

# THE SPECTRUM.

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## Gustavus Adolphus.

ORATION WINNING FIRST PRIZE IN THE LOCAL CONTEST.

During the last 2,300 years of the world's history, a great struggle has been going on; a struggle as momentous as it has been extensive; as comprehensive as the teachings of Christianity. It had begun when, 2,201 years ago, in old Athens, Socrates drained the hemlock cup rather than retract his teachings. It had grown broader and more fierce when 463 years later Christian martyrs were burned as torches to illuminate Roman amphitheaters; and it reached its climax, perhaps, in the first half of the seventeenth century. This struggle is the struggle for religious toleration.

The human race, as a whole, is a conservative body. It looks with suspicion upon any innovation, and the greater the deviation from the broad beaten road of custom and tradition the greater the opposition. So it was with this idea of religious toleration. Graves and smouldering ruins marked its course; the stake, the guillotine, torture, and the dark dank walls of the medieval prison, were the rewards of its champions.

And yet, like some grasses, that grow more luxuriant the more they are trampled upon, the new doctrine seemed to gain strength from the very opposition which it encountered. Calvin, Zwingli, Luther—from France, Switzerland and Germany they came, heralds of enlightenment and civilization. And from out the frozen North, the "Land of the Mid-

night Sun,"—from those same shores whence, centuries before, the sea kings had sallied forth to plunder the sunny shores of France and Italy—came a new Viking, not to rob and destroy, but to proclaim by his deeds the "brotherhood of man." He was as great a soldier as Napoleon; but Napoleon was spurred on wholly by ambition, while this man gained his victories for God and for his fellow men. He was as great a statesman as his contemporary, Richelieu; but Richelieu would not stop at deceit or crime to gain his ends, while this man would risk his life and kingdom rather than break his word. This man, soldier, statesman, Christian, was Gustavus Adolphus, the "Lion of the North."

In order fully to understand the character of this man, and to realize the stupendous task he accomplished, it is necessary to consider the conditions which existed in Europe at this time. Christianity, coming into Central Europe from Italy, was closely followed by the extension of the Holy Roman Empire, which attained a nominal control over a large portion of the newly converted country. I say a nominal control, for this region was divided up into numerous small states each with a native prince at its head. The government was a union of church and state. It was not a very strong government and the best hold the emperor had upon his subjects was through the

church. The people, as a whole, were rather ignorant, and as long as the government could, through the priests, direct the thoughts of the populace—or rather, keep them from having any thoughts—it could retain its sovereignty over them. The state, therefore, for political as well as ecclesiastical reasons, took great pains to suppress any attempt at free speech or independent thought. Men like John Huss and John Calvin were persecuted as heretics. But in spite of all that was done to discourage the reformers, they still gained many adherents. A large portion of Germany turned Protestant. Consequently, when, at the Diet of Spire in 1529, religious toleration was forbidden, a revolution became imminent. Just then, however, the Turks invaded Europe. This invasion threatened both parties alike, and so, in 1532, the peace of Nuremberg was concluded, at which it was agreed to leave religious affairs as they were, and unite forces against the common enemy.

But as soon as the danger from the Turks was over, the old religious quarrel was again renewed. Two parties were formed: The Evangelical Union, a confederation of the small Protestant states; and the Catholic League, under the leadership of Maximilian of Bavaria; one striving for enlightenment and progress, the new path leading toward the broad elevation of our modern civilization; the other following blindly the beaten highway of the dark ages.

Here, then, is the field of action: An empire reaching from the slopes of the Alps on the south, to the shores of the Baltic on the north; from the waveworn sands of the Atlantic on the west, to the valley of the Danube on the east; a people torn with internal dissensions and rivalries, hard pressed by the yoke of the law, and vacillating between desire and necessity. Truly, it was a condition to make the stoutest man quail.

“And how,” someone might ask, “was our hero equipped for this task?” King Charles IX died in 1611 and left him

sovereign of a million and a half of subjects, a weak nation, surrounded on all sides by avaricious neighbors; a people new to the boons of civilization, but three generations removed from savagery. “He shall do it,” said the dying monarch pointing to his son, as his courtiers stood about his bedside lamenting the fate of the nation. A stripling, but half grown to manhood, was left to reconstruct a commonwealth depleted by the ravages of war, threatened on one side by Russia, on the other by Denmark; a Polish emperor pretender to its throne; and its peasantry—ever the backbone and sinews of a country’s greatness—grumbling against heavy levies and taxes.

Even as a youth, Gustavus showed evidence of those remarkable traits of character which were, in later years, to turn the attention of the entire civilized world to him. Possessed of a mind far above the ordinary, and a desire to broaden it, he acquired all the culture that the most learned philosophers of Europe could impart to him, while warfare—the chief vocation of a monarch of the seventeenth century—was taught him by just as able masters. This education, creditable to a statesman of 200 years later, coupled with the natural sagacity and bravery inherited from generations of warlike ancestors and his daily existence in an atmosphere of turmoil and strife, had made him a man, if not in years, in mind and character.

Obviously, the first object to be accomplished by the young monarch, was the safeguarding of the throne and integrity of the Swedish nation. Denmark, the nearest, and so most formidable enemy, must first be vanquished before he could turn his attention to the broader though, perhaps, less praiseworthy object of making Sweden a world power. It was not easy to oust a power that had already gained a foothold in Sweden and controlled the seas, yet, within six years, he was able to conclude peace with King Christian. The terms were hard, to be sure, but it left him free to act against

Sigismund of Poland, who was a constant cause for alarm.

From the Polish war we may date the advent of Gustavus into European affairs. From the intercourse it brought him into with the politicians of other nations, he gained an insight into the plans and ambitions of the emperor. Looking far beyond the scope of vision of all his contemporaries save, perhaps, Richelieu, he saw that it would only be a question of time when the feeble Protestant opposition in Germany would be beaten down and the armies of Maximilian be standing on the shores of the Baltic, making that monarch the ruler over the greater portion of Central Europe. Even more than this: Wallenstein openly avowed his intention of building a navy on the coast of Pomerania to harass the northern kingdoms. Gustavus saw that, not only to save the Protestant religion, but to protect his own throne and government, he must take a hand in the great struggle. The man who, in 1624, refused to take part in the war unless support was guaranteed him by France and England, even though his old enemy, Christian, would assist him, was, six years later, willing to attack single-handed a foe whom even England and France were loath to encounter.

Some writers have maintained that Gustavus was ambitious, that his aim was, not so much to revive the dying embers of Protestantism, as to gain for Sweden new lands and dependencies, and for himself the emperor's crown. And even if it were so, should it be regarded as so much of a crime, when in those days the best thing that could be said of a monarch was that he had proved himself a great soldier; when Russia, England, France and Spain were all trying to see who could regain control of the largest portion of their neighbor's territory? But it was not ambition that led him on. Oxenstjerna his great chancellor and adviser, said after Gustavus's death: "A great northern power, if you will; a dependency of Sweden on the shores of the

Baltic, but *not* the crown of the Holy Roman Empire."

Let us consider our hero as he stands, near the end of the year 1631 in the center of Germany; on one side Vienna, the throne of the Holy Roman Empire, almost defenseless; on the other Nuremberg, a small town threatened by the wild plundering hordes of Tilly; on the one side honor, power, glory—all that is dear to a soldier's heart,—on the other, his plighted word, hands stretched out to him in mute appeal, the memory of Magdeburg. He did not waver. Suppressing any ambitious thoughts that may have arisen within him, he hastened to the aid of the beleaguered city. Honor be to him forever that he chose the path of duty, not glory.

Despite opposing forces, hunger and sickness, the constant wranglings of half-hearted allies, and the disappointments caused by trusted friends, Gustavus, through the force of his own wonderful personality, held his little army together and continued his triumphant march through Germany to the fatal field of Lutzen. There the Protestant cause, though victorious in arms, lost its most ardent champion; the world, a great warrior, a greater man. While the armies of Wallenstein and Pappenheim were fleeing in confusion over the surrounding country, his few surviving veterans, weary and covered with wounds, carried the monarch's body to the small village church of Lutzen, where the village schoolmaster read the service for the dead. Far into the night they passed by in slow procession, those stalwart commanders and soldiers of the Saxon and Swedish armies; and the tears stole slowly down their rugged cheeks as they viewed the sad remains of their beloved monarch. The day was won, but the victory was dearly bought.

In the Riddarholm Church in Stockholm, in a marble sarcophagus surrounded by the standards captured during the Thirty Years War, lies the dust of Gustavus Adolphus. Day by day, and

year by year, men pass through the great vaulted nave, pause a moment before the hero's tomb, then pass on out into the humdrum, noise and confusion of a busy world. Empires spring into existence, rise to the heights of power, and then decline and disappear and others spring up in their place. Old ideas give way to the new, and these in turn are superseded by others as civilization and knowledge increase. The questions that yester-

day and today agitated the world will, a brief century or two hence, have paled into insignificance besides those that the future will have brought. And still as long as the world endures, as long as truth and faith have a place upon our planet, the name of Gustavus Adolphus will be honored as that of one of the earliest champions of religious toleration.

ADOLPH MIKKELSON.

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## A May Morning Walk.

"You will have to arise now, if you want to see the 'aarhaneleg,' for I have heard the call of one of them already." With these words I was awakened by my father at 2 o'clock on a May morning in 1894.

I had told father to awaken me at this time, because I wanted to see the "aarhaneleg" which I had heard so much about, but never seen, and since father had seen a number of birds engaged in this play the previous morning, I thought, I could perhaps see one this morning.

The aarhane, which is in the habit of coming together in flocks and playing what people in Norway call "aarhaneleg" is a bird found quite extensively in Norway and Sweden. It belongs to the same family as the hen. The female bird is about the size and color of a prairie chicken, but the male is three halves the size of the female. It is the male birds only which engage in what may be called a bird football game, while the females always occupy the nearest treetops as spectators.

Just as I was ready to leave the room I heard a second "cucuruck, cucuruck" and to my great delight, I noticed that it came from the place where father had seen the birds the morning before. As soon as I heard this, I rushed through the door and started towards the hillside, fill-

ing my lungs again and again with the delicious odor of spring. The sweet morning air seemed to have a magic influence on me, for all the things I looked at had a certain charm which I, who had seen these scenes so many times before, had not noticed till today.

The brooks made a pleasing harmonious noise, as they hurried from stone to stone, and even the little gray sparrows which had looked so homely, now, since the spring birds had returned, had a certain elegance as they fluttered from shrub to shrub. The spruce trees, too, had a dignified appearance as they gently tossed their green crowns in the gentle morning breeze.

In this mood I kept on towards the hilltop and was not far away from the place where father had seen the birds the previous morning, when, as I turned, I saw something which held me spellbound for quite a while. Never before or afterwards did I see anything more beautiful than what I saw as I looked down upon the silent fiord (the breeze up in my altitude had not reached the surface of the fiord) that morning.

For there at the bottom of the fiord I beheld a fairy land mountain, all parts of which seemed to be alive and gently rolling back and forth. The mountain pointed downwards and below the top the

reddened sky could be seen. The top was covered with snow, which the first rays of the morning sun made glitter like diamonds. The few dark rocks which out of pure impatience had broken through this glittering blanket, made a striking contrast to the surrounding brilliancy. Farther up the mountain-side, where the snow had disappeared and the rays of the sun had not yet come, the dwarf-like trees looked like the jotuns of old, made uneasy by the approaching light. Above this again was a belt of pine trees, stretching up to the very base of the mountain. This dark-blue moving mass was pierced here and there by numerous petty water falls, which added greatly to the beauty of the belt.

I was brought out of this enchantment, if I may call it so, by hearing a noise from behind. It was the "aarhaneleg" which had begun. I started to run toward the noise, but soon found it necessary to come down to a careful walk in order to escape the searching eyes of the female birds, which besides being mere spectators, also had the mission of watching for any outside danger. I succeeded in getting to a spot from where I could overlook the cleared place where the birds were playing, just as the rays of the morning sun came there.

The game took place in the middle of this cleared spot and not more than thirty

yards from where I was hiding. There were about forty birds, apparently divided into two parties, each with a bird much larger than the ordinary birds as a leader. Judging from the loud applause from females in the tree tops, the game was now at its height, and a lively game it was. At times all the birds were together in one bunch, then again they would be scattered all over the place. Sometimes two and two would be wrestling together, while others again were practicing some new methods of tackling. But if the game had looked anything like a football game before, it seemed now much more so. A quarrel arose, and soon the whole flock was fighting. The battle grew wilder and wilder, and I don't know how it would have ended, had not a warning cry been heard from the spectators.

At this cry all the birds except the two leaders left for higher and safer places. The leaders were too excited to notice the warning cry; they kept on fighting. The noise of a breaking branch caused me to look up, and there was a big fox. Just at this juncture another cry was heard from the tree tops. "Mikkel" jumped toward the birds, but he was too late; the second warning had been effective and the two birds flew away not more than a foot in front of "Mikkel's" nose.

DANIEL J. GLOMSET.

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### A Senior's Plea.

"Dear Father, once you said: 'My son,  
To manhood you have grown;  
Make others trust you, trust yourself,  
And learn to stand alone!'  
Now, father, soon I graduate,  
And those who long have shown  
How well they trust me, want their pay,  
And I can stand a loan."

—Ez.

## The Race Problem.

"The souls of black folk have found a Voice. Listen to its words as they come warm from the inmost depths of this down-trodden race:

"There in the King's Highway sat and sits a figure, veiled and bowed, by which the traveler's footsteps hasten as they go. On the tainted air broods fear. Three centuries that have been the raising and unveiling of that bowed human heart; and now behold a century, new for the duty and the deed. The problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the color line."

"How does it feel to be a problem," is a question which has been asked for the last half century. Today the same query comes from within the ranks of that very race which is the occasion of national doubt and perplexity.

With this racial consciousness of self has come the desire for a wider liberty and more clearly defined rights. The black race is no longer content to be held in a sort of semi-bondage by the South. But as American citizens, they demand the ballot; which has even by law been denied them in some states, and also the right to enter the professions and become leaders as well as followers of men.

Opposed to these there are the claims of the southern white man: "The negro must do our manual labor. He will not work unless we make him and therefore peonage is just and proper." He views the blacks only through the veil of social prejudice; and, therefore exclaims: "A man of that color can *never* be my equal. He must not have the same right with me of the ballot. He must not have the privilege of higher education, for that would make him still more discontented with his conditions. Booker T. Washington, the purest, strongest and noblest representative of his race must not sit at dinner with President Roosevelt! *Not one* of this race, any member

of which would gladly lay down his life in defense of the "old flag" must aspire to the smallest office in his country's service.

Though the Emancipation Proclamation of '63 freed the negro, yet it left behind it the seeds of this social and political strife; seeds which springing into life, appeared in many forms of oppression and cruelty to the negro, as well as in the excesses of the freed-men. This gave rise to the Reconstruction Act which invested in the federal government "the right of providing efficient government for the insurrectionary states."

Then came the days of the reconstruction which were to the South a veritable "reign of terror." They can never be blotted from the memory of the Southerner. The negro was not to blame for those terrible days; he was but the tool in the hands of men who used him for their own political aggrandizement,—in the hands of the Northern carpet-bagger. These men, selfish, cruel, remorseless, had no thought for the good of either their Anglo-Saxon brethren or the struggling race of blacks. But we need not dwell on those days. What must they not have been, when the reins of government were thrust into the hands of a race enfeebled physically, mentally and morally by those 300 years of slavery preceded by countless centuries of barbarism in the jungles of Africa? To the ills which were a part of his wild life there are added those which arose from the conditions in which he was placed here:

"For we have gone forth  
And borne to distant tribes slavery and  
pangs,  
And, deadlier far, our vice, whose deep  
taint  
With slow perdition, murders the whole  
man,  
His body and his soul."

But there has been a great change in the South since the days of the carpet-bagger. The Southerner is once more supreme. The negro tills the soil, while the white man rules the nation. Yet, prosperity but brings the question nearer. In this day and age when America means opportunity to the white man, some more aspiring ones of that other race are sure to grasp the fact that it should mean opportunity for the black man also. Believing this and trying to rise, they are prevented by a barrier of social prejudice. Shall we help them to tear down that barrier; or shall we build it higher and turn them back disappointed to sink into the Slough of Despond? We must decide! For, "the problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the color line."

Some vain dreamers would solve the problem by transporting to some islands of the sea the entire race of blacks, or by setting aside some section of the United States to serve as an asylum. This would be but a repetition of the wrong against the Indian multiplied a thousand fold. The transportation of the blacks would be similar to England's crime against the French in Nova Scotia, only a thousand fold greater in horror and atrocity. Think, too, of such a crime against a whole race committed in the full light of the twentieth century.

We must then search further for our solution of this problem. How are these ten millions of blacks to live among seventy millions of whites—among them, yet apart; for all voices unite in saying there can be no amalgamation of the white and black races. Since this is true, the negro *cannot* be debarred from higher education. Booker Washington is undoubtedly promoting the welfare of his people by his efforts to educate them industrially. Industrial education is what the majority must have, but when this is supplemented with higher education for the few that may become professionals and leaders; when we realize that of the negro no less than of the white

is it true that man liveth not alone by bread, then and not till then will the light of a brighter day shine upon the black folk.

When the whites of the North work hand in hand with the whites of the South, helping them to realize their plans, penetrating to the very heart of the black belt, teaching the ignorant, shiftless negro how to improve his land and make himself independent, then and only then will the shadows clear away and in accordance with the spirit of our nation,—liberty of development, equality before the law, fraternity, a common fellowship binding all together—the problem of the races will be solved.

Almost a century and a half ago, way back in the days of slavery, there lived in England a poet whose heart went out in sympathy toward the souls of the black folk. Do not these simple lines foreshadow an ideal, still unrealized, but sure of ultimate fulfillment?

My mother bore me in the Southern wild,  
And I am black, but, oh, my soul is  
white;

White as an angel is the English child,  
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,  
And sitting down before the heat of  
day,

She took me on her lap and kissed me,  
And, pointing to the East, began to  
say:

"Look on the rising sun; there God does  
live,

And give his light and gives his heat  
away,

And flowers and trees and beasts and  
men receive

Comfort in morning, joy in the noon-  
day.

"And we are put on earth a little space,  
That we may learn to bear the beams  
of love,

And these black bodies, and this sunburnt  
face

Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.  
 "For when our souls have learned the heat to bear,  
 The cloud will vanish, we shall hear his voice  
 Saying, 'Come out from the grove, my love and care,  
 And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice'."

Thus did my mother say and kissed me,  
 And thus I say to little English boy;

When I from black and he from white cloud free  
 And round the tent of God like lambs we joy.  
 I'll shade him from the heat till he can bear  
 To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;  
 And I will stand and stroke his silver hair  
 And be like him and he will *then love me*.

SOPHA THOMAS, '04.

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## Our Exchange Table.

Our exchanges of the past month are, perhaps, the most interesting of the year. They contain reports of the various oratorical contests and debates throughout the several states. By reading these reports one may learn much regarding the different associations and debating clubs, their organization and purposes. Furthermore, many of the exchanges are special numbers, such as Junior annuals or class numbers, and, consequently, contain some very interesting material.

The *Normal Oracle* contains a very "meaty" article entitled "The Keystone of the Mind," showing how, through the fruits of his imagination, more than by any of his other faculties, "Man has risen from the forlorn cave dweller to an inhabitant of a perfectly appointed home."

The *Blue and Gold* is one of our neatest exchanges, though not the largest. The contents are of such a nature as to appeal more to the students of the "College on the Hill" than to one not connected with that institution, and such should be the case, for it is published

by and for its students. The short article concerning the work of Jacob A. Riis as a practical politician and reformer is interesting. The exchange department is well conducted and shows that the head of that department is interested in his work.

Sr. Francisco M. Rodequez, director of the Museo Nacional, City of Mexico, reports several interesting discoveries of ancient remains in the Valley of Mexico. In the southeastern part of the valley a number of hieroglyphic inscriptions cut in the rock have been found. In the southwestern part of the valley Mr. Rodequez has discovered the remains of ancient habitation sites in nearly a score of places, and also rock inscriptions which seem to date back to a remote epoch.

It is interesting to note the contrasting views of military training as a part of education accepted by two of our leading exchanges. J. A. Johnson in the *Normal Oracle* of V. C. N., North Dakota, declares that military drill should begin in the sixth year of the public schools and continue through the college course. He contends that such training would be



equivalent to one year of military training as given in regular service, and that after a few generations of enforced discipline it would be hard to find a round-shouldered, hollow-chested person or one who had not learned the value of punctuality.

L. N. Jensen in the *Industrial Collegian* of S. D. A. C. takes the stand that educational institutions should not be converted into military academies, and that five or six courses under a competent commander is as much military as a state college should require. He further contends that militarism, as a principle, does not belong in our ideas of civilization, as it is, in reality, only a relic of barbarism. As for physical training, the gymnasium is quite as efficient as military.

The *Industrial Collegian* of S. D. A. C. contains an excellent article on the life and works of William McKinley, but, like many other productions of this type, lays too much stress on the immediate change in conditions when he took the oath of office. In the department of "Science" is a short discussion on the properties of radium, which is really an epitome of an article by Cleveland Moffett in *McClure's Magazine*, November, 1903. Under the head of "Exchange and Miscellaneous" we find a collection of jokes, good, bad and indifferent, but nothing more.

The Russian government has offered a reward of approximately \$25,000 to any one discovering some way to render alcohol undrinkable.

"Dear old Sadie is dead and gone  
And we'll never see her more,  
For what she thought was H<sub>2</sub>O,  
Was H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>."—*Ex.*

The *University of Arizona Monthly* is one of the few college magazines that are readable from cover to cover. In looking over this well edited magazine we find in the literary columns a happy interspersal of several good poems between numerous excellent articles, orations and stories. The story of "James Hobart—Tenderfoot" deserves special mention. Its literary style shows conclusively that its author must have spent some time upon its construction. The exchange department, also, is handled in a pleasing manner.

A laugh is just like sunshine:  
It freshens all the day,  
It tips the peaks of life with light,  
And drives the clouds away;  
The soul grows glad that hears it,  
And feels its courage strong—  
A laugh is just like sunshine  
For cheering folks along.

—*Ex.*

"Go to my father," was all that she said;  
And she knew that I knew that her father was dead;  
And she knew that I knew what a gay life he led;  
And she knew that I knew what she meant when she said:  
"Go to my father." —*Ex.*

There once was a boy in Chicago,  
Who tried to play Handel's old largo  
On his small brother's head  
With a pipe made of lead—  
Some notes were heard 'way out in  
Fargo. —*Life.*

Fond Parent—"I understand the faculty are very much pleased with your work."

Dropped Junior—"Yes, they encored my sophomore year."—*Ex.*

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## Editorial.

It is remarkable what an energetic canvass the different colleges, universities, and especially the professional schools, are carrying on at the present time in their efforts to secure new students. While this form of competition exists at all times, it is especially keen now and will continue so until the opening of these institutions in fall. Candidates for the Freshman class are sought by the college in every academy and high school. All classes of the college are again canvassed for first year students by the professional schools of law, medicine, pharmacy and engineering, as well as the various business colleges and short course institutions. This movement has two aspects—one good and the other bad. It is well that students should be urged to attend college. Many would not go to college at all, if they were not urged to go to some particular college. It is also quite natural that a student should be anxious to have his friends attend the institution which he favors. It often happens, however, that in the effort to secure students the institution is misrepresented. The alumni, students and faculty, in their efforts to secure students present the college after the manner of the commercial traveler drumming up trade. This is decidedly wrong. The new student on arrival finds things altogether different from his expectations and, consequently, is disappointed. There is usually something wrong with an institution which has to resort to abnormal advertisement and canvassing to secure students.

## The Bjornson "Bauta Sten."

On Tuesday morning, May 17, the Bjornson "bauta sten" which had been placed on the A. C. grounds, through the efforts of Dr. Fjelde and other patriotic Norwegians, in honor of Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the great Norwegian writer and statesman, was formally unveiled. The college and city was in holiday attire for the occasion. The buildings were all tastily decorated with bunting and the flags of Norway and the United States. A large crowd, variously estimated at from three to five thousand, was on the grounds at 10 o'clock waiting for the program to begin.

A large parade, led by Zimmerman's band and the Metropolitan band of Hillsboro, started from the Waldorf Hotel, met the special train at the Great Northern depot, and marched in a body to the A. C. grounds where they were met by the A. C. band, militia company and students, who escorted them to the unveiling grounds. An excellent and appropriate program was here rendered to a thoroughly appreciative audience.

Prof. J. G. Halland handled the program and introduced the speakers in his usual apt and pleasing manner. The unveiling speech, delivered by Hon. John W. Aretander of Minneapolis, was a strong

and eloquent tribute to Bjornson and the appropriateness of thus honoring him. The unveiling was gracefully performed by Miss Helga Trovaten, after which the audience joined in singing the Norwegian patriotic hymn, "Ja, vi elsker dette Landet." The Bjornson "bauta sten" was then formally presented to the Agricultural College by Dr. Fjelde of Abercrombie. President J. H. Worst accepted the gift to the college in his usual able and eloquent manner. Governor Frank White, in a short appropriate speech, accepted the "bauta sten" on behalf of the State of North Dakota. Robert Dolve then closed the program by delivering a well prepared oration on Bjornson as a man. The program was interspersed with patriotic songs and music by the bands. The close attention and excellent order of the large crowd was good evidence that no one went away from the unveiling proceedings disappointed.

It is certainly an honor to the A. C. to have this granite memorial of a worthy man placed on its grounds. It is an honor that many a larger institution would have been glad to receive. It is the first of its kind ever erected in America. There is much of inspiration to us in the life of this Norwegian writer, politician and reformer, Bjornstjerne Bjornson.



## The Stockwell Prize Debate.

The first debating contest for the Stockwell prize was held in the college chapel May 6, 1904. The question was: "Resolved, that the United States senators be elected by the direct vote of the people of their respective states."

Affirmative.                      Negative.  
 Ralph A. Froemke. Harold Westergard.  
 John A. Swenson. Carl D. Hulberg.  
 Katie Jensen.                      Wm. H. Westergard.

The contest was a thoroughly successful one. Mr. R. A. Froemke, leader on the affirmative side, had his arguments well prepared and showed ability as a thinker in both his opening speech and closing one, in which he cleverly turned some of his opponents' points to his own advantage.

Mr. John A. Swenson, the second speaker for the affirmative, also had a

carefully prepared argument and the Sophs. are confident he will make his mark as a debater in the next two years.

Miss Katie Jensen, the only young lady on the debate, had a most pleasing manner and won the audience at the very start. Her paper was well prepared and she was thoroughly familiar with it, all of which aided her in capturing the first prize, which she justly merited.

Mr. Harold Westergaard, the leader on the negative side, was at ease on the stage, his manner and voice were pleasing, his arguments were strong and directly put. He showed that he was well informed on his subject, but his time expired just as he became thoroughly

warmed to the argument; however, his ability received recognition, he being given the second prize.

Mr. C. O. Hulberg, the second speaker on the negative, although a beginner at debating, had a well written paper. His easy delivery and his experience in oratory stood him in good stead.

Mr. Wm. H. Westergaard was a strong member of the team. He has had some experience in this line of work and has benefited by it.

The affirmative were judged the stronger team.

The music by Mrs. Daniel E. Willard and Miss Evans was very much enjoyed by the audience.

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## The Geological Excursion.

The morning of May 20, the day set for the long expected and often postponed geological excursion, dawned clear and pleasant. Professor Willard and his geological enthusiasts, together with a number of students from the Moorhead Normal and the college baseball team, engaged a special car on the Southwestern, and started at 8:30 for Lisbon. It was certainly a jolly crowd bent on spending the day both with profit and pleasure. The first twenty-five or thirty miles were over the almost perfectly level bottom of ancient Lake Agassiz. The only breaks in the monotony of such a scene were the strips of timber along the Sheyenne River, which appeared as a long continuous line toward the south and west as the train left Fargo, and the numerous small tree clumps, tree claims, buildings, etc., standing as proof of the ability of man to change the appearance of the landscape by artificial means. As the train came near Leonard the plateau of the Sheyenne Delta could be observed rising to a considerable height above the level of the lake bottom. The three beaches

of Lake Agassiz, the McCauleyville, Campbell and Tintah, were crossed as the train ascended the sandy plateau. From Leonard to Sheldon numerous sand dunes could be seen in the distance, especially toward the south. After Sheldon was passed the soil became less sandy and more undulating and morainic in character. At Lisbon the train descended into the broad, deep valley of the Sheyenne.

In the forenoon the whole party took a trip east of Lisbon up the bluffs on the eastern side of the valley. From this point an excellent view could be obtained of the city, the great glacial valley extending off toward the north and south. Professor Willard explained the most marked geological features to the party as seen from the bluffs. Numerous glacial boulders, eroded cuts, coulees, Indian mounds, etc., were examined and served as practical lessons to the student. The party returned to the car a little after 12 o'clock where all partook of a most sumptuous dinner. Immediately after dinner Professor Willard led the party for a

short visit to the Soldiers' Home, and on their return all went for a short walk up the numerous terraces west of the channel of the river. From the top of the last terrace a few morainic knobs could be seen in the distance. In this same terrace was a bank in which a gravel pit had been dug, and the stratification was

plainly visible. Here the party broke up, some being attracted by the ball game, and others wishing to make a visit to the city before train time. When the train brought back its load of weary, sunburned excursionists in the evening, all were unanimous in declaring the day a huge success.



## Athletic Department.

Owing to the bad weather, the ball games at Fergus Falls were postponed until Monday and Tuesday.

Immediately on reaching the town the boys hastened to the hotel, donned their ball suits and trotted to the ball park, a small unfenced plot of ground.

The line-up of the A. C. was as follows:

Slingsby, captain, 3b.

Fowler, manager, ss.

Lofthouse, 2b.

Watts, 1b.

Quinnell, lf.

Palmer, cf.

Neilson, rf.

Van Horn, c.

Worst, p.

Only five innings were played. The score was: Park Region Luther College, 1; A. C., 4.

A cold north wind made fast playing an impossibility. Poor work behind the bat was responsible for the only score which the opponents gained.

In the afternoon the A. C. played the F. F. H. S., and took them into camp by a score of 23 to 1. The boys got all kinds of hits off the H. S. twirler. Innumerable wild throws on the part of the F. F. lads materially added to the score of the A. C.

With the exception of the pitcher, the line-up was the same as mentioned above. William Midgley pushed 'em across for the A. C., and had the opposing batsmen

completely at his mercy at all stages of the game, allowing only two hits in nine innings. An error behind the bat let in the only score.

Tuesday afternoon a seven inning game was played with the H. S. This game was a trifle more interesting than the preceding game. The score was: H. S. 5, A. C. 8.

In connection with athletics a word might be said about the band.

It seems that the Athletic Association owed the ball park authorities about \$75. The gentlemen who run the park agreed to cancel this debt if the Cadet band would play for the opening of the ball season in Fargo. The band boys, with two or three exceptions, volunteered to play without remuneration.

If this is not college spirit I would like to have somebody cite an example of it.

May 17-18 games were played with the Fargo league team. As was to be expected, we were badly beaten. The score on the 17th with college battery, 14-0. Score on the 18th, with league battery, 5-12.

The second team met their Waterloo at the Concordia College ball grounds in Moorhead, on May 9. Score, 4 to 5.

## Local Happenings.

Miss Irma Cook visited the college May 14.

The state board visited the institution about a week ago.

Mr. Stbne is home for a short visit, but will soon return.

Mrs. White, the governor's wife, visited college last week.

Mr. Norton seems to have picked the first "Rose" of the season.

Professor Waldron lately returned from a pleasant trip to the Bad Lands.

The Jensen girls received a visit from their father during the 17de Mai celebration.

Mr. Mikkelson is off on the government survey, and will not return for a couple of weeks.

Professor Bolley is busy putting in his Russian samples in different parts of the state.

The Seniors have lately been enjoying the reading of Robert Browning with Dr. Hult.

Harry Fowler is about to open a store in Assiniboia, N. W. T. Good luck to you, Harry.

Bessie Smyth, Theresa Fields and William Westergaard stayed over in Lisbon, after their excursion, to visit friends.

Professor Ladd just returned from a trip to Jamestown. He says he was much surprised at seeing in one place great snow drifts packed against the fences on one side of the track and on the other,

not fifty feet away, a field entirely purple with young cactus.

Harold Westergaard bade farewell to the college some time ago and has taken up work for a nursery in Grand Forks.

One of the Juniors was heard to remark that his path this year had been a decidedly rough and chilly one for him.

The faculty have given the Seniors a week's vacation, in order that they might give the finishing touches to their course.

It is more than a mere rumor that one of the younger faculty men is to be married in June to one of Fargo's fairest daughters.

First Student—"Why are the iron rails for the new street car immortal?"

Second Student—"Why, because they have been born twice."

Several of the members of the faculty dropped in on the Senior cooking class Thursday and devoured much of their "goodies." No illness has been reported.

Mrs. Ash, with her daughter, Ruth, returned from Minneapolis lately, and decided that nothing was too good for them; so they will continue to make their home in Fargo. Ruth's many friends welcome her back to Fargo and to the A. C.

The Chemical Club was entertained by Professor and Mrs. Ladd Friday evening, May 20. Mrs. Ladd, fearing that her husband had neglected to instruct his pupils in the ordinary things of life, gave them a test in sight, smell and touch observation and odor. Suitable prizes were given to the successful ones, in the

way of crucibles, etc. Elaborate refreshments were served and then all joined in singing the good old college songs.

Mrs. Bolley a short time ago addressed the High School students upon the subject, "Russia." The students thoroughly enjoyed her interesting talk.

Mr. L.—"How far does the lesson in pharmacy extend?"

Mr. Cook (who was sleeping over his book)—"A little past President Worst's."

A delightful letter was received from Tom Jensen, a former student, telling of his winter in Alaska. The letter was three months on the way, and much water soaked.

Harry Porter has accepted a creditable position in a bank in Minneapolis, and intends to remain there until school opens when he will attend the university. May the good work go on, Harry.

Mr. D— must have been thinking deeply about SPECTRUM matters when he absent-mindedly walked past his boarding place and into the next house at dinner time, or maybe he only desired a change of diet.

Arbor Day was not forgotten at the college. After appropriate music and an interesting talk by Professor Waldron in the chapel, the students repaired to the campus, where each class, to the music of the band, planted an elm tree, to keep green their memory at the old A. C.

The Seniors were royally entertained at dinner by Professor and Mrs. Bolley. The table was festive in the college colors. In a basket of yellow and green were gifts, with fortunes attached, for each one of the Seniors. After dinner Professor and Mrs. Bolley showed the class the pictures that they took on their

recent trip to Russia. Never was an evening more enjoyed than that one.

Professor McDowell delivered a very interesting and instructive talk in chapel Monday, May 23, on the subject, "Agriculture in the Rural Schools." He has great hopes for it in our own state.

Prof. H.—"In the Egyptian hieroglyphics each sound was represented by some animal."

Mr. H.—"Well, a person's name then must look like a whole menagerie."

We were all pleasantly surprised by a visit from Mrs. Heath and her son, Senn. Senn is a fine boy, and we expect great things of him. Mrs. Heath goes to spend the summer with her parents in Kansas.

Three people were pleasantly seated upon a porch. The sun was rapidly setting. A shadow of two figures close together. A loud cry of, "Why, your arm around her." A quick answer of, "He is only killing mosquitoes."

A short time ago the Seniors and Juniors were very pleasantly entertained by Mrs. Allyn in honor of Miss Stephens. During the evening all but four of the guests were hypnotized by Mrs. Allyn. Dainty refreshments in the green and yellow were served. Afterwards various games were played, until it was time for the leave-taking.

Tuesday evening, May 10, the Seniors were very pleasantly entertained by the Juniors. The reception room was very prettily decorated with flags and flowers. Here the guests, consisting of some members of the faculty and Seniors, were delightfully entertained with music, games and reminiscences of the professors' college days. The dining room was a bower of beauty. The color scheme was royal purple and white, Senior class colors. After partaking of dainty refresh-

ments, the guests soon departed, each pronouncing the Juniors royal hosts and hostesses.

Miss Mears of the Moorhead Normal fortunately chose the same day to take her class to Lisbon as did Mr. Willard, and the young folks of the two institutions became acquainted. They hope that they may again meet at another geological jaunt.

Dr. Hult, (to student who wants to make up English outside of class)—“I think you had better make up algebra outside of class. You can have that better in hand.”

Van—“I may have it in hand, but I'll be !!!!, if I can get it in my head.”

Professor Willard took his geology class to Lisbon May 20 to see, among other things, the sand (—?). Notwithstanding the extreme heat of the day, that brought most of the girls back freckled, the class found snow in some of the

gravel pits. They, of course, took advantage of it and a royal snowball fight ensued.

There have been several recent promotions in the band. Chas. Van Horn was promoted to principal musician, vice A. G. Nickles, resigned. Van Horn's promotion made Sergeant Birch second sergeant, and Thorne third sergeant. Corporal Aiken was promoted to fourth sergeant, and Walter G. Allen to be a corporal.

The college orchestra furnished the music for the student dance April 15, and acquitted itself creditably. There has been a sad lack of college loyalty on the part of a few students in the matter of giving the college orchestra the job of playing for college functions. This, no doubt, will be eliminated in the future as there is more loyalty evident and the slogan, “A. C. for A. C.,” resounds on campus and halls.



## Former Students of N. D. A. C.

E. D. Stewart, '01, is studying law at Madison, Wis.

C. O. Follet, '98, has been promoted to “buyer” for the Fargo Mercantile Co.

Miss Iona Senn is in Chicago College of Music, devoting her time to the violin and piano.

L. B. Green, '01, is continuing his medical course in Ann Arbor, Mich. Lee expects to be a Dr. in June.

Miss Bertha Curtis graduated from the Moorhead Normal School a year ago. She has spent one year in the Chicago

College of Music, and is making a good record in vocal work.

John P. Beaton is traveling for a Fargo machinery firm.

Mabel Spencer will teach fourth grade in White Sulphur Springs, Mont., next year at \$95 a month. She expects to visit Fargo this summer.

Beaver W. Day has received notice that his application has been accepted and he has been regularly admitted to the University of Pennsylvania course in architecture. His standings from the A. C. were given full credit.



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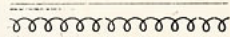


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