

*Mildred Bender*

# THE CRITERION

Published by the Students of Missouri Wesleyan College  
CAMERON, MO., TUESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1922.

VOLUME XX

NUMBER 7

## BASKETBALL

**Warrensburg Won Friday Night—  
Win One, Loose One With  
Central Wesleyan.**

The Central State Teachers out-pointed the Wesleyan quintet Friday night at the Wesleyan gym, the score 33 to 26. The Wesleyan team scored more field goals than the visitors but lost because of fouls, the Teachers scoring 12 points the last half on free throws.

The Missouri Wesleyan and the Central Wesleyan basketball teams staged two of the most exciting games at the college gym last Thursday and Friday nights that have been witnessed in Cameron in years, Missouri Wesleyan winning the first game by a score of 35 to 29 and Central Wesleyan winning the second game by a lone free throw the last 10 seconds of play, score 37 to 36.

At no time during the two games did either team hold more than a few points lead. The first half of the opening game ended 12 to 11 with Central Wesleyan in the lead. The first half Friday night ended 22 to 22.

The Central Wesleyan five were truer shots than the locals or they would have suffered two bad defeats. Coach Davis' men persisted in missing good shots, but played a fast aggressive game on the floor.

In the last few minutes of the final game the visitors copped a six point lead. The Cameron boys opened up, tying the score, 36 to 36. With a half minute to go the ball was put in play at center. An over anxious Missouri Wesleyan player fouled an opponent and the visitors scored a free throw. Before the ball was again put in play the game was over.

## BEAR CATS IN VICTORY

The Bear Cats, a pick-up basketball team from Wesleyan, finally won a game Saturday night when they played a Sunday school team at Durlington, Mo. The score 34 to 14 indicates the Bear Cat showed his claws or that he picked off a cripple.

## GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE

**Blue Prints For New Science Hall  
and Green House are  
Complete.**

Our second semester has opened with the finest possible outlook. While it was necessary for a few students to drop out on account of financial difficulties and for other reasons, yet we have received practically as many new ones, until our enrollment will be approximately the same. In every department, the instructors are as busy as it is possible for them to be.

Prof. Kelsey tells us that he has at this time the largest enrollment during his fifteen years of work with us. With 130 doing freshman work in English, and many of our departments forced to limit their registration, it is easy to see that the outlook is great.

Our Agriculture Department has secured blue prints for a green house, and fondly hope to start construction on the same this coming spring. Blue prints are also drawn for a new Science Hall to be constructed just south of the present main building, three stories high, and large enough to accommodate all the science departments when their enrollment has doubled. While some of these prospects are but dreams with us as yet, still we know we must realize them if we are to care for an enlarged enrollment next year.

Mr. and Mrs. Tracy are furnishing us with most excellent music in their department, and their progress is such that we anticipate a splendid symphony orchestra at some future date. Our glee clubs have never been better organized and have never trained so faithfully for their work. We are expecting the best possible results from them.

The outlook for our Missouri Wesleyan certainly could not be better.

Patronize Our Advertisers

## HOUSE RULES

**Miss Herring, the Cottage Hostess,  
And Wesleyan Girls Working To-  
gether For High Standards.**

In a recent issue of the Criterion, we printed several house rules from a sister college. They were made by the young women themselves, who enjoy student government, and were severe enough to make one ponder. These were rules made by girls for girls—including themselves. A careful study, however, reveals that these student government officials were thinking unselfishly. The rules were not a penalty, but a protection.

We are printing herewith a copy of the revised rules for Rice Hall and the cottages at Missouri Wesleyan. At least one of the new clauses is added because a group of girls indirectly expressed a wish for something of the sort. Some of our down-town friends and out-of-town friends have asked at times to see copies of our rules—that they may help in the observance.

The rules are as follows—

1. Young ladies are expected to be in by 10, p. m., from all social engagements, unless arrangements to the contrary have been made beforehand.

2. Afternoon study hours, 1:30 to 5:00, p. m. Evening study hours begin at 7:30, p. m. Everyone is expected to be in her own room during these hours, and quiet maintained throughout the hall. At 10 the lights wink; at 10:15, the lights go out, and no one is expected to remain up after this hour, unless it is absolutely necessary, and then only for a short time, and by permission. Lights may be left on until 10:30 Saturday and Sunday nights.

3. All students are expected to attend some church on Sundays.

4. From 1:30 to 2:30, p. m., on Sunday, is rest time, and every young lady is expected to stay in her own room during this period. Visitors are not received nor the

piano played nor telephone calls received.

5. The young ladies are asked to plan their shopping so as not to make more than three trips to town during the week.

6. All laundry must be done in laundry. A laundry fee of \$2.50 per semester entitles young ladies to the use of tubs and irons. Young ladies are asked to leave laundry in order.

7. Extra electric light bulbs must be paid for and may be purchased at the office.

8. No one is permitted to go to town or leave the campus after 6:00, p. m. without permission of the hostess.

9. Young gentlemen may call at the dormitories at the following hours: Saturday, 7:30 to 10:00, p. m., Sunday afternoon, 3:00 to 5:00, p. m. Sunday evening, everyone is expected to attend church service, and to return immediately. It is only with permission that company is entertained in the parlor on Sunday evening, and then not later than 10.

10. Young ladies do not meet gentlemen friends at the train unless accompanied by a teacher or someone designated by the Preceptress.

11. Notice should always be given when guests are expected and proper arrangements will be made for their entertainment.

12. No one is allowed to go to hotels, restaurants, cafes or any public eating house without a chaperon.

13. It is only with permission of the Preceptress that young ladies go auto riding with young men. Please do not ask permission for a gentleman friend to take you to your home, especially after night, by car, unless you can give the Preceptress a written permit from your parent or guardian, for such request cannot be granted. Your hostess should be notified of such permission.

14. Anyone invited out for meals during the evening study hours, or over night, must have permission of the Preceptress or someone in charge for her, and the hostess notified.

15. Every young lady is expected to keep her room neat and in order, so that visitors may at any time be shown through the Hall.

16. Any breakage or damage to

the furniture or room will be charged to the occupants.

17. Any young lady wishing to leave town must ask permission and sign an "Out of town permit."

18. Young ladies must not call from windows to passers-by.

19. Young men are to be entertained in the parlors at the proper times or by permission. Not at any time are they to be entertained on porches or steps.

20. A girl's room is her home during the school year. The privacy of one's own room should be respected. One should always knock before entering the room of another. Do not ever disturb, by knocking if there is a "busy" sign on the door.

21. Guests should always ring the door bell before entering a building.

## YE OLDE GOSSIPS

THE stroller still maintains his unprecedented absence from his post of duty. The Criterion keenly appreciates the appetite of the student body for goodly gossip and a few innocent scandals; and since ye olde gossips has again entered the International Scandal Contest, he has tendered a small contribution which takes the form of a one-act play. This is undeniably a masterpiece in the dramatic field, and we are sure that it will bring universal fame to the author. We here reproduce the play:

### Scandal

A playlet in one act.

Setting, Miss Shepherd's apartment in Ford Hall.

The monthly meeting of the lady faculty members is in session. Ye Olde Gossipe is concealed beneath Miss Shepherd's bed, Misses Wachtel, Lippett, Bryant and Wilson are engaged in an exciting game of suspension Bridge. The other members are grouped about Miss Gibson, singing the latest popular songs. Miss Shepherd (rapping for order by striking the floor with her dainty French heel). Girls! Girls! We must cease this unseemingly frivolity, and begin our business. Please arrange the chairs, and be seated. Miss Lippelt (on the verge of tears). Please, let us finish just this one hand, I've already lost a mark, please! Miss Shepherd. "You know very well that card-catalogue playing is your greatest weakness,"

Maude, call the roll. (Miss Gibson calls the roll, all being present but Miss Herring). The door bursts open and Miss Herring skips gracefully to a convenient chair.

Miss Shepherd: Why so late, Vera Herring?

Miss Herring: Why I just had an awful time getting away from Rice Hall. I think the girls are beginning to suspect me of coming here.

All: How terrible!

Miss Shepherd: Well, girls, we've been here thirty minutes minutes, and no scandal has been yet disclosed.

(There immediately ensues a babel of tongues, each desiring the floor).

Miss Shepherd: Here, here, one at a time, please! Pearl, what do you know?

Miss Bryant: Well, the latest seems to be that Clifton Fiddick has decided to go into the cherry business.

Miss Kline: But I don't see the connection.

Miss Bryant: I can't explain it now—it's very subtle.

All: Well!

Mrs. Reed: Of course you all know Mr. Waddill, does he lead his class in anything?

Miss Lippett: Oh! yes! he leads 'em out of class when the bell rings. (General grunts of assent).

Miss Wilson: Say, Maude, do you believe that all teachers are book worms?

Miss Gibson: All except geometry teachers—they're angleworms.

Miss Wachtel: Now I could never have thought of a bright one like that. I wish I could sweep the cobwebs from my brain.

Miss Gibson: Ever try a vacuum cleaner?

(Prolonged applause).

Mrs. Overton: It's a pity that some people have neither brains enough to talk well nor sense enough to keep still.

(Pandemonium ensues and the meeting breaks up in uproar.

(Curtain).

Rice Hall was adorned with a sign over the front door, January second. Strangers might have mistaken Rice Hall for the poultry house, as the sign read, "Cameron Poultry Company." It was a clever joke and was appreciated by Miss Herring and her "flock."



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**NEW WESTMINSTER COACH**

**"Possum" Pixlee, Former Wesleyan  
Coach, Signs Three-Year Con-  
tract With Presbyterians.**

James E. Pixlee, former Missouri University football star and coach of the Missouri Wesleyan 1914 championship football team, signed a three-year contract Saturday as director of athletics of Westminster college at Fulton, Mo.

Pixlee is a son of Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Pixlee of Cameron and is a graduate of Cameron high school. During his football career at Missouri he played under Roper and Hollenback, making All-Valley end. The year following his graduation he played with Multnomah Athletic club at Portland, Ore. Later he coached at Wesleyan and was athletic director at Oklahoma A. & M. college, Stillwater, in 1919 and 1920.

Pixlee was selected by the Westminster board of directors from a dozen applicants. He assumes his duties March 1.

**LOCALS**

Herbert Dieterich spent the end of examination week at his home at Marceline.

Glen Filley spent Sunday at Wathena, Kansas with his niece, Miss Christine Kendall.

Opal Shannan is in a hospital at St. Joseph where she underwent an operation for appendicitis. She is improving rapidly.

The Boys' Glee Club goes to Barwick Chapel, Tuesday night, February seventh, for their first program. Manager Orr has arranged trips for each week following, until the spring trip.

The faculty spent an unusually delightful evening not long since with Miss Herring and Miss Shepherd at Rice Hall. The affair must have been somewhat "high-brow" for it is rumored that every member "made a place" in a preliminary art exhibit, entries consisting of familiar objects modelled in clay substitute. The event closed in time for Miss Herring to make the train for St. Joseph with the girls' basketball team.

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### THE WORLD IS MADE OF A NUMBER OF THINGS

Someone once made a peculiar but subsequently accepted, statement. It is not known where he was when he made the declaration, but he may have been in any one of a number of places. He may have been, well, say, in our chapel the last two weeks and made his statement because of observations gleaned there. What might he have said that would apply to our chapel exercises? Well, we imagine he put on a long and intelligent face and drawled, "The world, we see, is made of a number of things." Or, he might have said, "Chapel exercises are made of a number of things. For, without doubt, they have been made up of—anything from a speech by a Bishop to a violin solo by Mrs. Tracy.

Mr. Koehler, a bishop in the Latter Day Saint's Church, spoke to us about the true essence of religion. Mr. Koehler said his impression of religion is that it is more concerned in the making of good church members than in the making of good citizens. Quite a thrust at the church, but perhaps—. The Bishop said that, while they are not doing it, the educational institutions of our land should be concerned with teaching men to live together harmoniously. The present social chaos, he told us, is due to lack of team work. Mr. Koehler said, "Each man must find happiness in promoting the welfare of others." If the world could only realize that! The essence of true religion, the bishop told us, is teaching men and women how to act in the presence of each other. And with that he concluded his speech.

One day Miss Bryant talked to us about friends. She defined a friend in two ways. "A friend" she told us, "is a person we can trust. Or, a friend is a person to whom we can listen, and from whom we can get help." She pointed out Christ as the greatest friend.

Examinations we nearly all believe, are nerve racking experiences. But they are not half so bad when our spirits are eased by music such as Mr. and Mrs. Tracy gave

us at chapel that first awful examination day. Each gave a sole, then they gave us a duet just before the 10:15 examinations were called.

Great minds, they tell us, run in similar channels, this must be true for Dr. Harmon and Professor Overton pleaded for the poor "green" Freshman. Dr. Harmon made a plea for anyone who is "down and out." He cited Marcus Aurelius' little saying that he who would have a happy evening must be able to look and see a day's work well done. Dr. Harmon read a clipping from one of the church papers. It told us of a lad who came to college, very forlorn, very lonesome, very poorly clad, and scarcely noticed by the other students. One day a professor saw the forlorn looking lad on the campus, thought of speaking to him, but decided he did not have time. A little later on an upper classman happened upon the lad, noticed the lonesome look on his face, thought of speaking to him, but changed his mind. Lastly, there came along another upper classman who went up to the lad, spoke to him, patted him on the back, and told him to cheer up. "Which of these men" asked the writer "proved neighbor to that lonesome Freshman?" "And which one" asked Dr. Harmon, "spent a happy evening at the end of that day?"

(The article referred to was so excellent that it may appear in full in the Criterion some day.)

The Hen Roost club, last year's Wesleyan quartet, gave a program at Indianola, Iowa, January 20th. Finis Frazier and Kenneth Crawford, who are at present attending college here, George Sharp who is teaching science in Carrollton High school, and Harry Thomas, who is attending Simpson college at Indianola make up the personnel of the quartet.

The barber at Maryville wanted to know from Joe Pick how the roads were out his way and Joe wants to know if he looks like a farmer.

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Published Bi-Weekly by the students of Missouri Wesleyan College.

Entered at the postoffice of Cameron, Mo., as second class matter.

Price \$1.25 if paid before Nov. 1st, \$1.50 thereafter.

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A most successful semester has just come to its close at Wesleyan. But to an outside impartial observer it would seem that there was one fly in the ointment, that of the lack of well developed class spirit. The spirit shown by the school and by its various organizations is excellent but so far the classes have not attempted any constructive work in other than spasmodic spurts.

Don't think for a minute that we are advocating the convict hair cut again for the freshman class. The weather is too cold. But what is urged is that the various classes "get wise to themselves and show some pep." The sophomores for instance have all kinds of pep and talent if it could only be directed in the right channels. The freshmen made a worthy attempt once or twice but the general lethargy seems to have pervaded their systems and we have no more from them, and the pitiful thing about it is that they have over a hundred reasons for organization and for social good times.

The ice is fine, but we see no class skating parties; the very air is filled with chances for the classes to enjoy themselves. And remember, we pass this way but once and the most pleasant memories of college days are built around those of your class.

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## AN EVENING OF MUSIC

Music lovers of Cameron and vicinity had a rare opportunity to satisfy that craving for good music last Tuesday night at the Methodist church, where the Montague Light Opera Company appeared in an excellent and well balanced program pleasing both to connoisseurs of music and to the amateurs. We are indebted to the Senior class of Cameron High School for its initiative in presenting this course to us.

The mixed program presented by Miss Fairchild, soprano; Miss Montague, contralto; Mr. Eichenberger, tenor; and Mr. Richardson, baritone, was well received by the audience. Special mention must be given to the Italian character song by Mr. Eichenberger and the reading from Barrie's "Quality Street" by Miss Montague.

The closing number was a short light opera taken in part from the "Mikado" and "Madame Butterfly" and written expressly for this company. Several children confessed the next morning that they could not sleep that night on account of the memory of the vivid impersonation of Prince Ba Ba by Mr. Richardson.

The program was something that Cameron people were glad to get and we feel that if the Montague Light Opera Company comes our way again, not one of the crowd that completely filled the Methodist church will want to be absent.

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### STUDENTS TO LEAD CHAPEL

During the second semester the Dean is considering having students lead chapel at various times to break the monotony. He has asked the faculty members, we understand, to recommend some one from his department and the following instructors, we understand, have named the following students:

Prof. Withington, Leslie Irwin; Prof. Wyckoff, Raymond Kinnie; Mrs. Reed, Robert Russell; Dr. Reed, Harold Farmer; Dr. Cline, Clifton Fiddick; Mrs. Overton, Fred McFarland; True Taylor, R. K. (Chi) Ryan; Prof. Overton, Ralph Hicks; Dean Dalke, Herbert Kimes; Prof. Null, Katherine Lee Bond.

Others will be appointed later and no doubt there will be added variety to chapel next semester.

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June Clark was seen in the library one day last week.

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## THE SCRIBBERS

Work From The Advanced Composition Class.

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### Masquerade Basketball

William Jewell was coming to play us in two days. This much we knew, that they would beat us by a large score, as thus far they had made 300 points against their opponents 10. We boasted of 40 points to our opponents 39. Our first team men were training and practicing as never before, but nothing could penetrate the thick gloom setting over M. W. C.

Consternation took the place of dismay when Prof. Layton was given the privilege of selecting the team and bossing the game. He believed that all students should indulge in athletics, but they should do so with their fingers crossed.

The day before the game we held indignation councils, but we could do nothing. This much we knew, that the first team men were ineligible, as not a one of them had attended any of the fortnightly student recitals. For this oversight on their part we were sure of defeat, and how Jewellites and the KANSAS CITY STAR would gloat. Lessons no longer held any interest for us, and we doubted if they ever again would. Not even the posting on the bulletin board of the team lineup could send out spirits further into the black pit of despair.

Russell Welch, captain and center. Russel is a book worm and his idea of a good time is to sit on a fence and watch the snails go whizzing by. Rex Orr and Fayette Rapier, forwards. Their type might do well in a Minstrel, but in the game their big feet and long legs would get tangled up with the Jewell guards and that would be the end of their service. Robert Russell and Donald Herbert, guards. This completed the list. Robert was so fat that his little brother had to lace and unlace his shoes. The last time Donald weighed he reached 280 and he has put on a little flesh since then.

The game is about to begin. The Jewell quintet is running around the gym tossing goals, our first team has seats of honor in the gallery. Prof. Layton has sent his regrets and stated that he must practice a choral number at the church.

Our team makes a belated en-

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# HOWARD & SON

trance. Each player is attired in one football suit, one baseball cap, one green eye shade, and a pair of bed room slippers.

At the whistle, Jewell center tips the ball off to his forward. Donald hurries along at his side on the way to the goal, begging him for the ball. It does no good; he easily scores for Jewell.

Fayette intercedes at the next toss up and secures the ball. In an attempt to make a goal, the ball goes wild and crashes one of the lights in the ceiling. It takes twenty-five minutes for the damage to be made good. By this time our team is in fine spirits. They sit in a solemn row on the floor and watch Jewell add another score. They hold a council, and deciding we should have a goal, they get into action. Russell and a Jewell forward get into a friendly argument over which one should have the ball and the forward is fouled for overguarding. All line up at the goal to see Rex throw. He moves his eye shade around and makes a wild throw. The ball curves prettily and drops through the net. The whole room is breathless with awe for a whole second; then they break out with "King, King, Rah for King."

Between halves our team is served with apple pie by the Girl's Glee Club.

The last half begins with renewed energy on the part of both teams. Our team cannot prevent Jewell from making two more goals.

The onlookers leave about that time, and we decided to forfeit the game to Jewell, as they might win anyway.

Both teams are happy and march arm in arm to the Junction lunch counter.

EILEEN KAY.

### Old Clothes Sensations

Some old clothes you love; you can hardly give them up when they are past wearing. Throwing them away is like burying an old friend.

Some old clothes you hate; you can hardly wait till they are worn enough for you to throw them away with a clear conscience. Discard-

ing them is like seeing an old enemy embark on a long journey to foreign shores, never to return.

Sometimes old clothes give you a reason for loving them. And, sometimes, old clothes give you a reason for hating them. For instance:

Do you remember the night you had your first "date"? Foolish question. You took "her" to a marshmallow roast out at Thompson's pasture. You got along famously, really congratulating yourself upon how witty and entertaining you were. Then the dreadful thing happened. You very carefully held the wires of the fence apart for her to crawl through. Then you followed. Horror of horrors! You were caught. Ouch! That barb was sticking, too. Before you knew it, you were through the fence. But goodness knows, you wished you were forty miles the other side of it. How many times you had gone "over the top" of that fence victoriously when by yourself, when you really wouldn't have cared if something had happened. But to be so utterly defeated tonight, of all nights. How cruel is fate. For in your trousers there was a right-angle triangle of a snag whose sides were at least two inches long, making the hypotenuse—well, you didn't stop to figure it out, but it was plenty big enough.

All this went through your head in a jiffy. Then you began to think of the more practical side. It was done. There was no use crying over spilled milk, or torn trousers either. It was just up to what was the best? The best you what was the best? The best you could think of was far too bad. Would it be best to explain to her confidentially, before you got with the group, apologize, and go home? Or would it be better to go on through the evening with the hope that no one would notice the calamity that had befallen you? No, the first course seemed wiser. But somehow you just could not get up enough nerve to tell her about it. So you walked quietly and fearfully by her side till you came to where the group was playing games

around the fire. Then you had a brilliant idea. You would "fake a headache", and sit by the fire while the others played their games.

But as the evening wore on, it seemed that you could not have chosen a worse plan. The first thing you knew that detestable Bert Johnson was paying attentions to your girl. He was her partner in several games. To try to make them think you didn't care, you very carefully sidled around and sat down by that quiet Mary Burns, who never had a beau in her life, but always had to come as a "gooseberry." The crowning injury came when Bert yelled, "Come on, Sissy, and get in the game." You wanted to get up and knock him flat, but your judgment got the better of your valor, and you remained by Mary's side.

A least some one suggested going home. The fire had burned down to coals so it didn't make much light, and you felt comparatively safe in standing. You started home, and you got her there, but you felt all the time that she was thinking you were an awful bore, after being with that jabbering, smooth-tongued Bert Johnson. Altogether it was the most miserable evening you had ever spent in your life. And although your mother did fix up the hole till it wasn't at all noticeable, did you ever cherish any very fond feelings for that suit?

DONALD McGLUMPHY.

### HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE—

A championship basketball team?  
Final exams abolished?  
No classes until 10:30, a. m.?  
Dean Dalke with red hair?  
Joe Pick without his hair tonic?  
Lonnie without his picket fence?  
Chi Ryan tongue-tied?  
Dutch Rising studying in the library?  
Miss Lippelt giving all Spanish students A's?  
Brien Swift without his pomp?  
Sam Moxley having a date?  
One of the twins six feet tall?  
Miss Bentley without Mr. Waugh?  
A new Science Hall?  
R. L. Henry smoking a cigarette?

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A. S. BROWN

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Girls Gospel Team Visits Osborn

"The team goes to Osborn next", was the statement made by one of the girls in the hall one day last week.

"We don't play against Osborn, do we?" inquired a passer by who overheard the statement.

"Do you think a basketball team is the only kind of a team we have around here? Haven't you heard anything about our gospel team's this year? Next Sunday a gospel team of eight girls is going to Osborn to take charge of the services, both morning and night, at the M. E. church."

And this it did. Eight girls bundled up that cold wintry morning and motored to Osborn, arriving there in time for morning services. The audience was well pleased with the talks, readings, solos, and duets rendered. After the services the girls were taken to different homes and were entertained in the delightful manner in which Osborn people always entertain.

The evening services were better than were those of the morning and the girls returned home that night—feeling that the Y had had a lovely time and would like to go again. And incidentally they brought a nice little sum for the Y. W. C. A. treasury.

TERRIBLE BATTLE

Seven Casualties

Come and see that terrible burnt cork barrage in the Battle of Rollin' Bones. A thousand thrills a minute and at last the call of Gabriels trumpet sounding the end of time.

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## DOINGS OF THE RUTHEANS

Oh! Ouch! That's the second time I've run that needle through my finger. I declare, Mirandy, you'll have to do your quilting alone. I used to be handy with a needle, but here of late my eyesight's been failing me quite a considerable; besides you and me's getting old, Mirandy, and things aren't what they used to be. Now wouldn't you just like to see them Rutheans all sitting around a quilting frame? Wonder how they're getting on anyway.

You say he has come, the mailman has come? Oh, I'll run fetch in the mail.

Here you are Mirandy. Here's a letter for you, and a magazine and—oh ho here's the last Criterion. Our boy, John, is pretty good about sending his papers to his old dad. Guess I'll read about my Ruthean girls first.

Here it is—they've had an election:

President, Helen Deems; Vice-President, Katharine Bond; Secretary, Thelma Gross; Treasurer, Faye Bridges; Sergeant, Adah McCullough; Pianist, Clara Boon; Chorister, Pauline Wiley; Chaplain, Thelma Schonk; Curators, Louise Ferris, Jean Swiger, and Mildred England.

I guess I don't know any one of them, but I low they'll be doing their best to make their society move along.

I've found some more. "The Rutheans and Aesthians will present a play." Well, wouldn't that beat you. Now course I ain't no judge, but I just 'lowed them Rutheans and Aesthians didn't have much to do with each other. We got a couple of classes down at our Sunday School—one of 'em is called "Sunbeams" and the other "Loyal Workers". Well, they're loyal workers all right, just so long as its for themselves, and oh how they fight for the new members. Yes, I'm a "Sunbeam", and wouldn't be anything else. Now that's just the way I 'lowed, those societies felt.

Or maybe its more like Republicans and Democrats that they are—always wanting one of their members to be high muck-muck of everything.

But I guess I was all wrong about it this time, for if they didn't like each other they couldn't ever

give a play together. I see that Mrs. Overton is to direct the play. Then it's bound to be good, for I've read lots about their good work.

Say, I just believe I'd like to run down to Cameron and see that play—the date isn't given, but I 'low it will be some time in February. I could see our boy John too, and maybe get acquainted with some of them Rutheans. Believe I'd like to meet the Aesthians too, since them and the Rutheans are on such good terms now.

Well, Mirandy, have you about got all my quilting stitches ripped out? Ha, ha. That's a good joke on you, guess you won't be holler-ing at me to help you quilt again very soon.

## BACKWARD AND FORWARD

(Aesthians choose several officers for the semester from the new members).

It is hard to realize that a semester has passed since our present officers were installed and our new members initiated. Just think, they are a semester old and are very wise. The officers have grown so wise indeed that they are ready to bequeath their positions to other worthy members, and the following officers were installed Thursday.

President, Opal Ashburn; Vice-President, Eugenia Fairchild; Secretary, Irene Kaufman; Treasurer, Helen Munn; Chaplain, Hattie McAllister; Chorister, Thelma Firkins; Pianist, Gladys Marsh; Sergeant, The Twins.

We see a heavy term of work awaiting these new officers. The most important events of which we now know are the annual banquet, a play, and the lawn fete.

Knowing the loyalty that Miss Ashburn has shown to her society in past terms, we have complete confidence in her ability to keep the ball rolling.

Although most of the other members have been with us only the past semester, we are sure that they, too, are able faithfully to do their respective duties.

McGlumphy, in Ed. Class. The professor at K———hangs a pupil out of the second story window by his heels when he needs to be punished.

Lola Demaree—Does he do the girls that way, too? I'd hate to go to school there.

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## EXCHANGES

While nearly all colleges are doing away with the old class scrap in these days, and most of them are substituting something in the line of athletic sports and contests, not all of them have given a moral equivalent of the old form of "teaching" the Freshman. The Freshman class of this year is about to issue a small booklet to the coming students which, it is hoped will be of real value to them in getting acquainted with the customs and traditions of the institution. The reason that in former days it was found necessary to so often chastise the Freshman was because of his very ignorance of these customs, because he could not feel their sacredness, nor divine their full meaning. The moral equivalent of that old type of teaching him, would be better handled by a little previous instruction. The Freshman class of this year is trying to provide such instruction in a spirit of friendliness and not of bullyism, that the new students may come with some measure of preparedness to receive and be received by the institution and the friends that are to become sacred.—Ex.

### Our New Greenhouse

C. M. S. T. C. has a new greenhouse. The structure is now complete with the exception of the heat. The pipes have not yet been put in, but as soon as the material comes, the construction will go on.

The greenhouse is located at the south side of the heating plant. The room is 20x40 feet, and has a concrete floor.

The idea of the building is to provide a place for the landscape gardner to take care of perishable plants during the winter months and to start the growth of plants to be used in beautifying the campus in the spring. It will also be used by the Department of Biology and Agriculture for experimental work.

It is a common practice with the schools throughout the country to build these greenhouses on the south side of the heating plants because there is a great economy of heat, and because they add much to the equipment of the schools.

The William Jewell Glee Club opened its 1922 concert season at

the Sandusky Auditorium last night. The spirit of triumphant achievement which rose steadily in the grand finale of the program, the Coleridge-Taylor "Viking Song", seemed to typify the spirit of singers and conductor in their successful vindication of long months spent in faithful practice.

She—"Did you ever see the two Jackson's"?

He—"Yes".

She—"Don't you think the boy is a perfect photograph of his father"?

He—"Yes and I think the girl is the phonograph of her mother".

Prof. Witzel—"The ancients considered the liver the seat of affections. What is the seat now"?

Pete Jerot—"The knee".

"Old Mr. and Mrs. Washington, the parents of George, found on one occasion that their supply of soap for family use at Westmoreland had been exhausted, and so they decided to make some family soap. They made the necessary arrangements and gave the requisite instructions to the family servant. After an hour or so the servant returned and reported to them that he could not make that soap. 'Why not,' he was asked, 'haven't you all the materials?' 'Yes, he replied; 'but there is something wrong.' The old folks proceeded to investigate, and they found they had actually got the ashes of the little cherry tree that George had cut down with his hatchet, and there was no lye in it."—Ex.

### Penny Lunch

More than you can eat for a

nickel! Hardly seems possible in these days of the high cost of everything, but that is just the case at the Downey and Penn Buildings at Harrisburg, Pa., where the committee in charge of the city welfare work, directed by Mrs. Lyman D. Gilbert, serves penny lunches to the school children at noon.

For one penny a child may secure a bowl of soup, a cup of cocoa, glass of milk, baked beans, stewed fruit, pudding, or a bun; and the teachers and pupils alike declare that it is impossible to eat five cents' worth unless you are "as hungry as a bear."

In addition to the lunches served in the two buildings at noon, there is also a sale of milk and graham crackers at the recess period. Two graham crackers of the large sort and a glass of milk are given for two pennies. That the penny lunch is popular can be seen from the fact that during one month there were 10,261 servings at the Penn Building. The movement was inaugurated in November and has met with popular approval of the parents and children. At the Downey Building the movement is also growing. It was inaugurated at this school in November. Practically the same menus are served at the two schools.—Public School News, Harrisburg, Pa.

### Oh You Wee-Gee Board!

"You can't hunt for four-leaf clovers in the winter. No, of course not. And you only get a chance at the mistletoe once a year.

To satisfy the superstitions impuses which we haven't outgrown one bit in all the progress of the ages we have with us today, ladies and gentlemen, the ouija board.

---

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It isn't necessary to define or explain. The thing is as popular on the campus as calculus isn't.

A gathering of statistics has shown that men are more fascinated and addicted to ouija's charms than any of their weaker sisters. To see four or five husky males sitting stiffly, following with dilated eye balls, the wavering, threadlike path of the heart-shaped toy is as good as an advanced course in philosophy with special emphasis on the subject, "human weaknesses."

Boys ask different kinds of questions than we hear in the knitting society circles. "Am I going to pass the finals?" "What time is it" and "Will I get a check tomorrow?" are samples. When a love lorn lad who can't for a minute forget the object of his devotions, blushes and jumps because someone says, "Who is Johnny's girl?" One can understand why New York women got the vote. When ouija slowly and surely spells out the sweet name another victim is hopelessly lost.

Scientific? Wasn't he thinking of her with all his motor effort? There's no explanation to the ouiji board because there's nothing to it. "Mind over matter" is as near as you can come to it.—Ex.

#### Ten Stages of a College Man's Life

- I.  
Full of ambition.
- II.  
Goes to classes and thinks work is difficult.
- III.  
Falls in love.
- IV.  
Goes to classes and doesn't give a damn about work.
- V.  
Learns that women are false.
- VI.  
State of collegiate nonchalance. Wears flannel shirts, goes informally to formals, etc.
- VII.  
Realizes he is wasting time. Decides to buck up and study.
- IX.  
Lesson of stage 5 is repeated.
- X.  
Graduates. —The Dirge.

Had you noticed the new Glee Club sweaters the men are wearing? If they had had stripes, Rex Orr would have looked like a convict.

#### THE ANTICS OF 80 JOLLY BROS.

You all ain't heard much about the 80 Jolly Brothers this year, but they's been here just the same. Course we all ain't had many meetings o' the order; but we's gettin' started now, so look out now fur things is shore a goin ter pop. Hold yuor hats on boys and ladies, fur we's shore in fur one breezy time. We's got more on tap ready fur special occasions than we would o' had in the old days if we had a had old Adolph Busch backin' us.

Anyone who hear'd of the trips which "Sally" took with Brothers Croy and Nelson both on that "fast" train through Carrolton, and then again on that foreign expedition through Arkan-say. You all know!

Oh, yes! we shure wan't forget that pathetic (?) word picture of Bro. Williamsez, 'bout pore ol Nole Webster pattin' him on the head and bemoanin' all the new-fangled uses of perfectly good old words.

An' ther ain't a un o' us gointer forget the sure fine umor of ol' Everett, the Faithful.

Then agin, every now and then some feller has ter git up in meetin', and give us some long-winded disurtashun on some Tom Fool subject like plug-hats or derbies. Now we all know that there ain't nobody rund here got no business with either on, be he a Adelpian, be he Excelsior, or be he What Not.

Now then there's that guy, Joe, he's always pullin' some sort of freekish stunt; whether it be a sittin' down and fiddlin' "the Arkansas Traveler", or gettin' up an readin' 'bout somethin' that he nor nobody else could either understand nor believe if they could.

#### ADELPHIANS ELECT OFFICERS FOR SECOND SEMESTER

At a business meeting of the Adelpian Literary Society on Wednesday, January 11, 1922, the following officers were elected for the second semester:

President, Finis Frazier; Vice-President, Ray Dice; Secretary, Lester Slayton; Treasurer, Frank Bennett; Attorney, R. E. Borquoin; Chaplain, A. L. Hardy; Sergeant-at-Arms, Leroy Williams; Curators, Wallace Croy, Joe Knierim; Yell Leader, Emerson Brown.

Several new students have enrolled for the second semester.

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**LOCALS—JOKES**

Evidently Frank Bennett intends to become a great dancer. He was in the library reading "The Healthful Art of Dancing."

This is to introduce our new faculty member, Charlotte Hulda Withington.

Bill—Did you go to church?

Irl—No, we had devotions in the car.

Since the game of "Pig" has been revived, with some additions, by the inmates of Ford Hall, it is nothing unusual to see a number of fellows standing around with a finger held against their nose.

Did you notice the "run" on the library the week of "exams"? There was a "full house" every night and most of the time during the day. Of course, there was no cramming.

If signs go for anything, we will have a good track team. Already sparsely clad athletes have been running the track during these fine winter days.

**HOT STUFF**

We wonder if the old guy that tagged it "cold facts" had been grubbing them out of our library lately.

Those sorrowful faces are not caused by death of loved ones. Exams were last week. "Nuf sed."

**A HORTICULTURAL MARVEL**

I know where purple violets  
And starry daises grow,  
With rosy apples, rare and ripe,  
And peaches all aglow,  
And pears and plums, clustered  
grapes  
Of amethystine hue,  
And snowdrops pale and blackber-  
ries  
And crimson cherries, too.

'Twould make a Burbank wild to see  
Such fruits and flowers appear  
Together irrespective of  
The season of the year.  
But after all 'tis nothing to  
Be greatly wondered at,  
Because it is the modish wreath  
Upon Lucinda's hat.  
—Minna Irving, in N. Y. Herald.

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### Y. M. C. A. NOTES

We were glad to have Dr. Gale with us at our meeting on January 17. With his usual ability he developed the thought, "Character, One of the Great Possessions of Life." While there was a good attendance of Y men, we regretted very much that all the young men of the college did not hear this inspiring address.

Dr. Arnfield, pastor of the Presbyterian church will conduct our service, Jan. 31st. We are looking forward to another splendid service. Dr. Arnfield is the friend of young men; and we hope all our men will be present, that we may give him a hearty welcome.

We are pleased to announce that the Y. M. C. A. Students' Officer Training Convention will be held with us the 17th, 18, and 19th of March. Representatives from the Y organizations of the state will be present. This convention will be worth while, and we are planning to show the visiting delegates a good time.

We are also pleased to announce that our gospel teams are beginning their work. A team composed of Burgess, Kimes, Hicks, Sewall, and Shafner conducted the evening service of January the thirty-first, for the Rev. S. E. Shafner, pastor of the Maysville M. E. church. The boys report that they were greeted by a large audience. The pastor reported that the team conducted a splendid service.

Other teams are arranging their schedules and will soon be in the field.

All men interested in gospel team work please report to President Spurlock or to gospel team chairman, Henry.

The Y extends a cordial welcome to all the men who have entered college for the second semester.

Our devotional services are held each Tuesday evening at 7, p. m.

### THE LEADER

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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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