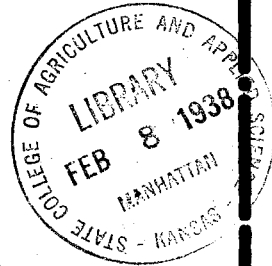


THE ALUMNUS

Vol. VIII

No. 10

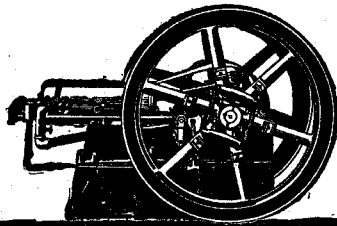
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OF THE
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OF THE
Kansas State Agricultural College



June, 1910

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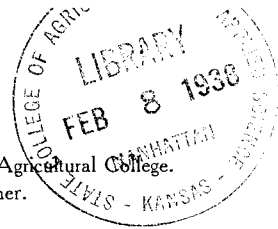
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Marcia Elizabeth Turner, '06, Editor and Publisher.



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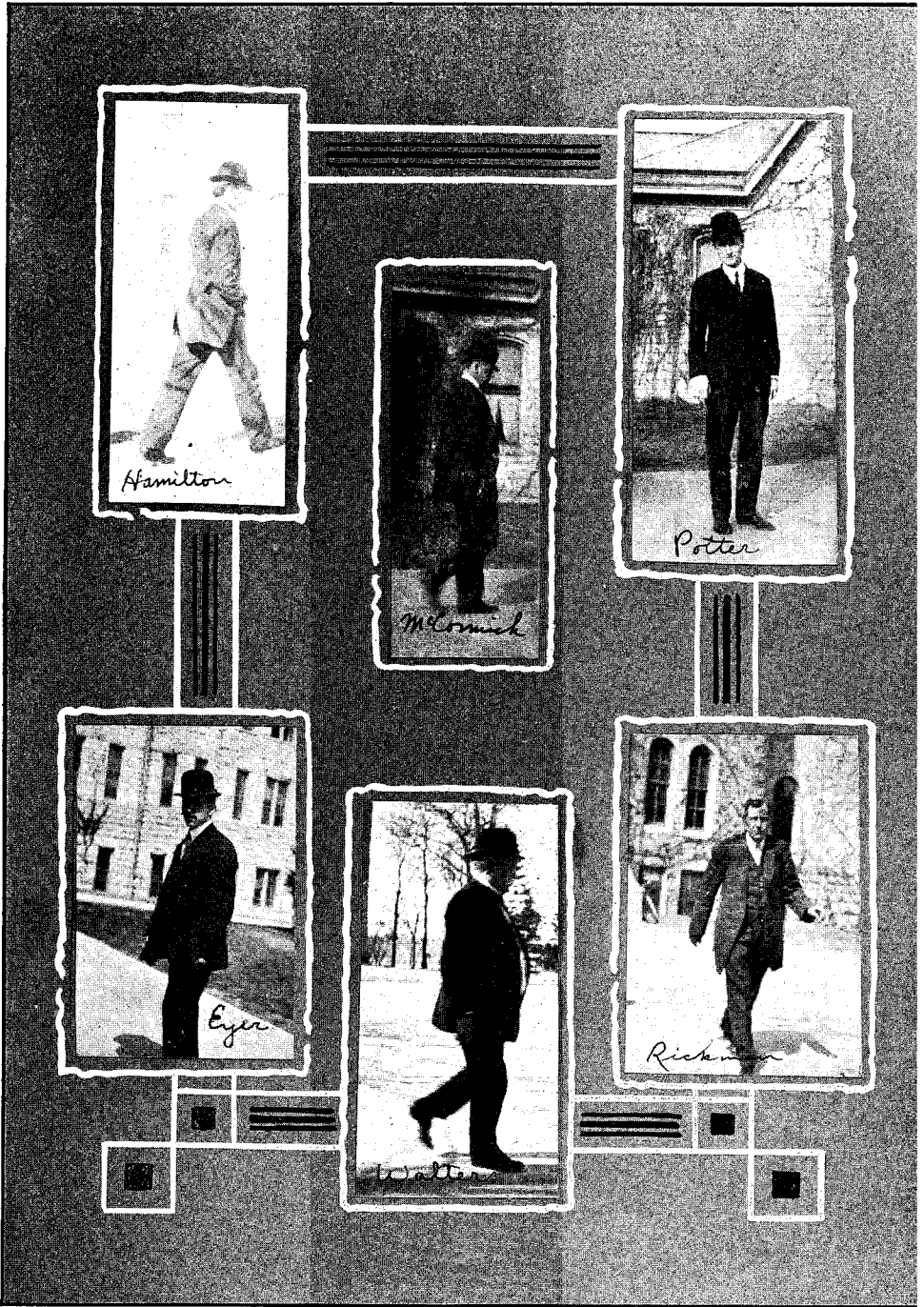
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THE ALUMNUS



VOL. VIII.

MANHATTAN, KAN., JUNE, 1910.

No. 10

To Athens and Constantinople.

By H. F. Roberts.

The anchor of the *Therapia* had scarcely rattled up its side before the local small boy population of the Naples waterfront had swarmed around the steamer along the dock to perform for our benefit their cheerful and inimitable stunts, for which we were expected to toss them our soldi. Few of the passengers could resist. Begging is theoretically a mighty bad practice, but it is worth the money when it is done *a la Neapolitaine*. Certainly this row of grimacing gamins lined up in undress parade upon the wharf displayed an amount of wheedling ingenuity in their monkey tricks worthy of the vaudeville stage, and succeeded in extracting a very respectable collection of Italian coppers from the deck.

In the water, strapping athletic looking divers, clad in the merest equator of a garment, plunged to the bottom of the bay around the ship for the smallest coin tossed overboard; and until we were well under way a boat load of singers, men and women, rowed around and around the vessel with gaily colored parasols inverted to stop the pennies hoped for by the divers. They had to row hard and sing fast, with heads upturned to watch for the coins, which made it about as much work as singing in opera. However, they stuck bravely and gaily to it, and reaped many a coin for their "Santa Lucia."

Farther and farther behind, as the steamer churned out into the bay, floated the strains of "Addio Bella Napoli." Sadly too we sang in re-

ply, "Addio Bella Napoli"—Farewell, Naples and Italy.

Having sufficiently indulged our sentiments in this regard, we leaned over the rail for a last look on terraced Naples with all its careless sunny-hearted gayety, its bright colors, and its teeming, swarming life. Off to the right, dry brown Vesuvius, which had obstinately refused to smoke during our three days' sojourn, sank slowly into the sea.

Once away from land, the first business on every steamer is to make an inventory of the passengers. It did not take us very long to find out that a steamer-load east of Italy does not speak the English language to any appreciable extent. There were only four of us on the boat who made a business of it—two Englishmen and we two Americans. There were a few other amateurs in English who spoke it "a leetle," but for the most part it was an indescribable jumble of Italians, Greeks, Turks and Levantines who knew not English.

A "Levantine," by-the-way, is a sort of a conglomerate of all of the left-overs, scraps and various human sedimentary deposits which were mixed and melted up together by the Roman Empire while it was hot, and left to settle as it cooled off. French is the only language of western Europe that is extensively and universally patronized by all these various peoples who inhabit the eastern Mediterranean, and to make very much headway among them you need a different kind of French than is usually taught in American colleges by American teachers. Six months' riding in the

street-cars and omnibuses of Paris, mixing with French crowds, and eating in the smaller French cafés and hotels, is worth more for practical purposes than any three years of "college" French. The writer, moreover, wants to suggest, for the benefit of patriotic English-speaking people who are confident that our misspelled tongue is being eagerly acquired by all of the rest of species as fast as they can get around to it, that a trip to Italy, Greece, Turkey, the Balkan States, Syria, and north Africa will be very disappointing. As a matter of fact, French is not very far from being the most universally useful language in the world among the strictly non-English peoples.

Well to get back on board. The writer used up all the conversational French he possessed on a number of polite Greeks, and then had to suffer the mortification of watching them go right on and do a lot of French that he had never heard of. There was one solace, however, in the presence of the Germans on board—a lot of them, lieutenants and so on back from their precious "colonies" in Africa. Now it happened that one of our Englishmen was the best kind of an Englishman—the kind that has knocked about the world so long that the English plating has all worn off and you can see the metal underneath. Most of the English are triple or quadruple plated and will resist even the action of acids.

Well, the Englishman in question was a civil engineer of cosmopolitan tastes and experience, and a Leipzig education, so that he fraternized at once with our Germans in a way that was even more German than theirs. He took the ramrods out of their military backs, slapped them jovially around the deck, filled them with unlimited beers, and introduced us immediately, as soon as we discovered him, and uncovered the fact that he was actually an Englishman and not

a German as we had supposed. Well, there were innumerable 'Ich habe die Ehres,' and single-jointed German bows, and then we all played shuffle-board on the deck. Now to the uninitiated it must be said that shuffle-board is the great deck game at sea. You shove large wooden discs with a kind of long-handled scoop in the direction of a series of marked squares—and generally miss them. Without further details, it is a game that takes a pretty fair amount of skill. So we Anglo-Saxons immediately organized a shuffle-board tournament with our German cousins and beat them all over the deck. Then came ring-toss, and the Germans either could not reach the post or else they pitched the rings into the sea. German education does not seem to include even the milder forms of the sports.

Then we let in the Greeks, and a handsome young Achilles, who sat next us at table with his mother, essayed the test. But Achilles, despite the fact that he loved his Greeks clear back to Homer, and could quote them liberally, had not had an ancient Greek education in sports, and I regret to record that his mother was much disappointed over his athletic endeavors.

Well, one fine morning, the next but one after Italy, we awoke to find the steamer at rest and to hear a great uproar around and about it. Going up on deck to investigate, we discovered that we were at anchor at the Piræus, the ancient and the modern port of Athens, and were surrounded by the boats of the natives competing for the possession of our persons.

On the way hither we had passed the most fascinating and beautiful islands in the world, set like jewels in the turquoise sea. Nowhere is such a combination of colors in earth and sea and sky as in and around the Hellenic lands. Nothing here seems commonplace. One can see how the Greek poets arose, in a land and an

ocean which make poetry of themselves. Italy is beautiful, but Greece is far, far more so. There is less languorousness, and more of sparkle in the beauty of Hellas. It has an intellectual quality and a freshness that Italy lacks. No wonder that Greek art and architecture and literature came about when the Dorians got down and settled in this fairyland. The right people came to just the right spot on earth to make possible the wonder that we know. Why does the wonder not exist to-day?

There is enough in the Greek land and sea and sky to-day to make Homer and Sappho and Pindar sing forever. Will the blood of the modern Hellenes ever reveal the ancient stock again in a new Hellenic Renaissance? Such are the thoughts that float across the mind as one silently glides into this magical world.

But the yelling and shouting around the steamer is the real life of to-day and not the poetry of yesterday. We hail the inevitable Cook agent who boards and takes us ashore for a price over which he evidently has control with the boatmen. One does not yet sail up to a dock at the Piræus. We had our choice of ways to Athens. Of course the carriage ride one and a half hours by the ancient road, and between what used to be the "long walls" to the city, would be preferable, but in June the roads of Greece are as dusty as California and the sun is as piercingly bright and hot, so we took the train.

It was with the most extraordinary feeling in the world that we first beheld the Greek of our college days on signs and walls at the Piræus, bearing evidence of daily use and of actually being a medium of communication. It seemed as though antiquity had somehow tumbled down off the shelf and had gotten into action. We thought of Robert Louis Stevenson's little boy who "made the jolly sailor

come alive." Yet here was Greek, real Greek, that some people who are not teaching it think is a "dead" language, and which some of those who are teaching it are helping to kill by teaching it as though it were dead.

The climax of sensations was capped when a newsboy rushed up yelling "Akropolis, Akropolis." We wondered what Xenophon would have thought when he got back from his retreat with the Ten Thousand and with the manuscript about it that he wrote for our benefit, if he could have seen the Greek newspaper "Akropolis." He could have read some of it any way, for we did. Soon the train drew near enough to Athens for us to see the beetling, craggy mount after which the newspaper in question was named, and we beheld for the first time the indescribable, stately, glorious outlines of the imperishable Parthenon soaring above it.

Modern Athens is a beautiful city, one of the most beautiful of the smaller capitals of Europe. Of the old city no such abundant traces exist as in Rome, but the fortunate few that do survive have a glory that nothing else in the fragments of the ancient world which time has left, possesses. It is a real pleasure, moreover, to observe the manner in which the modern Greeks are striving to rival their ancestors in this "Athens of the violet crown." They have the same unapproachable marble of the Pentelican quarries, and out of this material wealthy Greeks have dowered their city with some splendid edifices, of which even the ancient city might well be proud. One cannot pass the beautiful classic buildings of the academy, the University, the National Library and the National Museum with the marble beauty of their pure Hellenic lines, or stand beneath their sculptured colonnades, without a sense of the old Greek world coming back again. Perhaps more surprising as a re-creation of the old Greek, because

built on the identical spot and co-terminous with the outlines of the original structure, is the Stadion. This dazzling open-air amphitheatre of spotless marble, with its tier upon tier of seats of the whitest of Pentelic stone, ought to make athletics as attractive to the modern as it was to the ancient Hellenes. The fact that it isn't is of course not the fault of the munificent builder of the Stadion. It is there, anyway, and is a wonderful and beautiful thing of its kind. We traversed its vast extent along the marble benches in exactly the middle of a day that was very close to July. It seemed as though the sun would beat the tops of the umbrellas in. Nevertheless, we took our chances and left our cabman to dessicate, while we plunged through the marble splendor of the Stadion. The air is so clear in Greece that long distances pretend they are short, as in the Rocky Mountains. By the time, therefore, we had reached half-way down the course of the amphitheatre we began to understand why the modern Greeks do not go in for athletics especially, at least in summer, and by the time we arrived at the horseshoe end of the course, and dived into a black opening that showed itself under the seats, the writer, at least, had acquired a good working notion of the place so vividly described by various authorities as the permanent residence after death of the unfit. We had scarcely had time to cool down to 100 degrees before a Greek authority of some sort came along to put us out. It seems we had stumbled into a place where we were not wanted, but it would have been a dear pleasure to have been able to tell that man that under the circumstances nothing could possibly put us out but the fire department. Owing to an utter inability to translate this joke into Greek on the spot and without a dictionary, it has had to be preserved (dried) to be used here.

The astronomers say that the sun is

cooling off. Now without pretending to any special knowledge, and simply as a matter of opinion to be taken for what it is worth, the writer wishes to state that there has probably been but very little cooling off since the ancient Greeks first used this Stadion, 2000 years ago.

(To be continued.)

~~~~~  
 Absence of occupation is not rest,  
 A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed;  
 An idler is a watch that wants both hands,  
 As useless if it goes as if it stands.

—Cowper.

~~~~~  
Commencement, 1910.

Commencement week was characterized by the bluest of skies, and if the mercury did stand a trifle high for comfort it did not diminish the usual Commencement crowd. On the Friday preceding Commencement the senior class appeared in chapel, dressed in caps and gowns, and in celebration of their new dignity occupied the Faculty seats on the platform. Thereafter groups of black-gowned figures were usual sights upon the campus, and so well were they received by the underclassmen that it is very likely caps and gowns will be adopted by future classes.

THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

The Baccalaureate sermon was delivered by Albert Boynton Storms, D. D., of the Iowa State College. His subject was "The Need of a New Idealism," and his address was masterful and fine. It will be remembered that Doctor Storms spoke at the dedication of the Auditorium. Professor Valley sang, accompanied by a woman's chorus.

THE CHORAL UNION CONCERTS.

On Monday afternoon and evening were given two magnificent concerts, the matinée by the Hinshaw Grand Opera Quartet and the evening concert by a chorus of eighty voices and the Hinshaws. All who listened to these concerts were enthusiastic in their praise of the high-class music, ren-

dered by the beautifully trained chorus and the exceptionally fine soloists.

THE CLASS PLAY.

And annual senior class play was given on Tuesday evening before an audience that filled the Auditorium. The title of the play, "Cupid at Vas-sar," proclaims it a college production. The material was light, but nevertheless attractive and wholesome. There were the usual villain and "villianess," who became wound up in their own plots and finally had to endure the punishment of marrying each other, leaving the hero and heroine to do likewise. Prof. E. P. Johnston was director of the play and Prof. Harry Brown was musical director.

THE ALUMNI BUSINESS MEETING.

A few of the faithful met in the old chapel Wednesday afternoon and transacted the business of the Alumni Association. The important subject this year was the revision of the constitution of the association. The new constitution prepared by the committee was read, section by section, by the chairman, Prof. Albert Dickens, '93, and was adopted with very little comment. The constitution follows:

ARTICLE I.—*Name.*

SECTION 1. This organization shall be known as the Alumni Association of the Kansas State Agricultural College.

ARTICLE II.—*Object.*

SECTION 1. The object of this association shall be the promotion of the interests of the College, and of acquaintance among its graduates.

ARTICLE III.—*Membership.*

SECTION 1. The association shall consist of members, associate members, and honorary members.

SEC. 2. Graduation from the Kansas State Agricultural College shall constitute membership.

SEC. 3. Persons, not themselves graduates, shall upon marriage with a graduate become associate members.

SEC. 4. Upon recommendation of the officers of the association, at any annual meeting, friends or former officers of the College may be elected honorary members. They shall be exempt from payment of dues and assessments, they may not vote or hold office, make or second motions, but shall possess all the other rights and privileges of members.

SEC. 5. Local organizations of alumni may be affiliated with the Alumni Association, as hereinafter provided.

ARTICLE IV.—*Officers.*

SECTION 1. The control of the association shall be vested in a Board of Directors, one member of which shall be elected by each auxiliary organization and three by the association at its annual meeting. The directors shall be elected for a term of three years, but the three directors elected at the first meeting of the association after the adoption of this constitution shall be for terms of one, two and three years, respectively.

SEC. 2. Each local organization of alumni having a membership of not less than twenty shall be entitled to elect one director, and an additional director for each additional fifty members. The senior director elected by the Manhattan Alumni Association shall be in charge of the organization of the Board of Directors and the annual elections.

SEC. 3. The Board of Directors shall elect the officers of the association, making nominations and elections by postal vote before the first of May of each year.

SEC. 4. The Board of Directors shall have charge of the arrangements and expenses of reunions and social meetings, and may levy special assessments not to exceed one dollar.

ARTICLE V.—*Meetings and Reunions.*

SECTION 1. An annual meeting shall be held at the College during each Commencement week.

SEC. 2. The dates and character of social meetings shall be determined by the Board of Directors.

Sec. 3. Assessments to meet the expenses of social meetings and reunions shall be made upon members and associate members in attendance.

ARTICLE VI.—*Amendments.*

SECTION 1. This constitution may be amended or revoked by a three-fourths' vote of all members present at any annual meeting, provided that at least two-months' notice shall have been given through the *Industrialist*.

SEC. 2. The by-laws may be temporarily suspended at any annual meeting by a two-thirds' vote of the members present.

ARTICLE VII.—*Rules of Order.*

SECTION 1. Roberts' Rules of Order shall be the authority on all points of parliamentary order.

A nominating committee was then appointed by President Barnett for the selection of directors, and the following persons were duly elected: Prof. R. J. Barnett, '95, three years, H. C. Rushmore, '79, two years, and Miss Frances Brown, '09, one year.

Dean E. H. Webster, '96, reported a petition which had been presented to the Board of Regents, the contents of which were as follows: The Regents were asked to assume the debt of the alumni publication, THE ALUMNUS, and to provide for a monthly magazine issue of the *Industrialist*, devoted to alumni affairs and to be edited by some member of the board of instruction who is a graduate of the College. The editor was to be allowed sufficient time from regular duty for the needs of the magazine. This plan was to solve the always embarrassing financial problems of the ALUMNUS and provide the wants of an editor with something more substantial than merely the getting of experience. The Regents had accepted the first proposition, *i. e.*, the payment of the debt to the Printing De-

partment, but did not wish just yet to consider the remainder, for the reason that a man is soon to be secured, one of whose duties it shall be to assume charge of the *Industrialist*, and it yet remains uncertain how he might regard the matter. The Regents, however, granted to the alumni a reasonable amount of space in the weekly *Industrialist*, leaving it, in that respect, much as it has been in the past.

Mrs. F. L. Irish was elected an honorary member of the association.

ALUMNI RECEPTION.

The alumni reception was held on Wednesday evening in the Women's Gymnasium. While the number of alumni in the city at this time was up to the average, the attendance was light, and not conducive to much enthusiasm. However, those who were present spent a very enjoyable evening in renewing friendships and recalling old days.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

The forty-seventh annual Commencement address was delivered by Hon. Willis Moore, chief of the United States weather bureau, who spoke of the "Wonders of the Air." The lecture was scientific in nature, yet it was told with all the charm of a fairy tale. Mr. Moore spoke of the work of the weather bureau, the way their results are obtained, and the great amount of labor and money that is saved every year through heeding the warnings of the "weather man." Following the address, degrees were granted to one hundred thirty graduates. The Commencement exercises this year were, to a certain extent, a departure from the old way. The Faculty and seniors formed a processional, the former marching to the stage and the latter to the central parquet section. The seniors were seated according to courses, and in the presentation of diplomas a representative from each course received the diplomas of a kind.

A dinner for the Faculty, alumni and seniors was given at noon in the Women's Gymnasium. In the afternoon there was the usual band concert and the dress parade and sham battle by the Military Department. At four o'clock the crowd transferred itself to the athletic park to witness the K. S. A. C. vs. Alumni ball game.

Alumni headquarters during Commencement week were in the Webster-Alpha Beta society hall, which had been transformed into a cool attractive rest room.

Doctor Kellerman in Guatemala.

From the *Ohio State University Quarterly*, January, 1910.

It is so generally true that a scientist is also a poet that one ought not to be surprised at a new and striking instance of it. For there are, at the last analysis, only two ways to find out truth, the way of science and the way of art. It is the writer's devout belief that these two ways are one, and that the only difference between the scientist and the artist is in their respective means of traveling on the one way. Nevertheless a man cannot well do, at the same time, one thing in two ways; and in the case of our botanist it appears, quaintly enough, that he was more poet than scientist. Of Doctor Kellerman's service to science I am not qualified to speak. It is well known and highly rated, but by the very force of his energy and enthusiasm it is somewhat impatient and dispersed; and it is hardly more than literal fact to say that he fairly danced and sang over his microscopes. When to such a man came the call of the tropics, it is not surprising that he came back, like Paul from his heavenly vision, babbling and confused, but with a great light in his eyes. In his hands were rusts and smuts and mushrooms, but it was his dear Tennyson that was most often on his lips. *Enoch Arden*, he was always quoting it:

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
The winding glades high up like ways to heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw.

And he himself became thus the Arden of a new romance; he, too, at the last, sat in those wild and lovely places, a shipwrecked sailor, waiting for a sail, and heard the bells of home; and the sail that touched for him at Guatemala was death's.

Therefore the whole story of Doctor Kellerman's expeditions to Guatemala, and of his death there, cannot adequately be told in prose. It calls for the greater truth-telling of verse. Yet it has seemed to me that a story of such human interest, of such appeal to the imagination, a story that is at the same time part of our veritable history, should not be allowed to gather silence. That this is a mere sketch will be fully evident; but it would be yet more so, if I could put into my reader's hands the letters I have been receiving from the men who went to Guatemala with Doctor Kellerman. There were four of these expeditions, in the winters of the years '04 to '07, and there were several Ohio State men in each party. I have not been able to reach all these men, nor have they had time and opportunity to give me complete records; yet what I have in hand is enough to build a far statelier memorial than I can here undertake. Let it be understood that in the following informal account I am quoting constantly, even when it is not apparent, from the men of the expeditions; and I hope also that, in an article addressed to the alumni, I may be pardoned for using our own familiar abbreviations in indicating these men.

The beginning of the story is best supplied by Griggs, '03. "Whenever Doctor Kellerman's trips to Guatemala are alluded to," he writes, "my mind recalls the meeting of the Ohio

Academy of Science in 1902. At that meeting Doctor Kellerman presented the results of his summer's work in the mountains of West Virginia, while I gave an account of a trip to Guatemala, made the year before in a government party. Doctor Kellerman was so enthusiastic over the beauties of the West Virginia mountains that I had difficulty in getting a hearing for my tropical scenery. But I knew that West Virginia could not compare with the glories of tropical mountains, if once I could get him to see them as I had. I missed no opportunity, therefore, to talk Guatemala, till finally the doctor began to take an interest. I cannot tell how much my talking may have had to do with his finally making up his mind to go, but I like to claim part of the credit for getting him started. For in spite of their fatal termination I cannot but feel, as he himself did, that his tropical trips were among the finest experiences of his life."

From this he goes on to write of Guatemala; and out of this writing, and out of the letters, the notes and diaries of others of the men—Hine, '93; Williamson, '98; Stowe, '08; and Arthur Smith, Condit, and Zimmer, all of '09—out of the mere fragments of their accumulated memories, together with those overflowing talks that Doctor Kellerman himself gave us in the years between at the university—out of all this one builds the vision of it. And rather than the maps and routes, from Puerto Barrios on the low east coast up the mountains to Guatemala City, and on to San Jose on the Pacific; rather than the smirched and sunny tragedy of the story of the land, the unheroic little wars and the long indolences smiling between the fevers and the volcanos, this vision, I think, is what we all may keep. Wild Eden, fancy it: coconut palms, and breadfruit trees, and plantations of banana and bamboo; the silver stems and hanging

crowns of the stately royal palms; the orchards of the coffee, stained with the little red shells that enclose the berries, till they look how like our haws in autumn; Poinciana trees, true flamboyants, trees clothed so completely with scarlet flowers that they are banners and landmarks; or other trees, shaped like our elms, that were one dark blue glow of flowers, and so thorned that he who climbed and brought them down did so with bloody hands; the mistletoe that cost the gray professor, climbing like a boy, a broken rib; or the legend of the yucca of his long quest, found at length up a wild mountain-gorge, cliffed with obsidian, and with one flash of waterfall in its mossy gloom—can you fancy it all? "Just now," runs a passage I have just been reading, "a flock of bright green parrots flashed by, with a chorus of shrieks and squeals." And "Yesterday," it goes on, "we found a rubber-tree growing on a palm, up about ten feet. But the roots had not reached the ground. It had sprouted at the base of a leaf on the palm and was growing on *air* till it could reach the ground. This rubber-tree was almost four feet tall and had roots eight feet down the palm. When the roots reach the ground they wrap about the palm and use it for support, and gradually smother it." It was a palm. A parable indeed: look again, it is the rubber-tree.

And with all this, fancy the Guatemalen women coming barefoot to market, with the great baskets of oranges hung on their heads; or washing clothes in the river, while their naked children play well up on the hot sand for fear of the alligators; the arms of naked bronze, and the Indian jars beside the sunset wall, of these latter-day Toltecs who know nothing of what their fathers left, dream-like forest ruins, waxen in the sunlight, with every grotesquely-carved cornice sprouting figs; and Guatemala City itself, for all its electric lights, like an

old tale, with the vultures on the pave that will hardly get out of your way, with the bull fight on Sunday where the famous Mazzantini killed his four bulls under the black eyes of all the Carmens of opera; and always, all of it, all the whole, crowded, incredible dream, suspended against the shadowy and far-startling cones of volcanoes, as superb as Fujiyama, named for all the saints in Spanish.

Oh, Guatemala City, "We are preparing to make the trip"—this note is from Condit—"from Guatemala City to the volcano Acatenango, about thirty miles distant. Our baggage was so bulky that a packhorse was needed. After much search a very sorry-looking, wornout coach-horse was found. On this creature we fastened our camp kit, weighing about one hundred pounds, and the caravan was set in motion, Doctor Kellerman at the head riding a mule and leading the packhorse, and Imlay and I bringing up the rear. By the time we had advanced into the elite part of the city the packhorse began to show signs of uneasiness and walked in a very hesitating manner. It may be that the poor horse did not approve of my interpretation of the diamond-hitch method of roping on a pack-saddle, or possibly the creature was opposed to traveling in the company of a mule and three foreigners. At any rate, matters came to a crisis when the animal lay down in the middle of the street. Great was the amusement of the natives, but greater was the excitement of Doctor Kellerman, who feared his plant presses would be broken. . . ." It was at that moment, I am sure, that the doctor's famous braying mule was moved once more to utter his innocent and astonishing music.

But if I should begin to quote adventures I should never get my story told. What concerns us most now, the last adventure, I shall quote extensively from Stowe's narrative.

"We had been spending a few days at Los Amates, but this morning we had our packmules loaded and were moving toward the town of Izabal, an old port on a lake of the same name. Doctor Kellerman had often spoken of this trip during the previous weeks, and was determined to spend a few days at the old fever-stricken town now shorn of its importance. The distance must have been twenty-five miles. The trail wound up from the luxuriant valley of the Motagua over the mountains, Sierra de Las Minas, and thence down through the lake valley.

"It was ten in the morning when we left the little railway station. After two hours we had left the great Monaca palm forests behind and were climbing upward through a belt of scattered pines. The path led around great rocks of serpentine. The air was dry, and semi-desert conditions prevailed. At one o'clock we stopped and ate our lunch. This consisted entirely of beans. A quantity had been cooked and packed in an old salmon can. As the can was passed from one to the other each poured a few beans into the palm of his hand and busied himself with these until the can came again. Mountain streams now became more frequent, and the vegetation richer. The trail began to narrow, with steep banks on each side, often fifteen feet high. Hundreds of years of travel, together with the erosion, had worn it thus. Stones had been placed for a road-bed over the worst places, for, as the maintenance of this road was important from a military standpoint, the government cut the brush every five years.

"Evening found us located at Camp Seventeen. The tents were set up and a table was split out of saplings. We had come sixteen miles and had not passed a single native hut; indeed, we found none until we came to the town.

"A little scouting about, the next morning, showed us a new and beautiful vegetation. There were many new species of palms that we had not seen before, and there were many tree ferns. Doctor Kellerman's enthusiasm was unbounded. The dampness of the region made it very favorable for the growth of fungi, and we worked as fast as possible; for we intended to stay here only a day or two before completing our journey to Izabal.

"On Wednesday morning it was decided that I should go on to Izabal to arrange for rooms and to get provisions. Climbing on the mule, I began the ascent, and in a couple of hours reached the summit of the range. In the distance lay the lake. The doctor had reached this spot once before, and had spoken continually of the grand view and of his desire to explore the region beyond. At 12 o'clock I galloped over the grass-turfed town street, finally stopping at a store. The proprietor owned a building in which rooms were secured, and I told him we would come soon. Each one of us had Spanish-English dictionaries, and our conversations were carried on by the use of these. We learned later that this man was the judge of this district and a man of importance.

"The next day Doctor Kellerman and I took a short trip before dinner. Zimmer had gone to Los Amates for letters, and Barber was to get dinner. We followed a rather steep mountain stream and were very successful in finding things. As we started for camp the doctor undertook to pull some small branches from a tree, and in so doing broke off a large limb, which struck him on the shoulder. The pain was great and the shock severe. We had a heavy load to carry back to camp, for we had collected a large quantity of material. That evening the clouds thickened and the rain came gently. All night it rained, increas-

ing as the morning dawned. We boys lay in our puppy tents, and as the water crept down into the hollow of the canvas bed under me I resolved that we would build a hut. There were plenty of palm leaves for thatching.

"The doctor spent a sleepless night. At 3 o'clock we heard him up, trying to start a fire in our little stove. Finding that he had mistaken the time, he went back to bed. When daylight came he was still quite nervous, but ate his breakfast as usual. Although it rained all day we built our shack, and that next night the rain did not bother us. During the afternoon Doctor Kellerman became sick and he would not eat any supper. Next morning things were thoroughly wet and mud was abundant. Although he was still sick, the doctor rode with us to a large camping shack three miles farther on, and it was decided that we should move there, as it was higher and dryer. By five in the evening we were eating our supper at Camp Eighteen and the doctor was resting easy.

"We made a few explorations Sunday morning and found a splendid spring near by. There were plenty of wild beasts to add to the loneliness of the spot. Early in the morning I saw a mountain bush-dog climbing in an anona tree close to the camp, and a tiger's skeleton was found close by. A flock of blackbirds with yellow wings and yellow beaks congregated in the trees about us. There was no doubt that we were in the depths of the forest.

"Provisions were getting low, so the next morning I mounted the mule and rode again to Izabal. About four miles from our camp there were a hundred native men clearing the underbrush on each side of the trail. Their advance toward us was rapid. They were then occupying the shack that was nearest to ours, and it could be seen that only a day or two remained before they would drive us from our quarters. At the town I had some

difficulty in making the judge understand why we had not come. Then with the saddle-bags full of good things I came back and found our sick man resting somewhat more quietly, and still desirous of seeing Izabal.

“As he was determined the next morning to go, we carried him out and put him astride the mule. It was my turn to stay in camp, and I began the day’s work. In about an hour I heard them coming back, and my heart sank. The boys were holding him on the mule; his face was deathly pale, and his head hung down, but still he held firmly to the pommel of the saddle. We put him on the cot, and then it was decided that I should go to Los Amates and secure aid if possible. The quest was hopeless as far as medicine was concerned, but I brought back a few letters and some American canned fruits. He enjoyed both the letters and the fruit, and seemed quite cheerful. We had decided that we must move back to Los Amates, and thence to the railroad hospital at Zacapa, eighty miles distant. As the other boys had not seen the lake, they left the doctor in my care and made a short trip to it. I had been with him only a few minutes when I observed that he was a very sick man. There was a pleasant twinkle in his eye, which soon grew into a smile and then into peals of laughter. He said he was thinking about the folks at home, and all the funny things that his children used to do. I remember he told how Karl played in the wood-box and hammered the boards off. He dropped to sleep at times, but continued talking all that day. He told us to go home and leave him there with a big pile of plants beside him. Words cannot describe my feelings that day. It drizzled continually, and the yellow-winged black-birds called their weird songs in the trees overhead, and now and then a broken twig would fall with a crash upon the roof.

“Finally we persuaded the doctor to give up Lake Izabal and go back to Los Amates. This was a beautiful morning, and the rain clouds were gone. Barber and I helped him on the mule and started, leaving Zimmer in camp. We each carried a heavy load of camp equipment. Our first stop was at Camp Seventeen, where we gathered up a few specimens that had been left. A mile or so farther on we stopped at a stream, where the doctor washed his face and hands. The fever was beginning to increase, and the ride beginning to tell. Barber led the mule, and I walked close behind. He grew weaker, but his courage did not fail. ‘Boys, tie me on,’ he said, ‘if I can stay on in no other way. I am perfectly willing.’ I took hold of his hips and held him on for a few miles farther. We had determined to reach a little stream that we considered the half-way point. Almost instantly when we stopped he began to slide off, and the roll of blankets that had been prepared was put upon the ground. Brush was cut and a sun-shelter was quickly built. He wished to sit up, so we carried him to the trunk of a tree, but immediately his head dropped and he fainted. By use of stimulants he regained consciousness, and after a rest we resumed the journey. He was held on the mule the rest of the way, and it was necessary to lift him off frequently to rest. How we dreaded to do this; for it only meant another fainting spell with greater difficulty of reviving him. I carried a dipper of water and a drinking cup all the way, giving him a little every few minutes. It was necessary also to bathe his head and chest frequently, the evaporating water being very soothing to him. He wondered if we would ever come to the end. It was after dark when we reached the fever-smitten town. The next morning Barber left with him by train for Zacapa, and I returned to camp with two pack-

mules and a native. We were preparing our breakfast Monday morning when a telegram was brought telling of his death the evening before. He had drunk tea for his supper in the hospital and gone to sleep as usual, a never-ending sleep. No one knew when it first began."

"No other member of our party," writes Williamson, of the first expedition, "crossed Guatemala with the imaginative enthusiasm he possessed. It was a new world and he a transmigrated soul that wished never to return. If other botanists had seen the beauty of such palm forests, why had they never told of it? Why had he never heard of the grandeur of old Agua with its head in the clouds over Guatemala City? Never had he dreamed of such a world of cacti as spotted the parched earth for miles along the Motagua. The tropical swamps, the bamboo groves, all the shades of green in shadow and sunshine, the blue of the mountains, the laughter of little brooks, the grand sweep of the Motagua, the rains at night, the steaming earth at sunrise, the wild fruit piled high in the markets, the donkeys laden with coffee, the women washing their babies in the river, the men lounging on the plaza, the chimes from the old cathedral at midnight—and finally a dropping to sleep and long quiet in the cacti-fenced cemetery at Zacapa—these are some of the things that this land meant to Doctor Kellerman. His grave is marked by a small board on which only his initials are cut. Should not the university interest itself to see that a fitting monument of marble or bronze should mark his final resting place, symbolizing to the Guatemalans the esteem of a sister nation for one who felt himself a citizen of the two republics?"

Yes, those wizard groves of the cacti, like yews clipped into fantastic shapes, an old English garden naked in the desert, he was always merry

when he was among them. And here at home we are not even taking care of his collections; we have neither money for cases nor room to put them in, and they are spoiling in their boxes. And here at home, on a March morning three years ago, we came up to the campus to find the robins singing, and the flag on the tower at half-mast; I remember that the wind blew straight from the southwest, as if it had come all the way from the land where death looks through the orchids.

J. R. T., '87.

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Medicine Bow, Wyoming.

*Editor Alumnus:*

Perhaps some of the alumni would like to know something about the frontier state of Wyoming. There are so many things which are peculiar to this state alone that it would be difficult to choose the most interesting for a short description.

First, when I came to Laramie the first of last October, instead of finding the beauties of autumn weather everything was as brown and bleak as if it had been December. It was not so cold, but the frost which was early had had the effect of a frost in August.

Laramie is a city of about eight thousand inhabitants, situated on the Union Pacific railroad. The State University is located here and is the only institution of the kind in the state; and yet there are less than three hundred students in attendance. There are only five buildings—the Main Building, Girls' Dormitory, Gymnasium, Science Hall, and Power House. All of them are built of brick. This is not a very large showing when compared with K. S. A. C.

About the middle of December I decided that I would venture further into the wilds and secure a school. A school can be had at almost any time of the year for the asking, as there are not nearly enough teachers to supply the schools. Many of the teach-



ers are from other states. I got my certificate on the face of my K. S. A. C. diploma and the payment of the certificate fee.

I came from Laramie to Medicine Bow, a little village also on the U. P., about sixty miles northwest of Laramie, on the 17th of December. Everything was covered with snow and the thermometer six below zero. You who have read "The Virginian" will recall that this is the place where the tenderfoot landed when he first came to Wyoming. I think my impressions of the place were not different from his. There may be a few more houses. The people are of the same type and the boarding-house is doubtless the same one, at least it answers the description admirably. There is one general store and post-office combined, a hall used for dancing, two saloons, a schoolhouse, and a few scattered dwellings on streets so crooked that a snake could not follow them.

The next day we drove thirty miles over the flats. Just imagine, if you can, a drive of thirty miles over a snow-covered flat with the thermometer below zero and not a sign of civilization the entire distance.

I remember once making a remark to the effect that I liked to get away from every one once in a while, just to be alone with nature, just to forget, and indulge in reveries alone. This desire has been fulfilled many times over out here. I am in the foot-hills and can see snow-capped mountains at any time of the year. The hills here are covered with rocks. The only vegetation is the natural grasses and sage brush. Farther to the north and east the hills are higher and covered with pine forests.

The air seems to contain an element not found in other places, something that makes you feel as if you would live always. And the sunsets—I will not attempt a description! Only an artist could in any measure do them justice. They must be seen to be appreciated.

There is a peculiar fascination in this wild country which draws one to it. Just what it is I am unable to say. In some places there is an utter disregard for the Sabbath and the church, as well as many of the finer, æsthetic things which we of the East consider essential to life; but with all there is that unseen and unspoken something which seems to say: "This is God's free country where a man is a man, nothing more. Our land is new and pure, our faces are to the front. If you have been square so much the better; if not, leave behind the taints of artificial things and start again on the level—that's all."

CECILE ALLENTHARP, '07.

*My Dear Editor:*

As so many of my friends have asked me about my trip abroad last summer, the spirit moves me to answer some of their questions through the pages of the ALUMNUS. And since the first question is invariably, "Were you seasick?" I shall confine my reminiscences in this paper to our ocean voyage.

My friend, Miss Bird Secrest, '92, and myself arrived in New York City the evening of June 24, and after the hot, tiresome trip across the continent and two nights of suffocating heat in New York, we were ready for the ocean voyage, or even an airship voyage—anything to escape the deadening atmosphere of New York.

Our conductor, Doctor T——, met us at our hotel, and escorted us, with others, to Hoboken, where our ship, the *Berlin*, a fine, new boat of the North German Lloyd line, was in dock awaiting us.

"O," you inquire, "did you go with a conducted party? and did you ride second cabin? and no doubt you are mentally adding that you would rather stay at home than ride second cabin, and that to go with a conducted tour would be past all endurance. In answer to the first question, I must

say that we *did* go with a conducted party (our conductor was a graduate of Yale—a class-mate of President Taft's) and that we are ready to give all inside information on the subject if necessary; and I am obliged to answer the second question also in the affirmative, but I will say that if you want to travel with the same kind of people that you associate with at home—college professors, students, clergymen, good, sensible well-educated people—there is where you will find them. As a rule, if there are any people traveling who have more money than brains you will find them in the First Cabin. Moreover, second cabin fare on a first-class boat is as good as an ordinary college instructor is used to at home.

But to proceed with my story. (If you *will* interrupt me with a question I must pardon the interruption.) Once on board we hastened to our stateroom to see if our steamer trunk was in place, and found, to our joy, many steamer letters awaiting us, seventeen for my own unworthy self. It seemed very "homey," just as if we really belonged there, to find our mail awaiting us and our trunk in its place. But we hurried on deck to see them pull in the bridges and watch the crowds on the wharf waving good-bye. Slowly we moved out to sea, the band playing an inspiring air, the crowd cheering and waving handkerchiefs, some weeping—it was a thrilling experience. The Statue of Liberty was soon passed, the last glimpse of Ellis Island and the picturesque shore, and soon we were out on the ocean. All that day we sat in our steamer chairs and enjoyed the sea—the endless blue broken occasionally by a white cap wave, and fading into a dim haze on the horizon. To us "land-lubbers" the ocean was glorious.

Of course we ate our three meals that day—five on each of the following days—so that broke the pleasant

monotony. The boat being of the Nord, Deutcher Lloyd, all the crew were Germans and some of them very dense (our jolly stewardess was especially diverting). The same fact accounted for the peculiar seasoning of the victuals; but the Deutéh waiters were generous and attentive, so we fared well. "O," but you say, "you have not told us—Were you not seasick?"—as if that followed as a matter of course. Indeed all of our steamer letters, which were marked to be opened on different days, had pictured our *miser*y on the voyage. But truth to tell, we were *not* seasick on the ocean, and we see no reason why any one should be ill on such a voyage. The ship was so steady that we could walk anywhere on the boat with much greater ease and much less danger than we can walk through the main corridor of Anderson Hall. That was the delightful part of it—the sense of security out on the deep.

How did we spend our time? Well, in various ways. In the first place there was the big boat to inspect—our own cabin first and their first cabin; their gymnasium and elegant parlors; and then with a trusty guide we descended to the depths and inspected the steerage. We managed to pass through this section, by holding our noses and holding up our skirts—there is as much difference between second cabin and steerage as between palace and hovel. Their steerage trade is mainly Italian, and as the German has little respect for the Italian he treats him accordingly. One such visit was enough for us. This done, a promenade on the long promenade deck was in order—back and forth many times; then a game of quoits, or a game of shuffleboard, ended our glorious exercise; after which a quiet game in the writing room, or writing letters or journals—always on deck in time for the tenthirty lunch (that is the secret of avoiding seasickness: *do not go hungry*).

Then, too, the people whom we met and those whom we observed were never failing objects of interest. For instance, a group of artists from Chicago were on board, trying to catch the colors of sea and sky, the glorious sunrises and sunsets. There was a company of gay college girls with a chaperone from a college in Iowa; some gallant young college men—without a chaperone; some interesting maiden ladies, jolly and intelligent, two having crossed the ocean forty-four times; six ministers and one singing evangelist, who helped us keep the two Sabbaths on board in good order. Our own party was an interesting one, and our conductor a genial, kindly gentleman.

In the evening "we girls" from Iowa and Kansas often "did stunts" on the lower deck, once ending with the "Virginia Reel" played in the face of a stiff sea breeze.

O! yes, we had dancing, too, during the voyage. Out of our two hundred and fifty second-cabin passengers, at least one dozen couples dared to dance, for with the slightly rolling boat and the numerous pillars on deck, the dancing was wild and often ungraceful. But at the two dancing parties, the captain and the first mate graced the occasions with their presence, and the Berlin Orchestra dispensed sweet music.

But the really exciting part of our trip was when we passed the Azores Islands—our first sight of land for six days. First it looked like a cloud, then slowly a big mountain lifted its head above white clouds. A nearer view gradually revealed the beauties of the scene. Picturesque villages, white houses, with red roofs, perched high up on the steep green hill-sides; small cultivated fields clear to the top of the steep hills; waterfalls; Dutch windmills; occasionally a church and a campanile; queer boats along the shore; great rocks; light-houses. A boat came out to get the

barrel of mail which our sailors lowered from the ship into the sea. A succession of picturesque islands all day and at sunset a pictured mountain chain silhouetted in black and gold against the western sky. That night we sat on deck enjoying the moonlight on the sea and listening to the orchestra.

"But did you escape a storm at sea?"

I am happy to say we did not; for I would not be sure that I had been on the ocean if we had not had that experience. We were literally "rocked in the cradle of the deep" for about twenty-four hours after leaving the Azores, and we were not sorry when it was over. Only twenty appeared at breakfast that morning, and Bird and I were the first to appear—not to boast about it at all—we were in need of fresh air, and afraid of spoiling our record. To my surprise, the boat rolled from end to end like a "teeter totter" board, instead of from side to side as I had imagined it would, so that as we entered our writing room, the opposite door rose far above us and then dipped far below. Needless to say we did not walk with our usual independent air; we clung to anything within reach.

Our first landing-place was Gibraltar, where we spent two hours on the Fourth of July; and had our first glimpse of an old-world city. It was a quaint place with winding streets filled with all sorts of people: English soldiers; Moors in costume; Spaniards; beggars—horrible ones; pretty, fair English girls in white, on their way to church; donkeys laden with baskets of coal, fruit or meat; servants coming from market with baskets of freshly dressed fowls; fruit vendors, swinging tiny baskets of tempting strawberries or cherries or fresh figs—fruits of Minorca—under our noses; post-card boys—no end to the throng that obstructed our progress up the principal street. The

stuffy shops were opened for our inspection. A glimpse into the Catholic cathedral, and a visit to the market, ended our inspection of the old fortress town.

If I were to tell you how we spent the rest of the Fourth, of the "Turkey" dinner we had that night, of the two patriotic celebrations we had next day; it would make my story too long.

Soon the coast of Spain presented to us a sight of the Sierra Nevada mountains, 10,320 feet high, snow-capped—a grand sight. We were now in the Mediterranean and steering toward Naples. The last day was a busy one, packing trunks and suit cases, paying tips, finishing our correspondence, exchanging addresses with our new-made friends, and watching the shore with our field glasses. First the island of Capri, then Mt. Vesuvius, loomed up before us, and soon the city of Naples, the buildings climbing the steep hillsides clear to the top, the whole surmounted by the ancient Castle of St. Elmo. The harbor was full of great ships, an American gunboat flying the stars and stripes being among them. As we neared the wharf a queer scene presented itself. First we were met far out by little Italian beggars, who dived from their boats for pennies, each diver coming up each time with the penny in his mouth. On the wharf a motley crowd awaited us: policemen, priests, beggars, baggage men, friends looking for familiar faces on our decks—the whole mass crowding, struggling to climb up the gang plank. Soon the hospital corps appeared carrying a sick man down the gang plank and swiftly bearing him away through the crowd which did not even give way for the sick man. We wondered how we should fare in that bedlam, but when it came our turn the crowd opened involuntarily for the American citizens. But our voyage was ended. Italy with its present and past interests was be-

fore us, and what happened next is "another story." ADA RICE, '95.

### *What Happened at Sunrise.*

(A true story—except names.)

By Louis C. Foster, '04.

Four o'clock a. m. is a rather unusual time to find a student busy at his books, but in this case it was some thesis work which must be completed "pronto." Jim had returned at two a. m. from the last social gathering of his class before Commencement. He was tired, but here was that thesis; and theses will not wait until to-morrow. Therefore he made the best of it and went to work.

By four o'clock the work was nearly completed. Ten minutes more and he would be ready to hie off to slumberland. But thoughts of the party of the evening before kept coming up, and he wondered how the flag which had been hung from the gable of the new building would appear by daylight. So he sauntered out into the gray dawn and turned his steps toward the campus. A walk of two blocks brought him where he could see the new building. But no flag!

Jim quickened his walk to a run, thinking perhaps he might be able to come up with the miscreants who had stolen the flag. A closer view revealed no sign of any personal presence except his own, but from the top of the flagpole on the main building floated a yellow rag. It would never do to have anyone see any flag on that pole except Old Glory or Jim's class flag at this time!

He hastily returned to a neighboring house, and, arousing three of his classmates, told them what was afoot. The four came stealthily forth, and, screening their movements as much as possible by the trees on the campus, they made their way to the main building. Quietly they assured themselves that no one, not even the janitor, was watching them.

John remained on the ground to

give the alarm in case they were surprised. Oliver mounted to the roof of the porch where he kept watch. Alfred and Jim climbed from the porch roof up over a dormer window to the roof of the building. The flag-pole was still one more story up, since there was a third-floor attic. This was easy, however, and the two soon found themselves at the foot of the pole. Here it was decided that Jim, being the lighter of the two, should climb the pole and that Alfred should remain on the roof to help.

It was hard work climbing that twenty-five feet of wet pole to the point where the rope had been cut and tied below the flag. But the feat was accomplished, and, holding on with both legs and one arm, Jim tore the flag and rope from the pole and slid down into Al's arms.

Quickly they went down to the ground where they were joined by Oliver and John, and, without stopping to see what they had captured, for it was now almost five o'clock, the four ran off down the hill to cover. Later a picture of the four boys and their trophy was taken and the flag torn in four parts.

And that's the reason the '04 class hired a lineman to put a new rope on the flag-pole the day before they graduated.

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### *Reminiscences.*

By Allie (Peckham) Cordry, '82.

The arrival of a sample copy of the ALUMNUS in the mail to-day has reminded me that somewhere I have the copy prepared to send to the editor, telling of some of my early days at College, as she requested. So, with a few changes, here it is. But first I would like to say that it was just like getting a letter from home to get the ALUMNUS. I sincerely regret the "crossing of the bar" of my old friend Fletcher Jeffries, who graduated but one year before I did. He is associated in my mind with Darwin Leach,

Harry Rushmore, Will Sikes, and the "Alpha" and "Webster" joint meetings and debates.

It was in the spring of 1871 that I went with my parents from Chicago to our new home in Manhattan. The Kansas State Agricultural College was in its infancy then, and occupied the old Bluemont College building on College Hill—not the hill of to-day, but two miles farther west. My eldest brother, Frank, entered College soon after we were settled in our home. My memory of the place is rather hazy. About the first thing I remember of the College in particular was of one Sunday evening after Hallowe'en. My mother's face was very sad and my father's very stern as they tried to make my brother Frank tell whether he had anything to do with putting the family carriage of President Dennison on top of the College building the night before. The carriage, better known to all the students in those days as "the Ark," became in later years the property of Prof. J. E. Platt, and like the "wonderful one-hoss shay" went to pieces all at once, but after many classes had passed every grade in it and received their dismissal or acceptance. We surely could tell of several questions that were "popped" in it. This early Hallowe'en some students took it all to pieces and carried it to the roof of the College building and put it all together again. Sunday morning as President Dennison went to harness up to go to church the carriage could not be found. After a long search (probably after he had raised his eyes heavenward for help) he saw the lost vehicle far from his reach. Threats of expelling the culprits had no avail, and I do not think the true perpetrators of the trick were ever discovered.

Another reminiscence of those days was the marriage of the music and art teacher, Miss Lizzie Williams, who married Mr. J. Wells Champney, afterwards one of the most noted water-col-

or and pastel portrait artists. I remember being dragged out of bed at candle light one cold morning to attend the wedding at the Episcopal church. Mrs. Champney is a gifted authoress. "The Vassar Girls Abroad" is one of her best books.

My actual College experience began one cold January morning, after I had reached the necessary age of fourteen, which enabled me to apply for admission to the State college, then just getting a start on the hill where it now stands. I went with fear and trembling to take the examination. That morning seems to me the most momentous of all my life. I had never even visited the inside of the College buildings, and when I joined the long line of students wending their way cross lots from town to the old gate at the foot of the hill where Lovers' lane now terminates, my heart beat faster with every step that took me up the hill, and on up the board walk which led northwest to the chapel (it was even then called the "Old Barn"), through the long hall up-stairs to chapel exercises. John A. Anderson, later congressman for so long from the Fifth district, was president then and conducted the exercises. He announced that all new students should go to Professor Platt's room for examination, and with still fainter heart I bade my friend good-bye. Professor Platt and Prof. E. M. Shelton took care of about twenty as scared students as I was. But I knew the required amount and soon was enrolled a member of the great student body of the dear old K. S. A. C.

Between my home, corner of Houston and Fifth streets, and the College there were at that time only two houses—Ulrich's and the famous Half Way House. On my pony I made a direct cut to the College gate, up the long lane fenced on both sides, round to the back of the Carpenters building to hitch. The buildings then standing

were the Carpentry or Mechanical building; Horticultural Hall about half done; the Chemical building, now the Gymnasium; and the old Barn and the President's residence. At one time during my attendance a spirit of "civic beauty" took possession of some of the boys, and one night the fence was taken down. But this was not appreciated by the Faculty and they were obliged to replace it.

Of all the professors who helped me through College only one remains today—Prof. J. D. Walters, to whom I am grateful for my knowledge of drawing. The gentleman who now occupies the chair of professor of chemistry, Mr. J. T. Willard, was in my class until called home by sickness, so that he did not graduate until the next year. Another fixture there is Jacob Lund, and well I remember when the little Dane entered College, scarcely able to speak English at all. Another classmate was the present Bishop William A. Quayle. It is pleasing to know of the prominence which nearly all of the College alumni have reached. Prof. Herbert Roberts is another old friend, not so old but that I am proud to say "I knew him when a baby."

"The College had three presidents during the three years and a half that I attended. President Anderson was elected to congress and resigned, leaving for Washington at once. Prof. M. L. Ward, the professor of English literature, geometry and trigonometry, was appointed by the Regents "Acting President," until a new president could be selected. He won the hearts of all of the pupils, and there were many who regretted that he was not made the real president. Professor Ward was a great lover of Shakespeare and in his class we learned to love the bard's writings. Acting President Ward was in office nearly a year, and then President Fairchild came to give me the final send-off from College.

We still went to chapel exercises in the old barn, but the first wing of Anderson Hall was finished and most of the classes were held there. The first floor of the barn was made into an Armory, with Lieutenant Albert Todd in command. I was in the first class in cooking ever taught in College, with Mrs. Cripps as teacher. The cooking room (it was not called domestic science then) was off the sewing room in the south end of the Mechanical building up-stairs. "Behold, what a great matter a little fire kindled." I do not believe that any one can teach how to make better "Washington pie" than dear old Mrs. Cripps. If she was not an up-to-date cook she was a mother to all of the girls, and many sorrowing hearts has she healed. She left College the year that I did and Mrs. Nellie Kedzie took her place and built the firm foundation on which stands the domestic science and art of today.

My class, that of 1882, was the last class to graduate from the Presbyterian church. The chapel wing of Anderson Hall was almost completed, but not ready for use. Pleasant memories linger round the name of Prof. and Mrs. J. E. Platt—and their "Ark." The Printing Department was in charge of A. A. Stewart ("red head" the boys called him), and every copy of the *Industrialist* reminds me of the many pleasant hours spent working in his office. My class numbered nine—five boys and four girls. None have ever set the world on fire, but each have done their share to uphold the honor of dear old K. S. A. C. Burton Short, who was for a long time assistant postmaster at Kansas City, Kan., and who died last summer, was of our class. A letter in the *Industrialist* a short time ago from Jack Brady as we knew him, Lieutenant Jasper Brady now, made one smile to think of the little red-headed rascal, always in trouble and in a perpetual

state of suspension. We all liked him for his kind-heartedness, but I still owe him a grudge for letting the wind out when he pumped the pipe-organ for me in the Episcopal church. The last time I saw him he came back to Manhattan to get his girl and run away (he was only sixteen), and he felt pretty bad when he found that the girl had run away with a handsomer fellow the day before.

A visit to my old home brings many pleasant as well as sad things to me, and it all seems so strange where once I knew every one in town. But I rejoice in the prosperity which makes these changes, and know that no amount of changing can rob me of the memories of teachers and pupils.

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Mount Weather Observatory,
Bluemont, Va., May 9, 1910.

The ALUMNUS,
Manhattan, Kan.
Dear Editor:

Please send the ALUMNUS to me at the "Mount Weather Observatory," Bluemont, Va., instead of Lincoln, Neb. I read the College publications with very much interest, especially the "Alumni Notes," and under no circumstances do I want to miss a single number of the ALUMNUS. A few words regarding acquaintances of College days reaching us by way of the ALUMNUS are often the source of a great deal of satisfaction. I believe that most alumni find this to be true, and accordingly I offer my mite.

I was transferred from Lincoln, Nebr., to this place during the latter part of April. According to instructions I stopped in Washington, D. C., and reported at the central office of the weather bureau, where I was shown the various branches of the work and then was invited to remain a few days and visit the city. Of course it is needless to say that I could see but a small part of all the beautiful and interesting things and places in this grand city. I am so

situated now, though, that I can visit Washington frequently.

Mount Weather Observatory is located on the highest point of this portion of the Blue Ridge mountains, about sixty miles from Washington. Looking downward to the northwest one sees the valley of the Shenandoah and to the southeast the Piedmont region, checkered with farm and woodland. This community abounds with history of the Civil War. The vicinity of the battle of Bull Run and the point to which Sheridan made his famous ride are in view on clear days.

This is the research observatory of the Weather Bureau. The phase of work to which the greatest attention is paid at present is the upper air research. This is done by sending self-recording instruments up to high altitudes by means of high flying kites or captive balloons, whichever is adapted to the weather at the time the observation is to be made. The highest kite flight ever made was made here last Thursday, May 5, in which an altitude of over four and one-half miles was reached. Ten kites were used for this flight, the "head kite" carrying the instruments and the other nine, distributed at regular intervals, carrying the wire. Two buildings here are devoted entirely to magnetic work. We have a beautiful administration building, in which we have our living quarters, a large physical laboratory, a kite house, power-house, shop, cottage for director, and other minor buildings, all electric lighted, steam heated and connected by telephone.

The work is very interesting, although sometimes it presents puzzling difficulties. Those employed here are all very agreeable men. We have our tennis club, camera club, an orchestra, study club, and various means of entertaining and improving ourselves, so that in spite of our being removed somewhat from civilization, the days pass by all too quickly.

I wish to extend my regards and

best wishes to all classmates and acquaintances.

I am yours for K. S. A. C.,
O. H. GISH, '08.

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### Class Day.

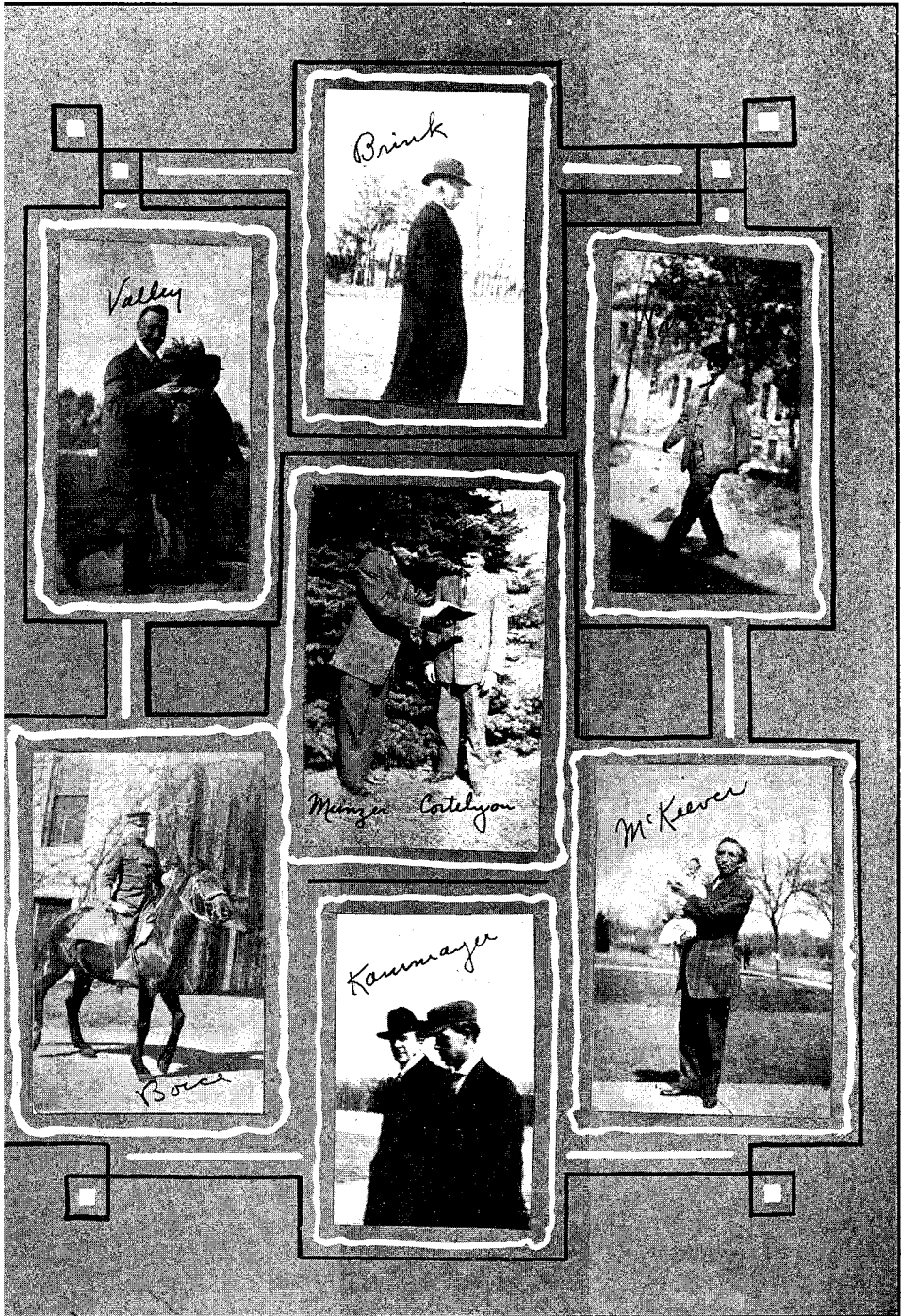
On Tuesday night, June 14, the senior class will present the play, "Cupid at Vassar," in the Auditorium. It is a college comedy in four acts, and advance notices promise something very good. The cast is being coached by Prof. E. P. Johnston, of the Public Speaking Department. C. W. McCampbell, '06, '10, is chief manager. The cast follows:

|                                        |                    |
|----------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Kate Newton.....                       | Mae McLeod         |
| Wanda Carroll, Kate's half sister..... | Reva Cree          |
| Mrs. Carroll, their mother.....        | Louise Hoffman     |
| Amos North, the Banker's son.....      | E. E. Truskett     |
| John Willets, the young architect..... | R. E. Blair        |
| Shiny, the lazy dorky.....             | S. V. Smith        |
| Hank, the hired man.....               | D. E. Lewis        |
| Miss Page, the matron.....             | Mabeth Robison     |
| Sally Webb, Kate's chum.....           | Hope Palmer        |
| Helen Conway.....                      | Edna Willis        |
| Matty Hart.....                        | Ruth Elliot        |
| Alice North.....                       | Ethel Coffman      |
| Patty Snow.....                        | Winifred Alexander |

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The May Festival.

May 25 will be one of the big days on the College calendar. On this day will be held the First Annual May Festival. President Waters has granted a half holiday in the afternoon, and at that time old-fashioned May-day festivities will take place on the open space east of the Auditorium. Not all of the features of the entertainment have been made public, but enough has been told or hinted to insure a novel afternoon. There will, of course, be a Maypole dance, and Miss Barbour has her girls in training for that. It is said that various members of the Faculty will have important places on the program. Sometime during the afternoon "Pyromus and Thysbe" from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will be played. The grand climax of the whole affair will be the crowning of the May queen in the person of Miss Rena Faubion, of the senior class.



Snap Shots of the Faculty.

—From Royal Purple.

EDITORIAL

With this issue the ALUMNUS makes its farewell to you. It is greatly to be hoped that the plan provided for in the petition to the Regents (See account of alumni business meeting) may yet become a reality, but until it does, the alumni magazine will cease to make its monthly visit to your table. The handful of alumni who have so faithfully supported the publication will learn this with regret. Perhaps the greatest regret of all will be felt by the editor, who has "hoped all things" up to the very last.

The trouble has been, simply, lack of support by the alumni. The business men of the town have always objected to advertising in a publication from which they could receive no direct returns, if returns at all, and one by one and sometimes two by two they have withdrawn their support. Then the printer's bills and the editor's salary must come chiefly from the subscriptions, which have not exceeded three hundred dollars annually. A few years ago a few loyal alumni raised the debt which was then burdening the publication by the purchase of shares in the magazine, which would entitle them to life subscriptions. The stock company was never formally organized, and even if it had been it could have done nothing without the financial support of the alumni. Last winter the stockholders were asked to write personal letters urging their alumni friends to become subscribers. In this way, probably three hundred appeals were made, to say nothing of similar appeals which have continually gone out from the editor. Less than a dozen responses came in!

At the annual business meeting, though it was generally known that the new constitution would come up

for adoption, only a scattering few, the few who always go, were present. The committee which prepared the constitution, with a wisdom based on past experience, had omitted any mention of annual dues, and thus a constitution a little better than the old one was permitted to be adopted. But an association with no funds at its disposal can hardly publish a magazine, and so, reluctantly though it be, we are forced to see the hard wall just before us. And still, let us hope that in the future, and let it be not far off, the alumni of K. S. A. C. will rub their sleep-bound eyes and awaken. Until that time, let us say farewell and put out the lights.

We wish to make special acknowledgement to Superintendent Rickman, of the Printing Department, for his patience and forbearance in the ups and downs—mostly downs—in the publication of the ALUMNUS. Except for his kindness and interest in the publication it could not have endured as long as it has already done, and to him we owe a debt of gratitude along with the other debts!

The Baseball Season.

The 1910 team was remarkable in many respects. Consistent playing was, however, the most noticeable characteristic. The record established is extraordinary—twenty out of twenty-four contests having been won. Three of these were with a team of professional players (Manhattan League) and the remaining twenty-one, excepting the alumni game on Commencement day, were strictly college games.

The Aggies really had but one bad day all season and that was when the

"Washburn hoodoo" broke out again. The Blue had a colored pitcher and he proved a real "jinks" to even the best players and the Purple was humiliated. Most of the other games were easy. The Aggies would start things early and make a good get-away. The one tight rub was with the State Normal, who had a wonderful twirler, and it took fourteen innings to win a 2 to 1 game.

The men who wore Aggie suits were: Forsberg and Billings, catchers; Baird, Stack and Lewis, pitchers; Young, first base; Price, second base; Strohm, short-stop; Meyers, third base; Speer and Strong, left field; Parks (Capt.), center field; and McMahan, right field. Four of these men hit above .300. The team stole 28 bases, made 195 hits, 38 two-base hits, 14 three-base hits and 4 home runs. The total score is K. S. A. C. 171, opponents 53. The record follows:

WON.	LOST.
Neb. Wesleyan, 6-2.	Manhattan, 1-2.
West. Normal, 7-0.	Arkansas, 3-4.*
Nebraska, 7-2.	Washburn, 3-4.
Nebraska, 11-3.	Manhattan, 1-2.
Mo. Valley, 10-1.	
Kan. Wesleyan, 7-3.	
Manhattan, 7-5.	
Ottawa, 4-1.	
State Normal, 2-1.	
Drury, 3-2.*	
Haskell, 7-6.*	
Tarkio, 6-2.	
Wm. Jewell, 17-2.	
Neb. Wesleyan, 6-4.*	
Cotner, 5-4.*	
Nebraska, 9-2.*	
Cotner, 5-0.	
Cotner, 9-0.	
Haskell, 25-0.	
Alumni, 10-1.	

On Commencement afternoon occurred the College-Alumni game, and it proved to be a joke. In the two previous annual games the score was rather close, but this year the "has beens" couldn't show the old-time "pep" and the regulars had a picnic. The "old grads" on hand were: Bea Cave, '08 (Mgr.), second base; Carl

Mallon, '07, pitcher; Bobby Cassell, '07, catcher; Henry Sidorfsky, '03, first base; W. Samuel, short-stop; Fred Hayes, '08, third base; Glen Shepherd, '02, left field; Harry Porter, '07, center field; Putnam, right field.

It was a tragic spectacle—those heroes of former teams vainly endeavoring to recover their old-time abilities. The years had passed—they were no longer young. It was a scene of incongruity! Those men, who formerly received unstinted the plaudits of the crowd, could now but merit its ridicule or compassion.

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 Straight is the line of duty:  
 Curved is the line of beauty:  
 Follow the straight and thou shalt see  
 The curved line ever follow thee!

—Anon.

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Editor of Alumnus:

A few days ago, while glancing over the news of the ALUMNUS, I was somewhat agreeably surprised to see, in letters a foot high, the announcement that I was Chief Inspector of Customs at Manila. When I had sufficiently recovered from the shock and subsequent celebration, I began to think that your informant may have been slightly mistaken. A careful investigation revealed the fact that there is no such official.

Now, dear editor, while I feel greatly honored, I must decline the unlooked-for, unsought promotion. Greatly as it pains me, I must now confess that I am only a meek and humble immigration inspector, striving as best I may to protect the dear(?) Filipino from incoming hordes of the yellow peril.

Thanking you very much if you will kindly correct this unintentional mistake, I remain,

Very respectfully yours,

C. E. RICE, '97,

Immigration Inspector,
 Bureau of Customs,
 Manila, P. I.

*A way from home.



PERSONAL



T. N. Hill, '09, will study medicine in Drake University next year.

Eugenia Fairman, '10, will enter the University of Chicago, next fall.

Matah Schaeffer, '10, will teach domestic science in the State Orphan's Home.

Frank Weber, '10, has a position as a civil engineer with the Santa Fé in Colorado.

Harry Hershey, '10, will go to Chicago soon, to begin work with a telephone company.

K. C. Manny, '10, expects to go to California, soon, to engage in the nursery business.

L. B. Mickel, '10, is in the employ of the Extension Department, helping to advertise the College.

Floyd Wilson, '10, will return to K. S. A. C. next fall to become the assistant in experimental engineering.

C. W. McCampbell, '06 and '10, has been made an assistant in the Department of Animal Husbandry.

Lillian Lowrance, '10, will teach domestic science and art, next year, in the Independence (Kan.) High School.

Grace Berry, '10, has a position in the county high school at Nickerson, Kan., as teacher of domestic science.

The marriage of Clarence G. Nevins, '07, and Miss Alyce M. Gray, both of Ford, Kan., took place on June 8.

William Hopper and Samuel Gross, both of this year's graduating class, expect to form a partnership in architecture in Boise, Idaho.

George H. Failyer, '77, scientist in the bureau of soils, Washington, D. C., is spending his vacation in Manhattan and was one of the Commencement visitors.

Nellie Thompson, '10, after spending the summer at home in Manhattan will go to the North Dakota Agricultural College, where she will be assistant professor of domestic science.

Rena Faubion, '10, has been elected to the position of instructor in domestic science in the Kansas Southern Academy at Eureka, Kan.

H. C. Rushmore, '79, spoke before a class of mechanic arts students at the College on June 8. His subject was: "The Requirements of a Salesman."

J. S. Daniels, '09, who has spent the year at the Y. M. C. A. Training School, Chicago, Ill., returned to Manhattan, June 1, where he will remain until the Geneva conference.

The following young men from the class of 1910 will join the Westinghouse Company at Pittsburg, Pa.: Theodore Sherrard, Glenn Bushey, James Browning, Roland Loyd, and Robert Snider.

Mr. E. G. Meinzer, assistant in German, will lecture this summer for the Interstate Chautauqua Alliance, of Columbus, Ohio. His subject is "German Literature and Life," and he will deliver twelve lectures.

E. R. Kupper, '07, superintendent of construction at Fort Leavenworth, and G. H. Berenzen, special student in '06 and '07, now superintendent of construction at Fort Douglas, Utah, visited with friends in Manhattan, May 29 and 30.

Maurice Oteyza, a Filipino student, formerly of the College, received the degree of Master of Forestry from Yale this year, and expects to spend next year at K. S. A. C. working for a B.S. Mr. Oteyza attended Commencement exercises and took his old place in the College orchestra.

O. S. True, '99, is living at 1610 Topeka Avenue, Topeka, Kan.

Margaret Woodford, student '98-'00, spent a week in June with friends in Manhattan.

News has reached the College of the death of Margaretha E. Horn, '93, on March 29, 1910.

Cora Trimmer, '10, will teach domestic science in the high school at Eureka, Kan., next year.

David Kratzer, '09, and Alma Worden, sophomore last year, were married this month at Lyons, Kan.

The marriage of Beulah Fleming, '04, to Dr. John Harold Blachly, '00, took place on Wednesday, June 22.

Mary E. Maxwell and Harry E. Colwell, both former students of Leonardville, Kan., were married on June 22.

Edith Worden, '06, has been ill for some time with nervous prostration and is convalescing at her home in Montrose, Iowa.

James R. Coxen, '07, will remain in Las Vegas, N. M., this summer and will teach in the summer school at the Normal University.

Prof. W. E. King, of the Bacteriology Department, has resigned his place in the College and will leave, the first of August, for Detroit, Mich.

Ruth Neiman, '06, was one of the June visitors at the College. Miss Neiman will teach next year in the Whitewater (Kan.) High School.

Dr. Samuel W. Williston, '72, delivered the annual Sigma Xi address at the Commencement at the University of Kansas, this June, and came on to Manhattan, afterward, for a visit with relatives.

Helen Monsch, '04, writes that she has spent a very happy year as teacher of domestic science in Emerson School, Gary, Ind. She adds that the board of education is most liberal and that she has one of the finest equipments she has ever seen.

Hubert L. Popenoe, '09, was married in May to Miss Anna Whiting, of Topeka, Kan. Mr. and Mrs. Popenoe are at home on a farm southwest of Topeka.

M. A. Hinrichs, a former student and football man, was married on June 1 to Miss Rosa Nell Johnston, of Allen, Kan. Mr. and Mrs. Hinrichs are at home in Emporia, Kan.

Louis Wabnitz, instructor in machine tools and foreman of the College machine shops, has resigned his position to engage in work in connection with a large manufacturing establishment.

Mrs. Maude (Archer) Ferris, student in '98-'99, has been teaching this year in the high school at Colby, Kan. Recently she has gone to live at Garnett, where her husband is engaged as an undertaker.

R. C. Thompson, '08, has been elected first assistant chemist in the University of Arkansas. He will have charge of all analytical and station work. His duties will begin about the middle of July.

Among the Commencement visitors were the following: A. H. Baird, '07, W. G. Shelley, '07, Chas. A. Boyd, '09, J. M. McCray, '09, Marshal Elsas, '07, Raymond Birch, '06, W. E. Watkins, '06, Albert Deitz, '85, G. C. Rexroad, '09, A. J. Cowles, '07, Gertrude Grizzell, '08, Gertrude M. McCheyne, '09, Edith Justin, '08, F. A. Kiene, '06, Mamie Frey, '07, Dora Harlan, '08, Louisa (Maelzer) Haise, '99, Almira E. Kerr, '08, Amy Elder, '08, Claude Conner, '09, Nobuzo Kawai, '09, E. E. Reed, '09, H. L. Pellet, '93, J. W. Bayles, '89, May (Harris) Burt, '05, Adelle (Blachly) Freeman, '01, Mamie Cunningham, '05, Margaret Cunningham, '05, Kathleen Selby, '09, Juanita Sutcliff, '09, Grace Leuszler, '09, Viola Norton, '04, Charles J. Willard, '08, A. L. Cottrell, '03, Lucy (Cottrell) Pottorf, '98, Edith Forsyth, '06, Vera Holloway, '09.

D. C. Bascom, '10, has been made general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in the Colorado Agricultural College.

Asa Smith, a student in the early 90's, visited the College this month. Mr. Smith is in business in San Francisco, Cal.

Dr. C. A. Pyle, '04, '07, has given up his work in the University of Minnesota and expects to go on a farm near Topeka.

Asst. J. B. Whelan, of the College, has been elected president of the Kansas Intercollegiate Athletic Association for the ensuing year.

Mrs. Mamie (Alexander) Boyd, '02, of Phillipsburg, Kan., represented her local chapter at the American Woman's League in St. Louis in June.

A. G. Strong, '10, will work at his favorite occupation, baseball, this summer. He has been recently elected manager of the Manhattan Maroons.

Edith Coffman, '06, and Ethel Coffman, '10, have the sympathy of many friends in the death of their mother at their home near Manhattan, on June 2.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Putnam, of Richmond, Kan., are the parents of a baby girl. Mr. Putnam is a former student who starred in baseball in '04 and '05.

Mrs. David Hood, the mother of Mrs. Myrtle (Hood) Johnson, '97, died on May 27 at her home in Manhattan, after an illness lasting for more than two years.

Arthie Edworthy, '06, boys' matron at the Rainy Mountain Indian School, Gotebo, Okla., was unable to attend the reunion of her class, Commencement week, because of a case of measles in her charge.

Mae McLeod, '10, has been elected to the position of instructor in domestic science in the schools of Corsicana, Tex., for the next year. She begins with a salary of \$100 per month, with a probability of increase later on.

The following alumni are enrolled in the Riley County Institute, which is in session in Manhattan: Helen Inskoop, '06, Mary Kimball, '07, Blanche Vanderlip, '10, and Wilma Orem, '10.

Dr. W. A. McCullough, '98, and Mrs. McCullough (Josephine Wilder, '98) visited relatives in Manhattan this month on their return from the East to their home in Delevan, Kan.

A. H. Leidigh, '02, writes to the ALUMNUS: "I have just a word for and against Clothier's athletic ideas. He is certainly right. However, K. S. A. C. can do differently from other schools. A guarantee that the whole College and not one team would be encouraged in competitive sports could be arranged so as to satisfy even the most exacting of our alumni."

The following dispatch from New York was published in the *Topeka Capital*, May 22: "John U. Higinbotham, humorist, after-dinner speaker and author, sailed yesterday for London on the steamer Minneapolis. His intentions are to write another of his books of travel, entitled, "Three Weeks in the British Isles." To those who have read Mr. Higinbotham's former works of "Three Weeks in Holland and Belgium," "Three Weeks in Europe," etc., his new book will be awaited with pleasure. These books have done much to show how the busy man can spend a short vacation abroad at a minimum expense of time and money. Mr. Higinbotham was born in Manhattan, Kan., where his father was for many years a prominent banker, and is a graduate of the Kansas Agricultural College. He was tendered a farewell banquet at the Press club of Chicago, which taxed the capacity of their large dining-room. He is affectionately known as John Uneeda Higinbotham, which, of course, has nothing to do with the fact that he is local manager of the National Biscuit Company."

Elva Akin, '05, is spending the summer with Ethel Clemons, '05, in North Yakima, Wash.

J. S. Daniels, '09, will be state secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Nebraska, next year.

Mrs. Tillie (Harold) Patee, a former student, now of Chicago, is visiting her parents in Manhattan.

J. R. Elliott, a former student, is now a student in the school of medicine in the University of Kansas.

Verne A. McCall, sophomore last year, is president of the Y. M. C. A. of the North Dakota Agricultural College.

Mrs. Lucile Swingle, wife of Walter T. Swingle, '90, died on May 31 at her home in Washington, D. C., of typhoid fever.

Alice Shofe, '97, who is principal of the training school, Thyne Institute, Chase City, Va., is at home on College Hill for the summer.

Prof. L. H. Beall, of the English Department, and Mrs. Beall will spend the summer in Chicago. Professor Beall will attend the University of Chicago and Mrs. Beall will study voice.

Clifford Young, a former K. S. A. C. student, graduated this June from the University of Kansas. Mr. Young is one of three members of his class to be elected to the Sigma Xi, a scientific fraternity.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Margaret Cunningham, '07, and A. D. Holloway, '07, which will take place on Wednesday, June 22, at the home of J. C. Cunningham, '05, and Alice (Ross) Cunningham, '03, 608 Osage street, Manhattan.

H. T. Hamler, '08, and Miss Fannie Setta, of Hoisington, Kan., were married on June 1 at the home of the bride at Hoisington, Kan. Mr. Hamler is in the employ of the Manhattan Street Railway Company and they will make their home in Manhattan.

Louise Fielding, former student, has returned to her home in Manhattan after her year's study in the Chevy Chase school near Washington, D. C.

Viola Norton, '04, who has been teaching in Cheyenne Wells, Colo., this year, will spend the summer in Buffalo, N. Y., and other eastern points.

The Eastern K. S. A. C. Alumni Association held its annual reunion Saturday evening, May 14, 1910, at the Bronx Park Boat House, New York City. A seven-course menu was served. The following officers were elected: Mr. Paul H. Fairchild, '86, president; Mr. Lyman H. Dixon, '88, vice-president; Henrietta M. Hofer, secretary and treasurer. Speeches were made by Mr. K. C. Davis, '91, Mr. L. H. Dixon, '88, Miss Minnie L. Copeland, '98, Mr. Walter Mathewson, '01, Mr. Lester A. Ramsey, '06. Solos were rendered by Mrs. Christine (Hofer) Johnson, '02, and Miss Henrietta M. Hofer, '02. A pleasant evening was enjoyed by all present.

Mrs. Carrie (Wagner) Gresham, '01, has the following ill news to report concerning the K. S. A. C. alumni association at Grand Junction, Colo.: "Our alumni organization, I fear, is a thing of the past; I am the only member left. I was in such hopes that new members could be added, but it seems that no K. S. A. C. alumni care to raise fruit in this fair valley. I presume it would be best to take our name from the alumni roll. I have waited in hopes of others taking the places of the members who have moved away. It is such an enjoyment to have an alumni organization, even if there are only a few members. Maybe the future will give us some old College friends and we may organize again. If you know of any alumnus coming to Grand Junction, I would be glad to make them welcome and give them what little information I have in store."

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A. H. Wright, '08, is teaching in the agronomy department of the Oklahoma Agricultural College at Stillwater.

Mrs. Cora (McNutt) Davis, '06, of Hudson, Wyo., writes of a delightful vacation trip which she and her husband and a Kansas friend are enjoying in the mountains.

Daisy Harner, '06, closed her year's work in the state normal school at Oskosh, Wis., on June 16, and expects to return to Manhattan a week later to spend the summer vacation with her parents.

Mrs. Mabelle (Sperry) Hennessy, '06, of Gas City, Kan., is visiting Edith Worden, '06, in Montrose, Iowa. From there she will go to Chicago, where she will take summer work in the University of Chicago in Latin, German, and domestic science.

Many of the alumni will be grieved to learn of the death of William J. Griffing, '83, which occurred on May 20 at his home on College Hill, the result of an attack of pneumonia of less than a week's duration. Mr. Griffing was the father of Mrs. Augusta (Griffing) Harlan, '04, and Mrs. May (Griffing) Cunningham, '07. He had been a resident of College Hill since 1870 and had a wide circle of friends among the town and College people.

Local Notes.

The College catalogue, which was to have appeared before the close of the spring term, has been so delayed by the revision of courses that it will probably not be printed until after Commencement.

Rev. J. W. Hannum of the United Presbyterian church has resigned his pastorate. He has been offered the pastorate of the United Presbyterian church at Boise, Idaho, and will probably accept it.

The Students' Coöperative Association has recently held its annual business meeting. The Association is in the best financial condition this year that it has ever been and is continually proving its value as a money-saving institution for the students.

The Sunday-school boys of the city have formed an athletic league under the direction of the College Y. M. C. A. Boys from ten to eighteen years of age are eligible to membership, and the purpose of the league is the promotion of clean sports. The first event will be a field meet in the Athletic Park on May 23. An admission fee of ten cents will be charged, the proceeds to go for the summer camp for boys, which will be held July 15 to 25 at Pillsbury Crossing on Deep Creek, twelve miles southeast of town.

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'06 Reunion.

The class of 1906, which formed an organization last year, held its first annual reunion on the campus the evening of Commencement day. The reciting of class history and the reports of absent members occupied most of the time. Ice-cream cones and cantaloupes were served. Present were: C. W. McCampbell, Verda (Murphy) Hudson, her husband and son, Edith Forsyth, Mary Copley, Edna Brenner, Winifred Dalton, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Cooley, Ruth Cooley, Marcia Turner.

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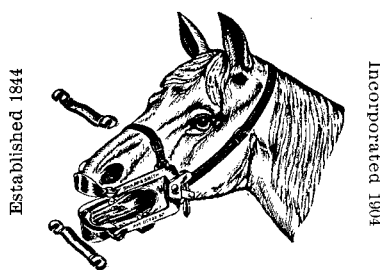
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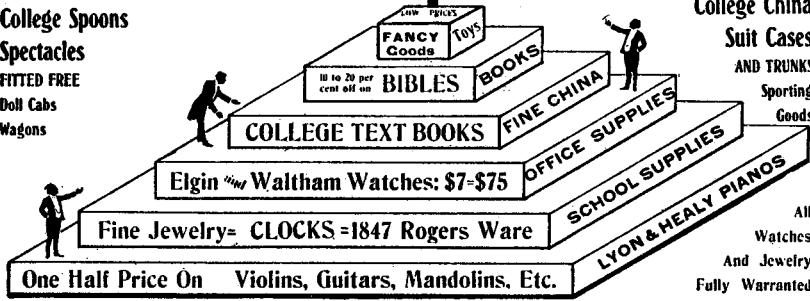
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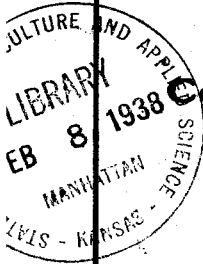
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