

# THE JAYHAWKER

Vol. V

No. 2

THE ALUMNI JOURNAL  
OF THE  
Kansas State Agricultural College  
Manhattan



October, 1906

Price, \$1.00 per year

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

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# THE JAYHAWKER

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VOL. V.

OCTOBER 1906.

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## *Volcano Climbing in the Tropics.*

By H. V. Harlan, '04.

For over four months I had lived but sixty miles from the great volcano known as Canlaon, or Melaspiña. Almost daily I had watched the great volume of smoke pouring out of its mountain chimney and streaming away as a great cloud over the country beneath, and often watched a rain-storm gather half way up the slope, leaving the summit in a cloudless sky, a serene observer of the turmoil beneath. Daily my desire to make the ascent grew more strong and finally, on the 16th of May, in company with three other Americans, I started out to satisfy my ambition.

At eight o'clock in the morning, we left the Iloilo harbor on the small interisland steamer Taculin. Our course lay through the strait of Iloilo, around the north end of the island of Guimaras, back through the strait of Guimaras to Pulapondan in Negros. This trip itself is beautiful in the extreme. Guimaras is lined with picturesque cliffs, wierdly shaped promontories, and covered with bamboo, the most graceful and airy of all vegetation. In the strait at the north end of Guimaras are seven large rocks known as the "Seven Sins," so named because of the ancient tradition of seven nuns who sinned, being drowned there, and each turned into a rock. On the largest of these is a lighthouse. Some of these rocks are worn away beneath by wave action until the top diameter is treble that of the base, and one wonders that they stand at all; while here and there are great fantastic piles of boulders shaken down from the cliffs above

by earthquakes of the past. Farther on are two or three larger islands which from a distance appear to be great piles of sand.

To the left of these lies the low flat coast of Negros. As we draw nearer we can see that it is bordered by one vast cocanut grove as far as the eye can reach. Rounding a point we come to the barrio of Pulapondan. Here the steamer draws up to a bamboo wharf. We almost have to fight our way to shore through a clamoring crowd of cargadores. We finally hired three of these to carry our luggage from Pulapondan to La Granja, a small town at the base of the mountain.

We ourselves mounting our bicycles started on our long ride. The road lay first south along the beach through Valladolid to San Enrique. This road winds its way through the most beautiful cocanut groves in the islands. A good bicycle, a firm road, a cool breeze amid the rustling palms, the measured swash of the retiring tide made a ride the novelty of which can hardly be imagined.

From San Enrique our road turns inland, going through the town of La Carlota to La Granja. As we go inland we leave the cocoanuts and enter the most magnificent farming region of the Philippine Islands. For the first few miles the land is very low and flat, and rice is the only crop raised. Beyond the rice fields comes one of the greatest sugar regions of the world. The soil is wondrously rich, of unmeasurable depth. Innumerable haciendas dot the plain. Their casas with their mills, the huts of the labor-

ers and the tall robber-proof corrals look more like villages than merely the buildings of a farm.

At La Carlota we had to leave word with the police to pass our cargadores, else they would have been detained under the suspicion that they were ladrones. From La Carlota to La Granja the land has a perceptible rise, and its value as sugar land is considerably greater.

We reached La Granja at 5 P.M. and immediately went to the government farm there. Mr. Gallagher, at the head of the station, welcomed us cordially and, seeing our hungry looks, ordered supper for six instead of four. While supper was being prepared we took occasion to make use of the famous bath-house there. It consists of a house built around a cool, clear mountain stream at a place where there is a small fall of about five feet. It was a most invigorating shower bath and was enjoyed as much as the good supper which followed it.

At eight o'clock that evening our cargadores arrived. Three of them had carried our blankets, changes of clothing, overcoats, camp utensils and sixty pounds of provisions by a shorter trail, some fourteen miles in length, in six hours.

The next morning we secured six cargadores to carry our supplies and two more to carry provisions for the other six. At 8 A. M. we began the ascent, walking through continuous groves of wild bananas until noon, when we ate our lunch at the last house on the trail. Soon after resuming our climb we entered the forest and caught our last glimpse of the country below, not seeing it again until we reached the top of the volcano.

The view of the tropical forest itself would have repaid us for our trip if we had never gone any farther. Towering trees of hundreds of kinds supported most beautiful orchids and great masses of clinging mosses. Beneath this was an underbrush of

almost as great a variety of species; flowers springing, not from spurs as in temperate climes, but directly from trunks and branches of trees. Beneath the undergrowth was a carpet of ferns and club mosses. The ferns especially were prominent, there being an endless variety of shape and of size, varying from the tiny web-like species scarcely three inches high to the gigantic tree fern twenty-five feet high, and with a leaf spread of at least twenty feet. They were the most graceful and beautiful objects of the forest, their leaves practically all perfect and possessing an elegance of shape and habit unequalled by any other plant. The forest itself was so dense that the eye could pierce but a short distance into its depths. It would be a matter of weeks to force ones way through, keeping just out-side the trail. The trail, winding in and out among the trees, was seldom visible for more than fifty feet in advance.

By the middle of the afternoon we were among the clouds. Far above us was a dense layer, but the strata in which we were moving was very much broken. We could see a cloud coming minutes before it reached us. It would come through the forest with a peculiar hiss, shutting everything from sight but objects within a few feet, and then as suddenly leaving us with the leaves, branches and mosses dripping from the moisture deposited on them.

Late in the afternoon we heard a continuous roar arising from the right of the trail and knew our day's climb was over. We had arrived at the falls—the usual camping place of bejuco gatherers and such persons as attempt the climb for pleasure. The falls consist of an intermittant series of falls and rapids in a mountain stream. The largest fall is only sixty or seventy feet, but bordered as it is by a veritable mass of ferns and tropical verdure it has a beauty unequalled by many of greater dimensions. We found this stream, the only source of

water near, to be perfectly blue with volcanic ash. It looked more like a great stream of blue mud than it did like water. The stream is usually perfectly clear and extremely cold, but it was now muddy from a more violent eruption than usual at the volcano above. We finally found some rain-water in a pocket of a rock which, though somewhat sulphurous, was drinkable.

While we were making our explorations the cargadores were erecting a shelter for the night. They first erected a framework of poles cut from the underbrush, tying them together with the inevitable bejuco, and then covered the roof and sides with masses of ferns. This done, they piled the floor of the hut deeply with the same material. From an artistic standpoint this house of ferns against a tropical background seemed a bower fit for a god. Our experience proved, however, that it was more romantic than practicable for any god save Neptune, for before morning a veritable ocean of water came flooding through our picturesque roof, saturating our blankets and clothes—both those which we wore and the ones we had brought along for a change. After shivering through a long, cold night with our hands on our pistol butts to guard against ladrones, we all vowed that we would know better next time.

Packing up our wet clothes and blankets we again started on our journey through the clouds. The ascent was much steeper than the day before; the nature of the vegetation was slowly changing. In the multitudes of species the eye had ceased to discriminate except in the more striking examples. We were now entering the part of the forest in which the bejuco was the characteristic feature. The natives from the town below come to this part of the forest and drag down great loads of this spiny vine, a small portion of which is sent to the rattan furniture factories, the remainder taking

the place of cordage. Beyond the bejuco belt the trail is much less distinct, being traveled only by hunters and mountain climbers.

In the afternoon the ascent grew very steep. Moss now covered every tree to the depth of several inches. About three o'clock in the afternoon we started to descend into the old crater which is now extinct. The descent was perilously steep and, enveloped as we were in clouds, we could not see the path before us. After what seemed an age to a weary man we reached the bottom of the old crater.

Skirting a small lake in the bottom of the crater we made our camp on the opposite side. Our matches having been ruined by the rain the night before, we had no fire. Our men erected a shelter of poles as before. But this time, sacrificing romance to comfort, we made a more efficient roof. The men, used to a warmer climate below, were almost in agony. We ourselves, with two suits of woolen underwear, a suit of clothes, an overcoat, one blanket under us and two over us, passed the longest, coldest, most wretched night we had ever known. Our discomfort was not due so much to the actual cold, for it was hardly down to the freezing point, as it was to the saturated condition of our clothes and blankets. If it had not been for our flannels we would probably have paid severe penalty for our exposure. Several times that night we heard the peculiar call of the mountain deer near our tent, which, with the cries of many unknown wild animals, told us that we were far from the usual haunts of man.

The long night at last came to an end. A breakfast of cold, canned meats did not add much to our enthusiasm. About eight o'clock we began to feel our way across the bottom of the old crater toward the active one at the opposite side. Suddenly the cloud lifted, the sun came out, and for the first time we beheld our novel sur-

roundings. Forgotten were the two cold, wet nights, forgotten the two days' severe toil—forgotten all in the magnificence of the view so suddenly exposed to us. We were standing practically in the center of the level floor of the old crater. Around us as a vast amphitheater rose the perpendicular walls of its cone, towering hundreds of feet above us. The crater was oval in shape, and nowhere was it nearer than a quarter of a mile. The walls, though covered with vegetation, seemed to bid defiance to all attempts to surmount them. We could not but wonder how we had been able to make that seemingly impossible descent.

Our guide at last aroused us from our spellbound absorption of the scene and pointed toward the side where the new crater was filling the air with smoke and ashes. The summit, gilded in the sunlight (we were as yet in the shadow), was still over a thousand feet above us, and this the hardest and steepest climb of all!

After some delay we found the only accessible path upward. Our eight cargadores, grasping even the slightest vantage ground, followed by the four Americans in almost vertical row on the inside of the crater, formed a picture interesting in the extreme. As we went higher we came upon a great area in which trees and all slow-growing plants had been killed by ash eruption of the past. Now there were hundreds of acres thickly covered with a species of wild raspberry. We had arrived in the fruiting season and soon gorged ourselves with the fruits of temperate climates. After a hard climb, we reached the top of the old crater which is here much lower than elsewhere. Above us still was the new. After a few minutes' rest we again started upward. Not a growing thing was now on the rocks. There was no lava. The cone seemed to consist almost entirely of a vast pile of rocks thrown out by eruptions and was just as steep as the rocks could cling with-

out rolling down. After numerous rests we reached the top. For the last three hundred feet the ground had been coated with a blue mud which was here six inches deep. It was due to an ash eruption a month before, now saturated with the recent rain.

We drew nearer and peered down into the living crater. At first we could see nothing but a whirling cloud of smoke and vapor, but as the wind would waft it to the side we could see the cliff-like walls reaching far down into the earth. Then would come a puff of choking sulphurous vapor that would drive us away from the seething chasm. At no time could we get a glimpse of the bottom, although at times we could see the walls of the crater extending like some gigantic caldron hundreds of feet downward. Words cannot convey either the sights or feelings under such circumstances. Suffice to say that we returned again and again to the very brink of the chasm with hardly a foot between us and the unknown distance below, and this with an interest so absorbing that the thought of danger occurred to no man until we were again on the way back.

As we turned away from the crater we first became aware of the scene before us. Although the mountain is not as high as many more famous ones—being only 8000 and some hundreds of feet high—in so much as its ascent begins at sea level, it is far higher above its base plain than is Pike's Peak, of Colorado. The panorama from its cone is one seldom equalled in variety or extent. Our view was unobstructed save when an occasional cloud half way down the mountain side would come skurrying around a headland, hesitate a moment in a ravine, and then whisk out of sight round some abrupt cliff. Over a mile and a half below us lay the rich, highly cultivated plain of Negros, sugar mills of the haciendas showing up as white dots in the field

of green. Farther, along the coast the cocoanut groves seemed to rise up to keep out the sea, and here and there a river, visible throughout its course, wandering in numberless curves and at last disappearing through a gap in the palm forest by the sea. Here and there a town was visible, discovered by its tall white church. Beyond the cocoanut groves stretched the great irregular arms of the sea, winding among a hundred islands. Far to the west, across Guimaras and two straits, we could see the white iron roofs of Iloilo glimmering in the morning sun. Forty miles farther rose the high mountains of Panay, along which yesterday's storm still lingered. Toward the east the coast was much nearer, and on the other side of the narrow Tanyan strait the long, low mountains of Cebu hung black with shadows not yet dispersed by the morning light. Beyond, in dimmer outline, the large island of Bohol was discernable. Mingled among these larger islands were small ones without number; but to the southwest was the Sulu Sea, reaching out of sight unbroken by land.

After taking numerous photographs of the various scenes of interest, we descended the cone, started round the edge of the old crater, following a deer path until we reached the trail down the mountain. From here we took a last, lingering look at the scene beneath and plunged into the forest.

Three days later we arrived in Iloilo unshaven, dirty and hungry, but almost sorry our hard trip was ended.

### *Something Doing in Cuba.*

By C. G. Elling. '04.

Once more Cuba is attracting the attention of the world. Lack of patriotism, combined with idleness, barbarious inclinations to fight and destroy, and inability to make the best of defeat, threw Cuba into a revo-

lution which caused the loss of her independence, for a time anyway, and showed to the world that the Cubans are nearly unable to govern themselves.

The Liberal party claims to have been scandalously dealt with by the party in power at the last election, held in December, 1905. At that time, small bands deserted and showed more or less revolutionary spirit. Since then, and up to about the 17th of August, they remained quiet. Rumors floated around of the planning to assassinate President Palma. Nothing, however, passed the rumor state until the uprising in Piñar del Rio province, under the leadership of Pino Guerro. The government was wholly unprepared for war and seemed to be unable to get supporters. Two dollars per day were offered for volunteers, without much effect. Volunteers would join the government forces and then, when equipped, desert and join the rebels at the first opportunity.

In the meantime, most of the rebel activities took place in Pinor del Rio province. Pino Guerro's force grew rapidly. He took possession of town after town without any opposition. Many people seemed undecided which side to support; they wanted to be on the winning side, regardless of principles (a good example of their patriotism). Thus, when Pino's force proved itself more than equal to that of the government, rebels sprung up in Havana and Santa Clara provinces in bunches of fifty to two hundred.

The government now realized the seriousness of the affair and declared martial law in the three above-named provinces. The rebels retaliated by destroying foreign property. Several railroad bridges on the English line were blown up. At Rincon, a small town three miles from Santiago, an entire freight train was burned. Two cars were burned at Santiago.

The rebels had things pretty much

their own way in Havana province, except in Hayana, the capitol of the Island and seat of government. Rebel forces sprung up in Bejucal, San Antonio de los Banas and other towns near by, to join the force of Santiago de las Vegas. Many joined who had no horses, but these were rapidly and cheaply supplied from any and all neutral owners of such animals. The owners received in return a statement bearing the leader's name. Many horses were taken right out of the owners' stables; others unhitched from the coaches. Mules, oxen and horses too poor to go to war were left to do the work, what little was done. A large hunting knife—something every farmer carries all the time—made up the equipment of some, while others had machety, the old stand-by for Cubans, and a rifle or revolver; the still more fortunate had all these weapons. Rations were obtained in the same manner as the horses.

Uniting the various forces about Santiago, 1650 mounted rebels marched through this town, passing by the station grounds on the west, toward Wajay, about two and one-half miles from here, to await the arrival of Pino Guerro's army, when the united force was to make an attack on Havana.

The main body took the shorter route across country, while a force of about forty rebels marched to Mazorra, where the insane asylum of Cuba is located, to burn a few railroad cars and then join the main body again, by way of the calcado.

A short distance from Mazorra, and in the corner of the road to Uajay, is an old Spanish cemetery enclosed by a high, cemented stone wall, behind which were hidden four hundred rural guards of the government force. By means of this cemetery the guards trapped the rebels, falling in behind and in front of them. Thus the rebels were surprised, with guards behind and in front of them, an impassable stone wall on one side

and a wire fence on the other. Through or over the last was the only possible way of escape. This they attempted and tried to reach the road to Wajay, but were again cut off by the guards and, being separated from the main body at Wajay, they went to the brush. The guards, content to leave them there, went to Wajay, not knowing that the main body of the rebel force lay there.

A battle now took place between the main rebel body and the guards. At first the rebels, who greatly outnumbered the guards, through excitement retreated a short distance, after which they rallied and drove the guards back to a stone wall along the road leading to the cemetery. This, however, gave the guards a strong line, and the rebels left them alone. Both sides seemed willing to give up the battle field. The guards retreated during the night to Havana and the rebels to some hills back of Santiago. The battle was short; they fought about one hour. Both sides claimed a glorious victory, but neither side gained anything.

Shortly after the battle, the government declared an armistice. Mr. Taft and Mr. Bacon were on their way down here, and the Cuban government was very anxious to have things straightened out before they arrived, but the longer they parlied the further they got from a peaceable agreement. The American commissioners, however, took charge of the government, sent the rebels home, and restored peace without firing a shot, but they had plenty of U. S. soldiers on board war ships in Havana harbor, who were aching to be called out and have some fun.

#### Football.

K. S. A. C. is proud of her football team, and sees ahead a long list of victories for the boys. The first game of the season, with Haskell, was one of the best ever played on the

home gridiron, and the score of 10 to 5, by which our boys won, was not an easy victory but an honest one after a good, hard fight. Emporia, who played here October 22, proved easy game for our team, and there resulted a score of 35 to 0. We go to press too early to publish the result of the game at Topeka, October 27, with Washburn, but K. S. A. C. is going down to win. The day is a holiday at College, and about a thousand students will go down with the boys to cheer them on to victory.

### *The Societies.*

#### HAMILTON DOINGS.

The Hamilton society begins the College year of 1906-7 still meeting in the same hall and at the usual time. If such could be possible, we believe that the Hamiltons are a little more energetic than usual, this year. They have upon the roll more than twenty senior men, and juniors and sophomores in like proportion. The same old Hamilton spirit prevails, and varily ours is a school for parliamentarians. There is a strong tendency among the society members to increase the qualifications for membership. There is always a large list upon probation, awaiting their turn to become Hamiltons. The society hall is always packed and the programs are of a high class. The officers for the fall term are as follows: President, A. D. Holloway; vice-president, Ernest L. Adams; secretary, R. E. Williams.

#### IONIAN.

Io, Io, Io, Ionian! The Ios. are flourishing as usual, or rather more than usual, for the outlook for a successful year was never better. Everything points to full membership, excellent programs, and great progress during the year. We began the College year with forty-eight members; since then about thirty names have been proposed and several new

members have been initiated. Our programs for the fall term are all planned and will prove interesting and instructive as they are carried out. A series of debates will be a dominant feature, and enthusiasm in these debates has been aroused by the division of the society into two factions. At the close of the term, the side winning in the greater number of debates will be entertained by the other. The other work as arranged will consist largely of extemporaneous work for the seniors and oratorical work for the juniors. The musical numbers of our programs, also, are better than ever before, because of the new piano, of which we cannot be too proud. With these plans, coupled with the ability of our new officers, Margaret Cunningham, president, Flora Hull, vice-president, and Grace Hull, secretary, we feel assured of a helpful, successful year.

#### AN IO.

#### EURODELPHIANS.

The Eurodelphian society is as yet too young (being organized in January, 1905) to number many of its members among the alumni, yet we want to tell those who worked so faithfully and unselfishly for the organization of the society of the progress we have made. When you left us, we were enduring the hardships that are common to all new societies, but this fall all our prospects are bright and we feel that the success of the Eurodelphian Society is assured. We own a half interest in the furnishings of our hall and, although they are far from being regal in appearance, we are making plans for adding to their beauty just as soon as the fatness of the Eurodelphian pocketbook will permit it. Right here it is well to add that the above-mentioned pocketbook adds but little to its size in fines, and every member takes pride in doing, to the best of her ability, the work assigned to her. Our membership is now about

(Continued on page 41.)

# Q EDITORIAL Q

The article on "Volcano Climbing in the Tropics," by H. V. Harlan, '04, that appears in this issue, reached the office too late for publication in the September number, for which it was intended. Since then a copy of the same article has fallen into the hands of the editor of the *Students' Herald*, who is quick to recognize a good thing when he sees it, and hence this is its second publication. We do not hesitate, however, to give the article another appearance, as it is too good to be lost to the many JAYHAWKER readers who do not see the *Herald*.

It seems rather too bad that the College can afford us no better place for alumni headquarters than the dark, dingy, little room that has been given us in the basement of Anderson Hall. The chief difficulty in being so far removed from the center of College activity is that we can't see what is going on; and while the editor of the bright and shining alumni light, the JAYHAWKER, toils away in this isolated corner with the editorial shears, over the editorial waste-basket, on the floor above alumni may come and alumni may go, and the editor of the alumni journal has to read next week's *Students' Herald* to find it out. It's humiliating, but it isn't our fault, and we are looking forward somewhat impatiently to the time when we will be allowed to "go up higher" where we can see and hear what is going on, where we won't be so hard to find, and where we will have a more pleasant place to receive alumni visitors.

Here is an opportunity for the alumni to "do something." The *Industrialist*, in mentioning President Nichols' consultation with the State Auditor about the financial needs of

the College for the next biennial period, gives the following synopsis of items required:

	1908	1909
Current expenses.....	\$140,000	\$155,000
Domestic Science building and equipment.....	35,000	35,000
Veterinary building and equipment.....	35,000	35,000
Engineering building and shop addition.....	50,000	30,000
Engineering equipment.....	.....	25,000
Barn and judging room.....	25,000	.....
Boilers and coal-house.....	5,000	5,000
Library stacks.....	4,000	.....
Armory and gymnasium.....	35,000	30,000
Cement walks.....	4,000	.....
Farmers' Institutes.....	7,500	7,500
Five stokers.....	.....	3,000
Pipe machine.....	1,500	.....
<b>Totals .....</b>	<b>\$345,000</b>	<b>\$325,500</b>

Always the cry is for more room, and it doesn't take a very close observer to see that we need it; but only an intimate knowledge of the inside workings of the institution reveals the extent of that need and the necessity for immediate attention to it. With the rapidly increasing attendance and the addition of new courses of study comes the necessity for more class rooms and new laboratories and office room for the instructors.

Now we can't erect buildings and equip them for work, but we can make a study of the needs of K. S. A. C. and then get out among the senators and representatives of our respective districts and use our influence toward securing the appropriations that our College must have if she is to hold her place in the front ranks of educational institutions.

This is not merely a privilege—though it is certainly that—but a duty of ours to our College, and if more of the alumni of K. S. A. C. in Kansas would improve this opportunity to work for the good of the College, they would not only have the pleasure of seeing

the results that would obtain from their efforts, but would also feel the satisfaction of knowing they were thus repaying, in a measure, the debt that every alumnus owes his Alma Mater.

The alumni committee which is soliciting funds for the memorial portraits reports receipts from ninety persons, aggregating \$317.50. There are undoubtedly many more who expect to contribute to this fund, for surely we all want to give something, even if it is only a small amount. Send your contributions in as soon as possible so that the committee may have no unnecessary delay in making arrangements for securing the portraits.

Never in the history of the literary societies of K. S. A. C. has there been a time when the work was more progressive or when the individual benefit from society membership was so great.

Much of the increased interest and the accompanying elevation of the standard of the work in the societies may be attributed to the coöperation of the societies with the Department of Public Speaking, by which credits in third-term public readings and in orations are granted for equivalent work done as a member of any of the society organizations.

The days of Saturday afternoon "chapel exercises," as an institution of torture to both the listeners and the luckless performers, are a thing of the past; and though that same work is required of all junior and senior students who are not society members, it is conducted as a class exercise, pure and simple, and the work goes on as quietly and as regularly as class work in any department, and consequently we hear but little about it.

It is only natural that such an arrangement has encouraged society membership. It has also made necessary the raising of the standard of

work done in the societies, for it is not intended to make it a means of escape for the student, from something hard to a "snap" as a society ornament. To be a "Hamp." or a "Web." or an "Io." or a member of any other of the society organizations, means to be a worker, and anyone who has ever been an active member knows the inestimable value of such training to the student. It is gratifying, too, to see the appreciative efforts of the society members to make the beneficial results of the work as high as possible. We may feel assured of the continuous growth and success of our societies.

### *Societies.*

(Continued from page 39.)

forty-five (we are limited to seventy-five), and new students are joining at every meeting. We have always believed that quality counts for more than quantity, and any girl who is known to be a shirk in any of her College duties meets with steady opposition at the Eurodelphian door. Professor Kammeyer still keeps a friendly eye on us, and for many a word of advice and counsel we are indebted to him. The following are our principal officers for the fall term: President, Louise Fleming; vice-president, Helen Huse; recording secretary, Ellen Hanson. We want the alumni Eurodelphians to know that the little society they left at the College is prospering and growing as finely as even they could wish. A. L.

### ALPHA BETA.

Last year the Alpha Beta society had the most progressive and prosperous year in its history. This fall we take up the work with bright prospects for even a better year than last. The society has been attaining to the ends for which it was organized, and the work done by individual members and by the society as a whole has been such as to place it among the front ranks in college literary societies.

Not only has the work been literary and social, but parliamentary law and rules have been studied and used in a way of which the society may well be proud. H. A. Ireland, '07, is the able president, and under his leadership the Alpha Betas are looking forward to better and more efficient work than ever before. The membership of the society has grown until the limit is nearly reached. The hall has been improved from year to year until now it is one of the most pleasant and attractive halls in the College. Last spring new curtains replaced the old ones. The latest improvement, which adds not only to the appearance of the hall but also to the pleasure of those who listen, is the new "Baby Grand." The society extends greetings to all the alumni, and especially to those who are numbered with the Alpha Betas.

E. H.

#### FRANKLINS.

We still meet in the old hall in the basement of the library building and, although we miss many familiar faces of the '06 class, we still have the same jolly times as of yore. E. L. McClaskey, as president, succeeds fairly well in keeping the children from looking too serene. Miss Erma Gammon preserves the records for the rising generation. M. M. Justin still remains an authority on parliamentary practise, while Bull and Kirby supply the necessary sweetness and humor. Our society is growing and our audiences still tax the seating capacity of the hall.

H<sup>2</sup>.

#### WEBSTERS.

This article, written for you who have been and still are Websters, will, if it fills its mission, touch in your memories the cord of recollection, and its vibrations, after driving care and duty to the most remote corners of their respective recesses, will, in the very exaltation of its precedence, carry you back to the date of your residence

here in this spot—K. S. A. C.—sacred to all who have drank of its store, and more sacred than words can tell to those whose draughts have been long and deep.

There comes drifting before your mind, each in its turn, the city, the buildings on the hill, the campus, more beautiful now than ever before. Then, from the deep recesses of your memory, deep because the things of most worth are farthest beneath the surface, protrudes the picture of the old Web. hall. Ah! but how the memories of friends, sweethearts, debates, orations, heated discussions and elections crowd in upon you, and you find yourself longing to grace the old hall once more. You try to picture in your mind its present condition and furnishings. We are glad to say that it has improved as old K. S. A. C. has improved. You wonder if its walls still have that good old true, hearty ring of friendship. I speak from my heart, fellow Websters, "It has!"

Should any Web., whose path this article may cross, chance to be within the limits of our city at the time of our weekly session, Saturday evening, we will be glad to welcome him as one of our number, providing a speech will be forthcoming.

Our hall, since the addition of a "Baby Grand" piano, is one of the most beautifully furnished of its kind. Our membership at present is above the seventy-five mark, and growing fast.

With a hearty greeting from our president, Fred Caldwell, and the rest of us, from the vice-president to the man who never takes part, we remain, forever, fellow Webs. S. W. C.

The first number of the lecture course was given, October 5, by the Dunbar Male Quartet. The entertainment was an excellent one in every respect, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all of the large number who attended.



## ALUMNI



Otto A. Hanson, '05, is teaching school near Waldo, Kan.

D. A. Foltz and Effie (Bailey) Foltz, '00, have a son, born October 16.

Lena Finley, '05, returned last week from a six months' visit in California.

A. C. Havens, '96, and Ruth (Bayles) Havens are the happy parents of a little son, born September 15.

Clara Goodrich, '03, is teaching mathematics and science in the high school at Higginsville, Mo.

R. R. Birch, '06, has been assigned to duty in the Bureau of Animal Industry in the Philippine Islands.

Martha Cottrell, '94, leaves this week for Fullerton, Cal., to visit her sister, Nellie (Cottrell) Stiles, '87.

W. H. Goodwin, '05, is attending Nebraska University, where he is taking advanced work in entomology.

J. E. Payne, '87, will have charge of the newly established Coöperative Experiment Station at Garden City.

Glick Fockele, '02, and Mrs. Fockele are the proud parents of Glen Robert Fockele, who was born September 30.

F. L. Bates, '04, has entered upon his second year's work as a law student in the University of Michigan. His address is 1221 S. University avenue.

Russell Oakley, '03, of the U. S. Bureau of Plant Industry, stopped off in Manhattan, October 9, on his way to Marysville, where he has been visiting with his parents.

Dr. R. T. Nichols, '99, who has been in Alaska for about four months, stopped off on his way to his home in Liberal, to see his sister Gladys, a freshman in College.—*Students' Herald*.

We have been notified of the following changes of address: Ella Criss, '04, Anaheim, Orange county, Calif.; J. B. Griffing, '04, Des Moines, Iowa; Wayne White, '05, Bovina, Texas.

W. D. Davis, '04, came up from Topeka to witness the Haskell Indian game. "Skelly" has a position in the office of the electrical superintendent at the Santa Fe shops and is very much in love—with his work.

Fanny (Waugh) Davis, '91, of Menomonie, Wis., spent several weeks in Manhattan, recently, visiting with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Waugh, and assisting them in their preparations to go to Seattle, Wash., where they will spend the winter with their daughter Mary (Waugh) Smith, '99.

C. W. Fryhofer, '05, butter inspector for the dairy division of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, writes to have his address changed from Manchester, Iowa, to Washington, D. C., where his employment, which consists largely in chemical laboratory work, will keep him through the winter.

Before leaving Manhattan, Mrs. Waugh, who is the mother of Fannie (Waugh) Davis, '91, and Mary (Waugh) Smith, '99, presented the Ionian society with a picture of the "Three Graces," in honor of her daughters who were Ionian girls, and who still keep up enthusiastic interest in the society.

Former President, Thos. E. Will, is secretary of the American Forestry Association. He is in great demand as a lecturer on forestry topics, and also edits a paper called "Forestry and Irrigation," for the association, which pays him a high salary. His home is at 1311 G. street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Troje Carlson, '06, has a position with the Santa Fe, in New Mexico.

Ruth Mudge, '01, came from Louisville, Ky., to attend her sister's wedding.

O. N. Blair is drafting for the Portland Street Railway Company, in Portland, Ore.

Cora McNutt, '06, is teacher of domestic science in the Girls' Industrial School at Beloit.

Ora G. Yenawine, '95, is teacher of domestic science in the high school of Kansas City, Kan.

Jessie Hoover, '05, is teaching domestic science in the high school of Idaho Springs, Colo.

Grace Allingham, '05, is teacher of domestic science in the U. S. Indian school at Chillocco, Okla.

M. R. Schuler, '06, is in the Indian Service at Truxon, Ariz. He has charge of the Industrial Farm.

Rev. Walter C. Howard, '77, has left Newcastle, Cal., and asks to have his JAYHAWKER sent to Hollister.

Minnie Howell, '01, is teaching domestic science in the high school for colored students in Kansas City, Kan.

Clara Pancake, '03, attended the Mudge-Houser wedding, and remained for a week's visit with friends in Manhattan.

B. W. Conrad, '95, is a senior student in the Kansas City Veterinary College, and big man on their football team.

W. H. Harold, '05, is electrician with the Oklahoma Gas and Electric Company in Oklahoma City. His address is 517 W. Reno street.

Last month we received news, too late for publication, of the birth, August 31, of a son to A. T. Kinsley, '99, and Anna (Smith) Kinsley, '01.

Dr. E. C. Joss and Myriam (Swingle) Joss, both members of the class of '96, are the happy parents of a little son, born October 8.

R. W. Dearmond, senior in '02-'03 is expected home from Sitka, Alaska, in November. Mr. Dearmond has been in the government employ in Alaska three and one-half years.

P. M. Biddison, '04, who has been at Columbus, Ohio, has gone to Joplin, Mo., to take the position of consulting engineer in the Hope Constructing and Engineering Company. —*Students' Herald*.

W. A. Hendershot, '04, who is principal of the town school in Kanopolis, writes: "There are three K. S. A. C. people teaching here. Miss Mary Strite, '05, is my first assistant, and Miss Himes second. I guess we are getting along all right; at least the two assistants are doing good work and lots of it."

R. F. Bourne, '03, writes that he is instructing in physiology and laboratory histology at the Kansas City Veterinary College, with a freshman class of over one hundred thirty students, besides assisting with the juniors and seniors in the microscopic laboratory. Mr. Bourne's address is 1526 Harrison street, Kansas City, Mo.

R. W. Clothier, '97, professor of agriculture and chemistry in the Third District Normal School, Cape Girardeau, Mo., has been elected professor of agriculture and horticulture in the University of Florida, at Gainesville. His duties will consist of teaching only, and he will have four months entirely free, which he hopes to use for study and research. —*Industrialist*.

In sending his article for our publication, F. A. Waugh, '91, writes: "The JAYHAWKER is positively the best College paper I ever saw, and I have seen a good many. I am so anxious for its success and continued prosperity that I am willing to do anything within reason to help along. So when you ask me to write something, I am bound to do it." Wish there were more who felt that way about it.

Lois Stump, '03, is studying music at Washburn College, Topeka.

L. A. Fitz, '02, is now located at 1545 Ruskin avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Kate Robertson, '05, is attending Teachers' College in New York City.

Josephine Finley, '00, is attending the Platt Business College in St. Joseph, Mo.

Winifred Johnson, '05, of Solomon Rapids, made a short visit in Manhattan, recently.

Margaret Haggart, '05, is professor of domestic science in the New Mexico Agricultural College.

Wallace N. Birch, '04, of Topeka, has changed his address from 412 Monroe street to 216 Topeka avenue.

At a recent institute meeting in Marquette, Prof. Albert Dickens, '83, met fifteen former K. S. A. C. people.

C. M. Correll, '00, writes to have his address changed from 652 E. 57th street to 691 E. 57th street, Chicago.

Pearl Theodore Joss was born, September 11, to J. W. Joss and Emily (Wiest) Joss, '04, of Fairview, Kan.

David Fairchild, '88, and Mrs. Fairchild are the parents of a little son, whom they have named Alexander Graham-Bell.

C. C. Smith, '94, left, September 20, for Seattle, Wash., where he expects to locate. He was joined later by his wife and children.

Ellen (Norton) Adams, '96, of Cheyenne Wells, Colo., is in Manhattan for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Norton.

W. P. Terrell, '04, is located in Prairie View, Tex., where he is instructor in the mechanical department of the normal school.

W. P. Schroder, '06, has recently changed his address from Fairbury, Neb., to Enid, Okla., where he is employed by the New State Butter Co., of that place.

Rennie Greene, '06, has completed his work at the Hays Experiment Station and is back at K. S. A. C. taking graduate work in horticulture.

Mrs. Anna (Fairchild) White, '91, writes from Claremont, Cal., that they are enjoying a most beautiful life there on a small orange ranch of their own. Mr. White teaches history in Pomona College.

John B. Thompson, '05, who has been engaged in practical horticulture in California, since his graduation, has accepted a position as assistant in horticulture in the New Mexico Agricultural College.

Chas. A. Scott, '01, writes that he is anticipating a pleasant season's work during the coming winter. In January he will give two courses of lectures to the forestry students in the Nebraska University, and the rest of the winter will be spent in Washington.

L. Maud Zimmerman, '02, is teacher of physics, botany and chemistry in the Oswego High School. There are quite a number of alumni in Oswego, and they held a reunion, not long ago, at the home of J. G. and Anna (Street-er) Haney, '99.

W. E. Mathewson, '01, formerly assistant professor of chemistry here, is now at Goettingen, Germany, preparing for a year's university work. He is taking private lessons in the German language and expects soon to be master of the German bill of fare. He will probably go to Berlin, later.—*Industrialist*.

Dr. H. N. Whitford, '90, has been placed in charge of the new Division of Forest Products in the U. S. Bureau of Forestry. Quoting from the *Manila American*: "The object of the Division is to investigate the amount, character, value and use of Philippine forest products and to bring this information to the notice of Philippine and foreign markets."

The friends of Geo. W. Wilden, '92, will be interested in the following item taken from the *Topeka Daily Capital*, of October 19: "Geo. W. Wilden, mechanical superintendent of the Erie Railway, and Mrs. Wilden, of Meadville, Pa., arrived Wednesday evening in their private car and are the guests of Mr. Wilden's sister, Mrs. Ed. Haltermann, 215 East Tenth street."

A. E. Martin, '91, died on August 26 at Harrington, Ariz., after an illness of only two days. For ten years Mr. Martin was employed by the Central Telephone Company at Peoria and other Illinois points as manager and superintendent of equipment. For the past two years he filled a similar position with the Sunset Telephone Company at Sacramento, Cal. At the time of his death he was visiting with relatives. He leaves a wife and one daughter.—*Students' Herald*.

L. B. Bender, '04, has gone to San Francisco, where he is working in the interests of the Western Electric Company. His address is 642 Folsom street. He writes to Professor Eyer: "I have been spending the past two months getting acquainted with business methods and people on the coast, preparatory to beginning my work here. San Francisco is a hard looking city now, but is gradually improving. When I landed here I saw a scene of desolation and evidences of destruction that I hope I shall never see duplicated; at least when I am off the ground."

The Alumni Ionian Society met, October 22, with Vera McDonald, '04. This was their first fall meeting, and officers were elected for the term and plans for work discussed. There are quite a number of alumni Ios. in Manhattan, in whom the old society spirit is very much alive, and whenever even a few of them are met together there's sure to be something doing. The society will take up a definite line of study for the winter,

from which the members will receive some intellectual stimulus along with the rousing good time they always have at every meeting.

L. C. Foster, '04, asks that his JAYHAWKER be sent to him at Newton, Kan. "I am not there," he writes, "but as I am in no one place long enough to receive more than one copy, I have made arrangements to have it forwarded to me from there. Just at present I am enjoying the cool mountain air of northern New Mexico for a short time, as a change after three weeks at the Needles, Cal., and a most refreshing change it is, too, as you will know when you consider the fact that the average temperature at Needles, during the first half of September, was somewhere in the neighborhood of 110 to 115 degrees, and here at Raton it is about 65 degrees."

Harry N. Vinall, '03, who has resigned his position with the Crete Nursery Co., in Nebraska, and accepted one in the U. S. Bureau of Plant Industry, writes: "I arrived in Washington about September 1, and am beginning to feel quite at home. The K. S. A. C.-ites here are certainly numerous and of the finest quality. I have met most of them and will work in the same office with Schmitz, '04, Westgate, '97, and Oakley, '04—surely a Jayhawker force. Then there is Leslie Fitz, '02, who will soon begin his new work in Baltimore, in the grain laboratory there, which brings him a substantial increase in salary as a recognition of his efficient services in the past, Webster, '96, who is pushing forward the dairy interests, Professor Hitchcock, in the botanical department, and Umberger, '05, in the department of soils. It was my great pleasure to enjoy calling on Mr. and Mrs. Hall, at Hyattsville, and to meet there Miss Laura Lyman, '06, and Arthur Gahan, '03, of the Maryland Agricultural College. R. S. Kellogg, '96, is also in the list of residents here, and

all have welcomed us so warmly that it has seemed like going to visit a group of friends rather than to take up new duties in a strange city, thanks to the growing fellowship and fraternity of good old K. S. A. C."

*My Dear Friends:* I believe that ones support of THE JAYHAWKER should not be limited to an annual check for the price of a year's subscription. If that policy were pursued by the alumni, the center of attraction in the office would be transferred from the editor's chair to the cashier's stool. And whenever the impulse to help a newspaper strikes you entirely below the belt, you may be sure that your assistance will be of the poorest quality. The man who has nothing but money is a pauper. The man who gives nothing but money to such a cause is of little assistance.

President Harper could have gathered around him a faculty and founded a university in a wilderness without a dollar strained from Standard Oil, while Rockefeller, without Dr. Harper or men like him, could have built nothing but stone walls with all his money.

So the duty which lies at hand for every alumnus is to contribute *sense* as well as dollars to our publication. And having done his duty, let him leave the editor free to do his, even though it means the pigeon-holing of some of the brightest contributions in the waste-basket. Editors are only human and are swayed by human motives, among which jealousy may play a potent part, and perhaps your article was suppressed because beside it his own weak utterances blinked out like little stars before the sun's bright ray. At any rate, your duty is done if you will write something. You may safely leave the rest to the poor distraught creatures at headquarters who are screaming for "copy" and who in desperation may use yours. It is with this hope that I send in my

manuscript, and if it should be published why need any one despair?—*John U. Higginbotham, '86, Chicago, Ill.*

*Dear Editor:*

One of the chief pleasures of our lives out here comes when the JAYHAWKER arrives. It isn't quite our only pleasure, though you might think so were you to pass through our little town and see only the view from the car window; for only Señora or "Dobe," the poorest part of town, is seen from the railroad.

This part of Arizona is a vast, level desert, but we can see the snow-covered Frisco mountain to the westward some sixty-five miles (though it looks to be not more than ten) and peaks in Utah, in the north, from eighty to one hundred miles distant. The air is very pure, the sky almost cloudless, and nearly constant bright sunshine prevails.

Mr. Cover and I left this land of sunshine during August and part of September and reached one which was just the opposite, for out of thirteen days spent in Pennsylvania twelve were rainy. The days spent in Johnstown seemed almost another realization of the flood. Our stay there was very interesting, however, as we were visiting people who had gone through and suffered the loss of their homes in the flood. The "Quaker City" was interesting to us, from the fact of their being so many places of historical note located there. Wilmington, Del., situated on the Brandywine, was also interesting from the historical point of view.

We spent but one day in the capital city, which we devoted to sightseeing. Washington is a beautiful city and well worth visiting, if only for a short time. Our time was so limited there that we did not hunt up any of the K. S. A. C. alumni friends and classmates.

On our way home we were delayed in western Kansas on account of re-

cent heavy rains, and while there met Mr. Turnbull, '04, on an east-bound train.

It is pleasant to visit the east now and then, but as my home I prefer the west or middle-west. If any K. S. A. C. friends ever happen through the little town of Winslow, Ariz., our home is open for a visit to them; or, if you have not time to stop, let us know and we might have a few minutes' talk at the station, as this is a division point on the Santa Fe.

Best wishes for K. S. A. C., the alumni and the JAYHAWKER.—*Nellie (McCoy) Cover, '05, Winslow, Ariz.*

J. B. S. Norton, '96, is preparing a history of his class for the ten years since they left K. S. A. C., and the following is one of the letters received by him, in response to his request for information:

Pursuant to the request of the class secretary (I had forgotten that we had one until the arrival of his reminder) I can testify that the ten years which have passed since the jumbo class of '96 left K. S. A. C. have dealt rather kindly with me, although not at all in the manner anticipated at the other end of the decennium.

It is characteristic of time to fly along at a lively rate, and every year is chiefly notable for the unexpectedness of its happenings. The first year after leaving College was spent as a district school-teacher in the short-grass country of Kansas, and the two succeeding ones in the familiar role of P. G. student and assistant in general at K. S. A. C., terminating in the degree of M. S. in '99—said to stand for "Miserable Sinner." Then followed two rather inobtrusive years under the parental roof, including an attempt to break into politics as county superintendent via the "fusion" route—an attempt which failed because the voters showed a truly astonishing lack of appreciation of the good points of the candidate.

Having, during these years, accumulated a great deal of knowledge of the extensive forests of Western Kansas, I was appointed in 1901 to the lowest position in the Division of Forestry of the United States Department of Agriculture, and have lived happily ever since. As I seem finally to have dropped into the right niche in the social structure, I expect to fill it for the rest of my mortal existence, unless sooner pried loose from my job by some over-ambitious investigating committee.

During my checkered career I have traveled more or less extensively in forty-three states and territories, by all the usual as well as unusual methods of locomotion, and bumped into other K. S. A. C. alumni at various unexpected lunch counters. The vicissitudes of life are rapidly silvering over my sun-kissed locks of senior days, but by conscientiously devoting my spare time to tennis, and to balanced rations (prepared by Mrs. K.), I expect to attain the age limit for Government employees and pass under the wire with my wind unbroken.

Some six years ago I discovered a true Kansas girl who had involuntarily strayed off into Arkansas, and rescued her as soon as she would permit. My family now consists of this ex-Kansas girl, a three-year-old boy who is developing into a walking interrogation point, a collie pup who keeps all his bones and other gnawables on the front lawn, and an old cat and four blind kittens which have fully decided to live in the back yard.

We live in Riverdale, Md., seven miles from Washington, on the B. & O., and the latch-string is out to all wandering '96-ers. R. S. KELLOGG, '96.

#### WEDDINGS.

The following account of the marriage of Daisy Hoffman, '00, to Mr. J. E. Johtz is taken from an Enterprize paper:

Perhaps the most perfectly appointed and largely attended wedding ever held in this part of the country occurred in this city last Thursday evening, September 20, at eight o'clock, when Mr. John Edward Johntz, of Abilene, and Miss Daisy Gladys Hoffman, of this city, were united in matrimony's holy bond, at the home of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Hoffman.

Nearly two hundred guests assembled for the occasion, half a hundred from Abilene, the home of the groom, coming by special train, and many others, who had been college mates, co-workers and friends of the happy couple, coming from distant states.

The ceremony was the crowning feature and happy ending of a house party the bride-to-be had been giving to a number of school friends and girlhood intimates from other places, at her beautiful home here. For this crowning hour the home had been beautifully decorated, the dominant scheme being the golden-hearted daisy and its colors. The grounds were brilliantly lighted with electricity, and the home itself was a blaze of welcoming hospitality. Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman, in a life of wide experience, have acquired the grace and ease of the true entertainer, and on this night of nights every guest felt himself fortunate to be part of the company.

Introductory to the ceremony, Mr. T. L. Hoffman and Mrs. A. K. Chase played a violin duet, and Mr. Hoffman also played a violin solo, a cradle song by Busch. Mrs. Augusta Neiper sang sweetly "Ich Liebe Dich" and Rogers' "At Parting." Scarcely had the last note died away when the stirring strains of the Mendelssohn wedding march, by Miss Pearl Johntz, vibrated on the ear. To its rhythm the wedding procession entered, and beneath an arch of ferns, daisies and wild honeysuckles, Daisy Gladys Hoffman became Mrs. John Edward

Johntz. The Rev. Fuller Bergstresser officiated, and the beautiful ring ceremony seemed doubly impressive to the waiting guests. The bride was attended by Miss Abigail Buckingham, of Flint, Mich., as maid of honor, Mrs. R. W. Hoffman and Mrs. E. V. Hoffman as matrons of honor, Miss Jane Heckel, of Bradford, Penn., Miss Jean Colville, of Racine, Wis., Miss Edith Davis, of Lansing, Mich., and Miss Julia Ehrsam, of Enterprise, bridesmaids, Mrs. H. K. Humphrey, Mrs. C. A. Case, and Mrs. F. D. Parent, of Abilene, and Mrs. C. D. Reimold, of Wichita, as matrons, and Miss Vivian Hoffman as flower girl. Mr. T. L. Hoffman, brother of the bride, acted as best man. The wedding procession was headed by the matrons of honor carrying chains of smilax interwoven with daisies. They were followed by the flower girl, bridesmaids and maid of honor. The bride entered the room on the arm of her father and was met at the floral bower by the groom and the best man. Reverend Bergstresser then read the service, and as the ring was passed the matrons and bridesmaids formed a circle with smilax around the happy couple. All the ladies in the bridal party were intimate College friends or relatives.

The bride was dressed in a handsome princess gown of liberty satin, which was trimmed with pearl trimmings and point applique laces. Her veil was pinned with a circle of diamonds, and she carried bride's roses with a shower bouquet of lillies of the valley. She wore a brooch of diamonds and pearls, the gift of the groom.

After the ceremony came the observance of the wedding pleasantries and a parting bow to Cupid in the cutting of the bride's cake and the parting of the bride's bouquet. The lucky maids were Miss Gertrude Cooper and Miss Edith Davis.

Then came congratulations, where formality gave way to the fervor of loving good wishes, and the jester's merry quip; for does not all the world love a blushing bride and manly groom, and sometimes the tear of happiness is not so far behind the jest that blocks its way.

After the good wishes, the company was called to a perfectly appointed and most appetizing wedding supper. The dining room and table service were delicately interwoven with the decorative color scheme of the rest of the home.

Later in the evening the happy couple left for Solomon. They left Friday *via* the Santa Fe for a trip to Mexico and California. Upon their return they will make their home in the new residence being built for them in Abilene, where they will be at home to friends after December 1.

The good wishes of the people of Enterprise go with Mrs. Johntz to her new home and new life. As Daisy Hoffman she had endeared herself to all and given an example of a useful life when the way of inaction was open to her had she wished for it. Miss Hoffman is accomplished, traveled, and thoroughly versed in the fields of art and literature. She has devoted much of her time and not a little hard work to the developing of the science of kindergarten work. She has made it an exact study and gained a deserved reputation as a leader in this work. Through her efforts, by teaching the children herself and building a foundation for the work, the Enterprise public schools now have a regular kindergarten department, one of the best in this section. In her life among our people she has made a place which will probably never be quite filled, but the people would not detain her, for we all believe she goes to a great happiness and the crowning glory of womanhood. Mr. Johntz, the groom, is assistant cashier in one

of the leading banks at Abilene and is looked upon as a representative of that class that is stepping forward in the new generation to take hold of the affairs of the world and bring them to still greater success than did their fathers. Mr. and Mrs. Johntz step out into a new life under such favorable circumstances that we do not know what their friends could wish for them that is not within their reach.

#### HOUSER-MUDGE.

On Wednesday evening, October 17, the relatives and a few intimate friends of Elizabeth Mudge, '03, and John Houser, '04, gathered at the home of Ben Mudge on College Hill, to witness the marriage of these two alumni young people.

No prettier decorations could have been secured, and certainly none more in keeping with the season, than were the beautiful autumn leaves with which the rooms were adorned.

Introductory to the ceremony, Mrs. Elsie (Robinson) Mudge sang "Dearie." The wedding march was played by Mrs. Eusebia (Mudge) Irish, aunt of the bride. The bride and groom were unattended and stood beneath a bower of autumn leaves, while Reverend Thurston, of the Congregational church, pronounced the simple and always beautiful ring service which made them man and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Houser spent a few days in Oxford, with Mr. Houser's parents, then returned to Manhattan for a short visit before going to their new home. Mr. Houser is assistant entomologist of the Ohio Experiment Station, at Wooster, Ohio, in which position he has been making steady advancement since his appointment, and proving a just claim to the unlimited success his many friends predict for him. Mrs. Houser is a Manhattan girl, and with the exception of one year spent at Pittsburg, Kan., teaching domestic science, she has lived here, winning a great many warm friends who will

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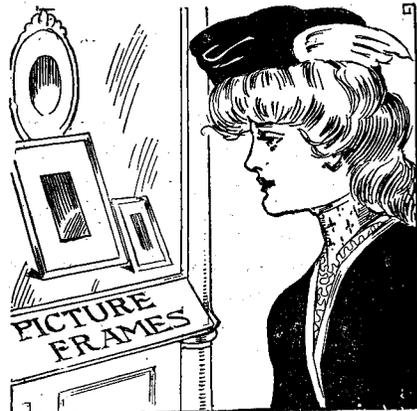
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miss her and who realize that her departure leaves a vacancy that will not be filled by another.

Mr. and Mrs. Houser take with them, to their new home, the most sincere good wishes of their friends.

On Wednesday, October 10, at the home of the bride's parents in Manhattan, occurred the marriage of Marian Elizabeth Jones and Charles Edwin Pincomb, both members of the class of '96. Only relatives and intimate friends were present at the wedding. Rev. Lee officiated, using the simple Episcopal service.

The bride taught, for four years after her graduation, in the Domestic Art Department at K. S. A. C. After leaving here, she took a course in Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York city. Last year she spent in Tallahassee, Fla., as instructor in domestic science and art, in the State College for women. Mr.



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Pincomb is a successful farmer and stockman with a large farm near Kansas City, where these happy people will make their home.

On Thursday evening, October 18, at the Failyer home in Manhattan, in the presence of about forty relatives and intimate friends, occurred the marriage of Corinne Failyer and Herson Kyle. The rooms were prettily decorated with palms and carnations. The ring ceremony was used, Reverend Thurston officiating.

Mr. and Mrs. Kyle left on the evening train for Cawker City, to visit Mr. Kyle's parents, and returned to Manhattan for a few days before going to Wooster, Ohio, their future home.

Mrs. Kyle is a daughter of Prof. Geo. H. Failyer, '77, of the bureau of soils, U. S. Department of Agriculture and has grown to womanhood in Manhattan. Mr. Kyle is assistant in agronomy in the Ohio Experiment Station. Both of these young people are members of the class of '03.

Mr. and Mrs. Kyle and Mr. and Mrs. Houser, who are all old College friends, will be next-door neighbors to each other in Wooster.

Mr. Bernard A. Felton, a graduate of the farmers' short course, '02, better known as a brother to the '04 twins, and Miss Florence Wilber, a student in '01-'02, were married at the home of the bride's parents in Tropic, Calif., September 19. Mr. and Mrs. Felton are at home in Prineville, Ore., since October 4.

On October 2, S. E. Morlan, '04, was married to Miss Ethel Angle, of Courtland, Kan. Their home is in Kansas City, Mo., where Mr. Morlan is electrician for W. T. Osborn & Co.

The *Students' Herald* reports the marriage of D. H. Gripton, '06, to Miss Laura Rorabaugh, of Smith Center.

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J. T. Skinner, '04, and Emily Smith, '06, were married, Tuesday, October 16, at the home of the bride's parents in Childress, Tex. They will be at home, after November 1, at 904 Ohio street, Lawrence, Kan., where Mr. Skinner is superintendent of the electric light plant.

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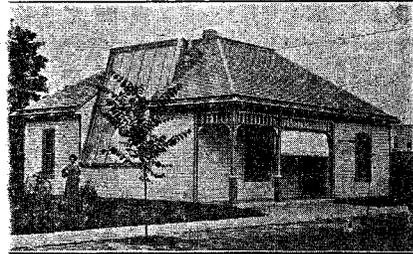
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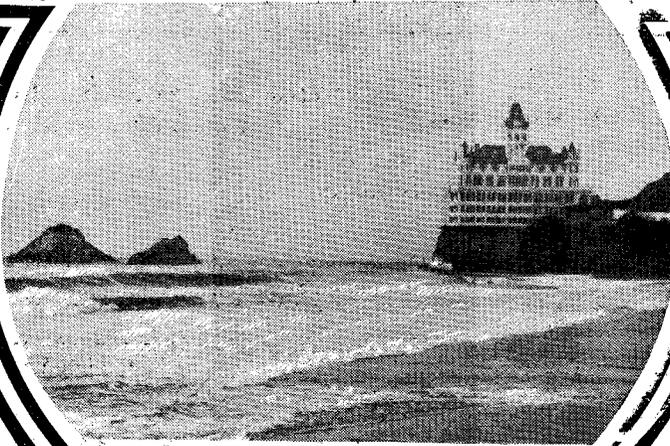
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