THE ALUMNUS

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Alumni Association
OF THE
Kansas State Agricultural College

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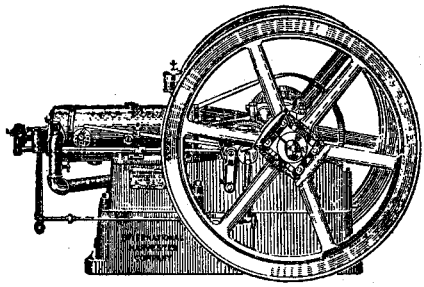

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THE ALUMNUS

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The "Roof of the Continent" in Midwinter.

By LeRoy Firebaugh.

I wonder how many K. S. A. C. alumni have taken a trip over the higher passes of the Rockies in the dead of winter. Doubtless many of them have, but undoubtedly a great many more have not. Many people do not realize the almost Arctic conditions that prevail in the mining camps on the "roof of the continent" and the almost complete isolation that follows a snow heavy enough to blockade the railroad for many days.

I have lived in Colorado about seven years—ever since I left K. S. A. C.—but I am just as keen for taking "trips" as if I were a tenderfoot of yesterday. The mountains hold a charm—not the charm of beauty, but the charm of grandeur—for me that time seems only to enchance. Therefore, it was with pleasurable anticipations that, notwithstanding the panicky times, I decided that the condition of my finances warranted a two-weeks' vacation from the duties of tending my "type mill," on a Glenwood Springs daily paper, and a trip to my home in Denver.

With my predilection for seeing new sights, of course I resolved to travel over a way new to me—*via* the Colorado Midland to Leadville and from Leadville to Denver on the C & S, which is a narrow gauge road. The pessimists told me the chances were that I would get snow-bound on the narrow gauge and perhaps be reduced to a diet of shoe leather, or at best a juicy slice of suit case. But for the scenery enthusiast such a possibility merely adds a tinge of excitement; indeed, a snow blockade is not an experience to be so much dreaded, but rather one filled with incidents the memory of which will remain with one through the years—incidents that the average person may experience not more than once in a life time. In case of an absolute blockade, a man on snow-shoes must seek the nearest town, and return with a provision party, the railroad footing the bill.

But, however much I may have been hankering for such an experience, it was denied me. But the snow was flying before my train had gone many miles from Glenwood on the Midland, which is a standard gauge road.

After dropping the diner we still had five cars, and soon three engines and a rotary snow plow were required to take us up the steep grades to Hell Gate. As the night was quite dark, I was unable to view this thousand-foot chasm to any advantage, but there was sufficient going on to repay one for standing in the vestibule and keeping one's eyes open.

In the vicinity of Hell Gate, where the real battle with the snow began, the mountains echoed with the blasts of whistles, and the laboring exhausts reverberated from crag and cañon wall. The long, white fingers of the electric headlights flashed and waved back and forth, leaping chasms and throwing into startling distinctness the details of a mountain slide miles away. Altogether, it was a scene to impress one with the wonderful achievements of man and yet to remind one of man's utter insignificance in the presence of nature.

Behind us was a freight train, taking advantage of the clear track which our

passage left; far ahead of us was an opposing passenger train, awaiting our passing at the crest of the divide. On our arrival at the crest (Hell Gate) the shrieking of whistles, the backing, shunting and switching, and the waving of headlights, increased twofold in our efforts to drop our plow and helper engines and get things straightened out generally. The rest of the distance to Leadville was covered without special incident.

Leadville, often called the Cloud City, is a town of some 12,000 inhabitants and is situated at an altitude of 10,400 feet. In this city and vicinity one finds the strictly northern sports of ski-running, snow-shoeing, and bob-sledding.

The bob-sled in this part of the country takes the place of the toboggan in Canada. It is from eight to twelve feet long, about twelve to sixteen inches wide, and has a pair of runners under each end. It stands about a foot high from the ground and on each side are racks for the accommodation of the feet of the occupants, who sit one behind another to the number of eight or ten. A bob-sled will attain a speed of from forty to sixty miles per hour, depending on conditions. I have timed one in Glenwood at a speed of forty miles, and I have the word of a friend from Leadville that he has traveled one and one-half miles in 1:20. Needless to say it is a dangerous sport.

At Leadville I boarded the narrow gauge train, consisting of a baggage-car and a coach, the motive power being furnished by a small but powerful engine.

Leaving the city, the road skirts the main range, the most prominent peak being Mt. Massive, the highest mountain in Colorado (14,424 feet). The road soon turns eastward and heads away from the main range, though constantly climbing.

To one unfamiliar with mountain railroads, it is marvelous to note the manner in which the road turns back and forth in its efforts to attain the height necessary to carry it over the pass. The little engine will toil up a valley, keeping on the hillside above it, and when the head is reached and further progress barred, it promtly crosses over and goes back down the valley on the opposite hillside, though climbing higher all the time. Perhaps the observer will look into the valley three or four times, each time from a different level, until at last its details are scarce discernible.

The highest point reached by the C. & S. between Leadville and Denver is the summit of Boreas pass, 11,470 feet. The pass is well named. The wind was blowing a gale and the snow drifting badly as we approached it. We had no rotary on, only a wedge plow, and when our momentum was exhausted in bucking a drift we would back up, take a fresh start and plow through somehow. The engine was literally buried—snow packed up on top of the boiler and cab, and the drivers and machinery a mass of snow.

Finally we gained the summit where is located a snow shed sheltering the main track and several switches for the housing of extra engines, plows, etc. Here a force of men is stationed all winter to keep the tracks clear. This shed is in such a bad spot that the ends are kept closed by immense doors, which are opened to allow the train to pass and immediately closed to keep out the worst of the madly whirling snow, which, however, finds its way through the smallest cracks and is banked up inside the shed. Besides this shed there are eight more long sheds which do not have their ends closed.

Soon after crossing the pass the descent is accomplished into South Park, a high table-land surrounded by lofty mountains and intersected by many minor ranges. Again entering the mountains, the road strikes the

Platte river near its head waters and follows it through one of the most rugged and picturesque cañons in Colorado.

In contemplation of a cañon, as in no other way, one can come somewhat near a conception of the eons of time during which the tireless forces of nature have been working to carve out the huge and varied shapes that are the wonder and admiration of man. What a paradise for the geologist! To one who is not a geologist it is like a grand and inspiring book whose contents one knows of in a general way, and, grasping it eagerly, seeks to sate his appetite for knowledge, only to find it printed in unintelligible characters.

Huge boulders that the ingenuity of modern man could scarce move, if it were necessary, are tossed hither and thither over the bed of the stream, the erstwhile playthings of forces we know not of. Yonder on the cañon wall is a pocket scoured out of the flawless granite by the ice of winter and the flood-borne rock fragments of summer, after countless ages. Here and there are rock masses that are so weathered that they seem about to disintegrate. How long have they stood there; how much longer will they stand before they crumble away into a mass of detritus, to be washed away into the rivers?

Truly, the mind wearies of attempting to grasp the problems that are presented, stretching away in the dim and narrowing perspective of ages past and forgotten, before the kings of the First Dynasty started to make history. Therefore it was not wholly unpleasant to emerge from the cañon, on the plains, and see in the gathering dusk the lights of Denver, the Queen city of the Plains, knowing that a welcome awaited me at home.

A man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can let alone.—*Thoreau.*

Letters from the Class of 1890.

WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 25, 1907.

Dear Friends of the Class of 1890:

It is now almost a score of years since we left the College as a class that hot, sweltering June day, and the odor of the hot sun on the ivy leaves still lingers in my memory. But to me Commencement did not mean good-bye to the dear old campus, for 'twas my good fortune to stay a few years longer, eight years in fact. And as the class, before disbanding, made me president, I availed myself of at least all the pleasures of the office by attempting to keep in touch as much as possible with the various members, being aided in this by Miss Kimball (class secretary), now Mrs. Dickens. We two had, perhaps, a better chance to meet with old classmates now and then than the rest of you, a privilege we appreciated to the full.

After graduation, I served my fellow man by caring for the library at the K. S. A. C., first as assistant, and the last four years of my work there as a member of that sorely tried body, the Faculty. As a member of the Faculty, I had a bit of a chance to "see oursils as ithers see us." When the populists took possession of the College in that dreadfully eventful year, 1897, they saw at a glance that my salary of $700 was not sufficient compensation for such a responsible position, so in their liberal generosity they raised it by $20, making it $720 per year. What to do with that extra $20 worried me. I felt as if so much money should be spent with discretion, so I carefully canvassed all possibilities. After talking it over with friends, I decided to travel, and started out strange lands to see. My money would not take me to Europe, so I have never been in foreign lands, but I have seen and enjoyed much in the United States.

Like many other westerners, raised on the dry, dusty wind-swept plains, I had the intense longing for water

manifested by all desert plants. It is said their roots will go far in search of it. So I, like other xerophila from the land of the mirage, was drawn toward water. It has been my pleasure to sail on both oceans and most of the rivers of the United States. I have dreamed on the poetic Susquehanna, and the historic Shenandoah, and wandered along the flat low shores of the lazy but historic Potomac. I have sailed up the Hudson and down the Columbia, have followed the Sacramento from its source to the sea, and the Willamette from the sea to its mountain source. I have gone yachting on most of our island seas, and sailed by moonlight on lovely Suisun bay.

Carrying out my original idea of wanting to see things, I have been on most of the high places in the United States. I have climbed up and peeked over the coast range of the Pacific and watched the ships come in from the Orient, then came over to this other side and from the mountains of New Hampshire took a look over into Canada and out over the Atlantic. I have stood on the top of the Alleghenies, walked along the Blue Ridge of Virginia, and shivered on the peaks of the Rockies; have picked wild raspberries off the sunny slopes of Santa Cruz mountains, blackberries from the rugged sides of the Sierras, and huckleberries from the blue Alleghenies. They all tasted good to me.

"But," I hear some fellow alumnus say, "what a selfish program. Having a good time with no thought for others." Now, there he is mistaken. It is true I did pick mountain berries and ate them all myself, but I afterward went and sat down in the cool shade and dreamed great dreams of what I would like to do for my fellow creatures, and built some wonderful castles in the air for their benefit. But truly, fellow alumnus, whoever you may be who is caviling, I have not played all the time. I have worked some. But I am ready to admit that dreaming dreams of what one would do and the real doing of them are two opposite ends of the spectrum, one all bright and rosy with seeming possibilities, the other end of the spectrum blue, awfully dark blue, sometimes. But you will all understand. You have been there. It is now seventeen years since we graduated, and it is safe to say we have all learned a few lessons since.

My work after leaving College has been partly on the Pacific coast and partly on the Atlantic. While in California I began a postgraduate course in physics at the University of California, where I was allowed to earn part of my expenses as student assistant in physics. But I never received my master's degree, for after one year's work I was given an opportunity to work in the government laboratories at Washington, and I never got back. My three and a half years in California were profitable ones, perhaps not financially, but in things upon which one can place no money value. Health, experience, a fulness of life, a wider horizon. I ate strawberries and figs and grapes, breathed into my lungs the pure pine-laden air, enough of the fragrance of grapes and of roses, and of ripening oranges, to flavor all my memories forever. I have only to close my eyes and a vista of riotously glorious color, crimson fields of poppies, and miles and miles of olive groves are mine once more.

But now I live in the governmental city, and life here is not entirely without color either. There is much of interest and beauty if one cares to see. I work in the physical laboratory of the Bureau of Plant Industry, which is a part of the Department of Agriculture. Our laboratory is situated on the top floor of a four-story building which overlooks the Potomac for miles both up and down the river, and north we look out over the city to its farthest limit. As I write this, a

fleet of steamers and cruisers and yachts is starting out from the wharves below us with the "Presidential party," cabinet officers, foreign ambassadors, and various minor gold-lace bedecked attaches aboard, all merrily going to the Jamestown Exposition opening. They make a gay showing as they swing out into the channel, the President's cruiser ahead. One of the charms of life in Washington is that there is nearly always something spectacular happening.

So, with pleasant work in interesting surroundings, I feel that my lines have indeed fallen in pleasant places. But my chief pleasure has been the all too rare and all too brief visits of the alumni who go through Washington. It seemed easy to form friendships at College, but I have never found it easy since. A steady succession of new acquaintances file by one, in and out and across one's path, but mere acquaintances they remain, never becoming real comrades like those of our College days; and, try as one will, it is only the school friends which seem real and lasting. So please, old College friends and classmates, don't pass me by when you come this way.

JULIA R. PEARCE.

SEATTLE, WASH., JAN. 30, 1908.

Dear Classmates:

In 1900 we decided to leave Kansas and locate in the Northwest, where, according to the catalogues, folders, etc., we learned that "the click of the lawnmowers could be heard all winter." This sounded very nice and, while it is in general true, we do have decided seasons, for the thermometer this morning read 10 degrees below freezing. But we like it, as such little homeopathic doses of winter do us no harm and serve to break up the monotony of perpetual summer.

We made some of our warmest friends during our brief stay at the boarding-house after our arrival, then went to our own home in the flats, where we lived for nearly three years; but without those three years of flat life I feel that I would have "missed half my life." We were care free, as far as property was concerned, and went about a great deal. One of our most interesting trips was east of the mountains where we took a timber claim. The law requires that you shall go in person to the property, so, after arriving in Cle Elum at three o'clock in the morning and finding all hotels full, we pitched our tent by moonlight, broke camp again at six o'clock in the morning, and started on our tramp. We walked six miles that day, Charlotte who was six months old being the only one who rode, and she went in Indian papoose style, only I carried her in front. It left me with both arms free and Jean, who was five, trudged along without a word of complaint. We finally reached the house where we stayed all night, and the next morning went on to the Italian ranch where we spent two delightful weeks. From there we went to our timber. We enjoyed our stay at the ranch and I have no fault to find with the Italian cooking. They made their own butter and cheese, baked their bread in a brick oven built outside of the house, and ate the trout from their own stream.

That isn't the only long tramp we have taken. Once we were in the woods, and as it was growing late Mr. Dobbs said that if we went "due east" we would strike a county road, so we decided to try it. If you have never been in a heavily timbered country you cannot imagine what this means. The great trees that four persons with arms outstretched and fingers touching could not reach around are as thick as the plums in a Christmas pudding. The underbrush makes it very difficult walking, especially if one happens to be in a hurry. It began to grow dusk so fast that Mr. Dobbs found it difficult to see the compass. Then, just as he suggested that we might have to build a bonfire and stay there all

night, we heard a bear crashing through the woods. He says it may have been a cow, but I prefer to think it was a bear. We kept on "due east" for a few minutes more and then he gave a relieved "hoo-hoo" as he came out upon the county road.

But the great trouble is, we always take so much luggage. It has always been a dream of Mr. Dobbs's to have us so trained that we can start out, relying on the shelter of some friendly tree, and make ourselves "perfectly comfortable" for the night upon the bare ground—well, perhaps we may have a few leaves or ferns between us and the virtue of the soil. We have lately bought a summer home on the salt water where we have 866 feet of beach and four acres of land, so one day last fall we started to realize the "light-luggage dream." We took the boat at three o'clock and should have reached our destination before dark, but the boat stopped to coal and we were late in starting. When we got to Appletree point, near where our property is located, the boat whistled for a Norwegian who lives at the point and he came out in his row boat and took us off and we were soon on our own place. It was so dark, however, that we had to use the flashlight to find our way. We soon had an elegant maple-wood fire started, the children were put to bed on the ground, where they must have been "perfectly comfortable" for they went right to sleep. Mr. Dobbs and I sat up and watched the steamers, sometimes five in number at one time, on their way to the Orient or coming in from some foreign port. I must confess that I slept with one eye open that night, as I was afraid of the sparks setting fire to the overcoats which we had thrown over us, and then, too, I liked to see the stars shining overhead. Besides that, the bumps on the ground seemed to come in the wrong places.

The other variety of our lives is spent like ordinary civilized beings, reading by our own fireside and working on our place; a suburban home just twenty-nine minutes from town. Twice a year twenty or thirty K. S. A. C. friends meet and talk over old times. NELLIE LITTLE DOBBS.

P. S.—Marie Senn Heath giggles, too!

EVERETT, WASH.

My Dear Classmates:

Wouldn't it be jolly to have a reunion of the class of '90? Why not meet in Seattle during the exposition, when everyone will be coming West? Mr. and Mrs. Dobbs and I got together at Professor Shelton's one night and had the best fun talking over College days and old jokes. Really, Nell is shockingly undignified at times! One would never surmise that she is an author of distinction and the mother of two charming girls.

If Julia Pearce and I had gone to South America as we once planned to do, this letter would no doubt have revealed some thrilling experiences, compared to which my happy home life is very calm. Yet, perhaps you would like to know something of what has come to me since we scattered so many years ago.

First I taught in the country, then in the home schools at Enterprise. Following this time I was for eight years professor of household economics in the State College of North Dakota, at Fargo. I gave up this work five years ago and was married soon after to Mr. Heath, at my home in Kansas. Since then we have lived in Seattle and Everett. Both of these places are beautiful, and it has been a joy to discover a large number of Kansas people located here.

Each day I find brings me much to do in my home and in the life outside of it. It seems everything I know is called into use every day, and then in the evening I find I have fallen short of the morning's promise. With perfect health, a husband to be proud of,

a sturdy, brown-eyed son and a dainty little blond daughter, surely I have cause to be glad and happy.

Let us have class letters more often during the next seventeen years—form a "grow-old-with-me" club, so that as the years pass we shall know something of one another.

With many thoughts and best wishes for all,

MARIE B. (SENN) HEATH.

TEXAS CITY, TEX., MARCH 28, 1907.

My Dear Friends:

Having dwelt in this climate for the past ten years, I will confine my remarks within Galveston's new era—"since the flood" (September 8, 1900).

Thankful, on the morning of September 9, 1900, to have the lives of family and self within our keeping, we commenced, in common with our neighbors, life's financial battle over again. And, true to the sacred injunction, have earned many biscuits by the sweat of our brows. I now have two pleasant homes (city and country) and a happy family of wife and two children, the children a boy and a girl aged eight and three years, respectively, who are "their mother's ideals."

As one of Uncle Sam's custom officials, I am more frequently away from home than I might be otherwise. and see many traits of human nature, as exhibited by all nations in their (sometimes) undisguised simplicity. The frankness of their innocence is contrasted by many deceptive plots to enter, duty free, commercial commodities prohibited by our national parent.

My family and I are following the footsteps of the meek and lowly Jesus, guided by His counsel, and are looking forward to the time when life's great preparation is completed and another "commencement day" has arrived, and we are graduated with honor from this world of vicissitudes, into spiritual bliss of Heaven serene.

A. E. NEWMAN.

PARSONS, KAN., MAR. 26, 1907.

My Dear Friends:

After my graduation I taught school for two years, then attended law school at Kansas University from 1892 until 1894. In 1894 I came to Parsons, and have been practising law here ever since. Have been getting along well. Have run for legislature, but people wanted the other fellow and elected him. Many times I have desired to move away, but each time have been convinced that it was best to stay. Am not married and don't want to be. Would like to travel in foreign countries and perhaps will if I live long enough. Have been studying the Spanish language and could get along very well in a country speaking that language. Financially, I have succeeded in accumulating more money than I need, but will not give any of it away except by last will and testament.

ARTHUR CRANSTON.

HARLEM, MONT., APRIL 3, 1907.

Dear Classmates:

After leaving College in 1890 I spent six years at various places and in different positions, but mostly farming, teaching, and getting acquainted with the world in general. I then entered the United States Indian service in Oklahoma, on the Wichita reservation, in the capacity of agency farmer. My duty here was to instruct the Indians in farming, the use of implements, and to settle minor disputes among them. As the total number of Indians was over eight hundred, but little personal attention could be given to individuals, and so the work was more of a general character. These Indians, however, according to their own history, were an agricultural people before they met the white man, and they needed but little attention in planting their fields. They are far ahead of any other Indians I have been among in growing and caring for their garden truck.

My nearest post-office and white

neighbors, while with these Indians, were eighteen miles away, so there was no giving advice and instructions to the Indians at a distance, for I was located in their midst. To a person not used to such isolation time drags slowly along, and he fails to appreciate the charms of solitude of which the poets write.

After a year spent on this reservation I was sent among the Comanches in the same capacity as with the Wichitas. These people made no claim to any previous knowledge of agriculture and manifested but little desire to such a calling in their present condition. For centuries they roamed the plains where game was abundant, and little effort was necessary to secure food and clothing. Agriculture, therefore, was not to their liking, and as their income was sufficient to keep them from want, little was done in the line of farming.

While I was on the Comanche reservation these people were allotted a quarter-section of land to each member of the tribe, and the surplus land was opened to settlement. My district then contained over five hundred allotments scattered for sixty miles along the creeks. My principal duty was to inspect the allotments for the purpose of leasing, and to act as a peacemaker between the Indians and their white neighbors.

In the fall of 1901 I committed matrimony and have been married ever since. We are intending to send our little boy to the K. S. A. C. that he may acquire the necessary training and knowledge to cope with the new and numerous problems of a big and growing country.

At the present writing I am located on the Fort Belknap reservation, Montana, and will continue to train the natives in agriculture.

I have become a regular subscriber to the ALUMNUS, but a poor contributor. Long live the ALUMNUS.

J. W. IJAMS.

MANHATTAN, KAN.
April 29, 1907.

From '90 to spring of '92, taught country school; '92 to '95, postgraduate student and employee of the Experiment Station. Attended the World's Fair for five weeks in '93, and camped for six weeks near Green Mt. Falls, in the summer of '95, with Julia Pearce and Vernie Waters. Married January 1, 1898, to Albert Dickens, '93, who was then superintendent of the Ellinwood schools. After a year and a half in Ellinwood returned to Manhattan, where Mr. Dickens became assistant in and later professor of horticulture. In '99 we bought the two acres at the north park gate, known as the old Williamson place. Have since grown all sorts of Kansas small fruit upon it and have otherwise improved it by building and planting. Two dear, brown-eyed children, Elizabeth, born June 27, 1901, and William, born October 1, 1905, are our chief treasures.

I fear few of my classmates have had so happy a life. Every year of my thirty-five has been happier than any gone before, and if it is true that in our lives "some rain must fall, some days must be dark and dreary," in mine they are yet to come.—*Bertha (Kimball) Dickens.*

P. S.

"Something to live for has come to the house,
Something to die for, maybe.
Something to give even sorrow a grace.
And yet it is only a baby."

Another happy year has gone since my letter was written, and the editor of the ALUMNUS hands the letter back to me for revision, believing, as I do, that the birth of a fine, blue-eyed baby boy, August 28, 1907, is quite worth recording. Richard Kimball Dickens —may he grow to be as good and loved a man as the grandfather, for whom he is named.

You will never "find" time for anything. If you want time you must make it.—*Charles Buxton.*

The Kansas City Alumni Banquet.

The Kansas City Alumni Association of the Kansas State Agricultural College held their annual banquet at the Coates House, Kansas City, Mo., March 6, 1908. There were sixty members present, and we had a general good time.

An hour of hand shaking and visiting was enjoyed, after which a buffet luncheon was served, assuming that no one would be content and happy with a vacancy in their gastronomic region. After luncheon the association assembled as a literary society. Mr. W. H. Phipps was appointed as critic for the evening, and Mr. C. V. Holsinger as sergeant at arms. The following program was rendered, the participants doing themselves justice without a single exception.

Piano solo.....Mrs. Lorena (Helder) Morse
Address.....''All is not Gold that Glitters''
.....Miss May Harmon
Recitation.....Miss Elizabeth M. Kramer
Vocal solo.....Miss Laura Lyman

Debate, *Resolved*, That there is more pleasure in pursuit than in possession.

AFFIRMATIVE.	NEGATIVE.
Dr. S. L. Van Blarcom,	Mr. C. V. Holsinger,
Miss Ora Yenawine,	Mrs. Dora (Thompson) Winter.

Judges: Mrs. Ary Johnson Butterfield, Mr. B. L. Short, Dr. Clay E. Coburn.

Judges' Decision: Mrs. Butterfield, affirmative; Mr. Short, negative. Doctor Coburn refused to give a decision until more time was allowed for consideration.

Oration "A Chariot Race"....Mr. T. W. Morse
Vocal solo.....Miss Lucy Sweet
Paper.....Dr. R. F. Bourne
Vocal solo....."The Arkansas Traveler"
.....H. C. Rushmore
Report of critic.....Mr. W. H. Phipps

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dr. A. T. Kinsley; vice-president, Mrs. Lillian (St. John) Williams; secretary-treasurer, Dr. Clay Coburn.

A general parliamentary discussion was participated in by all the members, most of whom showed evidence of not being very familiar with rules of order; for instance, it was not uncommon to hear some prominent member second his own motion. A farce trial closed the evening's program.

A rising vote of the various society members present was called for with the following results: Ionians 13, Hamiltons 13, Websters 8, Alpha Betas 4, Eurodelphians 2.

The above was a variation from the regular routine program and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present, as they unanimously promised to be present at the summer picnic and also at the annual banquet, the first Friday evening in March, 1909.

A. T. KINSLEY, *Secretary.*

Annual Banquet of K. S. A. C. Alumni in Topeka.

The Topeka Alumni Association held their annual reunion and banquet in the Y. W. C. A. rooms in the Masonic Temple, Friday evening, March 6. There were present about sixty guests—alumni, former students, wives, husbands, and children. The banquet, a six-course affair, was very informal.

The room was decorated in K. S. A. C. pennants, and the favors were in the College colors.

With C. M. Buck, vice-president of the association, acting as toastmaster, a most interesting program was rendered. A piano solo by Miss Marian Gilkerson was followed by the president's address, by E. G. Gibson. Mrs. C. W. Lyman gave a reading, "My Ships," and responded to a hearty encore. Mrs. Wilma (Cross) Rhodes made some interesting remarks about "Graduates as Housewives." Then followed a reading by Mrs. J. H. Whipple, vocal solos by L. W. Hayes and C. W. Lyman, and a piano solo by Mrs. J. W. Going. Prof. J. D. Walters gave a short address, H. W. Jones sang "Over the Ocean Blue," and the evening's entertainment ended by the singing of "Alma Mater."

Officers elected for the year are: President, Ralph Rader; vice-president, Howard Rhodes; secretary and treasurer, Maude Currie.

Has your subscription expired?

Business Meeting of the Manhattan Alumni.

The local Alumni Association of Manhattan met in business session Friday evening, April 10, for the election of officers and to discuss a number of matters of interest to the association. C. M. Breese, '87, was reëlected president, and Fred Marlatt, '87, was made vice-president, Mrs. Mary (Davis) Ahearn, '04, secretary, and R. A. Seaton, '04, treasurer.

Then ensued a lively discussion of plans for the coming Commencement season. All of the thirty-five alumni present expressed their opinions as to the most satisfactory manner of entertaining ourselves and our visitors at Commencement time, and these suggestions will be taken into consideration by the executive committee in their arrangement of plans for the triennial meeting.

The portraits of Presidents Denison and Fairchild were on exhibition and called forth generous commendation for the artist and her work. The portrait committee announced that for an additional sum of $150 the portrait of President Anderson might be secured, and the association assumed the responsibility of instructing the committee to order the third portrait. This action was backed up by a generous contribution, by local alumni, toward the necessary fund, and we anticipate no difficulty in securing the desired amount before the work is finished.

The Home-Coming.

The verses below were accompanied by the following remarks from their author:

"It is the very earnest wish of the perpetrator that his name be suppressed for the obvious reason that should the authorities learn he is roaming at large the proposed "home-coming" would have to be indefinitely postponed. It is said that every great work (and if you don't believe this is work, try it) is the result of an inspiration. I've certainly had the time of my life putting all these words together, but I've had another equally great time hunting for that inspiration. Success has crowned my efforts in this last as in the first. It was the memories of old chapel days. Occasionally the music director would be absent, and at such times his duties devolved upon a rotund little German whom we affectionately called John Daniel. John D. would march majestically to the front of the rostrum, his dark, bright eyes straight ahead, a chapel leaflet in the left hand, and the right gracefully rising till the index finger had a clear bead on the chandelier overhead. Then (the students had the place already—beat him to it) "Ve vill sing on d' las page off d' buuk"—

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand."

From the southland far below us, from the northland far above, alumni—girls and boys—are coming, coming to their mother, love. Where the sun mounts from the ocean, where it sinks again at sea, sons and daughters send their greetings, Alma Mater, dear, to thee.

In the banquet hall we'll gather, there to pledge in natures' wine our fidelity to you, dear—and Missouri steps in line. (Right here allow me to apologize to Bill Smith and all the rest of that K. C. bunch and any others that may be lurking along our western border.) Yes, I'm coming home, dear mother, back again to our old farm. Distance ever lends enchantment, absence adds a sweeter charm. Fifteen years of toil and travel; homesick thousand times and more; heart just yearning; want to greet you; won't you please just ope' the door?

I am told I scarce will know you in your many mansions great, and your multitudinous family—pick and pride of all the State. But I know that I'll

know Bluemont; Prospect Hill will not be changed; Old Blue River and the Kansas still flow by, though disarranged. Lovers' Lane will not be altered, and the main gate will be there—just the same old muddy driveway and twin columns, white and bare. But beyond those ghostly portals—even new fear grips my heart—of the many, many changes I can't guess the smallest part.

Mother, dear, if I should wander from the beaten path aside, you'll remember where I'm living and will know I need a guide. If, perchance, I gain the hilltop and in fear I gaze around, looking for familiar landmarks, looking for familiar ground, then, dear, you will know I'm hopeless, that I'm dumb as I can be. Please send out some trusty brother, tell him just to please show me.

Yes, your swine-herd son's returning, all unworthy though he be; comes to satisfy that longing; again to sit beside your knee. Don't prepare a sumptuous banquet—just some sorghum, pork, and pone. With my feet beneath your table, I don't need, then, to be shown.

Doctor Kellerman Dead.

From Columbus, Ohio, comes the sad news of the death of Prof. William A. Kellerman. Accompanied by a number of special students of botany, the professor left his class rooms and laboratories at the Ohio State University on December 8 for a study trip to Guatemala, Central America, where he had gone on similar expeditions previously for several winters. He was in blooming health when he left. and as he had stood the climate of those regions without serious trouble he had no apprehensions on this account. It seems, however, that this time he was unwell as soon as he had established his camp. The daily papers state that he died of a malarial fever.

Prof. William A. Kellerman occupied the chair of botany at this College from 1883 to 1891 and left here to accept the chair of botany of the Ohio State University. He was then a young man of about 33 years of age. He was a graduate of several American universities and had studied botany for two years in the University of Zurich, Switzerland, receiving from this world-renowned institution the title of Doctor of Philosophy. While at Manhattan he published several books on his science, as "Elements of Botany;" also a "Plant Analysis, or Key, to the Dichotomal Plan for Identifying Plants East of the Mississippi;" also "Analytical Flora of Kansas;" also a "School Botany." He also prepared numerous papers in the various State reports, the two of special importance to Kansas being "The Kansas Forest Trees Identified by Leaves and Fruit," the first work of the kind published in the United States, and "Native Grasses of Kansas." Professor Kellerman was also the second editor and publisher of the *Journal of Mycology*, a monthly which ultimately became the organ of the Division of Bacteriology of the United States Department of Agriculture, and is now being issued as a government publication.

Doctor Kellerman was not only a scientist along botanical lines and the recognized authority on the botany of Central America; he was also a model teacher, a model man, and a model father and husband. The writer of these lines who knew him intimately can think of no man who in his eyes was a more ideal and more perfect specimen of manhood physically, mentally, and morally. We are aware that this is saying much, but we knew him to the core.

Doctor Kellerman leaves a widow and three children to mourn his untimely death. His son, Karl, is bacteriological expert in the United States Department of Agriculture.

J. D. WALTERS.

*The Call of Kansas.**

By Esther M. Clark.

Surfeited here with beauty, and the sensuous-sweet perfume
Borne in from a thousand gardens and orchards of orange bloom:
Awed by the silent mountains, stunned by the breakers' roar—
The restless ocean pounding and tugging away at the shore—
I lie on the warm sand beach and hear, above the cry of the sea,
The voice of the prairie, calling,
Calling me.

Sweeter to me than the salt sea spray, the fragrance of summer rains;
Nearer my heart than these mighty hills are the windswept Kansas plains;
Dearer the sight of a shy, wild rose by the roadside's dusty way
Than all the splendor of poppy-fields, ablaze in the sun of May.
Gay as the bold poinsettia is, and the burden of pepper trees,
The sunflower, tawny and gold and brown, is richer, to me, than these.
And rising ever above the song of the hoarse, insistent sea,
The voice of the prairie, calling,
Calling me.

Kansas, beloved Mother, to-day in an alien land,
Yours is the name I have idly traced with a bit of wood in the sand.
The name that, sprung from a scornful lip, will make the hot blood start:
The name that is graven, hard and deep, on the core of my loyal heart.
O higher, clearer and stronger yet, than the boom of the savage sea,
The voice of the prairie, calling,
Calling me.

*This poem was written by a Kansas girl while sojourning in California.

Esperanto.

With the advancement of the world's civilization, with the increased facilities for travel and communication, the need of an international language has been more and more strongly felt.

There have been many attempts, within the last fifty years, to supply this need, but until the appearance of Esperanto none enjoyed any lasting success, many of them being so crude as never even to be published.

About 1884 or '85, and a few years following, an attempted international language, Volapuk, gained considerable attention. The language had thousands of adherents, and some thirty or forty periodicals were published partly or entirely in Volapuk.

Volapuk had no relation to any existing language, but was entirely "constructed," ideas being represented by syllables. The result was a language so complicated that its popularity was short lived.

In 1887, Doctor Zamenhof, a Russian Jew, who had for years been working on an international language, published the first text-book of Esperanto. The language was soon introduced into France, where it obtained a strong footing, and from France as a center has been introduced into other countries.

Esperanto was not introduced into the United States until about 1906. Although previous to this there were a few Esperantists scattered about the country, the Esperanto movement did not begin until this time.

During the year 1906 the American Esperanto Association was organized. The next year the association began the publication of the American Esperanto Journal. The association now has affiliated clubs in all parts of this country, and there are probably 50,000 people in the United States who have a fair knowledge of Esperanto. K. S. A. C. has a flourishing club of some thirty members.

Esperanto is built up from international roots to which regular endings are added to denote nouns, verbs, adjectives, and adverbs. In building words, suffixes and prefixes are employed, by means of which a large vocabulary may be acquired with a minimum of effort. The grammar is simple, perfectly regular, has few rules and no exceptions, and can be learned in half an hour. There are no silent letters and only *one* pronunciation for each letter.

Esperanto is pleasing in sound, remarkably flexible, and expressive of fine shades of meaning. It embodies the excellencies of the principal modern languages without their defects.

Three international congresses have already been held and with great success. At these congresses people who can not understand each other's language, who have had no instruction in Esperanto except from a text-book,

have assembled and talked with each other with as much facility as if they were speaking their native languages. This alone speaks much for Esperanto.

Seven New Courses of Study.

The changes in the curriculum of the College, long proposed and long agitated by a majority of those in any way connected with the institution, have finally taken place and are now embodied in the new courses recently adopted by the Regents. Aside from the new courses instituted, many changes have been made in the older ones, which it is intended will remedy the defects heretofore existing in certain lines. In place of the seven regular four-year courses heretofore offered there are now thirteen. They are as follows:

AGRICULTURE GROUP.

Agronomy.
Horticulture.
Poultry Husbandry.
Dairy Husbandry.
Animal Husbandry.
Veterinary Science.

MECHANIC ARTS GROUP.

Mechanical Engineering.
Electrical Engineering.
Civil Engineering.
Architecture.
Printing.

SCIENCE COURSES.

Domestic Science and Art.
General Science.

Beside the four-year courses offered in each of the above branches a year of graduate work has been added to each, with the exception of General Science. The usual B. S. will be conferred on all graduates of the four-year courses. On completing the graduate year a special bachelor's degree will be conferred in all courses, with the exception of Veterinary Science, in which a D. V. M. will be granted as before.

The freshman year will be alike in all courses, as heretofore. The first two years in the agriculture courses will be identical, and the same is true of the courses under mechanic arts.

The plan which was embodied in the adoption of the new courses was to make the work one-third technical, one-third cultural, and one-third scientific.

A minor change that will be hailed with delight by all those concerned is the dropping of algebra IV from all courses excepting the engineering and architectural courses. Trigonometry was substituted in its stead in all courses not having this subject before. In place of surveying, girls will be required to take color and design. The course heretofore known as domestic science has been changed to domestic science and art.

A study of the new courses impresses one with the fact that the opportunities for specializing have been practically doubled.—*Students' Herald.*

"It is not every one who could say, like Gibbon, that he would not exchange his love of reading for all the wealth of all the Indies. . . . But while the tastes which require physical strength decline or pass with age, that for reading steadily grows. It is illimitable in the vistas of pleasure it opens; it is one of the most easily satisfied, one of the cheapest, one of the least dependent on age, seasons and the varying conditions of life. . . . It is eminently a pleasure which is not only good in itself, but inhances many others. By extending the range of our knowledge, by enlarging our powers of sympathy and appreciation, it adds incalculably to the pleasures of society, to the pleasures of travel, to the pleasures of art, to the interest we take in the vast variety of events which form the great world drama around us."—*W. E. H. Lecky.*

When is your subscription due?

¶ EDITORIAL ¶

As was stated in last week's *Industrialist*, the portraits of the former presidents, Denison and Fairchild, being painted for us by Miss Jane Bartlett, are well under way. The portrait of Doctor Denison is nearly complete, and is pronounced an excellent likeness by all who remember him. The portrait of President Fairchild, which Miss Bartlett is copying from one painted by her for Berea College, promises to be very satisfactory.

It will be remembered that the committee lacked funds sufficient for three portraits, and the order for the two was based upon the preference indicated by vote of those who had contributed to the fund.

As Professor Willard says in his report in the *Industrialist:* "Miss Bartlett's work is so eminently satisfactory, and the terms upon which she can be secured at the present time to paint a portrait of President Anderson are so moderate, that it would seem that the friends of the latter should not permit the present opportunity to pass without securing his portrait. President Anderson, with his abounding common sense, splendid courage, and limitless energy, set the College so far on the high road to being a technological school that it has never been diverted from the way since. Surely his friends, and those who admire that work, will respond liberally in contributing the funds necessary to have his portrait painted now."

It has been stated elsewhere in this number of the ALUMNUS that the committee needs $150 more for the purpose of securing President Anderson's portrait, and further soliciting should not be necessary to obtain it. Comparatively few alumni have contributed anything toward the portrait fund, and it is time now that the rest were heard from.

This is a work in which everyone should be proud to be represented; and when the portraits are hung a good many non-contributors will feel some regrets that they have had no part in the work. Whether your contribution be great or small, send it in *now*, and let us hasten this undertaking to a successful completion.

The following remarks, concerning the real meaning of alumni gatherings, the purpose of alumni associations and the possibilities of their activity in behalf of Alma Mater were published first in the Chicago *Post*, and have since been copied by the alumni magazines of a number of colleges and universities. Here is food for thought; an exposition of the large field of influence open to the alumni of American colleges.

"The 'rah, rah' spirit among the alumni associations of our great universities is passing. At the fall meeting of Chicago graduates this ancient roystering sinks itself in the deeper and more satisfactory pleasure of intelligent discussion of college problems and practical achievement in their solution.

"And even wider opportunity still lies before these alumni organizations. On the American campus the graduate forms a fourth estate, as influential as the faculty, the students, or the president and trustees. This brings him a responsibility that may be judged, and his association must shoulder it.

"These bodies should now set their faces against the commercialization of university life. As it is they are too

often on the other side of the contest, leaving the president or the faculty—under our system possessed of so little power—to wage with unassisted weapons the battle for academic ideals. To uphold the hands of the idealist, to fight back the invasion of debasing standards, to keep pure the great well of education, is a task of which the doing will in itself repay the doer.

"The broadening of democracy in the universities of a democracy is another work which lies ready for the hands of the collegiate alumni. For it is a curious fact that our scholastic organization is far more autocratic than that which prevails in autocracies like Germany and Russia. Here, too, the service of the alumnus is essentially American and productive of its own reward.

"Such products the modern graduate is coming to appreciate as infinitely preferable to the narrow creation of the 'dear old' type of emotion. And modern progress will continue to gain in proportion as this appreciation increases."

The "Letters from the Class of 1890" in this number of the ALUMNUS were collected by Mrs. Nellie (Little) Dobbs, to whom we wish to give all credit for this interesting budget of news. Our only regret is that of Mrs. Dobbs, that more of the class did not respond to the invitation to write.

Changes at the College.

There is probably no reader of the ALUMNUS who has not read elsewhere of the changes that have taken place at the College, as a result of recent action of the Board of Regents. As is always the case under such circumstances, a great many exaggerated and untrue statements have been made, and a large number interested have been left in doubt as to the real condition of affairs. But, as ALUMNUS readers are practically all *Industrialist* readers, and as the *Industrialist* has published correct statements covering the changes that have been made, we will make only brief mention of them here.

The Board of Regents has accepted the resignation of President Nichols, Mrs. Henrietta Calvin, of the Domestic Science Department, and Dr. C. W. Burkett, director of the Experiment Station. The resignation of President Nichols will take place July 1, 1909; that of Mrs. Calvin and Doctor Burkett September 1, 1908. As yet no action has been taken to fill the vacancies thus made.

Doctor Burkett leaves us to accept the editorship of the *Orange Judd Farmer*, of New York, a position carrying a salary of $7000. Mrs. Calvin has made no announcement of her plans.

Miss Gertrude Cannon, of Smith Center, Kan., was elected to a position as piano instructor, to take the place of Miss McKirahan, who has resigned. Miss Furley, at present an assistant in the Preparatory Department, was transferred to the English Department, and Miss Bisby, an instructor in the city schools, was chosen to fill the vacancy. Aside from the cases above mentioned, no changes have been made in the teaching force, and no others will be made unless by possible incidental resignations later.

The Regents have given Kedzie Hall over to the Printing Department, and as soon as the new Domestic Science and Art building is finished and Kedzie Hall vacated the Printing Department will be moved. Superintendent Rickman will rearrange the interior of the building and make it suitable for the accommodation of his department.

Hope nothing from luck, and the probability is that you will be so prepared, forewarned and forearmed that all shallow observers will call you lucky.—*Bulwer.*

PERSONAL

E. W. Cudney, '07, is a farmer and telephone engineer in Belpre, Kan.

John Davis, '90, is principal of the Consolidated Schools, of Yale, Okla.

Harvey A. Burt, '05, is operating the Leadville Power Plant, at Leadville, Colo.

Arba Ferris, '06, has purchased and is managing a telephone exchange in Syracuse, Kan.

Adelaide Strite, '01, is teaching eighth grade in the city schools of Ellsworth, Kan.

Gertrude Rhodes, '98, has returned to Manhattan, after a visit in Hobart, Okla., and Leavenworth, Kan.

J. A. Milham, '07, has been appointed superintendent of animal husbandry at the Ft. Hays Experiment Station.

Ethel Berry, '07, has been engaged to give a course of demonstrations in domestic science at the Cawker Chautauqua this summer.

Mildred May Carter was born, March 26, to Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Carter, of Rantoul, Kan. Mrs. Carter was June Needham, '99.

Sadie (Stingley) Haggman, '96, and little daughter, of Randsburg, Cal., are visiting Mrs. Haggman's father and brothers in Manhattan.

Glen Shepherd, '02, who has been teller in the Wyandotte State Bank, has returned to his old work in the Orpheum Theatre of Kansas City.

W. W. Buckley, senior in '05, now a lieutenant in the United States Marines, stationed in Cuba, is spending a seven-weeks' vacation in Kansas.

Bonnie Adams, '99, of Marvin, Kan., and Stephen I. Wilkin, a former student, were married March 10. Mr. and Mrs. Wilkin are at home in Hoxie, Kan.

Fannie (Reynolds) Fulton, '05, and Jessie Reynolds, '06, have the sincere sympathy of their many friends in the death of their mother, which occurred in Manhattan, March 16.

Victor L. Cory, '04, of the United States Bureau of Plant Industry, has returned from Washington, D. C., to McPherson, Kan., where he will be stationed through the summer.

Mary Strite, '05, is teaching in the city schools of Cleveland, Okla. She says that, while there are some things to be said in favor of Oklahoma, she thinks Kansas is the best place after all.

C. M. Correll and Laura (Trumbull) Correll, of the 1900 class, and little daughter came from Chicago to visit during the spring intermission. Mr. Correll has returned to his work in the university and will receive his Master's degree this summer. Mrs. Correll remained for a more extended visit here.

W. L. Hall, '98, of the United States Forest Service, returned the latter part of March to his duties in Washington, after having spent considerable time in New England, investigating the White Mountain region, where it is proposed to establish a part of the Great Appalachian Forest Reserve, which question is now before Congress. Mr. Hall reports a very interesting trip.

Elsie (Waters) Conner, '98, of Albert Lea, Minn., informs us of the death of her brother, Geo. W. Waters, of the class of '86, which occurred February 16, and was caused by neuralgia of the heart. Mrs. Conner says that just one week after Mr. Water's death his thirteen year old son died of pneumonia. A wife and three children remain.

Albert Werner, '07, is farming in Etiwanda, Cal.

Frank Dunn, '84, is developing a fruit farm in Imperial Valley, Cal.

R. E. Williams, '07, is a student in the Kansas City Veterinary College.

Leon V. White, '03, is topographical draughtsman for the Sanitary District of Chicago.

Elizabeth (Finlayson) Zuck, '04, is principal of the schools in Cheyenne Wells, Colo.

W. L. Davis, '07, is studying veterinary medicine at the Kansas City Veterinary College.

N. L. Towne, '04, is now at Waverly, Kan., where he is part owner of the Meadow Spring Farm.

Willitt Correll, '99, in partnership with his father is building a sash and door factory in Manhattan.

Minnie Deibler, '05, has finished her term of teaching at Barnes, Kan., and is studying at the State Normal.

Eva (Rickman) Gilbert, '05, is teaching in district No. 118, Phillips county. Her address is Woodruff, Kan.

Raymond Harrison, '06, of Jewell, and Anna DeWalt, a former student, were married recently at the bride's home in Centralia.

Albert Deitz, '85, of Kansas City, writes that he has added to his other occupation that of fruit farming in Houston county, Texas.

E. W. Doane, '01, is located in Palo Alto, Cal., where he is employed as civil engineer with the Western Pacific Railway Company.

Robert Esdon, '03, has graduated from the United Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Pittsburg, Pa., and is preaching in Superior, Neb.

Minnie Copeland, '98, has returned from the West to Herington, Kan., where she is employed as office nurse and surgical assistant to Dr. Schuyler Nichols, '98.

Carl E. Rice, '97, has returned to his work on the police force of Manila, P. I., after an extended visit with his mother and sister in Manhattan.

In addition to his duties as clerk with the Pennsylvania railroad, Wilkinsburg, Pa., J. B. Coxen, '07, is teaching mathematics in the Casino Technical Night School, East Pittsburg.

Prof. Geo. A. Dean, '95, will soon commence the erection of a modern dwelling on Juliette Avenue, between Fremont and Laramie, this city, on a lot recently purchased of Archie Robertson, '96.

Florence Sweet, '07, has returned from Evanston, Ill., where she spent the winter with her sister, Jessie Sweet, '05. Jessie is director of domestic science in the Evanston High School, and is having fine success in her work.

Doris Train, '06, is occupying the position of instructor in mathematics, civics and geology in the Clifton High School. At the time of her appointment she was assisting in the Department of Mathematics at this College.

Axel H. Johnson, '03, has given up his work with the Edison Electric Company in Craftonville, Cal., and gone to Brazil. South America. Axel says, in a recent letter to one of the boys, that Henry Sidorfsky, '03, was among the many smallpox sufferers in that part of the country. Henry has the sympathy of all his friends, who hope that he has fully recovered before now.

L. M. Peairs, '05, began work in the entomological department of the Maryland Agricultural College, College Park, Md., the fore part of February. He was formerly employed in inspection work under Doctor Forbes, of Illinois. Mr. Peairs' work in Maryland will consist partly of teaching and partly of inspection and experimental work for the Maryland State Horticultural Department.

G. L. Shirley, '05, is farming in Eads, Colo.

John J. Points, '67, is practising law in Omaha, Neb.

W. O. Gray, '04, is practising medicine in Burlington, Wyo.

Fred Houser, '07, is working on a fruit farm in Oxford, Kan.

C. G. Nevins, '07, is in the hardware business in Ford, Kan.

A. E. Blair, '99, architect, is located at present in Topeka, Kan.

Henry W. Brinkman, '07, is doing architectural work in Emporia.

Fred Jolley, '95, is in the real-estate business in Lake Arthur, N. Mex.

Mabel (Selby) Laughlin, '95, is living in La Colorado, Sonora, Mexico.

Roy Bowman, '07, is in the grocery and dry-goods business in Oxford Kan.

James G. Arbuthnot, '04, is physical director in the Y. M. C. A. of Roslyn, Wash.

Herbert Groome, '05, is a practising veterinary physician and surgeon in Jewell City.

Marjorie Smith, '04, is bookkeeper for the Franklin Press Company, of Pueblo, Colo.

E. D. Richardson, '06, is employed in an automobile repair shop, in Cawker City, Kan.

Blanche Stevens, '05, is instructor of domestic art in the Barber Seminary, Anniston, Ala.

F. E. Hodgson, '05, is located in Philadelphia as electrician in "Cramp's Ship Yards."

A. H. Leidigh, '02, has left the government service, and is farming and raising pure-bred stock and seeds, in Hutchinson, Kan.

Milo Hastings, '06, is in Washington, D. C., conducting investigations in egg marketing, transportation, and storage, for the Bureau of Animal Industry.

H. P. Richards, '02, is a real-estate agent with the Standard Land Company, of Kansas City, Mo.

James D. Trumbull, '96, is in Los Angeles, Cal., employed as collector for the Pico Heights Lumber Company.

A. H. Baird, '07, writes from Etiwanda, Cal., that he will probably return to Kansas in June, and will be located in Minneapolis.

D. M. Campbell and Gertrude (Hole) Campbell, '06, have moved from Shawnee, Okla., to Hiawatha, Kan. They announce the birth of a daughter, April 8.

Mrs. Hattie (Gale) Sanders, '89, who is living now at West Palm Beach, Fla., writes that she will move to Manhattan in June. Her children will enter College in the fall.

Prof. O. E. Olin, of Akron, Ohio, formerly at the head of the English Department of this College, lectured here at the Congregational church, March 16, and also filled the pulpit of the same church the preceding Sunday evening. A large number of Professor Olin's friends enjoyed this opportunity of meeting and hearing him again.

Frederick Rader, '95, writes, from Etiwanda, Cal., that he has resigned from the government service in Alaska and will become a fruit grower in Etiwanda, where he has purchased a fruit farm. Mr. Rader expected to visit College this spring, but says the trip will have to be postponed, as this is a busy season and he is a new hand at the business of fruit-growing.

D. E. Bundy, '89, writes from Farmington, San Juan County, New Mexico, that he is doing missionary work there among the Navahoe Indians. He is making a special effort to establish an industrial mission about sixty miles across the desert from Farmington, on Blanco Canyon, and says that, while the work is difficult, it is full of new experiences and promises success.

A son was born March 29, to Geo. A. Dean, '95, and Minerva (Blachly) Dean, '00.

J. W. Van Deventer, '86, is editor of the *Republican Advocate*, in Sterling, Colo.

A. O. Wright, '91, has moved from Cornish, I. T., to Sugden, Okla., where he is editing the Sugden *Herald*.

A. N. H. Beeman, '05, is proofreader for the Burd and Fletcher Printing Company of Kansas City.

Mrs. Myriam (Swingle) Joss, '96, with her little son, is visiting in Manhattan with her father, J. F. Swingle.

A. G. Phillips, '07, has been appointed to the position of head of the newly established poultry department at the College.

Viola Norton, '04, left recently for Minneapolis, Minn., where she has a position as domestic science teacher and governess in the Washburn Orphans' Home.

Mrs. Amos Cottrell, of Elgin, Ill., visited College, recently, with Ernest L. Cottrell, '99, of Wabaunsee. Mrs. Cottrell carried away a very favorable impression of K. S. A. C.

D. G. Robertson, '86, regrets that it will be impossible for him to attend the triennial banquet this year. Mr. Robertson's law business has assumed such proportions that it is difficult for him to leave it.

A. E. Oman, '00, assistant in the Forest Service of the United States Department of Agriculture, is in charge of tree planting and nursery work on the Garden City (Kansas) National Forest.

Harold Spilman, '03, who recently accepted a government position as teacher in the Philippines, left Manhattan April 9, and sailed from San Francisco April 14, for Manila. Mr. Spilman will not learn until he reaches Manila to what part of the Islands he will be sent or what branches he will teach.

Capt. Will Cavanaugh, '96, of Fort Douglass, Utah, visited with friends in Manhattan two weeks ago. Captain Cavanaugh is a son of the former director of military science and tactics at the College.

Mrs. Maude (Failyer) Kinzer, '03, is visiting her father and sister in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Corinne (Failyer) Kyle, '03, and daughter will accompany her home, in May, and remain here for the summer.

Miss Harriet Howell, of San Luis Obispo, Cal., visited last week with friends in Manhattan. Miss Howell was formerly at the head of the Domestic Art Department here, and is now professor of that department in the California Polytechnic School, of San Luis Obispo.

Prof. E. F. Nichols, '88, of Columbia University, who is to give the Alumni address this year, delivered a lecture before the Society of Sigma Xi, at Yale University, on March 9. The subject was "The Pressure Due to Light and its Consequences," and a number of experiments were introduced as illustrations.

On March 30, the Mothers' Club, of Providence, R. I., founded by Miss Abby L. Marlatt, '88, teacher of household economics in the technical high school of Providence, R. I., gave a reception to its outgrowth of eleven Mothers' Clubs. Over five hundred were present, and congratulatory speeches, music and refreshments were much enjoyed.

Of her work as director of domestic science in Lincoln College, Lincoln, Ill., Helen Thompson, '03, writes: "I have four cooking classes and one in sewing, and enjoy them thoroughly. The department is growing and I am already planning for more work next year. Our commencement comes a week earlier than yours, so I am looking forward to the home coming with interest. I shall surely be in for the banquet."

W. R. Ballard, '05, of the Maryland Experiment Station, will be engaged in some plant-breeding work with geraniums at the greenhouse plant of Mr. R. Vincent, near Baltimore, the coming spring and summer. "Skeeter" is getting to be quite a specialist in geraniums.

Arthur Helder, '04, who has been taking some work in landscape architecture at the College, has accepted a position as secretary of the city park commission, Kansas City, Mo. He will have direct charge of the work in landscape gardening and the advantage of working with Geo. E. Kessler, landscape architect and civil engineer for the park board of Kansas City, Mo., and Kansas City, Kan. Mr. Helder assumed the duties of his new position the first of April.

W. M. Wright, '87, and Sarah (Cottrell) Wright, '94, are living in Thornwell, La. Mrs. Wright says they moved onto a good farm in January, expecting to try farming for awhile, but no sooner had they become nicely settled than there came such an urgent request for Mr. Wright to take charge of a dredge boat that he did so. So Mr. Wright requests that he be catalogued as a "would-be farmer, though still an engineer."

A. B. Kimball, '89, publisher of the Scandia *Journal*, says of his latest business venture: "It has been some time since the *Journal* man indulged in his fad of buying up neighboring newspapers. But old habits will return. In response to a somewhat insistent demand that the county seat have a newspaper to represent the principles of progressive republicanism held by a large majority of the voters of the county, we have bought the Belleville *Freeman* from Tom Charles. The paper will be run as a republican paper after the style of the *Journal*. It will continue to be not only the best general *news* paper of the county but will have some mighty interesting political matter in it. This is no new venture. The *Freeman* was ours once before, and started on the road toward success at that time. However, we allowed the politicians to scare us out of it. We have long since ceased to be afraid of them, big or little—if there is any fright it is on the other side. We purpose conducting our newspaper ventures to please just one man and try to please one woman."

Edith Worden, '06, who is director of domestic science in the Plummer Manual Training School of Idaho Springs, Colo., writes: "I notice Professor Eyer suggests the ALUMNUS as an exchange for electrical engineering notes, and I am wondering if it would be possible to devote a column to domestic science notes. I, for one, would be glad to know what the girls who are established in this work are doing, the new ideas being worked out in the department there at K. S. A. C., and whether others have problems similar to mine and how they solve them."

The banks of the Smoky Hill river in Western Kansas, not a great distance from the Colorado line, have yielded to the University of Chicago the most perfect specimen of the fossil remains of the *platecarpus abruptus* on exhibition anywhere in the world, and it may be said with pride the discoverer of the carpus was an M. Sc. of this College, namely, Prof. S. W. Williston, now of the University of Chicago. The fish lived and thrived about six million years ago. This fossil, which is now on exhibition in the museum of paleontology of that institution, is regarded as one of the most valuable possessions of the school. The professor found the specimen in the chalk beds of the Smoky Hill last summer and quietly communicated his find to the university and waited for a chance to dig the monster bones

from their ancient grave. According to Professor Williston, his rare animal was the terror of the great and small dwellers of the seas in the Cretaceous age. It was covered with stripes and bars of many brilliant colors and wasn't a bad looking sort of a chap, as prehistoric animals go. Among other accomplishments the *platecarpus abruptus* was able to swallow hundreds of small and large fish at a gulp, and he had an extra set of teeth for holding his prey, after the fashion of snakes. The monster has been mounted in plaster of paris by the university preparator. It has 112 vertebræ, is nineteen feet long, and possesses paddle-like feet with which it walked the land and swam the seas with equal facility.—*Industrialist.*

In a recent letter from Bayombong Nueva Viscaya, P. I., H. V. Harlan, '04, writes: "On the 20th of December we started for Bonton, four days north of here on horseback. Our trail led us over the Polis range through the wildest section of Luzon. The trip is too expensive and too remote to ever be popular, but I much doubt if the world knows its equal elsewhere. From the standpoint of ethnology it is wonderful. Through all that region of one hundred square miles around the Polis mountian there is not a flat space as big as your hand, nor a village of more than five hundred people; yet the population per square mile is greater than that of Belgium, and there is no commerce nor any industry save agriculture. Needless to say, that is highly developed. Read the extravagant outbursts of the guidebooks and steamship advertizers regarding the terrace work of Japan. In Japan fifteen low dirt-walled terraces may exist one above the other. In Benane (P. I.) three hundred stone-faced, stone-bottomed, high-walled terraces go up the mountain side like a staircase with steps ten feet high. Nowhere on earth is there a work of man that shows as much effort as the terrace of Polis mountain. Then think of this being done by a savage, head-hunting people who are without any written signs, a primitive language, and no communication with the world. Not more than one thousandth of the villages have ever been visited by a white man, or at least until recently. I myself was the second man to ever visit one such. . . . The trip contains a wonderful succession of plants, starting with the tropical and ending with some on the mountain almost temperate. Oaks, pines, raspberries, violets, etc., seem plentiful. We had wild raspberries with sugar and cream three times a day at Benane. They are equal in size to the cultivated berry and slightly better in flavor, tasting almost like strawberries."

Mr. and Mrs. Harlan have started for America and will locate, temporarily at least, in the West.

Harvey Adams, '05, 2nd lieutenant in the Philippine constabulary, writes from Camp Seno Cebu: "In reply to your gracious invitation to write something for the ALUMNUS, I must beg to be excused, at least for the present. My record while in school was too tame to interest any other than myself, and while I have had some experiences since that time I am not able to magnify nor arrange them into an interesting article. I suspect, though, judging from my own brief experience, that as acceptable an article as can be sent in is the price of a subscription. Am I right? Anyway, I enclose a one-dollar bill which I have been saving ever since receiving your letter. They are scarce over here, and I am ten miles from a money-order office.

"I wish I could interest some one of the K. S. A. C. people in collecting Philippine stamps (cancelled ones) in return for College gossip—such as

does not appear in the College papers. The irresponsible individual can give predictions or local coloring without dreading *a correction* in the next issue."

NORTHWEST NEWS.

If "no news is good news" there has been continuous good news to send from this point for several months past. Everyone has been simply tending to business and keeping out of trouble. Even now there is nothing of a very startling nature to send to the ALUMNUS, but we feel sure that the "constant readers" in the different parts of the United States will be glad to hear anything from us by this time.

What interests us here as much as anything is that the Heaths, from Everett, are planning to come to Seattle to live. Mrs. Heath (Marie Senn, '90) is here keeping house for a few weeks this winter and plans to be here for a permanent home in the near future, as Mr. Heath's work is now in the city.

Mrs. Heath entertained at a birthday dinner for George Washington on February 22. Nellie (Little) Dobbs, '90, and two daughters, Sadie (Moore) Foster, '94, Mary (Waugh) Smith, '99, and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Heath and son and daughter enjoyed the dinner and the afternoon spent together. A bunch of cherries on each napkin reminded us of a number of cherry-tree stories, Mrs. Dobbs telling us how one little boy told another that it "probably wasn't George's fault he couldn't tell a lie, as children didn't used to have the advantages we enjoy nowadays."

On February 27, Mrs. Wm. Shelton entertained from two until five. Her guests were Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Dobbs and daughter, Mrs. Heath and children, Mrs. Smith and daughter, Mrs. F. M. Jeffery, and Mrs. E. M. Shelton. Mrs. Shelton's two daughters served a very dainty luncheon before the guests separated, and the afternoon was a particularly delightful one. When a group of four of us started back for the city from the Shelton home near the university the usual trouble over who should pay car fares arose, until Mrs. Foster announced that she had that morning sold twenty-seven dozen eggs and had the money in her purse; then three of us immediately settled back and let Mrs. Foster pay our transportation.

On March first Walter Mitchell (student in the eighties and brother of Robert and Roland Mitchell) and wife entertained at dinner. Covers were laid for twelve, the Fosters and the Smiths being the guests. The Mitchells told us that Roland Mitchell (student in '00) was to be married March 18 to a young woman of Oakland, Cal. Roland Mitchell is in the United States Navy.

Frank S. Shelton, '99, and wife are guests of Prof. and Mrs. E. M. Shelton just at present. Mr. Shelton is planning a change of location and may remain in Seattle. His work has been confining, and for the sake of his health he is considering the acceptance of one of a number of opportunities for getting into work that will allow him to be out more. We are all hoping that he will decide in favor of a place in or near Seattle.

Prof. E. O. Sisson, '86, plans to spend the coming summer at Harvard, where he is to give a series of lectures. Doctor Sisson is one of the ablest professors of a very able faculty in the University of Washington, located in the outskirts of the city.

Sadie (Moore) Foster, '94, plans a visit of two months back to Kansas this summer. On March seventh she is to entertain at a luncheon in honor of her birthday, Mrs. Heath, Mrs. Dobbs and Mrs. Smith being among the fortunate invited guests.

Mrs. Frank Hubbell, sister of Harry E. Moore, '91, entertained the evening of February 21 with a Colonial party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Moore.

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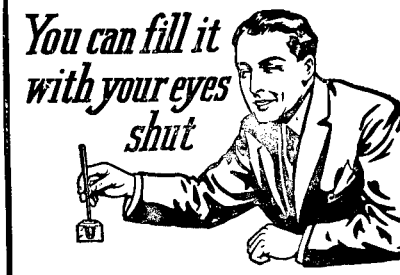

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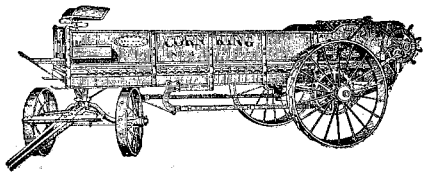

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