

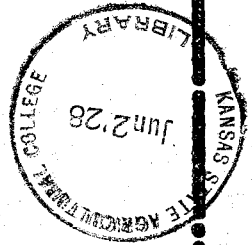
# THE ALUMNUS

Vol. VIII

No. 2

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

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October, 1909

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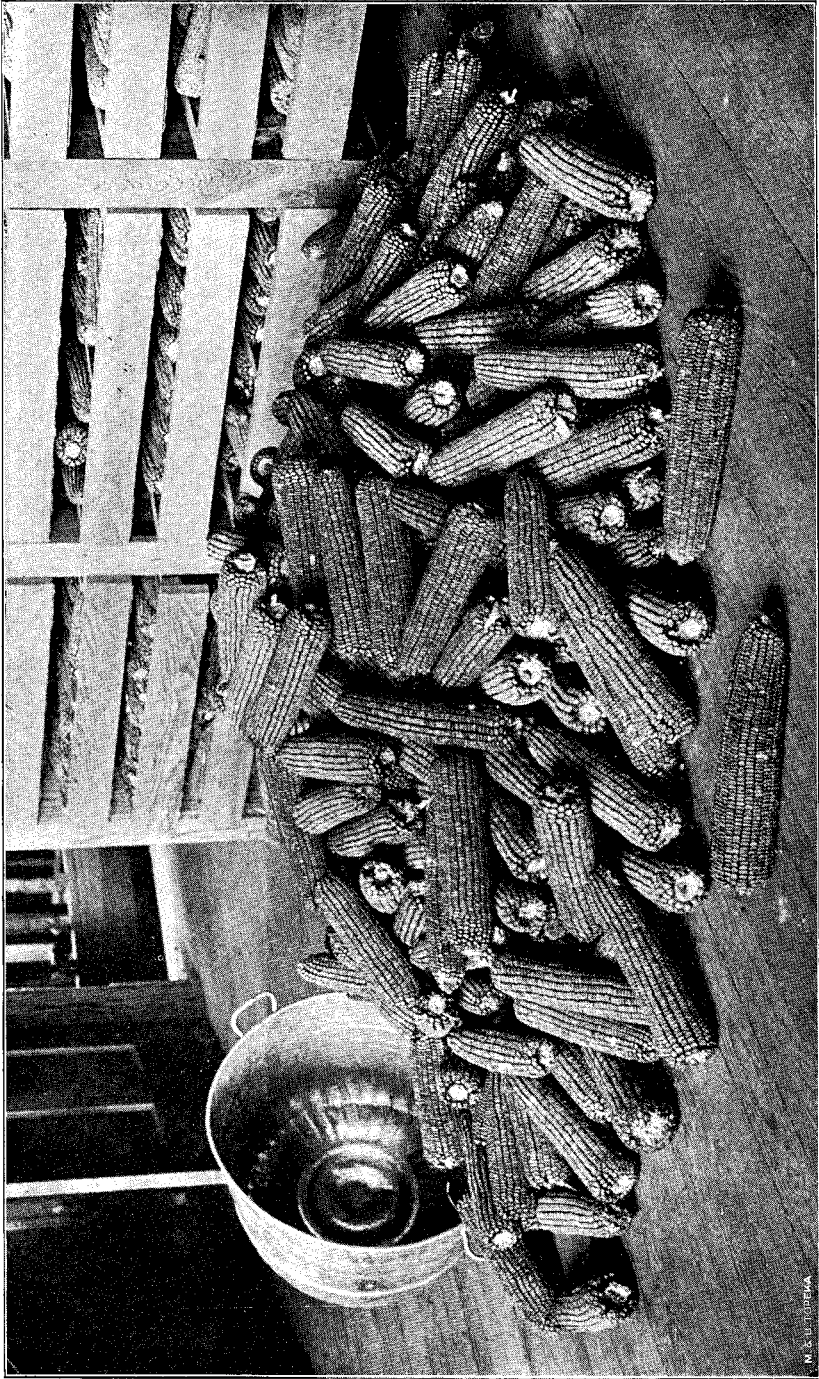
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"October."

# THE ALUMNUS

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NO. 2

## ***Some Historic European Cities—Rome.***

By Herbert F. Roberts.

Nowhere in the world is there such a concentrated and varied wealth of human interest as the chief older towns and cities of Europe have to offer. Their span of life, as compared with our own, has been so great that the consequent accumulation of vast treasures of art and the handicrafts, of buildings and of places connected with the lives of historic world-personages, of glorious monuments of architecture, combine to ravish the eye and overwhelm the mind.

From the present writer, who in the course of a hurried journey was brought for the first time into slender and brief contact with these Old World places and things, what can be expected that cannot be better found in a hundred books, the products of leisurely study and contemplation? Such general and necessarily superficial glimpses of the life of European peoples as are expressed by some of their chief cities are about all that need be anticipated in this account.

Three great cities of the ancient world stand foremost in men's minds. In one of these, during the brief two centuries of its prime, were wrought the most marvellous works of sculpture and of architecture that the world has ever known, or perhaps shall ever know. Here, out of a little body of some fifty to one hundred thousand free citizens, came products in pure literature, in philosophy, in historical and political writing, in forensic debate and the serious drama, of absolutely unique value, and which have been the age-long inspiration of the human

mind throughout the whole western world. Athens was that city.

Another city later arose, which, caring little for the things of culture, had a genius for organization; for rule and mastery; indifferent to art, but talented and daring in the creation of vast engineering and construction work defying the ages. This city laid its hand upon a chaotic world—fully two-thirds of what is now Europe—and commanded peace. It became supreme over all Europe, Egypt, North Africa, and the Levant. It brought into vast realms the most stable, permanent civil order and security, based on law and relative justice, that the ancient world had ever known. Its language became that mother tongue whose daughter dialects are spoken today by nearly two hundred million people, to say nothing of our English speech, saturated with its vocabulary. Its laws underlie the codes of most of the European states. Two hundred and thirty million souls—half the Christian following of the globe—still render spiritual allegiance to the Christian heir of the Pontifex Maximus. Such has been the achievement of Rome.

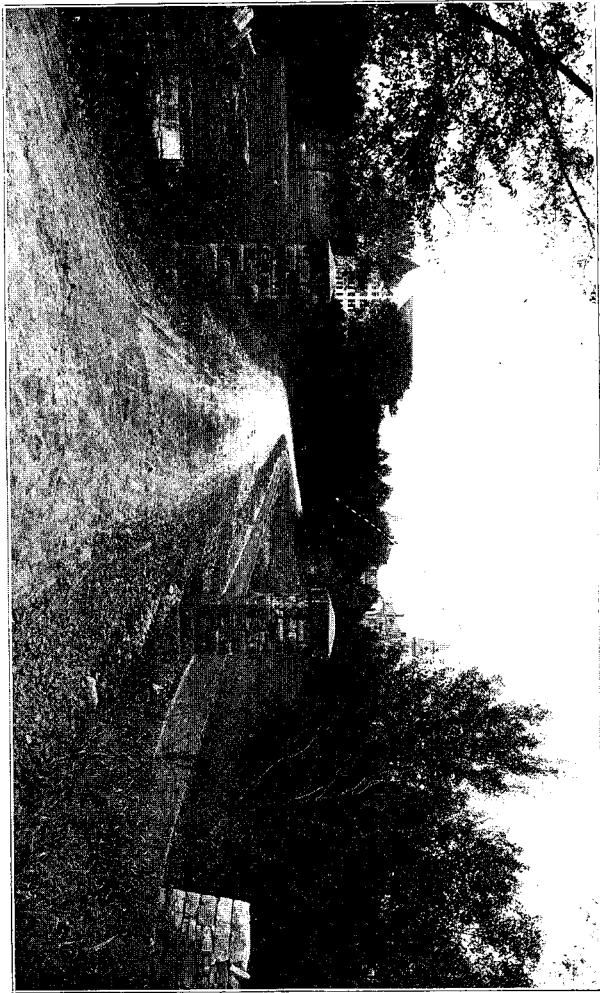
Far to the east, where the Mediterranean narrows down past the plains of Troy into the mirrored sea of Marmora, Constantine the Great, on one of the most beautiful sites of earth, built a vast capital bearing his name—Constantinople—a city which for more than a thousand years, and down into the Middle Ages, carried the torch of Graeco-Roman civilization, fallen from the exhausted hands of the ancient founders.

Of these three centers of ancient life, the Italian capital naturally lies nearest to our minds. It is with the most curious and extraordinary feeling imaginable that one finds himself approaching for the first time in his life—the city of Rome. Rome is a solemn name. What a history! First the walled village on the Palatine Mount, the Rome of the early kings. Broadening out over the valley to the Capitoline, and finally covering the seven hills, lay the Rome of the Republic for eight hundred years, and of the Empire for five centuries more, until Romulus Augustulus laid down a futile scepter. During this time the name “Roma” became a name of thunder, the “Eternal City,” the awe of the nations.

Extinguished as a capital, robbed, plundered, and despoiled, this city became the abode of human birds of prey during the long Dark Ages, until the growing power of the popes had built up there the spiritual empire which lasts even to-day. Finally, when the aspirations of the Italian peoples for national unity were satisfied with Victor Immanuel of Savoy as the first king of united Italy, and the question arose of the capital of the new state, and while climatic and economic reasons dictated the choice of one of the northern cities, there lay over all the Italian land “the shadow of a great name.” But one name commanded the awe and veneration of all Italian hearts; that name which had fallen unchanged from the lips of Servius Tullius, of Scipio; of Julius Cæsar, of St. Augustine; of Charlemagne; of Gregory the Great—that name was “Roma.” And so the capital of the world of Augustus became the capital of Italy of our time.

What is the deepest present impression that one gains in the city of Rome? Undoubtedly the profoundest impression is of the tremendous difference between the modern city and the Rome of the second and third cen-

turies, the Rome of the greatest days of its material significance. What this venerable city of Rome once displayed no city of the ancient or modern world has, or has had, anything to compare in respect to the regal magnificence and lavish splendor of its external aspect. Probably no human eye shall ever again behold the like of what greeted the man of the third century from the summit of the Palatine Mount, then still crowned with its bewildering masses of sumptuous gleaming edifices—the palaces of the Cæsars. Below, glittering in the sun, resplendent in white of Pentelic marble, rich in gold and bronze ornamentation, stretched away the long course of the Forum Romanum, flanked with its superb basilicas and temples, studded with monuments, and jewelled with trophies witnessing the triumphs of the legions. From beyond the Circus Maximus, rounding the flank of the Palatine, pulsed the great artery of Rome, the highway of the Via Appia. Past the huge bulk of the Colosseum, under the arches of Constantine and of Titus, it swept down through the Forum. Past the Senate House, the rostra of Julius, it led up the flank of the Capitoline where reared the vast buildings of the Tabularium, and on to its shining summit, where the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus stood in majestic marble on the citadel. Far to the north and east stretched literally miles of the marble buildings of the fora of the emperors, flanking the old Forum Romanum. In the distance, to the northwest, rose the dome of the Pantheon, and farther to the left, on the river, the magnificent tomb of Hadrian. To the southeast the eye caught a distant huge and gleaming pile—the Baths at Caracalla—and perhaps even a glimpse of the gate in the city wall through which the white ribbon of the Appian Way, with its pomp of patrician tombs, vanished over the Compagna. In every direction one could count numberless small-



Main Drive.

er temples and public buildings and the various imperial baths, all interspersed with private gardens, and the luxurious houses of the Roman nobles. As in every great city, there were crowded, disreputable, miserable tenements. The very Forum lay just below the wretched quarter of the Suburra to the north. But the general aspect of Rome as it must have appeared, even far past the days of the first Constantine, was one of an earthly splendor sumptuous and grandiose beyond what mortal eye shall ever again behold.

What is the scene to-day from the Palatine? A great city stretches forth beneath one's feet, a city for the most part of mediocre yellow stuccoed buildings. Not a gleam of marble except where the new monument to Victor Immanuel rises on the farther slope of the Capitoline. In the distance, northwest across the Tiber, looms the bulk of St. Peter's Dome—the only mark of architectural distinction characterizing the commonplace Rome of to-day. Protruding through an undulating mass of monotonous roofs, one catches here and there a glimpse of some blackish, time-stained, battered ruin. Still stands, hoary and gray, the most perfect remaining ancient Roman edifice, the Pantheon. Over toward St. Peter's, the tomb of Hadrian, stripped of its gleaming marbles, still supports its stately tower, blackened with age. On the Palatine itself one beholds through the trees a perfectly bewildering maze of ruins—the palaces of the Emperors in stupendous ruin; here a mere ground plan covered with confused fragments, there, as in the palaces of Caligula or Severus, huge brick walls and vast arched passageways, rising story above story, with now and then a mosaic pavement or a sculptured marble cornice or entablature to bear witness to its past magnificence.

Below the Palatine lie the excavations of the Forum, one awful absolute

wreck of shattered fragments, with but an occasional arch or a battered column surviving the ravages of time and men.

The Colosseum, huge and brown, still stands, externally quite intact, within a quarried skeleton. An unspeakably common and mediocre mass of faded yellow mediæval and modern buildings, devoid of taste, art or dignity, surmounts the summit of the Capitoline. Of its ancient noble structures not a vestige or a visible sign. Over all Rome the glowing temples and basilicas have gone. Over to the southeast the huge, dark forms of the ruined walls of the Baths of Caligula still rise above the confused heap of the roofs of to-day. Far to the southeast a dingy lane, that was once the Appian Way, worms its course as a common alley out through the miserable suburbs beyond the gate of San Sebastiano, past a handful of wretched broken tombs into the solitude of the Compagna. To the northeast of the Via Appia, the gaunt, dark spectre of the Claudian Aqueduct still staggers out of the city and across the plain. Around a considerable portion of the modern city still rise the huge, ancient walls, tremendously imposing in places, of the Emperor Aurelian. Beyond the Tiber to the northwest, between St. Peter's and the Porta del Popolo, or "People's Gate," stretches in spick and span newness of cream-colored stucco, the city's most modern quarter. From the Porta del Popolo and the Pincian Hill down to the southeast threads the famous but commonplace street called the Corso, through the whole of what was mediæval Rome, and which is still the city's busiest part.

Rome is, therefore, so to speak, a study in human geology. Stratum below stratum lie the successive Romes of two thousand five hundred years. Fragments of the life of the populations of these various strata lie arranged in dozens of superb museums



and galleries of art. To learn to know Rome, to penetrate through its ages, to clear the ground in one's mind of the lumbering masses of to-day—the Rome of old churches, dingy tenements, sparkling modern shops, buzzing cafés, whirring street-cars—to go successively back, through the Renaissance into the Dark Ages and on into the Rome of the Cæsars; to see St. Peter's disappear and the modern buildings melt away, to see the black ruins grow young and bright, glittering in their pristine freshness, to hear the clatter of sandalled feet along the ancient pavements, to people the deserted Forum with its swarming life, is a feat of the imagination which is achievable just in proportion to one's possession of historical and archeological knowledge, and even then only after much time spent in study and contemplation of the few surviving ruins.

(To be continued.)

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***Sketches in New Mexico.***

When the train stopped at Rincon that June morning and the Kansas girl and her mother awoke to the consciousness of burning throats and heavy eyelids, they looked back as through numberless years at the shady little college town they had left two days before, remembering the waters of the Kansas and the Blue not as muddy and turbulent, but clear and sparkling and wonderful. Looking from the window of the dressing-room they saw and felt the awful barrenness of the mountains and the dreary waste of plain, and over all, the great, glaring, brassy sky. A few apathetic looking Mexicans strolled by the side of the track and others languidly watched from their huts the ordinary spectacle of a long, dusty train waiting before the depot. A pitiful chicken staggered feebly about, spreading its scraggly tail like a dilapidated sunshade against the scalding wind and sand. A guant cow stood dream-

ing of mythical clover fields. Such were the impressions that the Kansas girl and her mother formed of New Mexico that hot June morning, and their hearts went down and down.

All that morning they rode through the brown desert, and the heat grew worse and the dust more choking. Dead and dying cattle by the way did not serve to make the outlook less dismal, nor did the assurance of a fellow traveler, that this was the driest season New Mexico had ever experienced, brighten the prospect of a summer to be spent in that dreary region. Toward noon the way began to wind upward, and, joy to relate, here and there a stunted pine tree appeared and a bit of scrub oak. Still upward, and vegetation became more abundant—and hope once more faintly crept into the hearts of the two weary Kansans. When the train stopped at Silver City the journey by rail was over. As they left the car, a rush of fresh mountain air came to them and life, after all, retained some of its old-time charm. Then a loved, familiar face appeared, and the Kansas girl and her mother and her big forester brother were together again.

Silver City was originally a mining town, but at the present time it is important as a health resort. Its altitude is about six thousand feet and it is veritably "a city set upon a hill." On one prominence stands the Territorial Normal School, and on the hillside, here and there, are sanitoriums. Rising church spires give an air of substantial civilization to the whole. To be sure, big signs reading, "White House Saloon," "Liquor Emporium," and the like, are common, but the Kansas girl and her mother had become inured to such sights in their journey through Colorado and New Mexico and, beyond a feeling of thankfulness that they lived in Kansas, gave them hardly a passing glance.

The Kansas girl indulged in a pro-

fuse nosebleed to celebrate her arrival into high altitude and found, moreover, that breathing was an effort and that she dared not even laugh for fear of wasting her precious little stock of breath. Presently appeared the mountain wagon that was to carry the travellers the thirteen remaining miles of the journey to the Forest Planting Station, and soon they were jolting over the winding, up and down trail, nearer and nearer to the blue peaks beyond. The driver was a grizzled little old man, who confessed that he was from Vermont and never wanted to go back. Above the rattle of the wagon, he charmed the ears of the Kansans with bits of legends of the Indians and Mexicans. He pointed out a peak of the Santa Rita Mountains where, against the face of a cliff, a shaft of rock resembling the figure of a woman stands. This, he explained, is called "The Kneeling Nun," and the Indians firmly believe that when that rock shall fall the earth shall cease to be.

Nine miles out from Silver City is Fort Bayard, at one time a regular army post, now a tuberculosis sanitarium maintained by the War Department. There are the ambulant wards with their wide verandas, each with its row of cots, fronting on clean, macadamized streets and separated from them by means of narrow strips of green lawn. There are the ambulant tents, the enlisted men's infirmary and the big solarium where the patients sun themselves while they read or play billiards. A handsome new government building gives a citified air to the place, which is enhanced by the aspect of the officers' line a little farther on. Here are great trees shading green lawns and luxuriant vines screening spacious verandas. The commandant and his wife are charming, wholesome sort of people, whether seen in their home or in riding costume following a trail on the government reserve. The commandant is a

tree enthusiast—but that recalls one to the Forest Nursery, which is yet four miles on and which the Kansans must reach before supper time.

The road from the Post winds among gnarled and bent pines and junipers, with underbrush of scrub oak and mountain mahogany, through wild looking arroyos and over little threads of brooks. There is something about the landscape that suggests always a dwelling around the next bend ready in a minute to come into view; this is probably because the trees are shaped like apple trees and that the whole landscape thereabout bears a close resemblance to an old orchard. There is a stillness about the place that is accentuated by the occasional frightened flutter of a bird from its nesting place behind a bunch of bear-grass or the lulling sigh of the aeolian harps in the pine trees. Away in the distance, the moaning of a turtle-dove has an uncanny sound.

The Kansas girl had fallen into a reverie, from which she was awakened by a word from the driver, and there just ahead shone the red roof of Uncle Sam's Forest Cottage. It was the crowning delight of the day. It must have been built by an artist, for it pleased the eye and satisfied the soul in its complete harmony with the rest of the scenery. Every element of the whole, from the rustic pillared porch without to the great brick fireplace within, had a wild charm about it. Only the typewriter and phonograph were at variance with the rest.

In the kitchen, the cow-puncher and the story-writer were getting supper, and the meal was presently announced. Now the prospect of meeting a real, live, Texas cow-puncher had not been considered lightly by the Kansas girl; as for the other, university men might be seen any day at home, hence her interest in him was perfunctory. Therefore, when the tall figure stepped forward in response to the introduc-

tion she noted his black hair and his handsome, tanned face and knew at once, with a thrill of delight, that there before her, in all his grace and picturesqueness, stood a hero of the plains! But alack and alas! He turned out to be the story-writer and the cow-puncher was low in stature and wore a yellow mustache; moreover, he must have been at least forty years old! Then did the Kansas girl realize with a sense of disappointment that her tastes were hopelessly civilized. The cow-puncher would never have been mistaken for the story-writer, but the story-writer would have been made a noble "Virginian." Yet the time was to be, when she should have come to know the cow-puncher, that she would admire his capability, his keenness, his modesty, and his never failing courtesy; when she would listen, entranced, to his tales of prairie or mountain—hair-raising stories of Indians and horse thieves and bloody cattle wars. He was not the hero of fiction, and though she afterward saw many other cowboys they all appeared to be every-day mortals, busy men whose hard working lives in the open had not admitted of much romance.

Never before did a supper taste so good as that one which the cow-puncher and the story-writer had prepared together. One had learned to cook in a chafing-dish within a circle of gay friends, the other in a frying-pan alone over his camp-fire. But they made a good combination, and the five about the table were old friends by the time the feast was finished.

The next morning a visit to the Forest Nursery was in order. On four acres of cleared ground miniature pine forests flourish, and the young trees by hundreds of thousands are planted on near-by mountain sides or shipped to other forest reserves in New Mexico and Arizona. The forest planting assistant in charge is a grad-

uate of the Kansas State Agricultural College. Whether he or any one else will succeed in the present method of reforesting the bare slopes is a question yet to be decided, for the work is as yet in a purely experimental stage. Thickly standing stumps give evidence of once luxuriant tree growth which has been destroyed by forest fires or by woodmen who have not "spared that tree."

That very night the story-writer and the cow-puncher started on a fifty-mile journey into the Black Range to help put out a fire that was reported to be eating away the forest there: There was a haze in the air as from far-away smoke, and the sun went down in a red glow. The Kansas girl was filled with a strange longing for adventure and watched the preparations for departure wistfully; and that night she saw in her dreams tree-tops flaming torch-like and heard the hiss and crackle of the conflagration. A week later the men returned with weary bodies and sunburned noses, having left the fires well under control.

During the first few days at the forest cottage the Kansas girl and her mother were content to stand in silence, watching the blue and gray of the mountains and inhaling deep breaths of the glorious air. Then came the rides on horseback over the foot-hills and on up into the peaks, where one could only gasp at the magnificence of what one saw and remain forever mute upon the subject from the desperate futility of trying to find words to tell about it. There were rides along narrow trails down deep and rocky canyons where quaking asp and pine stood straight and tall and where one crossed and recrossed a mad little mountain stream. Here the impulse was to close one's eyes in a bewilderment as to whether one should laugh or cry or say one's prayers. Up the canyon, where it widens, permitting space for green alfalfa fields, on up toward the head, is a little saw-

mill that hums away, filling the air with the sweet fragrance of the new pine boards. A little, red-cheeked Irishman is in charge, assisted by another red-cheeked young man. He assured the Kansas girl that his employment and surroundings were most conducive to health and she thought, judging from his appearance, that it was very likely true.

Once the Kansas girl was lost for fully ten minutes upon a steep mountain side, during which time she rolled and bounced over boulders in delicious fright and discomfort, imagining the thrilling accounts of her perils which she would write to those who dwelt back in tame civilization. The close companion of these rides was "Billy Juniper," a tough, surly little broncho who eyed his rider always with cold distrust, never condescending to sniff at sugar held alluringly before him nor to rub his nose against her in token of friendliness, but who, nevertheless, carried her safely upon his stubborn little back.

The first of July the rains began and a force of men was employed to carry on the work in the Forest Nursery that must be done during the rainy season. They were a heterogeneous collection of mankind—convalescent soldiers from the post, callow youths from nearby mining towns, a strolling specimen of the "poor white," an Irishman from Boston, an ex-saloon keeper, and a keen-eyed prospector who came in from the mountains with his burros and dogs.

The men were to begin work on the fifth of July, and on the day before the cow-puncher went to town to transact some business for his employer and to attend the big celebration. It was there that he fell into temptation, and it was two days later that he returned in the gray of the morning, confused as to ideas and uncertain as to gait. The Kansas girl found him in the dining-room industriously munching cold potatoes; he regarded

her gloomily and observed with a degree of sorrow that he had not had "ary bite to eat for two weeks." He was not the only one who had "celebrated." The new cook had arrived on schedule time, but with a lop-sided jaw and an otherwise pitifully bruised face. He seemed to be painfully embarrassed and mumbled an apology for his battered appearance. Thereupon, the Mrs. Kansas woman, with all the innocence of a resident of a prohibition state, inquired sympathetically if he had been out in the brush and met with an accident. A look of glad relief passed over his harassed countenance and he stammered hastily, "Well, we'll call it that."

That Irish cook from Boston was a character. His disposition was uncertain, and woe be to any one who invaded his kitchen during work hours or otherwise aroused his ire. He would frown and glare like a hungry lion and bang cooking utensils about in a startling manner if any object of his displeasure were about. He had a strain of egotism in his nature and was therefore somewhat susceptible to flattery. He had a remarkable vocabulary and was entirely in his element when standing in the kitchen door at meal time, indulging in flights of oratory, brandishing the pancake turner for emphasis. When he was unusually roused by some wrong he had suffered, he was wont to relieve his feelings by writing letters to his friends. Occasionally he would read one of these aloud—masterpieces of rhetoric they were, and imbued with a stinging sarcasm that would have put Samuel Johnson to shame. Then if his audience applauded, and it usually did, he would smilingly unbend and become the personification of good nature. For the first few weeks of his reign in the kitchen of the Forest Cottage his attitude toward the Kansans was all graciousness; then, for some cause which they were never able to determine, the storm of his wrath sud-

denly broke and descended upon them, and the much vaunted "soft answer" was not only inadequate to stay its fury but even appeared to aggravate it. Thereafter he would discourse loudly and with much derision concerning Kansas, her climate, her laws, and her people, whom he alluded to as most insufferable "reformers."

The yarns which the "wild westerner" delights to spin for the mystification of the inexperienced tenderfoot usually begin, the Kansas girl discovered, with some semblance of truth and gradually lead to mere wild freaks of imagination. One night at supper the men were discussing the tendency of dried fruit to swell amazingly beyond what one would expect of it.

"When I was cooking for the Diamond Bar outfit," began one narrator, "I didn't know nothing about the habits of dried peaches, and one afternoon I put a mess on to cook for supper. They was little bits of measly things and I filled a big pot full. Pretty quick I had to dump half the lot into another pot, and I kep' on that-a-way till I had every kettle and pan on the place full of the beastly things and them still a-swelling. I knowed that wouldn't never do, so took 'em out by the bucketful and emptied them down by the corral. I must have fetched out two bushel of the blame things, but still we ate dried peaches for two solid weeks. But I started out to tell about the mules: They was two mules in the corral that day and they retched over the fence and begun eating them peaches. Well, they kep' on swelling inside of 'em till one mule up and died. The other one got well, but he wasn't never the same mule again."

The cow-puncher looked reflectively at his plate.

"Speakin' of swellin'," said he, "when I was just a kid I was he'pin' the cook at the Bar A. One day I tuck a notion to make light bread. I

never had made any, but I knowed I could and I started in with two yeast cakes and a lot of water. I kep' a-stirrin' in flour and then it'd be too thick and I'd have to put in more water. Maybe then it'd be too thin and I'd have to put in more flour. Every now and then I taken and put in another yeast cake for good luck. When I had about a tub full of batter, and flour all over the kitchen, I seen two of the boys comin' and I got plum ashamed of myself and run down and throwed it in the creek. I never thought nothing more about it fer two or three days, when here come a cow-puncher ridin' in, throwin' wall-eyed fits and complainin' mighty forcible that something had got the matter and the creek had gone dry down below. Then I run down where I'd tuck and throwed in the dough, and by Hokey! it had sure rose plum up and dammed the creek."

He paused, looking with dreamy, reminiscent eyes down the table, then added, "I'll thank you to pass me them cheese."

The time came when the last horseback ride had been taken and the last walk over the little paths that led through the trees to nowhere; when the last evening had been spent with the big forester brother on the rustic pillared porch; when the choky breakfast had been eaten and the good-byes said; when the mountain wagon came, and the little old driver who was glad he had exchanged Vermont for New Mexico; and when the last glimpse of the dear brown Forest Cottage faded. Yet the vision did not fade, and there were times when the Kansas girl at her desk saw the walls which confined her stretch away—not into "stately halls," but into a world of forest and silent, "everlasting hills."

The chapel chorus and the men's glee club, under the direction of the Music Department, have been reorganized.

***The Salt River Valley of Arizona.***

Most persons, when the name "Arizona" is mentioned, think of that territory as being a place out of the Union, where the desert and its products reign supreme. Some one has gone so far as to say, "Arizona has more land without grass; more rivers without water; more cows without milk; and more forests without trees than any state in the Union." This is true only in part, for there are a number of very fertile valleys in the territory; chief among them is the Salt River Valley.

The Salt River Valley is a valley containing about 300,000 acres of land, which will be irrigated some time in the near future. The United States Reclamation Service at this writing is building a large storage reservoir at Roosevelt. This huge piece of work when it is completed will furnish water for 200,000 acres of land and will develop about 27,000 horse-power by electricity for use in the mines, pumping plants for irrigators, manufacturers, and domestic purposes.

The dam is built of stone and set in cement. All the materials are located on the ground. A fine wagon road has been built from Mesa to the building site for the purpose of freighting supplies to that point. The water when released from the reservoir passes down the river to a diversion dam, built of concrete, which diverts the water into the canal systems on both sides of the river.

The principal products of the valley are alfalfa, barley, sugar beets, wheat,

oats, cantaloupes, grapes, all kinds of deciduous fruits (except apples and cherries), oranges, and dates. In fact, nearly everything that grows in the temperate zone, as well as the semi-tropical, will grow here. A farm of twenty acres is large enough to furnish a good living for a large family and add a little to the savings account, for there are no crop failures



"When

here—always sure of a good harvest.

It would be an interesting sight for Kansas people to witness horse races on Christmas day, with green fields and snow-capped mountains in the distance for a back ground; to see ostriches feeding contentedly on the green alfalfa fields; to pick ripe oranges from the trees; and to see young lambs and little chickens running around enjoying the bright sunshine.

Phoenix, the capitol of the "New State" (lacking the name only) is a very pretty little city of 25,000 souls. This city is a famous winter resort, and the population nearly doubles during the winter months. The points of interest in and about Phoenix are the capitol building, Carnegie libra-

ry, Indian school, insane asylum, and the experiment station farm.

Glendale is a nice little city a few miles from Phoenix. The beet-sugar factory is the center of attraction for that place.

Tempe and Mesa are nice little towns and are connected with Phoenix by gasoline motor service via the Maricopa and Phoenix railroad.



ock."

The morals of the territory are steadily improving, and it will soon be as dry as "Prohibition Kansas." When I first came to the territory in 1905 the saloons and gambling houses ran full sway—in fact, the saloons did not close their doors for years, except on election day, until last year. The only time that they closed except for election was when the mayor of the city died several years ago and the saloons wished to pay their respects to the dead by closing. Many of them could not find their keys, while others did not even have locks.

The funeral was a grand success. The city had just purchased a new fire engine and a hook and ladder wagon, so when the procession started the fire engine came first, then the hook and

ladder, the funeral director and minister, the body, and following along uniformed societies and prominent citizens in carriages and on foot. I thought the body was pretty well protected with all this fire-fighting apparatus, and it looked as if it would be needed, as the cemetery was located on the road to Yuma, which is, without doubt, the hottest place in the United States.

The early desperadoes are all gone and the Indians are very tame and look as if they would not harm a fly. Once in a while they will fill up on "dago red" and cause a little trouble, but it does not last long.

The valley is fast filling up with eastern settlers, and before long will be the richest valley in the world. I must confess that I would like to live in "Sunny Kansas" though, for it is so warm

here right now that I can hardly write.

FREDERICK W. WILSON, '05.

A debating committee composed of two members from each literary society has been organized for the purpose of furthering debates among the societies and arranging for intercollegiate debates.

Boys! Girls! Columbia Bicycle Free! Greatest offer out. Get your friends to subscribe to our magazine and we will make you a present of a \$40 Columbia Bicycle—the best made. Ask for particulars, free outfit, and circular telling "How to Start." Address, "The Bicycle Man," 29-31 East 22nd Street, New York City, N. Y.

***Each in His Own Tongue.***

A fire mist and a planet.  
 A crystal and a cell.  
 A jellyfish and saurian,  
 And a cave where the cave men dwell;  
 Then a sense of law and beauty,  
 A face turned from the clod—  
 Some call it evolution  
 And others call it God.

A haze on the fair horizon,  
 The infinite, tender sky,  
 The ripe, rich tint of the corn fields,  
 And the wild geese sailing high—  
 And all over upland and lowland  
 The sign of the goldenrod—  
 Some of us call it Autumn  
 And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea beach,  
 When the moon is new and thin,  
 Into our hearts high yearnings  
 Come welling and surging in—  
 Come from the mystic ocean.  
 Whose rim no foot has trod—  
 Some of us call it longing  
 And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,  
 A mother starved for her brood,  
 Socrates drinking the hemlock,  
 And Jesus on the rood;  
 And millions who, humble and nameless,  
 The straight, hard pathway trod—  
 Some call it Consecration  
 And others call it God.

—William Herbert Carruth.

***Nearer-Pole Kansas Spirit.***

Not so near as Peary or Cook, but far enough north of Kansas so that Jayhawker kinship was keenly appreciated. This is all about a bunch of Kansas people who met at Menomone, Wis., during the summer session of Stout Institute at that place.

There were fifteen of us who were proud of being from the land of the sunflower, and there were only fifteen in all. Seven of these dated from K. S. A. C. and are known under these names by those who know them: Laura Day, '93, Wilhelmina Spohr, '97, Thos. Wood, '06, E. S. Taft, '08, Elsie Kratzinger, '08, O. M. Kiser, '08, and L. M. Jorgenson, '07.

Kansans find out *things*, and we discovered each other. A meeting was held and a picnic arranged for, by way of water, up Wilson creek, one of the most beautiful streams in the universe—at least in Wisconsin. We had watermelon, a full moon, sandwiches, good stories, coffee, a big fire, and all the rest, including the yells for K. S. A. C.

Of course, it was a bit late when we got home, but what of that? Hadn't we sown a little Kansas spirit in the land of the badger and made the hills glad with our song and noises? And we all dreamed of Kansas, and seven of us of K. S. A. C. So at least was the vote.

BY ONE WHO SAT AT THE FIRE.

P. S. It happened on the 28th of August, this year.

***The Kansas City Alumni Picnic.***

Notwithstanding that on the 25th ult. the most terrific and disastrous (magnetic) storm that has ever been recorded since "Boss" Holsinger threw the spade into the Blue River, not one of the seventy-five alumni who met in Swope Park at the annual picnic knew or even dreamed that any thing unusual was at hand.

The day was all that can be embodied in the term ideal. The old park, in her most beautiful autumn gowns, welcomed her guests to assemble on her velvety mat of blue-grass. Red Haws and a cage of monkeys furnished reward and pleasure to the second generation, while the chancellors of domestic science put in order the many good things for the ever carnivorous agriculturites. Cantaloupes from Colorado, grapes from California, fried chicken from Kansas and Missouri, sandwiches from the Veterinary College, and ice-cream right off the ice, made every one present glad that they had seen our Alma Mater or married some one who had.

Our faithful friend and genuine campaign manager from the Kansas side, Mr. H. C. Rushmore, and the farmers' greatest educator, Mr. W. H. Phipps, both being absent on account of unavoidable circumstances, the annual tournament at mumbly-peg was called off.

Olathe was well represented by a bunch led by "Bill" Rhoades and Edith (Huntress) Rhoades. In the little



band was Anna (Pfuetze) Julian and husband, besides several new recruits whose names and faces are unfamiliar to the writer. Joplin was represented by Eugene Emrick and wife.

Dr. A. T. Kinsley easily won the prize offered to the one making the most accurate diagnosis of the picnic cake. Dr. Richard Bourne was a close second, while C. A. Chandler's friends thought some of contesting for the award. All felt that they had been well rewarded for the short time given to the pleasure of renewing the old bonds of union.

FRANK YEOMAN, '98.

#### *Southern California Reunion.*

The K. S. A. C. Alumni Association of Southern California met at East Lake Park in Los Angeles September 11 and had a most enjoyable annual reunion. After a sumptuous picnic dinner (at which time Mr. Isaac Jones, '94, treated the association with most luscious grapes grown in his vineyard near Etiwanda) a business meeting was held and the following officers were elected: President, Dr. B. F. S. Royer, '95; vice-president, Mrs. Silas Mason; secretary, Mary Colliver, '05; treasurer, Mary Hall, '04. The following program was rendered: Miss Ethel Clemons, '05, and Miss Grace Hull, '09, sang a duet; Lorena E. Clemons, '94, gave a report of the K. S. A. C. as it is at present; and Isaac Jones, '94, read an original poem.

MINNIE ROMICK, '94,  
Secretary.

Not to call attention to crowded work or petty fatigues or trivial experiences; to heal wounds which in times past my cruel and careless hands have made; to seek no favor, no compassion; to deserve, not ask for tenderness; not to feel any uneasiness when my advice or opinion is not asked, or is set aside.—*Archbishop Benson's Principles.*

#### *Local Notes.*

The two Rooters Clubs have organized for the season.

At the opening of the interfraternity dancing season, the evening of October 7, in Commercial Club hall, President and Mrs. Waters led the grand march.

Invitations are out for a reception by the Faculty to President and Mrs. Waters, on Monday night, October 25, in the parlors of Domestic Science and Art Hall.

Rev. O. B. Thurston, of the First Congregational Church, has tendered his resignation, which will take effect December 1. He will then become field secretary of Fairmount college and with his family will go to Wichita to live.

Doctor Orr, the official College photographer, is conducting a class in photography under the direction of the Physics Department. The class includes members of the four-year classes, postgraduates, assistants, and heads of departments.

Moro street between Eleventh and Manhattan Avenue, and Manhattan Avenue between Moro and Bluemont Avenue, have become a business center for the west end of town. There are now eleven business houses and one more nearing completion.

Wanted.—Success Magazine wants an energetic and responsible man or woman in Manhattan to collect for renewals and solicit new subscriptions during full or spare time. Experience unnecessary. Anyone can start among friends and acquaintances and build up a paying and permanent business without capital. Complete outfit and instructions *free*. Address: "Von," Success Magazine, Room 103, Success Magazine Building, New York City, N. Y.

Expediency is man's wisdom; doing right is God's.—*George Meredith.*

# EDITORIAL

The subject of Greek letter societies which has of late years forced itself upon the attention of educators and, more recently, of legislators is one that has become no small question in our own institution. It is probably unnecessary to take up in detail ground that has already been so thoroughly covered in standard periodicals of the day, yet a brief survey of the situation as applied to conditions at home may not be out of place.

The objections which the "anti" or "barb" makes to the fraternity are these: First, the fraternity is clannish and undemocratic; it fosters the spirit of caste, and is thus distinctly un-American. Second, it encourages the extravagant use of money and time. Third, it is contended that an organization which has for its object only the promotion of social pleasure and the acquisition of exterior social polish cannot from its very nature be conducive to high thinking and living and to the formulation of clear, sensible American ideals. This is the viewpoint of the "barb."

More conservative thinkers upon the subject insist that there are fraternities and fraternities; namely, the high school fraternity and the college fraternity. The former they regard as objectionable for the reason that its membership is composed of children just up from the grades, whose youth and inexperience make them unfitted to handle safely any organization and whose love for excitement and novelty is likely to lead to indiscretions. They assert that the follies and extremes indulged in by these youngsters are responsible for the unfavorable light in which the fraternity is so often placed. On the other hand, those friendly to the Greek letter or-

ders regard the college fraternity or sorority as a wholly different proposition. College men and women are supposed to have reached the age of discretion when they are competent to choose their friends and may safely band themselves into a brotherhood which shall have a more dignified bearing and a worthier aim than that of their high school brothers and sisters. In these societies, high scholarship is very often a requisite, and while the social side of life is emphasized it by no means predominates. As to whether the college fraternity encourages extravagance and snobishness, opinions differ.

At our own College, these organizations have come into being within the past ten years. During that time they have made both friends and enemies; each graduating class for the past five years has wrangled over the question of recognizing them in the official class book, and certain literary societies have barred them from membership. Yet they have gradually grown in numbers and strength. Most of them have established chapter houses, and it is apparent that they have come to stay.

At K. S. A. C. the average age of students entering is several years below that of students in our universities and classical colleges, and most of the objections to them which have been raised are the same that apply to the high school fraternities.

Thus far, general student undertakings have been carried on regardless of cliques, and the Faculty has seemed to frown upon fraternity organization. Whether or not these societies shall ever come to dominate student enterprises, as is the case in certain other institutions, is difficult to pre-

dict; but there seems to be no immediate indication of such a thing. As to conditions in other colleges and universities we confess our ignorance; but here, we sincerely believe, there is no legitimate place or need for Greek letter orders.

~~~~~

Thou who hast set thy dwelling fair  
 With flowers beneath, above with starry  
 lights,  
 And set thy altars everywhere—  
 On mountain heights,  
 In woodland valleys dim with many a dream,  
 In valleys bright with springs,  
 And in the curving capes of every stream,  
 Thou who hast taken to Thyself the wings  
 Of morning, to abide  
 Upon the secret places of the sea,  
 And on far islands, where the tide  
 Visits the beauty of untrodden shores,  
 Waiting for worshippers to come to Thee  
 In Thy great out-of-doors!  
 To Thee I turn, to Thee I make my prayer,  
 God of the Open Air!

—Henry Van Dyke.

~~~~~

### *Nichols Gymnasium.*

The new gymnasium promises to be one of the most beautiful buildings on the campus, and its erection will be watched with intense interest on the part of the students, who regard it, in truth, as their very own. It is planned after the government buildings at West Point, and the main structure, exclusive of the end wings, will be 100x220 feet. There will be three stories and a basement, and the latter will be above ground at the south end. The girls' gymnasium will be 36x97, holding lockers for 1200 and containing a swimming pool 20x50. Each section of twelve lockers will be provided with a shower bath. For the boys there will be above 1800 lockers, and the swimming pool will be 25x60. Their section will also be furnished with numerous shower baths.

On the first floor will be situated the military and athletic directors' offices, armory and gun room, rooms for fencing and boxing, and trophy rooms. There will be, in addition, two society rooms. On the west will be an entrance from the new athletic field. On the north will be a large entrance, twelve feet wide, with an inclined ap-

proach. There will also be smaller side entrances.

A running track, sixteen laps to the mile, will occupy a large part of the second floor, and the remaining space will be taken by four society rooms, with a number of smaller rooms.

Four more society rooms will be situated on the third floor, and the four towers, 17x17, will contain exhaust fans.

~~~~~

### *Football.*

This is the time of year when the football team is the center of attraction. Three games have been played thus far and, though two of the scores stand on the wrong side of the page, the College team has in both cases given the opposing team a hard fight.

The game with the University of Missouri was played at Columbia, Mo., and the other two games on the home field.

On October 16 was the game with the University of Kansas. For a week previous the students had been holding mass meetings and enthusiasm meetings to prepare for the "big" day, and on that day they were out in an immense crowd to support the team. The Girls' Rooters Club, all in white, with purple pennants and streamers, paraded the gridiron just before the game, leading the old mascot, "Bosco." During the game both Rooters Clubs continually reminded the teams and the spectators of their presence and their loyalty to the College. A number of University supporters were also in evidence.

During the game the ball was in the University territory three-fourths of the time, and their touch-down was made on an error in the first half. The final score was 5:3 for the University. The scores for the preceding games are: K. S. A. C. 35, Salina Wesleyan 0; K. S. A. C. 0, University of Missouri 3. On October 23, K. S. A. C. defeated Southwestern by a score of 60 to 0.



# PERSONAL



C. C. Bonebrake, '09, is farming at Stockton, Kan.

Ethel McDonald, '07, is assisting in the Secretary's office at the College.

Edith Coffman, '06, is doing advanced work in domestic science in College.

Married, September 22, at Paxico, Kan., Carl Miller, '07, and Miss Louise Finney.

A. F. Johnson, football man in '04-'05, is a Methodist minister at Bushong, Kan.

C. C. Howenstine, '09, is employed by the Allis-Chalmers Company at Cincinnati, Ohio.

Prof. R. J. Kinzer was one of the judges of live stock at the Alaska-Yukon Exposition.

Miss Ethel Byerly, of Millersville, Pa., is a new assistant in the Domestic Science Department.

A. N. H. Beeman, '05, of Leavenworth, Kan., is happy in the birth of a son, September 17.

Amanda Kittell, '09, and Jessie Apitz, '09, are employed in Superintendent Miller's office.

George C. Hall, '96, has sold his printing plant and business to the Manhattan *Nationalist*.

C. E. Whipple, of the Canal Zone, a former member of the '07 class, spent last month visiting his parents in Manhattan.

Mamie (Alexander) Boyd, '02, and her little son came to Manhattan last month to attend the wedding of her sister, Bea Alexander, '07.

Prof. Albert Dickens, '93, goes to Ellsworth, Kan., October 27, to give an illustrated lecture on forestry before the Kansas Sixth District Federation of Women's Clubs.

Margaret Copley, '09, is teaching domestic science in the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Olathe, Kan.

L. W. Fielding, '05, and wife, Crete (Spencer) Fielding, '05, are living at 816 Oak street, San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. William Knostman, mother of Emma (Knostman) Huse, '80, and Helen (Knostman) Pratt, '01, died September 20 at her home in Manhattan.

Among the alumni who are teaching in Riley county this year are Sarah Davies, '02, Lois Stump, '03, Helen Inskeep, '06, Cecile Graham, '08, Chloe Willis, '09.

Walter Taylor, secretary in the Agronomy Department, and special student, has gone to Mexico City, where he will work with W. W. McLean in the Y. M. C. A.

The list of new teachers in the Manhattan city schools includes Elva Akin, '05, Olive McKeeman, '08, and Elva Sikes, '09. Edna Jones, '09, has been elected substitute teacher.

Edith Ingham, '09, gave a series of ten lessons last month to a class in domestic science which she organized among Manhattan women. The work was conducted in the Y. W. C. A. rooms.

Bea Alexander, '07, and Mr. James Shriver were married September 24 at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Alexander, in Manhattan. After a visit with Mr. Shriver's parents in Colorado, they will be at home in Spokane, Wash.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Marjorie Russell, instructor in the Domestic Science Department for the past three years, and Ned W. Kimball, '02. The wedding will take place at the home of Miss Russell in Elkhart, Ind., November 15.

Joe Lill, '09, is in College, doing postgraduate work.

R. A. Cassell, '07, and Nona Steele, former student, were married October 6.

Former Regent J. W. Berry, '83, is sending two sons to the College this year.

W. R. Correll, '99, and Mrs. Correll, are the parents of a son, born October 2.

Among the alumni visitors to Manhattan this month was Mark A. Carleton, '87, of Washington, D. C.

Mayme (Houghton) Brock, '91, has returned to her home in Manhattan after a three-months' stay in Portland, Ore.

Vern McCall, junior student last year, will be graduated next spring from the South Dakota Agricultural College.

H. A. Burt, '05, and Mrs. Burt (May Harris, '05) have moved from Leadville, Col., to 3138 Zuni street, Denver, Col.

Clara Pancake, '03, is spending the winter in Philadelphia. Her address is 60 East Pennsylvania street, Germantown.

L. R. Elder, '06, of the General Electric Company, has been transferred from Schenectady, N. Y., to San Francisco, Cal.

Ione (Dewey) Sutherland, '93, of Chicago, was the guest of Manhattan friends this month. Mrs. Sutherland is employed as stenographer in a law office in Chicago.

Benjamin R. Ward, assistant professor of English in the College for the past few years, is now instructor in English in the Westport High School, Kansas City, Mo.

Mabelle (Sperry) Hennessy, '06, is living at Gas City, Kan., where her husband, Lamar Hennessy, sophomore in '02, is draughtsman for the United Kansas Portland Cement Company.

Charles Marlatt, '84, and Abby L. Marlatt, '88, came home to Manhattan last month on account of the illness and death of their father.

Mr. T. G. Patterson, of Minneapolis Minn., has been elected assistant in animal husbandry to succeed Carl Elling, '04, who resigned last winter.

Charles L. Thompson, '05, of Etiwanda, Cal., visited his old home in Kansas this year and made a short stop in Manhattan. He accomplished his return by way of Seattle, where he spent several days. At Santa Cruz he visited with M. S. Cole, '02, and Margaret Cole, '05, Lorena Clemons, '94, and Ethel Clemons, '05.

In a letter to the ALUMMUS, Dr. L. B. Jolley, '01, invites any alumni who may be in Chicago to take the thirty-mile trip out to North Chicago where the great United States Naval Training School is being constructed and where next year the student recruits will begin their primary training in naval affairs. Doctor Jolley retains a keen interest in the College affairs, but says he so seldom meets an alumnus that he has almost forgotten how they look.

V. L. Cory, '04, has been transferred from McPherson, Kan., to the Experimental Farm, Amarillo, Tex. Mr. Cory was "among those present" at the exposition in Seattle this summer and attended several agricultural conventions. He writes of himself, however: "The only important thing I have done this year occurred a few days ago in a game of baseball. I was here for but one game in our Sunday-school League, when I played for the Y. M. C. A. team. With the score 4 to 1 against us and three men on bases I hit to center, scoring the three men, and scoring myself on an infield out. Besides batting 1000, my work at second base convinced some of the spectators that I was an old league player. We won the game, of course."

A. J. White, '74, is living at 2315 W. Morrison street, Chicago.

Minnie Forceman, '09, is an assistant in the Domestic Science Department.

Rhoda C. McCartney, '05, and Mr. Otto C. Born, were married on June 16 at Oakes, N. D.

A. S. Salkeld, '09, is teaching preparatory classes under the Department of Mathematics.

W. B. Banning, '04, and Flora (Ballou) Banning, '04, have gone to Delphos, Kan., to live.

Daisy Harner, '06, is teacher of domestic science in the State Normal school at Oskosh, Wis.

E. C. Joss, '96, gives his address as East 41st and Gladstone streets, Station "D," Portland, Ore.

The address of Madeline W. Milner, '91, has been changed to 4336 North Hermitage Avenue, Chicago.

W. C. Howard, '77, sends a notice of his change of address from Oakdale, Cal., to Brentwood, Cal.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Alice Southern, former student, to Mr. Howard Case, of Chicago.

Harry V. Harlan, '04, and wife, Augusta (Griffing) Harlan, '04, are living at 1199 Raymond Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

Bertha Cowles, '05, is pastor's assistant in the First Methodist Church of Coffeyville, Kan. Her address is 311 West Tenth.

J. C. Christensen, '94, newly appointed deputy bank examiner for Kansas, will leave Leonardville and come to Manhattan to live.

Alice Loomis, '04, is studying in the University of Wisconsin and assisting Miss Abby Marlatt, '88, in the domestic science department.

Jessie M. Ballou, '05, has resigned her position as stenographer at the Girls' Industrial School, Beloit, Kan., and is at home in Delphos, Kan.

L. B. Bender, '04, has changed his place of address from Bremerton, Wash., to Charleston, Wash. Mr. Bender writes that he has recently had calls from E. C. Gardner, '04, and O. N. Blair, '04.

Gertrude (Hole) Campbell, '06, is visiting relatives in Montclair, N. J., and is greatly enjoying her sight-seeing trips along the coast and up the Hudson. It was her pleasure to spend a day on the "Sagamore," a guest of the Camp Fire Club, of which ex-President Roosevelt is a member.

At the fourth annual meeting of the Great Plains Coöperative Experiment Association, held in Cheyenne, Wyo., in August, the following alumni of the College were in attendance: J. E. Payne, '87, Dean E. H. Webster, '96, H. N. Vinall, '02, J. F. Ross, '02, Victor Cory, '04, H. R. Reed, '07, Wilson Shelley, '07.

W. N. Birch, '04, and R. R. Birch, '06, were factors in an interesting coincidence last month. The former was on his way to Manila, to take a position in the Bureau of Animal Industry, and the latter on his way home from Manila to enter Cornell. Neither brother knew of any change in the location of the other and each was completely astonished when they met by mere chance in Yokohama. They were together for a day before resuming their journeys in opposite directions.

Washington Marlatt, the first principal of Bluemont College, died September 27 at his home on College hill. Mr. Marlatt was a Kansas pioneer and was one of the founders of Manhattan. He was formerly a Methodist minister, but had discontinued ministerial work many years ago. He assisted in organizing the Republican party in the State and was a delegate to the first Free State convention. Mr. Marlatt was the father of Charles L. Marlatt, '84, Fred A. Marlatt, '87, and Abby L. Marlatt, '88.

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Effie Steele, '09, is spending the year at her home in Minneapolis, Kan.

Sol. Cunningham, '08, is manager of athletics at the Western State Normal at Hays.

F. E. Balmer, '05, is teaching agriculture in a consolidated rural school at Lewiston, Minn.

F. W. Christensen, '00, and Miss Alma Johnson were married September 1, at Osage City, Kan.

Lora Perry, former student, is teaching music in the Presbyterian Academy at Pendleton, Ore.

E. W. Jones, '09, is engineer with the Industrial Development Company at 210 Appel building, Denver, Col.

H. E. Kiger, '09, has accepted the position of instructor in the School of Agriculture, Purdue University, Indiana.

W. A. King, '09, and Bea Cave, '08, have opened a real estate and insurance office on Poyntz Avenue, Manhattan.

Prof. H. F. Roberts spoke in Topeka, October 7, before the Federation of Women's Clubs, on the subject of forestry.

Asst. Prof. R. E. Eastman, '00, had charge of a forestry surveying squad during the summer, securing data on the natural wood lots of the State. This data will be used in connection with the State forestry work.

S. A. McDowell, '95, and Percy McDowell, junior in 1901, are the proprietors of a large bookstore in Billings, Mont.

The Topeka Alumni Association met with Maude Currie, '00, Thursday evening, October 7, at her home at 904 Monroe street, Topeka, Kan.

Assistant Earl Brintnall, of the Dairy Department, has resigned his position and will return to Iowa to manage his mother's farm. New members of the teaching force are H. E. Edson, A. M., from Harvard, who will be assistant to Dean Brink in the Department of English; H. E. Grazier, from the University of Pennsylvania, and Charlotte Morton, K. S. A. C. '08, who have become assistants in architecture and drawing.

Among the visitors at the K. S. A. C. vs. University game, who have been more or less actively interested in football, are the following: O. S. True, '99, who was on the team the first year that the number of games won was equal to the number lost; W. A. Turner, sophomore in '01-'02; W. O. Orr, sophomore '02-'03; W. T. Scholz, '07, Carroll Walker, '07, Sol. Cunningham, '08. Others who came in for the game are: W. D. Davis, '04, W. H. Harold, '05, W. E. Watkins, '06, Jack Ryan, '07, Gertrude Lill, '07, James Garver, '07, Myra Jerome, student in '06-'07.

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**Notice.**

Legal notice is hereby given that at the next annual meeting of the Alumni Association of the Kansas State Agricultural College amendments to the constitution will be offered for adoption. These amendments will aim to make the association stronger and more effective by providing means whereby all members may participate in the business of the association. J. T. WILLARD, '83.—*Industrialist.*

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Work has begun on the new Baptist church at the corner of Juliette Avenue and Humboldt street.

Four new tennis courts will be made soon on the campus southwest of Domestic Science and Art Hall. Interclass tournaments will be played this fall, the chief purpose of which will be the selection of a team to represent the College in the intercollegiate matches next spring.

'90      =:=      '93

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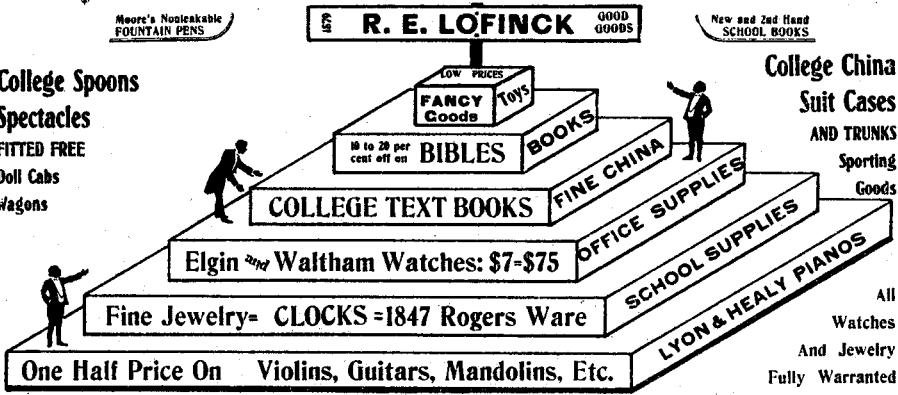
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