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*How Maud Set a Hen.*

Maud Muller on a summer's day  
Set a hen in a brand new way.  
(Maud, you see, was a city girl,  
Trying the rural life a whirl.)  
She covered a box with tinsel gay,  
Lined it snugly with new mown hay,  
Filled it nicely with eggs and then  
Started to look for a likely hen.  
Out of the flock selected one,  
And then she thought that her work was done.  
It would have been, but this stubborn hen  
Stood up and cackled "Ka-doot!" and then  
Maud Muller came and in hurt surprise  
Looked coldly into the creature's eyes;  
Then tied its legs to the box. "You bet  
I know how to make you set."  
But still it stood, and worse and worse  
Shrieked forth its wrongs to the universe.,  
Kicked over the box with its tinsel 'gay,  
And ignominiously flapped away.  
Then a bad boy, over the barnyard fence  
Tee-heed: "Say, Maud, there's a difference  
'Tween hens, you know, and it is that  
One says 'Ka-doot,' and one 'Ka-dat!'"  
Then Maud recalled that the ugly brute  
She tried to set had said "Ka-doot!"  
And ever since that historic day  
She blushes in an embarrassed way  
To think of the hobby she made once when  
She tried to set a gentleman hen.

—Appropriated.

### *A Cruise of the Asiatic Squadron.*

[The following is an extract from a letter written by R. C. Mitchell, formerly a student here and now a machinist on the U. S. S. *Wisconsin*. He is a brother to Lieut. R. B. Mitchell, '99.]

ON Saturday, November 5, the fleet of three battle-ships, Kentucky, Wisconsin and Oregon, and four cruisers, New Orleans, Albany, Raleigh, and Cincinnati, started for Honolulu from Yokohama harbor. The speed was set by the Kentucky, Admiral Evans' flagship, at twelve knots per hour. The cruisers left two days ahead of us, as they expected to have to coal up during the trip, and coal colliers were sent on ahead. The weather was fine and cool when we left, but the first three days out it began to get warmer.

I was stationed as oiler at the main engine cranks and main bearings, four hours on and eight off, and it comes mighty regular. Nothing happened out of the ordinary until the fourth day out, when the wind blew pretty hard off the port beam, and the ship rolled badly. Dishes would slide from one side of the mess table to the other, and we had to hold them or grab something as it went by. On Friday, November 11, a first-class machinist took sick, and I was picked out by the chief engineer to take his place at the throttle. Only the chief machinist or first-class machinists ordinarily stand throttle watch at sea, but I handled the port engine until we got into Honolulu. It was new and valuable experience for me. I am still second-class machinist, but the prospects for promotion are good.

On Monday, the 14th, a fireman, whom we were taking home sick, died and was buried at sea. The funeral services were quite impressive. The body was weighted down with three six-pound shells, and was sewed up in canvas and then committed to the mighty deep. We sighted land early in the morning of the 16th and, the cruisers having caught up with

us, the whole fleet entered Honolulu harbor about noon. Every flag in the city was flying, whistles were blown and salutes fired. The Kentucky and Wisconsin went in and tied up at the naval dock close to the naval station, and it seemed queer to see street-cars running within a stone's throw of the men-of-war. The next day we coaled and then cleaned the ship, and by Sunday everything was in fine shape, and visitors swarmed over the ship by the hundreds. The Hawaiian Band played on the docks between the two battle-ships.

The men were given liberty, and the city was full of bluejackets. We received the best of treatment everywhere. We attended the theaters, and the open-air concerts given in the pavilion in the court of the Royal Queen's hotel. The illuminations were grand. Red, white and blue lights shone everywhere through the trees. I went ashore again on Christmas eve and hunted up Tom Hope, '98. I found him at his room, and we were happy to meet each other, you bet. He is assistant to the president of the Normal School there. He has been there two years and likes it well. I got into some citizens' clothes and we took in the city. The people where he rooms invited us both to Christmas dinner. Now think of a bluejacket having such good luck so far from home! Tom and I planned a trip out to the mountains and valleys for the next day, but I was unable to get ashore.

On Saturday night the officers of the Kentucky and Wisconsin gave a banquet to the elite of the city on the two ships and the dock between. On Tuesday, December 29, we started on our forty-two hundred mile trip to Manila, by way of Guam Island. The four cruisers went by Mid-way Island to coal.

New Year's day at sea was new to most of us, and the coming in of 1904 was celebrated in the old-fashioned

way. As the first section came off watch in the engine-room at twelve a band of lively blue-jackets were waiting for eight bells to strike, and just as twelve o'clock came the fun began. There were dish-pans, bugles, flutes,



R. C. Mitchell

drums, all going like mad, and they made a turn of the ship through officers' quarters and all. They were not molested, and soon wore out the old year and rung in the new. The morning was spent in giving and receiving New Year's greeting between the ships by signal system. The Wisconsin steamed alongside the Kentucky and the two bands played for the sailors, as we ploughed through the water at the same speed.

We crossed the 180th meridian January 2, and lost one day, as this is the International date line. On the 6th we sighted Wake Island, a low, small piece of barren land inhabited only by a few Japanese fishermen, who dry their fish on the sand and wait for some merchant vessel to take them off. The Kentucky sent a landing party ashore, where they planted a pole and hoisted Old Glory, as the is-

land belongs to the United States. It was discovered in 1821 by Captain Wake, of the United States Merchant Service. While we were waiting there we saw several sharks through the clear water. Someone put down a hook and caught one about six feet long. He was drawn up, relieved of his insides and then thrown back. Away he went like a shot as if nothing had happened to him.

On the 11th we sighted Guam Island, which is one of the many that we acquired when we got the Philippines. From the cable station there we got some news of the world again. The colliers were waiting for us and we coaled up again for the four days' run to Manila. While at Guam we had bananas, oranges, and cocoanuts in plenty, but we did not get shore leave. We came into Manila bay on the 18th and dropped anchor near the place where Dewey made his name famous. We were anchored near Cavite, about two miles from Manila. We coaled ship again and then cleaned ship after our long run of eighteen days of almost steady steaming. While we were coaling the bugle sounded all hands to quarters, and Captain Sebree made his retiring talk to the crew and was relieved by Captain Clover of the command of the ship.

On the 20th the three battle-ships left Manila Bay, steaming north along the coast about sixty miles to Subig Bay, where there is a small town named Olongapa. There is an old Spanish navy-yard there and it is a fine harbor. There is also a marine garrison there of about seven hundred marines. They report that the natives are very hostile farther inland and that ammunition and supplies have been smuggled to them. After spending a week there the three battle-ships steamed back to Manila, where we are now lying in the harbor. The Kentucky is having target practice and we will follow her next week.\* When we are

all through I hear we will go to Hong Kong, China.

The trip we made from Yokohama to Manila by way of Honolulu was an experimental one to determine how quick the fleet could move from one side of the world to the other. The cruise was made in twenty-eight steaming days and we covered a distance of 8,250 miles, seeing some interesting sights and enjoying, as sailors do, a life on the ocean wave.

\*Since the above was written the crew of the Wisconsin has broken the world's record for marksmanship with large guns.

### *House Cleaning in High Places.*

HOUSE cleaning at the Capitol; but you don't know it from the outside. From the outside, all is stately and quiet. The stone goddess stands quite still, and the Graeco-Roman Washington—Greenaugh's idea of the Father of the Republic—points steadily skyward. The surreys for hire stand in a row, the negro drivers dozing in the shade of their fringed canopies. Outwardly the Capitol is as respectable as the pyramids; the great bronze doors are unmoved by the eloquence of their own story; the sparrows twitter cheerfully among their thousand nests in the eaves. Theirs are the first voices one hears—the myriad voices of the sparrows—voices from everywhere! Visitors remark about them; tired children dragged around as a patriotic duty, tired of bronze men and piles of dead stones, brighten as they look up eagerly—"Oh, Mamma; the birds!" Even Congress has said things about the sparrows. Sometimes, when Congress says things—loud, strenuous things—something happens; sometimes things don't.

The sparrows stay, just the same, though elaborate plans for their destruction have been formulated. They make love and mate and build homes and twitter and die among the marble figures and acanthus

leaves, while beneath them, protected by the same roof, guarded by the same benign goddess, the mighty men of the nation hope and scheme and build castles and make speeches—"nation building," we call it. And who knows but that from some distant sky the bright beings who watch this world of ours smile, alike at the sparrows' building and man's! The mighty nation and the straw-built nest; the nation founded on justice and the knowledge of human needs, and the tiny nest, the sport of every random wind—do they not equally pass away, and "like the unsubstantial pageant of a dream, leave not a rock behind?" The idle twitter and the eloquent speeches—are they not likewise lost in the silence of eternity? The statesmen say the sparrows are a nuisance and ought to be exterminated; the sparrows—who knows what the sparrows say, as they watch those "great" men go in and out, day after day, and year after year?

But these are serious thoughts for this radiant summer day! Besides, you were talking of house cleaning and the Capitol. Strange combination of words. It gives you much the same shock you experienced when, wandering around the White House grounds, in forbidden ways, maybe, you saw the President's washing "stretched in never ending line" across the lawn. But every summer the Capitol is given up to what tidy New England housewives (are there tidy housewives out of New England?) call a "thorough cleaning." So you are not surprised to hear subdued hammering and the heavy echo of the workman's step. From long habit you wander to the Senate gallery and sit where you used to sit when Mason of Illinois hurled avalanches of eloquence at the tyrant foe—the foe who called Billy "a Yankee pig!" As you remember that former thunder, the big room seems very still. The desks have disappeared entirely, and the

carpet has been taken up and is lying in great clumsy bundles on the bare floor. Some way the bundles remind you of the Woman Suffrage Petition you saw lying in the Senate corridor once—eight huge irregular canvas bags full of rolls of paper, the signatures of more women than you knew there were in all the world! As you walk through the corridors, the main hall, the rotunda, you are thinking of that petition. Statuary Hall—your thoughts sink deeper here—quite away from the pathos and failure of the petition, in the presence of the great, and the dead, you are almost persuaded that a man's work is best.

Mounting the wide marble steps—you always scorn elevators in the Capitol!—suddenly, in a turn, you come upon "Perry's Victory," the picture you love so. Perry, grasping the torn flag and holding fast his little brother's hand. Perry, standing erect, the volumed smoke, the bursting shells about his boat. Perry, who said, "Steady, boys, steady; don't shoot yet!" holding in the leash of his great will the leaping nerves of his men. Perry, the King of Opportunity, cool, splendid, brave, whom you loved so, as a little girl—oh, my hero! Your arm is quite numb, leaning on the marble rail, and how foolish you must look—so intent on just a picture!—to that porter scrubbing the steps!

The House galleries in disarray, all the seats torn up and stacked in the lobby! The very floor torn up, exposing the brick and cement of the nethermost regions! A few workmen tinkering around, not working very hard nor given to answering unnecessary questions. Left to your own meditations, you wonder if Uncle Sam never gets tired tearing up to nail down! He is always tearing up, like an old lady with patchwork! But you remember some one saying—the Law Student, maybe—that they are improving the ventilation of the House. It needed

improvement. Last winter some one complained of the stuffiness. And the Law Student said, too, that when the floor was taken up the ventilators were found to be entirely choked up with tobacco! "Entirely," he said; but, like Will Ladislav, the Columbian Law Student is prodigal of statement. In plain American, the right reverend Members had used the floor ventilators for cuspidors! Not that there were not cuspidors enough—nobody out of St. Elizabeth's would argue that!—but that the Members spat wherever it was most convenient.

"In my mind's eye, Horatio," I see a noble representative of the sovereign people pondering deeply on some problem of national import. The great man is thinking deeply and chewing mildly, like a ruminating bossy in a daisy-starred field. He spits where he is looking—possibly at the shining brass cuspidor; possibly at the New York Member's lacquered boot—at whatever his thoughtful eyes rest upon!

Remembering how arduous their duties, remembering how far reaching and serious the problems they ponder, how tremendous their responsibility, who would deny them to spit where they want to? Greatness has its frailty. Moses lost his temper, and Napoleon said "dam" twice. Let our Congressmen have their tobacco. Think how great the risk were they denied! Let them spit on whatever they please, for through so great tribulation does the nation live! What if we stumble over cuspidors on every side; what if bits of gleaming brass on circular rubber mats defame our marble halls? Let the women wear short skirts and the men turn up their trousers, and wade, not "through slaughter to the throne," but through tobacco to equality!

Through the square wooden box filled with saw-dust of "the general store," the spit-box, to the embossed brass receptacle of our national legis-

lative halls, the cuspidor, one can study the evolution(?) of political culture. What our enmarbled cuspidor is to the fly-beset corner grocery, where statecraft is the discussion as truly as in the Senate, the brass cuspidor is to the wooden spit-box. They are one in the great brotherhood of human necessity. Both are representative—the epitome of American politics, the symbol of statecraft.

That old man, as erect as an Ojibway, with his splendid lion head, who has left his chair and is pacing down the aisle, his hands clasped behind him—ah, how you honor him! The flag he loves, the country he serves, cannot but be honored of men, when such a man bends such a head in thought of its fate! Even now, perhaps, he is thinking of some more direct way to dignify human labor; of some plan, far reaching in its significance, to insure perfect happiness to the — no, he isn't! He is going to the cuspidor. He reaches it, leans forward slightly, waves aside his beard, and without raising his eyes, spits — slowly, calmly, reflectively spits! Then he paces back to his desk as serenely as if he had just dictated the cablegram that sent Dewey to meet his opportunity!

You turn to go; it is late, very late! You take the Navy Yard car and transfer to the Fourteenth. How fresh the air is! You can't sit here? Oh, the last three seats reserved for smokers? Certainly you will change; you will do anything! As you whizz by green spaces and splendid piles of stone and marble, "by hovel, mart and palace," you are thinking of our Charles Dickens, an Englishman, and you think to yourself, "It doesn't matter about the International Salt Consolidation, or the Universal Ice Trust, only, Good Lord, give us tobacco enough!" H. REA WOODMAN.

Tell me not in mournful numbers  
Seniors' life's a pleasant dream,  
For the Juniors will play havoc  
With the '04 memorial scheme.

### *Opportunities in Cuba.*

THERE being so much interest exhibited at the present time in emigration to Cuba by various parties and for various reasons, a few words of caution to those expecting to find homes there, by one who has spent some time in various parts of Cuba, I believe may be of benefit to our readers, though it is difficult to write on the subject without apparently doing so in order to sing its praises.

That Cuba is destined to be, and even is already, one of the richest countries on the globe, cannot be denied by truthful and careful observers. Her contiguity to the United States, the most flourishing nation in the world, with conditions which imperatively call for reciprocal trade, at once guarantees her a just and stable government which can only need a few years to overcome what it may now contain that is undesirable and introduce what she may lack that is yet to be desired.

Her climate is all that can be asked for. Even in the warmer season her mountain plateaus, with their bright, clear running streams and balmy pine forests, are unsurpassed in the world for beautiful summer resorts. Cuba surely has a good, healthy climate. In this no tropical country can excel her and few are her equal.

Financially she offers inducements to capital that are hard for the uninitiated to believe. Her cotton crops are just beginning to show that there the United States may hope to attain in the future what her own old cotton fields have failed in later years to produce, and return to the planters again the palmy old cotton days of yore in the United States. Her sugar products are phenomenal. Planters count on receiving \$200 per acre every year for their sugar crops. Many small cane planters sell their cane to the millers, who charge half for grinding, leaving a profit to the

planter of about \$70 per acre, after all harvest expenses are paid.

Cattle offer wonderful results. The Guinea Grass and Para Grass grows so high as to hide the largest cattle, and even men on horseback, and is of finest variety for stock. Thousands of acres of such grass lands are for sale now at from \$5 per acre upwards. People who have never seen it cannot imagine it in its reality.

Her tobacco is well known to be the best in the world and her areas and capabilities for production practically unlimited. Pine-apples produce phenomenal crops. Poultry, sheep, goats and hogs do well and require little attention. Vegetables offer great inducements. Bees produce wonderful amounts of honey of finest flavor, and now that modern hives and modern processes have been introduced, astonishing results are following. With these apparent golden opportunities now within reach of immigrants from the United States, the question naturally arises: Why have these opportunities not been taken advantage of long ago and these great results attained which are said to be so readily attainable now?

A short retrospection of Spanish rule in Cuba easily answers these questions. Nearly four hundred years ago Diego Valasquez, son of Columbus, landed at Baracoa and commenced the conquest of Cuba, and within forty years the Indians, once many thousands in all parts of the island, were no longer even a tribe, and pirates swarmed the neighboring coasts for more than two hundred years. During the slavery days, which ended in 1868, the production of coffee and chocolate reached large proportions, and to-day in the eastern parts of the islands are the remains of many homes of slaveholders that in their time must have been almost palatial. They are beautiful yet, even in their ruins. In the surrounding hills the coffee and chocolate grow, which brought wealth and

luxury to their owners. Since then, war after war has been Cuba's history the struggle for independence by the still almost enslaved laborers, both black and white, has been, as is true in all wars, a war of destruction of both life and property, which continued until their achievement of liberty by American help in 1898. This left Cuba not only a wreck financially and sanitarially, but also left her in a state of semi-barbarism, which in many places exists to some extent even yet, as is shown by their plows, machetes, lack of roads, and modes of living in out-of-the-way places, etc.

This at once shows why the opportunities exist now, which have never been recognized as existing before. When people plow with a crooked stick, plow and dig potatoes, plant corn, coffee, chocolate and do various other things with a machete, it is no wonder that opportunities for more civilized people and methods are abundant. Modern methods have been introduced and are now being introduced, new crops tried, and to investors Cuba truly is an Eldorado. We do not consider, however all gold that glitters, and their are many don'ts to observe when one thinks of making a home in Cuba. Don't go to Cuba to work for wages unless you have something ready for you when you land there. There is plenty of work and fair wages for the right kind of men after once getting started. But no room for bums and booze fighters, and these have been so common there for the past three years and more as to give good people a severe black eye in the estimation of the people of Cuba. Fortunately, however, these are now fewer in number than formerly. Don't go to Cuba expecting to find everything to your liking. You will find a strange people with queer ways, until you learn to know them; many things you won't like; but all things come to those who wait, and the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong-

est here as elsewhere. The opportunities for health, wealth and pleasure in Cuba are, in the estimation of the writer, greater for people, rich and poor, than in any other part of the world. Her oranges, bananas and other fruits are world renowned. And the cultivation of the crops and of many others offer unlimited opportunities to the industrious, wide-awake farmer and capitalist.

~~~~~  
 Since cigarettes seem less provoking,  
 Unto the on-s that do the smoking,  
 O won't some power please compel 'em,  
 To smell themselves as others smell 'em.  
 —*Ex.*

### *A Peddler's Experience.*

"YES," said a well-dressed young man to a fellow-passenger, as the Kansas City Southern fast mail went plunging through the darkness, "I used to be a regular old-time peddler. I spent six years at the business, learned all about it, made lots of money and had all kinds of experience. The way I got out of one scrape might interest you, and as we both are bound for Shreveport, I'll have plenty of time to tell the story.

"During the summer of the last presidential campaign, I had a route in the central part of Arkansaw. That summer I handled eggs exclusively; bought them at eight cents a dozen and sold them for twenty—a fair profit you see—and as that country beats the world for chickens, not including China, I did a big business.

"I had finished two successful trips, and lacked but a case or two of having a load on my third trip, when my team of big roans got scared and ran away with me. That team ran for sixteen miles without stopping or hesitating, and me jerking on the lines at every jump. Anybody that's ever been in Arkansaw knows it's not the smoothest country in the world, and when the team finally stopped and I had a chance to look at my cargo, the sight I saw fairly made me sick at my

stomach. Every egg was smashed. Five hundred dozen eggs at eight cents a dozen—forty dollars—a total loss.

"As I sat perched on the edge of the wagon-box watching the broken cases and shells float around in the sea of egg, one of those inspirations that make or mar a man's fortune seized me. I jumped on the off mare and rode back to a store we had passed. Inside of twenty minutes I was back with a bag of salt and a lot of pepper. After fishing out the broken boxes and most of the egg shells, I emptied the salt and pepper into the yellow, sticky mass and stirred the whole business thoroughly with a hickory stick. Then I gathered a lot of brush and a few fence rails and built a rousing fire under the wagon (it was one of those iron wagons, you know). Two hours later I had the biggest and hottest omelette you ever saw.

"The rest was easy. I drove to a town a few miles away where a republican rally was in progress. Forty minutes after I hitched my team, the brand new spade that I used to dish up the baked hen fruit scraped the bottom of the wagon-box and I had to turn most of the crowd away hungry. That omelette netted me one hundred fifty dollars. Fact."

"Stranger," said the hitherto silent passenger, "I reckon you'll do, and if you are as good at everything else as you are at lying, you'll be a United States Senator some day."

He said: ~~~~~

"I've something for your neck."  
 And she was filled with hope.  
 But oh! Alas! he only brought  
 To her—a bar of soap.—*Ex.*

### *A Factor in a College Girl's Life.*

THE college girl of to-day is a person of many and varied activities. She is, first of all, perhaps, a student of high average and occasionally of brilliancy. Then literary societies, college papers, and the things that go

to make up college life have in college women some of their most enthusiastic, capable and resourceful workers. With all this strenuous life the college girl is not a bundle of nerves, with a constant headache and a "tired feeling," that you might expect. On the contrary she is, as a rule (excepting, of course, the occasional onslaught of measles, mumps and such bug-a-boos of college towns), an extremely vigorous and healthy young person. To this desirable end the college gymnasium is undoubtedly a chief means.

The development of gymnasium work for girls in our own institution in the last few years has been remarkable, and the girls fully appreciate what has been done for them. Four years ago the girls' gymnasium was a small, dark affair in the basement of Fairchild Hall. The windows were small, and few, the apparatus was poor and insufficient, and four iron columns seemed to take about half of what room there was. Most of the girls disliked calisthenics and took the work only so long as necessary.

To day all this is changed. Our new gymnasium is large and pleasantly situated. New apparatus has been constantly added until our equipment is becoming the best in the State. Among the more recent additions are a Swedish ladder, stall-bars, vertical and inclined climbing ropes.

Best of all improvements, however, is that in the girls' interest in the work. Instead of half-heartedness or actual aversion of former days a class in the gymnasium to-day will be found enthusiastic, interested, and anxious no less to do old things well than to learn new ones.

Basket-ball, too, has been placed on a new footing. Up to two years ago, when Mrs. Clure took charge of the gymnasium, basket-ball was largely a matter of "private enterprise." There were two teams, and the captains of

these teams invited whom they wished to play and no others felt free to do so. Mrs. Clure's idea was that "every girl in the gymnasium had the right and ought to have the chance to play basket-ball if she wished." It was under her supervision that class basket-ball teams originated, and now they are practically the only ones. Basket-ball has also been made more of a feature in class work than formerly. This is particularly helpful to players as individuals, as the lack of definite team arrangement each time makes team-work impossible.

Under Miss Fearon, basket-ball has lost nothing. The late rules are a trifle hard to get accustomed to, but the various teams are learning them well. The carefully graded underclassmen and the volunteer advanced class show that the other sides of gymnasium work still hold their own. Some of the members of the advanced class are also taking a course in special kinesology under Miss Fearon with a view to becoming gymnasium instructors.

So we see that of all departments of our dear old K. S. A. C. our Physical Culture Department is one of the most flourishing and progressive.

ANNA MONROE, '04.

### *K. S. A. C.'s Stock-Judging Contest.*

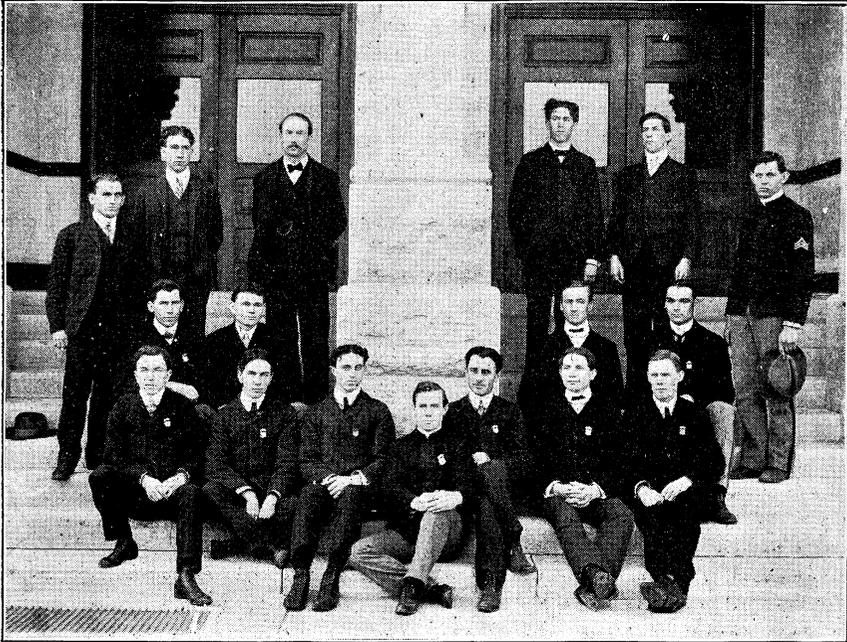
About the first of March it was announced at College that on Monday, March 21, there would be a stock-judging contest held at the College barn, and that each of six classes comprising the four classes of the "long course," the first-year farmer's short course another, and the second-year farmer's short course, dairy short and special as one class, would be permitted and expected to choose five men to represent them in the contest.

In due time the classes met and elected their contestants, each class confident of landing at least two of the offered prizes, as there was to be

two prizes for each class, and each contestant hoping that he might win first in his class, if not the sweepstakes prize.

The contest was to begin at eight o'clock A. M., but soon after seven,

upon them. Order was soon restored, however; and the contestants settled down to work systematically and in earnest, for there was no time to be wasted, since but thirty minutes were allowed for judging each class.



Winners in the Stock-Judging Contest.

boys carrying shingles and boards for writing desks began to appear, and when the roll was called at eight o'clock, twenty-seven of the thirty contestants were ready for business. Numbers, to be used instead of their names, were assigned to the contestants, and then the first class of animals was led in.

The boys waited eagerly for the signal to begin operations, and when the word was given they charged upon their victims with a noise not unlike that of a herd of stampeded cattle. The horses, of which the first class of animals consisted, frightened by the confusion, shared in the excitement, though happily unconscious of the remarkable verdicts to be passed

The work, once begun, proceeded without anything worthy of comment interfering, and about 3:30 P. M., a short time having been allowed for dinner, the contestants "handed in" their papers on the ninth and last class, and dispersed, tired but good natured, to await, with more interest felt than expressed, the decision of the judge.

A. I. H.

An Irishman and a Frenchman were parting at the steamer. The Irishman, standing on the wharf, waved his hand to his friend and shouted, "O reservoir?" The Frenchman, politely saluting, replied, "Tanks!"

Send the JAYHAWKER to a friend.

*Out Here in Kansas.*

Kansas is a prairie state,  
 As you, no doubt, have heard relate.  
 The place where nodding sunflowers grow;  
 The place where winds perennial blow,  
 And where vast golden wheat-fields glow,

Out  
     here  
         in  
             Kansas.

Of corn and oats there is no end.  
 On Kansas crops you may depend.  
 In winter snow, in summer rain,  
 Sunshine and clouds to make the grain.  
 Why crops just grow with might and main,

Out  
     here  
         in  
             Kansas.

The butter rolls, stacked in a pile,  
 Would make Pike's Peak with envy smile.  
 The buttermilk a sea would make.  
 Come out ye thirsty souls and take  
 A little for your "stomach's sake,"

Out  
     here  
         in  
             Kansas.

In southern vales, on southern hills  
 Are found glass factories and mills,  
 And each day brings some new concern.  
 For what's back east who gives a durn,  
 When we've got gas and oil to burn,

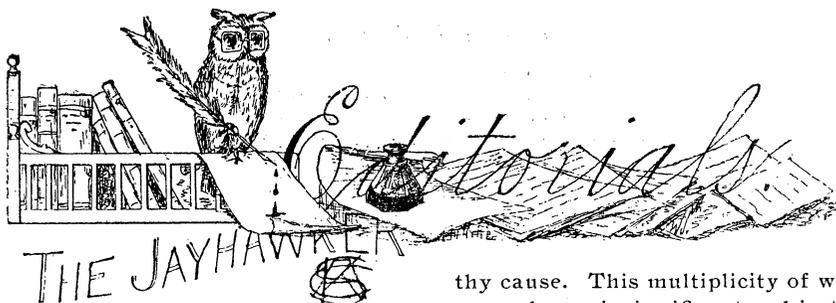
Out  
     here  
         in  
             Kansas.

Schools and colleges galore,  
 Yet not enough—we're building more.  
 If in a first-class school you'd be  
 Pack up and come to K. A. C.  
 This place is good enough for me

Out  
     here  
         in  
             Kansas.

If anybody doubts my word,  
 Why come and see what you have heard.  
 Don't stand out on the edge and croak;  
 Just put your prejudice to soak  
 And get in the ring. This ain't a joke,

Out  
     here  
         in  
             Kansas.                   —G.



**A Monthly Magazine  
for Progressive People.**

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

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G. W. GASSER, '05.....Editor-in-Chief  
C. JEANETTE PERRY, '98.....Alumni Editor  
L. B. PRICKETT, '05.....City Editor  
G. L. WRIGHT, '06.....Exchange Editor  
R. T. KERSEY, '04.....Business Manager  
J. G. WORSWICK, '05, Ass't. Business Manager  
W. J. WILKINSON, '04.....Artist

APRIL 15, 1904.

**A Word of Thanks.**—The business manager and editor acknowledge the receipt of complimentary tickets to the baseball games of this season. The "I'll help you if you'll help me" is not the highest rule of action, but it is a mighty good aid to successful financing and not to be despised. "United we stand, divided we fall."

**Unclassified.**—In a recent number (March 24) of *The Students' Herald*, the abominable practice of viewing a baseball game through a crack in the fence was severely criticised and justly condemned. For fear that those questionable little pieces of non-entity were still in a state of hibernation at the time the article referred to appeared, we append a few remarks, thus contributing our mite to a wor-

thy cause. This multiplicity of words on such an insignificant subject reminds one of Shakespeare's play, "Much Ado About Nothing." Still a continual stirring-up may make the animals think, and anything that thinks won't barter very much of the chief corner-stone—honesty—for the precarious pleasure of viewing a ball game through a crack in the fence. Thinking, however, is an unusual and a severe occupation, especially among the lower animals, for such drastic measures usually have to be resorted to in order to bring them to their ethical senses.

**A Nation's Disgrace.**—The sentence passed upon Senator Burton may seem severe, but there can be no doubt as to the justice of it. A man so warped in judgment and so corrupt in morals that he will turn aside from his senatorial duties to further some private enterprise is not worthy of a seat in Congress, not worthy of any office of trust. The welfare of a nation is in jeopardy as long as such men are left vested with law-making power. Kansas might well be glad that her unworthy member has been unseated and given his deserts. Burton's case is good evidence that our law is not a dead letter; is not impotent, but is capable of dealing out summary justice to offenders even in high places. Let the winnowing process go on, even though the nation must bow her head in shame, until every boodler, post-office scalawag and senatorial recreant is ferreted out and classed with those of their kind—the horse thief and pick-pocket.

**Boating.**—The number of students who take advantage of the opportunity offered, while at College, to learn how to manipulate a boat is remarkably small. The Big Blue is an excellent stream of water for a row-boat. Even the Kaw is navigable, though rather swift. True, the facilities, such as a landing or a boat-house, are entirely wanting and boats are few in number, but sufficient interest has never been manifested to warrant anyone investing in boats to keep for hire. With a good landing and a boat-house, boating would become a most beneficial and attractive recreation. If a boating club were organized, all these needs could be supplied and boating be made a part of College life, which it should be. A boat race or two in the spring and fall would prove interesting and exciting events. But aside from the pleasure and muscular development derived from boating, the ability to row is not to be lightly esteemed, even if one has no intention of becoming a fisherman or a sailor.

The building committee of the Board, consisting of Regents McDowell, Berry, and Nichols, met last Monday (March 21) to consider bids for the construction of the new College waterworks. The contract was awarded to Mr. Geo. E. Hopper, of Arkansas City, a graduate of the College and for several years superintendent of the Manhattan waterworks. The plant will cost ten thousand dollars and is to be completed by July 1. The tower will be built north of the shops and will be one hundred feet high, and the steel tank will have a capacity of one hundred thousand gallons. The capacity of the pump will be six thousand gallons per hour. It will be supplied with power by means of an electric motor connected with the one hundred horsepower dynamo in the power plant. The consumption of water by the College is about twenty-five thousand

gallons per day. The well will be sunk just north of the main entrance and will be covered by a neat little stone pump-house.—*Industrialist.*

### *College Baseball in the Eighties.*

DEAR JAYHAWKER.—The "Baseball Talk" in your last issue recalled to my mind some of the features of the game as played from '83 to '87. There was no Athletic Committee then, but each spring the boys who thought they might, could, would, or should play ball got together, selected their own positions on the team and issued a general "defi." Most of our contests were with the Manhattan town team, captained by Elias Pound, and the College team was usually "His'n." Claude Breese and the writer formed the battery, changing ends when the pitching arm grew glassy or the catcher's hands got too badly battered. We handled them without gloves.

One of the most exciting games of those years was one between two rival boarding-houses, the teams from "Callville" and "Galesburg" being the participants. Three or four catchers and two umpires were expended before darkness intervened. The Callville team was captained by Edgar A. Allen, of Blue Mound, a southpaw who played first base. The Galesburgs were led to defeat by Moses P. Davis, of Benedict. Mosey caught without mitten or mask and his soreness of body was only equaled by his state of mind at the close of the game. "Continuous wrangling" marred an otherwise creditable exhibition of endurance. J. B. BROWN, '87.

In what four respects does a caller resemble a lover? First, he comes to adore. Next, he gives the bell a ring. Next, he gives the maid his name. Then, if he does not find her out, he is taken in.—*Ex.*

Commencement day is June 16.



# ALUMNI NOTES.

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

E. W. McCrone, '03, is engaged in the dairy business at Big Horn, Wyo.

C. F. Smith, '02, is prospering as principal of Central School, at El Dorado, Kan.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe T. Nichols, of Liberal, Kan., on March 15, a son, who will some day be, they say, a K. A. C.'ite.

Ernest Smith, '95, and Mabel Cotton-Smith, '96, of Globe, Ariz., have a daughter, born on "St. Patrick's Day in de mornin'."

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Derr's new address in Chicago is 8114 Merrill avenue. Mr. Derr is still a student at Chicago University.

Miss Clara V. Newell, '96, and her two brothers, Albert and Merle, former students, are living on a farm near Glenville, Neb.

H. V. Forest, '00, who has been engaged in the ice business at his home in Thayer Kan., came, March 28, to take graduate work here.

Cora Thackrey, '98, recently from Valentine, Neb., is among the alumni members who have taken out assignments for graduate work this spring.

Geo. E. Hopper, '85, of Arkansas City, was the successful contractor who was given the job of putting in the new water plant at the College.

In less than one month F. O. Woestemeyer, '99, will have taken his degree of B. D. at the Theological School of Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn.

Miss Martha Briggs, '02, spent the first two weeks of April visiting her sister and friends in Manhattan.

Kate Paddock, '00, and Fannie Dale, '01, were among the visitors in chapel on April 2, when the senior program was given.

Miss Clara Coe, of Yates Center, came for a visit, March 19, and surprised her sister Maud, '02, who is an assistant in the Domestic Art Department.

O. M. McAninch, '02, and Miss Carrie White, a former student, were married on April 6, at Newton, Kan. They will make their home on a farm near Manhattan.

Miss Lucy Sweet, '01, is enjoying very thoroughly the beauties and attractions of her home at Santa Cruz, Cal. She keeps out of mischief by clerking in a store.

Trena Dahl, '01, of Montrose, Kan., after finishing her winter's work in the school-room, came to Manhattan, on March 28, to take up graduate work during the spring term.

Nathan Lewis, '88, after an absence of sixteen years, expects to visit his Alma Mater next Commencement. He is now living at No. 14 Croton Avenue, New Castle, Pa.

John B. Harman, '95, has sold his ranch near Gill, Logan county, Kan., and his farm in Jefferson county, and will come in the near future to K. S. A. C. to take special work.

C. P. King, '98, whose address was unknown by College friends when the last catalogue was printed, writes that he is located at Chanute, Kan., engaged in the lumber business.

H. P. Richards, '02, came from Topeka, March 26, to visit his relatives and College friends a few days. He is a tester and inspector of road work for the Santa Fe Railroad Company.

Miss Erma Lock, '01, of Mountain Grove, Mo., wishes her subscription dated back to February because she does not want to miss a single copy. "The coming of the JAYHAWKER," she wrote, "is like meeting an old friend."

D. G. Robertson, '86, general manager of the Chicago branch of the Provident Security and Trust Company, has moved his office to the Y. M. C. A. Building, and his address in the future will be 153 La Salle street, Chicago.

E. C. Joss and Miriam Swingle-Joss, both '96, sent the necessary wherewithal to cause the slip to be removed which appeared on their last issue of the JAYHAWKER. They say the paper is appreciated very much by them in their new home in Troutdale, Ore.

Stanton Curtis, '93, is a rate clerk in the general passenger office of the Southern railway, at Washington, D. C. He sends best wishes to the College, also his address, No. 1300 Pennsylvania avenue. Mr. Curtis often meets former students and graduates there.

Miss Daisy Hoffman, '00, who has been teaching the past winter in a kindergarten at Jackson, Mich., was taken very sick a few weeks ago with diphtheria, and finally found it necessary to give up her work and return to her home in Enterprise for the rest of the year.

F. E. LaShelle, '99, is the editor of the *Wray Rattler*, published at Wray, Colo. Frank began his career as a printer in the Printing Department at K. S. A. C. and earned his way through school by that means. We are glad to see that he is prospering in his chosen profession.

Barton Thompson, '00, spent the past winter term in taking the dairy short course at this College, and now he has accepted a position as cheesemaker for Vinsonhaler & Co., at Cora, Kan.

John D. Riddell, '93, of Enterprise, Kan., is president of the Golden Belt Medical Association, which meets at Abilene on April 7. One of the important addresses will be delivered by President Riddell.

Clarence A. Chandler, '00, left Shaw's Botanical Gardens, St. Louis, last October and has been employed under the chief of landscape gardening at the World's Fair, until now he is working at Germany's government building. The family lives on Route 2, Wellston Station, Mo.

Charles Pincomb, '96, who had been spending the past two months sight-seeing in Mexico and in visiting his sister, Mrs. Minnie Pincomb-Moats, '96, at Tampico, returned to his home at Merriam, the first week in April, via Manhattan, where he stopped to see his brother who is a member of the freshman class.

John Houser, who left about a year ago to accept a position at the Worcester, Ohio, Experiment Station, returned to College at the beginning of the winter term, and by March 11 he completed the senior work here and left again to continue his duties in Ohio. He will graduate with the '04 class without returning to get his sheepskin on June 16.

Kind words from Dr. Schuyler Nichols, '98, at Liberal, Kan.: "While all three of the College papers come to us, we get more real satisfaction from the JAYHAWKER than from the other two. The paper is well filling its mission. May it always prosper. We alumni are few and far between in this section of the State, so there is little aid we can give the alumni editor."

O. E. Oman, '00, has changed his whereabouts from Beaumont, Tex., where he has been for four months in the "piney woods," to Halsey, Neb. He will be associated with C. A. Scott, '01. in the forestry work.

F. W. Ames, '94, and Ethel Patten-Ames, '95, are at home to all their friends at 7438 Hermitage street, Pittsburg, Pa. Mr. Ames' office is Room 119, Carnegie building, and he wishes to meet all old schoolmates and friends should any of them pass through there and stop for a few hours or more. He says he thinks K. S. A. C. people must dodge that city as much as possible, for he has never yet met an alumnus and has seen but two former students during a period of nearly three years' residence there.

R. W. Rader, '95, a fruit-grower and secretary of the Fayetteville Fruit Growers' Association, in Arkansas, shows his loyalty to this institution by the following words: "I have no definite knowledge of any other graduates living in this state, although I know of some former students. The University of Arkansas is located in our city and I meet many of its students, but the attendance and advancement here does not nearly compare with that of our dear old Alma Mater." Mr. Rader has hopes of visiting College not long distant.

FORD, KAN., March 24, '04.

EDITOR JAYHAWKER.—The inclosed fifty cents will make known to you the fact that the JAYHAWKER would be a welcome visitor out here at our ranch in Ford county, where it will be eagerly received, not only by myself but by my wife also and perhaps by our two boys, aged 21 and 2 months, respectively. We moved from our Woodson county home to this place one year ago and are well satisfied with our new location. We are now chiefly engaged in the raising of wheat, alfalfa, and skim-milk calves.

Yours sincerely, W. A. COE, '96.

T. W. Morse, '95, on account of business interests, found it necessary to move to Kansas City, Mo., where he has an office in the Century building. His family is at present located in a new addition to the city, the unnumbered house being at the northwest corner of Fortieth street and Prospect Place.

A most enjoyable event took place April 1, when Mrs. E. L. Knostman entertained at a seven-o'clock dinner in honor of Miss Helen Knostman, '01. The table, which was spread for twelve, was decorated in pink and white. The elaborate course dinner was served to the following: Helen Knostman, Mrs. Cora Ewalt-Brown, Edith Huntress, Harriet Vandivert, Alice Perry, Elsie Robinson, Lorena Clemons, Mrs. Cecil Anderson, Minerva Blachly, Gertrude Rhodes, and Jeanette Perry. Each guest brought her favorite recipe for the prospective bride's future reference.

Mrs. Mary Lyman-Otis, '94, in a letter to College friends, speaks in the following complimentary way of the former K. S. A. C. people who are now employed at the Deming ranch, at Oswego, where she lives: "We are greatly interested in our work here—such a variety is offered, we cannot help but be the wiser if the opportunities are rightly used. Although the majority of the hired men (forty-three, now) are the regular farm hands, yet we have at present eleven short-course and former students of the College aside from Mr. Criswell and Mr. Edwards. This sprinkling of wide-awake, rustling young men makes things move here as never before. Not only this, but the moral standard is very decidedly raised." Of the alumni notes in the JAYHAWKER she said: "We always know there is something worth stopping to read when an issue of that paper comes. I always feel like I had been to some reception at which I met all of whom the editor writes."

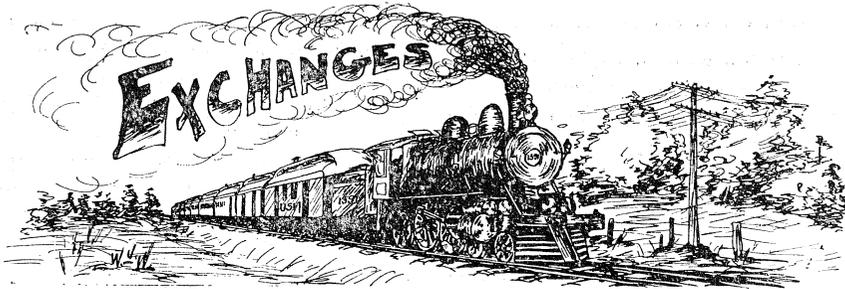
## HELEN KNOSTMAN NO MORE.

Miss Helen Knostman, '01, who during the College year of 1902-'03 was a very popular clerk in the Executive Department at College, was married to Mr. S. James Pratt, in the Methodist church, on Wednesday evening, April 6, at 8:30. The church was beautifully decorated with palms; the ushers were Helen Hughes and five of the G. A. L. S. Club girls. After the two little flower girls came Miss Olivia Staats, the bridesmaid, followed by Miss Knostman and her father. Up the other aisle came Mr. Pratt and his best man, Ben Hill, preceded by Reverend Hansen who performed the impressive ring ceremony, after which the relatives and a few most intimate friends attended a reception at the bride's home. Later in the evening a dainty luncheon was served next door, at E. L. Knostman's home. Mr. and Mrs. Pratt left on the midnight train to be gone several weeks visiting relatives at Independence, Kan., and Kansas City, Mo. May the best on earth be theirs.

Miss May Secrest, '92, associate professor of domestic art at the Ohio State University, sent her address, 162 West Tenth avenue, Columbus, Ohio. She continued: "I am enjoying my work here very much. Felt at home at once because of the old friends here to welcome me—Miss Stoner, the Kellermans, and the Sissons. There are at least three members of the K. S. A. C. alumni in Columbus—my classmate, Mrs. Katherine Oldham-Sisson, Mr. M. F. Hulett, '93, and myself. I see by the *Industrialist* that Lieut. Mark Wheeler, '97, is out at Columbus Barracks. I am looking for a visit from my brother Edmund, '02, to-morrow. He is on his way from Kansas to Washington, D. C., in the interest of the United States Bureau of Forestry. I enjoy the *Industrialist* very much, as it comes every week. Have not been over the College since I left in the

spring of 1901. Am looking forward to the triennial reunion of 1905, when I shall surely return to the dear old Alma Mater. I know that there will be many changes."

Professor Willard, '83, attended the alumni banquet at Kansas City, and we give his account of it as printed in the *Industrialist*: "The Kansas City Association of Alumni of the State Agricultural College held its second annual reunion Saturday evening, March 26. An elegant banquet was served at the Midland hotel. The attendance was not as large as last year, there being twenty alumni and former students and five others. The occasion was much enjoyed, most of the time being spent in conversation. At the banquet, informal speeches were made by President Nichols, Benjamin Skinner and J. T. Willard. A permanent organization was effected by the adoption of a constitution and by-laws reported by Mr. Rushmore. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: Dr. S. L. Van Blarcom, president; Miss Bertha Bacheller, vice-president; Mr. T. W. Morse, secretary-treasurer. Following is a list of those present: H. C. Rushmore, '79, and Mrs. Rushmore, J. T. Willard, '83, Albert Dietz, '85, Bertha Bacheller, '88, Phil. Creager, '91, S. L. Van Blarcom, '91, Ben Skinner, '91, Clay E. Coburn, '91, and Mrs. Coburn, May Harman, '93, W. E. Smith, '93, T. W. Morse, '95, C. E. Holsinger and Olive Wilson-Holsinger, '95, F. E. Johnson, '99, A. T. Kinsley, '99, Anna Smith-Kinsley, '01, J. H. Oesterhaus, '01, C. M. Morgan, second-year student in 1893, Mrs. Eusebia Mudge-Irish, senior student in 1873, Mrs. Mudge, Mr. Smalley, and President Nichols. The chief burden of correspondence and other arrangements for the reunion was borne by W. E. Smith, secretary of the association. Doctor Coburn, the president of the association, presided during the banquet."



A man who trims himself to suit everybody will soon whittle himself away.—*Ex.*

Silently one by one, in the infinite note-books of teachers,  
Blossom the neat little zeros, the forget-me-nots of the Seniors.—*Ex.*

We are glad to receive *The Roaring Branch* at our exchange table. The literary merits of the magazine are plain to be seen.

Of all sad words  
Of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these:  
"I've flunked again."—*Ex.*

*The Cardinal*, a new exchange from Covina, Cal., is a handsome and enterprising magazine. Though small its contents are good.

He smoked the deadly cigarette,  
This youth of tender years;  
For aught we know he's smoking yet  
Beyond the vale of tears.—*Ex.*

The March number of *The Crucible* is an excellent magazine and full of good literary material, though containing no illustrations.

We acknowledge receipt of *The Corona* as a new exchange and recognize in it a first-class magazine, filled with excellent material.

*The Item* is a very neat and well-composed magazine, but it would be much improved by the addition of an exchange column and a few jokes.

Askit.—"Is your son in business?"  
Knowit—"Yes; he is an architect."  
Askit.—"Indeed! What is his speciality?"  
Knowit.—"Air castles."—*Ex.*

The March number of *The Belhany Messenger* is a memorial number of Doctor Swensson, which gives an interesting account of his life and work.

*The Sunflower* has been steadily improving during the past months until now we notice quite an attractive magazine. Let the good work go on, and add an exchange column.

Already have I been to skate  
With pretty Kitty Bond;  
The ice was thin and we fell in—  
In love—not in the pond.—*Ex.*

*The High School World* (St. Paul, Minn.) is one of our new exchanges, and will be one of our best if it keeps up to the standard. Its literary matter is excellent from beginning to end.

An earthquake won great applause  
In ancient Lisbon town;  
And this I say to you now, because,  
It brought the whole house down.—*Ex.*

*The Doane Owl* is always brimful of interesting material, but a little more illustrating would improve its appearance. We wonder if they ever tried running a few cuts at the heads of various departments.

He entered the editor's sanctum  
And ventured his views unsought,  
And the next day was hanged as a bandit  
For wrecking a train of thought.—*Ex.*

*The Whitman College Pioneer* is one of our oldest and most regular exchanges and never fails to make a good appearance. The March number was edited by the girls of the college, who were very successful in their efforts.

The February and March numbers of the *Western Maryland College Monthly* are combined into one issue. This should mean an exceptionally strong number, but instead the matter is rather flimsy. Its exchange department consists of two and one-half pages of clippings, with not a single criticism. This reminds us of "all pepper and no soup."

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We notice a great improvement in the March number of *The Windmill* over former numbers. A few cuts for the different departments and a respectable exchange column were the first things we noticed out of the ordinary.

A newspaper editor who was sleeping in time of church service was suddenly startled by the following words in a loud voice from the pulpit: "And why stand ye here all the day idle?" and unconsciously answered: "Because they don't advertise.—*Ex.*"

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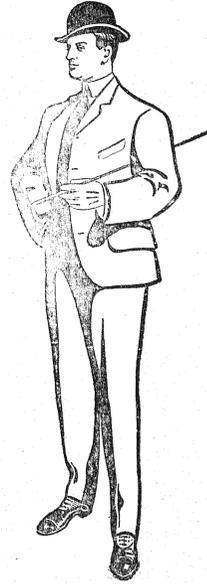
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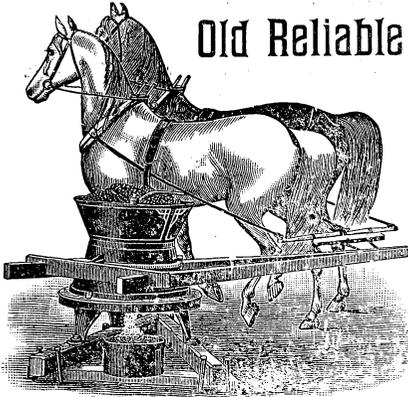
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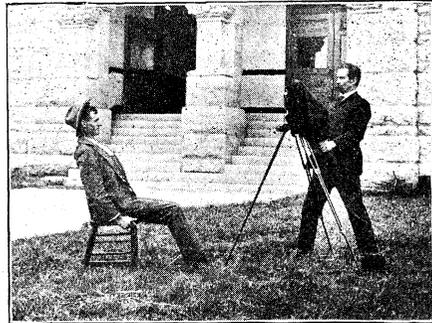
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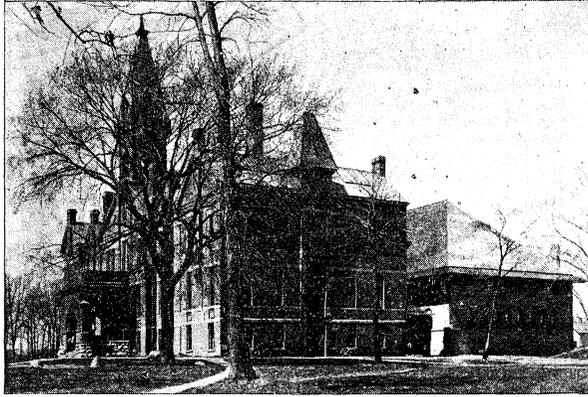
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