

# THE ALUMNUS

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**Alumni Association**  
OF THE  
Kansas State Agricultural College



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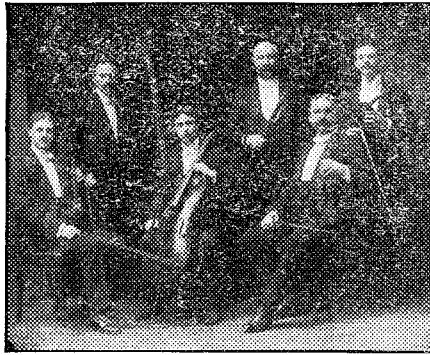
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Judge Brown	December 6
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# THE ALUMNUS

VOL. VI.

MANHATTAN, KAN., SEPT., 1907.

NO. 1

## *The Story of the "Spade."*

The historical facts herein recorded, concerning the eventful life of the spade, have come from various reliable sources, the chief scribes and confessors being "Ike" Jones, John Scheel, Fred J. Smith, John Patten, and Clarence Holsinger. The parts of the story told in verse are copied from "*The History of the Spade of '92.*" given by John Scheel at the class-day exercises of the class of '94.

The spade began to play its eventful part in College history in the spring of '92, when it was chosen by the seniors as an emblem to be held in keeping by the senior class, to be decorated with its colors and numerals, and to be handed down from year to year to the succeeding classes. The spade was used to plant the ivy which has since grown in such luxuriant beauty on the walls of Science Hall, and at the class-day exercises was presented with due ceremony to the junior class, who promised, in turn, to pass it down to their successors. The bard of the class of '94 begins the story thus:

"Let us start at the beginning, when the class  
their plans had laid  
To bequeath unto the juniors, on condition,  
this class spade.  
A spade it was, yes, just a spade, but decked  
in ribbons gay.  
That was given to the juniors on that '92 class  
day.

The senior, when he gave it, asked that it  
should cherished be,  
And that when their course was finished they  
should hand it down to "we."  
Who, in turn, would keep it passing to the  
class of '95.  
And see that on its burnished face no tarnish  
e'er should thrive.

The junior in his answer said, "Your senior  
paths make crooks,  
You are a haughty, lofty class, full of knowl-  
edge from your books.  
We'll strive to miss your by-ways, and heed  
your errors made.  
But as we take with a good will, so we will  
pass the spade."

The spade was placed in the physics case in the south corridor of the Main building, up-stairs, where it attracted but little more attention than an ordinary spade, notwithstanding that it was nickle-plated and had upon its blade a legend relating to the class of 1892. Here in the corridor it stood, unmolested and almost unnoticed, until the spring of '93, when the senior class began arrangements for class-day exercises. Then the trouble began. Science Hall was being erected that spring, and controversy arose in the class of '93 over the laying of the class stone. A faithful few were determined to carry out the original plan and hand down the spade to the class of '94 on class day. But the majority of the class were for substituting the laying of the corner stone for the spade exercises, and the majority ruled.

"Yes, the '93's were faithless—clear forgot the  
promise made,  
Save Riddell and Rokes and Dickens, who all  
said, 'Let's pass the spade;  
We have pledged ourselves to do it, so let's  
get us to the work;  
Who puts his hand unto the plow, the same  
should never shirk.'  
Then there came a great dissension, which at  
last was overthrown,  
And the class, less three, went solid—solid for  
a corner stone."

About this time the spade mysteriously disappeared from the case in the corridor. How it had gone and where nobody but the guilty parties knew. All these years that part of the history of the spade has remained a profound secret, until now the confession of "Ike" Jones, '94, clears up the mystery. Here is the story as he told it to us:

"Some of the members of the class of '93 suspected that the person who stole the spade from the case in the south corridor was a member of their

own class, and, inasmuch as the parties holding such opinions would undoubtedly be interested in learning what members of the class encouraged the theft of the spade, I have determined to tell who the guilty parties really are.

"We of '94 were a serious-minded, hard-working body. We did not worry greatly about other people's affairs, but when the seniors of '93 requested us to appoint a member of our class to receive the spade from a member of their class on class day, and then some weeks later notified us that there would be no spade exercises, we sort of sat up and began to take notice. We soon knew that a fight was on in the class of '93 between the members who wished to pass the spade as was originally intended and a stronger faction who favored substituting exercises over that rather insignificant little stone which bears the '93 number and which, if you look closely and carefully, may be discovered in the wall of the Library building, not far from the north main entrance.

"I remember one day I was occupying a window seat in the boys' study, hungrily contemplating my empty dinner pail, when G. W. Smith and W. O. Lyon, of the class of '93, entered the room. They were just from a class meeting and, judging from the scowl of battle which still lingered on their brows, I decided that the meeting must have been a bit terrid. I suspected that the spade had been up for discussion, and, realizing that in their disturbed condition the boys might give out information it would be impossible to obtain in their calmer moods, I asked, 'Say, Smith, what are you going to do about that spade?' The scowl deepened and, walking over to where I was seated, Smith replied, 'We are not sure just what will be done. It won't appear on our class-day program, though, you may depend on that. It is possi-

ble we may tell your class that the spade is in the physics case and that we don't want it any longer, or we may decide not to let you have it at all.'

"Now, I do not pretend to say that if Smith and Lyon had not expressed the above sentiment the spade would not have been stolen. I have no means of being certain that there was no other plot against the spade than the one carried into execution. I do know, however, that the reply I received to my query about their intentions regarding the spade caused me to do some thinking, the direct result of which was the disappearance of the spade from the physics case, and from the control of the class of '93.

"I am not at liberty to disclose all the information I possess as to the development of the plan to be worked out. A suitable and safe hiding place was decided upon, and I secured the spade in the following manner. I knew that the physics cases were not locked. I discovered this fact on the night of the spring-term social, when Fred Jolly and myself succeeded in making a more careful examination of certain products of the Domestic Economy Department, that were on exhibition in the cases, than it was possible to make through the glass. I also knew that the second story of the Main building was apt to be deserted at six o'clock Saturday evening.

"I quit work at the Hort. Department at six, and shortly after I was on my way to the Main building. I met the janitor, Frank Davis, between the north entrance and the old chemistry building. I ascended the stairs near the President's office in record-breaking time, glanced through the corridors and found no one, tried the door of the Drawing Department and found it locked; then I turned to the physics case. The shock that those squeaking rollers gave me as I raised the door has prevented my reaching

the size nature intended I should reach. I grasped the spade, pressed down the door to its place, and hurried to the home of the vocal music class, and here among the charts that hung from the ceiling to the floor I concealed the spade. Then I ascended to the old Hamp. society room, in the closet of which I had placed my map of grounds and buildings. I took the map with me, feeling that it would answer as sufficient excuse for my being in the upper regions at that time, if such excuse was needed. I met the janitor ascending the stairs as I went down, and he commented on the map.

"That evening I did not return to the society room after recess. I managed to hide in a dark corner until everything was quiet, then I hurried to the north corridor and moved the spade another stage in its journey. Taking it into room C, I dropped it from the northwest window, blade down. I descended the stairs and found the janitor sitting on the steps of the north entrance. I told him I was not feeling well and continued in the direction of 'Lovers' Lane' until I felt safe in 'doubling' back around the buildings. As I raised the spade the rays from the new moon struck the blade, and the reflected light gave me a thrill of terror until I had the blade concealed beneath my coat. I kept in the shadow of the trees back of the horse sheds, behind the Mechanical Department, then close to the north side of the blacksmith and carpenter shops, and across the grass to the Hort. Hall. I had a key to the cellar and I placed the spade in my case for safe keeping over night. Later, the cases in the Hort. cellar were searched by a member of the class of '93, but the spade had gone. It was carried to its hiding place on Sunday night, and I did not see it again until the beginning of the following winter term. I will remark here that the vigilant and self-confident spirit of

the class of '93 is shown by the fact that the spade was ten days in hiding before the class realized that it had passed from their possession.

"On the first Friday night of the winter term I returned the spade to my case in the Hort. cellar, and in taking it from its hiding place to the cellar I passed W. E. and F. R. Smith, both of '93. Had they known that I was carrying the spade, its history would very likely have been different.

"The next night, during society recess, I slipped into the old Ag. class room and turned the 'window-ketch,' and in the early hours of Sunday morning I moved the spade from the Hort. cellar through the window in the Ag. room and back to its old place in the physics case. I used no light of any kind, and the darkness of the building compelled me to cautiously feel my way back to the case, and every few seconds a creaking sound from somewhere in the building caused my blood to run cold, lest the janitor would be encountered before I was again safely out of the darkness.

"I was president of the class that term. Our first hour was devoted to the study of logic in the old Web. society room. W. O. Staver was my roommate. I asked Staver to pass the physics cases on his way to class and to report immediately if he noticed anything unusual about them. Something more than half the class had assembled in the room when Staver and J. A. Scheel entered and excitedly disclosed the knowledge that the spade was back. Of course we had to visit the case before we believed the statement. I immediately called a class meeting and appointed E. A. Donevan, Isabel Frisbie and F. W. Ames a committee to take charge of the spade. The committee failed to act until late that afternoon, and when they visited the case the spade had disappeared.

"There were six of the class boarding at 'Whitville' that term, and we

held a council at which we decided that the spade was probably hidden in the Main building, and we were determined that it should not be taken away if we could prevent it. The janitor, Mr. McCreary, told us it was then too late to permit us to search the building but that he would help us make a search at an early hour next morning. We took turns watching the building through the night, and during one of the watches, Margaretha Horn, '93, came from the President's house and walked in the direction of town. As she worked in the Secretary's office and undoubtedly knew of the return of the spade, she was under suspicion, and was shadowed until it was ascertained that she was simply going to Latin class. No other exciting event occurred during the night, and the six, who were J. A. Scheel, W. O. Staver, F. W. Ames, E. A. Frowe, V. D. Sandt, and myself, were on hand to begin the search when the janitor arrived.

"We began in the basement and made a systematic search of each floor until we reached the third story. By that time we had ceased to be very hopeful. Frowe entered the closet off the Hamp. society room, and in moving an innocent looking piece of carpet uncovered the spade. We wanted to shout, but students were arriving in considerable numbers at that time and we did not wish it known that we had made the find. Frank McQuade, a first-year student, who wished to practice a declamation in the society room, saw the spade. We asked him not to mention the fact, and I have no reason to think that he did.

"Mr. McCreary volunteered to keep the spade safely for us until we could decide upon a hiding place for it. A few nights later it was removed to our rooming place, where it found lodgment in the bottom of Scheel's trunk. Very few except the six connected with the search knew of the recovery. Donevan was kept in ignorance be-

cause he felt so keenly the criticism a portion of the six delighted to bring to bear on the committee who were in charge of the spade when it disappeared.

"Scheel was placed on the class-day program for 'The Spade Obituary.' There were many queries as to just what that might mean, but Scheel could act the part of innocence to perfection, and the curious received very little return for the effort put forth. Certain members of the class of '93 believed that certain other members of their class had possession of the spade, and that it would be given to our class on class day. Among those holding this view were C. H. Thompson and W. O. Lyon. On the morning of class day I was talking to C. H., near the Secretary's office, when he said, 'Jones, I want to speak to you about that spade. We had certain members in our class who persisted in opposing everything for the common good, and some of those fellows have that spade and are going to try to get your class to use it this afternoon. Now it would be the nice thing for your class to do to refuse to receive it from them.' I assured C. H. that we would look with suspicion upon any offer of a spade from a member of his class, and that our action in a matter of that kind would probably be satisfactory to him.

"The spade was carried to chapel in a guitar case and there transferred to a coffin that had been made for it. As Scheel finished his address he resurrected the spade and presented it to F. J. Smith, of the class of '95, with the words:

'Yes, the spade's all right, dear juniors, bright as 'twas in '92:  
Here it is, and 'tis my pleasure to present it unto you.  
Take it with its name and story, with its history and fame.  
Take it with its burnished figures, with its mystery and blame.  
Take it with fond recollections of both ninety-four and two.  
Guard it, for it's oft been stolen since the days when it was new.'

In receiving the spade in behalf of



the class of '95, Mr. Smith was very careful not to make any pledge that was in any way iron-clad, but assured the class of '94 that whatever its future might be the spade should be laid up "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal."

For a year the spade rested safe and secure in the attic of a farm house on College Hill. Its hiding place was known to only a few people, and when Commencement time came around in '95, and the seniors were planning for class day, it took considerable assurance to convince the class that the spade would be forthcoming, if it was decided to give it a place on the program.

It was decided in executive session of the class to bury the spade with solemn rites, and thus avert future hostilities. Accordingly, E. H. Freeman ("Little Freeman") was selected to perform the "last sad rites" over the spade, and on the class-day program he was given the title of "undertaker." He did his duty well, but at the close of his funeral oration there took place one of the stormiest scenes of K. S. A. C. life.

It had been planned to throw the spade into the furnace of the College heating plant at the close of the oration; but it was discovered that the territory between the chapel and the heating plant was securely guarded by juniors and underclassmen, and that wires were stretched across at several points. A new campaign had to be planned, and that quickly.

John Patten, '95, describes the exciting scene: "The pall-bearers were B. W. Conrad, F. A. Dawley, J. B. Harman, and E. P. Smith—all carefully chosen for their physical prowess and daring; as it was expected they would have to repel the repeated attacks of juniors, sophomores, and other barbarians who thickly infested that country.

"Near the close of our program we

discovered that the plot against us had thickened to such an extent that we would have no time to 'bury the corpse,' and indeed must consider ourselves lucky if we got away from the building with it. We made our plans quickly. The casket, surrounded by most of the brawn and sinew of our gallant class, was to be carried from the chapel platform out through the rear door. This move was intended as a 'bluff' to draw the barbarians to that point of attack, while the intrepid Conrad and Smith, with the spade hidden under Conrad's long coat, were to walk calmly up the chapel aisle, out through the front door, and then run with all that speed for which they were renowned to the point where Professor White's walk intersects the main drive. There Clarence Holsinger and myself were to be waiting in a buggy behind a swift horse, ready to run at speed all the way to the Blue river and hurl the spade beneath its seething waters. Splendid military tactics! I don't know how the rest of the warriors felt, but I certainly was longing for peace—wanted it to come quickly and in large chunks.

"While my best girl was endeavoring to deliver her valedictory, surrounded by a mob of howling foes, I started for the buggy, armed with a large Indian club behind which I secretly intended to hide in case we were attacked. I never knew what weapons Holsinger had, but a man of his size didn't need anything except room to swing himself.

"Our plans all worked out beautifully. There was a battle royal at the rear of the chapel while Conrad and Smith escaped in front, delivered the spade safely and quickly to us in the buggy, and we fled to a point on the river road nearly opposite Blue-mount. There I held the horse while Holsinger took the spade and waded through weeds and brush to the river bank. He came back without the

spade and told me he threw it as far into the river as he could."

And thus ended the eventful life of the spade. Several searching parties dragged the river in an effort to recover the lost treasure, but were unsuccessful. There are those who are not satisfied to believe that the spade really found the watery grave in which it is supposed to lie. But Mr. Holsinger gives his word of honor that he carried out his part in the program to the letter—that he "threw the spade as far as he could," and it was swallowed up in the dark waters of the Blue.

### *From Manila to Bayombong Nueva Vizcaya.*

By Augusta (Griffing) Harlan, '04.

Perhaps a recital of the incidents and impressions of our trip from Manila to Bayombong Nueva Vizcaya might be of interest.

We got up at 4:30 the morning of the first of June and took the six-o'clock train from Manila to Dagupan. We had a little over one hundred miles to go by rail over an old Spanish built road. The cars were European style with two seats in a compartment. We took a lunch, Iswan (for it is not safe to drink unboiled water, and on a trip mineral water must suffice), a canteen and a knife and a spoon for the splendid mangoes we bought on the way. The ride to Dagupan was through a flat, hot, dusty plain. It was the dirtiest, most uninteresting ride I ever indulged in. We were simply black with dust.

We reached Dagupan at 1:45, the hottest part of a hot day, glaring bright and sweltering in the low river town. We secured a carromata and arranged to have our baggage sent on as soon as possible. We then set out for Tayug. The carromata was a quiles (a two-wheeled affair with two seats facing each other like a hack or bus) with freight-car springs and a couple of nutmeg-grater seats. It was

drawn by two especially runty ponies that had no other thought than to get to Tayug. Our cocher was a youth, or shadow of about forty ounces troy. He had a back-bone like a coil spring. The road was made out of boulders as big as your head, and we hit them all at a gallop. Harry describes it thus: "Then we hit the road. In about thirty seconds we came down and hit it again. I took a rip over my seat and smashed Gussie's nose. She took a slide at me, and then we dived into the roof of the quiles. Another slide and I lost a hip pocket; another boulder lost me a piece of scalp. Meanwhile the boy and horses galloped along, never slacking their pace. I purchased a bale of hay and distributed it on the wearing points as much as possible."

At dusk we jounced into Binanolan, some nineteen miles out. There we staid all night with an American teacher and his wife. The next morning we cautiously seated ourselves and prepared to run another gauntlet. There were sixteen miles more of it before we reached Tayug, arriving before noon. We stopped at the house of Senor Montaño, a Spaniard. They gave us their best, which I must say I couldn't fully enjoy. I like the Spanish cooking all right, but I can't stand the dirt. When I pass the kitchen and see the muchachos wiping the dishes on rags too dirty for floor cloths, I don't relish my meals much. It was horribly hot, too.

Our baggage arrived Monday. Tuesday we spent in unpacking our stuff and repacking it into baskets such as the pack ponies carry. We were assisted by two Americans who make a business of transporting people and goods. All our trunks and boxes were left behind.

Late that afternoon we set out for the next town three miles away. There we spent the night with these same Americans, and in the morning they helped us get started and went

with us for a few miles until we struck the mountain trail. Then they left us to our own devices.

We formed a rather picturesque outfit. Ahead was the pack train of five little ponies, about the size of Shetlands or the burros they use in the Rockies, packed with huge baskets until they looked like animated rub-

beautiful grass-covered mountains over a narrow trail it made us feel that at last there were going to be some adventures.

Long before noon we were among the pines, and it seemed good to see them. The odor of pine needles was like a breeze from the States. The sides of the mountains are so steep



Sunrise in the Philippines.

bish heaps. With the train were two natives to care for the ponies and our cook very carefully carrying our lamp shade that could not be safely packed. Next came myself in bloomers, with a broad-brimmed hat such as the Spanish soldiers used to wear, gloves and spurs, astride a tiny buckskin pony whose back was just above my waist when I stood on the ground. He was a sure-footed little rascal, but slow. Last of all was Harry, his feet nearly dragging the ground over a long-legged pinto pony that had been on the trail so long he knew all the tricks. As we wound up among the

that it is impossible to ride a horse up any place, so the trail zigzags and winds about. Father Juan de la Verde, a Spanish Padre, laid out the trail, and it was much used in Spanish times. The Americans have tried to shorten it, but have found it impossible. The old padre actually laid out the only possible course. In many places the trail is dug out of rock, just a tiny shelf or notch on the steep side of a high, rocky mountain. There was a system of four ranges to cross, so you know it was a lot of work. In most places the trail crosses the side of the mountain many times,

always ascending a little. You look up to see your pack train coming toward you and apparently about ready to drop off onto your head. And there is some danger, too; for if the pack is not well balanced and the trail too steep, or the pony slips, the pack will fall off and go rolling down. It happened several times with us, but fortunately nothing more serious occurred. We didn't have even a dish broken, and I expected, when I saw them roll off, that they would be smashed to fragments. The American told us that often these old pack horses would go to sleep as they went along the trail and fall off clear to the third trail below. Or they would reach to get a bunch of grass that was too far over the side and fall hundreds of feet below. Harry bragged about the horse he had and said it could reach farther over the edge of the precipice after grass and not fall off than any other horse in the Province. I really was so entranced with the scenery that I quite forgot to notice whether my pony had one foot or two off the edge. The pack ponies walk just as close to the edge as possible, so their packs won't hit the wall. And the riding ponies follow in their footsteps. It's mighty ticklish business when you meet another train. In some places it is absolutely impossible to pass.

About noon we arrived at Nozo, the first place on the trail where it was possible to get water. Needless to say, our canteens were long since dry. Here we staid all night, as it always rains in the afternoon in the mountains. The trail master had built a nice little log cabin for American travelers, so we were very comfortable.

The view at this place was wonderfully beautiful. Abrupt mountains rose on all sides of the little valley we were in. They were covered with a carpet of grass, kept close cropped by the deer, and were dotted here and

there with little clumps or groves of pines, as if some gardener had laid out a magnificent park. The valley was watered by a little mountain stream that wound in and out, tumbling over its rocky bed. No words can describe the sublimity and glory of that scene when the sun first tinted the sky above it in the early morning. Even our ignorant, half-civilized men seemed to delight in its beauty, and talked about it in their strange tongue. That night we heard the deer calling all around our camp. It was cool; we found our two heavy army blankets scarcely sufficient, even indoors.

We hit the trail again early the next morning. During that day we passed over the highest peak, and as it was clear we had a magnificent view of the surrounding mountain slopes and of the plain below, across which wound the Agno river. As soon as we crossed to the other side of this peak we found a different kind of vegetation. The rainfall is heavy there, and the forest was like that which we saw on the mountains of Negros. Instead of pines and a carpet of grass there was a jungle of ferns, orchids, vines, and creepers, mingled with the hard woods of a tropical forest. It was delightfully cool, with no rain, and we never enjoyed anything more in our lives than we did that day's ride.

Late in the afternoon we were practically out of the mountains. In a little valley among the foot-hills we found another log cabin in which to spend the night. This seemed a favorite camping place. There were three native pack trains besides our own and a band of ten Igorrotes. The Igorrotes are one of the wild tribes that has never been civilized at all. They live on the tops of the steepest hills and mountains, where no one can go. They can go up a hill so steep that no one else could climb it as fast as anyone else would walk on level land. They wear no clothes except a gee string, and when cold wrap

up in a blanket. They are fierce fellows, all right—the regular dog-eating, head-hunting kind. We slept that night right in the midst of the Igorrote country—with a dozen right outside the door—without a weapon of any kind, not even a club, and the door unlocked. To tell the truth, I was more afraid of rats than of Igorrotes.

The next morning we got up at half past three, and by half past five were in the saddle for the last stretch. We followed the Magat river down its course. That day's trip made me think of the prairies at home. The foot-hills were not so steep and high, and were covered with grass. Along the river were trees, shrubs and vines that made one think of our streams at home. One expected to see a few elderberries or wild blackberries in the thickets instead of guavas.

We stopped just a short time at noon for a bite to eat, then went on. It was horribly hot; that tropical sun seemed to scorch everything, and there was no breeze. If we had not had umbrellas we would surely have been overcome by heat. (Fancy carrying an umbrella when riding horseback.) It finally clouded over and grew cooler. Our division superintendent at our new station sent an American nine miles out to meet us and escort us in. We got in about five o'clock Friday, the 7th, having been ten solid hours in the saddle. We didn't get to bed until 11:30, having been twenty hours without sleep.

I stood the trip better than any other American woman who has ever been up here, even though I was not used to riding. Everyone has been so kind to us here, helping us get settled. The Americans here, though few in number, are jolly, and we manage to enjoy ourselves immensely. There are just three American women here, counting myself. It is much cooler here than down on the coast. I am sure we will like it very much.

### *The Kansas City Alumni Picnic.*

Mr. Rushmore describes, in his own inimitable manner, the annual picnic of the Kansas City alumni, held at Swope Park, August 24.

*Dear Jayhawker:* It's "all fired" hot, but I was a lot hotter last Saturday, August 24, after I had chased a few balls and run a few bases, playing "scrub" at our picnic.

About sixty of the faithful and elect, with the little "tads," gathered at Swope Park, and after 4 P. M. commenced a few festivities.

The occasion was our third annual picnic for the Kansas City Alumni Association. We were the guests of Clarence Chandler, '00, and his wife. We certainly had a world of room, for Swope Park, over which Chandler is superintendent, is about 1350 acres in extent, the second largest public park in the United States. Not a few of us are mighty proud of the fact that a K. S. A. C. boy has been chosen to develop this magnificent park. Chandler's work shows for itself, and a visit to Swope Park, even now, is a pleasure. Give Chandler ten years and \$25,000 a year and he will have the best spot of the most comprehensive park and boulevard system of any city in the United States. This is not fulsome praise, but sober fact.

The writer was the victim of a diabolical plot. I see through it now, and shall nurse my hurt till I can wreak vengeance with compound interest.

Being an unsuspecting person and always ready to "start something," I proposed to Joshua Rickman (he of the Printing Department, and once a "devil," I know), Frank Yoeman, '98, (He ought to be a briefless barrister.), Dick Bourne, '03 (who has a title longer than he deserves), and that worst of swindlers, Bill Phipps, of '95, that we play mumbly-peg, the last man out to eat a big bite of a Bermuda onion *that I furnished, by hokey!* Well, well, well, it's tough to

record your own humiliation, but, as a truthful (for once) paragrapher, I'll confess that I was sure "*it*." And I bit the onion all right, too. It came about this way: We agreed that the last play should be with the point of the knife held in the teeth and stuck properly in the ground by a swinging motion. You know how it's done. Here is where the boys put it on me. The play next to the last was off the top of the head. You know the game all right. Well, it went along so that when Bourne retired first three others were on the last and I was two plays shy. Yoeman, Phipps and Rickman in order retired, and I was still trying to slide the miserable knife off my head so it would stick in the ground. I discovered this, that *my* head was so hard that I had no show whatever against the other chaps. Their heads were so soft the point of the knife would hold enough to give steadiness to its "drop," and that's the only reason on earth why the villains beat me. If I ever play mumbly-peg again in a picnic game, I propose to bar that stunt off the cranium!

We played a few innings (mostly outings) of old-style "scrub ball." I wonder if Yoeman left any other record at K. S. A. C. beside being the poorest student ever known in agriculture. He should have a record somewhere as a ball pitcher, for he's a dandy contortionist and could earn a big salary in a vaudeville exhibit of a "ball tosser." We played till we were tired out.

Doctor Smith, '93, our president, and Doctor Kinsley, '99, our secretary, planned a "surprise" for the children, but for good reasons it was not announced; and since we take some pride down here in setting the fashion we will wait until another time to consider the matter.

Six forty-five P. M. brought the supper. Marshall Chandler provided beautiful asters, Mrs. Clarence Hol-

singer some fragrant white rosebuds. (Doesn't that start out all right?) And, when those barred Plymouth Rocks which were so generously provided had been equally distributed, some of the fellows, notably Dr. Dick Bourne, prepared for a session in the thirty-third degree. And tomatoes stuffed with what-you-may-call-it—cabbage and green peppers—ham sandwiches, fine creamery butter, ice tea, more salads than I could ever concoct with all the cook books in the domestic department, Dutch cheese mixed with English walnuts (make your hair curl to eat 'em), blackberry pie, cucumbers, ten big watermelons, and "forty-eleven" sorts of cake, and other things too numerous to mention, made a feast that justified the wise precaution of Doctor Smith bringing in his pocket a bottle of little tablets, good for what little boys used to have when they ate such a lot of mixed food as this.

We provided for the children old enough to eat by themselves a table on which was everything the older people had. This little thoughtfulness was highly appreciated and availed of by our youngsters, and should be adopted by all our branch associations at future gatherings.

We ate and ate and ate. We had plenty of fried chicken. Write it down in imperishable characters and file it away in archives where only the trump of Gabriel will disturb it. You fellows that didn't come, grit your teeth and repent.

Where was the old war-horse, "John D." Walters? Where was "Julius T." Willard, whom we expected? At home eating fried onions and cold slaw. Where was Ira D. Graham, the "farmer?" Digging worms, likely, to take up to the Superior Lake region where he was to meet his wife and boy and fish a day. We'll forgive you this time, boys, but don't let it occur again.

Just before leaving for home we

were to vote a prize to the maker of the best cake, vote to be taken without knowing who made the cake. Doctor Kinsley had to call for the vote—Smith hadn't the nerve and left before the fray began. Frank Yoeman, like some other attorneys, mindful of his future happiness, broke in with a most piteous appeal to the audience to listen to him ere they did so rash a deed. He said that every man there knew that every other man's wife would feel hurt, because *she* knew *her* cake was the best; that but one woman could receive the prize, and that as his wife had made a cake, and that if it should be decided that hers was not the best, he actually feared to go home with her. I never before heard so pathetic and probable condition put before so heartless a body as that crowd proved to be. They voted unanimously to award the prize to the maker of the Spanish chocolate cake. I don't know who made it, but it was a "jim-dandy" bit of confection.

On the way home in the Swope Park car we distinguished ourselves greatly by our most unbecoming hilarity. We were out for a good time, and we certainly set 'em afire on the car.

Who cares? I will soon be forty-nine years young. I hope to die young—I hope to be in love with everything that has in it the joyous fellowship and comradeship of the College man, without a particle of that which leaves a dark-brown taste, as in after years we chew over the cud of the days of auld lang syne.

Cheerfully yours,

HARRY C. RUSHMORE, '79.

#### *Left-Over Letters.*

[Following are two letters that were crowded out of the June number, for which they were written.—*Ed.*]

*Dear Editor:*

Away last fall I received a card saying, "It is your turn next," and I immediately resolved to write, but there seemed to be nothing of especial

interest that I might say, so the duty was indefinitely postponed. I am always glad to hear from any of the alumni, and especially my own classmates, and for the present I am going to assume that there may be some who have a similar feeling towards me, and write, and maybe I can provoke some of my own classmates to do likewise.

At the last meeting of our class before we scattered to the four winds Miss Crump and myself were appointed a committee to edit a class letter, and, after spending all the class money left in the treasury for postage, with a net result of about fifteen letters, we abandoned the project as a premature one. Perhaps now, however, after ten years, the project may be revived and we can publish our class letter through the columns of the JAYHAWKER. I would be glad to hear from any of the class in regard to the proposition, and will volunteer to receive the letters and mail them to the JAYHAWKER in a bunch, or, if it is thought best, each one can mail his letter when he writes it.

The last ten years have been busy ones for me. After serving four years as assistant in chemistry in Alma Mater, I was elected to the chair of chemistry and agriculture in the State Normal School at Cape Girardeau, Mo., where I spent five more strenuous years, teaching from five to eight hours a day and forty-eight weeks in the year. Deciding that I wanted to get closer to the "real thing" in agriculture, I asked for a leave of absence and entered the University of Missouri as a candidate for the degree of Ph. D., and also held the position of assistant in agronomy. After spending three weeks in that institution, I learned that Florida needed a good agriculturist to take charge of the school of agriculture in her State University, and as the president and board of regents seemed to think I would fill the bill I parted

company with Missouri and came here in October, 1906. I have succeeded in fooling them into retaining me for another year, and I hope to spend a few very pleasant years here building up a good school of agriculture. The work has not been popular here in the past, and it remains to be seen whether I can improve the sentiment or not.

At the state fair last fall in Tampa I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. W. T. Hazen, of the class of '89, and the visit was a very pleasant one for me. He had heard of my coming and, like true-hearted K. S. A. C. alumni, had searched me out from among the crowd to have a talk about the institution so dear to the hearts of all her sons and daughters.

Florida is a beautiful place in which to live, but you have to "pay for the living." At present Florida farmers ship out all they raise and ship in all they eat, so the railroads get us both "a-goin and a-comin." We can grow strawberries here in the winter time and sell them in New York City for fifty cents a quart—sometimes—but it costs fifteen cents a quart to ship them there. Other charges are in like proportion. The soils all have to be heavily fertilized for all kinds of farming. If any K. S. A. C.-ite should be thinking of coming to Florida to farm let him first hunt up the page in his geology that says, "Florida soils are so rich in humus that they often catch fire and burn for several weeks in dry weather," and tear it out and forget that such a thing had ever been said, for Florida soils are about the sandiest soils in the United States. The climate is superb, however. I wore an overcoat only twice during the winter and then I would not have been very uncomfortable without it. We have an abundance of sunshine and a nice cool breeze blowing all the time, so it is never too hot or too cold.

The great problem for the South is the "nigger" problem. An ordinary negro gets \$1.25 a day for farm labor

and does twenty-five cents worth of work. A Kansas farmer would kick him across the line into Missouri in two minutes if he would go out into the harvest field there and move the way he does here. The South treats the negro ten times as well as he is treated in the North in most respects. I do not agree with the people here in all respects, on the negro question. but I am not saying so. They have known the negro longer than I have, and may be nearer right than I. Tillman's views are not held by near all the southern people, but there are more people holding his views than one would at first suppose.

As I do not intend to inflict a discussion of the negro question upon the reader, however, I will close my remarks and hope some more of the class of '97 will come out of their long hibernation and tell us "where they are at."—*R. W. Clothier, '97, Gainesville, Fla.*

#### *Dear Alumni Friends:*

After graduating in 1901 I taught advanced grammar in the Preparatory Department of the College, and the following fall began clerical work in the Secretary's office, where I remained for a year. I was at home then until April 6, 1904, when I was married to Mr. S. James Pratt, and we have made our home at 608 Osage street, Manhattan, Kan., since that time.

I had the usual experiences of a new housekeeper, and some of them are still delicate subjects, as, for instance, when making watermelon preserves I forgot to remove the rind, and again, the leathery toughness of my first pie crust.

But, on the whole, I thoroughly enjoy housekeeping and entertaining my friends. And I think it may be of interest to some of the alumni to know the whereabouts of these old College friends and when they have visited Manhattan.



Some of the friends have merely called, others spent a day or two, and some have visited with us a week or more.

Our first guest was Walter B. Stingley, an ex-student, now a prominent contractor of this city. This occasion will always be remembered for many reasons. One, by the assortment of drinking cups. Mr. Stingley used a measuring cup, Mr. Pratt a jelly glass, and I drank from the ever helpful tin cup. This affair took place the day after we moved into our home, and these cups were the only available ones in our china closet, as our others were still at my mother's home.

We entertained several parties in the next few weeks, but our next single guest was Daisy Hoffman, '00, now Mrs. Edward Johntz, of Abilene, Kan. It was June, the day after Commencement. This visit was memorable because we pitted and canned, with the aid of my sister, Eva (Knostman) Elliott, student in 1890, a bushel of cherries, Daisy canning one quart. To designate this particular jar, a red and white string was tied around the top. When it was opened it proved to be just like the person who canned it, sweet and good.

Miss Olivia Staatz, a former student and an assistant in the Domestic Science Department of the College in 1900, was our next guest. Miss Staatz is now the wife of Mr. Chas. D. Reimold, of Carmen, Okla. While Miss Staatz was here Ruth Mudge, '01, spent a day with us. Miss Mudge is teacher of botany in the Girls' High School, of Louisville, Ky.

The G. A. L. S., the members of which are either ex-students or graduates, spent an evening with us, and enjoyed themselves recounting the jolly times of old College days.

About September first our jovial friend, George O. Green, '00, dropped in one day while on his way from Amherst, Mass., where he was then located, to Natoma, Kan. He said he

was to be married, but we did not believe it. But that Sunday afternoon when I had him earn his dinner by wiping the dishes afterwards he vowed he really was to be married on September 7. And I believed him, then, he was so serious, and invited him and his bride to stop on their return to Amherst. So, on the afternoon of September 9, Mr. and Mrs. Green arrived. That evening a party of former friends gathered and gave them a reception and presented them three pieces of silverware. Mrs. Green was Miss Alice Worley, third year in 1900.

One afternoon about this time Ben. F. Gudge, a student in 1899, called. He was spending the summer at White City with his parents, expecting to return to school work at Tuft's College in Boston in a few weeks.

One December morning we were surprised by a call from two New York friends, Wm. Mitchell, a sophomore in 1898, and his wife. Mrs. Mitchell is a very charming little woman, a fine linguist, and a very delightful person to meet. Mr. Mitchell is employed in the New York Zoölogical Gardens, of which his uncle is director.

The G. A. L. S. club gave a dinner one evening at our house in honor of the fifth wedding anniversary of Cora (Ewalt) Brown and Harry R. Brown, both members of the class of 1898. The members of the club who were present, besides Mrs. Brown, were: Gertrude Rhodes, '98, Alice Ross, '03, Clara Spilman, '00, Edith (Huntress) Rhoades, '01, and Peache (Washington) Anderson and C. G. Anderson, Elsie (Robinson) Mudge and Ben. F. Mudge, the last four all former students. The men named are only "associate members."

In the next few months I gave several dinner parties, some of the guests being College friends. Among those who were here were Alice (Perry) Hill, '03, and Ben. Hill, now of Fayette, Mo.: Jeanette (Perry) Thomas, '98, of Harrisburg, Penn.: Edith (Huntress)

Rhoades, '01, now of Olathe, and Robt. E. Eastman, '00.

Mabel Stewart, '00, a teacher in the city schools of Neosho, Mo., called one afternoon.

One Sunday morning a young man called whom we decided to keep, and he being willing we named him James Wilson Pratt. He is still a member and a most valued and treasured one of our family.

I was very glad to greet H. T. Nielsen, '03, one winter day and to have a pleasant chat with him. Mr. Nielsen is employed in the Bureau of Plant Industry, United States Department of Agriculture.

Our next guests were Fred Myers, student in 1900, and Edith (Perkins) Myers, '00, who were on their way from Virginia to make their home in South Pasadena, Calif. We enjoyed their visit very much, it having been six years since Edith and I had seen each other, although we had corresponded as well as hearing from each other through the circular letter which twelve old College girl friends began in June, 1900, and which is still in existence.

Olivia (Staatz) Reimold and her husband visited us in May while attending the wedding of Edith Huntress, '01, and W. J. Rhoades, '97.

In June we were delighted to have Miss Stella Stewart, '00, to spend a day with us. Miss Stewart is a teacher in the Deaf and Dumb School at Mt. Airy, Penn. Although part of the house was being papered and the rest of it seemed topsy-turvy because of it, we enjoyed talking over old times and, not having seen each other since 1900, we had a great many things to discuss. Gertrude Rhodes, '98, took dinner with us that day.

Elizabeth J. Agnew, '00, was visiting friends in town at that time and she, Clara Spilman, '00, teacher of domestic science in a girls' school at Camden Point, Mo., and Alice (Perry) Hill, '03, of Fayette, Mo., were our guests at dinner one evening. Miss

Agnew is head of the department of domestic science in the Wichita High School.

Ben. F. Gudge again made us a hasty call one Saturday morning during peach time, when I was canning the fruit. I was glad to rest a while and visit with him and inquire of him of some of the College people who are in the East.

Jeanette (Perry) Thomas, '98, who visited her parents the past winter with her young son, Perry Thomas, spent several afternoons with me. And last, but not least, George O. Green again took dinner with us one day recently while in town on business. George is now located at Plainville, Kan., and is engaged in the mercantile business.

And now I will close this letter, but not the door of hospitality which is always open to my classmates and other alumni friends.—*Helen (Knostman) Pratt.*

#### *The New Faculty Members.*

A number of changes have been made in the Faculty by the resignation of several and appointments to fill their places, and by additions of new assistants in the different departments.

Professor Popenoe tendered his resignation as professor of entomology and zoölogy in June, and the chair has been filled by appointment of Thomas J. Headlee. Professor Headlee is a graduate of the University of Indiana, with a Ph. D. degree from Cornell. He comes to us from the New Hampshire Agricultural College.

Prof. Walter E. King will be at the head of the Department of Bacteriology. Mr. King is a graduate of Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind., and has an M. A. degree from Cornell.

Miss Anne M. Boyd, assistant in the Library last year, has been appointed librarian. Miss Boyd is a graduate of the James Millikin Uni-

versity. The Library force is increased by one member, Miss Florence Warner, a graduate of the Illinois University Library School.

The position of principal of the Preparatory Department, made vacant by the death of Professor McFarland, has been filled by Robert J. Barnett, '95, of Manhattan. Miss Anna W. Gordon, from the Iowa College, and Miss Margaret Mack have been made assistants in the Preparatory Department.

Two assistants have been added to the English Department: Lewis H. Beall, from Michigan University, and Miss Flora C. Knight, from the University of Wyoming.

The teaching force of the Domestic Science Department has been increased by the addition of two new assistants, Miss Grace Woodard, a graduate of Hill Institute, of Florence, Mass., and also of the Boston School of Domestic Science; and Miss Bertha Johnson, of Otterbine, Ind., a graduate of Simmons College, Boston.

Mary W. Hancock, the new assistant in domestic art, is a graduate of Mechanics Institute, Rochester, N. Y.

S. W. McGarrah, former editor of the Manhattan *Nationalist*, has been made assistant in mathematics. C. A. Utt will be assistant in chemistry, and Kirk H. Logan, assistant in physics. The Horticultural Department will have the services of Arthur L. Peck, a graduate of the Massachusetts Agricultural College. Miss Nellie Cave and Miss McKirahan are newly appointed assistants in the Music Department. C. G. Elling, '04, recently from the Cuba experiment station, is assistant in animal husbandry. Loren Clark has been appointed to increase the force in the print-shop.

Three members of the '07 class have been added to the teaching force: O. A. Stevens, assistant in botany, E. G. Schafer, assistant in agronomy, and

C. E. Bassler, assistant in veterinary science.

Geo. A. Dean, '95, of the Entomology Department, Geo. C. Wheeler, '95, of the Animal Husbandry Department, and Geo. F. Freeman, of the Botany Department have all been given the title of assistant professor.

#### *Death of Professor McFarland.*

The friends of Prof. B. L. McFarland were grieved and shocked to learn of his sudden death, which occurred, September 4, at Millersburg, Ky., at the home of his daughter, Mrs. L. Torr. His death was caused by uraemic poisoning, following a recent sunstroke. The funeral services were held at Olathe, for many years the home of Professor and Mrs. McFarland. A number of College people attended the funeral, and Professor Kammeyer gave a short address in which he paid a beautiful tribute to the memory of Professor McFarland.

Professor McFarland was sixty-nine years of age, and for the past eight years had been principal of the Preparatory Department of K. S. A. C. During this time he has won the admiration and warm friendship of a great many College people who are saddened by his death.

#### *Apt Quotations.*

Those who can command themselves, command others.—*Hazlitt.*

High aims form high characters, and great objects bring out great minds.—*Tryon Edwards.*

Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled by great ambitions.—*Longfellow.*

Great souls, by nature half divine, soar to the stars, and hold a near acquaintance with the gods.—*Rowe.*

The ALUMNUS—first and last a paper for the alumni of K. S. A. C. Send in your subscription now.

# EDITORIAL

This month you have received an old friend under a new name. We hope that hereafter the ALUMNUS will find the same hearty welcome in alumni homes as the *Jayhawker* has received since it began its cheerful mission as an alumni news carrier. Considerable time and thought of some of the older and wiser friends of our publication have been spent over the selection of a new name. The name "Jayhawker" was handed down with other undesirable inheritances, and the process of reorganization has but just reached the point when a rechristening of the magazine seems wise.

Perhaps by some K. S. A. C. people, who have wandered far from our sunny State, the passing of that distinctly Kansas name will be regretted. But after all it takes but little serious thought to realize the inappropriateness of the name for a distinctly and exclusively alumnal publication. The name was perhaps well chosen for a paper intended as a State historical publication—the field to which the *Jayhawker* aspired in its infancy. But, as everyone knows, the paper won for itself little fame and large debts, and would undoubtedly have sunk into an honorless oblivion had not some alumni boosters seen for it possibilities even larger than its liabilities, and, by a little rightly directed rustling, converted it into the magazine that has won so warm a place in the hearts of the alumni of K. S. A. C.

The old name in no way indicated the present nature or purpose of the publication. The new one has been agreed upon as the most appropriate of a number of desirable names offered for consideration, and we sincerely hope that the change will meet the approval of all our friends, and that the ALUMNUS will be held in ever

increasing regard by the people in whose interests and for whose pleasure it is published.

There is no longer any uncertainty about the permanency of our alumni magazine. Its future, as the official alumni organ, is being provided for by the organization of a stock company, consisting of twenty prominent members of the Alumni Association, representing the various local organizations, who will assume ownership of the magazine, will have a watchful eye over its progress, and will keep it provided with an editor.

Now let it be known—you who are wondering what these stockholders are going to get out of the deal—that they are expecting *nothing* unless possibly it be your appreciation and good will after they are dead.

There are a few broad-minded and unselfish alumni of K. S. A. C. who can always be depended upon to assist in any undertaking that is for the good of the College or the alumni of the College. The alumni, as a whole, have shone often in the reflected light of these loyal few, and will continue thus to shine until they get ashamed and do something themselves. It might not be amiss to quote the remarks of one of our number:

"There was a time in the early history of the world when battles were won or lost through the endurance or the prowess of a few champions chosen from the ranks, but the modern method of fighting is to throw the whole army into action. Where this is impossible, there is very little gained by having a score of the more liberal or more well-to-do champions march up and down in front of the army, waving ten-dollar bills and shouting defiance at its creditors. Alumni papers that suc-

ceed in that way do not succeed. An alumni organization which cannot support an organ does not deserve to have one. The alumni of K. S. A. C. do not seem to realize what it is that has made certain universities and colleges great in the eyes of the world. It is not the faculty; it is the alumni. A loyal, enthusiastic, united alumni association surrounds its alma mater with a radiance which is in turn reflected on its graduates. Our boys and girls do not seem to be inclined in that direction, and I do not think there is any use in trying to arouse them."

The above is quoted for the benefit of those whom it may concern. You all know which class you're in. However, our correspondent was estimating the strength of our support by the quantity and not by the quality of it. Our undertakings *can't* fail when a few—even a few—faithful supporters say they *shan't*.

It is not the intention of the few alumni who are shouldering the present responsibility to always carry it alone. They are optimists. They have an undying faith in our ability, sooner or later, to get the rest of the crowd wakened up to a realization of its duties and its privileges, and we won't give you any peace till we do it.

#### ***A Demand for Farmers.***

The bureau of labor, at Washington, has made a systematic inquiry about the demand for workers in every part of the United States, and it has been found that the most urgent demand of all is for farm laborers. In the New England states this is especially true, and has been for some time, to the extent that many farms have been abandoned. The same conditions are becoming more and more evident in the South, also, and in other parts of the country. In some southern sections land owners are offering tempting inducements to anyone who will come and work the land, and many of the richest of these

farms might be purchased at profitably low prices.

With all the men who are going out each year from the agricultural departments of our colleges, equipped with the scientific knowledge and training that makes possible the gaining of richest and largest results from the best lands, and the reclaiming of worn-out lands to productiveness, it seems as if the present demand for farmers ought to be easily satisfied.

Uncle Sam's department of agriculture is teaching a good many of the "scientific experts" a few things; and one of the most noticeable results is the contented manner in which some of those who aspired to fame and riches as government employees, are going quietly back to the home farms to apply their knowledge to the ancestral soil—and make some money.

An independent farmer is the most independent man in the land, and modern methods and modern farm conveniences are making country life more agreeable and more desirable every year. The attractiveness of other and newer lines of work has drawn many away from agricultural pursuits, but the increasing attractiveness of independent farm life, together with the insistent and rapidly growing demand for farm developers, may soon turn the tide in the other direction.

The water-tower has been requested to remove itself from the conspicuous position it now occupies to the rear of the shops, in the neighborhood of the smoke-stacks, to make room for the new engineering building. "Men who think beyond to-morrow and back of yesterday" would hardly have chosen one of the finest building spots on the campus for the erection of a great, ungainly water-tower that in two years would have to be moved, at great expense and no end of inconvenience, to the sight where it ought to have been built in the first place.



# PERSONAL



Gertrude Rhodes, '98, spent the summer in Colorado.

A daughter was born, August 17, to Harry and Cora (Ewalt) Brown, '98.

Jennie Ridenour, '04, has gone to Philadelphia and will attend Drexel Institute.

Mamie Frey, '07, will teach in an orphans' home in Minneapolis, Minn., the coming year.

Harry Porter, '07, is employed in the office of the chief engineer of the Santa Fe at Topeka.

Miss Margaret Haggart, '05, lectured before the Topeka Chautauqua, July 23, on "Salads."

Archie Robertson, '96, and Mrs. Robertson are the parents of a son born September third.

J. M. Westgate, '97, of Washington, D. C., made a short visit to his mother in Manhattan this summer.

Etta (Ridenour) Plowman, '96, and Mr. Plowman have moved from Jewell, Kan., to Milner, Idaho.

Judge Sam Kimble, '73, and Mrs. Kimble, of Manhattan, made an extended visit in the East this summer.

M. R. Shuler, '06, has the position of teacher of science in the Atchison county high school at Effingham, Kan.

Carl Mallon and H. B. Hubbard, both of the '07 class, are employed in the electrical department of the Santa Fe road.

Prof. George Wheeler and Myrtle (Smith) Wheeler, both '95, are building a new home west of the city park, Manhattan.

C. G. Elling, '04, has returned from Cuba, where he was assistant to Doctor Mayo, and has been elected to fill the place vacated by Mr. Wilson in the Animal Husbandry Department.

C. A. Pyles, '04, one of the veterinary graduates last spring, has located at Salina, and is practising with Doctor Maxwell, of that city.

Carl Rice, '97, is expected home from the Philippines soon, on a six-months' furlough. Mr. Rice has been in the Islands for nine years.

Mary Minis, '98, has returned to her work in E. B. Purcell's store, after taking a course in the Platt Business College of St. Joe, Mo.

Anna Monroe, '04, will remain at the College this winter, and will be employed in the Experiment Station laboratory of the Botany Department.

W. H. Goodwin, '05, has been appointed as assistant entomologist of the Ohio Experiment Station, at Wooster, to succeed John Houser, '05.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Rockefeller, of Russell, Kan., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Carrie, to A. D. Colliver, '05, of Hays City, Kan. The wedding will take place this fall. Mr. Colliver is assistant in agriculture at the Fort Hays Experiment Station.

Prof. D. W. Working, '88, until recently superintendent of farmers' institute work in Colorado, has gone to West Virginia, where he has a position as secretary of agricultural college extension work. Mr. Working received the degree of master of arts from the University of Denver in June.

F. A. Kiene, '06, who lives at Valencina, Kan., was badly but probably not seriously injured by a savage boar he was driving last week. Mr. Kiene was taken to the Christ hospital, at Topeka, where his brother, Dr. Otto Kiene, sewed up a wound made by the animal's tusk.—*Manhattan Mercury*, Sept. 11.

Helen Bottomly, '05, is teaching school near Cedar, Kan.

Mary Colliver, '05, is teaching in the city schools of Los Angeles.

Mabel (Crump) McCauley, '97, of Chicago, is visiting in Manhattan.

Josephine Edwards, '05, is attending Teachers' College in New York.

Edith Coffman, '06, is to be housekeeper in the new Y. W. C. A. home.

L. W. Lawson, '07, is in Kokoma, Colo., working for a mining company.

Richard Kimball Dickens was born, August 28, to Prof. Albert and Bertha (Kimball) Dickens.

Gertrude Nicholson, '05, has returned from Idaho and is teaching in the Manhattan city schools.

Ula Dow, '05, of the Domestic Science Department, addressed a farmers' institute at Keats, September 13.

May Umberger, '07, succeeds Cora McNutt, '06, as teacher of domestic science in the Girls' Industrial School at Beloit.

Jessie Hoover, '05, has been appointed professor of domestic science and dean of women in the South Dakota Agricultural College.

C. D. Adams, '95, has moved from Hickman Mills, Mo., to 203 Keeler street, Olathe, Kan., where he will teach in the Deaf and Dumb School.

Miss Abbie Marlatt, '88, teacher of household economics in the Providence, R. I., technical high school, spent the summer with her parents in Manhattan.

Edith Worden, '06, who studied last year in the University of Chicago, has taken the position of instructor of domestic science in a school in Idaho Springs, Colo.

William J. Lightfoot, '81, and Mrs. Grace (Strong) Lightfoot, who have made their home for some time in Spokane, Wash., have returned to Manhattan, and their eldest daughter will attend K. S. A. C.

Friends of Professor and Mrs. Hitchcock will be interested to learn that Mrs. Hitchcock has moved to Manhattan, in order that the children may receive their education here.

Charles Popenoe, '05, has been made an assistant in the division of entomology, U. S. Department of Agriculture. His work at present will be principally with those insects that attack truck crops and vegetables.

Helen Thompson, '03, has resigned her position as assistant in the Preparatory Department of the College, and will succeed Margaret (Mather) Romine, '02, as director of household economics at Lincoln College, Lincoln, Ill.

Cora McNutt, '06, was appointed to an assistantship in the Domestic Science Department of K. S. A. C., but has resigned to accept the position of city secretary of the Y. W. C. A. of Topeka. Flora Hull, '07, will assist Miss McNutt in the work.

A. H. Leidigh, '02, who for a number of years has been superintendent of the U. S. experimental farm at Amarillo, Texas, has decided to quit the employ of Uncle Sam and will become an independent farmer, in partnership with his father, on the home place near Hutchinson.

Prof. Henrietta (Willard) Calvin, '86, conducted a very successful series of lectures at the Monmouth, Ill., Chautauqua, this summer. She also lectured before the Domestic Science Club of Union county, Ill., and filled a week's engagement at the Salina, Kan., Chautauqua.

H. C. Kyle, '03, has been appointed to a position in the U. S. Department of Agriculture, with headquarters in Washington. He and Mrs. Kyle (Corinne Failyer, '03) have rented a flat, and Prof. Geo. H. Failyer, '77, and daughter Lois, '07, will make their home with them during the winter.

Alma McRae, '06, is teaching school in Goodrich, Kan.

Olive Dunlap, '05, is teaching domestic science in South Bend, Ind.

Marcia Turner, '06, is teaching the Hunter's Island school, near Manhattan.

Mary Hamilton, '06, has the position of teacher of domestic science in Norfolk, Va.

Catherine Ward, '07, will teach this year in the city schools of Minneapolis, Kan.

E. G. Gibson, '96, and Mrs. Gibson, of Topeka, are the parents of a son born August 31.

Margaret Cunningham, '07, will spend the coming year in Alva, Okla., as assistant in her brother's office.

Jeanette Zimmerman, '91, and Maud Zimmerman, '02, are both teaching this year in the Synodical College in Provo, Utah.

Jennie (Smith) Strong, '94, and two little daughters, of Osborne, visited with Mrs. Strong's parents in Manhattan the first of September.

Dr. E. D. Williams and Lillian (St John) Williams, '91, of Kansas City, are pleasantly located in their new home at 616 S. Tenth street.

W. R. Ballard, '05, of the Maryland experiment station, is enjoying a month's vacation. He visited a few days in Manhattan the first of the month.

Friends of Ernest A. Houghton, a Manhattan boy and former student, will be interested to know of his marriage to Mrs. J. B. Baker, which occurred in Trinidad, Colo., August 17.

O. R. Smith, '98, has resigned his position as professor of civil engineering in the New Mexico School of Mines, and is now doing instrument work for the Santa Fe, working directly under the division superintendent. His headquarters are at San Bernardino, Cal.

L. G. Hepworth, '97, who has been traveling for several years for the Barteldes Seed House, of Lawrence, has gone into the real estate business in Texas.

Arthur Helder, '04, who has been employed as florist and gardener at Swope Park, Kansas City, will return to K. S. A. C. and take graduate work this winter.

Prof. B. L. Remick and Mrs. Harriet (Vandivert) Remick, '97, and little daughter had a delightful six-weeks' vacation in Colorado Springs and Denver this summer.

W. E. Mathewson, '01, has resigned his position as assistant in the Chemistry Department at the College, and will be employed in the United States bureau of chemistry. His resignation here takes effect October 1.

Byron Broom, '06, has the position as teacher of manual training in a high school in Spokane, Wash. Mr. Broom spent part of the summer in the College carpenter shops, doing special work in pattern making.

Donald, the two-months' old son of A. D. Rice, '92, and wife, died August 16. Mr. Rice will give up his pastorate in Hubble, Neb., on account of sickness in the family, and will spend a year on a farm in Winona, Kan.

William Anderson, '98, former instructor in mathematics at K. S. A. C., has the position of instructor in the Michigan State School of Mines at Houghton, Mich. Mr. Anderson spent the summer studying in Chicago University.

Edith Goodwin, '03, who has been teacher of science in the Dickinson county high school for three years, has resigned her position and will attend K. U. the coming year, taking graduate work in chemistry and mathematics. Miss Goodwin has previously attended two summer sessions at the university, and will receive her master's degree next June.



M. S. Cole, '02, is at Santa Cruz, Cal., working in a power-house.

Mary Mudge, '05, is doing apprentice work in the College Library.

Mary Hall, '04, is teaching school at Yorba, Cal. Her address is Anaheim, R. F. D. No. 3.

Prof. Albert Dickens, '93, is attending meetings of the American Pomological Society and the Society for Horticultural Science, at Jamestown.

"Jimmie" Correll, '03, has gone to Austin, Texas, where he has been appointed to the position of assistant in electrical engineering in the University of Texas.

George Wolf, '05, and C. P. Blachly, '05, who are employed by the Western Electric Company, have been transferred from Chicago to one of the branch offices in New York.

W. P. Tucker, '92, who has been chief clerk of a mining company at Aguas Calientes, Aguas, Mex., has taken a similar position at Fundicion, Sonora, Mex., at a substantial increase in salary. Mrs. Tucker (Stella Kimball, '94) is visiting in Manhattan, pending the moving.

Dr. B. Belle Little, '91, has begun the general practice of medicine in Manhattan, where she has elegantly equipped rooms in the Doctor Little building. Miss Little graduated last year from the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, and has since served as intern at the New England hospital in Boston, thus securing experience and thorough preparation for her work.

The friends of Joseph W. Painter, '07, will be saddened to learn of his death, which occurred August 30 at a hospital in Denver, Colo., where he was taken a few days before for an operation for appendicitis. Funeral services were held at the Painter home in Beverly, September 2. Mr. Painter finished his work at K. S. A. C. last March, and since that time has been

traveling for the Crete, Neb., Nursery Company. He was in Colorado at the time he became ill, and was taken immediately to the Denver hospital, where it was found necessary to perform an operation, after which he lived only a few days.

The alumni Ios. met with Mrs. Remick, Monday evening, September 9, and nominated officers and discussed plans for the coming year's work. The next meeting will be held, October 14, at the home of Anna (O'Daniel) Amos, '03, at which session the regular work of the society will begin. All Manhattan alumni Ios. who don't belong to the society are missing some fun. Better join us.

The southern California alumni gathered at Eastlake Park in Los Angeles, on July 15, for their first reunion. After an excellent lunch under the trees by the lake, all assisted in giving an informal program, which consisted in the telling of many interesting and amusing incidents of College days. The remaining hours of the day were spent in enjoying the pleasures of the park. Those whose privilege it was to attend this reunion were: Eliza (Davis) Stringfield, '73, Carrie M. Kimball, '76, Etta (Campbell) Blain, '79, A. T. Blain, '79, Nellie E. (Cottrell) Stiles, '87, A. A. Mills, '89, Minnie L. Romick, '94, Isaac Jones, '94, Martha Cottrell, '94, B. F. Royer, '95, Edith (Perkins) Myers, '00, Elenore Perkins, '00, Carrie B. Oneel, '01, Axel H. Johnson, '03, Alberta Voiles, '03, Mary Hall, '04, Ella Criss, '04, Mary Colliver, '05, Chas. L. Thompson, '05, J. W. Stringfield, Sarah (Kimball) Bill, Pamela H. Mills, Ivaloo W. Rust, J. C. Rust, Florence A. Wilson, and Fred Myers. Visitors present were: Mrs. B. F. Royer, Mrs. A. F. Browne, Mrs. Lulu Hilliker, Mrs. E. D. Short, Mrs. M. D. Colliver, Alice Wilson, Vivian and Raymond Stringfield and Irene and Edna Mills.

"Rennie" Green, '06, has resigned his position as assistant in horticulture at the New Mexico Agricultural College and accepted a similar position in the Iowa Agricultural College, with an increased salary and an opportunity to do research work.

Dexter Holloway, '07, has been appointed assistant in horticulture in the New Mexico Agricultural College to succeed Laurenz Green. Mr. Holloway is the third K. S. A. C. man who has occupied this position, and like his successors he will undoubtedly find it a stepping-stone to something better.

#### MARTIN-SHATTUCK.

E. L. Shattuck, '07, was married, September 11, to Miss Cora Martin, a former student. Mr. Shattuck has a position in Ruston, La., where he and Mrs. Shattuck will make their home.

#### STACKPOLE-SHELTON.

Frank S. Shelton, '99, and Miss Jessie Myra Stackpole, of Ketchikan, Alaska, were married July 11. Mr. and Mrs. Shelton have been at home, since August first, in Ketchikan, where Mr. Shelton is a bookkeeper.

#### APITZ-IMES.

Harry Imes, '06, and Grace Apitz, of Manhattan, a former student, were married in Kansas City, June 25. Mr. Imes is traveling salesman for a Joplin, Mo., automobile firm. Mr. and Mrs. Imes are at home in Topeka.

#### CLEMMONS-M'CASLIN.

Harvey McCaslin, '01, and Miss Edith Clemmons were married Wednesday, September 11, at Osborne, Kan. Mr. and Mrs. McCaslin are at home at Atwood, Kan., where Mr. McCaslin has a prosperous law practice.

#### SWEET-PITTMAN.

The marriage of Miss K. Elizabeth Sweet and Tom Pittman occurred Wednesday, August 28, at the home of the bride's parents in Burlington. Miss Sweet and Mr. Pittman were both prominent members of the '04

class. After graduation Miss Sweet spent two years at the College, doing graduate work and assisting in the Bacteriological Department, and received her masters' degree last year. Mr. Pittman is an electrician and has been achieving unqualified success in his work. These happy young people are at home in Livingston, Mont.

#### REYNOLDS-FULTON.

Fanny E. Reynolds and Robert Fulton, both members of the '05 class, were married, September 12, at the bride's home in Manhattan. Mr. Fulton is an electrical engineer in Cleveland, Ohio, where he and Mrs. Fulton will make their home.

#### M'COTTER-SCUDDER.

Miss Leila McCotter and Prof. Henry D. Scudder, both assistants at K. S. A. C. last year, were married in August and have gone to Corvallis, Wash., where Mr. Scudder will be at the head of the department of agriculture in the college.

#### VENARD-KIRK.

On September 2, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Venard, in Kansas City, Kan., occurred the marriage of Miss Gabriella Venard to Mr. C. B. Kirk. Miss Venard was a junior at K. S. A. C. last year and Mr. Kirk graduated with the '06 class. Mr. and Mrs. Kirk will be at home, after October 1, on a farm at Burr Oak, Kan.

#### DAVIS-AHEARN.

Mary Davis, '04, and M. F. Ahearn were married Wednesday, August 14, at the home of the bride's parents in Manhattan. The bride has been an assistant in the College post-office for two years, and Mr. Ahearn, foreman of the greenhouses, is perhaps more popularly known as "Mike," the football and baseball coach. Mr. and Mrs. Ahearn made an extended visit in the East before going to housekeeping in their new home on Vattier street.

## THARP-EDWARDS.

Stella M. Tharp, '01, was married, September 4, to Robert S. Edwards, the marriage taking place at the home of the bride's grandfather near Winfield, Kan. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards have gone to Chicago, where Mr. Edwards will soon complete his course in the medical college.

## DABELE-HARTMAN.

Friends of Prof. Leon W. Hartman, professor of physics at K. S. A. C. in 1901-1903, will be interested to learn of his marriage, July 31, at Berlin Center, Ohio, to Miss Edith Dabele. After November 1 Professor and Mrs. Hartman will be at home at 209 Douglas Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah.

## HOPPS-DELONG.

The many friends of Miss Caroline Hopps, assistant in English at K. S. A. C. for several years, will be pleased to learn of her marriage to Mr. Arthur N. DeLong, which occurred August 22, in LaMoille, Ill. Mr. and Mrs. DeLong will make their home at 723 W. Vine street, Kalamazoo, Mich.

## HUGHES-RODELL.

Miss Nellie Hughes and E. N. Rodell were married Saturday afternoon, August 31, at the home of the bride's mother in Topeka. The bride was a member of the '06 class and taught school last year at Hope, Kan. Mr. Rodell graduated in 1903 and has been employed ever since as an assistant in the College Printing Department, where his efficient services have received continuous recognition in increase of salary and responsibility. Mr. and Mrs. Rodell are at home on south Third street.

## NORTHWEST NEWS.

F. M. Jeffrey, '81, and family spent their vacation this summer at Lake Crescent, Wash.

Prof. and Mrs. E. M. Shelton enjoyed greatly a vacation spent in Michigan early in the summer.

Alfred C. Smith, '97, and Mary (Waugh) Smith, '99, are gladdened by the coming of a daughter, Dorothy, on July 20.

Frank S. Shelton, '99, and bride spent several weeks in Seattle and Portland before returning to their home in Alaska. Just for the benefit of the '99-ers we would like to state that Frank has a remarkably fine wife and is doing well in his work.

P. H. Ross, '02, and Esther (Hanson) Ross, '03, took up their abode in Seattle in June. They are at home at 1731 Summit Avenue. Mr. Ross is with the Eggan Butter Company, large shippers for the Alaska trade. On June 27, a daughter, Irene, was added to the Ross family.

Grant Arnold, '88, who has been in general merchandise business at Toledo, Wash., since graduation, has discontinued his store and has accepted a position with the Miles Piper Company, of Seattle, as salesman. Mrs. Arnold will join him soon and they will be located in Seattle.

Mrs. Effie (Gilstrap) Frazier, '92, removed from Tacoma to Seattle in June, with her mother, Mrs. Gilstrap. Mrs. Frazier had just secured a good position when she was forced to take her mother east of the mountains to help in curing a severe attack of asthma. A card from them reports Mrs. Gilstrap improving, but plans for the future uncertain.

Sadie (Moore) Foster, '94, has been spending a very busy summer at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Foster in the raising of chickens and flowers. The flowers have been cultivated for a purpose, Mrs. Foster having joined the Flower Mission, and many a basketful has gone to the different hospitals in the city, as well as those taken to personal friends. As for the chickens—they will probably not be hard to dispose of.

Chas. H. Dobbs, '90, is nicely located in new offices in the Empire Block, corner of Second Avenue and Madison street. Mr. Dobbs and Mrs. Dobbs (formerly Nellie Little, '90) have purchased the site for a summer home at Sandy Beach. Their purchase consists of several hundred feet of water frontage on Puget Sound, in easy walking distance (?) of the course of the big sea-going vessels, and is ideally located for the purpose for which it is intended.

M. (W.) S., '99.

#### **Campus Improvements.**

New cement walks have just been completed that extend from the Auditorium to the new Horticultural Hall, accommodating all the intervening buildings. They are a great improvement over the old walks and add much to the appearance of the campus.

The lawn in front of Anderson Hall has been plowed up, cultivated, and

leveled, and will be planted to bluegrass. This will make a fine-looking lawn and will give one of the Hort. boys an all-summer's job to keep it cut and watered.

Work on the new domestic science building is progressing well, and the new greenhouse is under process of construction.

#### **The Y. W. C. A. Home.**

The Y. W. C. A. home on Bluemont Avenue, between Eighth and Ninth streets, is ready for occupation, and the association is getting well established in the new quarters. Work this year will be under the direction of Miss Florence Richards, of Mount Carmell, Ill., who was secretary last year of the Y. W. C. A. at the State Normal. Miss Thayer, the former secretary here, has been made State secretary of Kansas and Oklahoma.

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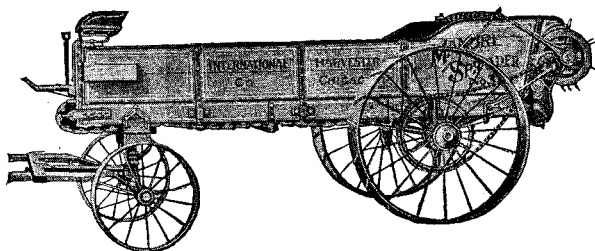
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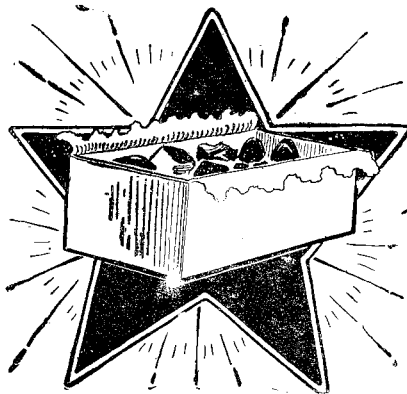
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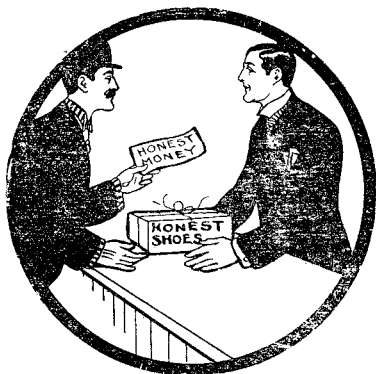
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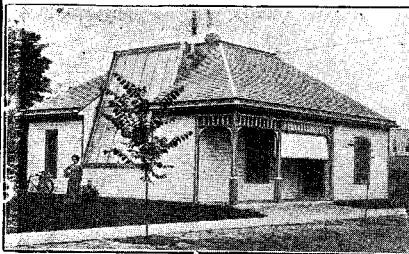
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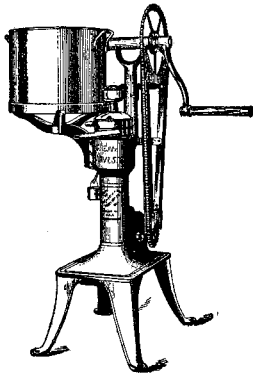
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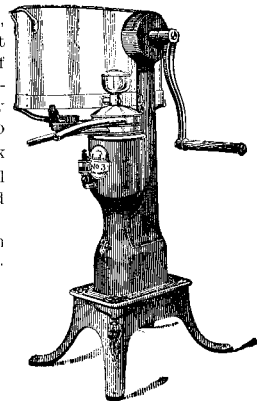


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