

# The Spectrum.

Published by the Students of the North Dakota Agricultural College.

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## General Ulysses S. Grant.

What emotion touches the tender cords of the human heart as affectionately as the thought of home, or what can call forth more tender recollections? We live in a time when all is sunshine and flowers, when everything about us wears the aspect of freedom, where the rights of all are equal, where the ozone is laden with liberty and equality and nourishes all impartiality, where each man is king of his own destiny.

But it was not always thus. Allow me to carry you back to the sixties, when the clear blue sky of liberty now bending over our beloved country was darkened by clouds of ill omen, when the thunderclouds of slavery and secession threatened destruction to our fair young nation, when human beings were driven to the auction block like cattle to be sold; mothers were separated from their babes and loved ones to be shipped down the Mississippi and forced under the brutal lash of heartless drivers, miserably to wear out their lives in the parching rays of an equatorial sun on the extensive cotton plantations of the Gulf States. When men were forced to leave the only thing held dear, their loved ones, never perhaps to behold those dear faces again. Although most of the powers of the world had set us an example by striking off the chains of slavery, and although our constitution declares that "all men are born free and equal," our dear country still upheld the institution slavery, which has ever been a disgrace and a curse to mankind. But such conditions could not always remain; advanced men clearly saw that our nation's ruin was inevitable with this curse, and said, "We must rid ourselves of this blot, emancipate our slaves and let them enjoy the blessings of liberty as we do."

The sentiment became the policy of the North, but it was vigorously opposed by the South. Then it was that the clouds of secession lowered and threatened destruction to our nation's life; then it was that men held their breath and said, "Will our nation survive this storm?" The South collected its forces and sacrificed its gallant youths to uphold its cause. The North, filled with enthusiasm and love for national unity, mustered its braves and freely offered them to defend its cause. Company after company of volunteers offered itself and said, "Give us a leader." And where was he to be found? Soon from the state of Missouri one arose with a head clear, cool and strong; with that same love for home and country which always characterizes true heroism. This hero led those enlisting columns under the banner of "Unconditional and Immediate Surrender," up the imposing hillside of frowning forts to victory and glory.

Men at once intrusted the leadership to Ulysses S. Grant, and with so acute a watchfulness did he guard this sacred trust that he deserves with credit to be called the "King of Battles." Alexander and Napoleon, selfishly ambitious for military achievements, cannot be classed with Grant, who had no other motive to urge him on than the clanking fetters of 5,000,000 slaves and the integrity of the Union. He did not enter the war with the thought of vain glory or conquest, but he fought to preserve the sacred homestead of liberty, for the sacred principle that all men are equal before the law.

We follow Grant in his campaigns down the Mississippi, cutting his way through dense forests and thickets, constructing bridges with characteristic ra-

pidity, and forcing his way into the very heart of the enemy's territory. Now he is at the head of his columns, cheering on his half-famished men; and his words, like an electric shock, inspire them with new life and energy until Forts Donaldson and Henry and Vicksburg yield. And when great crises come we find him always ready to meet all emergencies, never losing his balance of executive power for an instant. Even while braving hardships and privations with his men in the Battle of the Wilderness, he declared, "I shall take no backward step," words, although unconsciously spoken have become famous in history. So devoted was he to his purpose and with such success were his deliberately planned battles won that all men were willing to intrust him with the entire leadership. In two years and ten months from the time he lead out the Twenty-third Volunteer Regiment of Illinois Infantry, he had risen to the highest position in the army.

Like Napoleon, he detected the enemies' weakest point and baffled them at their strongest, always dealing decisive blows. And while he often met the keenest disappointments and obstructions, he never flinched nor abandoned his plans, but went straight to his purpose at all times. His forces were concentrated and directed to give the most effectual results.

He is often accused of being a heartless spiller of blood; however, nothing more unjust or false can be imagined; for while no one was more sensible to human suffering than he, he was also

aware that in order to gain decisive battles, great sacrifices had sometimes to be made. By means of his thoroughly planned strategic movements the greatest of civil wars closed thirteen months after he had assumed the entire command. Grant had the entire confidence of his men; he gave honor to whom honor was due, and promotion to those that deserved it. After the war the people gratefully elected him president as a meagre reward for the greatest of services done for his country. In the presidency also his executive ability is clearly shown, so that we know him both as a general and a statesman. But when in the eighties, he was bankrupt through the rascality of a business partner, and under the pains of a growing cancer in his throat, he wrote his famous memoirs to cancel this debt and to leave subsistence for his family, the magnificent soul of Grant is still more grandly portrayed, and when in 1886 that noble life went out, all the world with one accord offered proper tribute and mourned the loss of the greatest of soldiers.

On the Hudson there now stands a worthy monument dedicated to General Grant and bearing the inscription, "Let us have peace," which portrays his true character. In the midst of the conflict he uttered these words, longing for peace. They hold him up, not as a man of war and tumult, but one worthy to be enshrined in the heart of every true American as the noblest American of them all.

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### Among the Coteaus.

The Coteaus of the Dakotas—in our western vernacular the "Coties"—lie east of the Missouri River. They are an assemblage of hills varying in height from low rolling prairies to high bluffs capped with sandstone.

In the valleys and on the hillslopes the soil is fertile and would support a

large agricultural population if the rainfall were sufficient, but notwithstanding this drawback, they afford excellent pasturage as well as much beautiful and picturesque scenery.

It is September; the sun has set, but its red glow still lingers, producing that peculiar color effect seen only in prairie

regions at these seasons, when there is but enough smoke of distant prairie fires to make the atmosphere slightly hazy. We pass through a small valley. On every side rise lofty bluffs whose sandstone caps, furrowed by time and its forces, have the appearance of ruined castles. Some have assumed striking and fantastic forms. Off to the right, grim and forbidding, and made more so by the play of the lights and shadows of the setting sun, is a sandstone similar to the great Egyptian Sphinx. Indeed it is hard to realize that this is not that historic monument of the Nile, transplanted to this garden of the prairies.

Farther on we come to the "Hog-back." This is a peculiarly eroded rock crowning one of the highest bluffs. It is several hundred feet in length and very high. The straight line of its summit, at the south, projecting for some distance beyond its base, reminds one of the inverted prow of an immense iron clad of our modern navies. The "Hog-back" is a familiar object for many miles.

We pass through beautiful grassy glades and little parks surrounded by hills, which need only to be terraced in order that they may become large amphitheatres. In silhouette against the evening sky, on a high rounded butte, we see a deer intently watching our movements. Motionless this monarch of the prairie watches us; then satisfied, or perhaps scenting danger, he tosses his head defiantly, wheels, and with a bound, disappears from view. Cave Butte is passed. Here is a large cave in which are many Indian hieroglyphics.

On the north side, sheltered by the overhanging rock, is the following inscription: "Antoine Fenara, July 24, 1854, born June 24, 1824. Six hundred lodges camped here."

How changed; then the country was teeming with buffalo, and the echoes were broken only by the cry of wild animals and the savage whoop of the crafty Sioux. Now we see but a reminder of this ancient glory in hills deeply scarred

by the buffalo's trail, and in the Indian graves rudely staked with buffalo ribs.

Oh, prairies! When will arise a poet to sing of the beauty which is only thine? Here we glory in our freedom, every breath we take inspires in us the love of liberty, and we learn to love this wild unsettled country.

The sun is down, the new moon appears in a faint crescent, Jupiter has already begun his watch of the night, while Saturn slowly disappears beyond the western horizon. Twilight deepens into darkness. In the north faintly streaming toward the zenith we see the first shafts of the Aurora Borealis, then another and another flashing, retreating, then again streaming up until they meet directly above. The heavens are one great display of brilliantly scintillating, flashing light. Gradually it fades from view, but in its stead tiny stars appear, then constellation after constellation step out of the darkness until the heavens are one vast dome thickly set with jewels.

It is now late; we must hasten for we have six miles yet before we make camp. The prairie sounds are stilled except for the impatient champing of the broncho upon the restraining curb, or now and then the sharp click of his hoof against a rock, or a bird flies up, the whir of whose wings contrasts pleasantly with the almost painful silence. Now we hear the quick movement of a jack-rabbit as we rudely rout him from some quiet feeding place. Even the talkative members of our company are silent, each absorbed in his own thoughts.

At last, after what seems almost an age, we see the bright glint of water. Haystack Butte is passed. Our journey's end is near. Now we are at the lake. Unsaddling our horses we lead them down to drink, a startled duck flies up with an alarming quack, a flock of geese respond, a-honk, a-honk, a-honk, while the coyote, that miserable, sneaking, cowardly, contemptible scavenger of the prairie, raises his mournful ya! ya! ah! O-O-O-O-O-O-ah.

## Commencement Week.

On Friday evening the freshman class entertained the faculty and students in honor of the senior class at the College dormitory. The entertainment of the evening was in the form of a repetition of the lectures on "Florence and Raphael," given before the Ladies Club of the city last Tuesday evening. The stereopticon views of the City of Florence and many reproductions of fine statuary and art pieces of Michael Angelo and Raphael were kindly furnished by Miss Tilly, together with the written lecture by her friend, Miss King. The lecture was read and explained by Mrs. H. L. Bolley, and the stereopticon work was nicely done by Professor Keene. The ability to shut off all light in the room showed these fine pictures up to very much better effect than the partly lighted hall did on the previous occasion. The rooms were tastefully decorated with ferns and palms and hung with the class colors. The guests were received by Misses Taylor, Hill and Thams, and dainty refreshments were served at the close of the entertainment. The young ladies in charge of this reception may well be proud of the result.

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Saturday, June 18, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Ash were "at home" with about twenty of the students. Portraits were the order of the evening, and it gave all a chance to exhibit their knowledge of the current leaders in the army and navy, politics, and literature. Messrs. Heath and Bottenfield carried away the gentlemen's side of honor, while Miss Hill and Miss Taylor were the fortunate ones on the ladies' side. Shortly after 11 p. m., all repaired to their respective homes, voting the highest praises to Mr. and Mrs. Ash as entertainers.

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President Worst's baccalaureate address was delivered Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the College chapel to a good audience. His theme was "Public

and Private Interests," and he addressed himself mainly to the citizens' relation to those issues constantly arising that affect the "general welfare." He justified selfishness so long as it was restrained within reasonable bounds, but State and National interests also demand one's conscientious study and aggressive support. Especially is this true of those educated at the government's expense. He believed that the alumni of our State institutions would naturally become leaders of thought and by way of reciprocation for what the State does for them can be relied upon in every emergency.

He spoke against the growing tendency of elevating corporation influence above that of the private citizen in shaping the destiny of the country as dangerous to our institutions and a menace to free government. He closed by paying a beautiful tribute to the two lady members of the class of '98, who looked forward to graduation day with so much pleasure, but who were deprived by death from reaching their long sought goal.

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On Monday evening, June 20, the Athenian Literary Society gave their fourth annual banquet, to which they invited the Faculty and the Philomathian Literary Society. Guests began arriving at 8:30, and at 9 about forty had assembled to enjoy the festive occasion. After partaking of a choice collation, which contrasted pleasantly with the heat of the evening, the toastmaster of the evening, L. R. Waldron, started the intellectual feast by proposing the toast, "College Spirit," which was responded to by Miss Taylor. She spoke of the need of college loyalty; that the students of a college should think that that college was by all means the best on earth. She concluded by telling how all the vegetables on the farm would rebel, the corn would prick up its ears, the beets turn red, the potato wink its

eyes, the cabbage shake its head, and even the barley would stroke its beard, if our students should say aught against the Agricultural College.

Mr. Clyde responded to the toast, "Our Faculty," in a pleasing manner by a rehearsal of sundry experiences that some of the students had taken part in.

Mr. Field toasted "Our Students" by a few pleasing stories and by drawing lessons from great American characters.

In "Class of '98" Miss Gibson gave a few traits of each member, and told what they might be doing in after life.

Miss Small gave a patriotic and impassioned response to the toast, "Our Soldier Boys." It was not so long as some of the others, but it was excellent.

President Worst's response to the toast, "Our Country," was a noble effort and only added another proof that oratory is not a lost art, at this College, at least.

Miss Hill favored the company with a delightful poem on "How the Freshmen Study." The evening's exercises were closed when Mr. McGuigan presented the hatchet to the junior class, which was received by Mr. Waldron. Although the toasts were an hour and a half long, the quality of them kept the listeners alert.

The tables were handsomely decorated with an abundance of red and white carnations. A vote of thanks needs to be given Misses Taylor, Hill and Thams for their tireless efforts in making the affair the success it was. Everyone seemed thoroughly convinced that the Athenian Literary Society had won fresh laurels for itself and left no room for doubt of the position that the society had achieved in college circles.

Tuesday evening the College choir, assisted by some of their lady friends, gave a concert in the College chapel. The program was arranged after the various classes had decided to omit their regular class day exercises, and while it was almost an impromptu one,

it was a decided success and a very pleasing affair. The young ladies show much more loyalty than the boys, and each one who took part on the program deserves special mention. The parts were uniformly good and it would be hard to select a single effort and say it was better than the others. The following was the program:

- Quartette—"Friendship, Love and Song".....Thompson  
College Choir.  
Jessie E. Taylor, soprano; Mabel Spencer, alto; Hugh McGuigan, tenor; H. W. McArdle, basso.  
Piano Solo—"Seguidilla".....Bohm  
Fredericka Thams.  
Solo—"Afterwards".....Mullen  
Jessie E. Taylor.  
Reading—"Kentucky Belle".....  
Constance Wilson  
Dorothy Berry.  
Piano Duet—"The Gladiator" ..Sousa  
Winnifred Vidger and Edith Bowers.  
Reading—"The New Lochinvar".....  
Edith L. Hill  
Solo—"Conquered".....St. Quentin  
H. W. McArdle.  
Quartette—"Beautiful Starlight" ..  
.....Stillman  
College Choir.  
Trio—(Six Hands)—"Welcome to Spring".....Oesten  
Anna Chisholm, Edith Hill and Mabel Spencer.  
Quartette—"Good Night Gentle Folks".....Thompson  
College Choir.

The annual commencement exercises were held in the operahouse Wednesday morning. For a time the weather was very threatening, and doubtless kept a good many people away. Dr. Pattee delivered a very able address on "Three Great Conclusions of the Nineteenth Century." His line of thought was on the progress and development of Christianity and the coming together of science and religion. The argument of the Atheist is now considered an absurdity. Scientific investigation throws new light on old theories, and the so-called warfare between science and religion is more a matter of imagination, on the part of narrow-minded individuals, than a reality.

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On account of some misunderstandings, and other things, no class programs were given this year. Why is this? The young ladies of the Institution all seemed willing enough, but the boys were somewhat bashful, or lazy, which is it? Such events as those of commencement week give prestige to the College, afford a pleasant reunion for each class, and, besides, give them

all good training. Somebody blundered when such a state of affairs was allowed to go on.

While we think of it, we wish to thank heartily all of those concerned for the very many complimentary notices which THE SPECTRUM has received the past year from the different college papers, and from The Forum and Argus of this city. We assure you we were highly gratified by such kindly mention.

Word is often received from our brave boys who went to the front, and many are the times that they longingly think of the Agricultural College, and of the many joys connected with it. Altogether, there were fifteen of them who were connected with the College, either at the time of the breaking out of the war, or at some previous period. Eight of them were in actual attendance at this term of school. Their names are E. M. Andrews, Herbert Brand, M. C. Henry, Charles Hughes, James McGuigan, Frank Newman, Dan Wallace and Clayton Worst. The names of the other seven are Almen, Church, Elwin, Murphy, Bradley, Palmer and Ryan. The showing is an excellent one and we are proud of it. There are many colleges where a much smaller percentage of the student body enlisted, and probably a very few that have a higher percentage. When these students departed they seemed to take with them the vitality of the whole College. The war has killed athletics, crippled society work and caused the students to lose all interest in their regular studies. Perhaps there will be a slight reaction by the beginning of next school year, and more attention be paid to the duties at home.

In the usual phraseology incident to such an occasion, we will say that it is with regret that we take up our editorial pen for the last time to write a few notes for THE SPECTRUM. It has become almost a part of us for the past year; and it could be safely assumed that

year; and it could be safely assumed that when THE SPECTRUM was in a tight place, the editor had the dumps. There are pleasures also connected with the vacating of the editor's chair; for, like the farmer boy approaching cool shades and bubbling springs after a long cultivating bout in a hot, sandy cornfield behind a disinterested horse, he longs to throw off the terrible responsibility and irksomeness and seek sweet rest among the shades of comparative oblivion.

And how much work have we not planned to do the coming year, when once THE SPECTRUM is off our hands. Work then will be done promptly upon time, and we may float to dreamland with an easy conscience. But yet, are we really happy unless there are stacks of work before us and all kinds of demands upon our time? Your loafer who really enjoys himself—has he not more work ahead of him than two men can do? Imagine a tramp with an aimless and purposeless life getting any genuine enjoyment out of his worthless career! And, after all, as regards true value of living, the tramps and aristocrats are about on the same level. They both spend their energies in trying to do nothing. The tramp accomplishes practically the same end in a much easier way, and yet both attain about the same good, however much their paths seem to diverge. As Ruskin has said, it is "the hewers of wood and drawers of water"—those who have a determined life work—and only those who get the highest enjoyment out of life—who truly understand the "mystery of life."

Concluded from page 5.

Dr. A. C. True, of Washington, D. C., conferred the degrees upon the class and in his remarks said many good things for the College. He gave a brief history of its inception, development and purpose, and of the good work it is doing for the State in giving the young people a practical, useful and industrial education. Miss Foster, assisted by Mrs. Zimmerman, gave a very pleasing spring song.

#### BASE BALL.

Enthusiasm for athletic sports does not run high at present. We have heard hardly a mention of Field Day and it has gone by default this year. War seems to have crowded out all other themes; yet while this condition has been more noticeable than before, our base ball team has continued to add to its list of victories, and closes the season with a good record. Out of twelve games played, ten have been won. Some of those games have been very poorly played by both teams, while others have been exceptionally good. The wildest game of the series was played with the Moorhead Normals on their grounds. Owing to the location of the ground it was impossible to play good ball, but both sides did some heavy batting. We finally won by a score of 33 to 23. The next week the Normals came over here and were defeated by a score of 23 to 4. Again on May 27 on the home grounds we won by a score of 5 to 3. In the last two of these games the visitors scored on errors, and had the entire team played ball all the time, we should have been credited with a shut-out for our opponents.

After the Normal closed, some of the fans in Moorhead organized a team and came over to win the glory lost by the Normals. We played an exciting game and succeeded in holding their score down to two runs, which they made in the first inning on an error at center. We were able to bunch our hits in the first three innings and made six scores.

The Fargo team were planning for a game with Sheldon and wished to play a practice game with us on June 3. The ground was in very poor condition on account of the heavy rain, but by securing Slette from Fargo College to pitch for us, we gave them some good practice. It was the most exciting game of the series, as it was anyone's game to the end. They made one score in the second and we made one in the third. In the sixth they made another, and when we began the last half we made

three singles. Excitement was high. Nansen came to bat and had three balls. The next one was too good to refuse and he made a little pop fly. This was thrown to first and then back to second, and the umpire decided the side out, though the first baseman stood at least three feet from the bag.

Moorhead came over June 8 and played their last game, which we won by a score of 12 to 3, and our last game with Fargo was played June 11. By bunching our hits in the first three innings we succeeded in winning. The score by innings was as follows:

R. H. E.

Fargo ..... 3 0 0 1 0 2 0—6 9 9  
A. C. .... 4 2 3 0 0 0 1—10 10 3

Throughout the season our team have been weak at bat. They have done good work in the field and prospects are now good that next year we shall have a strong team; one that will compete successfully with any in the State. We may reasonably expect some new material, and as the players of this term will return, we may predict a winning team.

H. W. M.

The following was selected from The Comenian exchange page. It contains very good suggestions and we might add "please see that all material is neatly written." Neat copy saves a great deal of valuable time for the editor as well as for the type-setting and the proof-reader:

If you've got a thought that's happy,

Boil it down;

Make it short and crisp and snappy,

Boil it down.

When your brain its coin has minted,

Down the page your pen has sprinted,

If you want your effort printed,

Boil it down.

Take out every surplus letter,

Boil it down;

Fewer syllables the better,

Boil it down;

Make your meaning plain—express it

So we'll know, not merely guess it.

Then, my friend, ere you address it,

Boil it down.

Boil down all the extra trimmings,

Boil it down;

Skim it well, then skim the skimmings,

Boil it down;

When you're sure 'twould be a sin to

Cut another sentence in two,

Send it on, and we'll begin to

Boil it down.

#### THE CHEMICAL AND CONVERSATIONAL CLUB.

Since the organization of the Chemical Club in November, regular monthly meetings have been held and the interest manifested in the work by the members has been exceptionally good and the papers very creditable.

The range of subjects treated in the papers, presented by the members, briefly summarized is as follows:

Acetylene and Its Uses; The Chemistry of Argon; Water, Its Standard of Purity—Organic and Inorganic; The Chemistry of Photography; The Potatoes in Our Food; The Chemistry of Baking Powders; Caffein, Its Properties and Uses; The Chemistry of Helium; A Study of Starches; The Sweets We Eat; From Feldspar to Porcelain; The Chemistry of Aluminum; Caoutchouc and Its Uses; and the Chemistry of Asphaltum. Among the conversational subjects discussed by the members are: A Visit to Stockholm; The Life and Works of Henry George; Brooke Farm and What it Represented; Quo Vadis; and The Lives and Works of Dana, Gladstone and Berzelius.

It is hoped that the Club will be able to continue its work under even more favorable conditions another year, and with the introduction of several new and helpful features.

For the conversational it is proposed to take up the lives and works of the pioneers in chemistry, and with the introduction of a short lecture course, it will be possible to treat of subjects otherwise overlooked.

Dr. Hinebauch visited the College May 31.

## Local Happenings.

June.

Roses.

Posies.

"Other posers."

Where are they?

The merry party.

Some are gone forever.

Sam Powers was a welcome visitor on May 17.

Mr. O. P. Nordby was in Jamestown May 20.

Col. J. P. Power visited the College May 25.

Robert Olsen spent a few days at the farm in Sanborn May 13.

Dr. Stark of Mandan visited his son, Carlyle K. Stark, May 16.

President Worst delivered an address in Moorhead on "Patriotism" May 21.

Love and war cause some to look constantly in the direction of the setting sun.

Misses Worst and Spencer are among the number of happy owners of new bicycles.

Those two orations delivered on the same day acted on one of the professors like C H C I 3.

Harry M. Hicks, of the two year short course, won the medal in the stock judging contest June 16.

The cadets turned out in a body to escort both the cavalry and the infantry to the depot May 25 and 26.

Professor Keene was in Grand Forks May 21, to assist in an entertainment for the Woman's Club at that place.

President Worst and Professors Kaufman, Shepperd and Senn attended the Dairymen's Convention at Oakes June 8-10.

President Worst delivered the Decoration Day address in Lakota May 30. He will also deliver the oration in Mayville July 4.

A. W. Fowler, with '01, who has been in Valparaiso for the year, visited the

College on June 3. Mr. Fowler expects to return to the A. C. next year.

C. M. Hall, '95, is on the Maryland geological survey, and is now working along the Potomac River. He says he is getting to be quite a "tar," and enjoys sailing more than ever.

The hail storm June 2 did considerable damage. The east side of the greenhouse was badly broken and several glass were broken from windows in the College and also in the City.

Circulars have been received announcing the summer school at Grand Forks. They have a large corps of able educators for instruction, and the school will doubtless be a profitable one.

Hon. M. N. Johnson addressed the students in chapel May 19. In a unique way he impressed the lesson that we should never hope to get something for nothing. Earnest work brings its reward.

After seeing the game of base ball in Moorhead, the second team challenged the first for a game, but found they were too young. They were not allowed to make a score, though they did get a few hits.

We are sorry to announce the departure of the Jewett family to California. By their removal the college loses three of its most faithful students. We join in wishing them success in their new home.

Professors McArdle and Bottenfield attended the meeting of the Southeastern Educational Association in Hillsboro May 13-14. Professor Bottenfield was honored by being elected chairman of the meeting.

The past winter was too much for the evergreens on the campus, and nearly all have been replaced with shrubbery and deciduous trees. The few that remain will probably have to be removed next year, as at present they are more red than green.

Mr. Meinecke will sell books in and around Larimore this summer.

The room occupied by "High-pockets" Daly and Piper has recently been "stacked."

A noise in any part of the dormitory leaves no doubt as to the whereabouts of the Colonel.

One of our entomologists observed that the monkeys at the circus were great bug collectors.

The talks on war by Professor Botenfield during chapel exercises were continued during June, and almost all topics were discussed. They were appreciated by those who heard them, and enable many to understand technical points, which before were not clear.

Lieutenant French left to join his company on June 11. Since he has been with us, the military department of the College has been full of life and vigor, and through his teaching, discipline and actions has infused many with military desires and a love for the country that has so lavishly scattered the advantages of education. He has left many friends in Fargo, who would be glad to welcome him back, and we hope when peace is declared he will return as instructor in military tactics at the Agricultural College.

An editorial in The Fargo Argus of May 28, relating to the getting up of volunteer companies contains many statements that are worthy of comment. It gives just credit to the value of the military instruction given at the University and Agricultural College. It speaks the sentiments of all those who have had four years military instruction. It believes them no less patriotic if they refuse to drill (?) under every "Tom, Dick and Harry who probably do not know a gun from a broom handle," and who, in order to get a commission, endeavor to raise volunteer companies. The sentiments of The Argus are patriotic. We do not wish to be slaughtered to win some "linen draper" a soldier's reputation.

Who ate stolen nuts on the dormitory steps one Friday evening?

Professor McArdle sang a solo at the McAllister musical June 10.

Mr. Field's mother and Miss Tumbling is visiting at his home.

Who hung Jimmie Van Kleeck's wheel out of a second story back window? None of the saints seem to know anything about it.

Would it not be a good plan to have an oratorical contest each term and compel those students, who are obliged to give orations, to cater, and have their orations marked as other studies?

What makes Tom Heath so absent-minded lately? Sunday evening, while working on some mathematical problem, he suddenly addressed his roommate thus: "Say, what's the weight of a pound of water?" He wished to ascertain the amount of space occupied by a pound of water.

The following officers were elected by the students' organization for the ensuing year: President, Fredericka Thams; vice president, Chas. Phelan; secretary, Jessie Taylor; treasurer, Lee Greene; editor-in-chief of THE SPECTRUM, Edith Hill; business manager, Charles R. Foley. Under this management THE SPECTRUM will undoubtedly continue to improve in the future as it has in the past.

Tramps occasionally visit the dormitory in search of food. They are always given the privilege of sitting on the back steps while being served with refreshments. Sunday, a short time before the regular dinner hour, two "swell" members of the "profesh" came up for the sole purpose of being served to ice cream. Word of the matter was quietly passed down along the line, windows thrown wide open, and when Meinecke and McGuigan, after their bountiful lunch, rode away on their bikes, many strong voices bade them farewell with such as the following: "Hey! Rubes! Hand-out! Bums! Free lunch! Tramps! O...h!

Mr. Lee, '97, returned from Buxton to be present at the commencement exercises.

Mr. Matson of Mapleton visited the College June 17. He has just returned from attending school at Northfield, Minn.

Of the class of '98 Mr. McGuigan will assist in chemistry at the College. Mr. Bottenfield will teach chemistry at the College of Osteopathy in this city, Miss Smail goes home, Miss Gibson will teach, Mr. Benn will attend a medical college and Mr. Follett is undecided.

This summer President Worst and Professor Shepperd with their wives will visit Yellowstone Park. Professor McArdle will teach at summer school and may also visit the park. Professor Waldron will travel over the state for a few weeks in the interest of farmers and grasshoppers and will then stay at the College. Professor Keene will assist in the summer school and will also visit Chicago at some time during vacation. Professor Bottenfield will probably go to the lakes and return in time to teach at summer school.

The last meeting of the Chemical Club for this college year was held at the residence of Professor Ladd on Monday evening, May 30. After an entertaining and instructive program, refreshments were served by Mrs. Ladd, after which Hugh McGuigan in a few well chosen words in behalf of the Club presented Professor and Mrs. Ladd with a beautiful cut glass vase filled with red roses, as a token of their appreciation for the many benefits derived through the Club. Although taken completely by surprise, both responded, and assured the members that the Club had been a source of enjoyment to them in the past, and heartily invited those who were leaving College to visit the Club in the future whenever possible. This is the first organization of the kind in connection with the Institution, and is a laudable means of instruction and entertainment, which we hope will be followed by others of similar nature.

The chemistry of drinking waters is receiving special attention, and many samples are being analyzed.

Experiment Station Bulletin No. 32 now being mailed was prepared by Professor Ladd and treats of Drinking Water; Soil Humus; Vinegars; Wool Scouring; and Foods.

Crypton is a new element recently discovered by Professor Ramsey. It is a monatomic gaseous element with a probable atomic weight of about 80. It occurs along with argon and helium in the air in about the proportion of one to 20,000.

Several valuable works of reference have been added to the chemical library during the past few weeks, adding much to its usefulness. The "Science Series," treating of the lives and works of early chemists, will be particularly valuable for students studying the rise and development of chemistry.

Professor Ladd's new "Manual of Quantitative Analysis" has been received, and is now used by students in analytical work. It bears the imprint of John Wiley & Sons, New York Chapman & Hall, London. The work has already been adopted for use in several colleges.

The chemical department has recently received one of Dr. Draper's self-recording thermometers. This will prove a valuable addition, not only for meteorological work, but in many lines of experimental work. The department has also recently received a consignment of new apparatus and chemicals from New York.

The seniors preparing their theses in chemical subjects have completed their work and presented theses on the following:

Mr. L. P. Bottenfield—"Creatin and Creatinin."

Mr. F. G. Benn—"Caffein."

Mr. H. McGuigan—"Starches."

Mr. C. O. Follett was excused from thesis work to do special work for the chemical department.

## THE RECEPTION TO THE SOLDIER BOYS.

On May 17 the faculty gave a reception in honor of the cadets who had enlisted and were about to leave for distant climes. Among those who were present and have since gone to the front were Messrs. Andrews, Almen, Brand, Church, Elwin, McGuigan, Murphy, Newman, Henry and Worst. Several others were unable to be present. The evening was very enjoyable, although the thoughts of parting, perhaps forever, touched the bravest. The following toasts were responded to in a very fitting manner:

From Campus to Camp. . . F. J. Newman  
 Breaking Through the Ranks . . . .  
 . . . . . J. M. McGuigan  
 Our Alma Mater . . . . . E. H. Elwin  
 The Girl I Left Behind. E. M. Andrews  
 From the Battlefield of Life to the  
 Battlefield of the Republic. . . . .  
 . . . . . President Worst

Miss Taylor then favored the company with a vocal solo, which was heartily appreciated by all. Before leaving, each of the soldiers was presented with a "housewife," which consisted of needles, thread, thimble, scissors, etc., tastefully arranged by the girls of the College, and calculated to turn back the thoughts of the young soldiers to the girls they left behind, when seas roll between them.

## EXCHANGES.

The June number of the College of Charleston Magazine, Charleston, S. C., contains a condensed but quite thorough article on "Johann Wolfgang von Goethe." In a rather brief discourse the author gives us a good idea of Goethe as a man and as a writer.

The exchange editor of the William and Mary College Monthly, Williamsburg, Va., in the May issue, presents a few thoughts on the subject of "A Critic's Lot." The world's best and only critics have been those who, without fear or favor, regardless of others, have expressed their opinions with perfect independence.

In the May number of The Purdue Exponent, Lafayette, Ind., is an article on "Browning." The writer says: "Browning's greatest value, it seems to me, lies in the fact that he furnishes idle people with something with which to kill time." People with ordinary intellects find it needful to thoroughly study his works before being able to read them advantageously. One who wishes "to kill time" by reading some poem, will not pick up one of Browning's for he has written those which only the deepest of natures can understand.

The Philomath, Framingham, Mass., dedicates its May issue to Co. E, U. S. V. A. at Camp Dewey, Framingham, Mass. It is the nearest high school paper upon our exchange list.

The commencement number of The Mercerian, Macon, Ga., is worthy of comment, because of a well-filled literary department and the cuts of the editorial staff.

The Erskonian, Due West, S. C., is fortunate in possessing an exchange editor who fully realizes the possibilities of an exchange column and who might well be taken as an example by some other exchange editors.

Among all our exchanges the pressman's art reaches the highest stage in the Clemson College Chronicle, Clemson College, S. C.

Only one marble statue of the human figure with eyelashes is known. It is one of the gems of the Vatican, the sleeping Ariadne, and was found in 1503.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters,"

Sighed the boarder with a frown;  
 Add a little salt and pepper,

Call it soup and gulp it down."

The University of California has instituted a training table of scientifically prepared diet, and the results are being carefully noted.—The Orange and Blue.

Married men do not live longer than single ones—it only seems longer.—Exchange.

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