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A COLLEGE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

It was a beautiful evening in June. Mr. and Mrs. Morton were sitting on the front porch of their beautiful house in Island Park. The sun had just set and had filled the land with beauty.

The Morton house was situated on a small, sloping hill and was surrounded by beautiful gardens. A short distance to the right was a croquet ground where Fanny Morton and her brother, Albert, were engaged in a lively game.

Albert was a young man of twenty who had just graduated from the High School. He was a bright, handsome boy, and thought a great deal of his mother and sister. Fanny was a slender girl eighteen years old. She had bright golden hair and laughing blue eyes that were always twinkling with fun.

Albert was to go away in the fall to some college to complete his education. His parents had not yet decided where to send him, but they had been thinking some of Burton University. This was the subject of their talk that evening; and although they found it difficult to part with their son, yet they knew it would be best for him.

Albert and his sister finished their game. As he was throwing down his mallet Albert exclaimed. "O, come and take a walk, Sis, so I can have a talk with you; you know I will soon be going away and will not see you for three whole months."

"Yes, Albert, I know. We hate very much to have you leave us. I wonder where you will be going."

"I don't know yet, Fanny, but father and mother are going to decide tonight; I hope it will be Burton University, though."

"So do I," answered his sister, "that is so much nearer home than the others, and although you cannot come to see us any oftener, we can go to see you."

The two young people wandered among the gardens for another hour, after which they went into the house, both very anxious to know what their parents had decided on.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton were seated in the parlor, and when the children entered Mrs. Morton looked up with a smile and said: "Well, my son, we have decided to send you to Burton."

"Good for you, mother," answered Albert, "that's just where I wanted to go."

"In just three months you leave home," said Mr. Morton, "to try college life. And remember, my boy, that all will not be pleasure. You will have many things to contend against."

The next three months seemed short ones to the Morton family, especially Albert who, as he said, was making the most of what time he had left. The nearer the time came for him to leave, the more sorrowful Fanny felt; for it must be remembered that she and her brother were great friends, being so near of an age. And when finally the last day came she could not keep the tears from coming to her eyes.

About 10 o'clock in the forenoon the carriage that was to take Albert away came to the door, and as there were many good-byes to be said, the driver had to wait some time.

Mr. Morton gave much advice to his son and kindly telling him to take good care of himself he shook hands and said good-bye. Next Mrs. Morton kissed Albert and saying "God bless you, my

boy," she returned to the house. Last of all poor weeping Fanny threw her arms around her brother's neck exclaiming: "Good-bye, dear Albert, you can't imagine how I hate to have you go," "Good-bye, Fanny, come and see me as soon as I am established" and he was gone.

It was a gloomy day for the rest of the family after Albert had left. It was especially so for Fanny; everywhere she went she saw something to remind her of her brother, and the fact that they had never been parted before, made this first parting still more painful.

CHAPTER II.

After three hours' ride by rail, Albert reached Brookesville, and as the university was situated about three miles out of town, it was 2 o'clock when he arrived there.

Albert felt his first pang of homesickness when he walked across the campus and up the college steps, seeing crowds of boys staring at him. He knew no one there; no one knew him.

After he was classified he went out to endeavor to become acquainted with some of the boys. But the "old" boys were not as anxious to gain new friends as he was. He waited around quite a while, and as no one ventured to speak, he finally decided to break the ice himself. Looking around at the different buildings he said: "You have some handsome buildings here." But the boys only answered with a gruff "yes".

Before long a short, careless-looking young man came sauntering along. When the crowd of boys saw him they greeted him with shouts of, "Hello, Tom," "You back?" "Glad to see you, old boy," said each one shaking hands.

"But see here, Tom," said one of the boys, "you don't want to cut up any more pranks as you did last year. It isn't much fun being sent up to the old doctor, you know."

"Now, Brown, see here," said Tom Sawyer, for this was the newcomer's name, "you needn't say a word, you were

mixed up in one or two of those deals yourself."

Brown winced and said no more.

All this time Albert had been sitting unnoticed, when suddenly Tom Sawyer turned around and seeing him, exclaimed: "Hello there! young fellow, are you a newcomer?"

"Yes, sir," answered Albert, "I just came today."

"Don't 'sir' me, young man, my name's Tom Sawyer, most of the boys call me Tom but you can name me anything you like."

"Say, newcomer," said another, "my name's Ed Hunter, what's yours?"

"Albert Morton," answered Albert.

"By the way, Morton," said Hunter, "what class are you in?"

"Freshman," answered Albert.

"Poor little 'Freshie,'" said one of the stately sophomores.

"Say, 'Al,' where'd you get your patent-leather shoes?"

"Same place as I got my good manners," said Albert walking away.

"Conceited young muff," exclaimed Tom Sawyer, "we'll take some of the pride out of him before this term's over."

Albert walked away half vexed, thinking that if college was going to be like this he would rather be at home. He was walking along with his chin resting on his breast and his nose pointing to the ground, looking so forlorn that he never noticed a young man coming, till bump! he ran right against him.

"O, I beg your pardon," said Albert looking up.

"O, that's alright," answered a cheery voice. "You seem kind of downcast though, can I do anything for you? You are a stranger I see. What is your name?"

"Yes, I am a stranger. My name is Albert Morton."

"Mine is Fred Young," said the other, "where do you room?"

"Number eleven," answered Albert.

"Well now that's lucky," said Young, "you're my room-mate."

"O," said Albert, "I'm so glad; you're the nicest fellow I've seen yet."

"Thanks awfully, Morton, you're very complimentary. Guess I know what makes you downcast; those fellows have been bothering you a little, haven't they?"

"Well, yes," acknowledged Albert.

"O, pshaw," said Young, "that's nothing, you'll soon get used to it. When I first came here I didn't know a soul and the boys teased me half to death; but now I never notice it. But what do you say if we go and have a look at our room?"

"All right," said Albert, "but my trunks haven't come yet and the room isn't fixed up."

Young eyed him sidelong and then said, "I say, Morton, you'll excuse my presumption, but your folks must have considerable money or you wouldn't talk as you do; because the fellows here don't usually fix up their rooms unless they are pretty rich."

Albert laughed, and said, "Oh, as far as money goes I guess I have all that I shall ever need."

"Well," answered Young, "I can't say that. Although my folks aren't poor, still they miss the money that it takes to keep me in college."

"I am sorry," said Albert, "but that doesn't need to make us feel any the less friendly to each other. My mother always taught me that riches were not everything."

The two boys walked on together talking about different things, when turning round a corner of one of the buildings they saw an old woman coming up the walk with a basket on her arm. Of a sudden the woman tripped and fell. Albert quickly ran to assist her; he helped her rise and picked up the trinkets that had fallen out of her basket. The old woman turned around and gently laid her hand on Albert's arm, then with tears in her eyes exclaimed, "God bless you, my boy, if there were more young men like you, this would be

a different world." Instantly a derisive shout went up from all the boys who were sitting on the college steps. Albert's cheeks burned with rage but he said not a word. When he walked back to the steps Young was standing looking kindly at him. Albert looked up and as his eyes fell on Young a smile broke over his face.

"Well I declare," exclaimed Tom Sawyer, "I suspicioned that you were a 'country jake,' Morton, but now I am sure of it."

"Heow much land has your pa?" said Brown.

"Heow many ceows do you keep?" asked Ed Hunter.

"Look at his dainty little feet," cried Tom, "he's trying to make us believe he's rich, wearing patent-leather shoes."

Albert could stand it no longer, he turned around and facing the boys, exclaimed: "Look here, fellows, it makes no difference to you whether I am from the country or not; I do not choose to tell you where my home is, but I am not ashamed of it." Then he turned and quickly walked to his room. Fred Young followed him, and when he reached him he threw his arm over Albert's shoulder and said: "I don't want to act as your adviser, Morton, but I think you were foolish for not telling those fellows about your home. Why! you would have stunned them if you had told them all about yourself."

"No," said Albert, "I have a better plan than that. Listen and I will tell you—but first you must promise faithfully never to mention it to a soul."

Young grasped Morton's hand and said, "I promise faithfully."

"Well," said Albert, "I intend to keep it a secret, for a few weeks at least, and make those fellows believe that I am from the country. I don't know when I shall explain myself, but I shall fool those fellows for a while anyhow."

"Capital!" said Young, "but, say, if you fix up the room they will know there is something wrong."

"But I don't intend to let them in," said Albert.

"O, that will be so much the better," said Young, "they will think that you are ashamed of the room, and do not want them to see it."

The two boys talked a long time

about the new plan, and Albert began to get quite excited over it and felt much better than he had since he came. Young was such a pleasant sort of fellow that he knew just how to cheer him up.

(Continued in next number.)

THE FUTURE OF THE NEGRO.

"The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the heads of their children unto the third and fourth generations." This inexorable law of nature applies to nations as well as to individuals. The children of one generation suffer in consequence of the follies of their forefathers. This law has in recent years been keenly felt by the American people.

Two enormous sins have been committed by our forefathers and the effects of these sins are pressing upon the present generation so heavily that they have, for the last quarter of a century, taxed the skill of the greatest statesmen in their endeavors to relieve the nation. Well might even the stoutest hearts of the nation be filled with portentous forebodings for our future.

It is the negro problem in the United States, to the solution of which the world's attention is called as never before. Repeated attempts at solving this question, such as the Missouri Compromise of 1850, have proved to be but short-sighted measures of temporizing expediency. Far from curing the nation's disease they have only delayed the cure. The disease therefore visits us today with redoubled violence. Nor could the civil war solve or silence the question. Two races more antagonistic than ever before, still live together in ill-concealed hatred.

Another attempt was made to solve the problem in 1866 and 1868 when the so-called Thirteenth and Fourteenth Amendments to the United States Constitution were enacted. But so far from being a cure for the national ill, these measures proved to be but a poison which

aggravated the disease to the point of hopelessness. Consequently the struggle today between the two race elements in the United States, especially in the South, is rapidly nearing its crisis. However we may endeavor to be hopeful of the future there still remains to an unprejudiced observer the fact stern and stubborn, that of deep-seated racial antagonism, and the chasm between the two races is so wide that it is well nigh impossible to offer a solution.

Those who had hoped to weld the negro and the white into one political, industrial and civil whole, have been sadly disappointed. Neither the influence of education nor that of the pulpit, nor yet the equalization of economic conditions provided by the statute law has availed. Notwithstanding the federal laws enacted in favor of the Negro and calculated to raise him in civil, political and industrial privileges up to the plane upon which his former master stands, the Negro is still kept down as a sort of mediæval vassal, to serve his apprenticeship on his way to higher civilization.

The Southerner may affirm that he "likes the Negro in his place;" the Northerner may loudly aver that he loves the Negro; the clergyman in the pulpit, the Fourth of July orator on the rostrum, and the editor in his chair may champion the cause of a forlorn race. The stern fact nevertheless remains, that neither in the South nor in the North does the white man consider the Negro his equal.

The black man, undecieved at last, writhes in bitter anguish at the thought

that neither in the South nor in the North, neither in the East nor in the West of this Union is there any place for him. He, in the child-like simplicity of his unsophisticated heart, had, over a quarter of a century so foolishly expected salvation from constitutional amendments, he had all this while listened to the Siren voices of unscrupulous politicians, but he now finds himself a wounded stag, hit from ambush, darting hither and thither, scarcely knowing where to turn to avoid the treacherous missile that might be aimed at him; he can scarcely decide whether he should abandon his cherished dreams, or gather up new courage and new faith for a new contest in the defense of his rights.

Meanwhile his white neighbor in the South is not idle; he enacts laws in different states for the purpose of thwarting the Negro's ambition and of hedging him on all sides. In anticipation of the coming struggle for the maintenance of his political, social and economic superiority, he fortifies himself with impregnable defenses. He still harbors within his breast the ancient pride of a stately slaveholder in the sunny South where princely mansions to this day bear testimony to the unalloyed bliss of former days when the white man held undisputed sway over the black. He is still determined that his former slaves shall not be his or his children's equals.

Is the Negro to blame for demanding what the constitution has granted him? Certainly not. Is the southern white man justified in his endeavors to nullify the federal law? No. And yet, looking at the question from the southern man's point of view, we can scarcely fail to appreciate his resistance to a human law which he, with all the irristible instincts of a thorough-bred, detests as an unjust law. Sentiment and training are, in the character of a people, stubborn factors, which neither statute books nor editorial agitation can change, much less up-root in one short generation. Who is to blame for all this? The sinners of 1866 and '68. A crime has once

been committed in consequence of greed, its effects are now following us sure as fate. They are pursuing us today relentlessly as Nemesis.

I am well aware that fixing the blame is not solving the problem. Yet to expose fully and mercilessly such blunders in the light of an impartial history, may serve its purpose by guiding the footsteps of future generations. It is quite proper to subject to close scrutiny the acts and motives of those who have been crowned with laurels by jingoism, but who are in the light of judgment no more than jugglers frivolously playing fast and loose with problems of momentous import. Where the weal or woe of a whole nation is at stake, it is the duty of all thinking minds to warn the public against such juggling in the future.

Did the politicians of the civil war really solve the Negro problem with their amendments to the Constitution. Is it not easy to see that they, far from mending matters, blighted the life of the whole nation and wronged the innocent black man by awakening in him false hopes while imposing an unbearable burden on the whites? Is it difficult to see their presumption in their endeavor to supplant the slow working of nature's laws by the artificial method of placing a black race scarcely freed from the lowest stage of savagery on equal footing with a white race, which had by slow degrees evolved from the barbarism of prehistoric times into the highest type of civilization?

The laws of heredity have asserted themselves and have thwarted all efforts to effect a union between elements showing so little affinity and having so few points of resemblance. It will require centuries before the last traces of antagonism between the black and the white are effaced.

The most sincere and profound representatives of either race denounce in unmitigated terms these blunders committed by our forefathers in the solution of this problem. They acknowledge also, that the hour for the solution of

the Negro problem is irremediably past and the only thing left to do now is to wait for the inevitable. Thus says Mrs. Jefferson Davis; thus (although in more hopeful terms) hints Booker T. Washington; thus emphatically and explicitly avers that other eminent Negro, Mr. Council.

At any rate it is almost safe to assume that, had the emancipators of the Negro at the time of the civil war adopted one of the many remedies that at this late day are being proposed towards a speedy solution of the problem, namely, deportation of all American Negroes into Africa, the problem could have been solved to the gratification of both Negro and White. Although a difficult task at the present day, the deportation of the Negro would at that time have been comparatively easy. Now that the Negroes within the United States number 10,000,000 and their interest is intricately interwoven with our national life, it certainly would be a task of giant magnitude. The deportation of some two million Negroes at the close of the Civil War would have cut out from our national body the germs of disease; moreover, it would have proved a blessing to the Negro thus deported, as well as to the million native Africans with whom these half civilized ex-slaves would have had an opportunity to show to the world of what material they were really made; they would have had an opportunity to become independent and free, provided they had enough energy and ambition to develop the talents afforded them by nature and by contact with American culture. On the other hand, the whites in America would have been no less benefited. The economic conditions of the country would have been not a little disturbed by the loss of the Negro labor so advantageous to the Whites, it is true. This loss, however, would have been more than offset by the fact that they, as a nation would have been purified once more and would have been ready to resume the march toward racial perfection and culture.

What is done cannot be undone. Still it is well sometimes to cast a glance over past errors and from the sore experience of the past draw wisdom which shall illumine our path in the future.

To thrust suddenly as an integral part several millions of illiterate and semi-barbarous Negroes just freed from slavery into the complicated political, industrial, and social machinery of a latter day democracy, arrived at by slow degrees of hard, patient toil, is criminal folly, which cannot be too strongly denounced. This would not be the work of wise and patriotic statesmen, but of cunning demagogues. A statesman sees far into the future beyond his time and generation; he is scornful of temporizing expediences and low motives; he is not capable of sacrificing his integrity, nor his country's future welfare on the altar of greed and ambition.

Although according to competent writers on the subject the Negro case is almost a hopeless one, still it is our duty to devise such means as will at least mitigate, if not avert the blows which, as the inevitable consequences of former sins, fall upon us as a nation.

The exodus of 10,000,000 Negroes from America at the present time is not to be thought of any longer; for the Negroes having once been promised the full protection of the law will not consent to leave the country. On the other hand, the Whites themselves in the South would scarcely consent to give up a factor so essential and necessary to their own material welfare.

To use the words of that eminent advocate of Negro rights, the earnest, high minded Mr. Council there is no solution except (first) in complete surrender of racial pride and ambition; (second) the absorption by the very worst element of the Whites; (third) in voluntary or involuntary deportation.

Let us, however, briefly review the conclusions reached in regard to all other remedies that have been proposed from time to time. Modern religion is too plastic a thing to effect a noticeable

change in the white man's determination to rule in the South. Both education and wealth will only tend to intensify the conflict and mutual hatred. In regard to disfranchisement, it is safe to say that the Negro is too proud and shrewd to suffer himself once more to be reduced into a state of servitude. Having once been promised the full protection of the law in regard to civil, political and industrial equality with the White, he would rightfully scorn any attempt to deprive him of his rights. Disfranchisement would therefore be a highly dangerous experiment, since it would embitter the otherwise submissive Negro.

As to a complete surrender of racial pride I am afraid no law could ever induce either race to give up so natural and precious a sentiment. The man

who is incapable of feeling proud of his race has very little of the sentiment of manhood. For this reason physical absorption is abhorred by both white and black. Since then, there seems to be no absolute cure for the disease bequeathed to us by our forefathers, we must resign ourselves to our fate. We can only endure our fate manfully, and henceforth endeavor to do right. We must befriend the Negro as well as we can, since we cannot get rid of him. The Negro deserves our most profound sympathy. In the coming struggle for equality to which he so nobly aspires, one cannot help but wish him God-speed. He is among us through no fault of his own. He must stay, whether he shall finally succumb or come out victorious.

FRED JENSEN.

PROMETHEUS.

Oh, better far to flch the spark of fire
From heaven, and suffer the Promethean doom

Than scathless to exist, as one in whom
A spirit dwells content with dust and mire!

Oh, better struggle for a high desire,
Too star-like high for winning, than assume

Low ease-won ends! Yea, better far
the tomb

Than barren life, unlearning to aspire!

God purge me of inertness as of sin,
And let existence into life be thrilled;
Pour tempest on the stagnant soul within,

And let the sails of thought with storm
be filled;

Grant mountain peaks of earthquake origin,
Whereon ideals their eagles' nests may

build.

GOTTFRIED HULT.

The State Educational Association held an enthusiastic and profitable meeting in Fargo, Dec. 27-28. The attendance was unusually large at all sessions. The program as announced by the executive committee, was presented complete except an address by Judge N. C. Young, and a paper by Ex-superintendent C. E. Jackson, of Pembina County. Sickness prevented the appearance of Judge Young and Mr. Jackson had gone to the coast. The A. C. was represented

by President Worst, who delivered the address of welcome; Professor Ladd, who read a paper on Nature-Study in the Rural Schools; and Professor McArdle, who was president of the college and normal school section. The spirit of jealousy displayed at some previous meetings was entirely lacking and harmony reigned. The reception given at the old Masonic Temple, was, as usual, a very pleasant feature of the meeting.

NOVELS AND NOVEL READING.

The first object of the novel is to amuse and interest the reader. Later it should instruct as well as afford amusement, and the novel with a purpose is the realization of this idea.

The purpose novel proposes to serve two masters, besides procuring a reasonable amount of bread and butter for its writer and publisher. As far as supply and demand are concerned, books in general and works in fiction are commodities and subject to the same laws as other articles of manufacture. A toy dealer would not venture to sell real pistols to a little boy as pop-guns, and the gun-maker who should try to sell the latter for army revolvers, would get into trouble, even though he were able to prove that the toy was as expensive to manufacture as the real article. I am not sure that the law might not support the purchaser in an action for damages if he discovered at a critical moment that his revolver was a plaything. I think there is a similar case in the matter of novels. A person buys what purports to be a work of fiction, a novel, a story of adventure, pays for it and takes it home and then discovers that he has paid a dollar or more for somebody's views on religion, or divorce laws.

In ordinary cases the purpose novel is a simple fraud, besides being a failure in nine cases out of ten. What we call a novel may educate the taste and cultivate the intellect and under the hand of genius, it may purify the heart and fortify the mind. It may stand a score of years as the exposition of all that is noble, honest, heroic and true in the life of a woman or man, but has no right to explain what the writer thinks about labor or capital or other things.

The purpose novel is an odious attempt to lecture people who hate lectures, to preach at people who prefer

their own church and to teach people who think they know enough already. It is an ambush for the unsuspecting public, a violation of the social contract and as such it ought to be forced by law to bind itself in black and label itself "Purpose" in very bright letters.

A novel is after all a play and perhaps it is nothing but a substitute for the real play with live characters, scene shifting and foot-light.

The perfect novel must be clear and sweet, for it must tell its tale to all mankind, saint or sinner, pure and defiled, just and unjust. It must have the power and magic to hold the reader from first to last. Its realism must be real of three dimensions, not flat and photographic; its romance must be of the humane heart and truly human, that is, of the earth as we have found it; its idealism must be transcendent, not measured to man's mind, but proportional to man's soul.

Its religion must be of such grand and universal span as to hold all worthy religions in it-self.

The novel is a distinctly modern invention, satisfying a modern want.

The historical novel occupies a position apart and separate from others, but it does not follow that it should not conform exactly to the conditions required of an ordinary work of fiction though it must undoubtedly possess other qualities peculiar to it-self.

Another object is to make one see men and women who might really live, talk and act as they do in the book, and some of whom one would perhaps like to imitate. Its intention is to please and amuse and not to preach, but in order to do so, it must not be hysterical with tears nor convulsed with perpetual laughter.

The novel that one man reads to keep off restlessness until dinner is ready,

when read by another, and a trained reader, fills his soul with a sense of artistic beauty and makes him long to be good.

If novel reading, taken as a whole has been a curse rather than a blessing, the fault does not lie in our authors,

but in our distorted educational system, which insists upon careful training in mathematics or language. The right understanding of men and women leads to the right relation of men and women, and in this way, if in any, a novel may be good. —G. R.

ATHLETICS.

The annual basketball league has been organized in Fargo and as usual the Y. M. C. A., Fargo College and the Agricultural College are represented. The season this year will open Jan. 25 and close somewhat earlier than heretofore, to allow teams represented to engage games with eastern institutions. The series of games will be reduced from nine, the number previously played, to six. This means that the season will open with fast work, as the loss of a game or two now by any team will be equivalent to an unsuccessful season. The Y. M. C. A. heretofore has led the league, but as the seasons pass her neighboring institutions are putting up better teams, and are now almost on an equality—at least we hope so.

In the closing week of last term a basketball game was played between the Moorhead Y. M. C. A., and our second team. The game was fast from the start, our boys doing far superior passing and handling the ball in every way except in throwing baskets. The ball remained in the A. C.'s territory fully four-fifths of the time, but the youngsters appeared to be having a night off. However they defeated their Minnesota neighbors by a score of 5 to 4. The game was too close for the boys and they are anxiously waiting an opportunity to again show their superiority.

The Athletic Association is now in a thriving condition. Every department is well supplied, and its membership is reaching a number which has been much desired in the past. The privileges of baths and athletic work available to all

students should be made the most of by every male student of the institution. It is impossible to carry a line of heavy mental work and keep the body and mind on a good working basis, without occasionally indulging in some invigorating physical exercise, which may be beneficially followed by a mild shower bath.

The prospect for a successful athletic meeting in the springtime is very promising. The best of material is now present and only needs developing. To begin now is none too early. The athletic editor suggests to the manager of field sports that he get his eye upon promising material and for him to urge such immediate training as can be accomplished indoors, for instance basketball practice is excellent exercise for all contemplating entering in running contests. Boxing is excellent work for developing arms and chest for pole vaulting, or hammer throwing, while the training work for high kick and running jump can be carried on in gymnasium as well as in the open field. The failure heretofore of the colleges of this state to put up an annual inter-collegiate athletic meet is not due to lack of material, but rather to inefficiency of training. So let us be in the field early.

The football boys have presented Mr. Geo. Phelps, the donor of the state championship football cup, with an elegantly framed picture of the Agricultural College football team.

The military department is now giving the cadets a thorough exercise in Vaulting, etc.

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TERMS.

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Another term's work has been commenced and doubtless many New Year's resolutions have been formed in regard to study during the present term. Now is the time to study. A thorough knowledge of the beginning of a book on any subject is as necessary as a knowledge of the concluding chapters. Remember that when you leave college people will not judge your education by the number of credits you have received, but by your knowledge of different subjects. A bare passing mark during the school years indicates a store of information that cannot last long. Then work for

an understanding of the subject studied, and not merely for a credit.

There seems to be a widespread desire for the suppression of hazing in the national academies, but it is apparently impossible to entirely eradicate the practice. Though at times it may be carried to excess it is only in very rare instances that serious results follow. The custom has been prevalent in educational institutions throughout the whole country for generations past, and it is probable that it will exist, perhaps in modified form, for generations to come, or until such time as students of their own accord shall agree to drop it. While the majority of people sympathize with the parents of the cadet who is alleged to have died as a result of injuries received in hazing at West Point, it requires a rather vivid imagination to believe that death was caused by injuries received two years previous.

The study of the English language has been made compulsory in the public schools of Germany, while the study of French in turn has been rendered optional. In taking this step the German ministry of education was evidently influenced by the fact that the English language is now universally used, and as a commercial language has no rival. There is no doubt but that the change was not made until a thorough investigation was made of the relative merits of French and of English. The change accentuates the belief that the English language will sooner or later supplant all others as a universal means of communication among the nations.

In a December issue of *The Fortnightly Review*, is a lengthy article treating of the decline of the Scottish universities. The writer cites a great many instances to prove that the Scottish universities are standing still, while the German and American institutions are both progressive and fully abreast of the times. Special emphasis is laid on

the fact that while all American universities have chairs of political economy, such chairs are almost unknown in the Scottish centers of education. It is, of course, apparent that it is the interest which the American youth takes in the welfare of his country that necessitates the founding of such chairs in American universities, but we can see no valid reason why the welfare of the United Kingdom should not be equally interesting to Scottish students. The article alluded to is nothing but an appreciation of the fact that as an educational power the United States is rapidly becoming superior to the United Kingdom, while her scientific schools compare favorably with those of Germany.

The new century has already begun to develop surprises. Tesla, the famous electrician, announces that the inhabitants of other worlds are trying to signal to us, while Dr. D. K. Pearsons, the noted philanthropist, says that he purposes attempting a solution of the servant girl problem. The doctor believes that "The higher education is a good thing, but it is never a good substitute for fluffy biscuits or English muffins. Unless the future kitchen of the American home can turn out something besides soggy corn-cakes and cold boiled potatoes the higher education falls to the ground as a useless and costly investment." The remedy for this condition is, as advocated by Dr. Pearsons, the acquisition of a thorough training in culinary science and domestic economy by those who have to care for the homes, and he would endeavor to attain this by the addition of such departments to several colleges now existent. May his efforts be crowned with success!

"It has greatly amused several of the students to see the boorish manner in which THE SPECTRUM of the A. C. celebrate their football victory of last fall. It has been so long since they have had a chance to celebrate that they apparently

have forgotten how to act properly on such occasions, and their grotesque attempt are amusing if not pitiful to see."

The above is from some of our highly esteemed friends (sic)—down the Red. As near as we can get at it they refer to *our* reference to their *coup d'etat* whereby they managed to introduce twenty-five men into our grounds "without money and without price." They seemed, both students and—manager, to consider it real cute and no doubt felt as good as though they had all wiggled under the fence. Of course crops were poor down there last year and dollars are dollars; but then they should have remembered that they were in good society for that day and restrained themselves.

NOTICE TO NEW STUDENTS.

1. Students feeling homesick may visit the creamery on Saturday mornings and get a drink of buttermilk.
2. Students below the sophomore year must not attempt to carry on flirtations with the librarian.
3. Knowledge can best be absorbed by keeping the eyes and ears open. The mouth may be kept closed.
4. An atmosphere of culture may easily be distinguished by a judicious use of the olfactory organ. This statement can be verified by a visit to the biological or chemical department.
5. The college walls are built of brick. Props for the inside of the buildings not absolutely necessary.
6. Overcoats must not be hung on the bulletin board, neither must overshoes be placed on the radiators.
7. When you wish to *borrow* a pair of overshoes do not secure the owner's permission while he is absent.
8. The drill hall is not intended for use as a summer resort in the winter time.
9. The professors in the various departments are paid for running their respective departments. No student will be permitted to manage a department until he has been here at least ten days.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Seniors—English History.

Standing room only in chapel.

Mabel Stewart has entered college.

Manns: "I'm happy, my baby's come to town."

Tom Jensen has been appointed color sergeant.

Professor Rose is earning full salary nowadays.

Greene made a rather protracted stay at Fergus Falls.

Students are beginning to talk about baseball already.

The Phelps cup looks very attractive in its new position.

Ask Probstfield when that dance is going to materialize.

Miss Aldyth Ward has returned to college, and resumed work.

The ceiling of the reading room was painted during the holidays.

Fred Sleight attended the Woodman ball on the evening of Jan. 9.

Miss Irma Cook has returned to resume her studies, and C-r-b-t is happy.

Fred Jensen spent part of the vacation at Fessenden. We don't know why.

Some of the classes are so large that the chapel is used for a recitation room.

Look out that you don't get Hoo-Hooded by the Ho! Ho!, He! He!, Ha! Ha's!

Professor Waldron lost his buggy in the universal conflagration of the college barn.

Miss Ruth Phelan visited the various departments of the college during the holidays.

Ask Chacey about his examination in organic chemistry. P. S. Keep out of striking distance.

Mr. F. V. Warren is recovering from a run of fever, and recently visited his home in Michigan.

Four assistants were necessary to help the registrar in classifying at the beginning of the term.

Fred Olsen spent a week in Fargo during the first part of the month, as the guest of Charlie Phelan.

L. R. Waldron's favorite book: "Through the Looking Glass, or Alice in Wonderland."

The large increase in enrollment has made it necessary to employ extra teachers for the winter term.

Manns is now engaged in the real estate business, having acquired control of both the first and second Wards.

Dr. Hult spent Christmas in St. Paul, attending the annual meeting of the Minnesota Educational Association.

Fifteen members of the faculty were in attendance at chapel exercises on Jan. 7. This is pretty good—for the faculty.

Charlie Phelan returned to Dickinson on Jan. 7 to resume his duties in the First National Bank. He will be greatly missed by his many acquaintances.

Many of the students who went home to spend the holidays have now returned to school. All report a most enjoyable time.

Temporary barns have already been erected for the accommodation of the stock until the permanent buildings are completed.

It required a special meeting of the faculty to secure Jensen's trunk from the Breyer family residence, where it was left during the holidays.

The Athletic Association has on hand three sets of boxing gloves and a first-class punching bag; so we may confidently expect to graduate some pugilists in the near future.

The Jensen quartette have rented a house, and are boarding themselves. It is said that Fred is trying to persuade his brother and sisters that they ought to take at least one boarder.

Professor Keene is rapidly developing into a professional pill-mixer and will soon have for sale a new and complete line of perfumes, hair-dyes, tooth-powder, etc. Watch for large posters.

Query: If members of the faculty are permitted to ride in a ten-cent bus, what should be the price of transportation for students in order to maintain

the relative standing between faculty and students?

Mrs. Sheppard says that the distance between the college and the Perry House is amazing—when you have to walk.

One of our students is so forgetful that he sometimes neglects to remove his clothing before retiring for the evening.

Mr. Shattuck, our popular secretary, was indisposed for a few days at the beginning of the month, but no serious results followed.

Petitioning the faculty seems to be becoming popular with the senior class, but as a means of entertainment its popularity is on the wane.

Vassar College is taking a lively interest in athletics. "Hare and Hounds" is claiming a large place and weekly runs are planned for the winter.

Captain Ulio wears a satisfied look once more, probably occasioned by the unusually large number of cadets under his command. 'D-r-r-r arms!

We notice in the M. A. C. Record that Professor J. A. Jeffery, formerly with this college, is attending institutes in Michigan and telling the people "what we should eat."

American Beauty roses can be secured at the college greenhouse, free of charge. If the gardener is not there to supply your wants just help yourself to anything which suits your fancy.

Mr. Keeney worked in the mechanical department during the holidays, assisting in the construction of an engine for the use of the short-course students.

The veterinary and engineering classes have now become so large that to prevent further crowding all new students are requested to take cooking and sewing instead.

Despite the president's warning about college love-making, it is reported that one young man has gone so far as to "see papa". We have not yet heard what papa said to the ambitious youth.

The occupants of the farmhouse were in a condition to make a hurried move for at least three days after the barn

was burned. Some of them went so far as to sleep with ulsters and overshoes on.

The superintendent of schools of New Mexico, in his annual report, recommends that the game of football be prohibited in all public schools. He regards the game more brutal than prize fighting.

Student in plane geometry: Professor, is ninety degrees a quadrant?

Professor: Yes, sir.

Student: Then how many degrees is a hydrant?

Doctor: Young man, I want you to throw that cane away!

Patient: All right, doctor, here she goes!

Doctor: Now put out your tongue!

Patient: I can't, doctor, it's fastened on!

The enrollment is now close to the 400 mark, and is still gradually climbing. The mechanical building is crowded to its utmost capacity, the shops being used eight hours per day. The engineering department is apparently the favorite with short-course students.

B. F. Meinecke paid us a short visit before Christmas, and everyone acknowledges that B. F. knows how to do things right. It really is a pleasure to be around when "Dutch" is "doin' things."

On Saturday evening, Jan. 5, Charlie Phelan entertained a number of his friends in honor of Fred Olsen. Mr. Phelan proved himself an adept in the art of entertaining, and the guests enjoyed a most pleasant evening.

The seniors are already beginning to talk about a class program for commencement week. We'd be willing to bet that they'll want commencement exercises postponed, in order to allow them to be thoroughly prepared.

The intercollegiate oratorical contest has been postponed a short time to enable the participants to prepare more thoroughly. It seems peculiar that postponement in this way should be necessary year after year, but "Truth is stranger than fiction."

One of the professors compelled the students in a certain class to have their text-books with them when taking examination. This is a good plan—if the professor takes charge of the text-books.

We notice by the M. A. C. Record that F. V. Warren, formerly assistant in the engineering department of our school, has been suffering from an attack of typhoid fever. We are pleased to learn that Mr. Warren has almost regained his usual good health.

President Worst delivered the address of welcome to the visiting educators at the annual meeting of the North Dakota Educational Association, held in Fargo on Dec. 27 and 28, 1900. Several of the professors took part and a great many of our students attended the meetings.

When we are compelled to hold classes in the chapel, reading room, gymnasium, etc., it seems to us that the state should look to our wants and provide a more commodious college building. We may be a little premature, but it's only a matter of one or two years at farthest until it will be a necessity.

A young man out West has died from blood-poisoning, resulting from the prick of a hatpin in the hands of a girl whom he attempted to kiss. In order to avoid any such event as this in our midst we would suggest that the president appoint a committee whose business it will be to see that all our lady students have their hat-pins and hair-pins thoroughly sterilized.

On New Years eve Professor and Mrs. Keene gave an informal party in honor of Charlie Phelan. The evening was pleasantly spent in playing favorite games and discussing dainty refreshments. At midnight the guests gathered on the front porch and assisted in producing the general din with which the new century was greeted. A most pleasant evening was enjoyed by all.

Overheard during a class meeting of the 'or's: "Petition the faculty!"—"Two terms prep. arithmetic to!"—"Gowns and mortarboards for com-

mencem"—"One-half a credit"—"I move that we"—"What do we want with a class ring"—"English History"—"Singing work"—"Twelve electives to complete"—"Won't classify if I can't get through!"—"Hygiene"—"Don't know enough to take bacteriol"—"Ord"—"Six orations, who's got an oration to sell?"—"How much will you pay?"—"What use is German?"—"Medical Latin"—"He was not smooth enough to use a pony"—"Two-fifths credit on French"—"Where's the president?"—"No accommodation at this blamed institute"—"Oh the dev"—As the language threatened to become more violent we left at this stage of the game.

At the fire on Jan. 5 Professor Waldron's new buggy was burned and Professor Sheppard's horse was injured. As necessity is the mother of invention, Professor Waldron conceived the brilliant idea of borrowing Professor Sheppard's buggy and harness and thus making one complete rig from the wreck. This worked like grease until Professor Sheppard wanted to use the rig last Tuesday at the same time as Professor Waldron. Now they both walk.

Too much cannot be said in praise of Mr. Phelps for the interest he has shown in trying to advance pure college athletics in this state. The advancement of clean college athletics hinges greatly upon the activity of a few of those prominent business men who have received their education in colleges where great enthusiasm was shown in athletic feats. Such men are very scarce in the business circles of this state. So when such a man is met let us not fail to express our appreciation of his efforts.

Dr. D. K. Pearsons, who made such a generous offer to Fargo College, is now considering the advisability of establishing a new department in Berea College, Kentucky, for the teaching of cookery and general house work. Dr. Pearsons believes that he can do more good by aiding several schools than by giving all his money to one institution. His motive is commendable. Statistics

show that several small schools well equipped reach more students than the same funds expended in one school.

One of our enterprising seniors has invented a new way of touching Santa Claus. Shortly before Christmas, knowing that his father would visit Fargo the next day, he instructed a clerk in a down-town clothing establishment as follows: "Say, Iky, when the governor comes in tomorrow, you give him a spiel about my inspecting your dress-suit cases but declining to purchase because of hard times. Impress upon him my gripless condition, and suggest that it would make a very appropriate Christmas gift." The old man next day: "Tell him to come in and get it, but it's the only d— thing he will get this year."

The large barn on the college farm was totally destroyed by fire on Jan. 7. About 10 o'clock in the forenoon fire was observed on the upper floor and shortly afterwards the entire building was a seething mass of flames. The stock was removed from the barn in safety, but almost everything else was lost. The loss will be most severely felt in the experiment station work, as the greater part of the seeds for various experiments was lost. Fortunately a small quantity of each variety was stored in another building, but it will require at least two years to produce a marketable quantity. The barn and implements were insured for their full value and the authorities have already decided to build two barns to replace the lost one, so that, not considering a little temporary inconvenience, the loss will be trifling.

Even Cupid seems to have entered into conspiracy with the registrar and other faculty members to hold the graduating class down to the fewest possible members. The sly little god sent one of his golden arrows through the heart of Flossie E. Van Horn, 'or, who has been the leading light of the local department of this paper during the past three months, and as a consequence the local department is deprived of her help and influence. It appears that Miss Van

Horn was married in August last to Mr. Earl C. Fleming, a popular young attaché of the Fargo Forum. The wedding was kept secret until a few days ago, when it was publicly announced. THE SPECTRUM feels honored in being the medium through which the faculty and students of the Agricultural College tender best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, who will make their home in Fargo for the present.

EXCHANGES.

Yankton College received a challenge to a debate from Dakota University. The advisability of accepting is still undecided.

The University of Chicago has decided to give free tuition to ten Porto Ricans who wish to be educated in this country.—Ex.

"The State Normal Magazine" of N. C. is among our best exchanges for December. We sincerely hope to see it each month.

Bethany College of Philadelphia, is a beneficiary to the amount of more than \$200,000 by the terms of the will of the late R. S. Walton.

Hazing has broken out in the Northwestern Academy. While there has been no casualty yet, it is thought that one young fellow's health has been permanently affected.

The Power of Prejudice, in *The Red and Black* of Clearmont, N. H., exactly expresses the idea which all have of a college professor—gray-haired, choleric, and entirely devoted to books.

During the past football season, the Carlisle Indians have attained a high rank as football players, in the estimate of the public. Their games were all fiercely contested, yet in every case they played a clean, straight game.

To the question, "Why go to college?" Mr. Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard University, answered: "In order that the young man may discover what his powers are, and learn to use them for his own good and the good of others."

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