

Mary C. Lee

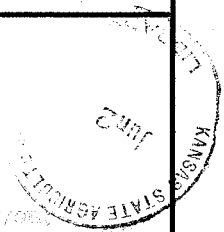


Vol. III

No. 10

THE JAYHAWKER

And now, my dear friends, I have three addresses to which
I think it fit that we should send our hearts
You, as your business and needs shall require, you
The every man has business and needs of
Back on it by, and it for - that's your heart,
Love you, all - *Harriet*



~~~~~  
JUNE, 1905  
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MANHATTAN, KANSAS
THE JAYHAWKER PUBLISHING COMPANY

THE PLACE

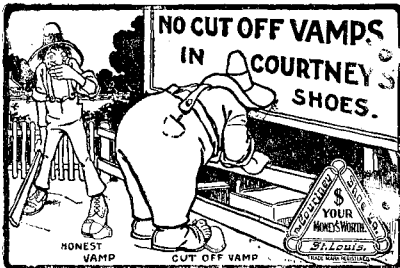
TO BUY

GRADUATION

PRESENTS

THE BIG RACKET

CHAS. B. HARRISON



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The Leader

And be made happy.

How?

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Courtney Full Vamp Shoes

NEW HACK AND BAGGAGE LINE

W. N. BILGER

Makes all trains day and night. College trade a specialty.

PHONE 35

Headquarters
BARNETT'S BARN

PROGRAM FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK, 1905.

Friday, June 9

Societies' Commencement Lecture to Invited Guests, College Auditorium,
8 p. m., Dr. Montaville Flowers, President Flowers' Academy
of Speech and Dramatic Art, Cincinnati.

Sunday, June 11

Baccalaureate Sermon, College Auditorium, 4 p. m., Rev. T. H. McMichael,
President Monmouth College, Monmouth, Ill.

Monday, June 12

Recital by Music Department, College Auditorium, 8 p. m.

Tuesday, June 13

Examinations from 8:30 a. m. to 2:40 p. m.

Class-Day Exercises to Invited Guests, College Auditorium, 8 p. m.

Wednesday, June 14

Examinations from 8:30 a. m. to 11:50 a. m.

Reunion Literary Societies, 1:30 p. m.

Business Meeting Alumni Association, 3:30 p. m.

Reunion of classes, 4:30 p. m.

Triennial Alumni Address, College Auditorium, 8 p. m.
Prof. F. A. Waugh, Amherst, Mass.

Thursday, June 15

Annual Address, College Auditorium, 10 a. m., by Governor Hoch.
Presentation of Diplomas.

Cadet Band Concert, College Auditorium, 2 p. m.

Military Drill, 3 p. m.

Triennial Alumni Banquet, Women's Gymnasium, 7 p. m.



Pres. E. R. Nichols.



DON'T WAIT FOR OPPORTUNITIES; MAKE THEM.

VOL. III.

JUNE, 1905.

NO. 10

Mechanical Engineering Department.

THE present Mechanical Engineering Department had its start as a small wood-shop and, while the shops are still a very important part of the department and shopwork a strong feature of the mechanical engineering course, yet the work that bears most directly on the class of work that the mechanical engineer will be called upon to perform in his career is that done in the drafting-room and laboratories. It is with the laboratory work that this article has to do.

Four years ago the laboratory equipment consisted of a Riehle testing machine, cement tester, six-horse-power steam-engine, gage tester, and one indicator. In addition to the above the department now has a ten-horse-power steam-engine, two gasoline engines, eight and ten horse-power, an air compressor, air motor, cement testing cabinet fully equipped with molds, etc., a concrete block machine, capacity 250 full-sized blocks per day, a twenty horse-power traction-engine equipped for testing as a boiler, as a stationary engine or as a road engine, three steam separators and separator testing plant, two steam calorimeters, a transmission dynamometer, two gage testers, five steam and one gasoline-engine indicators, and

numerous small instruments for accurate measurements.

The object of laboratory work in a mechanical engineering course is three-fold: First, to familiarize the student with the construction, operation and possibilities of various engineering devices. Second, to train the student in habits of accuracy and speed in observation and calculation. Third, to correct or add to the present knowledge concerning engineering materials and apparatus.

Whenever possible the tests in the laboratory are made on full-size specimens and on apparatus of economical commercial size, but occasionally the lack of equipment or time necessitates the testing of small specimens. The results obtained in the latter case are seldom reliable for use in design, but the experiments serve to demonstrate the principles involved in engineering.

By carefully porportioning the tests on full-size and reduced-size specimens, a maximum number may be made in a term and the students not lose the training and efficiency that come from testing apparatus and material of commercial sizes.

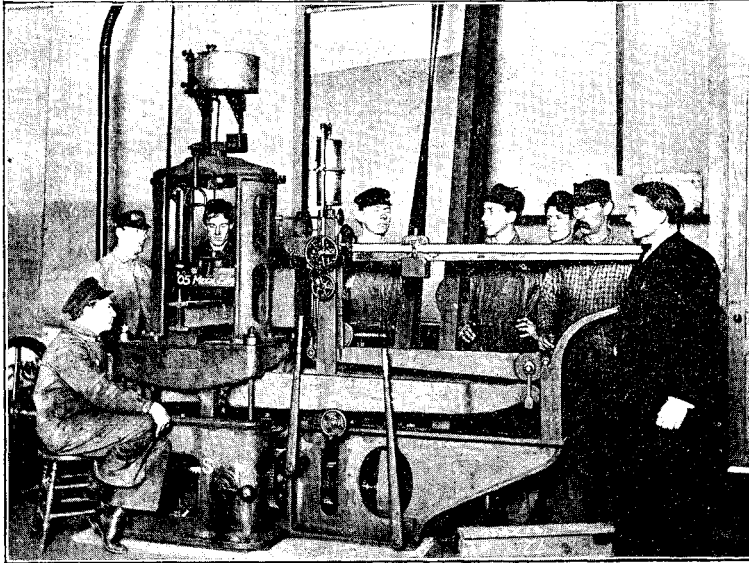
In the mechanical engineering course each student makes tests of the tensile, compressive and transverse strengths of cast-iron, wrought-

iron, and steel, compressive and transverse strengths of timber, strength of chains, welds, stone, brick, cement, etc. Cut number one shows this year's class testing cast-iron I beams.

In the thermodynamic end of the work, efficiency tests are run on steam-

per pound of coal, the pounds of steam used per horse-power per hour, the ratio of the brake horse-power to the indicated horse-power, and the cost of fuel for each effective horse-power developed.

The necessity of covering a certain



Cut Number One.

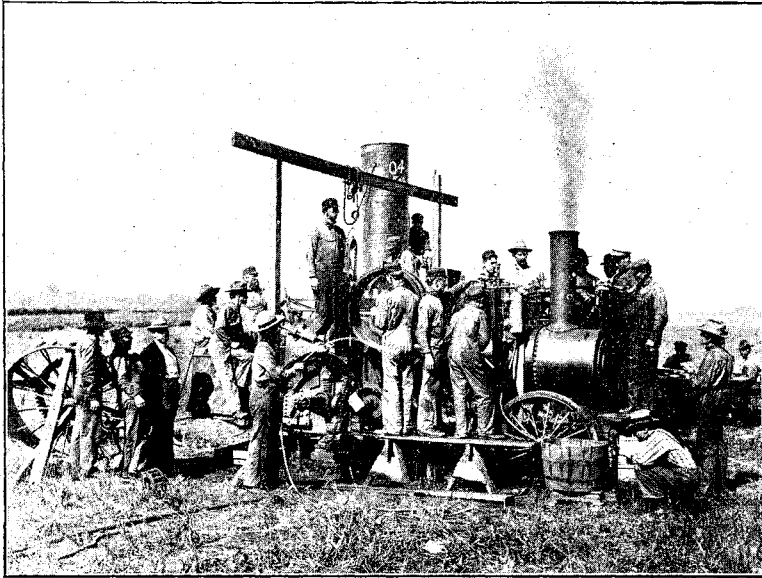
and gas-engines, separators, boilers, etc. The department has a complete air compressor plant so arranged that an efficiency test can be made from the steam-engine, through the air compressor and receiver, to the brake of the air motor. Each year a coal and evaporation test is run on one of the boilers in the College plant or on one of the traction-engines. Until the steam engineering was cut out of the electrical course, these tests were conducted by the electrical and mechanical classes. Cut number two shows the seniors of 1904 conducting an eight-hour evaporation test on an Advance traction-engine. The object of this test was to determine the number of pounds of water evaporated

amount of ground and performing certain standard experiments, which experience has shown to best illustrate the principles involved in experimental and designing engineering, precludes much opportunity for original investigation by the student in the regular course of the laboratory instruction. This deficiency is overcome by the fact that nearly all these taken in the department are along experimental lines and call for original research work. Each student is urged to take a subject, all or some branch of which he can bring to a satisfactory conclusion in the given time, and such a subject that the results, if the experiments have been properly conducted, will be of commercial value.

In some cases theses have been taken that will extend over several years, one or more students from each class taking up the work where the preceding class left off. This is the case in the work that is now being carried on to determine the strength

the course of a thesis to determine the power required to drive different machine tools under various conditions.

A thesis now being carried on with the Avery traction-engine has for its purpose the determination not only of



Cut Number Two.

of Kansas cements as compared with each other and with those from other localities, and to determine the strength, enduring qualities, etc., of concretes of various proportions made from these cements. This subject was taken up by the class of 1904, and is being extended this year.

To successfully carry out a thesis, specially designed apparatus is often necessary. The student is expected to design and, as far as time permits, to construct the apparatus himself. The facilities of the shops are placed at his disposal, but he is held responsible for the successful completion of the work. Cut number three shows a transmission dynamometer which was designed and constructed in

the efficiencies of the boiler and engine, but of the comparative power required to haul loads over level roads and on different grades, and the power required on hard, well-constructed roads, properly cared for, as compared with that required on poorly built and badly neglected roadways. The results of this thesis should present facts of considerable value in favor of or against building good roads. E. B. McCORMICK.

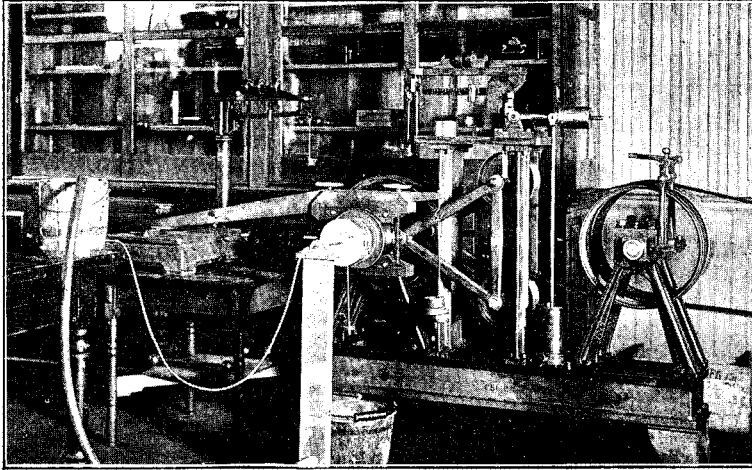
Students and faculty at Tufts College are happy because of a gift by Andrew Carnegie of \$100,000 for a new library. Fairmount College, Wichita, gets \$40,000 and K. U. gets \$30,000 from Mr. Carnegie for the same purpose.

The Ups and Downs of Schenectady.

By H. D. Matthews, '04.

IF Schenectady is a fair example of eastern cities with regard to morals, culture, and civilization, then the West is not the most undesirable spot in Uncle Sam's country to live in.

especially to one possessed of an adventurous spirit. The tall, bronze Indian erected at the site of the Queen's Fort, which was destroyed during Revolutionary times, still stands, and with its tacit bow and arrow bids defiance to the passing of time.



Cut Number Three.

What is Schenectady, anyhow? It is a city, of course. It merely consists of a few historic spots thrown together at obtuse angles, surrounded by the busy life of sixty thousand people and called Schenectady.

To feel a true inspiration from the town, one has to let his imagination go back a century or two and picture the trials, hardships and strenuous life of its early settlers, and then, perhaps, as he stands on the ground where the early tragedies of our history occurred, he will have a feeling of sympathy and respect for the men who nourished this progressive town during its infant days. The many statues and monuments erected to the memory of some important person or event of its early happening give it, indeed, a romantic atmosphere,

The city still shows the character and tastes of its early builders by possessing a number of old buildings that show a decided tendency toward the old Dutch style of architecture. In fact, many of the new buildings have been built in this old style, and to a person used to the wide verandas and spacious yards of the West they present a very striking and awkward appearance. It is owing to the peculiar culture of these early Dutch inhabitants, who laid out the city on hill and in valley in such peculiar manner, that it will never be able to boast of its wide avenues of sunshine, or its "picturesqueness" as a model residence city.

The Erie Canal, which winds its watery trail through the heart of the city, has its characteristic tow-path

and mule driver, and its presence seems to be in perfect harmony with its surroundings.

But let us take a glimpse at its business life. The American Locomotive Company, which has the honor of building the largest freight engine in the world, and the General Electric Company, whose advances in electrical machinery are revolutionizing manufacturing and transportation, are located here. The one, with its buzzing shops and hosts of employees, joins with the other in making the city what it is, commercially. The General Electric, that employs twelve thousand men to keep its wheels turning, deserves special mention and more minute description. Here is the largest machine-shop in the world, containing the largest milling machinery used for manufacturing purposes. The crowd of hungry workmen coming up the street at closing hours furnish a sight for the visitors in town. They remind one of a Democratic parade before election.

But Schenectady is not immaculate. The large number of foreigners, mostly Italians, and that peculiar type of American zoölogical specimen, make it necessary that the city should contain and support four hundred institutions where one may go and, with a Ponce de Leon spirit, procure that fountain of life that makes one cool in summer, warm in winter, long lived, wealthy, and respectable. A man with a Havana under full blast, who can go down the street with a bottle of "four full quarts for one dollar" sticking out of his pocket, and use some language besides plain English, is an ideal citizen. One who is interested in studying human nature by means of faces and language will find in these seven thousand Italians an excellent field for observation.

This is not a heathen city, however. It has its touch of modern society. The man who takes a servant along to hold his cigar while he makes his calls

is not more fastidious, perhaps, than the society lady who appears on the street leading a little mongrel in ribbons and delicate attire, with silk shoes on its "dear little feet." The great fad for opera going makes it necessary that a great deal of time, labor and thought must be spent on the subject of dress, that one may appear in society with good grace.

But all dreams have ends, so this one must. We do not like Schenectady, and we do not hate it. Its atmosphere of over two hundred years seasoning gives it a real charm, so that one who is under its influence may not leave with any feeling of regret, but will greatly appreciate the good works done by early forefathers in laying the foundation of what may some day be a metropolis, full of historic and modern interests, where one may come and go, and feel that this is a pretty good old world to live in, after all.

In the High Mountains.

By Charles Henry Thompson, '93, M. S. '98.

IF asked to tell of the most impressive spectacle that ever came to my view, there would be no question in my mind as to which to choose, for one alone stands out permanently grander than all others; but there would be a very grave question as to how I should be able to give another any conception of its magnificence.

A few years ago I was employed as a ranger in the government forest reserves of California. The reserves there cover hundreds of square miles, extending, for the most part, along the Sierra Nevada mountains, and my work took me over a vast range of territory, from the low, level, hot sandplains, through the red foot-hills, on up through the heavy timber belt of the higher mountains, and yet further on, past the zone of vegetation, to the wind-swept, barren, rocky peaks of the summit. In one of my journeys it was my rich fortune to meet with the most sublime experience of my life, and it is my

purpose to here give some account of it, which at best can be but a feeble effort.

It was in early September. Another ranger, his son and myself constituted a company detailed on a special piece of work which took us many days hard travel far beyond our ordinary range, some eighty or a hundred miles from the nearest permanent habitation, far up on the ultimate tributaries of the San Joaquin and Kings rivers. Our last camp was beautifully situated at the edge of a mountain meadow, among the pine and fir-trees. This meadow was but a small, green spot at the lower end of an otherwise barren valley, some four or five miles long and probably half a mile wide. The valley is known to miners and stockmen as "Flemming Canon." On either side, the valley is hemmed in by high, solid granite walls, and over the plain below are scattered huge granite boulders, all more or less rounded. Through the center of the valley these boulders are piled up in a long, winding row, in some places fifty feet high. From a higher altitude the picture is most striking. The polished walls and long line of boulders midway between tell us the story that at one time no trees grew in Flemming canon, no little white violets lifted their pure faces to the sun, no blue-jays and squirrels chattered and disputed over the boundry-lines. These all came later. Previous to their coming, the canon was one long, deep river of solid ice and had been so for many, many years, slowly, very slowly moving along, carrying the huge boulders and polishing its granite shores.

At the eastern end of the canon stands Red Mountain, obviously so named because of its color, for in this it is certainly striking, its rusty red making it stand out in bold contrast to its neighbors of gray and black.

Early in the morning our company was in the saddle, headed eastward. At the base of the mountain we left

our horses and started the climb. In many places it was in truth a climb up almost perpendicular walls. At a high altitude, one's powers of endurance aren't especially pronounced, so we found the ascent no child's play. Gradually working around to the east side, we found the slope not nearly so steep, but the rocks were broken and loose so that our footing was very insecure, and frequently we found it necessary to drop on "all fours" and "coon" it.

The summit of Red Mountain is a big cap-stone, probably fifty by one-hundred feet, and about fifteen feet high, flat on top, with almost vertical walls. We reached the cap-stone at one o'clock in the afternoon and stopped in its shadow for a rest. While sitting there, feasting our minds on the grandeur about us, we were astonished to see the stars sparkling in the pale blue sky overhead. At one in the afternoon it doesn't seem possible, yet there they were, bright, white, sparkling lights—not the yellow stars we see from a lower altitude. No doubt this difference in color is due to the difference in the purity of the atmosphere through which we view them. By stepping from the shadow into the sunlight, the star-lights disappeared, but stepping again into the shadow they were once more brought to view. This experience alone was worth the exhaustive climb. While the sun may have been made to shine by day and the moon by night, truly the stars are with us always.

The last climb brought us to the level top of the cap-stone, and how shall one tell of the grandeur surrounding this point of view? First and last, it may all be attributed to the most wonderfully pure atmosphere. I have been asked how far one could see. There is no limit, apparently, except in the curvature of the earth. Away to the north, Castle Peaks and peaks beyond, hundreds of miles away, stand out in bold relief, glittering in

the sunlight like veritable ice kings' castles. South it was the same. Mt. Whitney, the highest peak of the United States, some fifty or more miles away, with its cap of perpetual snow and ice, towered far above us and looked to be but a few miles distant. Eastward, there were peaks beyond peaks; everywhere gorges, barren rocks, and snow-caps. To the west, far below, everything was veiled from view by a sea of clouds, rolling and restless as the mighty ocean.

But the pure atmosphere—one breathes it and new life surges through his veins, his eyes are clearer, his mind quicker. He feels himself monarch of all he surveys, and is glad that a veil of clouds screens away the impurities of the lower world. He feels that he is very near the great Creator, and that he has caught a glimpse of the life beyond. It seems that with one, full, final breath he may rise from this world of mingled joys and sorrows and float away into oblivion, into an eternity of peace and contentment, with naught but pure love in his soul.

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### *A Dakota Romance.*

By Wilma Cross-Rhodes, '04.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE days had passed rapidly by. The harvest was over. The wheat had been carried to the elevators in the distant village, and the stacks of straw, which later would be burned, stood like solitary sentinels in the stubble-fields. October was nearing its close. The nights which even during the summer months had been so cool as to force the use of blankets, had grown longer and colder, until, by the first of September, overcoats were necessary for early evening wear. Though never accustomed to such low temperatures, for three months Jack Ralston had lingered about the Purdue home, testing, as he said, his admiration for Da-

kota farm life, but in reality sounding his affection for Anna. By his unwearied exertions in the harvest-field he had excited the admiration of all the hands, and especially of Roy, who was unconsciously imbibing lessons from Jack's noble personality. In a short time our friend also mastered many of the intricacies of stock-raising. But profitable and pleasant as these occupations had proved, on the last evening of his visit to the farm, as he stood drying the dishes for Anna, he was forced to confess to himself that his happiest moments had been spent in duties that brought him nearest to her. One by one he had relieved the little housewife of responsibilities, which Roy had never thought of assuming. She no longer carried the heavy pails of water from the well, split the kindling or built the fires. These and kindred kindnesses demonstrated his manliness far better than greater deeds could have done, and Anna loved him for it, though she dared not name her emotion. No word of affection had passed their lips, yet they somehow understood.

Methinks that the Garden of Eden is more responsible for the invention of wireless telegraphy than any scientist who will ever live.

Jack believed the time was now ripe for confession, so when Anna stepped outside to empty the dish-water, he followed with a pail and, drawing her arm through his, started for the well a few rods distant.

"Anna," he said, abruptly stopping and facing her in the moonlight, "you must know how dearly I love you. I have striven to show it in every act, and you do love me, don't you, dear?"

"I think I love you, Jack," answered Anna softly; and the sound of his name on her lips for the first time was like music to him, "but mother needs my love."

"We could not spare her, Anna; our home shall be her's. But are you not *sure* that you love me, little girl?"

"I am afraid I am not. It is true that I have never felt toward another person in this world as I do toward you, but I want time to be alone and think."

"I understand," he said slowly, "will an hour do?"

"Oh no!" said Anna, "It must be days—just as long as I have known you."

Anna only too well remembered Roy's threat concerning the clearing out at Christmas time and she wanted to be confident that no other motive save love prompted her acceptance of this noble man.

"It seems to me a foolish fancy," said Jack after a long and thoughtful silence, "but I can, in a way, appreciate your desire, and I have thought of a plan. To-morrow I return to my old duties. I had hoped to return as your betrothed. It is just three months until Christmas. We will not correspond during this time unless one or the other desires to break the contract. I will leave you my address, but if I hear nothing from you on Christmas eve, I shall return to claim my bride. What do you say to it, little girl?"

"That is an excellent plan," answered Anna in a relieved tone, "and then I shall be sure of myself."

"I cannot feel so happy over it dear, but if you wish it, it must be so. But should not that bargain be sealed—with a kiss?" suggested Jack as he took her hands and drew her to him.

Anna hesitated but an instant and then said, "Since you are the first and only one—yes."

Thus did cupid enter among the homely duties and teach two hearts the lesson of eternal love.

There is no telling how long they would have lingered in the moonlight had they not heard a cough and an amused voice saying, "Pretty cold night for sparking, isn't it?" and Roy strode past them into the house. They knew not how much the big

brother had heard, but when they at last started toward the kitchen with the water they had firmly resolved to tell him nothing. "Mother must be told though, Jack, for she can help me keep my secret."

"Would it be a surprise if I told you that she already knows it? Of course, as yet, she is ignorant of our agreement, but I have already asked of the privilege of asking you."

The lovers had little further opportunity for conversation that evening, for Roy and his mother had much to say to Jack. In the morning, however, the latter found an opportunity to bid Anna an effective good-bye.

"I am going a long way off, darling, to a place that you have never seen. But you will trust me as I do you, won't you, Anna, and remember I am ever praying that your letter may never come."

His sweetheart had little realized how difficult the parting would be. Her voice was so choked with unshed tears that she could not speak. Silently she pressed the hands about hers, while the great, dark eyes, brimming with tears, looked into his and he understood.

(To be continued.)

*From an Alumnus at Cape Girardeau, Mo.*

I AM just completing my fourth year in my present position, in what is rapidly growing into the best equipped normal school in the West. As some of my friends know, we were totally burned out in the spring of 1902, a few pieces of broken physical apparatus being the only property saved from the whole equipment. We have had to rebuild from the ground up since then, and many times our teaching has been done under great difficulties; but we see a good time coming now and all our hopes are buoyant. We have two buildings completed, each costing \$25,000, and a new main building nearly com-

pleted, which will cost \$250,000. These buildings are all built of sawed limestone that is far more beautiful than the famous Bedford limestone, and which underlies us in a solid mass one thousand feet thick.

To the south of us there is a country that is destined to become the garden spot of the state. There are six counties of all bottom-lands (in this state, and several more in Arkansas) which, when drained and cleared, produce enormous crops of wheat, corn, and alfalfa. Alfalfa land rents at \$10 per acre, cash rent. They grow five to seven tons per acre in a season, and \$11 per ton has been the lowest price for years.

In many respects the spirit of our school differs from that of old K. S. A. C. If one of our students were told that he must complete Hinsdale's American Government, read the history of our political parties and write a thesis of three thousand words all in twelve weeks' time the shock to his nerves would be so great as to incapacitate him for several days. He would want at least nine months in which to complete the work, and in addition he would want his examinations as he went along, and under no conditions would he want the finals to extend over more than the last ten days of the work.

Our attitude toward athletics is also different from that of K. S. A. C. Here, if a student belongs to a football team and has laboratory work also, he is excused from his laboratory if the hour conflicts with football practise, and the teacher is expected to go up to the school on *Monday*, if necessary, to instruct the student while he makes up his lost time. I often wonder what some of the instructors of the class of '97 would have done if such a requirement had been made of them. However, I still retain enough of my K. S. A. C. training to oppose this regulation, but I am outvoted by those who think it the acme of education to try to ape the eastern universities.

The more I see of other schools and of men who have been trained in other schools, not excepting our great universities, the more I become convinced that the spirit of K. S. A. C. and the work done there has ever been such as to fit men and women for the very highest view of life and to inspire them to make the most possible out of the talents with which the creator has endowed them. I used to wonder why all the older alumni were such staunch supporters of the late lamented President Fairchild, while many of the younger ones criticised him. I know now that it was largely because they had been given opportunities after leaving K. S. A. C. to compare the man with others holding similar positions, and to see his towering strength. Long may his spirit remain in K. S. A. C. R. W. CLOTHIER, '97.

### *The Other Fellow.*

Bruce Hogin, '03.

IT is early morning in a western city. The last man comes running down the platform and climbs aboard. The usual signal, the bell rings, and the stubby little engine puffs away for the trip down the pier. In the train behind is the usual load of passengers—men and women bound for the morning trip across the bay to their work in the city beyond. Year after year some of them have ridden, at the same hour, in the same car, in the same seat, each engrossed in his own thoughts and plans, with no heed for the Other Fellow who is his daily companion.

And yet the reason for his apparent self-absorption is this same Other Fellow, whom he seems to ignore so thoroughly. For he is an all-pervading sort of person; it seems impossible to get away from him. You determine to win some place in athletics; along comes the Other Fellow and takes the honors. You pick first rank in some study as your goal; but the Other Fellow reaches it first. A

business man—you see the deal you fondly hoped to make, fall through because the everlasting Other Fellow was around. History is but a chronicle of plans and counter-plans, the victory and defeats of countless Other Fellows. The daily papers are but mere records of living, struggling Other Fellows of to-day, and all our plans for future years are largely based on what the Other Fellow will do, or to what extent we can do him. He is an interesting chap, for be he light or dark, strong or weak, cheerful or melancholy, smart or stupid, it is his thoughts and actions that make the world go round.

It does not pay to laugh at him. Life is a great teeter-totter, and the man you are looking down on now may before long be swinging in heights you never reached, and you may be one whose downfall helped to swing him there.

Again, if the Other Fellow seems to repel your advances, to answer you crustily and to avoid you, don't set him down finally and for all time as an ill-bred, sullen sort of a person, whom you do not care to know. Give him time and a little encouragement. It took three years for the writer to penetrate one man's mask and really know him; but it was worth the effort, for in the end he proved the truest and most sympathetic of friends.

Some one has said that every man is a composite photograph of every one with whom he comes in contact. What kind of an impression do you want to make on the sensitive plate of another's nature? The impressions that you leave there make their mark on you as well. We get just return for what we give in this world. If we invest a cheerful face, a charitable tongue, a merry laugh, an upright character, we get in return all these, and what's more, the respect if not the good will of those about us.

But if we subscribe only a scowling face, a sharp or filthy tongue, a voice

full of discontent, a character in which the potential rascal, which is in every man, has gained the upper hand—if this is all we give the world, then the Other Fellow reads the sign that our thoughts and acts have chiseled into our features and has for us that feeling of distrust which is our due.

Little difference would it make what sort of lives we led if we could escape the Other Fellow. But we can not.

We may drive him away when he would be friendly, but we are in some way dependent upon him, and by our manner in these encounters we will be known and remembered.

Memory has been likened to a monster photograph album, in which are constantly being placed snap-shots of those about us, as we meet them from day to day. Does it not behoove us, then, as we pass along, to "look pleasant," to speak pleasantly, to be pleasant in every way? Since we cannot be rid of the Other Fellow, ought we not so to live that when we have gone to give account to God, our fellows will turn over the leaves of memory's album and see there pictures only of a pleasant smile, a kind word, a helpful, pure character?

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Recent Development of Japanese Literature under European Influence.

MRS. R. R. PRICE.

ONE finds comparatively little concerning literary development in Japan during the last twenty-five years. This period of production under western influence is perhaps noticeable for quantity rather than quality. There is much publishing activity, and newspapers and other periodicals are many.

There could be no more sudden change than that displayed in the literature of Japan since the restoration (1867). Even in the last eighteen years the public taste has greatly changed. It is not for a moment to be expected that an age of transition, such as that in which Japan finds her-

self at present, should yet have been productive of great literary works.

Eighteen sixty-seven is a convenient date from which to reckon the substitution of Europe for China as the source whence the Japanese draw inspiration. In art, political institutions, religion, and even literature, they are in the habit of modifying extensively everything which they adopt from others, and impressing on it the stamp of the national mind.

The opening of Japan to foreign commerce in 1859 resulted in a new system of government which Japan now enjoys. It is the most highly centralized and efficient that the country has ever known, and has raised it to an unparalleled height of power and prosperity, liberty, and enlightenment. A very large share in this result was due to the influence of western ideas. With the fall of the Shogunate, the moral, religious and political principles on which it was based became more or less discredited, and the nation turned to Europe for guidance. The great political change which had taken place produced no immediate results, so far as the literature was concerned. The reorganization of the constitution, the reform of the laws, the formation of an army and navy, the construction of roads, lighthouses and telegraphs, and the establishment of a national system of education, had first to be attended to. But the visible superiority of Europe in all such matters led to the study of European and especially English books as sources of practical knowledge. Before 1867, Dutch, which was studied by interpreters as a means of acquiring a knowledge of western medicine, was the only European language known to the Japanese. Now information is eagerly sought from all quarters of the globe, and books in many languages are read by the Japanese.

How much of the present development of Japan is due to American enterprise becomes evident when one

realizes that many of the most important engineering and mining improvements brought about in that part of the world in recent years have been under the charge of men who were educated in America. Three Japanese students came to Boston as early as 1870 to study engineering. Also Japanese educators and writers have degrees from Harvard, Yale, Columbia and other American colleges. The present Japanese minister of foreign affairs, the man of the hour in Japan, spent five years in America. He graduated in 1877 from the Harvard Law School, being the first Japanese to take a degree from that institution. These students returned to Japan with American ideas and infused the progressive spirit of western civilization into the literature. Foreign teachers and foreign employees have helped to work the transformation of the literature. In recent years, thousands of foreigners of many nationalities have traveled and resided in Japan and thousands of Japanese have traveled in many parts of the world. Foreign vessels flying many different flags freely enter the harbors of Japan, and Japanese ships conduct passengers to Asia, America and Europe. All of this has had its effect in developing the recent literature of Japan.

Japanese taste for reading is illustrated by a recent official report from the Imperial library at Tokio. The table is of interest to us as showing how large is the number of European works included. During a period of twenty-four days covered by the report the readers numbered 7770, and the books called for were about fifty thousand Japanese and Chinese and six thousand European works in translation. The leading firm of book sellers in Japan recently asked a large number of eminent Japanese men of letters, of science and of business, to name their favorite European and American books. From the seventy-three answers received, Darwin's

"Origin of Species" is the most popular book. Next come Goethe's "Faust," the Encyclopedia Britannica, and Hugo's "Les Miserables." Among English men of letters, Byron and Tennyson are the most popular.

A prominent Japanese writer for magazines has an interesting article in the March number of the Bookman, on "What English Books are Known in Japan." He says that Wilson's reader was the school book that first found its way into Japan, some 20 years ago. This was followed by the Union reader, the Swenton, and now the National reader is used. There was no book like the Sketch Book in its influence over Japanese students. What a charm in Irving! He is still a Japanese favorite, and has been the inspiration for several excellent Japanese stories. Evangeline was used in the schools first in 1884. Ella Wheeler Wilcox was introduced about this time, long before Lowell and Doctor Holmes. Bert Harte was known before Edgar Allen Poe. Every student felt ashamed if he did not mention Emerson in conversation. Dickens' Christmas Carols was placed among the school books in 1888. Thackeray and George Eliot began to be mentioned. In the last few years, western novels have become very popular. Their translation has increased astonishingly. Some fifty books were translated in the last year. The translation of Victor Hugo's "Things Seen" is regarded as especially good; also, Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." Two or three works by Tolstoi have been translated and received with great favor. The gradual invasion of modern English short stories has been apparent the last three years. Translations of European plays are made for the Japanese theater. The successful introduction of Shakespeare into Japan has been the most triumphant event of the year just passed in the Japanese dramatic world. Both Hamlet and Othello have been pre-

sented in Tokio, though the old school bitterly opposed such an innovation. In order to render Shakespeare intelligible to the masses, the time of the plays has been changed to the present, the characters to Japanese, the places to Japan, Formosa, Siberia, and Manchuria. Although this is the first successful appearance upon the stage, the translation of Shakespeare has been on the library shelves for fifteen years.

Two years ago the Japanese experienced a delightful surprise when someone introduced a few chapters from Sherlock Holmes. There is no book more popular than Andrew Carnegie's "Empire of Business." The translation and the original are both sold in wonderful numbers. The "Letters From a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," by George Horace Lorimer, have had the distinction of being translated into the Japanese. In Japan the book is called "Advice for Existence." Within two months of its first publication a fifth edition was issued.

It is pointed out that in no respect have the Japanese shown greater keenness than in their appreciation of the Bible as a means of learning good English. Never in the history of the London Bible Society has it distributed so many copies of the Scriptures as since the Russo-Japanese War began. (I might add here that the first complete translation of the Bible into Japanese was accomplished in the year 1838, after twenty-nine years of earnest effort.)

There has been no time in the past thirty-six years when there was exhibited such a serious thirst for Western intellectual books.

(To be continued.)

"Oberlin has just received \$125,000 from Andrew Carnegie for a library. The money was given on condition that \$100,000 additional be raised for endowment purposes."

A Hello Letter from a Hello Girl.

I think I must tell you of the work in which I am now engaged—that of an operator for a telephone company. I am sure that not many alumni have a similar occupation, and I must add that it is very interesting work.

My cousin and I came into the office the first week of last December and have been here pretty steadily ever since. The company is newly organized, a coöperation of the farmers from the surrounding country, though there are several 'phones in town.

When we began our duties as "hello" girls, the switch-board had just been installed, though two or three country lines had been in operation the summer preceding. However, there were several new subscribers, so we were all new at the business together.

Since we have about one hundred fifty 'phones connected with the switch-board we come in contact, in a way, with a large number of people, and of course with as many different characters. It is certainly an excellent place in which to study character. I did not suppose that people could ask so many unreasonable, unanswerable questions as we are asked. They seem to think that "central" is a general bureau of information, a walking dictionary, and a general news agent. Evidently we are expected to know everyone on the lines, to recognize their voices, and to hear all conversation that takes place over the line. If anything goes wrong with any of the 'phones or lines, we girls are told of it—as if we did not already know. Just as surely as we call up anyone and try to talk, there will be several calls for us to answer.

As the busy season for the farmers approaches we have some lively times, and it seems, sometimes, as if every one wanted something all at the same time. The country folks begin calling for the stores, the elevators, or the banks, soon after daylight some mornings.

We have what is called series 'phones, and the subscribers can call up each other on their own line. Each line has a set of bells on the switch-board, and any time that any one rings on a line it rings the bell in the office, and when two or three of these bells begin jingling it is almost impossible to answer the calls for central.

So far as we are able, we use the Morse alphabet for signals for the country subscribers. On one line there are twenty-five subscribers and it rather taxes our ingenuity to make up enough signals.

All our "family" seem much interested in the central office and each one, as he comes to town, must come in to see the switch-board and how it works.

We have considerable toll-line and long-distance work to do, and so we have the tolls to collect. We also have the collecting of the rent for the town 'phones, and out of this we pay all expenses pertaining to the office. Then we must report all trouble on the lines to the line man and keep account of and report the arrival of all new material. The officers keep giving us more work to do, until we often wonder if they wouldn't like to have us take charge of everything.

FLORA BALLOU, '04, Delphos, Kan.

An excursion from the Jewell county schools was run to Manhattan on Friday, May twelfth, and from nine o'clock A. M. till night the campus was overrun with visitors. Entertainment, in the way of a dress parade by the battalion and a concert by the Music Department, was provided in the afternoon. The excursionists appeared to be greatly interested in our various departments, and it is to be hoped that their impressions of the College were such that next year will show a large increase in the attendance from Jewell county. An excursion from McPherson county had been planned for the following Tuesday, but was postponed.

Brown's Military Band.

For several years Brown's Military Band has given annual concerts. The concert given this year, on the evening of May 1, was by far the best ever given by that organization. The band, consisting of 35 pieces, was assisted by Bruce R. Jackson, euphonium; Cora E. Brown, harp, and Adele Blachly, soprano. The following program was rendered:

March (New)—"Diplomat".....	<i>Sousa</i>
BROWN'S MILITARY BAND	
Overture—"Il Guarany".....	<i>Gomez</i>
(Incidental Solos for Saxophone, Baritone and Clarinet)	
Euphonium Solo—"Polka di Concert,"	<i>Braham</i>
BRUCE R. JACKSON	
Waltz Suite—"Wedding of the Winds"....	<i>Hall</i>
(Incidental solos for Trombones and Clarinets)	
Solo for Harp—"Valse Caprice".....	<i>Verdalle</i>
CORA E. BROWN	
Intermission.	
Selection—"Medley Overture".....	<i>Chataway</i>
(Incidental Solos for Baritone and Cornet)	
Solo for Soprano—"My Dreams".....	<i>Tosti</i>
ADELE BLACHLY	
(a) Sextet from "Lucia".....	<i>Donizetti</i>
(b) March—"Louisiana Purchase".....	<i>Losey</i>
Finale—"American Patrol".....	<i>Meacham</i>
"Star Spangled Banner"	

Local Notes.

The Eighth District Christian Endeavor convention was held in Manhattan, beginning May 12 and lasting three days. The exercises were held in the Congregational church and attendance was good throughout. Charles M. Sheldon was among the prominent speakers.

The annual junior-senior reception was given on the evening of May 8, in the beautifully decorated rooms of Kedzie Hall. The profusion of flowers, the May-pole, the May-baskets and the queen of May herself, in the person of Jessie Sweet, proclaimed the reception a strictly May affair. After the two-course luncheon, Fred Caldwell toasted the senior class, and response was made by Ray Carle. Mr. Cheney then gave the seniors a good-natured roast, and W. R. Ballard, in turn, roasted the the juniors. As the last feature of the program, the shep-

herd's crook, which has been held by and which bears the colors of each graduating class since '98, was presented to the junior class by Blanch Stevens, who recounted the exciting history of the crook. It was received by Marcia Turner.

The Y. W. C. A. started in this spring to make money, and it is good to note that their efforts have been rewarded by the desired increase of funds in their treasury. Their first attempt was a table in the main hall, from which they sold the best of home-made candy. This was followed in the course of a week by a peanut and pop-corn stand. The program was then varied by the introduction of an ice cream and lemonade stand, north of Anderson Hall, and later noon luncheons could be procured at their table on the lawn of Kedzie Hall. Their greatest success was the original idea of serving a May morning breakfast in Kedzie Hall—a meal which was attractive enough to generate a good appetite even without the stimulus afforded by the early morning walk up the cinder path.

The last lecture on the course was given last Thursday night, May 18, by Dr. Gaunsaulus, of Armour Institute, on the subject, "Gladstone." He reviewed vividly the political life of Gladstone, touching here and there on his contemporaries, and the part they bore in the life of that wonderful British statesman. In speaking of the charge of inconsistency that has been made of Gladstone, he compared him to a Kansas sunflower which, when planted in the soil, grows always toward the light, and is inconsistent *because* it grows, developing at the last seeds like the one from which the plant grew. Thus from inconsistency comes consistency. His forty years of statesmanship were devoted in drawing England with him towards the light, "standing in the rain, drawing England to her feet in righteousness."

Mike.—“Say, Pat, did yez iver read ‘In the Dark?’” Pat—“Aw, g’wan, what de yez tink Oi am, a firefly?”

The College literary societies are planning reunions during the latter part of Commencement week. The Hamiltons and Ionians will hold a joint meeting in the hall, and later adjourn to some shady spot on the campus for a picnic.

Those who attended the lecture on “Famous Paintings,” by Miss Hetty G. Evans, of the Art Department, in the chapel on June 5, were both entertained and instructed. The lecture was illustrated by stereoptican views of famous paintings, taken mostly from Bible paintings. The proceeds went to swell the Y. W. C. A. funds.

During the third hour on Friday, May 20, the engineering students were privileged to hear Doctor Gunsaulus concerning “How to Fail in Engineering.” In substance he said: The young man of to-day is seeking, in engineering, those opportunities in which he can do the most good in the world. All the land over, there may be found, crowded into halls of technical learning, the brightest of young minds, while, though regretfully acknowledged, the theological schools can little more than scatteringly seat an audience room upon commencement day. Since the fall of materialism, more reverence has been paid to engineering, because in it has been discovered a ministry which has for an end an obedience to the divine behest to “subdue the earth.” This ministry is none other than that for which the Master worked. So important is the work of an engineer that he must call to his assistance more than skill, learning, and opportunity—he must bring character into it. But if one must and will fail as an engineer, let him cease to study; let him be behind time, lie to himself, lose his temper (here he likened a temper to a fire under a boiler, which, if always kept there, is power), or drink a little.

The Chanc't.

We'se opinionati' on the questions of the hour,
and various things,
The smoke in fancy forms a curlin' round us,
settin' in at Billy Bing's;
How Mis' Chadwick turned the trick, the Esopus swimmin' pool,
Kuropatkin an' the wiley Japs; Widder Sweet-
ney's brindle mule.

Here an' there a driftin', free an' easy shift-
in', wher the Elder'd stop,
How Jay Gould and Rockeyfeller riz unto the
summer top.
Then up spoke lean and lanky Banks, solem'
like, sez zee,
Spitin' at a crack, “the chanc't, yas, sir, that's
my philostophe.”

“Fer istance, ther's William Allen Black,
the one 'at we called Bill,
He growed up in these yer parts, you know,
out on Lonesome Hill.
He'se well and favo'bly knowed, the world
eroun, got books in print,
Been licked by an irat' female woman an' hez
et with the Presid'nt;

Natchelly, I wuz pearter than him; bornd on
the self same day,
I wuz a eatin' vittles when he wuz simply tug-
gin' way.
Ef Bill Allen's chanc't hed only fell ter me,
By Gum!
I'd a been ther' an', a heap furdur too, than
him, you'd see!

His paw sent him to College; he went the cary-
culm clean through,
A sellin' papers in winter time, an' a workin'
in summer too.
With chanc't its easy to clim' the towrin, lad-
der to fame
An' in blazin' letters uv everlastin' glory writ
your name.

As shore as I'm a settin' here, if I'd a got the
chanc't
Like Andee Carnegie, I'd been a captin' uv
fac-enanc't.
What's that air? the embrac'tin' uv hit, you
say?
How ken a feller embrac't unless hit happens
his way?”

His closin' eloquents fairly shuck the atmos-
pear:
“Sarch hist'ry annels from Adam down to
Bailey, fur and near,
On sea an' land, it teacht, there's no ust a
buckin' fate
So I've jest drapped down ter sleep an' rest
an' wait.”

—MRS. MATTIE TOOTHAKER-KIMBALL.

Prof. O. F. Lewis, of the University of Maine, gives some interesting statistics concerning the self-supporting student in American colleges. He says the average expenses of a student are two hundred dollars a year. Only three colleges out of fifty-nine believe that self-support is a hindrance to college work. He also states that the majority of the colleges also report no difference in social standing.

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COLLEGE BASEBALL TEAM

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R. A. Cassell, second base; H. Strong, left field; G. C. Kahl, right field; R. F. Booth, coach; Art Furey, pitcher; W. M. Putnam, first base; W. L. Davis, third base; W. I. Coldwell, pitcher; Jens Nygard, manager; A. F. Cassell, center field; Carl Miller, catcher; S. W. Cunningham, short stop; Carl Mallon, third base; (Capt.) H. E. Porter, right field.

SENIOR BASKET-BALL TEAM.

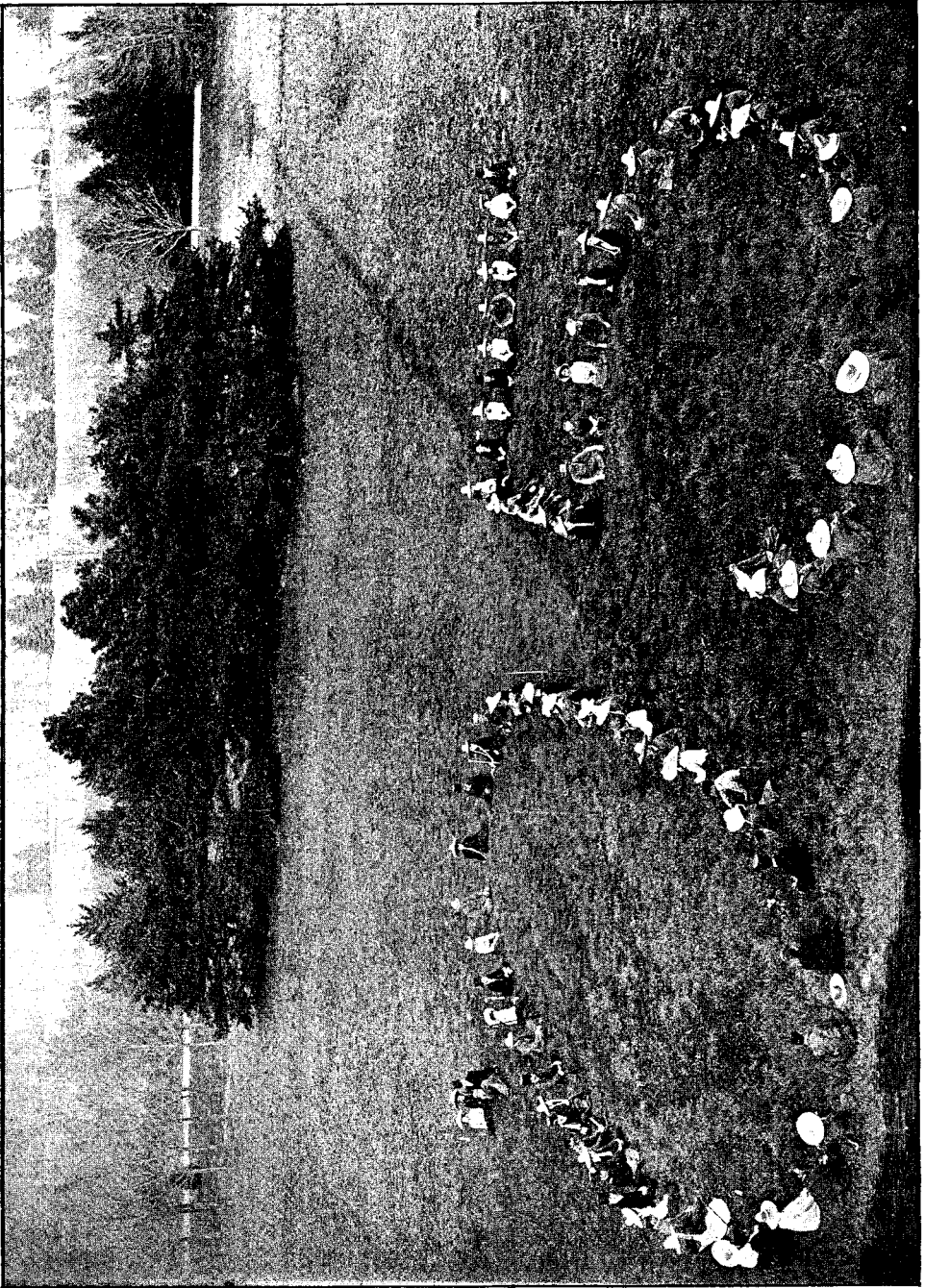
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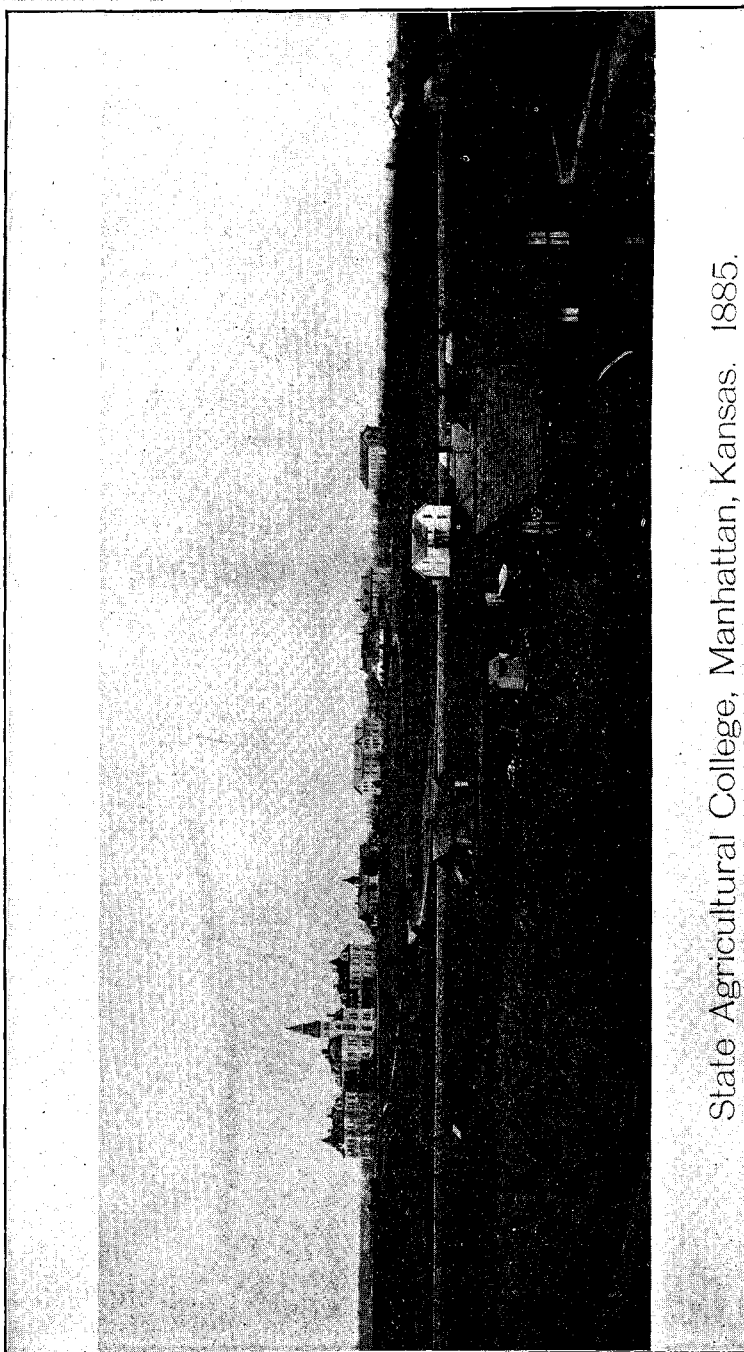
Fanny Emma Reynolds, right guard; Nellie McCoy, left forward; Nellie W. Baird, right forward; Nina I. Kirkwood, center; Mamie Cunningham, left guard.

JAYHAWKER STAFF.

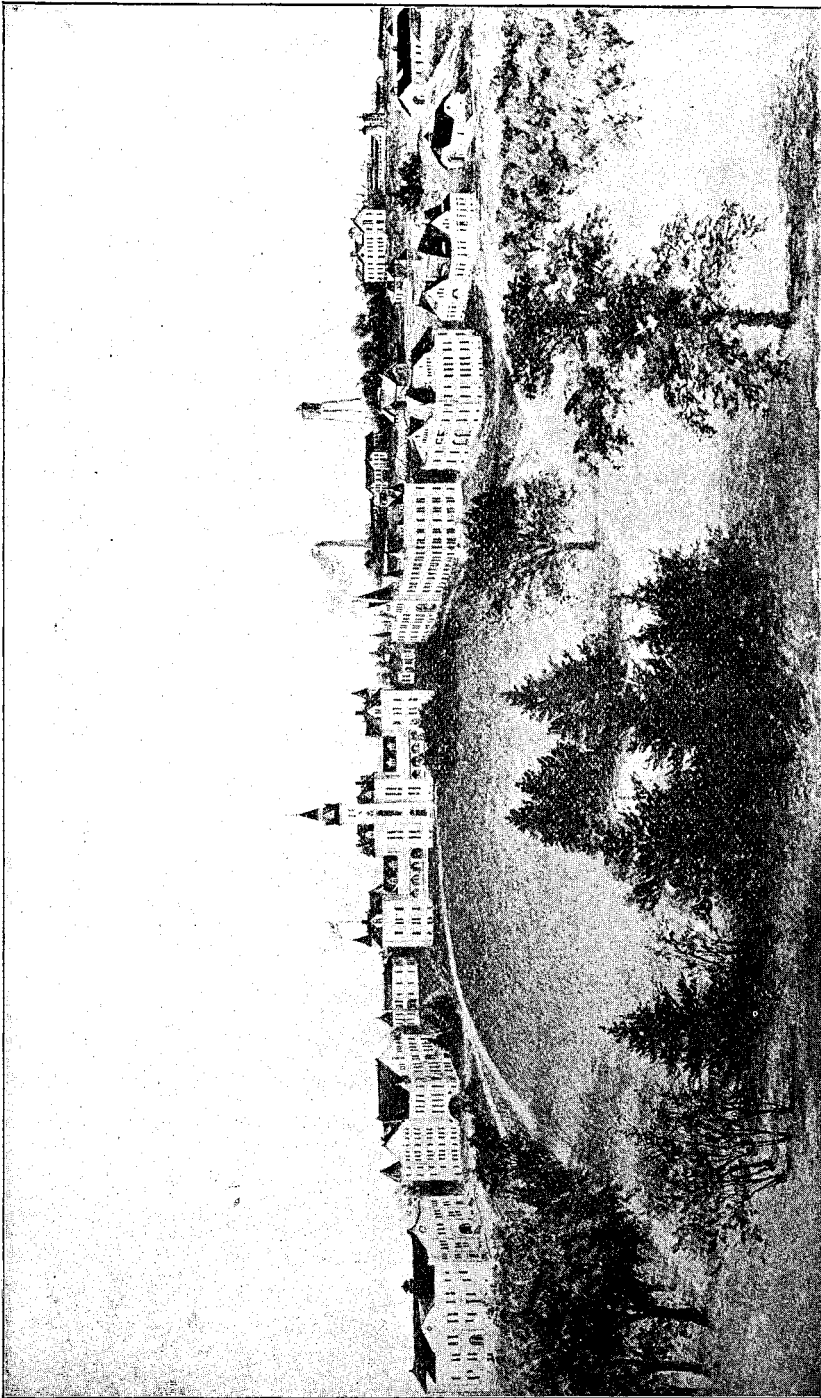
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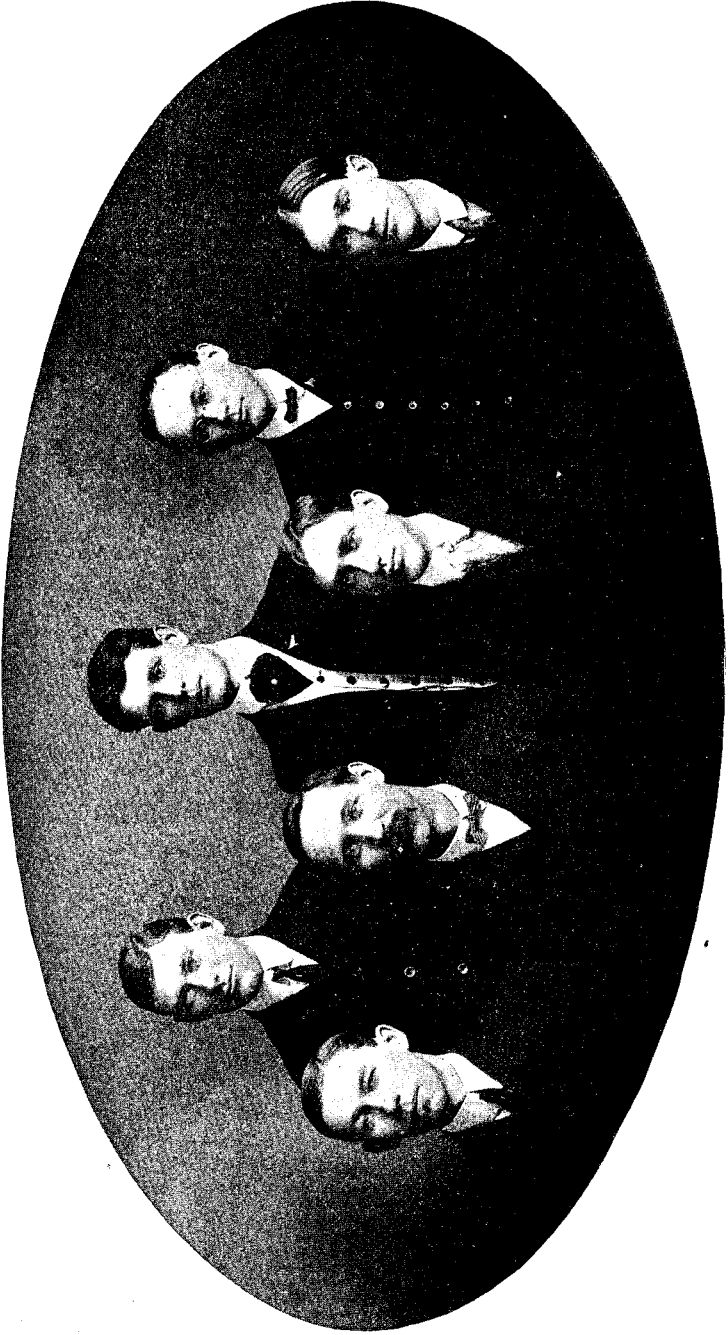


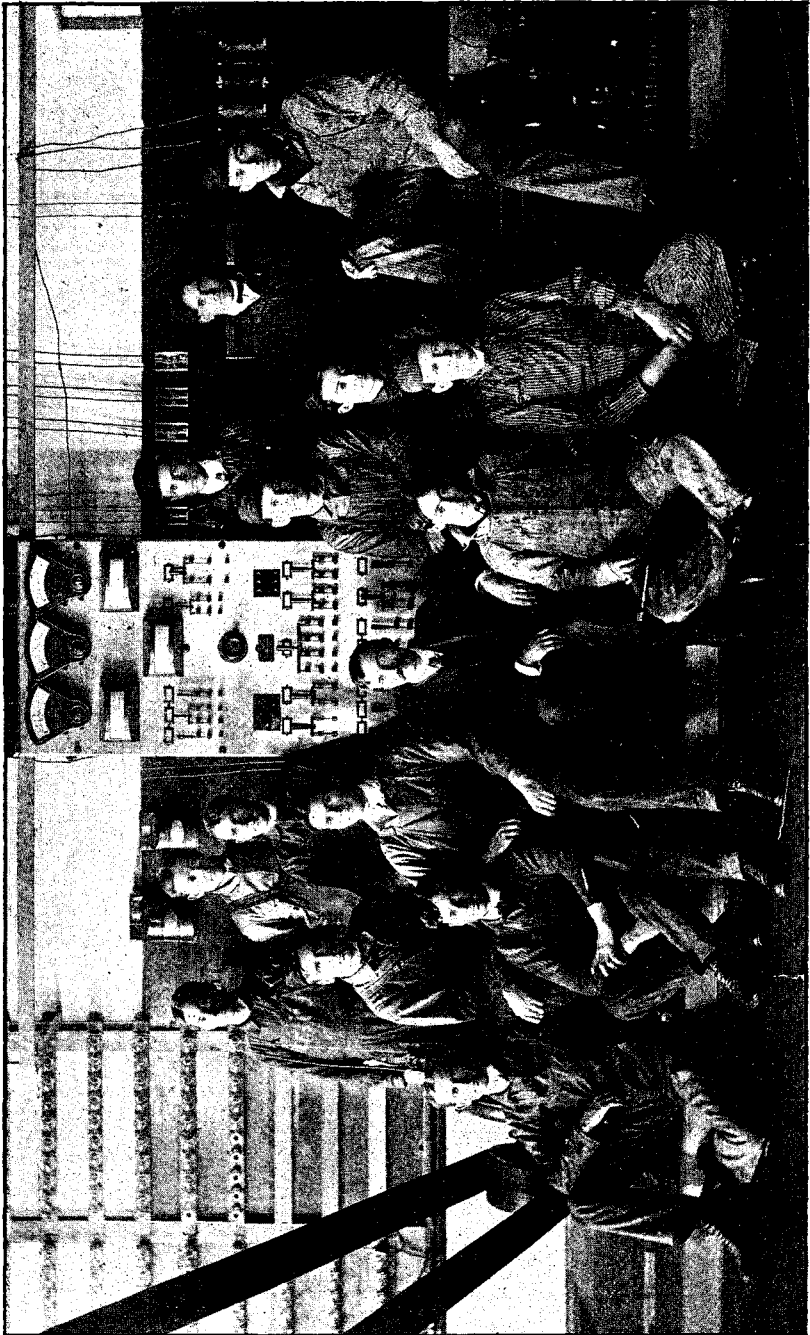


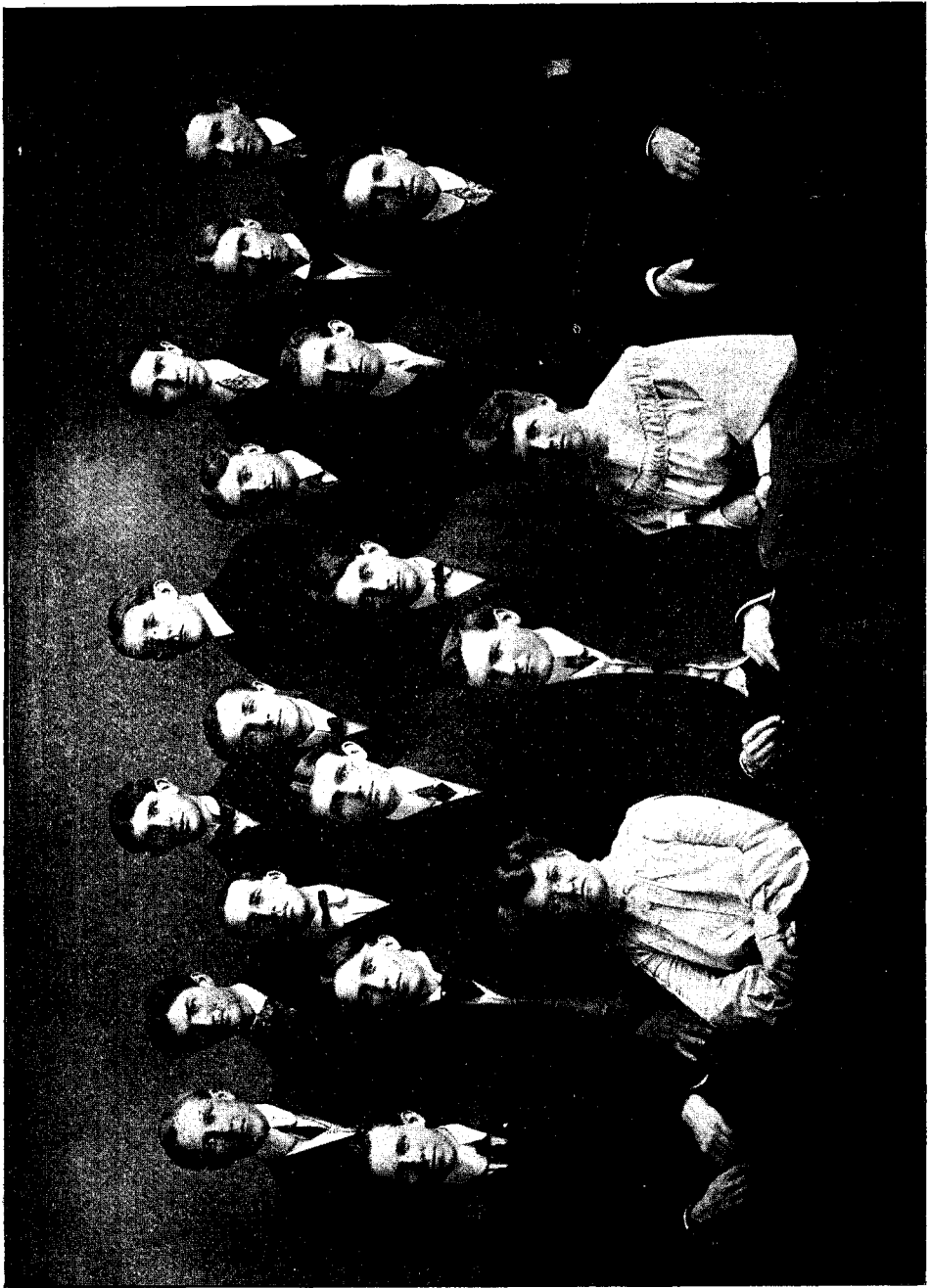
State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kansas. 1885.

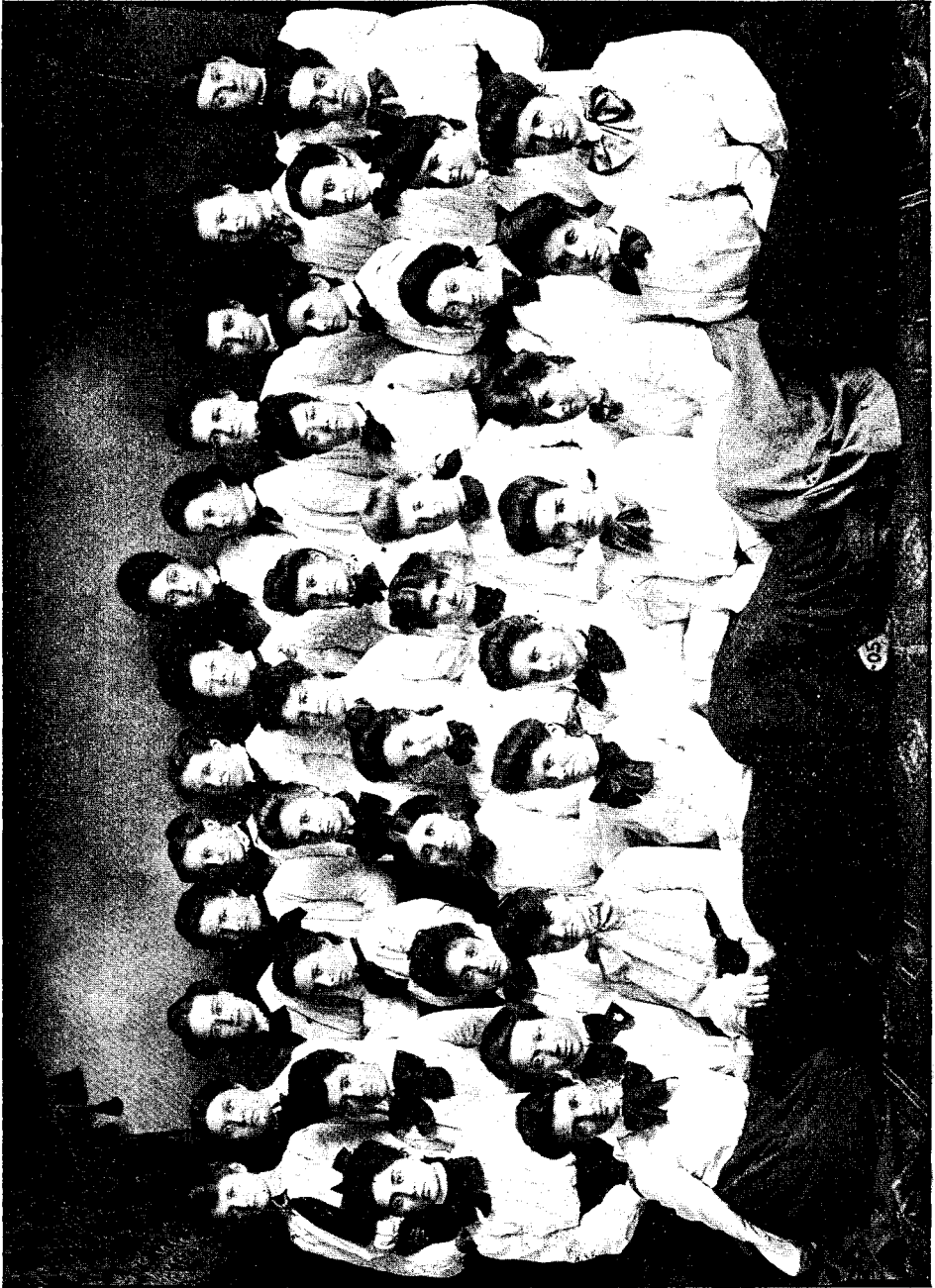


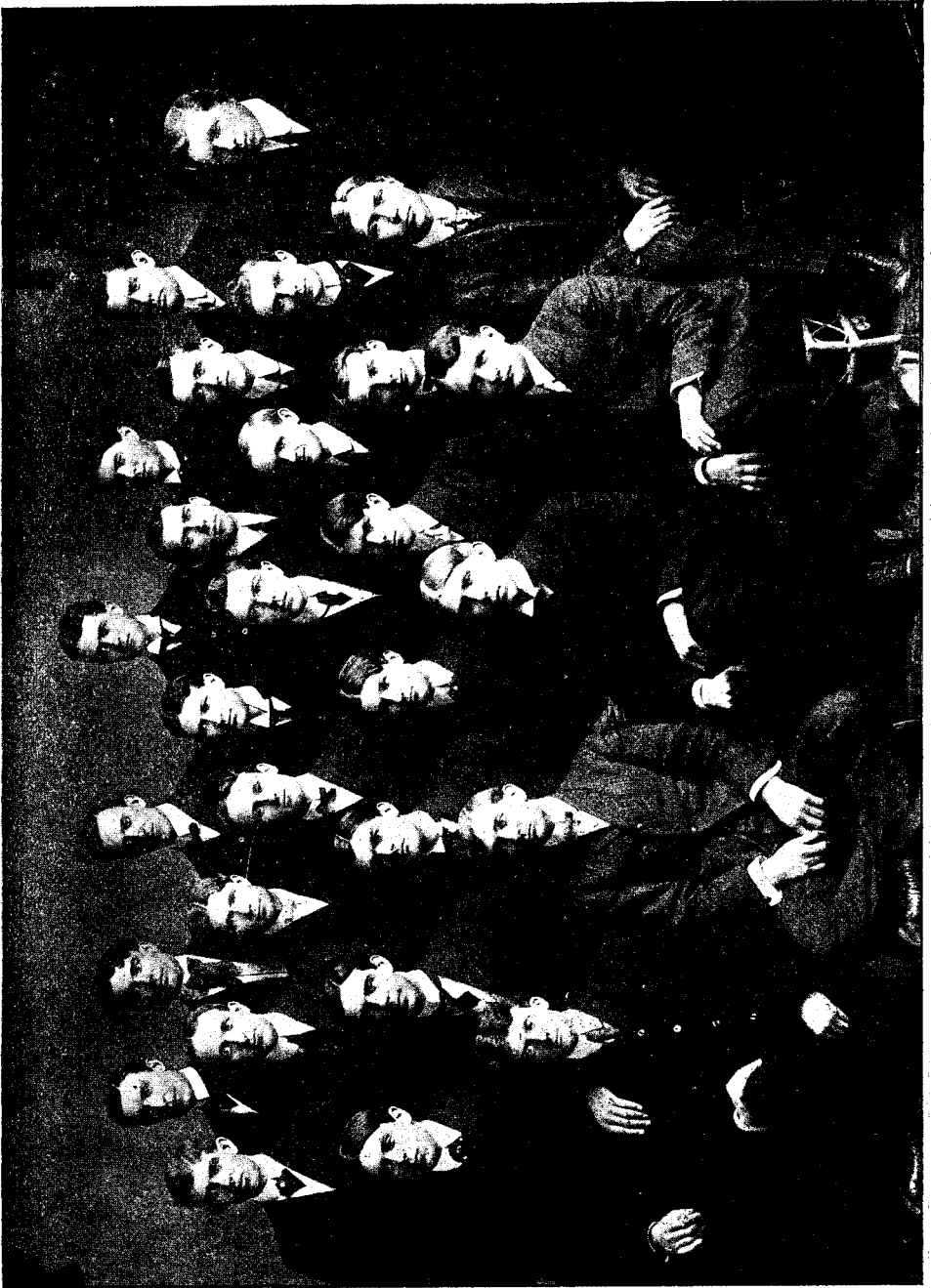
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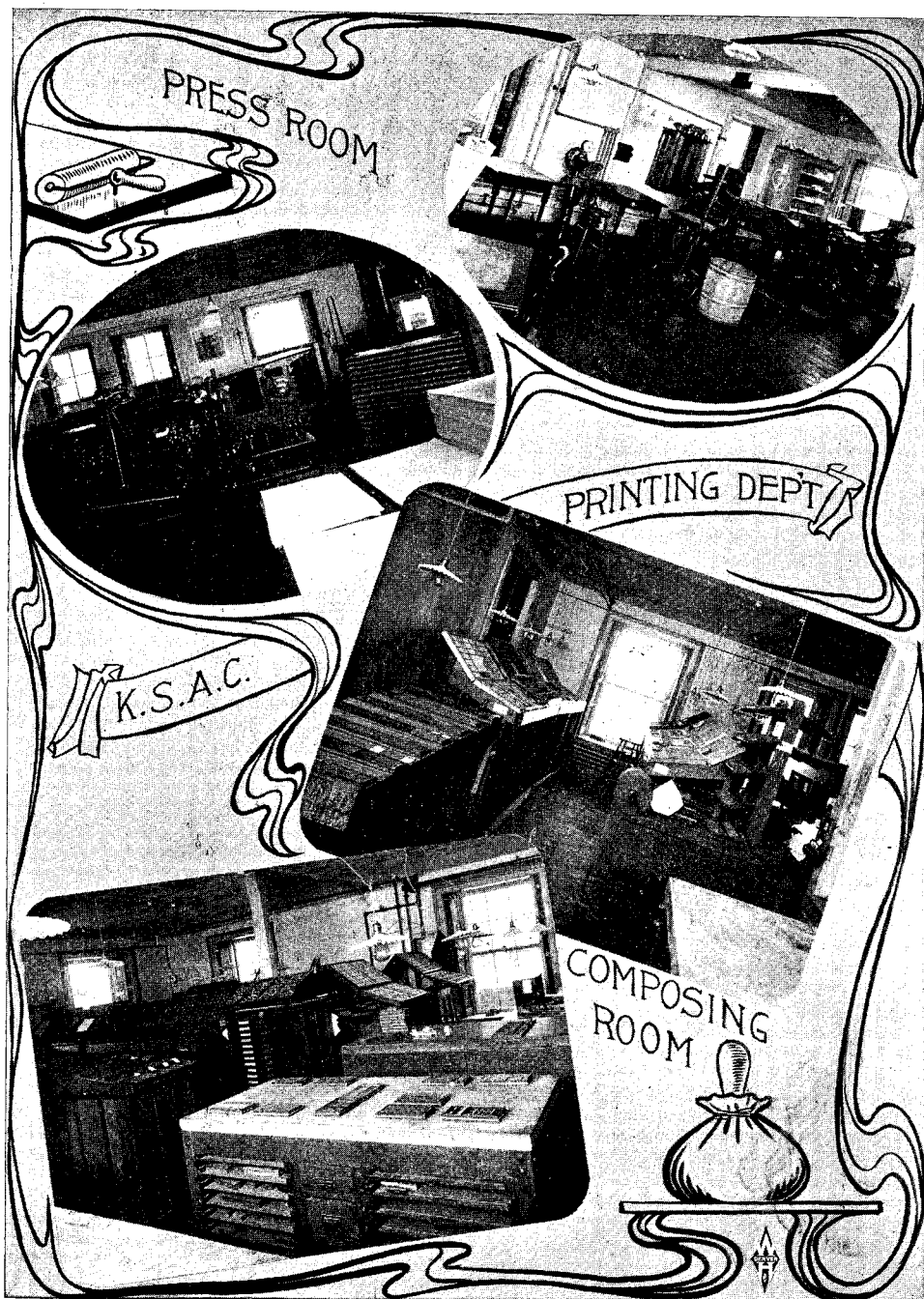




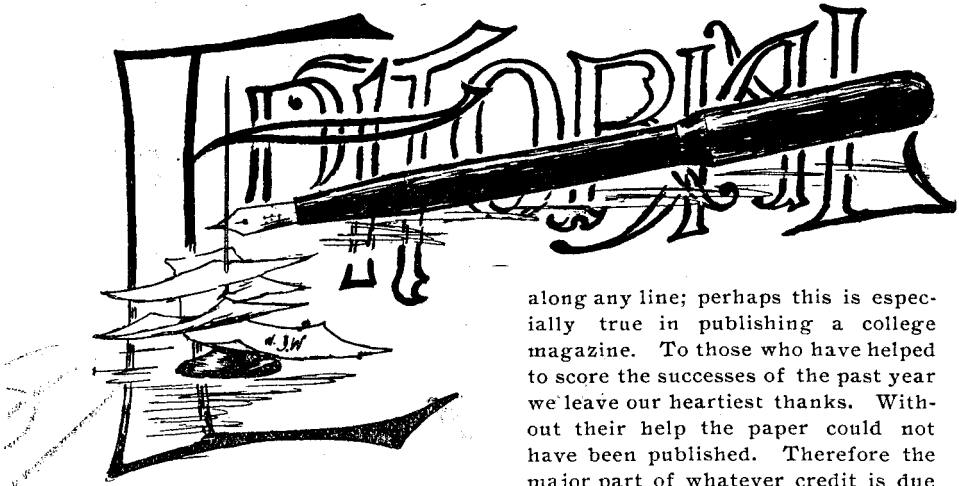












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JUNE, 1905.

THIS issue closes our work with this publication, and we are awful glad and not very sorry. We believe the magazine is steadily and surely growing into more nearly what it is designed to be. It is winning favor with a large number of the alumni. For their hearty expressions and support we sincerely thank them. An occasional word of commendation is a strong incentive to do better work

along any line; perhaps this is especially true in publishing a college magazine. To those who have helped to score the successes of the past year we leave our heartiest thanks. Without their help the paper could not have been published. Therefore the major part of whatever credit is due the JAYHAWKER belongs to them. And we are more than willing that they should have it. Especially do we feel indebted to the foreman of the Printing Department and his assistants. We knew little of the art of printing when we began, and in fact do not know much about it now, but what we do know we learned in the busy office of J. D. Rickman. His friendly counsel has often made us realize that, "A friend in need is a friend indeed." And so we close, leaving the work, with its encouragements and discouragements, in the hands of another, and we trust a better.

A HUNDRED years ago the men and women who laved their dusky skins in sunshine and rain-water and drank ozone for a living on the hill where now nearly a score of buildings stand knew nothing of the science of agriculture, less of the gentle art of domestic science, and still less of the mechanic arts. Their chief concern was how to get a good collection of hairy relics without having their own heads jerked bald—in other words, simply how to live. That is still the most engrossing occupation of the multiplied thousand of Adam and Eve's descendants. This year, over a

hundred leave these College halls, soon to be lost in the mad scramble for the unattainable. To a goodly portion of these, the question of how to live—on a small salary—will come with a new force and a different meaning. New problems will have to be met and overcome, but with the same constant purpose persevered in by their forefathers, else they had not been here. They go to join the ranks of the daily toilers in the larger school of experience, where to fail will have larger and graver results to face than a polite request from the officer of the day to report at his office; and when to succeed will mean more than a sigh of relief, as the book is placed on the shelf with the knowledge that it may now stay there. Not only how to live in the sense of getting, but also in the sense of giving—how to spend one's self. There, after all, lies the vital test of one's character, for as one spends himself, his money, his time, his thoughts, his every energy, so is he. If that lesson and no other has been learned by each of the class of 1905, then have the last four years been well spent indeed.

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#### *Local Notes.*

The junior-senior baseball game was won by the seniors by a score of 19 to 18.

On May 11, the K. S. N. ball team went down before our boys, with a score of 5 to 2.

The chorus is practicing every noon for the concert Monday night of Commencement week.

Herbert Strong won in the batting contest and is thereby the recipient of the silver loving-cup presented by Mr. Cecil Anderson, of Manhattan.

Our hearts were again made glad on May 6 when our baseball team defeated K. U. with a score of 4 to 2. Our victory was practically won in the first two innings, and the two scores for K. U. were made in the fifth.

On May 16 our boys met Washburn again, on our grounds, and were again defeated, this time by a score of 6 to 1.

Superintendent Rickman has given to each member of the senior class, as a souvenir, a very pretty book of College views, bound in royal purple.

The President's reception to the seniors, on the night of June 1, adds one more pleasant memory for the '05s to carry away with them.

The junior class held a moonlight jubilee on the campus a few nights after the field-day victory, and entertained themselves with out-of-door games, punch and wafers, and had a genuine good time.

The baseball game with Friends University, on May 2, was full of surprises, and was exciting throughout. In the eighth inning, the score stood four to four, remaining so till the tenth, when it rose to 6 to 5 in our favor.

May 25 our team met Highland Park on our diamond, and defeated them with a score of 5 to 0. Hess pitched, and those who remembered his pitching when he was with our team were inspired with confidence from the beginning.

The club for aquatic sports is a popular organization these warm spring days. The "ole swimmin' hole" is the Wild Cat pool, a quarter of a mile south of the county poor-farm, and though an objectionable situation on account of its distance from the College, the members have the satisfaction of knowing there is no danger of drowning. The membership of the club has reached nearly one hundred, and about one-third are girls. A swimming exhibition was to have been given on June 5, but owing to conflicting dates, it was postponed till next fall. The promoters of the club expect to make boating a feature next year (who knows but that they may be preparing material for the crews of Harvard or Yale), with possibly the addition of a skating department.

The last inter-collegiate ball game of the season resulted in a victory for St. Mary's College. This was certainly one of the most interesting games played on our diamond this spring, and was closely contested, as may be seen from the score of 2 to 1.

The K. S. A. C. baseball team met Haskell, on our grounds, June 3. The game was interesting, although it lacked excitement, because the result was foreseen from the beginning. The little Indian "papoose" who made Haskell's one score excited much applause from the grand-stand. The score was 8 to 1.

Saturday, May 27, the senior girls gave a picnic for the senior boys, which, owing to the rain, was held in Kedzie Hall. On the following Wednesday, the junior girls entertained the senior girls at afternoon tea, and on Thursday, June 8, the junior D. S. girls served ice-cream to the entire junior class.

The boys who took part in the field-day exercises entertained themselves and their invited guests, with a picnic near Lovers' Lane, on the night of May 25. Toasts were given by Mr. Hastings, J. B. Thompson, and Professor McClenahan, and responses were given by Mr. Melick, Professor Hamilton, and W. B. Thurston, after which strawberries and cake were served by the senior girls.

Geo. C. Fielding and Sons, of Manhattan, have presented to the College a silver loving-cup, on which for four years are to be engraved the names of the successful contestants in corn judging, after which the cup will be placed in the Library as a permanent memorial. The first names to be engraved are those of the winners in the contest of March 4 of this year. The cup is a handsome gold-lined affair, valued at one hundred dollars, and the design, an ear of corn, was made by Miss Weeks, assistant in drawing at the College.

Our baseball team started on its second trip Friday, May 19, and on that day were defeated at Emporia, by K. S. N., with a score of 10 to 6. The following day they played St. Mary's College, at St. Marys, and though our pitcher was an improvised one for the occasion, and though we were playing against a strong team, the score against us was only 3 to 2.

May 15 was Field Day, and an interested crowd watched the exercises in the city park. Fortunately for everyone, the day was cool enough for comfort—a thing that rarely happens on Field Day. In the end, the juniors carried off the flag, with 52 points; then came the sophomores with 38 points, the freshmen with 29 points, and the seniors with 25 points.

The first inter-collegiate track meet in which K. S. A. C. has taken part was with the Normal, May 22, and resulted in our defeat. It is true that our spirits would have been higher had we won; still when we consider that the Normal has better facilities for practising than we have, and has had other meets this year, we feel more encouraged. Our College is showing a greater interest in athletic sports of this class of late, and we hope next year to have a track team that shall make our name famous.

Probably the most unsatisfactory game of the season was that played with Washburn on May 13. Owing to the rain of that morning, the diamond presented a swampy appearance, and a new diamond was arranged in the north-west corner of the park. There in the wet weeds and mud, Washburn won a well-deserved victory, with a score of 8 to 3. After the third inning the outlook was discouraging for our boys, and was probably made more so by the lack of enthusiasm displayed by the spectators, and the deplorable fact that they dwindled rapidly away toward the latter part of the game.

# ALUMNI NOTES

Erma Lock, '01, is visiting in Manhattan.

Rose McCoy, '03, is attending the State Normal.

Nellie J. Murphy, '85, is a nurse at Sterling, Kan.

W. P. Terrell, '04, is at 84 Lawyer street, Boston, Mass.

Arthur Helder, '04, is clerking in the Palace store in Kansas City.

Edith Huntress, '01, is planning to spend her summer vacation at Plum Lake, Wis.

Alfred O. Wright, '91, is a real estate and insurance agent at Siloam Springs, Ark.

The '04's are planning for a picnic supper on the campus, Wednesday afternoon, June 14.

Inga Dahl, '98, is visiting in Manhattan, and expects to remain until after Commencement.

F. L. Bates, '04, is solicitor for the Midland Lyceum Bureau, in Oklahoma and Indian Territory.

Geo. W. Wilden, '92, is mechanical superintendent for the Erie Railway Company, at Meadville, Penn.

Louisa (Maelzer) Haise, '99, visited with old friends in Manhattan, between trains, Tuesday, May 9.

P. M. Biddison, '04, has gone to Columbus, Ohio, where he will do drafting for the electrical company.

Earl Butterfield, '98, has been promoted to the position of superintendent of the Arlington farm, and will move out from Washington, July 1.

Marie (Senn) Heath, '90, has moved from Seattle to Everett, Washington. Her address is 3427 Colby Avenue.

C. H. Stokely, '97, is collector for a telephone company in Kansas City, Mo. His address is 3102 Cherry street.

N. L. Towne, '04, came up from Topeka, May 18, to hear the Gunsaulus lecture and visit College friends.

J. A. Correll, '03, has gone to Lyons, Kan., where he is electrician with the Lyons Electrical and Manufacturing Company.

A. E. Blair, '99, has a position as architectural draftsman for L. G. Mid-  
daugh, 517 Massachusetts Building, Kansas City, Mo.

R. D. Scott, '04, had charge of the play "Niobe," which was given, May 29, by home talent, for the benefit of the Manhattan City Library.

Clara Spilman, '00, instructor in domestic science in the Orphans' School, Camden Point, Mich., has returned to her home in Manhattan to spend the summer.

Captain Mark Wheeler, '97, and bride visited several days in Manhattan with Mr. Wheeler's mother, on their way to San Francisco, from whence they sailed, June 1, for the Philippines.

De Verne Corbin, '03, who has been in Tacoma, Wash., for a year, has returned to his home in Oxford, Kan., where he will remain during the summer and possibly longer. He expects to visit K. S. A. C. Commencement.

In a recent letter, H. D. Matthews, '03, of Schenectady, N. Y., spoke of the JAYHAWKER as the "Alumni's delight." It is these and the many other words of appreciation and good will, coming in every day, that keeps the good work going on.

John Houser, '04, came in Friday, June 9, and will remain until after Commencement.

Geo. Melton, '93, is at Chicago University, and expects to receive his Ph.D. this year.

Estella M. Fearon, '03, arrived home Sunday, June 4, from Boston, where she has been studying the past year.

W. H. Spencer, '02, Yates Center, Kan., says: "It would be impossible for me to farm without the JAYHAWKER."

Corinne and Maude Failyer, '03, have returned to their home in Manhattan, after spending the winter in Washington, D. C.

Emory S. Adams, '98, Lieutenant Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. Army, is located at Vancouver Barracks, Vancouver, Washington.

H. F. and Florence (Vail) Butterfield, '01, are among the out-of-town people who are spending the Commencement season in Manhattan.

Marion Jones, '96, has secured a position on the faculty of the State Manual Training School, at Pittsburg, Kan., in the domestic art department.

C. F. Kinman, '04, writes: "I am proud of the JAYHAWKER, as every alumnus must be. It is a monthly delight—a thing of beauty when it is free from 'red marks.'"

Dr. S. L. VanBlarcom, '91, and Miss Kate Stingley were married, May 25, at the home of the bride's parents in Manhattan. Mr. and Mrs. VanBlarcom will make their home in Kansas City, Kan.

On Wednesday afternoon, June 14, at 4:30 o'clock, the '03 class will have a picnic reunion on the College campus. You know the place beneath the pines, just north of Lovers' Lane. All resident '03's and all non-resident '03's who can possibly be present are most enthusiastically urged to come and have a regular old '03 "time."

D. W. Working, '88, has changed his address from Harman, Colo., to Denver. (R. F. D. No. 2, Capital Hill Station). He says of the JAYHAWKER: "The news from the wide fields, telling what the boys and girls are doing, is good for all of us; it stirs us up and does us good in a dozen ways. So, here's to the success of the whole JAYHAWKER force, and to all the interests of the institution it so well represents!"

C. W. Pape, '95, has moved from Topeka, Kan., to Lincoln, Neb., where he is employed in the chemical department of the Beatrice Creamery Company. He writes to the editors: "Should any of you, or friends of the JAYHAWKER, or any student or alumnus of K. S. A. C., come to or stop at Lincoln Neb., don't fail to visit the chemical department of the Beatrice Creamery Company, as we now have a large and much better equipped laboratory than we had at Topeka. The laboratory force and equipment was enlarged when it was transferred from Topeka to Lincoln, some two months ago."

EDITOR JAYHAWKER: You will find enclosed all you are asking for two years' enjoyment of the many issues of that excellent Kansas college magazine, the JAYHAWKER. I certainly do enjoy its coming, and I hope to meet it at its headquarters in June. I am not very far away, but I do not know of any alumnus near me in this state. The prospects of a large fruit crop are before us here and we anticipate active trade relations this season. The Ozark region of Arkansas will ship over 500 cars of strawberries and twice as many apples, if present conditions follow. Fayetteville is progressing nicely, and is attracting scores of northern people seeking homes in a mild climate with beautiful surroundings. Wishing you a continued success, I am, yours truly, R. W. Rader, '95, Fayetteville, Ark.

C. N. Allison, '01, is now pulling teeth and doing other dental "stunts" at Falls City, Neb. He and Mrs. Allison are very much pleased with their new location, and expect to make it their permanent home.

Dr. Schuyler Nichols, '98, has disposed of his interest in the firm of Nichols & Nichols, at Liberal, Kan., and has joined Doctor Southerland, at Herington, where he will practise as physician and surgeon. R. T. Nichols, '99, will continue to practice at Liberal.—*Industrialist*.

T. E. Lyon, '93, writes from Springfield, Ill., to Miss Clemons: "I want to be sure that I am booked for a catalogue, and hope that it will contain a great many cuts of the buildings and grounds. I love the old college, and hope soon to visit it again. The twelve years since my graduation have been twelve years of struggle, but also twelve years of growth and twelve years that are rich in experience and happiness. I am practising law to the best of my ability, and God has been very good to me, meeting out a measure of success that seems greater than my efforts deserve."

Dr. Ernest F. Nichols, '88, professor of physics at Columbia University, has been awarded the Everest Kempton Adams research fellowship, recently established at Columbia University by Mr. E. D. Adams, in memory of his son. Professor Nichols has recently received a very unusual honor, having been invited by Sir William Crookes, to lecture before the Royal Institution, on "Radiation Pressure." The invitation was accepted and the address was to have been given on the 12th instant. The Royal Institution is of the most exclusive of the English scientific societies. Professor and Mrs. Nichols are receiving other distinguished courtesies during their sojourn in England. They recently dined with Ambassador Choate.—*Industrialist*.

The following '04 girls were entertained Thursday evening, May 18, by their classmate, Emily Weist: Alice Loomis, Bessie Sweet, Gertrude Vance, Beulah Flemming, Jennie Ridenour, May Doan, Mamie Hassebrook, Mary O'Daniel, Grace Allingham, Mayme Helder, Vera McDonald, Mary Davis, Marian and Amy Allen, Margie Smith, and Wilma (Cross) Rhodes.

Christine and Henrietta Hofer, both of the '02 class, have entered on their second term's work in Dr. Ziegfeld's Chicago Musical College, 202 Michigan Boulevard. Christine studies piano, vocal, and harmony. Retta studies vocal, harmony, and Italian. Retta says, "We like it very much here, except the winds; they are worse than Kansas winds. Our schoolison the lake front, and when we turn on Michigan Boulevard to get there, we have to brace ourselves, grab our hats, and keep our eyes open, for people come around the corners like cyclones and we often have collisions on that breezy corner."

DEAR FRIEND: I will hardly be able to be present at the triennial alumni meeting this spring, much as I would like to attend. I will be there, however, in mind if not in person. Please give all the '03's my best "hello." I recently resigned my position with the Alfalfa Meal Company, of Omaha, and am going into business with my brother, Prof. H. M. Cottrell, '84. We will locate in Elgin, Ill., the largest dairy section in the world, and will manufacture alfalfa dairy feeds and conduct a business similar to the one I have been engaged in. My brother will move his family here, shortly. While in Chicago, I met the Hofer girls and they say they are getting along fine. It certainly is a pleasure to meet old friends when you think you are miles from any one you know. Please remember me to all the old College friends. With best wishes, A. L. Cottrell, '03, 279 Douglas avenue, Elgin, Ill.

F. E. Johnson, '99, writes: Under imperative orders of a progressive age, it again becomes necessary for me to request a change of my address, for your ever-welcome paper, from Alliance, to Hyannis, Neb. I do not wish to miss a single copy; it is just like missing a letter from home. Here's wishing you continued success."

The following are extracts from letters from Fred Kimball '87, St. Michael, Alaska:

February 1.

"A white man and two natives were out on the ice and, by the breaking off of a large field, were blown out to sea. The wind was so high and the sea so rough that all attempts to reach them have failed. We have seen smoke from Egg Island, some miles out, and think they have reached that point and are safe for the time being. They have some fish and nine dogs, and there is probably drift wood on the Island."

February 8.

"We have given up hope of seeing the people who were blown out on the ice. Five attempts have been made to reach Egg Island, but so far all are unsuccessful. As no fires have been seen on the Island for a week, it is supposed that they have perished. It is pretty hard to starve or freeze to death almost within sight of home. This man who was lost left two half-breed boys who are about ten and twelve years old. I have just written a letter to Captain Jarvis, collector of customs at Sitka, to get his assistance to get these two boys into the Carlisle Indian School. The wind has been blowing pretty steady for the last two weeks. I suppose we will have to suffer now for the good weather we had in the early part of the winter."

February 15.

The white man and the two natives who were blown out to sea were rescued, on the 13th day, by three men

who went out from here in a boat. The lost people had managed to get onto Egg Island, and were not suffering very much. They found a cabin on the Island, with an old stove in it, and they had found an old ax, so had managed to keep warm. They had thirty fresh salmon trout with them and about fifteen dried salmon. They made a line out of their sled cover, found some wire on an old shoe, and on the seventh day began to catch some tom-cods, so they were in no immediate danger of starvation. The rescuing party made five attempts before they reached the island. They had a very dangerous trip coming back, as the wind was blowing hard, drenching them and threatening to swamp the boat at any moment. The rescuing party could not bring the nine dogs, so they were left on the Island. The man who owned the dogs offered \$50 to any one who would go out and get them. A white man and two natives started several days ago, but have not returned. They have been seen drifting around in the ice, but no one knows just where they are now."

#### CHICAGO ALUMNI NOTES.

From Henrietta M. Hofer, '02.

Ellsworth T. Martin, '90, is a lawyer at 100 Washington street.

Clarence E. Freeman, '89, is professor of electrical engineering in Armour Institute.

George Logan, '02, is now a junior in the University. His address is 6036 Woodlawn avenue.

R. H. Pond, '98, is teacher of botany in the dental department of Northwestern University.

Jane C. Tunnell, '89, of 218½ North Hickory street, Joliet, Ill., is teacher of English in Joliet township high-school.

E. C. Gardner, '04, is working in the stock yards, where he has been nicknamed "Kansas." He rooms at 4364 Emerald avenue.



Ed. H. Freeman, '95, is a teacher in the mechanical engineering department of Armour Institute.

D. M. Ladd, '01, is freshman at the Rush Medical College. He resides at 652 East Fifty-Seventh street.

L. B. Jolly, '01, is now a full-fledged M. D., and expects to hang out his shingle somewhere in Minnesota.

Dr. S. Wendell Williston, '72, professor of paleontology in the Chicago University, resides at 580, Sixtieth street.

S. N. Peck, '87, is with the Santa Fe, in the Railway Exchange building, in the mechanical engineering department.

Ed. Hutto, 1158 East Addison street, is assistant to the president of the Chicago Texas Land and Lumber Co., of 113 Adams street.

Mabel (Crump) McCauley, '97, lives at 721 East Forty-sixth Street. Mr. McCauley is in the credit department of Swift & Co.

Miss Mell Hutto, student at K. S. A. C. last year, is studying instrumental music at Busch Temple. Her address is 1158 East Addison avenue.

W. T. Lawry, '00, 114 Thirty-Third Street, is with the South Side Elevated Railroad Company, at 450 Twenty-Seventh Place. He is Mechanical Draftsman for the company.

H. D. Orr, '99, received the degree of Doctor of Medicine from Northwestern Medical College last June, and on competitive examination received enternship at St. Luke's Hospital.

Ione (Dewey) Sutherland, '93, is stenographer in City Hall. She is also a vocal pupil in Mr. Hinshaw's Conservatory of Music in the Auditorium Building on Wabash avenue.

D. G. Robertson, '86, is one of Chicago's prominent and prospering lawyers. His business address is Suite 1108, Y. M. C. A. Building, 153 La Salle street. His home is at 2461 North Springfield avenue, Chicago.

A. J. Reed, '05, of Stanley Terrace, is telephone engineer in the Western Electric Company, corner Clinton and Van Buren, Chicago.

A. D. Whipple, '98, is traveling salesman for a linolium company, with headquarters in Chicago. His territory covers Wisconsin, Michigan, Kansas, and Nebraska. His Chicago address is 531 North Sixty-First Place.

John Patten, '95, and Hortensia (Harmon) Patten, '95, own a pretty home in Oak Park, 307 North Harvey avenue. Mr. Patten is secretary and treasurer of the Chas. Smith Company, 101 Lake street, which deals in "hot air" and all kinds of heating apparatus.

Minnie Copeland, '98, is surgical assistant to Dr. E. H. Pratt, 100 State street, Suite 1202. She resides at 722 Hinman avenue, Evanston, Ill. Miss Copeland is very happy in her work. She has very little time to herself, as her assistance is of great value to the doctor.

Miss Josephine Berry, former librarian of K. S. A. C., is assistant in domestic science at the School of Education, University of Chicago. She also takes advanced work along the same line in the school. She resides at Beecher Hall, on the Campus.

Frederico Sarabia, the Filipino student who attended K. S. A. C. last year, and who has been in the University since September, dropped out this term and is agent for some pineapple fibre from Manila. He is going to a Methodist school next fall, and expects to become a missionary to the Philippines.

CHICAGO K. S. A. C. ALUMNI BANQUET.  
(Sent in by Henrietta Hofer, '02)

The K. S. A. C. alumni banquet was held at Albion Cafe, in the Pullman Building, corner of Adams and Michigan Boulevard, May 19., 1905. On entering, each graduate and former student of K. S. A. C. was pre-

sented with a royal purple badge. After renewing old acquaintances and making new ones, the folding-doors were thrown open and we were ushered into the banquet room. The tables were artistically decorated with carnations and ferns. A seven-course menu was served.

|                                     |                              |                   |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------|-------------------|
| Olives                              | Canapa a la Russe            | Radishes          |
|                                     | -----                        |                   |
|                                     | Consumme a la Royale         |                   |
|                                     | -----                        |                   |
|                                     | Filet de Sole, Tartar Sauce. |                   |
|                                     | -----                        |                   |
| Tenderloin Steak, Saute St. Charles |                              |                   |
| Green Peas                          | -----                        | Duchess Potatoes. |
|                                     | -----                        |                   |
|                                     | Combination Salad            |                   |
|                                     | -----                        |                   |
|                                     | Vanilla Ice Cream            |                   |
|                                     | -----                        |                   |
| Neufchatel                          | Coffee.                      | Crackers          |

Mr. W. E. Whaley was toastmaster of the evening, and after making some appropriate remarks, he introduced the following program:

Piano Solo, by Ione (Dewey) Sutherland, '93, kindly responded to by an encore.

In his "Reminiscence," Professor S. Wendell Williston, '72, spoke of his College days and the warm feeling he has in his heart for his Alma Mater. He also paid a beautiful tribute to his old professor, J. H. Lee.

Mrs. Mable (Crump) McCauley, '97, favored us with a vocal selection, "My Heart is Singing," and as encore sang "Thou'rt Like Unto a Flower," by Listz.

"To the Stars Through Difficulties" was very beautifully presented by Miss Minnie L. Copeland, '98. She spoke of the struggles of our College life and the difficulties we encounter after graduating and going out into the world, to surmount the obstacles which are necessary in the building of our characters.

Miss Henrietta M. Hofer, '02, sang the "Spring Song" by Weil. As an

encore she and Christine Hofer sang a duet, entitled "Sunset."

"Our Alma Mater" was given by E. T. Martin, '90, after which we sang the College song.

The "Chicago Alumni," by Raymond G. Lawry, was ably presented.

Under extemporaneous speaking, we called on the following: Mrs. Martha (White) Abbott, '67 (who introduced her husband as the speaker of the family), H. M. Cottrell, '84, George Logan, '02, Edward H. Munger, A. J. Reed, '03, Jane Tunnell, '89, R. H. Pond, '98, and Helen Monsch, '04.

A permanent association was formed, which will meet annually. Mr. D. G. Robertson was unanimously elected president.

After singing "Auld Lang Syne" and giving the College yell, we adjourned, voting that "Auld acquaintances" should not be forgotten.

Those present were: Mr. John Patten, '95, and Mrs. Hortensia (Harmou) Patten, '95, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dewey, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Hutto and Miss Mell Hutto, Mr. and Mrs. Shirley, Mr. Turley and Mrs. Kate (White) Turley, '71, Mr. Abbott and Mrs. Martha (White) Abbott, '67, Mr. Beeler and Mrs. Lora (Waters) Beeler, '88, Mr. D. G. Robertson, '86, and Mrs. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Campbell, Mr. Alexis J. Reed, '03, and Mrs. Reed, Mr. McCauley and Mrs. Mable (Crump) McCauley, '97, Jane Tunnell, '89, R. H. Pond, '98, S. N. Peck, '87, John Higinbotham, '86, E. T. Martin, '90, H. M. Cottrell, '84, Amos Cottrell, '03, L. B. Jolley, '01, Harry D. Orr, '99, E. C. Gardner, '04, Christine Hofer, '02, Henrietta Hofer, '02, Walter Fisk Lawry, '00, Raymond Lawry, '03, George M. Logan, '02, A. D. Whipple, '98, Minnie Copeland, '98, Helen Monsch, '04, Will Whaley, '86, S. Wendell Williston, '72, E. H. Freeman, '95, Ione (Dewey) Sutherland, '93, E. H. Munger, Margurite McCullough, Mrs. Mary (Pierce) Van Zile, Mrs. M. D. Hofer, Miss Phelps.

The Zimmermans—Jeanette, '91, Fred, '98, Kate, '00, and Maude, '02—all expect to spend the summer at Moray, Kan.

Elvan Rickman, '04, has moved from Des Moines, Iowa, to Los Angeles, Cal., where he is helping his brother in cement contracting work.

James W. Fields, '03, finished his work in the Western Dental College, Kansas City, Mo., April 25, and is now at his home in McPherson, Kan.

C. C. Smith, '94, and family arrived May 12 from Lincoln, Kan., and are now at home at the corner of Fifteenth and Humboldt, Manhattan.

W. E. Thackery, '96, has been changed from Ft. Shaw, Mont., to Ft. Totton, North Dakota, and promoted from the position of manual training teacher to that of principal teacher.

Pauline Thompson, '03, writes that she is having a good time, and is enjoying her work to the fullest extent. She is teaching domestic science in the deaf and dumb school at Olathe, Kan.

Chas. A. Scott, '01, writes to the editors: "Please change the address of my paper from 58 Mansfield street, New Haven, Conn., to Halsey, Neb. I return to the field work next week, and Halsey will be my headquarters for some time to come."

T. W. Buell, '04, writes from Roanoke, Texas: "Enclosed please find fifty cents to advance my subscription to '06, and eliminate the little red mark which mars the beauty of the editorial page of my copy. I oughtn't to be treated so; being older than the paper by some years, I should be treated with profound respect! Best of wishes to the journal and to the new management which I suppose soon takes charge of the JAYHAWKER. And the very Sunday best regards to the management who will soon be on K. S. A. C's. 'retired list,' like the undersigned, and many other distinguished individuals."

Among the students who were graduated, May 16, from Emerson College of Oratory, of Boston, were two Kansas people. One of them, Guy Farley, of Malvern, graduated here in '98.

D. A. Logan, '05, has accepted a position as clerk to the road-master for the C. R. I. & P. Ry. Co. His office and headquarters are at McFarland, Kan. Mr. Logan will return Commencement and graduate with his class.

Mrs. Maude (Sauble) Rogler, '01, of Bazaar, Kan., says: "The JAYHAWKER is our most interesting magazine; even Helen, our future K. A. C-ite, scans its pages eagerly in search for a picture of a kitten or puppy. Success to you, but that is sure to come to such a well-written magazine."

The Thomases, Henry M. and Jeanette (Perry), '98, are very pleasantly located at 214 N. Third street, Harrisburg, Pa. Mrs. Thomas says in a recent letter, "The last JAYHAWKER just arrived, and I can see now how other absent K. S. A. C. people have appreciated the alumni notes, for I sat down as soon as it came and read every word—even the ads."

"The last issue seemed so newsy," writes V. Maelzer, '97, "that I must enclose one dollar on arrearages. I beg leave to state, however, that your note in the April number of the JAYHAWKER was not quite all of it. My address is May, Morse being discontinued; and although I wield the rod now and then, teaching is a side issue. I have not abandoned the teachings of our Alma Mater in the agricultural lines. The members of the class of '97 will remember those who objected to the 'farmer boys' carrying canes on the day of graduation. In sight of the snow-clad peaks of the Rockies, in a pure, dry, healthful atmosphere, where a human being feels as independent as a Robinson Crusoe, ranching has proved very agreeable. Here is a 'Hello' to all. Success to 'Our Family Letter!'"

Maude Hart, '01, is at Cain, Kan., R. F. D. No. 3.

G. C. and Myrtle (Smith) Wheeler, '95, get their mail at Harlem, Kan.

W. A. and F. C. Webb, '04, have moved from Peck to Clearwater, Kan.

Flora (Donaldson) Reed, '81, has moved from St. Clere to Havensville, Kan.

W. L. Harvey, '02, is located at Wamego, with the law firm of Codding & Keyser.

Almon A. Gist, '91, clerk of the quartermasters department, Fort Riley, has accepted a railroad position in Oklahoma.

Alice (Perry) Hill, '03, writes that they are pleasantly located in Fayette, Mo., and are very much pleased with their new home.

Miss Emma Cain, '02, who taught school at Ogden the past winter, has been in Kansas City, Mo., for several weeks, under the care of an ear specialist.

Louis Bender, '04, who is working in Dallas, Texas, for the Western Electrical Company, of Chicago, expects to be in Manhattan for Commencement.

James G. Harbord, '86, who was in Manila last year, is now located at Zamboango, Mind., P. I. He is Colonel, U. S. Army, captain 11th Cavalry, and Assistant Chief, Philippine constabulary.

George Fielding, '03, writes from Schenectady, N. Y.: "That word 'banquet' was always an attraction to me, and when it is mentioned in connection with the '03's, still fresh to my memory, I am indeed reluctant to an-

nounce the impossibility of attending, owing to the great distance. I hope it will prove a most happy event for all of you."

## ARE YOU A HAMP?

There will be a reunion of Hamiltons in the chemical lecture room on Wednesday, June 14, 1:30 p.m. Let every Hamilton, young and old, be present to hear what hath transpired among our tribe. Mr. Frank Balmer will speak for the present generation. The past will be represented by Messrs. G. F. Farley, Benj. Skinner and others. Light refreshments will also be enjoyed.

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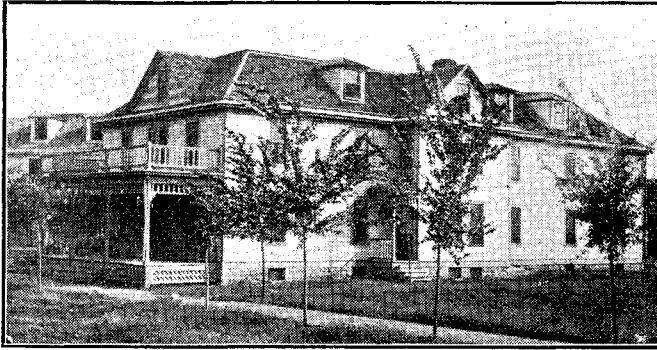
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