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Joan of Arc.

One of the most destructive wars in the history of the world began in the year 1337 and lasted for 100 years. During this time the affairs of France were in a very crippled state. The kings were generally weak and thinking most of themselves; the people soon became discouraged and their loyalty was quenched.

Up to the middle of the fifteenth century there were nearly as many different languages or dialects as there were districts. The boundaries, too, were always shifting. In fact, the king was the only bond existing between the people of the nation, although he was not "more than a name" in many parts. Different dukes ruled most of the small provinces, some of which were really under English rule.

Near the end of the fourteenth century and the beginning of the next, France was ruled by a young king who after a few years of court life became at times a raving madman, and at others an idiot. During this time the English were beginning their invasion of France. But not until 1417 did these conquests really become earnest, when Paris was broken into, and the people taken captives, only the dauphin escaping.

Such was the condition of things when a young peasant maiden came to save the land. This maid who has been scoffed at by many, but really deserves

the love and reverence of all, Joan of Arc, was born and spent the first sixteen years of her life in the small village of Domramy. Her early life differed in no wise from that of her girlhood companions. She was quiet, doing her allotted household work each day, tending the sheep and cattle, when occasion demanded. Her parents were peasants well-to-do, but possessed no more than the most of the people of that community. Her father, who stood high in the estimation of the people, acted as advisor in cases of law. As the dean, the collecting of taxes fell to his lot.

We have heard many legends concerning the early childhood of Joan, but not much of her life earlier than the twelfth or thirteenth year of her life is known. The voices which Joan heard are to many merely a myth, while to others they are true. It seems that the first of these visions occurred to her when about this age. One day while in the garden, which was near a church, she saw a great light and after the vision of the archangel, Michael, around whom were several angels. Joan, of course, was much frightened by this vision, but as it appeared many times, her fears passed away and peace and comfort came to her. It may be strange to many that Joan never spoke of these visions to others, but they were too sacred to be thus discussed. These visions made no change in her life.

She continued her spinning and sewing as before. At first these visions merely told her that she must help France, but gave her no definite command. After a time, however, the voices told her that she must save Orleans, and then lead the dauphin to Rheims where he was to be crowned. After this she was to drive the English from France.

In 1429, Joan went to Vancouleurs to appear before its commander in order to insist that he should take her to the dauphin. He at first was much amused, then ordered her to go home at once. Without the inspiration received from her voices, would she have endured this discouragement? Without them, could she still have believed herself in the right and still believe in her ability to free France? No; it is probable that she would have given up in despair and gone to her home again.

After a short time, finding that the commander of Vancouleurs would not help her to undertake her journey to the dauphin, she resolved to seek help of others, going at once to the Duke of Lorraine. Even considering the great difficulties Joan had suffered up to this time, they were as nothing compared with those that followed. At last, after many trials, many discouragements, Joan was finally taken before the dauphin. Some mysterious power must have told her which, among the many courtiers, was the dauphin. With hardly a minute of hesitation she walked at once to Charles and said: "Gentle dauphin, I have come to you on a message from God, to bring help to you and to your kingdom." Asking him for help to raise the siege of Orleans, she expected that her request would be granted at once, but the dauphin did not trust her. With his weak and shallow nature, it was impossible for him to understand the strong mind of this young girl.

Although the people of France as a whole were lacking in loyalty to their

king and ruler, they had a very strong hatred of England. Joan, on the other hand, loved her country with a strong and absorbing love, but felt no hatred of the English people. Her faith in her visions was so strong that she thought that the English would so far believe in her that they, at her bidding, would leave the country. With this end in view she sent the following letter:

"King of England, and you, Duke of Bedford, who style yourself regent of France; you, William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, John, Lord Talbot, and Thomas, Lord Scales, who style yourselves lieutenants of the same Duke of Bedford, give heed to the King of Heaven, and yield up to the maid, sent for that purpose by God, the King of Heaven, the keys of all the good cities which you have taken and outraged in France. * * * King of England, if you will not do this I am the head of the army, and wherever I meet your people in France I will make them flee; whether they will or no, and, if they will not obey, I will kill them all. I am sent from God, the King of Heaven, body for body, to drive you out of all France; but, if the soldiers obey, I will have mercy on them. Be not obstinate, therefore, for you shall not hold the kingdom of France from God, the King of Heaven, Son of St. Mary; from Him shall Charles hold it, the true heir, for God, the King of Heaven, wills it so, and so has it been revealed by the maid, who will enter Paris with a good company. * * * And be sure that the King of Heaven will send greater strength to the maid and to her good soldiers than you can bring with all your might, and by heavy buffets you shall discover who has the best right from the God of Heaven. * * * Answer, then, if you will give peace to the City of Orleans, and, if you do not, expect shortly grievous damage."

How firmly Joan must have believed in her visions to feel that the English

would give in to her. But as we know by subsequent results, although the letter sent to the English did not in the least move them, her presence was as an omen of evil to them. In order really to understand the noble work performed by Joan in raising the siege of Orleans, we must look to the condition of that fort itself. The fort, which was filled with starving citizens, was surrounded by small forts which were held by the enemy, who could receive help from outside. Think of the serious undertaking. Supposing she had failed in this one attack, what would have been the result? How would she have stood in the estimation of the people and those soldiers who had given up everything to follow her? The maid, when wounded on the battle field, still remained at her post; when the soldiers became discouraged, she urged them on to victory. Can we find any other character in history to be compared with her? Her work did not end with the relief of Orleans; she still continued, marching her troops from town to town, bringing victory to each of these. What other character shows the loyalty to a weak king that she did? Pleading with him, she finally prevailed on him to leave for Rheims, many miles distant, where he was finally crowned king of France. Can we believe otherwise than that she was able to instill into his heart a greater love for his country? Did she think of the danger she was undergoing in thus aiding the king to pass through a country hostile to him? No; her faith in God was too great to allow a doubt to rest in her mind.

The most marvelous thing about her was the fact that after all these many victories she was still the same plain peasant girl as before, asking nothing but that she might be allowed to return to her home. It might have been better for her had the king allowed her to do as she desired. Much of her later suffering might then not have come to her.

On May 23, 1430, while fighting bravely for the French, she was captured by two or three of the English soldiers, two of whom ranked high in the estimation of the royal family. She was at once taken to an old castle and, although she was not roughly used, she was treated nevertheless as no loyal Frenchman should have allowed. Joan was finally offered to the English for £10,000. She was purchased by the English king and taken to Rouen where she spent many weary months in prison seeing none except enemies. Still her faith in the heavenly voices was not destroyed. They still brought peace and comfort to her. Every day for many months Joan was questioned by learned men, some of whom were neutral in their feelings, but the majority of whom were anxious to see Joan punished, believing her a witch sent by Satan.

No copy of the charges brought against Joan had been kept. Among these charges was that of having had relations with the spirits, and another that of allowing the common people to worship her. Her attempt to escape from prison when all were against her was brought to tell when the time of the trial came. In fact, nearly every act performed by her was ascribed to spirits of evil. Think of what Joan must have suffered during the time her trial was going on. Would it have been strange if she had renounced all her beliefs in order to save herself as she might have done? But this thought does not seem to have entered her mind. She believed in her voices as faithfully during the trial as she did at any time during her successes.

Every method available was resorted to in order to cause Joan to give evidence that would tell against her. Every method, no matter how despicable it might be was made use of, to bring her to confess supposed crimes, but without success. We in this enlightened world can

little conceive of the tortures to which Joan was subjected. Her persecutors were not satisfied with merely torturing her but also in every way possible they deceived her. At the time of the public trial, amid the noise of many soldiers, she was compelled to sign a paper, and, as she could neither read nor write, it is very probable that she did not sign the paper which she supposed she was signing, or that later her signature or a sign which she used was forged to another document. In this it was alleged that she testified that the voices were not real and that she had been following the instructions of the devil. At this time she supposed that the document concerned merely her submission to the church. She was then told that as long as she submitted to the church, sentence

would not be passed and she would be guarded by the church men. But, instead of this, she was taken back to her prison cell. After some time the sentence of death was passed upon her, death in the most horrible manner possible, namely, by burning at the stake. She was compelled to sit upon a high platform, where she could be viewed by the multitudes, who had come to see the execution, while listening to a long sermon. After the sermon she called for a cross, which was brought at once, kissed it and carried it with her when she was bound to the stake. She also begged that a crucifix might be held up that she might gaze upon it. As the fire slowly burned up, those watching her saw her lips move as in prayer, and heard her call in a clear, unflinching voice, "Jesus, Jesus!"

B. B. S.

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The Separation.

To his little homestead shanty in Western Nebraska, beside the little hamlet of Eros, Walter had brought his darling bride in the autumn of the year. No birds in spring time were ever better mated or enjoyed life better than this happy young couple did in their prairie home.

One day, as winter was at its height, a telegram came to Marcia calling her to her mother who was suddenly taken ill at her home near Omaha. After a cold drive of twenty miles, Walter and Marcia parted as the train drew out of the depot for the first time since they had been married. Parting was very hard, and it nearly broke the young wife's heart, though she little dreamed it would be for so long.

The train quickly sped on and in a very short time Marcia was at her mother's bedside. She felt the absence of Walter very keenly, but time quickly

passed, and the mother soon regained her former health.

A very happy young woman was Marcia as she again boarded the train which would take her to her long absent husband. The night was wintry and the cars were very cold. Marcia, seeing a young woman ahead of her shivering with the cold, said: "Take my coat, wrap it about you, it will keep you warm."

"Thank you ever so much," said the girl as she took the coat.

"Where are you from?" said Marcia.

"I am returning from my home in Omaha, where I have been visiting since the holidays. I am now going to finish my term of school in a little country district in the western part of the state."

"I, too, am returning from my mother, who has been very sick all winter."

As she spoke these words there came

a terrible smash, and the car was riven into kindling wood. The express had met an east bound train on a sharp curve around a high embankment and both trains, shattered and smashed, rolled down below, where they soon took fire from the stoves. Marcia was unconscious when removed from the wreck, suffering from a fracture of the skull. Her companion was instantly killed, and her body partly cremated before it could be removed from the wreckage. Marcia, with many of the other injured, was taken on a special train to the hospitals in Omaha.

Walter was at the depot awaiting his wife when the telegram telling of the wreck came. He took the first train to the scene. Here he saw the half cremated corpse shrouded in the well known coat. His heart was utterly broken with grief, and the light of the world went out for him as she was laid beneath the frozen ground in early March.

Walter returned home only to hate it. He sold his stock, machinery and farm, then started to the Pacific Coast without letting his neighbors or friends know his destination. He next enlisted in the marine corps under an assumed name in order that he might forget the past which has so embittered his life. Walter visited many foreign lands, and rose in rank but nothing could ease the pulsating prick of sadness in his heart.

The special train carried Marcia to a large hospital in Omaha where she lay for weeks before reason returned and a full idea of the consequences of the disastrous wreck dawned upon her mind. It was past midsummer before she could leave the hospital to return to the little village of Eros. When she arrived, the neighbors could scarcely believe their

senses to see Marcia alive and well. For, had they not attended her funeral a few months ago? But when they heard her story they were soon convinced that they had made a great mistake at the railroad wreck.

Though broken-hearted and in utter despair to find her husband gone, and herself alone in the world, Marcia soon resolved to return to the hospital, where she had many good friends, to become a trained nurse and then go out into the world to alleviate the sufferings of her fellowmen.

* * *

Years have rolled on, Marcia is now nursing wounded soldiers in the Red Cross hospital, after the bloody battle against the natives for the possession of Manila. A captain, whose wounds seem mortal, is brought in, his face pinched and drawn with pain. Marcia dresses his wounds, and as she glances at his face it seems strangely familiar to her. She looks again, "It is Walter! My Walter!" and his face is covered with kisses and tears. His eyes open, he thinks he dreams, he sees his long lost Marcia, and he whispers in his delirium: "I will live, I will live for your sake." Weeks pass on; Walter realizes his dream is reality. He is soon ready to leave the hospital, but he is never again able to go into active service.

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If you should ever happen to visit the little village of Eros you will find Walter and Marcia on their little farm, which they have repurchased with the money they jointly saved during their checkered career in the distant islands of the placid Pacific, the happiest family in all Nebraska.

W. R. P.

The Distribution of Algae.

In discussing the distribution of algae, we should first consider the part of the vegetable kingdom to which they really belong and also the different classes into which they may be divided. They are chlorophyll, bearing thallophytes, which usually grow immersed in water, either fresh or salt; they may be divided, according to the pigment which they bear, into three classes, namely: Chlorophyceæ, Phæophyceæ and Rhodophyceæ, or green, brown and red algae.

The Chlorophyceæ or green algae are, for the most part, fresh water plants, although some forms of the Siphoneæ, as the Bryopsis and Codium, are found in the seas. These forms are most numerous in the temperate and especially the tropical waters. On coral reefs and bars, where their lime deposits are of value, they reach their highest development.

The fresh water Chlorophyceæ, however, are best known to us, as some species may be found near at hand. During the summer, in drying pond holes and ditches the Vaucheria and Hydrodictyon are very plentiful. The latter forms, in net-work, a pale green scum over stagnant or slowly moving water. In the scum may also be found Volvox, a sixteen-celled colony; Pediastrum, a star-shaped colony, and Desmids of various shapes. The Vaucheria, a filamentous plant, is not found in the deep water but rather in the drying mud on the sides. The Chara, the highest differentiated green algae, grows on the mud, too, but where it is submerged in water.

Stagnant sloughs are not the only places where fresh water Chlorophyceæ will grow, however. The river water, which is the only drinking water some families have, is alive with them. By examining the material caught on a cloth

tied over a tap, many different forms were found.

The next class is the Phæophyceæ, or algae bearing brown pigments. Except for a few forms, like the Diatoms, the brown algae are marine plants and with the Rhodophyceæ make up most of the ocean vegetation. These Diatoms are found almost everywhere. On the bottoms of lakes and rivers there is a flinty accumulation formed by the silica in the shells of the Diatoms. In the ocean these minute forms make up the bulk of the floating plant life, and, in some cases, give the water a brownish cast.

The Kelps, most plentiful, are found in the cooler and temperate ocean waters. Along the Pacific coast of North America they reach their highest development. There the "sea-palm," the most curious, grows attached to rocks which are exposed to heavy surf.

A small number of the brown algae, the best known of which is the Sargassum or "gulf-weed" of the warmer Atlantic, are found in great masses floating on the water. The arms of the eastern Mediterranean sea abound in this form of Phæophyceæ.

The last class of algae to consider, the Rhodophyceæ or red, includes the most beautiful and interesting members of the plant kingdom, both on account of their beautiful color and their graceful, feathery form. These are almost exclusively marine plants, although some forms may be found in fresh water, usually in rapid streams of cold water or on rocks washed by falling water. In the ocean they generally grow in much deeper water than the Phæophyceæ, but do not always stay at the bottom as they often break loose and float to the top. They

may be found in all the warmer seas and also as far as the arctic waters, but there their development is not so complete.

As we have seen, the algae are an important part of the vegetable kingdom and their distribution is almost universal. We must now consider their economic value to man. First, as a step in the development of plant life they are of the greatest importance. Then, as the vegetation of the sea, they furnish food

for thousands of marine animals. And, besides this, are of value on account of the gelatine substance on the leaves. This in many cases is used as a culture for microscopic organisms. It is also used in the preparation of soups and marmalades, and, in Japan, as a gloss for silk. In many of the northern countries the seaweeds are dried and in that form used as food.

E. E. M.

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The Pioneer and What Experience Has Taught Him.

Twenty years or more ago the first settlers' wagons could be seen wending their way across the plains. Now and then one would stop upon a claim and unload the meager supply of worldly goods belonging to his family, build a small shack of timber or sod, and begin to combat the hardships which always through the pioneer's life. Had they known what trials and disappointments awaited them and their families in their pioneer struggle for a home and a livelihood, it is doubtful whether they would have undertaken the task. It is true that a few people had funds when they came, but the majority possessed very little, and consequently the struggle for existence began at once and has continued almost until the present time.

It is not necessary to look at the dark side of life, but it would be well to contrast the conditions that existed in the past and the prospects of the future as they appear at the present time. For the farming class as a whole in North Dakota there arise two questions: 1st. What have we accomplished in the past? 2nd. What can we build up for the

future with the present system of grain farming?

Looking back eighteen years one can see the wild prairie dotted here and there with gopher and badger mounds, with a few claim shanties which answered the purpose of guide posts to the pioneer in his travels, and an occasional small piece of breaking—that was all—no trees, no school houses, no neighbors for miles. Is it any wonder that wife and children felt lonesome and discouraged?

Several dry and poor seasons followed when wheat yielded from two to eight bushels per acre, and farmers were glad to harvest and thresh the crop to get that. Now and then a hail storm swept through a community, scattering destruction in its path. All things together seemed to ingraft the somewhat reckless habit of farming as large an amount of land with as small an amount of labor and expense as possible, with the hope of thereby offsetting the small yield. The methods of farming were crude in those days, the broadcast seeder was used, which simply scattered the seed upon the ground where it became an easy prey

for drouth and for the hot winds which occasionally helped to blight the prospects for even a small yield. Such years frequently failed to produce large enough crops to pay the current expenses of the farm.

These drawbacks drove many farmers away from the country while their homes were again added to the government tract or became the prey of the vender of real estate. Many of the farms were allowed to return to native prairie grass and lie idle until drills and other new implements were introduced together with the acclimatization of the man and his adjustment to the soil which made it possible to crop the idle acres at more profit. Nature, too, was kind and the seasons themselves ruled more favorable for producing crops.

Those who were hardy and fortunate enough to withstand the hardships are here today intermingled with newcomers, and both are succeeding in making comfortable homes upon the cheap lands of our young state.

In addition to the drawbacks already mentioned was the lack of school privileges for the farmers' children. It has been estimated that as high a percentage of children attend school in North Dakota at present as in any other state in the Union. Be that as it may, the fact remains that a great number of the children who needed a common school education did not have an opportunity to secure school privileges, due to the distance of most farm residences from a school house. The distance was so great as to bar the possibility of attending school either in summer or winter. Another school difficulty arose from the fact that the child when old enough to travel the distance necessary to reach the school house was needed on the farm to avoid as far as possible the expense of hired help. From that age up, there was nothing but work, work, no time for amusement of any kind, and if there

had been, there was no money to spare for such purposes. It is an old saying that, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and it is just as true that the all-work system has driven many of our brightest boys and girls from the farm long before they were grown. It cultivated in them an abhorrence for farm life and a grim determination never to return to what seemed to them a life of inevitable drudgery. They feel far better satisfied to work in a crowded factory for less pay and with no prospects of ever laying by a dollar for a rainy day.

These facts have been mentioned to show what has become of many of the best of our North Dakota young men and women, and to explain what may be regarded as the cause of it. Instead of the conditions being as described, the work could be so arranged that a part of the time might be used for an agricultural education. Each child should have a pecuniary interest of some kind in the farm which would cause him to feel more responsibility, and it would result in more of them staying at home to improve the farms rather than rushing into the now over-crowded cities. It could hardly fail to make honest independent citizens instead of dependent employees of some corporation or trust. The policy advocated would work hardship for the eastern land speculator who invests his capital in North Dakota land for the sole purpose of adding to his worldly goods. The man who organizes booms calculated to raise the selling price of land beyond the reach of the resident farmer and who by skimming the fertility from it with a reckless waste of the future productive value, should be driven out by active young farmers. He deserves neither sympathy nor consideration, for his frequently voiced sentiment is: "Farming be damned, money is what I am after." Time and time again such men have hired a quarter section of land

broken, put in a crop and handled it in such a slip shod way that in a year or two it would grow cactus and must Northwest

“Can a grain farmer jump over the fence and go into stock raising with any assurance of immediate success?” Does he not need some information upon the care and management of stock and an understanding of mixing and feeding balanced rations, and of the composition of feeds to enable him to fit the animal for the block in as short a period as possible in order that he may make a profit. If these things must be learned, then it is surely best to grow into the business rather than to go into it.

In growing stock the labor question is one of the most vexing and difficult problems among those which present themselves. And yet, while the farmers who are growing grain they did not need a large amount of full year labor that was necessary in growing stock. Eight months during the year was as long as needed labor and fortunate was the farmer who was able to keep a hired man for the year. Just as soon as threshing is over there seems to be a great amount of laboring

which is a valuable product. The summer fallow was heretofore a fair degree of success but one year of cropping was lost each time as well as some fertility. Now, what are we to do to build up a farm for the future and at the same time make it pay?

If the farmers adopt methods of rotation and the growing of cultivated crops such as corn, potatoes, millet and grasses, and grow them in a quantity large enough for a rotation crop on large farms, they must have stock to utilize the raw material. At the present time farmers do not have the stock, in order to have more stock more buildings are necessary to accommodate. At this point a vital question is

Agricultural News.

PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST.

Professor Allen of the dairy department certainly deserves credit for the untiring zeal he has shown in procuring prizes from the different separator and creamery companies to be awarded to dairy students showing the greatest proficiency in writing essays upon "The Care and Management of the Dairy Cow." The judges decided in favor of M. B. Fallzetter, first prize, a gold medal; R. B. Lee, second prize, a silver medal; O. A. Schollander, third prize, a silver watch charm. The competition was very close as there were only a few points between the highest and lowest markings in the twelve essays. Several dairy and farm papers have asked permission to publish the prize essays.

SEED

In the past few years the Department of Agriculture has been working to aid the farmers in their struggle against the wheat rusts and other diseases which have robbed them of their crops. And especially is this true of the work done at this institution. Only recently several of our professors made an excursion on a special train furnished by the Soo road, from Bismarck northward through the state, stopping at each station to speak to the farmers who gathered to hear them. The purpose of the trip was to bring to the farmers a better knowledge of the pests and the remedies for them and the necessity of using sound seed, which had been found in many experiments carried on during the past year at the station. Different samples of immune and resistant seeds were shown and valuable

suggestions as to the preparation of soils and selection of seeds were given. That much interest is shown by the farmers in this important work is evident from the fact that, at some of the stops made along the route, as many as 1,000 people were gathered to get help and advice from those who had done experimental work in a practical way. Without a doubt all interested realize that only by the co-operation of the farmers and scientists can these destructive pests of the wheat belt be overcome and the wheat again be brought up to the No. 1 Hard grade, so common in early years.

A FEW HINTS.

Passing by a farmer's home, one of the most common and deplorable conditions seen from the road is the old pieces of machinery and rubbish scattered around the farm yard. Even the house is not exempt from the three-legged grindstone, leaning lazily against it.

It is true that every farmer has not the funds to provide the necessary machine sheds—though no better investment could be made by any farmer—but he could at least gather the machinery and rubbish in some remote corner of the yard so the danger of stepping on rusty nails and of breaking limbs by getting tangled up in the machinery would be avoided by both man and beast. To keep the yard clean undoubtedly takes a little time, but it does not take the cold, hard cash, and it adds wonderfully to the appearance and comfort of the farm home.

In addition to this, if a small grove of some hardy varieties of trees, such as the box elder, ash, maple, elm and poplar and outside of this a row of willows, could be planted on the north and west of the buildings, also a few clumps of shrubbery and a small flower bed close to the house, it would add much to the cheeriness and homelikeness of the place.

Perhaps no one thing improves the looks of the farm home as much and as

strikingly as a coat of paint upon the buildings. It lends a beautiful blending to the green trees and clean farm yard.

THE AGRICULTURAL CLUB NO. 1.

During the winter of 1899 a few boys who were taking the agricultural course met in Francis Hall and organized a society called the Agricultural Club No. 1, for the purpose of discussing topics relating to the farm and home, and for the purpose of bringing together more closely the boys that were gathered here for the few short months during the winter term. The topics on the program were more or less familiar to them all and hence could be easily discussed without embarrassment. Thus ideas were exchanged and taken home.

For several years the attendance was small and the programs were carried out with difficulty. Nevertheless, the work was of a substantial nature. The membership steadily increased until at the present time it numbers several hundred.

But once in its history has the club had the privilege of comparing its work with that of the other societies, and that was when it lined up against the Mechanical Club in a debate entitled, "Resolved, that a mechanical course is of more value to the average young man than an agricultural course." The Agricultural Club took the negative side of the debate. Though silver-tongued orators were pitted against the farmers, the latter carried off the honors easily. The sad results of this debate was that the defeat so haunted the Mechanics that they buried themselves forthwith and have never come to life again.

When the American Federation of Students of Agriculture was organized in Chicago in 1901, the club signed as one of its charter members. In 1904 it was chosen to take full charge of the program held at Chicago, which it did with credit to itself and to the college.

It is an old saying that every great

undertaking has a small beginning, which was certainly true of the Agricultural Club. The work accomplished by its members and the widespread membership among the students over the state will

give the club a power in a few years that no one at present can estimate. Let the good work of the club go on, and on, until its name will be the keystone to the old A. C.'s prosperity.



OUR EXCHANGE TABLE.

The Columbiad for March is "chuck full" of good things.

The Industrialist, to judge from its columns, bears well the name it holds.

A book is an index of character and this is true as regards the owner as well as the author.—*The Sioux*.

The Mercerian for February contains some good material and is a neat, well printed, attractive magazine.

The College Signal for March contains among other good things a short article, "Is a College Course a Waste of Time?"

The February issue of *The Rocky Mountain Collegian* is given over almost entirely to matter that would come under locals.

You of the agricultural course should read *The Illinois Agriculturalist* for March. It contains some good things that you can't afford not to read.

'Tis wrong for any maid to be

Abroad at night alone,

A chaperon she needs, till she

Can call some chap her own.

—Oracle.

The *St. John's University Record* has a good write up of the basketball game in which our boys were defeated by the St. John's team. This article when read by our basketball players almost made

them live over again the good and exciting time they had at St. John's.

There are some wholesome criticisms in the Exchange Department of the *Clemson College Chronicle*. Too bad that some of the rest of our exchange editors can't "speak out."

The Tahoma seems to have become quite "chesty" over a few favorable comments (on their special issue) that have lately appeared in various school publications. Moral: Don't spoil a child by too much flattery.

College Chips devotes nine and a half pages to a well written plea in the Norwegian language for the union of the three Scandinavian countries. We believe this to be an ideal condition, but one not likely to be realized in the near future.

But for the frequent mention of the fact one would never suspect that the February issue of the *Blue and Gold* was a girls number. Not even "Easter Bonnets" or "New York Fashions" are mentioned, which was a rather pleasant surprise.

In enterprising colleges

Throughout this goodly land,

Where they boast of their curriculum

In terms verbose and grand,

Commencement programs are not

Even planned as yet,

But baseball dates have all been fixed,

It's very safe to bet. —Life.

Athletic Department.

The baseball men have been making rapid improvement since they have begun their outdoor work. No very strenuous work has been attempted, but the men are gradually getting into shape and most of the kinks have disappeared from their throwing arms.

Most college teams are light in batting; our team is trying to remedy that defect and is spending a great deal of time practicing hitting and bunting. The team promises to be fairly fast in fielding and on bases.

Lack of pitchers is a serious difficulty which confronts the coach. Allen and Oshwald both have speed and curves, and are doing fairly well, but both lack experience. Van Horn behind the bat is showing up fast and strong. Slingsby, Lofthouse, Nelson, Hallenberg, Sattre, Hill, Birch and Hanson are all doing good work at present, and if they keep it up should win places on the team.

Most of the teams throughout the state have as yet not organized so the schedule is not complete, but will be announced in a few days.

It is with a good deal of pride that we can look over the basketball season. Out of the eight games played, our boys have won five. Of the three games lost, two were lost to teams that were superior beyond a doubt, but it is quite a question as to whether the third game would have been lost had the officials been what they should have been—unbiased. A total of the scores made shows that while there were 234 points scored against us, our team scored 273 points against their opponents.

Much praise is due the boys who got out and practiced, sacrificing not a little of their time in so doing, and who eventually made such a clean record pos-

sible, be it said, to the glory of the institution.

A track meet is very apt to be scheduled with Grand Forks this spring. Both schools are anxious for the meet, and provided enough men take an interest in the work the A. C. will put a team in the field. This branch of athletics should not be neglected as it has been in the past. A nicer, cleaner sport does not exist, and it is to be hoped that all the men in school will turn out to see what they can do either on the track or with the weights.

It has come to the notice of the Athletics editor that the system of keeping all athletic records is woefully deficient at this institution. Wishing some data as to past records made by the A. C. football teams, I applied to the coach and to Professor Bolley. But in vain did I look for some systematic arrangement of records. I wish to suggest a plan whereby one can at all times apply for and receive information concerning athletic records made by the A. C. Let the Athletic Association require the secretary to file a complete record of all athletic meets, games, etc., with his annual report according to some systematic arrangement as suggested by Coach Marshall and Professor Bolley. As the records pile up it will be well-nigh impossible to turn to Professor Bolley and have him give off-hand from memory the records of the various years. At present this is (excepting the bound volumes of THE SPECTRUM) practically the only existing source from which data can be gained. Both of these sources must necessarily be woefully deficient as compared with a carefully prepared and systematic record.

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Editorial.

In accordance with a custom begun by the Junior class of last year, we, the class of '06, send out this issue of THE SPECTRUM as the product of united class effort. Heretofore the paper has represented the entire student body and not any one class in particular, but with this number only a few have been concerned, and these few are the members of the Junior class.

The last term of our school year has now begun and we all feel that much must be accomplished in the few remaining weeks to round out our work, and prepare for commencement, the fitting climax of the year. Some changes have been made in the customary rule regarding commencement week, and this year, instead of devoting one week to the different class exercises and the Senior pro-

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gram, one program will be given each week during the last three weeks of the term, and so leave until after examinations only the Senior class day and society banquets. This plan is an experiment and, in order to make it successful, the members of the different classes must begin preparation at once and work steadily throughout the term. Although many of our students were obliged to leave college when spring came, in each class there still remain enough to keep the class exercises of this year up to the standard set in previous years.

Although the passing of the appropriation bills for this institution by the legislature caused much rejoicing among the students, they anxiously waited for several days to learn the governor's decision in the matter. And when it was stated that the bills for the chemical laboratory and greenhouse had been signed, general satisfaction prevailed, although our new gymnasium was doomed. Of course, the question of more room and better equipment for indoor athletics was of vital importance to each student personally, but there is the feeling that

perhaps more room for chemical work was the greater of the two needs. Nevertheless, the hope of a better gymnasium still survives, and will continue to be cherished until the desired end is gained.

The new chemical building will be erected between the main and engineering buildings and will add much to the appearance of the campus, as it will occupy the space which has been left vacant for some years. It will be an imposing three-story structure, 84 feet by 100 feet, of pressed brick, trimmed with red sand stone. The main doorway is to be 9 feet by 13 feet, supported by two massive granite columns. The lintel bears the inscription, "Chemical Laboratory," in clear letters. The interior of the building is to be of red birch and will be fitted with all modern equipments for laboratory and class work.

The basement will be given to farm chemistry, experiment station laboratory and store rooms. The second floor will be occupied by laboratories for general college work, department of pharmacy, private station laboratories and offices. The third floor is to be given to lecture rooms and museum. The drawings also show space in the attic for additional rooms. On the whole, the building will be one of the finest in the Northwest and will afford space and equipment for chemical work equal to those found in many of the larger institutions.

We feel ourselves especially to be congratulated on the fact of receiving a donation of \$15,000 from Mr. Carnegie for a library building. Although for some years Mr. Carnegie has aided denominational institutions and donated public libraries to many of the western cities, the A. C. is one of the very few state institutions to be helped, and we fully appreciate the honor. For some

time President Worst has tried to get Mr. Carnegie interested in our college, but without any apparent success, until just recently, when Mr. Marcossou, correspondent for *The World's Work*, and a friend of Mr. Carnegie's private secretary, passed through Fargo and visited the A. C. On going into our present library, he made the remark that we seem to be greatly lacking in room and asked why, if the state could not supply the funds for a separate building, we did not get some of the rich men in the state to help us. President Worst answered that our state was yet too young to have really rich men. The question was then asked why we did not apply to the men in the eastern states for money. The president replied that he had written to Mr. Carnegie but without result. It was thought probable that Mr. Marcossou might have some influence with Mr. Carnegie's secretary, and another attempt was made which proved successful.

The plans of the library building were drawn up in accordance with Mr. Carnegie's wishes. Although small, the building will be one of the finest on the campus. It is to be a one-story structure of pressed brick, 54 feet by 65 feet, with full basement of red sand stone. The entrance will be supported by four columns, the floor will be of tile, the steps of marble, the interior finish of quarter sawed oak, and the stack shelves of metal.

The basement will contain cloak rooms, store rooms and quarters for literary societies. The main floor will be divided into two reading rooms and a stack room. The building throughout will be modern and the best for its size to be found in any state. We shall all be justly proud of our library and feel grateful to Mr. Carnegie for his kind consideration of our crying need.

Class Biography.

JOHN A SWENSON.

The only "shining" light at the institution, a dreamer, a dance promoter and a social advocator, the avordupois of the class, center of the football team, drum major of the band (solely ornamental), the historian of class of '06. This multifarious prodigy first saw the light at Kenyon, Minn., on January 26, 1878, but is now a Dakotan. He came to the A. C. in the fall of 1901 and enrolled with the present Junior class. "Gerald" is an agricultural student, but claims to have no specialty in mind. His failings are: A peculiar infatuation for small girls, and lack of gumption or American bluff.

ALFRED M. SATTRE.

"We grant, although he has much wit, He was very shy of using it."

—Samuel Butler.

This unostentatious young man comes to us from St. Olaf's College, where he has secured the degree of B. S. He began work at the A. C. in the fall of 1904, but owing to some difficulty in finding his bearings, did not affiliate himself with the class until this spring. He now has the registrar's assurance that he can plow through the agricultural field in time to graduate with the class of '06. But, alas, he is not all with us, his heart belongs to a fairy at Northfield. As Mr. Sattre is a prominent figure in the band and also in athletics, he is, therefore, a find, not to the class only, but to the institution as well.

WILLIAM R. PORTER.

A plodder, not to be daunted in his ambition. Tells less than he knows, but has gained some reputation as a debater and as a "grind." A mathematician

and physicist, has the ability to look Professor Keene in the eye without trembling. William comes from Pembina County, where he was born in 1880. He first completed the short agricultural course, but, being ambitious and thirsting for more knowledge, he joined the class of '06 in 1902. Although virtuous, he has his faults, namely, shyness of the fair sex and love of money. His goal is to become a successful, prosperous tiller of the soil.

BESSIE BROWNE SMYTHE.

Blue are her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her hopes as high as the larks that fly
Heavenward in the month of May.

Began growing near Casselton on April 5 twenty years ago, and has been growing ever since. She entered the A. C. in 1900 and became a member of the class of '06 a year later. Bessie feels the college could get along without her, but she is nevertheless true to the rose-pink and silver gray. Being secretary of the illustrious Juniors, and center of the basketball team, she is the *prima donna* of the class.

FRED G. BIRCH.

This promising young man is originally a Pembina boy, but is now a resident of Fargo. Fred has the distinction of being the youngest member of the class, for he was born May 21, 1885. He is also noted for being the only mechanical student in the class. He is a combination of qualities. Besides being an athletic star of first magnitude, Mr. Birch can draw, paint and capture hearts at pleasure, though the latter with some dif-

ficulty. In the fall of 1904 he forsook the class and entered the "U." of Wisconsin, but maternal love brought him back to Fargo, and to us. He is now with the class, but, alas, we are afraid we shall lose him again as Cupid's darts are aimed at him.

Now, if we could, we'd alter him,

We'd give him what others, too, may lack:

The ready act, the fitting word,

A little of a woman's tact.

ERNEST G. SCHOLLANDER.

In the distant peninsula of Sweden, close to the shores of the Baltic, Ernest made his debut thirty years ago. When but a little boy, he left King Oscar to become a subject of Uncle Sam. He has proven himself to be a valuable citizen as he is a successful financier. He first enrolled with the class of '01 in 1895, but owing to some mathematical demonstration decided to postpone his college course and engage in practical work at the experimental station. In the meantime he pursued the almighty dollar. In the fall of '04 he saw fit to join the class of '06. As he is E(a)rnest we believe he Shall-land-her all right.

RUFUS B. LEE.

Be it said, in some respects a "Matthew Maule;" a meditator and philosopher, to whom a person's mind is as an open book. Richly endowed with common sense, but lacking somewhat in ambition, his one aim is to pass through life with the greatest ease and least work possible. Of late his consultations with the registrar have been of unusual frequency. He nourishes several hobbies: he is a dog fancier, amateur photographer and a sportsman.

Though born in the Wolverine State twenty-three years ago, he now resides at Gladstone, N. D., "the wild and wool-

ly west." He is an agricultural student, his specialty being live stock and veterinary science.

EMILY EUNICE MAY.

From the land of the Dakotas,
From the little town of Harwood,
Came this fragile little flower;
Small she is, but fair to look on,
Many love her, but she scorns them;
Ever talking, ever walking,
Not with many, but with one.

This young lady began her energetic life on October 25, 1884. Five years ago she decided to cast her lot with the farmers. She has been a most loyal member of the class of '03 throughout, and this year is president of the Juniors. She is the faculty's favorite and the students' idol. She is also a basketball player and athletic enthusiast. While specializing in chemistry, her chief ambition is to get a sheepskin. "And she will get it, too," the registrar says.

OLD CLASSMATES.

Arthur Irle, one of the charter members of '06 who left the A. C. for Tacoma, Wash., in the fall of 1902, now a bookkeeper for a foundry company in that city, wondered one day last January where all his old classmates of '06 were, and what they were doing. A happy thought struck him: he would start a circulating letter to be sent to each member of the class.

The letter, on its mission, found Beaver Day, a student of architecture and a player on the Freshman basketball team, in the historic "U. of Penn." Teresa Fields was enjoying the benefit and privilege of Wisconsin University when the postman handed her the letter. Ham Green was doing the same at Minnesota's great educational institution. Clara Olson was found in Minneapolis, a student at the Central High School.

When in Chicago, the letter found Walter Herman busily engaged in a large manufacturing plant. The postman who delivered the letter found George Axvig, who belongs to the "Independent Order of Grave Dodgers," living in a tent at Las Cruces, New Mexico. The letter, on its return to North Dakota, fell into the hands of Paul Green, who was dispensing drugs in his native village of Sheldon. This same epistle found Harry Fowler, a genial storekeeper of rotund proportions and a most loyal subject of King Edward, at Craik, N. W. T. The much

posted missive arrived in Fargo where it found the other members of '06, most of whom were still attending the A. C. From Fargo it returned to Tacoma, then sailed for distant Manila, where it goes to call on Alys Reid Manns, who was with the class when it began its existence three short years ago. Though its members are scattered from Mexico to the Dominion of Canada and from the stormy Atlantic to the distant shores of the broad Pacific, yet all the members of '06 are united in their love for their *alma mater*.

+++++

Local Happenings.

On March the eighth the first tears were seen dropping from the sky.

Mr. Weaver—"Why do the telephone posts have storage batteries?"

Miss Ash says she has up-hill business.

The college campus would be a splendid place to hold an old fashioned Donnybrook Fair as there are plenty of brick bats handy.

Our star football and basketball player, Mr. Wambem, has left for his home at Park River. Welcome back.

On March 22, Professor Allen as a farewell remembrance to his boys invited his dairy class to his rooms and gave them a jolly good time, seasoned with all sorts of fruit.

On March 23 the Alpha Mu's gave the last party of the term at Stone's Hall. It was undoubtedly the best of the series

and enjoyed by all. Rupert furnished the music for the evening.

A Lamenting Senior—"Isn't she going to be here this term? Darn it, I only classified for two subjects so as to have lots of time to wait on her."

Professor Bolley and his efficient staff are busy making preparations for seeding his experimental plots.

Mr. W.—"Who is going to take ethics?"

Mr. D.—"Hasn't she got company yet?"

Those who flunked last term should remember that it is better to have tried and failed than not to have tried at all.

The class in surveying is easily the most enterprising class at the college. They have their recitation period at 7 o'clock in the morning. If the old proverb, "The early bird catches the worm,"

is true, this class stands a good show to get the worms.

Mr. Gould, the instructor of farm mechanics, has pulled up his stakes and gone to visit his relatives at St. Paul, after which he will return to his farm near Buxton, N. D.

Miss Canniff spent several days during the vacation with Miss Erma Cook at Gardner.

On March 25, Professor Hult addressed the Southeastern Minnesota Teachers' Association on "A Modern Problem, and What It Demands of the Schools."

On account of weakness of her eyes, Miss Louva Stephens was forced to leave college at the end of the winter term. We are all sorry to miss so amiable a personality.

The Junior faculty has organized a baseball team and challenged the baseball aggregation for the first game of the season.

No more late hours and fudge parties for Professor Householder. He has taken charge of the surveying class.

Professor Bolley (to Clarke who attempts to bluff in botany)—"Don't fire your gun before you are ready."

It is rumored that Professor Richards intends to have the mumps once a week, as it is the only means by which he can induce the feminine sex to dine with him.

We have been told that a certain young lady was "just dying" to have last month's SPECTRUM come out as it was said that her name would appear in the local columns. In order to atone in some measure for her disappointment, we have

decided to print her name in full—Miss Elenore Olesen.

The garden department is sporting a new team, thanks to the wise choice of Professor Richards.

Hard luck stories:

The student who flunked: "He didn't give us enough time."

April fool: I found a pocket book, but the other fellow had a string on it.

With apologies to *The Normal Oracle*, we print the following, which fits a special case here:

Of all sad words

That e'er were said,

The saddest are these:

"I've lost my Head."

We believe that there is an historical allusion to Professor Pritchard in the local column of the girls' number of the *Blue and Gold*. The professor will please investigate.

Problem—To prove that a homely girl is better than a pretty girl.

1st.—Nothing is better than a pretty girl.

2nd.—A homely girl is better than nothing.

Therefore, a homely girl is better than a pretty girl.

It took the Seniors all winter to locate the trouble of the electric bell at Francis Hall, and then they didn't. It took the Juniors about ten minutes to locate the trouble. And now there is no excuse for the professors at Francis Hall to keep classes overtime.

It is reported that there was a slight hitch in the arrangements for the Athenian social on April 1. At any rate the society's shining light was seen about 9 p. m. racing toward the college with a

sack of oranges under one arm and a bag of peanuts under the other. Possibly the affair was only a joke.

Professor Ladd is without a doubt the most satisfied man at this institution since the governor signed the bill giving him his much-needed building. And we don't wonder that he is pleased, for the last few years his old building has been so crowded that it resembled the proverbial beehive.

Prompted by matrimonial rumors, Rev. Vermilya made a visit at the college the first part of the term. Among those who received a call were Professors Pritchard and Householder and Mr. Schollander.

The Athenians had a successful literary meeting and social Saturday evening, April 1. The evening was devoted to the study of Mark Twain as a writer, humorist and man. After the program they proceeded to Francis Hall where games and April jokes were indulged in and refreshments served.

Spring must be coming, as some of the Senior boys have begun to carry marbles. One little fellow, however, so far forgot himself as to play with his in class, which is against the rules, and on dismissal from class was obliged to leave his cherished treasure in safe keeping in the psychology room.

Our domestic economy instructor has a unique method of conducting her advanced cooking class. She has divided the class into two sections. These sections alternate in serving and eating. Consequently the girls gorge themselves one day and starve the next. Thus our girls ruin their complexions, as heavy eating is not conducive to rosy cheeks and ruby lips. To remedy this evil we would suggest that the Seniors who have

already acquired a reputation for being heavy eaters serve in the capacity of eaters. This change would eliminate much indigestion and preserve the good looks of our girls.

Still our halls resound with oratory. Miss Stephens and Mr. Dolve are hard at work preparing for the inter-collegiate oratorical contest that is to be held at Grand Forks April 14. As many as can should take advantage of the reduced rates and help the contestants to gain a victory.

Much interest was aroused among the students over the inter-society basketball games which were played in the drill hall, March 16. The challenge came in a mighty flow of words from the Philos and was accepted in still stronger terms by the Athenians. It was known that the Philos had the stronger girls' team, but much was the surprise on both sides when the Athenian boys were also defeated.

Tuesday, March 14, the Girls' Club held its regular meeting. The study of art was continued and several articles on the different painters during the Renaissance were read. Reports on the progress of the plays to be given during the spring term were made and general business transacted. Light refreshments were then served.

Saturday, March 18, the Athenians gave a very interesting program, the main feature of which was a debate. The question, which was won by the negative, was, "Resolved, that a diligent student can learn more from observation than from books." Many good points were advanced by both sides. A vocal solo by Miss Grest, and piano solo by Miss Stephens were much enjoyed. A good recitation by Miss Louva Stephens

was also given. On account of the lateness of the hour, the business meeting was postponed.

Saturday evening, March 18, the Philomathian Literary Society met and studied the life and works of James Russell Lowell. A biography of his life was read, followed by a discussion of his principal works. Selections from his writings were read and recited. The program was concluded by a business meeting for the election of officers for the spring term. Those elected were:

Elmer May, president.
 Dave Lofthouse, vice president.
 Pearl Mott, secretary.
 Robert Dolve, treasurer.
 Andrew Wambem, sergeant-at-arms.

The Athenians held their business meeting April 4 for the purpose of electing new officers. Those for the coming term are:

Oliver Dynes, president.
 Genevieve Holkesvig, vice president.
 Bessie Smyth, secretary.
 C. O. Hulberg, member at large.
 A. M. Mikkelson, critic.

Tuesday, April 4, a meeting of the Edith Hill Girls' Club was held. Officers for the coming term were elected:

President—Miss Thompson.
 Vice President—Laura Ueland.
 Secretary—Genevieve Holkesvig.

After the business meeting the girls spent a social hour during which they discussed the proposed site of the new library building.

The classes in cooking and sewing have spent one of the most successful terms; all the girls have taken an intense interest in their work. It is probable that in no other school do the girls receive as great a benefit in this line as they do here. A short time ago the work was

made still more attractive for them in the sewing department by the holding of contests. The cooking class is also following the same plan.

It has been suggested by some members of the faculty that the Philomathian Literary Society merge with the Athenians. If this idea were to be carried out the next move would probably be an attempt to combine the Alpha Mu Fraternity with the Girls' Club.

Attorney Stambaugh of the city was the first speaker at our convocation period this term. Mr. Stambaugh's advice to young men and women was to live a life of integrity and honesty, as these were the first essentials to success.

On Monday, during the last convocation of the winter term, Dean Burleson, president of the Humane Society of the city, addressed the students on the work of the society. He gave the reasons why such a society is necessary and spoke of the work which had been done and the outlook for the future.

The social entertainment given by the Y. M. C. A. last term was an extraordinary success. Under the able management of Dynes and Mikkelson, every feature was carried out with the snap and vim that characterizes a good program. Prizes were given to the successful contestants in unique contests. Mr. Swenson was declared winner in the potato peeling contest, while Mr. Hass succeeded in downing the most crackers in the shortest time. The Mechanics were easy victors over the Agriculturalists in a tug of war.

The best feature of the program, however, was the performance of the "Rube Band," under the able management of Dr. Putnam as Sir John Philip Sousa. Their blue notes and witticisms kept the audience roaring for a whole hour. The

magic box constructed by Mr. Dolve, revealed the parties that marred the program by "swiping" the pies for the pie eating contest. The guilty parties were allowed to pass unpunished, but were warned to be more careful the next time.

On March 13, President McFarland of the Valley City Normal School addressed the students in chapel. After a few words about the relation of this institution to the Normal, President McFarland began his talk which proved to be one of the most interesting that has been given to the students this year. The subject was the negro school at Tuskegee, Ala. The speaker had recently visited the school, and so was prepared to give many interesting details of the life of the negro students under Booker T. Washington's care. He spoke of the feeling of repulsion which the people of the South have for the negro, and which is so strong that even the president of

this great institution is not treated at all as an equal, but is obliged to ride in the "Jim Crow" car, as the apartment in the street car and railway car which is set aside for the negroes is called. The method of conducting the school was also spoken of, and examples of the strict discipline were given. At the close of the address, President McFarland brought to mind the vital importance of the negro question of today and stated that, in his opinion, the only way to settle it was by the establishing of just such schools as that situated at Tuskegee.

The new chemical building, which at present is in its infancy, will be one of the best equipped laboratories in the state. During the past five or ten years those taking the chemical work have been working under great disadvantages as far as room is concerned. The laboratory in use at present is very small and does not begin to hold the number tak-

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Cigars and Candy



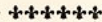
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ing the work. The old building will probably be turned over to the use of the music department.

After many years of hard work on the part of President Worst, we have finally secured the promise of a new library. Those among the students who are taking English work understand the

advantage which will accrue both to the professors and the class. A short time ago Mr. Carnegie donated \$15,000 to the Agricultural College for the purpose of this library. The building, as planned, will be one story, but will have a full size basement. The building will probably be situated south of the main building on the opposite side of the drive.



WIT AND HUMOR.

When in America

A girl is asked to wed,
She straightway says, "Go ask papa,"
And coyly drops her head.

And over in the Fatherland,

Where flows the terraced Rhine,
She whispers, while he clasps her hand,
"Ich liebe dich allein."

But up in Russia, where the snow

Sweeps hissing through the firs,
She simply murmurs soft and low,
"Bhynski zwouskt wwitch plyinski
pibes." —*Ex.*

"What goes around a button, Pat?"

"Sure, an' I dunno, unless it's a
goat." —*Ex.*

"A man that'd expict to thrain lobsters to fly in a year is called a loonytic; but a man that thinks men can be turned into angels by an iliction is called

a rayformer an' remains at large." —
Dooley.

Seniors, give us your attention,
If you have a firm intention
To attend the Alumni convention,
And we will gently mention
Good advice, our own invention,
For your memory's safe retention:
Just work at highest tension,
Waste no time in wild dissension
Or the teacher's stern declension,
Or the case put in suspension,
But use your best invention
With just a little good retention,
And you will be at the convention.

Tra-la-la,

Tra-la-la. —*The Normal Oracle.*

Foreigner—"What is the significance of the eagle on the American dollar?"

U. S. Citizen—"It is the emblem of its swift flight." —*Arena.*

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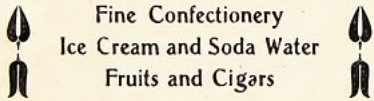
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