

Rays of Light

November 1910



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1910-1911

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Rays of Light

Vol. XII

McPherson, Kansas, November, 1910

No. 2

Harry the Ruffian

BY BESS BENELL.

For three years I had charge of the kindergarten in the slum district of Nashville. During that three years I had met with many a rough little character, some of which, were now on the road to right and better living, and still others who were still treading that downward path so far as I knew.

Probably the roughest, toughest little chap that I met during all that time was "Harry the Ruffian," as he was well known in all that district.

Countless times had he been before the police judge, and just as many times had he slid out of severe punishment. All of the policemen knew, and watched him, and well he knew that they watched him. Altho he was but ten years of age, and small of his age too, yet he was the acknowledged "leader" of the "gang." Monarch he was and well did he use his power, governing the "gang" with an iron hand.

No scrape was so dangerous or shaky but what if Harry got hold of it, it would "sure go" as the "boys" always said.

But the way in which I became acquainted with this little ruffian was rather singular. I reached the kindergarten one bright morning, late in the fall of the first year, to find sitting the steps

a tiny dirty, ragged little piece of humanity. A more forlorn and lonesome looking little fellow it would have been hard to find. But at sight of me his pinched little face brightened.

"Please Miss, be you'se der lady what takes little guys in, an's good to 'em?"

"Yes, my little man, I am Miss Gray, the teacher of the kindergarten here. And now what can I do for you?"

"Well—Miss—Miss Gray, does yer iver take in little guys like me, 'cause yer see, I'd like ter kum? But Harry, he's my pal yer know, says, as how yer might not take me 'cause I's dirty an' ragged, an'—an'—I sometimes has fits. But I tho't as how I'd see yer an' ax yer anyway."

All of the time during this speech, he had stood there twisting his dirty little remnant of a cap, and looking up into my face with a beseeching yet doubtful gaze.

"Certainly, little man, we take little boys in here and try to make better boys out of them."

"But Miss, will yer tak' 'em if they has fits? Yer see when I was about so high, I'se kicked down stairs an' iver since I'se had fits once in a while. But Miss they ain't dangerous, an' I's not very bad wid 'em."

"We'll see about that little man, never fear. But don't you think you'd better tell me your name now. You see you know my name but you haven't told me yours."

"Please Miss, its Jimmie."

"Well now Jimmie, what else is it besides just plain Jimmie?"

"I—I—dunno—Guess I ain't got no otherin'."

"But Jimmie, what is your father's name?"

"Dunno Miss, cause I ain't got no folks 'tall, but just Harry. Mayhee be knows. I'll ax him."

"Very well then Jimmie, now you may come back in the morning and I will find a place for you. But Jimmie, please try to get

your face and hands cleaner, because I like to have all of my little boys and girls just as clean and neat as possible."

"O Miss, didn't I get it all off my face? Honest, I tried turribly to get it clean."

Poor little chap. He had tried to wash his face, but like the most of little youngsters, had only hit the high places on his face, and merely smoothed the dirt around a little bit more. I took him to the back of the room and let him view his personal appearance in a mirror.

"Jimny, Miss, I guess I didn't hit all der places did I? But say I got the lay of it now, an' I'll sure git it off this time.

"Now you may go, Jimmie, but I will expect you in the morning."

With that Jimmie quietly left the building, and as I looked out of the window I saw him up the street a little, talking earnestly with another little ragamuffin, whom I soon learned was "Harry the Ruffian."

When I arrived at the kindergarten the next morning, there sat Jimmie, waiting for me. His face fairly shone, and both it and his hands looked as if he had thoroughly scoured them with a scouring brick. His hair was brushed and his clothes neater. Indeed it was an entirely different Jimmie that greeted me this morning.

The first day he felt rather out of place, but he soon became the very sunshine of the whole kindergarten. It was always Jimmie who was there to help in the morning before the little folks came. It was Jimmie who did little errands of all kinds for me. He was here, there and everywhere, and was soon the most essential person in the building. He knew where everything was, he helped the tiny tots, he did everything to gain the love of all.

He soon became very dear to me, and he with his "pal," Harry, got to spending evenings with me. Gradually I found, and drew out the good points in Harry, and found in the little ruffian raga-

muffin of the streets the promise of a strong man, one to be admired and esteemed.

But what to do for Harry, I did not know. I gradually interested him until he became an evening pupil. He progressed rapidly in his studies, but that little ruffian was still there. That was yet to be taken out of him, and put in the shades of the yesterdays.

All went well for several months. Then a cold wave passed over the country and many were stricken with severe colds. One morning I was awakened about four o'clock by the peal of the door bell. I awoke with a start, and then a presentiment of coming evil swept over me. Throwing on a wrap I went hastily to the door, and there stood—Harry.

"O please, Miss Gray, won't you come quick? Jimmie awful bad sick, an' he jist calls fer you."

"Yes, Harry I will come at once. Run back now. But wait, have you a doctor yet?"

"No, Miss Gray."

"Well run by for Dr. Brown and I will soon be there."

I found Jimmie tossing on his little hard bed, and moaning. He constantly called for me, and when I assured him that I was there and would stay with him he quieted somewhat.

The doctor came, and stood looking at Jimmie, shaking his head. "Too bad, little chap," said the gruff, but kindly old fellow, "Let me see here now". He examined the little fellow and found that he had contracted a severe cold on his lungs, and worse still, for there could be no help, his little injured spine was causing him terrible agony, and it could only be a matter of a few hours.

The gruff old doctor told Jimmie he would have to go this time, that his poor little body would stand no more. Bravely Jimmie heard this news, and bravely he bore the intense suffering. He clenched my hands as I kneeled by him and brokenly whispered, "Please, —tell me—about—the babe in—the manger."

Again I told him that old, old story, which is ever new, and

ever bears comfort to the aching heart. Presently he asked me to sing several little songs, Sunday school songs, which he had learned and then he asked for Harry.

Harry came, a brave little chap, but whose heart was breaking for he loved Jimmie with a passionate child love.

"Harry—old pal—I'm going—up there—an' Harry—be good—better than you've been—an' Harry don't—fergit—little Jimmie—an' old pal—come to where—I'm going,—sometime.

We saw that Jimmie would soon have crossed the dark river that leads to the great beyond, and we all tried to be as composed, and make things as cheerful as possible for the little fellow.

"I'm goin'—up—there—with—Him—Miss Gray. Please take—care—of—Harry— for—me." And his voice died away into a whisper. Jimmie's little spirit was gone to meet the Good Shepherd above.

From that time on Harry was a changed boy. He was no longer the little rowdy of the streets, but was following out Jimmie's last charge to him, "to be a better boy."

Now he is a young man, and one to be proud of, but as he looks back over the years, the little patient pinched face of Jimmie stands forth as his guiding star.



How Much Society Demands of the Individual

There are many questions which invite a great deal of discussion one way and another but which cannot be solved to the satisfaction of every one, and this is one of that kind. It is so relative in its character that it appeals to each person slightly different than it appears to any one else.

Sometimes one sees a human being excluding himself from society, and the world in general, like a hermit. He cares only for himself. We see another man who is out in society and in the busy activity of life who bends every thing to his own selfish aggrandizement. Another man puts in most of his time working for self and what spare time he has, which he cannot utilize in his business, he is willing to serve his fellow men in some way which appeals to him. There is yet another class which lives and works primarily for the betterment of mankind and society in general and regards other things as subservient and secondary.

This in a general way classifies humanity, very roughly speaking. There are of course a multiplicity of shades of differences in each of these divisions; however, I think this classification will be adequate for the need in hand.

But the question is not how people do regard their duty to society. It is how much ought one devote to himself and how much to society. In connection with this it is well to note how much one is indebted to society.

It is a well known fact that a very very small fraction of a percent of any knowledge is created originally by the individual; in fact some authorities say none: so it is plain that each one is overwhelmingly and hopelessly in debt to the thing which makes such an active and influential environment.

From this step it is quite easy to go to the next which is: the people of the future will also be compelled to rely on their environ-

ment which you and I make greater and better and more beautiful or as the case may be scanty, imperfect and unwholesome.

But, you say, we are not responsible for them; we are not obliged to put in our valuable time looking out for the future of someone else. Ah! but how would it be if that someone is your son or daughter or grandchild? Parents must sacrifice themselves for their children to a greater or less degree, and it is not a sorrowful task for them either: they enjoy it.

Is not this generation the parent of the next one, and the next of the next and so on as long as the race survives? There is but one answer. Without doubt this generation is as morally bound to care for the welfare of the next as the father is bound to care for the child.

But you ask shall one jeopardize his own selfish prospects of popularity, wealth and fame by trying to help along the good Samaritan of society and deal a blow against some monster parasite which is feeding on the actualities of this generation and the hopes of the next.

Before answering this question let me state that I realize that people have and are in a limited number fanatically sacrificing themselves against a stone wall of failure without the ghost of a chance of seeing the results of their own philanthropic efforts. I use the term failure because that is what the people would call it; but, is a martyr for a good cause ever a failure? Has a good cause ever been known to be checked because of a martyr's sacrifice? You will agree with me in saying, NEVER!

Someone still contends that he has but one life to live here among these great activities and opportunities of life, and that he cannot afford to risk the possibility of failure or self sacrifice contending against well established institutions and practices which are preying on the life blood of society, but for whose development and attainment he is not responsible.

True he may not be responsible for what those institutions are

now, but he is responsible for what they will be in the future for all time.

At the pace which the world is traveling at in this twentieth century, the conservative man is antedated, there is no place for him no more than there is room for the pessimist. Point to a man in the history of the world, if you can, who was either a pessimist or a conservative and who as such has accomplished anything worth while. There is not one to be found.

Reason, common sense and judgment all agree that one ought and can afford to devote as much time and energy battling for society as those same faculties conclude will be of lasting benefit to society.

—S.

C

Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can."

—John Wesley.

In Memorium

SAMUEL ANDREW POLLOCK.

Depart, O soul, to realms of nobler song,
Called soon in manhood's years from earth away.
Our foolish hearts would fondly bid thee stay
To walk with us life's customary way along;
But not to mortals does the power belong
To curb the rising spirit in its flight.
O foolish wish! O blinded human sight!
In this untimely taking of the strong.
Then haste free-winged before us on our road,
Take up the strain in melody divine
To Him who long ago this earth has trod;
Await us pilgrims in that blest abode,
And with thee there in some glad future time.
We'll join to hymn the praises of our God.

RAYS OF LIGHT

VOL. 12

McPHERSON, KANSAS, NOVEMBER 1910

No. 2

Editor in Chief, D. C. Steele
Faculty Advisor, Prof. E. L. Craik

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

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Local, Geo. Wynn; Athletics, Roy Horner; Alumni, Lillie Hope; Exchange,
W. Thompson; Social, Bessie Benell.

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Editorial

This is not a special number of the RAYS, yet we feel it to be our duty to put special efforts and care in it's make-up.

—:—:—

The editor and his staff take this opportunity to thank all subscribers for their kindly appreciation of the Alumni number. We especially desire to manifest our gratitude to those who have expressed a favorable comment upon it.

—:—:—

It seems that we have a more aesthetic environment in which to work this year than ever before. The material improvement upon the buildings have produced a more harmonious and attractive effect. The campus shows plainly that a better mower has been used during the summer's vacation than was utilized a year ago.

—:—:—

We regret very much that our last number failed to make mention of the death during the summer months of our friend and brother Andrew Pollock. Taking into consideration the fact that we have no obituary editor and also that human nature is so prone to make mistakes and unintentional omissions, we hope and trust that those who were disappointed because of the omission will bear with us this time. On another page of this issue will be found a very beautiful sonnet composed by one who feels the loss

very keenly, and one who has a very tender sympathy for the bereaved.

—:—:—

An omission of the recognition due to a member of the faculty has caused no small amount of regret to the editor and various members of the staff. The reference is made to the list of faculty members and instructors which fails to include the name of Miss Pearl Ebaugh, A. B. However, we do not feel exclusively to blame as the list was copied direct from the catalogue which was made up before Prof. Ebaugh became a member of the faculty. We wish to assure her however that an honest effort will be made to remedy the defect.

—:—:—

A sentiment of momentous importance seems to be growing rapidly throughout the country and especially in Kansas. The conservation of our natural resources, of our public health and of the spirit of freedom demands the enlarged and intensified study of politics, economics, and general sociology as strongly as our industrial life demands manual training. Our State University is fathering the advanced idea in this state. A statement made by Miss Orsanowa, the Russian lecturer, should make every liberty loving American a patriot. She says she has "traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Mexico to Canada and every where that great republican spirit is noticeably manifested." Undoubtedly the very recent transformation of Portugal from a monarchy to a Republic is an echo of that "great republican spirit."

—:—:—

Another movement which must not be passed by unnoticed is the statewide agitation against Sunday base ball which is now in progress. Colleges throughout the state support baseball, but with very few exceptions Sunday playing is not allowed. On the other hand Sunday is the big day in league base ball circles and a city or town which will not permit Sunday games is a rare exception. We are proud to say that McPherson is one of those exceptions. Why not limit this amusement, which is fostered from a business stand-

point to six days in the week? Human nature needs some stated time set apart for meditation, reflection and religious uplift in order to maintain its equilibrium. This movement is only a small feature of a greater movement to perfect a state civic federation, the function of which will be to promote and father bills which are deemed necessary, and also see that all laws are enforced.

C

Wordsworth

O lover of the common place! to thee,
The very rocks, the mossy vale or hill,
Held something which no other poet will
Ever behold, O, boundless lover of the tree,
And bird, whose pretty song of melody
Didst ever touch my mellow soul, to fill
It with a flood of joy. We can't be still,
We must sing praises which as thine shall ever be.
O, great bard of the wild! who saw afar
Beneath fair nature's veil, and who in youth
On up didst e'er revere and love the poor
Thou art upon thy sky the brightest star,
O, native of some other world! thy truth,
And simple song shall ring forevermore.

—Modest Student.

Alumni Notes

Professor James Clement is superintendent of the Blue Rapids, Kansas, school. He was in Lawrence last year and received his A. M.

Mrs. Fern Cophedge of Topeka, Kansas, was awarded five prizes in art during the Fair.

P. W. Classen, Normal '09, after one year's teaching has enrolled in the college department of Mt. Tabor College.

James Rothrock, A. B. '09, principal of the Conway school, came over to see how we are getting along. We are always glad to see James' smiling face.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Vaniman visited College friends and relatives last week. They say they like it very well on their farm and are not thinking of leaving for some time to come.

Miss Anne Colline spent her vacation in Lawrence and is now teaching in the High-school of Coffeyville, Kansas.

Julius Tretbar, A. B. '08, is practicing medicine in Hudson, Kansas.

Mrs. Mary Klepinger and son of Independence, Kansas, were home for a short visit with her parents,

Mrs. Lena Wicand-Sargent and son enroute for her home, Little Rock., Wash., visited friends on the Hill for a few days. She was glad to see all the improvements that have been made since she was here six years ago.

Miss Martha Bartel, Normal '06, is teaching the second intermediate grade of the Inman school.

Howard Melvin is the new boy that has come to gladden the home of Mr. and Mrs. Otis Vaniman.

Harvey B. Hoffman, A. B. '09, writes that he is located and enrolled for work in the Law department of Harvard.

Miss Bertha Delp, Normal '06, attended the District Meeting

and also came here to visit College friends. She is planning to spend the winter at home.

Howard Delp, Commercial '05, visited College friends last week. He is planning to be in Colorado this winter.

Miss Nellie Hinkson, Normal '04, is clerking in the suit department of the Mercantile store of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fahnestock have recently moved to Hutchinson, Kansas. Mr. Fahnestock will teach violin.

A. E. Hedine is Assistant Secretary of the Prohibition State Committee of Minnesota with headquarters at Minneapolis. He is field manager, directing all the men from the head office.

C

A Story in S Sharp

Saturday, Sammie Simpson sought sweet Sallie Steven's society so solicitously—several social societies said sentimentiously, "Sallie's sure secured Sammie!" Sallie's Sammie's sweetheart! Sammie's Sallie's slave! Society shall soon see something startling! Saturday Sallie sat sewing steadily, singing softly. Suddenly seeing Sammie's shadow, she seized scissors, snipped savagely, still singing softly. Sammie said shyly: "Sweetheart, sing Sammie something sadly sweet." Sallie started, seemingly surprised, saying, "Sammie Simpson, stop saying such silly stuff. Spoony sentiment sounds soft. Say something sensible." So Sammie straightway said: "Sweetest Sallie, say something soon." Sallie serenely said: "Say Sunday." "Surely, surely," shouted Sammie, supremely satisfied.

Sequel: Sammie Simpson's safe secured. Sallie Steven's settled. Sammie's suited. Society's satisfied.—Ex.



MISS Pearl Ebaugh is a recently added member of the faculty staff.

The addition of another lady to that body is hailed and welcomed with much satisfaction by those who protest against the monopoly idea. She occupies a place which has never been filled in just the same way; hence we conclude that this is an indication of progress on the part of the institution. Prof. Ebaugh graduated from McPherson high school in '05. Spent a short time in McPherson College and continued her collegiate work at Ottawa University, getting her A. B. in '09. Her specialty is English and German. She is teaching academy courses in the above mentioned departments and also one course in History. We are glad to introduce Prof. Ebaugh to the subscribers of the Rays.

Locals

The second issue of the Rays of Light is now out. The second issue has a local department though some may doubt it.

Elmer Ball comes bouncing in quite frequently. His Alma Mater has a real nice daughter we understand.

Prof. K. in Phschoology—Distinguish between the "I" and the "me."

Student, suddenly—The "I" and the "me"? I can't Professor, but I can between the "eye" and the "ear."

Rhea Berg of the city has enrolled as a student.

Ralph, Luther and Rector Curtis of Albany, Oregon, have enrolled in the Commercial department.

The result of Jewett Russel's Zoological delvings and research work was the finding of a very imminent friend in a certain carnivarous quadruped. In fact their friendship has grown so fond that the beast threatens to sever the existing bonds of friendship between Jewett and his present room-mate, also his expulsion, and non existence as much. How wisely was it said "dog is man's best friend."

Teacher—"Give the principal parts of the verb claudio."

Student—"Claudo, claudere,thundere, rainum."

We have a large number of students (?) taking Basket Ball and Chapel. In fact these departments threaten to rival all others and a strange development indeed must result: physical and moral only—a strong body, a good character, with no intellect.

Prof. Craik's active mind on seeing a lame dog perambulate across the campus philosophized, to his friend, Mr. Thompson, an ever wide awake and alert wit, thus: "That dog is a mathematician."

Mr. Thompson curiously—"Why how's that"?

Prof. Craik—"Because you see, he puts down three and carries one."

Now viewing mathematicians in the above light, we feel safe in saying there is a great work yet to be accomplished in the field of mathematics—Lichtenwalter take notice.

Miss Anna McVey after spending a few days visiting at McPherson College, left for California at which place she will spend the winter.

A new beauty has been added to the pompous granduer and golden splendor of the setting sun and a new joy is now experienced in beholding the glorious phenomena.—For proof observe Jewett Russel's actions.

While Daniel Webster was wonderful in oratory, our Jonnie Webster is great, and weekly becoming more proficient in making "stump" speeches.

Professor. S.—"The Thoracic viscera is lined with a serous sack."

Student—"Well, I thought it was a gunny sack."

Hon. David Carlson, the Oliver Goldsmith of Kansas, has again returned to our village but unlike Oliver, he found it undeserted.—Dave still has his famous power of logic and spirit of augmentation.—Wake up Dave; within you may lie dormant the genius of a Hamilton, Calhoun or Murdock.

The future is a great problem, yes it is something for us to seriously and wistfully wonder about. It is an uneasy wonder for us all except Levi Stump, to him it is naught but a "Nice-wonder."

Some students study as if they contemplated graduating in 19-x.

Since hearing Hon. Victor Murdock at our College Chapel we feel that Uncle Joe is not the only cannon at Washington, D. C. No, Victor thunders like a mighty cannon that aims at the right target, seldom going amiss—Three cheers for Murdock! He

is not strictly speaking, a Republican, a Democrat, an insurgent, prohibitionist or socialist, but a statesman.

Lloyd Myers visited M. C. recently. He is still remembered as our star Basket Ball player of last season. Lloyd is now manager of a lumber yard in the northern part of the state.

Jessie Miller puts one in mind of the "Miller beside the river Dee." He no doubt is a direct descent of that worthy personage.

It is rumored that one of the students sat up one whole night because he feared disastrous results if he should be compelled to place his pedal extremities into his cold shoes on the morrow morning.

A lady on the Hill was very much annoyed t'other day by hearing a prolonged and vigorous effort at snoring in an adjoining room. She took the young man to task for his failing, whereupon he mildly answered, "O, I was only studying my French lessons."

According to economic history in the development of the world's industries, there is an age of steel but sadly for D. C. this is not the age, it is an age gone by.

Wise Top—"If you are a man with no financial credit you are a homely being."

Flip Flop—"Why' how's that?"

Wise Top—"Because your face is no good."

Jack Horner proves to be an old navigator of rich experiences. He is said to have even been on an expedition with "Hudson."

Who says the man in politics is narrow? Why many times the college man? But we students of M. C. can't say this for the two broadest, and the two greatest oratorical speeches of uplifting and pragmatic worth delivered at our chapel so far this year were by statesmen, men of politics, namely, Rev. Basher,

ex-candidate for governor of Michigan, and Hon. Victor Murdock of Kansas.

Charles Sandy is now enrolled in our Collegiate department. That it is a late start is true, but if Charles uses half of his brilliancy and brain power no one need to fear as to the outcome.

Robert Russel, who is too well known at M. C. to need introduction here, visited with us some time ago. He is principal of the Roxbury schools this year.

It is rumored that the native Russians have been thrown into a state of consternation of late, through fear of invasion, war, or uprisings of some sort; week after week bands of troops have been seen on bloodthirsty and life extinguishing raids. But to we students there is no cause for alarm, it is only Prof. Shirk and his regiments of biological and zoological and botanical students raiding the south part of the county.

Jay Thomas of Selling, Okla., is now enrolled in our Commercial department. This is something unusual, an exception to the rule, as jays generally go South in the winter.

In American History a keen and warm discussion arose concerning the cause of the death of Henry Hudson. Some maintained that he was drowned, others declared he froze to death, one held that he was sunstruck, while another thought he was caught in a whirlpool on Hudson Bay and had his neck wrung. The Prof. leaned toward the theory of starvation, but it remained the task of a Swedish genius, a worthy sire, to bring forth the triumphant hypothesis, that of Infantile Paralysis.

It is said that Mr. Spohn, now familiarly known by the literary title "Spondee", is a man of much "spondulix".

Prof. K. in History—"Did the Northmen gain a foothold in America?"

Student—"No, but I think they secured the famous Nelson toe hold."

In the French class: Miss J., "Prof. should I say 'oul monsieur?'" Prof. M., "That depends upon who asks the question."

The theory of evolution must be true, for a new faculty has lately evolved in man's cranial extremity. Only one case has come to our notice as yet, and this appeared in a certain Stan. Drescher of German linguistic fame here at M. C. His teacher terms the new faculty "forgetting."

It seems as though a few Israelites here in the Dorm. lately reached the land of Canaan. They, at least, got some of the honey.

Though Dave Carlson is not a praying Indian he sometimes implores divine aid. When Green, a child most worthy of chastisement, came prancing through the halls early in the morning, with his "jingling chimes piling sound on sound" before Dave's little snooze was complete, he (Dave), knowing no other source, implored heavenly help by thundering forth a longing supplication to his Pater Omnipotant to prepare a home for Brother Green across the river Styx.

Prof. Kochenderfer reports a very pleasant week's experiences at Topeka and Lawrence. Monday, October 17th, he attended one of the sessions of the World's Convention of the Christian Church at Topeka, where he heard Dr. Gunsaulus on the subject "Behind Closed Doors". The convention was one of the greatest church gatherings that has ever convened in Kansas. Tuesday and Wednesday he passed in Lawrence visiting classes in history, sociology, education and economics at the University of Kansas. He reports pleasant visits with the university men, and also a most enjoyable visit with Mr. and Mrs. Dalke. He also met Messrs. Ingalls and Ashman, two former McPherson students. Thursday and Friday Prof. Kochenderfer attended the Kansas State Teachers Association. The Association proved to be one of the best that the state has ever had. There were over four thousand teachers in attendance, including many Professors from universities and colleges. Some of the greatest educators in the country

addressed the convention. Prof. Kochenderfer says that he has received much inspiration and enthusiasm from his experiences during the week's absence.

C

Hail McPherson, Hail

words by

PROF. C. C. KOCHENDERFER.

Air: Annie Laurie.

I.

On the plains of sunny Kansas,
Dearest place in all the lands,
Hedged by trees and nature's beauties,
A college nobly stands.
Hail her McPherson, Hail!
Hail students, hail er, hail!
Though in distant lands we'r roaming,
Drink to M. C., never fail.

II.

Vesper breezes, soft and tranquil,
At the closing of the day,
Bring a peace that knows no measure,
Drive busy care away.
Here the golden sun at eve'
Passing down the western sky,
Robed in Beauty and resplendant,
Stops to kiss the world good-by.

III.

Sacred memories cluster round her,
Sacred hopes are huilt within;
Lives are being formed and fashioned,
Glorious victory to win.

Though the world calls from afar

In the days that are to be,

We shall still be joined in spirit,

One in love and sympathy.

IV.

Loyal hearts shall wear her signet,

Faithful ones shall sing her song;

Keep her banner floating proudly,

Keep her staunch and true and strong.

In the unknown path to be,

Oft our mem'ry we'll renew,

And from heights now hidden from us

Shout for old M. C. anew.



Athletics

Tenth of November, Nineteen ten. Isn't this glorious weather! This clear, cool atmosphere certainly puts the vim and vigor into a fellow. Makes one want to get out and yell or do something equally strenuous. Don't you wish you were playing foot-ball these fine days? Wouldn't we like to punt the pigskin down the field about a mile or more, or make a 70 yard run for a touchdown? This base ball and tennis and basket ball is all tame to a real rough-and-tumble game of foot ball.

—oxo—

The Athletic Association is now fully organized. Hollinger, president; Horner, vice president; Miss Bennell, secretary; Carrier, treasurer. Plans for the year have been made and a definite policy outlined. The officers are for the most part well chosen and we feel sure that athletics will be put on such a basis that it will react to the best interest of all the students. Grover Dotzour has charge of base ball, Hollinger is manager of the gymna-

slum, Lichtenwalter manages basket ball, Horner has charge of tennis. Next spring when everyone's attention turns to track work a manager for that department will be provided.

—oxo—

The frosty weather has put an end to base ball for this season but not before the Freshmen and Juniors had striven for the victory October 3. The Juniors were bombastic, extremely so, and sought thus to bewilder, confuse, and frighten the poor verdant Freshmen by the use of a very high sounding display of classical English and various other forms of speech. But all to no avail was that pyrotechnic phenomenon observed by the marveling Freshmen. The game was called and the fate of the Juniors was sealed from the moment their first man up struck out. They really had no chance. Harrouff for the Freshmen remained invincible throughout the game. Three innings were played when the supper bell blew and the Juniors led in the merry chase to the dormitory, quite willing to leave the score 7-3 favor Freshies. O you Freshies!

—oxo—

The three tennis courts are now in condition to afford good playing. The back netting has been repaired and new backs added. The courts have never been in better repair than at present and students are at liberty to avail themselves of the opportunities offered.

—oxo—

Remember the new gymnasium we are going to get? Well it's coming by and bye, never fear. But while it's coming we will have to use the old one, such as it is, and, for fear we will be forced to use it longer than expected we ought to take some care of it. Remember that basket ball association of which P. W. Seidel is president and the ruling made about playing on the floor while wearing common shoes? Then too there was the appointment of the "Big Six" by the gym. manager as a means for the detection of offenders and for the enforcement of the rule. Well the writer has been informed by "His Highness" that the "Big Six" is a real

thing and no joke. The rule is alive, so please take notice. Perhaps this hint may be of use to someone, at least we hope so.

—oxo—

Hillsboro Athletic Club has written the association several times for a game of basket ball but the matter has not been considered until just recently. The faculty has at last given its sanction to organizing a basket ball team and playing inter-collegiate games. Now the management has taken up the matter with Hillsboro and arranged a game with them for Nov. 4. George Wynn has been chosen coach and the regular team will be selected as soon as possible. Right here it may be stated that scarcely anyone in school is just sure of making the team so there is a good chance for the new man. The coach has his eyes open to all the probable candidates so its up to them if they make good. No favoritism will be shown, but the team will be made up of the best players and not special friends of the coach or manager or anyone else. We are also going to have a second team. As soon as the season opens the first team will be allowed to play only colleges and universities. Then the second team may take on some of the high schools of this county and of the adjoining ones. So the second team also will have something to do.

Manager Lichtenwalter is considering such schools as Bethany at Lindsborg, Salina Wesleyan, Washburn, K. S. A. C., K. S. N., and Southwestern. McPherson College has a high standing among schools as a strong supporter of basket ball and that reputation must be maintained. There will be new men on the squad this year but we feel that they will creditably fill the vacancies. Not all of the games are to be played away from home. Several are to be played on the home court, thus giving the students here an opportunity to see the team at work. All students like to see their team a winner but to be so it must have the loyal support and sympathy of the student body. The students here this year will support any worthy cause and basket ball is certainly worthy of that name. Work for the team and cheer it on and when the time comes attend the home games.

Social Notes

Sunday, Oct. 30, Dr. Heaston lectured to the girls on the "Opportunities of the Christian Woman." Dr. Heaston has talked to the young women on previous occasions and each succeeding time a larger crowd is assured. Such treats aid very materially in the growth and development of the association. The meetings at which only the girls preside also mean a great deal to the girls, especially those who take a more active part in carrying on these programs.

Rev. Ross of the city addressed the young men Sunday p. m., Oct. 30, on the subject of the significance of prayer. He gave a splendid address to the largest attendance of this year. This shows good interest in Y. M. C. A. work for the beginning of the year.

Tuesday evening, Oct. 27, Miss Moran gave a very pleasing recital, under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. The program consisted of readings by Miss Moran, and music by Prof. and Gladys Muir, two of which were spoken songs, Mr. George Snider, Mr. Chas. Fahnestock, and Miss Mary Reiff. The recital was a decided success, and very much appreciated by all.



The Eureka Literary Society celebrated all Hallow's eve in a very suggestive manner. The College Chapel was decorated with corn, pumpkins, and jack o'lanterns, which lent a wierd setting to the place of fun. All those who entered this place were masked and wrapped in long white robes. Much of the evening was spent in getting accustomed to the various "make-ups". Music, a reading, a jack o'lantern contest, and a grand Ghost march were the entertainments. After the march, all unmasked and refreshments were served. Led by a captain the Ghost band was led about

various parts of the Hill and into mysterious corners of the Dorm'. Thus ended another Hallowe'en.

The Irving Memorial Literary Society has entered upon another year of activity with about forty members enrolled in its ranks. One of the special features of interest to all are the socials. On Hallowe'en a regular old "Rube" husking bee, with games, stories and ancient songs were indulged in to the enjoyment of all. Candles on top of the ears of corn with the husks turned back were scattered profusely about the room and made a very appropriate decoration, only allowing enough light to produce the desired effect. A keg of cider at one end of the room was a source of attraction to all and at the same time steaming hot hamburger, with pumpkin pie, were being served at the other end of the room.

Weekly programs are held in the Irving Hall. No admittance fee. Everybody welcome.

Exchanges

As usual, the autumn sunshine is conducive to foot ball. The spirit is permeating every school. The Kansas Wesleyan is contracting the habit by indulging mildly. Bethany is lamenting the "might have beens." Southwestern humiliated Pittsburg by piling up the ungodly score of 33 to 6. The State Normals recently defeated Fairmount, and as an expression of their exultant feelings, they celebrated the victory by a night shirt parade. Ottawa quietly pranced away with Washburn to the tune of 9 to 0, and is now licking her chops with the expectation of devouring the tender flesh of Baker. But what will K. U. do? St. Marys gave K. U. a merry chase. The Tigers blanked Iowa. Surely K. U. has reason to don a serious expression.

Baker University has instituted Soccer foot ball in addition to regular foot ball and will play two games with Friends University this fall.

Fairmount College is growing. Eighty-five Freshmen have enrolled.

Washburn is encouraging debating by giving a two-hour credit to those who have completed a course in argumentation.

Ottawa is getting ready for her local oratorical contest. Oratory seems to be the long suit of Ottawa. Since 1904 she has won three State Oratorical and three State Prohibition contests.

Oratory is also flourishing at Fairmount. Eighteen contestants have entered the local contest.

Ye Gods and little fishes! The Campus informs us that a "Stag Purity Banquet" has made its first appearance in the Missouri Valley. The College of Emporia foot ball "stags" were the hosts at a banquet given to the State Normal and the Campbell College teams.

"The Students' Herald informs us that Kansas has the honor of being the greatest college state. Kansas has 12,000 college students. Massachusetts, with a population nearly double that of Kansas, has only 10,000 students in college. One out of every 123 residents of Kansas are in college. In Iowa the average is one out of every 171; in Illinois one out of every 200; in Ohio, one out of every 244; in New York, one out of every 279; in Massachusetts, one out of every 280; and in Pennsylvania, one out of every 315. Each of these states have over 10,000 college students. What's the matter with Kansas?

Theodore Roosevelt has refused an offer to become president of the University of Minnesota at the snug salary of \$200,000 a year.

Class fights seem to be in season at Southwestern. The Vandants are evidently on the aggressive.

Our College Times (Elizabethtown College) is on our table. To those who have not time to attend Sunday school we heartily recommend the Times. It is perfectly harmless.

Live in the active voice, intent on what you can do rather than on what happens to you; in the indicative mood, concerned with facts as they are rather than as they might be; in the present tense, concentrated on the duty in hand, without regret for the past or worry about the future; in the first person, criticizing yourself rather than condemning others; in the singular number, seeking the approval of your conscience rather than popularity with the many.—William DeWitt Hyde.

C

Oh, the leanness of the Senior when he's lean!
And the meanness of the Junior when he's mean!
But the leanness of the lean,
And the meanness of the mean,
Aren't in it with the greenness of the Freshman
When he's green.—Ex.

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