

# The Spectrum.

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

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No. 2.

## Extract from the Life of Benjamin Bummer

By VAN.

### CHAPTER II—*Concluded.*

I had come there to get something to eat, and being made dog-feed of was away beyond my calculations; therefore, I tarried not, but started for the fence with a stride that would have caused a professional sprinter to turn green with envy, could he have seen it. I did not stop to open the gate but bounded over it in a way that would have taken first prize in an international track meet. As I struck the ground on the outside of the fence I heard the jarring clank of a chain, as the pugnacious canine stretched it taut in his efforts to get at me. I was glad that he was chained. It gave me a head start if he should happen to break loose. As far as I was concerned I had no inclination to remain and see how the chain stood the strain, and I can assure you that the way I went down the street wasn't a bit slow. The last I saw of the dog was an ugly snout and a very promiscuous display of large, white teeth.

I shuddered as I thought of what might have been, for the part of my trousers which is most preferred by huge black dogs, was exceedingly thin.

I was fairly ravenous by this time, and there were only two more houses on the street, so I went, very cautiously, up to the door and asked the "kind lady"

if she could give a poor, sick, starved man a little bite to eat.

The lady of the house was tall and slim and her eyes were sharp, though good natured.

"Yes," she said, "I will give you something to eat, all you can eat, if you will earn it. There is a log of wood on the saw-horse in the back yard. The saw is hanging on the side of the wood shed."

She smiled broadly as she went into the house. I found out why later on.

"This is easy," thought I to myself as I took down the old bucksaw and went to work, "only one stick."

It was a big log of maple, very gnarled and knotty. There was something peculiar about this log. It was covered with innumerable dents which looked as though some one had hit it a sharp blow with a dull axe.

I did not waste much time in idle speculation, however, but went to work. The saw seemed to run easy enough but, some way, I did not make much headway toward the interior of the wood. After I had sawed for about three minutes I paused to get my breath. I carefully examined the stick to see how far I had progressed. Strange to relate, I hadn't gone very far. I could see a

faint depression in that tough old log, that was all. I took off my coat and went to work again. This was my last chance to get a supper and I had to make the most of it. I sawed and sawed and sawed. The sweat rolled off me in floods and poured in streams from the patent ventilators in the toes of my shoes, but, alas! it was no use; all my efforts were in vain. That old log was as tough as the "rock of ages."

After I had sawed for about ten minutes I made another examination of the thing. There was just one more dent in it, that was all. I could now explain the "more or less" kind lady's smile, also the peculiar appearance of the log. I could sympathize with the many poor deluded devils who had been hornswoggled into trying to saw that villainous old stick of wood. I could have cut it quicker with a teaspoon. I figured that at the rate I had been sawing I would get my supper in about fifteen centuries.

It was at this stage of the game that an ordinary hobo would have taken to the lofty pines, but I was fairly desperate. I wish that log God-speed to the deepest and hottest hole in the bottomless pit, although I am satisfied that old Satan couldn't burn it with the hottest fire the place affords.

Suddenly my eye fell on a lovely pile of maple wood, all sawed and split, in the next door neighbor's yard, and a brilliant idea shot through my head like a streak of greased lightning fitted with ball-bearings.

Keeping a wary eye peeled for spectators, I laid sacriligious hands on the log and carried it far out into the weeds, back of the house, then I stole cautiously up to the neighbor's wood pile and frisked a generous arm-load. I had just dumped it down in my prospective hostess's back yard, when the good lady herself appeared on the scene.

She gazed at the wood in blank amazement, but not for any length of

time. Turning her sharp eyes on me, she questioned, "How did you split that wood?"

I was non-plussed for a second, but I recovered in time to reply, "I borrowed an axe from the neighbors, ma'am."

"No, you didn't," she replied, "they haven't got any axe, they always borrow mine."

This was a corker and it put me completely to the grass.

"Where is my log? You get it this instant."

I meekly obeyed, and soon my friend the enemy was lying in his old position on the saw-horse.

"I knew that you couldn't saw that log," she said, "You're the fifteenth man who has tried it. Now you can take that split wood back where you got it, all but one stick. You can take my axe and split that one stick up for kindling."

I lugged the spoils back to their rightful owner, came back and split the kindling. When I finished my task she called me into the house, drew a chair up to the table and bade me sit down.

I expeditiously slid into the chair, and my heart swelled with gratitude as the appetizing odor of warm viands greeted me.

"Begin," she said, and I was off like an athlete at the sound of the pistol.

The bread was fine, and the generous quantity which she had cut soon faded into insignificance. Likewise the meat and gravy, potatoes, jam and pie.

When I had cleared the board I looked up at the lady expectantly.

"Well?" she said.

"If you remember," said I, boldly, "you promised all I could eat."

"So I did," she replied resignedly. "Well, what will you have?"

"Some bread, a little meat and a few potatoes, if you please."

In silence she placed the articles named on the table. After a few minutes had passed I paused a moment to

say: "Madam, could you kindly give me a few more slices of your inestimable bread?"

"It is all gone," she said sadly, "but if it will do I can borrow some from the lady next door."

"It will be eminently satisfactory," replied I.

She was gone but a few moments and as she entered the door with the bread, I gently suggested: "Madam, this meat is excellent."

"A promise is a promise," she muttered, as she scraped the last scraps out of the skillet, "but I didn't know that I was pledging my word to feed a rhinoceros."

At the conclusion of this sage remark, I began an ostentatious scraping upon the bottom of the pie tin by way of a hint that some more pie would be acceptable.

"My goodness gracious!" she exclaimed, while fishing out the pie, "You must have as many stomachs as a camel and the digestive apparatus of an ostrich."

As she finished this sarcastic remark I politely informed her that I felt perfectly capable of getting away with anything in the line of eatables which might still be left around the house.

"I can't do anything else for you," she replied tartly, "unless you eat tin cans and coal like a billy goat."

I concluded that I would not try the quality of her last offer, so I got up from the table and thanked her for the light repast.

"Light repast, indeed," I heard her say, as I took my departure, "I am lucky to have any dishes left."

For my part I felt very happy. I had at last placed myself on the exterior of a good big square meal.

It was by this time quite dark, so I repaired to the railroad to wait for my private car to come along. I had not long to wait, for a slow freight soon pulled in and I lost no time in locating an empty box car and climbing into it. As the puffing, wheezing engine crawled on into the night, I sank into a peaceful slumber.



## THE HODJA'S SERMON.

The Hodja was in a quandary. Although he was a wise and learned man, even such men are not exempt from trouble, and just now the Hodja's brow was furrowed indeed. His sermon was not prepared, and the people were even now awaiting him. What should he say? As he stood there, a bright idea flashed into his head, and with smiling face he repaired to the meeting house. He ascended the pulpit and, with an assured air, spoke: "I suppose none of you know what I am about to tell you?"

Instantly came the answer, "No, your honor."

"Well, since you don't know, you will miss nothing," and, smiling blandly, he went home.

The next day, when all were assembled, he again put the question. For a while no one answered, then came the unanimous chorus, "Yes, your honor."

"Since you know, I need not tell you," and again he left.

The third day, he came with smiling face and for the third time put the question. As though having profited by past experience, half answered, "No," and the other half, "Yes, your honor," feeling that at last they had struck the nail on the head. But, from the pulpit came the discouraging response: "In that case, those who do know can tell those who don't. And the Hodja, with gracious smiles, left the pulpit.

GENEVIEVE HOLKESVIG, '08.

## A Volatile Sea.

Early one morning as I was out for a short walk in our village, I was seized with the desire to climb the steep, winding road which lay a short distance in front of me and led to the summit of a high mountain. It was a very pleasant walk since the morning was cool and refreshing; the leaves of the huge oaks and maples, standing along the road with outstretched limbs, precipitated large crystal drops of dew, and the robin, overjoyed at the arrival of the opening season, warbled and flitted about in extreme delight. How delightful such a scene!

Thus, as I was engrossed in nature, I had not forgotten my project, and in less than an hour I had reached the top of the mountain. My first impulse then was to get in a position where I could look down upon the village, which lay quietly sleeping in the deep basin, surrounded by towering mountains. So, hurriedly crossing to the other side, I stepped out upon a projecting boulder and looked down into the dizzy depth. But, to my great surprise, instead of gazing upon a sleeping village, I was looking into the depth of a beautiful, silvery lake. As I continued gazing into this mystic, silvery depth, the edges became gradually tinged with a delicate golden hue. No wave broke the smooth surface, no sound disturbed the morning peace save the warble of the sweet

voiced robin, and the drip, drip of the heavy dew. All nature seemed to harmonize.

I soon noticed that the trees on the opposite eminence had also taken on a golden hue, and, turning about, I beheld the sun in all its splendor rising above the trees. Then, turning back to look once more into the lake, I found that the hues had departed, and the waters were in motion. A cloud of vapor arose through the air, and there, far below me, lying in the warm rays of the morning sun, was the peaceful village. The clear little river meandered over its rocky bed, and after performing its duty at a number of old mills, left the village by a narrow passage between the hills.

On the west side, about half way up the mountain, I could plainly see the ridge of earth which the rebels had thrown up when the Yankees were pressing them hard. This ridge extended for several miles in either direction. On the side of the mountain next to this, a terrace had been formed, and a beautiful academy built. The students, as they wound their way up the steep path, reminded me of an army of ants on the march. The view was no less picturesque in whatever direction I chose to look.

Never before had I any conception of the delightful situation of the village in which I lived.

ROSS BABCOCK.



## Pharmaceutical Association.

At the beginning of the winter term of 1904 the increased number of students in the pharmacy courses made it appear necessary to organize a scientific

gram, Arthur Stone. New officers are elected at the beginning of each term, the present officers being: President, Dave Lofthouse; secretary, Erwin



MEMBERS OF PHARMACEUTICAL ASSOCIATION.

association or club for the furtherance of pharmaceutical knowledge in lines of work other than those of the classified branches.

The organization was quite easily effected and was called the N. D. A. C. Pharmaceutical Association. Students classified in the pharmacy courses were eligible for active membership, and sixteen became members. The faculty of the pharmacy courses were later elected as honorary members.

The officers elected were: President, G. R. Fowler; secretary, Stuart Watt; treasurer, Einar Eirikson; master of pro-

Thompson; treasurer, Benj. Lenhart; master of program, Roy Cook.

The aim of the association is to further general pharmaceutical investigation and knowledge, and to that end, addresses are given by faculty members, prominent druggists and others upon subjects helpful to the student of pharmacy.

These addresses and talks are thoroughly practical, being often personal experience in drug store dispensing, unusual problems of prescription work, investigations or studies made by the speaker himself, and very often are of

interest to students of chemistry, geology and other sciences.

Papers, talks, quizzes and results of investigations made by the students are also given by the members.

Parliamentary rules govern the meeting as far as is practicable, and the members are given useful drill both as members and presiding officer.

A pin consisting of a white and gold six-pointed star with the letters N. D. A. C. P. A. at the points and a skull and cross bones at the center is worn by the members.

A characteristic bulletin frame, hanging among others in College Hall, announces the date and nature of the program. Any one interested is invited to be present at any of the weekly meetings.

In connection herewith it might be interesting to know where the members of the past year's association are at the present time. It is the desire of the association to keep in touch with its former members, and we should be pleased to have notice of any change of address.

Roy Cook, Dave Lofthouse, Frank Sears, Scott Lamont and Erwin Thomp-

son have returned to the A. C., and may be seen daily upon the campus and football field.

G. Ross Fowler, since his graduation, has been until recently in his own drug store at Hankinson, but is now holding a good position in C. G. Nickles' drug store of this city.

Raymond Erb was in the employ of the International Harvester Co. during the summer, and early in September he enlisted in the navy for three years' service as hospital apprentice.

Stuart Watt is employed as head clerk of D. McGuer at Hannah, N. D. Coren Crittenden is manager of a store at Inkster, owned by J. H. McLain. Carl V. Swenson is at Park River in the employ of the Robertson Drug Co. Einar Eirikson is with John O'Keefe at Cavalier. J. J. Donahue is located at Bowbells, also in drug store employ. J. A. Gardner is working in Marshall, Minn. August Frieska, for some time with the Christianson Drug Co. of Fargo, is now at Willow City. Harry Porter spent the summer at Minneapolis, but is now at home at LaMoure. Arthur Stone is also at home and is managing a general store near LaMoure.

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## A LAMENT.

When these old shoes were new,  
 I had a hundred dollars,  
 And a brand new suit of clothes,  
 And a straight two dozen collars,  
 And ties, red, white and blue:  
 Then I was rich.

The heels are pretty badly turned;  
 The uppers are all gone,  
 So is my hundred dollars,  
 And the suit is still in pawn;  
 Now, that they have spurned me,  
 I am sick—of girls.

—Contributed.

## Agricultural Notes.

Mr. Grest, the farm foreman, is making extensive improvements on the roads and lawns adjoining the farm buildings.

Mr. Churchill of the plant breeding department has just returned from a two weeks' visit to the St. Louis Exposition.

A large number of new students have enrolled for the short year course in agriculture. This course is filling a long felt want in the curriculum of our college, and is destined to become very popular among those who find it impossible to attend college during the entire school year.

President Worst and Dr. Van Es were in attendance at the annual convention of the American Association of Agricultural Colleges which was held this year at Des Moines, Ia., during the first week of November. Visits were paid to the Iowa and Minnesota Experiment Stations while on the trip.

A very interesting and instructive program will be given by the American Federation of Students of Agriculture at their annual convention in Chicago this fall. A representative from each of the following states: Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Ohio, Colorado and Oklahoma, will prepare a paper on some subject of agricultural interest in their own state. Several prominent speakers will also be secured to deliver addresses.

Wm. Lanxon, the station herdsman, who has been ably assisting Dean Shepherd in conducting the World's Fair Feeding and Breeding School, has returned from a forty days' sojourn at St. Louis. Mr. Lanxon speaks very highly of the work which this school has accomplished. Aside from its purely

educational features, the school has helped greatly in breaking down the barrier of prejudice which has existed between the experimenter and the so-called practical farmers and stockmen. The latter were much interested in the method of teaching, and the practical nature of the work as it is presented to the students in the Agricultural Colleges appealed to them greatly.

This school which was simply a demonstration Agricultural Normal School, was held under the auspices of the American Association of Agricultural Colleges. Its primary object was to show the plan of instruction followed by the Agricultural Colleges, and, by bringing together the leading teachers in agriculture, enabled them to compare methods. Daily demonstrations in live stock and grain judging with general addresses at night, formed the basis for most of the work attempted in this school. A class of about twenty students from several of the Agricultural Colleges assembled each day for the demonstration, which was carried on similarly to that of the class room. These students formed a sort of nucleus for the large number of stockmen and farmers who listened to the instruction.

Every student now in college who is interested in live stock, should seize the opportunity of attending the International Stock Show in Chicago this fall. The rates will be very low and it is hoped that a delegation of at least fifty men will represent the North Dakota Agricultural College at the greatest fat stock show in the world. Professor Richards of the animal husbandry department will make the necessary arrangements for the trip and those who

intend going should notify him as soon as possible.

Active preparations are being made in the animal husbandry department to care for the large number of students who will take the judging work during the winter term. The recent additions to

the station flocks and herds, of typical specimens of the more prominent breeds, will prove of great value in class demonstrations. Last year 120 students received instruction in live stock work, and it is expected that with the increased facilities, this course will be more popular than ever.

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## MECHANICAL NOTES.

Once upon a time some men in Fargo were going to build a heating plant at a place called the Agricultural College. They builded and they builded for months, and when at last the work was done and they rested after their labors, behold, it was all very well. But one thing was not as well as other things.

There was to be an engineer at this place, one John, a short man with a big soul, much given to quietude and a briar pipe. John must have air. The furnace must also have air—much air. Now, if the furnaces drew this air from the engine room, John might not get enough air for his pipe. Also it might cause a vacuum inside this same building and the mighty zephyrs of North Dakota would crush it as you crush an egg shell in your hand. Also, the air in a building sometimes becomes very warm and stifling and filled with myriads of microbes, very destructive to the tender red throats of these same furnaces.

What was to be done? The wise men put their heads together and thought long and laboriously on this very puzzling problem. But as they thought hard and earnestly, there came to them an idea, brilliant as a flash of sunshine on a rainy day, and they clapped their

hands in glee. And they got themselves spades and delved into the bowels of the earth, and tossed the gumbo in mighty heaps, and, burrowing under the foundation of their structure as gophers do under the bins of No. 1 Hard, they digged a tunnel, like unto the mighty St. Gothard, out into the glorious free air. And at the end was a yawning void like the opening to the bottomless pit. Now the fiery furnaces refresh themselves with air, cool as the wind that sweeps Siberian plains, uncontaminated by human breath or John's briar pipe.

The boys in the machine shop are at present finishing three engine models to be used in demonstrating the setting and construction of different types of valves and valve gears.

Professor Rose is offering a special class in gas engines and separators and many of the students are taking advantage of the opportunity. During the last few years the use of gas engines for farm purposes has increased to such an extent that a knowledge of their use and construction is of great value to young men.

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Little drops of water,  
Little grains of paint,  
Makes a maiden's freckles  
Look as if they ain't.

—*Ex.*

It far transcends the interest  
Of Russia or Japan,  
It's the men who can't raise whiskers,  
Against the men who can.

—*Puck.*

## Our Exchange Table.

Read "The Woman of Today and Yesterday" in the October edition of *The Normal Oracle*.

College papers seem to be the advance guard of the modern tendency towards the phonetic spelling of words.

"The Ordering of Material for an Oration" in No. 4 of *The Industrialist* gives much light upon the difficult task of preparing orations and should be read by all interested in that line of work.

"The Polyisms" in *The Polytechnic* are different from the locals of most college papers in that they are generally so written as to be interesting to and understood by other than people connected with its own institution.

An editorial in *The Yankton Student* for September tells us that they have a special class in oratory for those who contemplate winning honors in the inter-collegiate oratorical contest.

What are our own orators doing along that line?

Owing to the great number of college papers that come to our exchange table, space forbids the mention of every one. We will, however, attempt to review a number of papers from time to time, and are glad of every opportunity to increase our exchange list.

We wish that those who are inclined to show up missing on the football field when they are most needed would candidly ask themselves the questions contained in the article, "Don't Pike," of the October issue of the *Blue and Gold*. To the "Pikers"—as that article fittingly calls those who allege to quit foot-

ball because they see no reason for playing—can be said that the best excuse for playing a game is to win it. Organized athletics are as much a part of college training as any other branch of education. Football teams simply represent advanced courses open to the most proficient students. Things are taught on the football field which can not be learned so effectually in any other department of college. And three of these things—it has been well said—are: First, "the spirit of working together earnestly and for a given end, which is the root of democracy;" second, "the spirit of working for your college, which, in the world outside, becomes patriotism;" and, third, "the spirit of determination to win, which when taken fairly means Americanism."

*The Carletonia* for the thirteenth of October has, among other vastly more interesting things, over a page devoted to the names of new students. This list of names, we think, properly belongs in the college catalogue, and unless the two are to be consolidated, it would be a decided improvement to find a, perhaps less unique but more interesting, space filler. We are pleased to notice that the list is not continued in the last issue, which contains several good things, among which "The Rambler" is, perhaps, most interesting to the uninitiated.

Many good articles in college papers remain undiscovered by exchange editors because the paper has no table of contents. The table of contents requires but a small space and should be found on the front cover where it is conspicuous, and adds to the attractiveness of the paper as well as to the convenience of its readers.

# The Spectrum

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

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## *Editorial.*

Students! Many of you are now for the first time entering upon a college career; many of you are coming back to take up your work anew, with new vigor and new resolutions. You, who are here for the first time, have now been here long enough to know what is expected of you; you who are older, have been here long enough to test the strength of your resolutions. To all of you, old and new, I should like to bring home this thought: "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for."

All of you have at some time had some strong desire; it may have been only for a child's plaything, or, as you grew older, a new dress or a gun. How your heart leaped within you as you saw, day by day, the coveted bauble come nearer your reach! How many times in joyous anticipation did you not hold it in your hand and gloat over it like a miser over his hoarded gold! Then at length the great day dawned—you got your wish. Did it seem half as precious to you as it had during the days and weeks that you had been striving for it? Was not all the pleasure in the anticipation rather than in the possession?

Now you are beginning to mold your minds and characters for the great battle of life—the struggle for success. We do not all travel the same road. Some of us go with the throng that surges onward on the common road like a mighty army; others wind along the narrow paths, among the glens and

crags and up the barren cliffs like the advance guard of the host to come. But whether we go with the many or the few, whether we are the pioneers that first hew the way through the forest, or the artisans that come behind and build the great city, we all have some object in view. We all have some ideal that, to us, embodies the very essence of life. Set your ideal high. Plant it on the very highest pinnacle to which your thought dares soar. You may never reach it, but what of that? Is it not better to have tried to climb to the top of the mountain, even if you get dizzy before you reach the summit, than never to have left the valley below? You will at least never arrive at that most miserable of all conditions, the stage where you are perfectly satisfied with the world and all in it, without ambition enough to get out of the puddle that is forming in the wallow you have made for yourself.

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?"

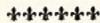
Peace, blessed peace! No more the hoarse war cries, the fierce jealousy, the fiery war paint, the bitter hatred! No more the crash of arms in deadly strife, but instead the spirit of friendly rivalry. The A. C. and the U. N. D. have buried the hatchet deep in the sod 'neath the gridiron, and reached out to each other the hand of brotherhood. The smoke of the peace-pipe curls lazily up from their wigwams into the blue sky of the Indian summer. Forgotten is the past; the future lies before us!

Let us forget each other's faults and shortcomings. Let us start out anew with a clean slate, blot out the past and let the future write a new record. Why should we cut each other's throats? We each have our sphere of usefulness and the world is wide enough for us both. To be sure, our troubles have been mainly in athletics, but, unfortunately, they have extended to other departments as

well. And even in athletics we have need of each other. We are the two leading institutions of the state; does it not behoove us to set the others a good example? The only thing that will put athletics in this state on a substantial basis is a state league to govern athletic contests. At the present time it is very hard to get games with outside teams, but with a strong state league this difficulty would be overcome. It would even be possible to get up a good schedule without any outside teams. It might even be possible to reduce athletic games to where they properly belong—they might be played for the sake of the sport itself and not for the sake of simply winning. A good beginning has been made now that the friendly relations between the two institutions have been resumed. Let us hope that next year will see a North Dakota Athletic League.

There has been considerable dissatisfaction expressed because the football management has not been able to schedule games with eastern teams, or get an eastern trip. If the grumblers would stop to think the matter over they would

be able to see very distinctly the reasons that have prevented it. We are situated at a point about 250 miles from the Twin Cities, the nearest place to get games. To bring a team up here, when we are able to get one, involves an outlay of between \$200 and \$300, which must be paid by us alone, as there are no other teams in the vicinity that they can play. Few people realize that our team this year is as strong as it really is, and to get a crowd large enough to pay the expenses for such a game is well nigh impossible. On the other hand: The Twin City institutions do not care to take on teams from a distance when the expenses will be several hundred dollars. The Twin City high schools, Carleton, Macalester, Shattuck, St. Thomas and Hamline can get enough games among themselves to fill their schedule at one-third to one-half the cost of bringing outside teams. Still it seems to be no more than fair that teams we have brought up here for years should take our team down there for once. The management has been doing its best to arrange for a trip, and if it is not secured the fault is not theirs.



## FORMER STUDENTS.

Miss Dora Jensen and Miss Fowler, both of '04, were visitors during institute week.

Among former students down here during the institute were Miss Kathleen Rose and Miss Rebecca Brink.

O. P. Norby, '99, attended the institute, but not alone. He joined the Benedicts last summer. He likes the life.

Miss Angela Gibson, after having spent some time at eastern institutions, is now teaching private classes in elocution here in Fargo. She gave a read-

ing in the Waldorf parlors recently which was very much enjoyed by all present.

George Axvig left St. Paul Sunday, Oct. 30, for El Paso, Texas. "Judge" is still a very sick boy and the doctors think a warm climate will do him good.

Miss Armanda Jacobson, a former A. C. student, was a pleasant visitor at the college the latter part of October. Miss Armanda was one of the successful contestants in *The Tribune* contest, who was given a free trip to the World's Fair. It was on her way home she saw fit to make us a visit.

## Athletic Department.

### THE FARGO COLLEGE-A. C. GAME.

Score: A. C., 11; F. C., 0.

There is not much to say that has not been said in the local papers about this game.

Without going into the details of the game, it might be well to repeat that the A. C. team did fine work, considering that the only "vets" on the team were Wambem at tackle and Swensen at center.

Dynes, Nelson and Satre in the backfield did some fine work, as also did Worst at quarter and Fowler who played right halfback for part of the game.

Turner and Hallenberg at ends were in the game all the time. The low and hard tackling of Hallenberg was a feature of the game.

While the A. C. only made two touchdowns and kicked but one goal, they were but once in any real danger, Fargo College once getting the ball within ten yards of their goal line.

Twice the A. C. had the ball on the F. C. goal line only to lose it by unfortunate fumbling.

### N. D. A. C. vs. ST. CLOUD NORMAL.

Saturday, Oct. 15.—The Normal boys were unfortunate enough to make a fumble shortly after the kickoff which resulted in Worst picking up the ball and sprinting 20 yards for a touchdown in the first two minutes of play. The Normals were game but the A. C. team was too heavy.

Score: A. C. 16; St. Cloud Normal, 0.

### N. D. A. C. vs. R. R. V. U.

Saturday, Oct. 22.—A fiercely contested game from start to finish, but one in which the R. R. V. U. boys were doomed to defeat in spite of

Coach Spellicy's oft manifested desire to be out upon the field.

Score: N. D. A. C., 17; R. R. V. U., 0.

Observations on the Nebraska-Minnesota game by an eye-witness:

One of the first things to attract notice was the swiftness with which the Minnesota team lined up. Time and again when they had the ball they would line up and have the play started before the Nebraska players had fallen into their respective positions and settled down so as to offer the greatest resistance.

In the first few minutes of the game the high playing of Nebraska's men was another thing that attracted notice. And, not until they got down low, could they make any impression upon the advance of Minnesota's line.

In the practice before the game the Minnesota team passed the ball from one to the other with an accuracy and precision that was faultless, yet, Nebraska's first touchdown was the ultimate result of a fumble on the part of Minnesota. Subsequent fumbles gave Nebraska opportunities of ending the game in her favor, which were well nigh seized upon and which certainly kept Minnesota from running up a score equal to her expectations.

The backfields of both teams were exceedingly good at holding their feet when carrying the ball. Speaking of the backfields, had Nebraska's backfield been heavier, Minnesota would have had to suffer defeat or play a much harder game than she did, for time and again Nebraska would go through Minnesota's line for a gain of two and three yards, but before the whistle was blown this would be reversed, they had been carried back for a loss by the "beef" of Minnesota's backs.

## Local Happenings.

Institute. \_\_\_\_\_

Diegen-sie-in! \_\_\_\_\_

School ma'ams! \_\_\_\_\_

Hallowe'en pranks. \_\_\_\_\_

Discipline committee! \_\_\_\_\_

The strike is over! Hurrah for the band! \_\_\_\_\_

Mr. Aiken is becoming an expert artist. \_\_\_\_\_

There were nearly 200 teachers at the institute. \_\_\_\_\_

Mr. Clark has lately discovered that the moon has eyes. \_\_\_\_\_

Watch the December SPECTRUM for details of the A. C.-U. games. \_\_\_\_\_

Everybody reports a good time and royal treatment in Grand Forks. \_\_\_\_\_

It has been asserted that Mr. Cook has all a Chinaman's avidity for Rice. \_\_\_\_\_

The geology class, though small, is having more than its own share of trouble. \_\_\_\_\_

Miss Wilson reports about twenty pupils in free-hand drawing and painting. \_\_\_\_\_

The Freshmen and Juniors have had their class meetings, but where are the Sophs? \_\_\_\_\_

Burdick, Minnesota's crack end, was a visitor at the college last month. The big fellow looked none the worse after

the big battle in the Minnesota-Nebraska game. \_\_\_\_\_

Professor McArdle has resigned his position as registrar, and Professor Parrot has taken his place. \_\_\_\_\_

Miss Angela Gibson was up at college not long ago for the purpose of forming a class in elocution. \_\_\_\_\_

The Athenian Literary Society has reorganized with Neva Stephens as president, and Carl Hulberg as secretary. \_\_\_\_\_

The return of Oshwald and Wambem of last year's team has created much joy and enthusiasm in the football camp. \_\_\_\_\_

Chester Gunness read an interesting paper on "School Ma'ams" before the Athenians at their last meeting. Chester says: "There is no limit in the ages of school ma'ams. It ranges between 15 and 75." \_\_\_\_\_

The Edith Hill Club are doing some very good work. They are at present making some very neat and attractive pennants which they are selling to faculty and students. They hope that everyone will take an interest in their work and show it by buying their banners. \_\_\_\_\_

A reception was given in honor of the visiting teachers on Tuesday evening, Oct. 26, at Francis Hall. The reception rooms were prettily decorated with bunting, banners and chrysanthemums. Our Seniors served as ushers, and the faculty was present in full array. After a musical program, light refreshments, consisting of ices and cakes, were served by the "cooking" girls. More music

and social chat followed until the guests departed after having spent a most enjoyable evening.

John Heskins, who has played left guard on the first eleven, has been called home to help with the fall work on the farm.

On account of trouble with his eyes, Lloyd Worst, a member of the Junior class, has been forced to discontinue his work at the college.

Through an error in our last number, it was published that Professor Minard is a graduate of Yale, when in reality he graduated from Harvard. We are sorry that the mistake crept in, and are pleased to make the correction.

M. B. Erickson and Ralph Froemke, two of the mathematical geni of the Sophomore class, have resumed their studies at the college since the last issue of THE SPECTRUM, and are now battling with descriptive and analytical geometry.

One of the most recent organizations at our college is the Girls' Athletic Association, which is to be in every way independent of the other Athletic Association. The efficient management, together with the enthusiasm and daily practice by the girls, all vouchsafe a winning basketball team for the coming season.

The teachers' institute was held at the college during the week beginning Oct. 24. The number of teachers present during the week numbered 185, but owing to the numerous visitors present the average attendance was nearly 200. These were divided into sections, one of which met in the chapel, the other in Science Hall. Friday and Saturday were devoted to the examinations. Many old students who are now Cass County teachers were present at the institute, among

them being Peter Norby, Alice Beaton, Kathleen Rose, Ethel MacInn, Helena O'Connor, Lucia Driscoll, Margaret Shea and Caroline Lunder.

The military hop given by the A. C. Cadet Band was a decided success, both socially and financially. It is hoped that the band boys will give another dance in the near future.

The basketball girls are rejoicing over the new dressing room which has lately been added to the gymnasium for their use and benefit. This room is nicely painted and well lighted. It has, besides the lavatory, a fine, well equipped shower-bath, and rows upon rows of closet-hooks. This shower-bath has been a long-wished-for necessity, and will, no doubt, do a great deal toward keeping the girls from feeling any the worse after their strenuous exertions.

The chapel exercises of the past month have been very entertaining and instructive. They have also differed much in nature so as to give the students a broader field for thought. On Monday, Oct. 24, Mr. S. S. Lyon of the First National Bank delivered a very clear, helpful address on "Banks and Banking." He certainly gave the student body a better understanding of that subject which is, or seems to be, so very complicated to most people. The following Monday the Rev. Mr. Payne of Milwaukee spoke most interestingly on "Incidents of a Journey Through Italy." His account was humorous and at times pathetic, and was heartily enjoyed by all. At the following convocation, Dr. Batt entertained the students with a very instructive talk on "German Schools." He spoke of the general character of the various schools and also gave a clear account of some of the phases of student life. It was very interesting and was heartily received.