I learned the value of keeping alone to a well-outlined study schedule. Daily prayers, I was always hungry as a child, but especially so at three definite periods of each day for eating. This means periods for each day for eating. This means periods for three meals daily. Before and after the meals I had to make my own schedule—though the school itself, the "mental philosophy" professor talked every year to the student body on the value of training our minds to a set time for each of our subjects. Thus the mind would become open and ready for reception.

E.g., mathematics at 7:30 a.m., English 8:45 a.m., Latin 9:30 a.m. History etc. in regular courses daily 5 days weekly. Reading the Bible and prayer—The first thing every morning and last thing at night. Had it not been for such a personally imposed schedule I could never have made the grade where we did normal labor in addition to classroom recitations.

Another thing I learned was how to live with all kinds of people. My first roommate was a 19-year-old boy from Ohio—his last days at preparatory academy for college entrance. He was a 19-year-old hardened man from Texas cattle.
French life and was at the bottom of a 5-tr.
preparatory course for college entrance. He sues
at me. Then came a transfer - I was moved
next year to Hill House with a native boy from
Chili - we talked Spanish and had pleasant
days together - next was a boy from Philadelphia
who chewed tobacco and had asked for me
to room with him and to break him of
his habitual chewing tobacco in the dark
for tobacco was cause for expelling a student.
At the Latin years Rev. Lowell Inkaford asked
me to let his son (now Rev. Dr. Ralph C. Inkaford)
an 8 year old boy sit by me in Chapel.
Ralph... Ralph was a good boy and he asked
me to see his behavior during the 2 years
he sat by me. Here was David Carter, a
nigger foreman for directed work of boys
on the General Force. I first rebelled! After a
few days I found time to be such a fine
Christian gentleman that I came to enjoy
being with him. I learned you had to know
and understand 3 people and that I was simply one of the
children of God.
We had two months summer vacation. One
of which had to be spent in service to the College
in Thoms a day labor and the other month we
could go home - I lived too far away for that.
The summer of 1898 I spent in speaking to the
professors under the Student Volunteer Movement-
placing missionary books and church literature
in the homes and the libraries in YW
In 1900 I was asked to take charge of the religious work on the Fort Sill reservations in New Mexico. It was necessary to go. The Indians were not a book that told only of how Indians killed the Whites. I read it when a boy and could hardly sleep....

Bloodhounds of women and children. This was really true but had its lesson for me—men to learn counsel. This was a man from Switzerland. He lived in Dripping Springs where I was born. He mounted his horse, already loaded down with a sack of corn which he had ground to meal in Austin, Texas, 25 miles away. He was told by all not to make these trips at night especially moonlight nights. Indians would kill him. This time he was visiting with a Swiss family (no one else spoke his language) and he forgot Indians.... even did not believe in the Indian police. 

On his way back he started for home at a late hour. About 4 miles from Dripping Springs, his horse was thrown over a fence, when the horse saw something white by him. Another white landed on his horse's back which started the men for home. On arriving at the front gate he saw his horse up to the door and fell off, broken in, with three arrows sticking in...
In the boot of meat he said, "O. mine guilt, what a Texas this is. I think I go back to Switzerland at Whitecloud, Texas I got off the train and look around to find a wagon going to the Reservation. It was filled several big Indians—husband and wives and propers. Tumble all out I crawled in and sat down in the wagon bed for the 5 mile journey to the Headquarters. That night they had a big dance—the sound of the music was sure enough Indian.

Next day I mounted my horse and called on the first savage family. The two daughters and son had just arrived from Carlisle. They had a model equal home—got out the hymn books and while we played the family joined in singing. Backing the one lead and invited them to our church. For two months I worked hard to get Indians to come to church.

Mostly "squaw men," (White who had married Indian women) came.

The church was to be dedicated. I fixed up the bellows of the pedal organ. rats had eaten holes in it. Maukataha and Notoa Presbyterian churches came with baskets of food for dinner under the big trees on the Indian farm.

Here I met Eunice E. White. She had attended Emporia College but for financial reasons she had to go to Park College. She was very quiet and well poise. I was very much impressed that morning. She seemed to be an outstanding personality. I was
... she was to enter her junior year in my class.

Nothing in particular happened till Nov. 14, 1900, I had committed my life to the Lord completely without reservation. I had met a lot of nice girls in Park College, but none seemed to fit. I asked and had been asking for a couple of years that God would give me the right girl to be my wife. I trusted Him to do it. Never thought I ever get my Ennie White.

The astronomy class had gone up to the Observatory with Prof. Mettison to watch the meteoric shower appearing every fifty years. It was a cloudy night for our section in which Ennie White was enrolled. I proposed to four other boys that we invite four girls of our class, with the professor's permission and an open door; I invited Ennie, Lila our invited Effie Blair, Sandy invited his girl Betty, and Frank McAfee had with Wilson. Prof. Mettison was sleepy and asked to be excused. We met the girls at 3 A.M. at Mackey and from the roof of the Observatory counted showers of falling stars. Each hour and blue sugar splashed in the dust, boiled coffee for us all in an oil stove. We read the Great Bell song and we all hurried back to our dorms. With feet as she was shivering into the window of the room fell on the coal fire window below, broke through and landed on the coal in the Basin. The Western heard the noise and thought confused our adventure.

Next day the Head Mettison put all the
It all four girls under restrictions till after Christmas, I assumed total responsibility and asked to allow me to have all blame. Yes, my offer was refused. I got a letter from Emily — dignified and to the point. She put me where I belonged. Her letter opened up her considerate, kind, and sympathetic but definitely displeased, and clearly defined her reaction to my failure. Had this occurred in Emporia no action would have been taken but Park College supervised every act of its students. She complained the rules she would not have accepted. She never saw me or any other person till restrictions were lifted. It took several exchanged notes to see daylight. I proposed to her, and she replied that she would make her answer to me Christmas Day — a month away! She mother invited me to spend Christmas with them. The clock struck 12 on Dec. 24, 1900 — I pressed for an answer and as she started up stairs she said, "Good night." I said, "Good night for the first time and every night till Jan. 16th, 1901."

When her grandfather White realized that I was the son of Rebel soldiers who in Pearl River Battle captured him in the Civil War — and took time to inform police for three years — she would not converse with me for more than a year. My winning acquisition in Park College was Emily Emily White. Thank Thee, God!
I have always asked God to lead me to the girl whom He had prepared for me. I looked among those brilliant relationships among the talented singles—was attracted to the beauties and such—but kept pulling me back. I wanted a back college trained woman for my wife. For 5½ years I had not found her.

Now I was entering the 4th year—had been going to an Indian Reservation—Texas and New Mexico and Nebraska—& she appeared. The Red man whom I had always feared white blood. Wagon full of Indians with the Red skins. My prayer—Do not let her—