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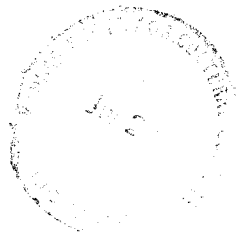

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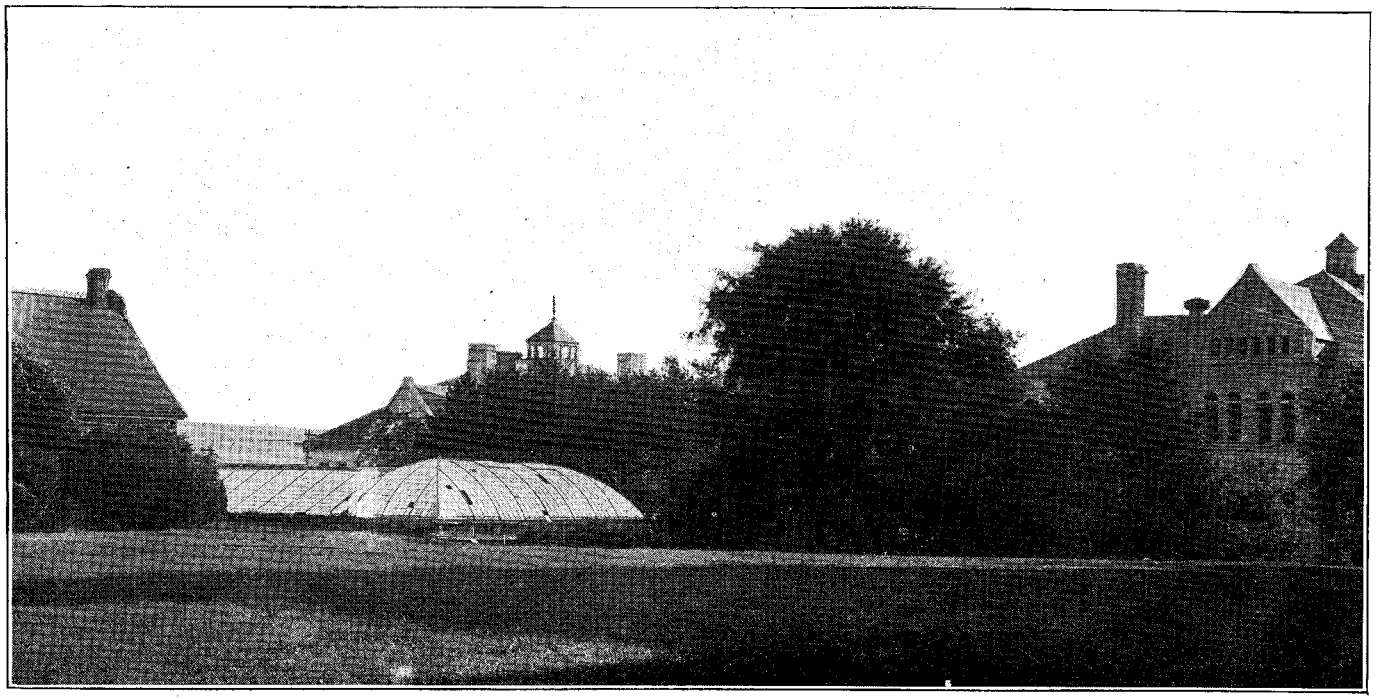

A nook on the campus.

# THE ALUMNUS

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### *Some Aspects of Country Life in Europe.*

The American visitor, interested in agricultural institutions, is most forcibly impressed, while travelling in Europe, by certain very striking points of contrast with conditions at home. The first relates to the position of the farmer himself. In Europe, as was stated in a former article, the "farmer" in the American sense of the man, who both owns and tills the land and at the same time occupies a high position as a citizen, scarcely exists.

The European conception of a "farmer" is best expressed by the word "peasant." The "land holder" may superintend the farming operations, but the actual labor is the work of the "peasant,"—"*der Bauer*," as the Germans call him. German writers on America recognize this fact, and, finding it impossible to designate the American "farmer" by the term "Bauer," have adopted the word "farmer" itself to express the fact which American conditions have made possible. In America, the ready and rapid acquisition of fertile land, the comparative ease with which a living and a competence have been secured, and the total absence of restricting conditions, political or social, have developed into full-grown men, beings who would in Europe have remained half-men. Hence the difference. The American "farmer" and the European "peasant" are not identical, although both are connected with the land. No less different are social aspects of the agricultural calling. In America, without indulging in any Pecksniffian cant whatever, we can truly say that labor—*work*—is respected and respectable, and that it does not exclude the worker from any career to which his natural talents may lead him. In Europe, on the contrary, any form of physical labor—manual work—puts the individual doing it into a class apart—an inferior class. A simple example from every-day life will illustrate the European attitude. The American in Europe who undertakes, for reasons of economy or common sense, to carry his hand baggage himself becomes an object of unspeakable contempt of the very menials themselves, since no self-respecting European would suffer for a moment the implication of the social inferiority which such an act would involve. The Italian, French or English "gentleman," belonging to the "better classes" must never commit the crime of physical labor or endure the humiliation of doing any slight service for himself or his family that could possibly be done by a servant. This "superior" class-attitude is, unfortunately, not always accompanied by the means for its respectable maintenance, and consequently society is poorer in Europe for the presence of great numbers of semi-idle persons whose life is a miserable shabby-genteel struggle to avoid the actual labor of life which necessity imposes and which ancestry and social position forbids.

Perhaps the most amusing expression of this attitude toward labor finds its utterance in the custom so prevalent all over Europe of carrying canes, or "sticks" in the English phrase. It goes without saying that a person who carries a cane in a decorative sort of way is a person of lei-

sure—not particularly busy and one who is certainly not contemplating the immediate use of his hands. The cane, therefore, is a sort of universal badge of a sort of social superiority—of not being in the "working" class. No busy American, of whatever "class," during his active hours, would think of enduring the encumbrance of such a useless toy; but the European, in town or country, seeks even by such trifling incidents of dress to bear witness to his immunity from actual physical occupation.

Our industrial civilization has its evil side; our intense immersion in business and money making, in labor and productive industry, deprive us of the amenities, graces and elegances of life to a degree that no American can realize who does not visit Europe. It makes our civilization seem raw, monstrous, and featureless, and it produces human beings who have no intellectual life whatever outside their immediate fields of industry. Europeans truly say of Americans that most of them have no interests unconnected with business or politics.

But in the light of science, what is all this teeming industry in America, this heroic, gigantic conquering of natural forces, this abandonment of the individual to the work, this self-forgetfulness in work—what is all this but a tremendous social effort, a spiritual and ideal effort if you please, on the part of the whole of a vast social organism, to rise at once and together. That our democracy is a real one, and that it is the most wonderful letting-loose of latent cramped and unutilized human powers toward ideal ends that the world has ever known, comes strongly before the American abroad.

We were beginning by considering European agricultural conditions. Perhaps the most noticeable external features of European farms in general are their small size, their irregular form and the number of diminutive strips and plots of various crops seen growing together, involving, therefore, in consequence, the enormous preponderance of hand labor over machinery in farming operations.

In Italy, for example, every minutest scrap of level ground is occupied. In one wild corner of the Apennines the writer, climbing a lonely mountain path, was amazed to discover at every turn, in the most unexpected and impossible nooks, tiny plots and patches of land planted with corn or beans and carefully tended and watered by hand. Both in Lombardy and along the central valley of the Po, where fields of fair size occur, there is the same scrupulous utilization of every inch of available space. Even the orchards are made to do additional duty as vineyards and wheat fields. Between the rows of fruit trees stand the vines, which, festooned across from tree to tree, give a festive and gala appearance to these begarlanded orchards, while quite often the ground itself in addition bears a crop of wheat amongst the trees and vines. The use of agricultural machinery is prohibited by such intensive farming, and indeed, throughout the larger wheat districts of Italy the cradle and the sickle remain the standard reaping implements. In Southern Italy, and Southern Europe generally, agriculture is in a far more primitive state than in the northern and western countries. The very implements themselves bear witness to this. The writer has seen laborers issuing into the country through the gates of Rome bearing huge, broad-bladed scythes and curious two-tined wooden forks, such as their ancesters may have carried in the days of Augustus. The same two-wheeled carts of Virgil's time, drawn by the same long-horned white oxen, still bear their loads of hay to the market places of the Italian towns. Hoes of clumsy heavy pattern, resembling mattocks, slowly and laboriously pulverize the Italian soil

as in the old Roman days. Indeed nowhere in Italy, save in the districts south of Naples, did the writer see fields of sufficient size to warrant the operation of machinery.

The poverty of the agricultural population of Italy is apalling. We Americans are not accustomed to the idea of starvation in the country. The farm in America at least yields food to the farmer. Bad and insufficient nutrition in Italy produces physical degeneration and disease in the farming districts such as we are wont to associate with the crowded tenements of the city. Such deformities, sores and physical blemishes as afflict the country population in Southern Italy especially, are absolutely unknown in the agricultural districts of America. Everywhere the gaunt spectre of Hunger haunts this beautiful land. Most pathetic was it, in the midst of growing crops, to be pursued by wild little hungry children from neighboring farm houses, who fought and snatched like little animals for the scraps of food left over from our hasty luncheon. The water everywhere was doubtful or bad, and it was necessary to carry bottled mineral water into the country. Imagine the misery of the spectacle of tiny hands reaching toward the bottles and little voices crying "acqua, acqua, Signore" (water, water, Sir). It is said that a specific malady exists among the country population of South Italy, due to an almost exclusive diet of "polenta" (cornmeal mush).

The misery and poverty of Italy is being slowly alleviated by the development of a better economic state in modern Italy than the Romans or the mediæval states of the peninsula ever knew. But the drag of aristocratic prejudice, the appalling ignorance of the peasantry, and the enormous population, render agricultural advance slow and painful.

In Greece, agriculture can scarcely be said to have ever existed. The modern Greeks strikingly resemble the ancient inhabitants of Hellas in at least one respect—their aversion to agriculture and their love of the towns. Greece is physically a far more beautiful land than Italy. Essentially a country of purple mountains, wild and romantic, with tiny valleys tucked in between, the pastoral life has always predominated over the agricultural, as it does to-day. The most familiar sight in the interior of Greece is the wild shepherd with his wilder dogs herding his flocks of sheep upon the mountains. Everywhere in the country in Greece one feels a sense of mourning for a noble past, for which the present as yet offers small recompense. While in Italy one feels, even in the agricultural districts, the fresh awakening of a new life; in Greece, life, movement, activity and progress are all confined to the seaport towns, where the Greeks of to-day, as of old, plow the "unharvested sea" of Homer with their innumerable barks. In the interior of Greece, but a five-hours' railway journey northward from the superb, brilliant modern city of Athens, with its high civilization, its keen, intelligent population, its magnificent modern buildings in Pentelic marble, and above all its glorious Acropolis, crowned by that transcendant wonder of all the ages, the matchless Parthenon—but five hours from this great center of Hellenic life and culture one finds himself in the midst of an agricultural peasantry steeped in the deepest ignorance and superstition, a half-wild people of the dark mountains. Here, under the very shadow of Helicon, the Mount of the Muses, lie the lands of a great English corporation in the former basin of the ancient Lake Copäis. At the time of the writer's visit, thousands of acres of wheat were in harvest. Side by side with the company's modern machinery were the beaten earthen threshing-floors of the peasantry, about which their sickle-gathered

wheat was heaped in great level ricks. In the center, ceaselessly round and round, horses were being driven to tread out the grain, which was then tossed in air to winnow the chaff—all exactly after the manner in which the old Greeks threshed their little fields in Agamemnon's day.

From Greece to Roumania one travels by a roundabout passage through the Bosphorus and the Black seas. Here lies what one may call an island of Latin civilization in the midst of the crowding confines of the half-barbaric states of Bulgaria, Servia, and Russia. Here the Roman Emperor Trajan made his province of Dacia and planted colonies with the legions of the empire. Even to-day, in the very language and the faces of these superb sons of Rome, one sees still something of that old civilization which Trajan transplanted to the far-off banks of the Danube. It seems to the writer that the peasantry of Roumania —'Romania,' as they themselves call the country—present the finest physical type to be seen among the agricultural peasantry of Europe. Roumania is a typical farming country in the western sense, reminding one indeed, in its superficial aspect, strongly of Kansas, even to the waving prairies of wild grasses.

It was the writer's very good fortune to visit, under the genial guidance of Dr. Corneliu Roman, director of the Royal Experiment Stations, three of the principal crown estates of the Kingdom. Beside dairying, animal husbandry, agronomy, horticulture, and other agricultural lines, a strong effort is being made to develop home industries in the arts and crafts among the peasantry. At one of the stations a large pottery establishment was an interesting feature. Silk raising, weaving, lace and needle work of astonishing variety and beauty, as well as other minor industries, are being successfully developed in the peasants' families. A most interesting exhibit of the results of these home occupations drew our attention during our stay at Bucharest, the capital. Why is it that such industries, so common among the country populations of Europe, find no development in the farm homes of America?

In Roumania it was extremely interesting to watch the construction of the peasants' houses in the country. Because stone and lumber are both lacking in the vast central plains region, the people resort to the erection of a framework of slender upright poles, across which withes are woven to make a sort of wattled dwelling. This surface is then plastered with clay mortar, which, when thoroughly dried, is tinted white, with some decorative scheme or pattern in colors running over the whitened walls and relieving their monotony. The roofs, of course, are predominantly thatched.

Passing northward into Hungary, one enters one of the best-farmed countries of Europe. In Roumania, modern development in agriculture can scarcely be said to have more than begun, and there is evidence that the people, charming, handsome, attractive as they are, are just a trifle easy going and indolent. The Hungarians have none of their southern neighbors' charm, and none of their indolence. The soft, mellifluous accents of almost Italian speech in Latin Roumania give way to the rude, harsh sounds of what is verily the ugliest tongue of all Europe, the Magyar. Nor does one seem to find among the Hungarians generally, the affable and engaging courtesy of the Roumanians. But there can be no question whatever of the superiority of Hungarian agriculture. Every tillable acre of the land, which, like Roumania, is essentially an agricultural country, is assiduously, thoroughly and intelligently farmed, and

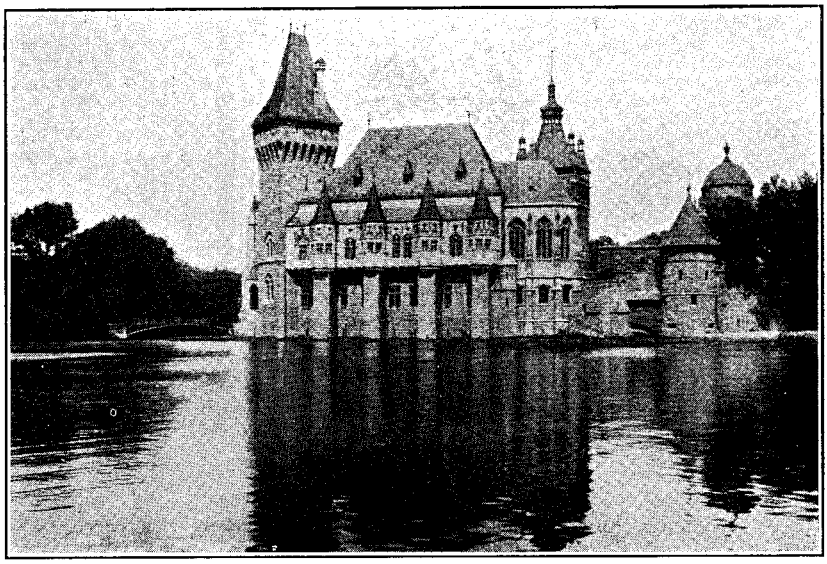
from the railway presents the aspect of a veritable garden of trim and orderly husbandry.

With letters to the Hungarian Minister of Domains at Budapest, the writer was enabled to visit the best experimental farm among the Hungarian crown-estates, situated near the unpronounceable station of Meszohegyes, a day's ride from the capital, in the great central plain of Hungary. This estate, which is a model farm in every sense of the word, was founded in 1785, and for many years has been a famous breeding station for cavalry mounts. The writer was greatly impressed by the evident influence of trained and sympathetic management upon the dispositions of the live stock. A great herd of stallions seemed as gentle as mares, and a group of enormous white bulls, with an apparently more than six-foot span of tremendous horns, stood in cow-like meekness while the writer approached to within ten feet of them in the field and impudently covered them with a kodak. Candor compels the admission that the carriage was within easy sprinting distance, and from the presence of a similar aggregation of American bulls of almost any breed a rapid retreat would probably have been more than necessary. These cattle, bred for draft purposes exclusively, are said to be the offspring of the original live stock which the Huns drove into Europe during their first unwelcomed invasion, and it may be that these many centuries of human contact have softened the hearts of the beasts. The writer was informed that Hungary tries no experiments whatever with outside breeds of live stock, resting assured of the superiority of the native races. Indeed, it seems that no people in Europe is so madly in love with itself and with all that belongs or pertains to itself as is the Magyar. An absolutely unapproachable and unmitigated pride in all that is distinctively Hungarian, together with an equally virulent detestation of all that is German, permeates all classes of the Magyar population.

Progressive, the Hungarians certainly are, in agriculture as in all other departments of life; but the cheapness of peasant labor puts a ban upon the introduction of machinery. At the time of the writer's visit to Meszohegyes the wheat harvest was in full blast. All the reaping was being done with cradles by men, while women laborers bound the wheat by hand and loaded the shocks on the wagons with two-tined wooden forks. During the summer season a whole village of peasantry come in and camp upon the estate, returning in the winter to their distant homes. The superintendent, who fortunately spoke German, gave the writer the interesting assurance that the estate, which "finds" these people during their sojourn, is much more liberal than proprietors generally, in that it furnishes them with meat *twice a week!* The worthy man was duly astonished to learn that the American farmer furnishes himself and his help with meat twice, or even three times a day. Speaking of food calls to the writer's mind his own efforts at obtaining nourishment in unvarnished Hungarian at the little hotel in which the night was passed at Meszohegyes. Not a soul in the institution spoke German or French, and the menu was in Hungarian alone. Out of a miscellaneous mess of unspeakable consonants, the victim carefully selected the most harmless-looking words to represent the dishes which he probably desired. The result was extraordinary; but it was eaten, for "Hunger is the best cook," as the Germans say.

Before leaving Hungary especial mention should be made of the magnificent Agricultural Museum in Budapest, which presents to the visitor's eye an epitome of the agriculture, forestry, mining, fisheries and commerce of Hungary in a manner that is truly educational.

Passing westward from Budapest one soon enters the great historic lands of Central Europe—Austria, Germany, and France. Here, with the crowding of the populations, the farms become small and agriculture more and more intensive. All through these countries the writer was particularly impressed with the extreme picturesqueness, home-likeness and solid



The Royal Hungarian Agricultural Museum at Budapest.

air of permanency and repose which characterizes the farm villages. Throughout western Europe generally, farm life centers in the villages whose inhabitants farm the contiguous land. The advantage of this system of farm life, from a social standpoint, over the isolated and solitary farm homes of America must be very great. It should also be mentioned as characteristic that the European farm almost invariably is irregular in form, for the reason that it obediently follows natural boundaries in the form of mountains, rivers, or woodlands. Inconvenient though this may be at times in certain respects, it at least gives to each farm a stamp of individuality and identity as a home—utterly lacking in western America where the land is monotonously chopped into featureless, arbitrary squares with utter indifference to natural topography. In our great plains region, of course, where there is no topography but simple extension in space, such a geometrical arrangement is ideal.

For the most intelligent development of agriculture in the broadest sense of the term, meaning the economic exploitation of all the resources of the soil, Germany occupies the most commanding position in Europe. To the writer's mind, Germany seems the model European state. Nowhere else in all Europe does there appear to exist such a highly organized and thoroughly efficient society. In Germany the conscious development of the social organism as a whole seems to find its most perfect expression. Indeed, for far-sighted, orderly, deliberate and intelligently thorough utilization of all the resources of the human intellect in furthering all

the ends of life, and in developing society into a balanced whole of marvelous complexity, modern Germany stands without a peer in the civilized world. America has had an industrial development of an amazing and breathless character. But, surfeited from the outset with apparently boundless and endless natural wealth, we have crudely wasted more raw material than we have brought into use. The credit for our industrial and agricultural development is to be discounted by the minimum of effort it has taken to secure the raw material. Germany has made its all out of brain. With a poor land, containing almost no natural resources in the form of vast stores of coal, petroleum and the industrial metals; with a cold, sour soil; with a mere trifle of timber land, as compared with America's primeval forests, modern Germany has made of itself in a generation the foremost industrial state on the continent, and is fast overhauling in the world's markets, fat supercilious England, with her smug imperturbable consciousness of British commercial supremacy, and before long may even contrive to take some of the swagger out of the flush American. Out of the most unpromising waste land imaginable Germany has developed a flourishing agriculture; she has drained vast areas of moorland and has crowned the untillable hills with permanent forests; she has developed a superb system of internal waterways and highways, the like of which we shall not see for many years in America. With a minimum of raw materials she has built up a varied and complex industrial state entirely out of brain. German science has made Germany, and the universities and technical schools have created German science. With the utmost precision and exactitude in detail, the German has constructed, conserved, and created, where the American has exploited and squandered. With all the wealth of nature at our back door, we Americans have lived a career of national spoliation of nature almost unparallelled in history. We have wildly, furiously squandered our natural riches—no not ours, but the world's in our keeping—and we have boasted and gloried and revelled in the midst of our reckless and unspeakable waste. We have leveled our forests with no earthly regard for the future, we have robbed our soil by shiftless agricultural practice, we have plundered our fuel supply, slaughtered our game—in a word, in less than three hundred years we have used up, as nearly as lay in our power, what nature spent uncounted ages in accumulating. All this we have done and have enjoyed the doing of it, boasting of our fat American living in the consumption of our national capital. Now, in these later days, having reached the sad stage where bursting egotism and reckless indifference are beginning to give way to the sack cloth of a new humility, and genuine alarm at the wreckage and wasteage with which we have so idiotically covered our land; now that the laurels of self-esteem are being removed, and while we are bestrewing our heads with the ashes of belated remorse, let us deferently turn to Germany to learn what she can teach us of the creation of national wealth.

The same scientific instinct so prominent in the life and organization of the German-speaking states of Europe finds its expression in the agricultural experiment stations. These are almost never connected with teaching institutions, but are engaged purely in work of investigation. At Vienna, for example, there is what we would call an agricultural college (Hochschule für Bodenkultur) which engages in no experiment station work whatever. Elsewhere in the city there is a station for seed control and plant breeding, another for plant pathology, another for agricultural chemistry, and so on, all of them splendidly housed, thoroughly

equipped for their special lines of work, and in charge of experimenting staffs who have no teaching duties. In Berlin and Environs stand a superb series of new experiment station buildings, devoted to highly specialized lines of agricultural research, and unconnected with the work of agricultural instruction.

In fact, in none of the many experiment stations visited in the principal European countries did the writer find, as in America, agricultural college teaching and experiment station research conducted by the same staff, save in some few isolated instances, as in the case of the agricultural school and experiment station at Hohenheim in Württemburg. The necessity for specialization is but slowly realized in all new countries to be sure, but in addition there enters in the factor of national temperament. The German is, *par excellence*, a specialist by instinct. The German mind revels in minute, laborious and tedious detail, with which the English and to some extent the American mind grows vastly impatient. The Anglo Saxon prefers the broad extension of results, achieved along simple lines, following elementary principles. For this reason the Anglo Saxons are the world's great agricultural pioneers; and for the reasons named, the German nation occupies its present commanding position in the world in respect to scientific research in general, and, along certain lines, in agricultural investigation. If the weak point of our American experiment stations lies in their lack of specialization and intensive investigation, their strong point lies in their increasing tendency to federate and coördinate their work. This latter tendency is one with the political instincts native to our race. The German has no political instincts to speak of, and a lack of coördination is perhaps the weakest point in his experiment station work in consequence.

However, after carefully inspecting a great variety of European agricultural stations, in many countries, the writer cannot help but feel a sense of impatience that the lavish expenditure on agricultural work in America should so often achieve such elementary results, along such crude lines of operation, owing to our loose and unspecialized attitude toward scientific investigation.

One of the most efficient and valuable lines of agricultural work in the European stations, and which is still in its infancy in America, is what is known as "seed control"—the analysis of seeds for farmers, seedsmen, or others, in order to determine their purity and germination percentage. In every European state the seed-control work is highly organized and in the hands of experts. Perhaps the best seed laboratory in Europe, so far as equipment and organization goes, is to be found in the Hungarian capital of Budapest. Here is a building of ample size, especially constructed for the work, splendidly equipped with apparatus, and provided with a director and staff who have no other or different duties. It must be remembered, of course, that the Hungarian population is sixteen millions, and that this is the most important station of its kind in the Kingdom.

Being chiefly occupied with wheat investigations, the writer was especially interested in two experiment stations having largely to do with that cereal—the one to the far south, at Rieti in Italy; the other in the equally far north, at Svalöf in Sweden. Rieti is a little Italian town of fifteen thousand inhabitants, nestling in the valley of the Velino river in the midst of the Apennines, about sixty miles to the northeast of Rome as a bird flies. As our train entered this lovely valley, early one beautiful June morning, the fields were just yellowing with the maturing wheat. We were well off the beaten track of Italian travel, in the "real country" of Italy and among

the real Italian people unmodified by foreign contact. In an Italian town the stranger lodges, if he can find one, in a "hotel," if not, then in an "albergo." The "albergo" in Italy is the ordinary native hotel, corresponding to what we used to call an "inn." These institutions in Italy are usually referred to by the Baedeker guide-books as "plain and unpretending," this being the conservative and judicious way in which Baedeker speaks volumes to the initiated. Since there were no hotels we resorted to an albergo. There were only two in the town, according to the guide-book, one of which was starred (recommended) and the other not. Unfortunately we learned from an Italian fellow-passenger on the train that the "starred" albergo had gone out of business! As to the merits of the other, nothing could have said more than his characteristic shrug of the shoulders. The Italian shrug is different from the French shrug—smoother and more undulating, but equally meaningful and expressive. We duly discovered on arriving at our albergo what that shrug was intended to signify.

However, the appearance of the director of the Royal Experiment Station, to whom a message had been sent, soon banished all thoughts of our lodgings. The interesting thing at Rieti is the fact that in this rich agricultural valley, some nine miles in length and perhaps three-quarters of a mile in width, there is a wheat-growers' union, comprising practically all of the farmers of the district, which raises exclusively for sale as seed the "Rieti variety" of wheat so well and favorably known in the Mediterranean countries. The experiment station itself, under Professor Strampelli's able and energetic direction, has been the means of bringing about some extremely valuable results in the improvement of this local variety by scientific breeding. To the writer's mind the question arose, why cannot some especially favored wheat district in Kansas make itself equally famous throughout our hard wheat region by devoting itself exclusively to the growing of some one superior type of hard winter wheat for seed. Here, rather than in importation from abroad, lies the economic solution of our wheat problem.

The northerly station referred to, at Svalöf in Sweden, has achieved, in its own and a different way, wonderful results in the breeding of wheat by the pedigree method, as it is called. The writer must confess that nowhere else has he ever seen such perfect stands of absolutely uniform wheat of pure types as filled the extensive breeding grounds at Svalöf, and on which the harvest had just begun at the time of his arrival. Since this station and its equipment has been so often and so fully described by the writer and by many others, it will be unnecessary to dwell upon it here.

No survey of agricultural conditions in Europe would be complete without comment upon the extreme thrift and economy prevalent among the country people. Absolutely nothing seems to be wasted. In Italy the scanty grass growing upon the railroad embankments is carefully mowed with sickles and carried off in tiny bundles to assist in the maintenance of the family donkey or goat. Every tiniest twig that falls from a tree is scrupulously gathered and saved for fuel, in striking contrast to the senseless wastefulness so prevalent in America.

One of the picturesque features surviving in most of the smaller European towns is what is known as the market-day. On some one day of the week certain public squares are entirely occupied by the country people with their produce for sale. Here there will be a vegetable market, there a cattle market, and so on. Early in the morning the pleasantry flock into

these open squares laden with their produce, carried sometimes on their heads, sometimes in huge panniers on the backs of donkeys, sometimes in odd carts propelled by man or animal power. The responsibility for the mercantile operations that follow seems to fall largely upon the woman, who is usually a born bargainer, while the man regales himself elsewhere with his pipe and his bowl. As the day draws on, the townsfolk begin to thread their way through the chaffering groups of market-women, and the purchase of the day's supplies begins. By the next morning the square is empty and swept, and ready for another week of ordinary traffic.

The prominence of woman in the agricultural labor of Europe has been remarked upon often and again in varying tones of sympathy and indignation by American travelers and social and economic writers. However, after observing close at hand in the fields, in many different countries, the groups of strong, healthy, vigorous women and girls engaged in farm work, the writer is by no means prepared to hastily condemn European customs in this respect. In all cases only the lighter work seems to be done by the women, and, in any event, is it probable that labor in the fresh air and sunshine can be as injurious to a woman's physique as the monotonous indoor toil of the American farmer's wife? As a matter of fact, there is a social stimulus which comes from working in a group with other people, and really, the European peasant women seem to take cheerily to their out-of-door labor, to be fully equal to it, and to perform their share of it with the same ease as the men. There are, of course, many things to be taken into consideration, and the writer would not indulge in any conclusion from a hasty survey. All that need be said is that the spectacle of women working in the fields, which shocks the American traveler speeding by on the railway, comes to assume a very different aspect when seen at close range as one visits the actual farms themselves.

To the American visitor, one of the curious and interesting features of European farm life is the extent to which the humbler domestic animals, such as the dog, the donkey, the goat, and the ox, are utilized. The writer remembers his own thrills of indignation at the tale of an American college man, freshly back from a German university, in which the latter described the spectacle of a woman pulling a vegetable-laden cart into a German market town, harnessed, as the tale went, to the cart together with a dog. Similar tales, more or less embellished, have no doubt assisted us in forming strange conceptions of European life. Now the writer has duly beheld, time and again, in Germany, France, and Belgium, this very scene so piteously depicted. Sometimes the human creature was a man and sometimes a woman; sometimes the brute was a dog and sometimes a donkey. What the writer actually beheld and realized, however, was, not that a human being was degraded by being harnessed together with a brute, but that a man or woman, choosing to draw a heavy cart, had also chosen to compel an otherwise useless animal to render itself useful by assisting in the hauling of the load. To the writer it seemed a matter of striking good sense that a huge dog should be thus turned to the useful occupation of pulling a cart. An American would have pulled the cart—maybe—and the dog would have shiftlessly trotted along behind, with nothing to do but to reflect upon his meal just past, while preparing an appetite for the next to come. The thrifty European puts the dog to use.

In certain very interesting social respects, European country life differs markedly from country life in America. The predominance of the country village over the isolated farmstead

has already been mentioned. Then, throughout the greater part of Europe, the visitor is impressed, first, by a greater picturesqueness and variety existing in the manners and customs of the people, and second, by an air of greater permanency which is felt everywhere.

As to the former factor, it finds its expression in the curious and interesting costumes of the peasantry still worn in so many places, in various quaint and peculiar festivals, and in the folk-songs and dances. All of these influences lend variety and color to life in Europe. On the streets of Athens one may see the stalwart, handsome forms of the peasantry in their curious pleated kilts; in Vienna one meets the Tyrolese mountaineer in his curious local costume; but a few hours out of Amsterdam or Brussels or Copenhagen or Stockholm one finds the country people wearing some distinctive dress which has descended unchanged from generation to generation in form and style from the middle ages. To the writer, this stamp of individuality and independence in the matter of costume is not only interesting for variety's sake, but because of its greater common sense. There is something demoralizing in the perpetual change dictated by fashion and in the cheap imitation in all nooks and corners of the world of some petty innovation in style or cut of garment prescribed by Paris, London, or New York.

The community or village life of the European peasantry has made possible the evolution of various social festivals and religious ceremonials unknown in America. With us in the country, scattered as our population is, social events which bring the people together and create a solidarity of interest are far too few.

Especially in America are we sadly lacking in respect to the class of indigenous music known as "folk-songs." As far as the writer knows we have none of these, except an occasional negro, creole or Indian melody, or the songs of the French-Canadian boatmen. On the contrary, all through the country in continental Europe there is music and song. One evening in Italy the writer met a group of Italian peasant laborers returning along the highway to the village from their day's work on the farm. They were singing in chorus some beautiful melody, in perfect harmony, and with full, rich, melodious voices. It would be difficult to imagine such a scene in America. All through Germany, but especially in the South, in the Tyrolese and Swiss Alps, in Hungary and Roumania, and on the mountains of Greece, one may hear at almost any time the strains of song after the working hours are over. From the wealth of this song-material, spontaneously arisen amongst the peasantry, the great composers have returned over and again as to a mine of musical wealth.

The native dances to be seen in the various country places in Europe are extremely interesting. We hardly realize how the dance, as a mode of physical expression, is a highly developed and often an elaborate and ceremonious affair, amongst the peasantry in many parts of Europe. To these dances the local costumes come out in all their glory of color and adornment. Indeed it is only under such circumstances that one really sees the dance as a social game, in which the local or national spirit is emphasized. Dancing among the sophisticated people of the towns everywhere has lost all of this early primitive significance, and has become as conventional as the garments worn on the occasion.

As to the second quality in European country life—that of solid permanency and stability—the European farmer differs decidedly from his American counterpart. Generation after generation in Europe the same family may

be found tilling the same acres, until every tree, brook or river on the land comes to have a near and personal significance and value. The roots of such people go deep into the soil; they feel toward their little farms a sense of attachment and affection which can come only from the binding ties of ancestral connection. There is something impressive in this resolute adhesion to the soil of one's forefathers, and it is of the greatest value in the formation of national character. How different all of this is in America, where the country population is forever restlessly changing, "selling out" and drifting ever toward some "new country" just "opening up." This movement is of course partly explainable on economic grounds, but it is also and very considerably to be accounted for by the impatient and speculative temperament of the American, who is an exceedingly dissatisfied, restless and unsettled individual as a rule, prone to regard his present residence as but temporary, and always anticipating a possible early removal to some supposedly better land, where more money can be more easily made. Here and there in America, especially among old families in the South, does one find something of this atmosphere of restful stability, of loyal attachment to ancestral acres, which money cannot buy out of the family. But in our great agricultural west there is as yet too little of the sentiment of attachment to the farm as a permanent home, to be developed and beautified for its own sake. The perpetual selling and changing of farms which one sees going on all over the west is subversive of the development of that deep-rooted sentiment toward one's home in childhood which furnishes a certain sort of anchorage of character to the growing man and woman. May this not be a partial reason for the superficiality so often charged to our account, and for that detestable quality of "flipness" so peculiarly and distinctively American, which, where it occurs, bespeaks a character totally destitute of any deep sentiments of veneration and respect? This is one of our serious and vital national faults, and the writer desires to express his belief that, despite our unctuous and sentimental snifflings over the doleful and lacrymose accents of "Home Sweet Home," there will be found almost nowhere in America such a spirit of almost desperate love for one's home as the French or German peasant knows.

The certain sort of hard, barren brightness characteristic of our American city life finds its counterpart in the country. Our farm life is not rich enough from the human standpoint. It is too often bare, monotonous and sterile on the cultural side—too much pursued as a hard business and too little for the sake of the development of a permanent home.

The local color, the social life, the traditional customs and costumes, the festivals, the songs, all noted as constituting a prominent part of rural life in Europe, may scarcely ever become ours as it is and has been theirs. The atmosphere of the modern world is hostile everywhere to-day to these products of provincial quiet and seclusion. With the advance of industrial civilization into the country, and the linkage of the farm into the city, they vanish as the forest flowers vanish when the forest is cut away. We shall never then, in America, have the aroma of quaintness, the flavor of picturesqueness, the rich and varied color of life, such as one sees in many a country side in the Apennines, on the Alps, in the Black Forest of Germany, the farmsteads of Sweden, on the purple mountains of Greece, or on the Roumanian or Hungarian plains. We lack the atmosphere, the centuries, or the temperament in which such things can grow. What have we then by way of recompense in our country life?

We have in America in comparison with Europe a richer soil, more tillable land, larger farms, better and more serviceable tools, machinery which lightens the work of man, closer contact with the world, more and better schools for our children and superior opportunities for mental development, and a larger and more liberal life for the farmer himself.

Because our Republic began as a nation of farmers, and is still largely such, we have been able to render the world a great service. We have dignified the farmer and his calling; we have taken thousands of the submerged peasantry of Europe, have given them land, and have made them into independent, prosperous freeholders. In return, their sons have built up our citizenship, and in times of stress and national danger they have held the battle-lines of the Republic.

We have not created scientific agriculture, but we have been the first to promote it extensively and successfully, and thus, from the last of callings, America has raised agriculture to be one of the first.

HERBERT F. ROBERTS.

SOMEWHERE IN SASKATCHEWAN, GOING EAST.

*Fellow Alumni:*

Every time I read an appeal in the ALUMNUS for contributions, I patriotically resolve to at once respond with a few pages of experiences—imaginary and otherwise—that will satisfy our editor's need for "copy," and that is as far as I get. However, just now I am on a hurry-up trip from Vancouver, B. C., to Washington, D. C., and, with two days of steady riding behind me and three days ahead, I am likely to do most any rash thing to break the monotony. Hence this letter.

You will see from the above heading that my ideas of Saskatchewan are somewhat indefinite. Before today, about all I knew about Saskatchewan was that the word was printed in big letters somewhere on the map of British America. My present impression is that it is a section of the Great Plains some 400 miles east and west between Alberta and Manitoba, and that it may reach to the North Pole for all I can tell. The Canadian Pacific Railway map isn't big enough to settle the question. At any rate, it is the same boundless stretch of plains that the transcontinental traveler must cross on any line of railroad between here and Texas. Now and then a ranch house of sod or unpainted wood and a few cattle flit by the car window, or we see a boy with a gun trailing over the snow to find the hiding place of the nimble jack-rabbit behind some bunch of grass. It is a big, free, untrammeled country, the place of all America where man has done the least to change the face of nature and where men live more nearly free and equal, whether they were created that way or not. Looking at it, one can understand the unconventionality, the freedom of opinion and action in the West, the disregard of precedent, and the tendency to do new things in new ways. It's in the air and the sun and the sweep of the wind, which finds nothing to break its force between the Gulf of Mexico and the far North. And those of us who have been transplanted to the East after passing our boyhood and girlhood days on the plains can never completely shake off the influence of the West. Its mark is upon us, and, down in the bottom of our hearts, I doubt if we regret it, even though we may wish sometimes that we were more familiar with the frills and fashions that the East deems essential. I was at a big banquet in Spokane the other night where the only spike-tail coat present was worn by the toastmaster—and he looked foolish! The "merry widow" hat was there—some three feet of it—but not the *decollete* gown.

We left Vancouver at 5:15 o'clock

day before yesterday. Now don't jump to the conclusion that I'm off the track; at any rate, I'm still on the right of way. There are twenty-four hours in a day, and the Canadian Pacific uses every one of them. When you ride on it you will understand why. The average speed for the first twenty-eight hours out of Vancouver was nineteen miles an hour, which gave us plenty of time to look at the scenery; and there was some worth looking at, too.

From the Pacific Coast to the plains this road turns and twists and climbs through and over mountains the most consistently and continuously of any road in North America. They are real, rugged mountains, the kind you used to see pictures of in your big geography at the district school—the Cascades, the Selkirks, and the Rockies with great rocky peaks and ridges, and with spruce-covered slopes scarred by many snow and landslide and devasted by repeated forest fires. Some times they are beautiful, as when we saw the setting sun transform the snowy peak of Mt. Baker into a pyramid of pink and red the other night; sometimes they are picturesque with cascades of ice down their boulder-strewn faces; always are they impressive by sheer mass alone. And our respect for man grows as we see how fearlessly, how resistlessly, he drives his iron horse through them and stretches his steal wires over them that he and his goods may travel from ocean to ocean.

Vancouver looks like any well-kept, thriving young city in the United States that is well toward realizing its ambition to count 100,000 residents, and about all there is to remind the casual visitor that he is in the land of John Bull instead of Uncle Sam is that the street-cars take the left-hand track and one sees a few Hindus—tall, dark fellows with sparse black beards and yards of colored cloth wrapped around their heads. New Orleans is much more like a foreign city than Vancouver. There flourish the French restaurant, the gin fizz, the absinthe frappé, and other means of diversion not yet included in the latest revision of the course at K. S. A. C. I am qualified to testify on this point because I have been at both Manhattan and New Orleans within the last month. I was initiated into the Hoo-Hoos at New Orleans. This is a frolicsome order of lumbermen whose benevolent deity is the Great Black Cat and whose meetings suggest the Hamp. Society —only more so!

My apologies are due the College alumni at Seattle. I was there three days and couldn't find a minute to spare in which to call upon one of them. Five lectures to the forestry students at the university and a conference with the lumbermen took all my time. However, I'll promise to come again next summer to look at their exposition and be more sociable. I saw enough this time to convince me that they are going to have a mighty attractive little show. The site alone settles that. Truth compels me to admit this, much as I dislike to. Those Seattleites are such an irrepressible lot of boosters!

It is now almost 5 o'clock. Pretty soon we will get to Moose Jaw, another metropolis of the plains, where I'll say good-bye to the Japanese across the aisle, who is going to Ottawa, the young man from Montreal, and the drummer from Winnipeg, and board the "Soo" line train which crosses the international boundary at midnight. Then Saint Paul to-morrow night, Chicago the next morning, Washington the next day—and home again after a journey of six thousand miles in seventeen days.

R. S. KELLOGG, '96.

I hold in my memory bits of poetry learned in childhood, which have stood me in good stead through life in the struggle to keep true to just ideals of love and duty.—*Pres. Eliot.*

*Dear Alumnus:*

Concerning the Seattle excursion permit me space to report the following:

*The Date.*—We will leave Kansas City *via* the Union Pacific railway, Monday, July 5, 10 A. M. We will pick up the Topeka, Manhattan and other people enroute, the same day. This will bring us to Seattle July 8 in time to participate in the Kansas day exercises at the exposition, July 10. Also, it will enable some of us that desire to do so to attend part of the International Epworth League meetings.

Now, unless I hear a lot of protest of a substantial character, the date is fixed. Bear in mind, please, that I don't assume to be a boss. Some one needs to manage this thing and if anyone else will take it off my hands, great goodness, speak up!

*The Fare.*—The fare will be $50 for adults and $25 for children from five to twelve years. The return portion of the ticket is good until about October 20, and one can choose such return routes as will best please his plans. Stop over privileges are good going and coming, but I beg to say that the people who go with us will do well to plan all their side trip visits on their return, in easy stages. If we hope to go as a body to Seattle and there meet in reunion with our Pacific coast boys and girls, we must needs defer side trips till our return. Aside from that, if we take a Pullman, either Standard or Tourist, we must go right through with it to preserve our berths. It is possible that we may decide to go down to Salt Lake on our way out—that we can determine later. Personally, I am anxious to preserve the identity of our crowd. I want us to start and arrive as a K. S. A. C. lot of people—mighty few colleges will eclipse us if we do. With the writer, its the College and the alumni—let's honor each other.

*Incidental Expenses.*—Standard Pullman fare to Seattle is $11.50 for lower or upper berth. Tourist, one-half the price. In the Standard Pullman twenty-four can sleep in lower berths, twelve in upper, and four in the drawing room, making a car of forty. In the Tourist car thirty-two in lower berths and sixteen in upper, making a car of forty-eight.

Now, people, I *must* know which you prefer. Some of us may not feel able to pay the Standard car rate; others may be entirely satisfied with tourist accommodations. Therefore you must write me which you prefer. If I may say so, the writer will decide that we use the standard first-class Pullman service. Dining-car service, eating houses and the like are too well known to need mention here.

You of course understand that I will arrange here in Kansas City for a first-class, un-to-date car and that it will be ours without change of cars to our destination.

I have a letter from Fletcher Jeffery, of Seattle, that tells me of preliminary plans that are enticing enough to give one the itch to go. In the May number of the ALUMNUS we will be told all about the Seattle end of it. Strange to say, the Seattle folks are not alarmed at any possible raid or assault upon our part. I have a letter from Miss Elizabeth Agnew, '00, of Wichita. She is engaged for this trip; also are I. D. Graham and wife, of Topeka. Professor Walters, our old "John D.," he goes too, and two I hope.

No danger about the car full, I think. The thing I want you people to do is to make this as easy for me as possible, for this writer is a mighty busy chap. Write me as nearly as possible your views asked for, and in the May ALUMNUS I will report further progress.

Here is to our Alma Mater and our

boys and girls. Here is to Kansas and her spirit. Here is to Seattle. But the best of these is Kansas.

Yours for service,

H. C. RUSHMORE, '79,
2048 North 5th street,
Kansas City, Kan.

*Dear Alumni:*

Some time ago I sent the editor of the ALUMNUS one dollar in payment of my subscription and incidentally mentioned the fact that I had hoped to write a letter for publication but did not have time—that time-worn excuse. I was mistaken in presuming that the money would satisfy her, for I have since received a note saying that contributions are always acceptable and that it still is not too late for the letter. Consequently I have refilled my "Parker lucky curve," and now the same question that used to bother me when I was a "freshie" and had to write compositions has reappeared. What shall I write about? I have not had the pleasure of a tramp through the wilderness, as did "Skeeter," neither have I crossed the "big pond" in the interest of ignorant humanity, as have H. V. Harlan and wife; nor yet have I enjoyed the tropical fruits of Cuba, as has "Dutch" Elling. I have not even had a trip to the Rockies, committed matrimony, been sick, served on the jury, nor anything else particularly interesting. I am inclined to think that very few of the readers will care to know anything about my Duroc Jerseys, or how the corn crop yielded, or whether the fly is injuring the wheat. However, I did something last fall that would make very interesting reading. I batched for a number of weeks, but I am not going to tell about it because———

My personal experiences since leaving K. S. A. C. are soon recorded. I have been on the home farm all the time—when I was not away—and as above stated have done nothing startling nor collected a fortune; but the years have been very pleasantly spent withal, and I am still of the opinion that the farm is the best place of all.

Last fall I dived into politics, running for township trustee on the Democratic ticket, but on the third day of November I dived out again. Like many other able candidates on the same ticket I was "whipped to a frazzle," if I may borrow Mr. Roosevelt's phrase. And like Mr. Bryan, I have been trying ever since to figure out why. After mature deliberation I have applied to my case the first verse of the poem, "Gradatim," by J. G. Holland:

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round."

My trouble was in trying to step over the first two or three rounds. I have decided that next time I will run for road overseer, or a member of the school board, I hope with greater success to myself and my constituents.

I did succeed, however, in getting an office to which I did not aspire, and as secretary and treasurer of our county Sunday-school association my spare time is pretty well occupied. In this capacity I hope to go to Topeka in May, which will be my first trip to the capital since the fall of '99, when the College battalion went there to assist in the reception of Funston and the Twentieth Kansas, and where incidentally we met K. U. and routed her from the grand stand. I had a letter in today's mail from one of our State senators, which indicates that we have again met K. U. in Topeka and forced her to vacate the grand stand. We are certainly rejoicing over the victory in this corner of the State and wish to commend the splendid spirit manifested by the present students in giving our legislators an opportunity to see things as they are.

The '04 "Ags" have two circular letters which have been going the rounds for several years and by which we keep in touch with each other; but we depend

upon the ALUMNUS to keep us informed about the rest of the class and about all of the alumni of the College. Each issue is like a letter from home, and if the editor can continue in the future as in the past to persuade the various members of the K. S. A. C. family to describe their meanderings and tell of their successes and ambitions, the magazine will certainly always be a welcome visitor.

RAY B. FELTON, '04.

### *Death of Prof. A. B. Brown.*

Prof. A. B. Brown, formerly head of the Department of Music, died, April 17, in Boston. We have no further particulars. His son, R. H. Brown, '98, upon the receipt of a telegram left at once for Boston to bring the remains to Leavenworth, Kan., for interment. Professor Brown was for years connected with the College and made many friends who will be sorry to learn of his death.

### *Baseball.*

The scores of the games thus far played are as follows:

AT HOME.

K. S. A. C. 3, Topeka White Sox 2.
K. S. A. C. 10, Washburn 4.
K. S. A. C. 4, Nebraska Wesleyan 3.
K. S. A. C. 9, University of Kansas 4.
K. S. A. C. 4, University of Kansas 5.
K. S. A. C. 4, Southwestern 2.
K. S. A. C. 7, Univ. of Nebraska 3.
K. S. A. C. 6, Kansas Wesleyan 5.

ABROAD.

K. S. A. C. 2, Highland Park 4.
K. S. A. C. 0, Iowa State College 3.
K. S. A. C. 3, Univ. of Nebraska 14.

There is no less virtue, but rather more, in events, tasks, duties, obligations, than there is in books. Work itself has a singular power to unfold and develop our nature. The difference is not between working people and thinking people; but between people who work without thinking and people who think while they work.—*Van Dyke.*

### *Local Notes.*

The Kansas Christian Ministerial Institute was held in Manhattan April 13 to 15 inclusive.

Monday evening, April 5, the Hamiltons entertained the Ionians with the annual egg-roast.

Interesting special programs have been given by both Ionian and Alpha Beta societies this month.

The College Dramatic Club will present the play, "The Lady of Lyons," by Bulwer Lytton, on April 26.

At the recent city election, Manhattan went democratic for the first time in many years. A. W. Long was elected mayor.

The beautiful new pipe-organ of the First Presbyterian church was dedicated April 6. The dedicatory recital was given by Edward Kreiser, of Kansas City, assisted by Mrs. Adelle (Blachly) Freeman and the church choir.

The junior girls in domestic science are serving meals to the Faculty this term. The training is exceedingly practical. Each girl is given four dollars, with which she must serve three luncheons and two dinners, each to four people.

The management of the Athletic Association has denied admission to all vehicles during ball games, and hitching racks have been provided outside the park. Extra bleachers have been constructed to accommodate the crowds.

The Domestic Science and Art Departments held their annual exhibition March 24 and 25 in Domestic Science and Art Hall. All the displays were practical demonstrations of the different courses offered by these departments and were attractive in every respect. A new and pleasing feature this year was an exhibit of the work done by the classes in color and design in the Drawing Department.

# ¶ EDITORIAL ¶

The question of a student senate in the College is receiving some consideration among both Faculty and students, and it is not improbable that such a body may be organized sometime in the near future. This appears to us to be a step in the right direction, and we shall be glad to see such a plan put into operation. It has been tried in other institutions and is proving itself of abundant worth to students and faculty alike. To one unacquainted with the methods employed in such a system, the erroneous impression is likely to obtain that this new problem means student government for the sake of the "wilful" and "unruly" students themselves. Such is not the case. The faculty has a responsibility in its direction of affairs which it could not abandon if it would; and, moreover, such a responsibility if placed upon the students in addition to their college work would overburden them, even admitting that they would otherwise be capable of handling it. The student senate, in the words of Dean Miller, of Oberlin College, serves "as a clearing-house between students and faculty, in which each can see the ideas of the other." It also serves to enlist the coöperation of the students in the promotion of higher ideals in college life. A few years ago the student senate was unheard of; but changed conditions, not the least of which is the great increase in the number and rank of students, have made a place for it. Under present congested conditions the chances of personal contact between student and instructor is constantly lessening, and this is the most practicable idea that has yet been advanced to obtain the same good result. The development of a sense of responsibility among students is an important feature of the system, and its broadening effect cannot be dwelt upon too strongly. Surely the student senate is quite in harmony with the true function of the college if that function is indeed "to teach in the broadest way the fine art of living; to give the best preparation that organized education can give for entering wisely and unselfishly into the complex personal relations of life, and for furthering unselfishly and efficiently social progress."

It is not too early to begin to plan for the Commencement "home coming," and we hope that very many of the alumni are already making such plans. Ordinarily it is not to be expected that the year following the triennial reunion will find many of the alumni present at the Commencement exercises; but because of the small attendance last year, due to the high water, we may look for a goodly gathering this year.

The business meeting should occupy a large share of our attention, for it is especially desirable that we start a determined movement toward the perfection of our Alumni Association. Arrange if you can to come back to the College next June, and bring with you your plans of ways and means for strengthening our organization.

Once more we ask you, if you think of some bit of news regarding any of the alumni, to record it on a postcard and send it to the editor of the ALUMNUS. We wish to make the next two numbers brim full of alumni news, and we want you to help us. We ask you to do this particularly for these

two numbers, but we have no objection to your forming the regular habit of sending in alumni personals.

*To the Editor of the Alumnus:*

Thank you for publishing my remarks at the Kansas City alumni meeting, March 5.

The question I ask there—"whether the management of the College had ever pressed home upon the legislature the full extent of the necessity for more land"—was based in part upon misinformation, which I much regret. I had just seen a statement that the legislature had appropriated $3000 for land. I was not set right till last week when a letter and the ALUMNUS almost simultaneously gave the correct amount, $35,000. Please give me space to say that my intimation of a want of zeal in this cause, on the part of the management, is withdrawn. I have made to President Nichols as full an apology as I am able.

Respectfully yours,
EDWIN TAYLOR.

### *Board of Regents Meet.*

The April meeting of the Board of Regents resulted chiefly in organization and plans for the ensuing two years. Probably no meeting of the Board for years past has been watched with so much interest as was this one; but that which drew so much attention to this meeting was not accomplished—namely, the election of a president for the College. A committee, composed of Regents W. A. Harris, Arthur Capper, and J. O. Tulloss, was appointed to visit various educational institutions throughout the United States in search of a suitable man for the place. This committee will report at the June meeting, and it is expected that the president will be elected at that time.

Prof. Albert Dickens was elected State forestry commissioner, and D. M. Wilson State dairy commissioner.

The dean of engineering was authorized to employ a man to conduct the good roads work of the State under the auspices of the College.

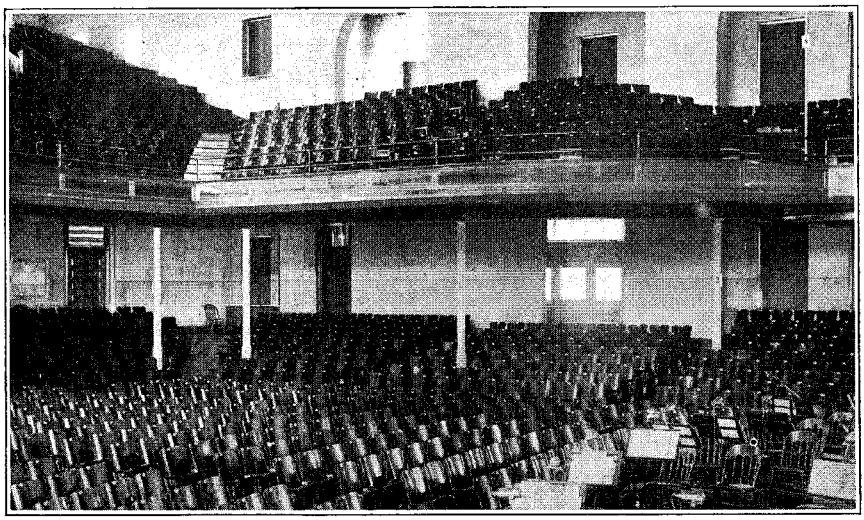
A press agent was also appointed to look after the advertising work of the College.

### *The Annual Spring Concert, May 17.*

All Alumni who can possibly arrange to attend the annual concert given by the Choral Union and College orchestra, in the Auditorium on the evening of May 17, should by all means do so. The efforts of previous years have been highly creditable, that of last year unusually so, but this time the Choral Union, with the added support of the church choirs of the city and with the assistance of two imported soloists of note, will entirely surpass anything presented by them before in their rendition of the two cantatas, "Paul Revere's Ride" and "Hero and Leander." The two visiting artists mentioned are Dr. W. W. Hinshaw, of the Hinshaw Conservatory of Music, Chicago, and Iva Hinshaw, of Denver, who will give a forty-five minute operatic program between the cantatas and who will also sing the solo parts in "Hero and Leander." Doctor Hinshaw was formerly the leading baritone of the Castle Square Opera Company and has sung all the leading baritone parts in the most prominent operas presented by the Castle Square Company. Iva Hinshaw, a sister-in-law and also a pupil of Doctor Hinshaw, is a well-known soprano singer. She has a voice of exceptional sweetness and dramatic quality, and will be greatly enjoyed by all those who are so fortunate as to hear her. As to the cantatas, Busch's "Paul Revere's Ride" needs no introduction, since its theme is so well known; "Hero and Leander," by Lloyd, is adapted from the mythological tale, the argument of which is given below.

Professor Valley with his charac-

teristic energy and determination is sparing no effort to make the annual concert an affair that will be a joy to lovers of first-class music and a big event for the College. Whether he shall approach his ideal will be determined entirely by the support which he receives in his efforts; if he has the right sort in proper measure there is nothing to prevent this annual event from growing into a magnificent musical festival that shall be known and patronized as such.



Partial interior view of Auditorium, where concert will be given.

The price of admission to this concert is fifty cents. For tickets or for any information not given here, address L. H. Beall, K. S. A. C., Manhattan, Kan.

HERO AND LEANDER.

"To keep the Feast of Adonis th people from Abydos cross the Hellespont to Sestos, where dwells Hero, priestess of Venus, in a lonely tower. With them sails Leander, who, seeing Hero as she presides over the Festival, loves her. After the Festival he tells his love, and Hero's heart is won; but not without fear, for she has broken her religious vows. Then they part, she to her tower, he to Abydos. But a torch will shine each night and he will swim the strait to come to her. One night, in winter, he is drowned, and Hero, in her misery, throws herself from her tower and dies by the drowned body of her lover."

Give me the liberty to know, to argue, and to utter freely according to conscience, above all liberties.—*John Milton.*

Well knows he who uses to consider, that our faith and knowledge thrive by exercise, as well as our limbs and complexion. Truth is compared in Scripture to a streaming fountain; if her waters flow not in a perpetual progression, they sicken into a muddy pool of conformity and tradition.—*John Milton.*

Plan to visit your Alma Mater this Commencement.

# PERSONAL

Dr. C. E. Bassler, '07, is practising at Greensburg, Kan.

Ethel Berry, '07, will do institute work in Oklahoma the coming summer.

Bonnie (Adams) Wilkin, '99, and S. I. Wilkin are the parents of a son, born within the month.

Invitations are out for the marriage of C. C. Cunningham, '03, and May Griffing, '07, which will occur May 5.

E. R. Kupper, '07, is doing some landscape gardening in connection with his engineering work at San Antonio, Tex.

Pres. and Mrs. E. R. Nichols gave their annual reception to the Regents and Faculty of the College, the evening of April 14.

C. A. Kimball, '93, and family have just moved into their new home at the corner of Eleventh street and Poyntz Avenue, Manhattan.

Earl Wheeler, '05, passed through Manhattan recently on his way to Washington, D. C., after a visit to his mother in Salina, Kan.

H. B. Holroyd, '03, has been promoted to the office of assistant chief of products in the Division of Products, Bureau of Forestry, with headquarters at Denver, Colo.

R. E. Eastman, '00, as a member of the city park board of Manhattan, is planning to beautify the park by means of a large rose bed, and to that end has set out five dozen rose bushes.

On April 14, at the home of the bride's parents in Manhattan, occurred the wedding of Grace Streeter, '07, and Dr. M. G. Smith, '08. They went at once to their future home in Wellington, Kan., where Doctor Smith is engaged in the practise of veterinary medicine.

Prof. K. C. Davis, '91, and Fannie (Waugh) Davis, '91, have rented a small farm just out of New Brunswick, N. J., within a five-minutes' walk of a trolly line. Their address is route one.

Ethel Alexander, former student, has completed her term of school at Rocky Ford, Riley county, and has gone to Mattison, Colo., to spend the summer on a claim which she owns there.

Prof. Chas. H. Sternberg, of Lawrence, Kan., delivered an illustrated lecture in the Auditorium, April 16, on "The Life of a Fossil Hunter." Professor Sternberg was a student in the College in the seventies.

Grace McCrone, '04, is just completing a term of school near Martin City, Mo. She has forty pupils and has greatly enjoyed her year's work. Miss McCrone expects to spend the summer in Kansas City, where she will do dressmaking.

We are indebted to the *Wichita Eagle* for the information that the alumni and former students of the College living in and near Wichita have recently organized a branch alumni association. A banquet was held by them at the Chamber of Commerce in Wichita, and eighteen members were present. John Stingley, '94, acted as toast-master.

Jennie Cottrell, '04, was married on April 8 to Mr. Victor Nelson, of Riley, Kan. After attending the Messiah at Lindsborg they went to Riley, where they will be at home. Mrs. Nelson after her graduation taught school in the neighborhood where she will now reside, and she will be welcomed back by a large number of friends. One of her neighbors is her sister, Lucy (Cottrell) Pottorf, '98.

Hon. William Hunter, Ex-Regent, of Blue Rapids, visited his son in College last week.

Mary C. Lee, '89, has been elected secretary of the Fifth District Librarians' Association.

C. M. Buck, '96, has purchased the old Episcopal parsonage in Manhattan and will remodel it, making it entirely modern.

P. E. McNall, '09, has lowered the College record for the two-mile cross-country run with the new record 10: 17 and 4-5 minutes.

Dr. D. M. Campbell and Gertrude (Hole) Campbell, '06, have moved from 1300 Lincoln street to 1511 West street, Topeka, Kan.

Regent W. A. Harris was last week offered the presidency of the Colorado State Agricultural College, but has announced that he will not accept it.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Olin Baird, student in '00-'01, and Miss Anna Lewin, of Lindsborg, Kan. They will live in Marquette, Kan.

Ellen Hanson, '07, came to take post-graduate work in the College this term, but was called home on account of the death of her sister, Esther (Hanson) Ross, '03.

Roy Graves, '09, who finished his course at the close of the winter term, entered, April 1, upon his duties as superintendent of the Kansas City Pure Milk Commission.

Nellie (Baird) Hubbard, '05, of Childress, Tex., is spending a few weeks with her parents in Marquette, Kan , having been called there by the death of a younger brother.

A little company of College people is situated in Lloydminster, Saskatchewan, Canada. They are W. W. Campbell, '06, and Ruby (Howard) Campbell, former student, Ben Mudge, Elsie (Robinson) Mudge, and Robert Hougham, all former students.

Lois Stump, '03, has closed her school near Lasita, Kan., and is at home with her parents in Manhattan.

Prof. W. A. McKeever's new book, "Psychological Method of Teaching," has been adopted by the State Reading Circle boards of both Kansas and Oklahoma.

Jennie (Edelblute) Smethurst, '00, and her husband, who have been in charge of the W. F. Roehr music store in Manhattan for the past four years. will hereafter manage their own music store, which they opened two weeks ago in the new Hopper building on Poyntz Avenue.

Jessie M. Hoover, '05, preceptress of the domestic science department in the South Dakota Agricultural College, is spending her spring vacation in Manhattan, where she is doing advanced work in chemistry and mathematics in College. Her vacation closes the middle of June, when she will return to conduct the summer school.

On April 14, at the home of the bride's parents in Manhattan, Fred Walters, '01, and Annie E. Bower were united in marriage with the Episcopal ring service, read by Rev. J. H. Lee. Only immediate relatives and a few intimate friends were present. Mr. and Mrs. Walters left the same evening for a short wedding trip, after which they will be at home in St. George, Kan.

We are grieved to announce the death of Esther (Hanson) Ross, '03, on April 1 at Mountain Home, Idaho. She became suddenly ill with erysipelas a week before, but her condition was not considered serious until the day before her death. The remains were brought to her native town, Marquette, Kan., and interred in the Lutheran cemetery. We extend sincere sympathy to her husband, P. H. Ross, '02, and their little son and daughter. Mr. Ross expects to make his home for the present with his father and mother at Webber, Kan.

F. E. Johnson, '99, is stationed at O'Neill, Neb.

Wyllys Hull, '09, has had to leave College because of ill health.

J. W. Ijames, formerly of Cache, Okla., is living at Grantville, Kan.

Dr. W. I. Joss, '95, has moved to his ranch near Hereford, Tex., in the hope of regaining his health.

Mary Bolton, former student, and Raymond Perry, both of Wabaunsee, were married April 7 in Manhattan.

Mamie Frey, '07, has completed her term of school in Riley county and has returned to her home at Elk, Kan.

A. C. Peck, '96, is proprietor of the Star Wafer Company, of Los Angeles, Calif., and his address is 130½ Center Place.

Anna Foster, '07, and Alice Foster, a former member of the '09 class, were the guests of College friends at Easter time.

Kate (Oldham) Sisson, '92, has returned to her home in Columbus, Ohio, after a visit with her parents in Manhattan.

Edna Brenner, '06, expects to leave soon for a month's visit with her sister, Viva (Brenner) Morrison, '04, at Brush, Colo.

Carl Mallon, '07, Rob. Cassell, '07, and Carl Miller, '08, were present at the games between the home team and Kansas University team.

Mrs. Ada (Quinby) Perry, '86, is spending the year in Champaign, Ill., with her two daughters, who are attending the university there.

F. J. Howard, senior in 1902, now foreman of the College farm, and Marie (Hjort) Howard, special student in 1901, are the parents of twin boys, born April 6.

J. L. Pelham, '07, has resigned his position as professor of agriculture in the Western State Normal School at Hays to take charge of the Underwood orchards near Hutchinson, Kan.

Mary Hamilton, '06, who is teacher of domestic science in the Lincoln (Nebraska) schools, visited her brother, Prof. J. O. Hamilton, and other College friends for several days this month.

As a result of a competitive examination taken last spring, L. B. Bender, '04, has been appointed chief electrician at the Puget Sound Navy Yard. His address is Box 1181, Bremerton, Wash.

Atsushi Miyawaki, '07, has finished his thesis work on "The Acidity of Milk," but will continue working in the Dairy and Chemistry Departments until Commencement time, when he will receive his master's degree.

At a meeting of the Catawba County (North Carolina) Live Stock and Dairy Association, April 9, J. A. Conover, '98, was in charge of the butter making and scoring and acted as one of the judges of live stock.

"The domestic science kitchen has a new equipment of six gas stoves and some new curtains. Miss Martha S. Pittman ['06], teacher, is much pleased with the change from the old to the new."—Chilicco (Oklahoma) *Indian School Journal.*

Miss Josephine Berry, formerly librarian at the College, stopped in Manhattan for a short time recently on her way from her home in Waterville to DeKalb, Ill., where she is at the head of the domestic science department in the normal school.

Dr. R. F. Bourne, '03, and his wife and son Richard, Jr., are enjoying a six-weeks' visit at Doctor Bourne's old home in Delphos, Kan. On their way home to Kansas City, the latter part of May, they expect to spend a few days in Manhattan. The ALUMNUS editor is the pleased recipient of a photograph of Richard, Jr., who is a fine, handsome little chap and to all appearances a worthy grandson of the College.

W. G. Milligan, a former '09 student, is farming at Olathe, Kan.

Rob. Cassell, '07, came to Manhattan for the K. S. A. C.-Washburn baseball game.

Cora McNutt, '06, has resigned her position as city Y. W. C. A. secretary at Topeka.

H. L. Popenoe, '09, has completed his College work and will farm near Topeka, returning in June to graduate with his class.

Flora Hull, '07, of the Wichita Y. W. C. A., attended the convention of the Kansas Student Volunteer Union held in Manhattan this month.

Gertrude Grizzell, '08, who has been in Purdue the past winter assisting Prof. Henrietta Calvin, '86, with the domestic science short course, has returned to her home in Claflin, Kan.

The "Canal Record," Ancona Canal Zone, March 3, 1909, includes in the "List of Employes of The Isthmian Canal Commission," who are entitled to "Canal Medals" for three years' service, C. Earl Whipple, June 30.—*Students' Herald.*

Fred McKinnel, '08, has returned from Argentine, South America, where he has been working for the International Harvester Co. for the past few months. Mr. McKinnel has also visited Europe and has greatly enjoyed his experiences. He expects to be in Manhattan much of the summer.

B. R. Elliott, '87, writes from Dawson, Yukon Ty.: "During the present winter season I have been receiving the ALUMNUS and the *Industrialist* quite regularly. Heretofore, these two have been shipped down the Yukon river by steamer soon after the opening of navigation in the month of May and delivered to us in bulk. The two College papers are much enjoyed by me, and they enable me to appreciate something of the wonderful progress made of late years by one of the greatest industrial colleges in existence."

Nellie Lindsay, sophomore in '07, has sold her claim at Clovis, N. M., and is in College again.

Eleanor (Fryhofer) Webster, '95, and daughter, who have spent the past few months in New York with Mrs. Webster's cousin, Prof. Wesley Fryhofer, and with Adelaide (Wilder) Sawdon, '98, have joined Prof. E. H. Webster in Manhattan. Mrs. Sawdon and her children accompanied them on their journey home and are now visiting Josephine (Wilder) McCollough, '98, at Delavan. Later they will come to Manhattan to visit Mrs. Sawdon's parents, Judge and Mrs. Wilder.

The Cuban government, which has been in full control of the island of Cuba since January 28, recently asked for the resignation of all Americans who were engaged in scientific work in the experiment station. Among the eight men who were affected by this action were Dr. N. S. Mayo, former head of the Veterinary Department, C. F. Kinman, '04, J. S. Houser, '04, and Joe Montgomery, '07. Doctor Mayo and his family have gone to Michigan to spend the summer. J. S. Houser by a happy coincidence received an appointment in the experiment station at Wooster, Ohio, on the very day on which his resignation was requested. Mrs. Houser (Bessie Mudge, '03) had found that the climate of Cuba was not conducive to her best health and the change was therefore a welcome one to her. C. F. Kinman and J. S. Montgomery both have returned to Kansas, but have as yet formed no definite plans for the future.

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Jesse Jones, '03, and C. S. Jones, '06, who are in partnership with their father and brother on a plantation near Montgomery, Ala., are truly progressive farmers, and, needless to say, are prosperous as well. They are enthusiastic over the South, as may be seen from the following letter written by C. S. Jones to a member of

his class: "We bought our 527 acres of Dixie soil five years ago, paying twenty dollars per acre for it. It is six miles from Montgomery, in a section known as the 'Black Belt,' which is the most productive part of the state. In this section there are no rocks, as in some parts of the state. We had a deep well bored when we bought the plantation, and in going down 104 feet only two feet of rock were found. Most of it is decomposed limestone.

"When we came here, only about one-fourth of the plantation was in cultivation, and that was in a poor condition. Now we are utilizing all but about forty acres, which is in woods. We are now farming the entire place ourselves, and what may surprise you is that we will not have a stalk of cotton on the place this year. We have been raising some through 'croppers'—that is, we have negroes who work the cotton, pick it, and we advance them the money for rations; you know no Alabama negro ever has any money in the spring. Ration money is given to the negro the first of each month and he goes to town and gets his month's rations. I have counted as many as twenty teams in a quarter of a mile as they passed our house on the first of the month on their way to town for rations. Beside ration money, he is also furnished mules and plows to work the crop. The landlord feeds the mules. Then in the fall when the crop is gathered the landowner gets one-half of the crop and the negro pays back the ration money, with twenty per cent interest—that is, sometimes he does, but in most cases he comes out in debt. And we can see no money in cotton, so from now on the other fellow will raise it—not we.

"We plant oats, corn, alfalfa, have lots of Johnson grass, cow-peas, peanuts, sweet potatoes, Berkshire hogs, and Jersey cattle. If we had known as much about farming in Alabama five years ago as we do now, it would have been a great thing for us; but then farming was at a low ebb and we could not get correct information, so had to learn from experience, which has been expensive in some cases. Now we know what we are doing and others also are profiting by our experience.

"We have in 148 acres of oats this year. Oats are sown in the fall here. Last year our oats averaged thirty-two bushels per acre, and we expect better results this year. We sold about 2400 bushels in July for fifty-five cents per bushel. Some of our oats made fifty-four bushels per acre after alfalfa. So you see oats grow here all right, but have not been grown to any extent until last year. Why? Their grandfathers raised cotton.

"Five years ago there was no alfalfa in this section, but now you can see many fields of it. We have about ninety acres, and while it does not yield as in Kansas it makes up in price.

"We are breeding corn which originated over in Georgia and which we raise exclusively and like very much. Each year we have a breeding patch, and have thus improved the corn considerably. It produces according to the land. We have a great demand for seed and could have sold eight hundred bushels if we had had it this year. People are certainly awakening on the corn business, and that pleases us. We are working with the Alabama Experiment Station, so you see we are on the 'ground floor.'

"We want to get in the dairy business on a big scale as soon as we can, and are now buying up good Jersey calves and heifers. Within another year we will be milking twenty-five cows—at present we are milking seventeen. We make eighty or ninety pounds of butter per week, which we sell for thirty-two and a half cents per pound the year round. There is

big money in the dairy business here if properly conducted.

"We raise a good many hogs, Berkshires. We raise peanuts for them and let them run in an alfalfa pasture, and this with skim milk makes a good combination.

"And now to be honest with you I will say that I think this is a great country for improved methods of farming. I like everything as a whole much better than Kansas and expect to spend the remainder of my days as a farmer in Dixie."

### *More About the Seattle Reunion.*

In our next issue will appear the completed plans of the Seattle alumni for the entertainment of the College friends who will go to Seattle this summer. Their ideas as to the date of the reunion accord heartily with those of Mr. Rushmore, and if matters continue to run smoothly there is no question but that great things will happen on the Pacific coast about July 10. The following is an extract from an account of a recent meeting of the Seattle association.

"I must tell you what Mr. Foster said when Mr. Rushmore's letter in the last ALUMNUS was mentioned. He said, 'When my wife, Sadie (Moore) Foster, read that, she said, "There is another hen that wants to set. I'll set her in the morning."' So you see she is getting ready for chicken dinners during the exposition period. Three members present almost came to the fighting point as to who should entertain Professor and Mrs. Dickens when they came—one was a classmate of Mrs. D., one thought she owed the Dickens family more than the rest, and the third claimed to have known them longest. On the whole, we had a very interesting and sometimes exciting meeting."

Other particularly enticing letters have reached us, but we reserve them until next time when we can give them all together.

Manager West promises that the Manhattan street-cars will be running by the first of May. Eight cars have been purchased for the line, four of which will be motor cars and the others trailers. They are thirty-two foot cars and single truck. To begin with, there will be ten-minute service on Poyntz Avenue.