

THE JAYHAWKER

Vol. IV

No. 5

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



March
1906

Kansas State Agricultural College

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THE JAYHAWKER

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VOL. IV.

MARCH, 1906.

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Two Months on The Pacific Coast.

By Harry N. Vinall, '03, Crete, Neb.
(Concluded.)

LOS ANGELES, although not so interesting as San Francisco, considering the city itself, is surrounded by excellent ocean beaches and pleasure resorts of all kinds. It is essentially a tourist city, and although too exclusively dependent on tourist support to become the predominate city of the Pacific coast, it has, at this time, a record for growth in population—100 per cent in the last five years—exceeded by none and equaled only by Seattle. Pasadena was our headquarters while in the south. Here, among the everblooming flowers, where the palms and pepper trees flourish, where saloons are banished and churches are plenty, is the residence city par excellence.

Rollicking in the surf at Long Beach, taking a trolley ride up Mt. Lowe, and climbing Mt. Wilson afoot, tasting the thrills of deep-sea fishing off Catalina island, where we caught, with the aid of our boatman, from a little gasoline launch, fifteen of the gamy albicore, one sunfish weighing 230 pounds, and a shark weighing 360 pounds; all in four hours—thus we spent the fleeting days of sunshine in southern California. November 23 arrived much too soon, and I began my journey home over the Santa Fe, choosing, voluntarily, this desert route in order to see that marvel of water erosion, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado river.

The next morning after my arrival at the canyon I looked out upon a wintry scene, sixteen inches of snow having fallen only a few days before. Ours was the first party to descend after the snow, and we found the trail somewhat slippery, but the day was bright and the sunshine glorious after we emerged from the shadow cast by the south bank of the canyon. Down this bank the trail zigzagged, in places quite broad and with an easy grade, and in others like "Jacob's Ladder," so steep that we were compelled to dismount and take our way down afoot. The journey is tiresome, but the view makes one forget his weariness. The strata are not so highly colored as some writers would make us believe, yet with such harmonious blending are colors interwoven in the several strata and so much in accord with the desert tints which surround them are these walls, 6000 feet high, that one can not be disappointed to find those deep blue shades almost entirely absent. When I stood on a platform 1300 feet above the river and looked down on the swirling, muddy stream winding through a gorge 2000 feet wide at the top and 300 feet wide at the river, I murmured that this was more like the Grand Canyon of my boyhood's imagination; yet here was the most of that mighty chasm *above* me, stretching away in towers of red sandstone, and cliffs of brown and white lime 13 miles across, 5000 feet upward to the rim. Down there in the depths it is warm and pleasant. No snow is to be seen

except when we turn our glance upward. Many a storm has swept above and passed overhead to the opposite brink, leaving everything at the bottom tranquil and serene. Fogs hang like a blanket far above the occupants of the cabin hotel on the platform below. The air being so warm in the canyon, the clouds are dissipated when they lower into its depths.

The view from the rim, on the following day, was ruined by a heavy rain-storm, so the time from morning until 3 P. M. was spent in the Hopi Indian house, watching the Indians weave blankets and make silverware.

The Navajo blanket is much used as a rug now, and one of a good pattern will sell for thirty or forty dollars on the spot. Such blankets consume two and one-half months' time in the weaving, and are made for wear.

The journey eastward was resumed at seven o'clock, and I settled myself to absorb some of "Frenzied Finance," and *endure* the desert ride from Williams, Ariz., to Trinidad, Colo., but there was something in the vastness and solitude of this uninhabited land that appealed to me strongly, and I gathered enjoyment even from this waste of brown and red soil and its few inhabitants, who crowd around the train at each station to sell their trinkets.

Colorado Springs was reached at last, and I found myself tramping up the streets of this beautiful summer resort on a frosty morning in November. Pikes Peak had ceased to do business, but excursions to Cripple Creek, over the famous "Short Line," were in order, and this greatest gold mining camp in America was seen in its winter garb.

South Cheyenne Canyon was also open to inspection, and this, with its Seven Falls, we found the most beautiful nook we had yet beheld in the mountains. One can pass between these giant walls of granite, the pillars

of Hercules, forty feet apart, 940 feet high on one side and 790 feet on the other, and follow the crystal stream up to that marvel of picturesqueness, the falls. Here a narrow current of water comes dashing down in seven distinct pitches, almost torn into spray at some points, to the level 220 feet below. Who can stand there and gaze on those evergreen clad bluffs and red granite peaks without coming away thoroughly in love with this haunt of Helen Hunt Jackson? Surely not a Kansan.

The Garden of the Gods, with its fantastic forms wonderfully sculptured by nature on the rocks, our party considered second to the South Cheyenne Canyon, but it might be *more* interesting to a geologist.

My visit to Colorado's scenic center was made complete by a drink from nature's soda fountain at Manitou. Then, forced by the time limit of my ticket to resume my journey, I boarded the train for Denver, spent the evening there, and then closed the most profitable and pleasant trip of my life, on Thanksgiving day, missing Nebraska's football game, but feeling more than thankful for the sights I had enjoyed in the West.

*A Glimpse of Peaceful Cambridge.**

By Ina Holroyd, '97.

(Continued from February.)

MR. COPELAND, of Harvard, gave a number of readings and lectures which were excellent and were thoroughly appreciated in spite of the most uncomfortably hot weather. One evening he lectured on the Bible as literature, and read the story of Ruth and Naomi, David's mourning for Abraham, and two other selections. He said that, with the exception of these, there was nothing so fine in all literature as Abraham Lincoln's inaugural and Gettysburg speeches. The Gettysburg speech is said to have been hastily jotted down while the President was on his way there,

*Extracts from a diary.

Any one spending a summer in Harvard must greatly appreciate the trouble taken by the university to give the students an opportunity to enjoy the many points of interest around Boston. To this end, personally conducted excursions are arranged once or twice a week. Last summer these excursions were under the supervision of a graduate of Harvard who was well informed in regard to the various points of interest, and who had an inexhaustible stock of anecdotes. Although these trips were necessarily hurried, a person saw and understood more than he could have alone, and this made it pleasant to repeat the most interesting part of the trip later, in a smaller party.

One of the most interesting excursions was to the quaint old city of Salem. It is strange that the cemetery is always a place of such interest as it is. Perhaps the inscriptions on the tombs bring to us more vividly than books the views of life really held by people of another generation. When we read that "Nathaniel Mather died an aged person at nineteen," we could picture a typical Puritan. Another reminder of the views of those days was a stone with a skeleton on one side and Father Time on the other. Many of the names seen here have become familiar to us through Hawthorne's works, and this is said to have been where he found them.

Salem is full of associations of Hawthorne. The house where he was born, in 1804, is still standing. Of course, the Custom-house is always visited. The reputed House of Seven Gables is now occupied by the Ingersols, distant relatives of Hawthorne's. This place overlooks Salem harbor, the water of which is beautifully clear.

In the county offices may be seen the original affidavit, of the trial of Rebecca Nurse, a victim of witchcraft, in which the officer swore that he "hung her by the neck until she was dead and buried."

Essex Institute is a kind of museum, filled with relics of by-gone days. It is rather surprising to find here a handkerchief of Pina fiber, exquisite in its delicate texture, which was made in Manila in 1820. The original Old Glory is here, but the dispute as to the inventor of the name is not settled. Another engraving, this one being of the British Regulars, by Paul Revere, suggests that he has some other claim to our notice besides his midnight ride.

Just back of this building stands the first Quaker meeting-house in America. At the side of the Institute stands a large frame house, the site of the famous White murder, in which Daniel Webster took so prominent a part.

At Salem Willows we sat down to a real fish dinner. It was delightfully pleasant to sit overlooking the ocean and be served to nothing but fish—done in all conceivable manners. The great red lobster was the most delicious of all.

After dinner the party took the trolley for Danvers. Many interesting points were passed, among them being the house of Nathan Reed, who built and operated a paddle-wheel steamboat on the Danvers river long before Fulton made his. He also invented an automobile.

After leaving the trolley, the party took barges or wagonettes and drove to "Old Put's" house. In this house, Isreal Putnam was born, in 1718. At the battle of Lexington, there marched seventy-five Putnams. A number of houses here are associated with the victims of witchcraft.

Oak Knoll, one of the most charming of houses, is situated near here. This is the home of the Whittier relatives, and was named by the poet from a sturdy old oak which stands on a beautiful knoll just in front of the house. It is an ideal colonial country home with its broad piazza and immense pillars extending to the third story. A visitor can never forget its

stately beauty and the charming old ladies, cousins of the poet, who sometimes serve lemonade and grape juice in the "homey" old dining room. In the parlor hangs a portrait of the poet at fifty-four, and one of the sweetest faced old ladies, "Aunt Mary Page," painted when she was ninety-seven years of age. There is also to be seen here a small picture of "Aunt Abigail," Whittier's mother. Near the house stands an immense elm tree, nearly three hundred years old, which was planted by a Putnam slave.

One of the most magnificent residences in this vicinity is the "King Hooker House," or "The Lindens," so named from the beautiful linden trees which shade its spacious lawn. It was built in 1754, and is the finest specimen of colonial architecture in New England. It is frame, sanded to resemble stone, and has the usual pillars, two stories high in front, but they are embedded in the wall instead of supporting a piazza. The hall and one room are papered with "picture paper." The hall scene is Egyptian. The parlor is paneled in dark wood. The fire-place there has no mantel, but above it is a beautiful beveled mirror. The beveling is six inches deep and the mirror is finished by two brass frames, one a band where the beveling starts and one at the outer edge. The fire-place itself is of dark grey marble.

In the spacious garden back of the house, there are pieces of statuary, a fountain, a sundial and a rose arbor. A trip to Marblehead was made about the middle of July. The first place visited here was the City Hall, where hangs the great painting "Yankee Doodle," by A. M. Willard. The next place of interest was the Lee Mansion, now a bank, which was built in 1768 at a cost of £10,000. The old servants' quarters next door are now used by the Historical Society of Marblehead for its collection of curios. However many museums one

visits and however sated with curiosities one may be, there are usually a few entirely new objects to claim the attention in each. Here there were an hour glass, windlass and coil of cord for measuring speed at sea. The cord is knotted every 22½ feet. This is the scale to the mile. The sand in the hour glass runs through in fourteen seconds. This is the scale to the hour. As many knots as pass through the officer's hand in the time it takes the sand to run out, is the speed of the vessel in "knots" per hour.

Marblehead has its full share of the homes of illustrious people, from two Justices of the Supreme Court down to Moll Pitcher. An old colonial house here is the home of Evelena Bray, Whittier's only love.

Few excursions left as many pleasant memories and none more than the one to "Whittier Land." On the way to the farm we passed "Sweet Kenzoza," which Whittier has described so well. It is a most beautiful lake, surrounded by elm, birch, and pine, all clearly mirrored on its quiet surface. The trolley takes people to the very gate of the farm, which is one and one-half miles from the New Hampshire line. The place is called Fern Side Farm, and here Whittier lived from his birth in 1804 until 1836. Our party gathered upon the lawn first and enjoyed a brief sketch of the Quaker poet, given by the director of the excursion. Then the party divided into two divisions to stroll about the quiet old place. Mr. Pickard, Whittier's biographer and the husband of his favorite niece, accompanied one division. The place is a very quiet, well-wooded farm of about 160 acres. Fernside brook is very tiny and its banks are literally covered with beautiful ferns and wild flowers. The stepping-stones told of in "The Telling of the Bees" are still here. During our stroll, Mr. Pickard told many anecdotes of the poet, and many a familiar poem gained a new significance.

The house itself is very simple, with its low-ceiled rooms, old fire-place, and quaint furniture.

At noon we gathered again on the lawn where, after listening to a short speech from Mr. Sanborn, the last of the Concord School of Philosophers, we had an excellent picnic lunch.

From the farm we went to Haverhill, a later home of the poet. The house of Whittier here is now occupied by Mr. Pickard. This gentleman was still with the party and made things very pleasant, for he seemed to wish people to see the things that would most interest them.

Among many objects of interest was a family album in which Whittier himself had arranged the photographs. Many of them which were not satisfactory to him had been retouched by his pen. He did not seem to favor combing the hair back from the forehead.

Such a day as this was fittingly ended by a delightful ride back up the Merrimac. The country is beautiful, very hilly and heavily wooded. As we passed gently along, the director of the excursion read poems and pointed out the interesting features of the surroundings.

A trip to Plymouth filled one long pleasant day. The city of Boston had always something new to be seen, and the time came all too quickly to say good-bye to this place of many associations.

Chautauqua.

By Daisy Hoffman, '00.

THE JAYHAWKER is always a welcome visitor, and each time it comes it seems more interesting than the last. I think it a fine paper for the alumni, for it tells of the alumni all over the states. The letters from the graduates are always welcome, and as some one asked that I should, I am glad to tell of my last summer's experience at Chautauqua.

Before going to New York, I visited my Kindergarten Training School

in Chicago, then on to several places in Michigan, among the lakes.

The trip to Chautauqua is beautiful, especially to a Kansas girl. The vineyards of Ohio and New York are wonderful and can be seen for hundreds of miles along the tracks. As you near Chautauqua you come into the lake region, and on either side you pass deep gulches, at the bottom of which little streams are flowing. The sky and the water are seldom seen bluer in fair Italy than in the lake region of New York.

I went to Point Chautauqua and took a steamer over to Chautauqua, where the assembly is located. The assembly is in a beautiful grove on the shore of Lake Chautauqua. Steamers pass regularly between all points on the lake, and launches, row boats, canoes and sail boats can be seen darting here and there.

There are many beautiful cottages, hotels, boarding-houses, and halls. Most noteworthy of all the buildings is the Amphitheater, which seats ten thousand people. This is roofed, but open on all sides except the stage end.

Mark Guy Pearse thus tells his impression of Chautauqua: "I cannot think of anything more perfectly ideal for body, mind and soul than the program arranged for Chautauqua, and the joyful things of Heaven, earth and sky that you have here."

Chautauqua is not a place for pleasure seekers only, but for those also who seek intellectual refinement, quiet, and pleasure combined. It is the evolution of the camp-meeting, "the gratification of the desire and demand of people of limited means for an inexpensive vacation, and their craving for knowledge and the society of congenial people."

They have regular courses of twenty-five or more departments, and include in their faculty some of the finest men and women of our universities of today.

I was associated with the Kinder-

garten department, as one of the directors. Training teachers and women from far and wide came for the Kindergarten classes under Mrs. Page.

The musical department was fine. Hr. Hallam, the choir master, had a choir for adult voices and one for children's voices. The violin was taught by Mr. Marcasson, and the piano by Mr. Sherwood, of Chicago.

The girls and boys find much refinement and recreation in the two club houses, wherein they are busied with basket weaving, clay modelling, nature study, drawing, athletics, and, each afternoon, rowing and bathing.

The Arts and Crafts Village is the most fascinating corner of all Chautauqua. There you find the potter and his wheel, the book-binder busy telling how to bind books artistically, the designer teaching designing, a woman working in leather, baskets being woven, all kinds of furniture being made, and the sculptor as busy as the rest.

Each morning at ten a devotional hour is held, at which the best evangelists of the world preach. At eleven a lecture is given by some lecturer, as G. Stanley Hall, President Lincoln Halley, Professor Baumgartner, and Mrs. Kunz Baker.

I must tell of a little experience I had. A launch party was given by Miss Harris, and I had the pleasure of attending. Dr. Guy M. Pearse was the guest of honor. He happened to sit next to me, and during the conversation he asked, "Do you draw?" I said "No." He then took a pencil and drawing pad from his pocket and made six of the most charming little sketches, which he gave to me, and I prize them as treasures of my last summer's experience. Dr. Pearse is a Christian Socialist, and the Chautauqua Assembly *Herald* said of him: "One of the big features this year is Mark Guy Pearse, of London, the leader of what is known as the 'Forward Movement' among the wage earners of that city."

The biggest event of last summer was the day President Roosevelt visited Chautauqua. He arrived at 9 A. M., at which time a breakfast was given, in his honor, to invited guests. I was glad I was asked to serve, for it gave me a fine opportunity to watch the President. After breakfast he was driven to the Amphitheater, where he addressed many thousand people.

Some one says Chautauqua is a place of choices, for each hour of the day there are many excellent things going on, and you *have to choose*.

The most inspirational hour of the whole summer is when Bishop Vincent conducts the Vesper service on Sunday afternoon.

The scenery is most beautiful, the lessons and lectures most intellectual, and the people most refined and cultured, and every day you have experiences that are most inspirational. All this you find at Chautauqua.

I could say much more, but I fear I have already tired you. Let us hear from some one else.

The Webster Society in '06.

When school convened this year and Websters had, according to custom, assembled at their favorite trysting place, roll-call brought forth response to only forty-eight names. Surely this was alarming, and much fear was expressed as to the future of the society. It was evident to all that the limited membership had in one instance failed to bring desired results. The limit to membership was imposed at a time when an over-supply of '05 material had been secured, accompanied by a corresponding dearth of '06 and '07 society men. Twenty-nine '05 Websters left the society hall at last Commencement time, leaving only six succeeding senior leaders to fill their places. Surely we had good ground for fear, for it was evident that the society was to begin another growth developing through the interest

and energy of new and unexperienced men.

But we did not sit down and hold our hands. Bravely we set to work to put on good programs, entertain our visitors, secure new members, and improve ourselves in literary endeavor and parliamentary practise. But our progress was slow. We were happy, however, for was not the first winning football team ever seen in K. S. A. C. occupying the center of the stage?

During the fall term many good programs were given, among them a "special" which drew a crowd that filled the old chapel to the limit. The winter term opened with "Son" Kirk in the chair, and the society divided into two factions for securing new members, Walker and Kiene leading the divisions. The consummation will occur some time next week, when a grand oyster supper is to be given the society by the side securing the least number of new members. Nothing objectionable has resulted from the contest, many earnest workers have been added to the roll, and a thorough good time is expected at the oyster supper. Any Webster who happens to be in town is cordially invited to attend, on condition that a speech shall be forthcoming.

You are aware that the Oratorical Contest did not result in victory for the society, nor do we consider it defeat. There is a little circle in the society which has set its heart on winning that contest next year, and they have the sympathy and support of the entire membership. Watch and wait, and some time next January (about the 29th) throw up your hats and shout, for you may know that the deed is done.

The society is also engaged in preparation for an annual, which will be of nove character and well worth coming miles to see. Come, Webster Alumnus! You will be apprised of the date in later issues of the College papers.

Finally, we extend best wishes to all who have gone before us, expressing the hope that your thoughts turn as often to us, who labor on, as ours turn to you in your contest with the world. Write to us, telling of your experiences, and give us something of sentiment which will thrill us with all the love and devotion which you still feel for your society and your Alma Mater.

KIENE.

The Franklins.

On the first Saturday evening of the College year a large and enthusiastic crowd of Franklins met in their hall, the southwest society hall. At this meeting W. B. Thurston, senior in the agricultural course, was chosen as "Poor Richard," with E. L. Shattuck as substitute. The sentiments of many members of "Poor Richard's Band," the Franklins, were given at this first meeting. The progressive spirit shown by all gave promise that this would be the best year in the history of our society. Our hall had been much improved in appearance by a new dark-green rubber matting, pictures, etc. We shall soon procure more furnishings, which will make ours an ideal society hall.

One incident of interest in the fall term was when each of the eleven seniors was called upon for an extemporaneous speech.

Our constitution was revised by a competent committee, and it is now much more satisfactory to the society. Notwithstanding our strict method of electing new members, our limit of membership will be reached very soon.

Richard Reece, senior in the electrical engineering course, was chosen this term as successor of W. B. Thurston, with L. R. Elder of the same course as second-best man.

Our work so far this year has fulfilled our anticipations and we look for even greater and better things in the future, for we feel the significance of our motto, "Life Without Literature is Death."

G. E. H.

Q EDITORIAL Q

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

MARCH, 1906.

Attention to detail is often denounced as taking up too much of people's time. They are urged to do bigger things and give less attention to the minor points. Not every one can undertake successfully large projects, and those who have the capacity to do so will probably not need any urging. Those who can not had better be working out the details of the work planned by another. The old truth applies here, that there is a place in the world for everybody who can do some work well.

Some people pride themselves on being "good friends," and there is nothing they would hesitate to do that would give pleasure to their friends. Of course, this is a higher state than the person is in who puts his own pleasure first, but a little thought will show this feeling to be selfish to some extent. There is little credit in being a good friend, but being a good enemy is quite different. Our common sense tells us that a person is not wholly lacking in good qualities because we dislike him, and these qualities deserve recognition from every fair-minded person. Perhaps in the distant future all people will come to the state where there will be no such thing as enmity, but surely

a long step in that direction which can be taken at present is the practice of being good enemies, for, "It takes a higher plane of civilization to be a good enemy than to be a good friend."

A Symphony from "Psychology and Higher Life."

Professor McKeever, of the Philosophy Department, is the author of a new book entitled "Psychology and Higher Life." Professor McKeever is known to be a student of human nature, whose insight and experience have given him a firm belief that it is possible for the majority of people to enjoy more than they usually are enjoying of the "Life Abundant." His heart to heart talks with the people are appreciated wherever he delivers an address, and already he has been engaged to speak at a number of places during the coming summer. The following from his book expresses the spirit of his belief:

"To see the goodness in other people, and to help them to find it in themselves; to be tolerant of the opinions of others, giving them credit whenever possible for sincerity of purpose; to be frank and open-hearted and honest in my dealings with others, showing a willingness to accord even a competitor a fair opportunity in the race of life; to deal fairly and affectionately with those who are in any sense criminal in their acts or tendencies, and to rebuke and criticise only in love; to respect and care for my body as a fit temple of the soul by temperance in eating and drinking, and to work hard enough to appreciate rest and recreation; to refuse utterly to worry unnecessarily about anything, but to strive at all times to entertain only pure and ennobling thoughts; to get good and to give good everywhere, making

somebody glad of my presence;—these are some of the affirmations that might profitably be made by those who are interested in a more spiritual type of consciousness.

“Finally—

To see the beauteous world,
To breathe the fragrant air,
To hear accordant sounds,
To feel, to be,—
This is not life!
There is a larger view,
There is a deeper breath,
There is a finer touch,
And a diviner sound,
Than sense can e'er reveal.
To see the glory in the Infinite,
To feel the breath of the Almighty,
To hear the voice of the I Am,—
This is to live.”

~~~~~  
*lol lol Ionian.*

Alumni and former members of the Ionian society may be interested to know that the followers of the “Diamond cut Diamond” motto are working together in the same old way, in the north society hall. Although each year brings its problems in both subtraction and addition, still the same general type of girls seems to prevail, and it is probable that the average Ionian of the present is very much like her sister of an earlier day.

Last year the membership of the society was limited to one hundred, and it has since kept very near the “high-water mark,” at some times almost overflowing.

The hall, at the present time, is attractive and homelike, for nearly every year some improvement has been made. (And here let full justice be done to our brother Hamiltons; for, as of old, it now and again becomes necessary to “appoint a committee to confer with a like committee from the Hamiltons.”) Last year brought a new floor and opera chairs, and this year a new piano has gladdened the hearts of both societies.

While it is still true that very many of the girls take no active part in business sessions, and that most of that work is done by a few, there seems to be an entire absence of cliques this year—a condition most conducive to harmony. “within the

gates.” For the past two or three years there has been some dissatisfaction with the society pin, but the movement for a change has been slow, and the old lyre is still worn. However, a small pin of the same design is just now under consideration, and the subject is revived whenever there seems to be a lack of other business.

The Ionian girl has her own faults. She now and then forgets to “write for the Oracle;” her knowledge of parliamentary law is often rusty, and she occasionally wishes to adjourn before the critic’s report; but at heart she loves her society, works for it, and when opportunity offers she lifts her voice in the beloved “Io, Io, Ionian!”

~~~~~  
Alpha Betas.

As of old, the gavel strikes the block in the south society hall and interrupts the merry flow of conversation. Could the faces on the walls but tell the interest of all they witness! Our Ag. boys have held a stock-judging contest for our instruction. Helen Westgate told us of “Alpha Beta Greekology,” and we presume she has found the lost records of the society. Miss Kahl’s illustrated lecture on “Color and Design” was as instructive as it was entertaining. Allan Phillips recently told us of the “diversions” Cupid was having at our expense. The work of our new members assures us that we need have no fears for our future.

Mid-term evening found the merry Alpha Betas out on Wildcat creek, judging ice, and February 17 found the same crowd entertaining their alumni and their contestant in the oratorical contest, in Kedzie Hall.

Having won second honors in four contests, and first place in thought and composition in three of them, we boldly ask, “What’s the matter with the blue and gold?” J. V. W.

~~~~~  
New spring shoes in Oxfords in all the latest styles. Spot Cash.



# ALUMNI



Jessie Fitz, '04, is teaching school at Baldwin, Kan.

Jennie Cottrell, '04, is teaching school near Wabaunsee.

C. P. King, '98, has moved from Chanute to Baxter Springs, Kan.

Ava (Hamill) Tillotson, '92, is managing a drug store at Latham, Kan.

Mattie (Farley) Carr, '89, is principal of the schools of Conconully, Wash.

The Manhattan '03's spent a very pleasant evening at the home of Corinne Failyer, February 1.

A daughter was born, February 4, to Charles and Laura (Trumbull) Correll, both of the class of '00.

Ed. Logan, '04, is at Havensville, Kan., running a hardware, implement, and undertaking establishment.

V. L. Cory, '04, expects to return soon from Modesto, Cal., and resume his work at the cooperative station at McPherson.

Gertrude Nicholson, '05, has been transferred from Ponsford, Minn., to Chamberlain, S. D., where she has charge of the bakery at the Indian School.

A. N. H. Beeman, '05, who has been employed in the Printing Department at K. S. A. C., will leave soon for St. Louis, where he expects to take up newspaper work.

Rev. Frank Strong and Jennie (Smith) Strong, of Ottawa, Kan., rejoice in the birth of a daughter, Jan. 21. Mrs. Strong was a member of the class of '94.

W. A. Hendorshot, '04, is teaching school near Holyrood, Kan. With nine Bohemian, five German and no American pupils, he feels quite as though he were in a foreign land.

Rose McCoy, '03, took the first-grade teachers' examination the last of January, and expects to go back into the teaching profession.

J. B. S. Norton, '96, of College Park, Md., has been chosen by the Washington K. S. A. C. alumni to represent them in the JAYHAWKER.

Geo. W. Loomis, '04, is farming with his brother, at Girard, Kan. They are looking after about 900 acres of land and 250 head of stock, and are also prospecting on their farm for coal.

The program for the winter term, 1906, shows the following alumni to be student assistants in K. S. A. C.: Mrs. Grace Wood, '05; Fannie Reynolds, '05; Lena Finley, '05; and Grace Alingham, '04.

W. H. Olin, '89, professor of agronomy in the Colorado Agricultural College, is the author of Bulletin No. 103 of the Colorado Experiment Station, on the tillage system for the plains of Colorado.

Since the first of February, Ed Amos, '02, is the owner of the Western Poultry Review office in Manhattan. C. C. Smith, '94, still edits the paper, but Mr. Amos does the printing and runs a general job office.

"Value of Fruits in Our Diet" is the subject of the address given by Helen Kernohan, '04, before the Farmers' Institute at Blackwell, recently. We find extracts from this address published in the *Indian School Journal*.

Florence Ritchie, '04, who is the instructor in domestic science in the Girls' Industrial School, at Beloit, Kan., made a short visit in Manhattan during February. From here she went to Kansas City, before returning her work in Beloit.

Dr. Benj. Skinner, '91, has promised the JAYHAWKER a literary contribution as soon as his arduous duties will permit. Aside from his medical practice, Mr. Skinner is managing a 480-acre farm at Wetmore, Kan.

M. A. Carlton, '87, cerealist of the Bureau of Plant Industry, visited the College the last of January, in the interest of coöperative experiments that are conducted by the Experiment Station and the Bureau of Plant Industry at McPherson and Hays.

F. E. Rader, '95, is experiencing some winter weather at Rampart, Alaska, where it has been as cold as 80° below zero. A letter from him, written December 30, was forty-two days on its way to us, arriving here February 11.

R. W. DeArmond, senior in 1902-'03, is in charge of the Alaskan investigations for the government, in Seattle, during the absence of Professor Georgeson. Mr. DeArmond says he hopes to tread on Kansas soil again, before the year is over.

While engaged in cleaning the outside of his office windows in the second story of the Y. M. C. A. building at Fort Riley, a few weeks ago, G. W. Gasser, '05, had the misfortune to fall and injure himself quite seriously. He is having treatment in Manhattan.

"Advice for Forest Plantings in Oklahoma and Adjacent Regions" is the title of Bulletin No. 65 of the Forest Service, written by Geo. L. Clothier, '92; and R. S. Kellogg, '96, is the author of Bulletin No. 66 on "Forest Belts in Western Kansas and Nebraska."

Prof. C. C. Georgeson, who was professor of agriculture at K. S. A. C. from 1890 to 1897, now in charge of Alaskan Investigations, is spending the winter in Washington, D. C. His family are in Seattle, Wash., where the children are attending the State University.

W. A. Boys, '04, and Dovie (Ulrich) Boys, '03, who recently sold their farm at Lee's Summit, Mo., are now located at Goodland, Kan. Mrs. Boys spent several weeks visiting her mother in Manhattan before leaving for Goodland.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Ross, of Kenai, Alaska, December 19, 1905, a son. The young Alaskan is named Phillip Harold. It has taken the latter announcing the news six weeks to reach here.—*Marquette Tribune*.

Mr. Ross was a member of the '02 class, and Esther (Hanson) Ross graduated in '03.

J. F. La Tourette, '77, who is a teacher in the industrial department of the Sitka Training School for Native Children, spent a part of his vacation in prospecting, and discovered a very promising ledge of gold-bearing quartz. If this turns out as he hopes, he is going to visit K. S. A. C. before long.

At the last meeting of the Board of Regents, W. E. Mathewson, '01, was elected assistant chemist of the Experiment Station, and at the same time his rank in the board of instruction was raised to that of assistant professor. This is a well-earned recognition of his thorough work and industry.—*Industrialist*.

Walter R. Ballard, '05, who, since graduation, has been doing landscape gardening work at Swope Park, Kansas City, has been appointed assistant in horticulture in the Maryland Experiment Station, at the State Agricultural College, College Park, Md. He left Kansas City on February 14. His new work will be experimental and investigational, no teaching being required of him.—*Industrialist*.

C. C. Jackson, '99, of Westmoreland, Kan., met with a serious accident not long ago. He was on the barn, cutting the limbs from a tree that he had been felling, and that had fallen over on the barn, when he slipped and fell to the ground, break-

ing his knee cap in three places. At latest report he was getting along nicely, but at best it will be a good many weeks before the injured member can be put into use again.

"On the morning of December 1, 1905, Hayward H. Spencer arrived, weighing nine pounds. He has since doubled in weight. The other day we were talking together and I told him of K. S. A. C. being the best school in the State, and that I completed the course there in 1902. I promised him that when he is sixteen he may enter K. S. A. C. So you may look for him in fifteen years from next fall." — *W. H. Spencer, '02, Yates Center, Kan.*

The following out-of-town alumni visited College at some time during the last four weeks: O. H. Elling, '01, Hays; W. R. Hildreth, '02, Altamont; A. L. Noyes, '05, Zeandale; O. M. McAninch, '02, Oneida; C. P. Hartley, '92, Bureau of Plant Industry, Washington, D. C.; A. S. Stauffer, '04, electrical engineer for Fairbanks, Morse & Co., of Beloit, Wis.; John B. Griffing, '04, Watonga, Okla.; Josephine Edwards, '05, Emporia; A. L. Hallstead, '03, Havana; Jennie Cottrell, '04, Wabaunsee.

For the first time since their graduation, the '03 class has been called to mourn the loss of one of its members. The death of H. R. Thatcher, which occurred January 25, at his home near Great Bend, came as a sad surprise to his classmates and many other friends. The same untiring enthusiasm with which he devoted himself to his chosen work while in College has marked his progress in baffling with the more serious problems since then, and we are grieved to see this bright career so soon ended.

At the January meeting of the Engelmann Botanical Club, of St. Louis, Charles Henry Thompson, '93, was chosen president for the coming year. The objects of the club are to bring the botanists, both scientific and ama-

ture, into closer touch with each other, through interchanging of ideas, to increase each individual's knowledge of the botanical science, and to develop the knowledge of the local flora of St. Louis and vicinity. The meetings are devoted to one or more addresses, followed by general discussions of the topics presented.

The following, concerning W. L. Hall, '98, is taken from the *Nationalist*: "William L. Hall, chief of forest products in the forest service, received a substantial recognition of his appreciated services in an advance of salary on the first of the year. Not that a promotion for Mr. Hall is something unusual, for promotions have been coming along each six months with becoming regularity. In his official work Mr. Hall is not only capable and intensely in earnest, but he has proven exceptionally prudent and economical in the direction of public work, so that he is regarded by the chief of the forest service as one of his very best administrative officers. Mr. Hall has just been reelected superintendent of the Hyattsville Baptist Sabbath school. Under his direction the school has enjoyed prosperous advancement in numbers, methods of Bible study employed, and spiritual interest."

One of the most marked characteristics of the '04 "Ag." boys, in their College days, was their determined proclivity to "hang together;" and in all things, whether good or bad (and we might mention a number of both) their united action was as that of one man. And they are still "hanging." They have adopted the circular letter system of keeping track of each other, and for the benefit of friends not '04 "Ags." have arranged to have all news of especial interest among them reported to the College papers. The class is divided into two groups or circles, with a letter for each, and the news of the two circles crosses and is interchanged with the Feltons and the

Webbs, in which cases there are two brothers, one in each circle. We shall look for some highly entertaining reports, for the letters travel all the way from C. G. Elling, in Cuba, to H. V. Harlan, in the Philippines, and undoubtedly gather up a great many notes of interest on the way.

On Monday evening, February 12, a jolly crowd of alumni Ionians met at the home of Anna O'Daniel, '03, for the purpose of forming a permanent organization. Mrs. Mayme (Houghton) Brock, '91, acted as chairman of the meeting, and presided through a somewhat informal and very interesting business session, which resulted in the election of Katherine Winter, '01, president. Mamie Helder, '04, vice-president, Grace Allingham, '04, secretary and treasurer, and Mrs. Brock, critic. They met again, February 26, at the home of Mamie Helder, and the time was spent in drafting a constitution and discussing plans for the future work of the society. The next meeting will occur March 5, at the home of Alice Loomis, 822 Poyntz, and all Alumni Ios. are urged to be present. There are nearly forty of us in Manhattan, including two charter members of the Ionian Society, and we want to see them all taking active interest in the organization. We are going to have some good times together.

"The JAYHAWKER is always a welcome visitor to this alumnus, who, after living three years in Missouri, has a higher regard for her Alma Mater and her native state than ever before. I am teaching in a boarding school for girls, and to one who has lived in the atmosphere of college life as found in K. S. A. C., boarding-school life presents many contrasts. One misses the freedom and many of the pleasures that are a part of college life; but these are compensated for by the midnight feasts, long rambles, and various other amusements known

only in boarding school. The industrial department, comprising sewing and cooking, was a decided innovation here and was looked askance at for some time, but gradually we have overcome the obstacles in our way until now it is very popular and one of the busiest departments. Best wishes for the JAYHAWKER, and may every alumnus be true to it and aid it in every way possible."—*Clara Spilman, '00, Camden Point, Mo.*

*Editors of the Jayhawker:*

Will you please circulate the notice to all graduates and former students of K. S. A. C. that we are going to try to get together for a grand good time soon, somewhere here in the far east. We have hopes of forming a New England Alumni Association, but first of all we want to see how many we can rally to a New England reunion. We expect to attempt a meeting about April 1, probably in Boston, and we figure that we ought to get twenty or thirty K. S. A. C. men and women out to it. We are very anxious to hear from all who have formerly been connected with the College in any way, and who are living anywhere within reach—say anywhere east of Buffalo. Any such are urgently requested to write at once to A. B. Carnahan, '05, at 28 Warren Street, Lynn, Mass., or to

Yours truly,

F. A. WAUGH, '91.

February 5, 1906. Amherst, Mass.

Success to the undertaking! K. S. A. C. would be proud of such an association in the East.

J. G. Harbord, '86, has now been in service in the tropics nearly seven years, with a break of only eight months spent in the States. He hopes for a leave of absence next April, and if it is granted he expects to put Manhattan on his program. He writes: "In a recent number of the *Industrialist*, I saw that you have six Filipino students at the College now, and that one of them comes from a little town

of Lucban, about twenty miles from my present headquarters at Lucena, Tayabas Province. I marked the copy of the *Industrialist* and sent it to the boy's parents, to their very great joy and pride, and more or less mystification. I was in a post yesterday in Batangas, where O. G. Palmer is a second lieutenant of the Seventh Cavalry, but he was absent and I did not get to see him. There are several K. S. A. C. men in the army now, Helmick, Tood, Wheeler, Ned Green and myself among them. I saw Palmer a short time ago and we had dinner together in a little hotel in the southern end of Luzon, and I did more talking of College matters than I have before for ten years."—*Industrialist*.

The many friends of Daisy Hoffman, '00, will be interested in the following paragraphs from an *Enterprise* paper: "Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Hoffman entertained their *Enterprise* and Abilene friends on Monday and Tuesday evenings to announce the engagement of their daughter, Daisy Gladys, and Mr. J. Edward Johntz, of Abilene. Monday evening their *Enterprise* friends were invited to a progressive hearts party. The house was decorated with palms, ferns, pink and white roses, and carnations. Lunch was served in three courses. The place cards were red, heart-shaped, with inscriptions which were read by the guests. The last course was hand-painted, double, heart-shaped cards, pierced with an arrow, with the announcement on the inside. Miss Hilty pleased all by her singing. Mrs. Graham, of Beloit, also sang a pleasing number. There were four generations of Hoffmans present. Tuesday evening their Abilene friends were invited for a seven-o'clock dinner. The table was laid for thirty-three guests. The center piece was a beautiful vase, full of American Beauty roses, a gift from Mr. and Mrs. Hal Humphrey, of Abilene. The place cards were hand painted in forget-me-nots and small red hearts, with inscriptions on oppo-

site side, which were read between the second and third courses. The last course was the double arrow-pierced hearts in two shades of red, with the announcement on the inside. E. V. Hoffman read a 'history' of Miss Daisy, which was often interrupted with applause. R. W. Hoffman, T. L. Hoffman and Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Hoffman also responded with toasts. After the banquet a musical program was given and the merriment continued till a late hour. T. L. Hoffman, Mrs. Graham, Miss Johntz and Mrs. Frank Parent also played piano and violin numbers. The event will long be remembered by all present. The date for the wedding has not been definitely set."

#### VISITING IN WASHINGTON.

By Charles Henry Thompson, '93.

Washington is so full of interest, one is lost in attempting to give even an outline of the interesting things to be seen and learned there; and as my object in writing this letter is chiefly to give "College notes," I will not attempt to do more.

The Department of Agriculture is serving and being served by no small number of our K. S. A. C. people, and as you meet one after the other you wonder if any other state is represented at all. But one man assured me that Michigan was about holding Kansas even for honors. It recalled student days when we used to frequently hear our College compared with the Michigan College. The friendly rivalry seems still alive and active.

The first alumnus met was C. L. Marlatt, '84, in the Bureau of Entomology. As he had left College before my time, our acquaintanceship was new. He is a typical American gentleman, whom our Alma Mater is proud to call son, interesting in conversation and cheerfully ready to render any assistance. He is always glad to meet those who have trod the walks of College Hill.



Across the hall, delving into gopher holes of literature, we find the ever genial face of Prof. D. E. Lantz. The dozen years since we last met have dealt very lightly with the professor ("lightly" as here used, is meant to confer an idea of degree; any reference to color or avoirdupois is unintended). Together we went over to the Agricultural building, where I was surprised to meet Professor Georgeson, down from Alaska on a short business trip. I was so glad to meet him again that I never once thought of the differences of opinion in stock breeding we may sometimes have had, down in the "pen." Father Time has completely forgotten him these dozen years past.

I have often wondered why the cartoons of Uncle Sam always portray him too long for his trousers. Now I understand. Those pantaloons represent the Agricultural building which he has outgrown. Scattered over a ten-acre field, among the dwelling houses, we find here and there a building which floats the old flag, indicating that it is one of the many quarters of the department—here a bureau, there a division. In one of these, devoted to soils, we find our old friend Professor Failyer. Sitting at his desk, with his back to the window, you will readily recognize him from the street. Further reference to the antiquated joke of our College days would be superfluous, but I can truthfully say that if Father Time forgot Professor Georgeson, he was more thoughtful with Professor Failyer and turned the hands backwards on the dial. The Professor holds a double interest in our hearts—that of our former instructor and also that of a fellow alumnus, class of '77. By his kind guidance through the halls of the same building, I met Miss Julia R. Pearce, '90. She bears a much more pleasant face than in days gone by when, as librarian, she found it necessary to frequently visit "spoony cor-

ners" to preserve order. I am sure she has long ago forgiven us all and will always be glad to meet visiting alumni in Washington.

In another of the department's overflow houses we find Professor Hitchcock, studying the grasses—how he "can make two blades grow where formerly there was but one."

At another house we meet W. T. Swingle, '90, working just as devotedly with fungi as of yore.

Farther down the street is the office of M. A. Carleton, '87, whose work is so well known that comments are unnecessary.

Four professors, three assistants and the librarian made me feel like a freshman again, back in the College halls.

Once more on the street, headed for another flag-decked building, I caught step with our friend, Jesse B. Norton, '97. His jolly face is the same as of old, but is carried several inches higher up into the atmosphere than when he first climbed College hill.

With Jesse as guide, it was easy to find Westgate, '97. Father Time seems to have been partial in his devotion to "Jimmy," whom he has enlarged about two diameters in all dimensions, and by way of a final touch painted his upper lip a delicate soft black. However, Jimmy's growth hasn't been entirely in body, and he is serving his Uncle Samuel with credit.

Down the hall from Westgate we are ushered into the office of David G. Fairchild, '88. This was our first meeting and he certainly sustains his reputation for cordiality. Our short visit will be ever remembered with pleasure, reminding me of the kindly interest always displayed by his father in College days.

At Hyattsville, Md., a suburb just outside the District, is found quite a colony of Kansas people. Here I met, for short chats, Mrs. Maggie (Carleton) Doane, '96, W. L. Hall, '98, Mrs. Gertrude (Lyman) Hall, '97, and J. B.

S. Norton, '96. Last, but not least, at a pleasant little dinner party, I met for a short visit my old roommate and classmate, W. O. Lyon. Billy has finally accepted the old injunction that it is not good for man to live alone, and has taken a new lease of happiness. Any one visiting Washington should call at the "corner grocery," 400, 11th St. N. E., and Billy will meet him with the goods, anything from marshmallows to bologna sausage.

My chief regret is that I was unable to meet the many other Kansas people about Washington. Some were away on duty, and my time was too limited to see others. Wherever I went cordiality was shown me by every one, and I found College spirit to be thoroughly alive. To the good graces of these many friends, I can commend any alumnus who may have the pleasure of visiting the home city of our great government.

Editors JAYHAWKER.—Your request for a letter was passed up to me, and I gladly assume the pleasant task.

This simple problem stares me in the face:

$$1906 - 1878 = 28.$$

The solution seems correct, according to Ray's arithmetic, but it is difficult to accept the answer as true. The dear memories that cluster around the initials K. S. A. C. seem so fresh and vivid that only by arithmetic can we be made to believe that more than a quarter of a century has passed since the class of 1878 was thrown off at a tangent upon a cold, unsympathetic world.

Our class was small, compared with the annual output of later years, but to us it seemed the only class worth mentioning. Yet class spirit was not high at that time. Seniors fraternized with juniors, even extending occasional recognition unto the sophomore class. I trust these conditions have changed. As a warning, I might

mention the fact of having myself contracted a permanent and incurable case of heart disease by associating with a member of the junior class.

Many of the present features of College life were unknown to us. We had no cadets, no band, no "bawl" teams—either foot, base, or basket—and no JAYHAWKER. It was a sober, industrious, hard-working body of students in the later seventies, who took the course mapped out for us, with few relaxations and no frills.

Two literary societies struggled for existence and supremacy—the Alpha Betas and Websters. I had the honor to edit Vol. 1, No. 1 of the *Webster Herald*, which was put into type and issued in pamphlet form by one of the printing classes. This classic number was guarded by me for many years, with tender care, until a family of mice with discriminative literary taste used its valuable pages in constructing a home.

The usual College pranks were exceedingly rare, being confined mostly to Hallowe'en and the few following nights. Baskets of flowers, autumn leaves and *other things* more or less ornamental were hung upon door knobs, and the recipient was supposed to be duly grateful.

I have a most vivid recollection of capturing two mischief prowlers one night and being dragged along the road by them toward a convenient pond. I permitted my prisoners to escape by tearing myself away from their clinging arms, and came out forty lengths ahead in the footrace which followed. Darkness prevented recognition on my part, but if my prisoners should ever wish to confess, the statute of limitations would be invoked and the crime forgiven.

Our president was John A. Anderson, as unconventional as a farmer, as sympathetic as a brother, as helpful as a father. During our senior year he was not only in touch but in actual contact with us in our efforts. our

aims, and our aspirations. He took an active part in our parliamentary club, in which the members vied with each other in entangling the chairman in the meshes of parliamentary law. Each member in turn took the chair, and the enforced drill was most excellent and beneficial.

Of the graduating class of 1878, but two remain. Mrs. Ellen (Fletcher) O'Rourke did not remain for graduation, but we are proud to claim her as a member of the class. She resides with her husband on a farm in the irrigation district near Twin Falls, Idaho. Her interest in College affairs has not ceased.

Of Chas. S. McConnell, who died in 1902, I have learned but little for many years. I trust that his life was not without pleasure and profit.

George Platt, jovial, genial, and generous, was called to a better home, just at the beginning of his life work. His death was a sad bereavement to his class and a distinct loss to humanity. I often hoped that I might become such a man as he would have been. He took an amusing paternal attitude toward me, though I was much the older, calling me his "son Godfrey," or oftener transposing the s and g.

Amos E. Wilson, cashier of the First National Bank of Leavenworth, president of Missouri Valley Bridge and Iron Company, with several other honors and emoluments was, in the old days, my special chum and boon companion. Some of the sweetest memories of College life are associated with his name. He went into harness soon after graduating and has kept the trace chains tight ever since. He is a prominent and leading citizen, full of business, and loaded with care and responsibility. He seems to be in full sympathy with President Roosevelt against race suicide and is in every way a model American. It would seem, from a photograph which lies before me, that the passing years

have been as generous to him in the way of bodily development as they have been miserly with me. His outline is made up of generous curves like that of the sturdy oak, while I still resemble the uncouth Lombardy poplar. I hope that his purse bears the same relation to mine, which is painfully thin.

My own life has been uneventful in a general way, though at times of intense interest to me. The first ten years of post-collegiate life were filled with crop failures, discouragement, sickness, and death. Their memory brings ague chills along my spine, a quinine taste to my mouth, and tears to my eyes. A mortgage upon the old home enabled me to pay all debts and wing my way to the woolly west. Arriving in Port Townsend just at the close of the "boom days," I merely existed through the dull times which followed, but gradually worked into my chosen profession of civil engineering, and was four years county surveyor. I then served out a seven years' sentence in the customs service, and then again took up the transit and level.

For the past year I have had active charge of our municipal water system, which is nearing successful completion. Our pipe line comes from the foot-hills of the Olympic range, twenty miles away, over a country so rough and through a forest so dense that Kansas eyes would open wide with wonder and delight.

I have four strong, vigorous boys, fast growing into manhood. One is taking the civil engineering course at the University of Washington, Seattle, one is taking a business course at the State College, Pullman, one is a junior in high school, and the kid is in grammar school.

My wife, who was Stella Bonton before I persuaded her otherwise, junior 1878, joins me in earnest greeting to all the classmates and friends of the hopeful, happy, halcyon K. S. A. C. days of '78.—*A. N. Godfrey. '78.*

## COLLEGE LOCALS

New spring jackets. Spot Cash.

Assistant Melick delivered a lecture on "Practical Dairying" at the February meeting of the Agricultural Association.

The Corn Breeders' Association has voted to issue an "annual" containing all the lectures given during the meetings.

Ex-regent John E. Hessin, of this city, delivered a lecture at the city opera-house, on "What I saw in Italy," for the benefit of the Carnegie library.

The new granary has just been completed. The building is small, but it fills a long-felt want and makes one more new building on the College grounds.

In the basket-ball game with Clay Center High School, K. S. A. C. won by 47 to 10. All the games are being played in the Commercial Club Hall, down town.

In the basket-ball game between K. S. A. C. and Nebraska, our team was defeated by a score of 17 to 57. The Nebraskans claim the "championship of the world."

Arrangements have been made for a series of dairy institutes to be held along the Santa Fe lines by running a dairy train from station to station, as was done lately with wheat and poultry trains along the Missouri Pacific and Rock Island lines.

When the chapel roll was published there was much rejoicing among the students on discovering that the members of the several classes were to occupy the same section. This new method of seating has greatly increased the average of attendance at morning chapel.

Latest styles in dress goods. Spot Cash.

Professor Erf read a paper on "Breeding for Dairy Cows" before the National Dairy Show held at Chicago from February 15 to 24.

The Zoölogical Department has received several dozen mole and gopher traps for experimental purposes from the Animal Trap Company, of Abingdon, Ill.

At the regular winter session of the Board of Regents held in February they voted to confer the degree of D. V. M. (Doctor of Veterinary Medicine) on all graduates from the veterinary course. They also permitted the '06 class to place a class stone in the new Horticultural building.

The experimental oil road is considered a great success. During the dusty weeks of last month this road was hardly dusty at all, and the rain has very little effect on it, as the water runs off almost immediately and the road is dry long before the water has oozed away from the other streets.

The members of the class of '09 gathered in the "Gym." one night last month "just to have a good time." Every one present was supposed to be a freshman, but who is wise enough to distinguish a "freshly" from a senior if he wears a frog face or represents a dude? For this was a masquerade party and some members of the other classes, seeing a chance for some fun, masked and went; but they left abruptly when it came time to unmask. Dudes flirted with Bo-peeps, ghosts played with superstitious farmer lads, and cow-boy girls sported with frogs till late in the evening, when the ghosts faded away from sight and the frogs ceased croaking.

Charles Dennison Kellogg held the attention of a large crowd one night last month, at the College Auditorium. Mr. Kellogg, "The Bird Man's" recital was interesting in the extreme, inasmuch as it was very different from any recital given here for a long time, and the best of its kind. Mr. Kellogg is a keen observer of not only bird and other animal life, but also of human nature, and he held the undivided attention of the audience up to the moment when he left the stage. His power of reproducing bird tones, and especially of warbling, is something wonderful. He neither whistles nor sings, but *warbles*, and this power he has possessed since childhood. His lecture carried one back to the scenes of childhood and made one long for the woods and fields.

The Corn Breeders' Association, which was in session here one week last month, was attended by several hundreds of farmers from all parts of this State and some from neighboring states. Among some of the most interesting of the lectures delivered then were, "Some Experiments with Wheat," by Professor Zaritz, of Guelph Agricultural College, Ontario; "Mendel's Law and its Application to the Practical Problems in Breeding," by Professor Spillman, of the United States Department of Agriculture, at Washington; and "Good Roads," by Ward King, of Missouri. O. H. Elling, of the Ft. Hays Experiment Station, read an interesting paper on "Breeding a Corn for Western Kansas," and Mr. C. P. Hartley, of the United States Department of Agriculture, delivered a lecture, illustrated by steriopicon views, on "The Production of Good Seed-corn." These are only a few of the many interesting numbers in the course of lectures delivered on the 22nd and 23rd of the month. The corn-judging class held its sessions from the 22nd to the 24th, and the corn that had been on exhibit was sold at auction on the 24th.

Muslin underwear sale at Spot Cash first week in March.

Professor Erf was reelected treasurer of the American Breeders' Association, at the regular meeting held last month in Lincoln, Neb.

At the last session of the Board of Regents the following resolution was adopted: *Resolved*, That we endorse the movement now on foot to modify the rules of football to make the game less brutal and dangerous.

Mr. Clyde Rickman, who for four years has been pressman in the Printing Department, and for two years before that worked there as student assistant, has resigned to accept a more remunerative position as business manager of the "No Dust" company, which has been recently organized in Manhattan. (Surely the ladies will be indebted to anyone who helps to relegate oiled floors, with their occasional pools of oil, to the past.)

The contestants in the Inter-society Oratorical contest ranked as follows:

|                                   |       |            |
|-----------------------------------|-------|------------|
| C. E. Davis                       | ..... | Hamilton   |
| Divine Direction in History.      |       |            |
| Ray Birch                         | ..... | Alpha Beta |
| America's Mission to the Nations. |       |            |
| Marcia Turner                     | ..... | Ionian     |
| The Path of Peace.                |       |            |
| Martin Schuler                    | ..... | Webster    |
| Our Country's Mission.            |       |            |
| E. M. Wilson                      | ..... | Franklin   |
| Younger America.                  |       |            |

The following poem, by Lillie B. Bridgman, '86, was copied from the February *Harpers*:

TO A WAYFARER.

Be strong.  
The way is steep, the way is long;  
There is no ending till thy strength shall end—  
And yet, be strong.

Be brave.  
The night is dark, the goal's the grave,  
They need not courage who have hope for friend—  
But *then*, be brave.

This poem was originally a contribution to the program at the reunion of the Alpha Beta society last Commencement.

# K. & M. PHARMACY

EVERYTHING IN THE DRUG LINE

### *Eurodelphians.*

A year ago last fall this society was organized, and already it has furnished three alumni. This term there are fifty-one members, so each takes part in the program two or three times a term. Some societies make it their greatest aim to secure a large membership. It is true that there is enthusiasm in numbers, but the progress of a society depends upon the individual member.

As many of the girls (for this is like the Ionian society in being for girls alone) are musicians, a large part of the program is frequently music.

Numerous inquiries have been made as to why we were not represented in the recent inter-society oratorical contest. When we applied for admission in the spring of 1905 we found that the rules would not allow us to enter then, as we had not yet secured a charter; and as all societies to be represented must enter the previous year, we were compelled to keep silent and let the Hamiltons carry off the honors. Our charter arrived during the summer, however, and not

"two weeks ago," as stated in a recent issue of *The Students' Herald*.

The Eurodelphian Society is endeavoring to fulfill its purpose of helping its members to live up to their motto: "While we live, let's live."

### *Hamps.*

The Hamps. have been unusually successful and prosperous this year in several ways. The roll numbers one hundred now, and the new members are taking hold of the work in a first-class manner. Judging from the number of visitors who are turned away every Saturday evening, it will be safe to say that our programs are up to the standard, and we intend to keep them there. Although our hall is too small now, the crowded condition is no drawback when it comes to heated business sessions, for the memory of the old "rag-chewing" Hamps. seems to be an inspiration which we might lose if we were to get another hall.

Visitors are always welcome, but the kind that pleases us most is the kind that have been Hamps. C. I. Weaver is the president, and F. E. Brown, secretary.

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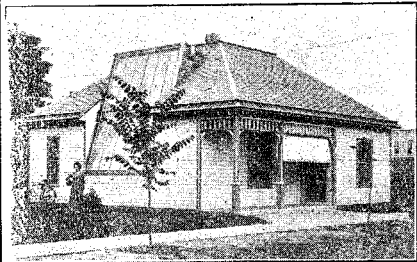
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*Extract from letter of Professor Roberts, December 12, 1905*

“I cannot say enough in commendation of the high quality of your work, and I shall be most pleased to recommend your work to other departments of the Experiment Station here, and to avail myself of your services in the future.” H. F. ROBERTS.

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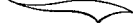
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