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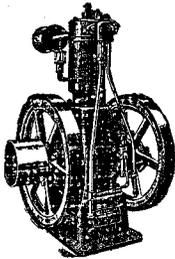
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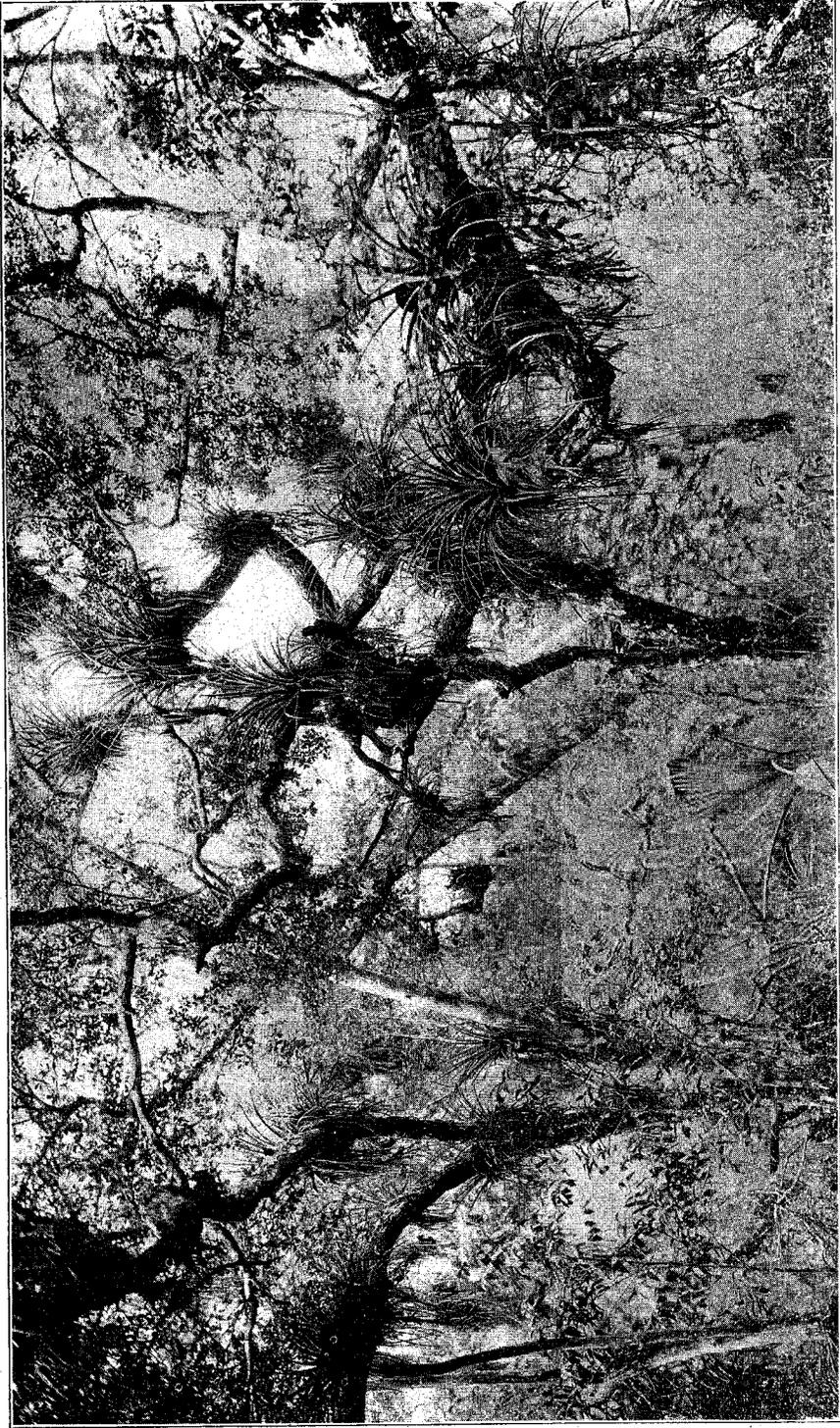
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Orchids, in a South American Forest.

THE ALUMNUS

VOL. VI.

MANHATTAN, KAN., FEB.-MAR., 1908.

NOS. 6-7

Central American Experiences.

By Darwin S. Leach, '81.

I have thought that an item or two from my note-book of Central American experiences might be of interest to the readers of the ALUMNUS. I spent about eight years in Central America and can therefore write from an intimate acquaintance with the country and people.

All Central American political and social organizations are alike. When there is a difference it is one of degree and not of kind. Those so-called republics are not democracies, for the people never choose their rulers nor control in any manner the destinies of the State. To define them in terms of political science, to classify them in short, is impossible. They can be defined only as Tammanyism, or the boss system, carried to its legitimate conclusion. "The boss makes the law," is a remark one hears hourly in Central America.

Their incessant revolutions are the outward or visible effect of three underlying and irremovable causes, viz., race, religion, and climate. The original race, naturally of a low order of intellect, has been still further weakened by a touch of the "tar brush," and the combination has resulted in intensifying the worst qualities of both.

To make a bad matter worse, they have suffered from the blighting effects of the Catholic religion, the most soul-destroying creed that has ever been invented since the day when Adam shied rocks at the fruit on the tree of knowledge. The doctrine that faith is everything and knowledge nothing, that truth is found in revelation and

not in reason, that ignorance is a virtue and public education a vice, has borne its legitimate fruit. The people are suffering from intellectual poverty, and *a priori* moral depravity.

I spoke of religion as one of the irremovable causes. I had better say that the evil effect of the church's influence has no remedy. The people, excepting only the ignorant peon, have become infidels. From the belief that man has fulfilled every moral obligation when he obeys the decrees of the church, they have jumped to the opposite extreme, that of a denial of all moral responsibility to God, man, or the devil. I have found this to be true in all Catholic countries.

To these two causes must be added the enervating climate. The exercise of energy, either mental or physical, is a practical impossibility. As it is much easier to do wrong than right, to be vicious than virtuous, they have chosen the line of least resistance, of least effort, and have reached the limit of total depravity.

Existence with a minimum of effort becomes for the man born tired an ever-recurring problem, and its solution is found, as he sees it, only in some kind of a public job. To get a chance to feed at the public crib is the goal of every Central American's ambition. Where the people are suffering from intellectual anaemia and moral malaria, political parties can never have a basis in principle; they are always personal, and public office becomes a private snap.

The successful leader of any party or faction is he who can command the greatest amount of physical force. The longest pole knocks the persim-

mon. There was a time when they tried to settle their squabbles by means of the ballot box, for they had what might be called, by a stretch of the imagination, elections, with rival candidates for the presidency. But your lazy man is never a good loser, and he invariably resorted to war for "reform," accusing the boss of using his official power to further the interests of some favorite, and the accusation was always well founded.

Strange to say, the revolutionists seldom or never accuse the party in power of graft. As the outs intend to occupy the same glass house, they are never so foolish as to begin the game of throwing stones. They bring accusations against the ins of shooting, false imprisonment, expulsion, and other charges of physical violence, but never accuse them of ruining the credit of the country, of stifling education, nor of any other crime which they themselves intend to commit if they once get in.

The readers of the ALUMNUS will now understand that a revolution in Central America is only another name for a change in office holders. Guatemala and Nicaragua have lately "reformed" their system of government by adopting the plan invented about thirty years ago by Diaz, of Mexico. It is that of only one candidate. The plan is simple and the candidate is always elected by a unanimous vote. This is a distinct advantage, as there can be no dispute as to the result. I would recommend it to Billy Bryan's consideration. It's his only show.

One cannot understand their government without a description of the functions of a public official called the "Jefe Politico." This man is an institution. Through him the boss runs the machine. Each one of those so-called republics is divided into a number of districts, with a Jefe Politico or petty despot presiding over its destinies. He is appointed by the

boss and is responsible to no one but the boss himself.

The word "Jefe" means chief, and chief he is amongst ten thousand, and the one altogether sweet scented. He is not, as a rule, a resident of the district and has no interest in its welfare. Like his master, he is looking out for number one and takes everything that isn't nailed down. He is, as they express it in Spanish, "a thief by birth, by education, *ex officio* and *par excellence*." As the tool of the boss he executes his will regardless of the rights of the locality. Courts of justice as we understand them do not exist. There is no law, only a will, and all are subjected to the caprices and vagaries of that will. If some troublesome citizen is to be chucked into jail, flogged, shot, expelled from the country, made to do military service, or have his pockets picked of his spare cash, the Jefe is the one to do it. In short, he is the one who does all the dirty work of the boss.

Let me tell you of some things I have seen. I was once talking with a Jefe when a passerby expressed a rather unfavorable opinion of Jefes in general and of one in particular. "Give that man twenty-five lashes," said the Jefe to a sergeant. A few minutes later the non. com. returned and, with a movement of the hand, half salute, half gesture of disgust, said, "Order executed, sir." Not long after that the Jefe and I were discussing the matter when he remarked, "I had one or two drinks in me or I wouldn't have done it. Still he was d—d sassy, wasn't he?"

One day as I was having my dinner in Managua, my table companion was tapped on the shoulder by a policeman and informed that the Jefe wanted to see him. "That's the end of me," he said, as he walked away. He guessed it right first time. He was expelled from the country, and I have never seen him since. I am not mourning about it.

I stood by once in Managua while two men were shot and their bodies burned for a crime they had never committed. I ought to know something about it, for I was one of a committee of three appointed to ascertain the perpetrators of the crime, and can say that they were no more guilty than myself. One of the victims was a life-long enemy of Zelaya and a man whom he feared. The other was a poor devil from nowhere. The gang demanded victims and the boss supplied them.

If the boss needs money, as he usually does, the Jefe gets busy. I saw seventy of the principal men of Nicaragua locked up in one day and kept in jail until they put up the stuff. From some he demanded in addition to the money a signed statement that Zelaya was the nicest ever and that they intended to support him from that time forth and forever more.

Zelaya worked a scheme once that for originality was certainly entitled to the premium. He wanted some cash and got it through a military conscription law. Every man was to serve for a stated period in the militia or pay a thousand dollars. The president was allowed to exercise his discretion in certain cases. He exercised it in the following manner:

A friend of mine, a cripple with one leg shorter than its mate and ornamented with a club foot, was conscripted. As he was hobbling along one day with a gang of soldiers out for some duty, I suggested that he had better turn his rifle end for end and use it as a crutch, as he certainly needed it. This man's family were Zelaya's political enemies and were well to do. Now that is a conjunction that never escapes Zelaya's notice. My friend got out only by paying the one thousand. Zelaya continued to use this discretionary power until he had replenished his exchequer with the needful, and all of it from the pockets of his enemies.

The different uses to which public money is put I should like to describe, but cannot, as the ALUMNUS is not a suitable journal for such topics. The description would be simply putrid. I will relate one incident of money spending, as it will also serve to illustrate Central American character. In so doing I shall probably offend the alumni editor of the *Industrialist* with my "rambling."

Zelaya had invited the Central American presidents to an orgy in Corinto, called a "conference" to give it a polite name. Among the invited guests was General Regalado, president of Salvador. Regalado was a peculiar character. He was noted for the size of load he could carry without wobbling, and for his skill with a revolver. With the exception of Zelaya and Cabera, of Guatamala, he was about the biggest scoundral that ever went unhung. No sooner did he become president of Salvador than he took a cool million out of the treasury and bought himself a fine coffee plantation, regardless of the rights of foreign bondholders or other claims against the treasury of his country. But that is neither here nor there now. Let's get to Corinto.

Zelaya had made everything free to his guests and their retainers, and there was a big gang of them. Liquid refreshments could be had *ab libitum*, and his guests made good use of their opportunities. It was reported that that spree cost the boss more than one hundred thousand dollars. That didn't matter. Nicaraguan employees could go without their pay, which was just what they did do, and for more than six months.

Now this Regalado was what Artemus Ward would call an "amoosing cuss," and took great delight in showing his skill with the revolver. "Have some beer, boys," he would say to the crowd, and of course they all responded with alacrity. Who wouldn't respond to the call of ice-cold beer when

the thermometer is one hundred in the shade? Even a Kansas prohibitionist would back up his cart for a load under such circumstances. Regalado would have the bottles arranged against the wall of the hotel and, gun in hand, the boss from Salvador would shoot their necks off. "Don't need corkscrews where I am," he used to say.

One afternoon when he had reached that condition known as "comfy," he spied the head of the church, a certain Monsignor. "Here's my meat," said Regalado. Thought and action for that cutthroat were a continuous performance. He bundled the prince of the church into a hack and drove into the blue waters of the Pacific as far as the animals could be compelled to go. "I want to see what kind of stuff he is made of," he explained to the jeering crowd on the shore.

I mention this Corinto affair as I see in the papers that Zelaya has called another conference. They have no other object in view than to cover up some nefarious scheme for personal aggrandizement. The United States government can never learn how to deal with those moral degenerates. When we deal with a highway robber as such, and not as if he were a gentleman, Uncle Sam will have less trouble with those sink-holes of iniquity. I have always been a radical advocate of the annexation of Central America, Cuba, Hayti, Santo Domingo, and Panama, and using them for the colonization of our negroes.

I have digressed far enough, I think, from the main object of the letter, so let us return to the Jefe Politico.

Again and again have I been compelled to get a passport from the Jefe before I could even go to the nearest town, and no one can leave the country, except in Costa Rico, without permit from the president.

I made a trip once from Honduras to Nicaragua. At the seat of govern-

of the district bordering on Nicaragua I was told by the mahogany-tinted despot that a permit from the president would be necessary before I could continue my journey. I thought no. He thought yes. Moreover, he said that the climate—that is for me—would be materially improved if I thought as he did. Not being in a humor to waste my time, I decided to take my chances. I got away all right, but that is a story that wont spoil with keeping.

The Jefe is especially useful and particularly active in coffee-picking time. The coffee harvest requires a great deal of labor. Every dirty scheme that was ever invented is resorted to for securing labor. The peonage system in its worst form there finds an expression. At that time even that system fails, and force is resorted to. I have seen men, women and children driven like cattle and forced to pick coffee *volens volens*. I have known women to die from exposure and fatigue while on the road. In Nicaragua it happens every year that the Indians of the coast, where coffee does not grow, are compelled at the point of the bayonet to take up their march for the coffee region.

The moral conditions of a large coffee plantation under such circumstances can be imagined but not described.

When I started this letter I did so with the intention of sketching briefly one of my trips in Guatamala, and not to discuss questions of politics or government.

It was in the 90's. I found it necessary to go from San Marcos to Huehuetenango. As Guatamala is a country without roads, my trip had to be made on horseback for myself and on the backs of carriers for my goods.

Now these carriers are a peculiar institution. They are all Indians and are trained to it from childhood. They use a leather band, to each end of which is attached a piece of rope.

The rope ends are fastened to the load. The band is passed around the forehead and the load rests on the back. The body is inclined forward at an angle of about 30° to relieve the strain on the neck by throwing the weight as much as possible on the shoulders. In this fashion they will jog along all day, carrying loads so heavy that one is loath to believe the evidence of ones own senses.

I have seen a carrier walk off with a trunk that required two strong men to place on his back. His journey was one of thirty miles over a very mountainous country. He agreed to deliver in twenty-four hours.

At frequent intervals they will look out for a convenient rock or other object and, resting their load in such a position that it can be recovered without assistance, they bring up the arrears of respiration. Again, arranging their blanket in convenient folds and placing it in such a manner as to protect any obtruding angles of their anatomy, none too fat as a rule, they adjust themselves anew to their burden.

This process of adjustment is worth seeing. It strongly reminds one of a pig scratching itself against a fence. A movement first to this side and then to that, then up, then down; a tipping forward, then backward; testing here and adjusting there, till at last, the load arranged to his liking, he gives a grunt of satisfaction at the outcome, or of disgust at his hard lot, I have never been able to decide which, and, with both hands grasping the load to give it steadiness, legs far apart, he takes up his march, repeating the process at frequent intervals till he reaches his journey's end.

At the time of which I write carriers were scarce in San Marcos. They were busy with their crops. I tried in vain to secure the necessary transportation. At last, acting upon advice, I applied to the Jefe Politico. They all do. There was no other resource. I found the Jefe typical of his class.

He had just left the position of minister of war to become the petty despot of San Marcos. The transfer from the war portfolio, with all its possibilities of graft, to the position of Jefe was a drop that had hurt, and he was suspected of conspiring against the government. President Barrios probably had reasons for the transfer; they usually have. As a rule, the minister of war can be relied upon to win over the army, if possible, and make himself president. Regalado turned President Gutierrez out, and within six months shot his own minister for trying to play the same game. So, I repeat; Barrios had his reasons, no doubt, and that accounts for the presence of the ex-minister of war in the office of Jefe.

His name was Prospera Morales. In that only did he differ from the others. He had a wobbling character and a mildewed pedigree, as the reader can very well guess. He had a presidential bee of generous proportions in his bonnet. They all have, and keep them buzzing. Morales' bee kept humming so industriously he was finally compelled to leave the country and take up his residence on the other side of the Mexican border. I don't mean the bee. A few years later his bee buzzed so loudly as to annoy Cabrera, who had him promptly poisoned. I mean Morales.

I called at the Jefe's office and, being duly announced, was ushered into his majesty's presence, and was given as cordial a reception as could be expected. I found him as jovial as an Egyptian mummy, and of about the same color. That he had a soul hidden away in some nook or crannie of his anatomy I took for granted from the fact that he could swear. In answer to my request I was told to apply to the mayor of an Indian village on the opposite side of the river, using the Jefe's name, and I would be supplied with all needful transportation.

The result, however, was just the contrary. The mayor, who without doubt had no use for heretics, was something of an Indian himself and not at all disposed to comply. I reported to the Jefe. That mayor got an order to report instanter to his chief, where I found him an hour or so later, trembling with fear. The dressing down that that man got was simply glorious. He learned that the new Jefe was not to be trifled with. He had his choice, to supply me with the necessary carriers or take the consequences. Accordingly, the following morning a gang of carriers made their appearance. They accepted the situation just as the democratic party makes its frequent and compulsory trips up salt river—as a matter of course and without comment.

We had to pass over a very mountainous country. We were always going up or going down. I doubt if there was even so much as a half mile of level country. That region is fairly well watered and timbered. The high ranges of Guatemala are covered with the pine of commerce, while the lower levels furnish mahogany and cedar of the finest quality.

There is one sight that no one who has ever seen it will easily forget, and that is the abundance of orchids. They are found from the level of the sea to the top of the highest peaks where timber will grow. They will be seen on every kind of tree, and their variety is infinite. I saw, on one of my trips in Honduras, a pine-covered mountain on which I would guarantee to gather a million in a circle of a mile in diameter. The pines were literally covered with orchids.

The country through which we passed was very sparsely settled. An occasional Indian village or collection of thatched huts perched upon some elevation overlooking a mountain stream was encountered. A few

fruit trees were usually seen near the huts. Oranges, lemons, almonds, mangoes, with an occasional bread fruit in the lower levels, are the ones most commonly to be met with, and growing, of course, without the slightest care or attention.

In the neighborhood of these villages could be seen evidences of cultivation; nothing on a large scale, just a patch here and there, hand tilled, plows and other farm machinery being unknown. When plowing is done it is after the fashion set by Noah when he planted his vineyard preparatory to that famous post-deluvian "jag" so pregnant with fatal consequences for the tribe of Ham.

The question of food was never one of much difficulty. There was always something to eat. The better class would have a little patch of cane, a home-made wooden press driven by ox power, some earthen pots—and what more does one need for sugar making? There would be a little plot of beans and another of corn. A few vagrant pigs and chickens suggested meat and eggs. Cakes were to be had, made from home-ground meal. Home-ground coffee sweetened with home-made sugar, fried bananas or plantains on occasions, an appetite whetted to a sharp edge by the ride, and there you are! What more does mortal need?

A lodging for the night was a matter at times of some concern, particularly when it rained. When the weather permitted I usually slept in a hammock with which I had supplied myself. This was a great advantage, as any one of their huts would have kept Professor Popenoe busy for the rest of his days. This animated entomological collection I avoided by stretching my hammock between a couple of trees.

I reached my destination in due season and without incident worthy of special mention. The week following my arrival they held their election for

congressman. The voting began on Monday and ended on Saturday. That system had one advantage. As the votes were counted every evening, it was a perfectly simple matter to ascertain the trend of public feeling and take such action as would tend to promote peace and harmony in government circles. There were two tickets, the official one and the local, or people's ticket. Monday's count showed that the people had no objection to President Barrios taking a rest. As a matter of fact, that was the only thing left he could take. The result of the day's voting was wired to the Boss, who immediately gave orders and the Jefe got busy. Detachments of soldiers were sent into the country to rake and scrape the high-ways and byways and compel every breach-clouted citizen to comply with his moral obligations. Every Indian village for miles around was emptied of its male inhabitants, who were brought into town in batches of half a hundred or more.

The hotel where I lodged and the home of the Jefe faced each other, on opposite sides of a narrow street. We could converse easily from our respective windows.

One afternoon, I think it was Thursday, as an unusually large detachment of voters had received their strips of paper from the Jefe and had passed on to the polling booth, the Jefe remarked, "Don't see such things in your country, I presume." "On the contrary," I replied, "there was a time when we did." I then explained the election scandals in the south in the days of carpet-bag rule, and related the following incident:

During an election in a certain town in Georgia it became self-evident on election day that the carpet baggers would have to get busy or lose the election. As the negroes could not be increased in number there was only one alternative, and that was to increase the negroes'

efficiency. There was one colored gentleman, particularly, who was so very efficient as to attract the attention of the opposition, which might have fatal results for him. When the matter had gone about as far as human nature could stand it, one carpet bagger said to another, "I say, Smith, hadn't you better get another nigger?"

"Now, Don Tiburcio," I continued, "in this last roundup of original Americans that has just passed by I saw some faces that were strikingly familiar. Don't you think you had better get another bunch of niggers?" The Jefe made no answer but, judging by the way he batted his eye, I doubt if he relished my humor.

The government candidates won, of course, by a large majority. Amongst the elected deputies was an acquaintance of mine with whom I had done some business, and whom we will call Don Domingo just because that was his name. He was a merchant with a large family of grown-up children. He was so elated at the result of the election that he and his "wife" celebrated the momentous occasion by getting married. "Just to please the kids, you know, and then, you see, my official position——" said Don Domingo, as I extended my congratulations on the happy though somewhat delayed event.

My next move was to the capital. The same difficulty in the matter of transportation that had presented itself in San Marcos was encountered in Huehuetenango. There were no carriers. Again I had recourse to the Jefe, who gave the necessary orders for conscription. On the morning fixed for my departure the police delivered the requisite number of carriers at my quarters in the hotel. But, presto! no sooner were the police out of sight than the carriers made tracks for parts, to me, unknown. Again the police threw out a drag net and made another haul of the requisite

number. The second lot, however, refused absolutely to budge. They preferred the alternative, sixty days, and got it. The third day the police corralled another lot and promptly locked them up in jail to prevent escape. Acting under orders from the Jefe, the police accompanied us for a short distance on the road. "They are like balky mules," said the chief. "If you once get them in motion they will probably stick it out;" and they did.

The evening of the third day brought us to the seat of government of the district, Alta Vera Paz, where the United States government later on found the remedy for the cotton-boll weevil. I wasn't looking for ants. My entomological studies were confined to as fine a collection of fleas as ever ate meat.

In that town I had no difficulty in getting volunteer carriers. I paid my men for the entire trip and sent them home with the feeling that heretics are not such a bad sort after all.

In the list of titles of distinction which I gave in my first letter I could have added that of "Your Reverence," as the following incident will show.

First, I will say, by way of explanation, that the Bishop of Guatamala was expected to pass over the road at about that time on one of his infrequent visits to the faithful. Now, I was clean shaven, had on a broadbrimmed felt hat, and, as the weather was threatening rain, I wore my macintosh, to which was attached a long cape. By those primitive people I could easily be taken for a priest. In the afternoon of the second day's journey, as I was approaching a cluster of huts, I was spied out by some children, who gave the alarm. Out of the huts, pell-mell, came the occupants, mostly women and children, who arranged themselves Indian file by the wayside, where, as I rode up, I found them crossing themselves furiously and muttering supplications

to the Blessed Virgin, yours truly, and the rest of the saints. The opportunity was too good to be lost. Accordingly, crossing thumb and forefinger, I tossed each and every one an apostolic benediction that made up in grace and ecclesiastical dignity for what it lacked in accuracy, and left them as smiling and happy as a K. S. A. C. girl with her first beau.

On my arrival at the capital, four days later, I found the hall of congress filled with deputies, and the air with revolution. My friend, Don Domingo, was resplendent in the first decent suit of clothes he had ever worn in his life, oozing official dignity from every pore, and as manifestly alive to all the possibilities of his job as a Kansas populist.

I was present in the chamber on the day when the bill looking to an indefinite extension of Barrio's job was up for final disposition. All deputies but two voted for it. The opposition meekly expressed their surprise at the "unconstitutional" way the country was being governed. Their surprise was very materially augmented, however, when a gang of police yanked them out of the chamber and sent them to jail to cool off.

During the period just described a well-known capitalist of the northern part of the country was accused of financing a revolution. As soon as Barrios heard of it he closed one eye to the Jefe Politico of that district, with the usual result. This murder added fuel to the flames, and a few days later the revolution broke out. Recruiting or conscription was ordered by Barrios. The Jefes of the districts not in revolt began a house-to-house search for food for cannon. The revolutionists on their part compelled every able-bodied man to bear arms for justice and reform. The peon class, from which the troops were obtained by both sides of the row, had no liking for their job.

Their condition would remain the same in any event. It would be a change of masters but not of methods. A change only in the name of the individual.

In this recruiting I noticed a strange psychological phenomenon. My landlady's cook had a son of about twenty years of age. He was bitterly opposed to compulsory service, especially for such a scoundrel as Barrios. His mother hid him away in the attic for safe keeping. One night, thinking it safe to venture out, he was nabbed and compelled to join the forces. Now, here is where the strange part comes in; no sooner was he dressed in the uniform of a soldier, with a rifle on his shoulder, than he underwent a complete transformation. He became the most active of all in rooting out his hidden companions and acquaintances and compelling them at the point of the bayonet to fall into line.

This, you will say, is an exception. On the contrary it is the rule in Central America. I have seen gangs of them brought into town with their hands tied behind their backs, for fear they might escape, and an hour later hurrabing for the government or their revolutionist leader, as the case might be, and ready to commit any barbarity that might be required of them. From an ignorant, inoffensive peon with no quarrel of his own and no desire to injure anyone, he is transformed in an hour into a beast capable of any crime. Illustrative of this fact, the following true tale is told: A recruiting officer of a revolutionary force sent his chief a number of recruits with the following note: "I send you, by bearer, ten volunteers for our glorious cause. Don't forget to return the handcuffs."

Well, Barrios crushed the revolution and was apparently a winner. I say apparently, for shortly after the events above narrated a young man, an employee of the murdered capitalist, came to the capital and paid Barrios a

visit. They were both buried the next day. Not in the same grave, for that would have been deemed a hardship by the young man's friends.

Before leaving Guatamala I paid a visit to the catacombs beneath the cathedral. I had heard stories of the tyranny and brutality of the first Barrios, called the "reformer." The story told by the church is to the effect that, like Nero of old, he had killed large numbers of the clergy just for the sake of killing. The enemies of the priesthood admit the killing, but defend it on the ground of necessity in order to bring the church under the control of the civil power. The priests relate that he nailed some alive to the walls of the catacombs; others he fried in their own fat, etc., etc.

That there is some truth in the tales told by both sides, there is no doubt. They are such unmitigated liars, however, that one never knows when to believe them. They will lie for credit when they could get cash for telling the truth.

We, a friend and myself, reached the underground regions through a trap-door located in front of and close to the altar, and hidden from sight by a large carpet. We found some mummified priests nailed to the walls; others piled in heaps into nooks and corners, and all dressed as in life. But, to me, everything had the appearance of being a fake. I should sooner think that their brother priests had made such disposition of the dead for the sake of effect. Still, it is hard to say, for Barrios was capable of it, and the church was and is depraved beyond belief, and needed to feel a heavy hand before they would loosen their grip on the civil affairs of the state. We went supplied with flashlight apparatus, and photographed the wall "decorations." As we scrambled out I remarked to my friend, "It's a pity there aren't more of those shaven-headed grafters there,

but we have the satisfaction of knowing that those that are dead will remain so for a 'right smart spell,' as they say down in Missouri.

From Guatamalo I went to Salvador only to learn that my taxes hadn't been paid, and went to jail for getting funny about it.

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***Some Random Recollections of One of the Ancients.***

Albert Todd, Class of 1872.

The other day I saw a notice in a newspaper that "Pinafore" was to be revived, and the query was propounded whether this pleasing light opera would have the same vogue now that it had in the last generation. Can it be that I now belong to a past generation? For I antedate "Pinafore" by a good many years. I saw it when it first came out, and I had then come to man's estate. If that was the "last generation," the backward sequence of events, to use a hibernicism, must take me into the silurian period.

As a matter of fact, my first recollection of what is now the State Agricultural College goes back to the year 1862, when the institution was still known as "Bluemont College." In the southwest room on the ground floor of that old stone building on the hill, a district school was conducted by Miss Bemis, a sister of the late Mrs. Thomas C. Wells. Miss Bemis was my teacher for but one term. I was then out of school for nearly a year, when I again attended a district school in the same room, the teacher now being Miss Belle Haines, afterwards the wife of Mr. C. E. Pond, of Topeka. She was the eldest of the five Haines girls, all of whom received their education at the College, and four of whom were graduated therefrom. The one who was my early teacher lived after her marriage for more than thirty, yes, nearly forty years, I think, and when, a few years since, she left this world with its joys and sorrows, she took away with her

a large share of its stock of kindness and goodness.

In 1863 the College passed from under the control of the Methodist church to that of the State, it becoming the Agricultural College under the Morrill Act of 1862, and soon after, if not that year, the district school was separated therefrom. But even after it was all "College" much of it was rather primitive, and the preparatory students, really nothing but district school children, were vastly in the majority.

Now, after a lapse of more than forty years, I can recall but dimly the persons and events of those infant days of the College. The few-leaved catalogue has the names of the Faculty and students. Here and there is the name of one whom I have seen and known in later days, but many, ah! how many, have long since vanished from these earthly purlieus. As I read these names now and again one brings back, though as in a dream, some incident of those far-off years. There was one named Tarbell, a soldier stationed at Fort Riley during the War of the Rebellion, or perhaps just after the war. Somehow, I know not, he had permission to come down to Manhattan and attend the College. I remember he used to wear his uniform of blue with yellow trimmings, and very fine and gay we all thought him. He stayed but a short time, perhaps a term, and then vanished. I have never seen or heard of him since.

Another, whom I remember chiefly on account of her peculiar name, Temperance Barrack, was one of the "grown girls." She was in College but a short time when she left to become the wife of a nearby farmer (wives were scarce in Kansas in those days). She lived but a short time after her marriage, and one of the events which has always clung somehow in the chambers of my memory was her funeral procession as it wound slowly over hill and through

ravine to the bleak burying-ground overlooking Manhattan. There they laid her away to her lonely rest, with but here and there another grave to keep hers company. Eheu! the mounds are not lonesome there now, but jostle each other very familiarly!

And then there was Fred Baxter. He was older than most of us; indeed, quite a man grown, a dashing, rather handsome fellow, and the hero of all the young boys, not to mention the girls. I do not remember that he ever did anything notable, but we all looked up to Fred Baxter. Where is he now? I know not. I have not seen him or heard of him in all these intervening years. If he has not passed to the land of shades, I wonder if his eyes will ever light on this mention of him by one of the once small lads who used almost to worship him?

Of names that may be more familiar to some who may read these scattered memories, there were the Houstons, Luella and "Deck" and Charles Sumner, the other Houstons came later; the *Kimbles*, Joe and Francis Byron, familiarly known as "Barney," and little Sam, now the grave and reverend judge and grandfather; and the *Kimballs*, Ed. and Ella and Carrie and Charley, though Charley and Ed. were not students in those first early years, for they were fighting the battles of their country, and cramped themselves into scholars' desks only when the drums and trumpets were still and the battle flags were furled. Of all that list of *Kimbles* and *Kimballs*, Judge Sam of the former and Miss Carrie of the latter are still with us, if I have kept accurate record, in this year of our Lord, 1908.

The professors of those old days would be hopelessly out of date now, perhaps, but we thought them wise and great teachers, and they were. Education is after all only character building, and while possibly the professors of this latter day know things our dear old teachers of the "sixties"

did not know, they know no better than they how to rear strong characters. Their pupils went out after two or three years or even less (few of them stayed to graduate) to help build the great commonwealth of Kansas; and the stately structure of the State rests on many foundation stones which were carved and fashioned at the old Agricultural College. The only ones left of the Faculty of the dim years of the "beginnings" are Prof. James Hervey Lee and Mrs. J. Wells Champney (at the College she was Miss Lizzie J. Williams). Professor Lee has lately given in the pages of the ALUMNUS some very interesting reminiscences of those old days and of his associates in the Faculty, which relieve me, to a certain extent, of the pleasant duty of recalling recollections of them. But even the venerable, white-haired professor who still walks the paths he has trod for nearly forty-two years, does not go quite so far back in his memories of the College as his whilom pupil who is writing these notes, for the professor did not come until 1866. There were before his day some who should be mentioned. One was Professor Schnebly. I do not remember what he looked like nor what he taught, but I think he taught mathematics. I do recall, however, that he wrote an almost undecipherable hand and that, following a good old custom, he married one of his pupils. Another was Professor Lee's predecessor, Professor Preston. His name recalls his almost tragic death. He lived in the old stone house on the present College grounds (I assume it is still standing), at one time the President's residence and afterwards that of the professor of agriculture. One bitter, winter morning Professor Preston made his way on foot through the intense cold to the College, between one and two miles distant. When he reached the building he entered his class room thoroughly exhausted and suddenly fell back dead of heart disease. It was

the first death of a professor actually holding a chair at the College, and, so far as I know, the only one save that of Professor McFarland a year or two since.

Those who knew Professor Platt in his later years saw him as a mild, gentle man, but in his earlier years, while then possessing the same upright, sterling character, the "old Adam" had not been completely eradicated, and once in a while he blazed out in a tempest of temper. I remember there was a student named Young, Charley Young (I wonder whether Charley is still on his earthly pilgrimage); well, Young was a good deal of a thorn in the flesh to Professor Platt. One day the professor had, as we would say now-a-days, "read the riot act" to Charley, and the latter picked up his books and dinner pail—we all carried dinner pails in those days—and, muttering that he was going to leave school, got up from his desk to walk out. The professor gave one leap from his place on the platform, took Young by the nape of the neck, jerked him back over a desk, and brought him up standing in the middle of the floor, books and dinner pail flying in every direction. Just what the outcome was, I do not remember; I only recall Charley flying through the air at the end of the professor's long arm, with books and pail describing parabolas and the professor with scarlet face and fire-darting eyes.

In those early days baseball was just coming in. I do not recall just when we first played it at the College, but I remember very well that before baseball we used to play "one old cat," "two old cat," "ante-over," and the forerunner of baseball, town ball, or as we called it "Tom ball." This latter was somewhat like baseball, but, to put a man out running bases, you had to hit him with the ball between bases. Many a hard blow was given this way, but, as the ball ordinarily

was rubber, no great damage was ever done. Our bats were crude affairs, usually a square or flat stick with the handle roughly hewn. I remember once one of these bats being thrown by a lad who had just hit the ball, and it took Laramie Mayer squarely in the mouth, knocking out two front teeth. "Ante-over" was another favorite game for the smaller boys; we called it "Andy-over." I have long forgotten the rules, only I know we would throw the ball over the building and if it was caught I think we could run around and "paste" a man on the other side with it.

During the days of the Civil War we used to play soldier a good deal. There was a cellar of a house near the College which had been stoned up and then the building stopped. This we used for a fort, one party defending and the other assaulting. Nearby, too, there was a rocky ravine, and two opposing "armies" would take position on its sides and bombard each other with stones. Our marksmanship must have been very poor, I don't remember that any one was ever hit.

But I fear my readers are wondering, "When will this prosy old fellow stop telling his stories of far-away days," so I will bring these scattered reminiscences to a close. But if any eyes light on these pages who saw those days with me these memories may awaken a responsive chord, and their minds may go back to those happy, irresponsible days when we old people with whitened or fast-whitening hair were young. They will traverse the procession of years, forty or more, to the time when we, too, used to "sky lark," the world all before us. And to all these I send my greeting, not "Hail and farewell," for I hope some day to grasp the hands of some, at any rate, of my old school fellows of the dim "sixties."

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 "Luck" is a very good word if you put a P before it."

Washington Alumni Reunion and Banquet.

The seventh annual reunion and banquet of the Washington Branch of the Alumni Association was held at the Riggs hotel in Washington on January 31, and, if the testimony of those present can be relied upon, it was a big success. The hotel was universally declared to be the best place wherein we have yet met, and the banquet was well spoken of, as well as enthusiastically devoured by those present. Dainty menu cards, the front design of which was prepared by Prof. J. B. S. Norton of the Maryland Agricultural College, and which was very appropriate, consisting of a large K. S. A. C. pennant and the words "Reunion, Washington, January 31, 1908," printed in the College colors were provided as souvenirs.

Some new and strange dishes were mixed in with the other ordinary ones, e. g. "Cucumbers Cauntez de Railez," "Potato a la Manhataine," etc. The banquet began at eight o'clock in the evening, thus relieving the good housewives of preparing an evening meal for hubby. This innovation seemed to strike rather a popular cord, also. I feel sure that more than one boarding-house proprietress was also pleased with the arrangement. So far as known at present no casualties have resulted from the indulgence in the eight-course feast. For the benefit of the K. S. A. C.-ites not present, some of whom are prohibitionists, the writer feels compelled to state that the "Punch Kansas" listed on the menu card was a perfectly harmless beverage not in the least intended to corrupt the total abstainers who were in attendance.

Following the feast our president and acting toastmaster, Lieutenant Colonel Todd, made a few remarks relative to the earlier days which he spent at the College and the men with whom he came in contact. He then introduced Prof. D. E. Lantz, Prof. G.

H. Failyer, Mr. R. S. Kellogg and Prof. A. M. TenEyck for short reminiscences of College life. Each of these gentlemen responded heartily and in words appropriate to the occasion. The association was particularly fortunate in having present Prof. A. M. TenEyck, who was in Washington in attendance on the American Breeders' Association, and whose remarks were particularly happy. While only a Kansan by adoption, the professor has become imbued with the true Kansas spirit. After mentioning the fact that he had always been particularly partial to Kansas ladies, he informed us that he had just been presented with twin Kansas girls, and then followed with the remark that it was a great state, which we all knew to be true. He further paid President Nichols several well-deserved compliments, which were particularly relished by the more recent graduates, since heretofore most of our speakers have confined themselves to eulogies of our former presidents.

Professors Lantz and Failyer dwelt chiefly upon the merits of Presidents Anderson and Fairchild, and College life during their regimes, and Mr. Kellogg attempted with considerable success to illustrate by statistics the growth of the College. As he stated in the beginning, however, that there were several ways of lying and one of these was by use of statistics, we were left in some doubt as to the authenticity of his statements. As he made, however, an exceedingly good showing, we are prompted to give him full credit for their truthfulness.

After listening to these speeches and indulging in a hearty rendering of the familiar old "Jay Raw, Gee Haw," we retired to the parlors for a short visit, during which time Messrs. Ballard and Leidigh entertained us by submitting to us as many fool questions as their imaginations could conjure up. Their object was to determine the most ignorant one in the as-

sociation. Lieutenant-Colonel Todd carried off the plum by stating that he didn't know why a dog turned around several times before lying down and that he did not believe the dog did, and that he knew some horses could sleep standing as some were always asleep. It is no more than fair to the lieutenant-colonel to say that some of the ladies refrained from trying to answer the question because they felt sure that they could win and they did not want to compete on a sure thing. Lieutenant Todd's plum proved to be a large and juicy lemon, which he mistook for a grapefruit.

This part of the amusements disposed of, Mrs. Kellogg at the piano and Mrs. Hall as vocalist proceeded to favor us with several songs, one of which was entitled "Kansas," a song written by H. W. Jones, '88, the author of "Alma Mater."

The evening's exercises were concluded by the singing by the assemblage of several old familiar classics like "Solomon Levi," "Old Kentucky Home," and "Good Night Ladies." We adjourned at about 11:45 and were surprised to find that several inches of snow had fallen during our celebration.

While but forty-four out of an eligible list of seventy-six were present, the reunion was voted one of the best since the association was organized.

Following are the names of those present: Lieut.-Col. Albert Todd, '72, and Mrs. Todd, Prof. G. H. Failyer, '77, Julia R. Pearce, '90, J. B. S. Norton, '96, and Mrs. Norton, E. H. Webster, '96, and Mrs. Webster, R. S. Kellogg, '96, and Mrs. Kellogg, J. M. Westgate, '97, W. L. Hall, '98, and Gertrude (Lyman) Hall, '97, E. C. Butterfield, '98, and Mrs. Butterfield, J. A. Conover, '98, Roland McKee, '00, A. E. Oman, '00, John Ross, '02, A. H. Leidigh, '02, H. T. Nielsen, '03, and Mrs. Nielsen, C. H. and Corinne (Failyer) Kyle, '03, Harry Vinall, '03, R. A. Oakley, '03, H. B.

Holroyd, '03, A. B. Gahan, '03, Nicholas Schmitz, '04, and Mrs. Schmitz, V. L. Cory, '04, Harry Umberger, '05, W. R. Ballard, '05, E. H. Popenoe, '05, Lois Failyer, '07, Prof. D. E. Lantz, Professor Hitchcock, Prof. A. M. Ten Eyck, Miss Jessie Minis, Mrs. H. A. Braus, and Mrs. Harford.

A. B. GAHAN, '03.

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**Letter from an Arizona Alumnus.**

E. P. Smith, 1895.

It is to be regretted that the editor of the ALUMNUS has been compelled to repeat the request published in the November number for more literature. It reminds me of an incident which happened along in the latter 80's, about twenty-one years ago. A class of students was deeply engaged in an attempt to take down verbatim one of the frequent lectures given by the professor in—well, I won't tell any names. One stalwart youth in particular, a little slow in action, was making a desperate effort to keep pace with the lecturer, but, after an unusually lengthy utterance by the professor, finding himself behind and utterly confused, blurted out: "Say, professor, will you please chew that over again?" And the professor replied, "Exactly."

Also, in the November ALUMNUS the editor suggested articles of a personal nature. In this particular case I cannot agree, as the subject is too limited and barren of results. The emphatic way in which the editor expressed the opinion that we can all of us write something leads me to believe that a plea of not guilty would be overruled. The editor must be shown.

If C. D. Adams had not given me away I might have constructed an article along the line he chose some months ago. Really, I didn't think C. D. would "snitch" on us fellows. No one, not even my most intimate friends and classmates, would ever have suspected me of being implicated in the deeds that sometimes lead the offenders

into trouble. Well, I'll forgive my old classmate; it was fun while it lasted although the results were not always what we anticipated.

Discarding the two subjects referred to, the next one which presents itself as a hopeful one is the country in which we live. Our isolation here and the fact that few who read this are familiar with our surroundings give me some hope that I will not be contradicted should I wander from the straight and narrow way. However, my intention is to adhere strictly to the truth.

The people of the United States seem to know very little about Arizona, its resources, its natural wonders, and its delightful climate. Those who come here from eastern states soon become infected with the fascination of living in this country. What the infection consists of seems difficult to understand. It may be freedom from conventionality, the genial people, the climate, or all combined. My opinion is that climate is the predominating feature, and the fact that nearly all find profitable employment is of course an important consideration.

In climate, Arizona can furnish almost any desired quality in large quantities, from that of the mountains capped with the eternal snow to the scorching heat of the desert. And I am told that anyone who can endure the heat dealt out to Phoenix and Yuma need have no fear of a future punishment for present misdeeds. I sometimes wonder if that is the reason why our legislature meets in one place and the penitentiary is located at the other.

One fact I can vouch for is this: over in that part of the country people feed their hens ice every day during the summer months. What for? So the hens won't lay hard-boiled eggs.

Yes, it gets dry here sometimes, but one portion of Arizona will not fear drought after another year. The Tonto dam, forty miles from Globe,

will store enough water in the Salt river to irrigate 200,000 acres of arid or semi-arid land capable of producing anything that will grow in this latitude. Perhaps few know that Arizona oranges are first and finest on the eastern market and command the highest price of any raised in the United States. Also, Arizona leads the United States in the production of copper, having gained the ascendancy in 1907. And how many, or how few, know that the largest virgin forest in the United States lies in Arizona, protected, I believe, as a government reserve.

But copper is king, and brings in more to the territory, I suppose, than any other industry; although I believe that in the years to come agriculture will be the greatest source of income. The soil, if furnished with water, is very productive, and the climate is such that some crops can be grown every month in the year. Even here at Globe we have some vegetables fresh all the time.

As to our surroundings, environments, and social advantages, the least said the better. There isn't much a long these lines to cause the feeling of pride to surge through our veins. We have droughts, but not the kind that sweep relentlessly across the southern states. Our city has a population of about ten thousand souls, besides a goodly number of real-estate agents and about one hundred Chinese, and supports, so I've been told, fifty-two saloons.

It is a fact worthy of mention, perhaps, that when we were incorporated as a city, about the time the anti-gambling law went into effect throughout the territory, the most successful and best-known gambler in this district was appointed on the police force; and our sheriff, elected last fall, has since his election resorted to the Keeley Cure. But then, he is a Texas democrat. Enough said, provided you know a Texan. Aside from a few

(Concluded on page 161.)

# E D I T O R I A L

The question of alumni representation on the Board of Regents is one that should be brought up at the next annual meeting, June, 1908, and it should remain a *live* one until it is correctly settled.

The propriety and unquestioned advantage to the College of alumni representation on the Board has in years past been a frequent topic of discussion. In 1894 resolutions were adopted looking toward the accomplishment of this purpose, and the next winter considerable effort was made in that direction. Nominations of suitable graduates were made, in which all alumni resident in Kansas were given an opportunity to take part, and the names of five persons receiving the highest number of votes were presented to the governor by a committee. At this interview the claims of the alumni to representation were also fully presented. However, the governor did not appoint any alumnus to a place on the Board.

In 1898, W. H. Phipps, '95, was appointed to the regency by Governor Leedy, and was the first graduate to be so honored. In 1901, R. J. Brock, '91, with others, was appointed by Governor Stanley, but, as a change in the law had reduced by one the number of regents to be appointed, Mr. Brock relieved the situation by withdrawing. In 1903, Governor Bailey appointed J. W. Berry, '83, C. E. Friend, '88, R. J. Brock, '91, and J. O. Tulloss, '99. Mr. Tulloss is now the only alumnus remaining on the Board, and there is no provision whatever for our further representation after the expiration of his term of office.

We borrow a few facts from the *Minnesota Alumni Weekly*, gleaned by the editor of that paper from an ar-

ticle by Leonard P. Wood, in the *Technology Review* of 1906, on alumni representation on the governing bodies of American colleges.

From this report it appears that alumni representation in college government is almost universal in this country. Of the seventy-three colleges from which statistics were gathered, only seven report no alumni representation. In about one-third of the cases of the institutions studied, alumni representation is altogether informal, not a matter of law but rather that of custom or due to the evident fitness of the candidates for such positions. The article points out the fact that such representation does not make the alumni responsible for seeing that the best possible selection of representatives is made, and it does not insure the interest that direct appointment or nomination by the alumni would bring about.

Alumni representation usually takes one of two forms, either representation on the governing board with powers the same as enjoyed or exercised by other members, or representation in a separate body, coordinate with the trustees. The powers of these separate bodies vary so much that no general statement can be made to cover them, but they are largely of an advisory nature, with all the authority which such disinterested service is apt to command.

In the case of thirty-five colleges, where the alumni members have a vote just as other trustees, the alumni of eight colleges nominate several candidates for each vacancy, from which selection is made; in ten cases, only one candidate is presented for each vacancy, making it practically imperative to appoint the one

nominated; in seventeen cases the alumni elect outright.

The question of securing an expression of the real sentiment of the alumni is one that has been met in various ways at various institutions. The alumni pretty generally, however, take an interest in such nominations or elections, and for the most part their choice is all that could be desired.

In neighboring states alumni representation on their governing boards is as follows: Wisconsin, always over half; Michigan, six out of eight elective members; Missouri, never less than two out of nine; Iowa, nine of thirteen members; Illinois, two, generally understood that there should never be less than three.

In the case of our own College there is not even an established custom to promise the appointment of alumni members on the Board of Regents. There is no doubt of the advisability of such representation, but just how it should be secured so as to bring about the best results is a question for our consideration, a question for which we should be ready with suggestions at the time of the annual meeting. We can at least make our wishes known, and if the claims we present really represent the sentiment of any considerable portion of the alumni, they will doubtless receive consideration.

An editorial in the February number of the *Graduate Magazine* of the University of Kansas applies quite as well to our own institution as it does to the university, and is in line with the general sentiment of nearly everyone who is giving the matter serious consideration:

“When one of the chief objects of a man’s affections is a great university, it is doubtless worth much to him to be near the beloved institution; and even the people who smile at the professor for being ‘impractical’ take grateful advantage of what they secretly regard

as his weakness in clinging to a familiar institution which pays him poorly, rather than go to a strange one which proposes to pay him well.

“But while it is true that the size of the salary is seldom the principal thing which a teacher considers, in deciding as to a proffered field of work, yet the larger salary really does appear larger to the educator just as it does to a man in any of the callings which are credited with developing a more practical attitude toward life.

“The University of Kansas has been fortunate indeed in retaining the services of so many of its most valuable teachers; but it has nevertheless suffered many serious losses. It cannot hope to escape further loss if present conditions as to salaries are allowed to continue. [Conditions that some of the best professors in K. S. A. C. are having to face, and which if continued will ultimately result in the loss of their valuable services for the College.] Moreover, the number in the faculty must continually increase, and the ranks must not always be filled with inexperienced men and women whose achievements—other than those which stand to their credit as students—are all before them. New departments of work call for accomplished teachers to direct them; and experience, proved ability and recognized standing are not to be secured cheaply in the educational world any more than in any other sphere of life.”

The article quoted then goes on to say that Kansas is offering less and paying less than adjoining states for teachers, and that she should not then be surprised if the sister states secure men and women of greater promise; that our patriotism is leading us into foolishness if it requires us to believe that an educator will disregard a difference of several hundred dollars in salary in order to come to Kansas. Sooner or later we will have to meet the situation frankly; and frankness

demands an acknowledgement that the State suffers both as to self-interest and self-respect, under present conditions.

The Kansas State Agricultural College as well as the university should make an earnest appeal to the good judgment and the pride of the people of Kansas for relief from the danger of weakening that threatens the future of its educational institutions.

#### *Our College Rhymes.*

Our College rhymes, how light they seem,  
Like little ghosts of love's young dream  
That led our boyish hearts away  
From lectures and from books, to stray  
By flowery mead and flowing stream!

There's nothing here, in form or theme,  
Of thought sublime or art supreme;  
We would not have the critic weigh  
Our college rhymes.

Yet if, perchance, a slender beam  
Of feeling's glow or fancy's gleam  
Still lingers in the lines we lay  
At Alma Mater's feet to-day,  
The touch of Nature may redeem  
Our college rhymes. — *Van Dyke.*

#### *A Letter from M. D. Snodgrass, '06.*

Professor Ten Eyck has recently received a long and interesting letter from M. D. Snodgrass, '06. Mr. Snodgrass is in charge of the Kodiak Breeding Station, Kodiak, Alaska. He writes very entertainingly of his trip to Alaska and of the country and its prospects. He and Mrs. Snodgrass (Margaret Minis, '01) seem to have made the most out of what at first appeared to be a hard proposition, and are evidently enjoying life, and speak encouragingly of the great future of that far-away northwest country.

Mr. Snodgrass writes as follows: "The trip up here was all one could expect. In going to the coast all was new scenery for me, and the ocean voyage was great. Alaska is a great country, and the people who come here once come back. Something unexplainable about the country appeals to such a nature as mine. The climate here is all that one could ask, even temperature all the time, ranging from 28° to 35° day and night at this season of the year (November).

"The country is rugged and wild and very beautiful in many parts. The coast line is mountainous, also the islands, but the interior is rolling and in some places level. Along the coast there are many forests of spruce and pine, and in some places birch and cottonwood. Willow and alder everywhere. Wonderful pasture lands in many places and some good hay lands in the valleys.

"I now have forty-five pure-bred Galloways to look after, and will have grain work to attend to in the spring. The cattle are doing very well indeed. Young stock and cows without calves are still on pasture and are fat. I feed cows which are suckling calves about 10 pounds hay at night and pasture in day time. Have fenced 320 acres near the town of Kodiak and have laid off an eight thousand acre tract of land some 15 miles south of the town for a breeding station. Will build a dairy barn here at Kodiak in the early spring, and a house, barn, sheds, and silos at the other station. Will have a ten horse-power gasoline launch to use in going to and from the ranch. Professor Georgeson wrote me recently that he expected to have me live at the town and give me an assistant to put in charge of the other work. We travel in boats, instead of wagons or on the railroads. There are trails over which we can ride horseback and drive cattle. It seems rather funny to always travel in boats—row boats, sail boats, and steam or gasoline launches, or a steam ship.

"I believe that the work undertaken here can be done successfully, and I am quite happy in it. The change was good for me, and I am growing some heavier. Weigh nearly 185 pounds now against 160 when I left the States. Will reach the 200 mark before spring. It comes from the outdoor life and hard work, of which I have had my share.

"On September 13 I went up to the Kenai Station for some of the Gallo-

way cattle, and while up there I took a little hunt up in the interior. Killed a fine bull moose with 62-inch spread of horns. It was the only one killed by our party, six in number. Two of our party killed two mountain sheep each, but no bears came in sight. Trout fishing and duck shooting were good.

"Mining is the one great occupation of this country outside of fishing. Much mineral is being found every year. Kodiak is just awakening to the sound of pick and shovel. I will keep an eye open and spend a little money in that line of work. We have three mining claims already that look good to us, and which are causing no little excitement among the people here. The deputy U. S. marshal, a civil engineer and prospector and myself have three claims each, which we are consolidating and will develop as one in the spring. The marshal and I furnished the money against the prospector's time, and in this way we located the claims—splendid copper ore samples and a good quartz ledge of four feet thickness carrying free gold which one can see with the naked eye.

"We like the people here well, and are located in a very comfortable six-room house which compares favorably with the cottages in Manhattan. Can throw a stone from our front porch into the steamship channel, which is about as wide as the Blue river. Just across the channel is an island of some six or seven hundred acres. There are numerous small islands all about the main island of Kodiak. These are covered with grass and clumps of spruce pine.

"I will try and write the boys something when the evenings get longer. Sun comes up at 8:00 A.M. and sets at 4:00 P.M. Short days means fast and hard work, but lots of play between work periods. Next summer it will

change from what we now have and sun will rise at 4:00 and set at 9:00.

"Mrs. Snodgrass joins me in sending kind regards to all the friends."

### *Opportunity.*

They do me wrong who say I come no more  
When once I knock and fail to find you in;  
For every day I stand outside your door,  
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

### *Letter from an Arizona Alumnus.*

(Concluded from page 157.)

such drawbacks, things in general move along quite pleasantly. We have some as nice people here as inhabit any state in our Union. And again we also have many foreigners, almost exclusively ignorant, with no manners and abominable customs. I suppose in most respects we are typical of all mining camps, and the predominating spirit of the times is no less conspicuous here than elsewhere. Each fellow for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

Globe has had the benefit of our society, and incidentally our purse, since September, 1903, except a year spent in Colorado. It is nearly time again for "itchy feet," and the length of our stay here cannot be accurately foretold.

I trust by the time this reaches the editor of the ALUMNUS there will be enough literature on hand so that some of it can be buried and resurrected at the end of seven years. Should the editor have bravery enough to publish what I have written perhaps my courage will revive enough to make another literary attempt a little more to the point upon the history and resources of this rich but little-known territory.

We are all ready to offer boundless sympathy and good wishes but limited aid in a good cause. It is so much easier just to be good than to make good. There is no reason why the K. S. A. C. Alumni Association cannot make our publication what a Cornishman would call "Some Beauty."



# PERSONAL



Lois Failyer, '07, is attending Simmons College in Boston.

Olive (Voiles) Jewell, '97, with her husband, Doctor Jewell, of Iowa, sailed for Europe, January 26.

A son was born, February 16, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Myers, of South Pasadena, Cal. Mrs. Myers was Edith Perkins, '00.

W. G. Shelly, '07, is in charge of the dry farming experiment work of the government experiment station in Akron, Colo.

Harry and Augusta (Griffing) Harlan, '04, expect to leave the Philippines and begin their homeward journey about the first of April.

J. N. Bridgman, '91, visited College March 2. Mr. Bridgman is a civil engineer in charge of double track construction work for the Santa Fé.

F. A. Kiene, '06, has been assisting Superintendent Miller in some institute work, discussing corn judging and boys' contests at the institute meetings.

The Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia, with which S. R. Tilbury, '07, has been employed, have closed down, and Mr. Tilbury has returned to his home in Williams, Ariz.

Word has been received of the death of the father of Cecile Allentharp, '07, which occurred February 25. Miss Allentharp is attending the James Millikin University in Decatur, Ill.

W. B. Thurston and Stella Campbell, both members of the class of 1906, were married, February 19, at the home of the bride's parents in Goodrich, Kan. Mr. and Mrs. Thurston are at home in Enid, Okla., where Mr. Thurston is engaged in the creamery business.

J. E. Cooley, '07, formerly with the Automatic Telephone Company, of Chicago, has been transferred to Omaha, where he has a much better position and a salary almost double that of his former one.

Roland McKee, '00, has returned to Chico, Cal., after a month's consultation at headquarters in Washington. Fred Wilson, '05, writes from Phoenix, Ariz., that Mr. McKee stopped off in Phoenix and visited the farm.

H. B. Holroyd, '03, forest assistant in the United States Department of Agriculture, and H. S. Betts, engineer in timber tests, are the authors of Circular 142, of the Forest Service, on "Tests of Vehicle and Implement Woods."

Dr. E. A. Donaven, '94, of Mount Hope, Kan., has been writing to Professor Dickens about orchards and orchard trees. He is contemplating taking up orchard work as an investment and for recreation, even to the extent of growing his own trees.

Edouard W. House, '02, was married, February 19, at St. Benedict's church in Kansas City, to Miss Mayme Desmond. "Shanty," as Mr. House was best known in College days, has been employed for three years as pattern maker and millwright for the Proctor and Gamble Soap Co.

Alberta S. Voiles, '03, was married, January 29, at the home of her sister, Mrs. A. Gentry, in Los Angeles, Cal., to Mr. Elbert Williams, of Bradley, Cal. Miss Voiles taught two years after graduation from K. S. A. C. in Riley county, then attended the State Normal of California, graduating in January, 1907. She has taught since then in California. Mr. and Mrs. Williams are living near Bradley.

C. F. Doane, '96, of Albert Lea, Minn., was a recent visitor at the College.

Gertrude Rhodes, '98, is visiting in Hobart, Okla., with Mrs. Bessie (Locke) Noble.

V. Maelzer, '97, reports that he is hard at work in Goldburg, Idaho, and that he is devoting his leisure hours to the study of geometry.

Flora Hull, '07, who has been engaged in Y. W. C. A. work in Topeka, expects to come home March 11 for a few weeks' visit before going to Chicago, where she will enter the Y. W. C. A. training institute.

J. J. Johnson, '95, is practising medicine in Porum, Okla., in partnership with Doctor Farris. Mr. Johnson has been writing to the College in the interest of some young Oklahoma people who contemplate entering school here next fall.

We regret to record the death of Ross Long, '99, which was caused by tuberculosis and occurred at his home in Denver, February 12. Mr. Long had been in ill health for over a year. Previously he was engaged in the practice of law, having been located in Topeka, and since 1905 in Denver.

John J. Biddison, '04, of the *Arkansas Gazette*, writes: "Since I last reported I have had a promotion. I am city editor and assistant managing editor of this sheet, having been promoted from the telegraph editorship. I have six reporters to guide in the straight and narrow path that leads to news. I am having good success, and, while I am not an admirer of Arkansas, I am obliged to admire its opportunities for a young fellow with even less money than wit. Think I'll stay for a while. Curtis Smith, a former student of K. S. A. C., is a reporter on the paper. He rooms with me. He is the fifth Kansas man to come to this paper, including myself, four of whom

have been K. S. A. C. men, and the only one besides myself who has seen fit to stay. He makes good, as did the others."

E. F. Nichols, '88, professor of experimental physics, Columbia University, New York, has accepted the invitation tendered him to deliver the triennial address before the Alumni Association next June. Professor Nichols has probably become more distinguished by discoveries in pure science than any other graduate of the institution, and it is fortunate that his duties permit him to make this western trip. It is likely that his address will be to a degree flavored by his life work; this is, at least, to be expected of one characterized by deeds rather than words.

Friends of Will S. Sargent, '01, will learn with sorrow of his death, which occurred February 15 at his parents' home in Manhattan, after a sickness lasting since November. Mr. Sargent, who was employed in the United States geological survey, was on his way home from Wyoming when taken sick in Denver with scarlet fever. This was followed by an attack of Bright's disease, from which he suffered until the time of his death. Mr. Sargent was brought home in January, and until a few days before his death recovery was thought possible.

Minnie Reed, '86, science teacher, Kamehameha Manual Training School, Hawaii, favors us with a reprint of her study of "The Economic Seaweeds of Hawaii and Their Food Value." The thousand miles of coast line of the Hawaiian Islands give large opportunity for the collection of seaweeds, and the natives have long utilized them as important additions to their food. Miss Reed's investigation was made under the auspices of the Hawaii Agricultural Experiment Station, and the results are reported in a very interesting and useful manner.—*Industrialist.*

O. I. Purdy, '99, and Mrs. Purdy, of Omaha, Neb., are the parents of a son born February 15.

A paper written by Dr. B. Belle Little, '91, on "A Few Phases of Lencocytic Activity," appears in a recent number of the *Journal of the Kansas Medical Society*.

Joseph B. Thoburn, '93, formerly secretary of the board of agriculture, Oklahoma, visited recently in Manhattan. Mr. Thoburn is making research for the hidden history of his adopted state.

Professor F. C. Sears, '92, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, spoke before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, January 18, on "The Opportunities for Commercial Apple Growing in New England."

Sarah (Thompson) Manny, '03, and little daughter paid a visit to friends in Manhattan in February before going to their new home near Claraville, Okla., where Mr. Manny has taken a claim, and where they expect to enjoy pioneer life for the next few years.

John W. Shartel, '84, of Oklahoma City, Okla., visited recently with his son, who is attending College, and was delighted with the indications of growth and prosperity of the College. Mr. Shartel is a lawyer, and is also largely interested in an electric traction company and real-estate improvement enterprise.

H. R. Heim, '06, who is with the Westinghouse Company at Pittsburg, Pa., was recently taken off of dynamo test and transferred to the engineering offices of the company. This was done at the request of Mr. Hallock, one of the department engineers, and it speaks very highly of Mr. Heim's ability and work.

W. D. Cramer, assistant in zoölogy here in 1901-'02, writes that since leaving here he has finished his work at Ann Arbor and has organized a department of biology and geology in Ferris Institute, Big Rapids, Mich.,

with which he is now connected. He is still interested in this College and desires to keep in touch with it through its publication.

Loyd Pancake, '00, was married December 8, 1907, to Miss Viola Grant, of Rawlins county, Kansas. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's father, and was witnessed by only a few guests. Mr. and Mrs. Pancake visited with relatives in Kansas City and St. Louis, on their way to Mount Airy, Ga., where Mr. Pancake is engaged in farming.

E. R. Kupper, '07, is engaged in engineering work at Chihuahua, Mexico. He has been working on some new mining machinery and has not only secured some valuable experience but he has also been drawing good pay. "Jigger," as he was known, isn't very favorably impressed with the Mexicans, but he says that Mexico is a good place for a young engineer.

Karl Kellerman, who is in charge of investigations concerning soil bacteria and methods of water purification, for the United States Department of Agriculture, visited the College recently to confer with Doctor Hibbard in reference to work they are conducting here in soil bacteriology. Mr. Kellerman is a son of Prof. W. A. Kellerman, formerly at the head of the Department of Botany at K. S. A. C.

Charles H. Sternberg, of Lawrence, Kan., a student here in the early days, visited the College the first of February. Mr. Sternberg began work as a fossil hunter under the direction of Professor Mudge, and has devoted his life to this fascinating branch of science. He has been rewarded by the discovery of some of the most valuable specimens in the museums of this country and Europe. While here, Mr. Sternberg read his lecture on "The Life of a Fossil-Hunter" to the class in geology, and entertained the students in physical geography by tales of his adventures in the field.

The friends of Glen Edgerton, '04, will be pleased to learn that he was the first honor cadet of the class of 108 graduated from West Point February 14. Mr. Edgerton, who was only seventeen years old when appointed to the academy, is the third youngest member of his class, and has consistently led his fellow cadets throughout his four-years' course.

L. M. Jorgenson, '07, who has been employed as a special apprentice by the Westinghouse Electrical and Manufacturing Company, at Pittsburg, Pa., left there recently and is now located at Goshen, Ind. He has a good position there as instructor in mathematics in the high school. He likes the work very much, and finds the clear air of Indiana much more pleasant than the smoke of Pittsburg.

A. B. Carnahan, '05, was married in Lynn, Mass., to Miss Rachel G. Jeffers, Saturday, January 11. The wedding was a quiet one and a surprise to the many friends in Lynn. The bride is well known in Lynn in Christian Endeavor work. The groom, a former editor of the ALUMNUS, then known as the "Jayhawker" is employed by the General Electric Company on steam turbine work. They are at home to their friends at 16 Mountain Avenue, Swampscott, Mass.

Minnie Copeland, '98, left her work in Chicago, some months ago, and has gone west. E. P. Smith, '95, writes: "Miss Copeland came to Globe from Tucson in December, and discovered our location. She came here to take charge of a railroad hospital, but the proposition 'pinched out,' and after a few days she returned to a position in Tucson. She reports that R. W. Clothier, '97, and family like Arizona well enough to anticipate building a home. R. W. is busily engaged trying to make Arizonians think he knows something about agriculture. We wish him all kinds of success."

AMES, IOWA, January 20, 1908.

*Dear Alumnus:* It became my pleasure to take a trip to Madison, Wis., the last week in December, the object being to attend a meeting of the American Society of Agricultural Engineers, which was held December 27 and 28. Also another and equally strong motive was a visit to my friends, Dan and Mary (Lyman) Otis, '92 and '94. Harry Bainer, '00, professor of farm mechanics, Colorado Agricultural College, was there also, and he and your scribe were entertained at the Otis home; and it was a right royal reception that we had.

Of course, whenever two or more former K. S. A. C. students or graduates get together there is "something doing," and there certainly was at this time. We compared notes since last we met and told some personal reminiscences of past days at K. S. A. C.—perhaps may have burnished them a little for the occasion. Bainer told some of his thrilling adventures while connected with the Vrooman farm at Trenton, Mo. He did tell a splendid story and we looked upon him as something of a wonder, more especially when we realized how narrowly he escaped becoming a follower of an overland concert troupe. He says the band wagon is in existence yet.

Of course Dan Otis rose to the occasion and told hair-raising tales of experiences on the Deming ranch. Mrs. Otis being there to second his statements, we could not do otherwise than accept all stories as facts.

I hoped to relate some experiences that would help to make myself famous (in the memories of those present at least), but concluded to wait until some future time when an appeal can be made to Bainer for confirmation of some of the incidents that have happened, of which he at the present time is best able to relate. For any advance information, ask Bainer.

Mrs. Otis reached our hearts by the

good things she placed before us, and by the gracious spirit of welcome she exhibited toward us. We certainly have a large place in our hearts and memories of this splendid opportunity to meet them in their home in Madison.

Yours for K. S. A. C.,  
J. H. Criswell, '89.

INDIAN SCHOOL, MORRIS, MINN.,  
January 9, 1908.

*Editor Alumnus:*

Your suggestion that a contribution from me would be acceptable has waited for some weeks. Some thoughts occurred to me on my visit to Manhattan last April, and since that time, that may or may not agree with the reflections of others of my class or "time."

I have hesitated about expressing myself, because I do not relish the prospect of being deemed an Old Fogey or "has wasser." When the baseball team allowed me to accompany them to their game with Baker University last April, it rather pleased me to have them call me "Old Timer." When we reached the university town on the Ottawa branch I was asleep, and when some one shouted "Baldwin!" it struck me at first as merely another pleasantry directed at my defenseless head.

But, we do see some things differently after twenty years. Some of our instructors whose words were most mellifluous have been "promoted to the hardware business," while others who were most unloved we now know to have been most conscientious and efficient. Of our instructors, only Professors Walters, Willard and "Yake" Lund remain at the College. Jake graduated in 1883 and taught Prep. classes in arithmetic, being frequently mistaken for a member of his own classes when off duty. Professor Willard was beginning his work as assistant in chemistry and Professor Walters had already for

some years been delivering his famous lecture beginning with, "Young ladies and gentlemen, you must not carry your erasers in your pants pocket, with your knife and your tobacco and what not."

The speeches of "Prexy" that made us most tired by their reiteration are the ones we now hand down to our pupils and our progeny for their guidance.

We did things rather simply in the old days. Many of us batched, and the fare was not elaborate. On one occasion when E. A. Allen proposed beefsteak for Sunday dinner the proposal was voted down by his roommate on the ground that it was "too costive." My graduating suit cost \$16 in September, and did duty for Sunday wear throughout the year, and I never had money enough to buy a Prince Albert or a dress suit until I knew better than to do it. McLaughlin wore a seersucker coat to the President's senior reception because it was the only coat he had, and because he rightly judged that neither the President or the boys would want him to stay away. Nobody flinched, sidestepped, or sneezed.

There was a rule against smoking about the buildings or campus, and we obeyed it to the letter, with the single exception of Professor Popenoe, who was once caught in the Secretary's office during chapel time celebrating the arrival of an heir. The custom of giving the new father a "Glad Hand," by the way, originated with us about that time, and Pop was seeking to escape the ordeal.

Attendance at chapel was required. Our number barely reached a total of four hundred by the end of the year '87, yet of that number three hundred ninety-five would cover the number on the back of their chapel seat each morning, and the other five would reduce the temperature of their heels on the President's rug, later in the day. That chapel meeting was one of

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the finest and most helpful of exercises of those days or years. It was worth going miles to hear Professor Brown lead the singing; and Professor Lantz in his prayers labored as faithfully "for the advancement of civilization" as he since has done by the eradication of prairie-dogs.

After the prayer, when the President brought out that little red note-book (we wondered why it never got full), we always had a few pointed, though kindly, words of counsel or admonition, the full value of which we are only now learning to appreciate. Then we rose and sang, as I have never since heard it sung,

On the mountain top appearing —  
 Lo the sacred herald stands.

In our days Professor Walters was of the greatest use to us in the preparation of debates on almost any theme. The wise debator simply sauntered into his studio and casually

brought up the subject. Professor did the rest.

Secretary Graham furnished the libretto for jokes on the Faculty, so much needed at our society annuals. They were all innocent, but awfully good, and we showed our appreciation by never betraying their source.

Few of us knew much about life in other educational institutions, and most of us had what now seem to be very primitive and childlike ideas. We had an exaggerated idea of the wisdom and deep learning of each and every member of the Faculty, yet were not so far wrong perhaps in the thought that their judgment was better than our own when it came to mapping out a course of study or of personal conduct. We were not ashamed of being called "Farmers," and attached no odium to the word "Agricultural" in the College name. We were not angelic, but an apple fight refereed by George Hopper was about the zenith



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of our dissipation. In general, we never imagined that obedience to lawful authority showed any lack of spirit, nor were the results of Faculty domination so crushing but most of the graduates of those days have managed to wiggle along under the load fairly well.

I have said that in some ways things are different now, or we see things differently, or both. Unquestionably, the facilities at the College in way of grounds, buildings, apparatus and methods of instruction are incomparably better than they were twenty-one years ago. Unquestionably, students are better clothed and better fed. If there are points in which the old ways were better, those now at College should know it.

If there is anything resembling criticism of recent student literature in the above, let it be known that it is not yet from the standpoint of a dyspeptic. My position as second base on our Indian school's second team is secure, and I refereed the Thanksgiving day football game in Morris, giving the usual amount of dissatisfaction. I believe the world is growing better and want to help to make it so.

Very truly yours,  
JNO. B. BROWN, '87.

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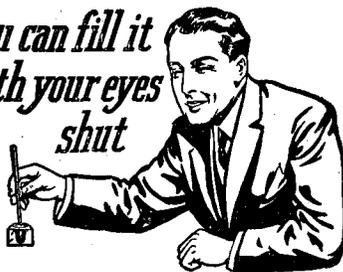
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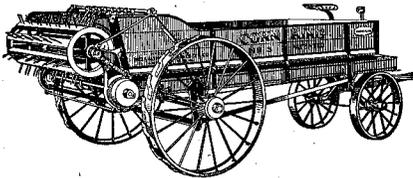
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