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Letter from a Wanderer.

Darwin S. Leach, '81.

Nothing could be a greater pleasure to me than to give, from time to time, sketches of my career, which has been one of adventure without advantage, of peril without profit. My wanderlust has taken me over many seas, and in every kind of vessels, from brigs to battleships. I have been through a number of revolutions and have annexed some scars. I have lived in many countries and in every clime.

For such a life, a certain flexibility, adaptability of character is an essential prerequisite. Frequent changes of residence will result *a priori* in changes just as radical in one's occupation. For instance: I was in the Argentine. The crisis had ruined me as well as thousands of others. I had to do something. The time I refer to was a few weeks before the outbreak of a revolution in Buenos Ayres, when the lights went out and the *elite* of the under world were holding high carnival in the homes of the rich. I got a job as a carpenter in a little town not far from the capital. It was my last resort. My efforts to earn a living by the sweat of my brow began on Monday and came to an abrupt but not unexpected end on Saturday. My employer hinted that of the finer points of the art I had something to learn. I confessed it. (I make it a rule to confess that which I cannot successfully deny.) In return, I expressed my unbounded admiration for a man who needed a week to find me out, and again changed my calling.

Such sudden changes of occupation were not soothing to the temper of the landlord or the washerwoman, al-

though the latter would, on occasion, remind me of the uncertainties of life by taking pay in kind and leaving me minus a shirt or two.

In this connection I am reminded of some sound advice I absorbed while in College and, as subsequent events proved, assimilated as well. The advice was given me, I think, by Professor Failyer. At any rate, one would quite naturally think of it as originating with him, for it is on a par with the wholesome counsel which that popular professor always gave to the youth of the land. It was this: "Let the dead past attend its own obsequies and face the future with a smile." I have always acted upon that advice; kept a stiff upper lip and never worried. By following this advice I once made a change of residence that was conducive to longevity—on my part, at least. What effect it had on my landlord I never learned, and for obvious reasons shall not attempt to discover.

It occurred in a country in South America. The year of grace doesn't matter. Nothing ever does matter in that "land of to-morrow." Suffice it to say that they had the usual revolution—revolutions are kept on tap like beer—complicated by the worst epidemic of yellow fever I have ever known. At this time the gold excitement in South Africa was at its flood, and Johannesburg was rapidly acquiring the unique distinction of being the most select collection of scoundrels the world has seen for a century. I felt that the savage of Africa, wearing only a smile, would be a better neighbor than his draped-out but unwashed brother on this side of the pond.

Lying at anchor in the harbor was a little schooner, loaded with a small cargo of coffee and bound for Cape Town. By signing articles as a sailor—pay one shilling for the voyage—I had the right, under the laws requiring sailing vessels to assist shipwrecked seamen, to work my passage to home and mother. (Of course, for the time being, my household gods were to be found only in Africa.) Incidentally I might mention the fact that the captain pocketed the biggest twenty-dollar gold piece I have ever seen; moreover, it was all I had. He charged the grub bill to the owners. And that recalls a Spanish expression, "Everybody in this world cooks beans."

(The pertinency of Professor Fail-
yer's advice lies in the fact that had I not treated my board bill as a thing of the past, as of course it was, I should never have been able to see my "mammy." On the contrary, I might have been the victim of the revolution or of Yellow Jack.)

One beautiful morning in August (How beautiful the tropics are!) I told the landlord (who, by the way, was a Portuguese—and I never did like 'em "nohow") that the condition of the country and my health made it necessary for me to take a long walk. I took it and I have been walking ever since. You will notice the ease and naturalness with which I make this confession. That is a faculty possessed by the few and acquired only by long practice. Moreover, if I am to relate my experiences for the benefit of old friends, I must stick to the facts. I am nothing if not accurate. If at any time an apology would appear to be in order, I trust that some one of my old friends will take that job off my hands, for I have forgotten the trick.

I shall never forget that voyage. I hope to write it out some day. There were six souls of us on board, including the nigger cabin boy and the

monkey. The vessel was a very small one, the distance great, and for a part of the way the trip was very tempestuous. It was a long journey, so long that the cabin boy became bald-headed, and we forgot the years. When I stepped on the wharf at Cape Town I felt that I had done the world a service, and was ready to face the future—and immediately "smiled."

A knowledge of modern languages, especially of English and Spanish, sufficient to enable one to laugh at the right time in the joke and not forfeit friendship, is also an essential. On one occasion I discovered that I possessed one language too many, and failed to comprehend a single word of my native tongue. I was a great gainer by it—but that is a story for the future.

The effect of such a wandering life upon one's religious faith and political principles can be best described by quoting a line from a verse written by Lowell, when asked his opinion of Gladstone: "and life-long principles extemporize." Danger, of course, is to be expected in such a life, particularly twenty years ago when Spanish America was in a ferment. I once narrowly escaped jail in Santo Domingo by artlessly inquiring, as soon as I landed, whose turn it was to be president that week.

During the revolution in the Argentine I was employed by a firm of contractors in the construction of some port works on the banks of the La Plata river. The navy had joined the rebels, and one vessel was actively engaged in shelling the capital. The war ship was lying only a few hundred yards distant from my quarters, and I had the pleasure of noting the civilizing influences of a ten-inch shell in the process of combustion—and such influences were sadly needed. The gunner, who was a European, kept up the fusillade till he got so drunk he couldn't hit the city. All that was very interesting, no doubt, but if there

was any profit in it I certainly missed my share. There were fifty thousand men out of employment—might was right; and every man was his own policeman and court of last resort. I got out of that pest-house by stealing my way on board a Dago emigrant ship, and made tracks for Brazil. That incident in my life, however, I never relate except to intimate friends, and then only after dark and with the lamp turned low.

One will also acquire titles of distinction, any lack of real worth in the distinction being compensated for by the length of the title. I have been called "Colonel," "Doctor," "Professor," etc., etc., more times than I care to remember. I have even been dubbed "Your Excellency." Occasionally, I have been able to live up to the part. At other times the unsatisfactory condition of my linen gave to the salutation a note of sarcasm, if not of suspicion.

One's health usually suffers from such a mode of life. Mine, on the whole, has been good. My landlord, as a rule, will see to it that I don't get the gout, and I have been too poor to have appendicitis.

Some will say that such a life as I am describing is unsatisfactory. That is a matter of angles. From my point of view I would rather see London, with its great collections in the fields of art and science, its historical associations, its poverty and wretchedness; pick up diamonds in Africa; study the ruins of the Aztecs; hunt the wool-bearing deer of the Andes; or stand, as I have done, within three feet of the edge of a volcano when it was red hot and contemplate, at a distance of a thousand feet below, nature's sublimest spectacle, than settle down in some quiet village and become what is known in philosophy as a "vegetative soul."

Furthermore, life should have something in it higher than to simply continue the species; something better

than to merely take root and sprout. The proper study of mankind is man; and how are we going to study him if we don't go to him and talk with him under his own vine and fig tree, cross our legs under his mahogany? You remember the alternative left to Mahomet when the mountain refused to budge. We must do the same. There is no other way.

Through travel I have learned that the American who takes up a permanent residence in any country except where his own flag flies is a fool plus the adjective.

I have tried, like a great many others to solve the problem of the ages—whence and whither?—and of course I failed, as it has no solution. I have learned, however, that in this world there is no free will, that we are not free moral agents—and that is a fact worth knowing.

From a standpoint of dollars and cents, a life like mine does not pay dividends, I hear some owl of wisdom remark. But what do we want in this world? Three square meals a day and enough to keep one from being pinched is about the limit. The infinitive "to pinch" pleases me hugely. I employ it frequently, as I have become very familiar with its conjugation, which reminds me:

It was in Salvador; hour, six A. M. I was on my way to coffee. A gang of police did a most graceful pinching act, and notified me that my presence was urgently needed at the jail. In answer to my inquiry as to what had happened, I was given the pleasing information that "a closed mouth catches no flies." On arriving at the jail I learned that I had not paid my road tax and that the boss of the town needed the cash. He had made an addition to his harem, probably, and had found her expensive. Ignorance of the law excuses no one, not even in Salvador, where everything is pardoned except the possession of character. The fact that I had been in the

country only forty-eight hours, while the tax had been over due for more than two months, was no bar to prosecution. Accordingly, they made me pay the tax, and fined me to boot for not paying it on time. Against such conduct I protested, and for my cheek was made to chew the cud of repentance. They locked me up in a big barrack-like place filled with filth, and with a temperature so stifling that one could scarcely breathe. For the time being I was compelled to chum it with the most motley crew that was ever seen inside a jail, or outside for that matter. The riffraff and rabble of the town, well dressed foreigners from the four quarters of the globe—in fact, everybody who could be pinched without fear of the consequences was there. They kept me till all the others had been attended to, out of deference I presume. The despot did not condescend to begin operations until ten o'clock, took three hours off at noon for his afternoon nap—the universal custom—with the result that it was nearly sundown before they reached me. I was told to "cough up." I coughed. I always do under such circumstances—or when I have a cold.

But this is digressing, and if I don't stop it I shall never reach the end of this letter, already too long. My object in this is not to write a sketch nor to philosophize, but to introduce the thin end of the wedge to a series of sketches, and at the same time to prove to my own satisfaction that I am a poet. I shall make a beginning by translating a part of a poem written by Doctor Rafael del Valle. The doctor is a member of the Council or Upper House of the colonial government. To his well-known qualities as a statesman he has added the laurels of a poet. I said "translate." I should have called it an attempt to express in English the main idea or theme of the doctor's verse. Poetry can never be translated. Translation, it is claimed by some, is treason. In

this poem I have tried to give expression to the doctor's loyalty to our country and institutions, a loyalty shared by a large majority of his countrymen.

Poets, they say, are born, but not bred. That I was not bred one I am willing to confess, and hope that old friends will not deny me absolution on the grounds of insufficiency of confession.

A radical difference in the point of view always arises from a difference of language and environment. For that reason a translation can never be accurate. Existence in the tropics is very much of the kind that the Italians call "*dolce far niente*," or "a sweet do nothing." The trees are very green, the song birds are always with us, the roses never cease to blossom, the blue waters of the Caribbean are about us; the peaceful pastoral life of the people, the languor and listlessness in the air—all the conditions of existence, in fact, lend themselves to flights of fancy and their natural resultant, a poetical expression of the idyllic life of the people, of the soul of man, with its joys and sorrows and its longings after the ideal. Their poetry, like their language, is flowery, and consequently difficult to translate. I have done my best and hope to escape an indictment for treason. The mistakes are mine, and many, and not the author's. I hope old friends will be charitable in criticism and generous in appreciation. The poem is entitled, "The Flag."

The shades of night o'er the waters flee,
As the Herald of Day springs from the deep,
Waking with a kiss from her peaceful sleep,
My dearest love, the Pearl of Carib's Sea.

And by the light that gleams upon the wave,
Standard of Truth, and of a reign of law,
Content I view thee, without stain or flaw;
Beautiful ensign of a people brave.

From Morro's heights that front the restless sea,
Peace and freedom, and to all honor true
Reflected I see from thy field of blue,
Banner of Hope, and of nation free.

May thy resplendent stripes of red and white,
The signal of Justice forever wave,
And God in His wisdom, protect and save
Thee, Emblem of Faith, and thy rule of right.

Flag of a hundred wars, with duty's scars,
May thy protecting folds with us abide;
And our Ship of State we shall ever guide,
By the splendor of thy glorious Stars.

*Apple Growing in Nova Scotia.**

By F. C. Sears, '92.

Aside from those few who habitually confound Nova Scotia with Nova Zembla (which might be characterized as a confounded piece of impudence), and who therefore think of it as a region of perpetual ice and snow, almost everybody knows that Nova Scotia grows the finest apples in the world.

I have often speculated on why this was. I remember once hearing an eminent authority on fruit growing say that it was a well-recognized fact among those who had studied the matter that the farther north fruit would come to full maturity the finer it was likely to be. And my friend, Mr. R. W. Starr, of Wolfville, Nova Scotia, once showed me a letter from the late Charles Downing, in which he acknowledged the receipt of some Nova Scotia Gravensteins, and remarked, among other interesting things, that from only one other section of the continent did he receive apples of such generally high quality as from Nova Scotia, and that other section was the mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina. And he attributed this excellence to high latitude in the one case, and high altitude in the other. But that doesn't explain the matter. It merely shifts the speculation from "why Nova Scotia grows fine fruit" to "why northern climates in general do." And, as Lawson has rather given speculation a black eye of late, we will go no further than to say that it has seemed to me that the extreme shortness of the growing season in Nova Scotia has at least something to do with it. And when I compare the way apples grow up there in Nova Scotia with the way they grow in some parts of the West where I have lived,

out near Salina, Kan., or even at the Kansas Agricultural College, I'm like the politician: I convince myself that I am right whether anybody else is convinced or not. In Nova Scotia apples don't come into blossom until about the first of June, and they are picking them (*some* of them) the last of August. In order to come to maturity in that time they have to rush things, and their tissues are crisp and juicy and fine. But out in the West they have two or three months longer in which to grow, and, as they mull along through the hot days of July and August, putting on an occasional extra cell, is it any wonder that they incline to get "set in their ways," and are a bit tough and leathery?

I well remember my first introduction to Nova Scotia fruit growing. It was one of those bright, cool days of early autumn, which I think are another factor in the quality and appearance of Nova Scotia apples. A friend had asked me to take a drive from Wolfville over to Starr's Point, one of the finest fruit sections of the whole Annapolis Valley. (The most famous fruit section of Nova Scotia.) And as we drove across the wide dike lands, then covered with innumerable cattle; over the Cornwallis river with the tide rushing out to sea; past old French relics in the way of ancient apple trees, still apparently healthy though a hundred and fifty years have passed since they were planted; old French willow trees of equal age, and old French "trails;" with Blomidon and the North mountain always in sight as a background to the whole scene, I thought to myself (and said to my friend) that no industry ever had more beautiful and interesting surroundings.

We met numbers of teams loaded with barrels of apples which they were taking to the railway station for shipment to Halifax, and thence to England. And I noticed at once the peculiar type of wagon which they used. It is called a "sloven wagon"

*From the *Canadian Magazine*, by permission of the author.

(doubtless for some good reason) and, while the wheels are of ordinary size, the axles are bent so as to bring the bottom of the bed within a few inches of the ground. And as the sides are removable this does away almost entirely with the lifting of apple barrels in loading.

When we finally arrived at the particular orchard which we "had in view," we found things all activity. The early apples, Gravensteins, Ribston Pippins, and the like, were being gathered and either packed immediately in the orchard or taken to the warehouse and there allowed to stand for a few days until wanted for shipment, which gives them time to become thoroughly cooled, a very important factor in their arriving at their final destination in good condition. The pickers used long ladders of a type then new to me, the two side pieces coming together at the upper end, which allowed of their being placed in the crotch of a limb and staying firmly where they were put, instead of tipping about as the ordinary ladder with straight sides will often do. Baskets with swing bails were used, each basket having an iron hook on the bail which could be hooked over a limb of the tree or a rung of the ladder, thus allowing the picker to have both hands free for picking. And the apples as gathered were *placed* in the baskets, not dropped or tossed into them. The rule there was that no apple was to be let go of until it was in contact with those already in the basket; and a very important rule it is, too, with fruit like Nova Scotia Gravensteins. A Ben Davis, or even a Baldwin, will stand a good deal of buffeting and still turn up smiling, but the feelings of a Gravenstein are too easily hurt for that sort of treatment. I have heard of fruit sections where the usual salutation among growers in the autumn is: "Well, have you shaken your apples yet?" But if that place is in Nova Scotia I

have yet to see it. And the almost equally barbarous custom of piling the apples on the ground as picked is never practised there. It may do very well, where one wants an impressive picture, for a magazine article to be labelled "Ten thousand bushels of apples from one orchard," but to me the impressive feature of such a picture is not the large quantity of apples shown but the small quantity of sense. In Nova Scotia the apples are poured into the barrels by the pickers (which is done by lowering the basket into the barrel and then inverting it so as to reduce bruising to the minimum), and they are not again disturbed until they are packed for market, which may be the next day or the next week, or not until the following April. With the winter sorts (Baldwins, Northern Spies, Golden Russets, Nonpareils, and the like), which are to stand for some time, the heads are put into the barrels (upside down so as to give more room in the barrels), and they are then stored away in the cellar or warehouse till wanted.

But to return to my story. The packing was being done in the orchard by the owner, assisted by a few of his best men. They used a packing table somewhat like a large wheel-barrow with a flat top, which could be wheeled about from one part of the orchard to another as the picking progressed. Over this was spread a heavy blanket as an additional safeguard against bruising. Of course they had, as every packer who *thinks* has, a lot of little peculiarities of their own, but several points interested me particularly. Every barrel was labelled "Nova Scotia," not "Canadian" or "N. S.," but "Nova Scotia." They knew their apples had a good reputation, and they were going to take full advantage of it and let everyone know where the apples were grown. Another point that took my special attention was their use of the "pulp head" in each barrel. This is a piece of light paste-

board made from wood pulp and cut just the size of the head of the barrel. On it is printed something of this sort: "Choice Nova Scotia Apples, Grown and Packed by John Starr & Son, Starr's Point, Nova Scotia, No. 1 Gravenstein's." When the empty barrel is placed head downward ready for packing, this pulp head is placed in the bottom of it with the letters down, so that when that end of the barrel is opened in the London market the first thing seen is this pedigree of the fruit contained. The pulp head, therefore, acts as an advertisement for the growers of the fruit, and it also serves in some slight degree as a cushion to keep the fruit from being bruised, and, lastly, it keeps any dust, etc., which might by any chance get into the barrel, from coming in contact with the face of the fruit, so that the face turns up as clean and bright and smiling in Liverpool or London as it was the day it was packed. The removal of the stems from the first or "face" layer of apples was new to me. This is done with a peculiar pair of nippers, the object being to prevent the stem from bruising the fruit and thus causing decay. The fruit was sorted into three grades, which were: branded "No. 1," "No. 2," and "No. 3." In some varieties of apples they made a special grade of the largest and finest, which were labelled "Extra." This was done partly with the hope of getting an "extra" price for them, but more largely with the idea of making what remained more uniform. The owner explained that what were left would actually look better and therefore *sell* better when the few over-large specimens were taken out. Grades 1 and 2 were sent principally to England, while grade 3 went to some local market, to Halifax. St. Johns, Newfoundland, Sydney, Cape Breton, or to some of the smaller towns, or was made into vinegar or canned. This last method of disposing of the lower grades is increasing, and it will be a

grand thing for the fruit industry of the province when everything under a No. 2 is used in some such way.

Since the passage of the "Fruit Marks Act" in 1901, methods of packing have materially improved with the average grower. There is less tendency to "over-face" the barrels and more certainty that the centre of the barrel will consist of edible fruit. I quite agree with those who hold that you "can't legislate a man honest;" but in this case the very few packers who wilfully and intentionally packed their apples fraudulently have been "legislated" so that they *act* as if they were honest, which, in a sense, is quite as good. With the great majority the improvement has come as a matter of education. The law has prompted them to give the matter more thought, and the inspectors have been quite as willing to show how packing *ought* to be done as to condemn that which was packed as it ought *not* to be. And, as every barrel *must* be branded with the grower's name, no matter where the fruit is marketed, whether just around the corner, or in Boston, Berlin, Kamchatka, or some other out of the way place, the grower can still be held responsible if complaint is made to the Canadian Department of Agriculture.

But I am wandering again from my Starr's Point orchard. Many other things than the actual work going on in the orchard were of interest as showing what *had* been done and how. The large apple warehouse, where the apples are stored and where all the packing (except the very earliest varieties) is done, was a model in construction and convenience. The cellar walls and floor of cement concrete, and the superstructure of lumber (with laths and plaster and building paper used freely to secure air-tight spaces), made a building perfectly frost-proof, where apples might be stored safely in any weather. Aside from these

private warehouses on the farms. practically every station on the railway throughout the whole length of the Annapolis Valley has its large apple warehouse for storage and shipment. Many stations have two or more. They are built by coöperative companies, by private speculators, and by English commission firms. In them the barrels of apples are stored as they are brought from the farms ready for shipment to Halifax on the arrival of an English steamer. And, whereas before the advent of these railway warehouses farmers had only a few hours' notice, or at most a day, of the steamer's arrival, and were obliged to haul their apples to the station no matter what the weather, *now* they can choose any time within a week and get them in comfortably even in winter. Of course some fruit is stored in these houses in the autumn, but, as the packing is done only a short time before shipment, it is generally found most convenient to store the fruit on the farm, as in the case of our Starr's Point grower.

The oldest part of his orchard was at that time some forty years set: clean, healthy and vigorous; just in its prime, and good for another century at least, while the subsequent plantings ranged all the way down to the previous spring. These plantings have gone on since then until, in the spring of 1905, the last piece of upland, six and one-half acres, was set, "just to even things out," making between sixty and seventy acres of orchard, principally apples. And most other growers of the province have done the same, till the fruit industry is very largely confined to apple growing. And while this collecting of our horticultural eggs so largely in one basket may be bad on general principles, yet, when we consider how seldom anything has happened to this basket in the past, we are forced to the conclusion that Nova Scotia growers are

not foolhardy in risking the very few upsets which occur.

About twenty-five cows were kept in the barn and fed there practically the year round. They were principally Jerseys, and the milk sold at the creamery gave a good profit on their keep. But the prime object for which they were kept was the manure, for sixty-five acres of orchard consumes a large amount of fertilizer. The barn manure is supplemented by bone meal and muriate of potash, the latter especially being used liberally—from 200 to 500 pounds per acre each spring.

A rank crop of crimson clover was growing in a part of the orchard, and I was told (and subsequent experience has confirmed the report) that it was most satisfactory as a cover-crop. But whatever may be used for the purpose, some kind of cover-crop always forms a part of the yearly program for the orchard. Another part is spraying, and we saw the large force pump mounted on a hundred-gallon cask, which was then used for the purpose, but which has since been replaced by a gasoline power sprayer, which does the work more quickly, easier, better, and just as cheaply.

We were asked to stay to dinner, and accepted (everyone *is* asked, and after one experience *always* accepts if at all possible); we rang up the folks at home on the telephone and told them what we had done (and we *might* have telephoned to Halifax or Annapolis or anywhere else in the province, had we wished to); we read the day's paper, which arrived while we were there by the mail which is each day brought to the door. We were shown up-stairs to prepare for dinner, and found there as pretty a little "Delft" bath-room as one would see in a week's journey anywhere; we saw the fine driving horse in the barn, waiting only for a little lull in the rush of business to be given some exercise (in fact, he didn't have to wait

that long, for the ladies drove him to Wolfville that afternoon); we saw the beehives, and the tennis-court and the croquet ground, and the rose garden and the kitchen garden. And as we drove home through the twilight, and I thought of all that I had seen and heard during the day, I again thought to myself, and again said to my friend, that that life would be good enough for me. And, after nine years of added observations, I think so yet.

The Shepherd's Crook.

Perhaps the class of '96 thought they had made enough racket in the world, or yet again it may be they were spending all their spare time and energies in fruitless attempts to recover the spade from the Blue river, where it found lodgment that eventful night in the spring of '95. At any rate, nothing was done by them in the way of providing a substitute for the lost emblem; and their immediate successors, the class of '97, likewise drifted out of College history, leaving no token of remembrance behind them.

But not so, the class of '98. These people doubtless thought it not safe to depend alone upon their good deeds (?) for the preservation of their name and fame in the minds of future K. S. A. C.-ites. Consequently the shepherd's crook, decorated with the colors and numerals of the class, made its bow to the public at the class-day exercises of the class of '98, on which occasion Emmet Hoffman presented it with due ceremony to the class of '99.

There were "wars and rumors of war" between the two upper classes the following year. There was difficulty concerning various paintings on the chimney and decorations upon the arch above the chapel rostrum, and the class of '99 looked with great disfavor upon the juniors.

Their love for one another was not increased by the scorching "roast" given the juniors by M. C. Adams,

'99, at the senior-junior reception, and the offended juniors intimated that they would not receive the crook from the hands of their enemies. They were not given the privilege of rejecting it, however, and the crook went into the hands of a committee of the class of '99 for safe keeping until the '00's were out of the way and the '01's became seniors.

This committee consisted of A. T. Kinsley, Mary Waugh, and J. G. Haney. "The crook was hidden in the attic of the science building," Mr. Kinsley narrates, "where it peacefully rested until September, 1901, when the committee offered it to the class of '01, who appointed a committee, consisting of Martha Nitcher, C. J. Burson, and Bryant Pool, to receive it. It happened to be my lot to convey the crook from the science building to Mary Waugh's home, where it was to be presented to the committee of the class of '01.

"My route was down through the park, and my intention was to go directly to Doctor Waugh's residence; but lo! and behold! when I was about half way across the park I saw two members of the '00 class coming my way at a rapid pace, and I found it expedient to change my route and increase my speed. So I turned south and ran, with my pursuers close behind, for I should judge something like a mile, until I had crossed the railroad tracks, and they had me against the river, which I found it impossible for me to cross. I dropped down behind a log and remained there about half an hour—it seemed like three hours. My pursuers thought they had lost the trail, and gave up the search, and after they had gotten out of hearing distance I meandered back and found the committee at Doctor Waugh's very anxious concerning my whereabouts.

"We proceeded to transfer the crook to the class of '01, after eulogizing the class of '00 and tying on black crape,



on which their numerals were embroidered, beneath the colors of the class of '99."

Miss Nitcher carried the crook home that night with a dish-towel tied to one end to make it resemble a long-handled bug-net. She passed several members of the class of '00, but so clever was the disguise that she was not molested.

The crook was kept in a cellar until the spring of 1901, when Florence Vail presented it to P. H. Ross, of the class of 1902. The next two years were uneventful so far as class troubles were concerned, and in the spring of 1902 John Ross presented the crook to Richard Bourne, '03, who gave it for safe keeping to Corinne and Maude Failyer, at whose home it remained until the following spring. Then at the junior-senior reception Helen Thompson gave it to the class of 1904, represented by E. C. Gardner.

The next year saw numerous difficulties between the classes of '04 and '05. At one time the juniors were strongly inclined to dispense with the annual reception, and at the same time the seniors considered the advisability of presenting the crook to the sophomore class. Both plans were abandoned, but at the reception, when Ella Criss presented the crook, Inez Wheeler received it in a cold and haughty manner, expressing thus the feeling her class held toward the '04's.

The senior and junior classes of 1905 "walked peaceably together," and the utmost good feeling prevailed on the rainy night of May 9, when the shepherd's crook, with its wealth of ribbons, was presented by Blanche Stevens, '05, and received by Marcia Turner, '06.

Shortly after the reception, at a meeting of the '06 class, it was voted to instruct one of the class to gather together the past history of the crook and incorporate it in a suitable book, to be handed down with the crook to succeeding classes, with the request

that its additional history be each year recorded. This work was given to Marcia Turner, to whom we are indebted for parts of this record.

The crook passed safely through the following year and was given into the hands of Ethel Berry, '07. Last spring it made a trip to the photographers and had its picture taken. A few days before the junior-senior reception, when it would have passed into the hands of the '08 class, the crook disappeared from its hiding place in Ethel Berry's trunk, and has not been heard from since. It was taken by a member of the sophomore class. The sophomores held no grudge against the seniors, but hated the juniors with a great hatred, and were determined that the juniors should never hold it in their possession.

Needless to say there have been troublous times for the '09 class since then, and many fear that the crook, like the spade, has "gone for good." It is hoped, however, that it will re-appear when the danger is over. If necessary, it might wear another crape badge, bearing the '08 numerals. The class of '09 is not beyond pardon if the crook is returned uninjured, but there will be no forgiveness in the hearts of any of us, from '99 to '07, if harm has come to our shepherd's crook.

From San Francisco to Manila.

By R. R. Birch, '06.

There is strange fascination in a sea voyage. The person accustomed to ocean travel anticipates a few days, or a week, or a month, during which time he will be oblivious to the ordinary cares and petty annoyances of every-day life on land, while the untraveled novice is looking for new sights and experiences—new sensations perhaps—nor is he ever disappointed.

On October 30, 1906, I found myself on the deck of the good ship "Coptic," ready and anxious to pass through the

Golden Gate away from the fog and dust, the desolation and ruin and chilly air of the city of San Francisco.

At one o'clock every passenger was on board. The signal whistle was blown, hasty good-byes were spoken, and amid a flutter of white handkerchiefs, waving hats and hands, and lusty cheering, our boat steamed slowly away from the pier and out of the harbor, gathering speed as she went.

Still all eyes were turned shoreward, and as the homeland slowly receded from sight telescopes were brought into play and passed around among the passengers, but these, too, in time failed to reveal anything but waves and fog, so we turned our gaze toward the west and our thoughts to the future.

The early part of the afternoon was fine when once we were outside of the heavy bank of fog that hovers incessantly along the western coast of California, but as the evening wore on a rather heavy breeze sprang up, and the waves which before had presented a glossy though rolling surface became more and more agitated, and white-capped billows were more and more in evidence as the wind increased in velocity.

At six o'clock darkness was falling, and the passengers had retired to the library, the saloon, or their state-rooms, for the sea was fast becoming too rough for pleasant pastime on deck.

And for the most of us the water was already too rough for pleasant pastime anywhere, which fact was evidenced by distressed, pallid faces and numerous unoccupied chairs in the saloon when supper time came.

I have a pet theory about seasickness. You can depend on the word of one who will admit that he is or has been seasick, but when a person has traveled the ocean all his life and never suffered from the malady his word is just as reliable as that of a Yankee horse-trader.

Speaking for myself, I can say that by dawn on the following day I was seized with an ever increasing desire to go gunning for the heartless fellow who wrote "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." It does not afford any special joy to linger on the subject of seasickness, which, after all, is only one of the many diversions of a genuine ocean voyage. So I pass to other things, merely remarking that as day followed day I gradually forgave the offender, for when one is able to stand at the bow of a great steamer as it swings up and down and lashes the blue waves into white and green spray a feeling of exhilaration and exultation comes over him and he even sympathizes with the feelings of the guilty author.

I think it was on the morning of the sixth that a faint blue outline became visible against the western sky, and a few hours later we sighted fishing craft near the harbor of Honolulu. When the "Coptic" reached the mouth of the harbor anchor was dropped, the yellow quarantine flag displayed, and officers came on board to assure themselves that there were no such diseases as smallpox, cholera or black plague on board. Then a pilot boat came out and led the way through the narrow strait into the bay.

The beautiful harbor, crowded with shipping from all parts of the world, the breaking surf on the beach, and the tropical vegetation on the shore were all attractions well worth notice, but for the moment something else held our attention.

Honolulu does not boast of any "historic" places of interest, but better still it is picturesque and interesting for what it is at present, rather than because of crumbling walls, old abbeys, terraces, or convents that tell stories of things that may or may not have happened in forgotten ages.

A day spent in the city gives a lasting impression and a pleasant recollection. The balmy air, even temper-

ature, clean streets, beautiful drives and parks, green, well-kept lawns with their exquisite shrubbery, and the neat, roomy, and airy houses nestled among groves of royal palms and coconut trees—all contribute to the general harmonious effect.

The twenty-four hours spent among such scenes was all too short, but the "West was a calling," and just before sunset the pilot boat again directed the course of our good ship through the narrow strait out into the open sea, and we took leave of Honolulu reluctantly, even though visions of the "Flowery Kingdom" bade us hurry on.

Ten days spent out of sight of land might be supposed to seem a long time, but days pass quickly on ship-board. The officers and passengers are uniformly courteous and agreeable, a good library is at hand, and on this voyage tournaments of games such as shuffle-board, buhl-board, pillow fights, and cracker races, whistling contests, and the like, were prepared for the passengers who might find monotony in reading, writing, talking, or watching the gambling of the Chinese steerage passengers. Then there was the tug of war between the single men and the married men, in which the former tied their end of the rope to the life-boat, continuous argument between a German baron and a Harvard missionary on questions of theology, and also a heated discussion between two other passengers as to the distance from land. A bet was finally made and the matter referred to the captain for decision. "Not more than four or five miles," he said. "If it were not for the trouble I would drop a line and try to tell you exactly." The man who said 800 miles won because he was nearest right.

Thus time passed merrily until on the 17th we sighted "Fair Japan." Everyone was impatient to get on shore, but delay was inevitable on

account of necessary quarantine inspection. The harbor was alive with Soupans, crowded with all kinds of merchants and peddlers who were selling silks, postal cards, fruits, jewelry, fans, and parasols—everything imaginable that a man can carry on his back.

Once on the pier we were besieged by scores of rickshaw men, but in accordance with the old story "few were chosen," all on account of the fact that there were not enough of us to accept one-tenth of the offers. There is novelty and satisfaction in riding a rickshaw. One does not have to bother about the names and numbers of streets, the points of the compass, or the time to transfer. He simply tells the little brown man where to go, then forgets his cares, and thoroughly enjoys the new and novel sights that meet his eyes as he is wheeled swiftly and dexteriously through narrow winding streets, between rows of gorgeous shop windows, and among hundreds of busy, chattering people.

We left for Yokohama late in the evening, and before another twenty-four hours had elapsed we were enjoying the magnificent scenery that presents itself to the traveler of the famous "Inland Sea."

Our ship lay at anchor at Yokohama for nearly two days, and many availed themselves of the opportunity for a railroad trip to Tokio. Those of us who went were thus able to form some idea of the country life of the people and their methods of agriculture. I will not attempt a description of the parks, temples, shops and terraced gardens of Tokio for fear that you may think them commonplace. The city must be seen to be appreciated.

It was a cold, foggy, drizzly morning that we left the "Coptic" at anchor near the mouth of the Yangtze river and took passage on a launch up that broad, sluggish and muddy stream. The country we saw was low, flat,

marshy, desolate, and barren. and, aside from the cold, half-dressed and shivering Chinese sailors and beggars in the small craft passing on the river, no sign of activity was seen, save when some lone sand-hill crane, rudely disturbed from its place of rest, rose reluctantly a few feet from the ground and winged its way slowly out of danger, as if the chill air had stiffened bone and muscle, or the thick fog were too heavy to penetrate.

At Shanghai one sees the Chinaman at home, and an hour spent along the narrow, crowded streets amid the wretchedness, squalor and opium smoke of the Chinese quarter of this town is sufficient to arouse in the American or European feelings of contempt and pity, not unmingled with a sense of the utter hopelessness of the task undertaken by foreign missionaries. Our stay at Shanghai was limited to a few hours, and none cast a regretful glance toward the pier when our launch again started down the river.

Four more days on the water passed quickly and pleasantly and the "Coptic" was lying peacefully inside the Hong Kong harbor, with her passengers scattered through the streets of the city enjoying the many attractions and enduring the many vexations that are always in store for him who visits a cosmopolitan town. However, those of us who were bound for Manila had barely time for a ride in a sedan chair and an electric car ride up the hill back of the city before our new "home," the "Teau," was dispatched on her voyage across the China sea.

Some two days later our eyes were greeted by the sight of the clean harbor of Manila, which offers a striking contrast to the harbors at the Chinese and Japanese ports. The American flag floated everywhere on sea and shore, and it was only by occasional glances at carahao carts creeping slowly along the pier, and at carromatas driving recklessly to and fro in the

streets, that we were able to convince ourselves that the captain had not followed a sudden impulse while we slept, and steered his bark into the harbor of some American city.

The Football Situation.

Since the games of last Saturday, it is possible to figure out something as to the relative strength of the teams in Kansas, and especially to get a line on the strength of K. U. and Washburn teams before our games with them.

In their annual bout with Oklahoma, K. U. won, but by a narrower margin than usual. Washburn easily defeated the Indians, running up a score of 34-0. In a game with the K. C. Vets., our team made good by annexing the big end of a 33-0 score.

These games furnish some important "dope" for the coming game with K. U., and for the Washburn game which comes two weeks later. The fact that Washburn defeated the Indians so easily, while the Indians made a score of 10-0 against our team, indicates a strong lead for Washburn. But in the Haskell game our team was weakened by the absence of Blake, Christian, and Hunter, and, with two weeks of practice after the K. U. game, there is still hope of winning.

The team showed better form in the Vet. game than in the Haskell, especially in the forward pass, although they still need considerable practise in that art. The team is also weak in recovering the ball after a kick. Bates, a former Topeka High School player, showed remarkable ability in punting and drop-kicking, as well as in catching and running back punts, and will be a valuable man in the back field. Blake at end made a number of good end runs, being good for consistent gains nearly every time he took the ball. Russell Cave, the last year's full-back, appeared in the game for the first time

this year, and his reappearance is hailed with delight by everyone.

Ahearn is drilling the men in a number of trick plays that will be sprung in the K. U. game.

K. U. found it necessary to put Rouse back at end again, because of a lack of end material. Milton holds his old position of center, Reed at guard, and Augney quarter. The line-up is strong, but the back field does not play the same class of ball as the line. K. U. depends a good deal on the use of forward pass, and has an excellent punter in Foster, whose two field goals won the game from Nebraska last year. The Jayhawkers will be ready to put up the fight of their lives to avenge their last year's defeat. But our boys will play K. U. a hard game, even if the hopes of winning are not the best.

H. F. B., '05.

Faculty Adopts Rules Limiting Number of Society Plays.

The following "Rules Governing Dramatic Presentations by the Literary Societies of the Kansas Agricultural College" were adopted by the Faculty of the Kansas Agricultural College in regular session assembled, October 5, 1907; following a conference with representatives of the various societies through a committee of the Faculty, consisting of President Nichols and Professors Kammeyer and Brink:

I. The senior class shall be permitted to give a class play each year during Commencement week.

II. Only one play may be given by the literary societies singly or in co-laboration.

III. The following schedule shall be the basis for reckoning the rotation of societies in giving plays:

1. Alpha Betas, '68.....1907-'08
2. Websters, '68.....1908-'09
3. Hamiltons, '84.....1909-'10
4. Ionians, '87.....1910-'11
5. Franklins, '02.....1911-'12
6. Eurodelphians, '05.....1912-'13
7. Athenians, '07.....1913-'14

IV. New societies that may be organized shall be added to the list and rotate according to priority of organization.

V. The Agricultural, the Architectural, the Engineering, or any new society that may be organized for the sole purpose of discussing technical subjects, shall not devote any of their time or energy to the presentation of plays.

VI. Any two or more literary societies may co-laborate in the presentation of a play, provided one of them is in regular rotation, according to the above schedule.

VII. Nothing in these rules shall be construed as prohibiting any literary society from giving a special annual program of a general literary character.

Personal.

Crowded out of regular position.

James Coxen, '07, who is working with the Westinghouse Company at Wilkesburg, Pa., writes the *Students' Herald*: "We rub up against lots of college men, and the more I see and talk to them, the better satisfied I am with K. S. A. C. The larger schools are all right for some things, but their engineering courses are very little, if any, better than ours. In laboratory work our course seemed especially strong."

A recent issue of the *Kansas City Times* devotes a half column to the work Laura Lyman, '06, is doing in the West Bottoms, the packing-house district of Kansas City, Kan. She is in charge of the cooking school of the Bethel Mission, a school for the children of the slums. Her pupils are girls of twelve years of age and over, and they seem to take a great interest in the work. At present they are being taught the rudiments of clean, wholesome cooking.

The shots that hit are the shots that count.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

EDITORIAL

As work on the new domestic science hall progresses, and the time of its completion and dedication begins to seem not very far away, a rather unusual interest is being manifested over the christening of the building. As every one knows, the name "Kedzie Hall" was given to the present home of the Domestic Science Department in honor of Mrs. Kedzie, the courageous and sunny-hearted little woman who took charge of the work in its infancy, when public sentiment was giving it little encouragement to live, and through fifteen years of tireless and unselfish devotion kept "pegging away," under desperately unfavorable conditions, and pushed the work along the path of progress in which it has since made such rapid and such splendid advancement.

When the department leaves the building the name should go with it. "Kedzie" will no longer have application to the little building when it is occupied by another department; and surely there is no other name so appropriate for the new hall—none that will bear with it the same dignity and honor.

This is a matter in which we alumni have the privilege of expressing ourselves, and as we have often honored Alma Mater so she may honor us in considering our wishes in the naming of the new hall. The strong undercurrent of sentiment favorable to the transferring of the name "Kedzie Hall" to the new building should be brought to the surface *now*. Talk it up; write it up. Let us have an expression of your opinions and we will see that they are handed to the right persons to make them count.

Next year is the time for the triennial alumni banquet. It is time now

to begin planning for the event. In fact, we ought to have begun operations before now and discussed a few things at the meeting last Commencement, but we didn't do it. We fail to do a good many things that we should do. Perhaps we forgot—we generally do.

While every Commencement season brings back a good many old-timers, and the annual alumni reception is yearly gaining in interest and popularity, the triennial banquet year is the time when most plan to be here, and the event looked forward to with greatest pleasure by those who are so situated that they may attend every year. A good many prominent alumni who have not visited the College for many years have written that they are planning to be here in 1908. Why not work to make it the best and biggest alumni reunion ever held at K. S. A. C.? Why not make it a time for class and society reunions? Why not plan and work for a rousing good business meeting with enough members present and enough enthusiasm in the air to bring about our long-hoped-for and badly needed reorganization into some semblance of a live association?

The letter from D. S. Leach, '81, published in this issue of the ALUMNUS, is by way of introduction to a series of articles he has promised to write for us upon his travels and adventures in distant lands. Mr. Leach is nothing if not original, and in proving it has shown also no small ability as a writer. He has also convinced us of his comprehensive view of our situation by writing: "I appreciate the position you are in in trying to make a readable journal from unpaid contributions. Very few will send you anything that requires an effort."

We are indeed fortunate to have the assistance of so valuable a correspondent and are not lacking in appreciation of the willingness with which Mr. Leach has volunteered to help the good work along.

Most alumni associations that have an official magazine make subscription to the paper by each alumnus one of the requirements to membership in the organization. We are working toward this point—slowly. No graduate of the college has a right to all the privileges and pleasures of membership in the association unless he will assist in supporting it. With the growth of the association in strength and importance will increase its dependence upon a strong, official organ. The association must support its magazine. If you do not need the magazine, the association will not need you.

The ALUMNUS is to have quarters on the first floor of Anderson Hall at the south end of the corridor, the room to the left as you enter the building. The room is a large and sunny one, and, while already occupied by the desks of two instructors, it is practically vacated to our use during class hours.

Campus News.

The *Students' Herald* is coming out in semi-weekly newspaper form, and is keeping well up to its reputation as the best student publication in the State.

The lecture-course season was opened, Tuesday night, October 15, with a well-attended and highly appreciated concert by the Bostonia Sextette.

The first annual stock-judging contest held at the American Royal Stock Show came off October 12. The K. S. A. C. team took second place, Iowa winning first and Missouri third. Iowa also won the national corn-judging contest by five points over K. S. A. C.

An additional range of steel book stacks has been installed in the Library. These will furnish shelves for about 15,000 volumes—enough book space for the growth of the Library for several years.

A six-weeks' summer school in agriculture will be given hereafter. This course will be chiefly for teachers and will be similar in scope to the teachers' course in domestic science, already in successful operation.

The enrolment of students for the fall term, by count made the first week in October, is 1646, as against an attendance of 1350 in the fall of 1906—an increase of 21.9 per cent. At this rate, the total attendance for the year will exceed the twenty-two hundred mark.

At the last meeting of the Board of Regents it was decided to install a four-year course in civil engineering. The course will be organized during the present year, and probably work will begin next fall. This is a good move. A well-equipped and well-managed civil engineering department will add another point of perfection to K. S. A. C., and will bring into the College another class of the right sort of students.

There has recently been organized by Professor Valley a chorus which will be known as the Chapel Chorus. It is the intention of Professor Valley in this move to have some special music for chapel exercises. He has selected about fifty singers, and with them will work on some of the best sacred compositions. The chorus is to practice every Friday, and it is expected that by the spring term enough progress will have been made to permit the appearance in chapel twice a week.—*Students' Herald*.

S. P. Haan, '07, has enlisted in the U. S. Navy, as an electrician. Before he begins active service he will take four months' schooling at San Francisco.—*Students' Herald*.



PERSONAL



Etta Barnard, '02, is teaching school in Mankato, Kan.

George Spohr, '06, is attending the Kansas City Dental College.

R. T. Kersey, '04, is principal of the Cedar (Kansas) schools this year.

W. O. Staver, '94, has changed his address from Del Rio to Laredo, Texas.

F. W. Grabendike, '07, is in Chicago, working for the electrical department of the Rock Island.

Helen Westgate, '07, remains at K. S. A. C. and is teaching classes in elementary cooking and drawing.

C. H. Withington, '06, is carrying on some research work in the Entomology Department of the College.

Donald Ross, '07, is employed in the engineering department of the Swift Packing Company at St. Joseph, Mo.

"Jimmie" Garver, of the '07 class, is taking graduate work along animal husbandry lines at Wisconsin University.

Christine (Hofer) Johnson, '02, and Mr. Johnson have moved from New Jersey to Birmingham, Ala., where Mr. Johnson is engaged in the insurance business.

Mrs. Nora (Reed) Pierce, '98, and two sons visited friends at College on the return trip to their home in Geyserville, Cal., after an extended visit with Mrs. Pierce's mother, in this State.

Since the first of June, Murray S. Cole, '02, has been employed in Santa Cruz, Cal., as erecting engineer for the Coast Counties Light and Power Company, who have plants all along the coast as far north as Washington and Oregon.

L. W. Fielding, '05, has gone from Chicago to Hazleton, Pa., where he is employed by the Consolidated Telephone Company of Pennsylvania.

Prof. W. M. Sawdon and Adelaide (Wilder) Sawdon, '98, and children, have returned to Ithaca, N. Y., after a visit in Manhattan with Judge and Mrs. Wilder.

A fine picture of John M. Scott, '03, appears in the *Breeders Gazette* for September 25. Mr. Scott is professor of animal industry of the Florida Experiment Station.

P. M. Biddison, '04, who has been working for some time with the Hope Engineering and Supply Company of Joplin, Mo., is employed, temporarily, by the Kansas Natural Gas Company in Independence, Kan.

J. G. Arbuthnot, '04, requests that his ALUMNUS be sent to him at Roslyn, Wash., but gives no further account of himself. He last reported as special agent for the Old Line Bankers' Life Insurance Company, in Oregon.

R. W. Clothier, '97, has resigned his position as professor of agriculture in the Florida State University, to accept a similar position in the state University of Arizona, at Tucson. Mr. Clothier goes at a substantially increased salary, and the position is one in which there is an opportunity for rapid growth and advancement.

Henry Thomas, '04, who has been employed in electrical engineering work in New Orleans, came up from the South the first of August, and, after a month's vacation in Kansas, returned to Cincinnati, Ohio, where he is engaged in construction work for the Allis-Chalmers Company. His Cincinnati address is 2349 Kinilworth Avenue, Norwood.

Otto A. Hanson, '05, is attending the Gem City Business College in Quincy, Ill.

Elenore Perkins, '00, and her mother, of Pasadena, Cal., are expected in a few weeks for a visit with friends in Manhattan.

C. C. Cunningham, '03, is employed by the Agronomy Department of the College, as special assistant in crop-breeding work.

Lawrence A. Doane, '04, has been employed by the Agronomy Department of the College to work in the grain building.

Harry E. Porter, '07, has been elected assistant in mathematics at K. S. A. C., and will have charge of the surveying classes.

Roger W. Bishoff, '97, who is employed in the United States Indian school service, has been transferred from Wyandotte, I. T., to Chilocco, Okla.

"Book Buying and Book Selection" was the subject of a paper read by Mary Lee, '89, at the seventh annual convention of the Kansas Librarians' Association, held at Newton.

Miss Minnie Ava Nellie Stoner, who was at the head of the Department of Domestic Science at K. S. A. C. in 1899-1901, is now professor of domestic economy and adviser of women in the University of Wyoming.

Prof. Henrietta (Willard) Calvin, '86, has started out on an institute trip and will be gone the remainder of this month and part of November. She will lecture in Olathe, Ft. Scott, Independence, Ottawa and other places.

W. R. Correll, '99, has the sincere sympathy of his many friends in the death of his wife, Alta (Worley) Correll, which occurred, September 13, at their home near Overbrook, Kan. Mrs. Correll's death was caused by appendicitis, and was a great shock to everyone. Mr. Correll is left with three little children.

Wilma (Cross) Rhodes, '04, who has been very ill with typhoid fever at her home in Topeka, is convalescing rapidly, and hopes to be able to come to Manhattan, the first of November, for an extended visit with Mr. Rhodes' parents.

Alice Loomis, '04, has entered with characteristic enthusiasm and tireless energy upon her second year's work as teacher of domestic science in the Nebraska State Normal, at Peru, and with a substantial (and well deserved) increase of salary.

Captain Shaffer, who has been in charge of the College battalion the past four years, was relieved from duty here October 15, and has gone to join his company at Parang, Mindanao, Philippine Islands, where he will be engaged in garrison duty.

Prof. J. T. Willard, '83, left, October 5, for Norfolk, Va., to attend the meeting of the Association of Official Agricultural Chemists, an organization which determines the methods of analysis used in most of the states under the provisions of state and federal laws in the examination of foods, feeds, and fertilizers. He will also visit several experiment stations, and at the State College of Pennsylvania will study the methods used there in investigating the problem of animal nutrition.

Clara Spilman, '00, entertained the G. A. L. S. Saturday, October 12, in honor of Edith (Huntress) Rhoades, '01, of Olathe. An unusual interest was added to this meeting by the presence of the club babies. The members present, with their children, were: Edith (Huntress) Rhoades and daughter, Ruth Elizabeth, Elsie (Robinson) Mudge and son, Benjamin F., Jr., Cora (Ewalt) Brown, '98, and daughter, Beatrice, Peache (Washington) Anderson and daughter, Elizabeth, and Helen (Knostman) Pratt, '01, and son, James Wilson. A four-course supper was served.

"Bun" Thurston, '06, is employed in a creamery in Enid, Okla.

Mabelle Sperry, '06, is teaching in the high school at Clifton, Kan.

Ellen Hanson, '07, is teaching in the deaf and dumb School at Olathe.

Fred Walters, '02, has a position with the Canton Bridge Company, with headquarters at Iola.

Wilbur McCampbell, '06, and Ed. Logan, '05, are taking the veterinary course at K. S. A. C.

Josephine Finley, '00, is employed as stenographer in the Horticultural Department, K. S. A. C.

Harry V. Forest, '00, and Mrs. Forest, of Thayer, Kan., are the parents of a daughter, born September 16.

Mabel (Crump) McCauley, '97, has returned to her home in Chicago after a visit with relatives in Manhattan.

P. A. Cooley, '06, who recently graduated from the Salina Business College, is now private secretary to President Nichols.

W. H. Goodwin, '05, has found lodgings at 89 North Market street, in Wooster, Ohio, and is finding his work in the entomological department of the experiment station as agreeable as it is plentiful.

Edith McDowell, '93, is taking a course in domestic science at Stout's Manual Training School in Menomonie, Wis. The domestic science and art departments of this school are under the direction of Laura Day, '93.

James A. Lewis, '85, died recently at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y. After graduating from K. S. A. C., Mr. Lewis taught school one year and attended Michigan University three years. For nineteen years he has been engaged in civil engineering work. Nathan E. Lewis, '88, writes that his brother was an industrious worker and a student to the last, though a constant sufferer of physical pain for the last ten years of his life.

Miss Flora Rose, '04, who was assistant in the department of domestic science here for three years, has been elected, with Miss Van Rensaloer, to organize a department of domestic economy at Cornell University.

K. C. Davis, '91, dean of the State School of Agriculture, St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y., gave an illustrated lecture on "What Agricultural High Schools are Doing" at the Massachusetts Conference on Rural Progress, held at Amherst, Mass., October 2, 3, 4, and 5.

Charles L. Marlatt, '84, and Mrs. Marlatt and the baby visited in Manhattan on their way to California, where Mr. Marlatt will look after some experiment station work for the U. S. Department of Agriculture. On their return trip to Washington they will visit in New Orleans and Florida.

R. S. Kellogg, '96, with others from the U. S. Department of Agriculture, made a trip through Mississippi in September, lecturing at a number of places on agricultural and industrial subjects. Mr. Kellogg writes that he and Mrs. Kellogg attended a meeting of the National Association of Box Manufacturers in the Catskills, in August, where they had a most enjoyable time. They also had a day of sightseeing in New York City and a fine trip up and down the Hudson.

The Utah Agricultural College, for which Mrs. Dalinda (Mason) Cotey, '81, has labored so long and faithfully as dean of the school of domestic science and arts, has passed under a new administration, and Mrs. Cotey, with nearly all the other "Gentile" teachers, has left. Mrs. Cotey writes that she and her daughter, Hazel, are spending a year in California, and are enjoying the beautiful scenery and perfect climate very much. They are living in Highland Park, one of the most beautiful residence portions of Los Angeles, and Miss Hazel is attending Occidental, a Presbyterian school.

Gertrude Lill, '07, is attending the State Normal.

R. E. Williams, '07, is attending the Kansas City Veterinary College.

H. B. Hubbard, '07, is located in Fort Worth, Texas, where he has the position of chief electrician for the Fort Worth and Denver City Railway.

H. G. Maxwell, '06, has resigned his position as dairyman in the Tuskegee Institute and is attending the veterinary college of the Ohio State University.

After a visit in Georgia, Clara Pan-
cake, '03, has returned to Philadelphia for the winter, and will do some graduate work along domestic science lines.

"Stub" Nielsen, '03, and Mrs. Nielsen visited in Manhattan October 12 and 13, on their return trip to Washington, after a visit with Mr. Nielsen's parents in this State.

"Skelly" Davis, '04, and G. W. Skow, junior in '02, came up from Topeka to attend the Haskell game. They are both employed in the electrical department of the Santa Fé.

C. W. Fryhofer, '05, and Mrs. Fryhofer visited College October 19. They are returning East after an extended visit in Colorado, and with Mr. Fryhofer's parents in Randolph. Mr. Fryhofer is employed in the dairy division of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, and will be stationed in New York during the winter as butter inspector in New York City.

The Hyattsville, Md., alumni are rejoicing over the return of Gertrude (Lyman) Hall, '97, who spent the summer visiting in the South, in Manhattan with her parents, and in Madison, Wis., with Dan and Mary (Lyman) Otis. Mrs. Hall reports that while she was in Madison, John and Hortense (Harmon) Patten, '95, Sundayed with them, as they were returning from a visit to Laura Day, '93, in Menomonee, Wis.

Mrs. Effie (Woods) Shartel, '85, of Oklahoma City, visited recently with old College friends in Manhattan, and started her son, Kent, in College.

E. H. Webster, M. S. '96, has been elected professor of dairy husbandry, to succeed Professor Erf, who resigned to accept a similar position in the college of agriculture of the Ohio State University. For some years Mr. Webster has been chief of the dairy division, bureau of animal industry, U. S. Department of Agriculture, and the College is very fortunate in securing his services.

Dr. L. B. Jolley, '01, and family have just moved into their new home, a ten-room house on a half-acre lot, in Gurnee, Ill. Doctor Jolley has been overseeing the building of his house, and this, together with his practise, has kept him busy night and day during the summer, but he writes: "Nevertheless, I am 'still in the game' and planning to return to K. S. A. C. for a visit with old friends before many more Commencements roll by.

W. W. McLean, Y. M. C. A. secretary at the College for four years, will go to Mexico the first of January to take up Y. M. C. A. work in Mexico City. The work there is well organized into two departments, one for the English and the other for the Mexicans, and they are soon to build a new two hundred thousand dollar building. Mr. McLean has shown unusual tact and ability in handling the work here, and during his service the Y. M. C. A. has had a splendid development. While everyone regrets to have him leave, they are glad of his opportunity to get into a broader field of work, and are sure that he will meet with unqualified success wherever his work takes him. He will be succeeded here by "Bill" Davis, who is well known throughout Kansas as a football player, and is a man of great popularity among the boys of the College.

"Billie" Rhoades, '97, Edith (Huntress) Rhoades, '01, and little Ruth Elizabeth, have returned to their home in Olathe, after a visit in Manhattan.

Jesse B. Norton, '97, who for a number of years was employed in the U. S. Department of Agriculture, has taken an important position in the botanical department of Cornell University.

W. R. Lewis, who has been janitor of the College for nine years, and who in that time has won the esteem of everybody about the institution, has been given the well-deserved title of "Custodian of the Grounds and Buildings."

Mrs. Grace (Wonsetler) Rude, '85, visited in Manhattan, recently, and found many changes and few of the old-time friends. She was accompanied by her son, Warren, who has entered College. Mrs. Rude is a practicing physician in Hoisington, Kan.

C. H. Thompson, '93, is planning to attend Commencement exercises and the banquet next year, and offers to borrow Gabriel's trumpet to wake everybody up for the occasion. Mr. Thompson's intentions are beyond reproach, and we cheerfully resign the task to him, hoping that he will meet with greater success than some of the rest of us have had in similar attempts. Mr. Thompson writes: "Albert Dickens, '93, spent a few hours with me, between trains, while on his way to Jamestown last week. We had a splendid visit for so short a time. He could tell me so much about the College and classmates. About two weeks ago, J. B. Thoburn, '93, called on me and visited the garden. Joe is a traveling lecturer for the Frisco railroad, and was on his way to give a series of lantern lectures on Oklahoma and the southwest, through Ohio, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania. He is very enthusiastic in the work and, with his ready flow of language, his success is no surprise to his many friends.

Leslie A. Fitz, '02, sends greetings to friends, and the following account of himself since graduating: "I began working with grain, under direction of Mr. M. A. Carleton, '87, cerealist of the Department of Agriculture, May 1, 1902, and have been in the employ of the department ever since. During the last year I have been with the grain standardization office, studying problems connected with the inspection of grain. I have enjoyed my five years' work thoroughly, and have gained some little knowledge of our grains. My work has taken me into most of our grain-producing states, and this opportunity to become better acquainted with conditions in the various sections has been welcomed with pleasure. I also found time to persuade a young lady to "have Fitz," and she has never recovered from the attack. I very often meet an alumnus or a former student, and it is like meeting an old friend even if we were not in College together. The '02's seem to have been keeping rather quiet. Where are the rest of them?"

Maud Zimmerman, '02, writes from 187 West First South street, Provo, Utah: "Sister Jeannetta, '91, and I are here teaching in Proctor College, a Congregationalist institution. We find all the faculty very congenial. All are from the East save one. Our hours are short, so we have some time for sight seeing. Provo is a city of nine thousand, nestled in a bend of the Wasatch mountains. Snow covers the northern peaks, while the others are in autumnal splendor of the scrub maple. It is cool enough for fire night and morning, while midday is warm. The lighting system here is perfect, this being the seat of one of the largest electric power plants in the West. The plant is located at Hlinsted, where the Telluride Power Company have harnessed the waters of the Provo river to use.

Provo is the propagating place of the Spencer Seedless apple. The apple very much resembles the seedless orange in that the meat is solid, and there is a slightly hardened substance at the so-called "blow end." The apple will average in size with the Jonathan, and is one of the very longest keepers known.

The valley land near Provo has yielded as high as thirty-five tons of beets, four hundred bushels of potatoes, and sixteen bushels of onions per acre, each; and thirty trees, eight years old, have yielded 312 bushels of Ben Davis apples.

Provo is near the east shore of Utah lake, a beautiful body of fresh water with an area of 500 square miles. The other evening while there I saw one white pelican and many sea gulls. The Lake Resort is equipped with dancing and picnic pavilions, restaurant, and everything necessary for the comfort of all."

HOPPER-FAY.

Harry Fay, '01, and Miss Vera M. Hopper were married, August 14, at the home of the bride's parents in Wilsey, Kan. Mr. and Mrs. Fay are at home on their farm three and one-half miles west of Wilsey.

DOANE-GREENOUGH.

Thursday evening, October 15, May Doane, '04, and E. E. Greenough, '06, were married at the home of the bride's parents in Manhattan. Mr. and Mrs. Greenough will make their home in Rocky Ford, Colo.

SOUTHERN-MALLON.

Carl Mallon, '07, and Alice Southern were married at six o'clock on the morning of October 16, at the Catholic church in Manhattan. Mr. Mallon travels for the Hoffman Milling Company at Enterprise.

MCDUFFEE-SCHMITZ.

On Thursday, September 24, at Batavia, N. Y., occurred the marriage of Miss Clara I. McDuffee to Nikolas

Schmitz, '04. Mr. and Mrs. Schmitz will be at home after November 15 in Washington, D. C., where Mr. Schmitz is employed in the U. S. bureau of plant industry.

FINLEY-MASON.

A very quiet and simple wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Finley, Tuesday evening, October 15, when their daughter, Lena Finley, '05, became the bride of Dr. Kirk P. Mason, '04, better known by friends as "Pat." They are at home in Cawker City, where Doctor Mason is engaged in medical practice.

ROCKEFELLER-COLLIVER.

At six o'clock on the evening of October 25, the marriage of A. D. Colliver, '05, to Miss Carrie Rockefeller took place at the First Presbyterian church in Russell, Kan. The bride is a niece of John D. Rockefeller. Mr. Colliver is assistant superintendent of the Hays Experiment Station, where he and Mrs. Colliver will be at home to their many friends.

HORNADAY-FIELDING.

Tuesday evening, October 1, George T. Fielding, '03, and Miss Helen Ross Hornaday were married at the Bedford Park Presbyterian church in New York City. The bride is a daughter of Mr. W. T. Hornaday, who is the director in charge of the Zoölogical Park in New York City, and for many years in charge of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, D. C. Mr. Fielding holds a position of great responsibility with the General Electric Company, of Schenectady, N. Y.

TOPEKA ALUMNI DOINGS.

An autumn picnic of the Topeka Alumni Association was held, September fifth, at Vinewood Park, and was attended by a jolly crowd of K. S. A. C. alumni and former students and their families. Supper was served at the café by special arrangement.

In the frequency of their meetings, the Topeka crowd is outdoing the

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other local associations. The next meeting, a social one, will be held the first Thursday in November at the home of one of the members, and a similar meeting will occur the first Thursday in January. The annual banquet will be given the first Friday in March.

BADENOCH-ORR.

On Saturday, October 12, in Chicago, occurred the marriage of Helen Glanville Badenoch to Dr. Harry D. Orr, '99. They will be at home after December 1 at 299 Hazel Avenue, Chicago.

Doctor Orr graduated from the Northwestern University medical school in 1904, after which he served a

two years' internship in St. Luke's Hospital and one year's senior internship in Alexian Brothers' Hospital, both in Chicago. In January, 1907, he began the general practice of medicine, and in the spring was appointed assistant surgeon to the Illinois National Guard, and assigned to the 1st cavalry, its headquarters being Chicago.

Doctor Orr's marriage calls to mind something he said in a letter to the "Jayhawker" in January, and indicates a decided change of heart: "I am not on speaking terms with myself on the subject of matrimony; have been exposed several times, but seem to be immune."

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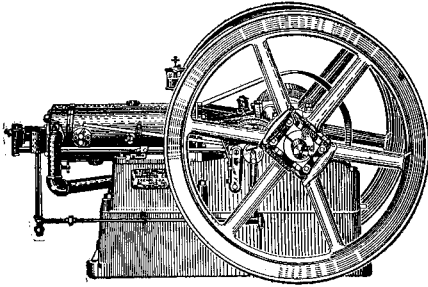
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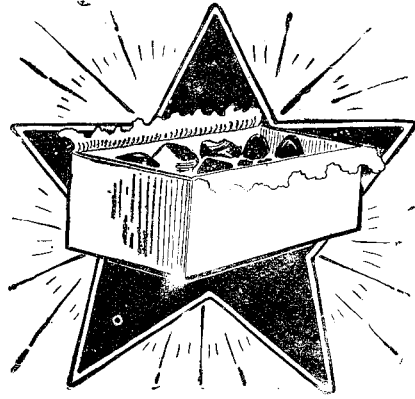
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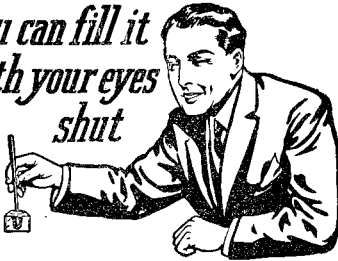
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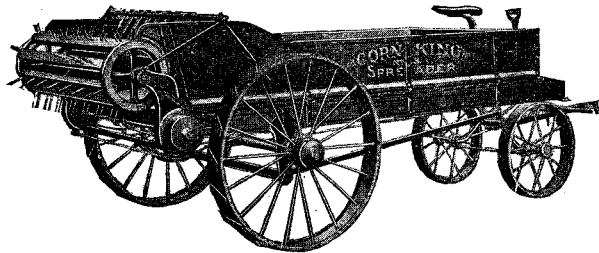
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