

Vol. III



No. 9

THE JAYHAWKER

**Rattle him! Addle him! Force him to fan!
K. A. C.! K. A. C.! K. A. C. Kan!**

K. S. A. C. 4, COLORADO 1.

These are the men who won the game April 29:

Battery: Furey, pitcher; Miller, catcher.

Putman, first base.

R. Cassell, second base.

Mallon, third base.

Kahl, right field.

A. Cassell, center field.

Strong, left field.

Cunningham, short stop.

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MAY, 1905  
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VOL. III.

MAY, 1905.

NO. 9

Reminiscenses.

By Jno. B. Brown, '87.

IT has been only at reunions that I have seen much of the College friends and classmates since 1887, as my work has been away from their haunts. I do not give this next item as out of the ordinary, but will state for the purpose of comparing records that I had my diploma framed promptly after graduation. I have not learned whether or not the public has been paying any admission fee to see it, as it has not kept up with my travels. Many people have asked me what I could do, during these past eighteen years, but only two or three newspaper men have asked me what I know, and they really didn't care.

I presume some more of you have done this next thing, too. After hanging up the framed diploma and resting a few days to admire the autographs, after having the hired man say I ought to go back and take a term in shutting gates, after having had father tell me that a graduate of an Agricultural College ought to be able to tell a ripe water-melon, I wrote back to the College asking for a job in the Horticultural Department. The reply was to the effect that my record in that department would hardly recommend me. I presume the authorities thought that if

there should be any scientific reports left about the Hort. basement I might "Take One." It's queer how many of us thought we would be heeled for life if we could only get onto the College pay-roll.

I taught school three years, not because of having made any preparation for such work, but because the school was offered to me and, just as it is when we write alumni letters, I needed the money.

I enlisted in the Signal Corps of the U. S. Army in 1890, where I rose at a bound from second-class private to first-class private with an attendant increase in pay of \$4 per month. From this job it required an act of Congress to dislodge your correspondent, but his military service was thus ended after ten months and the work continued under the Agricultural Department.

My literary career began and ended during this service. A letter to a home paper suggested that the presiding officer of the U. S. Senate should be a Vertebrate. A clipping was sent in by some admiring constituent and appropriate remarks from the Secretary came back. Another letter, an official one, complained of the duties devolving on the two of us who were assistants in the office at Nashville, Tenn. Just last summer this letter

came to light among old papers and gave nervous prostration to its author. I quote:

"My duties here have made me a machine; I trust not a wholly bad one. I have tried to be patient under very adverse circumstances, seeing others with less preparation advanced beyond me. I have been compelled to do manual labor and messenger work when, I respectfully submit, my education has prepared me for duties of a higher order. . . . I have tried not to be over-sensitive, but confess that when required to post weather maps throughout the city and when assailed by negroes, black and white, with 'Say Mister, give me one of them there bills,' I am not impervious to the thrust."

The "education" spoken of as mine in the letter to the chief was only beginning. The answer to the complaint helped it on immensely. The chief said: "The observer in charge will inform Messrs. Brown and Crawford that if their duties are distasteful to them, their resignations will be promptly considered."

That letter was one of the hardest jolts I ever received. I had hinted somewhat darkly that the government might lose the services of a valuable man if conditions were not bettered soon, but now discovered that I did not really want to quit. My work *had* been conscientiously done and the outrage to my feelings seemed to be unbearable. It was several years before the whole matter got to be funny, but it is so now and, better still, the incident is a good one to use on other people.

In 1894 the examination habit contracted in College led to the Indian School service through the medium of the Civil Service Commission. At that time only a portion of the positions in the service were under the control of the Civil Service Commission, and we were "Half slave, half free," with some uncertainty as

to which half we belonged to. As a school superintendent under the supervision of an Indian Agent whose appointment was political, my bed was one of gimpson and sand-burs, not roses. One superintendent said: "The spoils system has filled the schools with cooks who do not think it necessary to cook, farmers who will not farm, teachers who can not teach, and matrons who will not mate." Employees, nominally subordinates of the superintendent, really owed allegiance only to the Agent and had a perfect understanding of the situation. This oftentimes left the superintendent in the position of a very lonely oyster in a very warm stew. There are a number of incidents in connection with this experience that will not be mentioned here, owing to the fact that their humorous features have not yet become apparent.

Instead of telling troubles let me relate another incident in which figured another alumnus. It was in El Reno, Okla., in 1895, at a convention of Indian School workers. A large serious man read an exhaustive and exhausting paper on Industrial Education. Our alumnus came into the hall just in time to hear the concluding sentences. An eastern college man discussed some features of the paper which related particularly to the industrial training of girls. The ex-Webster rose, from force of habit, to reply to the eastern man. Almost immediately the author of the paper rose to a point of order, insisting that the speaker was not adhering to the subject. The speaker knew that he was as near to the subject as was his immediate predecessor, and smarted under the unfair discrimination, yet actually did not know what the subject of the original paper was. It began to look much as if the Kansan merely wanted to make a speech and was going to be prevented from doing it. Grabbing at straws on which to hang a few remarks, solely

from a desire to save his face and appear in order, he recalled that there had been something said at the close of the paper about sawing wood with a thresher engine as a method to be preferred to the use of the "buck-saw." Our alumnus had no particular views on the subject, but there was only one side of it left so he advocated the use of simple tools, such as could be purchased and used by Indian boys when they received allotments and settled down as farmers. Still sparring for wind, his peroration came quickly and quite by accident as it appeared.

"Fellow workers in the cause of industrial education—colaborers in the emancipation of a race, we become like that on which our hearts are fixed. We learn to love the things with which we are most familiar. The Indian boy should be taught by precept and example, yea, by every means within our power, to love, not the steam engine which he can never possess, but the buck-saw; gentlemen, I repeat it, the buck-saw. The Indian youth should be, by daily contact, made to love and to cleave to the buck-saw, so that in the fullness of time, when he has his home and with his children about his knee, he will not make the squaw saw."

The Ziegler Mine Explosion.

By P. McDonald Biddison, '04.

SHORTLY after seven o'clock on the morning of April 3 last there occurred, at Zeigler, Ill., one of the most horrible mine disasters of recent years. In an explosion, every person in the mine, and they numbered about fifty, was killed.

On the morning of the accident I started to the company store where, with the other members of the crew, I had been doing some telephone work. About half way between the store and the stockade which encloses the shafts and mine buildings I met two of the crew who informed me that we were to go into the "hole," so I turned

about and went back to the mine with them. On the way we met Irish Sim, the night warehouse man. He reported a rumor that, in the absence of the search-light, two men had climbed the stockade fence during the night. We hooted at the idea. He maintained that it was no false alarm, but an actual occurrence, and that the guard at the north blockhouse left his post vacant an hour, while he went for help to find them. The two men were not found; but Sim's alarm was so great that he considered leaving that afternoon.

We were going to wait at the warehouse for "Billy" Skow, our foreman. As we came opposite the hoisting-shaft we saw a gang of structural iron men of the Wellman-Searer-Morgan Company getting on the cage. We sung out a "hello" to them and I turned to talk to one of them, "Joe" by name. We were but a few steps from the hoisting-shaft and had hardly spoken when a puff of dust and smoke came up. At the same time we heard a roar like an escaped gas well over at the air shaft. Although we had laughed at the idea of men climbing the stockade, it was the first thing to enter our minds when the explosion occurred and, thinking it a dynamite explosion, we were off on a run by the time the second explosion occurred. The air was so filled with dust and debris that it became almost dark. We ran behind the warehouse to be protected from falling timbers. It is worth while to note that the chief engineer, J. T. Skinner, staid by his compressors and shut them down when they started to run away, after everybody had run from the powerhouse.

The first explosion was the lighter and the gasses formed came out mainly at the air shaft, wrecking part of the fan-house and carrying out timbers and ties. One brick-mason at work there was carried out over the fence, a distance of seventy-five or a hun-

dred feet, and let down without a scratch, while the helper was carried in the opposite direction and had a leg and two ribs broken. The second explosion which immediately followed, was a dust explosion and did by far the greater part of the damage. Its effects were most noticeable at the hoisting-shaft, where the eight-ton hoisting cage was raised from the bottom of the shaft up into the tibble, a total height of over five hundred feet. The man who was on the cage at the top was killed. All his limbs were broken and his skull was crushed in. Joe lay unconscious where I had spoken to him, and another man sat half dazed a few feet away.

The women of the town just simply went crazy and made a rush for the shaft, but were stopped at the stockade gate. It was nearly ten o'clock before arrangements could be made to lower a tub down the air shaft. Two men could be heard calling, pleading for help. One of these, an electrician, was brought up alive. The surgeon sent me to the hospital with him, with instructions to stay and assist the nurses. This man was blistered all over his body, though not scorched, due to lack of air, and was in terrible agony. As he was not badly burned internally, hopes were entertained for his recovery, but he died that night from the effect of the poisonous gasses. The second man brought up was alive but unconscious; he died in the bath-tub while I was with him. There were no more live men brought up. All others were dead; all badly blistered and swollen almost beyond recognition, and in many cases horribly mutilated.

It would seem that the explosion was bad enough, but to add to it, three mine inspectors who went down were overcome by gasses (carbon-monoxide) and were brought up dead. Also a murder was committed there that night.

No one but the coroners' jury be-

lieves that the accident was anything but a gas and dust explosion. Their verdict, which seems ludicrous to anyone who was on the spot, attributes it to a powder explosion set off by unknown parties. But when it is known that the ventilating fan had not been in operation for two days and a half, and that gas was bound to accumulate under such circumstances, there is little doubt as to its real nature. The inspector who went down that morning never reported; never came out of the mine until he was brought up, a corpse. He was probably overcome by gas before the explosion. The pit boss took his men down when the mine had not been reported safe. These men were not the diggers; they were laid off because there was no ventilation. The unfortunate men were the electricians, carpenters, timber men, and track men, who were pushing construction work.

A trip down the air-shaft in a tub, to repair a telephone line, gave me a sight of the destruction underground. A six-inch air line was bent double, steel rails were twisted and doubled, while the entries were stripped clear of track, cars, timbers, and trolley wire. The odor was sickening. On one side lay two dead mules. Bodies of men could be seen, partly covered with debris, some with limbs broken or even torn off. I came up in the tub again with two dead bodies. It was the most lonesome four hundred fifty feet that I ever traveled.

In the afternoon, people from the surrounding country who had friends or relatives there began to pour in. The next few days were full of the saddest sights I have ever seen.

When I left on the next Friday, forty-five bodies had been recovered and fourteen persons were still missing. Part but not all of these were probably among the unidentified dead.

This accident occurred in what has been known as one of the "safe" mines. Because it was "safe," a

strict observance of the state laws was dispensed with—with the usual result. Because it was “safe,” men were sent down when the mine was not properly ventilated. Because it was “safe,” they were sent down before the inspector reported. Because it was “safe,” inexperienced men were allowed to work by themselves; all of this, in direct violation of the state mining laws, a strict observance of which would have averted this and numerous similar accidents.

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*Our Prize Letter.\**

SANTIAGO DE LAS VEGAS, CUBA,  
March, 16, 1905.

*Dear Friend Charley:*

WHEN I was rearranging my trunk, putting all my heavy clothing in the very bottom, with a good supply of camphor balls I chanced to find the letter you wrote me last June, congratulating me on my graduation from K. S. A. C. I was reminded that I had better answer that letter soon, or you would get disgusted and think that with a suffix attached to my name I would consider my dignity impaired by writing to one of my former country-school classmates. The word country school brings back many sweet remembrances of the good times we enjoyed together. It certainly did make me feel rather ancient to learn that John and Mable had decided to share their troubles together. Give them a friendly “hello and much happiness” for me, won't you? I have been “kinda edging around” to put in an excuse for not writing sooner, but guess the best I can do is to say that I neglected it, and proceed with this epistle.

You mentioned in your letter that such an education as I now have would equip me in good shape to fight the battles of life easily. Well, if I had answered then I probably would have indorsed your statement, but since that time I

have found that other people have seen a college, too.

You are, perhaps, wondering why I put my clothes in the bottom of my trunk. Well, if you were living in a country where the children wear their bare skins in the winter, you would understand. To come to the point, I am in Cuba, working for the government. I left Kansas City, January 28, and arrived in Havana, February 10. I wish you could have been with me when we entered Havana Harbor. It was a beautiful scene. Before sunrise, in the morning, we saw the light in Moro Castle—the castle where many prisoners of war have suffered for want of food, water and pure air until the last moments when death was a welcome visitor. Almost joining it is Cabanos Castle, lacking the imposing tower, but much larger and scarcely less conspicuous. With these two ancient giants of war the emblems of Spanish cruelty still attracting one's attention, the remainder of our wrecked U. S. battleship Maine enters the scene. On landing, the scene is scarcely less interesting. The narrow streets, the people jabbering away in a language of which we can understand nothing, the barred glassless windows, and the ancient appearance of the large, stony cathedrals all go toward intensifying the interest.

One Sunday a party of us spent the day going all through Moro and Cabanas Castles. It certainly was interesting. It gives a person rather a peculiar feeling to walk over the very same path where, some years ago, many soldier prisoners walked, to be shot down like dogs after being lined up against the stone wall which to this day bears the marks of the bullets. The government of intervention placed a very fitting memorial tablet in the wall against which the Cubans were lined up. The little dark cells did not appear very inviting.

In rural districts, the majestic palm, with its straight, branchless stem and

\*This letter won first place in the \$10 alumni contest.

bunch of leaves at the top, not only adds much to the beauty of the landscape but is also a tree of greatest practical value and utility. From it the natives construct their houses; the nut fruit is a hog food par-excellence, and the pith or the center of top can be used for human food. It is said that the army of revolution subsisted very largely upon this food during the latter portion of the late war. The houses that are built by the natives, from this tree, cost, I am told, about fifteen dollars in cash. Of course you would not expect to find much furniture in such a hut. It has no floor and is simply a protection from the sun and rain, without any stove or culinary conveniences.

Tobacco and sugar-cane seem to be the most profitable crops. Of these two, sugar-cane is the easiest to plant and cultivate, the chief objection being that the first planting is very expensive, costing about \$35 an acre. The planting need not be repeated for five or six years. It is harvested once a year and will produce a gross of \$180 per acre. The cultivation of tobacco is very difficult and requires a great deal of labor. The value of an acre of tobacco may be anything between nothing and \$1500.

How do you think bananas grow? I was surprised to see them growing on a large, succulent plant, something like an overgrown pie plant. Some of these plants grow from twelve to fifteen feet high and bear only one bunch of bananas to the plant. When the bunch is cut, the plant has done its duty and is duly cut down, and generally left on the ground for fertilizer. The root continues to live and sends up a large number of new plants.

I am informed that in a certain province one can see, by riding fifty miles, not less than fifty ruined sugar mills, each costing, perhaps, one-half million dollars. One can see ruins everywhere. At the close of the late war, the devastation of the country

was almost complete and the people impoverished to an incomparable degree.

During the last four years Cuba has experienced a great revival in all lines. Land has been rising rapidly in price, and it is believed that it will continue to do so until the old anti bellum values are again restored. I learn from the natives that, in some localities, plantations that were rich and fertile before the war are now in as wild a condition as when the immortal Columbus first landed on the island in 1492.

CARL G. ELLING, '04.

### *A Dakota Romance.*

By Wilma Cross-Rhodes, '03.

#### CHAPTER III.

JACK RALSTON did not forget, city bred though he was, to water the team at the artesian well before he fastened them and strolled toward the house. It is true, he had not been invited to enter the little cottage, yet he had a subtle feeling that his presence would not be altogether distasteful to at least one of the inmates. Anna answered his rap, and as she saw him standing on the door-step it suddenly dawned on her consciousness that she had not prepared her mother for the stranger's presence. For some reason, she had been so agitated upon entering the house that her mother had missed her usual caress. That her daughter had returned from the harvest-field to prepare dinner for the threshers was all the information Mrs. Purdue's anxious questions had elicited. With a kindly "Walk in, won't you?" Anna hurried the young man into her mother's presence.

"This is my mother, Mr Ralston. He has come to—" but Anna halted, for she had not the faintest conception of his mission to Dakota. "He is from Maryland," she abruptly announced.

"Pardon me, Miss Purdue," interrupted Jack hastily, "but I observe that you are starting the preparation



of dinner, and as I feel my capacity for a good meal increasing momentarily, I will not detain you longer. Mrs. Purdue and I can, I believe, complete the introductions."

The little cook was glad to be relieved, for her culinary duties were urgent and her brain—well, she could never again be the heart-whole and fancy-free Anna of the morning.

To the weary invalid, Jack's frank, cheerful presence was like the first breeze of the spring, and she listened with interest to the explanation of his visit.

"Yes, I am from Maryland," he said, "from the famous Eastern shore. I found that my work there was lowering my vitality somewhat below par, so I decided to take a three-month's vacation and visit the West."

"But what brought you to this little home?" inquired Mrs. Purdue.

"You see, on the way out here I heard a great deal concerning the value of Dakota land, and particularly about the opening of the Rosebud reservation. Now, I don't believe in obtaining property by means that savor of lottery, so I cut out the Rosebud deal at once. But when we reached Minneapolis the land fever was still with me and, fortunately, the name of an old friend, who is now a land agent there, happened to occur to me; so I found him and asked for advice. It seems that he has a portion of your son's farm on his list and he advised me to take a look at it, together with some other property in this vicinity."

"And what do you think of us?" inquired his hostess in a tone that invited further conversation.

"It is an altogether unique and quite a promising section, I think. In fact, to me it seems useless to travel further. So much as I have seen of it, this locality suits me exactly and my only desire now is to remain here for awhile to see if my admiration is genuine."

He had scarcely finished speaking when Anna opened the door very softly and inquired if there was anything she could do for her mother's comfort. When the latter announced negatively and the door closed upon the daughter, Jack sat for a long time, lost in thought, silently gazing out over the prairies. Surely he had never looked on a more pleasing picture, for Anna, with her cheeks flushed from exercise and with herself almost completely enveloped in a long gingham apron, made an ideal housewife. To her prediscovered virtues, he now added neatness, for her own personality as well as the appearance of the entire house testified to it. Now, our young friend was not on a matrimonial hunt, nevertheless he recognized good material when he saw it, and Jack Ralston was not the person to allow an opportunity to slip by, unimproved. So he sat and planned his conquest. There is no telling what rash attacks he might have evolved had not Mrs. Purdue's gentle voice brought him to material things again.

"Then you plan to stay with us awhile?" she questioned.

"I had hoped to do so," said Jack. "That reminds me, Mrs. Purdue, I would like to offer you a little advice, though perhaps it would not be acceptable from such an unexperienced stranger as myself." As the lady smiled and nodded reassuringly, he continued; "It is about your daughter." And then he tactfully related the morning's experiences.

"Poor child!" exclaimed Mrs. Purdue when he had finished. "Why did she not tell me of her illness? Do you think it serious?"

"No, it is not so now, but this is a first attack, and if she was my sister she should not do such work under any circumstances."

"But Roy has lost so much this year that he does not feel able to employ another hand. You see, most of the

farmers about here have a bank account to rely on in an emergency, but Roy has none," said Mrs. Purdue, dreading to have her son's faults exposed to strangers.

"True enough," replied Jack, "but the question of 'money versus health' has but one side to me. I have a solution for this problem, though, and I believe it is a good one. Do you not think that I could take your daughter's place through the remainder of the harvest?"

"But the wages!" faltered his listener.

"Oh, bother the wages!" interposed Jack good naturedly. "I beg pardon, Mrs. Purdue, I meant that I should be glad to do the work merely for the experience."

"If we boarded you, though," she said, hesitatingly.

"I had thought four dollars a week to be about the proper price; don't you think so?"

But she did not hear him for she was endeavoring to frame an explanation for her seeming mercenary spirit that would exonerate her and at the same time not place her son in too bad a light. At last she said: "I trust, Mr. Ralston, that you do not think that the money is of such great moment to me? You see, Roy is forced to be exceedingly economical this season."

"Of course," replied Jack in his genial way, "I understand it perfectly." And undoubtedly he did.

At this point the call to dinner was responded to by nine other men, all just as hungry but far less patient than Jack; so he graciously offered to wait for the second table. He thought food had never tasted quite so good before and, in faith, he had in one day acquired the proverbial appetite of Dakota visitors. In his enjoyment of the substantial meal, however, he did not forget who was responsible for its preparation. "If she can make the plain things as palatable as this food, there is no question as to her ability

to manage its delicacies," philosophized Jack, while his eyes followed Anna's rapid and dignified movements about the room.

Mr. Ralston made his proposition to Roy immediately after the noon-day meal and the latter saw too much of advantage to himself in it to do other than accept. So that very afternoon Jack began his services on the Purdue farm, thus relieving Anna of duties which were inappropriate, both to her strength and her temperament.

(To be continued.)

### *Local Notes.*

The tennis courts are very popular places this spring. A tennis club has recently been organized and plans are being made for a tennis tournament to be held soon.

The wise and chivalrous disciples of Hamilton entertained the Ionian girls in a very novel and pleasing way, by taking them out to the Wild-cat, on Easter eve, for an egg feast. A large camp-fire was built in the woods and the feast was prepared in true camp style, with abundance of that "best of all sauces" to enliven it. The latter part of the evening was spent in singing "the old, old songs," and the party at last reluctantly abandoned gypsy life and wandered back to civilization.

The latest thing is a swimming club, "The K. S. A. C. Club of Aquatic Sports," whose active members are composed of Faculty and students, and whose associate members may be anyone else. Saturday afternoon is the regular time of meeting, and the club is planning to fit out a dressing-room at the swimming place. There are fifteen charter members, but the club promises to be popular, and the membership will probably increase rapidly from now on. The officers are: President, Chas. W. Melick; vice-president, R. E. Eastman; secretary and treasurer, H. F. Bergman.

The Ionian society gave a special program in the chapel Monday night, April 10, before a well-filled house. The program was a fair example of the society work. The musical numbers were excellent and a beautiful drill and series of tableaux occupied conspicuous places.

The junior domestic science girls are entertaining each other at dinner these days. Each dinner is served by two girls, to six other girls of the class. It must consist of not less than three courses, nor more than five, and must come within the limits of one dollar. Later, the menu with its calorie value and nutritive ratio determined is handed in to the department to be kept on record. It requires close calculation and careful economy to prepare a good dinner for six people at the price of one dollar, but the junior girls have demonstrated that it can be done.

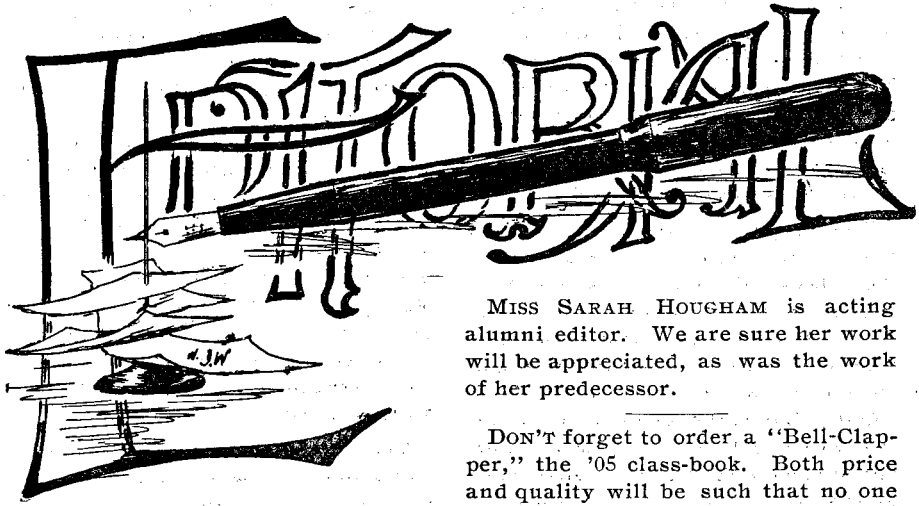
A large crowd watched the exhibition by the Physical Training Department, given in the Auditorium Thursday night, April 27. The program, in which forty-two young ladies took part, consisted almost entirely of drills, including dumb-bell and Indian-club drills, and showed evidence of thorough training. Miss Barbour's exhibition with Indian clubs was fine in the extreme, and was one of the best features of the evening. The program closed with a series of tableaux by twelve girls in Greek costume—another number of which special mention should be made. Miss Tillie Harold was accompaniest, and music was also furnished by the orchestra during interludes.

One look at some of the remarkable head-gear displayed on the campus these days is sufficient to convince the most skeptical person that there is, after all, something new under the sun. The "trouble" began when the senior agricultural students appeared in blue overall suits and broad-

brimmed, high-crowned hats. At once the senior girls adopted the same hats, and the result was so charming that the freshman girls followed suit with red sunbonnets. At about the same time, the sophomore class appeared in small black soft hats; but the "crowning glory" appeared in the form of tall silk hats on the heads of the senior general science boys, who in addition carried canes. While the College people are becoming so accustomed to such sights that common everyday head-gear looks extraordinary to them, visitors continue to stare and ask questions.

The baseball season is well on now, and while our team has won but one victory it has, on the whole, done excellent work, and we are proud of it. The first game, played with the Chicago National League team, resulted in a victory of 13 to 0 for the visitors. The first inter-collegiate game was played with Baker, and resulted in a score of 7 to 4 in favor of Baker. Our team did good work in the first part of the game and seemed likely to win, but in the last two innings their playing was weak and Baker profited thereby. The first out-of-town game was between the College and Baker and was won by the latter by a score of 8 to 5. The second game was at K. U., and again our boys lost by a score of 6 to 1. The third and last game on the tour, and the one K. S. A. C. people like best to discuss, was won from Washburn by a score of 6 to 4. Considering that this game was played on the Washburn ground, and that it is the first time we have ever won from them, we have added reason to be proud of our team. The outlook for the remainder of the season is encouraging and we have every reason to believe we shall prove true the proposition that "farmers" *can* play ball.

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 "The proportion of women students in America is about one third."



MISS SARAH HOUGHAM is acting alumni editor. We are sure her work will be appreciated, as was the work of her predecessor.

DON'T forget to order a "Bell-Clapper," the '05 class-book. Both price and quality will be such that no one desiring a souvenir of the College can afford to miss getting one. It will contain half-tones of interesting and pretty College scenes, all the College buildings, Faculty and instructors, and of course cuts of every '05, the largest graduating class in the history of the institution. We understand that the Board of Regents made arrangements to have one hundred Bell-Clappers placed in the high schools of the State.

Now is a good time to make a pledge to the Y. M. C. A. building fund. Some time ago the Y. M. C. A. received the promise of \$1000, provided that an additional \$5000 be raised by May 17. Of that \$5000, \$1300 yet remains to be secured. There are nearly two hundred fifty students who have not pledged anything. A thorough canvass is being made among them and it is sincerely hoped that every one will give. Surely there are very few who cannot pay \$10 within the next twelve months, and still fewer who cannot afford to give \$5. Of the alumni, not quite one-fourth have given. Every dollar given now means nearly two dollars. How many dollars will you give? Write or tell McLean about it.

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- MARCIA TURNER, '06 Reporter
- W. J. WILKINSON, '05 Artist

MAY, 1905.

WATCH for our Commencement number. We are planning the largest and best magazine number ever published at the College.

REMEMBER that room 47 in Anderson Hall is the JAYHAWKER office and that all Alumni are cordially invited to make that their headquarters during their stay in town this Commencement.

THE following letter, received by Professor Erf from a creamery company, is worth volumes of theory. Such plain one-hundred-cents-to-the-dollar philosophy is the only kind the successful business man knows anything about: "You remember the time I met you I made arrangements with you to send me four students for creamery and dairy work. We have a man from your institution at the present time, and we like him very much, but owing to the rebellious condition of the students, which seems to be so prevalent from all accounts, at your College, it is my desire to withdraw this offer, as I do not think that I could handle men of that disposition."

IT might be well just at this time to note that this College has more graduates in the Government service than any other college; and, excepting the Iowa Agricultural college, as many as ten other colleges. Undoubtedly one of the reasons for this is that an unusually large per cent of the graduates of this College are sober, industrious men and women, people who while they were in College realized that they were here for a purpose. In the editor's opinion, a college that fits her graduates for the duties of life in as thorough a manner as this College has done (judging from the positions her graduates hold and the work they are doing) is accomplishing its mission.

A GOOD deal has been said lately concerning things at this College. Most of the reports have been either untrue or so mixed with falsehood that the whole batch of disreputable stuff can be safely disregarded. Not that those who know the source of the reports will be likely to give credence to them, but since pains have been taken to widely scatter these odious articles, they may have fallen into the hands of some one who, having no other source of information at

hand, might be inclined to believe them, at least in part. It is time that the students of this College were awakened to the fact that they are being misrepresented; that what is set forth as the action of the student body is but the action of a small minority, who, to say the least, have acted unwisely and in a manner unbecoming to ladies and gentlemen. Such conduct must result in a two-fold injury—one to themselves, the other to the College.

OF the twenty-five departments in College none has made such rapid growth as the Agricultural Department. The work of the department grew so large that it became necessary, about two years ago, to divide the work into two departments, so that now we have the Farm Department, and the Dairy and Animal Husbandry Department. This growth in agricultural lines has not been accomplished without some injury to other phases of College work. Not only once but repeatedly, money that should by rights have gone to other departments was turned over to the Agricultural Departments. One department, that of printing, is seriously crippled in its work to-day because of this very fact. This is not meant as a criticism, but simply to show that the present management of the College is heartily in sympathy with agriculture and is advancing that branch of the College work as rapidly as possible. Further evidence that work along agricultural lines is vigorous and up-to-date is that both this year and last year prizes were taken at the International Stock Show, in Chicago, in the live stock and corn-judging contest. A \$1500 trophy stands in the Library to-day as a result of this year's victory in corn judging.

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Alumnus, don't forget to subscribe for the JAYHAWKER while here attending the triennial reunion and banquet.

# ALUMNI NOTES

Alice Stewart-Points, '75, is a teacher in the public schools of Jersey City, N. J.

F. E. Johnson, D. V. S., '99, is doing quarantine work for the government in western Nebraska.

The address of Rev. Frank Strong and Jennie R. Smith-Strong, '94, is 330 Mulberry street, Ottawa, Kan.

D. T. Davis, '95, and family have moved from Bala to their new home on Hunter Island, near Manhattan.

Frank A. Campbell, '90, is making his mark in the world by writing signs in Topeka, Kan. His address is 525 Kansas Avenue.

Retta Womer, '04, who has been taking graduate work at K. S. A. C. since Christmas, returned to her home in Womer, Kan., April 1.

Eva L. Philbrook, '97, has come back from California and is now engaged in "teaching the young idea how to shoot" at Plainville, Kan.

Lewis A. Salter, '79, Carmen, Okla., is an attorney-at-law and part owner which is now edited by his son, Frank of a local newspaper, the *Headlight* A. Salter.

C. N. Allison, '01, who has been attending the Western Dental College, in Kansas City Mo., writes that his address, after May 6, will be Falls City, Neb.

Ma<sup>j</sup>. Albert Todd, '72, of the U. S. Artillery Corps, has been transferred from Governor's Island, N. Y., to headquarters, Department of Dakota, St. Paul, Minn.

W. D. Davis, '04, electrician with the Western States Portland Cement Company, is located at Independence, Kan.

Edith Huntress, '01, has been promoted to the position recently vacated by Jeanette Perry—that of executive clerk of K. S. A. C. Mary Davis, '04, takes Miss Huntress' place in the post-office.

J. J. Johnson, '95, is at present a Pulman-car conductor, with headquarters at Litchfield, Ill. He expects soon to return to the practice of medicine and will locate somewhere in Idaho or Washington.

Roy N. Dorman, '04, who has charge of the dairy herd at the Boy's Industrial School, Topeka, Kan., has resigned his position and gone to assist Mr. Wheeler on the thoroughbred stock farm near Kansas City.

Delmar W. Randall, '99, has received an appointment at Washington, D. C., as a civil engineer student in the students' science aid. He will spend six months in the office of public road inquiry and six more doing field work; he will then be eligible for promotion.

Ernest P. Smith, '95, and Mabel Cotton-Smith '96, have moved from Globe, Ariz., to Fort Collins, Colo., where Mr. Smith expects to go into the poultry business on an extensive scale. They are delighted with Fort Collins and expect to make it their permanent home.

George Wheeler, '95, has resigned his position as assistant in the Agricultural Department at K. S. A. C. and has gone to take charge of a thoroughbred stock farm near Kansas City, Mo. Mr. Wheeler says everything about the farm is thoroughbred even the dogs.

W. G. Morse, '90, is a contractor and builder at Mancos, Colo.

Ella E. Peck, '99, is teaching school this year at Big Valley, Texas.

Frank L. Parker, '86, is a stock and fruit grower at Hutchinson, Kan.

Edwin W. McCrone, '03, is engaged in the dairy business at Callao, Mo.

Henry A. Sidorsky, '03, is station operator for the Edison Electric Company, at Craftonville, Cal.

Ava Hamill-Tillotson, '92, is now a student of Pharmacy at the Kansas University.

Robert A. Edson, '03, is in College this term, taking work in methods and management.

Emma Glossop, '83, is a journalist in St. Joseph, Mo. Her address is 1326 Frances Street.

Minnie Reed, '86, is teaching geography, physiography and English in Kamehameha Manual School, Honolulu, H. I.

W. A. Hendershot, '04, is a street-car conductor in Kansas City, Mo. When not on duty he can be found at 5004 East 9th street.

Mamie Hassebroek, '04, closed a successful term of school at McDowell Creek, April 1, and has returned to her home in Manhattan.

Katherine Winter, '01, entertained informally at her home on Bluemont Avenue, Monday evening, April 10, in honor of Miss Jeanette Perry.

Corinne and Maude Failyer, both of the class of '03, are now at 225 Fifth street, Washington, D. C. They expect to be home for Commencement.

Carl G. Elling, '04, can't get along in Cuba without the JAYHAWKER. He writes: "It is *the* paper for the alumni, and I enjoy its numbers immensely."

M. E. Joslin, junior in 1899, visited College recently with his sisters. He is still engaged in the lumber business at Randall, in partnership with his father.

R. D. Scott, '04, who is now with the Della Pringle Company, in Dakota, has organized a company of his own, styled "The Rob't. D. Scott Dramatic Company."

K. P. Mason ("Pat."), '04, stopped over in Manhattan on his way home from the Kansas Medical College, at Topeka, April 8, and visited with old College friends.

Among the Manhattan people who went to Kansas City April 7 to hear "Parsifal" were Harry and Cora Ewalt-Brown, '99, R. J. Brock, '91, and Mayme Houghton-Brock, '91.

G. W. Hale writes from Baldwin, Kan.: "I like the JAYHAWKER better than anything else of its kind I ever read. Then, it is a K. S. A. C. paper, and I think more of K. S. A. C. than any other College I am acquainted with."

Word has recently been received of the marriage of Susan W. Nichols, '89, and Walter L. Eshelman, both of St. Joseph, Mo. Our invitation to the wedding somehow failed to reach us, and we are unable to give exact date of the event. Their address is 926 Felix street.

"Regent C. E. Friend, '88, has purchased the Paul Wolf farm, north of Soldier, and intends to set it out to Osage Orange, catalpa, and locust trees. He is going to begin this spring by setting out forty acres, and when the trees are large enough will sell them for posts."—From "Mail and Breeze."

Friends of Captain Mark Wheeler, '97, and Jeanette Carpenter (junior in '96-'97) will be pleased to learn of their marriage, which is to take place May 10, 1905, at Lansing, Mich. Captain Wheeler is with the U. S. Infantry, stationed at Ft. McPherson, Ga. Miss Carpenter is at the head of the domestic science department at the State Agricultural College, Lansing, Mich. They expect to leave for the Philippines about June 1.

Mary K. Painter-Rogers, '96, is at home now in Ballaire, Okla.

C. O. Duehn, '04, is planning to enter West Point Military Academy in June.

Barton R. Thompson, '00, is foreman of the Hillside Dairy Farm, Birmingham, Ala.

Mr. A. G. Foster and Mrs. Sadie Moore-Foster, '94, have a little son, born April 13, 1905.

Mr. Geo. Doll, '97, has left the farm in Larned and gone into the mercantile business in Lewis, Kan.

On April 26, L. B. Jolley, '01, graduated from the Hahnemann Medical School and Hospital, of Chicago.

Mrs. Sue Long-Strauss, '96, of Topeka, spent several weeks in April visiting relatives and friends in Manhattan.

At the recent meeting of the Board of Regents, J. W. Berry, '83, was elected president and J. O. Tulloss, '99, vice-president of the board.

Prof. B. L. Remick and Mrs. Harriet Vandivert-Remick, '97, are the happy parents of a daughter, born April 11, 1905. The little ladies' name is Agnes Jeanette.

Gussie Griffing, '04, after finishing a successful year's work with the Rocky Ford school, went to Topeka the first of April for a visit with her uncle, John Griffing, '77.

Clemont G. Clark and Martha Cobb-Clark, both of the class of '88, are now residing at 601 Sixth street, S. E. Minneapolis, Minn. Mr. Clark is pastor of the First Congregational church in that city.

James W. Fields, '03, writes from Kansas City: "I fully expect to be present at the triennial banquet, if there is no preventing providence and the creek doesn't rise." Mr. Fields and the other '03's have good reason for remembering that the "creek" has sometimes been known to rise about commencement time.

News comes of the death of H. B. Kempton, senior in '99-'00, who died recently of typhoid fever at his home in Raritan, N. J.

Henry Thomas, '04, who is with the Bullock Electrical Manufacturing Company, of Cincinnati, finds that he needs the JAYHAWKER in his business, and has sent on the price of a year's subscription, with hearty good wishes for the magazine.

P. M. Biddison, '04, came April 8 from Zeigler, Ill., where he and J. T. Skinner, '04, and G. W. Skow have been doing electrical work for the Leiter Coal Company. The boys were fortunate in escaping from the recent mine explosion, in which about fifty men were killed.

R. A. Oakley, '03, has been given increased responsibilities. He now has charge of the native and tame-grass investigations conducted by the Bureau of Plant Industry. His territory extends over both the eastern and western states. Russell says he is in love with his office, also with the office fixtures, including the stenographer.

Benj. Skinner writes to his classmates, the class of 1891: "We want the earth." After fourteen years of active participation in the struggle for existence, it presents itself to me as a most suiting thing for us to meet at the triennial gathering this year and report progress. "Shall old acquaintance be forgot?" Lay down 'the white man's burden' for awhile, come and join the merrymakers, and live again *the happy days*, dividing the sorrows of the present and multiplying the joys of the future. Will all members of the class unable to attend please take the trouble to write a personal history, from 1891 to 1905, with cartoons, notes, and comments, and mail to the class of '91, care of College, in time for the meeting? With kindest regards and best wishes for all."—*Ben Skinner, Wetmore, Kan.*



Mary Lyman-Otis, '94, carried off the honors in a recent contest, for the best cake recipe.

Ruth Mudge, '01, is coming in June, from Louisville, Ky., to spend the summer at home.

Nettie Wayland, senior in 1904, is in charge of the lunch room of the McKinley High School, of St. Louis, Mo.

Murray S. Cole, '02, expects to visit K. S. A. C. and renew old College acquaintances during Commencement.

Hope Brady, '98, has completed her year's work with the Liberal school, and returned, April 22, to her home in Manhattan.

Della Drollinger, '02, of Garrison, came down to Manhattan April 20, and visited several days with her cousin, Eva Burtner.

Another of our number, has tired of a life of single blessedness. Emma E. Smith, '03, now signs herself Mrs. Emma Burt. Her home is in Wabausee, Kan.

C. D. Blachley, '02, who has been doing medical work in Kansas City, is at present enjoying (?) a lay-off in Manhattan, at Parkview Hospital, with an attack of the mumps.

A letter from the General Electric Company, of Schenectady, N. Y., to Professor Eyer, states that Geo. T. Fielding, '03, has completed the "test" and been advanced to the "head of a test." A "test" is a body of employees who test new machinery. This is a very responsible position and is given only to those possessing more than usual ability.

The marriage of Miss Miriam Graham Bell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell, and Prof. David G. Fairchild, '88, took place April 25, at "Twin Oaks," Washington, D. C., the summer home of the bride's grandmother. Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild will pass the spring in Washington, and on July 1 they expect to go abroad for a stay of several months.

Friends and classmates of Gertrude Havens-Norton, '96, will be grieved to learn of her death, which was caused by consumption and occurred April 24, at her home in Manhattan. Mrs. Norton spent most of the past winter in Colorado, in the hope of regaining her health, but she gradually became weaker, and in March returned to Manhattan. She leaves her husband, J. B. S. Norton, '96, and two little children to mourn her death.

In a letter recently received from Hartley B. Holroyd, '03, he says: "Having completed my course in forestry at the Michigan University, I am in charge of the Forestry Department at the Ontario Agricultural College, Canada, during the absence of the regular professor, who is now on leave of absence. In connection with my work here this spring we expect to establish several nurseries in different parts of the Province, the principal ones being near Toronto and at Georgian Bay."

C. Jeanette Perry, '98, was the guest of honor at a linen shower given Friday afternoon, April 7, by Mrs. B. F. Eyer and Mrs. A. W. Atkinson, at the home of the latter. Each guest, upon arrival, was given a tea towel to hem. These, when completed, were presented to the bride-to-be, with written bits of advice (wise and otherwise) upon various appropriate subjects. At five o'clock, dainty refreshments were served. Miss Perry was the recipient of a large number of very pretty and useful gifts in the linen line.

John M. Scott writes from Mesilla Park, New Mexico, sending good wishes to the JAYHAWKER. He says, "I am still enjoying life down here in the wilderness, as you people would express it, at about the dropping-off place. It is a good deal different from Kansas, that is true. It is a new country and undeveloped. If you could turn "Old Father Time" back about thirty years in Kansas history

you would then have some idea of this country at the present time. You can go out on the plains and ride all day and see nothing in the way of civilization but a herder's camp. I have spent a couple of days in the mountains this spring. One who is not acquainted with the mountains or has never scaled the rocky steeps can little realize the beauties to be seen or the pleasures to be derived from a romp among the rocks. I am kept busy as a bee. My teaching and station work keep me on the go all the time. I am glad to know of the progress being made in the Y. M. C. A. Remember me to McLean and all the rest of the fellows."

#### THE THOMAS-PERRY WEDDING.

One of the prettiest events of the season took place Wednesday evening, April 12, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Perry, when their daughter Jeanette and Henry M. Thomas were united in marriage. The rooms were beautifully decorated with bridal wreath, calla lilies, roses, and palms. The guests were received by Alice Perry-Hill, '03, and Ben Hill, sister and brother of the bride. At 8:45 Mr. Elmer Hill, of Topeka, accompanied by Miss Lora Perry, sang "All For You," and the sweet strains of "'Twas a Lover and His Lassie" greeted the appearance of the bride and groom. The simple but always beautiful ring ceremony was performed by Reverend Atkinson, after which the happy couple received the congratulations of their friends. A dainty three-course luncheon was served by Gay Perry and five other little girls. The bride's dress was of white chiffon, trimmed in Valenciennes insertion and tucks in Grecian design.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas both graduated from K. S. A. C. in 1898. Since that time, Mrs. Thomas has filled, with admirable efficiency and faithfulness, the position of executive clerk of the College. At the same time she

held a place in social and church circles that no one else can fill. She may perhaps be best known to a great many of the alumni by her excellent work as alumni editor of the JAYHAWKER. Mr. Thomas is collector for the J. I. Chase Thrashing Machine Company, and has recently been placed in charge of a number of states in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas carry with them, to their new home in Harrisburg, Penn., the best wishes of the JAYHAWKER and a host of other friends.

#### THE KANSAS CITY ALUMNI REUNION.

From J. W. Fields, '03.

The Kansas City Association of Alumni and former students of K. S. A. C. held their annual reunion April 8, in the Atheneum rooms of the Pepper Building, on corner of ninth and Locust streets. The rooms were beautifully decorated with flags and flowers. Chin music was first on the program, and every one seemed able and willing to do his or her part, so everybody was highly entertained during this number.

The program, so well started, retained its quality to the end, and we were further entertained by the following:

|                                      |             |
|--------------------------------------|-------------|
| Mr. T. L. Jones, '96.....            | Piano Solo  |
| Miss Meriam Curtice.....             | Violin Solo |
| Mrs. Lorena (Helder) Morse, '94..... | Piano Solo  |
| Arthur Helder, '04.....              | Piano Solo  |
| Miss Selby.....                      | Vocal Solo  |

Light refreshments were served during an intermission in the program, and immediately following the music a short business session was held, in which Phil Creager, '91, was elected president and Horace Pope, '94, secretary and treasurer for the ensuing year. A picnic was decided on, to be held some time in June. Phil Creager responded to a call for a speech, and Miss May Harmon spoke on coeducation. After singing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," and giving the College yell, we departed at a late hour, having had a

very delightful time together and thinking of those days we spent so pleasantly at the College.

The following were present: R. F. Bourne '03, W. A. Boys '04, C. D. Blachley '02, Clay E. Coburn '91, C. A. Chandler '00, Jas. W. Fields '03, C. V. Holsinger '95, W. E. Hardy '98, Arthur Helder '04, T. L. Jones '96, J. H. Osterhaus '01, C. E. Pincomb '96, J. A. Tompson '03, John E. Thackrey '93, S. L. Van Blarcom '91, F. O. Woestemeyer '99, G. C. Wheeler '95, Carl Pfueteze '93, H. C. Rushmore '79, B. L. Short '82, May Harmon '93, Helena Pincomb '01, Grace Allingham '04, Mrs. Belle (Selby) Curtice '82, Mrs. Dora (Thompson) Winter '95, C. N. Allison '01 and Mrs. Allison, C. D. Adams '95 and Mrs. Adams, J. A. Butterfield '98, Mrs. Ary C. (Johnson) Butterfield '98, Chas. R. Hutchings '94 and Mrs. Hutchings, A. T. Kinsley '99, Mrs. Anna L. (Smith) Kinsley '01, H. G. Pope '94 and Mrs. Pope, Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Smith '93, Will E. Smith '93 and Mrs. Smith, W. A. Staver '94, Jessie (Bayless) Steaver '98, Frank Uhl '96, Mrs. Maggie A. (Correll) Uhl '97, T. W. Morse '95, Mrs. Lorena M. (Helder) Morse '94, Phil Creager '91 and Mrs. Creager, W. A. Anderson '91 and Mrs. Anderson, Geo. F. Rose, Mr. Gundaker, Chas. B. Harling, Leslie F. Paul, Professor Metcalf, Louise Brown, Meriam Curtice, Florence Harling, Josephine Harper, Jennie Selby, Mrs. Eusebia (Mudge) Irish.

#### NOTES FROM WASHINGTON, D. C.

J. M. Westgate, '98, has charge of the alfalfa and clover investigations in the division of Agrostology.

C. L. Marlatt, '84, for the last two months has been studying special insect problems in Florida and Cuba.

C. S. Davis, superintendent of printing '97-'98, has been transferred from the Government Printing-office to the editorial rooms of the Geological Survey—a recognition of his good work.

G. L. Clothier, '92, of the Bureau of Forestry, is in Colorado at present, and will remain in the West until July.

M. A. Carlton, '87, is in the southwest, inspecting the Cereal Experiment Stations of the Department of Agriculture.

A. B. Gahan, '03, with the Maryland Experiment Station, is engaged much of the time spraying orchards in the state of Maryland.

Prof. A. S. Hitchcock has been transferred from the Division of Agrostology. He now has charge of the herbarium of the Division of Botany.

Corinne Failyer, '03, writes about the beautiful weather and the good times they are having in Washington, and sends in the following notes about Washington alumni:

Prof. E. H. Webster, '96, and Mrs. Florence Fryhofer-Webster, '95, are pleasantly situated at the "Columbia." Professor Webster is frequently absent from the city in the dairy interest.

Prof. D. E. Lantz, in the Biological Survey, Department of Agriculture, has received a substantial increase of salary, to take effect April first. He is publishing a bulletin on his investigations concerning coyotes.

W. L. Hall, '98, formerly chief of the Division of Forest Extension, is now chief of the office of Forest Products. His work includes the testing of strength of timbers, and treating them with preservatives to prolong their life.

Mr. Weber, who was assistant chemist in the Experiment Station, '01-'02, has charge of the "poison squad"—that is, the young men with whom the food tests are being made in the pure-food investigations by the Bureau of Chemistry. In addition to his work in the Bureau of Chemistry, Mr. Weber is taking the medical course in the George Washington University.

Maud Failyer, '03, is taking special work in mathematics and physics at the George Washington University; until recently the Columbian University.

C. F. Doane, '96, of the Maryland Experiment Station, is the author of a bulletin on the "Milk Supply of Twenty-nine Southern Cities and Towns," just published by the Bureau of Animal Industry. Mr. Doane and Mrs. Margaret Carlton-Doane, '96, expect to be in Manhattan to attend Commencement and the Alumni Reunion.

#### A LETTER TO OLD TIMERS.

For the past sixty days your humble servant has been guiding the business of the lower branch of the eighth legislative assembly of the Territory of Oklahoma, and consequently came in contact with a great many people. It is surprising how many were formerly from Kansas.

Clarence Wood, class of '79, represented part of the largest county of the Territory, to-wit, Woods. Frank Prouty represented part of Lincoln and part of Logan counties. Prouty attended K. S. A. C. during the presidency of John A. Anderson, but did not graduate. Mrs. Geo. W. Hall, wife of one of the clerks, attended K. S. A. C. during the presidency of Professor Dennison, in 1871, I believe. We enjoyed talking with her of those early days before the College was moved away from College Hill, and of those dear old professors who have gone to the great beyond.

During a social call on Mrs. Dr. Huse, we were shown a chair that had been taken from the steamer that was wrecked in the river at Manhattan.

Speaking of the removal from College Hill to the present site reminds me of the boys who helped move the trees from College Hill to help beautify the new campus and create shade under which some of our earliest pupils, now grown to manhood and womanhood, have strolled.

We took our industrial hours in a bunch on Saturday; our instructor was Aaron Winder; our lessons to dig trenches around the evergreens to permit freezing, and to dig deciduous trees that other boys, working out their P. M. industrial, planted in groups over the new grounds. Of these boys we met Shartel, Hutto, Perry, and J. K. Miller. John W. Shartel, '84, has been a frequent visitor in the House. John is a prominent attorney of Oklahoma City and general manager of the new electric line building in Guthrie, which is to connect with that in Oklahoma City.

Frank A. Hutto, '85, is professor of history and political science at the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College, where the legislature and their friends spent a delightful afternoon viewing the buildings and grounds.

E. H. Perry, '86, is a real-estate dealer in Oklahoma City, and he has all the appearances of thrift.

Rev. J. K. Miller was a student in '81 and '82. Many will remember him as the young man who took care of the Y. M. C. A. rooms. We enjoyed the hospitalities of his splendid home. He has a very estimable wife and a pretty boy of about six years of age. Mr. Miller is the Sunday-school missionary for the Presbyterian Synod of Oklahoma.

On the train in Stillwater we became acquainted with Harry Elbridge Moore, '91, who is running a creamery near Watonga, Blain county. He is an enthusiastic creamery man.

F. C. Burtis, '91, who is professor of agriculture at the Oklahoma Agricultural College, was down in charge of some handsome stock that the College exhibited at the live-stock show.

J. B. Thoburn, '93, was one of the busiest men around town. He is secretary of the Territorial Board of Agriculture, and with the Live Stock Association, The Dairy Men, The Good Roads Association, and the Territorial

Board of Agriculture, all meeting close together, he had his hands full. He was seen in the hall of representatives very often, talking to members about some of the bills he wished made into laws. J. B. is very enthusiastic in his work and the territory is to be congratulated in the choice.

Mrs. J. B. Thoburn, *nee* Rachel Callie Conwell, '91, was a frequent visitor in the hall of legislation.

Dr. Allen, of the Live Stock board, shook hands with us. The Doctor was a student in the latter part of the '80's. Our hearts warmed toward him instantly when he told us he was a Hamilton, that child of our College days.

During the early days of February the writer was called home by news of the death of the father of his beloved wife, Linna Snyder-Bassler, a student in '81 and '82. At home we met Edwin H. Snyder, '88. Edwin is a prosperous publisher of Denver, Colo. He spent several days with his sister and brothers before returning to his Colorado home.

As this is a letter of old timers to old timers, we must not fail to mention that friend of our youth, Steve Towers. Steve used to have a chair in Pete Hostrup's barber shop. We found him and two brothers running a shop in Guthrie, under the Capitol National Bank.

There were others in and around Guthrie whom we would like to have seen, but business was too pressing while in Guthrie, and farm operations were too pressing at home.—THOMAS BASSLER, '85, Ponca, Oklahoma.

#### THE TRIENNIAL REUNION.

"I know a spot that I love full well,  
'Tis not in forest nor yet in dell;  
Ever it holds me with magic spell—  
I think of thee, Alma Mater."

That spot is K. S. A. C. and the time to come and see the old place again is next June. Quite a few changes have been made, but it is the same old spot you used to know, and the one you have pictured in your

mind, dreamed, talked and sung about; the dearest spot you knew. Perhaps you want to arrange to meet some one at the south radiator or in the College post-office, as you used to do. If you do, don't be bashful about it. Those two places are still the most popular resorts in College. The very best the College can give will be at your disposal for a whole week of fun with old-timers and new comers. Come and enjoy yourself.

P. S.—The JAYHAWKER will take care of your umbrellas, overshoes, and other accessories while you are taking in the sights.

P. S. again.—Professor Dickens will take care of the babies. Bring yours and keep him busy.

P. S. the third time.—Don't forget to come.

P. S. the last time.—If you want to meet me at the south radiator, let me know.

#### ALPHA BETA ALUMNI PROGRAM.

On the afternoon of April 1 the Alpha Beta society held an alumni session, in which the following alumni participated, Mrs. Henrietta W. Calvin, '83, presiding; Prof. J. T. Willard, '83, responded with reminiscences of former times. Prof. H. W. Jones, '88, gave an interesting and instructive address on the subject, "Lessons Learned Outside Of College." A paper written by Chas. H. Thomason, '93, on "The Fleming Canon," was read by H. V. Harlan, '04. Mrs. Emma Knostman-Huse, '80, gave a bright and helpful talk on "Ideal of Life and its Application to Life." The "Gleaner" was edited by Mrs. Josephine Wilder-McCullough, '98. The motto was from Emerson, "We find in life just what we put into it," and the contents of the paper were letters and contributions from former Alpha Betas. The music, too, was appropriate to the occasion. The program opened with the singing of "Alma Mater," the College song, which was composed and set to music by Professor Jones.

Professor Jones also responded with two beautiful solos, accompanied by Mrs. Calvin. Mrs. Mary Finley-Ridenour, '98, played two pianosolos, which were highly appreciated.

We are indebted to Josephine Wilder-McCullough, '98 and '01, for the following "Gleanings From the Alpha Beta Alumni Gleaner:"

Chas. W. Kimball, a charter member of the Alpha Beta society, writes from 228 Center street, Riverside, Cal. He says they are all very well and as contented as could be so far from old friends.

John W. Stringfield, initiated in 1869, contributed some character sketches. Mrs. Stringfield, with Judge Sam Kimball, formed the select class of 1873.

John S. Griffing, '77, who became a member in 1872, writes of meetings held in Professor Platt's room in old Bluemont College. He says: "It was an honor then, as it is now, to be an Alpha Beta." He tells of the heated debates over the admission of ladies, "and those who voted to admit them have always been proud of the fact."

Frank C. Jackson, initiated in 1872, at one time teacher of telegraphy in our College, is assistant general agent of the Northern Pacific Railway Co., with office at Superior, Wis. He tells of days in the old College building on real College Hill; of Websters and how "you had to be well up in the *Dead* languages to get in." He doesn't see how the editress "gets over the canvas," for, as he remembers it, the A. B's. was a boys' society. "I believe that what I learned there of parliamentary law and practise has been of great value to me in presiding over other societies, holding down political conventions, etc. I send kindest regards to the old timers and best wishes to the present members of the society."

Mrs. Nellie Kedzie Jones, '76, who was one of the very first girls admitted (1874), tells how at "one of the first meetings the girls took their crochet-

work. A very grave man, Mr. Wm. Mattby, got up near the close of the meeting and said he was pained and grieved to see the morals of the society deteriorating so rapidly. He thought to be an Alpha Beta was to be all that was noble, but he had discovered that some members of the society *would book!*"

In 1877, Mattie Mails, '82, united with the A. B's. and several years later was united in marriage to John Coons, "of course."

Mrs. Dalinda Mason-Cotey, '81, writes from Logan, Utah: "How many long years have passed since I was secretary of the Alpha Beta! I little thought, in that far-off time, that I would follow in the footsteps of the venerable Mrs. Capps and teach domestic science. When I was an honored Alpha Beta, I always refused to debate and take part in extemporaneous speaking. Ah! how bitterly I have regretted that I did not take all the discipline of society work."

Ada Little-Mac Ewan, '86, writes from Kalamazoo, Mich: "Your editor's request for a reminiscence proved a pleasant one to me. Much of the value of reminiscences is in proving to the present generation that we have a history, so the little part of Alpha Beta I will recall is this: Once upon a time the society, jointly with the Websters, owned a library. After the College library was started it was decided to sell the books and papers at auction. One of the ripples of excitement was caused by the contest between Mrs. Kenzie and Lieut. Albert Tood, for several numbers of the *Industrialist* needed to complete files. The girls were all glad when one of the auctioneers, Will Whaley, '86, knocked down the numbers to Mrs. Kenzie."

Rev. O. L. Utter, '88, is now pastor of York Street M. E. Church, Cincinnati, Ohio. He recalls his first work in the Alpha Beta society. It was "to debate the affirmative of the ques-

tion 'Resolved, That the K. S. A. C. is of greater benefit to the state than any other educational institution.'” The affirmative swept the field clean. I have learned, in six and a half years of college life, after completing the course there, and several more years in the active ministry, that we did not half realize or appreciate our opportunities. If I could go over the way again I believe I could do the work much better; but we pass this way but once. You have entered into a rich heritage, for in those days there was some faithful work done for which you need not apologize. Greedily do I con the pages of the *Industrialist* to see what you are doing and to hear from those whose voices once filled the old Alpha Beta hall. *We* tried to dig the trenches and lay the foundation; *you* place the cap stone; but we are fellow laborers, for the building is the same.”

The contribution “Kedzie Hall,” written by Bertha Kimball-Dickens, '90, was part of the “Annual Gleaner”

edited in 1897 by Dr. W. A. McCullough, '98, as was also the cover of the “Alumni Gleaner.”

Mrs. Inez Manchester-Allison, '98, says that “seven years of relaxation from contributing to the ‘Gleaner’ makes it rather a difficult task now, though how good we feel to have that request come; good to know that our society home welcomes us and maintains an interest in us. Though, like many another Alpha Beta girl, my name shows that I love a Webster, I assure you that I am still an Alpha Beta, loving the old days and wishing all good things for future days.”

Adelaide Wilder-Sawdon, '98 to '00, writes from Ithaca, N. Y., sending cordial greetings. The society to which she belongs is called the Campus Club, and is composed of wives of the faculty. Among their friends they number Doctor Mayo's brother-in-law, Professor Carpenter, and his charming wife.

E. MAY JOHNSON

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June Needham-Carter, '99, contributed a pretty poem, "Down in the Country."

Existence is joy and *true living* divine.  
I have found it so in this home-nest of mine.

Elizabeth J. Agnew, '00, says she is "glad of the opportunity to tell you I am just as loyal an Alpha Beta as when we met every Saturday in the good old hall. I always read with interest any article relating to 'our' society; the one that has always stood for the development of the intellectual, moral and social side of the students' life, and find myself hurrahing for the A. B's. as lustily as ever.

"Oft in my cognitions, as I dwell upon the past,  
I see a grand old picture, thrown on memory's wall.  
'Tis the picture of the College, Alas! it did not last;  
But the brightest, happiest corner was the Alpha Beta hall."

### Locals.

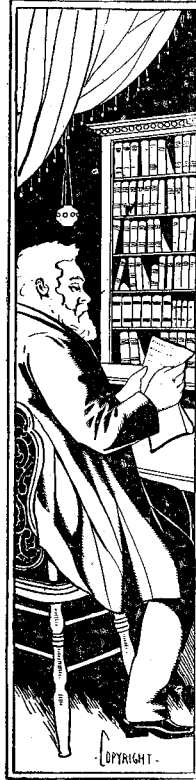
Special Easter services were given at the down-town churches on Easter Sunday, and all church-going people were given the opportunity to hear, among other things, some good vocal music.

The Music Department has again covered itself with glory, as the result of the students' recital given in the Auditorium, Friday evening, April 14. The program consisted of piano, violin and vocal solos, and was very much enjoyed by those who heard it.

Tuesday night, April 25, the senior girls entertained the senior boys in honor of Mr. F. L. Courter, who won highest honors in the cross-country runs. For the occasion, the Domestic Science Hall was made a veritable bower of apple blossoms — a most appropriate place for a spring frolic. Interesting amusements were provided, toasts were proposed and responded to, and the evening passed in the most pleasant manner possible. The toasts were given by Eva Burner, F. L. Courter, Jessie Sweet, Olive Duñlap, and G. W. Gasser.

The '05 class-book, "The Bell-Clapper," promises to be "a thing of beauty," to say the very least, and will undoubtedly make a valuable College souvenir for anyone interested in the College. On its pages we shall see not only the intellectual faces of the '05's, but also numerous College and town views, as well as choice reading-matter pertaining to the College life of this interesting class. The book is bound in soft leather and its price is \$1.50.

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