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A Story of War Times.

The train waits. The panting engine gives vent to muttering throbs, as it pours from safety valve dense clouds of white steam. The engineer, stern and grimy, stands with his hand on the throttle. The fire-man throws an extra shovel of coal into the redhot firebox.

Mothers for the last time cling lovingly to their stalwart sons. Is it true, is it possible? Yesterday these boys were prattling children by the fireside; yesterday at their mother's knee they lisped their childish prayers; today they are men, and in their country's blue, with knapsack and musket they belong to the ranks of the volunteer army.

Fathers with trembling voices had said go! Mothers with anguish of a mother's sorrow must see them go.

But there are others who feel this parting, not all of whom are present in the throng. Yet here and there is one in hurried conversation with a boy in blue; it may be for the last time, and the girlish heart has felt its first sorrow. The girl of yesterday is beautiful in the stature of womanhood today.

These adieus were too sacred for the public eye. A lingering hand-clap, a quick word is all.

The clang of the bell gives the final warning. The heavy engine draws the loaded train from the station, and our boys are gone.

* * * * *

Hampton, —, Sept. 18th, '98.

The letter had come.

Margaret Sheldon, after a tiresome day in a close country school-house, hurried home to her little room. Since 9 a. m. she had been drilling youthful and unresponsive minds upon the multiplication table, impressing simple rules

in English, or trying to locate geographical points. All this with the two mile walk over dusty roads had been anything but refreshing.

This had not been a good year for the prairie farmers. First there had been a dry spring and the stand was poor, the grain did not stool well. Later came the grasshoppers which did much damage, followed by three days of hot south winds just as the wheat was in the dough, and this was not all — a hail-storm on the 14th of August destroyed the last vestige of every green thing, and as a sequel in this season's drama, fires had swept the prairie. Now all was blackened and drear save for the little clump of settlers' buildings with their windbrake of straggling cottonwoods that long since had lost their leaves, and the white stones that so thickly covered every little hillock.

Margaret Sheldon, left alone by the death of her mother, had been forced upon her own resources for a livelihood, and thus we find her in this western country a district school teacher.

She was a woman of refined tastes, and her education had been more complete than that of many who held higher positions. Mrs. Sheldon had supplemented her daughter's education by taking her for a year into foreign lands, but her means were limited and after several losses through bank failures and the long illness of the mother previous to her death, Margaret found herself alone in the world with barely enough funds for her immediate needs. She is independent and like all true Americans, turns westward. On first acquaintance her newly found friends on the prairie seemed uncultured. They are honest

and virtuous, but through hardships of various kinds have become pessimistic and blame the administration for all their misfortunes. She learns, though, that however rough the exterior, there beats beneath a heart responsive to the ills of humanity.

Her little room—the “spare room”—is small, with low ceilings which slope down from the ridge-pole on either side. A coarse rag carpet covers the floor; a walnut bedstead (a family heirloom), a commode, two chairs, and a wardrobe, comprise the furniture. On the walls are family portraits, including parents and grand-parents, but conspicuous among them is the large family group, of Mr. and Mrs. Erickson, surrounded by their family of five boys and four girls, in age, ranging from the babe Oxal, six months, to young Eric, just past his fourteenth birthday. A small window, facing the west, lights the little room. Already the sun, shining through the smoky atmosphere, hangs, like a red ball of fire, above the horizon. The prairie road, like a gray ribbon, loses itself in a haze of mist.

Yes—the letter has come; no, there are two of them. She recognizes the writing. One is from an old girl friend, a graduate with her from the normal, at Oswego—the other? she lays it tenderly to one side and opens first the letter from Helen.

With alternate expressions of pleasure or surprise she reads—“You remember Pet Wilson, Maggie? She was so brilliant in school and a close second to you for first honors at the normal—she was engaged to a Lieutenant Halstead who was sent to Cuba with his regiment. The poor fellow was killed at Santiago. They were to be married about Christmas. Carrie Dupont is principle of a girl’s school in Poughkeepsie, Madge is teaching in Virginia, and I, poor I, am giving music lessons in the city. Shall I tell you farther, Maggie? You remember how we vowed by the statue of Andrew Jackson that

we would always remain bachelor girls? You remember it? I have fallen, Maggie, I know you will “shake” me, but he is so strong, and handsome, and has such a beautiful brown moustache that I couldn’t help it, Maggie. I expect to become Mrs. Frank Hobart next spring. Oh, I am so happy!”

The second letter—the superscription is in a bold masculine hand. Trembling, she breaks the seal. It is from the Philippines of the date, Aug. 6th.

“Dear Margaret:

“Two months have passed, 7,000 miles traveled since we were together. The last evening, nature never was so beautiful, and I can yet feel that little hand as we said good-bye. You were not at the train. No—I didn’t expect you, but I knew that a dear girl was lifting her soul in prayer for strength. We are not alone, dear, there are others enduring this same sorrow of separation.

We had a grand trip across the ocean. Twenty-five days without seeing land. After sailing in broad daylight the narrow passage which leads to the bay, one can appreciate Dewey’s pluck and ability.

The scenery of this part of our voyage is grand, and reminds one of that of the “Thousand Islands” in the River St. Lawrence, the difference being in favor of this, for there is the grandeur of the majestic volcanic peaks, rising abruptly from the sea and wooded to the water’s edge. We anchored at Cavite last Sunday. In view lie the wrecks of seven Spanish men-of-war. We anchored within a pistol shot of the *Rena Christina*. Only her smoke-stack and forward guns are above water. Our reception here was a surprise to those of us who expected a good time. No notice was taken of our arrival except the waving of signal flags upon the Admiral’s ship. We sailed down the center of a line of 30 vessels; not a cheer saluted us. Our own boys were hushed by the portentous silence. Away astern we could see Manila

gleaming in the sun, while the hulls of the foreign fleets showed distinctly in the distance.

Thursday we landed at Cavite. The ruins of Spanish batteries are as Dewey left them. The spiked guns and red stains on the stonework tell of war's grewsome work.

"I shall expect a long letter from you in the next mail, Maggie. How long we shall remain no one knows, but till then let us 'bide a wee.'"

* * * * *

Dewey's victorious fleet rides at anchor in Manila bay. The flagship, Olympia, is readily distinguished by the Admiral's flag. The city has nearly recovered from the effects of the siege and battle. The Luneta, for many decades the scene of magnificence on summer evenings, has again become the resort for the fine equipages with ladies in brilliant costumes, who gather to see the American army on dress parade. The regimental bands play in quick time the inspiring tunes of "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," etc., and the boys with quickened step move with precision through the various maneuvers.

At the head of one company is a young captain; tall, erect, finely developed; every movement one of ease and grace, a splendid specimen of American manhood. His features denote great firmness and courage. This is Robt. Harding. The ranks are broken and the men assemble at their quarters for their evening meal ofhardtack, beans, beef, and coffee.

Capt. Harding, preoccupied, retires to his tent. He draws from an inner pocket a letter. It was written at Hampton, July 28. There is a detailed account of the life and experience of a country school-teacher, much of which we know already. There are expressions of affection as from a woman who is fearing for the safety of her betrothed in a land strange and far away.

The closing quoted lines are especially touching:

" 'Tis not the loss of love's assurance,
It is not doubting what though art,
But 'tis the too, too long endurance
Of absence, that afflicts my heart.

* * * * *

"Absence! is not the soul torn by it
From more than light, or life, or
breath?

'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet—
The pain, without the peace of death."

* * * * *

The days lengthen into weeks, weeks into months. Again the prairie is covered with its mantle of snow. Christmas comes, but Margaret feels little of the Christmas cheer. Away from friends, do we wonder at her loneliness, which, with her homesickness, made life almost unbearable?

The soul in distress cries to the nearest and dearest for comfort, and so, on these gloomy wintry nights, when the blizzard is howling without, Margaret in her little room transforms the longings of an imprisoned soul into letters so full of tenderness and love, and thoughtfulness, for her lover in his life of peril.

The papers, though few, were eagerly scanned, for even though a week old when received, the cabled news from the islands gave some idea of the operations of the army.

Each letter brought hope, but it was hope deferred six weeks; the papers brought hope, but it was hope deferred a week.

Following the engagements beginning with Feb 6th, the weekly list of casualties was looked over with fear and hesitation, but the name of Robt. Harding she never saw.

Does it require courage for a man to enlist for war? Much more is demanded of the woman who must see him go. Does it require courage for a man in the ranks to plunge into the gates of hell? Much more courage is required of the woman, who, powerless

to aid, knows at the time the husband, son, or lover, may be grimy with the battle's smoke, or he may, even now, be calling for that voice or the touch of the soft hand.

To Margaret the loneliness is appalling, and her days are passed, almost, in a maze of mystery. Even the blizzards lose their terrors, and she becomes careless of the dangers. With Robt. Harding the surroundings are filled with interest. His company keeps him busy, and, though at times lonely, and possibly homesick, the strength of manhood gives him power to attend to duty first and to repress till such times as he could take for the letter which he sent each week to a far away country school-teacher.

War is direful, but it brings out that which is strong in a man, but if there is no strength, it is merciless in its revenge. So with the outbreak of Feb. 6, the blood of the soldier is fired with the spirit of war, and the whistle of the Mauser is sweet music to the nerves which vibrate at the slightest impulse, and could we have been there we would have seen the captain leading his company, always victorious; but not without loss, though he escaped.

At Hampton, on the 25th of March, 1899, spring has surely come. The warm west winds, chinooks, have caused the snow to disappear from the hill-tops, and for a couple of days the water has been rippling in tiny rivulets and collecting in the hollows in small ponds. The day is bright and beautiful; the sun so warm—surely spring is here—did we not see a flock of geese flying northward only this morning?

The school children feel the hope of the returning spring, and even Margaret finds herself singing an old school song which she had almost forgotten. Don't you know that spring has come?

Did you notice the low lying cloud in the west this morning? Yes, but it is nothing for spring has come!

Did you notice that gray cloud slowly

rising in the west at noon? Yes, but it is nothing, spring has come!

It is 1:30 p. m.—The sun is hidden, the sky is overcast with thick low hanging clouds.

It is 2 p. m.—Snow is falling—the wind blows in fitful gusts.

It is 3 p. m.—The air is thick with fiercely drifting snow, the nearest objects cannot be discerned, the frail building is rocked as in the arms of a monster force. The Storm King has thrown his mighty powers into an avalanche of fury upon the little school house. Who will be the victor?

It is 3:20 p. m.—The teacher and half a dozen frightened children are gathered about the little box-stove which is roaring because of the fearful draft.

It is 3:40 p. m.—My God! What is that crackling?—the roof is afire! In terror the children gather about them their simple wraps, and with a small rope Margaret quickly ties them together and then plunges into the storm. After a fierce struggle, it seems an hour, she gains the shelter of a little shed or stable about one hundred feet back from the burning building, and none too soon because the little school house is already a seething mass of flame. Fortunately the wind is in the opposite direction so the stable escapes. Finding some horse-blankets she covers the children as warmly as possible, and then waits.

The storm continues, the afternoon passes into evening. She feels a chill and walks about, and laughs and talks to the children. She gets them to playing so that the quickened blood may warm them, but they are soon back to the shelter of the protecting blankets. Margaret has none, her own warm cloak covers a little girl. The snow, too, has been sifting in through the many cracks and about them are little drifts creeping higher and nearer as if to enclose them from all chance of escape.

The cold is intense.

It is 6:30 p. m. Already dark, but the storm slightly abates. It is one of those lulls when the Storm King relaxes either to regain his strength or to entice innocent people away from the glow of the fireside, believing that the storm has ceased.

It is only a lull in the storm's fury.

The nearest neighbor is a quarter of a mile away. No one comes. She must get help. The children are becoming chilled, and to remain here is certain death. Little Julia is now crying from cold, fright, and hunger. She must get help!

Wrapping an old grain sack about her, Margaret cheerily bids her pupils good-bye, telling them to be patient, and she will soon return with help and plenty to eat, and, after giving each a kiss, goes into the darkness of the quickening storm.

A few minutes after Margaret had gone, Farmer Hanson drove up and found the children as they had been left, very cold and hungry but not suffering.

But where is Margaret? Following the direction as given by the children, he plunges into the storm calling loudly that she might hear. The storm has risen again in all its power. He reaches the nearest neighbor. The children are cared for and then with lanterns, the men—warmly clad—face about for the teacher is lost.

Have you lived upon our western prairies? Have you ever experienced a blizzard in which the icy particles prick like a thousand needles as they strike the exposed surface, and the wind so strong that one is almost powerless to face it, to go with it is equally unavailing, because the snow blinding the eyes makes vision impossible?

In this awful storm, where is Margaret? Back and forth all night long with lighted lanterns the brave men struggle, and with the coming of the

dawn the neighbors are aroused, for the teacher is lost.

We found her. Her clothes were rent, and her hands torn by the barbed wire fences. She had reached an old straw-stack only a little ways from her destination, and there trying to find shelter, her life had gone out.

* * * * *

In the islands this same day the boys are pressing hard after the insurgent army. The sun of the tropics smites the wounded and weary soldier as a breath from a furnace.

The insurgent stand has been unusually strong, and now the day is far spent and the soldiers are hopeless of the task before them.

"Can you do it, Captain?" the Colonel asks.

"I will try, sir," is the quick reply.

The word is passed down the line. The men, though exhausted, respond with a cheer, and the little company, led by their captain, storms the intrenchments. The enemy is routed, but count the cost! The captain falls, a Mauser has pierced his breast.

Tenderly he is cared for, the boys all loved him. Six non-commissioned officers of his own company act as bearers. A squad of eight men under Corporal Henry fire the final salute, and Bugler Peterson blew "taps" rather brokenly, it is true, but oh so tenderly. Wrapped in the flag he loved so well and died to uphold, the comrade and friend is gently laid away in Battery Hill Cemetery.

So in the far-distant Philippines we can find this grave. There is a simple head-board and on it these words:

CAPT. ROBERT HARDING,
1st Regt., Co. B.—Vol. Inf.
Killed in action March 25th, 1899.
Age 28.

* * * * *

There is another grave. It is on a bare and bleak western prairie. The nocturnal badger, careless even of the

sacred dead, has already explored its depths. There is a simple head-board with these words:

MARGARET SHELDON,

Age 23,

Died in the storm of March 25th, 1899,
while trying to bring help to her
suffering charges.

* * * * *

In my duties as superintendent of schools, I had several times visited Miss Sheldon's school, and always with a feeling of pleasure. Her work was of the highest order, and I learned to respect her as a lady of more than ordinary culture and intelligence. Concern-

ing the secret of her life I had often wondered, for only through suffering are such characters developed.

Among her effects was the following clipping from some paper: "Married, May 1st, at the residence of Rev. David Brooks—Miss Margaret Sheldon and Mr. Robt. Harding, both of Bridgeport." A simple notice, only a line, but where printed I could not tell. There was also a large photograph of a handsome man in captain's uniform. On the back was written the beautiful verses already quoted—Absence—and these words: "My Husband—absent."

Merton Field, M. S.

Agricultural College, Fargo, N. D.

The Destiny of the Anglo-Saxons.

Advancement in civilization is dependent upon two great principles, the development of individualism and that of organized society.

The principle of individualism is progressive—it introduces the new, achieves liberty and insures growth.

The principle of organization is conservative—it is needed to adjust the new to the old, to preserve order and insure permanence. For rapid advancement in civilization the workings of these great laws must be in harmony.

Past history reveals to us more or less of a continual strife for the predominance of one of these laws over the other, hence the slow progress made in civilization during the past fifty centuries. From the fact heretofore that the one principle has been sacrificed to the other we might hastily infer that a highly developed social organization is inconsistent with a highly developed individuality. Indeed, socialists and individualists are apt to assume that the two are mutually exclusive. That this is false is shown in every form of nature. The higher the rank of an organism in the animal world the more specialized are its organs; hence it is not alone that the great movement of

civilization is affected by the workings of these great laws, but they have dominion over every phase and characteristic of nature.

In outlining the destiny of a race, it is essential that we first trace out its inherent characteristics of civilization, and second, show how these characteristics have been and will be governed by the workings of these great fundamental laws.

Less than fifteen centuries ago mankind knew not the term Anglo-Saxon. Today it is the admiration and hope of the whole world. In this one race nature has wrought the greatest advancement ever recorded in a racial history. The original home of this race was in northern Germany, but there was not where it received the schooling for the great mission assigned it. Nomadic, liberty loving, and fearless they emigrated during the fifth and sixth centuries to Britain, where they came in contact with Roman civilization. Little did they care for the religion, literature and art which Rome had planted. They swept everything before them, the native Celt was killed, enslaved or driven to the mountain regions of the west or north, while

Roman political, social, and religious organizations readily gave way to that healthy spirit of barbarism, that irrepressible love of personal liberty, which has always characterized the Saxons.

Although the invaders were rough, cruel and revengeful, their qualities meant more in giving character to our race than all the gilded splendor of Roman antiquity.

The Roman Empire had dissolved; the Britain gave way to the Saxon, but a conquest of far greater import was made when Christian missionaries from Rome wended their way to Britain in the seventh century; the Saxon who had never known defeat was conquered by the subtle influences of Christianity; his character became softened, while with it Roman political organization was received.

With the revival of organized society, individual liberty of the Anglo-Saxon began to wane.

This condition continued until the tenth century, when Danish invaders came, bringing with them a new spirit of still more savage independence. They conquered the Saxons, but in conquering them they regenerated a new love of individual liberty. It was not long ere the Danes and Saxons, both of whom sprang from the same race, mingled and became in all respects one people. Thus we have laid, by the amalgamation of the Angles, Saxons, Jutes and Danes, the corner stone of the Anglo-Saxon or English speaking people. However much this race may have changed since its beginning, its foundation is secure upon those qualities which made its founders lovers of liberty and aggressive in action. From them it has inherited a whole language which in later years has been embellished with the learning and essence of its predecessors and contemporaries. They have given to the world that strong and individual liberty which to-day pervades the atmosphere of all civilized nations. Through its early political individualism and later by the in-

troductioin of a firm Roman political organization, the Anglo-Saxons have presented the world with the only true form of government, "A government by the people, of the people, and for the people."

Last and best their formation furnished that conservative patience, that calm, steady, persistent effort, that indomitable tenacity of purpose and cool determined courage which has won glorious battle-fields on both sides of the Atlantic, and which in peace as well as in war, is destined to win still greater victories in the future.

The Norman conquest was of inestimable value to the future of the Anglo-Saxon race. Although it weakened individual liberty for a time, it did not destroy that political organization known as the town corporation, in which every liberty loving Anglo-Saxon had a free voice. This was invaluable to the race in their heroic struggle for liberty. The little town meeting of the Anglo-Saxon ancestors furnished the model for the free court of later times, and finally out of their local free and representative governments there came the Parliament of England and the glorious Congress of America.

This conquest brought England into closer contact with the higher civilization of the continent, introduced fresh intellectual stimulus, and gave to the Anglo-Saxons a more progressive spirit. It modified the language by the introduction of the Norman-French element, thus giving it a greater flexibility, refinement and elegance. In architecture it substituted for the fragile and decaying structures of wood, noble edifices of stone such as the cathedral and the castle.

Later, influenced by the great Reformation, based as it was on the right of private judgment, it gave a powerful stimulus to the development of individualism in Christianity.

We have now developed in the Anglo-Saxon race that equality between individualism and organization that is

characteristic of an elevated and lasting civilization. We shall now see through the workings of these great laws, more or less in harmony for over two centuries how advancement has been made by the Anglo-Saxons.

In the religious characteristic we see on the one hand free and individual worship, working in harmony, but not checking it, we see on the other hand a central and organized religion.

This has been productive among Anglo-Saxons of the highest moral standard that has ever enlightened the world. In the political characteristic we have the same laws at work. Individualism is manifested by freedom of speech, freedom of press and by the ballot.

Organization is shown by the stability and firmness of the civil power. These laws also show as marked an equality in their development of the physical and intellectual qualities of the race.

Comparing the entire product of the Anglo-Saxon mind as preserved in the English language with that of all other races, can any one question that the destruction of these treasures would be a greater loss to the world than would the destruction of all the thought embodied in other languages, and if this is true may we not correctly infer that the Anglo-Saxons are the intellectual leaders of the world?

In the progress of humanity and Christianity this is also unquestionably true.

"The progress of humanity and Christianity," says Dr. Schaff, "requires the preponderance of one language as a common medium of international intercourse and a connecting link between the various members of the civilized world."

To this end the English language is better fitted than that of any other due to its remarkably mixed origin.

To propagate and hand down to the Anglo-Saxon race the three great attributes of civilization has been the mission of three great nations. From

the Hebrews indirectly through the Romans, Christianity has been received. From Greece the physical and intellectual characters have reached us. From the Romans the great political and civil characteristics have been developed.

With as great a heritage, who can limit the possibilities of development which lies before the advancing civilization of the Anglo-Saxon. Never was so high an estimate of humanity, never so noble a conception of its possibilities and with a growing sense of universal brotherhood, with such facilities for blessing mankind as were never before offered, this world should glow with enthusiasm as never before. Thrice blessed in the noble ancestry, thrice blessed in the riches of its endowment; the world will be thrice blessed in being led to a higher plane whence civilization shall have been perfected in having blended into one being, the spiritual, the intellectual and the physical.

We have seen that for this final state three great races have united in giving birth to a new race which has inherited the strong features of the parents.

Man cannot reach his highest development unless in himself is developed the spiritual, the intellectual, the physical. Man, solely a physical being, is a brute, solely intellectual he becomes a worm, be he entirely spiritual, he becomes a fool, but by blending the three into one he is a being of whom the Psalmist has spoken, "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor."

Granted that this is true for the individual, we must grant its truth in the perfected civilization.

We have seen that the three spheres are necessary in the attainment of this great object, that it cannot fully prevail until men are brought into glad obedience to the harmonious laws of these spheres, and we have seen that these characteristics which enabled these races to fulfill their mission of preparation, all unite in the Anglo-Saxon race,

indicating that this race is pre-eminently fitted to lead in this great progressive advancement.

Dr. Strong has said, "The great marvel of the Anglo-Saxon race is not that it has attained the highest religious development of any, or that it has achieved as great individualism and freedom as the Greeks, or that it has shown a mightier mastery of physical conditions, a propounder genius for organization and government than the Romans. The miracle is that these three supreme characteristics are all united in one and the same race."

It is also of paramount significance that now for the first time in its history, the same causes are favorable for the development upon both of these great laws.

Surely a change as to harnessing together to the chariot of the world's progress, these two great principles which for thousands of years have drawn now one and then the other, but never together, and often against each other, is so profoundly significant that it marks nothing less than the beginning of a New Era. Now what are the interpretations of these facts? It seems to me that God with infinite wisdom and skill is here training the Anglo-Saxon race for an hour sure to come in the world's future.

The time is coming when the pressure of population on the means of subsistence will be felt here as in Europe and Asia. Then will the world enter on a new stage of its history; the final competition of races for which the Anglo-Saxon is being schooled.

Long before the thousand millions are here, the mighty centrifugal tendency inherent in this stock and strengthened in this new world, will assert itself. Then this race of unequalled energy—with all the majesty of numbers and the right of wealth behind it, the representative let us hope, of the largest liberty, the purest Christianity, and the highest civilization—will spread itself over the whole world, as the fittest to survive.

It is not reasonable to believe that this race is destined to dispossess many weaker ones, assimilate others, and mould the remainder, until in a very true and important sense it has Anglo-Saxonized mankind.

Anglo-Saxon futurity is lighted with the radiant colors of hope. Sorrow and sorrow shall disappear. Peace and love shall reign supreme.

The great lesson taught by the Supreme Master will have been learned by all mankind.

T. F. Manns, '00.

The Collegian.

Days roll into weeks, weeks into months, months into years. Thus we find the time compressed within the four short years in college slip away—years which, when differentiated into the hours and minutes, have at times seemed endlessly long but when looked back over as a whole, are surprisingly short. But this time has wrought wonderful changes; from the green and uncouth freshman who knocks and is admitted through this doorway to knowledge, there emerges a refined and cultured senior, several degrees elevated in almost anything that may be men-

tioned, a transition indeed from the green to the ripe. It is this process of transformation, this climbing the tree of knowledge with which we are to deal—a reviewing of the past, an attempt to peer into the future.

Four years when looked forward to seem a long time. But when we consider the greenness, the inexperience, the absolute absence of the substance of knowledge that the freshman brings with him when he enters, and then when we see him four years later, we can not but wonder at the marvelous changes wrought even in so brief a

period of time, upon material of so little promise.

As he enters the college grounds his appearance tells his story. Wonder is expressed in his eye, incomprehension in his movements. He falls into the hands of some old student who, influenced by recollections, takes pity on him and leads him to the registrar. This official with the trained eye of experience, takes his calibre immediately, and classifies him accordingly. It will be useless to ask this product of green pastures what we want, for he has not met enough of the problems which confront great minds to know what he wants or to realize what he doesn't know. So he is started at the foot of the ladder. The few weeks which follow constitute the darkest period of his life. It is a constant struggle. At times with considerable feeling he remembers home and mother. The professors who ply him with questions he knows not of, are to him the center of all power, the source of all knowledge. The upper classmen are his idols—he their slave—they his example of what he may be — he nothing, from which may come something.

But all things come to an end. The time spent in college is a period of development, the freshman being an embryo from which sometimes comes great things—sometimes small. As it takes time to develop the embryo, so it takes time to develop the freshman. As this changing process advances an improvement is noted, from the single cell a gradual change is seen, a gradual growth and differentiation of functions caused by assimilation from the surroundings; thus at last we find the completed organism. But before the final stage there are intermediate stages, the spawn before the tad-pole, the tad-pole before the toad and thus we come to this intermediate stage in college life.

The sophomore, or by correct interpretation, "wise fool," is but one step higher in this intellectual evolution.

The sophomore is not noted so much for his amount of learning as he is for being burdened with the desire to impress the idea upon the world that he is learned. He has attended college long enough to think he knows much, but not long enough to know how much he doesn't know. Concentrated conceit and quintessence of gall, in about equal proportions, constitute his make up. Audacity also is one of his characteristics, for he attempts to tell the professors wherein they are wrong and the course to pursue in order to be in the right. Moreover, he is arrogant and over-bearing to his inferiors—talkative and inquisitive toward his superiors. But in this, as in other things, time works wonders. In his imparting knowledge to others, and in his daily wanderings in ignorant bliss, he begins by degrees to awaken to the painful but truthful conclusion that in this great universe with all the laws that govern its movements and the movements of its inhabitants, there are a few things he does not know.

In about this period of mind development his second year at college is completed and that stage is reached where conceit begins to be replaced by humility, and his innate desire to enlighten the world begins to evaporate. The interests of others become his interests. By the lapse of time and the evolution of the powers of association he has become a junior. The junior is the developed product of the college plant. We have traced it from a green and tender shoot, through the leafy period, till now we find the well developed and perfectly formed plant which simply needs hardening in the last or fourth stage. Without the innocence of the freshman or the bigotry of the sophomore, he realizes the real end of education. Past experience shows him that he has learned something—but not everything, so with all humility he applies himself to the task that is set before him. Study now, to

him, is not so much for class standing as for self improvement, not so much for immediate renown as for later aid; in other words—the true idea of education is his, an idea which up to this time he has been but arriving at, but which from now on is directed toward its true end. He thus pursues his labors until time and energy again accomplish their work. The result of all the modelling, shaping and developing, of the three previous years.

In the gradual evolution we began with the lowest forms of life, the amoeba, that haunt lowly places; finally we trace it up by degrees to the fish, to the animal and at last to man, the finished product of long ages of development, of education, of training. So by analogy we have the freshman,

the sophomore, the junior and at last the senior—the Alpha and the Omega. What is he not? Great scientific truths are his, different languages are at his command; art is at his finger ends; he is prepared to conduct campaigns, to win conquests. Ah! but is this the end? We hope not. Graduation should be the beginning—not the ending. Useful knowledge may be in the hands of the graduate—but that in itself is worthless. Its true value consists in the ability to apply it. So, you seniors, think not that because you have degrees, the world and the things on it are yours. Enter upon a career. Turn what you know to good account. Great things have been done—great things are yet to be done. Do them.

Thomas H. Heath, '00.

A Geological Excursion.

The class in geology made their annual field excursion on Saturday, June 10, examining the topography and drainage of a portion of the Red River Valley, or old lake bed and visited the old shore lines and the delta formed by the Buffalo River as it entered Lake Agassiz, near the present station of Muskoda, Minn.

The Red River Valley is a broad level plain representing the bed of what was once a great lake, extending north from Lake Traverse to beyond Lake Winnipeg and in the region of Fargo, being about forty-two miles wide. This ancient lake bed is known by geologists as Lake Agassiz, named after the founder of glacial geology. The soil of this region is a lacustrine deposit, horizontally stratified. As a physiographic region it represents a stage of extreme youth. The streams follow the natural drainage lines and meander to such an extent that the Red River actually flows 397 miles between Wahpeton and Pembina, a distance of only 186 miles direct route.

The river has at no place cut a chan-

nel more than forty-five feet deep, and in times of flood often change its course, cutting off great bows, numerous examples of which are seen on both sides of the river. The side streams partake of the same character as this river, but from the slight amount of erosion that these streams have been able to accomplish, a very incomplete drainage system is represented, often for a distance of ten or fifteen miles no line of natural drainage is apparent. Were it not for the artificial drainage by means of deep ditches, a large share of the region near the Red River would be unfit for cropping during wet seasons. For a distance six or seven miles east of Fargo such a region is represented, a rise of only five or six feet occurring in this distance. At this point a rise of ten or twelve feet known as Pleasant Ridge, extending north and south is sufficient to give to the region east of this ridge a more definite drainage system. This is represented by the south fork of the Buffalo River and numerous smaller streams, which are dry for the greater part of the year,

but have cut channels from ten to thirty feet deep, which keep the region fairly well drained.

Fargo is 900 feet above the sea level. The crest of the ridge just west of the Barnes farm is 922 feet; from here to the edge of the valley, a gradual rise brings the elevation to about 950 feet, showing a rise of only forty-five feet, from the middle to the edge of the valley, a distance of fifteen miles. At this point which is five miles east of Glyn-don an abrupt rise marks the edge of the valley proper. Continuing eastward a rise of 163 feet occurs, in less than five miles to where the highest beach is formed just east of Muskoda station, at an altitude of 1,130 feet. For the last five miles before reaching the edge of the valley the soil becomes more and more sandy, and the edge of the valley itself is marked by a region a half mile wide, extending north and south heavily strewn with boulders varying from one to six or eight feet through. The peculiar distribution of these large erratics is one of the subjects assigned to the class for explanation.

Immediately east of this boulder region lies a ridge seventy-five or 100 feet high, a mile long, north and south, and forty or fifty rods wide. A gravel pit near the roadside shows the ridge to consist of stratified gravel, sand and boulders. Its position, being at the inner edge of the delta, together with the coarseness of the material, would indicate that this ridge did not belong to the deposit of the Buffalo after the recession of the ice sheet, but rather was formed either in front of the ice sheet like a kame or possibly it may be a section of one of the lower beaches. From this ridge a beautiful panoramic view of the valley is to be had. Standing 100 feet above the plane of the valley beneath, the clusters of buildings here and there, and the groups of trees bordering the streams and nearly always lifted skyward by the mirage, appear like so many islands dotting this

great ocean plain which spreads out before you as far as the eye can reach.

Pursuing our journey for two or three miles to the east, we pass over a rolling or much dissected shelf representing the delta deposited by the Buffalo River as it entered this lake. The character of this deposit is revealed only by examining the sections left by the railroad cuts where the road winds its way out of the valley. Stratified sand, gravel and clay is here exposed. About forty rods east of the station of Muskoda is a well preserved ridge extending from the railroad for a half mile or more to the south. Where the railroad has opened up large gravel pits is shown the character of the deposits of this shore line, for this ridge represents the upper or Herman beach of the old Lake Agassiz. The section of fifteen or twenty feet here exposed in the pits shows stratified sand, gravel and cobble stones, cross bedded and dipping to the west, or at right angles to the beach line. Some of the strata are typical beach deposits. One stratum a foot or more in thickness consists entirely of pebbles about the size of peas with no clay or sand intermixed, but with finer gravel and sand above and below. Other layers consist largely of cobble stones. Above the whole is a dark sandy loam soil, varying from one to three feet deep. This soil must have formed subsequent to the existence of the lake and is formed largely from the wind blowing material held by the vegetation which each year adds its organic remains to make it the rich dark soil that it is. It cleaves vertically when dried out on the edge of the pits and appears much like loess. This soil covers the entire region along the old shore lines, and it is only where it has been removed that the real character of the deposits is revealed.

A quarter of a mile to the southwest the railroad has opened up another series of pits. Here the deposits being off shore the sections exposed show a quite uniform deposit of sand, ex-

hibiting fine samples of cross bedding characteristic of lake shore and delta deposits.

A half mile to the south of these pits the Buffalo River has, since the recession of the lake, excavated a valley a quarter of a mile wide and from seventy-five to a 100 feet deep, through the old beach line. This river must have been much more active during its early history than it is now, for except during a wet season it is barely more than a creek. This river is now meandering in its valley and where the wagon bridge crosses the stream south of Muskoda it is undermining the south side of the valley, exposing some interesting sections through its own delta, formed during the existence

of the lake. Good examples of stratification and unconformities are here shown, in one place a heavy clay stratum resting unconformably upon a gravel bed.

In another section farther down the river, an old land surface consisting of a black loam is overlain by a stratum several feet thick of a clean pure sand, the unconformity being well marked. The upper stratum is probably a fluvial deposit formed since the lake retreated. During the short visits thus far made the extent of some of these formations have not yet been determined, but suggests problems to be solved during subsequent visits and a more careful examination of other sections along the river.

C. M. Hall.

When You See Things in the Night.

It is a grievous fact that except in the case of fairy stories, one is expected to introduce the least incident with the geography of the scene of action.

Therefore; the North and South Fork of the San Joaquin river unite pretty well up in the foot-hills of the Sierras in the Golden State, and a little below their juncture is a square stone building in which the roaring, leaping, indignant, and beautiful water is harnessed to grind out electricity for the towns on the plains below.

Except for this innovation, the foot-hills are consistently wild and woolly, and the few white men to be found are miners or woodcutters with a sprinkling of escaped criminals.

It was a black night in October when we heard there was to be salmon spearing in the river and promptly took the trail in that direction. It was mean work getting over rocks, and chapparal has a provoking way of yanking at hair and clothes; but just below the rapids around the first bend we were rewarded by the sight of a fairy barque.

To be sure we had seen the men collecting a pail of pitch and knots of pitch pine, and the clumsy old boat of planks was always in the river. Nor are fairies commonly attired in jeans and high boots. But from the burning pitch set under the rocky bank a glare of light

danced on the boiling water and lit up the masses of overhanging foliage that looked so dense against the inky night; while over the bright water a boat moved slowly with cautious oar-strokes.

A dark figure stood upright near the torch in the prow with something like a Triton's spear in one hand, and face bent watchfully to the water.

There were some long minutes of silence, broken only by the dismal howling of coyotes. Suddenly the motionless Triton struck viciously into the water with his spear, the rower dropped his oars and took up something which looked like a clumsy butterfly net, and in a second a big gleaming fish came flopping into the boat. The Triton chuckled with satisfaction and exchanged some low-toned comments with his companion. Then raising his voice he called apparently to the bank, "Come along, you Tom; try your hand here." A man figure started up by the blazing pitch on the rocks. "Not to-night, Bill, I'd be up to my waist half the time along with you fellows, and that water's mighty cold."

"Aw, come on, old cold feet," yelled the rower genially. "Duck you if you don't," he added, bringing the boat in with long strokes that emphasized the threat.

"Hold on, I'm moving." The re-

(Continued on page 132.)

The Spectrum.

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Once more the college year has closed, and there remains only the task of publishing our last number of The Spectrum. The past month with its reviews, examinations and round of commencement pleasures sped by so rapidly that we scarcely realized that our May number was not out of the printer's hands when, lo—it was time for another. The nine months that,

to our inexperienced mind, seemed so filled with difficulty are now passed, and the many plans laid out for our beloved Spectrum are mainly unrealized. We hoped—but why talk of hopes at this time. Our thoughts have ever been with our college paper and the work upon it has been pleasant. We do not begrudge one moment's time spent upon its pages before they were presented to its readers—even though those moments were taken in the "wee small hours," when Morpheus should have held us chained, or during class hours—thus causing the suspicion of the faculty to rest upon those members of the staff who were seen wandering around the halls before and after class "wearing an expression of heroic martyrdom." In thy interests, Oh Spectrum, how much have we borne uncomplainingly that otherwise would have roused our fiercest indignation!

The staff has labored in perfect harmony during the past nine months, and is pleased to know that The Spectrum has become through the efforts of its members and those of the students, a larger and we trust a better paper than it had been before. We should certainly be much discouraged did we not feel so, as we hold that each year in the history of journalism should be much better than the one preceding it. It is our desire to see it at the end of the next college year, under the control of its new board of editors, hold a much more prominent place among college papers of the land than its present editors can claim for it. We wish, however, to urge the students who are not connected with the paper to cooperate more heartily with those whom they have chosen to control it than they have in the past. The interest manifested by the student body has been greater this year than previously, but still comparatively few realize that the success of a college paper is as much dependent upon the efforts of the students, individually and collectively, as it is upon the staff. May the

students unite next year in assisting the new staff of editors to make *The Spectrum* a better exponent of the life and interests of our college than it has ever been before. Such is the wish of the retiring board for the welfare of *The Spectrum*.

Amid the excitement of commencement and the departure of students for their homes, we have been led to wonder how many of the familiar faces would be seen next year. Some are leaving fully determined to return, while others having full opportunity to continue their course, seem to doubt the advisability of returning.

To the latter class *The Spectrum* invites attention. You acknowledge that your time has been pleasantly and profitably spent, you admit that you have gained much in knowledge and experience, but you ask—why work so hard; how will any practical use be made of what is gained while here?

In this enlightened age what is the position of the ignorant and uncultured person? It is not necessary to be a college graduate in order to reap success, but the needs of the nineteenth century are so exacting, and are becoming more so with each cycle of years, that ability increased or made more effective by education is demanded. The times demand intellectual training, which can only be attained in high schools and colleges.

Besides ambitions to hold high places there are other things which should appeal to every young man or young woman. Some of these have to do with our social relations and obligations. The educated person has more influence and commands more respect than one who has been denied this advantage, because his tastes and desires are toward higher ideals. Because of this he associates with a higher and more refined class of people, consequently life has for him greater opportunities and more pleasures.

Is the college curriculum primarily

for the purpose of fitting men and women for the various walks in life, so that, like a machinist or artisan in other lines, they may—with ink still damp on their diplomas—step into the arena of the world's activity and say—I am this or I am that?

The Spectrum holds differently. We believe—and our belief is not hypothetical—that the college trains the student along broad lines, so that when he faces the world he can adapt himself to that for which he is best fitted and thus become an able worker, and a better citizen than he would have been had he started forth without such training.

The educated people of the world hold the high positions. Every boy or girl should feel an ambition to be not a follower but a leader. How much surer one is of such a position if he remains in school while he may!

Often the young man has an opportunity to enter business before he is prepared, and meets with a limited success, but with complete preparation the success would be more sure and complete. The world will wag on for several years yet even if you do not enter business at once, and you will more than make up for the time if you spend it in earnest preparation.

The golden days of youth are passing. They are redundant with opportunities. Let us use them while we may in a manner which will bring most profitable results from the efforts now expended.

A new catalogue has just been issued, giving courses of study and routine of work for next year. Several important changes have been made in the course—an extra year's work and several new electives have been added. The catalogue contains several half-tone cuts of equipments and makes a clear presentation of the mission of the college. Each student should see to it that these catalogues are placed in the hands of young friends who are anticipating a college course. The A. C. is second to none.

When You See Things in the Night.

(Continued from page 129.)

luctant one strode out into the water he had just condemned as cold; and cold it is on the warmest days, for it comes from the melting snow high up in the mountains. We thought this prompt disapproval of being "tender" was rather heroic, but soon discovered that they were all generally about as much in the water as in the boat. A too energetic plunge of the pronged spear often brought the manipulator sprawling after the fish; and nobody hesitated to chase an escaping salmon into the shallows, the water splashing up to his waist.

But it was good fun, and the fish came

fast enough and large enough to insure a certain degree of truthfulness on the part of the fishers on the morrow. As we stood there thinking bitterly of the hours during which we sat in the sun and dangled everything from angle-worms to flies in the faces of those hateful salmon, while they would break water two yards distant and almost grin in our faces, a realization of the humiliation of the world of petticoats overcame us and we turned our backs on the forbidden sport and took the trail toward camp and bunk.

Jo Jewett.

 The Athenian Literary Society.

The Athenian Society first came into existence in College Hall at the North Dakota Agricultural College, on the 14th day of October, 1892. Its purpose concisely given in the words of the preamble, "Shall be general literary culture, and the improvement of its members in the art of composition, oratory and parliamentary practice." The meeting by which it was organized was called to order by Mr. C. M. Hall, president pro tem, who appointed, upon motion, committees to draft a constitution, name charter members, and to choose a name for the society. The result was the constitution which today forms the framework of our present society, with a membership up to the prescribed limit. Mr. Merton Field was the first permanent president, with Miss Hilda Saterlund secretary.

From this time on the course of the society has been one of steady progress; as the college has grown, the society has grown; better facilities are offered its members. Changes have been made from time to time in its constitution as new conditions arose. As

the college course has been strengthened, students are made more capable in literary way and by entering a society all ready in working order and acquiring experience from association and the criticism of those already trained in its arts, the quality of the work done should be, and is, steadily improving. One good feature about its meetings, which are held weekly in the college assembly hall, is they are free to the public. This tends to goad its members to more earnest efforts and to develop the ability to appear free and easy before different audiences.

Four years ago, owing to the increase in the number of students, it became impossible for one society to care for all, so a second, The Philomathian, was formed. Naturally a friendly rivalry sprang up between the two and has caused each one to exert itself to out-do the other in the quality of work. To encourage these efforts President Worst and Dr. Hinebauch offered a gold and silver medal as first and second prizes to the best declaimers, the winners to be determined at an annual contest between representatives

from each society. Out of four contests the Athenians have carried off three first and three second prizes.

It is encouraging to note the improvement in the literary productions, the methods of delivery and the change wrought by the social intercourse, in some of its members between the time of entering and the day of graduation. It has been stated repeatedly by some of its past members that they without doubt gained more actual benefit from their work in the society than from any one subject taken up in the college course.

The society has never been in a better condition than it is today. With an efficient staff of officers and a membership of earnest workers may it continue its work as it has done and accomplish the end for which it was founded. T. H. H. '00.

The Philomathian Literary Society.

The Philomathian Literary Society, although generally considered as an offshoot of the Athenian Literary Society, does not deserve the title and lays no claim to such birthright. During the fall term of '96 the beginning of the society was contemplated, and during the following winter term it was organized. The students taking the most active part in the organization were members of the class of '98. They were, however, soon joined by a band of workers as enthusiastic as themselves, who had learned that opposition was the great developer of mental acumen. They were followers of the great Burke and Beaconsfield and believed in debating more than declaiming, and for this reason they have been invincible in debate.

During the second year of its existence many of our members were compelled to leave school and the future seemed rather gloomy, but the prophecies of death have been proven false. However, it was not until the beginning of its third year that it regained the flower of its youth and today it is

recognized even by our opponents that the Philomathian Literary Society is doing good work and is assured of future success.

Though the organizers have gone their work remains. Of the seed which they sowed some at least fell on good ground. The roots have penetrated the college earth, and, clustered around the stratas of '96 and '97, the plant is growing like a perennial tree planted by a river, "which gives its fruit in season, and its leaf fadeth never."

Fred Olsen, President.

Department of History.

Mr. Albert T. Mills has been selected to take charge of the Department of History and Civics. Mr. Mills left the farm in '90 and entered the State Normal School at Emporia, Kansas, where he completed his course and graduated as salutatorian for a class of one hundred members.

In October, '96, he entered the State University of Michigan and received the degree of Ph. B. this year.

Mr. Mills was born of Quaker ancestry and grew up on his father's farm in Putnam county, Illinois, acquiring there habits of persistence and thrift. True, personally, to the character of his ancestry in a degree at least, he may be said to be somewhat public spirited—he is an avowed friend of public discussion—accordingly he has been an attendant upon national and state educational meetings, and moreover now holds a state and national chairmanship in two departments of church philanthropy.

Mr. Mills expects to spend the summer in the graduate school of Chicago University in work along his chosen line and preparatory to a Master's Degree.

He is an ardent supporter of clean college athletics, and his course in the Michigan University has given him considerable experience in that line. He is a tenor singer and will doubtless be a valuable addition to the male quartette.

Commencement Week.

Of all the festivities of commencement week, none was more thoroughly enjoyed than the annual Inter-Society banquet which occurred on Friday evening, June 16. Besides the members of the two societies the faculty and their wives and a few of the alumni were present, making in all about sixty guests. The tables were tastily decorated with carnations and full justice was done to the delicious viands placed upon them. The guests were ushered into the banquet hall by Messrs. Fowler and Greene.

Mr. Field was a decided success as toastmaster, keeping the company merry with his witty speeches.

Mr. Fowler responded to a toast on "War." The subject was well handled and well delivered. Mr. Fowler first gave a vivid picture of the terrors of war, then gave some of the results that almost make us forget the terrible cost. He closed by proposing a health to our brave student soldiers in the Philippines.

Mr. McGuigan in a neat little speech gave a toast on "Something That Everybody Knows Something About."

"Our Seniors" was the subject allotted to Miss Taylor, and she acquitted herself nobly.

She endeavored to show that although the class of '99 was not large, each member possessed certain characteristics which made the class as a whole a decidedly interesting one. She related several humorous incidents in the college career of each member that greatly amused the audience, while her closing was put in verse, from which the following is an extract:

If any mischief is afoot,
And authorship's not clear,
You're sure to hear somebody shout,
"That Meinecke's been here."

If there's a dirth of dainty food,
Both delicate and dear,
Just fit for angels; you will find
"That Meinecke's been here."

If high on luckless student's bed,
In chaos wild and drear,
A stack of odds and ends are piled
"That Meinecke's been here."

If pranks and didos have been cut,
Original and queer;
From Dormitory he must go,
"For Meinecke's been here."

With all thy antics, tricks and fun,
It often must appear;
Our school and faculty will wish
"That Meinecke'd been here."

A verse or two must here suffice
Lest I provoke retort
For dignity and grandeur, make
My theme seem all too short.

In wonder we may pause before
That splendid prodigy,
That like some ancient, towers
High over land and sea.

Sir Waldron, we must yet concede
That dignity is thine,
For honest toil and scholarship,
Together in thee shine.

But fun aside; we've honest pride
In graduating twain,
Who, to their Alma Mater, add
New luster without stain.

"What I Have Learned" gave Mr. Meinecke a chance to display his knowledge and droll humor. According to his closest calculation his learning is equal to infinity times infinity square, or infinity cube. His farewell to the Athenians was so touching that he sat down amidst the tears (?) of the company.

Prof. Keene, in a vein of satire, responded to "Tout le Monde." After fully demonstrating his complete ignorance of the subject he proceeded to give one of the best speeches of the evening.

The toast on "Literary Culture," although a broad subject, was ably responded to by Mr. Waldron. He urged the students to select some of the books of great authors, such as Emerson and

Carlyle, and become thoroughly acquainted with them, rather than spend their time enjoying the latest books of fiction.

During the evening Miss Valentine and Miss Sorensen favored the company with instrumental music, and Miss Taylor charmingly rendered a vocal solo, "The Spanish Gipsy."

President Worst gave a very interesting and instructive talk, after which Mr. Field closed the evening's entertainment with a short speech of farewell and predictions of a splendid future for our N. D. A. C.

Saturday evening, June 17, occurred the first annual program of the class of 1902.

The platform was prettily decorated with ferns, palms and flowering plants with the class colors in crepe paper.

The following program was rendered:

Piano Solo.....Miss Mabel Spencer
 Invocation.....Rev. J. F. Dudley
 President's Address.....Miss Aldyth Ward
 Recitation.....Tom W. Osgood
 Solo.....Mrs. Burnham
 Class Prophecy.....Miss Stapleton
 Reading.....Miss Elita Olson
 Piano Solo.....Miss Valentine
 Current Events.....Mr. Chas. Eggen
 Recitation.....Miss Berry
 Fairyland Waltz.....Double Quartette

The class may well feel proud of their effort, as every number was well prepared and well delivered. The president's address by Miss Aldyth Ward dealt with the advantages to be derived from a college education such as can be obtained at the Agricultural College.

Mr. Osgood's recitation, "The Black Horse and His Rider," was especially fine. Mr. Osgood has a deep, rich voice and an easy stage presence that make it a pleasure to listen to him.

Mrs. Grace Lincoln Burnham sang in her usual captivating manner and gracefully responded to an encore.

The class prophecy by Miss Staple-

ton was very interesting, and showed a great deal of originality.

The reading, "Some Other Birds Are Taught to Fly," by Miss Elita Olson, was greatly enjoyed.

Miss Berry's recitation, "Paradise and Peri," was given in classic costume and was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience. Miss Berry is a diligent worker and well merits the success that attends her efforts.

The Double Quartette fairly eclipsed itself in its rendition of "Fairyland Waltz," and was heartily encored, but did not respond. Miss Valentine and Miss Spencer delighted the audience, as they always do, and altogether the freshman program was a decided success.

Sunday afternoon, June 18, occurred the usual Baccalaureate service. The chapel was comfortably filled with students, faculty and friends; the college choir rendered the musical part of the program in a way that delighted the audience. Rev. Vance of the First Methodist church and Mr. Orchard, secretary of the Fargo Y. M. C. A., directed the devotional exercises.

The subject of President Worst's Baccalaureate address was "The Atmosphere of Educational Institutions." His discussion was along the line of instruction needed by the industrialists of this state, and inasmuch as agriculture is about the only natural source of wealth in the state, much attention should be given to agricultural education in the rural districts, so that rural children will grow up loyal to the occupation of their fathers. He held that the cities and the professions are largely over-populated, while thousands of acres of fertile soil within the state remain tenantless.

North Dakota's development in agriculture must be encouraged in the rural districts. Her hopes are anchored to aggressive, scientific and practical agriculture. Where there is one opportunity for a young man in a profess-

ional way there are hundreds of lucrative ones open in agriculture.

The time has come when the farmer may demand for his children educational advantages that will place them upon an equal educational plane with the professions without fear that rural life and its environments will be made distasteful. The rural schools should be so organized as to make them preparatory schools for the Agricultural College, where country boys and girls may secure an education as specifically adapted to their wants as has been provided for the professional classes from time immemorial. The country teachers should not only be in full sympathy with rural pursuits, but technically trained for the kind of instruction required in rural districts. If such instruction is not provided for by the state the rural classes have a right to demand it.

On Monday evening, June 19th, the sophomore program was held, opening with a piano solo, "The Two Larks," by Miss Ruby Redmon, which was finely rendered.

The president's address by Miss Edith Hill, subject, "Life's Arena," was a very creditable effort, in which she reviewed the life and some of the exciting incidents in the career of Ben Hur, and from these scenes and the actors she drew an analogy with our own lives—some of us may be charitoteers, others only attendants, but each is cautioned to do the work which becomes his lot with all diligence that he may participate in the joy of the victors when life's race is won.

This was followed by a selection by the double quartette, "O, Lovely Evening Star."

Miss Jessie Taylor, in her characteristic manner, then gave a humorous recitation, entitled, "Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question."

The class history by Mr. L. B. Green was more entertaining than such ef-

forts usually are and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. He reviewed the organization of the class and the many exciting incidents in its history, showing the tattered and bullet-pierced flag of rose and brown, that gave evidence of some of the fierce conflicts through which it has passed.

Miss Clara Forsyth gave a violin solo which will bear no criticism. The audience showed their appreciation by a hearty applause, to which she responded with a selection equally as pleasing as the first.

Mr. Drake Bottenfield gave an oration, "Statesmanship," which showed careful thought, and was well delivered.

The class prophesies by Miss Florence Van Horn were original and entertaining, especially to those acquainted with the members of the class. The exercises closed with a vocal solo by Mrs. Mabel Chase Eaton. To all lovers of music Mrs. Eaton's voice has a singular attraction, and the hearty applause showed the appreciation of the audience.

Tuesday evening the junior class rendered its program. After the members of the class took their places on the rostrum the program was opened by the college choir singing, "Down Where the Wild Thyme Grows." Following this was an oration by Mr. P. C. Gorder on "One of the Great Statesmen." The speaker referred to the illustrious Garfield and clearly proved that the student of science can achieve honors in the field of oratory with as great facility as the student of arts. After him came an essay by Mr. O. A. Thompson, "The Sunny South Before the War," followed by a piano duet by the Misses Peterson and Sorenson, which was loudly applauded. The president of the class, Mr. F. O. Olsen, gave an oration on the "Wrong Done the Indians." He discussed the greed of the white man, and showed that in a great many

cases our greatest Indian massacres were directly traceable to wrongs inflicted by the white man. Mr. Olsen's voice and delivery were excellent.

The next was a declamation by Mr. E. D. Stewart, entitled "Educate the Masses." Mr. Stewart delighted the audience with his effort, as he always does. The college choir then sang, "A Spring Song," which was followed by an essay, "The Collegian," by Mr. T. H. Heath. This was a resume of college life, from the lower stage to graduation. He spoke of the greenness of his freshman days, the foolish wisdom of the sophomore and the humble spirit of the junior.

After this came the customary presentation of the hatchet from the senior to the junior class. The mock gravity of the speakers was decidedly ludicrous, making this number the most enjoyable feature of the evening.

The program was concluded by a trio (six hands) by the Misses Spencer, Valentine and Chisholm, which was in keeping with the rest of the program; in excellence.

The exercises of commencement day occurred Wednesday, June 21, at 10:30 a. m. The feature of the program was Rev. Richmond Fisk's address, entitled, "Social Horticulture." It was a masterly effort, which showed that there is entire harmony between religion and evolution. It would be impossible to do his address justice by any brief notice, and to say that it was profound and eloquently delivered is stating it mildly. This was followed by a presentation of the diplomas by Mr. Warren, a member of the college board. He made a pleasing and appropriate address to the graduates, speaking in a few well-chosen words of the fields of usefulness into which the graduates of all our schools are entering.

The candidates for the B. S. degree were B. F. Meinecke and L. R. Waldron. Their theses as submitted were: "Comparative Commercial Fuel Value

of North Dakota Lignite," and "Development of the Buds of *Prunus Americana*." Merton Field, '95, who has, since his graduation, been acting as assistant in the biological department, has also spent considerable time in doing post graduate work and preparing a lengthy and valuable thesis on the "Medicinal Plants of North Dakota." His degree of Master of Science has been fully earned by faithful study and research. The musical part of the program consisted of a piano solo by Miss Bertha Darrow, a vocal solo by Miss Jessie Taylor, several selections by the college choir, and a violin solo by Mr. E. P. Brosche. All were excellent and highly applauded.

Reminiscences.

One day when the sky was lowering
And the rain was beginning to fall,
I seeked out a moss covered castle
And took refuge there in the hall.

The castle was large and fantastic
And ivy crept over it all,
Who knew of the ages it had lain there
And of how many things was it, the
pall?

I was seized with a sudden fancy
To rummage the casements and tower
I might find a romance or legend
To busy the passing hour.

So upwards the stairs I mounted,
But, trembling in every limb,
For I fancied from nook and corner
An old knight might take a whim

To thrust me with lance or dagger
For intruding there so bold;
But naught of the kind happened to me,
They were doubtless much too old.

Then, finally wandering onward,
I came to a secret door,
And pressing the spring I found there
The wonders came on, more and more.

There appeared to my eyes a great
number
Of papers, piled ever so high,

Which were covered with dust of long
ages,
Of ages so swiftly gone by.

I gazed on that pile with gladness,
For 'twas joy to my soul and my heart
To read the long ago letters
That might cause the tear to start;

Or that thrilled the frame with pleasure
Of the love so quaintly told
That mastered the bygone courtiers
Of those stately days of old.

With trembling hands and eager
I undid the silken strings
That bound those tender missals
And the sterner ones of kings.

But what was this start and this
wonder
That seized me ever anew?
And why was this strange emotion?
Would a mystery be brought to view?

Ah, what! Could I be dreaming?
Oh, no, the letters were here.
But they looked so strangely familiar
That I held aloof from them through
fear.

They were written by various persons,
But strangest of all was the case
That they mentioned not lords neither
ladies,
But those of a hardier race.

There were letters in there of students
Who attended the old A. C.
They contained a few slight allusions
That may lighten your cares to see.

A few of the faculty's letters
Had slipped in, no doubt, by mistake,
And that justice be meted out truly
Why, then, they must follow in wake.

The first one I picked up was Bernard's
Written in legible hand.
It told of the days he was frisky
And the raids he could not withstand.

It related of cider and apples
And the Doctor's queer method of
It spoke of the days of housekeeping,
When he and Heath held them at bay.

The next one in wandering measure
Was a gentle reminder of Greene.
It revealed a deep state secret
Hitherto unknown, I ween.

That beautiful silken standard
Which the Freshies had loved so well
Had gone away in the night time
With no one but Greene to tell.

The third one I picked up was dainty,
Fine odors still round it did cling,
The contents, so sweet and exclusive,
Did deal of no trifling thing.

But for telling them to you, I can not,
'T would break Berry's heart, I know.
To have her best secrets unfolded
Would bring to her simple faith, woe.

If ever I felt astonished
It was when the next I read;
To think of a grave professor
Doing the deeds it said!

It was on his summer vacation
When he to the lakes soon hied;
He frightened some modest young
maidens,
By hugging them so till they cried.

The next one was written by Charlie
Who seemed to have forethought to
burn
When he lingered so closely round Lu-
ger's,
Seeking a few things to learn.

Of tables and clocks and china,
Of vases and bric-a-brac rare,
And even of common utensils
That would lighten his household
care.

It included also an adventure
That happened at midnight's hour;
They sought a neighboring door step,
Afraid of her father's power.

I next saw a picture of Gorder,
The cartoonist who didn't cartoon;
He lay on his bed resting sweetly
Deeming that priv'lege boon.

For his work in reading late novels,
And smoking his old briar pipe
Had taken his time so completely
That for ease he surely was ripe.

The e were many other letters
 Which I found in that sacred place,
 But to tell you their pleasing contents
 Would encroach too much upon
 space.

Letters were there of students
 Who trod the college hall,
 But finding Life's burden too heavy
 They answered a heavenly call.

These letters I put away sadly
 And tears began to flow,
 And I felt their contents were sacred,
 Too sacred for me to know.

Then leaving in deep meditation
 I thought of my college days,
 And wonder'd if I should ever
 Retrace their pleasing maze.

Anon.

Thoughts from the Exchange Department.

With this, the last number of the present school year, and also the last number with which we expect to be connected officially, we desire to present a few thoughts on exchange editorship as they have appeared to us.

To say that the work is drudgery, because it requires much valuable time, would be misrepresenting it. Work in this line affords not alone great pleasure but valuable instruction in many ways. Time spent in looking over the various college publications is amply rewarded. It supplies information regarding the various colleges. In them we find the portrayal of life, as it exists among students in every part of the United States; the athletic and social habits described under their respective departments, together with literary productions, in general, are good indices to the standing of our colleges.

In reading the various articles one is trained to judge the real value of the material. Too often productions are allowed to creep in for publication, sometimes merely to fill up space, where the standard of the paper would be better maintained did they remain unpublished. The practice of editing the exchanges aids in expressing more clearly and correctly ideas and thought in making comment or criticism.

The various college papers, each being the exponents of their respective colleges, are as varied as the colleges themselves. Distinctive features of the college become distinctive features of the journal, and the special instruction

of the students finds an outlet in their college journal, be that literary, scientific, political or mechanical. This makes the work of the exchange editor the more interesting, as a great deal of information may often thus be gained. Here the spring poet brings his lines before the public, too often expressed in words miserably chosen, often having no definite thought, but being a juggling of words to make them rhyme.

By comparison we know good from bad and by the same method we judge literature. If we had no Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Scott, Longfellow or others of similar ability our dime novels, and "Diamond Dick's Adventures," might be classed as good. In college journalism this method of judging may be especially applied to the productions found there. As one cannot be his own critic, so a college paper cannot criticize itself. There is always hope for improvement if one is open to correction or criticism, and commendable words in case of well performed work give encouragement to do even better. This seems to us the real object of the exchange editor, requiring a careful perusal and consideration of the thing commented and ability to recognize a "good thing when it is seen." Many err in this respect, the author included, but it has been our aim in all our comments to criticize as fairly as possible, giving approval where it was deserved.

While the success of the college paper depends upon the ability and

work of the staff in general, it mainly rests with the editor-in-chief to so manage it that a carefully prepared, well balanced paper is sent to press. It means untiring effort and a great deal of self sacrifice to accomplish this, and none but the most able can fill this place of trust.

We notice a general improvement in all our exchanges this past year, more marked in some than others. It is indicative of strong, healthy college spirit and sound education, predominating where encouragement is given by those in a position to do so. The college faculty should only be helpful to the paper in an advisory capacity, or perhaps in inspecting material for the press. If anything further than this is done the paper ceases to be a distinctive exponent of student life and thus falls short of its aim. The paper takes on in this way an air of professionalism, which, being barred from athletic contests of every kind among students, should be barred here.

The closing or commencement numbers that have reached us bespeak of a special effort and in general exceed the previous numbers. None will deny that The Spectrum has progressed in the three years of its existence, both in the quantity and quality of material.

It would be impossible not to have grown with the institution. We hope to see it still more successful in the future, with the past experience to guide it safely on.

We would say a few things in general on the different papers. Some are really good, many are fair, some few bad or indifferent, we desire not to be personal. The Howard Collegian comes out in strong terms upon the negro question and social position. While we may not agree with it in all points, we can sympathize with the articles from the author's point of view.

We congratulate the following for their distinguishing features during the year: The Cadet for its promptness in appearance; The Furman Echo for its neat appearance; The Messenger for its regularity of attendance; The Wahpetonian for its irregularity and little improvement; The Ariel for depicting most clearly life in the different college departments; The Comenian for general excellence of literary productions; The Student for marked improvement and pugilistic tendencies; Mount St. Joseph Collegian for its well written articles and interesting stories; others for having appeared at all, and all for existing as college exponents, the result of the best efforts of students and lovers of learning.

Local Happenings.

The cat came back.

Col. Creel inspected the cadets June 16.

Miss Valentine—"It's dark enough now."

June 7, 8 and 9 were gala days in Fargo.

J. W. Hilborn, '95, visited the college the last of May.

Mrs. J. O. Smith was a welcome visitor at the college June 17-18.

We are sorry to say that the cartoons which were promised for this number did not materialize. We hope, however, that the large number of literary articles will more than compensate.

President Worst delivered the address at Cando, Decoration Day.

Tom Manns likes dormitory life and will board with Mr. Beals next year.

Preparations are being made for an addition to the Mechanical building.

Miss Senn reports quite a number of unexcused absences against her best cakes.

The college won many compliments by the display in the industrial parade June 8.

The Student's Organization elected Mr. Thos. H. Heath, '00, editor-in-chief, and Mr. Chas. J. Phelan business

manager of The Spectrum for next year. The assistants have not yet been chosen.

A. E. Fenton, an ex-member of the board of trustees, attended commencement exercises.

Mr. Peck is laying the foundation for a new house on the lot west of the Beals Dormitory.

Fred Grass, formerly of this institution, has just graduated from the Rush Medical College.

Miss Mabel Spencer, immediately upon the close of school, went to Sanborn for a week's visit with friends.

Miss Maud Hodges, a former student, is doing crayon work in J. M. Brown's Portrait Studio this summer.

Miss Senn left for Boston and other Eastern points on June 16. She expected to visit Miss Angie Gibson while in the East.

Professor McArdle will attend the N. E. A. in Los Angeles and return in time to conduct the summer school July 24 to August 18.

Thursday evening, June 15, Mrs. Costello entertained a large company of students in honor of Messrs. McGuigan and Meinecke.

Mrs. Shepperd will spend her summer vacation in Iowa, while Prof. Shepperd is attending to his duties in the southern states.

Carl Rustad, a former A. C. student who went to Manila with the famous Thirteenth Minnesota, returned in May and visited Fargo June 8.

Geo. Keyes, Jr., formerly a member of '01, was in town during the Festival, and with a number of his old school mates took in all the sights.

During the Fire Festival the college cadets were given a conspicuous and honorable position in the parades. They also took part in the ceremonies attending the laying of the Masonic Temple's corner stone.

President Worst and Professor Kauf-

man will represent the college and station at the meeting of Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations held in San Francisco July 5 to 8.

Mr. Waldron leaves about the first of July for an extended visit to his home in Michigan. He will return next fall and take Mr. Field's place as assistant in the Biological Department.

Prof. Waldron has been summoned to New Rockford to instruct the farmers how to deal with the grasshoppers, which are swarming over the country and destroying the young grain.

At the Mechanical Building—Irascible professor (down engine room tube); "Is there a blithering idiot at the end of this tube?"

Voice from the engine room: "Not at this end, sir."

The awarding of the prizes at the party given by Mrs. Costello caused much merriment, Miss Berry receiving a jumping jack and Mr. Hall a powder box. This will probably aid in preserving the youthful freshness of his complexion while in the lonely marches of his geological survey.

There will be three new teachers next year; C. H. Mallarian, instructor in German, French and Philosophy; F. V. Warren, instructor in Steam Engineering and Mathematics; and G. T. Mills, instructor in History and Civil Government. These gentlemen are all very competent in their lines and come highly recommended.

On account of the lack of activity shown in the realm of bugs, the entomologists have been allowed to hold their collections over until fall. The cock-roaches, however, seem as numerous as ever, judging from the precautions the Domestic Science girls have to take in order to keep them from getting between the rolling pin and the pie-crust. This precaution consists of a pan of molasses set in the farthest corner of the room. The few cock-roaches whose sense of smell is so

deficient that they are not enticed away by this delicious bait, after being allowed to feed upon pie dough until torpid, are quietly dispatched with a combination weapon of stove poker and potato masher.

During the last two years of the six which Meinecke has spent at the N. D. A. C. accumulating his vast (?) store of knowledge, he has gained quite a reputation for swiping cakes, salads, and other dainty productions of the Domestic Science Department. He never misses a chance to boast of this and the pranks he—and others—played on the green ones, and always appreciates a good joke—on some one else; but when during the sophomore exercises, the said Meinecke's bicycle was mysteriously spirited away into an adjacent wheat field, he failed to recognize the funny side of the transaction, and immediately after delivering one of his famous "denunciatory harangues" to the sophs in general, set out for the police station to swear out warrants for the arrest of the whole sophomore class. Two level headed juniors, however, dissuaded him from his malicious intentions, and after a time prevailed upon him to go home to bed.

Professor Shepperd left June 23 for Texas to look after the collection of some material for the Paris Exposition. He has been appointed by the department at Washington to act as expert collector for the north half of Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota and the Dakotas. Ten agents have been appointed in each of the above states, and it is the duty of Professor Shepperd to check up, revise and superintend their work. The collection is to represent export samples, geographical distribution of varieties, and all especially improved varieties, such as may be secured from the various experiment stations. As Professor Shepperd is one of three experts for the entire U. S., and one of that number is to devote his entire time to rice, the recognition is a high honor to the college and to North Dakota. With the matter in the hands of Professor Shepperd, the state will surely have a display worthy of her place as a grain producing section.

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