

# THE SPECTATOR

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## A QUIET COLLEGE

Chapel, All Student Activities and Social Life Stopped by Flu

## EDGECOMBS HOME BURNS

Our Jitney Driver's Home Burns, Students sympathies go Out to Their Good Old Friend.

This has been an exceptionally quiet week around the college. The Flu has been in our midst. Although we are just recovering from the semester examinations and one would expect much social life and rejoicing things have been especially dull. As The Spectator went to press last week the Flu was beginning to make its first bow on the Hill. We were not concerned by its appearance. Everyone believed that it would not amount to much. In fact those who were beginning to suffer from it only thought they had had colds. Suddenly many had bad colds. They were not friendly colds. They were vicious. They were pernicious. They were despicable. And we caught them from our best friends. Then the doctors said it was our old acquaintance, the Flu. Dormitory doors became placarded with the miserable little red signs. And the sufferers went to bed with their troubles. The Hill became an infectious spot. The major portion of the faculty disappeared. We knew the Flu was with us again. When faculty members stay at home in bed and refuse the fun of finding out how little their classes know about their lessons we know they are sick. Then the ban was dropped upon us.

## FLU BAN ESTABLISHED

Those last few chapel mornings were interesting. A learned professor would arise and state that Professor—would not meet his classes today because he was home sick. Then the next day some other professor would come to his feet and announce for him that he would be unable to meet his classes until further notice. And so it went until the ban fell. The last chapel morning the Dean arose and announced that the City Fathers had assembled and decided that all gatherings of all kinds should cease until the Flu had departed from our midst. Student activities of all kinds should stop. There was to be no more basket ball games, no more literary societies, no more anything. Social life was to be a thing of the past. Then he turned to the faculty and it was de-

## NO SPECTATOR NEXT WEEK

On account of the flu there will be no Spectator next week. The immediate danger of such a disease has practically stopped all unusual happenings and being constantly perturbed by shots of this merciless disease the minds of all the staff members have ceased to function.

We are thankful for this edition, at least we do not want to be susceptible to the flu because of overwork. At any rate it is necessary to omit one more issue in order to keep within the limit of thirty for the year.

cided that chapel would not meet until further notice. And so we were disbanded and there is nothing on the Hill any more except classes. The students crossing the quadrangle are thinking of only one thing, studies. The faculty should be pleased at their thoughts. The closing of chapel has proved one thing.

## DEANS CONTENTIONS CONFIRMED

Dean Harnly has been contending for the last twenty eight years that chapel announcements were a killer of time, an abomination unto the Lord, and a deteriorating, degenerating, demoralizing factor in the student life. There was no moral value, no scholastic value, no intellectual value to be found in them. We venture to predict that when chapel again meets the Dean will be the first to make an announcement.

A great aching void in the life of the students has been filled. Professor Craik is once more with us. The flu had held him prisoner at home for some time, quite some time, but he is out on parole and we rejoice over the fact. But why speak of one void. We have been filled with aching voids recently. Miss McGaffey, our beloved president Doctor Kurtz, genial Professor Swope, Professor Mohler with his charming smile, in fact all of them, for they took turns at petting the flu, left us disconsolate and returned to fill our hearts with joy. We are glad to state the Professor Studebaker did not have the Flu but never the less we missed him as usual. He had only taken his customary weekly trip to heaven knows where. Although the Flu ban was on the faculty had their usual pleasant social gathering last Tues-

## WHY DID FACULTY

## HAVE THE FLU?

Many of the faculty were conspicuous for their absence last week and the report was current and on good authority that they were entertaining a visit from the flu germ. The question naturally arose why so many more of the faculty had the flu than the students; that is, in proportion to their relative sizes. One explanation which came from a sympathizing student was that the faculty worked so hard that their physical condition was less able to resist the disease than the strong students. A more skeptical explanation was that the flu was the reward of justice because of a strict application of the new system of grading. No member of the faculty will admit that his conscience has bothered him, however. The explanation was also advanced that maybe some weary professor wanted a rest and so took advantage of the flu talk to proclaim a personal vacation. But the appearance of the various teachers as they returned to their duties gives the lie to any such suggestion. At any rate, everyone welcomes back our beloved guides to truth. After all, school is worth much without teachers.

## DR. HARNLY AND TOBACCO ADVERTISEMENTS

As everyone knows, Dr. Harnly is no friend of tobacco and he loses no opportunity to make his influence felt against this evil. The following incident illustrates how one may quietly be a factor in combating the powerful hold which the tobacco interests have upon the public.

Some time ago Dr. Harnly wrote to the Red Cross magazine protesting against the printing of tobacco advertisements in a magazine representing the ideals which the Red Cross magazine sets forth. Part of their reply follows:

"Dear Dr. Harnly:—You wrote us some time ago protesting against the printing of tobacco advertisements in the Red Cross Magazine.

Some months ago I recommended to National Headquarters that, beginning with 1920, tobacco advertisements be no longer accepted for publication in The Red Cross Magazine.

National Headquarters has now approved this recommendation, and tobacco advertisements will not appear in the Magazine beginning with the March 1920 issue, provided one tobacco company, under an old contract entered into during war times, does not hold us to the provision in that contract which calls for three months notice of abrogation of contract. . .

## PROFESSORS WILL LEAVE FOR ONE YEAR

## FOUR OF FACULTY WILL BE ON LEAVE OF ABSENCE

Several of the professors of McPherson college will be given a leave of absence during the school year 1920-21. There is need for this. Some of the professors have work to complete in the larger universities; others wish to travel in order to take somewhat of a vacation and utilize this valuable time in studying world problems and world needs.

Next year the upper regions of Sharp Hall will not reverberate the high-pitched voice of Dr. Harnly. The students will miss his gesticulations and ready wit. For twenty-five years Dr. Harnly has worked for M. C. and in all that time has had only one leave of absence. He expects to visit Japan, China, India and Europe. May the Doctor derive pleasure and help abroad and return to us better equipped to carry on the work for a greater M.

Miss Minnie Walters will spend one year's study in advance work in one of the larger universities. Professor Studebaker will be given one year leave which he will spend at Chicago University in studying for his Doctor's degree.

Professor (Uncle) J. J. Yoder expects to sail August 1st for Tokio, Japan to be in attendance at the World's Sunday School Convention in October. After this convention he will visit the missions in China and India and will visit sections of Africa for the purpose of selecting a suitable field for opening a new mission in the near future. He will return by way of Europe.

Because these people are leaving for one year we need not feel that school next year will suffer. Every one of these professors are excellent in their line of work and fit into the operating scheme and spirit of M. C. But rumor akin to fact says that McPherson is to have a surprise when it comes to professors for the coming year. The best possible will be obtained. This is an excellent opportunity to get new blood in the faculty. We will not be disappointed. When the other faculty members return with higher degrees and wider knowledge, a greater M. C. will greet them and together with the new blood they will cooperate and help build the college which is the dream of our President.

(Continued on Page 6.)



## Literary

## Music In Painting

It is a pleasure to learn that the painter is really interested in his brother artist, the musician. Too very often they have been jealous and antagonistic toward one another. They have felt that if they praised any other art outside their own chosen one that they were being disloyal, and they have forgotten that the more they appreciate the other arts the fuller and richer is their apperceptive stock, and the better able are they to contribute to and elevate their own.

We have many artists that have given us paintings with musical themes. Perhaps the best known among these paintings is Watt's "Hope". The picture is symbolic, but it is appropriate and very beautiful that this bit of symbolism should be expressed in a musical subject. Duncan Phillips describes the picture: "On the orb of the globe in the blue of our cosmic twilight sits the stricken form of a young girl blind-folded. She is Hope. The bowed and suffering figure clasps in her arms a broken harp; one string alone remains taunt, but this she plays resolutely, pressing it closer and ever closer to her to catch its lingering sweet vibrations." How beautifully and yet how simply has Watts expressed what we in our stupid plagiarizing mean to say when quoting those words, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

Among this number is another remarkably clever, yet very pathetic painting by Sir John Everett Millais entitled "The Blind Girl." She is represented as sitting in a field with beautiful colors of nature on every hand. There is shown that wonderful spectacle of which we are permitted too few glimpses—a rainbow. But all this does not exist for the poor blind maiden; yet we are not to feel too sorry for her for the artist has shown us wherein lies her compensation. She has her music. On her lap is a concertina and she has been playing. It is music that holds for her all the beauty of form and color; it is her earth, sky, and distance. By means of it she has won herself peace, for her face bespeaks resignation, yes, even contentment. It is a sad picture, but a most impressive evidence of the power of music in human life.

But of all the paintings that have musical themes perhaps the one that gives the most poignant impression is Giorgione's famous "Concert". As Giorgione has always made the inner life his particular study the "Concert" is most characteristic of his work. It was Carlyle who said that "music

leads us to the edge of the Infinite to let us for a moment gaze." And how true it is that it is only for a single moment. In the case of this picture Giorgione made it his particular task to catch the individuality of that moment and make it eternal.

The musician's hands are just leaving the keys of the clavichord; the room is steeped in lingering music, beautiful music. It has even stilled for a moment the garrulous chatter of that worldly and beplumed lady behind him. As we catch the atmosphere of the picture and particularly as we behold the face of that man we too feel the spell of the painting, and if our hearts beat right we will grow quiet and respectful along with the nice fat gentleman who plays the viol, who tho he be of lesser clay, is hushed as he looks through the eyes into the soul of this musician. The ecstasy he sees there is more than emotional; it is spiritual. Here is personality, spirit, soul, what ever you may call it, for no matter what name we give it we all know it to be one of the most wonderful things in the world. O, it is an eloquent face bespeaking a language too few understand. In one soul-revealing glance it has communicated that joy which lies in beauty that is noble and true. Giorgione has drawn from the retreat of this musician's soul his inner most longings. . . . The last chord is dying away, and all that music will soon be no more than a dream. The fat man who is playing the viol, who even now has laid his hand on the shoulder of the musician, will have suggested to him another selection. In a moment the mood while have vanished; but this master painter has saved it for us and has caused it to live for over four centuries.

Forgive my moralizing—I know it is poor taste—but I cannot help thinking how much these musicians have longed to give us in their music, and how little we have heeded them. Are we like the young worldling, who, the perfectly nonchalant to what is being played, is willing, because it is "proper" to be quiet, or are we like the older man, who sensing this thing marvels and bears it respect, or is it possible that feeling the deeper meanings in life we may be able to take and give of them.

Other musical pictures that bear close study are "A Violin Concerto" by Gulich, "The Moonlight Sonata" by Oppler, "The Minstrel" by Stacy Marks, "A Music Lesson" by the French artist Marmoin, "The Music Master" by Jan Steen, a quaint and charming study, the musical paintings of Stanhope Forbes, Albert Starling's touching treatment of "Strangers in a Strange Land", the Appealing and lovely study of G. H. Broughton entitled "The Music of the Pines", Terborch's "The Musicians", a simple domestic motive so typical of Dutch

Genre painting, and the lovely liquid insipid beauty of Carlo Dolci's "Saint Cecilia."

**THE MAGAZINE WORM SUGGESTS** Sir Oliver Lodge on the subject "The ether versus relativity" in the January Fortnightly Review.

Glimpses from the lives of Ruskin, Browning, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Gladstone, written by Sir Sidney Colvin, entitled "Some Personal Recollections", in Scribner's for January.

Ole Hanson's account of why and how he became mayor of Seattle under the caption "Fighting the Reds in their home town" in the December World's Work.

A quarterly survey of "Current taste in fiction" by John Walcott in the Bookman for January.

Ludwig Lewisohn, the well known authority on the drama of modern day, about the theme of "Critics and creators of the theatre" in the February Bookman.

The discussion of Miss Amy Lowell's suggestion that the American newspaper should omit comments on literature, under the title "Free verse versus free press" in the Current Opinion for February. Accompanied by a photograph of Miss Lowell.

The widely read historian, Herbert Adams Gibbons, on a European subject "What confronts France" in the Century for January.

The last novel of John Fox Junior, "Erskine Dale" in Scribner's for January.

Courtney's characterization of "D'Annunzio as dramatist" in the January Fortnightly Review.

The brief sketches in the Bookman for January: "A new page about O. Henry" by John Seymour Wood, and "Edwin Arlington Robinson" by Samuel Roth, and "An historic American humorist—Artemus Ward" by Arthur Maurice.

Rear-Admiral Sims' comprehensive article concerning naval warfare, "Victory at sea" in the December World's Work.

A capable consideration of "The Modern science of food values" by H. Prentiss Armsby in the Yale Review for January.

John Burroughs in a composition headed "Is nature efficient?" in the January Yale Review.

## SUNDAY SERVICES IN THE COUNTRY

Three carloads of fun lovers and church goers decided that Sundays were too few around the college to let slip by without making the best use of them, even if the Flu flies around. They drove three or four miles east of the college, had a pleasant dinner cooked on an outdoor fire, ate until Nature called a halt, and then put on a real program of music, readings and talks in the natural amphitheatre in the dry creek

## CHUCKLES

First soldier: "I've gwine to get me a euclyptus."

Second ditto: "A what?"

First ditto: "A euclyptus—dat's a musical instrument, fool."

Second ditto: "Go on, nigger! You can't kid me—dat's one of the books of the Bible."

Scharpe: "Did you read about the man who swallowed his teaspoon?"

Flatte: "No, what happened to him?"

Scharpe: "Oh, he can't stir."

When Theodore Roosevelt was Police Commissioner of New York he asked an applicant for a position on the force: "If you were ordered to disperse a mob who would you do?" "Pass around the hat, sir."

"What does a volcano do with lava?" asked Freddy.

"Give it up," replied father.

"That's right," said Freddy.

"Anything doing?" asked the lazy reporter

"Yes, a man was choked to death in a restaurant but I haven't learned his name yet," replied the keen one.

"How did it happen?"

"He was eating a piece of horse-meat and someone said 'Whoa.'"

A visitor at the capital, accompanied by his son, was watching the gallery when the House came to order.

"Why did the minister pray for all those men, papa?"

"He didn't. He looked 'em over, and then prayed for the country."

"I see they are making shingles out of cement now."

"Then I withdraw my wish to be a boy again."

A colored soldier at the parcel-post window of a northern camp: "Ah wants to insure this 'ere package, 'cause Ah wants mah gal in Florida to get it sure."

"What does the package contain?" asked the clerk mechanically.

"Dat's a shoe box full ob snow, boss, and Ah's mighty anxious fob Ca'line to get it, 'kase she's never seed no snow befo'."

Three-year old Louise ran home from Sunday School in great excitement.

"Mother," she cried, "the teacher told us about a rich man who put lots of money into the church box, but there was a real poor widow who didn't have much money, and so she put in two mice."

bed of the neighboring pasture. Cockle burs, crows and dust were everywhere abundant as well as squirrel nests, fresh water, green grass and shade trees. May the Flu continue!!!!



## Organizations

### NOTHING TO SAY

Well, (we beg your pardon, we were always taught in the English class that it was incorrect to use that word) the troubles of an editor are always in the ascendancy. But in browsing around this infant year we all ought to remember the fact that a lot of our troubles and worries are but the clouds that float across the bright and blue skies of our lives obscuring for a time the sunlight and even the moonlight. Speaking of moonlight Mr. Boone can tell us more about it than we can print. This influenza epidemic, while very mild, is merely a polymorphous aspect of this storm cloud that is slowly but surely passing over.

This space is intended to be devoted to Organization, but since not many meetings were held it is necessary to fill it up with breeze. We are very anxious that this epidemic be checked as soon as possible, and by the time this is in print no doubt the ban will have been lifted. The flu cannot be put down by ignoring it. Quarantines should be strictly observed, and anyone "feeling bad" should go to bed. (If that were the case we would be in bed all the time.)

We have herbs of sympathy for the struggling orchestra and wish it every kind of success down to our heels, but, if you won't tell any body we will tell you a secret, they had their picture taken the other night and it wasn't any good. The seriousness of the whole affair was the deplorable fact that Prof. Lauer was all dressed up in his evening gown, and even drafted a number of students who had never seen a musical instrument before, much less knowing how to toot it, to pose in the picture and cause said picture to appear full. Speaking of full we are reminded of the old timer Mr. Moon. He grew to manhood and earned his first quarter. Later he was united in wedlock to the girl of his choice, poor man, and there was a new moon. Later still, as many married men do, he went to the bar, became full, and spent his last quarter. Coming back to the orchestra, they had to use a picture for the annual that was taken previously, and it is feared by the editor that some of the unharmonious notes will not reproduce well by the engravers. We're strong for the organization, as it is the first one of its kind that has existed in McPherson College since 1911. We might state also while we are on the subject that the famous "Jazz Band" will appear in the annual also. Their picture may look sick, but that is because there were too many Ray's of light, a Blackman, a Ruby, and an over-supply of Wine in it.

There is one phase of the organization machinery which is generally unknown to the students. Nearly every Sunday a quartet of some calibre, design or construction, has the audacity to arise early from its slumbers and meander, stroll, or be conveyed to the place where no perfectly healthy individual likes to go, to the hospital. Not the cemetery, people are just dying to get there. A number of sacred as well as secular songs are sung to the patients, and it is a wonder that any of them survive. But, really now, a letter was received last week from one of the inmates stating the wondrous curing effect the visits of these quartets had on her. She receded into spasms of delight that the music department possessed foresight enough to do a good deed like this. Those are the kind of compliments we like to get.

There is an organization which is slightly new to M. C. circles. It is a branch, or a Chapter rather of the famous Sigom society of Paris. It was organized last fall with a membership of five and has not as yet waxed very influential. However Mr. S. — says he's the guy that put the flu in influential. A reporter from this Chapter reported to a reporter for the reporter of this column that the Sigoms proceeded in a body last Thursday night, the fifth, to Sundahl's Cafe to a six o'clock dinner. We did not learn how many courses there were but of course, there were six or seven. After the sumptuous dinner the boys formed a line party to the Tourney where they gleefully gazed at every movement of the double jointed Charlie Chaplin.

At the outset when we began this article we fully intended to philosophize upon the value and invalue of the various Literary Societies, the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Mission Band, and— and—love and marriage, but we see that we have used the allotted space and we will preserve our decantings until some future time.

We don't intend for the above dislocations of the linotype to smack of the asinine, neither have we engaged in sesquipedalianism or hyperpoly-syllabic profundity. The reader if perchance there be any, may now pass on to more fertile fields.—R. C. F.

### W. D. T. GIRLS HAVE OUTDOOR BREAKFAST

Mr. Spanish Influenza has nothing on the W. D. T. girls of College Hill. Sunday morning all services were closed as a flu preventative, but Miss Edna F. Neher, with her class of twenty-four W. D. T. girls, beat him at his own game. They met at 7:30 on the College Campus, watched the sunrise from the dormitory steps, then hiked out two miles east on the Santa Fe tracks for an early picnic breakfast. The usual number of cameras were along and were kept busy. After breakfast, the girls play-

ed games for an hour, then all joined hands in a circle around the campfire to sing songs and give the class yell. The girls returned to town about eleven o'clock, reporting one of the best times of the season and hoping for many another before the class disbands for the summer.

## Local Notes

Where, O where have my locals gone  
Where, O where can they be?  
With their "Somebody's here," and  
"Somebody's gone,"  
Where, O where can they be?

The quarantine seems to be very successful in shutting us in and every one else out. Nevertheless we have been doing things and the Society Column will prove to you that we can have a good time all by ourselves.

There are only a few cases of the flu now. Mark Neher was taken to the hospital Tuesday morning. The flu settled in his head and it was that advisable to take him where he could get the best care.

Mrs. Miller came Monday to take care of her daughter Ruth Z. who has the flu. She took Ruth to their home in Abilene Tuesday morning.

Mr. Franklin Evans left Saturday for his home in Kearney, Nebraska. He is not expecting to return to school this year.

Mr. Lewis Doll who is attending school at Lindsborg spent the week-end with Mr. Elmer Brunk.

Mr. Harry Humphrey visited his cousin Mr. Betts part of last week.

As chapel has been dispensed with until the ban is off it is not so easy to keep tab on the faculty. However all but Prof. Craik are meeting their classes again.

Teachers seem to have various ways of gaining information about us. The other day in chemistry class Prof. Hershey questioned Osborn and Curtis Bowman:

"Do you understand this formula?"

The boys: "Yes."

Prof. Hershey: "Well I suppose you all do then."

Lloyd Funk was agreeably surprised by a visit from his father Tuesday evening. Mr. Funk reports stormy, cold weather in Rocky Ford, Colo., last Sunday. What a contrast with the beautiful day we enjoyed!

### LOCALETTES

However such is life. Not long ago we were taking a slant at some of the rules of the old Col. in 1894. Among other we found these relics of anti-diluvian ethics:

1. Chewing gum is prohibited in M. C. It is classed along with tobacco.

2. No gentleman or lady shall walk, ride or play together without

the special permission of the president of the College.

Shades of the Ancient Order of the Chaperones, can you imagine Uncle Danny trying to keep track of the peringrinations of some of the "steadies" around this burg.

Wish that the birds who framed this ruling could see our Book Store selling chewing gum.

It takes a long time to get away from some of the Stone Age ideas and traditions but time will tell.

We were talking to an old alumnus at Marion when the team was up there and he said that in 1911 he came near getting canned from the institution for even starting to kick a football around the campus.

The action of the board reminds us of the action of Old King Cannute or some such individual; any way we mean the bird who camped on the seashore and commanded the waves to stop waving but the poor boob got his feet wet anyway. And even those who "run may read" the "handwriting on the wall". If this be treason—make the most of it.

Speaking of chaperones we are strong for the "student diary" in the Academy edition of the Spectator. It is time that some of the perveyors of unadulterated MUSH get some civilized ideas of sensible conduct. Not that we consider ourselves models of parlor ethics. Far different. At the same time we feel that a poor unprotected and unsophisticated neutral should be able to enter the parlor of evenings without fear of becoming an embarrassed spectator of such osculatory demonstrations as have been seen in times past. This is not the fault of the Matron. It is simply a lack of good sense on the part of the participants.

Of course we make all due allowance for the "heart-breaking partings" (for such a long time as eight hours) of the "married" people.

Judging from the cuts that we have seen we are willing to bet our last pants button on the Annual, it is going to be a humdinger.

Last Sunday was a beg-o-tiful spring day, and the minds of some of the college boys were made young again. They could not spring on the springy turf, or quaff the cooling draft from the gurgling spring, just because Spring was doing the Salome in the air. There was one thing they could do. That thing they did. A Ford which belongs to Mr. — was peacefully resting near the college with the plug in ready to go. These young sprouts bubbling over with vitality, which should be shown by the owner of the Ford, but is not, vamped the Henry, jazzed to town, used a gallon of twenty-five cent gasoline, and to this day have not said "boo" to the owner. All we have to say is, "That's nerve to the Nth degree."



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## FOOTBALL AND ATHLETICS

The decision of the Board of Trustees that the question of permitting intercollegiate football be postponed one year naturally did not satisfy all. And many and severe were the expressions of disapproval. One does not easily surrender a cherished dream and disappointment is some dream and disappointment is sometimes veiled with difficulty—especially in a college student desirous of having his own way. Nevertheless, good sportsmanship does not complain in defeat and there is no advantage or value in belittling the judgment of the trustees in the decision they rendered. Rather, a careful analysis of the situation gives basis for an optimistic outlook.

The trustees were sincere in their position that next fall was not an opportune time for the introduction of intercollegiate football. However much one may differ from them in that position it must be realized that they are the responsible authorities for the control of the college; upon them rests the burden of the finance; by them must the forward plans of the school be executed. They have legalized football in M. C.—a sanction that the sport did not have last fall—giving the men a year in which to begin shaping up material and laying the foundation for a machine, and reserving for themselves time for laying plans for financing the proposition; that is, if intercollegiate football comes which the trustees themselves concede.

But what of the present? There is still abundant opportunity for one to express one's athletic ambitions. Spring will soon be here with track and baseball work. In the meantime would not an indoor athletic meet be a suitable means of keeping up athletic enthusiasm of which much is still needed. Although several men in the school have done much this year in popularizing athletics here the student body could still give stronger support and interest. We

want a winning basketball team playing better than they have but criticism of them will not help any. At one game one student who means to be loyal chilled the atmosphere for several because he criticised rather than exhorted to better work when some player did poorly. We need a winning spirit as well as a winning team.

The Spectator will discuss the possibility of financing football in the fall of 1921 in the next issue.

## ART IN LIFE

Art is a serious and important cultural element in the life of a community. It has a weighty purpose and a great mission. It is one of the most potent factors for good; one of the three or four greatest agencies which tend to form and guide the thoughts, sentiment and conduct of the people. The craving for sensations—so characteristic of our times and of our country in particular—some of the restlessness, of the turmoil, and of the lawlessness spring so often from a desire to get away from the unrelieved dullness and drudgery of every day existence. Holborn says that the lack of art in life is the most fundamental cause of our present state of civilization. He recommends as a remedy the appreciation of art.

Art is always an expression or an interpretation of some aspect of life; art is for life's sake. Behind art we have the Epoch, the Artist, and the Race. We have four great expressions of art, which are sculpture, painting, music and poetry. We have the interpretation of each of these arts by artists such as Michael Angelo, Raphael, Wagner, Shakespeare and Browning.

Each art has some distinctive function, not fulfilled by any other art in this task of expressing and interpreting the common basis of human life. Sculpture can present in any statue or group but one moment of time; it works in completely realized form, directly copied from nature but usually lifted above nature. The appeal of color is present but quite subordinate, each work expresses a definite conception or range of conception—the same for all who appreciate. The appeal of beauty in form and color in harmony and adequacy of execution is universal; but the emotions felt by the observer are brot by him, and depend upon his character, knowledge and experience. Painting is closely related with sculpture but we find it less realistic and complete in directly imitating forms as they are in life. Working upon a flat surface and depending upon the illusions of perspective painting is immeasurably broadened as compared with sculpture, in the range and complication of its subject-matter while it makes far greater use of the element of color. Painting may give in the work itself the whole sur-

rounding of the central subject, with the play of light and shadow and the unifying atmosphere over the whole.

Poetry may give us less powerfully, and directly the status as does sculpture but poetry associates its interpretation in terms of human thought and feeling.

All the arts represent the will but only thru ideas, thru objects. Music on the other hand needs no objects, it represents the will itself. It is direct in all its operation and as the will is the same everywhere, music is easily understood and felt by all nations. Music speaks of the real substance while the other arts only speak of the shadow. Music is the melody, and the world is the text of the same. In the lower tones of harmony we recognize the inorganic nature; in the voices lying between bass and soprano we see the successive creations, while the upper voices represent the higher organic law and life. In the melody which leads the whole we recognize man. There is a limit to the depth of sound beyond which no tone can be heard, which is analogous to the fact that matter must have form in order that it may be perceptible. The four voices, bass, tenor, alto, and soprano, rep-

(Continued on Page 7.)

## PEPPY PARAGRAPHS

We still see relics of Roman history reenacted today in the form of "amatorial combats."

In this age of rush and scramble, modern methods of procedure are often radically different from those of the past. Last Sunday we noticed Jay and Marjy negotiating a stroll with Jay's laundry bag occupying a conspicuous position on the back of the aforementioned Lochinvar. We heartily believe in the forward movement for the utilization of time and urge attention to this method of mixing romance and the stern realities of life.

Instead of using mints, Gnagey says, onions are a splendid remedy for killing a bad breath.

What has become of the eager student who use to walk barefooted five miles to school in order to spell "cat" out of the blue-backed spelling book.

Pants are made for men and not for women. Women are made for men and not for pants. When a man pants for a woman and a woman pants for a man, that makes a pair of pants. Pants are like molasses; they are thinner in hot weather and thicker in cold weather. There has been much discussion as to whether pants is singular or plural, and when they don't wear pants it is singular. If you want to make the pants last, make the coat first.—Scientific Refining.—Zeb.

## Exchanges

LaCrosse, the great Canadian outdoor sport, is to become the new sport at K. U. "Twelve players make up each team, and the play is conducted on an outdoor field. Small balls are tossed thru the air by means of long handled rackets—a sort of air hockey."

A course in journalism under the English department has been added to the curriculum at Salina Wesleyan. "Plans are being made for an airplane race between Columbia, Harvard, and Yale to take place next spring."

The Fifth Merchant's short course is being held this week at K. U. under the supervision of the Extension Department. More than 200 Kansas merchants have enrolled. Governor Allen is one of the speakers.

"Six thousand dollar's worth of platinum was recently stolen from the chemistry department of University of Michigan."

"Our Neighboring college at McPherson has named its paper the Spectator. We sympathize with the staff for, like ourselves, they have been forced to use coarse print paper in order to make both ends meet. Outside of that, however, it is one of the best of our exchanges. We look forwards to its coming every week."—Bethany Messenger.

Enrollment at K. U. this semester is 3,500. School of engineering leads with the number of 575. They avoided the usual mad rush at enrollment time by designating the hours certain students should come.

Scholarships in training for international banking are offered by the National City Bank—America's largest banking institution—of N. Y. to Oberlin men. Undergraduate students will spend the summer in N. Y. under the supervision of the bank's education department. After graduation they will be assigned to one of the 50 foreign branches of the bank in Europe, the Orient, or Central or South America.

The annual All-Kansas musical contest will be held at Lindsborg in connection with the 39th annual Messiah festival, March 28 to April 4. Prizes are offered in voice, piano, violin, expression, and chorus. It is open to Kansans only.

"Beginning next year, the Seniors in arts and sciences at U. of Oklahoma will not be excused from finals. Faculty members there believe that exemptions from final examinations have had a bad effect on scholarship."

Sherwood Eddy will deliver an address on the impressions of his travels since the armistice, February 15, at Lawrence.

Please Patronize Our Advertisers.



## Society Notes

McPherson College, Monday Morning.  
My Own Dear Annette:

This is one glorious morning—who would think of it as belonging to wintry February, or yesterday either. That reminds me—we are laboring under a flu ban now and I'd rather do anything else under the sun than that. Predictions were that yesterday would be a long dull day but let me tell you how wrong they were. Kansas can have perfect days and yesterday was one of them. True the wind was blowing a terrific gale but old King Sol beamed radiantly down lighting the paths of everyone.

Students breakfasted at eight and dined at three. Should you have looked from the observatory between nine and three you would have seen the Academy girls hiking along swinging their kodaks to a merry vocalization. Many hiked along the trail of the train and I'm sure that you might have seen the parks filled to overflowing with germ-escaping hikers and snap-shot fiends.

Ethel and Marie turned missionary. They made some soft creamy fudge and then despite our yearning looks and watering mouths deliberately walked down to the Mexican settlement where they told stories and distributed fudge. They are thinking of making Mexican settlement work their life's calling. I think they are well-fitted, don't you?

Lloyd's and Sundahl's certainly won their share of the student's patronage last evening. So many went down town for supper. Who were they? Oh, Florence, Adria, Maud and her brother Leo, Peggy and Oliver among many others.

My dear, everyone had a party of some sort over the week-end. Harry, Paul Maxcy, Irene, Bernice and Ray had a fudge party. I am enclosing a clipping of a jolly beefsteak fry that occurred Saturday night. Then a crowd of the fellows on First had a spread Thursday night and last night a crowd of girls met around a spread on Second. We all wished for you Annette, but never mind we'll have a special for you when you come.

Annette you have often wished for the recipes of some of our spread delicacies so I'm going to give you a few I have partaken of. Here is the recipe for the most delicious sweet sandwiches which I know you will like:

- 1 package of Dromadary dates.
- 1 small cupful of peanut butter.
- 5 stalks of celery.
- ½ pound of marshmallows.
- ½ cup of grated cheese.
- Mayonnaise.

Seed the dates and then cut them into quarters; work the peanut butter into a creamy paste after adding sev-

eral teaspoonsful of sweet cream; chop the celery into fine bits; cut the marshmallows into eighths; stir the grated cheese into the mayonnaise while it is hot and whip until all cheese is dissolved and mayonnaise is creamy; then mix all the ingredients thoroughly. This will make filling for twelve sandwiches.

Annette dear if you want your cocoa to taste better than anyone else's just try dissolving (lightly whipping it in the meantime) a heaping teaspoonful of hypolite to every cup just before serving your cocoa. With this you will care for neither whipped cream nor for marshmallows and your reputation as a cocoa maker will be assured. Oh I have so many good recipes that I can't give them all at once. Listen Annette be sure to tuck in your recipe cabinet when you come and we'll fill it to overflowing. Needless to say that your Tom will like these sandwiches and cocoa just as well as our M. C. men.

Yes, the Spectator Staff has at last entertained the Junior Staff—I am enclosing a clipping of the write-up of it. I just haven't time to go into the details about it except for a few of the costumes. Will you imagine Oliver and Roy as bashful little school boys in flowing ties and short trousers; Ruth Frantz as a demure country maiden; Mrs. Keim as a saucy little girl; and Ray as wearing a villainous-looking mustache;—really words cannot describe them all but when you want some ideas for costuming just interview some of the guests.

Dear my letter is a regular Sunday newspaper and I could write reams more but will just wait and tell you everything I know when you arrive Friday.

An ocean of love from you most devoted,

ALYCE MAE

### JUNIOR STAFF IS ENTERTAINED

Thursday evening a very pleasant event took place when the regular Spectator Staff entertained the Junior Staff.

Very clever invitations were given out reading thus:

"Come for a good old jubilee,  
Out where the fun and the eats are free.

Come in the tackiest clothes you can wear

Else the pain of a forfeit you may bear.

Come, Oh come, and we'll rare and rare."

At seven o'clock a queer looking group of people gathered and were carried to the home of Alice and Ted Burkholder on a hay-rack.

At this particular place in our story we must not forget to say that on the way down to Burkholders an exciting incident happened. As the party turned the first corner, on high, everybody slipped to the same side of the rack—consequently, the rack

tipped and upset and the whole party fell into the street. It might have been a tragedy but proved to be a comedy so we will say no more about it.

Upon arriving at the Burkholder home the party was greeted by a typical middle aged Southern gentleman, Mr. Warren, and a Colonial lady, Miss Burkholder. A colored man toted to their every need.

It was great fun admiring each other's outfits. There were some very queer make ups. They ranged all the way from the big fat traveling man and his thin wife to the lady who wore a wedding dress of olden times with a bustle on the back and a hat tied under her chin.

Simple, old time, games were play-

(Continued on Page 8.)

## McCOLLOCH STUDIO

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Sam Sperling has been heard complaining that time hangs so heavy on his hands. No wonder, notice the size of his wrist watch.

According to Craik it is a league of (Hallucin) nations.

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We say it's time for you to get busy—Come in let us have your opinion.

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# A QUIET COLLEGE

(Continued from Page 1.)

day in the office. They sent a friendly diplomatic emissary to the Senior Class meeting, the other dignified august body which meets at the same hour, to wait upon the Seniors and informed them that K. U. was offering the usual fellowship and stated they hoped some senior would for the sake of the college's reputation at the State University so lower himself as to apply for said fellowship. Whereupon one member of the class more heroic than the rest arose in their midst and stated he would make of himself a sacrifice.

## EDGEComb's HOME BURNS

Wednesday our good friend Edgecomb's home burned. Just how the fire started is not yet known. It destroyed the roof and most of the second floor of his home. We understand that the house and furniture were covered by insurance. Much of the household goods were saved. But insurance does not bring back one's treasured possessions. Around the familiar things in ones home are wrapped the sentimental accumulations of years. Happy times together, work and effort together, all that goes into the making of a home a Home is concretely expressed in ones household things. Sentiment, memories, hopes, joys are wrapped up in and brought back to memory by the accustomed things in ones home. No amount of insurance can ever bring back these things around which so much is centered. The deep sincere sympathies of the students go out to Mr. Edgecomb in his loss. His genial smile, his words of greeting, his friendliness, his interest in us and our work, our hopes, aspirations, and joys and sorrows have made for him a warm place in our hearts. He it is who gets us to class on time, takes us down town for our fun, who ties us and the town together. He is a bigger factor in our lives than we have ever realized. He and the Jitney are bigger assets to the college than it has ever realized.

## PROMINENT BUSINESS

### MAN AN ALUMNUS

Ray C. Strohm, Normal '03, is one of the grocers of McPherson. He entered business for himself in 1912. The first day's sales amounted to only \$2.50. From this small beginning the business has grown until it is necessary to employ five or six clerks and the annual sales amount to about \$60,000. Mr. Strohm is loyal to M. C. and gives the credit of his success largely to the college. (Students who live on the sumptuous fare of the dorm will be pleased to know that most of the groceries are purchased at Strohm's.)

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For Anything in Groceries, Hardware and Paint.

See

**Strohm's  
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Two deliveries to College Hill each day.

Phones 331 and 31.



## Faculty

### PROF. BECKNER IS BUSY RAISING MONEY

Prof. Beckner is a very busy man these days. He is working hard in the McPherson College territory in an effort to raise money for the new science hall and payment on the endowment. He reports large contributions and says that the people in the territory have a vision of the needs of M. C. Most every week-end Professor Beckner returns from a trip and whispers into the reporter's ear the hundred, and sometimes thousand, dollar gifts received for the College. He is very optimistic about prospects for the future greater McPherson College. "The supporting people have faith in the College and will back us with money, influence and prayers."

### PROF. HERSHEY IS WORKING ON HIS PH. D.

Few of the students are aware that our quiet chemistry-loving Prof. Hershey is working upon his Ph. D. from Chicago University. Prof. Hershey says, "The work on my thesis was done in the university of Chicago. The subject matter is based on the Isohydric Principal and Pyrometry. I have all the necessary preliminary work completed, my minor examinations which was taken in Physics, and the reading knowledge of both German and French passed. I worked a year on my thesis. This is yet to be completed and my final examination for my major towards my Ph. D. taken."

Prof. Hershey has taken four years work at Harvard and Hopkins each. He is successful and is liked very much in his teaching. He has taught several years at Bridgewater and taught for six years in Defiance College, Ohio. This is his second year at McPherson and we may consider ourselves very fortunate in having him on our faculty.

### PROF. DEETER CALLED TO ELGIN

Prof. Deeter left last Monday for Chicago and Elgin, returning Friday evening. He attended two meetings, representing M. C. at the first. The second meeting was in the interest of the Forward Movement of The Inter-Church World Movement.

Prof. Deeter reports that a budget of this movement was planned for the next five years which calls for \$8,000,000 for Brethren schools at the end of that time. M. C.'s portion of that amount is \$1,200,000.

At the meeting backing the Forward Movement among the churches, plans were made to organize and execute the demands of education. A campaign emphasizing the stewardship, life-work and finances was planned.

A drive over the brotherhood will be made from April 21 to May 2 for \$1,000,000 for Conference. Twelve men were called from the different states to organize the Forward Movement in the Brethren Church and to direct the programs. Prof. Deeter was one of the twelve men called. A board of regional directors was chosen. Those organized to represent the M. C. district are James Mohler, from Central Missouri; Edward Rothrock from Nebraska; C. H. Shamburger from Idaho; and Prof. Deeter from Kansas.

Prof. Deeter will teach only part of his classes; provisions are now being made to care for those which he will be unable to meet.

### ART IN LIFE

(Continued from Page 4.)

resent the mineral, vegetable, animal kingdoms and finally man himself. The bass like a crude mass, moves but slowly, while the higher voices move quicker; yet not one of them has a full meaning without the melody, which leads all, which imparts ideas and sentiments, and which expresses the will, the striving of man. The melody tells the most secret emotions of the heart, and reveals every desire of the human will, hence it is called the language of the emotions.

The arts are all unified; the human spirit is unity and therefore every expression of it is unified. Thus the service of art to the human spirit is not limited to the few, but is universal for all. Every one may be and ought to be, not only a loving and appreciative student of the fine arts, but a creative artist in the form and color, the melody and harmony of life; and for student and artist art is not for adornment's sake, or preaching's sake, or pleasure's sake, nor for the sake of gratifying the senses or exhibiting technical skill, not for art's sake, but for life's sake. M. S. M.

### BEEFSTEAK FRY AT THE SAND-PIT

Speaking of hikes, there is only one way to appreciate them and that is to enjoy them personally. Think of it! A hike to the sand pit on a clear, warm, quiet evening on the First of February! Then eat a good square meal before you think of that steak fried in butter in a big iron skillet over glowing red coals. No, this is not fiction. It is just what six young adventurers did last Saturday night. After taking pictures by the firelight and eating until all were miserable happy the boys entertained by humorous songs. Just as they started home a glorious big moon arose to shed her sympathetic light about them as they slowly responded to the beckoning lights of the dormitory. R. K.

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## Athletics



Baseball season is coming. We have been taking in all the dope that we can on the situation and believe your Uncle it listens good.

First of all we have a battery that looks like a winner. The ancient soothsayers of the old Col. say that when it comes to slipping the pill over the platter to the tune of three straight J. W. Maxey is a demon. They say that this bird cuts the corners of the plate with the spheroid as well as he does the street corners with his benzine-buggy and that is cooing along some.

Rumour hath it that a slender young man whose front name in Engstrom is an old timer at the receiving end of the line and that he has a peg that makes a "Bertha" look like a peashooter. Howell also looks like a possibility in this position altho he may figure somewhere else in the infield.

Unless something new is floating around the campus of which we know nothing it looks as tho Trapp would be on hand on the first corner. He has a reach like a sky-hook and "you all" know how that is.

Curt looms up as general utility infield man and will probably hold down the keystone sack.

Last year Ray Frantz was our star third sacker. Whether or not some other bird will be able to wrest this position from our hero remains to be seen.

Kaufman a new man in this neck of the woods may figure at shortstop.

The outfield is an unknown quantity as yet. Probably Strohm is the only man that is sure of an outfield birth. This bird is a nifty swatsmith and we need men who are handy with the hickory.

Wanted, A man who can shoot goals consistently. We have a fine bunch of fellows out on the squad and they are working hard. The team work is improving. The one thing that we lack is some one to be on hand when we get the ball in the enemies territory who can hit the center of that little hoop at the end of the court. We are told on good authority that in the best of basketball society it is considered good taste to shoot goals semi-"weakly" at least if some one of the team could find the time to practice shooting free throws it would help. In the last

game we failed to convert ten free throws and those ten points would have won the game.

Just as long as the opposition can commit technical fouls and be sure that we can't shoot the free throw we are going to be beaten.

### JUNIOR STAFF IS ENTERTAINED

(Continued from Page 5.)

ed such as Hide the Thimble, Hide-and-Seek, and Proverbs.

Then a very delicious and generous lunch of hot cocoa, sandwiches, doughnuts, pickles, and mints was served.

Marshmallows were toasted at the fireplace and despite the fact that Kansas is dry everybody declared themselves "Oh-so-full!"

The party departed at a rather late hour feeling they had been royally entertained.—I. L. Keim.



### M. C.'S GALLERY OF BENEFACTORS

Mr. Andrew Thurman, whose portrait we herewith place on the walls of our "gallery" is unknown to many of us except as we learned of him through his gift to McPherson College. He is well advanced in years and has spent his entire life in the "single" state. Once he was asked why he never married and he replied, "Well, I just never got around to it."

Last summer when M. C. was building the new dormitory he contributed a sum that made his friends open their eyes and take notice. He made his money by hard work and expressed himself as wanting to put it into such activities as will keep it functioning for the common good. "I might leave it to some folks", he said, "but the first thing would be a trip to California or somewhere to blow it. That's no good." And with hands shaking from age and with fingers distorted from hard work, he took his pen and wrote his name to a check in favor of McPherson College. We thank him very heartily. It is we who are young now and those who shall come after us who are benefitted by this splendid investment in the cause of the common good.

Teacher: "What poem did Milton's unhappy marriage cause him to write?"

Student: "Paradise Lost."

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