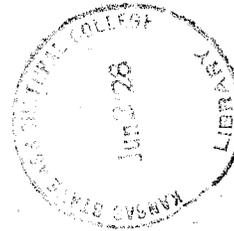


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Vol. V

No. 3

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Manhattan



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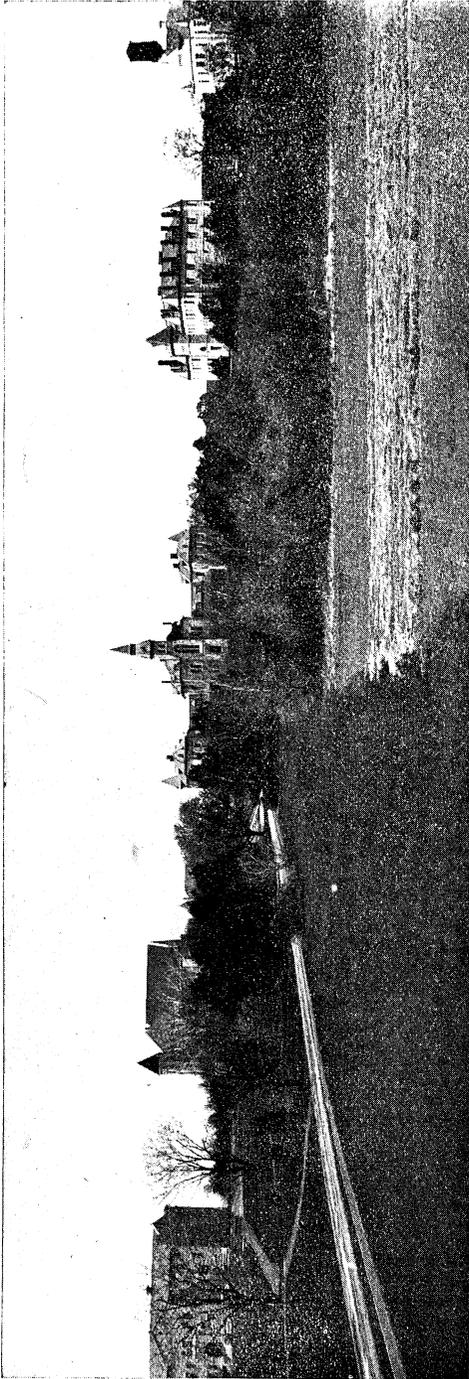
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THE JAYHAWKER

Don't Wait For Opportunities: Make Them.

VOL. V.

NOVEMBER, 1906.

NO. 3

*Fishing the Fire-Hole River.**

By Rev. Charles A. Campbell, '91.

Of the stories of fishing experiences there seems to be no end. Men may come and men may go, but their stories, like the rivers they concern, go on forever. Some are written with the easy grace of Izaak Walton or Henry Van Dyke; some are crude and rough-hewn, like the pole in the hands of a beginner which lifts by sheer force the wriggling catfish from the slime-covered pond bottom. But whether smooth and finished or rough and imperfect, they seem never to tire us; certainly this man's interest in a good fish story is as keen as when, a youngster, he listened with open-eyed delight to his father recount the tale of his catch, one June morning, in the wilds of the now rapidly disappearing North Woods. I don't care very much about the literary shine of the narrative. If the shine of the water gets into my eyes and the swish of the water into my ears, I'm satisfied. There is always something wonderfully fresh and new about a fishing-yarn. Perhaps it is because it brings with it the fragrance of balsam, the melody of birds, the hum of busy insects and deep draught of ozone.

Every boy worth the name has some extraordinary story to tell. Get into his heart and he'll regale you with the happiest chapter out of his book of sacred memories. Unless he is a boy of city streets and pavements, in nine cases out of ten it will prove to be a fishing story, and to hear him tell it makes you young again, and carries

you back to the days when you tore your trousers half off on the barb-wire fence as you were making for that "hole" that no one knew but you and Jimmy, so that you had to dodge home the back way in recognition of an inviolable standard of respectability. What if it was but eels or sunfish that you caught? What if it was by some unnamed and scarcely worth naming Pennsylvania creek? What if a long, lank willow did duty for a hand-made bamboo? What if his cast never fell upon the splendid swirling waters of a Gunnison or a Restigouche? He had his heart filled up to the limit of its capacity, and not one of us older heads, in all our work and play along the singing waters of famous streams, can claim more than he. My first catch was a shovel-fish—armored for cannibals and quite as useless for food as an Arizona cactus. The water from which he was taken was heavy with mud and as malarial as the Susquehanna flats, but his tug was as thrilling as the pull of the three trout I took twenty years after on my first cast in Moose river in the Adirondacs. He was the first on a string thirty years long, and all the way from shovel-fish to perch, from perch to pike, from pike to bass, from bass to bluefish and from bluefish to the rainbows of the Iola meadows are stories as sweet to my heart as was the freedom of those never-to-be-forgotten days, ere the yoke had been fitted and the burdens of life and work strapped on my back. The last fish on my string was a *Salmo Fontinalis*—I must tell you about him.

**Sports Afield*, by permission of the author.

It was my good fortune, last year, to turn my steps toward Nature's Wonderland, Yellowstone Park. My thoughts had been upon it for many months, and at last the dream was realized. No words can do it justice; it transcends human speech. I saw the world-famed sculptured terraces; I trembled with the quaking earth as I stood in the spray of the giant geysers; I lingered enchanted by the shores of sapphire pools and emerald lakes; I was brought to my knees in mute adoration and awe upon the brink of the Grand Cañon, where heavenly rainbows are imbedded in rock and where appears the incarnation of all earthly color in that apotheosis of golden glory. I drove along the majestic river, now as peaceful as the verdure that links its banks, with a thousand great white pelicans idling upon its bosom, now turbulent and terrible as it plunges through the close confines of the encroaching wall; but my cup of satisfaction was not completely filled until I had caught my fish from the famous Fire-hole River.

In this region of marvels nothing is more amazing than this stream. Its source is in the clear, cold, pure springs of the Continental Divide, but by the time it reaches the Upper Geyser Basin its temperature has risen most remarkably, owing to the discharge of the innumerable hot sulphur springs and mighty geysers, unceasingly pouring forth their floods. I was surprised beyond measure to learn, on reaching Old Faithful Inn, that brook trout of excellent quality were to be caught from its riffles. It seemed that nothing could live in such sulphurous water. Though I was unprovided with tackle, I determined to prove, if possible, the truth or falsity of the story. It was on a blazing mid-day in July that the experiment was made. From the porter at the hotel I managed to secure a rod of very uncertain reliability, one

played-out Coachnam fly and one frayed White Miller of ridiculous size and age. The banks of the river were almost as white as though with snow drifts, the mineral deposits extending back for an eighth of a mile on either side, relieved only here and there by a tuft of grass or a bunch of weeds. It seemed like attempting the impossible—an angler might be seen a mile away. Inferior tackle, a cloudless sky, and a day as hot as the subterranean caverns out of which the water poured into the stream!

I tried the miller; two casts, then a third, brought no response, and I concluded the story was "a tale for tourists"—a flying shadow told me, however, of the presence of a fish. The fourth essay brought a rise but no strike; a dozen more followed, and I was at last rewarded with a strike which failed to make good; another brought the line up taut, and my heart beat faster in the anticipation of success. He was as lively in that warm, sulphur-saturated stream as though he had been bred in the snow waters of the upper altitudes, and he fought as lustily as a Chama river "native." Immediately opposite the point where I landed him were three fire holes, hissing and steaming, while at my right hand, not six steps away, was a boiling spring, heaving and pulsing as though determined to escape the intense heat below, and discharging into the river. Without taking a single step, but simply turning in my place, I was able to lift over my speckled beauty and cook him in the spring. In twenty seconds I lifted the rod and discovered that the job of cooking had been so thoroughly done that the fish was in shreds. I know of no other running stream where the fisherman may catch his trout and cook it, without recourse to frying pan or camp-fire, in Nature's own strange kitchen, with sulphur to do the work of salt and boiling water instead of sizzling fat.

Beyond the Fire-hole River, on the west arm of the Yellowstone lake, there is a hot spring cone in the edge of the lake, surrounded entirely by water. Here the same feat may be and often is accomplished. The lake fairly teems with trout—some inferior in quality, some healthy and vigorous. Catches are made near the outlet of sixty or seventy in an afternoon, practically every cast bringing a fish to net. Near the west arm is a sulphur mountain composed of almost pure sulphur crystals. As I passed by the point nearest this mass, the lake's surface was as vivid as saffron, so heavy and dense with sulphur that the water underneath was not visible—very much as though a great yellow blanket had been laid upon it—yet through it leaped frequently a fine trout, utterly undisturbed by the unusual supply of summer bedclothes. Two days' fishing in the river below the cañon brought some remarkably fine specimens, ranging from one to two pounds, and as fine in flavor as any ever taken from the most normal stream.

If ever the reader wants an absolutely new experience in the piscatorial realm, let him try Yellowstone and the Fire-hole River. Just think of fishing with Old Faithful on one hand and the majestic Castle Geyser and the Emerald Pool on the other! Splendid accommodations may be found at the Transportation company's hotel within the Park. Courteous service, comfortable Concord stages, elegant roadways, happy comradeship and the most marvelous region in the world, added to a most unusual experience in fishing, made this for me the most absorbing in all my record of interesting trips.

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"I want to assure you that I am well pleased with the journal. I read it with the same appreciation that one reads a letter from home. No one can wish for it more success than I do."—*D. G. Robertson, '86.*

### *Letters and Notes from the Class of '99.*

Edited by Mary (Waugh) Smith, Class Secy.

In answer to a circular letter sent to each member of the class of '99 on the tenth of last August, a number of letters were received. They were too few to represent the class well enough to publish them separately, in circular form, as the class secretary had expected to do, so they are given to the JAYHAWKER, after having had some personal remarks removed, so that each contributor may have the advantage of reading all the letters.

Several have made the suggestion that those who failed to write for the proposed circular should be "written up proper" by the editor, but there are so many it would be too great a task for the class secretary to gather the details of the past seven years. Undoubtedly, a number meant to reply at once and simply postponed the task from day to day until it was gradually forgotten. Should the class at any time feel inclined to voluntarily send in contributions for a circular letter the secretary will, as promised, publish in circular form at her own expense and send a copy to each, if she has to take in washing to get the expense money.

The letters follow in alphabetical order:

I smiled when I read Mrs. Smith's request for us to tell of our doings in the last seven years, and thought, "Happy is the Nation whose annals are few." If that applies to people, then I have been exceedingly happy. At least my story is short.

The first winter after graduation I taught, or attempted it. It was a pretty one-sided affair. I think I learned more than anyone else.

The following January I enrolled at the State Normal at Emporia. I had a pleasant time, but could not quite feel that my work would greatly aid me in solving the problems of teaching. Still it was work that must be done

and I have not regretted it. I was especially glad to be there while President Taylor was still there.

Before leaving Emporia I was offered a position in the Cheyenne Wells school, which I accepted. The year there was much more to my liking than the first year I taught. I still think the things the children taught me in my first year of school helped me more in the second than my normal training.

The next year I planned to spend at home, but returned to Colorado to replace a teacher who had resigned. Then I did spend a year at home, the first spent there since entering College in '95. I closed my year's vacation with a trip to the exposition at St. Louis, then entered work again as a teacher in the grammar department at Kirwin. Was reelected with an advance in wages, but decided to return to my old work at Cheyenne Wells where I had also been elected teacher. That brings us down to the spring of 1906. At the close of school I spent a short while in Denver, Colorado Springs, and other points, then returned to Kansas.

September finds me back in Cheyenne Wells beginning school work once more. Since leaving College I have received the three-year State certificate and also the life certificate of Kansas.

Oh, yes! I must not fail to mention that I have a claim and a wee house, etc., in this beautiful prairie country.—*Bonnie Frances Adams, Cheyenne Wells, Colo.*

It is perhaps good for us to occasionally stop for a moment and cast a glance backward over the path traveled the seven years since our class-day of '99.

I often think of "those College days." I have never regretted a moment of the time and energy spent. I only wish I could have realized *more fully* the grand opportunities that were about me.

The first three or four years since we left College I spent teaching. I quit it. Strange to say, not because of inadequate remuneration, for of a truth I believe I, like MOST other teachers, received all or more than I earned. Nor was it because I found the work uninteresting; on the contrary, I found it extremely interesting. Simply this: in my conscientious moments the responsibility seemed too great. This letter must be brief, so I will not enlarge on this subject.

The last three years I have been very busy growing and trading in live stock. At present date I am growing and feeding about four hundred head of cattle and hogs. I do the most of the work myself and am quite able to do so.

At one time and another I have found time to travel over several states, always trying to observe how *real* people do *real* things, how other people get on, how *they* live.

Should these few lines be of even a small interest to a very few I shall be glad.—*M. C. Adams, Marvin, Kan.*

I spent four years after graduating in trying to "train the young ideas" of Riley county, but decided that I'd rather "doctor 'em," and since then have spent the last three years in a medical school in Kansas City, which passed under the control of the Kansas State University. So now I have my degree, and the State University as well as old K. S. A. C. will be responsible for my sins in the future.

Just at present I am not over burdened with my practice, as the Wakefield people haven't taken kindly to the notion of getting sick, so a "woman doctor" can practice on them.

As to the future, I have a crazy idea of going back to the Homeopathic School in K. C. this winter, so I can "fool more of the people all of the time." After that I hope to work up a practice somewhere in Kansas.—*Malvia F. Avery, Wakefield, Kan.*

It is with pleasure that I comply with the request from our secretary to give you a few items from my somewhat checkered career since the great and wonderful class of '99 was, by force of circumstances, scattered to the four winds, each to look after himself.

I have been somewhat of a wanderer and have proved the old adage that "the rolling stone gathers no moss." After our graduation in '99 I went to the hay-field to recuperate. By September I owned a delicate chocolate-brown complexion and my muscles were as hard as iron (nearly). I became homesick for my Alma Mater and returned to study dairying the greater part of that school year. But somehow the College seemed different with all the old associates away.

Then I went out as creamery man, and in that capacity spent a short time in Hutchinson, Kansas City, Topeka and finally in Lyndon, Kan., near my home town, at which place nearly two years were spent very profitably. That was a long time for me to stay in one place, so I packed my trunk again. (I should say that I had in the meantime taken up the fascinating study of architecture.) This time I was away from Sunny Kansas for twenty-one months, visiting at Denver, Salt Lake City, Seattle, Spokane, and various other points, even slipping over the edge and finding myself in Victoria, B. C. After this, Tacoma sheltered me for awhile, and then Portland took me under her wing where I was in company with L. P. Keeler, '99, for a few months and helped him build the house where he now lives. While at Portland I took a trip up the wonderful Columbia river and went on to eastern Oregon where I lost out on a timber claim. On the night of December 13, 1903, I took passage on the steamer "Columbia" for San Francisco, where I landed four days later, after having paid due tribute to old ocean.

I spent a few days looking over this

wonderful city (Alas! what a great change has since been wrought!), after which I went to Sacramento where roses were in full bloom and oranges were being picked. Here I spent nearly a year, engaged in architecture, after which I returned to Kansas, stopping en route at the wonderful Grand Canon in Arizona.

I then returned to Manhattan where I spent a few months studying architecture with "John Daniel," who told me I must not "vistle." From there I went to Kansas City where I remained until last March, when we again made a move to this city, where I have been engaged in architecture up to present writing. I say "we" because I had read in the Book that "it was not good for a man to be alone."

I met a young lady who did not believe it was good for a young lady to be alone, so we arranged to travel the remainder of life's pathway together, and I have believed ever since that it was an excellent arrangement.

As to the future, our days are probable numbered, as far as this place is concerned, and probably our next abode will be in the Northwestern United States, where I expect to practice architecture.

I had almost forgotten to mention that we took a very pleasant trip south through Texas, touching at Fort Worth, Dallas, San Antonio, Houston, and Galveston.

I think the plan of our secretary is a good one and hope this will not be the last time we will write letters to the class. For my part I would like to keep posted on the whereabouts of every ninety-niner.—*A. E. Blair, Independence, Kan.*

This idea of sending letters to each member of the class suits me just right, for while there are some of the class that I have heard from either directly or indirectly, there are a number from whom I have heard nothing since we graduated. I hope every member of

the class will respond, for I would like to hear from every one.

Just after graduating I worked in the Entomology Department at the College for Professor Parrot and spent the summer chasing after insects of various kinds and in making large fly traps through which to run the College cows. By a series of brushes and dark alleys we succeeded in turning the cows out of the fly traps free from flies. The insects were caught in coal-oil pans in the windows of the trap.

Mr. Kempton, of the next year's class, and I worked together in this business, and you can judge which the cows hated worst, the flies or the fly catchers. After tormenting the cows for a couple of weeks we took to aggravating the dairy boys by dopping the cows with bad-smelling fly dopes just before milking time.  $H_2S$ , of the chemical laboratory, was very mild compared with some of the mixtures we made. After the dairy boys threatened to run us out of the stables it is needless to say we pronounced the worst-smelling mixtures the most effective in keeping away flies.

In August of that year the College sent Mr. Kempton and me on a trip up the Arkansas river to gather *Coccidæ*. We had a very successful trip, getting a number of new varieties. As for ourselves, we fared about the same as the average book agent does.

The winter of '99 and '00 I spent working in the College machine shops when "bug time" was over. In the spring and fall of '00 I began to look for what is more "fearfully and wonderfully made" than *Lepadoptera*, and on Christmas day Miss Alta Worley and I were married. Just after the holidays we moved to our present home on the farm in Osage county, twenty miles south of Topeka, where we are engaged in farming and stock raising on a 240-acre farm, where I find plenty to do and am my own boss, as near as a married man can be. We have a family of two girls and a

boy, all hoping to some day sing the songs and yell the yells of good old K. A. C.—*W. R. Correll, Carbondale, Kan.*

I haven't done a thing worth telling about since I left College. I have been studying "applied agriculture" on the farm ever since graduating. We raise horses, cattle and hogs for the Kansas City market.

As a rule, we fatten a car-load of cattle and a car-load of hogs each year and have a few horses on hand for sale all the time. The year of the flood and the wet year following left us in pretty bad shape. One year we were washed out once a week from the first of May until the middle of July.

Business is going first rate with us now, and we are able to eat and sleep with a clear conscience.—*E. L. Cottrell, Wabaunsee, Kan.*

I think the idea of our secretary is a very good one, and I for one commend it highly and am complying at once to her request. Nothing very important has happened to me since '99, and a minute detail of what I have done could only be wearysome, as it has been nothing but railway service.

Of course I helped "Paw" stack his wheat and plant the next crop after Commencement, then took a fool notion that I wanted to "Railroad." My first job was at a little station on the Rock Island, at Kremlin, Okla. I was the flunky at \$25 per month: up at 5:30 A. M., sell tickets, sweep out, build fires, carry mail to and from the post-office, do the billing, make the expense bills, check freights, seal cars, fill lamps and switch lights, help with reports, etc. etc. Usually got through work at 10:30 P. M., after which I could study telegraphy to my heart's desire. This lasted about six months, and then I was ordered to "Kingfisher nights" (night operator) to relieve the operator a short time. Soon a vacancy occurred at Enid, Okla., and I was sent

there as permanent night operator at \$45 a month. Of course I thought I had a good job (Learned later that this was a *fact*, it was PRINCIPALLY JOB!).

I worked at Enid a little over a year, during which time I laid off about three weeks in June, 1901, taking in Commencement. In April, 1902, went to the Kansas division of the R. I., working as night operator at Wichita for five months and day operator seven months. Took three weeks vacation and then worked in office at Herington, Kan., till October, 1903, when Typhoid laid me up for six weeks. Next followed a month's work as assistant cashier in the Stock Exchange Bank at home (Caldwell, Kan.) while the regular man took a vacation.

I then headed south for Mexico, intending to try the Mexican Central at Chihauhau, where I have a friend who is a trick despatcher. I worked three days for the R. I. at Waukomis as relief agent, one month at McLoud, Okla., as day operator for the C. O. & G. and then "hiked" south, landing in Beaumont, Texas, February 29, 1904, and have been with the Santa Fe as agent since that time at Allenfarm, Clinesburg, Cleveland and Brookeland, Texas. Allenfarm, Texas, is an agricultural spot, being bottom land along the Brazos river, principal products cotton and niggers. The other stations are in the timber belt, and we ship lumber, logs, ties, etc., ship in feed stuffs and get whiskey by express. The people in the woods want to keep prepared for snake bites, but they frequently forget and take the snake medicine before they get bit. Of course this makes "business good for the express agent," as this is a prohibition country.

As to future prospects: Just as vague as they were seven years ago. "Is you married Mistah Johnson?" "No-suh, Boss." For further details "just ask the Santa Fe agent; he will tell you all about it."—*Harry W. Johnson, Brookland, Texas.*

Since my graduation I have had somewhat of a varied experience and believe I am no worse for the wear. I spent three years as assistant in the Veterinary Department at K. S. A. C., in the meantime spending one vacation period (1901) in Chicago in study at the University of Chicago.

I was married in September, 1901, to Annie Smith, '01. Was elected as instructor in histology in the Kansas City Veterinary College, September, 1902, and also as a junior student, and served until March, 1903. Then I practiced veterinary medicine for six months in Independence, Mo. Had a very successful year and learned considerable about people and horses.

In September, 1903, I again returned to the Kansas City Veterinary College in charge of the histology and also as a senior student. Graduated in veterinary medicine in March, 1904, and have since been connected with the school. Am at present director of the microscopic laboratory, curator of the museum, and one of the directors of the college.

Am perfectly content, happy and satisfied and, as the yellow-backed novel says, was married and have lived happy ever since.—"Doc" Kinsley, *Kansas City, Mo.*

(Concluded in the December JAYHAWKER.)

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### *American Cities.*

By F. A. Waugh, '91.

It has been my good luck to visit a large number of the cities of this continent, including nearly all the large and important ones, from Manhattan to Boston. In fact, the territory covered reaches from Halifax to Salt Lake, and from Quebec to Jacksonville. In size, the cities visited range from New York down to Zeandale, and in morality from Zeandale down to New York. I have not seen Seattle, San Francisco, New Orleans or Pittsburgh, but there are no other places of great consequence where I have not

run up a hotel bill at some time or other.

Every city is interesting; a very few American cities are beautiful. It is rather depressing to think of them in the lump, for they present a characteristic bulk of rawness, highly seasoned with vulgarity. There is too much cheap, temporary claptrap and not enough substantial permanency. There is too much hustle and not enough forethought; too much money and not enough taste; too much frenzied business and not enough sober enjoyment of life. The inquiring mind seeks a reason for all this, but does not easily find it. One must not be content to say that it is because our American cities have grown so fast. German cities, for a comparison, have grown quite as rapidly as ours, but they are much better built. It is really because we have not learned the science and the art of city building; but if one asks what this science and this art are he must have a whole book for his answer.

But if American cities are somewhat unsatisfactory in the aggregate they are sufficiently interesting and beautiful in detail. Every one has some parts worth seeing. Even the filthy East Side of New York, the negro section of Atlanta and the old French quarters in Montreal are picturesque and fascinating. A few cities have beautiful parks, as Hartford, New York, Savannah, and Chicago. Some have local industries of national repute, as Pittsburg and Milwaukee. Nearly every city has some works of architecture worth a year of any man's life to see. Salt Lake has the great Mormon Temple, St. Paul has the new State Capitol, Boston has Trinity Church and the Public Library, St. Louis has her railway station, while New York, with all her poverty and squalor, has hundreds of truly magnificent buildings, any one of which would make "the grandeur that was Greece and the glory that

was Rome" look like a Kansas straw stack left in the feed yard after a hard winter.

The stranger flitting about from one cheap hotel to another naturally does not become intimately acquainted with many cities. Nevertheless, he finds distinguishing characters in each. Chicago is characteristically dirty, with innumerable peep-shows and bunco games crowding peaceful citizens off the sidewalks in the main streets. New York is crazy with noise, and every man is fiercely and shamelessly fighting for himself, either trying to steal a railway system or hold a strap in a street-car. Washington is saturated with official life, where every man holds a government job or lives off the men who do.

Savannah is one of the most beautiful cities I have seen on this continent; Washington is the most splendid; New York (in spots) is certainly the most magnificent; Montreal is the most picturesque; Burlington, Vt., has the most beautiful outlook; and I confess that I find Boston altogether the most agreeable one to be in.

I have lived for short periods, varying from a few months to seven years, in various American cities. There are certain appealing advantages to city life; but it is my mature conviction that for living purposes for myself I would prefer the farthest farm on the short-grass range of Kansas to any city in the world.

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#### ***The Battle at Beecher Island.***

By J. C. Cunningham, '05.

It may perhaps be interesting to the readers of the JAYHAWKER who are not familiar with the Indian battle at Beecher's Island to know something of this famous engagement and of the steps taken to commemorate this event.

When we see the states of Kansas and Colorado appropriating \$2500 each for a splendid monument; a tract of land containing over three hundred acres set aside by the government as

historic ground; when we see people gathering here each year by the thousands, some of them coming half way across the continent, we must know that here is a place of considerable historic interest.

During the spring and summer of 1868, the Cheyenne Indians were on the war-path, making a desperate attempt to check the stream of settlers that were steadily pushing westward. The Indians passed through central and western Kansas, pillaging homes and massacring the settlers. It is reported that in a single month they killed eighty-four pioneers and their families.

General P. H. Sheridan, then in command of the department of Missouri, decided to call for volunteers from among the pioneers, to be placed under command of army officers and move at once against the Indians. Accordingly, August 24, 1868, a call was issued. August 29, out of the hundreds of volunteers who responded, fifty picked frontier riflemen were selected, under command of Major Forsyth and Lieutenant Beecher, with Doctor Moore as company surgeon, and they left Ft. Hays and moved westward by way of Ft. Wallace.

The evening of September 16 they camped on the north bank of the Arikaree river, seventeen miles south of the present site of Wray, Colo. As they were in the enemy's country, the men slept on their guns and kept a careful line of pickets posted.

Just before break of day, September 17, the Indians attempted and partly succeeded in stampeding the scouts' horses. Knowing this to be the first move of an Indian attack, the men immediately prepared for battle.

Beecher Island is a small sand island in the Arikaree river whose narrow valley is bordered by rough hills. To this place Major Forsyth led his band of men. There was no time to throw up entrenchments, for the Indians were then beginning a scattering cross-

fire. This, however, was but the skirmish firing before the grand charge. Over the crest and down the long slope of the hill to the west of the Island came the naked, painted Cheyennes, ponies at a full run, rifles swung high, while they gave vent to their hideous war whoops; for Chief Roman Nose and his eight hundred warriors expected to completely annihilate this little band of fifty-three whites in one grand charge.

The scouts were armed with old Henry Needle guns, which carried six cartridges in the magazine and one in the barrel. Reserving their fire until the Indians were within close range, they poured volley after volley into the ranks of the savages. Not a shot was wasted by these brave pioneers, for not only their lives but their homes as well depended on making every shot count.

As the advance column reached the Island, the ranks broke and passed by on either side with a few scattering shots. Among those Indians left behind with the dead was Chief Roman Nose and another leader, Medicine Man.

Two more charges were made during the day but, in the absence of a daring leader, they were more easily repulsed.

The Indians had not made their attacks without some disaster for the whites as well as for themselves. Surgeon Moore was mortally wounded, thus leaving the company without medical aid. Lieutenant Beecher and Privates Culver, Wilson and Farley were killed, while many of the men, including Major Forsyth, were seriously wounded.

The night of September 17, two scouts, Stillwell and Trudeau, escaped from the Island and made their way on foot toward Ft. Wallace.

During the night, the men on the Island were able to connect their small rifle pits. They did not change their position during the day.

The following night, Jack Donovan escaped. He was the first to reach Ft. Wallace. When he arrived at the fort, after several days of constant walking, he was faint from lack of food, his clothes were in tatters, his bare feet bleeding from stone cuts and cactus thorns. Nevertheless, he immediately volunteered to lead the relief party, which consisted of a colored troop under Colonel Carpenter, back to the Island.

Meanwhile, with no food other than the flesh of the animals killed in the first day's fight, the beleaguered scouts lay on the Island for nine days waiting for relief.

On the morning of September 26, as the relief party appeared on the hills to the east, as one of the scouts expressed it, "We had no objection to them on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

After the wounded were cared for, the party made their way back in ambulances to Fort Wallace, leaving behind them, buried on the Island, five of their comrades. Of the Indians, it is estimated that nearly three hundred had been killed out of the one thousand that surrounded this plucky band.

As was mentioned in the beginning, each year, upon September 16, 17 and 18, such scouts as are able to attend, with their friends and settlers for many miles around, gather for a reunion upon the Island. As one stands upon such a battlefield and hears the stories of those scouts, he can in a measure realize the endurance and bravery of such men as those under Major Forsyth.

As we see the prosperous country of to-day, between the Missouri river and Rocky mountains, we realize anew our indebtedness to such brave pioneers as the veterans of Beecher Island, who made it possible that these broad prairies might be a place for the homes of men instead of the hunting ground for savages.

## LOCALS

The newenlarged dynamo laboratory is now in use.

Dress parade every Thursday afternoon on the campus, as of old.

Twenty-three girls from K. S. A. C. attended the Y. W. C. A. convention held at Topeka recently.

The Electrical Department has fitted up the old department store room for an electrical laboratory.

A new feature to be added to the College campus is an artificial lake which will be located near the south entrance.

A series of cross-country runs have been arranged, and gold and silver medals offered to the winners of first and second place.

A new \$1169 clock has been purchased for the court-house. The dial is six feet and eight inches in diameter and will be illuminated.

A rare specimen of the lizard type has been added to the museum. Professor Popenoe, of the Zoological Department, and E. M. Haise, of Russell, unearthed the specimen on the bank of a stream near Russell. The length of the animal, during life, was about thirty feet.

The Euros. entertained their cousin Webs. at a Hallowe'en party, November 31, at the country home of Mildred and Helen Huse. On the same night, the Ios. were "their brothers' keepers," and Domestic Science Hall was the scene of a characteristic Hamp.-Io. good time.

Clyde Rickman, for several years pressman in the Printing Department of the College, resigned his position, November 1, and went to Philadelphia, where he is employed by the Monotype Company. Mr. R. A. Brown, of Salina, takes his place in the pressroom.

Rev. E. H. Gelvin, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Manhattan, has resigned his charge, the resignation taking place November 15, and accepted a call from the Presbyterian church of Lancaster, Ohio. Mr. Gelvin is very highly regarded in Manhattan, and the people of his church and many others regret exceedingly to lose him.

Arrangements have been completed for a ten-days' chautauqua to be held in Manhattan, sometime in July, 1907. Sarber's grove and the Manhattan Driving Club's grounds will be used as the Chautauqua grounds. This is a good move. The summer months here are usually pretty slow, and a carefully selected and well arranged chautauqua program will help to keep up the spirits of the Manhattan people who spend the summer at home.

#### *Geo. R. Wendling.*

Our society lecture-course committee gave us a real treat Friday evening, November 9, when Geo. R. Wendling, that pier among platform speakers of to-day, delivered his matchless address on "Unseen Realities." We sometimes fear that the day of real oratory is past and look upon the ordinary lyceum lecturer as a counterfeit, but as Mr. Wendling transported us into the realm of the unseen and held in rapt attention the large audience, we felt that there is still such a thing as an orator. Step by step he led us, by a succession of scenes and by adroit questioning, to a belief in his theme, "The things that are seen are temporal; the things that are unseen are eternal." It was a masterly plea for belief in the spiritual life.

#### *Football.*

"Washburn luck" is the only expression K. S. A. C. can find in explanation of the score of 5 to 4, by which Washburn won the game, October 27. Even the victors own that they were outplayed by K. S. A. C.; and

though it was hard for our boys to accept defeat when their playing should have brought them victory, they are proud of their reputation as a team that plays a "good clean game with every player strictly eligible."

The game with Fairmount, on the home field, resulted as follows: Fairmount 12, K. S. A. C. 6.

On November 10, our second team played Dickinson county high school, and won by a score of 30 to 0.

On November 12, we played Ottawa University, here, and succeeded in running up a score of 32 to 11 against the Baptists.

#### *The Armour Scholarships.*

Mr. J. Odgen Armour, of Chicago, has given the sum of five thousand dollars to be distributed annually at the international exposition, in twenty agricultural scholarships, to be competed for by the state agricultural colleges. It is intended that these scholarships shall be given to boys who would not otherwise be able to secure an agricultural education.

President Nichols and Professor Kinzer went to Chicago to confer with authorities of the International Stock Show in regard to the scholarships. One scholarship will be given to the college making the highest average; fourteen will go to the colleges making the best exhibits; and one each will be given on the judging of horses, cattle, sheep and swine. No college will be given over forty per cent of the scholarships.

~~~~~  
 Forenoon and afternoon and night—Fore-
 noon
 And afternoon and night—
 Forenoon and—what!
 The empty song repeats itself. No more?
 Yea, that is life: make this forenoon sub-
 lime.
 This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer:
 And time is conquered, and thy crown is
 won.

—Edward Rowland Sill.

~~~~~  
 "If you do wrong say so, and make what atonement you can. That is true nobleness. Have no moral debts."

# ◀ EDITORIAL ▶

## *Our Organization Inadequate.*

It has been said of the alumni of K. S. A. C., by a number of outsiders interested enough to make comparative observations, that we are more loyal to our College than are the alumni of any similar institution. If good will for our College and interest in its continued growth and success may be counted as loyalty, then the above statement is no doubt true. But how far will inactive interest and mere good wishes go? Had our good will been estimated by our good *works*, rather than by our good *words*, that charge of loyalty might never have been made.

A little attention to the work of the alumni of other colleges, and the means by which the work is accomplished, shows not only the insignificance of our own undertakings, but also reveals the startling inadequacy of our system. It is doubtful if there exists another alumni association with so loose and so ineffectual an organization.

The fact that we have graduated from the College entitles us to membership in the Alumni Association; more than that—it makes us members without demanding the assumption of a single obligation. We are scattered to the four corners of the continent, with no bond between us other than our common interest in the College; with absolutely no provision for organized action in any form. As an association it is impossible for us to assume any obligations, for we have no means of meeting them. Whatever has been done by the alumni of our College has been done by them as individuals or groups of individuals, and never by the association as a whole. As a consequence, we have accomplished very little.

Referring again to the work that other alumni associations are doing for their colleges, it is astonishing how much has been accomplished and how greatly the colleges have been benefited thereby. We can do as much, but not until we have strengthened our organization. This, in itself, is a problem that will demand the attention of the larger and maturer minds among us; and the sooner some solution is reached, the sooner we can set about doing something really worth while and proving our loyalty to the College.

## *What's Promised Us.*

The alumni—some of them—have been good about promising articles for coming numbers of the JAYHAWKER. We are holding fast to the promises until the articles appear.

Only one entire class is thus represented, and that is the class of '73, including just two members, Judge Sam Kimble, of Manhattan, and Mrs. Eliza (Davis) Stringfield, of Los Angeles, Cal.

Albert Todd, '72, major of the artillery corps, U. S. Army, now stationed at St. Paul, Minn., will send some reminiscences of the old days.

John U. Higinbotham, '86, hasn't told us what to expect, but he has recently returned from his second trip through Europe, and it is quite possible that he may write a sketch of some of his journeyings.

If Dr. Benj. Skinner can get the support of his class he will work up a biographical sketch of the class of '91. J. B. S. Norton, '96, has material on hand for a history of his class for the ten years since their graduation. Alice Loomis will try to persuade the '04 people to write letters. You have seen in this issue a part of

the fruits of Mary (Waugh) Smith's efforts with her class, and the December number will contain the rest. C. H. Thompson has tried faithfully for a year to round up the class of '93, but they appear, with a very few exceptions, to be all dead, and it remains only for him to erect a suitable monument.

Other contributions have been promised by Nathan Lewis, '88, Mary Lee, '89, F. C. Sears, '92, C. A. Scott, '01, F. L. Bates, '04, N. L. Towne, '04, the Buells, '04, W. R. Ballard, '05, and W. Knaus, '82.

#### *How Others Do It.*

So far as we are able to learn, ours is the only alumni journal in existence that is not controlled and supported by an alumni association. All other such magazines that have come to our attention are owned by the alumni association of the college represented and edited and managed by the secretary of the association, who is paid a suitable salary and who devotes his entire time to association and editorial work. In most cases there is an annual assessment of the alumni for this purpose, amounting to one dollar, and in some instances a little more, a year. Each alumnus who pays his dues is entitled to the magazine and all privileges of the association. Those who don't pay simply aren't "in it."

Our own system of private ownership of the magazine and support through subscriptions of alumni who happen to want it is very similar, except that all responsibility comes on the editor and the only duty of the alumni is to growl when their papers fail to reach them on time.

#### *A Suggestion.*

A train-load of excursionists from Dickinson county visited the College, November 10, and there were so few guides to show them about that one of our own alumni, who came in with the

crowd and wanted to make some calls on friends in town, was compelled to put in the day showing the strangers about the College. That doesn't speak well for our method of entertainment. With nearly fourteen hundred students, we ought to be able to do the honors of the College better than that.

#### *More About Simplified Spelling.*

The November *McClure's* contains an article on "The World Language," by Hugo Münsterberg, professor of psychology at Harvard University, that everyone interested in simplified spelling ought to read. Professor Münsterberg is a scholar well qualified to judge, and the article, which is a protest against the proposed simplification of our spelling, is an intensely interesting and convincing one.

Now is the time for us to let the new members of the legislature know that we have a College up here on the hill that is needing their attention.

Dr. W. A. Kellerman, professor of botany at this College during the eighties and since that time the head of the department of botany at the Ohio State University, sends us a copy of the *Journal of Mycology* containing a very interesting account of his recent three-months' trip to Guatemala, Central America, where he had gone to collect parasitic fungi. We are glad to note the success of the professor's expedition and the evident success which he has made of the *Journal*, a bi-monthly edited and published by him. The periodical was started twelve or thirteen years ago by Mr. Bartholomew, of Rooks county, Kan., but soon after acquired by Professor Kellerman, who published several volumes from Manhattan. It became the recognized mycological medium of America and is now a cosmopolitan.—*Industrialist*.



# ALUMNI



R. D. Harrison is attending the Gem City Business College in Quincy, Ill. His address is 1212 Jersey street.

Mary E. Hall, '04, is attending the State Normal School in Los Angeles, Cal. Her address is 222 Brook street.

W. I. Coldwell, '06, better known as "Choppy," is employed by the Westinghouse Company in Pittsburg, Pa.

Mac Biddison, '04, is a consulting engineer with the Hope Engineering and Supply Company, at Joplin, Mo.

D. M. Ladd, '01, who spent a week in Manhattan recently, is a student in the Rush Medical College, of Chicago.

May (Willard) Emrich, '95, and children, of Portland, Ore., visited recently with Professor and Mrs. Willard.

S. S. Fay, '05, is continuing his course in chemistry at the Nebraska State University. His address is 1240 S. street, Lincoln.

Harvey McCaslin, '01, is a successful lawyer in Atwood. A friend reports that his summer's practice has brought him "a fistful of shekels."

Mrs. Albert Blair called on the JAYHAWKER, November 1. Mrs. Blair will be remembered as Jernie E. Smith, who graduated from the domestic science short course in 1905.

From the *Industrialist* we learn that Prof. Raymond Pond, '98, of the Northwestern University, has been awarded a research scholarship at the New York Botanical Garden for six months, beginning October 1.

J. T. Willard, '83, Mary Lee, '89, and Margaret J. Minis, '01, attended the sixth annual meeting of the Kansas Library Association at Lawrence. Mary Mudge, '05, had charge of the city library in Miss Lee's absence.

Mrs. Ellen (Denison) Whedon, '71, of Lincoln, Neb., visited in Manhattan the latter part of October. Mrs. Whedon is a daughter of Doctor Denison, the first president of our College, and graduated with the second class.

The following alumni have visited in Manhattan during the last three weeks: Ray Birch, '06, who was on his way to the Philippines, Helen Inskeep, Nell Hughes, Verda Murphy, Guy Yerkes, Torje Carlson, and Wren Thurston, all members of the '06 class, W. W. Stanfield, '05, Russel Oakley, '03, Edith Goodwin, '03, and D. M. Ladd, '01.

J. W. Morse, '95, with Messrs. Howard and Walker, is editing and publishing the *Breeders' Special*, at Kansas City, Mo. The first number was issued October 6. Questions of breeding and feeding for shows and sales, information concerning markets in every line of pure-bred farm products and other lines of information will be included in its specialties. The numbers thus far issued show ample promise of continued success.—*Industrialist*.

In a letter to Professor Walters, J. A. Conover, '98, writes that since the first of last July he has been connected with the Dairy Division of the Bureau of Animal Industry, United States Department of Agriculture, his headquarters being at Raleigh, N. C. His work is to visit farmers in that state and Virginia and help them in selecting and improving their dairy herds, in the building of barns and silos, and in improving their products and finding a market for them. He likes his work very much, but finds much more of it to do than he can accomplish.—*Industrialist*.

Arthur Rhodes, '05, is working for the Santa Fe in Topeka.

R. W. De Armond, senior in '02-'03, of Alaska, is visiting in Manhattan.

Geo. O. Greene, '00, is engaged in general merchandise business in Plainville.

John A. Loomis, junior student in 1901, visited in Manhattan, October 27. Mr. Loomis is a farmer in Girard, Kan.

W. R. Spilman and Bertha (Winchip) Spilman, '91, of Washington, D. C., visited in Manhattan early in November.

Mrs. Henrietta (Willard) Calvin, '86, and Prof. Albert Dickens, '93, are absent from the College on a three-week's institute trip.

Nicholas Schmitz, '04, assistant in the U. S. bureau of plant industry, made a trip recently up into Canada and the New England states.

W. W. Buckley, '05, writes that he is with the 3rd regiment of the 5th battalion of the U. S. Marine in Havana, Cuba.—*Students' Herald*.

Prof. F. A. Metcalf, formerly professor of oratory at K. S. A. C., is at present teaching elocution in the Salt Lake City School of Oratory and Calisthenics.

Marian (Allen) Buell, '04, writes that she and Mr. Buell gave a Halloween party, October 31, to fifty young people of Roanoke, which proved quite a novelty to the Texans.

Evan E. Kernohan, senior in 1904, was married to Miss Thomas, of Cleveland, Ohio, recently. They will live in Beverly, Kan., where Mr. Kernohan will be engaged in merchantile business.—*Students' Herald*.

Prof. Geo. H. Failyer, '77, of Washington, D. C., who attended the marriage of his daughter, Corinne, remained in Manhattan for a couple of weeks before returning to his work in the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Fred Myers and Edith (Perkins) Myers, '00, are the proud parents of a son, born October 26.

Delmer Randall, '99, who is assistant engineer, office of public roads, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, has completed the work he has been doing in Seattle, Wash., and has been sent to Pendleton, Ore., to put in a sample good road there for the government. Mr. Randall is enthusiastic about the west and expects some day to locate there in business for himself.

C. A. Hite, senior in 1903-'04, foreman for the Weber Steel-Concrete Chimney Co., is now engaged in constructing an 8 by 107 ft. stack, for the Shenandoa Cotton Co., at Utica, N. Y. Mr. Hite sends a picture of the stack, with himself well up toward the top, and says, "My ambition is to climb up in the world, and this is the method I am at present employing."

"I have read the October number of the JAYHAWKER through with a great deal of interest, ending in sad disappointment. The issue is good—splendid—just what we want; but the disappointment comes because, in the long list of alumni notes, one—just one poor, lonesome—'93 name appears, "Dickens, '93." Now, isn't that a record for any class to be proud of? Where are we at?—C. H. Thompson, '93.

Fred Wilson, '05, sends in the dollar that will take the JAYHAWKER to him for another year, and writes: "The JAYHAWKER comes to my desk once in a while and I enjoy reading it—in fact more than any other publication, as it tells of the ones 'who have gone before.' I am preparing for an extended institute trip over the territory, and if any former students or alumni happen to be sojourning in this country of 'eternal sunshine' and will drop me a line, I will look them up. If any K. S. A. C.-ites happen to stray into Phoenix, call up suburban 34, and I will gladly welcome them."

"Rennie" Greene, '06, has gone to New Mexico, where he has been made assistant in horticulture in the New Mexico Agricultural College. The position was made vacant by the resignation of Bert Thompson, '05, who has received an appointment in the civil service, and will leave soon for the Philippines.

Elizabeth J. Agnew, '00, who is instructor of domestic science and domestic art in the city schools of Wichita, reports that the enrolment in her department has grown from 267 last year to 410 this, and \$300 worth of new equipment has been added, making everything more convenient and the work more pleasant. Miss Agnew writes: "I am well and happy—haven't time to be otherwise. I often see Mrs. Olivia (Staatz) Reimold, which makes Wichita seem very homelike. There are several K. S. A. C. people living in our town, which, by the way, is—next to Manhattan—the best town in the State. But though it is never "dry" it will get *dusty*, and I believe the wind can blow harder here than any other place on earth."

"It is certainly a sign of the times," says the *Dunn County News*, "when eastern educators adopt western models for their schools." The Dunn county school of agriculture, Menomonie, Wis., of which K. C. Davis, '91, is principal, will serve as a pattern for the agricultural department of St. Lawrence University, a New York state institution at Canton; and the New York people want Mr. Davis as dean of the department in 1907. The president and a member of the executive board of the University, who inspected the Dunn county school, expressed their belief that the school system they found there is "absolutely ideal," and they will adopt it in its entirety, and will also use the building as a model for their own. This is a double compliment for Mr. Davis, who has worked faithfully for the per-

fection of his school, and the St. Lawrence University is to be congratulated if he accepts their offer of \$3000 a year as dean of agriculture.

Dear Jayhawker friends:

"Circumstances over which I had no control" have caused me to make a big vacancy in the City Hall at Chicago and let Boston be the beneficiary, so I came here with my small daughter and would like to have the JAYHAWKER sent to this address. We are very pleasantly located here, and I am studying and (to the members of the class of 1893), I hope, "still climbing."

I will greatly miss seeing the alumni who are always some place near in the Windy City and shall feel a little "out of it" when the banquet is due next spring, but hope that members of the New England Alumni will find it convenient, when they are near, to drop in and see me at 18 Rutland Square.

By the way, where is that Sunflower Class that I belonged to? Not one of them has let himself be heard from for an age.—*Ione (Dewey) Sutherland*, '93.

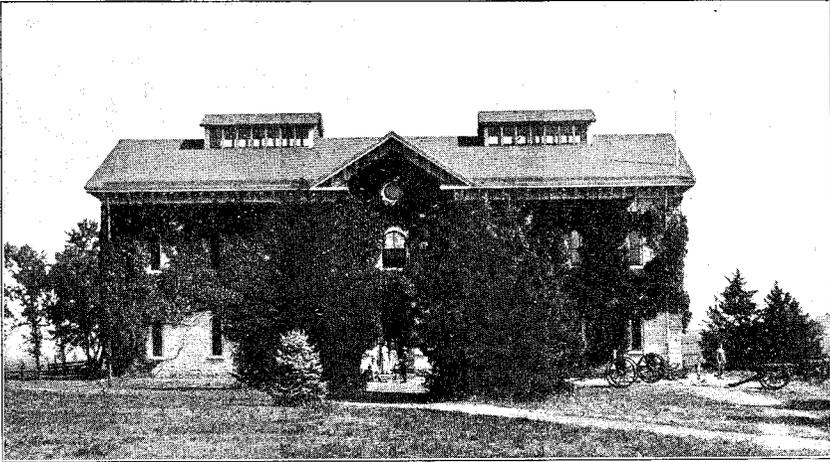
Friends of Dean B. Swingle, '00, will be interested in the following clipping from *The Exponent*, the student journal of the Montana Agricultural College, of Bozeman:

"A new instructor, Mr. Dean B. Swingle, has been added to the teaching force with the title of assistant professor of botany and assistant botanist in the experiment station.

"Mr. Swingle received his Bachelor's degree from the Kansas State Agricultural College in 1900 and an advanced degree from the University of Wisconsin in 1901. During the last five years he has been in the service of the government, in the Bureau of Plant Industry, United States Department of Agriculture. During this time he was stationed for one year in California, where he was in local

charge of the work of the department on the blight disease of pears. By reason of his training and experience he is peculiarly the man needed in the place he is to occupy. Mr. Swingle will have college classes in physiology, histology of plants, plant pathology, and bacteriology as well as general botany. In the experiment station he will conduct investigations and experiments on the diseases of Montana

One the proud papa of a bouncing baby, another getting his name in the paper by patting you on the back and telling you that you have the best paper in the world, just like he used to do, shouting something that every one knows; the death of an old school-mate. And as a fellow reads, a mist comes before his eyes and he lives again in fancy's dream the best days of his life. He sees visions of swing-



The Armory.

plants. In his college days Mr. Swingle was an enthusiastic athlete and has never lost his fondness for football, tennis, canoeing, golf, etc."

We were pleased to have the following letter from L. S. Strickler, student in 1888-'91, now superintendent of the Mayflower Consolidated Gold Mining Co., Washington, Nevada Co., Cal.:

"It has been a long time since I have heard from Manhattan until the mail this morning brought me a copy of the October number of your little paper. I do not believe it possible for a person who has not been through the mill to realize or understand the mixed-up feelings and emotions that come over a fellow when he gets hold of a paper that gives an account of the doings of his old classmates and college friends.

ing skeletons and bicycles, misplaced canon and various other things which were tabooed in the days gone by; a slim figure dressed in black, stroking his beard with his cold, slim hand and asking impertinent questions.

"If your paper came twice a month I would not take it, but I can afford to lose one day a month. I enclose check for \$1.15 (15c added for exchange) and trust that this method of remitting will not cause you any inconvenience. Am back in the mountains, and money orders are a very scarce article."—  
*L. S. Strickler.*

#### GRADUATE IONIANS.

Fourteen members of the Graduate Ionian Society met, Monday evening, November 12, with Ada Rice, '95. After some items of business and in-

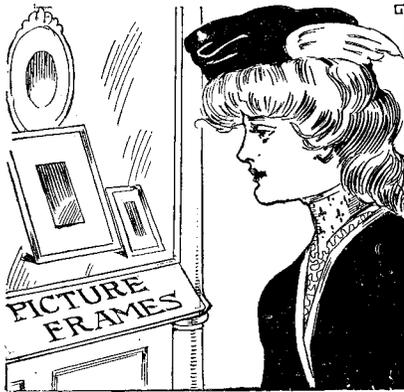
stallation of the new officers elected at the last meeting, we listened with much pleasure to Margaret J. Minis, '01, while she, in her own interesting manner, told us of her trip abroad, the past summer. As the programs this term are to be along the line of travel and we are to take one country each meeting, Miss Minis gave us general information as to how to prepare for a journey abroad and gave an account of her own delightful ocean voyage, landing us in Holland, which country we are to study at our next meeting, December 10. We will meet for that session with the Misses Minis. To facilitate our study, special topics have been assigned to the different members, who will discuss the history

of the country, the people, industries, modes of travel, education, literature and art.

All resident alumni Ios. are urged to be present at our meetings.

#### ALUMNI MUST HELP.

We must have more subscriptions to the JAYHAWKER, and we want *you alumni subscribers* to help us get them. A good many of the alumni are subscribers now, but more are not. *If you are interested*, won't you please try to get one new subscription, from your class, before Christmas? On application, we will furnish you with sample copies and the names of your classmates who are not already on our subscription list.



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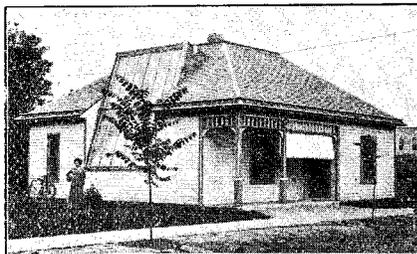
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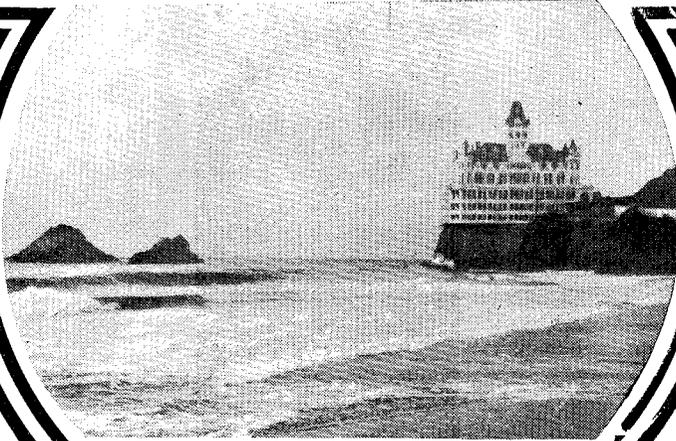
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