

# The Spectrum.

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## THE BLUE TITMOUSE.

(From the French of Elie Berthet.)

On a beautiful day last winter, I walked to the zoological garden. Snow covered the ground, the trees with their powdered heads looked like the dandies in the time of the Regency. Few people were to be seen promenading in the large avenues; the sun was dim, and, in his efforts to pierce a heavy veil of clouds, could scarcely warm the silent nature.

By chance I was walking in the most deserted places of the garden when a pretty scene attracted my attention. A boy of twelve or thirteen, elegantly clad in deep mourning, had swept the snow from a small space and was amusing himself by throwing crumbs of bread to the birds near by. An old servant seemed to watch over him and carry the coat which the child had taken off, so as not to frighten his *protéges*.

Many charming birds had come to this feast. The sparrows, as familiar to us as they are gluttonous, with continual chirpings, disputed over the largest morsel. Some Rednecks descended at times from the tops of the chestnut trees to take part in the feast. The Titmice came one after the other, and carried off to the distant bushes, the crumbs of bread which they had been able to snatch away in passing; and all the while these pretty little creatures chirped and sang like nightingales with all their hearts, as if to thank their benefactor.

The child watched with an expression of joy, the delightful sports of the young birds. He followed with his eyes those who stood aside looking rather feeble. He carried food to them without scare-

ing them, and smiled, while they were gulping their food, at the ravenous appetite which they displayed.

I approached, in my turn, and divided among the starved little things, a cake which I had just bought.

The child thanked me with a friendly look.

"The unhappy creatures," he said to me, "cannot find food on this snow-covered ground, we must take pity on them."

"Then you like the birds?" I asked him.

"Oh! yes," replied he, turning away his eyes as if to hide a tear, "especially the Titmouse."

I understood that there was in this affliction some painful history; I dared not ask any more questions. Nevertheless it was interesting to me to enter into the secrets of a boy in whom I found so much candor and poesy. I will not say by what means I succeeded to gain his confidence and how I brought him to give me that account which I wished to secure without daring to ask for it; but after having consulted in a low tone of voice, the servant who seemed to act as a guide for him, he, while we were walking slowly into a lonesome avenue with a sweet and melancholy voice said to me: "Yes, sir, I love the pretty birds, for they recall to me very tender and dear remembrances. I love them, not as others do, shutting them up in a cage and depriving them of the air and the liberty which God has given them, but protecting their frail beings, which harm no one, and which are a delight to all.

These words, so simple and yet so wise for a boy, astonished me. Misfortune often imparts to us a certain precocity, a kind of premature development; and the premature mental development which I observed in this boy was evidently due to some misfortune.

"I had a sister a year younger than I, who thought about the birds as I do. Dear little Nina! It grieved her to see the struggles of a butterfly which I had taken by surprise on a flower. She was so sweet, so good, so timid! Dear little Nina!"

My eyes fell upon the black garments of the child, and I understood why he cried.

"Last summer," he continued after a moment's silence, "Nina and I were in the country. One day while with happy, joyful spirits, we were walking in the park, all of a sudden the shrill cry of a hawk was heard from behind a bush. Nina was struck with fear and wished to run away, but I persuaded her to remain and we approached the bush to chase away the villainous bird of prey, who stretched forth his great wings and flew. Fine, delicate feathers began to flutter in the air; we moved the branches of a hazel tree and found a poor little nest which the hawk had pillaged. Only one of the birdlings was still living, in the midst of the blood stained remnants of his brothers; he uttered cries of despair as if calling upon us to help him. The mother had evidently died defending her nest. Only this one had been spared, the most frail of them all.

"Nina took the little bird tenderly in her hand.

'Poor little thing,' she said, 'he has no mother, no brothers; and perhaps the naughty hawk will come back. If we leave him he will die of hunger or will be devoured.'

"O, yes!" said I, "we must take care of him, and when he becomes strong and able to search for his own food, we will set him free."

Nina felt quite happy and carried the

bird to the house. She put him in a white cotton nest, and we both took the greatest care of him. Our pet soon began to grow. Instead of the little creature which we had picked up, poor and shorn of its feathers, we had a beautiful titmouse, lively and brisk, with blue wings, and an azure tuft, which he raised proudly in his movements of joy and anger. He fluttered through the room, leaped and chirped incessantly; he seemed to demand his liberty. Then I said to Nina: "We have certainly not saved the life of this little creature, in order to keep him prisoner?" Nina commenced to cry, but she took the bird and we descended into the garden.

The weather was beautiful, the sun brilliant in all his splendor. The trees were loaded with fruit, flower-beds were filled with flowers. When Nina saw nature so charming, she looking at the bird in her hand, said: "The ungrateful little rascal, will soon forget us."

We each gave our little pupil a kiss, and Nina opened her hand and turned away her eyes.

The titmouse dashed through the air with a rapid stroke of the wing and perched on a neighboring tree. There he commenced to sing, to celebrate, as it were, his deliverance. His song though full of melody, rent Nina's heart. My sister sat under the tree and in sadness looked at the bird in the branches. Not able to restrain her sorrow, she extended her hand toward the bird, crying out! Bluette! Bluette! That was the name she had given him.

At this well known cry Bluette descended from the tree and perched on the houlder of his young mistress.

How happy Nina then was! How she carressed her friend, who, with his little black beak, returned her carresses. My sister spoke with her voice of silver and the titmouse chirped continually, and drops of tears trickled down Nina's cheeks, and Bluette wiped them away with his silky wing. "You well see," said Nina to me with pride: "Bluette

never wishes to leave us." Poor little sister, she knew not that she was speaking the truth.

The child, overpowered by his recollections, paused once more. He passed his hand over his eyes and continued:

"From this moment, a more intimate friendship commenced between Nina and the titmouse. The bird would not leave his mistress; he followed her, fluttering through the house. He knew her voice, her foot-steps. Nina's call caused him to hasten back to her from the end of the garden where he was free. In the morning he came to waken her. He put aside the curtain while he sang, seated himself on the pillow and pecked at the rosy lips of the sleeping girl. Happy Bluette, who kissed Nina before mother and I.

Meanwhile the summer season was over, and we were obliged to return to Paris. My sister looked sickly and it was thought she was in need of the aid of the most skillful physicians. When we arrived here, she found herself worse than before and was soon obliged not to leave her room. Often I saw the servants exchange in a low voice, sorrowful words, and mother, while talking with me and my sister would sometimes withdraw in order to weep. But I did not then understand what death meant. Bluette accompanied his mistress everywhere; my sister on the other hand could not bear to see the bird leave her, and, in the naivete of a sick child, she would tell her sufferings to her friend. How often have I seen Bluette perch on Nina's little white finger and listen, as it were, with attention to my sister's woes! In these sad moments he lost his singing; no affectionate chirpings, no flapping of wings. The titmouse was sad, pensive, as if he felt the pain of which his mistress complained. When, Nina exhausted by her plaintive story, became silent, Bluette sweetly stretched his blue head to give her a kiss of encouragement. Then both fell asleep in their alcoves of white gauze.

One day, I was for a moment alone with my sister. I thought she was asleep, when all of a sudden I heard her call me in a feeble voice.

I approached her with eagerness. "Adieu, Brother," she said, "I feel that I am dying. Where is mama?" I endeavored to dispel her fears, and assured her that mama would soon come in.

"Embrace me," she replied. I leaned toward her to embrace her, but she fell on the pillow motionless. She was dead!

I cried aloud, throwing myself upon my knees. In a moment, the titmouse who slept at my sister's side took flight and with doleful chirpings escaped through the open window. It seemed to me as if I saw the angelic soul of my dear Nina soar to heaven on azure wings.

I took the child's hand and pressed it in mine. He thanked me with a sign of the head. The eyes of the old servant, who in the course of this sad tale, drew near, were filled with tears.

They will tell you what I have suffered, continued the child, while he pointed out his faithful mentor. My gentle sister never liked ungratitude.

As he kept still I demanded of him timidly: The titmouse? You have not said what became of him.

He restrained himself and continued: As soon as I had gained a little strength I asked to be taken to Nina's tomb, in the Pere-Lachaise cemetery. I knelt on the marble and prayed for my sister. The song of the bird attracted my attention. I raised my head and saw on a neighboring cypress tree, a blue titmouse. My heart beat violently. I called: Bluette! Bluette! just as my sister would have called. The titmouse came and sat on my finger. I wet this charming creature with my tears. I covered him with kisses. In a moment he flitted away and perched upon the coronet of evergreens and orange blossoms, which adorned the cross of the

tomb, as if to tell me that he was still loyal to his dead mistress.

Every time I have visited the cemetery, I have seen Bluette near his little mistress. By day he sang on the tomb, by night he slept among the maiden flowers which friendly hands had culled and placed upon the grave of his mistress.

A few days ago, we found Bluette at

his accustomed place, frozen to death. He had not forsaken his mistress!

In the course of this sad tale we had come to the bridge of Austerlitz. Here a carriage waited for the boy and his tutor. When we were about to separate, he said with a melancholy smile: You now know why I love the birds.  
J. B. '02.

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### THE GROWTH OF LITERATURE.

The literature of the present day is of so great a variety and so over-whelming in quantity that we are led to say, with apparently more truth than did King Solomon of old: "Of making many books there is no end."

We accept the ever increasing amount of literature as one of the tendencies of modern progress, and as an evidence of a broader and more general culture of the people from which it springs. As we contemplate its many phases, the question arises as to what diversifying influences have been acting upon it, and at what point in its history did they first become evident.

The history of literature traced from its very beginning through the ages that followed, is one of a gradual development from the strains of rude minstrelsy to master-pieces of thought which crowned the 19th century. Although through the magazines we are brought in contact with contemporaneous works of all kinds, we know, as a rule, almost nothing of the compositions which formed the foundation of the works of later years.

The most primitive forms were introduced in Britain and Scotland by minstrels or bards, of whom the later poets so often speak. In fact much of our information regarding them has been receive from this source. Our encyclopedias and historical works tell us almost nothing about them aside from the fact that they were musicians who wandered from castle to castle and from

country to country, singing songs of their own composition, accompanied by music of harps. They combined the poet, musician and historian and made their talks weird and fantastic by attempts at mimicry and rude acting. No festivity was considered complete without at least one or more of them to entertain the guests, and knights and lords vied with each other in securing as many favorite bards as they could for such occasions.

Some were permanently connected with royal families but the greater number traveled from place to place, staying often for long intervals where their entertainments proved particularly pleasing.

The chivalrous spirit of the age protected them and they received gifts of every description as rewards for their services. They were as much honored then as are our literary heroes of today, their position being considered far above that of the clergy.

Soon after the Saxons became Christianized the poet as a distinctive individual sprang from among these minstrels who gradually dropped from composers themselves to mere reciters of the productions of others. A few however, still continued to sing heroic ballads, of their own composition, based on historic events, many of which have been handed down to the present day.

Richard I., who was passionately fond of music, greatly encouraged the patronage of these minstrels and during

his reign they were numerous and popular. From the time of Edward IV. their real character was lost and they became merely wandering musicians and players, some of them practiced mysterious arts as do our modern jugglers.

During the reign of Elizabeth they lost entirely the place they had previously held, but their position had been more than filled by the truer poets, who by this time had taken a much higher rank and were producing works which though still very crude in form were far in advance of the minstrel ballads.

Sir Walter Scott in "The Lay of The Last Minstrel" gives rather an ideal description of the last of the true

minstrels who survived the Revolution. His stories are told with the simplicity which marked the first of their works but the old minstrel seemed to have caught somewhat of the refinement of modern poetry.

The heights from which he had fallen is well described by Sir Walter in the following lines:

A wandering harper, scorned and  
poor,  
He begged his bread from door to  
door  
And tuned, to please a peasant's  
ear,  
The harp a king had loved to  
hear.

E. L. H., 'or.

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#### TRUSTS A HIGH DEGREE OF CIVILIZATION.

To the intelligent and logical thinker nothing is more ridiculous than the numerous harangues and philippics of unthinking masses and of political demagogues, upon the trust problem.

Trusts, presenting as they do problems of universal consequence, they are in reality understood by but comparatively few persons who have made a thorough analysis of the facts, that are presented. Like all questions of national interest, the issue of trusts has become a bone of contention for the great political parties, and will perhaps for some time to come remain an unsettled problem.

Every social, industrial and political advance is but the natural consequence of cause and effect, in other words, a compliance to the laws of evolution. Every existing condition, every state of being is an eloquent proof of the theory of evolution; they exist, for they are "the fittest to survive". Industrial phenomena presents to us most striking examples of development, which illustrate the principles of evolution. These phenomena may be recognized by any average observing mind.

If we turn to the annals of the his-

tory of the United States, we may be able to trace this development, step by step, from the lowest stages of savagery to the highest state of civilization.

The simple savage who wants but few things, wanders through the forest, seeking by the most crude methods to supply his necessities. But with changes of environment, his desire to become more and more diversified, and he, in turn, seeks means to gratify them. This leads him to adopt the most ingenious methods which are always commensurate with the development of his mind. He, then, gradually becomes expert in the production of certain articles which meet the demands of his wants, thus establishing the first industry. Others again, have made advancement in the production of other articles and both having stored more than is needed for their own use, establish by their first exchange, the first commerce. In time such men in the lower stages of civilization, combine together for mutual protection and benefit of diversified production, for they recognize the superiority of combined strength over individual effort in times of war and the bene-

fit of co-operation in times of peace. It was thus by combining the intelligence of the carpenter with that of the blacksmith that the first wagon was built. It was the combination of capital that laid the first railroad, built the first steamship, developed the first mine and established the first great methods of intercommunication. And it is the centralization of capital, and that alone, which can successfully cope with the demands of modern economic problems. Who would have the courage to assert that industrial development is the result of individual effort? Who so blind as to reject the truth of the axiom "in union there is strength"?

Whose mental vision is so dimmed that he cannot conceive of the benefits of co-operation and concentration?

The farmer whose lands are contiguous can produce more economically than he whose domains are scattered, and the concentrated industry has demonstrated the fact of more economical production than so many scattered industries. A most convincing argument is to compare the economical productiveness of, say ten different factories, producing in competition the same article, with one combined organization also producing the same article. Here are required ten sources of power, ten distinct buildings, ten more or less similar methods, ten separate advertisements and ten different representing salesmen who walk the same streets, and canvass the same towns. We must immediately reject this as a most wasteful method of production when we compare it to the other method in which all of these are combined into one mammoth establishment, that would in some of the mentioned items reduce the expense to one-tenth of what the old system required.

Will my anti-trust friend still decry the frugal method of production and choose the expensive one? Is he not satisfied to have his dollar go twice as far as previously, and besides the bare necessities of life secure for him also

some luxury which previously was impossible for him to obtain? Again looking at the question from a moral standpoint, is there not a constant tendency to corruptness on the part of competitors who will place inferior goods upon the market in order that their margin may be greater?

The trust is but a logical outcome of our demands, and is necessarily adapted to our increasing commerce; and like other national problems, it must be regulated to secure the greatest good to the greatest number.

Investor, consumer, and laborer will alike be benefited by them; the investor by the better security which arises through the amplitude of capital, and the combination of talent in the various departments of administration; the consumer, through improved processes, resulting in better product at lower prices and more efficient distribution; the laborer, by steadier employment at better wages; and should he manifest special talent, and by a better opportunity for improvement in his condition".

There is danger only when trusts assume monopolistic tendencies, and it is precisely here that regulation is needed, that regulation which must be imposed by the national government; for governmental legislation is the only checkmate upon the monopolist.

According to Mr. Clark, when prices become extortionate, there is always a latent competition which invariably serves to re-establish normal prices.

There is need of tariff reform; for by protective tariff legislations congress has discriminated in favor of the home producer; corporations consequently have become gigantic and strong, and have abused their corporate existence, having maintained their prices at the highest notch of foreign competition; this condition congress should and, no doubt, will in time remedy.

Another measure urged is that of requiring strict publicity of all the transactions and the accounts of the trust.

This would anticipate many fraudulent operations.

Again the monopoly has been fostered by railroad rate discriminations in favor of the large shipper. In view of such discriminations, such legislation is urged as would secure equal rates to all shippers, whether shipments be small or large in quantity. It is quite well known and conceded, that the Standard Oil Company has gained its ascendancy through liberal rebate of rates, which is in a sense a protective tariff measure. These rates are often forced upon the railroads by powerful corporations, who naturally expect a favored rate for large shipments. This regulation of rates appears to be the most rational measure to adopt, and should be more strongly emphasized.

Still another solution is offered in permitting no discrimination to retailers which would lead them to boycott other

producers; all retailers in all localities should enjoy the benefit of equal prices.

Other solutions are offered, many of which could find only very remote application.

The fact, however, remains, that the trusts have risen as a result of industrial evolution, that centralization of capital has developed the railroads, steamships, mines, means of communication and every known industry of importance.

"The present enormous combinations of capital are only the small ones of the past, better and more highly developed." Every new trust marks a forward stride in our civilization, and every trust represents the highest type of centralization of capital.

All tend to one common end, that of the most economic production, securing alike for the consumer and producer reciprocal benefits.

B. F. Meinecke, '99.

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#### MECHANICAL NOTES.

The seniors are drawing up plans and specifications for a twenty thousand bushel elevator.

At the present rate of progress the four horse power engine under construction will soon be completed.

Several successful experiments have been made in Germany recently of towing canal-boats by means of electricity.

The lantern slides for the Grain Growers' Convention, held in the city recently were prepared by the mechanical department.

Twice within the last two weeks the x-ray has been successfully used in locating injuries for the different physicians of the city.

The weekly meetings of the Engineers' Club are productive of much good to those connected with them and interested along this line. Papers are read and discussions are held on some practical engineering subject in which all can take part.

The junior engineers have a series of boiler tests and indicator diagrams to make at the city electric light plant, this term.

A number of engine accessories such as independent pumps, injectors, valves, pistons and governors have been secured from different threshing machine companies for the classes in engineering. If those taking up this subject do not acquire some valuable information, they will only have themselves to blame.

The question of compound versus simple engines for small plants or field work seems to be rather undecided as yet. While compound engines are greater economizers of steam, there is a limit to their greater efficiency over the simple, and this limit is determined by the boiler pressure. The steam has to be admitted at such a pressure as to expand in both cylinders a certain number of times and be exhausted into the atmosphere above atmospheric pressure.

There are other features which ab-

sorb the economy of this class of engines and among these may be mentioned the greater friction due to the increased number of working parts, the multiplicity of parts to be kept in repair, the loss due to the increase in back pressure, and the loss due to the greater condensation area of the cylinders, passages, etc. These factors and the available boiler pressure have to be taken into consideration by a purchaser before installing a plant. Of course a comparison of the two is largely in the experimental stage and there is, as in similar instances, a difference of opinion.

The present boiler pressure carried by

most traction engines is so low that there is not sufficient expansive force in the steam to warrant a second cylinder expansion. With the varying care to which this class of boilers is subjected and with the number of inexperienced engineers in the country it is unsafe to increase the pressure to more than 150 pounds, or high enough to insure the economy of the engine. What is wanted in a traction engine is one that can be easily kept in repair and that will not require an expert to operate, since the factor of economy is not a great one, when it comes to work in the field or on the road.

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#### EXCHANGES.

The *Industrialist* is a well rounded exchange recently placed on our list.

In *The Industrial Collegian* for Jan. 1900, appears a very able and instructive article on life, scenery, etc., in Japan.

With better facilities than heretofore we intend to make the exchange department one of the best on the paper.

Talks and Thoughts, is the name of an interesting and unique little paper from the Hampton Indian students of Hampton, Virginia.

The *Wahpetonian* finds it necessary to dun all of the Methodist ministers for their subscription price. This speaks bad for the ministers, *The Wahpetonian*, the congregation, or something.

The *Geomys'* January edition contains an instructive little article on "Gerrymandering" accompanied by a diagram which reminds one of a Chinese puzzle. It also has a well written article on "Trusts".

The next meeting of the N. E. A. will be held in Charleston, S. C., July 7-13. This will give many an opportunity to become acquainted with southern life and to visit many of the famous battlefields.

Exchanges bring to us the unpleasant fact that college basket ball teams in general are being beaten by city and Y. M. C. A. teams. Why this is the case is hard to understand for there seems to be no reason why colleges should not excel in the sport as well as in foot ball and base ball.

The *Nebraskan-Hesperian* is one of our valuable exchanges. It comes full of interesting college news and by perusing its columns as much information of student work in general can be obtained as from any college paper we have seen. From our own ideas it seems to us that it might be improved by more genuine literary matter.

We are pleased to acknowledge the arrival of *The Kaimin*, a bright newsy paper from Missoula, Montana. It contains besides several excellent literary articles, many other items of interest. In particular we notice an account of a theatrical performance and in the cast of characters recognize the name of an old acquaintance and former student of this institution, H. N. Dion. While he attended here it was not generally known that he had a theatrical bent, but it might have been guessed because of his great love (?) for class programmes.

## ATHLETICS.

J. McGuigan's hand has recovered so that he can once more strengthen the first B. B. team by his good work as center.

On Feb. 2 the girls' basket ball team played the "All Stars" a match game. While the ladies played good ball, they were out-played by the seniors and professors and made most of their points on fouls. Score 6 to 14 in favor of the "All Stars".

The amending of the Athletic Association constitution in regard to the establishing of an advisory board consisting of members of the faculty and association and the election of a general athletic manager has, with a few minor amendments to the original scheme, been carried out.

It seems to us that now would be a pretty good time to begin thinking of field day. This event will probably come off some time in May and four months is none too long a time in which to decide on what events to take part in and train for them. There is about as sturdy a set of athletes here as any one would wish to see and with constant training and good earnest work we can put men in the field that are capable of securing our share of honors and that will reflect credit on the institution.

Three of the winter series of league games have been played and have been encouraging as far as attendance and interest is concerned, but rather dis-

couraging as to winning games for our first team. While our boys played good ball, their weak point seems to be in throwing baskets. With constant practice along this line and as all other things are equal, there is no reason why we can't score our share of victories. The second team has had better success. While they have lost one out of the two games played the score was so close as to almost make it a tie and with untiring practice our chances yet for the cup are as good as that of the other fellows.

It seems to us that the so called physical culture being taught in some schools and colleges is one of the best schemes for killing time and energy yet devised. Students are compelled to go through a number of acrobatic performances and gyrations a given number of times a week, which for the amount of work done is worthless. It does not aid in improving the mind nor does it prepare the individual for any special purpose as does military drill; as for strengthening the body, giving each muscle a jerk or two, two or three times a week is not going to do it much good. If the student does not get sufficient exercise going to and from school and doing the odd chores that have to be done, it seems that the time might be more profitably and the muscles more advantageously applied by swinging the ax or wielding the broom than by learning the most scientific methods of fainting or physically collapsing.

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We would advise all students after completing a study not to sell their text books on the subject, but to keep them as a nucleus for a library, a thing all of us should intend to have some day. Not only should they be kept for old association's sake, but principally for their value as books of reference. After studying from a book for three months

or so one will naturally become thoroughly acquainted with its contents and know exactly where to refer for enlightenment on some point in the subject which it covers. How convenient it will be after having completed a course in college to have at hand the old books with which we are so familiar.

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Some people seem to have the idea that by attending college for three months or so, they can learn all there is to learn, of any one subject. In the winter term there are numbers that come here to take engineering, agriculture, arithmetic and the like, with the idea that at the end of the term they will be full fledged engineers, know the science of agriculture from the top down, or be able to solve any mathe-

matical problem that may arise during the rest of their lifetime. At the end of the term they go away disappointed and perhaps disappoint their friends and relations because they do not know some things that will take more than a lifetime to learn. We do not wish to discourage any who feel they can spare only three months for self improvement, for there is no better way for putting in that much time, but we simply wish to call attention to the fact that only a few elementary principles can be learned in that period and even the number of these will be limited by the ability and energy of the student.

Of all the faults and snares into which a student is liable to fall, the most likely to entangle him, and the worst one to be held by is procrastination—the thief of time. This is a disease which has been found in all societies and at all times, and there is nothing in the world that can drive it away but the will of the one on whom it has fastened its blighting grasp. In this competitive age everything must be done in its season, if success in any vocation is desired. To continually put off doing a thing when we know it must be done sometime, is a disease of the mind, which we cultivate every day that we put off until tomorrow, what should be done today; and in the English language there is only one word that describes such a person and that word is—fool. But it is not necessary to tell this, thinking that a victim of the aforesaid does not know it—for it is something of which each afflicted person is conscious. Why then should students persist in something that they know is absolutely killing them. Throw off this laziness—be somebody. It is the performing of things in their proper time; it is the intelligent use of time, and especially our odd moments—the gold dust of time—that marks the difference between success and failure, and adds the jewels to what we term education.

Students while down town should constantly bear in mind the fact that people are watching them and judging the institution by their actions, hence the cadet gray should be a badge of good behavior and gentlemanly conduct and all who wear it should be most careful in their deportment. So, boys, if ever you find you are not men enough to resist the temptation to go over to Moorhead for anything but a legitimate purpose, throw off those things which show you have attended an institution where nothing but men should be made, don your poorest apparel, hide your face and sneak over by some back alley in the dark and stay away.

It is difficult to realize what an idea a large number of people in this state—yes even in this city—have of our institution. Their idea seems to be that the Agricultural College is an institution where a lot of green young men learn how to plant corn, hoe potatoes, care for stock, and raise grain in the most approved scientific manner. It is often amusing to hear the expressions of surprise from visitors here for the first time, when, instead of a lot of hot-houses, barns and other mechanisms designed expressly for the farm and farmer, they find a thoroughly equipped, modern institution, for the higher learning. While the right idea is being rapidly disseminated throughout the state, yet we feel the name will continue to injure the work of the institution by preventing the attendance of a larger class of students desiring a regular collegiate education, by the false impression which it conveys. While this misunderstanding does not effect the efficiency of the institution, it tends to cause many seeking a professional education, to go to other places, no better than this and perhaps not so well equipped. All this is in a name, and as the name is such an important factor why not change it to one that will give the people of the state for

which it is supported, the true idea of its character. It is true the agricultural sciences are taught here, but this might easily be indicated and the institution shown in its true light by calling it the State College and School of Agriculture.

An article in one of our recent exchanges suggests a few thoughts of the relation of the library to the college. Education of today is so varied and takes so many diverse lines that one may be forgiven if he has not all he has learned at his tongue's end. In lieu of the student being a walking encyclopedia, he should at least be able to point to a book and say "look and ye shall find." A portion of a student's training should be along the line of consulting authorities. This consultation should not be done in a slipshod and aimless way but should be under the immediate supervision of a professor. An ordinary student will know enough to consult an encyclopedia, but only a few would consult the card index, where the subject might be found to be discussed, under several heads. Only the exceptional student will be able to trace a subject down in its many phases in different books. The library of a college of this size should be primarily a consulting library and only secondarily as a means of mental relaxation, or an aid to original investigation. When the amount of money to be expended thus is limited, great care should be exercised that books of only passing interest and those of a sensational nature should be excluded. The book of the hour is more than likely to be entirely forgotten before the year is passed. On the other hand the works of classic authors should be purchased as rapidly as may be. We believe that the value of the library to our college has never been appreciated as it should be, which accounts for its lack of growth compared with the growth of the other departments. The relation of the library to the other departments is so vital that a large amount of thought and care expended upon it will be amply repaid.

## LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Mr. S. "Professor I'm—uh—Mr. Mc Guigan, I mean."

An inter-society debate is one of the events in the near future.

Charlie: "Come down and see my sister and I will be at home".

The Agricultural Club hold their weekly meeting in Francis Hall.

A W. C. T. U. woman from Tennessee gave the Colonel a special address in chapel one morning some days ago.

The new basket ball suits have been received. We earnestly hope that the boys will christen them by winning a few games.

The botanical department has recently mounted a large number of plants received in exchange from the University of Wyoming.

The dormitory boys say that they would like to have some of that \$15 worth of codfish gravy that Professor Squires spoke of in chapel.

If some of the detonations of some of the singers could be converted into intonations how much better our tympanums would sometimes feel.

Since the last number, Messrs Thompson, Fowler and Green have enlightened the students and faculty on Expansion, Trusts, and Oliver Cromwell, by chapel orations.

It was gratifying to hear the favorable comment our musicians created for the creditable way they took their part in the musical programme of the Grain Growers' Convention.

All members of the Chemical Society wishing to compete for the Lavosier gold medal must hand the subject of their essay to the secretary on or before the February meeting.

Mech. Redhead, (trying to explain differences of engines) "A locomotive, you see, is practically two engines."

Bot. Redhead: "Yes, that is, if you have been drinking heavily enough."

Why is that large dish pan brought over to Francis Hall from the Farm House and what is it loaded with when it goes back is what we would like to know.

Mrs. Holley, state agent for the Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Animals gave a very interesting talk in chapel on the 18th ultimo. It is to be hoped that the students will follow out her advice as to being kind to our dumb friends.

The captain of the basket ball team again reports a serious reverse, this making the third. It is wonderful how much alike the captain and General Buller are situated, both having been defeated three times but still move forward to the attack.

It is said that on Monday evening Mr. Osgood was driving around town looking for his son, Tom. He thought it possible that the youth had followed a wagon out of town, but it was later discovered that Tom was delayed at the College owing to the protracted faculty meeting which was discussing the oratorical contest.

The janitor found the following answer to one of Miss Senn's invitations in her waste basket:

Dear Miss Senn: I got your letter this morning, saying you would be "at home" on Friday evening. I am pleased that you will be home Friday evening, I will also be at home.

Yours truly,.....

An epidemic of rowdyism—a kind of Kentucky election time seems to have struck our institution a few days ago. Ungentlemanly things were said and done which should not have been in a place supposed to represent and create the best type of law abiding citizens. Our past record along these lines has been a good one and as time goes on all should be more careful not to do anything to mar this record.

Ask Chacey what a "charge" is.

Ask Stark if he went out to get his money back.

Miss Berg was greatly surprised by a call from a number of friends January 23.

The choir is now complete. Mr. Treat has filled the vacancy left by Mr. Cronan.

Miss Olive Worst went to St. Paul January 31, for further treatment of her throat.

A number of Fargo College students paid our institution a visit on the 22nd. of January.

Prof. Keene says—"Newspaper men have no consciences." Is this so with our editor?

It is said the teacher of Domestic Science tells her pupils, never to "gobble" the necessities of life.

New Student—"I must learn blacksmithing as my mother said I must have a good education."

Misses Ward and Brittin were at home to a few friends, January 19. Welsh rarebit was served.

Prof.—What was the relation between Henry VIII. and the Pope?

Student—They were brothers.

Student—"The idea of paying fifty dollars for a chicken who has no brains, nor teeth either," is preposterous.

We notice by the Kaimin that H. N. Dion, with '02, has dramatic talents. We never thought that of "Hank".

During the recent cold snap, many of the students, were kept away from the college on account of coughs and colds.

With the musical and intellectual treats that are being offered daily, we can ill afford to miss chapel exercises.

J. B.—Little boy, do you like girls? If you do I'll sit beside you tomorrow.

Little Boy,—(blushing), I don't like them things.

Miss Stella Jaberg returned to her home at Sanborn, January 28.

It is reported that Miss Jo. Jewett, formerly of this institution, won first prize in a competition for a prize story for a Fresno paper.

One of our young preps has been induced by his friends, to overcome his youthful bashfulness and to "get into the game" so to speak.

The College had a half holiday, Jan. 26, in order that the students might go and hear Pres. J. J. Hill address the Grain Growers' Convention.

Students, please do not throw chalk; the janitor spends so much time walking from building to building that he has no time to sweep up the scattered crayons on the floor.

On the 12th ultimo Professor Bottenfield organized a class in literature especially for those who have not the time to take up the subject in the regular college work.

The other morning Prof. Bottenfield began the scripture reading with "Sing unto the Lord a new song." The choir seems to have taken the advice and as a result we have been having a few new songs during the last month.

Professor Bolley has a class in Physiology and some of the members have been making very interesting discoveries. One youth discovered some algae on the back of his hand and the professor immediately classified him as a moss-back.

The dinner given to some members of the faculty by Misses Barrett and Olson was a huge success. Everything passed off smoothly including the silverware. The co-sine man was suspected of consuming more than his share of turkey, the historian showed his knowledge of ancient Roman feasting, while the geologist was particularly interested in the structure of the crusts. After the guests had departed, Miss Senn carefully counted the spoons.

Clayton Worst went to the ranch on business, February 2.

It is reported that quite a number of boys have left (?) the dormitory recently.

A second male quartette is being developed under the direction of Professor McArdle.

Richard Carvel is now in its twenty-fourth edition. Two hundred and eighty-five thousand copies have been sold since its publication last June.

"The early bird catches the worm" and the first one to breakfast at the dormitory gets the cream in the milk pitcher.

Query: What becomes of all the pies and cakes and other good things made by those nice looking young cooks of the domestic science department?

There are so many taking piano lessons this term that both instruments are being worked to their full capacity, in order to give all an opportunity to practice.

Professor Bolley claims to have found the disease Me-temp-sy-chosis in a beef tongue the other day. While we could not find the word in the unabridged, we may perhaps discover it among the pictures.

If our chapel walls could talk, what stories they would tell—of the fiery streams of oratory and rhetoric that have resounded within its plastered sides; of the trembling persons waiting in their seats or on the rostrum for their turn to appear perhaps for the first time before an audience; of the shouts of command in military drill of former days; of the crash and smash of numerous flag scraps; and of battles that have occurred before their pale faces. Not counting the melodious sounds (and often sounds that were not melodious), there have happened things before them when the Yale lock was sprung and all there was to tell the story was two chairs afterwards found close side by side.

Once more the time set for the oratorical contest is past, and as usual the contestants were not ready. True they had only a year in which to prepare, and one who is not acquainted with the gigantic proportions of the work, cannot conceive of the sublime heroism it requires to do this work that is only of great benefit to themselves. Think of the 365 days of torture they have had to pass through; of the sleepless nights they have tossed about thinking of the work they have put but two weeks on; think of the labor and time and brain energy that was required to formulate those brilliant oratorical expressions—those sublime rhetorical phrases—the conception of those lofty thoughts and original ideas. Even with all their great learning, their knowledge of rhetoric, metaphysics, mathematics, and the like, would it be wondered that they rose with indignation and wrath when they were refused those three paltry days of extra time?

That old Spanish proverb that Sancho Panza used so aptly, "Fine words butter no parsnips" is brought rather forcibly to our minds when we remember the fine promises the library committee made to *The Spectrum* after the last issue. "Yes we are to have those books down stairs in the general library in a few days." But the few days have come and gone and others have done likewise but still the status of affairs is the same. We know not what ails the library committee, whether it be spunk, spite, laziness or simply old fashioned army-mulishness, but it seems to us when the students ask in a dignified manner that a crying reform be inaugurated and when that reform is commended by a large portion of the faculty, and it is still not carried out, that there must be a woodchuck under the rocks. If there be one there we propose to find it. It is the students that form the college and the great majority of them are perfectly willing to be amenable to the law, yet they will not have

that love for their Alma Mater which loyal students should have when they see that those in charge are careless and negligent of their duties. Now in a spirit of loyalty for the institution we attend we again request that the books under discussion be placed where they can be used by the students, as the men who appropriated the money for them, intended that they should be used.

#### AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

The magazines this month are as interesting as usual and some are of more than passing interest on account of the slight unpleasantness in South Africa.

In the Century, Captain Slocum wishes his "Sailing Alone Around the World" commenced in the September number. Those who have accompanied him in his many perils and pleasures of his 46,000 miles of sailing will find the "home stretch" as interesting as any portion of his journey.

Those having a touch or so of the old Celt blood will enjoy Billy Lappin's "Search for a Fortune." One will find many words quite foreign to his vocabulary.

The Atlantic Monthly contains an article of more than ordinary interest to college students entitled "The American College in the Twentieth Century." All college students, and all professors, too, for that matter, should read and study the article. The articles show that the magazine is keeping up under its new leadership, to its old time standard.

"South Sea Bubbles in Science" in the Popular Science Monthly is the title of an article rather out of the ordinary and quite readable.

Littell's Living Age, one of the best magazines, containing the cream of the articles found in the best English and Continental magazines, is read scarcely at all while the covers stay on Munsey's and McClures scarcely a week. Such a condition does not speak well for the spare moments which our students use in reading.

February Harper's is replete with life and tales of southern and tropical regions. "Under the Old Code", by Rebecca Harding Davis makes one think of the present state of things in Kentucky. In the time of the code, honor was more valuable than life and shooting on sight was the proper thing. A slight friction existed between the Delasco and Impey families and for over fifty years not a male member of either family had died in bed.

The largest ice plant ever built in the United States goes to Manila on a government transport, leaving San Francisco on the 3rd inst. It will produce fifty tons of ice and six thousand gallons of distilled water daily, besides refrigerating a room designed to hold five thousand beeves, seven thousand five hundred sheep and a hundred tons of salt meats, butter, eggs, etc.

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