

THE SPECTATOR

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EVANGELIST ULERY DOING FAITHFUL WORK

A General Good Feeling And Spirit
of Co-Operation Prevails

Many have been made to feel that "Life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal," and are planning their lives accordingly.

In the Sunday morning service special emphasis was laid on the kind of soil in which the Gospel finds lodgement. After the reading of the Scripture by Elder E. E. John, Psalm 103, Rev. Uley arose saying, "I greet you this blessed Lord's Day in the name of our Blessed Master." Then all repeated the text together, "Keep thy heart with all diligence for out of it are the issues of life."

Christ is not after the best of men but the best that is in man. Jesus laid more emphasis on the condition of the soil than upon the seed and the sower. Too many popular evangelists over stress the seed and the sower but the condition of the soil is the important factor. "Keep thy heart with all diligence for out of it are the issues of life."

We are not to go into sin in order that we may understand the viewpoint of the sinner for every sin leaves its scar. Too many act on the idea that the youth must sow his wild oats, that religion is for the old. The young men and young women that give their lives to Christ are the ones that come to the greatest point of efficiency. The great men that are doing service for humanity have not spent their youth in dissipation. The background of a life is the seedbed. If we would become great we are to keep our hearts with all diligence in youth.

Jesus mentions four kinds of seedbeds, the wayside, thorny, stony and good. Not all wayside, thorny and stony hearers are outside the church. They are the problem of the spiritual life of a society. Too many churches are trying to deal with these classes by installing soup kitchens, smoke rooms, gyms, swimming rooms and some even have a dancehall in their basement. But they are losing the spirit of Christ. In stooping to lift the world they themselves have become degraded.

This is an age of rationalism. Too many are losing the simple child like faith by cold reason. The study of Philosophy is the study of the history of the failure of the human mind. Great reasoners and thinkers have

failed to give us a sure foundation on which to build. Many today are building structures on the sand that will not stand the test. We are exhorted, as the wise man, to build on a sure foundation which is Christ. Many think they haven't time but Jesus says, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added. There is pleasure in sin but it is only for a short season. The message of the church should be Jesus Christ and the watchword Self-Denial."

CAPTAIN WIARD'S LECTURE OF FAKIRS

Captain Wiard's lecture given at the College Chapel Monday evening was much enjoyed by all. The students showed their usual interest in the Captain and his efforts for the Chapel was well filled at an early hour.

The great detective stands for the principals upheld by McPherson College and its doors are always open to these men of high ideals.

The captain related to us in his unique way the results of some of his efforts in combating fraud in this country. He put us wise to many of the faker's tricks that have been played in this country and England, and how they have caused the unsuspecting public to suffer. He showed how suffering humanity in a desperate search for health have allowed themselves to be duped and robbed by the conscienceless makers of "patent medicines" who haven't sense enough to "diagnose a sick hen."

Captain Wiard realizes the harmful effects tobacco is having on the youth of our land and made a strong appeal to the students urging them to do all in their power to eradicate this awful curse from this country of ours; an evil which is weakening our manhood and degrading womanhood.

The Captain is a staunch supporter of the Anti-tobacco Association of McPherson College, and we are indeed fortunate in having the support of so great a man in our pioneer movement against the tobacco evil.—C. F. H.

Son:—"Dad, what are well seasoned troops?"

Father:—"My son, I think they're the boys with plenty of pep and ginger."

Obvious—That a man with an education can earn three dollars a day, without he is able to obtain eight.

Please Patronize Our Advertisers.

M. C. GETS EARLY START IN BASKETBALL

Coach Patterson Working With
Men

The call has been issued for the appearance at the gym all those fellows interested in basketball. The men have responded, and with enthusiasm and determination to put McPherson College well up in the conference this year, the men are beginning to train and work because they realize that competition is stronger this year than for many years previous. We are indeed exceedingly fortunate in having at the head of the squad the clean, capable basketball enthusiast, Coach Patterson. The men seemingly like him a great deal and are very pleased to know that the management with the aid of the committee on Athletics have as always before secured a capable person and a man with high ideals for their coach.

At the regular hour for practice Monday afternoon Coach Patterson, with the assistance of Capt. Rump selected teams of five men each from the group and worked the entire time on playing the ball that was ours on the outside. This is an introduction to the 'place' play and we feel that the fellows are going to be able to keep the opposing teams guessing at least part of the time as what is to come next. Coach Patterson expressed his desire to schedule at least two good practice games before the Christmas vacation. This means that Basketball is a reality in McPherson College. Are we as a student body ready to support our team and thus assure some victories for old M. C.? How about our YELL LEADER?—Oliver Trapp.

COLLEGE DRYS PLAN DES MOINES CONVENTION

"The Colleges of the World for World Prohibition."

The Eighth National Convention of the Inter-Collegiate Prohibition Association will be held at Des Moines, Iowa, Jan. 5, 1920, immediately following the Student Volunteer Convention in the same city.

This Convention will bring together representative students and professors from all important institutions to consider the liquor problem abroad, to gain a vision of the responsibility of American colleges to other colleges of the world, and to work out the plans for an extension of the col-

STUDENTS MAY NOT GO

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag for what's the use of worrying, it never was worth while besides there may be a better day coming bye and bye. According to papers of the most recent date it is quite probable that by Christmas there will be no railroad service; if not for one reason then for two or three. Yet we grant that what is news one hour may be as stale as limburger cheese an hour later in the present rapid change of events.

An inventory of the various railroad system's coal supplies was made a few days ago and none reported that their present coal supply could last longer than a month and some said their coal supply could last only a few days. Such is the present situation of railroads operating in the middle west. A few locomotives have already been altered so that oil can be used and others are being changed as rapidly as possible. But our relief from the present pending situation will not come by substituting oil for coal as fuel but by coal being supplied in enormous quantity immediately. If the miners refuse to work the mines then someone else must. And yet another serious phase has been added to the situation, the last few days by the pending railroad strike. The yardmen refuse to handle the coal mined by Governor Allen's volunteer coal diggers. Since the miners will not dig coal and the railroads refuse to handle the coal dug by volunteer labor and an inventory shows they cannot run much longer without coal then it looks as though a shut down is almost inevitable, anyway you look at it. If our railroad service stops then all commerce is stopped. Coal cannot be delivered if dug and without coal, Kansas will be a mighty cool state before long. Many of the towns are without coal already; and no coal in town means no light, no water, no heat. It may cause some of the "spit and whittle club" members to get out axes other than "battle axes" and provide a substitute for the black monarch.

lege prohibition movement to all other lands.

The morning and afternoon sessions will be devoted to business and inspirational programs, and the National Oratorical Contest will occupy the evening.

All delegates to the Student Volunteer Convention are urged to remain over one day longer, and others are invited to make a special trip.

Literary

HIGH PRICED CLOTHES

When I got up the other morn,
The ground was white with frost,
So I went to town, for some winter
clothes.

But what do you s'pose they cost?
A hundred bucks were in my genes,
And they were there to stay,
For there wouldn't be a copper left,
Before I was dressed half way.

Let's see, a hat was just nine bucks,
A few good Sox were four,
An overcoat was fifty-five,
A shirt a dozen more,
A pair of shoes about fifteen,
A collar fifty cents,
But talk about a real good suit,
The prices were immense.

They said a thread was worth a dime,
A button-hole six bits,
A button worth most anything,
According to the way it fits.
So then I didn't mind the frost,
If that was the way they felt,
So I didn't buy a bloom'n' thing,
But a nice, warm, leather belt..

—Cullen.

AMELIA'S INTERPRETATION

Amelia Jane Brown was enjoying an afternoon by the old mill stream. It was a beautiful quiet summer afternoon when the water was clear and cool, and the green leaves murmured among themselves. A chipmunk broke the silence between the two extremes and ran hastily along a fallen log. A golden hued butterfly lighted on a flower right by Amelia Jane's side.

Amelia Jane, what a dear girl she was, but she was very plain and unattractive and she was so conscious of the fact. She knew her hair was straight and faded in spots. She knew also that her feet were unusually large for a girl and just now, how conscious she was of the fact that her skin was brown and she had an abundance of freckles. She was gazing in the water at her reflection. "Those freckles will crop out every summer," she said with a sigh. "Why can't every individual be beautiful? Wouldn't this be a wonderful, wonderful world? I believe that if I could live in the city where Julia lives and wear store clothes and use that amazing pink stuff on my face and do my hair up on frizzlers, nobody would ever notice my freckles.

"Yes they would", growled an unfriendly old bull-frog.

"Y-e-e-s the-e-y wo-o-o-uld," chirruped a cardinal in a bush across the stream.

"Oh, Oh," cried Amelia, "Even that beautiful bird knows that I have freckles. I wish I could change places with him then he'd know how it feels."

"All right-all right," sang the meadow-lark wheeling above her head.

"Oh, if I could be Robin Goodfellow or had an Alladin's lamp I'd change into a bird and a pretty blue bird with a black tuft on my head and a white face and little pink feet."

Amelia Jane did not often get such a moody, dark spell, but she was like all other girls, these moody times would come.

She fell asleep with her pouting and dreamed that she was changed and was really very good looking and that something had influenced her. It was not all in her face but partly in her mind. She awoke by hearing some distant music. She smiled to think she had fallen asleep here by the old mill stream and looked quickly to see if her dream was true. Oh, yes, she was better looking. Maybe it was because she smiled. She did not know.

But whence came the music? It became plainer in some measures and Amelia heard this little snatch: "Where winds do blow and sun flowers grow, I long for thee M. C." She sat listening for more but the song stopped and through the woods came the call, "Amelia, Amelia Jane, Oh Amelia." It was her mother's voice.

She ran through the woods as fast as her lithe form could move. She really did not think that she had been gone so long. Her mother, a very kind, gracious, good mother was awaiting her in a shady corner of the pergola. "Why Amelia Jane, where have you been all the afternoon? We've had callers. Ruth has been here and Amelia I have something very important to talk over with you. A man from a great college called McPherson College was here to see if you were thinking of continuing your education.

"Why mumpsie, how could a big man like that know of me?"

Amelia Jane had finished her high school in the village at the youthful age of sixteen. Like all other high school graduates she felt as if she knew all there was to be known and had not even thought of going to college.

"Well, 'Melia dear, I guess God sent him. It seemed all the time that I couldn't think of you quitting in your school work just because you had graduated from high school and I didn't know where the best place was to send you. Yes God sent him and I have decided that you shall go to his school."

"But mother," gasped Amelia. She thought of her freckles and big feet, and a sullen frown enveloped her bright face—"Oh mother—that would be—very nice, but—"

"Amelia all arrangements are made, you do not need to doubt the reality of it."

If anything ever took Amelia by surprise it was this sudden announcement from her mother. It was al-

ready late in the Summer so preparations were begun for Amelia Jane to start for the big college. Big sister was kept busy sewing. Mother was kept busy buying and father, dear old dad, was kept busy earning money to pay the bills. While little brother, Dick, was fretty and cross because nobody noticed him. At times Amelia almost rebelled because they were all working for her. "Why I'm not worthy of all of this bother. I'll not need another new dress will I mother?" But mother thought so and Amelia was glad that she did.

At last the day came and Amelia Jane and all of the Browns and in fact the whole church and half the village were at the station to see Amelia Jane Brown off to college. This was a great event in Amelia's life. "I wish they would not make such a fuss over my leaving," she said to herself. "I'd rather just slip quietly away and not say 'Good-bye' to anyone—but mother." She had been in such a whirl of preparation that she had not thought of leaving her loved ones behind. When the big engine puffed out of the village Amelia Jane searched for her handkerchief with trembling hands and blinding eyes.

When she was almost to her journey's end she looked in a little mirror at her brown face and new hat. "Ah you hateful freckles," she said as her face grew gloomy. She sat down gazing steadily at the Kansas fields from the car window until at last she came to the great city, the city where her college was. Oh her heart beat so quickly and her feet felt so heavy and her face so red and so white but she knew all the time that it was just freckles. Finally the train stopped and a great many young people began to get off. "Oh my," thought Amelia, "everybody is going to the big college." Then some one grabbed her suit case and clutched her hand. "You've come for school work? We're so glad to have you," and motioned to a car at a little distance, "take that car it will land you at the college. Good-bye, we will get acquainted later." He was then meeting others and giving them information. Some were laughing and talking and singing and yelling all at once. Amelia supposed that those were college seniors because they would be acquainted here but she afterwards found out that they were only a bunch of green Freshmen.

Pretty soon the machine was loaded and they started up the street, she did not know which way. Someone screamed in her ear, "Say, say, oh Miss—have you joined a society? Amelia expressed her extreme ignorance of their Societies. "Oh, oh you haven't heard of the Iconoclasts? Why that's the society to join. Every body does."

"Unless they get a whiff of Irvings. Then it's all off for the Ikeys," chimed someone back in one corner.

"Is this college life?" Amelia asked herself. "They seem so bold and I feel so backward." She waited to answer until two months afterwards. "Ah, college life has so many different sides to it. Why there are just so many things to do all the time that I actually forget that I'm not a bit good-looking or graceful. I suppose though that when I walk out with my diploma in my hand and my knowledge in my head and note books, that it will come back then I'll have time to think again.

Three years later Amelia Jane had forgotten that she ever had freckles and big feet for like other successful Collegiates she had caught the vision. Ah, yes she saw farther than Commencement. Like others Amelia Jane was finding her place in the Great World Task. She had given her heart to the Christ, who had died that she might live.

In one of her letters home she wrote these words: "Mother, I don't believe a person can enjoy living or even know why they live until they get an education. Why, folks just work and toil and labor to make more money and while they're working they forget to live. Then when they begin to get a little sum they die, leaving their money to unappreciative people who just work all the harder to multiply it. And so it has been for years and will be unless people get a new vision. They need Christianity and education—Christian education and that's what one gets here."—Icel L. Keim.

Alumni

Rev. E. H. Eby, A. B. 1904, D. D. 1918, writes interestingly of his experiences as a missionary in India. Rev. Eby is engaged in formulating a large constructive plan of Religious Education in his territory. He has in contemplation a training school which will be devoted to Normal, Agricultural, Industrial, and Biblical training. A site for the school will soon be chosen and work will be begun on the plant.

Rev. W. A. Kinzie, B. S. L. 1918, pastor of Salem Church of the Brethren near Nickerson, Kansas, is planning big things for his community. Just lately the congregation has decided to erect a new church at the cost of \$30,000 of which amount \$15,000 is already subscribed. The Salem church has obtained favorable mention as a community center.

Chas. H. Sandy, A. B. 1912, is the enterprising secretary of the American Home Life Insurance Company, a McPherson concern. Since the beginning of business about three months ago, over one half million dollars worth of insurance has been sold by this company.

Organizations

The Iconoclasts are not lacking when it comes to society spirit. Despite the fact that they were unusually busy last week, on account of the revivals, and despite the early hour at which it was necessary to call the meeting, about thirty five met in the Society Hall Saturday evening; and those who failed to come missed a good program.

IS AMERICA LEADING?

Our Anti-tobacco Association questions the idea that America is leading the world in the fight against the use of tobacco, but those who think thusly, need to know a few facts concerning what some of the other nations are doing. It is true beyond a doubt that America leads in the USE of that famous DEBASER of MORALS, but it is not true that she is foremost in legislation against the use of it.

The following circular has been telegraphed all over China. The instructions are from the "Ministry of the Interior."

NOTICE—It has been brought to my attention that almost everybody in the country has INDULGED in the use of the cigar or cigarette, which will become a WORSE curse to the nation than opium in former days, unless some restrictions are in force. Therefore the following restrictions are now declared to be in force:

1. No boy or girl under 18 years of age shall be allowed to smoke cigars or cigarettes.

2. Any military or naval man using it shall be punished.

3. The use of cigars and cigarettes in all Government schools and colleges shall be prohibited.

"The nation that smokes, eventually perishes", declares R. P. Moncrieff, honorary statistician to the British "Anti-Tobacco League." He also asks this pertinent question: "If the women of the nation become habitual smokers—as they are rapidly doing—what effect will it have on the future generation?" The only answer to his question is this, that a physically inferior and mentally unbalanced race of men and women will result. America's existence is then at stake. Shall she be destroyed? She will be if the prophetic eye of great men sees straight, unless sentiment is brought to bear. Come on orators, we want more sentiment, you are the leaders. Lead on.—J. P.

Exchanges

The first thing other magazines do when your magazine comes is to look at the exchange. If your exchange

is alive then that goes a long way in making a good magazine. The Northfield Star. (A monthly magazine.)

Dartmouth—

Dartmouth College celebrated the 150th anniversary of their charter Oct. 19 and 20.

Ann Arbor—

One hundred partially disabled soldiers will be educated by the government at the university this year. Besides all tuition and books paid for, wards of Federal Board for vocational Education receive \$115 a month if married and \$80 a month if single for their maintenance at the university.

MacAllister—

Elmer Allen Bess was inaugurated as president of MacAllister College, St. Paul, Minn., on Oct. 14.

Reserve—

The university is seriously considering the matter of obtaining a suitable memorial for their soldier dead. This memorial will take the form of a small tablet selected by the students from several models on exhibition.

Lawrence College—

About 80 men are taking advantage of the Soldiers Educational Bonus. The bonus excludes S. A. T. C. men affecting about 90 men attending Lawrence.

Iowa University—

Between 300 and 400 men in the university are working their way through the institution this year. Instead of the Y. M. C. A. handling the student employment problem the university has taken it over. There is a marked increase over year 1916-1917 in spite of the fact that opportunities for employment do not increase in the size of the student body.

Miss Alice Vogt, A. B. 1917, who has spent two years in graduate study in K. U. is scheduled to visit M. C. within a few weeks, as she leaves for her field of future work in Ceylon.

Virgil Diller, Academy 1918, is connected with the Oklahoma division of the National Refining Company with headquarters at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Mr. Diller sends his best wishes to the college.

The faculty members are hereby given a special invitation to attend the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. meetings held every Wednesday at 10 to 10:30.

ISN'T IT THE TRUTH?

That meetings after chapel are inevitable.

That "tams" are becoming mighty popular with the girls of the dormitory.

That challenges between organizations are becoming all the rage.

That there is no limit to the capacity of the jitney.



WISE AND OTHERWISE

And now the subject is women;
An excellent one for a text.
Of women who wear next to nothing
O Lord! We wonder what next.

A Great Actor—After successfully playing the part of Bottom the Weaver in Mid-Summer Night's Dream, Mr. Perry Prather was offered enormous salaries by several vaudeville managers to travel with their shows. "Fortune knocks only once in a lifetime." Has Perry lost his chance?

"There is no market for wild oats."

Hattie—"Nubb's bride worships him doesn't she?"

Mattie—"Well, she places burnt offerings before him three times a day."

Four little Ninnie-hammers,
In a tiny bunch,
Says one little Ninny-hammer,
Guess I got a hunch.
"A Ninny-hammer should be
A little, silly fool,
But I'm a woman killer,
And the smartest guy in school!"

Mr. and Mrs. Mohler received a fine baby girl from the Child Rescue Mission in Oklahoma Saturday. Prof. says she has the best lungs of any three weeks old baby he has ever seen. They are very fortunate in finding a baby that suits them so well and it is indeed fortunate in finding such a good home.

The Senior Class meetings are anything else but harmonious. From reports one would judge they were a wild bunch of Bolsheviki instead of dignified (?) McPherson College Seniors.

EXCLUSIVE BUNCHES

IN COLLEGE

What about a bunch of fellows who will think with the others, when they are with them, that we should have no clicks, but soon forget it and become worse than ever? What would the school be if all of us would do that way? Wouldn't we have a heterogeneous conglomeration of little Frats with names such as the "Royal Order of Ninny-hammers" and others which Webster decorates with such distinguished definitions?

"GREAT SENSATIONAL EVANGELISTIC TOUR"

"Man was not made to live alone."
—many model homes investigated.
One of the most hair-standing,

side-splitting, nerve-racking and dangerous evangelistic tours was taken by Rev. E. L. Ikenberry and his assistant during the Thanksgiving vacation. They left McPherson on the local freight going west from the Santa Fe station Wednesday evening at eight-fifteen and arrived at Great Bend the next day feeling fine for their campaign.

They spent their vacation very profitably by visiting many model families and homes in the Great Bend community. Many very helpful suggestions were received with gratitude by the young evangelist and assistant and prospects for a bright and happy future lay at the door that is being unlocked slowly but surely. How slowly?

Ikenberry says that he was all shot to pieces when he started but is "Rarin' to go" now. Did they go in the "Spirit of helpfulness" or for a sensation? However they returned safely, soundly and very happily Monday noon.

We are assured that they had a "Dickens" of a time.—H. H. Z.

FAVORITE HYMNS

"Dame Rumor" by Dan Cupid

"A charge to keep"—Edward Vampelt.

"Who'll be the next?"—Harry Gilbert.

"Take me as I am"—Sam Merkey.

"Blest be the tie that binds"—Chester Holsopple.

"Working together"—Ernest Ikenberry.

"My only hope"—Ray Cullen.

"I am ready, are you?"—Howard Engle.

"Steady and true"—George Boone.

"O love that will not let me go"—Bertha Muggler.

"He is mine"—May Rowe.

"No not one"—Gayman Baile.

"Still undecided"—Irene Hoffman.

"Safely thru another week"—Seth Osborn.

"Almost Persuaded"—Wave Davis.

"Why not now?"—Curtis Bowman.

"My father watches over me"—Bernice John.

"When love shines in"—Betty Harnly.

"Drifting"—J. W. Maxcy.

"True-hearted, whole-hearted"—Hazel Vogt.

"My anchor holds"—Victor Vanman.

"Just outside the door"—J. P. Prather.

"Sometime, Somewhere"—Marie Cullen.

"Onward to victory"—Ted Burkholder.

"Pass me not"—Phoebe Hoffert.

"Jewels"—Paul Pair.

"Whosoever will"—Roy Frantz.

"He leadeth me"—Bernice Keim.

"I'll go where you want me to go"—Marguerite Mohler.

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COURTESY

Real courtesy is one of the tests of the educated man or woman for no one who does not have the elements of true culture can claim a place among the learned. Courtesy is not altogether a matter of form neither is it confined to externals; it is the art of pleasing or contributing as much as possible to the ease and happiness of those with whom one meets. It is possible to know all of the suggestions in an etiquette book and still be discourteous. True politeness is spontaneous action aroused by kindly feeling, thoughtfulness and unselfishness. Goethe says "There is a courtesy of the heart; it is allied to love—from it springs the purest courtesy in the outward behavior." The well bred girl rises when an elderly lady enters the room because she reverences age; the man lifts his hat to a lady because he honors womanhood.

The students of America have been criticized for lacking in this "Old fashioned" virtue, and perhaps the criticism is just. We live such a busy life we become careless of the small kindnesses and little considerations that lend a charm to the everyday life. A pleasant "Good morning" and the bright smile we can give may help to start the day rightly for more persons than we know. If this spirit of sunshine and good will is carried throughout the entire day, it will prevent our saying unkind things or even listening to harsh criticisms of our fellow students; it will put us in the proper relation with our faculty so that we all will co-operate to make a greater M. C. Courtesy demands that we be democratic, giving every student his rights. The fact that we do not especially like

anyone is no excuse for being rude to him. One principal point of good breeding is to suit our behavior to the three several degrees of men—our superiors, our equals, and those below us.

Our conduct in public places, in the dormitories, in the dining room, and our general attitude towards our surroundings is an index to our training and character. The student who elbows his way thru the crowd to be first; the person who races thru the halls, bolts into his neighbors room without knocking and helps himself to what he wants without permission; the individual who insists on visiting when his neighbor wants to work; the student who finds fault with things and looks like a thunder cloud when he must give up his own pleasure for the sake of another; the man or woman who talks loudly in the hope of attracting attention; these are the ones who sadly lack culture. Oh no, there are none such in McPherson, but there are a few in schools far away that you and I have read about. And if by chance such a one should stray to our campus some fine day, deal kindly with him for perhaps he never had a chance before. And we are sure that in such an atmosphere of culture and courtesy as he shall find here, he will soon agree with the man who said "Great talent and success renders a man famous; great merit procures respect; great learning, veneration; but politeness alone ensures love and affection."

REVERENCE

Rush! Rush! Hurry! Hurry! So much to do! This seems to be the atmosphere in which most of us now live. It pervades our conversation, actions, and thoughts. It is the criticism we find against the American wherever he is found. The college student is no exception. We live too much on the surface. We lack repose and calm. We are so busy we forget to think. The present is more important than the whole. This permits temporary interests to appear more important for the time being than the relation they bear to the whole. We seem to forget the fact that every deed of life has an import way beyond its immediate or first significance. We need more care, more respect, more reverence; the realization of the great worth of every situation or act of life, a realization that checks flippancy or surrender to momentary excitement coming from a superficial view of behavior.

"Meditative, reverent worship is utterly impossible with much of the 'hurry scurry' of our modern life.—A gentle quiet frame of mind is necessary to a right religious attitude and hearty reverent worship." says William George Koons.

We have an excellent example of all this in our morning chapel. We come in with a hurried mein, we can hardly calm down when Prof. Rowland announces the opening hymn. Our multiplicity of announcements and many meetings after chapel make us forget the significance of the chapel hour.

"Of intellectual powers judgment is that which takes foremost lead in life."—Cardinal Newman.

"Culture implies the possession of an ideal and the habit of critically estimating the value of things by comparison with a theoretic standard."—Thomas Huxley.

Dr. Kurtz left for a visit to the Eastern Colleges on Friday noon. He takes the greetings of McPherson College with him.

Athletics



BASKET BALL CLASS TOURNAMENT PROVES INTERESTING

Is Shortened Because of The Revival

The interclass basketball tournament has been very interesting and beneficial. It was the plan to have each of the six teams play every other team twice, however the revival meetings have been wisely given the preference and we are pleased to content ourselves with one game around the circuit. It was also in the regulations to have the three highest teams play the finals. This part of the rules has been accomplished this week.

The standing of the teams as the tournament proper closes is as follows:

Team	Games	Won	Lost	Pct.
Sophomore Col.	4	4	0	1000
Freshman Col.	5	4	1	800
Senior Col.	4	3	1	750
Senior Acad. and Sophomore Acad.	6	3	3	500
Junior Acad. and Freshman Acad.	6	1	5	167
Junior Col.	5	0	5	000

The Senior College and the Freshman College clashed Tuesday evening in the finals. And the Sophomore College played the winners of this contest.—Trapp.

The Sophomore College class won the basket ball tournament.

McPHERSON ROMPS THROUGH MISSOURI TIGERS IN GRID-IRON COMBAT

M. C. "Bull Dogs" pile up score of 26-7—Greatest Victory since Pigskin Competition Appeared on Our Field.

The Missouri gridiron athletes have to their sorrow discovered the folly of meddling with the invincible "Bull Dogs." The annual Missouri-Kansas game has become the one event of the year since McPherson has the honor of representing the state in the Thanksgiving contest. Thus McPherson found herself facing the aspiring champions of the all Missouri Kansas Conference. The "Tiger" eleven has come to be mentioned only in a sense of dread under the efficient coaching of J. Perry Prather.

The game began and with lightning alertness our enemy gridriders scored a touchdown at the very outset. This little spirited set-to at once aroused the yawning "Bull Dogs"; as a result when the final smoke and dust cleared away the Tigers were limping off with the small end of 26-7.

From the beginning of the second quarter our opponents were enveloped in a cloud of dirt and cinders. Only McPherson could be seen as they flitted through the barrage. In rapid succession the pups mowed down the enemies defensive and pushed to the 15 yard line. A pass to Doerkson for 10 yards and a tackle smash by Martin carried the oval over the Missouri line for the first score. Greene kicked goal.

Missouri startled the Kansas rooters as one of the kittens grabbed the kickoff and maneuvered to the 10 yard line, but referee Austin had blown his whistle for out of bounds at the 40 yard line and the ball went into play there. Missouri's failure to make gain gave McPherson the ball. Neher relieved the pent up enthusiasm in the sidelines when he went strolling through the entire Tiger team for a touchdown from a punt formation. A parade of McPherson touchdowns continued. Another marker resulted from a pair of clever passes from Greene to Wine; Wine to Booe; bringing the leather into the shade of the Missouri goal posts when Tracy booted it across. Baile added to his grid fame by nabbing a pass for another McPherson counter during the last quarter. Gnagey kicked goal. Saylor intercepted a Missouri pass and toted the pneumatic to the 6 yard line from where Neher went over again.

One thousand M. C. Rooters, led by Dr. Harnly, went wild as Engle, Martin, Greene and Tracy licensed the chalking of the already besmeared

Society Notes

Miss Bernice Keim was guest of honor of Dr. and Mrs. Dean on Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Holsopple of Missouri have been visiting their son Chester and wife.

Claude Lowe took Thanksgiving dinner in the country.

Misses Stevens and Frantz, Mr. Harold Kurtz and Mr. and Mrs. Silas A. Keim took Thanksgiving dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Kurtz. A sumptuous dinner of turkey and all that goes with it was enjoyed by all. After dinner the party drove to the country and went rabbit hunting.

Rev. Howard H. Keim and wife of Nampo, Idaho, and Mrs. A. L. Gnagay of Fruita, Colorado, visited their children here Saturday and Sunday. They have been East visiting relations in Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Virginia and are now homeward bound. Rev. Keim is mayor of the progressive city of Nampa, and was in a hurry to return to his work.

EVOLUTION OF THE COLLEGE CHAP

Under the spreading ever-green,
The college Freshie lies,
And dreams of home for a little while,
As the big tears fill his eyes.
He thot his high-school course was hard,
Too hard for any man,
But now he was wet,
With honest brain-sweat,
As he to his classes ran.

His mind had almost ceased to work,
As he bowed beneath the load,
And he wished his hat was on the hook,
At the farther end of the road.
For the Math was hard, and the French was hard,
And the Rhetoric wasn't a snap,
And it all had to go,
With the process so slow,
In the cavity under his cap.

Another chap was prancing 'round,
Dressed in the latest style,
Plenty of time to do his work,
And a little time to smile.
For a Sophomore sometimes gets the drift,

Of the way that things must run,
And with some regard,
For things that are hard,
Has, also, plenty of fun.

A little History and English Lit.,
Only makes the big Soph strong,
And if he weren't here to manage things,
S'pose we'd get along?
But time will change this care-free chap,
And put some hills in his road,
And more of those smiles,
O'er many long miles,
Will wonderfully lighten his load.

Fifteen RA's for the Junior lad,
With the big gate key in his hand,
But farther than ever beyond the gate,
He sees the "Promised Land."
For the key is heavy and the lock is worn,
And the bars are terribly high,
But he bucks up his chin,
With a bit of a grin,
And says "Those bars I defy."

And away he goes, with his sleeves rolled up,
And an anxious look in his eye,
For his curious mind must help him to find,
The what, the where, and the why.
Society doesn't interest him much,
And little he cares for show,
But things change fast,
Toward the last,
And rapidly such things grow.

Behold! the topmost rung is here,
We see the senior man,
He walks around with dignity,
As only a senior can.
He goes to class without a book,
And always gets there late,
You'd think he would know,
When the whistle would blow,
But he thinks that it should wait.

He thinks the time has gone so fast,
Too fast, these last four years.
Has he accomplished as much as he should?
Is he filled with doubts and fears?
He isn't as big as he thot he would be,
He doesn't possess so much knowledge,
But he's mighty glad,
That he has had,
A course in McPherson College.

—Cullen.

Frank C. Robb

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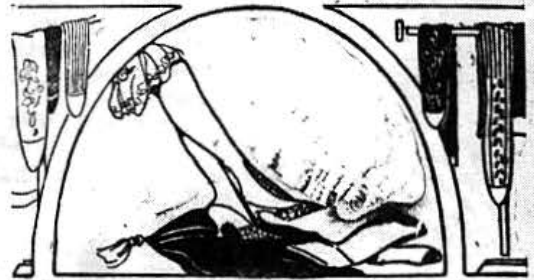
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CHAPEL NOTES

CHAPEL ANNOUNCEMENT

Notice

Special pep meeting of the Faculty each morning next week fifteen minutes before chapel, to receive a little chapel enthusiasm, and to make sure of the faculty being present and on time for chapel services.

Signed—Dr. Harnly.

The students feel that in order to cooperate with Dr. Harnly in administering his pep, it will be their duty to go out into the highways and byways and search out all the faculty that do not respond to the above call.

CHAPEL

Tuesday morning Mr. Gibhart, County Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. led our devotions, after which he invited all the boys of Academy rank to the Older Boys Conference to be held in McPherson, Friday and Saturday of this week. He tried to impress upon them the great opportunity that was before them, and urged that as many as could take advantage of it.

We were also fortunate in having with us yet, Captain Wiard. He gave a short talk on the follies of youth, and made it more impressive by displaying some of the spoils captured in the arrest of dangerous characters. He spoke words of praise for the high ideals for which McPherson College stood, and knowing that we are creatures of our environment, his message to us was, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

AUCTION SALE

Lots of enthusiasm, excitement, and fun was displayed in chapel Thursday morning over the sale of a two and one half pound box of candy, made by a certain Sunday school class for the Christmas present of Miss Evelyn Trostle who is now in the Near East. When the box was ready to go it was learned that it could not be mailed so the girls determined to sell it to the highest bidder and to use the proceeds for the support of the orphan that they have adopted. Austin was auctioneer and Miss Pauline Vaniman was clerk. After a short, vivid, and flowery description of the contents of the box by the auctioneer the bidding began. It was started at only one dollar but when the classes conceived the idea of buying it, the bids advanced rapidly until soon the only competitors were the Freshman, the Sophomores and Prof. Yoder from the faculty. After a few moments of good natured and humorous competi-

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tion the candy was sold to the Sophomores at the price of eight dollars.

The class decided to give the candy to their basketball team who were the victors in the recent class tournament. Friday in chapel their lady cheer leader Miss Whitmer fittingly presented the box of candy daintily decorated with the class colors to the Heroes.

STOP, LOOK, LISTEN—NO BOOKS FOR RENT AT LIBRARY

Occasionally a student comes in the library with a book that is over due. "How much do I owe you, Miss Librarian" he says. She pleasantly replies, "Five cents an hour fine". Well he thinks it has been worth at least that much to him and is glad to pay his fine.

Now look here young chap, maybe someone else needed that book much worse than you did and it was your duty to get it in at the time it was due if possible. If some thing that you are not responsible for keeps you from bringing it back it will be alright but don't get it in your head

that the library keeps books for rent. The next time you come in late with a book don't tell the Librarian that you needed it a little longer, so just kept it out, but that you just forgot or some other good reason and she will feel much better towards you I'm sure.

PICTURES! UNUSUAL PICTURES!

Wanted—Pictures featuring the unusual, the odd, the funny, those portraying the exuberance of the youth of the college. What for, Why, for the Annual, of course. The various activities of school life are recorded in the Annual in the form of photos. We can not see everyone personally, but you can see us. If you have some kodaks that are extraordinary bring them to us. The snap shot pages should represent every student in school, and not just a few. You want yours there don't you? If it is not there it is your own fault. So, take pictures, make them the "Hard to Obtain" type. Annual Staff.

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McPHERSON ROMPS
THROUGH MISSOURI
TIGERS IN GRID-IRON COMBAT
 (Continued from Page 4.)

score board. The Tigers staged a spectacular come-back in the last three minutes when they made two first downs and punted to McPherson's 20 yard line. This with a 5 yard penalty stimulated our hoarse rooters, but there was only a minute left to play. The Tiger punted for 45 yards but was tackled in his tracks. The whistle blew, the game was over, the cheering ceased (in time), but to all McPherson the scene is still vivid in its introspective vision.

The Line-Up

"Bull Dogs"	Tigers
Jimmy Greenel. e.	Nicholas
J. Howard Engle.....l. t.	VanSchoick
Emery Winel. g.	Shehan
Saylor Neherc.	Heimsch
Scott Martinr. g.	Schwartzenberg
Frank Booner. t.	Wurst
"Fat" Saylorr. e.	Keating
Jay Tracyq.	VanDerHorst
J. Gayman Baile ..l. h.	Foscier
Heinrich Doerksen r. h.	Johnson
Valliant Gnagey ..f.	Christein

The spirit of Sportsmanship in athletics is one of the most enviable spirits fostered in any field of competitive activity. Every one who appreciates good must admire the qualities of a 'Good Sportsman.' The spirit is far from being confined to athletics, but its intimacy to all human endeavor makes its acquisition the more essential.

According to Coach Patterson the 'horse-laugh', the 'ax' and the 'undertaker' for our rivals have no place. While showing our opponents, (as our friends) every courtesy and right, we also expect to give them a wholesome surprise. Through it all we owe our team all the pep we can muster, they deserve it and **THEY WILL GET IT.**

Enthusiasm for class basket ball tournament seems to have fallen several degrees with the mercury. Perhaps regular squad practice has given our goal tossers a broader vision, or Turkey Day festivities have fostered contented inactivity. Whatever he cause there is nothing to be feared as a result. It is only a slight letup to gain second wind. The squad try-out is well under way with **GREAT** prospects for a winning team.

A poor excuse is better than none, and many an old maid regards a husband as a poor excuse.

No Assistance Needed.
 As the train neared the city, the colored porter approached the jovial faced gentleman, saying with a smile, "Shall ah brush yo' off sah?"
 No," he replied, "I prefer to get off in the usual manner."

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