

Rays of Light

May 1911



Junior Number

Published by The Student Body of McPherson College,
McPherson, Kansas

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1910-1911

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Rays of Light

Vol. XII

McPherson, Kansas, May, 1911

No. 8

Our Duty as Citizens.

By C. T. Barnes, winner of second place in thought and composition, in the local Prohibition Oratorical Contest of Feb. 4, 1911.

As nations progress they must settle difficult questions. Questions which have had their beginning far back into the past develop to a fruition, the natural result of antecedent events, the legitimate outcome of all that has gone to make up a nation's character and relative position in the world. Such questions must be settled in accordance with the demands of progress. They may be softened for a while by diplomacy, or obscured by indifference or attention to other affairs but the final settlement is only delayed.

The greatest question which the twentieth century faces is the liquor traffic. For nearly a century the struggle between this traffic and temperance has been in progress. By the license system the government has placed a legal sanction upon this traffic. Our government is based upon the principle of equal rights to all and special privileges to none. Does license embody this principle? License debars one man on account of poverty, permits another because of wealth and on that one proposition it stands condemned as undemocratic, un-republican and un-American. License concentrates the liquor power. This we must vigorously oppose. When an apostle of high license can convince the country that the power of the traffic in petroleum, over courts and political parties, was diminished

by its concentration into the Standard Oil Company; when one can demonstrate that the power of Tammany Hall was diminished by its concentration into the hands of Tweed and Kelly; when one can prove that the formation of a "trust" is the way to curtail the power of those combining in it; then we may believe that the concentration of the liquor power is the way to curtail its power in politics. The supposition is as contrary to the theory of democracy as it is false to the facts of experience.

License is permissive in character; it attempts to regulate an evil and is therefore based upon a fundamentally wrong principle. A recognized evil should be eliminated, not regulated. It is lame in logic. Acting upon the philosophy of a license law you approve of the cause and condemn the effect. Financially it is ruinous in policy and is a miserable failure in practice. License is a sixteenth century method of fighting the twentieth century saloon. It was the method used by our forefathers. We must remember that times change as this old world advances.

Our immigration laws are too lax. Each year brings to this country an undesirable class of people. We are supposed to Americanize them. The first institution with which they come in contact is the legalized American saloon; American because we permit it to exist, and through it they are all but Americanized. Through a thorough and systematic canvass of this ignorant, non-English speaking vote, the saloon becomes a part of this great political machine. By this method the saloon is the means by which the superior race purchases the political power of the inferior. What does citizenship and the sacred use of the ballot mean to such voters? It means that the saloon, backed by the brewers and distillers, is the pivot on which swings our political destinies and the workshop of American politics. In the United States there are 250,000 saloons, together controlling 3,000,000,000 dollars. Place the number of votes controlled by each saloon at the low average of twenty and it means 5,000,000 votes, controlled directly by the liquor interests. This will control any election and the leaders of the two

old political parties realizing this fact assume their present attitude toward the subject. There lies the strength of the liquor traffic and the evil will continue to exist so long as two political parties support it.

The supreme danger which the liquor traffic brings before the American people is official anarchy. Say what you will, disguise it as you will, the officer who refuses to enforce the law is an anarchist a thousand times more dangerous than the bomb thrower from the slums of our cities. Regulations and restrictions put on such a vice as the liquor traffic by the government are but its terms of partnership. The larger part of American people stand for official honesty. Place an educational qualification upon the ballot and let every free minded American who possesses this qualification have the right of suffrage, then we will have taken a step toward settling this liquor question and blotting out official corruption.

We must settle this liquor question and in a decisive manner. Lincoln said, "The first step toward settling the slavery question must be the adoption of a national policy which regards slavery as wrong." If this be true, and it was, then the first step toward settling the liquor traffic must be the adoption of a national policy which regards the traffic as wrong. This is the only method that will ever combat the onward march of the liquor interests. We will have to meet this issue squarely. The traffic has voluntarily stepped into politics and there it will either triumph or be defeated. The age of tradition is past. Public opinion demands a settlement of this question but the traffic remains entrenched behind the bulwarks of our political system.

In a republic like ours, all great questions are settled through political parties. Therefore personal attention to politics is the price of civil liberty and the protection of the law. Judge Sprague said, "The morality of no people can be maintained above the morality of their laws". Law has a great educative force. Prohibition educates the people upward, license downward. Republican institutions can only thrive and flourish when its best citizens are in

authority. So long as our representatives are selected by the aid of the rum sellers, so long as they receive legislation in their interest, so long may we expect to be ruled over by a liquor oligarchy. We cannot expect prohibition to dominate our politics when the liquor element dominates our politicians.

Prohibition is the foundation of all law and justice. Why is any act prohibited by law? Because the legal prohibition of an act is on the ground of its evil effects upon society and not on the ground of the inherent evil of the act itself. Therefore prohibition represents all phases of equity between individuals and the state. Prohibition includes both liberty and coercion. Prohibition and liberty are coequal, and both together are the foundation and security of our modern civilization. Prohibition has no virtue without liberty; liberty is dependent on prohibition, and the virtue of politics is dependent on both. Votes only tell, and only votes fortify the rum power or make it tremble. The exercise of the right to vote is the greatest God given right of American freedom.

What then is our duty? To stand in our place and do the thing God would have us do from the height of conscience. We do not need any one political party but we do need men! Men too clean to compromise. Men too strong to swerve. Men too strong to be badgered out of their rights. You men of America! Stand for truth and justice! What is it to you if these old political parties live or die if the nation lives, and when they die you are here to speak your manhood and do your work. The outcome of true reform is prohibition in its fullest attainment, more so when the curse can only be removed by the vote of the people. The prohibition of the liquor traffic through purified politics will be the culmination of one of the most important developments of morals ever inaugurated in the history of the world; and when prohibition is achieved in state and nation, its transcendent importance will be apparent in a higher and purer civilization.

Vote for principle. A vote cast for principle is never lost. Compromise cannot settle a moral question. A righteous principle will

triumph. The ballot is the official register of a man's political convictions. Votes are the only language that lawmakers and politicians can hear, to them all other languages are dead. Patriotism combined with concerted political action will remove from our land this arch enemy of American freedom. The ballot is a mighty weapon. It stands for the abolition of oppression in all its forms. It stands for the abolition of child labor. It will place the laurel wreath of respectability upon the brow of him who toils. It will give to labor the full social value of its product. In brief, it will place the human soul above the stamp of the traders dollar.

Our government, conceived in liberty and purchased with blood, can only be preserved through constant vigilance. May we guard it as our richest legacy. Let us ever remember that, he "Who saves his country, saves himself, and all things saved do bless him; who lets his country die, lets all things die, dies himself ignoble, and all things dying curse him".



Why the Young Man Leaves the Farm.

BY H. T. HOLLINGER.

It is said that history changes, and, again it is said that it never quite repeats itself. Should graphs be made of movements or strides of man, it would often occur that the graphs intersect but at no time would we find that they coincide, except for an increment of space; true, they may have courses which would appear nearly parallel. For a result to be affected, there must be a cause; humanity always tends to move in the direction which will render it the larger dividends.

The "boy problem" never confronted the world until conditions became favorable; so long as the farm offered wages and conveniences which are more to be valued than the compensations of other

vocations, the lad of the rural districts was content to become a tiller of the soil. This condition was such, previous to a few decades in the past; but the state of affairs changed. With the introduction of railroads, occupations multiplied rapidly, towns were built, factories erected, and various industries established. This increased activity could not materialize without help; consequently a cry for men was the result. The response did not fulfill the requirement, therefore, wages were increased and the country lad departed for the city.

One great factor which creates an unrest upon the farm is prosperity. It renders the farmer able to invest and oftentimes he is induced to secure interests in town, and as his principal becomes more and more valuable, it demands closer attention and soon the elderly gentleman retires to the city that his investment will receive better attention. Along with the farmer, moves his family and as a result, his boys are captured by the municipal activities and they look back upon their old home as a joke. It is natural that people always see the dull side of the farm while only the bright features of other vocations are considered.

This is an age of business and scarcely a town of any import may be found wherein a business college is not located. The young man in looking over the daily paper, notices enticing advertisements regarding certain business colleges. He reads that only a few months are required for a young man to equip himself for a high salaried position. The expense is not large and the young man reasons that for a small investment he can prepare himself for the business world, free from the sweat, late hours, and the disagreeable things of the farm. It may be that he is the older boy of a large family; he finishes his business course and secures, what appears to be a good position. His younger brother and sister seeing his success, determine also to acquire a business education and after the three children of the farmer secure positions in the town,

It is said by many that the strenuous life of the farm is one reason why so many young men desert it. True, success necessitates

tes much hard and disagreeable labor but much of this is being eliminated by improved machinery. However, no one declines hard work when the task they undertake is at heart. Too many farmers are more desirous for the dollar than creating within their sons, a desire for the farm. Oftentimes, the young man is not given a chance to show what he is worth on the farm and the hired man is classed by the father as superior to his son, when in all probabilities, it is true, yet at the same time, the young man was not allowed the privilege to develop his latent powers. Instead, he was required to do the chores, while his father was discussing with the hired man, the best course to pursue on the morrow. The writer knows of instances where this is true, yet the farmer cannot understand why it is that the young man fails to have an interest in his work.

Although this is a prosperous age, many young men who desire to farm, find that they do not have the proper funds to start. The time was, when any poor man could be a tiller of the soil, horses and implements were plentiful and cheap and in any state in the union he might take advantage of the homestead law or secure some railroad land. But the day is here when free grants within our country are few. As a consequence, land has advanced in value, hence one who wishes to farm today must either have a neat sum of money or someone that will serve as security for him. It is natural that the "would-be-farmer" will study the situation thoroughly. He finds, as was said before, that a few dollars invested in a business education will yield him large dividends, hence being short of funds, he is often forced to abandon the farm and seek employment in some other vocation.

As previously mentioned, many young people enter into the business world through business colleges. It is also true that many of them leave the old home after spending a few years at college. They may spend only a year or so in an educational institution but somehow their eyes are opened to the many vocations the world offers. The average young man living in the country is acquainted with few

industries but when entering into higher education, he learns of the numerous callings that may exist. At any rate, whatever may be the reason, very few of the young people who leave for school and finish a course, ever return to the farm. For instance, in our own school today there are 74 persons living who have graduated from the college course since 1899. Of that number, 50 were from the farm and of the 50 only 11 are now on the farm. Again, the normal graduates, finishing the normal course since 1903 who are now living, number 116. Of the 116, 74 were from the farm and but 18 of these are now farming. It is seen at a glance what these figures tell. The cream of the country attend school and finish their respective courses but only a small percent return to live the life of a farmer. What does it mean for the remaining young people? Their most useful companions have left them, and as a rule the more undesirable class remains. The social ebbs is materially lowered, the church suffers and oftentimes dies, and the community as a whole feel the loss. Would you be surprised if some of those who remain should become discouraged with the state of affairs and leave the country in order that they may enjoy the high social spirit and the advantages of a live church?

In conclusion, we may say that the pendulum has swung its limit and is now returning. The tide is turning and within the next few years we shall see the trend of humanity toward and into the country. The problem will meet its own solution.

Class History

Class '12

The Collegiate Class of 1912 met and organized October 5, 1908, with Grover Dotzour as President; Marion Studebaker, Vice-President and Edna Dettler, Secretary.

The first event besides regular business meetings was a combined business meeting and social, held at the home Miss Evelyn Trostle, January 18, 1909. Mr. Dotzour having decided to cast his lot with the Senior Normals, handed in his resignation as President. This was accepted after which he gave us a farewell talk, promising to join our ranks the next year. Mr. Studebaker then took his place as President. Our present class colors, black and gold, were chosen at that meeting.

Later, occurred another social event at the home of Mr. Studebaker. The noteworthy feature of this occasion, besides the royal entertainment the Freshmen received, occurred on the way home. Just as they were wending their way towards Main Street, they were startled to see a fire. After the alarm was given, they perched themselves on store boxes opposite the fire, to await results. People running to the fire stopped and stared, but they did not tell them that they were only "Freshies."

In March of that year a letter was received from the Freshman class of Cooper College at Sterling, asking us to join them in a contest consisting of oratory, declamation, essays and debate. After consideration, the challenge was accepted and preparations were begun at once. This necessitated many meetings, some of which were concluded by a social hour or two. The most notable of these was held St. Patrick's eve when we chose our representatives for the contest. Miss Lora Brubaker was chosen for declamation.

Marion Studebaker for oration, Walter Thompson for essay and Messrs. Ira Arnold and P. S. Goertz for debate. After the business meeting was over, Messrs. Gilbert Barnhill and Roy Carlson served a sumptuous banquet in the honor of St. Patrick.

The contest occurred May 14, 1909. Through wind, dust and rain the class and friends found their way to Sterling in automobiles, and on the train. The contest was a strong one and our side did their best, which was a credit to the class and College. The strong reading, the "Thompsonian" wit and philosophy, the furious debate and excellent oration stood creditably with our opponents. About four o'clock, the next morning, some sleepy, but spirited Freshmen arrived at McPherson.

Our last, Freshman frolic was May 22, when Miss Viola Vaniman graciously entertained the class at her home.

Class Day found the Freshies as bright as ever. They kept pace with the others in songs and yells and proudly floated the "Black and Gold" banner on the College Steeple.

At the beginning of the next school year, the class of 1912, now called Sophomores, were not slow to reorganize. The officers elected were G. C. Dotzour, President, Homer Lichtenwalter, Vice-President, Viola Vaniman, Secretary and Prof. S. C. Miller, faculty advisor.

October 29, occurred the memorable autumn Indian Social in the "woods" where Indian entertainment was enjoyed by all. Our faculty advisor whom we dubbed "Shungapavi", finally arose as our Chief and gave us some excellent advice and suggestions as to our duties as the largest Sophomore class McPherson College had ever had. We then numbered twenty-seven. Our war-whoop that night caused the beginning of a good natured rivalry between the Seniors and Sophomores.

The next morning, our scientific Seniors endeavored to demonstrate that we had not advanced beyond the savage stage. This was met by the Sophomores on the morning the Seniors appeared in

caps and gowns. They were surprised to find their duplicate on the platform in the form of a Dummy which was very mechanical and machine-like.

The dignity of the Seniors arose at this and they also produced a Dummy by which they started to demonstrate—well, they only started, when the Dummy disappeared unexpectedly. So the rivalry grew and then waned, the Sophomores feeling they had not been outwitted at any time. The Seniors however, had to remind us of our fun on Class Day when they unearthed the Sophomore Dummy, tried to burn it at the stake after which the hatchet was buried by the two classes and we loathingly said, "Good-bye" to our Senior brothers and sisters. As they parted they all were on friendly terms and the little harmless excitement only enlivened our class loyalty.

March 5th. 1910 the class showed their dramatic and entertaining qualities by giving a program in Irving Hall. It consisted of a varied program after which "The Case of Suspension", a comedy, was rendered by the class.

We had great ambitions but did not fully realize them all. We wished in some way to beautify the campus, so made plans to start a botanical collection of trees etc., but as the season was too far advanced for planting them, we did what we could and planted some ivy vines around the College Building.

The Class Day program was varied by a pantomime given by the Sophomores, representing the poem "Maude Muller". Later, when the parade took place through town, the black and gold float was not insignificant but pronounced the banner wagon.

Now we are Juniors and have not lost our class spirit and ambitions. Our social functions have been few but we have put our energies into something that we hope will be a credit to our institution. We have felt the need of a College Annual for several years and now we are endeavoring to do our best to meet that need. It is a greater task than we thought, but by the aid we receive from

the faculty, students, and friends, we have been able to realize our ambition.

The present officers of the class are, M. M. Studebaker, President, Ira Arnold, Vice-President, Evelyn Trostle, Secretary, Raymond Flory, Treasurer, Miss Laura Evelyn Moran, faculty advisor, Mr. Walter Thompson, editor in Chief of the "Annual". Our class has always been well supplied with poets and others of literary genius and the politicians, artists, preachers, musicians, scientists and philosophers have never been lacking. Both editor and business manager of the "Rays of Light" are Juniors and Mr. Flory, the College representative in the State Prohibition contest, was one of our number. We are fortunate to have two married men in our ranks. Our class flower is the Golden Dandelion.

Many who were Freshmen with us have left us and others have come in, but yet quite a number have been with the class from the beginning and we hope, will stay with it until we have reached that time when we will possess the dignified place of "Senior". Four members of the class, Miss Trostle, Detter, Messers Thompson and Dotzour have been in the class through both Academic and College work beginning in 1906. Our motto is "Perse modo" and it is our policy to "Keep on" doing what we can.



JOLLY JUNIOR JINGLES.

WITH APOLOGIES TO ALL BYE-GONE BARDS.

BY WALT THOMPSON.

Illustrated by ARNOLD AND FLORY.

Who is it talks the band to beat,
'Tis D. C. Steele;
A dictionary on two feet,
'Tis D. C. Steele;
A courtier, a Lord, a Dear,
An editor without a peer,
A scholar, teacher, prophet, seer,
'Tis D. C. Steele.





To Fritz who in love of Chem. doth hold
Communion, with her visible form she speaks
A various language; for his nostrils
She hath a smell of SO₂; and for his orbs
She hath stinking penetrating fumes; and
startling
Ignitions and nitrogenous explosions which
penetrate
His auditory apparatus ere he is aware.

Bills! Bills! Bills!
Oh! nothing but bills I see,
And I wish that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.
I long for the long-past dues,
I curse at the long delays,
And when they refuse to cough it up,
I dream of my childhood days,
And the "Annual" bills come in,
And none are marked "Pd",
So shove your flipper into your jeans,
And pay Chas. H. Sandy.



Once upon a midnight dreary
Harvey pondered weak and weary
Over many quaint old volumes,
Volumns of historic lore,
Then he murmured "I repeat it
Gettin' tired, I guess I'll beat it,
Goin' back to mother's flapjacks,
Back to college, Nevermore".

Stude is a big man.
Stude is our "Prex".
Stude is a rich man.
Stude signs our checks.
Stude works the wise men.
They let Stude pass.
Stude does most every thing.
Except attending class.





Oh! G. C. D., 'tis not for me,
Thy noble traits to sing in rhyme.
Oh! G. C. D. how can you be
So gentle, noble and sublime?
Oh! G. C. D., in ecstasy
I 'd mire all thy traits divine,
But, G. C. D., pray tell to me
Why you were never found on time.

Ray Flory on a summer day
Held the rabble with his away
Of mystic oratory fine.
Old Cicero he'd sure outshine.
On liquor traffic he's turned loose.
Goodbye, Old Rhenish, Farewell, booze.
This wondrous man has his P. A.
Oh! fluent, brilliant, shouting Ray,



Behold this man behind the bars,
In sackcloth and in tears.
He casts his eyes up to the stars,
And thinks of bye-gone years.
We mortals pity his sad state,
Which burdens his great heart,
But only Gods appreciate
Such grandeur as his art.

Ach! Gustave Adolphus von Beyer,
Tune up thy strings and strike thy lyre.
Thy music sets men's souls on fire,
Ach! Gustave Adolphus von Beyer.
To nobler realms we must aspire,
Thou raisest us to regions higher.
Tune up thy strings and strike thy lyre.
Gustavus Adolphus von Beyer.





This is Henry Walter Thompson,
Little Isaac Walton Thompson,
"Dad" the preps will always call him,
All the girls they call him "Hiram,"
Smokes his peace-pipe, jingies verses,
Studies law but has no cases,
Wondrous man, Dad Hiram Thompson,
White haired, blue eyed, Swede boy Thompson.

There's a maiden with a sigh,
Like Phrine in her beauty bare,
With a dark and dreamy eye,
When at you she'll gently stare.
Just one look, fair Evelyn!
Thy falchion is thy dreamy eye,
And if death doth lurk therein,
Lord! how sweet it is to die.



Oh! charming Edna, brown-eyed maid,
These rustic lines can not impart
Enough of splendor. Oh! Venus' shade,
Minerva's mind and sweet Psyche's heart,
Of thee this poor bard tries to sing.
Aurora can't excel thy charms,
As gentle as the kiss of spring,
When sinking into summer's arms.

Happy works in Chemistry,
The floors he also sweeps.
Happy works Histology.
The students warm he keeps.
'Tis Happy this, and Happy that,
And Happy everywhere.
How could this drear old world get 'long.
If 'twere no Happy there?



There was a young student named Mary,
She'd flit through the halls like a fairy,
For wisdom she'd sigh,
Her ideal was high,
This wonderful maiden named Mary.

RAYS OF LIGHT

VOL. 12

McPHERSON, KANSAS, MAY, 1911

No. 8

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Faculty Advisor, Prof. E. L. Craik

Business Manager, M. M. Studebaker
Art Staff, R. Flory and S. I. Arnold

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Editorial

Doubtless the reader has already discovered that this is the junior number of the Rays. The juniors do not wish to preface this edition with an apology but they do not care to keep secret the fact that they are putting in a great deal of time, energy, and hard cash on the annual just now.

The annual will probably be ready for delivery before the reader receives this number, if not, it will be but a short time afterward. It is becoming more popular each day, and the demand for it grows as people come to realize that twenty three years of progress together with this years collection of fact, humor and achievement are contained between its tasty covers of Japanese wood veneer. Another apparent fact is that it will be several years before enough material can be collected for another annual of equal interest.

C

The next number, a senior number, will be the last issue of this school year. Before it goes to press Commencement will have been completed and the year 1910-11 will have been relegated to the files of college history. At the close of school many students will probably return to their homes or elsewhere, so in order to be sure of getting the Commencement, or June number of the Rays it will be advisable to inform the business manager of all changes of addresses.

A Wreck on the Narrow Gauge.

And here kind friends is the college kid
Who thinks he is wearing a sporty lid
On one side of his head, but you all can see.
It's naught but a paste board smile,
Made of a shoe box tore out round,
With a red kerchief the top is crowned.
But he takes it off and hangs it up.
He brushes his clothes with his drinking cup.
For a mirror, he uses the wall so bare,
And fumbles and pulls at his tangled hair.
His comb is a piece of slate from his bed,
And he rakes it piteously over his head.
But his tangled locks and his pompadour
Won't stand in the manner they did of yore.
Then he fixes his tie from a pillow case,
And his collar, a piece of the curtain lace.
He brushes his shoes with talcum and bread,
And scours his teeth with a piece of old lead.
Now he rolls both of his trousers legs high,
With a rainbow smile and a wink of his eye.
Then he marches out boldly, displaying his socks,
And goes to the door where he timidly knocks.
He breathlessly waits for a minute or more,
Till his lady, in fancy, appears at the door.
With a hand at his back and a bow of his head,
The words of his greeting, politely are said.
He thinks she is there, and in fancy once more
He waltzes her round about o'er the floor.
We watch him amazed, Oh! who can he be?
An ex-college sport, a lunie is he.

—S. I. ARNOLD.

Alumni Notes.

Dr. Saylor and family spent Sunday with Mrs. Saylor's parents.

Mr. Ninings and Miss Myrtle Picking were married April 18, at the bride's home in Abilene, Kansas. They will make their future home at Leonardville, Kansas. Miss Picking graduated in the Normal Department several years ago. She made many friends while here, who will be pleased to extend their congratulations to the young couple, wishing them long, prosperous and happy lives.

Mr. Wm. Royer after finishing a successful term of school in Stafford County, is enrolled for work in the College Department.

Mr. G. C. Drescher, Nor. '04, this spring, bought the farm home of Mr. Drescher's parents, and are nicely settled in their own home.

Mr. Frank Bowers, of Wenatchee, Washington, has been offered an increase in salary, now getting two-hundred dollars per month.

Prof. S. J. Miller was called to Denver last week on account of the serious illness of his sister who is a graduated nurse there. No hopes are entertained of permanent recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Vaniman are the proud parents of a baby boy. Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Vaniman are with them enjoying the pleasure of grandparent-hood.

C. D. Rasp, Col. '10 is located at Fairbury, Ill., and is busily engaged in pastoral work there.

Dr. M. J. Miller, who has been taking post-graduate at K. U. Medical, will locate in Plainsville, Kansas next month.

B. S. Trostle is well and enjoying his South American trip. He will probably return some time in June.

Mr. H. W. Miller of Hinton, Oklahoma, visited relatives and friends here this week. Came up to bring his family home, who have been visiting Mr. Cottingham father of Mrs. Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Jake Stutzman spent Easter Sunday with Mrs. Stutzman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Blondefield, who have recently moved into B. S. Trostle's cottage.

Mr. Yoder has accepted the principalship at Canton for the next year, at one hundred dollars per month. He will teach in the County Institute here. Mr. Yoder is a thoro student and successful teacher and we are glad to note his success.

Social Notes

Tuesday evening of this week a group of Dormitory children enjoyed an Egg-roast at Circle Lake. They report a very good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Torley entertained a dozen young people Wednesday evening, April 5, in honor of Miss Beas Benell. As a remembrance of her birthday, she was presented with a beautiful cut-glass bowl by the guests. The evening quickly passed in contests, and music. A delicious two-course luncheon was served.

Friday evening, April 14, a crowd of seven girls entertained as many boys at an "egg-feed". At six-thirty the boys were anxiously waiting on the College steps, when the girls drove up with a lumber wagon, and mule team, invited the boys to enter the conveyance and then drove to the grove east of town. A big bon-fire was built, the eggs were prepared, and there followed a jolly evening. At a late hour a tired but happy crowd returned to College Hill and to hard work again.

On Monday evening, April 17, Ditha Neff entertained the Senior Girls of the several departments. The girls came dressed in sailor blouses as requested. During the evening the social committee tested the ability of each girl for reasoning, for sketching, and as a Poetess. Each one worked out some of her relations; wrote a poem to some other girl present, and when seated at the table drew a sketch of the one seated to her left. They were in-

vited to the dining-room, where the table was decorated beautifully in red and white. A large red boat stood in the center of the table on a clear lake, surrounded by blossoms. Stretched from this were strands of red and white ribbon to each place where a small red boat served as a place card. On one end of the table stood a bouquet of white carnations and on the other a bouquet of red ones. A delicious three-course supper was served, through which was carried out the red and white color scheme. A contest, guessing the officers and the parts of a boat, was engaged in after which the girls departed feeling that the Social Committee girls were splendid entertainers.

Saturday night, April 8, the second annual egg-roast was celebrated in Crumpacker's grove. About seven o'clock, Vern Crumpacker drove up to the College in a lumber wagon. The wagon was soon loaded with a bunch of noisy College boys and girls. After a good shaking up and after some of the boys fell out and walked part of the way, the grove was reached. Miss Viola Greeneyes was declared an expert driver. The grove was reached where everything was lit up with burning wood and torches hung from the trees. The evening was spent in telling yarns, jumping the rope, swinging, playing games and eating eggs. The last course was toasting "marshmallows and playing in the fire. At a late hour the merry "Kids" "moseyed" back to College Hill and all happy and alive but, oh, so tired.

M. M. Studebaker entertained the junior collegiate and senior expression classes at his brother's home on South Walnut Street, Thursday evening, April 26th. Almost a full representation of both classes were present to enjoy the pleasures of the evening.

The program was started off in a very unusual way. The juniors are so busy at the present time that they cannot spare a full evening for social enjoyment, so they devoted about an hour to busi-

ness concerning the annual. Following this a literary and an advertisement quessing contest were features enjoyed by all. Suitable prizes were given to the winners of these contests, Messrs. Sandy and Thompson.

Later in the evening some very enticing and palatable refreshments were served after which several reading and music numbers by various members of the two classes concluded a social event which will not soon be forgotten. The hostess proved to be a most adept master at the art of entertaining.

The first banquet in the history of the McPherson College Y. M. C. A. was given, Saturday evening, May eight of this year. There were about forty men present in all.

Several distinguished visitors were present which included Mr. Aldrich traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Band and Mr. Charles Whitehair, State secretary, of the Y. M. C. A. Both of these men gave stirring addresses upon the present need of Christian Leadership.

Many other helpful thoughts were given during the evening by such men as Rev. Simes, Rev. Carey, and Rev. Yoder. The College Faculty was present and had many good mental nuggets to present on the occasion.

Mr. J. C. Russel president of the association acted as toast master. The supper was served in three courses, which consisted of many good things pleasing to the College Man. The evening will be long remembered by the Y. M. boys, for the inspiration and pleasure which it brought.

Christian Association Notes.

On Easter Sunday the young men and the young women's Chris

ian associations held a joint service in the chapel. The stage was beautifully and simply decorated with a large vase of Easter lilies placed on a stand in the center of the stage and large white foliage plants on either side of the lilies. Frank Mohler led the meeting. The program was made extraordinarily entertaining by several selections of special music rendered by Miss Bess Benell, Miss Gladdy Muir, Misses Eash and Martin and the dormitory quartett. Miss Moran gave the reading of the old familiar hymn "In The Secret Of His Presence," having the piano accompaniment. Miss Ora Ellenberger told the old Easter story and Miss Dithe Neff read an Easter story.

April 23rd, Dr. Quantius addressed the Y. M. C. A. on a subject vital to young men. On the same day the Y. W. C. A. had a mother's meeting in keeping with the historic mother's day. Miss Sadie Ashmore led the meeting and it was pronounced a success by those present. It was a little varied from the usual meetings as it was mainly conducted by the older ladies of the hill.

On April 30th, Mrs. Dr. Quantius addressed the Y. W. C. A. She advised the girls to heed the two D. W.'s: Don't Worry and Drink Water. Then she spoke on other subjects in keeping with her profession as a doctor, a doctor's wife and a mother.

C

Eureka Society.

April 29th, the Eureka Society gave their final "blow out." The program before recess was of the customary nature, one of the main features being an essay on "Boys" being followed by another on "Girls" each being written in the Eureka grammarian's style. After recess the preliminary reading contest took the place of the regular program. Frank Mohler, Fannie Lautzenheuser and Elva Dierdorf were the contestants. It was a close tie between the two ladies but the judges pronounced Miss Dierdorf as winner.

Local Notes

Sit up and take notice: this is the Junior Issue.

Walt Thompson indulged in a shave 'tother day. You may not think this is a good local, but we can assure you his shaying is restricted to his own face.

Base-ball seems to be the coming fruit of athletics here now. But we're afraid that the frost is going to nip it in the bud.

Some are wondering where Gladys Snyder's red cap was after the egg roast the other night.

Pat Nichols appeared one morning after the basket-ball game down town wearing a badge "Gee I Wish I Had A Girl." He found out the next day that Harnly never robbed him, a bunch of girls had only been imposed upon to take Paul down.

Doutzour gave Lichtenwalter a free unadulterated egg shampoo not long ago and immediately got stuck up over it when Lichty got the molasses pitcher.

Fahnestock called 'that noisy bunch' a rooster's club. But we beg to differ with him on the grounds that we heard them cackle.

Abe Socolofsky came over again.

We notice that some of our sister colleges have put in a local department. Time is bound to come when 'foggysim' will die out.

Rev. Stephen Berkebile and wife, missionaries to India of the Church of the Brethren, spent a couple of days here last week.

She: "How far can your ancestors be traced?"

He: "When grandfather resigned as president of a country bank, they traced him to China, but he got away."

We have noticed in college that the ship in which many fond hopes go down, is court-ship.

Another thing we have noticed 'round here is that some of the women are like some old hens, (We mean set in their ways.)

Prof. "What kind of a horse is a cob?"

Student. "One that is raised on corn entirely."

We would like to tell some of those fellows that it is a waste of time when you talk foolish, if we dared.

Then there's another class, the kind that bid four on a pitch game when they only need two to go out.

There is a movement on foot among the college 'boys' to get their hair cut pompadour. We're wondering whether the girls will again go to wearing bangs.

And speaking about pompadours. Bill Royer would like to have his hair that way too but he can't. In parenthesis, we would like to say (that there are others that are in love also.) (H. W. T.)

Prof. Shirk said in Physiology the other day that gill arches are visible in lots of people. And that they are remnants of our fish ancestors. We are inclined to believe that that is a fish story.

He also said that we should reverence a pipe-organ, (speaking of its mechanical make-up) Now should we make a low bow or tip the hat?

Student. "If the law takes away the cats and dogs from the tenement district how are they going to rid themselves of vermin?"

Prof. K. That will be left to the police. Undertone (Ha! Ha!!)

The octette was cordially received at the hospital easter morning. Their song was so appreciated, that they were invited back again in the afternoon.

The Junior quartette was trying to sing and finally found out that there was a discord somewhere. Steele said it was Thompson, but Thompson said the reason was Steele had his do. Maybe the management will loan you some, Walt.

There has been a number of basket-ball games played between

the Y. M. C. A. and the college team lately, but the team has begged me so hard that I must refuse to state any of the results.

The orchestra gave it's third annual program last month. They are making rapid strides toward the top.

Oh yes! we have another cripple. Eller this time.

Bess Beneil was (?) years old April 5th.

A bunch of hikers leave every Saturday for a geology jant. From the looks of most of them when they come stringing in we think that jantology would be a better term.

Oh say, I almost forgot the annual! By the next time this publication comes out the annual will be ready for the public. The junior class are beginning to find out that neither time nor money are spared in the production.

And by the way Dave Carlson paid in advance for his annual. We're much obliged. You can do the same.



Athletic Notes.

Two demonstrations were necessary to convince the Eureka Society baseball team that the Irving society is their superior in the great national game. The slow curves of Lucas for the Eureka proved a mystery to the other team for a considerable part of the first game. However they at last learned to wait for them with the result that the game was won in the ninth inning. The Irvings changed their batting order and succeeded in pushing over the plate the necessary five runs. Thompson and Sandy officiated on the slash for the Irvings with Young behind the bat. The game was not errorless but in this respect the honors were about evenly divided. The game ended with the score of 11-10.

In the second game Lucas with poor support was batted for eight runs in the first inning. The game was called in the seventh with the score 6-13.

Several basket ball games have been played with the city Y. M. C. A. team. The city team won two of the series of three games. The college worked out several players who showed themselves ex-

ceedingly likely material for next year's team. The prospect for a new gymnasium here is bringing several old stars back who will greatly strengthen the team. Several of the strong players from the city are sure of coming. Present prospects are that there will be no dearth of basket ball material in school for next year and we predict that M. C. will again have a team that she will be proud of.

Inter-Collegiate.

Incomprehensible! Inconceivable! Impossible! What adjective shall we use? A paper issued by Freshmen, and with a black cover! Whoever heard of such a thing? Ludicrous, sombre, yet true. If you do not believe it, look at the April number of the Midland.

Baseball and debating seems to be the order of the day in scholastic circles. Every college paper is flowing over with the dope.

Park College recently defeated Ottawa in a debate.

Leland Stanford will discontinue inter-collegiate baseball.

Washburn will debate the Nebraska Wesleyan, on the Initiative and Referendum. Washburn has a strong team this year, recently taking a double header from the Aggies.

The College of Emporia will erect two new buildings in the near future.

The University of Deaver recently suspended eleven students for participating in a class scrap. Going some, but it's awfully hard on students.

We are pleased to recognize the Carthage Collegian among our exchanges. It is a breezy little paper and speaks well for the college.

In a double debate on the woman suffrage question, Kansas Wesleyan University defeated Friends in both debates by a unanimous decision.

The Ottawa Campus contains a picture of Prof. C. J. Shirk of McPherson who will head the department of pure mathematics at that institution next year. Ottawa is to be congratulated on securing Prof. Shirk.

Richard Grant White, the eminent philologist, was asked once upon a time to conjugate the verb "to kiss." He maintained that English has a grammarless tongue, hence he gave this for an answer:

Buss—to kiss

Rebus—to kiss again

Pluribus—to kiss without regard for number.

Sillybus—to kiss the hand instead of the lips.

Blunderbus—to kiss the wrong person.

Omnibus—to kiss everyone in the room.

Erebus—to kiss in the dark.

—Educator.



Narrow Escape.

One of the boys had an experience the other day which might have proved fatal. He had partaken unsparingly of a dish of tomatoes without feeling any distress, but upon arising from the table he became aware that all was not well. The host became alarmed when he reflected that he had accidentally opened the can of tomatoes on the bottom instead of the top. The result might have been disastrous had he not resorted to the following expedient: he advised the sufferer to perform a series of somersaults on the way to school so that the fruit might be induced to stay right end up in his gastronomical apparatus.



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