



Mrs. T. W. Buell '04
R. #2 Sanger, Texas.

[Marian (Allen) Buell]



GIFT OF

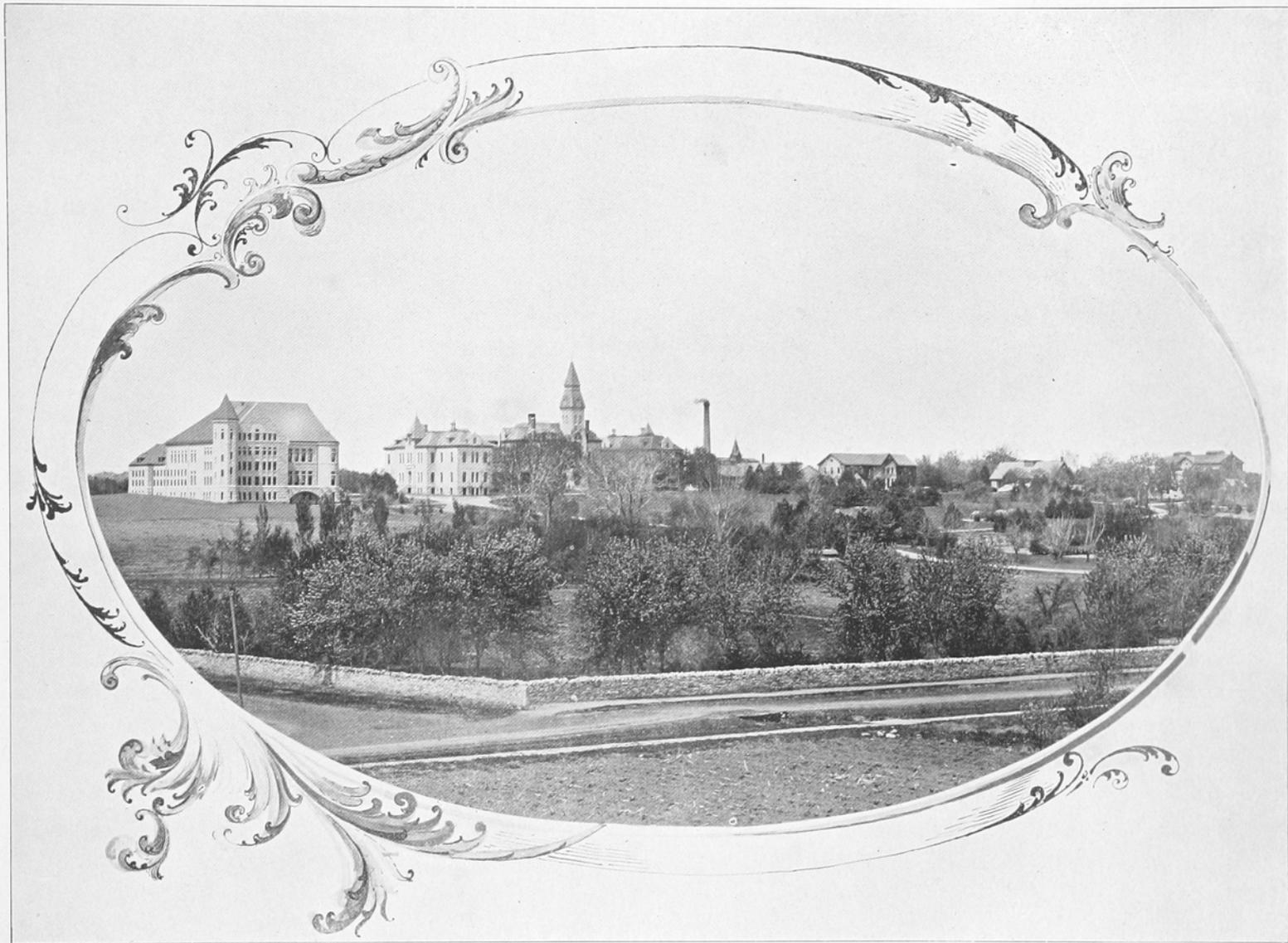
WILLIAM BUELL

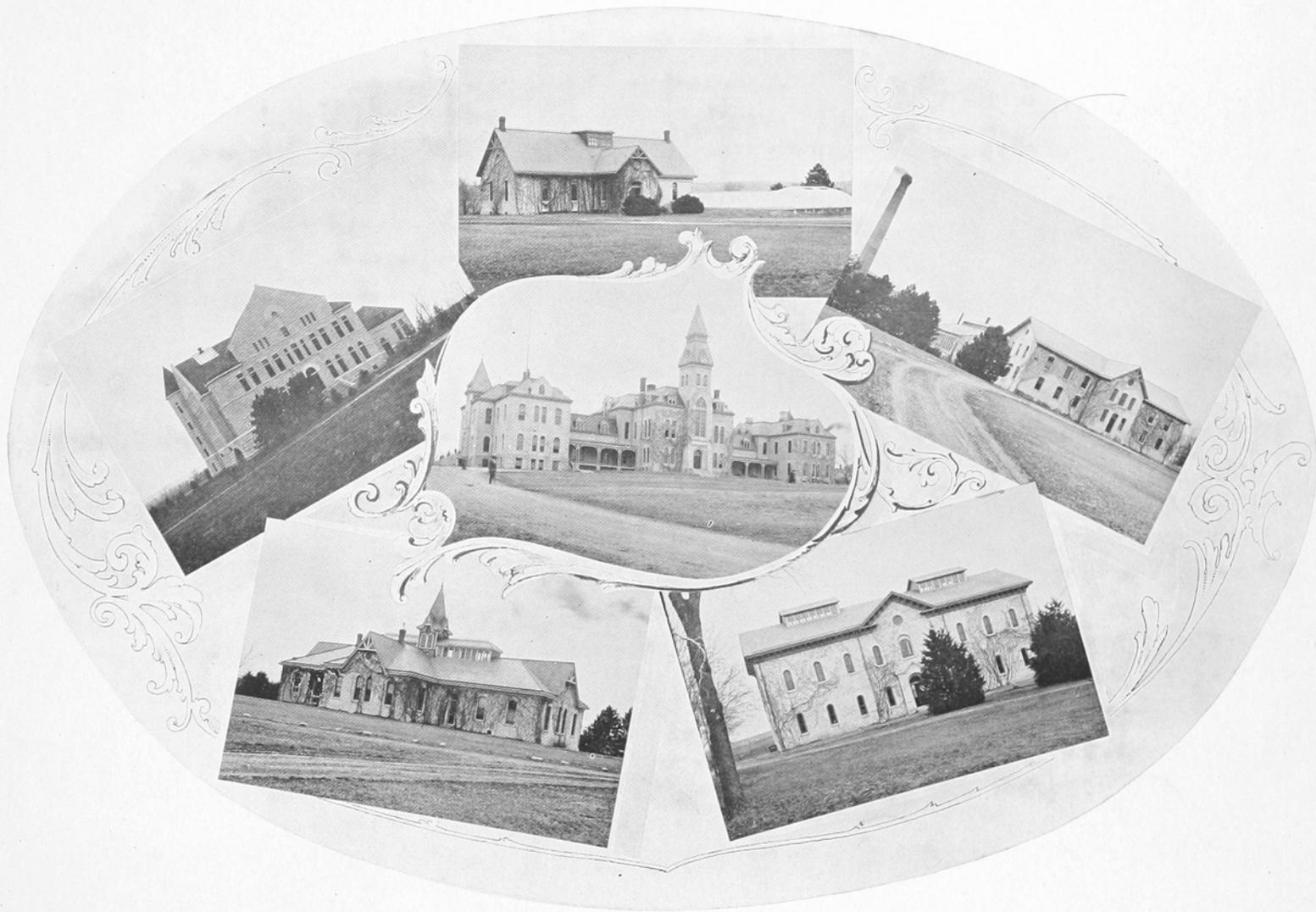
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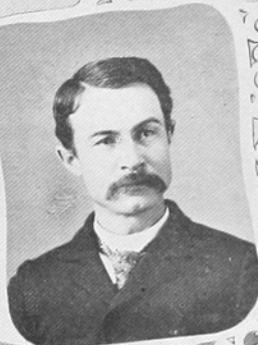


Thompson

Willard

Mays

Nichols



Brown



Hitchcock



Wile



Mason



Cavanaugh

Rupp

Pierce

Harper

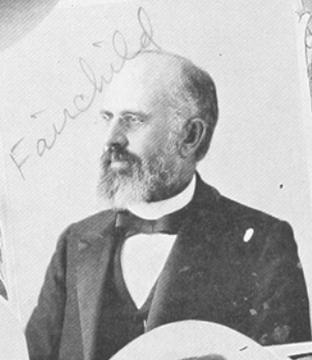
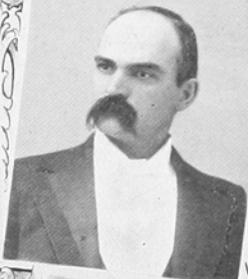
C. A. WRIGHT, PHILA.

Lantz

Walter

Graham
Died July 1947

Kedzie



Olson

Hood

Minchif

White

Georgeson

Olson

Fairchild

Fairchild

Lyle Purcell

A. H. Morgan?

Ambrose Redmond

Donnan, J.B.?

Joss

Carl Snyder?

Chas. King

Clara Newell

Sue Long



CAMBRIDGE, PHILA.

Frederick

Will Stewart



C. F. Doane?

*Joanna
Freeman*

*Archie Peck
Goldthraite
Jr.*

Miriam Swingle?

*Govt.
Hawens.*

*Gertrude
Stump*

Hill

J. B. Norton

EXHIBIT PAIR 1

They Returned Last Year



Members of the KSC graduating class of 1896 returned to Manhattan last year for their 50th anniversary reunion. Plans are under way for class reunions again this year. Saturday, May 31, will be Alumni Day and June 1, Commencement. In the picture above are front row, C. E. Pincomb, '96, Route 1, Overland Park; Royal Kellogg, '96, and Mrs. Kellogg, Lilacstead, Wilton, Conn.; back row, Marion (Jones) Pincomb, '96, Route 1, Overland Park; Mrs. I. A. (Arch) Robertson and Arch Robertson, '96, Route 1, Kansas City, Mo.

May S. Spalding?

Howard Rhodes

E. G. Gibson



Bert Johnson?

Hattie Paddelford

Mrs. Moore?

Lawrence Hayes

Marian Jones

Ellen Norton

FAWRIGHT PHILA.



W. H. ...

Sadie Stingley

Edith Lantz

EA WRIGHT, PHILA.

Ed Webster

Thomas L. Jones?

B.D

Orville Stungley

Susan (Johnson) Cooper

R. S. Kellogg

Margaret (Carleton) Doane

Archie Robertson

Isaac
Secret

Robert K. Farnas



E. W. H. PHOTOGRAPHY

Class Roll.

With Titles of Graduating Theses.

- MAY HAINES BOWEN, Manhattan,
Education of Women in the Nineteenth Century.
- CON M. BUCK, Oskaloosa.
Future Influence of Mechanical Engineering on Agriculture.
- MARGARET ISAPHENE CARLETON, Manhattan,
The Making and Keeping of a Home.
- WILLIAM ANNESLEY CAVENAUGH, Manhattan,
Agricultural and Mechanical Colleges.
- WILLIAM ARTHUR COE, Coloma,
Conservation of Moisture.
- CHARLOTTE MABEL COTTON, Wabaunsee,
Window Gardening.
- ERNEST BROWN COULSON, Cherokee, O. T.,
Some Wastes of Our Present Industrial System.
- GEORGE HENRY DIAL, Cleburne,
Influence of the Forest on Civilization.
- CHARLES FRANCIS DOANE, Louisville,
Difficulties in the Settlement of the West.
- JOHN B. DORMAN, Ballston Spa, N. Y.
The Public Land Survey.
- BRADFORD DOUGHERTY, Kansas City,
Municipal Reform.
- CHARLES SILAR EVANS, Sunset, Ky.,
The Tea Rose Under Glass.
- ROBERT KILBY FARRAR, Axtell,
The Farmer's Library.
- GEORGE WILLIAM FINLEY, Manhattan,
Development of the Medical Science.
- JOANNA FREEMAN, Riley,
The Loess Formation of Kansas.
- JOHN JACOB FRYHOFFER, Randolph,
The Press.
- ELMER GEORGE GIBSON, Willard,
The Progress of American Historical Literature.
- GEORGE CLIFTON HALL, Hoyt,
Law and Man.
- ALONZO CHARLES HAVENS, Dwight,
Horticulture on the Farm.
- GERTRUDE JULIA HAVENS, Dwight,
Nursing as a Profession for Women.
- LAWRENCE WILBUR HAYES, Manhattan,
The Use and Abuse of Horse-shoeing.
- JOHN WARREN HOLLAND, Cokeville, Wyo.,
Municipal Socialism.
- HENRY GEORGE JOHNSON, Assaria,
Alfalfa.
- SUSAN EFFIE JOHNSON, Success,
Trained Librarian.
- MARION ELIZABETH JONES, Manhattan,
Landscape Adornment of Rural Homes.
- THOMAS LORMAR JONES, Manhattan,
Music in the Public Schools.
- EDWARD CLARENCE JOSS, Fairview,
Criminal Law and Penal Discipline.
- ROYAL SHAW KELLOGG, Fay,
Hypnotism: Origin and Methods.
- MARK KIRKPATRICK, Fredonia.
The Application of the Monroe Doctrine to the Venezuela Dispute.
- EDITH LYNNETTE LANTZ, Manhattan,
Notes on American Poetry.
- SUE LONG, Manhattan,
American Critics and Criticism.
- CHARLES W. LYMAN, Manhattan,
The Recent Development of the Telephone.
- CHARLES DWIN MCCAULEY, Wilburn,
Some Thoughts on the Irrigation Problem.
- CHARLES SUMNER MARTY, Merriam,
Landscape Gardening.
- MRS. ELDA LENORE MOORE, Manhattan,
Educational Institutions for Women.
- ARTHUR HOUSTON MORGAN, Hillside,
The Lasting Progress of the Public School.

- CLARA VERENA NEWELL, Manhattan,
Improvement in Magazine Illustration.
- ELLEN ELIZABETH NORTON, Manhattan,
The Modern Dwelling.
- JOHN BITTING SMITH NORTON, Manhattan,
Kansas Ustilagineæ, Germination.
- HATTIE A. PADDLEFORD, Stockdale,
The Benefit of an Industrial Education for Girls.
- MARY KERILLA PAINTER, Meade,
Methods of Teaching History.
- ELVA LUTHERA PALMER, Clifton,
The Relation of Mythology to Religion.
- INEZ LUELLE PALMER, Clifton,
The Need of Industrial Training.
- FANNIE PARKINSON, Pomona,
Journalism.
- ARCHIE CARPENTER PECK, Big Valley, Tex.,
Water Supplies from a Sanitary Point of View.
- ARTHUR LEWIS PETER, Oakland,
Anarchy.
- CHARLES EDWIN PINCOMB, Hector,
Power Test of a Paddle-wheel Windmill.
- MARY JOSEPHINE PINCOMB, Hector,
The Early Settlers of Kansas; Their Characteristics and Surroundings.
- JOHN POOLE, Briggs,
Growth of Banking.
- EDGAR ARTHUR POWELL, Osage City,
A Brief Review of our Local Fringillæ.
- LISLE WILLETTS PURSEL, Manhattan,
The Ethical Life of the Japanese.
- HOWARD NEWTON RHODES, Manhattan,
The Farmer as a Veterinarian.
- AMBROSE ELLIOT RIDENOUR, Manhattan,
The Three Principal Theories of Suffrage.
- MARY ETTA RIDENOUR, Manhattan,
Should Cooking and Sewing be Taught in the Public Schools?
- ISAAC ARCHIE ROBERTSON, Manhattan,
Individualism vs Socialism.
- GRACE ANNA SECREST, Randolph,
The Founders of American Literature.
- CARL SNYDER, Oskaloosa,
Horticulture. and its Relation to Agriculture.
- MAX GILBERT SPALDING, Eureka,
Hog Cholera.
- ORVILLE ASHFORD STINGLEY, Manhattan,
Influence of Invention on Industry.
- SADIE STINGLEY, Manhattan,
Hygiene.
- GERTRUDE ELLA STUMP, Manhattan,
Art in Household Furnishing.
- MIRIAM ESTHER SWINGLE, Manhattan,
Physical Culture for Americans.
- WILLIAM ELWOOD THACKREY, Manhattan,
The Irrigation of our Plains.
- JAMES DUNBAR TRUMBULL, Manhattan,
Trade: Its Origin and Influence on Civilization.
- FRANK EDWIN UHL, Gardner,
Economic Aspects of Protection and Free Trade.
- EDWIN H. WEBSTER, Yates Center
Steam Engine Testing.

Leaves From Our Class History.

George C. Hall.

Preface:—As graduation day approaches we, as members of the class of ninety-six, realize the pleasure of having a short history of our college days at the K. S. A. C. to peruse in our old age as we sit by the evening fire thinking of our college days and our college friends; a history that will recall to our memory the good times we had when as classmates we roamed together the woods and meadows, plucking the wild flowers and searching for the little insects hidden away under the stones and old logs; something to remind us of the joyful times we had at our various socials and parties, especially the “Second-year Party,” the “Ag, Supper,” the “P. M. Banquet,” and the “Fourth-year Socials,”

Introductory:—The class which leaves these college halls to-morrow to take up the real work of life, is a class of variety. It is the variety that has made the class what it is. It has kept us out of the rut of ignorance and prevented us from becoming fossilized specimens of the Homo Sapiens race. This variety consists in the color of our hair, which extends from jet black to the white-head—not white by old age but by birth—and of variety in our opinions as was shown in our chapel orations, the squabbles in our class meetings, and the various occupations which we intend to follow. Of the variety of blood which runs through our veins, we have nine different kinds; English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Swede, Swiss, German, French and American. This Teutonic and Celtic blood found expression in the *Student's Herald* established January 8, 1896, independently of the faculty.

During our course the important additions to the college were the propagating pits, Science Hall, Central Steam Plant, electric lights, the telephone system, five members of the faculty, Monday vacation begun and the reading of absences in chapel abolished.

First Year:—During the summer of 1892 many boys and girls were contemplating leaving their homes to seek for a higher education than the common schools afforded. While tilling the soil and working in the factory they built many air castles of the future that was in store for them if they could but get an education. Of the great number of such young men and women three hundred and thirty-nine decided to take the course at the K. S. A. C. In the fall the college opened wide its doors to admit this army of knowledge seeking strangers who gazed with awe at the immensity and beauty of their new surroundings. These innocent, inexperienced youngsters became as all new students do, a source of amusement to the older students. The small boy as he trudged through the halls with his diploma in a great big frame under his arm was the cause of many smiles and cute sayings. Though we were verdant looking, we were poor food for those tricklish parasites of the older classes.

We listened to those tales that were told of former students who played tricks on the professor with his new buggy, the burro, and the skeleton that was hung overhead in chapel. We shunned the evil effects of these stories and learned the lessons they taught.

Homesickness mentally lengthened the fall-term but at last Christmas came and most of us spent the holidays at home, returning in a short time to take up our studies with renewed vigor. While roaming o'er the hills and prairies and through the dales gathering the beautiful flowers for our botanical collection, we were cured of that tired feeling called "spring fever." Mid-term examination came and with those gattling guns the "grade books" in the hands of the "enemy" our ranks were greatly thinned by those botanical bullets. The fallen were taken to the "mid-term reception" and after a simple yet effective treatment, they entered the final test with us and the victory was ours.

Commencement day came with its eloquent speeches from the graduating class, its charms, and the great sham battle in the evening by the boys of the War Department; after which we separated and went to our homes to take up again our home work. During the long hot summer days, we laid plans for our next year's work, at last the longed for day had come, and we were again on our way to the K. A. C. But alas, of the three hundred and thirty-nine that left in the spring, only one hundred and forty-one returned. Many had used their savings to attend the World's Fair, some were teaching and others were helping at home.

Second Year :—On October 5, 1893, the class organized for the purpose of social training. About a month later we enjoyed our first class social, in the sewing rooms. The solitude and quietness of student life prevailed from this time on till spring when on March 30, 1894, our class played a match game of ball with the college, winning with a score of eight to seven. We then prided ourselves on our skill in field sports but have since turned our attention to work that will more effectually help humanity.

Our class was so large that the professor of agriculture had about decided to abandon the practice of giving a party to his class, as had been his custom. We waited patiently for some time, but finally gave it up. Near the end of the term the professor surprised us by announcing that he would give the famous "Ag. Supper" at his home on Friday evening May 30th. We gladly accepted the invitation and had good reasons for thanking our kind professor for remembering us by such a treat.

Third Year :—After another summer vacation eighty-nine returned to take up the duties of a junior. At an early called meeting the class adopted purple and gold for its class colors and the pansy for its emblem. With declamations and orations we now appeared on the chapel rostrum to pour forth our burning eloquence into a weary and a sleeping audience.

On Monday October 2, 1894, was the famous Prof. Jones Rebellion, caused by an extremely hard lesson in which but few, if any, could get a passing grade. A meeting was called at which we all flatly refused to hand in any work. A committee was sent before him to give in our complaint. The result was a lesson reduced one-half, another week's time and many suggestions for doing the work given.

Friday evening December 21, 1894, we celebrated our emancipation from the afternoon industrial called "P. M." by a feast at Ulrich's Hall. No more were we to curry bovines for five cents an hour nor break our backs in the irrigation ditch, nor pitch turnips into the cellar after the bell rang. This was a time of jollity and rejoicing.

The "'95" ensign waved o'er our heads from the topmost joint of the main building on the morning of June 11th. It looked beautiful as it fluttered in the cool breeze. But some haughty seniors boasted of its glory and supremacy and declared that it could not be taken down. At these words its beauty faded away, its glory departed, and its supremacy sank into humble submission. With Con Buck in the lead the disgraced flag was soon removed and hurled to the ground some one hundred and ten feet below. Through the general eagerness of the faculty and all the classes to get it, it was soon torn into shreds. In the evening the class of '95 spoiled the effect of their exercises by a mock funeral.

The following day was the third commencement in our time. The exercises passed off rather quietly, though disturbed occasionally by a few useless attempts of the seniors to replace their ensign upon the building.

Fourth Year:—Of the sixty-nine seniors only thirty-eight were first years with us. Where, oh where, are the other three hundred and one? We know not, but we hope that they are doing much good.

We that remain, were greatly eulogized by a certain junior in chapel one afternoon. He spoke of us in glowing terms, wished us the greatest success in life, and asked the one above to send special light around us.

To show others our own thought we here give an extract from A. C. Ridenour's address to his classmates, delivered May 2, 1896, * * "We feel that it is our part of life's work to supplant superstition with facts, and from the hand of selfishness pluck its faded flowers, * * Deceit and dishonesty alike must fade and fall. Truth must be our corner stone, jewelled with the motto 'tis not what we intend but what we do that makes us useful,' * * Learning has been our mission, we now cull out the weeds and chaff and garner the golden grain. We have learned that reason, observation and experience are the holy trinity of science. In the arithmetic of life we have learned that it is our duty to add to the sum of joy, to subtract from the pain, multiply the pleasures, and divide as far as we can the sorrowings and sufferings of mankind, * * Classmates, does the world need us? Has it a place for us? Vast is the realm of the unknown stretching out before us. Few the persons endeavoring to penetrate its mysteries. Ah yes,

The workers in the vineyard
Are too small and all too few
And the field of honest effort
Now awaits, classmates, for you.''

Statistics :—The class numbers sixty-six of which twenty-three are ladies; who claim the lightest, the shortest, the youngest, the prettiest and the most popular members of the class, while the gentlemen claim the heaviest, tallest, oldest, and the shrewdest members. The lightest in the class weighs but ninety-seven pounds. The class represents a total weight of ninety-six hundred pounds, and an average height of five feet eight inches. Nineteen are yet under twenty-one years of age and only seven over twenty-five. Fourteen states claim our nativity, Kansas claiming thirty-three of us. Fifty-three came directly from a Kansas home to the college, and forty-nine from the farm. Thirty have completed the course in four years and nine in less than four years. Seventeen of our number were self-supporting. Forty-two are church members, fourteen of these joined since entering the college. In the political world we represent eleven parties, thirty-nine are Republicans, five Democrats, four Socialists, three Prohibitionists and one of each of the other seven parties. If we were to vote to-morrow we would cast but fifteen votes for free coinage of silver, thirty-five for woman suffrage and forty-eight against Resubmission. Our favorite studies are Literature, Political Economy, and Geology. We have not yet decided what will be our life's work, but next year we will be found in twenty-three different occupations. One of our class hopes to be a millionaire, another to be President of the U. S., but the aim of thirty-seven is to do all the good we can in this world.

Shall we ever forget our life here, our excursions to Wildcat and Eureka Lake, our boating and skating on the Blue, the times we stood on Bluemont and Mount Prospect admiring the beautiful Kaw Valley; with all these pleasures sandwiched in with plenty of earnest study, measles and mumps?

We have now reached the goal of our college course, but how the world has grown. What small specks we seem in this great living, moving world. The thin covering of ignorance has been drawn aside and we see revealed to us a great mass of the unknown. What we once kicked aside as worthless, we now pick up and read from it, some law of nature, or a sentence from the history of time.

The world is calling for those who take no step backwards. So we now close our college history to go out into the world to awaken the slumbering intelligence, to drive away the shadows of ignorance, and to perform deeds worthy of being recorded in the National History.

Class Song of 'Ninety-six.

Words, J. B. S. NORTON.

Music, T. L. JONES

From out the realm of Prepdom, From country and from town. Four years ago we

gathered To win the stu-dent's crown. We came because we wanted to. Or

cause we had to come. We cared not for the others. But just for number one.

CHORUS.

For then not one of us could say To 'Nine ty - six forever. To 'Ninety-six for

a tempo

aye ... To 'Ninety - six and K. A. C. We'll ev-ry one be true.

2

We've struggled up through first year,
Through second, and through third ;
We've had our little trials,
But have not been deterred.
The rounds of wisdom's ladder
Too round have been for some,
But we've climbed on and left them,
And to the top have come.—CHO.

3

Within the college class-rooms,
Upon this chapel floor,
Four happy years have ended—
We wish there were four more.
And now, upon the rostrum,
We all together stand,
The biggest class, the brightest class,
The happiest in the land —CHO.

4

We'll miss our kind professors,
We'll miss the college bell ;
How much we'll miss each other
Mere words can never tell.
It may be that, together,
We all shall stand no more
Until we stand, united,
Upon the other shore.—CHO.

Class Poem.

Max G. Spalding.

Our *Alma Mater*, as we leave thy halls.
Thy storied class-rooms, and thy vineclad walls,
We pause and greet thee.—bid a fond farewell
To college scenes, and friends we've known so well,—
Professors, classmates, students, each and all
Whose faces oft will come at memory's call
As we, in retrospective fancy, gaze
Back through the years to these, our halcyon days.
As we go forth, to mingle in the strife
Where each must battle for the spoils of life,
We fain would linger. We are loth to part
With old associates ; and in our hearts,
Tumultuous emotions rise and fall.
Like Janus in the Roman Capital
We face the future, broad and fair, and yet
Look back upon the past with fond regret,
Not like the transient flower, are college ties,
That quickly blossoms, and as quickly dies ;
But like the oak whose branches, formed in youth,
Make the heartwood of future centuries growth.
Perhaps some cynic, framed of grosser earth,
Shall dare to ask us,—“What is all this worth?”
“What is a class, that we should gather here
To greet a new accession year by year ;
That orators should laud it to the skies ;
Musicians sing ; and poets rhapsodize ?”
What is a class ? good friends, look where you will ;
Where'er affection's ties are valued still
And you shall find, bound fast by friendship's laws,
Those hearts, united in a common cause.
We're no exception to the general rule,
The lasting friendships formed while here at school ;

The fond remembrances that cluster round
Each classic landmark on the college ground ;
The sympathy that's born of kindred woe
When cherished hopes decay, and grades are low ;
The paths we've trod together, as we climbed
The devious ways that lead to wisdom's shrine ;
The four short years of transitory joy
That failures ne'er could drown, nor cares destroy,
Combine to form a bond, whose subtle strength
Binds us together, firm as adamant.

And now we stand, like many a class of yore
Facing the problems often faced before ;
How to appropriate with greatest ease,
The golden fruits of life's hesperides ;
How best to utilize the knowledge gained ;
How to be stronger minded, better trained ;
How to adapt, and cultivate our powers
That all that's worth the having may be ours.
And shall we stand in vain, and idly dream
Of joys that 'wait us further down life's stream ?
Thus standing, let our chances, one by one,
Pass by, and leave us naught when they are gone ?
No ! Let's be doing ! time will teach us how ;
Our field is all the world. The time is now.
The world has problems, —wrongs in Church and State,
That honest efforts may eradicate.
Science still offers her exhaustless store
To all who will her mysteries explore.
Shall not the treasured lore of ages past
That 'round our lives their glorious halo cast,
Our hands and hearts to grander deeds inflame,
And light our minds to higher, nobler aims !

Let not the world lament for fame's decay,
And shroud with gloom the dawn of coming day;
Nor say of great men, now far past their prime,
"Only their footprints mar the sands of time."
We read from nature's soul-inspiring page,
That history repeats from age to age;
Not circumscribed within the circle's bounds,
But ever growing—widening, round by round;
And as it widens, making room for those
Who have new thoughts, new treasures to disclose.
So we, who've finished college, we presume
To face the world, and ask for standing room.
We know that disappointments lie in store,
That hopes will fade, as oft they've done before;
And yet we hope, for 'tis the joy of youth
To make the fancy real as the truth,
That the long past, with all its triumphs won,
May but the preface be to what shall come.

Still let us hope that in the future years,
In spite of obstacles, and doubts, and fears,
Our deeds may stand, through ages yet to be,
As mile posts, set for our posterity.
Old men may laugh at our ambition,—men
Who've trod the rugged ways of life,—what then
We care not for their contumelious scorn,
Our judges are the ages yet unborn.

Then "*Take no footsteps backward,*" Let the words
Of this our motto evermore be heard
Urging us on to higher destinies,
To broader lives, to mansions in the skies.
In truth and justice may we e'er abide,
Our nation's hope, our *Alma Mater's* pride.
Let those contented with their narrower lives,
Who doubt the skill that college training gives,
Stand back and watch, as on the world, we fix
Our hand and seal, THE CLASS OF '96

Salutatory.

C. E. Pincomb.

The Class of '96 meets here this afternoon, with happy greeting to its many friends. It is with the greatest pleasure that we try to entertain you on this occasion, the time looked forward to by all classmen as the distinguished event of their college life. And we would more emphatically impress a like discrimination, not in that we have merely finished our short course of study, as is too often the case, but rather that we as class are about to step from within the domains of kind direction and instruction of others, and launch our own little barks into the troubled sea of life, where each one will soon solve the problem we have partly formulated here during the past four years, of our enthusiasm for a more extensive learning, of our determination to succeed, and that of our character be it ignoble or grand.

You have assembled with us to witness the last event of one life, so to speak, and the first event of another life. The former has been a life of thorough discipline in which our curriculum has been arranged and strengthened by learned educators, and placed before every student so that each one well knows his task, his requirements, and his possibilities. And to-day the efforts of our past experience are supposed to culminate in this Class Day entertainment, our welcome to you our friends. The latter or the life we shall take to-morrow is but one vast expanse, of what we know not. Even now we see storm and tribulation confronting us in the near future, but through the mists that seem an apparent delay to the fulfillment of our expectations we see, as it were the dawn of day; the clear gray light of morning awakens our ambitions, and still we are but being thrust into the midst of a world of rivalry, into the warfare among millions grasping for what we think to be duly our own. We take our chance with the multitude of scholars in the world,—and why should we not? All who are present will admit, leaving out the question of tact and ability, that we have all had the grand opportunity of securing a firm and solid foundation of learning, which prepares us to face boldly the world of emulation and pride. Here we are to-day: one side of our task will soon be finished. The future awaits our coming. Do we fain take it, or dare we retrace the past?

Friends, you have met with us to participate in the pleasures of this occasion, our first active step in the world. To our beloved parents we would do homage. The actuation of your earnest pleadings has brought to us all that we possess; and if our effort to do our best brings to your realization rich evidence of our progress, then we shall feel that our labors have resulted in success. To the graduates, we gladly accept your good feeling toward us. Since our existence here with you, we have constantly watched your growth and your improvement over preceding classes, and should we, by virtue of the world's progress, acquire new thoughts, better ideas, and accomplish a more successful end, then we can but feel that you heartily appreciate our gain.

Though to-morrow we pass beyond the goal which distinguishes us from under-graduates; still this is but a demarkation of that which is by no means our exclusive hope and satisfaction, but that to which we have unconsciously grown step by step. You to whom these pleasant experiences are yet to come will doubtless, with the additional privileges assured, do your work better and accomplish more, with which you have our best wishes. Our work here is finished, and may you all in whatever life pursued or at whatever occupation you may strive, come off victorious in that you are conquerors over the disgrace and sin of man, and with the grand satisfaction that the world is better for your having lived.

And now, to this mortal, dying audience, though each may fail to appreciate all said here during the next hour, still if some earnest truth finds a harbor in each wanting soul, if some lesson is here exemplified which will add to your future and your life immortal, then we shall have fulfilled our mission.

Our Alma Mater.

Clara V. Newell.

FORTY-ONE years ago, in far away New England, a little company of men and women left home and friends to start on a long journey westward. By a singular coincidence, a Cincinnati company set out at the same time with the cry of "Westward Ho!" These two companies, each ignorant of the other's existence, arrived at their journey's end, one in March, the other in June, 1855.

They found themselves in a beautiful, sheltered valley which was lovingly guarded by bluffs, and bounteously watered by two converging streams. This valley was still unsettled, and not many years had passed since the Indian hunted among the hills and the buffalo quietly grazed upon the rolling plains.

Within the New England colony were many college-bred men. During their long journey, they had whiled away many hours making plans for founding a college in their new home. These plans were delayed, however, until 1857, when an association was formed to build a Methodist Episcopal college in their little town of Manhattan. In 1858, a charter was obtained for this institution. In that charter, a provision was made for an agricultural department to experiment in the raising of crops and to test the capabilities of high prairie soil. The corner stone was laid in May, 1859, and the school was opened a year later.

After the passage by Congress of the "Morrill Bill" in 1862, it was changed, through the strenuous efforts of its friends, from a denominational, to a state institution. In 1873, when Hon. John A. Anderson became president, he made a radical change in its policy. Among other things, the classical course was discontinued and the departments of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts were added. After thorough investigation, President Anderson discovered that ninety-seven per cent. of the people of Kansas were in the various industrial vocations, and only three per cent. in the learned professions.

In reference to this he said, "Prominence is given to the studies that are most useful to the professions, instead of to those that are most useful to the industrial pursuits. This should be reversed and the greatest prominence given to the subjects that are most certain to fit the great majority for the pursuits they should and will follow." From that time the school has conformed to these ideas. Though difficulties, many and great, have been encountered, the college has prospered and developed. Buildings have been erected, new professorships established, and excellent apparatus obtained, until it stands without a rival of its kind in all the world.

The history of this institution is a testimony to the wisdom of him who mapped out its course. Here, year after

year, young men and women have come and passed out again into the world, fully prepared to meet the stern realities of existence. They were neither dreamers nor book-worms; their practical training has fitted them for the practical duties of life. With pride we point to the fact that no other Kansas college shows so large a percentage of graduates holding the very best positions.

The intrinsic value of this education may be shown by considering a few of the things for which it fits students. By unhappy experiences people have learned that unskilled work, even though it be on the farm or in the dairy, produces little but failure and disappointment. The agricultural productions of our state have won us an enviable name. Kansas farming has, in the main, been eminently successful. Not alone the abundant sunshine and the productive soil has contributed to this success, but the presence, within our boundaries, of this school which teaches the farmer how to be a farmer. In his stead it takes the risk of experiments, which to the single individual might mean loss and disaster. As one of our professors has said, "The college makes skilled hands the tools of thoughtful brains by teaching the student the right thing to do and the right way to do it."

Nor does our generous *Alma Mater* consider her duty discharged when she has given up her rich store to all those who come to her. This is the educational fountain head, but its waters tarry not here. Its beneficent streams flow to the farthest bounds of our state. During the entire year, our professors, by lectures and farmers' institutes over the state, impart to those who cannot come here the results of the experimental work done here. Doubtless none have numbered ours among the schools of art, yet one has said, "Agriculture is the greatest among the arts, for it is first in supplying our necessities. It is the mother and nurse of all other arts. It favors and strengthens population; it creates and maintains manufactures, gives employment to navigation and materials to commerce. It animates every species of industry, and opens to nations the surest channels of opulence. It is also the strongest bond of well regulated society, the surest basis of internal peace, the natural associate of good morals."

Since, then, this is strictly an agricultural school, does it not contribute to all that makes a happy, prosperous people?

Dear *Alma Mater*, our faces are set toward the wide, wide world. Yet, ere we pass out from thy hallowed presence, we turn for a loving glance and a tender farewell. Thy dear, happy scenes of grove and hill and shady lanes and fragrant blossoms! How often from the heat of life's noon-tide hour shall memory turn to thee with tender longing. Life shall bring to us no stronger friendship, no simpler, sweeter joys, no cheerier duties than those that thou, beloved mother, hast in gentle forethought given us. To thee do we owe the stores of wisdom we have treasured up; to thee do we owe the development of mind and heart whose rich outpouring we trust may bless the world. We pass away to mingle with the

busy, restless throng and others shall come to take our places as thy children. Yet in our hearts shall thy memory be fondly cherished. For all that thou hast done for us, we can repay thee only by being the true, earnest men and women thou wouldst have us. Long may thy sacred halls stand open to welcome all who come to thee for wisdom. Long may our sunny state be blessed by thy ennobling influence on its sons and daughters. And now once more, our *Alma Mater* our gentle guide, our strong, unselfish friend, farewell, farewell!

Burying the Hatchet.

Gertrude J. Havens.

IT IS MORNING. On the topmost ledge of the Pipe-Stone Quarry stands the Great Spirit. To the East and West and South, as far as the eye can reach, stretch the prairies, green at his feet, but changing to blue in the distance, until the meeting of earth and sky is lost. There is not a tree or shrub to break the monotonous sea of grass, as it rises and falls in a succession of long swells, while from the foot of the rock springs a clear sparkling river, which finds its way across the dreary plains, to the "Father of Waters."

The morning sun just touches the top of a massive cloud, the symbol of the Great Spirit, which rises like a tall column, and then spreads out over the prairies, like as the aged pastor spreads out his hands in benediction over his waiting congregation.

Suddenly there appears in the distance a dark speck, it moves slowly, and soon stretches itself into a long sinuous line of men, following closely one after another in the narrow path, now lost in the valley between the swells, now appearing upon a nearer summit. Soon other lines are seen stretching out from the horizon. Patiently the Great Spirit rests until the long lines desolve on the plain at his feet, and sees with sorrow the war-gear of feathers, clubs and tomahawks. With bare painted limbs, and faces made doubly repulsive by paint and the intense expression of hate and revenge, written on every feature, brandishing knives and war-clubs, they meet upon the plain and the banks of the stream. But he looked down upon them with compassion and pity,

"Looked upon their wrath and wrangling,
But as quarrels among children."

Then reaching out his hands over them in a benediction of peace he

“Spake in this wise.
O my children! my poor children!
Listen to the words of wisdom
Listen to the words of warning
From the lips of the Great Spirit
From the master of life who gave you
* * * * *
I am weary of your quarrels,
* * * * *
Of your wranglings and dissensions
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord
Therefore be at peace hence forward
And as brothers live together.”

They listened to his pleading, and, throwing aside their war-gear plunged into the stream where the pure water which welled up from the footsteps of the Master of Life, cleansed their bodies from paint, and their hearts from revenge. When, with faces made beautiful by the spirit of forgiveness,

“On the banks their clubs they buried
Buried all their war-like weapons.”

From East, and West, and North and South, to-day, have gathered, in this common meeting place, friends, class-mates and fellow-students, and sheathed in the scabbard of social restraint we carry our civilized weapons,—words. With these there has been many a skirmish and some hard battles between us, when the “artillery of words,” has played freely. And the battles have sometimes been long and hard for

“Long in the field of words we may contend
Reproach is infinite and knows no end,
Arm’d or with truth, or falsehood, right or wrong.”

And they are deadly weapons these words of ours, one volley, or even one picket shot laying waste castles of friendship, and every springing flower of hope and love. How often when all seemed quiet, and the dove of peace seemed hovering near to find a resting place for its weary wings,

“ On the dull silence breaking
With a lightning flash a word
Bearing endless desolation
On its blighting wings was heard.”

These my class-mates, are the weapons we have used. Professors, class-mates, and fellow-students have been attacked, sometimes in open battle, but too often in the deadly ambush, when wounds more destructive of peace and happiness than even the dreaded tomahawk have been made in hearts that still quiver with the pain. But in this meeting, so soon to be followed by a long, long parting we feel the benediction of our Great Spirit over us, and as we hear faintly on the air, the knell of that word “farewell,” our hearts yield to his gentle influence, and deep in the dark grave of oblivion we bury our weapons, the stinging words.

And shall we come often to the grave, keeping it green with for-get-me-nots, and live forever? No! we will lose sight even of the place where they lie, for year after year as the fruit and leaves of our lives serve their purpose for a few weeks or months they will fall and cover it with the deep rich soil of experience from which our lives will gain still greater power to grow, and with this larger life will come a broader knowledge, a better understanding of ourselves and our fellow-men, a deeper charity. As we take our place in the world as teachers and leaders, we will be able better to understand the motives of those who have been our teachers and leaders, and then will we realize the love and wisdom of their corrections. Suffering and disappointment will come bringing us into closer sympathy with the unfortunate. “The more we know the better we forgive,” and as we gain more of knowledge and reach nearer, and nearer, the perfect and infinite knowledge, anger and resentment will be lost in pity and love, and the words that are so deadly now will be changed, by these magic wands into messengers of peace, then with a knowledge that allows no misunderstanding we will at last come near the city of Trust, and

“ When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills
We shall read love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray
We shall know each other better
When the mists have cleared away.”

Growth: Its Nature and Beauty.

J. B. Dorman.

THROUGHOUT the living world no phenomenon of nature is more characteristic than that of growth. None is more essential to the maintenance of life, and none is more strange. Without it, no maturity could be reached. It occupies the most prominent period in the cycle of all life. The microscopic organisms of the air were once in a less mature form. The spreading oak of the forest now decked with all its bright foliage was once contained in the tiny shell of the acorn. The haughty monarch upon his throne was once but a prattling babe upon his mother's knee.

Growth is the isthmus which connects the inert world with the living. It is the process by which the higher and more beautiful things of nature are built up from the lower and more unbecoming. But for it the dust of the earth would never become a living man. It is by this strange phenomenon that from a mere morsel of earth and the invisible elements of the air are brought forth the charms of nature, the rose, the pansy, the green fields, and shady woods.

Without growth life could not exist. The world would soon become a mass of never changing matter. No longer would the land be clothed with her rich mantle of green, no longer would the air resound with the sweet song of birds, or the paths of the earth be trodden by man. Beauty would be no more. Deprived of her very existence, she would be counted among the relics of the past.

Creator, beautifier, preserver. Is it not the voice of the Divine? Though "the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork," what speaks his matchless wisdom and power with a louder voice than does the universal law of growth?

Passing on to the higher spheres of nature, we find the same great law at work. Something of a lower form is assimilated and built into something higher. From chaos comes order and organization. Civilization is but the product of growth. Away back in the untilled soils of antiquity we see the little plantlet of social order sending forth its branches to the pale sunshine of enlightenment. At first its growth was slow and feeble. For centuries it was tossed and bent by the ruthless winds of vice, immorality and ignorance, its vitality scarcely sufficing to maintain its existence. But steadily and firmly it was sending its rootlets into the firm soil of law and truth, and when watered by the refreshing showers of education and christianity, it sprang forward with a growth of unsurpassed vitality. Throughout the centuries this growth has continued. To-day it stands before the world the master of the field. Its spreading branches are covering the uttermost parts of the world. Nations that have suffered for centuries beneath the scorching sun of barbarity are now seeking shelter

beneath its branches. The superstitious Chinaman is coming to rest his myth-burdened mind beneath its refreshing shade. The black man of Ethiopia is stretching out his hand for a welcome; and the cannibal of the Pacific Ocean, weary of his blood-stained hands, is sitting clothed and in his right mind, beneath its protection.

But with growth, as with many other phenomena of nature, it finds its truest expression in the spiritual world—in the ideal rather than in the real.

The development of the human intellect is the crowning work of growth. Assimilating immortal material, it builds an immortal structure. The glory of material growth must one day fade. Such development or progress is but temporary. That which grows to-day must to-morrow be submitted to the ruthless work of destruction. The beauty of the springing flowers must cease to be. The giant of the forest that now defies the raging elements must molder in the dust. The charm of blooming youth must one day yield to wasting age. The grandest works of natural growth can last but for a time.

Not so with intellectual growth. Never must the mind yield her magnificent structure to the ruthless hand of the destroyer. "Dust thou art, to dust returnest, was not spoken of the soul." But with the ceaseless roll of time it shall ever become more beautiful and grand. Years may come and years may go; wars may rage and nations fall, but, unshaken, the giant mind shall stand a monument forever. Like a Socrates, a Plato, or an Aristotle, it forms a support about which the growth and knowledge of the ages shall cling. The immortal Milton stands before the world to-day nobler and grander than ever before. The roll of centuries has served but to brighten the luster of his soul. The storms of time have passed only to leave more perfect and majestic the beauty of that great intellectual structure.

In the development of the mind it is that growth finds its true beauty. Assimilating the stores of truth, it forms them into the great thoughts and ideas of the world. It is the process by which man ascends the scale of life. It is the means by which he rises from the low plains of animal nature to the lofty heights of noble manhood. The summits of wisdom are not reached at a single bound. It is by no spontaneous action that a Gladstone, a Ruskin, or a Spencer is brought forth, but by a gradual process of development—of growth. Casting aside the false, the impure, and the selfish, they assimilate only that which is broad, truthful, noble and wise. Ever seeking something higher, ever searching for something grander, they rise to the full measure of intellectual power.

Would we then fulfill our sphere in this life, would we enjoy the blessing intended for us by the creator, would we reach the goal of human endeavor, let us follow the example of nature, let us obey the voice of history; cast out that which is destructive, assimilate that which builds up. Ever strive onward and upward toward the great universal life which is the end of all existence.

Valedictory.

Grace Secrest.

THE morning of youth advances toward noon. The shadows fall obliquely toward the west.

A dreamer—eager and expectant—oblivious of to-day's demands, paints in glowing hues, with the fateful pen of fancy, the landscape of the future.

Fascinated with the mysteries of the unseen, he gropes with one hand into the darkness for a revelation, while with the other, he holds on to the familiar things of life. Too immature to even form an estimate of the immensity, too indifferent to calculate the swiftness of the changes which forever manifest themselves in the crafts and dealings of humanity, thoughts of the real force and essence of life, of its responsibilities, its earnestness, have not presented themselves in their complete seriousness and sternness, to this idealistic dreamer.

Like as the airy cloud that floats softly and dreamily below the pure blue of heaven, brightened and illumined by the glow of sunlight, drifted here and beyond by the fitful winds of the air—so is his young life; only as yet its transience is unnoted, its latent force still bound by its impenetrableness, its mysteries still unfathomed.

The petty triumphs, the unenduring successes are the morning and evening stars of his existence.

Disappointment and grief, the initiatives into the vast and mysterious domain of the unknown, the bitter sources of life's deepest stings—have left untouched his warm and tender senses. The true color of things and events presents itself in the sunlight whose dazzling brightness obscures what may be more easily discerned through the dim shades of twilight.

His hours are saturated with buoyant hopes, his moments jeweled with joy, and sweet possibilities like pearly pendants array themselves before his eager watching gaze.

In this hopeful season of spring-time he imbibes the teachings of God, of nature, and of mankind as a preparation toward realizing his ideal—the goal of his ambition.

But there is a time in his life when the sunlight refuses to brighten the cloud, and then comes the sudden and terrible revelation of its mystery, its power, and its transience, then are its avenues clothed in blackness, its forms fantastic and unreal—then are the ardent desires of ambition, the follies of pride lowered from their loftiest heights of Expectancy, into the deepest depths of Resignation.

The awakened dreamer strives in vain to look beyond the darkness into the light. He cries aloud, but the only answer is an echo to his mournful cry. Beyond is silence. But in the night of gloom, hope sees a star—symbolic of the

golden dawn of a glorious day—torch-light of advancing resolve. He glances in retrospect over the past, and his thoughts grow in breadth and depth. Calmly and deeply earnestly he views his career building, as time glides unceasingly by, a broad and powerful foundation for the erection of a mighty purpose—toiling and hoping with infinite patience and undimmed vision, trusting with noble faith. On this foundation stands the Goddess of Destiny to adorn with a crown of olives, or to cause the attendance of defeat, according as the builder has designed for the peace and ministry of other lives or for a selfish end.

The life of every individual is a day dream and an awakening.

Thus far have we idealized—to-morrow we welcome our Commencement day with mingled joy and sadness—joy in that we assert our independent individuality and go forth to share in the world's commotion—sadness because we sever forever the formal ties that have united us here.

The world of our happiest, gentlest memories has been the years spent here together in intellectual gain, and as the twilight of these years saddens into night we turn backward to these walls that for so long have been our home, and, for the last time, dream of the great dim life with infinitude of uneven paths—upon whose platform we mingle with other characters in the same scene the close of which must be a tragedy. The infinite greatness oppresses and appalls us. The nearness of the vast, uncertain future makes us to feel the more our incapability to cope with the problems of life, make us to feel the deeper, the utter bareness of what we really are.

We have finished the lessons in our school of preparation—we go now to learn the sterner, more vital ones of life. The education which our collegiate training has given us, is at most only a firm basis upon which to build stronger, more powerful structures.

We approach nearer to our ideal existence with the idea that we know in part, and then

“— follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bounds of human thought.”

no longer do we build in fancy, airy castles, but with shield and gauntlet, stand firmly prepared to meet the earnest practical demands of the present with prompt and powerful action.

The once latent forces of immature youth have expanded, and though we recognize the vastness of the realms of knowledge still unexplored, who can say but some of our number may, in the course of time, send forth ideas, that “like cherubim and seraphim, spread their wings over a continent, and touch as with holy fire, the hearts of men.”

The maturer motives lead the eye and the soul to look toward the divine, beckon us ever onward toward our ideal human conception of life—our ideal, not for self alone, but for all mankind. We cannot exist in ourselves alone. Our individual lives overlap and interlace into one complete harmonious whole as marvellously perfect in order as God's own Creation—the universe.

And now we meet together in a last farewell! A word so full of bittersweet, so full of hope, so full of sadness!
The poet has written,

“ We may build more splendid habitations,
We may fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
But we cannot buy with gold the old associations.”

How sadly true; yet the mystic chords of memory, stretching from every college experience to every loving heart whose life has, in part, been spent here, will be to our lives as the precious grains of sand in the hour glass, and the good angels of our nature will touch these chords at intervals, as we journey onward and upward toward our lofty golden ideal—a pure, perfect, stainless life—until for us, the rustling of Time's curtains is hushed forevermore.

