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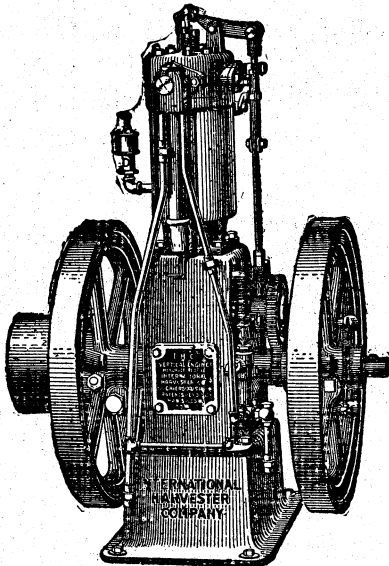
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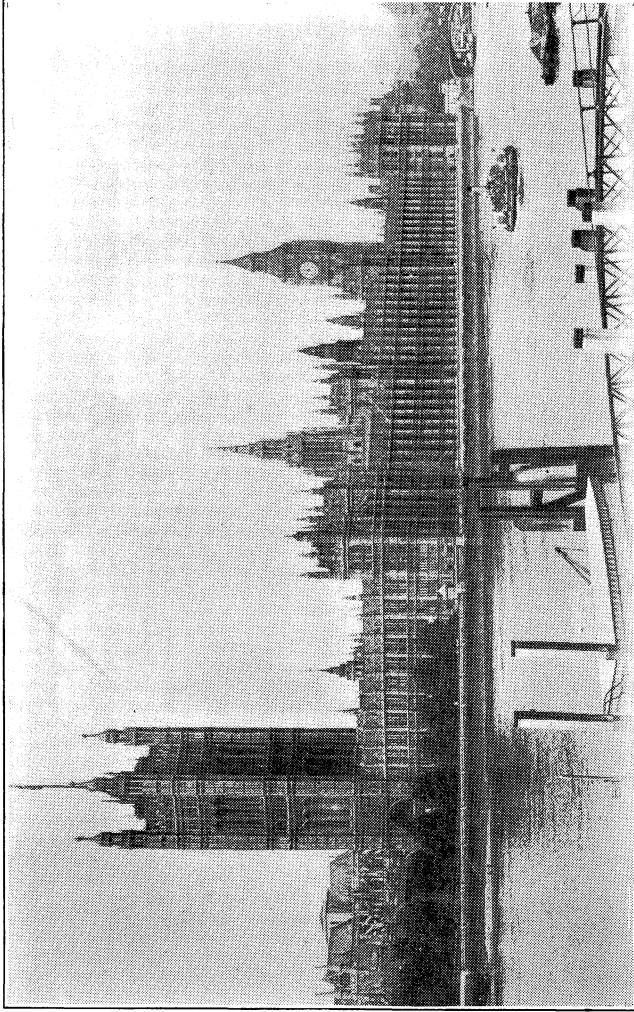
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# THE ALUMNUS

VOL. VII.

MANHATTAN, KAN., DECEMBER, 1908.

NO. 4

## *Some Impressions of European Life.\**

The past summer was devoted by the writer to a thorough investigation of the wheat question in Europe, including a search in the best wheat regions of the European continent for varieties of superior merit, which it might be to our advantage to import. Since this journey was undertaken under a commission from the Board of Regents, and was of a purely business and professional nature, the results obtained, and the conclusions arrived at, belong properly to an official report, shortly to be published as a bulletin, and in that way will be easily accessible to those interested and concerned. For the old students and friends of the College who read these pages are therefore reserved, by preference, some general observations and conceptions of European things and ways such as came to the writer along the road and incidentally in the various places which it was necessary to visit.

The architectural monuments and artistic treasures of Europe are amply discussed in a multitude of books, and by persons who have had time and opportunity lacking to the present writer. In a continent where every older city is an individuality, unique in its life, its institutions, and its form of artistic expression, any general and superficial discussion would be trivial and vain.

All that the present writer can hope to do is to deal with some of the ordi-

nary things of life as they impress the American traveling through Europe for the first time.

Naturally in traveling, the first things to come under consideration are the trains, and here the American usually makes his first comments. Buying his time table for the European country that he intends to visit, he discovers to his unutterable joy that the schedule is absolutely fixed for the season, so that the frequent purchase of new guides, necessary in America, is unknown. This is perhaps rendered possible by the fact that nearly all of the roads in Europe are state owned, so that "connections," the bane of American travel, are simplified, and a stability of schedule difficult to guarantee amongst a tangle of private roads seems to be achieved.

In the great central stations of the European cities, one does not notice the expensive outfitting and equipment of our better ones, and yet again, nowhere in Europe, in any lesser town, will one find such miserable establishments as the stations in Kansas City, Cincinnati, Louisville, or Buffalo. Entering the large railway stations anywhere in Europe, the traveler finds over every ticket window the names of the terminal and principal way stations for which tickets alone are sold at that particular window. This device immediately apporitions the crowd in an orderly manner, and is a wonderful convenience to the traveling public. Moreover, passengers are not permitted to crowd in our helter-skelter, promiscuous American fashion around the ticket windows. In front of each is a long railing, behind which the people

\*This article is the first of a series of three to be contributed by Professor Roberts to the pages of the ALUMNUS. The other two will deal with "Country Life and Agricultural Conditions," and "Characteristic Cities of Europe."

fall into line, passing in at one end and out at the other—there is no crowding, no pushing and jostling, and the whole arrangement seems eminently sensible. Passing out to the trains, one is impressed by the comparative lack of noise around the tracks. The diabolical clangor and roar and tumult that attends the majestic arrival and departure of the least American train, the screech of whistles, the jangle of bells, the everlasting hiss of steam, and the blinding smoke—these delightful accompaniments of American travel are unknown in Europe to a degree that no American can imagine. In the great European terminal stations the trains slip in and out like ghosts, especially since ghosts are not supposed to smoke.

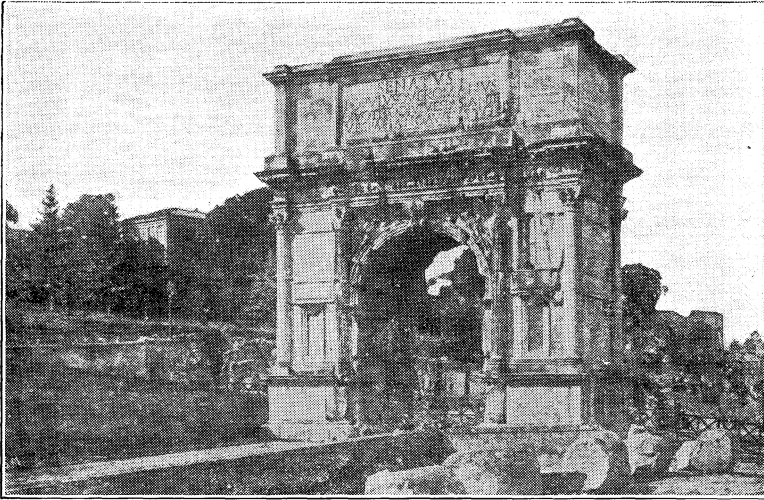
The writer had never in his life supposed that a locomotive could be made to run without a bell. The great bell, with its awe-inspiring and terrifying clangor, adds so much to the general stunning and stupefying effect of our engines that I had always supposed this to be an indispensable feature of the train, which, like the human spleen, was something the use of which no one could explain but which the organism could not possibly get along without. However, the whole of continental Europe runs its trains without bells, with no apparent bad results. The prolonged whistling of the American locomotives is reduced in Europe to a rare and diminutive blast, such as a child's toy engine emits. No doubt this marks an economy of steam as well as of noise. Whether the European coal or the European stoker is reponsible, the writer does not know, but it is a delight to record the fact that all over Europe the trains run almost entirely without smoke, and that the traveler in a third-class compartment will emerge from an all-day journey as clean as from an American Pullman. Added to all of these minor features—the ab-

sence of noise, and freedom from smoke and dust—is the very important fact that accidents are almost unknown on European roads. It certainly seems as though our boasted American superiority in railroading, which expresses itself in the luxury and elegance, roominess and convenience of our Pullman and dining-cars, to a degree undreamed of in Europe, might also find expression in some of the primary features of the business.

Perhaps in no respect does European life differ more markedly from American life than in the hotels. We all know how simple a thing it is to go to a hotel in this country. We walk in, carrying our hand luggage ourselves if we choose; we go up to the clerk's desk and register. That is the end of it. We come and go unnoticed, unwatched and undisturbed. We pay no tips whatever at the average American hotel, and even in spoiled New York it is more or less of an optional matter. All over Europe, from Copenhagen to Constantinople, from Bucharest to Paris, from Rome to Berlin, the hotels—the "Grand Hotels," as most of them are called—are of one type. From the moment the stranger or victim enters their clutches until he departs he is subjected to an unceasing surveillance, and remains the object of an unflagging and unwearied solicitude on the part of the predatory pirates who constitute the personnel. This solicitude expresses itself in a hundred ways. When your bus or cab brings you up, there stands the "concièrge" in his uniform of a naval first officer, and behind him a reception committee of waiters and flunkeys in evening dress. The spectacle of this perpetual grand array of white (often dirty white) fronted attachés, hauled out of their quarters and lined up around the grand entrance and along the corridors to bow and scrape the visitor in, followed by their unflinching personal

interest in all his subsequent movements, is a feature that gradually "gets on the nerves" of the American. The European, it is true, would say that the personal and interested attitude of the concierge and his array toward the incoming guest is a mark of respect, and that the cold, business-like indifference of the American and English hotel staff shows a lack of

tim is departing. Out they all come like rats to a feast—elevator boys, telephone boy, messenger boy, hall porters, chamber maids, waiters, head waiter—everybody, including the obsequious concierge hat in hand, all come down to the front hallway to surround you and bid you good-bye—and to collect their tips. Never for one moment can you get out of this



The Arch of Titus in the Roman Forum.

proper courtesy. This would be all very well were it not for the fact that the whole of this attentiveness has but one inspiration—*tips*. That form of gratitude which somebody has described as a "lively anticipation of favors to come" is apparently about the only human instinct left surviving in the tribe of slimy, reptilian men-servants with pallid, immobile faces, ghastly white fronts and ties, who slip and slide noiselessly about on their rubber soles in the "Grand Hotels" of Europe.

When you leave a hotel in America, you simply leave—that is all. O, of course, you pay your bill. But in Europe, when you prepare to depart, the entire hotel gets ready. Word is passed down the line that another vic-

atmosphere of tips, present and expected. Of course it is *possible* to leave a hotel in Europe without tipping. Sometimes the writer tried it for awhile, but in the long run and in most cases it is practically impossible to resist the pressure of this detestable and abominable custom. The system is apparently deeply rooted in European life, and is only too well fostered by the careless giving habit of the well-to-do American who offers francs where he should give centimes. Before leaving the subject of the European hotels, a word of praise should be added. At less cost than in America, one can enjoy far better accommodations. The rooms as a rule are better and more elegantly furnished, and with more conveniences and comforts,

than would be supplied in America for a much higher charge, in hotels of the same class.

The street life in all European cities is interesting, because the cities of Europe are highly individual in character. In America every city and town is very much like every other, whereas in the European countries the various and complex historical backgrounds, full of rich memories and traditions, color and modify the present drift toward dull uniformity of type in civilization. So, in the city architecture of Europe one finds a richness and luxuriance of varied and picturesque detail utterly and absolutely lacking here. Where in America exists such an instinct for art and architectural expression as created the wonderful Rathhaus in Munich, the Sainte Chapelle in Paris, the Houses of the Corporations in Brussels and Antwerp, the Ca d'Oro in Venice?

Seeing all about them the beauty of an older time, the men of to-day in Europe build in the presence of glorious models, which they dare not deface and disgrace. The better Italian, French and South German builders, were not content with the erection of buildings, even for ordinary business purposes, with plain, undecorative, rectangular fronts. Their riotous fancy and artistic instincts sought a larger and more varied expression; and so the facades of these older buildings hold all manner of carvings of plants and animals of mythological creations and of historical figures; the gables are sculptured and worked into all manner of graceful and picturesque designs, finished in the most elaborate and variously decorative fashion. Many of these interesting old buildings, coming down from the Renaissance, have been made over for modern purposes, and it is no unusual thing to find modern plate-glassed stores in all the spick-and-spanness of the twentieth century underneath

these antique gables. I suppose it is as easy to sell gloves or coffee there as though the buildings were constructed on bare rectangular lines devoid of imagination or architectural inspiration, such as England and America enjoy. Even more interesting it is to observe how profoundly the modern builders in the continental cities are influenced by the older models in the development of the newer parts of these older towns.

To a lover of the picturesque and interesting in life, who prefers variety to uniformity, individuality to dull conformity to type, a vista down the streets of such cities as Dresden, Mürnberg, and Munich, Genoa and Venice, is an unforgettable delight.

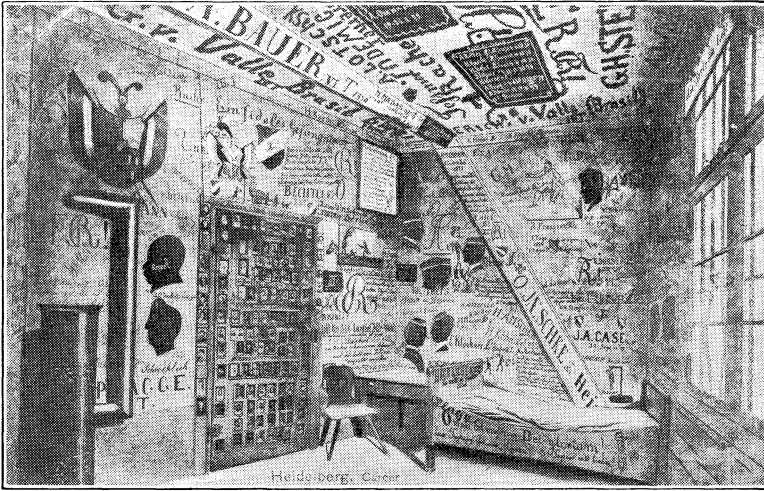
It must be remembered that even the oldest of the European cities now have all of the "modern improvements" that we possess in America, carried out, moreover, with often a higher degree of perfection in detail. The street-car systems of Europe are examples. Absolutely everywhere the stopping places of the cars are definite points, plainly marked by handsome, and in many cases highly decorative, street signs, which, in the German cities, especially, bear also the numbers of the cars that pass, and their destination, with true German thoroughness. Within and at either end of a German street-car is hung a map of the route through the city of the particular car line on which you are traveling, beside which, in a column of large lettering that can be read from a distance, is a list of the streets at which the car is obliged to stop. Best of all, nowhere in Europe is a passenger allowed to stand in the aisles, and the number permitted on front and rear platforms is definitely limited. The disgraceful picture of scrambling, sprawling humanity lurching through the aisles and into the laps of the seated passengers, the rable array of "strap-hangers," the sardine-like packing of the platforms, the cling-



ing of human flies to step and brake and railing—all of this is absolutely and totally unknown throughout the length and breadth of the European continent. Such impositions as the Americans permit their traction companies to inflict upon them would not be tolerated for an hour in a single European state.

Speaking of the street life, the

note that nowhere on the continent, even in the smallest towns, does one find signs hung over the sidewalk—a decided advantage to the appearance of the streets. In Germany, of course, the Gothic lettering in all its picturesque quality prevails in the shop fronts; and a German street becomes a frequent source of delighted interest because of the free use of external



The "Carcer" or prison of the University of Heidelberg where students are confined for minor offenses. They employ their time by decorating the walls.

writer was immensely interested and attracted by the shop and other signs along the streets of European towns and cities. The English and Americans rely upon plate glass and electric lights to make their store fronts attractive, often neglecting the possibilities in decorative sign work. To one of us, the artistic possibilities latent in the formation of the letters of our plain Roman alphabet are revealed only when we visit the cities of France and Italy. It is a genuine delight merely to gaze at these street signs, which, by their grace, elegance, and beauty, improve the whole street, instead of defacing it as do our commonly unattractive English and American signs. It is also interesting to

frescoes which adorn the fronts of many buildings, often with the addition of curious, interesting and pithy sayings and mottoes. It is pleasant to record the fact that European cities have, thus far, refused to deface themselves with the sky-scrapers, those hideous metal boxes which darken and deface our own great cities being, fortunately, still quite unknown abroad.

From the consideration of street signs one is brought to the matter of public advertising. In Europe, bills and posters are confined by law to the restricted space of the advertising booths, called "Kiosks"—six- or eight-sided structures, often extremely attractive in construction, to be found

on street corners or in other public places. The hideous, shrieking "billboards" of the American continent, which adorn our vacant lots with their sensational vulgarities, are unknown abroad, except in England. A visit to London throws some light on the possible origin of the American billboard habit, for the London omnibuses, the sole means of surface transit in the metropolis, are literally plastered with advertising signs, so that the prospective passenger gropes in despair among them to learn whether the vehicle is headed for Trafalgar Square, Bovril, Lipton's Tea, or Carter's Little Liver Pills.

One could go on endlessly in the discussion of interesting details of European street life. One could tell of the immensely attractive appearance of those European cities through which rivers find their course; of the handsome stone embankments bordered by magnificent boulevards of the Danube at Budapest, of the Tiber in Rome, the Seine in Paris, the Isar in Munich, the Arno in Florence, and many others, and, to a very limited extent, of the Thames in London. After seeing what these cities have done with their rivers, one instinctively thinks of Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Kansas City. What a contrast!

No discussion of the externalities of European city life would be complete without a remark upon the extreme cleanliness of the streets of the cities of central and northern Europe, including Genoa and Milan in northern Italy, and Rome and Athens in the south. The writer does not remember ever to have seen so spotlessly clean a city as modern Athens. And there is absolutely no city in America, with the possible exception of Denver, that will compare for a moment with even the lesser cities of Germany, to say nothing of Berlin and Leipzig. Berlin is often called the German Chicago, but in no respect are the

two comparable except in rapidity of growth.

In the possession of superb monuments, art galleries, and wonderful museums, in the manifold development of minor artistic possibilities, in the intellectual resources of a higher order, in profundity of culture, there is absolutely no American city that can bear comparison, not merely with Berlin, Paris, or Vienna, but even with such lesser places as Munich and Dresden. But art and culture are the fruits of time and leisure, neither of which America has thus far possessed. One would think, however, that in respect to material cleanliness, our American cities should lead the world, when we consider the fact that no nation, unless it be the English, is so generally cleanly in its personal habits as the American people. And yet the slovenly, disorderly, dirty condition of the streets of the majority of our American cities stands in striking contrast to the almost universal cleanness of the streets of the better towns in Continental Europe.

It struck the writer forcibly in going about the continent, and even in London, that the diabolical noise of our American cities is perhaps to some extent unnecessary. The comparative noiselessness of the great railway stations of Europe has been remarked upon, but this comment should be made to apply to business in general. Even huge London, packed with an immensity of street travel exceeding that of any city in the world, does not compare in noise and clatter and uproar with New York and Chicago. Finally, there is the smoke question. No American industrial city is as free from smoke as the industrial cities of, say Germany. Whether due to the burning of coke, to better stoking, or to what cause, the writer does not know, but Berlin, for example, is freer from smoke in the summer time than any business city in America. How the winter conditions

may compare is a question which the writer is unable to answer.

Leaving the material aspects of things abroad, and merely to touch upon immaterial things, the writer was profoundly impressed by two facts—the immense complexity and richness of the intellectual life of Europe, and the evidences of an older culture in the more highly developed social instincts of the people.

In a more or less homogenous state, such as France, Germany, or Italy, long ages of living together on the same soil, participating in the same victories and defeats, the consciousness of the intimate possession of glorious monuments of art and architecture, of growing up amidst cathedrals and castles, palaces and universities that their ancestors saw on this same spot when they too lived here as their descendants do now, gives to a European a feeling of deep-rootedness, of intimate connection with all the past of his race, joined as he is to it by history and legend, by song and by story, by the unbroken flow of speech over the centuries, and by the living presence of the noble memorials of the past. This sense of joy and pride that the Florentine feels over his Ghiberti Gates and Giotto's Tower; which the Roman feels, not merely in St. Peter's and the Vatican, but in reaching even farther back into the ages as he reads "Senatus Populusque Romanus" on the arch of Severus and realizes that it is still, as ever, the *Roma aeterna* to which in turn have come Augustus and Trajan, Constantine and Charlemagne, Michael Angelo and Victor Emmanuel; from Romulus, from the Wolf of the Capitol, from the Via Sacra, all the long unbroken way down the centuries; was and still remains majestic Rome.

The possession of this priceless historical sense, this preserving unbroken of the tradition and wisdom and experience of the ages, this consciousness that all that now is, rests

upon the shoulders of the unforgettable past—this is culture, something which daily compels one to measure one's own raw immediate achievements beside the achievements of men of like race who have gone before; whose material heritage of skilled workmanship constantly surrounds one, surviving in their best examples, and constantly crying to shame by their presence, dull or crude or trifling work of a new time. Of what incalculable value to the human race are all these monuments and buildings of past ages, immense and matchless museums and galleries and libraries into which are gathered all these evidences of man's skill and ability, of his inspiration and heroic achievement, over unbroken centuries of time!

In the possession of so much that is most important belonging to the past history of our race, and in the comprehension of it, lies the secret of the superior cultivation of the European mind.

We in America have our traditions, our history, but how brief and new! We, too, are all of European stock, but the ocean has broken the continuity of life, and we must cross it to pick up the other ends of the broken threads in the England, the France, or Germany, Sweden, Russia or Italy that our forefathers left.

Before closing this article, already far too long, the writer must speak of the other striking feature of European life which most deeply impressed itself upon his mind—the strong social instincts of the peoples of the continent, which in itself seems a superior culture, in that it involves a recognition by the individual and his comprehension of the solidarity of the race; of the fact that he is indeed a brother to his fellow men. English and Americans have less of this social instinct. Here individualism has drawn us apart and made us suspicious, guarded, externally cold, and apparently selfish. The warm, spon-

taneous, joyous, almost childlike delight in simple things, and most of all the cheery enjoyment of one another as human beings; the instinct that makes the poor Italian in the steerage suddenly seize his accordion or violin and begin to play some old, old melody, whereat all the other men leap to their feet and involuntarily begin some dance of their native countryside; the instinct that makes the cheery German's talk and laughter and good-fellowship, "Gemütlichkeit"—this we Anglo-Americans, stiffly regardful of our personal dignity, awkwardly afraid of becoming ridiculous, suspiciously doubtful of our neighbors' social position, this form of real and genuine culture, which works itself out in a warm, kindly, unfeigned and unconcealed interest in our fellows and a desire to do things for and with them because they are our fellows—this we conceal and the Continentals express.

Nowhere, perhaps, is this expression of social interest and sympathy more marked than in the typical groups that throng the public café-gardens, where at almost all times of the day, but especially on afternoons and evenings, or on holidays and Sundays, happy crowds of people gather to hear splendid music, to read the paper, to chat with friends, to eat a simple meal, or to sip a cup of coffee, or a glass of the light wine or beer of the country. Everywhere is the café life evident on the continent, and it has its origin not in the desire to eat or drink so much as in the instinct for sociability. Especially in Germany are these open restaurants universal in gardens, incorrectly called by Americans "beer gardens" and accordingly misunderstood. In Germany whole families of the middle class go to these attractive gardens to spend a holiday or a harmless evening. There are crowds swarming simply to hear the music at these places, and one sees the poorer people, who cannot afford to

enter, standing for hours on the outside to hear the music—classical music of the highest type. It is under these conditions that continental peoples drink alcoholic liquors. "Saloons" are absolutely unknown on the continent, and high spirits, such as brandies and whiskies, are seldom called for. Such drinking as is done is done in the open and in respectable places, among decent throngs of orderly people, and the drinking itself seems to be a mere incident to a sociable time. Unfortunately, owing to differences in social, racial, and perhaps climatic conditions, the public garden-restaurant and café system seems never to have taken hold either in England or America, and we have instead the saloon with all of its evil and disgusting features. The liquor question is a very complex and difficult one, and a discussion need not be undertaken here. Probably our method of handling it is the one best suited to our local conditions. But this much can be said: in twelve European states, outside of England, and in four months of continuous travel, not one single case of intoxication was seen, despite the universal consumption of wine and beer in the manner described, seen everywhere and all of the time.

The highly developed social instincts of Europeans nowhere manifest themselves so markedly as in the greater observance of external forms of courtesy and politeness than is common with us. Upon entering a continental restaurant, or hotel dining-room, whether in France, Italy, or Germany, a bow of recognition is given to the other guests, sometimes collectively, sometimes to each in turn, accompanied by a "good morning," or the like, which salutation is always returned; and on leaving a similarly courteous recognition is given. At a table in public café if some of the chairs are occupied by others, permission is invariably asked

before taking a place, accompanied by a bow of recognition to each of the persons already seated. Easily, a general conversation is begun. If you are an American, a lively interest is aroused, for "America is a wonderful country, is it not?" And so the conversation goes on, heartily, vivaciously, entertainingly, if you speak the language of the country, or if the others chance to speak a little English. Often and again in the various countries of Europe the writer, used to the cold-blooded English and American indifference, has been gratefully surprised and cheered by having perfect strangers, at some neighboring café or restaurant table, and with whom not one word had been exchanged, turn and speak, lift their hats and say good-bye on departing. Many a time, on trains, at railway stations, in hotels, in all manner of public places, was experienced this warm-heartedness and affability, this extreme courtesy and politeness, on the part of the genial, sunny Italians and Romanians, and the cheery, wholesome, hearty good nature of the magnificent Germans.

To call up some of the minor forms of courtesy in which Europe excels, is it not strange that over all the continent—everywhere in all countries—the custom of lifting the hat should be so constantly, so universally observed in the intercourse and greetings of men? Is it not strange that all over the continent, in whatever land, it should be the custom, upon entering a store or shop of the better sort, to remove the hat during the transaction of business and until one's departure? Is it not surprising to find banks furnishing hat-stands for their customers, who remain uncovered as scrupulously as in a private house, and not merely in the great cities, but in the small and petty towns? Once in a while there comes into such a place an individual whose hat is on and stays on to the end of the chapter—an Ameri-

can or an Englishman. It cannot be denied that in the domain of public manners, of outward courtesy and politeness, neither the English nor ourselves can be commended in comparison with the peoples of Continental Europe.

If it may seem that this article has contained, thus far, few comparisons favorable to our own country, the reader need not suspect that more could not be given. The person who goes abroad, with an open mind, determined to learn whatever he can, wherever he can, and of whomever he may meet, will occasionally have forced upon him convictions unflattering to his national pride. On the other hand, there will always be compensations.

America's great compensation for all its faults and short-comings and deficiencies lies in the superior opportunity it affords to the common man to become and acquire all that his talent and industry entitle him to. We Americans, in our democracy, have not fostered manners, as do the countries which have had centuries of experience with courts, and where the people have taken their lessons from a polished and accomplished nobility.

But in abolishing this nobility, and in roughly judging every man as a man on his merits, and according to his achievements, we have made a more rational society, and a more efficient one. Here is the source of our power. How tremendous is this power—that of a nation in which every man may be all that he can be; in which every individual's full capacities are allowed freely and equally to count! The huge possibilities in a nation of absolutely free and unhampered people, thinking men in Europe understand, and, moreover, European working men, who seem to have scarcely moved since the French Revolution, are slowly preparing to achieve this greater freedom of oppor-

tunity for themselves and their children.

Finally, a close observation of European peoples will convince any American that no nation is so well fed as ours, none so well clothed; none has such short hours of labor or such high compensation for that labor; in no country are the comforts of life so widely diffused and generally accessible. In no other country is public education of *all* the people a determined program on the part of the state. In no country are the burdens of military life and of taxation so trifling. In no nation does the individual so little realize in his private existence that there is such a thing as a "government." In no country is there so little of the rancor of class hatred, of the hopelessness of the underling, of the stupidity of social prejudice, of contempt for manual labor. Nowhere in the Old World is there among the common people of the country a class comparable to the American farmer. Not as in America, a trained, educated and intelligent free-man, a business man, the European farmer, meaning the man who actually tills the soil and harvests the crops—is a "peasant," surviving as the lowest and most despised unit in a feudal system, which Europe has not yet completely and thoroughly thrown off.

Herein lies America's economic efficiency, her immeasurable superiority—that she is hampered by no drag of an ignorant and neglected peasantry. We hear much of the superior efficiency of the American working man. To this should be added the superior efficiency of the American farmer. No nation can attain the highest stage of economic independence that cannot produce its own food. The native capacity and the education of the American farmer, together with the intelligent promotion of agriculture by the national and state governments, combine to give us a power in the matter of cheap and abundant food

production which no other nation under the sun possesses to-day.

For all of these reasons, an American returns from European shores to the home of the Star Spangled Banner, imbued with a profound consciousness that here lies the world's greatest present hope, and here the individual's greatest opportunity.

HERBERT F. ROBERTS.

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***The Meanderings of Three Weary Willies in Dixie Land.***

(By W. R. Ballard, '05.)

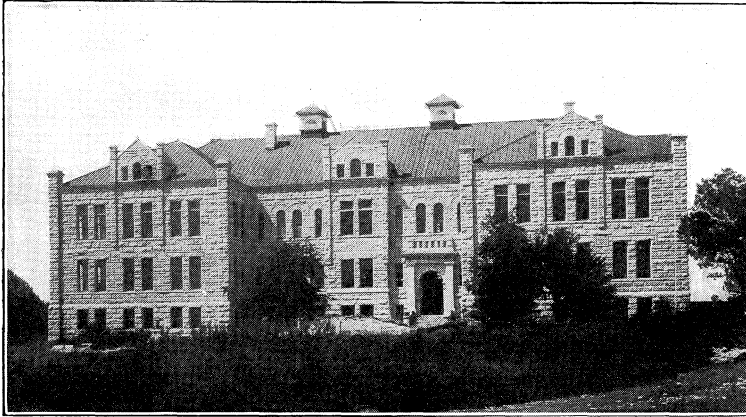
In writing this sketch of personal observations and experiences of a roughing trip through the mountains of the South, it is hoped that it will at least help to answer the despairing editor's cry for "copy." If the account could be made as interesting to the readers as was the "outing" to the participants, I have no doubt that some of the alumni would enjoy reading it.

Dressed in khaki trousers, woolen shirts and soft hats, Prof. J. B. S. Norton, '96, Rev. E. H. MacEwen and the writer boarded the trolley-car about 10 P. M. at Hyattsville, Md., and rode to the Union station in the capital city and took the 11 o'clock train of the Southern railway for Greensboro, N. C. For an hour or more we sat in the observation car watching the lights of the beautiful city of Washington disappear in the distance. Soon the Potomac river was crossed, and at length the old and renowned city of Alexandria, Va., was reached. Someone has remarked apropos of the non-progressive character of this place—"Alexandria, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever!" It smells like a pickle and sauerkraut factory and fertilizer works combined, especially along the water front. It was here that George Washington attended services in the church which is still standing. Several miles farther down the river is his old home, the Mt. Vernon estate, which one of the pa-

triotic societies has restored as nearly as possible to its former glory.

The line of track which the Southern has built to Asheville, N. C., is single-tracked most of the way and our train made slow progress, owing to the necessity of frequent side-tracking to let other trains pass. The trains of the Southern system are proverbially late. It was related that a certain train, for

car. The preacher told a good story of the old farmer's first night in a sleeper. When asked how he rested, he said he slept pretty soundly after he had managed to get into the "con-sarned hammock" on the wall. At this point the preacher was reminded of a Baltimore firm which in advertising its line of hosiery asserted that, "the longer you wear them the strong-



Domestic Science and Art Hall. K. S. A. C.

once, arrived at a station on schedule time. This was such an unusual occurrence that the passengers made up a purse and presented it to the conductor. He was greatly surprised and refused to accept the gift, for, said he, "Why, this is the train which should have come in yesterday at this time!" Once at a brilliant banquet in Washington, the facetious toast-master spoke of the president of this road as the *late* President —, a remark which induced sundry personages to smile audibly.

Tiring of gazing at the stars, we finally betook ourselves to the Pullman car assigned to us, and the preacher and the writer, both lacking considerably in "Billy" Taft's ponderous ponderosity, climbed into the top berth on one side, while Norton appropriated the one on the opposite side, of the

er they get!" That called to my mind the firm in Kansas City that advertised trousers at \$1.50 a leg and seats thrown in free. A one-legged man stopped in one day and made them give him a \$3.00 pair minus one leg for only \$1.50. It was with some difficulty that joking, joshing and giggling were finally restrained and "Sleep, Gentle Sleep" came to her own. Nothing could be heard but a few musically inclined sojourners who were accustomed to sleeping out loud. Even the imminent danger of rolling off the berth and sliding down into the lower one did not keep the preacher from finally lapsing into a state of semi-unconsciousness.

The morning came as usual—immediately following the night. Unfortunately, there was no diner on the train and the train was three hours late.

No breakfast was forthcoming until Greensboro was reached at 10:30 o'clock. After getting a lunch at a restaurant, Norton stepped into the station to find when the train left for Wilkesboro; but unfortunately he got into the "Jim crow" room and had to beat a hasty retreat. The train was not due to leave until three o'clock in the afternoon, so it was decided to walk up the track as far as possible and take the train nearer the desired destination, thus saving car fare and at the same time getting in trim for the long tramp ahead. The day was fiercely hot and progress was slow. When the party stopped at a house to get a drink, a small boy was interested in finding out if we were stragglers from a detachment of the National Guard which had passed by a few days previous. Leaving him under the impression that we were "real soldiers," we reached Guilford College, about seven miles from Greensboro, and sat down to await the arrival of the train. Guilford College is a Quaker institution, and they were at the time holding their quarterly meetings in the college buildings, which were a mile or more from the station. A number of delegates came in on the train. When the preacher went to buy his ticket to Wilkesboro he complained that they wanted too much money for it, but I calmed him down by remarking, "What do we care? They make it where we came from!" The train was "mixed" and stopped at nearly every crossroads to switch off a freight car or take one on. Winston-Salem on this road is a large tobacco-manufacturing town, and it fairly reeked with the vile smelling stuff. The corn and tobacco fields in this section were very fine. Along toward evening Pilot Knob could readily be seen looming up on our right. We ran into a heavy shower about six o'clock in the evening, but when we reached Wilkesboro, two hours later, the sky was clear. Supper was obtained at Bluemont

Hotel, but a desire to secure a moderately priced lodging resulted in our securing a good room, containing two beds, for only seventy-five cents.

At Greensboro we had expressed our suit cases to Asheville, intending to carry only five or six pounds of baggage with us. All sorts of things were provided for the trip, ranging from foot powder and court-plaster to camera and pedometer. On the morning of August 5 we left Wilkesboro at 6:30 and set out upon a three-weeks' tramp. After crossing the Yadkin river to the old section of the town, we walked out into the country two or three miles, where breakfast was obtained at a farm house for ten cents each. The menu consisted of hot biscuits, coffee without sugar, hot fresh milk, milk gravy, butter from the old-fashioned dasher churn, bacon swimming in gravy, and huckleberry marmalade. Mrs. Williams, the landlady, had no idea where Maryland was, but she was very curious to know all about us and our strange project. Her parting remark was, "It shore does look funny to see men walking to see the mountains." She was a typical Tarheel.

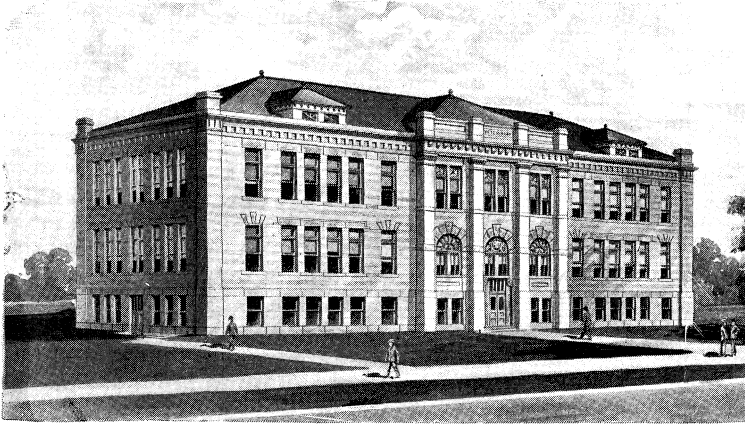
As we were going out of the yard a girl about fourteen years of age came out on the porch to say, "Do you-all take Kodak pictures?" As a rule the Southern girls are rather shy when strangers are around and usually crawl under the bed or out of the window. The possibility of having her picture taken brought this one to light. After walking three or four miles we were fortunate enough to get rides on empty lumber wagons for a distance of eight miles or more over a very rough and muddy road. We obtained a great deal of information from the drivers in regard to agricultural conditions, forestry, the liquor question, education, etc. At one place we passed the typical mountain school in session. The building was of logs and contained rude benches and a fireplace. In this section school holds forth only



four months in the year, beginning immediately after the corn is laid by in summer. The children seemed much interested in seeing the sights go by, and a number of frowzy heads peeked out at the doors and windows.

That day we ate one of the best dinners of the whole trip at an old brick farm house presided over by a widow by the name of Mrs. Spicer. Every-

hundred yards below. The bucket on a pulley was thus let down into the water of the spring, filled, and drawn up by means of a windless. In some places where the houses are off from the main road a metal mail box is rigged up somewhat after this fashion so that the mail from the rural routes can be hauled in on the cable. At one place we saw a pit



Veterinary Science Hall. K. S. A. C.

thing was as neat and clean as it could be, and the food was well cooked. For fifteen cents each we had string beans *a la* North Carolina, bacon, soda biscuits, fried eggs, corn dodgers, graham biscuits, sliced tomatoes, sorghum, coffee, milk, butter, and apple sauce. We here saw first a custom which we found to be very common in the South, that of the lady of the house standing at the head of the table to manipulate the peculiar, characteristic Southern paper fly brush. In the afternoon we again crossed the Yadkin river, this time on a splendid swinging bridge suspended on wire cables. Springs of splendid water are numerous in the mountains, and at one farm house we saw a novel scheme for carrying the water up the hill. A wire cable ran from the house clear down to the spring at the foot of the hill a

twenty feet deep which had been dug for the purpose of hanging the milk in buckets covered with cheese cloth; but one of the most primitive things seen on this afternoon's tramp was an old-fashioned home-made wooden plow. About five o'clock it began to sprinkle, but we sheltered ourselves under a big tree, at the foot of which was a fine spring, and after drinking out of a gourd dipper we chewed cherry gum until the shower passed. A little farther on it began to rain as if it were in earnest, so we stopped in at a farm house. While sitting on the porch the preacher was nearly convulsed with amusement by the discovery that the ceiling of the porch was literally spattered with tobacco spit, a fact which evidently indicated the trend of amusements of the natives on rainy days and Sunday afternoons.

As for that matter, the men seemed to have plenty of leisure time every day, as they were nearly always found sitting around the house doing nothing. Everything was dirty at this place, and it was all we could do to gulp down the supper they offered us.

The rain had ceased by this time, so we started on again and slopped through the mud in the dark until we came to the Piny Grove Baptist church where, finding the door unlocked, we decided to camp for the night. After decorating the pews with wet clothing we lay down on the hard benches to sleep, using our coats and baggage for pillows. It was not especially comfortable, but we comforted each other by saying, "Cheer up, the worst is yet to come!" It was suggested that we sing, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." We knew we were safe and could have pleasant dreams, for we could see the tombstones in the graveyard in the moonlight. Norton remarked that the members of the church would have a surprise in store for them if they were contemplating a sunrise prayer-meeting. The preacher got up along toward morning to look at his watch, and remarked, "Only three more hours until morning," which induced me to add, "Just one apiece!"

On the morrow after taking a picture of our "lodging place" we started on our way rejoicing. The roads were heavy, it was still drizzling, and we were three sorry looking specimens when we stopped at a fine-looking farm house to get breakfast. The man seemed inclined to treat us decently, but the woman was not very complimentary in what she said, nor in the way she said it, and was so snappy that we could hardly persuade her to let us have a drink of water. We shook the mud off our feet (in lieu of dust) and went on to the next place, which happened to be owned by a brother of the other man. He evi-

dently was not blessed with so much of this world's goods and did not have a vixen of a wife, so he had enough of the milk of human kindness to give us of the best the house afforded. He was a soft-spoken, pleasant sort of man, Goebel by name, and a deacon in the Piny Grove Baptist church. Before we left, he took us into the bedroom and proudly exhibited twin boys, lately arrived upon the scene of action. On the road a few miles from this place we discovered the largest chincapin tree that any of us had ever seen. Instead of being a small shrub, this one was a tree with a trunk fully eighteen inches in diameter. Stopping at a farm house to get a drink, the woman insisted on getting some fresh water, as what was in the bucket had been "drawn a right smart little bit ago." When we thanked her she replied, "You-all are right much welcome." Some little time afterwards, as Norton was getting a drink at a little spring where the water ran out of a little trough of bark, he caught himself involuntarily trying to turn off the spigot. How do the habits of civilized life encompass us about!

Arriving at Curtis' store about 1 o'clock and finding we could get no dinner we bought apples, gingersnaps, etc., and trudged on up the divide until we came to another spring, where we ate our lunch. We were caught in several showers during the afternoon, but the roads were much better here than farther down the valley. Toward evening we obtained supper at a farm house. The man seemed to be remarkably intelligent, but, as the preacher remarked, he knew nothing of hygiene. This house was situated right on the top of the divide between the Yadkin valley which we had so lately traversed and from which Daniel Boone journeyed in the early days across to Kentucky and the Toe river valley. We could see down the deep valleys to either side. The mountain scenery was superb. About five miles

beyond, down the Toe river valley, we came to the Green Park Hotel, the great stopping place for the summer people who come to Blowing Rock. Wishing a less pretentious place, we found our way to the Ingalls house, two hundred yards farther on. Here we found a fine old gentleman who had come to this country from Hanover, Germany, early in life and liked to spend his

time, thinking her lover untrue, cast him over the brink, but he blew right back into her arms, convincing her that his love was true. In the distance we had a splendid view of Grandfather mountain, which was to be our next goal. On the way back to the hotel we took a drink from the spring which forms the head waters of the Yadkin river. There were some bottles of



Sacred Heart Academy, Manhattan, Kansas.

summers in the mountains. That night we decorated the walls of our room with wet clothes in a way to pleasingly caricature the forms of weary travelers. The next morning after breakfast Mr. Rikey, the old gentleman, took us out to see the wonders of Blowing Rock. This was the finest fog scene of the trip. The valley was filled with fog waves like some vast inland sea. Peaks here and there rising up out of the mist looked like miniature islands. To either side could be seen promontories and deep inlets. Blowing Rock itself is a sheer precipice with a strong wind coming up over the brink so that papers or a handkerchief thrown over the cliff are blown back to the top. An old tradition has it that a girl once upon a

milk in the spring-house cooling, and the preacher inquired of the old gentleman where they got their milk, to which he replied that usually it came from the cows. This evidently satisfied the preacher, for he asked no more questions for some time. Mr. Rikey seemed much pleased with our company, and walked with us two miles to the post-office. Our walking sticks had disappeared during the night, and Mr. Rikey insisted upon my taking his. It now reposes in my museum of curios. At the office we sent off mail and specimens of plants which we had collected along the way. Storekeepers here still use the old-fashioned twisted-paper string with which to tie up packages.

After buying provisions for the

journey we started out on the Yonahlossee road, one of the finest mountain roads in the state. It follows an easy ascent around the edge of Grandfather mountain, and the vegetation and scenery remind one of the accounts of the Swiss mountain roads. Just out of Blowing Rock lives Mr. Cone on a fine estate. He has set out a fine orchard and many ornamental and forest trees. A beautiful lake is an added attraction. Mr. Cone is a wealthy Jew and a public-spirited man. He has built a splendid schoolhouse and maintains an eight-months' session for the children of the community. It was along this Yonahlossee road that we first discovered a species of blackberry with fine berries and with very few thorns on the canes. Some seed was collected to test its desirability under domestication. On the whole trip we found a profusion of wild fruits, which added much charm to our commissary department. They included fox grapes, blackberries of several species, red raspberries, gooseberries, huckleberries, buckberries, plums, Indian peaches, etc. Very interesting, too, was the rich and varied flora of this region. Here we found trilliums, or "wake robins," with their bright red berries. The galax, an evergreen plant with beautiful dark green waxy leaves much used by florists in decorative work, is shipped out of these woods by the wagon load. The woods are also full of mountain laurel and the evergreen rhododendron. Unfortunately, we were just a little late to see these in bloom, although a few belated blossoms were still in their glory. While stopping to rest, the preacher removed his worn and soiled socks and hung them on a near-by bush with this legend, "The goblins will git *you*, if you don't watch out!" Half a dozen eggs were purchased at a farm house, and at 6 P. M. a camp-fire was started near a picturesque little falls. The eggs were boiled one at a time in a tin

cup. MacEwen laid the first one out on the ground to cool and soon after inadvertently stepped on it, quickly reducing it to the omelet stage. Salmon and dried ham, crackers and stick candy with hot coffee completed the feast. By this time it was beginning to get dark, and the road was wet and sloppy in places and it began to rain.

(To be continued.)

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Books are part of man's prerogative;  
 In formal ink they thought and voices hold,  
 That we to them our solitude may give,  
 And make time present travel that of old.  
 Our life, fame pierceth longer at the end,  
 And books it farther backward doth extend.  
 —Sir Thomas Overbury.

### *The City that Dowie Built.*

The twenty-second day of last October Mrs. Jolly and I and our two girls drove over to Zion City—the city of which John Alexander Dowie was the father. It lies eight miles northeast of our place on the shores of Lake Michigan. Arriving there, we first visited the Tabernacle, where in 1903 we saw and heard Doctor and Mrs. Dowie, also the noted choir of four hundred voices. But this time the Tabernacle was empty, save for the janitor and six thousand vacant chairs.

The walls and ceiling over the rostrum are still covered with the numerous articles that Dowie obtained from the people, such as crutches, casts, braces, pipes, hot water bottles, guns, and medicine. There still remains in that room a barrel that he had placed before the congregation one Sunday and which he asked them to fill.

"Dowie was all right until he fell—until he went money crazy," so said the janitor. With Dowie the money came easily, but it also went easily.

After leaving here we drove by Shiloh House, where Dowie lived in his glory and died in his shame. The house cost \$65,000 and the barn, \$25,000.

We then went to the lace factory, which also was built by Dowie, but

which is now owned by Marshall Field Company, of Chicago. We saw them make everything in lace goods, from handkerchiefs to window curtains—a very interesting sight.

From this place we went to the general stores (very much like a department store), but soon had to hasten on account of darkness, for I had neglected to take along my carriage lamps. There is a law in this peculiar city which requires a light on every rig after dark; and as I did not care to have any dealings with the Zion City police, we hustled on home.

Zion City has been in very bad straits ever since Dowie gave up his ghost and ceased sucking in cash from his sucked suckers. The financial end of the City is still in the hands of the federal receivers. According to the last report of Receiver Thomas, twenty per cent represents the equity of the vicissitudes through which the City has passed in the last three years. Many removals have resulted and a great deal of real estate which the long lease terms of Dowie have made unsalable has been brought upon the market. But the receivers have realized large sums from sales by deeds instead of leases. It is believed that, with commercial freedom which the receivers are granting, Zion City will secure a place among the American cities of the better class. It is located within Chicago's industrial zone and upon Lake Michigan, where harbor developments at reasonable cost are among the possibilities.

The death of Doctor Dowie has resulted in no less than five distinct religious factions, under as many leaders, worshiping separately in Zion City these days. Recently the Methodist Episcopal church just south of the City was destroyed by fire, since which time said denomination has held regular meetings in Zion City with prospects of erecting a church building within the City as its permanent home. So with commercial freedom comes

religions liberty. The population is four thousand, or less, now.

It was a pathetic though deserving incident that the founder of a City like this should die a lingering death with no one to mourn for him, even to his living wife and son.

L. B. JOLLEY, '01, Gurnee, Ill.

#### *Omaha Alumni Reunion.*

The annual dinner given by the Omaha Young Men's Christian Association to young men away from home afforded an occasion for a small-sized K. S. A. C. reunion.

At one table the following K. S. A. C. people were seated: Ed. Richards, '07, A. D. Holloway, '07, Ralph Caldwell, '08, S. W. Cunningham, '08, and H. E. Soule and L. R. Hillman, former '07s. Plates were also held at this College table for J. E. Cooley, '07, and F. O. Hassman, but they were not able to be present. At this table of Jayhawkers the host and hostess were Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, formerly of Topeka. Mr. Davidson is superintendent of the Omaha schools and for many years held a similar position in Topeka. He is a graduate of Kansas University.

When the football scores were announced and the victory of Kansas University over Missouri University was given, the former Aggies joined Mr. Davidson in "Rock Chalk, Jay Hawk, K. U." Several attempts were made to get the report of the K. S. A. C.-Colorado game, but we were unsuccessful. Steps should be taken by the athletic management to get game reports to the associated press so that early reports can be secured on games played at Manhattan.

Statistics taken at this dinner showed, among other things, that K. S. A. C. was tied with Nebraska University in number of graduates present at the dinner. K. S. A. C. alumni are coming to Omaha slowly, and in the near future you will hear of the Omaha Branch Alumni Association.

### ***Topeka Alumni Association.***

The Topeka Alumni Association held their first fall meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Howard N. Rhodes, 1524 Harrison street, on the evening of November 5. We had no regular program, but all who were musically inclined gathered around the piano and enjoyed an old-fashioned "sing," while the untuneful entertained each other with dissertations on the election, business prospects, summer vacations, and old times at College. President Rader called us to order for a business session and appointed our tall man, Lawrence Hayes, sergeant-at-arms, with instructions to maintain order at any cost. He was assisted in this by the president, who thumped the dining-table with a ninepin for a gavel. We made motions, amended and discussed them, and after stormy debate laid them peacefully on the table, just as we did 'steen years ago in society. We heard reports, appointed committees, received new members, collected dues, and in short enjoyed a later, de-luxe edition of our youthful College society business sessions. Mrs. Rhodes and her mother, Mrs. Day, served dainty refreshments, the best possible testimony to the worth of domestic science training, and we unanimously decided to meet at the same hospitable home on the first Thursday in December.

MAUD CURRIE, '00.

### ***December Meeting of Regents.***

The Board of Regents met at the College December 1-5 and transacted a part of the large amount of business which confronted them. Probably the most important action of the Board was the election of Ed. H. Webster, '96, to the position of director of the Experiment Station. The ability of Mr. Webster as regards agricultural subjects is so well recognized all through the country that it is unnecessary to dwell upon the good fortune of the College in securing such a man.

The fact that he is a graduate of the College is of course an added reason for congratulation.

The position of librarian was filled by the election of Miss Gertrude Barnes, who has for a number of years been assistant librarian and who has hosts of friends who will be pleased to hear of her promotion.

The question of a route for the street railway through the campus was left undecided because the company and the Board failed to reach an agreement.

### ***Campus Notes.***

The orchestra is composed of thirty musicians, selected from the best talent in College. Under the direction of Prof. Harry Brown they are working hard on high-class productions, and will probably give concerts during the winter.

The Athletic Association has elected the following officers for next year: President, B. H. Wilbur; vice-president, A. G. Strong; secretary, Roy Johnson; treasurer, Prof. H. H. King; general manager, Prof. J. V. Cortelou; football manager, A. J. Ostlund.

The College team won fifth place in the judging contest at the annual international live stock show held in Chicago last month. K. S. A. C. won fourth place in judging horses, second in cattle, seventh in sheep, and fourth in hogs. C. W. McCampbell, '06, has the distinction of winning second place in the individual scorings.

College was dismissed November 21, and five hundred students accompanied the football team to Topeka to witness the game with Washburn. The crowd was carried by two special trains over the Rock Island and Union Pacific railroads. Upon their return at night they were met at the depots by the students who had remained at home, and all together they marched up Poyntz Avenue, very audibly rejoicing. The demonstration culminated in a huge bonfire.

# EDITORIAL

We wish you a very happy Christmas time and abundant success in its truest sense throughout the new year. May we all throw away our petty cares and worries with the appoaching Yule-tide and become so imbued with the spirit of Christmas that we shall retain it the whole round year.

There is a double reason for the existence of an alumni magazine, and for the best good to all concerned, one purpose must not outweigh the other. First, such a publication should serve as a tie to bind the alumni together in a spirit of fraternity. Out of this strong brotherhood will grow, as a common interest, the second purpose—that of organized effort to serve the College.

It is true that our Alumni Association is too weak to permit of centralized action, but before it can be properly strengthened it will be necessary for the individual members, as well as for the local associations, to arouse themselves and take active interest in the affairs of the College. The columns of the ALUMNUS are open to you, and we urge you, if you have opinions respecting the welfare of the College, to let them be known. If you have no such ideas, take time to make a study of the matter, and after that let us hear from you.

The alumni magazine should serve as a medium through which the alumni may unite to inform themselves as to the needs of the institution and to plan for its advancement. Everything cannot be accomplished all at once, nor with any degree of ease; but steady, persistent, united pushing will in time result in removing the management of the institution from any contaminating influence of political machinations and

placing it under the guardianship of a well-organized alumni association.

Just now we wish to impress upon you the fact that the legislature will convene within a few weeks. All alumni who can do so should lose no time in placing before their representatives the actual facts concerning the College; nor should their responsibility end here, for the truth should be so pressed home that no representative can possibly forget his duty in the matter. Any alumnus who has kept up his interest in the College (and who has not?) can do this much, and by so doing he will not only nobly serve his alma mater in this case but will unconsciously double his enthusiasm for future labors in her behalf.

According to an old fable, a fox one day fell into a deep pit. After awhile a wolf, strolling by, chanced to look in and was immediately consumed with pity at the unfortunate plight of the fox. The latter, upon seeing him, pitiously besought him to bring a rope; but, after expressing his deep sympathy, the wolf merely sighed and walked on.

Someone has wisely said, "It is hard on a man to have to explain his own joke." However, for fear of misunderstanding we shall endeavor to apply the lesson: We are continually asking the alumni for literary articles or for discussions upon subjects of vital interest and importance, and, as a rule, like the fox in the fable, "all we get is sympathy." When you are asked for a contribution, and especially when you are asked to express yourself upon some particular question, don't begin to reflect upon your past grades in English, and send kind regrets, but make up your mind to do as well as

you can, and then follow it up by doing it.

Again we desire to call your attention to our advertisers. They are all reliable firms and they should have your patronage whenever possible. When you deal with them, please do not forget to tell them that you saw their advertisement in the ALUMNUS. In this way you will convince them of the practicability of advertising with us, and the result will be more advertising, more returns, and a better magazine.

#### *Town News.*

The Kansas Bankers' Association met in Manhattan November 20.

The extensive repairs and improvements on the interior of the Presbyterian church were completed a month ago, and the fine new pipe-organ will be installed immediately.

James Boller, city marshal, has resigned his office. Probably there has been no student of the College in the past thirteen years who has not become familiar with the sight of the big man and his star.

Rev. Alfred Brown, who had recently accepted a call to the Episcopal church, died on November 28 in Denver, Colo. He was rector of St. Paul's church a number of years ago and had many friends in Manhattan.

Services are being held in the new Christian church. The old structure, which was moved last spring to a site on Bluemont Avenue between Juliette Avenue and Eight street, is now offered for sale.

In this issue appears a cut of the Sacred Heart Academy, situated on Pierre street and Juliette Avenue, and formerly known as the Anderson home. The institution, which is in charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph, is high class in every respect and is a credit to the town. A specially trained teacher is in charge of the excellent kindergarten, which is attended

by both protestant and Catholic children. On another page will be found an advertisement of the Academy, with a statement of the different courses offered.

A dam is being constructed at Rocky Ford, up the Blue, to furnish power for the city. This project will undoubtedly result in prosperity to Manhattan as well as to its promoters. The street railway is nearing completion, and with it will come added comfort in great measure. A sanitary sewer system for the entire city, recently voted by the council, is another progressive step. A new line of railroad from Westmoreland is practically assured, and it is expected that the line will be extended north to Omaha and south to Wichita. Many other new enterprises are being discussed by the business men, and it is not unreasonable to predict that the quiet little College town of the past will soon be lost in the powerful commercial center of the future. The fine new residences that are rapidly filling the vacant spaces, the churches, the public buildings, and our own great College all add to the wealth and comfort of Manhattan. There is some doubt, perhaps, as to whether enthusiasm over civic improvement has kept pace with the interest in commercial progress, but if the lethargy that does exist be removed, every citizen may feel untrammelled pride in his home.

"Yes, to this thought I hold with firm persistence:  
The last result of wisdom stamps it true;  
He only earns his freedom and existence,  
Who daily conquers self anew."—*Goethe*.

#### *Football.*

K. S. A. C., 40; Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College, 10.

K. S. A. C., 23; Washburn, 4.

K. S. A. C., 33; Colorado Agricultural College, 10.

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the human soul.  
—*Addison*.





# PERSONAL



Geo. W. Owens, '99, is situated at Petersburg, Va.

L. W. Hayes, '96, lives at 300 Western Avenue, Topeka, Kan.

John Halloran, student in '04 and '05, visited the College recently.

Rev. C. G. Clark, '88, is living at 307 Fifth Avenue, S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

H. A. Burt, '05, is employed by the Power and Lighting Company of Leadville, Colo.

L. V. White, '03, may be addressed Havana, Ill., in care of Sanitary District of Chicago.

H. W. Avery, '91, of Wakefield, Kan., was elected State senator from his district at the November election.

Supt. J. H. Miller attended a conference of institute superintendents, held in Washington, D. C., in November.

A. E. Oman, '00, is engaged in the forest service, Washington, D. C. His duties will consist in office work for the present.

Allen W. Staver, sophomore in '96, and Jessie (Bayless) Staver, '98, Lenexa, Kan., are the parents of a son, born October 15.

Ula Dow, '05, has been giving domestic science demonstrations and lectures at the farmers' institutes through the State all this fall.

James Coxen, '07, beside teaching five classes in mathematics in the high school at Goshen, Ind., has the oversight of the high-school paper.

Mary Mudge, '05, took a vacation from her work in the College library for a time in November and visited Effie Stewart, '05, at Humboldt, Kan., and Mrs. Eusebia (Mudge) Thompson, '93, in Kansas City.

Mrs. Isabel Mackenzie Walker, of Kansas City, gave an illustrated "Travel Talk" on Italy for the Y. W. C. A. in the old chapel the evening of November 3.

Asst. Prof. G. A. Dean, '95, of the Entomology Department, has been conducting investigations in the orchards of Wyandotte county for the San Jose scale.

C. S. Cole, '04, Minnie Deibler, '05, and Edna Brenner, '06, took part in the program of the Riley County Educational Association, held at Riley, Kan., November 7.

W. L. Hall, '98, of the United States forest service, stopped in Manhattan a few weeks ago on his way to Omaha to give a series of lectures on forestry and forest products.

Elizabeth Kramer, student two years ago, spent several days with friends in Manhattan a few weeks ago. Miss Kramer is now assistant secretary to the board of education in Kansas City.

F. W. Boyd, junior in '02, and Mammie (Alexander) Boyd, '02, and their son, McDill, came from Phillipsburg, Kan., to spend Thanksgiving with Mrs. Boyd's parents in Manhattan.

Mrs. Glaskin, of Kansas City, formerly Miss Jennie Selby, at one time a student at the College, came with her husband to attend the bankers' convention in Manhattan, November 20.

Thomas E. Lyon, '93, has been elected a member of the Illinois legislature, from Abraham Lincoln's old district, by the largest vote ever before received there by a candidate for the legislature. Mr. Lyon has a large and growing law practise in Springfield, Ill. Along with his other good fortune, he is rejoicing over the birth of his third son, October 29.

R. C. Cole, '02, is the father of a son born in October.

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

Janet McLaughlin, a former student, is in College again this term.

Emma E. Glossop, '83, lives at 505 N. Tenth street, St. Joseph, Mo.

Rev. W. C. Howard, '77, has moved from Hollister, Cal., to Oakdale, Cal.

Carl Pfuetze, '93, is erecting a new house on Bluemont Avenue, Manhattan.

F. E. Hodgson, '05, is the proprietor of a hardware store in Little River, Kan.

Arthur Rhodes, '05, is convalescent, after a three-weeks' illness with typhoid fever.

Sarah Hougham, '03, will return within a few days from a delightful three-months' outing in Canada.

Warren Herrick is the name of a son born December 2 to W. B. Thurston, '06, and Stella (Campbell) Thurston, '06.

Dora Harlan, '08, attended a teachers' association in Lincoln, Neb., last month, and came on to Manhattan for a brief visit.

Mary Hamilton, '06, of Lincoln, Neb., spent the Thanksgiving vacation in Manhattan, the guest of Prof. and Mrs. J. O. Hamilton.

F. E. Brown, '06, was married last summer and is now living in Enid, Okla., where he is in the employ of the street railway company.

J. C. Cunningham, '05, has begun his work as assistant in horticulture at the College. His duties were to have begun October 1, but he was delayed until the middle of November.

Among the alumni who witnessed the football game between the College and Washburn were Cora McNutt, '06, F. A. Kiene, '06, Jack Ryan, '07, Ernest Adams, '07, and Lulu Carlat, former student.

V. L. Cory, '04, visited College several weeks ago on his way to Washington, D. C., where he is employed in the Bureau of Plant Industry.

Professor Walters is planning a trip to Europe next summer for the double purpose of visiting his old home and making a study of European Architecture.

Ruth Neiman, '06, paid a visit to her brother and other Manhattan friends this month, on her way from Lincoln, Neb., to her home at White Water, Kan.

Wilson G. Shelley, '07, assistant in dry-land agriculture in the United States experiment station at Akron, Colo., for the past year, has gone to Washington, D. C., to continue his work.

Margaret Woodford, short course '00, now clerk for the Mills Dry-goods Company at Topeka, Kan., came to Manhattan, December 5, to attend the third wedding anniversary of Martin L. Parsons and Margaret (Norton) Parsons, former students.

Many of the alumni will learn with sorrow of the death of F. C. Burtis, '91, at Kansas City. Mr. Burtis was formerly assistant professor of animal husbandry at the College. The *Kansas City Star* says of him: "The death of F. C. Burtis in a Kansas City hospital was the passing of an educator who had done pioneer work in Oklahoma. Professor Burtis for years was at the head of the animal husbandry department of the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Stillwater. He resigned a year or two ago and engaged in the seed business in Muskogee. Last summer he broke one of his legs and upon recovery found that it was shorter than the other. Induced to cure this lameness by having the leg broken and set over again, he submitted to an operation. He never came out from under the influence of the anesthetics. He leaves a wife and several children."

Evan James, '04, is located at Lawrence, Kan.

A large line of Xmas cards and post-cards at W. F. Roehr's.

Stuart Young, '08, is remodeling the electric light plant at Chapman, Kan.

William J. Yoeman, '93, has moved from La Crosse, Kan., to Pretty Prairie, Kan.

George W. Owens, '99, is agriculturist at the Virginia Normal Industrial Institute in Petersburg, Va.

Prof. J. T. Willard is the author of a bulletin on "Pure Bran," recently issued from the Experiment Station.

Mrs. Isabelle (Frisbie) Criswell, '94, of Ames, Ia., with her two little daughters, spent a week in Manhattan, in November.

A. H. Rose and Elsie (Brown) Rose are living in Salina, Kan., where Mr. Rose is employed as salesman for a dry-goods firm.

Alice (Perry) Hill, '03, is living at 308 Bush street, Pendleton, Ore. Her husband is engaged in the lumber business, and they expect to reside in the West permanently.

W. A. Boys, '04, and Dovie (Ulrich) Boys, '03, with their little daughter Margaret are coming to spend the Christmas holidays with Mrs. Boys' mother in Manhattan.

W. B. Banning, '04, writes that he is farming a "bottom" farm at Lyndon, Kan., and that only occasionally does he succeed in finding "bottom" to the mud, between rains.

Born, October 15, to Allen Staver, second-year student in '96, and Jessie (Bayless) Staver, '98, a son. Mr. and Mrs. Staver have, also, a three-year-old daughter, Thelma Maurine.

Miss Viola Townsend, former short-course student, and Mr. Charles Stephens were married, December 1, at Parsons, Kan. After a trip to Chicago they will be at home at Columbus, Kan.

A nice music cabinet or a piano bench would make a fine Xmas present. You will find them at W. F. Roehr Music Co.

Nicholas Schmitz, '04, visited College a short time ago upon his return from a trip through eastern Colorado and western Kansas, made in the interest of alfalfa study. After the first of January Mr. Schmitz will take the chair of agronomy at the Maryland Experiment Station.

Mary Colliver, '05, writes from Los Angeles, Cal.: "I haven't heard any talk of an alumni meeting among us, though the new officers hinted that they would arrange for a winter gathering. There is not much winter here—the poinsettias are gorgeous and everything is fresh and green."

Among alumni visitors to Manhattan, the past month, are the following: Laura (McKeen) Smith, '95, Olive (Shelden) Parker, '98, Minnie Copeland, '98, Emily (Wiest) Joss, '04, Charles F. Johnson, '05, Katie (Witt) Johnson, Flora Hull, '07, Rob Williams, '07, W. T. Scholz, '07, Dr. Fred Caldwell, '07, Kate (Hutchinson) Streeter, '07, Ethel McKeen, '08, Dan Sullivan, '08, Lee Clarke, '07, Laura Smith, former student, and Charles G. Sherman, former student.

Mrs. Allie (Peckham) Cordry, '82, in a recent letter to Prof. J. T. Willard, says: "The alumni of the College in Parsons are 'making good.' Arthur Cranston is a representative from Labette county. Miss Umberger, a graduate of '07, is the teacher of domestic science in our high school and is doing extra good work. J. O. Moore runs a fine pasteurized dairy and draws a big check each month from the M. K. and T. railroad for milk and butter supplied. And Allie (Peckham) Cordry—well, she is training some future scholars for the K. S. A. C., has one son in the state treasurer's office, and between times writes society and club news for the Parsons *Sun*."

Pearl Akin, '05, is doing graduate work at the College.

Madge Martin, '08, is spending the winter at Bonami, La.

The finest line of statuary in town at W. F. Roehr Music Co.

Helen Sweet, '08, is city librarian of the Carnegie library in Waterloo, Ia.

Edith Forsyth, '06, was the guest of Manhattan friends for several days this month.

Mrs. Mary (Pincomb) Moats, '96, of Tampico, Mexico, visited friends in Kansas in August.

Lillian Hale, student last year, was married recently to Mr. Judd Greenman, in Kansas City.

L. R. Elder, '06, is working in the sales department of the General Electric Company, in Chicago.

Prof. G. C. Wheeler, '95, is president of the Manhattan Poultry Association, recently organized.

J. D. Trumbull, '96, made a visit to the College recently. He plans to take an extended trip south in the near future.

Harriet (Nichols) Donohoo, '98, of Tucumcari, New Mex., spent a few weeks, recently, in visiting her Kansas relatives.

Mrs. Isabel (Symns) Reeder, student in '95-'97, lives at Troy, Kan. Her husband was elected to the legislature in November

Mrs. Gertrude (Coburn) Jessup, '91, has been living in Topeka for several months and may be addressed at 426 Topeka Avenue.

Jay Smith, '08, who has been in the government service in New Mexico since last spring, has returned to his home in Manhattan.

L. A. Ramsey, '06, was on the campus, December 10, on his way from York, Pa., to his home in Topeka, where he will spend a vacation lasting until the first of the year.

Kenneth Kimble, former student, rode down from Omaha on a motorcycle to spend Thanksgiving with his father, Judge Sam Kimble, '73.

A recent number of *The World Today* contains an article, "Dueling in Germany," by George P. Jackson, former assistant in German in the College.

Fred Zimmerman, '00, in addition to his duties as cashier of the Bendena (Kan.) State Bank, finds time to indulge his fondness for automobile driving.

Rev. George Perry, of Salmon City, Idaho, student in the seventies, has been in Manhattan for a number of weeks, caring for his son, George Perry, Jr., who has been ill with blood poisoning since the opening of College last fall.

V. M. Emmert, '01, who is farming in Texas, became seriously ill with typhoid fever, a number of weeks ago. His place is twenty-five miles from the nearest town, Brogado, but as soon as he could be moved he was taken there for treatment. He is now well on the way to recovery, and sends the following note to the ALUMNUS. "I have deserted Kansas and am now a Texan, but I still must have the K. S. A. C. news. I am on an irrigated farm here in the Toyah Valley—"The California of Texas."

A. B. Symns, '00, was elected to a second term as county commissioner of Doniphan county, Kansas, November 3. Mr. Symns is the first Democrat on the county board in thirty years in a district which has a Republican majority of three hundred. The Symns brothers—A. B. and P. K., '01—are reported as busily engaged in "chasing dollars" on their ranch at Troy. Good help is not available in that section of the country just now, and the boys act as their own and each other's hired men. They enjoyed a visit from C. E. Pincomb, '96, on his return from the Dakota land drawing in October.

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Sheet music, both popular and classical, at Roehr Music Co.

Charles Ragsland, student in '04, visited old acquaintances around the College, recently.

Loyd Pancake, '00, and Mrs. Pancake became the parents of a son on December 6, at Mount Airy, Ga.

Kate Alexander, '06, teacher in the Kensington (Kansas) schools, spent the Thanksgiving vacation with her parents in Manhattan.

Word comes to the ALUMNUS that H. T. Nielsen, '03, and Mrs. Nielsen have been entertaining their second little son since some time last summer.

Tillie Kammeyer and Blanche Groome, both former students, who have been in Denver, Colo., all the fall, are now at their respective homes in Manhattan for the present.

R. N. Newland, '06, spent a day at the College, recently, for the first time since his graduation. He was on his way from York, Pa., to spend Christmas with his parents at Bridgeport, Kan.

William H. Phipps, '95, spent December 5 renewing old friendships and visiting old haunts and new scenes on the campus. In the afternoon he attended the Alpha Beta Society. Mr. Phipps will be remembered as the editor of the '95 class book—the first one ever issued by any K. S. A. C. class.

A most enjoyable class reunion was held in Chicago, December 5, by seven members of the '06 class—L. R. Elder, Jay Dow, Lester Ramsey, E. W. Thurston, W. T. Gilliford, Ross Newland, and J. J. Peckham. The boys formed a line party at the theater, and closed their celebration with a banquet afterward.

W. T. McCall, '08, and D. L. Orendorff, a former student, have perfected their new invention, a combination grain and hay stacker, and are now looking for a factory site where they can manufacture it. They are considering several towns, although Salina offers the best opportunities for such an enterprise, so far. The company will start out with a capital of \$10,000.

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#### Campus Notes.

One hundred sixty girls are enrolled in the Physical Training Department.

The gymnasium classes of the Y. M. C. A. will give an exhibition the first of the winter term.

The senior football team was defeated by the Clay Center High School team, November 26, with a score of 21 to 5.

The Hamilton Society entertained the Ionian Society at an informal reception, the evening of Thanksgiving day, in the reception-room of the city library.

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# December 18, 1908

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Our furs are going fast; don't miss getting you a nice set, or muff or collar. Prices always the lowest. Yours to please,

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The Y. W. C. A. held a bazaar in Anderson Hall a few weeks before Christmas. Hand-made Christmas gifts and candy were on sale.

The senior class gave a reception in Domestic Science and Art Hall November 16. This was the first social affair to be held in the new building.

During the coming farmers' institute a contest will be held for market milk and cream and farm dairy butter, along with the creamery butter-makers' contest.

Everything is in readiness for the opening of the basket-ball season. The contests will take place in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, and six games can be seen for one dollar.

President and Mrs. Nichols gave a reception at East Park Gate, December 2, from 8 to 11 o'clock P. M., to the Regents, Faculty and their wives.

The girls' basket-ball teams are practising regularly, with Marie Fenton, '09, as coach. The captains are: Senior, Grace Leuszler; junior, Carrie Gates; sophomore, Irene McCreary; freshman, Iva Fuller.

The weather has been most favorable for steady work on the engineering building. The heat tunnel between the shops and veterinary science building is finished and the heating and plumbing systems in the domestic science building and the new drawing rooms have been completed.

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The Shorthand system is Lindsley's Takigraphy, or reporting style of Stenography, and the touch method is taught in Typewriting.

Connected with the Sacred Heart Academy is the department of Music. The piano method taught is that of the latest European masters, and a thorough and finished course is also taught on all of the string-instruments.

Private lessons in Voice Culture, Voice Mechanics, Elocution, and Oratory. Students not wishing to pursue any particular course can have instruction in any special branch or branches.

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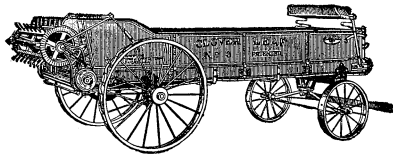
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