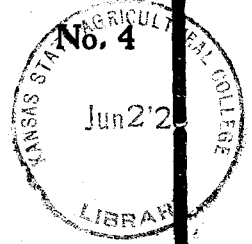


# THE ALUMNUS

Vol. VIII

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



December, 1909

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# The Alumnus.

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Marcia Elizabeth Turner, '06, Editor and Publisher.

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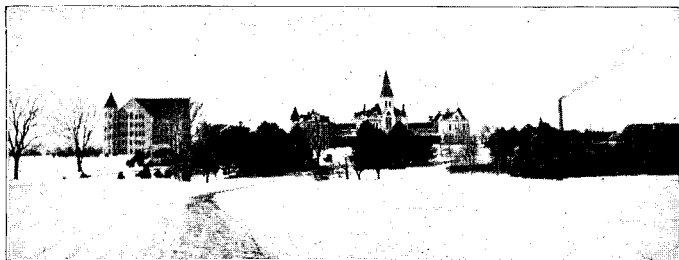
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## Winter.

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When icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
When blood is nipped and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
    Tu-who!  
Tu-whit, tu-who—a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
    Tu-who!  
Tu-whit, tu-who—a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

—Shakespeare.

# THE ALUMNUS

VOL. VIII.

MANHATTAN, KAN., DECEMBER, 1909.

NO. 4

## ***To Alaska—and Back Again.***

By R. S. Kellogg, '96.

Going east on a slow train through Utah on a warm and dusty September day—it is the eighteenth—isn't inspiring, and a driven Muse may prove refractory, but my other sources of diversion are unsatisfactory, it lacks three hours of "The first call for dinner, dining-car forward," and the editor wants copy—these are my excuses for calling for a table from the ebony guardian of the Pullman, digging up a "Junior" typewriter from my grip, and proceeding to punch off the following strictly authentic and unofficial observations:

My topic is a big one, but Alaska is bigger, as Frank Shelton, '99, told us in the A-Y-P number of the ALUMNUS some time ago. I should like to give him the credit for the season's trip up there, but can't do so truthfully. It was all planned for before he said that Alaska extends from Jacksonville, Fla., to Los Angeles, Cal., and from Arizona to Manitoba—or something of that sort, which I'll vouch for anyway, for Frank is a good fellow and his wife a better one. I prefer her cooking to his cigars!

This is the way it started: Way back in the middle of last winter, one Sunday afternoon in February, to be exact, the writer, the "Missus and the Kid" made a call upon Professor Hitchcock and family in Washington, D. C. As is usually the case when two K. S. A. C.-ites in the Department of Agriculture get together, conversation drifted to field work for the coming summer, and it soon developed that since during previous seasons the professor had tramped and camped and biked

and hiked and collected all over the country between the Atlantic and Pacific, and Canada and Mexico, with the result that he was then on speaking terms with more grasses than anybody else in the world, and had some 120,000 specimens of them (the grasses) stowed away in the basement of the new agricultural building on the Mall, he had determined to make new acquaintances this year inside the Arctic Circle, and that he was going to get there by way of the Yukon river and some other large bodies of water. Once upon a time—spring term, '93—the professor gave me a better grade in botany than I expected, and I've liked him pretty well ever since, so I at once suggested that in the land of mosquitoes and condensed milk he needed a capable escort in the person of myself, and that incidentally I could have just as much fun counting the trees in Alaska as he could digging up grasses with his big knife.

So the bargain was struck. Hitchcock left Washington the last of May, since he could get away earlier than I could, and wanted to spend more time in southeastern Alaska than I did before we started down the Yukon. On June 17, Mrs. K., the boy and I headed west, staying four days at Manhattan, which was then putting on airs over street-cars which ran occasionally, but not when we wanted to catch the train. Somebody said a collision with a stray dog had resulted unfortunately for the car! Leaving the boy to be practiced upon by his Aunt Ruth, who is getting a good deal of theory in domestic art at College, we proceeded to Seattle a week ahead of the K. S. A. C. special, the trip being broken by pleas-

ant stops at Denver, Missoula, and Spokane. Threedays gave us the most of the fair, and some of the Pay Streak. Then the better half regretfully turned eastward, and I boarded the steamship "Jefferson" with a ticket to Ketchikan, Alaska, in my pocket. The boat sailed at ten o'clock in the evening, and I had no expectation of finding a familiar face enroute. Imagine my surprise, therefore, when just after breakfast the next morning, as I was gazing westward at Vancouver Island, an object appeared near at hand in the person of R. W. DeArmond. Then followed an introduction to Mrs. DeArmond. Now I hadn't seen DeArmond in ten years, and, not liking to expose my ignorance, I asked no leading questions. Really they carried it off well, and not until Shelton told me later did I know or have reason to suspect that they had been married a day or two previous and were about to begin housekeeping in Sitka. It's my treat the next time I see them.

No other trip by water in all America can compare with the one of a thousand miles up the "Inside Passage" along the coast of British Columbia and Alaska. The ocean is left far behind, and the ship threads its way through the deep, still water of countless straits, channels, passages, reaches, inlets, entrances, sounds, and canals. Every term applicable to a body of water seems to have been exhausted in naming them all. Mainland, islands, peninsulas, promontories, and capes—all are solid mountains, rising abruptly from the water's edge, the lower slopes densely forested, the higher ridges and peaks rocky and snow covered. Sometimes the passages are miles wide, at others one could stand on the deck and throw a stone to either shore, and the wonder is how a boat can be navigated through them at all. And there is many a story of hidden reefs and uncharted rocks upon which the strongest ships have been wrecked

and ripped open. The last was the Ohio, less than a month ago, where the wireless operator lost his life after summoning the aid that saved the passengers.

We reached Ketchikan, the first stop, and the southernmost town in Alaska, at four-thirty the morning of July 5. Here good-bye was said to the "Jefferson," which went on her regular schedule up to Skagway. Ketchikan had its Fourth of July celebration on the fifth, and the town all turned out in its best attire. The leading citizen wore his high silk hat and long coat, the only ones in the place, and he and the two horses of the town were conspicuous features of the parade. There were two baseball games with the Indians from Metlakatla, foot races, boat races, a greased pole, log rolling, etc. The extent of the level ground around Ketchikan may be judged from the fact that ball games can be played there only when the tide is out; consequently we had the unusual spectacle of aquatic sports and a baseball game in the same place in the same afternoon. The log rolling was at three o'clock and the ball game at seven. There was plenty of water for the former, and good ground for the latter.

The next day gave the first introduction to the real work of the summer—a climb up Deer Mountain, which rises 3000 feet above Ketchikan. Most of the upper thousand feet was over snow, so there was plenty of exercise, but the view from the top was ample reward. After coming down I could appreciate the large sign in the valley, which, pointing out the trail to be taken, read as follows: "Summit of Deer Mountain, three sweats." I had them all. I forgot to say that one of the principal objects of the climb was to get myself into shape to do justice to the dinner awaiting me at Frank Shelton's that night. Of course, he didn't have anything to do with it, but Mrs. Shelton was responsible for the most tempting spread encountered in

Alaska. When Frank gets on that long-talked-of apple ranch in the Yakima country, I am going to see him again.

On July 7 good-bye was said to Ketchikan, and we sped away on the neat little Forest Service launch "Tahn." Five days spent in hunting up rafts in out-of-the-way bays and coves, in scaling logs, and in travel, brought us to Juneau, the capital of the territory, set at the base of an imposing mountain on Gastineau channel, another of those long strips of tide water that look exactly like an immense river. A few miles below, on the other side of the channel, Treadwell Mine has been for years yielding up its store of gold.

A day's run by regular boat brought me to Skagway, a thousand miles from Seattle, and the last of salt water for many a day. It takes seven hours for the trip from Skagway to Whitehorse, 110 miles over the famous White Pass railroad. For the first twenty miles from Skagway to the summit it is a difficult piece of railroading, with a rise of nearly 3000 feet. The mountains seem to be of solid granite, and sharp peaks and naked rock pierce the sky. Others are covered with snow and ice even in summer, and glaciers are not far away. The summit of the pass is also the International Boundary. Beyond it is a narrow northern projection of British Columbia, and then Yukon Territory, Canada's northernmost political division. Whitehorse is at the head of navigation on the upper Yukon system, and the building of the railroad has transformed the entrance into the Klondike region from a trip of tremendous difficulty and privation to an every-day affair.

At Whitehorse Professor Hitchcock was awaiting me. He had left Seattle on June 15, having spent the interim with stops at Juneau and Sitka, and a side trip across to Cordova. Meeting one another on foreign soil was almost

as good as coming home again, and we had many yarns to swap. We found plenty of interesting specimens in the grass and timber line to study and collect at Whitehorse, and also had our first introduction to Yukon mosquitoes. They were our constant companions for the next six weeks. Nobody need try to tell us any mosquito stories from the States after this. Those (the mosquitoes) of the far Northwest are at least twice as numerous and persistent, and the way they will go exploring for openings in the headnet, shirt and trousers is a model of perseverance.

It was a two-days' ride by comfortable river steamer, 460 miles, from Whitehorse to Dawson, the capital of Yukon Territory and the heart of the Klondike region. We had another two-days' wait at Dawson for connecting steamer down the river, and filled them full. On Sunday we took an eighteen-mile tramp up hill and down, through brush and over rocks, seeing everything we could, and learning as much about the country as possible. Maybe we didn't have an appetite for young moose when we got back to the hotel that night! The next day we went by train thirty miles out to the end of the "jerk-water" road, which connects several mining camps with Dawson. We paid fifteen cents a mile fare for that ride, and so considered it a great luxury. We saw Discovery Hill on Bonanza Creek, where the first "strike" was made, the house built by "Skookum Jim" after wealth came to him, and the scenes of other exploits which have passed into history. Most of the glory has departed from the Klondike. The big "strikes" are over with, and getting gold there now looks remarkably like hard, discouraging work. A great corporation, the Yukon Gold Company, has bought up many miles of Bonanza Creek, and is setting huge dredges to work which will turn the whole creek valley over from bluff to bluff and

down 12 to 20 feet to bed-rock below. Seventy miles of ditch and flume have been built to supply water and power for this great operation, and cast-iron pipe capable of withstanding a pressure of more than 400 pounds per square inch has been imported from Germany to carry the water across the Klondike River. It is said that the investment will be more than \$12,000,000. So, evidently some one believes there is gold in the ground yet.

Only an hour before we left Dawson we were spotted by B. R. Elliott, '87, who had heard of our presence in Dawson, and who had made a hurried trip to see some one recently from K. S. A. C. He has a claim on Hunker Creek, sixteen miles out from Dawson. With admirable persistence he has been digging away for the last eleven years, and our parting wish to him as the whistle blew was that his reward might come in much less than eleven years more.

The next lap of our journey was from Dawson to Rampart on the big, oil-burning river steamer "Hannah." It took us two days. We went around the great northern bend of the Yukon just inside the Arctic Circle, and the day on which we did this was one of the warmest we experienced during the entire summer. Here the Yukon spreads out ten to twenty miles in an intricate network of channels, sloughs, and islands, with many blind leads and shifting sandbars, and as we threaded our way along, our respect for the man at the wheel was greatly increased. We were three weeks too late for the Midnight Sun, but we saw it set at eleven o'clock, and were willing to take the word of enthusiastic tourists that it rose again at two-thirty. We were certain that there was at least no darkness during the entire night, for this we proved by occasionally rousing and looking out of our stateroom windows.

At Rampart we were met by G. W.

Gasser, '05, who has been running Uncle Sam's Experiment Station at that point for the last two years. During this period he has "batched" it in the comfortable little cottage built by his predecessor, F. E. Rader, '95, and has developed a remarkable line of accomplishments. A lady admirer of his in Rampart says that he is the only man she ever knew who is capable of completely taking care of himself. In the exemplification of this we found him in the back yard doing his monthly (?) washing the night of our arrival. He confines his efforts in this line to every-day apparel, however, depending upon the mail to take his collars 4000 miles to Manhattan for attention. This, by the way, proves two things: First, that steam laundries do not flourish in the vicinity of Rampart; and second, that Gasser has a good opinion of the Manhattan kind. At any rate, we helped him finish up the job on hand, or at least I did, for I turned the wringer. Hitchcock thought he was doing his share when he took a picture of the operation. If you want to see it, ask Gasser for it.

Before we got away our host demonstrated his ability in the culinary line, and the way he served us asparagus on toast, fruit salad, tomato soup, imported ham and eggs garnished with home-grown pansies, and other delicacies, is long to be remembered. Then he gave us some rides on the Yukon (one-third of a mile wide at Rampart) in the "Tokeyah," a seventeen-foot canoe made by himself, and carrying a two and one-half horsepower gasoline engine. With gasoline at ninety cents a gallon, pleasure rides given by one's host are true hospitality.

We would have liked to stay the rest of the summer with Gasser and watch his thrifty barley and wheat, cabbage and other vegetables come to maturity, for the way they were growing was a credit to the Kansas State Agricul-



tural College. But, after two days, we had to be moving on. Shipping all of our luggage by boat to Hot Springs except a few necessary articles, we made packs of our blankets, tent, cooking outfit, and grub, and took the short cut by trail. Some of the way was swampy, where we had to jump from nigger-head to nigger-head; some of it was over a high divide with a climb of 1500 feet, and the last twenty miles was by a good government road, though the sun was pouring down, and the forty pounds upon each of our backs seemed twice as heavy as it did when we started. We tested various kinds of condensed food on the trip, erbswurst, dried egg, dried milk, coffee paste, tea tablets, sweet chocolate, etc. Our regular schedule was to walk a mile, then unsling our packs and rest five or ten minutes, then another mile, and so on. Not very rapid progress, but ten hours of it made a good day's work, nevertheless. Our tent of balloon silk weighed only four pounds, and, notwithstanding we stopped up every visible crack, we found it necessary to sleep in our headnets on two different nights to keep off the hungry mosquitoes. When we got to Hot Springs we permitted ourselves the luxury of a few-days' stay at the hotel, where we had an abundance of fresh vegetables grown on the warm soil in the vicinity of the springs, real milk and cream for the first time since we left the States, and, better still, the swimming pool, in which we could soak and swim to our hearts' content. But time did not permit us to stay long at Hot Springs. A dirty little tramp steamer came up the Tanana and we took passage to Fairbanks, a two-days' ride above.

Fairbanks is the town of interior Alaska, the center of the most productive mining region at present, with a gold output of nearly \$10,000,000 a year. It has electric lights, a limited water and heating system, three daily newspapers, and various other ad-

juncts of modern civilization. Prices are really high in Fairbanks and the "chechaco" (tenderfoot) is likely to gasp many times when he attempts to make purchases. Nothing less than "two bits" goes for anything, and no coins smaller than a twenty-five cent piece are in circulation. Plain eggs of unknown history sell for seventy-five cents to a dollar a dozen. "Ranch" eggs, or the home-grown variety, are three dollars a dozen, or fifty cents apiece when ordered at restaurants. Fresh milk is fifty cents a quart, a luxury seldom indulged in. Ordinary laborers get five dollars a day and board, when employed. A man will work a day with a team for \$25. Baled hay is \$80 to \$100 a ton. In the winter and towards spring, when supplies run low and before freight can come in from the outside, enterprising merchants have a splendid opportunity to corner local stocks and put prices up to the highest figure. Stories of the times when this has been done are common.

Fairbanks claimed our attention for two or three weeks. We tramped to various places of interest, rode back and forth over the thirty-eight-mile railroad to various mining camps, dug up grasses and counted rings of tree stumps to our hearts' content. Professor Georgeson arrived from Sitka on his annual inspection of the experiment station during our stay, and with him we visited the Fairbanks station. He is enthusiastic about the agricultural possibilities of interior Alaska and predicts that some day the Tanana Valley will have a large farming population, notwithstanding it is within less than two degrees of the Arctic Circle. We saw enough to make us think that this prediction has considerable foundation in fact. We saw flourishing fields of oats and barley, and no end of splendid vegetable gardens around the cabins in Fairbanks. We feasted on wild raspberries, and filled up on blueberries

wherever we went. Both were at their best in August.

But I must hurry on. The homeward trip from Fairbanks took us 270 miles down the Tanana to the Yukon again, where we once more got the good steamer "Hannah," 900 miles down the Yukon to its mouth and St. Michael, the old Russian settlement, which is the transfer point for river freight, 110 miles across Norton Sound to Nome, and then a nine-day ocean voyage back to Seattle, which was reached on September 11, ten weeks after the departure. And even on the last leg of the journey we found a K. S. A. C. man, not a graduate, but one who, hiding behind the name of Smith, was a student in '85 or '86. Since then he has been sawing lumber in Washington and mining in Alaska, but he is sorry that he did not stay at Manhattan long enough to graduate.

Alaska is too big to begin to talk about in a few pages. I have told nothing of its deposits of bituminous and anthracite coal, said by the Geological Survey to be comparable only with those of Pennsylvania, nothing of its great bodies of copper ore, nothing of the \$10,000,000 worth of salmon annually packed on the coast, and but little of its millions of acres of hemlock and spruce and birch forest. It is not always cold in Alaska, and the mosquitoes do not always bite. There are plenty of good people up there now, and there will be many more in the future. If any reader of this wishes a vacation new and interesting from one end to the other, chock full of rest and relaxation, let him start at Seattle and take the 6000-mile journey up the inside passage, over the White Pass, down the mighty Yukon, across Bering Sea, through the Aleutian Islands and a good section of the Pacific Ocean, as we did. Then if he does not say he has had the trip of his life, he's hopeless.

### *Scientific Mind Reading.*

By \* \* \*, '03.

(Read before a woman's club.)

I might say in the beginning that I was the wrong person to whom to assign this subject because I honestly believe there is no such thing as scientific mind reading. After reading what I could find on telepathy and some little matter on spiritualism, clairvoyance, and the like, I still believe the same. Prof. Henry James, of Harvard, says there is, in his opinion, undoubtedly something supernatural in the phenomena called "psychic" phenomena, and I can believe that possibly there is; but the whole subject is in an experimental and theoretical stage, and scientists do not seem to be able to agree in the naming of these phenomena. Some call it telepathy, some call it manifestations from the dead, but nobody knows what it is, and in fact nobody is certain even that there is such a force at all.

The Society of Psychological Research was established in England about a quarter of a century ago by scientists, several of whom have since become believers in spiritualism. In the reports of this society are given a great number of instances which seem to be mind reading. There is so likely to be fraud in connection with the instances reported to the society that before any are published in their books every detail is investigated thoroughly and only those which stand the test are kept. Most of the examples which I will give you are from these reports, but, as you will see, even these are picked to pieces by one author—a German named Edmund Parish.

The most common condition under which telepathic messages are received is with the medium in a state of trance or hypnosis; but neither hypnosis nor partial hypnosis, sleep nor partial sleep, is necessary. However, since telepathy is peculiar to subjective and

is the normal communication between subjective minds, the most favorable condition would be with the objective mind inactive.

Beginning with the simple sensations conveyed from one mind to another in the waking normal state, a great number of experiments have been performed in which a fair percentage were successful. For instance, one person, the agent, would taste simple substances, as vinegar, salt, sugar; the second person—called the percipient—in some cases could name the ingredient and in others could only describe its taste. The agent was able to cause a sensation of pain in the percipient. A third person would pinch the agent's left hand and the percipient would say that his left hand hurt. Again, the agent's hair was pulled; the percipient said: "Stop pulling my hair." By thinking steadily of an object, as perhaps a cube, the agent seemed to convey his visual image to the percipient so that he saw a cube or something similar. Results with the percipient in a hypnotised condition have been much the same with these simple sensations as in the normal state. Some experiments have been performed with the agent in a different room or at a distance.

An emotion as of fear or uneasiness about no particular known thing seems to have been transferred from one mind to another. Also several persons who were good hypnotic subjects have been put to sleep by the agent who was several blocks distant silently willing that they go to sleep. In a case of the latter kind, when the agent and witnesses arrived at the woman's house they found her in her living room fast asleep but with her hands busily sewing away at the work she had been doing before she was put to sleep.

A patient who was in the hypnotic sleep had her arm thrust through a hole in the wall and the agent silently willed that a particular finger should

lose all sensation; that it did so is shown by the fact that when pinched or pricked the woman did not flinch.

Another time, a man who had taken treatment of Doctor Olston had to have work done to a tooth with an exposed nerve, and he wished the doctor to be present to keep him from suffering. The doctor stood in the room while the dentist drilled and prepared the tooth. It had been previously arranged that by a certain signal he would let Doctor Olston know when he was ready to kill the nerve. Then the doctor put all his mind force on the tooth and the live nerve was destroyed by drilling it out without the use of any drug whatever and without the patient's feeling any discomfort. The patient was not hypnotised but in his normal state and talked and laughed with the dentist. He had had very little faith and expected to be hurt and was therefore very much surprised when told that the work was finished. But the doctor had been overworking and was very tired that day so that he nearly fainted after this great effort of his mind; this caused the patient to faint also, although he said afterward he had felt no pain. You might choose to call this auto-suggestion, but the doctor cites the fainting as proof that it was not and also tells as proof that he spent five minutes of the twenty minutes willing without the patient's knowledge that he have an aversion to tobacco, and the latter told, incidentally, that night that he was glad to get off the street because the tobacco smoke annoyed him so much.

Telepathy is more than simply imparting knowledge to a mind at a distance—it is going to another's mind and bringing back to the objective consciousness knowledge regarding the other person. Mrs. Piper, one of the most remarkable mediums, seems to have to do not so much with the passing thoughts of her sitter as with the whole reservoir of his memory.

Her control tells facts which the sitter has forgotten but which upon investigation are found to be true.

Telepathy often takes the form of dreams, and perhaps many of our dreams are really telepathic messages. An example is given—I quote: “The agent was Maria Mangina, living with her mother and Angelina, a little cousin of the agent, living in the same house with herself but sleeping in an adjoining room. After Angelina went to bed, Doctor Ermacora would impress upon the mind of Maria, who passed into a somnambulist state, a certain scene, as of a regalia in Venice seen from the Rialto, and Angelina would relate the same as her dream in the morning. A drawing selected from a large number would be shown to Maria. Angelina would select the right one when the whole set was handed to her in the morning.” The successes generally attained were, according to Podmore, a very conservative critic, decidedly greater than chance would account for.

Messages from the dying seem to be the commonest of all. Doctor Olston gives two reasons for this. He says a man who knows he is dying longs so for those he loves and fears so for their welfare that his intense desire to communicate with and see them again may give him the power. Also, when death is approaching the subjective mind has its greatest activity and power. A great many cases are reported in which the dying person appears to a friend in a dream while asleep, or as a hallucination while he is wide awake. The time of appearing of the apparition is said to coincide with the time of the death. There may be so many sources of error that very few of the cases reported can be called reliable even if the narrator is perfectly honest.

Sometimes the subjective mind receives a message but is unable to raise it to the objective mind until at a later

time, if at all. Think how many important messages may be lost this way! This is called deferred percipency, and I found an extraordinary example which I will give: The wife of a certain travelling man one day had a feeling of uneasiness for which she could not account. Her husband was in the state somewhere, but she had no idea just where. She began to worry about him and finally became so anxious that she went to her friend, a woman who had a reputation as a spiritualistic medium. The medium went into a trance and told her: “I see your husband; he is in the town B——, at the hotel F——; he is sitting by a table with writing material before him—his head is lying upon his arms—he is dead.” The husband was found exactly so with an unfinished letter to his wife before him. He had died of heart failure. The explanation is that as he felt himself to be very sick his thoughts turned to his wife and he telepathed his condition to her. But although it caused her uneasiness she was unable to raise it to her objective mind. The friend honestly thought she had her information from the dead man, but she really read what was in the wife's subjective mind. In this case, you see, one mind took information from another mind without the second person's intentional effort. In fact, it was something of which she was not conscious that was in her mind. This would make a wonderful state of affairs if many persons had such power. I doubt if it would be a desirable condition, however.

Another example is that of Countess Eugenia Kapnist, who, one summer while at a health resort with her sister, met a certain Mr. C——. The sister and Mr. C—— had several discussions upon various subjects, among them the probability of return of spirits to the earth. Mr. C—— promised her he would appear to her in spiritual form after his death if he possibly could. Nearly a year later

the two women had been to the station to see off a friend. Countess Eugenia returned to the carriage where her sister had remained, but as she started to step in she saw a strange man sitting opposite her sister. He soon vanished, but not until she had a vivid picture of him. She described his appearance to her sister, for the latter had not seen him; but neither could place the man. Several weeks later a caller mentioned the fact that Mr. C—— was dead. The countess and her sister looked at each other, for they both suddenly recognized the man in the carriage as Mr. C——. Upon inquiry it was found that the time of Mr. C——'s death and his apparent appearance to the countess were over a day apart. Notice that he appeared to the countess—not to her sister as he had promised. Mr. Parish ridicules this instance because of the fact that the ladies did not recognize the apparition to be Mr. C—— until after they had heard of his death. He says this is not a good example of thought transference.

Mr. Parish says it is common to connect important and striking events and that many cases of so-called mind reading are as ridiculous as this one I quote: "I hereby certify that in May, 1888, my wife and I were awakened simultaneously by a loud noise which sounded like the breaking of a glass door and falling of splinters. There was no such door in our house. I went to see what was amiss but found everything as usual. Three weeks later my father-in-law died."

An interesting fact is that persons under hypnosis will not reveal secrets detrimental to themselves, but they sometimes do in telepathy. An instance is related of a woman who was able to get some of the Masonic secrets from her husband's mind. Some day it may be put to practical use in the detection of the guilt or innocence of accused criminals. Lawyers must then be good mind-readers.

One man says it is this force between minds which is the important factor in magnetic healing, vital science, Christian science, mental science, osteopathic manipulation, divine healing, and the like.

Now what is this telepathic force?

Some say a fluid passes between the persons. Others say a radiant nerve energy emanates from the eyes, fingers and breath of the agent. According to Mr. Podmore, the most probable theory is that the thought is conveyed by means of vibrations in some medium, and although he admits that we cannot understand how, he says neither do we understand wireless telegraphy, but we know it to be a fact. To quote him: "In short, it is too soon to say that any physical communication between living beings, of the kind suggested, is inconceivable. We shall be justified in affirming or denying its probability on the day when we have guessed the secret of our own existence and are able to explain how some fraction of a milligram of albumen can contain not only the promise of life but the germ of a particular and individual organism which shall reveal its own pedigree and contain in itself an epitome of the life of our planet."

Mr. Podmore also wonders if man is just beginning to develop this power of thought transference—if he now has in it the germ of a more splendid capacity—or if it is the last vestige of a power grown stunted through disuse.

In other words, if in man's evolutionary growth his power of speech and the like have made it unnecessary for him to convey thought by telepathy, so that he has lost the power.

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Great truths are portions of the soul of man;  
Great souls are portions of eternity.

—Lowell.

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Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

### ***The Kansas Aggies of 1909—A Football Review.***

By E. N. Rodell, '03.

Where is the football team the College used to have? Either there isn't much material here or there isn't enough interest taken to seek it out.—*Students' Herald*, September 22, 1898.

College had been in session two weeks when the above item was written. No team was yet in sight; no schedule had been arranged; no coach chosen. The student body as a whole did not use the word *football* in their everyday conversation. How times have changed! The graduates of other days now gaze with almost incredulous eyes upon the glowing reports of Aggie victories, as they are chronicled from time to time by the daily press. All this change is comparatively recent. It is the result of the rapid increase in attendance and the bodily growth of our Alma Mater and, speaking pertinently, began with the coming of Michael Ahearn. But even yet, no president of K. S. A. C. has ever been presumptuous enough to announce before an important game: "We are winning, as usual."

Football teams are like pupils in our schools—they master the tasks set before them and then it is time for them to pass to another grade, higher up and more difficult. Town teams and high schools are left far in the rear, the Kansas colleges are completely outclassed, and so the Aggies are now looking for bigger game, in the Missouri Valley.

But to again refer to the item above: Later in the fall of 1898 a coach was selected and a team prepared which succeeded in defeating a Junction City town team, 26 to 0, playing two strenuous 0 to 0 games with Chapman, Kan., and suffering a humiliation by Ottawa University of 16 to 6. In every year since that time opponents have scored more points than K. S. A. C. until 1905.

Year.	Coach.	Games.	Points.	
			Aggies.	Opp.
1898	Williams....	4	32	16
1899	Hanson.....	5	23	72
1900	Moulton.....	6	47	100
1901	Moore.....	7	35	69
1902	Deitz, C. E....	7	46	107
1903	Deitz, G. O....	8	56	103
1904	Booth.....	6	48	169
1905	Ahearn.....	8	149	51
1906	Ahearn.....	7	103	37
1907	Ahearn.....	8	135	56
1908	Ahearn.....	8	164	74
1909	Ahearn.....	9	320	11
Totals.....		83	1158	865

The above table explains better than words what Coach Ahearn has had to do with football ascendancy at K. S. A. C. But let us turn more specifically to the record-breaking season of 1909. Nine games were played with the following results:

On October 2 the Aggies met the Salina Wesleyan team in a practice game, with but a week's preparation. Notwithstanding that seventeen men were given a "tryout," an excellent showing was made. The Wesleyan team, being outclassed, was put on the defensive most of the time. They made "first and ten" but twice during the game. Score 35 to 0.

On October 9 the Aggie squad traveled to Columbia, Mo., for their second out-of-State game. They played a hard, snappy game, gaining twice as much ground as their opponents, but luck broke against them, and Hackney, for Missouri, kicked a field goal with but two minutes left to play. Score, 3 to 0. Speaking of this game a Kansas City paper said: "Dopesters, who saw the game, say that the Aggies outplayed Missouri nearly all the time, but suffered severe penalties at the most inopportune times."

On October 16 the management brought on K. U. as the pièce de résistance, and it proved the hardest fought and most exciting game on the schedule. Three thousand people gathered at Athletic Park on that day. In the first half the Aggies, except for about five fatal minutes, clearly out-

played their opponents. K. U.'s score came as the result of an on-side kick which sent the ball over the goal line, where Johnson, the man who kicked the ball, fell on it. Bates kicked a field goal for the Aggies later in the half. At one time K. S. A. C. had carried the ball to K. U.'s five-yard line only to lose it on a fumble. The Aggies were close enough to the enemy's goal posts to try for eight field goals, but only one was successful. In the second half the two teams seemed more evenly matched, yet K. U. was on the defensive nearly all the time. The *Kansas City Star* said of this game: "The best team lost." Score, 5 to 3.



Coach M. F. Ahearn.

On October 23 Southwestern University made their appearance on the Aggie gridiron. They made "first down" once. Upon receiving each kick-off, Ahearn's men would steadily work the ball down the field and over the goal line. The game was kept interesting by brilliant displays of the forward pass. Score, 60 to 0.

On October 30 the Aggies journeyed to Emporia. Other teams have taken the same trip—teams of other days. In 1900 Coach Moulton's pupils were tagged 28 to 0. Not so in 1909. Forty-four to nothing was the score and the Normal team completely vanquished.

On November 6 K. S. A. C. lined up for the second time in its history against Creighton University, of Omaha. Creighton played a stubborn and a rough game, but the superiority of the Aggies forced them on the defensive most of the time. They took advantage of a fumble and drop-

kicked a neat goal for their lonely three points. The score was 58 to 3.

On November 13 it rained. With Athletic Park in mud and water four inches deep, the Oklahoma Aggies bravely met their Kansas rivals. The first half was fruitless of scores, the condition of the field preventing all semblance of consistent team work.

Wonder of wonders, in the second half Quarter-back Bates booted a field goal while standing in mud ankle deep, and four minutes later Half-back Speer received a muddy, slippery ball on a long pass and ran fifty yards to a touch-down. Score, 9 to 0.

On November 20 Wichita, Kan., was treated to an exhibition of modern football by a real football team. Fairmount College was the victim. The score was 71 to 0—the largest K. S. A. C. has ever piled up in its entire football history.

The last game of the season was played at Topeka on Thanksgiving Day against Washburn. The old

"grads" will remember Washburn—how they used to race around our ends and "buck through" for gain after gain, score upon score. Although outplayed several times, Washburn always won until last year, when the result was: Aggies 23, Washburn 4.

The Aggie team always made the Throop hotel their headquarters. As soon as they had arrived a Topeka reporter would accost Coach Ahearn and secure the following interview: "Our team is in good condition and we ought to win, but there is always that Washburn 'hoodoo' to contend with and——" It was ever the same story till 1908, when the famous Washburn "hoodoo" was broken. This year the broken pieces were gathered together and buried forever. In this game the Aggies had their opponents outclassed. Washburn made first down but one time. Speaking of the game the *Washburn Review* said: "The Farmers ran their plays behind a weight of interference and with a speed that has not been equalled by any team on the home gridiron this season." The final score was: Aggies 40, Washburn 0.

Here is the record for the season:

Aggies.....	35	Wesleyan.....	0
Aggies*.....	0	Missouri.....	3
Aggies.....	3	Kansas.....	5
Aggies.....	60	Southwestern..	0
Aggies*.....	44	State Normal..	0
Aggies.....	58	Creighton....	3
Aggies.....	9	Okla. Aggies..	0
Aggies*.....	71	Fairmount.....	0
Aggies*.....	40	Washburn....	0
Totals.....	320		11

Now to summarize:† The Aggies gained their 320 points in 555 minutes of play. They crossed an opponent's goal-line every 10 minutes and 40 seconds. Every minute and three-quar-

ters one point was annexed to the total score, which shows the pace the Aggies were going. The following table shows how the 320 points were made:

	Touch-downs.	Points.
Gingery.....	13	
Speer.....	9	
Roots.....	8	
Croyle.....	6	
Parks.....	5	
Towler.....	2	
Carpenter.....	2	
Larzelere.....	1	
Sims.....	1	
Bates.....	1	
Elliott.....	1	
Edwards.....	1	
Haywood.....	1	
Price.....	1	
Total.....	52	260
Field goals (Bates).....	5	15
Place kick (Bates).....	1	3
Goals from touch-downs (Bates 32, Hunter 1, Parks 4, Seng 3)	40	40
Safety (Creighton game).....	1	2
Total points.....		320

The following members of the Aggie squad carried the ball as follows:

	Games.	Yards.
Speer, r. h. ....	8	1120
Gingery, l. t. ....	9	585
Roots, r. t. ....	9	486
Croyle, l. h. ....	9	456
Bates, q. ....	9	140
Towler, r. e. ....	9	119
Parks, f. ....	8	118
Hunter, f.; q. ....	3	97
Price, l. h. ....	3	69
Seng, l. g. ....	8	25
Carpenter, r. g; f. ....	7	25
Sims, f. ....	5	22
Edwards, l. h.; r. g.; r. e. ....	4	16
Larzelere, l. h. ....	1	15
Total.....		3293

The other men of the squad and the number of games they have participated in are as follows: Elliott, r. e., 9; Haywood, l. e., 5; Zoller, c., 9; Hinrichs, c., 6; Hammond, l. g., 5; Wallace, l. g., 3; Hopper, q., 3; Halm, l. e., 1; Whipple, f., 1.

It took K. S. A. C. just nine hours and fifteen minutes to carry the ball

\*Game played on opponent's gridiron.

†The figures used in the compilation of the following tables were obtained from a study of the write-ups of the games as given in the *Students' Herald*. Some of the reports did not cover the game in detail throughout, therefore the figures in this article are only approximately correct, but are computed from the best data obtainable.

‡Leaves 727 yards for which individual players are not given credit.



two and one-fourth miles, plus sixty yards, while their opponents lacked just fifty-three yards of going one-quarter of a mile.

Game.	Time, mins.	Gains, yards. Aggies. Opp.
Wesleyan.....	45	453 40
Missouri.....	40	135 74
Kansas.....	70	336 123
Southwestern.....	70	592 15
State Normal.....	70	742 35
Creighton*.....	70	525 35
Okla. Aggies†.....	50	100 10
Fairmount‡.....	70	647 20
Washburn.....	70	490 35
Totals.....	555	4020 387

The Aggies outplayed their opponents in every game, even the Kansas and Missouri games, which were lost; but also, the penalties inflicted upon them were greater by 355 yards than those suffered by opposing teams. The most costly penalties occurred in the Missouri game and were inflicted every time the Missouri goal was endangered. [This is a tale which avails a team nothing in its relating, but here's the point: with some officials there's a difference in the *sound* of words. Pronounce slowly and distinctly: *State University; Agricultural College.*]

The record of penalties is as follows:

Game.	Opp.	Aggies.
Wesleyan.....	25	85
Missouri.....	0	55
Kansas.....	20	75
Southwestern.....	20	45
State Normal.....	0	60
Creighton.....	35	20
Okla. Aggies§.....	...	...
Fairmount.....	25	130
Washburn.....	20	30
Totals.....	145	500

The forward pass figured more prominently than in former seasons. The Aggies failed to complete the pass seventeen times, but made nineteen successful attempts for a total gain of 442 yards or an average of about 23

yards to a pass. Opponents attempted six forward passes, failed in four and made good in two for a total distance of fifty yards. The on-side kick was successful for good gains six times out of thirteen attempts.

Football at old K. S. A. C. began with the coming of Coach Ahearn—that is, it began to be noticeable with the advent of that gentleman. You will find him listed in the *Industrialist* as M. Francis Ahearn, but that isn't his name. It's Mike—just plain Mike—with the football boys, and everybody else who knows him. And that brings up another point: Everybody knows him; everybody likes him. To use the right expression, he has made a hit. Mike came to K. S. A. C. from Massachusetts Agricultural College. He is in sympathy with agricultural colleges and their style of education; he believes their athletic teams have a *right* to win. More than that, he knows they *can* win. When he placed his first team upon the field, the faithful fans (or "bugs," if you please) saw at a glance that something was wrong—it didn't look like a "regular" Aggie team. Why—the men had action; their plays had vim and snap; there was a machine-like precision to their movements. Ottawa came down and was swamped; Washburn was pushed all over the field. And so there finally was evolved the 1909 team which couldn't be stopped.

Mike Ahearn's coaching ability lies in two essential directions. First, he can, with good material, build up a fast and "unstoppable" offense; second, he can construct a firm and impenetrable defense. That's coaching in a nutshell, and there you are.

Coach Ahearn tried to resign this year, but the team wouldn't let him. You see, they are all coming back. Mike thinks his duties as an instructor in the Horticultural Department require the time he gives to football, and he has other good reasons for resigning, so 1910 will be his "farewell

\*Partially estimated.

†Field of mud and water.

‡300 yards estimated for second half.

§No record.

tour" on the gridiron. The old "grads" will hail the news that he will stay another season with joy, but will also regret that it must be his good-bye year to football.

But what of the future? Will Aggie teams keep going onward and upward? *Nous verrons*. We feel safe in prophesying—but hold!—to bargain with the future might bring ill luck.

TIME: November 30, 1915, 5:08 a.m.

PLACE: Union Pacific Denver Limited.

The sole occupant of the smoking compartment of the Pullman *Cornwallis* was arranging his toilet articles in a traveling bag. The bag bore a label: "J. B. H—, San Francisco." Presently another traveler entered the room, comb and brush in hand.

"Good morning. You, too, are an early bird," said the Westerner, looking up.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "It's a habit with me." Then, looking at his watch, "Two more days until I reach home and New York."

The engine sounded a long blast and almost simultaneously many twinkling street lights flashed by the window.

"What town's this?" inquired the San Franciscoan, peering out.

The porter answered the question.

"Man—hattan!"

"Manhattan," said the Easterner, "that sounds familiar. Let's see, and this is Kansas—why—this is the home of the Kansas Aggies, the champ—"

"Sure—you're right," he was interrupted. "Say, I happened to be in Chicago week before last and ran out to see the big game. These Aggies didn't do a thing to the Maroons. They simply—"

But the rest was lost in the hissing of steam and the grinding of air-brakes.

You must take life; the only choice is how.—*Beecher*.

### ***K. S. A. C. and K. U. Harmony.***

By C. A. Kimball, '93, *Manhattan Republic*,  
November 16, 1909.

The recent inauguration at the College which many of the university people honored with their presence and good-will, and especially the greetings of the university expressed by Chancellor Strong, has led to a great deal of comment in the press and among leading educators of the State, as to the great results that may be expected from the friendly relations now established. The hope and expectation is that the friendliness and personal harmony between the heads and faculties of the schools will lead to coöperation and coördination.

The *Republic* believes that there is much that may be accomplished, but believes that there are certain fundamental differences in the schools that will not permit such a close relationship as those not thoroughly familiar with the situation so evidently desire, and it seems to us that these fundamental conditions are not appreciated, nor have they been studied by the university people. The friendliness that exists, the personal liking that will spring up by more frequent interchange of visits between the strong men of the two schools, will give to each a clearer, better understanding of the essential work of each, and of the differences that must exist. It will also bring the schools into as close a relationship as is possible.

The great fundamental difference between the university and the Agricultural College is in the previous training of the student body.

The Agricultural College takes and, if it is to be of the highest usefulness to Kansas, must always take the boys and girls from the district schools of the State. With the majority of these, school has been the incident and work, usually on the farm, has been the purpose of their lives. The average age of the boys who come here is just under twenty, and their average school

training is about such as would admit them to a high school.

The boys who go to the university are high-school graduates, or well up in high-school work. Their age is well under that of K. S. A. C. students, the work and purpose of their lives has, thus far, been going to school. Real work has been the incident.

Referring now to the engineering schools of the two institutions, about which there has been the most public discussion, as we understand it, the university does not think it right for the State of Kansas to give, through the Agricultural College, a degree for four years' work in engineering, based upon entrance requirements that represent two years less work than a student may begin his four years' engineering course at the university for the same degree. Chancellor Strong hopes, as we understand it, by "coöperation and coördination" to require of each the same amount of school work, so that students from one school at any one stage may pass easily and freely, with due credits, to the same stage in the other school.

To recognize why that is not an entirely proper and feasible proposition necessitates a thorough and complete understanding of the character and needs of the student.

The strong, mature minds of the boys here can and do stand heavier burdens than the younger boys at K. U.; their farm training, handling of machinery, and real work, enable them to grasp more quickly and easily the problems presented by their study. They learn scientifically much that they already know practically, and there is no mystery about their work by reason of unfamiliarity with the subjects discussed. The result is that in "points" they come close at graduation to the university man, with his two years' start, but have sacrificed some of the "cultural" work done at K. U. The university man considers

this cultural work essential. The K. S. A. C. man knows that if you pile up this extra work before the student who begins at the age of twenty that he will not attempt it.

At graduation there is a difference between the two, yet the previous real work of the K. S. A. C. man so far offsets the two years of school work of the K. U. man that the K. S. A. C. man is apt to take precedence when real work begins.

K. S. A. C. students cannot in the very nature of things devote as much time to the cultural. To reduce the College to the K. U. standards would destroy its distinctive features, and in large measure its usefulness.

From the K. S. A. C. standpoint there must be such radical differences in the students, and in the ends sought, as to make coöperation or coördination rather something that can be accomplished only in limited degree. There does not seem to be the necessity for making the courses of study such that the student may go from one to the other. The course of study is shaped to different ends, and even where the same subject is taught the viewpoint must yet remain different. To make them the same would lead to real overlapping, something that is not desirable.

The writer had a long and interesting talk on this subject last Thursday with Professor Templin, Professor Blackmar, and Mr. Scott Hopkins, K. U. regent. Mr. Hopkins advanced the proposition that if a close examination was made it would be found that there was no real conflict. Various subjects were taken up one after another—algebra, German, music, English—and all agreed that both institutions must teach them, and so long as classes were crowded and instructors busy no benefit would result to the State by limiting them to one institution.

Domestic science was then mentioned, and Mr. Hopkins suggested that they might pick out a half year's work

in K. S. A. C. for their girls and send them here.

The writer said that the result would be that there would be neither room nor teachers here sufficient to care for them, that it would be just as economical for the State to build the building in Lawrence and teach the pupils there as to double the department here, and it would be much less expensive for the students; that most students live within a radius of fifty miles of the institutions; that such "duplication" was not objectionable from the standpoint of the State that paid the bill.

Then engineering was mentioned. A complete tour of the engineering plant made, the essential differences noted, and Mr. Hopkins said that he was satisfied that his proposition was correct.

There is a wonderful chance for benefit through close association to both schools. Pleasant personal and social relations should be sought and maintained between teachers and students; harmony and coöperation where it is beneficial.

But this cannot be accomplished by requiring K. S. A. C. to conform with K. U. standards, as do the high schools, but must be based upon a real understanding of the distinctive field, separate end and aim of the College, from raw material to finished product. Not that K. S. A. C. is better than the university, but that it is different and not subject to the laws, rules and standards set by the university.

They are not equal, nor unequal, but different. Permanent good-will can only be established upon a clear recognition of this fact.

It would be as foolish and impossible for the Agricultural College to try to fit its students to fit K. U. moulds or models as for a breeder of Percherons to try to make his horses fit the requirements of a standard

bred horse. The coördination and co-operation have certain fixed limits.

Let us have good-will, pleasant and friendly relations, but not try to make trotting horses out of Percherons, nor Percherons out of trotting horses by requiring "points" of the same kind and degree. There is and must be a difference in feed, in training and in finished product. It is just as impossible for K. S. A. C. to recognize the university as its "head" as for a reversal of the proposition.

Good-will can best be maintained by a fair understanding by the university that the Agricultural College is in no sense a "dependency" but an independent institution with purposes of its own.

### *The College Yell.*

These recollections might be more interesting to those who are—to wit, the students—now at K. S. A. C. than to those who have been—to wit, the alumni. Mayhap they will not prove of interest to anyone. They have, however, one good feature, one to commend them to the editor of any college publication—they will fill space.

One who has given the matter no thought might guess or assume that the "Jay! Rah!," etc., as rendered at ball games, "just grewed" like our late departed friend Topsy. Such, however, is not the case, and it is my purpose herein to give to the best of my knowledge and belief the history of the yell, and the reader must make due allowance for mortal liability to error in stating things that happened fifteen years ago.

Fifteen years ago most of the boys of the present-day K. S. A. C. were wearing knee trousers or just trying on long ones. K. S. A. C. was right there, however, doing her duty to Kansas in the good, old-fashioned way, but she didn't have a college yell. She didn't need one, for my contemporary, "Doc" Wagner, had

not come to College, we had no baseball team, and a football team would have been as much out of place as the prince of devils at a Christian communion service.

There was College enthusiasm to a small extent, which usually took the form of the playing of childish and mischievous pranks. Those who would make an outcry did it in their own words, in their own way, and, usually, in their own rooms.

The political unrest and upheaval of the '90's gave K. S. A. C. a good deal of advertising, some of it unsavory enough, but it started the attendance to growing. Enthusiasm and college spirit began to boil. "Doc" Wagner, the creator of athletics at K. S. A. C., "came to town." A number of College boys played baseball, and even football, with the town team, and a few dreamers even hoped for the time when the Faculty would "stand for" a K. S. A. C. team—one all its own. A few began to yell. There were only "one or two gathered together" in the yelling, usually, and there was no yell to yell. Several ineffectual and sporadic efforts were made to create a yell. One such effort contained, among other offending sounds, the phrases: "Razzle Dazzle! Razzle Dazzle!" and "Whoop-a-la! Zip-a-la!" Also, this bit of inharmony ended with the shriek: "K. S. A." Why the "C." was left off I never understood. Perhaps because it was hoped that the "C" would sometime be changed to a "U." There were those uncharitable enough to say that K. S. A. meant Kansas State Academy. I am sorry I cannot repeat the above "yell" in full, but it has escaped my memory. Another noisy rendition terminated with the pert and pointed inquiry: "Who the h——l are you?" And there were numberless other "yells," many of which, to state it mildly, were inappropriate.

Along about 1877 we got an athletic association started and had been duly

drubbed on the fields of sport by Washburn and K. S. N. (K. U. didn't know we were on the map at that time), we had beaten the Dickinson County High School and had played a tie game with Fort Riley. Now the urgent need of a yell was felt by nearly half the students and a few members of the Faculty. I do not recall that Professor Willard ever spoke to me about it, but I do recall that "Capt'n" Cavanaugh, who looked after our military preparations and expeditions before chapel on frosty mornings, told us we could never win any games till we learned to "root" and "yell."

Thereupon, a committee from each of the four classes then enrolled was appointed to create a yell and report back to the classes. I belonged to the class of '99 and was then a sophomore. I recall few of the members of that committee. I think Schuyler Nichols was one of the members from the class of '97. There were Grace Bolton and myself from my class. I believe George Martinson, who later dropped out of good society and graduated with the class of '01, was the third member from our class.

I am unable to tell whose fertile mind first produced the yell that we reported. In fact, I never knew. That committee never met except at radiator meetings when never more than three participated. I remember that some one showed me the yell that some one had suggested and it was nearly the same that can now be heard for miles about Manhattan at the time of a football game. I suggested what I considered a slight improvement, wrote out a "corrected" copy, and it is my belief that that "corrected" copy is the way it was reported back to the classes. Whether all the classes adopted it or not I do not recall (if I ever knew). Our class adopted it when only about a dozen were present and we had a class party in mind.

Slowly the yell began to work itself

into favor. Though recognized as the official College yell, there were some who for reasons of their own preferred other expressions to relieve their feelings. I remember being laughed at, along with a few others, when we tried to render the newly made yell on some thrilling occasion. By the time I graduated in '99 the yell of

Jay! Rah! Gee! Haw!  
Jay! Hawk! Saw!  
K! S! A! C!  
Kaw! Kaw! Kaw!

was pretty well established and required only a year or two of tender nursing to make it a permanent part of K. S. A. C.

Later, by means and for reasons and by persons unknown to me, the Kaw! Kaw! Kaw! was changed to Rah! Rah! Rah! And there you have it, and if you are around the old town during school months you can hear it.

O. S. TRUE, '99.

### *Christmas Thoughts.*

By J. U. Higinbotham, '86.

The principal difficulty connected with a "Christmas Article" such as the editor requests is the inner consciousness that tells you that no one will read it. This is based on the guilty knowledge that you skip through the ALUMNUS stopping to nibble at a morsel labeled '94 or '96 or some cabalistic sign that means a great deal to a very few and very little to a great many. And when your figures are '86 and you realize how few there were in the class of '86 and how some have gone to their rest and some others, to their shame be it said, are not subscribers, it sort of takes the enthusiasm out of you. The most modest of us want an audience. One of the exhausting things about St. Patrick's Day Parade is that every man wants to march past his own house. Pedestrian Weston could have walked from coast to coast in a much more direct line if he had cut out the big cities. Pedestrian Weston was past seventy, and if he had not learned self-abnega-

tion what hope is there for a fledgling of the class of '86?

Then this thing of doing your Christmas article early presents the same difficulties as doing your Christmas shopping early. It is hard to anticipate the proper Christmas Spirit. You cannot flag the Christmas Spirit at will or push a button and have the Christmas Spirit bob up and say, "Did you ring, sir?" At least, a mere amateur scribe can not. These hardened scribblers who write Christmas poems in July are exceptions, and sometimes their stuff tastes of cold storage. Of course, the obvious remedy is to live in the Christmas Spirit all the year round.

Can't afford it?

Mistake number one and the basis of most of the other mistakes! For the Christmas Spirit is not in charge of a bargain counter in a department store—like Boston, it's a state of mind and you cannot afford to be without it. Instead of being a system of swapping something you cannot afford for something you do not want, it is a system of radiating human kindness and does not cost a cent. In fact, it shrivels up and dies "dollarously" in an atmosphere of extravagant giving.

It requires courage not to give presents, but it requires nerve to send something to a forgotten aunt on December 26 when you open an unexpected package and exclaim, "Gracious, Mary, we forgot Aunt Sarah." And you probably send her something that Cousin George, living in another town, sent to you. This is not Christmas. It is sacrilege. If you are overcome by the spirit of giving and feel that you must act quickly before it passes away, pick out some one who cannot possibly reciprocate and break in on their gloom with a gift. Did I say, "Can not give anything in return?" Look at the sparkle in the eye, the tear on the cheek, the dimple at the corner of the mouth, and see if you have not reaped a big-

ger return than when your rich Uncle Henry sent you a sealskin muff in exchange for a hand-painted ash receiver.

Am I going to take my own perscription? That's hardly fair. You see, it is different with me.

### *Local Notes.*

The question of an official College pin is just now having its annual revival.

The basket-ball team is practicing for the coming season in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium.

The Y. W. C. A. girls held an elaborate Christmas bazaar, December 11, in Anderson Hall. A feature of the bazaar was the 1910 symphony calendar designed and presented by Prof. W. A. McKeever.

Work will begin on Nichols' Gymnasium within a short time. The plans have been accepted and the contract will be let as soon as possible. It will require fully a year to complete the building.

Prof. Mary (Pierce) VanZile will attend the National Home Economics Association held in Boston during the holidays. While she is in the East she will take the opportunity to visit different schools of domestic science—Pratt, Simmons, Teachers' College, and Framingham.

E. A. Wharton has sold his large dry-goods store on Poyntz Avenue to Mr. Charles Lantz, who has been an employe in the store for seventeen years. Mr. Wharton has spent thirty years in the retail dry-goods business in Manhattan and he now expects to retire from active business.

Hereafter the cadets who sing in the Glee Club will be given credit in military drill. The young men are still subject to military discipline and must practise four times each week and sing in the Chapel Chorus. Members of the club who do not drill are also practicing every day. Under the new

arrangement Professor Valley expects to have a strong company of singers. As in the cadet band, the members must show a certain amount of ability or return to the parade ground. New music has been secured, and it is expected that the club will appear in public sometime soon.

The Lecture Course has begun the season with four especially fine numbers, and patrons of the course are delighted with the quality and variety presented. The Cambrian National Glee Singers, consisting of twelve men—eleven vocal artists and a pianist—made an auspicious beginning. The second number was furnished by Signor Victor and his Venetian band, and will probably have been one of the very best attractions given in the Auditorium this year. Both a matinee and an evening concert were given and both were largely attended. At the matinee, the city school children and teachers were guests of the Lecture Course Committee. The next number, a lecture by Edward Amherst Ott on "The Haunted House," was enthusiastically received, as was also the lecture "Dead Lions" by Lincoln McConnell.

### *College Attendance.*

A count of assignments made this term by the Secretary shows a gratifying increase over previous years. There is a total increase of 151 over the enrolment of last fall term and 417 over three years ago. The following figures show the fall term attendance for the past three years:

	1909	1908	1907	1906
Graduates.....	8	14	8	8
Seniors.....	148	126	115	115
Juniors.....	276	221	131	133
Sophomores.....	362	346	342	209
Freshmen.....	392	367	470	368
Subfreshmen.....	349	331	302	300
Preparatory.....	64	92	93	107
D. S. Short C....	107	100	123	85
Specials.....	61	19	22	25
Totals.....	1767	1616	1606	1350

# EDITORIAL

Once more the Christmas season is at hand and once more we bring you our heartiest greeting. "Lord keep our memories green," and may we hold the glad spirit of Christmas throughout the year.

J. U. Higinbotham, '86, prefaces his article on "Christmas Thoughts" in this issue with his method of reading the ALUMNUS, and his attendant meditations while doing it. In writing this, Mr. Higinbotham has unconsciously diffused a little light for which the editor of the ALUMNUS has been seeking for lo these many days, namely: What kind of material shall constitute the ALUMNUS, or perhaps better, what kind shall predominate? As regards the personal items, each one, as Mr. Higinbotham says, is interested chiefly, if not exclusively, in the doings and sayings of his contemporaries. Very often is heard: "I enjoy the ALUMNUS very much, yet it is only occasionally that I find reference to any of the members of my class, and I begin to realize that I am an 'old-timer.'" It is true that the graduate of later times finds himself and his friends "in print" much oftener than does the "old timer." The reason is plain: His College enthusiasm is still fresh and he is likely to keep in touch with his Alma Mater on a basis of reciprocity. Gradually he settles down, and his shell hardens, and by the time he can count a half score of years between himself and his day of graduation he is so immersed in his own pursuits and cares that the College with its memories and all they mean to him are crowded back into a remote pigeonhole of his consciousness and only aired on rare and state occasions. It is deplorable, but it is true; and it is but natural, after all.

It is the purpose of the ALUMNUS, as has been stated again and again, to bring the graduates of all periods together for the glory of their Alma Mater and incidentally for their own pleasure. It is for the alumni themselves to determine the quality of the magazine—the editor is only one of them who gathers together the material which the others send in, whether it be personal items or literary articles, who perhaps adds a thought or two of her own, and, presto! the ALUMNUS appears. The most serious question of all is that of the literary department. Except for a faithful few, it is exceedingly difficult to find anyone who has time or inclination to write an article, and the thought now occurs to us that others may share Mr. Higinbotham's "inner consciousness that tells you that no one will read it." Personally we believe that Mr. Higinbotham's "inner consciousness" has deceived him, and that the majority do read the literary articles. We would like to hear expression on the subject from as many alumni as possible. Tell us what you think of the literary department and in what ways you think it might be improved. What subjects would you like to have discussed there? We sincerely hope we may receive a good many suggestions, otherwise we shall be likely to raise a question as to how many of the alumni read the editorial page!

Through all the proverbial trials of an editor, there is every once in a while a singularly bright spot that makes up for a good deal of the rest. A recent incident of that kind is worth telling because of its very rarity: A new subscriber among the alumni sent a dollar and fifty cents instead of the regular price, with a note to the effect



that the additional half dollar was for the sample copies he had received from time to time! Such a spirit of appreciation is truly "all wool and a yard wide."

### *The Days at K. A. C.*

By Isaac Jones, '94.

(Read before a gathering of the Southern California alumni.)

Graduates and former students  
Meeting near the western sea  
In a mood that's reminiscent  
Of the days gone by when we  
Traveled with the student body  
In the happy care-free time,  
When we knew as much—  
And showed it—as the class of nineteen  
nine.

Some, perhaps, helped roll the cannon  
Up to Bluemont's lofty height;  
Some one here, perhaps, smeared white-  
wash

'Pon a certain house one night.  
We can see Prof. Failyer's buggy  
To the flagpole anchored fast,  
And we know of a bell clapper  
Kidnapped by a naughty class.

Comes to us a loved old picture  
Of the campus and the halls;  
Of the stately elms and blue-grass  
And the ivy-covered walls:  
Of the moonlight on the river.  
(Some perhaps may feel the thrill  
Of each well-remembered class room  
And the lessons there instilled.)

We can hear from chapel rostrum,  
Where the Profs. are all in view:  
"You should learn to do your duties—  
Things you do not want to do.  
There's a strength that comes from doing  
(Try it and you'll find 'tis true.),  
If you do what you don't want to  
When you do not want to do."

We have wandered from the College,  
From the halls of K. A. C.;  
We are scattered through the Union  
And the lands beyond the sea.  
Old New England holds her good share  
Of the friends we used to know;  
Some are finding worlds to conquer  
Midst Alaska's ice and snow.

Now of all the students scattered  
North or south or east or west,  
We alone can shout "Eureka!"  
What we've found we know is best.  
To us in our land of spring time,  
Fanned by zephyrs from the sea,  
Thoughts will come that bear us back-  
ward  
To the days at K. A. C.

### *The Great Week.*

The State Farmers' Institute which will be held in Manhattan from December 27 to January 1 is expected to call together a thousand Kansas farmers and their wives and fully six hundred boys and girls. The week will be filled from beginning to end with interest and instruction, and once

more the Kansas State Agricultural College will be brought into direct and personal contact with the people of the State. The morning hours will be devoted to corn and stock judging, dairy and creamery work, poultry, and cooking and sewing. In the afternoons will be held the meetings of the various associations. The evening exercises will be of general interest to everyone. The list of lectures is especially fine.

### *Dr. J. D. Walters' History of the College.*

The ALUMNUS editor recently received as a gift from Doctor Walters a copy of his splendid history of the College. The book has the valuable element of personal recollection, and is a collection of facts and traditions of the College from its infancy down to date, woven into a continuous story full of charming interest. The nineteen chapters contain not only the story of the growth of the institution but also the State and National laws that have affected it, a chronological table of the Regents, officers, and members of the Faculty, and the biographies of thirty-three "makers" of the College. The illustrations are beautiful and valuable. The book was published by the Printing Department of the College, and that fact is a sufficient guarantee of its typographical beauty. The price of the book, post-paid, is one dollar and seventy-five cents. The book should be in the possession of every friend of the College, and we urge the alumni to send to Doctor Walters for copies, without delay.

A trophy is on display at the Coöperative Bookstore to be given by the Kansas Corn Breeders' Association to the boy winning first place in the boys' corn contest, which will be held at the College during the holidays. The trophy will remain at the College, with the name of the winner engraved upon it.



# PERSONAL



Florence Dresser, '08, is teaching school at Baxter Springs, Mo.

L. R. Elder, '06, is with the General Electric Company at Portland, Ore.

Jennie Ridenour, '04, has been elected assistant in domestic art at the College.

F. A. Barnett, a former member of the '08 class, is an electrician at Fremont, Neb.

E. W. Jones, '09, is now in charge of the electric light and pumping plant at Waverly, Kan.

Maude Coe, '02, of Yates Center, Kan., was the guest of Manhattan friends this month.

A. G. Kittell, '09, is convalescing from an operation in Park View hospital, the last of November.

E. B. Patten, '98, is a partner in the firm of Patten & Welch, grain and coal dealers, in Carthage, S. D.

President Waters and Dean Willard were in Chicago for the International Live Stock Exposition.

Harry C. Turner, '01, forest planting assistant at Fort Bayard, N. M., will spend the Christmas holidays at home in Manhattan.

Viola Norton, '04, who teaches domestic science in the high school at Cheyenne Wells, Col., spent the Thanksgiving vacation with her parents in Manhattan.

The wedding of Ruth Mudge, '01, and Dr. William Wallace Dimock took place November 27, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Mudge on Thurston street, Manhattan. Doctor and Mrs. Dimock left at once for their future home in Ames, Iowa, where Doctor Dimock is assistant professor of veterinary science in the Iowa State College.

W. F. Lawry, '00, is now in the employ of the Jeffrey Manufacturing Company of Columbus, Ohio, with a substantial increase in salary over his former position. His address is 1066 Neil Avenue.

Miss Florence Warner, assistant librarian at the College, has sufficiently recovered from her recent severe illness to accompany her mother to her home in Prophetstown, Ill. She will remain there until after the holidays, when she will return to her work in the library.

H. V. Harlan, '04, and Augusta (Griffing) Harlan, '04, are spending the winter in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Harlan writes that she has met several K. S. A. C. people and that she considers Washington a fine place to live. Their address is 326 Maryland Avenue.

A. D. Whipple, '98, is in the employ of the Western Electric Company, in Antwerp, Belgium. He expects to remain there for a year or more, and will depend upon the ALUMNUS to supply him with news of the College during his absence. Mr. Whipple's address is 18 Rue Boudevyns.

Mamie Cunningham, '05, writes from Bangor, Mich.: "I am here spending the winter with an aunt, after a delightful summer in Chicago, Michigan, and Pennsylvania. I have met only one graduate of K. S. A. C. since I left Manhattan in June. On my way back from Pennsylvania I stopped at Niagara Falls, then came through Canada to Detroit and around by Grand Rapids. There I spent two days visiting with Jessie (Sweet) Arnold, '05. I expect to make her a longer visit in January."

F. J. Smith, '95, is editor of the *Russell Recorder* at Russell, Kan.

Henry L. Goddard, student '97-'98, is practicing law in Oklahoma City.

Francis Habiger, '99, of Bushton, Kan., visited the College last month.

Frank Harris, '08, has been elected instructor in drawing in the College.

Effie Morrow, '09, has entered the State Normal to take work in preparation for teaching.

Jessie M. Hoover, '05, has just been elected Dean of Women in the Agricultural College of North Dakota.

Marian Van Liew, junior in '05-'06, is now instructor in domestic science in the Oregon Agricultural College.

Margaret Justin, '09, has gone to Kansas City, where she has a position as dietician in the South Side hospital.

E. B. Coulson, '96, is chief engineer for the Castle Valley Railroad Company and has headquarters at Price, Utah.

Rev. J. A. Swaney, pastor of the Methodist church in Manhattan from 1889 to 1892, died November 22 in Holton, Kan.

Carl Wheeler, a former student, attended the inauguration exercises last month. Mr. Wheeler is farming near Bridgeport, Kan.

Rees (Washington) Samson, '05, who has been taking treatment in Kansas City for her hearing, has returned to her home in Quinter, Kan.

F. E. Uhl, '96, sends in the pertinent query: "Why not have the K. S. A. C. football team take the place of K. U. in the Thanksgiving game with M. S. U. next year?"

Tillie Kammeyer, former student, has finished her course in Spaulding's Commercial College in Kansas City and has accepted the position of secretary in Professor Dickens' office, recently made vacant by the resignation of Josephine Finley, '98.

Carl Kipp, '09, has purchased a half interest in the music store of G. M. Boshart, and the new firm of Boshart and Kipp took charge of the business December 1.

Arthur Rhodes, '05, is employed as civil engineer for the Rock Island. He will work from Davenport, Ia., down into New Mexico, but will have headquarters in Topeka.

Judson H. Criswell, '89, has recently been made instructor in farm crops and agricultural engineering in the College of Agriculture at Winona Lake, Ind.

E. C. Farrar, junior in '05, suffered an attack of appendicitis last month. An operation was performed and he is now entirely recovered. Mr. Farrar is principal of the high school at Ax-tell, Kan.

W. G. Shelley, '07, of the experiment station at Akron, Colo., spent Thanksgiving with his parents in Manhattan on his way to Washington, D. C., where he will spend the winter in the Office of Grain Investigation.

Regents Blackburn and Capper and Supt. J. D. Rickman were present at the meeting of the executive committee of the State Editorial Association held in Wichita, November 19, to fix time and place for the annual meeting of the association. Wichita, February 14 and 15, were decided upon.

Prof. Geo. L. Clothier, graduate of the Kansas Agricultural College in 1892, and now professor of forestry and plant breeding in the Mississippi Agricultural College at Agricultural College post-office, Miss., is the author of a bulletin on pecan culture. Professor Clothier read a very valuable paper before the American Breeders' Association at Columbia, Mo., last winter, on the subject of the "Growth and Care of Nut-Bearing Trees." He is a large land owner in Chase and Marion counties, Kansas.—*Kansas Farmer*, Dec. 4, 1909.

Dora (Thompson) Winter, '95, lives at Rosedale, Kan.

D. M. Ladd, '01, is living at 5490 Monroe Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

A. S. Stauffer, '04, is situated at 1626 Boulder street, Denver, Colo.

Glen E. Edgerton, '04, is at Washington Barracks, Washington, D. C.

G. H. Wilson, '05, of Winfield, Kan., was married the first of the month.

Nobuzo Kawai, '09, is now a graduate student in the University of Wisconsin.

Roger B. Mullen, '02, may be addressed at the Men's Dormitory, University of Washington, Seattle, Wash.

N. W. Kimball, '02, and Mrs. Kimball have returned from their wedding trip and are at home on Houston street, Manhattan.

May (Griffing) Cunningham, '07, is spending a few weeks in Washington, D. C., visiting her sister, Augusta (Griffing) Harlan, '04.

Frank LaShelle, '99, of the Printing Department, was called to Junction City, November 12, because of the death of his mother there.

Marian (Allen) Buell, '04, and little son, who have spent the fall with relatives in Manhattan, have joined T. W. Buell, '04, in Fort Worth, Texas.

E. C. Gardner, '04, is setting out a pear and apple orchard of one hundred sixty acres in the Rogue River Valley, Oregon. His address is Talent, Ore.

James W. Harner, '00, of the Bureau of Animal Industry, is inspecting live stock in New Mexico. His headquarters are at Carrizosa, N. Mex., and his address is Box 56.

Otho S. True, '99, with his wife, Pearle (Turner) True, sophomore in 1899, and their little son, will spend the winter in Topeka while Mr. True is having a house built on his farm four miles north of Topeka.

Vera (McDonald) Pyle, '04, is visiting her parents in Manhattan. Dr. Charles Pyle, '04, will come later, from Minneapolis, Minn., for the Christmas holidays.

Maude (Failyer) Kinzer, '03, and her little son Howard went to Marshalltown, Iowa, to spend Thanksgiving, and the fortnight following, with Professor Kinzer's parents.

A. G. Kittell, '09, has resigned his position as local editor on the Manhattan *Nationalist* and has accepted a position on the editorial staff of the *Mail and Breeze*. Mr. Kittell will go to Topeka December 1 to begin his work.

J. C. VanEveren, who left Manhattan last summer to live in Pocatello, Idaho, fell from his bicycle a short time ago, fracturing a rib and otherwise bruising himself. Mr. VanEveren has just completed a new house for himself and his family.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Mabel Thompson and Harry Douglas, both former students, on November 16, at the home of the bride's parents in Manhattan. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas will live on a farm across the Kansas river.

Fred G. Kimball, '87, arrived Saturday for a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Kimball, and other relatives. This is the first trip back in about six years and he has been in Alaska for the past ten or twelve years, first in the mail service, latterly he has been engaged in mining and has a pocketful of nuggets to show the size of Alaska "dust." The lure of the Northwest still holds and he expects to return. His camp is 500 miles in the interior. He was eight days going down stream in a boat to reach the Yukon. When he started away he did not expect to return, but before the mouth of the Yukon was reached he knew that he would be back when navigation opened in the spring.  
—*Republic*.

F. E. Brown, '06, is an electrician in Alva, Okla.

S. R. Vincent, '94, is the father of a son born November 22.

Martha (Fox) Smith, '97, lives at 721 Pierre street, Manhattan.

Guy Norris, student in the nineties, is a druggist in Garden City, Kan.

Gertrude (Coburn) Jessup, '91, resides at 1348 West 64th street, Chicago, Ill.

Boline Hanson, '06, is teaching school in her home district near Jamestown, Kan.

Winnifred Dalton, '06, is bookkeeper for the mercantile firm of William Dalton and Sons at St. George, Kan.

W. A. Boys, '04, and wife, Dovie (Ulrich) Boys, '03, and their daughter Margaret, of Goodland, Kan., will spend Christmas with Mrs. Boys' mother in Manhattan.

Dr. C. S. Conner, '09, has sold his practice at Blue Rapids to Dr. J. H. Payne, '09, and will go to Mitchell, Kan., to practice veterinary science and take charge of his mother's farm.

Edna Cockrell, '09, is teaching domestic art to the mountain whites in a mission school in Clarkson, Miss. Some of her Manhattan friends gave a shower for her, a few weeks ago, of material to be used by her class in its work.

C. E. Whipple, junior in '06, who with his wife and baby visited his parents in Manhattan this fall, has returned to his work in the Isthmus of Panama and writes that they have recently had eighteen inches of rain in twenty days.

John W. Calvin, '06, has been elected assistant in the Chemistry Department. Mr. Calvin has been employed for the year and a half in the Institute of Animal Nutrition, Pennsylvania State College. He will begin his work in the College the first of the year.

Joe Wharton, student in '01 and '02, was married on November 24 to Miss Mabel Lovin, at LaCross, Kan. Mr. and Mrs. Wharton will live at Hoisington, Kan.

H. R. Reed, '07, of the Coöperative Experiment Station at Garden City, was in Manhattan on December 8, on his way to Washington, D. C., where he will spend the winter working in the Office of Dry Land Investigation.

May Umberger, '07, writes that she is greatly enjoying her work as director of the department of domestic science in Lincoln College, Lincoln, Ill. In connection with her work she gives occasional lectures and demonstrations before women's clubs and at farmers' institutes. Grace Umberger, '05, is spending the winter in Washington, Ill., where she is on duty as a trained nurse, and recently the two sisters met and made a visit to Chicago together.

Alma McRae, '06, teacher of domestic science in Rigg Institute, Flaudreau, S. Dak., writes on the day before Thanksgiving: "To-morrow is one of the great days in the school here, and everybody works getting ready for it. The employes wait on the tables in the children's dining-room to-morrow and have their dinner later. To-night the school gives a program in which we will be told, I suppose, that the Pilgrims had the first Thanksgiving, and other startling things! I am substituting as dining-room matron now. This is the Indian Service and if you have never been in it you cannot understand the diversity of things you may be called upon to do. It seems to me I have worked everywhere in the plant except in the carpenter shop in the year I have been in the Service. What I am doing now requires a high order of intelligence: I have to see that they set their tables three times a day, likewise that they wash dishes. This work isn't to last long, however."

## Special Holiday Sales

On account of the extensive alterations in our store we have been delayed in getting out our Holiday Goods, and as the time is now so short before Christmas we will not confine our special sales to Saturday, but will put them on every few days, and it may be without further notice. So it will pay you to watch our windows closely for these

### Special Holiday Bargains

Remember these are to be found only at the original Racket Store, the place where you've always done your

### Christmas Shopping

# THE BIG RACKET.

S. S. Young, '08, is manager for the Stevens Electrical Company, of Coffeyville, Kan.

A. W. Kirby, '08, is foreman in the machine shops of the Kansas Natural Gas Company. E. C. Reed, '09, is an employe of the same firm.

Fred Myers and Edith (Perkins) Myers, '00, are completing a cottage in Pasadena, Calif., that they and their two children will occupy.

Fred Zimmerman, '98, took a few days' vacation from the Cheney Bank, at Thanksgiving, and visited his home, and stopped off in Topeka for the big Washburn-K. S. A. C. game.

P. A. Cooley, '06, in addition to his duties as professor of commercial art in the South Dakota State Normal, teaches military science to the Normal cadets. Recently, the company from which Mr. Cooley ordered uniforms for his students, sent him as a present a handsome saber.

## Christmas Gifts

at

## THE LEADER

Ladies' and Children's Furs. The latest styles and shapes and you will find them cheaper than anywhere else in town.

Fancy Linen Doilies, Scarfs, and Table Covers and a thousand other things for Xmas.

20 dozen Men's Neck Ties just arrived, in the Latest Patterns.

Shoes, and the best shoes money can buy. Fur top for ladies would make a nice Xmas Present.

Lots of other things.

Everybody invited.

## Moore Bros. & Co.

Alumni, Patronize Our Advertisers.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO TRADE WITH

*The E. B. Purcell Trading Company*  
**DEALERS IN EVERYTHING**

Phone 88 — for Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Hay, etc. Phone 87 — for Dry-Goods, Ready-to-Ware Goods, Shoes, Hardware, and Farm Implements.

Lucy (Sweet) Betts, '01, has lately moved from Oakland to Chico, Calif., where Mr. Betts is a window draper.

Edna Cockrell, '09, who is teaching in a mission school in Clarkson, Miss., is just recovering from a severe illness.

The following alumni were among those who attended the K. S. A. C.-Washburn game: H. C. Rushmore, '79, Fred Zimmerman, '98, O. S. True, '99, Maude Currie, '00, H. P. Richards, '02, N. L. Towne, '04, Jennie Ride-nour, '04, Jack Ryan, '07, Carl Mallon, '07, J. S. Montgomery, '07, Clarence Nevins, '07, C. C. Bone-brake, '09, Rex Tinkham, '09, W. A. Turner, sophomore '02, and Ira Brown, football captain '08.

By a deal completed this morning Dr. L. B. Jolley ['01], of North Chicago, acquires the finest private residence in North Chicago in the form of the Peter Christensen residence, of brick, at the corner of Eighteenth street and South Park Avenue. It is understood that the consideration was about \$7500, and the deal is consid-

ered a good one. The residence is an eight-roomed dwelling of the best type, and Doctor Jolley and family will remove into it at once. The offices of the physician will remain where they are now. The residence is within a block of the bank.—*Waukegan Daily Sun*, Dec. 7, '09.

Ex-Regent A. M. Story will leave Manhattan with his family this month, to live at Hagerstown, Md., where he has a place as head of a department in a million-dollar organization that manufactures caskets. The *Manhattan Mercury* says in regard to his going: "It is not an exaggeration to say that during the past ten years Judge Story has been one of Manhattan's most useful citizens. As a member of the Board of Regents, as county attorney and as president of the Commercial Club he has been a leader in every movement for the good of the town, the College, and the community. And so, while the town will rejoice in the large opportunity that has come to Judge Story, it will feel the loss of the Storys keenly."

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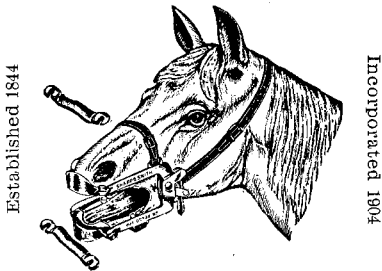
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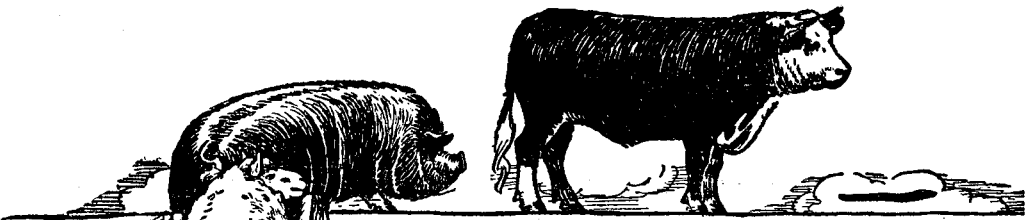
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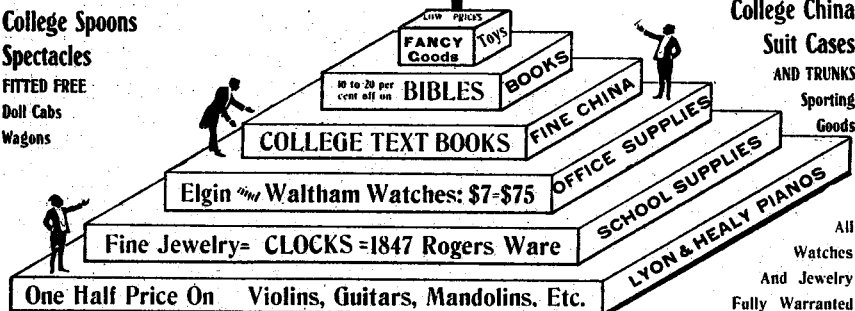
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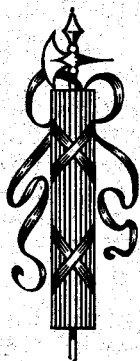
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