

VOL. III



NO. 2

THE JAYHAWKER

SEPTEMBER

1904



Manhattan
Kansas . .



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DON'T WAIT FOR OPPORTUNITIES; MAKE THEM.

VOL. III.

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Globe, Arizona Territory.

“WHAT is so rare as a day in June?” Well, a midwinter day in Arizona will answer that question, completely. The climate in many portions of Arizona is without question the finest to be had anywhere. And yet there are places, Yuma for instance, where the heat is almost intolerable; but here at Globe, Gila county, we have all that is to be desired in climatic effects. The winters are very mild, with almost continuous sunshine; the summers, while quite warm, are never prostrating, and sunstroke is unknown.

Globe is a small mining town of about three thousand inhabitants, consisting mostly of “Cousin Jacks” (Cornish men), Dagoes (a low class of Italians), Mexicans, and a few Apache Indians. Quite a number of Chinese, having gardens twelve miles from the city limits, furnish vegetables for the town. The “Cousin Jacks” predominate, however, and the way they use and misuse the letter “h” is simply a caution.

Although old in years, being about thirty, Globe still retains her youth, if one is to judge by the good times she has every pay-day, when money flows as free as the whiskey. It is, however, a typical mining town and intemperance is a sure accompaniment. There is railroad connection with the Southern Pacific by way of

Bowie, one hundred twenty-four miles distant, over a little one-horse road called the “Gila Monster.” And a very appropriate name it is, too. For slowness it cannot be beaten, and freight rates are exorbitant. Consequently, living is high here and if one suggests that an article ought to be cheaper than it is, the old freight gag is given and one must pay or do without. But wages are high also, and it is a good place to save money if one is sober and industrious and wants to lay by a portion for “rainy days.” Being situated so far from civilization, theater and opera tickets are unknown and street-car fares only a memory. As for Dame Fashion, she is here as elsewhere, but wears anything from a fig leaf to purple and fine linen and, no matter what one wears, it is always “chic” and “the latest thing.” It is the fashion here to leave town during the “heated term,” so the aristocracy of Globe go to some other place (which is undoubtedly warmer). But the Indian buck stays at home and dons a second pair of breeches.

Besides warm weather, we have plenty of rattlesnakes, scorpions, tarantulas, Indian terrors, lizards, of which some are very poisonous, centipedes galore, and, last but not least, burros—Mexican pianos, as they are called here. They are very musically inclined and practice all hours of the day, and even go so far as to make

very good nightingales. In winter they are not so annoying, as they go down into the gulch and hang around the Chinese restaurants, waiting for stray dishes. They are quite intelligent animals and a shut gate is no impediment to their progress if they see an old pair of socks in somebody's back yard. They can unlatch a gate as deftly and easily as the daintiest maiden, but on going out forget to close it. These animals are owned principally by the Mexicans and are used to pack wood down from the mountains and ore from the different mines to the smelter. The copper mines of Globe are rich in ore of a very pure quality. After blasting down in the mines, thin pieces of native copper as large as an ordinary saucer are frequently found. The ore assays about thirty to forty per cent copper.

As to scenery, that around Globe is rather limited. The town is situated in a gulch, the majority of homes being in a low situation. However, our own house is the second highest in town, so we are "way up" folks and get a fine view of the surrounding country. Although the scenery is lacking in the beautiful, there being a very conspicuous absence of "green fields and running brooks," only the glaring hillsides dotted here and there with cacti and mesquite bush, still the scenic features in other portions of Arizona are among the most remarkable in the world, and many are incomparable: for instance, the Grand Canon of the Colorado, the famous Petrified Forest, Montezuma's Well, the Natural Bridge of Pine Creek, on the western edge of Tonto Basin, which, by the way, will have the largest dam in the world built there. (The dam is now under construction.) The capacity of the dam will be sufficient to water ten million acres of land. There are also the far-famed cliff dwellings, the fort homes of a prehistoric people. In the valley of the Gila river stands the

famous Casa Grande, or "Great House," which was a ruin in 1542, when Coronado passed through Arizona.

But as I am confining myself to the local features of Globe, I must not stray too far away in my efforts to portray the grandeur and beauty of a very misjudged and misrepresented portion of these grand United States. I think that in time Arizona will come to the front, as have some of her sister states. Although her desert portions will be a hard problem to solve, still the mind of man has wrought miracles, as it were, in other places, and it is only a question of time as to the probability of conquering the terrors of the desert; and the land that is now so dry and barren will be made to blossom as the rose and bring forth fruit in abundance.

MABEL COTTON-SMITH, '96.

The School Garden.

THE value of the school gardens in the larger cities, as a means to provide the pupils with something to do during the vacation months and thus keep them out of mischief and bad company, is being recognized more and more each year. Even the small towns might do a great deal of good in the way of keeping the young boys away from the car yards, and wherever rough men are to be found, who are more or less careless in their use of descriptive adjectives. Some small towns are doing very good work along this line.

In most places the boys and girls are taken from the schools at the close of the year and assigned work at the school garden. Each pupil is given a plot of ground for his garden, which is only as large as he can easily tend during the summer. Ten feet by forty or sixty feet is a good size. The gardens should not be so wide that the student cannot reach the center from either side. The gardens are planted to fast-growing and quick-

maturing plants, usually vegetables or vegetables and ornamentals. All of the truck coming from these gardens is given to the young gardeners. Some of the children sell their crops and are more than satisfied with the returns for their summer's work, though most of the children prefer to

entering a school of this kind will be given work the first year much the same as has been outlined, while the second-year pupils are given work of a more advanced character, beginning earlier in the year, such as the making of hot-beds and their uses. During the third year the work takes in



Class in school gardening under direction of Professor Waugh, M. S., '91.

add their vegetables to the family larder. One living in the country, or in a country town, cannot appreciate the feeling of a boy who, previous to this experience, has never seen vegetables growing, or even knew from where they came.

The vegetables are planted under the supervision of an instructor, who explains each step in the planting of seed, the kinds of tools to use, and how to keep them in order. As fast as one crop matures and is gathered another is planted in its stead in order that the ground may all be occupied during the entire summer. The pupils may start off with early peas and radishes, and later may plant cabbage and tomato-plants, the seeds of beans, corn, cucumbers, beets, etc.

In some of the larger cities, where they can have a more elaborate place for the pupils, the work is divided into courses, as much so as in any of the rooms of the winter school. A boy

greenhouse work, while the fourth-year boys are taught the art of plant manipulation, nursery work, and the like. During the course, whether it is of one year or covers two or four years, the boys are required to keep careful notes of everything they do, and notes and descriptions of the weeds found and of insects that eat the plants.

Some of these larger schools have, besides the school gardens for the pupils, a course for the instruction of teachers in "Nature Study" and school-garden work.

Wherever the school-garden idea has been tried it has been found a success. The boys and girls take a great deal of interest in their work and, to most of them, the garden represents the first property of value owned by them. Most of them are proud of their gardens and spend much more time on them than the required two or four hours a week.

The value of these school gardens has been recognized by most of the nations, and the several departments of agriculture, including our own, have given more or less aid to them. As a means of instruction in "Nature Study" and of keeping the young animal spirits out of mischief during the time when they are hunting something to take the place of their school athletics, it cannot be improved; and as a means of teaching boys a sacred regard for the property of others, no better can be found. In cities where sunshine and pure air are needed worse than all else by the little folks, the school gardens deserve a prominent place in the plans for the great parks and playgrounds now considered a necessity in many of the great centers.

GEO. O. GREENE, '00.

An Incident at "Sheep Camp."

IN modern civilization that almost universal scramble for wealth and position may cause your neighbor to so act that you receive an altogether wrong impression of his worth.

Heartfelt action toward our fellow man is really what forms our character. In time of calamity or distress, the action of the individual is a good indication of his true worth.

That selfishness which is part of our nature is subject to our better impulses, and the sympathy which goes out to our unfortunate brother indicates forcibly, I think, that man can rise above self on occasion.

I have in mind the happenings in and about Sheep Camp, Alaska, immediately following the great snowslide which occurred there in the spring of 1898. When news of the disaster reached camp, men hurried up trail to assist in rescue work. At this time the snow was falling in large, wet flakes which, touching in their downward flight, gave off a soft rhythmic sound. The atmosphere was so filled with snow that it was impossible to dis-

tinguish objects at more than a few feet distant. In spite of the fact that the rapidly falling snow made it probable that another slide might occur, men worked steadily to uncover the bodies of the unfortunates. When a body was uncovered it was carefully placed upon a sled and three men, two behind to prevent a too rapid movement down grade and one at the gee pole to guide the sled, conveyed the remains to the improvised morgue at Sheep Camp. Incidentally I will remark that charges were made that some of the victims of the slide were robbed by members of the rescue party. This I cannot believe. The rescue party was so large and the number of men, willing to help, moved so steadily from point to point where search was being made that it seemed next to impossible to have accomplished so foul a deed without detection.

The event which appealed most forcibly to me at this sad time, and which illustrates how ardently men will respond to a proper appeal to their better selves, occurred on the Monday evening following the Sunday of the slide.

No definite plan had been followed in making the search of Sunday afternoon and Monday; but Monday morning it developed that the number of missing, and probably lost, was much larger than had at first been supposed. As evening approached word was passed that there would be a mass meeting at camp at 8:30, to discuss means of making the search more systematic. The slide had covered a very considerable portion of the canon, and with the exception that search on the side of the trail opposite that from which the slide had come was more likely to uncover a victim, there was little system that could be introduced, because it was impossible to determine at what point on the trail a man may have been when caught by the snow.

I said the meeting was called for the purpose of adopting a system in the search for bodies. It was soon apparent that this was not the real object of the call. Early in the meeting it developed that the real motive was to afford persons of selfish tendencies an excuse to abandon the search for the bodies of the snow victims that they might give attention to personal interests. Numerous plans were placed before the meeting by means of which the search could be continued, at the same time permitting individuals to move their goods. Appeals were made to the selfishness in man, and conditions on the Yukon side of the summit were grossly misrepresented in an attempt to stampede the meeting—to vote to abandon the search which the majority seemed to feel it our moral duty to continue.

From speeches made and argument used it appeared that well-defined plans had been made to secure a vote in favor of opening the trail to traffic. There were many men at the meeting who believed that the line of duty lay in the direction of continuing the search so long as there was a probability that the body of an unfortunate might be recovered, but these men had not suspected the turn affairs at the meeting would take, and consequently were somewhat at a loss.

After considerable discussion had been had, an old man, with long, white hair and flowing, white beard, mounted an elevation at one side of the crowd. I had noticed him before on the trail; his clear, grey eye and sturdy physique would attract attention at any time or place. For a moment he was silent as his eye scanned the faces of the crowd as though he sought to see what was in the minds of the men assembled before him, then in a rich, full voice he began to speak. "Gentlemen and fellow miners. A terrible thing has happened, a calamity unparalleled in the annals of history has befallen us. More men have

died in a single battle, more men have been called to the great beyond through the sinking of a single ship, more men have perished in a single great fire in some of our large cities, and more men have been the victims of a single earthquake; but never before under such circumstances has the great, white monster claimed so many lives. We mourn for our unfortunate friends, and the bereaved relatives have our heartfelt sympathy in their sad hour of affliction. There is a duty we owe the dead and the relatives of the dead; but friends, there is also a duty we owe the living, and our duty to the living is greater than our duty to the dead. Many of us are here in the interest of wife, or mother, or child, and as men that duty compels us to look to their interests. There are others here who have no special interest and who can, without loss, remain to search for the bodies of the victims. Then let those of us who must move on contribute liberally to pay the men who can remain to continue the search. In this way we will have performed our duty to the dead and shall not have neglected our duty to the living."

As the old man ceased speaking there were numerous murmurs of "that's right," "that's the proper idea," and had a vote been taken at this moment it is almost certain that it would have been in favor of the plan advised by the old man. As the speaker descended from the elevation from which he had addressed the crowd, the voice of a young man commanded our attention. The speaker was tall and slender. His trembling tones denoted a depth of feeling that, in a measure, emphasized the firmness of will his blue eye indicated when he said, "Gentlemen, I wish to speak but a moment. If reports are true, our beloved country is now engaged in a war with Spain. Thousands of our fellows are offering their lives on sea and land in defence of our nation's

A GROUP OF OUR NEW INSTRUCTORS



Miss Marguerite Barbour,
Director of Physical Training.



Olof Valley,
Professor of Music.



J. V. Cortelyou, Ph. D.,
Professor of German.



Miss Frances M. Barnes,
Superintendent of Sewing.

OUR NEW INSTRUCTORS (Cont.)



Geo. F. Freeman,
Assistant in Botany.



F. C. Nicholson,
Foreman of Blacksmithing.



M. F. Ahearn,
Foreman of Greenhouses.

honor. Is it more difficult to do our duty in peace than in war? Shall we forget that we are most of us American citizens on American territory? Shall our greed for gold cause us to act the part of Vandals in a mad rush over the bodies of our unfortunate companions? or shall we recover the bodies of the lost? Then we can continue our journey to the gold-fields, conscious that we have performed our duty to the dead and have caused no blot to mar the fair name of America or Americans."

There was silence for a moment as the appeal struck home, and then the response in favor of continuing the search was so nearly unanimous that any who might have opposed this measure discreetly remained silent.

There was no movement of supplies along the trail for three days, and during that time fifty-five bodies were taken from the snow.

ISAAC JONES, 1894.

Irony.

ERNEST STICKLEBACK had been laid up for two weeks with a badly twisted knee. He got it Decoration Day, while working to earn some money. Ernest was always earning money; he barely took time to eat and sleep and go to College. He only went to College that he might earn more money by and by. Now here he was, flat on his back, with all the money he might make running before his mind in a tantalizing golden stream, just out of his reach. Oh, it was tough! And what made it tougher yet was the lonesome fact that all the rest of the family were so busy making money that they didn't have time to bother with him. His chums, too, were of the busy kind, and he lay from morning till night watching them pass and wishing some one had time to come in.

If it had not been for Karl, he doubted whether he would even have gotten any thing to eat. Karl was his happy-go-lucky cousin, who boarded with the Sticklebacks and went to College. He and Karl never got along well together. That is, Ernest couldn't stand Karl. Karl never had been known to fight with any body, but Ernest had no use for any one so "shiftless" as Karl, and he had given him several pieces of his mind on the subject, which Karl had accepted with proper but very exasperating meekness.

Since his sickness, Karl had been with him so much that he had the rarest kind of a chance to instruct him for the good of his soul. While he was at College, Ernest would think up yards and yards of good advice, but when Karl came in, brimful of good nature and news, Ernest forgot how the lecture began, and anyway he wanted to hear what was going on up at College, just then, and Karl knew everything and everybody, from the president down to the newest freshman.

Ernest was stubborn and conscientious, however, and this state of things couldn't last. Karl would think he had "worked him" as he did everybody else. No he must be made to feel that, although his kindness was appreciated, his habits were quite as obnoxious as ever.

Hence it was that when Karl returned later than usual one afternoon he was greeted aggressively with, "What the deuce has kept you so long?" Karl leisurely straddled a chair, removed his cap and thrust it into his pocket, then began in Mr. Micawber fashion.

"An unforeseen contingency occurred which precipitated me upon a course of protracted activity. To be specific, I was detained by business."

"More likely nonsense," returned Ernest. Then, noticing his companion's damp locks: "Why the dickens don't you do something worth while with your time instead of going swimming every time a fellow holds up two fingers at you? The Lord only knows when you get your lessons. Nobody ever catches you studying. They would have turned you down up at College long ago if you hadn't "a stand-in" with all your teachers. How you got it is more than I can tell. You're shiftless and lazy and never'd get a business that would keep you if you lived to be a hundred!"

"Done?" asked Karl.

"Might as well, and save my breath."

"I have listened attentively," began Karl patronizingly, "and your sentiments have my entire approbation," then in business-like tones, "What will you have for supper?"

"Nothing; you needn't bother."

"You don't say so?" remarked Karl with surprise. "Have some of your good boys been here this afternoon stuffing you?"

"No" reluctantly admitted Ernest, "there hasn't been anyone in."

"Well," returned Karl, a little vin-

dicatively, "It's too bad your virtuous lads are too busy to come around and you have to be bored with an old skate like me. I'll do all I can for you, relieve you of my presence mighty quick—"making a dart for the door.

"I don't expect the fellows to come around," interposed Ernest violently. "They have their business besides their studies to attend to, and haven't time to bother with me. I get along very well. I don't want them to come," he repeated, doggedly.

"Alright, I'll tell them so, old man, good bye," said Karl shutting the door.

Half an hour later the door was opened again from without to admit sister Ruth bearing carefully, in both hands, his supper tray. Everything was cooked as usual and arranged in Karl's favorite, fantastic way, but it didn't seem to spoil Ernest's appetite for his meal.

C. H.

On the Bay of Fundy's Shore.

I HARDLY know how we happened to decide on Morden as a summer resort, for we had been warned beforehand that the mattresses were not of the Ostermoor variety, and that it was customary among housekeepers to boil tea for twenty minutes. But we were ready for some hardships, and I am sure that, once we had seen the place, not one in the party would have gone elsewhere. What we were looking for was not the comforts of civilization, but rest, and there is more rest to the square inch in Morden than in any other place I have ever seen.

It used to do a thriving business in the days before the railroads, when packets came regularly from Boston and St. John, and when one or more schooners could always be found at the wharf, loading with wood for American markets. But now, though there is still occasionally a little schooner that calls at the wharf for wood, everything but the local trade

has gone over the mountain to the railroad in "the valley," and one walks along the grass-grown streets and looks in through the dusty windows of the old custom-house and meditates upon the fluctuations of prosperity and the changefulness of human ways.

I called it a summer resort, but it isn't, and that is one of its chief charms. One can wander about its shores and through its woods and along its roads and never meet anyone except an occasional "native," till one comes to feel a proprietorship in its beauties and almost to resent the intrusion of the occasional picnics from the back country.

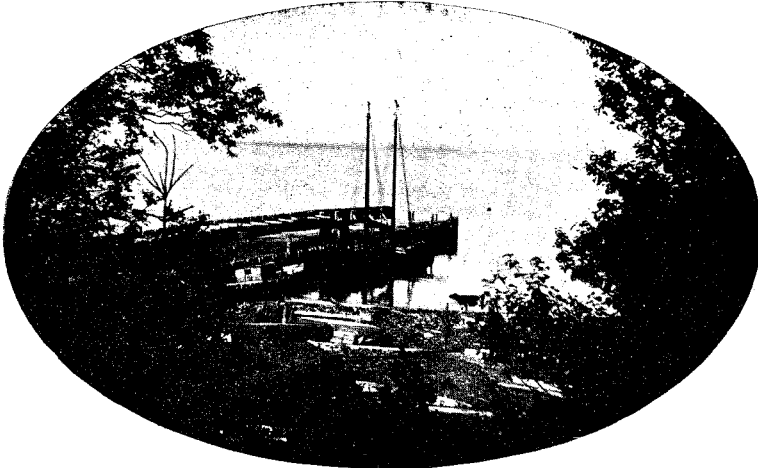
It has its historical side, too, for those who lean in that direction and like to wander over the scenes of Nova Scotia's French tragedy. For here, in the winter of 1775, one of the returning bands of French Arcadians settled and set up a rude wooden cross to mark the spot of their landing and the scene of their sufferings. And when the original cross rotted away it was replaced by another, which still stands (the second generation only) and gives a quaint and melancholy interest to the place. For years the village was known as "French Cross," and only of late years has it received its present name.

The chief charm of Morden, aside from its restfulness and its exclusiveness, is its variety, its resourcefulness. It is not like the ordinary watering place, where one has only the choice between roaming along the beach and going in bathing, or sitting by and noting the grotesque bathing costumes of his fellow-sufferers. Here one is scarcely obliged to do the same thing twice or to go a second time to the same place. Even the beach is variable. Most of it is rocky and rough, due to the rocky nature of the cliffs along the shore. But if one wants sand, there are stretches of beach as smooth as a floor and as soft

as a carpet, and here (if one is not made nervous by the newspaper stories of the fierce attacks of dog-fish upon innocent children and unfortunate men) one may wade or bathe to one's heart's content.

One day we would take our dinners and tramp a couple of miles down the

Another day, when we were not in the mood for the salt water, we would go off to the woods and revel in its shady nooks and its beautiful ferns. Some species of *Aspidium* and *Osmunda* I have never seen in greater profusion nor finer specimens. There is one path in particular, through a



"Occasionally a little schooner calls at the wharf for wood."

shore to the "East Gorge," and then, following up a little brook which flows down the gorge, we would come to an ideal spot for a noon camp. The brook flows over immense ledges of flat rocks, many of which lie bare except during spring freshets, and here one can build a fire and make coffee, secure from any danger of setting fire to the neighboring forest, and so secluded that it would seem one must be miles from a human habitation. And after dinner had been eaten and the birch-bark dishes had been thrown into the fire, if we felt like having a nap (and we generally did, having slept only nine hours the night before) we could wander down to the shore with a blanket and cushion and, lying down upon the sand, fall asleep to the murmur of the waves and the sighing of the winds along the cliffs.

fine stretch of birch and maple woods, that was an endless delight to us with its borders of ferns, its beautiful banks of *Linnaea borealis*, its patches of bunch-berry (*Cornus Canadensis*) and the countless other woodsy friends, some of them known to us by name and others only by their faces.

And then there was the road! When other attractions failed, it could always be relied upon. It skirts the shores for miles, never far from the water, and always beautiful; winding among tall spruce trees, passing over quaint, old bridges, and giving one continual glimpses of the Bay of Fundy, with its gulls and its ships and its tides. If the day was warm we would sit down under some spruce tree, where we had a good view of the water, and read from the pages of "Kim" (it was the first year the book was out), or watch some schooner beat-

ing up the bay. Usually the schooner received more of our attention than "Kim," for what was the use of struggling with such passages as, "It was a boy who came to me in place of him who died, on account of the merit which I had gained when I bowed before the law within there," when one

If one cares for fish, one should go earlier than we did, for after the first of August the dog-fish take possession of the Bay, and all less blood-thirsty and palatable fish retire. Sometimes one can get a small cod-fish, and occasionally one of the weirs along shore captures some "herrin," but



"Under a spruce tree where there was a good view of the water."

could lie down quietly and chew spruce gum while speculating on whether the particular schooner under observation had been to the other side of the world with some of our lumber, or was only up from New York with a cargo of high-priced anthracite coal.

But it was on the cool, crisp days of early autumn that we frequented the road most regularly and enjoyed it most thoroughly. When the asters had begun to fade and the golden-rod was in its prime; when the occasional maples among the spruces had lighted their beacon fires as a warning to the wood folks that winter was at hand, and when the winds off the Bay were strong and cold and bracing, then it was that we tramped along the road for hours, or sat down by its side in a sunny spot and read Van Dyke's "Little Rivers," or talked of home, or simply loafed in silence.

these are the exceptions, and the rule is that one eats *salt* fish, or none at all. On our first visit to the place, before we were fully initiated into the local piscatorial lore, we bought a small "hake," and boiled it for supper at our camp-fire on the shore. But after the meal was over we were strongly inclined to agree with our landlord, who remarked when he saw us bringing the fish up from the wharf, "What you got there, a hake? Why, they ain't no good 'cept to make boneless cod-fish of."

I don't know whether the sunsets at Morden are particularly fine, or whether it is only that our appreciation of all the beauties of nature had been sharpened along with our appetites, but I *do* know that we never failed to be down at the shore when there was likely to be a sunset (I mean a spectacular one), and that we enjoyed them as we had never enjoyed

sunsets before. Another joy of the evening was our nightly bonfire. Bonfires were almost as frequent as the sunsets, quite as frequent as the beautiful ones, and we could have

paid a last visit to the French Cross, and had watched the breakers for the last time, when for the last time we had "Heard the wild gulls screaming at the turning of the tide," and had



"An ideal spot for a noon camp."

them with almost as little effort. The shore all about Morden is lined with driftwood varying in size from splintered shingles to broken masts, and we had only to pile it up, set it on fire, and then sit down and enjoy it. And as the sunset faded and the night shut down, we piled more wood upon our fire and told stories or sang songs or watched for the revolving light on the Isle of Haut.

But the day finally came when we had to leave it all, and after we had

shaken hands with our motherly landlady, we climbed into our wagon and drove slowly and rather silently over the mountain and down into "the valley" to the railroad station. And as we looked back for the last time at the blue waters of the Bay and the little, white lighthouse on the Isle of Haut, we felt like children leaving home, and said that we must come again.

F. C. SEARS, '92.

~~~~~  
Send the JAYHAWKER to a friend.

*Cupid's Hunting-Ground.*

Man is the hunter; women the game.  
—Tennyson.

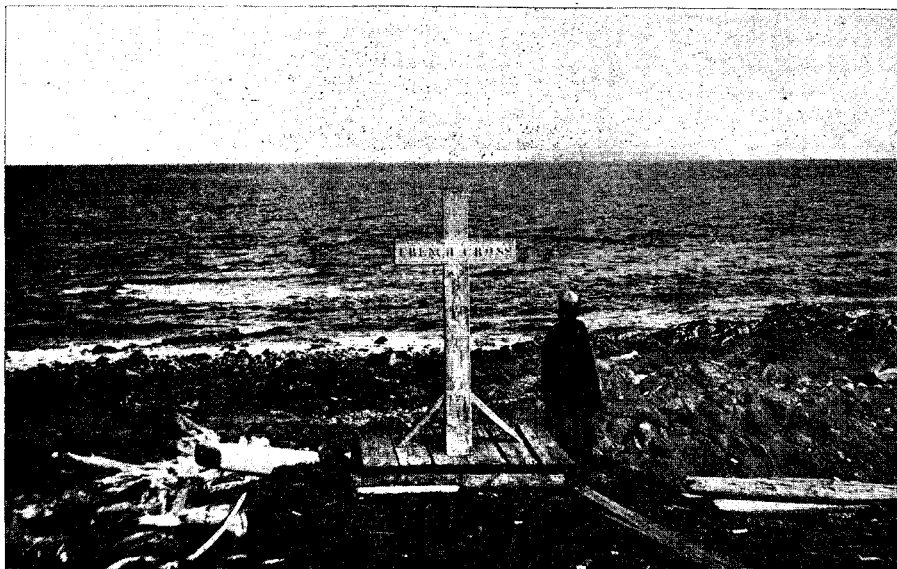
In the hunting-ground of Cupid,  
Man, the hunter, roams at will.  
Cruel, brave, humane or stupid,  
He delights to test his skill.

In the favored season, springtime,  
On a hunting trip he goes.  
Does he cherish hopes of ringtime  
At the season's happy close?

Some are kittens, soft and furry  
With a tiger's claw beneath.  
Petting keeps them smooth and purry,  
Lacking it, use claws and teeth.

There are queen bees, drones and work-  
Proud peacocks and butterflies; jers,  
Saucy blue-jays, worthless shirkers,  
Haughty birds of Paradise;

Wholesome, good, domestic creatures,  
For a home a perfect fit,  
Having plain and homely features,  
But a wealth of mother wit.



"When the original cross rotted away it was replaced by another which still stands" (p.41).

Cupid arms him, when he enters,  
With a bow and love-tipped darts;  
Then his whole attention centers,  
On the vanquishing of hearts.

Or he gathers information,  
Useful in devising snares.  
These with careful preparation,  
Traps the game quite unawares.

Cupid keeps this reservation  
For his game—all womankind,  
Till their utter subjugation  
When the marriage fetters bind.

In his game reserve majestic,  
Nimrods find all kind of game—  
Noble, worthless, shy, domestic,  
Bold, sly, treacherous, or tame.

Some are shy, like hermit thrushes  
In a dim, secluded grove;  
Or in evening's quiet hushes,  
Like the cooling turtle dove.

Some remind of magpie's chatter,  
(Value measured by their use)  
Some of parrots ceaseless clatter,  
Or a noisy gabbling goose.

Miscellaneous collection!  
Where is that fastidious taste  
That will fail in a selection,  
Leaving life a lonely waste?

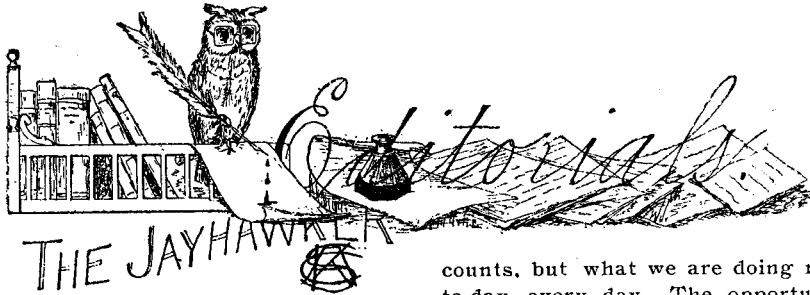
Some will seek with tireless vigor,  
Game of an especial kind,  
Deeming naught of too great rigor  
What they seek they often find.

Some prefer to hunt the bold game  
Which advances half the way;  
Eager widowers, the old game,  
Which is easy brought to bay.

Many who are cruel, aimless,  
Shoot at random, love-tipped darts.  
They are not accounted blameless  
For the wanton wounds to hearts.

Hunters on this reservation,  
Aim their darts and play their  
snares,  
And with little variation  
Enter singly, leave in pairs.

O, what fates are here decided!  
Made forever bright or dark!  
Lives united, lives divided.  
O, mysterious gaming park!



**A Monthly Magazine  
for Progressive People.**

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THE JAYHAWKER, Manhattan, Kan.

G. W. GASSER, '05.....Editor-in-Chief  
C. JEANETTE PERRY, '98.....Alumni Editor  
SARAH C. HOUGHAM, '03.....Literary Editor  
J. G. WORSWICK, '05.....Business Manager  
L. O. GRAY, '07.....Subscription Manager  
L. B. PICKETT, '05.....Exchange Editor  
H. A. IRELAND, '07.....Reporter  
W. J. WILKINSON, '04.....Artist

SEPTEMBER, 1904.

Now is a good time to get enthusiastic about football. Let's start off the season with a hip hurrah that shall be heard afar. Let the team know that we stand back of them from the word go. They are going to win out this year. If you have not been in the habit of attending football games, now is a good time to change your ways. Get the football habit. Get it now.

VACATION has again come and gone and the "good old summer time" is no more. What we intended to do and what we actually did often do not balance up as well as they might. However, regrets are vain, and after all it is not so much what we intend to do or what we have done that

counts, but what we are doing now, to-day, every day. The opportunity to better ourselves is ever present. If the present is continually being filled with our best endeavor, the past will have no regrets and the future no fears.

IF YOU are an old student, we heartily welcome you back; if a new student, we extend a heartfelt greeting. We wish old and new alike a prosperous year. The opening days of College will seem strange because of the many unfamiliar faces. Even among the professors and instructors there are a number of new faces, but a few mornings will wear off the "new" feeling. In a large college like this it is impossible to know every one in it, but it is possible to know several hundred of them and, by the way, it is an excellent "stunt" in mnemonics to learn a lot of new names.

THAT student labor at this College is underpaid is, almost without exception, true. If it were not for the fact that experience is the best teacher, the wage system would be intolerable. It is well to remember that College is not the place to earn money, but to train the faculties for efficient work later on. This, however, seems unreasonable, that no matter how long a student may work at a given labor, the price paid per hour for his work remains unchanged. Many a student, it is true, has practically learned a trade while working his way through College. Yet the work had to be done, and if the student had not done it other and most probably more expen-



sive labor would have been employed. It is not irrelevant to add that occasionally one meets a student who thinks that because ten cents an hour is not very highly remunerative that he is under no obligations to make any very extended exertions. The fallacy of such reasoning is only too obvious. And anybody who works little or much, according to pay received, is not a fit subject for promotion.

UPON entering a college career and throughout its course it is well to remember that civilization and education are not exact synonyms of each other, however much we may think of them as such. For instance, a barbarian may be educated and skilled in all the arts of his tribe, yet may be rude and certainly is uncivilized. Many a man, not a barbarian, gets an education and becomes a barbarian. Few persons are idiorepulsive, but personal attractiveness is often all largely a matter of growth; and true manliness the result of much practice. Than Colleges no better place can be found to cultivate the little niceties of manner that make one a desirable associate.

HOWEVER much the working man may desire sympathy, that sympathy will not be given very freely if he persists in doing that which is a public detriment. A working man's union is a good thing and has been of great value to the laboring class. But when that union attempts to do the very thing it was organized to oppose, dictate terms to the other party, it is time their power be broken. Whatever interferes with the social or business progress of a civilized country will sooner or later be trampled under foot, whether it be the working man's defiance of law and order or the entrepreneur greediness. The recent strikes show that unless the unions change their *modus operandi* they are doomed to a speedy death and burial.

### *Alumni and the Y. M. C. A. Building.*

During the past two months a canvass of the alumni for funds to erect a Young Men's Christian Association building has been in progress. Only alumni outside of the city of Manhattan are being asked to give at this time. The resident alumni will be canvassed during the fall term. At this date (September 12) two hundred fifty-four replies have been received to the letters sent out. Seventy-two subscriptions have resulted so far, and many who were not willing to pledge immediately have promised to do so later. The total amount subscribed is \$2257, an average of a little over \$31 a person. A number of very liberal subscriptions have been made, and on the whole the results of the canvass have been very satisfactory. Not a third of the alumni have been reached so far, and at this rate it can be seen that the amount realized from the alumni will quite materially swell the building fund.

The chief failure in the alumni canvass seems to be the reluctance which the alumni feel to put their names down to a small amount. It was not the intention of the building committee to make any one feel that he should not give simply because he was not able to give a large amount. If those who have not given anything as yet had subscribed five dollars a year for two years the alumni fund would be \$4000 instead of a little over \$2000. Of course one must appreciate the fact that the local demands for such enterprises are usually heavy, but this is the first time that the alumni have been called upon for subscriptions toward a permanent improvement, such as a Y. M. C. A. building. It is encouraging to receive such a generous response from those who will perhaps receive no direct benefit from the erection of a Y. M. C. A. building, and whose only object in giving is the deep interest they feel in their Alma Mater.

# Athletics.

The Athletic Association has secured the services of Assistant Booth to coach the football team this year, and those who watched his work at the close of the season last year know that the team will be in the hands of a coach who understands the game and has the confidence of the men he is training.

The schedule arranged by Manager Cunningham is one of the strongest our team has ever taken on, and loyal students of K. S. A. C. will be given the opportunity of seeing the team struggle for honors on the home grounds with the best teams of the State.

As to what the strength of the team will be depends entirely on the interest shown by the students. Fine material for football teams is always to be found here, and it is hoped much of it this year will be found working for places. Captain Thompson has written that he will not be here, and the team will be called upon to elect some one able to fill his place. Many of last year's team have written that they will be here to start training on the opening day of College, and all new men who have played elsewhere or any who desire to learn the game are urged to meet with Coach Booth or Manager Cunningham, get a suit, get into the game, and the rest of us will be on the side lines to cheer when

the good plays are made. The first game will be with McCampell Academy, Holton, Kan., October 1. Following is the schedule for the season:

#### FIRST TEAM.

Oct. 1, Holton University at Manhattan.  
 Oct. 8, Ft. Riley at Manhattan.  
 Oct. 14, Fairmont at Wichita.  
 Oct. 15, Friends University at Wichita.  
 Oct. 22, St. Mary's at St. Mary's.  
 Nov. 5, Washburn at Manhattan.  
 Nov. 12, Ft. Riley at Ft. Riley.  
 Nov. 18, K. U. at Manhattan.  
 Nov. 24, State Normal at Emporia.

#### SECOND TEAM.

Nov. 12, Holton University at Holton.  
 Nov. 24, Normal (21 team) at Manhattan.

#### *A Few Exchange Items.*

Work and the world will work you,  
 You can try but all the same,  
 Though you're honest and true  
 It's doubtful if you  
 Will win at that old game.

He.—Now, grammatically speaking, would you call a kiss a conjunction?  
 She.—I don't know. Whatever it is I can't decline it.

The *Arms Student* is a new exchange which we are very glad to receive. It contains many short articles of good quality that are interesting.

We hope all the old exchanges and many new ones will come again in the fall. We have two hundred fifty already, but there is room for more.

Commencement numbers were received until the middle of July. Without exception, special effort had been made in their production, and many of them were most excellent in their appearance and in the quality of the matter they contained. Cuts of graduating classes appeared in most of them.



# ALUMNI NOTES.

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

Mrs. R. J. Brock, '91, has been visiting in Topeka.

Hope Brady, '98, has returned to Liberal, Kan., for another year's teaching in the city schools.

Miss Edith Ross, of Dennison, Texas, was in Manhattan recently, visiting Anna Pfuetze, '99.

Miss Margaret Butterfield, of Manhattan, is time-keeper at the College Secretary's office since the resignation of Minerva Blachly-Dean, '00.

Col. James G. Harbord, '86, of Zamboanga, P. I., is assistant chief of Philippines constabulary and commander of fifth constabulary district.

Phœbe Smith, '97, returned September 2 to her duties in the city schools of Pueblo, Colo., after spending the summer with her parents here.

Lucia Wyatt-Wilson, '01, and husband, Dr. W. P. Wilson, of Westmoreland, visited several days recently with their uncle, Doctor Cave, of Manhattan.

P. J. Parrott, a former assistant in entomology here, visited relatives at Clay Center this summer and came down, September 1, to see Manhattan friends. He returned to the Geneva, N. Y., experiment station.

Richard Bourne, '03, looked in upon his friends at K. S. A. C. on September 8, as he was on his way to attend the Kansas City Veterinary College. He will also be an assistant to Dr. A. T. Kinsley, '99, in the bacteriology laboratory at the same school.

Pauline Thompson, '03, of Osborne, Kan., visited College, September 8, on her way to Olathe, where she will teach domestic science at the school for the deaf and dumb.

John W. Holland, '96, who for some years was an official in the United States custom office at Manila, P. I., is now a general broker there, whose address is 25 Santa Monica street.

Mrs. Ella M. Kedzie, '76, still fills the same position as teacher of art at the Michigan Agricultural College. Any mail sent to her should be addressed "Agricultural College, Mich." instead of Lansing.

Frances Thackrey, junior in 1900-'01, has accepted a position for the coming year as teacher in the same Indian school at Fall River, Mont., where her brother, W. E. Thackrey, '96, is an industrial teacher.

The members of the M. E. church choir, of which Dr. Geo. W. Smith, '93, has been director for the past two years, gave him a farewell party, on the evening of September 1, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Pratt.

Norman L. Towne, '04, an instructor in the Boys' Industrial School, Topeka, visited friends here a few days last week. Upon his return to Topeka, he took the civil service examination with the view of accepting a position in the Indian school work.

Emma Smith, '03, of Wamego, came about two weeks before College opened and found a rooming place for her younger sister, Laura, who will enter for the first time. Miss Emma will continue working in the office of the county clerk, at Alma, this winter.

Emily Wiest, '04, has been visiting in Kansas City.

Alberta Voiles, '03, is teaching the "Peach Grove" school, near Randolph.

Beulah Fleming, '04, and sister, Flora, went to the Exposition on September 6.

June Parks, '98, began, September 12, to conduct the "Sunflower" school, in district number 43.

Dovie Ulrich, '03, has begun teaching a six-months' school at Walsburg, district number 34, Riley county.

Clara Spilman, '00, returned September 7 to teach domestic science another year at Camden Point, Mo.

C. F. Kinman, '04, of the Horticultural Department, was surprised, on August 12, by a visit from his mother and aunt, of Clay Center.

W. J. Burtis, '87, and wife are sorrowing over the death of their eleven-year-old daughter, Mildred, which occurred about a month ago.

Minnie, George, and Julia Spohr have moved from Colorado street to the cottage adjoining the Congregational church on the north.

E. N. Rodell, '03, the efficient assistant in the College Printing Department, had a rousing time at his old home in Marquette for three weeks this summer.

Prof. F. A. Metcalf, formerly professor of oratory at this College, is now at the head of the elocution department at the Westport high school, Kansas City, Mo.

Ada Rice, '95, and mother started for the Fair, September 8. They returned in time for Miss Ada to resume her duties as instructor in the English Department at College.

C. C. Smith, '94, has recently moved from Topeka to Lincoln, Kan., where he has again launched forth into newspaper business, this time as editor of the *Lincoln Republican*.

Mary Wilkin, a former student from Rooks county, visited Ada Rice, '95, and other College friends on her way home from St. Louis.

G. C. Hall, '96, will mix agriculture and teaching together this winter. He is the pedagog at the Ashland school, south of Manhattan.

Judge Sam Kimble, '73, is making some extensive changes at "Castle Kimble." The kitchen and dining-room are being remodelled and two bedrooms and a bath-room added.

Berea College, Berea, Ky., at which Silas C. Mason, '90, is professor of horticulture and biology, has just been presented with \$50,000 by Dr. D. K. Pearsons, of Chicago. He had previously given \$100,000 to this same College.

Mrs. Stella Hougham-Bender and small son, of Bakersfield, Cal., arrived September 10 to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hougham, and sister Sarah, '03. Mrs. Hougham and Mrs. Bender left the following Tuesday for the Exposition.

Prof. W. A. McKeever returned September 1, from Cambridge, Mass., where he has been attending the summer school of Harvard University. Seniors beware! The professor's head will be full of new tests to try on you in the psychology classes.

Bessie Little, '91, left September 14 for Philadelphia, where she will improve her year's leave of absence from the physical training department of Bryn Mawr by continuing her study of medicine at the Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia.

A merry crowd, consisting of the following friends of Laura Day, '93, of Menomonee, Wis., were entertained, August 27, at the country home of her grandfather, Mr. Greeley: Mrs. Collins McDowell, of Elkton, Colo., Lou Stingley, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Spilman, Minnie Spohr, '97, Mr. and Mrs. Milt Davis, and Edith Huntress, '01.

Augusta Griffing, '04, will conduct the Rocky Ford school this winter.

Secretary Lorena Clemons, '94, and sister Ethel, '05, spent a week of August at the Fair.

Madge McKeen, '01, is teaching a six-months' term of school at Dahlberg, near Randolph.

E. H. Perry, '86, of Oklahoma City, visited his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Geo. Perry, then went to St. Louis.

Mrs. Isabella Frisbie-Criswell, '94, and little daughter are here from Oswego, visiting Mrs. Criswell's parents.

C. A. Kimball, '93, and wife, of Courtland, announced, on September 7, the arrival of a daughter at their home.

Regent C. E. Friend, '88, was here, August 27, checking up Experiment Station accounts with the College Secretary.

Lucy Waters, '94, is a teacher of English and botany at Santa Monica, a beautiful coast city of southern California.

Elsie Waters, '98, returned to Manhattan September 3. She has spent the past two years doing stenographic work in Chicago.

J. A. Lewis, '85, a civil engineer of Brooklyn, N. Y., has changed his location from 328 Fourth street to 377 Eighth street, of the same city.

Mrs. Ada Little-McEwan, '86, of Kalamazoo, Mich., made an extended visit with her parents, Doctor and Mrs. Little, and returned home September 8.

C. D. Adams, '95, has moved from 1302 Cherry street, Kansas City, Mo., to 532 Terry avenue, Kansas City, Kan. He is still weighing clerk for Swift & Co.

Kate Manley '99, Chas. M. Correll, '00, Minnie Spohr, '97, Adelaide Strite, '01, W. W. Hutto, '91, and Flora Wiest, '91, are all teaching at the present time in the city schools of Manhattan.

Mrs. I. Day Gardiner and daughter, Joyce, after making an extended visit with relatives here this summer, returned to their home in Santa Barbara, Cal., about the middle of August.

Wm. Anderson, '98, assistant in the Physics Department here, returned, September 11, from Chicago University, where he has been taking special work all summer. He stopped off at St. Louis.

A. I. Bain, '00, has moved his family, consisting of a wife and one child, into the city of Marysville. He now manages his farm by telephone and devotes all his time to buying and shipping stock.

Edith Lantz-Simmons, '96, of Victor, Colo., is visiting her parents, Prof. and Mrs. D. E. Lantz, in this city. She will go from here to St. Louis and New York as soon as Mr. Simmons arrives from Victor.

Maude Hart, '01, for the past two years instructor in domestic science in the Indian School of Good Will, S. D., expects to pursue studies along the same line of work at Teachers' College, New York city, this year.

Elsie Crump, '95, entertained at a five o'clock luncheon on August 28. Her guests were: Minnie Spohr, Laura Day, Clara Spilman, Edith Huntress, and Mrs. D. C. McDowell and son, Duncan, of Elkton, Colo.

Arthur S. Stauffer, '04, who is now in Wisconsin, writes: "Vernon Matthews and I are here in Beloit working for Fairbanks, Morse & Co. We are enjoying our work immensely." Their address is 743 College avenue, Beloit, Wis.

"The Forests of the Hawaiian Islands" is the title of a bulletin recently published by the Department of Agriculture. This was written by Will L. Hall, '98, and was the outgrowth of investigations made by him while in Hawaii last year.

F. C. Romig and Lou Shirley, both former students, were married August 31, at Perry, Kan. Mr. Romig is a clerk in the Manhattan post-office.

Mrs. Harriett Nichols-Donohoo, '98, mourns the death of a son, born August 21. He lived only a few hours. The name given him was "Roldo Wilgan."

The class of '04 is to have another representative placed upon the teaching force at K. S. A. C. C. S. Dearborn will be an assistant in mechanical engineering.

Lawrence Doane, '04, returned September 9 from where he has had a position at Knoebel, Md. He left again in a few days to take a much better situation in a dairy at Omaha, Neb.

Harry S. Bourne, '01, of Delphos, had the following K. S. A. C. boys working for him in the harvest field this summer: W. A. Hendershot, '04, E. L. McClaskey, '06, L. J. Munger, '05, and Howard Everley, '08.

O. B. Whipple, '04, has just passed very satisfactorily an examination given teachers in the Chicago city schools. He is thinking of accepting a position as instructor in horticulture in the city school for truant boys.

Geo. C. Wheeler, '95, and Raymond Birch, '06, started September 8 to take five head of the College stock to St. Louis for exhibition. It was not the desire to attempt any extensive display there, so the College sent only "Jeffries," the 3500-pound steer, two Ayreshire cows, and two common "scrub" cows.

John F. Harrison, sophomore in 1903-'04, and Kittie Mabel Norris, a domestic science short-course student last winter, were married at Burdett, Kan., the bride's home, on August 31. They returned to Manhattan after seeing the Fair, and will occupy a beautiful new cottage on Moro street, near the College, as soon as it is completed.

Prof. E. C. Thayer, '91, spent several days early in September visiting relatives near Manhattan. His little daughter, Helen, accompanied him to call on College friends one day. Professor Thayer was returning from St. Louis to Denver to resume his duties as manual training teacher in the north side high school.

A. H. Sanderson, '03, took unto himself a wife, on September 15. He robbed the Marysville city schools of a very popular teacher, in the person of Miss Roberta Elliott. Roland McKee, '00, assisted as best man and Miss Edith Scott, a sister of R. D. Scott, '04, as bridesmaid. Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson will live on a farm near Marysville.

Ed. W. House, '02, attended the State encampment of the National Guards, from August 15 to 24, at Topeka. He found that C. O. Selig was there as a first lieutenant in the Second regiment, F. G. Falloon was a snare drummer in the First regiment band, and Ray Thompson was a second lieutenant in the Second regiment, from Osborne.

Prof. and Mrs. J. T. Willard gave an informal reception, September 3, in honor of Ex-Prof. O. P. Hood, of Houghton, Mich. Professor Hood is out on business connected with his department, at the Michigan School of Mines. He visited St. Louis and the Joplin mining district, then went from here to the Cripple Creek and Utah districts.

The "Cottrell house," which stands as an old landmark just east of the College campus, is a scene of desolation. Miss Jennie, '04, made the ninth one of that loyal family of Cottrells to graduate here, and when, late in August, the last load of household effects belonging to the last Cottrell was being moved back to Wabauunsee, there came to us a feeling of regret that there were no more coming to take her place at K. S. A. C.

The new Carnegie library building in this city will soon be completed. Mary Lee, '89, has been elected librarian.

Roland McKee, '00, has just been here planning with the professors of horticulture and botany to take graduate work under them the coming winter.

Prof. Will E. Whaley, '86, has the sympathy of all old friends in his bereavement. His mother has long been an invalid, and her death occurred August 23.

Elizabeth Finlayson, '04, was relieved from duties at Christ Hospital, Topeka, long enough to spend several days following September 9 with friends in Manhattan.

Marian Jones, '96, has gone to New York City, via St. Louis. She will visit Miss Edith McIntyre, in New York, a few days, and then enter Teachers' College for the study of domestic science.

Prof. R. W. Clothier, '97, wife and son returned to their home in Cape Girardeau, Mo., after attending the Dean-Blachly wedding. Mrs. Clothier and son have spent most of the summer here visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. C. P. Blachly.

Nellie Towers, '99, was married August 23, at the Savoy Hotel, Kansas City, to Mr. L. B. Brooks, who was a drug clerk in this city a few years ago. Mr. Brooks now has a position in Kansas City, and they will make that place their home.

Sarah Hougham, '03, was the hostess of a very delightful thimble party given from 3:30 to 6 P. M., on August 19, in honor of Alice Perry, '03. Each guest was expected to "help a good cause along" by hemming a dish towel or wash cloth and embroidering thereon her initials. After very delicious refreshments had been served, the guest of honor was presented with the prepared array of useful linen.

Harry Fay, who is still rustivating on a farm near Wilsey, Kan., returned from the Fair September 13.

Mrs. D. H. Otis, '94, came from Oswego to visit her parents, Dr. and Mrs. L. J. Lyman, and to attend the Hill-Perry wedding. She also visited Mr. Otis's parents, at Topeka, where she left Master Edward while she proceeded to the Exposition with Mrs. Lyman and Laura. They expected to find Gertrude Lyman-Hall, '97, in St. Louis and have a jolly reunion. Mrs. Lyman will accompany Mrs. Hall to her home in Washington, D. C., and make an extended visit.

Geo. O. Greene, '00, who concluded it was altogether too lonesome for him in Massachusetts, took back with him as his wife, Alice Worley, senior in 1902-'03. Their marriage took place on August 7, at Natoma, Kan., and only a few relatives and friends were present. Mr. and Mrs. Greene went immediately to Lincoln, Kan., where Mr. Greene's parents entertained in their honor, Thursday evening. On Friday they came to Manhattan, where Helen Knostman-Pratt, '01, and husband invited about twenty of Mr. and Mrs. Greene's old friends to meet them in the evening. Four beautiful pieces of silverware were presented to the bride and groom, and the speech made by Mr. Greene in acknowledgement of the same was the crowning event of the evening. After adding one more to the list of brides and grooms at the Exposition they proceeded to Amherst, Mass., where Mr. Greene is assistant in the department of horticulture at the State Agricultural College.

#### DEAN-BLACHLY.

Another College romance culminated in the marriage, on August 31, of Minerva Blachly, '00, of the Executive Department, and Geo. A. Dean, '95, of the Entomological Department. The ceremony took place at Doctor Blachly's residence, on Juliette

avenue, at 8:30 P. M. Adelle Blachly, '01, sister of the bride, and Walter E. Mathewson, '01, led the wedding party to Cupid's corner, where Rev. O. B. Thurston met them. The bride's dress was white crepe de chine trimmed with chiffon. Vines and cut flowers in profusion made the parlors very beautiful. Mr. and Mrs. Dean, we understand, received so much attention from relatives and friends just previous to their departure on the morning U. P. train that, judging from the heart-bedecked trunk, the many-labeled suit case and the poor placarded groom, there was no doubt in the mind of any fellow traveler that there had just been another fire-side established in Manhattan. After visiting Mr. Dean's father at Topeka, the journey was continued to St. Louis. Upon their return they will occupy the cottage on Leavenworth street that is soon to be vacated by R. J. Barnett's family.

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### Exchanges.

*The Cornet* has the life that makes a paper interesting.

We like the *Orange and Purple* because it slights none of its departments.

*The Authentic* is a good magazine, but more space should be devoted to exchanges.

"Evolution," quoth the monkey,  
"Makes all mankind our kin;  
There's no chance at all about it,  
Tails we lose and heads we win."—*Ex.*

An exchange from Washburn gives much valuable information about education in Kansas.

*The Windmill* is nicely gotten up and is filled with cuts neatly introduced between the leaves.

If you want a good exchange, get the *Russ San Diego High School*. It is an exchange we are proud of.

No exchange contains more of interest than the daily *Indian School Journal*, published at the World's Fair.

*The Stator*, Corning, N. Y., is good, but devotes too much space to stories. Its exchange department is very small.

*The Red and Black* is one of the best commencement exchanges. The cover is beautiful and the articles are all good. "Why this Friendship Ceased," is a story well worth reading. Special mention is due the exchange column. We like to see the exchange department well to the front.

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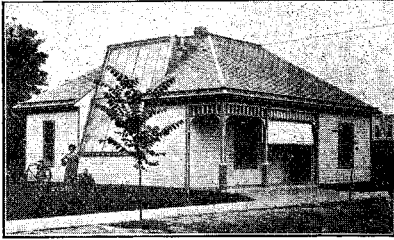
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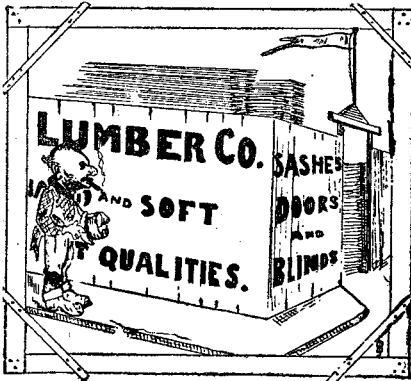
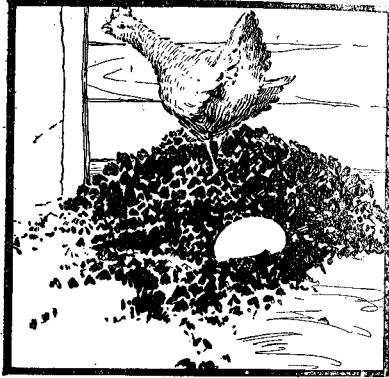
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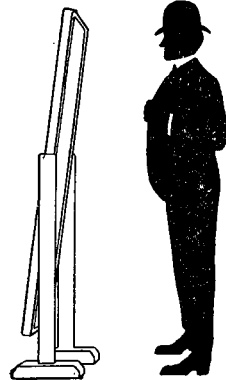
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