

Rays of Light

Vol. XII

McPherson, Kansas, April, 1911

No. 7

"Truth Supreme"

Truth is defined as, "Conformity to facts or reality, as of statements to facts, words to thoughts, motives or actions to profession, exact accordance with what is, has been, or shall be."

Lord Bacon has said; "It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore and see a ship tossed upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in a window of a castle and see a battle and the adventures thereof, below; but no pleasure comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth, (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is clear and serene), and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests in the vale below."

Truth is eternal and unchanging, the unalterable relationship of the things which preserve their unity. It cannot be despised, and if ignored, the penalty of ignorance, indolence, and impudence must be paid.

But Truth has many meanings, and the conception it may carry to one mind, will not be carried to another mind. To some, it simply means something that is not a falsehood, which is, indeed, a very narrow conception of the word with all of its broad meanings. To others, it means an upward, elevating influence through various ways.

Let us look at the College man's conception of truth. To him

It should, and generally does mean, a larger, broader, deeper, more idealistic, conception of life, throughout its many channels of influence. To him it conveys the art of "living well", and of assisting others to "live well". The College man is ever seeking new truths through the many, many, avenues of learning, which are opened to him. He is not, and cannot be satisfied, with a humdrum existence, of the same old ideas over and over again. He must, and will advance,

To the man of lesser education, Truth, does not mean so much. His life is fenced in, as it were, by a narrower, more cramped, self-centered, conception of life with all of its opportunities. Success in the business world, or to be able to exist, is his whole ambition. He does not see nature, and the great truths which she writes in her open book for all mankind to look upon, and profit thereby.

Take the man without education and Truth to him means naught but existence, in some way. He cares not about the world about him. He seeks the low, selfish and material things of life, while the man of more liberal views, seeks to uplift and to aid Nature, with all of her possibilities for self as well as world developments.

Truth demands the submission of the ambitious man and wins the reverence of the student. The chief concern of men of today, is the right relationship of facts, events, and truths. The greatest thing in the world, is to know truth, the bravest thing in the world, is to live it. When one has learned the Truth of Life, he has gained much in this world; but when he lives it, he has gained much in the world to come.

The world is progressive. It must, and ever will, draw nearer a more perfect knowledge of this unchanging relationship, embodied in truth, in its fullest meaning. In every branch of learning and of life, new truths are constantly revealed, new laws discovered, new questions raised; and he who would win the crown, which Truth awards, must adjust himself to the Eternal Verities.

By, and through Truth, is a man made free. But there are

those, who, conscious of their own due confusion, are so conservative, so satisfied with their present knowledge and view of life, that they will admit of no enlightenment. These cannot advance or grow. Again, there are those who are so bigoted, so self-willed, that in spite of opposing evidence, they pursue the old and beaten paths of life and of knowledge. They hedge themselves about, as it were, by a high, dark, wall and do not permit any of God's sunshine to penetrate their prisons. These are not only poor authority and bad leaders of men, but they are much more, world-retarders.

It has been said that searching minds and living Truths cannot always abide apart. Then, if one seeks earnestly for Truth, no matter in what it may be, that one will surely, in the end, be rewarded by the possession thereof. And lastly, take this little quotation from Owen Meredith:

"No Stream from its source flows sea-ward,

How lonely soever its course,

But what some land is gladdened, No star ever rose

And set without influence somewhere. Who knows

What earth needs from earth's lowest creature? No life

Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife

And all life not be made purer and stronger thereby.

The spirits of just men, all made perfect on high,

The army of martyrs who stand by the throne

And gaze into the face that made glorious their own,

Know this, surely, at last. Honest love, honest sorrow,

Honest work for the day, honest hope for the morrow.

Are these worth nothing more than the hand they make weary,

The heart they have saddened, the life they leave dreary?

Hush! the seven-fold heavens to the voice of the Spirit

Echo: He that over-cometh shall all things inherit!"

—A SOPHOMORE.

"Tony"

"Here you little black devil you, come and take this horse, and step lively now, too."

Thus Tom Harding, addressed the little black slave boy that was playing by the step of the great old southern mansion.

"Tony, you little imp, get around here, do you hear?" and as Tony came leisurely around to the horse's head, Tom flicked him with his riding whip, then ran lightly up the piazza steps, and into the large hallway. On through the house he went like a whirlwind looking for his sister Betty.

"Betty,—Betty Harding, where are you? and then as he at last found her snugly seated in a large window seat in the library, he picked her up, stood her on her feet, and retaining her hands in his, proceeded to unburden his mind.

"Look here Betty Harding, why can't you be around some place where a fellow can find you when he wants you? And that little imp of darkness, Tony, that you take so much pains with is a regular little scamp, as slow as molasses in January, and just about as wofthless. Why don't you sell him and get a nigger that can move and—"

"Well Tom"—broke in Betty, "what do you want of me? Did you just want to lecture me about Tony, or what do you want, now?"

"Want you sister mine." Was the tantalizing rejoinder.

"Tom you've got something to tell me. Now hurry up."

"Alright, little girl. Just got a letter from Tony Banks, my old College chum, and he will be here next Wednesday, two days off, to spend a few days with me. O Bet, dear, he's a prince, and little girl, we've got to show him a good time. Now come like a good girl and help me to plan something. But Tom did not wait for her to come, he simply picked her up, and carried her to

a hammock on the piazza, where he set her down, and then sat down beside her.

"Tom Harding, first and foremost, you've got to quit packing me around over the place like a baby, when your friend comes. Don't you know I'm eighteen now, and it's time I was getting dignified, and becoming real grown-up like." Then there followed various other instructions on behavior, and then much planning for the benefit of the coming guest.

Tom and Betty Harding had no mother, and old Colonel Harding had indulged these two children to everything money could purchase. Betty was eighteen, short and rather plump, brown curly hair, laughing brown eyes, with a baby face, and she was a "perfect little dear" as her adoring brother Tom, often informed her. Tom was six years older, tall, and handsome, and simply worshipped "Betty." He could think of her in no way but as a little girl, and he continued to treat her as such. Teasing her, playing, riding tramping about over the country with her. Perfect comrades they were.

Wednesday came, and with it came Tony Banks. Tall, handsome Tony, who had been the "heart-smasher" of the Varsity days. Tom had described him rightly when he called him a prince, for such he was in looks, and back of the gay, dashing Tony, was the man Tony, who was a prince.

Betty thought she had never seen any one that was more like Tom, and Tom was her idol.

The "few" days quickly passed, and Tony decided to stay a little longer. There were picnics, excursions, parties, moonlight drives, everything that was possible for a good time. The girls in the neighborhood went wild over Tony. But always Tony was to be found near Betty. At first Betty had been shy, but one morning after Tony had been there several days, Tom found her standing in the dining-room looking quite sober. He had been good so far, and treated her very much like a young-lady, but now Tony was not

in the room, so Tom gathered her up with a rush, and carried her out to the hammock.

There Tony found them a half an hour later, cutting up like two little youngsters. At first he could scarcely believe his eyes, but Tom looked up and saw him, made some joking remark about himself and Betty couldn't stay apart any longer, and from that time on Betty lost her shyness. Quite often just the three of them took a ramble, and what times they had.

A month quickly passed and still Tony lingered. But why? He did not know himself. At last he announced that in three days he must go, and that would be on Monday.

Sunday morning when Tony went out for a stroll, who should he meet coming from the stables but the little darkey Tony. He saw at once that the little fellow was worked up over something. He had taken quite a fancy to the little chap, even if he was the most mischievous piece of humanity that ever breathed.

"Look here, my dark name sake, what's wrong now?" No answer but a frown.

"What's wrong? Miss Betty's pony get out again?"

"No sah, she didn't, but what fo' yo' ask me what's matter? Guess you'se ought ter know."

"Me! why what have I done?"

"What's you'se don! You'se don' mad' Mis' Betty cry."

"Made Miss Betty cry?"

"Yes, You'se did. You'se goin' 'way an' Miss Betty cried cause I see'd her, an' she was sayin' soft, He's goin' way, an' I knows dat's you" And on he went rather incoherently, but at last Tony managed to see that the little coon had found Miss Betty crying because he was leaving. What his feelings were as he realized what the little darkey meant to tell him, we will not say, but when they parted the little coon went off grinning and a dollar richer.

That evening, after dinner, Tony found a wrap of Betty's and

going to her, asked her to take a stroll. Betty tried to decline but Tony was determined. For a while, Tony talked of what a splendid time he had had, and of the many people he had met, of Tom, and their school days, and various other things.

Suddenly stopping, after a silence of several minutes, he quietly took Betty's hands in his and looking down at her, spoke low and earnestly, "Betty, I'm going home, to-morrow. Back to my home in New York, Little girl, may I come again to see you, just you? It will be lonely, now in my cold north."

Betty was frightened, no one but Tom had ever spoken to her in that tone before. But looking gravely up, she said "Why certainly Mr. Banks, Tom and I will be glad to have you come again."

"No no Betty dear, won' you—just you, be glad to see me?"

"Yes,—Tony."

"Betty, can't you see that I want you? That I want to take you with me? That I want to fill a place nearer than Tom?"

"Can't you see Betty?" And Betty presently "saw", but that is not for us to discuss. We will leave it with them, and the moon and stars, who saw,—but will never tell.

A year later, Tony returned, and when he left this time, Betty did too. Tony, the little coon, went also, for it was he, who had been his old chum, and the lit and it was he who was now blessed by not only Betty and her "other cun" Tony, but by Tom as well, for Tom was very well pleased with the new brother who had been his old chum, and the little darkey's misdeeds of the past, were all over looked for the part he had played in bringing Betty and Tony Sr. together.

—A SOPHOMORE.

RAYS OF LIGHT

VOL. 12

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No. 7

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Editorial

It is with a sense of awe on the one hand, and the most hopeful anticipations on the other that the editor calls your attention to a movement, which if successful, is the initiation of the greatest revolution of the inter-national attitude among civilized people's which the world has ever seen.

Before the dawn of civilization; as remote as the beginning of barbarism or even of savagery, it is evident that war or mortal combat of some kind has been the normal status. The most ancient history and the most antiquated legends tell the same story. Centuries and aeons have receded into the lap of all time—the past, and reforms religious, political, scientific, moral, economic, national and individual have been accomplished but not one second in that vast infinity of time has been free from the actuality as the possibility—rather, the probability of war. We may classify all past ages into one division and name that division war.

Right about face! May we not see with a prophetic eye that the great infinity of time to come may be labeled PEACE. What does it mean? Is it possible that you and I have the privilege, more, the monopoly privilege of stepping from the first colossal aeon to the second and last infinite one?

At this writing a suggestion has been made and is in the process of being put into execution, which, if successful, may be recorded as the actual initial agreement of absolute perfect peace

between two nations. President Taft has suggested an agreement between the United States and some other power, providing that any and all difficulties of whatever nature they may be, shall be decided by peaceful arbitral methods. In response to this offer Great Britain, our sister Anglo-Saxon nation, has eagerly embraced the suggestion and a treaty to that effect is being prepared.

It is beyond the human mind to conceive of and weigh the import of such a step. If it materializes, other nations will doubtless follow this precedent. It may be that Great Britain and the United States will crown themselves with this immortal distinction and President Taft, by virtue of suggesting the compact, may accomplish for humanity what no other man, race, or state has brought to pass, namely: the laying of the corner stone of universal peace.



The World's Great Age Begins Anew.

The world's great age begins anew,

The golden years return,

The earth doth like a snake renew

Her winter weeds outworn:

Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam

Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains

From waves serener far;

A new Peneus rolls her fountains

Against the morning star.

Where fairer Tempes, there sleeps

Young Cyclads on a summer deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,

Fraught with a later prize;

Another Orpheus sings again

And lives, and weeps, and dies.
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,

If earth Death's scroll must be!
Nor mix with Lalan rage the joy

Which dawns upon the free:
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,

And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendor of its prime;
And leave, if naught so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose

Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose
Than many unsubdued:

Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

Oh, cease! must hate and death return

Cease! must men kill and die?

Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn

Of bitter prophecy.

The world is weary of the past,

Oh, might it die or rest at last!

—SHELLEY.



CLASS '13



Our "Pretty Big Swede" President has so judiciously executed the interested duty of class president that his political friends have no fears that he shall ever be defeated in coming elections. Mr. Carlson during his entire campaign, has been a strong supporter of measures leading to the betterment of our people. Dave has ever since childhood been a strong advocate of Women's Suffrage. For this reason if no other we would be confident of his future success as the greatest Lawyer ever put out by M. C. Dave's graceful ringlets of beautiful blonde hair, assisted by his true blue eyes has won him the unrivaled Social leadership of the 1913 class.

Maude Jackson is purely a McPherson product. She was born and raised here, receiving her early education in the schools of the county and later attending McPherson College. She then decided to be a "school mam," but after two years of the strenuous life, she again entered the "Halls of Learning" at M. C. Maud's motto is "Laugh". Maud is a nice girl and if you knew her as well as we do, you would say so too.

Bessie Benell is a McPherson county product. After spending several years of her life in the west she returned to McPherson. Here she graduated from the High School and then entered McPherson College. Bessie is the "Nightengale" of the class and is always ready and willing to help any enterpriser.

P. W. Classen, "Pete", was born in Marion county some time during the pre-historic age of the early eighties. He spent his early school days in the district school. In the year 1903 he came to McPherson and spent two years in the German department. In 1909 he received his B. S. D. The next two years were spent as principal of the school where he received his start in education. He entered

school this spring and intends to "Stick it out". Pete is a broad man, physically speaking.

O. S. Dresher, veterinary dentist, fixes your horses' teeth for the consideration of a small remuneration. The date of his birth is a secret with those who know it. His early education was plucked from behind a hard school bench belonging to Rice county. He came to McPherson in 1905 and has been sticking around ever since. The best way to find Dresher when you wish to see him is to place yourself on the most convenient spot and wait. You won't have to wait long, he'll soon blow around.

Jessie Jacobs was born in Wilmington, Delaware, and at an early age moved to Kansas. Here in McPherson she received her education, first in the city schools where she is remembered for her scholastic ability. Then after teaching for a year and a half, she entered M. C. She certainly is there when it comes to study.

Geo. E. Wynn is a product of McPherson county. He was born at Marquette many moons ago. He received his first impression of a higher education in a little country school house. His high-school work was taken at Marquette, Kansas. After completing his work there he taught school for two years. He entered McPherson College as a Freshman with this class. He has been a member of the College basket ball team both years. "His Highness" is popular with the ladies. (They like His "Wynnsome" smile.)

Margaret Dute, B. S. D. Here is a Margaret who never was called Mag, no one ever dared. This Margaret left her home near Newton, Kansas, in the fall of 1904 and came to M. C. as a Freshman in the Normal department. She took her pedagogical degree with the class of 1907 and has since been pursuing her life work of teaching until the opening of this school year when she returned to M. C. for advanced study. Old M. C. has changed much during her absence but to our satisfaction and delight she says the changes brought by the passing years have been for the better.

Earl W. Slimes who is a very bright headlight in our class always reminds one of that popular song: "Redhead, Redhead, ginger-

bread, Redhead." He is a native of Missouri so of course has to be shown, but he has wandered about in several states, being the son of a preacher, until now he claims Kansas as his own. His college career began at Southwestern College in Winfield; Kansas, but M. C. had its charms, so here he is cramming his brain with science and having visions and longings for engineering.

Rhea A. Berg. Miss Berg was born in McPherson, Kansas, and has resided here practically all of her life. She is a graduate of the High School of this city of the class of '09. At one time Miss Berg was a student at Forest Park University, St. Louis, Mo. She has studied music all her lifetime. She thinks M. C. is good enough for her collegiate work so she is with us and is a loyal Soph.

Roy Horner was born near Springfield, Ill. He is a graduate of the Ottawa, Kansas, High School, and is a product for any High School to be proud of. He is a chemistry shark and an athletic fan and officially the vice-president of the Athletic Association. He is also the snappy athletic editor of the "Rays."



The Soph's.

We have studied all the stars,
We know everything 'bout Mars,
We have lectured on Moonology,
Now some of our greatest Men
We advise them now and then,
Of course our name is down in history,
Just what causes us to be
So wonderful to see,
We're the only persons who can explain
And we certainly have the proof,
And we know that is the truth,
Here's the reason, the big reason, we'll explain.

—RHEA A. BERG.

Alumni Notes.

Miss Alice Burgett, Nor. '10, has just finished her term of school at Bloomington, Kansas. She expects to return to her home in Warrensburg, Mo., but says she is "coming back to Kansas to teach this fall."

P. W. Classen has enrolled for the spring term. He expects to get in part of his junior credits. We are glad to see the old students coming back.

John Suderman, Robert Russel and J. W. Schroeder were McPherson visitors recently.

Miss Martha Weisthaner is with her mother in Wichita at present. Mrs. Weisthaner is taking a course of treatment for her eyes.

Prof. Fahnestock recently received a very nice collection of Kodak pictures of Filipino scenery and the natives of those interesting islands. Mr. Detrick sent them with a most interesting write-up of what they represented.

W. O. Beckner and wife are enjoying their work. They will have their vacation sometime in April and are intending to spend a part of the time around Manila, Buguio, and part of the time in the mountains region, to get the benefit of the color atmosphere.

Leslie G. Klepinger is now located at Nueva Caceres, Camarines, P. I.—has the supervision of twenty-two native teachers. Most of his time is spent going and coming to the various schools. The largest school under his care is in Nueva Caceres, which has an enrollment of five hundred. He likes his work, but will enjoy the vacation that is due this spring.

Miss Emma Horning, though so far away, is still interested in her Alma Mater. She writes, three brothers are planning to go to school this fall, and wants them to come to McPherson.

P. G. Goertz, who has been teaching at Partridge, Kansas, has



DAVID CARLSON,
PRESIDENT,
Sophomore Class.

MAUD JACKSON,
VICE-PRESIDENT,
Sophomore Class.



been offered the school for the coming year, with an increase of salary.

Miss Mary Daggett, Com. '08, has been visiting her sister Martha and old friends on the Hill. She is enroute for Stirling, Col., where she will be engaged in mission work.

Louis O. Hope, Nor. '09, spent several months with his brother in Stirling, Colo. He has accepted the position of foreman of the Cement Co., of this city for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Vaniman, of Pomona, Calif., have a new son to make them happy. They have also recently built a new house at Lordsburg and expect to move there in the near future.

Gilbert Barnhill, principal of the Galva High School, is an occasional Saturday visitor. He is making quite a success as a teacher and will probably obtain a better position for next year.



A Character Sketch.

He is an old man and experienced in vice and wickedness he is never found in opposing the works of iniquity he takes delight in the downfall of his neighbors he never rejoices in the prosperity of his fellow creatures he is always ready to assist in destroying the peace of society he takes no pleasure in serving the Lord he is uncommonly diligent in sowing discord among his friends and acquaintances he takes no pride in laboring to promote the cause of Christianity he has not been negligent in endeavoring to stigmatize all public teachers he makes no effort to subdue his evil passions he strives hard to build up Satan's kingdom he lends no aid to the support of the Gospel among the heathen he contributes largely to the devil he will never go to Heaven he must go where he will receive the just recompense of reward.

To aid the reader to appreciate the above, we are giving herewith a few punctuation marks to be used according to his or her taste: ... ::; ::; (O) "" ??? " " --- 1111

Local Notes

With all they're trying to trim themselves up in gold you can easily see the true color of the Soph's feelings.

Everything around here has been either chronic or constitutional in nature and it is pretty hard to fill up on locals. 'Pears to me that some of us had better centralize on one, anything.

April fool always has its victims. D. C. Steele wiped off his chin for Lichtenwalter Apr. 1st.

Prof. "What caused the death of Pres. Taylor?"

Miss Jacobs: "He became overheated on the Fourth of July and drank too much red lemonade."

Prof. "How did Jackson come into his administration?"

Big Dave. "He came in on a war horse and went out on a high horse."

Prof. Shirk. "How much weight can a muscle lift?"

Walt. "A sack of Portland cement."

Say by the way if anything ever grew more perfect than the 1911 "Dandellon" we don't know what it is. At first we promised that it would be good, then we come to know it better, and now we guarantee it to be the best.

Not many new students rolled in this term. Well there was a welcome here for them had they come to get it.

The Ex-ray showed Jack Johnson's skull to be over 3-4 of an inch thick. Someone wants to know whether that is the reason why his hair is so short and curly.

The fine arts department promise us special exercises every Saturday morning in chapel.

We're wondering what Socrates Iratus Arnold has up his sleeve. He's wearing his philosophical stare and something usually comes from that.

Lichtenwalter, what's the difference between "green" and "un-

sophisticated?" Dont hunt up the dictionary "Lick". Make your pedagogical abode sanitary by means of an energetic application of an "oiled cloth," and figure it out "mathematically."

Someone said that the girls are thinning out. I don't believe it. Recently a number were refused the use of a pair of large standard scales. Seems to me that that is proof enough.

You can get a pretty good idea of eternity by watching a couple of dubs playing tennis.

Bryan is 51 years old March 26. Seems longer than that, doesn't it Democrats?

Too much is being said around here about the idle rich and nothing about the idle poor. They are the ones that are the menace to the country.

Every man, we believe, ought to be bossed by a woman enough to change his linen regularly.

Easter is coming, and eggs are the only thing we can think of that are selling for more than they are worth.

Something came up at the Eureka's the other night about handkerchiefs. Now men don't weep as much as women but they blow their noses a good deal oftener.

We've noticed that even a dull man can be a bore. Catch the drift?

Jay Thomas come back again to M. C. 2 C. C. Guy. And incidentally to learn (in spare moments) a talk about Aluminum ware.

Ed Lehman left us for foreign fields to sell "stuff"—the last report was a good sized one.

Miss Taylor: "I'm just Twenty-two."

Peter C. "Verdict set aside."

Grover C. D. "I'm dead sore. I lost \$5 this evening. Somebody ought to kick me."

Beas. (absently) "Why don't you ask father for my hand this evening? He's in the drawing-room."

Since all these spring sales down town, we've come to the conclusion that Heaven won't seem worth while to some of those young ladies, unless there are some bargain stores there.

Have you seen Sandy with his hand organ and monkey? Never mind whether you have or not, "dig up" anyway. All "crips" need philanthropic recognition.

Some of you probably don't know that "Dandelion" is the name of the 1911 Annual. And some of you don't know that it costs \$2.50 per annual to get it out. Most of you are going to find out that it is only going to cost YOU \$1.25. They will be ready for the public May first. So save us one and a quarter. Thank you.

There is plenty of athletic goods around here to make a pretty good team feel happy, and the management recently bought a new breast protector that by actual measurement, measures 9 1-2 inches by 18 1-4 inches. That sure is an inducement to all prospective catchers.

Watch for next month's "Rays." The Juniors put it out you know.

Ho, ye critics! Some arch-critic signing himself by the euphonious appellation "Bill" has deigned to level a criticism at the design on the cover of the February "Rays". This aforesaid Bill, rich in Missouri blood, and hailing from Kansas City, after gleefully perusing said issue and especially noting the predominance of natal occurrences (one in the plural number) and then noting the mild visage of the revered Father of his Country (peace to his ashes) was struck by the incongruity of the situation, and now with a patronizing air offers this suggestion to "ye editor", following the searching question "Where are we at?", namely, that Mr. T. Roosevelt's picture is more appropriate for any and all such issues hereafter. In consideration of which, we wish to advise thee, O thou Bill, that for all this stir thou shalt surely give account later, and mayhap repent in sackcloth and ashes.

Athletic Notes.

Much baseball enthusiasm was displayed out on the diamond several weeks ago. A body of the students under the leadership of Mr. Hollinger removed some of the superfluous soil on the north side of the campus and transferred it to the diamond. The condition in which the diamond was in made it a veritable swamp in wet weather. The added soil raised it so that that objectionable feature has been successfully removed.

The repaired diamond is in daily use by the baseball enthusiasts. Regular practice is called for on each Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday. Clay Young has been chosen captain and feels quite confident in being able to develop a winning team. Several practice games with some of the high schools near here will be played and have already been arranged for. The crimson and white will again be seen on the diamond after an absence of several years.

Some of those more interested than the rest in the sport of basketball erected a court on the north campus. Those wishing to still play basketball may now do so out of doors where they are not hampered by a low ceiling and a stuffy atmosphere.

Just a word about the new gymnasium. The management of the school realize at last that athletics have a most important place in the life of every educational institution. Next year a salaried man will have general supervision of all athletics. It will be his business to make it a most prominent feature of the student life in this place. We all look forward to a banner year for old M. C. next year.

Social Notes

Several of Mission and Bible classes have held socials lately. Pleasant times have been reported.

Mrs. Fahnstock very pleasantly entertained her Bible Class Saturday evening, March 25th, at a two-course luncheon. The evening was passed very pleasantly in games and various other amusements.

After completing their courses for the year in Bible Study, the classes of Miss Blanche Thompson and Mr. Dotzour met last Wednesday evening and enjoyed a most pleasant social together. It proved a very happy conclusion for their year's work and will be remembered by those present as one of the most enjoyable events of the year.

A crowd from M. C. gave a line party at the Isis in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox of Salina, several weeks ago. After going to the Isis the crowd returned to the home of Bess Benell, where they were entertained.

Monday evening, March 28th Miss Bertha Colline entertained the seniors, also a few friends at a six-o'clock dinner. A delicious three-course dinner was served, after which all engaged in a word-contest. Mr. Kerr won the prize and Miss Hope the consolation prize. The philosophic minds of the crowd consulted Oulze but after a time Oulze refused to make any answers. At a late hour the guests departed for their various homes, pronouncing Miss Colline a splendid hostess.

Mrs. C. J. Shirk and Miss Nettle Lichtenwalter very pleasantly entertained their Y. W. Mission classes April 3, at the home of Mrs. Shirk on N. Cherry Street. The girls had a merry time in the

word-contest and guessing advertisements, and enjoyed the dainty lunch.

A number of the college students and several downtown guests, spent the week-end in Salina, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Wilcox. A splendid time is reported, and all are again ready for hard work, after their holiday.

Orpheus Musical Society.

The Orpheus has been in existence for a number of years. The benefit rendered its members has been an interesting observation to the members of the society. The members have enjoyed to the fullest extent, the monthly recitals given in Professor Muir's studio, also the social functions are an enjoyable feature.

We regret that the Orpheus is not an open door society but are glad to learn that they are contemplating giving a public recital in the near future. This will certainly be well attended and enjoyed as it is a rare treat to have such a festival in our chapel as they are capable of producing. They have secured the services of an out of town singer for that occasion.

The local membership is near fifty, but many of the members live in other states who have moved away from here but are still interested in the work of the society. The city and college can well be proud of this organization for its tendency to develop a desire for a higher class of musical entertainment.

Inter-Collegiate.

Baker recently received \$100,000, which was deeded to the Kansas Conference from the Chrisman estate.

Harvard is getting in trim for the rowing contest. Every day the crew is compelled to row eight miles up the Charles river.

The practical and the aesthetic are both factors in a college

education. Michigan University has established a six year course in the conservation of resources and Missouri has a course in poetry writing.

Alas! What will become of the female peril? A hobble skirt race will be one of the features of the gym. exhibition at the University of Iowa.

Yale has artesian wells to supply the gymnasium with water for the Carnegie pool. The rate of water is 30,000 gallons per minute.

There has been considerable complaint that the American colleges take no interest in politics. The University of Oregon is an exception to this rule. That school has three senators, three representatives and three clerks in the state legislature.

The following from the Baker Orange undoubtedly expresses the sentiments of most college students: "Backward, turn backward, oh time in thy flight, take me back home again just for to night. I am so weary of boarding-house steak, weary of syrup and soggy pancakes, oatmeal and butter as old as the hills. I am so tired, I'm having the chills; tired of living on things I can't eat, chewing that leather that butchers call meat.

"Backward, turn backward and give me a chance to have a patch put on the seat of my pants, give me a chunk of my mother's hot bread, pancakes as light as a snowy white spread. Give me some beefsteak that's tender and juicy, a big piece of cake and a chunk of mince pie, and then let me die, mother, then let me die."

The editors of several of the leading colleges held a meeting at Topeka last week.

The authorities of the University of Kansas have issued a mandate positively forbidding poker playing.

Hiram College, Hiram, Ohio, recently suspended 50 students for participating in a night shirt parade.

Bethany is seemingly having a hard time with her compulsory chapel system.

Since we have made this department more of an inter-collegiate than an exchange department, we have confined ourselves more to our neighboring colleges and have perhaps neglected occasionally an expression of recognition of the periodicals of the colleges of the Brethren Church. We have, nevertheless, perused these papers and have enjoyed reading them. Occasionally we have noticed criticism on the Rays of Light. We appreciate this and desire to thank these papers for the same. It is only through criticism that improvement is made possible. It is therefore only proper that we extend ours on the merits and defects of the papers of our sister colleges. Our criticisms are mostly pro, but if a little con should enter in, we hope that they will consider them, not as cynical expressions with malicious intent, but rather as expressions of an ardent desire to help.

On the whole the papers are deserving of comment and are a credit to their respective schools, but with the exception of the Purple and Gold, they lack one thing and lack that sorely, college spirit. A college paper should be spicy. In our serious moods we enjoy weighty matter, but this should be supplemented with a little fun. These papers also lack another thing. This is an inter-collegiate department. Why not make their exchanges more inter-collegiate. The Eastern colleges might furnish us with some interesting material on the "doings" of the colleges in that part of the country and there is no reason why the Lordsburg Educator should not keep us informed concerning scholastic maneuvers in their "neck of the woods". Why do not these schools get in touch with other colleges than their own church schools, or, if they are in touch with them, why don't they let us know something about them.

Permit us now to extend individual criticism. The Purple and Gold is good, but has neither an inter-collegiate nor an exchange department. The Daleville Leader is voluminous and perhaps spicy. Pardon us if we annex a "!" in the superlative degree to the spiciness of the Leader. The Educator is good, but its goodness is too limited. The College Times also is commendable, but its

jokes belong to a pre-historic age. Why not get a new almanac? The Juniata Echo takes life entirely too serious. To peruse it one would think it is exclusively the creation of the Society of High Brows. Cheer up, straighten out the corners of your pensive lips. Insert a department for locals and inter-collegiate and you will have a better paper. The Philomathion is voluminous. Boli it down. What's the use of putting out a dictionary. Put in material that college students like to read and make your vibrations strong enough to create a sensation.

Pardon us if these criticisms are too severe. We are always glad to receive expressions of opinion from outside sources and these college papers can perhaps give us some pointers. We shall certainly be thankful for them.



M. C. Students at State Prohibition Oratorical Contest.

The Kansas Inter-collegiate Prohibition Oratorical Contest was held under the auspices of the Kansas Wesleyan University at Salina March 30th. The annual convention of the Inter-collegiate Prohibition Association was held in connection with the contest, the sessions of which were conducted throughout Thursday and Friday.

The following five McPhersonites accompanied the orator. Mr. R. C. Flory: Miss Evelyn Moran, expression instructor; Mr. A. E. Hedline, an alumnus of M. C.; Messrs C. F. Barnes, P. W. Seidel and D. C. Steele, the latter two of which were the authorized delegates from the League.

Although Mr. Flory did not win any prizes he acquitted himself very creditably and McPherson College has no apologies to offer in his case. He set forth the philosophy of his oration in a very forceful manner and probably no other oration furnished more food for thoughtful contemplation than did his oration.

The delegates took very active interest in the business sessions and helped in no small degree in framing the plans and policy

for the coming year. It is also worthy of note that Prof. H. J. Harnly was continued as a member at large of the executive committee.

Friday evening the cream of the convention was brought to McPherson. The state chairman of the prohibition committee, of Minnesota, Mr. W. G. Calderwood gave the address of the evening. Mr. Cousand of Friends University, the newly elected president of the Inter-collegiate Prohibition Association in Kansas; Mr. Cunningham, the traveling secretary for I. P. A.; and Mr. Hadley the state chairman of the prohibition committee in Kansas; gave short talks. There were also a number of other prohibition workers in the state in attendance at the meeting.



Cupid Busy Again.

Clarence S. Wykoff, a man whom we are proud to number among M. C. students, and Miss. Pearl Boyce, of Sterling, Kan. were united in marriage at Hutchinson, Kan., Feb. 17, 1911 by Rev. C. L. Cook, pastor of the Christian church. We are pleased to announce that Mr. and Mrs. Wykoff are both planning to be with us in school again next year. At present they are residing on College Hill.

Mr. Glen J. Hirst, who was with us in school three years ago and who graduated with the commercial class of 1908, was united in marriage with Miss Chrystal Vivian Darby of Kansas City, Kan. Mr. Hirst is employed as a book-keeper in Kansas City.

THE COLD AIR FAMILY.

We are s-s-sleeping on the roof,

We are b-b-bathing on the stoop,

We are d-d-dining on the lid

Of a b-b-backyard chicken coop.

We have t-t-taken up the rugs

And the m-m-matting on the floors;

We have knocked the w-w-windows out—

We are l-l-living out-of-doors.

In the snow upon the l-l-lawn

Sits the bubbubbaby fat and cool,

And the older chuchuchildren go

To the Fresh Air Public school.

We are fufufull of b-b-bounding health

Every momomoment of the d-d-day,

And the bubublizzards from the north

Find us sh-sh-shivering but g-g-gay.

And the neighbors envy us

As we gugguggather round the light

Of the street lamp out in front,

Reading in the air at night.

—Newark Evening News.

Bachelor (to intimate friend)—What would you say if I should
—er—tell you that—er—I am going to—er—marry a sweet little wid-
ow with six children.

Friend—I should say you were putting on heirs.—Harvard Lam-
poon.



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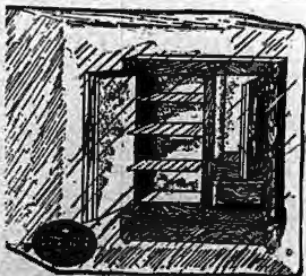
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