of ears which reached maturity.

Prof. McDowell returned last week from Bathgate, N. D., where he had been asked to address the Pembina County Teachers' Convention in regard to the new correspondence course soon to be launched by the Agricultural Department of this college. The aim in this course is to present the subject of elementary agriculture to those who cannot spare the time or money necessary to take up such a course of study at the Agricultural College, and to fit especially the rural teachers by some protozoan form of bacterium, is one of the features of swamp fever. This disease is fatal to horses and, as yet, very little original investigation has been carried on regarding its history and etiology.

The Agricultural Club held its first meeting of the year Friday night, Nov. 3d. Prof. Richards, who has always been an ardent supporter of the club, gave the boys a short talk on the benefits to be derived by the student from an organization of this sort. Practice in public speaking—the power to express his ideas before an audience, and the ability to think while on his feet—every student may acquire in time if he enters into the club's activities with the right spirit. The executive ability of a student may be developed by associating himself with the various committees, or performing the functions of an officer. A knowledge of parliamentary law may be acquired by attending the meetings, as one of the avowed purposes of the club is to put into practice such rules of order. As an Agricultural Club, however, its main functions should be the dissemination of ideas in relation to practical agriculture. Where the membership of the club is made up of students from various parts of the state, living under vastly different conditions and methods of farming, this association of ideas cannot help but be productive of good results to each and every member. The speaker, when closing, especially urged the soliciting of new members, as every man in college interested in agriculture should join. A sort of a "testimonial" meeting now followed, many of the older students being called on for a short talk. Much enthusiasm was aroused and the present indications point to a larger and stronger club than ever before.

Athletics

BRACE up, or we shall go to the dust, is the watchword on the athletic field nowadays. More ginger and speed is wanted. The general criticism of the football fans is: "The team is too slow and lacks in aggressiveness and team work." Coach Marshall is on to the faults of his men, and is drilling his squad for more speed and precision. The men are being taught to line up quickly and to get off with a dash when the ball is put into play. More speed then, and better team work are the needs in view at present.

While developing a better form has occupied a large part of the afternoon practice, other essential things have not been neglected. New plays have been devised and perfected. A stronger defense and a more effective offense have been inculcated. The team has already improved a great deal in these respects; but the proverbial saying that there is always room for more, holds good in this instance also.

On account of there being so many crippled and disabled men on the football list, numerous changes in the regular lineup have become necessary. Allen and Wambem have been out of the game ever since the contest with the U. N. D.; the former having been laid up with rheumatic fever, the latter with a lame knee. Sattre, who was doing such fine work at half, has been operated on for appendicitis, and will consequently be out of the game for the rest of the season. Clement, a new acquisition, is filling Sattre's place at half; Carpenter is handling the pigskin at quarter; Gratiias has been shifted from the guard to the tackle position; while Dolve and Mainwarring are alternating in filling the gap at guard. The latter is a verdant but an aggressive player. Fred Birch has been nursing a bruised arm, but he has shown a game spirit and reported for practice every day.

Several old time stars have been out watching the practice work and the development of the football squad. Among those that have visited the campus we can mention Art Fowler, Jimmy McGuigan and Gilbert Bagley, who has lately joined the benedicts. "Dick" Richardson, a Wisconsin man, has been out almost daily, assisting Marshall in coaching the line. He has given special attention to the guard and tackle positions. He has shown the big fellows how to block, break through, and tear up a play while it is in its embryo stage. He has also aided in developing an irresistible guard play that might be used with great success in a tight pinch.

N. D. A. C., 0; MINNESOTA FRESHMEN, 5

The Farmers were given a treat on October 14th when they were permitted to enter Northrop Field, the scene of so many gridiron battles, to participate in a game of football. This was the first real game of the season for our boys. They realized what it means to start right, and, consequently they played like demons, easily outclassing their opponents in the first half.

In the second half, however, the "Freshies" got their second wind and aided by a new backfield, forced the Dakotans back for the only touchdown of the game. A trial at an easy goal failed. After the solitary touchdown our boys took a decided brace and the remainder of the game was fought on even terms. On a small scale this was a miniature representation of the famous

Michigan-Minnesota contest of two years ago. Two more evenly matched teams could hardly have been found. Punts were exchanged with great frequency. Birch outpunted his man, but the Freshmen had a shade the better of the contest in carrying back the ball.

Time of halves: 25 minutes. Officials: Webster, referee; Bird, umpire.

N. D. A. C., 5; U. N. D., 23

The A. C. team, accompanied by the College band and 150 enthusiastic rooters, boarded a special train on October 21st and took in the city of Grand Forks with cheers and flying banners. The score does not tell the whole story. Each team secured a touchdown in the first half and honors were about equally divided. In the second half, however, the Farmers went down to defeat under the hands and feet of the heavier and better seasoned opponents. But the stubborn defense of the green and yellow, and their gameness to the finish, made this contest one of the most interesting games that was even played in the Flickertail State. Over a thousand people witnessed the clash between the two leading institutions of the state, thus proving the growing popularity of this manly sport and that our state is fast coming up to the standard in college athletics. Although our boys were defeated, our little band of rooters never faltered. They cheered lustily for their warriors until the final whistle blew, announcing that the famous game was over.

This game is now history; but the two institutions meet to try conclusions for athletic supremacy again November 18th, on Fargo grounds. Our ambition is now to redeem ourselves and, if possible, reverse the above score.

Time of halves: 35 minutes. Officials: Grogan, referee; Thorson, umpire.

N. D. A. C., 0; LAWRENCE, 5

The stalwart youths of Appleton, Wis., proved themselves a formidable foe. We had had much respect for this bunch as we knew some of their past powers. We knew that they held Chicago down to 34 points in two twenty-five minute halves; and we also knew that Minnesota only scored two touchdowns on them in the first half. We had expected a heavy aggregation, but it developed that as to weight we met them on equal terms.

The visitors won the toss and chose to defend the south goal. By a series of line plunges on tackles and shift plays they carried the ball up the field for a touchdown, before the locals could solve how to break up the terrible attacks on tackles.

After having been scored on, Capt. Oswald got his team into the game harder and with telling effect. Twice the Farmers carried the ball the entire length of the field to within the opponents' 5 yard line, only to lose it on fumbles. With fumbling eliminated the Farmers should have won by two touchdowns, as they outplayed their opponents in the last half.

The interference of the visitors was the best seen on the local gridiron this year; their team work was superb, every man being in every play. But, in spite of these superiorities, the Farmers played a stronger game and should have won had it not been for those unfortunate fumbles. This game, indeed, proved the maxim that "a man's value to the team varies inversely as the square of his distance from the ball." It also revealed the fact that we must develop more concerted energy and better team work.

Length of halves: 25 minutes. Officials: Grogan, referee; Maloney, umpire.

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EDITORIAL

THE first issue of THE SPECTRUM was unavoidably delayed a few days, through failure to get the advertising material into form. But it will be our endeavor hereafter to have it in the hands of its readers on time. So far student subscriptions have been very meagre. We are facing the same obstacle that has confronted THE SPECTRUM in former years, namely, the lack of student confidence and support. Why it must be so, we cannot explain, as it is purely and simply a student paper, published by and for the student body. One young philosopher intimated that THE SPECTRUM was published simply as a graft to get the students' "spending money," and for that reason he would not subscribe. If that student would be willing to examine THE SPECTRUM cash book, he would be startled enough to make another guess.

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SOCIAL functions given by the different literary societies and clubs during the school year represent a very important phase of college life, as they are the means of bringing about closer fellowship among the students. They are among the potent factors in developing a healthy college spirit, which means so much for the life and progress of any institution. There is nothing appreciated so much by a new student when entering upon his college career, (many of whom are leaving home for the first time) as to be welcomed by the older students to take part in the different college, class and literary doings. We wish that more such entertainments as those given by the Athenian Literary Society, the Y. M. C. A. and the Edith Hill Club at the beginning of the school year, will be repeated at different times during the year.

IT IS reported, that all over the grain-growing section of North Dakota, thousands of bushels of grain are heaped up in piles and in small bins, with no covering but the starry sky. The farmers are patiently waiting for

the railroad company to take a generous streak and haul it to its destination. The companies intimate that they are unable to haul the cars to market, unload, and return the empty cars in time to satisfy the demand. Be that as it may, it is self-evident at times, that the companies do not accommodate the farmers as they could, unless they are forced to do so by a competing road. Some legislation should be instituted that would give the farmers a better opportunity of procuring cars when needed and force the companies to haul them to market within a reasonable time.

WHILE nations continue to fight each other with pen and sword, there seems to be a universal expression of hope that peace may reign supreme, that the horrors of war may be preceded by international peace. The first large effort in this line was made Oct. 12th, 1891, when four hundred representatives of peace met at Philadelphia, in the same room where the Declaration of Independence was signed. Their object was to formulate principles of arbitration that would be acceptable to all nations and respected by them. It was suggested during this conference that a banner should be chosen to represent the cause of universal peace and to float over the Court of Arbitration while in session in the peace palace at the Hague. The design adopted was the flag of each nation set in a white boarder and the words "Peace for All Nations" in large letters on the top of the flag. It is to be hoped for the sake of humanity, that their efforts will not be in vain.

A LETTER from the former editor of THE SPECTRUM, our genial college poet and drama writer, Adolph Mikkelson, states that he is located at Devils Lake, N. D., and connected

with the Farmers Grain and Shipping Company. From the tone of his letter we know that "Mike" is longing to be back again with his college "pals." He asks that THE SPECTRUM be sent him another year to sooth his aching heart. THE SPECTRUM appreciated Mike's letter and is glad to know that he is prospering. It also wishes that more of the A. C. Alumni would let themselves be heard from.

THE laying of the pipes from the city gas main to the college laboratories has been completed. This arrangement will be a vast improvement over the old method of having a gas machine under each building to manufacture a supply, which never could be depended upon.

THE game between the U. of N. D. and the A. C. at Grand Forks, on Oct. 21st, is now a matter of history. Though the A. C. team was outclassed in weight and team work and saw defeat staring them in the face, they never showed a white feather from the time they trotted out on the field until the game was over. We congratulate the University upon their team, but regret that such acts of rowdyism as were shown by a few of the University students in the streets of Grand Forks after the game, in attacking the band as they were peaceably marching down the streets, should have taken place, to mar the good-natured retorts exchanged during the game.

THE present strikes and upheavals in Russia are undoubtedly the awakening of the laboring classes to their deplorable conditions, and to their strength in unity. They are clamoring for more freedom and the great Russian diplomat, M. Witte, has advised the Czar that it must come or there will be a revolution such as Russia has never seen.

Local Happenings

Ask Miss May what she intends to cultivate next.

Mr. Clement has been laid up with a bad cold for the past week.

Prof. Householder saw his future wife at the reception.

The students are all glad to see Prof. Minard "out" again.

The girls have organized a Bible class. May the good work prosper.

The latest fad among the girls is to trade dresses. This is rather confusing at times.

A few of the girls enjoyed (?) the afternoon performance of "The Girl From Sweden."

Lost—About ten voices in Grand Forks. The finder will please return to owners and receive reward.

Charles Van Horn is at college again after a successful summer as a farmer.

The girls are playing basketball. With the good material on hand, the season ought to be successful.

The chemistry classes won't know how to conduct themselves now that they have elbow room.

Mr. Sattre, who has had an operation for appendicitis, is convalescing.

Things must be serious. Pearl was heard talking about "Mamma May."

At the Lawrence-A. C. game Miss Seneco was heard to ask, "Who is the Lawrence boy, anyway?"

The Sophomore Chemistry class moved into the new laboratory Friday, Nov. 3rd.

Prof. H: What is a demagogue?
Mr. Mercer: A low order of Democrat.

Wanted—Someone to hold down the hands of the High School students while in class.

Isn't it queer that one of our grave and dinified Seniors has the reputation of being a "great old sport?"

The Misses Reid and Nichol are running a hand laundry. Orders taken at the office.

Prof. Bolley to J. A. S., who has just returned: Hie there! How big are your feet?

Thysell: Did you see those Normal girls in chapel? I had a knockdown to every one of them.

Adolph Wiesbach has returned to college and has registered as a freshman in the Agricultural Course.

The many friends of Miss Clara Kirk will regret to hear that she has decided not to attend college this term on account of ill health.

Attention, girls! Shoulders back, heads up, heels together, toes out at an angle of 45 degrees and don't be vulgar.

About three hundred students are now enrolled in the A. C., the largest attendance of any fall term in the history of the institution.

Mr. Westergaard: Well! I've got the last A. C. girl on my proscribed list. Guess I'll have to start in at the Normal now.

Oshwald: I'm not going to hear the girl from Norway. I saw "The Girl from Sweden," and that was enough."

Miss Rice—in chemistry: "In disinfecting a room use enough sulphur dioxide to kill all the germs, but not enough to affect the patient."

Chas. C.: I never did like light complected boys. I suppose it's because I am dark myself. (Does this hold true in regard to girls?)

It is rumored that Roy Cook, a graduate of the Pharmacy Department, is to hold a position in the store of Fout & Porterfield of this city.

Wanted—By one of the down-town young ladies, an A. C. banner to match her room, probably pink and cream. Shall we put it to a vote to change the College colors?

The Misses Aamoth have returned to the college after having spent a very pleasant summer at their home in Twin Valley, Minn.

Miss Rice: I see my finish now.

Some of the new Junior faculty have been in the habit of taking long walks along the river trying to locate obscure and unfrequented bridges. Wonder if some of the older members cannot help them out.

Miss M: Oh, I just love 'em. (And after the laugh she tried to explain that she thought the subject under discussion was chocolate caramels.)

Sattre (to Cook): Did you come in for the game, Roy?

Roy: No; that made a good excuse, but I came for something more important.

First Old Student: Have you heard the latest?

Second Old Student: No. What is it?

First Old Student: John Swenson is back. We can have a dance now.

Miss Lofthouse, rapturously: Oh, say! I want to tell you how Mr. Churchill got me excused from work so that I could go to the football game at Grand Forks.

Mr. Dolve thinks that engagements for an hour or so need not keep one from appearing on programs. He asserts that some people have engagements that last all the time, yet they do their share of work. Ask Mr. Schollander.

Miss Rice: I want you to buy a football ticket today.

Prof. P: I have promised to buy from one of the other girls.

Miss Rice: Oh, but that doesn't matter, Karla has sold all her tickets.

Prof. P: I don't know about that.

Miss Rice: If you buy a ticket from me this time, I will not butt in on the family again.

Speculation is rife as to what games the girls will play this year. From the way they have been chasing one another about the campus, they may intend forming a track team, but their practice of falling on the ball

may mean a football squad. If the latter is the case, the boys will have to look out for their honors or they will be in the hands of the husky "maidens."

Charley: I have asked every girl in the institution and cannot get one to go to the reception.

She: Oh, you're only joshing.

Charley: Ain't you got a fellow?

She: No.

Charley: Let's go together then.

The faculty gave a reception to the students of the college last Saturday evening. The band rendered excellent music; the quartet sang a few numbers; gypsies told fortunes; and after a guessing contest ice cream and cake were served. After this dancing was indulged in for a few minutes before the party broke up. This reception was one of the best that has

been given at the A. C. and the students hope the faculty will favor them with another reception next term.

Prof. Holly: What is the common use of potassium and sodium in the laboratory.

Mr. Weaver, after some hesitation: I don't know.

Prof. Holly: To neutralize acids, of course.

Professors Minard and Householder went on a hunting trip last week and captured a bird, but they were unable to decide whether it was an owl, hawk or an eagle. The bird is now a prisoner in a henhouse where the professors spend most of their time trying to appease his voracious appetite with mice which the small boys of the neighborhood supply at the rate of 25 cents per dozen.

Failure

What is failure? It's only a spur
 To a man who receives it right
 And it makes the spirit within him stir
 To go in once more and fight.
 If you never have failed, it's an even guess
 You never won high success.

What is a miss? It's a practice shot
 Which we often must make to enter
 The list of those who can hit the spot
 Of the bull's eye in the center.
 If you never have sent your bullet wide,
 You have never put a mark inside

What is a knockdown? A count of ten
 Which a man may take for a rest
 It will give him a chance to come up again
 And do his particular best.
 If you've never been bumped in a rattling go,
 You never have come to the scratch, I know.

—Edmund Vance Cook.

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Our Exchange Table

THERE is no one way in which the students of one college may come to know what the students of other colleges are doing with greater ease, facility and accuracy than through the exchanges which monthly arrive at the tables. These exchanges contain the best literary efforts of the students, much of it being a credit to its college and well worth the reading. Besides, the news items are interesting, for they show what the institution is doing in social and other lines. It would be well if everyone would make it a point to look at the best things in each exchange as it arrives, and the exchange editors will endeavor to point out the supreme successes of each month. They will serve as a sort of critical index and their criticism will all be given in a kindly, helpful spirit. We all need to be criticized—to have our faults corrected and our virtues praised—and that is what the exchange editors propose to do. So please read the exchanges as they come in, for they will interest you and benefit you—they truly will.

A NEW exchange which has lately arrived at our tables is the *Lookout*, the A. C. paper of Connecticut. THE SPECTRUM is always glad to welcome all A. C. papers, for it feels for them a certain kinship and it sincerely hopes that more Agricultural College monthlies may find their way here. There are two articles in the *Lookout* which are very well worth the reading by one interested in Agriculture. One paper is called "The Future of Agriculture in New England," and gives in a clear and concise way the reasons for the depopulation of the old New England farms and the splendid opportunities

for young men who will come in the future with modern ideas of farming and rescue New England from ruin. The other article, "The Modern Agricultural College," tells in a straightforward way the manner in which this sort of college is, by leaps and bounds, coming to be the most helpful of all modern educational institutions. We hope to meet the *Lookout* again.

THE *Tahoma*, with its dark red cover, in the center of which the eager football boy is seen tearing down the line, keeps up its usual good record. It is a breezy, snappy sort of paper with stories in it which set the blood a tingling and the heart a tripping. Its page characterizing the next graduating class is unique in its way.

THE numerous cartoons in *The World* make it very attractive, and the whole paper seems full of life and college enthusiasm. Their exchanges might, however, be bettered by eliminating at least two pages of the "funny" stories which are better adapted to "Puck" than to a college paper.

IN glancing over *The Industrial Collegian* we were much interested in the article entitled "Literary." It would be well if more of our students would profit by this article and take deeper interest in literary work and have more determination to make the literary societies of the College a success. "The Story of the Fort Pierre Flood" is a good piece of description, and although the introduction deals mainly with mere facts, yet the piece is told in a vivid and sympathetic manner.