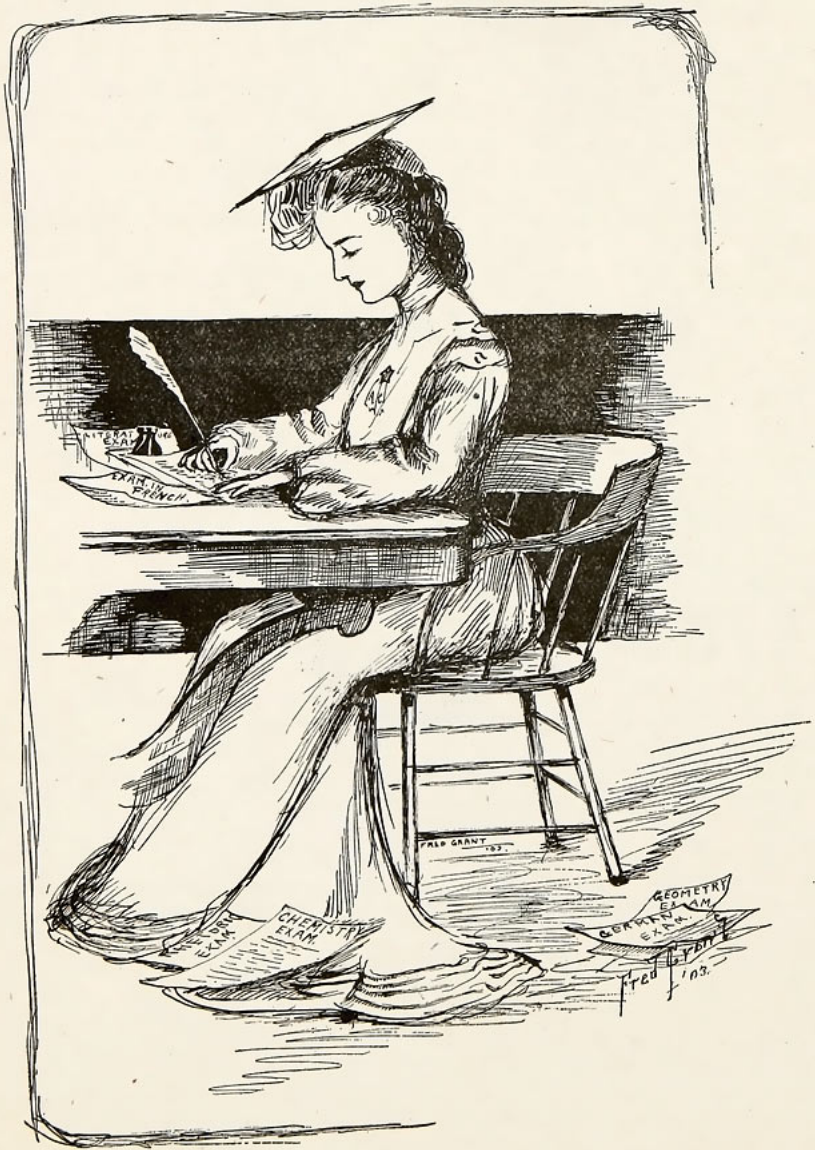


CHRISTMAS NUMBER.





Miss A. C. Is Getting Her Delightful Christmas Gifts Ready for the Students.

THE SPECTRUM.

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No. 3.

North Dakota as a Live Stock State.

(Read at the Annual Meeting of the American Federation of Students of Agriculture, Chicago, December 2, 1903.)

Probably few states in the Union are blessed with greater natural advantages, for general live stock raising, than North Dakota. Possessing a good location, as regards railroad facilities, and a salubrious climate, with thousands of acres of uninterrupted grazing and farm lands, and with a fertile soil that produces wonderfully nutritious grasses, she has vast possibilities before her as a great meat-producing state.

Up to the last few years the raising of live stock was confined principally to the ranching section of the state. The farmers raised wheat almost exclusively on their land, but now this is all changing. Our most progressive farmers are paying closer attention to the rotation of crops, and raising more sheep, cattle and hogs. This change, however, has been more marked in the Red River Valley and the adjacent counties than it has been further west. That great section of country west of the Missouri is devoted almost exclusively to ranching, and many portions of it will probably never be fit for anything else.

From the last biennial report, 1901-2, of the State Commissioner of Agriculture and Labor, I find that our state has 38,808 farms, 6,150 ranches and 20,150 combined farms and ranches, making a total of 11,801,405 acres, 7,253,262 acres being under cultivation. The stock on this great acreage number 1,187,503 head of

all kinds, or about one animal to every ten acres. Of this number, seventy-five per cent are found in the eastern quarter of the state alone. We have nearly doubled our production since 1892, and the yearly increase is rapidly growing. No other state in the Union has such an abundance of cheap, arable land as North Dakota, and this fact augurs well for the future of our live stock industry.

Concerning this future, it is estimated that there are over 30,000,000 acres of vacant land within the boundaries of our state. This land, as a rule, is covered with a good growth of nutritious grasses, and much of it is well able to support, on the average, fifty head of cattle per square mile. This would be thirteen acres to every animal, a very conservative estimate, but would mean an increase in live stock to our state of 2,350,000 animals. These figures clearly show that the live stock industry in North Dakota has plenty of room for expansion.

Up to the last few years it had been deemed impossible to finish our grass-fed stock at home, and the farmers in the corn states were reaping immense profits by buying it, and, after a few months' feeding of corn, marketing it at greatly enhanced prices. It is now gradually dawning on the North Dakota farmer that just as good corn can be raised in his own state as is grown farther east. The growing of this great cereal on our

farms is of practically recent date. Ten years ago very little corn was raised throughout the state, but in 1902 the production amounted to over a million and a half bushels, every county in the state contributing to this amount. This, however, does not take into account the large acreage grown for fodder.

Formerly, vast quantities of the "roughage" on our farms went to waste for the reason that it was too bulky to be placed on the market as a commodity. The production of live stock has opened the way for utilizing this waste. On many of our great farms sheep are used in getting rid of the surplus products, and the value of these animals, as a means of cleaning the fields of noxious weeds, is being widely recognized. The pure mountain-like atmosphere of North Dakota is well adapted to sheep, and the farmers are finding them a profitable adjunct to the system of grain farming.

One great branch in our livestock industry, and one which is increasing wonderfully every year, is the raising of hogs. In diversified agriculture cattle and hogs make a good combination to work with, and the "porkers" are filling a long felt want on the average North Dakota farm. Statistics show that the number of hogs in the state has more than trebled during the last decade. It is a significant fact that this yearly increase has kept pace with the increased production of corn, and it will be only

a matter of time before our corn-fed hog will be competing with the best on the Chicago market.

The large yearly increase in the acreage of cultivated grasses and coarse grains shows a growing tendency on the part of the farmers of the state, as a whole, to raise more live stock. With the increase in quantity has come a corresponding increase in quality. The stockmen are beginning to see that high-grade stock is much superior to the scrub, and during the past few years many thousands of dollars have been invested in pure-bred horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs. This is clearly a move in the right direction.

The future of the live stock industry in North Dakota looks bright and promising. At the present time she stands second to none in the production of the smaller cereals, while as a meat producer she bids fair soon to rival even the great corn states. When we take into consideration the fact that it is only fourteen years since she achieved statehood, her rapidity of growth along these lines has been phenomenal. She is no longer a place where red men, buffalo, and coyotes have their unrestrained liberty, but a state in which the educator, the grain grower, and the live stock man can find ample scope to put to practical use their knowledge of those things which tend to benefit the public at large.

OLIVER DYNES, '07.

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An Irish Wake.

One night I went unto an Irish wake,
 To see them mourn for poor old Paddy Flynn.
 I did not know how much there was at stake,
 Or I would surely not have entered in
 That place of death, where there was such a din.
 I had no more than gotten through the door,
 When whiz! I ducked a bottle of old gin.
 I made a run, but fell upon the floor.
 What's that? More wakes for me? Well, I should say no more. W. H.

Wordsworth's Attitude Toward Science.

Before considering our subject, let us, for a moment, glance at the position held by science at the opening of the nineteenth century, when the Lyrical Ballads were published. Scientific inquiry was then in its infancy. Of the many royal societies which now aid and advance all lines of scientific research, but one or two were then in existence. Whatever work, therefore, was carried on was purely individual. Steam, which has done so much for mankind, was but little known. The religious world looked askance at science, oblivious to the fact that they both were seeking the same treasure, "truth," without which religion, life and all creation is unable to rise to the heights possible. The general conception of the universe was that of a huge mechanism which a mighty Creator had produced, wound up for eternity, and sent spinning through the air, while he stood off, apart, and watched it turn. Much of this was changed during Wordsworth's life, and we find his utterances in regard to science reflecting, from time to time, a changing opinion.

The development of science in the nineteenth century is probably its greatest wonder. Wordsworth, in a measure, foresaw this development and felt its inherent danger. He feared that men would become so engrossed in the material world that in their attitude to spiritual things they would be as those who have eyes but see not. He could not believe that science afforded the only interpretation of nature; that there was "an absolute Nature which science and the land surveyor alone were competent to know."

Thus his fear was that men in studying the detail would neglect the contemplation of the whole, its beauty and symmetry. More of this is expressed in Wordsworth's long poem, "The Excursion," than in any other of his productions. He condemns unsparingly

"Ambitious souls, whom earth at this late season hath produced
To regulate the moving spheres, and weigh
The planets in the hollow of their hand,
And they who rather dive than scar
And asks 'if 'twas ever meant
That we should pry far off, yet be un-
raised,
That we should pore, and dwindle as we pore,
Viewing all objects unremittingly
In disconnection, dead and spiritless.'"

"The harmless wandering herbalist," so intent on seeking some rare plant that all the grandeur of nature is passed unseen is likened to a keen-nosed hound, while his fellow wanderer, the geologist, is traced by the scars of his pocket hammer.

Wordsworth realized another grave danger which resulted from the application of science to industrial life.

"From many-windowed fabrics huge,
Come summons to unceasing toil."

And as he sees the men, women and little children who are here offered a perpetual sacrifice "to gain the master idol of the realm," the poet bitterly denounces the outrage done to nature, the loss of man's birthright. Still, it is not his purpose to condemn the mighty marvels wrought by mechanical inventions, for he says:

"I exult to see
An intellectual mastery exercised
O'er the blind elements; a purpose given,
A perseverance fed, almost a soul
Imparted to brute matter, I rejoice,
Measuring the force of those gigantic powers
That by the thinking mind have been compelled
To serve the will of feeble-bodied man."

Perhaps all the more because he could see the pitfalls in the way, did Words-

worth realize the benefit of science properly used. A scientist could hardly be more accurate in fact, careful in detail, or correct in observation, than the poet himself. No incongruities appall us, when reading Wordsworth, in his descriptions of nature, or of the lives of the characters that he portrays. He knew the world would be wiser and even wealthier in the wealth that perishes not with the possessing, because of the labors of patient, diligent observers, who, in having depth of insight, make their observations of real worth; and he never dreamed of including such men as Newton among those he condemns. Indicative of his attitude is the following characterization:

“By science led,
His genius mounted to the plains of
Heaven.”

Had Wordsworth held the old idea of a God or a Creator outside of our world, the danger of losing oneself in scientific detail would not have seemed to him so great. But a central note—the idea of the imminence of God—is heard in all his poetry. This thought was entirely lacking in the classicists, although it is found occasionally during the transition period. A science, which failed to recognize the controlling spirit of the universe, was to Wordsworth incomplete. How strongly he felt the presence of this spirit in Nature is well expressed in the opening lines of Book IV. of “The Excursion”:

“To every form of being is assigned
An active principle, howe’er removed
From sense and observation, it subsists
In all things, in all nature; in the stars
Of azure heaven; the unending clouds,
In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone
That paves the brooks, the stationary
rocks,
The moving waters, and the invisible air,
Whate’er exists hath properties that
spread
Beyond itself, communicating good,
A simple blessing or with evil mixed,

Spirit that knows no insulated spot,
No chasm, no solitude; from link to link
It circulates, the Soul of all the Worlds.”

So also in the “Lines composed near
Tintern Abbey” he speaks of feeling

“A presence that disturbs me with the
joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused
Whose dwelling is the light of setting
suns
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of
man,
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all
thought
And rolls through all things.”

It was the disregard of this spirit, not scientific inquiry itself, that Wordsworth decried. He feared that minds would become so engrossed in petty details that the meaning and beauty of the universe would be ignored. The gist of the whole matter seems to be found in these lines:

“Happy is he who lives to understand,
Not human nature only, but explores
All natures, to the end that he may find
The law that governs each; that do as-
sign
To every class its station and its office,
Through all the mighty commonwealth of
things
Up from the creeping plant to sovereign
Man,
Such converse, if directed by a meek,
Sincere and humble spirit, teaches love;
For knowledge is delight; and such de-
light
Breeds love; yet, suited as it rather is
To thought and to the climbing intellect,
It teaches less to love than to adore.”

Only when this is realized, says Wordsworth,

Science shall be a precious visitant, and
then,

And only then, be worthy of her name. Dull and inanimate, no more shall hang
 For then her heart shall kindle, her dull Chained to its object in brute slavery."
 eye, M. E. H.

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The Free Mail Delivery.

The free mail delivery instituted by the United States government has proved to be one of the most potent factors in the building up of the rural communities. The daily mail has placed the farmer in more direct touch with the outside world, and given him an opportunity to follow events of interest whenever they take place.

Besides these benefits, which may be termed luxuries rather than necessities, there are the market reports which may benefit the farmer in a financial way. He will know the market price of his produce, and, as far as is shown by the papers, the probabilities of any change in the market. This means considerable to the farmer having thousands of bushels of grain for which he, naturally, wants the highest possible price.

Another no less important benefit is the saving of time and the economy in the use of driving horses. He saves not only the time required in going to town for his mail, but in many instances a letter sent

to some one living at a distance will do as well as if the farmer hitched up his team and spent half a day by going himself.

That the free delivery is a success is shown by the eagerness with which it is received throughout the country and the general satisfaction that it gives when once introduced.

The postal authorities are to be commended for the way in which they have taken hold of this matter. Although the system has been in operation but for a few years, it is marvelous to what an extent it has been developed. In spite of the fact that the western states are yet new and sparsely settled, and that the roads are anything but favorable to rural delivery, there is probably not a county but has one or more routes established in it. If the present rate of extension is followed, it will take but a few years until the system has reached every farmer in the Union.

C. G.

+++++

Incompletion.

My Life is but an inchoate mass of years,
 That darkling gropes its way through infinite space,
 Nor yet divines in what far time 'twill trace
 An orbit, or enroll itself with spheres.
 No beacon of predestined glory cheers,
 Nor hints the first faint glimmering of grace,
 The coming Paradisal dwelling place,
 Where Love, its new created lord, appears.
 Then spare me not wild igneous access,
 Nor glacial chrysalis needed to perfect;
 Wield earthquake flail, to winnowing blast subject;
 O'erbrood the welter with Thy consciousness:
 Thy veritable Dream I would reflect,
 God, Thou world-builder and star-architect.

G. E. HULT.

When Patty Went to College.

(A Book Review.)

"When Patty Went to College" is a jolly, naturally-told story of a faulty but lovable girl, whose cleverness and conversational skill enables her to clear her path in college of some difficulties. The story is interesting and very lifelike.

The story opens with a description of how Patty and her roommate, Priscilla, are arranging their room. The two girls are hanging curtains, oiling the floor and removing doors. Through Patty's cleverness, the reluctant Priscilla is persuaded to run all the errands, such as borrowing hammers, and the like.

Priscilla, with difficulty, succeeded in obtaining, for a few minutes, a hammer from Peters, a short, bow-legged gentleman, with a red Vandyke beard, whose technical title is janitor, but who is really "dictator," and of whom everyone is afraid. But the few minutes proved to be longer than Peters had planned on lending his hammer and he therefore decided to call for it.

Patty and Priscilla were busy hanging tapestry, when a knock suddenly interrupted the work. Patty, all unconscious of impending doom, cheerily called, "Come in." The door opened, and the figure of Peters appeared on the threshold, and Priscilla basely fled, leaving her roommate stranded.

"Are you the young lady who borrowed my hammer?"—Peters stopped and looked at the floor, and his jaw dropped in astonishment. "Where is that there carpet?" he demanded, in a tone which seemed to imply that he thought it was under the paint.

"It's out in the hall," said Patty, pleasantly. "Please be careful and don't step on the paint. It's a great improvement, don't you think?"

"You oughter got permission"—he began, but his eye fell on the tapestry and he stopped again.

"Yes," said Patty, "but we knew you couldn't spare a man just now to paint it for us, so we didn't like to bother you."

"It's against the rules to hang curtains on the walls."

"I have heard that it was," said Patty, affably, "and I think ordinarily it's a very good rule. But just look at the color of that wall paper. It's pea green. You have had enough experience with wall paper, Mr. Peters, to know that *that* is impossible, especially when our window curtains and portieres are red."

Peters merely grunted. He was examining a corner cabinet hanging on the wall. "Didn't you know," he asked, severely, "that it's against the rules to put nails in the plaster?"

"Those aren't nails," expostulated Patty. "They're hooks. I remember that you didn't like holes, so I only put in two, though I am really afraid that three are necessary. What do you think, Mr. Peters? Does it seem solid?"

Peters shook it. "It's solid enough," he said, sulkily. As he turned, his eye fell on the table in Priscilla's bedroom. "Is that a gas stove in there?" he demanded.

Patty shrugged her shoulders. "An apology for one—be careful, Mr. Peters! Don't get against that bookcase. It's just painted."

Peters jumped aside.

"There's something wrong with that stove; it won't burn a bit. I am afraid we didn't put it together just right. I shouldn't be surprised if you might be able to tell what's the matter with it, Mr. Peters." She smiled sweetly. "Men know such a lot about such things! Would you mind looking at it?"

Peters grunted again; but he approached the stove. In a short time he was

down on his knees, endeavoring to fix together the dismembered stove, scattered about him, saying that "since these things are up, they might as well stay up."

A bulletin posted upon the bulletin board a few days afterwards requested the pupils of the Old English class to be provided with writing materials for a test that afternoon. Patty read that bulletin and stopped with a groan, saying: "I think it's absolutely abominable to give an examination without a word of warning." The girls told Patty to cheer up; that she had two hours yet in which to review. But Patty wailed that she knew absolutely nothing—"not a blessed thing. I need two days instead of two hours." Patty, disheartened, trudged wearily home. Lost in meditation, Patty walked down the corridor past the door of the doctor's office. The door was standing invitingly open, so Patty walked in and dropped into an arm chair with a sigh. The doctor was very much surprised,

during the interview, to find Patty in such a feverish and ill condition. He advised her to go to the infirmary at once. But Patty explained that it would be impossible, as she had to take an examination, and besides she did not feel so terribly bad.

The doctor insisted, and promised to have Patty excused from her examination, if she would go to the infirmary and take a good rest.

Patty at last consented and was taken to the infirmary that afternoon. She managed to carry her Old English textbook with her, and when the nurse supposed she was asleep, Patty would draw from beneath her pillow her book. She spent her time in studying her English, and at the end of three days she had fully recovered and was taken home. The next day Patty went to her English teacher and took her test. She had reviewed the whole book and was fully prepared.

STELLA HAGGART, '07.

A Bashful Boy's Embarrassment.

One bright April morning, as a bashful young boy was saddling his pony to ride to the village school, which he attended, his sister came out to the barn and asked him to get a waist pattern for her at the village store. She told him the number and measure, and cautioned him not to forget it after school was out.

He repeated the number and measure over and over on his way to school. It seemed to prey upon his mind during the entire session of school, and at one of his recitations, when the teacher asked him for an answer to a problem, he blurted out the number of the pattern. This caused the children to laugh and make sport of the boy. The teacher also seemed amazed at this extraordinary answer and could not imagine what had come

over her usually bright pupil. After a few more such mix-ups and perplexing troubles, school closed for the week, as this was Friday.

This most confused boy made his way to the store to procure that horrid old pattern, which had caused him so much trouble already. A young lady clerk, with bewitching smiles, saw the boy idly standing down at the counter, approached him, and asked him if there was something he wished. The perplexed lad tried to speak, but his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth, owing to his decided bashfulness, and to the fact that he had forgotten the number. Finally he mustered up courage and told the clerk what he wanted, stammering out some kind of number. As soon as the clerk handed him the package, he stuffed the

detestable thing into his pocket and rode home.

When he reached home, he handed the package to his sister, who, on opening it, found the pattern to be the wrong number and measure. She scolded him soundly for this mistake and called him all sorts of stupid names.

The next morning our unfortunate boy was sent to town on some errands. Of course, the pattern had to be exchanged, and as he was going to town, it fell to him to do this bit of shopping, or rather exchanging.

On his arrival in town he went to the dry goods store at once, for fear he should forget the number, if he attended to his other errands first. The clerk who had waited on him the previous day stepped up to him and asked what she

could do for him. He explained the matter to her and she willingly offered to make the exchange. He had several bundles in his arms which he placed upon the counter. One of these packages contained the pattern. After vainly rummaging through several packages to find it, he picked up one bundle which he supposed contained the pattern. The smiling clerk thought she would help the lad out of his troubles and untied the bundle, expecting to find the much desired pattern, but greatly to her surprise and the bashful boy's embarrassment, they beheld about a dozen soiled collars.

Girls, if you have any patterns to buy, do not send your bashful brother for them, unless you have him make a memorandum of it.

GRACE LOFTHOUSE.

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The Chicago Stock Show.

A delegation of about forty enterprising students availed themselves of the opportunity to see the International Stock Show at Chicago. The delegation left Fargo on the evening of November 28, and returned on the evening of December 4.

They saw some of the purest and best bred stock the world has ever produced. Breeds of horses and cattle, but also sheep and hogs were exhibited.

During the greater portion of the day classes of two-year-olds, three-year-olds, etc., of the different breeds were judged and awarded prizes. The placing of the animals was watched with great interest, and when a splendid animal carried off the blue ribbon, much enthusiasm was manifested.

The evening, however, was devoted to the showing of horses and cattle. These evening exhibitions were probably the best features of the Stock Show. The six-horse teams that were driven by one man as easily as an ordinary teamster would drive one team was one of the best attractions.

Interest in the International Stock Show is steadily increasing. The A. C. delegation this year was twice as large as that of last year.

Its members feel much indebted to Prof. Shepperd and Mr. Clayton Worst for their untiring efforts to make the visit not only a profitable, but also a pleasureable one. Their efforts were to some extent rewarded, as they were made the recipients of a handsome charm and fob.

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Considerable speculation was indulged in at the basket social. Ham. Green came within "one" of winning a quarter.

Seniors, buy your "Sweet William" tablets at the A. C. book store. They are sold by the "undignified Juniors."

Our Exchange Table.

We have received *The Student*, U. N. D., for November. The paper as a whole is very good. The local editor, in particular, is to be commended for his work. There are six full pages of locals, nearly all of which are interesting.

The October number of the *Arena* contains a picture of the North Dakota Y. M. C. A. delegates to Lake Geneva, Wis. We are glad to say that two of the six persons, representing four institutions, are from the Y. M. C. A. of this college.

The *University of Arizona Monthly* contains a fine tribute to Captain William O'Neill, captain of the Arizona "Rough Riders," who was killed in the charge up San Juan hill. The writer seems to have been personally acquainted with O'Neill, as he writes intimately of his life in the wilds of Arizona, his daring and courage in times of danger, and his love and tenderness toward those with whom he came in contact.

"Northern Lights as Observed in Alberta," in *The Comenian*, is a very interesting article. It brings out the fact that the sun spots and the northern lights bear some relation to each other. The writer states that during the month of October peculiar spots were visible on the sun, and during the same month the northern lights were exceptionally bright, while, for several years prior to that time, the lights were not very noticeable.

A new exchange which has reached our table is *The Columbiad*, Oregon. Its entire appearance is neat, and shows care on the part of the business manager. Some of the articles in the literary department, however, are not as well written as they might have been. A case in point is "The Growth of Our Navy," the

writer of which is not consistent. The first paragraph gives a brief description of Puget Sound navy yards and the rest of the article is devoted to the battleship "Oregon." The only way in which these paragraphs relate to the subject is by comparing the dimensions of the "Oregon" with those of the "Washington," now under construction. "After This Exile" and "At the Close" are two short poems in this issue. Both are very commendable. By glancing through the athletic notes we find that "The Cronans," formerly of the A. C., take active part in that line of work. We should think, therefore, that athletics flourish in Oregon.

The *Tennessee U. Magazine* is one of our best exchanges. The literary articles are such that, in reading them, one forgets that the magazine is only edited by the students. In the November issue there are four well written poems—the one entitled "Autumn Woods" is perhaps the best. "Some Impressions of the Philippines" is especially good. One fact in particular which attracted our attention was, that when the gong, which sounds each hour from the Santa Cruz cathedral, was heard every Filipino took off his "sombbrero" and remained silent until the gong ceased, whereupon the bustle and rush of the city began again. The rest of the paper, and especially the exchange department, is in keeping with the literary articles.

Senior—"Why does a man's hair become gray before his mustache?"

Fresh—"Dunno."

Senior—"Because it's twenty-one years older."—*Ex.*

Man is like a kerosene lamp;
He isn't especially bright;
He is often turned down; usually smokes,
And frequently goes out at night.

—*Ex.*

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{ Mary Hill... Secretary

Editorial.

THE SPECTRUM is in need of stories. In the hope that a number of students will put forth their best efforts in the construction of short stories and at the same time help out THE SPECTRUM, the Business Manager and Editor have decided to offer two prizes, one for each of the two best original stories which shall be written and handed in before February 15 of next year. The nature of these prizes has not been definitely decided on, but they will probably consist of some books valuable to students. Competent judges will be selected to look over the papers of the contestants. We hope the students will avail themselves of this opportunity to help out THE SPECTRUM and try for the prize as well.

Further details of the contest will be given in the January number of THE SPECTRUM. This preliminary announcement is made so that students intending to compete may utilize a part of their Christmas vacation in planning such stories as they wish to offer.

What is success? Victor Hugo has called it "a hideous thing." Had Minnesota failed to cross Michigan's goal line in the last few seconds of that great

football battle, would Minnesota have been proclaimed defeated?

There is a powerful public sentiment that has put a new and strange meaning into that word success. Succeed! Win at any cost! Consider not whether fair means or foul be employed, so long as the effort have the semblance of success. This is the sentiment that we so often see exemplified in the present day system of competition. In the words of Victor Hugo: "Win in the lottery, and behold! you are a clever man. He who triumphs is venerated. Let a notary transform himself into a deputy; let a military Prudhomme accidentally win the battle of an epoch; let an apothecary invent cardboard shoe-soles for an army and out of this construct a fortune, and, lo! men hail such a one as a genius."

In this matter of winning in things we thus see how powerful is public sentiment.

Yet somehow we can't see the value of success unfairly gained. What satisfaction is there in it? Can we really feel that it is our possession?

In olden days men often took what did not belong to them. Possibly this was excusable. But in our day we like to believe that we have outgrown that sort of thing.

Gaudy colors, as is well known, highly please some people. So the show of merit often goes for the real thing. Yet the world is faster learning to search out and value true worth. We are learning that it is more noble to excel ourselves than to "break our necks" excelling some one else.

THE NEED OF A GIRLS' GYMNASIUM AT THE A. C.

Since the authorities of the Agricultural College have made it compulsory for the girls of the college to take physical culture, the plea for a girls' gymnasium is stronger than ever. It is almost utterly impossible for the girls to take gymnasium work the way things are arranged now.

In the first place, they can only have the use of the boys' gymnasium once a week, and then there are no dressing-rooms, no places for the girls to put their suits after their gymnasium work is over. Secondly, if they expect to play basket-ball, they must have the use of the gymnasium much more often, as early and constant practice is all that will make a winning team. But the only time for them to practice is from half-past twelve until half-past one. In doing this the girls must eat cold lunches; whereas, if they had a gymnasium of their own, they could practice

after their afternoon work at the college, which would be very much more convenient for them.

There are, however, other things of greater importance to the girls than mere convenience. As all physical directors know, it is very injurious to one's health to go into the open air without a change of clothing, at least. With the present accommodations this is out of the question for the college girls. They are, instead, obliged to go at once to their classes from the gymnasium.

As to the value of gymnasium work, and athletics in general, our President has said that they are one of the best means that there is of advertising an institution. Since this is the case, is it any more than right that the girls of this institution should have a place where they may practice basket-ball, the only line of athletics in which they may engage?

E. R.

The A. A. A. C. E. S.

The Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations met in Washington, D. C., on the 17th of November and continued in session for three days. President Worst went as a delegate to represent the college and Professor Shepperd to represent the station. The purpose of the association is to outline and harmonize, as far as possible, the educational and experimental work of the different states. The soil and climatic conditions of the several states are so varied, however, that experiment station work can be only harmonized on general lines. Each state has its own peculiar cultivation problems to solve, or insect or other plant enemies to suppress.

The department of agriculture works independently of the experiment stations, and plans for co-operation have to be arranged so that duplication of work may be avoided.

The department of agriculture pays particular attention to contagious diseases of livestock and to the depredations of injurious insects, such as scale, cotton boll weevil, etc., and has in its employment a large number of scientists

specially educated for the different lines of work embraced in agriculture. This department also pays particular attention to the introduction of promising grasses, grains, and fruits found in other countries, or that are rendered hardier and more productive by a system of selection or plant breeding by the local experiment stations.

Enormous as are our annual exports, yet more than 65 per cent of the total is produced on the farms of the country. Agriculture is the most important branch of industry in the United States, the products of the farm being greater than all other industries combined. It is little wonder, therefore, that the general government fosters an industry of such vast importance to the nation, and one that is still susceptible of so much improvement.

Every agricultural college and every experiment station in the United States is entitled to one delegate each in these association meetings.

President Worst was elected vice-president for the second time within three years, and Professor Shepperd was elected to the committee on program for the experiment station section.

Musical Department.

The work of the department continues to enlarge. New members join the Cadet Band, more students are taking private vocal lessons of Dr. Putnam, piano lessons of Miss Carter, violin and mandolin lessons of Mr. Nerhaugen.

The Cadet Band turned out twenty-nine pieces at the Company B Armory, down town, Thanksgiving afternoon to play for the basket-ball game. In this connection it might be stated that the

band deserves great credit for the cheerful way its members have complied with the request of the football management for music at the football games this year. At great personal inconvenience the members of the band have turned out to advertise the games and have been of material aid in swelling the gate receipts.

Dr. Putnam's recent productions include an overture for band, and an ar-

rangement of the famous "sextet" from "Lucia di Lammar Moor," for two cornets, alto, two trombones and baritone. He is now writing another march, "The A. C. Champions," which will be dedicated to the A. C. football team of 1903.

Walter Allen, from Brainerd, Minn., who has entered the college to take the mechanical course, has joined the band. He is a fine trombone player of several years' experience, and a tenor singer, whose voice will greatly aid the chorus.

Ross Babcock is learning to play the clarinet and R. Mainwaring the trombone. Both are making rapid progress.

Dr. Putnam has decided to produce the comic opera, "Pinafore," by Sir Arthur

Sullivan, during the short winter course. Last year much enjoyment and considerable benefit was derived from the opera, "Priscilla," and there have been numerous requests for the production of another light opera. "Pinafore" is probably Sullivan's best opera. The production will be given with full costumes, scenery and orchestra. The work of selecting and training the chorus and principals will be taken up at once. Students wishing to join the chorus should make application to Dr. Putnam as soon as possible. A trip to several adjoining cities may be arranged again this year.

Albert M. Anderson, of Mayville, who has played clarinet in the Mayville band, has become a member of the reed section of the A. C. band.

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The Post-Season Game.

As I was passing the College Armory the other day at noon, my attention was attracted by loud and merry shouts of girlish laughter. I was always very inquisitive, and, of course, could not resist the temptation of investigating the cause of this merry-making. I ventured stealthily in, unobserved by the girls, walked to a remote corner of the room, and to my surprise, what should meet my gaze, but about a dozen fair college damsels engaged in a strenuous game of football! However, they played the game with a basket-ball. The game was played with five on a side, and each player assumed the manner of the various first team players. This game was quite unlike the games played on the Broadway gridiron, as there was no "orating" nor wrangling. They did also their own rooting.

The would-be "Porter" found a piece of "Birch" bark on the floor, which was used for a nose-guard. "Little Willie Wicks" forgot to remove the glasses and

consequently they had a narrow escape from getting the "Worst" of it in the touchdowns. "Wambem" showed up very well for the first day on the team. Afraid of being recognized by some of the girls, "White" wore a black wig. "Spelliscy" played an excellent game, and as a result was given a shower of "Rice." "Westy" made a good showing, and "Sen-o—" sent the ball down the line for a twenty-yard gain. "Oshwold" made several good gains and a touchdown during the first fifteen minutes of the game. "Captain Rose" was right in the game, until he had to be taken off the field with a sprained ankle. At this sad state of affairs a "Haggard" look overspread his countenance. Schmidt assumed the "Lofty" air of an old-timer and won a large share of the girls' admiration. And, last, but not least, "Corbett," at quarter-back, looked his best in a very "Dracsy" suit, and put up splendid play throughout the game.

Athletic Department.

On Tuesday, November 10, the N. D. A. C. football team won the championship game played between them and the South Dakota University by a score of 22 to 0.

The game was one of the most exciting of the season. The South Dakotans had the advantage over the home team, as far as weight was concerned, being about ten pounds heavier per man.

One touchdown was all that the home team were able to make in the first half, although they made a desperate effort to increase the score.

It seemed as though their opponents were going to even things up, when they took their turn at rushing the pigskin, but the desperate resistance of the locals held them on the 15-yard line. The half ended with the ball in the possession of the A. C. on their own 35-yard line.

The North Dakota kicked to S. D. U., who were soon forced to punt. It seemed as though the locals were wearing their opponents out, as they steadily pushed the ball up the field for a touchdown. Goal was kicked. Score, 11-0.

After being held for downs on the 40-yard line, Rose made the next score by drop-kicking the ball squarely over the goal. Score, 16-0.

S. D. U. kicked to A. C. and then, by a magnificent series of line bucks, end runs and all sorts of things, the N. D. carried the ball up the full length of the field for the last touchdown. Goal kicked. Score, 22-0.

The last football game of the season was played on Tuesday, the seventeenth of November, between the Flandreau Indians of South Dakota and the A. C. Although the weather was bad, a fairly good crowd turned out. The game was called at 2:30. Twenty-five and thirty-minute halves were played.

When the mathematicians compared notes after the game, the majority of them had the score figured out as some 105 in favor of the A. C.

Even though they were a trifle out-classed, the "more or less noble red men" braced up at times and held the Aggies. There was one period of almost eight minutes in which the locals did not score.

It's all right to talk about the college spirit shown by the football players when playing in such cold weather, but those who harp on the subject will please keep still in the presence of the band boys, who played their instruments until they froze up, in order to do a little advertising for the games.

The football game pulled off between the faculty and the first team resulted in a victory for the latter by the score of 10 to 6. What about that invincible first team, that sacred goal line?

Norton, Parrott, Cochems and Tommy F. Manns were the bright and shining stars on the faculty.

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On Wednesday, November 25, the Pharmacy class, including the professor, were seen watching a colony of rats working in a bank at the back of Francis Hall, near Dr. Van Es's menagerie. The little animals were working so industriously, lugging home grass into their holes in the bank, that the prospective druggists thought surely that some mem-

ber of the rat family must be ill. One sympathetic medicine man was proceeding to find out, but when he had climbed through the window the thoughtful professor, scratching his head where the hair ought to grow, said, "Say, Erb, I guess those rats are getting ready to have a Thanksgiving dinner tomorrow, and you better come with us to class."

Local Happenings.

Miss Canniff has lately shown a great interest in birds.

Miss Neva Stevens spent Thanksgiving with friends at Buffalo.

Miss Anna Stapleton, '03, attended the basket social given by the Seniors.

Isn't it strange that Mr. Worst's coat is so often covered with white cat hair?

Miss Rice says that she would rather be a "cook" than anything else in this world.

Miss Kirk, after quite a siege of illness, is again able to resume her studies at college.

The Philos held a special meeting in the chapel on the 4th, to discuss some business affairs.

One of the girls says that Westergaard received an excellent picture of his "sister" (?) the other day.

Mr. Browne, who has been sick for some time, is back. Everyone is glad to see that smile of his again.

The Seniors will not soon forget the pleasant "at home" given them November 24th by Miss Mary Darrow.

Word is received from Tom Jensen that he will not be back at college this year, but will winter in Nome, Alaska.

It is rumored that one of our staid Freshmen has reached the poetry stage. Better read Miss Fairfax's advice to the Jovelorn.

Professor Bolley and wife have finally started for home. By this time they are probably enjoying all the pleasures con-

nected with mid-ocean. Everyone, eager to see the professor and to converse with him, is anxiously awaiting his return.

We wonder why Rose disappeared around the opera house corner so suddenly a few days ago, and why he joined the Library Club?

Fudge and Loydie are two coming artists. Portraits are their specialty. For catalogue and full description inquire at the book store.

Fancy stationery with the A. C. monogram in green and yellow makes a very nice Xmas present for the girls. They have it at the A. C. book store.

William Wicks went down to see the Minnesota-Wisconsin game. He says that he believes the A. C. know more football than either one of them, and Wee Willie is a good judge when it comes to football.

Bert Corbett, the quarter on our football team, fled on a claim near Minot. It seems, instead of being a quarter-back, he is now a quarter ahead. It must be getting serious with Bert.

It is understood that Mr. Bagley is enjoying his trip through Minnesota. He says he has given up his proposed trip to Washington, as he cannot spare that much time away from his business affairs.

The last meeting of the Edith Hill Girls' Club, November 23, was especially well attended and marked by several pleasing features. Besides other business brought before the house, was the adoption of a new constitution—the old one being, unfortunately, lost. Miss Corwin then gave a very appropriate and appreciative talk on "The Life of a College Girl." After dainty refreshments

had been served, the club adjourned, to meet again in two weeks.

Miss Bowers says that she has always wished that she might sometime live on a claim.

Ross Martin, a former student, paid the college a visit November 17th. Mr. Martin started a ranch in McHenry county some time ago and thus far his venture has proved very successful.

Mr. Norton experienced recently a somewhat dangerous explosion in the chemical laboratory while working too near the fire with some organic substances. He was fortunate in escaping with only a few cuts on his hand.

Bert Haskins, one of our former athletes, with his father and brother, came down to see the game between the Indians and the Aggies. Bert, favorably impressed, decided to stay with us the remainder of the college year.

The students wore a broad smile when President Worst, after a long absence, stepped out on the platform Monday, November 30, and gave in his usual eloquent and pleasing manner "a fatherly talk," as he called it, to the student body.

Mr. Corbett bears on his countenance of late an expression of revenge. Bert says that at the football banquet he was given a quit-claim deed on the subject, "The Art of Pearl Fishing," and that no one, not even a member of the faculty, has a right to wrest it from him.

Mr. John Weaver might well be set up before the rest of the student body as an excellent type of an energetic and economical student. After completing his hard day's work at college, he takes up at night, as a side issue, the art of "smithing." John, toiling unceasingly night after night, until sometimes past

midnight, and for the sake of economy oftentimes saving the midnight oil, hopes soon to have his profession well in hand.

Some of the A. C. aggregation were at Mrs. Allyn's entertainment, given on the 5th. Dancing was engaged in after the entertainment, and all reported a good time.

J. T. W., after church,
Going down to meet her.
Train is late,
Three hours' wait.
After twelve—naughty boy!
To stay so late to greet her.

The freshmen class may well be proud of Oliver Dynes, who by his excellent preparation of a paper entitled "North Dakota as a Livestock State" received the honor of representing our college at the next annual meeting of the Federation of Students of Agricultural Colleges.

On one of our Mondays not long ago the "Shadows," in hideous and terrifying costumes, gathered at the home of Mr. White and were most loyally entertained. A. C. football songs were sung during the evening and at 10 o'clock the "Shadows" marched to the dining-room to the tune of "The A. C. Eleven Comes Marching," and several other appropriate songs.

Convocation on Monday, November 23, fully satisfied the high expectations of the student body. Dr. Batt's talk on his experience with societies and paper work at the Berlin and Chicago universities proved very applicable and highly instructive. He said that the German students all felt that they received fully as much instruction, if not more, during the discussions at their clubs, as they did in the classroom. And since these societies proved so beneficial to the students in Germany, he saw no reason why

the societies right here at college might not be of great benefit to the students. He therefore urged the students to join one of the societies and put their best efforts into the work. The students would find it in time a very pleasant task to write the papers for their society. He also told of his experience on a college paper. His fate was little different from that which usually befalls such an editor. He therefore urged the students to help the editorial board by contributing to THE SPECTRUM. We are all very much indebted to Dr. Batt for his good talk, that came home to each one of us and caused many to decide right there and then to "turn over a new leaf."

The Agricultural College Y. M. C. A. gave a pleasing entertainment and social in Francis Hall on Thursday evening, November 26. There were over thirty boys present. The fore part of the evening was spent in playing progressive dominoes, authors, and a new game, "pit," or "board of trade." After time was called the first prize, a 1903 football picture, was awarded to Mr. H. Stewart, and the "booby" prize to Mr. H. L. Brown. Then apples and nuts were served, and songs, accompanied by Mr. H. Westergaard's trombone, were sung till 12 o'clock.

A Thanksgiving social and entertainment ought to be made an annual affair, so that students, when their college days are over, could look back and remember faces which might otherwise be forgotten. Then they might say:

"Toiling mid scenes of sadness and strife,
The A. C. school days are the stay of my life."

Monday, November 16, Rev. Mr. Day gave a most interesting and helpful talk to the students on "A Phase of Education." He pointed out in a clear and concise manner how outside of his relations to God and to his personal government, man's first thought is of edu-

cation. Education touches the whole man and effects the entire field of his activity. It is to make men and women. We cannot ignore the development of the physical man because the body is the habitation and tool of the soul—the intellect is its most apt servant. The physical and intellectual exist because of the soul and for the soul, and are therefore inferior to it. If we improve the servants (the intellect and body) it will give the master (morals) more power to achieve their ends. Education is an attempt to make our lives in harmony with God's will—to make our thoughts his thoughts. The talk appealed to each member present and the student body hopes to be able to listen to Rev. Mr. Day again soon.

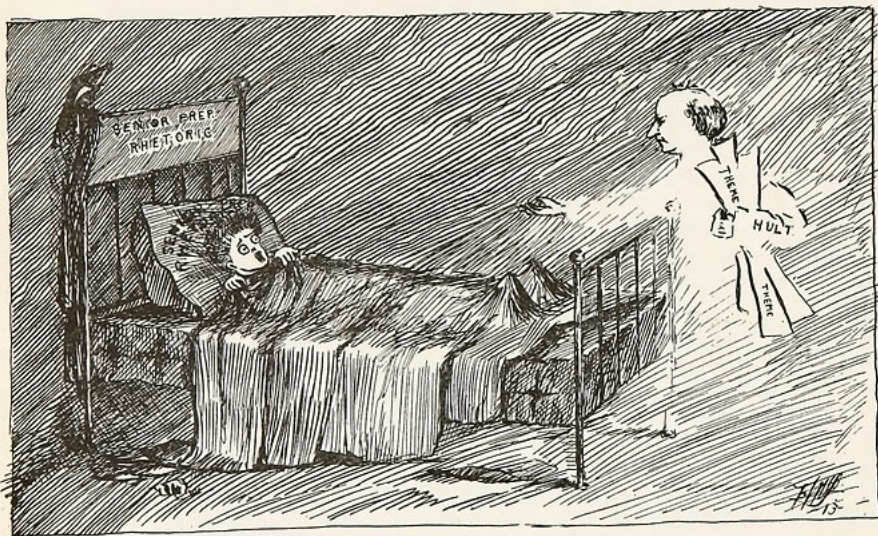
After a long and lively discussion, the girls have finally organized an athletic association of their own. They decided that since they proved so successful at the art of making money, they might be equally successful at the art of spending it. Miss Stella Haggart was elected president of the association, Miss Ueland, secretary, and Miss Reid, business manager pro tem.

The following maiden effort of the Freshmen Rhetoric class is submitted, with due apologies to Spenser:

THANKSGIVING.

When sunny days of summer are no more,
And autumn comes with frosty, chilly air;
When farmers gather in their bounteous store
Of golden grain and yellow pumpkins fair;
And when the turkey gobbler never dare
To strut again so proudly 'round the door,
In deadly fear, lest he no more shall wear
His gaudy head where it had been before,
Thanksgiving time again is here, with joys galore.

THURSDAY NIGHT.



The One With an Unfinished Theme Has a Nightmare.

A FABLE.

The Mountain and the Squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little
Prig."
Bun replied:
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year,
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A PARODY.

The Engine and the Hairpin
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter, "Fool-
ish Thing."
The pin replied:
"You can pull a train and bring
Granite from the mountain side;
You can make a noise like thunder,
But you're not the only wonder
Man has made.
You can puff and climb a grade,
But you cannot, I'm afraid,
Button up a woman's shoe.
If I'm not as strong as you,
You cannot be bent the way
I'm twisted. You may slay
Fifty people at a crack,
You can toss bulls from the track;
You are mighty, I admit it, but in truth,
You can't pick a woman's tooth,
And, again,
If I cannot frighten colts, you've never
brought
Relief to any pretty lady when
Her corset strings were tangled in a
knot."

S. E. KISER.