

A. C. Alumni

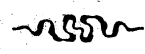


**Vol. 2**  
✠  
**Published**  
**Every Month**  
✠  
**No. 4**

## **Contents**

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|                                    |     |
|------------------------------------|-----|
| Retrospection .....                | 91  |
| The City Unique, II .....          | 92  |
| The Tramp of a Tenderfoot .....    | 93  |
| Home of the Y. M. C. A .....       | 95  |
| Notes on the Culture of Wild ..... |     |
| Flowers .....                      | 97  |
| Odds and Ends .....                | 99  |
| To a Spider .....                  | 99  |
| An Interesting Experiment .....    | 100 |
| City Notes .....                   | 101 |
| Editorial .....                    | 102 |
| Alumni Notes .....                 | 104 |
| Advertisements .....               | 108 |



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DON'T WAIT FOR OPPORTUNITIES; MAKE THEM.

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VOL. II.

JANUARY 15, 1904.

NO. 4

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*Retrospection.*

In my fancy I can trace  
An old, familiar country place,  
    'Tis the picture of my little country home;  
As it nestles 'mong the trees  
On a sunny southern slope,  
    Where in childhood's days I often used to roam.

Unconfined, the breezes still  
Roam the woodland through at will,  
    Sighing at the paths now dim and worn.  
And 'twas there I loved to linger,  
In those happy summer days,  
    While the quail was whistling gay in the corn.

Ever through my memory streams  
All my boyish hopes and dreams,  
    Thinking, planning when I'd leave the farm some day.  
Now there's no spot half so dear,  
Though I've wandered far and near,  
    As the old home place so many miles away.

In the hush of eventide,  
When my thoughts oft backward glide,  
    There are loved ones that I long once more to see.  
But they're resting in the churchyard,  
Where we laid them side by side.

And that country place is sacred now to me.—G. W. G.

## II. *The City Unique.*

AS somebody was remarking yesterday, Washington is a big, overgrown, country town. "It is slow," says the Commercial Traveler, whose wild leaps and bounds stead him not at all in Washington. "It is provincial," says the Man Who Knows, and who is thinking of London, New York, and Paris. "It is—well, it is different," says the Visitor, leaning back in a hired surrey, "seeing the city" at the rate of a dollar an hour. "It is so—er, characteristic, you know," murmurs the would-be original Tourist. And the Tourist is right, though his remark is not a quotation from the "Capital Guide," nor from "A Hundred Sights and Facts."

Washington is cosmopolitan and provincial—a rare and charming combination. It is not a southern city, despite its population being one third colored; nor a northern, despite its electric cars, its big apartment houses and business enterprise. It is not eastern, for all its culture and airs; not western, for all its real estate agents and "additions." It is Washington, our capital city, like nobody but its own charming self. It is artistic, unique, beautiful, satisfying—a delightful city; modern, yet removed from the "maddening crowd's ignoble strife;" business-like, yet doing its business in a quiet, short-hours-and-many-holidays sort of a way.

Washington must be judged by itself and its purpose. To compare London and New York is just and, mayhap, profitable; to compare any great commercial city with any other great commercial city is just and profitable. But do not compare Washington with any other city in America,—or out of it, either, for that matter. The purpose of this city is not to build up wide commercial interests; not to control vast harbors; not to encourage manufacturing plants; not to become a great financial center, nor the terminal station of all railroads yet to

be! Washington is the nation's gold-and-white guest chamber—her apartment of state. The nation's turmoil, the strife of politics, the throbbing pulse of commercial life, the hum of factory wheels, are not heard here. It is the room of ivory and gold, of purple and scarlet and silver, "where the footfalls tinkle on the tufted floor." It is a city of results, not causes; of attainments, not strivings. The nation sends here her honored men; the nation's wealth is stored here, behind thick, white walls; the nation's dead—but, not all, not all!—lie here, in quiet beside the majestic river; the nation's books and records, her papers and statues and pictures and memories are here—it is the City of Attainment!

It could not be otherwise. Men do not come to Washington to amass great fortunes—at least not in ordinary commercial lines. They come on matters of greater import; in the nation's interests, not the individual's. They go home to vote, they invest their money at home. Their wives buy their wardrobes in New York, and they send their children elsewhere to be educated. Over all our country, broad and sometimes dangerous ways lead to this templed city. From every nook and corner, men's eyes are turned with longings that cannot be uttered to this city of laurel crowns. And modestly hidden by enfolding green, in the heart of the city, is a quaint old house, white pillared, low-browed and smiling. It is the City of Hope Fulfilled—the City of Attainment!

As for the people who walk its broad streets and live in its homes, "the natives," they are perhaps not so different from other people. There are two kinds of young men—department clerks and society puppets. All others leave for greener fields and pastures newer. A Washington young man, to the manor born, a native, must go away that he may return; he must be abased that he may be

exalted. The government clerks come from everywhere — and nowhere. They rarely marry and never die—so they say. They plod on, well-dressed, well-mannered, prompt, efficient, all alike, year after year, year after year. They go away in the summer, consuming sick leave while able to enjoy it; they wear spotless linen, ride bicycles, board in quiet places, are self-centered, up-to-date, peaceful, respectable, and never in a hurry.

Nobody hurries for that matter. Down Sixteenth street, past the Louise Home, on to the Avenue, and thence past the Treasury and the White-house, the comfortable old heretics jog along, conductorless, pathless, timeless. When you're wanting to go down town, they all go up in a bunch, and when you're trying to get home, they all go down in a solid column. And there used to run along down on F street, F and Seventh streets, where the rush is when there is a rush, and the jam is when there is a jam, a little horse-car. It jingled along, "alone like Adam's recollection of his fall," cheerfully, a thing apart. It was drawn by one horse, "a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay," and was so small that only eight people could sit comfortably—but you never saw more than four in it. A car with a tiny platform in the rear, so small that one must step with care for fear of stepping off on the other side. And this funny little car, with its merry bell and red legend, "Anacostia and Washington," used to rattle gaily through the throngs of men and bicycles and women and cars and policemen and negroes as if the law of gravitation depended upon its time. It was a funny little car, and it always reminded you of the sage's remark about political parties, that platforms are made to get into a party with, not to stand on.

But not the business portion alone impresses one as belonging to a city set apart, but the city in general has

an air of individuality. The broad shady streets and diagonal avenues; the flags floating "from all public buildings;" the brilliant flowering parks and squares and circles, as if real-estate were but to beautify, the splendid white buildings, the gray granite of statue and monument and column, the shining bronze and stainless glass—all seem to make it a city for dreaming in and driving in, for musing and meandering and gazing at one's own will. People have time to walk two blocks out of their way to skirt a beautiful park. The old negro, with a bundle on her head, does not object; the dapper clerk does not object—his time limit considers all these beautiful interruptions. The congressman, in his open carriage, does not object; he lifts his eyes to the bronze figure of Sherman or Porter and drives on, dreaming, perhaps, of the time when his statue shall be with them in the days to come. And when Mrs. Von Somebody, leaning back in her Victoria, drives down the avenue, past the pillared State, War and Navy, past the White-house, embowered in green like a quaint cameo, with the Monument just behind the green, piercing the blue sky like a silver needle, past the aggressive new post-office and the dignified old one, past the splendid stone and marble proofs of her country's wealth and taste and power, past the concentrated wealth and traditions of the mightiest nation the sun shines on, if her heart does not swell with gratitude, with thanksgiving unutterable, it is because—she cannot match that bit of tawdry lace!

H. RHEA WOODMAN.

### *The Tramp of a Tenderfoot.*

A LONG, lean sinewy hand grasped the tent flap and drew it cautiously aside, and the owner of the hand gazed with wistful blue eyes far out across the swelling, broken columns of the foothills to where the first range of the Sierras mingled the blue of their

lofty tops with that of the summer sky. The dawn was just breaking in the east, and no one else in the camp was yet astir.

For days the burning sand of the dessert had scorched our weary feet. The glaring reflection of the sun had burned our faces, and at noon the heat waves arose from the sand as from the top of a heated stove, making our eyes ache with a dull, heavy pain.

The mountains looked cool and and green in the distance, there was a hint of trees and growing grass, running water and the song of birds in their dark, clearly defined depths, and the easterner looked at them with longing eyes as he fell to summing up the case in his mellow southern drawl. "Now," he whispered softly to himself, "the boys say it is thirty miles over to those mountains; but they are always lying to me; I know better.— It just can't be more than ten. I don't care." This with sudden determination, "I am going over there anyhow," and crooning an old love song softly to himself he began to make hasty preparations for an immediate departure, taking great care, meanwhile, not to waken any of the rest of the party, for he had a vague feeling that they might object.

He had been in the great West exactly six days, and what he did not know about desert ways and the deceptive quality of the desert air would have filled rather a large volume, but this obvious fact seemed to dampen his ardour not one whit. He finished filling his canteen, slipped silently outside and went swinging off across the crunching, shifting sand, in high good humor with all the world, just as the sun sprang all of a sudden into the eastern sky, sending a blaze of light scudding across the sage brush flats and sandy ridges to chase the rose tints up the western mountain slopes until they vanished into the glowing sky.

Sunday morning comes but once a

week the world over, and on this morning men of all trades and nations sleep sounder than usual. This is true of the camp as well as the town. It would be a good half hour before anyone else would be stirring, and some time later than this before he would be missed from the breakfast table, so he had no fear of being discovered; but in spite of this he for some reason felt much as a small runaway boy might feel, and soon put a good distance between himself and the sleeping camp.

Breakfast time came at last with no tenderfoot at the table. "Must be sleeping some," commented one of the boys without taking the trouble to look beneath the absent one's blankets. But when dinner time came and he had not appeared, his comrades promptly turned the camp upside down and awoke the echoes in the mile-away canyon in their fruitless search for the missing hero. He was not to be found, this much was certain, and after ten minutes of vain searching about camp they gave it up and handed in a unanimous verdict of, "Lost."

Only those who have suffered the experience know the danger and discomfort of being lost in a waterless, treeless desert. The camp swore fluently, if softly, at the utter foolishness of his straying away alone; but, with the characteristic energy of western men, they were otherwise employed at the same time, and in a short half-hour three searching parties of four men each, carrying water and a little food, were scouring every nook and cranny within miles of the camp for some sign of the missing man. They might, however, have saved themselves the trouble, for he of the melancholy blue eyes was at that moment far away. He had a long start, in point of time, and had made the best possible use of it. Five miles from camp at the end of the first hour, the blue delusive hills had seemed as far away as ever. He wiped his damp

brow clear of moisture, took a long careful look ahead and spoke softly to the sagebush about him: "It does seem like rather a long ways over there, but I reckon I must be half way now. Anyway, I am not going back now and have the boys laugh at me. By Jing! just you watch me go back." The square jaws settled quickly into a hard, straight line, and he faced once more the now steadily rising ground Mile after mile of the dreary waste fell behind his vigorous tread, and as he advanced the range of peaks that had at first seemed small grew hour after hour as the distance lessened. They separated and became a number of ranges, one behind the other, each succeeding range taller and more beautiful than the one before it. His legs began to ache from the long continued strain, his canteen was empty, his throat dry and parched, but somewhere in that gaunt ungainly make-up the spirit of the old New England ancestors was aroused and he pressed steadily forward with never a backward look until at last, long after noon, he flung his aching, rebellious body down by a little mountain torrent and drank long and deeply of its cooling waters. Here he ate the last of his meager lunch and rested for one blissful hour in the shade of a great friendly pine. Then the thought of the long homeward tramp forced him up again with all the enjoyment driven out of the scene. He tried in a half-hearted way to admire it regardless, but soon gave up, and slowly and painfully gathered his tired legs, protesting at every move, under him and faced the homeward way with a bold front but a quaking heart.

Meanwhile the searchers, born to the desert and familiar with every changing phase of the dreary waste, had scattered to the four winds and with tireless industry searched every crack in the sand and clump of bushes for miles around, but no clue of the missing man could they find. He

seemed to have disappeared completely, and at last, tired, disgusted and hungry, they came straggling in by ones and twos to drop silently into their waiting places at the long delayed supper table. Three minutes after the last man had appeared the tenderfoot, himself, large as life and hungry as a bear, limped slowly into the circle of light and stared gloomily around the open-mouthed tableful of men. For an instant not one of them moved or spoke. They seemed to be rooted to the spot. Then as by a common impulse, they found their voices and chanted in a rousing chorus: "Where in thunder have you been?" The gloomy youth seemed amazed that he should be attracting so much unnecessary attention. Calmly and without interest he jerked a long, brown thumb over a slanting shoulder in the general direction of the Pacific ocean and answered without emotion: "Me? Oh! I have just been out for a walk." The camp roared—all but one man. He stood first on one foot then shifted to the other as if hunting a less awkward position. Not finding it, he slid awkwardly into his own place at the table, sighed a great, soft sigh of anticipation and began a savage attack upon everything eatable in sight. Silence fell upon the table, and but for the clatter of knives and dishes and the muffled shuffle of the cook's sandled feet, there was no other sound until at last the voice of the wanderer was heard asking, with all the pent-up eagerness of a small boy pleading for mince pie, for "just one more cup of coffee."

D. M. LADD, '01.

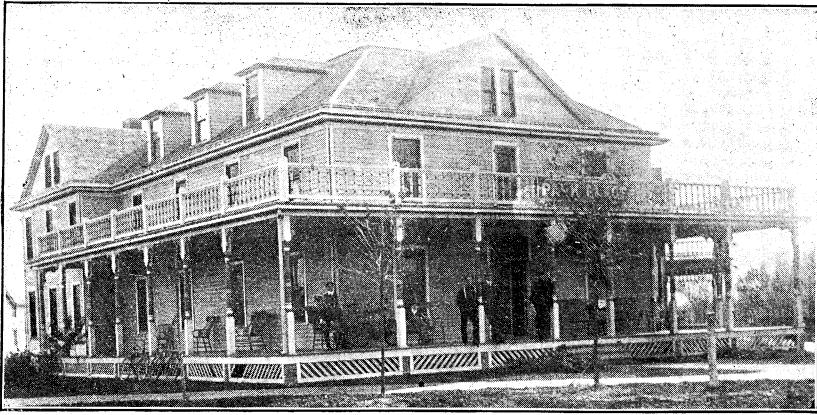
### *Home of the Y. M. C. A.*

The above cut shows the building which is known as Dewey's North Dormitory and which is now rented by the Y. M. C. A. There are twenty-eight rooms for students, with two large parlors in the rear end. The building is furnished with modern

conveniences, such as bath rooms, steam heat and electric lights. The parlors are used for the Sunday afternoon meetings, and with one exception have proved large enough for that purpose. Reading matter is kept constantly on hand and practically all the leading magazines and weeklies are taken. Then for those who wish

when our own association shall take its place in this progressive and up-to-date movement.

Not only has progress been made in the associations along material lines, but along spiritual and social sides as well. Perhaps the greatest achievement is in the matter of Bible study. Courses of study for each College year



Y. M. C. A. Headquarters.

something along the amusement line, dominoes, crokinole, ping-pong, checkers, chess, etc., are furnished. These parlors have been used a great deal by the students during their spare time. In fact, the whole object of the association in renting the dormitory was to get possession of just such a place, where the regular meetings of the association could be held and where a game and reading-room could be maintained. It seemed a large undertaking at first, as the monthly rental of \$196 made it necessary that almost every room in the building should be kept filled. So far the results in this direction have been quite successful.

Practically every college association of any size maintains similar headquarters and many of them are fortunate enough to own a building of their own. During the last year or two several new buildings have been put up and several thousand dollars invested. It is only a question of time

and arranged for daily work are now being used among the different associations. A single institution, the University of Illinois, had three hundred fifty-two men in classes last year, and employed a secretary on part time to look after the work. This year the watchword has gone forth to double the number of men in Bible study. In our own association we are planning to enroll two hundred men. One hundred thirty-five men were enrolled last term, and an earnest effort to obtain sixty-five more will be made during this term. During the Thanksgiving recess a social was held in the domestic science building, to which only members of the Bible study classes were invited. Although quite a number had gone home, there were nearly seventy present.

The meetings on Sunday afternoon have been well attended and helpful. At the meeting led by Lieutenant Shaffer, there was not even standing

room. Other leaders this term have been Professor Eyer, Professor McKeever, Doctor Crise, Doctor Ross, Reverend Thurston, and Reverend Copley.

One need of the association has been and is that of a good reference library for the Bible study classes. The different leaders recently presented the case to their classes and it was resolved that each class buy a book and present it to the association. Books ranging in price from \$1.00 to \$2.50 have been purchased. Several donations of books from interested parties have also been received.

#### *Notes on the Culture of Wild Flowers.*

THE culture of wild flowers has long been a subject of interest to a few people; but the great majority have paid little or no attention to it. There are a few places in the East where the culture of wild flowers has received considerable attention. Among these may be mentioned "The New York Botanical Gardens," Thomas Mehan's nursery, at Philadelphia, and "The Shaw Botanical Gardens," at St. Louis, and perhaps a few other smaller places. There are many species growing in the western states that have never been transplanted.

A few papers have been written on this subject by Kansas people, and a few plants have been cultivated, but nothing has been done in the State to bring the subject prominently before the people. There are a great many in Kansas, as well as elsewhere, who like flowers. One reason why they do not have more plants is, that the retail price of nursery-grown plants is so high, and those that are bought are often not cared for properly and consequently do not give satisfaction.

The cultivation of wild flowers secures for us plants that are adapted to our climate, and that require but little care; yet have the peculiar decorative quality, in flowers or foliage, that distinguish them from the great mass of

plants, as special objects of beauty. Many of our native plants possess these qualities, but are generally looked upon as mere weeds, not worthy of notice.

I have long had the desire to cultivate the wild flowers; and having an opportunity offered last fall, I began collecting for a garden at Grace Cathedral, in Topeka. For the success of this garden I am indebted to Dean Kaye, Mr. John R. Mulvane, Dr. C. F. Menninger, Mr. A. T. Daniels, and Mr. Ed Wilder, all of Topeka, and Mr. Elam Bartholomew, of Rooks county.

November was spent in collecting in Shawnee and Jefferson counties. During December, collections were made in Chase, Rice, Edwards, and Clark counties. When the last shipment of plants reached Topeka, the ground was frozen so deep that the plants could not be set out, and they were "heeled in" until spring. Heeling in should be avoided if possible, since some of the plants will rot, while others will be lost or their labels be destroyed. In April I did some collecting in Kearney county, and Mr. Bartholomew sent me some plants from Rooks county; and a few plants were collected during the summer in the vicinity of Topeka. In all one hundred fifty-four species were planted, of which five were lost. Some of the others barely survived. Those that lived manifested all degrees of either weakness or vigor, some scarcely growing at all, others growing so luxuriantly that they had to receive artificial support. One hundred seventeen species bloomed, of which about 80 per cent made a better showing than in their native condition.

It is surprising to note the expressions of interest on the part of many farmers in the plants about them, when the subject of wild flowers and their culture is approached from an economic standpoint. I have shown people plants that they had looked at all their lives, and yet had never seen.

After they had really seen them, they were surprised and delighted, and wondered why they had never known before that these plants possessed such beauty.

A strong reason why more wild flowers are not cultivated, is because of the erroneous idea that the deep-rooted perennials are difficult to transplant. I think that I have shown that they are not difficult, and that many of them are easy to transplant. For example, I dug two roots of bush morning glory (*Ipomoea leptophylla*); one, five inches in diameter where cut off, and weighing sixty pounds; the other weighing five pounds. No fibrous roots were secured in either case. The larger root sent up several shoots, but soon stopped growing and even withered considerably. After a little, however, it began to bloom again, gradually increasing until fall, by which time it had become well established. The other one grew into a vigorous plant and bloomed profusely. Another flower that is thought to be difficult to transplant is sensitive briar (*Morongia uncinata*). Of this, five roots were collected on the tenth of June; four of them grew fairly well and bloomed. *Yucca glauca*, is another deep-rooted plant, of which five specimens were secured having roots about two feet long, but no fibrous roots. All of these grew.

Evening primrose (*Megapterium missouriense*) has a deep, fleshy root with no fibrous roots near the surface. I secured six specimens of this plant, about the tenth of August. They had crooked knotty roots about a half inch in diameter and eight inches long. Within a week from the time of planting they showed a marked new growth; and by the middle of September there were a goodly supply of new leaves and the plants seemed well established.

I have found a few species a little more difficult to transplant; but their value compensates for the labor ex-

pended. Mexican poppy (*Argemone alba*) and Evening aster (*Mentzelia ornata*). Of the former, forty plants were planted, of which two survived. These grew very thriftily and bloomed for three months. One of these plants bore three hundred twenty-five flowers, while the other bore three hundred eighty. These beautiful plants were objects of admiration to every one that visited the garden. To secure a plant three feet high, and branched out like a small tree, with large glaucous leaves fringed with yellow spines, and bearing thirty or forty large white flowers each four inches in diameter, is worth not a little extra effort. Evening aster might well be considered the queen of the Kansas prairie flowers. I secured fifty roots of this plant from Clark, Kearney, and Rooks counties. Only one specimen lived. This made as large and healthy a plant as I ever saw on the plains. It commenced blooming on the tenth of August and continued until the fifteenth of September, producing one hundred seventy-eight flowers in all, and having as many as thirty-five at one time. The flowers are four to five inches in diameter, of a creamy white color and very fragrant. The plant is very punctual in its actions. The flowers begin opening about twenty minutes past six o'clock in the evening and in ten minutes are open wide. The second evening these blossoms open ten minutes earlier than the new ones. Occasionally they will open a third time. They always close between twelve and one o'clock at night. The plant is a luxury and worth any reasonable effort to secure.

No attention need be paid to the soil from which plants are taken. The fact that a flower is found growing in a certain place does not necessarily prove that that is the best place for it. It may be growing there because it has been crowded out of a better place.

It is marvelous how some plants respond to a little care. It is always

advisable to use plenty of sand, and a little fertilizer may be employed to advantage; but, generally, fertilizers should be used sparingly. There were in my garden plants from the swamps along the Kaw river, from deep woodlands, from fertile meadows, from the rocky bluffs of Chase county, from the saline marshes on the Arkansas, from the sandy plains of the southwest, and from the Niobrara river beds of the northwest—all growing side by side in the same soil. And each one seemed to be perfectly at home; in fact, many of them grew better than in their wild condition.

An ideal garden would be one in which a pond and a rockery had a place. A rockery is more essential and is more available in most localities. On it many low plants can be grown to advantage that are otherwise undesirable; and many of those that can be grown on level culture show better on a rockery.

The best time, of course, to move plants is while they are dormant; but with proper care they may be moved at any time. When plants are moved in the summer, it is necessary to prune the tops severely; and special care should be taken to firm the soil about the roots. When convenient, it is advisable to take the plants up in a lump of earth. Judgment should be used in watering wild plants. The water that is necessary to secure the best results with those from the lowlands will drown some of those from the arid plains.

Only a comparatively small amount of work has been done as yet. And one year is not sufficient to fully develop a plant and show what it will be under cultivation.

This subject should interest every Kansas home-maker; and it cannot fail to interest many when they give to it the attention its importance deserves. It is worthy of a place in the Experiment Station in the Agricultural College.

H. W. BAKER.

### Odds and Ends.

"O peerless one," he cooed at her,  
"Without you, give me death!  
You are the very 'Breath of Life,'"  
And then—he held his breath.—*Ex.*

The assistant teachers have crowded the orchestra off the rostrum. We enjoy their presence there.

The longer we live the older we grow,  
The more we study the less we know.  
If you have any doubts along this score,  
Just think you are younger and study more.

"I wonder who was the originator of the saying, 'You can't keep a good man down?'" "Well, I can't say for certain, but I think that Biblical testimony favors the whale."—*Ex.*

"I want to be somebody's darling;  
I'm tired of living alone.  
I sigh for a dear little cottage,  
To be queen of somebody's home."  
—*A senior girl's wish, U. S. N., Greeley, Colo.*

A touch from the finger of God and all is done;  
The wheel is still—its last faint murmur gone;  
For ages its song is hushed, nor even an echo heard.  
Is that the end, the all of life, a soul?  
Is eternal silence after all the goal  
For which we struggled, suffered, hoped, and feared?"—*Ex.*

The income of Missouri University is \$420,000 annually; of Nebraska, \$307,500; of Iowa, \$287,368; of Kansas, \$140,556. The per capita cost, counting the whole number of students, Missouri, \$267; Nebraska, \$134; Iowa, \$180; Kansas, \$114.—*Ex.*

### To a Spider.

Tiny creature  
Upon thy web suspended!  
Gladly do I watch thy movements  
To learn the lesson of thy being.  
Palaces of gossamer,  
Resplendent in the sunny air!  
Evidence of instinct rare;  
Fair lawns to thee, and yet a snare.  
To catch some fly all unaware—  
These are the fruits of thine endeavor.  
And if perchance  
Friendless hands or stormy weather  
Despoil thy throne and end thy reign,  
Why, ere long, here in the airy main  
Is reared another palace in thy name  
Nor once, nor twice, but scores of times,  
When least thou didst expect it,  
Hath might and fate thy home demolished.  
Yet with grace and confidence  
Anew thou dost begin thy spinning;  
Never ending, never ceasing,  
Just fulfilling Nature's planning.  
I would that I might live as thou—  
Live to do my mission now,  
Though the storms of life my soul would bow.  
Ah, tiny creature  
Upon thy web suspended!  
Thou art a teacher;  
Thy commission hath from God descended.  
—A. B. C.

### *An Interesting Experiment.*

**S**EVEN miles west of the Kansas line, in the Arkansas valley, is the Salvation Army colony of Amity. The colony was started five years ago and has every assurance that the venture will be a success. In this venture the idea is to take the poor of the eastern cities and trans-

one with the freedom and healthfulness of the other.

Sugar beets and alfalfa are the principal crops. At present the beets must be shipped to the mill at Rocky Ford, but if the present rate of increase, in the best culture, continues the industry will ere long warrant the erection of a mill nearer the growers.



Amity Colony.

form them into independent land-owners.

To start this work the Salvation Army secured a tract of good bottom-land five miles square. This tract was put under ditch and cut up into twenty-acre lots. These lots are sold at \$22.50 apiece, the water-right going with the land, and no more than one lot is sold to each individual. Money is advanced for the construction of buildings, the purchase of teams and tools, and to defray the living expenses until the returns from the crops are sufficient. This money is loaned for ten years at ten per cent interest.

As a result of these favorable conditions, a fine community is springing up. The houses, though small, are neatly built and coated with paint. Fine roads have been laid and a telephone system is in operation. The "twenty-acre" system makes a good combination of town and country life, as it gives the social advantages of the

Two years ago the colony made application to the Bureau of Forestry for some tree-planting plans. These plans were subsequently drawn up by Geo. L. Clothier, '92. While only a small number of trees have been set out as yet, owing to the pressure of more important work, the trees that have been planted are doing well, and undoubtedly more trees will be set out in the near future.

Situated on slightly higher ground, on the north side of the settlement, is "Charity Home." This "Home" is in the nature of an orphanage, filled with children from New York and other eastern cities. The building is three stories high, built of stone, finished inside in oak. The usual equipment of steam-heat and water-supply is found here. The children are required to take care of their own rooms in regular army fashion. Prompt obedience and cheerfulness seems to be the rule. The following is a proof of

their training: As we came into the dining-room, forty-eight hungry boys and girls were being seated at the table. At a word from the captain they stopped and sang a song with all their childish vim; even the three-year-old tots joined in. The fare is simple but wholesome, and the little folks are a hearty, happy looking lot.

The boys work in the beet fields, while the girls sew. Regular school-room instruction is given, and plans are under way to increase the industrial feature of the training.

Those who are accustomed to laugh at the Salvation Army and its bass drum would do well to look into the work the army is doing for the helpless and the outcast of the large cities. The Colony of Amity is not the only example of "applied Christianity" which the Salvation Army can furnish. Surely, in helping people to help themselves, this organization is far in advance of those organizations whose chief assets are pride and respectability. R. S. KELLOGG, '96.

~~~~~  
When you've got a cold and sniff and sneeze  
Just try this remedy, 'twill be sure to please.  
Tie a red—red petticoat over your head,  
Drink some tea and go to bed.  
~~~~~

### City Notes.

Manhattan is prospering. If you doubt it, read the *Nationalist* for December 31.

Stone is being hauled for the pillars of the new Kansas river bridge, and it will be completed before many weeks.

Flinch parties have been quite numerous and enjoyable events for several weeks past, and they continue to be as popular as ever.

The marriage of Miss Bessie Hilliard and Mr. A. W. Deane took place at the home of the bride, on Manhattan avenue, December 30. Mr. Deane was a third-year student here last spring. Miss Hilliard often played and sang for the College societies,

making friends wherever she went. Mr. and Mrs. Deane will make their home in Topeka.

Bids for the construction of the Carnegie library have been advertised for, and the structure will be built in the spring.

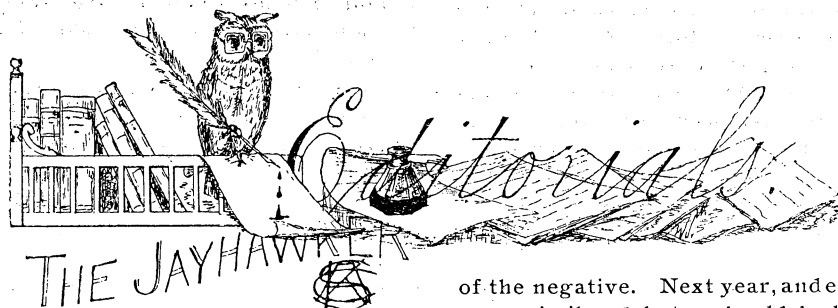
The number of students that remained in Manhattan this vacation was smaller than usual. The few who stayed worked at the College and at various places down town.

All of the churches had some kind of entertainment and treat for the children Christmas eve. Two pretty cantatas were presented by the children at the Congregational church.

Building has progressed rapidly the past year and continues at the present writing. Quite a few buildings will be erected in the spring. Chief among the number to be built is the new Congregational church. The present building is entirely too small to accommodate the large audiences that gather every Sunday to hear Reverend Thurston's sermons. The new church will be modern in every respect.

W. K. Dodge quite recently secured a patent on an invention which, by the use of only one button, a single lamp in any part of the house may be lighted without lighting all the lamps. His device will increase the convenience of electric lights. Mr. Dodge has also invented a more complex device for use in telephone systems. It will do away with a great deal of construction work and will insure privacy in communication.

Both the Presbyterian and Methodist churches gave pipe-organ recitals last term. Since the new organ has been put in place in the Methodist church the attendance has increased. The choir is now composed of about thirty members and occupies a new position, in the southwest corner of the church. At the recent recital \$42 was cleared, which will be used in furnishing the choir with new music.



**A Monthly Magazine  
for Progressive People.**

Published by the Students' Publishing Company of Kansas State Agricultural College. Printed in the Printing Department at the College by student labor.

Entered September 13, 1902, at the post-office in Manhattan, Kansas, as second-class matter, under act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

Subscription price.....50 cents per year  
Single copy.....5 cents  
Advertising rates and circulation made known on application.  
Address all communications to  
THE JAYHAWKER, Manhattan, Kan.

G. W. GASSER, '05.....Editor-in-Chief  
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G. L. WRIGHT, '06.....Exchange Editor  
R. T. KERSEY, '04.....Business Manager  
W. J. WILKINSON, '4.....Artist

JANUARY 15, 1904.

**Webster-Hamilton Debate.—**

That this College is interested in debate and that debate can be made interesting was demonstrated last Monday night, January 11, when the Websters and Hamiltons, with not a few of their friends, gathered in the chapel to hear the first intersociety debate on record here. The subject, "*Resolved*, That it is to the best interests of the United States to continue her present policy of acquiring foreign territory," was debated affirmatively by N. S. Schmitz, T. L. Pittman, and J. Nygard, of the Webster society, and negatively by C. C. Elling, J. J. Biddison, and F. L. Bates, of the Hamilton society. The judges, Professors Brink, Price, and Assistant Professor Hamilton, rendered a decision, two to one, in favor

of the negative. Next year, and every year, similar debates should be held. The training thus obtained will not only stand us in good stead when we go out to meet other colleges for a bout in argumentation, but will also foster the coveted ability to develop originality and to present statements in a concise, definite and persuasive manner.

**A Coming Event.**—On January 23 the chosen representatives of the five literary societies of this College will compete for the oratorical honors and prize. This, the fourth annual meet, promises to be a most interesting one. All the societies are in a flourishing condition and have shown considerable society spirit. The outcome is eagerly awaited. Each society is on tiptoes, yet confident that its representative will carry off the prize. The contestants are as follows: Hamilton, F. L. Bates; Ionian, Miss Wilma Cross; Alpha Beta, T. W. Buell; Webster, W. O. Gray; Franklin, J. B. Griffing. The Franklins compete for the first time.

**A Need Supplied.**—Through the kindness of Pres. E. R. Nichols, the JAYHAWKER has been given a permanent place for headquarters. We hereby express our thanks for the same. May our appreciation be as wholehearted as was the response of the College to our need. The College, by furnishing the JAYHAWKER with an office, lays an indebtedness on us which we trust we may discharge, in part at least, by a faithful service. The room fitted up for us was formerly

used by Janitor Lewis as an "odds and ends" room. A word of thanks is also due Mr. Lewis for surrendering, in his characteristic cheerful manner, his prior claim in our favor. With our nearest neighbor, *The Herald*, first door to the south of us, we feel quite intimate and shall be glad to exchange friendly visits with them. We extend to all an invitation to call at our office. When you have a leisure half-hour, drop in and read some of our exchanges.

**A Christmas Spectrum.**—Christmas, with its good wishes and anticipated joys, has just come and gone, and with the Yule-tide thoughts still fresh in our mind it might be well to take a diacritical view of a time-honored custom—the popular custom of teaching children to believe in Santa Claus. No doubt "Kriss Kringle" is a source of great enjoyment to children; but is it not imposing on the innocence and credulity of a child to teach it to believe in a Santa Claus, an invisible, jolly, good-natured somebody living away off somewhere, ready with the advent of Christmas to bring to every child in some mysterious way; provided it has been good, the very thing asked for? Every year thousands of little letters, penned, penciled and printed by chubby, cramped fingers, addressed to Santa Claus, are returned to the dead-letter office with "not found" stamped upon them. What prompted all those little tots to write? Unbounded faith that what papa and mamma said about Santa Claus was true. And there is where a possible evil lurks. The whole principle is wrong from start to finish. Naturally inclined to believe what father and mother say, the child has this inherent tendency developed by subsequent training. As a result, the child, not being able to discriminate, believes the Kriss Kringle story as readily as any other. But the time comes when the child

can and does discriminate between two stories. Then the child discovers that it has been deceived, and deceived by those in whom it had reposed the greatest confidence. The childish faith once broken is seldom completely recovered. Can a father or mother afford to toy with a child's confidence? Surely not; it is a priceless possession. Let the beautiful story of Santa Claus continue to be told, but let it be told in such a manner that no fundamental principle be violated.

**Spelling Made Ezi.\***—"Speling reform! will it ever com? yu ask. Whot's to stop it? Nothing can stop yu reforming *yur speling*, and whot iz open for yu to du iz open to evry inteligent adult. Iz it not? . . . The prosos ov sheding idle letters iz an historic and natural method. . . . Iz ther eny rezon why we shud rite useless leters eny more than our for-fatherz? . . . We can extend this desirabl and eazy form ov progres, and when we have begun to make this reformashon in our oan speling. . . then we can anser our oan question: Wil it ever com? by saying—Yes, it haz com to me."

Egzactli. But if *you* can be spelled *yu*, why not go a step farther and make it *u*? If *e* can be eliminated from *are* why not eliminate *a* also? Why not write *c* for *see*, 2 for *to* and 4 instead of *four*. Such a system of orthography would do away with this vexatious question of spelling, save space and printer's ink, and would not effect the sound of the language a particle. What a boon phonetic spelling would be to tired humanity in general and to college students in particular. When the day of phonic spelling has fully come it should be made a national time of rejoicing—a thanksgiving day number two. We r redi 4 that day 2 com; r u?

\*From *The Journal ov Orthoepe & Orthograft*.



# ALUMNI NOTES.

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

Mr. Emil Pfuetze, '90, and wife spent New Year's day visiting in Randolph.

H. D. Rudy, '91, a fruit-grower of Fresno, Cal., paid his mother a short visit here in December.

Henry Moore, '94, was in Topeka, January 7, arranging to market his large crop of fine celery.

F. J. Smith and Laura McKeen-Smith, both '95, of Russel, Kan., mourn the death of one of their twins.

F. W. Bobbitt, '00, was here recently on business. He is superintendent of the city electric light plant of Perry, Okla.

Married, on Christmas eve, at Louisburg, Kan., Mr. C. F. Smith, '02, and Miss Charlotte Berkey, '00. Congratulations!

E. H. Hodgson, '03, of Little River, Kan., visited with R. F. Bourne, '03, for about a week, at Delphos, during the holidays.

Grace Bolten, '00, who is teaching a district school in Wabaunsee county, visited her parents in Manhattan at Christmas time.

Nettie McLaren, '00, was married, on January 7, to Solon F. Scott, at Altoona, Kan. The *Jayhawker* extends congratulations.

An old-time trio, Sam Van Blarcom, '91, of Kansas City, Kan., Frank A. Waugh, '91, of Amherst, Mass., and Albert Dickens, '93, of Manhattan, were seen strolling around the College campus together on December 26.

L. G. Hepworth, '97, who is on the road for a seed firm of Burlingame, Kan., was in Manhattan between trains, January 7.

Dr. and Mrs. W. A. McCullough, of the class of '98, have again cast in their fortunes with the people of Manhattan. We wish the doctor prosperity here.

Mrs. Sue Long-Strauss, '96, was called from her home in Topeka to Manhattan, Sunday night, January 3, on account of the serious illness of her father.

H. M. Coe, sophomore in '00, and Lila S. Spencer, K. S. N. '01, were married New Year's eve, at the home of the bride's parents, near Yates Center.

Mrs. Jennie Smith-Strong, '94, and daughter Margaret, of Kinsley, Kan., after making a short visit with relatives in Manhattan, returned home January 4.

O. E. Oman, '00, now employed by the United States Bureau of Forestry, is at present located at Brookland, Texas, where he expects to remain about eight weeks.

The mysteries of the fourth degree work in the Grange were disclosed, during the holidays, to Mamie Alexander, '02, Margaret Minis, '01, and Clara Pancake, '03.

J. Lod Southerland, husband of Ione Dewey-Southerland, '93, died suddenly in Beloit, Wis., January 7, where he was filling an engagement with a theatrical company. His body was taken to Chicago for burial, where Mrs. Southerland and Geo. F. Dewey's family live.

Marietta Smith, '95, after visiting her parents here went to Illinois where a sister lives. She expects to return to Denver in a few weeks to take up her duties as a graduate nurse.

Death has claimed a third member of the class of '94. Walter Harling, who has been in very poor health for several years, died at Lehigh, Utah, and his body was brought to Manhattan for burial, December 21, 1903.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Nettie McLaren, '00, and Mr. Solon F. Scott. The wedding occurred at the home of the bride's mother at Altoona, Kan., Thursday, January 7.

May Secrest, '92, recently the domestic science instructor at Stephens Point, Wis., has been elected assistant to Miss Minnie Ava Nellie Stoner, formerly of this College but now of the Ohio State University, at Columbus.

J. C. Christensen, '94, the Riley county treasurer, and his brother, F. W. Christensen, '00, a graduate student and instructor at K. S. A. C., took time from their duties to visit relatives near Randolph during the holidays.

Miss Bessie Mudge, '03, returned home for the holidays in the best of health and spirits from Pittsburg Kan., where she is the instructor in cooking and sewing at the city high school. She was the honored guest at a number of small social functions while here.

Phil. Fox, '97, who now hails from the Yerkes Observatory, Williams Bay, Wis., looks the same genial Phil, with five or ten more pounds of geniality added. He visited College on January 6, but his extreme modesty prevented us finding out much about the wonderful things he has done for his country. One thing we did learn was, that his favorite by-word is "Gad."

O. H. Elling, '01, after visiting his parents in Jefferson county, spent one day with his brother and old College friends in Manhattan. He returned January 4 to the Fort Hays Branch Experiment Station, where he is a very efficient foreman.

Geo. L. Clothier, '92, in the interest of the United States Bureau of Forestry, is trying to help the farmers along the recently flooded valleys of the Kansas river to solve the problem of what can most profitably be done with their sand-covered farms.

Grace M. Clark, '92, registrar of Berea College, Berea, Ky., died of tuberculosis Sunday evening, January 3, 1904. She had been very low for some weeks, and welcomed the end as a happy release. Her cheerful, earnest unselfish life will be a lasting memory and example to her friends.—*Industrialist*.

C. P. Hartley, '92, an assistant in the Bureau of Plant Industry at Washington, D. C., after attending a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at St. Joe, Mo., came on to Manhattan to visit his brother, J. W. Hartley, '92. His work took him, on January 10, to Columbia, Mo.

Mrs. Geo. T. Fairchild died on January 12, 1904, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. C. H. Kirshner, 3605 Oak street, Kansas City, Mo. Mrs. Fairchild has been ill for some time, and on Sunday night her sons, Paul H., '86, of New York City, and David G., '88, of Washington, D. C., were summoned to Kansas City.

E. H. Webster, '96, has severed his connection with the United States Department of Agriculture and will be employed after March 1 as general manager of the Littleton Creamery Company, of Denver, Colo. This large concern offers him better financial inducements as well as an opportunity to be at home. The family will move to Denver in about a month.

Edith Huntress, '01, is now a part of the "information bureau" force at the College post-office. It almost breaks her heart to hand out the little yellow slips to the timid inquirers, but after the hundreds of times that this must come in one day, shortly following examination seasons, she'll soon get hardened.

Alfred C. Smith, '97, who is prominently connected with the General Electric Company, of Seattle, Wash., has an extended leave of absence and is here with his wife, Mary Waugh-Smith, '99, and baby visiting relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Smith will leave shortly for a visit in Illinois, and later will go to St. Louis.

Mrs. Jessie Bayless-Staver, '98, and husband are now permanently located at Lawrence, Kan. Mr. Staver has a good position in the Household Fair Furniture store, of Kansas City, but prefers to live a little way out from the hurry, scurry, smoke and dust of the city. When the new electric line between Olathe and Kansas City is completed it will run just two blocks distant from the Staver home.

Mrs. Mary Lyman-Otis, '94, and son Edward, of Oswego, came to Manhattan December 24 to be here to welcome Santa Claus when he arrived. Santa seems not to have heard of their new address, for he left many nice things for them at "Grandpa Lyman's." After visiting until January 8, they joined Mr. Otis in Topeka, where he was in attendance at the meetings of the State Board of Agriculture.

Harry N. Whitford, '90, took his doctor's degree at the University of Chicago about a year ago and has since been acting as assistant in botany there. Quite recently he received an appointment as collector in botany under the insular government of the Philippine Islands. His business will be largely to study forest conditions and to collect forest products. His

term of contract is two years, of which the second may be spent in Europe, if desired, working up materials collected. He will visit, with a party, each of the islands of the Philippine group and will also visit Borneo, Sumatra, and Java, and expects to spend some little time at the famous botanical garden in Buitenzorg on the island of Java.

Ruth Mudge, '01, can tell her friends "from memory" some very thrilling incidents of her marvelous escape from the awful disaster at the Iroquois theatre. She had gone from where she was teaching in the high school of Louisville, Ky., up to Chicago to visit relatives at Christmas time, and unfortunately went to the theatre on that fatal day. We congratulate Ruth on her escape, since many all around her were not so fortunate.

Prof. F. A. Waugh, '91, who is at the head of the horticultural department in the Massachusetts Agricultural College, at Amherst, spent the Christmas vacation here visiting his relatives. He took a side trip to Topeka to deliver an address upon the topic, "Trading Fruit for Money," before the members of the State Horticultural Society. Mr. Waugh's presence there was highly appreciated, since he is the author of several valuable books and is considered good authority on all horticultural subjects.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Spilman entertained on Monday evening, December 28, in honor of Miss Clara Spilman, '00, who was at home from Camden Point, Mo., spending her vacation. Twenty-four guests participated in guessing the names of different business firms of Manhattan represented by pictures; then in playing progressive flinch. Miss Julia Spohr won the most flinch games and was presented with a beautiful bouquet of pink and white carnations. Delicious refreshments were served in three courses.

Those present were: Mrs. Milt Davis, Misses Mamie Helder, Edith Huntress, '01, Jeanette Perry, '98, Helen Knostman, '01, Alice Perry, '03, Julia Spohr, Gertrude Rhodes, '98, Minnie Spohr, '97, and Messrs. Milt Davis, Walter Stingley, Artie Helder, Ivan Nixon, '03, J. C. Christensen, '94, George Helder, Harry Whitford, '90, Arthur Gahan, '03, and S. Jas. Pratt.

#### K. S. A. C. REUNION AT AMES, IOWA.

The week of Christmas, not a few loyal Kansas hearts were made glad by receiving an invitation to eat Christmas dinner in a K. S. A. C. reunion crowd at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Bainer, '00. It was not one of those formal, written invitations, either, that "request the pleasure of your presence," etc., but a good old-time verbal "invite" that "you are expected to be there for dinner." No one thought of refusing to go, of course, except where physical condition interfered, and this unfortunately kept away the family of J. A. Conover, '98.

Christmas day was cold and stormy, but the jolly K. S. A. C. crowd willingly breasted the storm and were all in readiness for the feast which they knew awaited their attention, and at 1:30 sat down to one of the biggest and best dinners that ever graced a table. If every domestic science girl will learn to do as well, the men will never have ground for complaint. The dinner was served as follows:

|                    |                             |
|--------------------|-----------------------------|
| Bean Soup          | Crackers                    |
| Fried Chicken      | Mashed Potatoes             |
| Brown Gravy        | Corn Cranberry Sauce Celery |
| Bread and Butter   | Pickles                     |
| Coffee             |                             |
| Fruit              | Cake                        |
| Salmon Salad       | Brown Bread                 |
| Pie Apples Oranges | Candies Nuts                |

Three Kansas girls in K. S. A. C. aprons were the waiters, and they looked so prim (in the good use of the term) and pleasant that they would have made a person eat even if he had

been indisposed, which no one was. The meal time was a merry one, for Prof. W. H. Olin, '89, and A. L. Cottrell, '03, told some good stories. But there is a limit at which we must stop with even the good things, and when Harold T. Nielsen, '03, told a story that he was like an old lady who had eaten till she couldn't move a limb only her eyes, everybody said "Amen," and the meal ended.

We now came to a more comical part of the program. Hildreth, Cottrell and Nielsen were installed as waiters, and the Misses Nitcher, Jones and Parrish sat down to the table and the performance commenced. Hildreth and Cottrell did remarkably well, but Nielsen waited on table like he used to play football—by spurts and jumps; he was soon discarded, therefore, and sent to the kitchen, where he quickly put things in order (?).

The dinner over, the afternoon was spent in talk, games, music, and trying to keep from "under the mistletoe." It certainly was an enjoyable day. The best came last when we joined our voices in "Alma Mater," and capped the climax by twice giving, in tones both loud and sweet, "Jay raw, Gee hab," with the tears not far away as we thought of our Kansas homes "where the skies are blue, and the hearts are true." And now, what's the matter with the K. S. A. C. crowd at Ames? Aren't they alright? We took our departure, feeling deeply grateful that we have such good friends as Mr. and Mrs. Bainer, and such sweet memories as K. S. A. C. to which our heart-strings instinctively cling.

Those present were: H. M. Bainer, '00, Mrs. Clara Nitcher-Bainer, junior in '00, W. H. Olin, '89, and his three children, Martha Nitcher, '01, Laura Jones, sophomore last year, Maud Parrish, freshman last year, W. R. Hildreth, '02, and A. L. Cottrell and Harold T. Nielsen, both of the class of '03. ONE AMONG 'EM.

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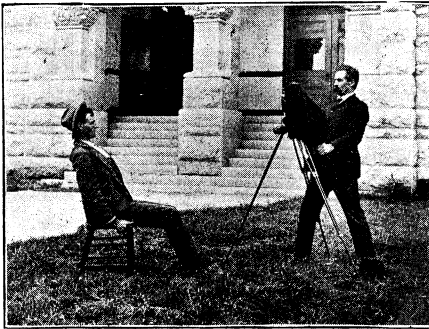
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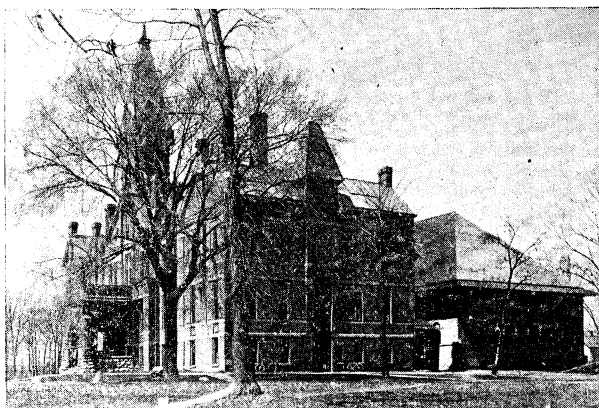
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