

The Spectrum.

Published by the Students of the North Dakota Agricultural College.

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No. 1.

A Dakota Story.

Over the monotonous stretches of stubble land and black plowed fields, the hot south wind blew steadily, carrying clouds of dust from the plowed and sun-dried lands.

There was nothing refreshing in the wind, nothing to relieve the glare of the sun as it blazed on the level ground, unbroken by shade of tree or hill.

The silent, glum-looking men who followed their plows up and down the long furrows, showed, by their dry, rough skin, their blood-shot eyes, and the heavy coat of dust which covered their faces and filled hair and clothes, the ill-effects of this unfriendly gale.

Some of them with their teams were only tiny, black objects crawling through the haze of heat and dust; two were moving side by side so near that we could hear them socially damning the weather and comparing their teams. Nearest was one who neither swore nor chatted as he walked solitary like many others along the lonely field. He might have been a Negro but for his blue eyes and thin, straight features. He moved wearily, but lacked the air of patient resignation, with which the heavy slow-stepping horses drew their burden. Occasionally he glanced with a passing show of interest at one of his leaders. A colt, evidently newly broken, from its fretting at the bit, incessantly tossed its head. In spite of its dripping sides and foaming mouth, it moved with quick, nervous steps and often jostled against its patient, stolid harness mate. On these occasions the driver would impatiently force the creature into place by no gentle use of whip and rein. At last the twenty miles, which constitute a day's plowing were done, and at the end of the field the plowman set the lever down and turned his horses toward a plain little unpainted house standing on the bleak prairie. His face brightened as the horses put their ears

forward and quickened their steps homeward.

In the bare little house some one else had found the hot, disagreeable day trying to body and mind. The bare pine floors had been laboriously scrubbed clean, and the spare, common furnishings set aright, the swarming flies had been trapped, poisoned or driven out of doors. But where was the use? Did not the wind drive through every crack in window frame and door, and coat everything black, with miniature mountain ranges at the mouth of each larger crevice? And did not baby, rosy fat and solemn, industriously work with the largest range, a perfect Rocky Mountain system, until his tiny blue dress was a sight to behold, and a fine whisker surrounded his rosy mouth and invaded the pink expanse of his cheek?

The supper fire made the tiny rooms hotter than ever, if possible, and flushed the face of the girl mother bending over the inevitable frying pan of pork. As she straightened her tired body and stepped to the table, the frown over the brown eyes deepened. Why? Only flies! In the milk, in the gravy, in the syrup. Only flies, but women know that flies in the wrong place are a veritable Egyptian plague. Horrid little pests; how they clung in black clouds to the side of the house and swarmed in by the twenties during the few seconds she left the screen open in passing through. The frown vanished as the plow team turned into the yard, and baby staggered to the door, flattening his tiny nose against the screen with inarticulate cries of delight, among which "gedap" and "wo back" were distinct. Perhaps it was baby's joyful rush, perhaps it was a combination of torment, fatigue, galling harness and irritated nerves; but just then the colt reared, plunged, and in a frantic struggle for freedom severely kicked its trace

mate, throwing the whole team into confusion.

The teamster gave all his attention to restoring order in the team for the first minute or so, then without a word he began rapidly to separate the cross lines and fasten up traces and reins separately on each horse. The girl in the door watched his face and knew what it spoke. They had disagreed more than once about his treatment of horses. She was a lover of horses and could not understand how a good man could punish the dumb things. And this colt she had petted all its short life.

"Surely you're not going to beat the colt, John," she said in a tone of sympathy for the creature's half-fretful remonstrance.

Then as John made no reply, her voice grew sharper. "If you touch him you're a brute. That's the way with you, to vent your bad temper upon a poor, dumb thing that most likely don't know what you want of it."

The horses were filing off to the watering trough. John held the colt by the bridle, detaining it, and raised the whip in the other hand, cutting the creature again and again, although it dragged him off his feet in its frantic efforts to get free.

The girl turned away, dragging the baby with her and slamming shut the door. "It is no use talking; he is so stubborn he will be only more cruel," she told herself angrily; "men are brutes anyway."

When the tramping of hoofs and swish of the whip had died away, there was no mistaking her attitude toward the dusty figure which slowly made its way to the washstand because of the fat little arms clasped firmly about one knee.

She noticed that he used one arm stiffly in bathing his face and hands, and once he turned up his shirt sleeve and looked at his elbow. So the colt had revenged himself; she was glad of it.

Supper was a very unpleasant meal for all but baby, who tried to make up the lack of conversation by a steady flow of queer little sounds belonging to

no known language, yet managing somehow to convey unlimited cheerfulness and good fellowship. Their silence was nothing to baby, for did not daddy take him up gently as he always did, and did he not fill the round open mouth as often as it was turned up to him?

The girl did not sit down. She was less uncomfortable picking up toys and restoring order in the little sitting room. Soon John was gone and she began to clear the table, quite forgetful of her own supper.

* * * * *

Was John going to be in the stable all night? Surely his arm was not bad enough to make him so slow about the chores. At last he was harnessing the black mare into the cart, going to town for a dressing for the kicked horse's lame shoulder. She could guess that much. Now he was driving off. She wanted several things for the house, but not for the world would she have asked for them. Never before had John omitted to ask what she would like from town.

Baby had wound a bit of white string about the round of a chair, and seated on his own little stool, was having a glorious ride. "Gedap," he cried as he belabored the larger chair with his own precious toy whip. "Wo back; gedap." His mouth opened round, his face grew serious with effort as he slowly sounded the "clk, clk" he had learned from daddy. Something dreadful happened just then. Mamma, who generally was well-behaved, rudely wrenched his dear little whip away so rudely that his fat little hand was all reddened inside. The round mouth went down at the corners most dolorously; the round, astonished eyes fixed on mamma began to fill, and when she repentantly snatched him up and hugged him, his injured feelings vented themselves in a roar of grief. When his crying had subsided she wiped his eyes and hers socially on the same handkerchief. "Now, we'll both be good," she told him, "and mamma will take baby to see the horses." "Gedap," he chuckled; "gedap, horsy." Outside

it was already growing dark and still, as if the wind and sun had gone off to bed together like a pair of noisy, quarrelsome brothers, leaving peace and pleasantness behind.

The stable was still darker, the girl reached her lantern toward the stalls as she stood balanced on the door-sill with baby on one arm. The lantern light fell weirdly on their faces and touched here and there on the great flanks and limbs, the curved necks and intelligent heads turned with momentary inquiry to the door.

From one stall, a big grey whinnied friendly greeting, breaking the stillness. "Gedap," cried baby gleefully, as he was carried into the grey's stall and dumped into the manger half full of soft hay. "Wo back," his voice came remonstrantly from its depths as a big head poked gently against him; then he laughed softly to himself as he hugged the great grey head part way round with his short little arms.

The girl vanished into the outside darkness and appeared with a milk-pail on her arm. As she passed the stalls she patted each horse and spoke to it familiarly as to a friend. By the colt she paused to let him eat a bit of bread from her hand and to stroke his soft mane. She noticed that his bed of straw was unusually thick.

Milking done and the milk strained and put away she returned for her baby and lantern. "Poor daddy won't have to milk when he comes home all tired," she confided to the sleepy bunch on her shoulder, but a deep and peaceful breathing was her only answer.

It seemed much more lonely when baby was comfortably stowed away in bed upstairs. She sat on the doorstep in the darkness, expecting the sound of hoofs and wheels any minute, but no sound broke the stillness except the occasional moving of some creature in the barn.

How silly she had been to speak and act as she did about the colt. Why had she not considered that John was tired out, that the heat and dust had caused him discomfort, and that the colt caused

him endless trouble. What a poor sort of pity it was that could consider a brute and pass over a human in equal need. She rose and went inside, feeling she must overcome her nervousness fast growing on her. The lamplight made everything bright and cheerful. Somehow the room looked more homelike and more pretty in the evening. She set out a lunch as dainty and tempting as she could make it, and climbed up to get the arnica from a high shelf in the pantry. Perhaps John's arm was still lame.

Then she sat down to listen again. How slowly the time dragged. But perhaps the black mare had—but no, John was such a good driver; perhaps tramps had waylaid him—but that was not likely; perhaps—she was drowsy now—on account of rising at four.

She could not have guessed how much or how little time had slipped by when she started up with the sound of wheels in her ears and ran to the door, her eyes still half blind with sleep. "John, can I help you unharness?" Her voice sounded oddly loud to herself as she waited for the response, which failed to come. How very unlike John to hold anger. Yet John must be there, for she could hear hoofs and wheels moving to the well. Again she called and waited in vain for the reply.

Hurt and bewildered, she closed the door and mechanically lighted the lantern. John would surely want it before long. She waited so long for his step at the door, that she began to wonder if the sounds had not been part of a dream, and opening the door, listened again.

The night was intensely black, for heavy clouds hid the stars. Welcome clouds that prophesied a pleasanter tomorrow. No, it was no dream, for now came the sounds again. The thing was moving around the barn, now it stopped, now moved on, now paused again. A horse in the stable waked and whinnied shrilly, but the other horse made no answer, but to drag its wheels again. The listener snatched up her lantern with cold fingers and ran, dread-

ing, yet determined, toward the sound. In the thick blackness the lantern threw a globe of light which glided with her, and soon a horse appeared in the magic globe. Yes, the black, and the cart, too. The reins were under the wheels and were dusty with long dragging. Nothing was broken apparently. She could not guess what had happened, but she must find John. She threw the lines over the dashboard and ran to the house. Baby could not be left alone. Very, very soon she had him bundled in a shawl in her arms and was running back to the cart. But another sound came to her plainly, the galloping of a horse, near and fast, coming nearer, louder and faster—and then in the light streaming from the open door a horse and rider drew up, showing clear as a painting to her eyes. She had tumbled baby on the grass and was standing

pressed close to the panting horse, holding John's arm tightly in both hands before he saw her coming.

"It's all right, little woman, never mind," he said, reassuringly, "I was afraid you'd worry, but it couldn't be helped. My arm got so bad I thought it had better be tended to, and the doctor was off in the country till late."

"Then, when he'd done with me, I found the mare had broken her snap and skipped out, and I got this beast, and—why, little girl!"—John listened with dismay to the sobbing, inarticulate jumble of words apparently issuing from his coat sleeve.

Just then a small figure in white emerged into the path of light, dragging a shawl behind it. "Wo back 'ere," said a small and sleepy voice crossly. "Gedap; wo back."

Jo. Jewett.

Some Comments on Foot Ball.

That season of the year has now arrived when the athlete crowns all his other victories with the brilliant achievements exhibited in a foot-ball game.

To play well demands all the energy his constitution can conserve from the excessive drain of a hot summer day, a trip awheel o'er vast stretches of country bedecked in its summer vesture, or from the unfailing effect of careful and vigorous abstinence.

We see him prepared for the approaching contest. He enters the field of combat with his fellow players, meets his opponents with a firm decided air and with a sensation of overflowing energy. The feeling of untried power that possesses him at such a time can be understood only by a person of active traits and athletic inclinations. He has experienced all the exhilarating sensations of muscular power which prompted him to enter the field day meet of the previous spring, and is stimulated by the thought of the prize to be won.

Then his own interest was concerned. Now, there is no individual medal to be

won; but more than the narrow interest of self, there is the honor of his team and the good name of his own athletic association at stake. On him, may, perhaps, depend the team's success. It is for others that he must do his best, and consequently that best must be better than ever before. How much more sincere and worthy is all effort when the selfish purpose is eliminated. The pomp and glitter of a name, the reward of an individual success is only a passing dream of satisfaction; but a compound victory of fellow beings, of a united student band, like the victory of a political party, is a never-to-be-forgotten event, recorded upon the pages of local history, there to remain until the last trace of interest in that subject has been effaced.

The game begins—the athlete glows with an almost patriotic fervor, as if his very liberty depends upon his efforts. No lagging now—no fear of danger to himself. The suggestion of such a thought is treason. No thought of fatigue or pain enters, to interfere

with the heartiest endeavor in this struggle for championship.

And then when it is all over and his side has won, all the expended energy and breathless anxiety is fully repaid by the feeling of supreme satisfaction which follows. The shouts from the on-looking crowd, the cheers and congratulations from his college mates, especially if he has proved himself more than ordinarily efficient in the struggle, are like the music of a martial drum—beat to the victorious warrior. And it is only when quiet reigns, where so much of tumult was, that he feels the reaction from his almost superhuman efforts.

But in spite of his discomforts there is uppermost the desire to repeat the exertion, to win once more the palm of victory; or should it happen to be defeat instead, to try again, with even more zeal, to win the next game.

Such is the experience of every genuine athlete in this interesting game. The less daring have ridiculed the players for their wealth of foot-ball hair; they have condemned the game as a "human dog-fight" and have denounced it as a relic of barbarism. But to those who thoroughly understand the game—its ups and downs, ins and outs—it appears in a different light. If the danger is an important objection to it, then all forms of athletic sport should be abandoned, for there is danger in all; not in the same degree, perhaps, but for the excess of danger in foot-ball there is the greater remuneration in the strength and power obtained from the extraordinary practice. Then, too, if the rules are strictly observed, and a strong sense of uprightness and honor be maintained, the game not only increases in interest but is relieved of its horrors.

The players who take part in the game most earnestly and thoroughly have also proved themselves capable in intellectuality and have stood the test of long and hard study with the same unflinching steadfastness that characterizes them in foot-ball.

Then let the game proceed. Bring on your champions and train them thor-

oughly. There are many students in our college who can swell the ranks and help the association to keep up its reputation in foot-ball. There is much of hard work to be done, for we must be the winners. Upon this year's result depends the championship. Let the boys take an interest, win the laurels; and the girls will do their share as best becomes their station. If you have any ability or talent for the game, you owe it to your institution to take an active part.

C. B. B.

WHAT DO THE FACULTY DO?

What do the faculty do, my son?

What do the faculty do?

With dog and gun they are A No. 1.

They are sportsmen, tried and true.

But what do the faculty do, my boy?

What do the faculty do?

They are all sure to be at the last comedy.

They're play-goers through and through.

But what do the faculty do, my son?

What do the faculty do?

In the "gym" or field they never yield,

They are athletes, good and true.

But what do the faculty do, my boy?

Say, what do the faculty do?

They draw their pay in the regular way,
In the faculty way, that's true.

But what do the faculty do, my boy?

Say, what do the faculty do?

They sit and scrap for college pap.

They are scrappers, I tell you.

What do the faculty do, my son?

Now, what do the faculty do?

When to class we go, they give us an "O."

They are scholars wise and true.

The many friends of Mr. C. M. Hall will be pleased to hear of his successful trip to Baltimore, Md. He receives full credit for the work done in this College and enters on his post graduate work in Johns Hopkins University for the degree of Ph. D. on an equal basis with graduates from Yale, Harvard and Princeton. Mr. Hall is the first to represent North Dakota in Johns Hopkins, and the State may well be proud of the Agricultural College, whose graduates rank so well.

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GREETING.

With this issue THE SPECTRUM begins its second volume, and during the year we plan to make several changes. We shall use a smaller type than last year; we shall aim to bring to the attention of our friends and neighbors the work that is being done in the College; to awaken a deeper interest in the literary societies; to encourage and aid the athletic spirit; and to make THE SPECTRUM a paper worthy of the support of the entire College.

We realize that more will be demanded of us this year, and we hope we may meet that demand. Some valuable lessons were learned during last year's experience. Then everything was new. We had no "files" for reference and guide. The managers had had no experience in rustling for "ads" and a subscription list, and if the progress during the second volume be as clearly defined as during the first, the editors will feel they have been successful.

The College opens with about the same number enrolled as last year, but with a larger number of applications

from students who expect to be here the last of this month. Considering the yield of wheat for this year, the enrollment is very encouraging: for it is well known that the crop determines the possibility of many a young man's or young woman's attending college. The advance in price has to some extent made up for the small yield, and as the College becomes known over the State it will reach students who have heretofore gone to other states for training. Why pay the additional cost of going to Minneapolis or farther east when such advantages are offered at home? This College has a faculty of young educators who are working hard to place the School at the head of its kind, and who feel very much encouraged when a graduate is received in such an institution as Johns Hopkins, on an equal basis with graduates from our best universities.

Profiting by experiences of last year, let us, as students, begin now to prepare ourselves for the special work which we know is in future store for us. We found last year that beginning too late to prepare for the oratorical contest was not a way to carry off the honors. Let us see, for the coming year, if hard, earnest work put in in due season will not do more for success than will high hopes and mere words. We cannot win unless we are sincere. Let all our work, then, whether it be the daily routine or the less common efforts at society be imbued by enough of our personality to distinguish it from any similar attempts in that line. Under such conditions, if we suffer defeat, the blow does not fall so heavily upon us, for we feel quite well repaid in the effort that has been put forth.

An interesting feature in The Cosmopolitan Magazine for those connected with college work is its series of articles on modern college education by men amply qualified to present in the most comprehensive and philosophical manner, the issues that arise. The current number of The Cosmopolitan contains, perhaps, the most striking of the seven

papers so far published, but that is no more than we would expect, perhaps, from its author, Grant Allen. But if Mr. Allen is bold and somewhat startling in the standpoint he takes, it is, perhaps, more of a reflection upon the peculiarities of college education than upon the insight and wisdom of Mr. Allen himself. So thorough and almost instructive an evolutionist as Mr. Allen, naturally studies the conditions of the past as the only explanation of our customs in the present. Going back to a not very distant educational era, he points out that in Europe, from the tenth to the fifteenth century, there was practically no education except the clerical, and hence the training in the universities was an education of Latin with a small amount of mathematics and philosophy, Greek being added upon the revival of learning.

While there is considerable difference between that and modern college education, yet the change is in no way commensurate with the great revolution that has been wrought in society itself.

While Mr. Allen gives no reason for this, yet there is no mistaking the cause. Only within the memory of the generation just passing has any form of public education been closely allied to the problem of the struggle for existence, and since the older education was scarcely more than an ornamental acquisition, not the arming of a man in the struggle for shelter and food, we would hardly expect its changes to be far reaching and profound.

Mankind can better afford to cling to its old practices in the lines lying outside the struggle for life and material prosperity, and for that reason alone we find modern battleships and ancient theologies, dynamos, telephones, giant manufactories and six years' grinds in Greek and Latin, all in vogue at the same time and among the same people.

The question "why?" finds no answer in common sense and reason: we can only plead the force of custom.

This fact is simply another illustration of the general law that men as a mass do not adopt anything new, because of

its reasonableness, but are led into new departures only when the struggle for an existence or a more comfortable existence, demands it.

To return to Mr. Allen's discussion, he finds that even when the admission is made that Greek and Latin are not really the things now demanded as the principal part of an education, the tendency is still to cling to the old methods and substitute not a knowledge of things—science in its broadest sense—but modern languages, particularly French and German.

This is an advantage in one respect, that these languages are more apt to have a general utility than the older ones. Whenever a special need for these languages does exist, of course they should become a part of the person's education, but it is a mistaken idea to thrust them in as a necessary part of an education of even a liberally educated man.

So much really needs to be learned in order to obtain even a fair understanding of those things that affect our comfort and progress most, that students cannot afford to spend years on lines that do not give them this knowledge.

The advantage of language study simply for the mental training it gives, Mr. Allen sets aside as not worthy of consideration. The observation and understanding necessary, quickly and accurately, to classify plants, for instance, is evidence of higher mental training than could be obtained through ten years' study of Greek.

One who sets about to obtain knowledge in whatsoever line he may, will soon find himself confronted daily with problems that will exercise his powers of analysis and put his logical faculties to a test not at all required of him who remembers pages of rules or the meanings of hundreds of words.

And the knowledge obtained in the first instance makes for something. By it a man adjusts himself to nature and society in such a way as makes for his peace of mind and body. He is useful because of his knowledge of that by

which existence is made easier; and according to the measure of his usefulness he will prosper.

Not only in Mr. Allen's paper, but in the whole series, all by well-known and able men, colleges like our own find the greatest encouragement.

Agricultural colleges should surely not be the last among educational institutions to recognize the reasonableness of the position now so universally advocated by our most advanced thinkers and educators.

Inasmuch as colleges like this were brought into existence through the demand for educational institutions having a direct and practical relationship to their own age and generation, then we have no reason for existence if we retreat from our original position to please the whims of those who would make us as other colleges are.

We cannot afford to barter our mission for a little supposed popularity by putting into our curriculum certain studies having a pretended dignity and advantage simple to meet other institutions on their own ground.

Let it be freely owned and even proclaimed that our aims and purposes do differ in many particulars from those of other institutions, especially since most of these devote a large part of their curriculum to subjects that are not only inferior to the sciences in furnishing mental discipline, but whose practical value departed ages ago.

Since it is our glory to live in an age of research and invention in which man derives greater benefit and discipline from insight into nature's laws and knowledge of her objects than from familiarity with languages dead and gone or different than our own, we should not as a college, be a drag upon the activity of our own age, but rather a moving energy educating men and women along new and useful lines.

Such an education not only leaves a student better equipped and disciplined, but places him face to face with living issues which are intimately connected

with the welfare of the race and to which he may well devote his whole life. It supplies to his hand, if not a vocation, at least a field in which he may exercise his powers to the greatest advantage.

Such subjects as the laws governing the development and origin of cultivated plants open an infinitely wider and more fertile field for mental training than the laws governing Latin terminations, to say nothing at all of the comparative usefulness of these different lines.

While it may be emphasized that an agricultural college is not merely a place where one may learn to farm, still less is its mission to propagate educational features that have nothing better to commend them than their age and supposed respectability.

All of our great industries rest upon complex laws full of the greatest interest and requiring the most thoroughly trained human skill and intelligence to comprehend. It is the province of agricultural colleges to so arrange and apply these, through the work of its curriculum, that students will find themselves in intelligent communication with nature—for she is our life-long companion—and at the same time able to apply this intelligence to the very worthy purpose of securing such an existence as will provide for our worthiest needs and ambitions.

A MARRIAGE IN KANSAS.

A Kansas newspaper prints the following marriage ceremony that was delivered a short time ago: "Wilt thou take her for a pard, for better or for worse, to have, to hold, to fondly guard until hauled off in a hearse? Wilt thou let her have her way, consult her many wishes, make the fire every day, and help her with the dishes? Wilt thou give her stuff, her little purse to pack; buy a boa, muff and seal skin sacque? Wilt thou comfort and support her father and mother, Aunt Jemima and Uncle John, three sisters and a brother? His face grew pale and blank; it was too late to jilt, and as through the chapel floor he sank, he said 'I wilt.'"

ATHLETICS.

Foot-ball at the North Dakota Agricultural College.

Again the foot-ball enthusiasts have donned their canvas-suits and are seen regularly upon the College "grid-iron" preparing for the annual game between the A. C. and the U. N. D.

The training of the team is about the same as in the preceding years. Mr. J. Tilney (coach) ex-Harvard half-back, puts them through a series of tackling, falling on the ball, punting and catching; followed by a line-up against the second team and substitutes.

Before retiring from the field, every man goes upon the track for a run, varying from one to two miles.

The management has secured some very good games for the season, and will endeavor to establish a circuit consisting of the U. N. D., Duluth H. S., St. Cloud Normal, St. Cloud H. S., and St. Paul H. S. teams.

All of these Minnesota teams are well organized and in the past have coped successfully with many of the older college teams.

The schedule for this year will be as follows for the A. C. team, with, perhaps, a change or two in dates and possibly some additional games;

Agricultural College against St. Cloud Normal at St. Cloud, Oct. 23.

Agricultural College against University North Dakota at Fargo, Oct. 30.

Agricultural College against University North Dakota at Grand Forks, Nov. 8.

Agricultural College against St. Cloud Normal at Fargo, Nov. 13.

Agricultural College against St. Paul High School at Fargo, Nov. 20.

The team and management are working to win and to place in the treasury of the Athletic Association sufficient money to complete the equipment of the gymnasium, thus putting on a solid basis our facilities for athletic training during the winter, preparatory to the athletic contest in the spring.

In order to accomplish these ends it is necessary that every student take an interest in the team's practice and in the work of selling tickets for and adver-

tising the home games.

Do not fail to say a good word for the foot-ball, for college enthusiasm will awaken Fargo enthusiasm and secure Fargo's financial support.

ADDITIONS TO FACULTY.

Prof. A. M. Ten Eyck, the newly elected assistant in Agriculture, is now with us and is busily engaged in the Experiment Station. Professor Ten Eyck is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, having taken the degree of B. Agr. at that institution in 1893. He acted in the capacity of assistant to Professor King, in the Department of Agricultural Physics, at the Wisconsin Experiment Station for a time after graduating. He comes to our institution from the Colorado Agricultural College, from which he took the degree M. S. last June. During the summer and fall since graduation he filled the position of assistant in the Colorado Experiment Station and refused a position as permanent assistant there, to take the place in our College and Experiment Station. Professor Ten Eyck will have charge of the classes in Soil Physics and Farm Mechanics in the College and will assist Professor Shepperd in field work and cultivation experiments in the Experiment Station. Professor Ten Eyck has also been a practical farmer for a number of years, so that he has a thorough appreciation of the needs of the agricultural classes of our state.

The English and Modern Language Department has been strengthened by the addition of an assistant, Mrs. Eva E. Boyles, who now has charge of the German and French classes. Professor Boyles made her preparation in German and French in Europe, studying both in Berlin and in Paris. She speaks both languages fluently. She has already organized large classes in both languages and is creating among the students a desire for a more varied culture than has hitherto been offered. With this new feature in the European languages, and the strengthening of the English Department proper, the College can successfully compete in this respect as well as in all others with any of its neighbor institutions.

Local Happenings.

Where are our new rifles?

Co. A. formed for drill Wednesday, Oct. 6.

Miss Marie B. Senn is living at Professor Bolley's.

The dormitory was given a coat of calcimine during vacation.

Dr. and Mrs. Hinebauch left Oct. 2 for their new home near Tower City.

Lieutenant French has been assigned a class in algebra and the class in physiology.

Room "C" will be used by Mr. Ten Eyck for an office and for work in soil physics.

Several rooms in the main building have been much improved by a coat of calcimine.

Rev. E. F. Miller delivered an address before the college Y. M. C. A. Sunday, Oct. 10.

The strong wind Oct. 13 blew down three chimneys on the east side of the new chemical laboratory.

Professor Shepperd is cosily domiciled in the room previously occupied as an office by Professor Ladd.

The store room in the basement of the main building has been renovated and is now used for a coat room.

Lieutenant French has rented the home of Dr. S. T. Satterthwaite on North Broadway and will soon move in.

Rev. E. F. Miller, the singing evangelist from Chicago, attended chapel exercises, Monday, Oct. 11, and favored us with a solo.

Professor Shepperd buys the property on Ninth Street, two doors north of Professor Bolley—and thus adds another to "Faculty Row."

The old chemical laboratory has been divided, and Professor Waldron will use the east room for an office. The west room will be class room "A."

Theoretical military two days a week for the three lower classes in college, and one lecture a week for all in the

company, are additional features in the military department.

Mrs. M. F. Holderman, who has been matron at the dormitory for several years, in fact, since the dormitory was built, has removed to the city, and Mrs. Nichol has been selected as matron.

Students living at the dormitory will have excellent opportunities for study this year. They are not permitted to go down town after 7 o'clock p. m., without special permission from the matron.

Prof. J. A. Jeffery will soon leave for Madison, Wis., where he has accepted a position similar to the one he holds here but at a material increase in salary. We regret very much to lose Mr. Jeffery but at the same time congratulate him on his good fortune.

The new drill hall will be used for a gymnasium, and as it is located near the track, will be valuable as a dressing room during the field day sports. It is large enough to be used for a tennis court during the winter months, and, no doubt, some of our tennis enthusiasts will see that it is utilized.

I. McBain of Bottineau has entered the Agricultural College for another year. A good example for the young men of our state. The faculty are doing much to make it profitable for those who attend.—The Banner. We are grateful to The Baner for this complimentary notice.

The following needs no explanation:

Mr. Elmer E. Kaufman,

Miss Maude Forbes,

Married,

Thursday, September the Thirtieth, Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-seven. Highland, Kansas.

The SPECTRUM extends congratulations.

The Chemical Department has been very busy for three weeks with sugar beet analysis. The Nelson County Herald offered a prize to the farmer raising the best sugar beets in '97. Professor

Ladd sent the results of the analyses to the Farmers' Meeting held in Lakota Oct. 16.

Electric lights have been put in at the farm house.

Several of the faculty attended the state fair at Mandan.

Mr. L. Waldron visited at Mapleton a few days during vacation.

One hundred seventy-nine students attended the summer school.

The freshman girls are canning and preserving fruit, making jellies, pickles, etc.

County Superintendent Davis conducted classes in civics during the summer school.

The program for public orations for this term has been completed and "invitations" issued.

During the summer school the dormitory was filled to overflowing, there being three students in a room.

President Worst attended the fair at Devils Lake and delivered an address on "Evolution of Agriculture."

The classes in Household Economics are larger than ever before. Some of the sections meet in the forenoon.

New shelves and cases have been added to the museum, and several new zoological specimens placed therein.

Professor Elton Fulmer, from the State Agricultural College, Pullman, Wash., visited the college, Oct. —.

Several students have entered the two years' short course, as outlined in the special circular issued during the summer.

Miss Katharine C. Laffin, from the Mayville Normal School, was one of the instructors in the training school held during August.

Supt. W. G. Crocker and thirty teachers from Ransom County attended the summer school. Superintendent Crocker conducted classes in geography.

Nine volumes of "Rothamsted Memoirs," by Lawes and Gilbert, have recently been added to the library. Lawes

and Gilbert are pioneers in experiment work in Rothamsted, Eng., and the volumes are a valuable addition to the station literature.

The freshman girls are beginning to plan for their annual dinner party, which they arrange and serve to their invited guests—the boys of their class.

The dormitory will be locked at 10:30 p. m., and students who find it necessary (?) to be out later than that time must settle with the janitor.

The Department of Domestic Science is proud of new apparatus in the laboratory. Among the new pieces is an electric griddle which can also be used as a stove.

President Worst attended a farmers' meeting in Lakota, held under the auspices of The Nelson County Herald, and delivered an address on "Improvement in Agriculture."

The faculty are encouraged by the number enrolled for advanced work during the summer. There were large classes in geometry, algebra, physics, literature and rhetoric.

The ladies' class in Physical Training, under the direction of Miss Senn, starts out with a large attendance. Some members of this class are very faithful in their daily training.

About a year ago the Colorado Agricultural College dismissed a professor without assigning any reason. The district court has decided the professor is entitled to his salary for damages.

Professors Ladd and Waldron attended the "American Association for the Advancement of Science" and the "Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Science," which met in Detroit, Mich., early in August. During the same week and at the same place Professor Ladd attended the "American Chemical Association," and Professor Waldron a meeting of the "Entomological Association."

The drill hall will be ceiled in a short time, and arrangements will be completed to heat the building by steam. Lieutenant French expects to have a

target placed in one end of the hall for rifle and pistol practice.

Tucker and Schollander are as enthusiastic about foot-ball as ever.

C. W. Buttz, '00, is a member of the junior class in University of Minnesota. He is a "sub" for their foot-ball team.

Miss Senn spent part of her vacation studying under Helen Campbell at Manhattan, Kan., and later she did work at the Armour Institute in Chicago. She visited the Lewis Institute at Chicago and the manual training high school in Kansas City, Mo., and the Department of D. E. in Agricultural College of Minnesota.

The high school foot-ball team played a game with our second team Saturday, Oct. 16. They gave evidence of little practice by their poor team plays, but have material for a strong team. The second team did good work and will supply strong players for the first team. The playing of Clyde, Greene and Meinecke was worthy of commendation. Agricultural College won by a score of 40 to 6. Come again high school.

The Athenian Literary Society held its first meeting for this year Saturday evening, Oct. 9. After roll call the following program was rendered:

Piano solo Mabel Spencer
 President's address F. J. Newman
 Essay "The Klondyke" B. F. Meinecke
 Recitation—"The Whistling Regiment" Angie Gibson
 Vocal solo Jessie Taylor
 Reading—"A Back-log Study"
 Annie Small
 Society reporter M. C. Henry
 Piano solo Edith L. Hill

President Worst, Dr. T. D. Hinebauch and Professor Bolley attended the meeting of Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations held in Minneapolis in July. Professor Bolley read a paper on "Typhoid Serum-Diagnosis," which was printed in the September issue of The Journal of Comparative Medicine and Veterinary Archives; and another on Apparatus for Bacteriological Sam-

pling of Well Waters." This paper was published in "Centralblatt für Bakteriologie," in Germany.

BOTANY AND ZOOLOGY.

The list of the plants native to the state is nearing completion.

The seniors are studying comparative histology of plants, and comparative osteology.

The sophomores, under the direction of Mr. Field, are putting in three hours a day upon the elements of zoology.

The herbarium has been moved to the room previously occupied for an office by Dr. Hinebauch.

Professor and Mrs. Bolley spent a few days at the home of Mr. J. A. Power of the class of '95. Mr. Power is manager of the Helendale stock farm.

Professor Bolley read a paper before the general session at the meeting of Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations held in Minneapolis. His subject was "An Experiment; Its Inception and Further Procedure," and the paper was published in full in the proceedings of the society.

MECHANICAL ITEMS

The class in woodwork reported for duty Monday, Oct. 4.

Room "I" has been supplied with seats similar to those in the chapel.

The mechanical building is now supplied with gas and sewer connections.

At a recent meeting of the board, the Mechanical Department was changed to the Department of Mechanics and Physics.

The new dark room is complete and furnishes excellent opportunity for photographic work and the preparation of lantern slides.

A new, large induction coil and Crooke's tubes have been added to the physical apparatus and several interesting examinations have been made.

The office room left vacant by Professor Shepperd will be fitted up for a testing room, and the new set of standard weights and measures, together with

various other testing apparatus, will soon be moved in.

Another improvement has been made in the signal for recitation periods. This time a clock attachment has been added and the bells ring as "regularly as clockwork."

This department made an exhibit at the Mandan fair and the x-ray apparatus attracted considerable attention. With it a needle was located in a woman's hand, and the point of an awl in a man's hand.

During this school year the mechanical department will finish, among other machines, a four-horse-power upright reversible engine, which will probably be used as a power to operate the machinery of the shop. A new Prony brake will also be constructed.

The new heating plant, which will soon be installed, is an improved type of high pressure boilers. This system of heating the three buildings from one central station will decrease the fuel item considerably, and as it is a high pressure boiler, it will supply the power for the mechanical building.

EXCHANGES.

The Georgetonian, of Georgetown, Ky., is one of our interesting exchanges.

The United States is the only country in the world that spends more for education than for war equipment.

The University of Wisconsin is probably the only college in the United States that has no chapel exercises. Exchange.

The Buff and Blue, of Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., appears upon our exchange list and is a magazine of high literary value.

An Ann Arbor student says they have just two rules, namely: Students must not burn the college buildings nor kill any of the professors.—Exchange.

A debating league has been organized by the University of Wisconsin, the University of Michigan, the University of Chicago and Northwestern University.

True college spirit is an evidence of a broad mind. Not everyone can be an orator, nor an athlete, nor a musician; but everyone can and ought to have

an interest in the different lines of college life.

The commencement edition of The Daily Palo Alto, dedicated to the class of '97, of Stanford University, contains an able address entitled "The Passing of Plato," by Prof. Oliver Jenkins.

A good suggestion from one of the societies is found in a copy of The Yankton Student. The parts of various members are graded by the critic and a record kept. Thus good work is stimulated.

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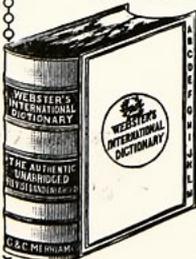
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