

U. P. Uman

The Jayhawk

Vol. II

No. 5



MAIN DRIVEWAY



SOUTH-EAST ENTRANCE



LOVERS LANE

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THE STUDENTS' PUBLISHING COMPANY
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KANSAS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

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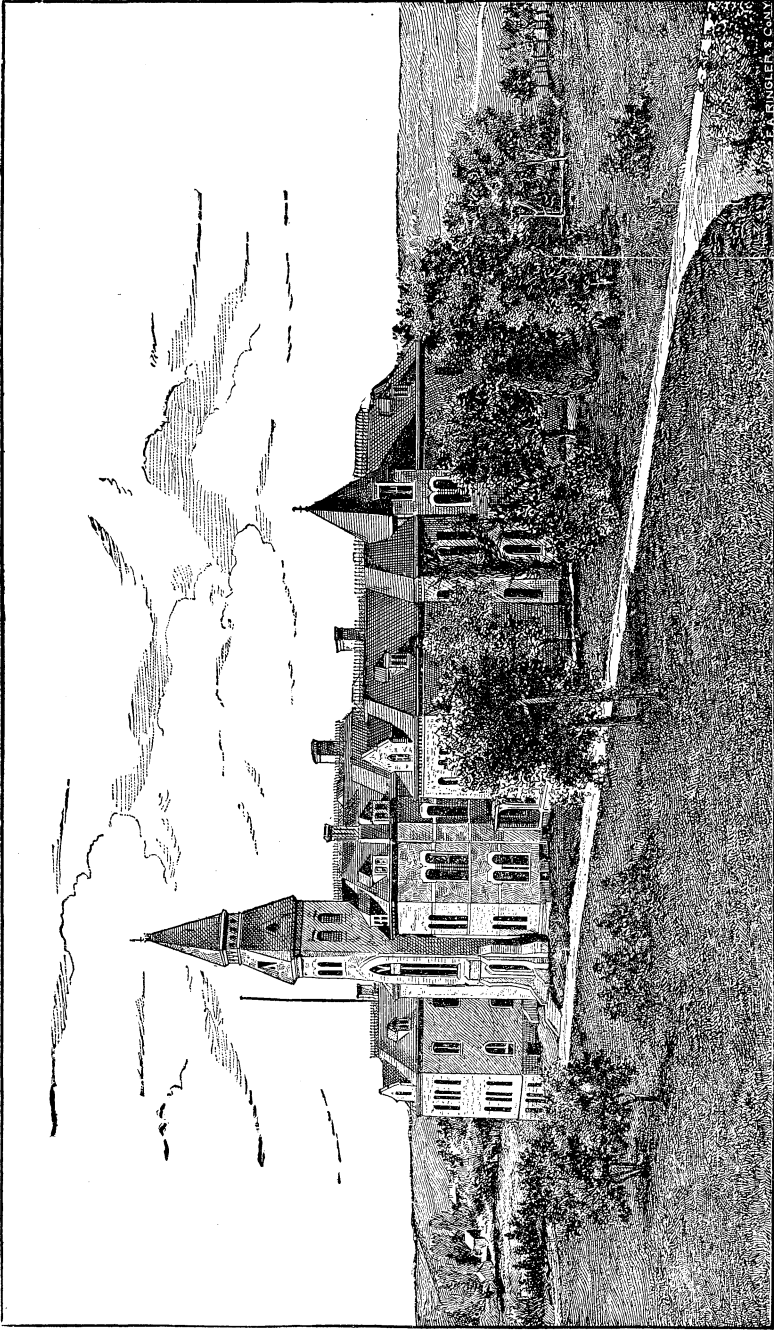
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Main Building (taken from catalogue for 1887-'88.



DON'T WAIT FOR OPPORTUNITIES; MAKE THEM.

VOL. II.

FEBRUARY 15, 1904.

NO. 4

The Mountain Currant.

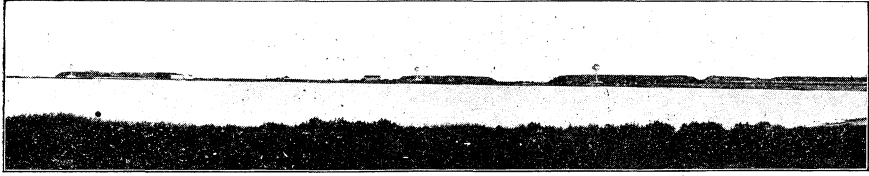
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W. H. Pugh, '98.  
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Homely shrub with homely flower,
Child of granite, crag and glen,
Blooming in thy rugged bower,
Almost out of mortal ken.

Yet a climber up the steep,
Caught a perfume wild and free;
Breathed it, rested, sank to sleep,
Knowing not it came from thee.

There he gathered strength and fleetness;
Journeyed up with heart aglow;
But he carried with him sweetness
From the little glen below.

Bloom on ever, modest blossom;
Queen of fragrance in thy bower;
Sweetest perfume says thy lesson
Issues from the homeliest flower.



General View from the Rear.

Fortress Monroe.

NEARLY three hundred years ago, on a May morning, Captain Newport, with his storm-tossed ships, sailed into the mouth of the James river. As he entered those now historic waters, the storm which had swept his vessels had spent its fury. Befitting it was, after the long cruise, begun in December, 1606, that the point of land that gladdened those sailors at the juncture of the river and bay should be called "Point Comfort." To-day this place is called "Old Point Comfort." Little, perhaps, did those seamen and adventurers dream of the marvelous results that were to emanate from this visit and settlement in this, then new, wild and unknown world. They could not foresee that the greatest nation of the earth was to spring from this settlement made at Jamestown in 1607. Many events since the 13th day of May, 1670, have made this region sacred, not only to the memory of the founders of our country, but also to the memory of other heroes, who have had no little part in making this country what it is to-day.

Point Comfort has ever been a place of strategic importance. Fortifications placed there in colonial times attempted to guard the mouth of the James river, that important harbor and entrance to Virginia. This point of land is a commanding one and is still of vital importance in coast defense.

In 1817 the United States government, with the assistance of Gen. Simon Bernard, a noted French engineer, began the building of the pres-

ent fortifications known as Fortress Monroe, at Old Point Comfort, Va. The fort is situated on the north side of the James river. To-day it is one of the most powerful of modern fortifications. The nearby, thriving southern city and port at Norfolk; the U. S. Navy Yard, at Portsmouth (Norfolk); the great ship-building enterprise and shipping center, at Newport News; Hampton Roads, the famous harbor and rendezvous of all nations; and the navigable James river, leading into our country, well merit this fortification as a means of defense. It stands for a principle which no true American will ever relinquish—resistance to foreign invasion.

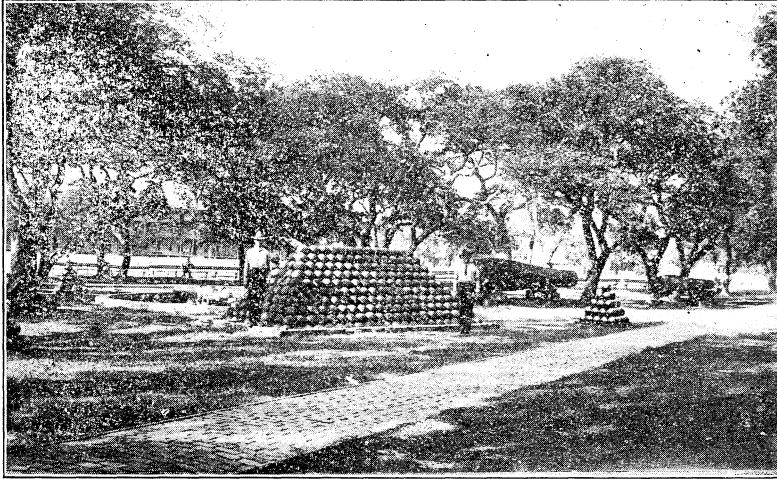
Just south of Fortress Monroe, in the channel of the James river, stands an old fortification—Fort Wool (once known as Fort Calhoun, but now spoken of as the "Rip-Raps"). To this never completed fort hangs a tale of a disastrous federal scheme, costing millions of dollars with no compensating returns.

Fortress Monroe is a fortified place—a fortress indeed. It occupies nearly one hundred acres of land. As originally designed, the older fortification was to mount nearly four hundred cannons in casemates and in barbettes. The works first constructed, at a cost of nearly three million dollars, still stand, an irregular hexagon. This structure, with its double tiers of cannon on two sides, is protected by bastions and surrounded by a moat or water ditch. The scarp wall of the main works rises seventeen feet above high tide.

Since the civil war and the perfec-

tion of modern guns, vast improvements have been made. The old works are subordinate to the new fortifications built farther up the coast of the bay. In the older part is situated the barracks and quarters for the nearly one thousand enlisted men. Many of the nearly two score com-

ary war. Here, too, are seen specimens of huge, antiquated cast guns; cannon thought to be powerful engines of destruction in their time, but now useless heaps of old iron—landmarks—stepping-stones in the progress of warfare. On the south rampart are seen specimens of these old guns and



Trophy Park.

pany officers live within the enclosure. Within the enclosure is a large, open area devoted to athletic exercises, parade and infantry drill. The pleasant walks, the greensward, the cool and shady places beneath the many trees—elm, live oak and magnolia—make it indeed a pleasant home. The cool breezes from off the ocean in summer time and the mild winters add to the attractiveness of it all. Here the soldier's life in many ways is a pleasant one. Reveille may seem to be early in the morning and duty calls many and not far between, yet the surroundings of this place are the most delightful and interesting that the writer has ever seen.

To the visitor, Trophy Park is an object of particular interest. Here are relics of bygone conquests, such as mortars and cannons of Yorktown and Saratoga, prizes of the revolution-

a modern rifle mounted on barbette carriages. Along this whole wall is seen what might have been a continuous line of cast cannon exposed on the very top of the wall and as close together as they could be worked.

The modern gun shown in the cut is an eight-inch breech-loading rifle. As small as it is it hurls a steel projectile weighing three hundred pounds ten miles out to sea. At one thousand yards this missile will penetrate fifteen inches of solid steel.

A general view of the newer fortifications from the rear, at about a half-mile distance, shows several sections of earthworks. Here are situated some of the strongest of modern guns. These enormous disappearing cannon obey the delicate yet powerful carriage mechanism and noiselessly and stealthily rise above the parapet; the same instant three to five hundred

pounds of smokeless powder explodes and hurls with a deafening crash a steel projectile, of five hundred to one thousand pounds, miles out over the sea.

In target practice the location of the enemy (target) is noted by men in the observation towers. These

million dollars are going on now. Some of the old historic buildings are being torn down, and new ones are being built. The old house where Jefferson Davis was imprisoned and in irons was taken down last summer. Last month there was dedicated a forty thousand dollar Y. M. C. A.



Lieutenant Mitchell in his "Quarters."

men transmit their readings to the hidden gunners, who then translate the readings, set the gun accordingly, and with a gentle force start the carriage mechanism, the gun rises and is discharged. The recoil returns it to its place without a jar, and all is ready for a new charge.

Up farther along the coast is the mortar battery, hidden from view by a belt of forest. No one except the soldiers know what is there. No one except an approaching enemy can find out. Here, it is said, are the most destructive engines of war of the whole fortification. This part of Uncle Sam's strength is jealously and effectively guarded.

Though no other Atlantic seaport is so strongly guarded as is Hampton Roads, yet changes of great importance are continually being made. Improvements to the extent of three

building, the gift of Miss Helen Gould. A handsome church is being built, also. Commendable efforts are being made to help those soldiers, men and boys quartered there, to be true men indeed.

Knowing the importance and magnitude of Fortress Monroe, we of this College cannot but feel proud of one of its officers, an alumnus of this College, of the class of '99, Lieut. R. B. Mitchell, whose likeness you see on this page. This efficient and thoroughly gentlemanly officer has been at his post a little over one year now, and since being stationed there has been promoted to the first lieutenancy.

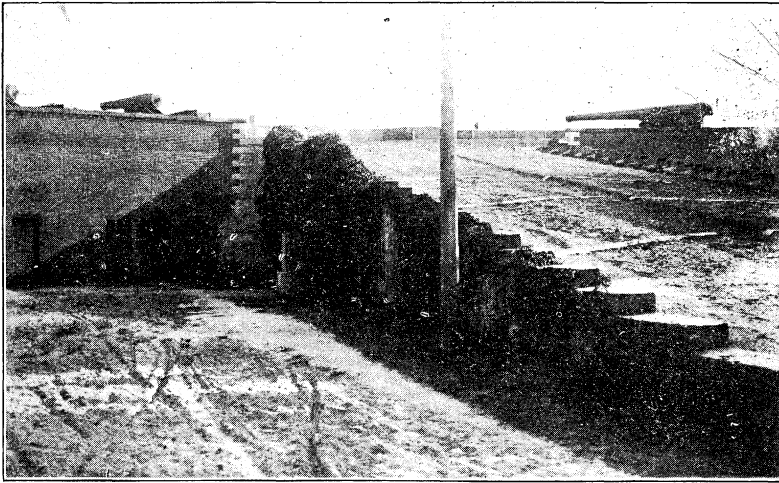
Time takes us through strange things. Here at College, Lieutenant Mitchell was one of the "barn boys," working his way through College; then two years in the Philippine Islands as a soldier and officer; now

one commanding the men behind the guns of the strongest fort on our Atlantic coast. But, as he told the writer the day those pictures were taken, through all these changes he is still in the land where he has to darn his own socks.

ROBT. E. EASTMAN.

clothing and shelter, which minister to those bodily needs that are older than the cravings of the mind. Hence it is difficult to determine which preceded the other.

In its earliest forms, culture is an economy—a practical, useful thing



Old and Modern Style Guns, South Wall (Fortress Monroe.)

Economic Significance of Culture.

Paraphrased from an article written by Prof. F. H. Giddings, in *Political Science Quarterly* for September, 1903.

THE word economy has come to be a very general term. It means the wholesystem of industry and business, the production and distribution of wealth, and also means the total phenomena of wants and satisfactions.

The products of culture are both universal and economic; however, it should be known whether or not the facts of culture are economic in some precise sense, as the facts of industry are, and whether or not culture in general is an economy of an order different from the economy called industry. If so, which is fundamental or primary?

"Historically culture had a vast development before industry got beyond its rudest beginnings." Industry, however, supplies us with food,

only of late has it become a diversion.

The mimicries, cries and gestures, used by lower animals to beguile game, are the beginnings of all language and art. Primitive man develops the cries of bird and beast into speech. He develops mimicry into arts, by which he secures his food and finally through which his interests are broadened, his ideas enlarged and his mind disciplined.

Whatever culture may be to-day, it is true that it has been an economic system as truly as industry now is. "It was the economy of primitive man, and was the first means of altering and protecting his food supply and of changing the immaterial needs, thereby greatly broadening economic demand and strengthening economic motive. Yet the economy of primitive man was very different from that which now maintains the enormous population of the world."

In describing the evolution of economy from a psychological point of view, three stages of development may be noted, the organic, the instinctive, and the rational economy. The economy of plant life is organic only, that of animal life is organic and instinctive, while that of human life is organic, instinctive and rational. Man alone systematically attempts to improve his condition. His first attempts are directed by animistic conceptions of nature. His economy is ceremonial, and it is not until late in his career that he becomes a systematic worker and develops a business economy. The ceremonial economy of primitive man and the business economy of modern man are both in a sense rational (they have passed beyond the economy of mere instinct), but the one is animistic while the other is scientific.

The phenomena of the organic, instinctive and ceremonial economies belong to one grand division of economic science, while the phenomena of industry belong to another. In order to determine the true economic significance of culture, this distinction must be noted.

It is necessary to refer briefly to the phenomena of wants and satisfactions which are the data of all economic theory.

The original wants of an organism are those of energy-supplying substance and of stimuli for inducing a discharge of energy. Food is not the only original want, for if the energies which result from the assimilation of food could not be expended, life would perish almost as quickly as it would through starvation. The multiplications of wants and of satisfactions is mainly a multiplication of activities and of stimuli. How are the satisfactions of each class provided?

One mass of satisfactions is obtained without intent or effort. Sunshine and air are accepted without a thought as to what it would mean to

get them by effort. The varied stimuli which create our sensations of pleasure in the presence of nature are all a part of nature's unsolicited bounty.

The normal evolution of the organism provides further objective satisfactions belonging to the class stimuli. These are offspring and fellow-beings with all their powers of sympathy, rivalry, social intercourse and coöperation.

A third mass of satisfactions is obtained through a measure of effort which, however, consists simply in finding and taking what nature provides.

A fourth set of satisfactions consists of stimuli of bodily and mental activities, intellectual and emotional, which are enjoyed only by man. All have sprung from the initiative faculty. They were originally developed with the intent to multiply food supplies, but have come to be important to man for the sustenance of mind and soul rather than of body. Language and manners, arts, amusements and worship—all involve productive intent and effort, and in the beginning they are regarded as productive means.

The fifth and final set of satisfactions is that which is created by modern productive industry. It comprises the great bulk of our food supplies, clothing, comforts and luxuries, and the production of tools and machinery.

All of these satisfactions except the last are the inheritance from an almost immeasurable past.

Now, just to the extent that men have a wide variety of material satisfactions and that their interests are multiplied by countless stimuli of activity, they have a relatively high standard of living. The standard of living is a complication of cultural facts. What men desire and expect in life is a summary of their race history in social intercourse, manners, art, amusements and religion. A phenomenon of the diversification of wants

and satisfactions, the standard of living, is a fact not of production alone but of consumption.

The phenomena of consumption are antecedent to the phenomena of production. For ages there was consumption before there was any production. Like the lower animals, man depended upon nature for his supplies; his only business was to consume what she gave, so that his ideas and habits of consumption were his original economy. Thus, there was a consumption economy long before there was a production economy.

When man became convinced that he must do something to increase the supplies of nature, he knew nothing of industrial methods. He did not even suspect the importance of diversifying his consumption. But in trying to wrest food from the powers of the earth and air, he did vary his consumption in fact, and differentiation once begun was bound to continue until it became a great multiplication of wants.

Differentiation begins with the multiplication of organisms and the evolution of their relations one to another; that is, it begins in social needs and satisfactions.

From the activities born of social relations are developed the activities of culture; for mimicry is a social product, and from mimicry, language and all the arts are descended; culture in turn in its economic aspect is nothing more or less than the expansion and perfection of the consumption economy.

It is through the diversification of consumption that man passes over into a production economy, and it is in the standard of living, created and measured by the diversification of culture, that we have the efficient cause of the modern production of wealth.

Through using a large number of nature's goods in new and varied ways, man slowly discerns the possibilities that lie in the cultivation of

roots and grains, the breeding of animals, the development of instinctive arts into rude manufacture, and finally exchange.

Does the standard of living determine industrial production or does industrial production determine the standard of living? If the standard of living determines production, then the interpretation of history runs back into that early economy which survives as culture. The standard of living is not the sum and substance of what a population has, but it is the standard, the ideal of comfort and luxury, which a class or people is striving to realize and is determined by all reasonable effort to try to secure. So that the standard of living is the cause and not the effect of production.

To summarize: The organic, instinctive and ceremonial economies of plant life, animal life, and of primitive man, are all parts of a consumption economy which is previous to the production economy of the modern world. The consumption economy increases well-being, not by producing goods, but by so diversifying wants and satisfactions that the adaptation of organism and environment is wider in its basis and more stable than it can be when consumption is simple. Diversification of wants and satisfactions begins in the multiplication of organisms through reproduction and in the evolution of social relations. It is continued and perfected by the evolution of culture which springs from the initiative faculty. The consumption economy, by thus determining habits and motives, creates the standard of living, and this determines the extent of wealth production. Thus, in conclusion, it may be stated that through the unfolding of culture the evolution of consumption economy is brought about, and this in turn creates a production economy and the beginnings of morals, law and government. AMELIA WIEST.

III. Boarding-Houses Galore.

The Washington boarding-house is richly and everlastingly characteristic—typical, like its native city, only of itself. The people who board come from everywhere, and on all sorts of missions—political, functional, social, personal. All kinds of people come—you find them here nestled together—of all sorts of manners, dress, colors, ambitions, ideals. But they meet under American conditions, for of whatever rank the boarding-house, it is always expressly American. From the high dignitary, whose chicanery is hidden, to the shabby scallawag whose dignity is obscured; from the humble native, seeking redress, to the haughty foreigner, seeking flaws; one may meet anybody, everybody, and nobody, and the American be-what-you-are-ness gives a spice to it all.

In the old days, before the time of flats, family hotels and "apartments," the Washington boarding-house was a hive for statesmen. Even now, many of them "are rigidly ruled castles in miniature for members." Happy indeed, even in this advanced age, is the boarding-house which has "a member!" Then the landlady's youth is renewed, like the eagle's, and she riseth up in the morning cheerfully and looketh after the affairs of her household with thanksgiving! She goeth to market and lordeth it over the landladies whose roofs shelter no "member."

He (the Member) usually occupies the second story front, and from that Olympus rules the house. This austere, gloomy-visaged, heavy-weight Member from Any Old Place, who eats pie with his knife—he always does—and soup with a gurgling sound—he always does—gets all the clean towels, all the hot water and all the "nice little things" which the landlady makes "with her own hands." He never has to wait; always gets *The Post* first, and remarks are never made, in *his* presence, about the gas

bill. When he speaks, which is not seldom, a hushed silence falls upon everybody as if an alabaster box were about to be broken! But when the Member is jocular, then does the household arise and sit down, and the landlady doesn't care if the men do smoke in the parlor, but goes so far as to get a saucer to put the cigar ashes in! Riot reigns, cushions are disarranged (they are usually as stiff as enameled complexions!) and "The Lady's Album of Elegant Verses" lies under a pyramid of newspapers and hats and veils. The Member is cracking jokes like an ordinary mortal, as if the fate of a nation did not hang upon his word—it is Canaan, and no Jordan rolls between!

But the Member is not the only tidbit: there are others. There, always in evidence, is the Dictatorial Man, who rises early and glances over the breakfast table, ready to squelch anybody venturing a remark. He makes a distinction between matters of fact and matters of opinion, and he never grants anyone's else arguments. He has written several books on remote educational subjects and quotes them at length. He eats dry bread (with a tremendous crackling), will not eat pastry, and never forgets a date or a fact. He holds to facts, "cold, hard facts, sir!" Of course, he is collecting statistics—that is why there are so many of him. Washington is a good place to collect statistics in—that is, as good as any.

There is, too, the Mysterious Man, who generally occupies the third story back. He doesn't scramble "to get to office" at 9 o'clock, doesn't run down the Civil Service, doesn't carry luncheon in a paper bag, and never contradicts the Dictatorial Man. He has no visible means of support, yet the befogged landlady gets her pay regularly. He says little at table, never mentions his relatives, carries his umbrella tightly rolled, and his clothes are never wrinkled, soiled, or disar-

ranged. On the street, he looks like a trim schooner; in the house, a private detective. He never shows any "attention" to the landlady's female visitors, and never advises her, "a lone widow woman," on her financial affairs. There is a general supposition that there is "something wrong with him," "he is so—well, queer," and when it is finally discovered (by the landlady's friend, next house but one) that the Mysterious Man is in Washington gathering material at the congressional library for a history of Christianity during the last quarter of the sixth century, everybody feels personally wronged!

And the blond Mysterious Lady, second story back, dwells in the Washington boarding-house in considerable numbers. She goes driving every week-day at 4 o'clock in a landau, and she wears good lace and a few diamonds. The Feminine Element of the household does not know how she came in possession of the diamonds, or whether the landau belongs to her or to the livery-stable, or "to—to someone else, you know!" The Feminine Element does not "understand." The Chief's wife, third story front (from New England), says that the Mysterious Lady's husband is "in the West; something about cattle, they say," which, after all, lacks definiteness. True, the Mysterious Lady does not seem "loud." She wears black a good deal and goes to St. Thomas every Sunday afternoon. "But that is so easy, you know," smiles the Feminine Element.

Next to the Mysterious Lady sits the meek little man, with a stub nose, who slides into his place unobserved. Nobody ever notices him; he claims no notice. He waits upon his wife and fashionable boarding-school daughter, and does not interfere with their efforts to be "swell." He is only a rapid accountant; he has walked around the same circles and past the white house for five and thirty years.

And he has, he will tell you, taken out only four days sick leave in all that time. He is the patient, uncomplaining plodder, who has given his life to the government service and he remains—a Plodder. He is expected to do his work, and he does it. But that affairs at Washington are not so bad as they might be, is largely owing to the firm, modest faithfulness of these unknown Plodders. When he dies his chief will say some kind things, perhaps even grateful things; his fellow clerks will send a wreath, and some penny trumpet of a politician will hustle a "friend" in to fill his place! Dear, faithful worker, it is the way of the world; your satisfaction in work done for work's sake is a richer reward than any the government can give you!

But last and saddest of all is the Office Seeker. Last, because you cannot look beyond him—he fills your imagination; saddest, because he is inevitable—an eternal type. He comes from everywhere; he boards anywhere; he sacrifices everything; he usually gets nothing. His eyes grow wistful, his manners furtive, his tobacco abominable. The one you know—to know one is to know all—came from Oklahoma, with a pocketful of prospects. He has been waiting eighteen months—only eighteen months. But he told you one night, so quietly that you thought it was church, that his wife thought he had better give it up; he thought maybe he had too. The mortgage was due pretty soon—he had mortgaged his place to come. His wife, he said, was a good little woman, and—and deserved better than he had done for her. She had—had saved a good deal, he said; she sometimes sent him money—not much, he thanked God! But he guessed he had better give it up—he really guessed he had!

But he didn't; he stayed. He is there yet and his clothes grow seedier and his step slower every day. And somewhere, a faded woman fights

poverty and "believes in him" in a hopeless, tired way. He stays—months fade into years; he stays, dogging the steps of the great and powerful. And this staying illuminates two great fundamental truths: that hope springs eternal in the human breast, and that nothing so wears the soul as waiting. He stays—he stays until hope deferred saps his manhood and he becomes a "loafer"—a vacant, hopeless, incapable creature.

This it is, in Washington, that breaks your heart. Not the luxury, vivifying as it makes the contrast between the idle rich and the idle poor; not the sleek, successful politician, whose triumph is so brief and so vacant, so corrupt and unstable that it is pathetic; not the half-white young "niggers," whose presence symbolizes the unspeakable sin that infests the beautiful city; not the "kept women," whose diamonds and laces cry out against the private lives of the public men—not all these, weighing well their power to hurt, strike your heart so sick as the commonplace man of medium ability and of modest trust in his own worth and in another man's word, waiting the years of his manhood away!

To run into him in the post-office—he haunts the post-office; to find him in the congressional library, reading listlessly; to meet him in the lobbies and corridors of the capitol, and his furtive, wistful eyes; aye, to come across him in the markets, *very* early, buying a day's provisions; to sit opposite him in some square, and watch him watch the people—the well-dressed, well-fed, satisfied people; to see him speak to a child or pet a stray dog, all his hungry heart in his eyes; to watch him there until daylight fades, and the lights begin to twinkle on the avenue; to follow him, in your thoughts, to his lonely hall bed-room, to see him take out the last home letter and read it again and again—he seems to you the most pitiful figure in the

whole great, powerful, sinful, brilliant, arrogant city.

H. REA WOODMAN.

~~~~~  
*The Morning.*

"Earth's night is waning! Beautiful and fair  
The day spring flashes gold across the deep.

I see the wailing nations cease to weep,  
For War and Want lie wounded in their lair  
And know their end approacheth. Stricken  
bare—

Bewildered by the Day—the selfish heap  
Of woes that thrive in darkness take their  
leap

To escape the sunbeams netting in their hair.  
At last man rouses, knowing Earth, his  
Mother,

Amplly provides for all her children's  
needs;

Means of exalting holds she for each one,  
With woe to him who would oppress his  
brother.

Hail, human kind! more now than kings  
or creeds!

And every lifting forehead fronts the  
sun."—*James H. West.*

~~~~~  
The Y. W. C. A. Home.

Since the advancement of the College has been very marked in the last few years, so those organizations connected with it must advance if they would fulfill the purpose for which they were formed.

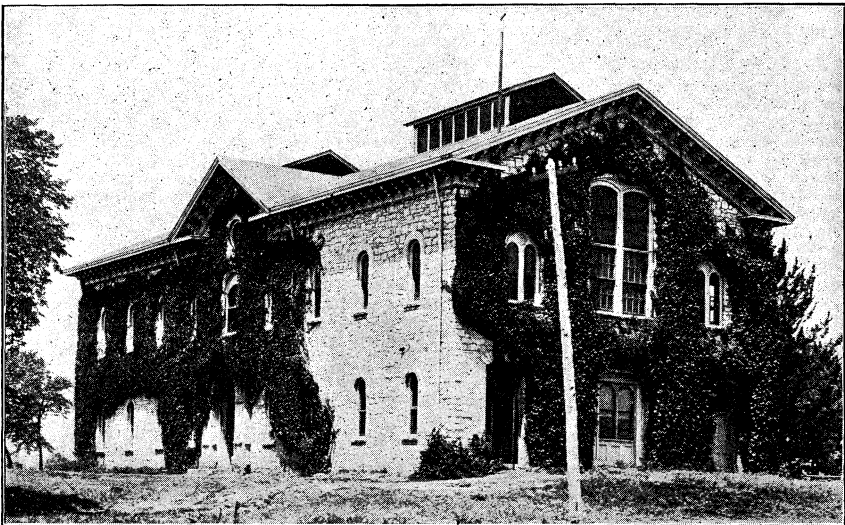
The Young Women's Christian Association has been striving to accomplish its purpose, but in order to do the work which should properly come under its management, some sort of headquarters or a "home" is necessary. This year such a place was secured, and 913 Leavenworth street is the address of the Y. W. C. A. Home. The Association rented four rooms of this house, sub-renting three to girls and reserving the other, a parlor, for the Home of the girls. The Home has been a great aid in many ways in carrying on the work. More girls have been helped in securing rooming and boarding places, and many have also been aided in finding employment. Almost every evening groups of girls are gathered at the Home, either for Bible study, for a home talk or for a social evening together. New girls were made to feel the free atmosphere of the Home, and to know they could find friends even among strangers

and in a strange place. Here, also, is the center for sewing circles, candy parties, taffy pulls, and all such happy social affairs.

Another way in which the Home has been helpful is in furnishing a home at least for a part of the cabinet members, where they can plan together to carry out the work of the association.

While the cost of maintaining the Home throughout the year will be something like sixty dollars, yet it has more than paid that much to the association in the advancement which it has brought in all lines of work. Next year a larger and more convenient Home will be secured if possible.

EVA RIGG.



Armory.

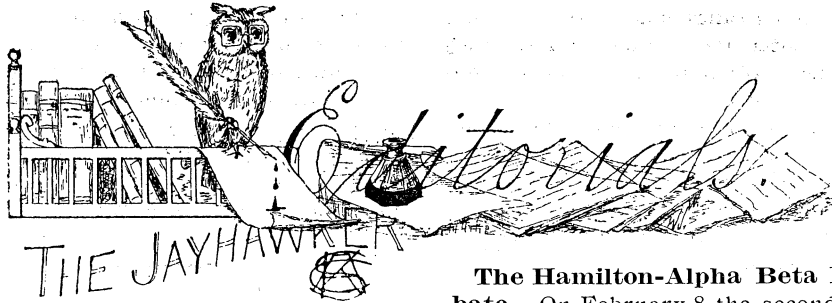
One of the very important features of the headquarters is the young ladies' boarding club. The club has had from twenty-five to twenty-eight members, and has been highly appreciated by all who have tried it, since the advantages and privileges are somewhat greater here than at a regular boarding club.

One of the things which is lacking, but which is very necessary in the Home, is a musical instrument. The girls have started a piano fund, which consists at present of fifty-five dollars. They hope to increase this to a sufficient amount to secure a piano and have it in the Home before the close of the College year.

Composed of the Titles of Whittier's Poems.

"Maude Muller" sat in "A Tent on the Beach,"
 "A Yankee Girl" slender and tall,
 "A Daughter" of "Barbara Fritchie" dear,
 Who lived at "Chalkley Hall."
 "The Barefoot Boy," her brother small,
 Sang the "Familist's Hymn" and wept,
 One day while Maud "Among the Hills"
 Did wander all around
 The "Night" came on and then "The Storm,"
 Alas she was "Snow Bound."
 "The Hero" came, "The Greeting" it was
 tender;
 He took her home that night alone,
 Delighted to defend her.
 Where have you been? her mother said,
 "The Answer," it was tearful.
 I wandered "Down the River Path,"
 "The Storm" was simply fearful.

Mary had a little mule,
 One day it followed her to schule,
 And there the teacher, like a fule,
 Got behind that little mule—
 And for six weeks there was no schule.
 —E.v.



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for Progressive People.**

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THE JAYHAWKER, Manhattan, Kan.

- G. W. GASSER, '05.....Editor-in-Chief
- C. JEANETTE PERRY, '98.....Alumni Editor
- L. B. PICKETT, '05.....City Editor
- G. L. WRIGHT, '06.....Exchange Editor
- R. T. KERSEY, '04.....Business Manager
- J. G. WORSWICK, '05, Assit. Business Manager
- W. J. WILKINSON, '04.....Artist

FEBRUARY 15, 1904.

Jill and Paul
Went down the hall
To take a test in history.
Jill fell through
With 33;
How Paul got through's a mystery.
—Ex.

The Io. Victory.—For the third consecutive time the Ionians carried off the prize in the inter-society oratorical contest. The other societies doubtless think it is time to call a halt. Perhaps the Alpha Betas and Franklins would stand a better chance of winning if they were represented by girls. As for the Hamiltons and Websters—well, they also could get into a class by themselves and have a contest of their own. Why not have all lady judges next year? That might help to break the monotony. Something ought to be done.

The Hamilton-Alpha Beta Debate.—On February 8 the second inter-society debate was held. Despite the valiant efforts of the Hamiltons, represented by Messrs. Balmer, Cunningham and Biddison, the Alpha Betas, represented by Messrs. Harlan, V. Matthews, and Miss Marian Allen, won a unanimous decision. Hard luck, Hamps., but the Alpha Betas' turn is coming, for we understand they have challenged the invincible Ionians.

Sam Jones.—On the evening of February 1, Sam P. Jones delivered one of his characteristic lectures to a crowded house. His rambling talk was profusely illustrated with jokes and cheapened with expletives, all of which would have been more appropriate if told in some back-woods country store. Altogether his lecture puts one in mind of a pile of chaff with a few grains of wheat scattered through it. Any one attempting to get the wheat would be sure to have his eyes and ears filled with chaff.

“The Care of Animals.”—Recently another interesting book has been added to the “Rural Science Series.” This book, “The Care of Animals,” is an attractive volume of four hundred fifty-nine pages, well illustrated and substantially bound in the conventional dark-green cloth. The author, Doctor Mayo, is well known, not only through this State, where he is now serving as State veterinarian, but also in Michigan and Connecticut. Doctor Mayo's large and varied experience as a practitioner, a lecturer and an instructor has given him an abun-

dant fund of information from which to choose the materials necessary for such a book. This experience the author has boiled down into a number of concise, practical discussions on the many subjects, common to and of general interest in the rural world. The book merits a place in every ranchman's and farmer's home.

The Inexorable Have To.—There seems to be a peculiar and intuitive antipathy attached to the use of the words "have to," especially when used by someone else. To the average mind the phrase suggests some disagreeable task, and most people have a tendency to shy off or balk outright when confronted by a have to. Yet, is anything calamitous going to happen simply because the totality of the occasion compels us to do a certain act? Assuredly not. Rather, it should be a relief to us to know that we must do this or that. It seems hardly too much to say that what is done is done because it has to be done. For instance, a student may go skating, or simply remain idle in his room. But something he *must* do; and if he is doing something all the time, then whatever he does, he does because he has to. Habit will illustrate this. The force back of every habit compels us to do many acts which our judgment condemn. We may even declare that we will not do this or that again, but habit, backed up by every thought and every act that helped to establish it, says must. And until the habit is broken we are as powerless to do otherwise as were the victims who first reached the ladderless balconies of the burning Iroquois theater. Impelled by those behind, the people in front either jumped or were pushed off. But surely sometimes we do things because we want to. In reply it might be said that the very fact that we want to do anything constitutes a motive for doing that very thing. Here the attitude of the mind

is the impelling force. There is no prescribed path for each of us to follow, but though the choice of paths is left to each of us, yet some path we must follow. And whichever way we choose to go, that is the way we have to go.

To Whom it May Concern.—In view of the fact that this is leap year, we thought it might be an added advantage to the young ladies of the senior class to have a list of the eligible young men, with some of their chief characteristics noted. We therefore append the following list, which is necessarily curtailed for lack of space. If any of either party are hereby helped, a statement to the editor to that effect would be gratefully received:

T. W. Buell, h t, g c, s t b t.
 T. L. Pittman, b n c, s t p.
 F. L. Bates, g a l, m b p.
 N. L. Towne, d t, h c.
 N. S. Schmitz, t o w, s a, v a, a g r.
 A. N. H. Beeman, l f, a p, h f h.
 W. O. Gray, h t b, s t p, w r.
 R. T. Kersey, m b p, h f h.
 G. E. Edgerton, g c, h t p.
 R. A. Seaton, a p.
 A. M. Nash, g a l, w r.
 J. J. Biddison, n c, g c.
 Ralph Felton, s t b t.
 Ray Felton, s a, w r.
 O. R. Wakefield, l c, g a.
 A. S. Stauffer, l h, n c.
 J. T. Skinner, s t p, s t b t.
 C. C. Elling, s a, v a.
 E. C. Gardner, g e f a, d t.
 J. G. Savage, g c, l f, s t p.
 O. B. Whipple, h c, h f h.

List of abbreviations with explanations: h t, heavy thinker; g c, good catch; s t b t, said to be taken; b n c, bashful, needs coaxing; s t p, sure to please; g a l, getting awful lonely; m b p, might be persuaded; d t, doubtless taken; h c, hopeless case; t o w, tired of waiting; s a, senior ag.; v a, very anxious; a g r, a good rustler; l f, likes flattery; a p, almost persuaded; h t b, hard to beat; w r, won't refuse; h f h, has fond hopes; h t p, hard to please; n c, needs coaxing; g a, getting anxious; l h, lost hope; g e f a, good enough for anybody; l c, last chance.

Alma Mater

Courtesy of Students' Herald

Words and music by H. W. Jones, '88

1. I know a spot which I love full well,
 2. There is a song that my heart would sing,
 3. Bright gleams a beam across life's sea.

Ev - er it holds me with mag ic spell—
 Clear and impassioned its tones shall ring—
 Emblem of truth and of con - stan - cy—

'Tis not in for - est nor yet in dell;
 Tell ing of homage which love can bring;
 Guid - ing my bark where - so - e'er it be;

I think of thee, Al - ma Ma - ter.
 I sing of thee, Al - ma Ma - ter.
 I turn to thee, Al - ma Ma - ter.

Unison
or parts.

K. S. A. C., Carry thy banner high! K. S. A. C., Long may thy colors fly! Loyal to thee thy children will swell the cry, Hail! Hail! Hail! Alma Mater.

K. S. A. C., Carry thy banner high! K. S. A. C., Long may thy colors fly! Loyal to thee thy children will swell the cry, Hail! Hail! Hail! Alma Mater.



ALUMNI NOTES.

[To insure prompt attention, all matter intended for this department should be addressed to C. Jeanette Perry, alumni editor, Manhattan, Kan.]

Mrs. Ada Quinby-Perry, '86, of Oklahoma City, is dangerously ill.

Fred Dial, '97, is now at the Kansas State University, taking special work in ornithology and taxidermy.

F. A. Dawley, '95, of Waldo, Kan., had a Poland-China brood-sow sale at Osborne, Kan., on February 2, 1904.

Fred N. Gillis, '03, is employed in a doctor's office in Minneapolis, Minn. His address is 2222 Blaisbell Avenue.

Mrs. Mabel Crump-McCauley, '97, and husband have moved from Kansas City to Flat 1, 4824 Calumet Avenue, Chicago.

Miss Edith Huntress, '01, was absent from the College post-office on February 2 and 3 on account of the illness of her mother.

Miss Nannie Williams, '99, is busily engaged in doing stenographic work in St. Louis, Mo. Her address is 2036 Nebraska Ave.

R. E. Eastman, '00, assistant horticulturist here, was detailed for duty at a farmers' institute, held January 20 and 21 at Seneca, Kan.

Harold B. Kempton, senior in 1900, has left the work in the Bureau of Forestry at Washington, D.C., to go into the nursery business near New York City.

Since Prof. Albert Dickens, '93, and Assistant Eastman, '00, were both compelled to be away at the same time, Geo. A. Dean, '95, taught the mysteries of economic entomology to the horticulture classes for two days.

Miss Estella Fearon, '03, director of physical training, was detained from her work by illness on January 21. Miss Gertrude Rhodes, '98, directed the classes that day.

Sam Long, father of Sue Long-Strauss, '96, died February 1, 1904, after a long illness. Mr. and Mrs. Strauss were here from Topeka for some days before his death.

Ora Yenawine, '95, expects to come home about the last of May from Anniston, Ala., where she is the head of the department of domestic art at Barber's Memorial Seminary.

Miss Alverta Cress, '94, and parents, who moved to Oakland, Cal., this fall, have returned to Kansas and will live at Topeka. Miss Cress will attend Washburn college this winter.

When John Stingley, '94, and wife, of Wichita, visited at the College on January 15, they showed their appreciation of the JAYHAWKER to the extent of ordering it sent home for a year.

Wm. S. Sargent, '01, who has been foreman of a sheep ranch at Lost Cabin, Wyo., for some time past, is now making his fortune on a Kansas farm, about four miles south of Manhattan.

Miss Ary Johnson, '98, came from Success, Kan., January 29, to visit Mrs. Anna Engel-Blackman, '97, and remained until February 8. Miss Emilie Pfuetze, '98, guided her about the College grounds.

The Alumni Association's representatives on the Board of Regents, R. J. Brock, '91, C. E. Friend, '88, and J. O. Tulloss, '99, were all present from January 27 to 29 at the regular session of the Board.

Mrs. Mayne Houghton Brock, '91, and Mrs. Carl E. Friend, wife of Regent Friend, were interested visitors at the College on January 29.

E. C. Joss and wife, Miriam Swingle-Joss, both '95, have moved from Seattle, Wash., to Troutdale, Ore., where Mr. Joss is a government meat inspector.

Miss Minnie Copeland, '98, is recovering from a surgical operation recently performed in one of the Chicago hospitals. A. D. Whipple, '98, Jeanette Carpenter, junior in '97, and others called on her during the holidays.

Z. L. Bliss, '00, does not explain himself. He simply attends to his business correspondence on letter heads dated from 606 Katherine street, Ann Arbor, Mich., and bearing the imprint of the Michigan Law School.

R. S. Kellogg, '96, was called to Washington, D. C., on business connected with his work for the United States Department of Agriculture. While he is away Mrs. Kellogg is spending the time with her parents in the South.

W. P. Tucker, '92, and Stella Kimball-Tucker, '94, have moved from Santa Barbara, Mex., to Aguas calientes, Aguas, Mex. Mr. Tucker is still an accountant, and his new location places them in very pleasant surroundings.

C. D. Lechner, '99, an industrious contractor, from Russell, Kan., was returning on February 3 from a visit at his old home in Morganville and stopped off for several days to take an inventory of the familiar faces he could find on the College campus.

J. A. Butterfield, '99, no longer wields a hammer and pushes a saw, as the College catalogue would have you believe, but is now a postal clerk whose run is from Kansas City to St. Marys. He was sick at one time this winter and in a hospital at Kansas City.

The class in domestic science of Camden Point, Mo., under the direction of Miss Clara Spilman, '00, gave a course dinner recently to the regents and faculty at the Orphans' School. The regents spoke in highest commendation of the work being done by Miss Spilman.

A. B. Gahan, '03, has been elected assistant entomologist in the Maryland State Agricultural College Experiment Station. He will be located at College Park, only eight miles out of Washington, D. C., and will be associated in his work with J. B. S. Norton, '96, and C. F. Doane, '96.

Capt. James G. Harbord, '86, was the fortunate winner of first prize offered by the United States Cavalry Association for the best paper on "The History of the Cavalry of Northern Virginia (Confederate) During the Civil War." Captain Harbord is assistant chief of the Philippine constabulary.

A. H. Leidigh, '02, says that he and Leslie Fitz, '02, are room mates at 150 E street, N. E. Washington, D. C., and are employed in the same office by the Bureau of Forestry. They were planning to go down to Fortress Monroe sometime early in January, and Newport News as well as to several other places of great interest.

The Maryland State Horticultural Society held its sixth annual meeting in Baltimore, Md., on January 14 and 15. The name of J. B. S. Norton, '96, appears on their program as secretary-treasurer, and that of Frank A. Waugh, '91, as one of the principal speakers of the convention. Professor Waugh's address was on the topic, "The Tree Planter's Interest in Propagation."

Mrs. Sadie Stingley-Haggman, '96, since returning to Los Angeles after her visit in Manhattan last fall, has changed her address from 718 W. 11th street to 649 S. Hope street. Mr. Haggman is in the employ of a lumber

company there and has just received a fine promotion, with an increase of salary and many other advantages. Among the ex-Manhattan people whom Mrs. Haggman mentions as having called on her recently are the following: Mrs. Burgoyne, Mrs. Powers-Hannas, Frank Pendelton, student in 1901-2, Isaac Jones, '94, Emma Finley, '97, Miss Campbell, teacher in the city schools two years ago, Eleanor and Edith Perkins, '00, H. A. Sidorfsky and A. H. Johnson, '03.

Miss Mamie Alexander, '02, attended a wedding at Circleville, Kan., on January 31, and for some time after returning to her home she was kept from duties in Professor Ten Eyck's office by a nervous attack. Now, if the mere *attendance* at a wedding has that effect on Mamie—to be real Frank with you—how will her courage last when she is the star performer at an occasion like that?

Dr. Geo. W. Smith, '93, and wife, on the evening of February 9, entertained the following persons in a very delightful manner, at their home on Houston street: Misses Helen Knostman, '01, Alice Perry, '03, Florence Sweet, '06, Lora Perry, '07, Edith Huntress, '01, and Jeanette Perry, '98; Messrs. W. B. Neal, '05, S. Jas. Pratt, W. W. McLean, Earl J. Evans, '05, Max Wolf, and George Helder.

A College institute lecturer reports having recently met S. I. Wilkin, junior in '91, J. C. and Mollie Wilkin, juniors in '94, while at Bow Creek, ten miles north of Stockton, Kan. They have an eight-hundred-acre farm, with good alfalfa land, a big wheat crop and a fine bunch of short-horn cattle. In short, they seem to be, as the professor expressed it, enjoying prosperity in "large chunks."

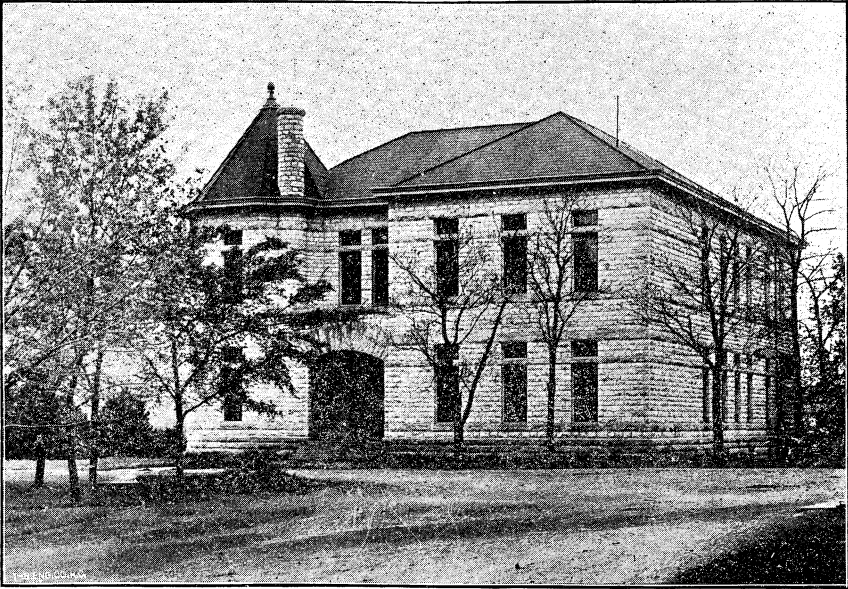
Geo. A. Dean, '95, and others of the Department of Entomology at this College, are preparing an exhibit of economic entomology for the St. Louis Exposition. The exhibit will consist

of wood-boring insects. The insects, with enlarged drawings, and specimens of wood in which they work, will be mounted in show-cases furnished by the government. The department will also have an interesting exhibit of "The Mound-building Prairie Ant." The exhibit will be placed in the government building in the department of experiment stations.

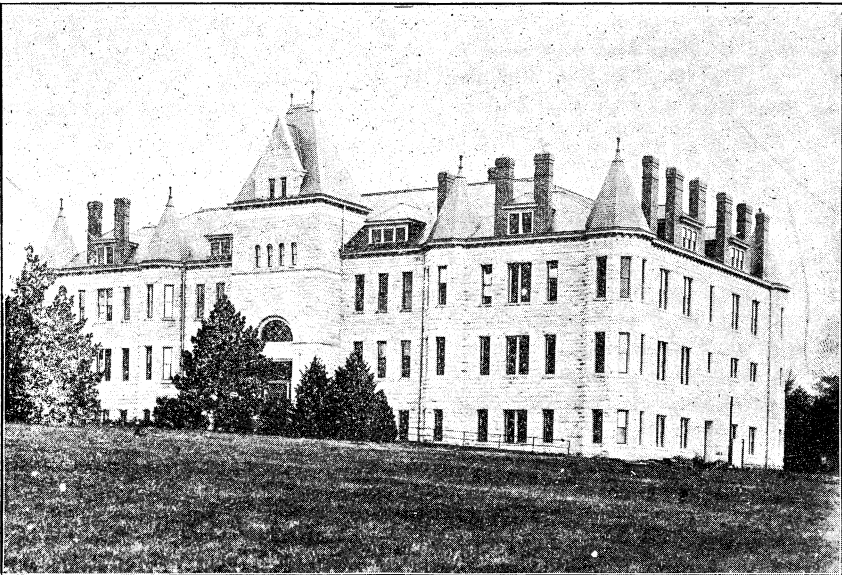
The loyal Kansans, Elizabeth Agnew, '00, Kate Zimmerman, '00, and Helena Pincomb, '01, senior students in Teachers' College, New York, celebrated Kansas Day and the close of dreaded examinations at the same time. With other students who had Kansas interests, they dressed in their best, wore paper sunflowers in their hair, and devoted an evening to sheer pleasure, enjoying meanwhile the wonder of their uninitiated associates.

Miss Margaret Minis, '01, attended a farmers' institute at Garner, Kan., on February 4 and 5, and while there met the following College people: F. E. Uhl, '96; Maggie Correll-Uhl, '97; Miss Elsie Uhl, a domestic science short-course student; Frances, Margaret and George Rhoades, all former students; and A. B. Dille, '99. Miss Minis has become one of the most popular institute lecturers, and other members of the Faculty who have been associated with her are loud in their praises of her work.

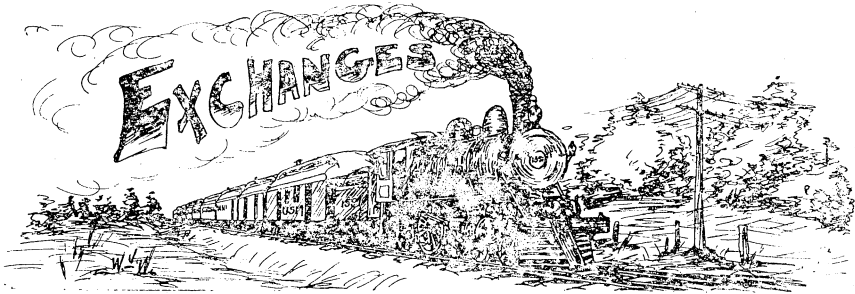
H. A. Sidorfsky and A. H. Johnson, both '03, in their quest of wealth, have wandered away as far as the Pacific coast. They spent ten days at South Pasadena, where they enjoyed talking over old times with Edith and Elinore Perkins, both of '00, also C. O. Sparks, who is engaged in forestry work near there. Mr. Sidorfsky is now working for the Edison Electric Company at Santa Ana canyon, near San Bernardino. Mr. Johnson went on north and promised to send his address to friends as soon as a location was determined upon.



Kedzie (Domestic Science) Hall.



Physical Science Hall.



Did you notice our new cut?

Wanted by all students—an elevator.—*Ex.*

The *Stator* is one of our new exchanges which deserves mention.

Trust recipe: To a large amount of water add a little stock. Serve hot.—*Ex.*

The *High School World* is one of the best and most regular of our high-school exchanges.

Some of our high-school exchanges are better all-round magazines than many of those issued by colleges.

The *Exponent*, from the Montana Agricultural College, is a neat and spicy magazine.

One difference between a wise man and a fool is that a fool's mistakes never teach him anything.—*Ex.*

The *Nautilus* is a first-class magazine in every respect. We notice that it always has an excellent exchange department.

Jones (writing home).—Dear Father: I am working hard. My room-mate is preparing to go fishing tomorrow, while I am digging for debate.

Stylus never fails to make a favorable impression with any one who might look through the magazine. It is well planned and is up-to-date in every respect.

Doxology of the Chicago University: "Praise John from whom 'oil' blessings flow; praise also Bill who spends the dough; praise John; praise Bill; praise all the host; praise John and Bill, but John the most."—*Ex.*

"I wish," he said, "you could make pies like mother used to make." "And I," said she, "wish that you could make the dough like pa used to make it."

He.—"Did you hear about the man who had a comb he thought so much of?" She.—"No." He.—"Yes; the teeth were all out, and he couldn't part with it."—*Ex.*

A great many of our exchanges are not very regular in making their appearance. We try to be as prompt and regular with our exchanges as with our paid-up subscribers.

"Does your barber talk much?" "Yes, and he illustrates with cuts."—*Ex.* A recipe for the improvement of a great many college papers if the right kind of "cuts" are used.

We are glad to note that our exchange list is rapidly growing and that among our new ones are some excellent magazines. The *JAYHAWKER* is glad to exchange with all school papers.

The *University of Arizona Monthly* is one of our best exchanges. It is never found wanting in composition or appearance; but the January number was not properly trimmed, which is especially annoying to exchange editors.

Some few of our exchanges remind us more of dailies than college papers. Those of this class seldom have room for very much outside of local news. Some of the above mentioned are the *M. S. U. Independent*, the *Drake Delphic*, *K. U. Weekly*, etc.

I Wonder.

I wonder if ever a song was sung,
 But the Singer's heart sang sweeter?
 I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung,
 But the thought surpassed the meter?
 I wonder if ever the sculptor wrought
 Till the cold stone echoed his inmost thought?
 Or if ever a painter, with light and shade,
 The dream of his inmost soul betrayed?
 —Anonymous.

Buxom boy,
 Cigarettes;
 Little grave,
 Violets.—*Ex.*

Mary had a motor once,
 'Twas painted white as snow.
 Wherever Mary wanted to
 The auto wouldn't go.—*Ex.*

He stood on the bridge at midnight,
 Disturbing my sweet repose;
 For he was a tall mosquito,
 And the bridge was the bridge of my nose.
 —*Ex.*

The *Red and Black* is one of our new exchanges and is a very acceptable one. Every department is up to a high standard, and it presents a handsome appearance. Don't forget to read the essays and orations in the January number. They are good.

The *William Jewell Student* is a magazine that is a credit to the institution which it represents, and also to its staff of editors. It is one of our most regular exchanges, and we have never yet seen a poor number. It is a high standard of college journalism.

The Christmas number of the *O. A. C. Review* is the finest magazine that has come to our table up to the present time. It is composed entirely of good, solid material, which is interesting to those not connected with the institution. It is also handsomely illustrated throughout; but we searched in vain for the exchange column.

Why do so many college papers slight their exchange columns? Many of them, which are excellent magazines in other ways, have nothing but some insignificant corner headed by the word "exchanges" and contain nothing but a few neutral remarks on some other papers and one or two stale jokes. We believe that the exchange editor should be given more room than this.

Of Mr. Lewis.

Push your way into the crowded hallway of Anderson Hall some morning and you will meet an influence which will, without question on your part, quell your unkindly desire to



Janitor Lewis.

rush. That influence, this elderly man, sometimes with a hand raised in admonition, but more often with a greeting smile of recognition, is our friend Mr. Lewis, of whom Geoffrey Chaucer wrote:

Benign he was, and wonder diligent,
 And in adversitee full pacient.

For four years Mr. Lewis has directed his little band of student workers whose duty it is to keep the dust from settling, and inadvertently to return to Mother Earth the proud tracks left in the halls by some restive American youth whose assignment is too heavy to allow him to pay the proper deference to the door mats. For four years Mr. Lewis has been the immediate antidote taken on the grounds for class scraps. He has superintended the unplanting of May-poles and on Hallowe'en nights has been the guardian angel of the campus.

But with all this hurry and the

OFFICIAL SCORE CARD OF ORATORICAL CONTEST, JANUARY 23, 1904.

NAME.	Time, minutes....	Thought.			Average, thought.....	Composit'n.			Average, composition....	Average, thought and composition....	Delivery.			Average, delivery.....	Final average....
		Larimer....	Hill.....	Shattuck....		Larimer....	Hill.....	Shattuck....			Nardin....	Crisman....	Dillenbeck....		
Bates.....	14	86	92	97	91.6	90	95	95	93.3	92.4	94	80	89	87.6	90
Cross.....	17	85	90	93	89.3	90	88	94	90.6	89.9	95.5	85	92	90.8	90.3
Buell.....	15	93	93	96	94	95	92	97	94.6	94.3	90	82	86	86	90.1
Gray.....	13	86	86	80	84	90	82	85	85.6	84.8	94.5	94	87	91.8	83.3
Griffing.....	11	88	88	95	90.3	91	88	93	90.6	90.4	92	75	90	85.6	88

worry of the work there is another side to this busy, though jovial, man. There are, who hold him dear, a class of students that have no immediate means of getting at the riches the world holds in store for them. While there are many offices about the College, the modest one in the northeast corner of Anderson Hall is the dispensary of, not advice, but of the golden opportunity to labor.

Of Mr. Lewis we can well say there

is not an officer of the College more diligent in his work, more discreet in its execution, or more constant in performance.

T. L. P.

~~~~~  
 Wise men always  
 Affirm and say,  
 That best is for a man,  
 Diligently,  
 For to apply,  
 The business that he can.

—More.

~~~~~  
 You may lead your horse to water
 But you cannot make him drink;
 You can ride your little pony,
 But cannot make him think.—*Ex.*

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E. C. Pfuetze, '90 C. F. Pfuetze, '93

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Phone 87: Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, and Hardware.



Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

All members of the senior class, and all other students of the Kansas State Agricultural College:

You are hereby notified to attend the meeting, to be held at 227 Poyntz avenue, between First and Second streets, to decide as to the size, shape and price of photographs you are to have made between now and Commencement week. You are not to wait until Commencement week is at hand, thus causing a panic. "Do it now."



Bring your prettiest face,
Casting all your cares and troubles aside,
And come to the "Amos Gallery,"
Poyntz avenue, south side.



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The
Old
Mule



At
Noon

"I've got a mule," the farmer said,
As he climbed upon the fence,
"That's never took a back seat yet
When it comes to showin' sense.
Twenty year ago, comin' spring,
When I swopped fer that air mule
Neighbor Shanks said I wuz beat;
Jones said I wuz a fool.

"But the puddin's proved by eatin',
So my wife's cook book sez;
An' the provin' of a mule's workin'
Is in a book-I hez.
An' I'll be soaked in ginger ale,
Chawed and spit out agin
If I'd swop that mule fer ary other,
Hide an tail throwed in.

"Why, once a day without fail,
Jest at the stroke of noon,
That critter can be heard to holler
From April clean down to June.
An' the weather don't affect him, nuther;
If it's a rainin' or a shiny day
It's all the same to him,
He'll allays stop an' bray.

"Got so now that when I hear
That ornery red mule talk
On Sundays, once a week,
I gets up an sets the clock.
Wife says she won't holler dinner
Until her voice is cracked
When we've got a livin' fog-horn
To do the tootin' act.

"I tried to fool that mule once.
When I wuz plowin' corn,
Wife she came out at ten o'clock
An' blowed the dinner horn;
I onhooked, went in, et dinner,
An' then hooked up agin
Jest as if 'twas 'lection day
An' me as mad as sin;

"But jest at twelve o'clock,
'Twa'nt a minnit either way,
That mule stopped, as he allays did,
An' announced the time o' day.
Quit?" said the old man,
As he, goat-like, chewed his quid;
"Not if my say counts fer much,
An' I reckoned that it did.

Wal, 'long 'bout three o'clock,
 As I remember now,
 I wuz standin' meditatatin'
 Leanin' on the plow,
 When all to once that onery mule
 Jumped over his off-side trace,
 Turned hisself plum aroun'
 An' brayed right in my face.

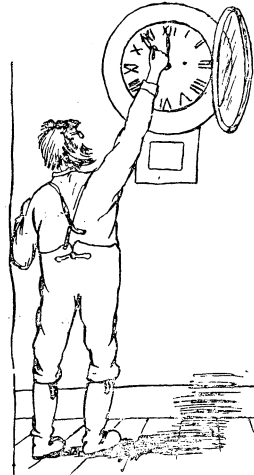
"There we stood, me lookin' down.
 'Twuz no use to try,
 Somehow I couldn't look
 Into that critter's blazin eye.
 Seemed to hear him sayin',
 With that awful, starin' look,
 'Ain't it time to quit yet?'
 I jest stood there an' shook.

"Dunno but we'd be there yet
 If there hadn't come a fly
 'At crawled an' stung me on the nose
 Tell I had to bat my eye.
 That roused me hoppin' mad;
 I 'lowed to beat that mule an cuz;
 But I didn't, 'tain't a lie if you don't believe it,
 That's the way it wuz.

"The occasion wan't above me,
 But 'tain't my way when I feel mean,
 So I onhooked an rode home in silunce
 A-tryin' to look serene.
 By the time I got to th' house
 I could blame nigh whistle some,
 Though my wife, she says to me,
 'What makes you look so glum?'"

"Me an' that triffin' mule's
 Bin good friends ever sence,"
 Said the old man, as he
 Climbed down off the fence,
 Hauled out with deliberate care
 A plug of horse-shoe,
 And having selected the right place
 Bit off a chew.

"My hull endurin' time," continued he,
 "'s bin spent here on this farm,
 An' I reckon there's a good deal
 The ole man'll never larn;
 But I've larned one thing
 'Thout goin' off to school—
 No use to try, y' can't beat
 An onery, red-haired mule."



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Spring term begins March 29, 1904.

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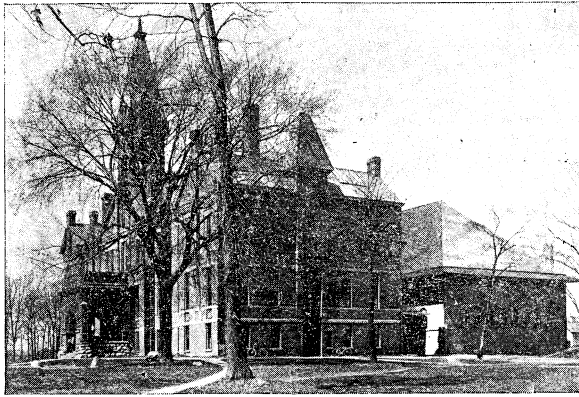
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