



# THE JAYHAWKER

## A Sketch

By Ada Rice, '95.

St. Patrick's Day in the Morning in Hibernia, or Irish America. Every one awakened early by the strains of the squeaky village band playing the hymn appropriate to the occasion—a confusion of discords made by a motley crowd of followers of Bacchante. Day dawns—a day for revelry. Old men, young men, women, boys, girls, mere children—all drink to the honor of Ireland's patron saint. They appear on the streets dressed in gala attire, wearing a sprig of shamrock or a cross; attend mass; visit the grog shops—many girls and boys to take their first glass, others to break good resolutions; reaching the climax of revelry late at night in a screeching, howling, frenzied mob—in honor of St. Patrick, the patron saint of Sots? No, the good pious, temperate, self-sacrificing missionary of the fifth century, who founded schools and churches, taught the principles of right living, and whose use of the three-leaved shamrock to illustrate the doctrine of the Trinity gave Ireland her national emblem; whose entrance into the higher life March 17, 465, his followers so consistently celebrate. Is this celebration the "Devil's Joke" or is it only the perpetration of an Irish bull?

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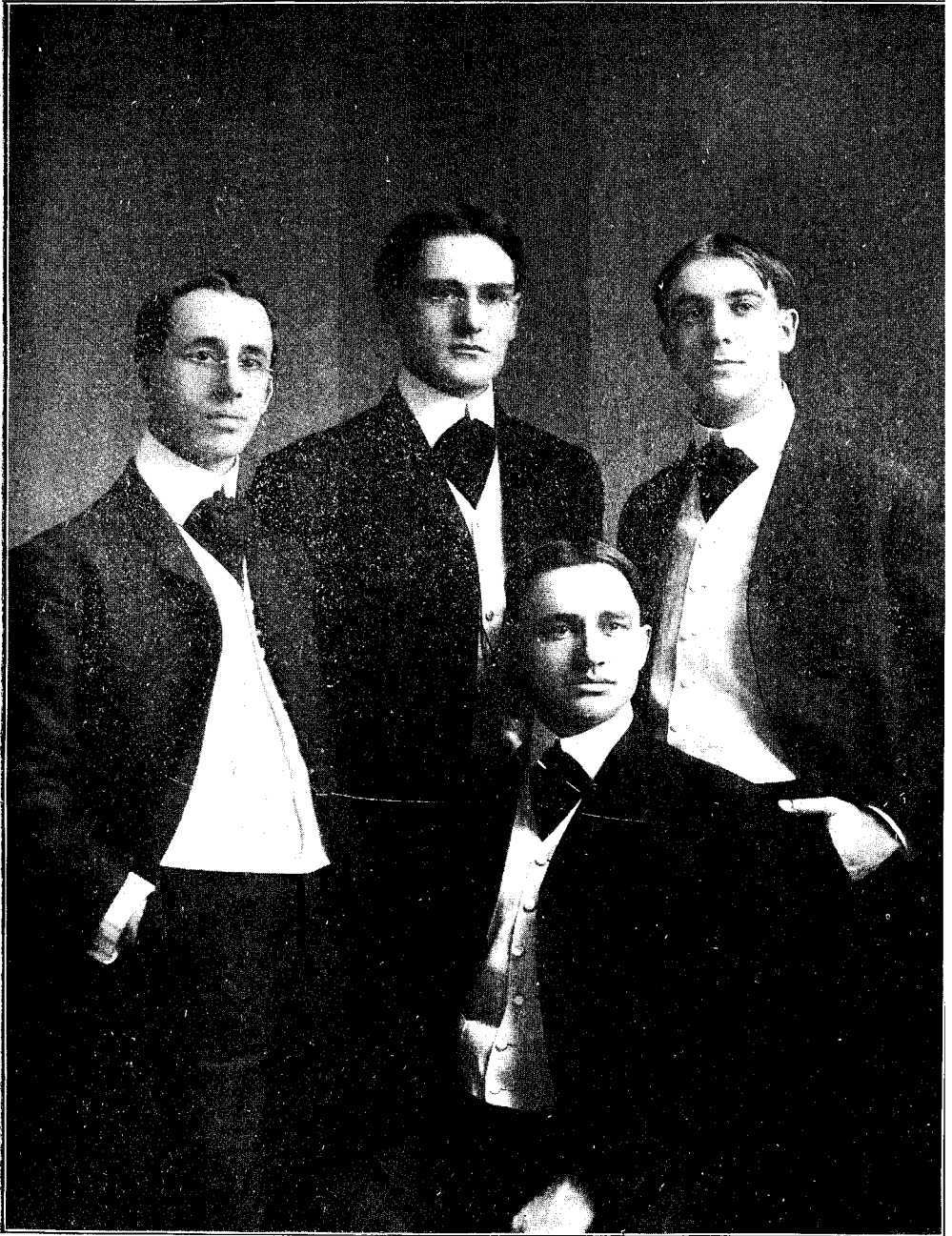
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*The Bluemont Quartet.*



A. N. H. Beeman

W. O. Gray

E. J. Evans

W. B. Neal

*Some Characters at Our Table.*

THE Washington boarding-house contains types—types to be found the city over. But your own particular boarding-house contains individuals, no two of a kind. Your own particular Hostess (always called so on Q street, no matter how little you pay) is very proud of her “people,” and innocently exploits their doings and sayings to her dear friend across the street. Her dear friend has a Commodore in her house, a real live Commodore, and his mother, an old gentlewoman who wears tiny lavender bows in her hair and secretly plumes herself on her likeness to Queen Victoria, which somebody long ago remarked upon! A real Commodore is a great “find”—the Hostess acknowledges that—but even a Commodore can hardly balance the unique array of land-lubbers your boarding-house boasts!

Of course, there is the Hostess herself, at the foot of the table, carelessly vigilant. The spotless expanse of white—the Hostess uses exquisite linen; the gliding waitress—too often a raw recruit; the parlor beyond (with the gas turned very low); the glimpses of hall, visible to her, through the parted hangings; the invisible, distinctly heard dumb waiter, known like an old but erratic friend; the cook below stairs, threading the maizes of a littered kitchen; the “second girl” carving in the pantry; the possibility of the fish being underdone and the beef overdone; the certainty that the butcher did not send the meat she ordered, and that the Englishman detests squash—the Hostess is mistress of it all, visible and invisible; she sees and hears and intuits and knows it all, and smiles and keeps the conversation “up.” There is one glory of the moon and one glory of the sun, and one star differeth from another star in glory. So, likewise, there is one glory of the hero and another glory of the statesman. But a glory yet to be

laureled is that of the Hostess—thousands of her—as she presides over her six o’clock dinner, a prey to ten hundred petty annoyances, terrible night-bes, possible hitches and halts, unforeseen crises! With every faculty alert—social, financial, economic—with her mind’s eye on every detail, seen and unseen, of a three-course dinner for a dozen or so people, at the mercy of ignorant and irresponsible servants, and the secret or ill-suppressed disapproval of her “people,” there she sits, suave, smiling, clear-headed. Napoleon on a hill directing operations was not a greater general!

Well, anyway, there sits the Hostess, and on her right, you, an horseless aide-de-camp! And next to you a brilliant Virginia girl, head held high, black eyes given to flashing unexpectedly, voice clear as a chapel bell. She is a department clerk—copies architects’ plans all day long, leaving on a run every morning and coming in equally breathless at five o’clock, eager for home mail! She treats the “niggers” like a queen, “dresses” for dinner, writes verses that *Truth* prints occasionally, and adores her family, which is numerous, proud, and poor. To you, from the opulent West, where red blood is more than blue—red that does, more than blue that is—this beautiful girl, with her homemade evening gowns, her pride, her “family,” is a wonder. She represents the romance of the old South. She prefers hot breads, is a devout church-woman, and—and one night, in the dusk-darkened parlor, when just you were there, she—she cried when a street piano played “Dixie.” Maybe her nerves had been frayed during the day—she goes much on excitement, this high-spirited Virginia girl!

Next to her, as next as the Virginia girl will allow, is the Doctor, the Man Who Knows. His methods gastro-nomic are no less queer than his methods conversational. He comes into

the room like a marching column, trim, alert, orderly; sits down squarely on his chair; nods curtly to the Hostess; puts his individual salt-box back about fourteen inches; ditto his pepper; ditto his butter-plate; ditto his glass of (filtered) water; straightens the linen; straightens his knife, fork, and two spoons; lays his hands together, finger fitted nicely to finger, in this cleared space, and peers around keenly benignly, at his neighbors.

"Well, Doctor," says somebody—most likely the Major—"well, Doctor, you're looking well this morning." "Yes, yes; no occasion to be otherwise; no occasion," returns the Doctor, the second cousin to a genial smile lurking, like a poor relation, around the corners of his mouth. His utterance is chiseled, quick, clear, clean; his eyes black, piercing, steady—eyes that see. He writes heavy, thick books about criminals, talks familiarly of "pathological conditions," and has a title five syllables long ending in "ogist." He is an "authority" and has been everywhere you ever heard of. But you know him mainly as a man who is cranky about his drinking-water and who is apt to run the conversation aground on some bar of statistics. So sadly is the great man obscured to his contemporaries by nonessentials!

The Englishman, like the house of the de Medici, caps the next corner. He is a draughtsman—at least, that is your impression. He and the Virginia girl never mention their work. He wears immaculate white flannel, and rails against any innovation in the weather as if it were a personal affront. His language is remarkably bald and blunt; he delights to dwell upon the spadness of the spade, as it were, and feels surprise if you show a tendency to deny the qualities which differentiate the spade from the hoe. The Columbian Law Student, who sits opposite you, hates the Englishman for a "cad" and a "blow." Having

left his ancestral acres in England, the Englishman had better preserve them in kodaks only—so the Columbian Law Student says. Nobody likes the Englishman particularly, but his national egotism renders him impervious to that! Besides he is in love. To be an Englishman in Washington, in the summer, in love with an American girl in Paris, who won't write because her Irate Parent (a retired Major on half pay) detests the English—possibly the Englishman ought to be forgiven some things.

Then there is Doctor Milburn, the blind Chaplain of the Senate, seated between his adopted daughters, eating a red herring and two soft-boiled eggs for breakfast; other meals regular bill of fare. He talks in a rich, round voice, rolling big words around as if he enjoyed the taste of them, and telling mild jokes exceedingly well. He always gives a joke its full social value, never crowding the details nor hastening unduly the climax. In fact, the old Doctor is never hurried; in habits and vocation, by taste and environment, he is an aristocrat. You thought him an Americanized Turk when you saw him in his elegant rooms at the "Cairo." He was leaning back in a deep Morris chair, his chest covered with a piece of embroidered satin to protect his clothes from spilled tobacco, a long-stemmed, richly carved pipe in his mouth, his two daughters in constant attendance. To have the best of food, the best of clothing; to be read to nine hours a day; for work to utter a two minutes' prayer over the Senate (not an exhausting spiritual exercise, however much that body needs praying over!); to enjoy the social prestige such "work" gives; to have the slightest whim gratified eagerly, instantly—that is Doctor Milburn. In finest of black broadcloth of clerical cut, well-fitting and fleckless, a broad-brimmed black felt shading his sightless eyes, a plain crook cane in one hand, head

held up, chest expanded, stepping as freely as the seeing—that is Doctor Milburn; elegant, courteous, cheerful, happy. And when the other day you met a querulous, dirty, blind man, feeble and staggery, lead by a careless boy interested in something else, you wondered much. You wondered if the outer difference represented an intrinsic difference, or if the great God, Chance, had taken a hand in the game? Such speculations leading notwithstanding, as Carlyle would say, you went home, and, at dinner, told the elegant Doctor a new joke on George Washington—a joke one of the capitol guides told you.

And at the head of the table, the Major with his orderly erectness, his punctuality, his gentle eyes, his silver hair, aye, and the long, lithe silver-tipped crutches standing behind the chair; the Major, whose fine face contracts with pain, sometimes even when it is smiling; the Major, who tells you stories, after dinner, on the back porch when the summer sun is sinking, his eyes on the irregular saw of roofs, unseeing, his cigar cold and neglected; stories that make you bow your head—then look for the Monument which you can't see for tears! The Major, who lay through those terrible nights and days, left for dead among the wounded and dying and festering dead; the Major, who carries in his body to-day aching memories of his sacrifice; the Major who can go no where without long, lithe crutches. The Major stirs and his eyes come back from the city roofs.

"Major," you say, dreamily, not looking at him—the Major hates to be "cried over"—"Major, were the niggers worth it?"

"No," says the Major, promptly, "but the principle was."

"Major," you say, his diction having effectually broken the spell; "Major, shall I get you a light?"

The Major smiles.

"Yes, I'll smoke it out, then read

my *Star*, you've had enough of war and old fellows for to-night."

"War and old fellows,"—"war and old fellows!" A free flag and a prosperous people under its crimson folds! The Major waits long for a match, because it is dark in the dining-room and you can't see very well, anyway. But the Major is never impatient.

H. REA WOODMAN.

### Co-Education.

Mrs. Cora Ewalt-Brown, '98.

PERHAPS on no other subject, discussed in recent times, has so great a change in public opinion taken place as on that in regard to co-education of the sexes, particularly in the higher institutions of learning. In the United States this change has been most striking, though the European nations are following our lead slowly, but surely—England first, France next, and then Germany.

It is within the recollection of people not yet old, when the instruction of boys and girls in the same classes in high schools was an innovation looked upon with great disfavor. And even yet in certain great cities, such as New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, the old conservative feeling still prevails to the extent that separate high schools are maintained for girls and boys. But in smaller cities and towns, and more especially in the West, the custom for the sexes to occupy the same building is very nearly universal. And those who have had experience both in the way of educating boys and girls apart and of educating them together will, with the rarest exceptions, bear testimony to the superiority of the latter.

The idea of co-education is not new. It is simply a return from the artificial to the natural condition of society. The separation of the sexes is abnormal and arose from the prejudiced idea that woman is incapable of contending with man in the highest

paths of science and literature. Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Stowe, and a host of others, have taught the world that woman can excel in science and literature, and that people have lived and learned in vain if education does not refine as well as strengthen woman's mind, and if co-education does not stimulate intellectual progress and polish manners. If God had desired the sexes to be trained up separately He would have ordered all the children in one family to be girls, and all those in another to be boys. But in very rare instances do we find all the children of a large family of one sex, and if we do, the boys are apt to be coarse and rude, all strength and no polish, and the girls to be refined and polished till there is little strength left.

The object of education is the same for both sexes. It was once fashionable among would-be philosophers to draw out the mental differences between the sexes; to claim that woman is more observing than man, her mental processes more rapid. She has greater fondness for detail, more patience, but less power to reason, less solidity of judgment; more taste, more vivacity, more sentiment; less leadership and power of control, less plan and logic. There may be important mental differences in the sensibilities, but the intellect and the will are sexless. The mental differences are reasons for co-education. The boys the gentleness, carefulness, kindness and patience of the girls; the girls the energy, courage, broad generalizations, logical judgment and wider views that characterize boys. The habits of thought peculiar to one act upon and improve the habits of thought peculiar to the other.

Doctor Harris, in his report as superintendent of the St. Louis schools, set forth the advantages of co-education in such a masterly way as to attract the thoughtful educators not only in our country but throughout all

Europe as well. The positions taken in this report may be summarized as follows: (1) Improvement in discipline. (2) Improvement in instruction and study; the diversities of the sexes preventing extreme methods and one-sided training; the tastes of the boys for the severer studies, such as mathematics, are corrected by the inclinations of the girls for the lighter studies, such as general literature, poetry, etc. (3) A more sound and healthy development of both sexes.

In referring to Doctor Harris' report, it is not meant that he was the first in the field of discussion. Oberlin College, founded in 1833, received within its walls every true seeker after truth without distinction as to sex, race or condition. Antioch College, established through the efforts of Horace Mann, in 1835, was conducted on the same liberal basis.

It seems safe to assume that the question of co-education in this country is settled. Individuals may deny the soundness of the theory, but the public mind is made up. All of the new colleges are built with doors through which a girl can as easily enter as a boy, and most of the older ones are swinging their doors fully back. In 1880, that is forty-seven years from the founding of Oberlin, more than half the colleges of the country were co-educational. In 1902 the percentage had risen to 75.6 per cent. Among the colleges of note may be mentioned Cornell, Boston University, Leland Stanford Jr., Chicago, Yale, Brown, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, University of Michigan, and Barnard and Radcliffe, annexes to Columbia and Harvard.

And the girls have not been indifferent to this great change. They have embraced the new opportunities that have been falling thick and fast. They equal their brothers in the quality of their work, and far exceed them in the numbers engaged in it. But if it is taken for granted that co educa-

tion is a settled question, another question arises, and that is: Shall the education of the sexes be identical? The leading objections to the identical education brought forth by opponents are: (1) That women do not demand an education equal to that of men. (2) Though women may desire as much education as men, they wish it to be of a different kind. (3) That they have not the mental capacity to attain an equal education. (4) They have not the physical strength.

That women themselves, in this country at least, do demand an equal education with man is universally agreed, and in no institution should there be two courses of study. In keeping up a separate and inferior course, they work against the best interests of women. Such action tends to make women remain satisfied with their inferior attainments. By identical education it is meant that it shall be the same in its essential features, not in all its details. That women have not the mental capacity to obtain an equal education with man may be dismissed without argument. It deserves none. Women have so distinguished themselves in every line of mental effort as to make for themselves a secure place by the side of man.

That women have the strength and endurance to compete with men has been proven from investigations given by tables in the Commissioner of Education reports. There is nothing in a university education at all especially injurious to the constitution of women. Women generally pass through it without affecting their health one way or another. Poor health is more often due to hereditary causes, and the college receives the blame. In the Oberlin statistics the death percentage for boys is one in nine and one-half, and for girls one in twelve. It may be stated in conclusion that one course of study for colleges, not a hundred

courses, is sadly needed—a course that is not made up of an infinite number of branches, but logical in its arrangement; a course that is fitted to the times that are, and not to the times that were. One thing this course will surely contain and make compulsory is a scheme for physical training; not the kind of separate training to which young men and women in college subject themselves, in the form of baseball, basket-ball, football, boating, etc., with the belief that they are doing great things for themselves, but exercise that will bring vigorous and perfect health. Great strength is of little value. With the present lack of physical training, any course of study may prove disastrous to individual students, and what is true of girls in this respect is true also of the boys.

### *1. Oil and Gas in Southeast Kansas.*

KANSAS is a State of wonderful resources. Nor is agriculture the sole source of her wealth. Kansas is preëminently a prairie state and, so long have minerals and mountains been regarded as inseparable, for that reason, perhaps, few people associate the idea of mineral wealth with Kansas. The fact remains, nevertheless, that Kansas is a great mineral-producing State, and possibly that day is not far distant when her mineral production will approximate in value that of agriculture.

But it is not my purpose to eulogize Kansas. Pleasant as that theme is to me, I shall leave that subject to the orators of the Kansas Day clubs. My subject is the roaring gas well and the spouting oiler.

Hailing, as I do, from Chanute, the center of the developed gas and oil field of Kansas, I have been asked to make some personal observations on the oil and gas industry. To begin at the beginning of the gas business, one would be carried back perhaps a score or more of years. Natural gas



was found at Iola, seventeen or eighteen miles northeast of Chanute, at least as early as in the eighties. Nothing came of it from a commercial standpoint—Iola is a slow old town anyway—for a number of years.

About ten years ago a prospecting company, Guffey & Galey, systematically explored a narrow strip of territory extending in a northeast by southwest direction, probably as far south as the State line and northeast nearly to Missouri, including in the strip the cities of Neodesha, Chanute, and Iola, and the territory between them.

About all the work of this company was a secret. No one not in some way connected with the company was permitted to go near a well while drilling was in progress, so, when information was given out that nothing had been found none of the natives were any the wiser. So the matter rested and Chanute went along in blissful ignorance of either gas or oil.

At Neodesha, twenty-eight miles southwest of Chanute, Guffey & Galey had tapped quite a pool of oil, and the Standard Oil Company soon afterward bought them out and built a refinery there, the only one of importance in Kansas. At Thayer, Neosho county, between Neodesha and Chanute, a few oil wells had been opened, and gas had been found in paying quantities at Benedict, Wilson county, fourteen miles west and south of Chanute.

Soon after the discovery of gas at Benedict the Standard Oil Company, through the agency of a sub-company, applied for and received a franchise to pipe Chanute for gas. Even at the rates for fuel and light charged by the "Octopus," exorbitant as they have since proved to have been, the citizens of Chanute found gas to be cheaper than coal or wood, and as for convenience and cleanliness nothing can equal gas.

As the days went by people high

and low grew to think more of gas until finally, in the spring of '99, so strong had become the sentiment for municipal ownership of the gas-plant that a bond issue of five thousand dollars was voted to be spent in prospecting for city gas. Leases covering thousands of acres, worth to-day literally millions of dollars, were obtained for a song from the farmers and land-owners of the city and immediate vicinity.

No wrong was contemplated in this lease taking, the land-owner usually figuring the lease rental being just that much clear profit. But developments have changed that idea, until to day a lease on a quarter-section in a practically proven locality is worth more than the original value of the land, while the value of the land itself may have risen from a few thousand dollars to a point where one really does not know what value to place on it. To illustrate, a few years ago a Chanute man, a trackman at the time, retiring from business, traded one of his promising racers for a farm that afterwards proved to be in the field. A year or so after this deal the farm sold for fifty-five thousand dollars—not a bad price, if one choose to view it in that light, for even an extra good race horse.

The first well put down by the city was a splendid gasser—just what was desired. The citizens fairly hugged themselves over the result, and when the five thousand had been spent, Chanute had to its credit four magnificent gas wells capable of supplying the city with gas for years to come, in addition to the above-mentioned leases, the value of which even then was an unknown quantity to the city council in particular and the people in general.

But city gas was what the people were after; and now the question was how to get rid of the company already established and doing a paying business. After a period of negotiations

with the company owning the city gas plant, the city of Chanute, by contracting to pay a price at least double the entire cost of the plant, came into possession. The plant paid for itself, principal and interest, in less than three years, and now, after gas rates have been cut in two again and again, is paying into the city treasury one thousand dollars or better per month. Such is the experience of Chanute with city gas. The advantage of this revenue is obvious. Chanute can and will make better gas rates for manufacturing purposes than any other city in the gas belt, and prices to the city consumers are the lowest.

The fifth well put down by the city was no good; at least, so 'twas thought. Not so to Mr. I. N. Knapp, a Pennsylvania oil operator, who "happened" to be in Chanute about this time. To Mr. Knapp this well apparently looked good. It was an oiler, and immediately that gentleman set about getting control of some of those leases held by the city.

There is a law on the statute-books of the state of Kansas that prevents cities from dealing in oil, else Chanute might to-day rival Rockefeller in wealth. So Knapp proposed quietly to the city council, that since he had a limited market for oil and that the city could handle gas, that he would drill gas wells for them practically free of expense to the city if they would agree that he should have the oil he might find in case he should not find gas. To the city council this looked exceedingly good, and through this agreement the city has some dozen or twenty gas wells to its credit, while Mr. Knapp, according to persistent rumor, has in the meantime cleared up a cool million, and the shekels are still flowing freely into his strong box. This, too, is perfectly legitimate.

Mr. Knapp worked quietly, and it was with difficulty anyone learned anything of his business. Indeed, it

was said that from his conversation one would be led to suppose that he was doing a losing business. But he was evidently prospering and the situation appealed so strongly to one hustling, wide-awake citizen of Chanute, Col. S. G. Isett, that he determined to embark in the oil business himself. Colonel Isett once ran on the democratic ticket for lieutenant-governor of Kansas, and though he did not get the office the title, governor, has stuck to him ever since. His being a democrat does not argue against his business sagacity.

The governor owned some land not far from the scene of Mr. Knapp's operations, and he decided to form a company and prospect this land. The company was formed in due course of time with Mr. Isett at its head, leases were taken on other land, and a hole sunk. Here again luck seemed to favor development. The first well was a "gusher"—a flowing oil well.

And now Colonel Isett was in his element. Incidentally, too, Chanute's reputation as a gas and oil town, especially oil, began to develop. Mr. Isett had been a successful drummer, a shoe salesman, for years, and his nerve, generated by his experiences, no doubt, stood him well in hand in his newly chosen field of operations.

Mr. Isett's well was the first "gusher" I ever saw "gush," and the same could be said by thousands of other people far and near, for the Colonel's exhibitions of this well were judiciously and widely advertised, and Sunday excursions, sometimes free, from Kansas City to Chanute, became popular. Capital, too, began to be interested, and the Chanute field has proved a genuine bonanza to capitalists both large and small.

W. WESLEY STANFIELD.

Friend:—"In what course does your son expect to graduate?" Father:—"In the course of time, by the looks of things."—*Ex.*

*The Webster Play.*

It has passed into history, and the K. S. A. C. world has said "Well done!" The usual crowded house, armed with very neat programs, waited expectantly for the curtain to rise. They were not disappointed when the time came.

PROGRAM.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—Mr. Meriton's home. How war severs the ties of friendship. Ned Pelton's offer of marriage is refused by Miss Meriton. His cowardly threats. The lovers' farewell.

SCENE 2.—The boys of '61.

SCENE 3.—Corporal Schneider and Private Scully on picket duty. Pete finds the General. Tom Markman discovers the villain's plans.

SCENE 4.—Tom's quest at General Wool's headquarters. A desperate resolve.

SCENE 5.—A presentiment. Pete's warning. Ned Pelton's villainy. The murder. May's vow.

*Euphonium Solo (Selected)*.....B. R. JACKSON  
R. H. Brown Accompanist.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—Tom Markman reports at General Wool's headquarters with a companion. He re-enters the service as a spy. May's resolve.

SCENE 2.—Dan and Jake divide the spoils. A clever capture.

SCENE 3.—"The Old Camp Ground." Successful foraging (?) of Jake and Dan. Tom Markman and Charles Meriton meet again. More of duty.

SCENE 4.—The spy is captured. Shellah's ruse. General Lee's sentence—"You die at sunrise." In Ned Pelton's power. "For such a cause it is a glory to die."

SCENE 5.—"I want to see that spy hanged." Shellah's toothache. The escape. "Stay where you is or your goose is done cooked shoo."

*Webster Trio*.....  
{ W. O. GRAY  
{ W. B. NEAL  
{ E. J. EVANS

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—General Wool's headquarters in Virginia. Information gathered by spies and signal corps. Preparation for battle.

SCENE 2.—On the skirmish line. Dan and Pete report. The battle. Charles is wounded, and Ned Pelton makes assurance doubly sure.

SCENE 3.—Dan, Jake and Pete fight valiantly, and Jake marches off some prisoners.

SCENE 4.—The battle field—the grim side of war. Tom and May find Charles dying on the field. Farewell to life and home and loved ones.

*Contralto Solo (Selected)* ..... EDITH HUNTRESS

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—General Grant's headquarters during the siege of Petersburg. The general receives reports of May's work, and Tom reports the enemy's plans. General Grant outlines his own plans and gives his orders. Tom is off again.

SCENE 2.—Ned reports May's capture to Colonel Thorne, and reveals the real object of his love for her. They lay a scheme by which she is to become Ned's wife.

SCENE 3.—The new recruits to do guard duty. Ned pushes his suit to the limit of endurance. The recruit takes a hand.

SCENE 4.—The escape and capture.

SCENE 5.—The spy is again in Ned's power, and placed in the death chair. Ready! Aim! One, two—Hold! Peace is declared. The last assassin is no more.

CAST.

May Meriton.....Miss K. Winters  
Tom Markman.....T. L. Pittman  
General Grant.....E. J. Evans  
General Wool.....W. B. Banning  
Lieutenant Ames.....Earl Wheeler  
Corporal Schneider.....W. B. Neal  
Telegraph Operator.....W. White  
Chas. Meriton.....E. T. Patee  
Ned Pelton.....T. E. Dial  
Gen. Robt. E. Lee.....A. M. Nash  
Colonel Thorne.....W. Turnbull  
Old Pete.....J. B. Thompson  
Mr. Meriton.....W. O. Gray  
Mr. Pelton.....W. B. Banning  
Dan.....J. Nygard  
Sergeant Bly.....J. G. Worswick  
Captain Max.....W. H. Harold

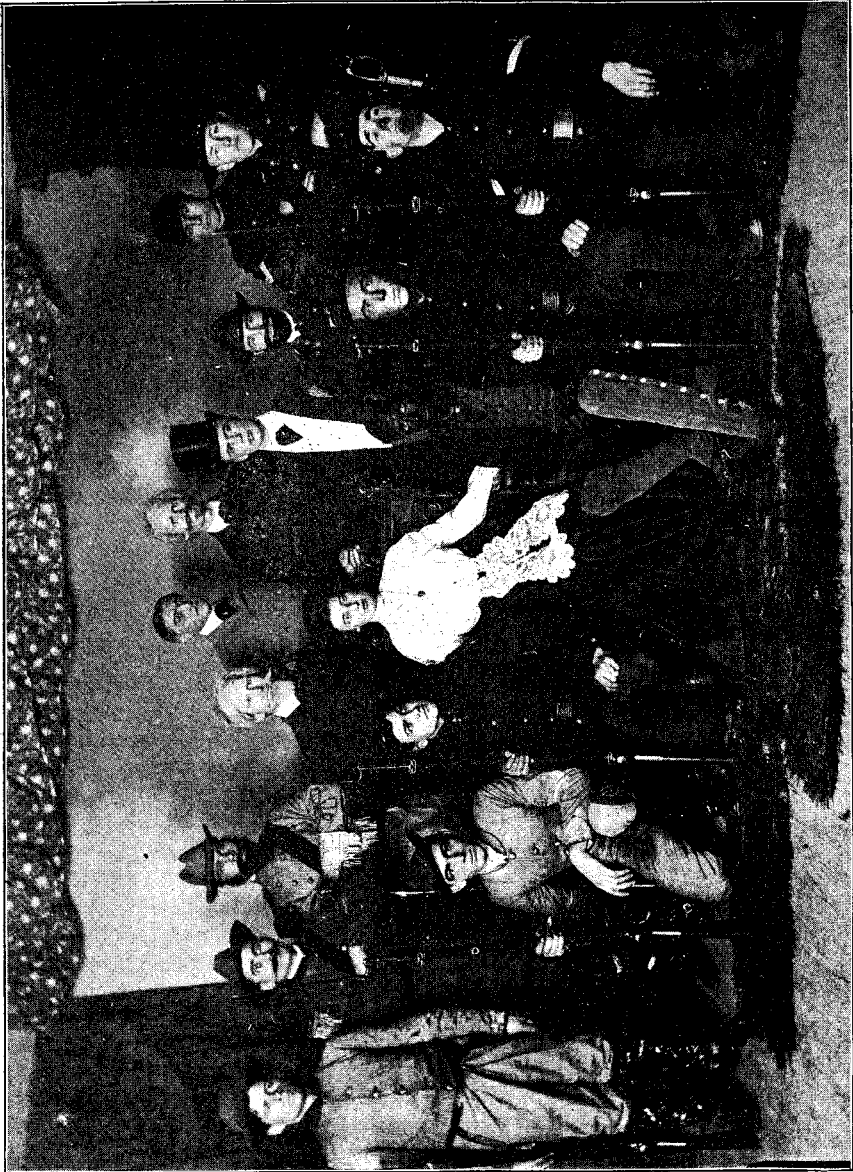
The play, being of a military nature, was filled with thrilling incidents throughout, yet warmed by a woman's tenderness and by several little love scenes, again enlivened with Dutch-Irish wit, and toned by pathetic scenes peculiar to war times.

Much might be said of individual acting did space permit. With scarcely an exception, all were good, as were the make-ups and the scenery.

The "boys of '61" created some amusement. Corporal Schneider and Private Scully were ridiculously good, and deserving of mention. "The Old Camp Ground" was well rendered.

The hero came out particularly strong in the fourth scene of Act II, when he said: "For such a cause it is a glory to die!" In the final scene his speech and conduct won the approbation of all.

The villain lorded it over everybody, using a peculiar Southern drawl, with characteristic attitudes.



Cast of "The Union Scout," presented by the Webster Society, February 29.

May Meriton must have felt rather lonesome among so many boys. Her part was difficult, requiring varied emotions, yet she carried it out well. In the death scenes a little more emotion would have been in order; they were well done, however. She showed the frailty of humankind in the last scene by forgetting her "triggernometry." The villain was patient nevertheless.

Mr. Gray was a success as Mr. Meriton, though he appeared only in the first act.

Messrs. Evans, Turnbull, Wheeler, Nash and Banning looked well, though they had little to say or do.

J. B. Thompson did his little acts to our satisfaction; likewise Pattee, Harold, Worswick, White.

The music, vocal and instrumental, including that by the orchestra, was enjoyable.

Everybody left with their lungs full of smoke, but convinced that the play was a success. From behind the curtain, as the people passed into the crowded aisles, could be heard the war whoop of Websters:

Wah haw! Wah haw!  
Wah haw! Wah!  
Websters! Websters!  
Wah haw! Wah!

A. N. H. B.

### *Concerning the Band.*

On the following page appears the likeness of Brown's Military Band, of this city. Its membership is composed jointly of musicians from the town and College, the latter taking advantage of the excellent opportunity of receiving the additional training while here attending school. The organization is under the competent leadership of Mr. R. H. Brown, who is assistant at the College and is also leader of the College band. The College band has a membership nearly equal to that of the town band, but is more amateur as a whole, although they handle some high-grade music.

Brown's band has quite a reputation throughout the state, and it has given good satisfaction in all of its engagements. At the Priests of Pallas parade at Kansas City, in the fall of 1902, it was placed next to the Kansas City Union Band, which led the parade, and the offer from Kansas City last fall was wholly due to the services rendered the preceding year. Circumstances, however, were such that the band could not fill the engagement.

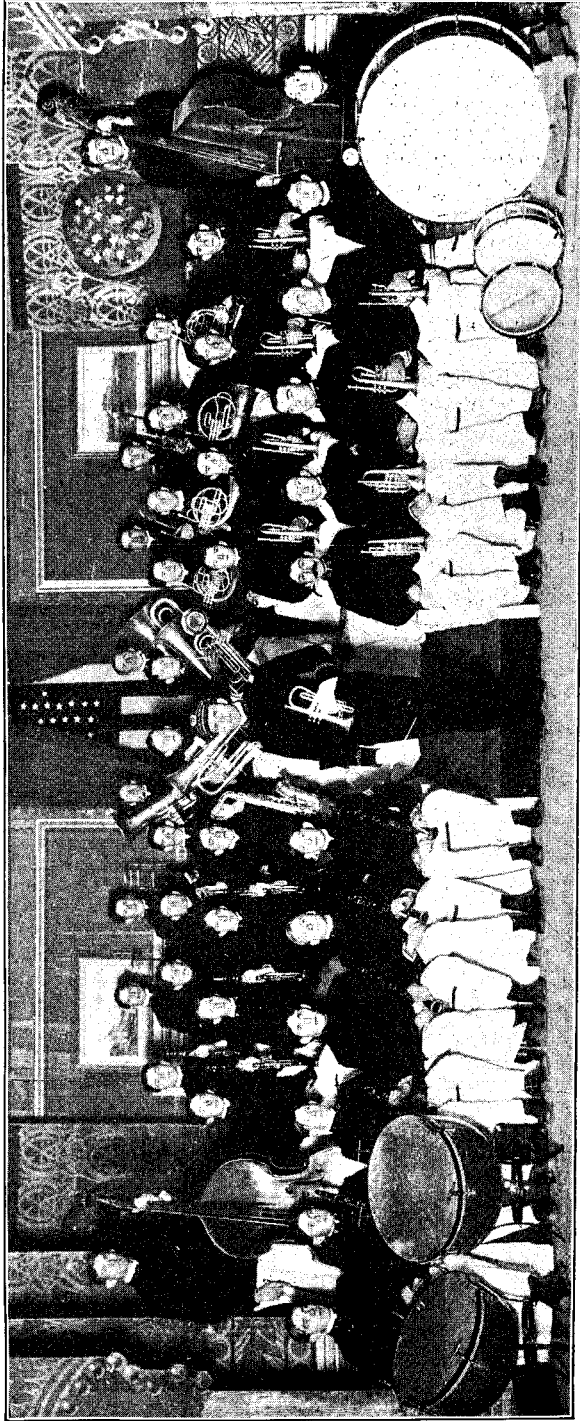
The value of such an organization to a town and community is often underestimated. If all the open-air concerts were dispensed with and all displays of home talent, such as annuals, plays, minstrel shows, etc., were obliged to go without the music which comes from this source, a decided lack of interest in such things would undoubtedly be the result.

A great many more towns would have bands if their citizens would consider the matter in its true light. A great many seem to have the absurd idea that a band in all cases should be self-supporting, and such persons are always wondering why a band does not start up in their town. If this were the case there would certainly be no lack of musical organizations, but we can easily see that this could not be, especially with young organizations. Those who look to the best interest of their town can readily see what an influence a good band wields toward the improvement of the same, and they should not complain about supporting such an organization.

G. L. WRIGHT.

"I want to get copies of your paper for a week back," said the old gentleman. "Don't you think you'd better use a porous plaster?" suggested the new clerk in the publication office.—*Ex.*

"An answer in the mouth is worth two in the book."—*Ex.*



Brown's Military Band.

*Baseball Talk.*

The enthusiasm which is shown this early in the season indicates that our baseball team will repeat the splendid record made last year.



J. C. Cunningham  
President Athletic Association

We cannot at this time publish the exact dates for the season's games; however, the following teams will play here: Kansas Normal, K. U., Ottawa, Washburn, Colorado College, Lindsborg, Baker, Creighton, Highland Park, Oklahoma Agricultural College, and probably Missouri University, Haskell, and K. C. Athletic Club. Return games will be played with the Kansas colleges.

Coach Booth will not be with us until the beginning of the spring term. However, Captain Hess is giving the team regular practice, and the new men are showing up in good form. Of last year's team, Hess, Coldwell, A. Cassell, C. C. Cunningham, R. Cassell, Bender, W. E. Smith, and possibly Worsley, will be with the baseball squad. Townsend and Phillips will probably be with us again. Carl Wheeler is a likely candidate for first baseman, and E. Wheeler and

Buckley will try for the team. R. Thompson and Walker, more noted for football, are yet baseball players of ability. Among the new men we find Porter, S. Cunningham, Puttman, Bethard, and others, doing good work. Manager Mason has placed with Spaulding an order for maroon suits and other baseball paraphernalia.

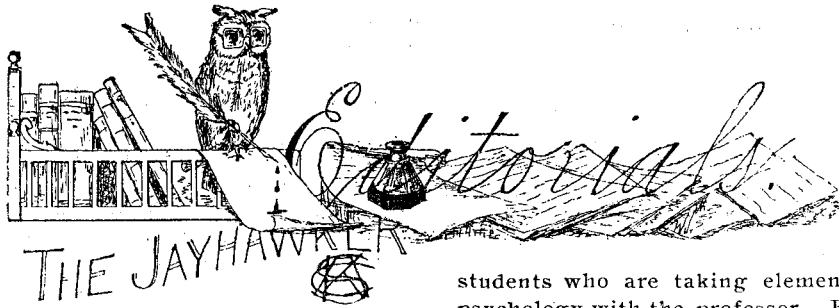
It is the plan of the association to erect a small club-house at the Athletic Park. W. J. Wilkinson is drawing the plans and will arrange for two dressing-rooms and a bath-room. It is out of the question for the baseball team to return to the College for baths, and such a building will fill a long-felt want.

A sufficient amount of money has been pledged by the student body to cancel the old debt of two hundred fifteen dollars. The Webster society repeated their annual March 2, which



H. P. Hess, Baseball Captain.

netted the association between fifty and sixty dollars. This places the association on a good working basis, and with the team we now have and the enthusiastic support baseball always receives, the outlook for the coming season is most encouraging.



**A Monthly Magazine  
for Progressive People.**

Published by the Students' Publishing Company of Kansas State Agricultural College. Printed in the Printing Department at the College by student labor.

Entered September 13, 1902, at the post-office in Manhattan, Kansas, as second-class matter, under act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

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THE JAYHAWKER, Manhattan, Kan.

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

MARCH 15, 1904.

**“How to Study.”**—Treatises on how to get fat, how to get rich, and a host of others, all pertinent to this life, may be had for the asking. The one of especial interest to students, however, is a five-minute “talk” on “How to Study,” lately written by Professor McKeever. This valuable little dissertation comes to us in the form of ten short paragraphs, headed respectively, “Have a program; Have a method; Train your attention; Test your strength; Be orderly and systematic; Be punctual; Take exercise; Be cordial; Cultivate pure-mindedness; Remember.” In connection with the above is a model blank program to be filled out by the student. The whole is printed on large placards, gotten out expressly for the 525 first-year

students who are taking elementary psychology with the professor. Even to the upper classmen, whose study hours here are drawing rapidly to a close, these hints are valuable, for they help a good many of us to see the “error of our ways,” and lead us to try to correct the same. To the lower classmen the hints are substantial and timely helps to bring into effect the phrase often heard in Professor Walters’ morning petition, “Help us to form correct habits.” And therein certainly lies the potential power of every life. If, then, Professor McKeever, or anyone, helps another to form a “correct habit,” the service so rendered is one of the choicest bits of service to which mortal man is heir.

**Fifteen Hundred Dollars.**—That amount was pledged in fifteen minutes by the students of Whitman College, in an athletic meeting held there recently. Another fifteen hundred dollars was pledged by the faculty. The money is to be used in building a new gymnasium. The students and faculty of Whitman College are probably not blessed with as much of this world’s goods as the students and faculty of many a larger institution, where the immediate prospects of getting a gymnasium seems rather slim. But as the above instance shows, it is not always those having the greatest means at their command that contribute the largest amounts to the various enterprises. Generally the question resolves itself simply into a strong realization of a need and a grim determination to supply the same. If a



gymnasium is so necessary to the students of that college, how about the students of this College? The little boy was right when he said that history does not repeat itself. We don't ask for a repeater; what we want is a gymnasium for boys—just one.

**Hickory Discipline.**—The changes made in school management during the last fifty years are indeed worthy of notice and commendation. In one respect, however, a return to the old-time practice, with some modifications and limitations, would have beneficial results. Hickory discipline was relegated to the backwoods country school years ago. And to-day the teacher, even in a back-woody place, who persistently applies hickory as an effective cure-all is looked upon as something fierce, while in some of the larger cities a teacher is not allowed to scarcely touch a pupil. Yet it is a staring fact that the incorrigibles in school have increased out of all proportion to the increase in school children. Rosen-cranz divides corrective punishment into three divisions. (1) Punishment with the rod. (2) By isolation. (3) Through the sense of honor. The first of these three has been sadly neglected of late. Moral suasion as a corrective influence is mighty for good. But at the very time when it is needed the most it is impotent. The children that need correction the most are often the ones that do not respond to the so-called golden-rule tactics. For the benefit of such, hickory, as an applied science, should be taught in every public school. Let the course be wholly elective, but let it be thorough. The signs of the times indicate that the school teachers realize the pusillanimity of school management, in some sections of the country, and will return to harsher methods. Not long ago nearly all of the 3,543 members of the Brooklyn Public School Teachers' Association signed

petitions asking for a restoration of the good old privilege of spanking. The "you dassn't touch me" spirit in any schoolroom argues nothing short of an incipient act of rebellion which, in later life, too often develops into sheer contempt for law.

**The Educational Value of "Ads."**—That it pays to advertise is no longer a debatable question. Business men, large and small, have demonstrated this fact so abundantly that the man who does not advertise is considered old-fogyish, and lacking in true business ability. So enormously has advertising grown in the last few years that at present the amount spent annually in advertisements amounts to millions of dollars. The entire wheat crop of the United States, enormous as it is, does not equal the amount spent in such manner. "Ad." writing nowadays is a science taught by experts, and the demand for graduates is greater than the supply, in spite of the fact that good salaries are paid by the many large firms that employ a regular corps of men to do their advertising. Not long ago a subscriber of one of the leading farm journals came to the editor and said: "This part of your paper," indicating that part used for advertisements, "is absolutely of no value to me," implying that the space might be put to better use. We venture to say, without having seen the man, that he was either an irresponsible person or a chronic fault-finder.

Advertisements form an interesting picture-gallery (a rogue's gallery, some of them), showing the trend of business during the various periods of time, as indicated by the seasons and the rise or decline of a popular sport, such as bicycling. So faithfully is this indicated that there is no quicker or better way to keep in touch with the business world than to glance through the advertisements of a few reliable magazines. Of course, from

an educational standpoint advertising is a failure. It is not carried on for that purpose. But incidentally, nevertheless, the fund of information supplied in this way is not insignificant.

~~~~~

**Billy McNair.**

It's Oirish Oi am an' me  
name is Mc Nair;  
The divil a bit for auld  
England Oi care.  
When Oi wants to wear colors, why,  
thin Oi wears green,  
Edward or no Edward, the  
howly spalpeen!

Shure an green's the swatest color  
Oi've seen altogither  
Fram the time Oi was half  
a knee high to me mither.  
There's niver a color  
like green to the eyes;  
That's why people gauk at us  
immigraunt byes.

Oi belaves in auld Oirland,  
begorra, Oi do,  
Fram the crown of me hat  
to the sole of me shoe  
An its impudent ye air to  
be wantin' to know  
Why its me that's not gone  
to me land long ago.

Would yez live there yersilf  
with nothin' to ate,  
But praties an' praties whin  
yez can have mate?  
Shure an Ameriky's foine  
fram the aste to the west,  
But me heart bates for Oirland,  
an its her Oi loves best.

An whin me times' up, be it  
airly or late,  
An Oi stand with St. Peter up  
beyant at the gate  
Oi'll ask the good saint, whin  
Oi gets through the door,  
Where the Oirish folk be that's  
gone on before.  
An if he says, "Faith, it's to the  
left of yez there";  
Thin, bedad, that's the place for  
Billy McNair. G.

~~~~~

**Society Athletics.**

Society spirit is one of the first essentials of good society work, and nowhere does it have such an excellent chance to develop as when two evenly matched society teams meet in

a struggle for supremacy of the grid-iron. Every member of each of the contending societies becomes filled with enthusiasm, that binds him closer to his society, making him a better and more interested literary worker.

But why should these occasions be limited to one or two games of football during the season? With the coming of spring society interest begins to lag, while there is an increased desire for athletics. Why not direct the increased athletic spirit in such a manner as to foster the society interests.

One of the most practical contests that could be arranged is a field-day contest. Only individual training would be necessary, and not much more than every student should take under ordinary circumstances. It would furnish a maximum amount of enthusiasm with minimum inconvenience and expense. It would prove a lasting benefit to all concerned, and would not detract in the least from literary work.

J. B. G.

~~~~~

We don't want to buy your dry-goods,  
We don't like you any more.  
You'll be sorry when you see us  
Going to some other store.

You can't sell us any sweaters,  
Four-in-hands, or other fads.  
We don't want to trade at your store,  
If you don't give us your ads.—*Ex.*

~~~~~

**Resolutions.**

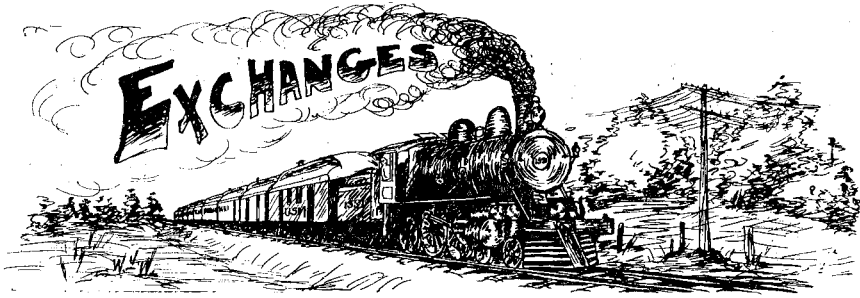
WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father, in his infinite wisdom, has seen fit to take from among us our dear fellow-member, Willard Berger, be it

*Resolved*, That we, the members of the Franklin Literary Society, extend to the sorrowing parents and friends our heartfelt sympathy in this their sad bereavement, feeling that their loss is ours also; and be it further

*Resolved*, That copies of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family and published in the home and College papers.

R. A. SEATON,  
RUBY HOWARD,  
W. B. THURSTON,

*Committee.*



The tongue is a little thing, but it fills the universe with trouble.—*Ex.*

*The Lombard Review*, from Galesburg, Ill., is again with us. It is an excellent magazine.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."  
—*Ex.*

*The Skirmisher* (Bordertown, N. J.) is an exchange which deserves mention. It shows good taste on the part of the editors.

The first issue of the *Radius* came to us from Kansas City last month, and it is an excellent start. We wish it success.

It is easy enough to be pleasant,  
When life flows like a song;  
But the man worth while  
Is the one that will smile  
When everything goes wrong.—*Ex.*

Bill—"Where is the best place to hold the world's fair?" Tom—"Dunno—where?" Bill—"Around the waist."

*The Junto* (Easton, Pa.) is an interesting paper throughout, especially the article on Russia's Territorial Expansion.

He called her Lily, Pansy, Rose,  
And every other flower of spring;  
Said she, "One in his senses knows  
One person can't be all of those,  
Hence, you must Lilac everything."—*Ex.*

First Student.—"Say, I got some inside information. Second Student.—"What is it?" First Student.—"I need some more soup."—*Ex.*

"Donald Blaine's Price," in the February number of the *Battalion*, is a good story. This is an excellent paper and one of our best exchanges.

*The High-School Review* is a credit to its staff of editors. Its literary matter deserves special mention, and handsome cuts head each department.

"Then welcome each rebuff  
That turns earth's smoothness rough."

The March number of *The Orange and Purple* (Danville, Pa.) comes to us in very rich attire. Though somewhat sparing in contents, the exchanges were not neglected.

"Is there no death for a word once  
spoken?  
Was never a deed but left its token?  
Do pictures of all ages live  
On nature's infinite negative?"

The *Jabberwock*, published by the Girls' Latin School, of Boston, ranks high among our exchanges, as does the *Central College Magazine*. Who says girls cannot run a paper?

The *Retina*, from the Toledo high school, is an excellent exchange. It always appears in excellent form and is very interesting throughout. "The Two Friends," in the February number, is especially good.

We have received many criticisms on the omission of our exchange column in our January number, all of which we accept as just and proper. We wish to say, however, that it was omitted through a mistake which we trust will not occur again.

Our exchanges will please remember that there is another "Jayhawker" which is published at Kansas City, so if you have any special criticisms for us you had better mention our place of publication, or we might be tempted to shift them onto our Kansas City friend.



# ALUMNI NOTES.

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

R. E. Eastman, '00, is thoroughly convinced that mumps are just what they seem—pretty “cheeky.”

Miss Martha Nitcher, '01, writes that they cannot live without the JAYHAWKER, even at Ames, Iowa, so she wishes it sent to her brother-in-law, H. M. Bainer, '00, whose address is 513 Story street.

Glick Fockele, '02, of LeRoy, Kan., who was one of the stars in the Webster play “Richelieu” the last year he was in College, came to enjoy the recent entertainment, “The Union Scout,” as given by his successors.

The names of the following persons appeared upon the program at the Riley County Educational Association, held at Randolph, on March 12: Emma Cain, '02, C. M. Correll, '00, Della Drollinger, '02, and Dovie Ulrich, '03.

Leslie Fitz, '02, visited his sister Jessie at College between trains on March first. He had just left Washington, D. C., to begin his field work for the Bureau of Forestry at McPherson, Kan. Mr. Fitz incidentally took in the sights at the St. Louis Exposition grounds.

Henry M. Thomas, '98, after five years' absence from his Alma Mater, surprised his friends by taking time from his business to visit them for half a day on February 24. He is a collector in the southern half of the state for the J. I. Case Threshing Machine Company, with headquarters at the Carey Hotel, Wichita.

Another ex-Webster who returned for their annual entertainment was E. H. Hodgson, '03, of Little River, Kan.

Lieut. Mark Wheeler, '97, passed through Kansas City, February 24, on his way from the Philippine Islands to Columbus, O. He is now with the Twenty-seventh Infantry instead of the Fourth.

Frank Shelton, '99, and Percival Parrott, a former assistant in the Entomological Department, were in New York City recently and had a pleasant reunion with Miss Agnew and other Kansas friends now at Teachers' College.

E. L. Morgan, '01, spent from Friday, February 19, until the following Monday with Manhattan friends. While here he modestly refused to be called “Doctor,” because he had not yet finished his course at the Kansas Medical College, of Topeka.

Jno. B. Brown, '87, sent in his subscription for the JAYHAWKER from the Indian Industrial School, Morris, Minn. He said: “I saw a sample of your paper about a year ago and was pleased with the prospect and announced plan. This is my third year in charge of this school and there are no immediate signs of a move.”

A. H. Morgan, '96, shook hands with old friends at College on February 19. He was returning from the Kansas City stock market to his home in Phillipsburg. Some time this spring Mr. Morgan expects to give possession of the farm he is now living on to his brother, C. W. Morgan, '01, and move to another place, near Long Island, Kan.

Harold Spilman, '03, who has spent the winter in San Francisco, returned to his home in Manhattan, March 11.

Mrs. Effie Gilstrap-Frazier, '92, since her husband's death, four years ago, has been employed as a clerk in the Chandler, Okla., post-office.

Chas. A. Murphy, '87, is no longer a teacher of science in the Clay county high school, but is yielding the editorial pen of the *Argosy*, at Nickerson, Kan.

A. I. Bain, '00, of Marysville, after marketing a carload of stock in Kansas City, stopped off here, February 18, in order to keep tab on the improvements in the city and around College during his absence of several years.

F. C. Sears, '92, of Wolfville, Nova Scotia, has just been doing three months' work in inspecting the government's model orchards. He and his wife, Ruth Stokes-Sears, expect to visit Kansas friends next summer and attend the St. Louis Exposition.

Maude Hart, '01, who is teaching at Good Will, S. Dak., is pining for sunny Kansas. She says where she is the thermometer has stood below zero for twenty-one days, and part of the time it was 40° below. Such cold weather is expected to continue until the first of April.

Georgie Dewey-Southerland, '93, sends greetings to her friends from 3744 Lake Avenue, Chicago, where she is living with her father and mother since her husband's death last January. She does not expect to continue her work upon the stage for the present.

Lieut. Ned Green, '97, has two months' leave of absence from Fort Niobrara, Neb. He made a hasty visit at K. S. A. C. on February 25, then went on East to Washington, D. C., with the intention of getting as near the seat of the Japanese-Russian war as he could gain permission to go.

O. H. Elling, '01, left the Fort Hays Experiment Station, February 29, to visit about a week with friends near Lawton, Okla.

E. H. Kern, '84, is following his chosen profession as a civil engineer, and meeting with good success, at Grand Junction, Colo. He expresses his continued interest in his Alma Mater in these words: "I am very much interested in all that pertains to my old College and in all of its work, and read the weekly news from there as though it was a letter from an old home. Please give my best wishes to all of the old professors, and may your usefulness increase as you grow older.

H. C. Rushmore, '79, wishes fifty cents worth of the JAYHAWKER sent to him the coming year at 2028 North Fifth street, Kansas City, Kan. Mr. Rushmore sends congratulations and adds, referring to the previous number: "It is your best—and seemingly you are on the up grade. Lovers' Lane in winter garb is quite a different highway than twenty-seven years ago, when it was used as a route from chapel then held up in the old barn, where later on the armory was installed. Lots of you chaps were just teething then. . . . Success to you!"

The club women of Lincoln, Neb., established a high-school lunch room which has proved very successful, having an average attendance of over three hundred, and on stormy days four hundred. A good hot luncheon costs about seven cents. Miss Margaret Whedon, a graduate of the Boston cooking school, personally supervises the buying and cooking, and the food is hygienically cooked and served. By the way, the parents of Miss Whedon graduated from our College here, in 1871, and are personally acquainted with many who knew them as Ogden Whedon and Ellen Denison.  
—*Manhattan Republic*.

Geo. C. Peck, '84, is a grain buyer and agent for the Midland Elevator Company, at Junction City, Kan.

Geo. F. Bean, '02, came from Alma, Kan., March 2, and visited friends for a few days, then accepted a position at the Pfuetze lumber yard in this city.

J. G. Haney, '99, superintendent of the Fort Hays Branch Experiment Station, presented his needs for the Experiment Station Council, which met in President Nichols' office, February 29.

J. T. Willard, '83, made a trip to the western part of the State to meet Elwood Mead, chief of the irrigation committee, at Garden City. Later he conferred with C. E. Tate, at Hays, in regard to cooperative irrigation there.

Jesse M. Jones, '03, has purchased a farm near Montgomery, Ala., and will manage it the coming year. During the last year Mr. Jones has been assistant in the animal husbandry department at the Alabama Experiment Station.

J. H. Oesterhaus, '01, has just completed the junior year of the Kansas City Veterinary College, located at 1330-36 East Fifteenth street. For the summer he will have charge of the dog ward and the library at this institution, and next fall will begin senior work for the coming year.

G. K. Thompson and wife, Eusebia Mudge-Thompson, both '93, very delightfully entertained their classmate, Albert Dickens, while he was at Marysville on institute work recently. Mr. Dickens made the acquaintance of young Melville and his small sister, Laureda; he also exchanged a few suggestions with the head of the family about planting the lots surrounding the new cottage in which the Thompsons live.

J. W. Fields, '03, while in Kansas City about the first of this month, made arrangements to attend the Kan-

sas City Dental College next year. He saw A. T. Kinsley, '99, John Oesterhaus, '01, Chas. Eastman, '02, all three students at the Veterinary College, and C. D. Blachly, who is a sophomore in the medical school. Mr. Fields is still a member of the Dodge City real-estate firm, but his address will be McPherson for the remainder of this year.

R. A. Oakley, '03, was, on February 16, duly promoted from the position of scientific aid in the office of the agrostologist to that of expert in the same office. His problem is the domestication of the native grasses, and his work will take him through the western states this season. His salary has incidentally been increased to \$1000.00 per year.

W. A. Anderson, '91, lives at 4218 W. Prospect Place, Kansas City, Mo., and is at present manager of the Pacific Coast Lumber and Shingle department of the Long-Bell Lumber Company, with an office in the Keith & Perry Building, Kansas City, Mo. Mr. Anderson sends an invitation for all of his friends to drop in and see him when they are visiting in the city.

We clip the following from the *Lyndon Peoples' Herald* of February 25, in reference to G. W. Wildin, '92: "Some years ago two Osage county boys took the same train to go away to College. One of them was an unsophisticated country boy, and probably looked it. The other was a town lad and didn't like the cut of the other fellow's clothes or his manner of address, and after they had bid friends good-bye at their home station ignored the presence of the country boy. They took up the same studies and pursued them as they liked. Their studies have long been ended, but it is with some pride that we print from a letter written by the country boy from Elizabeth, N. J., to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Wildin, as follows:

'I will change position on the first of March. Am going with the Southern railway and ten other roads, comprising in all twelve thousand miles. My position will be consulting mechanical engineer on each of the different lines and my salary will be four thousand dollars per year, which is \$333.33 a month. My headquarters will be Washington, D. C. This makes me \$100 a month increase in salary over my present position. I have had other positions offered me and expect in a few months to make another change which will increase both my position and pay.'"

The March number of *The World's Work* contains a very interesting article entitled "The Ideal Schools of Menominee" (Wis.), written by Adele Marie Shaw. The article says: "Deftness and a trim and accurate handling of materials, with the brain planning behind the work, are the objects for which the department labors under Miss Laura G. Day." K. C. Davis, '91, principal of the Dunn County School of Agriculture, is also mentioned in the article, as follows: "In Dunn county, with its 30,000 scattered population, Mr. Davis conducted last year thirty-two farmers' institutes." Both instructors are highly complimented for the efficiency of their work.

A. H. Leidigh, '03, who has just gone from Washington, D. C., to Channing, Texas, says, among other things: "Of course, it is warm and dry—and so calm! Why, the smoke goes straight up. It did that yesterday, too, and at night we had a little puff of wind. That wind moved mountains—of sand. It snuggled up against the venerable 'Rivers Hotel, Channing, Texas, \$2.00 per day; also rates by the week or month; everything first-class' until my bed became a sort of cradle and I became a—well, sort of scared. They say it had a soothing effect on the oldest inhabitant, but that he had trouble in leveling his fears because it re-

minded him too much of the good old times of long guns and noise. But this he thought was the worst yet. All I know is that the wind leveled other things easy enough. It even leveled that old man's fence, and thereby a quarrel of years, not to mention the city wind-mill and various other landscape ornaments. . . . Did you ever play Pit? I have; and this business here reminds me of it. I fear I am going to get a corner on homesickness. Never cornered that but once, and I most assuredly had to work that time—I mean work to keep from having to go home. Hope I don't get it here. Imagine! I intend to study hard, study German and advanced Botany and such things. Then I guess I will play the national game some. No, not baseball—it's dominoes here."

A SUDDEN CHANGE OF CLIMATE.

*Missouri Botanical Garden,*

ST. LOUIS, MO., March 2, 1904.

*Editors Jawhawker.*

DEAR SIRS AND MESDAMES: Will you kindly change my address on your mailing list from Palo Alto, Cal., to the Missouri Botanical Garden, St. Louis, Mo.?

I have been appointed to a most excellent position here, to have charge of the large collection of succulents grown in the Garden. Aside from its lucrative advantages it affords the best of opportunity for scientific research, which study I shall devote to the Cacti. Realizing the rare opportunities afforded by the Garden for good work, I do not hesitate to say that I am proud that I was honored with this appointment.

The trip across the country was very delightful for this season of the year. My last view of California was most beautiful—roses and hundreds of other flowers in the yards were in full bloom, early wild flowers in profusion and orange trees hanging heavy with big, ripe fruit. Though this was a sight quite common and

rarely commented upon there, yet to me it appealed more strongly by contrast with the Mississippi valley, which I found frozen up solid, snow 75 feet deep and the mercury run down so low it shriveled up the bulb. In Kansas City I dropped in—seven stories in the air—to say “Hello Bill” to my classmate, W. E. Smith. Just the same Bill, “fat, fair and”—he swears he isn’t “forty.” Here in St. Louis I bumped up against George W. Fryhofer, of ’95. He is prospering, you may know, for he still wears “the smile that won’t come off.”

CHARLES HENRY THOMPSON, '93.

“My mind to me a kingdom is;  
Such present joys therein I find,  
That it excels all other bliss  
That earth affords or grows by kind.  
Though much I want that others have,  
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.”

**City Notes.**

A new store building will soon be built near the College.

The Business Association is greatly interested in the prospects for oil and gas in this vicinity, and will soon have test-holes drilled.

The city has paved Poyntz avenue with crushed stone, from Fourth to Fifth street. This will be extended until the whole of Poyntz avenue is paved.

The new Congregational church is being built. It will be modern in every detail and will have an organ built in as the church is being erected. An organ fund is being raised.

The Manhattan Minstrel Company was again organized and gave a show to large and appreciative audiences, two evenings recently. The proceeds were added to the library fund. The amount cleared was not quite as large as that of last year, yet it swelled the fund materially.

Work on the Carnegie library has progressed so that the foundation can soon be laid. It will be something for which Manhattan may well be proud.

The library Association deserves all commendation for their long and faithful labor. It has taken years to bring the project to a successful end, but what Manhattan undertakes she accomplishes in the end.

“Bill looked at Mary,  
O, what a pretty miss!  
He came a little nearer,  
And then bashfully stole—away.”

Dr. P.—You can use the common English word Hell instead of Hades. We will have to use it later when we get to—” Pupils.—Oh! Dr. P.—Milton.—*Ex.*

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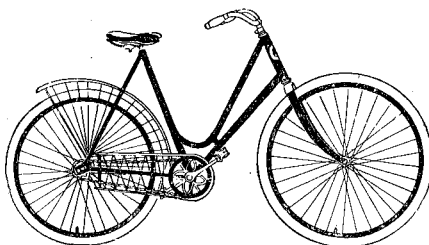


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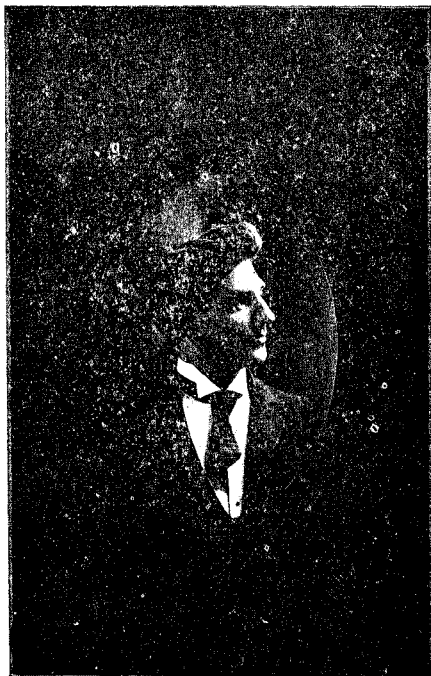
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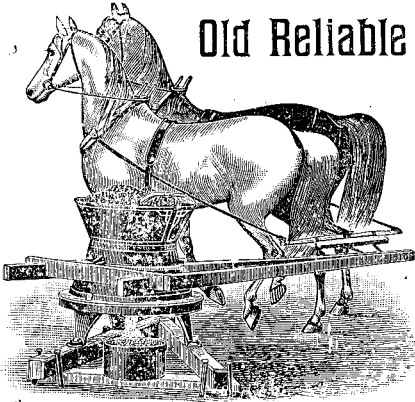
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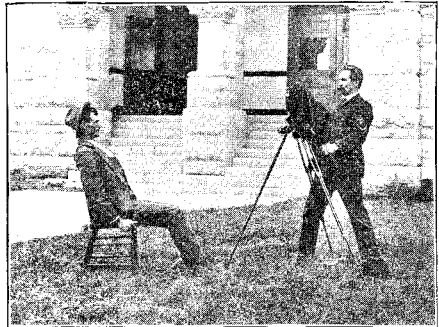
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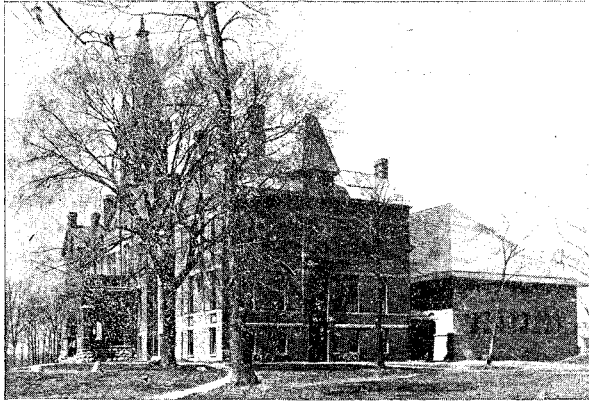
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