

The Spectrum.

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The People That We Used to Know.

While Fortune turns her gaze away,
And stubborn Doubt still lingers near,
They do not come to us and say
Kind words they wish the world to hear;
They do not come with gay good cheer.
Reminding us of long ago,
But hurry from us, as in fear—
The people that we used to know.

If luck lies in the ways that they
Have chosen to pursue, and mere
Toil waits for us day after day,
They turn their backs when we appear;
They do not care to dwell on dear
Old times and scenes, but, frowning, show
Us faces cold and mien austere—
The people that we used to know.

At last, when Fate has turned to lay
Her tribute in our hands and clear
The way for us, and all the gay,
Glad triumphs we have sought are near,
Then they come in with smirk and leer,
And we cry from the depths of woe:
"Lord love us! How did they get here—
The people that we used to know?"

S. E. KISER.

HE SERVED HIS COUNTRY.

The war had begun and President Lincoln had called for seventy-five thousand volunteers. The little village of Milford, Pennsylvania, was astir with excitement. Twenty-three of its young men had offered themselves to their country; but only twenty-two had been accepted.

Poor Toby Jefferson; his love for his country had been the most ardent of all. He was the first to answer the country's summons, and he was the only one refused.

"Toby was not like other boys," his neighbors said. He was not bright like most of his playmates; consequently he had never gone to school. He could not read or write his own name. In fact, Mrs. Jefferson said there was absolutely nothing that Toby could do; and yet he was always doing something.

Toby was intensely patriotic, and his favorite song had always been "The Star Spangled Banner." A little school teacher had once explained its meaning to him, and ever after the very mention of the song would send a thrill through his whole body.

Now the time had come when he might serve that banner he loved so much; and Toby Jefferson would willingly have given up every possession he had, yea, even his life, if it would have been of any service to his country. He went to the enlisting officer and told him of his heart's desire. The officer eyed him keenly, then asked a few questions. Poor Toby could only answer "I don't know," and "I think

I could fight." The officer, however, did not think so, so he told Toby he had better stay where he was, and that he would be of no use to his country.

Toby went slowly homeward with a broken heart, and told his mother that he was not going. Only Mrs. Jefferson knew what a bitter trial it was to him; but she comforted him as best she could.

One week later the Milford volunteers left. Toby was among the crowd that watched them off. As the train pulled slowly out, the band struck up his favorite air. Toby listened with a beating heart; the music growing fainter and fainter, till finally as he heard the last strains of his one beloved song he turned homeward with the tears in his eyes, and a heavy sob choking in his throat.

* * * * *

Two years had passed—it was the summer of 1864. Very few letters had come from the Milford boys since they left two years ago. Old Mrs. Benson had never heard from her boy. She did not know whether he was alive or dead, and now she was dying herself. She had written a letter to her son and was patiently awaiting a chance to send it. She could not send it by mail for she did not know where to find him.

Toby, however, knew she was dying, and longing to do some thing for someone, he offered to go. The old lady was afraid to trust him, but she knew it was her only chance. So Toby took the letter, vowing never to give up till he found "her Jack."

For days, weeks, and months Toby tramped through what seemed to him an endless wilderness. He came across several armies, but no one seemed to know Jack Benson.

At length one night he came upon General Sherman's camp in Virginia; and he resolved to find the general's tent, to inquire for Jack Benson.

Toby was quietly creeping along from one tent to another when suddenly a voice called "Halt!" He turned and saw a sentinel with his musket raised. Toby paused and the sentinel immediately lowered his musket. "Who are you?" he cried out; but Toby did not know who it was, or what the man wanted, and fearful lest he should be caught and the letter taken from him, he hurried on without answering.

The sentinel raised his musket and fired. Toby uttered a low groan and sank to the ground.

He opened his eyes to see a man bending over him. It was the sentinel.

"Toby Jefferson!" exclaimed the man, "as true as I live!"

"Jack," murmured Toby. "Is it you, Jack? I've a letter for you, Jack, from your mother. She give it to me to fetch to yer." He could say no more, and fainted away.

Jack Benson carried Toby to a tent and had him cared for. He had been shot in the shoulder, and it would be a long time before poor Toby would be able to go home.

He was taken to an army hospital, where he stayed for about a month. At Christmas time he was sent home. The doctors pronounced him well, but though he never complained Toby knew he would never be well again.

All that winter he toiled and worked without a murmur. He carried and split wood for the women who had lost their sons and husbands in the war. Every day he tramped through the

snow to see if there were any letters for the anxious mothers. He built fires for little Miss Canton, the village teacher.

He was never idle. The coldest day or the worst storm could not keep him indoors. But the wound in his shoulder never healed; and when springtime came he was scarcely able to be around.

At length April came, and with it the news that the war was ended. Then, and not till then, did Toby succumb. One morning he was unable to rise; so his mother did not urge him, and he never again left his bed.

The soldier boys were expected home; only twelve of the twenty-two were coming back. Toby's only wish was to live to see them, but his feeble strength was fast wasting away.

One day when Miss Canton called he told her he would not live much longer.

"But Miss Susie," he feebly asked, "Haven't I served my country this winter?"

Miss Susie turned away to hide her tears. "You truly have," she answered, "you have died serving your country."

Toby's eyes lighted. "Then, Miss Susie," he entreated, "when—when I die, if anyone comes to my funeral, won't you ask them to play 'The Star Spangled Banner?' It is all I care for now, Miss Susie. I have always loved my country, and tried to serve it. Will you ask them to sing that song when I die?"

"Yes, Toby, I will," and Miss Susie went away.

That night he died, and the next day the boys came home. Susie told them of Toby's dying wish, and when he was buried his soldier friends played and sang the song he had loved so well.

A simple headstone was erected by Toby's friends, and the only epitaph it bore was: "He served his country."

Maria A. Calley.

Some Points on the Improvement of Plants.

It was stated by Goethe, the great German poet, who, by the way, had a very accurate knowledge of plants, that any improvement in a race of plants was invariably secured at the expense of some character already possessed by the plant. That is to say, that if through improvement we make a certain strain more productive, it is done so at the expense of hardness or quality of some other definite character. In the same manner in making a plant early we do so at the expense of some desirable feature. This statement, while not exactly true in all particulars, can fairly be considered a general law. We find that our cultivated raspberries grow larger and more productive than the wild sort, but are rather inferior in quality and very much inferior in hardness. The same is true to about the same extent with the blackberry and strawberry. The tenderness of the cultivated raspberry is in such marked contrast to the hardness of the wild plant, though both belong to the same species, that it is a question if a profitable raspberry adapted for the Northwest cannot be more easily bred from the wild raspberry than from any of the cultivated sorts now grown. In the case of the cultivated berries the thing to be sought for would be hardness, which would doubtless be obtained at the expense of size and productivity. On the other hand the wild raspberry meets the requirements of hardness at once, and the better strains of it are productive enough to make it profitable from the start. The plan to be carried out in making such improvement would be to select the best

plants found growing in the fields, and transplant them to the garden where they should be grown in hills several feet apart, allowing but a few canes to each hill. Some of these plants will be more productive and profitable than others and from them suckers for new plants can be obtained. At the same time seed in considerable quantity from the best plants should be sown with the expectation of obtaining something superior to the parent, taking care meanwhile that the plant obtained does not fall off in hardness.

The red raspberry is found in many parts of the state and is a good subject for improvement. Another native fruit that responds very easily to cultivation is the wild plum found growing freely in all parts of the state. The Experiment Station has been at work with this for a number of years and has obtained seedlings from the second generation of collected plants. The fruit of these plants is found to vary very greatly and it exhibits nearly all degrees of excellence. Some of the largest are an inch and a quarter in diameter, having a firm flesh and less of the acerb quality in the skin than has the ordinary wild plum. By continuing planting of seeds from the best sorts and again saving and planting the seed from these, it is only a matter of a comparatively few years when new and better strains of this valuable fruit can be obtained. Of course in the process the greatest number of seedlings will have to be discarded as inferior, but if only one in a thousand produces fruit of good quality, the task of obtaining it is not a difficult one.

Nearly all of our cultivated fruits have been secured according to the method here outlined, and usually from fruits inferior to our wild ones. While the work may be considered profitable in the narrow sense, yet it is of the great-

est importance, and experience has shown that there is no surer way to win the gratitude of the whole people than by supplying it with some much needed cultivated plant.

Ben's Idea of Football.

"Well, Ben, you got home all right, 'n' didn't get buncoed, did you? What did you see down to the city, anyhow?"

"Oh, I seen a lot of things; but, gosh, it costs a lot of money to see things in the city. Dad gi'me six dollars 'n' darned if I didn't blow the hull of it, 'n' didn't half try."

"Good gracious, Ben, what d'you s'pose pa'll say? But go on 'n' tell us what you seen. Did you go t'see the football game that the papers was talkin' 'bout so much?"

"You bet I did. Golly, Nell, you'd ought toa seen it. Talk about rough riders chargin' up San Juan Hill, 'n' railroad smashups, 'n' prize fights; why, they ain't in it with a football game."

"You know the game was between two of them colleges. One was the Agricultural College that Governor Worst is runnin', 'n' I guess it must be pretty good if the way they play football has got anything to do with it. Well, 'bout 3 o'clock everybody started to go to the game; so I just follered the crowd, 'n' when we got out to the ball park it seemed as if the hull caboodle was goin' crazy a hollerin' 'n' yellin' into some big tin horns they had. They had a feller sellin' tickets an' two others, a niger an' a white man, guardin the gate. Well, I handed my ticket to the white man 'cause he was the closest, 'n' when I went to go in the niger says, 'Tickets!

Can't go in 'thout a ticket.' So I had to git another one. By the time I got around agin, them two fellers must a changed places or else colors, 'cause when I stept up to the feller at the gate 'n' says, 'Are you the niger that was here a spell ago?' 'n' give him the ticket. He didn't like it at all 'n' it didn't take him long to tell me so nuther.

"After I'd been in the yard a few minits looking for the griddle I heard people talkin' 'bout, I walked up to a feller 'n' says, 'Where is the griddle?' 'n' I tell you he gave me the ha ha. But after a while he explained things to me. 'I want nothin' but a field all marked up crossways, as if some city feller had been goin' to plant corn 'n' didn't git more'n 'bout a quarter 'nough rows. They had a couple of flag poles set up at both ends of the field to kick the ball at.

"After a spell both teams come out on the griddle. There was 'leven men on each side, but I couldn't never tell which side to they was. They looked just alike on both sides.

"They all had clothes 'bout the same; pants 'bout two or three sizes too big, stuffed full of something'r'other 'n' quilted like that old bed cover grandma gave me; shirts with leather pads on the shoulders 'n' elbows; shoes with calks 'bout 'n' inch long to make it fun to step on the other feller. Besides

all that togery they had a sort of a cap made of leather to cover up their head, 'n' some kind of a nosegay made of hard rubber. Say, Nell, you'd ought to a seen 'em. They looked somethin' like the pictures of them old knights goin' out to fight with dragons 'n' flyin' devils 'n' things, only I don't believe them old knights could put up half as good a scrap as the football player.

"Both teams begun to practice a little to git sort of warmed up, but they never went near each other. All but three of them got down in a row like they was goin' to have a race. Then them three got back a little 'n' one of them called out a lot of numbers. (At first I thought they was goin' to work off that old coon crap-shootin' gag, 7-11-44; but they wasn't). Then they'd all run in a bunch, but I couldn't see no sense to it. They done that a few times 'n' then a couple of fellers come out 'n' blowed a whistle to let 'em know the game was to begin.

"At first they scattered all over the field, 'n' one man kicked the ball from the middle line 'n' then everybody run, some one way 'n' some another, but it seemed they all pitched right on the feller that caught the ball 'n' got him down 'n' held him there till them two fellers with whistles made 'em let him up. In about half a minute they got straightened around with their heads together like a lot of sheep eatin' out of a trough. Then one of them three fellers that stand back a little ways begun to call off. Next thing I knew one of the fellers tried to run away with the ball, but he didn't git very far, 'cause the hull bunch jumped onto him same as they did on that other feller when he got it.

"Well, that's about all there is to football's far as I c'n see. One man gits the ball 'n' tries to run with all the rest chasin' him, 'n' you bet yer life when that feller with the whistle tells him he's

down, he's down or I ain't any judge. I don't know, but I think I'd either run like all git out er else I'd do like one of the fellers did—throw the ball away 'n' let the other fellers fight over it if they wanted to.

"There is lots of things a feller has got to know when he goes to a football game. First thing, it seems like there ain't no one got any right to go out on the griddle, 'cept them that has a right to. I 'spose there is danger of them players runnin' into a feller an' hurtin' him. But even if they did have ropes around, there was one feller, a tall man with a black overcoat 'n' a plug hat, didn't know any more'n to walk right out on the griddle with everybody yellin' to him to come back 'cause the players might run into him 'n' knock him down 'n' break his hat. Pretty soon two policemen went out 'n' brought him back, 'n' even then he didn't know what they wanted, 'n' hung back like a kid that's got to meet his dad in the back shed.

"'Nother thing, a feller's got to learn to count if he's goin' to get anything out of a football game, 'cause the hull crowd begins at one 'n' counts up to forty-seven 'n' then goes home."

"But which side beat, Ben?"

"Darned if I know, Nell, but them people that come in wearin' a hull lot of green 'n' pink ribbon 'n' thinkin' they owned the hull ranch, wasn't half so many as what they was."

Professor, to class in Chemistry:—
"Some of you don't study, some won't, some don't care, and I don't care."

Mr. Hulberg, in Analytical Geometry:—
—"Professor, I don't catch that equation."

Professor:—"You can fumble that one if you wish, but don't fail to catch the next one."

Scientific.

Hugo Jone, a chemist in the city laboratory of Chicago, has discovered a way to make electricity direct from coal.

It has been announced that the entomological collection of the late John Ackhurst, containing some 50,000 specimens, has been purchased for the zoological department of the University of Chicago.

The valuable historical library of the late Lord Acton, containing some 70,000 volumes, has been given to the Cambridge University by Mr. John Morley. These are two large and valuable collections placed within the reach of American students.

Two large collections of birds have been purchased by the Carnegie Museum. One numbers about eight hundred specimens and contains nearly all the species of Western Europe; the other contains nearly twelve thousand specimens and represents about two thousand species of the lepidoptera of Western Pennsylvania.

Artificial marble, which in transition of tints and play of color it is impossible to distinguish from the natural product, has been produced by a Danish master builder, Soren Schongaard. In its cost it can compete with the other artificial marble. At present the cost of a slab half an inch thick is 14 cents per square foot. The cost of machinery necessary to make it is about \$175. It can be produced in any form desired.

Germany's match-making industry, in which about \$9,000,000 is vested, is said to be almost ruined by the output of the American Diamond Match Com-

pany's new factories near Mannheim. Six months ago matches made in German works were sold at \$20 a case; now they are selling at \$16 a case, which is a dollar below the cost of production by German machinery. The Diamond Match Company uses machinery made in the United States.—Scientific American.

On Oct. 22, Prof. Sidney Howe Short, the inventor of the first electric car operated in the United States, and consulting engineer of the Dick, Kerr Electrical Company, died after an operation for appendicitis. He had been engaged in electrical work for twenty-four years. Prof. Short was graduated from the Ohio State University in 1878. He established the Short Electric Railway of Columbus. He was a professor in the Denver University for several years, and during that time he invented his car, which was tried on the University's grounds.—Scientific American.

The National Geographic Magazine publishes a brief summary of Lieutenant Peary's work in the Arctic regions during the past twelve years. He has proved that Greenland is an island; mapped out the islands north of Greenland, called the Greenland Archipelago; defined three islands, Grant Land, Grinnell Land and Ellesmereland to the northwest of Greenland; and finally shown that the Arctic Ocean probably extends to the North Pole. He has been in the most northerly land known in the world and withstood the cold of the most northerly region of the Western Hemisphere, 85° 17m. He has carefully studied the Eskimo and has made many notes which will be of value to Geology on the fauna and flora of these regions.

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Editorial.

The football season of 1902 has passed into history; but the students of the Agricultural College will long remem-

ber the boys who so grandly defended the A. C. goal line. Our record is one of the clearest and cleanest in the Northwest. In our class we are now the undisputed champions of the three states, Minnesota and the Dakotas. The silver cup, symbolic of state championship which has been won three times successively will now become the property of this college; but still the strife will be continued until we are recognized among the leading western aggregations.

We now have an enrollment of about two hundred, which is considerably more than in any previous year; but despite this fact the editorial staff is forced almost to beg for material to fill these columns. The trouble, as in previous years, is apparently due to the fact that the paper is not truly a college paper. It does not seem to enter into the life of the student. Now this fault *must* be corrected. The paper must be brought into closer relationship with the student body. The only way this end can be attained is through the active co-operation of the members of classes in the college courses. Write something for the "Spectrum." Do not imagine that it will make you appear bold or forward for it will not; but it will make the success of the paper of very much interest to you. It will make you feel that it is *our* paper, not the editor's.

The members of the college Y. M. C. A. have recently published a little hand book which contains several pages of useful information regarding the college. The page of "Don'ts" is particularly commendable. "Don't forget home." What do these three words imply? They recall many fond recollections of the dearest place on earth no matter whether it be some distant

town or the farm house so recently left behind. Your thoughts immediately return to your dear old mother, your sisters, brothers and father; in fact to all that makes home dear. "What are they doing at home?" Perhaps they are planning some pleasant surprise for you when you return for the Christmas vacation. Be that as it may, you may rest assured that their thoughts are often with the one who has gone from the old fireide to battle with and overcome obstacles in his work at college.

Another "Don't" which is well to observe is this—"Don't loiter in public places; if you cannot advertise your college better, then do not advertise." If your sole reason for coming to college is to have a high time you are no desirable acquisition; in fact, the sooner you leave, the better it will be for the institution. There are fellows who are proud of the gray they wear; proud of the institution it symbolizes; yet they are necessarily with those who insist on advertising the college in all sorts of contemptible places. If you must carouse, respect the college enough to wear citizen's clothing and not degrade the gray.

There is always something about a new country which tends to encourage freedom of speech and disregard for conventionalities of manner and behaviour. Thus in North Dakota, which still has its place among new states, the word "stranger" seems almost unknown; and short acquaintance develops into a sort of familiarity which often seems rude or even insulting to one not accustomed to our ways. This is particularly true of the rural population where every one is a "hail-fellow well met" and all titles of respect are neglected. What is the result? The youth on entering college, having a tendency to retain his natural freedom of speech, speaks of

the professors as he would of a neighbor. Forgetting that he is no longer among intimate friends, he has the appearance of one entirely lacking in self-respect. This apparent rudness makes no difference among our own people; but should a person from another state, a professor in an eastern institution for example, visit our college, he would immediately underestimate its standing as an educational institution. Now, fellows, this should not be the case. Our college should not be misrepresented by its students. We should endeavor to weed out anything that has a tendency to lower our rank in the eyes of the public. It would not be a difficult thing to do, if each student would be more careful in the manner in which he speaks of those with whom he is not intimately acquainted. If the student body could be made to realize that vastly different conditions exist in older institutions, a decided change would soon be brought about.

The souvenir for the football game contains some very good material, but the printing is far from satisfactory. With the amount of printing which the college has done, it seems as if only first-class work should be accepted. An institution is judged largely by the printed matter which it sends forth. If this has a cheap appearance, a reputation for careless and indifferent work is at once established. Would it not be a wise plan for the college to institute a printshop of its own? Much of the work done in the shop would be educational, and if the work were placed in charge of a competent foreman, the product would certainly be of higher grade and be more uniform than the work which the college now receives. There is a continual demand for programs, announcements, circular letters and bulletins, all of which could be produced

on time—a thing which under present conditions is impossible. The mission of the college is to furnish an in-

dustrial training. Surely printing would be included in "the industrial pursuits and professions of life."

Athletics.

In the game of Wednesday, Oct. 30, between Mitchell and the A. C., our team went up against a team that has not had its goal line crossed for two seasons. Although the Mitchell team came to Fargo with the determination to hold up that record, our team smashed it flat.

The game was called shortly after 3:30. Although the weather was fine the field was in very heavy condition.

Mitchell kicked off to the A. C. and Wilde, catching the ball, returned it 15 yards. The A. C. advanced the ball by short-line plunges to the center of the field where Mitchell, holding the A. C. for downs, received the ball. Mitchell by hard bucking carried the ball to our 40-yard line where they were held by the home team. The ball was kicked to Rose on the 20-yard line. From here the ball was carried by short gains to the Mitchell 20-yard line, from which Spellissey went over tackle for a touchdown. Rose kicked goal.

Score—6 to 0.

Catching the ball on the kick-off, Spellissey returned it 20 yards. After playing the ball down to the visitors' 15-yard line, the team put Rose over for the second touchdown. Rose again kicked goal.

Score—12 to 0.

In the next kick-off French caught the ball on the A. C. 5-yard line and sprinted the length of the field for a touchdown. In interfering for French, Manns, Wicks and Wilde did good work.

Score—18 to 0.

Time was called with the ball in the possession of the A. C. in the center.

On the kick-off in the second half the ball was downed on the Mitchell 35-yard line. Mitchell lost the ball on the 40-yard line by a fumble. Rose tried a drop from the 25-yard line. The ball went wide, and Mitchell touched the ball back. Mitchell punted from their 25-yard line. The A. C. advanced the ball to the 20-yard line, where Mitchell held for downs. The ball changed hands several times in this territory and finally went to the A. C. Rose carried it over for a touchdown from the 8-yard line. Rose kicked goal.

Score—24 to 0.

On the next kick-off Spellissey, catching the ball, returned it to the 30-yard line. On the first play French went around the end for an 80-yard run. Goal was missed.

Score—29 to 0.

After a great deal of hard play Mitchell got the ball on their 30-yard line. Mitchell being unable to do anything punted to Rose.

The ball was carried steadily down the field. Porter carried the ball over.

Rose kicked goal which made the score 35 to 0.

Mitchell kicked off. The A. C. carried the ball to the Mitchell 40-yard line. On the quarter-back kick Corbett kicked the ball inside, but it rolled out of bounds. Although the ball should have gone to the A. C., it was given to Mitchell. Mitchell was held for downs and had to kick. The A. C. had the ball on the 40-yard line when time was called.

Final score—35 to 0.

THE WAY IT HAPPENED.

N. D. A. C.—47.

U. N. D.—0.

The great team from the University of North Dakota was defeated by the A. C. team in what was expected to be the hardest game of the season. In defeating a team three successive years the A. C. has made a rare record; as it is very seldom that any college can put up an eleven that will do it.

This game gives the A. C. the undisputed championship of North and South Dakota.

The game was called promptly at 3 o'clock.

The A. C. winning the toss chose the north goal and the U. kicked off. Wicks carried the ball to the 40-yard line, by hard line bucks Manns, Rose and Spellisycy made their yards. Rose punted to the U. line. From here the U. had to kick. A. C. ball on the 20-yard line. Big gains by the back brought the ball to the U. goal line—Spellisycy went over for the first touchdown. Rose kicked goal.

Score 6 to 0—four minutes play.

Again the U. kicked off. Spellisycy got the ball on the 10-yard line and carried it to the 25-yard line. Gains by Porter, Rose, Spellisycy and Manns carried the ball to the center. Rose made a 20-yard run, putting the ball on the 20-yard line. Here the A. C. team was penalized. The ball went over to the U., but they could not make their downs and had to punt. By hard line bucking the team soon put Rose over for the second touchdown. Rose kicked goal.

The U. kicked to Corbett who advanced the ball 10 yards. Big runs by Rose and Spillisycy, aided by the magnificent work of Manns and Corbett as interference, brought the ball within 20 yards of the line. Porter carried the

ball for a touchdown over right tackle where Westergaard had a hole big enough for our calliope to go through. Rose kicked goal. Score 18 to 0.

After the kick-off the A. C. lost the ball through a fumble. The A. C. team was penalized a couple of times for off-side playing. The ball finally went to the A. C. within a few feet of the goal line. Hard bucking put the ball out to through and tackled the U. man for big losses. The U. tried a place kick which a fumble. Wicks and Oshwald broke the 40-yard line where the U. got it on landed in Wicks' arms. Manns carried the ball to center of field.

SECOND HALF.

Fallis kicked off for the A. C. The U. center fumbled the ball and Porter dropped on it. After a minute of play Porter went over for a touchdown. Rose kicked goal.

Score 24 to 0.

U. kicked to Spellisycy who carried the ball to the 30-yard line. Rose carried the ball 15 yards. Rose punted over goal of the U., forcing them to make a touchback. The U. punted from the 25-yard line. Manns carried the ball 10 yards toward U. goal. The ball was caught by the U. quarterback. The ball was downed on the 10-yard line. Here McLaurin was a substitute in Brannan's place. The U. had to punt to get the ball away from their line. The ball changed hands in this part of the field. Rose finally went over for a touchdown.

Score 30-0.

Manns catching the ball on this kick-off, tore up the field for 35 yards. The old war horse was still in the game. Shortly after the kickoff Cronan went in Manns' place. Although Manns had been sick the week before the game he went into it and stuck until the game was surely won. Shortly after this Wambem went into Fallis's position at

guard. Fallis is another man who has been laid up.

By hard line plunging Porter was sent over for the sixth touchdown of the game. Rose kicked goal.

Score—36 to 0.

Corbett got the ball on the kick-off and aided by the splendid work of Spellisey, Wicks and Westergaard, carried it to the center. After a few line bucks Corbett tried the quarterback kick. The kick worked perfectly. Smith dropped on the ball as it went over the goal line, and we had another touchdown.

Score 41 to 0.

Corbett again caught the ball on the kick-off and made 15 yards to the center. Spensy and Rose made big runs over the ends and tackles. Rose came

in for 10 yards, Spellisey 10 yards, Cronan for two heavy gains and then Porter stepped off 20 yards. A few hard bucks on the line soon put Spellisey over for the last touchdown. Rose kicked goal.

Score 47 to 0.

On the last kick-off Corbett and Rose carried the ball to the 45-yard line. The A. C. team lost the ball on a penalty. Wicks and Cronan forced the U. man back 20 yards. This is once when the U. made their first down. In the next play Westergaard did the trick again. The U. punted to the 40-yard line. Gains by the backs placed the ball within the U.'s 5-yard line. Time was called.

Final score—47 to 0.

Exchanges.

"In this, the art of living lies—
To want no more than will suffice,
And make that little do."—Ex.

Teacher—"What's a blotter, Tommy?"
Tommy—"It's something to hunt for
while the ink gets dry."—Ex.

Great progress is being made in surgery and medicine. Operations for relief from tuberculosis have been successful.

"The Exponent" contains two short stories, both of which are good. "A Mother's Sacrifice" is, perhaps, the more interesting.

"The Fate of Moses" in "The Kaimin" was appreciated by all who read it. We should like to hear from "Nell Lewis" often.

"Shakespeare's Most Interesting Women" in "The Yankton Student" is good. This article, showing the char-

acters of the women in Shakespeare's chief plays, brings out well the admirable traits of Hermione in "The Winter's Tale."

We would suggest to "The College Signal" that an Exchange Department would add to its interest, especially for other institutions.

"The High School World" for October has a large number of exchange articles, although only about half are comments on other papers.

We are disappointed in the second part of "For the Sake of Science" in the "La Plume." From the title and setting of the story we had expected a scientific article on the geological features of Mt. Pelee.

"The first woman to become a bachelor of divinity in the Congregational Church is Miss Florence A. Fernshorn,

dean of the American College for Girls at Constantinople. She returned to America, after eighteen years of successful work, to take a complete course in the Chicago Seminary, where she won her degree."—LX.

"At Fargo our team met opponents that certainly played the game as it ought to be played. Too much can hardly be said in praise of their management, coach, team and crowd. Suffice to say that our men received every courtesy on and off the field from players and citizens that heart could desire. Our team was apparently outclassed,

and admits an honorable defeat as graciously as we hope to give our worthy opponents a like drubbing the next time we meet. The team, whether it has won or been defeated, has always thoroughly enjoyed its games with the Fargo Agricultural College."—The Oracle, Hamline U.

"The Industrialist" for September contains two short sketches, one on "The Poet Wordsworth," and the other on Thoreau, both of which articles in an interesting way show the similarity in the lives and characters of these two men, whose writings were influenced so much by nature.

Former Students.

Harry Hathaway is a drug clerk in Bryant's pharmacy, Fargo.

Mr. T. P. Bottenfield, a graduate from the Agricultural College in 1898, is practicing osteopathy in Minneapolis.

W. E. Church is farming at Sanborn, and according to reports is doing well. He has a brother here this year.

Jay Brand came in from Farmington to see the game with U. N. D. Jay is farming and says he has lots of business.

The last we heard from H. N. Daley he was located in Dickinson. "High Pockets" is not a very regular correspondent.

Mr. F. G. Ben, who graduated from the Agricultural College in 1898, finishes his study in medicine this year at Hamline University.

Edith Bowers served as one of the stenographers for the Republican State Committee during the recent campaign.

Viola M. Coddling visited in Fargo a short time ago. She has just returned from Nome, Alaska, where she held a responsible position as stenographer.

Mr. Fred Olsen, a graduate of 1899, and Mr. Robert Olsen, a graduate of 1901, visited their "alma mater" during the first week of November.

E. D. Stewart, Clarence Chacey, C. O. Follett, W. Schirrmann, W. Piper, Fred Jensen and Walter Herman were among the enthusiastic rooters at the "big game."

Mr. Carl Rustad, who was a student at the A. C. in 1896-7, was a candidate for the legislature on the democratic ticket in Emmons County at the last election.

Mr. L. B. Greene, who graduated in 1901, is now studying medicine at Ann Arbor, Mich. When entering the college at Ann Arbor Mr. Greene received one year's credit for the work done in the Agricultural College.

Some inquiry has come to the College for A. K. Johnson, who was registered from Kensal, N. D. Any information regarding him will be thankfully received by the registrar.

Mr. Art Fowler, a graduate of 1901, is studying law in the University of Minnesota. Mr. Fowler does not forget his Fargo friends. He visits his "alma mater" at least once a year.

Andrea and Amanda Jacobson are running a general store in Devils Lake.

E. D. Ward, a prosperous farmer at Farmington, took advantage of the reduced rates and came to the big football game.

City Engineer Gorder came in from Devils Lake to see the football game (?). P. C. arranges his business affairs so he can come to Fargo often, but he always remains loyal to his alma mater and renews college acquaintances.

N. R. Olsen, who did some good work on the team during his senior year, came in to see his alma mater win additional glory on the field. "Snake" is as full of enthusiasm as ever, and is thinking seriously of taking a post graduate course.

Ralph Bradley, '94, writes Ernest Palmer, also a student here in '94, and later both boys were with Company B in the Philippines, that he is working in a store in Alverna, Mont., about fifty miles from a railroad. Mr. Bradley is reported as

saying it is the first place he ever struck where he was forced to save money. Ralph was the star pole vaulter when he was a student.

Mr. O. A. Thompson, who graduated from this institution in 1901, has full charge of the fine herd of registered Short Horn cattle on the Canfield farm at Lake Park, Minnesota. As a feeder and salesman Mr. Thompson is recognized by the better stockmen of the country as an artist of no mean ability.

The faculty reception in Science Hall Saturday night gave an opportunity for many of the old students to renew acquaintances. Among those who improved the opportunity were Fred Olsen, Sanborn; P. C. Gorder, Devils Lake; Jennie Barrett, Fargo; Amanda Jacobson, Devils Lake; Ethel Maclinn, Page; Arnt Hanson, Lake Park, Minn.; John Keenedy, Fargo; Erma Cooke, Gardner; Elita Olson, and Mrs. C. M. Hall, Fargo.

Lillian G. Robinson, who was a student here in '96, recently wrote for her standings, preparatory to entering Chicago University. She now writes: "The record was very satisfactory and was accepted, without question, by the Dean of Advanced Standing at the University of Chicago." She expects to receive her Ph. B. degree next June, and to continue her work for a doctor's degree, which she hopes to receive from Paris.

Professor Keene to Physics class:—"Speaking of glass, that reminds me, some people think they can be cured by basking in red rays."

Bright student:—"Then are all red-

headed people healthier than those who are not?"

Professor, lifting his hand to his head: "Yes, blessed are those who are red."

Local Happenings.

Oysters—1 gal.—

Who said oysters?

Who took them?

Who cooked them?

Who ate them?

The Junior faculty?

Yes, no.

What makes Birch's eyes so Rosy?

Great Scott! Miss Bowers has turned the "Paige."

Many a fall is recorded on account of the icy walks.

The early snowfall dampens the ardor of the wheelmen.

An enthusiastic mass meeting was held in chapel Friday, Nov. 7.

The cup is ours.

Shall we do as well in oratory?

Mr. Simon Powers, a former student, is again attending the A. C.

The Pharmacy class is deeply involved in the mysteries of "soft-soaping."

Several students from Wahpeton attended the faculty reception in Science Hall.

The engineering department won glory and renown by building a calliope for the rooters.

As the weather turns cold and the ground freezes, the enrollment shows a decided increase.

Shelving and cupboards have been placed in room 2 for the use of the horticultural department.

Now that the wintry days are come, we see a tender Rose clinging to a sturdy Birch for protection against the cold winds.

Have you made your selection for the declamation contest? Early and constant coaching determines the winner.

The current issue of the "Westland Educator" contains an article from the pen of Professor Waldron on "The Hes- sian Fly."

The classes in French and German are being largely attended by city people. Dr. Batt is proving himself an interesting as well as capable teacher.

The first meeting of the Chemical Club was held with Prof. Ladd Friday evening, Nov. 7. A large and enthusiastic number of students attended.

Friday evening, Oct. 24, Pearl Caniff and Ethel Bowers entertained a number of their college friends in honor of Grace Costello, who has moved to St. Paul.

Mrs. Ladd returned Monday from Maryland, greatly benefited by the trip.

A large number of old students were in town Saturday on account of the U. vs. A. C. game.

The department of mathematics is trying a new brand of chalk. It is a dustless kind and a decided improvement over the soft chalk which we have used heretofore.

A very pleasant reception was given the students by the faculty in Science Hall, Saturday evening, Nov. 8. A musical program was much enjoyed and light refreshments were served.

In answer to roll call Miss Anna S— gave the following quotation: "What a beauteous thing is man!" Did this young lady gain her knowledge from Shakespeare, or from personal experience?

Mr. Page invited himself and friends to an oyster supper last Monday evening at the home of Mrs. Shepperd.

The Agricultural College no longer need feel that Fargo people take no interest in what it is doing. The fact was emphasized very strongly at the U.-A. C. game, when a father asked his three-year-old son if he was cold, to which the little fellow replied, "I'm just shivering for fear the A. C. won't win."

Just after the first touchdown, one of the students of the U. stole up to a professor from that institution, and timidly asked, "How did that happen, Professor?" We suspect that professors and students have been very busy since explaining "how it happened." Some people are inclined to charge too much to luck.

Last Friday evening the Chemical Club, for the first time this season, met at the home of Professor and Mrs. Ladd. A very pleasant evening was spent. The following papers were read: "The Elements," Miss Mabel Leininger; "Sir Humphrey Davy," Miss Katie Jensen; "The Discovery of Fire," Miss Mary Darrow. After the serving of dainty refreshments by Mrs. Ladd, all joined heartily in singing some "good old songs."

The State Board of Pharmacy held the last examination of candidates at the college. There was a large class of applicants for permits to practice pharmacy in this state. A small per cent of the number passed. The holding of the examination here has called the attention of many of the candidates to the excellent facilities of the college for giving instruction in this line. Several of those who failed expressed a determination to enter our course in pharmacy to prepare properly for another "test."

After the second number, President Worst, in his usual happy manner, complimented the football team, and all who had assisted so much toward the success of the team this year. He urged the students to be as thorough in the preparation for all "events" in life as they had been in preparing for the great event of the college year. Success does not happen. It comes to him who earns it. Thorough preparation is the key to success.

The Mandolin and Guitar Club made its first appearance at the faculty reception Saturday night, Nov. 8. Under the able leadership of Mr. C. I. Nerhaugen, the members are making rapid progress, and the club will soon be an important factor in college life. The following program was given at the reception:

Mortclair Galop Weidt
Flower Waltz Jacobs
New Harp Schottische Saunders
Riverside Waltz Folwell
La Veta Schottische De Lano

As announced in the last SPECTRUM, the chapel exercises have been changed to a weekly convocation. The exercises for the first meeting under the new plan were arranged by Professor McArdle, who received the co-operation of the chorus and gave a very pleasant musical program. The following numbers were given and elicited hearty applause from the students. Dr. Putman conducted the chorus and Miss Thams was accompanist. The selection by Shelley was given as a quartet, and was particularly pleasing.

Program:
Gallant and Gaily Horsley
The King of Love My Shepherd Is Shelley
The Skylark Barnby
The Miller's Wooing Faning

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Oh, pretty girl! Say, pretty girl!
Pray, why that ugly frown,
And tell me why,
Why do you cry?

Is all the world quite upside down?

Oh, dear me, sir! I fear me, sir,
I may not dance tonight.
I've nothing new
To wear. Boo hoo!

I know I'll look an awful fright.

Oh, pretty girl! Oh, foolish girl!
Who cares about thy gown?
Thy piquant face
And winning grace,
Thy merry eyes of tender brown—

Oh, pretty girl! Oh, pretty girl!
These be the jewels of thy crown!
So count thyself
A lucky elf

And put away that ugly frown!

Douglas Zabriskie Doty.

Professor J. A. Jeffery, formerly assistant professor of agriculture here, now in Michigan A. C., was a visitor here Nov. 6. We hope Professor Jeffery will decide to return to North Dakota.

A male quartette is the latest organization in our music department and the promoters expect that it will furnish some excellent numbers. Something novel is looked for.

The instructor in Zoology tries to explain to his class how an increase of old maids would increase the crop of clover in this country. The following is his

method of proof: "You all know that bees pollenize clover. Field mice eat the honey and young of bees. Cats eat field mice, and old maids keep cats."

One big mascot went out to boom us.
Up goal and down goal,
Oh, such a joke!
Ha! Ha! Ha!

A. C. A. C. zip! boom! bah!
Wind is blowing,
Bleachers mighty cold,
Crowd is yelling.
Oh, there's a tale to be told.

One big mascot ran out and fell against
Wilde,

But the cop brought him back like
a naughty child,

Bad man and gentleman,

Oh, such a fake!

'Varsity, 'Varsity, all for your sake.

Sun is setting,

Game is won,

Train is going,

U. is done.

There are *gentlemen* in Fargo who will
play you fairly till you yield;
But 'tis honor, A. C. grit and vigor that
are needed on a football field.

We are champions,

Season's ended.

Thanks to Cochems,

He's a man.

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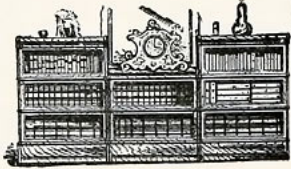
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
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