

The Spectrum.

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A STOLEN FLAG AND A KIDNAPPED PRESIDENT.

CHAPTER III.

Friday morning dawned bright and clear, and Belmont went to the office to get his mail. The postmaster handed him his letters, and among them was one in a lady's handwriting.

"Who can it be from?" he murmured, tearing open the envelope. He unfolded the letter and this is what he read:

"Mr. Harry Belmont; I write this to apprise you of a certain danger that you are in. Perhaps you are aware of the fact that there is usually a great deal of rivalry between the different classes at commencement time, and this year it seems to be very severe. Three young men of the Sophomore class have planned to kidnap you this evening, and prevent your attending your class program.

These young men, however, are rather indiscreet, and I became acquainted with their plans by hearing them discussed.

If someone should ask you to go fishing this afternoon do not demur, but go quietly along with them, and if you should be carried off, please make as little resistance as possible; but whatever happens do not let them suspect that you know what they are going to do.

You will be locked in the old shed, but do not be alarmed, because Jerry will come for you in time to bring you back for this evening's program.

Please do exactly as this letter says if you wish this evening to be a success.

A member of your class."

Belmont was so surprised that he could not think for a moment or two.

Finally, as his wits came back he began to wonder who wrote the letter. It was a lady, he knew, and he finally decided that it must have been Dorothy.

"Well," he thought, "I'll take her advice anyway, because Dorothy is a wise little body, and always knows best."

About four o'clock in the afternoon Belmont saw Wayne coming towards him. He thought his time had come and for a moment his heart beat hard, but he looked up inquiringly as Wayne approached him.

"I say, Belmont," said Wayne, "Don't you want to go fishing for an hour? I was down this morning, and they bite just fine."

"Do they?" said Belmont, "well I don't care if I do go for awhile. A fellow might as well have a little fun sometimes. Are we going alone? Where's Graham and Livingstone?"

"O, I guess they'll come along later," said Wayne chuckling to himself.

The boys started off, and when they reached the river Belmont sat down on the bank and began to bait his hook, when suddenly Graham and Livingstone sprang out from the bushes, behind him, and grabbing hold of him hastily bound him hand and foot. They threw him into the buggy telling him that if he said a word or called for help they would take him and tie him to a tree.

This was enough to silence Belmont, because if he was taken away Jerry would not know where to find him.

For a quarter of an hour the boys drove on in silence. On reaching the old house they alighted from the buggy and, carrying Belmont in, dropped him

on the floor. "Well," asked Wayne, "how do you feel now?"

"Confound it, anyhow! When are you fellows going to let me out of here?" said Belmont a little impatiently.

"O, don't get excited little boy, don't get excited," answered Graham. "We'll bring our omnibus around as soon as the performance is over, and take you home. Here Wayne you untie his hands and feet, and Livingstone you come here and stand in the door so he won't get out."

But Belmont made no attempt to escape, and after loosening his bonds, Wayne made a hasty exit.

Bellmont heard the boys prop some heavy iron bars against the door, then they drove off, and he was left alone. It was not a very pleasant situation to be in, even though he did know he would be released, and it was with not a very brotherly feeling towards the boys that he settled himself in a corner to await the coming of Jerry.

"Well, he's settled," said Wayne with a sigh of relief, "and I'm glad. I was afraid he would be rather hard to deal with."

"But he wasn't though," said Graham. "And we've spoiled his fun for him," he added with a chuckle.

The boys drove home, talking and laughing all the way, and congratulating themselves on how well they had managed their plans.

Soon all was hurry and bustle around the college, and about dusk the carriages began to arrive, but there was one carriage that did not drive up to the main entrance. On the contrary it went hurriedly around to the back of the dormitory, where the one passenger alighted, exclaiming, "Good bye Jerry, I'm a million times obliged to you. If I am successful tonight I shall owe it all to you and—Miss Arnolds." Then he turned and ran quickly up the steps to his own room.

Wayne, Graham, and Livingstone arranged to get seats together, near the front so as to watch all the performance

and to revel in the mortification of the Freshman when their amiable president did not appear.

The speakers and singers were grouped together behind a curtain, not appearing on the stage till their names were announced, and as Dorothy was to give a recitation she was among this number.

At half past eight all were assembled but Belmont. They waited for half an hour, when the audience began to grow uneasy, but still he did not come. Dorothy was becoming anxious, but she went to the professor in charge of the program and said "I—I think sir that Mr. Belmont was detained and has not had time to get here yet. Couldn't I go on first? And I think he'll be here by the time I get through."

The professor consented to let her do this and he stepped out saying that they had made a slight change in the program and would begin with a recitation by Miss Dorothy Arnolds.

When Dorothy was about half through there was a stir among the young folks who were sitting on the stage, but no one noticed it, and Wayne nudged Graham saying, "She takes it mighty cool, don't seem to care a bit because Belmont isn't here."

"Humph," said Graham, "she minds it a great deal more than you think."

When Dorothy was through she sat down amid much applause, and the professor again stepped forth announcing the President's Address by Mr. Harry Belmont.

The three boys on the front seat stared. What could it mean? Why on earth didn't he know that Belmont wasn't there. They looked at one another in amazement, when suddenly Belmont appeared. They were too astonished to believe their eyes, and when Belmont looked down at them they imagined they saw a smile lurking in the corner of his eyes, but he went bravely on, and finished amid storms of wild applause.

The program was a grand success but

the three conspirators were so dazed and astonished that they heard none of it.

When finally it was over Dorothy and Bellmont met them.

"Hello boys," said Bellmont, "you see I got here after all without your omnibus."

"How under the sun did you get out?" asked Wayne.

"O Jerry came after me," laughed Bellmont.

"Jerry!" said all three boys in astonishment.

"Yes," said Dorothy, "I heard you the other day in the woods, and I asked him to go. Aren't you going to congratulate us on the excellence of our program?" she added with a pout.

"Yes," said Livingstone, heartily extending his hand, "I am, and I'm glad you got out, Bellmont, after all it was a mean trick."

"That's just what I think," said Graham grasping Bellmont's hand.

"Me too," replied Wayne, and I'm sorry, old man."

"Oh, it's all right," said Bellmont. "I don't care now that it's all over, but I would have been angry if I hadn't got here in time."

They all laughed and went down stairs.

(THE END.)

MARIA CALLEY.

EDUCATION AND LIFE.

It is a habit of thought too common among us, to regard education as measured by the number of things one knows. Our colleges have held the conception that considers less the social and moral efficiency of the individual, than his capacity for storing up facts; they have trained the mind to value knowledge more as an end than as a means to fuller life. We fail to emphasize the fact that knowledge and power gained are means of modifying and controlling environment.

Education should prepare for life,—develop strength for doing, feeling, helping. In other words, while we train the mind to conceive, and the hand and eye to do good work, there should at the same time be growth of that ideal conception of life which regards education not merely as an individual matter, but as something bearing on the life of the community. With that conception, education becomes a rational part of life, the bringing of the individual into right relation with himself, and with his fellows. Gradually the old view has been abandoned that instruction is something apart from life, and that acquiring it is the chief function of youth,

while the adjustment of the knowledge gained to real conditions which must be met, comes later.

Instead of the continual effort to adjust college ideals and training to actual life, there has been much intelligent effort to put the school, in so far as possible, not only in touch with the outside world, but to make it a part of that world. The aim is to develop the whole man or woman; to call all the powers of life into service. In so far as we act on this idea of expression of the self in conduct and achievement, materially and spiritually, we are finding the right basis for education. For the measure of life is the extent to which the whole of the individual, the intellectual, emotional, active self is called forth, and the degree to which he expresses his thought and ideals upon his surroundings. The question arises today in the minds of intelligent thinkers, whether public schools and higher institutions should not modify their courses so as to offer more guidance for practical life. By practical is usually meant that which can be turned into money or immediate use, but in the broadest sense of the word, it means the power to meet, un-

falteringly and undaunted, the demands of the hour, be they great or small.

Power to reason closely and clearly, to make fine discriminations and judge wisely, comes largely from a liberal education, but is developed also to a marked degree by special training. Now if this special training be of such a nature that it not only gives knowledge valuable to the student, but at the same time precedes or supplements a liberal training, does it not serve two purposes? The question is often asked, "What does a liberal education include?" The man who has a liberal education is not only learned, but trained and disciplined for work. He should have studied the classics. He must know something of the sciences, and the book of nature. He must have studied his fellow-men and the laws that govern human society. The years in school are but preparing the way for a liberal education. Must mental strength and culture be necessarily sacrificed when subjects of unquestionable, practical worth are added to a course? Is it beneath the dignity of a college to have in its curriculum branches that deal directly with the problem of living? The education we desire must be that which most thoroughly draws out the best that is within, and gives strength to do, wisdom to guide, and power to live completely.

Mary Robert Smith, in *Popular Science Monthly* says: "The destiny of the girl who goes to college is carefully concealed from her. Who says to her 'If you marry you will need biology—the sciences of life; hygiene—wisdom to attain and preserve health; sociology—the laws which govern individuals in society; chemistry, physics; economic ethics; all sciences which may help to solve the problem which the housewife must meet; literature and languages; the vehicles of poetry and inspiration.' No one has the courage to suggest any of these as suitable, nay absolutely essential to the successful fulfillment of her probable vocation."

In many of the best colleges and universities of today, the destiny of the girl who goes to college is not carefully concealed from her. The course of study often includes the subjects just mentioned, and in addition, contains practical subjects and fosters habits of thought and reasoning invaluable in after-life.

In accordance with the idea that self-expression in good work is really the carrying of sound thought and right feeling into action, the function of hand work in the school is recognized as one of the strongest. Crane defines manual training as the cultivation of the hand so that it may be able to express the ideas of the mind, to serve as an adjustment between mind and matter, to be the complement of the mind, in man's struggle for the control of his environment.

Manual training aims at the broadest and most liberal training. Its chief purpose is not the careful drawing, the nicely fitted joint, the perfectly adjusted machine, the daintily fashioned garment, or the well cooked dinner; it is the self-centered, the well-trained young man or woman, the boy who is to be first a citizen, second, perhaps, a chemist or machinist. He will aim first at right living. Then afterwards he will center his attention on his livelihood. The girl will be trained by her lessons to respect the demands of the world, and the home, and to resent the false idea that manual labor and true gentility are incompatible. The object of manual training is to do things with a real motive behind and a definite outcome ahead; to have an idea of responsibility and obligation; to produce something; to conceive of work in wood, metal, fabrics and food not as distinct duties, but as methods of life. Nor can we overestimate the value of the habits of discipline, industry, kindness and co-operation, which make the schoolroom more like a small community than a place in which to learn lessons.

MARIE B. SENN.

SNOW-BOUND.

If, kind reader, you are looking for some stirring tale of adventure, then do not read this little sketch, for it is only the story of a common occurrence in the life of the pioneers of the Northwest, told from personal experience.

Fifteen years ago, when I first came to live on a farm in the northern part of Dakota Territory, that part of the country was almost a perfect wilderness. The houses were small and far between, and the greater number were only rude huts of sod, half buried in the ground. My father took up a pre-emption claim of eighty acres on which he settled his family, consisting of mother, a brother and myself. Father would come home in the evening, but in the daytime he worked for my uncle, who lived about a mile away. Our house, which was of the kind well known to the early settlers as the "claim shack," was walled up with sod all about and very low.

The winter of 1888 will be remembered by all early settlers as an exceedingly severe one. The months of January and February, especially, were very stormy, with much snow. One bright morning in January father left home to take a load of grain to town. Towards noon it became cloudy and started snowing very fast, and the white flakes soon obscured the sight in all directions. The wind gradually rose, blowing by gusts and fitfully dying away, until finally it rose in its might and howling and roaring, as only a Dakota wind can, it drove the snow in blinding sheets across the bleak prairie. No man could face that terrible demon and live.

Louder and louder roared the fierce blasts, thicker and thicker flew the relentless snow, burying all creation in its soft but awful folds. By the cozy fire in our home sat mother, hoping and praying that father might not have been caught in the fierce storm, while we small urchins crowded about her knee

asking questions about father which she dared not answer. We went early to bed that night, but when we arose next morning the storm was still raging. All through the weary day the snow fell and drifted and night brought no change.

We awoke the third day as the clock struck eight and lay awake waiting for daylight. Would it never come? Mother arose and looked through the window. It was covered with snow. She tried to open the door. It turned outward, and resisted her utmost efforts. Slowly the truth dawned upon her in all its terrible reality.

We were snow-bound in a raging blizzard, a mile from the nearest habitation, with but limited supplies of food, fuel, and light!

Think of it! A lonely, helpless woman with two small boys, snowed under in a small hut on a boundless plain. And what were the anxious thoughts of her husband, too, not knowing whether he was dead or alive.

The fourth morning was as the third, the wind still howling as loud as ever though to us its roar was muffled by the snow that surrounded us on all sides. Towards night our light went out, and we were left in darkness. Our wood was gone and we had already begun to break up and burn parts of the furniture. It was plain that something must be done and done quickly.

On the fifth morning, mother arose early. Armed with a caseknife and a tack-hammer she attacked the outer door and in a couple of hours time succeeded in cutting a hole large enough to put out her arm. With the freshovel she shoveled so much snow into the house that she got the door partly open, after which she dug through the deep snow overhead until she got an opening large enough to get through.

How cheering were the bright rays of the sun as it shone through the opening for the first time in four days and lighted the dismal room! The snow

was still drifting near the ground, but overhead the sun, surrounded by a halo, cast its dazzling rays through the crisp, frosty air. Before long a neighbor, who had guessed our predicament, arrived

with a supply of food and fuel; that night father came home and the joy of the meeting fully repaid us for all the weary days of imprisonment.

A. M., '05.



NOTES FROM THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

The agricultural interests of the state are again in operation at the Agricultural College. The term opened with every department crowded to its utmost capacity. The agricultural subjects, taught by Professors Sheppard, Ten Eyck, Kaufman and Dr. Dunham, are in great demand this year.

The classes taking schedule "A" meet in the creamery on Monday and Tuesday for dairy practice; in the barn on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday for stock scoring and in the barn on Saturday of each week for veterinary. The time devoted to each of these subjects is from 1:30 to 3:30 P. M. on the respective days.

The work in the dairy department consists of milk separation, milk testing, butter making and the operation and care of milk and butter machinery.

Mr. W. O. Perry, assistant dairyman, reports a weekly churning of from 275 to 300 pounds of butter, which demands the highest price on the market, on account of its superior quality.

The work in the live stock department is, at present, along the line of scoring fat hogs. Many of the students in this work are becoming expert judges of good stock. Mr. O. R. Aney of Wilmot, S. D., while addressing this class, said: "Illinois is paying \$25 per ton for pig feed, which proves to be nothing more than reground bran and screenings from the North and South Dakota wheat."

Why, then, cannot we keep this feed in our own state and feed it to our own hogs, when it costs practically nothing to raise it and thereby develop another paying industry in this state.

The advanced class in veterinary are at present dissecting sheep. Something original may come from this class in the near future as they have discovered "pink eye" in some of the sheep and are now thoroughly investigating into that contagious disease.

The first meeting of the N. D. Agricultural Club was held on Saturday evening, Jan. 11, in Francis Hall. The meeting was called to order by the president, E. G. Schollander, who, after making a few introductory remarks, introduced President Worst, who gave a very instructive and pleasing address. After the regular program, the club elected officers for this year with the following result:

President—J. A. Kennedy.
 Vice President—D. C. Thomas.
 Secretary—M. H. Fallis.
 Treasurer—A. W. Cascadden.
 Marshal—Albert Benn.

It is the purpose of the club to teach parliamentary rules, to cultivate public speaking by holding debates and reading papers, and to create a feeling of patriotism for our institution. The efforts of the club have been decidedly successful and gratifying in the past and it is to be hoped that our efforts this year will be equally as fruitful.

ATHLETICS.

The first step towards placing the colleges of the Northwest on a firm basis for the building up of the pure college athletics was brought about by President Worst of this College, through whose efforts a meeting of representatives from five Northwestern Colleges was held in Minneapolis Friday, December 27. At this meeting a set of regulations was drawn up and adopted, which will go into effect with the beginning of this year. Although but five colleges have as yet entered this compact, it is probable that others will submit themselves to these regulations and all will be placed on a basis, from which a high degree of purity and excellence can be attained in athletics.

The regulations promulgated by this conference are somewhat elementary and will not, without further amending and restricting, do all that is hoped for in this line, yet with the rules already adopted the work of bringing intercollegiate contests about will be much easier, and the events will pass off much more amicably. Rules covering professionalism were purposely omitted for the present to give time for the careful consideration of such regulations, although the subject was brought up and ably discussed. The general opinion was that these regulations will or should be somewhat more lenient than those of the Big Nine, yet ultimately aiming to bar the practice of putting college athletic skill up for pecuniary advantages, or on the contrary of the admitting of professional athletics to college teams.

The following are some of the important rules:

Eligibility—(a) Regularly enrolled students taking ten hours classroom work or fifteen hours laboratory work a week shall be deemed eligible.

(b) The acceptance of pay, gifts or any remuneration for services on a college team shall bar a man from contesting.

(c) Each applicant for a position on any team shall sign a statement that he is eligible, which shall be certified by the registrar of his institution and by the conference representative, and be deposited with the secretary of the conference.

(d) Men to be eligible for spring contests must have been enrolled not later than the January preceding.

(e) Cases of questions as to eligibility shall be submitted first to the Athletic Committee of the faculty of the institution, and if the decision is not satisfactory, may be appealed to the conference, whose decision is final.

(f) No student shall contest for more than six seasons in the aggregate; any portion of a season to be considered as a season.

Ten days before each game or contest the contesting institutions shall complete lists of eligible players and execute contracts. These shall be signed by the student manager and conference member from the institution and exchanged.

Any misunderstanding with reference to games or contests shall be referred to a committee of the members of the conference not involved, whose decision shall be final.

The dates for the series of basketball games to be played by the A. C. team in Minneapolis have been set and are as follows: February 7 our team plays the Minneapolis Y. M. C. A. team; February 8 the University team, and February 10 the team from the Agricultural School. Our team is putting in heavy practice and in another week of training they will undoubtedly put up the strongest game of any team in the state. It is hoped that the management will be able to secure a game with the U. of N. D. at Grand Forks, and also give the mone in return at Fargo.

GENERAL SCIENCE.

The terms "survival of the fittest" and "struggle for existence" are closely related to the term adaptation. The animals which adapt themselves most readily to their surroundings survive. The struggle for existence is concerned directly with the power an animal species possesses to adapt itself to its environments. Animals are born to strife and contention, and only those which are physically strongest, or most cunning survive. All of the environments of an animal influence his life. His facilities for obtaining food, power to adapt himself to change of climate and ability to overcome or escape enemies, each aid him in his effort to live.

The animals are fitted by nature in various ways to overcome these circumstances. Adaptations of this kind have been classed as, food securing, self protection, rivalry, defense of young, and surroundings. Examples of these kind are numerous, but the ear is not trained to hear the warning sound in all cases, and the eye not keen enough to take notice of the peculiar and interesting way in which animals are adapted to the conditions of life.

To begin with the first division and to name an example—we might consider the squirrels and gophers running about the woods. A common sight indeed, but how many of us take particular notice of them? Catch a timid creature, if you can, and examine the provisions nature has endowed him with for his struggle for existence. Perhaps the most noticeable characteristic in this respect would be the sharp, strong teeth, to be used in gnawing and cracking nuts for food. A busy animal is the squirrel, busy as a bee through all the autumn, hoarding up a store of food supply for the on-coming winter. Briskly he leaps about the woods gathering nuts here and there and carrying them in his mouth to some hollow tree for storage. I fancy they have as happy a Christmas as we, cracking nuts with their sharp, strong

teeth in the warm nest in the old hollow tree.

But to continue the subject of adaptations; for there are yet other phases to be considered. Animals of every species large or small have been provided with some means of defense. In cases where such is not the condition, the species or genus has become extinct. Again, observe our little friend the squirrel and watch him as he acts. If enemies are around, like a streak of lightning he runs or jumps from tree to tree, and before we know it is lost to our sight in the old hollow tree. Fleetness of foot then is his chiefest defense, but the place of abode selected might also be considered in a certain sense to be one means of defense; since he selects such a place as is not easily found by enemies or other animals.

The adaptations mentioned bring the squirrel in contact with other species, other classes as well as with his own species, but in the question of rivalry the contention lies entirely among individuals of his own species. Every year at the mating season one may see the gallant little male squirrel put on his prettiest manners before his desired mate. What his greatest inducements are it would be hard to say, but doubtless they are irresistible whatever they are, and the happy couple select a fine old hollow tree for their new home.

In their selection of a home doubtless the thought of protection for the young stands uppermost in their minds. Consequently it is warmly lined with leaves and moss, and to a considerable depth, lest harm might befall the little ones. Many animals possess pouches or bags upon the body in which to carry the young, but the little squirrel provides for his in a different manner, and does not find it necessary to carry his young about.

During the summer, we might be tempted to think that the squirrel had no house but lived out of doors all the time. So he does during most of the

summer but all during these warm months he is building and preparing for himself and family a comfortable home for the winter to come. Thus it is that he adapts himself to the changing seasons in one climate and by gradual transfer comes to adapt himself to various climates. Not so much in his home would he be likely to do this as in himself. For example his fur is found to be thicker and finer in northern than in southern climates. Doubtless should we

study closely into the internal anatomy of our little friend we might find vestiges of structure, the usefulness of which he had outlived in past generations.

Thus, in this common every day sight, we find the great laws of nature as applicable as in any other and the modes of adaptation quite clearly marked out. There are others which show just as striking characters and are of intense interest.

MABEL LEININGER.

MECHANICAL NOTES.

Our mechanical department has, from the very start been hampered by too little room and inadequate equipment for the demands made upon it. During the past summer, however, improvements have been made which double the former amount of floor space. We quote the Fargo Forum as to our most notable improvement. "The Agricultural College new forge shop is reported to be the best in the Northwest. It embraces a room 54 ft.x68 ft., which contains forty Buffalo blast forges of the latest type. The large fans are placed on a platform in one end of the shop. The blast fan is connected to each forge by a system of underground piping and, by another system of piping the exhaust fan is connected to hoods on the forges and thus by down draft the smoke and obnoxious gases are carried off to the chimney. Every tool is of the best make and the entire shop has no superior for student purposes in the Northwest."

The wash rooms are capacious and are supplied with lockers and hot and cold water.

The new engine room is another improvement worthy of notice. In a well lighted room 40 ft.x46 ft. are two Olds eighteen horse-power gasoline engines, an eighteen horsepower Nichols & Shepard traction engine, a twenty-five horse-power compound Gaar Scott stationary engine, all of which are belted to the shafting. Besides these are a four horse-power verticle engine, a twelve horse-power portable J. I. Case engine and numerous parts of engines and boilers for demonstration purposes.

A large class room, a drawing room and minor additions to the physical laboratory conclude the improvements to this department for this year. There is yet great need for extensions in various other departments of the shop; the lathe and carpenter room can accommodate but a small fraction of the students wishing to take that work.

We hope that ere another year these much needed improvements will prove themselves realities.



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Editorial.

With the present enrollment at our college it should be a comparatively easy matter to add at least two hundred and fifty new names to our subscription list. With the active co-operation of the older students and present subscribers this may be accomplished very easily. THE SPECTRUM, which is a student's paper, is a mirror of the students life at college, and by means of it many people unacquainted with our institution form more or less favorable conceptions of the same. Our institution is progressing rapidly, and THE SPECTRUM *should* and must progress in a similar ratio. This progression will be rendered easier

by the hearty co-operation of the entire student body, especially by new students subscribing for the paper, and thereby keeping in touch with the college. Don't wait for a personal visit from the business manager, but call on him. It is much easier for you to make one visit than for the business manager to make several hundred. Think of this, both new students and old, and either subscribe yourself, or if you have already done so, persuade your friends to subscribe.

THE SPECTRUM is pleased to announce that it now has an office of its own, which promises to be as handily arranged and attractive as any college paper's office which might be mentioned. The room is in the East side of the main building, and is capacious and well lighted. The furnishings are expected within a few days and when all settled, the editorial staff may well be proud of their new quarters.

The Spectrum's editor, he heaves a sigh,
Sweet Marie !
He's had a glimpse of heavenly vision—
Sweet Marie !
And now one only thought him thrills,
One fervid hope his being fills:
Oh, sweet Marie, be up, make haste,—
The Spectrum's tolling scribes regale:
They must your pie's rich flavor taste,
Or never, never cease their wail.
Sweet Marie !

Domestic Science's acknowledged queen,
Sweet Marie!
Can you forget who e'er your friends
Sweet Marie ! [have been?
Our columns always sing your praise,
We've cheered you on in countless ways.
So listen to our longing cry,
Remember us, we must have PIE,
Sweet Marie !

Accept from us, our kitchen elf, this vow—
Sweet Marie !
Domestic Science owns our hearts from
Sweet Marie ! [now,
Hence nothing furthe us employs,
Save how in kitchen lore grow wise:
If only you'll our wish fulfill,
Incline your heart, our craving still,
And send the Spectrum force a feast—
Some of your far-famed pie, at least.
Sweet Marie !

The winter term with all its agonies is well under way and we feel it our solemn duty to make a few suggestions which we hope will be seriously considered by those whom they may concern. We have occasion this year to welcome to our institution a much larger number of students than at this time last year. Among these new comers are some familiar faces but the majority are strangers at college and it is for the benefit of some of these we wish to make a few remarks. Do not make yourselves so all-fired conspicuous. Keep your eyes and ears open, your mouths shut until you have been here long enough to learn something of the way you are supposed to conduct yourselves while attending college. It is probably hard for you to believe that this institution was running before you came and that it will continue to do so after you are gone. Nevertheless, such is the case. Our chapel was full before you came and now it is three times full. There have been places set for you to meet to receive your mail, so you will use a little precaution in crowding into the chapel and depriving the old students of their regular seats. Play the part of a gentleman and you will profit much thereby.

That old adage, "Conscience makes cowards of all," is undoubtedly true, but it is certainly true that in a great many instances conscience may deal differently with many of us. We occasionally have instances in which conscience may cause us to bear in silence the quips, jests, and thinly-veiled sneers, or pretended expressions of friendly interest which certain people masquerading under the guise of friendship are wont to bestow upon us, while each of these meddling gossip-mongers, apparently oblivious of the fact that their garrulity may be a source of considerable annoyance to others, fondly chatter on in blessed ignorance or utter carelessness of the results. Collegiate training is generally supposed to develop the mental faculties along various lines, and

it is but natural to suppose that regard for the feelings of others should be included as one of the lines of development. Some there are who apparently might be benefited by an advanced course in this particular line, and although their victims, in utter self-abnegation, may resignedly say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," it is more probable that they will change it to, "Lord deliver us from our friends," and proceed to assist in the deliverance. A little serious thought on this matter will doubtless be of benefit to many.

At various times we have suggested that THE SPECTRUM is essentially a students' paper and should be more heartily supported by them. These suggestions were the expression of a growing conviction that a student publication should be dependent upon no others than the students themselves. We could, no doubt, get sufficient literary material from outside sources to fill and fill well, the columns of our paper, but then, it would cease to be a students' paper, and they would naturally lose interest in it. How much more pride would we all take in our oracle, if we could boast, that every word in its columns was our own. Such a condition will be brought about only by developing the spontaneous thoughts brought out by study in each individual. And, unless our study does develop in us some great and good thoughts, it tends to cripple, rather than prepare us for the duties of life.

In glancing over the pages of our paper, it is surprising and indeed should be humiliating to the student body to note from what a narrow range the contributions come. We therefore urge the co-operation of every student—*every student*, we say, for the columns are open to all. If your article fails to appear it is generally because there is a better one to fill space. You should not, however, let this discourage you. Such work does not come to one in a day, but through weeks, and indeed

months, of patient and diligent practice.

If you don't succeed at first, by all means, try again; you have nothing to lose and much to gain by so doing. Surely there are those among us who have literary talent. What benefit, then, to you or to your fellow students, to keep your thoughts to yourself?

If modesty prevents your writing, assume a *nom de plume*; if for lack of time, hand in short articles, locals and jokes; but above all, do not fail to cheer

the spirits of your humble servant, the editor, by helping to slay that gruesome monster, "Space to Fill," which haunts him day and night. What we need, is a grand old awakening; rouse your latent talents and ere another month goes by and ever after that, flood the editor's office with literary articles, long, short, good, bad and indifferent. Do your duty, the best you can, and the result will not only benefit you but also the student body and the institution.



LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Mrs. Burnam will be at the college Thursday afternoon, and all day Tuesday, of each week to accommodate her private pupils. The chorus class will meet at 3:30 Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Student in Shop: Professor, where can I hang my coat?

Professor: I think you will find room outside on one of those trees.

A mandolin and guitar club is the next musical club to be established at the college.

The blackboards in Science Hall necessitate a bath room attachment. The boards are "the worst ever."

With five new teachers and ten new classrooms there are not sufficient accommodations for all applicants. The classes in engineering were filled to the limit the first day.

The chapel will accommodate about two-fifths of the enrollment. The cry is for more buildings.

President Worst addressed the Agricultural Club on January 11.

Sergeant Kennedy better leave his thumbs at home when he goes to drill.

Student, on entering the office of the barn: "Say, where is the barn?"

Dec. 17 Mr. Leonard gave a very pleasant talk in chapel.

On Dec. 18, Miss Leiningner entertained those fortunate enough to be at chapel, with "The Life of Milton, a Heritage to the Ages."

That even the best of us will take a tumble to ourselves once in a while, was proved the other day when Professor Mills toppled over into the basement of Fargo Decorating Co.'s store. For further particulars inquire of the Professor.

At last our basketball team has got down to practice. We hope they will uphold the reputation that they gained last year.

Miss Ward has a new way of designating "him." While spending her Xmas vacation at home she says she participated in a moonlight rabbit hunt.—Who is Brer Rabbit?

Messrs. Olsen, Gorder, and Phelan attended chapel Jan. 7. They also visited Francis Hall. Miss Senn reports nothing missing. The boys must have reformed.

Since when did Greene answer to the name, Manning.

Guess Tom Heath must have found the fountain of youth. We thought he had left us in 1900, but find him back again this term, many years younger with several of his eccentricities missing.

New students must remember that the evenings are for study and not for meandering around town taking in the sights.

One of the professors is reported to have said at the beginning of the term: "Next Monday I take off my coat, roll up my sleeves, and begin on the dough." It is to be hoped that the professor has good luck.

Miss Senn hopes that none of the new students attempt to follow in the footsteps of the older students who were with us a few years back. For with the increased number to watch, life would be one continual round of pleasure.

We are sorry to say that F. G. Benn, '98, is sporting a "Van Dyke."

The Agricultural College Cadet Band held its first meeting on Jan. 9 and perfected an organization. Twenty-seven students have reported for this work, many of whom have had considerable experience and are very enthusiastic over the prospects. The instruments have arrived and under the able instruction of Mr. Rudd we may soon expect to see a band of which we may well be proud.

Notice on bulletin board—"Uniform for sale, nearly new, only two years old."

The class of '02 after leaving their flag in the vault for over a year, took courage and gave it an airing on Jan. 9 by hoisting it on the flagstaff of the new Science Hall.

Mr. McGlynn in class of live stock breeding: "Say Cronan, what kind of hogs do they raise to produce boneless hams?"

On Tuesday, Jan. 7, Co. A passed in review before Lieutenants Phelan and Gorder of the N. D. N. G.

It was rather warm on Jan. 8 for a midwinter day in North Dakota and the people in Douglas Terrace were somewhat surprised to hear what sounded like northbound geese, but on investigation they found that the supposed goose-calls issued from an open window in Mr. Treat's residence. Walter has joined the A. C. Cadet Band and was practicing on his clarinet.

The Sophomore Class in English are deep in the tragedy of Macbeth.

On Jan. 7, James McGuigan was seen to enter a hardware store and purchase a considerable length of inch rope, for which he paid cash. On inquiring of a friend as to the probable use to which the rope was to be put, no definite answer was received but it was afterwards learned that on that day the former Miss Archbald passed through Fargo on her wedding trip to points in the East. Strange enough, Jim is still with us, due, we suppose to the abundance of rubber used in making his neck.

New student addressing Professor Northrup: "Are you the president?"

It is to be expected that a denominational institution would have a little respect for the truth.

Mr. Fallis is taking post graduate work in Reed—ing and Wright—ing this term.

Mr. Arthur Fowler, '01, is taking the law course at the U. of Minn.

The sympathy of the students is extended to Professor and Mrs. Mallarian on the loss of their little daughter.

Miss Manns has returned to college.

The work of the winter term was renewed with great enthusiasm by the old students who were very much worn out by the festivities of the Xmas vacation.

Among the old students who have returned to college are, Miss Pauline Peterson, Miss Mae McInnes and Mr. Simon Powers.

The rooms of the cooking and sewing departments present a cozy appearance, after the much needed improvements which were made during Xmas vacation.

(Professor classifying new student): "What is your religion, to what church do you belong?"

New Student with a puzzled look: "I don't tink I take dot dis term."

Due to the increase in numbers of new students, both the departments conducted by Miss Senn and Miss Nichol have greatly increased.

Those who kindly bestowed a list of Xmas presents on Mr. May evidently forgot what he most needed: a razor.

Miss Mabel Leininger spent her Xmas vacation with the Misses Jensen at Buffalo.

Mr. Clayton Worst is attending the Agricultural College at Ames, Iowa.

We are very glad to know that Miss Worst is able to be around again.

Miss Ethel Bowers spent part of her Xmas vacation at Mr. Tustin's home at Argusville.

Mr. Clarence Martin suffered the loss of his vacation through scarlet fever quarantine.

Thos. H. Heath with '00, commonly know as "Red," honored the institution by a short visit on Jan. 10.

Mr. Heath returned to Washington on the eleventh to resume his work with the Imperial Bridge Co.

Prof. Rose: "Can you create energy"
Mr. Wambem: "Yes, sir; I can."
Prof. Rose: "Well, you had better waste no time in getting out a patent."

All hands turned out on Jan. 10 to hear President Hill, of the G. N. Ry., address the Grain Growers' Convention.

Professor Hall keeps us informed as to the weather by floating weather signal flags from the flagstaff on Science Hall.

It is reported that Greene and Jensen thoroughly enjoyed the "Limb"-Burgomaster.

Our famous right tackle, "Willie" Wicks, is employed as fireman on the N. P. Ry. between Fargo and Jamestown.

Why so lonely now while going to dinner, Miss Thomas?

The board of control of the State Oratorical League held a business meeting on Jan. 12 at the Waldorf hotel. The representatives present from the various institutions were: R. S. Muir, University of North Dakota; I. R. Matthew, Red River Valley University; W. H. Best, Fargo College; J. McGuigan, Agricultural College. Judges for the state contest were selected, and it was decided that the contest should be held in Fargo, on Friday, April 11. As each of the institutions represented will send well-trained speakers to represent them, the state contest will be an exceedingly interesting event.

On Jan. 9th, Mr. A. R. Aney, of Wilmot, South Dakota, gave an instructive talk to the members of the stock judging class, on the subject of hog raising.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Daniels and Mrs. H. L. Bolley have been secured for the winter term. Mr. and Mrs. Daniels received their preparation in the Normal School at Clarion, Penn., and have been teaching for nine or ten years in the public schools of Minnesota and North Dakota.

The distribution of the mail the first day caused a little commotion when Miss Hannan claimed Laura Lee's letters.

The growth of the short courses and the demand for instruction in engineering made it necessary to employ several new teachers for the winter. Professor Rose, who has given considerable time to mathematics, now gives all his time to the classes in engineering and shop work. Miss Mary E. McArdle has been secured as assistant in the department of mathematics. Miss McArdle received her education in Michigan, having graduated from the high school

at Homer, and from the Normal College at Ypsilanti. She was teacher in the schools of Melrose Park, Cook County, Illinois, for three years, and last fall accepted a position in the city schools of Fargo, which position she resigned to take up the work here. She has made an excellent record as a teacher and student and we are glad to welcome her to our corps of workers.

Mrs. Bolley taught here last year and needs no introduction at the hands of THE SPECTRUM.

SHARPS AND FLATS.

The average fish-bone is easier to swallow than the average fish story.

It takes a smart accountant to account for the shortage in his accounts.

A desire to mind one's own business is a taste that is hard to acquire.

No man is a hopeless fool until he has made a fool of himself twice in the same way.

If there was anything in a name we might plant bird seed an dexpect to harvest a crop of birds.

A man may be handicapped by being born a poet, but there is no reason why he should not brace up and write something for THE SPECTRUM.

The people who talk without thinking and those who think without talking always make each other tired.

If a man gushes over womankind, he is sneered at as sentimental; if he does not, he is called a brute—so what can the poor man do?

Many a college owes its fame to its football team. That's what made Fargo College famous.

Do you know Miss—es Meals?

No, I have not the pleasure of her acquaintance, but I am told that Aldyth Ward dropped down for a short nap and forgot to wake up until it was too late for supper.

Man's devotion to woman frequently arouses her feelings—of that tired kind.

A wise man profits by his own experience; but he is a good deal wiser if he profits by the experience of others.

The newest floral wonder is the "Shasta daisy," originated by a flower grower in California. It measures a foot in circumference, and, when one was exhibited recently in a florists window in San Francisco people literally flocked to see it.

Pure Athletics, the watchword of every college, seems to have been given the following meaning by Fargo College: "It is the solemn duty of every college to root out professionalism in other schools, while fostering it in their own ranks."

THE COLLEGE GIRL.

There's a gladness in her gladness
 When she's glad;
 There's a sadness in her sadness
 When she's sad;
 But the gladness of her gladness,
 And the sadness of her sadness,
 Aren't a marker to the madness
 Of her madness
 When she's mad.

—Ex.

EXCHANGES.

We notice with approval the numerous Christian exchanges.

The *Geomys* does not come up to last year's standard in size and general appearance.

The Xmas number of *The Cynosure* was indeed attractive, but as was stated within, "There was little Xmas about it except the cover."

We don't mind having the *Blue and Gold* adorn its pages with etchings, but it might at least give us credit for using our discarded cuts.

The Xmas number of *Industrialist* is interesting to the students of other institutions as it contains numerous engravings and good literary material.

She: "Say, my dear; why can't a married couple go through life like a team of horses?"

He: "They probably could if they had but one tongue between them."

The Tennessee University Magazine is an attractive paper, containing many very original and interesting sketches. "Jimmie," a story of the Spanish American wars is deserving of much credit.

The *World* from the St. Paul High School, is the best high school paper on our exchange list. Considering the attendance and general facilities of the Central High there would be no reason for not ranking high in the order of educational issues.

In the exchange list of *The Geomys* is a mention of having received three issues of *Red and Black*, which had been delayed perhaps by accident. We have missed the last two numbers of that worthy paper but hope that we may be as fortunate as *Geomys*.

"His Wife" in the *Kaimin* deserves special mention. The ending however is rather obscure, it being difficult for the reader to tell whether the bachelor thanked the Lord for being single or for having received in a dream the first conception of an ideal wife.

"We would draw special attention to the article on 'General Science' in *THE SPECTRUM* for December, 1901. The article, though on a whole, dealing with the question from a technical standpoint is interesting and manifests that spirit of inquiry and investigation on the part of the author which must certainly be commended."—*Commenian*.

The *College Signal* still contains much "Aggie" talk. We, of the West Central States find nothing objectionable about the name "Agricultural College." In Mass., however, the conditions may be such that "Aggie" is objectionable to the students and faculty. We are in no position to judge and Mass. A. C. should not be censured unjustly.

"One of the best articles among our exchanges this fall was 'An Ascent of Mt. Vesuvius,' which appeared in the October issue of *THE SPECTRUM*. The higher the writer climbed the deeper became our interest, until at last we stood with him at the mouth of the volcano, stifled by sulphur, smoke, breathless, awestruck. The account was so vividly written that it was with great difficulty that the reader realized that he was in North Carolina and not at the summit of Vesuvius.—*State Normal Magazine*.

The City of Fargo, by reason of the push and enterprise of its citizens, is rapidly forging to the front as a center of commercial activity. It is a current saying that Fargo is the biggest city of its size in the United States, and it may as truly be said of Fargo's business men that they are the most enterprising and progressive in the entire northwest.

Fargo has many distributing and manufacturing companies that are creditable to the city and the state, and serve well to illustrate the spirit of commercial enterprise so characteristic of the typical Fargo business man. One of the most