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Life Versus Knowledge.

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,

Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:

Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;

The winds that will be howling at all hours,

And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;—

For this, for everything, we are out of tune;

It moves us not."

What was thus said of the England of Wordsworth a century ago is even more true of America today. The marvelous advance of science has made possible a growth in power and wealth almost incredible. But with the increasing luxury of life comes the grave danger that we may barter our birthright of love, the love which yields us the nobler and finer realities of life, for a mess of pottage.

The history of the American people has been a wonderful one; a hundred years ago, a mere handful of people struggling to gain a living in a wilderness; today, a mighty empire—a force and power among the nations. The inventive genius, taking advantage of the laws of nature, united with the business shrewdness for

which we are noted, has brought the wealth of the world pouring into our coffers. Is it to be wondered at if the sudden accession of power and importance has made us giddy? Our life, with the increase of wealth has taken on a greater luxuriousness and artificiality, a complexity which seems to have rendered impossible the simple ideals of life of our forefathers.

"Our life is only dressed
For show; mean handy-work of craftsman cook,

Or groom!

The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry: and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:

The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,

And pure religion breathing household laws."

The increase in national power is exerting an influence over the individual. As a writer in a recent magazine truly declares: "The love of money and mad race for power have become a dangerous delirium in the United States." This "madness" assumes different forms with different individuals; it may be in the commercial world as a Rockefeller or a

Morgan; in the religious world as an Alexander Dowie; or in the political world as an Addicks or a Matt Quay. With some the desire may be for money; others are mad for fame or rather notoriety; while a desire to rule actuates still another class. But, whatever the goal or the motive, the result is claimed to be the same, ruin. The system of "graft" which has been disclosed in St. Louis and Minneapolis is only another form of this same national "madness."

One explanation for this selfish determination to gain wealth or power, even at the expense of others, may be found in the trend of our education toward the strictly scientific or utilitarian, to the exclusion of those things which make for ideals that appeal to emotion and will, rather than facts, that go no further than the understanding. The study of a science as pursued today undoubtedly tends toward a mechanical conception of life; a sordid materialism threatens us from the habit of critical analysis. The grass, the tree, the flower, the stone, the bird, have all been reduced to elements, their laws of being and growth formulated and their whole existence reduced to scientific formulæ. Not content with the dissection of nature, man himself, nay, indeed, the human soul has been made the subject of analysis. The microscope and scalpel have been applied to emotions and will. The psychological discussion of motives and ideals, the estimate of the per cent. of this emotion and that feeling are destroying the true life within.

This "peering self analysis" or introspection is bound to cultivate cynicism or despair; it dries up heart and conscience; life becomes automatic. This habit of analysis tends to wear away the feeling of appreciation for the beautiful in nature and art. What power would a beautiful sunset have if, instead of admiring it and letting its beauty sink deep into our souls, we propound the laws which produced the yellow and the red and the blue? When the first violet of spring

gladdens the eye, who appreciates it more, the beauty-loving child or the learned botanist classifying it according to the component parts? To an intellect without love, beauty is non-existent. It can neither see nor appreciate the living, thinking whole. The sum of all the parts does not equal the whole. When we analyze, separating element from element, we destroy the real life of things. The world with which science deals is not the only world, nor, indeed, the truest.

"It substitutes a universe of death
For that which moves with light and life
informed."

An education devoted exclusively to the acquiring of scientific or analytical truth with an utter disregard of the aesthetic or spiritual nature is dwarfing and pernicious. Knowledge is not all of life, and the lesser cannot be substituted for the greater without injury to true enjoyment. Two eminent thinkers of our age, one a philosopher, the other a scientist, have given voice to their personal experiences in this regard.

John Stuart Mill, one of England's foremost philosophers, was trained by education to analyze all motives; to exclude from human action all elements of feeling or emotion; to be strictly scientific in his estimate of all things pertaining to nature and man. At one time in his life he was suddenly brought face to face with the failure of cherished hopes, and life seemed to him but a fruitless struggle against cruel necessity. He became despondent and despairing. After a long, futile struggle in this darkness, he chanced upon a volume of Wordsworth's poems which, as he says, proved to be the precise thing for his mental wants at that particular time. In his own words: "What made Wordsworth's poems a medicine for my state of mind, was that they expressed, not mere outward beauty, but states of feeling, and of thought colored by feeling, under the excitement of beauty. They seemed to be the very culture of the feelings which

I was in quest of. In them I seemed to draw from a source of inward joy, of sympathetic and imaginative pleasure, which could be shared in by all human beings, which had no connection with the struggle or imperfection, but would be made richer by every improvement in the physical or social condition of mankind. And the delight which these poems gave me proved that with culture of this sort there was nothing to dread from the most confirmed habit of analysis."

Valuable as such testimony is from one of the most eminent philosophers of the age, there is testimony which, if possible, is even more suggestive, afforded us in the biography of a supreme scientist. No one man in the last century is in any way comparable for influence on his generation to Charles Darwin. His "Origin of Species" advanced ideas so diametrically opposed to the old established beliefs that theology bitterly and persistently contested every idea of evolution. As the claims for the scientific view of life have been strengthened, the religious world has slowly acceded to the newer idea of the beginning of existence, and the conflict is gradually ceasing. But what of the effect on Charles Darwin, of a life devoted to the acquiring, correlating and promulgating of strictly scientific facts? His autobiography states that during the last twenty or thirty years of his life his mind underwent a change. Poetry had given him great pleasure, Shakespeare had been to him an intense delight, pictures and especially music had appealed to him. But after these years of exclusively scientific work he says: "But now I cannot endure to read a line of poetry; I have lately tried to read Shakespeare and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music. My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts. If I had to live my life again I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week. The loss of

these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."

Far be it from us to deny the value of science. It has meant wonderful advance and has made possible the many comforts and luxuries we possess. No part of our material existence but owes its debt to scientific discovery.

But science is not life. It touches but one side of life. No laboratory can test spirit, motive or life. Science deals with the intellect alone. Feeling and will have as great if not greater claim upon reality. As Byron, a century ago, lamented in one of his most sincere utterances:

"They who know the most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal
truth,
The Tree of Knowledge is not that of
Life."

That education is a failure which does not develop an eye to see and a heart to feel moral and artistic, as well as intellectual truths. The culture of the emotional and volitional is even more necessary than the purely intellectual. A true standard of worth will result in a better manhood, and when manhood is truer and ideals more noble, civic and commercial wrongs will be corrected.

Since science does not furnish knowledge adequate for life, does not relieve the mind fretted with analysis, nor ease the weary heart struggling with the hard problems of destiny and existence, whither shall we go? To the painter who, understanding the magic and vital potency of color, reveals in divine inspiration a Madonna. To the musician whose heart attune with the Infinite can pour out noble songs that ennoble our being and lift us above the pettiness of life. To the poet who has learned to feel in nature the "Presence that disturbs with a joy of elevated thoughts," and to "hear oft times the still sad music of

humanity." But above all go forth into the fields and woods; let the soft winds cool the fever in your veins, and, softened and subdued, listen to nature's voice:

"For she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil
tongues,

Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish
men,

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor
all

The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we
behold

If full of blessings."

MARY E. HILL, '05.

Love and Duty.

It is growing dark. The white fog is slowly creeping in from the sea, enveloping the ravines and caves in its chilly folds, while the taller crags and headlands rise above it in weird, fantastic shapes. The rain is falling in a fine drizzle, while the waters of the Baltic, dashing its spray against the rocky beach, are whispering of storm and strife beyond. On the islets and promontories the solemn pines, sentinels of the land of Vasa and of Charles, stand like outposts looking out o'er the stormy sea beyond which rules the Monarch of the Iron Hand. Anon the wind freshens and a low moaning rises from the rugged cliffs and their guardian pines.

There is a legend among the simple fisherfolk of this rockbound coast, a saga mingling the glow and roses of the southland with the chill and snow of the north; a story of love and duty. When you tire of the sunny shores of the Mediterranean; when your brain is surfeited with the art treasures of Dresden and Berlin, and your eyes with the fashion and splendor of Paris, come to the wild shore of the Baltic, sit in the huts of the children of the sea and listen to the legend of Axel and Maria.

* * *

When Peter the Great shattered the Swedish army on the bloody field of Pul-towa, the intrepid Charles with a few

trusty followers fled southward to the borders of the Turkish empire. At the little town of Bender he paused in his flight and tried to stir up the Turks to war against the Russians. He had now been long absent from his native land and the people at home were getting anxious to know the whereabouts of their sovereign. It was therefore necessary to send a courier to carry tidings of the absent ruler.

With the king were his Royal Guard, men whom he had selected as his special friends. They were seven in number, as the stars of Charles's Wain, or at most nine, as the Muses of Greece. None were chosen for this band of heroes who could not with their bare hands crush a horse-shoe or swing aloft the gigantic battle-brand which Charles bore. On the march they slept on their cloaks, spread on the bare ground, and they heated their tent with glowing cannonballs. In battle they must retreat only when one against seven and then only with their face towards their foe. Lastly, they must not marry till the royal Charles himself should take a bride.

One of these men, a stalwart youth, named Axel, the king called before him. He handed him a packet of letters and bade him make haste and deliver them to the chancellor at Stockholm.

"You have followed me faithfully through the Polish forests and o'er the

Russian steppes. Through the bloody battle and the weary march, your eye has never failed nor hand faltered. Take these letters, ride day and night till you shall deliver them to my councilors. Give my royal greetings to my people. Now go, and when I return I will reward you as you deserve. God bless you."

The youth saluted and departed. He mounted his steed and set out to the northward on his journey of 2,000 miles back to his native land, where the people were mourning for their lost monarch. On he traveled through the wild Carpathian mountain passes, on through the Roumanian woods and the valleys of the Prutk and the Dnipper till he had almost reached the grassy steppes of Ukraine.

One day, as he rode along, a band of Cossacks sprang suddenly out from behind the trees and surrounded him. They bade him dismount and hand over his dispatches, for they knew he came from King Charles and carried papers of importance.

It was a battle of giants then, as this noble Viking son attacked the savage Russian band. Not one to seven, but one to twenty he fought. The forest resounded with shouts and the din of clashing steel. His horse fell, but back to back with a stout oak he braved them still. His sword that had waved triumphant over the ruins of Moscow and led the last forlorn charge at Pultowa, gleamed red with blood as it rose and sank, crashing through steel and flesh, and woe to the luckless Slav that came within its reach. Silently, desperately he fought, no hope of life or liberty to spur him on, only to die, die gloriously behind a bulwark of his foes. But even the stoutest arm must tire, and with one last cry of "God save King Charles" he fell fainting on the ground, just as a troop of hunters, led by a youthful Amazon on a coalblack steed, broke out from the trees, and the robbers fled.

It was evening when he awoke. The setting sun, throwing its last rays through the small barred windows set in the

solid rock wall, shone upon his couch and upon the dark locks of the young Cossack girl who was bending over him. He fastened his eyes, glowing with fever on the pitying face above him and cried in fierce, broken tones:

"Hence, witch, I must not look upon you! The king needs my service. Begone, dark enchantress, with your burning eyes. Have you seen the North star that shines over the snowdecked mountains of my native land? That is my father's eye watching me. He has heard my oath. I must pass on. Did you see them quail before my flashing sword? See their bristling spears! But my good blade shall crush them all. The letter—it must get there. Did you see the flowing blood and hear them groan? I shall not go alone. I shall have comrades on the long journey to the unknown land—but I must go on. The letter—the king's message must—"

Many days passed by before the young soldier again saw the sunlight falling through the barred windows and playing on the walls of the chamber. Hovering long between life and death, his few conscious moments saw ever that pitying face with its dark ringlets of soft, curly hair bending over him, his fevered brow was ever cooled by that soft, white hand.

The roses were long faded, and the clusters of wild grapes in the neighboring forest were beginning to turn to a rich red before he could venture out of doors, supported by the strong arm of Maria. As he grew stronger day by day and the time drew near that he must again take to the saddle and continue his journey, he realized how hard it would be to tear himself away. And one evening when he had been telling her stories of the old northern land and the snowcapped mountains and cozy green valleys, he spoke what was in his heart and asked her if she would share his humble lot and exchange the warmth and freedom of the Steppes for the chill of his Swedish home; and the fiery child of the Southland nestled close to his breast without a word,

for in the great kingdom of love there is no need of a spoken language.

The next morning he was gone with but a short message left behind for her.

"I must go on," it said. "I have already tarried too long. I have sworn a solemn oath that I cannot break. But I shall be released from it, and, when the swallows build again under the eaves of your castle, I shall be back for you, my bride. Till then, farewell."

Left there alone in the lonely castle, she pondered day after day over those words. What was the oath of which he had spoken? Could he have some other love? Some pale maiden of his frozen north? The hot sun that tinges the hair and skin of the child of the steppes with a dusky hue, makes the blood course swiftly through her veins and makes her more prone to jealousy than her fair-haired sister of the north.

To think was, with her, to act. She would follow Axel to his home and seek him out there. Far away, on the shores of the Gulf of Finland, Czar Peter was building his new city, and gathering his forces to invade Sweden. She was alone, fatherless and motherless, innured to hardships from childhood, her eye was sure, her arm strong. She would dress as a man and join the army of the czar. The fiery tide of war should carry her to her lover.

Czar Peter's captain smiled grimly when she asked permission to join the army.

"By my faith, you will be more dangerous to Swedish maids than to Swedish men. However, they can not pluck you by the beard in battle, and you may learn the art of war. They are not children at it."

* * *

It is growing dark. All day long the battle has raged, but at last the little army of peasants, fighting for their homes and kindred with such rude weapons as they possess, have conquered, and the Russian plunderers have been driven back to their ships, leaving their dead

and wounded behind. Axel, who has all day long been in the van of the fight, encouraging, directing, commanding, is now in the gathering twilight wandering over the battle field, where the dead lie thick, friend and foe side by side. But his thoughts are far away in a little valley in the south, where Maria is waiting for him.

Suddenly he started. A weak voice cried faintly: "Water, water." There behind a large boulder lay a wounded youth, clad in armor from head to foot. Axel stopped in wonder. Where had he heard that voice before? Just then the wounded Russian looked up at him and called softly, "Axel."

"My God, it's Maria!"

A moment later he was holding her in his arms and moistening her parched lips with water.

"Forgive me, Axel," she whispered. "I could not wait for you. When you were gone the thoughts would come that you had gone to someone who was waiting for you. I had to go and find you and see for myself. Forgive me, Axel, for now I shall never doubt you more. I have found you only to lose you again. The moon is under a cloud now but, in a little while the cloud will pass away—I, too, shall be gone then—to a place where there are no cruel wars or mistrust—only love—"

They found him sitting there in the morning, with the head of the young Russian pillowed on his knee. In his eyes the light of reason had died out, and they burned with a dull, sunken glow, as he softly hummed the words of some Tartar's lovesong.

They buried her there on the battle-field, near the edge of the cliff where the waters of the Baltic break tumultuously against the islet rocks and ledges, and the gulls circle about with wild screams and clamor. And they planted a rose, another child of the Southland on her grave, and though it did not die, it grew short and stunted and would not bloom.

One stormy night Axel got away from his keeper, and the next morning they found him kneeling by the lonely grave, his long fair hair streaming in the wind, while the huge rollers sweeping in from the sea boomed and echoed among the cliffs, and the spray, springing heavenward, threw a misty pall over everything. And they dug another grave beside the first one, and on it they planted a pine, a symbol of him who mouldered below. And the pine grew strong and sturdy, and the rose by its side twined itself

about the branches of the young sapling and bloomed in its lee.

* * *

Today as the fisherfolk sit by the fire-side after the day's work is over and listen to the waves and the storm raging without, they tell the story of Axel and Maria. And when the storm grows stronger, and the wind sighs in the pines and the waters moan in the deep caves, they say that it is the spirit of Axel wandering on the strand, mourning for his Russian bride.

ORPHEUS.

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Stones.

A stone is generally looked upon as a worthless, uninteresting and bothersome object. Worthless because its direct money-value is insignificant. Uninteresting because—well, because people do not trouble themselves to find out anything interesting about it. Bothersome to the farmer, especially when he tries to plow his field and is hindered greatly by all sorts, shapes and sizes of stones.

Stones, however, have a much greater significance and are of more value to the people of North Dakota than are diamonds or any other precious stone valued at hundreds or, perhaps, thousands of dollars. These very common grayish-white stones found almost everywhere in our fields have done much to make our soil as fertile as it is. To them North Dakota's farmers owe their crops of wheat and consequently their wealth.

If we examine the stone in the quarries of the state, we see that it is different from the stones scattered about the prairies. We also note that in the quarries of Canada, about Hudson Bay, the stone does resemble that of our "hard-heads." We would, therefore, infer that our stones had once been in or on Canadian soil. This is the case. Ages and ages ago, be-

fore man inhabited the globe, the northern part of United States was covered by an immense moving ice-sheet, which in many places was hundreds of feet deep. This carried with it rocks, boulders and stones. When this great glacier began to recede, it left these boulders and rocks scattered over the country in wild confusion and lavish profusion.

These stones have been nicely rounded off by their journey from the north. Few, indeed, are the sharp corners found. No two stones are of exactly the same shape, some being round, others oblong, others square and so on through the list of shapes. Very different, too, are the sizes. Immense boulders as big as a horse and carriage together are found alongside of pebbles as big as a pea.

These pebbles are pieces of rocks which have been broken off. Sand is composed of pebbles ground down by constant wear and activity while clay is sand so finely ground that its grains are invisible to the naked eye. Soil is composed, too, of fine particles of sand mingled with dust.

So we see that stones, after all, make a very interesting study and have histories which are unsurpassed by the histories of either gold or precious gems.

GENEVIEVE HOLKESVIG.

A Dakota Snowstorm.

'Tis morning on the plains; the dull
sun shines,
Half hidden from behind dull banks
of gray.

The winds are hushed, the cock his trum-
pet winds

With clarion note proclaims another
day.

The weasel from the hunt returning late,
With long, lithe bounds scuds o'er the
barren field;

The sparrow perched upon the barnyard
gate

Chirps merrily, some seeds his hunger
sates.

A tiny mote, scarce visible to sight,
Floats slowly downward through the
silent air;

Another follows from the sullen height;
Soon whites stars sparkle on the brown
earth bare,

Anon a mist-like hue the distant hill
Conceals, and to the nearer woodland
wings

The partridge rapidly; those clouds bode
ill,

Hushed are both bird and beast; all
earth is still.

The farmer going 'bout his daily chores
Leans on his fork and slowly scans the
sky:

"Wood, water, hay and oats must be
indoors,"

Decides a glance of his well-practiced
eye—

Then off he hustles and his busy feet
Are heard by woodyard, barn, and well,
and shed;

When by the crackling stove he takes his
seat,

Both inside, outside, all is snug and neat.

And now the Storm King from his north-
ern lair

Sends harbingers of strife and fury
strong.

At first his breath scarce stirs the heavy
air;

A tiny gust the soft flakes flicks along;

The next one, stronger growing, groans
aloud,

Like some wild beast disturbed in its
rest;

The next the fallen snow sweeps in a
cloud,

Enveloping all within its chilly shroud.

And now the king himself rides o'er the
plain.

The whirling snow in angry heaps is
tossed.

Through leafless trees and bushes shrieks
amain

The furious blasts like angry demons
crossed

The erstwhile soft and fleecy flakes of
white,

Become a blinding, piercing, stinging
lash.

Woe to the poor unlucky, helpless wight
Who 'gainst that ambuscade of death
must fight.

Through the long day and night, tem-
pestuously

The weather rages, and the snow-
banks toss

Like foaming billows on the stormy sea,
Where some lone islet rocks their fury
cross.

The wild beasts in their coverts crouch
and cower;

The partridge 'neath the snow secure-
ly hides;

The birds in sheltered nooks wait for the
hour

When gentler moods shall oust the maniac
power.

'Tis morn again. O'er the low eastern
hill

The sun, a gleaming orb, in glory rises
As yester-morn; again all nature's still.

A snowy mantle all the world disguises,
And flashing on the trees and rivers
frore

Like scintillating gems ice crystals
shine.

Again the farmer goes about his chore;
Again all nature's peace. The storm is
o'er.

—ORPHEUS.

General Science.

So much is being said about the industrial openings for capital in the Philippines that a brief glimpse at the work of the department of agriculture and the experimental stations may be of interest as agriculture is of prime importance in the islands. The work was begun but two years ago and in spite of the many difficulties has succeeded wonderfully.

The organization includes a central office at Manila with experts in charge of seed and plant introduction, fiber investigations, soil studies and animal industry; an experiment station and testing grounds near Manila, stations at Balangas in Batangas Province, at Trinidad in Benguet Province, at La Carlota in Western Negros—where an agricultural college has also been located—and farms at San Ramon in Zamboanga, Murcia in Tailac Province, and on the Island of Culion. The great differences in elevation give an unusually wide range of climatic conditions on the various farms. Modern implements have been introduced and the natives are said to become quickly skillful in operating American farm machinery. Besides experiments with native plants, many varieties of American vegetables have been grown with very satisfactory results.

Until 1891 coffee plantations yielded large revenue in the Batangas Province, but disease and insect attacks have well-nigh destroyed the industry. The station at Batangas is experimenting with imported seed with the view of producing plants believed able to resist disease and insect injuries.

Experiments in growing Sumatra tobacco, grown under shade, have been extremely successful, two crops per year being raised, yielding at the rate of 1,470 pounds to the acre of superior grade. The work at La Carlota is mainly devoted to the sugar problems, being located in a section where sugar growing is the chief industry. The farm at San Ramon was a penal colony under the Spanish regime and will be used for

studying the management of cocoanut plantations, the preparation of copia and the culture of abaca or Manila hemp.

Stock raising bids fair to become a lucrative industry and the farm on the Island of Culion is established to aid in developing this. The forage problem is an acute one, the chief forage for cattle and horses in the towns being grass cut fresh every day and sold by the local dealers to supply daily needs. This grass is cultivated similarly to rice, and no attempt is made anywhere to produce hay. The Malate station is experimenting with Teosinte as a forage crop and it is thought to give great promise of being a very profitable crop. It is estimated that, with proper cultivation, ten cuttings a year could be obtained, yielding over 100 tons of green, or thirty tons of dry fodder per acre. The crops grown by the bureau were sold in Manila at \$10 (gold) per ton. Where the seed was allowed to mature two or three crops were produced annually, yielding at the rate of 800 pounds cleaned seed per acre and bringing in a revenue of \$1,400 per acre.

Rice is the staple article of food for the Filipinos, and last year \$10,000,000 worth was imported. It is believed that with more extensive culture and better methods the islands can produce enough rice, not only for the home consumption, but for export, and the farm at Murcia, consisting of 1,800 acres, is being used as a rice farm.

Hemp is of commercial importance and if some genius for invention would devise practical machines to replace the hand methods of stripping and cleaning the hemp, the industry would develop rapidly.

The work of a scientific character requiring laboratories is under the supervision of the bureau of government laboratories, but with hearty co-operation between the laboratory and the field, the agricultural products and resulting revenue of our island possessions bids fair to be multiplied many times. SCIENCE.

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Editorial.

The junior class herewith begs leave to present itself to the readers of THE SPECTRUM. Realizing its deficiencies and shortcomings, it has thought it wise to make an attempt at journalism while it has still its kind friends, the seniors, to help and advise it.

And so, kind readers, we place before your august presence the April number of THE SPECTRUM as an offering of the best that we possess. It has been a hard undertaking. No one knows of all the sleepless nights it has cost us, of all the bad dreams, or of the many wild nightmares that have been mistaken for the winged steed of the poet. No class at this institution has ere this attempted such a work. It has remained for us, the class of '05, to make a beginning. May the good work go on in years to come.

In the older institutions of the country the junior class each year publishes an annual. This annual is a general retrospect of the happenings of the year, an unofficial students' history of the institution. In an institution of our size, such a thing could not, of course, now be attempted. But if this number were to be a beginning, a forerunner of the time when we, too, are to have our

Junior Annual, then, even if we fail now, our efforts will have been crowned with success.

We have now started on the last term of the school year, the most important of all, as it both finishes up the work of this year and lays the foundation for next year's work. We must put all our energies forth and study hard and diligently, for spring, with its many pleasures, is the most seductive of seasons. It is so much easier and pleasanter to loiter out of doors than to stay inside and study that the temptation is often too strong and the studies are neglected. Don't do so. Get all the pleasure and enjoyment out of life that you can, but don't neglect your work, even if it is disagreeable. Strength of character comes from doing the things you don't want to do. It is the hothouse plant reared with tender care that succumbs to the first blast. The forest pine roots firmer with every storm that sways it.

There is at our college a deplorable lack of college spirit, of the feeling that we all belong to the one large family. College spirit does not manifest itself in rooting at the ball games alone, though that is a very good way of showing it. The true college spirit manifests itself in the social atmosphere, as it were, of the institution. Now, can we not all resolve to remedy it during these last few months of the year, and start out afresh next year with a new spurt? We all have our shortcomings and faults, none are perfect. Can we not be a little more charitable to the faults of our neighbor and not try to sweep the dust before his door before we remove the garbage heap from our own? "With malice toward none, with charity towards all, let us strive to do the right."

We have always considered the sophomores highly sophomorical. The cat is at last out of the bag; there are no real sophomores, and '06 is pure inflation.

Our Exchange Table.

The lighted candles on a girl's birthday cake do not always throw light on her age.—*Ex.*

The Sioux (Redfield, S. D.), is a newsy little exchange, and exemplifies the old saying that good goods are often put up in the smallest packages.

"Plato's Educational Scheme," in the *Tennessee University Magazine* is a good article and shows careful study of the question. In literary merit this magazine is one of the best of our exchanges.

We heartily recommend to our students the good advice contained in "How We Can Improve Our High School Paper" in the March *High School Magazine* (Jamestown, N. D.), which, by the way, is always worthy of being read.

The March issue of *The Student*, U. N. D., is of a high grade. The literary department is devoted mainly to the orations delivered on Founders' Day, and shows exceedingly good work in English, and the various departments show commendable effort on the part of the staff.

"A Love Story" in the March number of the *Hamline Oracle* is effective and well written. Its plot differs from that of the usual love story. Instead of the proverbial marriage of the hero and heroine, the tragic death of the hero which prevents him from receiving that "negative reply," forms the climax of the story.

In the March issue of *The Howard Collegian* the exchange editor, in discussing the merits and demerits of one of his exchanges said: "The exchange department has an editor who makes a comprehensive and critical study of the publi-

cations he reviews." We think that his statement is a fair criticism of himself and his work. The way the exchange department of the *Collegian* is conducted is certainly commendable.

The North Carolina number of the *State Normal Magazine* (Greensboro, N. C.), is very interesting and readable, not only to residents of that state, but to others as well. Students of history will be especially interested in the articles "An Omitted Chapter of North Carolina History" and "Manners and Customs in North Carolina During the Proprietary Period."

The Carletonia for March 10 is a rather attractive paper. The plot of the first story, "The Halfback and the Girl," is a combination of love and football, and is a case of love at first sight, caused by the heroine watching the hero make a series of brilliant plays on the gridiron. Although the author, who is, perhaps, himself a football player, overrates somewhat the fascination which the fair sex have for football players, it is, taking it all together, an interesting story. The author of "Life Is Not Worth Living" takes a very pessimistic view of life. We believe that if life cannot always be viewed with the cheerfulness that it should, it is better to take the position of the optimist, who holds the opinion that all events are ordered for the best, than that of the pessimist whose only calling in life is to grumble. "The Rambler" is a story from life, showing how difficult it is to secure material for a college paper.

"Village Life in Turkey" describes in an interesting manner the domestic life in Turkish villages.

The exchange column of the paper is painfully short and uninteresting, and not in keeping with the good quality of the rest of the paper.

History of the Class of '05.

There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune, and, catching the tide at its very height of surging billows, the class of 1905 rode forth to conquest and victory. Dangers and storms, alas, there have been, and many a gallant mariner has perished on the rocks and shoals of the mighty ocean of knowledge. But, ever onward to new laurels, the survivors have followed that glorious blue and crimson banner with its golden inscription, "A Outrance."

Standing now with our goal in sight, and gazing back over the stormy sea we have crossed, joy and sadness mingle in our thoughts; joy because of tasks well done, sadness because of those we left behind. And as we have no minstrel harper to hymn our lays, we must needs tell our story ourselves.

Let us, therefore, go back to the beginning of our journey and recount the things we have done.

Nine strong we organized in the spring of 1902, intent on honors and glory. There was Hanson,—J. D. as he was commonly called—"the silver-tongued boy-orator of Dakota." Alas, that he who was wont to turn the thoughts of men and wring tears from human eyes that ne'er had wept before, by the tones of his mellifluous voice, should now be selling prunes and calico to the denizens of Turtle Lake. There were Kennedy and Gamble, the sturdy athletes, who by the persuasive power of their sinewy arms, convinced scores of cringing Preps. that "absence makes the heart grow fonder." Gamble is heard no more; Kennedy is yet swimming with feeble strokes, like a dying fish. There were Peterson and Dolve, the great mathematicians, for whom Pythagoras, Euclid, Leibnitz, Pascal and Sensenig had no more terrors than a jackrabbit on a summer's afternoon. Peterson is gone. There was McGlynn, the philosophical Irishman, the expounder of Bacon, Kant

and Hebert Spencer, whose daredevil escapades and harebrained logic are still recounted around the firesides on wintry nights. We fear that the bucking bronchos of the "wooly west" have ere this kicked all the philosophy out of him. There was Hulberg, the great inventor and mechanic, the new Edison, whose renowned rat-trap is a veritable boon to ladies of nervous temperament. And there were Maria Calley and Mikkelson, the literatii, whose verse and prose were to preserve the fame and name of the class of '05.

But one thing was lacking to insure success: we must have money. We, therefore, decided to give a sumptuous ball, to which we invited all the fair ladies and noble gallants of our acquaintance. But some of that tribe of Philistines, called Preps., taking umbrage at a slight matter, laid a deep and satanic plot, and dug a pitfall in which the noble voyagers were to be engulfed. When the evening of the ball arrived, the Preps., aided by their allies, the tribe of Short-course students, lay in ambush, and captured the brave '05's, one by one. They were taken into the deep recesses of the mechanical building and tied hand and foot with clotheslines, pilfered from neighboring back yards. Six were thus captured and things looked indeed dark for the unfortunates. But at last, goaded to desperation by the taunts of their tormentors, they rose in frenzy and, breaking their bonds, fell upon the Preps. with mighty blows and drove them hence. And there was weeping and loud lamentation in the camp of the Philistines. This battle has gone down in history as the Battle of the Wash-room.

We were now safely launched forth, and ere long had the satisfaction of seeing our banner waving over the new Science Hall, where we were besieged for half a day. 'Tis true we hauled our banner down again, but it was done at the

request of lawful authority, and not from fear of our enemies. But when they, in turn, hoisted their banner over the main building, our gallant Irishman, using the waterspout as a scaling ladder, ascended to the very pinnacle and forced them to haul it down in fear and trembling.

We gave a commencement program that spring, whose equal has never been seen. But even in that sacred haven of refuge, the chapel, our enemies must needs assail us and try to take away our sacred emblem of progress. Rallying around our banner we again smote them, and again there was weeping and gnashing of teeth.

The next fall there was sadness in our midst, for we lost Maria, our bonnie lassie, and Gamble, our brave warrior. During the year we picked up two new recruits, Louise Lambert and Neva Stephens, but, alas, we lost Hanson, McGlynn, Peterson and Kennedy. During this year we did no great deeds but gathered strength and wisdom for the future.

In the fall of 1903 but four remained of the gallant nine who had started out

on the journey. Slowly, sadly we forged on half despairing of ever reaching the goal. Bright shone, therefore, the star of hope when Mary Elizabeth Hill cast her lot with us. New vigor stirred our flagging spirits, and mightily triumphs crowned our efforts, greatest of all of which is our Junior SPECTRUM. And still our recruits come. In snowy April, bright was the day that saw Elmer May join our standard.

Now our race is almost run; but one year remains till we shall reach our goal, B. S. Our deep sense of modesty and propriety make us, indeed, conceal many of our greatest deeds, and those we have recounted are but a few of the lesser. Like Marion's men:

Our band is few, but tried and true,
Our leader frank and bold;
And victory beams on every task,
Where the juniors take a hold.

And, as we journey on, let us shout
with good cheer our old battlecry:

Rah, rah, rah, very much alive,
Juniors, juniors, 1905.

Biography of the Class of '05.

ROBERT M. DOLVE.

"Forsooth, a great mathematician."

A plodder not to be daunted in his ambition. Though generally quiet, yet, at times, debates quite strenuously. Has always had a very distant respect for women, but of late has become quite contiguous. In addition to his already extensive studies, he has recently taken up a review of geology and if actions prove anything, he is extremely interested—especially in "Hills."

Mr. Dolve, like few others, started life aright, for, like Abe Lincoln, he was born in a log cabin. This was twenty years ago. He got his preparation for the A. C. at Bruslat Academy, Portland, N. D., and entered here in 1899. He is

now one of the stars of the illustrious class of '05.

MARY E. HILL.

"My life is not dated by years."

—Byron.

The illustrious class of '05 presents varied talents. With oratorical, literary, mathematical, and mechanical stars we are not satisfied. The department of chemistry has undoubtedly felt the skill and strenuous work of Miss Mary E. Hill, our abstract scientist. And the end is not yet. In years to come, when she will have become older, as she undoubtedly will, we will not be surprised to hear great things of her.

Miss Hill is a Fargo High School grad-

uate. She also attended the Northwestern U. for one year.

CARL O. HULBERG.

"That closed aspect of his doth show the mood of a much troubled heart."

—Shakespeare.

Somewhat hard of definition. Prolific in schemes, though no one knows of them but himself. He was prepared for college at the Lakota High School. When entering the A. C. three years ago, he did not expect to stay more than one term, but, finding himself thrust in among the members of the class of '05, he found it quite impossible to get away. His principal object at the institution seems to be to sell books and incidentally to get a sheepskin.

NEVA M. STEPHENS.

"When I orate let no dog bark."

—Shakespeare.

One of the "I am a senioretoaishrdlu

One of the "I-am-a-senior" seniors once expressed her curiosity to one of the juniors thus: "Why don't you do something to make a name for yourselves, let the college know that you exist?"

The junior class now finds itself in the position of Alexander the Great, when he wept for more worlds to conquer. One of our brightest stars is undoubtedly Miss Neva Stephens. As an actress and linguist, she is brilliant; as a musician, unusually skillful; as a student, scintillant, and withal, in those circles in which she moves, a veritable queen.

Dr. Putnam still continues to compose and arrange music for the band. Recently he has composed a transcription on the hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light;" the arrangement of Mr. Allen's encore hit, "The Sunflower and the Sun," was the doctor's, and now he is at work on an arrangement of a romance, "Quietude," by Greggh, and the composition of a new fantasia for trombone for Mr. Allen.

ADOLPH M. MIKKELSON.

"And furious mustachios did lend a sort of wild, brigandish look unto his face."

Behold a multifarious prodigy. He can crate, write prose and poetry and love, the latter most assiduously. He has somewhat leonfucianistic tendencies, for he follows closely in the "Beaton" paths. "Mike" first saw the light at Felestad, Sweden, on October 30, 1881, and has been growing a mustache ever since. Arrived in North Dakota in 1887, where he has lived on a farm. Attended High School at Devils Lake, and entered the A. C. in 1900.

P. S.

ELMER MAY.

"Alas, the love of woman! It is known to be a lovely and a fearful thing."

A woman when writing a letter always puts more in the postscript than in the body of the letter. We are somewhat similarly guilty, for we have left the best for the P. S. Elmer May, who was for two years president of the class of '04, but who has been absent for a year, has returned and has now joined the ranks of the Blue and Crimson. Mr. May was born December 7, 1880, somewhere in Cass County, and entered the A. C. in the fall of 1898. Everything seems to show that he came here for an education, his only fault being that he—loves money.

+++++

The spring term sees the band reduced in membership, yet, with twenty-seven members and with Scofield, Hopkins and Treat available, the band can turn out thirty pieces.

Westergaard and Mainwaring have recently purchased new Holton trombones, silver, gold trimmed. Both very fine instruments.

Athletic Department.

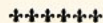
There promises to be a revolution in athletic circles in the near future. The faculty committee on athletics has formulated a set of rules to govern the relations between the Athletic Association and the faculty. According to these rules the control of the affairs of the Athletic Association is vested in a board of directors of five members: the president of the Athletic Association, two students elected by the association and two faculty members appointed by the president of the college. It is to be hoped that this committee will be enabled to put the association on a firm financial basis, and place athletics where they rightly belong, as a valuable adjunct to a college career, and not as a paramount object.

We have now reached the end of the basketball season, and can look back to a very prosperous past. During the past season our boys' team has been defeated but once, and then by the crack U. of M. team, while in the number of points made they outnumber their opponents nearly two to one. While our girls' team has not been so successful it has made a very good showing, and deserves great credit for its perseverance. The following is the season's record:

	A. C.	
Valley City Normal.....	23	42
Co. B.	15	24
Valley City Normal.....	23	45
Park Region Luther College, Fergus Falls	9	77
Fargo H. S.....	25	30
Co. B.	23	42
Fargo College	27	45
Anoka High School.....	11	48
U. of Minn., 1st half.....	9	11
U. of M., 2nd half.....	24	4
Co. K, Stillwater.....	26	27
Minn. A. C.....	23	26
Fargo College	18	31
Total: Opponents.....	256	452

In this connection may also be mentioned the game of the All Stars vs. Fargo High, in which the A. C. players participated. The score was 51 to 34 in favor of the All Stars.

The late snow storm has made the baseball outlook rather gloomy. Our field is poorly drained at best, and the melting snow has converted it into a veritable Atlantic Ocean. Then, too, the baseball season here is very short, as the college closes rather early. But a whole lot of baseball enthusiasm is rife and the boys will doubtlessly be heard from.



The band of the department has been winning new laurels since our last report. During the recent city campaign the boys had two engagements, playing April 2 for a Johnson rally, at the Co. B armory, and on April 4 the friends of the winning candidate for mayor secured the band for a serenade tendered Mayor-elect Wall. On both occasions the boys acquitted themselves creditably, not alone by their playing, but by their deportment. They were the recipients of many complimentary remarks and laudatory

press comments. On April 8 the band played Kela Bela's overture, "Lustspiel," at the intercollegiate oratorical contest at the opera house, and Walter G. Allen, the trombone soloist of the band, played Adam's "The Holy City" with band accompaniment. Again were many favorable comments made for the work of both soloist and band.

On April 15 the band played a short concert program at the chapel for the athletic entertainment.

The State Oratorical Contest.

The eighth annual oratorical contest took place Saturday evening, April 9, before a discouragingly small audience. Although the well-nigh impossible condition of the streets undoubtedly kept many away, the poor attendance, considering the importance of the occasion, cannot but point to a discreditable lack of appreciation on the part of the student body of the various institutions.

The contest was decidedly keen and close throughout, as the orations were all of exceptional merit. It was, however, generally conceded by the audience that the contest was primarily between the representatives of the University and the Agricultural College. The surprise was therefore great, and the dissatisfaction general, when, through an unfortunate mistake by one of the judges, Smith Stimmel Jr. of Fargo College was announced as winning first place and Miss Stephens of the A. C. as second.

The mistake which gave occasion for a half-hearted yell from the Fargo College students, was discovered by the Intercollegiate Oratorical Board. They found that one of the judges on delivery had marked the orations, first on a percentage basis and afterwards in placing them, assigned first place to the one ranking lowest in percentage, and so on. The judge, being notified, promptly corrected his error. This caused the well known revision of the previous announcement and gave Miss Stephens of the A. C. first place, and Joseph E. Totten of the U. N. D. second place.

Never before has Miss Stephens displayed her oratorical powers as she did when, on this occasion, she delivered her oration "The Lincoln-Douglas Debates." Being the last on a long program, which had continued for several hours, she commenced speaking to a tired audience whose undivided attention she nevertheless commanded from beginning to end.

Joseph E. Totten of U. N. D., winner of second place, had an oration entitled "True Patriotism." Mr. Totten's ease of presentation and fine voice, together with an oration excellent in thought and composition, made his place secure.

As previously stated, the chief honors belong to the U. N. D. and the A. C. Percy Abbey with his oration "Politician vs. Statesman," and Adolph Mikkelsen whose subject was "Gustavus Adolphus," impressed their listeners very favorably. They enjoyed throughout the attention of the audience (which is always a good sign of merit) as only the winners did. Both orations ranked high in thought and composition. In fact, it is said, a general regret was expressed that Mr. Abbey did not receive a place.

The program was as follows:

- Overture, "Lustspiel".....Kela Bela
- N. D. A. C. Cadet Band, Dr. C. S. Putnam, Director.
- Invocation.
- Oration: "The Ideal Citizen".....
-Smith Stimmel, F. C.
- Oration: "Politician vs. Statesman".....
-Percy Abbey, U. N. D.
- Oration: "Shakespeare's Message to Women".....Nelly Woodbury, R. R. V. U.
- Piano Solo, "Ballade in A flat".....Chopin
- Tilda Dahl, F. C.
- Oration: Gustavus Adolphus".....
-Adolph Mikkelsen, N. D. A. C.
- Oration: "A Plea for Labor".....
-Dwight L. Buckingham, F. C.
- Trombone Solo, "The Holy City".....Adams
- Walter G. Allen, N. D. A. C.
- Oration: "William McKinley".....
-William Medland, R. R. V. U.
- Oration: "True Patriotism".....
-Joseph E. Totten, U. N. D.
- Oration "The Lincoln-Douglas Debates".....Neva Stephens, A. C.
- Vocal Solo, "The Sweetest Flower That Blows".....Hawley
- Miss Champine, F. C.
- Decision of Judges.

Local Happenings.

Rain! _____

Snow!! _____

Mud!!! _____

Juniors. _____

Baseball. _____

"If you get your money from home, you can't vote."

Prof.—"We'll come to that later—at least you will."

Wanted—A man and wife on a farm without children.

The poem in this issue does not refer to the latest snowstorm.

Miss Darrow is boarding at Prof. Rose's for the spring term.

Prof.—"Who wrote the Odyssey?"

Fresh.—"Mr. Iliad, I believe."

Our students are getting very high-toned. So many of them take "specials."

Mr. D.'s Marriage Laws—"The number of marriages depend on the price of corn."

Truth is stranger than fiction. Prof. McArdle did not ride his bicycle on April 8.

Miss Theresa Beaton, one of our former students, came to town for the oratorical contest.

On April 4 the Edith Hill Club had Mrs. Bolley with them and listened to a very interesting account of her trip across the ocean and through Holland.

The girls who do not attend the club meetings miss some very delightful times.

Roger Browne has not returned for the spring term, but hopes to be with us again next fall.

Tennis and its necessary paraphernalia, white duck suits and pretty girls, will soon be on the program.

Freshman, gazing at those pictures on the chapel walls: "Were all these men instructors in this college?"

A young lady, when asked why her cheeks were so red, replied: "It's the reflection from F-r's hair."

The seniors all spent the first few days of the term visiting the home of the Misses Jensen, near Buffalo.

Owing to the large sale of Allen & Batt's "Easy German Stories," a second edition has just been published.

Why is Birch's nose like an engagement?

Because it is so easily broken.

Mr. O. has so far forgot his German that he did not recognize the word "vieh" until he was called "du vieh."

A recent issue of *Die Staats-Presse* contains an article on Goethe, written by Miss Dora Jensen of the senior German class.

Manager Fowler and his baseball squad were greatly nonplussed on hearing that the faculty would henceforth require an average class standing of 85 per cent. or over from all baseball players. We can well imagine what relief it must have been to them when a certain

young philanthropist (?), seeing their mental agony, told them that it was only a joke.

Mr. Oshwald claims that in a recent snowstorm he stepped into a drift that was so deep that the snow came out at his collar.

One of our former students, L. R. Pickard, of Niagara, has lately joined the Benedicts. THE SPECTRUM extends congratulations.

Among the many who have had a "swell" time this spring is Miss Nichol, who entertained the popular "mumps" for a few days.

We have still a few unmarried professors, but, this being leap year, it is to be hoped that they will all be provided for before 1905.

Were you April-fooled? Anyone wishing a good answer to this question is respectfully referred to either Dr. Batt or Prof. Lindsey.

Miss Mamie Bracht, who has been attending the Moorhead Normal the past two terms, has enrolled at the college for the spring's work.

Don't forget to ask mamma, or her temporary substitute, your landlady, for an excuse when "illness" or "important business" has prevented your attendance at class.

The "professional bunch" have of late turned their attention to handball. They will soon be like Alexander, with the magnus left out, who wept because he had no more worlds to conquer.

Because of scornful remarks made by some of the boys, the advanced class in cookery challenged the boys' class to a contest—a dinner to be served by each class at the end of the term. Competent

judges were to decide which is the better. The challenge was at first accepted, but later the acceptance was withdrawn.

Mail is being received for Mrs. F. B. Lindsey. This happening so quickly after Prof. L.'s trip east, has made many wonder what it all means.

Prof. (discussing how many spirits could be balanced on the point of a needle)—"They used to call it spirits and little devils, now it's bacteria."

Among our other old students that are back again this term is Miss Ruth Ash of Minneapolis. She says she could not get along without the A. C. any longer.

Fargo mud upon the street,
Sticking tons upon your feet,
Wheels in ditches take a dive.
Ain't it nice to be alive?

The class was reading Childe Harold, and when the professor asked the meaning of "This clay will sink its spark immortal," a bright youth replied: "Oh, it will end its eternal courtship."

The mechanical department has sent a very excellent exhibit to St. Louis. It consists of samples of the work done in the different departments put up in a very attractive case. The exhibit also contains a pictorial history of the institution and its work.

Our Traill County students who were fortunate enough to be present at the recent oratorical contest were delighted to hear again the eloquent oratory of Mr. Joseph E. Totten, which was administered to them in such generous doses during his state senatorial campaign of 1900.

With the small boys playing marbles in the hall of the main building, the meadow larks caroling from the fence posts, one lone robin reported on the south side, to say nothing of the appearance of

strolling pairs on moonlight nights, spring seems to be really here at last. Later it snowed.

Prof.—“Do you know the difference between a crosscut saw and a rip saw?”

Miss S.—“A crosscut saw has a handle at each end, while a rip saw has only one handle.”

On April 4 the convocation hour was devoted to Henry David Thoreau. Prof. Hult read some extracts from his writings and Prof. C. B. Waldron read an interesting paper concerning some phases of Thoreau's life.

During the first few days of the term, Miss Stapleton was, once more, a student at our institution. She took a “quick” course in wood-work, for the purpose of introducing manual training in the rural schools.

How sad that the freshmen have botany laboratory work in the afternoons, five days a week. When the bees are singing in the bushes and the crows boozing in the garbage heaps, how sad to be chained up indoors!

Among the late arrivals at college is our old friend, Elmer May. Elmer used to be the bright shining light of the class of '04, but now he is going to incorporate himself with the juniors. Glad to see you back, old man.

On the evening of April 10, Miss Ueland entertained a small circle of friends. On account of the deep snow the boys started out from their respective homes with handsleds. It is needless to add that the girls enjoyed the ride.

The A. C. Band has been making a reputation lately. At least it has received a great deal of “taffy”—not merely words either, but matter, with the true ring in it. The members of the band believe they are advertising the institu-

tion quite as well as any other organization of the college, and no doubt they are quite right.

With the toss of a senior hat: “Figures can't lie: I am one, my parents were two, their parents four, theirs eight, theirs sixteen, theirs thirty-two, so thousands of years back there were millions of people to produce this one senior.”

An advanced class—dubbed the “Old Maids' class” by one of the Preps.—has been organized in the D. E. department. A study of dietaries is to be made and the girls given practice in planning, cooking and serving entire meals. Can any one explain why all the seniors have enrolled?

Young Lady, (to gentleman who had asked her to dance with him)—“I beg your pardon, but I don't believe I know you, and I don't dance with people I don't know.”

Gent.—“Vell, dat's all-right. I board at the dormitory, and my name is J--n.”

One of the innovations started this spring is a correspondence course for the benefit of the short course students. This course is as yet in its infancy, but it promises to grow to be a very healthy kid. Messrs. Hulberg & Mikkelsen, our college stationers, furnish the books for this course.

The debaters are busy preparing for the Stockwell prize debate, which takes place Friday night, May 6. At present eight contestants are entered for the debate. A preliminary round robin will be held on Friday, April 22, to select six contestants and the two leaders. In the round robin the contestants may speak on either side of the question, as they choose. The assignment of sides for the debate itself will be by lot. The subject chosen for discussion is “That United States senators shall be chosen by the

direct vote of the people of their respective states." Every student should turn out and make this first prize debate a genuine success. The prizes to be contested for are a first prize of \$10 and a second prize of \$5. The first prize is the one offered by State Superintendent Stockwell for general excellence in public speaking.

The main feature of the girls' basketball trip to Valley City was a home run by one of the girls shortly before the game. In order to commemorate the event, the girls brought with them numerous souvenirs, mostly tablespoons, which were given them by the hotelkeeper at Valley City.

The forthcoming catalogue will announce some changes in the courses of study. The short-year course in agriculture has been revised and it will articulate with the college course in that line.

The two years' courses in engineering and in domestic science will lead to the college courses by the addition of some extra work in English, mathematics and history. An incidental fee of \$1 per term will be charged all students and a small fee, to cover part of cost of materials used, will be charged the students in laboratory work. Non-residents of this state will pay a small tuition fee.

Prof. in Plant Histology (to his only student)—"The first thing you need is a razor."

Fowler (stroking his chin)—"They are coming fine."

Prof. (perceiving his mistake)—"I meant for plant dissection."

What's the matter with banqueting the members of the band? They deserve it.

Copies of this issue of THE SPECTRUM may be had at the Bookstore.

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