

Vol. II.

No. 6.

May, 1901.

RAYS

OF

LIGHT.

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McPherson, Kansas.

Press of Democrat.

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# Rays of Light.

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## *The Glory of the Student.*

BY HARRISON MILLER.

No one is crowned with as much glory as the student. He, who merely accumulates a fortune is never successful. The world stands ready to hate him because he makes it and execrate him because he keeps it. He cannot take his wealth with him. When he dies he is cut off from his base of supplies and is whipped. Though he gain a fortune as Jay Gould and amass millions as Rockefeller compared to which the wealth of Croesus would be as mere pocket change; tho he possess riches too great for the fabled myths of antiquity, and too wild to be even the substance of a dream, at his death he passes into utter forgetfulness and the world pays him no homage.

Men of wealth have attempted to buy glory. Leland Stanford choked the world and made it surrender a University, Armour butchered out an institute and Carnegie is forging libraries out of the metal of his accumulated wealth. The temporary fame of these men will be absorbed by the institutions which they have established. When their institutions pass away the great givers will be forgotten. Unlike this, the glory of the student is not bought; his

fame will not depend upon the contingency of historical monuments.

I would compare the student to the politician, but the mere politician is never successful. He may seem to be a master of organization and the people may trust him with great duties. The storms of campaign come and he sinks beneath the political wave of misfortune and is heard of no more. He becomes the has been, a deplored object.

I would compare the student to the soldier, but the student lives for a nobler purpose. The warrior is forgotten unless the poet student throws a halo and a glory around his deeds.

China, the oldest of existing nations, had military heroes but no Homer to transmit their deeds to the world. Spain had her soldiers but no Shakespeare. The country that merely practices the art of warfare will soon be forgotten. The practice of the gentler arts of music, painting and poetry makes the name of the nation eternal.

The political independence of Greece perished more than two thousand years ago, but she still lives in the lives of her students. Rome conquered the world; her irresistible legions carried the Roman name to the ends of the earth; but the mighty empire which seemed imperishable, fell at last; the stupendous power which held the world

in its iron grasp lost its grip and the most magnificent political fabric ever reared by human hands and valor fell never to be raised again. The palace of the Caesars, the temple of Jupiter blazing with the spoils of the universe, the cloud-capped towers and the gorgeous domes of imperial Rome are no more. Out of this wreck and ruin of the past and out of the political death of Greece and Rome behold the resurrection of the student. Cities perish, states decay, empires fall but they live again in their artists, their historians, and their poets. A dozen names have made Greece and Rome eternal. The work of the students of these ancient republics stands as an imperishable monument to which succeeding ages have looked back with admiration and despair.

The German empire has already had her scientists, her philosophers and her poets. Future wars may devastate the land and the race, and the language may pass away but the glory of her students will never fade. England may disappear beneath the oceans which roll around her shores but England's Shakespeare will forever nestle in the hearts of future generations. Not one in a thousand can name the prime ministers of England. Who were the bankers, the merchants and the rich men of New York fifty years ago? Who were the aristocrats of Athens and Sparta, the patricians of Rome, the nobility of Spain, the social lions of Paris, who strutted in their days with such pomp and power? Dead and forgotten. Their fame at

best is only ephemeral. Their power soon ends.

Civilization is indebted unto the student. He has preserved and garnered the wisdom of ages. He has carried the world up step by step to a higher level. He has gone in search of truth to the uttermost verge of scientific and literary investigation. He has placed the flickering candle of wisdom still a little farther into the darkness of ignorance. As with the nations of the past, so the future ones will owe their immortality to his accomplishments.

The busy careless world has often been slow to acknowledge this great obligation, but time will reverse all things. While the names of senators and representatives, will survive only for chronological purposes, those who amuse the world as Shakespeare, or give something in construction or invention as Edison, will not be forgotten. Their fellow men may not know how great things they can do but the coming generations will give them an incorruptible crown of glory.

The great student lives above the sordid things of earth. He may not care to be rich. He may not care to hold office. Such men usually do not. He may live in poverty and die in a humble place. The object of his life is not glory, it is not the world's wealth but the soul's wealth. He lifts humanity above the ceaseless pressure of common things, into the sweeter atmosphere of the good, the noble and the true. He teaches mankind to abide in the contemplation of the beautiful. The desire of wisdom, for wisdom's

sake, the desire to know about the Universe, the desire to dwell amidst the pleasures of deep meditation—these are the hungerings of his soul.

The great students belong to a sacred band. Teaching serenity of soul and mind, a loftiness of purpose and a luminous philosophy of life, drawing their inspiration from the best in art, philosophy and literature, they do supreme things on a large scale, illustrating and vindicating the majesty of man. Are you truly ambitious? Then become a student, for his laurels are glorious, and his fame lasting. He will be the hope and the immortality of the present, the inspiration and the light of the future. Give the world some new truth. Live while the throbbing brain and heart of millions pray for the divine light of knowledge. Inscribe your name on the rock of eternal truth. Rise in thought far above the common level of humanity and the world worn with worry, tired with ceaseless toil, and almost exhausted in the heat of life's battle, will find rest in the shadow of thy character.

### *Ideals.*

BY B. B. BAKER.

Ideals are the masters of destiny. Aspiration is the pilot of life's progress. Action with some end in view is a characteristic of sentient beings; and the higher the life the more noble will be the end. The highest act, therefore, that can characterize an enlightened individuality will be that act which has the grandest, noblest, and most beneficent result upon the individual

or the race. And the result, the standard to which we attain depends largely, shall I not say entirely, upon what we will to attain. If the prize is high, the attainment will be correspondingly high. The measure of our ideals is the measure of our success.

All have ideals either low or high, false or true. The vast majority of men have aspirations no higher than present attainments, but drift about with the current, caring nothing so long as they eke out an existence. They never cause the world to re-adjust itself on account of some great invention, discovery, or work accomplished. But this class has its antithesis in those who have their aims heaven high. Verily, these are they who move the world; who stand for progress, civilization, and enlightenment, in every clime, in every age.

But who are they, we inquire, that have led the van-guard of the world, and have they had high ideals? Plato rested not till he had compassed the realm of philosophy, and an eminent modern has said of him, "Plato is philosophy and philosophy is Plato."

Alexander, whatever derogatory may be said of him, had as his aim the conquering of the world and he accomplished it. Only the dagger of a false friend could check the career of Caesar. Do we doubt but that Napoleon from his childhood cherished that military and civic glory he attained and so nearly kept? And even the Christ that bore the sin of the world gained needed strength by constantly keeping before him the noble purpose

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of his life—the high ideal of Infinite Love. Did he not say in reference to his death, "Father save me from this hour" and as instantly recalled it "But for this cause came I unto this hour?" Aye, and in that unwavering aim was the secret of the fortitude that sustained his human heart while suffering an in-human death.

The ideal is that which gives direction to the forces within us. It is as true of nations as of individuals. Why has America in less than two centuries attained a place preeminent among nations? It is because, profiting by the failures and the successes of the past, she has kept as her goal a perfect statehood. Why has China made no progress in half a hundred centuries? Because she has counted it a sin to have an ideal one whit above her ancestors. Greece fell because the Greek could not rise above his Gods to whom he attributed sensual characters. And so will you, young man, young woman, attain to a degree of culture according to the ideal you have chosen.

If then the measure of our ideals is the measure of our attainments what are the limitations of our possibilities? The progress of the past is a proof that ideals may be realized. Great have been the achievements of the nineteenth century but may we not expect still greater in this century. For as our knowledge increases, so ascend our purposes, our ideals; and likewise our attainments, for it is a psychical truth our ideas themselves are precursors of our acts. Then how important that our ideals be as perfect as possible since

even the ideal itself is the initial cause for the attempt at its realization. Again, our ideals are formed of our experience and knowledge re-combined in a new and more complete way. This very fact is a proof that we cannot accomplish our end.

In this the auspicious dawning of the twentieth century we have to a greater extent the high privilege of lofty ideals and the power of their attainment. "Ye are Gods" saith the scripture; if this is true should we bound our possibilities by any thing less than the infinite? America has but one national creed and that is the privilege of every individual to make the most of himself. Unlimited by caste, wealth, or position, it is his business to accept this creed with all that its acceptance means. Therefore aim high. Aim at the mid-day sun and be sure your arrow will reach higher than if you aim at a foot-light. Strive toward your high ideal. It's all right to "hitch our wagon to a star;" but we'll not have a very smooth journey unless we oil the wheels continually with a compound of elbow grease and midnight oil. We can succeed if we will. Young man, there is within yourself the capability of mountain climbing. But you will never climb unless you get where there are some mountains. Fail? you cannot, courage is inherent in the human heart. If we could but acquire a consciousness of our power to realize our ideals the innate courage of manhood would carry us over obstacles mountain-high.

In the famed San Louis valley may be seen thousands of artesian wells, their apparent source of supply far beneath the surface. But tho you pierce the earth a thousand feet and dig thru rock-waste, and limestone, silurian and granite, down into Archaean strata, the very foundation pillars of the continents, still will the water not rise to the surface unless the source of supply be higher than the point of overflow. On either side of that valley stand the towering snowcapped peaks with their hoary summits glistening in the noon-day sun. These are the perpetual supply fields of the wells, and just as the height to which the crystal spray rises is determined by the greater altitude of the source, so our achievements depend upon the loftiness of the ideal toward which we aspire. If we mean to accomplish anything worth while in life; if our existence is not to be a shadow or a mere dream but a boon to humanity and a blessing to ourselves, we must draw our inspirations and power and dynamic energies from the limitless supply field of a noble purpose, an exalted ideal.

### *Shylock's Story.*

BY W. O. BECKNER.

It is a great source of satisfaction to a weary traveler to fall into company with another from the same place as himself. Whether they have ever heard of each other before or not, matters little. Presently there vibrates in both bosoms a sort of "we're friends if we knew it" feeling and each sets himself to his task of entertaining his fellow.

When they get home, each may tell his wife his private opinion of the other, which may be good, bad or indifferent, but for the time they are friends, interested in the same issue, sons of the same common-wealth. Each congratulates himself upon having made a new friend, and unlikely, before they are separated they have discovered some trace of blood kinship.

It was, in some degree, this kind of emotion that was aroused in me when I was being introduced to the various specimens of our museum. It was in the department of vertebrates. The skeletons were restored into their natural positions as near as possible, on long terraces, and in pedagogical, or rather evolutionary order, beginning from the least unto the greatest. One after another was named by the attendant and it was with reluctance that I transferred my gaze from one to another. The attendant noted as we passed among them that these were the vacancies occur and which I was supposing were missing links, were in another apartment, which we should enter presently, telling their silent stories to students and philosophers. Unfortunately for me I had time to hear only one story which I here give in a much abbreviated form. But let me remark parenthetically that if ever you visit this place, plan ahead to spend a considerable time in this museum, listening to these stories.

"I am Shylock," said he, "They call me Jew. To them that means miser, radicalist, formalist, fanatic, usurer. To me it means a son of the blessed,

an heir of promise, a child of the faithful. I am of the same flesh and blood as my father Abraham, to whom Jehovah appeared and gave the promise, blessed be His name. It was my father Moses who delivered to us our holy law. It was my father David who tended Jesse's flocks; who slew the heathen giant; who put all his enemies under his feet. It was with my tribe that the holy covenants were made. It is to these same holy patriarchs that the heathenish enemies of our tribe point and say, 'None like them; None like faithful Abraham; None like just Moses, none like warrior David, none like wise Daniel, none like them, none like them in faithfulness, none like them in justice, none like them in constancy; these be our fathers who led Jacob's tribe,' yet we the real, tribe of Jacob are despised, we are called fools when we keep the holy passover, we are called extremists when we obey the laws of Moses, we are called unjust when we hate him who did us wrong, we are called unfaithful when we will not accept at once the teachings of a murdered man, their prophet, and will renounce our holy commandments.

"Can't a Jew love his neighbor? Can't a Jew hate his enemy? Are we not flesh and blood? We have friends when we have money to loan, so have our enemies. We loan our money at a just rate; the product of our own labor is our own, we loan to our neighbors and enemies at the same rate. They loan to each other for love. They will not loan to us for love. Warm love these Christians have that must

be bought with a price. They turn from their service where they say 'yes, yes, we love all men,' and hiss at the sight of a Jew. Warm love these Christians have who persecute Jacob's tribe. Would rather my daughter were dead than gone to be companion to one of them. How can a man play with a viper and not get stung? How can a person take coals into his bosom and not get burned? O Jessica, Jessica, would God I had died for thee! Gone, gone to eat pork with a Christian!

Yes I loaned moneys, I took bonds. I sought revenge. Christian merchants gave me the trip; I sought revenge. They stole my daughter; I sought revenge. They squandered my ducats; I sought revenge. The furnace which they warmed for me I did heat seven times hotter for them; I sought revenge. Antonio thou ugly cur, hadst't thou been cast into the lions den, no drop of thy Christian gore would have perished; hadst't thou been cast into the burning furnace no hair of thy head would have been singed. Were thy blood of red hot gold and thy veins as wide as the streets of Venice, I had rather have thy heart for one short hour than thy gold forever.

They call me suicide, murderer. Is not a death by water cooler than a death by fire? Loves any man the cancer that gnaws at his flesh? Take my money, you take my support. Take my daughter, you take my hope. Take my justice, you take my life. Force me to recant my faith, you perjure my soul. Burns there a fire without fuel? Sails there a ship without anchor?

Shines there a star without light? Lives there Jehovah who is unjust? They call Shylock suicide, murderer. Who murdered Shylock? Who took his gold? Who took his daughter? Who thwarted his revenge? Who perjured his soul?

I was Shylock the Jew. I am Shylock the Jew. Until it is wrong to keep the holy commandments of the Patriarch Moses, I shall be Shylock the Jew."

This much of the old fellow's story I reproduce from memory and from my notes made at the time. I had to sympathize with him, even while deploring his narrowness of right and intense thirst for revenge. But after all, in the light of the teaching he had, what more could have been expected from him. Or is there no danger of ever narrowing right down to what we have been taught without regard to our own reasoning? Or was Shylock's ideas of justice and right unimpeachable because he had been taught so by his parents and the Rabbi's? Should we look any deeper than our childhood teaching for the foundations of faith and justice?

But it isn't my purpose in this to advise. In my next I hope to give another story from these same specimens.

### *Exchanges.*

"What a man knows should find expression in what he does."

Some will never learn anything because they understand everything too soon.

There is nothing in the game of baseball calculated to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty, unless

it is the decisions of the umpire.

"They didn't pick that stuff quick enough, did they mamma?" asked a little boy, as he passed a grocery where several cakes of Limberger were taking a breathing spell outside.

A bar in the river and a bar on shore have the same name, because water is scarce at both places.

"The noblest mind the best contentment has."—Spencer.

A.—"Why is victory always put in the figure of a woman?"

B.—"You will find that out when you get married."

First Small Boy:—Say, Johnny, where are you in Sunday School?

Second Small Boy:—Oh, we're in the middle of original sin.

First Small Boy:—That ain't much; we're past redemption.—Ex.

Teacher:—Give me one quality of water.

Pupil:—If we wash in it, it turns black.—Ex.

Private Tutor:—"Would you like your son to pursue a classical course, sir?"

Mr. Coshennigen:—"Phat's that?"

Private Tutor:—"It's a study of the dead languages."

Mr. C.—"Begorra! Yis; tache the b'y to spake airish."—Ex.

First Gentleman:—"There is a treasure for you, a bust of Julius Caesar."

Second Gentleman:—"Julius Caesar was a great man; he was a great soldier and a very fair politician. But I always thought it rather absurd in him to write a book for beginners in Latin. Positively I think it injured his reputation."—Ex.

# \* RAYS \* OF \* LIGHT \*

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**COMMUNICATIONS.** Literary articles and information regarding Alumni are respectfully solicited. Items of Alumni news should be addressed to the Alumni editor. Literary articles should be addressed to the Literary editor. Communications regarding subscriptions should be addressed to the Business manager; concerning advertising, to the Advertising solicitor.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE OF McPHERSON, KANSAS, AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

## Editorial.

We preach the gospel of push—push push, and we practice what we preach.

If you plod and your competitor pushes, he will help himself at your expense.

Push and prosper. Plod and perish. That is the law of business to-day. Plod or push, which?

ENERGY is omnipotent. Determine to be something in this world and you will be something. Aim at excellence, and

excellence will be attained. To think we are able is almost to be so.

THE block of granite which is an obstacle in the pathway of the weak, becomes a stepping stone in the pathway of the strong.

THE nerve that never relaxes—the eye which never blanches—the thought which never wanders—the purpose that never wavers—these are the masters of victories.

THE man who makes a success of an important venture never waits for the crowd. He strikes out for himself. It takes nerve. It takes a great lot of grit. But the man that succeeds has both. Any one can fail. The public admires the man who has enough confidence in himself to take a chance. These chances are the main thing after all. The man who tries to succeed must expect to be criticized. Nothing important was ever done but the greater number consulted previously doubted the possibility. Success is the accomplishment of that which most people think can't be done.

## Method.

Method is the adaptation of means of growth to mind to be developed, and natural method is the exact adaptation of means of growth to mind to be developed.

Continue that which every child has already begun; keep interest keenly alive by using a great variety of subjects; make the ever changing phenomena of the "rolling years" the basis of

observation, experience and investigation.

The essence of method in Massachusetts consisted of the ferule and the strap, without which, it was believed, there could be no education.

Never ask questions that suggest the answer, and do not require that, nor ask all questions of bright pupils and ignore the dull or timid ones. Always give opportunity and encouragement to pupils to ask questions. A wise teacher values the pupils questions more than his own. The supreme educational end of the recitation is to arouse the spirit of inquiry. Always clinch the driven nail at the close of the recitation.

He is teachable, attends teachers' institutes, talks little, and scolds and frets none, solve knotty problems in discipline by private personal dealings with the offender.

Attention is the key of investigation. It may be either voluntary or involuntary. It becomes necessary to "bait them" with a little interest, and the more the better, so that it does not amount to undue excitement.

Teaching has for its central purpose the training of attention. Attention is that power of the being to hold itself in the best possible attitude for the action of external attributes.

"The crow doth sing so sweetly as the lark, when neither is attended." So the poorest teacher can do no worse than the best when neither has attention. Staring is by no means giving attention. One may hear the whistle of the cars, or the whistling of the wind as he sits in his arm chair, yet give no

attention to that he hears. Some people "don't care whether school keeps or not." Real attention includes looking at, listening to, being real interested in and with a positive exercise of the will reaching out after the thing.

To use a simile, we "grease" the class with new information and rub it in while they shine with intelligence and are warm with interest; rub it in with questions.

ALL are looking forward with high anticipations to this year's commencement season. The three literary departments,—Academic, Normal and Collegiate are all well represented in the graduation exercises. The Normal Class will hold their exercises Friday forenoon, May 24, and will render the following program.

Motto:—Ad Summum.

Class Colors:—Green and Old Rose.

PROGRAM.

Music, Piano Solo.—"Capriccio."—Prof. Muir.  
Rich Without Money. - - - H. M. Stutzman  
Freedom Won. - - - Emma Horner  
God in Nature. - - - S. E. Miller.  
On a Tangent. - - - Ethel Bixby.  
The Center of the Universe. - - B. B. Baker.

Music, Quartette.—"On Tree Top High."

Messrs. Harms, Sargent, Harter, Studebaker.  
Seeing the Vulture. - - - Emma Vaniman.  
Stand Four Square. - - - I. D. Yoder.  
In Tune With the Infinite. - - Mary Frantz.  
Libraries. - - - E. H. Kasey.  
Only in the Bay. The Ocean Lies Before Us,  
Ollie Brubaker.

Presentation of Diplomas.

Music, Vocal Solo.—"The Heavenly Song."

Laura Harshbarger.

THE Academic Class will render its program on the afternoon of May 24:

"Stamus pro Verbo."

PROGRAM.

Male Quartet. - - - Selected  
"Kleinigkeiten Bewegen Das Rad Des Gluecks."  
Lizzie Hiebert.

"Klippen im Lebensmeer." - H. W. Lohrenz.  
 Vocal Solo, - Selected, - Maude Fisher  
 "Utopia," - B. S. Haugh.  
 "Night Brings Out the Stars," - Maude Way.  
 "Joan of Arc," - Lottie Fisher.  
 "What's in a Name?" - J. H. B. Williams.  
 Solo, - "The Lost Chord," - Sullivan, - Dr. Kittell  
 "The Art of Seeing," - G. C. Drescher.  
 "Poetry," - W. B. Boone.  
 "The Snow-man," - Retta Studebaker.  
 Presentation of Diplomas.  
 Trio, - "Believe Me," - from Atalia  
 Miss Harsbarger and Messrs. Haugh and Harms.

THE Collegiate Class will hold their commencement on Friday evening, May 24:

#### PROGRAM.

Vocal Quartet, "On Treetop High," - Buck  
 Messrs. Harms, Muir, Harter, Berkeybile.  
 Quartet, - "American Navy March,"  
 Hapgood Brothers.  
 "Natural Selections," - J. A. Garfield Shirk.  
 Vocal Solo, - Selected, - Mrs. J. A. Davis  
 "Invasion of Ideas," - J. B. Shirky.  
 Piano Duet, - "Rhapsodie," - Liszt  
 Miss Jennings and Prof. Muir.  
 "Idealism, a Conception of Reality," - Claude J. Shirk  
 Vocal Solo, - "The Bandolero," - Stuart  
 F. B. Clarke.  
 "Imagination in Expression," - (Valedictory.)  
 Lillian Matthews.  
 Quartet, - "Murmuring Breeze," - Hapgood Brothers  
 Presentation of Diplomas and Conferring Degrees.  
 Pres. C. E. Arnold.  
 Vocal Quartet, - "Good Night," - Buck  
 Messrs. Harms, Muir, Harter, Berkeybile.

#### ALUMNI.

*"I cannot tell what the truth may be,  
 I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."*

The response has been quite good from the alumni with regard to dues and biographies. We regret that we have been unable to locate some of our number.

We anticipate a goodly attendance at our special program and banquet, to be held on the evening of May twenty-second. The following program has been arranged:

Vocal Solo, - H. D. Widdiger.  
 Address of Welcome, - Mrs. Sue Saylor.  
 Response, - J. Shirkey.  
 Pantomime, - Selected.  
 Class Poem, - Mrs. Anita Metzger.  
 Vocal Solo, - Mildred Hawkinson.  
 Reading, - J. G. Law.  
 Historian's Report, Prof. S. J. Miller.  
 Adjournment to Banquet Hall.

#### TOASTS.

G. D. Kuns Toast Master.

Why are we Here? - G. D. Kuns.  
 Why so few Honorary Members,  
 J. H. Saylor.  
 Why the Graduate does not Move the  
 World, - Harrison Miller.  
 The "Preps," - H. C. Slifer.  
 The "Climbers," - Prof. S. J. Miller.  
 Our "Toilers," - Geo. Goodsheller.  
 Problems we Have to Meet.  
 Francis Vaniman.  
 Teaching vs Living,  
 Herbert Caldwell.  
 Memories, - J. J. Yoder.  
 Our Silent Members, - Flo Ramage.  
 What becomes of our Ideals.  
 Prof. Frantz.

Miss Lizzie Arnold has, since her graduation, been teaching in Arizona. Miss Anna Bowman went out to join her in this profession. They expect to remain there next year.

Mrs. Anita Metzger returned to her home in Mt. Morris after her school closed in Nebraska where she taught this last year. She will resume her work at college next year.

Miss Dora Shirfy is still working in the Bowman Kindergarten in Topeka.

Orpha Windell writes that she has

been teaching since she was a student in McPherson college. She is living in Mt. Morris; next year she will be in school in Chicago.

Helen Hollem took advantage of the late excursion rates to visit California. She will remain in the Golden Gate-way sometime.

### College Notes

Earl S. Kauffman who has lately returned from Nanipa, Idaho, is visiting his brother, F. G. Kauffman.

Dr. Klepinger, son-in-law of J. L. Kuns, has located for the present at Buhler, Kans.

J. H. Powers, a former student of McPherson, made a short call on friends, he is a brother of R. W. Powers a graduate. Mr. Powers was on his way home from Kansas City where he has been in Medical school.

Mr. Geo. Goodsheller has returned from Medical school in Chicago and is at present rustivating and strengthening his sinews by some physical labor.

One of our young men who was in school during the winter taking a business course, after leaving made a record of 275 orders in ten days. The young man of push pulls the world.

A Sunday School meeting will be held on May 19th, and a report from the S. S. State convention will be given. The meeting will be one of interest to all.

Mr. Geo. Kuns is the delegate from the college S. S. Pres. Arnold who represents McPherson county, and also Daniel Vaniman will attend the convention.

The Baccalaureate sermon will be preached on the evening of May 19th, by Prof. Franz.

M. T. Kilmer from Nebraska, brother of J. M. Kilmer is staying on College Hill at present and contemplates being one of our number next year.

Prof. S. J. Miller and others attended the Love Feast and S. S. meeting at Booth, May 12, and report an excellent meeting.

The Love Feast in the college chapel April 22, was well attended and an enjoyable service held.

Miss Meredith, traveling secretary of the Young Ladies Christian Association, gave a chapel talk April 28.

Kansas inspiring spring days have brought about several class-day picnics and receptions and there are also some, e—lass day picnics.

Henry Brubaker's of Arkansas were visiting their daughters in school during last week. Rev. Brubaker preached in the chapel on May 5th.

Our Missionary Band class this year, tho not great in number, has done faithful and excellent work. The second public program was rendered Sunday evening April 21st. A number of helpful instructive talks were made on the Mission field of S. Africa, the last study pursued by the class.

Upon observing the plans of the summer's work of our boys we see that they are not all theory, but are able to meet the practical part of life and cope with the commercial world also. Mr. Enoch Eby will canvass the rest of the term in eastern Kans., and then return for commencement exercises.

D. H. Arnold has gone to Canon City, Colorado.

Two delegates have been chosen by the Young Men's Association to go to Geneva.

The elocutionary entertainment given by students of Miss Weiland was excellently rendered and some of the proceeds given for the piano.

Eight of the Normal graduates of this year are taking the examination on the professional branches for life certificates.

Extensive Botany and Geology fairs are being made for collection of specimens, forty being required in each class. An interesting trip was made to the "Natural Coral" in Kans., by the Geology class. Volumes of history may be found in the fossil shells of the exposed strata at that place.

A canvass for donations has lately been made in the city and the responses have been very liberal. It is gratifying to know that finishing the upper part of the building, furnishing new literary halls and rooms is not going to be a mere fancy but a reality. And that the inducements McPherson will be able to give to new students will even surpass this year.

Owing to all the nights being used the remainder of the term, Irving Memorial held her last session one week ago. To say the least, we are all proud to be her members this year. At the beginning of the year the piano had no share in cheering our halls, but now she speaks in inspiring tones

to all, drives discord far from our doors. By our contests a higher standard of work has been established. The future for Irving Memorial is bright. The nucleus of a great work has been begun. After listening to the three contests of the year, no one doubts but that Irving Memorial will develop declaimers, essayists, orators and debaters of renown. May the coming year bring her even more earnest laborers, happier hours, and richer fruits. May she be a prominent auxiliary in our school next year. Without the experiences she affords and sanctions, we are not prepared to meet the world.

Sunday, May 12th, a joint meeting of the Bible classes of private study was held. It was one of the best young people's meetings of the year. It was sufficient evidence of the year's success in the work to hear the testimony of more than fifty students who had pursued the work. Plans for even a more complete method of private study are being made; only a moments reflection shows it to be a success in every way. How beneficially those 15 minutes each day may be used. When other wise in nine out of ten cases they would be squandered. What a systematic drill, an intellectual development, a place of importance it gives the Bible in our lives, what a spiritual culture and probably above all it makes the Bible a natural, practical, every day thing instead of only a Sunday book and Sunday study. We intend to canvass strongly every student next year to do private Bible study.

Important dates of Commencement week are repeated in this issue.

The Latin class has found DeAnunciata saturated with fine sentiments.

Dr. Weaver's Private Call Register will be ready to be on sale about the 15th of June.

Spring poetry by students is in demand. Surely it is no fault of nature with her blessed sunshine, her fragrant blossoms, her nodding trees, her reviving atmosphere and her richly woven carpet.

In the special program given by the Elite Society she showed herself well worthy to be a younger sister of Irving Memorial; and their proceeds also went towards defraying expenses of the piano. We are meeting our obligations of the investment easily and honorably by the assistance of our kind friends.

Our Lecture Course was a success considering the difficulties that had to be met. Over half of the patronage for the six lectures was from College Hill. This speaks well for the educational sentiment. Dr. DeMott's lecture was the climax of the course. Our home talent was excellent. The success of the course is due largely to the efforts of Prof. Gustafson.

A young man had a sister named Jessie, who was sent to a fashionable boarding-school. When she went he remarked that he hoped she wouldn't acquire any affectations so often learned in such places. For about a year he had no fault to find upon this score. Then came a letter signed Jessica instead of Jessie. He replied as follows: "Dear Sister Jessica; Your welcome letter re-

ceived. Mamaica and papica are well. Aunt Maryica and Uncle Georgica started to Californica yesterday. I have bought a new horsica. It is a beautica. It's name is Maniaca. Your affectionate brotherica Samica." Her next letter was signed Jessie.

### Report of Debate Contest.

|                                     | Dibble.— | Lowther.— | Milliken.— | Total. |
|-------------------------------------|----------|-----------|------------|--------|
| Geo. Kuns.....                      | 89       | 94        | 95         | 258    |
| Wm. Harter.....                     | 75       | 85        | 95         | 255    |
| Enoch Eby.....                      | 77       | 90        | 90         | 257    |
| J. F. Studebaker.                   | 65       | 80        | 92         | 237    |
| Affirmative, total. (first two.)... |          |           |            | 513    |
| Negative, total. (last two.)...     |          |           |            | 494    |

The contestants were graded on a scale of 60 for thought and 40 for delivery. This interesting and enthusiastic debate was indeed an apropos program for climaxing our contests for the year. They were favored with an especially appreciative audience.

## Patronize The Great Rock-Island Route

To Lincoln, Nebraska, German Baptists (Dunkards) meeting. The only road running into Lincoln that gives the German Baptists 10 per cent of their earning from this meeting. One fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale May 23 to 27 inclusive; final return limit June 30. No change of cars between McPherson and Lincoln. We will also run a special train for the accomodation of the McPherson people who wish to attend this meeting. This special train will leave McPherson on Friday evening, May 24, at 10:30 p. m. arrive at Lincoln 7 o'clock a. m. May 25th. E. W. LIGGETT, AGENT.

## Faculty and Instructors for 1900--1901.

C. E. ARNOLD, Ph. B., A. M.,

President,  
Pedagogy and Philosophy.

EDWARD FRANTZ, A. M.,

Vice President, Dean of Bible School,  
Biblical Languages & Interpretation

H. J. HARNLY, A. M., Ph. D.,  
Natural Sciences.

S. B. FAHNESTOCK, A. B., M. C.,

Secretary and Treasurer,  
Supt. Com. Department, Gen. History  
and Drawing.

F. G. MUIR.,

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

S. J. MILLER, A. M.,

English and German.

C. F. GUSTAFSON, A. B.,

Latin and Chemistry.

JOHN F. DUERKSEN,

Principal German Department.

LENA M. WIEAND,

(Columbia School of Oratory.) Elocu-  
tion and Physical Culture.

B. S. HAUGH,

Vocal Music.

J. F. STUDEBAKER,

Shorthand and Typewriting.

FLO RAMAGE, M. S. D.,

Matron and Director Model School.

E. H. EBY,

Grammar and Orthography.

D. H. ARNOLD,

Algebra.

MRS. J. F. STUDEBAKER,

English Grammar.

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