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THE JAYHAWKER

Vol. IV

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

No. 9

(ie 8)



June, 1906

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Extract from letter of Professor Roberts, December 12, 1905

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The Big Anniversary Sale at this Store will begin June 10th, this year, so that students may take advantage of it.

THE JAYHAWKER

Don't Wait For Opportunities: Make Them.

VOL. IV.

JUNE, 1906.

NO. 8

Webster and Alpha Beta.

By Wendell Williston, '72.

Well do I remember the cold, stormy night in February, 1866, when I was, according to the formalities duly provided, initiated as a member of the Bluemont Literary Debating Society. I held in awe and reverence those wise seniors who had fittingly impressed upon me the grave responsibilities I assumed, for I was rather a small urchin then, very proud of the dignity of a college student, and it was about the first time that the appellation "Mister" had been applied to me. The formal initiatory ceremonies were held in President Dennison's office, a little corner room in the old Bluemont College, then only recently made a State institution. Perhaps a dozen or so of us were all that could aspire to the honors of membership in the society, for the College was small in those days, not more than one hundred twenty-five in numbers all told.

A year or two later, however, when those grave seniors had duly graduated in the first class from the Kansas Agricultural College, the mantle of the Bluemont Literary Debating Society fell upon our younger shoulders. And well we wore it, for it enwrapped us in dignity like a toga, and, I fear, also covered some small sins—or at least I suspect that Professor Platt and the Reverend Mr. Marlatt may have thought so.

The weekly meetings were well attended—I doubt whether I missed a half dozen throughout my College course; and vast was the volume of eloquence that found utterance within those four walls. But soon the society waxed

larger and we migrated across the hall into Professor Preston's room, and even that would hardly contain us, either physically or intellectually. Henry Dennison and John Points, the old-time leaders, had gone, but others had taken their places. With prosperity, as is so often the case in larger worlds than was ours, schisms and apostacies arose. The society split into two groups or "rings," one of them composed of the "goody-goodies," the devoted friends of the Faculty, and who were in the majority numerically; the other, the members of which were not exactly Sunday-school scholars at least, and among whom I regret to add, the present writer was included. We called the other faction the "Saints," and I fear they called us the "Sinners." Although we were in the minority we fancied that we were too good musicians to play second violin. The fact is we wanted very badly to "run things," and we had a very able leader in Charley Whedon.

Trouble had been brewing throughout the College year 1867-'68, and, in the following autumn when it came time to elect officers the fermentation was complete and the bung blew out. I do not remember just what was the rock upon which we split and made shipwreck of the old Bluemont society, but the catastrophe occurred on the evening of Saturday, October 10, 1868.

We "Sinners" had tried hard to pack the house and control some important policy, but we failed, and after a long and stormy session the question was put (I think that it was my own) that the Bluemont society should dissolve. The resolution car-

ried, for some of the "Saints" shared with us the desire to part company. And we all walked out, without the formality of an adjournment. We of the contumelious clique immediately gathered in the old "boarding-house" near by, and another and important session was held far into the morning hours. There were of us in that notable gathering, if my memory serves me aright, Jesse Johnson, Jim Shannon, Charley Whedon, Charley Young, Dek Houston, Judson White, and the writer of this truthful history. I can not be sure whether "Little Sam Kimble" was with us that night or not, but, if not, he immediately joined the band of the faithful and was ever a staunch supporter of the new society.

After much deliberation we decided to immediately inaugurate a new society, and "do it quick." Jesse Johnson was the wise man among us, for he had actually been a member of a similar society at the University of Michigan, and "had traveled." To me was intrusted the drafting of the new constitution and by-laws. Well do I remember the enthusiasm with which I labored all the next day (Sunday) upon this important document. It was not all original; in fact, it was modeled on the constitution of the before-mentioned Michigan society. Duly engrossed upon legal-cap, with its articles, sections and headings underscored in red, it was submitted the next day, October 12, to the "Committee." And the committee sat immediately and adopted it after some amendments. I had written in the name "Websterian Literary Debating Society," and strenuously urged its adoption, but Jesse Johnson showed his superior wisdom by abbreviating the name to its present form, and Webster it was and Webster it is yet. The MS. went immediately to the printer, and in a very few days, Friday I believe, printed copies were distributed among Faculty and students, much to the chagrin of our

friends, the enemies, who had hardly advanced so far yet as the adoption of a constitution. And thus the Webster society had its origin, the oldest in the College and the oldest of its kind in the State, and the first of its kind in the State to have a "printed constitution."

I had well nigh forgotten to mention Al Todd as one of the devoted members of those early days of the Webster "crowd," though I am not sure that he was a "charter member." Both he and "Little Sam," as we then called the now dignified Judge Kimble, were among the youngest members—in fact, I am not sure they were quite past the age of knickerbockers, had there been such things in those days—but I cannot refrain from intimating that they were by no means the least. "Little Sammy" used to inspire us with a great deal of respect for his most pertinacious grit in acquiring his education—a grit which has made for him the honorable name in life that he now enjoys. And Major Todd was the same earnest and straightforward student then as he has been ever since.

The Alpha Betas, under the leadership of Tolin and Soupene, not to mention Frank Miller, thrrove, notwithstanding their modesty in choosing their name, because they were "learning the A, B, Cs of oratory."

I left College in February, 1869, and did not return until the spring of 1871, when both societies had become the fixtures that they have been ever since. The Alphas stole a march on the Websters in securing a State charter, that was always a matter of chagrin to the Websters.

Seriously, I wish both these societies an abundant success in the future. I can say in all sincerity that the discipline acquired in the weekly meetings of the Webster society of the Agricultural College has been the most important element in whatever of success I have obtained in a long life. In less than two years now both these societies

may celebrate their fortieth anniversary, and when their semi-centennial shall roll around I earnestly hope that I may participate in the exercises commemorative of their foundation.

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***A Glimpse of Italian Literature.***

By L. Maud Zimmerman, '02.

When we gaze back on the history of Italian literature we can see a mountainous surface, with Dante as a solitary peak—behind him a level plain, before him a gradual slope till it reaches a plateau, with Petrarch, Boccaccio, and the great writers of the Renaissance. After Tasso there was a steep declivity till the middle of the eighteenth century, when again an incline is seen.

Italian literature properly so called is of comparatively recent origin. We cannot trace farther back than the thirteenth century. One characteristic of its formative period is its lack of invention or originality, and the spirit of imitation of other writers.

For nearly two hundred years the south of France had been the home of a large number of elegant lyrical poets called troubadours, who sought reward for their art in the brilliant courts of Italy. The North Italian poets began to imitate these troubadours, and some poetry was composed by native tongues in the Provençal language. Among the most famous of these were Sordello of Mantua, praised by Dante in a famous passage of the *Purgatory*, and the subject of Browning's well-known poem. The Provençal models had no originality or freshness or change. Love was the only theme, and the type always remains the same.

Guittone d'Arezzo, the first original poet, makes a great change in Italian poetry and opened the path which leads up to the *Divine Comedy*. The next important step in his progress was Guinicelli. In his poetry he breaks from the old troubadour idea that love came from seeing, that it entered through the eyes of the behold-

er and thence descended to the heart, and says, on the contrary, that love does not come from without, but dwells in the heart and is an attribute thereof.

At this time in North Italy, St. Francis was deserving mention. He loved the beauty of nature, and had a tender love for all creatures. Quaintly enough he was wont to call birds and animals, and even inanimate objects, such as the sun and moon, by the name of brother and sister. His last words were, "welcome sister death." No man knows his resting place. As his funeral procession was on its way to the mausoleum made ready to receive his corpse, it was assaulted by archers, and in the tumult the coffin disappeared. St. Francis' "Hymn of the Creation" is the first poem in the language of his country.

We next meet Alighieri Dante, who sums up all the various tendencies and characteristics of his predecessors and contemporaries. The figure of Dante is one of the saddest in literary history; his life seemed to contain all the sorrow that can fall to the lot of humankind. He was an exile from his native city, separated from family and friends, and deprived of his property. Of Dante's immediate family we know little. Strangely enough, for one who reveals himself so completely in his poetry, he says nothing of either father or mother. The works of Dante are many. The most interesting after the *Divine Comedy* is the *New Life*, a strange and beautiful little book which serves as a prologue to the *Divine Comedy*. The *Divine Comedy* is a visionary journey through the three supernatural worlds—Hell, *Purgatory*, and *Paradise*. In Dante's writings the number nine had a peculiar significance. When he was a boy at an entertainment in Florence he met for the first time Beatrice. She was eight years and four months old, being nine months younger than Dante who had recently completed his ninth

year. He worked it mysteriously into all his writings; to this day scholars are still discovering the mystic nine in all his verses. Dante was not an innovator, he left no one to carry on his work; he closed an epoch rather than opened one.

The man who begins the mighty movement of the Renaissance, from which modern civilization takes its rise, is Petrarch. His Italian poetry consisted of sonnets, ballads, and songs. He wrote the story for his love for a woman named Laura as did Dante of his Platonic love for Beatrice.

Boccaccio, although not so great a genius as Dante, or so great a scholar and master of form as Petrarch, is yet of high importance in the history of Italian literature from a double point of view, as the first great writer of prose and the founder of the modern novel. He is read to-day in the elementary school, and his influence on modern literature is incalculable. In English literature alone most of the great writers found subjects for poems, stories and dramas in the Decameron, among them Chaucer, Dryden, Shakespeare, Keats, Tennyson, and Longfellow.

Boccaccio differed from Petrarch in being an ardent admirer of Dante. Petrarch had once declared that he had never read the Divine Comedy. Because of his lovable and gentle disposition, his friends called him "John of the quiet mind." The one book by which he is best known to-day is his Decameron, a collection of short stories in prose. The name of the book is composed of two Greek words, meaning "ten days," and is explained by the fact that there are one hundred stories, in all, told at ten different times, on ten successive days. Chaucer imitated Boccaccio in this respect in his Canterbury Tales.

The literature of the Italian Renaissance, which was inaugurated by Petrarch and Boccaccio, reached its

highest point with Ariosto. His literary work consisted of comedies, which were among the very first of modern literature—satires and the Orlando Furioso. They contain many details of the society of the day. His most famous work is Orlando which he gave a charm so well known to lovers of Thackeray.

The regular epic was given to Italy by Tasso at the end of the sixteenth century. Tasso's education was varied—a few years' study at a Jesuit school at Naples under private teachers and at law schools of Padua and Bologna. At the latter place he wrote a satire against the school authorities for the university paper (probably called the JAYHAWKER), and was compelled to leave. He led a restless life going from one court life to another. Tasso's works consist of lyrical poems, Aminta, Torresmondo, letters, and the Jerusalem Delivered. By the last he is known the world over.

#### *The Battlefield of Waterloo.*

J. T. Willard, '83.

A Jayhawker presented himself at the ticket window of the Gare du Midi, Brussels. He wanted to go to the battlefield of Waterloo. Fearing that the foreigner could not understand French he wrote "Braine l'Alleud, retour billet," and held up three fingers. The train was due; in a jiffy the intelligent agent had handed over the third-class ticket requested, and incidentally retained 35 centimes more than the price, presumably to remunerate him for the trouble of reading. The traveller ran to the gate, was sped on his way by the guards, and dropped into a seat just in the nick of time. He then found time to examine his ticket, and with the assistance of some Englishmen in the same compartment soon reached the pleasant assurance that he was really on the way to the great battlefield. The little station of Braine l'Alleud is nearest the battlefield. Every one in the car seemed to have



the same object, and all were more or less primed on Napoleonic history. (N. B. Baedeker has a good sketch of the battle.)

We passed through ten or twelve miles of straggling villages and pleasant rolling country. Arrived at Braine l'Alleud we were beset by the representatives of two or three hack-lines, each anxious for the honor of conveying us. Our crowd finally selected the Wellington and was soon jogging slowly uphill toward Mont St. Jean. All the way a troop of beggars ran alongside and behind, bare-footed and ragged, holding out hats and aprons to catch the coins they hoped for. An Englishman was about to get rid of some of his small change but the Jayhawker protested. The sugar-beet fields alongside needed weeding, and that was the legitimate route to wealth for those able-bodied youngsters. One of the passengers said that the bare feet and tatters were wholly for effect; they having good clothes at home. Together we created a hard-hearted sentiment in the 'bus and the beggars made an empty haul.

At the Wellington Hotel we were transferred from our attractive 'bus to a rattle-trap outfit, much less inviting. The Jayhawker, being number seven and having no travelling companion, was crowded into the high front seat with the driver and guide. The latter was a woman about thirty-five years of age, a grand-daughter of a Scotch soldier who fought at Waterloo, and seemed to find some tender attraction in the locality. Attempts to engage her in conversation were at first not altogether successful; she was saving it all for the crowd. We rolled along a road paved with Belgian blocks and set with trees on each side, and at a distance of less than a mile reached the Chateau of Hougomont. Here our guide ordered a halt, rose, and addressed us with much importance. She told us that that paved road

was built by Napoleon and that it stretched from Paris to Brussels. (Score another point for Napoleon. Though defeated at Waterloo, his road will be good a thousand years hence.) Our guide mixed fancy with history and told how when Hougomont took fire during the battle it burned until the fire reached an image of the Virgin, which stopped it without even getting scorched.

Taking another direction, we passed by the unmarked graves of thousands of War's victims, and followed a deeply worn road to Belle Alliance, where Napoleon had his headquarters. This is a low, stone building now used as an inn. Near it is the monument erected to the memory of the French. It is the only artistic monument on the battlefield, and is a bronze eagle, with wings shot through and through, falling backward in death. The figure is mounted on a stone base perhaps eight feet high. The whole is unpretentious but expressive in the extreme.

At Belle Alliance we turned toward our starting-point. Following the Genappe paved road, we passed the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte, which was the scene of some of the fiercest fighting, being in front of the center of the Army of the Allies. A little farther on up a slope we came to the monument to the Hanoverian officers of the German Legion who fell in the battle. On the opposite side of the road is a pillar in memory of Colonel Gordon. These two monuments stand on mounds probably ten feet or more in height. We learn from the guide-book that the top of these mounds is the original surface of the soil, the surrounding portions having been scraped away to erect the Mound of the Belgian Lion.

The Mound of the Belgian Lion is near the center of the position occupied by the Army of the Allies. It is a pyramid of earth 200 feet high. It would compare favorably with Bluemont in height and size, and is surmounted by a bronze figure of the Bel-

gian Lion. This huge pyramid was made by scraping up the earth for some distance around, and, so large was the amount required, the contour of the battlefield was materially altered, much to the disgust of Wellington. In the judgment of the Jayhawker the monument possesses no artistic value; it audaciously magnifies the part that the Belgians had in the battle, and its erection was an act of vandalism on one of the great historic spots. The hotels are near it and our journey over the battlefield was at an end. The guide did not neglect to pass the hat. Her kinfolk had given us a bad coin in some change, and we passed it back to her in the tip.

No one with imagination can fail to be impressed with thought as he treads historic ground. Waterloo, as the site of one of the decisive battles of the world, and the terminus of the active career of one of the ablest men of all times, must ever be of absorbing interest. Its small size is most noticeable. Roughly speaking, the Mound of the Belgian Lion, La Hougomont and Belle Alliance occupy the vertices of an equilateral triangle. The Mound is between the two paved roads, which meet about two-thirds of a mile back at Mont St. Jean. The sides of this area are only about a mile in length, and within that fearful triangle the French and Allies struggled for ten bloody hours. Of course there was other fighting, especially that with the Prussians, but the scene of the desperate charges of Ney and the other marshals can be taken in with one glance of the eye. Compared with the extensive stages upon which great battles are enacted now, Waterloo must be called small. But here again we see that the actors, not the stage, make the drama.

Waterloo to-day is as peaceful in appearance as College Hill. On gently rolling stretches of red clay soil, grass grows, with here and there small fields of sugar-beets, potatoes, or

grain. The farmhouses of Hougomont, La Haye Sainte, and others, embowered in trees, seem to invite one to a quiet vacation, the bones of heroes under grassy slopes are slowly blending with mother earth, and only the importunities of the beggars and hackmen, and the Belgian Lion on his hideous mound, strike inharmonious notes.

#### *An Alumnus in Germany.*

By Philip Fox, '97.

In one or two JAYHAWKERS that have come the long trail and found their way into our "Wohnung," it was intimated that letters from alumni were acceptable. There is abundant material at hand and all about me to make many letters, provided I can assort it properly.

I came to Berlin to study astronomy and strengthen my equipment, and I have been pursuing my purposes with more or less zeal since last September. The university offers a considerable number of courses in astronomy and kindred subjects, so I had no difficulty in making a sufficiently complete schedule. In fact, I am led to the conclusion, from a study of the "Vorlesungen Verzeichniss," that no one, whatever his desires are, would have difficulty in finding what he wanted. You may integrate the courses between the limits of marbles and Sanskrit.

I had the usual difficulties with the language, but was surprised to see how soon I got enough of a hold on it to understand the lectures. Twenty hours a week in German lectures was a shock, but I was too dazed at first to realize it. It was a little difficult at first to pick a model for my German among my professors. They are a curiously assorted lot—a Bavarian, a Sachsen, a Russian, a Dutchman, and one or two unalloyed Germans. I rather liked the Sachsen, for his singing was soothing. It would be slander to any one of them to say that he was a model for my German, for after a few weeks' plugging on the language, the hopelessness of

the task struck me, and since then I have been talking regardless of terminations, articles, gender, etc., hoping that the sound of the thing as I have heard it has made enough impression upon me to keep me right in the majority of cases.

But I am making a long story of my introduction, and having done so, I might rise for my address and say Landshuter Str. 34, as Carlyle did some years ago. What I had in mind to write handles itself concerning a hurried but interesting trip which Mrs. Fox and I through Sachsen and Thüringen made have and concerning the thereunto connected experiences, if you will permit me to use a slightly German construction. It is a story of wild dashes through museums, searches for "Denkmals," craning of necks to see the vaulted roofs of churches, and the usual stunts of hurrying sight-seers.

I do not remember the date of our start or return, but I do know we were gone about a fortnight, and for the most part we had abominable weather. We went first to Dresden and were hospitably received by a bitter cold snow-storm. We called a "Droschke" and for 70 pfennige (less than 20 cents) drove about a mile to our hotel. It was a free day at the museum, so we hurried off rejoicing over this golden opportunity. Now, I do not propose to act as an art critic nor to write a catalogue of the picture gallery. My last attempt at the former was when I tried to put the fear of drawing into the hearts of the class of 1902, then freshmen. But this much I can say, for it is a matter of common report, that the Dresden gallery is among the finest, and that its chiefest treasure, Raffael's "Sistine Madonna," is unsurpassed. Had some one whispered to me, "Will Marvin did that; bully good, isn't it?" I might have had a little less appreciation of it, but I think this master work can stand on its own merits with

far more assurance of recognition than any other master piece I have seen. Most of the old masters are represented, those of the various Italian schools especially well. The collection of modern works is also fine. Hoffmann's well-known and much-copied "Christ Teaching in the Temple" is here. Preller's "Grave of Moses" makes a strong impression. But, as I said, an annotated catalogue is not my purpose.

We made various excursions about the city; to the Great Garden, to Pillnitz up the Elbe, from where we got a view of the "Sächsische Schweiz." We rubbed our Aladdin's lamp, namely 1.50 M., and landed in "Das grüne Gewölbe," the treasure chamber of the Kingdom of Sachsen. Our conductor explained the various articles in a monstrous voice. I thought he was about to have a stroke of apoplexy when he showed us a pearl about the size of my thumb; he was terribly excited. I thought it was a dynamite bomb at first. Clocks, carved ivory ornaments, huge gold and silver plates and bowls, whole dinner sets of massive silver, drinking tools of all kinds, diamond studded crowns, diamond necklaces, brooches, slipper bows, stars, sword hilts, and just diamonds as big or bigger than a quarter lying around loose. (Sounds like a Walt Whitman poem.) I remember all the jewels, but chiefly my heart harks back to the barker. He could make an independent fortune as an electric-belt merchant in the States.

In Leipzig our principal interest was in Thonberg, a small suburban village, the center of the French position at the Battle of Leipzig. A small block of granite, "Napoleonsstein," marks the position from which Napoleon directed the battle. Two hundred meters further on, the "Völkerschlacht Denkmal" is being built to commemorate the battle. It will be a tremendous affair, begun ten years ago and to be

completed in 1913, the centenary of the battle. We followed the retreat through Leipzig to the place where the French blew up the Elster bridge prematurely, and left their rear guard to disaster.

But works of peace are to be seen in Leipzig as well. A great promenade encircles the inner city and takes the place of the old wall and moat of former days. The "Rathaus" stands where the citadel formerly stood and preserves in its architecture something of the idea of its predecessor. This encircling promenade we found to be a common feature of many of these formerly walled towns; Jena, Weimar, and Halle, which we visited later, show it. We spent a pleasant hour in Auerbach's Keller, a famous old wine cellar, a haunt of Goethe when he was a student in Leipzig, and here is laid one scene of his Faust. We visited the museum, the possessor of many modern works of great beauty; Böcklin's "Toten Insel," Vernet's "Bussende Magdalen," Zimmermann's "Jesus Consolator," Preller's "Ulysses Cartoons," portraits by Lenback, N. S. W. We visited the opera twice and were fortunate in hearing the very successful debut of an American soprano in "Tannhäuser." Unfortunately the university was not in session, so I did not hear any lectures. The great building is fine. I visited Professor Bruns and his observatory and spent a very pleasant morning with him. I must also mention the multiplicity of book shops, Leipzig being the center of German publishing interests and book trade.

Jena attracted me on account of the optical shops of Carl Zeiss. Originally Carl Zeiss manufactured microscopes, working alone in a tiny shop, but now the institution employs about fifteen hundred men, and they make optical apparatus of every kind, even to the greatest telescopes. Jena lies in a beautiful valley with high hills, almost mountains, all about it. The student

life in the university is the ideal German student life. The market place is nightly filled with tables, and here sit the students, singing and refreshing themselves with Münchener Pilsener or perhaps local brews. A noble sentiment and stirring.

"Der Herr Professor liest heut kein Col-  
legium  
Darum ist es besser, man trinkt eins  
rum."

Especially in summer is Jena full of students. They wander from university to university more here than in America. We had a pleasant visit with Professor Knopt of the observatory. His dwelling house was formerly occupied by Schiller. We left Jena with one regret. We had not seen the battlefield which was some miles to the north.

Our visit to Weimar was largely a disappointment. We walked in the Ducal Park and I am sorry to say did little beside this. We did hear a performance at the justly praised opera, but we did not go into the Goethe house, or Schiller house, or Herder house, or Liszt house, nor the museum.

I was anxious to return to Berlin, for I wanted to do some work in the observatory at Potsdam before the summer semester opened; so, after a brief stop in Halle, we returned. Our visit there was a great treat. In no city did we see the finest modern buildings and modern life so curiously mixed with building and customs of centuries ago. On one side of the market place, surrounded by modern buildings, stands a church from the 14th century. There is also a clock tower of about the same age. Not far away, however, is a great church which has stood since the 11th century. It is still in use. The interest in Halle rests more especially on two fine old ruined castles or keeps. The one nearest the center of the city, just opposite the physical laboratory, Moritzburg, is beautiful. The moat with its bridges is well preserved. The moat is dry and

has a fine bed of grass and pleasant walks to replace the water of other days. The walls on the town side are in good condition, while those on the river are fallen. The city museum is in the court of this old ruin and is entirely built of stone from the fallen walls. A little farther down the river, opposite Crollwitz, is another fine and ideally situated old ruined keep, Gibichstein. It stands high above the river on a sheer cliff. An old tale has it that an imprisoned landgrave effected his escape by springing into the river some two hundred feet below. It adds to the interest of the place. A great steel bridge just below mars the poetry of the view considerably and prevents free flight of the imagination.

But now we are back in Berlin and I am again into Celestial Mechanics, which is for the most part pure prose. And here my letter stops.

My heartiest regards to all my friends about the College and to the alumni of my day, and my best wishes for the paper and the College accompany this letter.

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Some Popular Books.

M. C. L. '89, Read in Ionian Alumni Program, April 7.

The use of the word "popular" in a discussion of books almost necessarily implies that one is going to talk about books of fiction. Occasionally some other kind of a book, such as *The Simple Life*, for some special reason, enjoys a season of popularity, and a book of history, poetry, or science may have a vogue among a limited class; but the really popular books, that is those that are read widely by people in general, are stories.

Everybody, or almost everybody—there is occasionally a Gradgrind who wants nothing but facts—likes stories, and it is a perfectly natural and legitimate taste. A story is a description of life, and there is nothing so interesting as human life. But not all stories

are novels. A novel is the study of the development of character and is a higher form of fiction, requiring greater knowledge and skill for its production than the tale of incident and adventure, which, however, may be more interesting.

The supply of stories is as unlimited as the demand, and it is utterly impossible for the most inveterate devourer of fiction to read them all. Here is a wide field for exercise of discrimination. Life being so short and the amount of fiction so great it would seem as if every reader would desire to choose to read what most closely answers to his own need, at the same time cultivating his reading faculty, as one cultivates a talent for music. But the complete lack of discrimination which readers of popular books often show is surely enough to make the judicious weep and the cynic smile.

Have a purpose in your reading. This doesn't mean necessarily to bind yourself to a system or that you must read only the masters. But know what you are reading and what you are reading for and let it be for something else than to kill time or because some one says that a certain book is "good." "I don't care what kind of a book I have," says a reader, "just so it is something good." That poor, overworked word! It seems to be the only word the majority of people have in their vocabulary to describe a book. It is either "good" or "no good;" and the futility of the description is shown by the fact that each of these expressions will be applied to the same book by different people. At the same time, many of us cannot tell the difference between what really is a good book and what is not. A reader asks for *Les Miserables* or a book by Mary Jane Holmes. Another will take indifferently *Thackery* or E. P. Roe. I commend to your perusal an essay by Augustine Birrel, entitled "Is it possible to tell a good book from a bad one?"

One of the writers just mentioned is one who is not recent and whose books are not "good" in Mr. Birrel's sense, but are still popular. I suppose, it will hurt no one to read the books of E. P. Roe, if he doesn't have the idea that he is reading literature. Such books should be read only by the very young and by persons of advanced years, that is, those whose tastes are not yet formed and those whose tastes are firmly fixed. The young person who has had the advantage of college training should have outgrown the taste for E. P. Roe, Mary Jane Holmes, and also, it would seem, the McCutcheon type.

A more recent writer, whose books are undeservedly popular, is Thomas Dixon. Their English is poor, their construction faulty, and their interpretation of life untrue. One or two of them have some value as giving an idea of the point of view of a class of southerners. Others have no value whatever.

The books of Conan Doyle, especially the Sherlock Holmes stories, have a wide popularity. Everybody knows Sherlock Holmes.

To come now to some very recent books. There is a pleasure in reading a new book, one that is just out and that other people are reading, which comes partly from its freshness and timeliness and partly from the gratification of the social instinct, the desire to do what our fellows are doing. It may be worth while to read a book that is not worth reading for itself, for the sake of this pleasure. If we are willing to forego this particular enjoyment and wait the two years that Emerson advises, we can decide on its own merits whether the book is worthy of our attention.

But in spite of theories and sage advice, the new books will be read, so let us consider a few of them. The one that leads the Bookman's March list of best-selling books is *The House of Mirth*, by Edith Wharton. By the

way, I wonder how many of the readers of this popular book know whence the author took the title or have thought whether it had any significance. This book is truly a novel and is worth reading for the quality of its workmanship, as well as for its analysis of character and its exhibition of a certain class of society. It is certainly well done, though there might be a question whether the thing that is done is really worth the doing, whether the character and fate of Lily Bart who, as the author herself says, had no real relation to life and the society which she represents, are deserving of such careful treatment. But Mrs. Wharton has a subtle insight and a firm touch that make any work from her hands a source of intellectual pleasure.

Booth Tarkington's *Conquest of Canaan* is also a study of character and of another kind of society. It, like the author's previous success, *The Gentleman From Indiana*, has the scene laid in a small Indiana town. The characters, it may be, are somewhat overdrawn, yet they are convincingly alive. There is the usual charming heroine, developed, however, from apparently unpromising material. More original is the hero, Joe Loudon, who proves himself a hero indeed; while the group of old men whose gathering place is the hotel opposite the court house, makes not the least interesting feature of the book. The delicacy of handling and the joyous humor of the book, despite the pathetic hardships of Joe, make it a delight to read.

A recent book which exemplifies the growing interest in things occult is by the author of several preceding popular books, Hamlin Garland. Like others of his books, *The Tyranny of the Dark* has the Colorado mountains as a background, and this freshness of atmosphere to some extent relieves the sombre impression made by the morbid mental condition of the heroine

who has the fatal facility of a spiritualistic medium. It is said that Mr. Garland has made investigations of occult and psychic phenomena and that the manifestations recounted in the book are such as have come within his own knowledge. They are certainly remarkable and he does not explain them. The interest of the story centers rather in the girl and the young scientist who loves her in spite of her mediumship, and the story ends with the beginning of the redemption of the girl by her lover from the tyranny of the forces of the dark.

What shall be said about such books as those most popular of recent publications, the stories of George Barr McCutcheon, as the *Graustark* books and *Nedra*? Novels they are not; they belong to the class of which the *Prisoner of Zenda* set the style; they are merely, as they have been called, yarns; that is, tales of adventure and incident, whose proper function is simply to rest a weary brain or to pass an idle hour on a summer's day or in traveling, not to form the staple of one's fiction reading. Of the same class are *The Man on the Box*, by Harold McGrath, and a very late book called *The House of a Thousand Candles*, by Meredith Nicholson. These books have no real significance. They are ephemeral, light in matter and also, to their credit, light in form, cleverly done. Somewhat different, having a little more character study, is *The Deluge*, by David Graham Phillips. This is a story of a Wall Street magnate who has more strength than refinement and triumphs over all adverse circumstances of business and love.

The theme of this paper has no end, but one must stop somewhere, and I shall only mention some recent and popular books that from my own examination or from other evidence seem to me to be worth reading; such as S. Weir Mitchell's *Constance Trescott*. J. A. Mitchell's *Villa Claudia*,

Ellen Glasgow's *Wheel of Life*, Hichen's *Garden of Allah*, McCall's *Breath of the Gods*, *The Missourian*, by Percy Eugene Lyle (a Kansas City boy, by the way), Crawford's *Fair Margaret*, and the *Northerner*, by Norah Davis.

Let no one think that there is any compelling necessity, in order to be well read, to read all these or others that might be named. I often think of what the professor of English Literature at Kansas University once said: "If any one ask you if you have read such and such a book, whatever may be the latest popular success, you will do well to answer, 'No, I have not, but I have read *Daniel Deronda*.'" So, let me say, don't neglect the old standards, Walter Scott, Jane Austin, Thackeray, George Eliot, Charles Kingsley, for they have proved their power to be a joy forever to the lover of books.

~~~~~ *Back to the Country.*

By Lora (Waters) Beeler. '88.

Much has been said and written about the modern tendency of city dwellers toward the rural life. Nowhere is this spirit more manifest than in Glen Ellyn, a small town twenty-two miles west of Chicago. Its location is admirable, so far as transportation is concerned, situated as it is between two railroads, the Great Western and Northwestern, and having also the Aurora and Elgin electric line, which now operates through cars to Chicago. The opening of this line has been one great factor in the booming of real estate in Glen Ellyn. Every half-hour during the week, and every fifteen minutes on Saturdays and Sundays, cars go to and from the big city.

It is no unusual sight on vacation days to see whole families, laden with well-filled lunch baskets, stepping from the cars in Glen Ellyn and wending their way toward our little lake and the surrounding woods and mineral springs.

Small wonder that the city dweller who has any love of nature in his breast should have a longing at this season of the year for "Beautiful Glen Ellyn," with its wooded hills, and groves resonant with song of birds, rippling brooks and whispering of trees with new opened leaves, while underneath their branches the brown leaves are giving place to a paradise of wild flowers which dot the mossy banks and scent the air with fragrance. With what glee the children, just from the dusty streets, pick the blossoms fresh from the bosom of mother earth! And who knows how many inaudible prayers of gratitude go up to God from these childish hearts for His beautiful world, and how much of nature's gladness goes back with them, as they return in the evening.

But more fortunate are they who are able to buy one of the acre lots and build a home within sight of the woods that so many months of the year are clothed with beauty; and even in winter, when snow and ice cover the ground, the wind in the tree tops makes somber music, restful to him who holds communion with nature as she speaks her varied language with the changing seasons.

But chiefly is Glen Ellyn a charmed spot to the business man whose tired nerves find rest and calm, pure air and sunshine when, freed from the noise of clanging cars and dust-laden air, he steps from the car to mother earth, in the quiet peaceful glen, at the evening hour, with the day's work in the city ended. Then the tired worker hastens homeward to his dinner, furnished in season from his own garden. "Ah!" you say, "this sounds like getting back to the simple life and the country." Yes, to those of us whose childhood days were spent upon the farm, it does sound as Whitcomb Riley says, like "Gitin' home agin;" yes, home again under conditions vastly different, after education and training have given us the power to see

and know all that nature has in store for those who love her. Here we may study entomology on our own vine and fig tree, here put in practice some ideas of practical agriculture and horticulture learned at dear old K. S. A. C. Verily, we say, it is good to be back in the country again.

Then we look about us and find here our congenial neighbors, with the same love of rural life, each occupied with his own little acre, his fruit-trees, his garden, and we exclaim, "This is living, this is ideal!"

But all the joys for the business man of life in the country have not been mentioned. In early morn he is awakened by chancleer's clear note, and often he partakes of a breakfast of fresh-laid eggs from his own hennery, fruit and berries of his own raising (which no king on Wall Street enjoys). He walks to the station in the fresh, morning air, clover scented, keeping time to the song of the meadow-larks and robins, until in the distance the shrill whistle of the iron horse which is to carry him back to business drowns the music of the morn. But his walk, his exercise in the garden, his communion with nature, have prepared him for the day, given added energy to cope with his brother in the city whose environment has not been so conducive to good health and a clear brain. Does it not pay—a ride of thirty-five minutes each morn and eve?

What wonder, then, that the tendency is toward the country, toward a freer, healthier, simpler life. How we suburbanites pity the flat dwellers, how we should like to tell them what they are missing by huddling up together on a noisy, dusty street, where children have no grass to play on, and the only music is the clang of street cars, the blowing of whistles and the sonorous voice of the dago vegetable vender as he screams, in his own dialect, the edibles that have lain in some commission house on South Water

street for days and weeks! The people of Glen Ellyn prefer to get their vegetables fresh from nature's storehouse, and they know the difference between fresh and cold-storage eggs.

Neither are we lacking in churches and good schools. We are very much alive to all that is brightest and best in life, and we would not exchange a Glen Ellyn lot for a brown stone front on Michigan Avenue.

College Locals.

The Choral Union is busy practising songs for Commencement.

The Baker baseball team fell an easy prey to K. S. A. C. The score was almost too large to mention—14 to 1.

The K. S. A. C. baseball team won its tenth victory over a Kansas team when it met Fairmount Academy. Score, 3 to 4.

The baseball game held with the State Normal on the home ground did not prove such an easy victory as many had expected, but our boys won by a score of 1 to 0.

Go to the W. F. Roehr Music Co. for musical supplies. Everything in music. We have the finest and best in pianos, founded on the judgment of the world's greatest artists.

The second game with K. U. was lost by a score of 4 to 6. Another game to decide the championship was arranged but could not be played on account of the rain and mud. For some reason, K. U. doesn't care to play the "farmers" again.

Several members of the senior elective class in domestic science, under the direction of Miss Rose, performed an interesting experiment recently. The girls prepared their meals in the domestic science laboratory, keeping accurate account of everything used. The experiment lasted two weeks, and at the end of that time the girls worked out the nutritive ratio and caloric value of

the food consumed during the experiment. Part of the object was to determine just how cheaply people can live, and the result was certainly convincing of the statement that one can dine more cheaply and better than the majority of us do.

Additional Alumni Items.

Otto A. Hanson, '05, is teaching in Marquette, Kan.

Albert E. Martin, '91, is telephone engineer in Harrington, Ariz.

Abbie Putnam, '02, is principal of the city school at Edmond, Kan.

L. W. Pursel, '96, is car clerk for the Frisco R. R. in Cherokee, Kan.

J. G. Arbuthnot, '04, is special agent for Old Line Bardsers Life Insurance Co.

L. B. Pickett, '05, is a freight clerk in the Burlington freight house, Lincoln, Neb.

Eva L. Philbrook, '97, is a primary teacher in the city schools of Wa-Keeney, Kan.

Frank A. Hutto, '85, attorney-at-law, is located at 505 Jefferson street, Boise, Idaho.

Clare (Wilson) Dutton, '97, has changed her address from Council Grove, to Alta Vista, Kan., R. R. No. 2.

O. I. Purdy, '99, has moved from Albert Lea, Minn., to South Omaha, Neb., where he is field man for the Daily Drivers' Journal.

Ivan B. Parker, '92, has moved from Grant's Pass, Ore., to Hill City, Kan., where he is a physician and surgeon. He is president of the Graham Co. State Bank.

The report of the marriage of R. N. Dorman, '04, to Miss Elizabeth Downey, of North Topeka, Kan., came too late for publication in the May JAYHAWKER. The event took place April 18 at the home of the bride's parents in Topeka.

EDITORIAL

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THE JAYHAWKER, Manhattan, Kan.

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

JUNE, 1906.

It is rather unusual to find any one regretting the close of the College year, and the editors are not at all unusual. To those people who have escaped without any experience on a college paper we would suggest that it is worth while if only for the sake of getting a different point of view. That delinquent people with the best intentions sometimes affect other people more than they realize and that encouragement is always pleasant are very well known, but these things are impressed upon editors with special force. We wish to express our appreciation of the kindness we have received from those interested in the JAYHAWKER, many of whom we have never met. Mr. J. D. Rickman, of the Printing Department, in particular has won our gratitude. From thinking of him as a dreadful despot ready to do anything to get copy on time we have come to find him one of the JAYHAWKER'S best friends.

Among the many Kansans who have become prominent in their lines during the last quarter of a century may be mentioned Lawrence M. and J. Logan Jones. In 1887 they owned a small store in Stafford, Kan., which had a floor space of 1200 square feet. In 1890 they went to Kansas City,

Kan., where after five years they had a business of over a quarter of a million dollars. Then they moved to Kansas City, Mo. In 1899 their store was destroyed by fire, and this drove them to their present location, at the corner of Twelfth and Main streets. The fire affected them as such misfortunes usually affect energetic people and cities; and to-day their retail space, stock rooms and warehouses cover between eight and nine acres of floor space. Between 1000 and 1500 people are employed by the firm, and the Jones' Dry Goods Company is known throughout several states.

Every student of the K. S. A. C., past and present, who desires to advance in literary work, should secure the course in newspaper correspondence and short story writing from the Western Press Bureau, Topeka, Kan. This course tells you how to write and sell news and short stories to the big dailies and magazines. There is room for such correspondents in every community, and there is a demand for news and stories every day. With this course of instruction you can make a few dollars extra every month, besides the great benefits you derive from a literary standpoint. Send a two cent stamp to the Western Press Bureau at Topeka for the booklet, "Use Your Brain."

K. S. A. C. carried off the honors in the first annual track and field meet of the Kansas Intercollegiate Athletic Association, held at Topeka, May 28. Our College men entered every event, and in only one did they fail to figure in the head marks. Fifty-five points were necessary to win the meet; in the totals K. S. A. C. had 56 of them.



ALUMNI



Chas. B. White, '99, is a ranchman in Canton, Kan.

Mary C. Strite, '05, is teaching at Kanapolis, Kan.

Eleanor M. White, '01, is teaching in American Falls, Idaho.

J. L. Rogers, '04, is a railway postal clerk in Louisburg, Kan.

Lucy L. Waters, '98, is teaching in the Junction City schools.

C. W. Shull, '97, has moved from Winona to Wallace, Kan.

Ora (Wells) Traxler, '92, has moved from Irving to Americus, Kan.

Maude (Sayers) De Land, '89, is a medical student in Pittsburg, Pa.

Carrie B. Oneel, '01, is a bookkeeper and stenographer in San Jose, Cal.

Harriet (Thackery) Reece, '98, has moved from Valentine to Simeon, Neb.

W. E. Smith, '05, is working at the "saw and hammer" trade in Colorado.

C. E. Pincomb, '96, has changed his address from Merriam to Lenexa, Kan.

Chas. R. Pearson, '94, of Hoxie, Kan., is county treasurer of Sheridan county.

Glen R. Shepherd, '02, is teller in the Wyandotte State Bank, in Kansas City, Kan.

C. B. Swift, '05, is teller in the Williamsburg State Bank, Williamsburg, Kan.

Jessie Mustard, '01, is assistant principal of the high school in Solomon, Kan.

W. J. Yoeman, '93, is farming and raising standard-bred coach horses in La Crosse, Kan.

W. C. Moore, '88, of Parsons, Kan., has laid down the pen and gone into the business of raising registered Jersey cattle.

In addition to his law practice, Lewis A. Salter, '79, is editing the *Carmen Headlight*, in Carmen, Okla.

Fanny G. Noyes, '99, is a pupil nurse in the Lakeside Hospital Training School, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Edward O. Sisson, '86, is assistant professor of education in the University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill.

W. P. Tucker, '92, is chief clerk of the American Smelting & Refining Co., Aguascalientes, Aguas, Mex.

Wm. E. Thackery, '96, is assistant superintendent of the Ft. Totten Indian School in North Dakota.

O. B. Whipple, '04, is head instructor in botany and horticulture in the Colorado Agricultural College.

R. A. McIlvaine, '92, is principal teacher in the U. S. Indian School of the Warm Springs Agency, in Oregon.

E. M. Paddleford, '89, minister in the Methodist Episcopal church, has moved from Birmingham to Bonner Springs, Kan.

W. O. Staver, '94, Chinese inspector, district of Texas, U. S. Immigration Service, has moved from El Paso to Del Rio, Tex.

Luther E. Potter, '00, is holding down a claim in Myton, Utah, which he drew in the Myton Reservation opening during August, 1905.

Since last year, Benj. F. Royer, '95, has moved from Clearmont, Mo., to Los Angeles, Cal., where he is a physician and surgeon. His address is 1021 Sunset Boulevard.

J. B. Thoburn, '93, and Caroline (Conwell) Thoburn, '91, are located at 906 West 21st. street, Oklahoma City, Okla. Mr. Thoburn is editor and publisher of an agricultural newspaper.

P. M. Biddison, '04, is chief engineer for the Logan Natural Gas and Fuel Co.

Frank E. La Shelle, '99, is a job printer at 1217 Third street, Clay Center, Kan.

A. N. H. Beeman, '05, of the *Missouri and Kansas Farmer*, Kansas City, made a short visit at the College the middle of last month.

Among the out-of-town alumni who attended the Huntress-Rhoades wedding were Mrs. Sadie (Stingley) Haggman, '96, of Los Angeles, Cal., Claud Masters, '99, of Indian Territory, Daisy Hoffman, '00, of Enterprise, Frank Wagner, '99, of Enterprise, and Mrs. Sue (Long) Strauss, '96, of Topeka.

At half-past two o'clock, Saturday afternoon, June second, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. Paulsen, in Whiting, Kan., occurred the marriage of Nellie Paulsen to Luther B. Pickett. Miss Paulsen and Mr. Pickett were both members of the class of 1905, and they have the best wishes of a wide circle of alumni friends. They will be at home after July 1 in Lincoln, Neb.

Rev. A. D. Rice, '92, writes of a very successful year's work as pastor of the Methodist Church at Hubbell, Neb. He recently dedicated a fine new church at that place, and the work has so increased in his hands that the two points he was serving have been declared large enough to support a pastor each. Accordingly, he now confines his work to the Hubbell charge.

If you sometimes read news items about yourselves that have weeks or months since ceased to be news to you, just remember if you don't keep us posted up to date on your whereabouts and doings, we have to take the news as it comes to us, and that is often in a very roundabout and slow way. Remember, too, that the straighter it comes, the "straighter" it will be when it reaches us.

H. M. Bainer, '00, who has been instructor in agricultural engineering at the Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa, has been elected professor of agricultural engineering at the Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins, for the coming year.

Dr. H. A. Brous, '74, died Thursday, May 10, at 10:30 A. M. Doctor Brous was one of the most talented men that have gone out from this institution. As a physician and surgeon he attained an eminent rank in Philadelphia. By an accidental wound while engaged in an operation he was inoculated with a poison that wrecked his nervous system and terminated in weary years of helplessness a life that had been so full of strength and usefulness. Doctor Brous bore his fate with cheerfulness and through it all he had the ministrations of his devoted wife, who will receive the sympathy of many friends.—*Industrialist*.

The many friends of Phil. Sheridan Creager, '91, were shocked to hear of his death, which occurred in Kansas City, May 11, as the result of an operation for appendicitis. Up to within a week of his death he had been attending to his duties as telegraph editor of the *Kansas City Journal*. He had been slightly indisposed for a few days previously, and when medical aid was summoned, May 5, an immediate operation for appendicitis was decided upon. The patient was apparently recovering until May 10, when he rapidly grew worse. Mr. Creager, after graduating from K. S. A. C. in '91, took charge of the "Field and Farm" department of the *Topeka Daily Capital*. He was later made city editor and left this place twelve years ago to take the position in Kansas City which he held to the time of his death. His faithfulness and cheerful nature made him a universal favorite and he will be missed by hundreds of other people besides his wife and two children.

Ollie (McCurry) Walker, '00, sends her address as Plymouth, Kan.

George Martinson, '01, attorney at law, has moved from Reno to Manhattan, Nev.

Maude (Gardiner) Obrecht, '93, and her husband are the parents of a son born April 30.

C W. Thompson, '89, and wife, of Holton, Kan., are the happy parents of a little girl born May 7.

Hope Brady, '98, has finished another year of teaching at Liberal, Kan., and is now at her home in Manhattan.

S. E. Morlan, '04, is an electrician with W. T. Osborn & Co., of Kansas City, Mo. His address is 1421 Locust street.

Robert Carpenter Wheeler was born, March 7, to Mark Wheeler, '97, and Jeanette (Carpenter) Wheeler, junior in 1897.

James G. Savage, '04, who is in the employ of the Santa Fe, has been transferred from San Bernardino, Cal., to La Junta, Colo.

Ula Dow, '05, who has spent the year in school at Framingham, Mass., will conduct the summer-school work in domestic science here, during the month of July.

W. S. Sargent, '01, field assistant in the western division of the U. S. Geological Survey, is at present in Phoenix, Ariz., but after June 1 will make headquarters at Ft. Washakie, Wyo.

Dean B. Swingle, '00, stopped over in Manhattan, June 2 and 3, on his way from California to Washington, D. C. Mr. Swingle is in the Government service and has been inspecting the pear blight in California.

Ruth Madge McKeen, '01, was married Wednesday evening, May 16, to Irving Alexton. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's parents near Keats. Mr. and Mrs. Alexton will make their home at Randolph, Kan.

Henrietta M. Hofer, '02, who graduates, June 19, from the Chicago Conservatory of Music, has been elected to the chair of instructor in vocal music at Graceland College, Lamoni, Iowa. Her duties there will begin September 25.

In a recent letter to Professor Willard, V. Maelzer, '97, of May, Idaho, makes the somewhat tardy announcement of his marriage, which took place in May, 1905. Mr. Maelzer says that he has this spring submitted to Uncle Sam proof of five years' residence on a homestead.

Mrs. Miriam (Swingle) Joss, '96, of Tacoma, Wash., visited with her parents in Manhattan, a few days last month, on her way home from Fairview, where she and Dr. E. C. Joss, '96, were called by the death of the doctor's mother. Mrs. Joss has a wide circle of friends in Manhattan who were glad of even the brief visit with her while she was here.

Bulletin 169 of the Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station, on "Spraying for the San José Scale," is written by John Houser, '04, who is assistant entomologist of that station. This campaign against the San José Scale, initiated by Prof. P. J. Parrot during his service as entomologist of the Ohio Experiment Station, has been vigorously carried forward by Mr. Houser, who has outlined most of the experimental plans and has performed a great deal of the field work.

This year the alumni who visit their Alma Mater at Commencement time will find a cozy, home-like room at the south end of Anderson Hall, where they can go to rest and visit with one another. The room will be fixed up by a number of alumni girls at home, with whom the idea originated (Ionians, by the way), and no pains will be spared that may add to the pleasure or comfort of our visitors. Look for the "Alumni Headquarters," and make it yours while you are here.

Edith Davis, '05, and her mother expect to leave soon for an extended visit in England and Wales.

There will be no mid-summer number of the JAYHAWKER this year. The editors are going on a vacation.

Emilie Pfuetze, '98, has resigned her position as cashier at E. A. Wharton's, and Katharena Winter, '01, has taken her place.

Clara Pancake, '03, who has been visiting for some time with her sister in Netawaka, has returned to Manhattan where she will remain until after Commencement.

H. C. Kyle, '03, assistant in Agriculture at K. S. A. C., left May 29 for Wooster, Ohio, where he has received the appointment to a similar position at the Ohio Experiment Station.

During the month past, contributions to the JAYHAWKER fund have been made by I. A. Robertson, '96, S. W. Williston, '72, Mrs. Dalinda (Mason) Cotey, '81, J. L. Stingley, '94, and W. L. Hall, '98.

Leslie A. Fitz, '02, called on friends at the College, June 1. Mr. Fitz is traveling through the winter wheat districts in western Kansas, Colorado, Indian Territory, and northern Texas, in the interest of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

THE GRADUATE IONIAN SOCIETY.

As the evening of May 14 approached, ominous clouds threatened to frustrate the plans of the "Gamma Iota Sigma;" but the girls were brave and the threat proved to be a mere bluff. In spite of the weather, seventeen of the forty-four resident members repaired to a cozy nook in the city park and there spread such a feast as has not been seen for many a day. As we sat in a circle admiring the viands before us, one of the wise ones declared that we would have to send for our brother Hamiltons to help devour the good things: such dainty sandwiches; such appetizing salads; such delicate

cakes; such delicious strawberry short-cake, with cream; such excellent ice-cream!—"Heaven bless the mark!" I have not time or breath to do justice to the subject. But suffice to say that we took time to do ample justice to all the dainties—the Hamiltons were not needed; and the most significant thing of the event was the four dozen pickles that remained untouched (nothing but pickles sighted).

After the repast, various games were played—just enough to assure ourselves that though we are graduates we are still young. Then came the more serious part of our meeting, viz., the signing of the constitution and paying our term dues. It may be of interest to know that each term consists of six months, the terms beginning respectively on April 1, and October 1.

After a lively business session, in which various important matters were considered, among them our Commencement manners and behavior, we gave the "Ionian War-Cry" and adjourned, feeling that it was indeed good to be an Io.

A FAVORED ONE.

O'DANIEL AMOS.

On the evening of June sixth, 1906, at 8:30 o'clock, there occurred in the Baptist church of Manhattan the marriage of Anna Luella O'Daniel, '03, and Edgar McCall Amos, '02.

The church decoration scheme was pink and white. Miss Augusta Amos and Miss Rena Cooper, of Pittsburg, Kan., attended the bride as maids-of-honor, and the Treble Clef, of which Miss O'Daniel was a member, acted as bridesmaids. Mr. Amos was attended by Capt. P. M. Shaffer as best man.

The ushers were Messrs. Earl Evans, Max Wolf, Harry Amos, and Roy Hamaker.

Before the ceremony Miss Florence Sweet sang "Bid Me to Love." A trio composed of Misses Adelle Blachly, Florence Sweet, and Grace Smith sang

the "Bridal Chorus," from Lohengren, and during the ceremony Mr. Harry Brown played softly on the violin, Miss Nelle Cave accompanying him on the organ. After the wedding a reception was given Mr. and Mrs. Amos at the home of the bride's parents, to which were invited the bridal party, the relatives and intimate friends of the families.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos left on the midnight train for a short bridal tour, after which they will be at home to their friends in Manhattan.

THE JAYHAWKER QUESTION.

The committee appointed to ascertain the views of the alumni concerning the JAYHAWKER sent a circular letter, with a return card, to each graduate, and has canvassed the replies received thus far. Of the 170 answers all but seven are favorable to acquiring the JAYHAWKER and issuing it as an alumni magazine. As there are nearly 1000 living graduates, it will be seen that only about 17 per cent of them have taken the trouble to reply. The natural inference is that the 83 per cent either are indifferent in the matter, or oppose the suggestion but do not care to do so actively. If this inference does them injustice, immediate attention to this last call before Commencement is necessary in order that adequate information may be before the association.

Of those replying to the circular, several suggest the formation of a stock company among the alumni, which presumably would consist of those most interested in the venture. This proposition has much merit and should be carefully considered. Such a company would need to consist of enthusiastic individuals who would be willing to take the chances, stand the losses, and wait for the magazine to win financial success by demonstrating its necessity to the alumni. The great majority of those who replied favor supporting the magazine by advertis-

ing and subscriptions. A considerable number suggest assessing the alumni or charging annual dues sufficient to meet all expenses including the cost of the magazine, and then to furnish it to all. The makers of these and kindred suggestions seem to be unaware that the association has absolutely no means of enforcing an assessment or collecting dues. The worst that could be done to a delinquent member would be to cut off his copy of the JAYHAWKER, and that would do nothing toward paying for it. So in the end the magazine will have to be supported by those who want it.

It is evident that the support of four or five times 170 alumni will be necessary to guarantee success, and replies from the other hundreds are respectfully urged. DO IT NOW.—*Industrialist*.

KANSAS CITY ALUMNI.

We are indebted to A. N. H. Bee-man, '05, for the following notes about K. S. A. C.-ites in Kansas City:

Melva F. Avery, '99, lives at 14 S. Park avenue, K. C., Kan.

Lillian (St. John) Williams, '91, lives at 841 Osage, K. C., Kan.

Lucy Ellis, '95, is a teacher, living at 334 Ann avenue, K. C., Kan.

W. S. Whitford lives at Armourdale (Kan.) Hotel. He is in bridge construction work.

C. A. Chandler, '00, is still landscape gardener at K. C. parks. His home is at 3122 Cherry street.

Dora (Thompson) Winter, '95, resides at 2303 Wabash avenue. She has a daughter and two fine boys.

T. L. Jones, '96, is a salesman and piano tuner for J. W. Jenkins & Sons Music Co. He lives at 2221 E. 21st street.

J. R. Harrison, '88, is located in the Federal Building as "P. O. inspector in charge." He lives at 204 Linwood avenue.

Ida M. Johnson, sophomore in '99-'00, lives at 235 N. 16th street, K. C., Kan.

May Harman, '93, is a teacher of drawing at the Kansas City, Kan., high school. Her home is at 905 N. 9th street.

B. Frank Hinton, student in the early '90's, is a prosperous groceryman at 10th and Minnesota avenue, K. C., Kan.

W. S. Trader, student in the early '90's, is manager of the Hodge-Walsh Electrical Company's fixture department at K. C.

S. E. Morlan, '04, lives at 1421 Locust street. He is doing inside wiring for the Morris Electrical Co., 7th and Delaware.

Dr. A. T. Kinsley, '99, and Anna (Smith) Kinsley, '01, live at 811 E. 16th street. The doctor is a highly valued member of the faculty at the K. C. Veterinary College, occupying the chair of bacteriology.

Miss Anna Hutchings, former student, graduated as a trained nurse, the latter part of May, from the Red Cross Hospital. Miss Glenn McHugh did likewise from the University Medical College training school.

Chas. Hutchings, '94, has been employed for several years as superintendent of construction for the United Zinc and Chemical Works, at Argentine, Kan. He was recently at Iola looking after work for the company.

The name of H. C. Rushmore, '79, often appears in the College papers. Few rush more or do more than he. He lives at 357 Waverly, K. C., Kan. He is still a traveling representative of the Norwell-Shapleigh Hardware Co.

"Fat" Hillyer, former student, is now a foreman in the construction department of the K. C. Metropolitan Street Railway Co. His brother, F. F., has been married for some months and lives at 2652 E. 7th street, K. C., Mo.

J. W. Fields, '03, has one more year in the Western Dental College. He left for home at McPherson recently to spend the vacation.

C. V. Holsinger and Olive (Wilson) Holsinger, both '95, live at Rosedale, a suburb of K. C. They are interested in market gardening and fruit growing.

Frank Yoeman, '98, is a lawyer, having offices at 57 Waterworks Bldg., 6th and Walnut streets. Another K. C. lawyer is H. G. Pope, '94. He is a member of the law firm of Bird and Pope. Mr. Bird was a student in the early '80's.

John Patten, '95, his wife and boy spent a short while in Kansas City, recently, on the way to Chicago from the Pacific coast. Mr. Patten is secretary and treasurer of the Chas. Smith Company, manufacturers of heating apparatus.

T. W. Morse, '95, is an agricultural advertiser. He lives at 1100 W. 40th street. In the same household are Lorena (Helder) Morse, '94, and Arthur Helder, '04. Arthur is employed at the Schaeffer Floral Co., 9th and Walnut.

Rev. J. E. Thackery, '93, and Elva (Palmer) Thackery, '96, now live at Maywood, Mo., a few miles east of K. C. on the electric line to Independence. Mr. Thackery was transferred to there at the last meeting of the St. Louis M. E. conference.

Miss Bertha H. Bacheller, '88, lives at 26 S. 16th street, Kansas City, Kan. She was chosen vice-president of the K. C. alumni organization at the March meeting. She is director of domestic science in the Manual Training High School.

A. E. Blair, '99, is an architectural draftsman. Jennie (Smith) Blair, D. S. short-course student in 1905, is putting into practice her knowledge of things pertaining to the home, as his wife. They live at 1708 Broadway. Mrs. Blair was a Topeka girl.

J. N. Bridgman, '91, and Grace (Stokes) Bridgman, student from '94 to '96, live on Quindaro Boulevard, K. C., Kan. Mr. Bridgman is a Missouri Pacific civil engineer.

W. O. Gray, '04, has one more year at the University Medical College. Since school closed he spent a month looking after cases at the Keeley Institute at K. C. and is now getting some splendid experience doing the same thing at the city hospital.

B. L. Short, '82, lives at 47 N. Valley street, in what Kansas City people call "The West End," namely, Kansas City, Kan. Mr. Short was elected president of the Kansas City branch of the alumni association last spring. He was formerly assistant postmaster at "K. C. K.," but is now in the railway mail service.

Dr. W. I. Joss, '95, graduated from the Hahnemann Medical College this spring. He stopped off at Kansas City recently on the way to Philadelphia from his mother's funeral at Fairview, Kan. He is now inspector in charge of the local office, bureau of animal industry, in the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

H. A. Burt, '05, whose name appeared in the May JAYHAWKER, has been recently transferred from the drafting room to work in installing telephones for the Missouri and Kansas Telephone Co. The transfer was at his request, and he is now in line of promotion. Walter Burt, student last year, has left K. C. for Hugoton, Kan., where he is holding down a homestead claim.

C. W. Fryhofer, '05, passed through K. C., May 15, on the way to Manchester, Iowa, where he began, May 17, as butter inspector for the dairy division, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. He spent four weeks at his home near Randolph, having left Amherst, Mass., April 1. On the way home he stopped one week in Washington, D. C., making also short stays in St. Louis and Columbia, Mo.

Dr. G. W. Smith, '93, has offices at 413 Deardorff Bldg., 11th and Main streets, Kansas City, Mo. He lives at 3109 Charlotte. He is registrar of the Hahnemann Medical College, and is making a specialty of diseases of the nervous system. Dr. Smith was elected secretary and treasurer of the K. C. alumni organization at the March meeting. Dr. Clay E. Coburn, '91, is also with the Hahnemann Medical College, being professor of physical diagnosis. He has offices in the Portsmouth Building in the West End.

The second annual banquet of the K. S. A. C. Alumni of Chicago was held April 21, at the Saratoga Hotel. About fifty-three people gathered in the parlors of the hotel at 6:30, and the buzz and chatter signified that each and every one was enjoying himself to the utmost. As guest of honor we had President Nichols, and we were so glad to see him once more that we fairly besieged him with greetings and questions. After renewing old acquaintances, we repaired to the banquet room, where the following menu was served:

Blue points	
Celery	Olives
Consomme en tasse	
Individual Planked Bluefish, Duchesse.	
Lemon Ice	
Roast Young Turkey	Cranberry Sauce
Mashed Potatoes	
Combination Salad	
New York Ice-cream	Assorted Cake
Brie Cheese	Toasted Wafers
Coffee.	

After partaking of this sumptuous repast, we were introduced, by President Robertson, to the toastmaster of the evening, Wendall Williston, '73. Mr. Williston gave us a good start and we all entered into the spirit of the occasion.

"That Reminds Me" was very ably presented by Edwin A. Munger, after which we listened to a most interesting original poem, entitled "From Kansas," by Madeline W. Milner, '95. Henrietta M. Hofer, '02, then sang "Haymaking," by Needham, and responded to an encore by singing "Little Orphant Annie." "Reciprocity Among Colleges" was the subject presented by Geo. M. Logan, '02. This was followed by "How an Alumnus Can Help His Alma Mater," by Raymond H. Pond, '98. Mr. Louis B. Bender, '04, favored us with a number of selections on the saxophone. Margaret Mather, '02, gave us a very interesting talk, after which Ione (Dewey) Sutherland, '95, favored us with a vocal solo, "Ah, 'Tis a dream," by Hawley, and as an encore sang "My Little Love," by Hawley. President Nichols talked to us about K. S. A. C., and brought greetings to us all from our Alma Mater. After this we sang "Alma Mater," and John V. Patten, '95, talked on College Enthusiasm. We closed by singing that old appropriate song, "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot," and wondered if we would all ever meet together again.

Those present were Kate (White) Turley, '71, S. W. Williston, '72, D. G. Robertson, '86, W. E. Whaley, '86, S. N. Peck, '87, Lora (Waters) Beeler, '88, C. E. Freeman, '89, E. T. Martin, '90, Grant Dewey, '90, Madeline W. Milner, '91, Ione (Dewey) Sutherland, '93, J. W. Evans, '94, J. V. Patten, '95, Hortense (Harmon) Patten, '95, Mabel (Crump) McCauley, '95, E. H. Freeman, '95, A. C. Peck, '96, Raymond H. Pond, '98, H. D. Orr, '99, W. F. Lawry, '00, Margaret Mather, '02, Geo. Logan, '02, Henrietta M. Hofer, '02, Clara Goodrich, '03, Raymond G. Lawry, '03, E. C. Gardner, '04, L. B. Bender, '04, Harry P. Hess, '05, C. P. Blachly, '05, Olive B. Dunlap, '05, Geo. Wolf, '05, R. T. Kersey,

'04, C. H. White, '05, Mrs. B. (White) Shirley, Mr. Thomas Shirley, Misses Abbott, Mrs. D. G. Robertson, Elmer House, Chas. H. McCauley, Mrs. Geo. Evans, Mrs. Henrietta (Evans) Wakefield, Geo. F. Dewey, Mrs. Geo. F. Dewey, Mrs. Grant Dewey, Edwin A. Munger, Miss Gardner, Reverend Milner, Mrs. S. W. Williston, G. W. Beeler, Mrs. S. N. Peck, Mr. H. A. Root, Z. T. Turley, Pres. E. R. Nichols, Professor Sparks of Chicago University.

H. M. H., '02.

The following are some extracts from a recent letter from J. A. Correll, '03, who is attending the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at Boston:

As last Thursday, April 19, was the anniversary of the battles of Lexington and Concord, we were given a holiday. It is only about eighteen miles to Lexington and six more to Concord, so my roommate and I decided to go and look over this historic ground. We left here about ten o'clock, went up to Lexington, stayed there a while, then went on to Concord and began a systematic chase of the British.

We began at the Old North Bridge where the first shot of the Revolution was fired. It was here that the Minute Men met the British marching to take their stores at Concord. There is a fine bronze statue of a Minute Man where the first Minute Man fell.

Going from the bridge toward town, we turned from the military to the literary long enough to see the Old Manse. Going on, we passed Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, where many famous people are buried, including Miss Alcott, Emerson, and Hawthorne.

In the center of Concord stands the old Wright Tavern which was used by both Minute Men and British as headquarters at different times. Here we saw the room where Major Pitcairn drank his toddy and made his boast that he would "stir the Yankees' blood to-day."

Just outside of the town, we visited the homes of Louise Alcott, Emerson, and Hawthorne.

As the car line from Lexington to Concord does not follow the line of British retreat, we decided to walk those six miles and follow the retreating British. A mile or so out of Lexington is the place where the British rallied and attempted to hold their ground, but were driven back. Here the road branches, both roads being labeled as leading to Lexington. Of course we took the wrong road, so did not chase the Red Coats any farther, but I suppose they got to Lexington all right, as we did. I think we were about as tired as they were, too. Lexington Green is the center of attraction here. Here the Minute Men assembled at midnight, April 18, 1775, when Paul Revere aroused the town, Capt. John Parker giving them instructions to load with powder and ball but not to fire unless fired upon. Near by is old Buckman Tavern, to which the patriots retreated when driven from the Green by the British. They continued to fire from this house, and there are still bullet holes in the siding made by British bullets in reply. The most interesting spot on the Green is a large boulder, marking the line of Minute Men and bearing on one face a carving of an old musket and powder-horn, with the words of Captain Parker, "Stand your ground; don't fire unless fired upon; but if they mean to have a war, let it begin here." The house where John Hancock and Samuel Adams were sleeping when aroused by Paul Revere is still standing.

After walking a short distance out of Lexington, we decided we were ready to get home as soon as possible; so we jumped on to the first car and hung to straps until we got back to Boston.

HUNTRESS-RHOADES.

Edith Huntress, '01, who has been executive clerk in the secretary's office of the College, was married to W. J.

Rhoades, '97, on the evening of May 10, at the Presbyterian church of Manhattan.

During the month preceding the wedding, the bride-to-be was the recipient of an unusual amount of social favor, the first function being an Easter luncheon given by her cousin, Mrs. H. S. Willard.

On the evening of April 27, Miss Wilhelmina Spohr, '97, gave a bundle shower for Miss Huntress. The occasion was a merry one and the bride was showered with many pretty gifts and countless towels, wash cloths and holders made by the guests during the evening. After writing suggestive menus for the bride to use in her new home, refreshments were served and then a shower from the skies made the guests hastily depart.

Mrs. Robert Spilman gave a delightful three-course breakfast, May 3, with Miss Huntress as guest of honor. The table decorations of bridal wreath and valley lillies were very pleasing, and small baskets of the flowers at each place made beautiful souvenirs.

The G. A. L. S. Club, which is composed mostly of graduates of the College, followed their usual custom of giving a luncheon in honor of one of their number who is about to be married. This delightful affair for Miss Huntress was held at the home of Mrs. Cecil Anderson, at 7 o'clock, Monday evening, May 7. Green, yellow and white was the color scheme used in the table decorations and menu. The place of honor was adorned with yellow roses, and the bride-to-be looked very charming in a gown of white over yellow taffeta. Miss Margaret Rhoades, sister of the groom, and Miss Sayde Williams, of Olathe, and Miss Louise Stingley were the invited guests.

On the following evening, about twenty-five young ladies enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Wm. Stingley and Miss Louise Stingley, who had invited them to a "Sweetheart Picnic."

Miss Clara Spilman, '00, who is teaching in Camden Point, Mo., returned to Manhattan to be maid-of-honor at the wedding of her classmate, and she very pleasantly entertained the bridal party at her home Wednesday evening, May 9.

The following extract from the *Nationalist* gives an account of the wedding:

"Thursday, May 10, at 8 P. M., at the Presbyterian church, occurred the wedding of Miss Edith Louise Huntress and Mr. W. J. Rhoades, of Olathe. The impressive ring ceremony was used, Rev. E. H. Gelvin officiating. The ceremony took place in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends, while R. H. Brown, '98, with the violin, played 'The Flower Song' and 'Annie Laurie,' accompanied by Miss Lora Perry at the organ.

"Promptly at the appointed hour the beautiful strains of the wedding march from Lohengren announced the approach of the bridal party. The six bridesmaids, namely, Mrs. C. G. Anderson, Mrs. Charles Reimold, of Enterprise, Mrs. S. Jas. Pratt, '01, Mrs. Ben Mudge, Miss Gertrude Rhodes, '98, and Miss Alice Ross, '03, all members of the G. A. L. S., were dressed in white and carried bouquets of white carnations and ferns. Then came the ring bearer, little Allison Whitten, dressed in white and carrying the ring in a calla lily. Preceding the bride and groom was Miss Clara Spilman, '00, who acted as maid-of-honor. She was dressed in a gown of white dotted swiss over green silk and carried pink roses. The bride was most charmingly attired in a gown of white chiffon over white taffeta, and carried a magnificent shower bouquet of bride's roses and valley lillies. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and potted plants.

Following the ceremony, a reception was given at the Huntress home to

about seventy-five relatives and friends. The rooms were very attractive in their quiet green and white decorations illuminated with the soft light of many green and white shaded candles. Refreshments were also carried out in green and white and punch was served throughout the evening by Miss Lydia Long, of Kansas City.

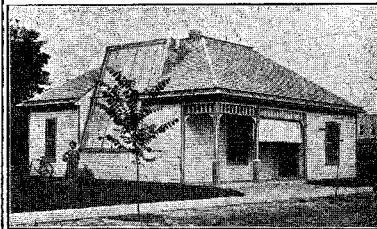
Miss Huntress has grown to womanhood in Manhattan and no young lady has more friends in this community than she has on account of her real worth of character, culture and refinement and her valuable assistance in the church, school and social life in Manhattan.

Mr. Rhoades is cashier of the Patron's National Bank, of Olathe, and has an enviable reputation for ability, energy and fair dealing.

The JAYHAWKER and a host of other alumni friends extend their hearty congratulations and good wishes.

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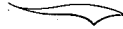
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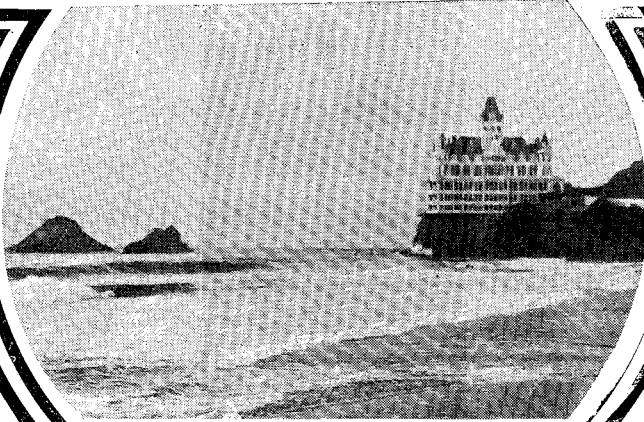
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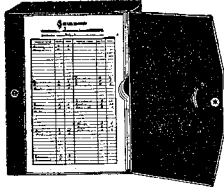
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
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