



Vol. III

No. 3

THE JAYHAWKER

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OCTOBER  
1904  
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MANHATTAN, KANSAS
THE JAYHAWKER PUBLISHING COMPANY

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VOL. III.

OCTOBER, 1904.

NO. 3

The Life Cycle

B. H. PUGH, '92

Life is a dream. Who knows its end?
Yet when did Iron Fate ever bend?
A moment gone, who knows the next?
And who is there, with vain pretext,
Who feigns to read through future's veil,
But weaves some groundless self-made tale?
Whose eye can pierce the dark unseen,
Or scan the gulf that lies between
This life and that whence none return?
The past alone lies full revealed.
Its tale is told, its aim unsealed.
The present still around us lies;
But swift on eager wings it flies:
'Tis here—and past, like the rippling wave.
'Tis dead! Its cradle is its grave.

*The Educated Woman.**

FLORA D. REED, '81.

WE read, recently, a very pathetic article, by a troubled benedict, on the danger of the "higher education" of woman, disqualifying her for her preordained craft, that of wifehood and motherhood.

The author seems to lose sight of the true meaning of education, making it an unfitting rather than a preparation for her life-work. He makes a distinction between the practical and the educated woman, where no distinction lies. True, the uneducated may be practical so far as their limited intellect will permit, but education should combine with the practical, the ideal and theoretical. It does not mean merely the completion of a course of study in some college or university. Simply acquired knowledge without the ability to make practical use of it is not education in a broad sense of the word, certainly not "higher education."

A diploma is not *prima facie* evidence of a thorough fitting for one's life-work any more than a marriage certificate is certain proof of a happy home. A mere smattering of a lot of things and mastery of none is not education. Some of our most brilliant men, and women too, are among those who never entered a college or university as a student.

Education that does not enable us to make a good living, to make it with less expense of labor and care; that does not give us a keener insight into political and social problems; that does not open our eyes to a wider and more comprehensive sense of the good and the beautiful, an ability to extract truth and wisdom from nature, art, and science, and apply it to every-day life, falls far short of the true definition of the term. Education is inspiring, it is culminative and ends only with life. A college education is only the primer that fits

* *Kansas Farmer*, by permission of the author.

us for commencement which, as the word implies, is a beginning of a life of study. It enables us to adapt, to assimilate; it opens to our vision worlds of thought that are entirely hidden to the uneducated; it fits us for doing whatsoever falls to our lot cheerfully and well. It is the most absurd nonsense to state that its tendency is to lure woman from the home into the dangerous occupations of the city. This may, probably does, apply to the superficially educated, but not to her whose watchword is progress.

The educated housewife makes love and sagacity supply many deficiencies. She complains not of the narrowness and monotony of her environments, and has the ability within herself to rise above them. The most arduous household duties are not irksome, because she combines skill with labor, making her strength, be it little or great, doubly effective, while she joyously quotes from Emerson, "Drudgery, calamity, exasperation and want are instructors in eloquence and wisdom."

Education not only enables woman to make the most of her surroundings, but it brings into her home a cheerfulness, contentment, a strength and resourcefulness, self-poise, reliance, disdain of conventionalities, ability to comprehend, to appreciate, to appropriate. There is scarcely a limit to the possibilities for good that education has for women, especially those of moderate means. It unites brain and brawn, enabling her to make one step do the work of two—yea, half a dozen. She does not claim that there is any higher calling than her own craft, but realizes that the mother is the first and greatest factor in the education of her children; hence none needs a more thorough, broad-minded or varied education. She hears the Spartan mother's admonition to her son to lengthen his sword by taking a step forward. She has taken that step, and still another, and her sword

—the power of education—is growing in length and efficiency, and the doubting Thomases will have to seek shelter in silence.

That type of womanhood which calls for publicity, which makes her voice heard in loud clamorings for recognition, is boisterous in her denunciation of those who oppose her march into the fields of labor, designated by nature for men, is not the representative woman, but an abnormal growth which will end in its own destruction, and tends only by contrast to exemplify the truly educated, refined and cultured woman.

Notes on the Judith River Group of the Cretaceous.

BY CHAS. H. STERNBERG.

IN August, 1876, Mr. J. C. Isaac (who had been my assistant earlier in the season in the chalk of Kansas) and myself joined Prof. E. D. Cope at Omaha, to go with him as his assistants to the Judith river region in Montana. From Franklin, Idaho, we made the journey of six hundred miles to Fort Benton by stage. Here the professor purchased a wagon, four work horses and three saddle ponies, employed a cook (to act also as teamster) and a scout, who was to warn us of danger from Indians. Sitting Bull, with his thousands of braves, was south of our field, fighting the soldiers.

We traveled down the Missouri river opposite Clagett, an Indian trading post, one hundred twenty miles below Fort Benton. Here we crossed the river and went into camp on Dog creek, a few miles east of the Judith river and about ten miles from its mouth. The canon of this creek was narrow. We were shut in by the dark and desolate Bad-lands, which, as I remember, the professor estimated as over one thousand feet high. The lower slopes were composed of beds of lignite, from a few inches to six feet in thickness, and black shale, the lignite layers not appearing in the great

bed of shale in its upper part. Professor Cope made a sketch of the wonderful panorama, which I afterwards saw published. The shale disintegrated into dust on the surface, into which one sank to his knees in climbing some steep ascent. This formation, Cope assured me, belonged to the Fort Pierre group of the cretaceous. We found many bones in it, of mosasaurs and fishes, similar to those I had already collected in western Kansas.

After my return from Montana I felt sure the black shales, then called Niobrara, belonged to the Fort Pierre, on account of their faunal and stratigraphical resemblances to those on Dog creek. It was years, however, before this view was generally accepted. I remember one very good quadrat I picked up on Dog creek which I thought belonged to a *platecarpus*. We could have made large collections of these fishes and mosasaurs but for the fact that they were poorly preserved and interfered with the main object of the expedition.

On top of the Pierre deposits, which were the thickest, were the buff-colored sandstones of the Fox Hills group. We found no fossils in it, but I was assured by Cope of their position in the series. The Judith river beds, or Cretaceous No. 6, as Cope identified them, were above the Fox Hills. The rocks of this formation were composed of sandstone and clay. On the very highest summits of the Bad-lands was a thin bed of oyster shells. We remained in our camp over a month here.

Every morning at sunrise we were in the saddle, taking a lunch of crackers and bacon. We returned late in the evening. Our chief discoveries were from a yellowish sandstone, in which we found many bone-beds, where loose teeth, bones and fragments of turtle shells were mingled together, often weathering out, lying loose on the surface. Among our discoveries were the fish *Myledaphus bipar-*

tilus Cope, hundreds of teeth of *Diclonius*, *Dysganus*, *Paleoscincus*, *Aublysodon*, numberless fragments of the beautifully sculptured shells of the turtles *Trogonix* and *Compsemys*, bones of *Camp-sosaurus*, scales of *Lepidotus*, etc. As we were unable to discover any good specimens of complete skulls or bones in this region, Professor Cope took his guide and started on an exploring trip down the river.

A few days later he sent word to us by his scout to move camp to Cow Island. This astonishing feat we accomplished, of getting our outfit on top of the Bad-lands, over slopes so steep that we had been obliged, on horseback, to make long angles in order to make the ascents, and after fourteen hours of the most strenuous effort human nature is capable of, we got to the level prairie. In one place our four-horse wagon, with team attached, made three complete somersaults and landed on a ledge of sandstone right side up. The next day, while traveling along between the foothills of the Judith mountains, we saw in the distance a horseman approaching, whom we soon recognized as the professor. Before he reached us the scout came out from behind some hill to our south and intercepted him. An exciting conversation took place, judging from their gestures.

The scout was the first to come to the wagon. Without a word he took his personal outfit and started toward Fort Benton. The cook followed him until out of our hearing, when they had an earnest talk. On his return to us he shouldered his blankets and grip, starting for a wood camp on the river, after a talk with Cope. We were never told the cause of these desertions, but learned afterwards that the scout had run across Sitting Bull's command in the Dry Fork of the Missouri, not many miles from where we proposed to make our next camp, and being unable to induce the professor to give up his expedition, left

us alone in an unknown country. With double labor to perform, we pressed on and made our camp on the river a few miles below Cow Island, on the opposite side, at some old steamboat snubbing-posts. We made no other while Cope was with us.

Carlton Falls.

BY E. E. GREENOUGH.

I HAVE always wanted an outing in the mountains, and last summer I had a chance to realize my desire. At the time I was working on a ranch in western Montana. The trip as proposed was to go to "Carlton Falls," which is situated in one of the canons of the Bitter Root range. The plan was to go Saturday afternoon and come back the next evening. A longer stay was impossible, because there was lots of work to be done on the ranch. Accordingly plans were laid and preparations made.

My companion was a boy about sixteen years old who had been to the falls several times and was sure he knew the way. At this time there was only one horse on the ranch that we could take, so we had to get two more from the mountains. These were, of course, somewhat wild, although one of them had evidently been used before.

After rounding up the horses, we set about getting our pack ready. For a grub stake we took potatoes, bacon, bread, coffee, and sugar. Our cooking utensils consisted of a long-handled frying-pan, two tin plates, two tin buckets, and knives and forks. We took a tent and a good supply of blankets, because the nights, even in summer, are very cool in the mountains. We put the pack saddle on the wildest horse; then the task of packing began. To one unused to camp life, this is quite a job. One of the boys kindly offered to help put the pack on, and with his help we were at last ready to start.

Several of the boys came down from the country village to see the "tender-foot" off. The boys all said that the fun would commence as soon as the tinware began to rattle. I was to ride a little iron-gray horse and lead the pack horse, while my companion brought up the rear. I got into the saddle, gave the rope two or three turns around the saddle horn, and started. The pack horse snorted, leaped and plunged, much to the delight of the onlookers; but my little gray settled back on his haunches and stood like a statue. The pack horse soon quieted down, and we started on our journey.

As the sun was getting low we were likely to be overtaken by night before reaching the falls, so we traveled as fast as we could with the pack horse loaded as he was. At last a turn in the road brought us to a trail which turned abruptly toward the mountain. It was now getting dark and we could with difficulty keep on the right trail. There were trails leading off from the main trail on both sides, and sometimes we did not know which way to go. Several times we got off the main trail and had to retrace our steps. Several times, also, my comrade admitted he did not know which way to go.

By this time it was quite dark and hard to distinguish objects a few paces away from us. The thought of staying all night in the woods without water was not a pleasant one for two thirsty boys, so we pressed on. Suddenly we came upon a road which my comrade said he was sure led to the falls, and sure enough we soon heard the roar of water. It sounded like music in our ears and it seemed that the horses also noticed it, for they quickened their pace. We followed the road till we came to a little stream of water which ran away from the falls, where we were glad to stop and "pull saddle." There we built a roaring camp-fire with pine boughs to

make a light for us to unpack and feed our horses, which were all glad to stand still now; and my "little Billy," as I called my horse, seemed to know just what everything meant, for he stood and watched us getting supper while he munched his oats.

We first started supper and while that was cooking we pitched tent and got things ready to "crawl in." Supper was soon ready and I doubt if any king's feast ever tasted better than did our supper to us. After supper we were glad to lie down with our saddles for pillows and watch the glow of the camp fire till the all-powerful sleep conquered us.

When we awoke next morning the birds were singing and the squirrels chattering in the bright sunshine. It was a model Sabbath day. Breakfast over, we saddled up and started for the falls, where we arrived after half an hour's ride. The falls were grand. I shall not attempt to describe them, only to say that they consisted of a series of several small falls, the highest one being, I suppose, about twenty feet, while altogether they were probably about one hundred fifty feet high. There was one place cut out in such a manner that it looked like a little room covered with an overhanging rock. There was a light spray coming out of this place, which made it very cool and inviting. There were dainty little ferns growing out of crevices in the rock.

After clambering around over the rocks for some time we started on, but soon the path became so obstructed with fallen timber that we had to leave our horses and travel on foot. We followed the little mountain stream for quite a distance, as it rippled over rocks and around trees. I gathered some ferns, and also some specimens of rock, some of which proved to be gold quartz. As noon approached we were glad to go back and get another meal.

We spent the afternoon lounging around camp and walking in the

woods. When at last the sun was sinking low in the west we realized that our camp life was at a close. Reluctantly we struck tent and prepared for the homeward ride. The cool evening made it delightful riding. We rode into the yard at the ranch about nine o'clock, feeling that we had had a very pleasant and profitable trip, and we were just in time to get some ice-cream, which was very acceptable to both of us.

A Summer's Camping.

BY H. W. BAKER.

ON the 4th of last July I went, with my brother Ben, to spend the summer digging *Brauneria angustifolia* for an eastern drug firm. We had a tent and camp kit and expected to camp out in the hills. We hired a team and wagon to haul our outfit to camp. We had to ford the Soloman river and, when we got nearly across, one horse and one side of the wagon struck a soft place and went down. I jumped for the bank and reached it all right, but in my hurry I dropped my rifle into the river and had to dive after it with my Sunday clothes on. After much coaxing and pulling, we succeeded in getting the horses and wagon out, nothing the worse save a good soaking.

Our camp kit was delayed on the road and the first week we used a tent fly for a bed and a tin cup and pie-pan for cooking utensils and dinner dishes. We resorted to the habits of our nomad fathers and used tooth and claw where men use knives and forks.

Our first camp we named "Do Little," because we didn't work much while there. We built a furnace of soft, damp stones and made a fire in it and had potatoes and coffee boiling when the stones began to explode from the steam inside. It was worse than a Spanish battery turned loose. In a few minutes there were hot stones, potatoes and coffee scattered all over

camp, and the campers took refuge behind a chalk hill. After that we dug a hole in the ground in which to build our fire, as did our red brothers of old.

The country is well watered, there being springs in nearly every ravine; and for fuel, grassoline and dry sunflowers do very well.

One day we visited a family of the natives and found that they washed their hands and faces three times a day and sat on chairs when they ate.

After we had been in camp a week, Mr. V. L. Cory, '04, came to camp with us. I was afraid that he would be finical about camp diet, but was soon convinced that he was not, for he hadn't been in camp long when a large grasshopper jumped in his cup of hot coffee. He tried to fish it out in time to save its life, but was unsuccessful; then he drank the coffee, and after that I knew he was all right. Our bill of fare for Sunday dinner was: Porterhouse steak from jack-rabbit, spareribs of jack-rabbit, oxtail soup made of jack-rabbit's tail, pickled feet of rabbit, rabbit fricassee, rabbit boiled, and plain old jack-rabbit.

Once when we moved we spilled coal-oil in the flour. That night our flap-jacks were well seasoned, but we had no oil for the lantern. Some one suggested that we each swallow one end of a lamp wick and light the other end; then we could let our light shine to light the pathway of our fellow men.

The most delightful time we had was one day at noon. As we were sitting down to dinner we heard a cackling and screeching as though all the chickens and coyotes in the country had joined in song. We each grabbed a rifle and started out to investigate. Pretty soon a wagon load of native boys and girls came around a bend in the road and I recognized them at once as some friends who had promised to visit us. I wasn't long in sticking my rifle in the grass and getting out to

the wagon, while the other boys slunk away into the tent. The natives out there dress and act very much like white people, and we were soon all acquainted. I was worried to know where I would get dinner for all that crowd, but was soon relieved when I saw them bring a large basket of good things out of the wagon. We had a regular old-fashioned dinner, after which we all tried our skill shooting at a chalk bank with my Springfield.

Once I shot a young jack-rabbit and brought it to camp. As the skin slipped off from the feet easily, the feet were left on. Cory got a leg and thought it the queerest looking rabbit leg he had ever seen. Seeing that he was in doubt as to what he was eating, Ben and I began to talk skunk. The more he looked at the foot the more he believed that he was eating skunk. But it was good, and he would not go back on it then. He believes to this day that he ate skunk.

The summer was drawing to a close. The class yells began ringing in our ears once more, and the grey matter began rolling about and clammering for "trig." and "chem.," and on the 16th of September we broke camp and started for K. S. A. C.

Choosing an Occupation.

BY FRANK HARRIS.

OCCUPATION is what engages one's time and attention. The occupation of the fellows who sit around town and whittle boxes is hunting something to talk about. When occupation is spoken of the thought which goes through our minds is that a trade or line of work is meant. When we choose an occupation we select a particular kind of work for the purpose, generally, of earning a living.

Some boys think that certain kinds of work which they like best are "beyond their reach," so they do not try to reach that ideal. Franklin said, "Hitch your wagon to a star." Our

ideals should be high, for we never go above them. Very few people ever lived who did not have talent in some line, so we should not be afraid to try to attain our ideals no matter how high, or how small the possibility of reaching them.

Whether an occupation which is chosen will or will not bring success depends on our ability to do that work. Successful persons are those who have chosen work which they are able to perform. Would we expect persons who are physically weak to win laurels on a football field, or see one who is afflicted with rheumatism perform acrobatic feats? We expect success in persons who are not only able to do a work but are interested enough in it to study it with enjoyment. If we have ability in music we usually like to learn more about it. The boy who would rather watch a bird than eat a meal is one who would make a successful ornithologist. A paper-hanger who puts on paper to get it on and tries to make it look well afterwards is one who does not take interest in his work, and it is probable he would work better at some other trade.

Old people are often seen who never chose any particular line of work. This is one reason we have tramps. Such persons have missed "half their life," and we sometimes feel sorry for them. As life's happiness, to a great extent, depends on choosing an occupation, it should not be carelessly done.

A College-Built Automobile.

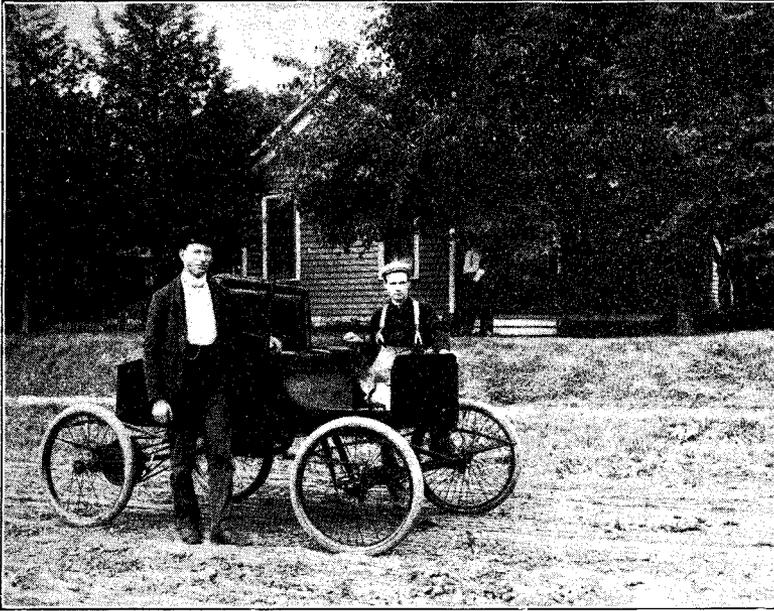
BY MINTER FARRAR.

AS we came back to College this fall, we noticed on the streets of Manhattan and the College grounds, a modern automobile speeding here and there. Some who watched its construction during last year know how it all came about, but many here now know nothing about it except that it comes up to the standard of most of the machines built to-day.

This automobile was almost entirely designed and built by Mr. E. D. Richardson, in the College shops, during his junior year. Mr. Richardson purchased the rough castings for the engine and machined them according to the company's drawings. Al-

power, vertical gasoline engine. Such a one usually sells at a good round price. Mr. Richardson's total expense, outside of his work, has been about one hundred fifty-six dollars.

To the present date he has covered one thousand miles, his best time be-



Mr. Richardson and his Automobile.

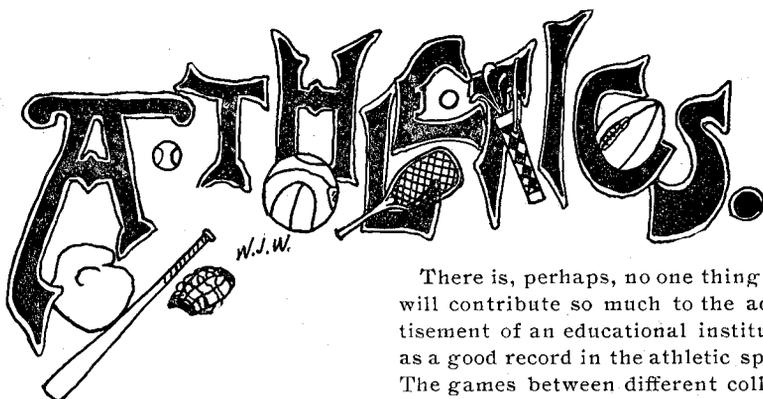
though he had to buy ready-made rims, spokes, and a few other parts for the running gear, he made his own transmission and differential gear, besides the many other parts connected with one of these machines.

Professor McCormick gave him permission, last year, to construct the machine, and in the shops one could find Mr. Richardson while he was not employed in his College duties. In this piece of work he had some experience in what machine construction really is, and although he was helped some by Mr. Wabnitz, he had the greater part to do himself.

The weight of the machine is about eight hundred pounds. It is of the runabout type, with a four-horse

ing ten miles in twenty-five minutes, over the ordinary country road. If he were put on good track he would be able to make much better time. Coming from home to school this fall, he drove his machine through a distance of one hundred fifty miles, with a total load of eleven hundred pounds, in a little over one day's time. Although the machine is working satisfactorily, Mr. Richardson sees some things which he can improve.

This, the first automobile built here, is a monument to the builder's skill, as a thinker and as a mechanic. Above all, it shows that he possesses the sterling quality, stick-to-itiveness, without which no one need hope for a merited success.



BY J. B. THOMPSON.

In basket-ball we are unfortunate in not having a gymnasium or other place in which to play. Too bad! We have the best of material.

Please join the Athletic Association and attend the games. Mingle your encouraging shouts with those of the loyal in cheering the team on to victory.

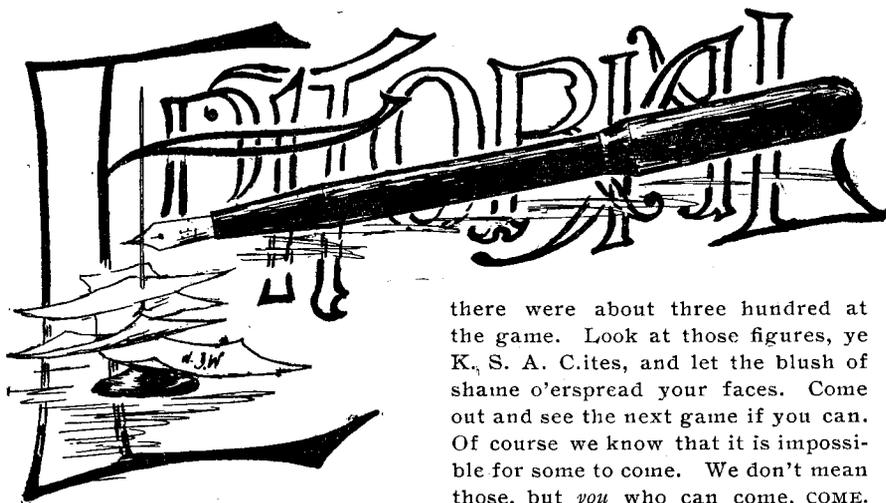
A week ago several College men—Springer, McLean, Anderson, and Ahearn—accepted an invitation to Riley to play some parties of that place during the fair. The College players drove over and defeated the Riley players four sets out of five.

The game with Fort Riley proved, even more clearly, the strength of the team. The soldiers had no poor team, yet they were completely outclassed and defeated by a score of 28 to 0. These victories inspire confidence and assure us of success in the games to follow.

The first football game of the season was played with Holton University and, although a keen disappointment to the team and its supporters, was sufficient to prove, unquestionably, the superiority of our team. Had the game been completed, there is no doubt in the minds of either players or spectators as to the final result.

There is, perhaps, no one thing that will contribute so much to the advertisement of an educational institution as a good record in the athletic sports. The games between different colleges always receive mention in the city papers, because they are of interest to the public. The young man who contemplates taking up college work is especially interested in these reports and he, naturally enough, comes to judge the standard of the college by the excellence of her team. In eastern colleges and universities, the athletic spirit has long been enthusiastic, but in western schools, these sports are just coming into prominence.

There is more interest being shown in athletics at K.S.A.C. now than ever before. Several new members have been added to the Faculty and Board of Instructors who are interested in this work and will help to make it a success here. J. C. Cunningham, president of the Athletic Association, has labored incessantly to advance the interests of the football team, and it is largely due to his efforts that the headquarters of the team has been changed to the basement of Agricultural Hall, where shower baths, towels and rubbing tables are provided. A training table has also been established for the benefit of the team. These modern methods of training and caring for the team are of great value, and we believe their adoption marks a new era in the athletics of the College. Their results, together with those of thorough coaching, are being shown by the improved condition of the team.



**A Monthly Magazine
for Progressive People.**

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OCTOBER, 1904.

If the President, on the Tuesday following the football game with Fort Riley, had asked those in chapel to show hands that had gone to the game, we fear that not a few hands would have remained down, and that the owners thereof would have felt pretty cheap—worth a good deal less than a quarter. Every professor, assistant professor and instructor, and every student ought to have been out to the game. Instead of a possible thousand

there were about three hundred at the game. Look at those figures, ye K., S. A. C.ites, and let the blush of shame o'erspread your faces. Come out and see the next game if you can. Of course we know that it is impossible for some to come. We don't mean those, but *you* who can come, COME. You will feel better; so will the Athletic Association. Our boys are playing splendid ball. Come and see for yourself.

WE wish to remind our subscribers that when they change their address they ought to tell us about it, provided they want the paper. A postal-card will do the work. Nearly every issue we have returned to us quite a few JAYHAWKERS with "gone to Jackson county," or some other equally definite place. All the subscription manager can do is to suspend such names from the subscription list. This is not a very satisfactory way of doing for all concerned. It is our business to send the paper, but it is the subscribers business to see that we have the proper address.

THE time of year has come again when the old question, "Do society annuals pay?" is discussed pro and con. We are glad to see that the strong sentiment against society annuals is continually growing stronger. Last year each of the five literary societies gave a so-called annual, all of which were good, and certainly were enjoyable occasions. From that standpoint alone, can society annuals be said to pay. The consensus of opinion of

various members of the several casts is that, considering the amount of time, labor, money, and sleep lost, annuals do not pay. The people on the caste receive more benefit than anyone else from a society play. If, then, they say it does not pay, it seems to us that the subject is scarcely debatable and consequently ought to be dismissed by the various societies without much consideration. The amount of energy expended to produce an annual could be directed along lines which would produce more lasting results.

WE acknowledge the receipt of the quarterly report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, devoted to potato culture. Even to non-prospective farmers the report is replete with interesting facts. Kansas, during the last twelve or fifteen years, has created a big demand for her potatoes. In 1903, Kansas produced 5,023,042 bushels of potatoes, valued at \$3,755,304. Americans declare bread to be the staff of life. The Irishman says if that is so, "Thin potaties is loife itself." Whichever view one takes, one is perfectly safe in Kansas, for she produces an abundance of both wheat and potatoes.

How large ought a literary society to be in order that it may do effective work? Just large enough to give it weight as an organization, and small enough to make each member feel an individual responsibility. Not over a hundred and (in our humble opinion less than a hundred) would make an effective working unit. A literary society is effective in direct proportion to the number of members doing active work. Observation has shown that the larger the organization the smaller is the percentage of active workers. It stands to reason, then, that the larger the society the more it lacks of being an ideal organization. Of course, a society should be large

enough to have sufficient and varied talent to give an interesting program. However, it is well to remember that the primary object of a literary society is not to give interesting programs, but to give individual training to its members. Every student should join a society, but in order to accommodate more students, new societies ought to be organized, as nearly all the societies are up to their respective limits.

NOT long ago the alumni editor of this magazine received a letter from the alumni editor of an eastern college paper, asking her how she managed to get so many items. The letter further stated that their alumni department was run down and needed fixing, or something to that effect, hence the letter. Well, we believe the writer showed good judgment in writing for information, and we do not feel a bit backward in saying that we are proud of our alumni editor and of the work she is doing for the paper, and think she is fully capable of answering any and all questions as to how to run the alumni end of a college paper.

Exchanges.

There was a Russian mansky
Who fought little Japansky.
When the bullets began to whizzsky,
For him they got too thicksky.

Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa, starts the new school year with a new law building.

Just a little look he took
At the answer in his book;
The professor scribbled with his pen.
Bill will not be back again.

The Indiana schools' exhibit at St. Louis is one of the greatest attractions at the Fair. It is certainly a strong argument in favor of education.

A large number of exchanges have been received already, especially exchanges of smiles and hearty welcomes. We are glad to see the magazine table filling up with college

papers again, and trust that this year many good new ones will be added to the large list we received last year.

The Radius, Kansas City, Mo., is a bright little paper. In commenting upon the object of its publication, it gives "sixty cents a year," but the purpose is apparent upon a little investigation. We cannot name a better exchange.

The *Washburn Review* has taken a good step toward having editors that are competent to fill their chairs. An individual must have shown real ability before he can be elected to the staff. Students are invited to contribute articles, signed by a pen name. For each article accepted, the student is credited with one point. Sixteen points must be secured before the student is eligible. The real names of the eligible candidates are published a week before the election of the staff, and in this way no "pull" can be used in securing an election.

Now is an opportune time to make improvements, for many papers have new staffs just beginning their work. In the majority of instances, great improvement can be made in the exchange department. The generally accepted style is to criticise exchanges, but is this really the field of the department? Where such style is used, only the paper benefitted is mentioned, and very few students read the exchange page at all. What is printed should be of general interest to all students and all colleges. Let us know what the colleges are doing through the exchange column. We notice some papers are doing this, and we heartily commend their action. A little criticism is good, but too much is wearying. Some papers even publish a complete list of their exchanges. This is of little interest to anyone. A little nonsense is good, but let us have it fresh! Let your jokes be original; if not by yourself, at least by someone else, and don't publish any that are so

stale that no one will admit being their author. Give proper credit. If an item is worth republishing it is worth giving credit for. "Ex." credits nothing in particular. Let us have suggestions that will make the exchange department as interesting as the other departments.



Miss Jennie Thayer, the new secretary for the Young Women's Christian Association, is a Colorado girl. When she came to Kansas she entered Fairmont College, Wichita, graduating in 1900. Later she attended Washburn College and graduated from there in 1904.

Miss Thayer received her training in association work at the Geneva Conference and as president of the Washburn association. Last summer her work was in the city association of Topeka.

Who Can Say?

All day long they bled and fought;
Each was right in his own thought.
One spent his life for Russian powers,
The other died for the Kingdom of Flowers;
One prayed to Mary, the Mother of Good,
The other called to his idol of wood;
Each believed in his own prayer's might;
Can man say who was right?

ALUMNI NOTES

Fred Walters, '02, attended the St. Louis Exposition about the middle of September.

Frank Shelton, '99, has made another trip to Alaska. He is now at Juneau, Yankee Cove.

Ary Johnson, '98, and mother, of Success, Kan., have just returned from a month's visit in St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Sears, who are now in Lawrence, are expecting to visit Manhattan friends in November.

O. H. Halstead, '95, and wife are entertaining Miss Katie Gadol, Mrs. Halstead's sister, and Mrs. McGinnety, both of St. Joseph, Mo.

G. L. Wright, '06, ex-exchange editor of this paper, has enrolled at Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa, with his brother, W. S. Wright.

F. V. Dial, '97, still continues his special work in zoölogy at the Kansas University. He can be found at 1208 Kentucky street, Lawrence, Kan.

J. J. Biddison, '04, came from Topeka, September 26, to visit his parents and friends a few days. He is now a reporter on the Topeka *Herald* staff.

Alice Loomis, '04, after spending the summer at her home in Crete, Neb., has returned to K. S. A. C. to be a teacher in the Preparatory Department.

"Louise Frances" is the name of the little daughter who came, on September 14, to the home of W. E. Smith and wife, Bertha Spohr-Smith, '98, of Garnett, Kan.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hartley, '92, will have a recruit for the agricultural course at K. S. A. C. as soon as their son, born September 30, can present the proper credentials.

K. P. Mason, '04, instead of going on to Kansas City, as he had planned, stopped at Topeka and is attending the Kansas Medical College there. His address is 418 West Seventh Street, Topeka.

Mrs. Nellie Kedzie-Jones, '76, will give an address on "Rational Education for Future Home-Makers," at the Nebraska Federation of Clubs, held October 10, 11, 12, and 13.—*Manhattan Republic*.

Christine and Henrietta Hofer, both '02, returned from St. Louis in time for the opening of the present term of College. Christine is assisting with work in the post-office and Henrietta in the library.

J. W. Fields, '03, of McPherson, spent October 4 shaking hands with old acquaintances at College. He was enroute for the Western Dental College, Kansas City, Mo. Besides taking the regular course in dentistry he will assist in the chemistry laboratory.

Howard M. Chandler, '03, is reported by his friends to have given up his position as mechanical engineer in San Francisco and to have gone, about the first of August, to Honolulu, H. I., as an evangelist for the Methodist Episcopal church.

Ora Yenawine, '95, spent two months and a half of her vacation in Seattle, visiting her brother Hervey and family. She returned to Manhattan September 24, and after a few days with relatives went back to Barber's Seminary, Anniston, Ala., where she teaches domestic art.

Mrs. Henrietta Calvin, '86, Miss Flora Rose, '04, and Miss Ula Dow, '05, spent October 10 in Topeka.

A. M. Nash, '04, now at Golden, Colo., is an electrical engineer. S. E. Morlau, a classmate, is in Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Doane, '96, of College Park, Md., announce the birth of their son, "Walter," on September 22, 1904.

O. N. Blair, '04, of Lyndon, Kan., has been elected to the position of instructor in mechanical drawing at the Michigan State Agricultural College.

Rev. Frank Strong and wife, Jennie Smith-Strong, '94, have moved from Kinsley, Kan., to Ottawa, where Reverend Mr. Smith is pastor of the First Congregational church.

Editor Fred R. Jolly, '95, of the Paola Record, spent October 7 and 8 at his old home in Manhattan. He is very enthusiastic over the large number of new oil wells recently shot near Paola.

Judd N. Bridgman, '91, has been very sick with typhoid fever in a hospital in Little Rock, Ark. He is now improving rapidly and expects to go back to his home near Kansas City in a short time.

College friends were pained to learn of the death, on September 4, of Edgar Arthur Powell, '96, who lived near Osage City, Kan. Mr. Powell had been ill for some time with consumption.

Mrs. Flora Donaldson-Reed, '81, recently subscribed for this paper because, in her words: "The JAYHAWKER is most faithfully fulfilling its mission. It is indeed a credit to its managers and to the College."

Martha Fox, '97, and Mr. Owen Smith of Topeka, were married on the morning of September 20, at the Episcopal church in this city. They will make their home in Topeka, where Mr. Smith is a pharmacist.

P. M. Biddison, '04, who is an electrician at Iola, Kan., has not forgotten his military training as a captain of a company of College cadets. During the Iola fair a member of our Faculty recognized Captain Biddison as the commanding officer of a squad of National Guards who were on exhibition.

Chas. A. Pyles, '04, helped the Horticultural Department harvest their grape crop and made himself useful generally until about the middle of September, then he went to Topeka to fill the place made vacant by the resignation of N. L. Towne, '04, at the Reform School for Boys, Topeka. N. B.—He will be an *instructor*, not an *inmate*.

Ivy Harner, '93, of Manhattan, went to New York City, September 30, from which place she sailed for Berlin, Germany, for the purpose of studying domestic science. She carried with her letters of introduction to several very prominent personages of Europe. Miss Harner taught domestic science for several years in the Louisiana Industrial Institute, at Ruston.

Mrs. Gertrude Havens-Norton, '96, we are all very pleased to learn, is sufficiently improved in health since coming back from Maryland to Kansas, that she was able to accompany her husband, Prof. J. B. S. Norton, '96, on a trip to Denver. Mrs. Norton will remain most of the winter, but Professor had to return to his duties at the Maryland Agricultural College.

Prof. D. E. Lantz began at the first of this month on his duties as biological assistant and editor in the division of Biological Survey, United States Department of Agriculture. He will go to Washington, D. C., in a few weeks, and his family will follow him about the first of January. Prof. E. A. Popenoe will have charge in the future of the prairie-dog poison industry, formerly conducted by Professor Lantz.

Mrs. Sue Long-Strauss, '96, and son, Stewart, of Topeka, are spending a month visiting relatives here.

Emma Doll, '98, of Larned, Pawnee county, is a candidate for county superintendent on the fusion ticket.

The O'Daniel sisters, Mary, Anna, and Lulu, came back from St. Louis September 22, after one week's absence.

H. L. Pellett, '93, formerly of Eudora, Kan., has written asking that his paper be sent to 237 East Fourth Street, Longbeach, Cal.

Alexis J. Reed, '03, and wife are living at 1244 West Monroe street, Chicago. Mr. Reed is still working for the Western Electric Company.

The mother of Wm. J. Rhoades, '97, died very suddenly of heart failure on September 2, near Olathe. Her family seem broken-hearted over her loss.

W. F. Lawry, '00, is now an inspector in the maintenance of way department on the Chicago and Alton railway, between Chicago and St. Louis.

Clara Pancake, '03, who was detained on account of her health from returning to College earlier, came back October 11 to resume her work in the Domestic Science Department.

Prof. Leon W. Hartman, formerly of the Physics Department at this College, returned about the first of September to his home in Walton, N. Y., after spending a year studying in Europe.

Rev. A. D. Rice, '92, formerly pastor of the Methodist church at Oketo, Kan., has been transferred to the Nebraska conference and will live at Strang, Neb., forty miles west of Beatrice.

Margaret Minis, '01, librarian at K. S. A. C., left October 13 to spend a week in St. Louis. She will stop at the Inside Inn, the headquarters of the National Library Association, which will be in session at that time.

Estella Fearon, '03, physical training director at this College last year, left September 26 to attend the Boston Normal School. She writes from 1128 Boylston street, Boston, that she arrived safely and is working hard.

The alumni editor appreciates the kindness of friends who send in interesting locals for these columns. Remember that what some one else is doing interests you and what you are doing interests someone else.

W. W. Hutto, '91, and family, who lost by fire their nice residence on Manhattan Avenue several weeks ago, are now living in the house recently vacated by Judge Story, at the corner of Humboldt and Seventh streets.

Phil Fox, '97, of Williams Bay, Wis., spent the week previous to his sister Martha's wedding visiting his parents and old College friends here. He then went to St. Louis to attend a convention of astronomers on September 21.

Raymond G. Lawry, '03, chief draftsman for Roberts, Schaefer & Co., Chicago, had a short leave of absence in which he visited his parents at Manhattan a few days, then went to St. Louis on business connected with the company by which he is employed.

Thomas Eddy Lyon, '93, a lawyer of Springfield, Ill., was married recently to Miss Lela Milmine Smith, of Champaign. The ceremony, which took place in the afternoon, was performed by the bride's father, Dr. W. A. Smith, at the Methodist Episcopal church.

Prof. W. M. Sawdon, ex-assistant in mechanical engineering here, has resigned the like position he has filled at Armour Institute for the past two years and has moved with his wife, Adelaide Wilder-Sawdon, '98, to Ithaca, N. Y., where Mr. Sawdon will obtain his master's degree, at Cornell University.

Mrs. E. H. Bowen, '67, and Phoebe Hains, '83, have been entertaining their cousin, Miss Belle Smith, of Greenfield, Ohio.

Guy D. Hulett, '98, of 409 South Sixth Street, Kirksville, Mo., has just issued the second revised edition of his book entitled "Principles of Osteopathy."

Mary Davis, '04, entertained, on September 24, in honor of her classmate Wilma Cross, who was soon to be married to Howard Rhodes, '96. Girls of the '04 class were her guests.

The announcement has been received of the marriage of Mr. William Guy Tulloss, '99, and Miss Emma Cramer. The wedding occurred on Tuesday evening, October 4, at Douglass, Kan. They will live on a farm near Rantoul.

While Carl Elling, '04, was judging cattle at the fair, Stockton, Kan. he ran across his classmate, R. D. Scott, who is manager of the theatrical company which played "Michael Strogoff" in that city. L. V. White, '03, belongs to the same company and played his accustomed part, the villain.

Russell A. Oakley, '03, was compelled, on account of poor health, to take a rest from his work for the Department of Agriculture. He renewed friendships in Manhattan, then went to his home in Marysville before going back to Washington, D. C. At the first of the year he expects to attend Chicago University.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hemmant, of Halstead, Kan., have announced the marriage of their daughter, Nellie Cecelia, to Leslie Arthur Fitz. The wedding occurred Thursday evening, October 6, at Halstead. The groom is a member of the class of '02 and is now employed in experimental work for the Bureau of Forestry, with headquarters at McPherson. Mr. and Mrs. Fitz will soon go to Washington, D. C., to spend the winter.

Professor Albert Dickens, '93, left October 9 for Saint Louis. Here he will meet his sister-in-law, Mrs. Stella Kimball-Tucker, '94, of Mexico, who will go sight seeing with him at the Fair and then return to Manhattan for a long visit with her sister and parents.

Homer Derr, '00, is teaching in the Central State Normal School of Michigan, located at Mt. Pleasant. He assists in the department of physics and mathematics. He is enjoying his work and environments very much. He will do some studying as well as teaching.—*Industrialist*.

Mrs. Rose Agnew-Hoagland, a former student, whose failing health sent her to Texas some months ago, found the climate was not benefitting her greatly so she sent for her sister, Elizabeth Agnew, '00, to accompany her back to Yates Center. We hope that she may yet regain her former health and spirits.

The Kansas Building at the Fair contains an elaborate display of "art needlework and embroideries." Emma Doll, '98, is the exhibitor of number 399, a beautiful centerpiece of lillies and point lace. Matilda C. Doll, her sister, who was an executive clerk at one time at this college, has on exhibition number 400, a point lace collar.

How is this for Alaska? Fred G. Kimball, '87, in a letter from Nome, Alaska, dated September 12, tells that after returning from a very successful duck hunt he was served with a dinner which consisted of the following: Wild duck, fresh oysters, baked sweet-potatoes, celery salad, radishes, grapes, and blueberry pie. The market prices of vegetables and groceries, as sold in Alaska, would make Kansas housewives turn gray. For instance, tomatoes sell for 75 cents per pound, fresh eggs for \$2 per dozen, lettuce for \$4 per pound, and cucumbers for \$1 apiece. What price must board be at Nome?

C. N. Allison, '01, and wife, of Cordell, Okla., visited relatives in Manhattan, Americus, and Topeka, while on their way to Saint Louis to spend two weeks. From there they went to their new home in Indianapolis, Ind., where Doctor Allison has accepted a position as assistant in the Central College of Dentistry.

W. H. Edelblute, '92, while enroute from the Exposition to his home in Rathdrum, Idaho, stopped to visit at K. S. A. C. and his parents at Keats. On September 30 he went to Schroyer, Kan., to meet with his classmates, Jack Frost, Mrs. Ora Wells-Traxler, and Rev. A. D. Rice. Mr. Edelblute is the surveyor of Kootnai county, Idaho.

Dr. N. S. Mayo, who recently left the Veterinary Department at this College to accept a position as chief of the animal industry department in the experiment station at Santiago de Las Vegas, has about persuaded Dr. A. T. Kinsley, '99, of the Kansas City Veterinary College, and Carl G. Elling, '04, to follow him to Cuba as his assistants. These two young men are waiting to hear from Doctor Mayo as to the purchase of \$7,000 worth of stock, and other matters before they decide when to start. They will be located about ten miles from Havana.

The following letter came from Chas. A. Scott, '01: "Please change the address of my paper from Halsey, Neb., to 58 Mansfield street, New Haven, Conn. I am now in the Yale Forest school, taking a graduate course in Forestry. Mr. A. E. Oman, '00, is also here taking the same course. College life at Yale is quite different from our college days at K. S. A. C. The Agricultural College has one point in which she can boast over Yale, and that is her magnificent campus. Yale is surrounded by the city and has scarcely a campus at all." Mr. Oman's address is 238 Prospect street, New Haven.

F. W. Christensen, '00, has been appointed to an assistantship in chemistry at the Pennsylvania Experiment Station. His work will be in connection with the experiments in animal nutrition, with the respiration calorimeter for cattle in use there. Mr. Christensen is a very capable and industrious young man and we shall expect him to succeed well in his new position.—*Industrialist*.

J. M. Westgate, '97, assistant in the sand-binding work for the Bureau of Plant Industry, was sent to Cape Cod Harbor by the Department of Agriculture. After making a thorough investigation of the causes leading to the devastation of the shifting sand dunes and learning of the measures being taken to reclaim them, he wrote bulletin No. 65, entitled "Reclamation of Cape Cod Sand Dunes." This thirty-six paged bulletin is supplemented by ten plates which illustrate the work being done there by the state of Massachusetts.

The following letter from R. S. Kellogg, '96, of Roodhouse, Ill., should have appeared in a previous copy of the JAYHAWKER. Although somewhat delayed, it is still full of interest: "The August number of the JAYHAWKER has recently reached me. It is so full of good alumni notes that I hasten to renew my subscription. I occasionally meet some of the old boys in my travels in Illinois. T. E. Lyon, '93, is establishing a good legal reputation at Springfield and will take unto himself a wife in a few days, though it must be confessed that he has gone outside of the ranks of K. S. A. C. for a helpmeet. Not long since, I met J. B. Norton, '97, at Bloomington, where he is conducting plant-breeding work for the Department of Agriculture. Yes, to-day I found Wm. Anderson, '98, delving deep into mechanics at Chicago University. He ceased operations long enough to take me to the quarters of Prof. O. E. Olin.

While none of us will ever cease to regret that the good professor left Manhattan, yet it is a pleasure to know he is doing finely at Buchtel College, Akron, Ohio. His thirty-four years of teaching have not in the least checked his energy and enthusiasm, and in his own words he is 'good for forty or fifty years yet!' Success to the JAYHAWKER."

Richard F. Bourne, '03, is nicely started in his work at the Kansas City Veterinary College, 1330 East Fifteenth street. He writes: "Besides myself, there are in this school several other former students. Those I know of are John Thompson, '03, E. W. McCrone, '03, Fred Schneider, '02, J. W. Joss, D. M. Campbell (special last year), George Morris (preparatory last year), and John Oesterhaus, '01. 'Botany Paull' is teaching botany and physiology at the manual training high school. He has a year's leave of absence from the government and is filling a temporary vacancy here. W. O. Gray, '04, is at the University Medics, in this city. We are very busy here, but have a fine school and like it very much."

Nickolas Schmitz, '04, who just left here for Ithaca, N. Y., to attend Cornell University, sends his new address as "Forest Home, Ithaca." He said further: "I am going to enter as a graduate student and will need my grades before I can get entirely straightened out. I am greatly pleased with the University, and I think I shall like all my instructors. K. S. A. C. has a fine campus, but Cornell's campus puts it in the background by far. Forest Home is a country village among the hills and forests—a beautiful spot, three quarters of a mile from the University. A cinder walk which winds through the forest and along the creek bank leads to the colleges. I have a delightful place to room, in a nice location, with fine people, and have a

good private place to board. In all I couldn't be better pleased. I stopped off at Buffalo, took in Niagara Falls, and enjoyed them better than the Saint Louis Fair."

Mamie Alexander, '02, the industrious clerk in the Farm Department office, has been given a leave of absence in which to recuperate among the mountains of Colorado. She is very enthusiastic over the beautiful flowers and scenery around her. From her window in Colorado City she could see Pike's Peak, Nelson's Cave, Twin Mountains, Squaw Mountain, King's Head, and Cheyenne Mountain. There was some snow falling (October 5) and she expected all these mountains to be perfectly white the next morning, while the snow would be melted in the valleys and the weather delightful as usual. Mamie's address for the present is "The Ogden," Colorado City, Colo.

Mrs. Hortense Harman-Patten, '95, of Oak Park, Ill., sent to her Alma Mater for some suggestions in the landscape gardening line that might assist her to make her new suburban home more beautiful. "Donald," Mrs. Patten said of her son, "is nearly three years old. He had his picture taken to-day with his first 'Buster Brown' suit on." She continued: "We see some of the College people every little while; Professor Olin, Margaretha Horn, '93, and Roy Kellogg, '96, took dinner with us while sister May, '93, was with us this summer. None of them seemed changed in the least. Professor is a little gray, but the same blessed Professor Olin. He was at Chicago University this summer, taking special work in psychology. He preached at Irving Park, a suburb, almost every Sunday while he was in Chicago. Laura Day, '93, was here on her way to Menomonie. Minnie Copeland, '98, runs out to see us occasionally, between cases. She seems to be quite

successful as a nurse. A. D. Whipple, '98, drops in once in awhile, as does Ernest Freeman, '95. We seldom see Clarence Freeman, '89. His work keeps him very busy. Harry Whitford, '90, is in the Philippines now, as you know, but we look forward to his getting back. We thoroughly enjoy seeing them all and consider ourselves especially favored in being where we have the privilege. Ethel and Frank Ames, '95, are in Pittsburg, and they say they never see any of the College folks."

CROSS-RHODES.

The wedding altar seems to be as popular a place as ever in Manhattan. The last couple to stand before it (in whom we are interested) was Howard N. Rhodes, '97, and Wilma Greene Cross, '04, on the evening of September 28, at the Methodist church in this city. Lohengren's wedding march was played by R. H. Brown, '98, after which "O Promise Me" was sung by Mrs. W. D. Silkman. The ushers were Misses Mary Davis and Vera McDonald (classmates of the bride) and Messrs. Frank Snodgrass and Karl Hofer. Mamie Helder, '04, was bridesmaid and Milton Snodgrass, best man. After a trip to Colorado, Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes returned to Manhattan to reside, where Mr. Rhodes is employed at the Union Pacific freight depot.

Food For Thought For New Students.

Be self-reliant. Forget all advice of parents and friends; you are old enough to take care of yourself. Make yourself at home at your rooming-place. If not too much trouble, manage to break a few chairs and knock some of the plaster off the walls. Your landlady will appreciate your confidence in the stability of her dwelling.

Do not look out for anyone else, but if convenient it may be well to misdirect new students. This will teach them self-reliance.

Don't trouble yourself to be punctual or regular in your class attendance. Every student is entitled to ten unexcused absences, and instructors always honor an independent spirit.

Remember the brazen rule: "Do others before they do you."

Do all in your power to start class scraps and keep them going. College students are divided into classes expressly for this purpose.

Above all, don't subscribe for any College paper. They are all merely schemes to get students' money.

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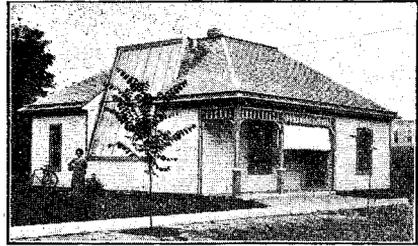
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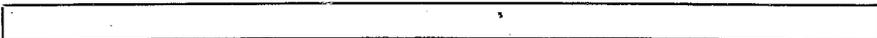
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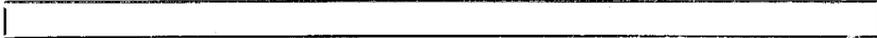
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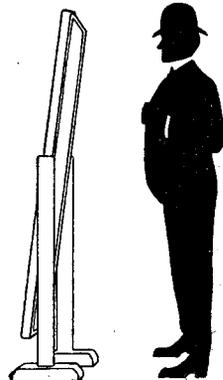
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