



Vol. III

No. 4

THE JAYHAWKER

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NOVEMBER  
1904  
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MANHATTAN, KANSAS
THE JAYHAWKER PUBLISHING COMPANY

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DON'T WAIT FOR OPPORTUNITIES; MAKE THEM.

VOL. III.

NOVEMBER, 1904.

NO. 4

The Runaway Turkey.

BY G. L. WRIGHT.

"YES, I will get the turkey to-morrow," said Squire Perkins to his wife, "and to-morrow night John can have the team to go to the train after Bess and that friend of hers who is coming home with her from college to spend Thanksgiving vacation."

And so it was. On the morrow a big, fat turkey was purchased at the village store and imprisoned securely under a barrel in the wood-shed until his presence should be desired at the dinner table on the following day.

That evening, after the round of various chores, John, the son, hitched the span of fiery grays to the sleigh and started to the village depot to meet his sister and her friend. He arrived at the station just as the train was pulling in, and so avoided the undesirable task of waiting for the train. After making several trips from the depot to the sleigh, all the paraphernalia was transferred from the depot. But the next question which confronted them was that of finding space for their own avoirdupois. This finally accomplished, they proceeded homeward at a high rate of speed, the team being rather more anxious than John to end the journey. At last they drew into the yard and John, having an eye for business, drove up by the door-step in

order to shorten the transfer line as much as possible. Everything was finally piled out on the porch and John proceeded to take care of the team while the rest of the family busied themselves untying boxes, etc. After everything was looked over and commented upon by the "folks," the family retired.

The next morning, all were up bright and early and great expectations were laid on the feast of Mr. Turkey who had been so haughty and defiant the day before. After all the chores were completed and breakfast over, preparations were begun for the dinner. The water was heated and the pots and skillets and pans were made ready and John was sent for the turkey. He had no sooner entered the wood-shed than he started back to the house on the run. "Why! what's the matter, John?" cried his mother. "The turkey's gone," he replied, out of breath. "Gone!" they all exclaimed in surprise. "Yes, one of the pigs got out last night and upset the barrel and the turkey is gone." "Get out after him, John," replied his father, "for we must have that turkey. You had better go over to the creek and look, for he might be over there among the trees somewhere."

"Yes, you go over there, John," said Bess, "and we girls will look around here close." And so the hunt began.

Bess declared she would know the

turkey no matter where she saw it, whether out on the prairie or in the oven, but John, having taken no particular notice of his particular features did not know him so well.

All the forenoon was spent in hunting the fugitive turkey and dinner time found them all tired out from tramping through several inches of snow on hill-sides and in ravines, wherever they thought the object of their search might be. With all the sauce and pie that could be put on the table, the dinner was not complete without that turkey; so they could eat only a few bites.

"I know where I shall go after dinner," said John; "I will go right over to Farmer Willett's place. They have a large drove and our lonesome one might have found them and thought he would visit till after Thanksgiving."

The girls decided to stay home that afternoon, but John set out on horseback to Mr. Willett's to see if he could gain any information about the turkey. Upon his arrival he learned that Mr. Willett and his family had just left to spend the afternoon with a distant neighbor. Fortunately, the hired girl was at home and she happened to know how many turkeys Mr. Willett had; so they counted them and found one more than the number, and John had hopes that he had at last found the turkey. He rode back home and gave the news that he had found the turkey, so they all came out of the house, hurriedly, and began to look for it. "Oh I didn't bring it," he said, "I didn't know which one it was, but it's over to Mr. Willett's, for there is one more in their flock than they own, so it must be ours. I will hitch up the team, Bess, and you girls get on your wraps and go over with me to point it out and we will have our Thanksgiving turkey yet.

When he got the team hitched up he found Bess and Blanche in the sleigh, waiting, so they were soon off to Mr.

Willett's. They never once thought of the fact that they could not get the turkey, even if it was there, during Mr. Willett's absence; but they were determined to go over and know for sure that it was their turkey. When they arrived and found the drove of turkeys, Bess at once recognized the fugitive and pointed out several features by which she knew him.

Learning that Mr. Willett would not be back until nearly bed-time, they went back home to try and find some amusement for the remainder of the day. A few games of "flinch" occupied the greater part of the afternoon, and soon supper time was upon them, but they were still without turkey. They ate a hearty supper, after which John did the chores while the girls found first-class amusement at the piano for themselves and Mr. and Mrs. Perkins as well.

About nine o'clock, John hitched up the team again and started once more for the turkey, which he hoped he could get this time, for if he failed, he knew there would be no more chance for their turkey on Thanksgiving. He found Mr. Willett at home, who, the situation being explained to him, expressed his willingness to help catch the turkey. This they at once found to be no small task, as the drove always roosted in the tops of several large cotton-wood trees which grew in the yard. Nevertheless, with the aid of a thirty-foot ladder, John was able to gain the lower branches from whence he could climb still higher, till at last he could almost reach the much-coveted fowl. But the turkey, having proved himself wise on one occasion, did so again, for at that moment he lifted his wings and was gone. John watched him eagerly, for fortunately the moon was shining brightly, and he saw him light out behind the barn in the pasture. Mr. Willett, who had been standing at the foot of the tree, started out after him at once, while John slowly retraced his steps to the ground.

He then started in pursuit and found Mr. Willett trying to drive the fowl into the barn. But the turkey could see no opening, although the barn door was thrown wide open.

After spending some time in fruitless attempts, John decided to "run him down;" so after pulling off his coat he started in for the chase. They started off at a lively pace, and after circling around the buildings several times, the turkey ran into a hog-shed, where they managed to corner him. After tying him securely and thanking Mr. Willett for his services, he started home, congratulating himself on his good luck.

It was just eleven o'clock when John got home and Mr. and Mrs. Perkins had retired, but the girls were still up and declared they would cook the turkey that night before twelve o'clock; so they set to work. Five minutes till twelve found the bird all dressed, ready for the oven on the morrow, and three goodly pieces in the frying-pan, with the hottest possible fire under them. This was kept up until only one minute was left, when the pieces were taken out to cool. When the greater part of the minute was up, they began their Thanksgiving feast. They did not know how much turkey they had devoured on Thanksgiving, but they had the satisfaction of knowing that they had had some, at least. The girls declared that they had never known the meaning of the word "inspiration" before, and they all agreed that they should never forget that Thanksgiving turkey.

The new College Auditorium will be open to the public in time for the first number of the lecture course, the great Campanari Company, November 19, 1904. Doors open promptly at 7:30. Program promptly at 8:00. Late comers will be seated in the rear of the house. Individual seats, 75 cents, at Coöp. Bookstore, at Willard's drug store, and at main entrance.

A Brave Little Coward.

K. E. W., '01.

THERE was to be company to-morrow, and Mrs. Merden was very busy in the kitchen. The parlor had been given more than its ordinary weekly cleaning, the curtains had been carefully dropped, every picture and book dusted, the chairs set in order, and the children ordered to "stay out." The dining-room fairly shone. Mrs. Merden and little Jessie had done it all.

The Merden family consisted of seven members. There were Mr. and Mrs. Merden; John, aged fifteen; Maud, a girl of ten; Carrie, who had seen six summers; and the baby, aged two. Jessie Edwards was the seventh member of the family. When she was only eight years old she had been left an orphan and went to live with the Merdens.

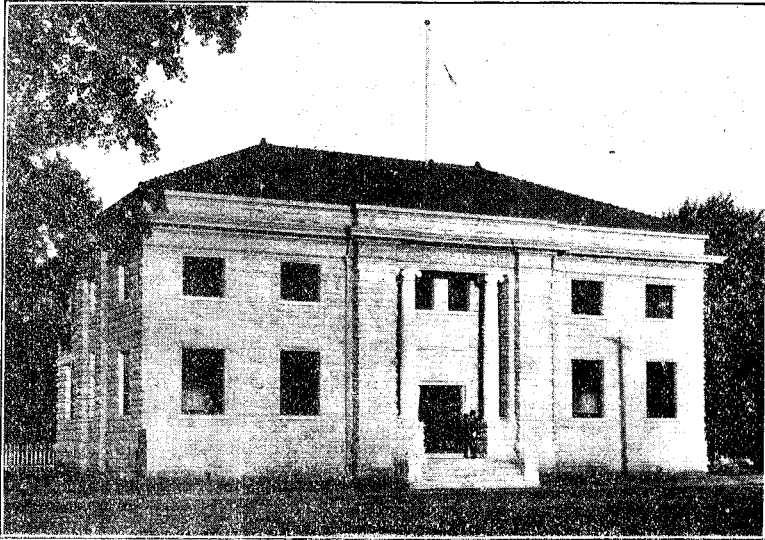
As time slipped by and Mrs. Merden's cares increased, she often said she would not know what to do without Jessie. The children thought no one could tell such wonderful fairy tales or play such funny games. Baby Elsie was her special charge, and Jessie loved her as dearly as she would a sister. Then, too, she was quite a help in the kitchen. She went on errands, washed the dishes, and saved Mrs. Merden many a step. But she was a timid little creature and dreadfully afraid of the dark.

John was, in Jessie's eyes, positively the worst boy that ever lived. He took perfect delight in teasing her, and whenever possible would frighten her so badly that she was afraid to go near him for several days.

One day Maud, Carrie and the baby were in the nursery and John was out on the back porch playing with his dog. The kitchen work was almost finished. "Jessie!" called Mrs. Merden, "Run down cellar and bring me the butter." The cellar was dark and John called out, "Aw! Jessie's scared to go down cellar; its dark down

there." After this taunt she was determined not to appear frightened. All went well. She had the butter and was starting up the steps when she saw two very bright spots over in one corner. With a frightened cry she ran up the steps only to be confronted by

ened the door into the darkened bed-room. With a howl, something jumped at her from behind the door. She gave a cry, then ran through the house and flew down the hall. Mrs. Merden came up to see "what on earth" was the matter, and John came out



Manhattan's Carnegie Library.

John, who called out, "What's the matter, somethin' goin' to bite you?" "Oh, John," she panted, "over in the corner, look!" He went and looked and said with a laugh, "Aw, scarecrow; 'fraid of a cat." Poor Jessie felt very much ashamed of her scare, as she saw the old cat come from the cellar and walk across the kitchen floor to her saucer of milk.

The next day Aunt Allie and Uncle Ned and the children came, bright and early. Jessie would have enjoyed herself very much if John had not told how "scared Jessie was of a cat." Evening came and the company went home. As the children were very tired from a long day's romp, they were sent to bed early. When Jessie went up stairs Mrs. Merden said: "Please see if the baby is asleep, Jessie." Slowly and softly she op-

saying he just "wanted to see if he could scare Jessie." Poor child, she was so overcome with fright she could hardly stand. John was severely reprimanded and sent to his room. As he passed Jessie he said in a low tone, "Coward, coward." She made up her mind not to let him frighten her again, but as she dropped to sleep, the words "coward, coward," rang in her ears.

Daylight was just creeping on. Jessie awoke with a stifled feeling. Jumping out of bed and running into the hall she saw that the house was on fire. Loudly she called, and at last succeeded in awakening Mr. Merden, who cried to his wife to get out doors as soon as possible. Every one rushed down. Neighbors gathered, but could do no good except to carry out a few pieces of furniture. Buckets

of water were of no avail. As Mr. Merden emerged from the flames, his wife cried out, "Where's the baby?" He staggered, for he had thought all the children were with her. "Oh my baby, my baby!" she cried, "who'll save my darling baby?" and started for the house, but was held back and told she was mad to venture into those flames. With a cry she fainted.

But look! up in the window! Jessie, with little Elsie in her arms. A glad cry went up, but Jessie disappeared. Mr. Merden said they must surely both perish, and turned away with a groan of despair. Look again! Jessie is on the back porch roof; her clothes are a-fire, but she is hugging the baby close. They see her purpose and run to the porch. Poor, brave little girl; she is overcome. She puts her hand to her head, staggers, and falls. Loving arms catch her, the baby is given to her mother, who has regained consciousness, and Jessie is quickly wrapped in a blanket and carried to the home of a neighbor. She is so badly burned that when the blanket is removed she opens her eyes with a moan of pain. Mr. and Mrs. Merden bend anxiously over her and hear her first whispered words, "The baby, did I save her?" And Mrs. Merden answers, with a kiss, "Yes, dear, thank God, she is safe." Wearily she closes her eyes, then opens them again and says slowly, "I'm not a coward, am I?" "Oh Jessie, forgive me," is all John can say as he turns away. She answers with a smile; then, with a cry, "The baby, I must save the baby, I'm not a coward," she tries to raise herself but falls back into Mrs. Merden's arms, unconscious. The doctor is here now and when he sees her he shakes his head and looks grave. "Oh Doctor, save her," pleads Mrs. Merden, and he answers, "I'm afraid we can do very little for her." But life is still there, for see, she opens her eyes and smiles faintly.

Months have passed and little Jessie

is again able to play with the children, while Mr. and Mrs. Merden look on with thankful hearts. John no longer teases or makes fun of her, but tries to atone for his past behavior by being a very good boy, and the word "coward" very rarely falls from his lips.

The Man Who Lost the Fight.

B. H. PUGH, '92.

It's nice to hear the shouting
When election day is past,
If the man who got your ballot
Wins the victory at last;
But in talking up his virtues
Is it altogether right
To overlook the other man—
The man who lost the fight?

Honors yesterday were even—
Both stood equal in the race;
But to-day the town is filled with
Men who knew who'd win the race.
Just a vote or two, perhaps,
But it changed the verdict, quite:
A trifle tough, you'll all admit,
For the man who lost the fight.

It takes a lot of manhood
To calmly face defeat,
And not to charge one's failure
To the other man's deceit,
And in the days that follow
We are sometimes in a plight
To tell what made us let him lose—
The man who lost the fight!

We're not gathering any posies
For him who merits his defeat;
For the man without a conscience
Let the downfall be complete.
It's the man with spinal column
And the nerve to do the right;
He's the man, and here's our hand
For the *man* who lost the fight!

A Few Thoughts on Thanksgiving

OUR American Thanksgiving has a history of its own, which leads us back to the birth-place of our nation — a birth-place of which every true American may justly be proud.

Thanksgiving may fairly claim to be the oldest and most distinctive of our few American festivals. We cannot, however, claim for it originality of conception. The Harvest Home of the Saxons and Celts, the Cerealia of the Romans, the Isrealitish Feast of Tabernacles, and possibly the post-harvest celebrations of preadamite man, were its actual precursors. Even among the American Indians there was held an autumnal festival which might not unfairly claim pre-

cedence as the true aboriginal Thanksgiving of the Western world.

Of the first Puritanical Thanksgiving we have the following records from Governor Bradford and Edward Winslow:

"They began now to gather in ye small harvest they had, and to fitte up their houses and dwellings against winter, being all well recovered in health and strength, and had all things in good plenty; for as some were thus employed in affairs abroad, others were exercised in fishing about codd and bass and other fish of which ye took good store, of which every family had their portion. All ye Somer ther was no waste. And now began to come in store of fowls, as winter approached, of which this place did abound when they came first (but afterwards decreases by degrees) and besides water foule ther was great store of wild Turkie, of which they took many, beside venison, etc. Beside they had about a peck of meal a week to a person, or now, since harvest, Indian corn to ye proportion. Our harvest being gotten in, our Governor (William Bradford) sent four men on fowling; so that we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors. They four in one day killed as much fowl as, with a little beside, served the company almost a week. At which time, amongst other recreation, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and among the rest their greatest King Massasoit, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted; and they went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation and bestowed on our governor and upon the captain (Miles Standish) and others."

In marked contrast to these simple reports stand the modern newspaper reports of the day's festivities, and we are forced to note a sad variance between the modern idea and the idea of

the Plymouth colonists in their observance of Thanksgiving.

No less marked is the variation between our present-day Thanksgiving and that of a century or less ago. This variation may be attributed, in a marked degree, to a great change in methods and means which has taken place. Where, in this day of improved ranges, of anthracite and gas, is to be found turkey and chicken-pie and beans and brown bread like that baked by our great grandmothers in old-fashioned brick ovens "whose dusk-red depths were pregnant with fervent heat from spicy embers of seasoned hickory and oak?" Sad but true is the fact that our improved methods of cookery will not bring forth the same delicious results.

And where is that charm which clung to those Thanksgiving dinners as a sort of family sacrament, to which long-scattered members of the same household sat down together beneath the old roof-tree? Year by year sees fewer and fewer of these beautiful festivals. Old customs are decaying, and the spell which once hallowed the day is grown to be, in great measure, a thing of tradition.

We would not, if we could, recall those days with their hard-ships and privations. We have grown too far away from them to ever wish for their return; and yet, deep in our hearts comes a longing, sometimes, for the return of that old-time spirit of Thanksgiving and praise. S. H. '03.

A Poet's Dream.

THERE was once a young poet who had the gift of saying beautiful things in a very beautiful way. He wrote of life and of love, of the soul of man, of dreams and fancies, and of a great many things that exist nowhere but in the mind of a poet. These subjects, however, which were not so numerous as were his hours for writing, were soon exhausted, and he began to grow restless and to long to

break away from his little mountain home, that he might see more of the world and find new things to think and write about. The common things about him—the birds and the trees, the flowers and sunshine and rain, and the grand old mountains that had sheltered his home and had been the joy of his boyhood days—these things did not appeal to him as subjects to inspire a poet to the accomplishment of his best work. He thought them too common, and so, instead of writing about these common things that everyone knew and loved, he went about searching in quest of something else, he knew not what.

One night he had a dream. He thought he had found the most beautiful spot in the world; a place where the grass was always green, where the flowers never cease to bloom, where the birds sang from morning till night, and a beautiful, clear, cold stream of water, sparkling like a jewel in the sunlight, flowed on and on, making the sweetest music he had ever heard. He stopped and gazed at the scene, wrapped in wonder, and as he thought of the beauty and purity of the picture before him there awakened in his soul a thousand springs of music that surged and struggled against one another in their effort to escape in song.

And he awoke. He seized his pen and would have written the new thoughts that had come to him, but his inspiration was gone, and without it he was helpless.

For years he traveled, searching everywhere for the scene of his dreams, at first hopefully, then with increasing fear that he would never find it, and at last, hopeless and old and worn, the best of his life gone, he returned to his home among the mountains.

And as he stood at evening on the mountain-side and looked down into the valley below him, and one after another of the dear, familiar scenes

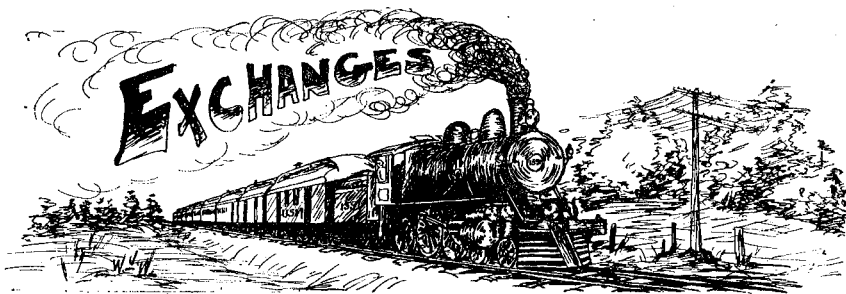
came to his view, he realized at last that this was what he had been hunting for, this was what he had left and lost for all these years; and with a great sob (was it of joy for what was, or of sorrow for what might have been?) he hastened down the mountain to his home.

Too many of us, like the poet of the story, are spending the best part of our lives hunting for something we will never find; or, if we do, we will be surprised to learn that the things we have been seeking in the air far above us have lain all this time at our feet, where we might have stooped at any time and gathered them up and had them for our own.

The world is full of beauty and pleasure and sunshine, and all we have to do is to reach out and grasp them and they are ours. To be sure, they are little pleasures, often common ones; but this world is full of common, ordinary things, and the sooner we learn to see the beauty and pleasure in them, to enjoy the little things as they come, to live a day at a time, as it were, and to get out of each day all the good there is in it, the sooner we will learn what real happiness is.

We should not for a moment think of checking our desires and ambitions for something better, for we would thereby be checking the progress of the world; but while we are working and waiting for these better things we should be wide-awake to the good and beautiful in the common things around us; for, after all, as we grow older we will look back, not to the few great things we have seen or enjoyed or accomplished, but to the many, many little and common things that have played such a prominent and important part in the moulding of our lives and characters. S.

Cast thy bread on the waters and what the sharks don't get the suckers will.



A course in agriculture has been introduced into the course of the Salina high school.

The Agricultural College at Ames, Iowa, is to have a Y. M. C. A. building that will cost \$50,000.

Man is somewhat like a sausage:

Fair enough upon the skin,
But you never know exactly
How much hog there is within.

— *Oabuan, Honolulu.*

The *William Jewell Student* is a school magazine of the highest quality. It always has much that is of interest to outsiders.

From the *Battalion*, College Station, Texas, we note a list of offences, with their demerits, which is much like the system in use here this year, but we think it is more severe.

Tennis seems to be growing in favor among western schools. Five tennis courts are maintained by the Salina board of education. Both students and teachers are greatly interested in the games.

Exchanges have become plentiful again. There are a few which are exceptionally good, having the tone of high class magazines, and containing material which is of interest to people outside of college. The *Jabberwock* is one of this class.

Last year, 1485 students were enrolled at Leland Stanford University. They came from all parts of the United States, each student traveling an average of 1050 miles. The universities of the West are becoming as popular as those of the East.

It seems strange that so many students do not know of the exchanges and of the wealth of good reading many of them contain. You will find any number of them at the Jayhawker office, basement of Anderson Hall, near the printing-office, and you are always at liberty and welcome to go down and look them over.

This world is quite a mixed-up affair, some of which is quite amusing. Whether it is carelessness or something else we will let others decide after reading the following: Jay Hawker, Jawhawker; Jayhawker, High School, Manhattan, Kan., and the latest, from a comment in an exchange, Jayhawker, Kansas, Mo.

The *Indian School Journal* for October is well worth looking over. It is a *World's Fair* number and has many cuts and articles concerning the Indian exhibit. The entire magazine is well gotten up and is a credit to its authors. Among the cuts may be mentioned Geronimo, views of industrial work and views of tribal life.

The school for brides is the last variation in educational institutions. The variation is not so great, either, for it seems the only difference between the school for brides and the domestic science schools is that the students in the former institutions are prospective brides when they enter the institution. Domestic science schools teach the same work, but not especially for the same reason, and not always to persons with the same immediate prospects.



Miss Cecelia Augspurger,
Assistant in Music.

A Hallowe'en Party.

"Take a Jack-o'-lantern to light you there,
And come to the sign of the TS²
To join in the wierd mysterious rites
Of a genuine old-time goblin night.
A suitable costume you must wear
To commune with spirits of earth or air;
October thirty-first is the date,
Ghosts bar the gate
At the stroke of eight."

So read the invitations issued by the TS² of S⁵ + S Club, to the assistants and certain favored members of the Faculty of K. S. A. C. for Hallowe'en night.

At the appointed hour anyone passing in the neighborhood of 618 North Ninth street might have seen, gathering in from all directions about the sign of the "TS²," a motly crew of ghosts, witches, and goblins, with here and there an ordinary human who had come under the witches' charm and joined the crowd.

In silence and in the darkness, save for the hushed whispers of the frightened victims and the wierd, dim light of many and varied jack-o'-lanterns, they waited until the stroke of 8:30, when four silent witches, bearing lanterns with the inscription in burning letters, "Follow us," led the way through dark streets and haunted

lanes to a genuine haunted house. Many a black hair turned gray and many a steady nerve gave way beneath the strain of the moments spent in that ghost-inhabited place.

Up dusty, cobwebby stairways, through dustier, cobwebbier rooms they went, dodging snares and pitfalls on all sides, until at last they emerged into the welcome moonlight, and finally found their way to the gymnasium. There, in the company of King Cole, Mother Goose, Old Mother Hubbard, Bo-Peep, Red-Riding-Hood, Little Boy Blue, Jack Horner, Miss Muffet, and others, the remainder of the evening was spent in games and other pastimes appropriate to the night, and in disposing of the dainty refreshments provided by the hosts.

Me and Pat McBride.

Stretching away on every hand,
A fair domain you see—
A part belongs to Pat McBride,
A part belongs to me.

I own the golden light of morn,
With all the tints that play
Upon the springing grass and corn—
Pat owns the corn and hay.

I own the catbird, thrush and jay,
The larks that sing and soar;
Pat owns the barnyard fowls that stay
About the stable door.

And when the shadows on you stream
Are changing every hour,
I own the right to float and dream,
Pat owns the water power.

Mine is the murmur of this rill,
Whose sweet tones never cease,
But all the air with music fill—
Pat owns that flock of geese.

I own yon creamy summer cloud
That o'er the meadow floats
Like some pure angel in a shroud—
Pat owns the Berkshire goats.

So Pat does me a world of good,
While I do Pat no harm—
And on these terms well understood,
We both enjoy the farm.

—Commercial Advertiser.

Work has commenced on the Carnegie Library at Washburn College.

Season tickets for College lecture course now on sale at Coöp. Bookstore, at Willard's drug store, and by members of the committee. Nine high-class numbers. Price \$2.00. Room for everybody.



**A Monthly Magazine
for Progressive People.**

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NOVEMBER, 1904.

Athletics has certainly taken root more deeply in College than ever before. Tennis is rapidly gaining favor, as indeed it should. It would be hard to find a game better suited to give the student the oft-needed outdoor exercise. The home tennis tournament which has just been played ought to be followed up with a series of inter-collegiate games. Games with other colleges would give the sport a mighty impetus.

With this issue the JAWHAWKER staff takes unto itself two new members; M. R. Schuler, as assistant business manager, and Miss Marcia Turner, for reporter, H.A.Ireland, our former reporter having resigned because of the stress of other duties.

Some people, when they learned that St. Mary's had defeated our foot-ball team, seemed a little surprised at the demonstration made when the team returned. Is not this, perhaps, a possible fault with a good many of us. We shout and smile and brag as long as the game goes our way, but as soon as the game favors the other side we grumble in audible words about some boy's playing, look sour, and wish we had staid at home. In other words, at the very time when the team needs encouragement we are ready to get pessimistic about athletics in general and football in particular and stay away from the games. It is well to remember that the prime object of athletic sports is not to win the games, however essential that may be, but to develop both the mind and body.

The originators of the mail-order system have lately launched the idea of publishing a monthly magazine. The primary object of this publication, "Among Ourselves," is not to advertise the company's wares but to serve as a link to unite yet more closely the employer and employee and to promote sociability among the employed. "Among Ourselves," though published by Montgomery, Ward & Co., is edited by the employees of that great con-

cern. In connection with the other desirable points of such a plan it is significant to note that the magazine contains a "Grumbler's Corner." Under this head the employees are invited to make known their complaints. Some business houses, we fear, would be afraid to place this privilege in the hands of those who serve them. However that may be, we venture to predict that ere many years other business houses will see the benefit of having a publication all their own, thus enabling the whole establishment to keep in better touch with its several parts, and promoting confidence and good fellowship between all concerned.

The word "graft" has, in the last few years, become so common in journalism that to-day the word unblushingly parades itself before the public in a state of undress, not being clothed in the conventional quotation marks that once surrounded it. Probably the next great dictionary will contain the word graft with some such meaning as this appended: Graft.—Any illicit scheme by which personal interests are advanced. Grafting is neither a new nor a rediscovered art. The genus Homo — perhaps in this case better hobo — has ever found grafting a quick, get-rich-easy scheme. To-day grafting has so permeated human society, of at least the civilized countries, that the man who refuses to resort to such practices is often at a decided disadvantage in the business world. No doubt the word is used rather indiscriminately at present and much of the so-called graft is perfectly legitimate. Again, many a transaction that seems perfectly honest is a graft dressed up in some good neighbor's clothes. We quote the following from the Webster Reporter:

"The buying and selling of votes is the greatest evil with which affairs political must contend. It is the greatest evil because it is a fundamental one. We hear of votes being purchased for

cash and of the punishment of offenders; while the giving of transportation by political committees that some men, particularly college men, may go home to vote is not noticed by officials. Is not this as great a breach of the law as buying votes for cash? Do the railroads transport us for nothing? Assuredly not. Transportation is the product of labor, and if we pay nothing for it we lower the wages of the laborer. This, however, is not the source of our free rides. The railroads are paid from the campaign fund. This fund is given by men from all parts of the state to be used as the central committee sees fit. A campaign fund for the expenses of political speakers is alright, but this is as far as the campaign fund should be used. A pass is the same to any of us as so much cash. If we travel on such transportations our vote has been bought, and we have wilfully sold it. Both parties are therefore violators of the law. The state needs honest men, and here is where we can show ourselves to be such."

It is possible that the above writer failed to discriminate between a real and an apparent graft. If so, just where is the boundary line? It is well for us to formulate definite and correct ideas on such subjects and not wait for an inspiration to decide the question. The inspiration may never come. Meanwhile the opportunity to do or not to do, as we may see fit, will surely overtake us sooner or later.

Obelisk Unveiled.

Some months ago it was announced that a granite obelisk would be erected in the City Park to the memory of Tatarrax. It had been decided by the Quivira Historical Society to erect two monuments this year in this part of Kansas, one to the memory of the Juar de Padilla, the Jesuit missionary, who accompanied Coronado in his expedition to Quivira in 1541, and was killed by the Indians near Herington. This monument was unveiled at Her-

ington Tuesday. The other will be erected shortly at Alma to perpetuate the rediscovery of Harahey by J. V. Brower, in 1896. As Manhattan was believed by the archæologists to be the geographical center of Harahey,



Tatarrax Obelisk.

largely through the efforts of W. J. Griffing, the most noted living archæologist living in Riley county, and Fred B. Elliot, also an honorary member of the Quivira Historical Society, this society finally decided to erect a third monument at Manhattan.

The monument arrived in due time, was set in place in the City Park between the fountain and Leavenworth street entrance to the park, and was unveiled yesterday. The Citizens' Band furnished several excellent pieces of music. Rev. J. W. Hannum offered prayer. Photographs were taken both before and after the unveiling by Dr. Orr and by Max Wolf. The

city flag that covered the monument was drawn aside and caused to fall to the ground by Miss May Swingle and Miss Ethel Mosely. Two companies of College cadets under command of Captain Shaffer then presented arms and fired a salute.

The chairman, S. W. McGarrah, then introduced the first speaker, Captain Robt. Henderson, of Junction City, who made a very enthusiastic and appropriate address. The Captain owns the Logan Grove farm, near Junction City, upon which the Quivira monument was erected August 12, 1902.

Dr. C. F. Little made a very fitting speech of acceptance in behalf of the Mayor and City of Manhattan. The Doctor is an orator and received many congratulations. He spoke somewhat at length upon the conditions in Manhattan when he arrived here thirty-eight years ago, and noted the wonderful changes that had taken place.

Hon. J. V. Brower, of St. Paul, president of the Quivira Society and archæologist of Minnesota, followed with an address, giving much early historical matter that was new to the larger portion of the audience. He stated that all that is known of Tatarrax is that he was chief of the Indian tribe, Harahey, that lived about Manhattan, and that he and his warriors visited Coronado while he was near Manhattan on his exploring expedition in 1541. Many archæological remains found in village sites and burial grounds in this vicinity by W. J. Griffing, L. R. Elliot, Mr. Brower and others show that he and his people were intelligent, brave and energetic. Mr. Brower gave a full account of the circumstances leading up to his coming to Kansas to carry on his researches, which were as follows:

L. R. Elliott sent him a flint tomahawk which was of different form than any in Mr. Brower's immense collection. In answer to a letter of inquiry Mr. Elliott said, "There are hundreds here." Mr. Brower wasted no

time in getting to Manhattan. He was surprised at the richness of the finds and continued his researches from here as far south west as Great Bend. The mouth of the Wild Cat, several places up the creek, the site of Stockdale and of Garrison and various places along McDowell creek and the two rivers were among the places mentioned by Mr. Brower as having furnished many things of interest. He spoke of the finding of a human skeleton on top of the limestone about one-half mile from Manhattan that according to archæological computations must have been lying there at least 13,000 years. The best place in the world to study Kansas archæology is in Mr. Brower's private museum. He has tons of Kansas relics.

The following is the inscription upon the obelisk: "Harrahey, Governed by Chief Tatarax, Discovered by Coronado, 1841, Rediscovered by J. V. Brower, 1896, Erected by W. J. Griffing and F. B. Elliot for Quivira Historical Society, 1904, Kansas, U. S. A."—*Nationalist*.

Athletics.

On account of several men being absent and others injured, the game with Washburn, November 5, was called off.

While practising with the football team, November 2, A. Cassell had one bone broken in his left leg, below the knee. Al. had not played any before this fall and was practising, when the accident happened, to be on hand to help in the Washburn game.

By the looks of the boys who went to Hays City, they must raise some pretty good football players out in the short-grass country. They were defeated 17 to 0 and battered up considerable. The Hays City men outclassed our men by far in weight, although our team played together best. The players from here were not all first-team men.

It seems too bad that we cannot have a good place to play basket-ball this winter. We have the best of material and plenty of enthusiasm along that line of athletics.

Four games have been played out of town this fall: Wichita, St. Mary's, and Hays City. The first, at Wichita with Fairmount, was a hard-fought game, in which our team showed excellent team training. No score was made during the first twenty minutes. The game ended in a score of 15 to 0 in favor of Fairmount. Although defeated in this game our boys determined to win the next. This they did, defeating the Friends by a score of 16 to 0,

Tennis is popular with the young women as well as with the young men. A tournament of eight games has been played with the exception of the last game. The next to the finals were played by Miss Thayer and Miss Augspurger, and Jeanette Perry and Bess Mudge. In the first named the score stood 6-0, 6-0, in favor of Miss Thayer. Of the second, Miss Perry won, the score being 6-1, 6-4. The final between Miss Perry and Miss Thayer will be played as soon as the weather permits.

An interesting tennis tournament was played off during the last couple of weeks. Ten games were played, all of which were singles. The teams comprised both College men and business men of the city. In the next to the finals between W. W. McLean and Cecil Anderson, McLean won in two sets, with a score of 6 1, 6 2. Also, between George Dean and O. H. Halstead, Dean won in two sets, with a score of 6-1, 6-1. The final then stood between Dean and McLean. In this game Dean won the first set 6-7. McLean won in two sets, by a score of 6-3, 6-2, which gave him the championship of the tournament, and practically of the College and city.

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ALUMNI NOTES

Kate Paddock, '00, is at home again, after taking treatment for her eyes in Denver for many months.

Rev. Joe Bayles, '89, and wife of Onaga, were visiting relatives near Manhattan about the last of October.

Lawyer W. E. Smith, '93, of Kansas City, recently visited his mother, Mrs. Irene Johnson, and incidentally went hunting.

Emmett Hoffman, '98, and brother Thad, of Enterprise, attended the Lindsborg—K. S. A. C. game here on October 28.

Mrs. Stella Kimball-Tucker, '94, left Manhattan, November 5, to visit her sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles Mutz, of Marysville.

At the District Federation of Clubs, recently in session at Clifton, Kan., Mrs. Alden F. Huse, '80, gave responses to two addresses of welcome.

Daisy Hoffman, '00, of Enterprise, after seeing the sights in Saint Louis, paid a visit to her old College cium, Amanda Culp McCarty, '00, in Mountain Grove, Mo.

A son was born November 2 to Clyde and Bertha Dana-Rickman, former students. The little fellow was laid away in the cemetery when he was about a week old. They have the sympathy of many friends.

Rev. Chas. Campbell, '91, of Denver, his brother Archie Campbell, of Chicago, and sister, Mrs. Emma Tomlinson, of Topeka, were all in Manhattan settling up some business matters about the last of October.

Florence Vail, '01, assistant in the Chemical Department, and Lois Deming, stenographer in the Veterinary Department, were in Kansas City shopping about the middle of October.

Manie Alexander, '02, is climbing mountains, riding her wheel and enjoying Colorado fresh air to her fullest capacity. She is now living between the soda and the iron springs in Manitou, at the Redclyffe Cottage.

G. W. Hanson, '00, the proprietor of the Hanson Novelty Manufacturing Company, of Marquette, saw the big Fair while wheeling chairs for two months. On his way home he stopped off at College to visit his sister Ellen and his brother Otto, who are students here this year.

J. G. Arbutnot, of Cuba, Kans., since his graduation last spring has been over quite a little territory of the State selling views. As he was on his way home from the St. Louis Exposition about the last of October he stopped for a week to visit his Kappa Delta Pi friends in Manhattan.

E. H. Webster, '96, visited both Randolph and Manhattan friends while returning from Saint Louis to his home in Denver. He is still the general superintendent of the Littleton Creamery Company and travels over parts of Colorado and Nebraska. His family lives at 1326 East Eighteenth Avenue, Denver.

Mrs. Rose Agnew-Hogueland's sufferings ended October 23 and her burial took place at Yates Center the following day. She had been married less than two years and at the time of her death was only twenty-nine years and two months old. Elizabeth Agnew, '00, has the sincere sympathy of many friends.

Arthur Helder, '04, is clerking in John Coons' shoestore.

Carl Thompson, '04, of Garrison, was in this city October 15 and 16.

Daisy Day, '95, of Onaga, has been here visiting her sister, Flora Day-Barnett, '95.

Ross Long, '99, is now a traveling salesman for a Manhattan firm, the Knakal Wholesale Grocery Company.

J. H. Whipple, '04, is employed on some work at Lawton, Okla., for Contractor Hopper, '85, of Arkansas City.

Mary Lee, '89, returned October 24 from the convention of the National Library Association in Saint Louis.

Scott N. Higinbotham and Anna Hanson-Higinbotham, '98, have a daughter in their home since October 22.

C. M. Breese, '87, and wife went to the Fair about the middle of October. Mr. Breese was reelected county clerk last week.

Mrs. Harriet Vandivert-Remick, '97, accompanied her mother to St. Joseph, Mo., on November 1 and returned home the next day.

W. O. Gray, '04, is first assistant in chemistry at the Kansas City Medical College. His address is 1316 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

Fred A. Marlatt, '87, went to Marysville, October 28, to attend an Epworth League convention. He has since spent a week at St. Louis.

William Anderson, '98, has assumed the responsibility of alumna reporter for the *Students' Herald*. We congratulate him on his good beginning and also extend to him our heart-felt sympathy.

Greetings from the far North came from R. W. DeArmond, who is conducting experiments for the government station at Sitka, Alaska. He wrote: "I couldn't get along without the JAYHAWKER. Enjoy every issue. May you have a prosperous year."

W. A. Boys, '04, mourns the death of his mother, which occurred recently at Lee's Summit, Mo.

L. G. Hepworth, '97, the rustling seed merchant of Burlingame, visited College friends on October 22, as he was enroute from Beloit to Topeka.

W. W. Hutto and family are living in the cottage at 517 N. Juliette avenue instead of the one at the corner of Seventh and Humboldt streets, as was stated last month.

Ruth Mudge, '01, and some lady friends have the coziest kind of bachelor quarters at 909 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky. Ruth is teaching again in the girls' high school.

Will R. Spilman, daughter Madeline, and wife (Bertha Winchip, '91), came from Washington, D. C., on October 22, to visit relatives. They made a short visit in Denver, then returned to Manhattan in time for Mr. Spilman to vote.

A. D. Whipple, '98, has resigned his position with Butler Brothers' wholesale department and accepted a position in the retail department of Marshal Field & Co., of Chicago. His address is 531 W. 61 Place.—*Students' Herald*.

A. T. Kinsley, '99, has decided not to follow Doctor Mayo to Cuba—or rather, the Kansas City Veterinary College authorities decided for him. In order to keep Doctor Kinsley on the teaching force, his salary was raised to \$1800 this year, with a promise of \$2000 for next year.

Marian Jones, '96, is nicely located at 417 West 114th Street, New York City. She writes: "Teachers' College is all right; so is New York. I haven't seen Maude Hart yet. Wonder if she is here. I have seen the Statue of Liberty, Grant's tomb and Brooklyn Bridge and though I feel like I had seen quite a 'little' of New York I hope to see much more. Please remember me to inquiring friends."

R. J. Brock, '91, was at Bala, Kan., on October 22, to instruct the people how to vote.

Johnnie Postlethwaite, well known to many of the old students, was married on Wednesday, November 9, to Miss White, of Jewell City, Kan.

R. N. Dorman, '04, was up from Topeka several days about election time. His brother, J. E. Dorman, of Bayshore, Va., accompanied him to College on November 10.

K. P. Mason, '04, interviewed College friends between trains on November 9, as he was returning to Topeka after having been to Cawker City to cast his ballot for (?).

Mrs. Albert Dickens, '90, entertained a large party of ladies on October 21, in honor of Mrs. Stella Kimball-Tucker, '94, of Aguas Calientes, Mex., and Mrs. Stella Hougham-Bender, of Bakersfield, Cal.

The Platt homestead of ten acres on College Hill was sold recently to Mr. J. Neider. Ed. and Mell Platt were here from St. Joseph to help their mother get her business matters settled, then she accompanied them home to remain permanently.

Mrs. Cora Ewalt-Brown, '98, has been in Leavenworth the past three weeks with her mother-in-law, Mrs. A. B. Brown, who has been quite ill. Mrs. Brown (senior) left last week to spend the winter with her brother, Rev. H. N. Hoyt, who lives in Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Ary P. Johnson, of Success, Kan., announces the marriage of her daughter, Ary Cordelia, to Joseph A. Butterfield. The wedding occurred at 4 P. M., October 23, and was followed by a sumptuous dinner. The bride and groom drove to Russell and took the train for Kansas City, their new home. Mr. Butterfield, '99, is a railway mail clerk and runs between Kansas City and Salina on the Union Pacific. Mrs. Butterfield graduated in 1898.

R. A. Seaton, '04, assistant in the Mathematical Department, received a telegram on November 15 saying that if he wished to see his father alive he must come home at once. He left immediately for Jewell City, where his father has been very ill for six weeks or more.

When Dr. and Mrs. McCullough, '98, were driving up Houston street, on November 14, a dog jumped out at their horse and frightened him so that both occupants of the buggy were tipped out. Doctor McCullough was only slightly bruised, but his wife had her left arm broken near the wrist. The buggy was almost demolished.

Mrs. Olive Sheldon-Parker, '98, and husband arrived, November 1, from New York, where they have spent the past few months. Mr. Parker remained here only a few days then went to his home in El Paso, Tex. Mrs. Parker will visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Q. A. Sheldon, several weeks yet before going to El Paso.

Victor L. Cory, '04, writes from 169 First Avenue, Dallas, Texas, as follows: "I have been at Dallas since October 22 as a special agent of the Bureau of Plant Industry, United States Department of Agriculture. I found Arthur Leidigh, '02, here on my arrival. After a day or two Mr. Leidigh returned to his post at Channing, Texas. While in Kansas City, Mo., I visited with my classmate, Walter O. Gray, who is in attendance at the University Medical College at that place, and who also assists in freshmen chemistry. In addition I met at Kansas City the following alumni: John H. Oesterhaus, '01, R. F. Bourne, '03, E. W. McCrone, '03. D. M. Campbell, a special student last year and a prospective alumnus, guided us through the Kansas City Veterinary College, where he assists in chemistry. I also met a few former students of my acquaintance, who are at work as students or otherwise in the city."

Will Purdy, sophomore in '99-'00, is clerking in a hardware store in Wichita.

E. W. Kimball, '02, was here from Scandia recently visiting his parents, on College Hill.

Hattie Forsyth, '04, of Dwight, Kan., is visiting her sister, Edith, at College this week.

Josephine Finley, '00, has been suffering from having cut her hand badly on a glass fruit-jar.

Mrs. Elizabeth Edward-Hartley, '92, is enjoying a visit from a younger sister, who lives in Wales.

Chas. E. Pincomb, '96, left his home at Merriam, Kan., on October 18, for a trip to the Pan Handle country.

R. A. Oakley, '03, is now at the Waverly Hotel, Hot Springs, Ark., taking treatment for his rheumatism.

Helen Monsch, '04, is at present studying domestic science at the University of Chicago. She is living at Kelly Hall.

Louise Spohr, '99, head nurse from Christ's Hospital, Topeka, visited her brother and sisters last Sunday in Manhattan.

Eva Rickman, junior in '03-'04, who moved to Des Moines, Iowa, with her parents last summer, returned on Nov. 15 to visit with her uncle, Supt. J. D. Rickman.

Mark A. Carleton, '87, sends a request that his mail be sent to 3409 Brown street, N. W. Washington, D. C., instead of to the Department of Agriculture, as formerly.

Sarah E. Davies, '02, is at 1307 North Market street, Emporia, Kan., where she is attending the State Normal. She expects to take the examination for a State certificate soon.

J. A. Correll, '03, after finishing his work at St. Louis, was in Indiana for some time this fall. He was in Topeka last Saturday on his way to visit his brother's family at Overbrook, Kan.

E. C. Gasser, a former instructor in the blacksmith-shop here, is now foreman of forge work at the Iowa State College, Ames. He finds time to crowd in a little work for himself leading to a degree.

A. B. Symns, '98, of Atchison, has just been elected county commissioner. He was the only democrat elected on his ticket, and in fact is the only democrat who has been placed in office there for about thirty years.

Harold T. Nielsen, '03, who has been employed during the past year as a special agent for the Bureau of Plant Industry, expects in a few weeks to return to the Iowa State College to obtain his master's degree.

C. F. Kinman, '04, will leave the Horticultural Department soon, where he has been an assistant the past summer, and take up his duties as assistant horticulturist at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, at Auburn.

Lynn Hartley, once a K. S. A. C. junior, has passed the last fourteen months in California, most of it as a teacher. She has been to the Fair, and will visit relatives here for a while, then return to California.

The girls of the Domestic Science Department, under the direction of Mrs. Henrietta Calvin, '86, are to be congratulated upon receiving the highest award at the Saint Louis Exposition for their display of canned fruit.

F. E. Baxter, of New Cambria, Kan., expects to send his son to College for the winter term. Mr. Baxter wrote: "I attended there from '83 to '86 and I have a warm spot in my heart for the institution which I consider the best in the State.

LeRoy Firebaugh, junior in 1900-'01, was visiting with Harry Brown and other friends at College last week. He is taking a vacation from the large printing establishment in Denver, where he is employed. He went from here to St. Louis.

The present address of E. C. Thayer, '91, is 3224 Bryant street, Denver, Colo.

Mrs. Lorena Helder-Morse, '94, and daughter, of Kansas City, are here visiting.

Anna O'Danniel, '03, spent several days last week visiting her sister, Lulu, in Topeka.

Ernest M. Cook, '00, who returned to Porto Rico this fall, is teaching school at Humacao.

O. N. Blair, '04, has ordered the JAYHAWKER sent to him at the Agricultural College of Michigan.

Lucile, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Carol Montgomery (Delpha Hoop, '91), has been very ill with pneumonia.

Will E. Whaley, '86, valued his privileges as an American citizen enough to come back from Chicago to vote.

Corinne, Maude and Lois Failyer have all joined their father in Washington, D. C. Their address is 612 A, N. E. street.

Rev. W. C. Howard, '77, is no longer a resident of Ione, Amador county, Cal., but is now living in the same state at Newcastle, Placer county.

J. M. Westgate, '97, of the United States Department of Agriculture, spent about a week at home as he was returning from Dale, Ore., to St. Louis.

On October 11, at Mitchell, S. D., occurred the marriage of J. Walter Mills, of Topeka, and Kathryn Williams, of Mitchell. Many friends will remember Mr. Mills as a dairy short-course student in 1899 and as a special student in 1891. He accepted a position in South Dakota upon leaving College, and while there met Miss Williams, whom he has just married. Mr. Mills, for the past nine months, has been carpentering in the car department of the Santa Fe railroad. His present address is 1123 Chandler street, Topeka.

James G. Savage, '04, is taking a three-years' apprentice course in the Santa Fe shops at San Bernardino, Cal. His address is 852 Fifth Street.

Ivan Nixon, '03, is a very sick boy in a hospital near Albany, N. Y. The typhoid fever is still raging and his head, as well as the rest of his body, are kept packed in ice. His father and mother were both called to his bedside, and although his condition is very serious; hopes are now being entertained for his recovery.

Prof. George F. Thompson, of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., and for many years a member of the College Faculty here, has been in the city several days. He still claims Manhattan as his residence and remained here to cast his vote. Professor Thompson is looming up as a candidate for the position of U. S. Assistant Secretary of Agriculture. He has the united support of his State and of many prominent members of Congress.—*Manhattan Republic*.

"Three Weeks in Europe—The Vacation of a Busy Man," is the title of a very interesting book just published by John U. Higinbotham, '86, of 205 La Salle Street, Chicago. Mr. Higinbotham says in the preface of his book: "It was not born a book. It was originally a diary—a mere class of notes. Consideration for stay-at-home relatives and friends induced some enlargement of original plans, and finally interest in the work itself bespoke for it every spare minute, on railroad trains, in carriages, between courses at dinner and before retiring at night. Still there was no thought of a book. All confessions are similar. No one ever sees the final plunge when taking his first step in crime. . . . The journal was read to friends who suggested publishing. They did not urge it; they rather hinted that, as modern literature went, no one need despair of an audience

and emphasized the fact that it does not require genius to publish a book, but *nerve*. Having made up his mind to do it, the author naturally sought a motive which would excuse him to himself. This is the motive. A great many people overestimate the amount of time, money and preliminary preparation required for a trip abroad. . . . Our country is filled with busy men who appreciate the advantages and pleasures of travel, but are kept at home by its fancied difficulties. To such, this book is offered, as a proof of what can be done in a six-weeks' vacation, nineteen days of which were spent on the ocean. . . . A glance at our itinerary will show how small Europe really is and how much of it can be covered in a short time by energetic travelers." This book has some beautiful illustrations from photographs taken by the author's wife.

SANTA MONICA, CAL., Oct. 14, 1904.
Editor Kansas Jayhawker, Manhattan, Kan.:

DEAR SIR—Will you please send me the *Kansas Jayhawker* for two years from September, 1904, if your subscription price is fifty cents a year? I have been intending to have it since I first heard of its issue, and much regret losing last year's issue. If you have it and can send it to me here, I will forward the subscription price for last year's paper, also.

I think no K. S. A. C. alumnus will ever forget the old College, nor the strong, helpful, noble rule of President Fairchild and the fine corps of men and women who served with him. It has been ten years since I left K. S. A. C. I have been in this lovely land six, and yet it is the terraced slope and the "city set on a hill" that stand out vividly when I think of College days. So, I say with countless others, "All hail to K. S. A. C., and may her star of destiny never grow dim."

Very respectfully yours,

LUCY H. WATERS, '94.

Death has claimed another alumnus as success was just crowning years of strenuous labor. Dr. Guy D. Hulett, '98, died of typhoid fever on October 29, at his home in Kirksville, Mo. After graduating here he studied for two years and graduated in 1900 at the American School of Osteopathy, at Kirksville. Since then he had been a member of the faculty at that place. He was considered a leader among the men of his profession and his book, "Principles of Osteopathy," had been adopted as a text-book by the American School of Osteopathy. Funeral services were conducted in Kirksville amidst much manifestation of sorrow by both faculty and students. The body was sent to Edgerton, Kan., for burial. Mrs. Hulett (Alberta Dille, '00) and two children have a sorrow that friends and time can never assuage. Sympathy is abundant and heartfelt, but it cannot comfort such bereaved ones. Other relatives who mourn are a sister, M. Ione Hulett, '93, of Cleveland, O., two brothers, C. M. F. Hulett, also of Cleveland, and M. F. Hulett, '93, of Columbus.

FROM MANITOU.

Dear Jeanette: I have been living in Colorado City and Manitou since the latter part of September and have seen only four cloudy days. There have been several snow storms in the mountains but only one has reached the valleys. The weather has been perfect and with the exception of one week—I was laid up with a crippled knee after my fall—I have spent many hours each day in riding and climbing. After a day in the open air I sleep soundly for ten or eleven hours. When I wake in the morning the first sight that greets me is the mountains between Ute Pass and Williams Canon, flooded with the bright sunlight.

I have visited most of the places of interest about here and all of them are beautiful, but I think I enjoyed the trip to the top of Red Mountain which I took yesterday, best of all. Not

so much on account of the beauty of the mountain itself, but because of the magnificent view which we commanded from that point. We started in the forenoon and took our lunches with us. The climb was difficult and rather long and we were compelled to stop and rest many times before we reached the top. The higher we climbed the farther we could see in all directions. From the highest point the grandeur of the scene cannot be described. Around the foot of the mountain, north, east and south, lay the cities of Manitou, Colorado City and Colorado Springs.

On to the north beyond the city of Manitou, rose the mountains, some covered with large pines which looked from that distance like small shrubs, some covered with grass while others were masses of solid rock. We could just distinguish the pavillions which marked the positions of the "Cave of the Winds," on the side of the mountain overlooking Williams Canon and the Caverns on the side of the mountain overlooking Ute Pass. On down Ute Pass we could see the boulders which mark the spot where Rainbow Falls dash down the gorge.

To the east we could see that massive, curious, red formation of boulders, spires and columns which extend from the Gateway of the Garden of the Gods, past the Balance Rock and on up Red Rock canon. The Mesa, the road which leads to Glen Eyrie — the beautiful mansion of Col. Palmer — looked like a ribbon as it wound about the foothills and was lost in the distance beyond the Garden of the Gods.

To the south could be seen the Printer's Home, St. Francis Hospital, and the School for the Deaf and Blind. On beyond that was a vast strip of level prairie country where we could see for miles and miles. On to the southwest was Cheyenne Mountain, and one who has visited that region can see in imagination the Seven Falls, Bridal Veil and all the beauty

and gorgeous coloring of North and South Cheyenne Canons.

To the west and near at hand is Cameron's Cone covered with a dense growth of pines and spruces. On beyond and a little to one side was Pike's Peak, the top covered with snow looking bleak and cold in the distance. We could see smoke slowly creeping up the gorge and after a little time could see the top of the engine, drawing the car up the cog road toward the summit of Pike's Peak.

After a time we started down. This was much easier and more rapid than going up, and such fun to run down where it was not too steep.

Although there is the most beautiful scenery here, perfect weather, ice cold water from the mountains, delightfully pure air, and I realize I am gaining very fast and that it means almost everything to me as to health; still when I allow myself to think of it I am homesick and almost heart-sick to be back in sunny Kansas again. Home is always best. I long for it and long for the College.

MAMIE ALEXANDER, '02.

Official K. U. Football Schedule.

ON M'COOK.

Sept. 24—College of Emporia 0, K. U. 6.
Oct. 1—State Normal 0, K. U. 34.
Oct. 6—Haskell 23, K. U. 6.
Oct. 15—Colorado 6, K. U. 6.
Nov. 5—Notre Dame 5, K. U. 24.

OTHER FIELDS.

Oct. 21—Oklahoma 0, K. U. 16.
Oct. 29—Washburn 0, K. U. 5.
Nov. 12—Washington 0, K. U. 16.
Nov. 18—K. S. A. C.
Nov. 24—Missouri.

The Campanari Concert.

The Campanari Company, which is the first number of our College lecture course, gave a concert at Topeka last week which was said by the *Capital* to be the best of the kind ever given in the city. Dorothy Hoyle, violiniste, was highly praised. Prices at Topeka were 75 cents and \$1.00. Our whole course of lectures costs but \$2.00 for the season ticket. Nine numbers.

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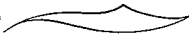
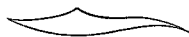
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