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The Criterion

Missouri Wesleyan College

AESTHESIAN NUMBER

CONTENTS

Poem.....	Stella L. Dodd
"Hiawatha".....	Meram E. Trenchard
Story.....	Esther Wilson
An Auto biography.....	An Aesthesian
William Eugene Burgess	
The Lyceum Course	
First Semester Recital	
Society Notes	
Y. W. C. A.	
Y. M. C. A.	
Athletics	
Exchange Notes	
Locals	

Volume X

FEBRUARY, 1912

Number 5

CAMERON, - - -

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THE MISSOURI WESLEYAN CRITERION

Volume X

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Coup de Etat

STELLA L. DODD

You have heard of the ride of Paul Revere,
And of Gilpin's ride so fraught with fear,
Of Skipper Ireson's ride in a cart,
And the ride where Sheridan played a part,
Of the famous ride of Jennie Mc'Neal,
And even of Tom on his spinning wheel,
But you may never have heard of the fateful ride
In an automobile for winning a bride.

Dick was a wealthy merchant's son,
Bubbling over with mirth and fun,
Fond of joking with bright-eyed girls,
And writing poor rhymes about golden curls,
Wasting his money here and there
In a way that made the merchant swear,
And threaten to close up the drawers of his till,
Tho he never failed to foot the bill;
But the wildest passion the boy could feel
Was the love he bore for his automobile,
He drove it by night, he drove it by day
When he went two blocks or ten miles away,
And many a fellow was heard to remark
That he met the fearful thing in the dark
And it went right by with a horrible shriek
That made him tremble and his knees grow weak,
And it wouldn't have given him half such a fright
To have met a ghost on the darkest night.

Now Dick admired a pretty maid
 With whom he had oft in childhood played,
 And nothing could give him more delight
 Than, with her by his side, on a balmy night
 In his shining car to go for a ride,
 (The sweetest pleasures are those denied)
 But the dear maiden's father shook slowly his head
 And to his sweet daughter quite sternly he said:
 "Dismiss that young man without further delay
 The very next time he comes riding this way,
 In spite of his wealth and his gewgaws so fine
 He never shall marry a daughter of mine,
 He's only a spendthrift with nothing to do,
 And a man of his type is not worthy of you."

Now Bessie—for that was the fair maiden's name
 Knew that with her stern father to plead would be vain
 But none did it grieve that demure little miss,
 Who secretly mused, "I'll find a way out of this."

Next day that dear maiden, bewitchingly sweet
 In her white muslin frock and her ribbons so neat,
 Took a stroll down to town, bought a trifle of lace
 Then sought in the park a nice resting place,
 She found a cool nook almost hidden from view
 By a sweet scented shrub that near to it grew,
 On a bench she sat down, with a shrub for a screen,
 She could easily see without being seen,
 She patiently waited an hour or more
 Till an auto drove up and stopped at the store,
 Then she strolled down the street in a leisurely mien,
 Just as Fred stepped again to his shining machine,
 In just one brief moment he paused by her side,
 Helped her into the car to take her last ride
 And to tell her fond suitor her father's decree.
 The outcome? Well that you shall presently see,
 I'll just pause to say when they stopped at her door
 Her face was enwreathed in smiles as before
 While Dick seemed not in the least dejected
 You ne'er would have thought him a suitor rejected.

Now it happened perchance on the following day
 That dear Bessie's father must hasten away
 To the city on business of very great weight,
 And it might mean much loss did he get there too late.
 He consulted his watch, there was no need of haste,
 And he was not one who precious moments would
 waste,

So returned to his ledger and was looking it over
 When his ears caught the sound of the rumbling roar
 Of the incoming train. He sprang from his chair,
 Grabbed suit case and hat and rushed down the stairs,
 Tho well did he know that such haste was in vain,
 For the swiftest of athletes could not catch that train,
 He ran to the street, there his deepest dismay
 Gave place unto hope—just a half block away
 Sat Dick in his car; swiftly onward he came
 When the man almost frantic called loudly his name;
 Dick! Dick! Oh do help me catch that fast train;
 You may name your own price when I get back again.
 He jumped into the car, like a gust of the wind
 They sped thru the street leaving turmoil behind,
 The station soon reached, the man boarded the train
 Just puffing to start on its journey again.

A day or two later, his business all done,
 The banker returned again to his home
 He was met at the station by Bessie, and lo!
 An auto stood there just outside the depot.
 With a smile on his lips Dick approached Mr. Far
 Saying, "Wouldn't you like to ride home in my car?"
 They stepped into the car; in a few minutes more
 They safely arrived at the banker's own door,
 Dick said, "I'll get out for I've something to say
 About a matter I'd like to have settled today."
 On a shady veranda they sat down all three,
 Bessie sitting child like on her fond parent's knee.
 Dick said with a smile, "You recall, Mr. Far,
 That a few days ago you rode in my car,

And told me that my own price could name
 For taking you down to that fast train,
 Money I need not, of that you're aware,
 I'd like for my reward your daughter so fair;
 You're a man of your word, I'm sure you'll not delay
 The promise you've made to faithfully pay."
 Mr. Far looked embarrassed, coughed twice, then
 said he
 "Well two such as you are I never did see,
 You've plotted against me, that right well I know,
 But I never refuse to pay what I owe;
 'Tis a very great price for a service so small
 I'm sure that you do not deserve it at all."
 Bessie turned to her father and begged with her eyes
 Then he spoke up somewhat to the young man's
 surprise,
 "But since you demand it I freely will pay,
 Let me go to my work while she names the day."
 When the glad day arrived and the two were made one
 Bessie embraced her father as so oft she had done;
 And in his ear softly whispered, "You'll forgive me
 I know,
 For turning your watch just one hour too slow."

"Hiawatha"

MERAM E. TRENCHARD

In Longfellow's diary for the year 1864 is found this entry: "I have at length hit upon a plan for a poem on the American Indians, which seems to me the right one, and the only. It is to weave together their beautiful traditions into a whole. I have hit upon a measure, too, which I think the right and only one for such a theme." This was the plan for the poem "Hiawatha," upon which the author's fame, to a large extent, rests today. Thousands of school children know and love "Hiawatha;" lovers of art everywhere agree that it is a masterpiece. But why is it so considered?

In the first place the construction of the poem is almost perfect.

With the literary critic it is sometimes a question as to how much attention should be given to the formal element of poetry. A detailed study of form sometimes destroys the real spirit and beauty of a poem. Nevertheless, the careful reader knows when the metre is in harmony with the thought and when the words, figures, and expressions are in keeping with the subject matter of the poem. Therefore, every great poem must conform to the literary standard of form, and every critic must consider the artistic construction of the poem.

Longfellow has always been considered a writer of great artistic ability. He never seems to be a mechanical artist like Poe, nor does his art seem to be conscious, yet his thoughts are always well expressed. The form of "Hiawatha" attracts us particularly. Perhaps one reason for this is the unusual metre. The measure is trochaic tetrameter and there is no rhyme. The form has by some been considered original with Longfellow, but he admits to have taken it from the Finnish poem, "Kalevala." There is something simple, almost crude, about the metre that seems to be particularly well suited to a song of legends and life of the primitive American Indian.

In addition to the singular well chosen metre, the poem is made more effective by the use of repetition. Sometimes, two or three lines are found which repeat one single thought with little or no variation. Longfellow speaks of Hiawatha's departure thus:

"Thus departed Hiawatha,
 Hiawatha the beloved,
 In the glory of the sunset,
 In the purple mists of evening,
 To the region of the home-wind,
 Of the northwest wind, Keewaydin,
 To the islands of the Blessed,
 To the kingdom of Ponemah,
 To the land of the Hereafter."

What could give us a better idea of the simple, slowly moving thoughts of the Indian? How could the primitive, crude forest life be better contrasted with the hurried, busy American life of today than by the use of repetition instead of the spirited narrative style of the modern authors?

Simplicity is gained, not only by means of repetition, but also by

the choice of words. Many of the words are monosyllabic; all of them are simple and easily understood. There are many figures of speech but they are entirely in keeping with the spirit of the poem. Take, for instance, that beautiful simile found in the first five lines of "Hiawatha's wooing." The figure is perfect and is based upon comparisons understood by the red man, not upon modern terms.

Not only is there an effect of simplicity in the poem but the musical quality is charming. The poem is "The Song of Hiawatha" and a song it is. The very names chosen are musical. Minnehaha, Nokomis, Wenonah, Hiawatha, Shawondasee—"each name is a little poem in itself." The Indian's love of music and sense of rhythm are clearly shown. By the use of short guttural words in places Longfellow also shows us the stern unyielding Indian character. Truly, Longfellow is a master of form.

Turning aside from the form what is the spirit of the poem? It is the spirit of the forest, of God's great Out-of-Doors, or to state it better it is a poem

"With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverbrations
As of thunder in the mountains,"

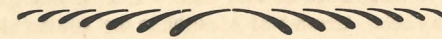
We find ourselves in the forests with the little Hiawatha learning the language of the birds, we see the gentle Laughing Water accompanying Hiawatha to his wigwam, we feel the cold and awful winter and the ravages of the terrible famine. We live again the life of Hiawatha in the forest.

This leads to the question as to how Longfellow treats the Indian character. This character has always been difficult to portray, partly because of the lack of knowledge concerning it. In literature the Indian is always very good or very bad. Cooper has Indians of both types, yet he has been accused of idealizing the Indian character. To be sure, it is as difficult to judge concerning the truth of the presentation of Indian character as it is to portray the character correctly, yet, judging from an historical view point, we may say that Longfellow is

more ideal in the treatment of the Indian than Cooper. We must remember that Longfellow's purpose is not so much to show character as it is to preserve the legends of the people, and for this reason, he must not be censured too severely for idealizing character.

To Longfellow Hiawatha is not so much an individual as a type. He is universal, both in his character and in his appeal. His life, his love, his ideals are not peculiar to himself nor to the Indian race, but they are shared by all the world of men. For this reason, "Hiawatha" lives and will live for centuries to come.

As to more definite Indian traits, the love of music and the simplicity of character have already been noticed. Hiawatha is a glad, free, brave, noble spirit; he is strong and bold, yet gentle and tender, never is the stern, fierce, cruel side of Indian character shown. His intellect is described as being slow, simple, yet penetrating and powerful. His love of nature and his vivid imagination are clearly portrayed. In his religious life, we see the refining influence of the Great Spirit and the spiritualizing of the character, yet the primitive, superstitious, weird touch is found also. The natural reserve of the Indian is shown very delicately—Hiawatha's sorrow over the death of Minnehaha seems to be too deep for words and too sacred to display to the world. He seems to prefer to suffer alone and to fight his battle for himself. Perhaps Hiawatha is most idealized in his love for Minnehaha. His love for her is beautiful, even spiritual in a way. Nowhere outside of civilized nations is such love to be found. Yet we do not feel that this love is not in keeping with Hiawatha's character for, to us, he is an ideal character. Longfellow has no sympathetic understanding of the Indian nature; we feel that he is writing his story simply for the sake of the beauty of the legends. As long as we love beauty so long will we love "Hiawatha."



Six Chums

ESTHER WILSON

The campus and buildings of Fairmount College seem to have taken on new life; and why shouldn't they, for, on this fair September day happy students are returning to the Halls of Learning. Many young people, who are just entering school for the first time, can be seen wandering from place to place. The old students are so busy discussing the summer's vacation that as yet they have taken but very little time to get acquainted with the new ones.

In the girl's Dormitory, Mrs. Raymond, the matron, is busy assigning rooms to the girls. Meanwhile four Sophomore girls, Edith Maynard, Rachel Armstrong, Catharine and Louise Mayhew, have gathered in Mildred Forrest's room and all are talking at once. In the confusion which reigns such questions and answers can be heard as,— "Who is going to room with you this year, Mildred?" "Some new girl, I don't even know her name and I suppose she is a Freshman, for Mrs. Raymond said that the Freshman rooms were all taken and she would have to put some of the new girls with the Sophomores." "Well I just wouldn't room with a Freshman," said Edith Maynard, "Rachel is to room with me." "Well I guess you would if Mrs. Raymond had asked you to allow one of the new girls to room with you," replied Mildred, "for you know it is very hard to refuse her requests, she is — ."

Just at this time a knock is heard and when Mildred opens the door she sees Mrs. Raymond and a girl, who is introduced as Griselda French. "I have brought you your room mate, Miss Forrest and I hope you and your friends will make Miss French feel as much at home as possible. On examination we find that Miss French is ready to enter the Sophomore year, so she will be in your classes."

With this Mrs. Raymond went to attend to other important matters, leaving Griselda with the five girls. The four visitors soon went to their rooms, leaving Griselda and Mildred to get acquainted with each other. Griselda's trunk was brought to her room and the remainder of the afternoon was spent in unpacking and putting things in their places.

The new student was not long in getting acquainted with her school-

mates and she soon became the favorite with her teachers and of many of her fellow students. Her lessons were always carefully prepared and her practice periods never neglected. As a result her grades were always excellent. The fact that she always received the very best grades and that she stood at the head of her classes, caused some of her class-mates to foster jealous feelings toward her. Even kind hearted Mildred allowed herself to be guided by her chums, who had become very jealous of Griselda. Affairs remained in this condition for some time.

One evening Mildred's chums came to her room for a general good time. The girls were not allowed to go to each others rooms during study hours, unless they wanted to study together and then only with Mrs. Raymond's permission. Soon after the girls entered Griselda went to the music room to practice. She felt that she could not afford to lose any time from her work. It was, however, impossible for her to study while the other girls spent all their time in having fun. A few minutes after Griselda had left the room, Mrs. Raymond came out the door and asked the girls to go to their own rooms and told them that they would not be allowed to study in any other room for a month, after breaking the rules so willfully.

The girls had not been gone long when Griselda returned, "Why are the girls gone so soon?" "Yes, I would not ask that question if I were you, Griselda." "Why?" "Because you know that Mrs. Raymond came up and sent the girls to their rooms." "Mrs. Raymond sent them to their rooms!" "Yes, you don't know anything about it do you?" "Why no." "Now look here Griselda, you don't need to deny that you did not go and tell Mrs. Raymond that the girls were here and what we were doing. We will teach you how to do. Just because you are at the head of the class you don't need to think you can stay here." "I am sorry you think I went to see Mrs. Raymond, but I haven't seen her since seven o'clock and it is after eight now. I went to the music room for awhile."

The weeks passed by and the time came when the Sophomore essays were to be written and handed in. The student receiving the highest grade on the essay would receive as a prize, a year's tuition at Fairmount College. This prize had been announced just before the Christmas vacation, and ever since that time Griselda had hoped that

she would be able to win. She felt that if she failed it would be impossible for her to continue her studies the next year.

Several weary weeks passed by, during which time Griselda studied and wrote until one afternoon her essay was finished and all ready to hand in the next morning. It so happened that the same day she was invited to dine with a friend who lived outside of the dormitory.

Soon after her departure Mildred's four friends came in for an old time chat. "Has Griselda finished her essay?" Asked Edith. "Yes, she has it ready to hand in," answered Mildred. "I just wish we could keep her from getting the prize," said Catharine, "but I don't see how we can now." "We might change her paper in several places," said Rachel. "O did she have it typewritten," asked the four visitors in one breath. "Yes, but what if she should read it over again before handing it in," questioned Mildred. "Oh, you must keep her so busy that she won't have time to read it again," the girls answered. "How fortunate for us that Edith owns a typewriter," said Louise. A few minutes later the girls were busily engaged in rewriting the essay, which they finished just as the supper bell rang.

The study bell had rung when Griselda returned, so she went at once to the preparation of the next day's lessons. The next morning she handed her paper to the teacher little thinking that her essay had been disturbed.

A couple of days later, on the day when the winner's name was to have been read, Griselda was called to the President's office, where to her surprise, she found that the grade marked on her paper was the lowest she had received on any subject during the year. When she had gone to her room and glanced over her paper she saw that it had been changed in several important places and rightly guessed it had been done because of jealousy.

Several days later the Sophomores were to have their class party. In the evening the girls came to see if Mildred was ready. Mildred started to relight the gas, when her thin dress came in contact with the match and in a moment it was in flames, the girls were beside themselves, excepting Griselda, who immediately seized a blanket and threw it about Mildred, in this way smothering the flames.

Mildred was very grateful to her for saving her life. She also told her how she and her chums had been angry with her and even

jealous and how for vengeance they had changed her paper. After her confession she asked Griselda to forgive her. Then in turn each of the four girls asked her forgiveness and Edith, who had won the prize, went to the president and explaining everything asked that the prize should be given to the rightful winner, Griselda.

The next few weeks were very happy ones for the six girls, and when the students separated in June, Griselda was the favorite of the entire school.

An Auto-biography

AN AESTHESIAN

Should you ask me whence I came?
Whence my coming and my going?
Where I lived in days of childhood,
Lived in happy days of girlhood?
With no worries of Mathematics
Or the histories of people.
I should answer I should tell you.

From the land of fruit and plenty,
From the grand Missouri Basin;
Where the river in o'er flowing
Covered all the land in valleys,
With its tide of mighty waters
And its foaming and its roaring,
Was the region which we dwelt in.

In the year of eighty-nine,
There I first beheld the landscape,
Saw the fields, and saw the woodlands
Stripped of green and of its verdure,
First beheld the snowy landscape
In the month of keen December.

In the vale of old Missouri
In the green and silent valley
By the pleasant water courses
Was our home in all its glory.

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Where I lived in days of childhood,
Lived in happy days of girlhood?
With no worries of Mathematics
Or the histories of people.
I should answer I should tell you.

From the land of fruit and plenty.
From the grand Missouri Basin;
Where the river in o'er flowing
Covered all the land in valleys,
With its tide of mighty waters
And its foaming and its roaring,
Was the region which we dwelt in.

In the year of eighty-nine,
There I first beheld the landscape,
Saw the fields, and saw the woodlands
Stripped of green and of its verdure.
First beheld the snowy landscape
In the month of keen December.

In the vale of old Missouri
In the green and silent valley
By the pleasant water courses
Was our home in all its glory.

Round about the little village,
 Spread the meadows, and the cornfields;
 And beyond them stood the forest,
 Stood the groves of singing pine trees;
 Green in summer, white in winter,
 Ever singing, ever sighing.

But at the age of six or seven,
 Would I run to meet my father
 Run across the fields and meadows
 Thro' the orchard just behind it

Out onto the waving wheatfield,
 Then when he beheld my coming,
 Saw his disobedient daughter
 He would pick me up and take me
 Home, to where my mother waited.

But one day when it was harvest
 In the waving, yellow wheatfield
 In the bright and lovely summer
 Did I run and meet my father,
 High above my head like cornfields,
 Waved the wheatfield close about me;
 And the beards of wheat would strike me,
 As if they must stop my progress.

Then the sun poured down upon me,
 And the breeze that had been blowing,
 Ceased its wrestling and its playing,
 Till it seemed that I was choking,
 But I kept on going nearer,
 To my father 'cross the wheatfield.

But he did not see me coming
 'Cross the field of waving yellow,
 He was busy watching, watching,
 As he drove the frisky horses,
 Six was he then busy driving,
 'Round the first time of the wheatfield.

So I stopped and tried to call him,
 Make him hear my feeble crying,
 But he could not for the racket
 Of the large and busy binder,
 Till I stood before the sickle
 And the reel of that great binder.

Suddenly he beckoned to me
 Beckoned me with mighty signal
 From the path where danger waited,
 From the ground of covered yellow
 Did he soon and quickly take me,
 Took me back to home and mother
 Whom I had no wish of seeing
 Standing in the open doorway,
 Also strongly beckoning to me,
 But with wand of waving willow.

Over me she stretched her right hand
 To subdue my stubborn nature,
 Then she spake with voice majestic
 As the sound of far off waters
 Falling into deep abysses.
 Warning, chiding, spake in this wise:
 "I have given you yards to play in,
 I have given you swings to swing in,
 I have given you toys and playthings,
 Filled the cooky can with cookies,
 Why then are you not contented?
 Why then do you hunt your father?
 I am weary of your straying,
 Of your promises for better,
 Therefore while you listen to me,
 I will give this willow to you,
 Which shall guide you and shall teach you,
 Which shall toil and suffer with you,
 While you listen to its music.
 Now, if warnings pass unheeded,
 You shall soon receive another."

Then I saw that she meant business,
 Meant to make her child obeying,
 So I vowed to try and better,
 My whole nature by the combat.

While to girlhood I was growing
 We moved to a place called Plattsburg,
 But we did not like the village
 So we journeyed farther eastward,
 Journeyed near the town of Turney
 Where we liked the open country
 Liked our friends and those about us,
 Lived for thirteen years in that place
 And it seems like home now to us.

Soon I longed to go to College
 Go to dear Missouri Wesleyan
 But these warnings heard I often
 Heard them but not often heeded,
 "Go not forth, O, precious daughter
 To the dear Missouri Wesleyan
 Lest they take you from my keeping
 As some others I have heard of,
 As unto the bow the cord is—
 You remember that old saying,
 That was what our neighbor quoted,"
 Said my father to me gravely.

But I started on my journey
 Sorry at the tho't of parting,
 Happy at the thought of meeting,
 Left them murmuring and saying
 "Thus it is our children leave us,
 Those we love and those who love us,
 Just when they have learned to help us,
 When we're old and lean upon them."

But 'tis sweet to know that father
 Down the long and narrow pathway;
 If we live in close communion
 With our dear beloved Master,
 We shall meet our friends and loved ones
 At the end of this great journey.

Thus it is and always will be,
 Till some day I'll hear a calling,
 Calling to me from the distance
 And I'll follow, gladly follow,
 To the home that's waiting for me,
 In my "Father's House" above me
 To the "House of Many Mansions."

M. W. CRITERION

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William Eugene Burgess

For the third time during the present school year our College has been overcast with gloom because of the death of one of our number. This time it was a Junior in the College of Liberal Arts who was called to the life beyond.

On the morning of Jan. 23, 1912, Eugene Burgess met with a tragic accident in falling from the roof of a new barn on which he was employed to work over the week-end holiday. Concussion of the brain set in and in spite of medical skill death came as they were carrying him into the hospital at St. Joseph. That evening the remains were accompanied by the stricken family to the eastern part of the state. Interment was made on Thursday in the Williamstown cemetery, President DeBra conducting the funeral services. The many friends paid their last earthly tribute in generous gifts of flowers. Sorrow and hope were both there.

Eugene had entered Missouri Wesleyan with his sister, Miss Fannie, four years ago. The death of their mother in January caused

their absence from school during the remainder of that year. Entering the following September, they have been in regular attendance ever since.

Eugene was a talented and earnest student, ranking high as an athlete, scholar, and man of christian character. He was a member of the Methodist church; president of the Y. M. C. A.; an officer in the Prohibition League; taught a class of boys in the Sunday School; in the Junior Class, he held a responsible position on the Owl staff; for three years he was guard on the basketball team; he was a leader in his Literary Society; in these and many other activities of the school and town life where he is missed the most. No words can tell how tender and true he was to his family.

His is a conspicuous example to all of us who knew him, inasmuch as he lived a normal life. He had a great life purpose, and that was to serve God and his fellowmen. All the problems which he faced a young man soon to enter the ranks of active service found adjustment in accordance with that life purpose. He used his books, the gymnasium, and the Christian agencies of the college all as a training school to develop him for qualified and practical service.

The following resolutions were adopted in chapel on Saturday morning, January 27:

In as much as in the mystery of life we are stricken with sorrow by the sudden loss of our beloved student friend and brother, Eugene Burgess, in whose character there was a particular blending of strong and lovely qualities.

Be it resolved, That we, the faculty and student body of Missouri Wesleyan College, extend our tenderest sympathies to those who loved him best and whose lives were most brightened by the promise of his manly youth, and commend them to the love of God and of his Christ.

That we assure them of our admiration and love for Eugene, and our appreciation of his earnest Christian life and the untiring service which he gave that our lives might be the nobler.

Be it futher Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mr. and Mrs. Burgess and the children, a special copy be given to the companion sister, Miss Fannie; and that these resolutions be published in the next issue of the Criterion.

Signed on behalf of the faculty and student body,

WILLIAM V. McCAY, FLORENCE WINTER,
MRS. H. R. DEBRA, PERRY HULEN.

The Lyceum Course

ROBERT PARKER MILES

One of the most enjoyable numbers on the course so far was given January 17 by Robert Parker Miles. His subject was "Tallow Dips" and he chose as examples of these people with whom he had had personal interviews. The characters outlined were George Francis Train, Gladstone, Pope Leo XIII and the mother, taking the mother of Newell Dwight Hillis as a typical example. Mr. Miles is a brilliant speaker and has wonderful powers of impersonation. The whole lecture was replete with wit, eloquence and inspiring illustrations. The impressions of this forceful lecture will last forever and carry with them a desire to know more of these people.

ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM

A large audience greeted Mr. Wiggam on February 2, in the fifth number of the lecture course. The subject was "Dollars and Sense" and was handled from the standpoint of each of these as an equipment for life. It was not a humorous lecture and yet was replete with humor and witty phrases. "Sense" is by all odds the better of the two subjects and plenty of people need sense to follow out the lecturer's ideas. Sense applied to health was one strong point of the discourse. The "political economy of national health" was an under current of the theme of the evening or rather the main topic of it all. The lecture should be of great value to those hearing it and is probably indicative of many lines of human development in the near future.

First Semester Recital

The first recital given by the students of the Conservatory of Music and Oratory Department at the Missouri Wesleyan College Chapel, Friday evening, January 19, 1912. Following is the program:

Piano—LaGascade—Bendel	- - -	Miss Pearl Thomas
Song—"The Wind"—Pröss	- - -	Miss Nelle Wiley
Reading—"The Courier"	- - -	Miss Nelle Ramsey
Piano—Valse Chromatique—Godard	- - -	Miss Cecelia Carroll
Song—Boat Song	- - -	Miss Julia Crane
Piano EnCourante—Godard	- - -	Miss Lora Holland
Reading—Scorching vs. Diamonds	- - -	Miss Ruth Ellwood
Piano—Polka de Concert—Bartlett	- - -	Miss Ivy Dopkins
Reading—The Camp Meeting at Bluff Springs	- - -	Miss Ruth Sidebottom

Song—With Verdure Clad (Creation)—Haydn - Miss Ivy Dopkins
 Piano—Cinderella—Bendel - Miss Bessie Rogers.
 (Cinderella hears of the dance, Mourns over not being able to go.
 Fairy appears with Magic Wand—Cinderella dances with the Prince.
 Clock strikes twelve—Prince dreams of the dancer goes to find Cinderella, music of wedding feast is heard.)
 Piano (eight hands) Chromatique Gallop - Liszt

Misses { Bessie Rogers Ivy Dopkins
 Lora Holland Eva Johnston

The Adelphian Literary Society

On account of the revival meetings no program has been given recently, but plans are being made to carry out the big things before us. Every man is on his toes, ready for the preliminary debate. Old members are reenlisting and new ones are joining our ranks. We heartily welcome these unto our midst.

The following resolutions have been adopted by the society to show in a small measure the high esteem in which our departed brother was held:

Whereas, our beloved friend and fellow worker among us, being one of that band who labored so faithfully in helping to organize our Literary Society, and

Whereas, We, the members of the Adelphian Literary Society, have been most deeply grieved by the sudden departure of our comrade and co-worker from among us,

Be it Resolved, That to the sorrowing father and sisters, and especially to her whom we know best, we extend our deepest and most sincere sympathy; and ask the Giver and Taker of Life, even the most high, to be comforter and guide in the time of darkness and deepest despair.

Committee { CLAUDE W. TENNANT,
 VICTOR B. SHELDON.
 FLOYD K. RILEY.

Excelsior Literary Society

Our work has been very much interfered with because of so many other things coming on Friday night. Yet the Excelsiors have had programs whenever possible and have kept them up to the usual high standard.

Our men will be ready for the debate which is soon to take place with the Adelphians and will uphold the affirmative side of the question: "Resolved, that the University is of more importance in the American system of education than the small College." We know our debaters will do credit to the society which they represent.

Aesthesian Literary Society

The Aesthesians met in a closed session at their last meeting for the purpose of a preliminary hearing of the Inter-Society Debate. Stella Dodd, Helen M. Nixon, and Ina Kendall, with Grace Taylor as alternate, were chosen as the team.

Much enthusiasm is being shown among our members for the success of the debating team.

At our last election of officers the following were chosen:

President—Grace Taylor.
 Vice-President—Ina Kendall,
 Secretary—Ruth Farwell.
 Treasurer—Coy McClure,
 Chaplain—Grace Campbell,
 Pianist—Corrine Pollock.
 Chorister—Cleo Harriman.
 Sergeant—Verna Borders,
 Critics—Helen M. Nixon and Lora Holland,
 Editor—Minnie B. Young.

On account of the revival meetings at the church, the Society has held no open sessions.

We are sorry to lose Miss Grace Williams and Miss Zoe Beans,

Miss Fannie Maxwell, Miss Verna Michaels, Miss Opal Maxwell and Miss Effie Tolbey, are our new members who have come in since the opening of the second semester.

Watch for the announcement of the program entitled "Woman in Her Many Spheres of Work."

Y. W. C. A.

On account of the meeting now in progress at the M. E. Church, the Young Womens Christian Association has held only three meetings this month; two of these were joint meetings held with the Young Mens Christian Association.

Total number girls present 80, average 27; total number attending Mission Study Class 38, average 13; total number attending Bible Study Class 43, average 14.

Y. M. C. A.

The meetings this month have been of the evangelistic nature. Dr. English led the first of a series of joint meetings. Miss Taylor led the second and Mrs. DeBra had charge of the third. These meetings were well attended and every person present received a spiritual uplift.

We sent two delegates to the Annual Convention of the Young Mens Christian Association held at Hannibal, Mo.

The past year has been a very successful one and as the time draws near for the election of officers for the coming year we hope that the year ahead will be of even more consequence in the life of the student body.

Exchange

"The Kirksville Normal School Index" publishes their own school song, "The Purple and the White," also the Princeton University song, "The Orange and the Black." Why can't that inspire someone to get poetical and sing the praises of "The Black and the Red" for Wesleyan?

We would kindly remind the exchange editor of "College Echoes" that looks are sometimes deceiving. The football fellows of M. W. C. are not at all bashful either on the gridiron or on the campus. Just meet them in a game and you will not think they are very bashful.

The "Cigarette" says some things in the "Trinitonian" that are well worth reading and considering.

"The Cornellian" of Mount Vernon gives an account of a preliminary oratorical and declamatory contest held by the "Aesthesians." The name of the society sounds so familiar to us that we somehow feel that they must be our sisters. We wonder if they could tell us what we have for some time been wanting to know, that is, the exact meaning of our name.

"The Wesleyan Advance" of Kansas Wesleyan University reports that their Prohibition Oratorical contest has taken place. Mr. Boddy winning out on the subject, "The Ultimate Saloon." The same school is anxiously waiting to see if girls can debate and negotiations are being made for a girls' inter-collegiate debate with Fairmount College at Wichita.

The K. I. Review reports the organization of two new clubs, one the Andron Debating Club for the development of talent and the gaining of knowledge concerning the live topics of the day; the other is an Apollo Club for the purpose of studying the lives of musicians and enjoying musical treats.

"The Wesleyan" of Jan. 19, gives a picture of the Glee Club of Nebraska Wesleyan, with a very glowing account of its concert tour lasting fifteen days in which twelve towns were favored with concerts of a very high order judging from the appreciative comments which the newspapers made about them.

The students of William Jewell College have had a straw vote for presidential candidates in which Wilson leads with 84 votes, Clark comes second with 65, while Taft gets only 8 and Bryan 3. The remarkable thing about it was that of 288 voters 112 voted against their father's party. Truly "the world do move." Wilson also received the majority of straw votes in Indiana, Ohio state and Baker Universities.

Basketball

Warrensburg 51; Wesleyan 18

The initial inter-collegiate game of the season was played with the Warrensburg Normals on the night of February the third, on the latter's court. This game was a fight from start to finish, although the final score would justify the conclusion that it was rather one-sided. Our boys, being accustomed to a small court, were greatly handicapped by the large size of the Normal's court, which was fully one-third above maximum. On this account it was next to impossible for the Wesleyans to judge distances, and their passing and goal throwing were far below their usual form.

THE LINE-UP

Wesleyan	G	F	G	F	Warrensburg	G	F	G	F
Horn, r f	2		10		Bush, r f	1			2
Heinz, l f				1	Wheeler, l f	15		5	
Wyckoff (Capt) c					Greim, c	4			4
Bigler, r g				2	Miller, r g	1			2
Henderson	2			2	Dehoney, l g				3
	—			—	Marrow	2			1
	4		10	5		—		—	—
				Points 18		23		5	12
								Points—	51

Wentworth 28; Wesleyan 19

On the fifth of February, just two days after the Warrensburg game, the Wesleyans met the Wentworth Military Academy basketball team at Lexington, Mo. Those who witnessed this game reported that it was an evenly matched contest, although the cadets had it on our boys a little in goal throwing. It is reasonable to expect this as the Wesleyans were playing on a strange court, while the Wentworth boys were familiar with their own stamping ground. If both teams had been playing on an entirely strange court, we believe there would have been a marked difference in the final score.

Tarkio 45; Wesleyan 18

On the night of February the eighth, the M. W. C. boys were defeated by the Tarkio college basketball team on the latter's court by a score of 45 to 18. The Wesleyan team played a defensive game for the most part, and were unable to get into the game and down to business before the contest was almost over.

At the forwards' positions Horn and Heinz divided honors, each getting the same number of goals, while Henderson played well and was always after the ball. For Tarkio Gowdy as forward and Peterson as center played an excellent game and made most of the tallies.

Wesleyan	G	FG	F	Tarkio	G	FG	F
Horn, r f	2	8		Gowdy, r f	10	5	
Heinz, l f	2		2	Baird, l f			
Wyckoff (Capt) c	1		3	Peterson, c	4		7
Bigler, r g			2	Kirk, r g	2		1
Henderson, l g			2	Osterstorne, l g	4		2
	5	8	9		20	5	10
		Points 18				Points 45	

On the night of February the tenth two games were staged in the College Gymnasium, which was crowded to its utmost capacity. The first was between the Wesleyan girls' team, which is always victorious, and the girls of Breckenridge High School. The visitors were plucky and put up a good exhibition of basketball, but they were unable at any time during the game to bring their score up to that of the Wesleyan girls. When the game ended the score stood 18 to 12 in favor of the Wesleyans.

Wesleyan	G	FG	F	Breckenridge HS	G	FG	F
Horn, r f	1	1	1	Amick, r f	3	2	2
Ellwood, l f	7	1		Watson, l f	2		1
Sidebottom, c			1	Thompson, c			
Burris, 2nd c			2	Kenower, 2d c			
Thompson, r g			1	Gibeant, r g			
Campbell, l g				Shiner, l g			2
	8	2	7		5	2	5
		Points 18			Points 12		

The second game of the evening was between the boys' team and the aggregation from William Jewell College of Liberty, Mo. Both teams started on the jump as soon as the referee's whistle sounded. For a time the ball went back and forth across the field without being thrown at either basket, until Horn of the Wesleyans broke the spell by making a pretty goal. It was not until the latter part of the first half that the Jewell's were able to get very much ahead of the Wesleyans. Bigler, a guard on the Wesleyan team, was put out of the game at this time, and the change of players interfered with our team work for a time. When the first half closed the score stood Wm. Jewell 9, Wesleyan 3.

The second half found the Wesleyans putting up a fine exhibition of basketball, yet they were unable to catch up with the Jewells. Heinz was slightly injured during this period of the game and another exchange of players was made necessary. The visitors then settled down and gradually raised their end of the score. When the time keeper's whistle blew the score stood 29 to 10 in favor of William Jewell. Capt. Wyckoff played in his usual good form, and Horn and Henderson also played a stellar game for the Wesleyans. C. Martin and Moorman played well for the Jewells.

Wesleyan	G	FG	F	Wm Jewell	G	FG	F
Horn, r f	1	2	1	Babb, r f	1		
Heinz, l f	1		2	C. Martin, l f	8		1
Wyckoff, c	2			Moorman, c	3		
Bigler, r g			2	Rhoades, r g		5	1
Henderson, l g			1	R. Martin, l g			2
Freeman, g and f							
Coe, g					12	5	4
	4	2	6			Points 29	
		Points 10					

Locals

"What you say goes" he sadly said,
With eyes and heart aflame;
She glanced up at the parlor clock,
And softly said his name— Ex.

"I am happy to inform you that the heating plant is in working order today."

The Mid-Year meeting of the Board of Trustees occurred Tuesday, February 6.

STOLEN—From the kitchen of North Hall, Sunday, January 28, one quart of pure cream.

Mr. Hulén, describing a character in English, "She was weak and backward, and bent forward."

Miss Nicholson—What do we mean by the breadth of a novel? Mr. Dillener—Why, I suppose it means that it must not be narrow.

We are approaching a month of festivities, February is the time for the annual social affairs of each of the four literary societies in the school.

Did you ever stop to think that the local department is yours as well as the editors? Did you say the jokes were old and rather juvenile? We know it. YOU help to make them better.

Miss Nicholson (discussing the love element in the novel) Does it make any difference about the time or place of a love scene; whether in this country or in Africa? In summer or in winter? Mr. Hulén (emphatically) "Yes!"

Albert Edward Wiggam in his lecture on "Dollars and Sense" gave some very practical suggestions, one of which will probably be carried out in Missouri Wesleyan. Watch out for buttons pinned on the girls of the Dormitory by the direction of the prepress.

Arthur Smith wants to know if the close of 1885 wouldn't be 1886.

Some fellows make a hit with every new girl that comes into school—for about two weeks.

This much of a prayer was heard from the lips of Miss Josie Cowger—"Please make me a Grant."

She—"And would you put yourself out for my sake?"

He—"Indeed I would."

She—"Then do it, please; I'm awfully sleepy"—Ex.

Father—(as John creeps quietly to bed) "What time is it?"

John—"One o'clock" (clock strikes four)

Father—"My how that clock stutters"—Ex.

We had the pleasure of witnessing the Turner collection of the world's masterpieces of art. This collection consists of two hundred prints of the greatest paintings and statuary. The exhibit was under the auspices of the Sorosis Club of Cameron, and was given in the Y. M. C. A. parlors. The proceeds are to be used in the purchase of another picture for the college.

The Northwestern University Glee Club of Evanston, Illinois, will start on a trip to the Pacific coast Feb. 5. They were successful competitors in a competitive examination of over forty clubs, held by the Sante Fe Railroad for the purpose of selecting entertainments for their different reading rooms between Chicago and California. This club is composed of thirty-two members, twenty-eight singers, a reader, a cartoonist, and two monologists. The club is allowed a few outside concerts, one of which will be held in Kansas City, Missouri, Feb. 6. The following is a clipping from the Daily Northwestern: Manager Phelps was exceedingly fortunate this year in having enlisted the services of Mr. Wilson, a member of the Garrett Biblical School, who is a very clever chalk artist. His lightning sketches, accompanied by a humorous monologue kept the audience in a trance during the entire number.

Hulen is becoming quite Anna—Mayted.

Some one told the other day that Tennant's heart had been pierced but it looks as though it had healed over.

Dr. DeBra dictating to College Life and Work class: "However in speaking of chapel speeches it will be amusing"—

Horn aside to Riley, "Let's see what main head does this come under, 'frats'?"

"No, 'athletics,' I think."

Dean Watson to Spanish class:

"Don't be afraid of making mistakes—the child in learning to talk does not care if people do laugh at their mistakes. In fact they rather like to be laughed at."

Miss Dodd: "But, Dean, some of us have grown too old to appreciate being laughed at."

Found in the back of a physiology student's Textbook:

Our physiology teacher thinks it best

In the morning to continue his rest,

To show up for class

Was his last thought no doubt

So we pupils our lessons

Did go without.

Say for instance, we would

Not show up for class

Oh me, oh my, for alas,

But then why worry

For good old credits we'll get

That will help some, you bet.

Now this said teacher

In my mind

Should be made to show up

Or be fined.

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