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OF THE
Kansas State Agricultural College
Manhattan



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VOL. IV.

FEBRUARY, 1906.

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A Glimpse of Peaceful Cambridge.

I. H., '97.

A SUMMER of study in Harvard University is one of the pleasures denied to our grandmothers which, in the close of the last century, was made possible for a girl to-day. In 1879, the Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women founded what is now called Radcliffe. Although early spoken of as Harvard Annex, it had no official relations with that university until 1894. At that time it was named Radcliffe in honor of Anne Radcliffe, the first woman who made an endowment of money to Harvard. Many of the courses are identical with those offered in Harvard itself, the requirements for the bachelor's and master's degrees are the same, and the girls have the same instructors as the men, but it is far from being a co-educational institution. The buildings of Radcliffe are some distance from any of the Harvard buildings, and there are many restrictions imposed to separate the sexes, which seem odd to one accustomed to a co-educational institution in the West. But in the summer time the buildings of Radcliffe are closed and students of both sexes meet in the class rooms of venerable Harvard.

The numerous buildings, about forty in number, belonging to the univer-

sity, are scattered all over Cambridge. A number are clustered about "The Yard," a campus that appears somewhat small to one accustomed to the space at K. S. A. C., but not the less attractive. There are dozens of squirrels scampering about, seemingly not at all daunted by the thousands of students they have seen. A number of pigeons add to the appearance of quiet and restfulness that is everywhere apparent. Only a little coaxing is needed to make these birds friendly enough to light on your shoulder. Chapel is held in a little church in this Yard where the Episcopal service is used. During the summer of our stay here the pulpit was filled by young clergymen from neighboring theological schools.

One of the many things that are so different here from the conditions in the West is the great number of historical associations connected with the most common objects. Surely this would be an ideal place to study the early history of our country. One of the buildings of Harvard University had a lead roof at the time of the Revolution and during the war the lead was removed and made into bullets.

One of the first lectures we attended was given by Professor Shaler, on the "Utilization of Ones Environment."

It was an interesting discussion of the geological formation of New England. It made a person wish he had read up more before coming here, but then a person always wishes he had prepared himself better before visiting a new place.

Although the courses in the University are as interesting as can be, there is so much of interest in the surrounding country, in the memorials of olden times, the beautiful libraries, the museums crowded with relics, the ocean, etc., that one must feel that the greater part of the pleasure and inspiration of a summer spent here comes from outside of a college course.

One enjoyable excursion was to Concord. The car line follows the line of retreat of the British after their defeat at Concord and Lexington. As we passed along, a friend pointed out the places of interest and told many pleasant anecdotes. The first point of interest was the site of the Black Horse Tavern in the edge of Cambridge. It was here that the famous "Committee of Safety" met, of which Samuel Adams and John Hancock were members. Not very far from here is the site of the Cooper Tavern, from which Paul Revere and Samuel Daws set out on their midnight ride on the 19th of April, 1775. For most of the distance we followed Paul Revere's route to Lexington. We passed the place where the first capture of the Revolution occurred; Wellington, a farmer, was taken by the British, but afterwards escaped. We saw the church where Emerson preached. This building is now used as a library. Various incidents of the British retreat became interesting as we passed the places where they occurred. At Lexington we visited the Town Hall and enjoyed the fine painting by Sandholm, "The Dawn of Liberty" inscribed "Too few to resist and too brave to flee." From here we went to the Hancock house, built in 1698, and where there were various relics, from a stamp

issued under the Stamp Act to a "copper plate" quilt belonging to the wedding outfit of Dorothy Quincy, who married John Hancock. In the study is an engraving of Harvard College, made by Paul Revere.

From this place we passed on to Lexington Green, where was heard the first shot of the Revolution—"the shot heard round the world." Many houses of historical interest cluster around this Green.

Points of interest along the road to Concord are marked by tablets. One marks the place where Paul Revere was captured. (Revere did not reach Concord, Prescott carried the news.)

Here is the place where the Concord grape originated. The old vine is still to be seen in an arbor.

Just before entering Concord one passes the "Wayside" and the Alcott home. The old School of Philosophy is still standing. We looked around these places and then took the path up the hill back of the house, which was daily trod by Hawthorne while he lived here. From these places we passed on to the home of Emerson, in which he was living in 1835, the time of his death. It is now occupied by Ellen Emerson. Across the street and a little farther on is a building literally packed with relics gathered around Concord.

During the day, we saw the old Jones house built in 1644 and now occupied by Judge Kyes, one of the oldest of Harvard alumni. In one room was a picture of the British on the march; the picture is framed from posts taken from the Old North Bridge. Judge Kyes went with the party down to the Old North Bridge, and there told us the story of the battle which had occurred there. You may imagine how much more it meant than when read from a book.

Near here is the Old Manse, an old unpainted building; but the surroundings are beautiful, just such a haunt as one would expect Hawthorne to

enjoy. It was built in 1765. There is a pretty little inscription written by Hawthorne on one of the window panes with a diamond, to the effect that Una Hawthorne stood on this window sill when ten months old and enjoyed the beautiful picture of icy trees.

The last place we visited on this trip was Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, where are the graves of Hawthorne, Senator Hoar, the Alcotts, Thoreau, and Emerson, upon whose stone is engraved, "Born in Boston, May 25, 1803. Died in Concord, April 27, 1882. The passive master lent his hand to the vast soul that o'er him planned."

At one end of the most aristocratic street in Cambridge is the site of the "Village Smithy and the spreading chestnut tree." Upon this street stand three old houses which antedate the Revolution. Here also is Longfellow's house, and a few blocks away is "Elmwood," the home of James Russell Lowell. The residences along this street are beautiful in the extreme, not because of their grandeur, but rather with a simple homelike beauty. They are usually in the colonial style with old-fashioned roofs and windows. Near here runs the Charles, a beautiful winding stream, and the benches placed along its banks tempt one to stop and enjoy the quiet restfulness that seems to prevail everywhere hereabouts.

If Boston children are quite different from children in other places, it is surely the result of their environment. One of the most charming of paintings is on the ceiling of the children's reference room in the Boston Public Library. It is done in blues and sunrise and moonlight tints, and represents Father Time with scythe and hour glass and twenty maidens with beautiful horses typifying the centuries. The work is that of the artist Elliott. In the checking out room of this library is a frieze of paintings representing scenes from the Holy Grail (by Abbe).

Castles in Spain.

By Jessie Reynolds, '06.

The dusk of a December twilight in new Spain overtook three wanderers in search of adventure on a street corner of Albuquerque. A lone one-mule street-car being all that offered itself, we boarded it, headed toward Old Town, and enjoyed the privilege of paying a ten-cent fare.

This touch of reality gave a nineteenth century flavor to this trip into the realms of the past century. Gradually, very gradually, we passed from among lofty stone and brick buildings to the quiet outskirts and over the waste of sand that lies between the new and old towns. Soon we crept among humble adobe dwellings, low-roofed and capacious, with deep, hospitable-looking doorways and quaint fire-places that sent long gleams of light across our way, breaking up the shadows of night. We rouse from the spell cast over us by these old poems of sun-dried brick to see at our side a veritable palace, a miniature castle after the manner of Old Spain; a dream of turrets and towers, of fretted arches and marble halls opening upon a real Alhambra fountain which is tossing its spray all about us. Now we journey on in the dreamy twilight "down on the Rio Grande," and soon reach old Albuquerque, which dates from 1701.

While our Mexican driver detaches the mule from what is now the rear of the car and faces about for New Town, we ask of him the distance to the river. On being assured that it is just around the corner, we hurry along beside a high adobe wall, hoping to catch a glimpse of this stream of song and story.

Night, the long distance from our hotel and the promise from the faculty of the Conservatory of a musical evening keep us within sound of the bell and within reach of the friendly rays that guide us back to the busy haunts of man. Adios to thee, dreamy city

of the plain! Many times in the dim future will memory recall thy potent charm and we shall dream of thee as "a song in twilight, when the lights are low, and the flickering shadows softly come and go."

A hasty flight northward through a valley walled by the Mist-Fringed Mountains and dotted by Mexican towns and Indian pueblos, a hurried climb over snow-clad mountains, a glimpse of the only turquoise mines on this continent, and we are crossing the Rio Santa Fe as we enter Santa Fe, the second oldest town in the New World.

Historic old city! Older than our country, older than the Spanish galleons, this drowsy old relic of the past touches us with a magic spell. We can hardly believe ourselves at last in the Mecca of our ambitions, as in response to our salutations we hear the sweet-toned convent bells chiming a gracious welcome.

Our drive from depot to hotel is through such narrow streets that we fear to meet another vehicle, as the mud walls rise above us high and dark. It seems a relief to reach the open square of the plaza, with its border of ancient trees and its cosy streets here and there beside the graveled paths. Only a block away we find the Palan Hotel, commodious and well equipped, so like the present, that it banishes the spell of the past by which all else around us is colored.

Our first visit is of course to El Palacio, (the Palan) whose venerable pile is older than the fort at St. Augustine, having been in the service of the Pueblo Indians long before the name of Santa Fe was given by the Spanish conquerors to this ancient capital and centre of the old Pueblo kingdom. This low adobe building, the residence of the governor from time immemorial, extends the entire length of the plaza on the north, only separated from it by the street. To endear this structure to the hearts of our friends we need

only to mention the fact that Ben Hur was completed within its walls.

Here the Historical Society of New Mexico has gathered treasures untold from the ages of the past. Most ancient perhaps are stone idols of which ex-Governor Prince has a priceless collection, numbering eight hundred, a portion of which occupied a place of honor in New Mexico's display at the World's Fair. These idols range from mere slabs of stone with indentations forming the features, to well defined figures, worshipped how long ago? *Quién sabe?*

Here are rows upon rows of shelves filled with Indian pottery gathered from all the tribes of the South west, both ancient and modern, much of which bears evidence of having been in existence ages ago, coming from villages that were deserted for unknown reasons long before the Spaniards took possession of this land teeming with historical associations.

Relics of the Conquistadores are here; stirrups and saddle cloths of embroidered leather, edged with a fringe of silver ornaments which ring out their story of Spanish daring and conquest, kettles and immense pans beaten out of native copper. Here is also a part of a slab of marble carved in Old Spain and brought to this country as a religious relic, afterwards used as a letter drop in this old post office with its threshold worn by the tread of generations.

A large cabinet devoted to a fine collection of arrow points and of beautifully modeled figures in agate, charms and love tokens proves very attractive; as does also a room filled nearly to the ceiling with heaps of precious ores delved from the hearts of the mountains far and near.

Lastly we come upon a massive wooden chair, which was already an ancient piece of furniture when the old palace was ceded to the Spaniards. By its side we saw a companion piece, a stalwart chest of the same pattern,

which, with its mate, had been for more than four centuries, a silent spectator of the great play of life wherein the scenes shift so readily from comedy to tragedy.

A stroll through the sunny porches fronting the plaza, down a narrow street, past Burro Alley, where these patient burden-bearers, laden with wood, congregate "by the wall to sun in winter, by the wall to shade in summer," and we reach Gold's Curiosity shop, established in 1862, which to a lover of curios proves one of the most interesting spots in the Southwest. Words cannot depict—a visit alone can give an adequate idea of it—the stock of Aztec pottery, Indian ollas and tinajac, Navajo blankets and rugs, collections of turquoise, opals, agates and garnets, beautiful baskets showing by weave and shape the tribe producing them.

Here too are complete suits of Mexican and Indian dress, from the sombrero of Old Mexico to the most exquisitely embroidered moccasins, magnificent fur rugs, a fine collection of mounted animals, bows with quivers full of arrows, oil paintings from ruined churches, etc., etc.

Across the plaza from El Palacio we discover another collection of curios of which the chief attraction is an idol carved from a most exquisite specimen of jade, valued at \$1000 and worshipped by Montezuma's people how many years ago? *Quién sabe?* Uncanny as the circumstances may seem we were fascinated by a display of Aztec sacrificial knives, each one having been used in the services which greeted the king of the day, morning after morning for hundreds of years.

Here, as elsewhere, there are too many objects of interest to be all described. So with a glimpse at the beautiful gold and silver filigree work in the hands of native workmen, we make our way to the cathedral, which we reach in time for the rosary. A magnificent structure it is, built on and almost

covering an old church of the sixteenth century.

We despair of being able to give even the faintest idea of the grandeur of the chorus, accompanied by a fine pipe organ, which constituted the greater part of the service. After the benediction we gained access to the crypt behind the altar where we found among the sacred relics, treasures galore, ancient altar-cloths embroidered in Old Spain, paintings and priestly paraphernalia, not to mention life-sized images of the whole calendar of saints; among which we notice a figure of great age, carved from the tusk of an elephant.

Our last and most important adventure is a visit to the church of San Miguel, the oldest church on the continent, built in 1580, partially burned in the insurrection of 1680, and restored in 1710. Beside this church stands the house of which so much has been written, dating from the advent of Coronado into New Spain.

A placard upon the door of the church bids us ring thrice. The ring is answered by a Mexican student from the school near by, whose duty it is to show visitors through the building. The object of greatest interest here, and the one first shown to visitors is a bell bearing the inscription "Ora por nosotros, padre José," and the date 1356. Of course we each wish to ring it, and the tones produced seemed so much purer and clearer than those of the bells of today that we wonder whether the effect is only the enchantment of the hour or if it be really true. We register, and wander about, only to find a repetition of articles already described, paintings, some of which are said to be seven hundred years old, ancient books and so on.

At last as both the day and year were drawing to a close, we climbed the steep, narrow stairs to the organ loft, where we three, in the wierd shadows of the fast falling twilight,

under the faint rays of a crescent moon, sang softly and low to the accompaniment of that sweet old organ, "Nearer My God to Thee" while the gentle, brown-faced lad leaned over the instrument.

"Toll ye the church bells, sad and low,

The old year lies a dying."

The benediction of peace fell upon us, the day and the dying year, and we passed out into the night.

Two Months on the Pacific Coast.

By Harry N. Vinall, '03, Crete, Neb.

IF one wishes to expand, to broaden his intellectual and moral horizon, let him break away from the sordid environments of man-made conditions in the East and go West where nature has been lavish in her gifts and where man, taking advantage of these inherent blessings, is *doing* things. Such would be my advice to anyone who is planning a trip for pleasure or profit.

My trip was a delight to me all the way, and, in summing it up, the Northwest was found the most interesting in a business sense, having more development in progress and greater possibilities ahead, while southern California is supreme in its advantages for pleasure-seekers.

Our first stop was at Butte, reputed to be the greatest mining town on earth. Within the city limits no trees or grass can live, on account of the deadly sulphur fumes coming from the smelters. Here, in the center of a city of over 40,000 people, is the richest ore hill yet discovered. They are mining in it, 1100 feet beneath the surface. We descended the shaft to this level and passed along a tunnel, until we stood directly beneath the post-office, and watched them operate their compressed air drills in the basement while Uncle Sam's clerks were distributing mail on the ground floor above. Neither seemed embarrassed by the noise of the other.

We procured a pass and took a look at the smelters, where one could see the very essence of heat pouring out of crucibles and furnaces. Hades must look tame to the men who spend their lives in these smelters.

At Missoula we found a garden city and university town, which forms a pleasant contrast to the roughness and unattractiveness of Butte.

Passing on through the wheat district and irrigated section of Washington, we landed at Seattle, a thriving commercial city of 175,000 inhabitants, rejoicing in the possession of a land-locked harbor on Puget Sound, 300 feet deep. Here is the place to see things move, even to the very hills, which are being graded down and dumped into the tide flats to make more building space on the water front. A water trip to Victoria, B. C., and one to the navy yard at Pamberton, completed our stay at this the Queen City of the Northwest, and we turned our faces southward, going by boat to Tacoma. We watched this city grow for one day and then hastened on to Portland, to take in the last two days of the Lewis and Clark Exposition.

The "Rose City" pleases everyone, and the exposition was good in quality and very tastily arranged. It closed in a "blaze of glory" and a good old Oregon rainstorm at midnight, October 14, and as we watched the last light on the "Bridge of Nations" die out, and heard the last shout of the revelers as they began to pour out of the Trail, we turned our faces cityward, and began to lay plans for a trip up the Columbia on the morrow.

The scenery on the Hudson will do for easterners to pride themselves on, but one has not realized what river scenery can be until he has taken this trip by boat from Portland to the Dalles. On these mountainous bluffs, the evergreen joins with the broad-leaved tree and the shrub in producing a riot of color under the touch of

autumn frosts. Here, water comes tumbling down into the Columbia from a height of 830 feet, in one uninterrupted fall, and the clouds are disposed to float along those emerald-tinted peaks in just the proper attitude to complete the picture. Scenes like these cause the patriotic American to uphold with pride the glory of his native land among those travelers who boast of Switzerland's mountain scenery. No one could have enjoyed a view along the Rhine more than I did this nature painting on the bluffs of the Columbia.

The trip south from Portland, after Mt. Shasta was passed, with its wonderful springs, was spent mostly in an outward and inward protest against the treatment accorded passengers on the Southern Pacific between Portland and Sacramento. Running on a schedule time of twenty miles an hour, feeding their patrons on spoiled fish and poorly cooked vegetables, and carrying them in dirty unvestibuled cars, out-of-date twenty years ago, they rest secure in the knowledge that theirs is the only road-bed down the coast between these two cities, and calmly explain to their indignant victims that they may choose between the Southern Pacific and walking, with the privilege of getting off at any station where regular stops are made.

We chose to get off at Red Bluffs, and found that no city has been more appropriately named. The soil in and around the city, out toward the foothills, is of an intense brick red, and at the time of our visit was just as dry as it was red. We had, here, our first introduction to California climate and plants and also, on the ranch of Mrs. Cone, covering 60,000 acres, to the old Spanish grants. Wheat is the principal crop here, but alfalfa is steadily gaining favor. We learned here of the Stanford Vineyard at Vina, and broke away from the Southern Pacific long enough there, between trains, to gain some

idea of what the largest vineyard in the world looks like—3800 acres of wine grapes, with a winery and wine cellar, each covering nearly two acres. Here was enough "booze" to spoil the good intentions of several prohibition states.

Then we went on to Sacramento, the capital city, situated on a low plain and surrounded by a beautiful farming country. I have seen more artistic and richer buildings, but the park surrounding the capital is without peer among the government buildings of the West. The most interesting thing to me, however, was Sutter's fort, a reproduction of that rallying place of the gold miners of '49. Close to the heart of the city, with its relics of the pioneer days of California, memoirs of the Vigilantes and early characters prominent in Sacramento history in the office, and with its old stage coach and cassions in the carriage shed, it forms a picture not soon forgotten.

From here it is only a short run to San Francisco, the "Golden Gate" city. You are interested the moment you reach the ferry, but you are more interested later, when you attempt to cross Market street and are compelled to watch every point of the compass in order to dodge that mass of vehicles which crowds the Market from early morn until well into the night. There are many things in this city of the ungodly Schmitz to claim your attention, and I tried to see them all, from the sea lions out at the Cliff House to the Joss houses and opium dens of Chinatown.

There are many institutions of which San Francisco may well be proud, but the best example of civic achievement, in our estimation, is the Golden Gate park, one of the three largest parks in the world. It has been laid out in what at one time was a sand-hill waste, and has been transformed by the energy and intelligence of the citizens into a fairyland of beautiful

drives, children's play-grounds, athletic fields for amateurs, and zoölogical gardens. It embraces, also, a splendid aviary and greenhouse, and a museum that surpasses any like collection in the West, in its interest to visitors. Don't fail to see the Golden Gate museum when you visit "Frisco."

I found this a convenient railroad center from which to make short excursions down the coast to Santa Cruz, with its beautiful beach and cliff drive and its grove of gigantic redwood nearby; also into the fruit district of San Jose and to Palo Alto, where the Leland Stanford, Jr., University is located. Millions in money, coupled with taste and good judgment, unite here in the production of a group of buildings which, for taste and convenience, are equal if not superior to those of any college of like size in the United States. Boston boasts that her Trinity Church is "the glory of American ecclesiastical architecture," but if that be so, the chapel of Stanford University certainly deserves the title "the glory of western ecclesiastical architecture." No church I have ever visited displays the wealth of mosaic work and the beauty of interior finishing found here in this devotional room, dedicated to the use of Stanford students.

Loath to leave this scene of beauty, we reluctantly turned our steps toward the station, through the artificial forest which is so natural one would not think it was planted there by man. And here, in the depths of this forest of whispering eucalyptus trees, we pass the mausoleum where lie the remains of Mr. and Mrs. Stanford and their beloved son. Just a little way onward, and facing the chamber of death, is that exquisite piece of marble, the "Angel of Grief," expressing mutely yet so plainly immeasurable grief over the departed one.

This carving, imported from France at an initial cost of \$25,000, is worth a visit in itself; but our time was lim-

ited, so we hurried back to "The City" and took the morning train south for Los Angeles, via the San Joaquin valley. We passed through this great valley in a dry time, but it is our opinion that its productiveness has been greatly overestimated by eastern people.

(Concluded in March number.)

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Because right is right, to follow right  
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.  
~~~~~ —Tennyson.

Trollhattan.

By Wm. Anderson, '98.

NO one, traveling in Sweden, can afford to miss visiting the Trollhättan. It is, without any question, the most picturesque spot in Sweden. Trollhättan is the Niagara Falls of Sweden. It is situated about forty-five miles from Göteborg and one hundred seventy-seven miles from Christian, Norway.

The fall is not perpendicular, but the water rushes down an inclined plane about three-fourths of a mile long and one hundred eight feet high. The width of the channel varies from seven hundred feet to as narrow as seventy-eight feet in the narrowest place. The amount of water rushing through is about five hundred fifty cubic meters per second, making about two hundred twenty thousand horse-power. A very small amount of this is utilized at the present time. Engineers are figuring on building a power station here to transmit this energy to Göteborg, in the form of electricity. It is claimed that this can be done without injuring the grandeur of the falls, or marring the beauty of the landscape.

The accommodations for visitors at the falls are excellent. There are three very good hotels. One of them, the Hotel Usigten (Hotel Outlook) is situated on a high cliff just above the falls, and from its tower one gets an excellent view of the entire country. The rates at these hotels are very reasonable, rooms being one and a half

crowns (which amounts to about fifty cents) per day and up; and the price of meals is not high. The hire of carriages is also very moderate.

The Swedish Tourist Society has charge of the grounds surrounding the falls and they have built a series of drives and walks along the river and the canal that passes by this point. These walks and drives are so laid out that you are always passing some interesting point. They also have guide-posts placed at all cross-roads, stating what point may be reached by following each road.

Not only is this place interesting from the standpoint of natural scenery, but also from the standpoint of engineering. The building of the Gota Canal, which unites Göteborg on the North Sea with Stockholm on the Baltic, was one of the greatest engineering projects ever undertaken by Sweden. It was first started about the middle of the eighteenth century, and the first series of locks were opened for traffic in 1800. The new locks and canal were completed in 1844. Through these locks there pass, annually, five thousand steamboats and three thousand sailing vessels. It requires about two hours of time for a boat to pass through the locks. If one is not in too great a hurry it would well repay him to take the three days' time necessary to make the trip by this canal.

~~~~~  
*Westward Bound.*

**A**MONG the many things to be enjoyed in San Francisco is the "Golden Gate" Park. This park is artificial, but this does not detract from its beauty. At the top of a hill here one finds a beautiful little lake, where all kinds of water fowls are to be seen.

A visit to Chinatown did not tempt us to explore opium dens, etc. The outside of many of these places was quite enough. However, some of the Chinamen appeared as clean and trim as

could be. Their jackets, generally of black satin or fine wool goods, fasten with loops on the side instead of buttoning down the front. Of course the queue is almost universal. Very few women were to be seen in the streets, and these were usually dressed in wide, full trousers and jackets somewhat longer than the men's. Several, however, were seen in full suits of handsome black satin, which set off their beautiful hair. The streets were full of little boys playing marbles, etc. Most of them were dressed in American fashion, but the little girls who were seen wore trousers. As the signs over the shops were in both English and Chinese, any one could find a barber, cobbler, or dentist without effort. In the residence streets the upper windows are barred like a prison, and we were told that here many women are kept as slaves. It looks rather tragic.

When we went down to the wharf to go aboard our ship we found an interesting sight. In addition to the white passengers, their cabs, baggage, etc., there were a number of Chinese who had come to take steerage passage for China. Half of Chinatown seemed to be there to see them off, and such a confusion of tongues as there was! Although there was not a single familiar face in the crowd at the wharf we felt that we had received a God-speed when we found a farewell letter awaiting us in the stateroom.

A little after noon of a foggy day our ship started on its voyage. We passed a number of islands in the harbor which the government has well fortified. The sea was quite smooth when we started out, but the weather began to grow stormy next day. Of course, a little seasickness was to be expected. The wind grew to be almost a hurricane, and the deck boy tied the deck chairs to the cabin wall. Even then a person nearly needed to be tied to his chair. The waves were not as bad as the wind, although the lower deck was flooded and the upper one

received some spray. If one is tempted to smile at a person slipping on an icy walk, it is much harder to resist when a man is rolled across the deck and finally is stopped unhurt, with his feet in the air, by the rail.

Only one whale was sighted before reaching Honolulu.

The passengers, 100 of the first class and about 300 of the second and third classes, were a queer assortment. Among them were some missionaries going to China, several well-educated Japs going home, and the Bishop of Honolulu and several of his priests. The crew was composed of Chinese and Japs, only the officers being white. When the weather was cool, the Chinese dining-room waiters wore dark blue trousers and jackets of wool for breakfast and "tiffin," lunch, and for dinner, light blue cotton robes with long white cuffs which quite covered them.

Although the boat was not as nice as some of their newer and larger ships, every thing was spotlessly clean. The sailors were kept scrubbing all their spare time, and the eye of the captain was equal to that of a domestic science teacher.

The sea is always interesting and is never quite the same. It may be blue or green or gray; sometimes it is smooth, with scarcely a ripple, and then again every little wave is crested with foam. When we first started out, the sea gulls, that are so numerous in the bay, followed us. They are very graceful birds. We saw some penguins too; they have a ridiculous way of getting through the water, for their wings are merely flippers and they seem to row with them. After getting out to sea, very few birds were seen.

As we sat on deck one afternoon the fire bell rang, but it was for a drill only. The sailors came running and got out the hose, of which there is sufficient that ten streams of water can be turned on a blaze. At the second call, all hands got ready to man the

life-boats, a boatswain and a crew of six or eight men to each boat. The officers had their revolvers to keep order and a man stood at the head of the steerage stairs with an ax—to prevent the steerage passengers from going wild, I suppose. The sight of the steerage passengers at their meals was both interesting and disgusting. Some were all right, but others—well, they were different. Chop sticks and queer China spoons were much used. It was amusing to hear their talk here. Their language seems to be made up of vowels, with no harsh sounds. A word with a rising inflection has a different meaning from the same word with a falling inflection. The rising ones seem to be greatly used.

The ship steamed into Honolulu at sunrise on the first of December. It is a beautiful place with a profusion of tropical flowers and fruits.

A. (G.) H., '04.

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George Fayette Thompson.

Geo. F. Thompson died of pneumonia, in Washington, D. C., January 6, 1906, after a very brief illness. He was buried there on the 9th. Such is the short, sad message that shocked many relatives and friends scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In the prime of life, full of enthusiastic plans for the bureau that had received his unstinted services for many years, it is hard to realize that he is gone, that his bubbling good humor and shrewd common-sense will delight us no more. His presence was wholesome as sunshine. As a friend he was unostentatious in profession and indefatigable in performance. There will be sadness in more than an ordinary degree in many hearts outside the family circle. These will join in sincerest sympathy with the much more deeply bereaved—his wife, two daughters, two sons, and many relatives.

George Fayette Thompson was born November 8, 1860, in San Joaquin

county, California. His father was Rev. R. S. Thompson, who traced his ancestors back to pre-revolutionary times. Some served in the war for independence, later settling on the New York and Pennsylvania frontiers. Succeeding generations had gone ever westward. Reverend Thompson with his family removed from California to Belmond, Iowa, where as a small boy George learned to set type. In 1874 they located in Cowley county, Kansas, and the boy had the advantages afforded by a few months' country schooling each year. A taste for reading, however, led to his acquiring more of his early education outside the schoolhouse than in it. He was noted in those days as a winner in spelling contests. His first newspaper work was done about that time as a country correspondent of the *Winfield Courier* over the pseudonym "Caesar." He taught school and worked in the harvest-fields to earn money to go to the Agricultural College, which he entered in 1878. The Printing Department was then under the superintendency of A. A. Stewart, and Mr. Thompson gave all his spare time to learning the printing business. In the middle of his senior year, on the resignation of Superintendent Stewart, October 1, 1881, he was asked to take charge, and at the end of the College year was elected superintendent. In this way he failed of graduation. Under his guidance the Printing Department made substantial progress. That was a day of smaller things than the present, but the department, in addition to issuing the *Industrialist*, printed the College catalogues for a number of years, and several small books, among them "Gleaner Gleaned," "Webster Reporter," and "Qualitative Analysis." Mr. Thompson was very popular and efficient as an instructor, his unfailing good temper and his knowledge of English composition contributing as much to this as

his technical skill. He resigned in 1886 to engage in newspaper work. With Rev. R. D. Parker he purchased the *Manhattan Nationalist*, and they edited and published it for a number of years. Later, Mr. Thompson sold out and received an appointment in the Government service at Washington. For some eight or ten years he has been editor of the publications of the Bureau of Animal Industry, United States Department of Agriculture, where his taste and ability have revolutionized the character of its publications. He prepared voluminous indexes of the reports of the Department of Agriculture from 1837 to 1893 and of the literature of animal industry that are of the greatest value to students. In addition to doing much to shape the writings of others he has written two bulletins on the Angora goat and one on milch goats. Last summer he made a trip to Europe to study the milch goat problem and purchased a flock for use in this country. He expected to buy many more in the near future to supply the large demand that has developed.

In consideration of his service to agriculture and his nearness to graduation, the Board of Regents in 1902 conferred upon him the degree M. S.

Upon the death of Mr. Brigham, assistant secretary of agriculture, Mr. Thompson became a candidate for the position, and while he failed to attain his ambition he received most remarkable endorsement for it from all parts of the country. He had a wide acquaintance on account of his writings and his many addresses at live stock meetings.—*J. T. Willard, '83, in Industrialist.*

The names of those who are filling the presidents' chairs in the several societies for the winter term are:

| | |
|--------------------|---------------|
| Ionian | Laura Lyman |
| Eurodelphian | Boline Hanson |
| Webster | C. B. Kirk |
| Hamilton | C. I. Weaver |
| Franklin | Richard Reese |
| Alpha Beta | Julia Wendel |

Q EDITORIAL Q

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

FEBRUARY, 1906.

Webster's dictionary gives as one of the definitions of pull "something in ones favor in a comparison or contest." This word is often used to designate only an unfair advantage. We occasionally hear people using it in this sense when saying that they are kept back by lack of a pull. Influence that does not depend upon the merit or fitness of a person for a place undoubtedly too often helps him to secure it, but for one incident of this kind there may be seen a score of people going ahead because they have worked hard, have made friends because of their merit, and are fitted for promotion. Most people do not get what they think they deserve in this world, but neither are they going to believe that it is altogether the result of unfavorable circumstances that makes an ex-major of the army obliged to fill a day laborer's place. Let us not lay all the blame on our lack of a pull, but prepare ourselves to deserve promotion and at least we shall have a healthier state of mind than if we laid the blame altogether on others.

This is the busiest term at K. A. C. There are very few additional students in the junior and senior classes, but there are hundreds of new students in

the preparatory department and the freshman classes. The large number of girls in the domestic science short course this term shows that the offering of this course during the winter term, instead of in the fall term only, has answered a much-felt want. Before last year, a girl taking the first term of twelve weeks in the fall had to wait until the next fall to take the second term. This year there are forty girls taking their second term, and a number wishing to take the first term had to be turned away. The farmers' and dairy short courses are being taken by a large number of men—not all young. What these three short courses alone mean to the people of this State can not be reckoned, but that they go far toward filling a great want can not be doubted.

One professor who has had much experience in teaching from the grades to the university says that he will not accept from a student the assurance that he "will do his best." He believes that after thinking over a thing and deciding that he will undertake it, a person should go ahead with the thought that he *will* do it. Imagine a person trying his very best to do a thing and then failing—for that must sometimes happen—does it seem quite natural to think of that person saying: "I've done my best, and angels could do no more?" The person who is really in earnest is likely to feel that one failure does not mean a *total* failure, and he will probably set to work again without making any comparison to soothe his wounded feelings. One man, thinking of his own experience, said he believed a boy never ran as hard as he could unless a badger were chasing him,

A person needs some very unusual circumstances to be quite sure that he has exerted his utmost amount of energy. Perhaps there would be a few less failures if we consoled ourselves less. The same leniency extended to others would be better.

All of us have things that we specially dread, and "getting into a rut" seems to be rather a popular object of aversion. This dread is so great in some people that they have formed the habit of doing the most trivial things in different ways, so that they may not fall into a regular habit. If a person has routine work that must be repeated often, is it really a bad thing to do it one way so long that finally he can do it without giving it much conscious attention? Is not all systematic work in one sense working in a rut, although no doubt the rut has been intelligently chosen? Certainly there are two sides to this question. The person who has fallen into such fixed habits that he is a slave to them and has lost all power of changing his way for a better one is probably in the condition that a second person is trying to avoid when he keeps changing his path until at last he finds he has arrived nowhere after all.

The New Horticultural Building.

The exceptionally pleasant winter has made it possible for work on the Horticultural building to progress much faster than had been anticipated, and there seems no doubt that it will be ready for occupancy by the first of next September. It is located east of the Agricultural Hall, and forms one end of the crescent, at the other end of which is the Auditorium. For several reasons this crescent will probably never be lengthened, but more suitable places will be found for the new buildings that the present rate of growth of K. A. C. if continued will make necessary.

The Botanical Department will be located on the second floor of the new building, thus giving up some space in the library, which will be utilized at once by the Department of Entomology and Zoölogy.

The large class rooms will enable students to do the individual work which now is impossible. The basement will be airy, and the storage rooms which are to be located there will be up-to-date. The plans for the greenhouses have not been fully decided upon.

One question which comes up frequently in the State Horticultural meetings is whether there should be a regular Horticultural Course offered in this State. A number of students wish to specialize along this line, and there are plenty of openings for these people when they are well prepared.

Dr. Willett's Lecture.

Dr. Herbert Willett lectured at the College Auditorium, January 9, on the subject, "The New Continents." The audience was a small and certainly a very tired one, for Mr. Willett was unavoidably detained and did not begin to speak until nine o'clock. The lecture was preceded by selections by the mandolin club, which were thoroughly enjoyed by all present. Of the lecture itself, the *Herald* says "Mr. Willett began by giving a brief history of the Moorish Conquest, and ended by telling how to raise children successfully. He told of the discovery of America and made a strong plea for College athletics. He told a few funny stories, recited some poetry and spoke at some length on art." Mr. Willett is a well-educated man and a good speaker, and no doubt his lecture would have been much better appreciated had the audience not been so wearied because of their long wait.

If at any time you fail to receive your copy of the JAYHAWKER, notify us at once, and we will look it up.



ALUMNI NOTES



Clara Goodrich, '03, of Mankato, Kan., spent the Christmas holidays in Manhattan.

Roy Seaton, '04, will get three graduate credits this term, in mechanical engineering.

E. H. Hodgson, '03, and Miss Flora Perry, both of Little, River, Kan., were married December 27.

J. B. Thoburn, '93, who is editing a paper in Oklahoma, O. T., visited the College during the holidays.

Marietta (Smith) Reed, '95, of Holton, Kan., spent several days in Manhattan the first of the month.

Born, December 4, a daughter to C. F. Smith, '02, and Charlotte (Berkey) Smith, '00, at El Dorado, Kan.

Dr. A. T. Kinsley, '99, and Anna (Smith) Kinsley, '01, of Kansas City, Mo., made a short visit with friends in Manhattan, during the holidays.

Will Whaley, '86, who spent the holidays with his sister in Boulder, Colo., stopped off in Manhattan for a few days' visit, on his return trip to Chicago.

News has recently reached us of the arrival of Robert Melton Lyon, to the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Lyon, of Springfield, Ill. Mr. Lyon was a member of the class of '93.

R. H. Pond, '98, professor of botany and pharmacognosy, Northwestern University, who was called to Topeka by the death of his mother, Mrs. Belle (Haines) Pond, '67, visited the College, December 30.

J. C. Christensen, '94, of Manhattan, and Prof. G. L. Christensen, '94, of Houghton, Mich., were called to their home in Randolph, December 23, by the sudden death of their father, Mr. Nels Christensen.

Mrs. Belle (Haines) Pond, '67, died December 26, at her home in Topeka. Mrs. Pond was one of the five members of the first class to graduate from K. S. A. C., and was the mother of R. H. Pond, of the class of '98.

We notice, in the forest service field program for January, 1906, that C. A. Scott, '01, is assigned the care of the government nursery, Dismal River Forest Reserve, and also to lecture work in the University of Nebraska.

George Wolf, '05, has been promoted to the specification department of the Western Electric Company, in Chicago, which means work of preparing specifications for switch boards, shortened hours, and increased salary.

C. A. Johnson, '95, and Myrtle (Hood) Johnson, '97, wish to be remembered to old College friends. Their home is in Success, Kan., and Mr. Johnson is counted among the successful stock raisers and feeders of Russell county.

C. C. Cunningham, '03, left January 1, for Ithaca, N. Y., where he has entered Cornell University, and will work toward his M. S. in agricultural lines. Mr. Cunningham has done one year of graduate work at K. S. A. C. and he hopes to complete his work at Cornell in one year, after which he may go into the government service.

On Wednesday, January 3, a number of the alumni people spent a very delightful afternoon at the home of Corinne Failyer, '03, who entertained at a thimble party in honor of her sister, Maude (Failyer) Kinzer, '03. The guests were Clara Goodrich, '03, of Mankato, Kan., Minerva (Blachly) Dean, '00, Helen (Knostman) Pratt, '01, Crete Spencer, '05, Sarah Hougham, '03, and Marcia Turner, '06.

W. W. Buckley, '05, has been appointed a first lieutenant in the marine corps.

Blanche Stevens, '05, is in College this term, doing graduate work in the drawing department.

Grace Allingham, '04, and Crete Spencer, '05, are both teaching preparatory classes this term.

George O. Greene, '00, and Alice (Worley) Green are the proud parents of a son, born December 19.

W. N. Birch, '04, visited friends at College January 3. He is working now for the Topeka Pure Milk Company.

G. W. Gasser, '05, has been elected secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association at Fort Riley, and went, the first of the year, to begin his work there.

Perry Thomas was born, December 28, to Henry M. and Jeanette (Perry) Thomas, of Harrisburg, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas are both members of the class of '98.

Adelaide Strite, '01, teacher in the Manhattan city schools, has been kept away from her work by an attack of diphtheria. Alice Ross, '03, is acting as substitute.

Maude (Failyer) Kinzer, '03, went with Professor Kinzer to Chicago during the week of stock judging, and reports very pleasant visits with old College friends there.

O. N. Blair, '04, instructor in mechanical drawing in the Michigan Agricultural College, speaks very highly of that institution, but expresses the opinion that the leadership in colleges of this kind belongs with K. A. C.

D. H. Otis, '92, and Mary (Lyman) Otis, '94, write that they are enjoying immensely their work and surroundings in Madison, Wis. Since going there they have had the pleasure of entertaining Ed H. Webster, '96, F. M. Linscott, '91, and C. F. Doane, '96.

Henry Rogler '98, writes from Bazaar, Kan.: "The new year finds my wife, Maud (Sauble) Rogler, '01, busy with Helen and Wayne, and myself spending most of the time around the farm and with the stock. I am no longer an enthusiast on soy-beans as a crop on which to get rich quick, for they couldn't keep the pace set by alfalfa. The past summer we had the pleasure of renewing the acquaintance of Ernest Coulson, '96, and his wife, Mrs. (McClurg) Coulson, sophomore in '95-'96. Mr. Coulson, in the capacity of chief engineer, has charge of a surveying gang on the Orient railroad being graded through here from El Dorado to Emporia. He also looks after the numerous grading crews at work. The right-of-way passes through our farm, and the station will be located at Matfield Green, one and one-half miles from here. The Coulsons are located at Cottonwood Falls.

The Manhattan Alpha Beta Alumni have formed an association which meets every month, and good times are reported for every session. The January meeting was held at the home of A. E. Ridenour, '96, and Mary (Finley) Ridenour, '98. An interesting business session was followed by a very entertaining program. Music was furnished by Mrs. Ridenour, W. W. Hutto, '91, and A. N. H. Beeman, '05. Jennie Ridenour, '04, gave a spicy account of her experiences as teacher in the Indian school at the Rosebud Agency, N. D. Marian (Allen) Buell, '04, toasted the visiting senior Alpha Betas; Mr. Beeman toasted and roasted Mr. and Mrs. Buell, and Mr. Buell, '04, responded with a few well-chosen remarks. Mr. and Mrs. Hutto invited the association to meet at their home, February 12. The idea of society alumni associations is an excellent one, and the alumni members of the other societies would do well to follow the example set by the Alpha Betas.

W. O. Staver, '94, Chinese inspector for the district of Texas, in the Immigration Service of the Department of Commerce and Labor, has moved from El Paso to Del Rio, Texas.

J. W. Bayles, '89, pastor of the Baptist church at Onaga, Kan., writes us that he has received the unanimous call of the church for the fifth time. Since Mr. Bayles went to Onaga, four years ago, his salary has been doubled, the church membership has nearly doubled, and over \$2,000 has been spent in improvements on church and parsonage.

Rev. Walter C. Howard, '77, pastor of the M. E. church, Newcastle, Cal., writes: "Although I began preaching in 1878, and have been doing so ever since—meanwhile taking a full theological course in Evanston, Ill., and getting my degree of B. D.—yet I have always been glad I graduated from K. S. A. C., and read with great interest everything I see concerning my College home, the societies, and especially students of the 70's and 90's."

Mrs. Dalinda (Mason) Cotey, '81, sends us a word of good cheer from Logan, Utah. "The most of the names mentioned in the alumni pages are new to me," she says, "but I am interested in the prosperity of every graduate of the dear old alma mater, the school 'To us the noblest in the land.' I enjoy my work here very much, but am often homesick for Manhattan and the old College friends." This is Mrs. Cotey's twelfth year in the State Agricultural College of Utah, and during this time the School of Domestic Science and Arts, of which she is dean, has grown so large that sixteen rooms are required for the work, and Mrs. Cotey has under her one assistant professor and six other instructors. The exhibits from this school took highest award at St. Louis, and again at Portland. Mrs. Cotey's work includes farmer's institute lecture tours through the state.

Hartley B. Holroyd, '03, is one of the K. S. A. C. graduates whose career, since leaving College, has been one of continued and substantial progress. He has been in the United States forest service, with the exception of a short time spent in the department of forestry of the Ontario Agricultural College. Beginning at the bottom as a student assistant, he has been promoted from time to time until now he has been assigned by his chief, Mr. Will L. Hall, '98, to the study of the woods used in vehicle and implement manufacture, which has required his visiting manufacturing plants throughout Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Ohio, during the past summer and fall, to ascertain trade conditions and requirements. This winter he is covering the Southern States in order to get hold of the necessary information regarding the raw materials for the vehicle and implement trade. His summer's work was so satisfactory to the forest bureau as to call for a letter from his chief, complimenting him on a "thorough understanding of the problems of the trade." In connection with his work, he has had occasion to prepare material for an interesting press bulletin on "Woods for Special Uses," published last August by the forest service. It is evident that the United States forest service is dealing with an extremely practical matter, and the confidence which they repose in Mr. Holroyd, in placing him in entire charge of such an important economic investigation, must be a matter of pride to himself, as it certainly is cause for congratulation on the part of all the K. S. A. C. people. Hartley Holroyd began at the bottom, while here in Manhattan, and is going solidly up toward the top in his work at Washington. He is one of the cases to prove that solid work and application are in demand and are certain to "win out."

J. M. Scott, senior in 1903, is the author of bulletin No. 55 of the New Mexico Experiment Station. The bulletin is entitled "Tuberculosis in Cattle."

F. M. Jeffery, '81, attorney-at-law in Seattle, Wash., writes: "Please tell the alumni that I am here at 747 New York Block, doing business in the best city in the United States. I have a girl of five and a boy one year old. I have been in Seattle five years, and when I leave I think heaven is the next best place. This city is very prosperous and is growing fast, having now a population of 175,000, more than half of which has been added since I came. We have here many old K. S. A. C. students and graduates, and two of the old faculty—Prof. E. M. Shelton and his brother. A. N. Godfrey, '78, is a civil engineer at Port Townsend; A. C. Smith, '97, is a full-fledged real-estate broker, with a good business; Chas. J. Dobbs, '90, is an attorney on the sixth floor of this building and is getting along nicely."

Mrs. Kellogg, the two-year-old and myself have our home in Hyattsville, Md., seven miles out of Washington, by either steam or electric lines, and within a few blocks of us are to be found W. L. Hall, '98, Gertrude (Lyman) Hall, '97, C. F. Doane, '96, Margaret (Carleton) Doane, '96, J. B. S. Norton, '96, and A. B. Gahan, '03, while other ex-Kansans are plentiful. The K. S. A. C. crowd in and around Washington is too numerous to mention in one short letter, and every year adds its quota. Ex-President Will has recently joined the colony and holds a position in the bureau of the census. Needless to say, he is as full of energy as ever, and is maintaining his reputation as an untiring worker.

The annual alumni meeting was held with Professor Fallyer one rainy night in December, when most of us

stayed at home (the weather clerk wasn't consulted when the meeting was called), and the officers elected were G. F. Thompson, M. S. '02, president; J. B. S. Norton, '96, and W. L. Hall, '98, vice-presidents; and Margaret (Carleton) Doane, '96, secretary. L. A. Fitz, '02, was treasurer last year, and I haven't been able to ascertain if he or some one else now holds the funds. If this is inexcusable ignorance, he should have notified me before I wrote this letter. I suppose the usual reunion and jollification will be held before long, when some thirty or forty of us will get together and compare notes as to what we have done and where we have been, in the performance of our Uncle's business since we last met.

Inasmuch as I greatly enjoy reading the letters from the other alumni, in which they talk of their affairs, I shall ask the indulgence of the JAYHAWKER readers long enough to reply in kind, so here goes. I have charge of the section of lumber trade in the forest service, the work of which is to study the supply, transportation, markets and uses of lumber and other forest products. One of the problems that is occupying the attention of the section just at present is that of ascertaining the amount of lumber cut during 1905 by some 20,000 saw-mill operators in the United States. Since last July, I have traveled most anywhere between Portland, Maine, and Portland, Oregon, and Cloquet, Minn., and New Orleans, La., including a four-hundred-mile ride on the Pacific.

In closing, I wish to express my heartiest approval of the JAYHAWKER, and especially to the plan of making it a strictly alumni magazine. We need it, and when the Alumni Association meets next spring it should certainly adopt the JAYHAWKER as its official organ, even to the extent of financial assistance if necessary.—*R. S. Kellogg, '96.*

COLLEGE LOCALS

Largest line of Shoes at Spot Cash.

All winter goods at hot-weather prices. Spot Cash.

Are you paying credit prices for your Shoes and Dry Goods? You will save 10 to 25 per cent by trading at Spot Cash.

The class presidents for this term are: Senior, James Cheney; junior, Lois Failyer; sophomore, W. L. Hull; Freshman, A. G. Kittell.

About the middle of January, when many people were complaining of the unseasonable warmth and all were remarking about it, the Filipinos seemed to be perfectly at home. They say that this is just such weather as they would expect, during this six weeks, in the Islands, only there it is called the cold season.

Miss Antoinette Becker has commenced her duties as Superintendent of Domestic Art. Miss Becker is a graduate of Drexel Institute, where she took a two years' postgraduate course, and at the same time was an assistant teacher and had full charge of the evening classes. She has also taught classes in guild work in Philadelphia. Miss Becker's home is in Woodstown, N. J.

The National Educational Association will hold its annual sessions during the second week in July, in San Francisco. This will give a splendid opportunity for visiting the west slope of the Rockies, as low rates are always given the teachers. Supt. J. D. Rickman is anticipating getting up a party to take the trip together, in case satisfactory arrangements can be made as to rates and special accommodations. Those anticipating the trip might do well by corresponding with him.

The College delegation to the annual session of the Kansas State Agricultural Association consisted of President Nichols and Professors Willard, Erf, Kinzer, Wheeler, and Schoenleber. Professor Willard read a paper on "Glimpses of German Agriculture as Seen by a Native Kansan." C. P. Hartley, of the United States Department of Agriculture, and a graduate of this College, read a paper on "Corn Improvement."

The total number of students enrolled for this term is about 1475, so far, of whom over 1000 are young men. New students are constantly arriving and taking examinations. Last year the total attendance at the State University was 1446. The large increase in the enrolment has necessitated the organization of twenty-six additional classes, and it is thought that others will yet have to be organized. The number of students enrolled January 17 of last year was 1250.

The domestic science short-course girls are serving lunches to twenty of the instructors—speaking more accurately, they are serving one breakfast, two luncheons, and two dinners each week. The girls work in groups, and one girl has charge of the table, its setting and decoration, making of the menu cards, etc. Another girl does the cooking, and another "cleans up." Each week there is a change of work. The girls have the same amount to spend on the five meals, but each group plans its own menus, so of course each table (of four people) has a different menu. That there is no hesitancy about being "practiced upon" is proved by the number of people who were asking a month ahead of time if they could possibly get in.

Buy your groceries at Spot Cash.

New line of Lewis A. Crossett Shoes.
Nothing better. Spot Cash.

One of the rooms in the basement of Agricultural Hall is being fitted up and will be used as an exhibition room for agricultural machinery.

Professors Brink, McKeever, Hamilton, Cortelyou and Eyer and Assistants Wheeler and Melick have bought a piece of land west of the city park with the intention of dividing it into building lots and erecting residences. The divisions will measure 70 by 270 feet each and face the park.

Professor Erf has just published a fifty-page pamphlet called "Dairy Arithmetic." The book is divided into fifteen chapters, which treat the subjects of Milk, Cream, Butter Fat, Milk Products, Specific Gravity, Milk Testing, Babcock Test, Buttermilk and Whey, Cream Standards, Detection of Adulterations, Acid Test, and Dairy Bookkeeping and Management.

M. F. Thomas, the new assistant in mechanical engineering, graduated from the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas with the class of 1901. He worked as draftsman for the F. F. & D. R. R. for fifteen months after leaving College, and then accepted a position as teacher of mechanics in the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Oklahoma, where he taught for over three years and from whence he comes to us. Mr. Thomas' home is in Clay, Texas.

The summary of the weather reports for the College for the year 1905 is as follows: The mean temperature for the year was 51.13°. The highest was 107° on August 23, the coldest—26° on February 13. There were 217 clear days, 80 partly cloudy and 68 cloudy. The rainfall for the year was 35.5 inches being 5.14 inches above normal. The total snowfall was 14.33 inches. The highest barometer was 29.90 on January 25, the lowest 28.15 on May 3. Mean barometer for year, 28.91.

Additional Alumni Notes.

J. J. Biddison, '04, is now telegraph editor on the Topeka *Herald*.

Helen Thompson, '03, is doing graduate work in the Domestic Science Department., and will complete three studies this term.

L. B. Jolley, '01, writes from Gurnee, Ill., that they are well pleased with their location, and that business is fine and growing.

C. F. Doane, '96, dairy expert in the division of dairying, United States Department of Agriculture, made a short visit to his parents and the College, recently.

Carl Wheeler and Caroline Carls were married, Tuesday, January 16, at the home of the bride's parents in Clay Center. Mr. Wheeler was a junior and Miss Carls a freshman in 1904.

Scott S. Fay, '05, has gone to take up work in the University of Nebraska. His address is 1240 South street, Lincoln, Neb. H. L. Bergman and L. B. Pickett, both of the '05 class, are also there and enjoying their work.

Bradford Daugherty, '96, was married, October 11, 1905, to Miss Mabel Carr, of Kansas City, Kan. Mr. Daugherty has a half interest in the firm of Maunder & Co., dealers in books and stationery in Kansas City.

G. O. Kramer, '05, visited the College a few days last week, on his way from Storm Lake, Iowa, where he has had charge of Wm. Miller's "Lakeside Herd," to Wakefield, Kan., where he is going to take charge of F. M. Giffords herd of Short-horns.

In a recent letter to Mr. Rickman, S. J. Adams, '98, says that he is now engaged in drawing a map of Cheyenne county, Colorado. He has an order for five hundred of these maps and hopes to sell a good many more. He and his wife, Ellen (Norton) Adams, '96, and the two little boys are enjoying good health and the freedom of ranch life in the West.

AMONG OURSELVES

When we asked, last month, for suggestions and free expression of your ideas concerning this magazine and what it should contain, we fully expected a lot of good advice—and we were not disappointed. We have had it handed out to us in surprisingly generous bunches,—and every bit of it good. To accept it is a pleasure; to apply it, wherever and whenever it is possible, will be another pleasure; and since so many of the suggestions were for you as well as for us, we will pass some of them on, and hope you will receive them in the same spirit as that in which they were given.

The idea of a magazine devoted solely to the interests of the alumni, has met with warm approval, and all the suggestions have been toward making it a magazine better fitted to keep the alumni in touch with one another and with their alma mater. And not alone has individual enthusiasm been aroused. Class spirit is waking up, proving itself to be a thing very much alive, and seeking a means of expression. Well, here is a time and a place.

The idea of class letters and class reports has been suggested by a number, and already the work is under way. One of the members of the class of '93, has undertaken to write to all his classmates, and send in a full report of the whereabouts and the doings of each of them. Several enthusiastic members of the class of '91 (and the '91's are never far behind) are working toward the same end. Now there are thirty-four other classes that might follow out this same idea.

If you can't undertake the task of working up a full class report, you can at least let us know about your-

self and those classmates of whom you have not lost track. In fact, this is our only way of getting alumni notes.

Every alumnus who was ever a member of one of the literary societies while in College, has a warm spot in his heart for that society still, even though its members are now all strangers to him. A number of our subscribers have asked us for notes about the societies, and though our space for such notes must necessarily be limited, we will try to keep you posted on the most important features of the society work.

We have been asked to arrange the alumni notes according to classes, so that any one will know just where to look for news of his classmates. The plan is one we mean to adopt as soon as the class reports begin to come in. Such an arrangement has more than the one advantage. When a "Naughty Naught" looks for news of other "Naughty Naughts" and finds it not, he would be very apt to hunt up something and send it in, for the same class spirit we have mentioned before would get in its work and prevent the possibility of any class being left out entirely.

There are many people who have been students at K. A. C., but who did not graduate, who are more interested in the College than some of those who did. We are trying to send sample copies of this magazine to all of the alumni, but the list of old students is rather large, so you can help us by suggesting the names of those who might be interested. A good supply of extra copies is provided each month, and we will be glad to mail them to any one you may name.

Wherever five or six alumni people are, there we may expect to find an association formed. Washington, D. C., Chicago, and Kansas City have the largest of these alumni associations, with regular times for meeting and with occasional receptions, banquets and picnics. But in a good many other places are little groups of four or five who are loyal to the purple, and who get together as often as possible to talk over College days, and help each other to keep in mind the happy memories of old K. A. C.

One of the alumni likened the January JAYHAWKER to a watermelon—"Green outside, but re(a)d inside, clear out to the thin rind." We are glad if it was read clear out to the rind, and we hope the rinds themselves were not neglected, for then all the advertisements would be included, and the advertisements are there for the express purpose of being read. Don't overlook them.

When your subscription to the JAYHAWKER has expired, you will be notified by a printed slip inserted on the first page of the magazine. Accompanying this you will find an envelope addressed to the JAYHAWKER, and containing a blank for renewal. If you desire to have your name left on the subscription list, it will be necessary for you to fill out the blank and return it before the end of the month, in order to receive a copy of the next issue. If we do not hear from you in time, the paper will be discontinued.

"The old kindergarten on the hill"—so one of the children of K. A. C. has been pleased to call his alma mater. And is it not a very fitting name? As the kindergarten gives to the child the very simplest preparation for the beginning of his education, so the College gives to us just a glimpse into the lessons which we are learning and striving to apply in the greater school of life.

One of our subscribers calls this magazine the "HAWKER," refusing to apply the full name because, to quote him, "It is not a 'JAY.'"

In our efforts to choose those items of greatest interest to you, about the work going on at the College, we may often fail to mention something that you are most anxious to know about. Whenever this is the case, please tell us, and we will endeavor to cover that ground in the next issue.

Post-office orders, drafts, checks, stamps and silver are no surprise, but one day recently some money came in a way that made one think Uncle Sam's mails were quite trustworthy after all. A heavy bundle of paper money was tied with a stout cord, and by the same cord was attached a card addressed to the JAYHAWKER. On unrolling the package a piece of very hard wood was discovered.

One rather puzzling question that comes up is in regard to incidents of interest around College that occur the last of the month, too late to be spoken of in the issue for the next month. For instance, the annual oratorical contest takes place the 27th of January, when this issue is already on the press, with no chance of even inserting a paragraph to tell how it resulted. The subscribers about College have heard the contest discussed, have seen it written up in the *Herald*, and have naturally begun to forget it by the first of March, when our next issue comes out. Of course, these are the people who know the contestants and so would be most interested in an article on the event. But how do those readers outside of this vicinity feel? If a number express their opinions as to whether a few lines, a paragraph, the winning oration or all the orations would be what they wanted, it would solve the problem in general.

EXCHANGES

A few fields of alfalfa in Arizona were cut eight times in 1905.—*Ex.*

If the help that teachers give pupils does not result in making pupils help themselves, it is worse than no help.—*Ex.*

"Twixt optimist and pessimist
The difference is quite droll.
The optimist the doughnut sees,
The pessimist the hole."—*Ex.*

Which are you seeing?

December in Arizona was abnormally cold. The minimum reported by the Phoenix observer was 26°, and at Tucson, 21° below zero.—*Native American.*

The northwest passage, which was sought after so eagerly years ago, may be of some importance in time. Mineral resources have been found along the northern edge of Canada, and some day they will be developed. This water route is by no means ideal, but to some extent it will facilitate the operations of miners and whalers.—*Review of Reviews.*

After his lecture before the students in the journalism class at the University of Kansas, F. L. Vandergrift offered a prize of \$10.00 to the member of the newspaper classes writing the best article of a thousand words about "Toothpicks." The article must be typewritten and sent to him at Topeka. Congressman Victor Murdock will judge the manuscripts.—*University of Kansas News Bulletin.*

The trustees of the will of the late Cecil Rhodes have notified the University of Kansas that the next qualifying examination for scholars in the United States, under the Rhodes bequest, will be held about the middle of January, 1907. Scholarships will also be open in 1908; in 1910 and 1911; in 1913 and 1914; and so on, omitting

every third year. The scholarships are of the value of \$1500 a year, and are tenable for three years.—*University of Kansas News Bulletin.*

Out of the 105 counties in Kansas, 44 are without a pauper, 37 have not a single occupant in jail, 25 have no poorhouses, and 37 have not a criminal case on docket.—*Kansas City Journal.*

It seems strange to see the name of a new student entering a certain department mentioned in the College paper, and a welcome extended to him personally. Perhaps such things will account for one of our students here not signing his name to his quiz paper, because he was "used to the instructor knowing his handwriting."

A Nebraska law requires a school teacher to pass an examination on farming, so as to instruct the children on the natural process by which crops are produced. Colorado and Kansas have competitions for farmers' children. The purpose is to glorify the farm life, and escape the fate of New England with its abandoned farms.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

Miss Ella Weeks, of the class of 1901, now assistant in Biology at the State Agricultural College, has been appointed to the Kansas University table supported by Mrs. Sarah T. D. Robinson at the Marine Biological Laboratory, at Woods Hole, Massachusetts. The table is for the use of women students who have shown high scholarship in scientific work.—*U. of K. News Bulletin.*

Miss Weeks is an assistant in the Drawing Department here, and she has made a number of splendid charts for the use of the Biological Department.

No man is happy who does not think himself so.—*Cyrus.*

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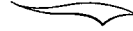
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