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OF THE
Kansas State Agricultural College



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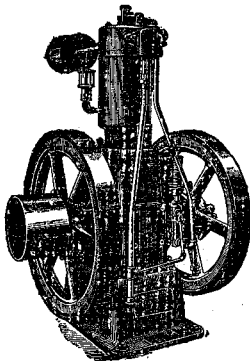
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"Haunted Sentry Box," Morro Castle, San Juan, Porto Rico.

THE ALUMNUS

VOL. VI.

MANHATTAN, KAN., JUNE, 1908.

NO. 10

A Trip to the Virgin Islands.

By Darwin S. Leach, '81.

I found it necessary, for business reasons, during the month of March last, to make a trip to the Virgin Islands. As the regular lines of steamers between Porto Rico and the Lesser Antilles are few and their trips far between, I was forced to seek other means of transportation. Fortune favored me, for I obtained permission from the commandant of San Juan Naval Station to make the passage on the navy tug "Potomac" that plies between San Juan and our coaling station at Culebra Island. This tug extends her trips once a month to the Virgin Islands in search of supplies for the marines, and incidentally to give the boys an occasional holiday. There were other passengers. Some of them were married men who had their fractional part with them.

Now, this tug has something of a reputation in the navy, if anything inanimate can be said to have a reputation. In her voyage to the Pacific when she towed the dry dock Dewey, she won for her commander well-deserved fame as a navigator and for herself the name of being the worst roller on the navy list.

We left San Juan in a storm. As we steamed out of the harbor I was sitting on the "fantail," as the sailors call it, pointing out to some friends the different points of interest that could be seen from the deck, such as the "haunted centry box," the hole made in Morro Castle by one of Sampson's shells, etc. The tug's deck had been loaded with supplies for the naval station at Culebra. The fantail was piled high with vermouth,

cognac, beer in barrels and kegs, cigars, and other similar necessities of life for the boys on the marine corps. Beer suggests ice, of which we had about four tons. I was sitting on a beer keg nursing a knee and negotiating a Havana filler made in Porto Rico and from Connecticut tobacco.

On leaving the harbor we changed our course from due north or against the storm to due east. As we made the turn the tug lurched to windward just in time to ship a huge sea. The wave caught the fantail broadside on, raked us in splendid style, and before we knew where we were "at" we were so much flotsam on a sea of beer and ice.

I have made a good many trips in my life with a cargo of beer in a "schooner" and with myself as chief pilot, but that was my first experience with keg beer in a tug. My discourse on Porto Rico came to an abrupt termination, of course, for both lecturer and audience suddenly lost all interest in the holes and history of Morro Castle.

Our trip to Culebra lasted about six hours. The wind blew a gale. The rolling of the little giant was something to be remembered, and with every roll we shipped a sea. We would roll to port and lose a keg of beer. Then to starboard and drop a cake of ice, or some other article of our cargo. Again, the tug would take the "bone in her teeth" and in answer to her powerful screw would plunge headlong into a wave which raked us fore and aft, leaving her foam-streaked wake strewn with the debris of unsmoked cigars and un-

corked jags. Culebra is a hilly, treeless island. Why the Spaniards should call it Culebra, or "Snake," I can't imagine. The harbor is small, but well protected and of good anchorage. It's a dismal place, and, with the single exception of Midway Island in the Pacific, it is the most lonesome of all our Uncle's possessions. Exclusive of a mere handful of marines, the only inhabitants are a few native Porto Ricans and St. Thomas negroes, possibly three hundred all told, living in miserable shacks and eking out an existence the Lord only knows how or why.

As the Potomac rolled up to the pier I asked a very courteous official—Uncle Sam's officials are always courteous—dressed in a duck suit of snowy whiteness, what chance there was to get a night's lodging in that metropolis of the Caribbean. "Excellent," he said, "excellent; just take one of these officers by the nape of the neck and chuck him into the street and occupy his bed."

"But," I said, "suppose he kicks?"

"Oh! he won't kick," he replied, "that is what Uncle Sam pays us for. We are here solely for the benefit of globe trotters, commercial travelers, and missionaries to the heathen."

"What's the show for a meal?" I somewhat timidly interrogated.

"First class," he said, "provided you have brought it with you."

"And if I haven't?"

"Then you are going to regret it," he answered.

The prospect was certainly encouraging. I surveyed those bleak, wind-swept hills with a feeling that globe trotting has its disadvantages. As one can sleep anywhere in the tropics, I gave my first attention to the inner man.

On a slope of a hill, a matter of a half mile or more from the pier, there is a collection of about a half dozen shacks made of stray boards and kerosene tins. I made a bee-line for the

nearest. I found it occupied by an antediluvian but good-natured St. Thomas "auntie," who, in exchange for a half dollar, agreed to ransack the neighborhood in search of food. She succeeded in finding a few eggs, a slice of ancient ham, and a piece of bread that had seen many and better days. But the Spaniards say that for the hungry man there is no such thing as hard bread.

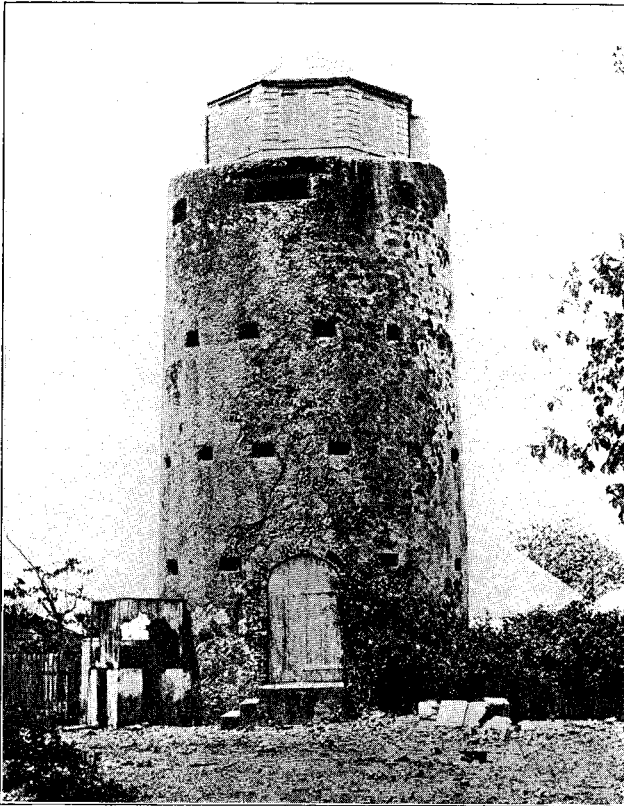
After disposing of all the visible food supply and exacting a promise from auntie that I should have something equally nice and appetizing for the following morning, I returned to the tug. Some of my fellow passengers secured a boat and went up the bay on a voyage of discovery, where, in another collection of shacks, they found lodgings and something to eat. The married men fared better. The wives of the officers made room by some hook or crook for the ladies of the party and their hubbies, but your baldheaded old bachelor scribe had to shift for himself as best he might. That the whole world looks out for a married man, while a single man must hustle for himself, is a truth that has been brought most painfully to my notice on more than one occasion.

The next matter to engage my attention was a bed. The bed of the tropics is usually a canvas cot and a mosquito bar, but on the night in question I had neither the one nor the other. Through the kindness of the captain of the tug, I occupied a settee in the tug's dining-room, where I passed the night dreaming of ice-cold beer and wishing I had it.

The following morning my newfound auntie failed to make good. I had cleaned out the camp. To a man up a tree it looked as though I should be compelled to tighten up my belt and wait till we had reached St. Thomas. The captain again came to my aid with an offer of tea, toast, and hash. It's a safe bet that the offer was not made more than once.

While waiting for the tug to get ready for our journey to St. Thomas, I surveyed our Gibraltar of the West Indies. Guns and fortifications are conspicuous through their absence, as usually happens in our coaling sta-

consisting of a mule and a cart. But it went the way of all American transportation systems. It fell into the hands of the Great Receiver. The mule died. But the commandant rose to the occasion. We Americans al-



"Black Beard's Castle," St. Thomas, W. I.

tions. There is a receiving ship called the "Alliance," a few coal barges, a hospital, a reservoir for water, a few cheap barracks, some gingerbread buildings for the officers, a small pier just strong enough to keep the tug from drifting out to sea, thirty or forty marines, a club, and a band.

In conversation with the pier guard the night before I learned that there was a time when the island had been supplied with a rapid transit system,

ways do. He decided to not wait for another mule. He would be compelled to write to Teddy who, in turn, would send a special message to Congress. Uncle Joe would consider it. Senator Hale would sleep on it a year or two, and Tillman would probably ask for an investigation. As he wished to get something done before he went on the retired list, the commandant harnessed the marines to the cart. This conduct added to his reputation as a

man of resources, but was somewhat damaging to discipline. From that day to this the initials U. S. M. C. (United States Marine Corps) have taken on a new meaning, in that island at least, for they now stand for "Uncle Sam's Mule Carts."

We left for St. Thomas at eight o'clock. The sea was rough, but nothing compared with the day before. The storm, as I learned later, had done considerable damage in the Caribbean, particularly at St. Kits, where a number of vessels of small tonnage were blown on the shore and the sugar crop badly damaged.

We reached St. Thomas about 10:30. No sooner did we drop anchor than the tug was surrounded by a crowd of boatmen, clamorous for recognition. The negroes' failing for big words and mouth-filling titles was noticeable in the names painted on the boats. The "Duke of Edinburg" was at open warfare with "Champagne Charley," and history repeated itself when "Rhode Island" exchanged cuss words with "Tennessee." I took a fancy to Champagne Charley—force of habit, probably—and for the modest sum of ten cents was safely landed on the quay at Charlotte Amalia.

Not one of you who read these lines could have told where Charlotte Amalia is located. You will look for it on the maps in vain, for as a geographical expression it has long since been relegated to the limbo of the obsolete.

Charlotte Amalia is the official name for the capital of the Danish West Indies. As it is the only town on the island of St. Thomas, the people have steadfastly refused to make any distinction between the town and the island itself, and the fact that Charlotte Amalia ever had an existence is known only to the student of history or the inquisitive globe trotter.

During the twenty and odd years of my travels in the tropics of the earth, I have never seen a prettier town than St. Thomas. The view from the deck

of the steamer as one enters the harbor is picturesque in the extreme. The town is situated on the southern slope of a low mountain. The mountain side gives it a terrace formation which brings nearly every building into view. The buildings are solidly built of brick of varying colors, cream and white predominating, while the roofs in many cases are painted a bright red. There are a number of open spaces or parks which have been planted with cocoanut or royal palms and the savory, life-giving tamarind. The dark, green foliage of the parks and gardens and of the wooded mountain slope standing above and around the town and harbor, combined with the vivid colors of the houses, give to St. Thomas a color scheme beautiful beyond compare.

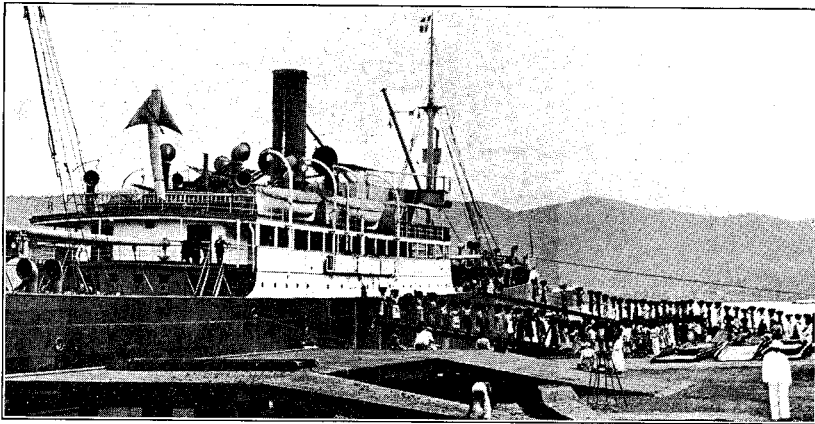
The island is very small, less than forty square miles in area, and St. Thomas is different from any other town in the world in one respect. It has no agriculture to support it. The ground is very stony and the slope of the hills is so sharp no agriculture is possible except an occasional patch of vegetables and a few cattle. The town lives exclusively from its commerce with the surrounding islands. It is a free port, while in all the islands about it high duties are paid, particularly on liquor and tobacco. Traffic of some kind, either licit or illicit, is and always will be the life of the people. Mercury, the patron and protector of merchants and thieves, is their only deity, and to no other have they ever offered sacrifice.

Denmark took formal possession of the islands and began the work of colonization in 1666. Their history prior to that date—that is to say between discovery and colonization—has never been written and never will be. That they have a history there is no doubt, and every page, if it could be written, would be found filled with records of lust, rapine, and murder. In those days Spain was pouring the

treasures of Mexico and Peru into Europe. Vera Cruz and Carthagena were the ports of departure for numberless vessels loaded with the spoils of the Aztecs and the Incas. The greed for gold and the lust of conquest led to endless wars between European nations. The resulting lawlessness on the high seas, the unsettled condition of the western hemisphere made legitimate trade and commerce very

with ports for the use of guns. By whom built is not known, but they antedate Danish occupation.

The colonization was followed by the introduction of slavery. Europe needed sugar and tobacco in constantly increasing quantities, and the slave trade flourished in consequence, particularly on the island of St. Croix (Santa Cruz, Holy Cross—take your choice), the largest of the group,



Women Loading Coal.

precarious and gave to many a "gentleman of leisure" his opportunity, and piracy became a fine art, fostered by capital, connived at by governments, and blessed by religion. The geographical location of St. Thomas on the trade routes between Spain and her possessions, its small size—a mere pimple on the face of nature not worth the trouble to occupy—its magnificent harbor, all conspired to make the island an ideal rendezvous for pirates and buccanniers.

In support of the belief that it was used for some such purpose, we have two grim and silent witnesses in the shape of two towers or forts still standing above the town, to which the people have given the high-sounding titles of "Bluebeard's Castle" and "Blackbeard's Castle." Both are well built of masonry and are pierced

where they have some plantations. St. Croix has a peculiar interest for us, as it was the home of Alexander Hamilton before he came to the colonies.

Through the prohibition of the slave trade on the high seas by England and the United States in the early part of the nineteenth century, slavery was deemed piracy, and the port again had its opportunity and became the home of the slave trade.

St. Thomas has been a free port since 1764. European merchants established branches and made the island a port for orders for all vessels plying the Spanish main. Naturally, then, the port became the home of the smugglers and the "contrabandista." Dealers in contraband, either of goods or slaves, plied their trade between St. Thomas and Cuba, Haiti, Santo Do-

mingo, Porto Rico, and other countries of the Western Hemisphere. The profits were enormous, and fabulous fortunes were made. It is reported of one Danish physician that in seven years he accumulated a fortune of \$300,000. If a doctor could move into easy street in seven years, what would be the size of the fortune that an enterprising merchant or banker would make? The St. Tomians literally rolled in wealth, and Charlotte Amalia became the monied centre of the West Indies.

But the handwriting was on the wall. Little did the people think that the invention of steam navigation, which enabled the European merchant and manufacturer to deal directly with his customers, would prove a hard blow to the island's prosperity. They were still prosperous to a degree, as smuggling was still kept up with Santo Domingo, Haiti, and the Greater Antilles. The population steadily declined, however, the people migrating to Porto Rico and other islands of the Caribbean. The annexation of Porto Rico was another blow to their commerce. An uncertain trade in liquors and tobacco and a few other goods with the Virgin and Leeward Islands is about all they have left of their once extensive commerce.

During the days of the island's prosperity the trade was controlled almost exclusively by the Jews. But when the day of adversity came they migrated to the mainland of Spanish America, principally to Panama, where their descendants financed the revolution that gave us the canal strip, and they are now trying to graft on Uncle Sam. At last accounts their schemes were bearing fruit somewhat bitter to the taste, for the canal commission has steadfastly refused to abolish the commissary stores, which would necessitate an increase of at least fifty per cent in the pay of the Jamaican laborer, and all for the

benefit of a gang of buccaneers of the tribe of Abraham.

The manufacture of bay rum is an important item of the export trade of St. Thomas. The bay tree grows luxuriantly on all the islands of the West Indies. The bay rum of the barber shop is simply an emulsion of alcohol and the oil obtained by distilling bay leaves. An ounce of the oil will make an enormous quantity of the rum of commerce.

The trade in intoxicating liquors and the steady emigration of the people led a friend of mine to remark one day, in answer to a question regarding the island's exports, "The principal exports of this island, Sir, are booze and babies."

The most important source of employment for the people at the present time is that of coaling ships. The Hamburg American, called by the natives "humbug" American, and other lines have coal depots in the harbor.

The coaling of a steamer is an interesting scene, as the work is done principally by women. The coaling is done with baskets which are carried on the head. It is dirty work, but the women, who are entirely of the negro race, didn't suffer any appreciable injury to their complexions, so far as I could see. They are paid one cent per basket, twenty-eight baskets to the long ton. It was a sight worth seeing to watch those women as, with a basket of coal of nearly one hundred pounds weight carefully balanced on the head, arms akimbo, shoulders thrown back, feet wide apart, dress rolled up to the knees, and gracefully swinging muscular stride, they filled the bunkers of the ship with coal, chatting meanwhile like so many magpies, and as full of fun as a box of monkeys.

The people are ninety-five per cent of the black race. They are sociable, pleasing in manner, and well behaved. Their speech, however, is very pecu-

liar. The voice is soft, as it always is in warm climates, but possesses a strange quality. It will range from base to falsetto and from falsetto back to base all in the same breath, particularly with the "fair" sex. Everybody speaks English, although the islands are Danish. Even the Danish officials speak our tongue. The money of Denmark is the kroner, while of the islands it is the franc, but not the franc of France. The natives, nevertheless, use our money for exchange purposes and bookkeeping. The Danish officials have a well-deserved reputation for probity, and have never abused the liberties of the islands, yet the people want annexation to the States. A few years since, the United States man-of-war, "Buffalo," dropped anchor in the bay. The ship's band played in the park. At the close of the performance the band played the Danish national hymn, as they were in duty bound to do. There was no response. The band then played "The Star Spangled Banner," and the crowd called for an encore. They repeated the anthem and the crowd again cheered.

Although slavery has long since disappeared from the islands, the people still retain a custom that had its origin in the days when human beings were considered fit objects of trade and barter. At 5 A. M. and 8 P. M. a signal gun is fired from the fort. The morning gun was the signal for the blacks to turn out for the day's task, and the booming of the gun at eight o'clock was a warning that all slaves found outside of their respective pens would be dealt with severely. The government tried some years ago to abolish the custom, but the people protested so loudly it was decided to continue it.

St. Thomas is also the center of reunions for the West Indian revolutionist. Ex-President Jimenez, of Santo Domingo, resided there for some time, and Morales, who turned

his country over to the United States, is there now. I found him a very intelligent man and the only Santo Domingo president who has ever been of any value to his country. Simon Sam, of Haiti, lived there as long as the Danish government would put up with his stinking habits of life. He became so vile the government at last forced him to vacate the premises. These fellows all steer clear of Porto Rico, for they know that they would run a mighty good chance of becoming permanent boarders at the "Hotel National," as Spanish America calls it.

While I was there the French cruiser *Destrés* brought a cargo of refugees from Haiti, headed by General Firmin. They spent their time discussing the rights of man and devising ways and means to depose Nord Alexis. Their country, they say, stands sorely in need of wise statesmanship and self-sacrificing patriotism, and they of course possess those qualities to a superlative degree, and if they can only get their grip on the reins of government they will bring about a period of prosperity and repose—of prosperity for themselves and of calm repose for every pug-nosed son of Ham who tries to work any similar scheme of reform. They were bubbling over with patriotism and ready to die for the good of their country, as some of them, who couldn't reach the cruiser in time, succeeded in doing.

The row is largely one between mulattoes and blacks, the former calling themselves white men. All Latin Americans of African descent invariably classify themselves with the Caucasian race just as soon as the amount of white blood in their veins will permit the use of a currycomb on their kinky locks.

I wanted to have a chat with Firmin, the leader and aspirant for the Haitian throne. He has written a book of some kind about Roosevelt,

and prides himself on his knowledge of English. I called at his home, but failed to get the desired interview. One of his sons came out to meet me. "Father is not visible," he said, in good English.

"So I see," I answered, "so I see, I regret exceedingly the invisibility of your distinguished parent. If through any contingency he should find it necessary or expedient to become visible, will you kindly convey an expression of my most distinguished consideration, and tell him I should deem it a great favor if he will drop me a line?"

"With great pleasure, sir," said the woolly-headed offspring, as, with a smile that ran, like the Irishman's lease, from "year to year," he bowed me out.

Pretty and picturesque Charlotte Amalia! Poor and poverty-stricken St. Thomas! What a checkered career that town has had, what tales of opulence and poverty, of luxury and beggary, of joy and sorrow, would its history reveal! In huge warehouses that once were bursting with the products of the farm and loom, to-day the rat rears her young unmolested, the spider spins its web in peace, and the counting-houses are crumbling into ruins from the ceaseless gnawing and insatiable hunger of the white ant.

~~~~~  
 Avoid Extremes: and shun the fault of such  
 Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.  
 ~~~~~  
 —Pope.

Baseball.

Inopportune floods prevented many of the games on the schedule, though most of the more important ones were played. Only one game has been lost, and the championship, not only of the State but of the Missouri Valley as well, now belongs to the College.

The scores of the June games are as follows:

- K. S. A. C. 2, Kansas University 1.
- K. S. A. C. 1, Kansas University 0.
- K. S. A. C. 3, K. S. A. C. Alumni 1.

Commencement, 1908.

Another Commencement season is past, another successful year is added to the proud history of our College, and one hundred thirteen graduates, equipped with the best the College can give them, have passed into the ranks of the alumni, to take up with the rest of us the greater work and larger responsibilities in the school of life.

The recent flood and consequent irregularity of railroad service prevented the attendance of many who had planned to be here, and the number of alumni and other visitors was unusually small. For those who were able to be in attendance, however, the week's program was an exceptionally interesting one.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

On Sunday afternoon, June 14, the members of the graduating class, with their friends and a large number of students and visitors, listened with great interest to the baccalaureate sermon, delivered by Rev. Robert E. L. Jarvis, D. D., pastor of the Presbyterian church of Winfield. The sermon was on "The Immortality of the Soul," and was an earnest appeal for the development here of the best manhood and womanhood, in preparation for enjoyment of the life to come. The speaker's words carried much food for thought, and for the graduates there was much in the sermon to encourage them in the endeavor to make their lives worth while.

THE RECITAL.

The recital by students in the Music Department, which has been an attractive feature in the Commencement program for a number of years, is always of interest chiefly to the relatives and friends of the music pupils. The program this year was given Monday evening, June 15, and was an excellent one in every respect, an exhibition of the talent of a num-

ber of most promising students. The College rejoices in the splendid development of its Department of Music, and each year adds largely to the number of students who avail themselves of the opportunity for an elementary musical education.

THE CLASS PLAY.

The class play, which of late years has taken the place of the old-time class-day exercises, is always one of the most interesting features of the program for Commencement week. The play chosen by the senior class this year was Henry Esmond's comedy, "One Summer's Day," a play requiring especial talent for satisfactory presentation. The keen enjoyment with which it was received by the large audience in attendance, Tuesday night, spoke well for the dramatic ability of the class, and well repaid them for the time and labor expended in preparing the evening's entertainment for their guests.

A short special program was given by the senior class Wednesday morning. The exercises included the christening of the new Domestic Science and Art Hall, and were to have been closed with a short play, selected from "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," but on account of rain, and the failure of the costumes to arrive, the play was omitted.

ALUMNI BUSINESS MEETING.

The business meeting of the Alumni Association was held Wednesday afternoon, June 17. Sixty-one members, an unusually large number, responded to roll-call, representing the classes of '67, '82, '83, '86, '87, '88, '90, '93, '94, '95, '96, '97, '98, '00, '01, '03, '04, '05, '06, and '07.

Ivy Harner, '93, F. B. Elliott, '87, O. A. Stevens, '07, Mrs. Mattie (Mails) Coons, '82, and Howard Butterfield, '01, acted as nominating committee, and the following were nominated and elected as officers for the coming year: President, Jacob

Lund, '83; vice-president, Mrs. Emma (Haines) Bowen, '67; secretary, Marcia Turner, '06; treasurer, W. C. Lane, '05.

The treasurer's report showed a balance in the treasury of \$1.47, with no outstanding debts. This was an improvement over the situation last year, when it was necessary to pass around the hat and take up a collection to meet the indebtedness of the association.

The memorial portrait committee reported as follows:

Amount received to date.....	\$583.54
Total disbursements to date....	<u>231.54</u>
Balance on hand.....	\$352.00
Accounts due:	
Balance due on portraits.....	\$350.00
Frames and other expense	
items (estimated).....	<u>75.00</u>

Total amount necessary to complete the work of the committee, about \$75.

THE TRIENNIAL ALUMNI ADDRESS.

The executive committee of the Alumni Association were certainly most fortunate in being able to secure a man of the ability and the attainments of Prof. Ernest F. Nichols to deliver this address. Professor Nichols is of the class of 1888, and has for some years been professor of experimental physics at Columbia University, New York.

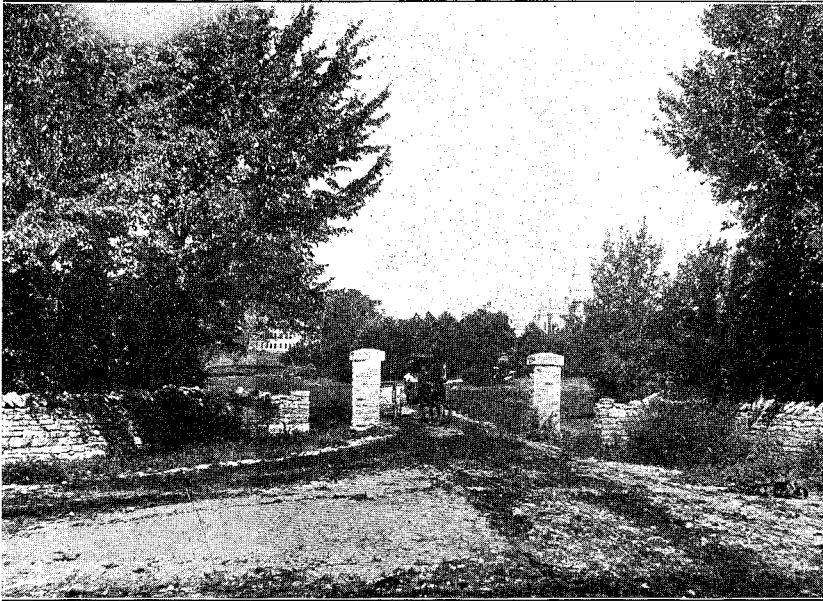
In his profession he has reached a high place, and his fame has even extended across the water. The chairman of the evening, Prof. J. T. Willard, introduced the speaker in a most apt manner, mentioning in this connection the painstaking care and exactness with which the "tow-headed boy" of some years ago prepared a ten-foot pole with which to make some measurements of sorghum plants for the Chemical Department. The address of Professor Nichols was strictly a scientific production and was a rare treat to the audience which had gathered for the privilege of hearing one so famed in his profession.

In opening, the speaker briefly sketched from a historical standpoint the early days of the development of physical science. He called our attention to the distinction between discovery and invention, and to the fact that rarely were the two combined in any one man.

He led us on step by step through the discoveries and development of

best, if not the best, Commencement lectures ever delivered here on a similar occasion. It was addressed primarily to the class, the large audience being treated as interested spectators.

The attention of the class was first called to the fact that the knowledge and training which they had received was but a beginning of what



Main Entrance to Grounds.

theories and the establishing of facts relating to matter, ether, electricity, and energy. In the most exact terms and statements we had the results of the latest and most important facts of experimental physics laid before us.

The lecture was listened to with the closest of attention by those present, and many lingered to clasp the hand of the speaker at its close.

THE ANNUAL ADDRESS.

The annual address delivered Commencement day by Dr. Albion W. Small, professor of sociology in the University of Chicago, was one of the

was expected of them by the world.

The idea that every individual born was deeply in debt to the world was most ably developed. The keynote of the speech was that the world demands that this debt be paid by each generation, and expects the men and women of to-day to pick up the burdens and duties laid down by the preceding generation and to give the best that is in them in carrying on its work.

Among the dangers and temptations which arise, the speaker mentioned the desire for material things, or the "lure of materialism;" and the de-

sire for power and influence, or the "lure of imperialism;" and the most insidious danger of all he characterized as the "lure of mysticism," illustrating by reference to the efforts of the courtier Polonius to see in the floating cloud the form which Prince Hamlet saw.

In conclusion, Doctor Small developed the idea that the world de-

players of the days when we were the "its" and not the "has-wassers." It was a contest of the past against the present, and only after the hardest kind of a struggle did the present win out. Indeed the game was so close that it was a surprise to everyone, for the team the alumni were up against had just cinched their claim to the Missouri Valley championship by de-



The Main Drive.

mands its debt to be paid with absolute honesty—generous honesty, loyal honesty, religious honesty.

THE ALUMNI-VARSITY GAME.

A new feature of Commencement day exercises this year was the baseball game between the team composed of alumni and the regular College team. It was the "first annual," and here's hoping there may be more of them, for it provided keen enjoyment for the eighteen hundred fans present and brought the day to a fitting close. It revived in the followers of the sport of other days that old feeling an athletic contest awakens in all of us. Once more we cheered on our favorite

feating K. U. in two straight games. In fact, they have with a regularity defeated the University and all other teams of any consequence in the Middle West for the past three years.

The game was a clean one with only two errors, and but seven hits secured from both the pitchers, four of them being gathered by the "old-timers." On account of unforeseen circumstances, some of the alumni players were unable to participate, and Assistant Knight, of the Agronomy Department, and "Mike" Ahearn were sent in as the battery of the alumni for a part of the game. The

final score was 3 to 1 in favor of the College.

The line-up:

K. S. A. C.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
H. Strong, lf.....	2	1	0	0	0	0
Haynes, lb.....	4	1	2	8	0	0
Al. Strong, cf.....	3	0	0	3	0	0
Parks, rf.....	3	0	0	9	0	0
Cave, 2b.....	3	0	0	2	2	0
Citizen, 3b.....	3	1	1	2	4	0
Price, ss.....	3	0	0	1	1	0
Speer, c.....	3	0	0	11	0	0
McCanles, p.....	3	0	0	0	1	0
Totals.....	27	3	3	27	8	0

ALUMNI.

Cassell ('07), ss-c.....	3	0	1	2	1	0
Ahearn, c.....	2	0	0	7	1	0
S. Cunningham ('08), ss.....	2	1	1	2	1	1
Miller ('08), lb.....	4	0	0	10	0	0
Mallon ('07), 2b.....	3	0	1	2	1	0
Dial ('97), 3b.....	4	0	0	0	1	0
Porter ('07), rf.....	2	0	1	0	0	0
Akin ('01), lf.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Halstead ('95), cf.....	2	0	0	1	0	0
Bender ('04), cf.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Knight, p.....	3	0	1	2	7	1
Totals.....	29	1	5	26	12	2

Summary: Bases on balls—off Knight 2, off McCanles 1; struck out—by Knight 9, by McCanles 9; stolen bases—Cassell, Porter 2, Akin, Cunningham, H. Strong, Haynes, Citizen, Umpire, King. Attendance, 1800.

THE TRIENNIAL BANQUET.

The triennial banquet, the event of all most looked forward to and enjoyed by the alumni, was the crowning feature of the week's festivities.

At 7:30 o'clock, Thursday evening, the alumni began to arrive at the Young Men's Christian Association building, the place appointed for the reunion. The early part of the evening was spent in the merry greetings of friends and classmates and the forming of new acquaintances between the old-timers and the newer members of the association.

Shortly after nine o'clock, when about two hundred had assembled, Professor Willard gave the order to gather together by classes and prepare to march into the banquet room. The earlier classes took precedence, the others coming in turn according to the year.

The gymnasium room in which the tables were arranged was decorated with plants and flowers from the College greenhouse. At the west end hung a large flag, below which, at the principal table, were seated the master

of ceremonies—Professor Willard, president of the Alumni Association—the speakers, and guests.

After the invocation by Professor Lee, a delicious four-course supper was served, and the program followed.

Earl J. Evans, '06, sang the "Bedouin Love Song."

Clarence E. Freeman, '89, in "Practical Education at Agricultural and Mechanical Colleges," spoke of the demands of to-day for technical training, the work of the agricultural college, the need of higher entrance requirements, and finally the qualifications desired in the next president of the Kansas State Agricultural College.

In "What's in a Name?" E. H. Webster, '96, after discussing whether our College represents more than agriculture, mentioned the titles used to denominate agricultural schools throughout the country and concluded by saying that it is not so much the name that counts as the work which that name represents, and that whatever be the name of this institution it must represent the work of this institution.

"Sunset," sung by the "Cueer Cuartet"—Laura Lyman, '06, B. Florence Sweet, '07, Grace Smith, '08, and Gussie Amos—was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, and the quartet responded to an encore with "Dixie."

Mrs. Hortensia (Harman) Patten, '95, with the subject "Then, Now and Then," related, with her characteristic charm of manner, a number of pleasing anecdotes of her College days, and mentioned some of the changes that have taken place in the College during the last twelve years.

A. T. Kinsley, '99, spoke of "College Spirit" and ways in which it is manifested. In the opinion of the speaker the College will grow and maintain its high position as long as our loyal alumni spirit is retained.

In "Potpourri," after making acknowledgments to Mr. Davis, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., for use

of their building, to the ladies of the Presbyterian church who prepared the supper, to the girls of the junior and sophomore classes who waited on the tables, and to Supt. J. D. Rickman, of the Printing Department, who furnished napkins and programs for the evening, Professor Willard called on Regent Tulloss, who responded by an expression of gratitude for sugges-

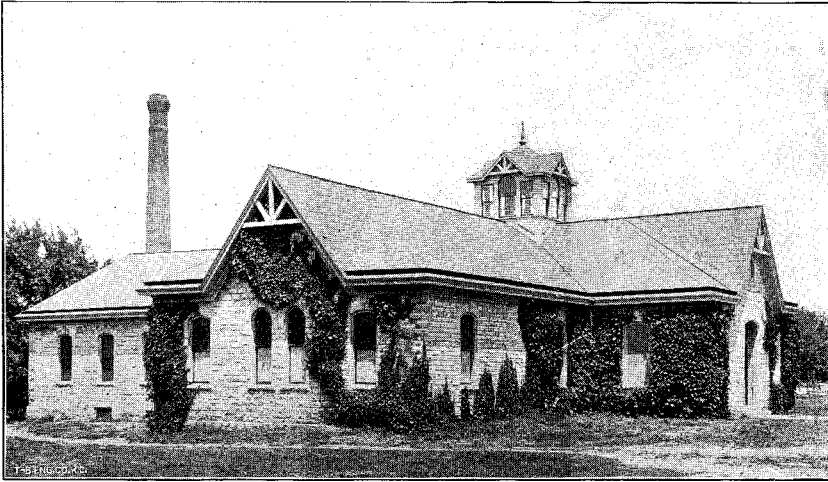
fessor Lee, marked the close of another triennial.

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***The Greek Theatre—Before It Was.***

By Lillie B. Bridgman, '88.

This is the first time I have breathed the secret but, between ourselves, the site of the Greek Theatre at the University of California was discovered by—*me!*



Women's Gymnasium.

tions offered by the alumni in affairs concerning the welfare of the College.

President Nichols, to correct wrong impressions that might exist, called attention to the fact that this College is not yet ready to have the entrance requirements raised to university standard, and pointed out that each institution has a work to fulfill and that the overlapping of work in state universities and agricultural colleges is due to adoption by the universities of work begun by the agricultural colleges.

It was the intention of the toastmaster to call upon a number of other prominent alumni for short speeches at this time, but the late hour forbade it, and the singing of "Alma Mater," followed with the benediction by Pro-

In the long-ago days of 1893 the eucalyptus and cedar grove east of the chemistry building was far away from anywhere, secluded, silent, peopled, apparently, only by winged and creeping things. When, however, the eye became accustomed to the gloom, due to the interlacing branches, the stately weeping of the eucalyptus trees, and the persistent pessimism of the Monterey cedars, one grew conscious of the stealthy following of little hoofs and the stirring of sleeping dryads.

A gentle ascent led to a small, semi-circular plateau facing the west, and surrounded on the south, east and north by an abrupt, wooded slope.

The grassy plateau gave space for three towering eucalypti, which were

later sacrificed to form a stage. Their drooping, cimeter leaves permitted the sunshine to shimmer over the floor of this natural theatre.

It was here, by chance, I came, bringing with me a volume of the plays of Sophocles. At that time my dominant enthusiasm was the Greek drama, and I loved the wood because it was so solitary and resonant, and because there, without fear of disturbance, I could get the feel and sound of the sonorous sentences. The avenues of the grove, while secluded, were too chill; now, on a sudden, I was flooded by a vitality and splendor fitly Greek.

Jealous of my discovery, I kept it hidden through all that glorious spring term. It was a wonder to me that no one else found it. Doubtless many did pass through it, but, having no need for it, it remained invisible to them.

I soon lost all sense of faun and dryad. A swaying chorus chanted strophe and antistrophe from the plateau; out of the dark forest came the swift messengers with woful tidings, and into it stalked grim-faced Tragedy.

My imagination had to furnish very little in the way of stage setting. Late from the plains of Kansas where one must depend upon the wonderful color and the throb of the atmosphere for illusion, the site of the present Greek Theatre seemed rich in "properties." I staged to my satisfaction the early tragedies and had begun on the comedies of Aristophanes (whose "Birds," by the way, was the play which opened the Greek Theatre to the public), when my solitude was invaded. At last came one whose need gave him the seeing eye. A zealous class official in search of a suitable stage and audience-chamber for the Extravaganza of the Class of '94 destroyed forever my Greek Theatre. After that first invasion its charm was fugitive. For a few years it was known as "Ben Weed's Amphitheatre."

Then came ax and spade to mutilate and reform until finally the Greek Theatre, gift to the University of William Randolph Hearst, nestled in splendid incompleteness in the hollow of the hill, beneath the shadow of the encircling trees.

Here the old Greek plays have again been fitly staged. With the coming of the "Birds" much of the old charm returned. Though new walks and drives have brought the grove almost to the center of the campus, though the vociferous real-estate agent has used the Greek Theatre to advertise his remote additions to the town of Berkeley, and though globe-trotters make hurried pilgrimages hither, the guardian trees preserve their grave austerity, and the twilight calm is not entirely dispelled. Even I, who found it first and knew it best, dare not harbor a selfish regret, for have I not seen upon its naked stage the genius of Bernhard in Phaedre, Maud Adams as L'Aiglon, Ben Greet's English players in Twelfth Night, and the never-to-be-forgotten Midsummer Night's Dream, and, by no means least, the brave enthusiasm of college rallies?

"Not Greek!" you say? True, but California, loved of the pagan gods!

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Twenty-seven Years Ago.

By F. M. Jeffery, '87.

My fatherly interest in the ALUMNUS has spurred me up to attempt something I seldom undertake, and that is to write a readable article.

My life has been so full of something to do that I have had little time for the flowers of rhetoric, or the graces of literature, and my attempts along literary lines have been confined mostly to bills of equity, affidavits for injunction, political speeches, and the hundred and one dry and prosy legal papers that make up the routine of the ordinary law office; these, while less interesting, are often better paid for than the more spicy and pungent articles written with more literary effect.

Of the twenty-seven years that have passed since graduation, twenty-five have been spent by me in practicing law; and, in looking back over the past, it seems but yesterday since President Fairchild delivered his baccalaureate sermon on Sunday, June 5, 1881, from the text, "He that would be chief among you, let him be your servant." He spoke in his pleasant, scholarly way of ruling others by service and love, and advised against that ambition that rides rough shod over others and pulls oneself up by pulling others down. His was a beautiful character that left its influence on thousands of students, most of whom believe that his was the most perfect character they ever knew.

Commencement exercises terminated with speeches made by the graduates of the class of 1881, on Wednesday, June 8, in the forenoon, at the old Presbyterian church, that still stands in Manhattan, and it was here that the members of our class poured forth their vials of bottled eloquence for the time allotted to each (which was twenty minutes) on an innocent and unsuspecting public.

First came the eloquent and brilliant D. S. Leach, who has lately written two articles for the ALUMNUS, just to show what he can do, and whom we all fondly hoped at that time to see grace the halls of congress.

Dalinda (Mason) Cotey followed—a very bright and beautiful girl, who was worthy the good opinion of everybody, as well as herself, and of whom we all expected great things. W. J. Lightfoot, tall, quiet, thoughtful, and scholarly, who took to mathematics as a duck takes to water, who never studied them because he always knew them—we expected to see him fill a professor's chair, or build a bridge that would throw that little affair constructed by Eads at St Louis very much in the shade.

The writer followed, but what the class thought or expected of him none

were ever good enough to advise, but from his determination never to let anyone get the best of him in an argument, a fight, a horse race, or a spelling-match, he was early marked for the law.

W. J. Jeffery, quiet, studious, and religious—we all knew he would some day be a minister of the gospel.

Flora (Donaldson) Reed, she of Auburn curly hair (which by the way must be streaked with grey), bright and vivacious, was a splendid conversationalist with decided literary talent.

Wirt S. Myers—happy-go-lucky, good-natured Wirt—he never took life seriously; but his bright jokes and cheery laugh made many friends whom he would have missed by pouring over books. He thought the world a playground, where all who came might play and be happy, and I have no doubt but that he has gotten all the happiness out of life that there is in it.

Ulysses Grant Houston was born about the time that noted general came into command of the armies of the West. He took naturally to mental and moral science, and I am reliably informed that he has invented a solar system that throws the real thing decidedly into the shade.

Such we were twenty-seven years ago. Another article may tell where the class of '81 is to-day.

Professor Ward in the old Armory building (that was built for and called by us the College barn) taught our structure class. There were four tables in the room and from five to seven students at each table. At table one sat Henry Coe, August Beacham, Gus Platt, W. J. Jeffery, Chester A. Allen, and the writer, who is to-day the sole survivor. Why table one should have been marked by such fatalities seems strange. Henry Coe died the same year, before graduation. Chester A. Allen, class of '82, died in 1885 in one of the southern states. August Beacham, class of '80,

was the next to go. He passed away in the state of Washington, where he was teaching school, about 1890. W. J. Jeffery, '81, died in 1900, in the city of Boston, and Gus Platt, class '86, sleeps in the cemetery on the hill at Manhattan. All were strong, healthy boys thirty years ago.

"Death loves a shining mark," and this was never better exemplified than in the passing away of Theophania (Haines) Huntington, class '72. She was a classmate of Col. Albert Todd. I was eight years old when she was thirteen; she was the teacher, I was the scholar. The schoolhouse was built of logs, the style of architecture was a six-sided prism surmounted by the roof, a six-sided pyramid, from the center of which protruded the stove-pipe, and situated thirty-nine years ago in the upper Zeandale district. I well remember how on many occasions about this time, when the show of animal spirit on my part became unbearable to Miss Haines, she would take me out back of the schoolhouse where the iron weeds grew the rankest and make me pull and strip them so she could switch my bare feet, while I danced a cancan and yelled like a Comanche Indian to make her think she was hurting me. Although we had many such interviews, I always loved her and admired her beautiful Christian character, and the patience she displayed with her worst boy in school. She was taken away at the age of twenty-five, and when a senior in College I wept at her funeral, and I never go to Manhattan but I visit her grave in Pleasant Valley cemetery.

Professor Shelton has a beautiful home in the North Broadway district in this city, and he often calls at my office and we discuss old times at K. S. A. C. He says I am getting to be ancient history, and I guess that is true. When we want anything more ancient we stop off the boat at Port Townsend and call on the county surveyor of Jefferson county, A. N. God-

frey, class of '78. How different he looks now from what he did to me in Manhattan, when I was a freshman. When he came back to the College two years later and took his second degree I thought he was one of the great ones of the world and would not have swapped his chances for success in life with any U. S. senator living. Godfrey has made good. He has made a success in life, but not such as my youthful, rose-tinted imagination pictured.

Then there was Harry C. Rushmore, who is a lively kid now at forty-nine years young, and still takes a great interest in his Alma Mater. His graduating speech was quite an oratorical success. The stage was banked with flowers set in a pyramid, the cap stone of which was a beautiful calla lily, placed there by accident. After a flight of oratory on female suffrage, Rushmore said, "Some day, woman's vote, as pure, as white" (here he paused, looked all around for something that would be white enough, till his eye caught the lily, when he finished) "as pure, as white, as that lily that stands before me, will be cast all over our broad State."

The moot court held by the Alpha Betas, where women sat on the jury, was an innovation. Professor Fail- yer was presiding judge, and made a good one; W. J. Griffing was the villain and prisoner; W. J. Lightfoot and the writer prosecuted, while John Copley and some other student, whose name I have forgotten, defended. While the jury were deliberating, the prisoner escaped.

About three hundred students were in attendance. At the time, but one rule prevailed at the College, and that was that the students should conduct themselves as ladies and gentlemen, and the rule was seldom violated.

Such was College life when the class of '81 passed off the stage. Later classes may have had more enjoyable times, but few surpassed this one in honest hard work.

The Days of '68 and '72.

By Charles H. Sternberg.

My delightful visit, the middle of February last, to the Kansas State Agricultural College brings to mind many pleasing recollections of the days of '68 and '72, when I, too, was a member of the College family.

Though in 1868 the only building was the old Bluemont College, don't forget, boys and girls, we had splendid instructors and as good times then as you do with grander equipment and a long list of professors, in this year of grace 1908.

It is pleasant to recall some of the incidents that memory paints with a new brush and fresh paint, and that stand out in bold relief as if forty years had not rolled along in tireless march.

I had the honor of being a student at the College when "undue social attentions were not allowed." In order that I might fully understand the rule, I asked dear old Professor Platt, of precious memory, what "undue social attentions" meant. He answered, "I can answer the question by giving an illustration. Suppose your class is excused at the same time as that of a young lady, and you both board at the same house. You would not break the rule if you walked by her side, without taking the young lady's arm. But if you lived in one part of town and she in another and you walked home with her, that certainly would be breaking the rule, and you would be subject to a reprimand by the President."

Another rule was that we were not, at the boarding-house on the hill, to assist the lady students with their lessons. One of the professors used to visit us every evening to see that we faithfully kept this rule. When Professor Platt's turn came Mrs. Campbell always met him at the front door and shouted at the top of her voice, "Why, Professor Platt, I am delighted to see you!" It is needless to say

that by the time the professor had climbed the stairs every boy and girl was at his or her own table, hard at work.

But although we used to plague the professor and constantly break the "undue" rule, we all had a warm place in our hearts for him, and even now, when I think of him, I begin to hum the old hymn he loved so well,

"We seek for a city that hands have not piled,
We look for a country by sin undefiled."

Without doubt our dear old friend has found the "city not built by hands, eternal in the heavens."

"Captain" Horten—can any members of the class of '72 and '73 forget him? I remember one time he attended a social given under the auspices of the Faculty, when the rule of "undue social attentions" was temporarily abolished, and arm in arm we marched up and down and around the room, under the eagle eye of Doctor Dennison, whose form, like that of Saul, towered head and shoulders above the crowd.

"Captain," for the first and last time while at College, I believe, mustered up courage to invite a young lady to have a dish of ice-cream that was served in a room down stairs. I do not remember the young lady, but I do remember she had on a silk dress. "Captain" found a seat for her, secured a dish of ice-cream, and as he bowed politely to hand it to her the cream leaped from the dish and landed in the lady's lap, to her great astonishment.

I was so unfortunate once, as a member of the Webster Society, to come near burning down the College. I think this was in '72. At the head of the main stairs was Professor Mudge's room, where he had his famous collection of minerals and fossils. The Webster room was to the left, and, as I chanced to be the janitor, the professor had given me the key to his room to get a lot of coals to kin-

(Concluded on page 242.)

EDITORIAL

The fact that the Kansas State Agricultural College is passing through a critical period, that it is facing, perhaps, the greatest crisis in its history, becomes more and more evident as time passes and opportunity is given for expression of the feelings of those most deeply concerned. It is a time of interest for all of us. For the more thoughtful and serious minded among us it is a time of great anxiety.

At no other time has there been a greater manifestation of this interest and concern than at the time of the alumni reunion. There were gathered together alumni representing all the periods of College history. They also represented all departments of work the College teaches. The committee had selected the speakers for the evening from the three largest local branches of the Alumni Association, those of Washington, Chicago, and Kansas City. The speakers were careful to give expression not to their own personal opinions, but rather endeavored to voice the general sentiments of the people they represented. And in every instance it was evident that a broad view of the situation is being taken. Indeed, this is no time for narrow-mindedness, for the indulgence of sentiments based on our own small personal prejudices. Great interests are at stake; there are serious problems confronting us; there are innumerable difficulties to be met.

The alumni have been asked to help in the solving of some of these problems. Our influence may be small or it may be great, according as we work to make it so. But, however large or small, let us keep our influence on the side of careful and unprejudiced action, fighting against any tendency toward narrowness of view, and bas-

ing our suggestions for whatever changes may be made upon only the broadest of principles.

A letter from the Chicago alumni to the Alumni Association, on "The Kansas State Agricultural College, its function and duties," read at the time of the triennial reunion, is well worth publication here in full, if there were space for it. Regarding the selection of a new president for the institution, the letter says: "The responsibility for the choice of the next president must, of course, devolve upon the Board of Regents, but the alumni have a duty in the case. In some respects we are better qualified to suggest the kind of man he should be than are the Regents themselves. . . .

"It need not be said that the first qualification is that he shall be a broad and strong *man*, one whose reputation as an educator and scholar is more than State wide. He must be one to command respect from both the Faculty and the State as an executive, as a man of broad knowledge, as a speaker, as a progressive educator in sympathy with the spirit of the times, and as a man. If he is a professional agriculturist, so much the better, but his knowledge of agriculture should not be his first qualification, though he must be thoroughly in accord with the acknowledged policy of the institution. And he must be an original man. Perhaps no duty of the College is more important than the discovery of new truths in agriculture, or in the application of old truths to agriculture—to discover how to make two grains of corn grow where one grew before. The people of the United

States rightfully expect from this and all other institutions of like grade scientific research as applied to agriculture and the allied arts. They have richly endowed the institution largely for that very purpose. The president must emphatically be a man in hearty sympathy with such research, one who has done research himself. If the history of our higher institutions of learning in America teaches anything, it teaches that the spirit of the Faculty is strongly and dominantly influenced by the example and sympathy of the president.

"We believe that such a man can be found who will take up with his whole soul the responsible duties of the presidency of our Alma Mater. May the alumni do all within their power to aid the Regents in finding him."

The only unpleasant feature of the alumni banquet (so far, at least, as the resident alumni were concerned) was the task imposed upon the forty per cent who were so fortunate as to be in attendance of explaining the absence of the sixty per cent who were elsewhere. The forty per cent exercised a vast amount of ingenuity in accounting for the absence of the sixty per cent, ransacking their memories for possible causes—illness, bereavement, care of children, financial reverses, swollen streams, bad roads—but even these legitimate excuses did not cover all individual cases. Nor should they. Some who have been interviewed since the banquet have given various excuses: Some recent graduates "could have a better time with their own class." Another, who, by the way, did not attend the business meetings with helpful suggestions, asserts that the arrangements made by the committee in regard to the menu for the banquet and arrangements in general for the reunion were not satisfactory. Another liked not the location, "thought it wrong to hold the

alumni reunions any place but at the College buildings." Another epigrammatically expressed his reason in the terse phrase "tight wad," having evidently forgotten the statement made in the president's letter that the feast of reason and flow of soul comes higher than the loaves and fishes. Two or three have gathered together, however, to discuss this question in all gravity, and to their sincere regret it was almost unanimously granted that a proper appreciation of the duties of an alumnus to his Alma Mater and an absence of true College spirit were the real reasons that sixty per cent of the resident alumni were not present at the banquet on the evening of June 18.

The graduate of a year's standing may be readily forgiven, as his perspective may yet be so faulty that a front porch and a hammock, or a class picnic, may look vastly larger than an alumni banquet, where the representatives of forty classes of graduates of the institution are assembled; but the graduate who has been away from the College halls for a few years, at least, should have so adjusted his mental vision that the dignity and honor of belonging to the Alumni Association of the Kansas State Agricultural College should appear in proper proportion. It was to be hoped that after the full and free discussion in President Willard's letter, whatever the fee assessed by the committee, there should be no complaint. Sixty-six and two-thirds cents per year is certainly not an exorbitant sum, considered as annual dues of the Alumni Association. It makes one well wonder, if, after all, education may not be too "practical," when two paltry dollars will hide the appreciation of the College and its graduates. AN ALUMNUS.

It is not in mortals to command success, but we will do more—we will deserve it.—*Addison*.

The Days of '68 and '72.

(Concluded from page 239.)

dle a fire, as he always left a big chunk of wood in his stove.

"Captain" had come with me and was outdoors under the window, hauling up a bucket of water from the deep well.

I found a big knot that promised well, and, seizing a pair of tongs, started to carry the mass of coals to the Webster room, when it fell in a glowing heap upon the floor. The only tool that promised help was a broom, and I began sweeping the hot coals on the zinc under the stove, but that melted and ran off in all directions. By this time the smoke began to be unbearable, and as there was no wind I opened the window for fresh air and shouted to "Captain" to bring me up a bucket of water, as the house was on fire. I then began to sweep the coals from place to place in order to prevent the floor bursting into flames, as it constantly threatened to do. I could hear the old chain with the bucket rattle in the pulley as "Captain" let it down, and then heard him haul it up, and, instead of coming to my assistance, down went the bucket again. Almost overcome with smoke I rushed down to the well to find he was industriously filling a camp kettle that was so full of holes that the water ran out as fast as he poured it in. Giving him a push, I got the camp kettle and, rushing up-stairs, swept the coals in and saved the College.

Time would fail to tell even a small part of the happenings of those dear old days, and I will close, with kindest wishes for the College and for all the old-time friends.

Indeed, unless a man can link his written thoughts with the everlasting wants of men, so that they will draw from them as from wells, there is no more immortality to the thoughts and feelings of the soul than to the muscles and the bones.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Alumni Ionians Entertain.

Following a custom established last year, the alumni Ionians entertained Monday evening, June 8, for the graduating Ionians and visiting sisters. The evening was spent at the home of Alice Melton, '98, and there were present thirty-eight Ionians representing nearly all the periods of Ionian history from the organization of the society to the present time. It was good to hear some of the older Ionians tell of early Io. days, and to find them still as interested as ever in the society and its progress. The program consisted of music and impromptu speeches, and light refreshments were served by the hostesses.

The '08 Memorial.

The gift of the class of 1908 to the College is a beautiful stone fountain, to be placed in the center of a broad walk in front of the new Domestic Science and Art building. The fountain was designed by F. E. Beigle, a member of the class, and was carved from a solid block of Bedford stone.

It will doubtless be remembered that a few years ago Mr. Charles Silley, of Williamsburg, Kan., began to put into practise a plan he had to help young men educate themselves at the Kansas State Agricultural College by loaning them money at five per cent. A report of the project recently filed shows that in the time, about nine years, \$2433.89 has been paid to 64 different boys, and \$1521.59 has been returned by them.

The Students' Coöperative Association will erect a new building on the corner of Moro street and Manhattan Avenue, this summer. It will contain a large dining-hall and kitchen, a bookstore room, and two or three private rooms.

"The secret of success is constancy to purpose."



PERSONAL



Bessie Nicolet, '07, will spend a part of the summer visiting in Lincoln, Neb.

C. H. Hoop, '97, has recently bought the restaurant in Manhattan known as "Ike's Café."

H. F. Butterfield, '01, will attend Bradley Polytechnic Institute, Peoria, Ill., this summer.

A. D. Rice, '92, is preaching now at Gove, Kan., while holding down a homestead in Logan county.

G. K. Brenner, a former student, was married in May to Miss Eltie Hoff. They will live in Manhattan.

R. C. Bowman, '07, will teach manual training and mathematics in the Crawford County High School next year.

Dr. John Edwin Davis, '74, died at his home in Columbus, Ohio, May 31, after an illness of eighteen months.

Effie Stewart, '05, has returned to her home in Humboldt, after an extended visit with friends in Manhattan.

Pauline Wetzig, '08, surprised her friends by her marriage on Commencement day to Mr. Jacob F. Terrass, of Dwight, Kan. After a short visit with friends at Alma, they will be at home at Dwight.

E. Jeanetta Zimmerman, '91, and Maud Zimmerman, '02, visited the College a few days on their way home from Provo, Utah, where they have been teaching in the Congregational Mission School.

L. G. Hepworth, '97, is one of the firm of the Urie-Hepworth Land Company, which has just moved into handsome offices in the Bank of Topeka, Topeka, Kan. The address is Room 207. H. P. Richards, '00, has quit the railroad business and associated himself with this company.

Nellie Baird, '05, and Harvey B. Hubbard, '07, were married, June 21, in Marquette. They will live in Childress, Tex., where Mr. Hubbard is foreman of the electrical department of the Fort Worth and Denver city railway.

Florence Corbett, '95, who is employed as dietitian in the department of public charities, in New York City, has been engaged to deliver a series of lectures next winter in Teachers' College, Columbia University.

The Kansas City branch of the Alumni Association planned to charter a special car, label it "Manhattan, come one, come all," and attend Commencement in a bunch, but the prevalent difficulty—high water—upset the plan, and only a few representatives of their association were able to get here.

D. K. Morris, a former member of the '08 class, died May 18 at St. Vincent Hospital, Santa Fé, N. M., from heart failure, due to an attack of tonsillitis. Mr. Morris left College in the spring term of 1907 to take a government position in the Bureau of Animal Industry, with headquarters at Albuquerque, N. M.

Mrs. Henrietta (Willard) Calvin, '86, now head of the Domestic Science Department, will sever her connection with the College at the close of the summer session. Mrs. Calvin goes to Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind., as professor of household economics. This position at Purdue is made vacant by the resignation of Ivy F. Harner, '93, who will be married this summer to Robert W. Selvage, professor of mechanical engineering in the University of Missouri.

Emma Doll, '98, is attending the State Normal School at Emporia this summer, and expects to be graduated from that institution at the close of the term.

Earl J. Evans, '06, and B. Florence Sweet, '07, were married, June 20, at the home of the bride's parents in Manhattan. Mr. and Mrs. Evans will be at home in El Paso, Tex., where Mr. Evans is employed by the El Paso Sash and Door Company.

The marriage of Ella Criss, '04, and James Correll, '03, took place, June 11, at the bride's home in Anaheim, Cal. They will be at home after September first in Austin, Tex., where Mr. Correll is assistant in the electrical engineering department of the University of Texas.

Prof. C. L. Barnes, who has been an instructor in the Veterinary Department of the College for the past six years, has resigned his position and will practice veterinary science independently in Manhattan. He has bought a large stone barn at the corner of Humboldt and Fourth streets, and will equip it as a veterinary hospital.

The following persons are among those who expected to be here but were water-bound elsewhere during the Commencement exercises: William Anderson, '98, Hope (Brady) Anderson, '98, Inez (Manchester) Allison, '98, Jessie Fitz, '04, Nannie Williams, '99, Mary Manchester, Anna Fitz, and Jeanette Maxwell, former students.

The class of '98 held a class reunion in the form of a picnic dinner in the gymnasium, at noon, Commencement day. In the short time permitted them informal talks were made, and letters read from absent members of the class, many of whom would have been present but for the irregular train service. Twelve members of the class were present, and five associate members.

Hope Brady and William Anderson, both members of the class of '98, were married in Manhattan, June 10. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson will be at home in Houghton, Mich., where Mr. Anderson is professor of mathematics in the School of Mines.

Ruth Mudge, '01, has completed her year's work as instructor in botany in the Girls' High School of Louisville, Ky., and is visiting her sister, Bessie (Mudge) Houser, '03, at Santiago de las Vegas, Cuba. Later she will take advanced work in the summer school of Chicago University.

In recognition of their work in the Kansas State Agricultural College, the Board of Regents have honored Prof. J. T. Willard, '83, and Prof. J. D. Walters, M. S., '83, by conferring upon them the doctor's degree. Professor Willard was made doctor of science and Professor Walters doctor of arts.

Eleanor M. White, '01, writes from American Falls, Idaho: "I have joined the Idaho teachers' ranks. Taught the seventh grade in the Prestoro, Idaho, city schools this year and will take the seventh grade here at home the coming school year. I have also homesteaded a piece of land, and am thoroughly enjoying life in the West.

H. C. Rushmore, '79, of Kansas City, Kan., has offered a prize of \$100 to the student who, during the coming College year, works out most successfully a thesis in the Department of Philosophy at the College. The subject must be some important problem relating to social psychology. It is Mr. Rushmore's idea to encourage philosophical research. The contest will be decided by judges, probably three in number, fully competent to determine the merit of such work. A number of students are already studying, with a view to competing for the prize.

Julia Wendell, a former student, is attending the Atchison county institute.

Oley Weaver, a former '08 student, is engaged in newspaper work in Oklahoma.

A. G. Philips, '07, will have charge of the College poultry department the coming year.

Freida Marty, '05, visited her sister and other Manhattan friends for a few days in May.

Mr. Fred Webber, formerly assistant in chemistry at the College, was married on June 20 to Alice Louise Baker, at Washington, D. C.

Dr. George Logan, '02, of Akron, Ohio, visited in Manhattan early in June, but was compelled to return to his work before Commencement.

Ernest Adams, '07, made a part of the journey to his Alma Mater in a boat. About half of Mr. Adams' farm at Ozawkie, Kan., was under water from the overflow of the Delaware river.

E. C. Farrar, a former student in the '07 class, who has been teaching in the Marysville school the past year, will go to Centralia next winter as superintendent of the high school there. Mr. Farrar expects to attend summer school at Kansas University during vacation.

Friends of Mary (Norton) Polson, '97, will be grieved to learn of her death, which occurred May 19 at her home near Randolph, Kan. Mrs. Polson had suffered for more than a year with acute indigestion, and it has been felt for some time that her recovery was impossible.

Laura Lyman, '06, has completed a very successful year's work as teacher of domestic science at Bethel Mission in Kansas City. She brought home with her three of her pupils for a short vacation, who greatly enjoyed their first ride on a train and their first visit away from home.

G. W. Owens, '99, who has been at the head of the animal husbandry department in Tuskegee Institute, has been appointed to take charge of the department of agriculture in the State Normal and Industrial Institute at Petersburg, Va.

Laura Lyman, '06, will leave Manhattan about July 1 for a trip through the East, with especial stopping points at Madison, Wis., and Washington, D. C., where she will visit her sisters. Miss Lyman expects to return to her work as teacher of domestic science in Bethel Mission, Kansas City, September 1.

The following alumni are enrolled in the Riley county normal institute: Sarah Davies, '02, Mary Barr, '02, Lois Stump, '03, Rose McCoy, '03, Minnie Deibler, '05, Doris Train, '06, Odessa Dow, '06, Elizabeth Randle, '07, Ethel Barber, '07, Amy Cole, '07, Mamie Frey, '07, Julia Bayles, '07, Esther Christensen, '08, Cecil Graham, '08.

Prof. W. M. Sawdon, former teacher in K. S. A. C., received his master's degree from Cornell University this week, and has accepted a fine position there as assistant professor in the department of mechanical engineering. Professor Sawdon graduated from Purdue University and was principal of the Detroit Manual Training School before coming to Kansas in 1899.

Hanna Worthington, a former student of K. S. A. C., sends greetings to the College, and wishes to make known her whereabouts to College friends. She graduated in October, 1907, from the training school for nurses at the Women's Southern Homeopathic Hospital in Philadelphia, and since that time has been nursing in and about Philadelphia. In October, 1908, she expects to enter a New York hospital and take a postgraduate course. Her present address is 5457 Piere Street, West Philadelphia.

E. H. Webster, '96, has changed his address from 215 The Ontario, Washington, D. C., to Vienna, Va.

Elvin Rickman, '04, reports this year from Tonopah, Nev., where he is employed as a mining assayer.

Mrs. Calvin, '86, has sold her home west of the College to Carl Elling, '04, of the Animal Husbandry Department.

Ernest F. Swanson, '06, of Clyde, Kan., is at present in the employment of the International Harvester Company.

James G. Savage, '04, is draughtsman and instructor of apprentices for the A. T. & S. F. railroad, in San Bernardino, Cal.

Dr. Charles Eastman, '02, writes to have his address changed from 391 Valencia street, San Francisco, to Cambria, Cal.

J. A. Thompson, '03, has gone to Iloilo, Philippine Islands, where he is employed as veterinarian in the Bureau of Agriculture.

Dr. J. J. Johnson, '95, reached Manhattan the day after Commencement. He is much interested in mining projects in Oklahoma.

J. B. Thompson, '05, is superintendent in charge of the Singalong Experiment Station, Insular Bureau of Agriculture, Manila, P. I.

Mamie Hassebroek, '04, and Josephine Edwards, '05, graduated this spring from the domestic science teachers' department of Columbia University, New York City.

Philip Fox, '97, of the Yerkes Observatory, Williams Bay, Wis., found it impossible to attend the reunion this year, but sent his best wishes for a "big turnout and a fine time generally."

A. E. Oman, '00, requests that his June ALUMNUS be sent to Pineville, Ky. His work for the United States Department of Agriculture will keep him employed in southeastern Kentucky for the next six weeks.

Jessie M. Hoover, '05, has been elected preceptress of the South Dakota School of Agriculture, which will open next fall. This is an adjunct to the South Dakota State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, and prepares students for the College work.

Allie (Peckham) Cordry, '82, Parsons, Kan., Lizzie (Cox) Kregar, '80, Junction City, Kan., Bonnie (Adams) Wilkin, '99, Hoxie, Kan., and Daisy (Hoffman) Johntz, '00, Abilene, Kan., were among those who attended the meeting of the State Federation of Women's Clubs held in Manhattan in May.

The alumni will be pleased to know that the Regents of K. S. A. C. have elected Mrs. Dalinda (Mason) Cotey, '81, as professor of domestic science. Until last year Mrs. Cotey was dean of the school of domestic science and arts, State Agricultural College of Utah, and all who know of her work there predict for her the greatest success in the Domestic Science Department of our College.

In a recent letter to the ALUMNUS, Prof. W. H. Olin, '89, of Fort Collins, Colo., sends greetings to the old friends and classmates, and regrets that he cannot attend the banquet this year. He writes: "A few weeks ago I had the privilege of visiting with Harry Stone and his good wife, Mattie (Johnson) Stone, at Portland. Mrs. Stone was a classmate of Mrs. Olin's while at K. S. A. C. and Harry Stone was my classmate, but completed his last year with the class of '92. He is certainly doing some efficient work in Portland. He is now completing his third Y. M. C. A. building in that city. This building, when completed, will cost \$350,000. He is regarded as one of the most forceful and efficient Y. M. C. A. secretaries in the United States, and I feel that the K. S. A. C. alumni should be proud to claim him as their own."

Professor Hitchcock is making an extended visit with his family in Manhattan.

Lois Failyer, '07, is home from Simmons College, Boston, to spend the summer in Manhattan.

Laura G. Day, '93, after a brief visit at Wichita, will return to Wisconsin to spend the summer.

Minnie Deibler, '05, and Doris Train, '06, have been elected to teach in the Manhattan city schools the coming year.

Clara Barnhisel, '04, expects to return soon to White Earth, Minn., where she is matron in an Indian school.

H. C. Turner, '01, forest planting assistant in government employ, has lately been transferred from Fort Stanton to Fort Bayard, N. M.

John Calvin, '06, left, on June 22, for the Pennsylvania State College, where he has accepted a position in the chemical experiment station.

Ray Ramage, a former '06 student, now traveling for the Santa Fé in New Mexico, visited College for a short time during Commencement week.

Clara Goodrich, '03, teacher of science and mathematics in Roanoke College, Danville, Va., is spending the summer at her home in Mankato, Kan.

Guy Yerkes, '06, is an enthusiastic nurseryman at Hutchinson, where, with his brother, he is planning for an extensive business in his chosen work.

Bruce Stewart, junior in '05, of Plattsville, Ohio, was the guest of friends in Manhattan at Commencement time. Mr. Stewart owns a farm that occupies most of his time.

Martin Shuler, '06, has completed a very successful year as teacher of science in the Atchison County High School, and after a visit to his home in Clifton will take up work in forestry for the summer.

Mrs. Lockhart (Harman) Zimmerman, student in '90-'91, of Valley Falls, Kan., attended Commencement exercises with her sister, Hortensia (Harman) Patten, '95.

James Coxen, '07, came the first of June from Pittsburg to visit his parents in Eskridge, Kan., but was prevented by the high water from reaching Manhattan before his vacation expired.

Clarence E. Freeman, '89, formerly director of the electrical department of Armour Institute, now occupies the position of consulting engineer in the hydro-electrical department of the Arnold Company, Chicago.

George Fielding, '03, and Mrs. Fielding are traveling in Europe. Mr. Fielding is there in the interests of the General Electric Company, of Schenectady, N. Y. He writes to Professor Eyer from Berlin that he has seen Kaiser Wilhelm and the royal palace.

Jessie Sweet, '05, came home to attend Commencement exercises and her sister's wedding, immediately after which she left for Wisconsin, where she will teach in a summer school. She will be at Evanston, Ill., again next year.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated Tuesday evening, June 16, when A. N. H. Beeman, '05, and Miss Maude Bedwell, of Leavenworth, were united in marriage. The happy couple left immediately after the ceremony for St. Louis to visit Mr. Beeman's parents. It was their intention to attend the Commencement exercises here, but the plan was abandoned on account of the high water and uncertain railroad service. Mrs. Beeman is a graduate of the Leavenworth High School and has been a teacher in public schools for three years. Mr. Beeman occupies a position as proof-reader with Burd & Fletcher Co., Kansas City, Mo. They will be at home after July 1 at 2456 Monroe Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

F. A. Kiene, '06, visited College a few days after Commencement.

C. H. Withington, '06, has taken up summer school work at Lawrence.

Estella M. Fearon, '03, of Wellesley, is spending the summer with her parents in Manhattan.

Wilbur McCampbell, '06, has a position in New Mexico, where he will work for the government dipping sheep.

Prof. N. S. Mayo, of Santiago de las Vegas, Cuba, in a recent letter, tells of the arrival of a baby girl at their home, June 8.

Dr. W. A. McCullough, '98, of Delavan, has just completed a month's special work in surgery in postgraduate school in Chicago.

Edith A. Goodwin, '03, and C. H. Withington, '06, have both completed graduate work at K. S. A. C., and received their master's degrees Commencement day.

Marian (Allen) Buell, '04, and little son, arrived from Roanoke, Tex., too late for Commencement, but will make an extended visit with relatives and friends in Manhattan before returning home.

Harry Brown, '98, of the Music Department at the College, will leave next Monday for Chicago, where he will study violin and pipe-organ in the Chicago College of Music. He will be gone most of the summer.

H. A. Spuhler, '06, and Miss Loda Cowger were married Tuesday evening, June 9, at the home of the bride's parents in Kansas City. Mr. and Mrs. Spuhler will make their home in Manhattan, where Mr. Spuhler is engaged in architectural work.

Mark V. Hester, '94, who is employed by the bureau of education in the Philippines, writes for back numbers of the ALUMNUS, and says he and his wife and little girl are enjoying temporary location in Paete, Laguna.

Milo Hastings, '06, is traveling through the central states for the Poultry Division of the United States Department of Agriculture.

The marriage of Kate Cooper, '07, to Fred Dial, '97, will take place, July 24, at the home of the bride in Manhattan. They will be at home on Mr. Dial's farm near Cleburne, Kan.

The following out-of-town alumni attended Commencement: M. F. Leasure, '77, Geo. H. Failyer, '77, Lora (Waters) Beeler, '88, J. H. Criswell, '89, Mary (Pierce) Van Zile, '90, S. C. Harner, '90, Ivy F. Harner, '93, C. H. Thompson, '93, Laura G. Day, '93, J. D. Riddell, '93, Phoebe (Turner) Clothier, '94, Winnie (Romick) Chandler, '94, Elsie (Crump) Ames, '95, Ora G. Yenawine, '95, Hortensia (Harman) Patten, '95, R. W. Rader, '95, Ed. H. Webster, '96, Mabel (Crump) McCauley, '97, F. J. Rumold, '98, Minnie L. Copeland, '98, Schuyler Nichols, '98, W. A. McCullough, '98, Josephine (Wilder) McCullough, '98, E. L. Smith, '98, A. D. Whipple, '98, E. L. Cottrell, '99, A. T. Kinsley, '99, J. O. Tulloss, '99, F. B. Morlan, '00, C. A. Chandler, '00, H. C. Turner, '01, C. J. Burson, '01, J. H. Oesterhaus, '01, Mamie (Alexander) Boyd, '02, Maud Coe, '02, J. M. Scott, '03, Mary (O'Daniel) Scott, '04, Maud Smith, '04, Clara Barnhisel, '04, C. A. Pyle, '04, Ralph B. Felton, '04, Hattie (Forsyth) Felton, '04, L. B. Bender, '04, Winifred Johnson, '05, Blanche Stevens, '05, George Wolf, '05, Jessie Sweet, '05, W. K. Evans, '05, F. E. Balmer, '05, E. D. Richardson, '06, C. H. Gilkison, '06, G. E. Yerkes, '06, Boline Hanson, '06, M. R. Schuler, '06, E. J. Evans, '06, May Umberger, '07, L. M. Jorgenson, '07, Grace Streeter, '07, Catharine Ward, '07, F. W. Caldwell, '07, E. L. Adams, '07, A. G. Phillips, '07, J. M. Ryan, '07, Ellen J. Hanson, '07, L. B. Streeter, '07.

J. R. Kupper, '07, was last heard from in Mexico City.

C. J. Burson, '01, reports the birth of a third daughter, June 6.

Olive Dunlap, '05, has returned to Manhattan, after a successful year's work as teacher of domestic science in South Bend, Ind.

Rev. William A. Quayle, of Chicago, who was recently elected bishop of the M. E. church, was in the '80s a sophomore student in this College.

Helen True, '01, and Henry Goddard, a former student, were married, June 4, at the home of the bride in Topeka. They will be at home after July 1 in Seward, Okla.

Frank Grabendike, '07, and Nell Christopher, a former student, were married Wednesday, June 17, in Wichita. Mr. Grabendike is employed in Chicago as electrician on the Santa Fé.

John Tompkins, junior in '02, was married June 3 to Miss Sims at Topeka. "Tommy," who will be remembered as a baseball star in '01-'02, is now with the Continental Creamery Company in Topeka.

May Umberger, '07, who has been teaching in the Girls' Industrial School at Beloit, expects to teach domestic science next year in the high school at Parsons, Kan., where the work is just being instituted.

Wednesday, June 3, at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Emma Huggins, in Emporia, occurred the wedding of Jewel Spohr, '06, and Mr. Vernon L. Heath. Shortly after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Heath left for their future home in Peabody.

C. H. Kyle, '03, and Corinne (Fail-
yer) Kyle, '03, will spend the early part of July visiting relatives in Cawker City. Mr. Kyle will then return to his work in the Department of Agriculture and Mrs. Kyle will come back to Manhattan to remain until fall.

Prof. George H. Failyer, '77, after a short visit in Manhattan, will spend the summer traveling in the plains regions of Kansas, Colorado, and Nebraska, doing field work for the Bureau of Soils.

WASHINGTON ALUMNI NOTES.

R. A. Oakley, '03, left Washington June 6 for a three-weeks' trip into Kentucky and Illinois to study the production of Kentucky blue-grass seed.

H. N. Vinall, '03, is spending June and the greater part of July in Nebraska, Kansas, North and South Dakota, and the adjoining states, studying the grass situation in that region.

Prof. D. W. Working, '88, of the University of West Virginia, Morgantown, who is superintendent of the agricultural extension work for the university, was seen in Washington June 2 with Mr. David Fairchild, '88.

W. H. Stewart, '95, a farmer of Winchester, Kan., recently attended a Presbyterian church meeting in Philadelphia, and on his return home after the meeting he stopped in Washington, June 2. He was seen in company with J. A. Conover, '98, of the Dairy Division, United States Department of Agriculture.

Nicholas Schmitz, '04, is spending considerable time in Maryland and Virginia on alfalfa extension work. Mr. Schmitz is having excellent success in establishing new fields of alfalfa in the East. He made a three-weeks' trip this spring into Indiana with the idea of getting alfalfa more generally grown in that state.

THE '08's.

Bea Cave will enter Cornell next fall.

Fred Hayes will practice veterinary science.

Dora Harlan will teach in Kansas City.

Ralph Caldwell will engage in butter making.

Edna Biddison has a position as assistant principal of a high school.

A. B. Cron is an assistant in the Agronomy Department of the College.

Charles Willard will take advanced work in agriculture at Illinois University.

O. O. Morrison will be employed in the Bureau of Animal Industry, at Albuquerque.

Ray Thompson will work for the Chemistry Department of the Experiment Station.

Charles Jacobus and Stewart Young go to the Westinghouse Company at Pittsburg, Pa.

G. B. Berger is wire chief with the Independent Telephone Company, of Abilene, Kan.

Arthur Kirby will be with the Kansas Natural Gas Company of Independence, Kan.

Jay Simpson sailed for the Philippines, June 23, where he will teach manual training.

Maude Teagarden is traveling saleswoman for the Union Publishing Company, of Chicago.

W. T. McCall, Herman Praeger and Arthur Snapp will become farmers and stock raisers.

Horace Bixby and Carl Long expect to work for the Pennsylvania R. R. at Pittsburg, Pa.

S. W. Cunningham will engage in Y. M. C. A. work in Omaha with Dexter Holloway, '07.

Elmira Kerr is to teach domestic science and art in a colored industrial school in South Carolina.

E. S. Taft is secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of the South Dakota University and Agricultural College.

Elsie Kratzinger has the position of teacher of domestic science in the high school at Carbondale, Ill.

Frank Harris is city surveyor of Manhattan.

Elsie Tulloss has been employed as instructor in domestic science in the Ottawa (Kan.) High School.

Seneca Jones has been elected teacher of science and agriculture in the Norton County High School.

Carl Forsberg and Herbert Strong go to Schenectady, N. Y., to work for the General Electric Company.

A. H. Wright has been elected teacher of agriculture and science in the high school at Lyons, Kan.

Helen Huse expects to take advanced work in domestic science in the new Domestic Science and Art building.

Charles Doryland is employed by the Soil Bacteriology Department for the present, and expects to do post-graduate work at the College next year.

The following girls will remain at home for a time: Blanche Robertson, Venus Kimble, Irene Taylor, Nell Wolf, Hallie Smith, Marcia Pierce, and Lizzie Hassebroek.

The following will teach: Estelle Ise, Helen Sweet, Ethel McKeen, Florence Dresser, Hulda Bennett, Edna Munger, Cecil Graham, Amy Elder, Clara Schild, Bernice Deaver, Ruby Buckman, Edith Holmberg, Louise Fleming, Esther Christensen, Marie Bardshar, and Bessie Tolin.

Alpha Beta Reunion.

The alumni reunion of the Alpha Beta Society was thoroughly enjoyed Wednesday, June 17, by members of the society and visiting alumni.

With A. E. Ridenour, '95, in the chair, a short program was rendered, being introduced with music by Mrs. A. E. Ridenour, '98, and G. S. Christy. Wallace Birch, '04, made a few remarks, then followed the "Gleaner" by Helen C. Westgate, '07. Through the columns of the old society paper we heard from old

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friends and school fellows who could not attend the reunion in person, and welcome were the messages therein contained. We next listened to short talks by H. V. Harlan, '04, C. H. Thompson, '93, Mrs. Mattie (Mails) Coons, '82, and Jacob Lund, '83. In this way we heard of the doings of the Alpha Betas in days gone by, and this is always interesting to the younger members.

After singing the Alpha Beta song and giving the society yell, we partook of refreshments and indulged in a social time. A. A.

The Hamilton and Webster Societies combined efforts in giving an imitation of a Democratic National Convention, May 29, in the Auditorium. The proceedings were in anticipation of the Denver convention, and, while necessarily humorous to a degree, were instructive as well. William J. Bryan was nominated for president!

PICTURES

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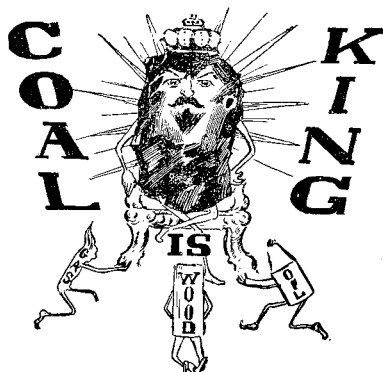
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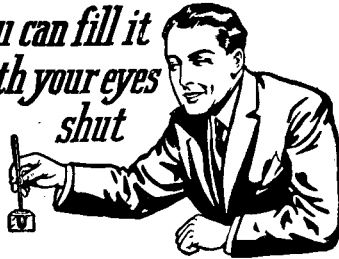
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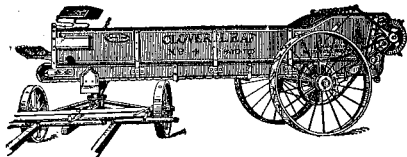
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