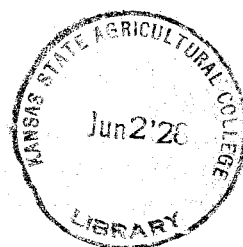


THE ALUMNUS

Vol. VI

No. 4

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF THE
Alumni Association
OF THE
Kansas State Agricultural College



December, 1907

Price, \$1.00 per year

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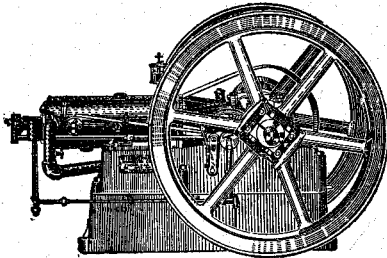
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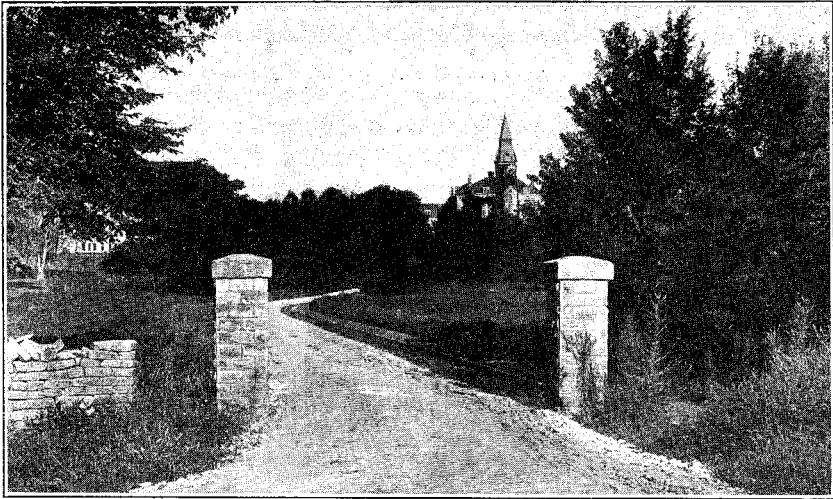
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Main Entrance to Campus.

THE ALUMNUS

VOL. VI.

MANHATTAN, KAN., DEC., 1907.

NO. 4

The Olympic Mountains.

By A. N. Godfrey, '78.

A camping trip into the Olympics, especially to a resident of the far east (which includes Kansas), is well worth the time, trouble and expense involved.

I am not a physician, but I can recommend such a trip as a sovereign remedy that will cure nervous debility, consumption, gout, glanders, or any other ill that flesh may inherit or modern civilization may induce. I have often wished that some of my old associates who had become worn out and world-weary might allow me to make out in their favor, and file for record, a new lease of life, to be signed, sealed and delivered among the highest peaks of the Olympic mountains.

The greater part of the peninsula, forming the northwestern corner of the United States, stands on end, rests on edge, or is tipped clear over and lies on its back with feet in the clouds. This corner of our national edifice was evidently made on Saturday evening just before quitting time. So much effort had been spent on the interior decorations, leveling the floor of Kansas for its flower-decked carpet and laying out reverse curves for its river beds, that five o'clock sounded and the piled-up material was left in the rough.

There is no regular range or system of ranges. The entire region is filled with a heterogenous, conglomeration* of irregular masses, from foot-hills a thousand feet high to peaks and pinnacles towering upward a mile and three quarters above the sea.

*Note: These are K. S. A. C. words, vintage of '78.

From the central region streams flow north, south, east, and west, carrying a volume of water with such a fall that dynamos might be turned to supply the entire northwest with electric "juice." The flow in these mountain streams is constant, as the storms bring rain in the lower levels while the snow is being stored to keep the head waters flowing during the rainless summer.

A trip into this region requires considerable effort and some hardships. The trails become choked up by slides and fallen trees during the storms of winter and must be re-opened each summer. The progress is slow, and the amount of supplies that can be carried is small, cutting out many of the comforts of travel. Some of the trails permit of riding on horseback, but this is frowned upon by most campers as an exaggeration of luxury.

Barring accidents, the element of danger is practically absent. There are absolutely no poisonous reptiles or insects, and the wild beasts rapidly retreat from the presence of man. The bears and congars are as difficult to get acquainted with as a titled Englishman. One may drop to sleep anywhere, beneath the open sky or under the branches of a monster tree, without fear of being disturbed by snake or centiped, bug or bear.

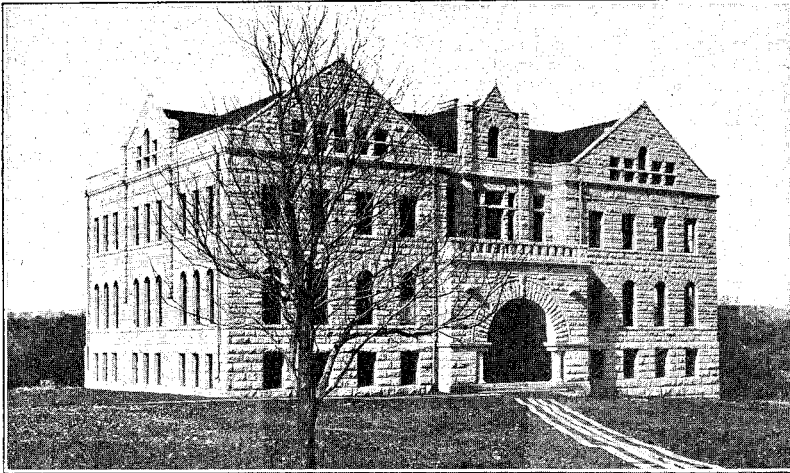
The benefits to be derived from a mountain trip are many, depending upon the individual and his previous condition of servitude. The shelf-worn merchant, the effete office drudge, the busy business man and the lyric* legal light are all renewed and strengthened by the exercise, pure

*Note: To make this adjective applicable, give long sound of y.

air, and stimulus of the scenery. Those who have succeeded in the strenuous struggle to secure worldly wealth and nervous prostration may well dispense a little of the one to get rid of the other. A mountain trip impresses one with the true insignificance of man and is a wonderful cure for self conceit. Kansas people are,

Take a short trip with me "on paper." We start with an assistant acting as guide and packer, with the blankets and grub packed on the back of one or two sturdy ponies with such cooking utensils as are absolutely necessary.

We trudge along on foot, winding around hills, fording streams, walking



Horticultural Hall.

as a rule, inclined to be egotistical. The hills are low, the trees small and spreading, the view flat. These standards of comparison make man appear to be of great importance in the universe. But put one upon a towering peak and look at him from the depths below and even a Kansas man seems like a mere speck of dust on the face of nature.

Other inducements might be named. The free and jolly life of the camp gives many bright gems to hoard away in memory's casket. The new forms of animal and plant life provide abundant interest to the naturalist, and there is trout fishing and some game for the sportsman.

A camera gives lasting souvenirs that recall pleasant scenes and add very much to the pleasure of camp life.

logs, and clambering over fallen trees. Our first day is monotonous and tiresome, the trail leading through the dense, silent forest, where the eye sees nothing but trees. We camp on the soft moss beneath some giant fir and are lulled to sleep by the roar of the mountain stream, the camp-fire throwing flashes of light into the tangled mass of trunks and limbs above our heads.

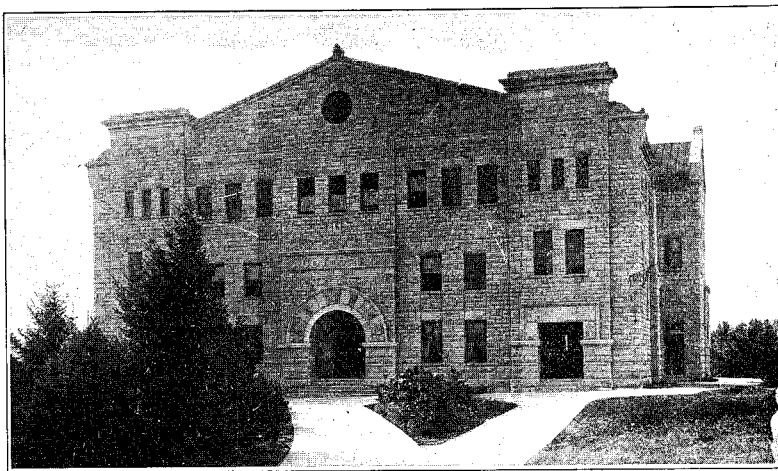
During the second day the country becomes more broken, the timber less dense, giving occasional glimpses of the foot-hills rising above us, and we wonder if we shall get as high as they. The second camp is among smaller scattering trees, the stream has dwindled to a brook, the air is cool and the warm blankets are most inviting. We are tired and lame from the unus-

ual exertion, and we sleep like babes. The next morning gives the first instalment of the coveted benefits in the springy step, the desire to absorb all the cool pure air in the vicinity, and a longing to get at the grub boxes

The third day takes us over steeper and more difficult trails to the open glades and rocky ridges, where we can

in our boyhood days taste half so good.

The stars shine bright and clear, and the moon lights up the surrounding scenery with a silvery radiance that adds an impressive charm. Sleep comes unsought as we touch the blankets, and we wake with a start to find the next day well advanced. We



The Auditorium.

look back over the lower foot-hills that seemed so high as we passed them, though now far below us.

Lofty masses of rock crown the ridges, while deep, dark valleys lie below. Our camp may be near a mountain lake, with water as cold as ice and clear as crystal, or in the shelter of a group of shrubby trees.

The air is chilly and we keep warm by the fire with difficulty, though it be sultry midsummer in the other world below. We are above the smoke and grime, the air is pure and exhilarating and we breathe it in by the bucketful. Through the hard travel and camp food we have acquired a thirst that would make Milwaukee still more famous, and we drink again and again from the unpolluted stream that trickles by. Never did circus lemonade

establish a home camp and make excursions, climb the higher peaks, roll boulders down the steep slopes, or just stand and look. If we are from the East we will visit the snow fields, where the flowers are too impatient to wait for the slowly receding edge of the melting snow blanket, but force their buds up through the white fringe and blossom in snow. Your stay in the summits should continue as long as your time will allow, unless cut short by the rapid disappearance of the flour, bacon, and beans. If your surroundings get monotonous, another attractive spot can be found just over the ridge.

The return trip is comparatively easy, because we have gained in strength and because of the down grade; *facilis descensus*——. When

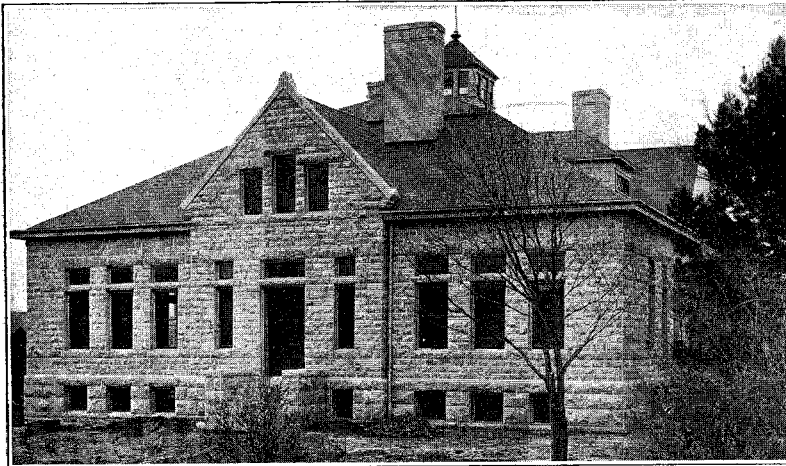
we reach civilization again we wonder why we never knew before the delicious flavors of a home-cooked meal.

An open road makes us want to run and jump, a sidewalk gives unalloyed bliss, while travel by rail seems flying with the speed of a comet.

One never looks back at the glisten-

I remember" that first sight of College Hill.

Manhattan was then the end of the U. P. railway, so far as completed. One passenger train daily ran in each direction. It consisted of the engine, a small baggage car, and one short passenger coach. The occupants of that coach were "rough riders." As



Dairy Hall.

ing summits without wishing he had stayed a few days longer.

Come west and go up with me into the mountains.

~~~~~  
***Reminiscences of the Old College,***

By Rev. J. H. Lee.

I am asked for reminiscences of the early history of K. S. A. C. If in offering these I make frequent use of the pronoun first person singular, I beg indulgence. My personal experiences in Kansas are similar to those of other pioneers, but they were closely connected with the College. They illustrated the conditions attending its early history.

When I first came to Manhattan but little was to be seen on College Hill save the place where the institution was in future to be. "Ah! distinctly

they bumped along over the newly laid ties they were like some patent medicines, "well shaken when taken." The train leaving Kansas City in the morning reached Manhattan about four in the afternoon.

Most of the territory now occupied by the city was then a grass-covered prairie, inhabited chiefly by ground squirrels and bull snakes. Near the river stood a few shanties, some of them supported with props. We had heavy winds in those days.

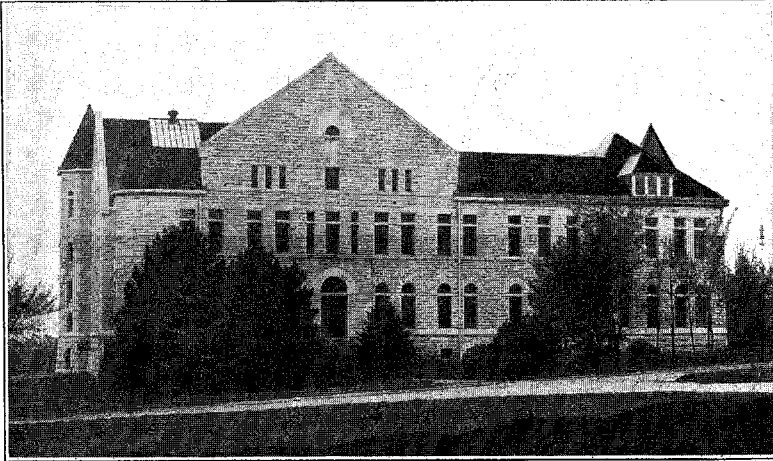
On a distant hill about two miles to the northwest stood a lonesome looking stone building known as Blue-mountain College. The root whence grew the Kansas State Agricultural College was a little Methodist institution. It was chartered by a colony of Methodists who came from the East. The



first building, the stone building on the hill, was erected with funds raised chiefly in New England. The first faculty of Bluemount College consisted of the Rev. Washington Marlatt and his assistant, Miss Julia A. Bailey, the worthy young lady who eventually became his good wife and his efficient helper during a long and useful life.

means to be so generous. The State was new. Neither its population nor its wealth was a tithe of what they now are. Add to this the prejudice in some peculiar minds against the College at Manhattan.

Many imagined it to be only a little Methodist concern trying to live at the expense of the State. Moreover,



Fairchild Hall.

When the Morrill act was passed by Congress, providing for agricultural colleges in the several states of the Union, the trustees of Bluemount College offered to the State of Kansas their plant at Manhattan for an agricultural college. The offer was accepted. The board of trustees of Bluemount College became the first Board of Regents of the Agricultural College, and continued to hold office till their terms legally expired.

The president of Bluemount College still was retained in his office. The stately, dignified and worthy Doctor Denison held the office several years after the institution had become the State Agricultural College.

In those days the State legislature was not as generous to the College as in more recent times. It had not the

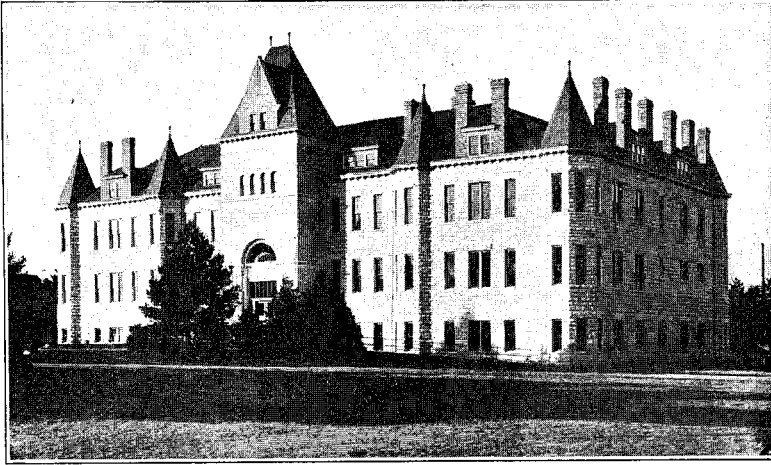
those were the days of hot winds, drought, and "grasshoppers." These were very destructive. The crops and the hopes of a settler might be ruined in a single day. A field of corn, green and flourishing in the morning, might be seen with its leaves all withered and dried up before sunset. I have seen apples partially roasted on one side while hanging on the tree, the bark of the young tree blistered on one side with wind and heat.

And then the "grasshoppers!" so called only because they looked like grasshoppers. In seasons when the crops escaped the hot winds and droughts the "grasshoppers" might come. Where they came from, people knew not. As they moved along in the air they appeared like a dense cloud. They sometimes obscured the

sun and darkened the air. When they came down to earth it was but a few hours before everything they could devour had disappeared. The landscape had become a dreary looking desert. They then arose under a common impulse and moved onward to fields still green and pastures new. Nothing escaped them which they

warrants which were cashed at a heavy discount by money sharks in Topeka.

When first I saw the K. S. A. C. it boasted of but one building, the little stone edifice already mentioned as standing on the hill. This had three stories. The first and second were fitted up for recitation rooms



Physical Science Hall.

could devour. I have seen young peach trees laden not with peaches but with bare peach pits. Even the small twigs of the trees were peeled and white.

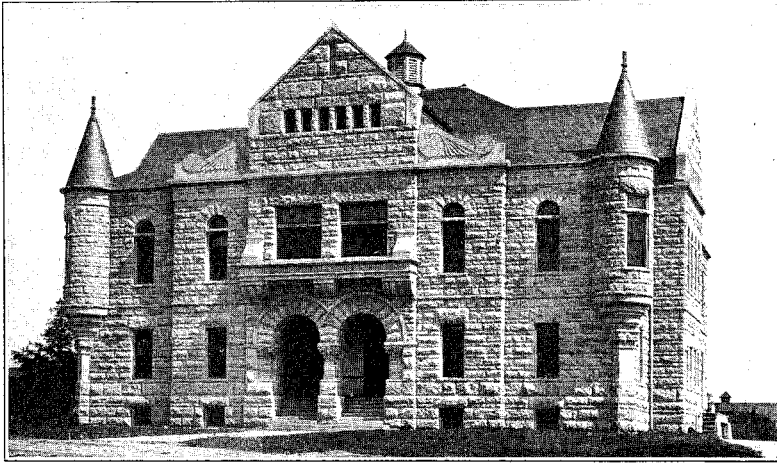
For several successive years the state was thus impoverished. Some of the settlers suffered for want of food and clothing. I remember hearing of families not far from the College living for weeks on pumpkins and bran. Pumpkins were things too big for the "grasshoppers." The bran was brought from the East.

The condition of things now described had great influence on legislators as well as other people. Appropriations to the Agricultural College were few and small. Even the meager salaries of the professors were paid in promises. They received

and a library—a room provided with shelves around the walls and a few books on them. The third story was the auditorium, used for weekly rhetorical exercises, daily morning prayers, and Sunday afternoon services. Some of those "rhetoricals" were startling, if not very edifying, performances. The daily morning prayers were led by members of the Faculty, each in his turn. In those times they were all praying men. The Sunday services were conducted by the clergy of Manhattan, each taking his turn praying and preaching at the College. The students of those times were required to attend both morning prayers and Sunday services. Now and then one might be excused for reasons satisfactory to the president.

One of the memorable incidents of the early College history was an earthquake. It was on a Saturday morning in June. Many of the students were gathered in the College building, attending "rehearsals" in preparation for rhetoricals of the following week. I had a lot of students in my room. Suddenly there was

not generally known before. Contrary to the opinion of many people, the College edifice was well built, strong, and safe. But it has long ago been torn down. The stone once built into it now forms the fine barn of Mr. Marlatt, who lives near by. The wooden parts are seen in the small barn belonging to Mrs. Howard in one



Agricultural Hall.

heard a mighty rattling noise apparently up-stairs. I thought the belfry was fallen on the roof. A moment later there came a more tremendous noise, and the whole building was shaken. Class hastily adjourned and "stopped not on the order of its going." Classes up-stairs came rushing down in equal haste and disorder. We were all out in the open air in a jiffy. We all looked pale, and some of the young ladies were in tears.

But presently it dawned upon us that this was an earthquake—a real earthquake. The whole country was shaken. The movement of the earth crust was like that of a wave passing from west to east. Some things occurred as it passed which, after all was over, seemed very funny.

The earthquake proved one thing

of the suburbs of Manhattan. Even the stone door-step with iron scraper may be seen in front of her yard.

These reminiscences of "auld lang syne" call to mind some contrasts between the condition of the College then and now. In those times the College owned but one hundred acres of land, the little bit of rocky upland already mentioned. The institution is now in possession of several hundred acres lying around the College buildings and several thousand near Hays city. Both these tracts are as good as any in the State.

In those times the old stone building already spoken of was the only building belonging to the College. On the present College farm are seen more than twenty edifices, great and small, some of them among the finest educa-

tional buildings in the State. Two or three more are now in process of erection. Ample accommodation is afforded for all the several departments of College work.

The first Board of Regents of the College have, I believe, all passed away from earth. They did the best they could for the institution under the existing circumstances. They were "making brick without straw." But, with all the disadvantages under which they served the State, they left to their successors a goodly heritage.

The first Faculty of the College, Denison, Mudge, Platt, and Lee—there were "only four and no more" of us—are all, save one, the last named, dead, years ago. These men honestly tried to do their duty, though acting under difficulties. Their work was well done, the education they imparted, thorough, and the classes graduated in those times compare fairly with any that have followed them.

The first graduating class, the class of '67, Henry Denison, John Points, Martha White, and the two sisters Belle and Emma Haines, are all, save one of the sisters, Belle Haines, still living; but their furrowed faces and frosty pates plainly betray the fact that forty years have slipped away since the day of their graduation.

How well I remember that day, and how pleased they looked when the honestly earned sheepskins were placed in their hands. On that occasion, the president, while presenting the diplomas, wore a big hat; precisely why this, we did not know. But we knew that under the hat was a good head and a kind heart.

The College now annually turns out a class of about a hundred graduates. In early days there was no little amount of growling over the alleged fact that the College at Manhattan was so little like an industrial college. The truth was, it was not provided

with any of the equipment necessary to an industrial college. The hundred acres of rocky upland and the old stone building on it was the only furnishing the institution had with which to work. It had no shops, no barns, stables, or storehouses of any kind. It had no apparatus for purpose of scientific research, experiment, or demonstration. It had no herds or flocks of any kind. The beginning of the College herd was one bull calf presented by the Honorable Mr. Glick, then a College regent, later a governor of the State.

The College is now provided with all the facilities necessary to a first-class industrial institution. If at any time it needs something more, it only has to ask for it and it gets it.

The old-time College curriculum, once so rigid and inflexible a thing, has developed into several courses of study. The institution includes several departments, presided over by experts, the most competent to be found in the country.

The only things now left marking this as the same College as that of forty years ago are the hundred acres of land, the old well at the corner thereof, and the College bell. The hundred acres are still in the same old place. In the early times it was a bare prairie. It now rejoices in a forest of shade trees. The well is also doing business at the old corner, and in dry seasons affords to the neighborhood a copious supply of water. The old bell now swings in a new tower, but as of yore its daily summons is heard calling teachers and pupils to duty.

From such a humble planting the K. S. A. C. has grown. Though not yet doing all that the organic act plainly contemplates, it is more closely in touch with the industrial interests of the State than ever before. With its strong teaching force, its ample equipment for experimental work, its frequent bulletins scattered

over the State like good seed over a grain field, and its hundred or more farmers' institutes annually held in the several counties, it is doing more to help on the industrial progress of the State than ever before.

The Agricultural College might well adopt as a motto the legend of the State seal, "*Ad astra per aspera*," "Through tribulation to the stars." The little one has become a thousand. The humble institution of forty years ago has become one of the leading agricultural colleges of the United States.

~~~~~

Preliminary Report on the Causes That Have Produced the Present Surface Conditions of the Moon.*

It may seem like very bold presumption for one who has never studied astronomy to attempt to instruct those who have made a life work of this very fascinating branch of science, but the writer has observed certain things for a number of years, and, while his deductions do not agree with those of others, he has not been able to get away from them, and so at last has consented to give them out that others may find the error if there be any.

While the Moon has been observed not only by the astronomers but by all for centuries, the history that is written all over her surface has been misinterpreted by all, if the writer's interpretation of the same be the correct one; and as to that, he will let the reader be the judge.

That we may the more clearly understand the difference which I wish to emphasize, it may be well to look for a moment at a brief outline of the present theory of the general formation of our system.

Without going into details, it is supposed that two immense dead suns wandering through space met in some such a way that either one or both

were reduced to fragments, and that these fragments filled the space now occupied by our solar system.

In time, by the law of attraction, the larger bodies attracted the smaller ones and the largest became our present sun, and the other larger fragments and groups of fragments developed according to the law of momentum and attraction into the planets as we now know them.

By this coming together, heat was produced, the larger masses becoming very much hotter than the smaller ones, by reason of the mass, and in time this heat was and is being radiated into space, till we have the system in its present condition.

That this chaotic condition did exist at the first, and that our system was made from these fragments of former suns, is clearly enough proven by the meteors that are seen to plunge into our atmosphere every night, many of them to be consumed before reaching the Earth, by frictional heat, and the few that do reach the Earth proving to be of the same elemental composition as that of our own planet, showing a common origin.

So far in the process the writer concurs.

According to the present theory, the landscape as we know it is the result of the cooling and shrinking, causing crumpling, and thus producing oceans, valleys, and mountains. Also, volcanoes are supposed by some to be vents from the molten interior.

According to this theory, the larger the mass the rougher will be the surface; and the converse, the smaller the mass the smoother the surface. Thus the Earth should be very rough, and the Moon should present a surface as smooth as a ball.

The facts, however, are almost the very reverse.

That I may make no mistake in presenting the present theory, I will quote Dr. Percival Lowell, of the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Ariz., from his article in the November *Century*:

*This article is rewritten from a paper given by F. A. Marlatt, '87, before the Kansas Academy of Science at its annual session at Emporia, Kan., November 29, 1907.

“Turning now to the Moon, the first thing that strikes us on observation is the glaring exception to this order of smoothness, Earth, Mars, Moon, seemingly made by the latter. The lunar surface is conspicuously rough, pitted with what are evidently volcanic cones of enormous girth and of great height, and seamed by ridges more than the equal of the Earth’s in elevation. Many lunar craters have ramparts 17,000 feet high, and some exceed in diameter 100 miles; while the Leibnitz range of mountains, seen in profile on the lunar limb, rise nearly 30,000 feet in the air.” (It rises into space, as the moon has no atmosphere.)

“On the principal that the internal heat to cause contraction was as the body’s mass—and no physical deduction is sounder—this state of things on the surface of our satellite is unaccountable. The Moon should have a surface like a frozen sea, and it shows one that surpasses the Earth’s in shagginess.”

The author quoted above then goes on to prove that the Moon, in order to have had sufficient internal heat to have produced the apparent volcanic eruptions, as shown on its surface, must have been thrown off from the Earth, and then goes on to say: “The erupted state of the Moon’s surface speaks of such a genesis. For in that event the internal heat which the Moon carried away with it must have been that of the parent body—the amount the Earth-Moon had been able to amass. Thus the Moon was endowed from the start of its separate existence with an amount of heat the falling together of its own mass could never have generated. Thus its great craters and huge volcanic cones stand explained. It did not originate as a separate body, but had its birth in a rib of the Earth.”

I claim that the Moon has no mountains or volcanoes such as we know here on the Earth, that are produced by internal forces, but that its present

roughened surface was produced by external forces.

The law of liquids obtains throughout the universe, and so what we may see and demonstrate in them here and now must have happened under like conditions when the Moon was formed.

Whatever the origin of the Moon may have been, it is evident that it was at one time a molten mass, else it could not have taken the globular form; and also it must have assumed this shape and started to cool before all of the fragments were finally attached to it, just as these fragments are still coming to us in meteors and meteorites.

Now, everyone has noticed that a pebble dropped into a pool of water will produce a series of concentric waves, and, as the displaced water returns over the pebble, a little cone is raised, which subsides again as well as the waves. Now, if this experiment be tried in a semiliquid, the first wave will go but a short distance and retain its wave shape, and the central cone will rise but not subside as in water, and the less fluid the substance, the more marked the result.

Now, I claim that this is just what happened on the Moon. As it began to cool, the belated fragments came plunging into it and produced the marking that we can see even with the unaided eye, as well as all the others that are revealed by the telescope.

The larger fragments, plunging in earlier in the stage of cooling, produced the large, uneven lower areas called sea bottoms, and later the smaller ones entering the less fluid and hardening mass produced the so-called craters which are seen to overlap each other just as they would do if produced as I suggest.

If any one wishes to do so, they can take plaster of paris and mix it so that it will not set too quickly, and then by throwing in various sized

shot or marbles just before and during the time of setting a very good map of any portion of the Moon can be produced, and when fully hardened can be preserved.

Some may wonder why the Earth does not present the same features as the Moon, for certainly it was subjected to a like bombardment of these fragments while it was cooling.

In answer to this question I will say that the Moon, having no air and being devoid of water, retains all its original features just as they were when finally cooled. The Earth, however, has been subjected to the action of water and climate, so that for thousands of feet below the present surface, all that we know of it, indeed, has been worked over and over again, and so leveled down and the original features obliterated.

A careful study and comparison of the Earth and the Moon, along this line, as I have presented it, would throw new light on much of the phenomena as we see them about us, but I will defer that to another study.

The reader can hardly help but note that the thought I have presented on the formation of the Moon conforms exactly to the present theory of world formation, and agrees with all laws pertaining to them, so far at least as we know them.

Alumni Meet in Seattle.

Mary (Waugh) Smith, '99.

Early in November the graduates and former students of the Kansas Agricultural College living in and about Seattle received an invitation to a six-o'clock dinner to be given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Foster, on Saturday evening, November 16, at which Mr. and Mrs. Foster and Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Dobbs were to entertain. All of the guests residing in Seattle made it a point to be there, and Mr. Heath and Mrs. Marie (Senn) Heath, '90, came down from Everett to be present. Prof. E. M.

Shelton was kept away by business and was missed by all, as he has always interested himself greatly in these meetings of our K. S. A. C. people. A letter from the professor, read by Mrs. Shelton, was appreciated by all, though it hardly took the place of his genial presence.

The evening of the sixteenth was clear and beautiful, and the ride around lake Union and along Green lake to the country home of the Fosters was a very delightful one, and a great appetizer. Mr. and Mrs. Dobbs and Mr. and Mrs. Foster received the guests at the door, the hostesses being dressed in cooking school girl costumes. The rooms were decorated in white and royal purple, with K. S. A. C. pennants hanging in the doorways.

The tables in the dining-room carried out the color scheme with white carnations and purple grapes in the center and with a K. S. A. C. flag of purple with white letters at each place. The napkins were tied with purple ribbon. About thirty guests were present, and, after matching conundrums for partners, marched to the dining-room to begin the evening in earnest. After being seated, all present sang "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow," and later on during the evening sang a number of College songs.

The following menu was served by the two D. S. girls (Mrs. Dobbs and Mrs. Foster), assisted by Miss Shelton and Gene and Charlotte Dobbs:

Cream of tomato soup.	Salted crackers.
Fried chicken.	Brown gravy.
Escalloped potatoes.	Boiled sweet potatoes.
	Turnips.
Creamed chicken patties.	Rolls. Butter.
	Cranberry sauce.
Pickles.	Picallili.
Jelly.	Preserves.
Celery and nut salad.	Cheese straws.
	Plum pudding.
	Coffee.
Cake.	Fruit.

The dinner was entirely prepared by the hostesses, and was made up almost altogether from material grown on the ranches belonging to Mr. Foster and Mr. Dobbs.

President Jeffery acting as toast-master throughout the evening, called upon a number for toasts, making short, fitting introductions to each speaker. The following program was carried out except for the absence of Professor Shelton, whose letter was read, and which letter appears below.

Our K. A. C. Girls.....Prof. E. M. Shelton
 Our K. A. C. Boys....Mary (Waugh) Smith, '99
 Our Boys as we know them.....Mrs. F. M. Jeffery
 Our Alma Mater.....Charles N. Dobbs, '90
 Influence of our Alma Mater.....John H. Roakes, '94
 Old K. A. C. Days.....Prof. E. O. Sisson, '88
 Mrs. Foster's Chickens.....Nellie (Little) Dobbs, '90

Mrs. Harry E. Moore sang a very beautiful selection and responded to a hearty encore.

A business meeting followed, in which Mr. Jeffery declined to act as president another year and Charles J. Dobbs was elected to take his place. Mary (Waugh) Smith was reelected secretary. It was decided that no constitution was required to add to the pleasure of these reunions, and the committee on constitution was discharged. It was moved to pay off the committee in silver certificates for what actual work it had done, which had been none at all. It was decided in a general way that we ought not to allow a year to elapse again between meetings, but that we would endeavor to be together more often and become better acquainted, as our new members, particularly, hardly had a chance to become acquainted when we met so seldom.

The following were present: Grant Arnold, '88, and wife, Harry E. Moore, '91, and wife, P. H. Ross, '02, and Esther (Hanson) Ross, '03, Elizabeth Burnham, Mr. McNair, Walter E. Mitchell and wife, Mrs. E. M. Shelton and Miss Shelton, Mr. Heath and Marie (Senn) Heath, '90, John Roakes, '93, and wife, Prof. E.

O. Sisson, '86, and wife, F. M. Jeffery, '81, and wife, Charles Dobbs, '90, and Nellie (Little) Dobbs, '90, Arthur G. Foster and Sadie (Moore) Foster, '93, Alfred C. Smith, '97, and Mary (Waugh) Smith, '99, Gene and Charlotte Dobbs, Harold and Irene Ross and Dorothy Smith.

Professor Shelton's letter follows:

"Hope Orchard,"
 Vale of Cashmere, Wash.,
 November 13, 1907.

To the Alumni and old-time College friends of the K. S. A. C.: By an unwritten but inexorable law of "business," I am held in this pretty valley, where, saddened in spirit, I must wait long past the time of your joyous reunion at the hospitable home of our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Foster. A comforting thought, however, comes to mind. You all remember how faithfully our good man, President Fairchild, urged upon us the Huxleyan doctrine that real education enabled the man (or woman) to "do what he didn't want to do at a time when he did not want to do it." In my way I am trying to live up to the Huxley standard, though I find the flesh willing enough (to stay) and the spirit "powerfully weak."

The festivities of this annual reunion will not, I am sure, put far from your minds thoughts of the good men, your teachers and my colleagues, who long since have gone beyond. In this connection, President Fairchild first comes to mind. As fellow teacher and pupil I knew Mr. Fairchild, I may say intimately, for twenty years; but in all this time I never knew him to perform an unreasonable, hasty, or unlovely act, often as he met provocation. No phrase in my mind fits his character and disposition so well as "sweet reasonableness." Was any student known to be treading the "slippery path of dalliance" or failing in his duties, the severest punishment meted out to him was an invitation to "come to the office and have a

talk." What those talks were, I have no means of knowing. Perhaps some of you can tell us what the punishment was like. I cannot tell you how many times the presidential "talk" was interposed in Faculty meeting as a freindly buffer between a more or less irate (Perhaps I had better say offended or indignant.) Faculty and erring student.

We have most of us reached the time in life when the lessons of experience, of ourselves or others, count; and what lessons of our lives in College will stand in better stead, even in the hard world of business, than this doctrine of loving reasonableness. There comes to mind, in this connection, a verse picked up somewhere by me forty years ago, which will bear quoting:

"You cannot tame the tiger,
You dare not harm the dove,
But every gate that's barred
to hate
Will open wide to love."

Your minds will turn again to the chapel exercises, attended by everybody who was not somewhere else. Do you see that slight, erect figure on the rostrum, hymn book in left hand, the right hand extended? This is my good friend Professor Platt—and the good friend of you all. A kindlier heart than Professor Platt's never beat under a vest. He had his limitations, as all have; his lines of doctrine might not accord with yours or mine; his work was confined to beginners and the younger students but, in that, he wrought well, and in the same spirit of loving interest which characterized the work by President Fairchild.

I once spoke to an Oxford graduate of the teaching of one of the historical dons of Oxford. "Teach!" said my friend, "Never taught! It was quite enough to have a man like that where he could be seen."

And so it was with Professors Fairchild and Platt. It was quite enough to have these men where they could be seen. Such is character.

It is often charged that the teaching

of thirty years ago related to books and not things. This may have been and probably was true of the so-called "higher institutions of learning." I can remember when botany and chemistry in one of the most famous western universities were taught in "six-week courses" of lectures. That charge certainly never held against the agricultural colleges and least of all could it be applied to your Alma Mater. Let the proof of this be seen in the increasing material and intellectual prosperity of our Mother State, Kansas, and in the character of the men and women fitted for duty at Manhattan. And, after all, what particular books and things we studied matters not so much as how we have learned to employ our natural endowments.

E. M. SHELDON.

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A "Short Grass" Episode.

A. R., '95.

"I know lots of folks who are real pious and who are honest enough to work up into United estate accessories and hav sum good-sized moral chunks left over, but when they cum to tork hoss they want az much lookin after az a case of dipthery."

"I am afraid Josh Billings is right about that matter," said Miss Adah. "He certainly has had experiences in horse buying." And she laughed heartily as she closed the volume of the "World's Wit and Humor" and watched her latest visitor, a man with a horse to sell, drive out of the yard.

"Miss Adee," as the neighbors called her, had returned only a few days before from a college where she had spent the year as instructor. Now she was to begin life in earnest as a "Westerner." Before her arrival it had been announced through her mother, the homesteader at "Meadowvale Farm," that when her daughter arrived she would purchase a horse. According, everyone who had a horse for sale kindly brought the desirable steed to Meadowvale for inspection.

Miss Royce had confided to the liveryman, who brought her out, that she was in need of a horse, and he, true to his instincts, promptly suggested that he "had just the horse for two women to drive—a twelve-year-old, which he would sell for forty dollars; just the thing for them, but a little too old for long, hard, livery drives. He could still use the horse, of course, but he had more than he needed anyway."

Miss Adah promised to consider his suggestion, and possibly send for the horse for trial. And as she gazed over the long stretches of short-grass prairie, she thought that driving any old horse would be better than walking.

The following day the ranchman drove into the yard and wanted to see "Miss Adee;" had "just the horse for her;" supposed she would want one that would go. This was a fine blooded mare, high lired and guaranteed to look stylish—all for the small sum of one hundred and twenty dollars.

But unfortunately Miss Adah was at "Idlewilde," her own homestead, enjoying the stillness after her strenuous dip into society during commencement, and so the ranchman drove away with the information from her mother that they did not want an "expensive high-lived horse."

Mr. Rolfe, their nearest neighbor, next appeared with his "Cricket." She was "just the horse" for "Adee" and her mother; would sell her to them for sixty dollars. "But no horse in this country will stand that breast harness that Adee brought out from M—. She'll have to get a collar for any of our horses," he declared.

A brief examination disclosed a bad sore on the right shoulder and he was sent on his way still with a horse for sale. And it was as he drove away that Miss Adah turned to the book and read the quotation with which we began this story. Accordingly, Adah

was still walking to her homestead and to the mail box, two and a half miles away. As she trudged along, snake stick in hand—a stick whose blood-bespattered point gruesomely suggested the fate of her victims—she wished for "just any horse at all."

The old mail carrier was the next to take pity on her. He said "he knowed he had just the horse for them wimmen," so Miss Adah gave him permission to bring the horse for trial. Imagine her consternation, when next she went for the mail, to find awaiting her a dapple gray bronco, with the slenderest legs, the thinnest tail, and a most nervous temperament.

"Now, Adee, Sadie may be a little afraid of you at first, for she aint used to wimmen, but you be kind to her and she'll do fine for you, I know. Git up, Dolly!" And he drove blissfully on his way, trying to make himself believe he had done "Adee" a good turn. Strange to say, "Sadie" allowed herself to be led home by Miss Adah, and with the help of two neighbor boys was put safely into the harness. She drove off at such a rapid rate that all pronounced her a good traveller indeed.

As Adah hung up her sunbonnet that night she exclaimed, "Well, I believe I have walked to the mail box for the last time."

But next morning when Adah rolled back the barn door the frightened bronco, with staring eyes, spreading legs, snorting, distended nostrils, finished its work of tearing up the manger, broke loose, and dashed away into the pasture.

For more than a week that pony ornamented the pasture at Meadowvale. All attempts to catch her, no matter how strategic, proved failures, and the helpless woman began to fear that "Sadie" was to be a permanent occupant of the pasture.

In the meantime numerous other horses had been heard from. The

honest old foreman who superintended the harvests for the lady at Meadowvale said that his son had a nice pony that he would part with for sixty dollars. The ladies, however, had been informed by the ranchman, and also by the owner of "Cricket" and other interested parties, that that particular horse had a split hoof, which would spoil her for traveling, so that offer was rejected as kindly as possible. It began to look desperate: no horse; in need of going to town; could not get to church; still walking to the mail box. At this juncture an honest, manly looking fellow drove into the yard. His first question was, "Do you folks want to buy a horse? Well, just come out, please, and examine this one. I think I have just the horse for you, if we can agree on the price."

"Weight, eleven hundred pounds; color, brown; strong as an ox; easily handled; catch her any time; good and kind; good traveler; name, Maud; age, eleven years; price, ninety dollars."

All right, apparently, except the price—a little high for an eleven-year-old; how much older than that, doubtful; but a handsome horse surely. Miss Royce was almost tempted to close the bargain at once; but she was cautious and said that as she had not yet seen the livery horse she would wait two days longer.

At the end of that time, however, "Adee" was ready to purchase a good, safe, horse at any price. So Mr. Culver returned with "Maud" and they drove to town to close the bargain, Miss Adah giving part cash and her note for the remainder. At last "just the horse" had been found, for she made the trip of nine miles in one hour and ten minutes, keeping up easily with Mr. Culver's fast driving team.

That afternoon the carrier came for his bronco, to Adah's surprise, in company with Mr. Culver, who had come

to assist in catching the horse. The old man ridiculed the idea of "Sadie's" being hard to catch and declared he could catch her in two minutes. It was only after many devices had been exhausted, however, that she was finally cornered and secured.

With what relief the ladies locked their door that night cannot be described. They were peacefully reading the news and congratulating themselves on the final satisfactory culmination of the horse episode, when there came a knock at the door. Imagine their surprise when they saw the old carrier and Mr. Rolfe.

"Say, Mrs. Royce, may I put my horse in your pasture? I am staying with your neighbor here to-night and he aint got no place for it."

"Put that bronco in my pasture again!" exclaimed Mrs. Royce, "Why, we were just congratulating ourselves that we were rid of it!"

"O naw! My riding pony. I sold that bronco to Mr. Culver, and I've got your note!" he exclaimed exultingly as "Adee" appeared in the doorway. "But I tell you that was a mean trick he played on you folks," continued the old man in a confidential tone. "That mare of yours aint worth mor'n half what you paid for her."

"Why," exclaimed the ladies in one breath, "What is the matter? Is she sick?"

"O, no! But she is so old; she is at least twenty years old; and you'll have to take offel good care of her if she keeps her good looks."

Well, they felt relieved if that was all; and as they again turned the night lock they looked at each other and laughed. The situation had got to be comic.

"I believe," said Adah, "that that old man was so pleased to think that he had finally disposed of his bronco and had got possession of my note that he just made excuse to come over here to tell me, and yet, he felt so

sore that he could not help saying something mean about my horse. I must quote again from Josh Billings, 'Men who have a great deal to do with hosses seem to demoralize faster than the hosses do.'"

#### *The '08 Class Stone.*

By permission of the President, the '08 class has placed a stone, bearing the inscription "Class of 1908," in the front of the second story of the new Domestic Science and Art Hall. That the ceremony was allowed to take place without interruption and that the stone remains unmolested will no doubt be of interest to many whose recollections of class-stone troubles are not so peaceful.

#### *A Week-end Thanksgiving House Party.*

Mrs. M. D. Hofer and daughter, Henrietta, '02, of Brielle, N. J., gave a house party, over Thanksgiving, to the following people: Christine (Hofer) Johnson, '02, and Mr. Johnson, George Wolf, '05, Miss Reba Wolf, Charles P. Blachly, '05, and Misses Marie and Bernice Branning, nieces of Mrs. Hofer, from Bronx, New York City.

The party spent Thanksgiving morning on the Manasquan river, paddling in a canoe and rowing a boat. They found about ninety oysters along the banks of the river and had them scalloped for supper. They picked up shells along the coast which had been washed ashore the Sunday previous during a storm at sea. Everyone had a fine appetite for Mrs. Hofer's delicious goose dinner.

Thursday evening a crowd of young people were invited to the house to meet the party, and the K. S. A. C. crowd entertained them by singing "Alma Mater" and giving the College yell.

The following schools and colleges were represented by the party: K. S. A. C., Philadelphia Normal, St.

Marys College and Morris High School, of New York City, Princeton College, Manasquan High School, and Chicago Conservatory.

#### *A Model School.*

The Nemaha County (Nebraska) *Teacher* copies from *Contemplations*, by *Elbert Hubbard*, some comments in praise of the Stout Training Schools of Menomonie, Wis., which will perhaps be of interest to the friends of K. S. A. C. people who have been or are at present connected with that school. Laura G. Day, '93, is and has been for a number of years director of the department of domestic science and art in the school. Wilhelmina Spohr, '97, who is now teaching in the Manual Training School, of Calumet, Mich., took a course in domestic science at Menomonie last year, and Edith McDowell, '93, is taking the same course this year.

Mr. Hubbard says: "Very rarely can one find a high school where the building is not overcrowded, the teachers overworked and underpaid. I have a fair knowledge of the schools of America, and I believe the only high school in the United States that approaches completeness in plant, plan, curriculum and teaching force is the Stout School of Menomonie, Wis. The buildings, furniture and apparatus at this institution represent an outlay of a quarter of a million dollars, and this is in a village of four thousand people. And just bear in mind that twenty thousand dollars builds a pretty good schoolhouse, and even half this sum provides a very good brick pile.

"This school has the best that money can buy in the way of sanitary appliances; the building is heated with steam and lighted by electricity from a plant on the premises.

"Here is the kindergarten, sloyd, manual training in way of carpentry, blacksmithing, molding, lathe work and an electrical laboratory. In ad-

dition, for the girls, are sewing, garment cutting, and cooking. In the high-school department is the regular curriculum, such as is always found in any well-appointed high school, with the addition of a very excellent chemical and physical laboratory; and a department of drawing and clay modeling, quite as good in degree as are to be found, well, at the Chicago Art Institute.

"All this is free for these of pupils residing in the township. It represents a course of fifteen years' study. And the pupil, who, say, graduates at the Masten Park High School in Buffalo, goes for two years to Phillips' Exeter, and four years at Harvard, cannot get as much as the pupil can get right there in the village of Menomonie, leaving out, of course, the advantages of associations and traditions; but these, I believe, are offset by the art and manual training.

"The cleanliness, order, solidity, excellence and beauty of this school are unsurpassed. And when the new gymnasium—at a cost of fifty thousand dollars—is complete, with its swimming pools, and apparatus, all under the care of a competent physician and physical director, Menomonie can exhibit a bit of Athens in the time of Pericles.

"This beautiful dream is being realized through the munificence of one citizen—which, of course, is understood, for the taxpayers in no community would submit to such "extravagance." And yet in hundreds of our towns and cities there are men who could do for their places of residence what this wise and generous man has done for Menomonie.

"One more item concerning the Menomonie School may be of interest, and this is that it is the intention of the management to pay the men teachers and women teachers the same, and this amount means men's pay, not women's."

### *Our Boys as We Know Them.*

Extracts from toast given by Mrs. F. M. Jeffery at the Seattle alumni reunion:

Our dear old professor is not here to-night,  
But he's sent Mrs. Shelton to see we do right.  
Yet I think we don't fear him, as at K. A. C.,  
For a genial good fellow he's proven to be.

To our host Artie Foster and our host Charlie  
Dobbs,

Well, well, we all know they are pretty good  
bobs

Who let the dear ladies do just as they  
please—

The reason, I think, is they're fond of their  
ease.

Our toastmaster, Fletcher J., who advocates  
law

He likes to go round with a gun in his paw,  
And between me and you, I think he felt blue

(Though you understand this is nothing but  
talk)

When he failed in the mountains a big elk to  
stalk.

To Godfrey we look with a feeling of joy,

Although he is such a modest, shy boy,

He tries to go way back and sit down all  
alone,

As though he no brains or talents could own,  
But we think did he try, he could be diplomat—

Although he's not stout and wears no tall, silk  
hat.

And there's a nice youngster of excellent  
pith—

Fate tried to conceal him by naming him  
Smith,

But now that the Roosevelt ribbon he's after,  
We think he'll win fame as a *family wreather*.

Though on Ross he may possibly look with  
alarm,

Ross may wear the blue ribbon upon his right  
arm:

For they say that a farm is the very best place  
To ward off the suicide of our good race.

There's one of our boys with a three-decker  
brain;

Government engineer, Randall by name.

If you go to Jerome, you will find he is able

To wait on you nicely at a restaurant table.

Harry E. Moore, whose wife is a singer,

In irrigated lands is taking a flinger.

He'll show you in no time how you can get rich

If you'll put your money in his water ditch.

Grant Arnold can sell you a good granite plate.

Or any old hardware from a knife to a grate.

Though he only has come to our city of late,

Seattle spirit will soon make him great.

And there's our friend Sisson, who gathers his  
loot

By training the tender idea how to shoot.

Alas! common sense is such a rare habit—

Yet we hope the professor sometime may grab  
it.

And there's little Rokes,

Always full of his jokes,

Who was born a Kickapoo

And can still kick a few

Obstacles out of his way

To get the streak we call pay.

Now Johnny McNair, of the bonny red hair,

Once owned a gun and thought to have fun

In a way that was reckless and winning.

But the carpenter class say it went off one

day

In a way that was shocking and dining,

And Prex. and McNair had an inning.

# EDITORIAL

The ALUMNUS appreciates the generous praise and hearty good wishes of its readers. Your expressions of satisfaction in the work as it is being done, and encouragement for further undertakings, have done much to make the work a pleasure and to make it seem worth while. Of course we have shown you only the sunny side of the work. It is not without its drawbacks and disappointments, and the way is beset by difficulties that one not acquainted with the work would never think of. And yet there has been enough of success and encouragement to more than compensate. Much of the growth of the paper is due to your increasing interest in it, and the personal responsibility many of you are taking to help to make it a success.

In return for your good words we want to give you ours. And as you have encouraged us, so we would give to you a word of good cheer to help along in whatever you are doing.

Let us add our best wishes to the season's greetings, and bid the coming year to give you your full share of success and happiness.

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An attractive cover design would add much to the appearance of our magazine, and one drawn by an alumnus would be doubly appropriate. The idea has been suggested by a number, at different times, but none of our artists have offered any drawings for such a purpose. Here is an opportunity for some one to do a good work and get to himself a little honor thereby. It would be well to have a number of drawings, by as many different persons, from which to make selection. Perhaps some one who has not been able to do anything for the paper on the inside, may help to make

its outside more attractive. We are all tired of the same plain old cover—let's have a new one.

### *Native Christmas Decorations.*

As Christmas time draws near, many of us are thinking what to use in decorating our homes to give them a cheery holiday appearance. Of course we always think of the holly and mistletoe, and have come to believe that we cannot have Christmas without them. It is the purpose of this article to call attention briefly to native vegetation or transplanted trees and vines which are perfectly hardy in the state and which may be used with pleasing effect.

We all love the dull green of the cedar with its blue berries and fragrant odor. It is the only native conifer of Kansas, and we find it not only along the hills in the eastern part of the State, but in protected ravines or small canyons in the extreme west, hence it can be used by all ALUMNUS readers who make their home in the Sunflower State.

The bittersweet is especially desirable, for its yellow capsule opening back exposing the red berry within has a bright effect which surely adds to the Christmas cheer. We find this vine also along the streams and wooded places throughout the larger portion of the State.

The brier, the buckbush if used in masses, the acorns and their cups, grasses and pressed leaves are other attractive decorations.

Among the transplanted shrubs and trees are the pines, spruces, hawthorne, Japan or Hall's honeysuckle, and the barberries. The Japan honeysuckle is very effective, although it tends to wither soon after the branches

have been cut from the vines. This can in a measure be overcome by dipping the cut ends in paraffin.

Fortunate is the one who has had the foresight to plant on his home grounds such as these for their autumnal effect as well as their decorative value.

The secret of artistic decoration is to group similar plants rather than to use them all together in one room. For instance, one room may be given over to the use of vines and perhaps a few berries. Another to the more subdued colors of the grasses and the acorns. Still another could be brightened with the bittersweet, sprays of the hawthorne, and branches from the evergreens.

No doubt many or all of the suggestions made are familiar to each one, yet we feel that if a greater effort is made to use the native material it will result in a deeper love for the beautiful things in nature near at hand and a desire to plant trees and shrubs which will give pleasure throughout the greater part of the year.

AN ALUMNUS.

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#### *A Commendable Action.*

It is gratifying to note that at last the "jungle" commonly known as the Arboretum is being cleared up so that one can go through without providing himself with an ax to cut his way, or without getting down on hands and knees and crawling through.

When the peach and plum orchard on the west side of the Arboretum is removed and the ground resown to grass, when new shrubbery is planted and walks laid out, the spot which has been unsightly because of its denseness and confusion will gain both in appearance and accessibility.

The clearance may be a loss to the entomologist, who knows the place as a favorite retreat for insects during the winter months; to the person of botanical inclination, who is able to find there all sorts of unfamiliar

plants (unnamed, of course—that's the pleasure of finding them); and to the hunter in general, who has been wont to pursue therein the timorous cottontail. But the loss of the few will be a gain for the many.

The naming of the trees and shrubs will make it possible for all to become acquainted with the plants of the campus. While the number of kinds of trees and shrubs is large, many of them are inaccessible and being unnamed are of no special interest to the ordinary observer who does not care to go to the trouble of finding out the name of a plant in question. To know the *name* of a plant is a large part of the pleasure of seeing it.

The campus offers excellent opportunities for landscape gardening and could, by proper care and foresight, be made into such a place of beauty as once seen would never be forgotten.

The clearing up of the Arboretum is a thing that has long been necessary, and the Horticultural Department is to be commended in doing it. Let us hope that this is to be only a forerunner of other improvements.

H. F. B., '05.

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#### *K. S. A. C. at the International.*

The International Corn- and Stock-judging Contests, held at Chicago December 2 and 3, resulted in defeat for both our teams, although good showings were made for both teams. Iowa, the only other competitor in the corn-judging contest, won first place, thereby capturing the \$1500 trophy, offered three years ago to the team that would win the contest three times in succession, and also the two Armour scholarships. Our team had, as before, the disadvantage of having to judge eastern-grown corn. The stock-judging team was given fifth place in a contest of eight entries, Iowa winning first.

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The true university of these days is a collection of books.—*Carlyle.*



# PERSONAL



John Oesterhaus, '01, of Fort Riley, was a recent visitor in Manhattan.

J. L. Stanley, student in 1903-'04, is publishing the *Coldwater Talisman*, Coldwater, Kan.

F. A. Dawley, '95, held a sale of his Poland-China swine in the judging pavilion of the College, December 16.

L. A. Fitz, '02, requests that the ALUMNUS be sent to him at 14 Chamber of Commerce, Minneapolis, Minn.

R. A. Seaton, '04, of the Mechanical Engineering Department, spent the Thanksgiving holidays at his home in Jewell City.

Howard Butterfield and Florence (Vail) Butterfield, both members of the 1901 class, have come up from Pittsburg, Kan., to spend the holidays with relatives in Manhattan.

P. H. Jorgensen, dairy student 1905 and 1906, is now in business in Colby. He conducts a cream receiving station for the Continental Creamery Company, and handles poultry, butter, and eggs.

Frank Boyd, Mamie (Alexander) Boyd, '02, and small son, of Phillipsburg, spent Thanksgiving in Manhattan. They will return for the Christmas holidays, to attend a reunion of the tribe of Alexander.

Lieut. O. G. Palmer, '87, of Fort Riley, renewed acquaintance with his College mates, Henrietta (Willard) Calvin, '86, and J. T. Willard, '83, whom he met as they were going out on an institute trip. It will interest his old friends to know that he is in the army because of inability to resist martial instincts, and that with nearly white hair and a full gray beard he will puzzle any of them to recognize him. He is "every inch a soldier"

and is hoping for promotion to a captaincy in the not distant future.—*Industrialist*.

Florence Sweet, '07, tells, in a recent letter to her mother in Manhattan, of the great success of a dinner served to one hundred fifty guests by Jessie Sweet, '05, and the girls under her charge in the domestic science department of the Evanston High School.

Prof. V. M. Shoesmith has resigned as agronomist of the Maryland Experiment Station to accept a position in the Ohio State University at Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Shoesmith will have charge of the classes in crop production. He will leave College Park about the last of December.

W. L. Hall, '98, is the author of Circular 116 of the Forest Service. This is largely a statistical publication, though not to any great extent in the form of figures. It shows strongly the imminent great scarcity of hard wood for building railroad ties, furniture, vehicles, etc.—*Industrialist*.

Prof. V. M. Shoesmith, of the Maryland Agricultural College, acting with a committee of the Maryland Corn Breeders' Association, secured from the Chamber of Commerce in Baltimore the sum of three hundred dollars to be used as prizes for exhibits of corn and wheat, in connection with the State Horticultural Society's exhibit at the Fifth Regiment Armory, December 3-4. The project was started at rather a late date, yet the farmers responded enthusiastically and a splendid exhibit was forthcoming. H. C. Kyle, '03, of the Department of Agriculture, acted as one of the judges, and also addressed the meeting upon the subject, "The Ohio Method of Corn Breeding."



Fred R. Jolly, '95, is now located in Topeka, 317 Clay street.

Ethel Clemons, '05, spent the Thanksgiving holidays with Miss Dickie Davies, in Green, Kan.

Bryon Broom, '06, and Mrs. Broom, of E. 356 Carlton Court, Spokane, Wash., report the birth of a son, December 1.

Kate Robertson, '05, is teaching domestic science in a high school in Cincinnati, Ohio. Her address is 3611 Zumstein street.

L. E. Hazen, '06, is here, and will be employed in Professor Ten Eyck's office until Christmas, when he will go to Washington, D. C.

Bertha Cowles '05, is attending the Fisk Training School for Deaconesses, in Kansas City. Eva Rigg, '02, is a teacher in the same school.

W. T. Pope, '98, who is vice-principal of the Territorial Normal and Training School of Hawaii, has written to the College for a non-resident, graduate course.

L. V. White, '03, of Chillicothe, Ill., made a short visit to his parents in Manhattan, the first of the month. He came to attend the funeral of his cousin, Harry George, in Abilene.

J. C. Cunningham, '05, and Alice (Ross) Cunningham, '03, of Centralia, will spend Christmas with Doctor and Mrs. Ross in Manhattan. Mrs. Cunningham will remain for several weeks' visit.

Harry Hess, '05, and Kate (Pad-dock) Hess, '00, expect to move soon to Kansas City. Mr. Hess has been traveling for the Western Electric Company, but expects to go into the house again.

Mr. M. F. Ahearn, who has trained the football team for the last three years with such fine success, has asked to be relieved of that duty next year, much to the regret of everybody interested. Under Mr. Ahearn's training the team has developed wonder-

fully in comparatively short time, and at one time or another has beaten every other team in Kansas, with the exception of Washburn.

Sunday afternoon, December 8, Prof. E. H. Webster, '96, and Mrs. Webster, Prof. J. B. S. Norton, '96, and Mrs. Norton, A. E. Oman, '00, and A. B. Gahan, '03, visited with Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Kellogg in Riverdale, Md.

The Washington Alumni Association held its regular annual business meeting and election of officers Thursday evening, December 12, at the home of their president, D. G. Fairchild, '88. Particulars of the meeting will be published next month.

Friends of H. M. Thomas, '98, of Harrisburg, Pa., will sympathize with him in the death of his mother, which occurred December 3, in Olivette, Kan. Mr. Thomas arrived at his mother's home before her death, but Mrs. Thomas (Jeanette Perry, '98) was unable to come on account of the serious illness of their little son.

In a recent letter to the ALUMNUS Elizabeth J. Agnew, '00, says: "I am going to write a letter for the paper sometime just to let you know that, although there is "rape" attached to the members of the class of '00, they are no nearer dead than they were when they were on the scene of action about the dear old College in the days from '96, to '00.

Roland McKee, '00, visited in Manhattan from December 8 to 17, on his way from Chico, Cal., to Washington, D. C. As scientific assistant in horticulture, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Mr. McKee's headquarters are in Chico, but the work includes much traveling about through the State, with occasional trips outside of California. One of his trips in the southern section this fall took him across the line into Old Mexico. He will remain some weeks in Washington and will return to Chico through the southern states.

Dovie (Ulrich) Boys, '03, is visiting her mother in Manhattan.

J. W. Ijams, '90, has moved from Harlem, Mont., to Winnebago, Neb.

L. B. Streeter, '07, spent the Thanksgiving vacation visiting in Manhattan.

B. R. Thompson, '00, and Mrs. Thompson are the happy parents of a son.

Percy Potter, '07, renewed acquaintances in Manhattan the first of the month.

C. F. Johnson, '05, and wife, of Leonardville, were recent visitors at the College.

Doris Train, '06, and Gertrude Lill, '07, were Thanksgiving day guests of the Phi Kappi Phi girls.

Miner N. Justin, '07, has returned from New Mexico, where he has been in the government employ.

After an extended visit in the East, Edith Forsyth, '06, is spending the winter with relatives in Milan, Mich.

The Hort. Department was madeglad, few weeks ago, by the arrival of a box of apples, sent from Massachusetts by F. C. Sears, '92.

W. P. Schroeder, '06, has moved from Enid to Woodward, Okla., where he is manager of the Woodward Creamery Company.

C. W. Fryhofer, '05, writes that he and Mrs. Fryhofer are pleasantly located in Ely's Lane, Rutherford, New Jersey, just ten miles outside of New York City.

Wayne White, '05, visited College on his way to Chicago to attend the stock show. He and his brother, C. H., '05, are engaged in thoroughbred cattle raising in Burlington, Kan.

A. E. Oman, '00, forest assistant, U. S. Department of Agriculture, has returned to Washington for the winter, after a month's vacation with relatives and friends in this part of the country. Mr. Oman's work the past year has been in the western states.

Gertrude Lill, '07, who has been attending the State Normal, was appointed assistant principal of the city schools at Council Grove, and assumed her duties there the first of December.

V. L. Cory, '04, has finished his work at McPherson for the year and returned to Washington, D. C., for the winter. Mr. Cory visited College in October and joined the K. S. A. C. rooters who attended the K. U. game.

L. M. Peairs, '05, is getting some valuable experience inspecting orchards in Illinois. His headquarters are at Urbana, but the work keeps him on the road all the time. The work entails much travelling and a considerable amount of walking every day, but Mr. Peairs has become accustomed to it now and likes it very much. He says he misses the association with college people, however.

C. H. Withington, '06, graduate student in the Entomological Department, read a paper on "The Habits of the Parasite of the Corn Leaf Louse," at the meeting of the Kansas Academy of Science. The corn leaf louse is usually not very serious, and a parasite destroying it would not be of very general interest were it not for the fact that it also recognizes the green bug as a host. The paper was well received and called forth considerable discussion.

G. A. Dean, '95, assistant entomologist at K. S. A. C., made a trip recently to the southern counties of the Kansas wheat belt, to investigate the presence of the Hessian fly and to determine whether the green bug was present. After several days of investigation, he reported finding no green bugs, but he found many fields showing an infestation of Hessian fly; this was especially true with the early sown wheat. The chinch-bug was also found in large numbers wintering over in the weeds, grass and rubbish in and around corn fields.

Mrs. Thompson, wife of the late Geo. F. Thompson, of Washington, D. C., has come to Manhattan and will make this her home. Her daughter, Miss Nellie Thompson, has been here for some time, and is taking special work and teaching at the College.

C. C. Smith, '94, of Pomona, Cal., writes, "L. S. Strickler, second year student in 1889-'90, has been sighted, the second time since he left College seventeen years ago, May Secrest being the only K. S. A. C. student he had seen since that time until he came out and took dinner with us a few weeks ago. Most of the time he has been superintendent of a mine in Nevada county, California. We 'phoned Professor White, over at Claremont, to hide his bicycle and we would bring Strickler over. The professor and his estimable family are pleasantly located in a historic orange grove in the college town of Claremont, four miles northeast of Pomona.

We are in receipt of Circular No. 129, of the Forest Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture, entitled "The Drain Upon the Forests," by R. S. Kellogg, '96, chief of the office of wood utilization. The circular contains a discussion of the various drains upon the forests, estimations of the timber supply and the time it will last at the present rate of cutting, and emphasizes strongly the importance of ascertaining accurately and with the least possible delay the quantity of wood annually consumed for every purpose, how much standing timber we have and where it is, and the rate of growth of all important species, for without this fundamental knowledge it is clearly impossible to make right and permanent plans for the perpetuation and utilization of our forest resources.

#### COLLIER-NICHOLS.

On Thanksgiving evening occurred the marriage of Dr. Shuyler E. Nichols, '98, of Herrington, Kan., and Miss Capitola Collier, of Wichita. The

bride is a graduate of K. U., class of '05.

#### FISH-BROWN.

Frances Fish, '05, of Carpenteria, Cal., and W. J. Brown, of Fall River, Kan., were married December 12 at the home of Miss Fish's parents. "Big Brown," as he was called, will be remembered as a former student and football player. Miss Fish, who was a member of the Phi Kappa Phi sorority, has many friends here and was well known in College circles.

#### HOPPER-DAVIS.

Wm. D. Davis, '04, and Agnes Hopper, a former student of K. S. A. C., were married Wednesday morning, December 4, at the Episcopal church in Manhattan. The bride's mother, and G. W. Skow, of Topeka, a particular friend of the groom, were the only persons in attendance. "Skelly," as Mr. Davis is known by all his best friends, is employed in electrical work for the Santa Fé, in Topeka, where he and Mrs. Davis will make their home.

Although I have been more or less in close touch with K. S. A. C. since 1887, I am continually astonished at the tremendous revolutionary changes that have taken place in the personnel of the students and teachers since my College days. More than any one thing observed from the outside is the spending ability of the students, and the general interest taken in society events and athletics.

To many of my classmates, mush and milk, with three in an attic room, batching, was the rule, and actual necessities of life were among the problems solved week after week.

During all the College games of my four years at school I do not recall a solitary pennant, banner, color, or college yell—except once, and that was the old "Rock Chalk, Jay Hawk, K. U.!" booming across the park among we "farmers" who didn't know what to make of it all.

The late unpleasantness relating to the circulating medium—coin of our realm—brings back vividly to my mind the Panic of 1893, when those bobtailed fifty-cent dollars did such heroic duty out here in the West, taking the place of checks, duebills, and bread tickets which we are lately so delighted to accept as full and sufficient payment of all debts, lodge dues, and even taxes.

Really, isn't it amusing to know that all we need is "confidence"—when our confidence in our State is all that prevents a repetition of those days when a white man worked for fifty cents a day, a Chinaman for anything and board himself; when Coxey's army and the 7th U. S. Cavalry divided honors and the curiosity of us Prophets out in Kansas.

In those days we common people longed for that envied goal—a currency elastic enough to go half way round. Now the other fellow wants it elastic enough to go twice around and

cover margins on the long and short side of the market at the same time.

How times have changed! Then, 480 students represented us all; now the 1500 mark is passed before fall term is over.

But seriously, brother members of the Rooters' Club, the greatest change to me is to see the K. S. A. C. team successively and cleanly defeat K. U. at basket-ball, baseball, and football. Oh Balm of Gilead! What joy and bliss! Home sweet home is nothing like this! My real work, however, for Alma Mater is just begun, and I am training a couple of Irish German Americans to take the place of Scholz and Mallon in the near future, and hope to see the day when classic Washburn will be scared speechless at hearing the one hundred and thirty-seven different sounds issuing from the K. S. A. C. grand stand and they try to pronounce the name of the latest winning back field. E. C. PFUETZE, '90.

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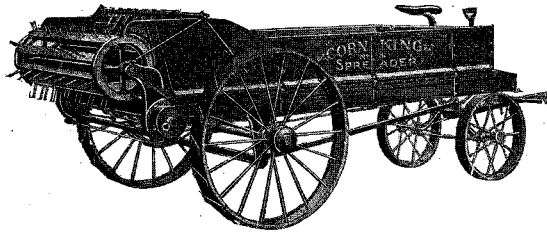
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