Human Side of the National Corn Exposition a Study for Scientists

TO THE student of human nature an exposition of national scope affords as fertile a field for investigation as an Assyrian hill does the archaeologist. The latter can uncover layer after layer and reveal city after city built upon the next oldest. The likeness here becomes a trifle strained, but the analogy might be carried out with a reference to the various strata of society which the amateur sociologist may see.

He who loves that unctuous sentiment to the effect that "kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood" could have gained a beautiful confirmation of his views at the National Corn exposition the last ten days. For the man of simple habits, to whom the pleated shirt and dinner jacket are more or less togi incognito, far outshone those who deem themselves sophisticated and urbane, in the original sense of the word "urbane," which was used in reference to one who dwelt in a city, an urbs.

Of course, the term "farmer" is no longer used as a reproach. The agriculturalist is much too civilized nowadays for the word to have any longer an opprobrious denotation. But, assuming that in his own imagination the city dweller is more learned than the "pagan," it may be emphatically stated that the ruralites had the hall bed-room man headed for the Anarctic—otherwise, going south.

This article might well appear under the caption, "The Day of the Farmer." It has been his day, and his week. It was the farmer who was the guide and cicerone, who took his "superior" city brother by the hand and led him around, explaining and pointing out this and that interesting fact which otherwise would have whizzed clear over the head of the guided man. It was the farmer who could tell good corn from mediocre, who appreciated the lectures and exhibits in the state booths, who in short knew what's what and who's who.

While the farmer ruled the roost, he was not the only object of interest to the amateur Walter Wycoff looking for "copy." All grades and types of humanity could be found—grain broker and Irish cabinet member, Mexican philanthropists, English seed breeders and college professors. Society women and girls jostled elbows with daughters of farmers, sales girls rambled round on the arms of prosperous looking clerks and mechanics and circulation agents for farm papers chatted with cattle men from the sandy reaches of Dawes county.

When Sir Horace Plunkett met and talked with Buffalo Bill their chief cummunity of interest was in their common experience as ranchmen in western days, but looking at their conjunction in another light they represented the meeting of a civilization dating back to England in the day of the Roman when that island first knew civilization's touch and the bygone epoch when the Indian and the buffalo alone roamed the western prairie.

The oldest agriculture in America was linked to the most scientific development of today by the juxtaposition of the ancient podless corn and the best modern Dent ears. Another bond with the prehistoric past came through the Cliffdwellers' corn. The ground where this grew was scratched with a stick hundreds of years ago by some copper colored girl dwelling in a high, rising pueblo, who, after the fashion of maidens since maidens have been, probably let her thoughts run on some mighty young hunter rather than on the drudgery at hand.

This line of thought a visitor suggested to an iconoclastic companion. "Your mind runs on young girls," said this fiend in human form. More likely it was some withered old hag of a squaw who scratched the ground, some ugly beldame, some obsolete Indian crone, some antique 'gammer,' some—"

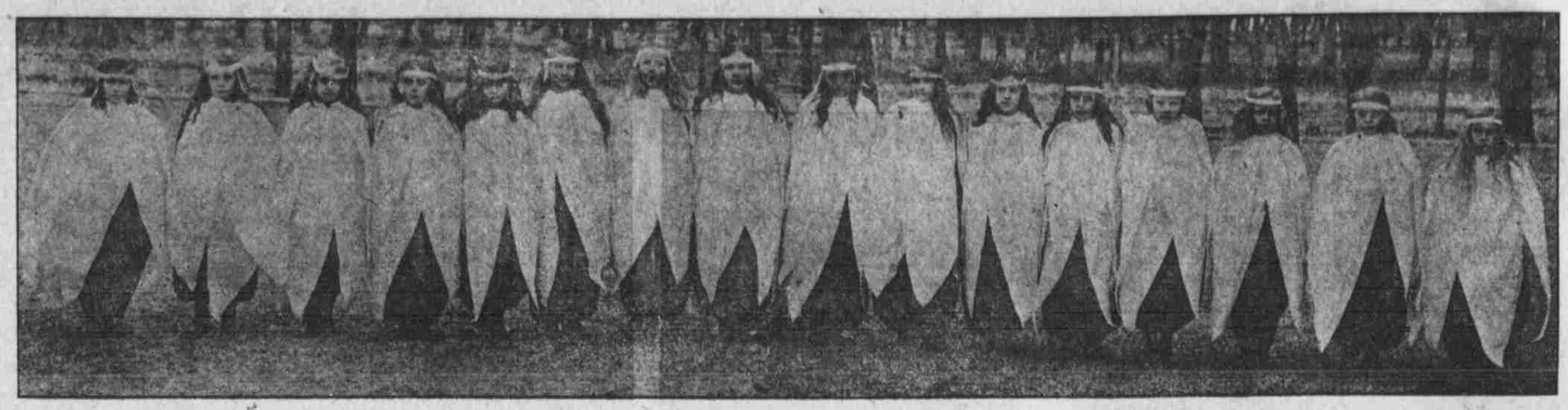
"You have almost as many words and as few ideas as a preacher," was the unkind remark which interrupted the iconoclast's rhetoric.

Comedy and merriment were reflected on the faces of many visitors; others of serious mien showed an inward purpose to let no item of information escape their eager minds. Pathos was not absent from the setting. The tired woman, pulled at by restless, hand-led children, her face showing the lines and seam of grinding drudgery and worry, poor souls like this were to be seen, as well as the prosperous woman, who, debarking from an auto, had nothing more to worry her than whether her gown for the military ball would be becoming.

Occasionally the irevitably lost child caused the addition of a sorrowful note. There was pathos for the keen observer in the futile efforts of one "barker" to secure an audience. The poor devil worked so hard that it was really a shame, and one tender hearted girl to whom this was casually pointed out by a companion, proved herself a trump. Not only did she step up and try to betray an intelligent interest, but she subscribed for the farm paper he sold and came back later with three male friends who were made to subscribe also.

There are a hundred incidents, more or less, like this at every exposition, incidents which make the lips curve in a smile or a lump rise in the throat, as the case may be—there are a hundred incidents like this which go unobserved for every one which may be noticed. Out of the flotsam and jetsam of incident, of character revelation, of events or words of human interest, comic, sober or pathetic, the following were gleaned through the ten days by an observer of the most interesting thing in life—one's fellow men and women.

Fairies of Mondamin Who Spent a Day at the National Corn Exposition



LITTLE GIRLS FROM CENTRAL CITY WHO MADE A BIG HIT WITH THE PUBLIC.

It remained for school children and young women to show visitors that so many things could be made from corn that the count could not be kept. Clothing of every description was made from corn husks and worn or exhibited, while it was not unusual to see a young woman with a daintily trimmed hat, on which corn husks served for ostrich plumes. Such a hat was made by Miss Helen Sinclair of York county and shown in the exhibit from that county. Miss Sinclair also made a boa of corn husks, which looked as dainty as a fine feather or silk opera boa. These the young woman wore part of the time, and unless they were told visitors would never have suspected that the neatly dressed young woman with the "beautiful hat" was really wearing one of the 130 products of corn. From the same county came little Lois Cushman and Elven White, pupils in the school of Miss Cora Conway. They wore clothing made of corn husks which they made from their own hands.

"If corn had only been a native of Eden, Adam and Eve would have had more substantial clothing than fig leaves," remarked a visitor as he looked at the little dress and suit which the children had made during spare moments after school. Miss Conway's school was a big prize winner at the National Corn exposition as well as at the York county and the Nebraska fair, and among other things which the children made, was a reproduction of their school house. This little building was covered with grain of corn, the red grains on the roof being arranged in such a way that the building appeared to have a tiled roof.

"We just borrow our tools around in the neighborhood, and do not have a manual training department," explained the teacher whose pupils made so many wonderful things out of corn.

Almost every visitor was afraid to go into the illusion where the spieler announced that the real "live corn show mermaid" could be seen, but as a matter of fact those who failed to visit the show missed something worth while. The exposition management was interested in the show and it was no ordinary midway fake, but a novelty worth twice what was charged for the show. The scenery was so arranged that nature could scarcely have improved on the picture. First the field of green corn was seen, the broad green leaves waving in early summer sunshine. To one side an ear of corn larger than the others appeared as the corn in the field grew and harvest time approached.

During the process of bringing the mermaid to life, there was a heavy rain and a thunder storm, when the downpour was needed to make the corn grow. This was so realistic that the music the rain makes when falling on a corn field could be heard. Then the blades turned brown, the big ear falls open and the mermaid appears. The illumination made the illusion possible, and the cleverest wiring and arrangement of stage electricians worked to make the corn show girl a living success. But the public was worried and went to see many things with less merit.

Instead of singing the Mikado, Ed Andrews sang the praises of Oregon apples at the National Corn exposition in the Southern Pacific railway booth. Almost everyone who has heard of comic opera has heard of Ed Andrews and paid to see and hear the old singer. Every dollar which he could keep on the road went into Oregon lands and now the singer has a big fruit farm in Oregon and has retired to it, where he expects to spend the rest of his life. The apples which Andrews was showing were made possible by the receipts at the box office, and many an Omahan helped pay for the exhibit which Ed Andrews brought to the National Corn exposition.

Without question the "hit" of the week was the "Corn Show Girls" from Central City. The stunt was arranged by the Commercial club of that city and sixteen little girls ranging in age from eight to fifteen years, came down Tuesday and spent the day. Their dresses were made to look like corn husks, while beneath the folds were the yellow bloomers which looked like an ear of corn peeping from its autumn colored husk. The little girls appeared on the stage at Concert hall and received more applause than any company which appeared.

A couple stood in front of the Hayden Piano booth and listened to the pianola grind out, "I Wish You Were My Sweetheart," or some ditty to that effect.

"That's my sentiments," said the man ungrammatically.

"Don't get silly," said the girl and besides someone might hear you".

"Let 'em hear," said the swain, "I'm not ashamed—proud of it in fact; and, say, Will we have a piano like this one in our house?"

"Shall we have," corrected the girl. "Moreover, it is not a piano, but a pianola, and we aren't going to have any 'our' house. It takes two to make a bargain, Mr. Payne."

"Look here," remonstrated Mr. Payne, "you see for yourself that my grammar needs a few swift applications of the sandpaper brush. Here is a grand chance for you to help elevate the world, to do something real good, to get aboard the uplift ship and all that sort of thing. You marry me and life will be one long, grand, sweet exercise-in-grammer song. Really Hasa. How did you ever get that name 'Hasa,' anyhow?"

"You may call me Miss Aiken, if you please and it just occurs to me that I can never marry you anyhow?"

"Why not?" demanded the man.

"Thing how my name would sound then—Hasa Aiken Payne."

Mr. Payne fled.

The voice of the barker is loud in the land. There are barkers and barkers and some fairly effective ones have been at work the last ten days. None has, however, improved on the old formula which begins with "Step right this way, ladies and gentlemen!" There are, of course, tricks in this trade, as in all others, but at bottom the difference between the efficient barker and the poor one is of an indefinable nature. Not alone the possession of a stentorian voice and lusty lungs, not alone frantic waving of arms in the desired direction, not alone the appeal, cajolement or command will turn the trick. The question of personality, of "magnetism," enters here as in every other human equation and as in every other case defies the clearest and most incisive of analysis. None can do more than name this quality. To reduce it to other categories many attempts have been made, but a close scrutiny of these show that is simply a statement in other terms of a quality which makes the untruthful word of one man seem veracious as the gospel and the true statement of another altogether dubious.

"I wanted to ask you, President Schurman, whether you are a pragmatist or an Hegelian?"

The president of Cornell university gazed in some astonishment at the inquiring person, who was a comely young woman, who had strayed from the model kitchen and held up the lecturer of Wednesday with this imposing question.

Before Mr. Schurman could answer her, the young woman went on to say:

"I think myself that Prof. James is all wrong. It seems to me that 'experience,' as he uses the term really dodges the Kantian principles of epistemology."

"Whatever epistemology is," put in an irreverent listener.

President Schurman is something of a philosopher and metaphysician himself, but he did not go on record. Instead he said:

"Are you studying philosophy or cooking, upstairs?"

"Cooking," said the girl. "But I have a friend who is just dreadfully interested in philosophy, and I've been sort of worked up over it myself. I think metaphysics is just lovely, don't you?"

The Ithacan agreed. He had, too, for several reasons, one of which is he used to initiate the young Cornell idea into the mysteries of realism and idealism, of determinism and free-will, and how to flirt with the major and minor premises.

"It has been seventeen years since I taught philosophy," said President Schurman to a friend. And he sighed a little for much as he loves his present work, no man has ever abandoned the life of the scholar for a presidential position without realizing that the great extent of his new duties means the death knell of his pursuit of his first love.

ELOM WHITE AND LOIS CUSHMAN, YORK COUNTY YOUNGSTERS, IN COSTUMES OF CORN HUSKS.

MISS HELEN SINCLAIR OF YORK COUNTY IN HER HAT AND BOA OF CORN HUSKS.

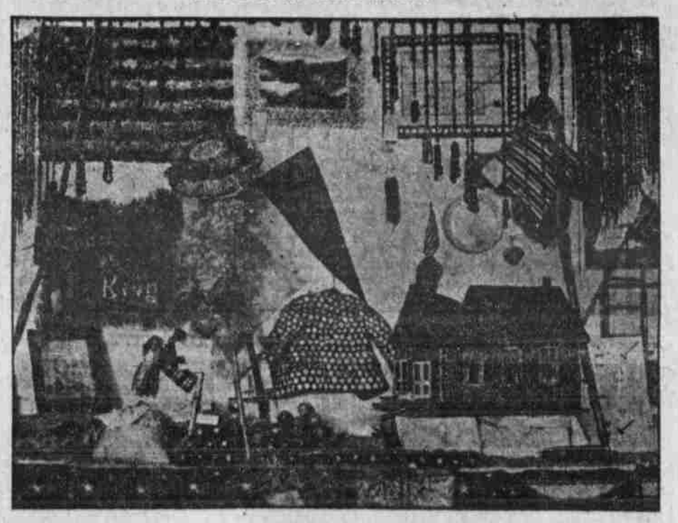


EXHIBIT MADE BY PUPILS OF MISS CONWAY'S YORK COUNTY SCHOOL.

Quaint Features of Life

Bread that Makes Men Drunk.

SINCE you don't live in Siberia, you need not be afraid, says M. Narrion, a Russian, to get drunk through eating ordinary bread. A hardened toper would, on the other hand, think that providence had played him a nasty trick in not allowing him first to see the light of day in Siberia.

In far eastern Siberia, in that region which lies between the sea and the river called Mesuri, the humidity of the climate, as well as the soil, is remarkable. Vegetation is here distinguished for its wonderful exuberance to such an extent that the soil never dries up. The result is that the inhabitants, in order to prevent putrefaction of the roots, sow their corn upon a series of layers of the soil. Nevertheless, in certain districts the humidity is so intense that there grows upon the ears of corn a kind of fungus matter made up of microfungi.

As a result of this sporadic excrescence the bread made from the corn in question gives all the results of an overdose of alcohol. In very humid climates the phenomenon is likewise known, though to nothing like the extent of eastern Siberia, where whole districts are affected by this strange kind of "alcoholised bread."

Postal Card Reunites Brothers.

A souvenir postal card brought about a meeting between G. W. Broadway of Clark county, Mississippi, and his two brothers and a sister, for whom he had been searching for half a century. Mr. Broadway was reared in Montgomery county, but left in 1860. After the war he wrote relatives in Montgomery, but received no reply, and has since thought them dead or in some other part of the country, as they did not seem to be known.

A few days ago he glanced at a souvenir postal card at the home of a friend in Mississippi and saw his brother's (A. B. Broadway) name signed to it. He made inquiries and located his brother, A. B. Broadway at Montgomery and learned of the whereabouts of another brother and sister, the one at Ramer, Ala., and the other at Lapier, Ark.

Publicity Spoiled Her Luck.

The hardest luck that we have recently heard of has come to that worthy and fortunate cook in Rome who recently won 400,000 lire, or $80,000, the grand prix, in the grand lottery, which is annually drawn under government control. Unhappily for this good soul, Rosa Tirona by name, journalistic enterprise "played up" her good fortune and insisted on printing her picture, whereupon some unkind police authorities remembered that she was the Rosa for whom they had been searching for some time to serve out a sentence of two years' imprisonment, which, in a moment of pardonable absent-mindedness, she had forgotten to complete. They have now ruthlessly dragged her off to jail and there she sits "doing" her two years and thinking what a splendid time she is going to have when she gets out, and how she will spend the $56,000 or $57,000 she will have by that time if the police have seen to it that her money is well invested.

Easy and Profitable.

That Frank H. Barton of Durham, Conn., has been reaping a harvest by advertising to reveal for 50 cents a method of "getting rich quick" became known through an investigation made by postoffice inspectors. His answer was "Work hard." Barton advertised also to mail twenty-five useful articles to persons sending him 25 cents. They received twenty-five pins. Barton had to hire help to assist him in opening his mail, which became so large it attracted the notice of the postal authorities. It is said he has violated no law.

A Diamond Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Kneeland of Georgetown, Mass., have just celebrated the diamond (seventy-fifth) anniversary of their wedding. The husband is 97 years of age and his wife 92. They have a dozen children, and after a long life of tireless industry they decided to give up their little home and deed it to the town, in return for which they were to be cared for for the remainder of their days.

Swallowed the Evidence.

Detectives from Chief Shippy's gambling squad in Chicago released an alleged handbook maker in Chicago because he ate the evidence against him. The alleged gambler was working over a few strips of thin paper in a saloon in West Madison street, when two detectives ran into the place and arested him.

The man gathered the papers on which he is said to have been entering his bets, rolled them in a ball, and swallowed them. Baffled, the detectives released the man, and went back to the police station and reported "no case; evidence eaten."

"Is this the information bureau?" asked the stranger whom it needed no Sherlock to tell came from up-country.

"It is, it is," answered the omniscient one in command at the time. "What particular item of information could I dispense to you at this moment?"

"You could tell me—that is, if you could without getting gay at the same time," where Henry Jones of Gretna is staying."

"Henry does not seem to have inscribed his illustrious cognomen on the register," said the custodian after a minute's search of that document. "Have you looked over the hotels?"

"What for should I do that? Don't you know who is staying there? What are you here for?"

"I am here to—to—" said the information clerk, who was plainly having a battle with himself. His better nature conquered and he managed to reply sweetly:

"I can inform you that Zeferino Domingues is at the Rome, that T. R. Garton is at the Loyal, Ed Andrews and Prof. Bowman at the Paxton, and other dignitaries at the Henshaw. But this Alfred Jones of yours has not imprinted on the book of fame to such an extent that I can place him. What size shoes does he wear? Have you tried the police?"

"Miss Rouse, I want to ask one question," said a young Omaha matron, who had induced her husband to accompany her to the lecture on "Carving and Serving" in the Model kitchen. "Alfred here says that when we have company the maid should serve me first, and I say to Alfred that it is the guest of honor who should be helped first."

"The guest of honor," said the lecturer.

Strangely enough, Mrs. Alfred did not look pleased, and, of course, Alfred himself did not. "Could it be that the lady was running a four-flush?" said Miss Rouse to herself, or words to that effect.

He who has sat for ten or fifteen minutes and watched a bowl of soup rapidly congeal will agree with Miss Rouse that the proper way is to start to swallow or inhale the soup as soon as the plates reaches one. "Eat while the food is still fit to eat," is Miss Rouse's maxim. Three cheers! Likewise a tiger!

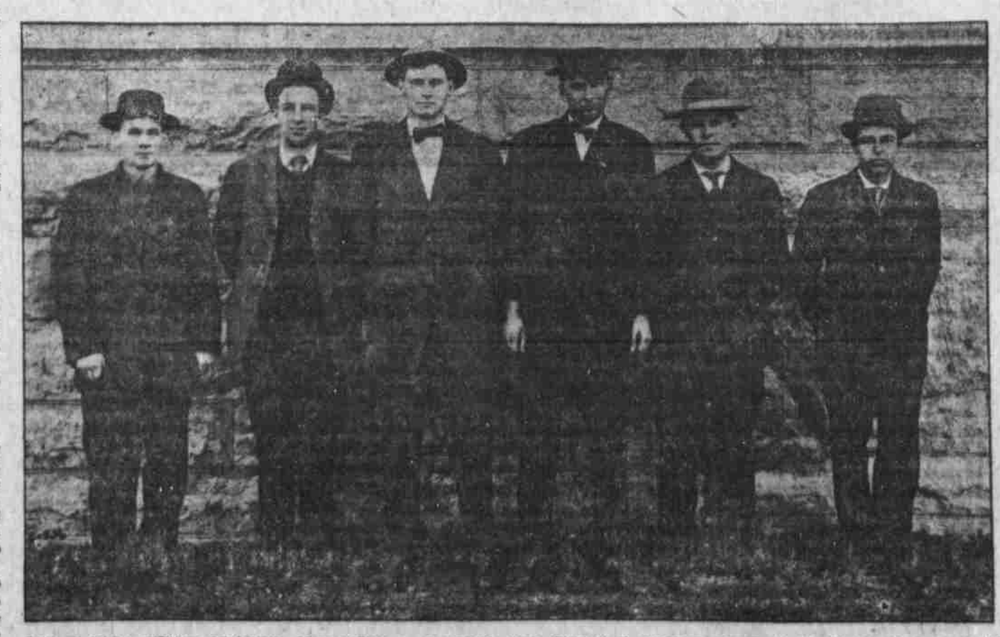
"Heap big fook you," was the gentle way in which the Indian buck spoke to the original American girl whom yesterday he took for better or worse. The young squaw was named Annie Gray Cow. Concerning her husband's nomenclature there is some dispute, but lengthy research among the totem poles of the Sioux, establish the fact that his name is John Red Bull and not John Kicked-in-the-Face.

"Heap big fool, you!" repeated Johnny Red Bull.

"Heap big fool, yourself," retorted Annie Gray Cow.

The quip courteous having been flung by Annie, it looked as if Johnny would come back with the counter check—quarrelsome. But John is evidently rather a shine at repartee and besides—Annie would probably have had the last word, anyhow.

Left to Right—William McArthur, Mason City; N. S. Jepson, Moorehead; H. N. Wood, Iowa Falls; John Summers, Malvern; R. D. Beaton, Shannon City; A. A. Benger, Van Meter.
IOWA STATE COLLEGE CORN-JUDGING TEAM.



Left to Right—William McArthur, Mason City; A. E. Qualfe, Iowa City; J. L. Murphy, Runbeck; H. N. Wood, Iowa Falls; W. F. Schmaldt, Menno; C. W. Hendricks, Muscatine.
IOWA STATE COLLEGE GRAIN JUDGING TEAM.