

THE JAYHAWKER

Vol. IV

No. 3

A PAPER FOR THE ALUMNI
OF THE
Kansas State Agricultural College
Manhattan



January
1906



Kansas State Agricultural College

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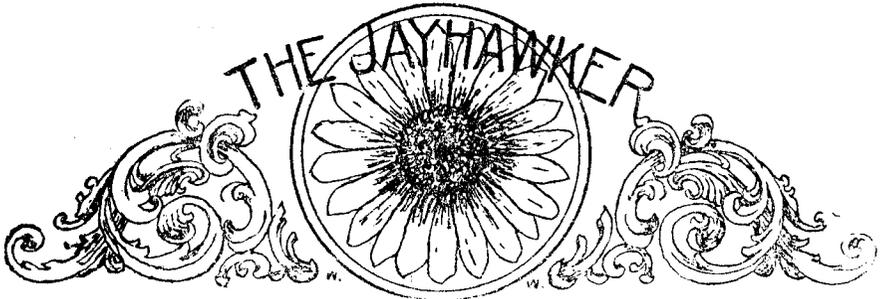
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VOL. IV.

JANUARY, 1906.

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To the Alumni.

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In its short existence, the JAYHAWKER has had the usual number of encouragements and the reverse. At different times a number of people have worked very hard to make the magazine worthy of the praise that has been so freely given by many. On the other hand, some subscribers did not get their papers; others complained, justly, that their subscriptions were not recorded; in fact, one alumnus, who has a warm interest in the magazine, summed up the situation as he saw it by saying that the paper "is not run according to business rules."

It is apparent that many hours of time spent in improving the paper in one direction may be partially offset, as far as its success is concerned, by the lack of time to attend to some details. The large number of people who, at different times, have been responsible for the work, the inexperience of many, and the fact that such work as this must necessarily take a secondary place—all these have added to the difficulty.

Another objection is that while this magazine purports to be for alumni, it is "neither fish nor flesh." A consistent purpose is hardly to be expected when so many people of different interests are working together.

But to come to the point, the JAYHAWKER company has voted its interests and responsibilities to two of the alumni, whose efforts will be to make the JAYHAWKER an ideal alumni paper. Considering the size of our alumni body, and the number of individuals who are wanting an alumni paper and are taking enthusiastic interest in the project, there is little doubt of its success. But we must have your co-operation, for if it is to be an alumni paper, it must be the work of not only two, nor a few, but of all the loyal alumni of K. S. A. C.

Now let us know your ideas, your desires, and be free to make suggestions at any time. Hereafter, there will be a page set aside for a discussion of things of interest to our subscribers. Will you not make use of it?

### *American Art.*

[Taken from a paper read by Mayme (Houghton) Brock before the T. P. M. club of Manhattan.]

WHICH or what particular art is not designated, hence you may readily see the broadness of my subject when you hear the dictionary definition of art, which is as follows: "The several arts may be arranged in two groups, (a) the mechanical and (b) the liberal or fine arts. The mechanical are those which may be successfully followed by one who does not possess genius but has acquired the facility of working with his hands, which long practice imparts. Such are the arts of the carpenter, the blacksmith, the watchmaker, etc. The liberal or fine arts are such as give scope not merely to manual dexterity, but to genius; as, music, painting, sculpture, architecture, etc.

Any one can easily see that any one of these four branches of the second subdivision could have hours spent upon it. With only a few minutes to devote to this extremely interesting and vast subject, one can readily understand the necessity of division, subdivision and re-subdivision. The division chosen is fine art; the subdivision, painting; and of the re-subdivisions which are oil, water-color, crayon, pastel, china and intromural, picture painting is selected.

Even here there are almost as many different kinds as there are countries, the Celtic, Dutch, Flemish, German, Grecian, etc., and lastly American art, about which our interest centers to-day.

It is claimed that art is a sign of age in any country, as the esthetic taste cannot be developed in the newer countries. Even to-day the material preoccupation of our people and the indifference to art, except as a luxury for a restricted class, continues very much the same as in those days which put the earlier painters on their mettle to produce an art that would pierce the armor of indifference and make their

careless countrymen give heed to their endeavors.

During the centennial in 1876, it was claimed that there were a few American artists but no American art, but in 1893 at the Chicago exhibition it was proved that we did have a native school. Again, in 1904, at St. Louis, there was shown a larger appreciation for the American artist. Few of the American pictures shown, however, followed the traditions of the exhibition pictures because, in their honest effort to earn a living, our painters have long ago learned that great canvases, such as are commonly painted to solicit popular success in the Salon, can find no place within the restricted space of our houses. But this is surely an age of national prosperity, and the people are unconsciously seeking to express this in all kinds of ways. The wide-spread effort of the people to improve their homes, their furnishings, and their dress will undoubtedly become an art impulse. The natural alertness and adaptability of the American mind, travel, the overwhelming desire to have the best of everything, together with the coming to America of so many of the greatest artists, craftsmen and students from Europe, all these are bound to tell in the end. It is becoming perfectly clear that little by little the fact is dawning upon our home buyers that we have a home product worthy of purchase.

The fact that the atmosphere of the United States is overcharged and self-conscious makes for direct, personal, individual expression. Insolation engenders self independence and, undoubtedly, fostered in the earlier painters qualities which the future historian of our art may not magnify into a school, but which he may recognize as an American manner.

John Harsen Rhoades predicts that in about fifty years we shall have a superb renaissance in art in the United States that shall lift American painting to the highest rank.

When a foreigner comes to this country to look over our collections and finds none of our American artists' pictures, what must he think? Is it because we have none? Most certainly not very high tribute has been paid abroad to American art and artists. The difficulty has been that the average American collector has been very blind in the past, but his eyes are being gradually opened to our home talent.

The present generation is much indebted to those far-seeing men who had fore-thought enough to make the beginnings in American art collections, one of the most prominent of whom is Thomas B. Clarke, who began collecting the work of Winslow, Homer, Martin, Blakelock, Wyant Inness, and other Americans who were struggling for recognition away back in 1872.

In Omaha, one wealthy man has made a collection of American productions entirely. Seascapes and landscapes are considered the typical expression of American art, for one never tires of a beautiful bit of nature. But Mr. Gellatly is diametrically opposed to this idea and is fond of pointing out that it is really in the more difficult task, that of painting the figure, that the American painters have succeeded in impressing the rest of the world.

Mr. Freer, of Detroit, is reputed to have a collection which will ultimately become one of the treasures of the nation, because nowhere else is the work of Dewing and of Tyron seen to such advantage, for to these artists was given the rare privilege of decorating the rooms in which their pictures hang. In the hall decorated by Tyron, are his four pictures representing the seasons. First is his "Winter," a wonderful wide vista of a cold twilight. Here, too, hangs his "Night" and also "The Rising Moon," not only one of his greatest paintings, but one of the great seascapes of the century.

In the Dewing room there prevails a delightful harmony of gold and violet and grays, now warmed with gold, now flushed with rose—it is no wonder that one is caused to feel the genuine beauty of the whole.

The Society of Art Collections held in January, 1905, a comparative exhibition in New York City. There were exhibited samples of American and foreign art, and it is reported that America held her own in the contest. Expression in color was the key note of the exhibition. It is claimed that in this exhibit the American technique is far the more painter like than the English. They stain their canvas and paint their shadows coal black, while the Americans brush in with an impasto and paint their shadows luminously. Our artists have for the most part been truthful and simple students of nature. The clearer skies prevail. Light, that through our thinner air falls upon the earth beneath, and more varied local color, due to the variety of herbage and trees in our less cultured soil, have acted together to work a change from the grayer skies and the veiled light which governed the old-world painters.

### ~~~~~ Spirit.

WE know that this subject is very large and ethereal, but we are going to discuss a certain kind of very terrestrial spirit—the kind of spirit which permeates every properly constituted member of the *gens humanus* ranging between the ages of twelve and thirty. College spirit, society spirit and class spirit are forms of this something which well-nigh defies description. We fear that it is sometimes prompted by mere rowdyism, but more often it is actuated by a sort of patriotism, no less real than that which makes ones heart thrill with love for his country, and leads him to sacrifice property and life to promote her glory.

While in K. S. A. C. we often heard

it said that there was no college spirit there. We knew that these accusations were false, yet we admit that they aroused considerable wonder as to how "real spirit" made itself manifest in other institutions. We have had an opportunity to gratify this curiosity this fall by making observations of student life in what is now the largest institution of learning in the United States—the University of Michigan, famous for its gigantic rushes and for the intensity of its "Michigan spirit." We still maintain that the Kansas "farmers" are just as loyal to their school as any college students, but must admit that they often fail to impress this fact upon outsiders as forcefully as they might, and that they often use methods which might be criticized.

We believe that the general public has many wrong ideas about certain practices in vogue in the modern large universities, particularly in regard to the so called rushes. We regret that we cannot take the space to describe these unique demonstrations of class spirit which have become the bug-a-boo of fond papas and mammas and the tribulation of some conservative professors. They are scheduled by long usage and general understanding as truly as any college event, and young and old come out to witness them. Having seen one from the inside we are convinced that it would be a mistake to do away with them in the form in which they now exist here. In the first place, contrary to the general impression, these are very mild affairs, so far as personal injury to the participants is concerned, for in the rush which we have in mind, of the two thousand who took part, not one was rendered unfit for work next day.

In schools where they have rushes, they give vent to all their class fervor in an evening, after which peace is declared between the two belligerent classes and is observed by all mem-

bers. This does away with the practice of skulking around at night to waylay and to prevent being waylaid, which constitutes the worst feature of K. S. A. C. "class scraps" by rendering the men unfit for school work during the continuance of these petty contests.

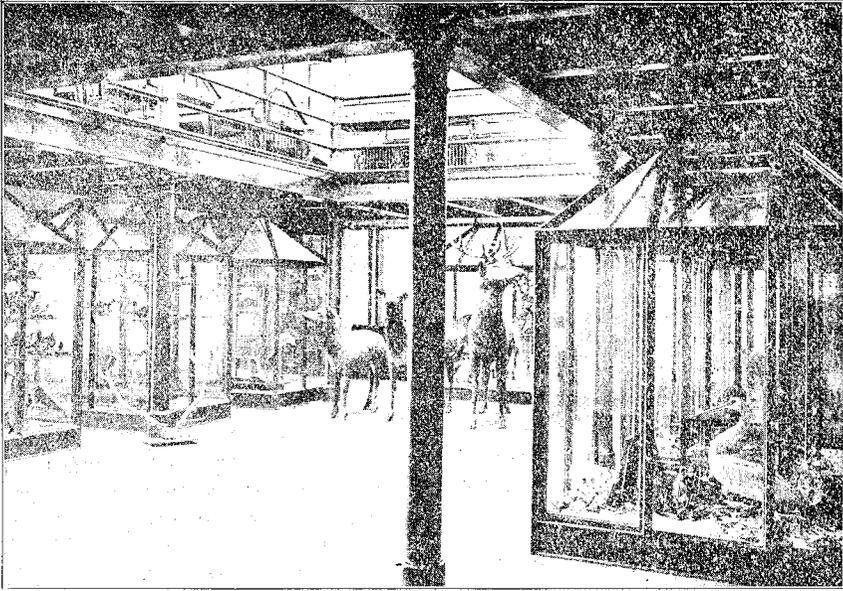
The Fresh-Soph. rush comes just after school opens—about the time the normal freshman finds his thoughts turning in longing toward the old homestead—and it furnishes an infallible cure for homesickness. It does more to make the freshman acquainted than a score of receptions. Here, too, rich and poor, aristocratic and common, stand together, and social barriers are broken down.

So much for class spirit, but when it comes to discussing college spirit we are puzzled to account for the difference between the students of this university and those of our alma mater. It is true that the same spirit exists in the two schools, but the difference in degree is immeasurable. Whether the college spirit here has been aroused because Michigan holds so proud a place among the institutions of the land by virtue of its high educational standard and of its long list of victories on the platform, the baseball diamond and the gridiron, or whether college spirit just sprung up spontaneously and these triumphs are only the result of it, we are unable to decide. But be this as it may, it exists in an extreme degree, and students, faculty and alumni strive to outdo each other in demonstrating it. If a University of Michigan man yells, he yells for Michigan. If he whistles or sings, it is a Michigan air that he butchers. His room is filled with college banners, pictures and sofa pillows, he sends college souvenirs and post-cards to his friends, and he writes letters to his sweetheart on college paper. He labels himself with U. of M. buttons, pins, and watchfobs. On special occasions he exerts his origi-

nality to think of new places to display the yellow and blue on his apparel. You subject yourself to great danger of a "fistic" demonstration from him by hinting that his college has a superior.

Each Friday, during the football season, the Michigan Union, an or-

thing can be said of this institution, and we believe the same may be said of all the large institutions where college spirit is rampant--the people do not seek to glorify themselves by belittling other classes, departments, or institutions. A rival is never met with a slur, and a "square deal" for



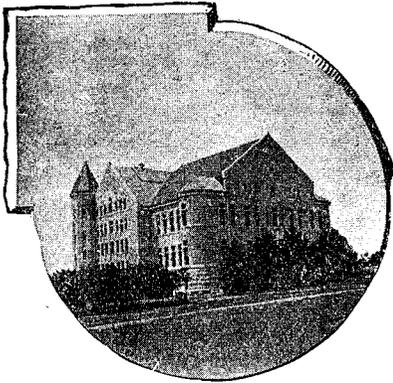
In the Museum of Natural History.

ganization of students and faculty members in charge of all things which concern the student body, holds a mass meeting. An hour or more is spent in giving the college yells and singing the even more-numerous college songs, with special features each evening to stir up enthusiasm and have a rousing time.

Perhaps to an outsider these numerous demonstrations look like egotism and self assertion. Perhaps they are sometimes carried to such an extreme. Yet, what right-thinking person would like to see them mitigated? In such an atmosphere things move, sluggish blood is stirred up, and the famous "hurry up" spirit carries the student through work that would otherwise be drudgery. One

every one is insisted upon. This probably accounts for the general good feeling which prevails everywhere.

This article is founded upon observations covering only a comparatively short time, and some assertions we have made may be poorly founded. It is our fervent hope that the time is at hand when no institution can teach old K. S. A. C. anything in regard to college enthusiasm. We are glad to note that rooters' clubs have been formed already, for we are sure this is a step in the right direction. Who can tell how much these clubs have aided in making the football season that has just closed one of the most successful K. S. A. C. has ever had? Let her students ever remember that it



Fairchild Hall.

is better to lift their own banners than to tear down those of competitors, to make the air ring with their yells rather than hisses for rivals. Above all, be it remembered that rulings by the faculty are founded upon reason, perhaps mistaken reason, yet must be complied with until the students are willing to take upon themselves the responsibilities of the honor system, for each protest against a faculty ruling invariably results in a blow to the welfare of the institution.

“LAW DEPARTMENT, U. OF M.”

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Reminiscences of '63.

CONDITIONS have changed greatly since September, 1863, when the K. S. A. C. began its work of educating the young people of Kansas. The hilly farm, two miles west of town, with its one building, constituted the entire plant. The three-story stone structure was an imposing edifice in the eyes of boys and girls who had seen few if any finer ones, and had been reared in the cabins, which then were the prevailing type of architecture.

Young men, old enough to bear arms, were very few in the student body. Most of them had enlisted in the army, to fight for the life and liberty of the Nation.

There was not money enough to begin the agricultural work of the College,

and as young men to receive training in practical farming were very few, progress in this direction was necessarily slow.

The Faculty consisted of earnest and efficient instructors; the student body, thought small, was composed chiefly of strong, capable, wide-awake young people, with an ardent thirst for knowledge, refreshing enthusiasm in its pursuit, and a real genius for hard work.

Naturally, under the circumstances, there was much genuine fun mingled with the serious work. There were College and church socials and parties in town or in the country, to which the students went in merry crowds, in great lumber wagons. Buggies and carriages were rare in those days. Horseback riding was more common.

The College prospectus, issued the summer of '63, announced riding lessons, weekly, in charge of Professor S., who was the bachelor member of the Faculty. Friday afternoons, the students whose homes were on farms near the College brought their favorite saddle horses, not alone for their own use, but also for the nonresident students.

Few pleasures that have since come into the lives of those young people have left memories as bright as those delightful afternoon excursions on horseback, when Professor S. accompanied the lively parties in their gallops over the hills and valleys of the grassy prairies. Blessings on the dear K—girls, who always provided so large a quota of fine horses.

The crowning event of that first year's history was one of these excursions, which occupied one bright, beautiful, never-to-be-forgotten Saturday in the late autumn of '63.

The company in which the soldiers of Manhattan and vicinity had enlisted was stationed, at that time, at Fort Riley, and had issued an urgent invitation to Professor S. and his upper classes to visit them there. A

party of more than thirty was formed, and at an early hour started from the residence of President Denison, now the Riley county "Home." The bright sun made the frosty grass sparkle with diamonds. Great flocks of prairie-chickens and plump little quails whirred away from the path of the merry company, and wondering coyotes skulked aside to hide themselves in the long grass of the ravines.

The sixteen-mile ride to the fort seemed very short, and the welcome at the post was most cordial. There was hurrying to and fro in the commissary quarters. Our good steeds were led away to sample government oats and hay. Soon we were seated at long tables to feast upon a bountiful repast, one course of which was a bowl of the most delicious oyster stew we ever tasted. Perhaps keen appetites lent relish. Then we were comfortably seated on one of the long piazzas, overlooking the parade ground, and witnessed a fine drill, after which we were taken on a tour of inspection over buildings and grounds, accompanied by our Manhattan "boys in blue."

Too soon the lengthening shadows warned us to start homeward, and we departed, escorted by a troop of cavalry, riding on each side of the procession, which was headed by the bugler, discoursing inspiring notes.

Such riding as was done on that homeward run is now seldom seen. There was neither need nor opportunity to urge the willing horses, for, entering fully into the spirit of their riders, they vied in speed with each other until at Ogden, our soldier escort left us to pursue our further journey more quietly by the soft light of the full moon.

By nine o'clock we were at home, not conscious of weariness, but fresh and bubbling over with the simple joy of existence.

As I try to recall the names and the faces of that happy young company I

am surprised to find how large is the proportion of them who have finished life's little day and passed over into the great beyond. And those who remain walk with dignified step and look wonderingly over their spectacles at the frivolities and capers of the present-day boys and girls, who, in their abounding exuberance of spirits and youthful pranks, are only followers in the footsteps of their predecessors of the sixties.

EMMA (HAINES) BOWEN, '67.
BEAVER, PA.

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*A Miner's Christmas Eve.*

AS the sun sank behind the western mountains a lonely lad stood in the doorway of a small shanty in an unfrequented pass of the Picacho mountains in southern California.

It was Christmas eve, 1904, and his partner, Abe, the sole remaining white man in fifteen miles, had gone the day before to the nearest railway station to meet a friend from the East who was coming to work with them and, incidentally, (?) Will hoped he would bring some tokens of the season from friends at home. All day Will had worked in a new shaft on a distant claim, hearing no sound of man except his own blows and the thunder of his "shots," as miners term their blasts. And now at dusk as he leaned on the doorpost and watched the familiar slopes of old White mountain glooming in the shadows, he wondered what the future held in store for him. Would the shadows be as thick as those creeping up the rugged canons across the little valley? Inside the shack the unwashed dishes from his solitary supper waited while the dish pan simmered on the stove in the corner. From his perch upon the mountain side, a large owl solemnly hooted his defiance to the wildcats and coyotes. Was it any wonder a wave of longing and homesickness brought a deep sigh as the lone watcher turned to pick up the dish-rag?

The lamp was soon lighted and the dishes washed, and then from a corner box he dug up the last weekly paper and sat down to read a thrilling serial of the Montezuma days in Mexico. It looked as if he would spend a lonely Christmas eve and a still more lonesome Christmas day, for it was growing late and it seemed probable that Abe and Charlie, the new man, had decided to spend Christmas in town.

Silence grows when a man is alone in the wilderness until it becomes a thing that can be felt, almost, and the slightest noise is magnified to voices or threatening notes by the alert and tense sense of hearing. A prowling fox, in search of bacon rinds, crouched the sand at the back of the shack, causing Will to start suddenly and reach for his gun.

Bed time was drawing near, when, suddenly from somewhere down the pass to the west, a couple of shots rang out and a warwhoop echoed along the hills. In a second the lone prospector had seized his revolver and, springing to the door, answered the signal in kind. Then he hastily began to poke up the fire and to get some supper on the table, for of course it was Abe and Charlie bringing the Christmas mail and good cheer, who thus announced their arrival.

There was a rattle of a whip on the side of the house and a big voice shouted "Comas-Tomas." "Kommen sie hieren" was the response in German. What a bustle and rush there was, and hearty greetings, too, when Charlie came in with the Christmas mail and the things from home! No more loneliness that night. There was a rush of eager questions now as to how father and mother were getting on, and what the neighbors were doing. Charlie, of course, had comments of his own to make on the new country he had seen and the change in his old schoolmate's appearance. There were letters and little tokens from old friends and a fruit-cake straight from

home. No wonder the young miner's heart was warmed, and it was late, or rather early, when the three finally retired to the sleeping tent.

We have failed, perhaps, to turn the strong lights on the miner's joy of that night, and the tale of Charlie's initiation into camp life, but that is another story not of Christmas eve.

W. B. B., '04.

### *Down in the Sandhills of New Mexico.*

AS I sit alone near the desk with all the windows up, and the bright, warm sunshine making me drowsily lazy, I wonder what I can write from this land of "miñana," tomorrow, that will interest the old College friends. I tell myself that it is really too beautiful a day for one to be in-doors writing. Then my glance rests upon an "hombre" lying face downward in the cinders peacefully enjoying a "siesta," and for the moment the spell is broken, for one would not want to be quite like that.

Yet, one can but rejoice in the easy-going, care-free, sunshiny southern temperament. The soul expands as does the flower in the sun, and one never sees here the care-worn old children of the North and East, such as make ones heart ache to see.

The air of happy freedom creates a success of its kind. No one is really poor, many are wealthy, and all are contented. Truly this is the land of to-morrow! To-morrow for worry, ill-health, misfortune! None in all this world are so care free as the peon with a few "tortillas" a pan of "frijoles" and a cup of "cafe." Perhaps "apathy" most truly names his condition.

In this section the Mexicans are very much like Indians, and in fact the majority claim some Indian ancestry. They have their own part of town, usually giving it a suitable name. Here it is Chihuahua. They do not engage in any business or trade in this town, except perhaps as politicians.

At election time they sit peacefully near the polls refusing to vote until their price is reached. A can of lard, a sack of flour, or a piece of tobacco bought many a vote last November. They have absolutely no sense of honor where money is concerned.

However, the Mexicans form but a small per cent of the population of Tucumcari, which is a town to be proud of, not yet four years old, in the midst of a country full of possibilities.

From our windows in one direction, is a vista of never-ending delight. Instead of the desert we are taught New Mexico is, there is seen one broad, green prairie, brightened by yellow and purple flowers and dotted with the homes of the railway men—the Dawson part of town—with a background of red hills, and farther and farther away the smoky, clouded succession of hills and ridges—the “mesas” that so delight the eye in this clear-aired country.

From another window may be seen the town proper, with old Tucumcari mountain seemingly just behind the two-story brick buildings, but in reality five miles beyond them. Then, too, I see three church spires, the bell tower of our large brick school buildings, the roof of our court-house, and all around stone business houses, frame, adobe and stone dwelling houses. Immediately before us on the first street is the city hall, a hotel, and a saloon.

The rough element was long in control here, and a killing created little excitement, no surprise, and few arrests. Now, however, through the strength of character, fearlessness and known marksmanship of our sheriff, whom all regard highly, all this is changed. In perfect peace of mind, one can enjoy to the fullest extent this most perfect climate, and this most wonderful air. In our own home, the Eating House, there is such a constant stream of new faces, each very interesting, that one

never dreams of ennui, and the days go by so swiftly that we scarcely can believe it is the same old Father Time who rules here that reigns elsewhere.

With the corps of assistants ever changing one has constant use for all his ability to draw from each his best work. One soon discovers much that is lovable, admirable, tragic, pitiable, and exasperating. The cook's wife is a veritable Baroness Munchausen, and presents the manager's wife with preserves from her own storeroom.

Faithful old Bill, a consumptive, was left to die in a hospital by wife and children, but managed to get out here, where he works away, faithful and honest though slow. Then there is our little Bohemian girl, pretty and lovable, whose eyes fill with tears when she must refuse a tramp his dinner—“he was hungry and he didn't had any money.” Another sweet girl, an orphan, and yet another who sometimes tries our patience severely. These are a few of our household members for the time being. A wealth of material is here for any one who enjoys the study of humanity in this wonderful school of life.

But I fear my pen must be curbed. I did want to tell you all about our mountain, the Pajarita river, the Blue Holes, the mesas, the mesquite, the tree cactus, the sheep, cattle, and the farms. We would not wear our welcome out, however, so I will just add that we hope the JAYHAWKER will enjoy endless years of peace and plenty. We trust we may be of those favored by its visits. Fraternally ever,

HARRIET NICHOLS DONOHOO, '98.

The five days of vacation at Thanksgiving time came “as a blessed relief from the strenuous round of the duties of College life.” Many of the students went home to get a taste of “mother's cooking,” and those who lingered in town applied themselves diligently to having a good time.

*Local Notes*

Reduced prices on cloaks, furs, tailor-made suits and skirts. Spot Cash.

The freshmen-sophomore football game, held December 11, resulted in a score of 0 to 0. The game was, as the score indicates, a close and interesting one.

A new system for the regulation of absences from class has been instituted at the College. Now, all absences, whether excused by the instructor or not, are reported to the secretary.

The senior team played Clay Center High School at Clay Center and was defeated by a score of 5 to 0. The seniors report as a reason for their defeat, that Clay Center played two "imported" men.

The preliminary contests for the annual oratorical contest of the literary societies have been held, and the following is the list of those who will take part in the contest to be held the winter term.

- Ionian..... Marcia Turner
- Webster ..... Martin Schuler
- Hamilton ..... Ernest Davis
- Alpha Beta.....
- Franklin..... Wren Thurston

At the stock show held in Kansas City recently the College took two first premiums on blooded stock, one sweepstakes in two-year-old grade Hereford steer and yearling Shorthorn classes; two third premiums in yearling grade Angus and Shorthorn calf classes; sixth on a Shorthorn heifer calf; seventh in Shorthorn bull class. These premiums were accompanied by \$165 in cash.

The Y. W. girls and the Y. M. boys enjoyed a pleasant evening together December 11. The entertainment was held in the Women's Gymnasium, which was prettily decorated. In the windows were flags of various nations and those present were supposed to make guesses about the nations which

the flags represented. The crowd was divided into "families" and each family provided amusements for its own members as well as for those of the other families. A short program was rendered and afterwards refreshments of punch and wafers were served. Those present report a "lovely" time.

R. H. Shaw, who has been assistant chemist in the Experiment Station here for nearly four years, has resigned in order to accept the position of assistant professor of chemistry in the University of Nebraska and associate chemist of the Experiment Station. He begins his new work in January but will be back here some time during the spring to complete the work on eggs which was begun last summer.

The six Philipinos who are attending this College are a credit to their country. Many an American boy who has come a hundred miles would bring more pleasure to his people if he had more of the earnestness of these boys who have come half way round the world to get an education. Perhaps that is one reason why it means so much more to one than to the other. The cold of our climate is hard on those whose ancestors have lived for generations beneath the tropic sun. The companionship of each other may not do as much as one would expect to keep off homesickness, for their dialects are so different that several of them can understand the native tongue of only one or two of their companions.

Miss Mary Kimball, '07, entertained the junior class at her beautiful country home one evening during the Thanksgiving vacation. The juniors started for the Kimball home in two large "busses." Of course there were accidents and one of the conveyances was so badly injured that it was found necessary to transfer the occupants to a good old-fashioned hay-rack. This incident caused some delay, and part of the crowd did not arrive until rather

late. The evening was spent in pulling taffy, playing games, and singing songs, but the taffy-pulling part of the entertainment occupied the greater part of the evening. Some of the candy absolutely refused to do anything else but stick, but it did that well, thereby proving itself thoroughly "junior." Miss Mary is a royal entertainer, and when the time came for the party to break up there was not a single one of the juniors who did not wish that the night had as many hours as eyes.

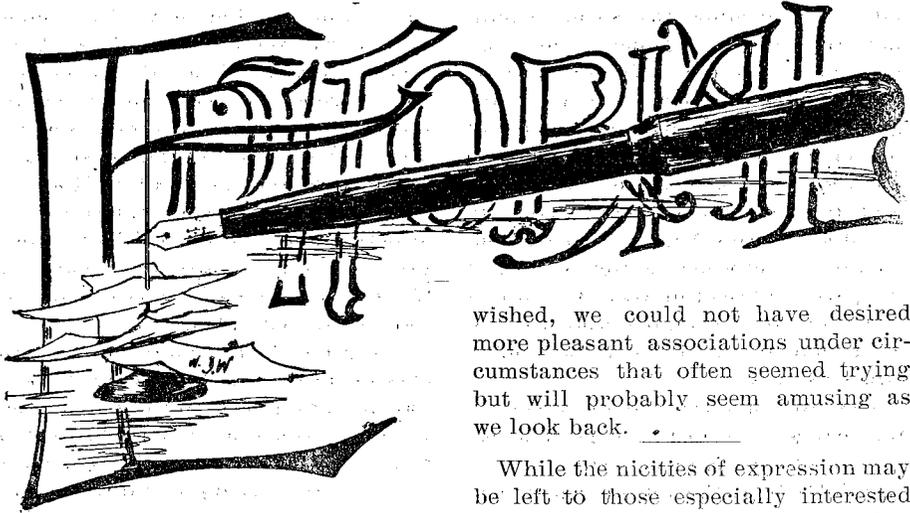
The third number of the College lecture course was in the form of a lecture on "Hard Knocks" delivered by Ralph Parlette, the well-known humorist. This lecture was attended by the largest crowd that has ever been seen at any of the lecture-course numbers this fall. Not one of those present showed the least inclination to "throw bricks, bouquets, eggs and other solid expressions of appreciation over the footlights." Mr. Parlette's pointers for patrons are very liberal; he says: "All patrons are permitted to sleep in a low tone of voice. All prominent citizens will remain during the first two or three hours of the lecture. Going out causes a dangerous stampede very often." Although Mr. Parlette's lecture was full of true humor, underlying all was a stock of common sense. We are sure Mr. Parlette is wrong in saying that he draws the largest crowds where he is least known.

The football game with K. S. N., held Nov. 27, resulted in defeat for the Normal. K. S. N. played a good, clean game, but they were no match for our boys. The score was 10 to 0. In the evening the Girls' and the Boys' Rooters' Clubs entertained the players in the gymnasium, which was attractively decorated with the College colors, pennants and the banners of the clubs. Refreshments of cider and doughnuts were served, and shortly afterward the visitors were compelled to leave in order to catch

the train to Emporia. The cider served was the good old K. S. A. C. article, and the Normal had no reason to report ill news of any nature other than defeat. This game was the last football game of the season, and the players, the officers of the Rooters' Clubs, the professors interested in athletics and President Nichols were given an opportunity to remark on the closing football season and on football in general.

The girls of the junior and senior classes are busy practicing basketball in anticipation of the match game to be held sometime during the winter term. The freshmen and sophomore girls are also practicing for this game.

The junior-senior football game resulted in a tie; the score was 5 to 5. The juniors held the ball at the beginning of the last half, and they still had it when the game closed. Wren Thurston, of the senior team, had his collar bone broken in the game. In the evening the junior girls entertained the junior boys at a reception given in honor of the '07 football players. Kedzie Hall was beautifully decorated with the '07 class colors, red and white, and with pennants of almost every size and description. One of the most attractive features of the entertainment was the gypsy fortune teller; her knowledge concerning the affairs, both past and present, of the junior class was wonderful. When the company first entered the hall, each was assigned to a certain "group of six." These groups were expected to compose and sing a song. Many and varied were the compositions rendered by the junior sextettes, and some of them would have filled with joy the heart of the professor of music, could he have heard them. Refreshments of pineapple ice and macaroons were served after partners had been found by matching the numbers on the back of tiny card-board footballs. It is hardly necessary to state that the juniors enjoyed themselves.



Published monthly in the interest of the Alumni of the Kansas State Agricultural College.

Printed in the Printing Department at the College by student labor.

Entered September 13, 1902, at the post-office in Manhattan, Kansas, as second-class matter, under act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

Subscription price: ..... 75 cents per year  
Address all communications to  
THE JAYHAWKER, Manhattan, Kan.

SARAH HOUGHAM, '03. .... { Editors.  
ALICE LOOMIS, '04. ....

JANUARY 1906.

We wish all our friends a Happy New Year and hope that 1906 may bring to each not a relief from work but rather pleasant work in pleasant places with gratifying results, not too far in the future.

A few months ago the JAYHAWKER stockholders elected a person very inexperienced in such work as editor-in-chief, assuring her that there would not be so very much work to do and that the staff were excellent workers. The first statement was not quite accurate and the second did not express half the truth. The faithful work and splendid spirit of the staff has quite made up for all the hard work that seemed unavoidable. Every one has worked hard, and while we have not accomplished all that we

wished, we could not have desired more pleasant associations under circumstances that often seemed trying but will probably seem amusing as we look back.

While the niceties of expression may be left to those especially interested in linguistic studies, it does seem that the majority of people, particularly college people, ought to be able at least to express themselves clearly.

The English Department can not be held responsible for the condition that exists, nor can it be expected to change it entirely. It would be as sensible to expect the Physical Culture Department to make Dianas of all the girls.

The number of books published that are "sure guides to correct and forceful expression" would seem to indicate that there is a need of such guides in many places. However, the contemplation of the shortcomings of others does not help us any. Can not something be done to improve matters in this direction?

We like to hear favorable comparisons between K. A. C. and other colleges in regard to various things, and we often do; but did you ever hear any one make such a comparison in regard to the English spoken here? There may be a number of reasons to account for the deficiency in this respect, but these do not make it any less deplorable.

Unfortunately this lack of respect for our mother tongue is not confined to the lower classes or to the students alone. Sometimes there seems to be a

feeling that good English is of minor importance. The fact that many successful people are quite ignorant of what correct English is, no more proves that such English is of no importance in achieving success than a millionaire who can scarcely write proves to us the folly of striving to get an education.

Anything complimentary in regard to the JAYHAWKER that the members of the staff hear we pass on to our subscribers and friends who are making the paper all that it is. But we don't believe that the comparatively few people who write us interesting letters about their own experiences, (and we have not received an uninteresting one) or tell us items of interest about other people—we don't believe that these are the only people who formed friendships at College and who remember that others did the same and are glad to hear about their friends too.

If any people haven't written to us because they don't know just what would interest others, the following questions, which were suggested by a friend of the JAYHAWKER, may call something to mind. If you can answer a single question, let us know about it.

Any change in your name?

Any change in your location or business?

Any alumni living or visiting in your vicinity?

Any news you were glad to hear of them or through them?

Any new work in which the time you spent in K. S. A. C. has helped you specially?

Any honors or distinctions of any kind thrust upon you by admiring friends?

Any jolly time of the old College days that you often recall?

Anything at all you would like to have your friends know?

A good time to subscribe—now!

One of the epitaphs mentioned in "Virginia Observations" last month reminded Prof. McFarland of what he had observed in that cemetery some years ago. While there he copied down this inscription with its peculiar capitalization and punctuation. He kindly consented to write out a few of his observations in this interesting place.

The entire inscription upon the so-called stone-mason's grave is as follows:

"In Memory of  
Abraham Shield, stone  
Cutter & Brick Layer,  
A Native, In The County  
of Durham, Old England  
who departed this life  
Oct<sup>r</sup>, 9<sup>th</sup>, 1798 aged 28 years"

When I was young and in my prime  
it pleased the Lord to End my time  
And took me to A place of Rest  
where jesus Christ did think it best"

It is not clear whether the Brick Layer or Old England departed this life.

In the same cemetery on another stone is the following:

Albert Rose  
Died 1754  
Vir probus et integer.

No better tribute can be paid to any one.

Hollywood cemetery is the finest around Richmond. Here are many fine monuments to individuals. One of the most appropriate in all the cemetery is the one erected "To the Confederate Dead." The monument is built of loose stones in the form of a pyramid, base 45 by 45 feet, height 90 feet. Around it lie 14,000 Confederate soldiers.

The grave of John Tyler, former president of the United States, has no monument. At the head of the grave is a magnolia tree and a green rose. The latter is said to be the only one of the kind in the United States. Its petals are as green as the leaves of the bush.

Very near the Ex-president's grave is that of his daughter Julia. Here is a small but very tasty monument.

Why no monument was ever erected at the grave of John Tyler the writer does not know. It seems as if the government ought to mark (if no one else does) the last resting-place of its former presidents.

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### Exchanges

We note many comments praising the contents and work of the *Students' Herald*.

Several colleges are abolishing cane rushes and substituting some milder form of contest.

The Massachusetts College *Signal* speaks well of our coach, M. F. Ahearn, among their alumni.

The College *Signal*, of Amherst, Mass., has many items of interest to those who are interested in college life in general.

The Massachusetts Agricultural College is making a study of Kansas apples, which speaks well for Kansas along the horticultural line.

We are glad to welcome the *Orange and Purple* as an exchange after a year's absence. The paper is well edited, and we hope there will be no need for another period of non-existence.

President W. D. Gibbs, of the New Hampshire State College at Durham, N. H., announced that through the generosity of Andrew Carnegie and the combined efforts of the college and town, a new library for Durham, costing \$50,000, is assured.

Statistics of 300 Yale freshmen, recently compiled by Director Anderson of the gymnasium, show that 33 per cent use glasses, 6 per cent have not been vaccinated, only 18 per cent can swim, and 44 per cent use tobacco. The average age is 18 years, 11 months and the average height 5 feet 8 inches.—*Ex.*

We thank the *Indian School Journal* for a neat motto, which has been placed in the JAYHAWKER office for at least one member of the staff to follow. The motto is: "Don't grunt, do your stunt."

The following criticism from the *Indian School Journal* is often richly deserved: "A great many of our exchanges clip an article and then put 'Ex.' at the end of it. If it is good enough to publish, why not give the full credit?"

The *Normal Alumnus* began existence with the October number, and is devoted entirely to the interests of the alumni of the Kansas State Normal School. It contains news of alumni from many parts of the earth, and should receive the hearty support of all graduates.

Let us not, therefore, read for amusement as the children do; neither for information, as those who are avaricious for facts alone. No, let us read to live! And by so doing make ourselves an atmosphere of all great thoughts, a companionship of all the noblest minds.—*Montaigne*.

Besides one or two criticisms and some jokes the exchange column of some college papers contains only the statement, "We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges." Is this the purpose for which exchange columns are intended? One exchange column contained only a list of nearly one hundred exchanges.

Cornell students are rejoicing over the abolition of "black week," a 10-day period of examinations which formerly came twice a year. The university faculty voted that any college faculty might abolish these examinations. The faculty of Sibley college of mechanical engineering, the largest department in the university, immediately abolished the examinations, and other colleges are expected to follow soon.—*College Signal*.

# ALUMNI NOTES

Mrs. Ada (Quinby) Perry, '86, visited in Manhattan the second week in December.

F. N. Gillis, '03, is cashier of the First State Bank, at Wishek, N. D., and treasurer of the Wishek Creamery Company.

Olive Dunlap, '05, of Leonardville, has gone to Chicago, where she has a position in the Glenwood Manual Training School.

A. B. Gahan, '03, assistant State entomologist of Maryland, came Dec. 14, for a two-months' vacation with relatives and friends in Manhattan.

Mrs. Henrietta (Willard) Calvin, '86, has been asked to deliver, next winter, a course of lectures on domestic science at the Agricultural College of Cornell University.

A. I. Bain, '00, stopped in Manhattan between trains, Dec. 13. He has sold out his implement business in Marysville, and was on his way to western Kansas where he expects to locate.

V. L. Cory, '04, has been transferred to Madesto, Cal., where his work for the U. S. Department of Agriculture will keep him busy during the winter. Uncle Sam seems to find places for our boys in all corners of his country.

Congratulations and good wishes are again in order. H. V. Forest, '00, was married, on Thanksgiving Day, to Miss Edna Bearmore, of Thayer, Kan. Mr. and Mrs. Forest called on College friends in Manhattan, on the way to their home in Lyons, Kan.

Harvey McCaslin, '01, is in Barnes, Kan. He hasn't told us what he is doing.

Rev. R. U. Waldraven, '89, has gone from Atchison, Kan., to Farmington, New Mex.

Mary Hall, '04, has secured a position in the Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles, Cal.

Rev. C. A. Campbell, '91, has moved from 2123 Lafayette street, to 2030 Park Place, Denver, Colo.

W. N. Birch, '04, is a dairyman at Parkview Dairy, Topeka. His address is 412 Monroe street.

H. C. Rushmore, '79, writes to have his address changed from 2024 N. Fifth street, to 357 Waverly street, Kansas City, Kansas.

Clarence A. Chandler, '00, and Winnie (Romick) Chandler, '94, have moved from 608 E. 30th street to 3122 Cherry street, Kansas City, Mo.

Bertha Bachelor, '88, who is director of domestic science in the manual training high school, Kansas City, Mo., has changed her address from 3123 Campbell street, Kansas City, Mo., to 16th and Reynolds, Kansas City, Kan.

C. H. Thompson, '93, of the Missouri Botanical Garden of St. Louis, is one of the loyal alumni of K. S. A. C. who, though twelve years out of college, has not lost one bit of interest in his Alma Mater or in the friends of College days. He is very enthusiastic over the idea of a strictly *alumni* paper, and has been kind enough to send us, along with his best wishes, a bundle of good suggestions and, what pleases us most, a promise of most hearty coöperation in any undertaking to make the JAYHAWKER the ideal alumni paper that we wish it to be.

John Stingley, '94, is traveling for the Molina Plow Company.

J. G. Worswick, '05, has been appointed 3d lieutenant in the Constabulary department in the Philippines.

Clara Spilman, '00, came from Camden Point, Missouri, to spend the Christmas vacation with home folks.

Jessie Sweet, '05, came from Glasco to spend the Christmas vacation, after a very successful term of school there.

Dovie (Ulrich) Boys, '03, of Lee's Summit, Mo., spent the Christmas holidays with her mother, in Manhattan.

Ruth Mudge, '01, who is assistant instructor of botany and physiology in the girls' high school of Louisville, Kentucky, spent the holidays at her home in Manhattan.

Minnie Reed, '86, who is teaching in Honolulu, H. I., has been doing some botanical work, during the recent year, for the U. S. Department of Agriculture, along the line of edible fungi. A report of this work will probably be published in a bulletin.

J. C. Cunningham, '05, of Crete, Neb., spent the week before Christmas in Manhattan. He is very enthusiastic over his work with the Crete Nursery Company, and, in his "journeying up and down," has visited a number of places of interest, about which he has promised to write for the JAYHAWKER in the not far distant future.

On Monday, December 18, Miss Lula L. O'Daniel and Attorney Alvin R. Springer, both of Manhattan, were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. O'Daniel. The wedding was a very pretty affair, witnessed by a large number of relatives and friends of the bride and groom. Miss O'Daniel, who is a sister of Anna O'Daniel, '03, and Mary (O'Daniel) Scott, '04, was a former student of K. S. A. C., and has a large circle of friends among the College people.

Murray S. Cole, '02, is located at Yermo, Cal. "I am still 'whacking' cars," he writes, "for the Salt Lake, and enjoy all of life I can on the desert. One gets a taste of real frontier life here that is hard to beat; but we are gradually settling down to metropolitan ways, as we now have a post-office. The Salt Lake railroad is doing her share of carrying tourists to California, which shows that it is to be one of the trancontinental lines. If you ever come West, come via Salt Lake City—and Senator Clark's new road. Best wishes for your success."

Mrs. Eusebia (Mudge) Thompson, '93, of Marysville, Kan., writes: "Your alumni notes are *fine*, and I enjoy the news I find there of old friends. Since the death of my husband, George K. Thompson, '93, I have taken up his work, and am now running the hardware store which he and my father had bought a short time before Mr. Thompson's death. I will be glad to see old K. S. A. C.-ites when they happen to be in our city. I have two children, a boy and a girl, who will probably get their education in the Alma Mater of their parents. Best wishes for the success of the JAYHAWKER and K. S. A. C."

A. M. Green, '86, writes from Look-out, Modoc county, California: "I am very pleasantly situated here in the mountains of California. A little dabbling in real estate, frequent surveying trips, which partake very much of the nature of pleasure excursions, and something more than a passing interest in some very promising mining ventures—which, I am sorry to say, have not yet got beyond the 'promising' stage—keep me as busy as I care to be. Mrs. Green and the three little Greens, who are already beginning to talk of the time when they will be old enough to go to Manhattan, join with me in sending best wishes to the JAYHAWKER staff, and all connected with the College."

"Thanks for sample copy of the JAYHAWKER. It seems to be truly an alumni paper. Success to it!"—*Charles Eastman, '02, San Luis Obispo, California.*

Elizabeth Hall, former student, was married on December 5 in Saint Mark's Church, in Denver, Colo., to Albert F. Eaton. After January 15 they will be at home in Eaton, Colo.

Among the out-of-town alumni who spent Thanksgiving in Manhattan were G. W. Smith, '93, "Pat" Mason, '04, and Roger Thompson, Rube Evans, J. G. Chitty, and W. J. Wilkinson, all of the '05 class.

W. A. Coe, '96, is located at Rich, Idaho, twenty-five miles southwest of Blackfoot. Mr. Coe says he considers that country on the threshold of great development, owing to the many irrigation projects now under way.

A. E. Blair, '99, is employed at 611 Wyandott street, Kansas City, Mo.; where he says he "earns his daily bread and meat" as draftsman. He asks to have his mail addressed to 17-08 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

J. A. Johnson, '04, who has been working on a ranch in southeast Missouri, since his graduation, has had to give up the position on account of ill health. He stopped off for a few days in Manhattan on his way west, where he will spend a short vacation before going home.

The many alumni who recall with pleasure Mrs. Wilder as their Sunday-school teacher, will be glad to know that the boys in her class at present appreciate her just as much as they did. Her class gave her, at Christmas, a beautiful gold fountain pen in token of their regard.

On the evening of January first, Marion Allen and Thomas Buell, both members of the '04 class, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's mother. A large number of friends were present at the ceremony and the young couple start their new life with

the best wishes of many warm friends. After visiting friends in the vicinity of Manhattan for a short time they will leave for their home in Roanoke, Texas.

Alfred C. Smith, '97, and Mary (Waugh) Smith, '99, write from 556 Aloha street, Seattle, Wash.: "The sample copy of the JAYHAWKER sent to us went to the old street number, and was so delayed in reaching us that we did not receive it until this morning. We trust it is not too late to avail ourselves of the reduced subscription rate 'good till December first,' for of course we want all the JAYHAWKER we can get. It was an oversight that we did not get it before, but since coming back from St. Louis we have depended solely on the *Industrialist* for College news. While that is good in its place, it isn't the JAYHAWKER, so send on the JAYHAWKER.

Miss Jennie Ridenour, '04, invited all the '04 girls in Manhattan to her home, the evening of December 22, in honor of Miss Allen. A kitchen shower provided the bride-elect with numerous useful articles, such as all had used in the D. S. laboratories, and some elsewhere. Each guest was given a card on one side of which were written a few articles, such as a depleted larder might contain, and on the reverse side each girl wrote out the menu that she would serve if company came in suddenly under such conditions. What originality there was! Then the cards were tied in a book with the black and orange and given to the guest of honor for future reference. May she never have need of all of them. Each girl learned something of how she appeared to the others, for every guest drew a picture of every other girl, in little books, which it is hoped will really make the owners "see themselves as others see them." A delightful evening was spent, and the girls parted wondering who would be the next.

J. N. Bridgman, '91, is doing civil engineering in Eldorado, Ark.

Elizabeth Mudge, '03, is clerking in Guy Varney's bookstore in Manhattan.

W. K. Evans and Jens Nygard, both of the '05 class, are working on the Evans ranch, at Jennings, Kan.

Nellie Baird, '05, of Marquette, Kan., spent Thanksgiving week and the week following visiting friends in Manhattan.

Wallace Baird, '04, was married, November 30, to Miss Alma Randle, of Bala. Mr. and Mrs. Baird are at home on a farm near Bala.

H. A. Burt, '05, is working in the engineering department of the Western Electric Company, at Kansas City. His address is 2454 Tracy Avenue.

E. H. Hodgson, '03, visited the College November 27. He is still staying by the farm in Little River, Kan., and is doing a thriving business in apple raising.

T. E. Dial, '04, who is employed in the electrical department of the Santa Fe railroad, with headquarters at Topeka, started early in December for Las Vegas, N. M. From there he goes on an inspection tour, through to Chicago, in the interests of the company.

Helen Kernohan, '04, has gone to Chilocco, I. T., where she has charge of the domestic science work in the Chilocco Indian School. This is said to be one of the best of the government schools, the equipment in the domestic science department being almost equal to that at K. S. A. C.

Roland Mc Kee, '00, who has been doing graduate and assistant work in the Horticultural Department of the College, has received an appointment in the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, and left, Dec. 19, to report in Washington. His work, this winter, is to be in the West, and his headquarters will be at Chico, Cal.

F. C. Sears, '92, writes from Truro, Nova Scotia, that he is doing some experiment station work in various parts of the province. He expects to deliver addresses at the Fat Stock Show, at Amherst, and also at the meeting of the Fruit Growers' Association of the Dominion of Canada.

The following note was taken from the Bozeman, Montana, *Exponent*: "Prof. C. S. Dearborn, who has been secured as assistant professor in mechanical engineering and placed in charge of the shops, graduated in mechanical engineering in 1904 from the Kansas State Agricultural College. He was a student of E. B. McCormick, former professor of mechanical engineering in this institution. Professor Dearborn has had considerable experience in teaching, having been a student assistant for several years before graduation, in the shops and in the mechanical drawing department. Professor Dearborn intends to make several changes in the system and method of work in the shops, and he wants the coöperation of the students as well as the faculty."

C. L. Thompson, '05, writes letters full of enthusiasm over California in general and Etiwanda in particular. He and his brother, Bert, of the same class, are only two miles apart and see each other often. They are both well and "having a good time." In description of Etiwanda, C. L. says: "It is a small place, quite thickly settled, and containing a church, a handsome school building, store, post-office and blacksmith shop. It is situated on the main line of the Santa Fe, fifty miles east of Los Angeles. The chief industry is fruit raising. The fruit is almost all grown under irrigation, as there are from six to eight months during the summer that rain is unknown. Grapes have been abundant for the past three months but are about all gone now, and the first of the orange crop is now being marketed. The

oranges are not ripe enough yet for good eating, but I manage to hide a few of them every day. Lemons are picked here every month in the year. The roses are still in bloom, and I guess some species bloom the year round. Among the ornamentals, palms are quite prominent, and only a few deciduous trees, the apricot, peach, etc., are found here. There has been snow in sight on the mountain tops all the time for the past month, and most of the time it has lain within six or eight miles of here. We have had a few light frosts but not enough to do any damage. It has been known to get as cold as 26° above zero here, but that seldom, and snow falls in the valley only rarely. It is a pleasant experience to walk around in the orange orchards, among the green trees laden with yellow fruit, as I did to-day, and see snow on the ground within a few miles."

The Russell county K.S.A.C. graduates and former students are all prospering, and are good citizens. We frequently have a little alumni reunion at our house, there already being three graduates in our family, namely, Mrs. Smith, C. D. Lechner, and myself. We occasionally get to see F. A. Dawley, of the class of '95, who lives in Osburn county. He is making an enviable reputation as a thoroughbred hog raiser. Mrs. Grace (Wonsetler) Reide, who graduated in '85, and who for many years has been a practising physician along the line between Russell and Barton counties, also makes occasional visits to Russell. She is a stockholder in the Farmers' State Bank of this city, and is always an interested attendant on the meeting of the shareholders. In fact, she is the only lady shareholder who attends the meeting. By the way, C. W. McKeen, a student in '98 and '99, holds down a position of bookkeeper in the Farmers' State Bank. H. E. Smith, who was a student in '93 and '94, is associated here with his father in the general

mercantile business, while his brother M. R. Smith, a student during the same period, is doing a prosperous business as a druggist. C. D. Lechner, '99, has been busy all year at his occupation of contractor and builder. He has had from four to five men working under him all year. Mrs. Laura (McKeen) Smith, '95, who rules under our roof-tree, finds, every hour in the day, some use to which to put the training received in the dear old College. She especially finds plenty of opportunity to put into practice domestic economy, in every sense of the word. Her housework, together with the care of the three young Smiths, make for her a busy life.—*F. J. Smith, '95, Russell, Kansas.*

*Dear K. S. A. C.-ites:* A sample of the JAYHAWKER came to me this week, and I never knew how much I was missing before. I enclose herewith my subscription for a year, and want to say that I hope that I shall never be without it again. I notice in its editorial that there is a general call to hear from the alumni, and I am more than glad to tell my little tale to those whom I haven't seen in my "Travels Around the World." To begin about four years back, I joined an opera company, called "King Dodo," and remained with them for two seasons, started in the chorus (as usual) and gradually worked up until I understudied the principal contralto role, and had the pleasure (and fright) of playing it several times. During this time we touched about all the points on the map of the United States and part of Canada. From Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon; from Winnepeg to New Orleans; Rhode Island to California; and from the low-lands in Texas to the highest lands of Colorado. I never ceased to be surprised, even in "Squedunk, Nowhere," to have some one call out "Mrs. Sutherland, another old friend to see you." And lo and behold! he

was usually a K. S. A. C. one. And it did seem mighty good to see them! After closing with "Dodo," I joined "The Babes in Toyland," but only played with this organization a month, as I decided it would be better to remain in Chicago and study some more. To be self-supporting during this interim I studied shorthand, and then accepted a position in the City Hall—not as a grafter—and I am still at it. Hardly a day passes that I do not meet a Manhattanite on the street, and there are various and joyous gatherings often. Not the least of these was the banquet that the alumni held here last spring, and which we hope to repeat this coming year. May there be even a larger attendance this time.

My brother Grant also is located here in Chicago with the Illinois Improvement Company. My younger brother, Earle, calls Chicago his home, too, but is on the road this season with the "Maid and Mummy" Company, in which he is portraying several character bits, with quite a degree of success, I am glad to say. Just now the company is on its way to the far western coast.

I am living here with my father and mother and little daughter and am very comfortably settled at 3744 Lake Avenue. So endeth the tale of the whole Dewey family.

I have never attended the alumni banquet at the College since the year I graduated, but hope to be there at the next one, and to see many of the "old ones."

Until that time, should any of "you-all" be in Chicago, be sure to give me a call. Fraternally yours,

IONE (DEWEY) SUTHERLAND,  
208 City Hall, Chicago, Ill.

*Dear College Friends* (Whoever you are, and wherever you may be):

After enjoying so much the letters of Mrs. White, '91, and Henrietta Hofer, '02, the spirit moved me to tell you something of one of the class of 1900.

It seems as though each catalogue, since I graduated, has borne a different address after my name, but I truly am not such a rolling stone, and each change has proved a means of profit and pleasure for me.

In the fall of 1900 I began teaching in the school for the deaf, in Council Bluffs, Iowa. In May, 1902, the main building of that institution burned, and I, with Miss Staatz, who was teaching there at that time, lost everything I possessed, being reduced to the absurd and pathetic condition of no hat, no collar, and, worse still, no hair-pins. The matter of clothes was easily remedied, but the loss of every College memento and all my photographs was something you cannot appreciate unless you, too, have been through the fire.

The next fall I entered the training class for teachers, at the Clark School for the Deaf, at Northampton, Mass. That school is a model of its kind. There are one hundred fifty pupils, all taught speech by mechanical means. The results are marvelous. Of course, no one claims that every one of these pupils talks intelligibly, but they get a *good* education. The fact that one congenitally deaf boy, after studying here, should have graduated from Harvard, and finally, with the highest honors, from a Paris school of polytechnics, entirely without outside aid, so far as special teachers are concerned, is an honor to the school.

Devoted as I am to the west, I lost my heart completely to that little city nestled in the mountains and sung to by the placid Connecticut. May it be my lot to spend more of my days there!

Side trips to Mt. Holyoke and Mt. Tom, to Mt. Holyoke College and Amherst College, to old Deerfield, the scene of the massacre of 1704 and the quaintest place I ever saw, all of these taken by trolley through an ideally beautiful country, stored my mind with material for the most happy memories.

During the Easter season of that year I visited in Burlington, Vt., and spent several days at the University of Vermont with a friend who is a graduate of that school. Friends who know me will be readily assured that I did not hesitate in the comparison of schools, much to the credit of K. S. A. C. It is hard for the people there to believe that any good can come out of Kansas.

In September, 1903, I began teaching in Mt. Airy, a suburb of Philadelphia, and spent two beautiful years there. It meant a great deal to me to be so situated that I might know something of the best in music, theater, and art.

All this time I had kept watch for old K. S. A. C. people, but met only one—Frank Shelton, of my own class. Last New Year's Day I was convinced that the world was a small place, after all, for, as I stepped out of the lobby of a theater in New York City, feeling very small and strange in that vastness, imagine my surprise at meeting Harriet Yenawine, sister of Ora Yenawine, '95.

Last spring I came home by way of Washington and Norfolk, Va. With only a few hours in Washington, I saw a great deal and had a nice chat with Bertha (Winchip) Spilman, '91, in her cozy little home. She has one of the brightest and most interesting daughters you can imagine.

In Norfolk I visited Mr. and Mrs. Fred Myers. Classmates will remember Mrs. Myers as Edith Perkins. There is much of interest to be seen and done in and about Norfolk, and I believe we did most of the things. I never had a better time, for everything was very different from all previous experiences, and I let go of myself and forgot that I was a tired-out school-teacher, and did all sorts of ridiculous things. Fortress Monroe, Cape Henry, the navy yard, and rides on the salt water, to say nothing of hours of reminiscent talks, were things to make the time pass all too swiftly.

This year I am back in the good old West. I made many lovely friends in the East, but I found this difference: there, they put you on probation, and *if* you stand the test, they will be true and loyal friends. In the meantime, you may be dying for a little friendship—on credit, you might say. Here the people are your friends *at once*, and continue so to be until they know some good reason for being otherwise.

I am ready at all times to drink to the health and welfare of my Alma Mater, and of each and all of her graduates, if only one or more of those graduates will come this way and drink with me. Sincerely,

STELLA STEWART, '00.

1051 W. College Ave., Jacksonville, Ill.

#### Local Notes.

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Professor McKeever delivered an address, on December 18, before the class in journalism of the State University on the "Psychological Aspect of the Newspaper." Professor McKeever is well known over the State and is frequently called upon for addresses which his College duties prevent him from giving. Those that he does give are always appreciated.

On the afternoon of December 16, the domestic science short-course girls entertained their friends in Kedzie Hall. There are fifty-nine girls in the course this year and each girl invited two guests. A very pleasant time was spent and justice was done to the cake and ice-cream which the girls had prepared. The girls had been making cakes for several days, and those not used at the reception or bought by the girls themselves were sold. That "experimental cooking" is not to be feared is shown by the fact that dozens of people wanted cakes after the last was sold.



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