

THE JAYHAWKER



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BY
STUDENTS OF THE

KANSAS
MANHATTAN

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

KANSAS

.....

**“In the
Spring a
Young Man’s
Fancy
lightly
turns to
Thoughts of
Love.”**

.....

If She is a Senior

HE IS WONDERING what to give her for a graduating present. Come in and we will show you a fine selection of spoons, cups or plates to add to the collection she is making; or a beautiful chocolate or tea set to suit anyone’s pocketbook, also “Sweet Girl Graduate” pillow covers all ready to use, as well as an elegant assortment of wrist bags, fans and other things we’ll be glad to suggest when you come in. Also suitable presents for the “young man” above mentioned.

THE BIG RACKET,
Manhattan, - - Kansas.

ELECTRICAL — SUPPLIES —

Incandescent lamps, up-to-date fixtures, holophone shades, electric fans, battery supplies, electric novelties. I wire houses for electric lights, bells and burglar alarms at reasonable prices. See me for anything electrical.

PHONES { 550-4
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L. R. Parkerson

Over Makinson &
Youngcamp’s
Barber Shop.



Cast of "Princess Kiku," presented by the Ionian Society.



DON'T WAIT FOR OPPORTUNITIES; MAKE THEM.

VOL. II.

JUNE 15, 1904.

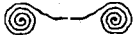
NO. 9

Commencement Day



ONE hundred active, hopeful lives,
After seeming strife,
Are now about to cast their ships
Upon the sea of life.
Out in the busy, bustling world,
To practice will they turn
The theory that, for four long years,
Has been of first concern.

EACH his characteristic path,
Will follow to the end;
Each his characteristic good
'Twill be his aim to lend.
Nor doth it matter what his work,
If honorable it be;
Naught but success can come to him—
A child of K. A. C.



COMMENCEMENT day! What doth it
To classmates now to part, ^{[mean}
How can the last good-bye be said
With calm and untouched heart?
For well they know the world is wide,
And scattered will they be;
No more 'twill be their lot to share
The joys of K. A. C.

YES, these pleasures now are passed,
But students' hearts are brave;
They know a mighty duty lies
Between them and the grave.
So after the first emotions,
After the comforting sigh,
They gather the courage of manhood
And firmly say "Good-bye."

VI. American Art—As She Is.

THE Englishman didn't mean it exactly as it sounded, but it was pretty strong to say that Americans haven't the shadow of an art ideal! The Virginia Girl looks daggers, but uses none, because the Hostess has maintained military discipline ever since—but that has nothing to do with statuary, and statuary was the subject when the Englishman broke his parole and his egg at the same time. You had been telling a joke you had just heard, and were innocent of any intention to stir up international strife. The joke is this-wise:

Washington is full of young ladies' schools—"finishing schools," they are called; educational laundries, where they warrant the fashionable "dull finish;" intelligent dress-making shops, where they add the frills and furbelows (in a machine that sews any kind of cloth) at so much per frill. Well down on N. Street there is a red stone Lutheran church, with a bronze heroic statue of one Martin Luther standing on the grassy triangle in front of the church. A near-sighted old lady, gazing at it, couldn't quite make out the nationality of the doctor's gown. Along comes one of the young women undergoing the process of being finished.

"Young woman," says the old lady, kindly, "Who is that a statute of?"

Now the young woman was only in the process of being finished, and she was caught, as it were, rough dry, with frayed edges.

"That? That, madam, is Mahomet!"

"Good Lord!" says the old lady. "What, in the President's town?"

"That's where the old lady was off," said the Man Who Knows. "This is most emphatically *not* the President's town."

"It wouldn't make the art of Washington any less atrocious, if it were," remarked the Englishman pleasantly. Then the Major felt the spirit of Gettysburg rise in him, and the English-

man lost his trolley, and the Hostess hasn't any idea how her "family" will take "just fruit" for dessert tonight.

Of course, the Englishman was wrong. It doesn't matter how much he knows of what he was talking about; he is an Englishman and he was wrong. But if the Major, who has a blood-sealed right to speak on things American, had said that, you would have agreed. By the way, the Major is one of a crowd of two department men whom you know, who doesn't abuse "the service" and find fault with his great Uncle's domestic arrangements. Fact is, the government clerks are too well treated. To apply David Harum's aphorism, they have no fleas to keep 'em from broodin' on bein' a dog! Their hours are easy, their pay goes unerringly on through vacation and sickness, and is as sure as death and taxation. In their offices, every possible comfort is provided generously; they are respected in society; yet they growl and grumble and say things that do not sound well, even in the bosom of the family.

For instance. You were talking yesterday to a woman clerk in the Dead-Letter Office. She was opening letters, retaining some and dropping the hopeless ones into a huge basket at her side—a basket removed by a colored porter when she signed to him. She was seated at a low desk in a comfortable revolving chair, at one side a little green felt shade to soften the light from the inner court. A fresh breeze blowing from the Potomac across the White Lot, stirred the window shades on the opposite side of the room. A colored woman brought her a snowy napkin and a mug of coffee and a sandwich, and she ate, leaning back in her chair. Just beyond, there was a beautifully appointed rest-room for the women clerks, with a deep leather couch and marble wash-basins. She reached her work at 9 o'clock in the morning, walking dry-shod over

pavements the smoothest and cleanest in the world, then through spacious corridors, with growing palms dotted here and there.

"It is a delightful place to work in," you said to her, "so nice and cool!"

"Think so?" sarcastically. "It's terribly hot—there isn't a hotter spot in Washington!"

You looked away from her to the green trees, and beyond her to the blue-misted river. You saw a little country school ma'am struggling through snow drifts, reaching her little school-house by half-past seven, unlocking the door with stiff fingers, making a fire in the big stove, washing her hands in cold, hard water—breaking the ice, maybe! At noon, eating a cold luncheon from a wicker basket, and "tidying up" the little room again—porter, janitor, teacher! You saw her plodding bravely through mud and slush and snow—on western prairies, along New England lanes, and steep, stony roads—building fires, sweeping floors, "decorating" walls, comforting half-frozen children, teaching cube root and the rivers of Asia when all the other work is done—the brave, energetic, cheery, self-sacrificing little "country school ma'am," who draws the munificent salary of thirty-three dollars a month! And then you looked at *that* woman, and turned away, because America, too, is a country where free speech is not yet. You turned away and crowned in your heart the little school ma'am, and the crown was no less laurel because it looked like clover and daisies from her own loved roadsides!

The Major, now, never complains—men trained to obey rarely do. Therefore, you would have sorrowfully acquiesced if the Major had censured the plastic art of the capital city. There is—now that the Englishman is safe over his draughting board you are quite confidential with yourself—there *is* the new statue of Dr. Hahneman in white marble and bronze.

Dr. Hahneman is—was—rest his soul, he's dead!—a German scientist who never visited America, but dug away with German near-sightedness in his own native soil. They do say that he compounded little white pills—the kind the children cry for. There the good old gentleman (in bronze) sits, in a hideous hooded chair, looking, as somebody said recently, "for all the world like the hall porter of the Manhattan Club in the days of its glory." On either side of this placid figure there are marble walls, like the wings of an enormous cherub—the whole effectually shutting out the view down or up Massachusetts Avenue. He founded a great school of medicine—granted; he was a public benefactor—yes; then put his "statute," as the kindly old lady would put it, in a hall of science or on a college campus—not in a prominent public reservation of the American capital!

Then there is the Jackson statue, in Lafayette Square, famous as being the most unpardonably ugly piece—always barring Greenough's Washington. If the maker of this piece of bronze had an idea, he failed to convey it. If he knew anything about horses, or men, he failed to use the knowledge. Jackson, that essentially practical and modest soldier, is represented as "clinging with the utmost difficulty, to the back of a perpendicular horse. The noble animal is thoroughly infuriated; his eyes protrude in a highly unnatural manner, and his mane is in fine frenzy railing." General Jackson, in spite of the peril and difficulty of his position, has his hat in his hand, "and appears to be gazing affably at the now defeated and panic-stricken foe." The whole thing is so bad, so incongruous and nonsensical, that it serves even the ends of humor. That is, usually. One Englishman got something out of it. Thackeray stood before it in awe-struck silence a long minute, then asked, gravely, "But where are the

rockers?" And no child mounted on a wooden rocking horse ("A rocky horse with a *real* tail!") could look more blissfully assured of safety than General Jackson on the raging, "perpendicular horse!"

And in the same square, in the corner near the White House, the Lafayette Group also appeals to one's nonsense of the beautiful. This is a very elaborate and ambitious performance—the Lafayette Group! It contains seven figures—two babies, one woman and four men (two nondescript and perfectly correct French gentlemen, and the two generals). On the top, the Marquis Lafayette and Rochambeau are fervently grasping hands—possibly making a small bet. On the east shelf below is a determined-looking Frenchman—possibly witnessing the terms of the bet. On the west shelf, a determined-looking ditto. On the south (a bit of gallantry, that, on the part of the artist) is a female clad in very light marching orders, half-kneeling and holding aloft an overgrown sword. On the north shelf, are two babies, "A pair of hydrocephalous twins, whose relation to Lafayette or the female has never yet been explained to my entire satisfaction," says a critic of strong ethical bias. Nobody knows what it is all about—why the babies and the female with the sword and the correct Frenchman should be there rather than anywhere else. It lacks unity, breadth and dignity of treatment and of theme—everything that a piece of monumental bronze should have.

But we Americans are utilitarian yet. The beautiful in art production we have not attained to yet—we are making things to use—war-ships, breakfast foods, typewriters, telephones! All in good time—fine art is not the early fruitage of national life. What does it matter if the horse and rider do not "fit"? It is enough that, in their day, they *have* fit. What matter if the "hydrocephalous twins"

ought to be in the nursery? What matter if Washington's toggery is Grecian when it might as well have been Egyptian? We love the men who have made it possible for us to be impudent with impunity, and we attempt to express that love in bronze and marble. We express it often awkwardly, usually crudely, but always lovingly. It may be poor art, but it is good love, and if we love well, good art will surely grow among us! Better plaster of paris and a false line and love without, and bronze and perfectness and strife therewith! There are no false lines in our flag, as the Englishman well knows; and he passes specimens of "atrocious art" every day on his way to work—work for which he gets more pay than he could by passing to work by the Albert Monument!

"Striking ubiquities" are clever and timely if a man is on a desert and eating bread-fruit! But when he is in America, eating fine white bread and receiving higher wages than he could for the same work in England, he had better eat his fine white bread in silence. Gratitude is a great and noble virtue, and we chisel statues because we are grateful! H. REA WOODMAN.

The Homecoming of the Cowboy.

THE first glimpse I had of the cowboy was at a little station on the B. & M. R. railway, in northwestern Kansas. It was a cold, raw day and snow was falling in intermittent gusts. The train stood at the station waiting on "time" to pull out westward. Presently the clanging of the bell on the locomotive announced that departing time had arrived and two toots from the whistle gave warning of an immediate start.

At this moment a shout was heard, and a racing team of ponies with an open buggy attached emerged out of the snowy obscurity and frantically plunged, under the lash, down the road toward the train, whose wheels were just making their creaking and

squeaking start. The conductor's signal held the train until the occupants hurriedly scrambled out of the buggy and up the steps into the coach. We who were on the train had been interested observers of this spirited comedy and now looked up to see before us, breathless, but happy, those of whom I write—the cowboy and his bride.

Cowboys are an ever-interesting type, and bridal couples are usually interesting, if they are not tiresome. This proved to be an interesting couple.

The cowboy—would you see him?—was a hulking giant, over six feet high, broad shouldered and raw-boned. His huge hands seemed to hang loosely on the ends of his long arms, while his bowed legs and rolling gait proclaimed unmistakably the horse's back as his natural habitat. His dress added to this conviction. His hat was of the sombrero type, wide-brimmed and white, with the crown dented in at each of the four sides giving the pyramid top so much affected by these men of the West. The neat fitting gray trousers and black coat were in conventional good taste, but the polkadot handkerchief tied loosely around his neck and the absence of suspenders and a vest, even on that cold day, proclaimed his ignorance or defiance of the laws governing good form in dress, as dictated by modern society.

The little girl bride wore a plain gray dress without additional trimming or color, except for a ribbon at the throat and waist. She also wore a black straw hat trimmed with a liberal number of bright-colored paper flowers of indeterminate genus, and these flowers bobbed in apparent exuberant ecstasy at every motion of the happy bride's head. Her hands were chapped and their roughened appearance testified to the severity of a recent scrubbing, while the plain gold ring that shone in all its newness on the heart finger of her left hand seemed

somehow appropriate even on that weather-beaten but shapely and dimpled hand.

They took a seat together in the coach and attempted to carry on a commonplace conversation, but made an abject failure at it. There seem to be some thoughts that are too eloquent for words, and the cowboy and his bride were full to the limit of thoughts of this character. But even though their tongues grew silent, their eyes were constantly speaking volumes of words.

After a time the rude stares of the passengers grew disconcerting to the couple, and in a feeble and foolish attempt to appear indifferent, like folks old in matrimony, the groom turned over the back of the adjoining seat and took a place facing the bride. The attempts now made by him to appear at ease were pitiful in their absurdity, but after a number of changes in the position of feet and hands and body, a partial relief was found in an immense face-filling chew of tobacco. It was evident that the publicity of his happiness made it, in some degree, a torture to him. But not so with the bride.

She was not self-conscious. And yet pride was written in every line of her face and indicated by her every look and action. But the pride was all for him. She was proud of his broad shoulders, of his muscular form, of his evident disregard of the form of conventional life, and even when he spit her face lit up with pride at the force and accuracy with which he could hit the foot of the car seat diagonally across the aisle from where he sat. That her devotion was complete and self-effacing could not be doubted, and yet no regrets could attend this conviction when one observed the forceful but kindly face of the cowboy groom.

After a run of about three hours the train approached the destination of the much-observed couple. As the snow storm had passed away the cow-

boy pointed out to his wife prominent features of the landscape, and in describing them he lost his former constraint and became, once more, at ease.

When the couple alighted from the train a group of some half dozen typical cowboys, evidently friends of the groom, were there to receive them—or, more properly speaking, were there to *see* them. They were a shy lot, and kept their distance. Evidently they were not accustomed to ladies' society and were attempting to comply with the requirements of friendship and good manners by shouting greetings to their lucky friend, from a safe distance. These intentions were rudely dispelled, however, by the groom calling out authoritatively to his nearest friend: "Mack, come over here!"

The one addressed pushed his hat hard down on his head, changed his tobacco from one cheek to the other, gave a hitch to his trousers, and with an expression of martyrdom on his face, strode toward the bride and groom. Then followed an introduction that was plainly embarrassing if not painful to all persons concerned, but which they evidently saw no way of avoiding.

The giant groom stood there beside the little bride with his brawny arm outstretched, holding his huge hand across her shoulder in an awkward but affectionate effort to reassure her, while he said to his friend in the most deliberate and formal manner that can be imagined: "Mr. Kinney, this is my wife!" The bride thereupon made a prim little bow that set the flowers on her hat nodding and bobbing in reckless abandon. As for Mr. Kinney, he made a frantic grab for the brim of his hat and tried to lift it off his head, but it refused to be removed even after several violent efforts. He next seized the much offending hat by the crown and tugged at it until it came off, and then acknowledged his introduction to the bride by an obeisance

that was a strange combination of a squat and a most sweeping bow.

By this time the complexity of events had thoroughly bewildered Mr. Kinney and he was hopelessly embarrassed. So far he had not uttered a word, and yet he seemed to know that this was the time to make some pleasant remarks. After another pause, almost painful in its duration, he again jammed his hat down on his head and looking away off across the prairies, he blurted out: "Well, Jim, take good keer of yourself!" And then, after spitting at the bung-hole of an empty barrel near by, and thus giving evidence of his skill in that much practiced art, he stalked away.

After him were presented the groom's other friends, all equally bereft of speech by their fright, but all apparently desirous of compensating for their lack of words by the extreme profundity of their bows. Finally the agony attending the excessive formality of the introductions was all over, and immediately the tenseness of the situation was relieved. A few friendly words from the bride put the groom's friends so much at ease that there was rivalry among them for the privilege of carrying the couple's baggage and bundles.

I watched them as they left the station, the bride and groom in the lead and the others following along in irregular order. Their steps were directed to a little sod house a short distance away, where a home had been prepared to receive the bride. The groom's friends, with a true sense of delicacy, did not at this time enter the house; but mounting their horses, which were hitched near by, they let off a chorus of yells that were intended to convey to the happy couple all the best wishes which their tongues had refused to utter. As they rode away the bride and groom picked up their bundles and packages, which were piled beside the door, and disappeared within.

Night was closing down, and as the train bore me away in the gathering darkness, there shone from out the window of that little "soddy" a beam of light announcing to the world that a new fireside was being dedicated and that a new home was established.

HENRY M. THOMAS, '98.

Trot On.

Trot on, my friend, trot on;
Your load is heavy, the day most gone,
But to reach the goal you must hasten on:
Trot on, my friend, trot on.
Rest not, though steep the way may seem;
Swerve not, though faint the luring beam;
If you fain would rest in the haven's gleam,
Trot on, my friend, trot on.

Trot on, my friend, trot on;
There ne'er was a time in the human race
That a man dared slacken his harness trace,
But a friend would leave him behind a pace—
Trot on, my friend, trot on.
'Tis not the one who gains the start,
Nor yet the one who is extra smart;
But the lasting nerve, and the living heart—
Trot on, my friend, trot on!

A. F. TURNER.

Some Things Doing at a State Capital.

IN OTHER days it was the greatest pleasure to "rush into print." Now it is with hesitation and diffidence that we take the risk of "butchering the Queen's English" in order to appear in spirit to the friends of K. A. C., and give an account of things done and undone, and sights witnessed and heard of. But the editor of the ever green and growing JAYHAWKER, for the sake of old times, we suppose, has invited us to submit a contribution, and such a temptation is beyond our power of resistance.

There are enough things doing every week in a city the size of Des Moines, to fill a good-sized volume, provided one was on the inside and could see things as they are; and even on the surface things are pretty lively. The session of the state legislature is the political, social, and often financial event of two seasons. A half-dozen trips to the state-house may be barren of results, and the next time one may see and hear enough to remember for an age. Those who happened in when the anti-pass bill was

up for consideration received their money's worth. The way the paid servants of the public, with allowance for mileage, stuck for their "comps" was a caution. They were not influenced by the receipt of the passes—not in the least—and they defied any one to show it; but somehow or other these corporations fared very well at the hands of these servants, and the farmers, merchants and manufacturers of the state are wondering how it all happened.

The theatrical and musical events have been quite an important feature of the winter's life. Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur" was reproduced very true to life, even to the scenes of the ship wreck, a real chariot race, and the multitude on the Mount of Olives. Lately, at Drake's capacious auditorium, the New York Symphony Orchestra rendered the musical version of Parsifal—said by competent critics to be one of the greatest musical treats in the world. If it had been half as good we might attempt to express our inability to describe it. Not the least of attractions for your humble servant was a private entertainment under the auspices of Unity Circle—a social and students club—at one of the finest homes in the city.

The churches of a city are a study. All shades and colors of religious belief are represented by organizations, and even the same denomination has its central church, with a fine building, large choir, and liberal, practical sermons equal to the numbers of a lecture course; and also in the suburban districts, the church of humble appointment and old-time religious themes. And who shall say that each has not a rightful place? Surely the business man, the professional and the scholar need instruction from one who knows the life they know, and the others need a message adapted to their simple life. And a remarkable and satisfactory thing plainly evident on every hand is a general get-together

on-together movement, not only among the petty factions of a sect, but among the widest extremes of religious faith—Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, Unitarian.

If one has a hankering for legal contests, then there is excitement here for the most sporty. Four murder trials have been held this winter, in which some of the ablest counsel in the West has had a part. A late conviction of a man for uxoricide upon purely circumstantial evidence, and in spite of a remarkably well-prepared defence, shows that justice is no imaginary thing.

But it takes the political pot to boil, even when it is watched. Two primaries, two schools, and a city election have been held already, while county, district and state conventions following thick and fast are harbingers of the times which are to be when the campaign really opens. The way that money flows on such occasions would make the Blue green with envy. The way to get a finger in the pie is to decide which candidate one will support, make it known, promise to do some personal work, and the bargain is settled. A student without any particular "pull" can command five to ten dollars for a little work and of course voting. Those acquainted in proportion.

One interesting development, likely to dampen the ardor of the "dispensers of the dough," is the difficulty of securing a delivery of the goods. We heard of three boys in another school who received twenty-five dollars apiece to work for one candidate, and for the sum of fifteen dollars apiece each agreed with the opposing managers not to work. As a matter of fact, the wearing of a campaign button is understood to mean that the wearer is in the employ of the candidate. It is claimed that the successful aspirant for congressional honors at the hands of the Polk county primaries spent more money in this one county than he

will receive in salary during the two years in Congress, and the losing man spent, if anything, more than that.

Now, Mr. Editor, we would be glad to go on at length, discussing the social life here at school, the coming debate between Drake and Iowa State College, the pleasures of studying under an elective system, and a dozen other subjects, but sympathy for the readers, love for the paper, and the hope of being invited to contribute again, impelleth us to desist.

W. S. W., Ex-'03.

The Domestic Science Course.

Every generation has its peculiar mission—its especial evil to overcome or good to promulgate. Thanks to the indefatigable efforts of our immediate ancestors, it does not devolve upon this age to establish the fact that advanced education is beneficial to women.

Every thoughtful individual to-day realizes that a superficial training is undoubtedly harmful, however, when one of either sex drinks deeply from the stream of true culture he cannot but be permanently enriched.

Neither is it necessary for us to-day to emphasize the importance to every woman of at least some knowledge of domestic science. Cooking schools of varying grades have been established throughout the country, while newspapers and magazines are surfeited with directions, both good and bad, for the preparation of food.

Our efforts are needed, however, along another and fully as important a line. Women universally no longer regard the duties of home as drudgery. But in order that the best results be obtained, this work naturally must be raised from its position of an accomplishment to that of a profession. Women must be shown that the science of home-making is not something to be tacked onto an inferior training; not something to be acquired in a cursory course of a dozen or more lessons;

not something to be treated as a diversion, but a science requiring hard, faithful labor. They should not only be impressed with the sacredness of their duty, but they should understand that the broadest education possible is essential to success. So-called domestic science is not in itself a limiting subject. One must delve into the deepest of nature's secrets to reach its height and breadth. All of the natural sciences, together with the all-important mental training which mathematics affords, are fundamentally essential to a proper grasp of the so-called subject of domestic science. At the same time an acquaintance with literature and music and that charm and culture without which there is no home.

Such a group of studies is the one offered by the domestic science course of K. S. A. C., and it is fulfilling its mission admirably.

Of course, the advantages of a strictly classical course in addition cannot be questioned. But most persons, instead of having an opportunity to pursue both lines of study, are forced to choose between the two. In such a case there is no question as to which should be followed.

No matter what other work may occupy her for a time, nearly every girl, sooner or later, finds her way to woman's highest calling—that of a homemaker. And though a purely classical training will be of untold value in such a sphere, a lack of specific knowledge concerning household affairs would be by far the most disastrous. Practical illustrations are too numerous to make it necessary to describe what the result in the latter case would be. It would also be overestimating human ability to train and to absorb, to leave the impression that such a course as that in domestic science effects perfection in the performance of household duties.

What can be justly claimed for it, however, is that it transforms even

the average girl into a strong, self-reliant woman, capable of meeting and overcoming any and every emergency. From a narrow-minded and perhaps too introspective girl, a broad-minded, altruistic woman.

Most important of all, it makes that woman a lover of her home and not a drudge to it. Her kitchen becomes her laboratory, and in each phase of her varied duties she sees an application of some scientific principle. To such a student housekeeper, work is a diversion because it means constant study. Such are the kind of housekeepers the world needs, and such are the kind that the domestic science course of K. S. A. C. is preparing for life's work. WILMA G. CROSS, '04.

The '04 Ags.

There are times in the lives of most men when the immensity of the subject in hand astounds and strikes them dumb. And as I sit toying with my pencil, this feeling of utter inability to adequately present my theme seizes me. The longer I allow my thoughts to linger with the '04 agriculturalists the stiffer become my fingers with fear that the injustice I am about to do this august body will haunt me to my grave.

How often have I sat in their impressive presence and listened to them expound with deliberative sagacity on such subjects as senior physics, stock breeding, or forestry! But let us take a look into the inside of this affair. An Ag. senior is very much like any other senior. He has his ups and downs. There are certain things in the course of study which he does not like, and he wastes much energy in considering them. He even has been known to petition the Faculty for exchange; but the steady guiding hand of those wiser individuals has restrained the ever-restless mind of these up-to-date farmers, and now that it is all over there is a feeling that it was all for the best.

The record of this class has not been uneventful by any means. They can boast of four class presidents, three presidents of societies, and three presidents of the Agricultural Association. They were well represented in the intersociety contest of 1904; having two participants. When it comes to class contests and class scraps, they have always been well represented and have shown themselves worthy of their sturdy contemporaries. College athletics in the past four years has much of its success to attribute to the '04 Ags.

In the fall of 1903 they sent a stock-judging team to Chicago, and there did justice to themselves, old K. S. A. C., and the State of Kansas. These are but a few of the many leading roles played by this body, but we have not further space to elaborate on their doings.

Upon looking back a few years we note that this class is much the largest that has ever graduated from the agricultural course of K. S. A. C. In 1902 there were eleven graduates, and in 1903 there were fourteen. But this year we boast of twenty-three. This, however, is only a proportionate increase, as the rest of the class is larger than those of previous years. There are approximately one hundred candidates for graduation in all courses this year.

The prospects for the future of this class are bright, and we see in their ranks leaders of nations and molders of destiny. Some little information as to their immediate course of action has been obtained, which we submit herewith. Twelve of the individuals in question will return to farms of their own, or to their homes, to put in to practice the scientific principles which they have acquired while here. Two have already accepted positions on dairy farms, at good salaries, and another has in view a place on a Missouri stock farm. A veterinary course at Cornell University is the intended

future of two of the boys, while another has decided to attend the State Normal during the coming year. One is to take up creamery work, one is to have charge of a dairy herd, and one has accepted a position at the College in the Animal Husbandry Department. T. W. Buell will return to Texas and Nick Schmitz expects to be a millionaire very shortly. The above is a short summary of the future career of this progressive body of young men.

Time will tell of the successes and victories of these men, and Kansas will always be proud of her scientific farmers.

E. C. G.

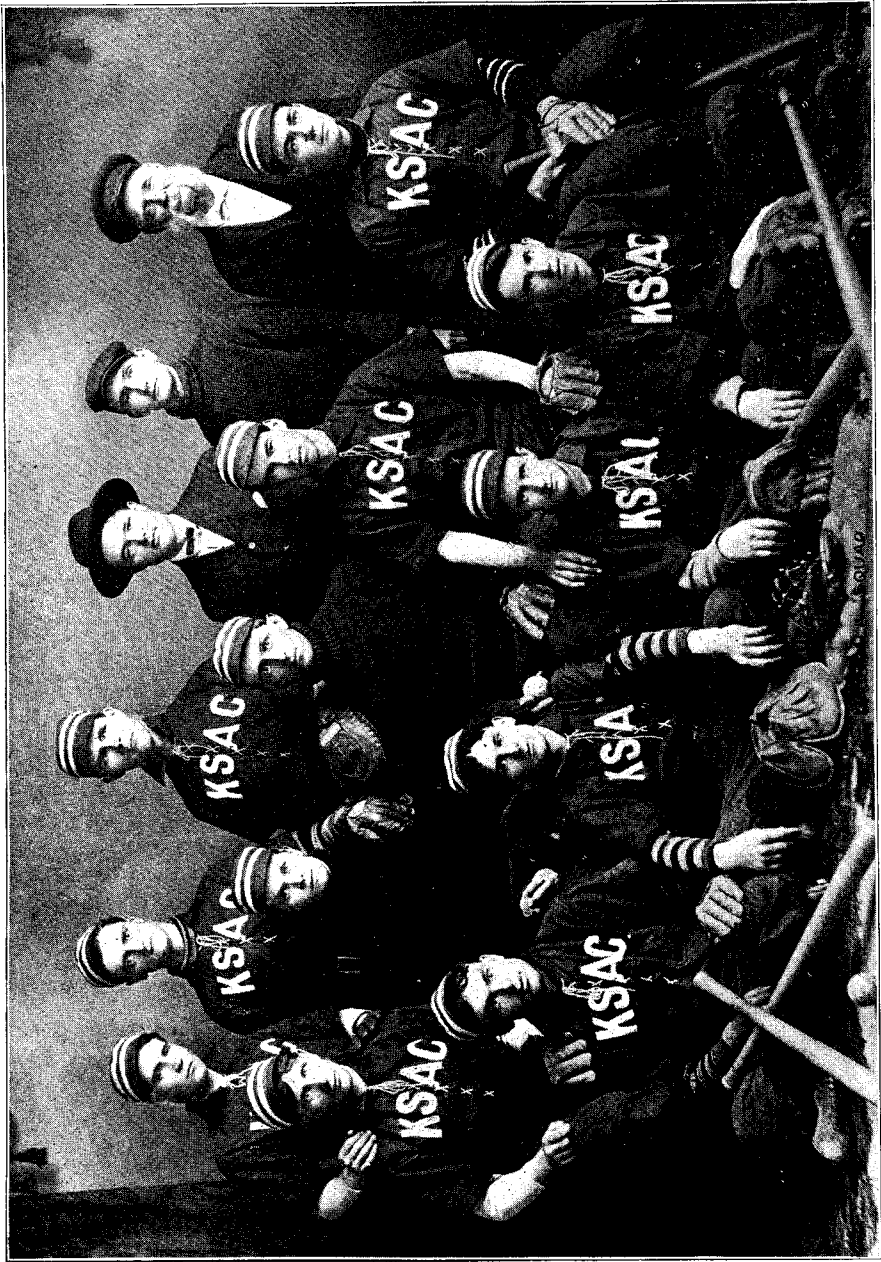
Mechanical Engineering Course.

It is a well-known fact that college graduates have the choice of positions to-day. This state of affairs is more clearly seen in the engineering professions. Technical education has only recently come into favor in the United States. Before this a boy who wished to become a mechanical engineer would serve as an apprentice in some shop. The young man of to-day takes a course in mechanical engineering in some college to fit himself for that profession. He sometimes serves an apprenticeship in some large establishment after graduation. By his training in college he is enabled to grasp the principles of the machine on which he is working more quickly than one who is not a college graduate. His mind is on the alert for every piece of valuable knowledge.

The course in mechanical engineering offered in this College is intended to prepare young men for the management of machinery and manufacturing establishments, of power plants, the designing, building and erecting of machinery. In order to get a clearer idea of the mechanical engineering course, it is necessary to obtain a full understanding of the nature of the work. The first study that bears directly on mechanical engineering is kinematics of machinery. This



The JAYHAWKER STAFF.



Baseball Team.

is a study principally of gears, cams, and quick return motions. After this is mechanics—a study of the laws of motion, force, work, and energy. The different types are studied in regard to their strength and design. The real technical work begins in the senior year, with the subject of thermodynamics. A detailed study of this subject, mathematically treated, is made. A good foundation in the principles of the subject, as applied to the steam- and gas-engines and refrigerating machine, is made. Each student is assigned a topic for discussion in class, such as "Steam Turbines," and "The Use of Oil as a Fuel." During the senior year the principles of theoretical mechanics is applied to problems that arise in practice, and a study is made of the strength of materials. In hydraulics a thorough study is made of the flow of water and its utilization for power.

The studies are accompanied by mechanical design, shop-work, and engineering laboratory. In the machine design the principles learned in the class room are applied to the various problems that arise in practice. After furnishing a certain number of problems in shop-work, the students are given practical work. In the laboratory the student must do for himself. Instead of everything being ready, he must prepare for the work. This prepares him to meet future problems. This summer an addition will be built to the shops. There will be several class rooms and a larger and better situated drafting room. There will also be an engineering laboratory, which will be divided into a hydraulic laboratory, thermodynamic laboratory, a strength of material laboratory, and a boiler plant.

The culture studies have not been omitted. They are needed, since the engineer deals with men as well as with problems of engineering.

The field of the mechanical engineer

is enlarging every day. Two fields of the profession—the turbin and gas engine—present great opportunities.

W. B. T.

The Electricals.

Electricity has successfully passed the age of superstition and now presents a field which educated men are exploring with great results. The use of electricity is becoming more popular each day; but the end is not yet. The pessimist must not let the flight of the airship or the flash of wireless telegraphy blind his field of vision. He should be looking for something new to develop.

The course in electrical engineering here makes a good foundation for the student to start on. The general knowledge from the four-year's course helps to add cheer to his work, as he spends his time digging out the problems that confront the technical engineer. To the person who does not fully understand the cause, it seems ridiculous to think of spending the first three years on everything except electricity, but in reality it is the best thing that could happen to the student, if he does not fully realize it. To the electrician it is especially fitting. As his hand moves the lever or controls the switch, or while he is engaged in testing some machine, he can sing "Mary Had a Little Lamb," or "Tennyson's Brook" may reveal itself in his imagination. Perhaps he may figure out that Portia was not such a beautiful creature after all. Those strenuous principles evolved in first-year agriculture so fill his mind that he really sympathizes with the big straw hat he sees out in the corn-field on a hot summer day, while he sits in the shade waiting for the lineman to report for duty. Not only does it give him genuine insight into the questions that so distressed the French diplomats during the time of Metternich, but he learns something about electricity. He finds out how

many "amperes there are in a volt" and how many "ohms" a person can stand with safety. The large dynamo becomes a thing of beauty and has a personality, and he feels toward it like a farmer toward his favorite horse.

The electrical engineers are fortunate in having such a well-equipped laboratory, and advantages, when time permits, of personal investigation and experiment. The person who expects to rise in the profession must know what to do and how to do it. The large companies engaged in manufacturing electrical goods do not care what title you have after your name, but it is what have you done and what can you do?

The present class of senior electrical engineers is above comment. It consists of men from "all over the United States and Missouri." They do not expect to teach electrical engineering or run for President of the United States this fall, but will be satisfied to get in such places that they may have good, practical experience until they become proficient in their line of work. Space and time will not permit a personal pen picture of each one of the class, but the public is assured of the fact they are all O. K. and will be heard from in the future. All of the lessons and experiences in laboratory, class room, library and alcoves will help them to choose the right path when the future dawns.

The Generals feel, that all, they know,
The Ags. seem out of sight.
The Domestic Science cook and sew,
The Engineers are all right. H. M.

The General Science Course.

Among the five courses of study offered at our College the general science course differs from the others in that it affords opportunity for a general rather than a technical education. This gives the student a year in which to choose a course. However, even at the end of the first year it is often a very perplexing matter to decide upon a course. There are several important

considerations which should guide one in his choice. In choosing the general science course one can later swing into one of the other courses to less disadvantage than he can do the reverse. From the standpoint of education a year or two spent in elementary work of a general nature is never wasted. Exceptionally few persons go directly from early life to a business or profession in which they are naturally adapted without trying various lines of work. Hence, the more specialized a course the surer one should be that it is suited to him. The boy who has always been tinkering in the tool shed is no more likely to succeed as a mechanical engineer than the boy who has always been doctoring the sick cats of his neighborhood is likely to succeed as a doctor. For this very reason—the uncertainty of students knowing their own ability—the wisest educators strongly advocate the more general culture studies.

The modern tendency for students to hurry into a specialized course is perhaps one of the greatest problems with which educators have to contend. It is a surprising yet nevertheless existing condition that the so-called "commercial colleges" and "technical institutions" alone do not turn out the most effective men and women, even in their respective lines of work. A general education secured by sound method under broad-minded, inspiring teachers is ever a magic wand in the hand of its professor. It gives one a foundation broad enough that he may take advantage of any opportunities which may come in later life. So many people go through life with their hands tied by inadequate training, that it is hard to refrain from an appeal for a more general culture.

One of the attractive features of the general science course is the elective studies offered during the junior and senior years. This elective system enables one, while deciding upon the

future, not to undervalue the work of the science studies. If one has decided upon a profession he can elect studies bearing upon it, otherwise he can elect certain general-culture studies which will be of untold value in any vocation he may follow. Another advantage is that it enables one to "elect" his instructor. In a Faculty as large as ours there is apt to be some certain professor who seems to enlist ones interests more than any other. Work under him is an inspiration and a pleasure, while the same work, perhaps, under some other of the instructors would be a burden.

The weakest point to be found in the curriculum of our College is the deficiency of our language studies. However, this has been partially overcome by the introduction of German in the late revision. It is universally held by the wisest educators that language should be made the center and nucleus of college and university work. Why, then, should our institution not have one course which would provide its graduates with at least the entrance requirements to a university? This would be a means of securing a class of students who either never enter the institution or who drop out during the sophomore year to enter the preparatory department in the university. The mastery of one's mother tongue cannot be accomplished in any true sense without a knowledge of the other languages. Language study always stands foremost in college work because of the fact that all knowledge is but a source of humiliation and regret if one has not the power to use it effectively. Furthermore, the only true enjoyment of life is that which can be shared with others. The interpretation and exemplification of one's own thoughts and ideas can only be imparted to others through language. It is of little consequence how noble and how far-reaching one's hopes, desires and purposes may be. If that one is unable

to project them upon the world, either by pen or spoken word, he is unable to compete with the man who has a more commanding power of speech. Language, when well mastered, is also productive of clear, logical and effective thought. All the great minds recorded in history have been superb masters of language. Thus we see that language is not merely a means of conveying thought, but that it is one of the very elements of thought. Mental processes can reach their highest development only when one is able to give expression to his feelings by means of language. No other studies, then, can fill the place which language holds in its relation to intellectual development.

Men are measured by their teleological faculties rather than by their possessions; by what humanity can get out of them rather than what they can get out of humanity. Even the material success of a man depends upon the service he is to receive.

Upon entering college, therefore, it is important to look well to the course which will give most aid toward general development. Any course which does not aid in producing the highest and broadest development is not only withholding one from his greatest possible attainment, and contenting him with the lesser, but it is robbing society of its most effective manhood.

The general science course, then, is to be especially commended for its liberality and breadth of character. It is the general education and general notion after all that counts when it comes to real enjoyment of life. By its aid we are led into higher life where we do not measure ourselves by our slavery. Our horizon of thought is thus broadened and we see ourselves and the world in true perspective. R. T. K., G. S., '04.

The contents of the JAYHAWKER (Manhattan, Kan.) is excellent. The article on coeducation is especially good.—*The Trident, Ocean Grove, N. J.*

The Ionian Annual.

Monday evening, May 23, the Ionian girls gave their annual in Wareham's opera-house. A beautiful night, an interested audience and reserved seats for all made the conditions very favorable for the rendering of "Princess Kiku," a Japanese romance. The program was opened by the appropriate selection, "In Tokio," by the orchestra.

The story, as told by the attractive programs we were given, is based on the superstitious nature of the Japanese people. Wilma Cross, as "Princess Kiku," a favorite niece of the emperor, deserves great credit for the way she interpreted the part. The agony she expressed by her face, attitude and words when she thought herself accursed was so real it made one's heart ache for the unhappy princess. As well presented as this, and in great contrast to it, was the joy of the Princess upon finding that since she was not a Japanese she could not be accursed by Sakara, the Wise Woman.

Mary Davis, as O Mimosa San, one of the ladies-in-waiting, deserves much credit for her acting. Especially in the difficult tableau which closed Act IV, when she received Sakara's curse. The other ladies-in-waiting, Helen Bottomly, Doris Train, and Gertrude Nicholson, were models in their devotion to and care for the Princess.

Little Ito's acting won all hearts, so natural and innocent was he, as portrayed by Helen Sweet, who played this part. Especially in the "play doctor" did he win the audience.

Josephine Edwards played the part of the heavy villain to perfection. As Sakara, she delivered the curse so that it made one's flesh creep to note the hideous expression it brought to her face.

It was a refreshing bit of acting to meet with one of our own language-speaking women in far-away Japan. The humor of the play was embodied in Grace Allingham, as Miss Prender-

gast, the "venerable white-head," and in Bessie Sweet, as Lady Cecil Cavendish, sister of the English Lord, who wore a "flower in a hole in his coat." Miss Prendergast caused a great commotion in the house when she put to a new use the sock she was darning for her nephew, and when she spoke of the "Mikadoess" of Japan. Lady Cecil was most natural in her teasing of poor Miss Prendergast.

In Act II, while the "exalted princess" was snatching a few hours sleep, the moon-beam fairies appeared and danced gaily. They were robed in gauzy white and looked very pretty when the colored lights were thrown on them. They had hardly disappeared before the drill girls marched forth and gave us a very pretty Japanese lantern drill. This showed long, faithful practice, for it was given well. Each girl wore a kimono, and this, with the lighted lanterns carried, made the effect most beautiful.

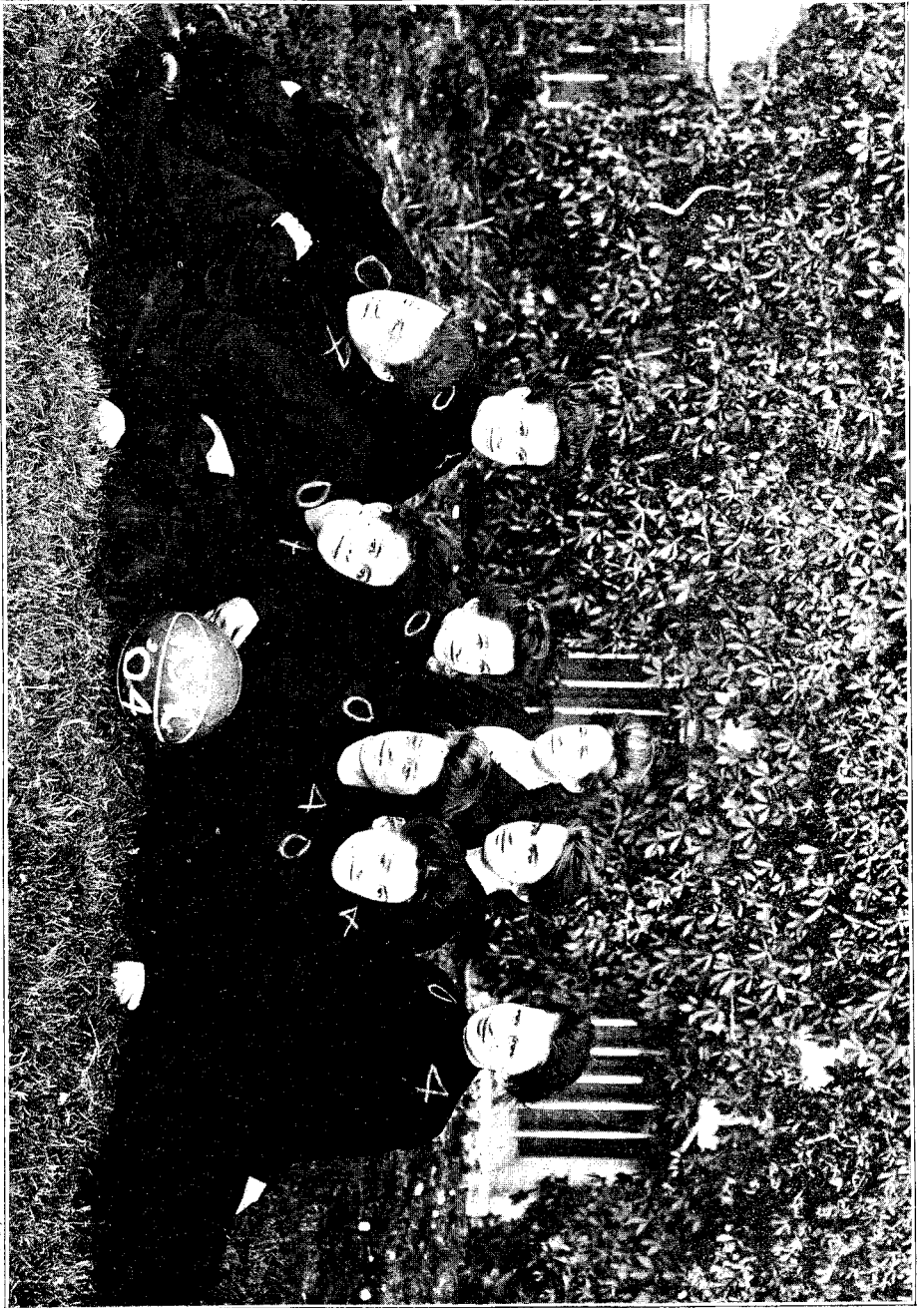
The closing acts of the play were all presented much stronger and left favorable impressions.

The music for the most part was very sweet and inspiring. Those members most deserving mention were the vocal solo, "Whoa San," by Mell Hutto, and the "Six Little Maids of Japan," sung by the Ionian sextet.

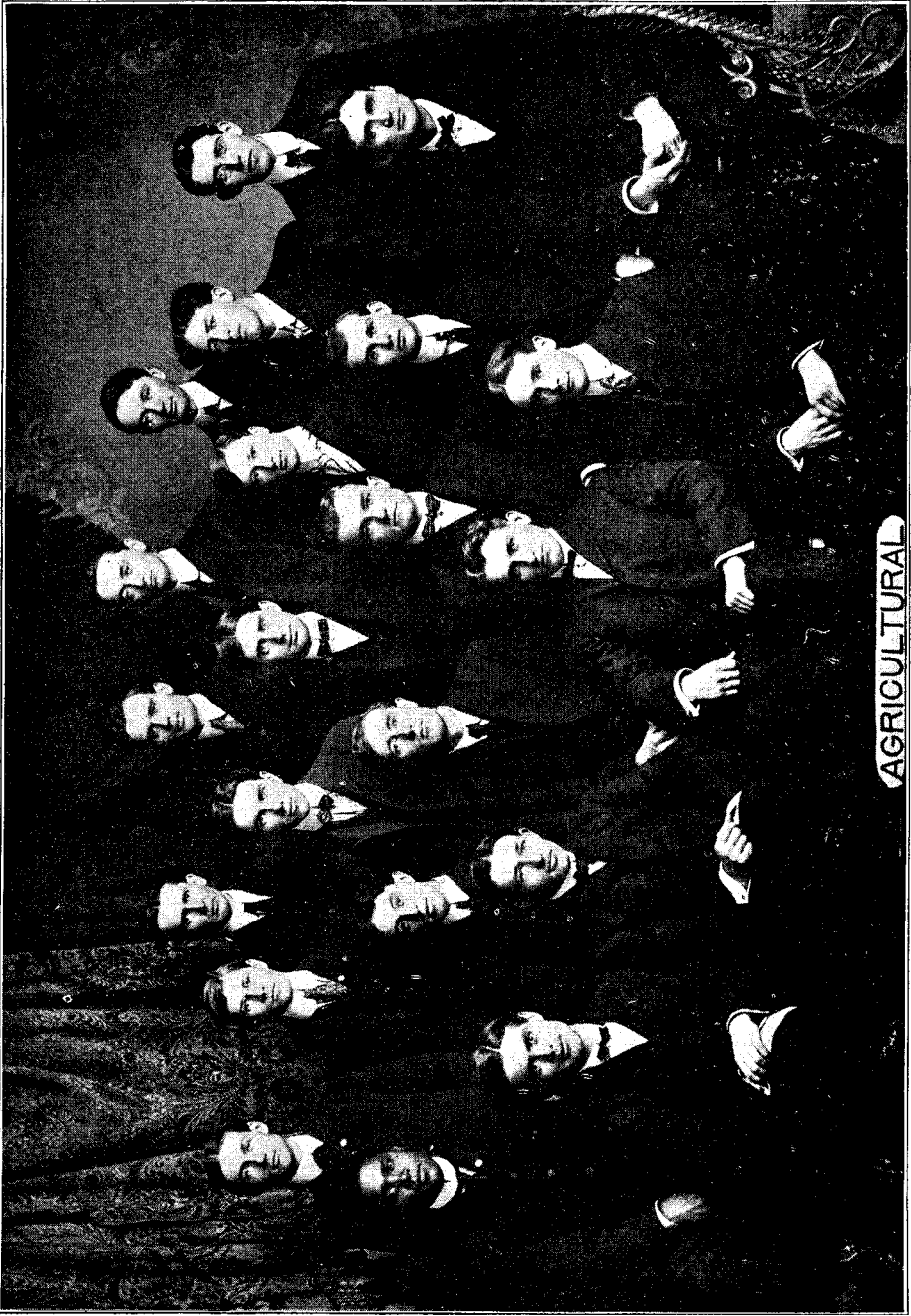
If you would "deign to believe it," the "most honorable" girls in the play wore "honorable" fans in their "excellent" hair and "condescended" to carry beautiful fans and parasols in their "exalted" hands. They must have put in many "honorable" hours practicing bowing, for the "excellent" bows they made could not have been surpassed by the "exalted Mikadoess" of Japan herself.

On the whole the Ionians have shown great ability in acting, and they gave us a very pleasant evening.

The play was repeated Tuesday night for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A., and netted about fifty dollars. M. A.



Senior Basket-Ball Team.



Baseball.

That the popularity of athletics is increasing in our College is not doubted. Our baseball team has been given better support this spring than ever before. And still it is not perfect. Arrangements should be such that at least two teams might be in continual training. There is sufficient developed material in school to fill all the places on a strong second team. And if finances were such that we might have a coach of professional ability, there is no doubt but that our teams would be immensely stronger. The team this year has had no coaching except such as was secured locally. And while unquestionably that has been of great value, training under a professional and better compensated coach would no doubt give results fully justifying it.

We are proud of our ball team, and not without cause; they have met and defeated some of the strongest amateur and semi-professional teams in the State. While their record is not one of unbroken victory, still it is such as does honor to any team. And when we consider that our entire infield played their first season with us this year, we cannot but speak words of praise for them. Our battery is as strong as, or stronger than, that of any team we have seen play.

When we stop to consider that with only one or two possible exceptions our team will be with us next year, we conclude we should have an undefeated team, and we will have if we do for them what we should. Never again should a season pass without the best coaching money can buy. Furthermore, our team is made up of good students, with unimpeachable class record and conduct on all occasions worthy of the best. They are such that when they are away we know our College is being represented by a set of thorough gentlemen.

But we want a better team next year, and we will have, without any

new material, for experience is never wasted, but if each student makes an effort to attract to our College athletes of ability, greater improvement will be made. We do not wish to encourage the enrolment of anyone merely to have them on our athletic teams, but there is no wrong in speaking to and interesting a person of good character and athletic ability in K. S. A. C., setting forth the advantages of our College, and getting them to come. These are the people we want; if they do not play, they will at least support our teams to the full extent of their power.

Our pitching staff is unusually strong. The merits of Captain Hess are well known. Coldwell stands a close second, and if need be we can call in from the field one of less experience but of perhaps equal ability. Buckley would undoubtedly give any team all they could do. Bob Cassell, our catcher, is a gem at his position. Putnam on first, Phillips, Kahl, and Korb, who have played second base, S. Cunningham, our little short-stop, and Mallon on third, are a fast infield, and though they do not play errorless games always, they are fast and sure. Our outfield, in which have played Cassell, C. Cunningham, Korb, and Buckley, is as good as the best. For batting Al. Cassell holds the highest record, with Hess and Bob Cassell following in the order mentioned. Up-to-date the games played have resulted as follows:

		K.S.A.C.
BETHANY.....	6	9
FT. RILEY.....	6	7
STATE NORMAL.....	4	5
BAKER.....	1	16
K. U.....	3	7
FT. RILEY.....	3	6
BETHANY.....	3	0
ST. MARY'S.....	6	4
WASHBURN.....	11	6
STATE NORMAL.....	10	9
BAKER.....	7	4
WASHBURN.....	3	0

J. NYGARD.

The exchange department in the JAYHAWKER is very good.—*Red and Black, Reading, Pa.*



**A Monthly Magazine
for Progressive People.**

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W. J. WILKINSON, '04.....Artist

JUNE 15, 1904.

To AND including June 7, \$8433 have been pledged by the students for the Y. M. C. A. building. Have you pledged?

IF YOU want to know what other college papers think of the JAYHAWKER, read the clippings headed "From our Exchange Table," found on another page of this issue. We have a lot more.

THE ANNUAL stockholders' meeting of the JAYHAWKER resulted in the following staff being elected by the Board of Control: Editor-in-chief, alumni editor and artist, re-elected; business manager, J. G. Worswick; subscription manager, L. O. Gray; exchange editor, L. B. Pickett; literary editor, Sarah Hougham; reporter,

H. A. Ireland. The ensuing year will tell the tale. The new staff begins work with the midsummer number.

FIELD-DAY, as observed here June 6, was a decided success. The day was perfect, the track good and a large enthusiastic crowd all helped to make the occasion a pleasant one. But it is to the faithful few, who have unremittingly pushed and pulled throughout the spring months, that must be given the bulk of the credit. Every event was well contested and interesting. The interest was considerably heightened by the printed programs and score cards which were freely distributed. As a class the first years won by two points, the seniors coming next, with a score of thirty-seven. The fine banner given to the winning class was well worth the price. A little more timely planning and definiteness in arranging meets will give us a better field-day next year. With the good start made this year and the growing interest in athletic sports, this College can soon have field-day exercises fit for a king. One of the chief difficulties, the lack a gymnasium, we trust will be removed not many days hence.

Roar-ee-roar! Roar-ee-roar!
K. S. A. C., 1904.

DON'T YOU wish you were a senior? No doubt that is the wish of every underclassman. Perhaps some seniors would gladly be undergraduates, for even seniors are not altogether blest. However that may be, the path to seniordom cannot be retraced. The one hundred, who shall soon pass

from these halls holding in their hands, not that for which they have toiled, but that which shall be as a sign to the world that they, too, have labored, will be missed. They have won a place not only in the history of this College but, what is of far more importance, in the hearts of their associates. And no one need feel ashamed if the parting moment starts a tear or a quiver of the lip. Rather let him be ashamed who, after a long association with fellow-beings, can part with one and all with a studied and unbroken indifference. Then ere we part at the threshold, one at the commencement of life, the other with the goal yet before him, let us pause and strike hands once more, nor withhold the kindly word that crowds up for utterance.

THIS ISSUE completes the second volume of this magazine. Assuredly the JAYHAWKER has earned a place among College publications. We appreciate the fact that much more remains to be done than has been done; that much more must be done ere the possible heights of college journalism are reached.

To the business men of Manhattan, whose hearty support has made it possible, largely, to publish this magazine, we tender words of thanks; to the alumni, whose awakening interest makes the future of the JAYHAWKER bright with possibilities, we express the hope that their continued support may be given as freely as their good wishes. For past favors we express thanks, and trust that the future will place greater obligations upon us.

Not only a word, unless it would be an awful long one, but a volume of words would be necessary to adequately express the editor's appreciation for the repeated and oft timely advice of the superintendent of the Printing Department. To his tireless efforts is due much of the recognized

excellence of this publication. Altogether the past year has brought encouragement and abundant assurance of continued success.

To prove that the JAYHAWKER has more than a passing interest in her subscribers and alumni of this College, the following unprecedented offer is made. All graduates of the present senior class who become duly invested in the bonds of matrimony within one year from this Commencement Day (June 16, '04) will be given one year's subscription to the JAYHAWKER. Notice must be sent to the alumni editor within one week after the wedding. If already a subscriber they will be marked up one year. Only one copy will be allowed to the wedded pair. We wish it to be distinctly understood that the JAYHAWKER disclaims any responsibility in case of domestic infelicity. This offer will not appear again. Who will be first?

The JAYHAWKER, from Manhattan, Kan., hailed us as a new exchange and a very welcome one it was. There are some good character sketches in "Some Characters at our Table."—*The P. H. S., Pasadena, Cal.*

One of our most interesting exchanges received this month is the JAYHAWKER, from Manhattan, Kan. The interesting style in which the articles are written is worthy of mention.—*The Narrator, Reading, Pa.*

The JAYHAWKER, Manhattan, Kan., is very neat. The literary department is very interesting and much more practical than the same department of some of our other exchanges.—*The Orange and Purple, Danville, Pa.*

The JAYHAWKER, of Manhattan, Kan., is an excellent publication. The article on "Coöducation" is well written. Many, no doubt, would enjoy reading this and the pleasant poem on "Spring Fever."—*Doane Owl, Crete, Neb.*



ALUMNI NOTES.

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

J. W. Harner, '00, is working on a ranch at Casper, Wyo.

Fred Jolly, '95, is now doing the editorial stunt on the Paola *Record*.

Miss Bessie Little, '91, has been home since about May 20, from Bryn Mawr College, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Helen Knostman-Pratt, '01, entertained the G. A. L. S. club at her new home, 608 Osage, May 21.

Miss Clara Spilman, '00, finished her school work at Camden Point, Mo., and returned home, May 28.

Miss Sarah P. Thompson, '03, and sister, of Osborne, Kan., visited from May 20 until the 30th with K. S. A. C. friends.

C. M. Breese, '87, Riley county clerk, attended the Grand Lodge of the Knights of Pythias, in Hutchinson, Kan., May 16.

Miss Anna O'Daniel, '03, entertained Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Helstrom, of McPherson, for several days about the middle of May.

Will E. Smith, '93, an attorney at 814 New York Life Building, Kansas City, Mo., was married, May 11, to Miss Caroline Wynne, of Gallatin, Mo. Long lives and prosperity be theirs!

Invitations have been issued for the marriage of Harriet Agnes Vandivert, '97, to Benjamin Luce Remick, professor of mathematics at this College. The wedding will take place at the home of the bride's mother, on June 23, 1904, at 8:30 P. M.

Robt. J. Brock, '91, who sent in his resignation to Governor Bailey, was succeeded on the Board of Regents by Geo. S. Murphy, of Manhattan.

J. H. Blachly, '00, while working in a lumber camp at Orange, La., was severely poisoned by ivy, and returned to his home in Manhattan, May 13. He is slowly improving, but is still under the doctor's care.

J. H. Oesterhaus, '01, obtained a week's leave of absence from his work at the Kansas City Veterinary College and stopped off, May 24, in Manhattan on his way to Junction City, where a younger sister was to graduate from the high school.

Capt. Mark Wheeler, '97, conducted a body of soldiers from Fort Slocum, N. Y., to Fort Riley, and then appeared in Manhattan to visit his mother, his brothers Carl and Earl, and sister Inez. Captain Wheeler has three months' leave of absence on his hands to dispose of.

Clifford J. Thompson arrived from California, May 19, and accompanied his sister, Miss Helen Thompson, '03, the following day to the University Hospital, in Kansas City, where she had an operation performed for appendicitis. The operation proved very successful and Miss Thompson is rapidly recovering.

On May 16, Mr. K. K. Gregory, an Armenian, who was a student here in '99 and '00, passed through Manhattan on his way to St. Louis, where he met Mr. M. H. Torrosian, another Armenian ex-student. They expect to spend all summer in St. Louis. Many old friends were inquired about by Mr. Gregory.





MECHANICAL ENGINEERS

Grace L. Wonsetler, '85, is a practicing physician at Verbeck, Kan.

Dr. Milan T. Ward, '83, is following his chosen profession at Toulon, Ill.

Jno. A. Scheel, '94, is the owner and operator of a saw-mill at Emporia, Kan.

J. E. Payne, '87, has just moved from Ft. Collins, Colo., to Buena Vista, Colo.

John W. Ijams, '90, is still in the United States Indian service, but is located at Harlem, Mont.

A. F. Niemoller, '93, has ceased to be a pedagogue and is in the milling business at Wakefield, Kan.

C. J. Burson, '01, is not only a farmer and stockraiser but a speculator in oil and gas leases, at Hewins, Kan.

John A. Thompson, '03, lives at 711 Cornell avenue, Kansas City, Kan., and is one of Uncle Sam's letter carriers.

Miss Bessie Mudge, '03, returned home, May 29, after finishing her year's work in the Pittsburg high school.

Mrs. Josephine Wilder-McCullough, '98, and son just returned from a two weeks' visit with relatives at Herrington, Kan.

Ernest B. Patten, '98, expects to leave his home in Carthage, S. Dak., about the middle of June, to visit the St. Louis Exposition.

Alice Ross, '03, and Henrietta Hofer, '02, gave a "Difficult Leap-year" party to about fifty friends, on the afternoon and evening of June 9.

Mr. C. D. Adams, '95, reports from 1302 Cherry street, Kansas City, Mo. that "Raymond C. Adams arrived recently and called C. Dy., 'Dad.'"

Mrs. Olive Shelden-Parker, '98, came May 19, from El Paso, Tex., and will spend most of the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Q. A. Shelden.

E. P. Goodyear, '03, of Wichita, Kan., was married, June 1, to Miss Rose Slade, of Oatville. Mr. Goodyear owns a bakery at 221 South Main street and is prospering nicely.

Friends of Maj. Albert Todd will be interested to learn that he has been transferred from Presidio, Cal., to Washington, D. C., where he is assistant adjutant general.—*Manhattan Republic*.

E. C. Butterfield, '98, is still one of the force in the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. He has risen to the position of assistant in horticulture in the Bureau of Plant Industry.

May Bowen-Schoonover, '96, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Emma H. Bowen, '67. Mrs. Schoonover expects to move next fall from Morgan Park, Ill., to Beaver, Pa., where her husband has accepted a professorship of Latin and history.

Dr. T. M. Robertson, '97, of Coffeyville, Kan., attended the dental association in Topeka, then came to Manhattan, May 14, to join his wife and little son, who were visiting here. They paid the College a call on May 17, before returning home the next day.

Glen Shepherd, '02, of 623 Oakland avenue, Kansas City, Kan., paid his College and Manhattan friends a short visit while on his way to Denver, for part of the summer. He has been treasurer at the Orpheum theatre in Kansas City, and goes to Denver to do the same work at the Orpheum theatre there.

Mrs. Dalinda Mason-Cotey, '81, professor of domestic science and art in the Agricultural College of Utah, said when renewing her subscription to the JAYHAWKER: "I appreciate the JAYHAWKER very much and welcome its visits, as I am sure all old students must." Mrs. Cotey's home is at 210 W. First South street, Logan, Utah.

Frank E. Cheadle, '97, is a prosperous merchant and farmer at Cherokee, Okla.

John W. Van Deventer, '86, is testing the joys and sorrows of a county assessor, at Sterling, Colo.

Miss Louise Gerteis, '01, expects to attend the State Normal, at Emporia, during the coming summer.

F. H. Meyer, '97, is still in the creamery business, but is located at 500 Dugarra avenue, Kansas City, Kan.

Miss Minnie Spohr, '97, left, May 24 for Emporia, to visit several weeks with her sister, Mrs. Emma Spohr-Huggins.

W. O. Lyon, '93, is no longer living in Washington, D. C., but is a clerk at the West Philadelphia shops of the Pennsylvania railroad.

Chas. R. Hutchings, '94, is an engineer of the "civil" variety, whose headquarters are at 1013 West Silver Avenue, Argentine, Kan.

Thos. C. Davis, '91, of Benedict, Kan., has deserted the ranks of the farmers and is a field manager for the Orient Oil and Gas Company.

A. E. Martin, '91, has transferred his work as telephone engineer from Streator, Ill., to Peoria, where he lives at 510 North Elizabeth street.

H. C. Rushmore, '79, ex-president of the Alumni Association, expects to be here from Kansas City, Kan., to attend Commencement festivities this year.

Guy F. Farley, '98, who has spent the past winter as a student at the Emerson School of Oratory, Boston, returned to his home in Melvern, Kan., May 16.

A. J. Reed, '03, arrived from Chicago, May 15, and on the 18th was quietly married to Miss Laura Paulsen, who has been a special student here for several years. Mr. and Mrs. Reed visited the St. Louis Exposition their way back to Chicago.

R. A. McIlvaine, '92, has just finished an eight months' term of school at Willard, Shawnee county, and returned to his home in Topeka.

The ferry boat, so useful on the Kansas river about a year ago, was sold to the people of Morganville, Kan. D. W. Randall, '99, took the contract to deliver the ferry.

Mrs. Marie Senn-Heath, '90, from 420 Bellevue avenue, Seattle, Wash., spent the last part of May at the St. Louis Exposition, then went to Lasita, Kan., to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Senn.

W. F. Lawry, '00, very thoughtfully selected a nice cool climate in which to spend the summer. He will be at the Cheyenne Building, Colorado Springs, Colo., and is an assistant engineer with the C. R. I. & P. Ry. Co.

Wirt S. Myers, '81, has steadily developed his skill in the engineering line since leaving College until now he is a pattern-maker in the department of steam engineering, at the United States Navy Yards, Pensacola, Fla.

Miss Emma Doll, '98, of Larned, has just been in Wichita, Kan., taking the State teachers' examination. Her sister, Matilda, who used to be a clerk at the College post-office, is doing stenographic work, temporarily, for W. H. Phipps, '95, who is manager of the Wichita branch office of a cream separator company.

H. D. Orr, '99, after spending ten days visiting his parents in Topeka, and his brother, B. S. Orr, at K. S. A. C., returned to Chicago, May 15, where he graduates June 16, from the Northwestern University Medical School. When seven new "Internes" were to have been selected at St. Luke's Hospital, one hundred applicants took the competitive examination, and out of that number Mr. Orr ranked third. For the next two years Mr. Orr expects to be "experiencing experience" as a hospital doctor.

Mrs. Eusebia Knipe-Curtis, '90, has moved from Council Grove to 841 Garfield avenue, Kansas City, Kan.

Alice Ross, '03, returned home, June 4, from Streator, Ill., where she has been teaching the past winter.

Horace G. Pope, '94, belongs to the law firm, Bird and Pope, at 305-6-7 Massachusetts Building, Kansas City, Mo.

Ary Johnson, '96, and mother, of Success, Kan., have been making an extended visit in California this spring.

Benj F. Haynes, Jr., '02, will read the JAYHAWKER for another year, at his new home, R. F. D. No. 1, Middleton, Idaho.

Harry E. Moore, '91, is at present the receiver of a bankrupt stock of hardware and implements, at Billings, Okla.

M. V. Hester, '94, has purchased the *Onlooker*, at Haviland, Kan., and henceforth will wear the editorial quill behind his right ear.

Grant W. Dewey, '90, and family are at home to friends at 68 Thirty-sixth street, Chicago, Ill. Mr. Dewey is with the Conway Paving Company.

Mr. Geo. J. Polson and wife, Mary Norton-Polson, '97, returned, May 29, to their home in Winkler, Kan., after visiting the St. Louis Exposition and relatives in Manhattan.

H. A. Holzer, '99, of 113 W. Park avenue, Pittsburg, Kan., is carrying the responsibility of superintending the Pittsburg plant belonging to the United Iron Works Company.

John M. Scott, assistant professor of Agriculture at Messila Park, N. M., arrived June 1, and will spend his months' vacation visiting friends here and relatives in Westmoreland.

J. M. Harvey, '98, and brother, J. A. Harvey, '99, instead of getting their mail at Junction City, as formerly, have it sent on the rural delivery number one, from Ogden.

Just to demonstrate how busy one man can be, Chas. B. Selby, '95, who is located at Sterling, Okla., has taken upon himself the duties of a lawyer, the editor and publisher of the *Sterling Star*, a farmer, and a United States court commissioner.

A Russell county bouquet from C. A. Johnson, '95: "The JAYHAWKER is one of the many signs of improvement at the College. Allow me to congratulate you on the neat appearance and high standard of your little magazine."

For the past year Raymond H. Pond, '98, has been professor of botany and pharmacognosy and also director of the microscopic laboratories at the Northwestern University, Chicago. His address is 3195 Malden avenue.

Mrs. May Moore-Dakin, '98, who had been visiting her mother in Manhattan for several weeks, left May 14 for her new home in Wichita, where her husband is connected with the Jackson-Walker Coal and Mercantile Company.

Miss Maud Failyer, '03, was compelled to give up her work as instructor of some of the classes in mathematics at College on account of having the misfortune to break her knee cap while attending a party on the evening of May 30.

Through the kindness of Geo. F. Thompson, editor for the Bureau of Animal Industry, at Washington, D. C., we were enabled to learn that Mr. and Mrs. John A. Sloan, '82s, live in Fort Worth, Tex., where Mr. Sloan is connected with the work of the Bureau of Animal Industry.

Dr. Ivan B. Parker, '92, has moved to Grants Pass, Ore., but he still continues to act as president of the Graham County State Bank, at Hill City, Kan. Aside from his professional duties, Dr. Parker is hustling as the president of the Applegate Boom and Lumber Company, of Grants Pass.

F. D. Waters, '98, is grading lumber in Deridder, La,

A. A. Gist, '91, is a civilian but employed as a clerk in the quartermaster's office, at Ft. Riley.

Mrs. Dora Thompson-Winter, '95, has recently moved, in Kansas City, Mo., to 2303 Wabash avenue.

Dr. Henry G. Johnson, '96, after finishing his course in dentistry in Chicago, located in Lindsborg, Kan.

W. B. Chase, '97, of 1425 North Quincy street, Topeka, is an electrician with the Bell Telephone Company.

John L. Wise, '86, is seeking his fortune no longer in East St. Louis, but is a dealer in hay and live stock at Pocahontas, Ill.

Ivan Nixon, '03, will spend most of his summer carrying on experiments in the vineyards near Lake Erie. He is especially interested in the grape root worm.

Chas. Eastman, '02, who was offered a position as meat inspector in the bureau of animal husbandry, declined the same to remain with his uncle in San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Miss Cassie Dille, '98, and sister, Grace Dille, '97, both live at 2517 E. Tenth street, Kansas City, Mo., and are employed in the office of the Meriden Creamery Company.

C. H. Clark, '02, has decided that farming is even better than the dairy business and is putting his College instruction into practice at Nettleton, Edwards county, Kansas.

W. J. Lightfoot, '81, now bears the title of assistant engineer, United States geological survey, and his address has been changed from Cripple Creek, to Montrose, Colo.

E. A. Gardiner, of Ft. Myers, Fla., when subscribing for this paper for the next twelve months, said; "I am a 'Jayhawker' myself as well as a K. S. A. C.ite, and am glad to see the College grow. Success to you."

Herman C. Haffner, '00, it seems, has developed a sufficient amount of *dignity* since leaving College to become disciplinarian at the Moqui Training School, Keams Canon, Ariz.

Geo. W. Fryhofer, '95, writes from the Lindell Hotel, St. Louis, Mo., that he is practicing law in that city. It might be well for Mr. Fryhofer's friends who unwittingly fall into the hands of the law while visiting the St. Louis Exposition to remember this.

Henry L. Pellet, '93, is living on the old homestead, near Eudora, Johnson county, Kansas, and is engaged in raising a nice herd of registered Red Polled cattle. He expects to visit the St. Louis Exposition about the last of June and to take a trip to California in August.

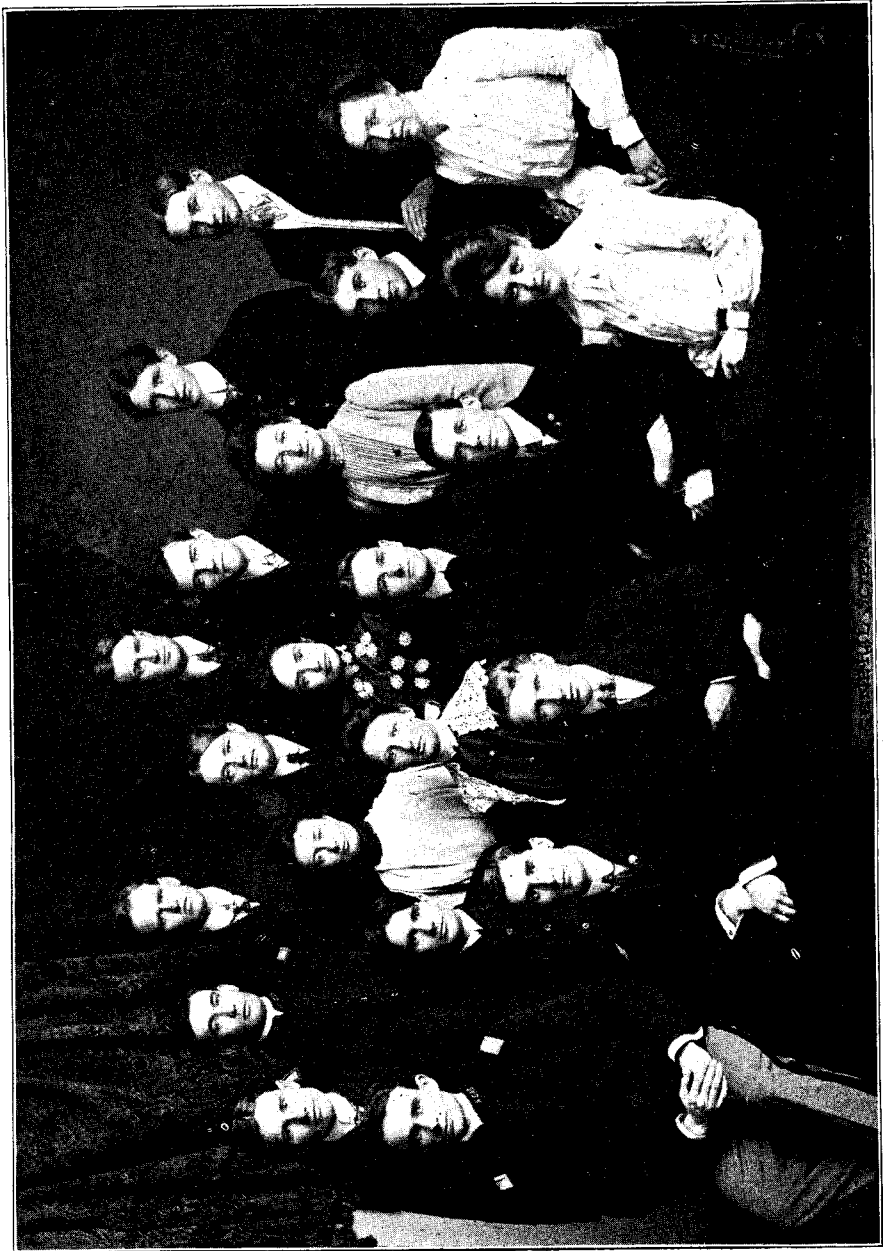
Harry N. Whitford, '90, finds the United States mail service not quite as efficient in Manila as it was in Chicago, for he complains that after being at the government laboratories a month he had not yet received any word from home, although many letters had been sent him. His letters were received at this end of the line all right.

Mr. Theo. W. Morse, '95, sent a check which will keep the business manager of the JAYHAWKER good natured toward him for a whole year. Mr. Morse wrote: "We get more good out of the JAYHAWKER, and always have, than any other College publication. Please see that my address on your books is 1100 West Fortieth street, Kansas City, Mo."

Prof. J. B. S. Norton, Gertrude Havens-Norton, both '96, and daughter, visited relatives and friends here from May 29 until June 2. Then they went to Dwight, Kan., where Mrs. Norton's parents live. On account of poor health she will remain in Kansas most of the summer. Mr. Norton's duties at the Maryland Agricultural College call him back there before commencement time.



ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS



The last JAYHAWKER should have given Miss Susan Nichols' address as St. Joseph, Mo. instead of St. Louis.

Geo. E. Hopper, '85, expects, during the month of June, to complete the water-works plant that he has the contract for, on the College campus.

Elsie Crump, '95, who has been teaching in Boulder, Colo., for the past two years, returned, June 4, to visit her mother for the summer.

Mary C. Bower, '83, of Manhattan, and I. L. Ady, Romulus, Okla., were married May 27, at 10 A. M. They will make their home on a farm near Romulus.

Miss Maud Zimmerman, '02, came from the State Normal school at Emporia, June 8, to visit Henrietta Hofer and other friends until after Commencement.

O. S. True, '99, and Miss Pearl Turner were married, May 11, in Topeka, at the home of Mrs J. R. McKeever, a sister of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. True will live on a farm near Vera, Kan.

Rev. C. A. Campbell, '91, of Denver, Colo., delivered the baccalaureate sermon in the College chapel, June 12. Reverend Campbell is the pastor of the Twenty-third Avenue Presbyterian Church, in Denver.

Geo. Fielding, '03, resigned his position as inspector for the Edison Electric Company, Chicago, and went, May 12, to Schenectady, N. Y., to work in the testing department of the General Electric Company.

Prof. Ernest F. Nichols, '88, professor of physics at Columbia University, New York City, very recently paid a short visit to his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Fox, of Manhattan. Many changes were noted at College by Professor Nichols as he went about sight-seeing and renewing old acquaintances. Professor Nichols has attained great eminence as a physicist. He did graduate work for

three years at Cornell University, then took the chair of physics at Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y. Later he filled the chair of physics at Dartmouth College for about five years, then one year ago was elected to a like position at Columbia University, where he has charge of the research laboratories. He stands foremost among experimental physicists in America, his most celebrated work being on light pressure. One distinguished honor won by him was that of receiving the Rumford medal. He spent three years in study abroad at Berlin. This summer Professor Nichols expects to spend in carrying on investigations under Prof. J. J. Tomson, at Cambridge University, England.

TOPEKA, KAN., May 24, 1903.

My Dear Jayhawker: Please change the address of C. W. Pape from 512 Lincoln street, Topeka, Kan., to 513 West Second street, Topeka, Kan.

The back numbers of the JAYHAWKER arrived O. K., and it was a real good treat for me to learn of many of the College graduates of whom I had not heard for some time. I enjoy reading the JAYHAWKER very much and do not miss a line from cover to cover. It is indeed an excellent paper, especially for us graduates, and serves the purpose of an alumni roster. I do not think that I shall ever be without it hereafter, and I intend to preserve it complete, and probably some day have the various volumes bound. It would make a grand graduate reference book for one to glean through in future years.

If, perchance, I visit Manhattan during Commencement week, I shall drop in and extend the glad hand of fellowship to the JAYHAWKER'S staff.

As for myself, I am doing laboratory work at the Continental creamery of Topeka. Am well remunerated and enjoy my work very much, and if any of you visit Topeka do not fail to visit the greatest creamery establish-

ment in the country, and be sure and pay a visit to the laboratory, a model and modern one. Yours truly,

C. W. PAPE, '95.

ROBT. B. MITCHELL, DEAD.

No sadder blow ever struck home to the hearts of the alumni family than that which fell when the news came that Lieut. Robt. B. Mitchell, '99, was dead. The *Industrialist* prints the following letter from an alumnus in Washington, D. C., where Mr. Mitchell's death occurred:

"Mitchell is gone; the sad news came with a shock to us who had seen him in perfect health only a few days before. He underwent an operation for a slight injury received on the football field, and no fears were entertained for his recovery until a week after the operation, when an internal hemorrhage caused him to sink rapidly. Before he went to the hospital he hunted up his old Manhattan friends, scattered as they are all over Washington and its suburbs, and the pleasant half hours we spent with him then and at his bedside in the hospital we little thought would be the last. Words are unnecessary to those who ever knew him, as a student, as a soldier, or as a man. The environment of the army life which ruins so many only served to round out his manhood and make it the more potent for good. To know him was to respect him; to be his friend was to love him. The K. S. A. C. alumni lose in him one of their truest and most loyal members."

The War Department issued a general order which read:

FORT MONROE, VA., May 18, 1904.
General Orders No. 40.

"1. It is with deep regret that the commanding officer announces the death at 4:00 o'clock P. M. the 17th instant, at the United States Army General Hospital, Washington, D. C., of First Lieut. Robert B. Mitchell, Artillery Corps.

"Lieutenant Mitchell entered the army as a sergeant in Co. "C," Twenty-second Kansas Volunteers, on May 12, and was mustered out November 3, 1898. He was appointed second lieutenant of the Fortieth Infantry, United States Volunteers, August 17, 1899, and served in the Philippine islands with that regiment, until his honorable discharge on the 24th of June, 1901. He was commissioned a second lieutenant in the United States Artillery Corps, July 1, 1901, and promoted to first lieutenant July 31, 1903.

"By Lieutenant Mitchell's death the Artillery Corps loses a conscientious and efficient officer and his brother officers a faithful and well-beloved comrade.

"The usual badge of mourning will be worn by the officers of this command for thirty days.

"By order of Lieut.-Col. Potts:

CHARLES E. KILBOURNE, JR.,
First Lieut., Art. Corps; Acting Adj."

THE ZUNI INDIAN SCHOOL.

Miss Carrie Wagner, '01, instructor in sewing at the Zuni Indian School, in New Mexico, writes the following very interesting account of her surroundings and experiences:

"I am out of the world now; at least out of civilization. I did not know that there was a government school in such an out-of-the-way place or I fear I would not have taken the examination; but I am here and expect to stay until the first of July. I went as far as Gallup by way of the Santa Fe and then forty-five miles with a livery team, so you see I have had all sorts of experiences. I was not tired when I arrived, only a little stiff, but by the next morning I felt all right. The air here is grand. We are over six thousand feet high, so you may know it is rare air we get. I have felt fine since I have been here. There are not very many white people here. The government is building a dam for irrigation pur-

poses, and it is mostly white men who are working on it. After it is better under way they expect to hire Indians to do some of the work.

"The school buildings are a disgrace to the government. They expect to build new ones near the dam, but that time is far in the future. I am the first regular seamstress this school ever had. I tell you my ideas of how to teach children to sew took a tumble. There are one hundred eight children to clothe, while myself, and twelve girls who really know nothing about sewing, have to do most of the work. So the work is behind on account of there being no one who could devote enough time to it. Of course, most of the boys' clothing is sent ready made, so it leaves what sewing there is to do for the girls—forty-six in number. The matron has kindly seen to it that I have not had to patch any as yet, but I don't know how long she will be good. I have tried to have the girls make a few samples, but there is one great disadvantage—the children understand very little that is said to them; they 'have to be shown.'

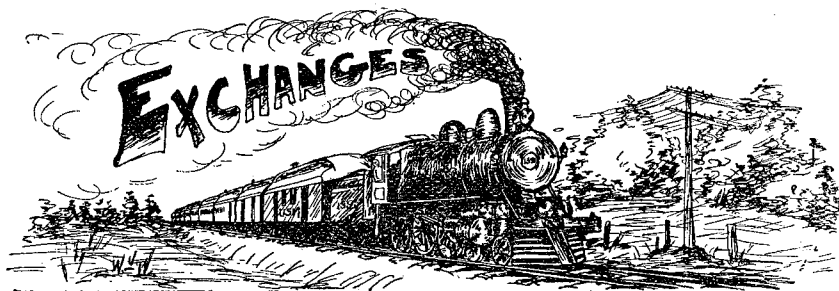
"I have not been homesick yet, but I would not like to stay very long at a time so far away. It is the Zuni tribe of Indians that are here. They are not very far advanced in civilization, although there has been a school here for about twenty-seven years. It has not been a government school all of that time. This tribe believe that their ancestors were ants and had tails, but when they came up out of the ground they lost their tails. Certain of their number worship at the ant hills. They go to the ant hill and sprinkle sacred meal and pray for the sun to come up when sometimes the sun is up when they go. They consider the eagle and turkey sacred and pull out the feathers for prayer plumes. The Indians tie several of these on a stick and plant the stick in the ground near an altar made of stone.

"One evening when taking a walk, I came to one of these altars, and our dog, which was with me, began to pull up the prayer plumes, so I scolded him, but he evidently did not see anything sacred about them.

"I have been to see three dances, which I did not enjoy very much. The Indians were very odd, for where they were not covered the body was painted. They have a stick-swallowing dance and I am told they actually swallow the sticks—it is not sleight-of-hand. Some die, from not getting the stick down right, I presume. The Indians have a game they call 'stick,' and two of them go nearly naked. When they run races they also disrobe.

"The Zunis build their houses of adobe, and where there are two stories the second one is entered from the top. The roofs are flat, and I have walked around over the tops of several, but but have never entered from the top. The Indians have very little furniture, if any, but sleep on the floor, wrapped in their blankets. This tribe makes their living from their sheep or from what little farming they can do in the canons. None of them are very industrious and want to be paid for every little thing they do. They imagine the white people have lots of money when they work for the government.

"The hills here are very pretty and there is a mountain near that I am anxious to climb. No one comes to Zuni that does not climb it. On the top of it are ruins of an ancient Zuni village, and there are a number of altars. Of course, much has been taken away. I have had one ride on an Indian pony and I felt as though 'the race was not to the swift.' I could not get it off of a walk, but I enjoyed the ride any way. I want to ride a burro. Four burros were the first live things I saw on my way out here from Gallup, so I will always respect the burro."



The *Tennessee University Magazine* is one of our best and most regular exchanges.

The hardest things in all the land
To find are two—this verse will show it:
A needle in a haystack and
A pretty girl who doesn't know it.—*Ex.*

Be courteous to all, but intimate
with few, and let these few be well
tried before you give them your confidence.—*George Washington.*

Dear father, once you said, "My son,
To manhood you have grown,
Make others trust you, trust yourself,
And learn to stand alone."

The Commencement number of *The Purple and White* (Pittsburg, Kan.) is an excellent edition. On the whole, this is an exceptionally good high-school paper.

The *Moccasin* and *Lafayette Oracle* are two new high-school exchanges. Both are excellent editions and are considerably above the average high-school paper.

Sigh and the world sighs with you,
Laugh and you laugh alone,
For it's mostly the rule
That each darned fool
Can't see any joke but his own.—*Ex.*

The Los Angeles Art Organ Company has built an organ for the World's Fair which is sixty-four feet long and fifty feet high. It has ten hundred fifty pipes, the largest of which is thirty-seven and one-half feet long. Over eight thousand feet of lumber was used in its construction. It contains one hundred fifty miles of electric wire and has thirteen hundred magnets. The entire weight is two hundred fifty thousand pounds.—*Ex.*

Now, father, soon I graduate,
And those who long have shown
How well they could trust me want their pay,
And I can stand a loan.—*Ex.*

Professor:—"Have you been through Calculus?" New Student:—"No, not unless I came through it on the way up here; I came from Missouri and was asleep part of the time."

The May number of *The Northwestern X-Ray* is a handsome souvenir edition. The literary material is good both in quality and quantity, but its half-tone work is poor, and a paper of that size should receive some exchanges worthy of mention.

The Wabash (Crawfordsville, Ind.) is one of our new exchanges. It is one of the best magazines that has ever reached our table; and this is saying a great deal. The May number contains excellent literary matter and six pages of excellent exchanges. Its appearance is also first class.

The exchange department of *The JAYHAWKER* has experienced a very rapid and prosperous growth during the past year, and it is probably not altogether unnatural that we should feel proud of our exchange list. The editor has realized a source of both pleasure and education from the work and has endeavored to make the department a successful one. We sincerely thank all our exchanges which have devoted a few lines of their exchange column to our benefit, and we are equally as grateful for any criticisms as for compliments, for we believe they were all intended for our good, and we accept them as such.

From Our Exchange Table.

The JAYHAWKER contains excellent literary material.—*The Oracle, Burlingame, Kan.*

The JAYHAWKER is one of our best exchanges.—*Bethany Messenger, Lindsborg, Kan.*

A very good article in support of coeducation is found in the JAYHAWKER.—*The Crucible, Greeley, Colo.*

The JAYHAWKER comes regularly and always has something of interest in each issue.—*The Kodak, Everett, Wash.*

The JAYHAWKER has reason to be proud of its literary matter, both poetry and prose.—*The Echoes, Council Bluffs, Ia.*

The JAYHAWKER, from the Kansas State Agricultural College, has a splendid appearance.—*Purple and White, Pittsburg, Kan.*

We consider the JAYHAWKER, from Manhattan, Kan., one of our brightest and best edited exchanges.—*Ansgar Collegian, Hutchinson, Minn.*

One of the best exchanges in every respect received for March is the JAYHAWKER, from Manhattan, Kan.—*The Dodge, Dodgeville, Wis.*

The JAYHAWKER, from Manhattan Kan., is a new exchange and a most excellent publication. It contains some very fine material, good alumni and exchange columns, and in general appearance is hard to beat.—*The College Paper, Stillwater, Okla.*

The JAYHAWKER (K. S. A. C.) is an excellent paper and shows effort on the part of the editors. The cover is attractive, the cuts excellent, and the stories and articles well written. We especially admire the way in which it accepted the criticisms by other papers of the absence of an exchange column in the January number. If all school papers would regard criticisms which are "just and proper" in this way, school journalism would be very greatly advanced.—*The Skirmisher, Bordertown, N. Y.*

The JAYHAWKER, published by the students of the Kansas State Agricultural College, at Manhattan, Kan., is our latest exchange. It is a neat little magazine and is printed at the school.—*The Indian School Journal, Chillico, Okla.*

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C. F. Pfuetze, '93

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Winter term begins January 5, 1904.

Spring term begins March 29, 1904.

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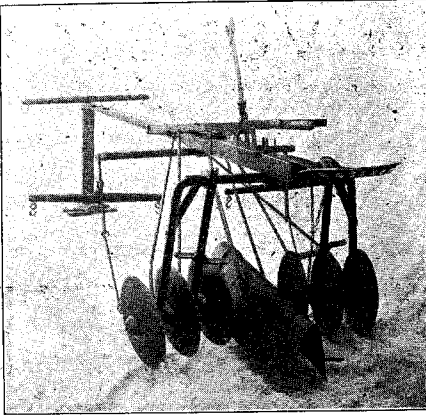
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