

Reminiscences of Early Lawrence, Ka.

Agnes Emery

1954

627 Louisiana street
Lawrence, Kansas

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REMINISCENCES OF
EARLY LAWRENCE



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FOREWORD

A number of my friends have urged me to write my impressions of early Lawrence, and I have often promised that I would do so. However, no one seems to have taken me seriously, in fact, I have not even taken myself seriously.

Miss Alberta Corbin, in her later days, asked me to write a history of the Woman Suffrage movement in Kansas..., but, that story belonged to others, including Mrs. W. R. Stubbs, and Mrs. Frank Strong.

So many things happened to us, and so fast, in early Kansas! We were right in the midst of everything. I have a mass of memories of the early days — my own experiences, and the experiences of others, which were so frequently discussed in my presence. Perhaps I could write something that would be of general interest to the young people of today — the main trouble is to get started.

Dr. Ted Kennedy came to me at a recent Church Fair and said, "Don't

you think that we should get some antiques on display, and some stories started for the centennial?" Well, perhaps that is a good place to begin.

Since this is to be a short narrative in the nature of reminiscences, there will be no room for "politics and personalities."

The people of today might be interested in how Lawrence looked in the early 1860s. I will try to speak of the magic beauty of the place. Recently I reread Mrs. Robinson's¹ book to refresh my memory of the vegetation about Lawrence, but my opinions are not changed. She saw this country as a mature woman, in 1854, while my impressions are from childhood in the 1860s, and later. Undoubtedly there were some changes in that short time, and a number of species of wild flowers and grasses native to this climate and common in the early days, are no longer prevalent to this vicinity. If we could bring back, even for a few hours, the original Lawrence that I remember, perhaps this generation could

understand what I mean by the *magic* beauty of the place; the unique contour of the townsite, the meadows of wild flowers, the numerous little springs and the beautiful ravines. The town was a mass of hummocks, which made noticeable inequalities of the lots. We walked up hill and down dale to every place and for everything.

In the winter months we skated on numerous little ponds of ice which formed in the low places, frequently just west of Miss Hannah Oliver's home.² The best places were lighted with flares at night. When the cold snaps brought snow, the snow brought sleighing. We, youth and age, went coasting on many hills. There really was a choice of coasting places; long and gradual slopes, or shorter and steeper hills.

The spring and summer months were for long hiking trips, and we thought nothing of walking long distances, just to see the masses of wild roses and wild violets. In the immediate vicinity were many wild fruits, but Mother would not allow us to pick

them for fear of poison. Just before our father's last illness, we went up the hill and walked over the old farm place. Among the blossoms which we gathered to take home to Mother, were wild roses,.... But wait, I am getting a head start in my story.



EARLIEST MEMORIES

Quantrill's raid

So many things happened to us in Kansas, and so fast! To begin, I might as well settle my part of two major events: Quantrill's raid, and Price's threatened raid. Although I was born in Lawrence, I have never claimed to be a "survivor" of the Quantrill raid, because I, with my parents, was traveling in the East at that time. We were somewhere between Boston and a destination in Maine when the news of the raid reached us. Father immediately made plans to return to Kansas. He reached Lawrence as soon as possible, and was surprised to find that his claim had not been touched. The corn was so tall it had concealed the little house, and Quantrill had left it undisturbed. We thought perhaps the raiders did not take time to climb the hill, or it could be that they wanted to save the horses that extra exertion, but we learned later that the men had orders to avoid a corn field as a possible ambush. To this

day, when I hear anyone mention the Kansas "walls of corn" I am reminded of the wall of corn that hid our little house from Quantrill's band that August day in 1863.

The discussions of that raid were many and long, and I was very much in the midst of them, but I got most of my authentic information years later from my mother. Father never liked to refer to those events, and usually ended such conversations by remarking "One thing that helped Lawrence was the really good character of its citizens. They were highminded, and tried to do the very best that they could under very trying circumstances." It is true that the settlers, particularly the homemakers, were superior people, and it is well known that the common type did not endure. If my mother knew the meaning of the words fear, and fail, she never mentioned it in my presence.

General Price's threatened raid

For many years the early settlers referred to the severe winter of 1863-1864. So much was lost in the Quantrill raid, and many of the settlers were ill and in real need.... The homeless suffered, and were glad to accept whatever shelter was available. Every man took his turn on guard duty,³ which made the rebuilding of the town a slower task.⁴ Several weeks after the August raid, we had two companies of United States troops⁵ stationed at Lawrence to protect the town. This gave everyone a feeling of security, and relieved the citizens from picket duty. The major in command was a friendly, popular gentleman, and life revolved more and less around the soldiers. They stayed until the end of the war.

Those of you who have read Dr. Cordley,⁶ know that the spring and summer of 1864 was lived in constant fear of an invasion by Price's army. During this unsettled period, when the Committee of Safety was so active, many families with small children

made a practice of spending nights at the Eldridge House. When the management was pushed for accommodations, the order was to turn certain rooms for the use of women and small children, and other rooms for the use of men. One night Mother and I shared a room with Mrs. C. K. Holliday, who was newly arrived from the East. Mother noticed that Mrs. Holliday was quite nervous, and as the evening wore on she grew even more restless. Finally, some one asked what was her discomfort and she replied, "Some men came earlier in the day and offered to show my husband the town." This invitation, in her language, had only one interpretation: the men would have a "gay old time", come back drinking, and probably some one would be injured.... About nine o'clock the men came in, all of them sober. They had merely made a routine inspection of the townsite, the block houses, and the other means of defense. Mrs. Holliday found relief in tears.

The Lawrence men were called out at any and all times of the day and

night by alarm stories. Women and children rushed to the windows at any unusual noise. The first three weeks of October were days of feverish preparation to avoid losses in case of another possible burning of the town. In the hope of protecting some of their stocks, the merchants sent wagon⁷ loads of dry goods, foods, and equipment of various types, to the country for safety. Most of our neighbors buried their remaining treasures in trunks, barrels, boxes — someplace on their property. All the information I absorbed from conversations at the time, I digested later in life. My memories of this event are purely personal. Father spent two busy days hiding our furniture, the silver, and other "valuables" in the ravine just north of our home,⁸ and Mother prepared food and clothing to take with us to Leavenworth.

It was very early in the morning when Mother, Sarah, and I started to Leavenworth to "run ahead of Price's army." This short pilgrimage is still quite clear to me, but of course I undoubtedly missed many important

details of this crucial period. Mr. Manter⁹ was to drive the oxen — we surely used the oxen for the wagon that day, because all the horses and mules were needed for mounts for the guard, and for heavy duty work in Lawrence. I sat in the front seat with Mr. Manter, and held my little sister, who was just three weeks old, while Father helped with the baggage and placed Mother up beside me. Of course there were others in our company, but I was so interested in the new baby, as well as trying to see and hear everything that was going on ... that I do not recall any conversation with them.

All the young and able men were left to defend the town. Father accompanied us across the Kaw bridge, and a short way on our journey. I can recall seeing him walking in the dust of the road beside the wagon. Some distance out of Lawrence we met a man who stopped us to inquire, "What is the news from Lawrence?" Mr. Manter, in his characteristic drawl, gave the man an evasive answer, "Wahl, I was there yesterday, and everything

was alright. I didn't see anything or hear anything exciting." The man was impatient, and looking around the wagon he saw my father and remarked, "Oh, here is Emery, he will know."

The remainder of this journey was uneventful. We stayed over night in Leavenworth, in a large building where we all slept on the floor on bedding which we provided for the occasion. The next day we heard that Price's army had been repelled. We returned to Lawrence, without incident, and found everyone in a joyful and celebrating mood.

The General Price episode was the end of the Civil War, as far as Lawrence was concerned, although we did not at the time know this. After the autumn leaves fell¹⁰ and all danger of possible raids had passed, at least for that season, life resumed a more quiet tone for us.

THE YEARS ON THE FARM

Father entered one hundred and sixty acres of land under the pre-emption law. Our farm was on the hilltop. The first house was some inexpensive type of shelter. While Father was on one of his frequent trips East, and before Mother joined him in Lawrence, Sam Wood "jumped" our claim. When Father returned he found Mrs. Wood living in the first little house. Sam Wood threatened to shoot Father, if he went to the big spring for water. There were several smaller springs on our farm, but the big spring, coveted by Sam Wood, was located about the middle of our pasture land. Father was not afraid of these threats, and went to the spring as often as we needed the water. This was not especially brave on his part — he was familiar with Sam Wood's bluffs.¹¹

Sometime later when the claim was divided, the Woods took the poorer part of the acreage, because they wanted the big spring. In the later years, any time that the Woods were

up for discussion, Mother always hastened to explain that "Mrs. Wood was a good woman, and she was a fine neighbor."

In the beginning, Father had constructed some type of cabin on his claim, but before Mother came he had replaced it with a frame house which stood on the present site of Samuel Hunter's home.¹² Before the well was dug, we went down into the pasture for all the water we used. Our well became famous over the area. Men came for miles to get drinking water from it. This well, and many others in the vicinity, was probably dug by James Horton,¹³ who made a business of digging wells for the early settlers. Lawrence was very fortunate in having so many versatile citizens. All the names of the people who came out in the second party are familiar to me. They were of the serious, industrious type, and most of them were animated by high principles. A number of them had special talents. Many of them were our neighbors, and their children were my school companions.

The two companies of troops were quartered on the brow of the hill. Barracks and trenches were on the approximate site of present Fraser Hall.¹⁴ This was a vantage point in Douglas county. The early settlers thought that the view from our Mount Oread was unsurpassed in beauty. Many veteran travelers agreed on this point. The United States soldiers frequently mentioned this commanding view of the Wakarusa valley.

Ours was a busy household. We had a constant stream of soldiers who came to us for drinking water, for water melons, for conversation with Father, to read our books and newspapers, to enjoy the view from our front door, to see our two beautiful weeping willow trees, or "just dropped in for a drink of fresh water, after a trip to the cemetery."¹⁵ Our Irish maid never tired of talking to the soldiers. One of the favorite meeting places was at our well. When Mother thought that the conversation had gone on long enough, she brought it to a close by using a carefully planned trick — she would send me to

the well with a small cup and a request, "There is no water in the house. Please may I have a drink in my cup?"

Another vivid memory of our life on the farm is of my sister's second summer. Sarah was a delicate child, and she made the most of her ability to demand many things of me in the entertainment field. It was my duty, and pleasure, to entertain her. When Sarah was not playing with her little black cat, we were looking at pictures or making scrap books. We spent many hours on the sofa (the one we hid in the ravine) while I slowly turned the pages of the latest addition to our library so that she might enjoy the illustrations. She liked the colorful pictures of Indians. At that time this *Report* was just a new "picture book" and the text meant nothing to me. This volume is still in my present library, the exact title of it: *Reports of Explorations and Surveys, to ascertain the most practicable and economical Route for a Railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean: Made under the direction of the Secretary of war in 1853-55. Volume XII, Book I, Washington, D.C. (1860).*

I remember a beautiful carpet — another item we hid in the ravine. It had a dark green background, and was sprinkled with leaves in russet and autumn colors. Sarah and I played many hours on this carpet. Collecting picture cards, all of which came with the merchandise, was a must for our scrap books. Our parents also kept scrap books, but of a serious nature. I have some of them today. When we tired of the books, the games, and the toys, we just sat quietly and listened to the sound of the ox wagons as they rattled down the hill.¹⁶

Lawrence had a goodly number of wonderful citizens in the early days, and many of them were our friends and neighbors, in the years on the farm, and after we moved down town. One day when Mother came home from shopping, she found the Unitarian minister, John Brown, and his two sons, fighting a prairie fire which was approaching our house.

The friend and neighbor whom I remember with favor was Dr. S. B. Prentiss, who lived on his claim, but carried on an extensive practice. Our

Dr. Prentiss was from Georgia. He was a calm, soft spoken, but very persistent gentleman. The fact that we had no serious epidemics was undoubtedly due to the efforts of Dr. Prentiss, Dr. A. G. Abdelal, and Dr. Ferdinand Fuller. Dr. Prentiss inspected the meats, and supervised the diet of the pioneers. He not only visited and prescribed for his patients, but also supervised and assisted in nursing them.

When Father was on his frequent business trips,¹⁷ Mother stayed, at night, with neighbors. She often spent such time with Mrs. Prentiss. When she was awakened in the night, it would be the doctor coming in from his usual round of calls. His remark to his farm assistant became familiar to us — "Charlie, you will have to hitch up a fresh team of horses, I have more calls to make tonight."¹⁸ And to Mrs. Prentiss he would add, "Put in an extra blanket ... the So-and-sos are careless about letting a fire go down, and that child is very sick with the croup." It was of common knowledge in Lawrence, and the

surrounding country, that "Dr. Prentiss literally fought death, and frequently with bare hands."

Dr. Ferdinand Fuller, who lived in town, did for the town proper much that Dr. Prentiss did for the outlying districts. He was much respected for his serious-minded efforts. We often heard him quoted: "Dr. Fuller said this, and Dr. Fuller said that. Dr. Fuller said that it must be done this way, or that way, etc." There were other efficient doctors in early Lawrence, but I mention these two because we knew them well, and they were personal friends of our family.

Governor and Mrs. Robinson were noted for entertaining all the visiting celebrities and the strangers who came to Lawrence.¹⁹ Mrs. Robinson frequently complained that she could not sleep for anxiety the night before company arrived. They also did much local entertaining, and their household was arranged accordingly. I remember a white marble mantelpiece of which Mrs. Robinson was quite proud. She spoke of it to us once when we were there to attend a party, and

again, years later, when we visited her on their farm she reminded us that she had installed the white marble in the farm house.

Lawrence had so many visitors in the war years. On occasions the war correspondents overran the town. Most of them were gentlemen, but at times they were ingenious, if a bit strenuous, in their efforts to get the news. Once when Mother was distressed because we had no eggs for the necessary baking, she saw a man, carrying a basket, coming across the road. She was not surprised at his first remark, "Good morning. Have you any eggs?" At her reply, "We have none," he brightened and said, "Well, good, I have come to bring you some." Of course this was a war correspondent, and he had used this method of approach to talk with my parents and to glean possible news. We met most of the newspaper men who came to Lawrence, but I don't recall meeting Horace Greeley.

At the beginning, and through the years of the Civil War, a veritable army of slaves drifted into Lawrence as if by instinct, to a sort of haven.

The authorities began to wonder if they would become a burden, but the colored people did their share in becoming good citizens. They were kind to each other in times of illness and misfortune, their demands were few, they were strong, eager, and willing to work, and soon made themselves useful in the community. Many of them went into the industries, others were "help" in the homes. "Old Mary" could get up a breakfast that we did not know was possible. She could cook in such a manner as to make food of many plants that we did not know existed. "George" who lived in our barn was trustworthy and devoted to our interests. We always felt perfectly safe to know that he was near enough to protect us if the need arose. In truth, our "George" was a rather "gay blade" about town, but we did not know this until years later. Emily Taylor came two days each week, for years and years, to do our laundry. She also helped in sickness and in deaths. I well remember the day she came to tell us of the death of President Lincoln. Everyone in our family was

depressed by the news. Later we tried to recall if this particular day was overcast and gloomy, or if we had the impression of gloom because of the tragic news.

When I say that I spent the first six years of my life on the hilltop farm, I mean that the farm was our official residence. Really, we did spend almost as much time in other places as we did on the farm place: on visits East, West, in Topeka, and at the local hotel. We once stayed in a Topeka hotel for the entire session of the legislature. This hotel, I recall, provided regular although not very generous meals for the guests. The fruit was conspicuous by its absence. One morning baked apples were served for breakfast. Mother said that when I missed mine, I called out loudly, "where is my baked apple?"

In memory, we were "constantly" visiting in Vermont. Mother dreaded these trips because travel in the early days was at best uncomfortable, and was at times most strenuous, particularly for families with small children. But this was the only way

we had to keep in touch with the parents and grandparents. Travel was made a little easier after 1864 when the Union Pacific line was extended to Lawrence. I recall one trip East when there were two, or perhaps three, berths in our coach. The very early trains, though considered luxurious, were very uncomfortable. The company allowed twenty minutes for food stops. Usually, if we planned just right, it was possible to get one hot meal each day. We were obliged to provide the bulk of our own food when traveling, and for this purpose we kept special baskets. The long hours between the stations were filled with conversation, with naps, and with attempts to satisfy the demands of my little sister. It was Sarah's especial delight to keep Father running back and forward with "Another drink of water, please," which he provided in our private drinking cup.

WE MOVE DOWN TOWN

After the Civil War, the older settlements began bidding for young and talented men. Kansas City managed to get several, for business opportunities, and in this manner Lawrence lost many of its best citizens. Even with these losses the town continued to grow in population, and the homes and business buildings, which replaced the ones lost in the raid, were more substantial and convenient. A few enterprising men with ready money or good credit, built houses for sale. Practically all of our neighbors moved down town, and friends often asked us why we preferred to stay on the farm. It was the land and the beauty of the place that kept us there. But, as the building progressed and more and more conveniences came to Lawrence, we all wanted to move down town because it would be "closer to everything." Now that I was six years old and ready for school, even if the distance had not been too great for me to walk each day, the weather in the winter

months was considered too uncertain — moreover, there was the inconvenience and the hazard of mud. We did have delightful breezes on the hilltop in the spring and the summer months, but those same breezes were not so delightful in the winter months, and we thought the farm house was too cold. So, in the spring of 1867 we left the farm place, although we did not dispose of the property until after 1899.

I remember how Father and Mother finally decided to make the move. We had callers one evening, Father's friends, accompanied by their young son. While the children played, our elders talked house and possible purchases. When they left, everything seemed to be settled that we would move to the house on Louisiana.²¹

With what enthusiasm we came to our new home! It had to be in May or June, because, as we came down the hill and passed Mrs. Sutliff's house we stopped to admire her red roses which were in full bloom. Sarah and I were dressed in heavily starched and frilled white percale dresses.

Our boots, which buttoned almost to the knee, were of blue leather, and new. When we reached 627 Louisiana, Father stepped forward and held the door wide for us, and triumphantly, in single file, we marched into the new home. At this moment I cannot recall if the furniture was already in place, or if we did the actual moving on a later day. Sarah and I were much too excited to stay inside ... we must explore the outside. 'Twas a little house, with a veranda running on two sides, and a neat walk to the gate. Inside the picket fence, right in the front yard, were three cherry trees. From the front door we could see the Eldridge House. The lot on the corner south of us, owned by E. A. Smith, the proprietor of the Eldridge House, was planted to orchard trees.²² Our discovery of immediate pride was the two blocks in front of our place where we could walk without interference from traffic, or danger of getting our new shoes wet or muddy. At the north end of this precious promenade was the Congregational church²³ which had a

public play ground on its back lot. At the south end, was the Sutliff²⁴ home with its beautiful garden and lawn surrounded by the inevitable picket fence. One item which Mother soon discovered was the cistern in the lot south of us. This cistern was often left uncovered and it became a hazard which was of constant concern to her.

The families with children lived down near the river — or so it appeared to me — and practically all of these youngsters came to play in our yard. As this first summer wore on we began to collect play equipment. The hammock comes first to memory. So many children came because of the hammock. I never cared for the strenuous games — running, climbing trees, walking fences, and the like. Sarah usually joined the neighbors playing in our yard, while I sat inside and read books. After the crowd left, Sarah and I went for a little stroll on our special promenade. The once familiar sounds of the farm were gradually replaced by the sounds of the town.

Although we never forgot the ox wagons rattling down the hill, there was even a new sound to fill that space. We always knew when Mrs. Litchfield was ²⁵ approaching and passing our house. She drove a phaeton, and her horse always managed to have one loose shoe. We could identify that click-click before she reached our block.



THE YEARS IN SCHOOL

Lawrence was nearly eleven years without a school building, but a first-class school was "kept" in a more or less regular fashion. Before the Quantrill raid, because the town was in approximately three divisions, the citizens recommended three school buildings:²⁶ one in the west part of the city, one in the east, and one in the center. This turned out to be one building, called Central, which was completed and occupied in 1865. In the beginning, — January, 1855, the classes were held in the general purpose structure — the Emigrant Aid Building.²⁷ Also in this building, Quincy High School²⁸ was opened in March, 1857, but a few weeks later it was moved to the basement of the still unfinished Unitarian church.²⁹ Soon this space was outgrown, and classes were held in additional rooms — the old Methodist church on Vermont, and the old Turner Hall on New York. When Central was opened, one room was reserved for the high school students. Ephriam Miller, later of the staff

of the University of Kansas, was its only teacher.

By the time I was old enough for formal schooling, September, 1867, old Central was already overcrowded. Consequently, I had my first work in a private school conducted by a Mrs. Smith, the widow of a former university professor. About this time the first formal "Board of Education" was organized ... and this was the beginning of pronounced advancement in the educational advantages of Lawrence. The schools were in three departments: grammar, intermediate, and primary, but after the graded system was in effect we had seven grades, and still later this was increased to eight grades.

In the first years of my "formal" education I had many experiences with the teachers which the other students did not share. For one thing, I am left-handed. This was a source of much trouble to my instructors, but they finally decided to leave me to my own devices, and discovered that I could do everything expected of me, if allowed to do it in my own left-handed manner. Another source of fuss

and bother, on their part, was the "urgent need" to keep me employed. One teacher told Mother that I was capable of doing superior work, but the problem was to get me to do it. And, then, there was my irregular attendance ... but I finished all the grades, and on time.

• After the private school I had a few months at the Plymouth church³⁰ school. I recall the inconvenience of those crowded quarters. We had a few shelves, but no closets, racks, or storage space. Miss Braden, the teacher, had a habit of walking into the room, removing her ulster, hat, and mittens, rolling them together into a loose ball, tossing them upon a high shelf, and forthwith beginning the class recitation — school was just that informal.

Lawrence had a five-year building boom, and as soon as a new school was completed the students were shifted about in a pillar-to-post fashion until room was found for all of them. As soon as Quincy street school was ready for classwork, I was transferred to that district for one year. At

quincy my attendance was irregular, because of the distance, and in the rainy season, because of the mud. My parents prevailed upon the teacher, Miss DeEtta Warren, to give me extra work, and, for a sum, to supervise my efforts at our home ... which feat was accomplished at her noon hour.

My good memory let me in for a lot of extra work. Since I did so much outside reading, and was always ahead of my classmates, Miss Warren thought that I should accomplish more than the other students. She recommended that I learn the multiplication tables early -- "They will always stand you in good stead, and you could not improve your time to better advantage." So, being of an obedient nature and always trying to do what I was told to do, I committed to memory the multiplication tables, along with numerous other information, including the *Bible* texts, just to please Mother. In this manner I did get along faster and was able to teach Sarah at home. People always seemed to think that I had been reading since infancy. I suppose it was due to the three years

before my sister arrived, when I had time to kill, that I taught myself to read.

Many amusing incidents occurred during this shifting about school era. One benefit, was the great number of words which we added to our vocabulary. As soon as I could spell a new word, I tried to teach it to Sarah. She was especially intrigued by cartilaginous, and went about spelling it for anyone who would listen to her. Sarah was quick and clever — much quicker than I — to grasp a thought, a situation or new information, but she did not retain the knowledge, or have so long a memory. Strange to say, my sister and I were totally different in our tastes and habits, still we had many things in common, among them our love of books. Friends often reminded me that I inherited my good memory from my father. I also shared another family trait with him — I never, ever, liked being hurried into making up my mind about anything, and I resented being pushed into a decision.

Miss Churchill was another Quincy teacher whom I remember with pleasure.

She, as did many of my early instructors, wore little white aprons in the classroom. Miss Churchill once told Mother that another student and I kept her classroom in good order because of our exemplary deportment. But, when I went upstairs to Mr. Cooper's room, he annoyed me so much that I deliberately did some things to distract him. For instance, anytime that we had visitors (company, we called them), which was frequently, I would insist upon cleaning my desk. And indeed I went methodically about this self-imposed task, hauling out each item, dusting, arranging, rearranging, then putting everything back again. If Mr. Cooper had trusted me, and had allowed me to select my own seat, as he did for the other students, I would have behaved myself. But, because I was so small for my age he insisted that I sit on the front row of seats. Furthermore, he "picked" on me, which certainly did not improve my deportment. The matter of deportment was serious in our school system, and a good grade in deportment sometimes covered a multitude of intellectual shortcomings.

If Mr. Cooper had left me alone, I would have left him alone. This is one teacher whom I do not remember with pleasure, and I was glad to be promoted from his room.

In 1871 the first Pinckney street school was finished.³¹ This was practically around the corner from our home. Pinckney was always a Lawrence landmark, although not a lovely one, for this first building was "up on stilts." Nevertheless, we enjoyed the beautiful ravines back of the building, and frequently picked dogtooth violets there at the recess periods. By this time most of the private schools were closed. Sarah started directly in Pinckney, which in the beginning consisted of two rooms. She spent her first week in school without saying one word.

Most of the early-day teachers were people of education. At least they taught us something which we cared to remember. There was a general feeling at that time that a great deal was being done for young people, and they were expected to make use of every possible means of improvement. Father

was far ahead of his time in the matter of education for women, not only because he felt very seriously about it, but because he had two daughters to educate. He was always surprised when other women did not take advantage of a university education. He was anxious for us to make the most of every educational opportunity, and it had always been his idea and plan that we should be prepared for the Classical Course at the local university and then go on to other institutions of higher learning. Since our mother was personally acquainted with all the Lawrence teachers, she never seemed to worry about our formal schooling, but concentrated on outside advantages. Keeping us occupied on rainy days was sometimes a problem. In wet weather we stayed indoors "out of that mud,"³² because the mud, before our first street improvements, was something formidable. One rainy Sunday afternoon when Mother was hard put to find something for me to read (I had previously read everything in the house that children were supposed to read), she brought out a copy of

Pilgrim's Progress. That book really kept me busy, and for several days.

Lawrence always had a public library of some type,³³ and a good book store. We visited the library often, and bought a number of our books from Danny Crew, who had the best book store in town. The public library never had any special "children's books." Our own library, like other collections in our home, just grew. Father never collected books in the manner that most men acquire a library. He early developed a system of buying a book when he wanted it. Our accumulation ranged from *Barnum's Circus*³⁴ to the family *Bible* in the Greek language. I still have most of those volumes. Today I am told of the wonderful books written and illustrated for children. The ones that I have examined surprise me, considering what I read in my early childhood. In my day we had to be content with reading whatever was available -- and the fact that this was a pioneer community there was a definite limit on what was available. When I exhausted the possibilities of "literature suitable

for children," Mother gave me whatever was at hand, from the local and imported newspapers to the *Poetical Works of Martin F. Tupper*. We just read anything, and eventually everything, in the house. We took the *Boston Watchman and Reflector*, and the *Springfield Republican* for many years, and every scrap of those papers we read and passed on to friends and neighbors. For a time my Mother's study club conducted regular meetings in our home, in order to make use of our library.

There was ample time for music and art lessons in the long summers. We had our painting lessons from Mrs. Osburn Shannon, the wife of the postmaster. Lawrence had a number of good musicians. One piano instructor insisted upon her pupils practicing their lessons with pennies balanced on their hands. We escaped this ordeal. Sarah did especially well in piano, but I had to go along much slower because my hands were so very small I could not reach the octaves. We also had voice lessons. Miss Zella Neill, who later became famous, was our

instructor. She taught us much about the glottis, and the epiglottis, and we became so self-conscious about forming tones that I doubt if we were able to sing. Even if we had had good voices, we were much too shy to use them in the presence of Miss Neill.

HIGH SCHOOL

The new high school building in south Lawrence must be a fairy land compared with Old Central³⁵ which I entered in 1875. I remember my instructors, and a few of our substitute teachers. A goodly number of my classmates entered the university, but for various reasons we graduated in separate classes. Although the buildings, the curriculum, the landscapes, the situations, and other changes are many since my school days, I doubt if any change is apparent in the attitude of the pupils. We had the regulation four-year training, and our graduates were admitted to the university without entrance examinations. I don't recall anything that was spectacular

about those four years, and practically all of my vivid memories center around the extra-curricular activities, the preparation for commencement and the commencement proper.

This growing-up period could be called the "party years" — we had a party on short notice: house parties, lawn parties, class parties, school parties, musicals, and plays. I always enjoyed the glee club associations — the practice sessions, and the annual gala recitals. We had a number of good voices, or at least we thought they were good. Danny Crew, one of the more popular singers, was once invited to accompany the DAR group when they went on a cruise down the St. Lawrence river. His assignment was to entertain the group with songs.

Another young man, who sang as he worked, entertained the neighbors in general while doing odd jobs. One Saturday afternoon, while shingling our neighbor's barn, he was most vocal. "Just practicing" he called it. Of one thing I am certain, all who heard him that afternoon could repeat one

phrase from his favorite song:
"Though only an armor bearer I may
be, the Captain may depend on me."
This spontaneity was not necessarily
limited to the student body.... Pro-
fessor Bartlett would give an im-
promptu solo, or even a recital, at
the twinkle of an eye.

Judge Howard, who lived over the
river, sometimes substituted as a
teacher of anatomy in my high school
class. One morning we had a long and
exhaustive session on the study of
the human brain. He emphasized the
weight of the brain — "much larger,
much heavier, therefore of greater
capacity, in men than in women....
Man's brain in proportion to his
weight ... far larger than any of the
animals.... Man had an inborn capaci-
ty to coordinate....," and on and on
for the whole class hour. Inciden-
tally, this particular class contained
some of the most stupid boys in the
school system, and this eulogy so pro-
voked me that I apparently lost sight
of the fact that the good judge could
have been using the collective or in-
definite noun. When the lecture was

finished there was an ominous silence which I invaded with a studied timidity, "Since you have proven, so conclusively, that we are quite inferior in brain power, what is the next lesson assignment for the girls?" He stood for a moment, selected a number of pages, and, without looking at me, snapped out "Girls will take the same lesson as the boys."

The commencement exercises for the high school graduates were held in Liberty Hall, the meeting place for practically all public functions not held in the churches, or in Bismarck Grove. We did not wear caps and gowns, consequently our very special dresses called for a good deal of fuss and bother. Mrs. Barnes, one of the early dressmakers, was considered a genius with her patterns. She was employed, at a rather fancy price, to make my dress for this occasion. A few of the girls chose black silk for their graduation, because "A good black silk was always serviceable." Most of my closest friends chose white or light colors, but my dress, which passed for a strictly first class

creation, was lavender and navy blue, and I do believe that it was the ugliest thing that I have ever seen.

The program, over which the teachers labored so long and so thoughtfully, was the standard of that day: We made speeches, sang a song, an encore, marched up for our diplomas, and attended the reception which followed.... The girl in my class who had been assigned as the last speaker on the program, refused, at the crucial moment, to take this unwanted place, and it fell to my lot to conclude the program. Sam Wilson, a colored boy, preceded me. His numerous friends became quite excited, and were still applauding when I appeared on the stage. To this day I cannot remember what I said or even the title of my oration, and because of the excitement I was never certain that anyone heard me.

77-47



UNIVERSITY

I well remember the beautiful autumn day in 1879, when Father and I chose the buckboard to ride up the hill for my enrollment. Our choice of vehicle was always of some importance, because "to ride up the hill" in those days depended somewhat upon the weather. In the dry season, a light carriage and one horse was sufficient; for rain, sleet, snow, and subsequent mud ... but that is another story.

In the early days the university was generally referred to as Kansas State University, or KSU. We had heard much discussion, pro and con, of the university from close association with those first graduates, and members of their families. The enthusiasm of having an institution of higher learning, plus the glamour of its so new building right at our door step, was a bit worn down. By the time I attended my first classes, school life and school work had settled down to more or less of a dog trot — perhaps your current expression is "the daily

grind."³⁶ The Freshman class of 1879 was considered "huge." Twenty-five of the original forty-nine members graduated from KU, although not all in the same year. Old North College had a very small number of prep students, and the one building on the campus was called University Hall, or the Main Building. Photographs of this first building, which appeared in the catalogues, in the *Courier*, and in advertisements, were simply designated "The University of Kansas."

Father always had the idea that I would go to college and that I would take the Classical Course. This was also my idea, and I was determined to make the most of the opportunity to select difficult courses and to stay clear of the subjects especially designed for women. In this day of accepted and uncontested coeducation, it may be difficult to conceive of an era when all women were discriminated against in the field of education.

When I went to the university it was a critical time in the education of women. Now that we were finally accepted as coeds in the realm of

masculine superiority, we were not expected to compete, but were expected merely to pursue the "light and easy studies." Nearly every girl I knew took French, because it was made easy, and it was also considered a social accomplishment. For these reasons I did avoid the French courses and concentrated upon Greek and Latin. With the exception of French, I studied all the languages offered in the curriculum, which even included Sanskrit.

A minister from the East, who stayed over night at our home, asked to be "introduced to the young woman who was studying Greek." He could not believe that women studied any language except French, and to learn that I was the only woman member of a large class in Greek, was almost beyond his comprehension.

This may be an appropriate place to record a conversation of some years later. When I was engaged in graduate work at the University of Chicago, a young man, whose home was in Kansas City came to call upon me. We had been classmates at KU, and most of our thoughts were of undergraduate days

and how much we had enjoyed our work. Late in the conversation, he made this confession: "I have never worked so hard in my life as I did those years at KU — I had to work hard to keep up with the girls in my classes."

Indeed, from my point of view, I enjoyed the study of languages, especially Greek and Latin. Surprisingly enough I survived, with all high marks, and later taught these subjects.³⁷ Perhaps for this reason I could fully appreciate the magnanimous statement in the University *Catalogue* for my Freshman year: "Since the first opening of the University as a State Institution, 1,936 students have been enrolled. The attendance has included both sexes in very nearly equal numbers, and no difference has been made in the course of study on account of sex."³⁸ If this statement is amusing to you, try to think along these lines: To be admitted to the university, in 1879, was a privilege. The students of those early days seemed to have a very humble attitude, and most of them were religiously inclined. They felt that since they had been especially

chosen they were obliged to make the best of their opportunities. They seemed to show a sense of duty and devotion to their schooling and had a feeling that they owed something to their community. The student body was predominantly men and a surprisingly large number were obliged to "work a way through," and since there were no summer sessions, this frequently meant a longer struggle — sometimes six or more years before graduation. A common saying among members of the staff was, "Most of the students come here, and are not sent."

Strictly speaking, there was one building on the campus. However, there was always a separate building for a power plant, and just south and a bit west of the Main Building was a small shed which served as a shelter for the horses and ponies of the students who rode or drove in from the country. From our classroom windows we had a clear view of the south side of the hill, and if we were a bit early for class we often watched the riding students dismount. I distinctly recall one of the girls, Eudora Wade,³⁹

who wore a voluminous riding skirt, of a bright plaid pattern, which completely covered her dress skirt, the side saddle, the saddle bags, and, perforce, one side of the pony.

The fifty-four rooms of the Main Building were divided into suites to accomodate each department: Physics, Chemistry, Natural History, Mechanics, Engineering, Languages, Mathematics, Music, Library, etc. With every offered subject under one roof, there was still space for the living quarters of the two men students who did the janitor work. The night watchman had strict orders from Chancellor Marvin to "look in upon" these young men each evening to see that order, quiet, and deportment were properly maintained. There was still unoccupied space when our newly created combination glee club debating societies were organized. We were assigned separate rooms, and were allowed to furnish and decorate according to our taste and purse.

In the years that I attended KU, all the classes were in the morning hours. The Main Building was quiet

in the afternoon, and closed at night. If we used University Hall for evening entertainments before 1883, it was always for a "state occasion." I do not recall that any particular stress was placed upon scholarship in my time — that was taken for granted. If any student neglected his studies to the point of failing to pass a course, he met with swift justice — dismissal. On the other hand, there was no limit to the stress placed upon other attributes, especially deportment. Chancellor Marvin felt it a personal duty to periodically parade the corridors, four floors, and any one found "loitering" was obliged to have a very good excuse. Another self-imposed duty of the Chancellor, was to "look in upon" any and all of the student social gatherings, including surprise appearances at Wiedemann's⁴⁰ — just to be certain that everything was going nicely.

Another stress of that period was on elocution and oratory. We were constantly exposed to some form of it — public speakers, private recitals, *ad infinitum* To be a good

public speaker was the ambition of a majority of the students. Chapel, at which attendance was compulsory, was held each week day morning in University Hall. The classes were regularly responsible for supplying the speakers. "The Juniors (or current assignee) are now inflicting the chapel with their orations," was a common remark about campus. In any case, there was no escaping the chapel rhetorical. The rule was to recite, or to take a zero for that assignment.

We were frequently reminded, in printed notices and in announcements from the speaker's stand, that the lecture course was "... especially designed for the benefit of the entire student body,..." that the "Lectures will be delivered in University Hall by persons invited by a committee of the faculty," and, that students were expected to attend.... Miss Emily Faithful, a lecturer from England, who spoke on the subject of "Modern Shams," drew the best house of the 1883 1884 season. This was an evening lecture, and since it was a rare occasion to have the university

open at night, our family decided to attend. It was a raw March evening— which reminds me of a story.

We had a long succession of horse-drawn conveyances, and it is difficult to keep the sequence straight, but I think that for this particular "ride up the hill" we chose the old double carriage. At any rate, the vehicle was drawn by one of our favorite horses, "Old Red." This horse had very definite opinions concerning "closing hours", and standing out in "weather." When he had enough and thought it was time to go home, he simply pulled his stake and went home. Whether it was the lateness of the hour, or the rawness of the wind on the hilltop which prompted Red to "entertain" us that cold March evening, we never knew. When we emerged from the lecture hall we found him waiting — but not with patience. Sarah, who was considered to be a very careful driver, took up the reins. Red gave one bound forward, and started across the campus in a hard gallop which he maintained all the way home. Sarah held on to the reins and we held on to the carriage,

but the only thing that held Red was his determination to reach the barn and comfort. No one was injured, or frightened, but we certainly made record time in getting down the hill. "Old Red", and his antics, prompted many twittings from our friends, but we loved him and kept him for many years.

Joining a literary society was considered a duty of the students. These organizations were great levelers — all class distinctions were thrown aside. The several debating societies (not to be confused with the Oratorical Association), slightly above high school level, were open to both men and women, and students were urged to become members. Some even went so far as to join two or more groups, which sooner or later made trouble. The prep students also had a literary society, the *Normal*. The two most popular, the *Oread*, and the *Orophilian*, flourished for many seasons.⁴¹ The *Oreads* boasted that, "The training given by this society will be of a lasting benefit to those who make use of its advantages." Our

state architect's daughter started a fund and a campaign for the *Oreads* to furnish their room. The first bit of "decoration" was a sculpture portrait, which we called a "marble bust." The *Orophilians*, not to be left behind, started a campaign to raise funds for a piano. The University *Courier* gave fortnightly reports on the progress of these two societies. When either of them made any move for improvement, or change, the matter was published: "The *Oreads* are having their constitution printed." "The *Orophilians* have a fine new bulletin board...." "Attention *Oreads* ... An *Orophilian* quartet has been organized." "The *Oreads* are 'agitating' the subject of a carpet...." "The *Orophilians* had a few outside speakers this season."⁴² Well, if or when they had outside speakers, the only one I can at the moment recall was Helen Potter, a reader of some reputation.

When I joined a literary society it was the custom for the girls to give readings, declamations, and essays, and to reserve the orations and the debates for the boys. We could

see nothing unladylike in having the girls on debate teams, so — a little "agitation" changed the procedure. One of my friends, Cora Pierson, made a lasting impression with her speech, "Colonial and National America." It was a gay feather for her cap — indeed for every woman who knew her — to be announced in the *Courier*, February, 1884: "Miss Cora Pierson's oration on national day is said to have been the finest ever delivered from the chapel rostrum."

The fraternities were perennially fighting the literary societies, and a constant battle was waged to keep the organizations from being dominated by the secret societies.⁴³ The constant war spurred them on to some rather heated "contests." Long and strenuous preparations were made for the annual programmes, which were given in commencement week, at which time prizes were awarded for the best speaker, the best soloist, the best debating team, and the best glee club selection. The public was invited to attend the annual contests, and all in all they were gala affairs.

Student Publications

If the university's official publications included other than catalogues, bulletins, and reports, I was not aware of the fact. The only student paper, *The Kansas Review*, was controlled by the fraternities. By popular demand a second publication, *The University Courier*, was relaunched in 1883, and I was invited to be its literary editor for my junior and my senior years. The *Courier* was issued fortnightly, and the staff, composed of frats and barbs, had an equal interest in the stock and the stake.

We had our serious side and our frivolous side in this newspaper endeavor, much as you have today. On the serious side we tried to give international and national, as well as state and local news. Faculty members were invited to make contributions in the form of comments, criticisms, and essays. We campaigned pro and con on campus interests, growth, and activities: the removal of Chancellor Marvin ... his appointment, the same year, as superintendent of

the new Haskell Institute; the new Chemistry building, November, 1883; additions and changes in the faculty. I recall that one crusade was to create interest in better equipment for one of the professors who was obliged to make use of a smoke house as an observatory and a stove pipe for a telescope. Another agitation was for better side walks leading up to the university and its buildings. My essay on *Civil Service Reform*, November, 1883, caused a great deal of comment, simply because it was so difficult to understand how a girl could write on such a subject. However, my prize money for this essay was sufficient to purchase my Theta pin.

On the frivolous side, the wags of the campus were never hard pressed for subject matter: "Lawrence has become the educational center of the west. It has the University, the Business College, the Idiotic Asylum⁴⁴ and the Indian school. You pay your money, and take your choice." There was, as now, the Freshman class to take its share of barbs, and the

ever-popular Seniors: "We want to know if the present rage of the Seniors for dancing and banqueting can be called the 'foot and mouth disease'?" We even made a few feeble attempts at twitting the administration: "We have heard that the Board of Regents held an all night session on the matter of...." Or, "The faculty are seriously considering the subject of changing the weekly holiday from Saturday to Monday."

In addition to my serious work, I managed to find time for many adventures in the literary field -- for instance, editing the Theta Year Book. The senior year was crowded with activities in my day, even as it is today..., but I was not a "joiner." This brings me to the subject of clubs.

The Choral Society, organized in 1883, met two mornings each week, and, from the beginning, had a large attendance and was very popular. In 1884 a rash of clubs descended upon the student body. First was the new Athletic Association, because the men students complained that the school had "no college spirit, no song, or

yells." Any one could join the association by paying one dollar dues. Included in the athletic association was the boat club, the foot-ball club, the base-ball club, and other sports. as "required or needed." The *Courier* referred to the first football eleven as wearing "penetentiary suits." A variety of club groups followed in quick succession: a dancing club, a polo club, a chess club, a roller skating club ... and what-have-you!

Commencement

The early commencements at KU were less crowded than today, but not less stimulating. The atmosphere was different — there was less of hurry and worry. Because the university was the center of "everything", the whole town turned out in a holiday mood and created a feeling of rejoicing. Many students arrived at the same conclusion: Commencement season was ample compensation for all the struggles and privations which preceded "graduation day." In other words, commencement was the 'nth degree in entertainment —

a fitting climax to the year's social activities.

In previous years we had had the Military Band from Leavenworth to furnish the music, but the class of '84 broke with tradition and engaged the Coats Opera House Orchestra, of Kansas City, for Commencement.

Among the strange customs of this pioneer community was the longevity of fashions. We had not at this time fallen heir to the cap and gown uniform, consequently the popular choice of "graduation dress" for women was black silk, "because a good black silk was always in style," — the same reasons prevailed at my high school commencement.

We had a veritable fever of presenting and receiving flowers. At the earliest exercises, members of the audience tossed blossoms to the stage, and later these offerings were nose-gays, and bouquets. At my commencement the fashion was to present large baskets of flower arrangements. Our attic was crowded with baskets in June, 1884, contrary to the opinion expressed in the May issue of the

Courier: "It is to be hoped that the foolishness of presenting flowers to the various performers of the commencement week exercises will be quietly but firmly 'sat upon' this year...."



QUESTIONS

Over the years I find that the questions asked of me, concerning early Lawrence, fall into patterns: "Who were your earliest friends?" "Who were your closest neighbors?" "Who built this house, and that house?" "Where did you do your shopping?" "What did you do for entertainment?" Whys and wheres about my house and furniture. "Do you remember your KU professors?" And so forth and so on. Perhaps answering a few of these questions, in the order of their frequency, would be a fitting way to close this narrative.

Friends, Neighbors, Houses

Trying to distinguish between our early friends and our old friends is a bit complicated. The earliest friends, perforce, were of my parent's generation, and a number of them have been mentioned in other chapters.

We saw a great deal of the Delahay family. Alas, Judge Delahay was a heavy drinker, and sometimes was a trial to his friends. Father often helped to "sober him up" before he could go on the bench. The Delahay daughter, Julia, was a great favorite in Lawrence, and was known to all her friends as "Little Julie." Father once took Little Julie to Topeka, when he was on a business trip. She was a great talker and asked many questions. Usually, Father could keep up with her, but on this occasion she asked one question which completely mystified him. She must know, in all seriousness, if ladies wore rats in their hair. Never having heard of "rats", Father was at a loss for an answer. Finally, he satisfied her by saying that he did know something about the hair styles of women, but since his wife had never worn "rats", he could not answer for women in general.

Tom Osborn, the United States Sheriff, was another family friend. When Tom later became governor of Kansas, we took great pride in remembering to address him as Governor Thomas Osborn.

He was a frequent caller in our home, discussing politics with Father. We heard from time to time his comments on the proposed bills, especially the one on capital punishment. Tom took a fighting attitude on this subject, and his great determination helped to block capital punishment in Kansas. He openly declared that he would never consent to the rule of capital punishment— "If they expect me to call a man to be executed, they are mistaken. I shall never do it." But, Tom Osborn was not all politics.... He was very much interested in our Little Julie, so much so in fact that he married her.

Octave Chanute, the engineer, was one of our earliest neighbors. They lived on the corner of Seventh and Louisiana, in one of Pat Muzan's better stone houses. Their children were near the age of our family, and we spent much time in play together. Mrs. Chanute was most fond of my little brother Ira. When they left Lawrence to go back East, we bought some of their prized bedroom furniture. All of these pieces were lost in the recent fire.

Not far from our house was a small nursery and green house owned and operated by James Christian. We bought plants, trees, and shrubs from him. Mr. Christian was fond of all plants, especially the wild flowers. He had a second interest, not of less importance, which was giving parties for children, all the children! When I was a "big girl" and felt too old to attend these parties, he explained to Father that I should come anyway, because my presence would be stimulating to the younger guests. So, I dutifully took my little sister by the hand and trudged up the hill to the "children's party."

Lawrence had many good carpenters and builders. I recall Adam Oliver, and Pat Mogan, the stone masons, and Ira Brown, and Hyrum Towne, the carpenters. Many times have I heard these remarks: "Adam Oliver worked on that house." "That is one of Pat Mogan's houses." "You couldn't do better than Brown or Towne for carpenters." At one time or another these four men worked for my father.

As I mentioned earlier, about the time we moved down town, Lawrence was experiencing a building boom. Several houses still standing in this neighborhood go back to the early days. A few of them retain their "gingerbread", although, fortunately, the rash of picket fences which developed in the late sixties was cured by amputation. Ira Brown, our closest neighbor, built his own house. He also built the house in which Mrs. Manley lives, directly across the street from me. Mrs. Ira Brown told me that the day after Quantrill's raid, she planted trees in this neighborhood, including two elms in our back yard. These two elms thrived and attained great size. One of them is still standing.

The little stone house on the east side of this block, as well as the more substantial residence on the northeast corner of Seventh and Louisiana, are Pat Muga houses, and were built soon after the Quantrill raid.

The Tisdale home, 645 Tennessee, antedates my present home. Planned on a large scale, with a ball room, this house is built of imported

pressed brick. Minnie Tisdale, the only daughter, was one of my friends, and Sarah and I attended numerous parties in her home.

Governor Shannon's home was 703 Indiana. He died in that house. I can remember seeing his funeral go down Seventh street.

The market at Sixth and Indiana is probably the oldest grocery store in town. The present owner has had many predecessors, but always, as far back as I can remember, there has been a market on that corner.

Other close neighbors — we called three or more blocks "close" — have been previously mentioned: the Sutliffs, the Robinsons, the Manters,... and others. A boarding house around the corner, south and west, long since removed, was the refuge of the victims of Quantrill's raid, until they could be relocated.

Our minister friend, Ephriam Nute, who lived across the alley, had a lasting dread of the mud. He habitually picked a way across the alley, walked through our back yard, the length of our side porch, and out our front gate

to the precious sidewalk leading down town.

Mr. Abrams, the brother-in-law of Colonel Harris, built the tower house just north of us. He had a great desire to raise pigs on his property. There was no law against raising pigs in the city proper, but he was required to gain the consent of his close neighbors. Father certainly was not interested in raising pigs, but he saw no good reason why Mr. Abrams should be denied the privilege — so he gave his consent although the other neighbors objected. The matter was compromised. Mr. Abrams put up a fence, there was a vacant lot between us, and confined the pigs to the back street. This arrangement went along nicely for some time. One day Father came home with the news that the Abrams house was for sale, and added, "I must remember to tell the new owner about my agreement with Abrams."

The new neighbor, A. Monroe, had entirely different ideas about the use of his property. He was not interested in raising pigs, but he did develop a lasting interest in the tower house.

The Monroes had the alley closed off, which raised a new controversy. The city demanded that the alley be opened. Not wishing to sacrifice the new home, the Monroes agreed to give an outlet, which accounts for the paved space between that house and the next house north of it. This tower house has passed through additions and changes. The Monroes, and subsequent owners, made alterations to their individual and several tastes, but two of its original features remain: the drop window, and the tower. Mrs. Monroe was so enamoured of this house that she was prone to talk of nothing else when we exchanged calls. In this neighborhood, even to this day, the tower house is referred to as "Annie Monroe's house."

"Where did you shop?"

Lawrence had very little to offer in the way of dry goods, but there was always an ample supply of the old sturdy staples — muslin, gingham, calico, percale, and woolens. If we were short of variety, it was not the

fault of the merchants. They made an effort to fill our orders, and when they bought anything which they considered choice, they invited a few of their favorite customers in for a preview before "showing it to the public." Fred Read was one of the first department store managers, and a stand-by for our family. We frequently had first choice of his shipments.

It was always interesting and sometimes amusing, to observe the styles in women's apparel. This was especially noticeable at church, when some of the ladies, recently arrived from the East, with their flowing silks and lovely laces, sat next to an Irish maid in her simple and skimpy gingham.

Rushmer, the jeweler, was another fine merchant. We bought practically all of our better silver pieces from him, or through his firm.

We did, occasionally, make purchases in Topeka, if we were pressed for something not to be had in Lawrence. We seldom shopped in Kansas City. During the 1903 flood, we heard interesting accounts connected with shopping — but that is another story.

"What did you do for amusement?"

We did not do exactly the same things for entertainment as we do today, but we had a variety of amusements in early Lawrence, and plenty of them. Aside from those that have been mentioned throughout the preceding pages ... we had numerous church-sponsored "socials", dinners, fairs, and special-day programmes. The annual fairs, state and county, were well attended, and the officials were quite serious in the preparation of displays. We had circuses, sometimes two or three in one season, and of course parades and parades. We owned a down town building which had an iron railing on the second floor level. On parade days, when too many people crowded that iron railing we were in distress. Fortunately, the railing always held up.

No story of early Lawrence would be complete without some mention of old Liberty Hall, of old Fraser Hall, of beautiful Bismarck Grove, and of the churches.

In recalling the list of amusements, imported and home talent, that we attended and supported in this town, I believe that in our household the recreation of outstanding importance was reading. We, as a family, were constant readers. When we exhausted our own library, we sought the city library and the local book stores. This constant search for new reading matter reminds me of a story.

We sold one of our down town store buildings on the installment plan, because the renter was so determined to own the building. When the last payment was due, Mother sent Sarah to make the collection. On the way down town Sarah bought a book, and while she was waiting in the man's outer office she began reading the new book. Not being conscious of the passing of time, she finished the book and was surprised to find that it was the noon hour. She promptly knocked on the door of the inner office and asked to see the manager. When he recognized her he apologized for keeping her waiting so long. He explained that the delay was deliberate on his part

because he thought that she was a book agent trying to sell him a set of books, and he had hoped that she would eventually become discouraged and leave. Well, they thought they had laughed that off, but the story got around.

The Churches

We paid more attention to the churches in the early days. A class party was once postponed for several weeks, because someone was holding a series of religious meetings at the Quaker church. When the town was much younger, and much smaller, we knew all the ministers. Of course every old-timer knew Dr. Richard Cordley, who was pastor of Plymouth Congregational for more than forty years. The Rev. S. Y. Lum was the first pastor. He resigned, in 1857, because of ill health, but continued to live in Lawrence. His son Henry, was my classmate in the school years.

As I have said earlier, the old Congregational church was on Louisiana and Pinckney, the corner north of us. Before I was old enough to attend the



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OLD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

regular Sunday morning service, it gave me much pleasure to stand at our front window and watch the people pass our house on their way to church, and then, in a short while they would come tramping back.

The churches had fairs and fairs, and special dinners. The members were expected to make contributions. One item usually required of Mother was a spice cake. This was a recipe she had purchased from a country newspaper, a spice cake made with sour milk. For these special occasions she always baked the cake in a large milk pan.

Second to the Congregational membership, we had more friends in the Baptist church than in any other. I recall many Baptist programmes and entertainments, and one in which I had a part. This was a "Dickens Tea Party" and was so popular that it was repeated three nights in succession. Father and Mother were perennially solicited to lend clothing and other properties for plays and various entertainments. For the Dickens Tea Party, Father lent his swallow-tail coat to a young man named Dart.

In addition to church socials, we had neighborhood Sunday night suppers — oyster suppers, we called them. Fresh oysters were imported in season, otherwise we used the canned product. The holidays, and the special occasions — Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year, Commencement, etc., were always considered, and these days were filled with parties. We made regular New Year calls and dinner calls, and to save the effort of keeping note books or files, we kept the calling cards, for social purposes.

I was once on a committee with Mrs. Scott Hopkins, when we served over one hundred people at the KU Commencement dinner. We also served the members of the band. This was considered a very large crowd.

One minister of our church wanted to keep up an interest in religious topics. He persuaded me to write several papers for his programmes. I did this, not because of interest, but simply because the minister felt that I would do a thorough bit of research for him.

Once, on the way to the shopping center, I was overtaken by Mr. Moys, who lived at 620 Kentucky. In our conversation he called my attention to the fact that we were both nearing fifty or more years of age. One of the many questions he asked of me that day was, "Do you remember the Hammond lectures?" Indeed I remember those lectures, and with pleasure. I wish that the church, or perhaps the Historical Society, would hang a portrait of Edward Payson Hammond.

The citizens were anxious, and willing, to have this lecturer visit Lawrence, but Mrs. Ira Brown thought it too bad to have the meetings in our church, because we had just put down the new carpets.

Mr. Hammond, who was in Lawrence for this one series of lectures, was an impressive character, and made a striking contrast to the every day run of lecturer. For one thing, he dressed for the occasion — afternoon attire for afternoon meetings, and evening attire for evening meetings. His afternoon lectures, arranged for the children,⁴⁵ were delivered in

the church school division of Plymouth. In looking back on that era, I do believe that everyone concerned had pleasure in the Hammond lectures. The fact that he held the meetings in our church had a lasting effect upon the people of Lawrence — even if the carpets were hurt.

There still were other ways of spending time. One of the most popular was to join a "secret" society. It was perfectly respectable for any woman to belong to a secret society when I was a young girl. The entertaining was done by groups in the homes of the members. The first secret society meeting that I attended was at Cora Pierson's home (the old Usher house). Some of the girls felt as strongly about their secret society as they did about their church.

Bismarck Grove

Bismarck Grove was a remarkable place as long as the Pacific railroad owned and operated the land. I don't recall how long we had access to the grove, but it was a good many years.

We had picnics and picnics, and fairs and fairs, in this beautiful setting.⁴⁶ Sometime during the changing years, we bought some oil paintings.⁴⁷ I recall one of Father's oft repeated remarks, "Well, there is to be another fair at Bismarck Grove and I must take my paintings." Father often received prizes on his samples of fruit which he exhibited at the fairs. Pears were his specialty. Some of the early settlers brought fruit trees, berry bushes, plants, and seeds with them when they came to make their homes, others bought local stock or transplanted from the wild. It was a common practice to "grow your own" in fruits and vegetables, at least enough for family needs. Our yards were full of fruit trees in those days, with berries, grapes, and currants growing on the fences.

At one of the local fairs I saw a horse race, with Kansas and Missouri farm girls as riders. This was a relay race, each girl tried to be first to finish a mile. By request, this race was never repeated — it caused too much excitement and adverse criticism.

Of all the meetings, social, political, and otherwise, which we attended at Bismarck Grove, the ones I remember best were the old settler's celebrations — the first one was held in September, 1870. Sarah and I felt so honored on one occasion when we were asked to sit with the older members. The meetings between 1870 and 1877 had been of local interest, but the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of Lawrence was really a state-wide occasion.⁴⁸ We had three days of speechmaking, basket and barbecue dinners, and much visiting. This meeting had been well advertised. People from all over the state, as well as a number of celebrities attended.

Among the speakers I remember best were Colonel C. K. Holliday, from Topeka, Governor John P. St. John, Judge Usher, Sidney Clark, and Robert Morrow. Walt Whitman was here, but if he made a public speech I do not recall hearing it. I am not certain, but I think that Walt Whitman was entertained in Judge Usher's home. Between speeches, the master of ceremonies read letters and "dispatches"

(telegrams) from former residents, interested friends, and many railroad officials. Miss Zella Neill sang, and the applause was so long and so vigorous that she obligingly came back and repeated her song.

The quarter centennial celebration drew the largest crowd of people of anything in Kansas, to that date. The newspapers said that "thousands" attended the public dinner of "roasted ox, hogs, sheep, other good things,...."

The first time we had electric lights in Bismarck Grove, Governor Robinson had them installed at his own expense.

Old Fraser Hall

Old Fraser Hall was on the third floor in the first building south of the Eldridge House. One summer Sarah and I were members of a cast for a play which was given in this hall. Our costumes were made of white cambric. We cut gold emblems and gold letters from paper which Mother pasted and sewed onto the cambric dresses. We were really in the play, but I doubt

if we had any *woice* in the part. Our costumes were pronounced "proper and fitting" and our elders claimed that we gave a creditable performance. We were asked to participate in many local productions — probably because our mother was so clever in designing our costumes.⁴⁹ It was easy in the early days to get full dress clothing for entertainments, because so many of the local men had brought their full dress suits when they came from the East. Fraser Hall was not as popular as Liberty Hall because it was not as easily reached, and it attracted a group of people with whom we were not familiar. As the years went by it was used less and less, the excuse — "... it is so inaccessible."

Old Liberty Hall

Old Liberty Hall, on Massachusetts and Winthrop, so popular in my childhood was originally built by the Poole brothers who operated a meat market on the ground floor. The entire second floor was in one large room which was the scene of many gatherings, large

and small, in the early period — the sixties and the seventies. I do not remember if I ever heard why it was named Liberty Hall. The room was open every afternoon, and was the stomping ground for everything in the field of entertainment. It served the same purpose as the present community building. All the churches at one time or another alternated in holding meetings there. We had our eighth grade and our high school graduation exercises, political speakers, lectures, home talent and imported plays, recitals, in short, anything and everything in the nature of a public function. The public library sponsored a lecture course and all those meetings were in Liberty Hall.

When we were very young, we were not permitted to attend public functions, but occasionally, accompanied by our parents, we were allowed a special treat like the Bell Ringers, or a magician's performance. Professor Marvin once gave an athletic entertainment for the benefit of his gymnasium equipment and uniforms. When we were older, Father took us to

many, many programmes, and we heard some of the most noted people in the United States.

Lawrence was a regular stopping place for the suffrage lecturers. The only ones I remember were Susan B. Anthony, and Anna E. Dickinson. Father was especially proud of the fact that he was asked to introduce Susan B. Anthony when she spoke here. Anna E. Dickinson was heralded as a "powerful, magnetic speaker...., a young 'spell-binder' the most influential speaker in the Woman Suffrage movement."⁵⁰ When Father and Mother returned from the lecture, Mother said, "That Anna Dickinson really brought down the house."

Although we had our share of political speakers, and lecturers on various subjects, we had no imported plays or orchestras, in the earliest years. Our parents often went to Kansas City to see the plays. We did have, in the summer months, many "musicals." One summer we had a great Contata, conducted by a Professor Jackson, and his son and daughter. The children were

divided into groups and alternated in the three successive performances.

The well-established stock companies did not make tours of the west, but about the time I entered the university we were having more variety in our local theatre. In my senior year, a better class of musical show was offered at the old Opera House. When Emma Abbott gave a recital, so many of the students attended that the newspapers made particular mention of the numbers.

There were numerous "Opera Companies" with presentations of the standard light operas and the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. An English actress, Miss St. Quinton, was here in "The Chimes of Normandy", and "The Bohemian Girl." We heard all the Shakespeare plays. When Thomas Keene played *Macbeth* in the old Bowersock Opera House, in 1884, he received an ovation.

The House and Furniture

My present home, before the recent fire, meant rather more to me than most people know. It is on the same ground where the first house stood. I graduated from KU while living in the old house. The spring of 1884, we moved to one of our rental properties — where we all felt completely out of touch with this neighborhood — while the first house was dismantled and the space cleared for the present house. At the end of the summer we moved back again, and occupied the cottage next door north, in order to have a front seat to watch our new house being erected during that winter.

Father bought the plans in the East. It was a "prize" plan, and we have since been told of a similar house in Rochester, New York. The original plans were slightly altered, at our request, and we have one less room, a back parlor, on the ground floor. We thought that a music room and a larger room for the library would be more suitable for our family needs.



06-68

On March 30, 1950, a fire of unknown origin destroyed the contents of the second and the third floors. Not wishing to abandon what remained, I had everything worth salvaging put in storage, and went to live in the Eldridge Hotel during the remodeling period. The rebuilding consisted, mainly, of putting a roof over the first floor, converting the pantry into a bath room, redecorating the interior, repairing furniture, and repainting the exterior.

I cannot recall, if I was ever told, where our first furniture came from — the pieces which we hid in the ravine before Price's threatened raid. I always took the furniture for granted, and I do not know if Father had it in preparation for the time when Mother joined him, or if she brought it with her when she came. Father was a great man to attend the auctions, and in time we gradually accumulated considerable furniture. So many people who came to Lawrence became discouraged and went back to their former homes, usually disposing of most of their belongings in the

process of moving. We bought our best bedroom furniture from the Chanuttes ... all of which was lost in the fire. The grand piano, and certain chairs and tables, were bought for the new house. The heart of our bookshelves we purchased from the estate of Judge Stephens.

"Do you remember your professors?"

It would be difficult to say how many people have asked me if I remember the early university professors. Indeed I do remember them, and well. When I entered the university, the faculty, including Chancellor Marvin, was in number seventeen. The total number of former graduates was forty-eight. By the time I graduated, there had been many changes in the staff, and the number, in 1884, was nineteen, including the new chancellor — Lippincott. When I see the list I find it impossible to make a selection of the ones I liked "best", because all of them had fine qualities. True to nature, I shall first report the KU library.

The library room, over which Miss Carrie M. Watson presided, was in University Hall, and we used the same space as a study room. The university *Catalogue* for my Freshman year states that "The University Library contains 3,800 volumes, besides 1,759 unbound pamphlets.... The Regents and Faculty desire, through this collection of books to introduce the students to a pure literature, free from frivolous trash, and replete with the best information upon all topics under consideration." Well and good, but the library to which I had access contained perhaps two hundred volumes. The number (3,800) undoubtedly included the professors' private libraries to which the students in their specific fields had access.

In my first year on the Hill, the library purchased one copy of T. Starr King, *Substance and Show, and other Lectures*, (1877), and it would be safe to say that all the students read that volume before the summer vacation.

Miss Watson, who received the handsome salary of forty dollars per month for her full time and valuable services,

was a rather strict librarian. She demanded quiet in the study-library room, and she kept a very close watch at all times. She also kept good books and materials which we read between classes. I also took advantage of every free school-day hour to make use of the reading room. Occasionally the professors assisted the librarian by posting an index. Professor Canfield was highly praised for donating his index on political science. The Chancellor checked out the books to us during the noon hour.

We knew Professor William H. Caruth well, but I did not have classes with him. He occasionally conducted tours to Europe. I had planned to go with one of his groups, but that was the summer my father died.

I finally succeeded in getting a grade from Professor George Patrick. The course in chemistry was my undoing, and nearly kept me from graduating. I came out with a grade of 90. All those test tubes, and all those irregular classes, were just too much for me.

Recitations in Political Science, with Professor James H. Canfield, came at the end of my day. I was always tired and ready for lunch, so I just relaxed a little and was content to sit back and allow the boys to do all of the talking. I can still recall those long discussions on "Free trade" and I could never forget the consternation which spread throughout the entire class, the morning he asked on the final examination, "What is going on, politically, in the rest of the world today?"

Ephriam Miller was principal of the Lawrence high school (1870-1874) before joining the university staff. I never saw Professor Miller perturbed, at any time. So many students were deficient in mathematics, and he had many troubles in getting all the slow ones in line, and on time, in the mathematical requirements. All of his classes were large, but he remained calm, and stood by his guns. He had a reputation for helping his students through the hardest part of their university career. In my large class

with him, many students were behind, always behind, and he was regularly stopping his lecture to explain something to those laggards. He seemed to understand all that was to be known about the courses he taught. There was always authority behind every remark, and, furthermore he could prove it. I passed his very difficult course.

David H. Robinson, my professor of Latin, was a member of the first KU faculty, when the total number was 3. If I must indicate favorites, I will say that David H. Robinson was one of my favorite professors. He taught Latin in a manner which made everyone enjoy his class sessions. We learned it, and liked it, in his classes. We had long and interesting discussions in Latin. In order to make the language real and alive, he insisted that we speak Latin in the classroom.

Professor Robinson drove a horse to the university daily, and he often brought me home. He once said that he thought that I was capable of doing a great many things with my languages, but that if I attempted the

impossible he would not vouch for me. This scholarly, dignified gentleman, who possessed a delightful sense of humor, frequently chopped wood, "Just for exercise, if you please." When Sarah was very young, she always addressed him as "Fester Robinson."

My early Greek training was with Kate Stephens. I was the only girl in a class of thirteen boys. Miss Stephens was a romantic figure — or at least she thought she was. She used to drive a black horse hitched to a little buggy. I would not ride with her, because she was always dashing about at a great pace. A few of the more daring students did ride with her, and one of her favorite outings was to drive down to the post office, after classes, accompanied by a student.

I have never known a person who was more fond of nature than she, even to the last of her days. She was always so pleased with the first touch of spring, and every bird that stirred, and every plant that blossomed on her father's farm was noted and remarked

upon. They did have a beautiful farm, in a low-lying place near the river, but we thought it lacked many points that our farm on the hilltop possessed.

Miss Stephens was a fighter, in fact, too much of a fighter, and she managed to make many enemies. She was in a new and unusual position for a woman. So many people resented having a woman teaching Greek. I went to see her, when the students gave her a farewell party, at the time she was dismissed from the university. I also went to see her in Cambridge. In spite of her faults she was a good scholar, and the fact that she did keep up her language was evident to anyone. Miss Stephens always wanted a woman to be on the board of regents, and she did a deal of campaigning on that subject. Her niece (the regent from Horton), now occupies the position that Kate always wanted her to have.

Frank H. Snow was professor of all the natural sciences. He also taught mathematics. His vacations and holidays were spent in enthusiastically hunting specimen for his collections.

We often saw him riding his little pony along the river bank in search of specimen.

In the botany classes, Professor Snow seated the boys and girls at separate tables. I never made any of the collections when I took his difficult courses. I was in such a state after putting an insect into a poison bottle and seeing it struggle and die, that I found it difficult to control my feelings. Father said that he would see what could be done about it. He tried to buy a collection from Mr. Dyche, but Mr. Dyche said that he could not take money for a collection, but that he would gladly assist me in making one for myself. This was no better, so I went through the entire course without completing this requisite. It is just possible that no one ever knew about this discrepancy on my part.

Some of our friends thought that Professor Snow was companionable, but I thought that he was not as easy of access, conversationally, as some of the other professors.

One summer when we were at a resort in Colorado, Professor Snow made a special call to have a short visit with Mother. The following day, a woman at the same hotel came to us and said, "Who was that man who came to see you last evening?" Mother, who was a woman of few words, made a reply of characteristic simplicity, "Chancellor Snow." The woman persisted, "I knew from his bearing that he must be a man of importance."

Chancellor Snow did have a natural bearing of dignity which gave him an air of importance and set him apart from other men. Father once remarked of him, "There is a man who is bigger than his job."

NOTES

- 1 Sara T. D. Lawrence Robinson, *Kansas, Its Interior and Exterior Life, (1856)*.
- 2 This house, still standing, 802 Tennessee, was built by Pat Muga, just after the Quantrill raid. The Olivers were in Canada at the time of the raid.
- 3 The men of Lawrence, "from sixteen to sixty", were organized into companies. Each company was in charge of a block house. One section of each company slept in a block house every night. This was called "The Committee of Safety."
- 4 I recall descriptions of the early housing -- dug-outs, in the side of ravines; sod, with earth floors; shake, or shack; log, chinked with mud; -- but none of these remained in my childhood.
- 5 These troops were under the command of Major E. G. Ross.
- 6 Richard Cordley, *A History of Lawrence, Kansas*, Lawrence Journal Press (1895).

- 7 A train of empty government wagons was passing through Lawrence. The merchants persuaded the men in charge to load these wagons, drive to the country, and keep out of Price's reach.
- 8 The ravine in which we hid our household effects is somewhat changed in the surveys for the new residence area. It originally came much closer to our house, and was of dense foliage, extending as far, and including, the present lake near the north end of Emery Road.
- 9 Mr. Manter, a neighbor, was a relative by marriage.
- 10 The "bushwhackers" did not operate in the winter months, because their usual retreats were ineffective without dense foliage.
- 11 A common saying around Lawrence was, "If anyone can reason with Sam Wood, Emery can."
- 12 Samuel Hunter built his home practically on the spot where our farm house stood. The old well, now covered, is still there.

- 13 James Horton, an early settler, was a druggist. Since there was nothing to do in his profession, he thought he might as well do something useful for the community, so he began by digging wells. After the close of the Civil War he moved to Kansas City and opened a drug store there.
- 14 Historical marker, "Site of Barracks and Trenches 1863." This marker is located east of Fraser, across the walk south from "The Pioneer."
- 15 There was frequent and severe illness among the members of the troops, and a number of them were buried in the Pioneer Cemetery, south of our farm.
- 16 Present West Campus road and Missouri street hill.
- 17 Father made many business trips to Washington in connection with his office as District Attorney, 1863-1867.
- 18 Charles Colman lived with the Prentiss family and helped on the farm in exchange for his board and room while attending school.

- 19 The Robinson house was on the brow of the hill. The marker — "Site of Gov. Robinson's house. Burned by Sheriff Jones, May 21, 1856" — is on the property at 1115 Louisiana, the former home of Professor and Mrs. F. H. Hodder.
- 20 This property is now known as the "West Hills Addition."
- 21 We bought the house and lots at 627 Louisiana from Luther Lewis.
- 22 This fruit was to supply the dining tables of the hotel. The present house on this corner, recently occupied by the Lawrence Business College, has undergone many additions and changes.
- 23 The old Congregational church, one of the first churches established in Kansas, was on the corner of Sixth and Louisiana, the present location of the home of Mrs. C. D. Young, Sr.
- 24 Mrs. Sutliff (Augusta Hollister) was one of the first teachers in the Lawrence school system. The north portion of this house was built by John B. Sutliff. It was later purchased by E. Summerfield,

- built the south section, and some changes. The present home of Mrs. L. H. Menger.
- 25 Mrs. Litchfield's daughter, Alice, was my friend and classmate all through our school years in Lawrence, and we graduated from KU in the same class.
- 26 The three informal divisions: North Lawrence; on the south side, the river to Winthrop (Seventh); Winthrop to Quincy (Eleventh).
- 27 This was a two-story frame building in the Lawrence National Bank block.
- 28 Named for Josiah Quincy, of Boston, Massachusetts.
- 29 Nine hundred block on Ohio.
- 30 Old Plymouth building, of Greek temple style of architecture, was later used exclusively for school purposes and was known as the "Louisiana street school."
- 31 In the early days, when referring to the school locations, we used the street names: Quincy street school, Pinckney street school, New York street school, etc.

- 32 One of my friends, Anna McCurdy, was unable to attend her own commencement exercises because of the mud.
- 33 Reverend Ames, who lived in a boarding house around the corner from our house, had charge of the libraries. He told me all that he knew about the library collection which was established about 1865.
- 34 This was not the regular type of book which we added to our home library. Father bought it for me as a compensation for the fact that I was so short I could not see over the heads of the crowds. I nearly perished in a crowd at a Barnum and Bailey Circus.
- 35 The old high school on Ninth, the one with the tower, was built about 1889.
- 36 A few weeks later I was obliged to withdraw from classes because of an attack of diphtheria, the only serious illness of my life, and school work was resumed one year later.
- 37 After graduate work, and teaching in Montana, I returned to Lawrence

- and taught Greek and Latin for five years, most of the time in the high school.
- 38 University of Kansas *Catalogue*, 1879-1880, p. 67.
- 39 The Wades were said to have built the first house in Lawrence, but it was not in the city proper.
- 40 Wiedemann's was our version of the Union Building. There was a large party room adjoining the main confectionery where we held class parties and dances.
- 41 In 1884, the *Oread*, the *Orophilian*, and the *Normal*, held a joint session and adopted a by law prohibiting students to be members of more than one literary society. All persons concerned agreed that this should have been done earlier.
- 42 Quotations are from the *University Courier*, 1883-1884.
- 43 The secret societies were the forerunners of the sororities. The Kappa Alpha Thetas, and the I.C. Sorosis, were perhaps the two most influential. The first meetings were held in the homes of

members, but later when the membership outgrew these accommodations (1884), they proudly announced, "KAT took a suite of rooms in Wood's new building, in the Eldridge block, and is (sic.) fitting them up in handsome style." Also, "The I. C. Sorosis have a suite of rooms...."

- 44 After the Preparatory Department was discontinued, the building was used as a home for feeble-minded children.
- 45 Edward Payson Hammond, *Stories for Children about Jesus*, (Philadelphia, 1865).
- 46 For a good description of Bismarck Grove, see Noble Prentiss, *A Kansan Abroad....*
- 47 One of those paintings is still intact. Another was damaged in the recent fire and has been mended.
- 48 Charles S. Gleed, editor, *Kansas Memorial, A report of the Old Settler's Meeting at Bismarck Grove, Kansas*, (Illustrated), Ramsey, Millett and Hudson, Kansas City, Missouri (1880).

Charles S. Gleed was for many years connected with the Santa Fe railroad. In March, 1884, he accepted the editorship of the *Denver Tribune*.

- 49 Mother had a sewing woman who came upon request, and sometimes stayed two or more weeks. This was the prevailing custom.
- 50 Stanton, *Eminent Women of the Age*, S. M. Betts and Company, (1863).