

The Spectrum.

Published by the Students of the North Dakota Agricultural College.

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No. 8.

Lord Clive.

Oration winning second place in local oratorical contest.

It happened one evening in the tavern of a town in far away India, that a countinghouse clerk was playing at cards with a uniformed captain of the royal army. About the two a numerous and yet select company were indulging in the same pastime. Our captain in his lace and ruffles now reaches over the cards to his companion with a nonchalant "cut," when the latter who has followed the shuffling with a keen, searching eye, suddenly springs up with a defiant: "Great maneuver, captain! I'm a novice, but knowledge grows. You forced a card! You cheat, sir!"

Startled as by a sudden clap of thunder, the captain and his comrades spring up. An unheard of thing has occurred: a simple civilian dares to charge an officer with cheating at cards. This cannot pass with impunity. A duel alone can wipe out the disgrace of the army. Face to face they stand—the warrior and the countinghouse clerk. A flash, a report—and a cloud of smoke gradually lifts itself to the ceiling of the dingy apartment, revealing the civilian with a smoking pistol in his hand, while the captain, unharmed, marches triumphantly up to within arm's length of his victim and sneers, "Now, my clerkling, repeat your statement! Now, Sir Countinghouse, did I cheat?"

Calm, firm, immovable, not a muscle twitching in the set face, the one thus scoffed at replies: "Cheat you did, you know you cheated! Fire, I bid you!"

Twice the cold muzzle of the captain's pistol touches the forehead of the young man; twice the captain's arm sinks nerveless by his side. He raises his arm the third time, determined to shoot, but flings his pistol on the floor, exclaiming: "I cannot shoot! He and hell and God are all against me! I did cheat!"

This reported episode in the early and humble life of Lord Clive, made by Browning the subject of a stirring poem, seems so like the first scene of a drama which strikes the keynote of the whole action, that it almost seems trivial whether it be truth or fiction. At any rate this courage with its reckless defiance of danger, which thus saved the life of the countinghouse clerk later culminated in those splendid achievements to which England owes her sovereignty over the Empire of India.

Genius lurks in the most unsuspected quarters and is often produced amid the most un congenial circumstances. Who, before the beginning of his almost meteoric career as a soldier, had perspicuity enough to discover even ordinary sagacity and mediocre ability in the nature of the wayward youth, whom, as Macaulay

puts it, his relatives "shipped off to make a fortune or to die of a fever at Madras?" But he was, as he himself expressed it, destined not to die, but to do mighty deeds. Nor was he long to languish behind the desk of a writer. Events soon occurred which speedily opened to him the splendid career for which he was destined.

The mighty services of Clive cannot be justly contemplated without a consideration of the almost inconceivable obstacles which he overcame at a time when the English possessions in India consisted of a few insignificant and scattered trading posts. We cannot measure his greatness without recollecting how he overshadowed the fame of Dupliex, a brave, calculating genius, whose mighty plans seemed so fortunate as to make destiny capitulate to his most imperious will; whose name was mentioned with awe, even in the palaces of Delhi; the virtual potentate of India. The influence of this great leader among the natives was almost miraculous; his power and skill as a diplomatist rivalled the fame of Richelieu. As a soldier he never despaired even in the darkest hour; at every defeat he renewed the contest with an alacrity and a resolution that compelled the admiration of his enemies. This great struggle for India thus became almost one gigantic duel between two giants of intellect and daring. In this great Frenchman, Clive had a foe-man worthy of his steel.

Amid thunder, lightning and rain, Clive charged and captured the formidable fortress of Arcot, garrisoned, as it was, by thousands of the best native troops of India, and overlooking a hostile city of 100,000 inhabitants. His 500 soldiers, raw recruits from England, who had never fired a gun, and natives whose cowardice was only equalled by their treacherousness, were Clive's entire army, and it was ready to flee at the first sound of its own muskets. Clive be-

sought and pleaded; he rallied his miserable host. Shamed into desperation by the indomitable courage of their leader, they charged and carried without the loss of a single man the ramparts of the strongest fortress in India. The sudden yet deliberate daring which Clive displayed in this memorable capture of Arcot was equalled by the intrepidity and fortitude exhibited in its successful defense by Clive and his little band, reduced to 200 men, against a besieging army of 7,000 French and natives. During this terrible siege, which lasted for nearly two months, his raw recruits and native soldiers were transformed into an invincible army. Like the Old Guard of Napoleon they adored their commander and were willing to die for him. So completely had he obliterated all trace of treachery from the Asiatic characters of his native allies, so completely had he won their hearts for his cause, that when provisions were reduced to a handful of rice per day, they heroically and unselfishly refused to eat the rice, which they left for their English brothers, and consented to drink only the thin liquid in which it was boiled. Such heroism, such noble self-sacrifice, so entirely foreign to the Hindoo character, had been instilled into them by their great leader. Thus it was made possible for Clive to accomplish what he did in that brilliant campaign which for rapidity of marches and decisiveness of action resembled the Italian campaign of Napoleon.

It was on the field of Plassy, where he deposed the perpetrator of one of the most horrible crimes in history, that Clive's rare genius and splendid daring shone forth at the full zenith of their glory. In that memorable battle, when, with a thousand Englishmen and 2,000 Sepoys, he encountered an army over twenty times as large as his own; when everybody counselled a retreat and defeat seemed inevitable—then our hero

ordered a charge. Like a gigantic serpent about to devour its prey, the huge army of the enemy was fast closing in upon him; like a thunderbolt his little army, with burnished bayonets and flashing swords, charged with irresistible force into the midst of the overwhelming mass of Hindoos. The Nabob's immense army broke up into a wild, disorderly flight. Courage and resolution had won the victory. This battle not only avenged the terrible death of over 100 Englishmen in the Black Hole of Calcutta, but it was the decisive battle of the war, and from thence on French influence rapidly declined, until the fall of Pondicherry, France lost her last hold on the splendid empire that was once almost hers.

Clive, the soldier, had astonished the world by his marvelous career. Clive, the statesman, now won the world's admiration and the heartfelt gratitude of millions of people by formulating those noble principles which made the civil service of India one of the purest the world has ever seen. None of Clive's many and great achievements called forth more of that active energy and calm firmness that he now evinced in the reform of the civil service of India. In the marvelously brief period of a single year he effected one of the most extensive, difficult and salutary reforms that ever was accomplished by a statesman. Temptations, greater than those which resulted in the traitorous conduct of Marlborough, were daily before him; obstacles, such as would have tested the boundless energy and infinite resources of Napoleon, everywhere loomed up before him. It was within his power to conciliate his enemies by conniving at their abuses while pretending to remove them; to use his vast power for the purpose of mercenary self-aggrandizement. In spite of these temptations, however, his integrity of purpose and high sense of justice prevailed untarnished. He be-

came the pioneer of righteousness, the defender of justice, the law-giver of the Hindoos, their sole champion for right and quality before England. What the minds of other Englishmen failed to accomplish for the American colonies, he accomplished for India. He gave the Hindoo an adequate form of government, and, showing how the work of a great man lives after him, the civil service of India remains today as a grand monument to the greatness of its founder.

When, after an unparalleled career for achievement, the conqueror and statesman had established law and order in India, he returned to his native land in order that he might live the remainder of his life in peace and comfort in the bosom of his family. He returned, alas, but a shadow of his former self, with his physical strength sunk under the pestilential influence of an oriental climate, and his great mind tottering on account of a malady.

But in England where he sought peace and comfort in his broken-down state, he found only hatred and persecution. The father of British India, all garlanded with victory, leaving behind him the vast empire which he had founded, the surging multitudes he had benefited, was vilified and reviled in the parliament of his country, and ruthlessly aspersed by the innumerable foes of his greatness. Yet his firm, unflinching and honest defense of his actions won the hearts of the British parliament. They removed the sting of his enemies' resolutions by voting that Clive had at the same time rendered great and meritorious services to his country.

To Clive, however, whose services parliament had thus almost grudgingly acknowledged, England soon was forced to turn once more. When the American colonies rose in that mighty revolt which overthrew the oppressive tyranny of England, Clive was summoned to restore America as he formerly had won and

conquered India. Had the prodigious energies of Clive directed the British operations in America, it is more than probable that the splendid efforts of George Washington would not have been crowned with success. But it was too late. The many and dark clouds which had gathered threateningly in the firmament of his life were already loweringly overshadowing the evening of his day,—the pangs of wounded honor, the dread of a tarnished name, the terrible agony of an incurable disease upset the balance of that powerful brain and culminated the life of that marvelous man. Two years before the declaration of independence he died, weary and satiate of strife and turmoil, by his own hand.

England lost her invincible soldier; America gained her independence.

Such was the end of one who may truly be said to have made and shaped the destiny of nations. Nor can yet be foreseen the dramatic events of world history to which Clive's conquest of India more than a century ago may yet give rise.

The Russian bear, with hungry eyes, watches from the mountain fastness of his haunts in the dreary table lands of Asia this rich source of England's wealth. Piece by piece he has devoured the amorphous, ill-organized empires of Asia; year by year he has crawled nearer and nearer to the object of his desire. Among the majestic mountains of the Himalayas he pauses, gathers strength and nerves himself for the mighty effort. How and when the Teuton and the Slav, democracy and despotism will meet in this mighty conflict is impossible to foretell. But when the struggle does come, as come it must, it will produce a result in human history which will exceed all that present imagination can conceive or that present forethought can conjecture.

Let us hope that the great work of Clive will endure, that the noble spirit of democracy which he fostered and introduced into India will survive, and Teutonic institutions, thus established upon oriental soil, may not perish from the earth.
R. M. DOLVE, '05.

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THE FALSE PROPHECY.

'Tis spring! 'Tis spring!
What a glorious thing!
The happiest time of the year.
We list with delight to old Bob in his
flight,
For he tells us that summer is near.

'Tis spring? 'Tis spring?
Why, you silly old thing,
Come down from your perch in the air,
And tell us what right you have to recite
A story so false, and declare
That summer is near, the joy of the year,
When you know that spring isn't here.

Did you say it is spring,
You poor little thing?

Why come around here with your sing-
ing?
If your dear life you prize, I think you'd
be wise,
Your way toward the south to be wing-
ing.

I should think you'd have known
Before you had flown,
That Dakota has all kinds of weather;
So off with your rhyme to your own
sunny clime,
Where your friends wait your coming
with fear,
And we who remain will list for your
strain,
When summer does truly draw near.

ROSS BABCOCK, '08.

Electricity on the Farm.

The use of electricity on the farm offers inducements of which American farmers seem to be ignorant, but which would transform farm life into an existence of convenience and luxury from one of toil and frequent discomfort. France and Germany seem to realize the advantage of electricity on the farm, and the American agriculturalist could gain many valuable ideas by touring the rural districts of those countries. Not only is this force capable of making the farmer's life more enjoyable, but it can be made a source of wonderful economy of labor and consequently a source of wealth. The cost is insignificant compared to the advantages. The American farmer, however, plods along in his easy way, taking it for granted that electricity is only for the convenience of the city. On the contrary, electricity can be made of ten-fold more advantage to the farmer than to the urban resident; and he can better afford to enjoy its blessings, because the cost to him would be comparatively insignificant. He can have his own electric plant, whereas the urban resident must depend on the electric monopoly in the city where he dwells, and pay several times over the value for every electric light or other convenience electric power may afford. Frequently the farmer is so situated that the cost of an electric plant would be a minimum. Perhaps there is a water fall nearby; or, if not, there is probably a swift-flowing stream somewhere on his land, which could readily be made to operate a plant to supply all the electricity needed. Or the necessary water force might be obtained by building a dam in any kind of running stream, and employing a simple water wheel such as can now be purchased at very low cost. Or, again, electric energy can be generated

from a windmill and stored away in a storage battery. In fact, the windmill offers a magnificent prospect as a source of electrical energy. Some farmers have not been slow to realize this, but most of them have concluded that the windmill can serve no other purpose than to pump water. One farmer near Chicago has everything about his place operated by electricity through the agency of a couple of big windmills. By means of electricity the house and grounds are lighted, and water is pumped for the cattle; electric bells are on all the doors; electric signals connect all the buildings; there is an electric burglar alarm system; a local telephone system reaches to every room in every house; his wife's sewing machine is run by electricity; her laundry iron is heated by the same means; and they have a small electric stove which is used when the power is not required for other duties.

But even this enterprising farmer has not applied electricity to perform the most important farm work, as is done in France and Germany. In these countries, motors are adapted for doing all kinds of work—plowing, cultivating, reaping, etc. On smaller farms, tenants combine, making one motor do the work for all by carrying it from place to place as needs require. The saving of labor is so obvious, that, even among the most conservative, the value of the motor is admitted. By burying electrodes in the earth, and then applying electric power, the ground is freed from everything in the nature of crawling and creeping things, solving the problem of dealing with pestiferous insects.

A writer says:

“Even the farmer need only touch a button if he will avail himself of the results of modern science.”

—*Technical World.*

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Editorial.

Owing to the failure of some of our advertisers to pay, it has been found impossible to keep the last two numbers of THE SPECTRUM up to the standard size. None can regret this more than the management do, but at the same time we cannot but feel that we are not entirely to blame. If the students would support the paper as they ought to do, and subscribe to it instead of reading it over their neighbor's shoulder, we should have had ample funds to carry the full number of pages. It is certainly not complimentary to the student body that out of all our students not one in ten is a subscriber to THE SPECTRUM.

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If you read the paper and feel at liberty to criticise it, is it any more than fair that you also help to support it? To be sure, it is now too late for this year, but make up your mind that you will be a subscriber next year.

We wish to compliment the Juniors on their efficient management of the last issue of THE SPECTRUM. While they to some extent copied from last year's Junior number without giving due credit, still we do not wish to be too hard on them, but will assume that it was done inadvertently. Now that the custom has been firmly established, we hope to see the Junior number grow to larger proportions each year till it becomes a regular college annual.

It has been said that there is a little of the savage left in every man, and we can well believe it when we notice the spirit of vandalism that makes itself known in our institutions. For instance, notices on the bulletin boards can hardly be up for five minutes before they are decorated till they have lost every semblance of their original purpose and can best be likened to circus posters.

If it stopped at this, the matter might only cause a little annoyance, but it is carried farther than this, and property is as little respected in other places as on the bulletin board. Students seem to think that because they are members of the Athletic Association they are entitled to go into the gymnasium and break up and handle roughly the material there, break into lockers, etc. The association has dealt very leniently with such persons in the past, but, if this state of affairs continues, it may be necessary to refuse them the use of the drill hall or go into bankruptcy. Every one of these persons would probably feel very much offended if you were to insinuate that they were not gentlemen, and still it seems that the first duty of a gentleman is to respect the property of others. Boys, show that you *are* gentlemen, and act as gentlemen ought to act. It does not take much self-restraint, and you will be the gainers in the end.

It is reported that one of the professors of Harvard wrote a two-volume book to prove that Chaucer could not possibly have been born in 1340 but was born in 1328—this was at least the most important point that he brought out. This piece of almost useless work puts him on a par with the man that wrote a volume to prove that the negro was not human. This useless waste of energy is

one of the factors that tend to prejudice many men against a higher education. The age that we live in is intensely practical and has no use for the man that is not capable of devoting his energies to something useful. While this state of affairs is, perhaps, to be regretted, still at the same time a person must adapt himself to the time in which he is living, or, by the law of the survival of the fittest, he must give way to those that have adapted themselves.

A copy of the "Third Biennial Report of the State Geological Survey of North Dakota" has been kindly sent to THE SPECTRUM by the state geologist, Mr. A. G. Leonard, of the State University. The report is full of valuable information, and, among other things, treats of the mineral resources, irrigation possibilities, geological formations and general aspects of our state in such a way as to render it interesting and intelligible to the average citizen as well as the geologist. The reading matter is supplemented with copious illustrations, sketches and maps, and we are convinced that it contains much information that can not be obtained elsewhere. While the copy sent to THE SPECTRUM has been placed on the exchange shelf, we urge all who are interested to send to the State Geologist, University, for a free copy.

It is reported, says an exchange, that one of our newly married ladies kneads bread with her gloves on. The incident may be peculiar, but there are others. The editor of this paper needs bread with his shoes on; he needs bread with his pants on, and unless some of the delinquent subscribers of this paper pay up before long he will need bread without so much as anything on, and this is no Garden of Eden either in the winter time.—*Enid (Oklahoma) Daily Wave.*

A young theologian named Fiddle;
Refused to accept his degree;
"For," said he, "'tis enough to be
Fiddle,
Without being Fiddle, D. D."
—Puck.

Professor Allen (in dairy class)—"It is well to cultivate a taste for flavor and texture of butter."

Student—"What cultivator should we use?"

Our Exchange Table.

Last month the *Normal Exponent* from Mayville, N. D., made its debut in the arena of student journalism. Before this the Mayville Normal, as far as we know, has had no student publication, and the appearance of the interesting and well-edited *Exponent* was, therefore, an agreeable surprise. "Ester May's Easter Gift" is an interesting story vividly showing (whether the writer intended it so or not) how fraught with disaster it often becomes to disregard one's opportunities in life. It also shows how readily opportunities present themselves to those who are seeking to do good.

The Normal is to be congratulated upon receiving the splendid building which, the cut in the *Exponent* shows, must become when completed one of the finest school buildings in the Northwest. The completion of this building will no doubt give them ample opportunity for exercising their athletic enthusiasm which they manifest in the *Exponent* by the spirited athletic review of last season's basketball.

If the paper is an exponent of your best efforts no apology (such as is given in your editorials) is needed in order to justify its appearance. It is the editor who unites boldness with discretion, and not the timid one, that succeeds.

The Clemson College Chronicle for the past month is instructive as well as interesting. The first pages of the issue are devoted to the arguments set forth by the affirmative and negative in a recent prize debate at Clemson College on the question, "Resolved, that Japan will be successful in the Russo-Japanese war." The arguments for both sides are complete and exhaustive, comprising as they do a review of the past military

operations in the Orient, together with estimations of the present strength of the combating nations followed by interesting descriptions of the racial characteristics in regard to the relative tenacity and "stick-to-it-iveness" of the Slav and Jap.

"Did You Say 'Snakes'?", is a humorous story picturesquely relating the author's hair raising escape from snakes in a pond where he was fishing. The story is signed "'08 (6 ft. 4½ in.))" and shows the power there is in a name. For, if his name had contained fewer inches he must inevitably have drowned since he couldn't swim and the water rose to his chin.

The magazine further contains several other stories and articles of merit, besides it has good editorials and several exhaustive exchange articles.

"Have you any taicun powder?"

"Do you want Mennen's?"

"No, women's?"—*Ex.*

"Where is your father?", asked a stranger of a young boy.

"Wall," replied the lad, "he's down way at the other end of the corn field feeding the hogs; you'll know pa 'cause he's got a hat on."—*Ex.*

He—"When will there be but twenty-five letters in the alphabet?"

She—"I give it up."

He—"When U and I are one."—*Ex.*

FRENZIED FINANCE.

Lives of great men oft remind us

If we only owned a trust,

We could squeeze each smaller dealer

Till he'd pay our price or bust.

—*Princeton Tiger.*

Convocation Addresses.

Judge Pollock of Fargo gave the first convocation speech of the month. He spoke of Chief Justice Marshall, that rare, seldom-appreciated man who lived during the first troublous years of our independence. What he did for our country by enforcing the constitution and what our country owes him, was the essence of Judge Pollock's very effective speech.

Superintendent Foster of the Casselton schools and a few years since a graduate of Columbia University, spoke April 23 of his alma mater in a most interesting manner. He told of the history of Columbia, of its nature and size, or its college work and of its student life. Through the tenor of his talk was evident the warm love and respect in which Superintendent Foster holds his alma mater.

Dr. Batt spoke Monday, May 1, on the life of Schiller. He told of the early life of Schiller as contrasted to that of Goethe and followed his life through its various vicissitudes and fortunes until fame came to him. His early ambition was to become a minister; however, this

he soon gave up. He became professor of history in the university at Jenö and most of his later works are purely historical. "Die Rauber" and "Wilhelm Tell" portray vividly the love for freedom and liberty which he possessed. The story of his life, as told so briefly by Dr. Batt, was very interesting and has especial interest just now since it was but now, May 9, that the centennial of his death was celebrated.

President Worst, to the great delight of all the students, addressed them in chapel, May 8. He spoke of the splendid educational advantages offered by North Dakota, advantages which only about one per cent. of all the young men and women of the state can profit by. Since those who remain at home help to support the state institutions, it follows that the educated few owe much to the less educated many, and it is their duty to strive now to fit themselves for their positions at the helm. Work is the only method by which a person can become fit for a responsible position, and the young men and women of the West were urged to shoulder their responsibilities and work.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

Wet, cold weather has practically stopped the work of the baseball team. The practice with the league team has helped the boys considerably, especially in their batting. The team work and fielding has been quite fast, and if the boys can get to batting better, they will be in shape to go up against any school team in the state.

Last week the team went to Fergus Falls to play Park Region Luther College, but on account of rain the game had to end after two innings, with our boys in the lead. The trip to James-

town was also postponed on account of the rain. The remaining schedule is as follows:

- May 16 and 17—Fargo league.
- May 19—Jamestown.
- May 20—Bismarck.
- May 22—University at Fargo.
- May 27—University at Grand Forks.
- May 29—Sheldon.

The coach is making an effort to get enough men interested in track work to get a team together to compete with Grand Forks in June.

Local Happenings.

Professor Parrott has already laid out his house—on paper.

Hulberg—I am getting popular now since I have a camera.

By the appearance of Churchill's eye, he must have had another case.

Martindale (in surveying class)—“What are the dimensions of a town-ship?”

A new diamond ring is out, but as we doubt its veracity we will not publish the wearer's name.

Miss V.—“Say, have you any witch hazel, girls? I suppose Dave's eye will need some tonight.

Dr. Van Es has secured an addition of 100 guinea pigs for the purpose of experimental work.

Mr. Oshwald (soliloquizing)—“I was introduced to a \$35,000, yesterday; guess I'll slick up some.”

Is it because love is blind that Miss S. is not aware that she makes so much noise in histology class?

Professor McDowell has completed the writing of his book on rural school agriculture, and the material is now in the hands of the printer.

The dancing party given by the Girls' Club in the college armory April 29th, was the event of the season. The hall was tastily decorated, and the music furnished by Schmidt's orchestra was the best ever. About forty couples took ad-

vantage of the opportunity to have an evening of enjoyment.

Professor McDowell addressed the Walsh County teachers in Grafton, May 5, on the subject, “Roots.”

Dr. Batt (in French)—“Who first translated the Bible into English?”
Miss R. H. (eagerly)—“Luther!”

Wiesback (discussing maize)—“When we plant the kernels from the butt of the cob, we don't get straight rows any more.”

The Pilot has quite an extensive circulation at the college. The Junior faculty and the Seniors are the heaviest subscribers.

Our domestic economist had a narrow escape a few days ago—a student had the audacity to ask her company to the last dance.

Professor Hult (in English)—“When did — troubles begin?”

Bright Student (conclusively)—“When he married a wife.”

Elmer May is working on a thesis on the subject, “The Value of Lignite Coal,” and Fred Birch on one on the subject of “Concrete Building Construction.”

Prof. L. R. Waldron has been selected to take charge of the new experiment sub-station at Dickinson, and left about two weeks ago for that point. While it will be a serious loss to our teaching staff, it was felt that the new station needed a good director and that no one

more fitted than Professor Waldron could be found.

Dr. Hult has been granted a leave of absence of one year which he will spend traveling and studying in Europe.

Miss Clare Olson, a former student of the A. C. but now of Minneapolis, was a visitor at the college recently.

Several gallant boys were seen performing charity acts during the last rain storm. The sight of an umbrella makes the heart grow fonder.

It is reported that Birch cut his visit to Grand Forks and Grafton shorter than was his original intention on account of his interest at home.

Dave Moore (on street car)—“Let me off at Seventh Street.”

Con.—“Don't you live on Eleventh Avenue near the college?”

Professor McDowell gave his class in grasses and grains a lecture on ethics the other day. The professor evidently believes in a mixed course.

Mr. Lee's latest osculatory triumph must have been of a peculiar character to have given the sensation of stickiness. They must have been forceful to say the least.

Mr. O.—“Why don't you take O.'s picture?”

Mr. H.—“I am afraid it will break my camera so I can't take girls' pictures.”

Christian Westergaard, who has been taking post-graduate work in agriculture during the past year, has been engaged as one of the instructors for the summer school for teachers to be held at Valley

City the latter part of July. Mr. Westergaard will teach rural school agriculture.

Mr. Tibert reports all very quiet in his department this month, the only thing doing being the erection of a windmill on the roof of the cow barn.

Birch and Corbett, the well-known animal trainers, covered themselves with fame and glory by bringing the goat for the Alpha Mu initiation up in a wheelbarrow.

The work on the new library and chemical laboratory is progressing rapidly. The foundations are laid and the first floor of the chemical building is almost completed.

Some of the Dutch people have been busily engaged in rehearsing recitations and declamations which were given at the Schiller Feier at the Public Library on the evening of May 9.

In an extemporaneous debate, Mr. Swenson proved that it was more appropriate for an old maid to keep a pet cat than a pet dog. The negative was upheld by Mr. Mikkelson.

Mr. S. (in Freshman botany)—“Stop looking at me.”

Miss O.—“I can look at you as long as I please, this is a free country.”

Mr. S.—“That makes no difference, I am not free.”

If some members of the first year German class don't wake up they will find that at the end of the term in their case the umlaut will take the shape of a goose egg, the nouns will be both masculine and feminine, the ending will be weak and yet to come, and they will be refused a credit in the strong declension.

It is not only the dative and the accusative that trouble Dr. Batt in this class; there are hard cases as well.

The bands of Kindred, Lisbon, Walhalla and Red Lake Falls, Minn., are after Director Putnam for the summer. Where he lands remains to be seen.

Mr. S. (absentmindedly)—“E. M. F.—who is he?”

A Bystander—“His full name is Electromotive Force, and he is chief executioner at Sing Sing.

The Misses Aamoth were unexpectedly called to their home at Twin Valley last Tuesday. We are all sorry to have such amiable personalities leave us, but hope for their return next fall.

It is quite a problem to determine whether it was a rapid cure or a big bluff about “Dutch” Fowler’s bad knee. The sick member is still too ill for drill, but it does fine as shortstop on the first team.

Professors’ sayings:

Parrott—“It is not because I care, but I want to show my authority.”

Churchill (in ’phone)—“Send up another—to 1026 Seventh Street North.”

Richards—“Who says I am not in it?”

“Doc” Van Es—“It may be sin in North Dakota, but I’d give two bits for a—just now.”

Prof. C. B. Waldron has been a very busy man this spring. Besides his regular work at the college, he has been employed in laying out the grounds at the State University and in superintending the planting of trees at the sub-stations at Edgeley and Dickinson. A hedge has been planted on the south side of the road leading east from the main build-

ing and a clump of evergreens at the corner of the walk. A hedge has also been planted along the entire south side of the campus.

Don. Alger, who has for the past year been assistant in the feeding experiments at the college station, has accepted a position on a large ranch in Montana, and has left for that state.

The extemporaneous debates held in the Athenian Literary Society have proven to be very popular. Besides being an amusing number on the program they aid in developing public speakers.

Professor Shepperd is in receipt of a very encouraging letter from M. A. Carleton, the cerealist of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, who is loud in his praises of the excellent work done at this station in the improvement of cereals.

The grounds immediately surrounding the farm house have been greatly improved this spring until they now present a very creditable appearance. Much credit is due Mr. Grest, our very energetic foreman, for this changed condition of affairs.

The Choral Association is adding much to the pleasure of the convocation exercises by its presence and rendition of various choruses. The association is busily rehearsing Jas. Russell Lowell’s beautiful poem, “The Ballad of the Rose,” set to music by W. W. Gilchrist. This composition for mezzo-soprano, solo, chorus and orchestra will be presented at the commencement concert. Another work to be presented the same evening is A. R. Gaul’s oratorio, “The Holy City.” By this action the association has taken a decided step forward in the elevation of music in the college. The

elimination of the light, trashy comic opera and the study and rendition of good wholesome music, means much for the art education of the whole student body.

Professor Holley and some of the students in his classes are at present working on the analysis of commercial oils on the market in Fargo. Among other things, they have analyzed samples of white lead preparations that contain but very little white lead.

On Wednesday, April 19, the band played an open air concert in front of Casselman's drug store on Broadway. A large audience assembled to listen to the music. If the weather will permit, it is intended to play a concert every Sunday afternoon on the college grounds.

The class in soil physics is studying the different types of soils, their physical structure, the movements of air and moisture in soil and the effects of cultivation, drainage and irrigation. This interesting study is further supplemented with frequent reports by the members of the class on some particular phase of the work extensively discussed in experimental station bulletins or the publications of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Mr. Dynes so favorably impressed a fair damsel of the Moorhead Normal with his debate that she invited him to listen to her debate at the Normal the next evening. Who knows but what such trivial thing as a debate will open up new avenues of pleasure for O. W.

Some of the returns are in from the judges on the farm mechanics essays. The first place for the best essay on "The Windmill as a Labor Saver on the Farm," was won by Earl Matteson of Inkster, N. D. The prize was a

Goodhue "Special" windmill, valued at \$40, donated by the Appleton Mfg. Co.

The *Dakota Farmer* prizes on the best essays on "Value to the Farmer of Intelligent Use and Care of Farm Machinery" was awarded to Wm. Whitcomb and Ross Babcock, who received \$15 and \$10 respectively.

Strong competition was shown in the contest for the Fairbanks, Morse & Co. prizes on the subject, "The Gasoline Engine as a Factor in Profitable and Successful Farming." M. B. Fallgater of Kintyre, N. D., was accorded first place for which he received \$15. Chas. Clark of Fargo got second place and \$10.

The value of these contests to the students who compete cannot be over-estimated. To the short-course man it is especially beneficial as it gives him training in written discourse that he would not otherwise obtain.

The Stockwell prize debate took place in chapel on Friday, the 28th of April. The question, "Resolved, that the government should own and control the railroads," was upheld on the affirmative by C. O. Hulberg, O. W. Dynes and C. I. Gunness, while the negative was taken by R. M. Dolve, J. A. Swenson and W. R. Porter. The Stockwell prize of \$10 was awarded to the negative, while the prize of \$5 for the best individual speaker was won by Mr. Dolve. The debate was listened to by a rather small but very enthusiastic audience.

Still the Girls' Club studies "Art." Tuesday, April 18, Mrs. Bolley, who has so often in the past kindly talked to the girls on various subjects, spoke to them on "The Renaissance in Italy." With the aid of several cuts she succeeded in giving a clear conception of what the painters of the Renaissance painted.

A fortnight later, the girls assembled again, this time to hear a number of readings by several of the girls on "The

Technique of Art." Miss Reid, Miss Ueland, Miss Ash and Miss Morrison read the selections, which were greatly appreciated by all.

The commencement program is now made out, and reads as follows:

Friday, May 19—Program of the Freshman Class.

Friday, May 26—Program of the Sophomore Class.

Friday, June 2—Program of the Junior Class.

Saturday, June 3—Inter-Society Banquet.

Sunday, June 4—Baccalaureate Sermon.

Moaday, June 5—Program of the Senior Class.

Tuesday, June 6—Commencement Concert.

Wednesday, June 7, 3 p. m.—Commencement.

Wednesday, June 7, 8 p. m.—Alumni Banquet.

The Athenians greatly enjoyed a "Tennyson Evening" which they held in chapel Saturday evening, May 6. A very enjoyable program was given consisting of selections from Tennyson's poems, a vocal duet by the Misses Grest and Doleshy which was well-rendered and applauded, and a debate which was the feature of the evening. After the program a pleasant time was enjoyed with games and light refreshments at Francis Hall.

The veterinary students have assisted Dr. Van Es in several difficult surgical operations this term. In one of these operations a case of actinomycosis or lumpy jaw, the enlargements or abscesses were only removed after a strenuous "tussle" with the animal in which "Big John" Swenson was the star aggressor. The advanced class in veterinary science has devoted several weeks to the system-

atic study of the anthrax disease in all its phases.

THE STATE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The ninth annual contest of the North Dakota Inter-Collegiate Oratorical League was this year held in Grand Forks, April 14. The Metropolitan Opera House was engaged for the occasion, which proved to be one of the most successful contests in the history of the league. That strong competition existed was evidenced by the excellence of the orations submitted and the ease of delivery shown by the speakers in handling their subjects. The program was as follows:

"Florence Nightingale"	
.....Nellie H. Woodbury, R. R. V. U.	
"The Advent of the Rising Sun".....	
.....John M. Anderson, U. N. D.	
"Lord Clive"	
.....Robert M. Dolve, N. D. A. C.	
Music—"King's Prayer" (from Lohengrin).....	Frank T. Snell
"The American Tragedy".....	
.....Roberta Brown, F. C.	
"William McKinley"	
.....Charles A. Glenn, R. R. V. U.	
"The Modern Crusade".....	
.....Vida Turner, U. N. D.	
Music	University Band
"Leo Tolstoi"	
.....Neva Stephens, N. D. A. C.	
"The Higher Patriotism".....	
.....Dwight Buckingham, F. C.	
Music	University Band
Decision of Judges.	

The first place in the contest was accorded to John Anderson of the State University, second place to Neva Stephens of the A. C., and third place to Dwight Buckingham of Fargo College.

Financially the contest was a success. The league is now out of debt for the first time in its history, and too much credit can not be given to the secretary, Mr. O'Connor, who arranged the details of the contest.

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Leo Tolstoi.

Oration winning second place in the state and interstate contests.

“Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?” That old biblical query involuntarily rises to our lips when we contemplate modern Russia, a land of terrible contrasts between wealth and poverty, between well-being and misery; one in which the aristocracy, living in palaces and for the most part depraved and licentious, exploit country and people, entirely regardless of other interests than their own; while, on the other hand, the peasantry, living in abject misery and virtual serfdom, have actually become starved into imbecility, so that the present generation must perhaps die off before there can be any real hope for a new Russia. Looking upon this “China of Europe,” as a Chinese official once called it, this land frozen over politically and morally, one cannot but exclaim once more: “Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?”

It is a remarkable fact, however, as one contemplates the unfolding panorama of history, that out of periods of chaos and ruin have come the great regenerative influences of human life. It was in a Roman world where an imperial Nero could at pleasure burn a city or sacrifice unnumbered lives in the arena, that the Christian light began to glow; and it is in this Russia, with its czar and Siberia, its despairing, voice-

less peasantry, that many of today hail a new light, a new gospel, in the self-made peasant of Yasnaya Polyona, Leo Tolstoi.

A tiller of the soil is Tolstoi, and as such, dressed in peasant's garb, following a plow, he has become known to the world. But Tolstoi was not always thus. He was of noble birth. Under the care of an aunt, his aristocratic tendencies were early developed and emphasized. Life was made to mean nothing to him but shame and hypocrisy; honor was but a name; purity, a thing to be laughed at; work, a thing despised. Even education, he learned to regard indifferently. Society claimed him, and into it he threw his whole being; life was a constant whirl of revelry.

Soon, however, the frivolity and deceit so completely surrounding him grew loathsome. Despair seized his heart, and, returning to the old home, Yasnaya, he began to seek, in labor among the poor, something that would make life worth while. He built new sanitary houses for them; also schools, and himself served as their teacher. Thus with passionate eagerness he sought for a life purpose. But the peasants were dull, sodden and unresponsive. Results could not be obtained quickly; his short search was fruitless. Impatient, he flung himself

back into Moscow's high society. For two years his life was one prolonged debauchery; but his heart, be it said, was through it all a constant battle field. Within him, purity, truthfulness and humility struggled with lust, deceit and arrogant pride, until at last he fairly fled to the Caucasus that he might "come to himself."

As a soldier, Tolstoi went to the Caucasus, and from there to Sebastopol. For three years he was in the midst of war; war which, as Sherman said, is hell. Hunger, thirst, disease tortured the living, while the ground ran red with the blood of the dying. But war, this war taught Tolstoi that life has significance. When at the end he returned home, but one lesson was yet needful. It came suddenly and with a shock. On one winter's icy night, this pampered youth of fortune laughed a farewell to the warmth and gayety of the ball room and the next moment as he stepped into his sleigh found that his servant, the one man whose utter devotion had pierced his calloused heart, had frozen almost to death at his post. Before life was restored, the voice of all suffering, down-trodden Russia had spoken to him through that loved, yet misused, servant. Tolstoi's life thenceforth had a purpose.

After two years' journey abroad for study, he married ideally, and returned to humble Yasnaya. He had always had great social prestige; he had won great military honors; in behalf of humanity, his inherent genius was now to assert itself. "The Resurrection," "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina" have come like so many giant blows upon this old world. The prison walls of Russia in their vileness and loathsomeness have been shook open to sight. The wretchedness within has been horribly, truly painted. The government officials in combine with the clergy have had their masks stripped off. They stand revealed as they are. In that book, "War and Peace," we catch sight of the fierce,

eager expression of the man who is loading the gun with explosives that will bereave a hundred homes; we hear the brutal laughter, the agonized death cry, the prayer, the curse; we see the young, stalwart fellow sunk in a pool of blood, and beside him the ruddy-faced lad still moving convulsively. And as we linger on this field of utter desolation we find ourselves perplexed, astounded, that such things can be tolerated, nay, even glorified.

But even towering above these books in their sincerity, truth and terrible earnestness is that monumental book, "Anna Karenina." Opening its pages we meet therein with a truly domestic scene, the acme of wonderful pathos. We see, just awakening from sleep, a little lad. He yawns and smiles sleepily, then in sudden ecstasy flings himself into the arms of a woman who stands motionless before him. Her face is noble in its pure, delicate outline. And from out her eyes there floods such a light as may only be in the eyes of a mother. Anna Karenina, having left her well-meaning but narrow-minded husband and yielded to her infatuation for a handsome young officer, has stolen into the old home in the early morning and stands before her little son. Her aching heart could no longer be denied. Quietly she bends above him, looks with yearning at the little face grown so long and thin in her absence; touches the yellow, clustering curls still damp with sleep; then tenderly and hungrily gathers him into her arms. She is his mother. And she has sacrificed, not only this blessed motherhood, but all her ideals, that she may be free to give herself up to an illicit love. And now the father is about to make his morning visit to the child. The old nurse, weeping, warns her. And here is revealed the deep, loving kindness of Tolstoi toward humanity gone astray. Here we feel the pathos of hungering motherhood. Anna tries to say good-by: "My precious," she whispers, but it is

the anguish in her face that tells him; the anguish and the shame. That childish voice rings with understanding pity; the little hand clings softly as he pleads, "Don't go yet. He'll not come yet awhile." But in his childish despair he must be left alone at last, for this mother, though idolizing, nay, finding her very soul's existence in this son, must pass through the door and out to that home where she had found neither joy, nor contentment, nor any peace.

But even in these works does not lie Tolstoi's real message. Now an old man of fifty years, the sold struggle of his youth came again upon him. His life-purpose so grandly conceived and nobly accomplished by his books, appeared to him vain and empty. That purpose which had sustained and guided his life grew dim and faded altogether, leaving Tolstoi plunged in a very abyss of misery. His great, strong nature was clouded as with the deep blackness of night. With the anguish of a noble mind whose every hope had fled, he even contemplated suicide. Then, up from the mire, as it were, voiced by a lowly peasant, came the life-giving words: "Live for the soul and believe in God!" Transformed, energized, Tolstoi's large heart throbbed into new life. "Live for the soul!" Rising in simple majesty, Tolstoi, titled, wealthy, wielding a scepter-pen, living as on a throne of power, abdicated all, stepped down, down to the very lowest ranks of humbleness. Tolstoi, the count, became the peasant, unpretentious and true. Then with new sight he saw around him the starved, lifeless, indifferent millions, the dross and decay of his country. A grand purpose took possession of him. He had had his awakening; his countrymen should also be enlightened and roused.

Like Hercules undertaking the twelve labors, he applied himself to that task. Slowly struggling through intellectual, moral and industrial problems, he stands today a storm-scarred veteran, a prophet

and seer re-echoing in words, but grander yet in living deeds, the spirit of the Man of Nazareth. The arguing and clashing of the many creeds give way; the many casual ideas of the multitudes give way; the one incontestable principle," drawing all men Godward, alone stands out: "Serve thy neighbor as thyself." And from among the multitudes of Russia, a spirit of humanity arises which creeps even into the prison cells. Among the church authorities is a new spirit of inquiry, searching for means to meet the needs of the superstitious masses. Among that great pitiful mass of Russian peasantry itself there is slowly beginning to creep a new light, a faint glimmer, a hope of something brighter, something better. And those who have laughed at Tolstoi's seemingly foolish whim in giving up literary work, laboriously to mend shoes or follow a plow, that he may earn his bread by the sweat of hard labor, can now begin to realize, as one of the biographers has said, that "Tolstoi is mending not only the rent in his shoe, but a rent in human society; that this man is cutting a swath like that of the giant reaper, of whom the peasants tell, who leveled forests by one sweep of his mighty scythe."

Mastered by that basic thought: "Serve thy neighbors," Tolstoi has stepped into the arena of life and proved to the world that the Christ life can be lived here in this twentieth century. With this foundation secure in his heart, with no room for hate, malice or injustice, swayed only by love, he has reached alike the heart of the ignorant peasantry and Russia's noblest intellects. By the love possessing him, by a glorious example of humble living, he has roused Russia, called it to a consciousness that will mean regeneration whether soon or late. And so just, so practical, so consistent has been the life of this law-giver and humble peasant, that the meanest of men can but love him, the czar supreme dare not

do him violence. Tolstoi, the count, the literary genius, could have been buried alive in Siberia; Tolstoi, the peasant, the regenerator, the good man, is free, the only free man in Russia.

The "Red Angel" war is today hanging over Russia. This Christian nation, professing the brotherhood of man, is impoverishing itself to bankruptcy in a war that all the world recognizes as un-called for, or at least preventable. But in this crisis of Russian history, perhaps of world history, with its searching of men's souls, Leo Tolstoi is revealed as

still the most true, the most genuine, the uncompromising representative of humanities' noblest ideals. In this time of dire calamity to this country, the man who has a faith to say: "If ye love your enemies, ye will have none," who dares even to declare in the face of all the Russians and their czar that "war is naught but a crime, is murder"—uttering such words at such a time, Leo Tolstoi is placed forever among those numbered few who "lead in the paths of righteousness," who "restore the soul."

NEVA M. STEPHENS, '05.



INTERSOCIETY BANQUET.

About sixty people assembled in Francis Hall, Friday evening, June 2, to partake of a most excellent banquet prepared by the Domestic Science girls. All were in a most happy frame of mind and each one of the three courses seemed better than the preceding.

After the supper, Toastmaster Mikkelsen, in his usual happy way, introduced the toasts of the evening by speaking of the great value of books. He called on Mr. Hulberg, a member of the Senior class, to respond to a toast on "Books" since Mr. Hulberg had had so much experience with them of late.

Mr. Hulberg's toast was excellent. He spoke of the influence and worth of books, of their associations and companionships.

Mr. Dolve, another Senior, spoke on "College Friendships." He said that college friendships were the best of all friendships, and described the different kinds of friendship, such as that between the students, that between the students and the professors, etc. His remarks

were interspersed with many funny stories and was without doubt the best toast of the evening.

Miss Holkesvig, under the title of "A College Year," recounted the events of interest to the college that have happened during the last twelve months. While not distinguished by wit, her words contained more thought and strength than those of any of the other speakers.

Mr. McGuigan voiced the sentiments of the Alumni when he spoke of the relation of the graduates to the institution, and urged all the students to assist in getting an alumnus appointed on the board of trustees.

Professor Keene was last, but not last, with a toast on "The Girls," both old and young. He said that he could not see why he, a married man and a professor, should have been given such a subject, but by the time he had concluded it was patent to every one that it was because he was so well fitted to do so.

Interstate Oratorical Contest.

The culmination of the series of oratoricals that have been taking place among the colleges of North Dakota was the interstate contest, held June 9, in Grand Forks, under the auspices of the Western League of Oratory. Four contestants, two from South Dakota and two from North Dakota, the best college orators of either state, participated in this event. South Dakota was represented by Burton Tanner of Mitchell, winner of first place in the South Dakota contest, and Chas. Hatch, winner of second place. Mr. John Anderson of the State University, and Miss Neva Stephens of the Agricultural College at Fargo, were the two orators from North Dakota. The contest was originally fixed to take place in the Baptist Church, Grand Forks, June 8, but was postponed till the following night on account of rain. Although a failure financially, no better contest, as judged from the oratorical ability of the contestants, has ever before taken place in the league. The following program was rendered:

Music.....	University Band
Opening Remarks
President Chas. R. Miller, Western League of Oratory	
"Robert Burns"
.....Burton Tanner, Mitchell, U. S. D.	
"Leo Tolstoi"
Neva Stephens, Agricultural College, N. D.	
Music.....	University Band
"The Voice of the Slav".....
.....Chas. Hatch, Huron College, S. D.	
"The Advent of the Rising Sun".....
.....John Anderson, State U., N. D.	

JUDGES.

Thought and Composition—Richard W. Boynton, St. Paul, Minn.; George B. Anton, Minneapolis, Minn.; R. A. Stone, St. Paul, Minn.

Delivery—L. E. Morris, Redfield, S. D.; James H. Sharp, Moorhead, Minn.; Supt. R. S. Dewar, Devils Lake, N. D.

The final decision of the judges gave Burton Tanner, of South Dakota, first place, and Miss Neva Stephens of North Dakota, second place. The following marks were rendered by the judges:

THOUGHT AND COMPOSITION.

	Anderson.	Stephens.	Tanner.	Hatch.
Anton.....	95	85	80	75
Stone.....	82	85	79	87
Boynton....	83	90	98	95

DELIVERY.

	Anderson.	Stephens.	Tanner.	Hatch.
Sharp.....	90	97	95	92
Dewar.....	95	85	91½	82½
Morris.....	80	81 2-3	83 1-3	71 2-3

It will be noticed that our representative, Miss Stephens, won out over Mr. Anderson, who took first place in the state. Miss Stephens tied for first place on thought and composition, and took second on delivery.

Resolutions were adopted by the convention of the league, in a business session following the contest, and read as follows:

Resolved, That whereas the Oratorical Association of the State University has kindly provided accommodations for visiting delegates and extended to them generous hospitality, and

Whereas, The Herald and Evening Press have rendered valuable services in the way of advertising, and

Whereas, The gentlemen who have acted as judges have sacrificed much for this contest,

Therefore, A vote of thanks is extended to the foregoing.

Be It Further Resolved, That these resolutions be placed on the minutes of the league and a copy be sent to each of the several judges, and printed in the local papers.

(Signed) O. W. DYNES,

Agricultural College, N. D.

CHAS. HATCH,

Huron College, S. D.

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Editorial.

With this issue the present editorial staff bids farewell to its readers. The work of getting out a college paper is not an easy one at best. Neither has it been in this case. Financial troubles have harassed us and students have failed to subscribe, while at the same time clamoring for a better paper. The work has often been hard and sometimes disagreeable. We have tried to do things to the best of our ability; whether we have succeeded or not, we leave to you to decide.

And now, kind readers, a word for our successors. They can not alone get out the paper any more than we could.

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To make THE SPECTRUM a representative of the whole student body it should be edited by the student body, and not by any society or faction. Do not let personal motives prevent you from supporting the staff. They were fairly elected after a hard fight, now stand by them. And that reminds me of one little word of advice: In cases where the whole college is in question, don't vote for a person because he is a good fellow or because he belongs to your society, but because you think him the one best suited for the position. Politics are alright in school affairs, and it would be well if there were more of them, but don't make it party politics.

As we stand now on the threshold of the departing year and look back over the things that have occurred, we cannot help but notice how great a step forward it has been for the A. C. There is hardly a branch in college activities that has not been improved. In athletics, while we have not won any great victories, or made any unbroken records, we have accomplished one great thing: We have weeded out the last sprig of professionalism that still grew among us. We have placed athletic sports on so

pure an amateur basis that not the strongest of our enemies can say a word against us.

In oratory, while not getting first place in the state as we did last year, we have succeeded in keeping second place with a chance for a position in the inter-state contest. Debating and declamation have improved and increased interest has been taken in them.

The society life at the college has also shown an increased activity. The Y. M. C. A. has been re-organized and put on a good working basis for next year. The Agricultural Club has done a great work in furthering literary work among the

short-course students. The Edith Hill Girls' Club and the two Literary Societies have also grown to larger membership, and an increased interest has been shown.

Among external improvements may be mentioned the new library, new chemical laboratory, new greenhouse, new heating plant, and, above all, a new—henhouse. Trees and hedges have been planted on the campus until now it will be hard to find a more beautiful place in all North Dakota.

Taking it all in all, one may almost say that it has been a "bonanza" year for the A. C.



ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

The past year has, we think, been one of marked improvement in the athletic conditions of the schools of North Dakota. A higher ideal of sportsmanship has been infused into all branches of athletics. The desire to win is as strong as ever, and as it always should be, but the desire to win by unfair means—if it ever existed—has disappeared. The student bodies themselves are demanding that the members of their athletics teams show ability as a student as well as excellence as an athlete. The right spirit is being made manifest by our students, and the loyal support which is necessary for any team's success is being accorded. Our students today recognize that a losing up-hill fight made by a weaker team against a stronger one is more of a victory than a large score made by a vastly stronger team against a weaker adversary. At the heads of our state institutions we have broad, liberal-minded men who see the need of training the body as well as the mind, and they are quick to aid in the development of both—because they see that one without the

other is useless. With such conditions now existing in this state, the future for athletics as a part of the college curriculum is indeed bright.

The football, basketball and baseball seasons of the past year have certainly been successful ones at the Agricultural College. Our teams, it is true, have not an unbroken record of victories—but our defeats have all been honorable ones. The games that we have lost have been after hard fights, and the spirit of our boys and girls to fight until the last and never give up has been admirable. If this one quality alone has been impressed upon our students, then athletics have done an inestimable good. The football season showed what green, inexperienced men can do when they work hard and with a hearty good will. It also showed that, when occasion demands, every man of our college is willing to turn out and help make the team. In basketball and baseball a great deal of enthusiasm has been shown and the men have worked hard and faithfully for the team. The result has been that in both

of these lines the Agricultural College has carried off the state championship.

The future success of our athletics department depends upon the students. Will they in the future continue to support their teams, and will their interest in this most important phase of college life continue to grow? We feel sure that it will, because the high average intelligence of our student body will not permit them to fail to see the value of athletics.

On May 18, the baseball team left on its western trip—playing two games at Jamestown and two at Bismarck. The team lost all of these games, but it must be remembered that the boys were playing professional teams, and the showing they made against them was excellent.

May 22, the University team played our boys at the Fargo league park. The A. C. boys arter the hard games of their western trip were in excellent shape, and played a fast game, hitting the ball hard and often. After the second inning the University had no show to win. Nelson settled down and put the ball over so fast that very few hits were made off of him. The final score was 11 to 5. On June 3 our team made a start to go to Grand Forks for return game, but received a telegram telling then not to come on account of wet

grounds. This was the last date on our schedule, and the team then disbanded for the season.

May 27 the boys went to Sheldon and easily beat the team there 9 to 2; a nice game and nice time were reported.

May 29 Fargo College was beaten 12 to 0, and on June 1 the Fargo High School 10 to 2. In both games it was the same story—the opposing teams couldn't hit our pitchers.

Next fall the fall term at the Agricultural College opens September 18. This is a week later than former years, and this makes it all the more imperative that every one be on hand to register on the first day. This is particularly true for the football men. For our short season, September 18 is a very late beginning, and it is to be hoped that all football men will be here promptly at the beginning of school or, better still, a week ahead of time, so that the coach can get the work started early. For next year a heavy schedule is being prepared, and we must have a winning team; to do this it is absolutely necessary that the football men report on time. Let every football candidate lay his plans to this effect, and let nothing sidetrack him from his determination. Remember that it is upon each man's individual efforts that the success of our team lies.



STUDENTS' SAYINGS.

Junior—"We will soon be Seniors."

Sophomore—"We got the scepter, but I am afraid it is the bogus one."

Senior Prep—"Who swiped my class colors?"

Dolve (excitedly)—"Mr. President, I have the floor until I sit down."

Freshman—"We showed them all a merry pace."

Weaver—"She may be the first, but not the last Rose of summer."

Senior—"I have learned to know that I don't know much, and that's a whole lot."

Commencement.

The school year 1904-5 closed June 7 with the commencement exercises in the college chapel. The program was opened by a musical number, "Two Roses," and an encore, by the Glee Club. Then followed prayer by Rev. Zundel, then more music by the Glee Club. The address was delivered by Rt. Rev. Cameron Mann, who spoke on the subject, "The Equipment for the Future." He called attention to the great advance of today over the time when our fathers were young, the added equipment needed and the duties that accrue with an increased capacity. He closed by giving religion as the one sound and necessary equipment toward starting life aright.

President Worst, in a short address, introduced the graduates and the diplomas were conferred by President B. N. Stone of the board of trustees. The graduates for 1905 are: Robert M. Dolve, Portland; Carl O. Hulberg, Aneta; Elmer M. May, Fargo; Adolph M. Mikkelson, DeGroat, and Neva M. Stephens, Westhope.

The following received certificates of completion:

Two Years' Pharmacy—Roy G. Cook, Gardner; Dave Lofthouse, Fargo; Franklin L. Sears, Absaraka.

Two Years' Engineering—Charles Oshwald, Fargo.

After the program the cornerstone of the Carnegie library was laid by President Worst, assisted by Frank J. Thompson of Fargo. President Worst gave a short speech, detailing how the gift from Mr. Carnegie had been obtained and the conditions for its use. After this Mr.

Thompson spoke on the origin and development of public libraries.

The day was an ideal one for the occasion and a large gathering collected to witness the ceremony.

SENIOR PROGRAM.

The Senior class program on Monday, June 5, was by far the greatest success of commencement time. This class of '05 has always been noted for its splendid programs, but this time it surpassed itself. Their program was opened by a vocal solo, rendered by Miss Erma Cole in an inimitable manner. Mr. Hulberg, as class president, delivered the "Farewell Address." He spoke feelingly of his class's connection with the college, of their regret at leaving it and gave many a well-timed word of advice to the lower class men. Mr. Dolve, in presenting the hatchet to the Junior class, told very explicitly the many uses of this honored weapon, of its meaning and its proper care. Mr. Birch in receiving the hatchet, made many amusing remarks, as well as telling its varied and checkered history to the present day.

But the greatest event of the evening was yet to come. A comic tragedy in two acts, "The A. C. Millenium," written by Messrs. Mikkelson and Dolve, and participated in by all the Seniors, was the final triumph. The parts were well suited to the characters and a more humorous production it would be hard to imagine. Mr. Dolve, as President John Hooligan; Mr. Elmer May, as Professor Lindentree; Miss Stephens, as Susan Bisquit, professor of domesticology; Mr. Mikkelson, as professor of sweepology, and Mr. Hulberg, as Mr. Brickfeller, capitalist and philanthropist, all played their parts well, as though they lived in their parts and were great-

ly enjoying themselves. Everyone voted the play a great success and the Seniors certainly deserve many compliments on their splendid work.

JUNIOR PROGRAM.

The Junior class gave a very successful program Saturday evening, June 3, to a highly appreciative audience. A cornet solo by Dr. Putnam was the first number; Miss Emily May, class president, then gave a most excellent talk on "Our Class Motto." Her work showed much thought and was spoken in that earnest way which is characteristic of Miss May. Mr. Birch recited "The Wreck of the Julie Plante," in a manner highly creditable to him. His imitation of the French dialect was very good. The oration, "The New Orient," although long, yet never uninteresting, was delivered by Mr. Porter in a forceful and direct manner. Miss Spence then played a piano solo in her usual brilliant manner; then Miss Bessie Smyth gave a well-handled recital of "Parson Whitney's New Year." The swift drive of the parson was told with vigor and vividness. Mr. Swenson, in his oration, "Louis Agassiz," dealt with the ethical side of this great man's life, showing much knowledge and insight into his character. But the program would not have been complete without Mr. Schollander's paper, "The Juniors." The paper was worthy of the subject and the audience appreciated more than one delightful hint which it contained. This entertaining program was concluded by a song, "Wouldn't You?," by the College Quartette, which was heartily encored. The Juniors may well feel proud of their success and fully repaid for all their work and anxiety.

SOPHOMORE PROGRAM.

The Sophomore program was given May 26 to an appreciative audience. Miss Spence played a piano solo with her

usual skill, as an opening number. Mr. Weaver, as a president's address, gave an interesting oration on "Justin Smith Morrill," the founder of Agricultural Colleges. Mr. Thysell read an essay, "Biographical Sketch of William Dean Howells," in an earnest manner, which suited his subject well. Mr. Fred Hegge in his declamation, "Public Dishonesty," gave vent to more spirit and fire than is usual for him. "King of the Waves," a vocal solo sung by Mr. A. G. Nickles in that pleasing manner so peculiar to him, was encored heartily.

"The Menace of Mammoth" was the title of the forceful oration by Mr. Dynes, in which he spoke of the present great greed for money as one of the greatest evils of modern times. Mr. Van Horn's original story, "At the Sign of Taurus," was very good and the audience laughed heartily at many of the humorous situations. "The Class Paper," by Mr. Slingsby, might well serve as a model for a more enterprising and important paper than that of the Sophomore class. Some very interesting news was given from down town as well as from the several classes and the Sophomores. After this paper, Mr. May, representing the Senior class, came forward with the so-called scepter, and presented the same to the Sophomores with a timely speech. Mr. Guinness received the talisman for the Sophomores and promised, in well-termed language, always to guard and use it faithfully. The Sophomores did as well as any class without any young ladies in it can expect to do, and they deserve much credit for their program.

THE FRESHMAN PROGRAM.

On May 19 the Freshmen gave their class program. Nearly the entire time was given to a consideration of the life and work of President Roosevelt, who, as the program will show, they treated from nearly all standpoints. The presi-

dent's address, "Roosevelt, the Statesman," was a masterly interpretation of the work of Roosevelt, and the esteem in which he is held by other nations. "Roosevelt, the North Dakotan," and "Roosevelt, the Author," set forth his life on a North Dakota ranch and the extent to which he is known as an author.

The class history, by Charles Clark, was a humorous account of how the different members of the class to be in it. This class contains a lot of exceptionally bright students, and we predict that by the time they reach the Senior year they will have been heard from more than once.

The program was as follows:

Violin Duet.....
.....Carl Myhre and Albert Faust
"Roosevelt, the Statesman".....
.....Daniel J. Glomset
"The Strenuous Life".....Laura Ueland
Vocal Solo.....Pearl Canniff
"Roosevelt, the North Dakotan".....
.....Matilda Thompson
"His First Grizzlies".....Mattie Seneco
Music.....Glee Club
"Roosevelt, the Author".....
.....Genevieve Holkesvig
Class History.....Charles Clark
"The Orange and the Black".....
.....Class of '08

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

The Alumni Association of the N. D. A. C. met at the college June 7, and elected officers for the ensuing year. The following were elected:

- President—C. A. Follett, '98.
- Vice President—James McGuigan, '04.
- Secrteary-Treasurer—E. D. Stewart, '01.

In the evening Caterer Pirie served a banquet to the Alumni and invited guests to the number of over a hundred. After the banquet, dancing was enjoyed until midnight.

The Alumni Association, while young yet and small in numbers, has already

perfected a strong organization and expects to make its power felt within a very few years. They are at present trying to persuade the governor to appoint an alumnus on the board of trustees of the Agricultural College. They believe that a graduate, from the institution will take a great deal more interest and be just as well fitted for the position as anyone else that could be found. While they were not successful this last year, they hope that two years from now they will attain their goal. To this end it behooves every student at the college to assist. By talking over the matter with your friends and asking them to use their influence with the representatives they will be able to create a public sentiment in its favor that will make it necessary for the governor to make the appointment.

The most prominent feature of this Alumni gathering was the address by President Weld of the Moorhead Normal School on "The Relation Education Bears to Human Life." It would be impossible in a short article to give any idea of the substance of this address. Sufficient to say that the one that could have any fault to find with it, must be, indeed, hard to please.

COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.

Tuesday, June 6, the Choral Association, assisted by Mrs. Grace Lincoln Burnam, soprano; Mrs. H. H. Wheelock, contralto; Mr. E. R. Orchard, baritone; Mr Chas W. Simmons, organist, and Miss Edna Spense, pianist, rendered A. R. Gaul's oratorio, "The Holy City." Chapel was crowded to overflowing by an appreciative audience who went home fully satisfied with the music. This concert marks the close of a very successful year for the musical department. Great credit is due Dr. Putnam for the efficiency to which he has brought this department at the college. When he took hold of it two years ago, it was just in its infancy, now it is known all over the state.

Local Happenings.

Mr. Marshall, the athletic director, is busily engaged in securing a strong schedule for the coming football season.

"Cupid" was a visitor at the college last week. Mr. Greene reports a successful term of school at the Minnesota U.

J. T. Weaver left Friday morning to the vicinity of Cooperstown, where he goes in the interest of the U. S. Soil Survey.

Mr. Glomset has been chosen as the Y. M. C. A. representative to go to the Lake Geneva conference to be held June 16-25.

Several of the students have decided to take up Professors Holley and Parrot's map proposition during the summer vacation.

Katie Jensen and Sopha Thomas, members of the class of '04, were visitors at the college during the closing exercises of the year.

Arthur Schollander came down from Montpelier to attend the shorthorn sale at the college June 6, and incidentally to see the Seniors graduate.

The Seniors were busy exchanging photographs with the lower classmen during the last few days. They evidently think that presence makes the heart grow fonder.

It is the custom now to take the chosen one home, to be passed upon by parents and relatives. We feel assured that Ernie will come out ahead, as he

received a good training in the recent students' election.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephens came down from Westhope to be present at the graduation exercises.

Nels Dolve, "Bob's" brother, who is attending the University, came down to see his brother don the sheepskin.

The Senior Prep. class has organized with Albert Thomas, president; Victor Parker, vice president, and Margaret Magill, secretary and treasurer.

Charley Oshwald has accepted a position with an elevator construction company. While gone, Charley will keep his eyes peeled for likely football material.

Dolve reports the hard luck how he saw the dear faces through the window as the car sped away. He says: "Had I run faster, I might have got there!"

Mr. Swenson intended to stay and enjoy himself a few days before going home, but he soon found doing nothing so strenuous that life soon became a burden. Play is for children alone.

The students' organization, composed of the four college classes and the Senior Prep. class, held their regular annual election Monday evening, June 5. The following officers were elected for the coming year:

Genevieve Holkesvig, president.

Bessie Smyth, vice president.

O. W. Dynes, secretary.

Laura Ueland, treasurer.

E. G. Schollander, editor in chief.

C. J. Guinness, business manager.