

HISTORY OF THE WHEATON COLLEGE PRESS.

By President Blanchard.

Living things grow, and the college is a living thing. It is not an organization; it is rather an organism. It puts forth branches and sends down roots, and year by year blossoms and bears fruit.

Many years ago, when our college had but a single building and almost no endowment, it occurred to me that if we had a press, we could do our own printing, thus saving something and that from time to time young men could learn the art of printing in the college and thus secure added mental power and an opportunity for a life task. At that time, Mr. Amos Dresser, Jr., lived in our city, having removed here for the purpose of educating his children, four of whom became graduates of the college. He had himself, had experience in the management of a country paper, and when I mentioned to him my thoughts in this regard, he at once became interested.

A dealer in Chicago, I am not quite certain, but I think Marder and Luse, gave us a secondhand press, a small supply of type and other necessities of a printing office. Mr. Dresser helped in setting up the press, installing the other articles which were to be used, and his son, Ernest, became our first manager.

Our first college publication was a small folio called then as now, "The Wheaton College Record." Mr. Ernest Dresser, the manager, had not had any great amount of experience in newspaper work, but was bright and apt and managed the beginning enterprise successfully. First one and then another enlargement was made, until the press occupied the east half of the ground floor of the center building: I believe, the entire east half, though perhaps my memory is at fault here. At all events, there were two presses, thousands of pounds of type, a paper cutter, leads, composing sticks, etc., etc., and at times, as high as twenty young men were working in the office, earning in whole or in part their living while they were securing their training. I wish I could remember the names of them all. I cannot, but among them was a young man who came to us from Jamaica, Mr. R. M. Smith, who defrayed all of his expenses while in college by his labors in the press. He is now a physician in Camden, N. J. He is really successful. It is true he has a good income, but better than this, he and his good wife, who was Miss Rose Clatworthy, are a power making for righteousness through all that region in which they live. They have some lovely children who are looking forward to the time when they may come to Papa's and Mamma's college.

Another young man who worked for a while with Mr. Dresser, and afterwards was manager for a time, was Mr. E. L. Roberts, now managing the press of Berea College, Ky., doing a large work. Mr. Ernest Dresser, the first manager, was through his association with the press, led into work for a heavy firm in Chicago, with whom he has now been for years as the manager of a department. I could name without referring to my books, I think, as many as half a dozen others who secured their college training in whole or in part by their work in the Wheaton College Press, and who are at present supporting their families by the profession to which they there were introduced. Judging from the results in this respect, the press was largely successful.

Then came a time when we were not able to secure a competent manager. The result was that the press for a while was of no particular value, and some of our teachers proposed to sell it. A year or two since, the present manager, Mr. Julius Phillips, desired to undertake the work. We were not quite sure that he had the required gifts, but he felt sure, and we were willing to try. He has been notably successful in his work. About eleven men have been earning their living in whole or in part in the press this year. The work done has been very satisfactory. It has been a saving to the college, and of course, a help to the young men.

We have an excellent building for the work. It was constructed with reference to the installing of machinery, and is a solid, strong building. If we had a cylinder press and a large jobber, we could do a great deal of work which now is impossible. It may be that these words will fall under the eye of some man or woman who would like to furnish the machinery required to more fully equip the office. We have now, in addition to the two presses which we use, a wire stitcher, a good paper cutter, and a sufficient supply of the ordinary odds and ends of a printing office. We have plenty of good cases for type. We should have for largest work a typesetting machine, the two presses which have been mentioned, and an additional supply of type. In this day when vocational training is so constantly before the public, this plant may commend itself to those who have means and to those who have sons. The printing business is an educational one. A man who learns the trade thoroughly must be fairly intelligent.

There is one thing that we planned that we have never yet accomplished. We thought to issue a series of tracts or small publications for missionary and evangelistic purposes. This work we have never

taken up. It may be that God will give us grace for it in days to come; if so we shall be glad.

On the whole, I may say that in my own judgment, this particular department of our work has more than justified itself by results which are already evident. It is my impression that God will use it yet more largely in years to come.

JULIUS CAESAR PHILLIPUS REX'S FEAST.

(A comedy in one act written especially for the March issue by
G. F. N.)

Characters:

Julius Caesar Phillipus Rex	Chauncey Higginus
Johannus Princeps	G. Assinkus, Princeps Minor
Franciscus Grayi	G. Clendenenio, Professor
Warreno C. Viningi	G. Ferriso Firmus
Willis Corkius	G. Nemetz Wisconsinio
Marius Conlius.	

SCENE: Printing Office.

TIME: Night, any hour you please.

Enter entire company, Caesar addresses them.

Caesar: "Most noble assemblage of riotous, uproarious, cam-banatankerous employes and servants. Thy king, Julius Caesar Phillipus Rex, greets thee gracefully and graciously (cheers, bows, etc., from his humble subjects). Silence, I pray thee, I have an honor and favor to bestow upon thee, my faithful subjects. You have served me faithfully in my work of putting forth to the college world our Records, Bulletins and other publications. Night after night ye have labored faithfully; therefore, a feast is declared, for which my royal hand will condescend to contribute a quarter of a cartwheel. Let the clear, limpid water flow, and fruits, pickles and delectable ices be plentiful. The gods be propitious to our revelry." (Caesar Rex seizes helmet and drops quarter in it.)

Johannus P.: "Most noble master, hearken unto me, thy obedient and loyal servant."

Caesar: "Speak on, noble prince."

Johannus P.: "Your majesty; lately among us is a noble from the distant province of Wisconsinus. See, now he has placed in the offer another quarter. Order him that he bring the necessary foods."

Caesar: "We hearken to thy advice, most worthy lieutenant. G. Nemetz, do as Johannus hath said."

G. N. W.: "So be it, m'lord. M'lord, I beseech thine ear."

Caesar: "Speak varlet! We graciously await thy speech."

G. N. W.: "Prithee, many mouths there are to feed, it beseemeth well that we have more moneys. Give me thy leave, kingly one, to collect more shekels."

Caesar: "Help thyself to whatever thou canst receive." (G. N. W. proceeds to collect. Makes exit with family pouch.)

Higginus: "M'lord, grant us the privilege of singing a little ditty to pass the time while we labor and wait for the feast." (The king nods, so they begin to print, fold, staple and stuff bulletins, while they sing.)

(Tune: "Mother, Mother, Pin a Rose On Me.")

Records, booklets, bulletins,

Flee before our industry;

Oh, we're very busy men.

Hustling along so busily.

(Tune: "Father's Pants Will Soon Fit George.")

We are happy, we are gay.

Working thru the livelong day;

We are bouncing, we are bright,

Toiling thru the livelong night.

Firmus: "Verily, friend Higginus, thy voice is of a piercing quality, yea, even so."

Johannus P.: "Yes, 'tis grate like a file."

Higginus: "So? Forsooth thou lazy knave, methinks I shall perforce chastise thee."

Warreno: "Yea, my little friend, go it. Even I will assist thee."

Caesar: "Silence, knaves! another word and this royal hand shall chastise thee all." (G. N. Wisc. appears loaded.)

All: "Ah! welcome, most welcome thou harbinger of joy, thou bringer of revels."

Caesar: "Mar. Conlius, spread thou the banquet on your festive board."

Mar. Conlius (Bowing humbly and deeply): "Yea, m'lord."

Caesar: Johannus, Firmus, Higginus, Corkius, hither! Sing me a song." (They sing. Tune: "Our Team Will Shine Tonight.")

"Us fellows will stuff tonight,

Us fellows will stuff,

Us fellows will stuff tonight.