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APRIL  
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My Faith.

MRS. MATIE TOOTHAKER-KIMBALL.

We are human and can't always understand
The Creator's wondrous, mystifying plan;
And, if we have deviated from the right,
He will know we walked according to our
light.
Though mixed and mingled be the smiles and
the tears,
The shadows and the sunshine of passing
years,
Yet, there is nothing that we would ask to
miss,
If the taking that away would leave out this;
For we've a feeling, what is most dark and
drear,
Somehow, over there, will be made fair and
clear.

Rambles.

Robert E. Eastman, '00.

PERHAPS, in the quiet moments of meditation that come to us all, it has been our experience to live over the past. In a twinkling of the eye, scenes and incidents of the past come before us. Many of them pass quickly away; many linger before us. Flitting hither and thither, our mind takes us to cities and towns, carries us through many states and territories, over mountains and rivers. Distance is eliminated — space and matter are bound up in the mind. Kind memory brings to us much that makes life so full of pleasure. We remember the pleasant things — they never die. The unkind deed or word is forgotten — a kindness never. So, it is true of our experiences with places and incidents related to them. The pleasant ones

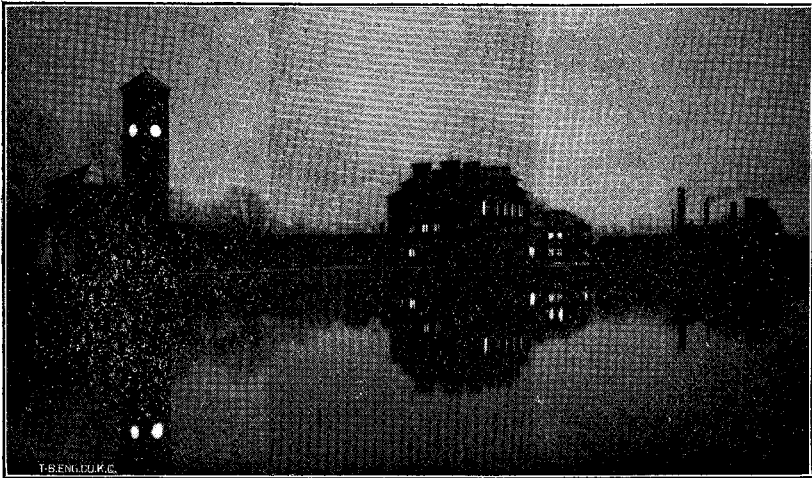
we always remember, and we know not how the remembrance has tided one or another of us over places that give us none else but gloom.

This day, memory has taken me through long journeys, past many cities, over plains and mountains, through regions of great scenic beauty, back to New England, down to the Capital City of our country. Then we stop — linger wondering. A modern steamboat carries us down Chesapeake bay, past Alexandria, Mount Vernon, Wakefield, Point Lookout. To the right a long beam of light announces Thimble Shoal light-house; to the left, in the distance, intermittent flashes of light come across the water. We count one, two, three, four—a pause, then again, one, two, three, forty-three—the beacon-light off Cape Charles. We are nearing the mouth of James river. History recalls to us the morning of 1607; it recalls to us Ericson's "Cheese Box," the Merrimac and Hampton Roads. We land and make our way to the upper tide-water region of Virginia. Memories of beautiful days in southern spring-time come to us. On a Sunday morning the broad York river was as smooth and glistening as a mirror. The sun was shining as bright and cheerful as it ever shone, and not a breath of air was moving. All nature, even

man, was at rest this day, it seemed. The sails of the distant schooners hung limp and dead. In the cool morning air, with the blue sky above us, an ancient ferryman rowed us across the three miles from shore to shore. Scarcely a sound and only a trailing ripple was left behind.

In the evening twilight we took a stroll through an old deserted planta-

mountains and forest verdure, we pass on our journey through a vast semi-arid and arid plain. The horizon is unbroken by mountains or hills, trees or buildings of city or farm. On either side of a long, long railroad is a great, sandy, almost barren, plain. The sky is one unbroken blue. The full, bright sun beats down on the dry, hot plain. By the road-side, perchance,



A Moonlight Scene—Virginia.

tion. The old house still stood, and not far distant were a number of negro (slaves) log huts and shanties. All was quiet. No negroes sang their evening melodies. The banjo was not there; the "picaninnies" danced and skipped about no more. The sound of the master's voice or the crack of his lash was not heard. The slave and master alike had gone away. The buildings of this once busy place were battered, broken, falling; everything was old. Approaching darkness brought visions of ghosts and spooks of probable iniquitous deeds of the past and, whistling, we hastened away.

A journey takes us from the pleasant scenes of "Ole Virginia." We cross the continent. Instead of lakes and bays and rivers of water, instead of

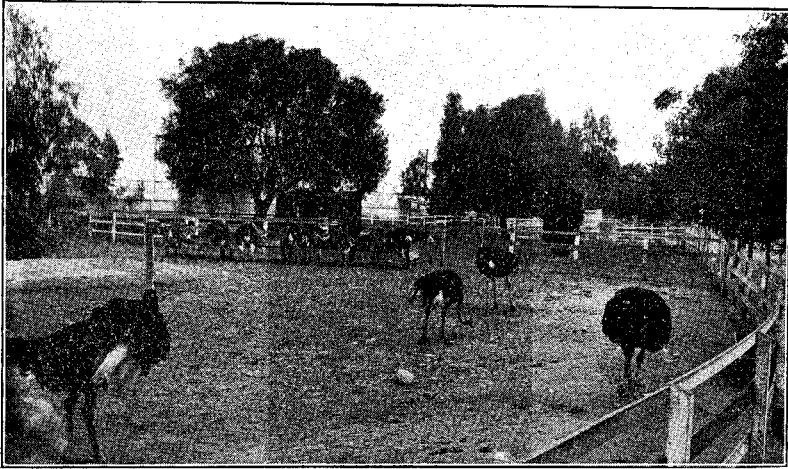
we see a broken, starving herd of cattle, wandering in search of a blade of grass or a cooling, refreshing drink of water. To the stagnant ponds by the road-side they come, they drink, and in their weakness, topple over and die, and their dead bodies are added to that indescribably poisonous water that others must drink. In the distance, the white tent of a lonely herdsman is seen. With his dog by his side, we imagine he is watching the cars go by. The train speeds on and we leave him alone in that vast dreary loneliness. He is surrounded by sage brush, prickly cacti, snakes, and lizzards. The sun rises and sets, the trains come and go—and this is the life of the herdsman on the desert, as we see it from the window of the car.

Two days and a night we travel on.

We pass several collections of houses, mostly adobe. Mexican men, women and children sit and lie about them. With shade and inactivity they exist, and seem not to realize the desolateness of their life and surroundings.

The stolid tree-like cacti and the Spanish bayonet stand as sentinels over that dreary desert land. The heat is intense, the sands glisten, the

To us the plants are strange, but they are green, and be they tropical or of the frigid zone, they make us feel at home. Likewise, many of the people are strange. They may also be green, but from outward appearance they are not. Many Spanish or Indian women sit on the pavement beside the train. About them, on the ground, are spread Indian trinkets and relics—



On the Camston Ostrich Farm, South Pasadena, Cal.

hissing, steaming engine sizzles, and the dry, choking desert makes us feel that Kansas is "back east," and that it is a base slander to speak of Kansas as an arid state. Even the scant desert vegetation repels us. As one has expressed it, every plant has stickers or smells like carrion. But we wonder, with admiration, at the tenacity of life as shown by these plants. Their endurance and adaptability help them to surmount the mountainous difficulties of environment.

Hundreds of miles of steel rails through desert lands have been left behind. When we arrive at Yuma, Ariz., we feel that we have reached a garden of Eden. We see water, plants and people. The most important, water, we take but little thought of.

beads, buttons, and chains. As they sit there they may be likened to a fisherman; they have bait, and a whole train-load of suckers have come to town. We didn't feel at home among these Indian and Spanish fakers. It is more pleasant to sit in the shade of a Kansas sunflower with a horned toad to look at.

It was nearing the close of day, and we were happy in the past and future. We had left behind the scenes of Arizona and New Mexico and were in Southern California. To the south, as far as the eye could see, was an undulating plain of white sand. In the far distance, against the clear sky, was pictured a scene beyond our vision. To the right and westward was a beautiful picture, which was not a mirage. The evening sky was a dark,

lurid red; the full, rayless sun was setting behind a low-lying ridge of jagged mountains. The level plain, the dark mountain side and the setting sun made a fascinating picture, strange and beautiful.

The next morning we awoke in Los Angeles, the city of Angels. Many writers with keen descriptive power and vivid imaginations have written

tingly picture to you the rich and varied products of its fertile lands? No; words are poor imitations of the real, and they poorly express all that one may meet and see in that distant western state.

No other state can ever become California. Its natural resources are so varied and so numerous that it almost becomes a riddle. The western half



A California Oiled Road, with Date Pains on Either Side.

of the beauties of California. With eloquent words we feign would add our praises, but the handiwork of nature is often beyond the expression of man, and our inmost, deepest feelings remain in silence. Can the reader get from written words the glory, the beauty, the variety and the fragrance of California flowers? Can one express in words all the satisfaction there is in the cool, refreshing nights? Can words fully express the charms and delights of the climate of our golden state? Can words carry you to the Pacific and tell you all that that vast, deep blue is? Can they fully tell you of its cooling breezes that temper that arid clime, of the charms of rolling waves, the distant white-caps, the unending, low, murmuring sound of the breaking waves? Can written words fit-

of Kansas is one whole; southern California is a half dozen. Much of California is modern to the limit, though a considerable of the old Spanish remains—but it "aint doin' nothin'." Californians are idealists. They believe in their state and are justly proud of it. They have accomplished wonders; a paradise, in many ways, has been made.

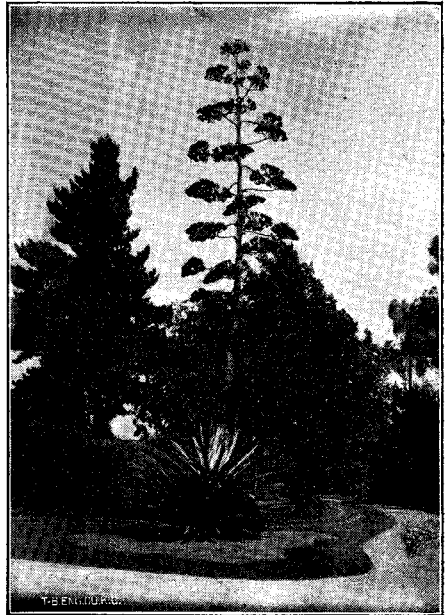
Standing near the summit of Mt. Lowe or Mt. Wilson of the San Gabriel range of mountains, we look below and southward. Many miles away, in the hazy distance, lies the Pacific.

From the sea to the foot of the mountain is what can fittingly be called a garden, incomparable for its satisfying beauty. From our distant height we can see the winding ways of travel—steam and electric car-lines,

oiled and tree-lined country roadways. We see the shallow beds of the mountain streams, following a tortuous way across the lowlands to the sea. We see field after field, now, perchance barren and dry in the summer heat. Vinyards and beautiful dark green orange groves dot the whole landscape. Tall and sentinel-like stands the tufted fan palm. Groves or roadside paintings of the towering, slender blue-green trees catch one's view. Quaint old San Gabriel mission is seen, partly hidden by distance and the near-by pepper trees. In this view, clustered about Los Angeles as it were, are many villages, towns, or cities. From this mountain view we stand and look, and can but say, surely prosperity and happiness must be the lot of these people.

We descend the mountain side, walking or riding down the narrow, zigzag, winding burro trail. We soon enter a city of homes, Pasadena, the most beautiful city that kind fate has ever permitted us to see. We are surrounded by every evidence of forethought, energy, and thrift. When once away from the business streets, we forget that there is such a thing as anxious toil and care. In every direction we see beautiful homes. Be they palatial or peasant homes, they are home-like, giving an air of refinement, culture, and a feeling of restfulness. The architecture is peculiar and strange to us, but no other houses are so inviting and satisfying. The profuse and usually well-ordered planting of beautiful and fragrant flowers and shrubs, the ideal blue-grass lawns, the many broad, open verandas fill us with admiration and a tantalizing desire to possess, not the whole world, but one bit of land where nature and man dwell in harmony. Semitropical vegetation abounds everywhere—beautiful Magnolias, the pride of southern Atlantic woods, palms of many kinds, *Arancarias* thirty to fifty feet high, which

can be recognized as far as they can be seen, broad crowned or upright scraggly Eucalyptus trees, giant century plants, beautiful Monterey pines and live oaks, everywhere pepper trees with their swaying, pendulous branches, camphor trees, rugged, spreading Sycamores, the dense, formal umbrella trees, and shrubs,



The Monterey Pine and Century Plant.

beautiful roses, and many annual and perennial flowering plants.

With inexpressable satisfaction we viewed all these things—these things that are so important in the make-up of that ideal, truly delightful city of homes. As Pasadena is, so in a similar and a large measure are many other cities of southern California. The same desire for the beautiful, the same pride in attractive homes is found in South Pasadena, Long Branch, Los Angeles, and Santa Barbara.

We must leave you to your imagination as regards the enormous and varied agricultural products of this

state. Fertile soil, winter rains, summer irrigation, clean tillage and wide-awake, energetic farmers have made this section a wealth-producing section almost without parallel.

It is indeed a lasting pleasure to have seen and to have known more of California. We came away with no sordid ideas or thoughts. We came away with higher ideals of life and home. Pleasant memories of California will always be ours.

My Trip to Cuba.

By C. G. Elling, '04.

Santiago de las Vegas, Cuba. Feb. 28, '05.

A JOURNEY of about fifteen hundred miles, over land and water, offers many incidents of interest to a Kansas high-prairie lad. This is especially true when he starts at a point where the temperature is some degrees below zero and finds himself, at the end of the journey, in a land of flowers.

The following is an attempt to narrate some of the interesting events of my journey to Cuba.

Leaving Kansas City late Saturday evening, January 28, we were given little opportunity to see much of the country until the following morning, in Springfield. The country between Springfield and Memphis is, in places, of a mountainous nature, and the rest of the way, low, damp, and swampy; consequently, with the exception of a few large lumbering towns, nothing of importance was passed until we came near to Memphis, where we waited several hours for another engine to help us up the incline of the bridge over the Mississippi. This bridge is about one hundred feet above the water and quite long. Its height is necessary to allow the passage of ships. Here the Frisco road was abandoned and we hailed the Illinois Central for New Orleans.

From Memphis, a few hours ride took us out of the snow-covered

regions into places where green undergrowth became plentiful.

In the vicinity of lake Pontchartrain the land is very swampy. The inhabitants, mostly negroes, build their houses upon blocks two or three feet high; then, by placing a plank from the door sill to the elevated rail road, they are able to travel from house to house in an elevated atmosphere.

Tuesday noon found the outfit in New Orleans. There the wharves offered many new features of amusement. The loading and unloading of ships, the great amount of cotton, molasses, and bananas, and the queer customs of the people keep a visitor's curiosity stirring.

After considerable delay, on account of the tardiness of the ship, the stuff was again loaded and we glided down the Mississippi river. It must have been a "tough ship," for we were not hindered by stopping at intermediate stations, the only stop being about thirty miles from the jetties, on account of fog. The delay would not have been of so much consequence if we had not been obliged to take a steerage passage or remain in New Orleans another week. We chose what we considered the lesser of the two evils, and by joking about our misfortunes managed to live through it, at first with considerable merriment, but the novelty of the affair soon lost its attraction and we were glad when the fog cleared so that we could continue our journey.

After a few hours, the Gulf was reached. The junction of the river water with the salt-water can be very distinctly seen, one a yellow color and the other a dark blue. With the dark blue came the waves, and with the waves came the many contributions of the sea. One need not inquire how it feels to be sea sick. With us, it was of only a few hours duration; and the remainder of the voyage was a happy treat.

Of the many attractive features, the

phosphorescence of the salt-water may be mentioned. It was the grandest scene I ever witnessed, appearing very much like large, spreading electric flashes.

Early Friday morning, before day-break, the tower light of Moro Castle came into view. With the coming of day it disappeared, and before us was Havana harbor and the Island of Cuba. A fog again delayed us, just outside of the harbor, for a few hours, though it seemed to be much longer as we were anxious to place our feet on "The Pearl of the Antillas." With the expense of a little patience, we entered the harbor—a beautiful sight, to be sure. Moro Castle with its massive walls of stone and its imposing tower standing at the entrance like a giant sentinel; the remains of the wrecked United States battle-ship *Maine*; the remnants of the water-soaked English battle-ships sunken about one hundred fifty years ago, and the presence of some modern battle-ships, all tend to remind one of the war-like history Cuba has had.

On landing, one finds himself in very curious surroundings. People jabbering (more than likely talking about the visitors); the narrow streets, some of which are joined by awnings; the low, old-fashioned, massive houses covered by a lime wash of red, yellow, pink, or a combination of the three colors—these things, with an occasional ox cart, keep a new comer "rubbering" all the time. Occasionally one sees such modern contrivances as electric cars, horse carriages, etc. Thus, in one compact town—for Havana is very closely built together—is a combination of ancient customs with those of modern times. Perhaps it is this combination of the old and the new that makes Havana and other large Cuban towns so attractive to one on his first visit to the country.

At about eleven o'clock, with Doctor Mayo and a Spaniard who can talk English fairly well, we commenced

the task of getting the property through the custom-house. This task has caused many a man to speak rather unpleasantly of the Cuban people. We, however, were kept in a laughable state of mind by our Spaniard, trying to express in English what he would do with all the Cubans on the Island. To be sure, he has no love for them.

After driving about 12 miles out from Havana, on a beautiful macadam road, the journey ended, late Friday evening, at the experiment station. The station is a remodeled Spanish fortress where the Spaniards were located during the war. During American occupation, it was transformed into a school for Cuban orphans. The school has since been transferred to another point and the experiment station located here.

The Cubans are no exception to the general rule of indolence always found in a warm climate; they are also superstitious about a great many things. Whatever may be said against the people, however, no one has denounced the climate; and when we read of the excessive cold in the States, we enjoy it all the more, and extend to you our sympathy.

A Dakota Romance.

By Wilma Cross-Rhodes, '04.

CHAPTER II.

ANNA'S apparently gay spirits deserted her, however, by the time she had passed out of the doorway and the first of her two-mile walk was given to serious retrospection. How distinctly she could recall their quiet, prosperous farm home in Indiana; the family's subsequent removal to South Dakota, followed soon after by her father's sudden death.

"This last mile-stone," philosophized Anna, "surely marks the turning-point in our family relations. Father, thinking to lighten mother's burdens, left the farm to Roy, and he

was too young to accept the obligations gracefully. Then mother, believing that she, too, was acting wisely, used the small amount of cash that was her portion to educate Roy and me. I can see how easy it was for them to err in judgment. It seems that brother learned little but dissipation at the university, and I—oh! how I wish that I might have remained the last two years in college, for I loved the work so dearly. But mother thought it best to spend her few remaining dollars on Roy, so I reluctantly acquiesced; so here I am in our little farm home again and never yet have been able to complete anything." The thought of this first great disappointment in her life brought the choking sobs once more to the sensitive, ambitious girl.

"The sacrifice wouldn't be so hard to bear, though, were he only more tender. He wants me to marry to get rid of me. I would love to have a little home some day and some dear one to be kind to me. But my prince has not yet appeared and I shall never marry 'til he comes."

With this thought, a far-away, tender expression came into the beautiful eyes, and for the first time during her long walk the girl raised them to the horizon beyond. So intent had been her thoughts that she had failed to be annoyed by the "needles" from the grass, with which her skirt was now thickly studded. But the reverie was at last broken and Anna, as usual, kept on the watch for wild flowers. Just a few inferior sunflowers here and there, and some yellow daisies with petals that drooped around a prominent center, was all that could be seen. The wild tiger lillies and roses that had been so abundant in July had entirely disappeared.

At last she reached the edge of the wheat field, and a few rods beyond her stood the great machine, fitted with every labor-saving device and waiting, it seemed, impatiently for its

labor to commence. This, to Anna, had always presented an inspiring picture, but when she approached near enough to note the coarse features of the helpers and to catch their rude speeches, every womanly instinct besought her to leave the spot. But "for the sake of peace" her conscience whispered, so she stifled her revoltings and pressed on.

The look of triumph on Roy's face as he greeted her with a, "Well you came, did you?" was not lost on Anna, and again she struggled with the temptation to retaliate. But she merely answered, "Yes, I am ready for work, Roy."

"We shall need another man to drive a team with the threshed wheat to the granary, so for the present you can drive that team," he said, indicating the one which was to be used for conveying the wheat to the thresher.

"Get a hustle on you, Anna; and now boys, see that the old engine is ready for business."

In a moment all was animation. While our little heroine drove away with the two men who were to do the loading, two more laborers fed the hungry machine with the small stack that had been made the day before. The great thresher severed the cords that bound the sheaves, separated the grain from the chaff and straw, deposited the former in huge waiting wagons, and formed the refuse into a neat stack with an almost incredible rapidity. The moments passed quickly by and Anna had about convinced herself that she was becoming accustomed to the increasingly intense heat, when Roy approached them. "Hank," he said, addressing the man on the wagon, "one of those city chaps who was working on the header in the next quarter-section has just given out, and you'll have to take his place."

"But what'll I do," said Jim, sullenly, "I can't pitch and pack the darn stuff, too."

"Anna, step into Hank's place there.

I can't afford to pay another man and waste more money on this stuff that won't yield a third of a crop, anyway. Now hustle around, all of you; can't have any loafing here," he added as he hurried away.

Without a word, Anna stepped into the wagon frame and took Hank's extended fork. But she little realized how difficult was her new task. With the first mass of wheat thrown, a veritable cloud of red dust, like pollen, surrounded her. This was the much-talked-of wheat rust, and as it touched the delicate membranes of eyes and nose the pain was intense. Then, too, Jim, who was not a little displeased because he had not been the one chosen for the pleasanter place on the header, in his anger tossed the wheat faster and faster, until poor Anna was nearly enveloped in it.

"How can I endure this," she thought, while the great tears rolled down her cheeks. "It cannot be more than ten o'clock, and that means I must remain here fully an hour and a half longer. Oh, I am so tired!"

But, all unknown to her, relief was near at hand. Out on the prairies, it seemed only a quarter of a mile away but in reality two miles, an observer could have discerned a black object. As it drew nearer, a buggy with two horses attached could be distinguished, and as the team halted by the thresher two men looked inquiringly about.

"There he is, now," said the man whose dress and manner marked him as a resident of "these here parts," and as he spoke they drew a little nearer to Roy. The latter was busily engaged in his favorite occupation of giving orders, so he barely nodded to the newcomers.

"Could I have a few words with you Mr.—ahem?"

"Purdue," whispered the native.

"I'm a busy man," replied Roy, never once looking toward them.

"But I'm here on business, myself, my friend."

"Don't want no more help," sullenly answered Roy.

"But I came here to see about buying——"

Instantly the overseer was all attention for here, perhaps, was an opportunity to make a few dollars. He approached the buggy and shook hands heartily with the stranger whose keen eyes read his small soul through and through.

"Wheat crop isn't so good as usual, is it?" inquired Jack Ralston, the prospective buyer.

"Well, I don't konw," replied the scheming Roy, "Macaroni is O.K. and the Turkey Red is pretty fair on this place of mine. Of course, I have decided that the adjoining quarter is barely worth heading."

"By Jove! a girl!" exclaimed Jack, as Anna drove another load of wheat to the feeder; and never once did his astonished eyes leave her figure as, apparently with great effort, she helped Jim unload. Yet he continued his conversation with Roy.

"Heading; what sort of a process is that?"

"Oh, when the straw isn't worth much we just put a machine to work to nip off the heads and later burn or plow under the remaining stalks."

"I think I remember having seen photos. of such machines. Rapidly moving bands carry the severed heads to a box placed on a wagon beside it, do they not? But look! man, that girl has fainted! Great Scott! but you western men must be brutes to let a girl work in this scorching sun. What! are none of you going to her aid?" As a sarcastic smile and an "Oh, she's lazy," was the only response, Jack Ralston leaped from the buggy and in a moment was lifting Anna's helpless form from the wagon.

"Some water, quick!" he shouted.

"Not a drop nearer than the house," answered an indifferent voice.

"Then to the house we go," said Jack. "Pile out of there, old man,

help me lift this young lady in, and I'll make it worth your while."

"It is almost noon, so leave the rig at the house and I'll call for it there," shouted the native as they started off.

"Wonder if he thinks he'll skip out with that team, now," said Roy.

"Oh, he's slick but green about the country, so I don't believe he'll try that graft," replied his companion.

Meanwhile, Jack was supporting the lifeless head on one arm and driving with the other as best he could. Concerned as he was about Anna's condition, he could not restrain the feeling of surprised admiration he felt for the high, white forehead, the clear-cut eyebrows, long, dark lashes and full, red lips. He had expected to discover a coarse-featured, freckle-faced individual whose expression indicated nothing but illiteracy. Verily, he was entertaining angels, unawares, and even philanthropic Jack was forced to acknowledge that it was far nicer to lend aid to a Minerva than to a Patty. He soon discovered, however, that this was no time for day-dreaming. The heavy lids were slowly raised, then lowered, and after a moment, quickly raised again. Anna looked from side to side, evidently endeavoring to comprehend the situation, while Jack sat perfectly rigid and well nigh helpless. Suddenly she sat bolt upright on the extreme edge of the seat and delivered a veritable volley of questions at him. "Who are you? How came I here? Where are we going? How dare you?" asked the girl eagerly.

"Believe me, Miss—ah—" declared Ralston, now thoroughly aroused and very much amused at the girl's fiery eyes and flushed cheeks, "I am neither a professional kidnapper nor 'ye knichte of olde."

"Who in this wide world are you, then?" inquired Anna angrily.

"I am Jack—"

"But no matter who you are; stop these horses at once and let me walk to my home."

"But my young friend, kindly listen to reason," said Jack gravely as he noted the sobs which accompanied the young girl's words. "You fainted at the threshers. Everyone else was busy, so I volunteered to take you home. You are still ill and I, as your benefactor, insist upon your riding.

"But my brother,—surely he didn't consent for me to leave." "Oh, you mean Mr. Purdue?" asked Jack, striving to grasp situations as rapidly as possible in order that Anna might be more at her ease. "Yes, he consented all right. But say, what can that object be, over there?" asked the young man who was trying his best to divert her attention. "Is it an animal or vegetable, I wonder?"

"That's an owl," was Anna's indifferent reply as she still sat and puzzled over her strange environment.

"Jove! he's a wise looking guy, isn't he?" But there was no reply from the pink sunbonnet.

"I just can't stand this solemn silence," thought Jack when another ten minutes had elapsed. "But how can I break the ice? I'll try again."

"My name is Jack Ralston," declared Jack experimentally. No reply.

"Jack Andrew Ralston," he repeated. A toss of the head and turning of the bonnet's peak slightly further from him, was the only response. Now our hero had really tried to do a generous act, and such rebuffs he considered not at all appropriate to the occasion. "It won't do any good to get angry, though," he decided. "I know girls too well. She'd fly into a thousand pieces."

"This wheat is a curious phenomenon," he sagely declared, after another five minutes silence. "It would indeed be interesting to know more of it," he added diplomatically. The impersonal tone of the suggested question pleased Anna. Moreover, she who had heard so much during the last few weeks, concerning the wheat plague, felt a genuine sorrow for one

who was entirely ignorant of its history.

"Those dark spots," said Anna, lifting a stalk of wheat that lay at her feet in the buggy and pointing to the stem, "are the forms which this fungus takes on the wheat. The grain," she continued, pushing away the chaff, "you will see is very much shrivelled because the fungus so attacks the fiber of the stem as to make the passage of nourishment to the kernel impossible."

"Has such an attack ever occurred before?" inquired Jack.

"Not within the memory of the oldest settlers. You see this season was an unusually damp one and moisture is, of course, conducive to fungus growth."

Our young friend was just on the point of framing another question, when the team shied violently to one side. They were passing a grove of small cottonwoods beside the lane leading to the house, but there was no visible reason for the horses' fright.

"Now what do you suppose incited that cake walk?" queried the driver as he struggled with the reins and stared at the clump of trees.

"Most horses in Dakota are afraid of trees," answered Anna, quietly.

"*Afraid of trees!*" repeated Jack in astonishment. "I observed that they are not at all in style out here, but as for animals being frightened at sight of them—well, we surely must be a long ways from God's country."

Anna would have liked nothing better than to be natural with this apparently honest and genial young man. But she did not yet fully understand his presence among them, and until she did she firmly resolved to be as dignified as circumstances permitted. So she suppressed the laugh which would have been her natural response and substituted grim silence. But Jack was in too good a humor to notice such an oversight, for had he not discovered in this

wild rose of the prairies a person of high spirit and rare intelligence? He was interested, and interest, we all know, is the first step toward love; but Jack Ralston had always declared love at first sight to be a thing impossible.

As they drew near the gate, Jack leaped lightly from the buggy and hastened to Anna's assistance. The act was a form of politeness foreign to Dakota soil, so that the girl scarcely knew whether to feel grateful or embarrassed. It was evident to our southern friend that the latter emotion was predominant, so he endeavored to cover it by remarking, "Actually, the sight of a door-yard fence is refreshing to one's eyes after that monotonous stretch of level country, with not even so much as a splinter in sight."

"There is a law against allowing cattle to run loose," ventured Anna as she started toward the gate. She intended to add that that was the reason no fences were required, but Jack's merry peal of laughter interrupted her.

"O, I see the application, all right," and as Anna hastened to the house, she knew not why, but she dared not turn to meet those honest eyes.

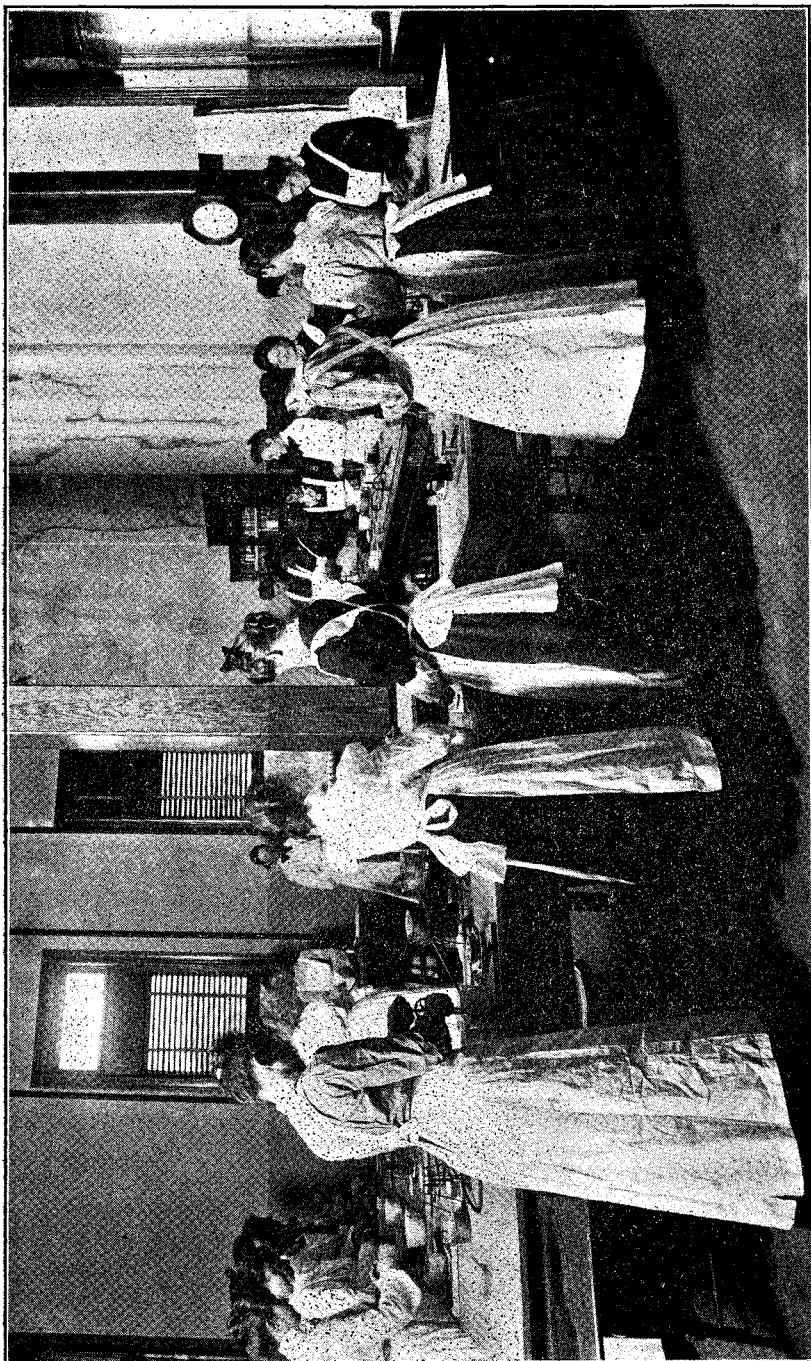
"Jove!" exclaimed Jack to himself, "She'd find no trouble coralling me."

(To be continued.)

Domestic Science as Taught Here.

By Ula Dow, '05.

THROUGH the influence of President Anderson, and as a direct result of his views concerning the education of women as women instead of women as butterflies, the study of household economy was introduced into our College in 1875. Sewing had been taught two years previous to this time, and the sewing teacher, Mrs. Cripps, was given charge of the work. Lectures in household chemistry, personal hygiene and household economy occupied one term, with some practice work. There being no funds for the purchase of



Kitchen Laboratory—Senior Girls at Work.

materials for cooking classes, only salable foods could be prepared, chiefly bread, various meats, pies, cakes, and puddings. These were disposed of by serving a course dinner once a week to the faculty and as lunches to students. A second term's work consisted of household dairying, which was taught by means of lectures on and practice in the care of dairy utensils, the cleanly and proper care of milk and the making of butter and cheese.

From that time on there has been a gradual revolution. For a small inconvenient upper room were substituted rooms in the basement of Anderson Hall, and not until the winter term of the year 1898 did Domestic Science have a permanent home. Kedzie Hall was completed that winter and the department had increased until there was need of an assistant. Now two assistants are required.

These two assistants, Miss Rose and Miss Pancake, under the direction of Professor Henrietta Calvin, have done much to further advance and perfect the work. This advancement is clearly shown by the present course, with their methods of teaching.

This course begins in the first year, with elementary cooking, under the direction of Miss Pancake, and is intended to give a general idea of the fundamental principles of cooking and to teach thoroughly cleanliness and accuracy. Simple dishes are prepared and served. Soups, vegetables, plainly cooked meats, yeast and breads, cake and pie mixtures are considered.

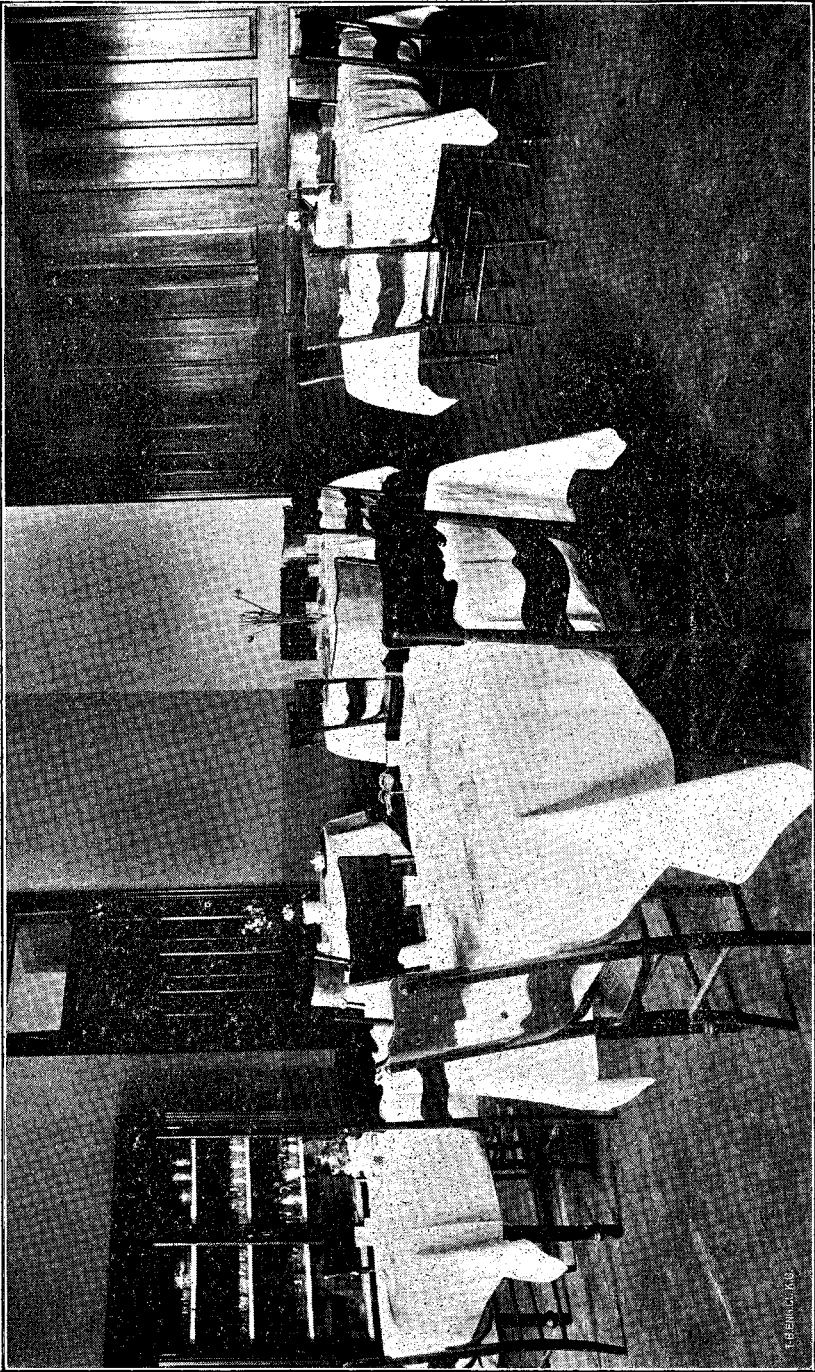
During the second year in College, the foundation is laid for the after work in domestic science by a thorough study of Chemistry, Human Nutrition, Bacteriology, and Physiology, no strictly Domestic Science work being taught.

The Junior work, in charge of Miss Rose, begins with food preservation. Six weeks are devoted to this, each

student canning two kinds of fruit, preserving two kinds, making two kinds of jelly, two kinds of pickles, and canning two kinds of fruit juices. Lectures and reference work are given at this time on food preservation by cold storage, drying, etc., with the effects upon the human system of various chemical preservatives and coloring matters used in commercial articles. Foods are then considered as to their chemical composition, their sources, digestibility, functions in the body, economic and dietetic value. Carbohydrates are first taken up, vegetables are cooked in many ways, the making of cream soups is emphasized and the thorough preparation of cereals is illustrated. At the end of the term, three lessons in candy making are given, to illustrate the cookery of sugars.

Proteids are considered in the winter term—milk, its value as a food and the many ways of using it; cheese, eggs and meats of various kinds, all prepared so as to comply with conditions of palatability, combined with digestibility. The young women make yeast, and from this make and bake light bread, giving all the care of the bread from the yeast to the browned and finished loaf. This bread work alone occupies three weeks. In the spring, cakes, pastries and frozen dishes are compounded, but the major portion of the time is occupied with the arrangement of menus and the serving of dinners. For these dinners the young women receive a fixed sum out of which they furnish materials for course dinners. They plan and select the menu, prepare the dishes and serve to six guests. With the discussion of school luncheons, a lunch is prepared and served as a picnic under the trees. There are also visits to the markets and discussions of the prices of goods.

During the winter term Mrs. Calvin gives the junior students daily lectures and recitations in home nursing.



Dining Room.

Physiology and bacteriology preceding this, these sciences are applied to the health and disease of the human body. Prevention of disease is emphasized, as well as its proper care. The ideal sick room, as well as its substitute, are described; also the nurse's duties, giving of baths and medicine, recording of symptoms, general care of both patient and room and actions in emergency cases. This is not taught in that far-off way in which most books treat the subject, but is so interspersed with talks as to apply it directly and individually to each student in the class.

Two hours a week of the spring term are devoted to laundering. Through a series of lectures covering the scientific principles involved in the use of soap, washing fluids and chemicals, for the removal of dirt and stains, the students get an idea why most laundering is done so badly, and how this may be remedied.

Mrs. Calvin begins her year's work with the seniors with one term of daily work in household management. This consists, in general, of the construction of the house, its site, material used, mode of construction, plumbing, ventilation, heating, furnishing, and care. The first half of the term these are treated in a general way, and the last half they are applied directly. Each young woman makes a plan of her ideal home, from cellar to attic, showing heating and ventilation. A six-room house is then furnished from an ideal standpoint, after which the list is cut down to the necessities, \$500 being the limit of expenditure. She also divides an income of \$75 a month to suit the needs of a family of six and submits a plan for the keeping of the family accounts.

This is followed, in the winter term, by a course of lectures and practice work in dietetics, covering two periods of four hours each, weekly. The first part of the work is a general review of the three terms of junior work, with

special attention given to the dietetic value of foods and their combination in the menu, the place and manner of serving. Varied and more elaborate dishes are prepared and served, with a view to variety of everyday diet. Menus for different meals are balanced to secure the desired nutritive ratio and calorie value, different possible combinations being weighed out, to get the idea of proper combination. It is the plan to follow this with the actual preparation and serving of proper menus for breakfasts, lunches, dinners and teas.

In the spring, six hours a week are given to therapeutics. Here, undesirable and diseased conditions of the body organs are considered in regard to the digestion, assimilation and metabolism of food and the diets adapted to the needs of special cases. Lectures on personal hygiene and the feeding of infants and small children are included in the work. The practice work consists of the preparation of such dishes as are easily digested and suitable to the sick, and the arrangement of trays for invalids. A demonstration in some phase of the work covered is required from each student.

The short course, in one way, is of more benefit than the regular in that it reaches those who, from lack of means or inclination, could or would not take the four year's course. The short course extends through two terms, three hours a day being given each term. The idea in the instruction is to teach good, plain, wholesome, cleanly cooking, including a varied preparation of the foods found in every day cookery. The subjects covered in the first term are practically those in the three terms of junior work, with more practice and very much less theory. The second term covers the fruit preservation, fancy cookery and lectures on personal hygiene and the feeding and care of infants, accompanied by therapeutic cookery. Six weeks of the term are given to the

practical preparation of luncheons. Each young woman is given two dollars and a quarter, and from this she is to plan, purchase materials for, cook and direct the serving of one breakfast, two luncheons and one dinner for seven persons. She has one assistant from her class to help in the preparation of the meal and one to do the serving. In turn, she serves for, and assists someone else.

The method of teaching is similar for each class in the domestic science work. The first part of the period is taken up by lectures and recitations, followed by the practical work. In this the young women work in groups of two, but considerable individual work is done. The positions of housekeepers are meted out in turn by twos and their duties are to build the fire, get out the supplies, wash all general dishes, scrub sinks, and in general leave the room neat and in order. Each young woman cares for her own desk and each two wash the dishes they use and keep their towels and cloths clean by washing them each day. The first requisites in all work are cleanliness, neatness, and order.

The benefits of the course can scarcely be estimated from a brief review. Last year, 188 young women at one time profited by the teaching, and this year the number has increased to 210. Twenty-four graduates from the short course and forty from the regular course go out this year better fitted, because of this course, to cope with the world as business women, teachers, or home-makers. What higher mission could we ask for education than that which this course accomplishes, for with the advancement of the home alone, either physically, mentally, or morally, comes the advancement of the age, and the fruits of this generation have their influence on those of the next.

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Now is the time to subscribe.

### *Ross-Hanson.*

At six o'clock, Wednesday evening, March 28, in Marquette, Kan., occurred the marriage of Pontus H. Ross, '02, and Esther E. Hanson, '03. The wedding was held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hans Hanson, and was in every way a very pleasant event.

Promptly at six o'clock the groom and his best man, Harold T. Nielsen, '03, marched in and were almost immediately joined by the bride and her maid of honor, Miss Etta Campbell (junior in 1900), under an arch of cedar boughs, with a beautiful and very realistic wedding bell suspended from the center. Dr. E. Lund, of Marquette, performed the ceremony in a very impressive manner, the ring service being used.

After receiving the congratulations of their relatives and friends, the rooms were cleared and the tables soon arrayed for the splendid dinner, which was a credit to the training of the bride, as it was a product of her skill. Following is the menu as served:

| MENU.              |                |                 |
|--------------------|----------------|-----------------|
| Bouillon           | —              | Croutons        |
| Sauted Halibut     | Olives         | Buttered Rolls  |
| Smothered Chicken  | Veal Loaf      | Saratoga Chips  |
| Peas, French Style |                |                 |
| Buttered Bread     | Jelly          | Pickles         |
| Fruit Salad        | —              | Cheese Crackers |
| Vanila Ice-Cream   |                |                 |
| Angel Food         | Chocolate Cake | Marble Cake     |
| Coffee             |                |                 |
| Fruit Cake         | Bon Bons       | Nut Cake        |

While the dinner was in progress, excellent music was furnished by a three-piece orchestra. Between courses a very interesting and amusing program was rendered. Attorney J. F. Hanson, a brother of the bride, was toastmaster. Harold T. Nielsen, '03, toasted the bride and groom.

Dr. E. Lund read a "Festive Poem," a splendid production of his own composition. It was a poem typical of the occasion, treating of Kansas and Alaska, and was given in the Swedish language. H. E. Bruce spoke negatively on the question "Is Marriage a Failure?" His jolly remarks and smiling countenance were evidences that it was not, so far as he was concerned. Sara Lund spoke very feelingly on "Friendship," and Professor Nyquist made a few appropriate remarks on "The Parting of the Ways." Toastmaster Hanson closed the program with a few general observations and, as spokesman for his family, paid a fine tribute to the bride.

The happy couple received many beautiful and valuable presents, and the hearty well wishes that were showered upon them told plainly of the high esteem in which they are held. Their host of friends join in wishing them an abundance of joy in their life's journey. About two weeks were spent visiting relatives here in Kansas before they went to their home in Kenai, Alaska, where both are employed in experimental work for the United States Department of Agriculture. Mr. Ross is superintendent of the station and his wife is in charge of the work in dairying. H. T. N.

### *Campus Briefs.*

Cook and Garver, at the Campus Cottage restaurant, are doing a fine business. They have a good number of regular boarders, besides an immense short-order trade. A fine soda fountain is soon to be added to their equipment.

The third annual stock-judging contest, under the auspices of the Agricultural Association, together with the Animal Husbandry Department, took place on March 20 in the stock-judging room at the barn. The contestants were taken from the four

regular classes, short course and specials, and the judges were H. W. Avery, of Wakefield, John Warner and Colonel Brady, of Manhattan. The first prize, which was won by Ray Birch of the junior class, was a gold medal donated by the Zenner Disinfectant Company, and the other eight prizes were Berkshire hogs given by prominent Berkshire breeders.

The junior domestic science girls have been practising bread making for the past few weeks, and some very interesting results have been obtained. It is a curious fact that two loaves of bread composed of like material, and made and baked, seemingly under precisely similar treatment, will be of entirely different appearance and texture.

March 28, Frank Dixon, the seventh number on the lecture course, delivered a most interesting lecture on the subject, "The Perils of Socialism." Doubtless not all agree with him in his anti-socialistic doctrine, yet because of his striking and forceful manner and the saneness of his argument must at least set all who heard him to thinking. Such lectures are well worth hearing. Let us have more like them.

### *Baseball Schedule.*

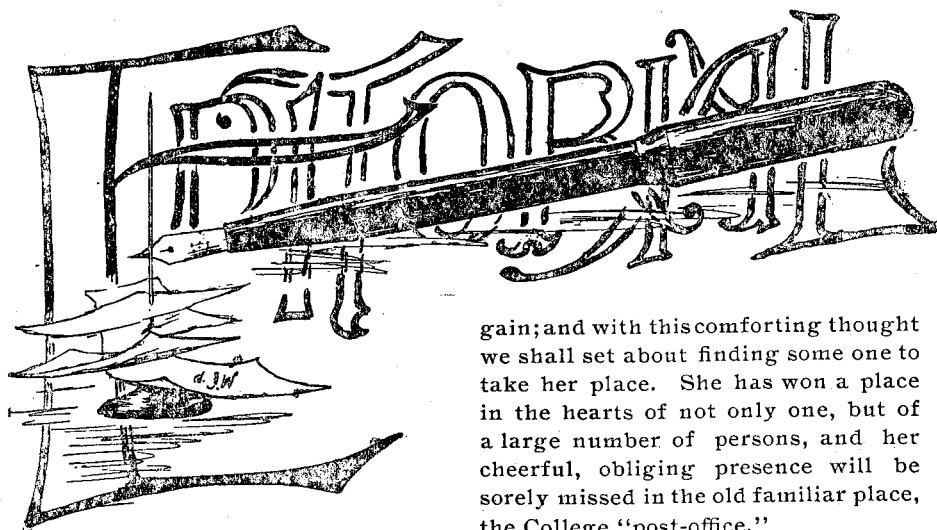
The following is the baseball schedule for this season:

#### AT MANHATTAN.

|                          |          |
|--------------------------|----------|
| Chicago.....             | April 6  |
| Baker University.....    | April 11 |
| Lindsborg.....           | April 26 |
| Friends' University..... | May 2    |
| Kansas University.....   | May 6    |
| Normal.....              | May 11   |
| Washburn.....            | May 13   |
| Ottawa University.....   | May 17   |
| Highland Park.....       | May 26   |
| St. Marys.....           | May 30   |
| Haskell.....             | June 3   |

#### OUT-OF-TOWN GAMES.

|                |                       |
|----------------|-----------------------|
| Baker.....     | April 19, at Baldwin  |
| K. U.....      | April 20, at Lawrence |
| Washburn.....  | April 21, at Topeka   |
| Normal.....    | May 19, at Emporia    |
| St. Marys..... | May 20, at St. Marys  |



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W. J. WILKINSON, '05.....Artist

APRIL, 1905.

WITH this issue of the JAYHAWKER the alumni editor lays down her editorial pen. Her services have been well rendered and in a manner acceptable to all. Through her efforts the Alumni Department has become, as it should be, a prominent and distinctive feature of the magazine. Though we lose a valuable staff member, we realize that our loss is somebody else's

gain; and with this comforting thought we shall set about finding some one to take her place. She has won a place in the hearts of not only one, but of a large number of persons, and her cheerful, obliging presence will be sorely missed in the old familiar place, the College "post-office."

TO THE new editor of the *Herald* we extend a friendly word of greeting. We have no fear but that under the leadership of Mr. Kiene the paper will continue a strong factor in the students' life. The *Herald* merits the support of every student in College. Every student who does not subscribe ought to be—well, perhaps not suspended, but at least placed on probation to see if he really knows what he is here for, and also what is good for him and the College.

THE First Annual Grand Concert was a great success. The only part of it not altogether satisfactory was the weather; but no one seems to be responsible for that, so no one can be blamed. The committees who spent hours advertising and arranging for the concert realize that it takes a good deal more than music to make a concert a success, especially when insufficient time is given to work it up. Since this is to be an annual affair, there is every opportunity to improve upon the original. Now is really the time to begin planning for the next, because now all the details, as worked out, both good and bad, are fresh in our minds. At least the date should

be selected and announced in the College catalogue. It might be well also to appoint the advertising committee this spring. That would give them several months to plan and work; and they need lots of time, too, for they have a big end of the concert to carry. Next year—because of the experience and prestige gained—ought to see so many people who have come to hear the concert that they would have to be admitted to the Auditorium on the installment plan.

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DURING Commencement week, and we trust before that time, the JAYHAWKER will occupy the old music office in Anderson Hall. All alumni, whether resident or nonresident, who attend the triennial reunion, are invited to make this office their headquarters during their stay. The room is large and well located and you are welcome to use it. An attempt will be made to make a complete register of all visiting alumni.

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TO THE indifferent observer, the suspension of the three juniors, and subsequent events, savoured of the early part of the nineteenth century, when Matternich and his coterie dominated to the complete suppression of all constitutional rights. The student body that resignedly accepts all that is said and done by those in authority, believing that whatever is, is best, is not composed of members who are likely, as men and women, to have a leading part in shaping the affairs of their state. No one can deny another the right to question the authority or the legality of his acts. And surely no liberal-minded person will deny the right the students exercised in questioning the recent action of the Faculty. Simply because many of their decisions have gone unchallenged by the students is no argument for saying that their decisions always will or ought to pass unprotested. As to the recent suspension, it seems, and

the students, also some of the Faculty including the President, so believe, that the punishment was more severe than it should have been. And surely it is overstepping the confines of strict justice to punish beyond the gravity of the offense. So much for that. On the other hand there are some among the students who believe that the Faculty is a sort of a repressive and oppressive body, whose chief function it is to give the students what they do not want and to prevent them from getting and doing what they want to get and do. In part that is true and justly so. Ardent youth is not always competent to judge what is best. Hence the need of maturer judgment. This assurance, however, every student should have: the Faculty, individually and collectively, is interested in the welfare of every student. In fact, often more interested and to a better purpose than the student himself, notwithstanding the rank statements to the contrary which have appeared in certain daily newspapers. After all, the fundamental question is, shall such acts, as resulted in the suspension of the three juniors, be tolerated; and if so, to what extent? Are class scraps an evidence of good healthy College spirits, hence conducive to high scholarship? Perhaps so. But we believe that class and college spirit can be maintained at a high pitch without the aid of such extreme forms of combative demonstrations. The other savors too much of the good old be-whiskered days when Chaucer was a boy.

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The motto most of us live up to—"Many are called, but few recite."

It is still popular among millionaires to found institutions of learning. Carnegie, in company with other millionaires, intends to build one of the largest universities in the United States. The present plans call for twenty buildings. This university will be situated in Pittsburg.—*Ex.*

*Of Local Mention.*

At a recent meeting, the following officers of the Young Men's Christian Association were elected:

President.....E. C. Farrar.  
First Vice-President..W. B. Thurston.  
Second Vice-President...B. H. Wilber.  
Secretary.....E. L. Shattuck.  
Treasurer.....J. R. Garver.

These officers begin their work April 1. The members of the advisory board were all re-elected with the exception of those student members who graduate this year. The board comprises the following: Faculty, Professors Eyer (president), TenEyck, and Hamilton; students, E. C. Farrar secretary, D. H. Gripton, J. R. Garver; city, Doctor Crise, Mr. J. C. Ewing, Mr. James Pratt, and Secretary McLean.

Considerable excitement was created when, on the morning of March 14, President Nichols announced the suspension of three loyal but over zealous junior boys for lowering a "'06" banner over the stage during chapel a week or so before. Indignation prevailed among all classes and a mass meeting, which was called at noon of the same day, filled to overflowing the old chapel. The prevailing sentiment among the students was that the boys had been too severely and even unjustly punished. Not a few of the more demonstrative natures were in favor of an immediate walkout of the entire student body. After considerable discussion pro and con a committee from each class, together with an inter-class committee, were appointed and instructed to interview the President. A similar mass meeting was held the next day to hear the report of the committees. Their report was not very satisfying—not through any fault of their own, however—so they were further instructed to see the Faculty and request the reinstatement of their fellow students. Owing to a Regents' meeting, the Faculty were unable to meet

until the following Saturday. The committee was given an audience at this meeting, but to no effect, for the Faculty refused to rescind their previous action regarding the matter. Another mass meeting was called the following Tuesday. At this meeting a committee, consisting of two from each class, was appointed and the whole matter placed in their hands for further action.

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Additional Alumni.

W. L. Harvey, '02, is a stenographer and student of law at Wamego, Kan.

J. Arthur Johnson, '04, has spent the winter on his uncle's ranch, near Wardell, Mo.

R. E. Lofinck, '75, slyly left for Chicago and was married on March 22, to Miss Ida Barr, of Chicago.

The high school at Logan, Kan., is fortunate in having Abbie Putnam, '02, as one of the instructors.

Maude Failyer, '03, was again unfortunate enough to hurt her broken knee, while in Washington, D. C.

After April 5, Miss Amanda Culp McCarty will be Mrs. Geo. Coats. Her marriage will occur at the Christian church at Mountain Grove, Mo.

AN ADDITIONAL ALUMNI NOTE.

(Published without the knowledge or consent of the alumni editor.)

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss C. Jeanette Perry and Mr. Henry Marsden Thomas, both '98, to take place April 12, 1905.

TO GRADUATES AND FORMER STUDENTS:

DEAR FRIENDS:—Saturday, April 8, (8 p. m.), has been selected for the annual reunion of graduates and former students from the Kansas State Agricultural College now living in or near the two Kansas Citys. This notice is to answer the double purpose of inviting you, who read it, and of asking you to kindly invite any one else eligible like yourself who may not be on our list.

ALUMNI NOTES

Fannie J. Cress, '94, is a teacher in Escanaba, Mich.

John B. Griffing, '04, is operating a creamery at Watongo, Okla.

W. A. Boys, '04, writes that he is farming near Lee's Summit, Mo.

Mrs. Belle Haines-Pond, '67, of Topeka, is slowly recovering from a long illness.

Herman C. Haffner, '00, is assistant superintendent of the Teller Institute, at Grand Junction, Colo.

Mrs. Myrtle Harrington-Deibler, '91, is visiting her father at Junction City. Her home is at 120 E. Tenth street, Leadville, Colo.

Alice Perry-Hill, '03, and husband expect to move soon to Fayette, Mo., where Mr. Hill will engage in the lumber business.

Valentine Maelzer, '97, continues his chosen profession, *i. e.*, teaching, but he is now at Patterson, Idaho, instead of at Morse.

A. C. Havens, '96, moved about the first of March from his farm near Dwight, Kan., to the Bayles farm, three miles east of Manhattan.

There is a series of articles in the *Botanical Gazette* on the subject of "Forests of the Flathead Valley in Montana," written by Harry N. Whitford, '90.

S. E. Morlan, '04, claims 121, E. Maple street, Denver, as his home at present. He is in charge of the separating and sampling of ores by electrical methods at the Colorado Zinc Mills.

Royal S. Kellogg, '96, is the author of bulletin number 52, issued by the Bureau of Forestry, which tells of "Forest Planting in Western Kansas."

Through the kindness of Miss Lee, '89, we were enabled to learn the address of her classmate, Mrs. Ina Turner-Bruce. It is 4136, Connecticut street, St. Louis, Mo.

A. B. Kimball, '89, sent a one-dollar bill to the JAYHAWKER and wittingly remarked: "I desire to enter the enclosed as the most interesting letter from an Alumnus." Give him the prize!

E. C. Gardner, '04, is getting a practical use for his work in the stock-judging classes. He is at 4364 Emerald avenue, Chicago, and is employed by Swift & Company in the cattle-buying department.

N. L. Towne, of North Topeka, and C. A. Pyles, of Morrill, Kan., (both of last year's class) found their way back to Manhattan in time to enjoy the lecture-course number given by Lorado Taft, on March 9.

A. D. Whipple, '98, resigned his position with Marshall Field and is now a traveling salesman for the Chicago Linoleum Company. He made a very short visit of one-half day with College friends on March 8. This new work pleases him better, he says, than any he has ever tried.

The institute lecturers at Lincoln, Kan., on February 17, found R. W. Greene and Evan Kernohan demonstrating the value of Kaffir-corn on their home farms. The institute program was made vastly more beneficial by the reading of a paper on "Domestic Science," by Helen Kernohan, '04, and one on "Grapes," by her brother, Evan.

Word has just reached the College of the death of Mrs. Marie Sickels-Davis, '80, which occurred in Aledo, Ill., as long ago as March 15, 1894.

C. C. Smith, '94, has just held his semi-annual newspaper sale and will turn over his Lincoln *Republican* soon to Mr. D. E. McCollum, of Osage City.

From Cora Swingle, '00, of 1112 Washington avenue, Ann Arbor, Mich.: "I am at the University of Michigan this year and find it a very enjoyable year in spite of hard work. I am still proud of our old College and follow her growth with the greatest interest."

Eusebia (Mudge) Thompson, '93, has been appointed county superintendent to fill out the remainder of the term to which her late husband was elected, which expires next May. Mrs. Thompson assisted Mr. Thompson in the office, and its duties will be carefully performed.—*Industrialist*.

R. B. Felton, '04 (don't know which one), writes from McPherson, Kan.: "R. B. (the other one) and I are at present hard at work sowing our wild oats, and if this fine weather continues ('twas raining) we hope to reap a bountiful harvest. There is always a rush for the mail box on JAYHAWKER days."

One young lady of the class of '01 and one of '02 have changed their names without asking permission of this publication to do so. We have no information as to dates, but Letta Keen is Mrs. Edmonson and lives at Pittsburg, Kan., while Carrie Wagner remained in New Mexico, at Black Rock as Mrs. Gresham.

Mrs. Gertrude Havens-Norton, '96, finding the Colorado climate no longer beneficial to her health, returned to Manhattan recently with her husband, who went from Maryland to Colorado after her. Mr. Norton, '96, sent to College Park for their household goods and they are now keeping house on North Fourth street, Manhattan.

Geo. K. Thompson, '93, no longer strong enough to withstand the ravages of a combination of pleurisy and pneumonia, died at his home in Marysville on March 15. His body was brought to Manhattan for burial. No words can comfort the bereaved wife (Eusebia Mudge, '93) but a full measure of sympathy is extended to her.

Rev. Charles A. Campbell, '91, of Denver, wrote: "I have read for the first time a copy of the JAYHAWKER and said as I read—'why didn't I know of it before?' 'Twas a sample copy—the first intimation I had had of the smart little publication. Please enter my name as subscriber, beginning with the March number. I may do myself the honor of sending you an alumnal letter, time permitting."

Our meeting will be held in the Athenaeum rooms, Pepper Building, corner of 9th and Locust streets, where it is our plan to have a social, good time, a little music ("chin" and otherwise), and a little something for the stomach's sake—all informal. All expenses of this reunion will probably be covered by the 50 cent annual dues, the payment of which makes you a member of the association.—Yours truly, T. W. Morse, Sec'y., 1100 West 40th street, Kansas City, Mo.

That the elements are not always considerate of important events was illustrated on Thursday, March 9, in South Pasadena, Cal. The guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Perkins wished to reach the Perkins home to see the marriage ceremony performed that would unite their daughter Edith, '00, to Fred Myers, a classmate, but were prevented from doing so by a terrific rain storm which swept over that country. It is said that the groom could not reach the bride's home until the Saturday evening following, and the wedding took place at that time. Had the Perkins family remained in Manhattan, Kansas would have treated them more considerately.

Kate Zimmerman, '00, lends dignity (?) to the corps of teachers in the high school at Fruita, Colo.

O. P. Drake, '03, has recently resigned his position in Rockford, Ill., and become a farmer at Beattie, Kan. We are glad to welcome him back to his home State.

Eva Rigg, '02, is spending this year as a student in the Fisk Deaconess Training School, Kansas City, Mo. She also instructs the domestic science classes at the same school.

Alexis J. Reed, '03, is still a telephone engineer with the Western Electric Company in Chicago. About May first, he expects to move from his present residence to 12 Stanley Terrace.

Ivy Harner, '93, who has spent the winter learning methods in the domestic science schools of Germany and other European countries, will sail April 21 for the United States. She will not return directly to her home in Manhattan, but will spend some time in visiting schools of the East.

A. D. Colliver, another senior who had a good job waiting for him before graduation time, has accepted a position as foreman at the Fort Hays Branch Experiment Station. O. H. Elling, '01, who has been filling this place, has stepped up to the more responsible position of superintendent. We congratulate both of these bright young men.

Chas. Henry Thomas, '03, from the Missouri Botanical Garden, St. Louis, writes an interesting and encouraging letter regarding the JAYHAWKER. He said in part: "Your appeal to the alumni is entirely commendable, and as opportunity permits I shall endeavor to drop in a mite or two. . . . The liberal consideration the JAYHAWKER has heretofore given us as alumni should, I think, give us each a full measure of pride in the magazine and stimulate us to do our own part in making it an all-around College magazine."

The alumna editor, whose official duties end with this number, can but feebly express her gratitude to those who have assisted her in innumerable ways in her effort to make this "family letter" as interesting as possible each month to the "K. S. A. C. children" who read. Her successor will also need your help to build up a strong alumna paper that all may read with pleasure and pride.

Harold T. Nielsen, '03, spent several days at K. S. A. C. while returning from the Ross-Hanson wedding (where he was best man) to the Iowa State College. In a few weeks he expects to obtain his degree and then will return to his work under Professor Hitchcock in the Bureau of Plant Industry. His particular line of work is alfalfa and clover investigations.

From F. C. Sears, '92, of Truro, Nova Scotia: "How is the winter in Kansas? Nova Scotia is giving us a genuine old-fashioned winter, with snow-drifts forty feet deep in cuts on the railways; thermometer fifty degrees below zero and railroads blocked for days. I believe they blame the spots on the sun for it. If that is correct, some one should 'knock the spots off the sun.'"

J. C. Cunningham, '05, having completed all of his senior work except his thesis, left March 23, to work in the large tree nurseries, at Crete, Neb. Harry N. Vinall, '03, has been promoted from his former task as foreman of the packing sheds and traveling sales agent to a place in a comfortable office, lighted by day by the smiles of a sunny stenographer and at night with electricity. He justly claims that that beats sitting on an old hen-coop in the early morning of a cold day waiting for the farmer to get up. Mr. Cunningham, who goes to take Mr. Vinall's former job in the sheds, leaves a place in the musical, social and athletic circles at College that will be hard to fill.

Jesse L. Rogers, '04, is clerking in a hardware store at Paola, Kan.

Estella Tharp, '01, has moved from Arkansas City to Winfield, Kan.

C. D. Adams, '95, now resides at 720 Orville avenue, Kansas City, Kan.

B. W. Conrad, '95, attended the Kansas City Veterinary College this winter.

W. B. Chase, '97, is superintendent of a telephone exchange at Dodge City, Kan.

Jessie Mustard, '01, is an instructor in the city schools at Solomon, Kan., this year.

Herman Avery, '91, of Wakefield, has just paid his College friends a visit of several days.

Eleanor White, '01, is in the southern part of the State on the teaching force of Wichita public schools.

J. G. Arbuthnot, '04, is dealing out pills and powders over a drug-store counter, at Hubbell, Neb.

Minnie Copeland, '98, a graduate nurse, is a surgical assistant to Dr. E. H. Pratt, 100 State Street, Chicago.

Among others from K. S. A. C. who live in Topeka is Helen True, '01, of 1817 Lane Street. She is a teacher.

"Lucile Evelyn" the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Homer Derr, '00, was born on March first, at Mount Pleasant, Mo.

J. H. Whipple, '04, is located at 520 E. Fifth street, Topeka, Kan., and is a special apprentice in the A. T. & S. F. shops.

F. W. Haselwood, '01, is at present employed by the Western Pacific Railway Company as civil engineer, at Orville, Cal. His permanent address will be Palo Alto, however.

A. I. Bain, '00, came down from Marysville to attend the concert, on March 16, given by the College Choral Union. He said he had deserted the ranks of the farmers and has gone into the implement and coal business.

Ollie McCurry, '00, in following up her work as telegraph operator, has wandered as far away from home as Winslow, Ariz.

Mrs. Mable Selby-Laughlin, '95, is getting still farther and farther away from her Alma Mater. She has moved from Ouray, Colo., to Safford, Ariz.

W. H. Roberts, '99, whose address was not given in the last College catalogue, has reported from Vernon, Kan., that he is living on a farm near there.

"We are well and happy. Elling is getting fat but can't talk with the Cuban Senorites yet, though I think he'd like to."—*N. S. Mayo, Santiago de las Vegas, Cuba.*

Otto I. Purdy, '99, while visiting friends in Albert Lea, Minn., was offered a good position as associate editor of the *Freeborn County Times*. He accepted it and is much pleased with his new work.

Benj. Skinner, '91, writes from Wetmore, Kan., enclosing 50 cents, "to relieve your troubles and my indebtedness," and expresses the hope that there will be a grand gathering of "old times" next June.

Wesley O. Staver, '94, our lawyer friend who has been living in Kern, Cal., now resides in El Paso, Tex., and bears the official title in the United States immigration service of "Chinese inspector for the district of Texas."

Ada Rice, '95, was to have delivered an address before the Riley County Educational Association, at Riley, March 18. Subject, "Literature in the Country Home and School." Unfortunately, College duties prevented her filling the engagement.

Lotta Crawford, '02, was very fortunate last fall in securing the position of first assistant in domestic economy at the Colorado Agricultural College. Her parents live in Ft. Collins, where this school is located. No doubt it is very pleasant for her to be at home.

Mrs. Agnes Romick-Edgar, '93, has moved from Honcut, Cal., to Sisson, Cal.

Harry E. Moore, '91, is putting up a large creamery and ice plant at Watonga, Okla.

Alonzo A. Mills, '89, is engaged in fruit, nut and vegetable growing at Anaheim, Cal.

U. G. Houston, '81, of Amherst, Mass., is a lecturer on Bible lands and archaeology.

Alfred Midgley, '91, has moved his lumber interests from Delphos to Minneapolis, Kan.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Darnall, '92, and '95, are both teaching in the city schools of Lents, Ore., this year.

Grace Wonsetler, '85, who is a physician, has moved from Verbeck, Kan., to R. F. D. No. 1, Hoisington.

R. U. Waldraven, '89, is preaching at one of the churches in Atchison, Kan. He lives at 314 S. sixth street.

Robert A. McIlvaine, '92, is the principal teacher at the Government Indian school of Shoshone Agency, Wyo.

A new address for Judd N. Bridgman, '91, and wife, (Grace Stokes) is 1224 Quindaro Boulevard, Kansas City, Kan.

Alverta Cress, '94, and parents are living at 813 W. Tenth street, Topeka. Alverta is a teacher in the city schools of Topeka.

John W. Van Deventer, '86, has changed his place of residence from Sterling, Colo., to 2921 Stout street, Denver, Colo.

Ben Skinner, M. D., '90, having cured (?) all the sick people at Granada, Kan., is *practicing* on those at Wetmore, Kan.

E. C. Abbott, '93, in addition to being district attorney of the first judicial district of New Mexico, is also assistant solicitor general of New Mexico and lives at Santa Fe.

C. J. Burson, '01, hails from Herrick, South Dakota, where he is a farmer and stock raiser on a homestead in the Rosebud Reservation.

Loyall S. Harner, '92, of 1120 Hayes avenue, Colorado Springs, Colo., is employed by the Portland Gold Mining and Milling Company.

Albert E. Newman, '90, formerly county superintendent at Watonga, Okla., is now a carpenter and contractor at Texas City, Tex.

John S. Griffing, '77, formerly of Manhattan, is living on R. F. D. No. 16, Tecumseh, Kan., and is pursuing his former occupation, *i.e.*, farming.

Ione Dewey-Sutherland, '93, is a stenographer at the City Hall, Chicago, in the special assessment law department. She lives at 3744 Lake avenue.

Lieut. Orlando G. Palmer, '87, who has been stationed with the Seventh United States Cavalry at Fort Myer, Va., will be transferred about the middle of May to Manila, P. I.

W. J. Lightfoot, '81, of Montrose, Colo., is an engineer in the United States Reclamation Service and is now engaged on the construction of the Gunnison tunnel at the River Portal.

Amos E. Wilson, '78, lives at 1008 S. Fourth street, Leavenworth, Kan., and is the cashier of the First National Bank and president of the Missouri Valley Bridge and Iron Company.

Spencer N. Chaffee, '91, once superintendent of the preparatory department at this College, has since obtained a degree of M. D., and is now a practicing physician and surgeon at Morganville, Kan.

Daniel W. Working, '88, lives on the R. F. D. No. 2, Capitol Hill Station, Denver, but his official address as county superintendent of Arapahoe county schools is Littleton. He has gained an enviable reputation as a writer.

Fannie J. Cress, '94, is a teacher in the schools of Escanaba, Mich., this winter.

Russell J. Peck, '97, is trying the productiveness of Oklahoma soil at Gotebo at present.

Friends of Dr. Clay E. Coburn, '91, will find him at 908 Orville Avenue, Kansas City, Kan.

E. T. Martin, '90, is one of Chicago's lawyers whose address is 1402—100 Washington Street.

Percy King, '98, formerly of Chautauque, is "selling boards" at Baxter Springs, Kan., now.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Joss, '96, send as their address, 3320 N. Seventh street, Tacoma, Wash.

Lucy Ellis, '95, writes from 334 Ann avenue that she is a teacher in the schools of Kansas City, Kan.

L. C. Foster, '04, is at present an electrician at La Junta, Colo., with the A. T. & S. F. company.

Roger W. Bishoff, '97, is an industrial teacher in the Seger Indian training school of Colony, Okla.

R. M. Philbrook, '97, is still in Walla Walla, Wash., but has changed his occupation from that of teacher to painter.

Hattie Noyes, '91, of Zeandale, is selling books this year for the International Publishing Company of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Allie Peckham-Cordry, '82, has changed her place of residence from Salina to 1231 Forest Avenue, Parsons, Kan.

E. G. Gibson, '96, is in the engineering department with the A. T. & S. F. Railway Company at Arkansas City, Kan. He recently moved there from Topeka.

W. I. Joss, '95, is taking a little time from his medical practice at 816 Columbia avenue, Philadelphia, to do some postgraduate work in medicine and surgery.

O. A. Otten (Pete), '95, is serving in the official capacity of agent for the C. R. I. & P. Railway Company at Hebron, Neb.

Benj. F. S. Royer, '95, is another alumnus whose motto is "kill or cure." He is a physician and surgeon at Clearmont, Mo.

Mark Kirkpatrick, '96, is no longer in the Choctaw land-office at Aftoka, I. T., but is in the real-estate business at Ardmore, I. T.

Arthur L. Peter, '96, is looking after the health (when called upon) of the residents of Denver. Send calls to 2041 Ogden street.

Albert B. Kimball, '89, formerly an editor of Scandia, Kan., has bought a telephone exchange at Fairland, I. T., and moved his family there recently.

Thos. E. Lyon, '93, of Springfield, Ill., has his law office in the Sangamon Loan and Trust building, while his residence is at 824 S. England Avenue.

J. B. Harman, '95, seems to have deserted Kansas for good. He has located at 412 Plateau avenue, Colorado City, Colo., and is engaged in the wholesale and retail fuel and feed business.

Mark V. Hester, '94, who for many years was editor of the *Onlooker*, at Haviland, Kan., is now at 257 Cedar avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, and is a student of the Cleveland Bible Training School.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Chandler, '00, and '94, since the St. Louis Exposition is over, have moved back to Kansas City, and are living at 608 East Thirtieth street. Mr. Chandler is the landscape gardener for the Kansas City parks.

Guy F. Farley, '98, who has spent the past two years in study at the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, will blossom out about the middle of next month into a full-fledged "Lecturer and Reader." He expects to return to Kansas soon.

Topeka Conference Athletic Rules.

The "Topeka Conference Rules" were adopted in February, 1902, revised January 10, 1903, and again revised at the meeting February 6, 1905. President, J. D. S. Riggs, of the State Normal; vice-president, Prof. W. A. Harshbarger, of Washburn; secretary and treasurer, Wilson Sterling, of the University of Kansas.

RULE 1. No one shall participate in any intercollegiate game or athletic sport unless he be a bona fide student, doing full minimum work in a regular or special course as defined in the curriculum of his college, and no student who has participated in any intercollegiate game as a member of the college team shall be permitted to play on the team of any other college during the succeeding season devoted to that game, unless he has obtained a college academic degree or has completed the course in the preparatory department of a college.

RULE 2. No student shall participate in any intercollegiate contest who shall not have been in residence and made full credit for the work of a term of not less than ten weeks (provided it be not a summer term) previous to the term or semester in which the sport is held.

RULE 3. No person shall be admitted to any intercollegiate contest who receives any gift, remuneration or pay for his services on the college team. Each candidate for a position on any athletic team shall present to the chairman of the faculty committee on eligibility a signed statement, sworn to before a notary public, that he has not received and will not receive any material remuneration either directly or indirectly in consideration for his playing on that team during that season. A duplicate of said statement sworn to before a notary public shall be furnished other colleges of the conference when requested.

RULE 4. No student shall participate in a particular sport upon the

teams of any college or colleges for more than six years in the aggregate, and any member of a college who plays during any part of an intercollegiate game does thereby participate in sport for that year. The first three games of intercollegiate football in each season shall not count as participation.

RULE 5. No student shall participate in any intercollegiate contest who has ever used or is using his knowledge of athletic skill for gain; provided, that offenses against this rule committed in playing "summer baseball" prior to January 1, 1902, need not be construed as disqualifying a candidate for any college team, except in cases where salary has been received. No person who receives any compensation from a college or preparatory department for services rendered by way of regular instruction shall be permitted to play on any team.

RULE 6. No student shall play in any game under an assumed name.

RULE 7. No student shall be permitted to participate in any intercollegiate contest who is found by the faculty to be delinquent in his studies.

RULE 8. All intercollegiate games shall be played on ground either owned or under immediate control of one or both of the colleges participating in the contest, and all intercollegiate games shall be played under student management and not under the control of any corporation, association or private individual.

RULE 9. The election of managers and captains of teams in each college shall be subject to the approval of the committee on athletics.

RULE 10. At least ten days before any intercollegiate contest, the respective chairmen of the institutions concerned shall submit to each other a certified list of players eligible under the rules adopted to participate in said contest. It shall be the duty of the captains of the respective teams to exclude all players from the contest

except those so certified. No protest against the eligibility of a player shall be operative until the arbiter shall have rendered his decision.

RULE 11. Athletic committees shall require each candidate for a team to represent the college in intercollegiate contests to subscribe to a statement that he is eligible under the letter and spirit of these rules.

RULE 12. No person, having been a member of a college athletic team during any year and having been in attendance less than eighteen consecutive weeks or the full spring term, if it be less than eighteen weeks, shall be permitted to play in any intercollegiate contest thereafter until he shall have been in attendance eighteen consecutive weeks.

RULE 13. The institutions composing the Kansas College Athletic Conference shall refuse to play match games with Kansas colleges and universities not subject to these rules.

RULE 14. Any member (that is, school, college or university) refusing to abide by the decision of the arbiter or board of appeals shall be suspended from the Conference, the term of suspension to be terminated by action of the board of appeals.

By action of the Conference, January, 10, 1903, the President, Vice-President, and Secretary and Treasurer were constituted a board of appeals, to hear cases that may be appealed from the decision of the arbiter.

The Senior-Junior Reception.

The present senior class is noted for its originality and its habit of making a success of every undertaking, and every junior who attended the reception the night of St. Patrick's day, will agree that this occasion was no exception to the general rule.

Our first impression, on entering Kedzie Hall that night (March 17) was, that we had been suddenly set down on Erin's Isle. Everything from the elaborate shamrock decorations to the

little green pigs, that assisted us in such an accomodating manner to find our partners, was Irish in spirit; and when we had kissed the "Blarney Stone" and had helped to piece together a map of Ireland we felt that everything was indeed Irish. Even the Irish puns that we wrote.

The only strictly American features of the evening were the toasts presented by Mr. Nygard of the senior class and Mr. Davis of the junior class—toasts which brought to us the spirit of freedom and brotherhood.

Then, as the lights winked sleepily, seniors and juniors went out into the night with colors—old rose and yellow—tied in a hard knot.

Campus Briefs.

A few weeks ago the Ionian society gave a mock trial—"The Ionian Society *versus* Billy Brown." Although Brown was charged with the grievous crime of slander and the evidence very convincing, the defendant was justly cleared. The trial was both interesting and instructive. The girls had been coached by Mr. Ross Long, a "sure-enough lawyer." They feel quite competent now to undertake the most complicated lawsuit.

Monday evening, March 6, the second annual Y. M. C. A. banquet was given at the Congregational church. Only association men, the advisory board and invited Faculty members, altogether about 150, were present. After a busy hour spent with knife and fork the toast-master, Professor Eyer, introduced "our amiable and witty friend," Professor McKeever, who gave us some excellent "funny-graphs" as additional desert to our feast. R. A. Carle, the next speaker, did his best to entertain us with a humorous story, or two, and a brief review of the association history, and succeeded mightily well. President Nichols then spoke acceptably and unusually well, commending the

M. C. A. on its effective work. Secretary McLean, the last speaker, gave a brief discussion of the prospective Y. M. C. A. building, stating that work would probably begin on it next summer. After a hearty verse of "Blest Be the Tie," we separated to our rooms with renewed feelings of loyalty for the Young Men's Christian Association.

Strickland Gillilan of the *Baltimore American*, who was a regular number on the Society Lecture Course, was well received on the night of February 27. His subject, "Sunshine and Awkwardness," was an apt one and one well fitted, not only to the audience but to the speaker as well. As the subject would indicate, the lecture—or rather the rambling, disjointed talk, as he called it—was humorous throughout; in fact, a little too light for the lot of budding and sprouting ideas that had gathered to hear him.

At a students' meeting, held Sunday, March 12, at the Congregational church, pledges to the amount of \$1000 were taken. This money goes to swell the Y. M. C. A. building fund. The speakers were Professors Eyer and TenEyck and President Nichols. Secretary McLean presided. At a meeting held for a similar purpose nearly a year ago, pledges to the amount of \$6000 were given by the students. Altogether they have pledged some \$10,000 for an association building. Surely the students are to be commended for their cheerful liberality in this matter.

On the night of March 9 a large and appreciative audience greeted the famous sculptor, Lorado Taft. After hearing him and seeing him at work it is not so hard to understand the possibility of having no two alike in all the several millions of the earth's inhabitants. Characteristic of the true artist, the fact shone out that Mr. Taft is thoroughly in love with his chosen profession, and constantly

on the lookout for those who have the ability and the ambition to mount the sculptor's ladder to possible fame. Mr. Taft's traveling assistant, Mr. Crunnelle, is one such, who, through the timely assistance of Mr. Taft, is rapidly striding to the front as a sculptor. Several years ago Mr. Crunnelle was a coal miner in Pennsylvania. Lorado Taft was the seventh number on the Society Lecture Course.

Baseball prospects are as high now as could be wished for, and if present conditions continue to exist we shall have a formidable team this coming season. The line-up is not yet definitely arranged, there being a good many possibilities for each position. R. A. Cassell will probably be catcher, and the pitchers are Coldwell and Buckley. Mr. Booth is coaching the team. The first game played here will be with the Chicago National League team, on April 6, and with half the encouragement and support our team deserves, there is no reason why it should not be a most interesting game.

The first annual concert of the Choral Union, given March 16, in the Auditorium, may be said to have been a success from an artistic standpoint; and notwithstanding the storm, a very fine crowd was present at the evening concert, as well as the band concert in the afternoon. On account of the steady downpour of rain the dress parade which was to have been given in the afternoon by the College battalion was omitted. The evening concert began shortly after eight o'clock and lasted about two hours. Twice during two different numbers by the Choral Union, the electric lights, owing to the storm, were extinguished for a short time, but the singing continued without a break, thus giving evidence of Professor Valley's thorough training. The chorus at present consists of nearly one hundred fifty voices, and the Tat-

arrax Glee Club, which deserves special mention as a feature of the entertainment, is composed of twenty-five men. The College has reason to be proud of its first musical attempt and, as Regent Fairchild said, "We look forward to the time when this feature of our College shall hold second place to none in the State."

The basket-ball game which was played Monday, March 13, by the girls of the sophomore and junior classes, resulted for the latter team in a victory which won for them the College championship and the loving-cup offered by Mr. Askren, of this city. The final score was 22 to 15. As in the previous game, admission was by invitation, and an enthusiastic crowd watched the contest. Good work was done on both sides, but Miss Laura Lyman, of the junior team, was undoubtedly the star player. She threw seven field goals and her playing throughout was strong. The players were: Juniors—Misses Hanson, McNutt, Murphy, Lyman, and Cunningham. Sophomores—Misses DeArmond, Cave, Taylor, Cole, and Smith. Mr. Melick and Mr. Ahearn were the officials.

A basket-ball tournament, played by the four class teams, took place on March 6 in the Gymnasium. Each class had decorated a corner of the room, and the display of class colors was as elaborate as the enthusiasm on the occasion was strong, the juniors perhaps leading in both respects. The first game was played between freshmen and sophomores, the latter team winning by a score of 13 to 9. The players were: Freshmen, Misses Tolin, Hawkins, Lash, Bardshear, and Palmer; sophomores, Misses Cave, DeArmond, Taylor, and Smith. The second game, between the two upper-class teams, resulted in a victory for the juniors, with a score of 25 to 18. The last half of the game was the best played, for the girls worked together better, and the seniors espec-

ially showed excellent team work. The players were: Juniors, Misses Lyman, Murphy, Dow, McNutt, and Cunningham; seniors, Misses Baird, McCoy, Cunningham, Dow, Reynolds, and Kirkwood. After the game the campus rang with the shouts of the victors, while the "colors of the vanquished trailed in the dust."

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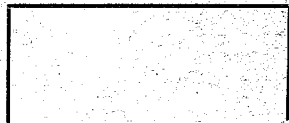
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