

# The Spectrum.

*Published by the Students of the North Dakota Agricultural College.*

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No. 3.

## Henrik Ibsen, the Dramatist.

### PART I.

Last Spring the name Bjornstjerne Bjornson was on everybodys' lips in the whole Northwest. And when, on the 17th of May, Bjornson's countrymen erected a "bauta sten" on the college campus in honor of their Grand Old Man, the orators of the Northwest actually vied with each other in praising not only Bjornson, but the qualities of the great men that the Norwegians have to be proud of. But all this flood of praise did not even contain one word for the great dramatist, Henrik Ibsen. In spite of the fact that the speakers on that day neglected to mention this man as one of the great men of Norway, I do not hesitate to state that the educated person who visits our institution some fifty years from now will, when he reads the name on the "bauta sten," wonder greatly why it is not Henrik Ibsen.

This Norwegian Shakespeare, as he is sometimes called by his admirers, was born in 1828 at the little city of Skien, near Christiania. His parents belonged to what may be called the aristocracy of Skien, and his home was to be the center of the social life of that class till Henrik was 8 years old. But then there came a sudden change. Ibsen's father was forced to turn all his property over to his creditors, and, when these were satisfied, all there was left was a small, utterly neglected farm just outside of

the city. To this farm the family went after the catastrophe, and here they lived a life in the sharpest contrast to the luxuriant, gay life they had lived before. The family was forced to exercise the greatest economy, and to live a life of the greatest retirement because none of their old associates recognized them after the bankruptcy.

This change of affairs had a profound influence on Henrik Ibsen; boy though he was, he nevertheless realized what this retirement meant to the whole family. He understood what a disgrace their former associates considered his father's bankruptcy, and he, being so young, felt perhaps more keenly than any member of the family the wounds that the society of Skien inflicted on them by refusing to recognize them. This ostracism he has never forgotten. From now on he became a reserved boy; he shut the outer gates of his mind, and he has never flung them wide open since. Henrik Ibsen is today a reticent man. The catastrophe, too, unwrapped the genius hidden within him, and affected it to such an extent that what shook him when he was 8 years old has sent vibrations up through his latest work.

When 16 years years old Ibsen went to the town of Grimstad to serve an apprenticeship as a pharmacist, and here he lived till he reached his twenty-second

year. While here he composed several poems and wrote his first book, "Catineline." This he sent to Christiania, where he had the book printed at the expense of a friend. When this friend and the author came to the capital half a year after the book had been published, they found that thirty copies had been sold. The remainder of the stock they were obliged to sell to a huckster who had discovered that the book made good wrapping paper. Immature as the poems and the book were, they nevertheless show the embryos of all the great principles which since have made Ibsen famous.

At the age of 22, Ibsen entered a Latin school in Christiania, known as "The Student Factory," and, judging from the number of great men this school has produced, it must have been a remarkably good one, for most of the boys who sat on the benches of that institution at the time when Ibsen entered as a student have since won a name in the literary history of Norway. Among the boys was the 17 years old Bjornstjerne Bjornson, and from the day of Ibsen's entrance till the present, a warm friendship has existed between the two great "skalds" of Norway. What these gay students thought about their colleague is expressed by Bjornson in a poem about his class mates when he says: "Behind a tremendous black beard, sat Henrik Ibsen."

Before Ibsen had taken his *examen artium* he wrote and published his second play, "The Warrior's Tomb," as a single-act drama, and when this play was performed at the Christiania theater shortly after he had taken his *artium*, Ibsen settled down in Christiania as a man of letters. But his pen brought him a scant living, and he was on the verge of starvation when Ole Bull noticed the young genius and immediately appointed Ibsen "theater poet" of his new theater in Bergen.

The years Ibsen held the position as

stage manager at the theater of Bergen may well be regarded among the happiest years of his life. His work at the theater was exceedingly interesting to him, because it gave him an excellent opportunity to study the principles that made a play successful on the stage. And, while searching about for some material upon which to feed his growing poetical spirit, he was fortunate enough to encounter the old Norse Sagas. Here was the fountain from whence Ibsen received his remarkable force of expression. Then, too, the people of Bergen were not like the gossiping, fault-finding people of Christiania; they were more social. Hence, the poet felt himself more at home among them. And then it was, while in Bergen, that he wrote:

"I painted poem-pictures  
With play of colors bright,  
While two brown eyes were watching,  
All filled with laughing light."

Under the influence of these brown eyes, Ibsen wrote his "brightest and most cheerful" work, "The Feast at Solhaug." Shortly before his return to the capital, Ibsen published "Olaf Liljekrans," a drama, and with the publication of this book Ibsen's apprenticeship as a writer may be said to have ended.

Everything seemed to indicate that Ibsen had a bright and happy future before him when, in 1857, he left Bergen and returned to Christiania to fill the position of director of the Norwegian Theater. But he had no sooner settled down in the capital than new adversities began to press themselves upon him.

Shortly after his return, his new drama, "The Chieftains," was ready from the press. The chief merit of this work is its simplicity and force of expression; but, for these very reasons, the book was harshly censured by the critics. Hence, it was rejected by the different theaters. That a work which Ibsen had spent three years in preparing

should receive such treatment naturally did not cheer him. Then, in striving to utilize local talent on his stage, Ibsen found himself opposed to the majority of the inhabitants of the capital, who thought that acting, in order to be artistic, had to be done by foreign actors with high-sounding names. The people who were opposed to this national movement, as it was called, sharply criticized Ibsen's methods of managing the theater. This caused those of the same opinion as Ibsen (Bjornson was one of these) to reply to the criticism and, hence, a bitter controversy ensued, which was climaxed by the bankruptcy of the Norwegian Theater. In the midst of this altercation, Ibsen published "Love's Comedy," a work full of bold, contemporary satire.

This work brought all of Ibsen's adversities to a head. It raised a storm

of indignation from the public, not only at the capital, but through the whole country. So severe was this indignation and so petty in character that Ibsen found it impossible to remain in Norway. He applied to the Department of Education for a traveling stipend, but when this petition was presented to one of the professors at the university, who was to sign it, he refused to do so, saying that the author of "Love's Comedy" deserved a stick instead of a stipend. Hence, only a fraction of the stipend was granted. As this made neither fowl nor fish, Ibsen went to the chief of the Department of Education and explained the matter to him, with the result that the entire sum he had asked for was granted. Shortly after, Ibsen shook the dust of Christiania from his feet, and the Spring of 1864 found him in Rome.

*(Continued in January Number.)*

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## A SEA-LEVEL SHIP CANAL.

In a recent speech delivered in Chicago by John F. Wallace, engineer in charge of operation on the Panama Canal, new and interesting facts have been brought to light. Heretofore it was generally conceded by those who best understood the existing conditions on the Isthmus that a lock canal would not only be the most appropriate, but really the only type possible. Mr. Wallace has, however, reached the conclusion that a sea-level canal is not only possible but easily practicable. He bases his statements on recent observations by himself and Mr. George Eberlee, an assistant, which lead them to believe that

the course of the River Chagres may be diverted, causing it to flow into the Pacific instead of into the Atlantic, thus overcoming the only obstacle to a sea-level canal.

The cost of this diversion would be, according to his estimates, about \$20,000,000 less than the cost of the necessary lockage works for carrying the ships over a rise 85 feet above sea-level as had been planned. The extra excavation would, however, be very expensive, and would, therefore, materially increase the total cost of the canal. He estimates the cost of the completed sea-level canal to be \$250,000,000, or about \$5,000,000 more than a lock canal.

## The Runaway of a Horseless Carriage.

By S. V. ANDERSON.

The incident which I relate happened when I was about 8 years old, but I will always remember it. My father owned a general store in a small village which was then the county seat, the court house being just across the street from the store. We lived in some rooms over the store and, of course, I and my brothers were generally playing around the two buildings. Our chief playmate was a large black dog who thought it his only duty to see that no harm came to us.

As we lived so near the court house, we were well acquainted with our county attorney. He was a queer individual and lived with his two sisters on a claim a few miles from town. His chattels at that time consisted of a yoke of long-horned, spotted oxen and a small bay Indian pony. On Sunday he would hitch one of the oxen and the pony to a lumber wagon and bring his sisters to church. On week days he always came to town with the larger and uglier ox hitched to an old rickety road cart. He would always tie his long-horned steed to a telephone post, which stood near the court house, while he went about his business.

We boys liked to play around that post, but we did not like that spotted steer, and our dog never failed to keep close watch of him while we played there. Once in a while the ox would become restless, paw the earth and bellow. This would frighten us and make our dog want to eat the ox, horns and all,

but we would never let him plague the brute for fear he would break loose.

One day Mr. Attorney came to town as usual and left his horseless carriage anchored at the post. When he had finished his work he came out of the rear door of the court house, untied his roadster and climbed into his seat. He had just "gee hawed" his ox into the road when our dog set eyes on him. The fun began right there. The dog jumped into the middle of the road and, with a bark that sounded more like the roar of thunder, made straight for the rear legs of the split-hoofed roadster. Away went the old ox, with the cart bumping and rattling behind him, and the dog barking and nipping at his heels. The honorable attorney could only hang onto his seat and yell, "Whey, whey," which is ox language for "whoa." The dog had never had more fun in all his life and seemed to be smiling all over, while all the youngsters in range were yelling, "sic-em, sic-em."

There was a large pond a short distance from the village and the ox headed straight for that, thinking, I suppose, to drown his troubles. On his arrival there he seemed to change his mind and ran almost half way around the pond, with one wheel in the water and the other on dry land. By this time my father had succeeded in calling the dog off, and the attorney, though wet and mad, was able to steer his runaway into the road and home.

After that the dog would chase the steer every chance he got, but the attorney was careful about giving him the chances.

## The International Live Stock Show.

This year's annual trip of the students of the North Dakota Agricultural College to the International Live Stock Show in Chicago was a decided success. A party of twenty-five under the leadership of Professor Richards left Fargo Nov. 27 for a week's sojourn in the Windy City. It is unnecessary to state that every man in the party thoroughly enjoyed every feature of this great show, which has been one of the leading factors in the amazing development of the American live stock industry during the past half decade.

A striking feature to be observed by the visitor to the great International Live Stock Show is the large number of students present from the various Agricultural Colleges of the Central West. As might be expected, strong rivalry is shown among the different delegations. Before and during the rendering of the mighty program, which is one of the most splendid and spectacular features of the show, and when the immense amphitheater is packed to suffocation, this rivalry is strenuously exhibited by the students hurling their college and state yells at each other from various points of vantage. These spontaneous interludes to the regular numbers on the program were hugely enjoyed by the audience, who showed their appreciation by generous applauding.

In this connection it may be well to state that the Agricultural College and Experiment Station is becoming a leading factor in raising this greatest of fat stock shows to its present high standard of excellence. The Hon. Mortimer Levering, one of the members of the International Exposition Committee, in his

address before the meeting of the American Federation of Students of Agriculture, made the statement that the pen of wethers which received the lowest premium at this year's show would have carried off the blue ribbon five years ago. This example would prove true to a greater or less degree in many other classes of animals, thus showing the great advancement in the improvement of live stock during that short period. This improvement, Mr. Levering went on to state, he believed was due almost entirely to the good work of the Agriculture College in educating the farmer and breeder to stick to type and breed only the best.

An unusually interesting and instructive program was given by the American Federation of Students of Agriculture at its annual convention in Chicago during the International. Mortimer Levering, the treasurer of the International Board of Directors, welcomed the students in behalf of the Exposition. Eugene Grubb, Colorado's great cattle man; Professor Skinner of Purdue University, and Dr. Aylesworth of the Colorado Agricultural College, gave short, inspiring talks at the close of the regular program, which read as follows:

Address of Welcome, by Member of  
Exposition Committee.  
What the Government Has Done for  
the Farmer.....A. B. Brewer, Indiana  
The Dairy Industry in Wisconsin....  
.....D. O. Thompson, Wisconsin  
Why Young Farmers Should Take  
an Agricultural Course.....  
Hon. John Dryden, Ontario Min-  
ister of Agriculture.  
Sheep Feeding in Colorado.....  
.....Glynn Stanaard, Colorado

Farm Papers in Connection with Agricultural Colleges .....	.....F. L. Kelso, Missouri
The Relation of the Agricultural Colleges to Practical Agriculture of the State.....	.....J. C. White, Ohio
Fertility of the Soil.....	.....W. E. Eckhardt, Illinois

The ten days' stock and grain judging course began Wednesday, Dec. 7, with a good attendance of live stock men and farmers.

The "farmers" are busy growing hedges on their faces so their mouths won't freeze up.

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## MECHANICAL NOTES.

Professors Keene and Van Es have been engaged for several days in devising a suitable heating apparatus for the dipping tanks that have been installed in various parts of the state for treating cattle scab. Heretofore the necessity of large dipping tanks has not been recognized, but last summer's experiments on the ranges have demonstrated the beneficial results of such devices, and, at the same time, the shortcomings of the usual methods of heating the dipping bath.

Inasmuch as the bath is a saturated solution of lime and other disinfecting agents, the tendency to scale the heating tubes is, of course, very great, and the urgent necessity of a heater that can be readily cleaned is very evident. Since there is no way of preventing the lime from being precipitated in the tubes, the only course open is to provide means of removing it without emptying the tank. It is along these lines that Messrs. Keene and Van Es have been working, and, although no tests have been made, there appears to be no reason to doubt that they have at least made many improvements on the present methods.

The fact that remarkable progress is being made in railroad engineering is shown very clearly in a recent piece of engineering work done on the California

Northwestern where it crosses a small, though navigable stream known as Petelum Creek.

The railroad authorities had decided to replace the old wooden draw bridge with a new steel span, but did not want to interrupt traffic on either road or river. Ordinarily, when one bridge is removed and another constructed, the new one is built and the old one removed piece-meal; but in this case it was thought best to literally "change bridges." The new steel structure was assembled on shore, and when everything was in readiness the old wooden span was removed bodily and the new one swung into place on the central pier. Of course, this feat would have been utterly impossible without the use of powerful derricks and other suitable mechanical appliances, but even thus it is almost without parallel in western railway history.

Some idea of the enormous amount of power necessary to operate a freighter on the Great Lakes may be gotten from observing the dimensions of the three boilers recently installed on the steamer *Santa Maria*. They are each 15 feet in diameter and 13 feet long, internally fired, and contain 278 tubes  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter. These boilers carry 150 pounds working pressure.

## Scientific Notes.

The farmers of our eastern states, and a few of our western as well, are greatly troubled over the fact that some of their once most valuable lands are no longer productive, in fact, are not worth cultivating, because of the lack of available nitrogen in the soil for plant growth. And, until only recently, science has been unable to overcome the difficulty. Now, owing to the investigations of a young American, Dr. George T. Moore, in charge of the Laboratory of Plant Physiology of the Department of Agriculture, lands which for years have been barren except when planted to leguminous crops, have again been made fertile.

We wonder by what means this great beneficial change has been accomplished, and when told that it is by inoculating the ground with nitrogen-fixing bacteria, it seems very simple. But not so, for these bacteria are only found in nature, growing in the nodules attached to the roots of leguminous plants as clover, peas or alfalfa. Even when found great care must be taken in transporting the bacteria to the laboratory, in feeding, breeding and drying them in order to send them out to the farmers throughout our country. It is this work that Dr. Moore has accomplished.

A few years ago a German professor conceived the idea of breeding the bacteria in the laboratory, but on being placed in barren soil, they invariably died, owing to the sudden change, without producing nodules on the seeds inoculated. Now, in the laboratory they are grown under the same conditions as they must encounter in nature and con-

sequently they are not killed in being used by the farmers.

The manner in which the bacteria are prepared for shipment is quite interesting. A piece of absorbent cotton is saturated with the medium in which the bacteria are growing and then the mass is thoroughly dried. In this condition the germs will remain dormant for an indefinite time. This mass of inoculating material as it is mailed to the farmer contains two other packages and directions for use. These extra two contain a food substance on which the bacteria thrive and can multiply. The directions are so simple that any farmer with a little time and patience can again supply his sterile lands by means of the nitrogen-fixing bacteria, with the free nitrogen so essential to plant growth.

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H. F. Osborn in *The Century Magazine* has a very detailed discussion on "The Evolution of the Horse in America." In this article he states that although there are still many gaps in our knowledge, no other animal has so complete a history. The latest advance made along this line was by Dr. Wortman, who recently found a nearly complete skeleton of a four-toed horse in the Big Horn mountains of Wyoming. This fossil seems to be intermediate between the five-toed remains found some years ago and the horse of today. In order to illustrate his points Mr. Osborn has compared the evolution of the horse's foot to the human hand placed with the fingers resting on a table, but with the wrist raised. One can see how by raising the wrist higher the little finger and thumb are the first to miss the table and the middle finger last, hence, our horse of today with one toe.

The article also deals with the horses of Southern Russia and Asia, showing how they are being developed to more nearly resemble the American horse. The writer speaks, as well, of the ponies found on some of the islands in the Atlantic Ocean and draws from their small structure and imperfect development the fact that the perfect American horse is

due to evolution which in the main has been aided and directed by man.

The article, on the whole, is about as full a treatment of the subject as one finds outside of an entire volume. Mr. Osborn has quoted from noted scientists in many incidents to prove his points, so the article is of scientific value as well as interesting reading.



## WIT AND HUMOR.

First Student—"What are you taking up this term?"

Second Student—"Anything I can find; the last was a pair of overshoes."

Professor K.—"Is it the colt or the calf that has no teeth when born?"

Miss M.—"It's the calf, because it doesn't hurt when it sucks the fingers."

First Senior (after Rev. Payne's lecture in chapel)—"How would you like to live in Italy?"

Second Senior—"I'd like to live in the top story."

Professor Ladd—"What is dibasic acid?"

Mr. Weaver—"Mr. Cook just gave the definition for it."

Professor Ladd—"Yes, but you give it."

C. B. (in zoology class)—"The wings of insects are modified appendages."

Oshwald—"Is there a possibility of our arms turning into wings?"

C. B.—"Well, never mind, you needn't worry yet."

Professor in Gas Engineering—"What are the terminals of the electric igniter made from?"

Bright Student—"Well, there are sev-

eral materials from which they can be made, but I think they are usually made from electricity."

Prof. in Anal. Geom.—"You have been over this part of the work before, Mr. Ellison, have you not?"

Mr. E.—"Yes, I have been taking postgraduate work in this stuff for the last two weeks."

Visitor at the College—"Do you keep the stock at the farm house?"

Guide—"No, we keep the quadrupeds in the barns and the bipeds are allowed to run at large."

Query: Why is miss L. braver than many a man?

Answer: Because she is not afraid of powder.

I'd like to be a Senior,

And with the Seniors stand—  
A fountain pen behind my ear,  
A note book in my hand.

I would not be a president,  
'Tis hard to be a king;

I would not be an emperor  
For all the wealth 'twould bring;

I would not be an angel—  
For angels have to sing;

I'd rather be a Senior,  
And never do a thing.

—Ex.



## Our Exchange Table.

*The Weekly Student* is always a welcome visitor. Its regularity in coming, together with its general excellence, conclusively demonstrates its right to exist as a weekly.

An announcement in its columns relative to the recent organization of a band and the liberal sum voted it by their trustees, reminds us of the good will of our own board whose generosity towards our band organization has made it possible for us to demonstrate that money judiciously invested in a band is far from wasted. Undoubtedly our annual contest with the university on the gridiron will hereafter be supplemented by a no less fierce struggle on the sidelines where sharps and flats will be the principal munitions of war.

Read the humorous account of the U. N. D. vs. A. C. game on the last page of *The Weekly Student* for November 12.

We have for some time watched the values assigned to the large X heading the exchange column in *The Student*, and have come to the conclusion that, notwithstanding its size, it is a small variable, with two or three short comments, and zero as its maximum and minimum values respectively. We might add that it is often assigned its minimum value which should not be the case in an otherwise well balanced paper.

Some exchange editors should first try to rid their own publication of the shortcoming which they criticise in others. If they are unable to influence the editorial staff of which they are a part, it is unreasonable to suppose that their protestations will be hearkened unto by the editors of other papers.

The exchange editors of *The Clemson College Chronicle* criticises a paper for lack of poetry when it contains none itself. *The Ottawa Campus* declares that

the editor of a college journal should never use editorial space by writing up events concerning the college which might be put in the local column. As an example of editorials form that same paper may be mentioned "The Dedication," referring to a new college building.

The exchange editor of *The High School World* concludes that, since so few college magazines exchange with high school papers, they, perhaps, consider it beneath their dignity to do so. *The High School World* puts most of our college exchanges in the shade, and it is perhaps the knowledge of this fact which makes them reluctant to exchange. THE SPECTRUM, at least, is glad to exchange with any good paper, whether from college or high school, and congratulate the editors of *The World* for issuing a magazine on par with our college exchanges.

*The Georgia Tech* claims to have a private wire to hades, and reports, among other interesting news from the realm of shades, that a football game has been played between the Plutonian Institute and the Pandemonium School of Mines and Metallurgy. We would like to know if the Georgia School of Technology is represented on the All Star team of this season?

*The Kaimin* is one of our best exchanges. It has a novel way of making its readers look all over the advertising pages in quest of humorous selections. This is an arrangement which should be very satisfactory to advertisers.

Some 'varsity papers should not forget that humor is particularly needed in college papers. Don't try and make a student publication solely scientific.—*The Kaimin*.

# The Spectrum

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## Editorial.

Every month, as the date of publica-  
tion comes around, the editor finds him-  
self up against the same problem: a  
dearth of material. What little material  
he is able, by dint of much hustling, to  
scrape up is all contributed by the Prep.  
and Freshman classes. It is very sel-  
dom that even a Sophomore writes any-  
thing for publication. Why is it? Do  
the students lose their ambition as they  
grow older? Have they so little pride  
in their institution that they do not care  
to support their college paper, which  
should, as it were, reflect to the outside  
world the best efforts of the students?  
The editor is often assailed by such  
questions as: "Why don't you make the

paper interesting?" "Why don't you  
get some good stories?" He is supposed  
to please the hundreds of different read-  
ers, with their hundreds of different  
minds. They are often willing to criti-  
cise. It is right that they should; it  
is their privilege. As we have said  
before, this is their paper, not the ed-  
itor's. But even as it is their privilege  
to *criticise*, it is their DUTY to help make  
the paper what it is not.

To those interested in the great social  
problems of the day, nothing can be  
more readable than Thomas Lawson's  
articles in *Everybody's Magazine*, en-  
titled "Frenzied Finance." They are  
written by a man who knows what he is  
talking about, he himself having been a  
participant in the deals that he describes.  
The style is vigorous, clear and interest-  
ing, the evidence convincing.

Many persons wonder what is the ob-  
ject of Mr. Lawson in writing these ar-  
ticles; whether it is just to gain notoriety,  
or whether it is for revenge because he  
has not been treated as he thinks he  
ought to be by the institutions that he  
attacks. After all, it is not the object  
we are interested in, but the truth of the  
facts, and the effects that the articles will  
produce. Regarding the truth of the  
facts, it seems to us there can be little  
doubt. A man who dares denounce cor-  
porations controlling almost unlimited  
millions of capital, in terms so strong  
that one-half of them, unsubstantiated,  
would make him liable to damage suits  
for libel, must certainly have pretty  
strong evidence to back up his state-  
ments.

It is pretty hard to tell what will be  
the effect of these disclosures on public  
opinion. Read by millions of people,  
commented on by thousands of the lead-  
ing newspapers of the country, they will,  
undoubtedly, leave some lasting impres-  
sion on the minds of our citizens. It is  
an age of great social movements. The  
Socialist party, which four years ago

polled 90,000 votes for president, this year polled 600,000. With these articles disclosing so convincingly the rottenness of our present political and industrial systems, is it not possible that they will be a great factor in revolutionizing these conditions?

The plea for a permanent policy of expansion in the *Howard Collegian* is a well written argumentative discourse. Its author, however, in arguing that expan-

sion has been the policy of the United States in the past and ought to be its policy in the future, forgets that during its territorial expansion on this continent the United States expanded into practically unoccupied territory, while in the future, if expansion shall be its policy, it must encroach upon the rights and privileges of other nations who, perhaps, hold the doctrine that no one has a right to govern them against their own consent.

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## ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

Where was Macalester?

Who showed a yellow streak?

“And unto him that smiteth thee on one cheek offer also the other.”

Nov. 5, 1904.

N. D. A. C.-N. D. U. at Fargo.

Score, 0 to 22.

Nov. 7, 1904.

N. D. A. C.-N. D. U. at Grand Forks.

Score, 0 to 17.

But little can be said about the two games with the University. We were beaten, as we expected to be, but the score was closer than even the most optimistic dared hope for. Our light, green team went up against the best team the U. ever had, and held them to a score of 22 to 0. Two days later the same team demoralized by their former defeat, held the U. on their home grounds to a score of 17 to 0, and came several times near scoring. We can but be proud of the showing they made. The best thing that can be said about the two games is that they have promoted a friendly feeling between the two institutions, and paved the way for a better understanding in matters pertaining to athletics.

The N. D. A. C. second team, while light, showed up very well against their opponents, not losing a game throughout the season. Much credit is due the boys for the way they got out and practiced with the first team. There was an evident harmony between the members of the first and second teams that in former years has not prevailed. And, on the whole, every one seems to be satisfied with the work of the two teams. Following are the dates and scores of the second team games:

Nov. 11, 1904, N. D. A. C. second team-Moorhead High; score, 7 to 5.

Nov. 19, 1904, N. D. A. C. second team-Hillsboro High; score, 56 to 0.

Nov. 24, 1904, N. D. A. C. second team-Casselton High; score, 6 to 6.

Professor Bolley has donated a gold medal to be awarded once a month to the one making the best showing kicking the pigskin.

Mr. S.—“Cut out that cake, it isn't good for a football player's wind.”

Mr. O.—“Oh, get out! it isn't going into my lungs.”

Coach (to Dolve, who tackles his man by the neck)—“You are not hugging a girl, you're playing football.”

## The Ballad of the Reconciliation

By ORPHEUS

Within the state of waving grains,  
 There dwelt two bands of learned men  
 And one was cleped U. N. D.,  
 The other called, for short, A. C.  
 Not friends by any means they were,  
 But often pulled each other's hair;  
 And, like small boys about their mibs,  
 They'd like to punch each other's ribs.  
 And if that one a "plum" did get,  
 The other sure would sulk and fret,  
 And say that it was not plucked fair,  
 And talk of "graft" and saw the air.

Thus they went for each other's throat  
 Till one day both were in one boat:  
 They found both were without a game  
 Wherein to win both plunks and fame.  
 Then they the 'phone sought in great haste,  
 Without a moment's time to waste:  
 "My dear Alphonse. Now couldn't we—say—"  
 "Dear Gast, I feel the selfsame way."

And so these erstwhile bitter foes,  
 On hearing of each other's woes,  
 Resolved to act for once as cronies,  
 Since desperately we would have monies;  
 And also since the U. N. D.  
 Saw now a chance to lick A. C.  
 And even up for old defeat,  
 For, certes is, "Revenge is sweet."  
 Not so the case with old A. C.,  
 Their minds from such gross thoughts were free.  
 More charitable and more kind,  
 They sought harmonious ties to bind.

So, when these teams lined up to play,  
 They did it in a knightly way:  
 "I beg, A. C., take you the ball."  
 "Dear U. N. D., why, not at all."

And when it came unto the worst:  
"Dear Alphonse, wilt thou please slug first."  
And Alphonse answered very sweet:  
"Do thou, dear Gaston, I entreat."

And when with all the rooting o'er  
The records showed that fatal score,  
They parted each from each in sorrow,  
And vowed they'd meet on over-morrow.  
Like brothers that in sadness part  
The tears came welling from the heart.  
No torrid breath the torrent checks,  
They weep upon each other's necks.

There is but one discordant note  
That issues from one lovely throat,  
It sounds like vinegar and salt  
From one whose usual trade is malt.  
Now, "Grandma" Brewer, let us alone,  
And let us now our faults atone,  
Let oil and wine our sore spots heal,  
Your bile can not our pact unseal.

The dove of peace from foreign strand  
Has drifted to our humble land,  
Nor Russia, nor Japan, are fain  
To let her roost on their domain.  
But in our frosty northern clime,  
Where scarce can grow the tough woodbine,  
The olive spray from Southland hill  
Shines verdant in that pigeon's bill.

And as the years and decades pass,  
And old age comes to lad and lass,  
When, reminiscent by the fire,  
They sit as granny and grandsire,  
And tell old tales of college days,  
Of comrades, friendships, ancient frays,  
They'll muse like Caspar in the sun,  
Thinking of battles fought and won,  
"It was a mighty victory  
For A. C. and the U. N. D."

## Local Happenings.

Girls, wake up! Holly is on the market.

Resolved, That leap year is a God-send.

Mr. Owen—"Where is the president of the Philos?"

What's the matter with the Freshmen? They're all right!

The latest style is to have your hair cut with a hole on top like—

What about Bessie's cucumbers and sand dollars in the zoology class?

A Puzzle: Why does Verne Aiken and "Buster" Brown take drawing?

Pencils and pads have been in evidence lately at the chapel exercises.

Prof. L. R. Waldron has been called to Michigan by the illness of his mother.

Miss S. (in society meeting)—"Mr. Chairman, I move—do you want to move now?"

It is said that Dolve is the only man that succeeded in making a mash on the school ma'ams.

Mr. Cook got a black eye during a recent football scrimmage. The soreness was soon assuaged by a few applications of two-lip salve.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Willard, Nov. 9, a son. THE SPECTRUM extends congratulations, and hopes that young Mr. Willard will hurry up and grow so that he will be able to help his dad in the

geological department ere many years have gone by.

Why is *The Tribune* addressed to Eve only, Reading Room.

What has induced Professor Holley to go to church so regularly?

Miss Claire Olsen will graduate from the St. Paul Central High School next spring.

It is rumored that Professor Minard will say goodbye to his bachelordom during Christmas.

Professor Halland recently examined his history class to see what they knew about General Resume.

Miss S. (in physics class)—"Is the black cloth around the camera to prevent spherical aberration?"

Bill Quinnell, a former student who is, perhaps, better known as "Panqua," is a visitor at the college.

The street cars are now running regularly, and afford the students an easy way of reaching college when the weather is bad.

Harry Fowler, formerly of the class of '06, is visiting at college. Harry is in a general store business in some part of Canada.

Mr. Weaver—like Charles Darwin—is greatly interested in the zoological study of the earth worm. No wonder that the girls think him fascinating for he speaks to them with bated breath. And now that the bait has been caught his

ardor for the earth worm seems somewhat a-bated.

Miss S. says one box of fudge is enough for a professor, but Professor Householder insists on two.

"Jimmy" McGuigan, '04's lone Irishman, is selling life insurance. Jimmy always was a smooth talker.

Dr. Hult surprised the audience by volunteering to play the piano at convocation period a short time ago.

Have you seen it yet?  
Seen what?  
Pearl's diamond ring, of course.

Dr. Putnam—"Did you get any of that?"

Backen—"Yes, I got the first note."

Mr. Swenson (discussing orations)—"I would rather face the biggest center born than an audience in an oratorical contest."

Professor Marshall (in Civics)—"Do you believe capital punishment justifiable?"

Mr. Owen—"Yes, ma'am."

We are much gratified to learn that the A. C. March is so much appreciated in Grand Forks that it is used as an assembly march in the high school.

It is rumored that, on the morning of the A. C.-Grand Forks game, Dr. Hult got up and turned on the light and then scratched a match to see what time it was.

The military hop given Friday evening, Dec. 2, was a great success. The hall was prettily decorated in red, white and blue, with college banners tastefully placed about the walls. The band furnished five numbers, the rest being given

by Allen's orchestra. Frappe was served during the evening, and everyone reports a good time.

At the last dance, the orchestra wanted to go home at 11 o'clock. They should take their ma's with them next time.

Professor—"A chair is a piece of furniture made for a single person to sit in." Have you never sat two in a chair, professor?

Word comes from Tom Manns that he is pleasantly located as teacher in one of the city schools, about twenty miles from Manila, P. I.

Applications are coming in rapidly for the work during the Winter term, which indicates that the enrollment this year will be up to the limit.

There seems to be a matrimonial wave sweeping over this institution. As yet only professors have been struck, but there is no telling how far it may extend.

Dr. Hult spoke at Ellendale Nov. 21 and 22 for the benefit of the English Library at the Manual Training School. He also spoke Dec. 1 at the high school in this city.

The hydrant near the Mechanical Building has been encased in a large wooden box, filled with manure, which will make it very accessible (?) in case of fire. Would it not be well to cast an iron hood around it also?

Professor Lindsey reports some interesting facts about the High School of Commerce, New York City, where he is now teaching. They have 1,500 boys and fifty teachers. He has a class of forty-two first term boys. They have a tardy room where every boy who has been tardy must stay half an hour after

school. This room is presided over by the teachers in turn, and they usually have a good attendance.

Miss Wilson gave a tea party and reception in the drawing room lately, which was much enjoyed by all present.

Student—"I came home late one night and couldn't find the key hole."

Professor—"Illuminated key holes are made for people in that condition."

Dr. Van Es has shown a lot of football enthusiasm of late. So ardent has he been in his demonstrations, that he is supporting a sprained ankle as the result of a—(deer hunt).

The large number of students enrolled since the middle of November necessitates the organization of several new classes. The demand for work in arithmetic is greater than it has been in any preceding Fall term.

We thought for a long time that Ski-U. Ma was out in force in Grand Forks, but finally discovered that the Minneosta yell had been provided with new insides and was working overtime at the U. N. D. "Originality, thou art a jewel."

The chemists are busy extracting heat rays from frozen cucumbers, and one of them very quietly told me—and he was a big fellow, too, or I might have doubted his veracity—that our new power house would not be needed very much longer.

Some of the college people received an invitation to attend the wedding of Miss Lillie E. Berg and Mr. W. G. Probstfield, both former A. C. students. The wedding took place at Hannaford, N. D., but the young people will be "at home" in Fargo. While in school, Miss Berg took an active part in the musical clubs, and Mr. Probstfield was a member of the football team. The college regrets that

they did not remain in school long enough to graduate, but extends to both the best of wishes for a long and happy life.

On Saturday evening, Dec. 3, Grace Lofthouse delightfully entertained a number of her college friends by a progressive card party at her home.

Professor Parrot has moved the registrar's office to the secretary's office in the main building. This facilitates the process of matriculation, and is, therefore, a very desirable change.

For several days before the freeze-up a force of men were at work building two clay courts for the Tennis Association. The severe weather made it necessary to suspend operations, but the work will be completed in the Spring.

The new rule, making military drill compulsory for both regular and irregular students, has shown its effect in the size of the companies. Whereas, before the number of students who reported for drill were only sufficient to form Company A, with a few to go into B, this year A and B are full sized companies, and Company C is to be organized in a few days to accommodate the latest arrivals.

A serious explosion occurred in the chemical laboratory Nov. 25, which came near causing John Weaver the loss of his eye sight. Mr. Weaver was experimenting with a mixture of concentrated sulphuric acid and potassium permanganate, when, through some unexplainable cause, the mixture exploded. Pieces of the beaker were thrown through the windows with enough force to penetrate the glass without shattering it, and Mr. Weaver's face and eyes were filled with the acid. Through the prompt action of Mr. Nichols and Professors Holley and Kimberly in neutralizing the acid with lime water, and Professor Bolley in tele-



phoning for a doctor, Mr. Weaver's eyes were saved, though for nearly a week his condition was serious. He is now able to be about, though it will be some time before he can resume his studies.

The November issue of the *Westland Educator* contains an article from the pen of Miss Anna Stapleton, '03, discussing the teaching of fifth year arithmetic. Miss Stapleton is conscientious in her work, and according to all reports she is making a success of her school.

New Student (who had meandered into the physics laboratory)—“Is this a doctor's office?”

Professor Keene—“Yes, I am the doctor. What can I do for you?”

New Student (timidly)—“I am not sick today.” After which he relapsed into a profound silence, for he undoubtedly remembered that it usually costs at least \$2 to talk with a doctor.

The new vacuum heating system which was put into operation this Fall failed to do away with the pounding in the steam pipes in the mechanical building. It was undoubtedly a wise act of Providence that this cannonading was retained, as it will impress very forcibly upon the minds (or ears at least) of the mechanical engineering students the necessity for the correct solution of such practical problems as steam heating.

While digging a ditch for a steam pipe leading to the new power plant, there was found a bottle containing a paper upon which was written a long list of names and an excuse for a class history. The discovery was promptly referred to the proper authorities, the Seniors, who, upon further investigation, found it to be the selfsame bottle which the present Junior class put under their class tree which so mysteriously died. We mention this particularly because it was this fruitless attempt of the class of '06

which first gave Professor Bolley the idea of administering a nursing bottle to sick trees.

At the last meeting of the “Athenian,” Mr. Mikkelson and Mr. Swenson debated on the subject: “Resolved, that the Protective Tariff Should Be Maintained.” Mr. Mikkelson, who objected to this idea, won the debate; this being the first one, so he informed us, out of which he had come the victor.

The economy of some school ma'ams surpasses even the frugality of some of our fair co-eds who board themselves. Mr. Mikkelson tells us, among many other curious incidents during the teachers' institute, of three young school ma'ams who bought a lead pencil together, and then requested the chivalrous Mike to cut into three equal pieces and sharpen the stubs.

On Wednesday, Nov. 30, the Y. M. C. A. met in chapel and elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

President—A. M. Mikkelson.

Vice President—O. W. Dynes.

Recording Secretary—R. A. Froemke.

Corresponding Secretary—R. G. Cook.

Treasurer—J. A. Swenson.

Thirty-three new names have been added to the membership list and the prospects for a good year are good.

What some students say:

Mr. Hulberg—“I am still a candidate.”

Mikkelson—“I dug up facts to beat the band.”

Swenson—“A graceful defeat is better than a great victory.”

Cook—“I have a corner on Rice.”

Dolve—“Darn that coach, he got ahead of me.”

Gratias—“I'll bet \$10 to a nickel.”

Oshwald—“I was refused three times.”

Wambem—“I've got a new one now.”

President Worst and Dr. Van Es spent their Thanksgiving vacation in the vicinity of Williston, hunting. Each brought home a deer as a trophy, and as evidence that he knows how to hunt.

Mrs. Bolley entertained the Edith Hill Club girls Monday, Nov. 14, by telling them about a voyage along the Rhine. This was a continuation of the talks she gave to the girls last year, and they wish to extend their hearty thanks to Mrs. Bolley, hoping that she will continue her most interesting series of talks at some future meetings. The girls are about to execute some pictures which they will hang in the reception room at Francis Hall.

The Athenian Literary Society gave a reception Nov. 12. Several novel and entertaining games were played, after which a good old-fashioned spelling bee took place. A chocolate cream was given to the lucky winners. Miss Page sang a solo which was heartily encored. In one corner of the reception room was a booth, from which the mystic fortune teller told secrets and peered into the dusky future. After the serving of ice cream and cakes, a social time was enjoyed, the party breaking up at 12 o'clock.

The increase of work in the registration of students makes it necessary for one person to devote his entire time to that work, and Mr. Parrott has been selected to do that. Mr. Fred C. Householder, a graduate from the University of Kansas, has been elected to take the place in the department of mathematics made vacant by the transfer of Mr. Parrott. Mr. Householder has had considerable experience in the public schools of Kansas and comes highly recommended as a teacher. It is always a handicap to change teachers during a term and the best results cannot be hoped for under

such circumstances, but Mr. Householder is earnest in his efforts, and will soon have his work completely in hand.

Those who have been connected with the college for a number of years will be pleased to learn that L. B. Hibbard, formerly superintendent of the college farm, has accepted a position with ex-Senator L. R. Casey of Jamestown. Mr. Hibbard has for several years been superintendent of a large farm at Clifford, N. D., and is induced to make the change by a substantial increase in salary. Mr. Casey was a member of the board of trustees when Mr. Hibbard was connected with the college.

It will be remembered that at the oyster social given by the Junior Faculty last year the oysters and crackers mysteriously disappeared. Though this was, undoubtedly, hard on most of the young professors, still to one of them, at least, it was a blessing in disguise. The crackers were gone, to be sure, and also the oysters, but the purloiners of the oysters in their hurry overlooked a pearl which, being found by said dignitary, and embellished with a diamond setting is now the light of his existence.

The band furnished the chapel exercises for Monday, Nov. 7, and a very acceptable variation it was. They played their several numbers with their usual skill, closing the meeting with a vigorous execution of the "A. C. Cadets," which made the chapel ring with harmony.

Professor Shepperd's talk on "Grass," given the next Monday, was very interesting, and gave the listeners a very different idea of the usefulness of grass from that which they formerly held. He spoke of the history, the great variety and finally the many uses of grass. He said that not only was it useful because it was a food for animals, but, also, that it served to keep the loose earth from

sliding about. The color, also, is most restful to the eyes.

At the next convocation, Mr. Kennedy, state secretary of the Y. M. C. A. for North and South Dakota, spoke of the work of this organization. He told of its origin, of its great present power and its aim and purpose. Its aim, he maintained, was three-fold; it aimed, first, to develop the mind; second, to develop the body, and, third, to develop the spirit. He was desirous that a strong organization might be effected at this institution, and believed that with our present attendance it would be an easy matter.

The football and band boys greatly enjoyed the banquet given them Nov.

22. The room was decorated in green and yellow, the tables having goal posts entwined with smilax at either end. The dinner was another triumph for the domestic science department, and was much appreciated by all. The toasts were exceedingly appropriate and without exception were excellent. The program of toasts was as follows:

- The Alumni.....Mr. Fowler
- The Delights of the Manager....Mr. May
- The Troubles of the Coach..Mr. Marshall
- Our Friend, the Enemy.....
- .....Mr. Stout, Fargo College
- The Team.....Mr. Westergaard
- The Girls.....Dr. Batt
- The Rooter.....Mr. Mikkelson
- The Second Team... ..Mr. Parrott
- The *Alma Mater*.....President Worst

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