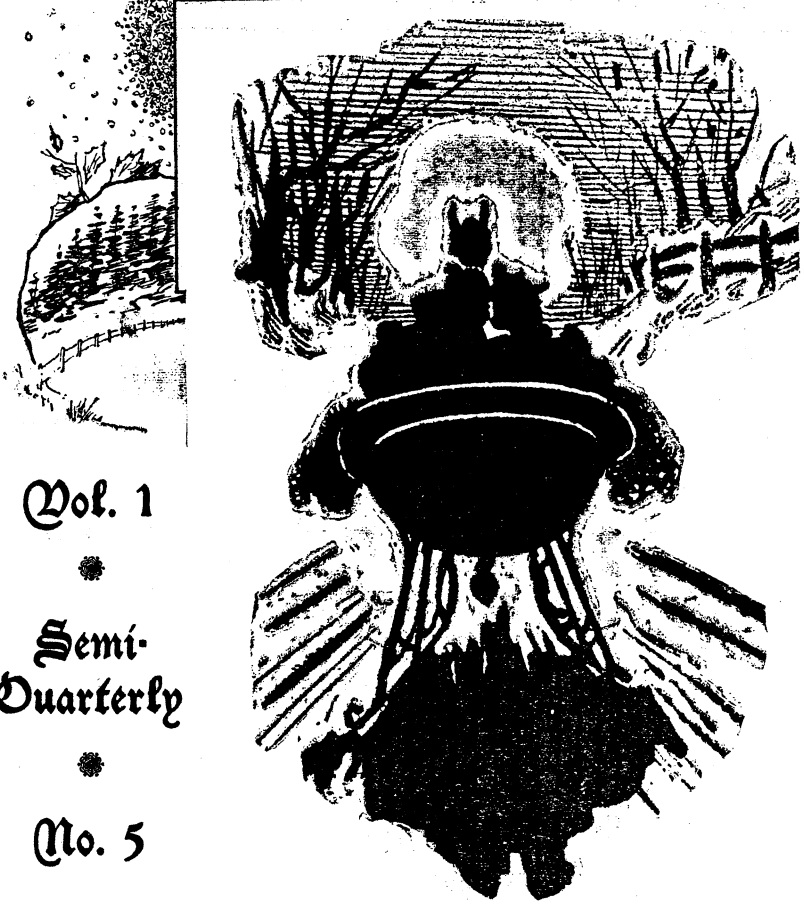


# THE JAYHAWKER



Vol. 1

Semi-  
Quarterly

No. 5

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# The Jayhawker

DON'T WAIT FOR OPPORTUNITIES; MAKE THEM.

VOL. I.

FEBRUARY 1, 1903.

NO. 5.

## *Honoring Mother.*

'Twas thine own love that gave me life;  
That bade my tiny heart rejoice  
In play, or do in childhood's strife,  
With wily prank or lispings voice,  
Some little task of hand or tongue,  
To call my spirit forth unto  
The paths of truth that lead the young  
To find some work of love to do.

And thine the hand that led thru dells,  
Or pastures decked with blooms of May;  
Along the brook 'mid tinkling bells,  
Or o'er the hills to where the day,  
In sheer delight, had mirrored bright,  
With trunks upturned, the leafy screen,  
Or set the fleecy clouds to flight  
Across the water's silver sheen.

And when a boy with lunch in hand  
Pd wend my way to school each day,  
With mother blessings to command,  
It seemed that thou wouldst lead the way—  
That thou wert ever present where  
The tempting evil lay, to shield  
My budding soul; that even there,  
With thee so near, I could not yield.

And in my youth when 'thou didst go  
Beyond the hearthstone's happy glare,  
Thy love in floods would backward flow  
To turn a wayward step, or dare  
To light the way to nobler deed,  
Or lift my soul to heights divine  
To view life's ocean-tide recede,  
Or in the heart of God recline.

And now that manhood's days are come  
With greatest privilege to learn,  
Grave duties to be seen and done,  
And all of life to prove—to earn  
A record for one's self, there's naught  
To me so full of potent right  
As memories of Mother, caught  
From fancy's gay Elysian flight.

Till joys of life are made complete  
And time has strewn the grey of years  
And bid the light from eyes retreat,  
What else for worth of life adheres  
Like love that knows maternity?  
Then, lay the broken clay house by  
And I thru God's eternity  
Shall own a mother's love on high.

— A. B. CARNAHAN.

## *Botanizing in the Northwest.*

### III.—ON SPERRY GLACIER.

We slept the sleep of the tired, the  
footsore and the weary that night af-  
ter our first mountain climb, and as  
we limped out to breakfast the next

morning, each realized the full signif-  
icance of the term "tenderfoot;" and  
there was no disguising our social  
position in that mountain neighbor-  
hood, either, for he who ran might be  
read. But the blisters were soon re-  
placed with callous and before the end  
of the first week we felt like hardened  
mountaineers.

The remaining days were spent for  
the most part in field work, but the  
evenings were devoted to campfire ex-  
periences, with occasional conferences  
to compare notes and outline plans  
for the following day. The boats of  
the station were at our disposal, as  
was also the fishing tackle; and the  
mountain stream being reported full  
of trout, I turned traitor to science  
one afternoon and, with the help of a  
fair representative of the station, suc-  
ceeded in safely landing my first  
mountain trout not a stone's throw  
from the station tents. In one of my  
solitary rambles I startled a couple of  
deer who, seeing me, cleared an eight-  
foot log at a bound and were off before  
I could scarcely wink.

When the day arrived for the sta-  
tion people to break camp we thot  
it our time to play "mine host," and  
in a chartered steamer took them and  
their heavily loaded mountain wagon  
to the south end of Flathead lake,  
where we waved our farewell as their  
wagon, with its varied cargo, started  
slowly on its overland journey to Mis-  
soula, the home of the state univer-  
sity.

Left to our own resources, we sought  
to make the most of our opportunities

for sightseeing. An ancient glacier had deposited a moraine some five hundred feet in height at the lower end of the lake, and thru this the river has cut a gorge that rivals in beauty and grandeur either the Niagara or the upper Yellowstone. Standing on the brink of the chasm, whose walls were so steep that a stone might have been cast into the turbulent waters five hundred feet below, we felt that the mountains must share honors even in their own country. The trees that here and there had obtained a foothold, the seething mass of water now white, now green, the low but musical tones that rose to our ears, combined to form a decided contrast with the dull monotony of the prairie formations on either side of the gorge.

It was with reluctant steps that we heeded the warning whistle of the little steamer, but we were soon embarked and much interested in watching the change in the vegetation as we passed northward. The mountains stand back to make room for prairies at the south end of the lake, while at the north end the rainfall is sufficient to maintain a dense coniferous forest. It was of interest to the botanists aboard to note which of the moist climate species were able to advance furthest into the prairie region. The passing Indian had left curious records of his cunning behind him, for the "painted rocks" which rose for a hundred feet from the lake's surface were covered with mysterious legends which the initiated might have deciphered. The ride itself was all that a trip on a lake set like a jewel in the mountain could be, and we were not sorry that it was late that afternoon when we arrived at Kalispell and boarded the Great Northern for Belton, from which we were to proceed to the majestic but little known "Sperry glacier."

We arrived that same evening at the two-house town of Belton, and as usual those accustomed to it slept out

under the stars, altho at that altitude the ice froze about an inch thick at night. We had with us, however, a new addition, for when the station force disbanded, H. N. Whitford, '01, found himself the proud possessor of a patent sleeping bag which he was anxious to test; and we cast envious glances at him as he tried it on for the first time that night. I would have refrained from this personality but the image of him sitting on a stump the next morning trying to thaw out his joints without breaking them off is too strong to forbear mentioning.

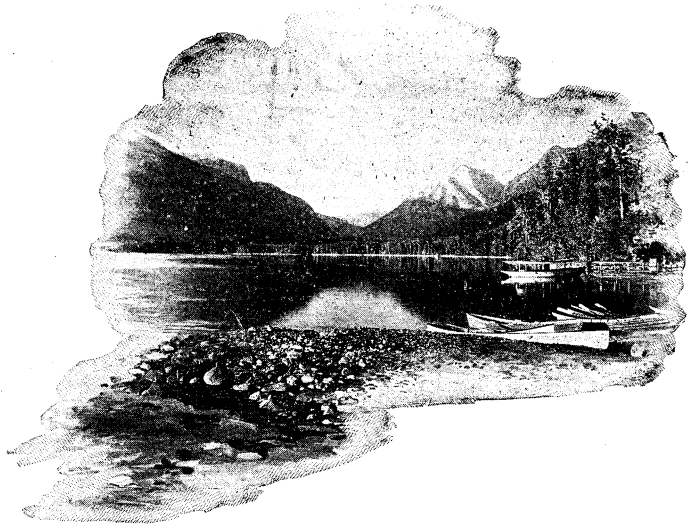
We learned that Glacier hotel was situated at the north end of Lake McDonald and some eighteen miles distant by stage and boat. There was a trail some half dozen miles longer, which two of us (the lad from Nebraska and myself) decided to take, after feeling first of our pocketbooks and then of our muscles. We had enjoyed a day's rest on the steamer and were prepared for the tramp. Accordingly we bribed the cook for an early breakfast and set off at seven o'clock with three days' provisions, for the trail was new to us and we carried no insurance against getting lost. It was not long until we safely passed the maze of side trails and found ourselves on the one that winds thru the forest at the edge of Lake McDonald for its entire length.

I shall never forget that walk; the air was clear and cold and our muscles gloried in their new-found strength. It seemed easier to run than to walk, and we left the miles rapidly behind. At ten o'clock we stopped to eat a bite of lunch and drink at one of the many ice-cold springs. The trail was the best I have ever seen, composed as it was of well-packed rotten wood and with every fallen log cut thru. We heard the tinkling bells of a pack-train, which we overtook and passed. This is easier said than done, for if there is anything that a mountain

cayuse hates it is to be passed on a mountain trail that is barely wide enough for one. The giant spruces and hemlocks shed a delicate perfume along our path and the arbor-vitæ graced its borders with many a delicate spray. Now and then we could catch a glimpse of the lake, and once on hearing the welcome "chut-chut-chut" of the steamer hurriedly made our way to the water's edge and hailed our party. They waved their red bandannas and shouted that we were only three miles from the hotel. If our spirits had been flagging this revived them, for we had expected they would arrive far ahead of us, and since it was then only half-past eleven we saw that there was a chance to make a record-breaking sprint. We no longer lingered to admire the beauties of the mountain forest but pressed on at a good six-miles an hour gait and arrived at the hotel in time to form the rear of the procession that walked up the steps to be welcomed by the genial landlord who awaited us. It was twelve o'clock to the minute, and we had made the twenty-four miles in exactly five hours. The rest of the party had planned an extensive field trip for the afternoon, but for some reason I chose to make a more detailed study of a small area. I ran across two fellows who were returning from a morning's sport with the rod, and they produced as trophies seven or eight speckled beauties that

must have averaged two pounds apiece.

The next morning we started on what was to be a three-days' tramp to and from the glacier. The ascent the first day was not unlike our first mountain climb, except that we were hardened to climbing and could give



LAKE McDONALD, THE PRETTIEST OF MOUNTAIN MIRRORS.

more attention to the beauties of the landscape and less to our aches and pains. We arrived at our first camping-place rather early in the afternoon, and after lunch each one explored the adjacent region at will, since we were to go no further in quest of the glacier that day. The head of our party had given us so many sermons on the dangers of getting lost that it was taken for granted that there was no cause for anxiety on that score, so we were totally unprepared for his demonstration lecture concerning the evils of straying too far from camp, when he turned up missing at supper. We organized a searching party and finally located him about two-thousand feet up on the mountain side, caught there by darkness and only able to halloo in in an assuring tone of voice. He did

more attention to the beauties of the landscape and less to our aches and pains. We arrived at our first camping-place rather early in the afternoon, and after lunch each one explored the adjacent region at will, since we were to go no further in quest of the glacier that day. The head of our party had given us so many sermons on the dangers of getting lost that it was taken for granted that there was no cause for anxiety on that score, so we were totally unprepared for his demonstration lecture concerning the evils of straying too far from camp, when he turned up missing at supper. We organized a searching party and finally located him about two-thousand feet up on the mountain side, caught there by darkness and only able to halloo in in an assuring tone of voice. He did

picket duty for the camp that night and came down with the first rays of the morning sun, and no one responded more promptly than he to the cook's call to breakfast.

We were camped about two miles from the glacier and the walk to it that morning was perhaps the climax of our mountain experiences. We passed by the streams, which lay half buried in beds of alpine flowers, and further up these same streams were dotted with tiny lakes, most of them with a waterfall at the lower side. No words can describe the beauty of those little mountain mirrors, whose contents but a few hours before formed a part of the shrinking snowfields above them, and the harmony of the combined notes of the various waterfalls as they beat out their songs on the rocks below served to fill the gorge with music that the dullest ears could not fail to appreciate.

Two of us chose a more dangerous approach and emerged several hundred feet above the rest of the party, who were stepping gingerly along on the edge of the glacier. A huge snow bank separated us, so, making toboggans out of ourselves, we soon landed merrily in their midst, much to the discomfiture of the guide, who had encountered on their course more of the huge fissures which were common on the snowfields. We selected as our noonday resting-place the glacier's terminal moraine, which consisted of huge stones piled up to a height of perhaps a hundred and fifty feet. My traveling companion of the day previous and myself ran down to the brink of the precipice and peered over. We could see "Avalanche Lake" three thousand feet below, at the bottom of the basin of the same name. The lake looked no larger than one's finger tip, and as we knew it was to be our camping place for the night it was a matter of conjecture as to how we should be able to reach it, for the precipice where we were was so

nearly vertical that any stone we could drop would pass out of sight before it struck either the bottom or the side of the chasm. Looking across we caught our first and last sight of a mountain goat on his native heath. He looked as large as a small horse as he leisurely picked his way along the cliff, for he was too far away to be disturbed by our presence.

Suddenly we remembered that the rest of the party were eating lunch on the moraine. We had thought the edge of the chasm to be only a quarter of a mile distant when we essayed to visit it before the rest should be ready for lunch, but it had proved to be two miles or more away, and we consequently made haste to join them for obvious reasons. They were half thru when we returned and they listened to the rehearsal of our experiences given between mouthfuls. Soon we started on our three-miles' tramp across the glacier. Deep fissures or "crevasses" had to be stepped or jumped over at frequent intervals, and as we stopped to peer down a crevasse for a hundred feet in the dark-blue ice we realized why the guide had provided the long, supple rope and insisted so strongly that we keep close to him. We could only conjecture as to the depth of the ice, but the mountains which rose for three thousand feet on either side made it seem unreasonable that their land connection could be less than five hundred feet beneath us. When half way across it was not hard to imagine that we were in the far North in quest of the pole, and it was with no feeling of reluctance that we left the edge of the ice and started to make our way down the precipice over which we had peered at lunch time. Until three years before it had been considered impassable, and we were able to descend only by making use of the ropes and trees at frequent intervals. We soon struck the dry bed of a mountain torrent, and we crunched

our way down over the rounded stones for what seemed hours. But at last the bottom was reached. My heavy hobnailed shoes, which had stood up well under the severe treatment before, were decidedly *hors de combat*. We noted whole acres of forest that had been laid low by the avalanches which have given the lake and basin their names.

One member of our party happened to have with him a trout fly, and it

was not long after we reached the lake that enough trout for a good supper was merrily sputtering over the fire. I slept apart from the rest that night, amid the fragrance and the stillness of the towering pines, and heard no sound save the step of an inquisitive cayuse that came feeding uncomfortably close to my head. A friendly "shoo!" and he was off to other pastures—and I to other lands.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Mail for the Yukon river basin, and all that part of Alaska lying north and west of the Yukon river, is forwarded to Skagway from November to April. Steamers leave Seattle for Skagway two or three times a week and make the trip in from three to five days.

From Skagway the mail is carried by the White Pass & Yukon railroad to White Horse, British Yukon territory, on the Yukon river. From this point it is taken in stages, drawn by horses, to Dawson. By traveling day and night the trip from White Horse to Dawson is made in six days or less. From Dawson, in the British Yukon territory, to Eagle, Alaska, and on to its destination, the mail is hauled by dogs. For nearly the entire distance

from Skagway to Eagle the mail has been in Canadian territory. Eagle is also the terminus of the "all American route," which leaves the coast at Valdes, Alaska. The contract over this route is for two round trips per month. Owing to the rugged nature of the country and the fact that there is very little travel to keep the trails open, this route has never been able to show as quick time as the White Pass route.

Leaving Eagle, and for a distance of nine hundred miles to Kaltag, the mail is transported on the ice on the Yukon river. At Kaltag the trail leaves the Yukon and goes over the Kaltag portage, a distance of ninety miles, to Unalakleet, on Norton sound. At Unalakleet the mail for Nome, Tel-

ler, Council City, and other camps in the Seward peninsula, is turned over to another contractor. The route from Unalakleet follows around the shore of Norton sound to Nome. For two-thirds of this distance the trail is on the salt-water ice. Norton bay is crossed on the ice, a distance of twenty-two miles from shore to shore.

This, in brief, is the "main line" over which a "fast mail" will leave Eagle for Nome every week from December 1 to April 30. This main line has a number of branches. The first is at Fort Yukon and provides a monthly service for Bettles, Coldfoot, and a number of other camps on the headwaters of the Koyukuk river, all of which are north of the Arctic circle. The next side line is down the Yukon, from Kaltag, and carries mail monthly to Anvik, Holy Cross Mission, and to other points on the lower Yukon. From Unalakleet the main line extends down the coast to St. Michael. From Golovin a branch of the Unalakleet-Nome line supplies the rich mining camp of Council City. From Nome mail is carried twice a month, north thru Council City to the new town of Candle City on the Arctic slope. This line also crosses the Arctic circle and has its terminus at the Friends' Mission on Kotzebue sound.

From Nome still another contractor takes the mail to Teller and Sullivan City, nearly one hundred miles farther west. The mail, on its arrival at Teller, has traveled over nineteen hundred miles since leaving Skagway. It has been handled by five different contractors and probably thirty different carriers. The time allowed for this trip, by the contracts, is sixty-five days from Skagway to Nome. During November and December, owing to bad weather and poor trails, a longer time is required. Under favorable conditions mail has reached Nome from Skagway in forty-seven days. The contractor is required to carry only four hundred pounds of mail on

his weekly trip leaving Eagle. In making up this mail for dispatch preference is given, first to letters and ordinary registered mail, and second, to separately addressed newspapers. Packages of merchandise, even tho prepaid at letter rates of postage and registered, will not be forwarded to western Alaska points until spring. Christmas presents mailed to your friends in Nome now will repose quietly in the storage room of the Seattle post-office until next May. If merchandise, even at letter rates of postage, was admitted to these mails the weight would be so great that the contractors would be unable to transport them over the rough trails.

The dog teams used to haul mail consist of from four to seven dogs driven tandem. They are hitched to a light sled from six to ten feet in length and about twenty inches wide. The mail is packed in canvas pouches holding about forty pounds. These pouches are made especially for this service and can be conveniently packed in the narrow sleds. The entire load is completely enveloped in a light canvas sled cover and the whole is securely lashed to the sled. This prevents any part of the load being lost in case the sled is overturned, which quite frequently happens. On parts of the route between Circle and Fort Yukon, and on the Kaltag portage, where the snow is very soft, toboggans are used at times.

Each carrier is assigned to a section of the route about seventy-five miles in length. The carrier takes his load to the end of his section, gets a receipt for it from the carrier on the next section, and returns with a load of outgoing mail. Stations are established and stocked with provisions during the summer, when steamers are running. Of most necessary articles of a carrier's equipment are his snowshoes. They consist of a light frame of birch wood, woven across with rawhide or sealskin webbing, and are



from four to six feet long and about twelve inches in extreme width. The front ends are turned up like a sled runner. They weigh from two to six pounds per pair. In November, December and January there are frequent heavy falls of snow which completely obliterate the trail. The snow is so deep and soft that the dogs can not draw the sled thru it. Then the carrier is compelled to "break trail." He puts on his snow-shoes, goes ahead of his team and packs the snow down so it will bear the weight of the dogs. When possible, an Indian or an Esquimo is hired to assist in this work, but they are not always available. On arriving at the end of his day's journey and having unharnessed his dogs, the next thing is to get their feed to cooking. A competent and experienced dog driver gives as much attention to cooking his dogs' feed as a cook does to roasting a fowl. After it is thoroly cooked it must be cooled and each dog given all he will eat. The team is given the big feed at night. If they are fed at all during the day, it is only a very light lunch. Dried salmon is the standard dog feed. It is boiled with either flour, oatmeal, corn-meal, or rice. Rice and bacon, or corn-meal and bacon, is considered a very good feed. About one pound of each per dog is a fair daily ration.

Most of the dogs in use are either huskies or malamutes, two breeds raised by the natives of Alaska. They weigh from fifty to ninety pounds, and have a coat of long fur which protects them from the intense cold. In appearance and actions some of them bear a striking resemblance to their ancestor, the wolf. The common breeds of short-haired dogs, familiar to us, can not endure the cold. The St. Bernard and Newfoundland dogs can stand the cold, but are too heavy for the long, hard drives. During last winter a carrier drove from Rampart to Tanana, a distance of seventy-five miles, in one day. Drives of from

forty-five to sixty-five miles a day are not uncommon during March and April, when the weather and trails are good. On the rough salt-water ice along the coast the dogs' feet wear out. As soon as a dog is seen to be leaving bloody footprints, boots are put on his feet. These are made of cloth or canvas, with bottoms of moose or seal skin.

The carriers are clothed and prepared for a temperature of from 60° to 70° below zero; but their greatest danger is from getting wet when the cold is so intense. A current may have worn the ice thin, and he breaks thru and gets wet. Even tho he gets out of the water, if he is alone and at any distance from a habitation he is almost certain to freeze before he can reach shelter or start a fire. A carrier on the Valdes-Eagle route was frozen to death in this manner last winter. After breaking thru the ice and getting wet, he tried to build a fire, but failed. He then started for the nearest cabin, but did not reach it. His body was found seven miles from where he had broken thru the ice. Another man was frozen to death while engaged in carrying mail from Teller to Candle City. He was a hardy Norwegian-Lapp who had been a mail carrier in Norway before coming to America. He had camped and, it is supposed, one of his mittens was blown away, and having started after it he had been unable to find his way back to the camp in the fierce blizzard which was blowing. His body was found thirty miles from his team.

Along the coast of Norton sound there is always danger of the ice moving out to sea. In December, 1900, a carrier was drifted out to sea, between St. Michael and Unalakleet. A high tide had broken the ice loose from shore, late in the afternoon, and the wind drove it seaward all night. At daylight next morning he was so far out he was unable to see land. At noon the wind changed and drifted

him toward shore. The second morning he got on land again, but twenty miles from where the ice had broken away with him.

The cost of this service is great, while the results are not very satisfactory. The last mail for Nome, by steamer, left Seattle on October 15, and they will not receive their next mail before January 15, 1903. A feasible solution of this problem would seem to be for the government to build an ice-breaking ship similar to the ones successfully operated by the Russians in the Baltic sea. A ship of this kind could navigate Bering sea all winter. As the ports of Unalaska and Dutch Harbor, in the Aleutian islands, are open all the year, it would only be necessary for the ice breaker to run between Dutch Harbor and Nome. As the Seward peninsula of Alaska produced over \$5,000,000 in gold the past year, it would seem to be entitled to some consideration at the hands of the government.

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### *Be Brief.*

By Homer Derr, '00.

One of the first things for the college graduate to learn is how to economize time. When he assumes his duties in shop, the drafting-room, the office or elsewhere, his first need is impressed upon him—he must “giuger up,” reduce his time for doing this or that. By his side are workmen schooled by years of experience, and with whom he must keep pace. His environments are not those of his college days. The problems which confront him must be solved in shorter order; deliberation must be limited, and work turned out with celerity and accuracy.

Great men are studying methods, comparing, combining and inventing them. Time saving is their first thot. How to accomplish more in a given space of time is their greatest problem. He who wishes to succeed must

catch the same spirit, whether as student, farmer, artisan, housewife, or whatever else. He must systematize his work into an orderly daily program, having a methodical way of attacking each of his various duties and keeping ever alert for new ideas and shorter methods. It is gratifying to note that writers of books are working along this line. The books most read and appreciated to-day are not those containing long, monotonous details, but those which are more in harmony with our times—sharp, concise, rapid, and vivacious.

“Boiling down” is a process very popular nowadays. The newspapers’ account of the birth of a future president of the United States is reduced to a mere notice of two lines. The entire Lord’s prayer is stamped upon a piece of metal smaller than a half-dime. The senior’s oration is returned with gorgeous decorations in red ink and with the professor’s suggestion that it be “boiled down.”

On the — railroad, train No. 10 had been derailed, nobody receiving injury, and very little damage incurred. Patrick Flanigen, section boss, submitted a lengthy and thrilling report of the accident and the work caused thereby, it being his first report of the kind, and he being desirous of making a good impression. The effect was immediate. Patrick was promptly instructed to be “briefer hereafter.” Only a few days following the same accident was repeated, which Patrick reported thus: “Number ten off again. On again. Gone again. Flanigen.”

~~~~~

Prof.—Your mark is very low and you have just passed. Young lady student.—O! I’m so glad. Prof. (surprised).—Lady! Young lady.—I do love a tight squeeze.—*Ex.*

~~~~~

Cholly.—What did your father say when you told him my love was like a broad, impetuous river? She.—He sa’id, “Damn it.”—*Ex.*

***America's Greatest Problem—Trusts.***

Everybody is talking about the trusts and seeking the solution of this vexing problem. Our greatest men have pondered seriously and long over the question; for that trusts are a source of evil to the nation, even tho of some advantage, is a fact.

Trusts operate in three ways for crushing rivals: (1) Corporations sell at low prices where there is competition and demand extra high prices elsewhere. (2) Where a trust deals with several articles, and its rival has only one or two, the corporation may sell at ruinously low rates those articles sold by the rival, and still gain by selling other things abnormally high. (3) It may sell at lower rates to those people who buy only its goods.

Attorney-General Knox presents several plans for dealing with the trusts. He would leave those trusts that are reasonable in restraint of interstate trade unpunished, while those that are unreasonable would be punished. He would have the courts decide which are unreasonable and which are not. (2) His chief recommendation is an extension of the Sherman anti-trust laws. Congress has the power, he says, of stating the conditions under which corporations may engage in interstate commerce, and to provide penalties for its violation. He believes (1) that trusts should sell goods in every locality upon the same terms; (2) that they should be subject to "visitorial supervision."

The United States Industrial Commission thinks taxes on corporations would solve the difficulty. Direct taxes might be questionable, but a franchise tax or a license tax preliminary to engaging in business might be managed. The courts might give the executive power to enforce the tax. A second plan advanced by this same commission is to have a federal incorporation of the corporations engaged in interstate commerce. This would be constitutional beyond any

doubt, but probably any law so arranged would be more liberal than state laws now in existence, and this would place the trusts beyond the control of the states.

President Roosevelt is strongly in favor of publicity, and in his message to Congress says: "Publicity can do no harm to the honest corporation and we need not be overtender about sparing the dishonest corporation." Hence the plan introduced by Senator Hoar is attracting attention just now, for it embodies this idea. Briefly, his plan is a provision for the enforcement of all previous laws by an appropriation of \$500,000. And every corporation that is engaged in foreign or interstate commerce shall file statements with the Interstate Commerce Commission yearly, beginning September 15, 1904, showing the amount and value of the capital stock; how much was paid in cash and how much otherwise; the officers' names; the dividends; a statement of the interest held in other corporations; and an agreement signed by the officers to comply with this and other laws. The bill further provides for fines and imprisonment for violation of these laws.

Several thinkers have advocated the reduction of the tariff as a means of suppression of trust evils. This would tend to give foreign products an advantage over domestic products and might be of service in solving the question.

To the writer's mind the publicity plan seems by far the best, and it is not much of a party that cannot do this much toward abolishing the evils of corporation rule.

These various plans, however, do not conflict with each other, and all might be passed with benefit to our country. Public sentiment is in favor of an emphatic movement against the trusts, and the sooner these corporations are controlled by the proper powers the better it will be for our nation.



# ALUMNI NOTES.

[To insure prompt attention, all matter intended for this department should be addressed to D. W. Randall, alumni editor, Manhattan, Kan.]

Geo. K. Thompson, '93, of Marysville, is the father of a son, born December 31.

Phil Fox, '97, has entered the Yerkes Observatory, at Chicago. Watch his smoke.

H. W. Jones, '88, has been granted an institute conductor's certificate by the State Board of Education.

Chas. H. Stokely, '97, and Miss Mabel King were married at De Queena, Ark., on January 7, 1903.

Born, on December 26, to C. J. Dobbs, '90, and Nellie Little-Dobbs, '90, of Seattle, Wash., a daughter.

Louis P. Brous, '86, and Miss Stella McCamish, of Kansas City, Kan., were married on New Year's day, at that place.

A department of agriculture and a territorial agricultural college are being established in Oklahoma. Joe Thoburn, '93, is secretary.

Lieut. Geo. R. Crawford, a former student, visited town during the holidays. He is now stationed with the Eleventh Infantry, at Ft. Leavenworth.

Chas. Hughes, our President's general private secretary, and Miss Maud Marine were married at the bride's home, in Randolph, Kan., on January 1.

Miss Grace Secrest, '96, died suddenly from a paralytic stroke, in New York City. She was a member of the senior class in the Teachers' College at that place.

E. O. Farrar, a former member of the class of '99, accompanied by his wife and baby, changed cars at Manhattan during the holidays. E. O. is proprietor of a nursery at Abilene, Kan.

Miss Mary McKean and Fred W. Hildrup, both former students, were married in Kansas City, Mo., on December 24. They will make their home in Kansas City, where Mr. Hildrup is a train dispatcher.

Miss Marie Senn, '90, and Thos. B. Heath, of Seattle, Wash., were married on New Year's day, at the home of the bride's parents, at Lasita, Kan. They will be at home in Seattle, where Mr. Heath is an electrical engineer.

Miss Josephine Wilder, '98, and Dr. W. A. McCullough, '98, were married at the Methodist church in Manhattan on December 24 at ten o'clock. They will make their home at Linwood, Kan., where the "Doctor" has established an excellent practice.

O. E. Noble, '97, and Bessie Locke-Noble, '98, of Hobart, Okla., visited in Manhattan recently. O. E. was surveyor of Kiowa county until recently. Unfortunately he belonged to the minority party in that locality and failed of reelection by a small majority.

Henry August Platt, '86, died recently at Phoenix, Ariz., of tuberculosis of the larynx. He was a son of Prof. J. E. Platt, a well-known professor at K. S. A. C. in early days. The deceased leaves a wife and two children. His mother and two brothers also survive him.

A. B. Kimball, '89, and wife announce the birth of a son on January 16.

Mr. S. J. Adams and family are enjoying their life on the ranch in Colorado.

B. R. Brown, a former student, is now traveling with the Wiedeman Dramatic Company.

W. L. Harvey, '02, is proud and happy "dad" to a bouncing baby boy, born November 12, '02.

Claud Masters, '99, has been appointed head clerk in the office of T. T. Kelley, State treasurer.

Chas. Pincomb, '98, spent the holidays on College Hill, visiting the family of John Jones and other friends.

Prof. and Mrs. Albert Dickens celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary lately. About sixty friends and relatives were in attendance.

Olive Voiles, '98, was at home during the holidays for a month's vacation from her work as nurse in the Woman's Hospital, New York.

Leroy Rigg, '01, and Miss Leora Kendall were married on December 25 at the bride's home, near Marvin, Kan. Mr. Rigg is a farmer and stock raiser near Marvin.

J. M. Westgate, '97, has received a scholarship at the University of Chicago. This is for the excellent work he is doing in the study of botany under Professor Coulter.

The *Preston Industrial School Bulletin*, published at a boy's industrial school in Waterman, Cal., contains, in the December number, an excellent Thanksgiving sermon which was delivered before the school by Rev. M. C. Howard, '77.

W. F. Lawry, '00, writes from San Angelo, Texas, that he is on the move with a locating party for the K. C. M. and O. Ry. He reports having been ten miles from the nearest house, twenty from the post-office, and one hundred miles from the nearest railroad station.

Professor Popenoe, Professor Dickens, ex-Regent Munger, former assistant Parrot, C. V. Holsinger, '95, G. O. Greene, '00, and C. A. Chandler, '00, were on the program of the State Horticultural Society at Topeka, held some time ago.

Our next number, March 15, will conclude the account of Westgate's ('97) trip to the Northwest, and will have a very interesting story of a "hyke" and capture of a rebel stronghold in the Philippine Islands by one who was there—R. B. Mitchell, '99.

The JAYHAWKER acknowledges the receipt of cards announcing the marriage of Miss Anna Streeter, '99, and J. G. Haney, '99, on December 25, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Moses, in Junction City, Kan. They are at home at Hays City, Kan., where Mr. Haney is superintendent of the Branch Experiment Station.

Miss Sue Long, '96, and L. E. Strauss, of Topeka, were married at the bride's home in Manhattan on December 25. Miss Long has been employed as a reporter by various newspapers for several years. Her last position was as society editor of the *Topeka Daily Herald*. They will make their home in Topeka, where Mr. Strauss is in the real estate business.

The Washington Alumni Association of K. S. A. C. met with M. A. Carleton January 9, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: M. A. Carleton, '87, president; C. L. Marlatt, '84, first vice-president; Julia Pearce, '90, second vice-president; Mrs. J. B. S. Norton, '96, secretary; C. F. Doane, '96, treasurer. January 20, another meeting was held at which it was decided to hold a College reunion. The time has not been set, but it will come off some time in February. They also adopted a strong memorial, which they sent to the governor and legislature of Kansas, and which we print on another page.

W. L. Harvey, '02, wrote from Arkalon, on Christmas day, that the previous year's work had been quite satisfactory. Counting from one year before, he married the best girl in the world, then graduated from the best College in the world, and received a life certificate to teach in the best State in the Union. Then he was nominated and elected to the office of county attorney—not the poorest thing to be had—and now he completes the year by subscribing to the two best College papers.

The wedding of Miss Mildred Howells, daughter of William Dean Howells, of this city, and Prof. David G. Fairchild ['88], of Manhattan, Kan., agricultural explorer for the United States department of agriculture, is likely to be one of the literary as well as social events at the national capital this season. Miss Howells has been the especial companion of her father, and in her childhood figured in two or three children's stories which he wrote for a juvenile magazine, the only work of this kind which he ever did for publication. She is an artist of much ability, and a bas-relief of Mr. Howells, done by her, is said to be one of the best portraits of the novelist.—*Washington Correspondence, in Topeka Capital.*

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### *An Attractive Combination.*

THE JAYHAWKER takes pleasure in adding its word of commendation to the general sentiment everywhere expressed concerning the excellence of the attractions of the Star Lecture Course. The privilege of hearing such men of world-wide reputation as Captain Hobson and Ernest Seton-Thompson is one that should not be lightly passed by. If they should appear at one of the chautauqua assemblies of the State, excursion trains would carry thousands of visitors to the place at a cost of several dollars to each, and we would think it money

well spent. Here we have the opportunity of hearing them and a number of others for one and two dollars for all.

Captain Hobson lectures on February 25 and his subject is "America's Mighty Mission in the World." He is not travelling on his reputation as a hero. He is a scholar, a thinker and an orator who will entrance you with the power of his thot and the magnetism of his voice and bearing.

Ernest Seton-Thompson lectures on March 19, both afternoon and evening. His subjects are, matinee, "Personality of Wild Animals," and night, "Wild Animals I Have Known." Mr. Seton-Thompson has probably done more in his stories and lectures to enlighten the world on the traits and habits of wild animals and to create a sentiment against wanton destruction of them than any other person. He has delighted and charmed millions of readers and thousands of auditors and is to-day the most popular author-lecturer on the platform.

The Nellie Peck Saunders Concert Company, the Wilson-Frye Combination and Prof. W. O. Clure complete the list of good things. Certainly a rare combination of the desirable—one of the opportunities of a life-time.

As all the numbers come during the winter term, those students here only for this term can get the benefit.

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The fellow who cannot afford to take the College papers is generally the same one who smokes a ten center on the street and "Duke's Mixture" at his room. The one who has not time to read is too often the one who pores over "Diamond Dick" or "Red Redskins." The youngster who borrows the paper on the sly is pretty sure to have three ureturned pencils, a second-hand note-book, and that dreadful haunted feeling that some one is about to rob him.

*The Doings of the Naughty Twos.*

By one of them.

From letters written to be read at the late class reunion, personal interviews, and otherwise by hearsay, we are able to respond to the request for a brief mention of the whereabouts of the various members of the class of '02.

Miss Maude M. Coe, class president, spent the summer at her home near Yates Center. She is now assistant in domestic art here in our own College.

A. H. Leidigh, secretary, has done a good deal of running around since he graduated. He spent the fall at a skimming station in Colorado, worked for the department of animal husbandry here at the College, and the first of January went to Ames, Iowa, where he is now taking post-graduate work at the agricultural college.

Retta and Christine Hofer, Eva Rigg, Ed House, H. A. Avery, George Logan and Mamie Alexander have not been able to tear themselves away from their alma mater yet. Most of them are taking more or less work and also working for some one of the departments.

G. (Pat) Poole and O. M. McAninch are both at home, on farms near Manhattan. They get back to the College every once in a while to renew old acquaintances.

Martha Briggs is also at home, helping her mother. She has been coming to the College on a visit ever since it began in the fall but has not succeeded in getting here yet.

Myrtle Mather held a position as teacher in domestic science at the Girls' Industrial School at Beloit during the fall, but has since resigned to assist in instruction and take P. G. work at College.

M. S. Cole has been employed in Cincinnati, Ohio, all summer and fall. He spent a week or two in Manhattan the first of January, before going to San Bernardino, Cal., where he will take special apprentice work.

Ed. Amos is still at his favorite profession, that of printing. He and his brother now own the *Manhattan Republic* and are making a great success of it.

We have one other printer in the class, Glick Fockele. He is editor of the *Gridley Star*, Gridley, Kan.

Mary Barr, Della Drollinger, Ned Kimball, Abbie Putnam, Etta Barnard, Sarah Davies and Emma Cain are all teaching school not far from Manhattan. They have all been seen about College halls since school began in the fall.

C. D. Blachly is also teaching school no great distance away. He made a visit in the city about the first of January and says he hopes to attend some good university next year.

L. A. Fitz spent the summer at Halstead, Kan., and is now located in Washington, D. C., department of agriculture, breeding wheat.

F. L. Schneider is attending the veterinary college at Kansas City. Chas. Eastman is attending the same school and is also employed as an assistant in a military school.

John and P. H. Ross are both farming near Montrose, and have promised to visit us soon. P. H. expects to go to Alaska in the spring as an employe in the Experiment Station.

Myrtie Toothaker is teaching school near Wheatley, Kan. She expects to attend the State Normal next year.

R. C. Cole is with Professor Cottrell on the Vrooman farm. He has charge of all the farm work at Trenton, Mo.

Lottie Crawford is attending the Pratt Institute, in Brooklyn, N. Y. She says she is beginning to appreciate what learning is.

Lettie Keen is at home on a farm near Clay Center, Kan.

C. H. Clark is employed in the Durham Dairy, at Colorado Springs, Colo.

Fred Walters is located at Trinidad, Colo., as foreman for C. A. Fellows, the well-known building contractor, of Topeka.

W. R. Hildreth is on a farm near Altamont, Kan., mostly raising live stock.

E. R. Secrest is employed by the forestry department and spent the summer in the Northwest. From there he was sent to Washington, D.C. When last heard from, he was somewhere in Texas.

H. P. Richards is now in Topeka with the Santa Fe Railroad Company. He has spent most of his time since Commencement standarding brass work on locomotives. He has been at different points along the line thru Kansas, Texas, New Mexico and California.

Bessie Bourne is teaching school near Concordia. She is very enthusiastic about her work and hardly has time to give her old friends even a thot.

F. A. Champlin was running an elevator in Phillipsburg, Kan., during the fall and is now busy feeding stock.

Amelia Maelzer is teaching school in Chalice, Idaho.

W. H. Spencer is at home on the farm near Yates Center.

Maude Zimmerman is at home. She wrote a very short letter to be read at the class reunion in which she informed us that it was the first letter she had written to a class-mate since Commencement.

About all we could learn of C. F. Smith was, that he is teaching school somewhere in Butler County, Kan., and has been granted a State certificate and an instructor's certificate.

C. A. Gingery is on a fruit farm at Caldwell.

W. L. Harvey was elected county attorney of Seward county.

Geo. Bean was employed by the Santa Fe Railroad Company. He took sick with typhoid fever on November 6, and has been in the hospital ever since. Lately he is able to be around, but is still under the care of a physician. He expects to visit K. S. A. C. as soon as able.

R. B. Mullen is somewhere in Missouri. He is engaged in the honorable profession of animal husbandry.

J. T. Stafford is located somewhere in the southern part of Colorado instructing the young idea how to shoot.

Last but not least comes G. R. Shepherd, alias Shep. He was the founder of the South Radiator Society, Hostler for Fat Richards, window decorator and sole survivor of the W. C. T. U. Shep is very busy at present, being unanimously chosen assistant geologist of the Kansas City Police Department, according to the other members of the firm of S. & S. & S. & S.



Robert William DeArmond, of the class of '03, has recently accepted a position as horticulturalist offered him by Professor Georgeson, in the United States department of agriculture, and leaves for Alaska in a short time.

Coming to Manhattan from Lincoln county, Kan., he undertook the heroic task of working his way thru College, at first walking two miles into the country after College hours in order to secure the desired work. But his own needs only helped him to see



and work for others, so he was intrusted with the work of the new student committee in the Young Men's Christian Association, where his faithfulness in helping "new men" and in the care of the sick won him the respect of the entire student body. This, too, proved a stepping-stone to his present position as president of the association. Being of robust physique as well, Mr. DeArmond has filled "center" on the foot-ball team for three seasons. In military drill he holds the rank of captain. Not willing to stop short of an all-round development, he joined the Hamilton Literary Society, and has just completed a successful term's work as its president. During this time he has been carrying his regular course of studies and specializing in the Horticultural Department along the line of his chosen occupation.

Even with this much to his credit, we know that we will hear much more of his work in his new life. Such examples of honest efforts, great perseverance, usefulness to others, and clean Christian manhood is certainly an inspiration to every ambitious youth.

R. A. E.

#### *Y. M. C. A. Notes.*

Nearly two hundred young men listened to an address given by George E. Lerrigo, the secretary of the Topeka association, in the Baptist church on the first Sunday after the opening of College. Mr. Lerrigo is a strong, earnest speaker and had a message to the young College student which came home with great power.

The association is especially fortunate in being able to announce that they have secured the services of Mr. E. Y. Colton, the western traveling secretary of the international committee of the Y. M. C. A., for a series of meetings March 6 to 8. Mr. Colton's time is much in demand by a great number of colleges and universities, so that the association is preparing to

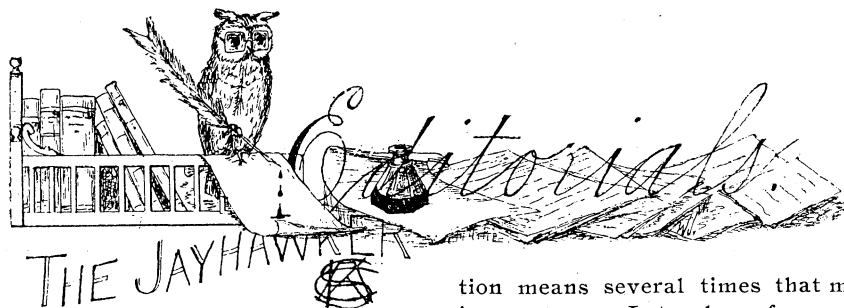
show him their appreciation of his selection of K.S.A.C. as one of his stopping places this year.

The mission study class begins a new course of study this term, with Reverend Atkinson as leader. The number of men who, in addition to regular Bible classes, can join such a class is necessarily small, but those who do join feel more than repaid for the extra effort.

The Bible study department has been making a great effort to enroll men in the regular study classes. One new class was organized in the first year's work and an entirely new course was prepared for the short-course men. This class meets under the leadership of Professor Webster, at the Presbyterian church.

The social for new students was held in domestic science hall early in the term. About two hundred fifty men attended, and from all appearances, succeeded in having a very enjoyable evening. A short program was given, the features of which were two selections by the Perry-Hofer ladies' quartet, brief addresses by President DeArmond and Professor Brink, and several selections by Mr. Boynton, the assistant State secretary.

Frederico Sarabia, the little sixteen-year-old Filipino who came to the United States with the Sixth infantry now located at Fort Leavenworth, came to Manhattan last Monday to live with John Clark, who was a sailor on the cruiser Baltimore at the battle of Manila bay. The little fellow says he has been here only eight months, but he speaks English fairly well and is a very bright boy. He expects to enter College and will return to the Philippines after he becomes educated in America. His parents live on the island of Panay, to which place he has cabled that he is living at Manhattan, Kan.—*Republic.*



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In reply to many inquiries from our readers, we are glad to say that the financial standing of our paper is quite satisfactory. We have been able to pay all expense and are keeping a little ahead to bank on. Any one who is holding back his subscription for fear of a failure on our part will wish he hadn't, for our continued success is assured and every cent received helps us to make the paper that much better. As for the work of the staff, while our pay has been mostly in honors and training we expect to leave the magazine in shape to command the services of the ablest students. Like most other papers, the largest part of the expense is borne by advertisers, so that every cent received on subscrip-

tion means several times that much income to us. Let us hear from more of the Alumni.

**The Cleptomaniac.**—Continually the complaint is heard that books, rubbers, money and other valuables are being missed—taken by parties who little realize the significance of these acts or the annoyance it causes sober, honest students. If these pestiferous beings would just pause to look at themselves in the glass and think of their deplorable condition, it might be an incentive for them to forsake those ways that harm themselves most of all. That a person can get the training here to prepare them for life's battles by shirking every task and forming habits that will cling to them thru life, till they bring an open disgrace upon themselves, is certainly out of reason. Still these victims of their own selfishness and folly should be subjects of pity. Who can describe their sufferings; how they belittle themselves with every sane thought; how the fear of detection must continually hover round them by day and actually be their experience by night. How each noble and elevating thought continually received from lecture-room, chapel, rostrum or pulpit, must be passed by with the remorseful thought that they are not worthy of such a life. How each noble and worthy ambition, that springs like hope eternal in the human breast, must be smothered and stifled because their soul is already filled with the baser thoughts and deeds. Tho this habit is a disease of which these ills and a thousand others

are but symptoms, yet the metaphysicians tell us that it is clearly a case that will yield to mental treatment. If the victim will take hope for his future, and center his mind on the great possibilities of a life of honor, usefulness and sobriety, it will be possible to overcome these evil passions. His mind must be so full of the nobler purpose, the visions of higher life, that the suggestion of sneaking a trifling book or a few paltry cents will have no weight compared to his great purpose.

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### *A Full House.*

Those old timers who wondered what was the use of such wide corridors in our College buildings should be here this winter and get in the jam. Of course, we don't have much over half our students in the main building at once, for the preparatory students enjoy the pleasures of excuse from drill and chapel, and the privilege of reciting in the slow hours of the day when all nature seems to have on that drowsy feeling—the afternoon, and the short-course students, the apprentices, the irregulars, the graduates and even some of the regulars are all made to understand that as far as the privileges of the chapel and the main halls are concerned their room is more desirable than their company.

Notwithstanding these clearing-house regulations, the jam and push, the inconvenience and delay is simply indescribable. When several classes going one way meet an equal number going the other in front of the post-office window, then there is a commotion to be sure. If one crowd backs up, the way is finally cleared; but this takes forbearance and patience. Janitor Lewis sees to the managing of this, and he earns his money. Once he got caught between two oncoming classes and had to scream for mercy. Now he shouts directions from the near-by stairs.

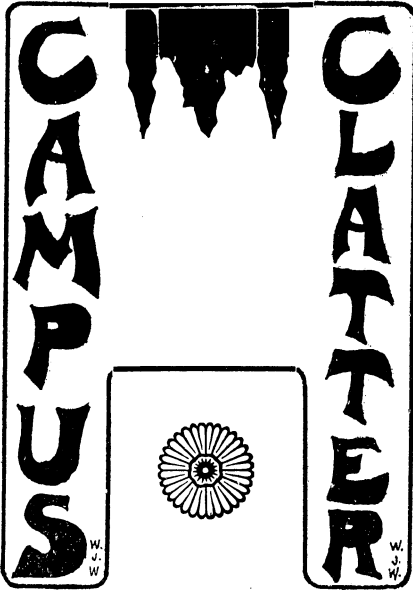
If one is in a genuine hurry, the quickest way to go forward is to go backwards, and come thru on the outdoors. Many who prefer the exercise to the danger go up stairs at one end and come down at the other. The girls, especially, not accustomed to football tactics, have the hardest time. Any who have never been squeezed, in the popular sense, can hardly hope to escape that unspeakable treatment here. It is claimed that Governor Bailey has heard of the situation and has steadfastly refused requests to visit us, probably for the reason that a mix-up in the halls with the domestic science students would break his resolutions for bachelorhood.

Two different times lately some of the members of the legislature have visited us and the showing the students made was a caution. As one of them suggested, in chapel, the windows, supposedly for light and ventilation, were appropriated for seating room, the front of the rostrum, for a show of foot lights, was now the squatting place of the shining lights of the senior class, and the front of the gallery, designed for protection and ornament, was used to show the surplus of feet of the occupants perched thereon. Besides all this the aisles were packed brim-full and many were turned away at the doors, while scores of others never heard of the show till it was too late to participate.

We believe that the sights which these gentlemen witnessed, of which the scene in chapel was but a sample, were enough to convince them of our crowded quarters, and so our needs will receive a worthy consideration at their hands.

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The Dairy Department is making about nine hundred pounds of butter per week. It is sold at a net price at the College of twenty-eight cents and goes mostly to New York.



Professor Otis is now located in the College farm house, on the campus.

W. L. Milner, of the JAYHAWKER staff, has accepted a position as draftsman in a railroad office in Oklahoma.

The Turner boys, of Oakley, Kan., former students, have returned and are taking up special work in dairying.

The main halls are crowded to their fullest capacity during the morning hour and while classes are passing.

We received a rare treat lately in the lecture given by General Sweeney, his subject being, "Bed Rock in the Anglo Saxon Civilization"

It seems as if we have received just what we were looking for in the new reading-room. What a delightful place it is; and best of all it is well filled with students during all hours of the day.

The girls feel proud of their gymnasium. It is being well filled with apparatus, something new being added all of the time. The only complaint is from the junior and senior girls, who are crowded out of its use.

We are indebted to Bertha Kimball-Dickens for the sketch of Alaskan scenery in this issue.

W. L. Milner, who has been with our paper from the start, has dropped out of College for a time to accept a good position as draftsman in a railroad office in Oklahoma.

Many persons are receiving this paper thru the courtesy of some friend. It is sent with the hope that the recipient will find something of interest in its pages, and sooner or later become better acquainted with our College.

The students were pleased with the visit from the members of the legislature, and are hoping that these honorable men received such a strong impression of our school that on their return they cannot fail to give us our rightful needs.

There is no instructor that takes a greater interest in his work and makes a better showing in the work of his class than Professor McKeever. Much of his instruction bears directly on the preparation of teachers, and the original work of his classes in psychology is worthy of extended notice.

J. M. Jones, of the senior class, goes at once to Alabama, where he will continue his studies and take charge of the department of animal husbandry. It speaks well for our students and the course of training here, when they can command such excellent positions, even before they complete the course.

On account of the limited capacity of their society hall, the Hamiltons gave a special invitation for visitors to hear their regular program in the College chapel. The lower floor was filled with members and visitors, and an interesting and instructive time was enjoyed by all. Excepting the inauguration of officers and some extra music furnished by visitors, the program could be duplicated at any regular session. It is thot that this will become a regular feature once each term.

*In and About Manhattan.*

By L. B. Pickett.

A RETROSPECTION.—One may well be encouraged by a backward look at what has been accomplished in and about Manhattan in the past year. Never before has there been such wonderful improvement in so short a time. Every one, from the little urchin in the street to the merchant and the College professor, is well pleased with the progress and the prospects for the future. City real estate has more than doubled in the past two years and bids fair to go much higher.

One here a year ago would hardly recognize the town, so great has been the change. It can hardly be said that Manhattan is a "wide open" town. Indeed, it is so well filled up that standing room for more buildings is scarce. And still there is a deficiency. Houses of all sizes have been built. No less than sixty-five residences and business houses have been completed in the past year. Notable among the residences are those of G. W. Evans, at the corner of Moro and Juliette; E. A. Cole and R. Paulsen, both at the south entrance to the College; J. D. Colt, on Houston, between Fifth and Juliette; Mrs. N. E. Lewis, on Osage, between Fifth and Juliette; and the Lofinck residence, on Poyntz and Juliette. The most important business houses are the Wareham and Fielding blocks, both substantial stone buildings. Many additions and improvements in residences and stores were also made.

The liberal support of the State for the Agricultural College, both in the number of students and financial ways, is having a decided effect in encouraging the upbuilding of the town. Our citizens are of the most cultured class, who feel that the good name of the city is essential to its continued growth, and that its influence shall be in support of the College spirit and against the negative influences. The

churches are taxed to their fullest capacity to seat the regular attendants and the public schools are crowded with earnest pupils.

PRESENT IMPROVEMENTS AND CONTEMPLATIONS.—The electric light company is building a fifteen-ton ice and cold-storage plant, the plans being such that more can be added if necessary. One or two new boilers will be placed in the plant to run the new machinery.

The contract for the new city building has been let and work will commence about March 1.

About one thousand dollars was added to the funds of the Library Association the past year. The association now has about three thousand dollars on hand, besides its building site, so prospects are good for building this year.

C. P. Dewey is building a large addition to his hotel at Eureka Lake. This will greatly improve the accommodations of the place.

In the past year four important conventions were held in Manhattan: February 3 to 5, was held the State Editorial Association; March 4 to 8, the State Dairy Association; State Association meeting of Congregational Ministers on May 6 to 12; and W. C. T. U. Convention on October 1 to 3.

*Our Reading Table.*

It is interesting to note that the public schools of Pittsburg, Kan., which have tried the industrial system in their course, report such a favorable result that measures are before the present State legislature to introduce the plan all over the State.

In the January number of the *Philistine* the distinguished editor, Elbert Hubbard, put in some of his characteristic licks on the private school. Any one would be mighty glad to be at a safe distance when the private school teacher reads that piece.

A reader of our exchanges has noticed the endless repetition of many of the stale jokes, and suggests as a remedy that we try the chain letter system. Let each squib be numbered and the next one copying number it one higher, and let there be a general agreement that when a joke is published fifty times it be discarded for something new. Just as an illustration, this should be numbered 1.

By the kind permission of our librarian, Mrs. Calvin, we will be allowed to place our exchanges on one of the reading tables in the new library rooms. As we get upwards of a hundred each month, many of them striking and interesting as well as instructive, we feel that they will be duly appreciated by the students and visitors. One other advantage: it will give us all an idea of the work and life in other schools—truly desirable knowledge.

How much more practical is the training in domestic science for the average girls and the work in dairying or shops for boys than the endless search for the questionable meaning of the sorely inflected words of the defunct languages, which nobody knows how to pronounce, much less to speak, so common in many curriculums. The general movement for industrial education will mean a greater demand for teachers from the graduates of the central institutions like this.

An impressive series of articles is now running in *McChure's*, giving a complete history of the growth of the Standard Oil Company. Many of these facts are published for the first time, and were there such an array of questionable charges against a second-rate corporation it would surely be sufficient to land the instigators in the penitentiary. The question naturally arises: how many colleges and universities are tongue-tied on this subject by reason of the gifts they have received from these modern pirates of commerce.

The *Sunday Star*, of January 25, contains a startling article on "The Thirteen War Lords of Finance: Their Unlimited Power." These few men control, directly, nearly every railroad and the larger corporate industries of the country, including most of the banks and telegraphs. Their power, were they disposed to exert it, is more absolute than the mind of man has yet conceived. Who can say when the hour has come that it will be more disastrous to the country to even try to curb their power than when in the early days of the republic we nourished a viper in our breast, until a million lives and a yet unsatisfied debt was required to pay the penalty.

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### A Memorial.

*To the Governor and the Legislature of the State of Kansas:*

Your memorialists, the Washington Alumni Association of the Kansas State Agricultural College, an association of graduates of that College residing in or near Washington, D. C., and chiefly engaged in scientific work, beg respectfully to present this memorial and for cause of our petition to represent;

That the Agricultural College, while performing invaluable service to the State in giving "such general information and discipline of mind and character as help to make intelligent and useful citizens," has also a work of profound importance in the advanced scientific training of its students. The opportunities open to men of scientific training to-day far surpass those of any period of the past, and in every part of the United States those institutions of learning which have provided liberally for the advanced scientific training of their students are rapidly outstripping all others in promoting intellectual and industrial achievement;

That the Kansas State Agricultural College leads all others in America in

point of attendance, and that its undergraduate students exhibit great physical and intellectual vitality and commendable zeal for advancement.

Notwithstanding these elements of strength, the College has not accomplished in postgraduate training the results which its undergraduate work warrants, largely for the reason that it has not been liberally equipped for advanced study in applied science.

In most of the departments there is neither room nor facilities, nor do the instructors have time for more than a limited amount of postgraduate work. The teaching force has been held to such limits that the undergraduate classes alone have consumed the full time of the instructors. Proper equipment has not been furnished, nor specialization encouraged by sufficient subdivision of departments, both essentials in postgraduate study.

The result is, that but a small percentage of graduates enter upon postgraduate courses at that college, many preferring to undertake their postgraduate work at institutions where better facilities are provided. These, when they enter the professions, are credited from the institutions which give them their higher degrees. Thus, through the failure of the Agricultural College to sustain strong postgraduate courses, it loses much of the credit which rightfully belongs to it. An illustration of the insufficiency of the present postgraduate courses is found in the fact that they draw practically no students from other colleges. The salaries of of the professors and instructors do not compare with salaries paid for the same grade of work in similar institutions in other progressive states. This has bred dissatisfaction and a disposition to regard the positions as worthy only of temporary acceptance. Fourteen resignations have occurred in the teaching force within the last two years, practically all of which were to accept better positions.

Your memorialists believe the prime cause of weakness in the postgraduate courses to be the failure of the legislature to provide ample funds for the use of the College. We do, therefore, pray for the most serious consideration for this institution, whose power for good to the State of Kansas is immeasurable and whose work with generous support from the governor and the legislature would be such as to bring national distinction and honor to the State it represents. As graduates of the Agricultural College, jealous of its high ideals, we beseech the munificent support due it in the way of adequate yearly appropriations and in the appointment of regents who shall be men of such broad culture, scientific knowledge and business ability as may enable them to place the College on a plane equal to that of any other in this country, and who thereby shall see to it that it shall not come short of its greatest usefulness both to the State and nation.

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### *Unjustifiable Practice.*

By Flora Ballou.

If it was true, when spoken by Abraham Lincoln, that this republic could not long endure half free and half slave, it is equally true to-day that the republic can not long endure half civilized and half barbarian. If half of it to-day is civilized to be devoted uncompromisingly to the rights of man—the rights that inspired the Declaration of Independence and breathed the soul into the Constitution—not long will the other half continue to practice or desire the life by lynching or by fagot, because their skin is black, of fellow beings accused of crime. The highest lesson of civilization is the right of man as man. The rights of man are to be held virtually sacred because they are the rights of man. Are not all men “created free and equal?” If so, why should the negro, because he is as yet practically uneducated and of lowly

origin, be treated worse than a brute? It is the duty of every civilized and educated American to try to bring about a reform in the way of dealing with these people. Negroes are occasionally lynched in the North, when it seems clear that it was the color, and not the crime, that set the lynchers to work. The South, by its negro lynchings, proclaims loudly that it has not grown civilized enough to hold sacred and to safeguard human rights as such.

That the lynching evil in the South involves an immense responsibility in the North can not be doubted. The South will hardly rid itself of the evil without the help of the North—the help and best spirit of the North.

What do such incredible outbreaks of savage and barbarian passion mean? Possibly the subjugation of the black race, but certainly the destruction, not perhaps physically, but surely morally, of the white race. This must surely be the outcome, if that race grows to be, as it appears to be, indifferent to such atrocity.

It is hard to understand how any man can tolerate, without protest, such a scene and deed of terror as the burning of a human being, or shrug his shoulders at such a spectacle with indifference, as something that does not concern his life or his welfare. The sight of such an act is demoralizing to the spectators, who become so overpowered with their desire for revenge, that they seem to think of nothing but to satisfy that desire.

“Drumhead courtmartial” may sometimes be necessary; the shooting of a mad dog, a poison serpent or a vicious human reptile is sometimes pardonable, but under no conceivable conditions or circumstances, anywhere, at any time, is torture to be permitted by a civilized people.

In view of the possibilities of our civilization depending upon its answer, the question is a momentous one. When pulpit and press speak to-

gether for justice, for law, for order, and stand unflinchingly against the despicable injustice, the wild riot of anarchy and murder that this country witnesses, and is brutalized in witnessing, every time a mob commits a crime; when they speak together, conscious that their speech rings true to the dominant beats of the great heart of this nation, then surely, the days of lynching will be quickly numbered; then the black man accused of crime will be dealt with by the calm majesty of the same law that vindicates itself when it lays hold upon the person or property of a white man; then the gospel of the rights of men as men, sadly ignored in parts of the country to-day and sadly unheeded in others, will have fought a way in which to lead men forward to its final triumph.

~~~~~  
 Prof. John A. Craig, author of “Judging Live Stock,” and who for several years was professor of animal husbandry at Wisconsin University, later occupying the same chair at Iowa Agricultural College, has been secured as instructor in judging beef cattle at the Kansas State Agricultural College during “beef” week, February 23 to 28, 1903. Kansas is to be congratulated on securing the services of such an able judge, and it is hoped that the breeders and feeders of beef cattle over the State will avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing and meeting him at the Agricultural College next February.—*Industrialist*.

Some know not, and know not that they know not. They are fools; avoid them. Some know not, and know that they know not. They are simple; teach them. Some know, and know not that they know. They are asleep; awake them. Some know, and know that they know. They are wise; follow them.—*Arabian Proverb*.

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### *Physical Laboratory Notes.*

The classes in elementary physics are much crowded, making the laboratory sections difficult to accommodate with the necessary pieces of apparatus.

Assistant Anderson is making a study of the absorption of light by the leaves of different plants; also the effect of dispersion of light on plant growth.

Mr. Wabnitz has constructed several pieces of apparatus for use in the laboratory that have given very satisfactory results. Other pieces are being made.

The senior electricals are wrestling with dyamo characteristics. Mr. Anderson and Mr. Sidorfskey have enrolled in the electrical engineering course this term.

There are one hundred eighty-nine students doing laboratory work this term, the seniors in electrical measurements and the freshmen in general physical measurements.

The year's electrical equipment will be complete with the arrival of the 15 K. W. alternator and the 7½ K. W. rotary converter, both manufactured by the General Electrical Company of New York.

### *Hamp. Rags.*

Hamp.—“What would you say if I were to ask to see you home?” Fair Io.—“Just ask me and see.”

Emerick.—“I have an idea or two on this rug. It ought to be turned over.” Carnahan.—“Mr. President! I am opposed to this move. It would bury into oblivion the gentleman's idea.”

Whipple.—“I move that the chair appoint a committee to confer with a like committee from the Io's, to see about moving the pictures.” Thompson.—“I rise to question of information.” Pres.—“State it.” Thompson.—“What Io. is the gentleman interested in?”

Hendershot.—“I rise to a point of order.” President.—“State your point of order.” Hendershot.—“The clock is out of order and should keep still.”

President.—“You may discuss the question, whether bald-headed men should marry.” Extemporaneous Speaker.—“I rise first to a question of information.” President.—“State it.” Extemporaneous Speaker.—“Is the chair's hair falling out?”

The regular nomination speech: “Mr. President, I have in mind a man for president who is clearly ahead of all others. He knows Roberts' Rules from beginning to end. He will be able to decide all these questions at once that we have wrangled over all term. What he does not know about parliamentary law would not be worth the time of any of the other societies to consider. He will be an ornament as well. His smiling countenance will draw crowds of visitors and the career of the society under his care will far outstrip any previous records. There is just one man, and so I nominate Mr. —.”

### *Industrialist Clippings.*

Professor McKeever has an article on “The Psychological Factor in Teaching” in the December number of the *Teachers' World*, published in New York.

Prof. E. E. Faville, formerly of our Horticultural Department, and later president of the Hebrew Agricultural School, at Philadelphia, has founded an agricultural paper, *Successful Farming*, at Des Moines, Iowa.

The biennial report of the State Live Stock Sanitary Board is being distributed. The main part of the pamphlet is devoted to the most common diseases affecting live stock, with methods of treatment and prevention, and is from the pen of Dr. N. S. Mayo, of this College.

*Tales of the Smoky River.*

You have the slope of the limestone hills with the sparkling spring in the lea,  
But the rippling river, 'neath moonbeams silver, belongs alone to me.

O, prattling River, that tells me ever  
Of the days that used to be!

What tales you have told, as the soft breeze sang an accompaniment low and  
clear,

Of Indian braves who found their graves on thy sand bar's shining weir,  
A peaceful grave where the waters lave  
The forms you still hold dear!

The fisherman, pausing beside your bars, hears not the dirge you sing,  
But his laugh rings wild like a merry child's as your treasures he upward flings;  
You seem to veer like a thing in fear  
From the skimming swallows wing.

We have no record of other days, all witness' have vanished save  
The querulous river that talks forever and tells us the tale of the braves,  
As we swiftly float in the rocking boat

O'er the softly dimpling waves:

"Two Indian chiefs in the long dead past met on my beetling brow,  
And the hard-fought fight and its import vast are a matter of history now.  
Sonna and Wanat, as these braves were called, were chiefs of two rival bands  
That had sworn to wipe from the face of the earth all trace of the other clan.  
But Sonna and Wanat had deeper cause for their jealous hate and fear,  
For a bright-faced maid had entrapped them both with her eyes like a hunted  
deer.

By chance they met on my grass-grown banks, and their knives drunk deep  
of blood,

Till their footing slipped and their loves and hates were buried beneath my  
flood.

The rival bands, when their chiefs were gone, fled from the firm advance  
Of the settlers' trains, that swept along like the rush of an avalanche.  
Their race is gone. If you watch with me, as the rain clouds muster low,  
You will hear the dip of the phantom oar and the twang of the hunter's bow."  
I awoke with a start when the tale was done; the moon was clouded o'er;  
The wind's soft blowing, without our rowing, had wafted us to the shore;

The river lay sleeping, her guard still keeping  
Of the days that are no more.

From the dark cloud's shadow I never tried the ghostly bark to see,  
But I doubt not the glory of the olden story of the things that used to be.

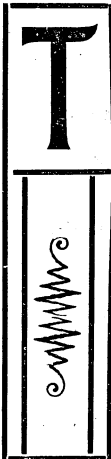
And thou, O, River, I love thee ever,  
For the tales you whisper to me.

ELIZABETH DRUSE.

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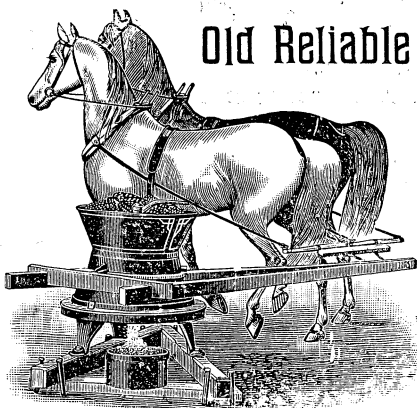
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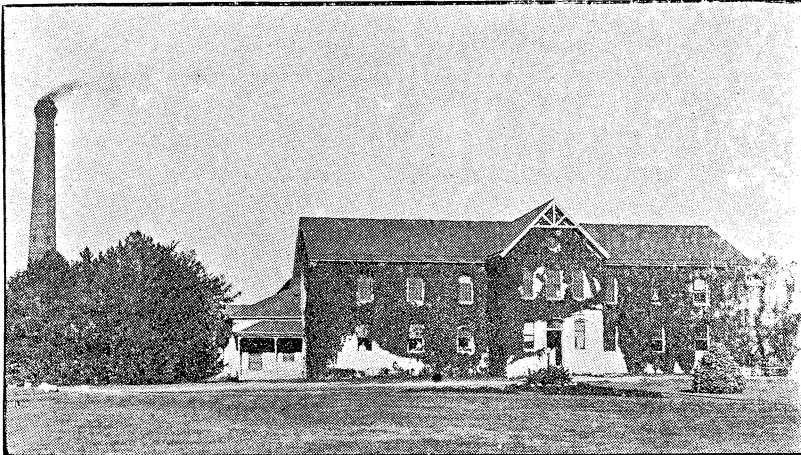
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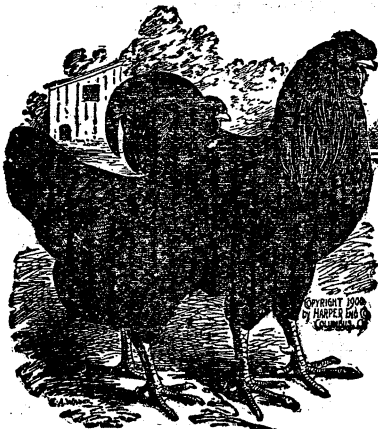
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