

## Best Opportunity for Industrious Young Man and Woman on Farm

By ARTHUR CAPPER, Governor of Kansas



The farm affords the best opportunity for industrious young men and women. The young man who has pluck and ginger can win in Kansas—and win on the Kansas farm. There is magic in the little word "work." I want to appeal to the older folks to give the young people more of a chance. I believe that every boy and girl on the farm should have something he can call his own—something to keep him interested in the farm and something which will train him in a business way. If I had my way every girl in Kansas would be trained to bake, cook and sew. One of the finest things the agricultural college is doing is to train girls to take care of themselves.

The biggest mistake a boy or girl can make is to pull away from a Kansas farm and go to a city. No state in the Union offers greater opportunities than Kansas.

I am glad the progressive farmers of Kansas are taking an interest in better schools. More money is being spent on school buildings and the people are taking pride in their schools.

I think one of the important things that the agricultural college is doing is emphasizing the idea to young men and women of the importance of staying on the farm—teaching them to love the farm.

The farmer is doing more for the welfare of this Western country than those engaged in any other calling. The farmer who is doing his duty faithfully and well is just as great a man and as useful a citizen as captains of industry, who perhaps get a little more advertising than the farmer.

## Free Exchange of Opinion Between Teachers and School Executive

By C. R. FRAZIER, Superintendent of Schools, Everett, Wash.

At this crisis the world is alert as never before to the principle of democracy, and public opinion is ready to react against anythingavoring of the autocratic in school administration. A proper school administration must provide the opportunity for a free exchange of opinion between teachers and executive. Such conference will remove most occasions for hostility. The school head must be a real democrat. He must analyze his opinions and his actions to see whether deep down in his heart he is autocratic or democratic. The democratic administration will take account of the sentiment of his community and the opinions of his teachers. Teachers want to work in an intelligent way, hand in hand with the authorities of the school. They should have a voice in school policies. Teachers will gladly follow an educational leader, but not mere authority. If the man is big enough for his job, he doesn't want "one-man power." As a safeguard to himself, he ought not to want autocratic authority and will not attempt to exercise it.

The man who builds up a practice in law, medicine or dentistry has some rights in the community. The teacher who has done successful work for years has certain claims, and no man or set of men has the right to take them from him without at least a chance to be heard in his own behalf. When a man wakes up in the morning and learns that he has been "fired" without warning or a hearing, he has suffered a gross injustice and perhaps an irreparable injury. Even a teacher is entitled to his "day in court." He must have a hearing. If we teachers are professional, we will rise up as one man and protest against this thing, for our profession is being jeopardized.

During the past year I not only asked our supervisors and principals for a confidential rating of their teachers, but also asked the chairman of our board to request a similar confidential rating of the superintendent by the teachers.

There must and should be authority in the hands of the administrator in order that things may go ahead. But it is the abuse of that paper in such a way as to undermine the teaching profession that I protest against.

## Rural Preacher Should Know More of Modern Agriculture and Sociology

By E. L. HOLTON, Professor of Education, Kansas State Agricultural College

The country preacher should know more of modern agriculture and sociology and perhaps less of medieval theology. He should have a whole-hearted sympathy for agriculture and rural people. The rural preacher's job is a man's job in itself and he cannot be a specialist in agriculture. He might, however, specialize somewhat in some phases of agriculture, such as gardening or poultry, which would be an avocation rather than a vocation. He should have some knowledge of economics and production, distribution and consumption of agricultural products.

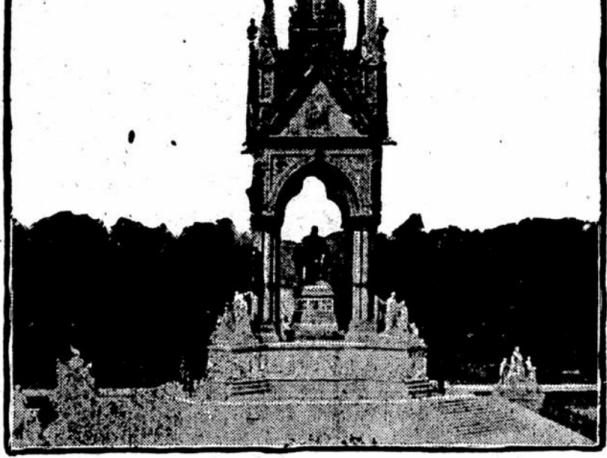
Graduates of such colleges as the Kansas State Agricultural college are better prepared to preach in rural communities than graduates of theological seminaries. They are more familiar with country conditions.

## Population of Cities Increasing Faster Than That of Country

By B. F. COEN, Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins, Colo.

Will the cities ever stop increasing faster in population than the country? From 1790 down to the present there has been but a single decade, that of 1880 to 1890, in which the increase in the urban population each succeeding decade, has not been greater than the preceding decade. In 1790, 3.3 per cent of the population lived in cities of 8,000 or over; in 1910, 31 per cent. In 1890, 36 per cent of the people lived in cities of 2,500 or over; in 1900, 40 per cent; in 1910, 46 per cent. City population is growing faster than the rural. From 1900 to 1910 cities increased 38 per cent in population; the country increased 9 per cent. At the present time the rural population is a little over half the population of the country. Within a few years, unless the unexpected happens, the cities will contain a big majority of the people.

# Seeing London In Two Days



The Albert Memorial.

AS SO many American soldiers are passing through London on their way to the western front, the following article from Country Life on "How to See London in Two Days," is timely.

In normal days, when American visitors filled the hotels, sight-seeing was, in spite of American hustle, a fairly leisurely thing. It is the soldiers who are here today who have to be the real hustlers. Their sight-seeing has often to be crammed into a day or two's leave, and the problem of how to see all possible, and yet so to see as to store up mental pictures, clear, definite and full of color, on which to draw in pleasurable retrospect for the rest of life, is one which probably few of them are solving.

Now, the secret of success in sight-seeing is discrimination and selection. Try to see everything and you see effectively—nothing. Your thousand impressions are mixed, in a week they are hard to disentangle, in a year they have vanished. On this principle I throw out ideas for those who have no more than a couple of days to give to the work and the pleasure. On more than one ground I should counsel the giving up of at least half a day to outdoor sight-seeing. The hugeness of London strikes everyone who gives days to its discovery. The best way of getting the same impression quickly is to travel from end to end of the route of one of the great London liners—the "General" motorbuses. It matters little which you take. Service 38—Victoria to Walthamstow—will show you much of west and central London and of the northeast. At Dal-

ton you can pick up No. 106 to Mile End station, thence you can return by the Mile End road to the city and by Fleet street and the Strand to the heart of things, having seen something of the real and wonderful East End, alien, cosmopolitan; and having passed through the Mile End road.

But this is only one suggestion. If you are for less variety and for more of the splendor, you can as easily go south, west or north—out by Kensington and Hammersmith to Richmond—and this will be for many a more delightful excursion, since it would give time for a peep at the wonderful view from the hilltop; or from Charing Cross to Golden Square.

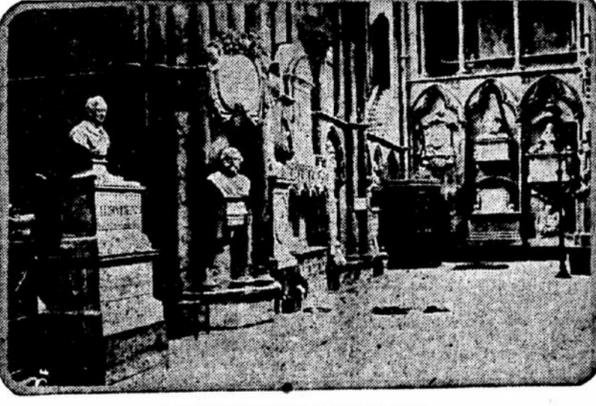
Country Walk in London.

Of the half day I should counsel you to leave an hour for what has been called "the finest country walk in London." For that you should contrive a bus ride that will leave you in the Bayswater road, near Lancaster Gate, with still an hour to spare. Then walk by the flashing waters of the Long Water and the Serpentine, and under the noble trees, through all the beauties of Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park to Hyde Park corner, down Constitution Hill to the Mall, and so to Charing Cross. You will then have seen in the best possible way the verdant belt in the heart of London kept inviolate in the royal parks, Rotten Row, Buckingham palace, the Victoria memorial, St. James' palace, Marlborough House and the palaces of Carlton House Gardens. Everyone will want to see Westminster Abbey. There, almost more

than anywhere, you need the help of selection and restraint. If you give yourself up to the vergers they will tell you all about the royal tombs. When they have left you, think for a moment of my idea. Remember that the Abbey has been three things: First, a monastery; next, the royal church and the tomb of many kings; and, then, the grave of great men. As to the first, do not leave till you have seen the cloisters, the chapter house, the undercroft and the chapel of the Pyx, the little cloister—and, if you are there on Saturday, the hall of Westminster school, which was the dormitory of the monks. These things illustrate the daily monastic life and are without question the most picturesque thing remaining of the middle ages. As to the next, the vergers will have shown you the coronation seat, and the tombs of the great kings, to that of Henry V who fought at Agincourt. As to the third, I counsel you to see Poets' Corner—the south transept—for its reminders of the men who have knit the empire together in the poetry of a common speech.

What to See in the Tower.

You will go to the Tower. Here, again, remember that the Tower has been three things: a fortress, a royal palace and a prison. The White Tower is the oldest complete building in London. It was the keep built by the Conqueror to overawe the city. It never was of the city, and a bit of the Roman wall here shows how the outer boundary of the earlier city was overrun. See the Traitor's gate, by which prisoners entered the Tower and so few left it; the site of the headsman's



Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

block, the chambers in the Beauchamp and the Bloody towers, where prisoners left on the walls pathetic messages of their long internment.

While in the city I should suggest two other things at least to see—the Guildhall and St. Bartholomew's church—the former because of its historic connection with the city, as a hall that has been for 500 years the court of justice, the meeting place of the corporation and the scene of historic feasts.

I should ignore the houses of parliament, except as to the outside, but do not let the opinions of certain critics rob you of a right appreciation of this modern work. See Westminster hall, however, if you can, as the ancient court of justice, and for its magnificent timber roof.

There yet remain, of the major institutions, St. Paul's and the National gallery. They are more easy to deal with than Westminster or the Tower. St. Paul's has no secrets as Westminster has. It is revealed at one view. To have seen it from outside is to carry the memory of its huge bulk and form forever, and in the main that is true of it internally, though a few minutes can be spared for the tombs of Nelson, Wellington, Lord Roberts and other great soldiers. The National gallery, too, is comparatively easy to see on the principle of restraint.

One thing remains. Do not fail to walk the embankment from Westminster to Blackfriars, both for its river views and for the finest river front of buildings in the world.

# STORIES OF AMERICAN CITIES

## Tale of the War and Piemen Three of Houston

HOUSTON.—Jacob and Samuel and Eli Bunin won't interrupt another war to sell pies to soldiers in the front-line trenches. If they meet up with a war, complete and with spare parts, owned and operated personally by Maj. Gen. George Bell, Jr., commander of Thirty-third division, they will detour as widely as the terrain permits.

This tale of the Piemen Three and the twice interrupted war started recently.

Sunlight gleamed upon No Man's Land of the Camp Logan battlefield. It glistened from rifle barrels of sentries gazing through wire entanglements at the "German" trenches 50 yards away.

Then Jacob and Samuel and Eli, caring nothing for wars or rumors thereof, walked into No Man's Land and with a large basket, skirted the wire entanglements and walked along the parapet of an American trench. They shouted:

"Pies! Who wants a pie? Pies!" The war stopped right there. America's warriors sat on the firing step eating pie. America's sentries took-a-bite-a-pie, looked at the German trench and took another bite-a-pie.

Jacob and Samuel and Eli began to cough; but kept on selling pies. Jacob and Samuel and Eli started involuntarily to weep—and then they looked up. Smoke from the "German" trench was all around them. Something in the smoke made the tears trickle down their cheeks. They ran wildly and fast. They found out later they'd been "gassed."

Jacob and Samuel and Eli came back again Thursday into No Man's Land, not heeding guns. But Samuel kept both eyes on the "German" trench for smoke.

"Pies! Who wants a pie? Pies!" they cried. They were regular Joshuas, for like Joshua's son, the war stopped dead still.

"Gimme two," shouted a sentry. "Here, buddy; I'll take lemon cream," cried a machine gunner. From all sides the "grim warriors" came crowding up.

Then General Bell, on a tour of inspection, came into the trench and found his fighters' faces buried in mince, apple, custard, and berry pie.

Well, when the Piemen Three were brought by guards before Maj. Frederick L. Huidekoper, division adjutant, in division headquarters, it was discovered two of them had been barred from camp for disobeying a rule against selling pies to soldiers except through the regimental exchanges.

"Take 'em to the stockade," ordered Major Huidekoper. Jacob and Samuel and Eli Bunin won't interrupt another war to sell pies to soldiers in the front-line trenches.

## Greenwich Villagers Find War Economy Is Easy

NEW YORK.—In Greenwich village, that land of embryo literary lights, artists, nomads and "first families," they are prepared for most anything that might choose to come along. When the war began all the rest of the world gasped and sat back quite stunned. But they didn't feel unrest in Greenwich Village. Instead, they just began to allow their hair to grow a little longer, took a few more beans out of the soup and ripped away one of the two postage stamps usually worn as clothing. And the village felt secure and happy that it was doing its bit.

As an example of the way they are conserving on clothing material, the dances being held in Webster hall these days might be investigated. Recently they held one of the "every-once-in-a-while" affairs, and there was very little attention paid to clothing at all. Time was when the law stepped into Webster hall on occasions, when it was deemed the girls had crossed the border, and carted away the back-to-nature young folk to the station house around the corner. Now the policemen, it is understood, have been instructed to arrest on sight all entering Webster hall with more than a daub of black paint and a smile on their bodies.



## Girl in Filmy Garb Dazes Sentry on Zero Post

NEW YORK.—A comely young woman in a filmy nightdress, her black curls blowing in the below-zero breeze and her bare feet twinkling in what must have been 'way below-zero snow, dashed up to Private Roy Barnett, on sentry duty at the entrance of the Columbia war hospital, Gun Hill road, shortly before 3 a. m., and said:

"I am a friend of yours." Private Barnett forgot to say "Advance, friend, and give the counter-sign!" He just stood and blinked.

"I know Uncle Sam's boys are all friends of mine," the young woman in the nightdress continued. "And I know they will take care of me." Private Barnett recovered his vocal powers and said: "Who are you?

Where are you from, miss? You'll die of cold here."

"I am from the hospital, there," the young woman replied, waving a blue-with-cold hand and arm at the Montefiore home and hospital, about two blocks to the east. "I have been watching you boys of Uncle Sam from the window and I know you will take better care of me than they do there. I got out of the window and a gust of wind caught me and I knew that heaven was helping me get to you. I am very cold."

Private Barnett, rather confused, hurried the young woman—she was about twenty, slim, with large brown eyes, red lips and white teeth—into a room near by where was a blazing fire. The officer of the guard was notified, hot coffee was given her and she was swathed in warm army blankets.

She said her name was Lillian, and that she hoped she would never be separated from "Uncle Sam's boys" again. The "boys," however, hurried her back to the home, where the doctors and nurses put her to bed.

## Headless Man Resides in Harrisburg Haunted House

HARRISBURG, PA.—Despite the declaration of Police Desk Sergeant Charles Fleck that he buried a box in the cellar of the house at 650 Verbeke street in 1881, and used it as a refrigerator, B. F. Corby, who now occupies the house, says that doesn't explain how bones resembling those of human beings came to be in the box, nor does it explain the headless specter frequently seen in the house. Corby is laughed at by the police, and the police are derided by Corby.

For weeks the house has been "haunted," says Corby. There has been the plaintive wailing of an infant, for one thing; a headless man appeared to Corby and Mrs. R. H. Peters, a neighbor; a strange blue light shone in the cellar, and a stove, every night, at the same time, cracked loudly three times. When Corby found the box in the cellar he says the rappings grew so continuous and loud that not a roomer in the boarding house slept a wink.

In the mysterious box which Corby found in the cellar, in which the blue light always appeared, were several bushels of slacked lime and large bones which fell into dust when exposed to the air.

The police have accepted Sergeant Fleck's explanation of the box, but Corby says they have not explained the child's cry, the rappings or the headless man who comes and goes.

