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NO. 4

THE JAYHAWKER

CHRISTMAS
NUMBER

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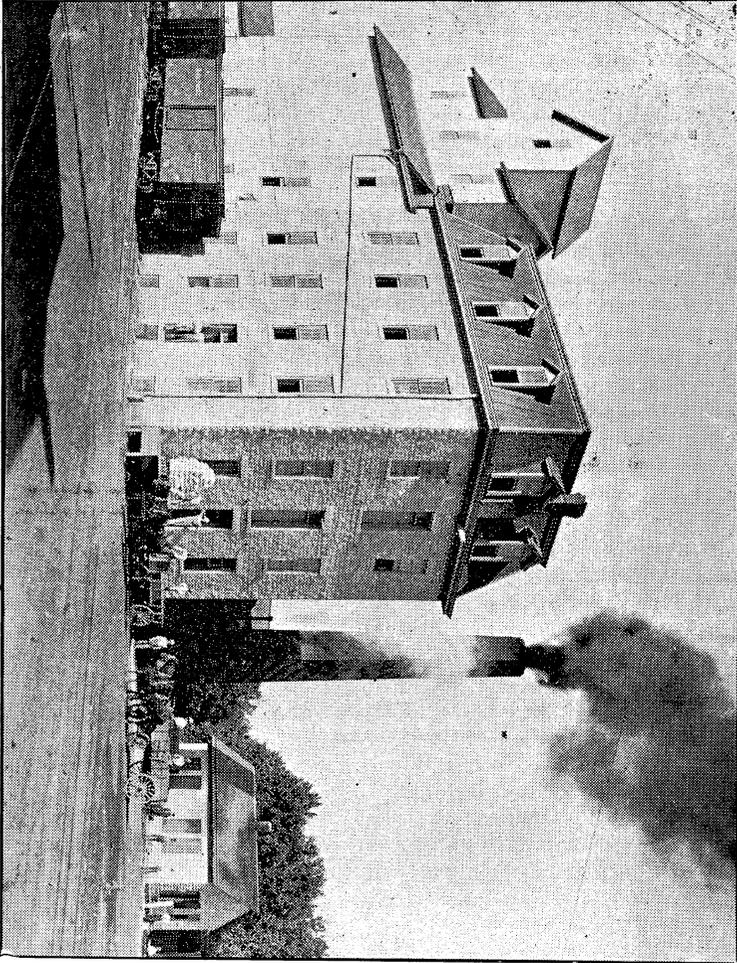
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MANHATTAN NO 1

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Manhattan, Kan.



The Jayhawker

DON'T WAIT FOR OPPORTUNITIES; MAKE THEM.

VOL. I.

DECEMBER 15, 1902.

No. 4.

The Christ.

BY PROF. WM. A. M'KEEVER.

Out of Infinity,
Born from Eternity,
Came once a Child from the
 Father above.
Low in the manger He
Lay where great Destiny
Named him forever the
 Savior of Love.

Child of Immensity,
Sent to show you and me
How that we too may be
 Saviors of men;
Binding the broken heart,
Breaking the bonds apart,
Bidding the downcast start
 Upward again.

Deep as Infinity
Broad as Eternity,
Great as Immensity,
 Being of thine!
Thou art the Life, the Way;
Thou art the Truth to-day;
Thou art the Love for aye—
 Perfect, divine!—Mind.

The Concept of the Ages.

As another Yuletide approaches and the end of the year draws near, it is fitting and appropriate that we turn our thots for a moment from the rush and scurry of the present and the reaching out for the things ahead, back over the year's work, and to a consideration of some of the causes that have led us thus far on the way.

In no year, perhaps, in the world's history have the conquests of peace, which "hath her victories no less than war," been so universal and so marked. In our own land we have seen public sentiment aroused on the vital questions of civic virtue and the

evil-doers begging for mercy at the bar of justice. On the other hand, the great mass of the people have passed through a bi-yearly campaign, unscathed and unembittered by the cross-fire and the tirades of the political organizations.

In response to the demands of commerce, which when wholesomely controlled is a certain barometer of prosperity, this great union of states has decided to construct and operate an inter-ocean canal; likewise it is probable that it will control the operation of a Pacific cable and, ultimately, this cable will pass to its possession. For a nation to pursue and prosecute such valuable undertakings instead of wasting its energies on such a Colossus of folly as the Pyramids, or the conquest of weaker nations, as did the Romans, or the enervating dissipations of class and court life, as did the French, shows well the direction and rate of our progress.

But in the precedent established for the settlement of the differences between capital and labor, we find the greatest advancement of a decade and hope for the scatterment of these threatening clouds. The interests of the third party, the public, has proved stronger than the clashing interests, and the cause of the people has prevailed. While the decision of even the fairest disposed court, working as it does under great difficulties and without precedent, may be unsatisfactory and subject to criticism, an advance has been made as important as when the first trial by jury, imperfect tho it

was, improved upon the methods and especially the possibilities of the autocrat.

And in the world at large the story is no less interesting; the response of governments as well as private parties to the call for relief by the stricken people of St. Pierre; the vast commercial enterprises of Siberia, Egypt and India, and the wonderful progress in educational privileges of the Latin countries, all add to the sum total of the accomplishments.

The council at The Hague, which planned for the gradual disarmament of the powers and the settlement of differences by boards or arbitration, has since adjourned, and the world was waiting in breathless suspense for the first nation to voluntarily accept the proffered help. And again 1902 can claim the time, and the two American countries participating in the conference, the honor, of being the first to submit their differences to The Hague Arbitration Court. In this case, known as the Pious Fund, the Court decided against the claims of Mexico and the dispute of fifty years' standing is satisfactorily settled. Already another case involving a question between Japan on the one side, and Great Britain, France and Germany on the other, has been taken up. Thus we see other countries forced by public sentiment, if not by their own preference, to forego the trial at arms and abide by the decision of a properly chosen court, and the time long since dreamed of by the poet when nations should learn war no more and the "swords should be beaten into plow shares and the spears into pruning-hooks," actually ushered in.

Another matter of exceptional note, impossible in a less enlightened age, is the liberal terms granted by the powerful British nation to the brave homesteaders of the Transvaal republic. While we can hardly sit in judgment on the merits of the case, we cannot but feel that both countries

will be gainers by this means of settlement and the liberal self-government old England will allow.

It is well to note that with all this worthy showing the nations yet have much to learn. There are still wars and rumors of wars, official corruption in high places, and the millennium is still somewhere in the future; all of which only shows that the reformer should not rest on the laurels of the past but press on with the good work till time shall be no more.

But we would turn from contemplation of this brilliant picture with its background of shadow, and inquire the cause of all this, and whether the laws are sufficiently fixed to insure continued growth and the surmounting of all evils. That the Anglo-Saxon race should lead the van is so often taken as a matter of course that the real underlying principles are passed unnoticed. Only by comparison with less progressive countries, especially those enjoying the same natural advantages, will we be likely to find the secret of success.

To what else can we turn, then, than to the various religious beliefs that make for weal or for woe, held by as many different races and nationalities? We need not look far to find many main principles held in common. Forms and ceremonies suited to the respective tastes of the worshipper find a responsive chord in each heart. Moral laws—the recognition of the rights of life and property of others of the faith, without which the nation could not exist, are quite common, tho modified by the views of each particular people. All believe in the existence of an over-ruling power represented by one or more deities, to which are ascribed the highest attributes of which their sages and teachers can conceive. While each faith has these points in common, all but one has added to the attributes of the Creator that of partiality and favoritism; and they hold that their particu-

lar race is the chosen one, subject to special favors, allowed many privileges, and destined to rule the world. Other faiths are groping in error and are outside the fold. Pestilence and famine are visited upon them as evidences of the Almighty's wrath. They are legitimate prey for the cunning and duplicity of the faithful; their property rights are disregarded, and they themselves are only fit subjects for slavery. Thus, with such narrow conceptions the early history of the race was that of war and conquests. The strongest prevailed, to be in turn overpowered by another. Even the Jewish race, which produced the best in law and religion of its age, held implicitly to this view. No missionary zeal marked their labors and they had that self-satisfaction notable for its passiveness.

However, in one point at least, there is a radical exception. In Christianity we find an entirely different view point. Beginning at Jerusalem the word has gone out that all the world is to be converted to one belief; that a new era is at hand founded on a principle broad enough to include the entire human race, from the least even to the greatest. Whatever may be our view on questions of doctrine, on this one point we will agree, and the most confirmed critics cannot help but second, that the announcement from the Man of Nazareth, of the universal brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God, is the greatest and grandest conception of all the ages.

Some form of this that will be found back of the work of all progressive people. It has led explorers to the farthest parts of the earth for discoveries as well as for missionary effort; it has inspired the poet and the teacher, no less than the apostles and the ministers; it has led to sacrifices for the sake of science and natural laws, the same as for the faith of the church; it has fired with zeal the spirit of modern research and that, equally with those

who cling tenaciously to the past. It has led to the founding of more liberal governments among men, and has raised the sphere of woman. It has made of all useful labor a holy cause, because in it we are emulating the spirit of the Master who went about doing good.

How fortunate, then, it is that the closing days of each year should be constituted a holiday season, for pleasure and recreation, for the remembrance of friends, and for consideration of these great truths and commemoration of the birth of the lowly One of Israel—the most Godlike of men, the most manlike of gods.

Winter on the Plains.

BY A. F. TURNER.

I was walking thru the country some four or five miles west of Monument, a little village in the western part of Kansas. The ground was covered with snow, and in some places the drifts had piled up to a height of three or four feet. In the unbroken level, the grass generally protruded an inch or two from the snow, and the moist, foggy wind that followed the storm had gathered upon each of these projecting stems a gem of pure crystal. The wire fences were set with a double row of crystal spars, and the posts were wrapped in a shroud of icy snow. Large weeds standing out like trees of diamond occasionally rose above the drifts. The sky was arched with an even dome of ashen or deep leaden clouds. Not a variation was seen in the whole heavens, and the plain below was a monotony of rolling white, like a fixed and moveless sea of foam. Already were the shadows of evening closing as stealthily as feeling about me. In the little village, which was now some two miles distant, twinkling lights were seen, heralding the approach of night. I was beginning to drop off into a deep sleep, as it were, of thoughtfulness; but I plodded on.

Lo, suddenly there appears a perceptible lighting of the clouds. They burst and rise high in the air like huge white-winged birds escaped from their cage. The sun breaks in upon the atmosphere, and burns like a living fire in the tiny stars afloat in the air. His slanting beams pour down upon the vast, snowy plain, transforming it into a sea of blazing gold. Every spear of grass, every diamond spar, every glistering weed seem suddenly transfixed into a fairy land of evenescent color. The distant straw-stacks loom like domes of fire, and the smoke ascends from the cottage chimneys like incense from a sacred altar. The sky is all aflame, and the splendor kindles from cloud to cloud. Higher—higher—higher—until the whole azure is aglow with the spectral blaze of glory. Each cloud begins at the base with a darkened frown of gathered lightning and fades to purple, scarlet, crimson, golden, orange, with myriads of blendings and interminglings of color, changing constantly as the magnificent mass rolls on thru the crystalline sea. Beautiful, wonderful, transcendent sky! Beyond our power of seeing! Ineffable!

But its glory is transient. The sun is sinking into the billows of snow. Far to the east the dark shadows of the night come stealing up the azure wall. A deep, dusky leaden shade approaches the horizon, fading gently into blue and purple with a scarlet and gold crown of mellow light above. The sun recedes slowly and the darkness follows him in his flight. Anon, the last blaze has faded from the fair vista of the west, and nothing remains but the great, white clouds above, straying silently thru the azure of the night; and below, the dusky waves of snow fading into the blackness of the distance.—*Herald*.

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 He put his arm around her waist,  
 And the color left her cheek;  
 But upon the shoulder of his coat.  
 It showed up for a week.—*Ex.*

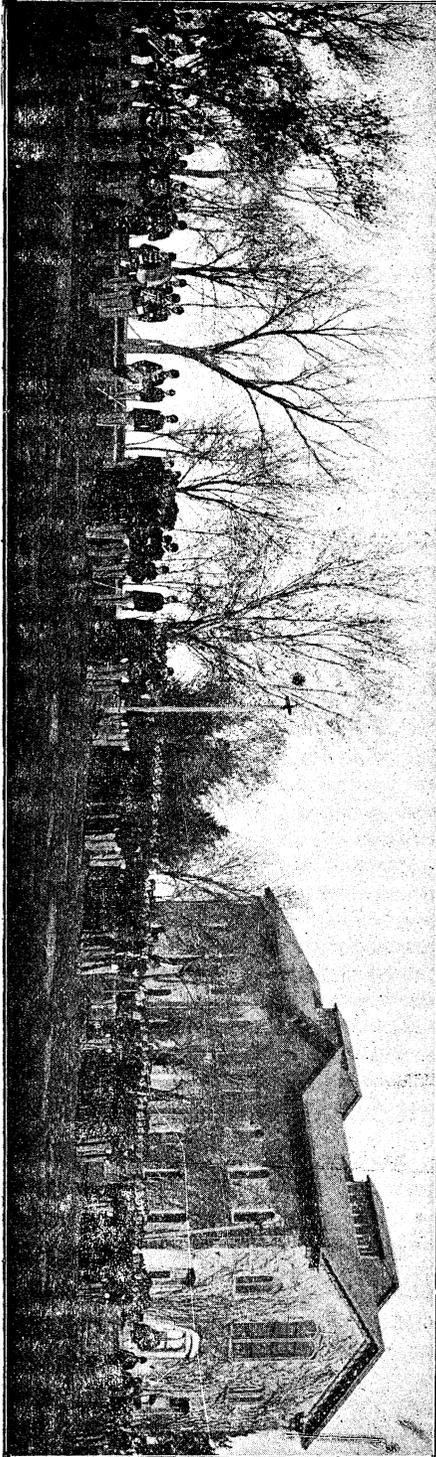
“*The Idle Soldier.*” (?)

BY R. B. MITCHELL, '99.

“This post is a small one, located on a flat, sandy key at the entrance to Tampa Bay, and is the original home of all mosquitoes and sand-burrs. It has a garrison of but one company, with two officers and a surgeon. I have all the administrative offices that the commanding officer don't want. I am 'adjutant' and ex-officio commander of the post non-commissioned staff. As 'summary court,' I hand out retribution in large doses to evil-doers, even as economics used to be handed out to us. The usual prescription is 'a month and a month.' As 'ordnance officer' Uncle Sam has required me to receipt for about six hundred thousand dollars' worth of stuff and take care of it, making innumerable reports and returns. At target practice the 'range officer' is as full of business as the clerk in the postoffice at mail time before chapel. If there are any new repairs to be made about the battery, new maps to draw of details of the post, who must do this but the 'engineer officer.'

“The 'signal officer' must be up on anemometers, wind component instruments, telegraphic and telephonic communications and instruct a class of eight men in the mysteries of wig-wagging and the heliograph. When a new recruit appears, the 'recruiting officer' must be present while the surgeon counts the missing teeth; if he passes, it's the duty of the recruiting officer to administer the oath and make out sundry reports and returns forthwith. As 'officer in charge of athletics,' I must instruct the company in all manner of gymnastics and superintend their physical drills, train the men for baseball, football, field day, and the like. A hundred men eat a lot of bread, and the 'post treasurer' must superintend the baking of it, its issue to the troops and the care of the disbursement of savings.

“Everything requires a written re-



port to the adjutant and I'm so busy writing letters to myself there is hardly time for meals. All these things are outside my profession as an artillerist and duties of routine. Every day the guard must be mounted, and every other day I must march on as officer of the day. Drills and inspection of the ration come every day, and just now vessel tracking is in progress. The firing season is at hand and this will mean weeks of figuring on ballistic formulæ calculating the shots into having hit the vessel.

"The powers that be have rightly decided that all young officers need instruction, so, beginning with November, we will recite two hours a day for six months, on subjects relating to our work. Last July and August, when it was nice and cool, the ordnance officer had to assemble a little less than a dozen great gun carriages and mount on them guns weighing about fifteen tons each—mechanical maneuvers we called it.

"The lives we lead are strenuous to a fault and the tendencies are not wholly effeminating. Last, but not least, I am 'post gardener,' and you ought to see the cabbages and turnips growing."

Mr. Mitchell inquires about the bit of poetry entitled "The Idle Soldiers," which was going the rounds during the last campaign. He has wished a hundred times he had the author of that poetry to tag him around for about one day, so he could see how much loafing time one idle soldier has. If any one should see the author of "The Idle Soldier," send him to Mr. Mitchell, who will provide him with a month on kitchen police, with a special permit to peel potatoes.—*Herald*.

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### *A Boy on a Colt.*

BY R. R. BIRCH.

One Saturday morning early in the winter, when I was about twelve years of age, all the family went to town leaving me at home with Sam, the hired man. As soon as dinner was over Sam started to the field to husk

corn, while I hitched up a team to haul some hay from the meadow. I had scarcely started, however, when I met George, a boy with whom I used to chum. He was on his way to hunt ducks, and having expected me to go with him, he offered to help me haul the hay in order that we might go together. We were soon in the meadow and it was but a short time before a fair-sized load was on the hay-rack.

At this time there were ten or twelve colts pasturing in the meadow, and as soon as they saw us they came running up to where we were. After going thru the usual process of getting acquainted with our team, they began to eat hay from our load. One of them was standing alongside the wagon offering a great temptation for a boy to take a ride. George bantered me to improve such a fine opportunity, and having a great deal of curiosity to see just what the colt would do, I sat down on the load and began slowly to slide down the side. Perhaps George suddenly remembered that he was in a hurry to hunt ducks, but anyhow he gave me a gentle push which settled my indecision in an instant.

With a quick snort of surprise the animal gave a tremendous leap, and then began to run across the meadow at a terrible rate, followed by the other colts. My mount seemed to be in too much of a hurry to take time to try to get rid of me, but the one question in my mind was, when and where will he stop? Like John Gilpin, I was getting tired, and had I been equipped as he was with a cloak and wig, I have no doubt but that my experience would have been the same as his. I was not kept long in suspense, however, for the colt started straight for one corner of the meadow, and right in this particular corner there happened to be a large tank full of water. The colt seemed about to jump over the tank, so I clutched his mane harder than ever and made ready for the leap.

Perhaps George can give you a better description of what followed than I can, but it is sufficient to say that, instead of jumping the colt just planted his forefeet firmly on the ground and came to a sudden halt. A moment later a thoroly soaked and badly frightened boy crawled out of the tank, and, shivering with cold, made his way toward the house as fast as his wet clothes would permit him to run.

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One Hallowe'en Night.

BY ULA DOW.

One Hallowe'en night a friend of mine came to ask me to spend the night with her. Her father and mother had been unexpectedly called away, and we were delighted with the chance of showing our bravery by spending that night with no one but each other to keep away the ghosts.

"You'll be crying for your mothers before morning," sarcastically remarked my brother; but with a patronizing "Never mind, sonny; don't worry about your betters," we started out.

It was almost dusk and we had nearly two miles to walk. A high wind, rather chilly, was chasing the heavy clouds across the sky, and tho the road was lonely we reached the house in safety.

There it stood, a plainly built two-story structure, its windows glittering in the gathering darkness. On one side was an old-fashioned outside stairway, to the railing of which hung a long strip of carpet. Under this stairway was the door which we were to enter. The house, devoid of light and life, was not very inviting, but as the night outside was still less comforting we entered.

Inside, with the lamp lighted, the door locked and the shades down, our spirits returned.

"I suppose you have some ghost stories," I inquired. "We need to

read a couple to make our evening complete."

"I have Dickens' Christmas Carols; we might read about Marley's ghost, at least thru the ghostly part, and then stop if we decide it will take too long to finish it," my friend suggested.

"All right," I agreed, "Bring her along;" and accordingly the book was brot and we began.

We had just reached that part where the transparency of the ghost is shown when suddenly there came a seemingly terrible sound, a dull thud, sounding close outside the door. Too frightened to speak or move, we stared round-eyed at each other. There it came again; twice in succession this time.

"What can it be?" I whispered, a sufficient time having elapsed since the last sound for me to have recovered my breath.

"I can't imagine," rejoined my companion; "it can't be a hallowe'en party, for they never think of coming out this road."

The interval since the last sound increased. We grew gradually bolder. We assured each other, that we were not frightened; only startled at first by its suddenness. We finally decided that the cause ought to be investigated.

For a moment neither dared start; then with "come on" to my friend I picked up the lamp and started toward the door. She opened it and we were about to step outside when—out went the light and right above our heads came that awful noise. In we rushed, slammed and locked the door, and stood holding on to each other about as frightened as two girls could be.

Suddenly my friend burst out laughing. "What in the world is the matter with you?" I demanded, somewhat angrily, for I could see nothing funny in the situation.

"Why," she exclaimed, between bursts of laughter, "how silly we were. It's nothing but that old carpet flap-

ping against the railing in the wind;" and then I saw the fun, too.

We relighted the lamp, but our book had lost its attraction; neither did we care about telling fortunes with the apples we had laid aside for that purpose. It seemed to us that it would be pleasantest to go to bed; therefore, suiting the action to the word, we were soon in dreamland, safe from ghosts until morning.

Botanizing in the Northwest.

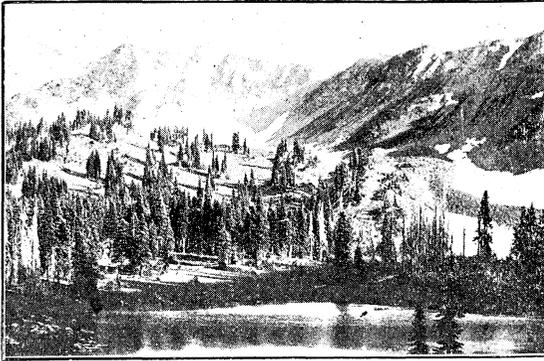
II. OUR FIRST MOUNTAIN CLIMB.

We awakened in the morning after our descent of the Rockies to find that our car had been side-tracked at Kalispell, a thriving town in the fertile valley of the Flathead river. A brisk ride of half a dozen miles in the bracing mountain air, together with the unique experience of an outing before sunrise, all conspired to prepare us for the fullest enjoyment of the ride by boat down the river to Flathead lake. The towering pines and spruces were mirrored at almost every bend of the river, but the familiar fringes of willows and cottonwoods reminded me that everything was not entirely new. A large osprey or fishing eagle stood sentinel on a dead spruce tree; a flock of ducks rose in front of us and settled again a little to one side; but for the most part no life was in evidence and all was quiet. Soon our doughty little steamer ploughed her way out into the lake and alongside the rudely constructed pier at the mouth of Swan river, a plunging mountain torrent that we one and all grew to love before our ten days' sojourn came to an end.

We were welcomed by the members of the Montana Biological Station, who were camped a short distance up the river, and right royal hosts did they prove themselves, initiating us by degrees into the mysteries of mountain craft and customs. I may add, by way of parenthesis, that the

"Station" is carried on under the auspices of the state university and combines the privileges of a well-equipped summer school with the pleasure of six weeks of camp life in the mountains. We had learned of the excellence of its instructors and their work and it was no chance move that led us to pass our first days with them.

A short excursion to get some idea of the vegetation and accustom ourselves to tramping and climbing, gave us a hearty appetite for supper, and an unconventional circle



FLATHEAD LAKE.

around the camp-fire down at the "Station" for an hour before bedtime served to make our first day in the mountains replete with incident and experience. Most of the party found accommodations at the hotel which overlooked the lake, but a number of us preferred to rough it in true mountain style, and used to good advantage the heavy blankets we had brought with us.

At sunrise the next morning we started for a day's tramp thru the woods to the foot of MacDougal peak, which we were to climb the following day. The trail was a typical one marked only by "blazes" on the trees along its course, but, since there were several members of the station with us, we had little difficulty in following it. At noon, after eating our lunch be-

side a picturesque little mountain lake, we thot to take what we considered a well-earned rest. Three of the party who, because the bewildering maze of city streets could not confuse them, imagined that a mountain trail was "easy," started on ahead to have the camp-fire burning brightly for us upon our arrival. In half an hour we started on our way, only to find that the trio had taken the wrong fork of the trail and were perhaps even then dangerously lost, for the trail was a blind one used only by a trapper in

making his rounds. Two of our station friends started to track them, and we, after stopping some little time, resumed our journey, not a little worried as to the outcome of their quest. We arrived at camp to find that a lad from the University of Nebraska, who also thot our pace too slow for him, had not turned up and was probably wandering around somewhere in the primeval forest. A dozen revolver shots and an

hour's search were re-

quired to land him safely in camp, and it was not long after till a welcome halloo announced the arrival of the lost trio and their rescuers. We ate our first camp supper with a keen relish, listening the while to "how it all happened." They had seen a bear which, however, as close questioning revealed, was safely caught in a huge trap; but even this did not cause us to envy them their experience and we retired early, for most of us were justly tired.

The clatter of the cook's knife on a pie-plate brought us hurriedly to breakfast and it was not long thereafter till we were again started, this time on the historic Blackfoot Indian trail which formed the best approach to the peak we were to climb. The way was not hard to follow, but the

prone or partly fallen tree trunks made it necessary to climb over or crawl under them at intervals of perhaps a hundred feet. This was an easy matter for those on foot, but the one saddle-horse or "cayuse," with his rider, had to force his way thru the brush around the obstacle if its size and position prevented its being jumped over or crawled under. And I may add that the "cayuse" showed almost human judgment as to which of the three methods of procedure was best and he could gauge to an inch the height of an overhanging tree necessary for him and his rider to pass under in safety.

It was not long, however, until the dense growth of pines gave place to a more open forest, and looking out and down we could see the lake where we had lunched the noon before, and from this vantage point the wanderers of the previous day pointed out the route they had taken in their endeavors to reach the camp. We stopped at frequent intervals to catch our breath and in the meantime to make notes concerning the ever-changing vegetation. The forest gradually dwindled until it was little more than a copse and at noon we found ourselves on a spur in plain view of the peak we had essayed to climb. It was here that we first met the botanist of the station, who was returning from a successful hunting and collecting trip, and he surprised us not a little by producing generous quantities of grouse, venison, and bear meat, which we cooked and ate with our lunch in true mountain style.

After finishing our noonday repast we took a short rest while looking down at the little lake four thousand feet below, or upward at the peak, which still towered a thousand feet above us, and again our march was resumed. The trail led along a ridge which separated the spur from our objective peak, and on all sides were the half-melted snowfields interspersed

with alpine meadows resplendent in their short-lived glory. At this point the party became completely disorganized; some pressed on to be among the first at the summit; a few souls, true to their calling, busied themselves with collecting, while two or three unslung their cameras and strove to catch in a picture some of the glories of the mountain landscape spread before them. At last all had reached the top, and the panorama that spread before us will never be forgotten. Our mountain, with several others, formed a huge basin or amphitheater, on whose sides the snows of ages had accumulated. The bluish white of the little alpine lake caught the reflection of the snowfields and their flower-strewn areas between, reminding one of some giant opal as it lay nestled among the scattered evergreens a thousand feet below. To the right and left and rear the nearby heights shut out the distant view, but in front the towering peaks beyond the lake rose one above another for one hundred fifty miles to the northward. The green of their lesser heights, the white and pink where the snowfields and the red rocks blended, combined with the enchantment of bluish haze that the great distances always lend, completed a panorama that was worth a thousand mountain climbs to see.

But we could not linger long, for our camp lay five thousand feet below and a long trail intervened. A slide of five hundred feet down a snowfield on the side of the huge basin and the novelty of an August snow frolic started us well on our downward journey. This time our route was changed that we might pass by the little alpine lake that had added so much to the mountain landscape. The meadows of flowers on the sides of the basin were gorgeous, but they were outrivalled by those at the bottom. The shapely scattered evergreens reminded one of some well-kept park and the big creamy columbines,

the blue gentians and the yellow dog-tooth violets all nodded a reluctant farewell as we passed them by. After an hour's tramp we reached our noon-day resting-place, and from there the descent began in earnest, for the sun was only two hours high and the knowing ones realized what it might mean to be overtaken by darkness on an obscure mountain trail without food or shelter. Down and down we went until it seemed that we must be near the bottom, but still the lake at the foot of the mountain looked as far below as ever, and there was nothing to do but press on. Darkness fell fast in the gloom of the towering pines, but for some time we could distinguish the white "blazes" on the tree trunks bordering the trail. These soon failed us, however, and one of our station friends, who was acting as guide, was forced to feel his way along. This soon became impracticable, and as a last resort the cayuse, with his precious burden, was turned loose with a free rein and directed to go to camp. My heart grew faint as I thought of the fallen trees across the pathway, which were dangerous enough in daylight, but I felt that the guide knew the cayuse better than I did and it was not mine to say what should be done. The darkness closed in behind the horse and rider, but they left behind them the silvery upturned leaves of a common herb along the trail, and with these as guides we were able to make our way along more rapidly. The jungle at the base of the mountain was almost impenetrable and we often thought of the one on the cayuse that we could still feel was safely headed for camp. At last, after thirteen hours of steady tramping, the welcome light of the camp-fire shone out across the path, and though we were half famished for both food and water, we looked first to the homely cayuse that had not only carried his burden safely through the darkness of the jungle, but had also saved us from the ordeal of a dreary night in the forest.

(To be continued.)

The Christmas Spirit.

BY ULA DOW.

It was a bleak, wintry day. Single leaves clung despairingly here and there to the otherwise naked trees. The sun's face had not appeared since early morning. An icy wind rattled the windows and moaned about the chimney. Whirls of fine snowflakes were constantly adding their mite to the drifts which piled up the roads and sidewalks.

Outside, a lonesome day, and inside, if possible, a more lonesome girl.

Looking from the window of her tiny room, her thoughts keeping a melancholy accompaniment to the "swish, swish" of the snow against the window, sat Irene Burton.

"Oh dear!" she was thinking, "I wish I were home. Day after tomorrow is Christmas and I won't be there to help fill Benny's stocking. I'm tired of college anyway; nobody cares for me here. The other girls keep off by themselves and I'm left alone," and a great tear splashed down onto the window.

Irene's father having died three years before, Irene, until the last year, had helped to furnish the family supplies by working in the village store. Her mother, however, had higher ambitions for her daughter and had managed to save enough money to send Irene to college. At first the girl, realizing the sacrifice that had been made for her, applied herself to her studies with unusual diligence. She refrained from association with other girls who, accordingly, made but few advances. Lately, however, she had wearied of the lonely life. She became discontented. Her letters to her mother were more homesick each time, until Mrs. Burton feared that her plans would come to naught, and that Irene in her loneliness would give up her college life.

"I believe that little Miss Burton is nearly dead with homesickness," remarked one of the five girls who were

gathered in Bess Leland's room to talk over plans for the Christmas holidays.

"Yes, isn't it too bad? And she can't go home, either," added another. "I wonder if we couldn't do something to cheer her up. It's Christmas time, you know."

"I have it," declared Bess, who was always planning for others. "Let's go now in a body and bring her over here to spend the evening. We'll have such a rousing good time, she won't have a chance to get lonesome." Accordingly, all having agreed, they started out into the snow, laughing and chattering gaily.

Irene, meanwhile, had just raised her head from a good cry, and was again looking out into the fast falling snow.

"Those girls look happy," she thought, as five girls came around the corner, "They must be going to spend their Christmas at home. Yes, that is Bess Leland; she lives here, and has plenty of money to go home if she didn't. Why, they're crossing the street and coming this way! I wonder—no, they wouldn't be coming here."

A clatter of voices could be heard coming from the stairs, and before Irene had realized what was happening, she had opened the door in response to a hearty knock, and was listening to the plan. Smiles chased away the tears as a result of good comradeship shown the homesick girl, for, needless to say, the plan was appreciated, and agreed to.

Anyone looking in at the girls that evening could easily see the success of the venture. Around the stove in the spacious kitchen they were grouded each intent upon the contents of a kettle, which was fairly bubbling over with sweetness. Rosy cheeks, bright eyes and gingham aprons were the features of the occasion. Laughter was not lacking, for the pleasures of a taffy pull are many, and Irene, who had a little brother's capacious appetite to supply, had learned to concoct the delicious sweet almost to perfec-

tion. Even the snow of the afternoon came into good use as a candy tester, and the excitement of the girls grew and bursts of merry laughter became more frequent as the cooking process neared completion. The task, least pleasant of all, of washing the kettle was accomplished while the candy was cooling and then, Oh joy! it was ready to pull.

Happy thots were worked into the long shining strands of candy and with the pulling, the tasting and the final cutting up, the hearts of the six girls were bound close together in friendship.

As a result the five girls found Irene's jolly wit and pleasant ways indispensable to their future gatherings. Irene took new heart and mixed hard study with good times; and Mrs. Burton, as she noticed Irene's letters grew more cheerful and more contented, blessed the girls who, with a little show of Christmas spirit, had made her daughter's lonesome vacation pleasant and happy.

The Editor's Lament.

"A column still yet here to fill,

Before we make this run.

Do you suppose this paper goes

With your part yet undone?"

So cries the boss, the least bit cross,

With voice almost a roar,

As if we'd stop to help the shop,

And write just that much more.

The same old cry! We heave a sigh.

Land sakes! That's where we're beat.

What's wrong with those whom we suppose

Will help our needs to meet?

There's that boy Reece, who said a piece

He'd have as sure as fate.

Now he'll come on for the last run,

And that will be to late.

But that alumnus, that man Gus,

Who in a sea fight's been;

His part will lay till the last day

Before he turns it in.

Suppose we run a page half-tone

To fill this space up clear;

No! That'd be fun just for the one

Whose yarn should go right here.

If they were dead, their cut we'd spread,

And tell what good we knew;

We'd shed some tears, and hush our fears,

And bid them fond adieu.

But they're here still, and fear no ill,

And must be brot to time.

We'll roast them well, we'll give them—

well,

We'll punch them up in rhyme.



ALUMNI NOTES.

[To insure prompt attention, all matter intended for this department should be addressed to D. W. Randall, alumni editor, Manhattan, Kan.]

Emil Pfuetze, '90, is rejoicing in the advent of a son, on November 15.

Lieut. Ned Green, '97, visited his sister, Mrs. J. E. Edgerton, of Manhattan, recently.

C. D. Strong, a former student, has a good position in the water service of an Arkansas railroad.

Prof. D. H. Otis is a contributor to a useful book just out, entitled "The Creamery Patrons' Handbook."

Born, to Dr. Carl Montgomery and Mrs. Delpha Hoop-Montgomery, '91, at Tampa, Kan., November 23, a baby girl.

Lotta Crawford, '02, is attending Pratt Institute, Brooklyn. She had the good fortune to secure a year's scholarship.

Miss Sue Long, '96, has resigned her position as society editress of the *Topeka Herald*, and is now at home in Manhattan.

Mrs. Emma Knostman-Huse, '80, was recently elected president of the Fifth District Federation of Women's Clubs. Mrs. Isabelle Frisbie-Criswell, '94, has been corresponding secretary of the Federation since its organization in October, 1900.

S. B. Newell, '97, already the possessor of a fine, large tract of pasture land, has recently purchased some adjoining farm land. As the purchase includes a substantial dwelling house, we may expect to record "Sherm" in the matrimonial column before long.

Fay Sweet, '00, is on a ranch in western Oklahoma. He often turns up at Liberal, Kan., for supplies and takes a day off to go duck hunting with the Doctors Nichols, '98 and '99.

Fred Russell, student in '97, is the proud father of a ten-pound baby girl. "She has black hair, blue eyes, and looks like her pa." Tho she will hardly be eligible to play football, some future editor will perhaps mention her among the prominent basket-ball players on the College team.

C. A. Johnson, '95, and Myrtle Hood-Johnson, '97, of Success, Kan., visited in town lately. "Chris." is pushing the livestock business to a finish, keeping pure-bred Herefords. He recently attended a big sale of fine animals at Blue Rapids, and doubtless added some new blood to his herd.

We are pleased to note that S. J. Adams, '98, has returned from the hospital fully restored to health. He has moved with his wife and baby to Cheyenne Wells, Colo., where they take up farm life with his brother, J. W., '98, who has recently purchased a large, improved ranch. We wish them much success in this new field.

A. L. Peter, '96, M. D., of Denver, stopped off at Manhattan some weeks ago while on a tour of sightseeing and pleasure. He already has in his catalog of pleasure a bear hunt, a tramp story, a gold-seeker's tale, a shipwreck at sea, and a still hardened heart. The next thing, we expect to hear of him hanging the College colors on the north pole. The combative faculty developed in the Hamilton society stands him in good hand.

In the issue of October 25, the *Mail and Breeze*, of Topeka, Kan., contained, in an illustrated "write up" of Burlingame, Kan., a cut of L. G. Hepworth, '97. "Hep." is owner of the Burlingame seed-house. Concerning him we quote as follows: "This spring he handled over ten thousand bushels of seeds, shipping to all parts of the country, and anticipates a much greater demand next season."

E. P. Dyer, student on the old farm in the early '70s, who came to this country at the age of seventeen, in 1853, and whose father was the first white settler—the one who managed the old government ferry at Juniata, just north of Manhattan—writes from Rathdrum, Idaho, that he is much interested in our paper and that he remembers well the times of the settlement of the country. We expect to have some interesting matter from his pen in the near future.

Would you like to know where "Ike" is located or what "Pat" is doing, or whether "Bob" is married or not? Well, they no doubt would be glad to hear similar news concerning yourself. K. S. A. C. graduates are making history and the JAYHAWKER wishes to chronicle their achievements. However, with over eight hundred live, hustling men and women scattered to the four corners of the earth, we find our task somewhat difficult. Here's hoping this appeal will open your hearts in such measure that ye editor will literally swim in copy for some time to come.

AN ARKANSAS ALUMNUS.

Ralph W. Rader, '95, was elected secretary of the Fayetteville Fruit Growers' Association, Fayetteville, Ark., at their November meeting. It is one of the busiest offices of the Association, and he says that their strawberry crop alone will aggregate sixty to seventy-five carloads for the season of 1903. Mr. Rader wrote some time ago as follows: "I have found but few K. A. C.

people here, but I am constantly reminded of college days by the sight of the main building of the University of Arkansas, which I can plainly see from my south window. The university is located on the west edge of Fayetteville and has a beautiful campus much like that of our College. The attendance is from six hundred to eight hundred; they sustain a military department and graduate their students in several degrees. I am delighted with Arkansas and its future fruit prospects. The past twelve years mark a period of rapid advancement in the development of railroads, wagon roads, and correct farming. We have rural telephone service and rural free mail delivery. We enjoy a mountain climate with excellent water and plenty of fruit, making a specialty of strawberries."

CHICAGO BREEZES.

By Lora Waters-Beeler, '88.

The prospectus of the lecture course under the auspices of the Epworth League of Irving Park contains the familiar likeness of Prof. E. O. Sisson '86, and comments upon his lecture, "Glimpses of Italy," which has been delivered to interested audiences in Peoria, and which he will give in Irving Park M. E. church, April 3, 1903.

Mr. D. W. Working, '88, of Denver, Colo., took dinner at the home of his classmate, Mrs. Beeler, on the evening of December 24 and breakfasted with D. G. Robertson on Tuesday morn. These visits of College people are pleasant as the years pass on, and they never fail to stir up reminiscences and a feeling of pride in our Alma Mater.

A letter from Mattie Cobb-Clarke, '88, of recent date reports that her husband Rev. C. G. Clarke, '88, is at present waging war on saloons in Plainville, Conn., and his friends need only to recur to his old-time earnestness to be assured that the victory will be his. Rev. Clarke is making a reputa-

tion in his state. His daughter Helen recently passed her eighth birthday and Dana is in school. These bits of family news are excusable in print in the JAYHAWKER, as they are interesting to the Alumni family.

A number of College people had the pleasure of shaking hands with Prof. E. M. Sheldon, of Tacoma, Wash., who has been spending a few days in the city. On the evening of November 25 he addressed the resident stock-holders of the Montezuma Mining Company, of which he is one of the board of directors, in the parlors of the Sherman house. Prof. C. E. Freeman, '89, of Armour Institute, was also present and gave a talk on his visit to the mine last summer. Professor Freeman, being an expert in engineering, was able to assure the stockholders that their interests in the West were being well looked after by the company, and that the mine promised good things for the future. Other College people present were Prof. W. E. Whaley, '86, E. T. Martin, '90, Lora Waters-Beeler, '88, George W. Beeler, student from '82 to '85, and D. G. Robertson, '86, who is director of the Montezuma and other mining interests in Chicago.

CAPITAL CITY CLIPPINGS.

By Wm. L. Hall, '98.

L. A. Fitz, '02, has settled down to work with M. A. Carleton, '87, in the bureau of plant industry. It is a good place for good work and nobody doubts that Fitz will be heard from.

R. E. Eastman, '00, after receiving the degree of Master of Science in Cornell University last spring, and working during the summer on a large peach farm in West Virginia, has taken up work in horticulture in Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va.

Mrs. Carleton, mother of M. A. Carleton, '87, and Margaret Carleton-Doane, '96, who has made her home with her daughter in Hyattsville, Md., for the last two years, has returned to

Kansas to remain during the winter. She was accompanied west by Mrs. M. A. Carleton, who also will spend some time in Kansas and Oklahoma.

E. R. Secrest, '02, arrived in Washington November 17, after a summer's field work with the bureau of forestry, and left the same day with a large party which the bureau sent to make a working plan for a big tract of long-leaf pine in southeastern Texas. The party will be in the field six months at least. This is the first movement among companies handling long-leaf pine to adopt a system of conservative forestry.

C. O. Sparks, fourth year in 1900, for the last two years with the bureau of forestry, is now in the San Gabriel Mountains, in southern California, in charge of a party of men planting pines on a government forest reserve. Several years ago destructive forest fires left areas of many thousand acres extent in a perfectly barren condition, and this has affected seriously the water supply for irrigation and other uses in some localities. This condition the government is now trying to remedy by reforestation.

WISCONSIN HEARD FROM.

Fannie Waugh-Davis, '91, writes from Menominee, Wis., where K. C. Davis, '91, is president of the Dunn County School of Agriculture, as follows: "The Northwestern Teachers' Association, which convened in Menominee, Wis., October 24 and 25, was the immediate cause of a little K. S. A. C. reunion. Miss May Secrest, '92, was the guest of honor. She came from her present location, the State Normal, Stevens Point, to attend the meetings. She was entertained by K. C. Davis, '91, and Fannie Waugh-Davis, '91. Grace J. Stokes, third year in '96-'97, joined in the little reunion whenever possible, and a very enjoyable time was the result. Those of you who live under the shadow of

dear old K. S. A. C. do not realize with what eagerness those few of us who have wandered afar sieze upon Manhattan papers, and particularly the College papers; in fact anything which tells of the happy times which will never come again, and of the faces, many of which we will never see again. You don't know, either, how easy it is to settle the troubles which beset our Alma Mater, but you mustn't tell anyone that we can do it, for the authorities might send for us to adjust matters, and we really haven't time to attend to it. We have troubles of our own."

THE LELAND STANFORD CROWD.

By D. M. Ladd, '01.

The alumni are rather plentiful out here; in fact, one place I know of where five of the saintly class of '01 are settled in a bunch. We rent a ranch and do the "batching" act to our complete satisfaction. McCaslin, or "Murphy," does the cooking, Martinson does the growling and the other three, Doane, Haselwood, and myself, dodge the dishes and compliments that fill the air while we take in the show. The little talk the cook puts up when he starts to get a meal is a masterpiece of its kind and there is never any doubt but that there is something doing. As for the other alumni, I am wonderfully ignorant. C. H. Thompson, '93, is here taking special work in botany. F. J. Rogers, '85, is professor of physics. Edith Perkins, '00, is attending also, while her sister, Miss Eleanor, resides at Pasadena, this state. Miss Edith, if the statistics be correct, is studying literature and chemistry.

This is a great big, healthy, growing university out here, and it is in the midst of a lively, pushing country, with thirty millions of dollars to back it, and while my heart is apt to wander back to my "first love," K. S. A. C., I believe that the chances for success here are good to the man who is will-

ing to push hard enough to make the door of knowledge swing upon its reluctant hinges.

NAUGHTY-TWO REUNION.

Saturday night, December 13, was the time of a happy reunion of the members of the class of '02. The Misses Hofer were the hostesses. Till a late hour the members stayed talking of old times, reading letters from absent ones, listening to toasts and partaking of a three-course banquet. Those present were: Messrs. Amos, Avery, Fockele, House, Logan, Leidigh, McAninch and Poole, and Misses Hofer, Alexander, Coe, Mather and Rigg.

Miss Olive J. Bentley and Alvin E. Johnson, both former students, were recently married in Pueblo, Colo.

Lieut. Geo. Crawford, a former student, came home from Manila recently. He is now attending the officers school at Fort Leavenworth.

W. E. Miller, former student, now on the *St. Mary's Star*, is blamed for any errors in that paper, because of a baby girl at his home; and no telling how much sleep he sacrifices.

We have learned of the death by typhoid fever of E. M. Frowe, former student, who was attending Drake University. His brother, A. L., '98, who was also there, is at home for the present, at Wamego, Kan.

Dr. E. C. Joss, '96, has resigned his position in the Washington Agricultural College, at Pullman, Wash., to accept a more remunerative one in the bureau of animal industry, with headquarters at Seattle, Wash.

Prof. G. H. Failyer, '77, so long at the head of the Chemical Department here, is now permanently stationed at Washington, D. C., having been transferred from the field force to the chemical division, bureau of soils. The change is accompanied by a very handsome increase in salary.—*Republic*.

Review of the Societies.

IONIANS.

For the benefit of those unacquainted with the societies of this College we will say that ours, the Ionian, is the only one composed entirely of girls.

The day our boys met Haskell on the gridiron, society was called as usual, the girls responded to roll-call, then, loyal to the athletic association, we adjourned and mingled our shouts with the shouts of our brothers.

Among the excellent features of our literary work of the term may be mentioned a paper, "Advice to Girls," by Clara Pancake, which showed the characteristic thoroughness of the writer; also a symposium, "The Woman of the World," in three papers—"In the College World," Wilma Cross; "In the Business World," Pearl Holderman; "In the Home," Besse Mudge. The papers mentioned are only a sample of the excellent literary work done by our girls, and there is also marked talent in the field of music and dramatic art.

Meanwhile the business spirit of the society had not lain dormant. A new contest for the College song was opened, to close January 10, 1903. A fine, beginning with ten cents and increasing as the offense was repeated, was placed on unexcused absences. It was also voted that three tardy marks should be counted as one absence. The constitution was rewritten in a new book with plenty of space for signatures. We have received fifteen new ones this term, and with this goodly addition to our number sixty-two girls now attending K. S. A. C. may wear the lyre with the monogram.

The question arose whether a girl having once belonged to the society can, by non-attendance while still in K. S. A. C., forfeit her privilege as a member of our society. The girls rose with one accord and said: "Once an Ionian, always an Ionian."

THE FRANKLINS.

The Franklins have met in regular session every Saturday this term, and have been progressing as rapidly as possible under difficulties. Owing to the small membership of the society we are able to do excellent work. The members can be made to take a greater individual interest and have a better chance to get the training obtained by holding the different offices.

We are at present meeting at night in room 162 until we have a permanent society hall. As we have not had this, the society has not taken any steps to purchase the necessary furnishings that help make the society permanent. We wish to impress upon the honorable authorities of the Kansas State Agricultural College the necessity of a society hall, and hope that they will do something to that effect in the near future.

We desire to express our praise of the active part taken by our new members.

We extend to all students a cordial welcome.

Last year it was prophesied that we would not live over the vacation, but we are alive, and the critics can just watch us grow. E. A. MORGAN.

THE WEBSTER SOCIETY.

The Webster society began its work this year with an enthusiasm unprecedented in the history of its organization. Since the suspension of the holding of annuals the interest of society in general had been slightly on the wane, but with last year's effort it has been revived.

During the entire term the business of the society has been in such excellent condition that we have been able to put more than the usual amount of time on the literary program, and under the guidance of the members of that committee we have achieved some excellent results. A measure projected by the *Students' Herald*, for securing the better articles which appear

in the "Reporter" for publication in its own columns, has had a marked effect on the interest taken by contributors. The intersociety oratorical contest promises to be unusually interesting this year. More interest is taken in it, not only by the society members but by the student body in general, than heretofore.

There are at present eighty-six names on the society roll and hardly a society evening passes that some new member is not initiated. We are always glad to welcome visitors to our hall and extend to students and townfolk a cordial invitation to visit us in south society hall on Saturday evenings from seven-thirty to ten-thirty. . . .

W. L. MILNER.

ALPHA BETA GLEANINGS.

The fall term's work in the Alpha Beta Society has been interesting and helpful to the members. The society has been smaller than usual, and hence all members get a chance to do a great deal of work. Quality and not quantity is the aim.

Several good declamations have been given; a series of excellent papers on foreign countries, their customs, manners, etc., have been presented; debating has not been neglected, and the "Gleaner" has always been a good feature of the programs.

The business sessions are full of interest and enthusiasm and business is transacted in a brisk, lively way. Extemporaneous speaking is a prominent feature, and the society is noted for its fluent talkers. No laggards are allowed when it comes to Alpha Beta duties.

During the term several changes have been made, the most important one being the method of arranging the programs. The society was divided into four divisions, with a leader for each, to see to the arranging of the programs. The various numbers are graded by competent judges and at the close of eight weeks the division

having the highest grade wins the contest and is then treated to a social, oyster supper, banquet or special program by the other three divisions.

The future of the society promises to be one of progress, and every loyal A. B. will gain much good that can come to him in no other way.

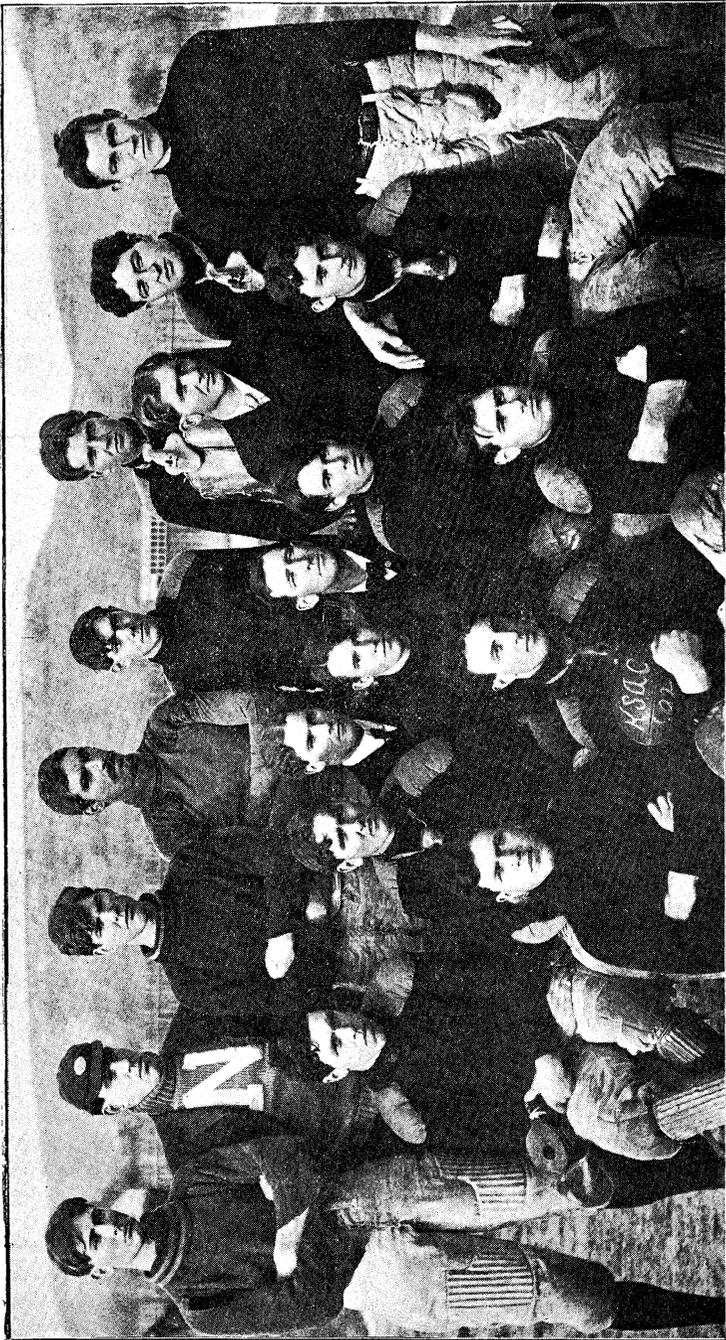
HAMILTONS.

As Old Father Time is gathering the few golden hours that remain of 1902, the Hamilton society may be found winding its way upward to literary fame. Feeling that the general prosperity of the society has been assured for some years to come, by the number of good members who have joined our ranks this fall, we have settled down to the regular routine of literary work, conferring with the Io's, and "chewing the rag."

Some persons doubt the wisdom of our so-called "ragging," but these persons are either prejudiced or have failed to give the matter due consideration. We hold that the functions of a literary society are three-fold: First, to give training along literary lines; second, to promote the social relations between the upper and lower classmen; third, to give its members training in the way the business of an assembly should be managed, and particularly in parliamentary law. We consider the latter to be the most important of the three.

Our ideal is a small society of loyal, earnest members. Our object is to help those who are members of our society. Tho visitors are always welcome, and we try to entertain those who come, we consider the entertainment of the public to be a secondary matter. Those who really want instruction will join one of the various good literary societies of K. S. A. C., while those who come to society to be entertained receive no lasting good. We seek to have, in the truest sense, a literary society of the members, by the members, and for the members.

K. S. A. C.'s WINNING TEAM.



Rouse. Deitz (Coach.) Hess. Wenger. Voiles. Steinhour. Nielsen (Mgt.) Margrave. Thompson.
 Cahill. Mudge. Cunningham. DeArmond. Cunningham, C. C. Robinson.
 Beach. Towne (Capt.) Orr.

Football at K. S. A. C.

One of the hardest tasks an enthusiast in athletics has to do is to "tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." So if this article contains anything that is beyond the limits of reason or truthfulness, think of it as a weakness and not as a willful wrongdoing. We hear many statements from various sources that football is, and is not, a manly sport, and as we are directly interested in the game, we are not at liberty to decide, but believe the statement true, that it is a manly game and develops good, strong men if it is played correctly.

Football in our College has for years been a backward sport, but this fall enthusiasm over the game has made a great stride, and our games have been patronized beyond the fondest hopes of the management. But this is not all; we have received moral and mental support as well. Students have been very kind and generous in not poking fun at the team when in defeat, and all have been proud of the boys who have been willing and eager to battle for the College on the gridiron.

Our financial standing is surprising to nearly everyone. It is with pleasure that the management can report that after all bills are paid we still have money on hand. We are hampered by lack of funds, as is shown by the fact that our team was engineered thru the season on about \$800. A very small sum, but it shows what good management can do. Professor Hamilton, our ex-general manager, could very justly claim at least three-fourths of the praise for this, but he claims none. Our team, whose cut appears in these pages, can lay claim to a good share of the hearty support which they received, for a more gentlemanly and worthy set of boys has never, to our knowledge, represented K. S. A. C. on the football field. We should like to make mention of each one in particular, but let it be sufficient to say that each is a good stu-

dent and a gentleman. Coach Dietz taught football in the right manner, giving good training and careful drill to avoid all "dirty playing." His work cannot be praised too much, and we hope to see him here next year to coach a team of boys which, in our own opinion, will lay good claim to the championship of this part of the country.

It is gratifying to know that other sports are gaining equally in favor. Our boys are showing fine spirit for basket-ball, and we predict some good games. Baseball, the time-honored sport, has already brot out an abundance of enthusiasm, and all are eagerly looking forward to the opening of the season. Let the good work go on. Work hard and play fast, and let K. S. A. C. have a winning team in all college sports.

HAROLD T. NIELSEN.

~~~~~  
**Hello There!**

You short-course man; shake! We're glad to see you and hope you'll like it here. We've been looking for you, and now that you are here, we expect you to be of considerable importance. Just make yourself at home; take a chair in the parlor, and if there is anything you see and don't want, ask for it.

But perhaps you didn't come to sit in the parlor. Then call on the Y. M. C. A. and get them to find you a room and boarding place. They can do it more easily than you and would be glad to help you. We're all glad to help you, in fact; we would be glad to give you information or advice. It's all free and you are not required to use it.

Please don't think we are "stuck up," either, because we forget your name; it is so much easier to forget than to remember, and a year from now you, too, will have forgotten us as well. Of course, there a few preps., perhaps even a freshie or two, or a sophie of tender years or brains, who

feel themselves a trifle above you. Don't mind them; really, they are not responsible and will quite likely recover from their altitudinous frame of mind after they have had their first shave.

We know you will enjoy College life, for there are plenty of attractions. Make the literary societies (there are five of them and you can choose either Saturday afternoon or evening to attend) and the lecture course your amusements, and add to them the large number of basket-ball games that will be played this winter. Make the Y. M. C. A. your home and go visiting to any of the churches, Sunday schools or young people's societies you want to. There are plenty of them and your can have your choice.

Try to make friends; it is worth while. You can work and enjoy life too while you are here and you will never regret it. You may even be so well pleased as to take up the long course afterward. Let us hope so.

J. J. B.

### *The Purposes of the Young Women's Christian Association.*

It has been only about thirty years since young women have taken up college work to any great extent, and even now only about one in five hundred receives a college education. But the very girls who apparently ought to be workers in the home church, and who are naturally leaders in their own community, are the same ones who pack their trunks and leave for college. They are away from home for four or more years, and are practically entirely away from the influence of the home church. How are they to receive the spiritual development so necessary at this period of life?

The Young Women's Christian Association has sprung up as a necessary aid in the development of young women. The association is comparatively a new organization, since the need for its work has recently been so

great. The national association is only sixteen years old, while the oldest association in the country is scarcely of age. Its rapid progress, both in numbers and sphere of usefulness, gives evidence of the fact that it has a work which no other organization can perform.

The opportunity of the association is three-fold: (1) Every student is a



MISS EVA RIGG, SECRETARY Y. W. C. A.

leader. Those who in the future will control our domestic, state and national affairs are at present in the colleges and higher institutions of learning. Seventy per cent of all the positions of influence are held by college men and women. The best thing to do is to go into the colleges and train the young women for life. The association stands for the spiritual development of that life. (2) Students live in a close community. A large number can be as easily reached and influenced here as a small number in a rural district. Greater work can be accomplished with less expense and effort. (3) Students in their college life are in the "valley of decision." Young women just starting out in life must learn how and what to think,

for, "as a man thinketh so is he." Girls must come face to face with many tests of their faith. They must take an independent stand. Here comes the test of the strength of their home training. Perhaps some are living lives of which they would be ashamed for father and mother to know. Loyalty to their Master is fully tested. Away from home and friends, temptations are many. College life is full of duties. The gentle loving advice of mother may be forgotten. Girls are easily influenced by their companions. This is the spiritual crisis of their lives.

To such young women the association offers a training which will aid in keeping the spiritual life on a level with the intellectual. It stands for the fundamental principles of Christianity and represents a most vigorous and healthful religious movement. It seeks to create a sentiment for all that is pure and true and right, and gives opportunity to put into daily practice the right theories of living. \*  
\*\*



Prof. Albert M. TenEyck, our new professor of agriculture, graduated

from the College of Agriculture of the Wisconsin State University in 1892 with special honors. During his last year at the university and the summer following his graduation he did special work under the distinguished Prof. F. H. King, making a study of the root development of plants and preparing the samples of corn root, etc., which the Wisconsin station exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893.

After devoting a few years to practical farming in Wisconsin and Colorado, he entered the Colorado Agricultural College, Ft. Collins, receiving an M. S. degree in 1897. He was almost immediately elected assistant professor of agriculture at the North Dakota Agricultural College and Experiment Station.

After five years of hard and faithful work in North Dakota, where he was rewarded by the strong support of the college management in the building up of his special branches of soil physics and farm mechanics, and by a material increase of salary, he has gained such prominence as a teacher of agriculture and experiment station worker that he was recommended by Dr. A. C. True, director of the office of experiment stations, for the chair of agriculture at this College. He was elected to his present position September 26, 1902, assuming the duties of his office December 1, 1902.

Professor TenEyck's education and training have not only fitted him for a teacher of agriculture but his practical experience as a farmer and his experience of five years especial charge of all the experimental field crop work in agriculture in the North Dakota station has eminently fitted him for his present position, and if he receives the encouragement which he ought and will receive, we bespeak for this College great progress along the lines of agricultural education and experimentation.

*We Have Met the Enemy, and—*

R. F. FRITZ.

Old Farmer Brown came chasing from the  
cornfield on the run,  
And he yelled: "Gad's blood, Maria! Whar  
the deuce is my old gun?  
You go and get it for me, while I hunt the stuff  
to load,  
For Maria, there's an agent coming up the  
River road!"  
So she hurried to the milk house, and he bolted  
up the stairs,  
Where he emptied fourteen closets of their  
clothes and other wares,  
And he ransacked seven bureaus and the old  
hair trunk and all  
To find his powder horn upon a peg against  
the wall.

So Maria brot the musket of the happy days  
of yore,  
And he found that it was loaded, had been  
loaded years before;  
Then he cocked the ancient weapon and lay  
down behind the well,  
With grim intent of giving that 'ere agent  
such a smell  
Of powder smoke and sulphur, that, if it didn't  
kill,  
It would drive him from the neighborhood of  
East Cucumberville.

Meanwhile our friend, the agent, all uncon-  
scious of their wrath,  
Draws near the farmer's fortress on the clover-  
bordered path,  
And the trusty old Scotch collie comes frisk-  
ing at his heels,  
In joyful yelps expressing the ecstasy he  
feels;  
But the farmer by the well curb hasn't quite  
the nerve to shoot,  
For he dare not slay the agent and the shep-  
herd dog to boot.

So the agent, patent-leathered, with shirt-  
waist and sailor hat,  
Smiles so warmly on Maria that she doesn't  
know where she's at,  
And her dizziness is increased when she says  
"Its plaguey hot!"  
And he answers with a radiant "what a lovely  
place you've got.  
Don't you know I fairly envy you your life  
amid the charm  
Of Nature, and the freedom that you have  
upon the farm;  
Talk about your occupations, I think this the  
final test;  
When the farmers quit the business, that's the  
end of all the rest."

"Well, this breeze is fine and bracing under-  
neath this maple tree,  
And I've got some lovely pictures I should  
like to have you see.  
Place this glass against your forehead so it  
shades your face and eyes,  
And I'll show you in five minutes all the lands  
below the skies.  
Here's a picture of an iceberg, floating round  
in Hudson Bay;  
Gives you quite a chilly feeling even on so hot  
a day.  
Here's a view of dread Niagara where the tons  
of water pour  
Down that awful, yawning chasm with the  
most terrific roar;  
And here are little porkers in a nest of corn-  
husks playing."  
Then she cries "Come, daddy, diese liebe Wo-  
oztelchen zu sehen!"

Now the farmer makes his manners and the  
game goes gaily on,  
Till, the name upon the list, the agent curtsies  
and is gone;  
But soon as he the corner of the gravelly lane  
has turned,  
The farmer strokes his whiskers and mutters  
"I'll be durned!  
Here I meant to slay that duffer; but the wo-  
man took a look,  
And the smiling, clever critter has my name  
down on his book  
But, Egad! there ain't no discount on that  
stereoscope machine,  
And them pictures is the dandiest John Brown  
has ever seen;  
I guess before he comes again we'll have to  
make a raise,  
And do a little travelling on stormy winter  
days."

Many years have come and gone, since that  
summer day so fair;  
Many hearts have ceased to beat, hopes have  
vanished into air;  
Winter's cold and summer's bloom many  
times have passed away,  
But those "windows to the world," they alone  
have come to stay.

They have gladdened many homes, widened  
many a hampered life;  
Strengthened many a faltering heart, eased its  
burden and its strife;  
Started many a noble thot, brightened many  
a stormy day—  
Blessings these most rich and fair, that can  
never pass away.

—The Stereoscopic Photograph.

*Kansas Boys Set the Pace.*

The above, which will recall  
pleasant memories from all the old  
canvassers, entitled "We Have Met  
the Enemy, and—," is copied from  
the "Stereoscopic Photograph," a  
quarterly magazine published in the  
interests of stereoscopic photography.  
The work is edited by Messrs. Under-  
wood & Underwood, the well-known  
stereoscopic view firm. This company  
began business about twenty years  
ago in a single 10x12 room at Ottawa,  
Kan., where the two brothers consti-  
tuting the firm were raised. By ad-  
hering strictly to upright business  
methods and keeping the motto of  
Kansas ever before them, these two  
sons of the dear old Sunflower State  
have succeeded in establishing a busi-  
ness which exceeds in volume that of  
all other view houses combined. At  
present they have established offices  
in New York, London, Toronto, Can-  
ada, Ottawa, Kan., and San Francisco,  
Cal., with view factories at Arlington,

N. J., Littleton, N. H., and Washington, D. C., and a stereoscope factory at Westwood, N. J. From a beginning which required the services of only two or three persons in handling their office work, their business has gradually increased until at the present time their several offices and factories furnish employment to about three hundred persons, and the number of agents annually representing them reaches far into the thousands.

Their business is especially adapted to the purpose of students paying their way thru school. It is possible for a student who could secure a position during his vacation at a salary of from twenty-five to fifty dollars per month for the three summer months to clear from three to five hundred dollars in some agency business during the same length of time. Owing to the value and beauty of views and the willingness of everybody to look at beautiful pictures, the work of selling them is free from the unpleasant features of ordinary agency work.

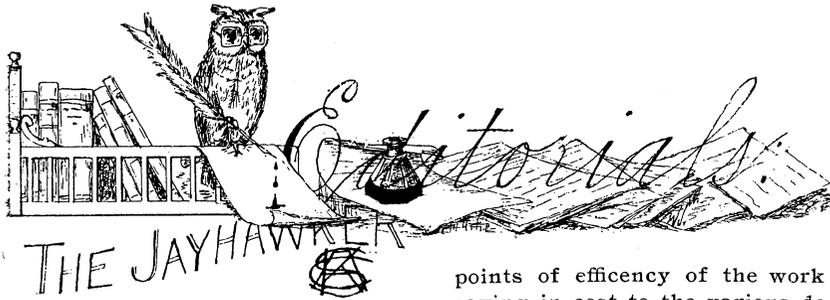
The policy of the firm, which accounts in a great measure for their success, has always been to keep, not only strictly up-to-date, but just a little in advance of all competitors in handling subjects of popular interest. In accordance with their established policy, they discarded the idea that a stereoscope could be made only from wooden materials, and about three years ago introduced a combination aluminum-mahogany stereoscope. This idea proved so popular that since that time practically all view concerns have adopted an article patterned after the Underwood scope.

In the manufacture of their stereographs only the highest grade of albumen paper is used, thus insuring absolute evenness of tone and permanency of finish. In securing new and popular subjects they have been ever in the lead. Their Paris Exposition views and views of the great Galveston disaster were on the market

long before any other firm began advertising them. Colonel Stowe, ex-consul general to South Africa, pronounces their British war views the only authentic ones extant, and the same is true of their Chinese war views. They sent two artists on the government relief boat, Dixie, to the island of Martinique and secured a number of excellent views showing the terrible Mt. Pelee in eruption. At the coronation of King Edward VII, Mr. Bert Underwood was the only American representative invited to photograph the king and queen, and succeeded in securing the only perfect negative showing their majesties in their coronation robes. This negative is particularly valuable from the fact that the coronation robes are never placed on exhibition, except at the crowning of a king, which of course means only once in a lifetime.

Such striking and desirable views as these have led the best people of the country to make a practice of adding the new subjects to their collection with the earliest arrival of the Underwood representative in the community. The colleges and schools also have recognized the value of the stereograph in advanced educational methods, and are adding numerous "sets" to their libraries. The day is not far distant when the stereoscope will have as important a place in the laboratory of history and the sciences as does the microscope in that of biology.

In connection with their view work and for the assistance of their agents, they have undertaken the publication of the above-mentioned magazine which, after the first of the year, will be known as "The Traveler." The work is devoted primarily to the advancement of stereoscopy, but will also contain many interesting and instructive articles on history and travel. It will certainly be of untold value to representatives of this pushing, energetic and essentially Kansas firm.



**THE JAYHAWKER**  
 A Semi-Quarterly Magazine  
 for Progressive People.

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 G. H. BROWN, '05, Asso. Subscription Manager  
 W. J. WILKINSON ..... Artist

**Our Say.**—We would indeed be ungrateful if we did not seek to express in some public way our appreciation of the work done for us by the force in the College Printing Department. Already crowded to the limit, Superintendent Rickman and his helpers willingly accepted this increase of work because of the help and convenience to the management of the paper and the aid it would be to future students in the department, who will appreciate the increased opportunity to earn their expenses. It is a pleasure as well as a valuable training of itself to work with such a thoro force, and we would like to do all in our power to help them in turn. We would like to briefly mention some of the many

points of efficiency of the work and saving in cost to the various departments of this one under the supervision of Mr. Rickman, but this would only show outsiders what an able manager we have and lead to the danger of far better and irresistible offers for his services from other sources and his loss to the College. As it is only his interest in the young people who come under his care and the good of the institution is sufficient to hold him. However, with the good start in the new equipment soon due and the increased duties resulting therefrom, we will expect him to have a regular foreman on full time. Then the various departments will get their work more promptly and the industrial students will receive individual instruction impossible now.

**A Chapel Privilege.**—It has been suggested by some who are competent to judge, that it would be to the best interest of all concerned if the attendance at Saturday afternoon chapel was optional with the student. Such a suggestion in former times would have been unworthy of consideration, but as the student body learns to appreciate their privileges, they are continually receiving favors undreamed of before. A reasonable discussion of this question and the right kind of response when it is tried will undoubtedly lead to its inauguration at no distant time. The arguments for such a course seem quite satisfactory. With our small chapel and the large number not eligible to seats, there would surely be no trouble to secure a full

house. The students who at first might decide to stay away would most likely decide later on to remain, and would go in with some friend or chum just to hear the program, see the crowd, and visit on the side. At least they do this at society without half as good entertainment, and not even waiting to be coaxed. Then the effect on the speakers would undoubtedly be beneficial. Who would not have an inspiration to do better work when he knew he would face an audience who came out voluntarily to hear him and the others instead of being compelled to attend by the fiat of the powers? Tho we might add other reasons for and some against such a move, this is enough to open the question. While the student body is hardly prepared for such a move yet, it might not be a bad idea to give them a trial during the crowded days of this winter, and then we will see just what improvements are necessary to secure the continuation of such a boon.

**Why Not?**—If it is not too personal, we would like to consider some of the questions that pertain to the treatment of some new students, also some certain phases of the social life here at College. And what we will say will no doubt be just as applicable to every community, as well as to every other school. The new student has many troubles, and those somewhat backward and unacquainted with the customs of society have a double measure. We would not, however, count it an unalloyed harm that they are the butt of all the jokes and tricks the wise ones can devise, for from these rubs and brushings comes a training that no friend could give. But these are the least of his troubles. While the humblest "Prep." could easily stand the scorn and insult of the "smart alecks" (considering the source) and be the gainer thereby, it is the treatment of the well-disposed students that is the more painful.

These latter, most concerned with their own duties, take little time to consider the feelings of others, and are apt to be influenced in their opinions by the loud talk and senseless laughter of the loungers in the corridors. For a well-meaning, hard-working student to be ignored, slighted or snubbed by those whom he feels are equally earnest is perhaps the most disheartening of all. The Christian Associations are grappling nobly with this problem, extending the glad hand to all comers; but these worthy organizations are lowered in the estimation of some who should be their loyal supporters because they do this very work. If some individual with a worthy purpose and a deeper insight sees beneath the outer covering, rough and uncultured tho it may be, some yearning soul with possibilities of good and usefulness, and seeks to recognize it, even in a passing way, there is a commotion in the south corridor and the whole general body looks askance. And if, perchance, it be one of the opposite sex whom this kindly disposed person has recognized, then there is a sensational wave bordering on hysteria and the radiator groups miss two classes to chew such a choice morsel. Some few students there are, reckless enough of consequences and well enough set in purpose, who will have a kind word and a pleasant smile for everyone; and such a positive character will live long in the happy remembrance of many people. But most of those, even the best disposed, are almost compelled to be judicious in their recognition or else suffer undue annoyance. How pleasant it would be if social conditions would allow a more democratic spirit and a reasonable mixing of those from different classes and stations without arousing suspicion and uncalled-for criticism. Might we not go further and allow a young couple some interest in each other's welfare, the privilege of speaking once a month, and the disposition

to "keep company" once a year, before it is time to extend "congratulations?" If anyone thinks differently, these columns are open for their use. At any rate, let us each resolve that for the coming year we will be a little more charitable, both to those who need a helping hand and to those disposed to aid them.

**A Peck of Trouble.**—We promised ourselves some time back, and it may have leaked out, that this number of our magazine would be a model of perfection and a thing of beauty, a joy forever. Now, if we held to a certain philosophy, that whatever is is right, we would congratulate ourselves and say well enough, but the unhappy fact that all our readers might not adhere to this belief has led to remorse of conscience and we desire to 'fess up. Among the sins of omission we have again left out the name of the author, J. M. Westgate, who writes the second chapter on his trip to the northwest. A picture of the College battalion when Rob Mitchell was major has no title for lack of room, but no one would take it for the five full companies we now have. Then there is the colored plate of the main building which, if we could have gotten it in, would have covered a multitude of sins. As for commissions, a little mountain mirror has been styled Flathead lake in the absence of the Christian name. The arrangement of much of the matter has been in the order of receipt rather than by a system. The advertising also, the staff of life to a paper, has shared the common fate, but its important truths will show up in the long run. If there are any more faults which any besides printers would find we would be glad to mention them. That reminds us that one of the ads. was struck by a cyclone and is something of a puzzle. By reading all the ads. backwards you will find the solution. To those who send in the right

answer we will send the JAYHAWKER and *Students' Herald* one whole year. Now we could make excuses and show how the other fellow was to blame, but this is part of the business we can settle among ourselves and will hardly go far enough to make a news item. Of course, the reader will draw the conclusion that we will continue our policy "to do better next time."

### *The College's Most Pressing Needs.*

The College authorities will ask some very reasonable things of the legislature this coming session. And surely they have a just and sufficient cause to ask, and ask largely. With such a growth as this institution has experienced in the last few years, and the great service it has been to the State, not only in increased efficiency and amount of instruction, but also in the experiment station, institute, prairie-dog extermination, the furnishing of blackleg vaccine and various other lines of work, nothing of use for her should be too good. In fact, when we consider what a great work is possible to be done if half a chance is given and the prestige and honor to the State in such foremost institutions, we feel certain that a proper support will be given. In spite of all this, only the most pressing needs will be mentioned, because it may seem to outsiders too much to grant, and most of the departments will struggle along, cramped and hampered in their work, until the greater strains are relieved, and patiently await their turn. For the College to be refused any of the requests will mean a serious impediment to its rapid progress and a waste of much valuable time and labor now used at a disadvantage. It is true, the school has had some fair recognition in the past, but with increase in accommodations each department has grown with a bound and entered upon the enlarged work with almost the same hindrances

as before. And this well proves our point, that with increased facilities the work accomplished increases at an accelerated ratio. And the fact remains, that in spite of the addition of our large new buildings, the expansion of the College has been still more rapid, and to-day sees the departments as a whole more crowded than ever before. The State owes it to the farming and other industrial interests from whose ranks come its sturdiest supporters, and to the sons and daughters of the farm, who are her most promising citizens, the thoro experimental work and exhaustive educational facilities that can best be supplied thru this school. It rests with the members of the next legislature to apply something on this debt.



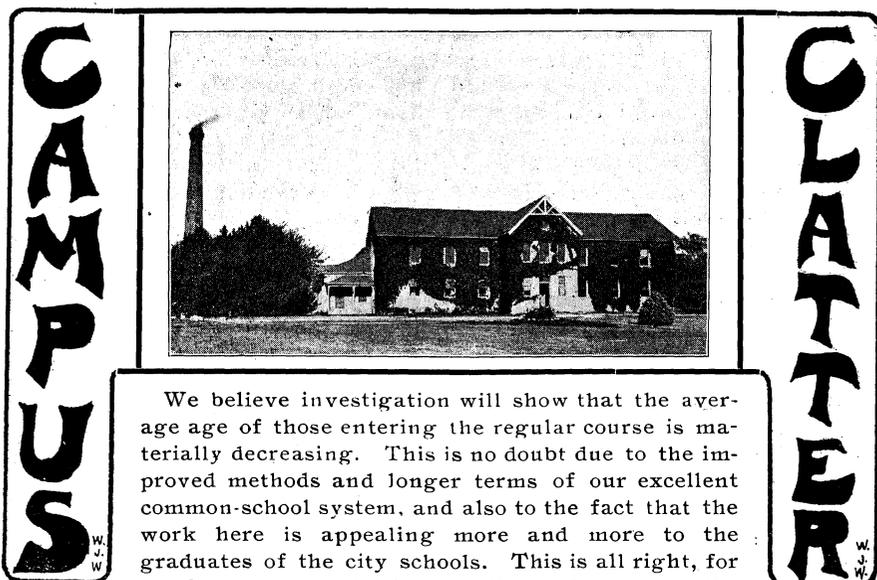
Rev. S. J. Carter, pastor of the Christian church, was raised on a farm in Ohio, and in early manhood moved to Iowa, where he spent three years in clerical work in a wholesale house. With a good common-school education and some high-school studies mastered on the side, he entered the famous school of Des Moines—Drake University. In 1899 he com-

pleted the thoro classical course, having taken extensive work in the Bible college as elective. This, together with his pulpit appointments while a student, has ably prepared him for the ministry. After graduating he began his pastoral work at Olin, Iowa, from whence he came in response to the call from the Manhattan church. Reverend Carter has a special aptitude for language studies and has done some tutoring and teaching in addition to his regular duties. In his senior year at Drake he was editor-in-chief of the college paper, the *Delphic*, and hence is quite familiar with the ups and downs of student journalism. His interest in our paper and in the students of our school has led him to promise some contributions for our columns at an early date.

There being some funds left in the hands of Professor Eyer, from the proceeds of a lecture on liquid air under the auspices of the seniors of '01, he has decided to purchase a fine clock to be placed in the main hall of Physical Science Hall, with the words "Class of '01" printed thereon.

Basket-ball is proving quite a popular sport. The men and ladies of the Faculty and the girls and boys of the different classes all have picked teams and regular practice. The class games among the boys, so far as played, have resulted as follows: Sophomores 18, seniors 9; sophomores 14, juniors 3; freshmen 10, juniors 0; freshmen 21, seniors 9.

All the many departments are carrying on an active work and any of them could easily fill our space with the reports of what they are doing. The young people over the State ought to take a trip and drop in on us in our every-day clothes and see how K. S. A. C. keeps house. We are sure no other school would have any attractions to be compared to her's.



We believe investigation will show that the average age of those entering the regular course is materially decreasing. This is no doubt due to the improved methods and longer terms of our excellent common-school system, and also to the fact that the work here is appealing more and more to the graduates of the city schools. This is all right, for the first year's work here is well suited to the youths

of fourteen to sixteen years, but those who enter so young can hardly expect to complete a course in the time allotted for more mature students. Most any one can profitably spend five years here.

The literary societies have chosen the following contestants, all seniors, for the oratorical contest: Alpha Betas, H. R. Thatcher; Websters, H. T. Nielsen; Hamiltons, L. S. Edwards; Ionians, Alice Ross. Such able representatives make the event one of the most interesting of the College year.

A glance at the course of study of some years ago makes us think that the students of those days must have had a snap. But then they did not have the complete laboratories and the up-to-date texts that allow us to accomplish much more with the same effort.

The K. S. A. C. poultry show was a great success. Over seven hundred fowls, besides Belgian hares, and the College guinea-pigs and prairie-dogs were on exhibition. Despite the stormy weather a good crowd attended.

Many of the instructors are putting in much time on the institute work. The classes are often given a "quiz" during their absence. Some classes have three or four "quizes" in as many days. They feel that they know what it is to do duty for one's country.

The library has added another hundred of the best new books and has had several hundred rebound. Few of the students realize how willing Mrs. Calvin and her worthy assistants are to show them just what they want to find in all that store-house of treasures.

Professor Brown's Military Band, a combination of the best players of the town and College, had their pictures taken lately and are preparing to advertise their talents in an appropriate manner.

Captain Rowan was an important speaker at the reception to Admiral Schley at Kansas City.

A College chorus has been organized by the Music Department with about eighty voices.

## ALL STUDENTS SOON LEARN

To send to **F. L. MARTIN, SALINA, KAN.,** for

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|-----------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
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Cheap bicycles, made to sell and not to use, I give away to my enemies and compel them to ride the same.

Baseball goods, football goods and all other sporting and athletic goods cheaper than elsewhere.

Write for prices on anything you want.

**F. L. MARTIN, = = SALINA, KAN.**

### *The Herald's Latest.*

Miss Daisy Hoffman, '00, of Enterprise, Kan., left last Saturday for Jackson, Mich., to take charge of a kindergarten school.

Born: To Henry Rogler, '98, and Maude Sauble-Rogler, '01, of Bazar, Kan., on November 2, a daughter. The young lady already answers to the name of Helen Leone.

Miss Clara Spilman, '00, and Miss Gertrude Haulenbeck, a former student, left last Thursday for Beloit, where they have positions in the Girls' Industrial School, Miss Spilman taking the place as teacher of domestic science and Miss Haulenbeck as teacher of music.

Bert R. Elliot, '87, who has been mining in Alaska the last four years, now has five claims in his own name and hopes that Dame Fortune will smile on him next spring when work begins.

Isaac Jones, '94, of Etiwanda, Cal., reports a good crop of oranges and lemons, and good prospects of a rushing business all winter.

Clark Mansfield, a sophomore in '97, is to be married, December 15, to a young lady of Junction City. Mr. Mansfield is head butter maker for the Continental Creamery Company, of Topeka.

Invitations have been issued for the marriage of Miss Lorena Helder, '94, and Mr. Ted Morse, '95, at the home of the bride's parents in this city, at eight o'clock, Tuesday evening, December 23.

Dr. H. V. Nichols, father of our graduates, R. T., '99, Schuyler and Harriet G., '98, who has been in Alaska for eighteen months, is visiting his home at Liberal, Kan., but will return to his claims in the far northwest early in the spring. He brought back some interesting relics, as well as some nuggets of gold.

## Story Contest—\$10 in Prizes

The publishers of the JAYHAWKER, desiring to encourage the work in English at K. S. A. C., and at the same time secure the best material for its columns, hereby offer three prizes of \$5, \$3 and \$2 respectively for the three best original stories submitted according to the following rules:

1. Any student enrolled during the present College year in any of the regular courses shall be eligible to enter the contest.
2. All manuscript shall be prepared according to the customary

rules of publishers and must be submitted by May 1, 1903. No limit is set to length, but those having 600 to 2000 words and those handed in earliest will have the preference.

3. Competent and disinterested judges will be chosen in time to decide on the merits.

4. The publishers will claim all manuscripts and will aim to publish one or more stories each issue but this fact will not effect the decision of the judges.

5. Not more than one prize will be given to any class.

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*Historical Review.*

## CHAPTER 3.—The Manhattan Institute and its Auxiliary.

In the last article mention was made of a literary society and a circulating library. While neither of these made any remarkable progress, and the library movement finally fell thru, they were a great aid in the development of the intellectual spirit among the members, and the Manhattan Institute has survived the trials of early days and at present exists as the oldest chartered organization in Manhattan.

In 1857, C. E. Blood, W. Marlatt, E. M. Thurston, A. A. Griffing, A. Seaman, A. J. Mead, and I. Taylor organized the Institute, having as their object the "promotion of science, literature, and the arts, by establishing a school of design, by literary exercises, papers on philosophy and science, collecting specimens of natural history, and securing an extensive library," etc. The first record on file of a meeting of the society is that of December 1, 1868. The meetings were held in the various places of business of the members or any convenient room. Soon after entertainments became a common feature. New members came in somewhat slowly, from the indication of the secretaries' book, until about '73, when there was a considerable influx of lady members. It was not long after this that the building of a hall was suggested and the advisability of establishing a reading-room was discussed. The first purchase of books was in 1877 and amounted to three hundred twenty-five or three hundred fifty dollars. A musical association under the auspices of "The Choral Union" at one time came near joining the Institute in the erection of the building. In this way, sometimes enthusiastic but more often content to let the matter rest, the membership scattered. The books were then turned over to the high school and the old organization was

nearly forgotten by all but the older members.

However, in the last two years a new organization of the ladies has sprung up, with far better prospects of success. Thru their efforts the Institute has been revived and regular business meetings and literary entertainments are held on the afternoons of the second Tuesday of each month, open to the public.

## THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

A self appointed committee, consisting of Mrs. F. L. Irish, Mrs. C. F. Briggs, Mrs. J. A. Koller, Mrs. C. L. Burnham and Mrs. J. R. Young, met on the evening of September 3, 1900, at the home of Mrs. Young, to devise ways and means to obtain a city library and to induce the Parliamentary Club, a society already organized, to take up the measure. Mrs. Briggs laid a plan before the committee by which she thot it possible to obtain the lot belonging to the Manhattan Institute as a building spot.

It was agreed that the ladies present should attend, in a body, the regular session of the Parliamentary Club to be held the next day at Mrs. Koller's. This they did, and found that club ready and willing to co-öperate with them.

At this meeting, September 4, the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. F. Irish; first vice-president, Mrs. C. F. Briggs; second vice-president, Mrs. J. R. Young; third vice-president, Mrs. E. B. Purcell; secretary, Mrs. J. A. Koller; treasurer, Mrs. D. W. March; executive committee, Mrs. W. S. Elliot, Mrs. H. M. Cottrell, Mrs. H. S. Roberts, Mrs. C. F. Wilder, Mrs. A. E. Higinbotham.

September 11, a joint meeting of the new Library Association and the Parliamentary Club met at Mrs. Burnham's, at which meeting Mrs. Briggs disclosed the following plan: Ten ladies shall be appointed as solicitors, pledged to obtain twenty names each

for membership to the Manhattan Institute, collecting a membership fee of \$5 from each signer. The new members would have control of the Institute property and the \$1,000 fund in the treasury could be set aside toward building a new library on the lot.

The plan was discussed and resulted in the Parliamentary Club adjourning *sine die*, and the Library Association and all who wished to work for a library were invited to meet at Mrs. Irish's on September 30. There the organization was completed, constitution adopted and signed by thirty ladies, each paying a fee of twenty-five cents. Twenty solicitors were appointed and pledged to secure ten names each for membership to the Institute. This work was accomplished by April, 1901.

Anticipating the possibility of business deals involving points of law, Mr. Kimble was chosen legal advisor and Mr. E. A. Wharton, Mr. W. S. Elliot and Mr. Jno. L. Coons appointed advisory board.

On November 19 Mrs. Irish resigned her office, on account of removal from town. December 3 Mrs. E. B. Purcell was elected to fill the vacancy, and still continues to serve as president. At this meeting Mrs. Young was appointed corresponding secretary, Mrs. C. F. Little and Mrs. Jno. L. Coons vice-presidents.

The Library Association works auxiliary to the Manhattan Institute. According to its constitution, its work will be done when a library building is erected on the Institute lot, on the corner, of Fourth street and Poyntz Avenue. In all probability, however, it will not disband, but continue to work for the library, since a smaller organization can work with more force and freedom than a larger one.

Aside from the \$1,000 membership fees in the treasury of the Manhattan Institute the Association has on hand \$974.55, the results of rummage sales and various entertainments. The

calendar scheme, which is now being worked thru the community, is expected to place another \$1,000 in the treasury toward a building before the close of the year. M.

### *A Bird's-eye View of the Strike.*

A prominent citizen of Manhattan, Mr. John Warner, who has recently visited the scene of the coal-strike, says: "The first thing noticeable there was that business of all kinds was at a standstill; in fact, business was dead, while hundreds of idle men were on the streets. The only business that seemed to flourish was the saloon. The evidences of its prosperity could be seen in every direction. Merchants claimed that their sales were only about half what they were when the mines were in operation. Factories of all kinds were obliged to close or run only a part of the time on account of the scarcity of coal. This threw their men out of employment also. The sentiment of the people there was divided, some sympathizing with the miners and some with the operators. But when the strikers ill-treated, abused, and in some instances murdered those who would work, they lost the sympathy of many."

The recent coal strike has been one of deep interest to all the citizens of the United States, not only because of the present difficulties but also because of the possibility of other and greater strikes in the future. The trouble began early in the spring when the United Mine Workers of America demanded (1) that the miners be granted an eight hour day at regular ten-hour pay; (2) that a ton of coal be a ton and not twenty-eight hundred pounds; (3) that the coal mined be weighed; (4) that an official representative of the men should be present at the weighing; (5) that their union be recognized. In a word, the operators having united, the miners saw the necessity of a union against them in order to protect labor. The

miners were willing to arbitrate the troubles, but the operators refused. So for months the strikers held out. They really kept excellent order when one considers that 160,000 men and boys were idle, and, further, that the majority of these were foreigners. The many newspaper reports of the riots that did occur are no doubt highly colored and greatly exaggerated.

John Mitchell, president of the union, is to be commended upon his position thruout the trouble. He kept his men in order, teaching them patience and self-restraint, and he has conducted himself with dignity and in a gentlemanly way in every position. He offered again and again arbitrate, but the operators always refused, declaring that they would never recognize the union. But the people all over the country were getting tired of this state of affairs and public opinion had a great deal to do with bringing the employers to submitting their trouble to a board of commissioners.

The seven commissioners were appointed by President Roosevelt, October 16, and are yet investigating the problem. Whatever the decision brot in, the miners have gained the victory in that they forced the operators to arbitrate. The miners are again at work and soon the danger of a fuel famine will be over.

What is needed, however, is some kind of legislation that will prevent the state of affairs in the future that was produced by this strike. The great coal strike of 1902 will always be remembered for the victory of the union over organized capital. It was a well-planned revolt against the most formidable attempt ever made in this country to crush labor unionism. Capital must make up its mind to get along with unionized labor. M. A.

The *Students' Herald* and THE JAYHAWKER both one year for one dollar. Send in your subscription.

### *Just So.*

The JAYHAWKER, a college paper published at Manhattan, is provided with a staff of editors which puts to shame the puny staffs of some of the dailies of the West. The paper publishes as many names as it has room for. They are editor-in-chief, alumni editor, exchange editor, college editor, city editor, advertising manager, artist, and recorder. The following officials did not get their names in the published list but nevertheless are important members of the staff: the class-scrap reporter, the dog-fight referee, the staff punster, financial editor and provider, grand keeper of the dough, and assistant janitor.—*Topeka Herald.*

That's just so, and who but the editor of the *Herald* would have noticed it. How familiar he must be with the detail management of a real live paper. If we had just one Main Guy, distinguished as Colonel, Major, Fighting John, Boss Buster, Boer Booster, Carrie Nation Counselor, Adam's Ale Agitator, Disperser of Calamity Howlers, and many other hard-earned titles, we would tack his name at the head, and all the small fry would receive only such glory as reflected from his beaming countenance. We would then be prepared to enter the arena of the daily, and cross pens with the mighty men of value whose reputation is sufficient to offset any shortcomings. But, as it is, none of us are so big but that we feel better in company, so we like the present arrangement very well, thank you.

### *Hays Branch Experiment Station Notes.*

BY SUPT. J. G. HANEY, '99.

As the weather stays nice, some late fall plowing is being done.

Assistant Chief of Irrigation Investigation I. T. Johnson writes that he hopes to visit here soon to consider the advantages of this locality for conducting co-operative work in irrigation.

It is expected that one of the deep wells that is to be put down by the irrigation division will be located on the reservation.

The station here is in co-operation with the Department of Agriculture in the wheat work. Most of the hundred sixty-four varieties sown are looking nice at present. The fall has been favorable to wheat that was properly planted.

Three miles more of wire fence has been built, which completes a 500-acre pasture which is to be used this winter by Ora Haley, of Laramie, Wyoming. Mr. Haley built the additional fence and paid \$500 for what could be spared from the first sod crop, and will bring cattle from Colorado to winter. Big Creek, of which there is twelve miles on the reservation, runs thru the pasture furnishing plenty of good water and timber shelter.

Among the outside visitors who have seen the reservation this fall are Hon. F. D. Coburn, secretary State Board of Agriculture; E. B. Cowgill, editor of the *Kansas Farmer*; Colonel Anthony of the *Leavenworth Times*; Governor Stanley, Auditor Cole, Secretary of State Clark, State Architect Stanton, and Congressman Reeder. These men are all highly pleased with the beginning, and especially with the prospect for greater work.

Regents McDowell and Fairchild visited a short time ago to consider the amount to ask for at the coming legislature. Some of the items that are absolutely necessary will be the building of dwellings, barns, and sheds, the purchase of ten teams and equipment, two or three thousand dollars' worth of machinery, the putting in of a skimming and pasteurizing station to furnish cream for the College dairy, a dairy herd and beef cattle, and a good beginning in horticulture, and about \$7,000 a year for running expenses.

### *Exchange Ideas.*

Exchanges are coming thick and fast and the editor is nearly buried under the deluge. But like the Spartan warrior he emerges from the scenes of confusion, and waving his only weapon, his pen, he forthwith proceeds to the attack. But he will be only demonstrative the first attempt. Of course he could wade into the thickest, slash right and left, rake a few here and punch a few there, and cut quite a swell. However, discretion is the better part of valor, and he will retire to a safe distance and talk on general principles. To the great bulk of the student body, exchanges mean but little. They watch eagerly for the appearance of their own paper and, altho a standing invitation is tendered them to read the exchanges in the office, as a rule but few outside the local staff avail themselves of the opportunity. The press is a great medium of education and the spread of discoveries and new ideas. While little of this is to be found in a school college or university publication, nevertheless they represent to a very great extent the standing of their respective institutions. A school or town or even a section of country can be most accurately judged by the productions of its press. Many points for discussion which bear directly on their work are open to college magazines. Some of these, as the advisability of magazine or newspaper form for a publication; the real work of the exchange; college and class spirit, its use and abuse; would be exceedingly interesting. The practice of roasting other institutions is a poor outlet for college enthusiasm, tho it is allowable to occasionally have a little fun at the expense of some one else. We should like to hear from some of our exchanges regarding some of these points.

M.

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### *The Happy Days of Old.*

Composed for the Alumni Association by Emma E. Glossop, '83, and sung at the triennial banquet, 1902. Tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

Fond recollection harkens back  
To sunny days gone by,  
To the kindly clasp of friendly hands,  
The love-light in the eye.

#### CHORUS:

The happy days of old, my dear,  
The happy days of old;  
The skies were blue, the hearts were true,  
In the happy days of old.

The home town on the river there,  
The College on the hill;  
The lanes and sheltered by-ways where  
We wandered at our will.

Dear hearts that with us all the way,  
In shadow or in light,  
Have beat in youthful fellowship,  
We greet you all to-night.

### *From Students' Herald.*

Charlotte Berkey, '00, is teaching school this year near Pleasant Hill, Mo. Her post-office address is Ore, Mo.

H. A. Martin, '98, and wife, of Admire, Kan. were here on Tuesday, November 20. He is working in a creamery at Admire.

J. A. McKenzie, '01, spent last spring and summer in southern Kansas, working on a farm, but is now at his home near Solomon, Kan.

J. L. Nelson, a former student, is clerk in the accounting department of the Bell Telephone Company, in St. Louis, Mo., at 1402 Washington avenue.

J. E. Manley, who was president of the class of '05, and a very prominent student last year, will begin his work as assistant secretary of the Topeka Y. M. C. A. about December 1. We wish him abundant success in his new position.

Miss Martha Nitcher, '01, who has been in Seattle, Wash., the past six months, is now employed as a stenographer in an office. Her former position was in a department store, but the latter pays better and calls for fewer hours.

C. C. Winsler writes from Salina, Kan., that he is hard at work in a creamery. He says they make from ten to twelve thousand pounds of butter a week and receive cream from fourteen skimming stations.

H. D. Orr, '99, is attending the Northwestern University Medical School and thinks it is the best school in Chicago, Rush Medical not excepted. He has been reappointed assistant in the department of chemistry. His work last year was in both the medical and pharmacy schools, but this year all of his work is in the medical school.

A. T. Kinsley is in his glory at the Kansas City Veterinary College. The senior students were at first rather inclined to think it was a bad policy to have an under-graduate ("Doc" is a junior) teach their laboratory classes in bacteriology, and were doubtful of his ability to teach them anything, but they have changed their opinion considerably lately. The dean of the college speaks highly of Mr. Kinsley's work and says the college has a place for him when he finishes the school. His many friends at K. S. A. C. will always watch his work with pride, for they believe he has a big future before him.

Miss Olivia M. Staatz and Miss Elizabeth Agnew, '00, entertained last Sunday evening at the home of Professor Edgerton in honor of Miss Daisy Hoffman, '00, and Miss Julia Ersham, both of Enterprise, Kansas. A very delightful time, as only the girls of the G. A. L. S. Club and their friends can have, was enjoyed by those present. A dainty luncheon was served by the hostesses. The guests were Mesdames Edgerton and R. H. Brown, '98, and Misses Ersham, Hoffman, '00, Perry, '98, Rhodes, '98, Mudge, '01, Spilman, '00, Huntress, '01, Knostman, '01, Evans, Ross, and little Miss Edgerton.

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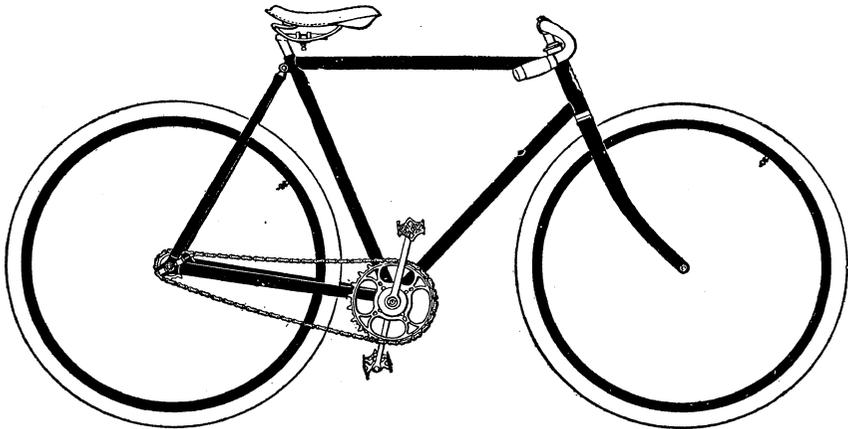
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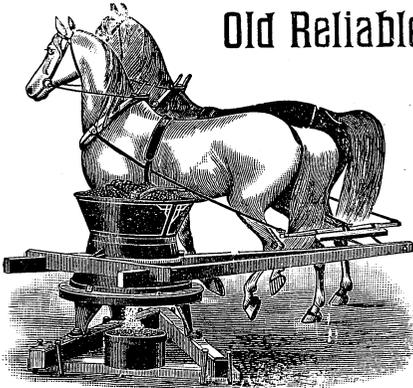
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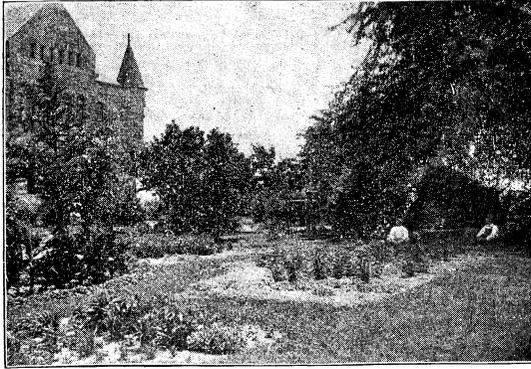
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