

The Spectrum.

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A THREE WEEKS' PROSPECTING TRIP.

It is very easy to get a man to believe anything which it is to his advantage to believe. So in a gold mining country when a report is brought in of a new strike men naturally like to believe the report. In spite of the innumerable stampedes that take place in a mining country the gold exists mainly in people's imaginations. The moment the news of a new strike comes into a camp every man, woman and child stop whatever they may be engaged in and talk over the new prospects. Immediately it becomes greatly magnified by people's excited imaginations and at the expiration of a few hour all are wild to try their luck in the new Eldorado. Even old grizzled miners who have taken part in a dozen of wild stampedes forget for the time being all the hardships that they have endured and are just as eager to join in the rush as is the inexperienced tenderfoot. The sufferings which have been undergone in some of these stampedes can never be told.

When the report of the new strike in the Kougourock district came in from the north we were comfortably situated in our camp on Anvil Creek, about six miles from Nome City. We received the report from a party of prospectors who had just returned. They asserted that they had found a creek which prospected very highly and that only a few claims had been staked upon it. Directly on hearing this report, our party determined to send two men back into the interior of Alaska to prospect and stake claims. An old frontiersman, by the name of Mr. Slade, and I were selected to make the trip. No time was to be lost; for in

a stampede across country where several hundred men are making for the same point, every moment counts. Every member of our party gave us their "Powers of Attorney" so that we could stake as many claims as possible. The same afternoon on which we received the news Mr. Slade and several other members of our party went into town to purchase a pack-horse and a month's provisions. Horses were not very plentiful in Nome at this time and it took them several hours before they could secure anything that you could call a horse. It was late that night when they returned and I had retired so as to have plenty of strength for the start next day. I woke early that morning and went out to take a look at the horse in which was centered all our hopes. We called him Bony, and bony he was, at least so I decided after having ridden him a quarter of a mile down to our camp. It took us till about dinner time to get ready to start. We ate a good hearty meal not knowing when or where we should obtain our next "square meal." Then Bony was brought up and "packed." This was no small job with a new pack for things I will not exactly hang right. Our friends gave us their best wishes and bid us farewell, none of us knowing when we should see each other again. We started then on the twentieth day of August. Our hopes were high and we were certain of "striking it rich." The "tip" which we had received was supposed to be a sure one—they always are. It was my first prospecting trip any distance from Nome and I was highly elated over being one of the party. Landmarks are very scarce in that country so the "North

Star" was our only guide. Some places there was a trail and at some there was not.

Everything went well the first afternoon and we struck camp about eight o'clock in the evening. Mr. Slade put up the tent and I built the fire, of course we unpacked old Bony first and lead him to a small sheltered meadow where he could feed to his heart's content. We did not consider it necessary to hobble him, for he had been guaranteed not to wander away from camp. We cooked a small quantity of rice, fried some ham and ate hard-tack. We had a small amount of flour with us but this we reserved for future use. Each of us gathered several armsful of the beautiful white reindeer moss and fixed inside of the tent on which to spread our blankets. It made a bed fit for a king to sleep upon.

I don't know how long I should have slept the next day, for I had been quite tired from the previous day's tramp, were I not awakened by Mr. Slade, who called that he had breakfast ready, and that Bony was gone. We ate our meal in sullen silence, cursing ourselves for not hobbling our guaranteed horse. However Mr. Slade, who looked at the bright side of life, said that that was only the beginning of our troubles. It was a difficult matter to decide which way Bony had gone. Slade thought that he had probably gone back over our trail and I thought he might have pushed on ahead. Slade decided to go back to look for him and I was to go on ahead and climb a mountain several thousand feet high and take a view of the surrounding country. I had almost reached the top of the mountain when I turned to take a look back to see how far Mr. Slade had gone, when I suddenly beheld our Bony in a small clump of alder bushes not more than twenty rods from our camp-fire. After that we always searched the bushes in our immediate vicinity before going off great distances to look for him. Indeed he proved very faithful and hardly ever

wandered far from camp. It was about ten o'clock in the forenoon before we were ready to start again.

The rest of that day we traveled very quickly and when evening came we were compelled to camp on a divide between Hobson Creek and Dougherty Creek, where it was impossible to find brush of any kind with which to build a fire or any branches upon which to raise our tent. We succeeded however in setting fire to some wet moss and by taking ten minute turns at blowing into it managed to boil water for coffee. Not being able to put up the tent we were compelled to sleep with no covering except the blue above, which proved ineffectual to protect us from the rain which commenced at midnight and continued at intervals until morning. Our breakfast consisted of hard tack and water, since it was impossible to start a fire with the moss, which had become still more wet from the night's rain. I complained a little on the eather but Slade said we should not mind a little rain. He liked to be somewhat contrary. From this on we made fairly good time and on the afternoon of the fourth day we came in sight of Salmon Lake, which is inland about eighty miles. It took us until dark before we came to the banks of the lake and found a suitable camping place. It was an ideal one which we found, there being fine bushes from which to cut tent poles and large quantities of driftwood with which to make a roaring fire.

I took a pailful of water for supper out of what seemed in the moonlight to be a clear silvery lake. We enjoyed our supper very much that evening and sat around our blazing camp-fire drying ourselves and telling stories until a late hour. Next morning we were up early, for we desired to travel as far as possible while the good weather lasted. I had always wondered why the lake had been called Salmon Lake but I discovered the fact that morning when I stepped to the place where we had secured our water the evening before. The lake was strewn with the bodies of

dead and dying salmon. The dead ones were partly devoured by the gulls, of which there were large flocks. Countless numbers of the salmon were so nearly dead that they could hardly move. That was the kind of water we had drunk at our supper on the evening before. It is a curious fact that a certain species of salmon that go up the streams into the lakes in the spring to spawn are unable to make their way back and die from the effects of the fresh water.

After a day's more traveling rain set in, and the fact that we came into a swampy country made matter still worse. Old Bony's back became sore from being constantly wet and then having a heavy pack on it. He was nearly exhausted every evening as a result of dragging his feet over the soggy ground. Continually he was caught in swampy places which appeared safe enough, but as soon as he came upon them he sank down and was unable to pull himself out. We were then compelled to take the pack off his back and carry it to some dry spot and then dig him out. This sometimes took several hours, for the more we dug the deeper down he would sink. His limbs became benumbed with cold water and it was almost impossible for him to stand when we did succeed in extricating him from the mud.

The seventh day we came upon a human skeleton which lay upon a small knoll. We were not superstitious but it gave us some queer feelings to see it lying there bare and white. We examined it slightly and decided that it was the remains of a white man which had lain there several years, for the bones were perfectly bleached and clean. This brought us thoughts of retracing our steps as we had a certain prejudice against depositing our bones so far from home. As, however, it would not do to tell our friends that we had been scared by a skeleton, we determined to push on in spite of all obstacles.

We traveled for a day through very

close tall brush. It was hard work for us to force our way through and almost impossible for Bony to get through with the large pack on his back. Frequently the large branches would catch under the pack and lift the poor horse off his feet. Often it became necessary for us to cut our way through with an axe. The moment we had succeeded in passing through a clump of brush we would come to a swamp. Not less than half a dozen times one day it became necessary to dig our horse out. When night came we were a very tired trio. Having found a good camping place we determined to rest a day.

When we woke up the next morning we found that our determination had been well taken for it was so foggy that a person could not see an arm's length in front of his face. The distance to the creek where we had secured our supply of water the evening before was something over a half a mile. When I picked up the pail in the morning to go for water Slade asked me whether he had not better go as I might easily become lost. Of course I scoffed at the idea of getting lost. I told him I had never been lost in my life. So I confidently started down for the water. I must have struck the stream at a different place from where I did the evening before, for it took far longer to reach it. I filled my pail and started back in what seemed to be the same direction from which I had come. I wandered around for a considerable time before I came to realize that I was lost. Then it suddenly dawned upon me that I neither knew which direction I was going nor from which direction I had come. It was impossible to tell when the fog would disperse. It was also a hard proposition to be lost out there in the mountains more than a hundred miles from any human habitation. Along towards noon when I had become tired and hungry I heard a faint "hallo" in the distance. It was Slade's voice, but I could not tell from which direction it came because of the echoes caused by

the mountains. It took more than two hours hollering back and forth before we came together. I then found that I had been several miles out of the correct course and would no doubt have have been going yet if it had not been for my partner. One thing I had accomplished was to bring the water back with me. This fog lasted several days. I therefore did not offer to go for more water.

The fog finally cleared away and it settled down to a steady rain. This made it almost impossible for us to push on. There was another reason why it was absolutely necessary for us to turn back. On looking over our provisions we found that only enough remained to last us a few days. We held a council of war and decided that the best thing we could do was to turn our faces homeward. We had not succeeded in pushing as far back into the interior as had been our intention. Returning prospectors told us that the reported strike was nothing but a fake. We had done considerable prospecting and dug a large number of holes but we had not found "prospects" good enough to warrant our staking any claims. It was hard for us to thus give up our hopes but it was our only alternative. They had also become somewhat dampened by the frequent downpours of rain. So exactly two weeks after starting out we turned our backs and began to retrace our steps.

We were now acquainted with the country and it was possible for us to make numerous shortcuts, thus lessening the distance to be traveled by nearly one-half. A long hard day's tramping brought us back to Salmon Lake. We camped on the same spot that we had used the previous time but you may be sure we did not use the same kind of water. It seemed considerably like home to find things there just the same as we had left them.

The next morning daylight saw us up preparing to start. It took three hours to get to the head of Salmon Lake. The

Pilgrim River which flows into the lake at this point had become swollen from a little stream a few rods wide to a roaring torrent of great width and depth. The bank, on which we were, was a steep one and Bony refused to attempt crossing it. I waded out into the water up to my neck with the lead rope. It seems almost miraculous that the current did not sweep me down stream into the lake but with great effort I succeeded in holding my feet. I was pulling with all my might on the lead rope and Slade was pushing on the other end. With our united efforts we managed to force Bony down the bank into the stream, but he lost his footing in the water and under went pack and all. I thought that we had seen the last of Bony but by pulling on the lead rope I had the good luck to set him right. I was chilled through to the marrow of my bones before we struck the opposite bank. The remaining portion of the day was spent in crossing several more streams, none of which were as difficult to ford as the first one. We did not stop for dinner as we had food only for a few more meals and this had all become soaked when Bony took his bath. This was by far the hardest day of our trip. Our object was to strike a camp which we knew existed somewhere on Dougherty Creek. About an hour before sundown we came in sight of two white tents on the banks of the creek. It was the best sight our eyes beheld for many days. We were tired and hungry and wet through and through. These men on the claim treated us royally and after we had eaten everything in sight we went out to put up our tent. I never saw Slade as nearly played out as he was that evening. To get even with him for "guying" me in the first part of the trip, I told him that he should not mind a little gentle rain. I hope that I may never be called upon to spend another such night as we spent in that tent. We went to bed with our wet clothes on and our blankets were if possible still more wet. We had not

been in bed more than an hour before our wet clothes commenced to steam and they continued doing so till morning. Neither of us closed our eyes in sleep that night. From this on our path was comparatively easy and by eighteen hours' traveling we found our way back to our camp on Anvil Creek, where we had started out from. Our friends had quit mining for the season and were

anxiously awaiting our return before leaving for the States.

We had not succeeded in as far as securing valuable claims was concerned but we had gathered a large amount of useful information which will stand us in good stead when we make our next trip into the interior to look for gold.

THOS. JENSEN.

A LOST VOICE.

"But O, mamma, it is so hard to bear," said Charlotte Emberton to her mother as they sat in their little private parlor one lovely afternoon.

"I know it is, my daughter," answered her mother, "but don't give way to tears, darling, it only makes it so much harder. You have everything you want, and although you have lost your voice, you can still play; so please bear up, dear, and I am sure that some day you will know that it was for the best."

Mrs. Emberton dropped a loving kiss on her daughter's forehead and left the room. As soon as she had closed the door Charlotte dropped her head on the table and burst into tears.

"O," she sobbed, "If I could only see it the way mamma does. She is such a perfect angel that she always looks on the brightest side of everything. But I must cheer up; it would break her heart if she knew how often I cried over my poor lost voice."

Ever since her childhood Charlotte Emberton had been a beautiful singer. Her parents had noticed her wonderful talent when she was but a little child, and they had had the beautiful voice cultivated until the best teachers and masters of music had pronounced it perfect.

Charlotte had traveled for a year in Europe, with her parents; then they returned to their home in New York City. At this time she was just nineteen years of age and everywhere the lovely young

singer went, she was treated with the utmost honor and respect.

She was engaged to sing in the highest society of New York, and of course the beautiful girl had many admirers, but she paid no heed to any of them. Her only answer was that she wished to remain with her mother for a few years longer.

Charlotte had had one brilliant, happy year in New York society, when one day the papers announced that a grand entertainment was to be given, which would be the crowning event of the season. Charlotte was to sing, and for many weeks she looked forward to this occasion with the most eager anticipation.

The evening passed off with wonderful success, and Charlotte's career seemed destined to be more brilliant and happy than ever. But "We know not what a day may bring forth," and ere another morning had dawned all the joy and sunshine had left her beautiful young life.

Charlotte had been over-heated by the excitement and the crowded rooms, and before she reached her home she had taken a severe cold.

The next day she was confined to her bed. The cold settled on her lungs and before evening a terrible fever had set in. The best physicians were called and consulted, but for weeks Charlotte lay in the delirium of fever.

When at last it left her and she lay still and quiet, her mother ventured to the bedside and spoke to her. Charlotte tried to answer, but her voice was gone, and she could only utter a few words in a hoarse whisper. In dismay she looked at the doctor, who turned away to hide his emotion. He had already told Mrs. Emberton that he feared it would be so. Poor Charlotte! It was hard for her to bear. The physician told her that she would be able to speak aloud, but she would probably never be able to sing again.

Time passed on. Charlotte grew well and strong, and her spirit came back, but the beautiful voice was gone. Her physician told her that she would have to be very careful of what voice she had, or she would lose it altogether, and so be unable to speak aloud.

For two years Charlotte's piano had been closed. At first her mother entreated her to open it and play, but, when she saw what feelings it stirred up, she soon ceased to even mention it. Now Charlotte never tried to sing. She knew she would only make a failure of it, and feel so much worse. She never went out in company, but tried to be happy at home. Mrs. Emberton did all she could to make her daughter forget her trouble, but she saw that something must soon be done, or Charlotte would lose all her old joyous spirit.

Mrs. Emberton was a kindhearted, charitable woman, and was a frequent visitor at the children's hospital. One day she took Charlotte with her. Now it must be remembered, that this young girl had always been shielded from scenes of suffering, and the sights she saw that day were deeply impressed on her memory.

One little crippled child especially attracted her attention, and she begged leave to hold him in her arms for a while. The little cripple soon became much attached to the "pitty lady", as he called her. Once he asked her to sing, but Charlotte only turned her head away, and held the little child tighter.

"He is very fond of music," said

the nurse, and it would please him very much if you would sing."

But Charlotte looked up and answered with a voice full of tears, "I never sing."

When she left that evening it was with a promise that she would often come again, and relieve the little sufferer all she could.

Weeks and months passed away; and Charlotte was now a regular visitor at the hospital. She always went first to her little cripple, and he knew just when to expect his "pitty lady".

One day she called as usual and found that her little charge was daily growing stronger, and would soon be able to leave.

Before going she took him up in her arms for the last time, and sat down by the open window. Mrs. Emberton was waiting in the hall for her daughter, but she saw how Charlotte was enjoying the beautiful sunset, and thought she would not disturb her.

In her thoughts Charlotte was far away. She was thinking of a song she used to sing about the setting sun, and unconsciously she was repeating the words of it.

As Mrs. Emberton sat waiting she suddenly heard someone singing. For a moment her heart stood still, it sounded so like Charlotte's voice. She looked into the other rooms but saw no one; as the voice grew stronger and sweeter, she arose and went to the door of the parlor. There sat her daughter rocking the little child and singing that beautiful song she had been thinking about. All unconsciously she had begun it, and before she was aware of it, her voice had come back.

It was a happy little family that evening, which gathered round the tea-table in Charlotte's home.

"Just think, mamma," said Charlotte, "what my little cripple has done for me; if I had never found him, I might never have found my voice again."

"Truly, my daughter," answered Mrs. Emberton, "we never lose anything by doing an act of charity."

MARIA CALLEY.

SCENERY OF NORTH DAKOTA.

SCENERY OF NORTH DAKOTA.

North Dakota lies between the parallels, 49° and 46° north latitude; and is divided into two unequal parts by the standard meridian 100° west longitude. This meridian is approximately the division line between the eastern or valley section, and the western or Bad Land sections. Lying as it does in the temperate part of the Great Central Plain, North Dakota cannot have in its scenery the high mountains, perpetual snows, beautiful lakes or tropical forests of other countries. But in spite of these disadvantages arising from geographical position our North Dakota by no means lacks in beauty.

About two-fifths of the state lies east of the dividing line mentioned, and consists of the rich and fertile valleys of the Red, Shyenne and James rivers. This region is devoted almost entirely to agriculture, as it is all level or gently rolling prairie. The Red River valley is very level, and is one of the greatest farming districts of the Northwest. Some very large and prosperous farms lie in the valley and they are at their best about the last of June when the grain has begun to ripen; then one may look for miles over the fields of waving grain and imagine it a billowy ocean.

The writer of this paper lives on the rolling prairie just on the edge of the valley, where there are quite a number of small groves and lakes scattered over the country, which add greatly to its beauty. Just south of this place rises a hill, somewhat higher than the surrounding ones. Standing on this hill on a clear day, say about harvest time, one can see for miles over the prairie, and these are some of the sights that catch one's eye.

The hill slopes about a mile toward the north; its foot is covered by a grove which fringes on a lake, called Lake Moran. This lake is as smooth as glass. Its northern side is bordered by a wood and on the east and west are extensive

pastures. Beyond the lake and woods are fields of grain some in shock and some already stacked. Far away to the northwest the town of Lidgerwood can be faintly seen, and at this touched by the last rays of the sun as it sinks slowly in the west, makes a scene of peace and beauty such as the eye does not often see.

The three-fifths of the state which lie west of the dividing line, consist of the valleys of the Missouri and its tributaries, and is a great grazing country, where large ranches are found instead of the large farms of the east. Here are none of those quiet farms with broad fields of grain, but great herds of cattle and horses wandering over a wild rugged country. Flat-topped buttes or mesas are often seen. They are made up mostly of a soil which will not grow vegetation and for this reason they are barren peaks. A few of these buttes take peculiar forms, as the Needles, which are two very slender high buttes, whose tops seem to come to a point. There there are the horseshoe buttes, which have flat tops in the form of horseshoes.

The Bad Lands with their wild and rugged grandeur are situated in this division. They contain, deep ravines, high cliffs, huge stumps and in some places even forests of petrified wood. Prairie dogs, living in quaint little houses, which often form large villages, are frequently seen. Rattlesnakes also infest this country, so that one cannot tell at what moment he may hear that terrible rattle and feel the death pang.

There is a great contrast between these two sections of the state. The east with its farms, of broad fields of grain, its flourishing towns and villages and meandering rivers, is very different from the west with its mighty herds of cattle, wild country and rivers rushing through deep canyons. The one has scenes of peaceful beauty, the other of grandeur.

S. T., '04.

ATHLETICS.

The baseball season opened in the right way Saturday, May 4, in a good game with Fergus Falls. Our team was in excellent condition, having had several weeks of fast practice work. Slette rotated the spheroid for the college and "Tot" French did the return act. The battery did excellent work and succeeded in presenting the High School boys a full batch of "gooseeggs." Houghtling at first side-tracked everything in his field, while Sullivan at second, although not faultless, played a star game. To him fell the honor of the only grandstand play of the game, in which he succeeded with his lengthy right in plucking the ball from one of its celestial flights. Fowler and Green at third and short respectively played a strong and steady game. Treat, Manns, and Cronquist had an easy time at field. Baker played the position of substitute in good style, and he stepped into right field in time to secure the only out-field fly of the game. The High School team was weak in its battery and also in "sticking" qualities, while the college battery was strong and the hitting score ran high; there being ten hits placed to their credit and twenty-one scores. Several unpardonable errors by the college boys saved the Fergus Falls boys a shut out, and placed five scores to their credit.

Carleton College boys, after an absence of several years, again made Fargo a visit to cross bats with Fargo College and the A. C. The game with our college was scheduled for May seventh, but owing to the condition of the weather, it was postponed till the afternoon of the eighth. In the morning of the eighth the Fargo College team crossed bats with Carleton in a lively game only to be defeated by an uneven score. The afternoon game with the A. C. was somewhat of a surprise to the visitors. Finding the morning session somewhat easy, they anticipated another victory, but the Fates were rul-

ing tyrannical, for ere the first inning was over they saw the ghost of a "shut-out" staring them blankly. Houghtling, the southpaw of the college took the slab for the home team and French did the receiving. The visitors went to bat and in the first inning succeeded well in keeping in touch with an active field. An error between center and left field gave the visitors a chance to see third base, but even this was not permitted again till near the close of the game. Houghtling showed remarkable coolness in governing the spheroid; his trajectory seemed influenced by invisible forces. A number of "fanouts" were placed to his credit, and but one hit was secured by Carleton's batters. Slette and Sullivan played first and second respectively for the home team and showed up well. Green and Fowler at third and short-stop respectively played a strong and steady game. The batting quality of the home team is coming up to its old standard; between eight and ten hits being placed to their credit, and every one found the ball. Seven innings were played, the final score being 4-0 in favor of the home team. Tyler, at first base, was probably the star player for Carleton, but the honors were apparently about even between Rose, the catcher, Ellert, pitcher, and Myers, at second. The Carleton team is a very evenly balanced aggregation, and plays very fast ball. We hope to meet Carleton on the gridiron next fall, as we would like to wipe out the remembrance of that defeat which she administered to us about three years ago.

The Fergus Falls baseball team played a return game with the A. C. in Fargo on May 11. The weather was cold and stormy, and but few witnessed the game. Greene pitched for the home team, and did fairly good work, but his support was somewhat weak, probably owing to the fact that most of the players considered the game as more of a practice game than anything else.

Errors were plentiful on both sides, owing in all probability, to the coldness of the weather. "Tôt" French being absent, Peterson caught for the home team, and did fairly well. The final score, after a wearisome game of nine innings, was 14-9 in favor of the A. C.

It has not yet been definitely decided whether grounds suitable for football

will be secured in the city, or the grounds at the college will be enclosed. The old athletic park in town was somewhat short for use as a "gridiron," and having recently been shortened still more, it is hardly probable that it will be used. At any rate, suitable grounds will be enclosed before the pigskin season again claims its devotees.

EXCHANGES.

The *Comenian* contains interesting discourses on current topics.

It is expected that Harvard will confer the degree of L. L. D. on President McKinley during the annual graduating exercises.

The *Carletonia* for April contains cuts of the two Carleton students who won first and second place in the Minnesota State Oratorical Contest. The winning oration is also given.

Hamline University and Carleton College had a dispute over the eligibility of a Carleton base ball player. The Carleton men refused to play without him and the proposed game was called off.

The *State Normal Magazine* compares favorably with many of the periodicals and magazines received in our reading room. The paper does credit to the institution from which it emanates, as well as to its board of editors.

Several of hitherto faithful exchanges have failed to send us the April issue. Among them we find the *Phreno-Cosman*, *Industrial Collegian*, *Georgetonian* and others. The *Georgetonian* we especially miss, as its contents are especially interesting.

"Father," said a young son of Deacon Sqrubs, "what's the difference between a man who dyes wool and an editor?" "Well, now, really, my son," benignly to his offspring, "I am not prepared to say. What is the difference?" "Why, pa, one is a lamb dyer and the other is a ————" "What, what, my

son!" "An editor," continued the youth, rolling his tongue in his cheek.

A Legend of the Prairie, in *The Student* for April, is well written and interesting. *The Student* is one of the neatest appearing exchanges which it is our pleasure to receive. Its contents are very well selected, and a glance over its pages indicates willing contributors.

The newspapers of the Dakotas have had considerable controversy over the exact location of the first high school in the territory. It seems that the first school house was built in 1859. Forty years has accomplished much in educational lines in our state and it is hoped that the next forty will bring even greater improvement.

SHAKESPEARE ON BASE BALL.

And so I shall catch the fly.—*Henry V.*

I will run no base.—*Merry Wives.*

Let me umpire in this.—*Henry VI.*

A hit, a palpable hit.—*Hamlet.*

Now let's have a catch.—*Twelfth Night.*

He'll have the striking in the field.—
All's Well.

After the score.—*Othello.*

Where are you with the bats?—

Cariolanus.

Let us see you in the field.—

Troilus and Cressida.

Thrice again to make up nine.—*Macbeth.*

What foul play had we.—

Titus Andronicus.

No other book but the score.—*Henry V.*

—*Exchange.*

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The college catalog soon to be issued will be an important factor in bringing the merits of our college to the attention of the people throughout the state. The capacity of the various departments, however, will be greatly increased before the beginning of the next school year, and this is one fact which the catalog may not fully explain, as the material for the catalog was prepared before the improvements were commenced. Students who have the welfare of the institution at heart should, in addition to providing inter-

ested friends with a catalog, fully explain all the advantages which this increase of space will bring.

It is rather interesting to notice the range of subjects which occupy the editorial pens of the various college papers. Everything, from the momentous questions of national interest down to the latest class-fight or can-rush, is discussed, each editor having his own particular opinion as to the matter suitable for editorial comment. It is greatly to the credit of the different papers that the matters which are discussed, however, are treated in a fair and impartial manner.

It is the present intention of the editorial staff to make the June issue of THE SPECTRUM a little more attractive than its predecessors. While it will be impossible to bring the issue up to the standard which we might desire it to reach, a great deal can be accomplished if members of the staff will lend willing assistance. We do not anticipate to make any excessive demands upon the time of any particular one, however, and shall be pleased to make room for any acceptable material which may be handed in not later than June 5. As our next issue is our last one of the school year, it will be delayed a few days in order that it might contain a full account of commencement exercises, etc.

A study of the origin of the Northern Pacific trade mark, in their book called Wonderland, recently issued, brings an idea or so to light in regard to the "nature of things." The idea of the trade mark originally came, like most other ideas, from the Chinese. To them it is the embodiment of a whole system of philosophy—most of which is quite unintelligible to the matter-of-fact Americans. But among the hare-brained speculations are found ideas strangely in accord with the results of modern natural science. Is it coincidence or is it something above that, that enables a

man to get at the nature of phenomena with no real knowledge of the things concerned? It is interesting to note that all nations which have attained any degree of civilization have held to similar systems of philosophy in their various stages of growth. We have to vary a law of evolution only slightly to fit the case of the nations. The life of an animal is a summation of the life of the race, and likewise the life of a nation is a summation of the life of the whole people of the earth. The time will come when the western nations, now so vigorous and powerful, will settle down to a philosophy spinning crabbed, old age. Let us congratulate ourselves that we live in the present age.

With the next of this paper the present staff will retire to make way for new and perhaps more capable officials. Before our retirement, however, we wish to remind the student body that the managing of this paper is entirely a thankless job, and that in an institution of this kind, where the majority of the students secure their education by their own efforts, it is extremely improbable that anyone having the requisite ability will always be found willing to undertake the responsibility of managing the paper for the little honor to be obtained thereby, so long as his time can be more profitably employed otherwise, therefore, we believe that a certain remuneration should be given to those who spend a large portion of their time in connection with the college paper. Then we might expect a certain quality of work which shall do us credit. As things are at present, no one feels inclined to work for the good of the paper, except along the line of least resistance; and such work, it is evident, will never raise the standard of the paper. It should be the desire of every student to have here a college paper excelled by none in the northwest.

All are pleased to see Professor Mills on duty once more.

WHAT RIPENS CHEESE?

Gentle reader, have you ever heard a man talk about cheese cows and cheese breeds of cows? That was father or grandfather.

Have you ever seen an old lady laboriously greasing, rubbing and turning cheese in order that it might ripen properly? That was grandmother. Have you ever seen a beautiful amber-colored cheese that would make a good car wheel and which was in chemical composition the same as horn. That was a centrifugally skimmed milk cheese. Did you ever hear of a man who ripened cheese by leaving it in a refrigerator when the temperature was not higher than 40° Fahr and brought it forth in a few weeks free from mold and pin holes and so "brokendown" that it could be spread like butter on bread? That was Babcock. Did you ever meet the sprightly energetic little fellow that gave Mic-Robe a black eye? That was Galactase.

Dr. Babcock of the Wisconsin Experiment Station is out with the statement that the ripening of cheese is not due to bacteria, that to make the best cheese the most of the bacteria should be chilled to death, that the curing room with its high and even temperature is of no importance and that a temperature near to freezing which does not permit mold to form bacteria to grow is the best for ripening cheese.

Galactase is the name of the newly discovered ferment which Dr. Babcock says acts upon the casein or curd of the cheese in a way similar to that of the pancreatic juice upon the food in the digestive tract, and in this action makes it not only more palatable but also more digestible.

Dr. Babcock placed some refrigerator cured cheese eight months old before an audience of scientists and cheese makers, composed of experts of Canada and of the United States, and they pronounced it of high grade.

A. T. S.

FORMER STUDENTS.

Within the last two weeks the Registrar has written to nearly all of the former students and has received replies from many of them. He expects to hear from 1,000 during the month. A register is soon to be published which will contain the name, address, and occupation of as many as can be found. This will prove a valuable and interesting volume to all concerned. The college can thus secure statistics to show how its instruction is being utilized; the students can learn where class mates are employed. This will doubtless become a permanent publication, being issued once in three or four years. Professor McCordle is now at work on a plan for collecting and tabulating data concerning students. He will have a brief record of every one at his fingers' ends and will have it so arranged that he can furnish the desired information on a moment's notice. From the replies received THE SPECTRUM selects a few items. We give the year when the student was here:

Wm. McCosh '96, is clerking in a wholesale grocery house at Fargo. Owns a half interest in a quarter section of land near the city.

Leo J. Ryan '96, stenographer, Fargo. Served as a private in Company B, N. D. Volunteers in the Philippines.

Allan Neil Cooper '96, jeweler, Minot, N. D. Taught school five years after leaving the A. C. then engaged in the jewelry business.

Fred D. Athearn '94, Grand Forks, N. D., engaged in the clothing business. He says he regrets that he did not remain to complete his course.

Arthur L. Bayley '99, catcher for our first successful baseball team is now assistant cashier of Bank of Buffalo, Buffalo, N. D.

Henry N. Dion '99 spent one year in the University of Montana, and one year at a Business College in Chicago. Served

as census enumerator and is now cashier in the Exchange Bank, Glendive, Mont. He thinks the year at N. D. A. C. was the best of his "school days" and he expects to visit us this fall.

Alex McCosh '97 is head miller for the Fargo Roller Mills.

W. E. Church '97 is now clerking in Livingston, Montana. He served as a private in the Philippines.

Knut J. Nomland '93, is busy managing his farm of 1,200 acres at Buxton, N. D. He was state treasurer for two years.

Harry D. Hurley '92, Farmer, at Duane, N. D., was a member of the Third and Fifth legislative assemblies.

Lauritz Peterson '98, is a ranchman and devotes a portion of his time to veterinary work.

R. B. Reed '95, bookkeeper, Amenia. Owns part interest in cattle ranch in Ransom county; deals in real estate and fire insurance. He expects to visit the college at commencement.

Harold Stranwold '94, is managing a successful business in steam engineering, machine repairing and blacksmithing at Georgetown, Minn.

C. W. Buttz, Jr., '97, L. L. B., Minnesota '00, is practicing law at Minnetonka. He says "the A. C. is the superior of any school, college or university in this state." Charlie was the center on our foot ball team when he attended the A. C. His ability to push will win for him success.

It is expected that "Jack" Harrison, who so successfully coached our last year's football team, will be on the gridiron with the boys during the coming season. As he will have most of last year's team to begin with the outlook for another successful season is particularly bright.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Base Ball, fence or no fence!

Those base ball suits are hummers.

Have you seen Chacey's new hat?

"Louie has his chickens out nowaday."

Ask "ye editor" about those unexcused absences.

Miss Howlett is now rooming at the farm house.

Miss Thomas was re-elected president of the Girls' club.

Charlie Phelan is now acting as city engineer of Dickinson.

The Misses Tasker came up last week to look over old scenes.

The Board of Trustees held their monthly meeting on May 9.

Miss McQuoid, a former student visited Miss Worst recently.

A number of High School students visited the college on Arbor day.

It seems that one of the preps. has quite decided ideas on woman's dress.

The Freshman Class was entertained at dinner on April 26 by Miss Senn.

Green says that it is not advisable to drink sulphuric acid in very large quantities.

E. D. Stewart spent a short time on the farm, helping to seed a little No. 1 Hard.

We hear that the U. N. D. football eleven is having spring practice. They'll need it!

Mr. Wilde, our famous half-back, has recovered from a rather severe attack of mumps.

Professor Waldron was engaged in surveying a tract of land at Valley City on May 4.

Next time a certain young man goes calling he must not wear a celluloid

collar, as then perhaps the young lady will not take shelter in the woodshed.

Now is a good time to display public spirit and let the flowers grow on the campus.

Mrs. Hawkshaw came down from Mandan to spend a few days with her daughter.

Thompson and Stewart probably enjoyed the supper they had on some one else's ticket.

Mr. Olson must be deaf. He says he heard nothing but hearty applause for his oratory.

The advanced class in Domestic Economy served a farewell dinner to Miss Kate Ward.

Lloyd Worst says that the curl in his hair is due to his attendance in the hygiene class.

The Junior Class has at length abandoned all expectation of giving a class-day program.

The Lily of the Valley is the appellation by which one of our young ladies is distinguished.

Ask Miss Hannan about the frosting in which she used machine oil instead of lemon extract.

The freshman dinner was a success. Everything went "beautifully" for those in the dining room.

It has been said that there is more than one way of being sisters. How about it, Freddie?

Rev. Henry gave the students good advice when he told them not to look up to the seniors.

Miss Ruth Phelan and Miss Lewis visited the mineralogy class, but the professor was out.

Mr. Osgood, our genial business manager, was under the weather for a few days, suffering from a severe cold.

Tom Jensen has left for Cape Nome to resume work in connection with his mining interests.

It is with sincere regrets that we announce the death of Miss Clara Johnson, a former student.

The latest idea is to trade absences from class for favors to be conferred on the professor in charge.

One of our bright young freshmen was heard to remark that he loved anything better than lessons.

The Inter-State oratorical contest will be held in the First M. E. Church at Grand Forks on June 3.

Professor Waldron is now at Buffalo installing the North Dakota exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition.

Miss Olson is looking eagerly forward to an invitation out to supper. But which one will sit beside her?

Mr. Fowler: Do not harshly condemn people for their errors, instruct them and improve them by example.

Some of the Freshies are becoming so interested in horticulture that the professor suggests another term.

The seniors were model people once— It was the day of the freshmen dinner but they had not had theirs yet.

The Senior, after the class dinner: Well, by Jove, I'm glad that's over! It was worse than three orations!

Professor Waldron will build a residence on Thirteenth street, just opposite Professor Ladd's, during the summer.

The new college catalog will soon be published, and, judging from the advance sheets, it promises to be very interesting.

Miss Ward is becoming an expert transom climber. Why does she not pose as an attraction at the Fire Festival.

The Senior Class was entertained at dinner by Miss Senn on the evening of May 2. The Misses Ward, Olsen and Worst acted as hostesses and dispensed

a bountiful repast to the lofty Naughty-Ones. Eight of the laater were bidden, and all attended.

Professor Ladd is the author of the Pure Food law which was enacted at the recent meeting of the state legislature.

The burden of Professor Waldron's talk to students on Arbor day was this: Don't pilfer flowers from the college grounds.

One of our prominent professors recently contributed a dollar to the coffers of the city, owing to his want of a bicycle lamp.

It is reported that four of the young ladies of the hygiene class asked for a special recitation, but that the request was refused.

Professor Bolley to a member of the Fargo baseball team: You may be able to lick McGuigan, but you'd better leave Fowler alone.

N. R. Olsen was compelled to return to his home at Sanborn, owing to sickness. It is hoped that he will soon be with us again.

It is reported that the freshman class will display some of their inabilities by giving a play instead of a class program at commencement.

Mrs. Hult and Mrs. Bolley gave very interesting talks before the Girls' club. One on her experiences in Germany, the other on pictures.

The class in geology made a trip to Muskoda, Minn., last week, to make a study of the geological formation of the shores of Lake Agassiz.

What is to be inferred when a young lady suddenly seizes a sofa pillow and thrusts it between herself and somebody else, remarking "this is soft."

The manager of the baseball team was unavoidably detained at Fergus Falls after the game there, but returned in time to participate in the Carleton game.

To the everlasting discredit of the present Freshman class it is said that one young lady was allowed to walk home alone from the class dinner.

Special notice to lady students: It is not customary to applaud a prayer. Kindly express your approval in some less hilarious and indecorous manner.

Owing to the difficulty of selecting the best from so much excellence, the Sophomores and Juniors have been excused from commencement programs.

It is reported that two foot ball games have been scheduled with South Dakota teams, the games to be played in that state. Here's hoping we meet Dakota University!

In target practice at a hundred yards distance the cadets punctured the bull's eye at will, but at two hundred it was with great difficulty that they struck even the target.

The freshmen do not have to go to other classes for girls but if they forget many more times to take them home, the girls will probably go to other classes for boys.

Some members of the class in surveying had a little trouble with the level, which ended in the level getting the worst of it. The instrument is now laid up for repairs.

Bob Olsen's oration on "The Supremacy of Man" created a discussion, as its delivery. Several members of the fair sex waxed wrathful, but Olsen still lives. Long may he wave!

Mr. Shattuck, our popular secretary, has resigned, his resignation to take effect September 1. His successor has not yet been elected, though there are several candidates for the position.

Bob Olsen's oration on "The Superiority of Man" was certainly original, whatever else may be said about it.

Tom Jensen and Elmer May made the highest scores at target practice—twenty-three of a possible twenty-five.

Mr. Cannon, who has charge of the sub-experiment station at Edgeley, tells the people there, through the columns of the local newspaper, of what is being done at the sub-station.

Students in chapel were entertained a short time ago by a gentleman who is entirely blind. He described some of the difficulties under which the blind labor in securing an education.

John Wouters left last Monday for Port Huron, where he has secured a lucrative position. In order to keep in touch with the college he subscribed for THE SPECTRUM before his departure.

Three contestants have submitted papers in competition for the Lavoisier medal, given by Professor Ladd to the member of the Chemical Club writing the best essay on a chemical subject.

President and Mrs. Worst lately received from M. C. Henry enlarged portraits of themselves, painted on silk. Mr. Henry, who is on the transport Grant, had the work done in Japan.

The freshmen have been congratulating themselves during the year because Mr. May is a member of that class. They expect him to save them the electric light bill for their commencement program.

Fowler was so overcome by the accidental mention of his approaching degree that he required assistance to get out of chapel. The professors should be more considerate as the seniors are such modest young men.

L. B. Greene met with what might have been a serious accident in the chemical laboratory recently. While transferring some concentrated sulphuric acid from a bottle to a pipette he accidentally sucked up some of it into his mouth. By the quick use of remedies serious results were avoided.

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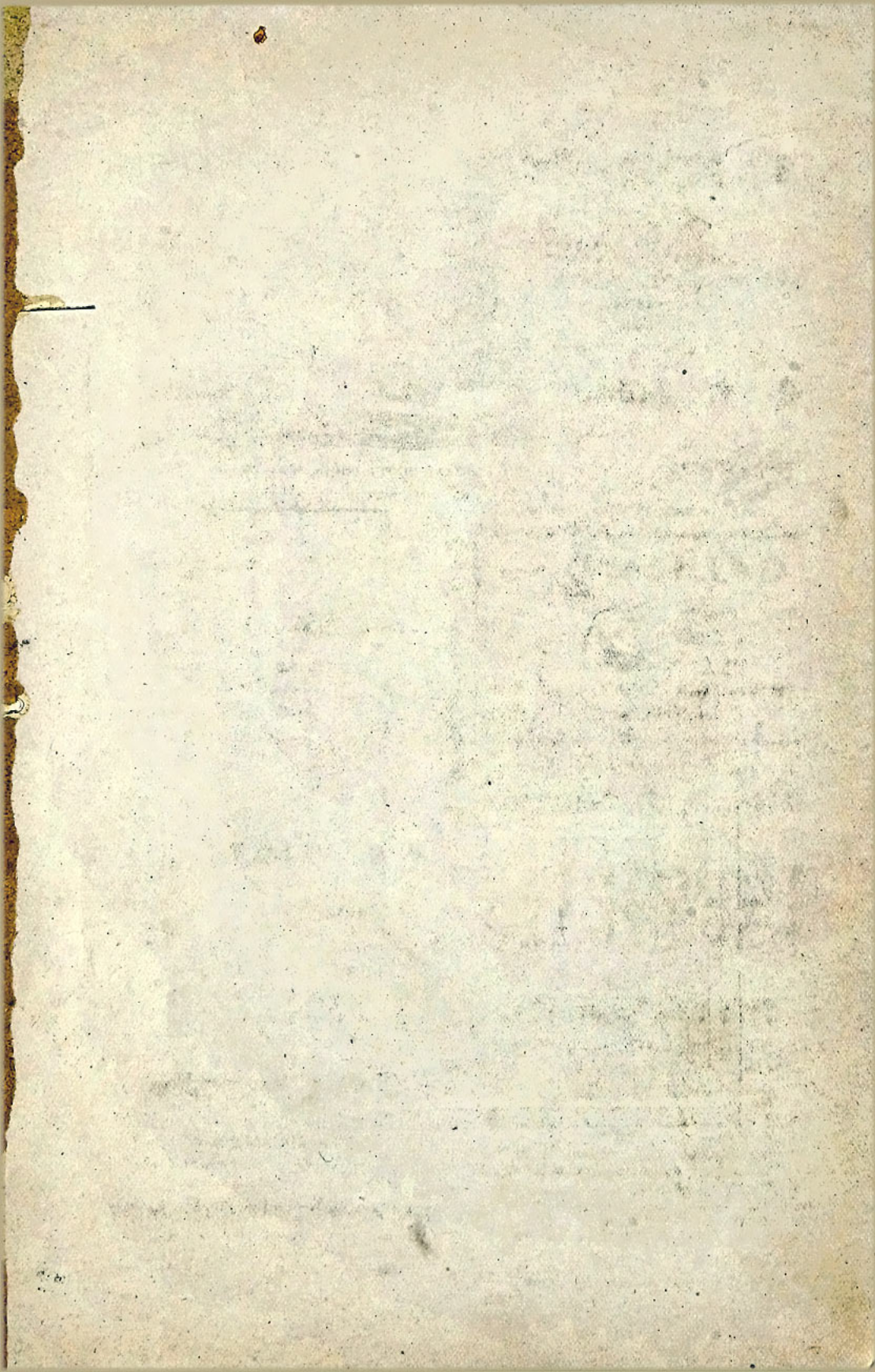
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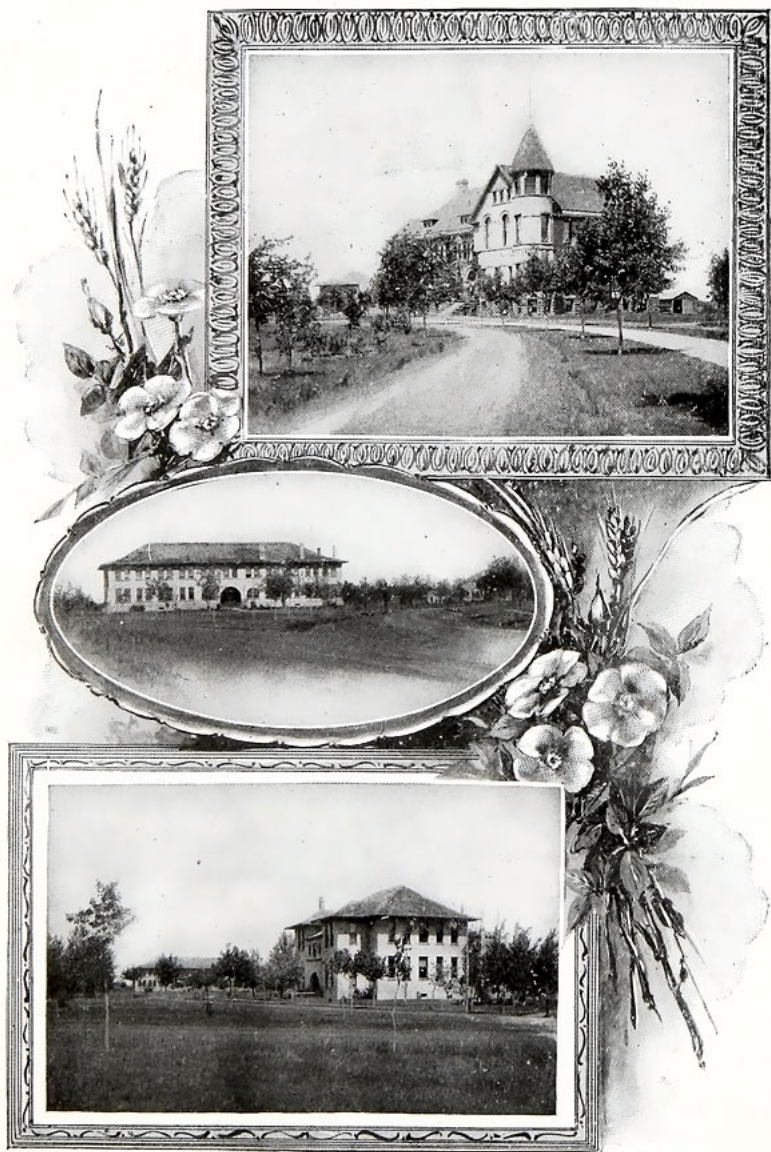
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