

Mildred Bender

THE CRITERION

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NUMBER 6

THE HOME STRETCH

Faculty and Students Getting Ready for the Grand Finale Examinations.

The glorious holiday season is over. The college halls are full of activity and vim—and apparent happiness. The sleek, well-fed appearance of the students as they crowd back into the lecture rooms and the chapel seems to indicate bountiful menus at mother's hands. But smiles and the exhilaration—well, one dares to hope that everybody is glad to be back.

The old college had given us a rather tender farewell, an unforgettable Christmas program at chapel the last morning. The school of Expression and the Music school had arranged a service which, if printed, might appear quite like one of the usual Wesleyan programs. But this was different. The same good home talent appeared that we always enjoy: perhaps they did no better than usual. Some sort of magic made it seem different, and after three or four weeks we remember the impression of the whole. No number was announced. Prof. Tracey with his orchestra quietly opened the program and created the spirit of reverence with the Christmas music of the old English carols. Mrs. Overstreet, Margaret Frazier, Mary McKee, and Jean Swiger followed with songs and readings. Christine Kendall sang, "Holy Night" to the accompaniment of men's voices. Angela Buzard read the Christmas story from the gospels. Then just as quietly and reverently the whole audience rose to the music, "Joy to the World." Thus closed the college year 1921 for Missouri Wesleyan. One who was not there cannot know how beautiful it was.

Now 1922 is upon us. It is full of vigor and enthusiasm. There are big deeds to be done—tremendous conflicts right at hand. The final examinations—well, no more need be said. Fortunately, we come to

A NEW YEAR'S SYMPHONY ("Guests" or Poems in Prose)

Hidden away somewhere in Vermont, a modest little writer has been going a-guesting. Her thoughts are too good to remain hidden away somewhere in Vermont. For she says—just what we all think, and can't possibly say:

"I will disclose to those who have not seen, the beauty of the world.

I will not strive to enhance the beauty by fine phrases, nor hide it under a covering of words.

I will stand aside that I may not be in the way of a tree and that my shadow may not fall upon a flower.

I will be silent while the thrush sings and the young leaves rustle in the wind.

I will hide my little light that men may not turn from the sunlight nor withdraw their gaze from the night sky.

I will be as one who stands humbly at the portal to give entrance to those who seek the beauty of the world.

I will open doors before you. You may pass through or turn away, as you will.

There are doors that I will open that will never close. You will see the open doors and before you are aware you will have passed thru."

Mrs. Sadie Bryan Burrows of Boxboro, Mass., is visiting friends in Cameron and vicinity. She was called here on the death of her mother, Mrs. Eva Dorsey. Mr. and Mrs. Burrows are both Wesleyan graduates and they like their work in the pastorate at Borboro very much.

the attack straight from the good old feather-bed and mother's famous dinner table. That sleek, well-fed appearance is not for nought. After just a bit more cramming—Chemistry and History and Psychology, not turkey—we hope to sprinkle our record books with A's and B+'s, and to go into the new semester with a real respect for our mental superiority.

WHEN THE WORLD TOUCHES US

Our Visitors Bring Many New and Individual Messages.

Someone has suggested that this year the speakers at chapel afford a good opportunity to study humanity. "Where has he been?" we ask ourselves. What is he planning to bring to us? "What is his relation to our problems and interests, and how will he present it?"

The chapel programs all this year have been unusually varied, and these two weeks have been no exception.

Our dean, whom we all know, and about whom we need ask no questions, made for us one day some New Year's resolutions. He resolved with us, in the first place, to make the most of our opportunities in the classroom, in the library, in social affairs, and in making friends; secondly, to understand more fully and help create and popularize the true Wesleyan spirit; in the third place, to prepare ourselves for a life of usefulness to others; and, fourthly, to live our best at all times. We fully appreciate the need of these resolutions, and pledge ourselves to keep them in so far as we can.

Mr. Taylor also made with us a resolution—that we walk in newness of life. He told us that there is really nothing new in life, but all is just old things in new forms. But these old things are, he told us worthy of our attention.

On another day we had with us our own Doctor Burris. He himself answered some of our questions for us. He told us, very modestly, that he had been to England and had his picture taken on the old Rugby Gridiron. Dr. Burris is always thinking of our college, and bringing reminiscences to us. This time he told us of when our college was young, and when true optimism was required to believe that it had a future. But now, he told us, not much optimism is required to see a brilliant future for Missouri Wes-

leyan. In this connection, he gave us his definition of an optimist. "An optimist," he said, "is a person who buys something from a Jew and expects to sell it to a Scotchman at a profit." Dr. Burris, in his own kindly way, wished us the "best of luck", hoping we will be able to make good grades, and that next semester may be the best ever known at Wesleyan.

Sometimes, in our chapel exercises, we catch a gleam from afar off. Such a one we caught from Dr. Tuller, Secretary of the Deaconess Extension Board. He brot us impressions from his travels in the Holy Land. It was near the Easter time, and he and a friend decided to traverse in a day the paths trod by the Savior during the last week of his life, before his betrayal and crucifixion. As they went over the paths travelled by the Christ, Mr. Tuller said he and his friend felt always a kind of holiness coming from the association of the Savior. Most impressive to him, he said, was the little chapel built at the place where the weight of the cross crushed Jesus to the ground. Truly, Mr. Tuller said, that was a hallowed spot. The chapel was only a small building, but in it, he told us, was the most realistic crucifix he had ever seen, so realistic indeed that two Russian women wept at the sight, the one going to the head as if to hold it in her arms, and wipe the drops of blood from the face; the other weeping at the feet. Dr. Tuller left us with this picture in our minds. Is not it a beautiful impression to have?

BANG!

"What's that?" somebody'll say, Oh that's the Adelphian Minstrel, that's the way it's going off, just like a shotgun. Pep! well you never in your life saw half so much in any other bunch! Comedy, yes I guess so! Jazz, you bet, all the latest, just out, you've never heard it! Orchestra, um hugh! Keen as a briar. Sketch, you tell 'em kiddo! What they goin' to do? Oh, you never can tell, so come and see.

At the High School
Auditorium
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Mary McKee—"It sure does tickle me that all these men around here are growing mustaches".

THE SCRIBBLER

Work Contributed From the English Department—Advanced Composition.

Autumn

Far to the south lies the autumn haze

Dreamily;

Maple and elm trees are flaunting their

Brilliancy;

All Nature dresses in holiday

Ornaments,

Anxious to look at its best for the

Revelry—

Last of the season. For then come the

Resting days.

—Donald McGlumphy.

Advertisement for Note Book

The corn has ears,

The cabbage (s) talk;

Tatoes have eyes,

With which they gawk.

No secrets tell

In garden's then;

Put them in me

With ink and pen.

—Grace Irminger.

A Home Problem

What would you think if your son had to attend school in a small dark room where window lights were broken out and boards and rags took their place? Where the teacher had only a rude table for a desk, and no books for reference work? What if your daughter had to share her desk with two other children, and the room was so badly heated that at times she could scarcely keep warm? Sounds rather like the pioneer days, doesn't it?

And you who have been teaching in those earlier days, or are teachers today! Could you teach effectively with one small piece of black board for your use, with trains at a Junction station thundering constantly under your windows; with the smell of cooking food from adjoining apartments pervading your room every hour of the day? Could your pupils study then? Would you be willing to pay your school-taxes for a result like this?

Yet these very conditions are existing in the city of Cameron today.

—Mable Colaw.

These people are in our town;

they are our problem. It is our Cameron problem to see that they become the best citizens it is possible for them to become, citizens who respect and love our nation and its laws, and who are able to make their own way without being a drag on society. This is our duty, not only to the negroes, but to our country. Perhaps, before another year has passed, we shall have carried out a new resolution—that our colored children of the community shall have a suitable school-building equipment for their teacher, and an equal opportunity with other children to grow into citizens self-respecting and respected. And thus we shall keep our own self-respect.

—Donald McGlumphy.

One Solution, Perhaps

Can you imagine children liking to go to school in the summer time? It seems impossible, but if you would have proof, come with me to the corner of Elm and Osage streets, Kansas City. On this corner there is a dingy gray building having the appearance of a church. As we enter, we see a group of negro boys and girls ranging in age from four to fourteen years. Evidently the school is just about to begin for we hear the teacher saying, "We shall let Lily Jones select the first song today." After the opening exercises the teacher has the children march around and take their places in classes. What will they teach we wonder. As we go from class to class, we wonder rather what they do not teach. Here is a group of small boys making checker boards, little girls making doll furniture, older girls making wearable garments or making others wearable by patching them. Then there is sound of pounding, and upon inquiry we find that the older boys are in a tent nearby making household conveniences such as footstools, small tables, and tooth brush racks. A bell sounds and all lay down their work and march out doors for a play time.

After the play time comes more work. Then there is a general period with stories and memory verses closing with a stanza of America and a flag salute. If you were a little colored boy or girl who had no opportunity to learn how to do things, you would like to go to school in the summertime too.



YE OLDE GOSSIBE

When a Feller Needs a Friend

The stroller quite recently invested \$6,000 in one Utah oil well of questionable value, and has found it necessary to go to Salt Lake City to look after it. Let it be hoped that the stroller will return with no more than the usual number of wives.

Be that as it may, ye Olde Gossipe has agreed to keep the ball rolling during his absence, but quite positively refuses to be held responsible for anything in this column, so go with your grievances to the stroller, when he returns.

Mrs. Reed intends purchasing an Edison phonograph, hoping that it will be an asset in creating a more intellectual atmosphere in the sophomore English class. N. B. She didn't say this. We have it on hearsay.

The English department is seriously considering dramatizing Othello, that masterpiece of Shakespeare. The date for the performance, however, is yet indefinite. It is rumored that Rev. Allen is to take the lead as Othello, the valient Moor. Miss Demoree and Mr. Allen have found a new interpretation of Othello, which shall raise the play from the sordid level of the tragedy to the sublime height of comedy.

Miss Hanson's social engagements have been so pressing of late that she invariably slumbers blissfully throughout Chemistry class. Miss Herring has suggested one of two alternatives as a remedy for the situation: Either that Miss Hanson be required to be in before two o'clock or that Mr. Nelson be permitted to call only every other evening.

It is requested that the student body be not alarmed if any one is seen carrying a copy of the Sacred Scriptures about the campus, the Pageantry class is going to dramatize one of the books of the Old Testament.

He is Adam Foole who leaves his books in the hall to Phillip Space, for Mary May Steel and Phillip Will Steel and Henry Wood Borrow. So take my advice and B. Moore Careful.

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In The Maddening Crowd

"Honk-honk", "burr-r-r", "ding-ding", "I hear you ca-a-l-ling me-e", "I wa-a-nt my Ma-a-a-my"—

What a din reached my ears as I ascended the stairs in Woolworth's store, the day before Christmas. The top department adjoins the "music" counter, and the two combined in a melody of anything but harmony.

"Oh, Mamma, I want this horn. Do you think Santa will bring me—"

"A rubber doll, that's what—"

"Makes music, Yes, I know it does, it's wonderful—"

Turning, I perceived this remarkable statement to be divided between a little boy, a little girl, and an aesthetic looking young lady.

Aimlessly, I drifted on with the crowd.

"Yes, I'm just finishing my shopping. I have bought some toys here, a doll for Mary—"

"A silk shirt for Daddy—that's what he wants, and it only cost—"

"Three for a nickel—"

In despair, I "headed" for the stairway, fought my way to the street, and gave up all thoughts of buying any "dime-store" articles.

Georgia Amick.

Sonny Bub

"Well, hello Dad, I've come home." Father's eyes opened in amazement. The voice startled him and at first he saw boy's clothing. Upon closer observation, he saw a little girl—her hands and face covered with dust, her hair, once long and curly, now unevenly cut. He grabbed his boy in his arms without saying a word. After a little, Doris sped back to her room and clasped her dolly.

"Oh, Mary Josephine, I did it. He thought at first I WAS big brother and he looked so surprised and happy, but then he changed when he knew me and he looked so hurt. Oh, I won't do. He can't big brother." The child became silent for a minute. "But I've already spoiled my pretty curls. We must go on now," Doris sobbed, but sobs did not seem to make her stronger for her task.

Morning found no other solution to her trouble. She put on her overalls and met her Daddy at breakfast. "Good-morning, Sonny Bub. How's the boy?" Father was smiling and cheerful. "Great, Dad." Doris' own voice startled her, she was now truly playing the part.

Their conversation at breakfast was such fun. Doris like to be a boy, pretty well. Now she could go every place with Daddy, and even get the kindling which she had always thought would be great sport.

As the days passed, however, Daddy's smiles were not so bright as at that first breakfast together, and more often the sad look came into his eyes which she saw when she first appeared to him in boy's clothing. Doris was broken-hearted; she had failed.

That night Doris again went to Mary Josephine with her misgivings. She took her dolly to bed and sobbed to her, "We have failed. He—wants—his—boy. We must do something else. Oh, maybe we can find a boy who will live with us."

Down in the library, Daddy could stand the torture no longer. He wanted his little girl. She was filling the place of big brother, but he realized that no one could take her place. He went to her room and found her awake—sobbing with her dolly in her arms.

He knelt by her bed-side. "Doris, my little girl, come back to me. Daddy thought at first you were only playing—I need you even more now. Daddy loves his little girl, we will soon find big brother. Be Daddy's little girl in the morning."

—Angela Buzard.

DORMITORY NAME CHANGED

Some college wit decided Rice Hall, the new girls' dormitory, had been incorrectly christened and gathering together several other humorously inclined individuals proceeded to correct the error. The outcome of this meeting of "Owls" was evident Tuesday morning, Jan. 3, to anyone passing out that way. Over the big double doors at main entrance facing on South Chestnut street hung a big sign, which had been commandeered from one of the produce dealers. It read, "The Cameron Poultry Co."

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ALUMNI NOTES

The Alumni editor welcomes gratefully any items concerning the Wesleyan Alumni, and wishes to thank those who contributed some such items. The following is an extract from a letter of Mr. Paul Osman's.

"The Wesleyan Alumni of Boston and vicinity held a 'get-together' dinner on Thanksgiving Day at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. N. Burrows at Boxboro, Massachusetts. A table full of good things to eat and many cheery reminiscences of Wesleyan days combined to make the occasion an enjoyable one. Mr. and Mrs. Hessel, formerly of Central Wesleyan College, were the guests of the day. Others present besides the host and hostess were: Prof. and Mrs. F. W. Clelland, and family; Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Farmer and daughter; Mr. and Mrs. Clyde S. Crowder and family; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Thompson; Capt. Alva F. Englehart, and Mr. Paul Osman. A total of twenty-one persons were gathered at the feast in honor of old M. W. C. and her cherished association."

Miss Elsie Jeffers '19, who is attending the Methodist Training

School at Kansas City, spent the holidays here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Jeffers.

Capt. Alva Englehart, who is a student at Boston Technical School, spent the Christmas time visiting with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Englehart, and other Cameron relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Moore of the classes of '18 and '20 respectively were here from Orwatonna, Minn., where he is professor of vocational agriculture in the high school. They were spending the vacation with his mother, Mrs. Willie B. Moore.

Harry Thomas '21 who is now attending Simpson college at Indianola, Iowa spent the holidays here visiting friends.

George Sharp '20 stopped to see his Cameron friends when he was en route to Carrollton after spending his vacation in his home at Mathiston, Miss. He was accompanied by his brother, Wick Sharp, who is now at Simpson College.

A recent letter from Harry A. Reed advises us that he is now at Defiance, Ohio. He is doing Sunday School work in Northwestern, Ohio and his territory includes three counties.

Miss Fannie Esther Wilson and Miss Edith Gibson, teaching respectively at Shelbina and Carrollton in the high schools of those places, spent the Christmas vacation at home here in Cameron.

DOINGS OF THE RUTHEANS

Never mind that pie, Mirandy; it won't burn yet, for you just put it in.

Come, let's read this Criterion our boy, John, has sent. I recollect his sending some other Critterions and I guess I read nigh every word in 'em. That must be a pretty good school town there at Cameron—if our taxes hadn't took all the money we had saved up, you and me'd go right down there and visit John.

This 'pears to be the Christmas paper. Johnson put on a little extra about Christmas in the last week's Enterprise, but I 'low his not had the learning those college

folks have. I'm right interested in them Rutheans down there; wonder if they got anything in here. Oh Mirandy, don't forget that pie. You know burnt crust is to make you beautiful, they say, and you and me's past that stage. Wonder if those Rutheans know anything about real good cooking.

Here it is—"Rutheans entertain football men with a banquet", guess that sounds like they could cook. And they elected a new captain. Now I wonder what in the world a captain has to do with a football team. Course I never seen one of them football games, but before we moved west, Pa and Ma lived in Pennsylvania by a river and I knew lots of captains there, and they spin yarns fastern they could work. But that's that, and I low I'll never get to see one of them games no-how, so I won't worry my mind about it.

"The five-course banquet was cooked and served by the Ruthean girls."

By George, that's all right. When Si. Johnson's gal went away to school she never learnt nothing but books and how to act at a party, but I guess it ain't that way at Wesleyan.

Wonder why I ain't been reading about more folks entertaining them football players—if I was going to school and my team won so many games, I'd be for everybody entertaining 'em. Guess them Rutheans must be the first folks at college that done anything to show their appreciation. Maybe since they've begun though, some of them other folks'll be doing something pretty soon now.

Guess that's about all there is in this paper about the Rutheans. Our boy, John, is a sending us papers right along now. I sure do enjoy reading them. Is that pie done, Mirandy? You say it is? Good! I'll go right to the kitchen and sample it. I always did like warm pie.

The Dean—"The art of thinking is now somewhat discredited but was formerly a popular indoor sport".

"Earliest Vaughn's wife simply worships him, doesn't she?"

"Well, she places burnt offerings before him three times a day."

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HOWARD & SON

Y. M. C. A.

Were you at chapel Tuesday morning, January 10, members and friends of the "Y"?

If you were, did you hear the appeal that was given in behalf of our brother college in China?

Under the spell of that appeal could you not feel the responsibility that rests upon you and me to give, to the best of our ability, in order that those who are far less fortunate than we, might enjoy the privilege of an education?

Can we allow this opportunity to pass by?

Are we turning a deaf ear to the sound of voices that are calling for help? These voices are wafted from across the sea on every breeze that blows. They are the voices of those who with longing hearts and outstretched arms are looking to the young men and young women of our American Colleges for enlightenment and financial aid.

Again, did you get the significance of the Hollister Y. M. C. A. Convention that is held annually in the spring of every year? In this convention the influence of men who are great leaders, is brought. Lives are set on fire with an ambition and a zeal to accomplish something for the betterment of humanity.

Fellows, this is not a joke, neither is it something which we ought to try to get around. It is our duty as students of Missouri Wesleyan and members of the "Y" to put this thing across.

Our budget is smaller this year than it was last year; money is more scarce; but to counteract that there are more of us to give.

William Nast College.....	\$100.00
Hollister Convention	50.00
State and National.....	35.00
Incidentals	20.00
Social	20.00
Room fund.....	25.00
Total.....	\$250.00

We are sorry to state that only about one third of the budget has been pledged.

Are we going over the top, or

shall we turn back and be termed slackers and quitters?

Zero hour is passed; the advance guard and the first attacking wave have gone over. If there are any who stepped from the ranks and fell back because you didn't have the nerve to go in first, we shall give you a chance to fall in with the next wave and go over. Don't let your comrades do your fighting while you stay behind; they need your help. So let's go. "up and at 'em". OVER THE TOP.

BREAK FIFTY-FIFTY

Wesleyan's Boys' Basketball Team
Lost to Tarkio and Won
From Maryville.

Wesleyan's Girls' Team Lost Opening
Game to Maryville.

Coach Davis' quintet started the basketball season Thursday night on the wrong foot dropping the Tarkio-Wesleyan game at Tarkio by a score of 43 to 20 but came back strong the following night pulling down the long end of a 27 to 19 score from Northwestern State Teachers college at Maryville. The Wesleyan girls lost their initial game Friday night to the State Teachers' college girls at Maryville the game ending Maryville 25, and Wesleyan 20.

The Tarkio game was a close, hard fought game during the first period, the half ending 18 to 14 with Tarkio in the lead. At the opening of the second period the Tarkio cagers hit a wild streak pouring the sphere thru the hoop from the center of the court to the number of 6 field goals in rapid succession.

It was a different story at Maryville. The Wesleyan basketeers put up so strong a defense the first half that the Teachers were unable to score a field goal and only counted 3 free throws. The final heat the Teachers raised their batting average, at one time pulling up to within one point of Coach Davis' men.

Croy hit the basket with the most regularity for the Wesleyan team.

RISING CAPTAIN ELECT

The Ruthean Literary Society Gave
Banquet to Missouri Wesleyan's
Football Squad.

Paul Rising, quarterback of the M. I. A. A. Mythical team, was chosen to pilot the 1922 Wesleyan football team at a banquet Tuesday night, Dec. 13, given to the boys by the ladies of the Ruthean Literary society at the Ruthean-Adelphian hall.

The hall was tastefully decorated in Wesleyan colors and penants.

The feast was prepared by the girls in the domestic science rooms. There seems to be a relief that college girls are not versed in the fine art of making pastries and roasting turkey, but the Rutheans conclusively proved the fallacy of that idea.

Leslie Irwin, this year's captain and who has played his last game for Missouri Wesleyan payed a fine tribute to the new captain and the men who will uphold the Wesleyan colors next year. Rising, captain-elect, responded to Captain Irwin and the boys of 1921.

IN TOUCH WITH WORLD

Jim McGlumphy and Linn Youngman have rigged up wireless receiving stations through which they have listened to sermons and orchestras at Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Denver, Madison, Wis., and Kansas City.

Formerly Youngman and McGlumphy owned jointly the receiving station which was located at Youngman's home, but because of inconvenience Jim McGlumphy bot out Youngman and moved the station to his home. Youngman is equipping another station.

One Sunday night Jim caught in on a sermon being preached at Denver. Jim called his father, W. H. S. McGlumphy, who had retired and Mr. McGlumphy went to his son's room, crawled into bed and listened to the sermon.

Jim, Linn and Sidney Brown are going to install little spark coils so they can send messages to one another.

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DOING THINGS IN EAST

Former Missouri Wesleyan Student
Stirs New England
Community.

Rev. Chas. N. Burrows, former Missouri Wesleyan student and for some time captain of the M. W. C. football eleven, is making a record in New England. Concerning his activities at Boxboro, Mass., where he is now pastor, the Boston Globe recently said:

Boxboro, Mass.—It is somewhat unusual for a strictly farming community of small size and comparatively few inhabitants to build and equip a modern athletic field and playground. It is also unusual for a rural church with necessarily limited yearly finances to provide such an institution for its young people, but that is what the new pastor and members of the little Congregational Church and other warm-hearted citizens of this hill town in the western section of old Middlesex County plan to do.

Five acres of land has been leased near the church property and will soon be purchased outright for \$400 by the parish, whose members will begin soliciting subscriptions for the necessary improvement and complete equipment of the proposed athletic field.

Citizens of the town are enthusiastic over the pastor's plan for the improvement of church and social activities, and are loud in their praise of the new pastor of the church, Rev. Charles N. Burrows, and his energetic young bride, both of whom came here a short time ago from Missouri.

"We're from Missouri, too!" one influential member of the little Boxboro church told the new leader, when the latter told his parishioners a few things they needed here to bring more young people out to church and keep them at home on the farms.

"You need more real community spirit—more social activities of a healthy, vital nature—more real home amusements, outdoor and indoor, in addition to your religious work here," pastor Burrows told his farmer friends.

"You have no real recreation facilities here. When the young people want amusement they go to the Acton villages to lawn parties or dances, or to Concord and Maynard to the "movies" or baseball games. What we ought to have right here at home is a community center—a playground, equipped for every kind of healthy, cleanly sport. Then Boxboro farm boys and girls will stay at home, where we need them. And now's our chance!"

Boxboro citizens for miles around actually "woke up!"

Straightaway the new pastor and his bride climbed into their little "gas wagon" and spurted over the hills, visiting nearly every farmer

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CAMERON

in the town and soliciting the support of even those who never went to church. The result has been a grand success, for the community spirit in Boxboro was never so awakened before as it is today.

To make the new playground and sports' field an immediate reality, Boxboro farmers are planning a grand "get-together day" in Aug., when horses, autos, wagons, hired men, shovels, hoes and rakes will be brought along to the big field. Nearly 2,000 yards of dirt and rocks will have to be removed before the ground can be made ready for the first community field day, which probably will be held early in September.

The committee plans to arrange track meets, tennis, baseball games, football, basketball and volley ball, besides other sports and healthy amusements for both sexes.

Rev. Mr. Burrows and wife are very popular here. The pastor is Missouri born and bred, 27 years old, and a graduate of Missouri Wesleyan College and Boston University School of Theology. He came to Boxboro Church about two years ago while a student, and was ordained here a year ago, later returning to Missouri and marrying a charming girl from his home town. Mrs. Burrows is also deeply religious and interested in social welfare work, and she, too, is a graduate of Missouri Wesleyan College.

The Burrows "boys" were noted in college activities in Missouri, and were crack football players, both winning places on the "All-State" football team. The Boxboro pastor played fullback and his brother, Albert, tackle.

DEAN CORN IN BOSTON

A letter from Dean Corn dated November 16, states that he is "working like a horse" and enjoying his year at Boston University. The following will be a reminder to M. W. C. of the professor: "To my own surprise I bought a Ford Coupe about three days before I left my wife's home in Michigan, and drove it through to Boston. I had a great trip. Have had to room ten miles out from Boston up until a week ago. I drove back and forth in my car most of the time. Just a week ago I was able to get a room here in the school dormitories."

Prof. Corn also suggests that his Faculty Advisors are urging him to study abroad next year, and he may take their advice.

At The Freshman Party

Wallace Theilman—Miss Bryant, did you ever play postoffice?

Miss Bryant (very enthusiastically)—I should say so!

It's All in the State of Mind

If you think you are beaten, you are;

If you think you dare not, you don't;

If you'd like to win, but you think you can't,

It's almost a cinch you won't.

If you think you will lose, you've lost,

For out in the world you find
Success begins with a fellow's will—

It's all in the state of mind.

Full many a race is lost
'Ere ever a step is run;
And many a coward fails
'Ere ever his work's begun.
Think big, and your deeds will grow;

Think small and you'll fall behind;

Think that you can and you will—
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are;

You've got to think high to rise:
You've got to be sure of yourself before

You ever can win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man,
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the man who thinks he CAN.
—Selected.

Mistakes

When a plumber makes a mistake, he charges twice for it.

When a lawyer makes a mistake, it is just what he wanted, because he has a chance to try the case all over again.

When a carpenter makes a mistake, it's just what he expected.

When a doctor makes a mistake, he buries it.

When a judge makes a mistake, it becomes the law of the land.

When a preacher makes a mistake, nobody knows the difference.

But when the editor makes a mistake—good night!—Ex.

Leslie Irwin several days ago paid in full a debt of one nickel which he has owed for some time to Mr. Ryan. The payment, we understood was made not in the coin of the realm, but by services received.

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EXCHANGES

If Prohibition Continues

We Wonder:

Will a storm be allowed to brew?
Will the moon be allowed to get full?

Will a ship be allowed to anchor on a bar?

Will a captain be allowed to put in some port?

Will cocktails be allowed on roosters?

Will a man be jailed for getting half shot in the army?

Will hops be allowed in dance halls?

Will a man be allowed to be intoxicated with joy?

Will doctors be allowed to prescribe for sham pain?—Exchange.

Physician (to man plastering wall)—“The trowel covers a lot of mistakes does it not.”

Workman—“Yes, Gov'nor and so does the spade.”

The prisoner threw the magazines across his cell in disgust and swore eloquently. “Nothin' but continued stories,” he raged, “an' I'm to be hanged next Tuesday.”

Columbia U's Model School

Experts of the Institute of Educational Research, Teachers' College, in Columbia University, have taken over a one room school house in New Jersey and will run it for the rest of the year.

The school will be used for a laboratory study of the national problem of rural education. The carved-up desks and dog-eared books have been replaced with modern equipment, and Miss Marcia Everett, a Teachers' College graduate, has been employed as the teacher.

Cornell University gave a course last year that was unique. Plain and fancy cooking for a class of men. Yea, verily, and thirty men took it. In fact, they asked for it. Men from the Schools of Engineering and Agriculture realized the need of being able to take care of themselves when out on a trail. They made good with the type to insist on following up this course with one in crocheting and fancy dancing.—Ex.

When Harry Thomas, a former

Wesleyan student at Simpson, came back to Cameron for a visit he brot a copy of the “Simpsonian”. We hope to place that paper on our regular exchange list for it is a real college paper.

Baker's new cinder track is nearing completion.

Worth a Thought

“Faint heart no'or won fair lady.” A merry heart is seldom a faint heart; a merry heart is a brave and strong heart—keep cheerful and it will help you win many of life's hardest battles. Some one says, “How are you going to keep cheerful when things go against you?” Dear me, any one can be cheerful when its coming his way. “The man worth while is the man who will smile when everything goes dead wrong.” Don't take yourself so seriously—you're not so important in the general scheme. The sun is ninety million miles away—Why worry?

Miss Florence Crowe, a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University and the Boston School of Education, is putting her theories in salesmanship into practice at Paducah, Ky., where she is teaching in the Augusta Tilgham high school. The members of her class are required to work as clerks in the stores of Paducah before receiving their grades.

Simultaneous with the announce of the resignation of President Wm D. Schermerhorn from Dakota Wesleyan University, comes the news of his appointment as head of the department of Church History and Missions at Garrett Biblical Institute of Northwestern University. Dr. Schermerhorn has expressed himself as being highly pleased with

the support given him by the students, faculty and the Board of Trustees during his five years at Dakota Wesleyan, and states that he is making the change because he believes that by training and temperament he is better fitted for teaching. His resignation becomes formally effective July 1, 1922. No successor has as yet been named, although several names are being considered by the Board, and an early announcement of their choice is expected.

Profesor Kelly of the department of business administration of Nebraska Wesleyan University is offering a course in income tax procedure this winter. The course will take up practical income tax work, the theory of the income tax and the history of the measure. The class is open to all college students and to business men as well.

At the recent meeting of the Pacific Coast Conference two institutions, the Universities of Southern California and Idaho, were admitted to membership, and one major change was made in the eligibility rules. It was decided that men transferring from one university to another would have to spend a full calendar year in the second institution before being able to compete in athletics. The former rule enabled players transferring at the Christmas period, for example, to become eligible for football in the next fall, provided they attended a summer session, thus completing three quarters of the school year.

Construction plans for two new buildings to be ready for use by the middle of September, 1922, by students at Ohio Wesleyan University

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have been submitted to and passed upon by the Board of Trustees of that university. One of the buildings will be known as Austin Hall, in honor of Professor C. B. Austin, a veteran member of the faculty, and will cost \$200,000. It is to be used as a girl's dormitory with accommodations for 150 girls. The other building, the Watson memorial, will be a women's gymnasium and will cost when completed \$300,000.

Within the last few years seven colleges for women have been started in the Far East, according to Mrs. Murray Frame, of Yeneing College, Peking, China. "Last winter, when North China was in the stranglehold of that terrible famine". Mrs. Frame states, "students of Yeneing college gave Maeterlinck's, "The Blue Bird" in Chinese, through which they raised \$1,500 for the sufferers. Then a small group were excused temporarily from college and went out into the nearest famine region to investigate. They cared for over two hundred famine victims thru the long winter months, other girls in the college securing money and clothing, and coming in relays for two weeks at a time to help in the work."

CLASS SPIRIT AT M. W. C.

One of the real delights of the past two weeks at Wesleyan has been the suggestion here and there—and quite openly—of class spirit. The very greatest joy for the alumnus of an old University, Harvard, Toronto, Northwestern, Chicago, on his return to his Alma Mater is the renewal of class fellowships. Homecoming Day provides for great class reunions, never for fraternity or sorority social affairs. They are there, of course if there be opportunity for them, but it is the class that has first place every time.

And so the Senior yell in Chapel the other day, with the Freshman response, was a thing of joy. And we understand that some of the immense Freshman class showed considerable enthusiasm over a Freshman party. Why not a Sophomore party? Mrs. Reed says she never has seen a finer class group than English B. Material for all sorts of fun. And a Junior party? And Senior!

AESTHESIANS

When Aesthesians sought new members

Found they one among the teachers;

One whose happy lot had fallen
To instruct and guide the children.
Madge is worthy of her calling
Glad her sisters are to have her.

At her table in the basement
With her class of girls about her
Mable Colaw is found teaching.
Sewing is an art and science
Which will help to better girlhood
Make her fit for noble homework.

Modest little dimpled maiden
If you know her not 'tis sad fate
I'd describe to you her dress ware,
If 'twould help you but it would not
Who you thought was Irene Coffman

Might be Gladys Marsh or Katherine.

Carrie is one Cobb so useful
That things would not go without her.

Truly is a willing worker
Makes one think that close behind her

Is a force yet solved by no one.
Duty leads where pleasure dare not.

Like a fire fly ever darting,
Always at its fervent mission
Clara Clark will do her duty.
Strong in love, and wit, and humor,
Heart and hand that work together
She will find her goal or make one.

Mildred is a girl of talents
Though her face seems always sunshine,

And her heart awake to friendships,
There are depths yet undiscovered;
Jewels of which no man knoweth;
Gems which still await the hero.

"Precious packages in small bundles,"

So a wise man to us quoted.
And we doubt him not when we know

Goldie is a tiny package
Her ability is noticed
In her readings and her conduct
She makes bright the world about her.

The closed program given by the Aesthesians December 15, was as follows:

Vocal solo, Madge Cameron, ac-

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compared by Neva Garner on the violin.

Paper, Helen Munn.

Piano duet, Lois and Lola McColloch.

"See yourself as others see you."

The closed program given January 5th was as follows:

Vocal solo, Opal Shannon.

Paper, Stella Irminger.

Piano solo, Edna Garner.

Reading, Mildred Crider.

MUSIC AT WESLEYAN

Frequent Opportunities Given to Develop Taste for Good Music.

One of the Cameron towns-folk was heard to remark after a certain musical affair down town this winter, "We scarcely realize what the little old college out there does for us". The particular occasion for the remark, we happen to know, was the Christian Cantata put on by Professor Kelsey. And it was beautiful. The event is annual, and needs no advertisement. The largest auditorium in town is always crowded to capacity, and this year a score or more were turned away.

Now this event occurred before the holidays, but that doesn't make it ancient history. The Christmas Cantata is one of several musical events being inserted quietly among our busy activities and by this very quietness it is bringing an unconscious mellowing and refining. Oft times it is a chapel service given over to Miss Alleen Wilson or Mrs. Overstreet or our orchestra or the Glee Club. Sometimes it is a Friday afternoon recital by Prof. Layton's and Miss Klein's Piano Department. Sometimes it is a "Pop" concert down town, put on by the orchestra Sunday afternoon. By the way, you may ask some Bostonian the meaning and derivation of the classical, aesthetic-looking word, "Pop".

Professor Kelsey, Professor Layton, Miss Klein, Professor Tracy—these names are Music names at Wesleyan. If we dared, we should ask for a Faculty Music Recital, yes, this semester. Since we are not brave enough, we shall merely make a modest request for more Friday afternoon recitals and more special music chapels.

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Y. W. C. A.

The Young Women's Christian Association Quietly Doing Many Things Here at M. W. C.

Aren't you glad you go to Missouri Wesleyan, and can say that you help in some of the big things that Wesleyan does? Just think, you belong to one of the SEVEN Sister Colleges in the United States. And what do these Sister Colleges do? Weren't you at chapel last Thursday when Miss Herring told us about our sister college in China? And did you hear Miss McAllister tell about Estes Park? Wouldn't you like to go out there next summer? If you can't go, I know you would be glad to help someone else go.

The new year brings us the brightest prospects for wonderful work in our Y. W. C. A. Our annual campaign for conference and mission funds has just begun and we are depending on you for some help. The campaign began in a very interesting joint meeting of the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. last Tuesday evening. Through the aid of the Methodist church excellent stereoptic slides of Hawaii had been secured and these were the main features of the evening's program.

Plans are underway for a mission pageant. Watch for the date and don't miss it. If you are still interested in gospel team work, there is yet plenty to do. Maysville and Turney have asked for their turns next. Please don't forget all the interesting things that the Y is doing. Just come out and do your part.

Soon you will see a bit of blue ribbon adornment on the breast of every man and woman at Wesleyan. And you will know that the bit of blue represents sympathy and generosity and unselfishness.

THE LEADER

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IT PAYS TO TRADE
HERE

Our Annual Inventory has just been completed. Every piece of goods has been measured and counted. The complete handling which the stock must undergo in the process of taking an invoice brings to light many short lengths, many odd sizes and short lines. Almost always these are of the best selling goods, but the last size or two or the last yard or two must find a buyer who can use that particular size or that exact length, so now, to clear the stock of these short lines, we have red-penciled hundreds of items and hundreds of remnants. The prices are extremely low; in nearly all instances less than we paid buying at wholesale. We think this is good merchandising however as it keeps our stock clean and fresh and makes friends for the store.

Description of the goods is hard, nearly impossible, owing to the vast variety of items and prices. The best we can say is for you to come in and look over the goods laid out on the tables, all plainly priced, and select what you can use.

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