

# Rays of Light



McPherson College

May 1910

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# Faculty and Instructors of McPHERSON COLLEGE 1909-1910.

"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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Biblical Languages and Lit.

\*John A. Clement, A. M. V. Pres  
Psychology and Education

H. J. Harnly, A. M., Ph. D.,  
Biology and Philosophy,

S. B. Fahnestock, A. B., M. C.  
Secretary; Sup't Commercial  
Department; Commercial  
Branches and Drawing.

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English

Claude J. Shirk, A. M.,  
Mathematics, Chemistry and  
Physics.

C. C. Kochenderfer, A. M.  
Philosophy and Education

S. C. Miller, A. M.,  
English.

F. G. Muir,  
Director of Musical Department  
Piano, Organ, Harmony and  
Voice Culture.

L. Evelyn Moran,  
(Columbia College of Expression)  
Elocution and Physical Culture

R. W. Detter A. B.  
Mathematics and History

\*On leave of absence for Uni-  
versity Study

S. Ira Arnold, Arithmetic.

Lillian Hope,  
Shorthand and Typewriting.

Lulu Hildebrand, B. S. D.,  
Grammar.

J. J. Yoder  
United States History.

J. C. Russell, Chemistry

Homer Lichtenwalter  
Laboratory Ass't in Physics.

P. W. Seidel, M. Acct.,  
Book keeping.

Anna Garber, Spelling.

Diedrich Dalke, German.

\*B. E. Ebel Latin and Greek

P. W. Claassen  
Assistant in Zoology.

Mrs. Francis G. Rasp, B.S.D.  
Director of Model School.

F. G. Muir,  
Director of Chapel Music.

Mrs. Mary Rothrock, Matron  
Jennle Bush Shirk, Librarian

E. Leroy Craik  
Latin and Greek

Walter Thompson  
Assistant in Latin

P. S. Goertz  
Assistant in Language

Flossie Brubaker  
Violin

Others supplied as class ne-  
cessities demand.

# RAYS OF LIGHT

VOL XI      McPHERSON, KANS., MAY, '10      NO. 9

## The Student's Ten Commandments.

- 1    Thou shalt set the service of God and man before thine heart as the end of all thy work.
- 2    Thou shalt inquire of each study what it has for thee as a worker for a better world, not relinquishing thy pursuit of it until thou hast gained its profit unto this end.
- 3    Thou shalt love the truth and only the truth, and welcome all truth gladly, whether it bring thee or the world joy or suffering, pleasure or hardship, ease or evil.
- 4    Thou shalt meet each task at the moment assigned for it with a willing heart.
- 5    Thou shalt work each day to the limit of thy strength, consistently with the yet harder work which shall be thy duty on the morrow.
- 6    Thou shalt respect the rights and pleasures of others, claiming no privilege for thyself but the privilege of service and allowing thyself no joy which does not increase the joy of thy fellowmen.
- 7    Thou shalt love thy friends more than thyself, thy college more than thy friends, thy country more than thy college, and God more than all else.
- 8    Thou shalt rejoice in the excellences of others and despise all rewards saveing the gratitude of thy fellows and the approval of God.
- 9    Thou shalt live by thy best, holding thyself relentlessly to those ideals thou dost most admire in other men.
- 10    Thou shalt make for thyself commandments harder than another can make for thee, and each new day commandments more rigorous than thine own laws of the day before.

— from The Independent.



# Harry the Ruffian

By Evelyn Trostle

"O! I feel like the very Devil has got me. There is something about these prairies that sort'o sets fire to a fellow. I lost \$500 at Winslow tonight so I have to get up and hike."

Harry put the spurs to his horse and dashed madly thru the night. "The Lord only knows where I'm going to now. By Joe! I don't care. He glanced around him, there was sage brush, manzanitas bushes and the great Arizona Cacti everywhere. Above, the moon was hidden from view by a gray, hazy mist which made the night appear as if a fog had settled down.

The wind was blowing sharply from the east. Harry laid his head against the horse's neck to protect him from the driving wind. He imagined he heard voices. Instinctively he drew his horse behind a giant cactus, stopped and listened again. Yes, he would investigate, perhaps there would be some excitement. Dropping to the ground he fastened his horse and proceeded to make his way thru and around the brush in the direction of the sound, which his keen ear had detected, as it was carried by the wind.

Slowly he made his way, every now and then cursing to himself as he came in contact with the cacti needles. But he forgot his scratched and bleeding hands as he recognized mens' voices when he reached the edge of the precipice. Below they were talking in low coarse tones. They were telling one of their number, who had evidently just come, how they had partially wrecked the trestle not far away over the deep gulch. A danger signal was placed up so the Express would stop and while the train men were making the repairs they would take up a collection. Harry's fingers itched as he thot of the \$500 he had lost that night. How lonesome one is on the desert without any chink! Again he heard their voices:

"Aint this wind something beastly? We'll leave the horses here till we git back with the cash."

"They aint so sartin of hittin us if we part company and take different routes back here. Don't wait on no one but take to your horse and git. Then we'll ride to Jerome, take the fast Mail to Mexico"—and the sentence was finished with curses.

"Hotter place than Mexico, Old Man," breathed Harry.

The train robbers started away, as it was nearly train time. Harry

went the other way for his horse which he brought to the foot of the precipice, tied him, quickly loosened the other three and sent them dashing away by the lash of his whip. There he waited as one waits for the first sight of a wild beast, unconscious of time and conditions, except the one thing in mind. It was sport mixed with a sort of a revenge for his own misfortune. One stroke for which he was famous would put the first man to sleep for several peaceful hours.

Hark! there was a revolver report—then another. Hurrying steps and some one came around the corner of the jetting rock. One powerful blow—the man fell. Harry got the leather pouch, fastened it to his saddle and was back again at his post. Perhaps those revolver shots were not in vain, he thought. Instead of going now he would wait and see if any more men turned up. His arm ached for more exercise. What if the two should come together! No time for reflection. A man rounded the corner. Down he too went, but started to rise and draw his gun. Quick as a flash Harry put the finishing touch, but the revolver went off, grazing his ear. Removing the bag, he jumped on his horse and fled. Once more he rode thru the darkness not knowing where he was going.

Dawn was coming in the East. It seemed to bring new light to Harry. One by one he recalled the events as they had occurred in the last five years of his life. It was a sort of moving picture right before his eyes. Sometimes the brain can work surprisingly fast. In a half hour he felt he had lived a century. Before, when these periods of reflection came, he always drove them off with drink, cards or something else, but there was no escape, he had to face it. He shuddered when he thought of what his life had been before, back East. Ah his mother! his noble mother, he had not written to her for a year.—And Margaret, his little Sweetheart!

"What would they think if they should see me now?" he groaned. He fairly hated himself and instead of cursing he tried to pray. He uttered no words, just breathed it in his soul. Then he thought of these words "Thou shalt not steal,"—his eyes fell on the leather pouches, he startled guiltily. Alone with yourself and your conscience on a desert you feel the presence of the great Spirit who formed the waste places. With his companions or in the city Harry would never have come to himself like this.

"Whoa Fleet, whoa. We will see what there is in these three bags. Gee! its no chicken feed,—gold silver and bills. Enough any way to buy us a good breakfast, old nag. I 'low there is a thousand



easy. What?" He did not finish it but rode on in the direction of smoke where he hoped he could get something to eat. A small western hut came into sight, black and ugly. A haggard woman met him at the door. "O stranger, my husband is sick, I fear he is dying. I am here alone. Can't you do something? It is ten miles to our nearest neighbor and fifteen to town."

"Let me see him. Well I should guess he is sick. His fever must be 104 now. I can quiet him a little with a Spanish massage." Harry threw off his coat, first rubbed his fevered brow, then worked along his spinal column till he felt the man breathe easier and the fever had somewhat abated. He was nearly exhausted, it was strenuous work and he was weak.

"Please, can you get me a bite to eat, I will then go for the doctor as this is only temporary relief."

The woman's face clouded, her lips trembled.

"We havn't any money," she said.

Harry's big heart went out to her; he could not stand to see her cry. "Never mind, if you have a horse I can ride, mine is pretty much jaded. I'll get a doctor here in a short time. Your husband needs one." The woman could hardly speak but Harry felt her gratefulness as she replied, "In the corral, but stop for something to eat before you go." Harry fairly flew to Winslow and obtained the best physician he knew. He staid long enough to get a basket of delicacies for the woman and her sick husband and was off again for the little hut.

The man was worse again but the doctor thot the danger point was passed and with some medicine he would soon be better.

As Harry handed the little woman the basket she said: "O you have saved my husband's life. Doctor said so. How can I ever repay you?"

"Don't mention it, and here is some money you can use better than I," turning quickly he left.

He thanked God he had the money and yet there was not the most satisfactory feeling after all.

"I am going home to mother," he resolved. "I have the same sum I had yesterday this time. Hope I don't see any of the old boys."

Four days later a man walked down the street of a little village in Pennsylvania and knocked at the home of Mrs. Dunno. In tailored clothes and all things else according he made a fine appearance. A gray haired woman opened the door.



"Why Harry, my boy, my long lost boy Harry," and almost fainted in his arms. His father too, now quite old, welcomed his son back. It was good to be home. He felt like a boy again only when he looked into his mother's face and saw her pure noble soul shining out, he felt miserable, wretched. He decided it would be best not to tell her all, but let her live the remaining years in peace. So he described the great West to them, its people, deserts, mountains, but left out the wild life he led.

By nature Harry was a frank, open-hearted fellow, he never concealed anything, but shared his sorrows as well as his troubles with his friends, and especially, in the long ago, with Margaret. He learned that she was home from College and the old boyish love came back to him, in fact he had never lost it, it had only been somewhat forgotten in the last few years. He was twenty three and she—yes, she was twenty one. He would go to her, perhaps she would understand. She had heard of his home coming and was not surprised when he called a few evenings later. He was the first to speak, "Margaret how you have changed, yet you are the same."

"Always the same Margaret," she smiled. "You were a boy when you left, Harry, now you have come home a man. It does not seem possible."

At first Harry felt a little awkward, he was not accustomed to be around refined, educated ladies. But Margaret tactfully broke down the barrier and made him feel perfectly at ease. They recalled their early childhood days. Margaret told him a little about College, how much she enjoyed it and about her graduating in May.

"Here I have been talking away just like always and have not given you a chance to tell about your life out West, that wonderful West, we used to imagine was so wild and woolly. I have learned to be a good listener, try me and see."

"That is what I came for. I had to tell someone and you are the only person I thought would understand."

So he told her of his life as he saw it that night on the desert, not sparing himself at all but giving her the bare facts. They seemed to him a thousand times worse in this atmosphere of culture than out there on the bare waste plains. He ended with the robbery of the money.

The girl sat perfectly quiet. While he spoke he dared not look at her, but now turned toward her with all the longing of a hungry heart for

love and sympathy. How pale and beautiful she looked in the moonlight. As he continued, his voice lowered to almost a tone of reverence.

"As I rode alone on the desert with God and myself, you came to me and I saw myself as I really was. How hateful I seemed to be!"

Then he recounted the story of the sick man and his faithful wife. "Her strong love made me think of you and I resolved to come back to you." She breathed heavily and her words were almost a sob.

"Harry, why have you spoiled your life like this? Why did you do it?" "I cannot tell unless I am weak without you. I need you. Dear Margaret, can't I begin life over? I know I am not worthy now but with your help and God's I hope to be a man yet. When I have reclaimed my past, when I am more worthy of you, can I then have the assurance that I may claim you for my wife? I loved you as a girl, but Margaret, the love for you as a woman is so much richer and deeper. We can still be happy altho I have suffered for my past."

Margaret waited some time before she spoke. She laid her hand on Harry's arm and looked at him sadly, her whole being radiating her strong emotions.

"Yes, Harry, you can begin over and be a man yet. But what have you to give for the last five years? I have gone to school, acquired high ideals and noble aspirations. I have a pure womanhood to give to the man I love. Why should I not require the same from him? The person who sins is not the only one who must suffer. You have suffered—well, so have I. I loved you as a boy and that love naturally developed into something deeper as time went on. We might have been so happy together, but can we now? Do you want me to give up my ideals?"

She did not give him time to answer. "We must pay the price. Because of my love for you I am glad to suffer for you. But we must live our lives alone. My work among girls is already planned. With your many noble qualities you can accomplish great good in the world"—her voice faltered.

"O Margaret, the wages of sin are terrible. For me it does not matter, but to think that you must suffer too! I am weak no longer,—your pure, noble womanhood has given me strength—I will be a man. But can you ever forgive me?"

She smiled sweetly as she gave him her hand. "Love can easily do that."



## Uncle Josh Attends Chapel.

"Well Uncle Josh, you've been to College now, haven't you?" said Ethel running down the steps to meet her Great-uncle who was coming up the walk from the College.

"Yes", replied Uncle Josh, dropping heavily into a chair on the veranda, "I've been thru the whole affair and I guess I know about as much as most of 'em that go there an' stay years an' when they leave have a couple letters arter their names."

"I guess you do, Uncle," laughed Ethel, "but you must remember you've had a few more years of experience than most of them and then they learn about some things you don't know much about."

"Oh, I know that an' I ain't saying anything agin' edication for if they'd all turn out as well as ye I wouldn't say nothin', but I couldn't see why College students should yell like cowboys."

"Oh, were you to Chapel?" asked Ethel, her eyes twinkling, for she knew there had been a basket-ball game the day before and so of course the students would be in high spirits as McPherson had won. Uncle Josh never went around the bush to say what he thought, so she was wondering what he had to say about it.

"Yes, I guess that's what you would call the first part," said Uncle Josh, for as soon as everyone got set down, a man with a black mustache got up an' read somethin' out o' the Bible. Then arter they sang a song he stood up there an' I guess he was prayin', but he jest stood there with his eyes wide open and lookin' straight ahead. You know I ain't much on religion since I've been in the mountains of Montana for so long but I've seen lots of people pray an' I never seen prayin' like that before. He looked like he was wantin' to laugh all the time an' that black mustache was jest a-twitching all the time but say—who are all them, that set up in front?"

"Why that is the faculty, the teachers", explained Ethel.

"Well I thought mebbe some of 'em were but arter singin' one young feller that sat at the end of the row got up an' I didn't think he looked like he knew enough to teach. He was red-faced, purty small an' skinny, but he got up so important like an' said somethin' about a ball game an' then all of a suddint all those youngins began to holler fit to kill, an' I asked Dick if it was dangerous. He said it wasn't so I set there an' held my ears shut."

By this time Ethel was laughing heartily, but Uncle Josh took no notice and he continued dryly as before. "They finally quit an' an

ole baldheaded gintleman arose. He was a purty big man north and south an' reminded me of some of the jedges I've seen. He talked rather stern like but I guess some of 'em needed it. He told how people orter pay up their bills an' so on, an' then he said somethin' about ef yer want anything git arter it and every one laughed but I thot it was purty sensible talk an' I think he knows somethin', but say I'd not like to git in his way if he got cross for I'll bet he'd get arter a person."

"When he'd set down an' all those people were thru clappin' their han's a dapper little feller with sharp long nose and dressed purty slick got up an' made one stride about three feet long, over to the middle o' the platform an' he begun to talk about putting up Jim somebody. I couldn't make head nor tail to what he was sayin'."

"Oh," interrupted Ethel smiling, you mean the gymnasium. They are going to build a large building where we can take exercises and play games."

"I see", said Uncle Josh, "you're findin' out that I'm purty dumb when it comes to College doin's. Well the next man that talked was as near a giant as I ever seen 'em. He didn't look very old but he didn't have very much hair on his head and then he had what we used to call burnsides. I guess he thot they'd make him look wise. He told about some place he'd been. I think it was Syria. He seemed awfully proud about being there, but gee! if I couldn't talk any better'n that I wouldn't try it. I think he orter get over that stuttering if he wants to be a teacher. He talked an' talked an' I thot he'd never get through but finally he stopped. But say, do they have wimmin teachers?"

"Why yes, Uncle," answered Ethel, "a lady teaches Elocution and there are a couple others."

"Well," continued the old gentleman, "I never thot it but say that one she is a purty little girl in the face and her hair, ef it is natural, was mighty purty but ef that elicutin makes gals as little and puny lookin' as she is, I'd never want a gal of mine to take it. I'd rather have mine elicute on a pony's back out doors. She talked next and said somethin' about acts meetin'. I thot there'd been enuf actin' this mornin' but I guess I didn't understand. Well, there was one more had to have his say. He was a skinny, dried up, wrinkled lookin' man and he got up there an' talked for about a half an' hour about some boys that had been takin' things. He stomped his foot, and shook his fist, and talked till you thot his voice would split. Then when he didn't have any-



thing to say he'd cough kind-a hard like and wrinkle his face some more. But I guess what he said was all right but there sure was a lot o' storm about it. Finally he begun to read some things off o' papers, then a girl sat down at the pianer an' played an' everybody left. I had enuf of College so I come home instid of goin' 'round with Dick any more. I guess I'll go rest a while now, I can't stand as much as I used to."

"All right Uncle Josh," answered Ethel, "I'll call you when dinner is ready." Then after he had gone she said to herself, "Dear old Uncle, he doesn't understand Colleges as well as wild ranches, but how keen he is to notice all those little things about the faculty. Ha! ha! Won't Dick laugh when I tell him? There he comes now, I'll go meet him."

## McPherson

The city of McPherson with a population of 4000, is located within a few miles of the geographical center of the state, in the very heart of the alfalfa and wheat belt. It is built in the shape of the letter T, with McPherson College forming the base at the east, and Walden College at the end of the south extension. The city is noted all over the state for its cleanliness, both material and moral. The residence streets are lined with beautiful dwellings, spacious lawns and shady maples. Being the county seat, McPherson contains the Court House, a magnificent stone structure, the High School, and the County Jail, which, residents will proudly tell you, is invariably empty. Two young parks offer shade and comfort during the hot summer afternoons, and Circle Lake, with its electric lights, boats, and swimming facilities affords a pleasant place of rest and amusement.

The City Library is well stocked with books and magazines. Water mains and sewer system have been extended throughout the city and every street is illumined by electric lights.

McPherson has had a steady growth, but an unusually rapid one during the last few years. Within the past year four new brick and cement business houses have been erected. Forty-five dwellings are now under constrtction. A hospital, Y. M. C. A. building, and M. C. Auditorium-Gymnasium will be under headway about June first. A \$40,000 High School building will be put up this summer.

Commercially, McPherson is decidedly active. Four railroads give excellent connection with surrounding districts. Three flour mills

make it the wheat market for large areas. The Wholesale Seed House does a flourishing business and the Farmers' Alliance Insurance Co. is one of the largest mutual insurance companies in the United States.

The western commercial spirit pervades all. Competition is strong but friendly. All work for the good of the city and community in unselfish, unified action.

The Retail Merchants' Ass'. is a mighty factor in the city's progress. It was instrumental in securing the Mo. Pacific passenger service this spring and also the present service of the R. I. Calif. Limited. It has recently ordered one hundred iron hitching posts at \$1.40 for the park and is negotiating with the Electric Light Co. for underground wiring and iron electric light posts for Main Street, the Federated Womens' Clubs are also very active and take great interest in education and the general social improvement of the city. The slogan is "McPherson has, can and will."

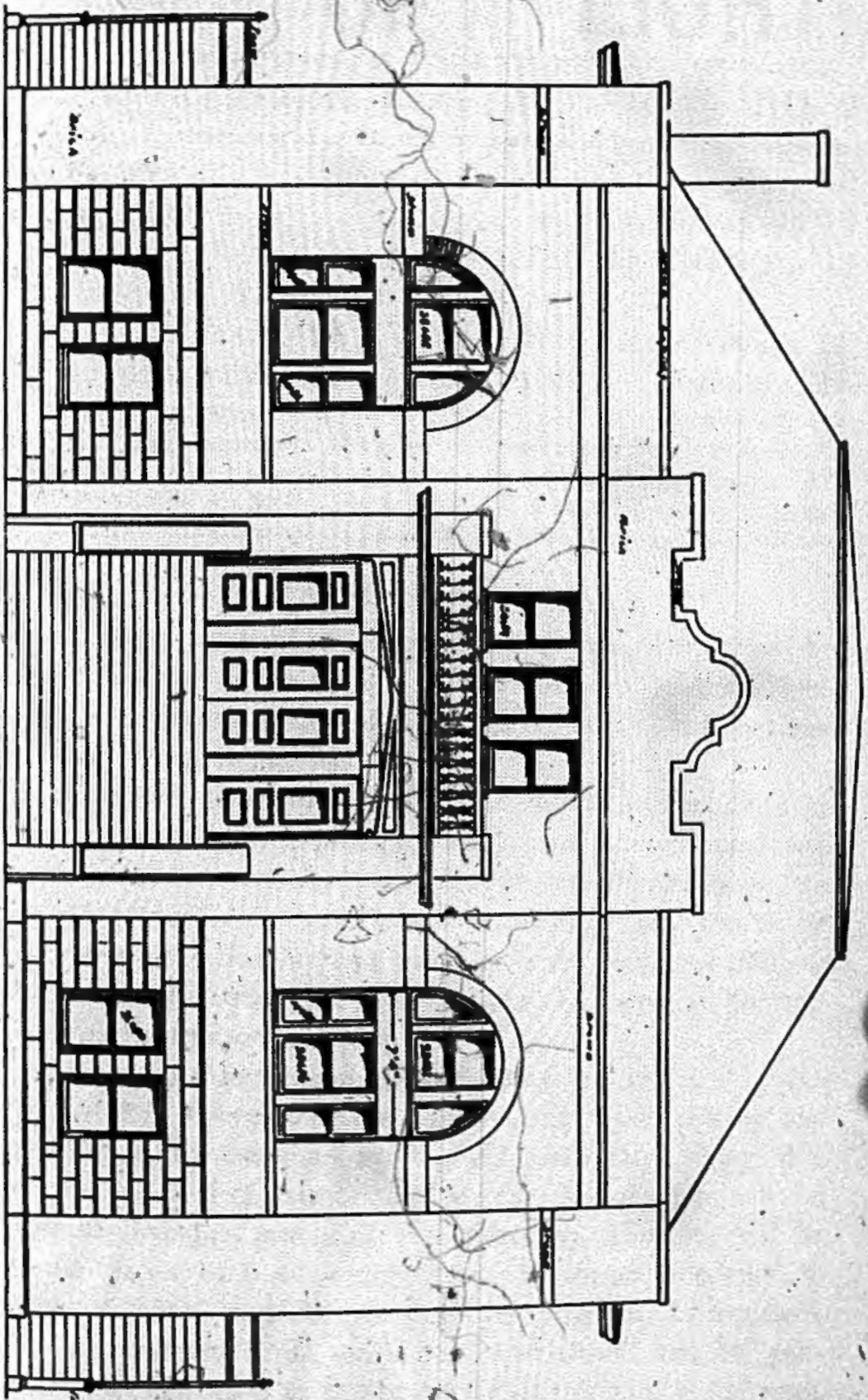
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## Auditorium Gymnasium.

The plans for the new Auditorium-Gymnasium are now complete. The building will be 60 by 90 ft. with a basement 10 ft. and a main room 18 ft. in height. The entire basement will be above the surface of the ground, which will give the building the full height of 28 ft. The walls will be made of cement stone with brick veneer. The basement will contain bath rooms, lockers, and the ladies' gymnasium. The main floor will be free from all pillars and obstructions, giving a good view of the platform from every part of the building. The seating capacity will be the largest of any hall in the city.

The need of such a building can hardly be overemphasised. Heretofore the chapel has been used as a general public hall where all public gatherings were held. It was also used for physical exercise. By providing a gymnasium, the physical work and all general public meetings can be kept out of the chapel, which can then be beautifully arranged and used as a sacred hall for church services and other public worship. Constant publicity spoils the sacredness of the chapel for our regular church services. During our Commencement seasons the chapel is not large enough to accommodate all who should like to attend. The auditorium will afford plenty of room for all such gatherings. The work on the building is to be started as soon as the pledges are paid. The committeemen are busy collecting, and are exceedingly anxious that all pledges be paid at once.





Front View Proposed Auditorium Gymnasium

# RAYS OF LIGHT

VOL XI      McPHERSON, KANS., MAY, '10      NO. 9

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Published monthly, during academic year. Subscription per year, 75 c.  
Entered at Postoffice in McPherson, Kansas as Second class matter.

## Editorials

In order that an account of Commencement exercises may be given, the June number of the Rays is put out after the close of school, therefore it is very necessary that all subscribers notify the business manager of any change in address.

There is always a temptation to slight class work as the close of the school year approaches. The call of track, tennis court and ball diamond is insistent in the cooler hours, that of shaded retreats on the campus equally so during the warmer part of the day. But tho it requires a little extra exertion, we can combine study, rest, and play so as to maintain our usual standard to the last, and we owe it to ourselves and to our instructors to do so.

Preparations for Commencement week, May 22-27, are in full swing. The Athletic committee have been working hard getting the students lined up for the track meet to be held Field Day. Class day is also receiving its share of attention. As the Senior play will be given Wednesday evening, practically the entire day Thursday will be devoted to the classes, each of which, from Freshman Academy to Senior College, will have a special place on the program. Committees have been busily planning drills, songs, and "specialties," and the general interest manifested leads us to prophecy that this will be the most enthusiastic Class Day ever seen at M. C. We extend a special invitation to alumni, ex-students and friends of the institution to come and enjoy the week with us.



# Alumni

The Alumni banquet will be held Thursday night, May 26. We are expecting a good attendance.

Prof. Ebel, '09, will teach in Tabor College next year.

Miss Della McComber, N. '02, is teaching near Scottville, Michigan.

Miss Grace Wright, N. '06, is teaching her term in the city schools of McPherson.

Bertha A. Delp, N'06, is visiting friends on and near the Hill. She hopes to be in school with us again next year.

Dr. J. F. Studebaker, '06, of Ft. Dodge, Iowa, sends his best wishes to McPherson College.

Mr. Harry Heiney, student of '97, recently visited the college. He was very much interested in the progress we have made.

We are glad to report that Jno. Rasp, Com '02, has again resumed his office work after his long vacation because of illness.

Fred Helstab is attending school at Tiffin, Ohio, where he expects to finish his college course.

Several of our alumni members are very fortunate. H. W. Lohrenz '08, has a fellowship in K. U. for next year, and Prof. J. A. Clement, '04, has a \$500 teaching fellowship in Chicago University.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hilton are now on their way home from China. It is with regret we report that they have felt it necessary to leave because of Mr. Hilton's health.

Mr. Wilbur Horner has given up his medical work at Battle Creek, Michigan, and has taken up pastoral work at Bethel, Nebraska.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Harter and their two sons, William Lewis and Samuel Orrion, are enjoying Michigan life. Mr. Harter is actively engaged in the organization of a Fruit Growers Association.

At the last meeting of the Alumni Association Henry Stutzman was elected Pres., Olive Snyder, Vice-pres., O. S. Vaniman, Treas., Silva I. Miller, Sec.

Helen Goodsheller Weesner, N'08, writes to her friends that she and Mr. Weesner are comfortably located in their home at Cheraw, Colorado. Mr. Weesner will have charge of the alfalfa mill that has just been erected at that place by Messrs. Weisthaner and F. R. Cline.

## Locals

We are now having fine weather.

The fire escapes are hurriedly being put up so that everything will be ready for a fire.

The grave-yard seems to be the favorite evening summer resort—rest, sweet rest no doubt abideth there.

Hiram Bird Seed visited in the community recently. He reports conditions favorable in other localities.

Mrs. Wiggins of Lyons, Kans., recently visited her daughter, who is attending college here.

It is noted while Mr. Dalke sometimes casts aside his baccalaureate garb he always has his Garber with him.

Mr. Negley is becoming quite proficient in executing the classical laugh of Uncle Josh Wethersby according to the most approved Columbia record.

The Philosophers' Club has unanimously voted to support Prof. Harnly for governor. They will soon plan the trip to the inauguration.

The lecture course committee has contracted with the Midland Company for a course of five numbers for next year.

"Cramming" for the exams is generally condemned, but one of our Senior Normals refuses to proceed in any other way. A Cram examination is the only one in which poor Robert can participate.

"Pedal extremity" has lost its former physiological application. It is now applied to the "merrie disporte" of view canvassing, this being, in the minds of many, the extreme of peddling.

The warm days of spring have infused a meditative spirit into the soul of our Walt Thompson and he is much given now-a-days to philosophic effusions couched in terms closely akin to those of old Izaak Walton, of most precious memory.

We now firmly believe in the "transmigration of souls" as Prof. K., who formally resides here, was seen over in town some time ago.

The Philosophers' Club has a rival, the Gopenski Family. The object of the organization is quite as mysterious as the name. Perhaps their Ghost party offers a clue.

The Sophomore Normals are sure a "going bunch." They recently enjoyed a day's outing on Turkey Creek.



The Altrurian Sunday school class entertained the Baraca class in chapel May 2. About eighty were present and report an unusually jolly evening.

Miss Moran and Miss McVey went to Wichita recently to rent costumes for the Senior class play.

K. U. has granted to D. Dalke one of the ten fellowships given to seniors of colleges in the state with recognized standing.

Earl Eller recently spent Sunday with his Uncle, Mr. Ullrey of Windom, Kansas, and as usual it rained. This is the fifth time, Earl says, that he has visited his uncle at Windom and it has rained every time—Ah! Eller you'er a funny feller.

McPherson College was indeed honored lately by the presence of the Brethren Church and State University visiting Boards. Both Boards showed a great interest in M. C. and expressed favorable opinions of her work.

Mr. Truth Seeker (inquisitively)... Were there two Adam Bedes? Soothsayer—Well, there beded one Adam and one Adam Bede.

Dr. Mohler is still performing his camera-listic operations. In most cases the victims come out of it looking fine. Consult the Doctor, office and operating tables up stairs, west side, third floor. Gladly makes calls at all hours, ladies a specialty.

Prof.—Hannibal went away from home and stayed in Italy fourteen years. Student... Was Hannibal a married man? Prof.—No, he never married. (Strange, isn't it.)

D. C. Steele may be a respecter of persons, but he certainly is no respecter of time, as is seen when he condescends to participate in the conventionalities and artful procedure of circumlocution and argumentation in the Rhetoric class.

Miss G.—Have you any extra-ordinary paper?

Mr. L.—No, but I have some ordinary, extra paper.

Incidentally in a discussion regarding animals of the lower type the giraffe was mentioned, to which Mr. Steele at once raised an objection saying, "considering the altitude of the beast he can in no wise be other than a specimen of the higher type."

A traveler reports the following laconic interview which took place in Missouri: Traveler—"Hello! What's your name?" Native—"Noggs." "What's the soil?" "Boggs." "What's the climate?"

"Fogs." "Any neighbors?" "Frogs." "What do you eat?" "Hogs."  
"How do you catch 'em?" "Dogs." (Exit traveler, leaving native  
"monarch of all he surveyed.")

Prof. Kochenderfer, Grover Dotzour, Robert Cram and Walter Thompson visited the Hutchinson reformatory recently for the purpose of making sociological investigations.

It has lately been recommended that a more stringent and effective ordinance be enacted in these parts regarding the speed limits in and about the College buildings. This ordinance is to make the fine heavier and the punishment more severe. Russel, the old offender, still persists in his unruly manner of disregarding and ignoring the present law altogether in spite of popular chastisements and personal admonitions. He has also been seen to untie horses on the campus, one especially, and go off with them. Methinks all such should be dealt with according to the rigid letter of the law.

The class in astronomy, with the aid of the telescope, have, indeed, been bringing to light some startling facts and verifying some valuable assumptions. For instance: it has been discovered that the man in the moon is much like beings on earth, having experiences and conditions closely akin to those experienced here. This was all proven by physiognomy or a close study of his face, in which dimples and a great many scars were detected. Now the scars no doubt indicate the fact that at some previous period the man in the moon has had the small-pox. It has also been proven that the people on the planet Mars have a great many canals — one to every person, namely, alimentary canals, and that the people of Saturn, although they do not have political rings, have in their stead heavenly rings.

## The Salutation of the Dawn.

Listen to the exhortation of the Dawn ;

Look to this day !

For it is Life, the very Life of Life,—

In its brief course lie all the verities and  
Realities of your existence :

The Glory of Action,

The Bliss of Growth,

The Splendor of Beauty ;

For Yesterday is but a Dream,

And Tomorrow is only a Vision ;

But Today, well lived, makes every

Yesterday a Dream of Happiness,

And every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope,

Look well, therefore, to this Day !

Such is the salutation of the Dawn.

—from the Sanskrit.



## Exchanges.

Baseball and comet dope seems to be quite appropriate at all colleges just at present.

The Seniors at Baker took charge of the chapel exercises the morning after defeating the faculty in baseball. At M. C. the Seniors and faculty seem to cooperate in performing this national stunt.

A special course in Gold Bricks is being offered at Ann Arbor in order to protect graduates from making poor investments after leaving college.

The students at K. U. are violently opposed to Rugby. They maintain that Rugby might be alright, but there are no schools in the Missouri Valley that play it and consequently K. U. will either have to continue playing the American game or quit foot-ball.

Michigan is to have a \$2,000,000 auditorium.

Bethany recently defeated William Jewel in a debate.

Sting, Stang, Stung! This seems to be the cry of College Life against their coach.

Beginning next fall all students entering Kansas Law School must have done at least one year of college work.

The Seniors at Bethany have adopted the Swedish custom of white caps with black bills. The Messenger pronounces them as being "perfectly scholastic and classical."

The April number of the Courier is very attractive. The pink and green is not loud, only slightly fussy.

If a Freshman were as wise as he thinks he is, a Sophomore as wise as he thinks other people thinks he is, a Junior as wise as he thinks he will be, and a Senior as wise as everybody else thinks he is—York College might as well sell out.—Sandburr.

A boy, a book—a girl, a look—book neglected—flunk expected.

As a sister college, we receive the-sarcastic criticism of the Philomathean Monthly with all due humility, but would like to cite her to some of her own back numbers, a perusal of which, we think, will enable her to judge with more charity those who have not yet reached that ideal state of perfection. Meanwhile, we would remind her that self satisfaction means stagnation.

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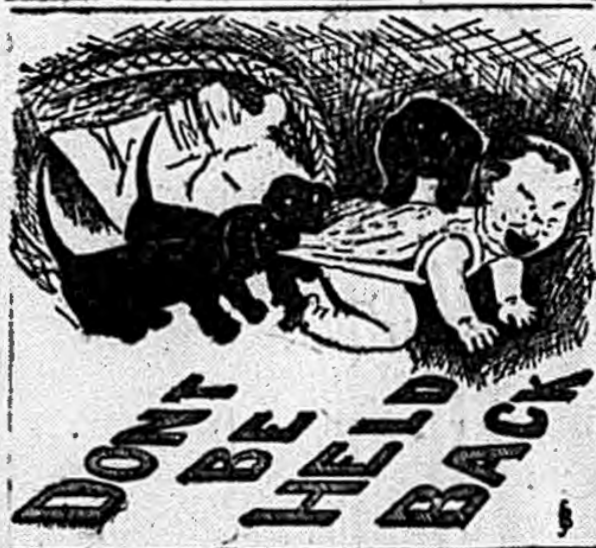
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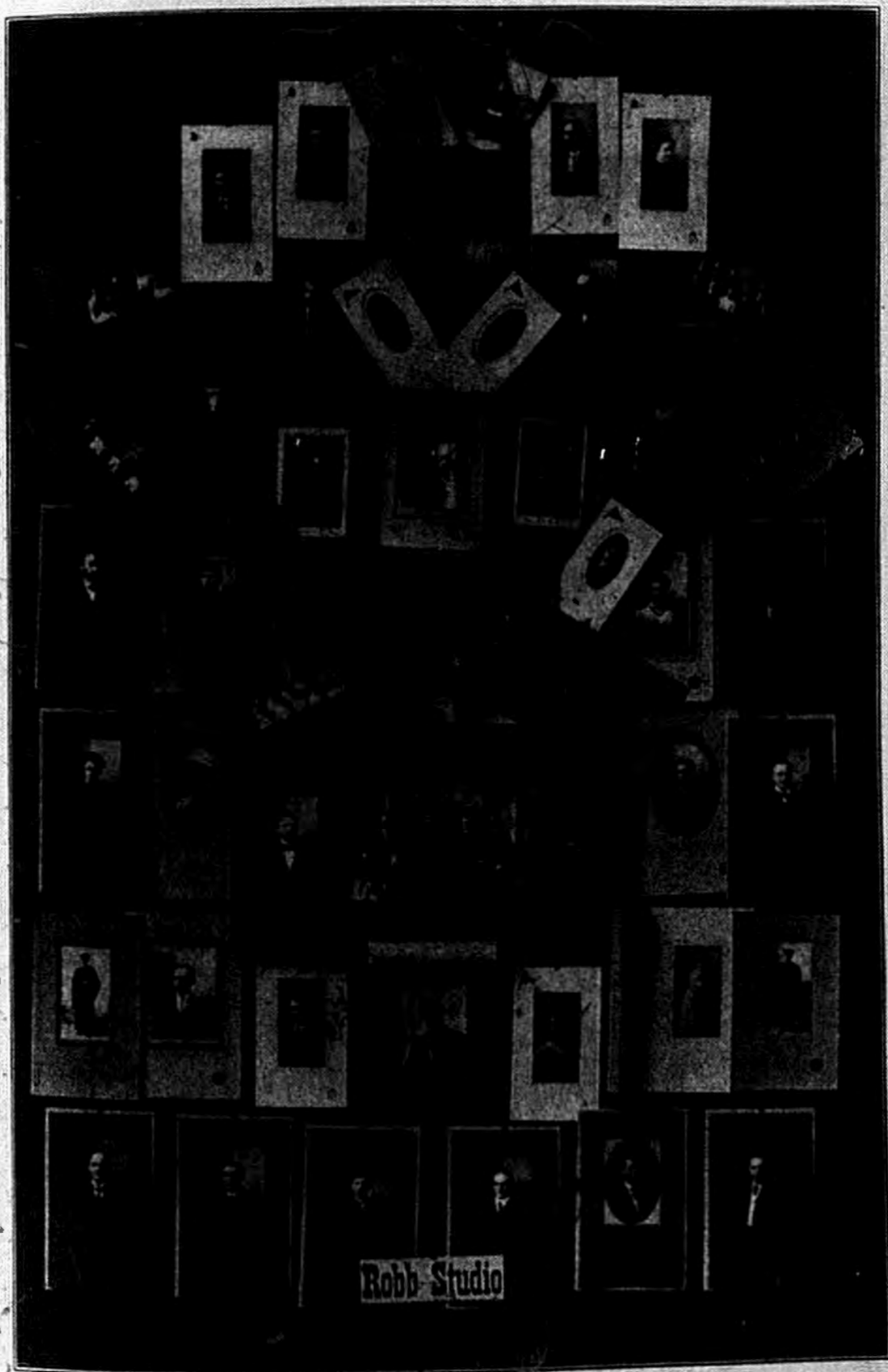
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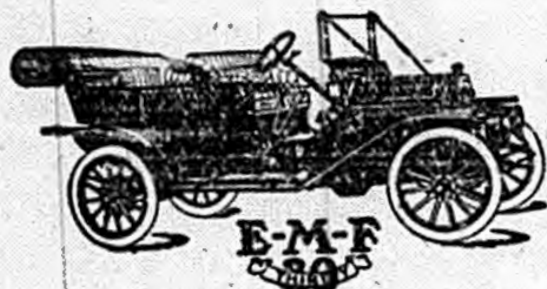
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