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The JAYHAWKER

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THE JAYHAWKER

MANHATTAN, - - - KANSAS



DON'T WAIT FOR OPPORTUNITIES; MAKE THEM.

VOL. I.

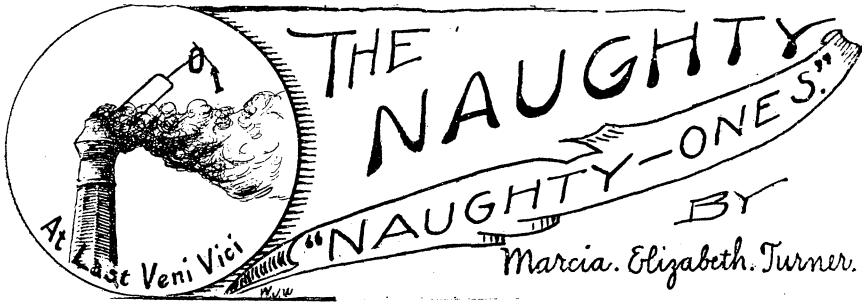
JUNE 15, 1903.

NO. 8

LIFE.

The world wants men—large-hearted, manly men;
Men who shall join in its chorus, and prolong
The psalm of labor, and the psalm of love.
The times want scholars—scholars who shall shape
The doubtful destinies of dubious years,
And land the ark, that bears our country's good,
Safe on some peaceful Ararat at last.
The age wants heroes—heroes who shall dare
To struggle in the solid rock of truth;
To clutch the monster error by the throat;
To bear opinion to a loftier seat;
To blot the era of oppression out,
And lead a universal freedom in.
And heaven wants souls—fresh and capacious souls;
To taste its raptures, and expand like flowers
Beneath the glory of its central sun.
It wants fresh souls—not lean and shrivelled ones;
It wants fresh souls, my brother—give it thine.
If thou indeed would be what scholars should;
If thou wilt be a hero, and wilt strive
To help thy fellow and exhalt thyself,
Thy feet at last shall stand on jasper floors;
Thy heart, at last, shall seem a thousand hea
Each single heart with myriad raptures filled;
While thou shall sit with princes and with kings,
Rich in the jewel of a ransomed soul.

J. G. HOLLAND.



"I'll tell you, we've got to do it to distinguish ourselves; this college is becoming tame in the extreme and we must redeem it. Beside, we must keep the memory of our class green in the hearts of the juniors."

Thus, in a comfortable nook on the campus of a Kansas college, spoke Morton to a group of seniors like himself; and it could be seen in the gathering dusk that they were following his words intently.

"I was speaking to a crowd of our fellows yesterday, and they were wild over the idea—said they'd help if it cost them their sheepskins."

"That is just the idea, Mort.," spoke up one of his listeners. "I'm no coward; but you know ever since that time when they set Prof. Whitcomb's carriage upon the Library Hall, fellows have had to walk the chalk. I've an idea they'd make it lively for us. Hold on, Stub, don't hiss yet! I didn't say I wouldn't help if we decide it is a good plan."

"It is a good plan! We'll see it thru all right," several boys exclaimed.

"You see," said Morton, "for several years it has been the ambition of the senior classes to fly their colors from the top of the old smoke-stack, and no one has ever thought of a way to do it till now. Jim and I were talking about it the other night, and tho we have not completed the plans any further than I have told you, we can sure make it a go. We'll have to be pretty quiet about it, tho, unless we want the janitor to appear on the scene

just as we are about thru. How does it strike you, boys?"

"I'm right in with you; I know the faculty is strict, but that makes it all the more exciting. If it were brought up in class meeting every vote would be 'aye.'"

"Not quite," said Stub. "Don't you ever do a thing like that; half the girls there would roll their eyes in horror, and like as not go and tell."

"That's true," said Morton, "let it be only between those who will help. I'll have to get to my room and cram now—only five weeks till 'exams,' you know. Don't breathe a word—not even to your mothers or sweet-hearts!"

"I should say not," growled Stub.

For the next few days enthusiastic groups of senior boys met in unfrequented places and talked in low tones. Their recitations lagged and the girls were inclined to be indignant because some of the best talent of the class had suddenly become so indifferent about their beloved plans for class-day.

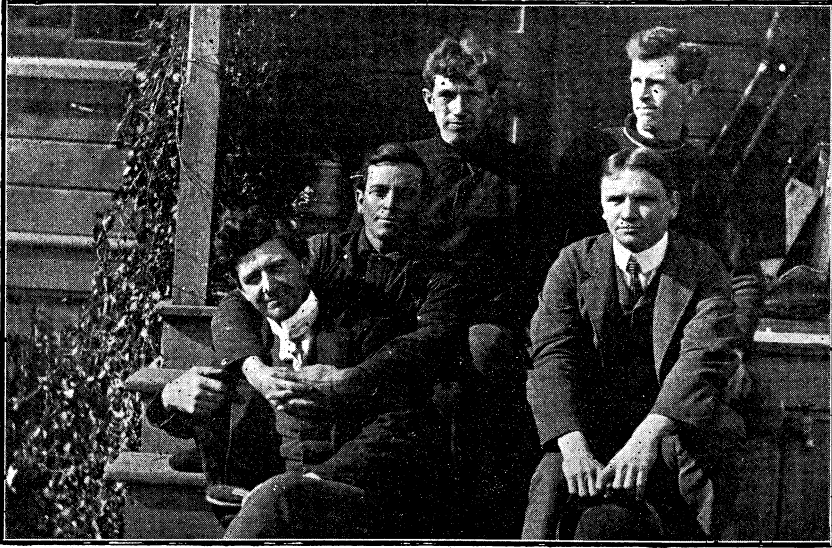
Sunday night, four weeks before commencement, came cloudy and damp. Every senior boy, with the exception of three who had refused to take risks and one who was an usher in a down-town church, met in a little grove at the foot of "lovers' lane." Morton, aided by Jim and Stub, was leader, and each man was assigned a task. All along the walks and on each side of the campus, guards were stationed. Even the janitor's room,

in which a light still burned, was not left unguarded.

"Now," said Stub, "I hope Mr. Janitor will consider that it would be most undignified for a man of his age to try to sneak out and spy us."

"There will be no danger of that," replied Morton, "for the work will be confined to the inside of the chimney.

blems, all enclosed in a gunnysack to prevent contact with the sooty interior of the chimney, were fastened to the section above the hook. Then another section was secured to the first, and so on, the pipe meanwhile being pushed farther up the chimney until the emblems should emerge from the top. The plan was to make the upper



"NAUGHTY ONES" AT LELAND STANFORD.

I dare say our fellows will make it warm for any junior who ventures forth to-night. However, it's so early in the season that no one suspects a 'brake.' Where did Jim go?"

"Here he comes; he and Shockey went to help bring our working material," answered Stub.

The old chimney was a sooty brick structure, one hundred twelve feet high, with a stone base. On one side of the base was an outside opening; on the opposite side was an opening into a large steel arch connecting the chimney with the boiler-room below. Jim had secured one hundred feet of one-inch pipe. To one section the boys attached a branch pipe, bent to form a hook. Then the class em-

section of the pipe fast to the chimney top by means of the hook, then to pull the sack, to which a cord was attached, from over the emblems. The difficult part of the work came when the last section of the pipe was attached, making one continuous pipe stretching into the blackness above. They could only guess whether the hook had caught on the edge of the chimney top, or whether it was above or below it, for as far as seeing was concerned, the faint light without suited their purpose no better than the utter darkness within.

"I wish we had some way of telling for sure," said Jim, "but I guess it will have to do. Pull the string, Stub, and jerk off that sack. Wouldn't the

juniors and everyone else stare to see a gunnysack hanging out the top of the old chimney? There!—O, fellows, what on earth shall we do—the thing broke!”

Sure enough, the cord had snapped near the top and now lay at the feet of a group of disgusted youngsters.

“Never mind,” said Stub, “I felt something give, so probably the sack came off all right. We can’t help it now. Lend a hand, boys, and help unscrew this pipe—steady there; don’t pull the whole concern down!”

“I am glad to get out of this and breathe something besides soot,” said Jim, as the party trooped off across the campus in the darkness. “If I look as disreputable as the rest of you chimney sweeps do, I’ll need to clean up some before I go to college to-morrow—or rather to-day, for it must be three o’clock.”

The next morning students and professors on their way to college could see something unusual. It seemed to be a faint dash of color and something that glittered in the sunlight. As they drew nearer, that something fashioned itself into the symbols “01” and the gay purple and gold streamers of which all the seniors were so proud. There was another object that puzzled the keenest eye for a time; it protruded from the chimney top and half concealed the banner. Closer inspection proved it to be a much begrimed old gunnysack.

“When was it done?” “How did they do it?” “What will the faculty do?” These were the questions on every lip. The chimney, surrounded by a throng of wondering students, seemed to resent the curious glances cast in its direction and, towering above them, emitted volumes of billowy black smoke as if to protect those cherished emblems from the crowd at its base.

“Well,” remarked a junior, “our brave seniors are out in all their pomp

this morning; but we have a suspicion that their glory will be short-lived.”

In the room occupied by Morton and Jim there was great rejoicing that morning. From their west window they commanded a full view of the college buildings, and when the sun lit up the bright letters and the purple and gold banner floated out to the breeze their triumph was complete. Stub, who stopped there on his way to college, appeared to take things in a matter-of-fact way, as if such occurrences made up his every-day life. He said, as they stood on the walk, “Now we don’t want to talk about this affair any more; everything is alright now, and all we have to do is to stand by each other and keep ‘mum.’ Jim, did you instruct the other fellows?”

“Yes, I told them that we would certainly be called before the faculty, and we agreed to refuse to make any statements.”

A suspense seemed to hang over chapel exercises that morning; professors looked grave and students wore a—well they knew that something had happened and felt that something more would happen.

Shortly after chapel sixteen seniors, including Morton, Jim, and Stub., received notices to appear at a certain time before a committee of the faculty in the president’s office. There were eleven boys in the senior class beside the sixteen that had been summoned; four who had not taken part in the affair, six others who had been among those stationed as guards, and one who had gone to church. Vague alarms began to lurk in the breasts of the sixteen. Had some one turned traitor? Impossible! Even those who had refused to take risks had faithfully promised to help protect the others; and surely none of those implicated would have told.

One by one those sixteen boys went before the committee, and in each case the conversation was similar to the following:

"Were you one of the young men who attached the senior emblems to the chimney?"

"I refuse to answer that question."

"Were you in any way connected with this affair?"

"I refuse to state."

"Do you refuse to answer any question concerning this matter?"

"I do."

Thruout that day and the next excitement prevailed among both seniors and underclassmen. All kinds of reports as to the fate of the "naughty ones" were passed thru the corridors. The '01 girls timidly approached their brothers with looks of mingled admiration and sympathy, but the young men were busy with their own reflections and cared to discuss neither past nor future. Some remarks made by members of the committee showed that they knew altogether too much about the affair, and the alarm that had been a mole hill now grew to a mountain.

"I suspect it's all up with us," said Jim; "either some old granny blabbed on us or some one was stalking us. Bixley told me that the janitor said he did not know anything about it."

"I don't care for myself," said Stub, "but there's no use of their being so everlasting strict—as if we were a set of babies."

"Well, I don't know that I exactly blame the faculty," Morton said thoughtfully, "for the past few years class scraps have been pretty numerous and—well, I suppose they think serious. When we got to ducking the "naughty naughts" last year, you remember Prof. Steavens said it was getting too much like regular hazing, and that the faculty must stop it short—instead of letting us down easy as they had been doing."

"Well," said Jim, gloomily, "the college is just going to the dogs, and I am glad I'll be thru in a few weeks."

"Yes," observed Stub, dryly, "you may possibly finish sooner than that."

Thursday morning came. Rumors flew thicker and faster. Excitement reached its height when those sixteen senior boys, led by Morton, filed into chapel. They tried to look unconcerned, but their faces showed that their fate, whatever it was, was known to them.

After the Scripture lesson, the president rose as usual to read the announcements for the day. His bearing was erect and dignified and his manner becoming to his culture. He had been frequently greeted with cheers at morning exercises, but this time the room was painfully quiet.

His face, usually grave, seemed more so now, and everyone felt that he had something of unusual importance to say. He paused a moment, looked over the room filled with Kansas' children, then began to speak of the purposes of the institution, of her struggles, of her advancement—and each student felt a thrill of pride. Then he spoke of other institutions where disgraceful scenes had taken place—student rows, where in a few instances property had been destroyed, men crippled for life, and even lives lost. He had at last touched the vital chord, and a rustle went over the room.

"We have no place for such things here," he said. "Such barbarous escapades are going out of date, and the participants in them are being left by the wayside in the rapid, onward march of civilization. We want class spirit, plenty of it, but we do not want that kind. We want you to get all the enjoyment possible out of your school life here, but we cannot allow you to indulge in pleasures dangerous to life and property. A few years ago it became necessary, on account of the increasing tendency to indulge in such affairs here, to prohibit all such things. A few nights ago certain students wilfully broke this college law. We have investigated the matter thoroughly and thought out our course care-

fully, taking into consideration our college motto, 'Attend to business or leave.' The following are suspended from this institution for the term of two weeks. They are forbidden to enter college buildings or grounds. Their reinstatement, after their term of suspension will have expired, will be considered on individual application." He paused again, then slowly and dignifiedly read sixteen names.

"What was that you said a week or so ago about saving the reputation of the college?" Stub asked Morton, as the sixteen passed down the walk.

"I don't think I ever said anything of the kind," Morton replied. "You must be subject to hallucinations."

"I should like to know what those other six sinners will do," said Jim.

"Oh, they are all right; they are going to 'fes up' and swallow their medicine like the rest of us," said Morton. "What I should like to know is, how did the faculty find us out—but I suppose we shall never know. We fellows will have to study hard these two weeks, for 'exams' come right away after we are admitted into the sheep fold."

"Joe is huffy and says he will not lower his dignity by asking to get back," said Jim.

"O, he will all right—we all will," Morton replied. "What I feel worst about is the girls; of course class-day exercises will be out of the question, and they are so disappointed. I suppose after all it was a foolish thing to do—"

"That's right, take your castor oil like a little man," broke in Stub; "but I still think they are a lot of prehistoric relics."

"Well," laughed Morton, "I can't help but feel glad to see our mark on the old smoke stack. Boys, look quick!" he called ahead, "the wind is blowing our emblems down and—ah, there they go! Such is the downfall of the class of 'Naughty One.'"

Commencement day was bright with Kansas sunshine and purple ribbon, and the college bell proclaimed peace and good will. The sixteen boys were now members of the alumni, and the affair of a few weeks ago is only a memory. The question as to how the boys were found out has never been answered, and the "Naughty Ones" believe the mystery to be the carrying out of the old maxim, "Murder will out."

"What Graduation Means."

By Benj. Skinner, M. D., '91.

Viewed from the standpoint of the prospective student, graduation is a vague misty something of the future; a goal of blissful rest, perhaps. Surely no one can graduate from an honored institution without the world bowing in recognition. The avenues of life shall be opened wide and he shall choose with ease from the riches at his command. He shall be prepared to drink deep from the fountains of knowledge without effort, and the hard labors of life shall be borne by his inferiors, poor fellows!

Various and many are the mental pictures that change in panoramic view until the student enters college, where he drifts, is pushed, or pushes thru to graduation. Each year his views, aspirations and ambitions change. Sometimes despondent, sometimes hilarious and elated, he moves slowly and surely toward the final day. . . . Commencement day is here. He has looked forward to the time with pleasant anticipation. Graduation means to him a varied number of nervous sensations, a gala day with flowers, presents, a diploma, and advice galore, and finally a woe-begone lonesomeness bred of the sentiments of such times.

To labor four years, secure a diploma and praise from relatives, teachers and friends, and become a moving factor in the world's progress is something well worth the effort.

Hurriedly have we approached this stage, and now in our loneliness may we think. We have graduated from the best institution of its kind in the world, and what does it mean to us? We have reached the goal as others before have and as many will, but the true meaning of graduation is yet to be learned. We shall find it some day.

Does it mean that we have learned to shirk the responsibilities of life; that we are to leave to the poorer, more ignorant and less desirable classes the task of providing homes for the new generations that follow in our wake? Does it mean that we have become narrowed and more selfish in regard to our personal welfare? Does it mean that we have lost our taste for the simplicity of rural life, for common, natural, industrious, economical living? If it does, then woe to the students and the institutions of learning in America. Does it mean, as some are apt to feel, that we are fit for nothing? No; not that, exactly. It does not mean that we are not skilled as producers or bread winners; it means that we are broadened in thinking capacity and training that we may do more efficiently that which is best suited to us. It means grave responsibilities to society and the state, and he who neglects this trust sins against himself and humanity. It means that we have learned a part of the priceless lesson of life, that character and ability and a willingness "to do with our might what our hands find to do" for the common weal of all is worth infinitely more to us than to share in the common American estimation of success, idolatrous worship of the golden eagle.

My friends, this is a part of what graduation means; and the world is patiently waiting for us to show what we can do for the betterment of the conditions of life. Have we learned right and well? "Shall we cause two blades of grass to grow where only

one has grown," or shall we graduate, be praised and then forgotten except as another new grist of barnacles?

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*"What is Meant by Graduation?"*

Graduation is the completion of a certain prescribed course of study. It necessarily implies perseverance and integrity on the part of the student, and is therefore quite properly recognized as an achievement worthy of congratulations. Wrestling with his lessons, the student has developed latent mental powers into active working condition quite subject to his orders. He has acquired a valuable collection of new thoughts; but, better than all else, he has a mind which is productive as well as receptive.

The world does not regard the college graduate as a "know-all;" but it does expect of him the ability to work intelligently in the solution of practical problems of every-day life. These problems are so numerous and varied that the graduate has the privilege of selecting those best suited to his taste. Making a wise choice of vocation is the most important proposition he meets.

His work thus far has been that of preparation; and so it will continue to be. Preparation is the prime factor in the lives of all who are truly great. Their successes, tho many, are few when compared with the hours and years of patient and faithful preparation.

So, while graduation day marks the completion of a college course, it also preëminently means the beginning of a new epoch bringing newer and greater responsibilities. "*Non finis sed initium.*"

Let none look forward to graduation as a time of relaxation. A poor student is he who works by spurts, striving to regain wasted time; and foolish he who overdraws from his vitality, vainly expecting to regain lost or ruined health after graduation. Too many diplomas have been purchased

at the price of human life. In such sad cases there has been a misconception of what is meant by graduation.

One of the greatest mistakes of today is in crowding thru school and college. The spirit of the times seems to impel the student to make haste. In his zeal, everything else is placed secondary to his studies. We daily see the sad effects due to overwork, improper and insufficient diet, and loss of sleep among students. These might easily be averted by "making haste more slowly."

Let us make the most of college life, looking forward to graduation as a time when much shall be required of us—a time when strength of mind, body and character should be at a maximum. HOMER DERR, '00.

### *Our Graduates.*

The '03 "Ags."

A reference to the catalogue will quickly reveal the fact that all the out-going agricultural students are products of the Kansas prairies. Gathered from various parts of her broad domain to study the many sciences which bear upon that industrial pursuit which so dominantly characterizes our State, we feel that we have in this class men of whom we are justly proud.

In that brief period which shall ever constitute an indelible panoramic picture in memory's gallery, and of which graphic descriptions will always be a part of college lore whenever two of us meet, we have been in many combinations and predicaments together. It is needless to recount our scraps with the junior "Ags" or the senior "Engineers," or our "rubs" with our own professors or those of other classes, or to describe those many preludes to recitation periods, in which congregational singing, acrobatic feats or a myriad of other startling features which constituted the programs and which young minds are apt to invent. Nor have we failed

to note with pride that when movements of importance have been in progress among the students, how frequently our members have been called upon to assume the leadership or to act as promoters of these enterprises.

We have not allowed class feeling to cause bitter, slow-dying jealousies to spring up between us and our fellow students, for we have always had unlimited pride in those young men and women who are striving to attain some goal in life, and always have and ever shall stand up for them. Nor have we failed to appreciate that kindly interest and influence which the Faculty have always shown for our welfare. We leave but to become perpetual exponents of that integral unit which must always be "the best of its kind, and the best kind in the world," our Alma Mater.

But we have become woven by the silken ties of friendship into one friendly unit, which, tho soon to be separated by lineal measurements which may encircle the globe, shall follow the same general paths of labor, each encouraged by and made proud of the achievements of his classmates, and each carrying in his heart that feeling for them which says,

Men, my brothers, men the workers,  
Ever reaping something new,  
And the things which they have done  
But earnest of the things that they shall do.

H. R. THATCHER.

### The Senior Electricals.

Be careful, children! Put on your little glass slippers, then all take hold of Willie's hand, tightly, while he shows you thru this terrible electrical department where they do things and people. Here we are. Now you must be as quiet as when sister has company, and wait till Willie gets the busy janitor boy, who is filling out time blanks, to open the door with a long pole. Then you must all step over the pretty wire mat—mats are made for old folks to use.

All in? Let us count—very well. See the whizzing dynamos, snapping belts, and wires and things! (You can see better with your mouth open, Mary.)

“What is that sleepy form of freckled good nature in the glare of those lights.” Why, do you not know Henry? Everybody knows Henry. He is a ball player and banker. He juggles ball lightning and runs a lamp bank. Gather around him, little ones, for soon he will find himself across those bare wires that are playing “possum.” Then there will be a flash, a whoop and a glorious “blow out,” and the other boys will smile vigorously. “But will it not hurt him?” O no, he takes a thousand volts and many other things with ease.

“But who are the other boys?” Suppose we see? This is Senator Reed, president, secretary and general manager of the electrical union. He oils the shafting, shows visitors thru the works and has personal charge of Henry. Sometimes, when there are lady visitors, he becomes “self-excited” and shows a tendency to spark, unless insulated by daylight. “Does he study?” No, my child, he is a senior—“Is he lively?” Suppose you get behind the case and ask him what country he is from.

And see this big little boy. “Who is he?” Why, that is Fielding—“F” stands for Fielding, also for fool; but Fielding is nobody’s fool. You have surely heard of him. He is the bad boy who attaches the induction coil to the door knob to shock the poor freshies. He also asks Henry questions and is not afraid of Reed. He loves his professors, all of them.

You naughty children, you have not recognized the professor—there he sits in that maze of connections, his brain cells operating at ninety-nine per cent efficiency—gigantic spellbinders that make the students’ electric light meters go round. He is a bad, bad man—“Is he not kind to

the boys?” To be sure; he lets them work in the laboratory every afternoon and Mondays. “Then why is he so bad—because he goes fishing?” No! “Then, why?” We don’t know; ask some lazy “sophie.”

Now children, you may all run and play till time for your nap.

#### The Science Girls.

“We may live without friends; we may live without books;  
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.”

So said Owen Meradith, and so say we domestic science girls of the class of ’03. We have adopted this creed, not for the sake of any particular men—oh no, indeed!—but for the sake of mankind in general. We are told that the welfare of a nation depends on its citizens, and the character of its citizens depends upon the homes from which they come; and what is home without a good cook?

With our brains filled with these noble principles and our dresses covered with clean white aprons, we have struggled upward from the ranks of the bewildered sophies, learning to peel potatoes and to boil water without burning it, to the dignified position of seniors delivering genuine, full-grown demonstration lectures. And it has not been all play, either. The Domestic Science Course includes more subjects and requires more time than any other course in the institution; and it is only the brightest, most intellectual students who can take up the required work and carry it thru with honor—as we have done—in four years’ time.

In the lecture-room we have the theory of the work hurled at us with immense force; in the laboratory we have put these theories into practice, and the results are something long to be remembered.

Our work in this department has in no way lessened our interest and enthusiasm in other subjects. In fact there are only a few girls in the class

who have chosen this particular work for advanced study. One of our number will take up domestic art; one is preparing to do advanced work in domestic science; one will devote her attention to the study and cultivation of music; another has already taken up advanced work in physical culture, to become an instructor in this art; another is looking forward to a literary career, and others are preparing themselves for general teaching.

We do not need to tell you all our merits; you know them from observation. By hard work our girls have won the highest honors in our classes. One was chosen valedictorian of the class; another is class historian; another won the prize in the oratorical contest; and the other honors which have fallen to our girls are too numerous to mention. As it has been in the past, so it will be in the future. The honors won in College are but forerunners of those to come. We will be heard from yet. ONE OF THEM.

#### The '03 Generals.

As the General Science Course has offered an excellent opportunity for those who want a good general education without much specialization, most of the members of our class are those who had not yet chosen a vocation and who wanted to make their work at this College a basis for further study. We started in the fall of 1899 with high hopes and bright prospects and with almost an hundred names on the roll. But the numerous pitfalls provided for us in the way of quizzes, mid-terms and final examinations, together with many other causes, have frightfully decimated our ranks, till but fifteen remain, five girls and ten boys, about half of whom entered with us in '99, the others having been picked up by the wayside.

Some of our number have already left College to accept responsible positions, and others have equally good po-

sitions waiting for them upon graduation. Our members are intending to follow widely different walks of life. Some show decided evidences of developing into noted scientists. Others also choose to go a few rounds higher up the ladder of learning. Still others have decided that their mission in life is to go forth into the wide, wide world "to teach the young idea how to shoot." The few remaining ones are, figuratively speaking, still "on the fence."

We can scarcely say how we will come out, but we can only hope for the best. Taking all in all, we have no reason to be anything but proud of ourselves, for we rest assured that among us is some of the best talent in College. Our members have always been among the foremost in all College enterprises, and we are confident that we will be heard from in the future. J. A. T.

#### The Mechanical Engineers.

This year, June 20, on schedule time, there will go from K. A. C. a powerful locomotive. It will start on the road to Success. In spite of the few heavy grades known to exist (however, it is not used to low grades) it expects to carry knowledge and much general information to the expectant world. The track for the last four years has been somewhat new, going, as it does, thru an agricultural college, and having been laid in 1898.

The Regents are the directors of the road, and with the Faculty and section-men to aid them they have constantly improved the roadbed. In some places the right-of-way is not wide enough and some old sleepers were not taken out soon enough, causing parts of the engine to jolt off. Some saw slips ahead, read the danger signal and switched off in time. If there are no turnouts on the line, this locomotive will be ready on the above-named date to start on the race with the others.

The chief superiority of this locomotive lies in the strength of some of its parts, even the names of which are suggestive. It has a Heavy Massive Cylinder (H. M. Chandler) well suited to work with a Durable Valve Chest (D. V. Corbin). For protection from dust and for appearance, all delicate parts are covered with Japan Annealed Casings (J. A. Correll). High speed will be possible on account of the Anti-Heat Journals (A. H. Johnson). This will also keep the axles cool. Everybody will be startled when they hear our Loud Vibrating Whistle (L. V. White). To avoid collisions we have a Red Guide Light (R. G. Lawry) that has been recently added. Modern in every way, this engine uses petroleum for fuel, for which is provided a strong Oil Pressure-Draught (O. P. Drake).

With the above strong and symmetrical proportions this locomotive, No. 1903, having the splendid nerve of Engineer "Mac" at the throttle and Fireman "Paul" on the lookout, will surely have a successful run.

R. G. L.

### *Some Pedagogic Philosophy.*

The question of method and management in teaching is receiving considerable attention in the educational journals of the country, and a few ideas gleaned from this and other sources may be summed up as follows:

Instructors are to teach the pupils and lead them to find new truth and not merely to display their own knowledge.

Opinions and convictions are all right in their place, but they can hardly take precedence over established truth.

Some of the profoundest lectures may unintentionally be delivered clear over the heads of a particular audience.

Talking all around a subject to find out what a student knows about it may answer the purpose, but only the

slowest members of the class can keep that gait.

Calling on students in the order of their name on the roll to recite may be an ideal theory, but there is a little weakness in the practice.

There is such a thing possible as requiring an undue proportion of time for the preparation of lessons.

Permitting a few of the pupils to occupy the lion's share of the time with all sorts of more or less relevant questions may be fine for the favored few (tho we doubt it), but it surely gives the other members of the class that "tired feeling."

Failing half the class with regularity and dispatch is good sign of a close grader, but there is a suspicion of some flaw in the methods of instruction.

Reciting for pupils to save them the effort shows a kind disposition, but somehow or other it does not inspire them to do their best work.

"Joshing" and "jollyng" is a very pleasant thing in its place—when two can work at it.

Blackboards can be made quite serviceable, if not ornamental, by having them used on all possible occasions.

There can be too much of a good thing (like some chapel exercises) even in an article of this kind, so we will close without reaching any point.

ONE OF US.

### *Searching for Oil--and Suckers.*

Just now we hear much of oil and coal prospects in various parts of the State, and every town is wondering whether they are lucky enough to be underlaid with some of nature's treasures, and how they are to find out the truth in the matter. A few thoughts then from one, who from general reading and a little observation offers them for the trouble of reading, may be in order. It is an expensive matter at best to test for an answer to this important question, but the benefits derived from the suc-

cessful search are great enough to justify a reasonable attempt by any progressive community.

To begin with, in order to make a thoro test, several holes should be sunk, for often a few feet make the difference between a "spouter" and a dry hole. It is needless to add that there should be capital enough pledged at the start to insure the desired trial, so that any first failures would not interfere with the thoro work. Anyone would more willingly venture his pile if it were to be spread over several risks than if put into one hole. The cost of sinking a hole is about \$1.00 per foot, and the cost of piping comes extra, but as this can be used over again the average cost per hole is around \$1,000. For raising the necessary money to make a try, two main plans seem to be used.

In the first plan an oil "expert" or promoter drops in on the side and if indications are favorable he takes a few of the right kind of citizens in on the ground floor, and a corporation is organized according to the laws of New Jersey or some other state of doubtful standing. The capital stock is placed at 200,000 shares of the par value of \$1.00. The first block is secured by the promoters in return for "services," "experience," "rights," "concessions," etc., and directors and officers are elected. The other half is then offered to the public-spirited citizens at the low (?) price of ten dollars per share. Five or more thousand dollars are soon raised and the work is begun. As the board have entire control, and the individual subscribers were just risking their little pile anyway, this amount can easily be spent in one attempt and no one be aware of any extravagance.

But for coming money this first part is pretty slow. After the work is well started then the "graft" is ready. Rumors of fine prospects are in the air. Indications are favorable. Everybody is getting excited. Sud-

denly, for a long expected event can be sudden, oil is struck. And it is the very best quality, and the quantity is immeasurable. Stock in the Great Western Oil and Gas Company goes soaring upwards. Extensive advertising brings responses at once. By mail and personal calls and by telegraph the secretary receives the cash. The second class of subscribers are well pleased with their stake and hold on for further developments. The first class think they can spare a little, and so quietly dispose of a good share of their holdings. About so long after this when the public begins to want further developments, the oil was found to be only a pocket, and soon afterwards the hole is pronounced dry. Of course no company would do such an act, but any school boy can see that it would pay the right one at least ten cents an hour and incidentals to "load" that well.

The other plan is somewhat different. A company of representative citizens is organized under the strict corporation laws of our own State, without any outside help. Responsible men have to handle the business in a business-like way. No more money is raised than in the first way, but it is made to go much further. If expert opinions are wanted they can be secured at a fixed rate, which is much cheaper. Then there will be no sealed holes with the subscribers waiting to know what is in them. If a "find" is made the whole community is the gainer, especially subscribers.

#### *The Jewell Excursion.*

That Jewell county is cast in generous proportions was never better demonstrated than in the splendid success of the Manhattan excursion. All week long the clouds had hung low and the excursion seemed doomed to failure. But it was a success, notwithstanding, and while Smith county had promised 50 people they sent 225, with brass band accompaniment, and the "possi-

bly 300" of Jewell county rolled up to 544, without Jas. Cornish, who missed the train. The excursion reached Manhattan a little before one o'clock and in a twinkling reception committees, if there were any, hackmen and the whole corner of the town were overwhelmed. It was an event of surprises, and the College people, with the aid of the Commercial club, set out nobly to provide for the overflow. By night all the women people and most of the lads were safely stowed. The Rock Island people opened the coaches for the use of the boys and about 150 spent the night there. The visit to the College was ill-timed, in that the classes were in the midst of mid-term examinations, but most of the industrial classes were in operation and they are the most interesting. Saturday morning there was an exhibition drill in the girls' gymnasium, the weekly dress parade and chapel exercises, the latter available only to one edge of the crowd.

At twelve, Saturday, the crowd scrambled into the Union Pacific train for Fort Riley. Nearly a thousand people tried to get into six coaches at the same instant and all were gloriously squeezed. This part of the excursion was a keen disappointment, in that there were no drills or exercises of any sort at the Fort. Saturday is never a drill day and the commandant seemed indisposed to provide anything especially for the occasion. The Jewell City contingent was very fortunate in finding two Troop K Cavalry privates who piloted the party about the fort. No detail was too minute, no question too trivial for their patient consideration, and Jewell people will associate pleasantly with Fort Riley the memory of the "Seemore brothers." The Union Pacific returning train was due at 3:31, but was over an hour late, and in the interval of waiting there was a veritable "Cupid's convention" (the soldiers were off duty), and Dillman and

a lost boy each furnished entertainment that sundered the monotony.

Another scramble, a pretty ride past historic Pawnee and enticing Eureka lake, and then came the real circus. The Union Pacific train stopped opposite the Rock Island depot, where the train for home was in waiting. Between the two trains was a deep ditch and a truck patch surrounded by the tangled remnants of a barbed-wire fence. To some the hope of getting a seat, to many visions of a vanishing train, furnished the motive that made the comedy complete. Away they rushed, pell-mell, tumbling over each other in the mad rush.

Enroute home the crowd ought to have been still—they were tired enough—but they weren't. One could not help feeling that humanity once in a while loves to play the fool. The train left Manhattan about six and as long as daylight lasted every hamlet, every darkey's hut, was cheered vociferously. When darkness came on the crowds yelled at each other. Smith county yelled, Jewell county thundered a response, and pandemonium reigned supreme.

The Rock Island people handled the immense crowd to the satisfaction of everybody. The train consisted of eight coaches going down, and eleven returning, and made fast time on both trips. Division Passenger Agent Cooper was aboard during the entire time and spared no effort to make the excursion a success. And it was an unqualified success. Educationally, it might have meant more if it could have been taken at a time when routine work might have been seen at both college and fort, but that seemed out of the question. Everybody had a good time and Mr. Chilcott is to be congratulated upon this, the closing event of his career as county superintendent. Z. E. WYANT.

Jewell county has ninety-seven county graduates, some of whom ought to enroll as students next fall.

### *Excursion Echoes.*

Many were surprised that such an immense school of learning existed within the State.

The institution is much larger and of more importance than it is supposed to be by the people who have not had the pleasure of going thru the buildings.

Chapel exercises were enjoyed by only one edge of the crowd.

The excursion was an unqualified success.

At the College every door was open, everyone was welcome and everybody went everywhere.

We cannot tell all we saw and learned.

It is a place for the instruction of young people who want to learn to do things.

When all our young women receive a thoro domestic training, the people of Kansas will put more into banks and less into doctor bills.

Many a boy and girl have expressed a desire to go to K. A. C. next year, which will result in increased attendance there.

We express an appreciation for what the College people and the citizens of Manhattan did for us.

It was a fitting termination of two years of honest effort on the part of Superintendent Chilcott to advance the educational spirit of Jewell county.

### *The Race Problem in Othello.*

In these latter days when we hear much of the race problem—speculation on the future of the black man and his influence on our civilization—the story of Othello, as pictured by Shakespeare, appeals to us with especial interest. One of the possible solutions offered for this vexed problem, and the one which seems acceptable to the less cultured white races of the South, is that of the union of the two races. And it seems to us that the author had this very plan in mind when he pictured to us the fancies

and passions and plots of this great drama.

Shakespeare chose for the hero a black man and gave him those attributes that made him the most fortunate and worthy of his race. In spite of great disadvantages, Othello rose by force of character and natural ability to the command of the Venetian armies and the governorship of the island of Cyprus. For these qualities and his skill and great adventures he won more than he had ever hoped to win—the love of the fair Desdemona. She, also, by her gentle, loving, trusting disposition and purity of character, was best calculated of all her race to make the union a long and happy one.

Under such favorable conditions one at first might think that the great writer should at least have given Othello an insight into the plot of his enemies in time to have stayed his hand and begged forgiveness for the cruel words against his faithful companion, but on second thought the reader rebels at the suggestion that two such extremes of temperament and disposition should live together in unison. To have escaped such a plot would have been but to invite others more revolting, and the distrust and discord would have increased with every new suspicion.

The lesson intended from this story is obvious. Were the black and white races ever intended to intermarry, then this match, of all others, would have been a happy one; but because of those differences in types of which the color is only one outward visible sign, we must conclude that there can be no solution of this problem on the basis of a union. ENG. LIT. '03.

Local Editor (to new student, on April 1).—"You're wanted at the 'phone." N. S.—"All right; I'll call directly. Say, have you heard the latest?" L. E.—"No; what's up?" N. S.—"This is April fool."



*The Student in Society.*

If ever there was a vexed question to settle, and one that comes to every thoughtful boy and girl in college, it is the one of how much indulgence in social life is consistent with everyday duties.

We are all agreed that social development is a part of our education. We all wish to be able to appear well in cultured society, to express our thoughts clearly, to answer without confusion and occasionally respond with a bright remark when a fit occasion presents itself.

In order to gain these accomplishments it is necessary to associate with cultured people, and by observing and studying gradually improve one's manners and address. By thus attaining culture one loses his self-consciousness and feels at ease. Then it is that he is at his best. His words come with less difficulty and his thoughts seem deeper and clearer.

It is needless to state that such association means time, and a great deal of it. If one is popular he necessarily has a great many friends who invite him out oftener than he can possibly go. What to leave out, is the question.

We all feel that we gain a vast amount of good from our lecture course. A number sometimes comes at a time that makes it very inconvenient for the preparation of lessons that must be ready for the next day. But the lectures, especially, are a great source of information and we feel so well repaid that we have no more than a faint twinge of conscience for the poor recitations that follow.

Perhaps that same week there is a social or party given by one of our friends, and here also we gain an opportunity of learning as well as having a "jolly good time." The next week the society to which we belong gives a reception, where indeed we must be present. We meet new

people, learn to say something spicy at a moment's notice, and besides, we reason, it is our duty to lend aid to our society by our presence.

A number of students are interested in church work and spend many hours in working, as they best know, for the good of humanity. Even if one is not an instructor of classes, it takes time and energy to attend services three times a day.

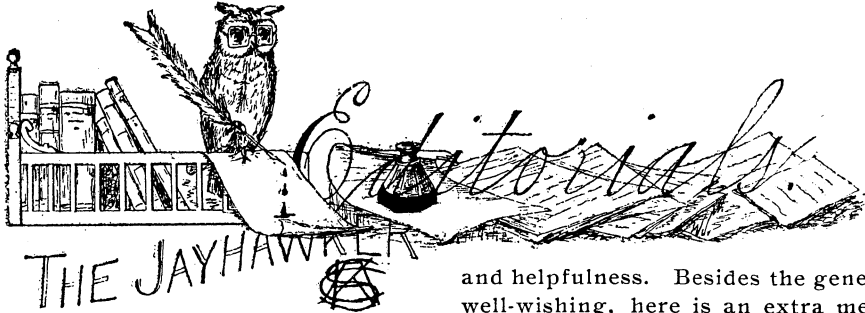
Where is to be the limit? The majority of our students study every night until eleven o'clock, and often until twelve. Some rise at four and study until College time. When one is enjoying no more sleep than this, it is inconsistent with health to be out often at night. Nature always revolts after a time, and hence if we study late and also take in entertainments we do it at the expense of our health. Even if we feel no effect for a time other than an irresistible tendency to yawn, it does not signify that more serious difficulties are not being bargained for. Many a wreck of humanity owes his fall to the attempt to carry on his regular work when physically unable to do so thru loss of sleep.

Therefore, as good health is the paramount blessing in this world, and is that which we are most anxious to attain, students should carefully restrict their pleasure enterprises sufficiently to keep in perfect health. M. A. '04.

Doctor Mayo (to student, who is naming bones of the skull).—"Turn and tell the class; I know most of them." Student (next day in quiz).—"The bones of the skull are the frontal, temporal, occipital, and some others that you probably know."

The Io's are charged with being opposed to the new chapel. There are circumstances under which it would be endurable to sit two in a seat.

The young man who wants to get up with the sun must not set up late, with the daughter.—*Rocky Mountain Collegian.*



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for Progressive People.

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**The Class of '03.**—Another Commencement time has dawned, and with it has come a joy that only such a time can bring. Glad are the hearts to be set free from the toils of College days, that they may enter upon lives of responsibility in which all unpleasant memories, even that of the depleted purse, shall be laid aside. No class of people have a better claim to happiness than they who are filled with anticipations of the duties of life that come with graduation, since the cares of youth are trivial and the perplexities of the future are foretold. Then hail to the class of '03, as they go forth to harvests of renown, each armed with a proclamation of merit. May they enjoy the realities of their cherished hopes and may their lives be replete with an earnestness of duty

and helpfulness. Besides the general well-wishing, here is an extra measure of hearty good will from a band of JAYHAWKERS.

**To the Students.**—What shall we do this vacation? Rest, of course, by laying aside the regular routine of study, and in its stead effect the renewal of our energy by means of plenty of out-of-door exercise. As students we shall not forget to read during spare moments some one or more good books (or, perhaps, write one) by way of supplementing the work in English; or, if happily we may, let us go hither and yonder over hills and valleys to learn of nature, of the mysteries and beauties of creation. In any event, we shall all return to College next fall with a vigor that shall conquer, with a greater appreciation of the advantages here enjoyed, with class spirit enough to keep us wide awake, and above all, with enough enthusiasm to swing us into the whirl of College society, where we may have our natures rounded and brightened, emblematic of the best there is in us.

**To the Alumni.**—The JAYHAWKER seeks to intensify its relation to you as members of the alumni association, and wants you in its columns, to tell to the world of the important positions you are filling and how you are dealing with the problems of life. To this end we want you to become acquainted with those who are already interested in our magazine, and in return give to them some of your own ideas. We would have each alumnus make it his duty to write now and

then for publication, telling of his travels, work, discoveries, or the thoughts of his leisure hours. Let these contributions be many so you may have abundant introduction to the world, especially to those of us who are boldly coming your way. Give us a hearty support in this matter and we will make it worth your while.

**A Memorial.**—It will be noticed elsewhere in this magazine that there is a movement on foot to provide the new chapel with a pipe organ as a memorial to deceased ex-presidents of K. A. C. There is no doubt but that every alumnus will be interested in this scheme and that they will immediately make known the measure of their interest to Chas. C. Smith, '94, of Manhattan, who is engineering the matter.

**Our Ball Team.**—Here is waving our hats and yelling because of the success of our ball team. We are proud of it, all of us, because it has won so many of the scheduled games that none other can claim honors. Then again, the team has demonstrated that it can win not only on the diamond but also in the class room. Herein lies the secret of its success. Baseball played under these conditions can always win. Here is good will and support for the team next year. Come, let us rejoice together.

**Success to the Herald.**—The JAYHAWKER declares a well-wishing attitude toward the new management of the *Herald*. And if a goodly relation exists at the present time, we desire that the months to come will intensify it many times. There is nothing like peace, even in the literary world. We are confident that no measures of protection need be inaugurated, for we have no special doctrine to uphold; and if we did, we probably would not be long in measuring the extent of our rights. Success to the *Herald* is our wish.

**Success.**—Now that vacation is here let it be demonstrated that every student can make his services indispensable to some one. Let each claim to do something that the world wants done and then let him prove his ability to do that something in the most approved manner. This is success—to accomplish the work set before us.

**More English.**—We need more training in English. The world needs more writers of pure, forcible English to-day than ever before, and offers premiums to the one who can write an excellent letter, short story or a logical exposition, and it counts the ability to write such among the necessary qualifications for life. And this is right. It is not enough to know a thing—this is but a part of knowledge; one ought also to be able to impart to others. Herein is the need of a judicious training in English, that we may associate with and herald the highest ideals of life. Too much training in English is not likely to be had in an ordinary college course.

**High Ideals.**—Man is a creature of moods. His experiences are as many as the leaves of the trees. Born into the world an emblem of purity, he, led by nature's laws, lives to an eternal destiny. Nor is this destiny wholly a thing that is to be, for it is possible for one to feel a part of his destiny now. To do this there is no better way than to accord one's self with the highest and noblest thought and action. At no time is man truer to himself than when influenced by lofty motives and ambitions. It is under such influence that he enjoys his supremest moments—moments that witness the cogency of all his powers, whether he basks on the sunny heights of happiness or wanders thru the shades of sorrow. The heights he has attained to-day he can attain every other day, and he can maintain them if he but dwell in the realm of highest motives.

**Excursions to K. A. C.**—We believe that excursions similar to that from Jewell and Smith counties would do much in the way of popularizing higher educational work. The progress of the world demands that the young people of to-day prepare themselves for the labors that will fall to them to-morrow. But if they are never permitted to acquaint themselves with some of the possibilities exemplified here or at other institutions, how can they be expected to become inspired to make full preparation for life's duties. It is the association with higher ideals that lifts us to a fuller appreciation of the things about us. We want other excursions—anything that more people may be made to feel that we are here.

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The Miner and His Hut.

Upon a shelf upon the mountain side stands the miner's hut. A more beautiful place is not to be found. The flower-bespangled green and the spiring pines give to the place a sort of enchantment peculiar to itself, and even suggestive of enjoyment, while the hut and things about it tell of the order within. There, in the center of the little park, stands the hut with its wall-logs projecting beyond the corners and its dirt-covered board roof sparkling in the sunshine as if set with many jewels. Lying across a gurgling brook, that lent its running merriment to the whole scene, and leading up to the boarded string-latch door is a winding path, distinct and plain. Indeed, the hut appears like a gem of comfort in the setting of nature.

Well do I remember the place, for there seemed to be a silent, urgent invitation coming from the flowers and brook bidding me to come within their reach. After hesitating for a moment, I did so. The brook gave of its crystal flood and the flowers seemed to be telling of their master.

Presently there came toward me a

man dressed in blue duck and a soft black hat. Altho comparatively new, his attire was spotted and streaked with candle grease, the characteristic mark of a miner. In his appearance was portrayed the history of the life he had lived. The measured cadence of his step, the careless swing of his hands and the drooping of his shoulders were all suggestive of the effect wrought by work. In his face was evidence of early dissipation, altho the radiance of a joyful, happy, pure life now beamed forth in his large blue eyes and his fair complexion. He gave expression to the emotions of his great heart thru the smiles that played about his lips, and thru his hands that spoke good faith as he reached toward me a bouquet of flowers.

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*The Flood at Manhattan.*

Not since white man's time have the Kansas and the Blue rivers been on such a tantrum as in the last days of May and the first days of June. The high-water mark of traditional times was reached. On Friday evening, May 29, water had already visited First and Second streets and was making its way to Third, where it seemed to be content until after dark. By this time communication with the outside world had been cut off and the people of Manhattan were left alone shortly to contend with a danger of which they knew nothing and for which they had made no preparation. This new danger was a sudden rise in both the Kansas and the Blue rivers that sent the waves chasing up Poyntz avenue to Juliette avenue and flooded the north part of town as far as Seventh street from near the foot of Bluemont to a line running from Fourth and Laramie to Seventh and Leavenworth.

Of course such a sudden rise of water had an exciting influence. Nearly every house east of Fourth street and many farther west were vacated during the night. By three

o'clock, May 30, the water had reached its highest point, estimated to be between thirty and thirty-two feet above low water. This made a depth of near six feet at the foot of Poyntz Avenue and three to four feet on the corner by the First National bank.

Aside from the inhabitants there were two train loads of travelers who figured in the excitement. The problem of finding lodging for these and for those who had been driven from their homes was answered by the opening of the Central school building and the Park Place dormitories. Many found places with acquaintances. Still others waded thru the streets and kept watch thruout the night.

In the work of hasty moving much credit must be given to the men who worked gratuitously and without ceasing, also to those citizens and students who aided in other ways to allay the distress of the time.

For those who went to the College, meals were provided. For this purpose contributions were given both of provisions and labor. Professor Otis and Misses Cottrell and Finlayson of the domestic science girls, and W. F. Kerr, assisted by many other good College folk, were responsible for the serving.

At this writing, June 1, with no authentic reports at hand, it is impossible to estimate the damage done to the town and community. Many of the merchants lost goods. The sidewalks were undermined and have caved in in many places. No buildings have fallen, altho there are portions of some in critical conditions. The Kansas river wagon bridge was lifted off its piers, as was also the Ashland bridge. The railroads will have to have their beds made again. As yet no lives are reported lost. Considering everything, Manhattan may feel fortunate in that she has fared so well, especially when compared with even the most favorable of the meagre

reports that have come in from other places. Notwithstanding the loss, it is safe to say that the enterprise of our townsmen will soon establish order out of the chaos of the flood, and that the summer sun and a care for health will soon chase the story of the flood into the castles of memory, where it will be marred only by those stories relating to the less fortunate ones.

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Ripples from the Flood.

It has been suggested that Manhattan should be built up more to the west, but this is hardly logical. Accidents may happen anywhere, and a new business center may in turn be struck by a tornado; so people have to take their chances any place.

If the Blue river permanently shifts its bed to the east, it will add a few more sections of land to Riley county and leave a fine lake and beach right at the city limits.

After the harrowing experience of the reality, there are two trying ordeals yet to be borne—the frightful stories of the suffering, and loss of life and property, and the later stories by the survivors of how they passed thru the terrible storms in the year of nineteen hundred three, A. D.

After two days of the wildest stories, in which everybody believed everything and told it a little bigger to make sure, the reaction set in and no one would accept an account of an incident, even if it were told by an eyewitness.

The continued wet weather over the State will call for heroic measures if the people would escape an epidemic of serious sickness. Every body of stagnant water should be drained at the earliest possible time. All decaying animal and vegetable matter should be burned or buried without ceremony and the flooded cellars emptied and dried with dispatch. It has been proved that the worst diseases are carried by mosquitoes. These un-

pardonable pests are bred only in bodies of stagnant water, and a concerted action by the inhabitants will rid the country of their presence. Where drainage is not possible, a small quantity of coal oil or crude petroleum dropped on the surface will have a most beneficial result. Just think of these things.

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**Stories of the Flood.**

By the Club Boarders.

Henry.—I saw the biggest log go down the Blue.

Tim.—Did you? Well, I heard it turn over.

Chubby.—O, come down and talk sense. I saw a house just about to float off.

Tom.—That's remarkable, but I saw something about as strange; it looked like a stone barn, and on the inside was a team of mules.

Jake.—That's straight goods, for the whole farm came down shortly afterwards.

Jim.—Yes, and the other teams were out heading wheat.

Jerry.—Were they not threshing at the same time?

Jo.—You bet they were, and they marketed the grain at the various stations as they drifted past.

George.—That's no josh. One fellow was hauling water with a four-horse team.

Nick.—O, give us a rest. Do you think we are all chumps, and will believe anything that is seen in the papers. Now I have been down to the river six times in two days and I never saw anything worth mentioning, unless it was a long, slim, dry sort of a thing called a bored well, and dry as a bone.

Charles.—Bring on the pie.

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 We admire the grit of that boy who held a physician's certificate showing that he was physically unable to drill yet turned out and tried for quarterback on the football team.

The Baseball Team of '03.

As far back in the history of the Agricultural College as there remains a record of a baseball team, one cannot be found that compares with the team that has defended the royal purple on the athletic field the present season. For several years our College has been advancing in baseball. Each year more victories have been added to our credit and defeats have become fewer and fewer, until at last the colleges of the West have acknowledged that the "farmers" know how to play ball and play it fast. As the culmination of her former successes, the season of 1903 closes with eight victories out of eleven college games played—a record far superior to that of any other school in the State of Kansas.

For the first time we have employed a baseball coach. Mr. Alf Barnett, formerly of K. U., now of Kansas City, has had charge of the squad, and is in a great measure responsible for the success attained.

We publish below the schedule for the season, with a record of the scores made:

AT MANHATTAN.

April 9, K. U. 6, College 19.
 " 15, K. C. Blues 12, College 0.
 " 16, K. C. Blues 19, College 0.
 " 21, Ottawa 13, College 8.
 " 23, Bethany 8, College 9.
 " 30, State Normal (rain).
 May 7, Baker 4, College 8.
 " 9, Creighton 8, College 10.
 " 11, Colorado U. (called off).
 " 16, Nebraska 2, College 5.
 " 21, Highland Park (rain).
 " 26, College of Emporia (called off).
 " 30, Haskell (flood).
 June 8, Fort Riley.

ELSEWHERE.

April 17, Bethany 7, College 14 (at Lindsborg).
 " 18, Wesleyan 4, College 10 (at Salina).
 " 23, Haskell 9, College 3 (at Lawrence).
 " 24, Baker 10, College 14 (at Baldwin).
 " 25, K. U. 9, College 1 (at Lawrence).
 June 6, Ft. Riley (at Ft. Riley) flood. **

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 Father.—Young man, you were out after ten last night. Son.—No, sir; I was only after one.—*High-School News.*



The JAYHAWKER sustains the loss of the services of its alumni editor for this issue, since he lives across the river, where he was, at the critical time, beyond reach.

About eight hundred Smith and Jewell county people made the College a visit, and if they were as well impressed with our appearance as we were with theirs, we will expect a large delegation from there next year.

The domestic science girls have shown what they can do in the way of serving, even to the giving of a four-course dinner to six people at a cost of one dollar. They will next serve a dainty supper to members of the class.

The west drive to the College is being graded up in fine shape. The fences are also being repaired. These, together with other improvements and the fine showing of the fields, give a much neater appearance to our College surroundings.

The Webster-Ionian annual was given in the opera-house, Saturday evening, May 16. The play given was, "Leah, the Forsaken." The characters having been well selected, rendered their parts with credit to themselves and the societies represented.

To J. T. Skinner belongs the distinction of securing the earliest news of the flood. He crossed the river, rode to Alta Vista to make connections with a home phone, and then rode back to read the messages coming from all around. These he brought across to Manhattan to satisfy the thirst for news.

One of the most delightful social events of the College year was the junior-senior reception, given at the gymnasium, May 25. The reception-room was handsomely decorated with potted plants and cut flowers. In the center of the room was erected a May-pole, draped with the royal purple, and suspended from the top were yards and yards of ribbon in class colors. At the end of each ribbon was hung a dainty May-basket. After the crowd had assembled and exchanged greetings, they were called to order by Mr. R. A. Seaton, president of the junior class, who gave the welcome address. This was followed by a program, consisting of music and recitations, after which the '03-'04 greenhouse was presented, each boy and girl selecting a flower. These were matched and partners found for the evening. They were then invited to the banquet hall, where a dainty four-course dinner was served, during which Miss Jessie Fitz gave a toast to the seniors, to which Mr. A. B. Gahan responded in a witty manner. Mr. Glen Edgerton, in his characteristic manner, roasted the seniors and Miss Stella Fearon showed that her cooking had not been in vain, and that she knew how to prepare a roast, even for the present junior class. On returning to the reception-room each one was invited to take a May-basket, and thus the beautiful May-pole was robbed of its decorations that each junior and senior might be the possessor of a memento of this long-to-be remembered occasion.

*Manhattan Echoes.*

By L. B. Pickett.

Dr. E. L. Patee died May 23. He came to Riley County in 1855 and, except for four years of army service, followed his profession in this county.

Owing to certain circumstances, there is a probability that there will be no summer issue of the JAYHAWKER. However, the new volume will make up for the loss.

On May 22 a tornado visited the little village of Bala, killing two people and destroying much property. An aid of \$200 was subscribed by Manhattan for these storm-stricken people,

Ever since the legislature gave Riley county permission to levy a tax to build a court house, the court house question has been the only live question before the people of the county. Manhattan and vicinity were in favor of assessing the tax, but outlying districts were just as strongly opposed to it. On May 26 an election was held, which resulted in a majority of 293 for the court house. Thus another point has been scored by Riley county, and she will soon take her place in the front rank of Kansas counties.

H. A. Avery, '02, assisted in the afternoon by Ray Birch, a student, worked all day May 30 rescuing those who had gathered at the schoolhouse on Moehlman bottom to escape the high water. By noon Avery had, without aid, brought fifteen persons from the little island. Then, with Birch to help, he brought thirteen more during the afternoon. All this meant much exertion, since but three at most could be brought at a time against the wind-roughed current that cut thru between the hills and the schoolhouse. On one trip in the afternoon the boat ran aground and was overturned by the current. An oar was also broken. But being in shallow water everything was soon made fast and they were off again with but three oars.

*Affinity and Solidity.*

At 8 P. M., while Pa and Ma  
Helped entertain, with Sis,  
Both John and May in distant seats  
Were far apart, like this.

At 9 P. M., as Pa withdrew  
And sought his room upstairs,  
The lovers found some photographs  
And nearer brought their chairs.

At ten P. M., Mama decamped—  
And then, ye Gods! what bliss,  
Those lovers sat till nearly one  
About as close as this.—*Ex.*

~~~~~  
"One of the most disheartening of all things is to be compelled to do business with a person whose word is not to be depended upon."

Prof. (in history).—"What invention has done most to elevate the human race?" Student.—"The elevator, I suppose."—*Collegian.*

Dinwit.—"Say, our backbones are like serial stories, aren't they?" Thinwit.—"Prove it." Dinwit.—"Continued in our necks."—*Ex.*

"To have one's passion stirred by the passion of expansion; to be dragged out of the narrow rut of ignorance; to feel one's life grow larger, wider and fuller—this is success."

An Alumni Project.

~~~~~  
A project has been started in which the alumni are to place in the new chapel a memorial to the three dead presidents of the institution, Geo. T. Fairchild, John A. Anderson and Doctor Dennison. Such a memorial should be one that would be a credit to the three men whose memories it is aimed to perpetuate and to the organization which erects it. A tablet, an arch or a window were first suggested, and then in the fertile brain of J. C. Christenson, '94, there originated the idea of a memorial pipe organ. A suitable organ could be purchased at a cost of \$2000 to \$5000. It has been suggested that Mr. Carnegie could be induced to make a liberal contribution to the memory of John A. Anderson. This would make it possible, with



the liberal support of the alumni, to place an elegant organ in the new chapel. Without Mr. Carnegie's assistance, however, a suitable instrument and creditable memorial could be purchased by the alumni and their friends. The JAWHAWKER will probably have more to say on the subject at a later time. CHAS. C. SMITH, '94.

### *Manhattan Thru the Stereoscope.*

Word was received from Underwood & Underwood, that their representative, Mr. H. A. Strohmeyer, the only stereoscopic photographer who accompanied President Roosevelt on his late trip, has secured among other choice views some fine negatives of the crowd and the President during the brief stop at Manhattan. That enthusiastic audience, including gaily dressed women and children, the shouting boys, and the well-formed battalion, will live long in the memory of citizens and students, and these pictures will be especially prized.

No doubt some of the sights will be characteristic of Teddy, showing the face drawn, the set teeth, and hand-clenched sombrero, driving in some of those homely truths for which by word and deed he is distinguished. Then there may be, perchance, a "shot" of the plucky number who closed in and delivered the yell, especially prepared by the students for the occasion: "Westerner. Com-moner. President. Roosevelt."

Some of these pictures may be interesting enough to be included in the number especially selected from the collection obtained on the whole trip, and made up into sets, to be placed in the libraries of the country and carried by the company's solicitors as their leading features for the season.

It is safe to guess that this enterprising firm will get all the available views of the recent flood and its disasters, and will thus add the most authentic and impressive records to the new chapter of Kansas history.

### *A Year With the Y. M. C. A.*

The work of the Young Men's Christian Association for the past year has progressed steadily. In membership the roll shows fewer names than in some previous years, but this is chiefly due to more rigid requirements for membership. The work for new students, as in the past, has been of great service not only to the newcomer, but also to the College community as well. Many sick students were cared for during the winter months, when measles and mumps flourished.

In Bible study, the enrolment has been fair, with good average attendance at the class hour. Work in this department was greatly handicapped last fall by scarcity of leaders for the classes. Perhaps the best work of the year has been the development of class leaders for next year. Thus the foundation of a larger work has been laid.

After two terms of trial, the Saturday noon meetings have been abandoned and a Sunday afternoon meeting inaugurated instead. This has been more satisfactory in every way, and will be a feature of next year's work. During the year several outside speakers have addressed the association. Among them may be mentioned Mr. Boynton, assistant State secretary; Mr. Titus, general secretary of the Lawrence association; Mr. Lerrigo, general secretary of the Topeka association; and Mr. Colton, of the international committee.

A mission study class, under the leadership of Mr. Atkinson, pastor of the Baptist church, has met regularly on Tuesday evenings. The work has been on the nature of biographical studies of missionary heroes. The missionary committee secured pledges of weekly payments toward the support of Mr. Barber, one of the international secretaries of the Y. M. C. A. at Calcutta, India.

The social committee, along with

other departments, has felt the need of a better material equipment. The headquarters for this year was the only place available, and altho the unattractiveness of the building and rooms seriously hadicapped the effort to make this house the social home of the students, yet it has been much better than no place at all. Our present plans, if successfully carried out, will largely remove the hindrances due to our present narrow quarters.

No one can deny that much has been accomplished this year, but after all our association has just begun to enter the open door of possibility. More of the prominent leaders in other College activities must be drawn into our work before the association can attain the standing which it should have in the Collège. W. W. M.

#### *A Year With the Y. W. C. A.*

In looking over the work of the Young Women's Christian Association of the past year we have many reasons to be thankful, and because of the guidance and watchful care of the Heavenly Father we are able to say that the association is stronger at present than at any time since its organization. The records show progress in nearly every line of work; greater interest has been manifested on the part of the members; more personal work has been done, and we have grown stronger spiritually.

Starting last fall with a membership of fifty, all alive to the work and fully realizing what the association had been to them, they have been persistent in their efforts to accomplish the object and purpose of the organization. They have endeavored to present the work to every girl in College, at the same time extending an invitation for her to become a member. One hundred sixteen girls have responded to these invitations and are now among the ranks of association workers, making the total enrolment for the year one hundred sixty-six.

Of this number several who were not Christians at the time of joining have found faith in a Savior's love since then, and are at present actively engaged in Christian work.

The regular meetings of the association have made a steady growth in attendance and interest. Many have testified of the benefit which they have received from them. Two well-attended prayer circles have been organized. We believe they have been the source of much strength, for they have brought us into a closer communion with God and have bound us in closer sympathy with each other. Three Bible study classes have been maintained thruout the year. These have been very beneficial to those who have attended. The Bible study committee is planning much for the coming year. If we would be strong we must have our faith founded upon a knowledge of Him whom we serve.

The interest manifested by members of the Faculty and the financial help given by them means a very great deal to our association. The twenty-five dollar appropriation given by the Regents was also much appreciated. The association hopes to make its work so practical and helpful to the College students that it may be deserving of thrice that amount the coming year. Much help has been received from the advisory committee, which has recently been made a permanent committee. It is now organized for the coming year.

The advancement in our work this year we believe to be due to the Holy Spirit working thru those who were willing to be guided by Him. While the retiring president of the association, ever faithful to duty and unselfish in word and deed, gave her life entirely to the guidance of the Father, the succeeding president, who is ever earnest and sincere, will do no less than this, and with the help of all we expect much greater progress the coming year. E. R.

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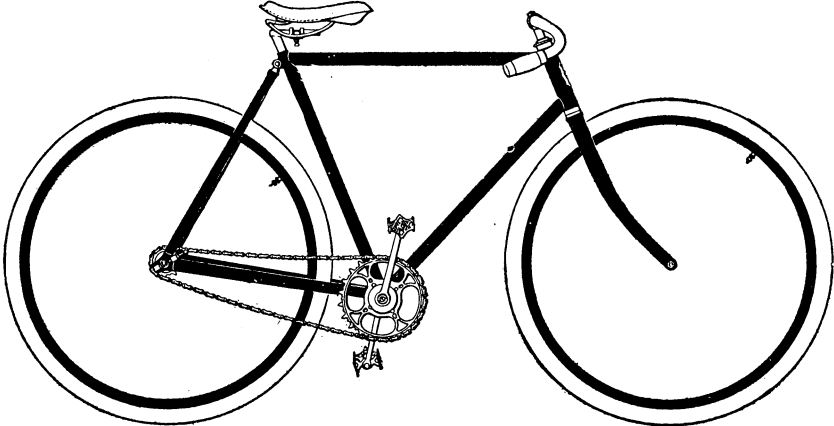
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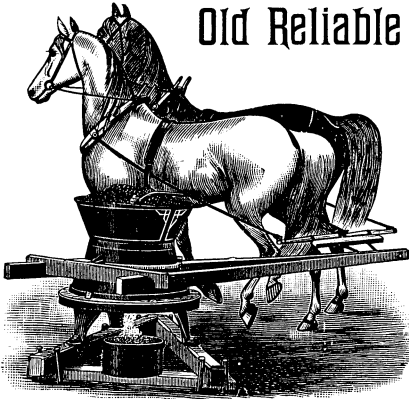
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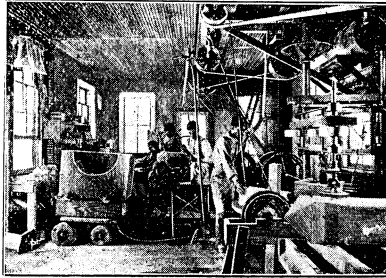
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