

Rays of Light



McPherson College

April 1910

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Violin

Others supplied as class ne-
cessities demand.

RAYS OF LIGHT

VOL XI McPHERSON, KANS., APRIL, '10 NO. 7

Now.

If you have hard work to do,
Do it now.

Today the skies are clear and blue,
Tomorrow clouds may come in view,
Yesterday is not for you ;
Do it now.

If you have a song to sing,
Sing it now.

Let the tones of gladness ring
Clear as song of bird in spring ;
Let every day some music bring,
Sing it now.

If you have kind words to say,
Say them now.

Tomorrow may not come your way,
Do a kindness while you may ;
Loved ones will not always stay ;
Say them now.

If you have a smile to show,
Show it now.

Make hearts happy, roses grow,
Let the friends around you know
The love you have before they go ;
Show it now.

—Anon.

Seein' Things in the Philippines.

W. O. BECKNER.

There are two extremes to the range of view of people in the States in regard to the natives in the Philippine Islands. One extreme is the impression that was carried away from the St. Louis Exposition where thousands of people crowded to see the nude Igorotes eating dog. The other extreme is just as far from a general truth and is represented by the frothing clamor of certain public men in the States who care more for "political thunder" than they know in their demands for independence, immediate and unconditional. The happy and sensible man of these two extremes is probably not far from a correct notion. It is remarkable to note the piles of misinformation which some people use. The person who has seen Manila and possibly two or three of the larger ports of the Islands—Cebu, Iloilo, Zamboanga, "doing" each from the steamer in a few days at most and seeing nothing of the workings of affairs out in the interior of the provinces, usually writes long discussions about "Our Insular Possessions" in such a way as to make the natives smile. They are quick to discover the ludicrous statements, too. It is to the credit of our present chief executive that when he was in the Islands he got knowledge down where the grass roots are tiny. It means long, tiresome rides, long "hikes" over roads that are next to impassable for a horse, getting wet to the skin with no change of clothes for two or three days, probably "hiking" for weeks at a time in mud and rain; it means travel by small boat over deep channels when the wind is strong and over shallows when the tide is low and delays are the rule; it means living among the people themselves and getting on the inside of their mental mold. A people must be seen and understood in their everyday clothes if they are to be really known.

I have lived with a native family for some months and although many things have been learned, the one thing that is constantly forced upon me when I attempt to write of what I "know" is that the great ocean of truth lies between me and the homefolks and it is by no means as Pacific as the one the ships sail on.

The masses of the natives are as unlearned as babes. While there are those whose names are known beyond the shadows of their own local hills because of their recognized ability, it must be borne in mind

that the per cent of illiteracy is high. The municipality in which I live and work has a population of about 18,000 and of these you can count on the fingers of one hand those who are at all apt for public position, such as provincial governor or member of the assembly. The local offices, municipal president, town councilmen and such, are filled by means of local popular elections, and sometimes material for suitable candidates is exceedingly scarce. It is reported that one locality in the Islands sent in a request to the higher officials asking for immediate independence because they had men enough to elect officials from, when the term of service of those then in office should expire. The office of justice of the peace is filled by appointment from the provincial capital, but the appointee is usually a resident of the place concerned. He is empowered to administer oaths, solemnize marriage, sit in local cases very much as in the States and his duties are many times such as to addle the brain of a more learned man.

The natives whom I have learned most about are exceedingly fond of display. They like to be in the limelight. Such seems to be a strong trait of character. I have heard a number of them make speeches and every one of them "blows his own horn." I have held several educational meetings in the rural parts of my district and almost every paragraph of the speech begins with "aco," the native word for capital I. His speech consists of pointing with pride to his record. It is a great relief to any of us to get to say "I told you so."

It should be stated frankly that right in this lies one of the reasons why these people never were able to cope with Spain's tyranny. There are too many who lack the patriotism that puts self out of sight. The kind that fills the purse of the individual is plentiful. There are a number of different peoples—Visayas, Tagalogs, Ilacanos, Bicolos, Negritos, Igorotes, etc., etc., neither of which is able to converse with the other and each of which has its ambitious men who want to be at the head of the Utopian Republic. The abandonment of the Islands at the present time by the strong, protecting hand of the United States would mean internal strife that would in a short time reduce the whole archipelago to the mercy of nations that are not so altruistic in their motives as we think our own government is. Imagine an assembly, a national congress made up of a dozen different tribes, each with its leaders, jealous of the other's prominence, anxious for a chance to tear down the other fellow's house to get plaster lath for his own and wood for his own bonfires, no one willing to arbitrate differences, more ready to settle trouble by the duel; imagine such a—shall we call it a govern-

ment? Who would be its chief executive?

Another thing of far reaching significance at present is the public school. Permanent progress must be constructive. There must be forces at work that build better tissue and fibre. The body politic cannot continue without the vitalizing power of intelligence.

It is up to the government of the United States to pound away at the constructive until a common language has been acquired and is used habitually by the people. They must read it. They must be regular readers of the news of the world. They must have minds trained to distinguish between truth and superstition. They must come to love labor and the joy of service. Independence means the opportunity of each individual to acquire property and be happy without molestation. There can be no independence of a nation when the individual members composing that nation are in the slavery of ignorance and superstition. Independence is an individual matter at the bottom. The public school of the Islands is the one force of all others today that is preparing the people for the realization of their Utopian dreams. To abandon the Islands at the present time or at any time within the next fifty years would mean the destruction of the strongest forces at work today. There are not among the natives sufficient learned men to attempt even a small part of the education of the masses. Public education would go flat like a punctured balloon.

Along with the love of display goes the disposition to talk much. Gossip is plentiful as air. There is nothing else to do. There are no papers to read. There is plenty of corn meal in the old can to cook for dinner and even if there isn't, what matter? There is little love for labor. So what else is there to do but run the government? And it must be run so, this way, so it will be a great blessing to the people, making money plentiful whether you have its value in something else or not. Wasn't it Poor Richard that quoth, "Time is the stuff that life is made of"? But time is the most plentiful thing in the whole Philippine world. Time to sit down and teach roosters to fight. Time to stand and talk loud for fifteen minutes over the price asked for a five cent fish, long enough to go catch a fish of your own worth twice as much, unable to recognize essentials. Be it remembered that I have in mind the masses and not the few leading men in politics. Talk about walking away and leaving such a people to destroy themselves! It is no less the work of wisdom to abandon our children at the age of four, making them assume the duties of citizens. Imagine the high state of civilization of our posterity of the fourth generation!

Where illiteracy reigns superstition is rank. I do not know much of its forms of expression, but just last night the little girl in the house where I live was scared senseless at a ghost. The man who held her in his arms when she was baptized into the Catholic church, not her own father, but a friend, died last week. She has been told all about how haunts do. She stepped out on the porch last night and felt the dead man's finger under her foot. She heard him in the trees. She saw him down under the porch. He stood by the banana stalk. All conceivable ideas were advanced. Her sister was also "very afraid." Her mother likewise hastened her steps from the place on the steps where the ghost was visible. This is all in one of the better families. The ignorant mountaineer has all forms of fears. He may be brave enough in the daylight but in the darkness he will tell you "dili." (A sort of expression meaning about the same as "not at all.") But what else should we expect of an uneducated people?

Intelligence is the positive cure of ignorance. Superstition cannot be driven out with fly brushes. It cannot be pumped out with a stomach pump. The light of intelligence dispels it. The two cannot exist together. The cradles of liberty for the Filipinos as for every people are their public schools. Constructive work must precede all else.

"Story of a Sophomore Girl."

OLIVE M. SNYDER.

Virginia Bradford was a well descended college girl. Several generations before, her forefather had placed multitudes under obligations to him by leading a band of homeseeking pilgrims to the shores of this free land. Had he been present, he would probably have smiled to observe this same restless, freedom-seeking spirit dominating his descendant. "Virg," as all the girls and a few of the boys called her, was a Sophomore. College life had been rich with good times for her. Among the desires which at present had been set aside as impossibilities, to be anticipated in the happy future, was the longing which was always aroused within her just about Thanksgiving time, an almost unconquerable desire to see the annual football game between Missouri and Kansas University. Each year just the day before "this time of Thanks-

giving when the extraordinary privilege of hauling out one's dust covered chafing dish and making fudge" was granted, Virginia had been denied permission for leaving the campus. But now that she was a Soph' and beginning to assume a becoming dignity and the art of keeping out of a matron's grasp, she was more anxious than ever to go to the city and spend the afternoon of the 25th on the grand stand in the park, waving her pennant, and regardless of ladylike dignity, to give unrestricted vent to her adoration for her own beloved Kansas. Virginia was almost a believer in mental telegraphy but her belief was shattered when after a week of constant meditating on her long-cherished desire, the authorities were seemingly much shocked at her presumption and promptly refused her annual request.

It was the day before, Virginia stood on the steps talking to Lester Martin. This young man was a veritable Apollo—a giant in size and handsome enough to make him popular at the Alpha Phi Sorority house. In his own estimation, these goddesses should have fallen in adoration before him, but Virginia, for one, always seemed rather unaffected by his charms. Lester wore a white sweater and against this background the symbols of the Tigers stood out in bold outline. This was his first year on the team and he felt their success was assured. The lively discussion of the coming game had excited Virginia and feeling her imposition more than ever she spoke hastily—

"No, I cannot go. We are granted the usual privilege of attending the Freshman-Sophomore marble game, or we may have a tea party in our rooms—as if that were not a nightly occurrence! Miss Moore evidently doesn't know that my symptoms of measles the other day were only an overdose of Welsh rarebit, and Martha's sprained ankle last week was caused by my awkwardness in overturning a dish of hot fudge on her foot."

"Certainly a kindergarten beginner could not be more restricted," said Lester. He felt that the sight of Virginia on the grand stand, even though she wore his opponent's colors, would make him kick harder and run faster.

"Say, Virg, I wager you a fraternity dinner and dance for one week from this evening that the Tigers are victorious."

"Agreed," said Virginia, "you'll need to pawn your frat pin before your monthly allowance comes, I'm thinking." Lester received this with a loud laugh. "Better come out tomorrow. We'll need you to bind Sunny Jim's wounds when we're through with him," and swinging

his cap he sauntered jauntily down the street, singing for Virginia's benefit—

"Vigor, vim, perfect trim,
Force made him, Sunny Jim."

"Sunny Jim" was none other than J. S. Mifflin, half back on the Kansas University football team. He and Virginia had been school-mates in their childhood days and since this time Lester had had opportunity to become acquainted with Mr. Mifflin during his visits to the college. Strangely, he had formed a dislike for Jim, and because of a scar which disfigured his face had dubbed him "Sunny Jim."

Thanksgiving day dawned bright and fair, just perfect for a ball game. After the noon hour Virginia sat in her room gazing out of the window. She was dressed for the street in her white sweater beneath which she had a folded Kansas University pennant. Inside her cap was an arm band of the same hue. A knock of peculiar significance preceded the opening of the door and Martha, her chum and co-sympathizer, walked in. The girls had decided at exactly 1 o'clock the night before that there could be no possible harm in their going in to the city to see the game provided their actions were not doubted by those directly responsible for their welfare. Of course permission, permission could not be granted because then everybody would want to go. So they watched their chances. After an hour of "not at home" silence and a careful observance of the corridors everybody seemed to have reached his or her destination and to have decided to stay a while. Off in the distance the shouts of the basket ball players and cheerers could be heard. Cautiously the girls stole out attempting to assume a natural "going for a walk" pose. Almost immediately a car came in sight and in less than an hour they stood at the park entrance. Through the open gate they could see the progressing game, which was now almost over. The usual excitement and cheering prevailed. Virginia drew out her pennant and gave Martha the arm band ready to enjoy to the utmost the remainder of the game. To Martha was entrusted the responsibility of securing the tickets while Virginia gazed through the open gate and endeavored to get the run of the game. Almost immediately she discovered Lester and—yes—there was Jim, too. Kansas University had just made a touch-down and the girl stood on tiptoe to see what would happen next. They were playing quite close to the gate now and she could see plainly. Mifflin held the ball and dodging in and out promised to reach the goal. From her vantage

point Virginia watched his every motion,² She saw him run close to Lester, saw Lester's foot shoot out, saw Jim trip and fall and lay motionless on the ground. With her pennant trailing in the dust and filled with resentment she turned a pale but determined face to Martha who stood before her with the tickets.

"We can't go in, you foolish girl. I've seen all the football—I mean I'm afraid Prof. Green is there. Let's go home and be good till Christmas." Martha's display of temper failed to move the young aspirant in the least and the ride home was not of the pleasantest sort.

"Virginia was horrid," thought Martha, "and anyway, she might pay for her ticket."

Apparently they had not been missed on the campus. At 5 o'clock a message came for Virginia—

"Victory for Missouri State University. Don't forget the dinner, Lester."

All during the night Virginia's rest was disturbed by visions of floating footballs and fallen players, and by morning Martha was furious. "Because she was not a slender girl was no reason why she should be the victim of Virg's gymnastic exercises." So she threatened to change her room.

At daybreak Virginia dressed hurriedly and hastened down for the morning paper. Glancing over it she read that the game had been very close, being decided by an awkward play by Miffin who had fallen and broke his arm. "Martin's work was commendable," it said, but hearing a sigh of relief she sought Martha and a treaty of peace was drawn up and duly signed.

Four days later, true to her wager, Virginia was arranging for a fraternity dinner. The Alpha Phi girls were always ready for such a lark and the hosue was in an uproar planning for games and invitations. Across the hill in the Phi Delta home Lester Martin sat in his room gazing at a note which had just been delivered. Before opening it he thought half angrily, "Virg need not have waited all week to invite me even though she did lose. I was half afraid Miffin might be on hand." Tearing open the note his eyes saw, "Alpha Phi, Wednesday, Louise Jones." That was sufficient.

Wednesday evening proved as fair as the day of the game had been. The dining hall of the Alpha Phi house was the scene of great festivity. Lester was devoting himself to Miss Jones though he could scarcely keep his eyes off of Virginia. She sat opposite him and by her side was a man whose face was disfigured by a scar and who carried

his left arm in a sling. There was no dancing for Virginia that evening much to Lester's disappointment. Just what she and her companion talked of as they strolled about is not for us to know.

It was the day after. Contrary to the threats and tearful admonitions of her chum—but not at this particular time her co-sympathizer—Virginia made her way determinedly to the president's office. Her visit was prolonged for several hours. Just what took place behind those closed doors the walls have never revealed, but it was noticeable that afterwards Virginia's face resumed its usual happy look, and her restless, freedom-seeking spirit seemed definitely controlled, while she and the president were ever afterward the closest of friends.

The Sane Life

That life is sane which is thrifty, provident, practical, as well as simple, generous and idealistic :

Which asks no advice and makes no apologies, follows no stale conventional standards but standing firmly, challenges the best in other lives and appropriates the best for its own.

That life is sane which has in it enough fresh air to breath freely, enough sunshine to kill disease, enough rain to make it fruitful, enough wind to arouse the spirit.

Which seeks sound labor for every day and wholesome play for every holiday, realizing that both work and play in their just ratio are essential and that both may be beautiful.

That life is sane which claims for its own a few good books, pictures or statues or the right to enjoy them, — a little good music and, above all, good friends.

Which recognizes its end in service and its fulfilment in love.

That life is sane which meets the natural course of events naturally, glorifying, as it passes, birth, growth, maturity, parent hood, death, step by step, with perfect ultimate faith.

And this sane life may be lived even now.

—Marguerite O. Bigelow

RAYS OF LIGHT

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Last month we were "knocking" just a little on the thoughtlessness of some students in regard to college grounds and buildings. Now we wish to praise those who so kindly volunteered to remove papers and rubbish from the campus and this put it in a more presentable condition.

Christian O. Larson says "you can be, you can do, you can have anything you desire to be, do, and have" providing you want it hard enough and are willing to put your whole self into its attainment. This means mighty responsibilities and almost unlimited possibilities for the student, who above all others has opportunity for the formation of high ideals.

The students of M. C. are to be congratulated on the loyalty and enthusiasm manifested during the past month. The town was never better supported by a Rooter's Club than at the lecture by Judge Martin, auspices of Merchants' Association and Women's Club, when students and Professors filled the north section of the Opera House and started the meeting with a ten minute's program of McPherson yells and songs. Such interest in town affairs will do much to perpetuate the existing friendship between town and College and is no more than our duty in return for the financial aid the business men have always given our institution. The support given Mr. Dalke at the State Prohibition contest was also excellent. Mr. Russell's work as yell Master was especially commendable. Tho we did not carry off the honors, we have the satisfaction of knowing that our representative did his best and was well back by the student body.



Prof. S. C. Miller

Prof. S. C. Miller is largely a product of McPherson College, having taken all his academy and college work here, receiving his A. B. in 1906. The year 1906-7 was spent in Chicago University, where he was granted his Master's degree in English. Since that time Prof. Miller has held the professorship of English at M. C. and has materially strengthened that department, revising and amplifying the courses and treating them in a strictly modern way.

Recital

The McPherson College Orchestra made its debut Friday, April 1, when assisted by the Expression department, they gave the following excellent program in the Chapel. Mr. Hapgood, the leader, is indeed to be congratulated on the improvement the Orchestra has made under his direction.

- | | | | |
|----|--|-----------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1 | Overture, "Consolation" | - - - - - | Orchestra |
| 2 | Chorus, "Will you come to my Mountain Home?" | - - - - - | Glee Club |
| 3 | Clarinet Solo, Selected, | - - - - - | Albert Hapgood |
| 4 | Reading, "Patsy", | - - - - - | Anna O. McVey |
| 5 | Luella Waltz, | - - - - - | Orchestra |
| 6 | Violin Solo, "Perpetual Motion," | - - - - - | Mrs. Grover Andes |
| 7 | Vocal Duet, Selected, | M. M. Studebaker, Bess Benell | |
| 8 | March and Two Step, "True Blue", | - - - - - | Orchestra |
| 9 | Reading, Selected, | - - - - - | Laura Evelyn Moran |
| 10 | Selection | - - - - - | Brass Quartette |
| 11 | Violin Duet, | Viola V. Vaniman and Alice Wilson | |
| 12 | Kiss of Spring Waltzes, | - - - - - | Orchestra |
| 13 | Chorus, "Carnovale", | - - - - - | M. C. Glee Club |
| 14 | In a Garden of Melody, | - - - - - | Orchestra |

Alumni and Ex-Student Notes.

Miss Lyda Helstab writes Prof. Muir that her health is much improved.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Stonebraker now reside in this city.

Mrs. Nettie Kimmel-Sullivan visited friends and relatives here recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Mohler Miller are visiting relatives on the Hill. They intend to leave Hinton, Oklahoma, but as yet have not decided where they will locate.

Miss Frances Hawkinson, who was enrolled in the University of Minnesota during the early part of the winter, is now employed as a stenographer in that city.

Because of illness Miss Emma Beyer was compelled to give up her teaching. Miss Lillian Young is finishing her term.

Miss Ella Ebbert stopped for a few days visit with her sisters.

She has just finished her second term of teaching at Garden City.

The Rays has its full quota of births and marriages for this month. Interesting events among our Alumni.

Imagine Guy T. Hudson, N' 07, with a bundle in his arms pacing the floor as the clock indicates the wee morning hours. Young sons know how to make themselves heard.

They say Willie Yoder's smile has increased in length, breadth, and thickness. There's a baby girl in his house.

Married:

Miss Laura Kennan and Chas H. Slifer, March 20. They will make their home in Abilene.

Miss Lettie Kimmel and Prof. King, Feb. 12. They will remain at McLouth until the close of the school year.

Miss Hattie Compton and W. J. Slifer, April 2.

Miss Hattie All and Albert Elliot, March 8. Mr. and Mrs. Elliot will reside on a farm two miles southeast of McPherson.

Program by Expression Department

- | | | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------|---------------------|
| 1 | Music, Selected | - - - - - | Gladys Muir |
| 2 | Reading, "Trick vs. Trick", | - - - - - | Frank E. Mohler |
| 3 | Reading, "The Imp and the Author" | | Mrs. Ernest Vaniman |
| 4 | Reading, | a "Old Fashioned Roses" | } J. T. Doerkson |
| | | b "The Clover" | |
| | | c "Deacon Jones' Grievance" | |
| 5 | Music, Selected | - - - - - | Amy Peterson |
| 6 | Reading, "Gentleman, The King" | - - - - - | Raymond E. Flory |
| 7 | Reading, "Mustard Plasters" | - - - - - | Viola V. Vaniman |

"THE TEETH OF THE GIFT HORSE"

- A COMEDY IN ONE ACT BY MARGARET CAMERON

Characters

Richard Butler	- - - - -	E. P. Durst
Florence Butler (his wife)	- - - - -	Anna O. McVey
Marietta Williams (his aunt)	- - - - -	Lillie Hope
Anne Fisher	} Friends of the Butlers	{ Modena Moomaw
Devlin Blake		
Katie (the maid)	- - - - -	Maybelle Gish

Eureka Notes

The Eureka's have been furnishing some very attractive programs for which they have been highly complimented by the professors and others. The continued story, consisting of eight numbers, was a marked success.

We may look forward to still greater under the following set of officers, newly elected for the coming term: Pres. H. H. Nininger Sec. Addie Delp, Vice Pres. Paul Harnly, Tres. Mable Ullom, Attorney, C. F. Brubaker.

The society held their term social Saturday night, March 26. It took the form of an egg-roast in the Gym, the hostility of the weather man preventing other choice of locality. Games and "stunts" furnished the entertainment, which was pleasantly informal throughout.

When Moments Swiftly Fly.

Miss Evelyn Trostle celebrated her birthday Easter Sunday by serving an elaborate dinner to about a dozen of her friends Mrs. Sullivan was the guest of honor.

Mrs. B. S. Trostle and Mrs. Prof. Harnly were among those who entertained at dinner for Mrs. Sullivan.

Miss Vada Kuns entertained informally March 18 in honor of her friend, Miss Mary Banks of Topeka, who visited her during Easter week. They spent part of the week at Lindsborg where they were the guests of Miss Strom and Prof. Thorsen.

Rev. J. J. Yoder and wife held "open house" Wednesday night, March 23, for the young people of Monitor attending M. C. Games and a taffy pull made the evening pass all too quickly. Dainty refreshments were served.

Egg roasts were the order of the day during Easter week. One was enjoyed by the "left-overs" the night of the State Prohibition Contest, and consisted of a jolly walk of a few miles, a roaring bonfire, an abundance of eggs and a crowd of enthusiastic egg-eaters. Another was held in commemoration of Good Friday, when about twenty hungry students, with appetites sharpened by the moonlight ride in a lumber wagon, entered Crumpacker's grove and disposed of the traditionally enormous quantity of eggs and other "eats." Their return to the Hill was announced by yells and songs which left none in doubt as to the thorough enjoyableness of the occasion.

The Freshmen delightfully surprised the Seniors by inviting them to a hay rack ride Monday, March 14. They met at the College, and after a jolly ride of four miles, with occasional stops to gaze at the moon and, incidentally, to replace a wagon wheel which was "tired" and demanded to be "retired",—reached a "romantic grove with a brook flowing thru it," where the committee were waiting to welcome them. "Double up," "Buzz" and similar games were played, after which all gathered around the camp-fire, cracked jokes, toasted weenies till they barked, and enjoyed the delicious refreshments previously prepared. The ride home in the moonlight, with College yells and merry songs, was one long to be remembered.

Locals

Apologies are now in order.

Mr. Dalke, it is said, isn't worrying about the fourth dimension."

More real estate has changed hands and been transformed into personal property here of late than has ever been known before—March winds, you know.

It has been said of Mr. Sidel that although he likes Kansas a great deal, he likes "Virginia" more.

Yes, it is true that money talks, but it usually says good-bye.

Mr. Lester Stump is an enthusiastic student of Botany, but he restricts his laboratory work almost exclusively to the Fern.

Mr. Rasp says he has decided upon his special "line" of work. It will be the clothes "line"—once a week.

When it came Russel's turn to pull on the wish bone he gave expression to this wish; "I want to be bald-headed back to a line connecting my ears by the time I am thirty-two years old."

Dorm Manager John W. Deeter has returned from a week's recuperation of sitting on the stock cutter and basking in the sunshine.

It is a very common thing for humanity in general to laugh and joke about "breaks" they sometimes happen to make Mohler, however, when roller skating made one about which he wasn't heard to laugh and joke much.

Prep.—Well, how you was yet any way?

Collegiate.—Oh, I still was, and am yet.

Although many of the students are suffering from nervousness

Mr. Dotzour no doubt knows that a few still have their nerve—the Freshmen.

Miss Elsie Buckman is again back with us after spending several weeks at home recuperating from a spell of nervousness.

Grover Dotzour's new theory regarding mind and brain relationship;—mind at night goes off tangent to brain and wonders around in space.—Now if Mr. Dotzour is speaking of his own mind we all readily understand, for it, no doubt, flies far off in space—say to the Westward—to California, for example.

Enrollment in the Astronomy class is steadily increasing. Most of the members are quite keen about the laboratory work. Peculiar, isn't it?

Mr. Cram has recently stepped out into the limelight by virtue of his crusade against the fearful "Wimmens' strike" which he predicts as impending.

The most appropriate title of respect, says one, which we can apply to Mr. Wynn on account of his altitude is the kingly one, "Your Highness."

Freshman to Soph—I thought you took Algebra last year?
Sophomore.— I did but the faculty encored me.

Many of the boys from M. C. went down to Lindsborg to see the "Miss lah". Yes, some even walked.

About all the love some people get is that which they get out on the Tennis court.

The most active court now known is the "Tennis court", always in session.

Brilliant student of Roman History, are the people of Sardinia called Sardines?

Some think it no use to talk about Heaven when Lindsborg is so near.

Mr. Bogart has gone to Missouri.

Mr. Hilton left M. C. for K. C. at which place he expects to learn the Automobile business. This is no doubt one of the fastest lines going.

Prof. Fahnestock enjoyed a week's sojourn in Colorado between terms.

It has always been known that the Irish have "ire", but this individualistic trait has lately been proven to be characteristic of the Swede also: example—Thompson after Freshman ducking.

In accordance with the annual custom at M. C. groups of

students serenaded the residents of College Hill early Easter morning with joyous hymns and anthems. The old people, in particular, were remembered.

Mr. Kline, the reader and impersonator from Chicago who delivered such an excellent program in chapel, April 8, benefit Y. W. C. A., is an old friend and instructor of Miss Moran.

The Expression seniors enjoyed a delightful auto drive to Moundridge April 1st, when they presented their play, "The Teeth of the Gift Horse."

Olive Snyder and her mother recently spent a week with Mrs. Carrie Snyder-Sichty in Wellington.

We are glad to report that Colorado ozone is proving beneficial to our President. He says that tho at heart a loyal Prohibitionist, he has been driven to drink—mineral waters.

Rev. Carey, pastor of the McPherson Baptist Church, delivered an excellent lecture to the Mission classes March 31.

Silva Miller, the "lost sheep," has returned to M. C. and will take her degree with the Seniors.

Wanted—An assortment of smiles to distribute among those whom the "good-byes" at the end of the third term have left so melancholy.

One of the girls in an attempt to explain the cause of the weakness produced by tonsillitis, said: "The phalanges in the back of my throat were so sore it took all the nourishment out of my blood."

Exchanges

- Boyabus kissibus sweeti girlorum.
- Girlibus likabus, wanti somorum.
- Inabus lapibus getti girlorum,
- Thenabus boyabus kissi somorum.
- Popibus seeabus, slapi girlorum.
- Kickabus boyabus outi the doorum.
- Andabus boyabus limpi homorum.
- Girlibus cryabus, kissi no morum. e x.

K. S. N. will dedicate their physical training building about the middle of April.

The Sophomore number of the Southwestern Collegian is worthy of comment.

As a result of the Nebraska State board of education requesting Pres.

I. V. Crabtree of the N. S. N. to resign, 800 students have gone on a strike.

Cornell won the first of a series of debates against Baker.

We are pleased to welcome the Pioneer to our list of exchanges. It is one of the spiciest H. S. papers on our table.

The Ottawa Campus thinks it inconsistent that a school pious enough to make even the Freshmen stand during prayers should run a full page cigarette advertisement.

The Personals and Locals of the Purple and Gold are certainly creditable.

The Wesleyan Advance got out a Freshman edition last month. The Midland seems to think that it was conspicuous for its verdancy.

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