

The Spectrum.

Published by the Students of the North Dakota Agricultural College.

VOL. VII.

April 15, 1903.

No. 7

A HEROINE OF DOUBT.

The Victorian age of English literature, the age of realistic spirit and scientific attainments, the age of doubt and revolution of old ideas, was an age when the search light of truth was being thrown upon all the great vital problems. This age, which saw the birth of our modern philosophy and which produced the great changes in religious opinions, came to a close with the end of the long and peaceful reign of that illustrious sovereign, Victoria.

The chief representatives of this age are Tennyson, Browning and Matthew Arnold, the chief vehicle of whose thought was poetry. They may be taken as representatives of this age because they were most vitally concerned with the deep mysterious problems of life and immortality. Worthy to be classed with these, is another, one who though being granted in some degree the gift of poetic genius, yet made all of her greatest contributions to literature through the medium of prose; that one was a woman, George Eliot.

Matthew Arnold was the poet of utter doubt. Tennyson of vacillating faith, now on one side, now on the other; Browning on the other hand is the poet of strenuous belief.

George Eliot, though she was by no means a Matthew Arnold, yet her lack of faith was as great as his. Though

she had no belief in the reward of virtue to come in the life beyond, yet she believed because right is right, one should follow right in scorn of consequence. In a sense she lived for here and now, and yet she realized how bitterly cruel it would be, to be placed here for a few brief years, to live, be joyous and happy for one passing hour and then forever to pass into nothingness.

There is, perhaps, no more remarkable heroine of doubt, as one might call her, than George Eliot. That incident told by one of her friends illustrates her fortitude. "I remember," he writes, "how at Cambridge, I walked with her once in the Fellows' Garden of Trinity, on an evening of rainy May; and she, stirred somewhat beyond her wont—and taking as her text the three words which have been used so often as the inspiring trumpet calls of men—the words, God, immortality, duty,—pronounced with terrible earnestness how inconceivable was the first, how unbelievable was the second and yet how peremptory and absolute the third. Never perhaps have sterner accents affirmed the sovereignty of impersonal and unrecompensing law. I listened, and night fell; her grave majestic countenance turned toward me like a Sybil's in the gloom; it was as though she withdrew from my grasp, one by one,

the two scrolls of promise and left me the third scroll only, awful with inevitable fates."

Yet believing as she did, she nevertheless taught this century some of its noblest lessons in the art of loving. Duty was the brilliant star, which breaking through the obscuring clouds of her doubt inspired George Eliot's artist's soul to noble thoughts and emotions. From time immemorial, ever since King David's time when Nathan used his story of the ewe lamb to indict the guilty monarch, fiction has been one of life's great teachers. In that book which men love best in the world, the Bible, we have Christ preaching by parables; and next to this stands Pilgrim's Progress, the most widely read of human books. George Eliot's works were all fiction, such fiction as elevates the mind and makes the world better.

She believed in fate, but fate as it is controlled by the individual and directed by the laws of heredity. "Adam Bede" is a noble instance of how she insisted upon the laws of retribution. From first to last it exemplifies, whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap. The central thought of the story is, that even in the lives of the most ordinary persons and in the case of the smallest departure from the right, there is a power of retribution at work bringing us an unfailing punishment for the evil we do.

In Adam Bede the story is woven about the life of pretty, weak Hetty Sorrel. Her vanity causes her fall from the life of purity, and then how pitiful is the story of her flight in search of Arthur, her flight at a time when the world is bright and happy on the surface, though within poor Hetty's heart there is sorrow and pain untold. When she is brought to the scaffold for the murder of her child, we feel that the fatal nemesis

has done his worst, and Hetty is terribly punished for her sin.

And it was ever thus, not the slightest wickedness of the least of us passes unrecorded or unpunished. The nemesis is sure to overtake his victim sooner or later. Perhaps Hetty's was an extreme case; not always does the punishment come so soon, nor is it often so apparent to the world. But there was one compensation granted to Hetty in these troublous hours of her life; under the guidance of that noble woman priest, Dinah Morris, she sought and found her Savior.

In contrast with Hetty's life is placed that of Dinah Morris, whose pure, upright life is an example of perfect devotion to the service of God and humanity. No where in her character can be found a flaw.

In "Silas Marner," also, George Eliot holds to her favorite theme. Godfrey Cass who deserts his wife and child as a young man, when he had become older and would take back his child, could not, for she clung faithfully to the friends who had reared her. He pronounces his own condemnation.

"There's a debt we can't pay like money debts, by paying extra for the years that have slipped by. While I've been putting off and putting off, the trees have been growing—it's too late now. Marner was in the right in what he said about a man's turning away a blessing from his door, it falls to somebody else. I wanted to pass for childless once, Nancy—I shall pass for childless now against my wish."

And so it is with almost all George Eliot's books, but as the cardinal example of this retribution, Romola, one of the noblest examples of modern creative fiction, stands foremost. In Romola George Eliot stands out as a historian of the soul. In the youth Tito we see the gradual deterioration

of character. At first a thoughtless, somewhat selfish boy, he swerves from the right path—loses sight of the bright star of duty—and walks step by step down the path which leads to ruin.

Rescued by Baldassarre when a child from poverty and cruel treatment, he repays his benefactor's kindness by thinking of self only; and finally persuaded him to leave the land of his fathers and journey to Italy, the land of wealth and culture. They were shipwrecked on the way. Baldassarre was taken on board a pirate vessel, carried to Turkey and sold as a slave, while Tito was picked up by a merchant craft and brought to Florence. There in the Mecca of his dreams, he began his erstwhile brilliant career. Thus twice saved, once from the gutter and again from the fury of the elements or from what was far worse, the horrors of a Turkish slave market, surely Tito must have been sworn to a life of service and praise given to his God.

Did he then perform his duty? Did he give up the admiration and attention he quickly won in Florence to go in search of his father. Far from it! Rather he turned deliberately from the promptings of conscience. Preferring rather inaction in pleasure-loving Florence to the dangers he would be obliged to face in once more trusting himself to the waves. Even when Fra Luca delivered to him that message which came, a pitiful plea for help from the hold of a pirate slave ship, telling him where he might find his benefactor, he merely trembled for fear that message might reach the ears of his friends and lose him the prestige he had won. He feared that it might sever him from the beautiful, pure Romola, to whom he had meanwhile become engaged. Because of his fear he became reckless and sank even lower than he had been

before; he was unfaithful to Romola as well as to his father.

From this time on his decline was rapid, though in the eyes of the world he was brilliantly successful. In the eyes of his God his purity had long since been lost, and time, now, served only to make blacker the blackness of his heart. He became a conspirator against the state, broke his promise to the dead, Bardo di Brodi, deceived his father, betrayed and brought to the scaffold some of the noblest and most influential men of Florence and at last died the ignominious death he deserved. Sought for by an infuriated mob of injured citizens he was forced to flee and in a moment of exhaustion was choked to death by the crazed Baldassarre.

Those fingers upon the throat of Tito were the fingers of eternal justice! Trifling sins oft repeated had seared his conscience and for him there was no redemption. From a life of selfishness and gilded sin he had passed to the high tribunal of God!

George Eliot, however, in her history of this soul tells of his punishment in this world only. Such, she avers, will be the fate of any who desert the straight and narrow path and live a life of selfishness and luxury. On the other hand the one who leads a true and noble life shall have peace and happiness even with no expectations of paradise hereafter.

Among the most wonderful words ever spoken by mortal tongue are those which come from the lips of Romola as she lifted little Lilo upon her knee.

"That is not easy my Lilo. It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes with being a great man, by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for

the rest of the world as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good. There are so many things wrong and difficult in the world that no man can be great—he can hardly keep himself from wickedness—unless he gives up thinking much about pleasures or rewards, and gets strength to endure what is hard and painful.

“And so, my Lilo, if you mean to act nobly and seek to know the best things God has put within reach of men, you must learn to fix your mind on that end, and not on what will happen to you because of it. And remember if you were to choose something lower, and make it the rule of your life to seek your own pleasure and escape from what is disagreeable, calamity might come just the same, and it would be calamity falling on a base mind, which is the one form of sorrow which has no balm in it, and that may well make a man say, ‘It would have been better for me if I had never been born.’”

This woman though she recognized the awfulness of the powers of retribution, though she believed that the slightest sin should be in full measure punished, yet she always dealt sympathetically and lovingly with her characters, never judicially. She was not blind to their faults and weakness, but so boundless was her love for humanity that she could not pose as its judge.

The message of love which came into the world from her heart through the medium of her wonderful intellect has given her a place in that choir invisible of which she sung:

“The choir invisible of those,
Immortal dead who still live on
In minds made greater by their presence live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude and scorn
For miserable aims that end with self;
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars
And with their wild persistence urge
man’s search,
To vaster issues.”

SOPHIA IONE THOMAS '04..

A FRESHMAN'S FIRST LOVE LETTER.

Now, I really did put my neck into the halter, and I ought not to squeal when it started pinching. But if she hadn't smiled so sweetly at me at the church social I don't suppose it would have happened. The only reason I had for losing my head—and my heart—was that I was such a “greenie”—and she really was bewitching. Blue eyes, golden hair, and the daintiest number two shoe that ever crushed a man's heart.

I don't know what ridiculous things I did that evening; burned myself on the coffee, choked on the ice cream, tripped and fell flat when I tried to edge myself between two rows of stately old dames, with a pile of china in my one hand and a pitcher of ice water in the other. I shall never forget that scream of terror and pain that rang through the room as some of the frigid fluid splashed onto the bald head of a dignified elder, who was just

leaning across the aisle to ask his neighbor who that tall young man was that made such a fool of himself. I was profuse in my apologies, and if he had only felt a little of the warmth that rushed into my whirling head I am sure that he would not have rewarded me with the stony stare with which he confronted me. If it had not been for the crowd I firmly believe that he would have given vent to a lusty oath right then and there as he did when the wind blew his new hat off and right under the wheels of the parson's carriage—at least I heard him mutter something that sounded very much like the word we suggest by means of two letters separated by a dash.

Well, the evening ended somehow, but how or when is more than I can tell. I was standing near the door trying to tumble into my overcoat when I heard a young man ask to see her home. She said, "Thank you, but I am going home with Mr. Perkins." I believe I forget to tell you that she was my landlady's daughter. Take her home! Such a bliss had never occurred to me before. Why, bless her soul, I would gladly have carried her in my arms all the way though it was a good mile. I almost wished that she would fall and sprain her foot, or something, so that I should get the opportunity, same as they do in novels.

I don't think that I said much during that walk in the starlight. She prattled incessantly and I looked at her and drank in her words like nectar. That night I wrote two sonnets to—well, never mind the name. I don't very often mention it, even now, ten years after.

I managed to exist somehow during the next week, but it certainly was a very wretched boy who when asked in botany next Monday to describe a violet started out: "A violet has blue eyes,

golden——" There, I've given myself away after all. Her name was Viola. I didn't see anything particularly funny in it, but all the girls giggled and the boys just roared with laughter, while even the stern old professor screwed his face into something that resembled a smile. I suppose he, too, had been young sometime even if he was a crabbed old bachelor, of whom it was reported that he lunched on sour pickles seasoned with cynicism. I don't suppose that I knew my lessons very well that week, there were laughing blue eyes all over the pages, and, when I tried to read aloud, a prattling soprano voice buzzed in my ears.

It had to be ended some way or other. Should I speak to her and tell her the state of my affections? I tried to, but as soon as she looked at me, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth and all I could say was, "It's nice weather today," or "I think it's going to rain," or something like that. Then a happy thought struck me: I would write. I sat down and started but something was wrong with my pen and I threw it away in disgust. I took another one but now I guess it was the paper for I produced nothing but blurs and blotches. Finally I went down town and bought the finest cream-tinted paper that I could lay my hands on. Then I started anew. The first one I tore up again; it sounded too cold and distant and not at all to the point. The second one there was no necessity for tearing up. Spontaneous combustion did the work for me before I had half finished. Finally, after much labor I completed the following epistle—I can not say that it satisfied me but it was the best I could do:

"Dear Miss Viola,"—that was a compromise between "Miss Viola Everett" and "My Dear Viola."

"Did you ever see a fly entrapped in

the net of a spider or stuck fast in a molasses jar? Did you ever feel any pity for the humble worm that was crushed under you heel as you walked in the garden among the roses, yourself rivalling them in loveliness? Did you ever see a fish that had been taken out of the water, its mouth wide open, its breathing coming in short gasping sighs, powerless to help itself? If you have seen or experienced any of these things, then, perhaps, you can have some pity on me, your admirer and your slave.

"You are the spider and I am the fly. Your golden tresses are the net in which I am ensnared and your beaming eyes the molasses in which I am entangled. My heart is the worm that is daily crushed under the merciless heel of your indifference, and I am the fish that is sighing for the pure breath of your smiles.

"To me your are as the bright, beaming star that guides the traveller o'er the desert sands, or the beacon light that directs the mariner upon a rocky coast. Take you away and my life is left in darkness. You are the one precious jewel of my thoughts, the Koohi-noor of my soul. Let the bright beams of your favor shine upon me, I'll brave

the universe for your sake. Do you desire wealth? I'll rifle the coffers of the earth and pour their riches at your feet. Do you want honor? I'll climb the ladder of fame until you are the foremost lady in the land. Do you want love? Pyramas, Triolas, even Cupid, could not with all their sums of love make up mine own.

"And now that I have unburdened my heart to you let me not languish in dread of your displeasure. Pronounce your sentence upon me that my spirit may soar with joy beyond the utmost bounds of human thought, or my body float down the dark waters of the Styx and at last moulder among the weeds of Lethe..

"Your abiding slave,

"JOSEPH PERKINS."

This, as I thought, very conservative message I addressed and left on the piano where it might be found by the fair enchantress. The next day I received a reply that effectually cured me. It ran thus:

"Mr. Joseph Innocence:—Go soak your head to take the freshness out of it. Remember that all is not gold that glitters and not all girls are softheaded. Take something for your nerves."

ORPHEUS.

Did I tole you about my jungest son, yes? He is an imertador. De udder day my oldes' boy is goin' to be a Paderfski vas knockin' der scales off der biano, an' der secon' son who had been fishin' was knockin' der scales off a fish, an' so liddle Karl he runs him into der grocery store unt knocks der scales off der counter.

Ain' dot silly? I shoost made der feerst two boys do dot scales bizziness so dot I could make up dot vun about Karl. Und a funny t'ing about id iss

dot I haven't two udder boys at all. Only shoost Karl, unt he iss my nephew.

My mudder-in-law she is my aunt. She vas my aunt ven I vas born but she didn't get to be my mudder-in-law until I married Katrina. Katrina iss her daughder unt my wife. I vish dot Katrina's mudder vas only my aunt yet—ain't id? Dere is someding about a mudder-in-law dat ubseeds pebble. Shoost to look at Katrina's mudder you vould t'ink she vas no vairse dan an aunt, but dat iss pecause she neffer vould haf

come to liff mit you . Eef I am cross mit Katrina my mudder-in-law always takes Katrina's sides unt makes me sorry she vas not my aunt only, alretty yet. She says dot she objectut to cousins becomin' vifes, unt I say dot I objec' to aunts becomin' mudder-in-laws, unt so it goes from vaise to bad until I vish dot Katrina had married out of der family.

De udder day I took my wife unt her mudder to zee Kellar, unt he dit zome vondairful tricks, unt at lazt he made der vanishing lady trick. After der show vas over I vent to see Kellar unt asked him if he vould take some money away from me to make my mudder-in-law vanish, unt vot do you suppose he

said? Dot he couldn't do id because she vasn't a lady.

Of course, I see der choke because I haff lived in deez condry t'irty year unt I know my mudder-in-law, but ven I vent home unt tole Kellar's funny choke to her she does not at all dar point zee. She is so mat unt uses such langwiches dot I tole her dot if she didn't look out she vould spoil der pleasure of her visit mit me, unt dot make her so mat dot she say vill not stay to be insultit, unt she vent home. So I write to Kellar how much I owed him, because eefen if my mudder-in-law vas not a lady she had vanished.

WILSON'S CLASS.

When, after the "crowning" of Princeton's new president the other day, the class of 1879, to which Woodrow Wilson belongs, marched across the campus to preside in a body at the turning of the first sod for the new \$100,000 "'79 dormitory," which they have given to the Alma Mater, which they own, two peculiar circumstances were noted by the onlookers. That just seventy-nine men should have been there, neither more nor less, was a coincidence; that so many of those men were notable was remarkable, says *The Philadelphia Press*.

At the head of the line walked President Wilson himself, who—Princeton's first layman chief executive—has made so broad and deep a mark in the worlds of education and letters at the age of 46. Cyrus McCormick was there, the head of the great harvester combine. It was he who, with his brother, founded the chair of jurisprudence and politics which Prof. Wilson has for many years filled with distinction. Cleveland Dodge and C. C. Cuyler were there, whose

names are household words in the present-day worlds of finance.

In literature the class was represented by Robert Bridges, the "Droch" of *Scribner's Magazine* and *Life*; in medicine by Edward Parker Davis, in theology by Thomas Hall, in the law by Mahlon Pitney and Robert McCarter. John M. Woodbury, who is making a notably successful effort to keep clean the streets of New York, was a '79 man, as was also Dan Barringer, who has so decidedly succeeded in mining, and as were Professors Magie, of the University faculty, and Davis, of the Seminary.

If "Wilson's class" has done things out in the great world, so, too, has it done things for the smaller world of college life. The dormitory is merely the latest gift to Princeton from the men who have already given her the two lions that stand on guard before Nassau hall and the splendid bas-relief of Dr. McCosh, by St. Gaudens, that beautifies Marquand chapel.—*Er.*

The Spectrum.

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

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

TERMS.

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

Subscribers are requested to give prompt notice of any non-delivery or delay in delivery of magazines. All communications to be addressed to Business department, "THE SPECTRUM," Agricultural College, N. D.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

E. M. May, '04, Editor-in-Chief
Arthur Peterson, '05, Business Manager
B. W. Day, '06, Assistant Business Manager

ASSISTANT EDITORS.

A. Mikkleson, '05, Literary
Mary H. Darrow, '04, Literary
Katie Jensen '04, Local
Ethel E. Bowers, '06, Local
John Haggart '05, Local
Emily E. May, '06, Exchange
Sophia I. Thomas, '04, General Science
Edith Fowler, '04, General Science
Fred G. Birch, '06, Athletic
M. H. Fallis, '06, Alumni

COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

PHILOMATHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

A. D. Scott, President
Kathleen Rose, Secretary
Meetings alternate Saturday evenings at 8 o'clock in Francis Hall.

ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

William Westergaard, President
Grace Lofthouse, Secretary
Meetings every Saturday night at 8 o'clock, in College Chapel.

STUDENTS' ORGANIZATION

Edith Fowler, President
Clement Gamble, Secretary

ORATORICAL LEAGUE

Elmer May, President
A. D. Scott, Secretary

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

C. E. Jaberg, President
Oliver Dynes, Secretary

AGRICULTURAL CLUB:

M. H. Fallis, President
W. O. Perry, Secretary

Y. M. C. A.

M. H. Fallis, President
C. O. Hulberg, Secretary

Editorial.

During the past two weeks the state has learned that twenty thousand dollars, the proposed appropriation for the

North Dakota Experimental Station, could be spent to better advantage in some other way. It seems that since this is an agricultural state, no state help is necessary to aid the farmers in making the most of existing conditions. Of course the farmer knows how to farm better than the theorist, at least it would seem that way, but if Governor White could have seen the stack of letters that Professor Bolley receives each week regarding various diseases of grains he would, in all probability, have looked upon the appropriation bill in a very different way.

Governor White probably acted according to what he considered right; but nevertheless it was a very short-sighted policy. It was radically wrong to attempt to curtail expenses in a manner so detrimental to state interests. Every large industry, from a sugar refinery to a steel manufactory, has its well equipped laboratory for experimental work (and if it were not to their advantage they would not continue these costly experiments), then why should the leading industry of North Dakota be handicapped by not having the best possible laboratory, a well equipped experiment station?

In the past the agricultural work of this college has been carried on largely in the two years' course. The institutes held throughout the state have influenced many farmer boys to come here for the short course but have not laid much stress on the four year work. Now the question arises: Is not the longer course the more profitable? As an argument in favor of the full course, the proceedings of the Department of Agriculture may be looked upon as almost decisive. Secretary Wilson cannot get half the men he wants for scientific work. At present fifty-eight men have taken the examinations and

have been given appointments as aids. The Department of Agriculture is a university. Its graduates command high salaries all over the world, and are eagerly sought for. In fact, so pressing is the demand for agricultural experts that the secretary finds it impossible to keep the department thoroughly equipped. Raids are constantly being made upon him and his best men are taken away from the government to pursue their studies and utilize their knowledge for the benefit of private concerns.

After a season of experimenting, picking up clerks through the ordinary channels of the Civil Service Commis-

sion, Secretary Wilson decided to encourage graduates of agricultural colleges to take clerkships, where they could continue their lines of study and prepare themselves for regular appointments. He received the indorsement of Congress, and is authorized to appoint scientific aids, who serve on probation for two years at a monthly salary of \$40. They must be graduates of colleges in courses of study tending to qualify them to appoint scientific assistants, who differ from scientific aids in that there is no limit placed upon the length of service, and the compensation is greater.



The editor visits the Literary Department in search of material.

From among the acquisitions of a former student of Domestic Economy at this institution, has come to light the following: "A Recipe for Cooking a Husband so as to Make Him Tender and Good."

A good many husbands are spoiled by mismanagement. Some women go about as if their husbands were bladders and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water; others let them freeze by their carelessness and indifference. Some keep them in a stew by irritating ways and words; others roast them. Some keep them in a pickle all their lives. It cannot be sup-

posed that any husband will be tender and good, managed in this way, but they are really delicious when properly treated.

In selecting your husband, you should not be guided by the silvery appearance as in buying a mackerel nor by the golden tint as if you wanted salmon.

Be sure to select for yourself as tastes differ. Do not go to market for him as the best are always brought to your door. It is far better to have none unless you will patiently learn to cook for him. A preserving kettle of finest porcelain is best, but if you have nothing but an earthenware nappy, it will

do with care. See that the linen in which you wrap him is nicely washed and mended with the required number of buttons and strings nicely sewed on. Tie him in the kettle by a strong silk cord, called comfort, as the one called duty is apt to be weak. They are apt to fly out of the kettle and be burned and crusty on the edges, since like crabs and lobsters, you have to cook them alive.

Make a steady fire out of love, neatness and cheerfulness. Keep him as near this as seems to agree with him. If he sputters and fizzes, do not be anxious. Some husbands do this until they

are quite done. Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no pepper or vinegar on any account. A little spice improves them but it must be used with judgment.

Do not stick any sharp instrument into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently. Watch the while lest he lie too flat and close to the kettle and so become useless. You cannot fail of knowing when he is done.

If thus treated, you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you and the children, and he will keep as long as you want, unless you become careless and set him in too cool a place.

Zeno? Yes, the Sophomores know what that means—now. How did they learn? Well, I'll tell you. The Sophomores had a cent apiece and thought they would have a blow-out, so one by one the reds were deposited in the "sure-to-win slot machine" and five happier little boys you never saw. One drew an orange flavored treat, another lemon, and the other three traded sticks until each was satisfied with the color of the wrapper. Then arose the question: Who should be the first to break the seal of the precious little package? Unlike the polite Alphonse and Gaston, each was eager to be first; so in less than five seconds, five colored wrappers were lying on the floor of the Northern Pacific waiting room. In their eagerness to taste the delicious extracts of fruit, they did not observe the approaching storm. Suddenly a dark form resembling a Kansas cyclone broke in upon the unsuspecting Sophomores. They were jostled rudely together in awful fear. They must be given due credit for presence of mind, for they immediately crouched upon the floor as though they were searching

for something. And so they were. Fearful lest they lose those precious wrappers they hurriedly gathered the colored bits of paper from the floor and hid them in the pockets of their coats.

Yes, Sophomores know that "Zeno" means "look out for a star on a blue uniform."

The last meeting of the Chemical Club, at the home of Professor Ladd, was one of especially high rank and pleasing order. The papers read were well written and showed a thorough understanding of the subject in hand. The program, followed by dainty refreshments, ran as follows:

A Lump of CoalMr. Mikkelson
The BeveragesMiss Louise Lambert
GunpowderMr. Peterson
From a Grain of Wheat to a Loaf of
BreadMiss Hope Johnson

CONVERSATIONALS.

Use of Water in the Body..Miss Darrow
Effect of Flavor and Aroma on Di-
gestionMiss Jensen

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

If the cynic who defined oratory as "the art of making after-dinner speeches" had been present at Wahpeton on Friday, April 10, he would have realized that narrowing latter day oratory to

able to win speaks well both for our oratorical talent at home and the training it has received. Mr. Day is a young man from whom we hope great things in the future because of what we have seen of him in this contest. Coming first on the program—a somewhat trying position at best—he nevertheless delivered his oration in a way which was a surprise to many in the audience. There were moments when his thought and delivery were such as to afford his hearers the real oratorical thrill. Of Miss Stephens' work it is not necessary to speak in terms of praise, since the result of the contest is sufficiently elo-



Miss Neva Stephens



Beaver W. Day

post-prandial anecdotes and platitudes is not warranted by the facts. At any rate, whatever may be true in the world at large, college oratory, as evidenced at that meeting of representative orators from the different North Dakota institutions of learning, is in a healthy and thriving condition. In the treatment of well-chosen themes the various speakers showed real oratorical talent. It is rarely that an audience is privileged to listen to addresses of such quality as those which formed the program in the recent state oratorical contest.

That in a contest characterized by such general excellence the A. C. was

quent testimony of what she was able to do. We only wish her a like success in the contest still to come.

The interest and enthusiasm manifested by the student body in chartering a

special train conjointly with Fargo College, and going in such large numbers to represent us is to be commended in every way. We want, in the future, to make the annual oratorical contest the greatest event of the college year. We have now made a good beginning in that direction. Let us, however, have keener rivalry in the home oratorical contest and a more loyal, more universal support in State and Inter-State contests.

Make those who win realize that they have achieved something for their college, and that they have behind them the united student body, whom they represent. Let us school ourselves individually in debating and literary societies or in any other way that opportunity affords for the possible occasion which may come to any one of us of thus coming to the front. The program in detail was as follows:

PROGRAM.

- InvocationRev. Jos. S. Miller
 Song“Kentucky Babe”
 Girls’ Glee Club.
 Oration ..“The Industrial Revolution”
 Beaver Day.
 Oration“Reserves”
 Irvine Nix.
 Oration“The American Spirit”
 D. L. Buckingham.

- Oration
 “The Power and Eminence of Labor”
 J. A. McIntosh.
 Song“Potpourri”
 Glee Club.
 Oration....“William Ewart Gladstone”
 Miss Neva Stephens.
 Oration“Abraham Lincoln”
 H. Ellis Miller.
 Oration“A Present Day Need”
 Guy R. Vowles.
 Oration ..“The Higher Statesmanship”
 E. C. Carney.

DECISION OF JUDGES.

Miss Stephens, first; Mr. McIntosh, second.

JUDGES.

Thought and Composition.—Dr. G. H. Bridgeman, Hamlin, Minn.; Pres. George E. McLean, Iowa City, Iowa; Supt. W. F. Stockwell, Bismarck, N. D.

Delivery.—J. A. VanDyke, Fergus Falls, Minn.; Dr. E. C. Wheeler, Fargo, N. D.; W. E. Purcell, Wehpeton, N. D.

MEMBERS OF THE INTER-COLLEGIATE BOARD OF CONTROL.

Pres. A. D. Scott, Agricultural College; Vice Pres. Paul E. Simmons, Fargo College; Sec. R. Sidney Crummy, Red River Valley University; Treas. Chas. D. Hamel, University of N. Dakota.

 Scientific.

The following article will be of interest to members of the stock breeding classes:

With the discovery of the Okapi of the Congo by Sir Harry Johnston two years ago, the prior discovery of the hippidium of South America, and now by the finding of three-toed skeletons in South Dakota, the history of the evolution of the horse is complete. This last discovery was made by an expedition

sent out last year at the cost of Mr. William C. Whitney. “This expedition,” *Harper’s Weekly* says, “planned by Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History, and led by Mr. J. W. Gidley, went exploring in the Niobrara beds in the southern part of South Dakota. Nothing was found until the very end of the season, when a herd of three-toed hipparions was uncovered. Bones

enough in perfect preservation were found to make one complete skeleton, with many fragments for exhibition and study. The ancestor of the horse had three toes, the progress of the beast from that condition to his present state, when his weight rests on hoofs which represent the enlarged and thickened nail of the middle toe, extending through several ages. The second and third toes are represented by splint bones, one on each side in the rear of the cannon-bone, not visible on the surface, but well known for their tendency to go wrong and make horses lame.

"In the earliest ages of man there were wild horses on all the continents, but probably on none of the islands, such as Australia. They differed from modern horses in having shorter skulls and deeper jaws. Their legs also were shorter, and their feet smaller in proportion to their bodies. They resembled overgrown zebras. The quarries containing their remains are so common in river and lake beds of the latest geological epoch that the name of *Equus* beds has been applied to them. In South America has been found an ancestor of the horse of the same epoch called *Hippidium*, with many of the peculiarities of the

hipparions, but with a head as large as that of the modern horse. Neolithic men left pictures of the early horses of Europe on their monuments of polished stones."

The question, Is laughter a manifestation of displeasure? has been asked. At first thought this may seem somewhat paradoxical but on deeper consideration it becomes less unreasonable. Many a laughable scene may contain in the background something regrettable. Tickling, also, which so often produces laughter, is by no means a pleasurable sensation.

A thesis advanced by a French physicist is that flowing surface is gradually disappearing and a subterranean system of drainage is being substituted for it. This is a somewhat startling theory and should it prove to be true would certainly be a serious one to humanity.

An opinion has recently been advanced to the effect that small pox can be transferred by the wind. If this is the case it is best not to live in the vicinity of pest houses.

Athletics.

Saturday, March 21, the A. C. track team held their second athletic meet. The meet took place in the Co. B armory.

The first event was a basket ball game between the Old Stars of the A. C. and the team of Co. B. The game was fast and furious and slightly rough at times. The final score stood 34 to 17 in favor of the Old Stars.

Between halves Count de Birch and

Sauerkraut Van Horn gave a fencing match. The count won the match.

After the second half of the game came the tug of war between the Freshies and Seniors. Seniors: Manns, Jensen, Smith, Porter, Haskins and Westergaard. Freshies: Rose, Cronan, Smiley, Treat, Oshwald and Holden. The Freshmen won the event.

Thirty yard dash—First heat: Birchall, Smiley, Axvig and Rose. Rose won.

Second heat: Porter, Corbett, Simon and Slingsby. Porter won.

Third heat: Birch, Henderson, Lofthouse and Smith. Henderson won.

Final: Rose, Porter and Henderson. Rose and Henderson a tie. Time, 3 2-5 seconds.

Thirty yard hurdle—First heat: Corbett, Simon and Slingsby. Corbett won.

Second heat: Rose, Lofthouse and Henderson. Rose winner.

Rose and Corbett ran the finals, Rose won by a narrow margin.

In the wrestling match Schmidt won the first fall in ten minutes. Fluel won second fall in four minutes. This was the first time the champions ever threw each other.

Two twenty dash—Henderson, H. Porter, Smith and Lofthouse. On account of an accident on the north bank the winner of the race was undecided.

Shot put—Cronan, Jensen, Treat, Rose and Holden. Rose won first place. Distance, 34 feet 11 inches; Treat sec-

ond place; distance, 33 feet 3 inches.

Half mile run—Cronan, Thysel, Axvig, H. Porter, Hansen and Simon. Porter won first place. Time, 2 minutes, 21 2-5 seconds.

High jump—Lee Porter, Cronan and Rose. Porter won first place on a five foot jump.

Quarter mile run—Slingsby and Smiley. Smiley first. Time 66 4-5 seconds.

One mile—Holden, Mikkleson, Van Horn, Kennedy, Jensen, Birch. Birch and Jensen tied. Time 5 minutes, 21 seconds.

Relay race—First team: Cronan, Simon, Porter and Birchall.

Second team: Rose, Henderson, Corbett and Lofthouse.

The second team won the relay.

The ball players are getting outside for their spring practice. From the material in the field already there is an excellent show to pick a winning ball team for the college.

Professor D. E. Willard commenced his duties at the college with the opening of the term. The professor is well started and will carry along the good work so successfully begun by his predecessor.

At the regular meeting of the board of trustees, Mr. O. A. Thompson was elected as superintendent of the Edgeley sub-station. The Edgeley station ought to be congratulated on being in charge of so competent a man as Mr. Thompson.

Professor Bolley recently received a commission from Uncle Sam authorizing him to go to Europe and the Orient to bring home such information as can

be gathered on flax and its diseases. It is an honor that has been justly gained and one that in all probability will enable the professor to win distinction beyond his most hopeful ambition.

The students in English are growing enthusiastic in that line. During the spring term they will meet for the first class at 7:30. The class work of that period will be a study of advanced rhetoric. The course has been outlined but if the professor in charge feels that a change for the better can be made the work will be re-arranged. The nature of the work is an innovation here and it seems to be popular. It is a recognized fact that too much time cannot be given to the proper study of English.

Exchanges.

"Comic Weddings" in "The Oracle" is a humorous little sketch. The writer is a minister's daughter and so speaks from experience.

"For Her Sake" in "The Exponent" is fine. The deep feeling of the boy, as well expressed, is common to each of us at times; we all know the influence a mother has whether she is living or dead.

"The Tennessee University Magazine" contains a good little story called "Dorothy's New Prayer." Some parts of this little sketch are very touching. These stories are pleasing exceptions to the predominating love story.

"The Western Teacher" contains an interesting article, entitled, "Provincialism—North and South." This article would have special interest for students in English classes as the incidents it cites show so clearly the misuse of many of our common words.

There was a little robin
Whose head was always bobbin',
Who remarked as he gobbled up a
worm:
"I have eaten all his brothers
And half a dozen others,
But, golly, how they tickle when they
squirm." —Ex.

How to kill a college paper:—

1. Do not subscribe. Borrow your neighbor's paper. Be a sponge.
2. Look up the advertisements and trade with the other fellow. Be a chump.
3. Never hand in a news item, and

criticise everything in the paper. Be a coxcomb.

4. If you are a member of the staff, play pool or ten pins when you ought to be tending to your business. Be a shirk.

5. Tell your neighbor that you pay too much for the paper. Be a squeeze.

If you can't get a bump on your anatomy and make the paper a success, be a corpse.—*Nebraskan*.

Prof. H. L. Bolley of the North Dakota Agricultural College received his letter of instruction from the department of agriculture at Washington to proceed to Russia in June and investigate the flax diseases and immune flax.

Professor Bolley was the first to discover flax wilt, or flax sick soil, and his investigations attracted the attention of the department along that line.

More recently Mr. Bolley discovered an immune flax plant and finds he can make it grow in the worst affected soil.

The importance of these two discoveries have placed the professor directly to the front, and the department wants him to go to Europe to study the question there and select seed that will be permanently immune.

Mr. Bolley goes as the special representative of the department of agriculture at Washington and of the North Dakota Agricultural College in Fargo. He has been granted all the concessions he has asked and will have able assistance in prosecuting his work. He will probably leave Fargo June 1 and be absent from six to nine months. He will go first to Russia, and the investigation will take him over a greater part of Europe.—Exchange.

Local Happenings.

Mr. Swenson has the mumps.

Mr. Tom Jensen has recovered from a "swell affair."

Mr. John Kennedy is now traveling for Armour & Co.

Mr. Hansen is now writing spring poetry at Ingersoll.

Mr. Fallis looks "so sudden" with those glasses.

Boys, after a night out, be sure and get in between the sheets, or it's a dead give away.

Mr. Smith, Schmidt and Oshwald have gone to seek homesteads in Canada.

Miss Lizzie Byrne is now teaching at Langdon, North Dakota.

Ed. T. Hollands, one of our promising pharmacy students, has accepted a position at Abercrombie.

Mr. Mann's "Reading" was thoroughly enjoyed on the special return from Wahpeton.

Since our Wahpeton trip we are confidently looking forward to Mikkelson's "Second Love Letter."

The baseball enthusiasts have spent some time on the campus this week. The indication for a strong team are good.

"April Fool" jokes are all right, but when it comes to writing love letters to every "Tom," Dick and Harry we think it is time to stop fooling.

At the beginning of the term the majority of the Seniors were confined to their homes on account of measles.

We are sorry to learn that Harry Porter is unable to resume his studies here, the spring term.

Since the "Bug" story is going the rounds, Miss M—y has something to scold Mr. W—st about.

At Chapel exercises, March 2nd, Dr. Batt gave the students a very interesting talk on German schools.

The baseball enthusiasts have spent some time on the campus this week. The indication for a strong team are good.

To Mrs. Bearly of Enderlin, once a worthy member of our staff, we extend our sincerest sympathy upon the loss of of her little daughter.

Miss Darrow to Professor Mills:—"Bismark and Victor Hugo wrote love letters as examples for those who are interested in that special line."

Instructor to class in Physiology:—"You need not laugh at the deformities of the Chinese women's feet. Please look first at the deformities of our American women, brought about by that same process of squeezing."

The botanical department has planned for a weekly Saturday afternoon excursion into the country. The idea is to train the students in systematic work. Any others who are interested in plant classification are invited to join the class.



M. A. Hagen,

JEWELER

8 Broadway, Fargo, N. D.

At the beginning of the term Miss Mary Darrow delightfully entertained a few of her college friends at her home on the South Side.

Miss T.—Is it when, as in the case of Indians who place boards on their children's heads in order to flatten them, that we derive our level-headed people?

It is reported that the firm of Hulberg and Dolve is going to employ a stenographer and collector as well as a traveling salesman owing to the rush in book sales.

The horticultural department is to have a new building in connection with the greenhouse. They are naturally elated over the good news and no doubt will show their appreciation by good work.

It is rumored that on the return trip to Wahpeton, Prof. M— offered a dollar to any one who would extinguish the lights in his end of the car. Mr. Murphy earned the dollar.

President Worst, Professor Shepherd and Superintendent Thompson of the Edgeley sub-station, went down to Edgeley last Wednesday for consultation with local parties in regard to the

plans of the sub-experiment station at that point.

The usual monthly meeting of the Chemical Club was held Thursday evening, the 27th. A large number of members were present and the meeting was one of the best this year.

Yale University has again demonstrated her progressiveness as an educational institution by abolishing all required studies in the college or academic course.

William K— has discovered a new way of disposing of soiled laundry. He takes the bundle to the department store and tells the clerk that he wishes it exchanged but since his hands are cold she must unwrap the package.

Professor McArdle has resuscitated his annual joke to the surveying class. How, when he was a student at college and a member of the surveying class, the compass was deflected in some inexplicable manner. Upon his investigating the matter he found the attraction to be centered in the steel stays of a young lady's waist. It is rumored that Professor McArdle is again being deflected by the attraction of a certain young lady's waist.

THE SPECTRUM.

Mrs. S. J. Kidder,
FINE MILLINERY
 616 Front Street,
 FARGO, - N. DAK.

W. C. ALBRANT,
Architect
 And Superintendent.
 Plans, estimates and details.
 Office No. 64 Broadway.
 Telephone No. 53-4. Fargo, N. D.

J. W. SMITH, Pres. L. B. HANNA, Vice-Pres.
 S. S. LYON, Cashier.
 -- THE --

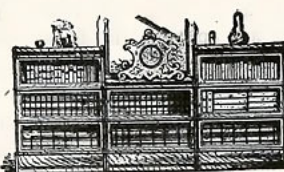
First National Bank of Fargo.
 United States Depository.
 CAPITAL \$150,000 - SURPLUS \$30,000
 General Banking Business.

E. C. KINNEAR,
 A full line of
MENS', BOYS', LADIES', MISSES' and
CHILDREN'S SHOES.
 Also Trunks and Valises at lowest possible prices.
 60 Broadway, Fargo, N. D.

H. HARRINGTON
...HARDWARE...

Garland Stoves AND Ranges

WERNICKE
"ELASTIC"
BOOK - CASE



An ideal book-case for the home. All grades, all prices, to suit all tastes. We're glad to show it.

North Dakota
 Book & Stationery Co
 Broadway, Fargo.

IF 

You want "ANYTHING" or "EVERYTHING" in the House Furnishing line

REMEMBER 

We can show you the largest assortment in the Northwest at prices that cannot be obtained anywhere else.

 If it is worth you want come here.

WASEM & GAARD,
 "The Big Furniture Store with the Little Prices."
 Peninsular Steel Ranges and Lignite Heaters. Pianos and Organs.

EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME.