

THE SPECTRUM.

Published by the Students of the North Dakota Agricultural College.

VOL. VIII.

MARCH 15, 1904.

No. 6.

The Panama Canal.

On the fifteenth of May next, a quarter of a century will have passed since the convening of the Paris Canal Congress. This congress was assembled on M. de Lesseps' invitation, to indorse the Panama Canal Company with a view to creating artificially the straights which in 1523 Charles V, thinking they existed, peremptorily ordered Cortes to search for and find. This company under the direction of the illustrious founder of the Suez Canal was the first to make an attempt at providing European trade with an outlet through the impassible barrier which stopped the vessels of Columbus on their way to India.

Columbus died a disappointed man, because he failed to find a new route to India. It remained for the adventurer Balboa, making his way across Darien in 1513, to be the first to look out upon the waters of the Pacific Ocean and to realize by how narrow a strip of land the Atlantic was separated from the Pacific. From the time of Balboa and Sir Francis Drake this problem of how communication could be secured by way of the isthmus has occupied the thoughts of statesmen. Indeed, if we are to believe the old Spanish writer, Henera, the desire to cut through this barrier, and thus to connect the waters of the two great oceans and to reduce the sailing distance around the world by more

than one-third of the circumference of the globe, dates back to the sixteenth century.

The first real attempt, however, made at removing this barrier, which for four long centuries has been, as it were, a thorn in the flesh of civilization, was the herculean effort made by the Count de Lesseps and his company to secure for France exclusive control of the isthmian transit. Although many millions were squandered and stolen in this unfortunate failure, the honor of first attempting this gigantic scheme thus rests with a Frenchman. Shall the honor of completion rest with the American people?

Ever since the Panama scandal, nay, indeed, ever since the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine in 1823, the Panama Canal question has been a constant source of diplomatic and political controversy. The numerous attempts of private corporations and of the great powers to secure control of the world's highways and particularly of the trans-isthmian canal cannot be better stated in brief than in the words of Professor Lewis Hauff. He says: "International jealousies, trade competitions, vested interests, partisan politics, selfish aggrandizement, rival concessionaries, willful misrepresentation, and venal influences have all been allied to defeat the ends of progress and delay the consummation

of one of the world's greatest opportunities."

The Monroe Doctrine, which has for more than three-quarters of a century offered protection to the smaller states of the Western Hemisphere against the encroachments of European power, will find the proposed Pan-American Union, if realized, a most efficacious ally in strengthening and re-enforcing the international relationship existing between Latin-America and the United States. Let us be the first to advocate this commercial alliance of Pan-America. But let us, at the same time, put between ourselves and South America, that country which has always proved an obstruction to commerce, an ample and well regulated ship canal. For South America, lying as it does entirely east of the meridian of Florida, constitutes the greatest barrier to commerce on the face of the globe; and its circumnavigation necessitates an annual waste in ocean transportation of not less than \$200,000,000 for which there is no equivalent return—a sum more than sufficient to build an isthmian canal each year.

The need for the severance of North from South America, by a ship canal, is evident at once by a glance at a map of the Western Hemisphere. The map shows that while the isthmus unites two continents, it separates the Atlantic and Pacific, the two great highways of our planet. At the Central American isthmus these two great through routes, upon which the commerce of the world and the progress of the nations depend, are divided by a neck of land, which at one of the proposed lines of severance, is but some forty miles in width.

Men of perspicacity and enterprise have for generations past agreed as to the necessity for the junction but have differed as to the manner in which it should be effected.

Out of their differences arose different schemes propounded from time to time; for a canal on the Darien line; for a canal on the Panama line; for a waterway

(formed of junction canals at either extremity and of an existing inland sea) on the Nicaragua line; for a ship railway on the Tehuantepec line, a project of the late Captain Eades, and other of less importance.

Of these schemes but two survive,—the Panama Canal and the Nicaragua waterway. Of these two, the former is full of promise of a triumphant realization of perhaps the grandest enterprise ever planned by man. Facts prove it will be the most serviceable to commerce, the most economical in operation, the greatest in potential traffic capacity, and the most adaptable to the rapidly increasing demands of navigation. In other words, it is the best tool for intended use. This assertion is readily verified. For a cursory examination of reports from the "Walker Commission" and others who have investigated the relative merits of the two routes shows that the Nicaragua Canal would be one hundred and thirty-five miles longer than the Panama; that fourteen and nine-tenths miles or about two-fifths of the total length of the Panama route have been excavated; that the Nicaragua Canal would have a greater summit elevation, more locks, and more difficult curvature; it would require thirty-three hours time of transit for deep-draught vessels against twelve hours by the Panama route; it has no natural harbors at either end, while the Panama line has excellent harbors at both extremities; Panama is exempt from earthquakes while in Nicaragua several volcanoes are in close proximity to the proposed route; the cost of construction would be \$45,000,000 more than the cost of completing the Panama undertaking, and the completed canal would cost \$1,350,000 per annum more to maintain.

With these decisive facts before us, to choose deliberately the poorer instrument in this colossal investment would be a reversal of the national policy of the United States. For with the Stars and Stripes destined to float over half the

West-Indian Islands, as in time it will, the ownership of the natural gateway between the two oceans should be vested in the nation with power to cause the Monroe Doctrine to be recognized throughout the wide world. Every condition is now favorable for the United States taking a step in practical expansion—the purchase outright of the state of Panama, worth comparatively little to Colombia, but of inestimable value to a powerful nation constructing a waterway to unite the Atlantic and Pacific. The thousands of countrymen of Ferdinand de Lesseps are now proffering us their privileges and property at Panama at a figure more than reasonable. The duties thus resting with us are well defined in the message of President Hayes when he said that “this must be an American canal, under American control.”

The unexpected appearance of the United States as the legal owners of trans-marine territory makes President Hayes' statement even more significant than it was in his time. The demand for an isthmian canal now becomes doubly imperative. It is a condition of success to the United States, which has just entered on a task of government and administration over regions which, in inhabitants, in climate and in political tradition, differ essentially from themselves. It is needed not merely for national self assertion, but for beneficence; to insure to the new subjects of the nation peace and industry, uninterrupted by wars. The great safeguard against this is a canal that will enable the United States to bring her war vessels to any point of action on the face of the globe in the shortest possible time and by the shortest possible route.

But the age of military aggression is disappearing and industrial ascendancy, not political power, is now the animating spirit of modern international struggles. To the barbarous idea of depleting new territory has succeeded the immensely higher and more fruitful one of enrich-

ing it. Co-operation, not tribute, is the new conception of “national expansion.” This means such a snaping of policies that the commercial power of both the governing and governed alike can be most surely and steadily increased and the largest returns be secured for the worker and the leader of industry.

Little of this great “national expansion” in commercial power and importance would be possible if it were not accompanied and encouraged by a development in the means of transportation. The economy effected in land and water carriage, through better instruments of transportation and more highly organized markets, have brought within the reach of every commercial nation a share in the material advance of a people or a nation. The slow-moving caravan and the canoe paddled over natural watercourses have given place to the railroad and the vessel propelled by steam. Natural channels of trade have been developed by better roads, by more direct connections, by canals joining great waterways, and by many appliances which reduce the risk and dangers to the carriers. The Panama Canal will add potentialities in the production and commerce of every continent. It will undoubtedly be a factor of prime importance in the industrial awakening of the East by the infusion of Occidental life, and especially of Anglo-Saxon vitality, into the long dormant countries of that section.

The arguments in favor of the inter-oceanic canal have gained in force and number with the settlement and economic growth of the American continent. The commercial connection between the eastern and western coasts of the Americas, and the trade of the commercial nations of Europe and America with the countries of Asia and Australia, have emphasized the importance of this question. To Germany, England, and the United States especially is the importance supreme. They stand as the three great industrial countries whose products are

pre-eminently such as the whole world needs, and whose productive capacity is greater than their home consumption.

The commercial advantages of the proposed canal are therefore too apparent to need much discussion. Suffice it to say, however, that almost the entire movement of commerce, from the Pacific Ocean to Europe and the United States, would pass through such a canal. Not only would the products of Asia and Australia pass through Panama, but also those of Western South America and Eastern Africa; not only the wool of Australia, but the coffee of Brazil, the wheat of Argentina, the beet sugar of Europe, and the copper of the United States.

However obvious the commercial advantages of the canal may be it is equally apparent that its construction would virtually double the strength of our navy. It is more than desirable that our naval strength on the Pacific be increased. For,

at the present status of the "Eastern Question" it is more than likely that Russia will become the mistress of China, and thus, some day become our most formidable rival on the Pacific. Heretofore our interests have never clashed with those of Russia, but with the Russian bear and the American eagle as rivals, the intensity of modern competition may, in a few years, change the friendly relationship heretofore existing between them. However remote a conflict with Russia may seem, its future possibility together with the enlargement of our commerce, the increase of our mail facilities, the lower shipping charges upon our production, the increase of our industries together with the increased facilities for sending our fleets to protect our coasts and island possessions, thus securing respect for our flag, should determine us to commence the work of constructing the Panama Canal under the present administration.

ROBERT DOLVE, '05.

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A Visit to the Huntoon Stock Farm.

On Washington's birthday nearly a hundred students visited the farm of Mr. Huntoon, three miles south of Moorhead. They met at the N. P. depot at 8 o'clock in the morning and filled four tob-sleighs to their fullest capacity. The drive out to the farm was pleasant, though rather cold. Mr. Huntoon showed the boys all his fancy horses, cattle and hogs, and how he fed and took care of them. He also showed them his fine barn, one of the best in the country. It is 60x104 feet and has three floors: The lower one for cattle, the middle one for horses, and the upper one for hay and straw. His hog house and hennery were also objects of unusual interest, as they were large and commodious buildings, constructed on the most up-to-date principles for producing the maximum amount of a superior grade of meat and

eggs at a minimum expense.

Mr. Huntoon treated the boys to a lunch of doughnuts and coffee before they left. It was greatly enjoyed by all present, who voted Mr. Huntoon a royal good hearted farmer, one of the most advanced men in his calling in the country. The boys then gave the college yell with a vim, and returned to Fargo after having spent one of the most pleasant and instructive mornings they had during the winter term.

A little boy had become a man

And smoked his first cigar;
 " 'Tis the best ever," he stoutly said,
 "The best ever by far."

But a little later in a lonely spot

Was heard this wailing cry,
 "O, mamma, dear, I'm coming home.
 Please, God, don't let me die!"

The Talking Wall.

(PRIZE ESSAY.)

A few years ago a student by the name of Philip Norton attended one of our Middle West Universities. He was bright enough, but did not seem to appreciate the value of a liberal education. After taking a desultory course in mechanics extending over about two years, and a very complete course in athletics, he decided to quit school and strike out for himself.

"My education has never brought me anything yet," he would say, "and now I'm going to try something else."

Like all young gentlemen he believed that it was a comparatively easy matter to pick up wealth in the "golden west," or the country among the Rockies. So Philip turned his course toward that romantic country which had been the scene of so many failures, so many crimes; and was lured on by the mirage of riches which appeared to him from the direction of the setting sun.

As our story deals with the events which befell our hero after he arrived in the land of his dreams, we will pass over an interval of a few months and imagine ourselves standing on the edge of a long strip of woods. Looking toward the west, a log hut may be seen. It is only about twenty feet from the border of the trees, and signs that it is inhabited are not wanting.

Facing eastward we behold a cliff of stupendous height. It is only about 200 yards distant and a person feels nervous lest this gigantic mass of rock, which towers perpendicularly hundreds of feet, should topple over.

For several miles the cliff and the timber run parallel and then the huge wall is broken up into gorges and chasms. The timber stands upon a plateau which extends westward from the base of the massive wall and then it also is broken up into dismal crags and gulches.

Directly opposite the cabin two men were working in a stream which flowed at the base of the precipice. One of these sturdy miners was our old friend, Philip.

As the sun sank below the tops of the trees, Philip turned to his companion and, with a vain effort to conceal his excitement, said, "Well, John, I guess we might as well quit for tonight. We've only taken out about a thousand dollars today."

"We've earned a night's repose, all right enough," answered John as he picked up the implements with which they had been working.

Phil waded to the shore, and with both hands seized a small leather bag. "Holy gee! but it's heavy," he remarked, slowly lifting the bag to his shoulder.

As everything was picked up they started for the cabin, Phil leading the way and his companion bringing up the rear. Upon reaching the camp they entered the open door. John deposited his tools in a corner and, stepping across the room, dragged to one side the box which contained their provisions. He then took his spade and began to dig. At a depth of a couple of feet a box about a yard square was brought to light. The bottom was nearly covered with bags closely resembling that which Phil bore on his shoulder. Philip dumped his burden into this impromptu vault, the lid was replaced, and the dirt thrown back into the hole. Phil carefully smoothed the ground over the box in order to make it look as much like the surrounding soil as possible.

The possessors of all this wealth now rose and set about preparing their evening repast of bacon, coffee and hard tack. They had just begun the meal when they heard a low murmur which seemed to come from the face of the

mountain barrier to the east. "There it is again," said John, gloomily. "I tell you, I don't like it." It was evident that the addresses from the gigantic wall were no new development.

"Blame it!" continued John, "I've heard it bark, and howl, and scream, and hoot, and holler, but I'll be darned if I ever heard it say 'gold' before."

"It did conclude the performance by saying something which sounded like 'gold'," replied Phil thoughtfully.

The remainder of the meal was eaten in silence. At its conclusion John said eagerly and softly, "Say, Phil, let's weigh it out again." "No," answered Phil, gazing meditatively through the open door at the huge black shadow which, somehow, always reminded him of the immensity of eternity. John looked disappointed, but quickly brightened up, saying, "Fifty thousand, Phil, think of it. What will we do with all that money?"

"Don't trouble yourselves about that proposition, gents," remarked a gruff voice, "I will relieve you of all responsibility."

The startled miners sprang to their feet in utter amazement. The sight which met their gaze was not prepossessing, four revolver barrels, whose dimensions increased in direct proportion to the length of time which our friends stared down their black muzzles. As the four men bearing the weapons crowded into the room, the miners were roused to action by the imminence of their peril. Profiting by the momentary confusion of the invaders as they pushed through the narrow door, our heroes ducked their heads and charged blindly on the enemy.

The result was extremely disastrous. One of the ruffians brought the butt of his revolver into such violent contact with Phil's pate as to put him down and out in the first round.

When Phil regained his senses he was lying in a heap on the bunk. John was reclining on that same article of furni-

ture with one of the victors seated upon his stomach. Another of the villains was questioning him in regard to the whereabouts of the gold, at the same time twisting John's pedal extremities in order to emphasize his questions. The victim was giving vent to a mixture of groans and profanity which almost made Phil laugh in spite of their desperate predicament. However, the robber who was twisting John's leg began to apply more pressure, and the sufferer began to howl dolefully, although he pluckily refused to divulge the hiding place of the gold.

This was more than Phil could stand, so, throwing caution to the winds, he unhinged himself after the fashion much affected by the mule and with about as much force. The result of this maneuver was that the person who was roosting on Johnny's stomach was driven clear off the bunk and onto the floor where he lay gasping for breath. Seizing the opportunity which now presented itself, Phil and John leaped to their feet and made a mad rush for the door. Both gained the open air and sprinted for the trees which skirted the clearing in which their camp was located. The unwelcome visitors had by this time sufficiently recovered from their surprise to rush to the door and fire a few shots at the fugitives.

As it was by this time almost pitch dark, the random shots were, as far as Phil could determine, ineffectual. He gained the woods in safety, but whether his comrade had or had not done likewise was more than he could tell, as they had become separated early in the retreat.

After the slight pursuit had ceased, Phil spent the better part of an hour in search for his missing partner, but, in the darkness, could not find a trace of him.

A person might naturally think that Phil would be at a loss as to what action to take in regard to this new development, but such was not the case. No sooner had the search for his friend been

given up than Phil began to thread his way through the woods in a due northerly direction. His step was firm and steady, and he walked like a man who has some definite goal in view.

But what of John? He had just gained the border of the trees when one of the wild shots found a target in his shoulder. Black despair seized his soul. Together they might have stood some chance of regaining their hard won gold, but now he was out of the game, and what could Phil do against four desperate men. John tottered and fell in a heap at the foot of a lofty cedar.

He lay there motionless for about two hours and then was gradually awakened by a low, musical hum which seemed to fill the clearing. At first John thought that his dear old mother was singing him to sleep as she used to do in his boyhood days; but no, as he became more fully awakened he realized that this was nothing more than a dim dream of the past. However, the melody continued, and the sufferer recognized the sound as the one he had heard so often before; the solemn voice of the great wall, only now it seemed to have a sympathetic and soothing tone.

But now there is a change. The sound increases in power until the air is filled with wild echoes and reverberations. John sat upright in an agony of terror. Demoniacal shrieks and howls rent the atmosphere. It sounded as though some ranging monster were roaring and snarling in fury; and, if the clear, silver light of the rising moon could be trusted, the only visible origin of this awful commotion was the blank face of the colossal wall.

If John had been badly frightened, the robbers were panic stricken. They stood transfixed with horror. Suddenly the noise ceased, then, clear and distinct, came the one word, "Death," deep and sol-

emn; the last part of the word was repeated again and again by the echoing crags.

The interlopers gave a wild shriek like the wail of a lost soul, and fled down the trail, fast and far.

John noticed these signs of quick departure and when he had ascertained by the fast receding yells of the late occupants that they had permanently evacuated, he rose to his feet and staggered to the shanty. When he had painfully made his way as far as the door, his strength failed him and he fell exhausted across the threshold.

When he came to his senses he was lying on the bunk with Phil bending over him. "Just lie still, old boy," said Phil tenderly. "You're all right. Nothing but a flesh wound in the shoulder. In a couple of weeks you'll be as well as you ever were."

"But the gold?" questioned John feebly.

"Not an ounce gone," answered Phil, "and besides that, we are three or four rifles ahead; but you lie still and I'll tell you all about it. In the first place, I attended school last year (and that is just what I will do next year). While there I learned in one of my classes that sound obeys the same laws of reflection as light. For quite a while I have had a vague suspicion that the voice of the cliff could be explained by this theory. You perhaps remember that point in the trail where it crosses that old windfall? The windfall extends clear to the edge of the timber which borders the wall. This lane runs at such an angle to the wall that any sound which originates in the windfall is reflected directly into our camp. All that I did was to follow the trail for about a mile until it struck the windfall, and then I simply yelled and howled like a maniac. You know the rest better than I."

Our Exchange Table.

The oldest college in the world is the Mohammedan College, Cairo, which was a thousand years old when Oxford was founded. It has 11,000 students.—*Ex.*

College students may be grouped into three great classes, those who have nothing to do, those who are so busy that they haven't time to do anything, and those who do their own work and that neglected by classes one and two.—*Ex.*

The University of Arizona Monthly for February contains many good articles. The first is a fine description of the Colorado River. The writer follows the river from its source to 140 miles from the sea, describing the immediate country through which it flows and mentioning briefly the inhabitants of these districts.

Another good description is "A City of the Spanish-American Type." The writer, in this case, is dealing with his college town, and treats the subject in an interesting manner. He appears to have made a "house-to-house" canvass of the town and writes from the data thus gathered.

The Yankton Student contain an article entitled "Among the Mormons," which gives some ideas about the troubles between the early Gentile settlers and the Mormons. In this instance the Mormons attempted to drive out the Gentiles by letting their cattle destroy their crops. "Too Late for the Train" is an amusing little sketch, especially to football enthusiasts.

The F. H. S. girls have reason to be proud of their issue of *The Cynosure*, for it is more interesting than the previous issues have been. There is a full page picture of the girls' basketball team and also one of the captain, besides a basketball sketch. The literary de-

partment contains a number of good articles, "Glimpses of Germany" is especially good. The exchange articles are more numerous this month. The athletic notes are also well written and accurate, although the statement regarding the players on the A. C. boys' team shows a lamentable lack of information on the part of the writer.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A MODEL COLLEGE PROFESSOR.

The qualifications for the ideal college professor, as outlined by President Harper in a lecture at the University of Chicago on "The Faculty of College" are:

1. He should be married.
2. He should be a church member.
3. He should mix with his students outside the class rooms.
4. He should have a doctor's degree.
5. He should be willing to work hard eleven months in the year.
6. He should be in sympathy with the public and take an active interest in public affairs.

"The college professor who is married," said President Harper, "will do three times as much good in his position as one who is single. And if he has three or four children he will be still better, for he will be a stronger man.—*Ex.*

At a table in a hotel

A youth and maiden sat;
They didn't know each other,
But, what of that?

The youth picked up the sugar,
With a smile you seldom meet,
And passed it to the maiden, saying:
"Sweet to the sweet."

She picked up the crackers,
And scorn was not lacked,
As she passed them to him, saying:
"Crackers to the cracked."

—*Ex.*

Former Students of N. D. A. C.

Aldyth Ward, '03, is teaching at Lisbon, N. D.

J. P. Beaton is working in the office of county treasurer at Fargo.

Hiram Parsons, a former student, was a visitor at the college last week.

John Manns, '04, is at Austin, Minn., where he is taking a business course.

C. K. Stark, '02, is busily employed as assistant ticket agent in the N. P. depot in Fargo.

Augusta Flamer, a student in '99, recently died while in Arizona in search of health.

Mrs. T. E. McLaren, nee Maude Hodges, is living at Buchanan, N. D. She has a brother attending the A. C. this year.

Miss Maude Hodges, with '03, was married on Dec. 14 to Thomas McLaren of Mapleton. Mr. McLaren is an elevator agent at Buchanan, N. D.

J. W. Hilborn, a member of the first class to graduate from the A. C., visited his alma mater Feb. 15th. Mr. Hilborn is farming at Leal, N. D.

E. M. Andrews, who was here in '98, is in the real estate business at Alameda, N. W. T., and, according to reports, is accumulating a good supply of "dust." He has a nephew here this winter.

Tom Osgood, '02, is on the Great Northern construction force as engineer and surveyor at Rexford, Mont. He will move on to Dewey in the spring. Mr. Osgood, it will be remembered, was forced

to leave his studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston, on account of his eyes. Mr. Osgood's friends will be glad to know his eyes are greatly improved and he will be able to resume his studies again.

C. W. Buttz, '00, is one of Benson County's most successful lawyers. Mr. Buttz graduated from the law department of Minnesota University in '01 and has built up an excellent practice at Minne-
waukan.

Miss Louise Lambert, with '03, is now a student in San Francisco. Miss Lambert is making quite a success of Spanish. This is not at all surprising, as Miss Lambert was an excellent student while at the A. C.

Olaf P. Nordby, of the class of '96, is now our instructor of farm mechanics. Mr. Nordby has spent some time in Europe in an endeavor to regain his health. He is doing good work and instills some of his old-time enthusiasm into his classes.

Cards have recently been received from "Senn Hunter Heath, January 27, 1904," Seattle, Washington. His pa, Thomas, will be remembered as a graduate here in 1900, and one of the editors of THE SPECTRUM. The present editorial staff extends compliments to the new engineer and best wishes to "Tom."

F. J. Newman, one of the Company B boys who participated in the Spanish war, was in the city on his way to Minneapolis on legal business. Mr. Newman is a prosperous young attorney at Denhoff. He has recently organized the Dakota Valley Land Co. at that point and is in the city to appoint a good local agent for the company.—*Fargo Forum.*

The SPECTRUM.

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

Entered at the Postoffice at Agricultural
College, N. D., as second-class mail matter.

TERMS.

One year, prepaid, - - - \$.75
Single copies, - - - .10

Subscribers are requested to give prompt
notice of any non-delivery or delay in deliv-
ery of magazines. All communications to be
addressed to

Business Department, "THE SPECTRUM,"
Agricultural College, N. D.

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	{	Mary Hill....	Secretary

Editorial.

The short course term for this year is at an end and many of the students have already left the city. A number of these will probably never be back, but a large number, upon inquiry by the different professors, have signified their intention to return and complete some course. Many have been able to spend the three winter months here only at great sacrifice, but it is a noticeable fact that almost any person who really wants to attend college will find the means somehow, if given time. There is some encouragement for them in the fact that when they are compelled to sacrifice much they will appreciate their opportunities sufficiently to take advantage of them.

The annual declamation contest occurred March 11 in the college chapel. It could hardly be called an inter-society contest because all the representatives from the Athenian Literary Society balked and refused to appear. This claim was because their wishes had not been given sufficient consideration in making the necessary arrangements and selection of judges. Whatever the reason, their non-appearance rather spoiled what would otherwise have been an excellent contest.

The three Philomathian declaimers who were present delivered their declamations in excellent style. Miss Mary Dar-

row was awarded first place and the Worst gold medal on a declamation entitled, "The Old Man and Jim." It was excellently rendered, the speaker entering into the spirit of the declamation thoroughly. Mr. H. Westergaard was awarded second place and the silver medal on a declamation with which we are all familiar, "Anthony's Address to the Romans." It was rendered in a strong, forceful style and well received. Mr. H. B. Greene delivered "Rienzi's Address" in a most stirring manner. Miss Sorrenson and Miss Evans furnished excellent music for the occasion. The decision as announced by President Worst was well received by the Philo's.

As a result of the eighth annual oratorical contest held in the college chapel on the evening of Feb. 23, Adolph Mikkelson and Miss Neva Stephens will represent the college at the state contest to be held in this city on April 8. The contest on the whole was probably the best preliminary contest which has ever been held at the college. Six orators appeared on the program and all acquitted themselves splendidly.

"Gustavus Adolphus," the winning oration, delivered by Mr. Mikkelson, was excellently prepared and had in it the true ring of oratory. Mr. Mikkelson pictured vividly the conditions prevailing in Europe at the time of the Reformation, and the life, character, and work of the great general in bringing the struggle to a close. It was marked high in thought and composition, being especially strong in the unity of its construction. The delivery could possibly be improved, but we feel confident that with good hard work from now until the time of the state contest, Mr. Mikkelson will give us an agreeable surprise in this line.

Miss Neva Stephens won second place with her oration, "The Lincoln-Douglas Debates." She had a well prepared oration on the series of debates which was held by the two great men at the time of the famous election to fill the office

of senator for Illinois, prior to the great election in 1860. Miss Stephens was especially strong in delivery, and from her previous experience we know she will do well at the state contest.

"Robert Emmet" was well handled in a carefully written oration by Miss Mary Darrow. Her manner of delivery was very free and pleasing, but her pictures should have been more animated and highly colored for success.

Mr. Hulberg's oration on "The Building of the West" was very interesting and strong in thought and composition. It showed how the West was destined to become the future center of our nation on account of her mighty resources and possibilities.

Robert Dolve's oration on "The Panama Canal" contained strong arguments showing that it was of vital interest to the American nation to have this canal constructed and operated. The subject matter of Mr. Dolve's oration contained too many references to facts and figures which were difficult to write up in an interesting oratorical style.

Miss Sopha Thomas handled in an able manner a most difficult subject, "The Race Problem." Her appearance on the stage was easy and graceful and the production was much to her credit. Her oration was undoubtedly marked high in thought and composition and would have been better received if delivered with more force and spirit.

It is a matter of much regret that Miss Mary Ellis was unable to participate in the contest on account of sickness. Her oration, "A Plea for a Broader Education," was of such a high order that the judges on thought and composition awarded it first place, and since her style of delivery is said to be excellent, had she been able to participate, the result of the contest might have been different.

The orators are all to be congratulated on the general high standard of excellence of their orations. It is hoped that all future contests will be as hotly contested as this one.

The Eastern Trip of the A. C. Basketball Team.

Early on the morning of February 24th, the A. C. basketball team, undisputed champions of North Dakota, steamed out of Fargo on their now historic eastern trip. Little recked the members of the team at the time of the mighty splash they were destined to make in the athletic puddles of the east, nor of the newspaper comment, adverse and favorable, which later heralded the fame of the A. C. far and wide. Indeed the sole topic of speculation was in regard to the coming game that night with Anoka High School, the champion high school team of Minnesota, whether they could be defeated in their own hall or not. A passenger, overhearing the conversation of the team very kindly vouchsafed the information that Anoka was invincible on their own floor, owing to the peculiarities of the hall and the really clever article of ball these high school exponents of the game were capable of playing. Of course this news was encouraging. It was beneficial, though, in getting us together in order to rehearse our system of plays. Incidentally we invented a new guard play for that evening, which we hoped would prove successful.

By the time we finished drilling on these plays (and on one or two passengers who looked as though they came from a deeper section of the backwoods than we), the train drew up at Anoka, or rather the outskirts of that city. It was a two mile drive from the station to the hotel. However, the bus was well supplied with interesting reading matter, consisting largely of red, blue, green and yellow circulars, advertising the basketball game for that evening, and exhorting all rooters to be present to see the High School eat up the N. D. Farmers. That was the first time we heard that epithet, "Farmers." At first it sounded a trifle harsh, but later we be-

came used to it; and, I believe, gradually grew to like it. It really was appropriate, although many averred that the North Dakota boys were rather sporty looking farmers. In fact, some of the Anoka school girls thought so, when a few delegates from our team visited the High School in behalf of the A. C.

Briefly, the game was called for 8 o'clock. We were on hand at 7, and were assigned to the same dressing room as the High School boys. If talk could frighten much, then were we paralyzed with fear; for the immortal gods never made a chestier, more swaggering lot of youngsters than this High School basketball team of Anoka. They had defeated the best High School teams from the Twin Cities on foreign soil, and as yet had not lost a game on their own floor. They strutted around on stilts, and were filled with that over-pride and haughty spirit, which is so well described in the Proverbs of Solomon.

The hall, though, was the greatest cause of alarm. Two rows of gas lights, no higher than Eddie Corbett could reach, extended the whole length of the floor on either side of the center, thus making high passing impossible. The banks were a slot arrangement, which were strange and hard to negotiate. Altogether it looked bad for the A. C. The crowd tried to guy us in our practice, and were speculating on the score.

Officials were finally chosen, and Cochems, as referee, tossed the ball up in the center. Spellisey rushed down from guard on the new play, and zip! Two points for the A. C. Wait, said the crowd, but they waited in vain. The A. C. boys ran circles around the High School players, like sparrows about lazy hawks, and the first half ended 20 to 3 in favor of the Farmers. There was no chance for the A. C. to make fouls,

as they were never close enough to an Anoka player; still the coach, in his endeavors to be impartial, would call them frequently. Corbett, for instance, was penalized once for dropping the ball, when he might have held it. The game ended 48 to 11, and the Anoka spectators paid a great tribute to our team and the work of Cochems as referee, by indulging in that time-honored yell, "What's the matter with Cochems and his team, etc."

On February 25th, at 8 p. m., although a trifle stiff and tired, we lined up against the champions of the country in their own immense armory. Here was a new set of conditions to contend against. The floor was large enough to remind us of a stretch of prairie land in our own North Dakota, and each player had to carry a field glass in order to see the ball when it was at the other end. The banks were again of an almost impossible nature to play. But in spite of these adverse conditions, the A. C. completely outplayed the Minnesota team the first half. The score 11 to 9 does not indicate the strength of the Farmers' game. The ball was in the A. C. territory two-thirds of the time, and shot after shot was missed because of the strangeness of the banks. Minnesota, having anticipated an easy game, had a complete "sub." team on the side lines, intending to put them in the second half, but they remained where they were as though glued to the spot, and Captain Leach, who was absent in the first half, was imperatively summoned to the rescue. His presence seemed to put new life in the "Varsity," for they went at the A. C. like individual whirlwinds. This speed, combined with the jaded condition of the A. C., which the unusually large floor had affected, resulted in the defeat of the Dakota Farmers 33 to 15. However, we have no right to feel bad over this score, since the West Side Y. M. C. A. team of Chicago, three-time champions of America at basketball, were recently defeated in Minnesota's armory by the score of 29 to 13. This same West Side

team defeated Minnesota at Chicago 36 to 22. It looks as though the A. C. could win from Minnesota, if the game was played in Fargo.

February 26th we journeyed out to Stillwater and there won a close and exciting game from Co. K by the score of 27 to 26. A large crowd was present to see the N. D. champions. Many, because of the cartoons in the papers, expected to see some real western farmers, with flannel shirts and top boots. Their curiosity was gratified at the dance which was held afterward, and there is little room for doubt that Rose, Westergaard and Corbett convinced them that we were quite as civilized as the people who live in that less favored portion of the United States, called Minnesota.

February 27th was the day set for the great contest, when Greek was to meet Greek. The State Agricultural College of Minnesota has a great record in basketball, having never been defeated on their own floor. They guard this honor as closely and jealously as Cerberus guards the gates of Hades. Frightened at the reports of the N. D. Aggies' strength, they planned beforehand to have every safeguard surrounding them in the coming game. So, when we arrived in the evening of that eventful day, we found that they did not intend to allow us a single official in the game. By the rules the visiting team is entitled to the referee. But Cochems was firm for his rights, and after a discussion of thirty minutes, the Minnesota boys were forced to yield.

Although the A. C. players were worn out by the hard trips, they had lost none of their nerve, and when the game started, jumped into the fray with so much speed that they soon had the Minnesota players and their contingent down with an attack of sore eyes, as basket after basket was thrown by Rose, Spelliscy, Corbett, Lofthouse and White. The first half ended 20 to 11 in favor of the A. C.

Minnesota, desperate at such an un-

heard of thing, came back in the second half with rough-house tactics—anything to win out, and thus preserve the sacred honor of the floor. At one time, two Minnesota players deliberately tried to strangle one of the A. C. players. At this juncture Cochems warned them that he would take his team off the floor, if such tactics continued. This had no effect, and finally they disputed a basket that the referee allowed to N. D. When they refused to continue the game, the referee forfeited it to N. D., although the score at that time was 26 to 23 in our favor. As further evidence of their unprincipled methods, our guarantee was not paid, although no money was refunded to spectators.

At a recent practice game of basketball between the girls of the A. C. and F. C. the A. C. girls were badly beaten. Score 5-14. On our own floor, too. The two teams will meet in the Co. B. armory very shortly and it is to be hoped that

our girls will then make a better showing.

The baseball squad is anxiously awaiting the advent of warmer weather.

W. H. Midgely has been persuaded to stay for the spring term. He is said to be a crack pitcher.

Our ladies basketball team has been strengthened by the addition of Miss Karla Van Horn, who has registered and is now pursuing her studies at this institution.

Manager Fowler hereby requests every male student who has ever had any experience with a baseball to issue forth this spring and let himself be sized up. You might stand as good a show for making the first team as anybody else. Come out and help anyway. The manager says every position is open with the exception of second base.

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Local Happenings.

Rev. Vermilya visited the college last week.

Clara Canaman, from the Moorhead High School, visited the college Friday.

Walter Herman has been on the sick list the past three weeks, but is reported much better.

Simon Powers, beware; the water bottle is a dangerous plaything for "little boys" to monkey with.

A great deal of excitement was aroused over the debate by the advanced American History class on the subject: "Whether or not the Indians were treated justly by the whites." Both sides

brought forth excellent arguments and much credit is due the debaters.

Miss Kathleen Rose, who has been ill for some time, is spending a few weeks with Professor and Mrs. Rose.

Professor in English—What is the meaning of O. Fr.?

Ham (promptly)—Old Frank.

At the meeting of the Girls' Club, Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 23rd, Mrs. Ralph gave a simple, but appealing talk to the girls, on the relief work done in the slums of London. Mrs. Ralph has sacrificed a great share of her life working in the slums, and presented the conditions existing there in a clear and

striking manner. She is to be commended for the noble work she is pursuing.

It was remarked the other day, that one of the Seniors had finally got caught in the trap set by one of the Juniors.

Professor Norton—Name some of the qualities of silver.

Bright Student—It satisfies human wants.

Professor in Vet.—Why is Mr. Quinnell not in class today?

Mr. Emery—He has just received a telephone.

The short course students will not soon forget the touching farewell-talk given to them at chapel hour last Monday, Feb. 29th, by President Worst.

Who says the Freshman class is not talented? Why, it possesses Smiths, Weavers, Cooks and Millers. The only thing really lacking is a minister.

In Francis Hall, Friday evening, Feb. 26th, the Freshman class assembled, and gave themselves a "spread." A good program was rendered, after which all took part in a general jollification.

Ed. Stafford and Edwin Mills have left for their homes at Crystal, where they intend to spend the summer. Their many lady friends hope for their early return next fall.

One day during the past week, Mr. Hop-s got his mustache entangled in the churn and it required the aid of several students to release that appendage, without injury to it.

Miss Grace Lorthouse, on Tuesday, March 1st, most delightfully entertained a crowd of twenty young people, including the basketball girls, at 6 o'clock dinner. Various "old-fashioned" games were indulged in during the evening, and

at 12 o'clock all departed for home. The girls speak highly of Miss Lofthouse as an entertainer.

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those times.

New Student—"Do you know where I can get a uniform?"

Professor McD.—"No, I don't."

New Student—"Don't you drill?"

Professor McD.—"No."

New Student—"Well, how do you get out of drill?"

First Student in Chem.—"I don't understand this sand bath."

Second Student in Chem.—"Did you never see a goose stick its head in sand?"

First Student in Chem.—"No, I never saw you stick your head in a sand pile."

On the morning of the 9th of March, a large poster on the bulletin board announced that the Sr. Preps. were going to entertain the college students the following evening in Francis Hall. But the plans of the simple little Preps. miscarried somewhat, as not a Prep. boy appeared until nearly 10 o'clock. The upper class men had to act as hosts in their absence. At 10 o'clock, however, they appeared in a body somewhat disheveled in appearance and were given charge of things. When questioned about their non-appearance, they replied that they had been charmed into the Mechanical Building where they had given a two hours' entertainment to their friends, the enemy. After they put in their ap-

pearance, however, they proved delightful entertainers. Progressive games were played for an hour and a little dancing was indulged in.

Professor Lindsay was found at the banquet day last week, very engaged in private conversation, when one member was overheard to say: "O! yes! let's; what fun! Won't Professor Lindsay be tickled if we all hand in our themes on time, just for once."

The Athenians held their regular semi-monthly meeting in the college chapel Saturday evening. At this meeting an unusually large number were present. The following program was rendered:

Essay—"The Panama Republic".....
Mr. Frøemke
 Recitation.....Miss Holkesvig
 Autobiography.....Miss Hicks
 Music
 Reading.....Miss Jensen
 Recitation.....Miss Nielson
 Debate—Resolved, that Russia Was
 Justified in Making War on Japan.
 Affirmative—Wm. Porter, Miss Smith.
 Negative—Mr. Swenson, Miss Jensen.

As a fitting close to the term's work, the Agricultural Club gave a banquet on Tuesday evening to the members and a few invited guests, numbering in all about sixty. The young ladies of the short course cooking class cooked and served the dinner in a creditable manner. Mr. Fallis, as toast master, introduced the speakers of the evening as follows: Professor McDowell, "The Science of Agriculture;" Professor Shepperd, "The Field of Agriculture;" Professor Wal-

dron, "The Influence of the Agricultural College on Other Educational Institutions of Higher Learning," and President Worst, "The Farmer of the Future." A general regret was expressed by the speakers that the term's work was soon over, but they hoped that the students would profit by the lessons learned during the term.

The program for the oratorical contest was as follows:

Music.
 Piano Trio—"Segindilla".....Holst
 Misses Nelson, Leininger and Natrass.
 Robert Emmet.....Miss Mary Darrow
 The Building Up of the West.....
Carl Hulberg

Music.
 Gustavus Adolphus.....Adolph Mikkelson
 The Panama Canal.....Robert Dolve
 The Race Problem.....Miss Sopha Thomas
 The Lincoln-Douglas Debates.....
Miss Neva Stephens

Music.
 Decision of Judges.
 The judges were:

Thought and Composition—Rev. H. G. Leonard, D. B. Holt and Mrs. R. M. Pollock.

Delivery—Edward Engerud, Rev. C. H. Dickinson and H. H. Heiner.

"So live that when thy summons comes
 to join
 The innumerable caravan which moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each
 shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not like the quarry slave at
 night,
 Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained
 and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy
 grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his
 couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant
 dreams."

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.