

The Spectrum.

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The Empire of Poetry.

If you have ever visited the town of Common Place, you may perhaps be able to understand the feeling of antagonism against surroundings, which took possession of a certain young man by the name of Musepha, who lived there. His parents were in humble circumstances and it was often hard to get even the necessities of life; the children being compelled to share in the bread winning.

Musepha's love of nature was noticeable from early childhood. His disposition was reflective and serious, and many times he stole away from his playmates and their childish games to ponder over questions which would rise in his mind. However ordinary or uninteresting a town and its surroundings may be, the soul is lifted above the usual concerns of life when, in the sweet dawn of morning, the gray clouds become tinged with a delicate pink, gradually deepened into a red as though preparing for the coming of the Day King, and at last the great glorious ball appears. But in the cares of the day we forget the sunshine, till at evening when the sun in his magnificent setting bids farewell to us for a time. As Musepha would study the delicate tintings of the clouds, the emotions of his mind and soul seemed to compel him to try to express his thoughts in language as beautiful as the thoughts, but how different they looked when written! You may well imagine with what little sympathy a nature of this kind would meet in such a town as Common Place.

Musepha had heard of a distant land called the Empire of Poetry and it had been the dream of his life to leave his native town and visit this country. He had been told by an old man in the village that by traveling through this

land he would learn to express his thoughts in appropriate language. It was the greatest desire of his life to pass through the Empire and ascend the mountain of Fame. His father had always been opposed to his going away from home but finding Musepha worth little as a bread-winner, finally gave his consent.

Musepha left his home in a happy mood, although he realized that it would be necessary to make a tedious journey before reaching the Empire. After leaving Common Place and crossing the ridge of Obstacles he traveled through the country of Grammar. He spent several years here as he wished to see all of the cities and villages. The first inhabitants of Sentence City were two families, Mr. and Mrs. Noun with their servants, Adjectives, and Mr. Verb, who was an active energetic man, with his passive, meek wife. They brought with them, their servant adverb. Their relatives soon followed and out of this little settlement grew a large city. After visiting all the towns, Musepha left for Composition. Leaving here he soon entered the valley of Rhymes. How pretty and fresh everything looked and how musical the sounds! At first the trickling of a water fall down the hillside, and the tolling of the church bells, in the little village of Rhymicus far off, were delightful and soothing to him. But after a time this correspondence in sound grew so tiresome that by the time he reached the village, he wished to stay but a short time. The inhabitants were an easy going class seeming to care about nothing but to make all the sounds in the village harmonize. One of the inhabitants, on being questioned, told Musepha that this custom of the harmonizing of sounds had been used

from time immemorial by the Chinese, Hindus, Arabs and other Oriental nations and that the custom began to be used among the west nations in the services of the Christian Church.

On one side of Rhymicus was the hill of Perserverance. Climbing this Musepha felt paid for the trouble as he had a grand view of the surrounding country; seeing before him a large plain dotted with towns and cities, and looming up in the distance, the mountain of Fame. Descending the other side of the hill he found himself on the banks of a river. There seemed to be no way to cross as, looking first one direction and then the other, he could see no bridge. Musepha sat down to rest and plan some way to cross this stream. Hearing the sound of a horn he glanced up and saw a ferry boat coming up the river. Running down the bank to the water's edge he hailed the captain and the boat came ashore.

"Will you take me across this river?"

"Certainly," answered the captain. "It is well you saw us, for there is but one way to cross the river Reason and that is the ferry boat, Common Sense.. Where do you wish to be put off?"

"Near that grove of trees you see farther up the river," said Musepha.

"That is Rhetoric grove, the prettiest place along the river," said the captain. "Do you see that highest tree? Well, when we get nearer you will observe its odd looking fruit."

After landing Musepha saw an old man sitting under the large fruit tree evidently in deep thought.

"Would you be so kind as to tell me what kind of fruit this is?" said Musepha, addressing the old man.

"It is the tree of the Figures of Speech. Are you going to travel much farther, young man?"

"Yes," answered Musepha, "I am going to travel through the whole Empire of Poetry."

"Then I advise you to take as much of this fruit with you as possible, for you will need it."

While noting the beauty of the fruit,

Musepha saw that the better specimens were, strange enough, on the highest branches.

The old man had been watching Musepha closely and saw him heave a long-drawn sigh, then said, "If you really wish to obtain the fruit, I think this ladder of Diligence will help you to reach the higher branches." And the old man pointed to a ladder lying near. Placing the ladder against the trunk of the tree, Musepha carefully climbed to the top and obtained the fruit. Coming down he thanked the old man for his kindness and started again on his travels. He had gone but a short distance when a ray of sunshine pierced through the thick foliage of the trees in the grove and caused a little creek to dance and sparkle.

"This must be Creek Polish," thought Musepha and with an exclamation of delight he sprang forward and stooping down picked up some of the smooth, glistening stones at the water's edge. Stepping from stone to stone he crossed the creek but lingered long on the other side examining more closely the beauty of these polished stones.

Soon after leaving Rhetoric Grove he came to the city of Dramaticus. How different this city was from the little village of Rhymicus! The inhabitants manifested their feelings in appropriate actions and their love of the imitative was very strong. Dramaticus had two suburbs, Tragedy and Comedy. Musepha thought he had never seen so melancholy a people as the inhabitants of Tragedy. Such mournful and fatal occurrences as were always happening! They seemed to have more than their share of calamities. Poor Musepha's tender heart ached in sympathy with their sorrows. But in the suburb of Comedy he almost forgot that such a thing as sorrow existed. The people were very fond of amusements. The principal street in Comedy was called Wit, and Musepha never tired of watching the people on this street; their bright faces, keen eyes and striking manner were a pleasant sight. He was

sometimes startled by the knowing way in which they would answer each other. He began now thoroughly to enjoy his travels and was anxious to visit the next nearest city. He had heard some fine singing in Dramaticus but nothing that had as yet stirred his heart and soul with the wonderful power he had expected.

Leaving Dramaticus he entered the city of Didacica, a city noted as a place of learning and possessing many fine schools and colleges. Parents spent every spare moment in teaching their children valuable rules and precepts. Even the stories told to amuse the little ones contained some moral that might be grasped by their childish minds. Musepha found it very profitable to converse with these people and spent much time visiting the places of instruction.

The bravery and love of virtue of the citizens in Epica was well worth imitating. They loved to tell him of the great heroes, whose monuments were to be seen in the large buildings and beautiful gardens. But Musepha was not satisfied, his soul was hungering for music, and hearing of Lyrica, the city of song, he left Epica with its fine statuary and monuments and entered Lyrica. As he sat under the shade of the trees in this pret-

ty city, he heard a strain of the most exquisite music he had ever heard. Following the sound he was led to an ornamental building and entering he saw a number of women sitting and playing harps. Their beautiful voices blended perfectly with the music of the harp which was peculiarly adapted to the words they were singing—and Musepha's soul was satisfied. He spent many years here studying the harmony of words and music, feeling that this was to be his life work. He saw the mountain of Fame looming up in the distance and taking his harp with him set out to climb the mountain. The way was not easy but when worn and weary he would stop and the sweet words he sang with the soothing sounds of his harp rested and inspired him to a greater effort to reach the top of the mountain and realize the dream of his life. After years and years of constant effort he reached the place toward which he had been striving so long. As he stood on that envied spot, he lifted his voice in song while the beautiful rays of sunlight fell around him.

"Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain."

J. E. T.

Our Bugle Calls.

Of the many experiences in the life of a soldier, none will remain in his memory longer than the calls of his company's bugle. They summon us to nearly every move we make; to the best as well as to the most unwelcome orders.

At 5:30 in the morning we are first greeted by their sweet music. As we lie, tortured by dreams of home and old school days, this melodious sound breaks in upon us in the fresh breath of the early dawn, and soothing indeed are its effects. It awakens us to a realization of the fact that we are not in crowded and dusty school rooms, nor yet are we splitting wood or carrying

water with which mother is to prepare breakfast.

As the last sound of the bugle dies away we spring from our cots and gaze out upon a scene grand to behold. Just above yonder high mountain the sky is being tinted by the first rays of the rising sun, and its reflection throws a soft light upon the surrounding green. We look not out upon a world hidden by a coat of begrimed snow, but upon a garden in all its tropical beauty.

But once more the soft sweet strain breaks in upon us with:

"I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up in the morning.

I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up at all.

The corporals are worse than the pri-
vates;

The sergeants are worse than the cor-
porals;

The captain is worse than the sergeants,
And the major is the worst of all!"

This is the call known as reveille and
is sounded at 5:45.

We all hurry out and in ten minutes
more assembly sounds, whereupon we
"fall in," answer roll calls, and for fifteen
minutes go through a rapid drill in
calisthenics. This so whets our appe-
tites that the next few minutes seem
very long. How anxiously we listen for
next call. Ah, here it is:

"Porky, porky, porky, without a streak
of lean;

Soupy, soupy, soupy, without a single
bean;

Coffee, coffee, coffee, the worst that
was ever seen."

After partaking freely of this break-
fast, we feel equal to almost any emer-
gency, so what is the use of paying any
attention to the sick call, which sounds
at 6:25? But some of the boys are sure
to respond; while they go to see the
doctor the rest of us wash our dishes,
sweep out the room and get ready for
the next piece of music from this magi-
cal instrument.

We have not long to wait, however,
for at 6:55 we are again greeted with:
"Oh, now is the time, yes, isn't it fine?
Now is the time to drill.

Oh, drill it is and drill we will.

Oh, drill, you urchins, drill."

You may easily imagine the pleasure
we get from this hour's exercise. We
fall in, answer roll call, and are then put
through a series of movements, all of
which tend to strengthen the body, and
increase the soldier's love for military.
Over breastworks, into trenches,
through brush, in and out of forts we
rush. We advance, we retire, we charge
with wild yells and slay the enemy by
the thousands. We lose and win bat-
tles by the dozen while the air is thick
with smoke and the ground strewn with

the dead and dying. Yes, we even bind
up the great gaping wounds of our fallen
comrades and yet we are at a loss to
know who our enemy is, and why we are
thus spilling so much of the precious
blood of an imaginary foe.

At 7:45 "recall" sounds, and sickened
by the scenes of terrible havoc wrought
by our bayonets and shells, we gladly
withdraw from the field of battle, and
once more enjoy the sweet quiet of our
room, where we try to make ourselves
believe that we have acted only for the
best, and that after all we can eat a good
hearty dinner.

We brush the dust from our suits
and by the time we have washed our
faces and have cooled off a little, the
bugle once more informs us that it is
time to partake of the delicacies of army
fare. Quickly we seize our dishes and
hurry down the stairs, four steps at a
time, to see what the cook has for din-
ner.

Ah, this is the meal of meals, and
were it not for the unpleasant memories
which it awakens in us of home or dor-
mitory menus, we might enjoy it.
Somehow we cannot relish the luxuries
which are now spread before us.

As we pass Andrews' department of
the kitchen, he gives us a good supply
of "punk." Ed does not make it, so we
cannot give him the credit for it. But
on we pass and at the next division is
placed upon our plates a large piece of
meat, which defies mastication. We can
almost hear it bellow with rage. Still
undaunted we move on. But the next
course alternates between soup and
spuds and gravy. Next we get a spoon-
ful of brown sugar, and passing on we
get a cup full of—chocolate—?

After eating this sumptuous dinner we
are again greeted by "our bugle," and
then follows an hour or two of real
sport, known as "fatigue;" and when we
once more return to our rooms we are
pretty well fatigued. Our fun at this
time consists in throwing up breast-
works, digging trenches or it may be,
in cleaning the garden.

Now we all like this part of our duty

so well, that each one tries to outdo the others, and consequently when "recall" sounds we are pretty well fagged out. This call sounds both in the forenoon, and as we are hourly expecting an attack from the enemy (?) we find plenty to do to keep us busy.

But we are not to spend the whole afternoon at this play. At 3:35 drill sounds again. We go through the same routine as in the morning drill, and are glad when recall sounds, although of course we enjoy drilling, especially when the temperature is 100 in the shade.

At 5:45 we fall in for another roll call, and woe unto him who fails to answer "here." The next day he will find himself, shovel in hand, at the breastworks, while the other boys call out: "How do you like your job?" "How long are you in for?" "Why don't you strike for higher wages?" "Good boy!" "That's where I got my start," and various other pleasant little greetings. But as we stand at "parade rest" while the bugle sounds "retreat," there is wafted to our nostrils the delicious odor of boiling coffee. We can no longer withstand our mad desire to rush for the kitchen and as soon as the sergeant says "dismissed" away we go with our dishes for supper.

This meal usually consists of a large dish of rice, worms and all, covered by a layer of cinnamon and brown sugar. This covering is a happy thought as it makes the dose easier to take. Mother's rice pudding with its raisens and cream cannot compare with this. The next course is a good supply of tomato "hash" —at any rate it consists of toma-

toes, meat, potatoes, bread and hardtack, all cooked together, and must be eaten in order to be appreciated.

After supper we dress up and go out for a ride or a stroll. It may be that we are favored with the company of one of the world renowned Philippine "beauties," but strive as we may to enjoy her low sweet voice and her merry laughter, we again hear the sound of "our bugle" and at 8:30 we bid our fair companion good night and return home, for shortly after that hour all must be in their rooms or they may find themselves the next day filling the position held by the ones at whom they jeered but yesterday.

At 8:45 call to quarters notifies us to spread our beds and prepare to retire. This call also seems to interest the mosquito, for in the distance can be heard his melodious hum as he gently floats along on his wings of gauze in search of his "darling boy in blue."

But he is doomed to disappointment, for once more the soft sweet strain of the bugle is heard to float out upon the air with—

"Go to bed. Go to sleep.

Go to bed. Go to sleep. Go to bed.

Put out your light. Cover up your head. Go to sleep."

As the last echo of this call dies away the soldier "douses his gliin" and repairing to his couch, drops his canopy of mosquito bar about him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

May the time never come when we shall be deprived of the sweet sound of our company's bugle! F. J. N.

Manila, P. I., 12-8-'98.

Sir Humphrey Davy—Chemist, Philosopher, Poet.

Read Before the Chemical Club, Jan. 28.

Dr. Fiske, in "The Idea of God," has said: "It is a characteristic of organic evolution that numerous progressive tendencies, for a long time inconspicuous, now and then unite to bring about a striking and apparently sudden change,

or a set of forces, quietly accumulating in one direction, at length unlock some new reservoir of forces and abruptly inaugurate a new series of phenomena, as when water rises in a tank until its overflow sets whirling a system of toothed wheels: It may be that nature makes no leaps, but in this way she makes very

long strides." It is this way that the course of organic development is marked here and there by memorable epochs which seem to mark chapters in the course of progress, whether it be geological, biological, or historical.

In historical progress the so-called epoch is often distinguished by the personality of some man who stands out alone and distinct from the surrounding throng; or it may be that a group of men have been instrumental in giving character to a historical epoch.

Whether good or bad they are generally men of genius, men whom nature has endowed with a potentiality which allows them to be servile to none, but peers of all contemporaries. The period in which Greece reached the zenith of her power was the period during which the great mind of Pericles swayed public thought, and who, by his personality and example, filled men with the spirit of labor, and art and literature reached a higher stage of perfection than it had before. A thorough statesman, a finished orator, who was never defeated in public discussion, he held the confidence and esteem of slave and nobleman. The eloquence of Demosthenes, as he denounced the aggressions of Phillip of Macedon in his orations, since called the *Phillipics*, is classed even in our day as the most wonderful type of denunciatory language the world has ever heard. The rich philosophy of Plato, Aristotle, and Socrates has survived through ages, and will be the thought and inspiration to millions yet not borne.

Rome may well boast of her Caesar. By his personality the warring factions were crushed, the republic reorganized, the border extended, while the people were made happy with peace and plenty. She may boast of her Augustus and justly, because Rome as an empire was imperial embracing the civilized world. From the darkness of the middle ages a few lights gleam with a never-failing brilliancy.

Charles Martel, in an hour of need, was able to concentrate the forces of

Christianity against the invading host of Saracens at Tours and Poitiers, and to save the West from the curse of the Crescent. Charlemagne organized into a great empire the entire civilization of western Europe. Hildebrand had power sufficient to turn all christendom in a fanatical march toward the Holy Land. These and others of less brilliancy light the gloom of the Dark Ages, but like the illumed "milky way" is the later period of advancement.

Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, and others too numerous to mention have been centers of force which has reacted and civilization has bounded forward with immense strides.

Among those who have influenced thought and have aided in advancing scientific and philosophic research was Sir Humphrey Davy.

In just the proportion in which the human mind has developed, in just that proportion has been the advance in scientific research.

The world reached a much higher stage of development, and the intellect was much less fettered by restrictive bonds when Greece and republican Rome were at the height of their glory than during the intellectual slavery of the Dark Ages.

Scientific truths were taught in this early period for which in a later period Bruno was burned at the stake, or that Copernicus and Galileo were obliged to withhold from the world until advancing thought had crushed the power of an ignorant and vicious priesthood.

Not until truth had fought many a battle with superstition was she able to throw to the breezes the banner of enlightenment, requiring that all accepted ideas be based upon a reasonable amount of confirmatory evidence. Still advancement was slow and many sacrifices were made before science could successfully hold its own against accepted assumption.

Humphrey Davy was an awkward lad of 20 when he began his apprenticeship in the little apothecary shop in Penzance.

Behind were 4,000 years of chemical

research. The period, in which the chemist had been one who compounded nauseous drugs, had come and gone. The existence of the "Philosopher's Stone" had been affirmed, denied, and reaffirmed, only to be proclaimed a myth after 500 years of research had been fruitless in changing the baser metals into gold or silver. The Alchemist went only after experience had demonstrated that there was no place for him.

Five hundred years were necessary to erase from the popular mind the superstitious idea of a chemist. The chemical laboratory with its retorts and crucibles from which vile odors were wont to ascend, played upon the active imaginations of the public. The chemist, in league with the powers of darkness, was a terrible creature, from whose eyes shot darts of fire; from whose mouth as noxious vomit came dreadful odors and vile smoke. Such was 4,000 years of chemical research; but in 100 years, a portion of which included the life and work of Mr. Davy, more advancement was made than in all preceding time.

Davy was a man with an intense personality. He was an enthusiast, he believed in his work, and he believed in himself, and, aside from ability, what more was necessary for success? He instilled life into dry bones. He made his subject popular, society became interested in him and in his work. His lectures created the deepest interest. It was not uncommon to have an audience of nearly 1,000 men and women. Large public and private donations were given to carry on the work. True, he had the experience of Boyle, Cavendish, Black, and many others of equal rank, to aid him, but in the light of our present knowledge the range of demonstrable chemical knowledge was very small. Nitrogen, hydrogen and oxygen had been discovered, also chromium. The properties of water and of ammonia had been described, but all this was simply a step in a forward movement. Davy discovered potassium, sodium, magnesium and strontium. He predicted the existence of barium and calcium. He

discovered the elementary nature of the alkaline earths. He laid a broad foundation for electro-chemistry, notwithstanding all of these discoveries. Davy was not an analyst in the highest sense. Although he recognized the value of such work, he was too impatient for results to apply himself to the minutiae of careful investigation.

Brilliant as were his discoveries Davy cannot be classed as a great chemist, but as a philosopher he must command high rank. Impatient for results, he was wont to publish his work which was not based upon careful experimentation. "He attacked science from the purely theoretical side." His first essays published in a work by Dr. Beddors, "Contributions to Physical and Mental Knowledge," if published today by an aspiring student, would blight his future forever. He would have us believe that the speculations were subservient to experiment, but this was far from being the case.

His later philosophic researches were of more lasting value. He reasons that chemical affinity is the electrical attractions of atoms, which are positively and negatively electrified. Chemical decomposition is due to the vibration of electrified atoms which results in the breaking of the molecule. This is not unlike the vibration theory which is held today. He clings to the idea that light is a peculiar kind of matter, though in later years he is led to see his mistake. More fortunate is he, though the idea is not original, in believing heat the result of the vibration of molecules.

He was by nature a poet. Lockhart spoke of him as "the illustrious philosopher, who was also a true poet, and might have been one of the greatest had he chosen." His literary style was redundant with rhetorical effusions. This was especially noticeable in times of intense enthusiasm.

Southey remarked that he attended Davy's lectures that he might increase his stock of metaphors.

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At the beginning of the present session the legislature as usual appointed a committee to visit the various institutions of the state and Wednesday, Feb. 1st, they began their duties by inspecting the different departments of our College. The object of the committee in visiting the state schools is to become acquainted with the needs of each in order to place the funds which the legislature shall apportion where most needed.

The sums asked for by the different

institutions exceed the entire revenue as estimated by the state auditor, hence the necessity of exact information on the part of the legislature that the appropriations may be judiciously distributed in accordance with the most pressing needs. The improvements under consideration, should our College receive the amount asked for, are the completion of the main portion of the chemical laboratory, which in its present condition does not offer sufficient accommodations, the completion and equipment of Francis Hall, the enlargement of the mechanical building, and various minor details.

We hope that the time is not far distant when North Dakota will be able to contribute as liberally to her educational institutions as their growing interests demand and thus place her, although one of the youngest states, among the first in educational rank.

Why are not some of our students inspired to write short stories or sketches for THE SPECTRUM? As yet the editor has not been overburdened with voluntary contributions, but this is probably owing to undue modesty on the part of those possessing the literary ability. In a student body as large as ours there certainly must be many possessed of talents for literary composition, but it is not always an easy matter among so many to select those of most promise. It would be of mutual benefit to the students and the staff could these aspirants to literary honors be induced to overcome their natural reticence and furnish contributions without receiving personal request. Even if the contributor should be disappointed at the failure to see his first production in print, his interest in the welfare of his college paper would be demonstrated and in the continued practice he would acquire the skill that can only come from persistent efforts.

During the past month a new society, the Ciceronian Debating Club, has

been organized for the purpose of encouraging extemporaneous debating. This is certainly an important feature of college work and the new society promises to do its share toward making it a strong factor of our College work. The subjects for debate are announced one week in advance, but the debators are not selected until the question is open for discussion thus making it necessary for all members to inform themselves on both sides of the question. If the interest already manifested is sustained the society cannot but be productive of much good to those taking active part, as extemporaneous speaking is a talent worthy of cultivation.

Appropos of debates and debating probably no function within the circles of literary education affords better training for the development of personality, keenness of thought and expression thereto than the debating society with its direct connections. The benefits derived from it are as varied as they are numerous. The preparation for a debate means a thorough research for material, a painstaking study of the subject and a careful classification of the gathered information, as a good debater needs must have a good command of the subject and the arguments must be presented in the order best calculated to force their truths on the minds of the hearers. Not only does this study of the question increase one's general knowledge, but the necessary contemplation from the opponent's standpoint tends to increase liberality of thought and wideness of comprehension. The willingness to see two sides to a matter and to concede to another the right to hold an opinion contrary to one's own is indeed a virtuous state of mind. Not the least among the advantages to be gained is the ability to select the most important facts discarding those which have a less direct bearing, as one of the common mistakes of debaters is the magnifying of the less important points in the argument and the slighting of

those which have greater significance.

The power of expressing one's thoughts in clear, concise and well-balanced statements is greatly augmented. Knowledge is of little avail unless it can be communicated to others and when an effort is being made to convince hearers of the truth or falsity of a position, the value of this faculty cannot be overestimated. Even though thoroughly familiar with a topic it is often difficult to give oral expression to thoughts that, were they written, might be read in an easy manner. It is one thing to be able to formulate thoughts, but quite another to be able to recall and give expression to them, while on one's feet before an audience. Debating also cultivates quickness of perception in discovering weak points in the opponents' arguments and the ability to refute them.

The legislature of Arkansas has refused to concede clerkships of any kind to women, the reason assigned being that it is not a fit place for them. If, indeed, this is a true statement of the case we would respectfully suggest that the people of the state select as their lawmakers a more respectable class of citizens. If the character of the men is such as we might infer from the above statement, what kind of enactments may we expect from them which will tend to the upbuilding of mankind in general or of the women of the state in particular? In our own state legislature we are proud to say that a number of women are holding important clerkships in both House and Senate and no complaint has yet reached us of the unfitness of the surroundings or associations. We trust, however, for the honor of a sister state, that the action of the legislature has been incorrectly reported, for we doubt if any body of men occupying the honorable positions as representatives of the people would for a moment admit the above as a true reason for such action.

Sir Humphrey Davy.

(Continued from page 65.)

His love for the majestic, the sublime,
is shown by the following lines:

"Majestic cliff! Thou birth of un-
known time,
Long had the billows beat thee, long
the wave
Rushed o'er thy hallowed rock, ere life
adorned
Thy broken surface, ere the yellow moss
Had tinted thee, or the wild dews of
heaven
Clothed thee with verdure, or the eagles
made
Thy cave their aerie. So in aftertime,
Long shalt thou rest unaltered amid the
wreck
Of all the mightiness of human works;
For not the lightning, nor the whirl-
wind's force
Nor all the waves of ocean, shall prevail
Against thy giant strength, and thou
shalt stand
Till the almighty voice that bid thee
rise,
Shall bid thee fall."

Perhaps the best of his poetical lines
are the following, written near the close
of his life, when he felt a return of
health and strength. Feeling an awak-
ening to a new life he likens his state to
the coming of the new day, when
awakening with the dawn, all nature
glows with a new life:

"So o'er the earth the kindling spirits
pour
The flames of life that bounteous nature
gives;
The limpid dew becomes the rosy
flower,
The insensate dust awakes, and moves,
and lives."

Was he a great man? Emerson has
said: "I count him great who inhabits a
higher sphere of thought into which
other men rise with labor and difficulty,
he has but to open his eyes to see things
in a true light, and in large relations;
whilst they must make painful correc-
tions and keep a vigilant eye on many
sources of error." Again he says: "He

is great who is what he is from nature,
and who never reminds us of others."

Judged by one or both of these stand-
ards, Sir Humphrey Davy was a great
man. M. F.

Impressions.

From personal experience, from testi-
monies of others, and from the most
approved method of reasoning I have
reached the conclusion that basket ball is
a very interesting and exciting game.
And if any man doubt my word let him
see what I have seen and hear what I
have heard.

* * * * *

The game is on, and every player is
doing his very best. We watch the
movement of the ball as it speeds from
hand to hand. Some one near us says.
"That little fellow in the white sweater
gets right down to work, doesn't he?"
Now "that little fellow in the white
sweater" is one of our men, and our
hearts swell with pride as we watch him.
But we only say, with a patronizing air,
"Oh' yes, he is playing fairly well now,
but just wait until he really gets into
the game. Then you will see playing
that is playing."

Now the ball comes flying down the
field towards our goal, and we lean far
over the balcony rail in our eagerness
to see the result of the coming struggle
for its possession. Some one shouts,
"After it, white sweater, you're the boy!"
He is after it, and he gets it, too. And
long before the cries of "shoot! shoot!"
have ceased, he has sent it flying to-
wards the basket. We watch with
breathless interest while, with all the
obstinacy of the whole race of swine,
past, present and future, in its small
compass, that piece of inflated pig-skin
circles round and round the rim of the
basket, and finally, with impish triumph
smiling in every seam, rolls over the
edge and falls outside. Its fall calls
forth a prolonged groan from our side
and a shrill, derisive hoot from the
other. But that very derision so lustily
expressed, has done its work, and the
ball is caught by a boy who has deter-

mined that he will throw a basket—and he does it. Then we yell. That is all we can do and we do it with our might. We feel that our lung power is entirely inadequate to the task of expressing our delight. We wish we had a voice like a fog horn or a cat in a midnight serenade. As it is, we try our best to imitate them both with an Indian war whoop into the bargain—and we succeed wonderfully.

So the game goes on with fickle for-

tune, first on one side, then on the other, until when at last time is called, the score stands in our favor.

We have shouted until our throats are raw, but we make one last effort. And we yell again.

We go home feeling that life holds nothing of sport more to be desired; and if we are girls we say: "Bless those dear boys; there is nothing in the world too good for them."

Exchanges.

The February number of *The Student Record* comes out under a cover of blue, the newly selected College color.

The literary standard of the *Mount St. Joseph Collegian* is of the first rank. Its productions are well worth consideration.

Another society for literary work has been added to the number at Michigan Agricultural College, whose principal feature will be debating.

We welcome the return of *The Wahpetonian* to our table, which we had missed for a long time. We would also like to ask that a number of our other exchanges be sent us more regularly.

The Volante has provision for an exchange department, but for some reason, illness perhaps, or negligence on part of the exchange editor this department is not represented in the first January issue. We would congratulate the editorial staff for the neat appearing paper.

A large number of our exchanges in their January issue pay a just and highly deserved tribute to the late Senator Justin P. Morrill, the father of Agricultural Colleges. Truly no other man has done so much toward educating the youth as our late senator. We justly give honor to "whom honor is due."

The article, "Not Merely Living," in *The Student* presents to us in a clear forcible style the building of a useful life by following steadily a high ideal. "Let the windows of the soul be open to influences that are elevating and good,"

and then by living a noble life, by being honest with oneself, we may be useful to humanity and "the world be better for our having lived in it."

The practice of students taking exchanges from the table, and then forgetting to return them properly, seems to be prevalent in other colleges also. While these exchanges are for students, we kindly ask that they be returned, that "others" may enjoy these periodicals.

In the February number of *The Georgetonian*, a very careful resume of M. Edmond Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* is given. It would seem to us that the genius of *Cyrano* is as prominent as his nose was, but standing out in contrast, while the nose was but a peculiar moulding of clay, the genius was a portraiture of his soul. Mr. Rostand has justly earned the laurels now bestowed upon him.

The students of Yankton College have awakened from their dormant condition of two years duration, after seeing oratorical honors going to their sister colleges, and have made a demonstration in oratory; they are confident that their representative will win honors in the state contest.

Apollo has peeped through the shutter,

And awakened the witty and fair;

The boarding-school belle's in a flutter,

The two penny post's in despair;

The breath of the morning is flinging

A magic on blossom and spray,

And cockneys and sparrows are singing

In chorus on Valentine's day.

Local Happenings.

Whitewash.

"Peacemakers."

Broken chairs.

45° below zero!

"Was that an anthem?"

"I have lost my ma!"

Col. Stark — "Because Gorder says so!"

Two for a quarter—what a bargain.

What is the difference between corn starch and sugar?

Query: "How's a fellow going to manage it when his best girl belongs to the other society?" T. H. Heath.

There has occurred recently another case of "cornered by a jay," but this time the "jay" was a young man.

Query: Why do so many red-heads get together in chapel?

Ans: Sort of a magnetic center.

"Il y' a autre" sings one of our young ladies. One of our young gentlemen students remarked that he couldn't "bear it."

It is supposed that the professor who said, "Beware of maidens for they will ensnare your feet from the path of getting lessons," spoke from experience even if he isn't married—yet.

Judging from the stories so often told of the pranks of college students it hardly seems necessary that Trigonometry be included in the curriculum.

Prof. of Mathematics—"How would you find the nth root of an equation?"

Puzzled Freshman—"You had better have a dentist extract it and then preserve it in alcohol for the benefit of the class."

"Why does Charley Phelan go about with such a long face? It's rather unusual for him."

"The class of 1901 have appointed him as their chaplain."

"Oh, I see. I knew Charley didn't worry much about the girls; so I couldn't account for it."

"Where's Heath tonight!"

Heath's lonesome roommate—"Aw you fellows are always asking so many unnecessary questions."

From now, henceforth and forevermore, it is understood that books are to be closed during logic class.

Heard over the 'phone: "Is this Chasey's livery? Send rig to No. —, Ninth Avenue South, at 7:45 sharp."

During the cold snap the bravery of our girls has been demonstrated, even those living in Island Park proving themselves good walkers (?)

The progress made in the Alpha Social Club has been very marked, and we cannot see why this organization should not be of very material benefit.

It is suggested that the young ladies who have acquaintances in Manila deprive themselves of some little luxury and subscribe for THE SPECTRUM for their "friends."

Green's face has suddenly lost its gloomy appearance, and he now goes about whistling a song of gladness and content. If this is an effect, what was the cause?

The basket ball players have obtained, through the president, a great improvement to their part of the gymnasium by the substitution of boards for the wire netting back of the baskets.

Mrs. Burnham, accompanied by Mrs. Anheier, favored the students with a solo which was so heartily applauded that she responded with another selection.

Ask Miss Barrett how she enjoyed that bunch of knowledge found on one of the campus trees. We are not all as fortunate in obtaining knowledge so easily.

Scientists believe that perpetual motion is an impossibility. But that we are coming nearer to it each year was demonstrated by Professor McArde in his chapel talk on "Gum Chewing Among Our Girls."

Mary had a little foot,
Which got caught in the door,
The door it hurt poor Mary's foot,
And little Mary—swore! —Ex.

What's the difference (you who know
so much of music, solve this riddle):

'Tween a violin "virtuoso" and a man
who plays a fiddle.

The junior class held a class meeting
Feb. 8 and elected the following officers:

President—Mr. F. O. Olsen.

Vice President—P. C. Gorder.

Secretary—T. F. Manns.

Treasurer—T. H. Heath.

Waltee Burpee & Co., of Philadelphia, seedsmen, whose ad appears in THE SPECTRUM have furnished seeds for our Experiment Station every year since its organization. SPECTRUM subscribers who wish to make purchases in that line cannot find a more worthy and reliable firm than this. Find their catalogue on the reading table.

The Department of Bacteriology is doing a rushing business in the examination of water for sanitary purposes. Two wells from the estate of Mr. Carl Piper have been examined and reported upon. The typhoid germ was abundant in both. The importance of this is evident when it is considered that five cases of typhoid fever with two deaths are reported in the Piper family in less than one year.

The January meeting of the Chemical and Conversational Club, at the home of Professor Ladd, was one of more than usual interest. The life and work of Sir Humphrey Davy furnished the subjects for the various papers presented. The lives of the pioneers of science are of the deepest interest and of lasting value, because they show us that those to whom the world accords unstinted praise struggled in the same rough pathway over which we are traveling; that what they have gained has been by constant, undiminished labor.

Monday, Feb. 23, Professor Riddell of Chicago gave our students a lecture replete with thought and practical suggestions. His voice, manner and com-

mand of language make him a model for emulation. He is now giving Fargo a week on his favorite themes—Heredity, Psychological Therapeutics, etc.—and is having large audiences. He seems to be up to date on almost all lines of scientific investigation, and shrewdly bases all his conclusions upon scientific fact. His scathing denunciations of modern vices are from the standpoint of science, and his defenses of Christianity are of this same method.

A prep recently went to sleep in the grammar class. The hour wore on and still he slept. His class was dismissed, but preppy knew it not—the sedate freshmen came in and giggled, yet Morpheus held him fast in loving embrace. His head sank lower upon his deeply heaving breast, and his nostrils anon gave vent to half sonorous sounds. Finally his returning consciousness looked 'round upon strange but merry faces. His hand stole quietly to his lap, where lay his open grammar. His eye took on the look of innocence and began to peruse his favorite study as if nothing unusual had happened.

Science states that exercise of any organ tends to increase its power. What then will be the development of muscular activity in the maxillary regions of a certain few of our students, judging from the amount of exercise indulged in by the almost ceaseless mastication of a wad of gum? Seriously, what impression of the dignity of our students will be carried away by a visitor should he happen to encounter a detail from the gum-chewing brigade? Does the constant motion of the jaw add to the intellectual appearance, or tend to increase the mental activity of the student? Would not the nervous energy thus wasted count for more if spent over algebra or arithmetic? Exercise to be most effectual should be taken, not continuously, but systematically, so we would suggest to those who cannot survive the deprivation of their accustomed recreation, that they have stated times for their maxillary gymnastics—say five minutes before and after classes.

Through an appointment by Governor Fancher Miss Angie Gibson receives a one-year scholarship in a Massachusetts cooking school. Miss Gibson, being a graduate of this institution, is well known by many of the students, who wish to congratulate her on her good fortune. Miss Gibson is an energetic worker in all she undertakes, and fully deserves the honor bestowed upon her.

Feb. 1 the legislative committee visited the College. The class in Household Economics served them a dainty breakfast, Miss Olive Worst acting as hostess. An elegant dinner was served at noon, Miss Grace Ball and Miss Jessie Miller acting as hostesses. The committee seemed much pleased with the management of the institution, and it is hoped that our College will receive particular notice as regards appropriations.

DON'T.

Don't applaud the anthems.

Don't say "yah" when questioned by a Prof.

Don't chew gum where anyone can see you.

Don't linger in the lower hall.

Don't forget to pay your society dues.

Don't "skip chapel" during the week of junior orations.

Don't fail to subscribe for THE SPECTRUM.

In connection with the question of abnormal development, we are reminded of the case of one of our young lady students who is taking special training in vocal culture. She had experienced great difficulty in properly placing some tones, and, upon examination, her instructor finds that probably through long and excessive misuse, her tongue has assumed an abnormal development, and promises to be a serious hindrance to her success as a vocalist. When of too long standing before it is discovered, as in this case, it is a serious difficulty which cannot be overcome in one night. This should stand as a warning to all of those who have a tendency to be likewise afflicted.

The Oratorical Contest.

Regardless of the bitter cold night the annual oratorical contest held Saturday night, Feb. 11, to select delegates to the state inter-collegiate contest was well attended, the chapel being well filled.

President Worst presided, and the exercises opened with music by the double quartette choir—"Friendship, Love and Song." This was followed in order by three orations: "America's Gift to the World," by J. F. Jensen; "The Destiny of the Anglo-Saxons," by Thomas Manns, and "The Theological Spirit," by Lawrence Waldron. A piano solo, "Le Desire," Cramer, by Miss Josephine Valentine, was then rendered. "The U. S. Should Not Annex the Philippines," by E. D. Stewart, and "The Development of Internationalism," by B. F. Meinecke, concluded the orations. While the judges were preparing the decision a short musical programme was rendered, consisting of a piano solo, "My Heart at Thy Soft Voice" Saent Saens by Miss Fredricka Thams; bass solo, "The Mighty Deep," Prof. H. W. McArdle; chorus, "Away to the Fields," by the chorus class, under the direction of Miss Clyde Foster; a medley by the double quartette, entitled "The Kaleidoscope," and a piano solo by Miss Valentine.

The judges' decision was then announced, which awarded first place to Mr. Thomas Manns, and second place to Mr. B. F. Meinecke.

The exercises concluded with a solo entitled, "Let All Obey," by Professor McArdle.

The efforts of the contestants were creditable throughout, and showed a great improvement over last year.

It is sometimes more difficult to win the father's ear than the daughter's hand.

—Ex.

FOR "RUBBERS" ONLY.

To fill this surplus space.
The editor has written them
Observe they have their place.
Although these words but little say,

—The Illini.

THE BETTER WAY.

He serves his country best,
 Who joins the tide that lifts her nobly
 on;
 For speech has myraid tongues for
 every day,
 And song but one; and law within the
 breast
 Is stronger than the graven law on
 stone;
 There is a better way.

He serves his country best
 Who lives pure life and doeth right-
 eous deed,
 And walks straight paths, however,
 other stray,
 And leaves his sons, as uttermost be-
 quest,
 A stainless record, which all men may
 read;
 This is the better way.

—Susan Coolidge.

"It is the very man surfeited with
 philosophy, science and history who
 flies to poetry for a breath of the glad,
 young irresponsible dawn of the world."

WHAT THE AMERICAN BOY
NEEDS.

The following was taken from The
 Western Teacher and might go as a
 companion piece to a similar article in
 last month's issue:

1. More respect for parents and each-
 ers.
2. A good whipping when unruly.
3. A shorter boyhood.
4. Respect for the aged.
5. A liberal mind towards foreign
 children.
6. More knowledge of universal his-
 tory.
7. An eye for the beautiful rather than
 the beauties.
8. An observing father.
9. A home fit to keep him from the
 street.
10. Less knowledge of vulgar lan-
 guage.

The state educational journal, "The
 Common School," has ceased to exist.

This leaves a good field for a publica-
 tion. We understand plans are under
 consideration for a new journal and shall
 be glad to welcome such an enterprise.
 We should think a state paper properly
 conducted would be thoroughly appre-
 ciated by teachers and would be sup-
 ported by them.

A scientist says that if a man were
 able to jump as far in proportion to his
 size as a flea, he could jump from Chi-
 cago to St. Louis. Perphas he could,
 but if sensible, he wouldn't.—Ex.

"This may very properly be termed
 'killing game in season,'" remarked the
 star boarder as he mashed an ant which
 he had found in the pepper.

But few actresses are as bad as they
 are painted.—Ex.

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