

# RAYS OF LIGHT

FEBRUARY 1911



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# Rays of Light

Vol. XII

McPherson, Kansas, February, 1911

No. 5

## The Modern Trend of Physics

BY H. T. HOLLINGER—'12.

Imagine the surprise of a sixteenth century scientist if brought face to face with the conditions of today. How he would gaze with astonishment at the railway trains, ocean liners, factories, skyscrapers, our electrical appliances, and flying machines. Though this vast improvement is but of recent years yet in its marvelous advancement, physics and its principles stand out most prominently of all other sciences that have rendered aid. Try to picture to yourself, the form of Galileo gazing at the heavens through his rude instrument and then compare this to a view of the modern telescope and observatory. In a like manner, compare the means of conveyance, communication, power, etc., of the earlier and the latter days. There is a general tendency throughout all vocations of life to further increase the ease and comforts of the human race.

If there is one word in science which is written large on the life of the present day, it is the word "electricity." It is the largest word, yet its birth was as late as 1799. It is needless to review its development, for at a glance its field of activity may be covered.

In almost every land physicists gather together to review the problems before them. They appoint delegates, who in turn con-

gress in large international meetings and here they discuss the situation together and in this way each becomes acquainted with the other. The desire, that in the struggle to lay bare the secrets of nature, that the least waste of human energy should be incurred, is leading more and more to the concerted action of nations combining to attack problems, the solution of which is difficult and costly. The determinations of various standards of measurement, magnetic surveys, and equivalents of all physical problems are being carried out by international organizations.

One of these international scientific efforts demands more than passing notice. The need which every physical researcher feels is to know, and know quickly, what his fellow-worker, wherever on the globe he may be carrying out his work or making known his results, has done or is doing. In recent years a proposal has been made for carrying out by international co-operation a complete current index, issued promptly, of the scientific literature of the world. Though much labor in many lands has been spent upon this project, the undertaking is not as yet an accomplished fact. Difficulties of language, unharmonious labor both of the press and of the post, difficulties raised by existing interest—these and many other obstacles are not easy to overcome. The most striking and encouraging features of the deliberations which have now been pursued for a number of years, have been the repeated expressions coming from all parts of the world, of an earnest desire that the effort should succeed, of the sincere belief in the good of the international co-operation, and a willingness to sink as far as possible individual interests for the sake of the common cause. And thus we seek the absolute truth, and this through united effort. Not the economic nor the industrial but the intellectual claims our attention, yet science in all its discovery recognizes more clearly than ever before the fathomless abysses of the unknown and the unknowable.

Through experience, the scientist has learned many facts: He has learned in the first place above all other things that his

nature must be one that vibrates in unison with that of which he is in search; the seeker after truth must be truthful himself, truthful with the truthfulness of nature, for the truthfulness of nature is not wholly the same as that which man sometimes calls truthfulness; it is far more imperious, far more exacting. Man, unscientific man, is often content with "the nearly" and "the almost" but nature never is. It is not her way to call two things the same which differ, even though the difference may be measured by less than a thousandth of a milligram, of a millimeter, or by any other standard of measurement. But the physicist, who in carelessness or disdain, overlooks the smallest difference which nature holds out to him as a signet to guide him in his search, the projecting tip, as it were, of some buried treasure, he is bound to go astray, and the more strenuously he struggles on the farther he will be from the true goal.

And again, the scientific man must be alert of mind. Nature is ever making signs to us; she is ever whispering to us the beginnings of her secrets. The physicist must ever be on the watch, ready to lay hold of nature's hint, however small, and to listen to her whisper, however low. Though much of the progress of science seems to take on the form of series or great steps, each made by some great man, the distinction in science between the great discoverer and the humble worker is one of degree only, not of kind. And yet the true man of physical science has no such word in his vocabulary as "useful knowledge." His domain is as wide as nature itself, and he best fulfills his mission when he leaves to others the task of applying the knowledge he gives to the world.

We have here the explanation of the well known fact that the functions of the investigator of the laws of nature and of the inventor who applies these laws to utilitarian purposes are rarely united in the same person, yet the latter is unjustly awarded the praise. From this point of view, it is clear that the physical investigator holds the most masterful position. He it is whose

labors have girdled the earth with the electric wire, bound the continent with the iron way, and made friends with the most distant countries.

## Common Sense

SARAH J. JACOBS CLASS '14.

Common sense is very much like tact. It can use one talent to such very good advantage that it will accomplish more than ten talents without it. Talent counts for much in this world but without common sense little will be gained.

There are many people in this world who would become very great and would do a vast amount of good if they only possessed a little common sense. But they are one-sided people, who have turned all the energies of their lives toward the developing of the one faculty in which they are most interested. We often call these people geniuses and excuse their short comings because they can do one thing well. Many very great men have done such foolish things that we are inclined to judge them of being entirely devoid of common sense.

The story has been told of a New England professor who was asked by his wife to bring home some coffee. When the grocer asked him "How much," he replied, "Well, I declare, my wife didn't say, but I guess a bushel will do."

In these days we are inclined to expect our knowledge we have gained from books to do too much for us. The use of books is not to learn how much there is in them but to learn how to gather from them the most useful lessons and how to apply those lessons to every-day life. Excessive learning without practical experience renders a man even more unfit for service than he would have been without the learning. Education gained entirely from books makes a man less able to fight the battles of life successfully, it paralyzes the practical faculties and steals from him his individuality, for he is so busy learning and analyzing other men's thoughts that he has little time to give to his own original ideas.



The world to-day cares little for theories, but practical men are in great demand.

"Common sense," says Wendell Phillips, "Bows to the inevitable and makes use of it."

That common sense triumphs over talent and genius is an established fact. Charlemagne could scarcely write his name so that it could be read but his superior knowledge of men and things caused him to become the ruler of much of the world.

A practical man sees all of his opportunities and is able to meet them and make the most possible out of them. He who would ever reach the front in this bustling age in which we live must be in sympathy with humanity. The man who is continually wrapped up in idealistic theories has no time to spend studying the practical problems that are ever present.

The secret of Shakespeare's success lay in the fact that he was intensely practical. He understood humanity, from the King to the lowest, else he could not have handled such a variety of characters in so masterful a way. Every phase of life is portrayed in his words and nothing was beyond the sweep of his comprehensive vision.

Many people show lack of common sense or tact in their dealings with acquaintances. If our friends have peculiar characteristics it behoves us to note them and take care that they are not aggravated. If people were more tactful they would have many more friends.

Tact, or common sense, is a trait which is usually found among the Occidental nations. Although the Chinese knew many things regarding printing and the use of gun powder centuries ago, it took the common sense of western nations to put them into practice. Holmes tells us.

"Tact chitches the bargain,  
Sails out of the bay  
Gets the vote in the senate  
Spite of Webster or Clay."

Tact or common sense is usually occasioned by necessity. People who are not compelled to struggle seldom develop a great amount of tact. Its highest development is found where man must fight for existence.

To quote Cotton, "A man who knows the world will not only make the best of everything he does know, but of many things he does not know; and will gain more credit by his adroit mode of hiding his ignorance, than the pedant by his awkward attempt to exhibit his erudition.

## C.

### An Eight O'Clock Conflict.

Timnath was always a favorite rendezvous for those seeking a place to spend their summer's vacation, and drew large crowds of students from nearly all the Colleges. It was a Pretty little place nestled down among the Catskills. Its landscape lacked nothing of being the most beautiful that an artist ever put on canvas. The poet only partially describes it's beauty when he says:-

"You might Deem the Spot.

The spacious cavern of some virgin mine,  
Deep in the womb of earth—where the gems grow,  
And diamonds put forth radiant rods and bud  
With amethyst and topaz—and the place  
Lit up most royally, with the pure beam  
That dwells in them. Or haply the vast hall  
Of fairy palace, that outlasts the night,  
And fades not in the glory of the sun:

• • •

But raise thine eye:

Thou seest no cavern roof, no palace vault;  
There the blue sky and the white drifting cloud look in."

Such a place was this, with the beautiful little river, shunning the little town just far enough to make a pleasant walk. Not a few couples could be seen sitting on the banks, watching the little cataracts and eddies, and the little dimples that swell and widen and flow away.

This summer a goodly number were spending their nine weeks here, boat riding, hunting or fishing, golfing, climbing and lounging in the daytime, and at night, the mothers of the town, who had daughters to spare, always kept entertainment from waning or becoming dry and disinteresting.

It was nearing the close of the season, Hal Jeffery, from Yale, had been here nine weeks already and was preparing to stay another. He had almost decided to stay away from Yale for a while and take a course in matrimony at Timnath. He had been in Timnath just long enough to have become infatuated and enthralled with the go-go and grace of one of Timnath's first season's, coming-out belles, thanks to the kindly effort of the cherishing, good-hearted, unselfish, charitable, unsuspecting mamma, who had put forth every effort and used every care to make her drawing rooms and parlors the most welcome and entertaining in the little burg and who when the time came for the vital question, would never have dreamed of such a thing, but if--etc., etc.

This afternoon Hal had been walking alone, an unusual thing for him and had come to the spot near a bend in the stream where they had been only yesterday. Here he sat musing and thinking about the most bewitching Diana that had ever appeared on earth. He had thought that tonight he would pop the interrogation that would make him the happiest man in the world if answered to his satisfaction, or would cause him to be thrust in the early grave of a withered bachelor, bearing marks and deep set wrinkles of care and pain brought on by a wasted love if the answer was "No!" Alas! But then she would not refuse him, she could not be so inhumane, when she knew how much depended upon her answer. Yes! Tonight at eight his long pent

up love would give vent in winged words of passion and speak the diviner feelings of his heart, and tomorrow—.

It was growing late, almost time for dinner. He arose, lit his pipe and started for the hotel. He had not gone far when he was greeted with, "Hello! Hal, old boy. Why, what makes you so sober? I supposed I was the only sober man in Timnath today, what's the matter, got a secret? Well if you have you're none my senior old chap, I happen to have one myself."

Jas. Ferguson, from Princetor was in just such a dilemma as his old playmate Hal. They had been boys together, were seat-mates in the grades, and classmates in high school, had wandered apart for their college education, but had come to the same place for their nine weeks. Jim had evinced the symptoms, early, of a feverish love which had almost run its course, and he began to gain in strength when a little too much exposure brought him back into the clutches of the monstrous bacteria of love and it seemed as though he could never recover.

He had come out this afternoon to the spot where they had been together only two days before and he had breathed his feelings into the ears of the insensible rocks and had filled the trunks of the pines with his suite—a case of pure unadulterated love, and had arrived at the conclusion that as the old tower clock was striking eight he would be ascending the steps of the house where she lived to knock on the door and of course it would be opened unto him to seek her and find her, and ask and he would receive.

He had just started toward the hotel when he had seen Hal.

"Well Jim you're right," said Hal, "I do have a secret, but I don't mind telling you. Jimmie old boy, I'm in love, head over heels, and she's the finest thing that ever wore Yale's colors and she's been wearing them all for me."

"I tell you Hal," said Jimmie not at all surprised by the other's confession, "It's not at all peculiar, the fix you're in, by Jove,

I believe this must be cupid's summer resort as well, for he certainly keeps the atmosphere polluted with his fiery little arrows, and they are certainly effective, I have breathed enough of them into my system to be in love myself. And of course I think she's the finest that ever saw the light. She knots her golden hair with a bow of black, Princeton's colors you know. But the secret Hal," he whispered, "is coming. I'm going to ask her tonight at eight o'clock. Shake hands old chap, wish me luck."

'Twas Hal's time to be surprised but he wasn't. He simply took Jim's hand and said, "To be sure Jimmie dear, my hand clasps yours wishing you the best of success, let yours do the same, for that is the hour I have chosen to do the same ticklish job."

There surely were two men's hearts that beat as one if man's and woman's never do. They walked on to the hotel and as they parted to repair for dinner Jimmie called out to Hal, "Be prompt where you are going and I'll be prompt also and we'll pull off the stunt at the same time. Use a little mental telepathy and we'll both win. 'Glueck-Auf!'"

At five minutes of eight Hal was walking nervously toward her house. It had already grown dark and the moon had tucked itself behind some fleecy clouds and only a few stars lit up the way. As he neared the short lane leading to the gateway he saw the figure of a man and heard the ejaculated monotones of the person trying unsuccessfully to open the gate. He walked up to offer his assistance as he was going in himself, and spoke to —Jimmie. Jimmie attempted to speak but developed immediately a noticeable failure of speech which seemed contagious and both began stammering out excuses for their whereabouts. Jimmie was the first to receive his speech and compromised in this manner. that they would both go in, plead their case and let her choose between them, manfully adding that whichever way the decision bended they would remain heart to heart friends.

They managed to open the gate and walked up the graveled

pathway toward the house. As they neared the old grape arbor they heard voices and stopped to listen.

"Why it's that beast, Frank Williams from Harvard," said Jim, "and he's making love, listen." Hal came a little nearer the arbor and placed his ear close to the foliage. Within, Frank, who had a strain of romance running up and down him, was saying after they had been engaged some eleven seconds, "And Clarisse, dear will you promise to love me forever?"

"I'd like to Frank," she told him in her practical manner, "But I don't expect to live so long, but I'm yours for life."

The next was inaudible as heart to heart talks generally are.

Hal suppressed a groan and turned to Jim and said, "Just my beastly luck, I never tried to take anything without having a conflict."

"That's true Halie boy," said Jim, "but," he added philosophically, "we can do as we have done before, take something else."



#### SHAMEFUL.

She was a student at Vassar,  
While he is a Princeton man;  
And during the Newport season  
They gathered a coat of tan  
Which caused unlimited wonder—  
Knockers cried, "What a disgrace!"  
For each of the pair was sunburned  
On opposite sides of the face.

#### WITH THANKS.

Editor—I am obliged to decline your poem with thanks. I am very sorry, but—

Poet—But what?

Editor—The management insists upon my declining all poems politely, you know.— (Illustrated Bits.)

AGRICULTURAL COURTSHIP.

A potato went out on a mash,  
And sought an onion bed;  
"That's ple for me," observed the squash,  
And all the beets turned red;  
"Go 'way!" the onion, weeping, cried,  
"Your love I can not be—  
The pumpkin be your lawful bride—  
You cantaloupe with me!"

But onward still the tuber came,  
And laid down at her feet;  
"You cauliflower by any name  
And it will smell as wheat;  
And I, too, am an early rose  
And you I've come to see,  
So don't turnip your lovely nose  
But spinachat with me!"

"I do not carrot all to wed,  
So go, sir, if you please!"  
The modest onion meekly said,  
"And lettuce, pray, have peas!  
Go! think that you have never seen  
Myself or smelled my sigh;  
Too long a maiden I have been  
For favors in your rye!"

"Ah, spare a cuss!" the tuber prayed,  
My cherrished bride you'll be;  
You are the only weeping maid  
That's current now with me!"  
And as the wily tuber spoke  
He caught her by surprise,  
And giving her an artichoke,  
Devoured her with his eyes.

—E. L. C.

# RAYS OF LIGHT

VOL. 12

MCPHERSON, KANSAS, FEBRUARY 1911

No. 5

Editor in Chief, D. C. Steele  
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## Editorial

The short month of February includes three famous days, namely: "Groundhog Day," "St. Valentine's Day," and "Washington's Birthday." We risk a guess that more people can name the dates of the two former than that of the latter. More look for the groundhog's fake weather sign than pay tribute to the "Father of our country" on the anniversary of his birth. Let us turn over a new leaf and mend our ways.

On another page is a group cut of the editorial staff of the Rays. The editor does not desire any personal advertising nor does any member of the staff, but we thought it wise to give you an opportunity to look at us as we really are, in order that you will not expect greater things of us than might reasonably be anticipated. The editor always has the last word on a subject and he will take advantage of his prerogative in this case. He wishes to inform the reader that he is very proud of his family—commonly called the staff—'nuf said.

The annual prohibition oratorical contest will be a matter of history when this number is out. If we get a brief report of it in this number, which is quite doubtful, we will be doing quite well. We cannot publish one of the leading orations until the March number which will be a special number for one of the



Collegiate classes. If the special material of this class does not fill up the literary space, the probability is that an oration may be inserted.

We are glad to note the renaissance or reformation movement among the "Irving" and wish to be considered among the "good Samaritans" rather than with the knockers. We hope a nepenthe and an elixir of life may be found which will be a panacea for all society ills. We further hope that nothing will impede your advance until you arrive at your ideal, the "Seven fabled cities of Cibola," and shout, Eureka! Not in honor of your sister society, but for the discovered "fountain of perpetual youth."

Things are still moving in the political world. Congress at Washington is considering the pension bill, the Longworth tariff commission bill, and the admission of Arizona with her initiative, referendum and recall features in her constitution. Oregon is planning in her April election to apply the direct primary method for nominations of candidates for president in 1912. Washington state may soon adopt the commission plan for her state government which is a bold stroke for more efficient state administration. In our own state such measures as the normal training school bill, the woman suffrage bill, and the short ballot bill are on the docket. Whether all of these measures will actually be put into operation and whether they will all be desirable cannot be definitely foretold. Let us rejoice, however, that progress is being made.



A wise old owl sat on an oak,  
the more he saw the less he spoke;  
The less he spoke the more he heard.  
Why can't we all be like that bird?

## Alumni Notes

B. C. Miller has accepted the editorial chair of the Inglenook. He will assume his new duties the coming month. Prof. Miller is well qualified for this work and we feel sure that he will make a success of his undertaking.

Every year the Cradle Roll of McPherson College grows larger, and we have a few more to add to the list this month as the following items show.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Nickel, of Miami, Texas, are the proud parents of twin girl babies.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Flory are also greatly elated over the little son, Chester, who has decided to make their home his.

Mr. Berkeyble and wife, began the New Year, not making resolutions, but in welcoming their third son.

And out a little ways from town, in their new home, Mr. and Mrs. Grover Andes gave a cordial welcome to a bright baby boy.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Throne of Red Cloud, Nebraska, are visiting relatives and friends on the Hill. They expect to move on a farm, a short distance from town. In the meantime they will reside on College Hill.

Prof. Shirk was indisposed for a few days. He very seldom gives up, but this time the "Grip" had him.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Garst are visiting relatives on the Hill and McPherson vicinity for a few weeks.

Miss Pearl Drescher has been quite ill, but is slowly improving.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Miller and children of Hinton, Okla., will spend several weeks in California.

C. A. Loewen was a recent visitor in McPherson.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dyck, will spend the winter traveling. They expect to spend part of the time in California and Oregon.

Mr. Hedine, though busy in his Prohibition work, finds time



W. THOMPSON, Exchanges   R. HORNER, Athletic   EVELYN TROSTLE, Literary   CHAS. SANDY, Local   BESS BENNELI, Social   R. FLORY, Art   S. J. ARNOLD, Art  
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to run home and also visit his Alma Mater. It is always a pleasure to welcome the old students back again.

Prof. and Mrs. Shirk, Miss Bertha Colline, Messers Russel and Lichtenwalter visited the city schools of Wichita several days ago.

G. E. Barnhill, his corps of teachers and several of his pupils, were visitors of McPherson last week. They were up to see how other teachers helped the "young mind" to grow.

Mr. Roy Carlson, Nor. '09, and Miss Pearl Kritzer were pleasant visitors several days ago.

Mr. H. M. Stutzman and family have left for California. They had not definitely decided on a location when they left here.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gauss and little daughter spent several weeks with their folks in Fort Worth, Texas.

Nelle Green, Nor. '08, writes: "school is fine and work is most enjoyable." This is Miss Green's thrd term at Mitchell.

C

## Social Notes

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 11, Miss Modena Moomaw entertained eleven girls in honor of Miss Pearl Kritzer, who is an old M. C. student. A very pleasant evening was spent in a social way and all of the girls were glad to have Pearl again in their midst.

Miss Evelyn Trostle entertained a small crowd Tuesday evening, Jan. 10 at a 6 o'clock dinner. It was a farewell dinner for Geo. Wynn, a birthday dinner for Miss Neff, and Miss Pearl Kritzer was the special guest of honor.

Monday, the 16th, afforded good sleighing for all and a crowd of about 30 from the Hill celebrated in high spirits. A big bob-sled was found somewhere and the fun commenced. Such a ride!

None can fully appreciate its significance unless they were in the party.

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A number of students decided to celebrate on Jan. 19th by having a line party at St. Elmo. The line party was all there and proved pretty much of a success, but the show—well—'nuff said.

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A goodly number of college students attended the Kansas Day social in the city at the home of Mr. J. Lawrence on South Main Street. The organized young ladies' class of the Baptist Sunday school entertained the young men's organized class and other friends of both classes. A very novel program was rendered after which the young ladies served some delicacies which would have made an epicurian envious. A more thoroughly enjoyable social evening could not have been anticipated by any one.

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### Literary Society Notes.

This month a question of vital interest to all college students and even alumni members was discussed pro and con at one of the regular meetings of the Irvings. Last year and this, the society hall has not been the scene of vast hordes, unless a social was on hands, and on this account some of the members felt it would be more expedient to disband rather than to see the ranks dwindle down to nothingness. Mr. Ira Arnold and Walter Thompson brought the matter before the society in the form of debate and the little crowd of loyal Irvings that had assembled were filled with an honest determination and renewed zeal to fight on to success. The old constitution has very mysteriously disappeared and some very helpful and necessary amendments have been agreed upon which will add very materially to the benefit of the society.

Election of officers was held Jan. 26 and Jack Baldwin was elected president and Elsie Buckman secretary. The treasurer is the only officer that holds his place the entire year. These three officers are the most important and we know that Mr. Baldwin

worked hard on the program committee the past term and we gladly hail him as our new president. To Ex-President Carlson we smile and say in all seriousness, "Dave, you're all right."

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Saturday night, Jan. 28, a very encouraging attendance appeared in the Irving hall. A good program was rendered before recess, after which the Rev. Mr. Carey of the city spoke on "The College Man in Public Life." Rev. Carey has frequently visited the college but never before appeared at a literary society. We believe outside speakers are now and then beneficial to the organization. Others are being provided for.

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The Eureka society still holds forth in the chapel on Saturday evenings. The attendance is generally encouraging but none of their ranks find material, or is it just enthusiasm or the will, to "hold forth" in ecstasy of delight the wonders and accomplishments of the said society. Get busy Eureka's and let us know what you are doing.

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## Y. W. C. A.

Jan. 15, the Rev. Mrs. Ross of the city lead the afternoon meeting. It is the first time Mrs. Ross came out on Sunday afternoon and the girls were new to her and she to them, but before the meeting was far advanced everybody knew her and was glad they had come out. The spirit of activity that permeated her every word was an inspiration to all present. The Y. W. C. A. of McPherson College surely deserves the attendance of every girl and woman of the vicinity.

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Last Sunday, Jan. 28, Gladys Muir lead the regular meeting. The subject was "Home and It's Influence." There is always a good response among the girls when called upon to help in the program.

## Y. M. C. A.

The first Sunday afternoon meeting in the new year was given to vacation echoes. A number of the boys reported how they had spent their Christmas. Those of the gospel team work seemed to have enjoyed themselves immensely. A fine spirit was shown among the boys when a number of them were sick. They came and visited the afflicted ones and also gave each a kind remembrance in the form of fruit which was highly appreciated by all.

### C

## Local Notes

The roaring and bellowing is too general to make a good local. Most of us are convinced that the Liquor Traffic "Must go."

Quite a number of new students "rolled in" this term. We are glad to welcome all of them.

Come to think about it, I guess no one 'round here has had Infantile Paralysis. Who'll volunteer to complete the catalogue?

If you want to see a wry face, just ask any of the Basket ball boys whether they "Menter."

Guy T. Hudson, of Wiley, Colorado, visited his Alma Mater Jan. 20th., and gave a short talk on "Student Opportunities." His motto was "Strive Hard and Don't worry; there's a place for All."

One third of the students went to St. Elmo, one third stayed at home, and the other third had the measles.

We learn that our fireman is going to leave us March 1st., for the rural districts. Wonder who'll make it hot for us then?

Colburn (buying Cracker Jack on the train) "Five cents, I suppose?" News butch: "I'll give you to understand that this is a first class train, we sell nothing for a nickel."

After the basket ball boys had traveled sixteen miles from

Geneseo to Kanopolis, over the Rocky Mountains, Horner exclaimed: "You can talk all you want to about this western country, but to me there is nothing more beautiful than the "Hudson." (?)

Prof. Miller (in chapel) "Prof Shirk, where will you be after chapel?"

Prof. S. "I'll be down below."

Prof. M. (to Prof. Kochenderfer) "And where will you be?"

Prof. K. "I'll be up above."

Prof. M. "I just wanted to tell all the new students before they enrolled so they could choose for themselves where they will go."

Flory has a son and Arnold has a Sun—typewriter.

Is there any one word that would express the meaning of twin Nickels? Anyhow Sam we congratulate you.

No one is more scientific in observation or more often correct in conclusions than an experienced News Butcher. Carrier persisted in claiming the Hebrew as his nationality, but the News butcher, after a short survey concluded: "No you're not a Jew you're a Missourian."

Abe Socolofsky was here the other day taking some quizzes and probably giving one. We are waiting to hear "his finals."

The only excuse that Baldwin gave in his inaugural address was that the Dr. had pulled some wool over his eyes.

Russel (impatiently waiting in a barber shop at Hays) exclaimed "How long before I can get shaved?"

Barber (after critical examination) "From the looks probably not more than three years."

R. (angrily) I'll give you to understand I have a little hair on my face."

Barber (confidently) "Oh, well, just wait 'till you get another and I'll shave them both off at once."

Sequel: No one saw Russel for an hour, but there was a table knife missing at his place at the table at supper.



An echo from Marquette, Kansas, blown over by Wynn finds him successfully wielding the birch, et al. We will all miss him "long."

The new platform of the Irvings is based on the Almighty Dollar. It is up to the Irvings to plank down a plank on it.

Rev. Carey recently gave a lecture at the Irving society to a very appreciative audience.

According to Prof. Angel, life all depends upon the liver. We would like to ask if it is proof of long life if a person has lots of Gall?

## C

# Athletics

Now that the all absorbing topic of basket ball is almost a thing of the past we may venture something new. Some of these fine days almost give a fellow the spring fever. Already the stored-away baseballs and mitts have been found and the most enthusiastic have been indulging in straightening the kinks out of their pitching arms. Right now the prospects for a good baseball team are quite favorable. The college has not had a team for several years and some are rather wanting the good old times to come around once more and are willing to work to that end. Just as soon as it is advisable regular baseball practice will begin. Manager Dotsour has his weather eye out for all promising material. You new fellows who want a place on the team better be around and make his acquaintance. We suggest that the best place to do that will be on the practice field. The management cannot promise the student body anything great as to the number of games played here or away from home but we may be assured that Manager G. C. Dotsour will do his best to develop to the highest possible efficiency the material with which he has to work.

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Scattered around here and there among the students are some good

tennis players. We imagine that if they would take the time to inspect the courts they would feel like dusting the cobwebs off their racquets and limber up their right arms some of these sunny days. The courts have been entirely unmolested during the winter so that they are now in the best of condition. We expect to arrange a tournament for doubles later in the year so that the college team may be selected. We would like to meet some of the neighboring colleges in this sport believing that we could put up a good, fast clean exhibition of the game. We are willing to consider terms with any nearby school for games played either in McPherson or elsewhere. So you tennis men look alive and make some fellow hustle to hold his place on the McPherson College tennis team.

## Exchanges

The Kansas Wesleyan has pulled off both her local oratorical contests. Warren carried off the honors in the Old Time and Boddy in the Prohibition. The State Prohibition Oratorical Contest will be held at Salina some time in March.

A triangular debating league has been formed by the universities of Kansas, Oklahoma and Colorado. The debates will be held on the same evening and the subjects for discussion will be the short ballot, and the minimum wage scale.

John D. Rockefeller's public benefactions amount in all to about \$120,000,000, most of which has gone to educational institutions. If the end justifies the means John D's. financial attitude is certainly justifiable.

In the past year Rhoades' scholarships were given to 178 men. Of this number, 90 were from the United States, 78 from British Colonies and 4 from Germany.

Michigan University won twenty-five out of the thirty-five de-

bates in which her teams participated. This is a remarkable record.

Syracuse University has a unique requirement. At that institution every student is required to learn to swim. Even the fair ones must participate in this aquatic performance.

Rose Bower, a student of Ottawa University, created quite a sensation by throwing his "Dad" in their annual wrestling match. Dad evidently could not come back. Rose is a member of the O. U. football team.

Here is a new one. The electric bell system at the College of Emporia has proven a failure because their electric current is so strong that it breaks the bell clappers.

The College of Emporia has a new society. Only those who have been dishonorably discharged from other societies are eligible to membership. Emporia must have a few insurgents.

At Northwestern membership to a frat must depend on scholarship.

A certain college in Minnesota has started a campaign against Monday examinations. This would eliminate Sunday cramming. Sunday should be reserved for gossiping and filling the "inner Man" with unwholesome diet. It would be just awfully sacriligious to prepare for a quiz on Sunday. Selah!

Under the estimate of the amount needed for the maintenance, submitted by the University of Kansas to the present state legislature, the cost of education for each student will be about \$175 for the next biennium and about \$165 for the second year. This is low compared with other institutions of the same rank. The average per capita at Illinois is about \$194; at Yale, \$293; at Missouri, \$200; at Cornell, about \$250; at Iowa, about \$181. We can hardly be proud of this low cost. It is almost too low to permit competition on equal terms.

The registrar of the University of Kansas has prepared a list of the names of high school seniors in the state. According to this

list there are 3,357, all told. This is certainly a large crop of high school graduates. Topeka heads the list with 155. Wichita has 110; Kansas City, Kansas, 84, and Lawrence, 72.

One of the judges in the late oratorical contest of the Prohibition League was ex-Governor John P. St. John of Olathe. The distinguished gentleman had an interesting time of it. He says: "I felt that when I had finished reading all the orations for the fourth time that I was a 'hung jury.' They are all good, unusually so, and a college that turns out that kind of students has great reason to rejoice and be proud."

## The Fatal Key.

Miss Bertha Langley lived with her brother George. The latter had gone away in the evening as usual and did not return, this particular time, until quite a while after midnight.

Miss Bertha's bed was near an open window, and she heard footsteps approaching. Two men stopped at the gate, one of whom she recognized, from their low conversation, to be George.

She failed to understand what they said, with the exception of one sentence, and that was—"I'll bet old Steve will go crazy when he finds that it is gone."

She did not sleep any more that night. That sentence kept ringing in her ears. She could not forget it the next day when she was cleaning house.

She found a very peculiar key near the door where George went in and out. "He must have dropped it out of his pocket," she said in a scarcely audible tone, "Really, I never saw it before."

She put it in the book case and then pulled the latter away from the wall a little in order to dust behind it. "What is this?" she muttered to herself as she spied a can concealed behind the bookcase.

She attempted to pick it up, but O'h, how heavy it was! She

nervously removed the lid and discovered that the can was full of gold coin and rare jewels.

"What can this mean?" was the question which passed through her bewildered brain.

Quick as a flash she thought of what she had heard the night before, of the strange key, and now this can of money. It was all plain enough. George had stolen the money of Steve Mason, a wealthy bachelor in the neighborhood, and had concealed it behind the bookcase.

She was horror struck when she thought of the awful shame of it. At first she thought she would accuse him of it and have him arrested, but after meditation she determined that she would return the money that very night.

She carefully arranged things as she had found them, concealed the key and waited for the darkness.

That afternoon was an age. George didn't come home all day and she was very glad of it for she was mortally certain that if he did he would notice that there was something the matter with her.

She waited until after midnight in order to be certain that everybody else, as well as Bachelor Steve, would be in bed.

Steve lived only about two miles away so she soon made her way to the place. She first thought of leaving the money outside the door, but she reasoned that he might not be at home and it would be in danger of being taken away by anyone who might chance to pass by.

She resolved to unlock the door with that very mysterious key, put the money in the house, lock the door again and slip away.

She inserted the key very cautiously, turned it and opened the door without making a click or a squeak. By the feeble light of the rising moon she could see the dim out-line of a table. She stole in very cautiously and was just in the act of depositing it on the table when a little gust of wind, howling in at an

open window on the opposite side of the room, blew the door shut with a bang. With a muffled scream she dropped both money and key and rushed to the door but to her dismay she found that it had a self locking device, and she in the dark and in such an excited condition did not know how to manipulate it.

Immediately a dog began to bark and growl in the adjoining room. She heard footsteps and the clicking of a gun. What could she do? The thought of being shot or torn to pieces by that huge mastiff, before her real identity was ascertained, flashed through her mind like lightning.

There was no time for hesitation. She screamed at the top of her voice. "Don't shoot! Don't shoot! I'm no robber! I'm a woman and I can't get away."

When convinced of the truth of the declaration, the old bachelor lit a lamp and investigated. At first he was certain that she was attempting to rob him for he had not even discovered that the money was gone, but after she had told the whole story he was convinced that she was telling the truth.

They finally agreed that the whole affair should be kept secret, and that George should not be arrested.

A year passed by and George did not return. Another came and went and still he remained absent; but before these two years had passed into the realm of history, Bertha knew how to manipulate that self locking door, for she went in and out of it many times each day.

-8.

Q

A young theologian named Fiddle  
Refused to accept his degree;  
"For," said he, "'tis enough to be Fiddle,  
Without being Fiddle D. D."

## Sixth Annual Oratorical Contest.

WON BY A HAIR'S BREADTH.

The sixth annual oratorical contest was held in the Chapel Febr., 4th. In spite of unfavorable weather conditions, the chapel was crowded. The people of the Hill and vicinity seemed to have lost none of their old enthusiasm, for while waiting for the arrival of the judges, the Chapel echoed and re-echoed with College songs and yells. The following version of the results of the contest appeared in the McPherson Daily Republican:-

That two of the advanced students were making quiet but hard struggles for the oratorical honors of McPherson College was a well known fact at the school but that the outcome would be a tussle with fractions was hardly supposed as luck seems to be an element at these contests sometimes.

Saturday evening it was a royal battle between R. C. Flory and D. C. Steele, with the result that Mr. Flory won by a small percentage, getting first prize of fifteen dollars and the honor to represent McPherson College at the state oratorical contest at Salina sometime early in the spring. D. C. Steele won second, a prize of seven dollars and the satisfaction of having chased a man who has had actual experience in the campaign work in Minnesota.

The third prize, three dollars was won by Clay Young, one of the last year's High School graduates who attends the college for the first time this year. That this lad had oratory up his sleeve was known by some of the older students in the race, but when he gave his modest oration in a catchy simple manner, the audience ranked him high at once.

All the orations were splendid, the fourth place was won by P. W. Seidel, fifth by C. F. Barnes and sixth by A. T. Hoffert.

The six orations given were all splendidly rendered having a richness of thought and facility of expression gotten only through the careful efforts through which these are written. A thought sounded in practically all the orations was the fact that it is no

more a problem to prove that prohibition is the right thing but to proceed to enforce it nationally at the present time. The ballot box was the key-note sounded. As judges in the contest F. B. Hettlinger of Hutchinson, Prof. B. E. Ebel of Hillsboro and Ex-governor John P. St. John of Topeka sent in percentages on composition and thought while Rev. W. G. Carey, Prof. Geo. Edgcomb and Prof. Lewis Simes were the judges on delivery.

The winner will represent McPherson College in the state oratorical contest at Salina March 30 and 31.

The program was well varied with music, consisting of an opening number entitled Fourth Mazurka played by Miss Olive Brubaker, a vocal solo "Ora Pro Nobis" by Miss Letha Hudson and several splendid selections by the Vaniman trio. The stage had been beautifully decorated with college pennants.

## C

### THE WIT OF WOMEN.

Chauncey M. Depew, at a dinner in Washington, was praising the wit of women.

"Against this wit," he said, "we men are powerless. Even when all the right and logic of an argument is on our side, women, with all her wit, will, nine times out of ten, put up to shame.

"Thus, a man once found that his wife had bought a few puffs of false hair. This displeased him. He hid in the hall one day, and, just as the lady was fixing the false puffs upon her brow, he darted in upon her.

"'Mary' he said reproachfully, 'why do you put the hair of another woman on your head?'

"'Why,' his wife answered, 'do you put the skin of another calf on your hands?'"—Independent.



### THE DREAMER.

The dreamer dreamed, and the busy world  
Passed by with a mocking smile.  
As it went in search of the world's rewards;  
But the dreamer dreamed the while.

He saw the world as the world should be  
When longer years had run,  
And the world but paused in its check to ask;  
"Pray, what has the dreamer done?"

Yet ever the dreamer dreamed his dream.  
Until in some wondrous way—  
As the water springeth in the depths of earth  
Finds passage to upper day.

The dreamers' dream found the man of power—  
'T is strange how men's lives are knit—  
Who knew not the dreamer, but took his dream  
And transformed the world with it.

The world bows down to the man of power—  
Forgotten, the dreamer dies;  
Yet the dream he dreamed is the secret force  
That has forged man's destinies.

—Anonymous.

"Queer, isn't it?"

"What's queer?"

"Why, the night falls—"

"Yes."

"—but it doesn't break."

"No."

"And the day breaks—"

"Yes."

"—but it doesn't fall." And he was gone.



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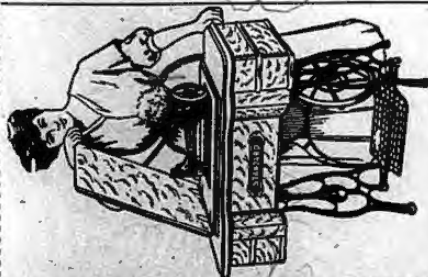
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