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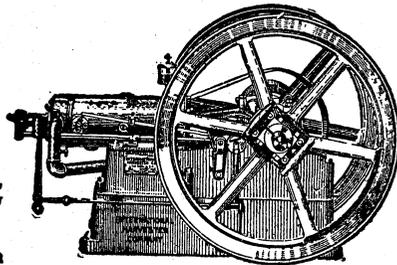
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Dean of Agriculture and Director Experiment Station
Kansas State Agricultural College

THE ALUMNUS

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MANHATTAN, KAN., JANUARY, 1909.

NO. 5

Ed. H. Webster.

Dean of Agriculture and Director of the Kansas Experiment Stations.

The success which has crowned every effort of Ed. Webster since his graduation has been such as to make us all proud of him and proud of the fact that he received his first training within the class rooms and laboratories of the Kansas State Agricultural College. It is a most commendable fact that in the judgment of our Board of Regents the most ably equipped man available for the position of dean of the agricultural and director of the Experiment Station should be one of our own graduates, a man who not only took high rank as an undergraduate student, but who has made a complete success of each and every line of work he has undertaken since his graduation.

Professor Webster is Kansas born and bred, passing his early boyhood days in Woodson county. Completing the high school work in Yates Center, he entered the Kansas Agricultural College at the age of eighteen years, and attended for one year. The next two years were spent on the farm at home. He reentered College and completed the course at the age of twenty-five, receiving his degree with the class of 1896. Like many another boy endeavoring to secure a better education, he was compelled to work his way, and through the last three years of his course was student instructor in woodwork and blacksmithing and office assistant to Professor Hood, then head of the Mechanical Department. The first year after graduation he spent in shop work in Chicago and Denver.

The call of the farm was too alluring, however, in spite of his success with the shop work, and he returned to the Woodson county farm for one year. About this time there began a general awakening along the line of agricultural education, and the year 1898 found Mr. Webster back at K. S. A. C. specializing in agriculture and dairying.

In June, 1899, he had his first experience in the creamery business, working for the Meriden Creamery Company, of Meriden, Kan., for the sum of \$25 per month and boarding himself. He remained with this company until October, 1900, having risen to the position of superintendent and butter maker at a salary of \$75 per month during this period.

The thirst for better technical training took him to the State College at Ames, Iowa, where he took up special work in animal husbandry and dairying, and at the same time acted as assistant to Professor McKay. He received the degree of B. Ag. there in 1901 and at the same time the degree of M. S. from K. S. A. C. He immediately secured a position with the Continental Creamery Company, of Topeka, and in a few weeks had full charge of all their factory operatives as superintendent.

In September, 1901, at the earnest solicitation of the Board of Regents of K. S. A. C., he came to Manhattan as assistant in dairying. The following year he was advanced to the position of professor in dairying.

There was a great demand for trained experts in the U. S. Department of Agriculture at Washington, and he took a civil service examina-

tion for the position of assistant chief in dairy division at this time, standing second in a list of twenty men, including the best-trained dairy experts in the country. Following this examination he was appointed dairy expert in the dairy division of the Department of Agriculture, taking up the work March 1, 1903. He spent eleven months studying the agricultural conditions of the farmers of Western Kansas, Oklahoma, Nebraska, and Eastern Colorado, with special reference to dairying. The report of this series of investigations was published by the Department of Agriculture and has been issued by the thousands, having a wider circulation at the time of its last reprint than any other bulletin issued by the dairy division.

February 1, 1904, Mr. Webster resigned from the department to accept a position as general superintendent of the Littleton Creamery Company, of Denver. The death of the chief of the dairy division in October, 1904, left a vacancy which offered great opportunities along the line of dairy development in various states of the nation. Mr. Webster was reinstated in the department and immediately promoted to the position of chief of the dairy division. It is in this position that he has achieved his most phenomenal success. He was not only thoroughly trained for the work, but had the persistence and energy combined with a proper degree of tact to plan and carry out many new lines of work never before attempted or even thought of.

When he took up the work January 1, 1905, the working staff consisted of an assistant chief, one stenographer, three clerks in Washington, and three inspectors doing routine inspection of process butter factories. No research work was being carried on, and all that had ever been attempted was that which Mr. Webster himself had accomplished in relation to the

hand-separator problem while employed as dairy expert for the department.

From this small beginning, the energy and ability of Mr. Webster has built up, in the four years which he headed the division, a corps of workers surpassed in efficiency by none in the Department of Agriculture. The present force consists of sixteen clerks and stenographers and twenty scientific workers in the Washington office, with thirty-three scientific workers, five clerks, and two inspectors in the field, a total of seventy-six as against the eight employed January 1, 1905.

The work of this department now enjoys the enthusiastic support of practically every important dairy interest in the United States. A large proportion of the work carried out has consisted of field and extension work. Many practical results have come from this line of work. Mr. Webster has displayed rare tact and ability in his selection of the men employed in the various phases of this work, and they are thoroughly loyal to him to a man. Upon his leaving Washington to take up the work in the K. S. A. C. as dean of agriculture and director of the Experiment Station, he was presented with a beautiful gold watch by his co-workers as a token of their high esteem.

The ability and general qualifications which have enabled Mr. Webster to build up such a department as he has left in Washington will certainly enable him to make a success of the new position which he now assumes. His ability to handle men and coordinate various lines of work has been thoroughly demonstrated, and his association with the trained experiment station men of practically every important station in the United States gives him a perfect familiarity with that line of work in all its many phases. Probably no man could have been selected whose training, as well as natural ability, better fitted him to fill

the important position to which he has now been elected. He has already taken up the work with his characteristic energy and push.

GEO. C. WHEELER, '95.

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**The Meanderings of Three Weary Willies in Dixie Land.**

BY W. R. BALLARD, '05.

(Concluded from December issue.)

Several times we had to go down through deep, dark, damp woods that seemed rather scary so far from human habitation. The katydids added to the weirdness by their shattering din. About half past eight o'clock we came across two men and a wagon camping out under a wide, overhanging rock. We stopped here until a hard shower passed. It was a rather strange sight with the flickering light of the camp-fire in such a wild place. The men were typical mountaineers and quite intelligent. We bought some apples from them and trudged on up the road three miles to Alexander McRae's, a Scotchman well known for miles around. Before we left Washington on our trip we had been referred to this place by W. L. Hall, '98, of the Forest Service, who told us to be sure to stop and hear the old Scotchman play the *banjo* for us, and thereby hangs a tale! It was 10:30 o'clock when we arrived at this place, and everyone was in bed. We finally aroused the proprietor, and we were soon enjoying a refreshing sleep after our twenty-mile walk. The next morning, while we were doing justice to a breakfast of hot biscuits, lamb chops, bacon and gravy, bread, honey, oatmeal and cream, coffee, milk, huckleberries, pickles, etc., we suddenly heard, from an adjoining room, the beautiful strains of music from an old Scottish bagpipe—the "banjo" which Mr. Hall so much desired us to hear! It was raining when we awoke that morning—a rather discouraging feature, as we had planned to climb to the top of Grandfather mountain that

day. It stopped raining about ten o'clock and, although it was still cloudy, we decided to start up the trail. One of the natives told us that, since the fog was settling down, it was going to clear. Acting on his suggestion we went up and—got soaking wet! The bushes along the trail were dripping and our clothes were soon wet and soiled, especially since we had to clamber over many fallen logs covered with wet moss and lichens. We reached the first peak about one o'clock, but it was so foggy we could see nothing. We were on a narrow ridge of rock, either side of which was an abyss of fog, or, as the old darkey preacher would have expressed it, the "no bottom pit." It was rather grand to be standing right among the clouds, so we felt repaid for the trip even though we were unable to see down the valleys. We finally decided to forge ahead to the highest peak, and although a long, hard climb we found the woods and trail very interesting. There were mosses and lichens in endless variety, and a whiff of the balsam groves come to me in imagination even yet.

We had neglected to carry any lunch with us, and by the time we reached the lodging place a virulent species of hunger had set in. Coming down, we found it raining in the valley, or, as Norton expressed it, "downstairs." Mr. McRae built up a roaring fire in the fireplace and we soon had our wet clothes steaming. Supper tasted unusually good that evening. The old Scotchman showed us a fine shepherd's crook, of which he was very proud. It was of hazelwood, from the Highlands of Scotland where he was born. McRae is a sturdy specimen with a magnificent physique and stands straight as an arrow. He said that the Scotch Highlanders, if they could have a drink of whiskey, a bagpipe before and a drum behind, would march straight ahead to victory or death. He then played a number of

war selections on his bagpipe. On the mantle piece was a mysterious looking affair, the use of which I could not so much as surmise until informed that it was a candle clipper—a relic of the past. The preacher happened to remark that Norton had not heard from his wife for several days, whereupon the old Scotchman ejaculated, "His wife! she's dry and he's wet!"—a very appropriate remark under the circumstances.

Grandfather mountain which we had climbed lacks a few feet of being 6000 feet high, but we put six feet on top of it. We found the summit of the peaks covered with an evergreen shrub, much like the heath of Scotland, and in some places it formed perfect carpets of green. Several thousand acres of this beautiful country belong to the Linville Improvement Company, and they are making of it a pleasure resort of some note. The Yonahlossee road, which was constructed under the supervision of Alexander McRae, is a part of this improvement scheme.

In the evening after supper we had a jollification. There were present besides the McRae family and our party a man and his wife and twelve-year-old daughter from Charlottesville, N. C., and six or seven young fellows from a nearby camp—eighteen in all. We sat up until half past eleven o'clock, telling stories, cracking jokes, and singing songs. The twelve-year-old girl was an accomplished elocutionist—due partly to her training but more especially to her simple and unaffected manner. She gave a number of enjoyable selections. The writer rendered Riley's "Little Boy's Bear Story" in his usual pleasing (?) manner, sang the "Tune the Old Cow Died Of," "Annie Laurie," etc., and made quite a hit, of course. Some of the stories told were great! Here is one that is current in the South. Once two travelers stopped at a mountain home to get a meal, and as the woman was pouring

out a cup of strong, black coffee she asked one of the travelers whether he took his sweetening "short or long." He decided to have it short, so she dug up a cake of maple sugar, bit off a piece and transferred it to his cup. The other fellow, after witnessing this performance, expressed his preference for long sweetening, so she thrust her finger into the molasses jar and then washed it off in his cup of coffee.

Some of the farms in these mountains are very steep. It is related of a certain man that as he was hoeing his corn one day he unfortunately lost his balance and fell out of his farm and broke his neck.

One backwoodsman had never seen nor heard of a telephone, and upon his first visit to a large city he was very much interested when he saw a man talking into a little box. His curiosity was so aroused that he inquired of a man what he was doing. After the man's explanation he wanted to know why, if it was so easy to talk to people at a distance, he could not talk to his wife who had died a short time previous. The young operator thought to have some amusement with the old man, so he told him it could be done very easily. He showed him how to hold the receiver to his ear, but just then the lightning struck the wire and the shock knocked the old man down. When he came to his senses he said, "That's her all right!"

The next morning the sun rose bright and clear, and although it was Sunday we decided to go at least a Sabbath day's journey. As we tramped down the road Grandfather mountain stood out massive in its grandeur, and just as we lost sight of it in a turn of the road the clouds began to settle down like a veil over its head. Before long we came to the beautiful Linville valley, and, climbing to the top of a huge rock where we could see the peaceful little village spread out beneath us and the mountains towering around, we read some of those rich psalms of

David, breathing the splendor of God's handiwork. No wonder the hearts of those old Israelites were stirred by the "hills from whence cometh our strength." Soon we betook ourselves down the path to the village. A number of summer people were strolling around, playing golf, but the attendance at church was quite large. The services were just over as we passed by.

On the road from Linville to Pineola we shortened our tramp a mile or more by going through the Highlands nursery, which is owned by Mr. Kelsey, a Boston man, who here grows for the trade the native trees, shrubs and flowers of the mountain regions of the South. This was a very interesting place to study different types of native plants, but we were a day or so behind our schedule so did not tarry long. At Pineola we received our first news from Hyattsville, not having seen in the meantime even a newspaper. In this little lumber town, with its mountain railway running off into Tennessee, we saw a spectacle not at all uncommon in this section—that of an old woman chewing her stick of snuff. We purchased provisions here and camped at a little spring along the road, where we boiled eggs in a lard pail given us by the storekeeper and made some fine coffee which we sweetened with stick candy. With dried beef, crackers, and lemon cakes, we had a very satisfactory meal. Along toward evening, after we had crossed into the Toe river valley, we caught a magnificent glimpse of Mt. Mitchell in the distance, just as the sun went down. That evening we stopped with a Baptist preacher whose name was Ollis. He had been secretary of the Anti-Saloon League of his county in the great fight for state prohibition. He was an old Confederate soldier who had fought all through the war; and, beside having the pastoral care of two churches, he was postmaster, storekeeper, squire, farmer,

stock-raiser, and boarding-housekeeper.

That night as we retired my attention was attracted to a postal card which formed one of the decorations of the room. On it was printed a quotation from Josh Billings to the effect that, "There iz two things in this life for which we are never fully prepared, and that iz twins." After a good night's rest and a substantial breakfast, we started on our journey once more. Before leaving, Professor Norton was appealed to as an arbiter to settle a controversy between the young lady just ready to start off for college, who maintained that Constantinople was the capital of Sweden, and the school-teacher who took the opposite view. Mr. Ollis gave us one of the placards much used in their prohibition campaign, which had on it a picture of a fine-looking boy with the legend, "Vote for Us." Not far down the road we were witnesses of a little tragedy. A rabbit came running toward us, stopping only after it came within two or three feet of us. It soon became apparent that something was pursuing it, and we did not have long to wait before we saw a weasel slipping through the brush. The rabbit then started down the road in the direction from which it had come, with the weasel in close pursuit. We hurried around the bend in the road, where we found the weasel already sucking the blood from the neck of the rabbit. At a small sawmill along the road we found even in this out of the way place a well-developed Yankee trick. The roots of *Kalmia latifolia*, the common mountain laurel, was being sawed up into small blocks, which were later to be transformed into "French brier pipes." Along toward evening we came to the north Toe river; but, finding the swinging bridge some distance above the ford, we were at a loss to know whether to cross here or go farther up stream. We finally decided to try the latter,

but after walking half a mile our road became so dim that we retraced our footsteps and, after crossing the river, managed to find our way into the main road.

It was now quite dark, except for the light of the moon, so we commenced to look around for a place to stay all night. We passed two or three little cabins, but none of them looked inviting. We found a church at last and decided to camp. Fortunately, the janitor had been foresighted enough to leave the big heater stuffed with nice dry wood, so we soon had a roaring fire going. With the addition of fence rails we managed to keep from freezing, yet the benches were not any more comfortable for all that. The nights get very chilly in this mountain country, even at this time of year. We had traveled twenty-six miles this day. We left early the next morning, getting breakfast at a farm house. We expected to reach a country store about the middle of the forenoon and there lay in a stock of provisions for the trip up Mt. Mitchell. We discovered when we stopped at a log cabin to buy some apples that we had missed the store and were nearly a mile beyond it. We had taken for our motto "Never turn back," so we bought some bacon, corn bread, sugar, etc., from this man who lived all alone in the cabin. He had been a cobbler and showed us an apple peeler which he had ingeniously contrived out of an old shoe knife blade. It was built on the same principles as the ones usually seen, but he had to guide the knife arm with his hand. The work done was excellent. A great many apples are dried in this section where so many summer apples are produced, and these are then traded at the store for groceries. This

man was busy drying apples in a sort of kiln which he had constructed so as to have fire heat beneath the trays of fruit. He showed us a trail up the mountain much more direct than the usual one, the distance being only about five miles as compared with fourteen miles we had to go in de-



Piny Grove Baptist church as a lodging place.

scending on the other side of the range.

After a hard climb to the top of a ridge, 5000 feet high, we stopped and cooked dinner. The fried bacon, toasted bread and roasted apples tasted mighty fine. It was quite a place to eat our meal here on this grassy spot with the Blue Ridge off to the left, separated from us by deep gorges, down which mountain streams were dashing themselves into foaming spray, while to our right, almost above us, towered the great Black mountains. After dinner Professor Norton finished reading aloud Hubbard's "My Brother," which had

been brought along for the purpose. We then climbed on up, following the top of the ridge through grassy slopes, briar patches, balsam groves, and rhododendron jungles, clambering over rocky places, deterred not even by the possibility of stumbling into rattlesnake dens, until we struck a "blazed trail." So many trees had blown down across the trail that it was even harder to make progress here than where we had to pick our own way. We reached the summit about four o'clock in the afternoon and found there three young men who had come up from the other side, arriving just a few minutes before we had. At the highest point on the summit stands a metal monument filled with stone, erected in honor of Professor Mitchell, who lost his life in establishing the fact that this was the highest mountain peak in the Appalachian range. Some villians had marred the beauty of the shaft by shooting holes into it. Since it is the custom for those who climb this peak to add a stone to the heap over the grave, we added our quota.

It is difficult to describe the wonderful views from the top of this lofty peak. One range after another is piled up in endless succession, as far as the eye can see. The scenery lacks something of the rugged, rocky grandeur of the Rockies, yet there is a beauty of coloring not found elsewhere. At the very crest of Mt. Mitchell is a dripping spring, the water from which is almost ice cold. After supper we watched the sun set in the west. It was a little too cloudy near the horizon to be very gorgeous, but it was nevertheless a splendid sight. The full moon came up before long and shed forth a most peculiar golden yellow light. Norton remarked that the woman in the moon seemed to be kissing a "nigger." Some of us had never before had our attention called to this interesting phenomenon, but after one knows

what to look for he can readily make out a "Christy girl" if his imagination is active. The party of six now set about to build a big fire at the mouth of the cave, where camping parties usually spend the night. We gathered balsam and spruce boughs and made up our beds; but before turning in we spent an hour or more singing songs and swapping yarns. Before morning Norton and the preacher were routed by a troop of fleas, which seemed inclined to take possession of the cave. The rest of us were impervious, so held our ground. The other fellows spent the rest of the night carrying wood to keep us warm.

The sunrise was one of the really fine things of the trip. Seas of fog filled the valleys, in one place resembling a gigantic waterfall. Above the horizon was a band of red clouds with the beams of the sun shooting through the rifts. A panorama of mountains was spread out before us and we could see far down the Catawba and Toe river valleys. Our stock of provisions had by this time run pretty low, for even the night before when the preacher saw one of the young fellows in the other crowd munching a particularly fine-looking biscuit he said he was sorely tempted to knock the fellow down and take the biscuit away from him. They were very generous, however, with their provender, so we had a good breakfast before starting down the mountain. Both parties started down the trail from Mt. Mitchell together and crossed Hallback Step's Gap, Mt. Gibbs, Clingman's peak, Potato Knob, and Pinnacle. At this point the other party continued down the regular trail across Greybeard to Montreat, a summer resort. We wanted to find the nearest route to the railroad which would take us into Asheville, N. C. We carried with us a set of Geological Survey maps, which we found indispensable to travelling in this man-

ner without a guide. According to the map, there was a trail down Mill Creek to Round Knob, and this route we finally decided upon. There had evidently been a new trail blazed since the map had been surveyed, for after a long tramp down the ridge we found we were on the wrong side of the valley; so, leaving the trail, we tried to make our way down the gorge. And what a lovely time we had! We got our fill of it before we reached the bottom. This was the roughest and steepest venture of the trip. From the top of Pinnacle where we had eaten dinner there was a drop of 4000 feet, and we had to clamber over rocks and around cliffs, through brush and briars. It seemed that the farther we went the farther off was the end of the journey. Sometimes in our downward career we would slide ten feet or more before we could check our hasty descent by grabbing trees or bushes. We reached the bottom at last, and looking back it looked as though we had dropped straight down. We sat down by a little mountain stream and bathed our weary feet in the icy water. The trail followed down this stream and we tramped down it past a big lumber camp where big hemlock logs were being sawed up to ship to the pulp factories. Most of this wood is valuable only for making paper and for rough work such as sheathing. Tannic acid is extracted from the pulp before being made into paper and the acid is used for tanning leather.

In the evening we reached the railroad and obtained supper at the little station of Graphiteville. The railroad here at Round Knob makes a number of horseshoe curves, coming back to nearly the same point several times as it gradually ascends to the plateau. It runs through several tunnels, and withal the construction of this piece of road is considered to be a fine piece of engineering work. Professor Norton flagged the evening train with his

red bandanna handkerchief. When we boarded the train the conductor was determined that we should go into the smoker, but we objected and he soon surmised that we were not ordinary tramps. After coming out into the beautiful Swannanoa valley we caught frequent glimpse of the Black and the Craggy mountains. When we arrived in Asheville we found the express office closed so that we could not get our civilized togs that evening. The preacher was very much chagrined at this unforeseen turn of affairs, as he did not much relish the idea of visiting his relatives, where he expected to make his stay while in the city, in such a disreputable looking costume. We "jollied" him well about his appearance, but he did not seem to appreciate our sympathy (?). He left us at the Western hotel, and the next morning he reappeared wearing his uncle's trousers, which fitted him quite amply. He had reached the place the night before just as the family was retiring and they did not at first recognize him—so strange, too!

After getting our suit cases and removing the insignia of the road for a saner garb, we felt "right pert and respectable like." The afternoon was spent in a visit to the Biltmore nurseries. We met here Mr. Creighton, the foreman, and Mr. Boynton, the superintendent, who showed us through their herbarium and gave us permission to take specimens of any of the shrubs on the place that we wished. This nursery was established by Mr. Vanderbilt for furnishing trees and shrubs for planting his 10,000-acre estate, which is located near Asheville. After the plantings were finished, the nursery was continued as a commercial enterprise. The catalogue issued by this firm is a fine handbook of the cultivated forms of trees and shrubs. For several years, Vanderbilt employed two botanists to roam through the southern woods collecting plants

for the nursery and the herbarium. One of these, Mr. Boynton, now has charge of the nursery, while the other, Mr. Beadle, is now superintendent of the estate with headquarters at Biltmore, probably one of the most unique villages in this country. It was built entirely by Mr. Vanderbilt and modeled after the Swiss village. The buildings are of pebble dash construction and are all of the same general style of architecture. The town is laid out on a well-defined plan with wide paved streets and avenues, sidewalks lined with rows of trees and stretches of green lawn. A well-kept commons provides a playground for the children. The buildings beside residences include a church and schoolhouse and business buildings and offices. Many of the employees of the estate reside here. Altogether it is a model of neatness, which is having its effect on the surrounding country. We spent an hour or so in a pleasant chat with Mr. Beadle, incidentally getting a special pass into the estate ground, the main entrance of which is on the border of the village. Mr. Beadle related some of his experiences while roaming through the mountains. He had slept many times in schoolhouse and churches, which are always left unlocked. Many times when in a tight place he had thrown away all his baggage while holding on to his precious bundle of plants. He said he almost envied us our tramp, as such things always had a fascination for him; but it seemed that inevitably one was drawn into administration work and there was less and less time to devote to such things. He has necessarily given up all botanical work with this large estate to look after.

That evening Norton walked out to Fairview, eight miles away, to stay over night with an aunt. The next afternoon the three of us drove out to the Vanderbilt estate. It would be difficult to describe the beautiful wind-

ing drives, the vistas through the trees, and the variety and richness of the plantings of trees and shrubs. After winding around and in and out we suddenly came into full view of what is a veritable palace. One of the best landscape architects in the country has here erected a monument to his skill in blending the naturalness of the estate grounds with the more formal style surrounding the stately structure in the center. Here and there were fountains and statues, pergolas and arbors. In the ten-acre garden is a perfect maze of horticultural wonders. On our return to the city we followed the road along the French Broad river. Here are grouped the dairy and poultry establishments, the horse barns, the truck gardens, etc. We were horribly mortified to see a luxuriant looking cockle-bur growing right in one of Mr. Vanderbilt's corn-fields.

The next morning we donned our traveling clothes and took the train south to Brevard. Some little distance from the little station of Buena Vista the train had been standing on the track for several minutes when Norton, glancing up, remarked, "Why, this train hasn't any engine on it!" He "drew in his horns," however, when he discovered that what he had really seen was the reflection of the open door at the rear end of the train in a polished mirror. As we drew into one small station one member of a group of talkative old ladies looked out of the window and remarked, "There is a fine patch of tobacco, or is it cabbage?" We reached Brevard about an hour before noon and started out to walk to Caesar's Head, S. C. We arrived about seven o'clock in the evening. Here one looks down from the top of a sheer precipice 1800 feet high, and there spread out before him is the beautiful level land of South Carolina. Six miles to the right is Table Rock and the Stool which seem not over a mile

away. "Caesar's Head" is a fair representation of a dog's head, which can be seen in profile by climbing down the cliff a few hundred feet. This is one of the oldest pleasure resorts in the South, and it is still deservedly popular. The hotel, which had about one hundred guests, was an old building which had been in operation over fifty years. We arrived too late for the regular supper, but a very good meal was set before us, and while the waiter was not looking we surreptitiously purloined a number of biscuits and filled our pockets with them so as to be provided for the journey.

After supper we watched the guests dance the "Virginia reel" for a while, then we returned to the rocks to watch the lights in the valley of South Carolina. Some one hatched up the fool idea of walking all night, so about ten o'clock we again took to the trail. The full moon came up an hour later so that we had no difficulty in finding our way. At one place along the road we came to some large, flat tables of rock which were still warm from the heat of the day, and we lay down on them to rest for an hour. Then, after another spurt, we napped a few minutes in a deserted schoolhouse. There was a sort of fascination in these unusual situations and experiences which were easier to appreciate than to describe. About seven o'clock we reached a farm house, having made thirty-eight miles in the twenty-four hours. After breakfast Norton took a nap in the hay mow. As this was Sunday morning we decided to attend services at the little country church. The way the natives stared proved that we had added a large measure of interest to the day's services. Mr. Ballard, a big fat man, played the organ, but he did not look like any of my relatives, so I did not inquire into the history of his family tree. Mr. McCall, a fine, big-hearted sort of a man, led the singing, which was remarkably good. The services were very simple.

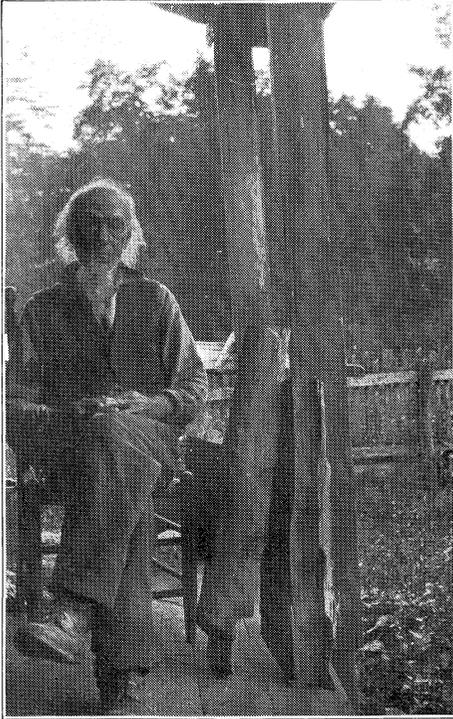
There were scarcely any preliminaries, not even a collection. I confess I was too sleepy to get much out of the sermon, which lasted for an hour—an awful strain on one not used to it. Mr. McCall invited us home with him to dinner and we spent a very pleasant afternoon. Professor Norton and the preacher lay down on the bed which was kindly placed at their disposal and snoozed most of the time. I, however, preferred to sit on the porch to help in a free-for-all song service. There was one song the natives sang in such a peculiar nasal tone that I cannot help smiling whenever I think of it.

In the evening we walked to Rossman and after a good night's rest in feather beds we started for Toxaway and the beautiful Saphire country. Lake Toxaway is a beautiful artificial lake surrounded by grand mountain scenery. To one side is Hogback mountain. But now that this has become a pleasure resort they will have none of such vulgar names, even though it is an appropriate one. Therefore it will be known henceforth as Mt. Toxaway. After a nine-mile walk around the lake we reached the village of Saphire, expecting to stay there over night. What was our surprise to find it completely deserted. There were a number of summer cottages, but not a light nor a sign of human activity anywhere. This was one of the most peculiar spook-like experiences we had encountered. We learned later that the hotel here had burned down and the company had closed up all the cottages. Two miles farther on we came to Mr. Suehoffer's place. He had charge of the livery stable connected with a large hotel at Fairfield not far away. He allowed us to make our bed in the hay mow, and provided us with a waterproof blanket to lie upon and a light woolen horse blanket to cover us. We thus had a very comfortable night of it. The fellows in the office tried to scare

us by saying that they sometimes had epileptic fits and were likely to wander around in the night. Later when one of the drivers came in they told him there were three wild men sleeping on the hay, but he would not believe it

under the cook's foot and out of reach of the broomstick. It is a revelation to know how some people live! From this place we began our march toward home. The country up through the Glenville valley contained much good farm land, while much of the grazing lands very much resembled natural parks, especially in the way the trees and shrubs were clumped.

About 3:30 in the afternoon we stopped out of the rain with an old Confederate soldier, Hose Morrison by name, who had a number of Indian and war relics. One interesting thing he showed us was a section of a hickory tree which had been marked with an ax while the tree was young, after which about eighty years' growth had been laid on over the marks. About a hundred yards from where this tree stood was an oak tree which had been similarly marked. Half way between was a large mound of earth which the old man thought might be the burial place of a pot of gold or other valuables, and he had started to unearthen it. He was in such feeble health, however, that he had not progressed very far. A quarter of a mile off the road we came to High Falls. The water, after dashing down a 45° incline for one hundred



Hose Morrison and the marks on the tree.

yards, falls in two jumps about one hundred fifty feet more. That evening a woman told Professor Norton that he could get all the milk he wanted to drink at the next house, as they had "lots of it to throw to the hogs!" On the way we saw several places where the women washed the clothes in the primitive way of pounding them with a wooden paddle.

At Cullowhee Gap we stayed over night. When it came time to retire

the six or seven boys climbed the ladder, while the man and his wife and daughter occupied the beds at one end of the room and we three occupied the two beds at the other end. The dogs howled a great deal that night, due, so the preacher said, to the fact that Norton had possession of their bed. About four o'clock in the morning the young lady fell out of bed! It really was unfortunate, for it disturbed our slumbers.

At Painter a negro girl ferried us across the Tuckasegee river. We reached the railroad at Silva in the afternoon, where we took the train. Mr. MacEwen went back to Asheville to visit relatives, while Norton and I alighted at Willets for the tramp across into Tennessee. About eight o'clock that evening we reached the last house on the trail over Jones' Knob shown on our map. An old man came to the door and when asked if he could keep two men over night replied, "No, I guess not." After a short parley he told us to sit down and wait for the old woman to come in from milking the cows. When she came in she did not make any very noticeable objection, so we supposed it was satisfactory. When we suggested retiring about half past nine o'clock the old lady seemed very reluctant about providing a place to sleep. By ten o'clock it had developed that she was deathly afraid of us, doubtless thinking we were U. S. officers or something of the sort. The old man tried to calm her, telling her that we looked like good men and he guessed they could protect themselves if there was any need of it. It was finally agreed that we could go up in the garret to sleep if we would let the old lady lock us in. So we left our baggage down-stairs, while the old man took the light up-stairs to watch us undress to see that we did not have any "shooting irons," then his wife came up and turned the key on us. Of course we felt *safe* even in the *lock-*

*up*. The next morning we were released and given a good breakfast. The old lady had recovered from her scare, but said there "was no harm done; you was safe and so were we. I hope you won't lay it up agin me." By the time we were ready to leave they were so much pleased with our company that the old man said he would "just love to have us write to him."

On the way over the mountain we passed by a very fine waterfall, near which place we found a rare Euphorbia. We reached the top of the Knob about noon. In crossing to Plott Balsam, the next peak, we met a party of seven coming up from the opposite direction from Eagles Nest hotel. A heavy shower came up and we sought shelter under the evergreens. In starting down we took the wrong trail and when we discovered our mistake, instead of retracing our steps as we should have done, we attempted to follow around the edge of the mountain to the right trail. The bushes were dripping wet and we encountered rocky places that were almost impassable and fallen trees and briars, so that we were happy indeed when we reached the right trail. We had lost an hour's time by this incident. We found that the other party had already returned and were a few rods in front of us. We soon caught up with them, but the women could not travel fast enough for us, so we forged ahead. We left the trail before reaching the hotel and crossed a mountain meadow to a ravine which seemed to lead down directly to the valley below. We found an old trail after some little time, but it had so overgrown with weeds that we were soaked when we reached the valley.

That night we stayed with a well-to-do farmer. We found this a very progressive section—quite a contrast to the conditions just across the mountain range, and due very largely to the civilizing influence of the railroad.

The next morning we started out for what proved to be our last day's real tramp. It sprinkled several times during the day, but we made good progress, climbing two mountains—4000 feet up and down twice beside walking twenty-nine miles. At seven o'clock in the evening we were still at the top of the last peak and the clouds were all about us. We hurried down as fast as we could go, and as we came down out of the clouds we had one of the most unique views I think I have ever seen. The clouds just above our heads were like the roof of heaven, while below the atmosphere was as clear as crystal. The light from the western sky shed a peculiar silvery whiteness over the scene and was reflected in the columns of fog which rose from the valley like smoke from innumerable camp-fires. We had three miles to go down the mountain side after night set in. It was only by feeling our way with our walking canes or making a spurt as the lightning illumed the way that we were able to proceed at all. We could not see each other and had to call or whistle to keep together. It was so dark we did not attempt to keep our feet dry, but slopped through mud and water, waded two or three running streams. Just as we came within sight of the light which told us we were near the end of the journey we lost our way and could not seem to find the way down to the house. Several times we were in imminent danger of stepping off steep embankments, and before we could get back on the road it began to pour down—and such a rain! In two minutes we were soaked from head to foot. When we reached the house they had no place to keep us and no other house was near. What a relief to know this! Finally we were given a blanket each and taken across the road to an old shed where, after fastening the door to keep out hogs and other animals, we divested ourselves of wet clothes

and rolled up in our blankets. It was such a comfort the next morning to have those wet clothes to put on again!

After breakfast we boarded the little mountain railway for Newport, Tenn. It was through some wild country that we rode that morning down the raging Pigeon river, but we were glad to say good-bye to the wilds when we came in sight of civilization. Just before going into the city we took snap shots of each other for placing in the "rogue's gallery." We certainly looked the part. We were glad to get shaved and into civilized attire once more. This just about ended our tramp, with the exception of a five-mile walk out in the country to Professor Norton's birthplace. We thoroughly enjoyed the ride on the train up through the beautiful Shenendoah valley to Harper's Ferry, stopping enroute to visit Natural Bridge in Virginia. We had spent nearly all our money when we reached Washington, so went to the restaurant and spent the rest of it in a grand "blowout." We reached Hyattsville about 1 o'clock in the morning. All the participants unite in saying it was the best vacation they had ever had and hope it may not be their last overland tramp.

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Basket-ball.

- K. S. A. C., 27; K. U., 42.
- K. S. A. C., 59; Cotner, 25.
- K. S. A. C., 31; Nebraska, 36.
- K. S. A. C., 42; Iowa Aggies, 32.

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**Wabaunsee Alumni Reunion.**

The annual reunion of the Wabaunsee County Alumni Association was held December 18. Thirty graduates, "graduates in-law" and former students were present, eleven of whom were graduates. Prof. J. T. Willard and Prof. J. E. Kammeyer were guests of the association and enlivened the occasion with speeches. An enjoyable feature of the reunion was the banquet which bore testimony of the worth of the Domestic Science Department.

# EDITORIAL

Hints and rumors continue to come from Lawrence of dissatisfaction over the relative position of affairs between Kansas University and the College. The question was discussed in full a few weeks ago by Chancellor Strong in the biennial report of the University board of regents to the governor, and has caused considerable comment by the press of the State. The various plans which he presents for the settlement of the difficulty are chiefly advantageous to the University to the disadvantage of the College. This, however, was to be expected. The more radical measures which he suggests appear to be singularly impracticable and for that reason do not bode any great danger to the College.

It is obvious to both enemies and friends of the proposition that the union of the two institutions in administration would result in the advancement of one at the expense of the other, probably to the extent that a complete consolidation would eventually take place. Then, too, the difference in the aims of the two would argue for separate management. The suggestion that the College be restricted in its duplication of work is remarkably inconsistent when coming from the University. Chancellor Strong in his recent discussion of the needs of the University says:

"To educate our young people away from the farm is to educate them out of the State; and one of the great defects arising out of the separation of the state educational institutions, as we have it in Kansas, is that the large body of men and women in the University cannot get the contact with agricultural, horticultural, and allied subjects connected with farm life. I regard it, therefore, as very impor-

tant that the University of Kansas put in a few courses in agriculture and horticulture that shall in no wise be extended into anything like a duplication of the Agricultural College, but shall merely afford the University students some glimpse into the scientific life of the farm, just as the Agricultural College makes use of many of the subjects belonging in a college of liberal arts."

The last phrases serve as a safeguard against charges of intended duplication on the part of the University, but discerning minds cannot fail to regard the plan as a wedge to be forced into the field of the Agricultural College.

The *Graduate Magazine* of the University, in the December issue, presents an editorial upon the relations existing between the two institutions and charges that "some ill-advised and worse-informed criticism of the University has been published by an official of the Agricultural College; and other similar articles have been sent about the State for publication." We need only point to the fact that this same "ill-advised criticism" is based upon the statutes of the State of Kansas and the reports of the legislature, all of which are open to the inspection of any one who desires to ascertain the truth in the matter. The editorial further states that the discussion by the chancellor is "the result of wide and painstaking investigation and is characterized by the dispassionate spirit of statesmanship." Then comes the somewhat sweeping assertion that upon the adoption of a course of action for the future, fixing a status for the University and the College, rests the success or failure of the entire educational

system of Kansas. It is unnecessary to speak of the history of the College, of its marvelous growth in spite of adversity since the time of its organization, of its adherence to the purpose for which it was founded—"the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes." In view of these facts no very great apprehension need be felt over the maintenance of this end of the educational system of Kansas.

The Kansas State Farmers' Institute recently held at the College serves to bring into prominence the value of the College to the farmers of the State. The untiring efforts of Supt. J. H. Miller, of the Farmers' Institute Department, in bringing to Kansas farmers and their families, through the local institutes, the abundant opportunities which the College affords, have resulted in the yet more profitable state-wide institute. Hundreds of farmers for whom a college course is an impossibility are yet able to keep abreast of the times through the new ideas and inspirations which the College freely extends to them. It is another case where "Mohammed comes to the mountain." Nor does the work end here; as its broadening influence comes to be more and more widely distributed, so much more will it be felt in the prosperity and uplift of the nation.

This month we are glad to present to you the likeness of Edwin H. Webster, '96, and the accompanying sketch by Prof. George C. Wheeler. We share in the pride which the College and the State at large feel over the election of Mr. Webster, and we further feel that the Board of Regents is to be highly commended and congratulated upon their wisdom in making this selection. The ALUMNUS most heartily welcomes Mr. Webster and his wife, Florence Eleanor Fryhofer, '95, back to Manhattan.

A member of the committee which selected the College color says that purple and white have come to be so associated in the decorations for College festivities that there is danger that the younger generation may take the combination to be the official College colors. It should be made clear that purple alone was selected to represent the College, and that white is merely used to relieve it in decorating.

#### *Washington Alumni Association.*

The Washington Association of K. S. A. C. Alumni held their annual business meeting at the residence of Mr. H. T. Neilsen on the evening of Dec. 17, 1908. Nineteen members were present, and a very lively and interesting session resulted. The names of A. B. Cron, '08, W. G. Shelley, '07, and H. R. Reed, '07, were added to the list of members. These men are now in the employ of the Bureau of Plant Industry, U. S. Department of Agriculture. Before their election they had voted for the officers of the association. The question of the validity of this election was therefore called in question by some, and a lively debate ensued. Several prominent members mentioned in connection with their remarks that they were in much doubt themselves as to whether they had received the honor of an election to membership. This Rip Van Winkle snooze was disturbed, however, by the secretary when he read the record of their election from the secretary's book. The disturbance finally resulted in the repeal of that section of our by-laws which provides for the election of members. The intention is to make the fact of a graduate's residence in Washington or vicinity a prescribed length of time virtual election to this association.

The committee appointed last spring to organize the work of assisting the Board of Regents in selecting a successor to President Nichols re-

ported. The report was accepted and the committee discharged.

E. H. Webster, who was about to sever his connections with the association here to take up his work at the College as director of the Experiment Station and dean of agriculture, made a farewell talk which combined in a statement of his regrets at leaving Washington a brief sketch of his ideals for the work at K. S. A. C.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Julia R. Pearce, '90; first vice-president, H. C. Umberger, '05; second vice-president, Nicholas Schmitz, '04; secretary, H. N. Vinall, '03; assistant secretary, W. R. Ballard, '05; treasurer, H. C. Kyle, '03.  
H. N. VINALL.

#### *Visit of Mrs. Nellie Kedzie-Jones to the College.*

The alumni of earlier years who reside in Manhattan have been rejoicing over a visit from Mrs. Kedzie-Jones, January 9-13. During her stay in Manhattan she was the honor guest at a reception given by Mrs. E. R. Nichols, one by Mrs. J. T. Willard and a third by the Domestic Science Club of the city. These occasions were delightfully informal, affording opportunity for her large number of friends to see and talk personally with her. Mrs. Kedzie-Jones was on her way home from Colorado, where she gave an address, "The Girl Who Can," before the State Teachers' Association. While at Victor, Colo., she visited with Mrs. Edith (Lantz) Simmons, '96, and at Elkton, Colo., was the guest of D. C. McDowell, '91, and Mrs. McDowell, formerly Lee Stingley. Mrs. Kedzie-Jones addressed the State Board of Agriculture at Topeka, January 15, on the subject, "The Great-Granddaughters of Kansas Pioneers," and shortly afterward left for her home in Kalamazoo, Mich. In February she expects to visit Mrs. Mary (Lyman) Otis, '94, at Madison, Wis., at which time she will lecture before

the domestic science short course classes in the University of Wisconsin.

#### *Campus Notes.*

It is the present intention of the street-car company to run their trolley line west on Moro street, entering the campus south of the Auditorium.

The Society Lecture Course continues to be strictly high class in its entertainments. Strickland W. Gillilan, who appeared December 10 with "Sunshine and Awkwardness," succeeded in dispensing the former in goodly measure, while he personified the latter. The Elma B. Smith Company presented a most original program of music and readings, January 7.

The literary societies have held their preliminary contests, and the following representatives will appear in the intersociety oratorical contest: Ionian, Miss Stella Hawkins; Webster, Mr. Harry Colwell; Alpha Beta, Mr. D. C. Bascom; Eurodelphian, Miss Georgia Randels; Hamilton, Mr. J. Z. Martin; Athenian, Mr. Fritz Harri; Franklin, Mr. J. S. Daniels. The contest will take place on the night of January 30.

The ALUMNUS is the recipient of a neat little Christmas folder bearing the following pithy sentiment, of which J. U. Higinbotham, '86, is the author:

"A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

"Don't grunt and chuck it into the waste-basket. The fact that it is repeated every year by countless millions does not mean that it is a gold brick. If it had been, the gilt would have been worn off long ago. It is legal tender in the realm of good-fellowship and is the most elastic currency in the world. The man who gives it is more enriched than the man to whom it is given. Therefore get into the plutocrat class by circulating it as far and wide as possible."



# PERSONAL



Ruth Mudge, '01, made a holiday visit to her parents in Manhattan.

L. V. Sanford, '04, won several prizes in the corn contest at the State Farmers' Institute.

Lois Failyer, '07, has recently accepted a position to teach domestic science at Lafayette, La.

C. B. Holsinger, '95, has recently been elected treasurer of the Kansas State Horticultural Association.

Lura Wharton, junior last year, attended the domestic science lectures at the College during the institute week.

R. J. Brock and Mayme (Houghton) Brock, both of '91, returned a few weeks ago from a sight-seeing trip to Cuba.

F. A. Kiene, '06, attended the Farmers' Institute in charge of a large delegation of boys from Shawnee county.

J. E. Cooley, '07, and Ralph Cooley, sophomore in '05, spent the holidays with their parents in Manhattan. Ralph is a graduate of the Montana Agricultural College, class of '08.

Married, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth P. Henley, in Gridley, Kan., December 24, Carl Frederick Pfuetze, '93, and Miss Alice Henley. Mr. and Mrs. Pfuetze will live in their new cottage at 515 Bluemont Avenue, Manhattan.

Cards announcing the marriage of Frank Lorin Bates, '04, and Miss Pearl Anna Bird have been received by the *Alumnus*. The wedding occurred on Christmas day at the home of the bride in Ann Arbor, Mich. They came directly to Manhattan, where they will make their home with Mr. Bates' parents.

Among the December weddings is that of Dr. C. D. Blachly, '02, and Miss Lucy Spire, which took place December 5 at Independence, Kan. Doctor and Mrs. Blachly are at home in Hewins, Kan.

On December 24, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. David Kraus near Tampa, Kan., occurred the wedding of Miss Jennie Kraus and Geo. F. Bean, '02. Since January 1 they have been at home to their friends at Saint George, Kan., where Mr. Bean is employed by the Walters Construction Company.

Harry Hill, sophomore last year, and Grace Hawkins, former member of the '09 class, were married Christmas eve at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hawkins, at Marysville, Kan. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. W. Atkinson, pastor of the Baptist church of Manhattan. Mr. Hill is becoming favorably known in Manhattan as an architect and has just finished a handsome brick house at 724 Laramie street, where they will be at home after January 15.

W. T. McCall, '08, and D. L. Orendorff, sophomore last year, have chosen Manhattan as the site for their hay tool factory and have already begun the work of building. They do not expect to prepare for very extensive manufacturing the first year, but will devote their efforts to the making of a few sample machines which will be put into operation next summer as a final test of the invention. The machine, which is twenty feet long by thirteen feet wide, picks up, carries and delivers its own load without the use of forks. The young men have bought the patents of certain other hay tools and will make them also.

Myra Myers, student in '02-'03, is a graduate nurse of Christ Hospital, Topeka, Kan.

Mrs. Olive (Wilson) Holsinger, '95, of Rosedale, Kan., made the holidays the occasion of a visit to Chicago.

The address of A. D. Stoddard, '06, has been changed from 600 West Seventeenth street to Box 529, Kansas City, Mo.

Mrs. Bessie (Perry) Harling, former student, with her three daughters is up from Oklahoma to spend the winter with her parents in Manhattan.

Helen Thompson, '03, director of domestic science in Lincoln College, Ill., spent the holidays visiting friends in Manhattan and Wamego, Kan.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Curtis, of Kansas City, Kan., are the parents of a daughter born December 18. Mrs. Curtis was formerly Eusebia Knipe, '90.

Mrs. Caroline (Hopps) DeLong, of Kalamazoo, Mich., former instructor in English, is the mother of a daughter, Margaret Elizabeth, born November 15.

A. N. H. Beeman, '05, is reading proof for the Dodsworth Book Company at Leavenworth, Kan. His address is Grand Avenue and High street.

Minnie L. Copeland, class of '98, has resigned her work as surgical assistant to Dr. Schuyler Nichols, also '98, and is now at her home in Quenemo, Kan.

W. T. Gilliford, '06, is employed as wire chief in the Rogers Park Telephone Exchange of the Chicago Telephone Company. This exchange has about 6000 telephones.

Otto Weyer, dairy short course, '00, and student at various times from '94 to '01, is now farming at Bailyville, Kan. Mr. Weyer attended the State Farmers' Institute and took a lively interest in all the sessions.

G. M. Graves, student in the early seventies, lives on an eighty-acre farm near Effingham, Kan., and is said to be one of the best farmers in Atchison county.

Harry Wells, a former student, is cashier of the First National Bank at Belleville, Kan. As a side line he is doing a profitable business in Shetland ponies and Scotch collie dogs.

Stella (Kimball) Tucker, '94, arrived in Manhattan, January 2, for a visit with home folks. Mrs. Tucker has been for the past ten months in a hospital at Nogales, Ariz., but is now improving rapidly. W. P. Tucker, '92, has resigned his position as chief clerk for the Pacific Smelting and Refining Company, at Fundicion, Sonora, Mexico, and is also at Manhattan.

A reunion of the class of '08 was held the evening of January 2 at the home of Prof. and Mrs. J. T. Willard. Those present were: Misses Jessie Allen, Hulda Bennett, Mabel Bower, Cecile Graham, Elizabeth Hassebroek, Helen Huse, Venus Kimble, Olive McKeeman, Blanche Robertson, Hallie Smith, Florence Dresser and Messrs. Raymond Brink, Bea Cave, Frank Harris, Fred Hayes, Ralph Hull, W. T. McCall, George Moffitt, Ray Thompson, Dan Walters, Bruce Wilson, Charles Willard, and A. R. Snapp.

J. C. Cunningham, '05, and Alice (Ross) Cunningham, '03, attended a reunion of the Cunningham family and a few of their friends at Fairview Okla., at Christmas time. Among the other College people present were Mamie Cunningham, '05, Margaret Cunningham, '07, A. D. Holloway, '07, L. R. Cunningham, former student, and I. W. Williams, former student and guard on the football team of '96. Mr. Williams is now editor of the *Fairview Leader*. There were twenty-eight guests in all, thirteen of whom were younger members of the family, prospective students of K. S. A. C.

C. H. Thompson, '93, is the father of a son, born December 16.

F. E. Balmer, '05, is doing post-graduate work in College this term.

William Ljungdahl, a former member of the '05 class, is farming south of Manhattan.

Jay Dow, '06, and E. W. Thurston, '06, may be addressed at 1002 First Avenue, Maywood, Ill.

T. E. Dial, '04, holds a responsible position as civil engineer in Chicago. Reinforced cement work is his special line.

Robert Hougham, student in '06-'07, is home from his claim in Canada to spend the winter with his parents in Manhattan.

Prof. Olof Valley went to Washington, D. C., during vacation to attend the Musicians' Association held there at that time.

John Hoffman Johntz was born December 6 to Mr. J. E. Johntz and Mrs. Daisy (Hoffman) Johntz, '00, of Abilene, Kan.

L. M. Graham, '06, is commercial engineer in the transformer department of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, N. Y.

Ralph Snyder, '90, is president of the Jefferson county bank at Oskaloosa, and divides his time between finance and agriculture.

Mr. P. J. Newman, of Franklin, Ind., has been elected assistant in chemistry at the College, to fill a position recently created by the Regents.

The friends of J. B. Thompson, '05, will be glad to know that he is on his way home from the Philippines, having been transferred to Washington, D. C., with an increase in salary.

C. W. Pape, '95, writes that he is still at the old stand, and invites any alumnus who chances to pass that way to drop in at the Beatrice Creamery, Lincoln, Neb., and shake hands.

L. W. Lawson, '07, is with the Allis-Chalmers Company at West Allis, Wis. His address is 459 Sixty-fourth Avenue.

L. R. Elder, '06, paid a visit of several days to the College the first of the year. Mr. Elder is making good in the Chicago office of the General Electric, as commercial engineer. His address is 1047 Monadnock building.

Russell S. Thompson, of Manhattan, has been granted the Dana Scholarship of the class of 1852 in Harvard University. Mr. Thompson is a son of the late George F. Thompson, former superintendent of printing at the College.

Willitt R. Correll, '99, and Miss Nettie Kimble, of Overbrook, Kan., were married, December 6, in Abingdon, Ill. They are the guests of Mr. Correll's parents in Manhattan until their own home in the north part of town is completed.

Mr. Andrew Logan, of Tavistock, Canada, has been elected instructor in commercial dairying at the College. Mr. Logan is a graduate of the Reading (England) Agricultural College and of Midland Dairy Institute, Derby, Eng. Beside this, he owns several diplomas and medals awarded by various agricultural societies in England and Scotland. He has had wide experience in creamery management and will be a valuable addition to the Dairy Department.

The Topeka Alumni Association held a special meeting, December 3, at the home of Howard N. Rhodes, '96, and Wilma (Cross) Rhodes, '04. The most important business of the evening, after refreshments, was the consideration of the next annual banquet, and it was decided that the date of the banquet shall be Friday, March 5, 1909. A committee of general arrangements was appointed. After the business session came renewal of acquaintances and a lively social hour.

Ben Skinner, '91, is living at Concordia, Kan.

A. R. Snapp, '08, is located at Belleville, Kan.

Grace Streeter, '07, is taking post-graduate work in College.

Grace Smith, '08, is teaching classes in the Preparatory Department.

C. E. Davis, '06, lives at 104 South Common street, West Lynn, Mass.

Fanny G. Noyes, '99, has changed her address to 1458 Wyandotte Avenue, Lakewood, Ohio.

Laura G. Day, '93, came from Menomonie, Wis., to spend her vacation with relatives at Wichita, Kan.

W. M. Wright, '87, and wife (Sarah Cottrell, '94) are living on a rice farm of two hundred acres at Welsh, La.

Captain P. M. Shaffer, of the 25th Infantry, U. S. A., will return with his regiment from the Philippines, in the spring, and will be stationed at Denver, Colo.

J. B. Dorman, '96, and Miss Helen Van Allen Knight were united in marriage December 24. They are living at 149 Wardwell Avenue, West New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.

The friends of Gertrude Eakin, former student, and soloist, will be glad to know of her success in the musical world. On December 19 she sang in Grand Opera in the largest theater in Chicago.

The following alumni won prizes at the National Corn Exposition held last month in Omaha; J. G. Haney, '99, W. R. Hildreth, '02, F. B. Morlan, '00, H. V. Harlan, '04, L. V. Sanford, '04, E. G. Schafer, '07.

Henry B. Winter and Dan Walters, both architects with the class of '08, have formed a partnership and have opened an office in Manhattan. Both young men are capable members of their profession and together they form a combination which ought to succeed.

Josephine Edwards, '05, holds the position of housekeeper and dietician in the F. F. Thompson Memorial Hospital in Canandaigua, N. Y.

Mrs. Mary P. Van Zile spent Christmas at her home in Winfield, Ia. Upon her return she gave an address before the State Horticultural Society at Topeka, then came on to Manhattan to assist in the special domestic science course.

C. E. Bassler, '07, attended the Kansas State Veterinary Medical Association at Topeka, January 12-13, and visited Manhattan friends on the way. Doctor Bassler is enjoying his practise at Halstead, Kan., and says he is getting plenty of valuable experience.

Crete Augusta Spencer, '05, and Lathrop W. Fielding, '05, were united in marriage, Tuesday evening, January 12, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. T. C. Spencer, in Manhattan. They left January 14 for Jonesboro, Ark., where they will be at home at 519 West Jefferson street.

Prof. J. D. Walters is writing a history of the College, which will be published within a short time. The book will contain over two hundred pages, and it is safe to predict that it will be filled with interesting and valuable material from cover to cover.

The College is unfortunate in losing Carl Elling, '04, who has been an assistant in the Animal Husbandry Department for more than a year past. Mr. Elling has gone to Cuba to fill a position with the Cuban American Sugar Trust Company, in which position he will have charge of the live stock of the company on the island. It will be remembered that after his graduation Mr. Elling was assistant in the department of animal husbandry in the experiment station at Santiago de las Vegas, Cuba. He is therefore well fitted for his new position, and he leaves the College with the best wishes of the department and the confidence of its members in his future success.

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John White, student in '00, is manager of the *Daily News*, of Victor, Colo.

J. A. Thompson, '03, writes from Cebu, Cebu, P. I., that he was in Manila when the battle-ship fleet came in and while there met J. B. Thompson, '05, R. R. Birch, '06, and H. A. Ireland, '07. Mr. Thompson is veterinarian of the post of Cebu and is situated not far from H. A. Spilman, '03.

On the program of weekly lectures and discussions before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, extending from January 2 until March 6, appear the names of Prof. E. A. White, who will deliver a lecture upon the subject, "Ornamental Gardens and Garden Materials," and Prof. F. A. Waugh, '90, who will speak upon "American Landscape Architecture."

Alumni visitors to the College have been numerous the past month. Following is a list of those who attended the institute or visited friends in Manhattan: E. H. Perry, '86, Rev. E. M. Paddleford, '89, and Mrs. Louise (Reed) Paddleford, '91, D. H. Otis, '92, C. V. Holsinger, '95, T. W. Morse, '95, and Mrs. Lorena (Helder) Morse, '94, C. D. McCauley, '96, C. B. Ingman, '97, W. O. Peterson, '97, Olive (Sheldon) Parker, '98, J. G. Haney, '99, L. V. Sanford, '04, Elizabeth (Finlayson) Zuck, '04, and D. H. Zuck, former student, Al. Cassel, '05 and '07, W. E. Wat-

kins, '06, C. I. Weaver, '06, D. H. Gripton, '06, Raymond Harrison, '06, Laura Lyman, '06, M. R. Shuler, '06, Carroll Walker, '07, W. T. Scholz, '07, A. D. Holloway, '07, Ernest Adams, '07, Ole Olsen, '07, Stella Finlayson, '07, A. R. Snapp, '08, E. C. Farrar, junior in '05.

Alice Loomis, '04, writes from the Rhode Island College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, at Kingston, Rhode Island: "I had just begun a letter to you telling that New York is so attractive that I wished I might stay here indefinitely, and then in a few days I left to take this substitute position for the remainder of the year. My instructors were kind enough to give me permission to take the examinations in January and I am fondly hoping that I may spend all year in college. This is a tiny school with less than two hundred students, but is well equipped and requires four years high school work for entrance. The home economics work was begun this fall, so my work is largely freshman. I think this little corner of New England will prove very interesting. I am promised a clam bake next summer and expect to be quite a New Englander by that time. I met a man by my name in Teachers' College who said he and his father had always stayed near the old Loomis home in Connecticut, but I am afraid I was

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glad my father had gone westward. Among the many things I left undone in New York was a visit to Miss Florence Corbett, '95, on Blackwell Island, who very kindly invited me to visit her and her work. I also had to give up two classes in cooking that I was teaching, one in Jersey City and one in New York. Another course of lessons I was to have begun the week I left would have been interesting I think. A wealthy girl wanted to learn to make coffee and biscuits, build a coal fire, and not "learn just entrees and fancy things." At first it hurt my conscience to take enough and even more money for a week's board at New York prices for two hours' teaching white sauces, custards and scalloped vegetables, but I suppose if girls want to learn that way they ought to have a chance."

*Dear Alumnus:*

In remitting my subscription to our fine little periodical I wish to send holiday greetings to the ALUMNUS, the alumni, and the K. S. A. C. Next month I shall begin my second two-year term as county engineer with all the work I can attend to—and then some. I have three sons working hard at the University, Seattle, taking the civil engineering course. I am enjoying good health and am reasonably happy.

A. N. GODFREY, '78.

WASHINGTON ALUMNI NEWS.

Harry Stanley Nielsen was born August 23, 1908, to H. T. Nielsen, '03, and Mrs. Nielsen.

J. B. S. Norton, '96, and Mrs. Norton are the parents of a daughter, Frances Louise, born in November.

The friends of Milo Hastings, '06, will be interested to learn of his marriage, early last summer, to a Kentucky young lady.

J. B. Norton, '97, has returned to the government service after a year spent as instructor at Cornell. He is engaged in tobacco investigations.

C. P. Hartley, '92, has recently completed an institute trip in South Carolina. He attended also a scientific meeting in Columbus, Ohio, where he delivered an illustrated lecture and acted as judge of corn.

C. H. Kyle, '03, acted as corn judge at the Maryland Cereals and Forage Crop Breeders' Association held in Baltimore, December 2 and 3. The Maryland Horticultural Association was held in conjunction with this meeting, and the following alumni were in charge of exhibitions: J. B. S. Norton, '96, A. B. Gahan, '03, W. R. Ballard, '05, L. M. Peairs, '05.

One hundred twenty girls were enrolled in the domestic science short course last term.

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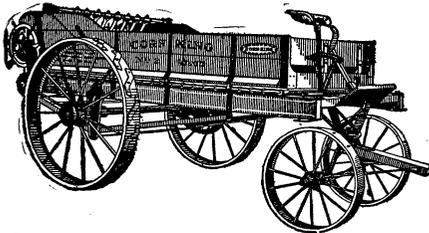
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