

Rays of Light



McPherson College

January 1910

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"I maintain my friends, that every one of us should seek out THE BEST TEACHER whom he can find, regardless of expense or anything."

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United States History.

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Laboratory Ass't in Physics.

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Anna Garber, Spelling.
Diedrich Dalke, German.

*B. E. Ebel Latin and Greek

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Assistant in Zoology.

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Director of Model School.

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Director of Chapel Music.

Mrs. Mary Rothrock, Matron
Jennie Bush Shirk, Librarian

E. Leroy Craik
Latin and Greek

Walter Thompson
Assistant in Latin

P. S. Goertz
Assistant in Language

Flores Brubaker
Violin

Others supplied as class ne-
cessities demand.

RAYS OF LIGHT

VOL XI McPHERSON, KANS. JANUARY, '10 NO. 4

Beyond the Threshold

A New Year Musing of Man-Alive.

I have passed the door which opens to another year. The latch of the door was lifted for me by hands not my own. I could not stay in the old year any more, even if I tried. I loved its suns and snows, and even its storms and darkness were good for me. I do not mind now the sting of the pain-dart which struck me, nor am I ashamed of the resultant scar. And then, sometimes, there was the touch of gentle hands and the kinship of understanding hearts! These were my wine in weariness. All that is passed—all save the memory of it and the effect of it; these abide—a part of the fibre of my latest self. But for this other year—the strange, new one—what? I ought not to ask. A veil is over its days, mercifully. I only know that I have assayed it; that it is but a little bit of the whole span of life, an annual unit in the sum of Time; and that in it lie my further adventure and opportunity. I shall go on. From their height the stars will see me, the earth will prove itself my friend over again, and I shall meet my brother on the way.—Success.

Some Pedagogical Experience.

The writer once had a rather interesting experience with a certain woman, interesting more from the character study it afforded than for any other reason. He was teaching school and had, as she thought, used her little son too roughly in punishing him. So on that self same afternoon she made her appearance for a conference or council of war with the teacher. There was a gentle (?) rap on the door and the two interested parties were brought face to face. She was a woman of medium height, slenderly built, and on the whole quite good looking. But she had a temper! You could tell that plainly. The black eyes, head at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the lofty manner were sufficient indications. So this majestic woman deigned to call on the teacher.

Out in the hall the following conversation took place. "Mr.—I want to know what James has been doing." She said this with much feeling and dignity. "Well," was the confused reply, "I can't exactly say." You haven't treated him right. The other day you stood him on the floor and made fun of him,—humiliated him by telling him how bad he was. Now today he came home with his clothes almost torn off." This was said with intense anger. "Mrs. M—when I stood him on the floor before the school and told him how bad he was, I showed him how he could mend his ways. I believe he would if he were only away from the other boys who delight in getting him into trouble."

You'll find out that rough treatment won't do any good. Miss—finally found that out last year. James used to like you, now he hates you. He's not the only one either."

"Mrs. M——, a teacher can't always win the affections of all of his pupils. That's impossible." "James," said she between sobs, "is my only child. I know I didn't rear him properly. He's spoiled. He's a bad boy, but there are other bad boys who do things and lay the blame on him. And I——" "Yes," was the reply, "I haven't failed to notice that. It has been quite a problem for me to find out when he really is guilty." "Punish him when he does wrong. I'm not shiekling him. I insist that you punish him when he needs it." Mrs. M—I believe that James has a good heart. Let us co-operate if we expect to accomplish anything. Let's try to get him to do more studying and to keep at it. I'll see that he takes his arithmetic home and I'm confident that you will help him. "To be sure—He's a bright boy and can ac-

compish things if he will." "I know it." A short pause—"Mr.—
I'm sorry to have kept you from your class, but you know how I feel
in this matter." "Yes ma'am, but can't you step in a while?" "O no,
I haven't time but I'll call again in a few days. Then with the most
pleasant smile imaginable, without the least trace of the recent tumult
of passion but with a lady-like grace, she bowed good afternoon to the
teacher. He went back to the class room with additional experience,
meanwhile thinking of that proverbial soft answer that turneth away
wrath.—A Pedagogue.

Resolution

E. L. Craik

O troubled soul, renounce thy fear,
Thy sickness lingers but a while :
Then turn thy face ; the sky is clear,
And give the world a cheery smile.

The deep has called unto the deep,
Ten thousand water-spouts shall fall,
I lie within the dreary keep
Enclosed by a dismal wall.

O why should I despondent be,
Or weary though in misery ?
The Lord is good, his mercy free
For comfort in adversity.

I'll gird me with endurance strong :
I'll take the shield of faith anew,
And warrior David's battle song
Shall strengthen me my journey through.

Mulligan's Ball

Whoever has not attended a barn floor ball has a new pleasure awaiting him. Whoever has will brush away the cobwebs of time and do the highland fling over and over again in the spacious halls of memory. There is something so fascinating and wholesome in the good intentions and wellmeaningness of the rural class of people that an evening spent with them is well spent. And when the host is so generous, so jovial, so everything to be desired that when you approach him you enter an atmosphere of warm heartedness. I am not speaking in parables but by actual experience for I had the pleasure of attending this kind of a festival myself at Mulligan's and Mulligan is the sum total of all the good qualities, not only of rural but of Irish hospitality.

The evening of Mulligan's ball was ideal. One would almost be incited to say that it was prepared especially for the occasion. And why should it not? If the gods would favor the exploits of Odysseus why should they not favor the ball of Mulligan? Yes, it was ideal. It was one of those full grown winter nights when the stars are as numerous in the heavens as young ladies at a millinery opening. The moon rises slowly over the eastern range of hills. Tall dark trees rise like huge sentinels from the snow covered ground. But I see that I am drifting away from my theme for I started out to describe Mulligan's ball and not the weather, even tho that is a topic of conversation for all polite society.

At the stated hour you go to Mulligan's. Mr. Mulligan, beaming with cordiality, meets you at the door and bids you enter. Mrs. Mulligan is in the background and on entering you are basking in the sunshine of her smiling face. You reach her your hand. As an expression of her hospitality she seizes it with such a violent wrench that you utter a subdued cry of pain. On being released you are ushered into a sitting room to await the arrival of other guests, all of whom receive the same violent reception.

Had I but the fanciful imagination of a Poe or a Marlow I might describe the strange figures that now enter the room. Would that I had the style of an Irving to describe these representatives of well-fed rural manhood, or the pen of a Burns or a Goethe that I might do justice to the honesty, bashful modesty and womanly purity of these country maidens. But as the matter now stands I must fashion my description with awkward prose. The first person of note, and by rank, the first person who has a right to my attention, was Mike Donnivan.

the established bully of the community. He is tall, dark, of a bold appearance and is smelling strongly from a recent interview with old Bacchus. In contrast with Mike there is Patrick O'Bryan who is exceedingly meek, backward and coy. In fact, Pat possesses all the qualities which we admire in a woman but which we pity in the stronger sex. Next there are the respective sisters of these two worthy gentlemen, Peggy Donnivan and Maggie O'Bryan. These are true Hiberians, blue eyed, freckled and-no, I shall not be vulgar enough to refer to that rude Anglo Saxon term, pug-nose, even though that part of their facial anatomy does point heavenward. Then there is Col. McCan. A treatise on Mulligan's ball would be very unjust if I did not mention Col. McCan. For did he not win honors in the Queen's army, and did he not, on occasions like these, make his appearance in full military attire altho it became him very badly? As for the military clothes, it was no fault of theirs that they did not become the Colonel for since the time of his service he has dwindled away into a wheezy, sweenky old man having nothing left now but his memory and his pride. He still thinks that there is no gentleman equal to the Colonel McCan and no lady equal to his worthy spouse. And he is partially right for Dame McCan is all that can be desired, at least in Irish corpulence. And then—yes and then there is the Colonel's daughter Peggy. How shall I describe her? I shall not; I dare not attempt it, but shall leave to the Catholic hymn which I have often heard her chant in the cathedral of St. Michael.

Gaude virgo gloriosa

Super omnes speciosa.

As for the others who attended this festival, they have long since passed away into the realm of incognitoes.

And now we are all alert with happy expectations. Nor are we to be disappointed for Mr. Mulligan appears and bids us repair to the barn. We do not wait for a second invitation for already strains of music are heard from that edifice. It is not a selection from Mendelssohn or Mozart. In fact I believe that the composer is anonymous, but the melody, or rather the tune, is "Old Dan Tucker." I cannot construe a description for the grotesque scene which now meets my eyes. The commotion is not unlike the Bacchanial feasts of Olympus, while the sight of the dark figures which flit before your eyes and the dim lights reflected thru the dust arising from the floor would remind one of the revelry of the Elf's at Jungby or of Walpurgis Night. The Colonel, as becomes his distinction, leads off and proceeds to

make rapid oscillations around his corpulent wife as a fixed centre. The rest follow. And now all is merriment and commotion. The music grows louder and is pealing forth volumes of sound. The feet of the hurrying dancers are beating perfect time to the music. Even the old barn creeks and sways with harmony to the joyous tones. You practice constancy; you decline, but resistance is useless. Some impelling power urges you on and before you are conscious of the evil action you are beating time to "Turkey in the straw" at Mulligan's ball.—Written for a Rhetoric.

Resolutions of Sympathy

WHEREAS, It has so pleased our heavenly Father to bereave our friend and schoolmate, Mr. I. M. Hoffsommer, of his dear mother through death; and

WHEREAS, Those of us, who have experienced the loss of our dear ones through death, feel ourselves in some small measure able to share his feelings of sorrow at this time; and

WHEREAS, Mr. Hoffsommer is in urgent need of so'ace and strength; be it therefore

RESOLVED, That we, the members of the Young Men's Christian Association of McPherson College, do, as a body, impart to Mr. Hoffsommer and his relatives our heartfelt sympathy in their distress be it

RESOLVED, That realizing the deficiency of words to lighten the load of such sorrow, we kindly point the relatives to the Infinite Power, the source of all comfort and condolence, whose ways are above comprehension, but yet are good and best serve the needs of His creatures, and be it further

RESOLVED, That a copy of these Resolutions of Sympathy be sent to the bereaved and that a copy be printed in the "Rays of Light."

Committee { P. S. Goertz
H. T. Hollinger
Sam Nickel

"Sam Jones" Lecture.

The fourth number of the College Lecture Course was given in the chapel Jan. 6, by Denton C. Crowl. Mr. Crowl is a young man, but seemed perfectly at home on the platform, and captivated the aud-



Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, McPherson College.

J. A. Clement, D. Dalke, S. I. Arnold, H. H. Brubaker, J. W. Deeter
P. S. Goertz, G. C. Dotzour, E. L. Craik, J. C. Russel

ience by his interpretation and clever impersonation of Sam Jones in the delivery of one of his last lectures, A Medley of Philosophy, Facts and Fun. As an introduction to the lecture, Mr. Crowl gave a short appreciation of Sam Jones, asking us to "view him in the large," as we would a masterpiece of art—not to lose the majesty of the whole in the close examination of details. "Look beneath the rough exterior for the broad universal truths. Analyze him as you would your Shakespeare or Kipling. Those who like the naked truth will like Sam Jones. Others will not." After relating some incidents proving the tender philosophy and absolute sincerity of Sam Jones, Mr. Crowl entirely veiled his own personality under that of the noted lecturer and divine, and gave us the lecture verbatim. It is impossible (and possibly not altogether desirable) to preserve the force of "Sam Jonisms" in written words, but a few of the fundamental truths they so strikingly illustrated, are here given.

Philosophy is that which furnishes rules to tell us how and when to do the best thing to be done. A philosopher is the fellow who tells us. Facts are truths proved by experience—the most far-reaching things in the universe. One proved fact is worth a dozen theories. Fun is the next best thing to old-fashioned Bible religion—and the two do not conflict. The man who doesn't like fun is abnormal. Every laugh of yours is a lever under your burdens. Everyone who makes you laugh is your friend. Mark Twain and Josh Billings are the true friends of humanity. As we preserve peaches to keep them sweet, so God gives us religion to keep us sweet. The fellows that look so sour and think they're preserved are mistaken, they're only pickled. Dr. Willit's "Sunshine" lecture was a grand gift to the world and can be summed up in six words—"To be happy, count your blessings." Be glad you are whole, and have sight and hearing.

"God's sun is always shining;
On the other side's the lining;
Turn your clouds round about
And wear the lining wrong side out."

The poem written for Sam Jones by Mr. Stanton of Georgia, sums up his philosophy—

"After all, this world in which we live
Is mighty hard to beat;
Get a thorn with every rose
But ain't the roses sweet?"

Sixth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement

The Student Volunteer Convention which met at Rochester, N. Y. Dec. 29, to Jan. 2 was characteristically marked by the absence of everything but the deeply spiritual. Religious fanaticism and ungoverned emotions were entirely unknown. Startling facts and surprising situations were prominently brot to the attention of the delegates at every session.

Thruout the entire convention the delegates showed an unabated zeal and eagerness to get acquainted with the problems of the foreign field. The convention—termed a "council of war" by John R. Mott, the brilliant leader of the movement—culminated in a very impressive manner by the declaration by a large number of young men and women of the intention to take up service on the foreign field.

At the close of the meeting cable messages from men and women on the mission field were read. These two from China are typical:

"God has melted old China, who will mold the new?"

"Changing China needs your unchanging God."

About 3500 delegates were in attendance, besides visitors from Rochester, which often swelled the crowd to five or six thousand, an inspiration in itself. Our delegates enjoyed the convention thoroly and say they got enthusiasm enuf to last a life time.

Wee Lassies

On Monday evening, December 10, Misses Nannie Hope and Alice Ford entertained the following guests at the home of the former on College Hill: Misses Ada Preshaw, Bess Benell, Leora Wiggins, Effie Carter, Dithe Neff and Florence Ackley. They came

"Dressed as they were when little girls

With their hair done in ribbons, pigtails and curls.

They brot their dollies with all their clothes—

But kept very quiet, so no one knows."

The evening was spent in such fun as all little girls have, but as the hour grew late several became sleepy and cross, and Mrs. Hope was called in to settle the disputes. She soon coaxed them into good humor once more with bribes of animal cookies and other dainties, after which she helped them bundle up their "dollies" and sent them all home, perfectly happy.

RAYS OF LIGHT

VOL XI McPHERSON, KANS., JANUARY, '10 NO. 4

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Some New Year Resolutions

Resolved—that during 1910 the west entrance be completed.

Resolved—that the Freshies take their proper places in chapel.

Resolved—that a Girls Rooters Club be organised.

Resolved—that \$100,000 endowment be raised for M. C. before '11.

Resolved—that Profs appear in chapel each morning with a smile, particularly when the day is "dull and dark and dreary."

Resolved—that Commencement exercises be held in our new Auditorium-Gymnasium this year.

Resolved—that every knocker become a booster.

Resolved—that pillows be provided for class in Soph. English.

Resolved—that boats be provided in Irving Hall during the rainy season.

Resolved—that every Dorm student shall like all he gets and get all he likes.

Resolved—that someone be appointed to keep the college clock going.

Resolved—that chapel speeches including "glad to look into your bright and smiling faces" be strictly tabooed.

Resolved—that a memorial ode be written to the discarded college windmill.

Resolved—that students and faculty show more appreciation for work done by athletic teams.

Resolved—that every loyal student—and there are no others—subscribe for the Rays during 1910-11

Alumni Notes

Martha Bartels, N. '06 was in McPherson during vacation.

Mrs. Carrie Snyder Lichty, Acad. '98 enjoyed Christmas with her parents on the Hill.

R. W. Baldwin '06 will take up work in Nebraska University at the beginning of the second semester.

Prof. L. W. Elder is now teaching in Parkville College, Mo.

The students of Tabor College presented their president, H. W. Lohrenz N. '06 with clock, book-case and writing desk as a Christmas token of their love and appreciation.

Prof. and Mrs. Clement visited at Mrs. Clement's home at Morganville, Kan., during vacation.

Harvey Hoffman '09 paid his respects to McPherson about Christmas time. We are delighted to note the strong attachment of some of the alumni for their Alma Mater.

H. W. Lohrenz and Katie Hiebert Lohrenz, N. '09 welcomed a wee visitor to their home in Hillsboro, Dec. 16.

We wish to call attention to an error in Alumni notes of last issue, wherein we spoke of Grover Andes' purchase as implying possible minister's fees. Mr. Andes emphatically says they're already paid.

That far away look so often seen in the eyes of Ralph Detter '09 and Grover Dotzour N. '09 was explained when, shortly before the holidays, they boarded the Limited for the land of flowers and pretty girls. Not trying to repeat Flory and Vaniman's stunt, were they?

Prof. Ebel again greeted us in chapel shortly before vacation and told us wonderful tales of a new tribe, the "Boyii," by which he has often been attacked since leaving us, and which, he says, has frequently compelled him to take a thousand paces or more in the early watches of the night.

Athletics

The readers of the Rays may perhaps wonder why it is that the athletic notes always concern basket ball to the exclusion of everything else. McPherson believes in doing well what she does and so she feels that it is better to devote all her energies to first grade basket ball than

divide them among all the sports, thus making none better than second grade. McPherson is certainly making a high rank in basket ball. Up to date her team has won eight of the twelve games played, which record is additionally strengthened by the fact that all of the games were played away from home and on strange courts.

On Dec. 13 the team started on her southern trip taking in a schedule of six games. On Monday night the team met the Salina Athletic Club, the roughest team they have met this season. Their idea of victory was the disablement of their opponents and on that ground Salina won the game. Two minutes before the close of the game, McPherson was so battered up that she was unable to finish and so the game was forfeited to Salina by a score of 2-0, however the official score at the time was 18-17 in favor of our boys. On the following nights McPherson met the Western State Normals, winning the first game by a score of 52-50 and losing the second 44-48. On Thursday, she met Southwestern College at Winfield. Southwestern had won on the previous Monday from Washburn by a score of 80-26 and so were confident of victory, but were surprised when our boys left the floor with the big end of the ratio 47-44. The boys say that by all means the team of the following night was the fastest that they ever saw, the Chilocco Indians, last year's champions of Oklahoma. The Aborigines won 39 to 27. All the boys were well pleased with their treatment at that place and Lichtenwalter declares his intentions to translate his Dutch name into Pale-face and enter the school the coming year. The last game of the trip was played with the Wichita Y. M. C. A. and was won by a score of 62-40.

The second team took a little pleasure trip to Marquette with the intention of returning with the laurels of victory but ran into an ambuscade and suffered defeat at the hands of the High School team by a score of 25 to 39. They say that they had lots of fun, however, and made a record in getting up, dressing, and running two blocks to catch the train, doing the whole stunt in four minutes.

Messrs. Ware and Temple enrolled in the Commercial Dept. and were admitted immediately into the first team. Ware took the place left vacant by Wynn. We were sorry to lose Wynn but he persists in thinking there is more honor to be gained in the class room than on the basket ball court. McPherson is now confident that in the persons of Ware and Talbott, she has the two best players in the state.

A team of first team players and subs went to Hillsboro on New Year's Day and played an afternoon game with a select team of Hills-

boro veterans. They returned the same day with a clear record for the New Year having won the game by a score of 34-29.

The sun will shine 'fore long and the air will warm up and the grass get green and the robins will come back from the South and your room will get stuffy and hot and your arm will ache and your fingers will tingle for the touch of the old base ball again. Then McPherson will play ball and all who have ever seen a base ball diamond will be in demand and all the "old timber" will be called out and the new boys be sought for and the Sophomores will remember past honors and will stand on the steps and in the halls and whisper in the class rooms and challenge "any 'bloomin' team you put up." Then if ever come perfect days and college spirit runs high and it is the best ever to be in college and you can't study and you don't want to do anything but play base ball. Listen, the Profs don't care if you do get out on the east side of the Dorm, and limber up a little on those sunny days when it is cold in the shade but mighty nice where the sun shines. And, besides, the coach is watching those curves you make and the way you swing your arm, and you might stand a pretty good show for first team if you keep on. Enuf said, McPherson has a pretty good line up for base ball next spring. A number of the old players are back and a number of the new boys are not strangers to the ball diamond. It is hoped that a short schedule can be arranged.

Dorm Social

In accordance with the custom at M. C. the dormitory students, professors and a few friends assembled in the dining room Wednesday eve, Dec. 22, for the "annual tour of inspection." Divided into groups each led by a guide, they visited first the girls' rooms then those of the boys. The most had been warned beforehand and attempted to prepare for the occasion, some amusing discoveries were made and some exceedingly unique souvenirs secured.

Later, the crowd again gathered in the dining room where the Dorm girls served cocoa, fruit and fudge, such as only college girls can make. Profs. Shirk and Miller and several of the students responded to toasts on "timely topics", and Mr. Goertz presented Mrs. Lautzenhizer, the popular cook, with substantial recognition of the students' esteem in the form of a rug and a Mission rocker. After some time spent in a jolly informal way, the crowd dispersed, all declaring this an ideal beginning for the holidays.

Locals

Dear old Christmas has been. Oh, how nice if every day were Christmas! But as it is, anticipations yesterday are recollections to-day.

Students spent their vacations at various places, north, east, south, and west; and are now back again to see and be seen; to hear and be heard and to learn and "be learned."

This snow almost reminds one of winter.

Many make New Year resolutions and some break New Year resolutions. This of course is always sad and is generally due to the fact that the resolution is of such a nature that it cannot be kept. Oh! for a resolution that we could keep! Thompson, we think, has one that will fulfill the longing, it is—Resolved to resolve no more.

The annual Xmas program given by the Sunday school in the chapel was certainly well planned and successfully carried out. A large attendance was present and all were well pleased.

Mr. Theodore Aschman of K. U. is probably pessimistic regarding the tendencies of M. C. student life. When a student recently informed him of the amount of work he (the student) was doing, this Teddy, this man of Herculean proportions gravely said: "What do you fellows work at here?"

We notice in the list of industries given on the "booster" envelopes a sorghum factory mentioned. Of course an advertisement of the College would be incomplete without the mention of this industry.

Talk about caps—Miss Snyder has one she declares is quite "fuzzy".

H. B. Mohler, a prominent member of the Brethren Church and also a man to whom nature's handiwork in the formation of "cranial bumps", speaks a various language, spent some time in and around M. C. recently.

Thompson, at the Dorm social, proved himself to be not only a poet, philosopher and linguist, but a "wind jammer" as well.

Mr. Dalke also proved himself an efficient speaker at the Dorm social. His remarks were well chosen, and the way in which he clung to his subject and drove to the point was something to be complimented.

Dorm life is more quiet than usual. What! Can it be, that the familiar laugh is to be heard no more?

Prof. Craik's holidays extended over into the first school week several days. The reason for this, no doubt, was the snowstorm and impeded railway service.

It has been recommended that a certain "chemistry shark" procure rubber heels for use in the dining hall.

Mrs. Anna Stutzman Buck spent a few days visiting on the Hill recently.

Mid-year exams recall to some of the students the only Latin they can remember—"flunko, flunkere, faculty, fire'em." Cheer up, Freshies—it might be worse.

Sylvia Miller, another "ought-to-be Senior", now of Manhattan, favored us with her presence for a short time.

It is noticeable that Dalke prefers to use the word "lieben" as a model for weak verbs in German.

Ralph Ferris, who has been attending school here, has left M. C. to cast his fortunes with the "Aggies" at Manhattan. Hate to lose you, Ralph, but we rejoice at the others gain.

Many students heard the lecture on "Hamlet" given by Dr. Quayle at the Methodist church some time ago. Our great desire to learn all there was to learn about "Hamlet" resulted in "And what does 'Hamlet' mean"?

University Algebra Class in quadratics—Miss R.—Professor, what is the trouble with my problems?

Prof.—Why nothing—its imaginary.

Students often get tangled up when trying to say something, but that's nothing, for such expressions as these were heard from two of our College Profs. recently, "insult the concyclopedia" and "extinguished visitors."

It is said several counties in New York that were heretofore "dry" went "wet" at the fall election. We hope, however, this will not discourage the students at M. C. who delivered prohibition orations last spring. Remember the darkest hour is just before day. Better results may follow later.

One of our prominent students who has delved deep into Chemistry is sometimes very forgetful of the conventionalities of society. The other night he came into a room and forgot to remove his hat, but upon noticing a feminine face of surpassing beauty on the wall he was so struck that he actually doffed his "lid."

Ask Miss De'p about her free ride to Herrington.

D. Johnson spent the holidays in Iowa.

We welcome Ora Ellenberger, of Wichita, as one of the new students.

Frank John has left for New Mexico.

Royer says he enjoyed visiting P. B. Way in Garden City very much. Wonder if he spent Christmas Eve with P. B.?

Miss Thomas of Nebraska was a guest of Miss Moran during vacation.

All College Hill was out with lanterns one cold night not long ago, in search of the matron's little boy, Master Glen Rothrock. He was finally found in his mother's room under the cot, sound asleep.

Some of the girls are quoted as having said they intended going to Baldwin next year. Some, luckily, have found a way of doing that this year, and without leaving M. C. either.

Physics class discussing problem relating to air and water pressure on each side of a dam.—Prof. S.—“O, they ordinarily never take into account air pressure when they figure those dam businesses.”

Mr. Evans who recently enrolled at M. C. is also from Nebraska. If Nebraska keeps on sending her sons down here in Kansas for educational training we will need have no fears as to our sister state's future.

The revival meeting conducted by evangelist Lampin came to a close after three weeks of untiring effort. Much good was accomplished, and several were added to the church as a result.

Prof. Kokenderfer, represented M. C. at the Topeka Conference of College men held at Topeka, Kan., during the holidays. He also visited Washburn and Fairmount.

Prof. Miller was absent from his classes a few days after vacation.

Judge—(peering over his paper to a friend near by)—I've certainly been going some these last two hours.

Friend (eagerly)—Why?

Judge—I've married twelve couples.

Friend—Oh that's only six knots an hour.—Ex.

Misses Evelyn Trostle and Edna Detter were guests at a house party given by Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Fields Jr. in their new home during vacation.

And Cupid's Still Busy

Married:

Miss Helen Goodsheller and N. O. Weezner, Christmas day. After a short visit at Bird City, Kans. they will be at home in Laveta, Colo. where Mr. Weezner has an excellent position in one of the local banks.

Miss Nannie John and Mr. Wampler at the bride's home on College Hill, Thursday, Dec. 30th. They left immediately for their home in New Mexico.

Miss Mary Mohler and Bruce Miller, Wednesday, December, 29. At home at Darlow, Kans. after March 1st.

Miss Lilian Taylor and Chas. M. Fahnestock at Pearl, Kans. Dec. 29. After spending a few days with relatives in McPherson, they left for Chicago, where Mr. Fahnestock is assistant instructor to one of Chicago's best violin teachers.

Miss Paquita Studebaker and Geo. A. Volland, December, 29. They will reside at Hastings, Nebr. after a few weeks visit with the groom's parents in Denver, Colo.

Oratorical Contest

The awful shadow of some unseen power is seemingly hovering over us. Strange things have happened. For a while a spirit of restlessness was manifested amongst the students. This spirit then changed to one of painful silence and now peculiar noises and direful moanings, such as the wailings of a lost soul, are heard during the still hours of the night. To the new students such actions seem very mysterious and those who have read Robin Hood see that wholesome piece of literature materialized. But to the older students, there is nothing mysterious about it. They have a diagnosis of the case. These noises are not due to spirits but indicate that the oratorical contest is approaching. This oratorical contest is an annual feature at McPherson College. The Contest Committee has decided upon February 4th as the date of the contest. The following have expressed a desire to test their ability in the art of Demosthenes—D. Dalke, Ira Arnold, Raymond Flory, Robt. Cram, D. C. Steele, M. M. Studebaker, P. W. Seidel, J. D. Doerksen, C. D. Råsp, Lulu Hildebrand, Alma Ring.

All of the contestants are strong students and the contest this year promises to be a grand event.

South Pole Discovered!

Shackleton's record will be lost in oblivion when the world hears of the Irving Polar Expedition. About thirty bold and courageous explorers assembled in Irving Hall Camp, near the South Pole, January, 8 and each provided with an American flag, made the final dash under the leadership of Major Dalkeowski. After a long and dangerous journey, in which some lost their way entirely and others became discouraged and turned back, a few persevering ones reached the pole and Col. Barnes, whose name will go down in the annals of history with that of Peary, planted his flag on the very summit. As proof of his triumph he brought back with him a native of the Southland.

When the company had all returned to camp and were relating experiences, their acquaintance with their fellow-travellers was tested in a guessing contest of pictures taken in their early childhood. Later they went fishing in the Antarctic Ocean and on their return, were banqueted in royal style by a delegation of Southern beauties. Seated at tables artistically decorated with poles, snowballs, and "icicle" center pieces and plate dollies, they were served ice-cream, iced cakes, miniature "poles" and pop-corn snowballs. With many pleasant recollections of their expedition they returned to their various homes in the United States.

Aftonhymn (Evening Song)

When the soul is content
And the heart doth repent
Then life unto man looms up bright.
The conscious unrest
In sweet peace is blessed,
And you slumber in waning twilight.

Each diurnal hour
Some enchanting power
Inspireth the psalmist to sing.
A hope full of love
He sendeth above,
To anchor in heaven ere long.

—Translated from the Swedish

Exchanges

"Tho I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and yet receive not my dues it profiteth me nothing." This seems to be the interpretation that all business managers of college papers give to Paul.

If a certain college periodical would only publish more on hymnology it might receive universal recognition.

The "College Rays" is again on our list of exchanges. The Rays is a good paper this year but could improve by adding a department for athletics and exchanges.

This is what the Rays calls a meritorious production—

The autumn leaves are falling,
They're falling here and there
They're falling in the atmosphere,
They're falling in the air.

How brilliant! But why tell us something we all know?

Bertie—"Why on earth do you wear such loud socks?"

Chollie—"To keep my feet from going to sleep."—Ex.

Question—What's the matter with the literary and exchange depts. of the Echo?

Baker ranks third in the Boston University School of Theology. This speaks well for the "Baker Taker" spirit.

Altho the Messenger is conducted by a new staff the paper does not show much change. The same spirit seems to be manifested and is producing the same spicy "college" paper.

Foot ball is gone but not forgotten, K. U. is recovering from the effects of her disagreeable surprise; the Aggies are jubilant, and Washburn "splendiferous."

Fairmount has adopted a new scheme for distinguishing her good and extra good A. Bs. Hereafter when a student receives the degree from that institution it will be as "Summa Cum Laude," "Magna Cum Laude" or Cum Laude." This will undoubtedly be an incentive to good work in the school.

What will Kansas do without her Kennedy and Mosse? It is rumored that the loss of these men is very probable.

A strong debating spirit is manifested in the different schools of the state. Bethany is getting ready for William Jewell, Baker will face Cornell. Several other colleges are also on the warpath.

Black were the eyes, as black as jet—
Of the country girl I knew.
I kissed her and her lover came,
And mine are now jet too.—Ex.

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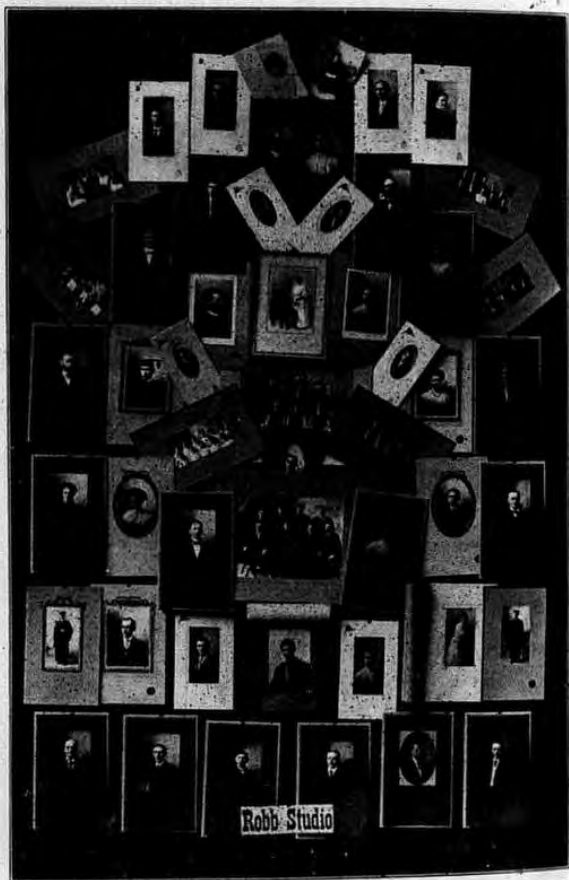
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