

# The Spectrum.

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## TROUBLE-PROOF

*By Edwin L. Sabin*

NEVER rains where Jim is—  
People kickin', whinin';  
He goes round insistin',—  
"Sun is *almost* shinin'!"

Never's hot where Jim is—  
When the town is sweatin';  
He jes' sets and answers,—  
"Well, I ain't a-frettin'!"

Never's cold where Jim is—  
None of *us* misdoubt it,  
Seein' we're nigh frozen!  
He "ain't *thought* about it"!

Things that rile up others  
Never seem to strike him!  
"Trouble-proof," I call it,—  
Wisht that I was like him!"

## WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

A stranger viewing the length of an unknown avenue at night finds that he can estimate its distance only by means of the lights along the way. And we, who live in this century and look back into the darkness of past ages, must also measure this world's progress by the beacon lights along the way. With each advance of civilization a new light shines out. Alexander, Napoleon, Caesar, Richelieu, Bismarck,—these all are lights along the highway of progress, and furnish, as it were, the means of measurement in estimating the advance which thus far the world can show.

Among these Beacon Lights of History burns the fame of William Ewart Gladstone. The commanding nobility of his character, the greatness of his work, marks an epoch in the History of England. His virtues were such as to place him side by side with the purest man in History—our Washington; his work—it was a work, the glorious completeness of which, we cannot as yet fully comprehend. Other men have had equally keen and far-seeing intellects; but few, the moral courage, the nobleness, the rugged, yet sensitive nature that Gladstone had in such a marked degree. Gladstone's intellect, to be sure, was unquestionably superior to those surrounding him; yet it is not the mental power, but the noble character of the man before which the world has bowed. To be a financier and statesman is one thing; to be a Christian financier and a Christian statesman is another.

As a young man Gladstone realized that the world would expect great things of him, and so he prepared from the beginning to do his utmost. Thus it is said that, while at Eaton, Gladstone earned a "certain amount of unpopularity by his persistence in regarding ser-

ious study as a part of his business and duty." Leaving Eaton, Gladstone entered Oxford in 1828. There his strenuous study of mathematics paved the way for his marvelous use of figures later in life; and there, too, in a debating society he developed that acuteness in logical thought which in later days so surprised and bewildered his parliamentary opponents. Of the student, as of the man, it is true that he never undertook anything in which he did not have at least partial, if not complete success.

An aristocrat by birth, wealthy, finely educated and with influential connections, Gladstone—(after his school-days were ended)—entered parliament and championed the cause of the working people. Seeing their need, he made it his one great ambition to supply that need. Gladstone decided every question with care and caution, but when once he had chosen his course, no threats, no danger, no influence that friends might bring to bear, could turn him. Difficulties seemed rather to serve as a stimulus for his activity. His courage rose with every danger. In great crises his amazing will power kept him tranquil and composed. A co-worker with Gladstone at the time of a great European crisis said of him, "All the world was shaken, but not the intellect of Gladstone." What wonder, then, that the working people trusted him, even though they could not always understand him.

But Gladstone's influence was not confined to British subjects alone, for his first great work of philanthropy was for Italy. His discovery, during his travels through that country, of the condition of its prisons, and his profound indignation because of what he saw, caused him to write such words as burned their

way into the very heart of all Europe. Italian statesmen, patriots, highly intelligent citizens, for small reason or no reason at all, were buried alive, in prison cells creeping with vermin. A dog could not live amid such conditions as here were forced upon men. By his attack upon these conditions, Gladstone roused all Europe. Every word of his Neapolitan letters burned at white heat and the reform that swept the prison cells of Italy clean, roused up a mighty host of freed men to praise the name of Gladstone.

However great the service thus performed for Italy, it was but a prelude to those mighty reforms and beneficent deeds which Gladstone was to achieve both at home and abroad. Regardless of public opinion, of favor and disfavor, Gladstone obeyed his conscience, and wherever reform was needed, there he bent his energies upon reform. He was the inspirer and guider of Robert Peel who brought about the change in finance, establishing free trade. Had the principles of Gladstone been followed in regard to the Crimean war, the world would not have been shocked by the terrible massacres of the Armenians. His sense of justice satisfied the unconquerable and resolute desire of the Ionians to be united with Greece, their motherland. Americans may well pause and think of the debt they owe Gladstone, for it was through his intervention that the Alabama claims, regardless of the loss to England, were adjusted fairly. By the removal of the duty on paper he made a sweeping change toward national education—a change which resulted in the rise and development of newspapers, carrying to every humble home in the land their educational influences. With tireless energy he worked to obtain for this lowly class the right of Universal Suffrage. Defeated, he said: "Time is on our side—you cannot fight against the future." Only six months

elapsed before the bill was passed. Gladstone's rival, Disraeli, finally passed it, but Gladstone had prepared the way for this noble consummation.

It is, however, as champion of the Irish cause that Gladstone showed the noblest qualities of leadership. He perceived in a true sense the darkened, rebellious heart of poverty-stricken Ireland. English landlords had found pleasure and great profit in grinding Irish freemen down. We of America would be appalled should any government attempt to use our hard-earned money to support churches and men whose creeds were utterly rejected by us; a cry would go up over the land were any government to command us to believe this or that religion before we might enter the higher institutions of learning; we of America would go down fighting into our graves, one by one, men, women and children, before we would allow a government to place landlords over us: landlords, with power to take to themselves all the gains of our labor and leave us only enough to drag out a miserable existence. And yet, all this England in her blindness and selfish greed, had done, and all this, had believed she had a right to do. Had it not been for Gladstone's magnificent courage, who can tell how many more black pages might have been added to England's history; who can tell how much more crimson blood might have moistened Ireland's soil? But under Gladstone's leadership the Irish church ceased to be supported by the state and became a free Episcopal church; and under his leadership the land tenure system was reformed by placing the control of land rentals in the hands of the state—thus enabling the poor serf to at least a small portion of the fruits of his own labor. Gladstone failed in his attempt to give Ireland a state university, free to all, regardless of religious belief. Gladstone failed to bring about his home rule pol-

icy for Ireland. Biased England did not believe in a representative system of government for that country; she thought it would destroy rather than preserve imperial unity; she apparently had not learned the lesson of the American war and of the Rebellion of Canada. But Gladstone, altho' he partially failed in this greatest effort of his life, had, nevertheless, put Irish affairs on a basis where Time could complete the reform. When today from across the waters comes the reliable report that in less than five years an Irish parliament will be in session, and that Great Britain is at last ready to exchange for Irish friendship the property she once wrested from her weaker neighbor; when the near future holds such promise for Ireland, can it be said that Gladstone really failed? In the day of his great struggle he might have said with Mazzini: "I see the people pass before my eyes in the livery of wretchedness and political subjection \* \* \* But I lift myself to the vision of the future and behold the people rising in its majesty, brothers in one faith, one bond of equality and love, one ideal of citizen virtue that ever grows in beauty and might, the people of the future unspoiled by luxury, ungoaded by wretchedness, armed by consciousness of its rights and duties. And in that future I am glorying." Gladstone is gone, but that future of which he dreamed and for which he spent his life's strength—that future is almost here!

In dealing with these great issues, both at home and abroad, there were, of course, many notable men associated with Gladstone. Among those gathered about him were Cobden, the corn law agitator, remarkable for the sweetness and simplicity of his disposition; John Bright, the Quaker orator, and O'Connell, who has been called "God's anointed king, whose words melt all wills into his." There, too, was Disraeli,

Gladstone's parliamentary opponent, a man noted for having an iron will. But Gladstone, the "Great Commoner," is not to be named in the category with these men. His was a mind of such versatility as to be the admiration of even his enemies. Scarcely a question in politics, reform, letters, religion, archaeology, sociology in which he has not displayed his mental power. How seldom do we find one whose mind is so flexible and so well balanced! Gladstone was a beacon who threw his light, not toward one shore, but far out toward every shore.

This unusual mind of Gladstone's places him almost alone in the nineteenth century as its greatest statesman. Of equals he perhaps had only one, and that one was Prince Bismarck of Germany. Prince Bismarck has been defined as "the great unique man who never wearied, never lost courage and feared no one but God." With equal truth this may be said of Gladstone; but it is to be remembered that Bismarck was unscrupulous, ruthless and merciless, while Gladstone, the Christian gentleman, was honest, forbearing and magnanimous. Foes and friends were united in their homage to the great soul and highmindedness of this man. The equal of Bismarck in the force and power of his intellect, Gladstone, because of his incorruptible integrity and lofty ideals, has exerted and still exerts a vast personal influence such as the iron chancellor of Germany never knew.

These gentler qualities of Gladstone's character were never more apparent than during the last painful days of his life. After such a career of activity as was his, he bore suffering with the greatest patience and fortitude. As he lay at Harwarden, and the cancer slowly sapped his life away, he could look back over his whole past and feel that while he had failed in some things, yet he had done not a little to elevate and bless

the world. Kind and courteous ever, fearing God and loving man, he had used all his strength as an orator and writer, as a philanthropist, a financier and a statesman for the uplifting of humanity. "Gladstone," says the greatest living historian of England, "had been like a sun which, sinking slowly, had grown larger as he sank, and filled

the sky with radiance even when he trembled on the verge of the horizon. There were men of ability and men of renown, but there was no one comparable to him in fame and power and honor. When he departed on Ascension Day 1898 the light seemed to have died out of the sky."

NEVA STEPHENS.

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## THE SENIOR'S SOLILOQUY.

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(Time: June 1st; scene: a Senior's lodgings with books and manuscripts thrown promiscuously about. A tennis racket and a football on the wall. At the table Monsieur Senior with a towel about his head; before him an open book with a green and yellow ribbon for a bookmark.)

"O, ye gods, how weary I am. What, with Senior dinners, Senior receptions, and tennis matches I am reduced to a groaning skelton. The day draws apace, when arrayed in cap and gown and sepulchral mien the Seniors shall stand forth to receive the sheepskin with their exalted letters, B. S. What do they stand for? Seems it not to you that when the commencement speaker has enumerated all your virtues and dwelt on the great and glorious deeds of your college years; when the good old president has presented you with that precious document; when the congratulating voices and friends and relatives have sounded in your ears—seems it not then to you as if those virtuous letters echoed as a final benediction, 'Begone, Sinners, thank goodness, we are rid of your worthless carcasses.' But nine days more and then the fatal day dawns. Well may I say with Shakespeare: 'If 'twere done when 'tis done, then 'twere well, but in those nine days wait what things

may happen, ere I have shuffled off the uncertain examinations. Avaunt thou foul and grinning fiend, Psychology'—hurls the book off in a corner—that would portray the inward state of mind when I have that within that passeth understanding. Hath not a Senior spirit? Hath not a Senior sensibilities, but thou must mock me even to my face with my imperfections. Ah, James, Professor James! Thou writest Psychology even as a novel. But couldst thou portray my inmost state of mind, my doubts, my fears, my ignorance, my slothfulness, ah, thine would be a novel Psychology.

"Now for a whole year have I strutted and lorded it over the petty lower classmen and my crown begins to feel shaky on my head. 'Twas only last week that I bade one of them fetch my tennis racket and my books, and he replied, 'Go to, thou lazy brute.' Ah, you dear old racket. How many joyful hours have you not whiled away when I had otherwise been forced to recite or study. How many love games have you not won; how many Cupid's darts turned from your owner's heart. Have I learned nothing else at least I have learned to play tennis.

"I wonder what 'Old Bony' will say when I come to class tomorrow without

a single psychological fact implanted in my head. I bet he'll make a roar. Wasn't he mad though the time when we shot all the shingles off the front of the cupola and then took the shingles off the back side and put on to escape paying for it. He wanted us all hung and drawn and quartered. But then the Profs. never can take a joke nowadays. Oh, for the good old days when they used to help fill up the college eleven. That was the time when we had them at our mercy—at least while on the field. How I used to take delight in bumping Professor Buszey in the ribs till he'd gasp and groan and stutter 'My goodness' and petty oaths all in the same breath. Dear old soul! May you rest in peace where you'll never need ice or sodawater to cool your busy little body. But it's all over now. I don't suppose I'll ever punt the old pigskin again. No more rushes, tackles and touchdowns; no more flying banners, cheering crowds and clamorous watches; no more splintering bones, mangled limbs, and seamed faces. Never again the pride of lusty strength, stubborn charge and resistance and hard earned victory. Talk about your knights of the middle ages! The footballist is the champion hero of all

the prettiest girls and all the less fortunate fellows look up to him with awe and envy.

"Well, it's all over now; all but the cheering. For six years have I toiled and plugged and idled and wheedled and coaxed and cussed and now at last they are going to send me out as educated—what? What will I be? A man or an educated ape? Now I can hold up my head with pride and say from the fulness of my heart and the deepest bass of my little voice, 'I am a Senior.' Nine days hence and I can pipe in my very smallest treble, 'I expect to be a man, but I haven't found myself yet.' Then I will be nothing but a college graduate and—all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death.'

But enough of fearful thoughts and gloomy forebodings. My body is as weary as my spirits and in the arms of Morpheus will I forget all those petty troubles and annoyances that disturb the thoughts of the Senior.

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
No angels vigil round me keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
Put on my tomb for justice's sake,  
'Here lies a Senior, worthless rake.' "

ORPHEUS.

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## THE ARRIVAL OF THE WEST.

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"Go west, young man," was Horace Greeley's advice to young men of the east starting in life. From the prosperous, well-developed country we can see on every hand in the west, it is evident that the veteran editor struck the key-note of the minds of thousands of ambitious young men who needed only a spark to kindle the fire of venture which would cause them to leave the quiet, old home in the east, and come out

upon an untrodden prairie to build a home.

From a vast prairie, stretching from the Appalachian mountains clear across to the bold Rockies, in a remarkably short time, the west was changed to a country abundantly productive and well settled; with many thriving cities which are supplied with everything that the modern mind can conceive of for our convenience and comfort. Countless

towns and villages are sprinkled over its verdant plains; a network of railroads interlink these scattered hamlets and cities, affording transportation facilities so greatly improved as to convert the long journey from coast to coast, from one of dread and danger to one of pleasure and safety. The natural facilities for transportation are almost limitless; they have been used so extensively that at the present time, on the Great Lakes, alone, it requires more than 2,000 ships to carry the commodities of commerce that are exchanged between the east and the west. More freight passes through the locks of Sault Ste. Marie than enters any other harbor in the United States. Immense mines are giving up a small fragment of the fabulous wealth that lies buried in the earth. The thousands of tons of iron ore which Montana and Michigan furnish every year supply factories all over the union; and the newly discovered coal field promises to be a source of wealth incalculable. Then there are the ranches with their myriads of cattle which have already made many wealthy people. These millions of acres of rich prairie land have made agriculture our especial pride; their productiveness has given the western wheat-belt its world-wide fame and placed the west first in the supply of bread and meat to Europe and America.

These are some of the factors by which the middle west has raised itself to the place of prominence which it now holds and which are fast making it the wealthiest part of the United States. Do we realize that with its arrival the West has begun to lead, in a way to set the pace for the country? An enthusiastic westerner has said "The development of the United States began at the back door, you shall see one day what the front door is like." As we look at the west today and note its development we are led to conclude that the time has

come when we see the front door. Its name is Chicago and its key is the Great Lakes.

The westerners are, perhaps, at the present time, more a people of action than of words, but with the splendid educational systems which are every year becoming more adapted to the needs of the people they will soon leave nothing to be desired in intellectual training and culture.

As yet the west has produced but few writers but it has begun its literary career. People are now anxious for a knowledge of the country; they want stories of the life and surroundings of the inhabitants. There are so many interesting events, customs and modes of life that could be used to give a real portrayal of the country. Those fierce years after '49 so full of incident, the prairie schooner with its hardships and dangers, the trappers, the pioneers living in their rude huts or cheerless shack, the passing of the Buffalo, the cowboy and the rancher, and—coming to our own times—the large fields of waving grain with plenty and comfort on every hand. All these will furnish abundant material for writers of fiction.

From the fact that people are building and improving their property, making it a home, not a "stopping place;" that they are deeply interested in education and culture, in the betterment of conditions in their surrounding sphere, and have at heart the advancement of the whole west, from this we may be sure that the west has come to stay. Not only has it come to stay but with the spirit of loyalty, combined with the pride and progressiveness of its people it is making mighty strides toward the highest and the best until it will scale the very heights and the west in all its fresh beauty shall command the respect and admiration of both the old and the new world.

EDITH C. FOWLER.

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## Editorial.

The school year has passed into history but many of the pleasures of school life are still fresh in our minds. The

last week of the spring term was made enjoyable by the usual class day exercises. Beginning with the preps, who rendered a very excellent program, it was continued by the freshmen with a neatly staged comedy; the juniors on Monday evening were followed on Tuesday by the graduating class exercises. Taken as a whole the commencement week schedule was very successfully filled.

With this number of the Spectrum the present editor and staff have completed the work assigned to them. We wish to thank the students for the assistance they have given us in conducting the paper during the past year. During the coming school year Mr. William Westergaard and Mr. Fred Birch will take charge and they must have the hearty cooperation of the students or their work will be almost impossible. On behalf of the future editor and his staff we ask the students to do all in their power to make the Spectrum successful.

### THE ALUMNI BANQUET.

A year ago on the 7th of June, the Alumni of the Agricultural College met and organized an Alumni Association. This year it is pleasant to note the increase of interest which was so well shown at the banquet given by the Alumni on the evening of June 11.

A number of friends had been bidden to help celebrate this, the first feast of the society. After partaking of a banquet, which from its faultless arrangement reflected much credit upon those who planned, Mr. L. R. Waldron, as toast master, gave a very interesting talk on the history of the Alumni Association and, also told of the good the college is meant to do and is doing for the young people of the state. Mr. E. D. Stewart, in his usual pleasing way, told of the success of the two great factors



which aid the college: football and oratory. In both he showed the remarkable progress that has been made since the college began its work.

In "what Jerry saw and heard" Mr. A. W. Fowler told some of the amusing things which have happened to the professors as well as some of the many efforts which they had put forth for the good of the students in their charge.

Dr. Benn was next called on. He had not anticipated being present at the banquet, however, good fortune made it possible, and he responded with a very nice greeting.

Mr. Hugh McGuigan gave a toast on "Reminiscences" which was characteristic of his conscientious, thoughtful nature. He revealed a few of the secrets of the years when turkey, apples and pie made mysterious disappear-

ances, closing with a little good advice which would bring about good results if followed.

"Snake" Olson used his ready wit at the expense of some of the "boys" who were present and they now wish they could "understand English" better.

The last toast was given by President Worst on "Our Relation to the State." He traced the part that the state had taken in establishing the Agricultural College and showed very nicely the position in which the students and all connected with the college bear to the state.

The rest of the evening was spent in reviewing old times, further enlivened by music and dancing. Among the graduates present we were pleased to notice Mr. Follet and Mr. Thompson.

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## THE MICROBE'S MISSION.

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One bright sunny day a young man lay in a darkened room. He was thin and pale, and so weak that he could scarcely turn over in his bed. The malady which had brought him to this pass was the dreaded tubercular consumption. As he moved feebly in his bed, the door was gently opened and a nurse entered. She glided softly to the window, raised the shade and lifted the lower sash to let in some much needed fresh air. A tubercular bacillus, taking advantage of the situation, flew out of the open window. The warm sunshine almost suffocated the germ and it was glad to seek a hiding place in the first object that came in its way. That object proved to be a college student who was going out to take his daily exercise. He made his way directly to the ball grounds, took

off his coat and collar and rolled up his shirt sleeves.

"Say, John, throw me a few," called a sturdy looking youngster to the newcomer, at the same time tossing a ball at him. All this time the germ had been clinging to the corner of John's mouth, but when John caught the ball, spat in his hands and commenced to twist it around and around, the germ was carried down by the moisture and deposited on the ball. The other lad now picked up a bat, and, as he struck a pose, yelled derisively, "Take a ride, John." John threw the ball and the batter landed on it squarely. Although John did not take a ride on the ball, the microbe did, and it hung on for dear life as the ball sailed swiftly through the air. Suddenly the course of the ball

was violently checked by coming into contact with a fielder's glove. The microbe was thrown into the air by the shock and the next thing it knew, it was, by a deep respiration, drawn down into the lungs of the athlete who had caught the ball.

"Ah! home at last," exclaimed the germ as it sought a weak point in which to attack the vitality of the youth. That unsuspecting young gentleman kept on playing ball until supper time and then he went home, ate a hearty meal and repaired to his room to study. He studied about an hour and a half and, feeling sleepy, retired.

His room-mate, a pale, thin chap who "plugged" all day and took scarcely any physical exercise, soaked a towel with water, tied it around his forehead, and made preparation to study half the night.

But what of the microbe? Its search for a weak spot in which to attack the health of the ball player had been unsuccessful. There was not a flaw in that chest. Every day he gave his stalwart body the exercise which was necessary to keep his brain clear and his nerves steady. Every day he drank in a plentiful supply of the pure, fresh air which nature has made so free. And so the

germ gave up its search in disgust and sought a way of escape from its healthy surroundings. As it started off through a dark tunnel, a white blood corpuscle, one of the policemen of the blood rounded a corner and gave chase. The germ rushed along through dark, cavernous passages, and its pursuer gradually gained on it. Suddenly the fugitive darted through a small opening and found itself in the throat of the sleeping student. A sonorous expiration swirled the microbe out into the room, and, as fate would have it, the book-worm, who was just getting into bed, inhaled the germ. The weak walls of the student's lungs were immediately attacked by the microbe, and a colony of its deadly kind quickly gained a foothold in the unresisting cells.

As the microbe watched the inroads made upon the health of its victim by the thousands and millions of its progeny, it muttered exultingly, "My mission is accomplished. Thousands of deaths can be laid at my door."

What the germ said was true, and the student who defied nature's laws, can congratulate himself on being an indirect accomplice to the murder of his fellowmen.

CHAS. W. VAN HORN, '07.

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## HOW THE SPECTRUM CAN BE IMPROVED.

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Fellow student, members of the Athenian Literary Society, tonight I have a rather delicate subject to speak upon, but one which concerns us all, both individually and as a society. The question of how we can improve our college paper and how we can make it one of the best college papers published is one which requires our careful thought and consideration.

To begin with we have less than two hundred paid up subscribers in an institution which has had from four to seven hundred students enrolled during the last three years. This number of subscribers should be five times as great as it is. We should have at least half of the students who come here take and read our college publication.

If we get a large circulation the adver-

tisements will bring in more money accordingly. The business men of Fargo have supported us wonderfully well in the line of advertisements and we can be assured they will do so in the future on a much larger scale if we get a circulation large enough to justify them in doing so. Now some may ask, why we need to give much space to advertisements. In the past three-fourth of the expense of publishing the Spectrum has been born by the advertisers. If we want a good paper we must carry a large number of good reliable advertisers and our student body must patronize the business men who advertise in the Spectrum.

The exchange department could be enlarged with benefit to our student body. It is pretty good now but if another column were given to exchange matter and the exchange was carried on with as many colleges as possible it would be a benefit both to them and to ourselves.

The reading matter might be increased in volume to good advantage. In order that the editor may have a large supply of material to select from every class, from the senior preparatory up, should contribute something every issue. In fact every class and every member in each should be expected to contribute some article during each term. All these articles may not be published but they should be contributed nevertheless. Many of the themes written for the English classes if of a sufficiently high standard could be utilized for the Spectrum. If they were published the writer should be rewarded in some way, for instance, let one theme published count for as much class credit as two unpublished ones.

The locals of our paper have been fair in the past but they will stand some improvement before they are perfect. One of the minor faults is, that they contain

a lot of silly nonsense. Fellow students, this is a fault that needs to be remedied immediately. Moreover, the local column is rather short and does not contain much interesting material. In the winter, especially, it should quite largely include the short course students; as this fact would tend to increase our subscription list among this class of students. If we are to make the Spectrum a success the whole student body must work to that end from the beginning to the close of the year.

Whenever a new student comes to the institution, it should be the duty of every old student to impress upon him the necessity of his taking the Spectrum. Make him believe he can not attend college without it, even if he only intends to come a few months. There should be one member in each class who should see that all the members of that class take the Spectrum. This particular member should be given twenty per cent of all the money he secures for new subscribers, so he will find canvassing profitable enough to make him hustle.

A sample copy of the Spectrum ought to be sent to every student who has attended the institution in the past, but who has not become a subscriber. Accompanying this sample copy should be a personal letter from the manager telling what the Spectrum is to become and asking assistance in the form of a subscription.

If the subscription list is greatly increased the finances will, also, be greatly increased. When there is sufficient money in the treasury after paying the editorial staff a reasonable salary it would be a good plan to offer a cash reward for the best article in each issue. This would greatly stimulate many good writers in the institution to make a special effort to do good writing. This is shown in the many essays which are published in the leading implement and

farm papers throughout the country. In other words, rewards greatly stimulate writing among college students.

The paper must be printed and mailed on time. Nothing shows poor management in a paper so much as a late issue. While the fault of late issues in the past can be laid to the door of the printers rather than of the management, still it is the duty of the manage-

ment to see that the printers do the work at the proper time when they are paid to do it.

With our large student body working as a unit with the faculty it ought to be easy to make the Spectrum the best college paper published in any agricultural college in the United States.

WM. R. PORTER, 06.

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## WEDDING BELLS.

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The marriage of Prof. Albert T. Mills to Miss Goldie Reynolds, Thursday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hans Christianson, was ideal in every particular. Promptly at 8 o'clock the young couple took their places under an artistically arranged wedding bell of snowballs and ferns when the Rev. D. G. Colp, formerly of Plymouth Congregational Church, pronounced the words which made them husband and wife. Mrs. Wilson presided at the piano and the wedding party marched in to the beautiful strain of Mendelssohn's wedding march. The ring-bearer, Miss Florence Elford, led the procession, and the angelic appearance of the child seemed like a benediction to the ceremony. Following the ring-bearer, came the maid of honor, Miss Etta Olsen, followed by the groom, with the best man, Mr. Hugh McGuigan, after whom followed the bride, leaning on the arm of the matron of honor, Mrs. Hans Christianson. The service was simple and sublime and as the benediction closed the service and while the young couple were receiving the congratulations of

their friends, Mrs. Wilson played Lohengrin's classic production.

The out of town guests were Mr. Abel Mills, father of the groom, from Illinois; Miss Emery Bagley; Miss Maud Manning, Fergus Falls; Miss Roesler, Sheldon, N. D. The local guests included almost every member of the faculty and their wives together with a number of personal friends from the city.

After the wedding, supper was served by Mrs. Christianson, the waiters being members of the professor's classes in the Agricultural College.

The presents were numerous and noticeable for their practical and intrinsic value.

It was the intention of the young couple to leave on the coast train on the N. P. at 11 o'clock, but it was reported late. They left early this morning.

It is needless to say anything of the popularity of the couple. The showers of rice and old shoes which still remain on the street bear witness to this.

They will return to make their home in Fargo early in September, when Mr. Mills will resume his work at the college.

## Local Happenings.

Mrs. Ash left Fargo June 13 for her new home in Minneapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Stevens came down to hear their daughter orate.

Prof. and Mrs. Sheppard entertained the senior class and winning orators recently.

Miss Anna Stapleton of '03 has decided to teach school in the vicinity of Buffalo next year.

Miss Anna Bagstad, the winner of the inter-state oratorical contest, visited the college last Friday.

Little Girl to her Mother—Mamma, when Professor N— gets big is he going to marry Miss F—.

There is a movement in progress to organize a Y. W. C. A. at the college at the beginning of next fall term.

Friday evening, June 5th, the freshmen class, in a creditable manner, presented the play, "Declined with Thanks."

Word comes from Professor Bolley that he is much improved in health and he expected to sail for Europe June 3rd.

Mr. William Westergaard attended the commencement exercises at Valley City and also—well you know the rest.

Instructor to class in botany—It's easy enough for you to shake your heads this morning, for there's nothing in them.

Thomas Jensen left for Nome Wednesday morning, May 27th. We wish him

unbounded success, and are sure that North Dakota could send no one more able to wrestle with the hardships of that region.

A large number of the students enjoyed the bacalaureate address which was given by Dr. Batt in Chapel Sunday afternoon.

It is rumored that the owner(?) of the pretty "pearl," found recently by Ross Fowler, wishes that it would soon be returned.

Tom Jensen left a week ago for the "Gold Fields" of Alaska. He expects to return in the fall, to resume his studies at the A. C.

Miss Kathleen Rose took the teachers' examination at Casselton a short time ago. Miss Rose intends to devote her next year to teaching.

The Freshman class had their annual dinner Friday evening, May 22. Twenty-one members were present and the usual good time was enjoyed.

Monday evening, June 8th, the Senior dinner occurred. The freshman girls served the dinner and so far as we know everything was perfect.

The success of the baseball with the smaller fry has caused them to hunt trouble elsewhere. They recently played ball with Lisbon and Oakes.

Miss Hannan (a few minutes before botany exam.)—"Say, Mr. May, can you tell me what a lichen is?"

Mr. May—"Well, Murphy has a lichen (liking) for you. Now is it clear?"

Mr. Wyman Page returned from Minneapolis a few weeks ago looking well and happy. He will work in a drug-store at Sheldon this summer.

Rufus Lee, of late, always wears a broad smile, and no matter how late, holds in his hand a—rose—Take care, Rufus, pa and the "birch" are not far away.

We are sorry to learn that Louise Lambert will not be with us next year. She leaves in a short time for California, where her parents intend to make their home.

The work of the year is being rapidly rounded up. Both teachers and scholars need a rest and well all feel that the year has been the most successful in our history.

Mr. D. —,—Professor McArdle, will you give me credit for the example I couldn't get in calculus last winter term, I have it now. Prof. McArdle—You're only joking.

There have been several prospective students here inquiring about the work of next year. This is a good indication, and we hope to be able to welcome 1,000 when the term opens.

Thursday, June 4th, was the beginning of commencement week. The preparatory students gave the first program, and the class is to be commended on the excellence of it.

The representative of a large Berlin chemical manufacturing company was at the college in official capacity during the week. He calls only at the larger universities and agricultural colleges and is transacting a large business with each of them.

The annual catalogue of the college is now ready for distribution. It is a handsome book of over 100 pages enclosed in a dark green cover with the lettering on the outside of gold.

Fred Jensen, Fred Olsen, Bob Olsen, Ed Stuart, Arthur Fowler and Mr. Benn all came down to attend the alumni banquet. The college always bids welcome to any of its former students, especially the graduates.

Captain Ulio has been putting his troops in the best possible condition for the field movements which they are likely to make this summer. Lately the company has marched as far as possible and returned during the hour occupied for drill.

Miss Ruth Ash, a member of the class of '07, will not be with us next year, but the Central High will have at least one bright scholar. Her friends presented her with a slight token of their friendship which they hope will help her remember that in Fargo she still has many friends.

Last Monday the students held a business meeting and elected John A. Swenson president of the students' organization for the ensuing year. Other officers elected were: Vice president, Elizabeth Rice; secretary, Sophia Thomas; treasurer, C. V. Hulberg; editor-in-chief of the Spectrum, Wm. H. Westergaard; business manager, Fred Birch.

The Priscilla chorus with their friends, in all, about a hundred people, went to Casselton Thursday, May 28 th, on a special train and presented the comic opera. They were very well received by the Casseltonians and the people there seemed to be well pleased with the performance. These outings are benefi-

ial to the students and at the same time are the very best advertisements of the college.

Fargo, June 3, 1903.—Resolved, That the Western League of Oratory extend most hearty thanks, first: to Mr. A. D. Scott for the work he has done in preparing for this contest; second: to the judges on thought and composition for the care they have manifested in reading and grading the orations; third: to the judges on delivery who, by their attentiveness, were enabled to submit so able a report.

Matthews,  
McIntosh,  
May,  
Committee on Resolutions.

The last meeting of the Chemical Club, for this season, was held at the home of Professor and Mrs. Ladd, Saturday evening, May 23rd. At this meeting Miss Mabel Leininger became the owner of the pretty Levoiser medal presented by Professor Ladd to the person writing the best paper, judged from three standpoints, namely: General Science Chemistry and thought and composition. The following were the papers read: The Cell, Miss Mabel Leininger; John Dalton, Katie Jensen; Sir Humphrey Davy, Louise Lambert; Louis,

Pasteur, Dora Jensen; Farradey, Hope Johnson.

Last evening in Pirie's hall occurred the eighth annual banquet of the Inter-Society of the Agricultural College. The affair was an important function, one that gave to all who attended a most enjoyable time. The guests numbered sixty of the students and members of the A. C. faculty.

The banquet was served in his inimitable style by Caterer Pirie and was a spread to be remembered.

Following the supper a number of toasts were responded to by members present, being as follows: "The Coming People," Oliver Dynes; "College Spirit," A. M. Mikkelson; "Our Professors, Dora Jensen; "Our Dear Departed," Anna Stapleton. Elmer May was the toast master, who was quite in his element as such.

The graduating class of 1903, as an innovation, presented to the sophomore class a scepter, bearing the guardianship of the college which is to be presented each year in this manner. Presentation was made in a very pretty speech by Miss Anna Stapleton of the seniors to Mr. Mikkelson of the sophomores. He responded in a few bright remarks.

First Optician—I had a most interesting case today.

Second Optician—What was that?

First Optician—A young lady called, who, instead of a pupil had a college student in her eye.—The Oracle.

"Don't you like the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' Mr. Tinkham?" asked a lady at a rural dinner party.

"Well, really," he replied, "I can't

keep track of them foods. Maria," he called to his wife, "have we ever tried the water cracker of the breakfast table?"—Ex.

You may find a balm for the lover crossed,

Or a candidate who was defeated,  
But the only balm for a ball game lost  
Is to say the umpire cheated.

—Ex.

## Exchanges.

A Japanese now holds the position of professor of chemistry at the University of Missouri.—“The Carletonia.”

The largest school in the point of attendance is the University of Paris; 10,000 students are enrolled—The Oracle.

We think the catch “For men only” has had its run and should be discarded by the exchanges for something not quite so stale.

Hazing has been made a criminal offense by the Illinois legislature. The penalty is \$500 fine and six months in the bull-pen.—Ex.

At a recent railroad festival the following striking sentiment was given: “Our mothers—the only faithful tenders, who never misplace a switch.”—Ex.

The Popular Science Monthly for May has a very interesting description of the training given Miss Helen Kellar and the results that were obtained.

An endeavor is being made to find a way of reclaiming the alkali lands in Egypt, so that by treatment of the soil they may be made to produce some yield of crops.

“The Carletonia” would be more interesting to other institutions if it contained more stories. It often contains well written orations but never any good stories.

President Angell, of Michigan University, has predicted that within a few years there will be an invasion of American universities by students of Europe—“Polytechnic.”

The University of Illinois, which has spent several hundred thousand dollars recently on agricultural buildings, was obliged to turn 65 students away for lack of facilities.—“The M. A. C. Record.

“O, my,” she exclaimed impatiently, “we’ll be sure to miss the first act, we’ve been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine.”

“Hours, I should say,” he replied tartly.

“Ours?” she cried joyfully. “O, George, this is so sudden.”—Ex.

### “PRISCILLA.”

AN ABLE PRODUCTION BY THE N. D. AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE FOLKS.

While our people, from advance announcements, expected something good, few who attended the performance anticipated the really finished production of Priscilla that the musical department of the N. D. Agricultural College gave in the Casselton opera house last Thursday evening. Although it was a company of amateurs they were very few places where this fact showed in the production, the whole performance “going” with a clock-work regularity that would have done credit to a professional organization. The chorus was strong and well balanced, and the “business” was worked down to a nicety, while Rupert’s orchestra of nine pieces put a finishing touch on the whole that was highly pleasing. Miss Gussie McIntyre as Priscilla had a charming appearance and a fine voice, acting her part with a naturalness that is not often found outside of professional ranks, and Miss Olson as Resignation and Misses Stevens, Shure and Canniff as the “Mayflower Buds” were all good in their





# M. A. Hagen,



## JEWELER

### 8 Broadway, Fargo, N. D.

parts. Arthur G. Nickles as Miles Standish, C. J. Zintheo as John Alden and H. W. McArdle as Governor Bradford were well suited to the parts assigned to them, while Walter treat as Hatebad Higgins was a whole show in himself. The solos by Misses McIntyre and Stevens and the duet by Miss Olson and Mr. Treat were worthy of special mention. Dr. Putnam, the musical director, has reason to be proud of the success attending his efforts, and his new march "A. C. Cadets" played by the orchestra between acts, met with such a generous encore that it had to be repeated, and a number of piano copies were readily sold by the ushers. The audience was the largest that has attended a performance in two years, many being present from the adjoining towns, and we have yet to hear the first expression of disapproval or disappointment.

#### SPOILS OF VICTORY CARRIED BY SOCIETY'S SWEET PETS.

We saw a damsel on the train—a damsel fair to see; her bonnie eyes were glad and bright, her smile was one of glee.

Her bonnet was the proper shape, her dress the latest mode—but, ah, the buttons, pins and things her natty costume showed!

Six army buttons on her cuff lent it a semblance gay. (They were no imitations, for they shouted, "U. S. A.")

A down the bodice was a row that glowed with polish great—ten buttons from the soldier blouse that's furnished by the state.

Four yachting pins, a jeweled badge some hero's deed had won; a golden trophy given to some expert with a gun.

A Harvard pin, a Princeton pin, Northwestern pins as well; U. C., U. I., U. M.—She must have been a college belle!

Three golden links, a Mason's charm, an Alpha Beta stud—we wondered then how many youths had found their names were mud!

Her fingers bore a graven seal—the size that's made for men, and on her collar we designed a college pin, again.

About her hat there stretched a band from some grim man of war. We wondered at the ribbon there, and what she wore it for.

And as we gazed, a youth who sat beside this damsel fair, gave her a badge from off his vest; she tucked it in her hair!

Lo, the poor Indian, savage, crude, ill tempered, hard to tame—he ties his scalp locks to himself and gloats o'er them the same!—Ex.

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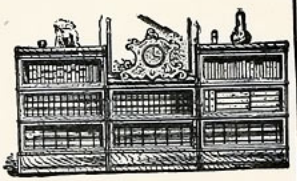
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