

Mildred Bender

THE CRITERION

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FIRST SEMESTER RECITAL

Departments of Music and Expression Appear in Program at College Chapel.

Thursday evening, January thirty-first occurred an event whose coming has been heralded since the holidays—the first semester recital of the Departments of Music and Expression. The astonishingly large audience indicated with what anticipation Cameron friends and college folk await these department programs. Promptly at eight o'clock Professor Layton announced the first number. The entire program was very pleasing—this is not the usual trite phrase—and each member of the Music Faculty together with Mrs. Overton, received many compliments for their students at the close of the evening. The program printed below contains several new names, mostly Freshman—who have now made for themselves a welcome.

The program—

Piano, (8 hands), Waltz and Chorus, Gounod, Gladys Marsh, Mae Wehrli, Eulalia Cook, Gladys Spalding; reading, The Mansion, Van Dyke; song, My Heart and Lute, Clarke, Helen Cleveland; piano, Etude Fantastique, Friml, Lois Kennish; reading, The Unexpected Guest, Protle, Goldie Diven; piano, (a) Star of the Shepherd, Bendel, (b) Spinning Wheel, Spindler, Eulalia Cook; reading, A Musical Reading, Zola Althouse; piano, Valse Chromatique, Godard, Helen Deems; song, Snow, Parker, Mrs. M. E. Overstreet; piano, (8 hands), Zampa, Herold, Helen Deems, Ella Bentley, Gladys Marsh, Lois Kennish.

Professor Minnie Beobe of the History Department of Syracuse University will conduct a party of students to Europe this summer. A special feature of the trip will be the attendance of a performance of the Passion Play in August at Oberammergau, Upper Bavaria.

FIRST SEMESTER HONOR ROLL

The Same High Standard of Grades Maintained at Wesleyan This Year.

That Wesleyan students are here to get the best that the school affords was very evident on the reading of the honor roll roll last Tuesday morning in chapel by Doctor Harmon.

The honor students averaged one tenth of the whole enrollment in the college and a little higher in the academy. Honor students are those who in their semester work have an average in all their work of A or above. Miss Helen Deems had the honor of being the best student in the college and Miss Katherine Voorhees in the academy.

Besides those who made the honor roll there was a great number who averaged B+ and above. The dishonor roll this year figured on a percentage basis was not any higher than in former years, and perhaps shows a slight decrease.

Those who made the honor roll were:

Helen Deems, 4 A+ and 1 A; Marguerite Bangs, Clara Boon, Mrs. R. E. Bourquin, Ivan Bray, Faye Bridges, Anna Buck, Mildred England, Thelma Gross, Thoburn Hawk, George Klepper, Christine Kendall, Theo. Lauer, Fayette Rappier, Vida Shafer, Chas. Shaffner, Arthur Williamson. Total 17.

Grades of B+ and above: Marie Elliott, 4 A, 2 B+; Berncie Hopper, 4 A, 1 B+; Lyllis Farnsworth, 3 A, 2 B+; Finis Frazier, 4 A, 2 B+; Donald McGlumphy, 4 A, 2 B+; Helen Munn, 2 A+, 1 A, 2 B+; Robert Russell, 2 A+, 2A, 2 B+; Helen Welsh, 3 A+, 2 A, 2 B+; Emmett Wyrick, 1 A-, 2 A, 2 B+. Helen Ambrose, Georgia Amick, Opal Ashburn, Frank Bennett, R. E. Bourquin, Howard Bronson, Emerson Brown, Roy S. Budd, Clara Clark, John A. Clark, Carrie Cobb, Mildred Crider, R. W. Dice, Herbert Dieterich, Edna Dorsey, Florence Ensign, Thelma Firkins, Edna Garner, John Glendenning, Martha Hanson, R. L. Henry, Caryl

(Concluded on page 2)

THE ADELPHIAN MINSTREL

The Adelpian Literary Society Appears in Very Pleasing Annual Performance.

The coons had a revel at the High School Auditorium Friday, February 3, a real revel.

The occasion was the annual Adelpian minstrel.

True Taylor was interlocutor. "Pete" Conklin as Tigris Euphrates Mississippi Jackson; Carl Campbell as Obediah Lucius Jackson; Herbert Dieterich as Theopholis C. Banks; and "Red" Shaffner as Kalsomine Alabastine Banks were the end men. With these principals and a supporting chorus of twenty-five voices, the minstrel could not have been anything but successful.

The program was divided into two parts, the first being made up of songs and "repartee"; the second a negro sketch, "The Battle of the Rollin' Bones".

The program opened with a chorus, after which Mr. T. E. M. Jackson and Mr. O. L. Jackson arrived in the "Moonshine Special", and proceeded to set up their moonshine still. Then followed the program, interspersed with negro jokes and jabberings. "She's a Mean Job" by Eugene Solel was the first number. Wallace Croy sang "Dear old Home", during which song T. E. M. Jackson shed tears in a convenient wash pan. Theopholis C. Banks, in an awful predicament, rendered the ditty "Which Hazel". Walter Swift sang "Tuck me to sleep in My Old Tucky Home". The Messrs. Jackson then showed a little of their magical art, the last part of which proved to be a total surprise to all concerned, especially to Theopholis and Eddie. After the magic, Mr. T. E. M. Jackson touchingly rendered the song entitled, "Pullman Porter Blues". K. A. Banks sang, "I was Born in Michigan," and seemed to find in the song the solution of a problem. "Is a Michigander's Wife a Michigoose?" Mr. K. A. Banks' song

was followed by the closing chorus.

Between the first and second parts of the program. Finis Frazier sang, "I've got the Red, White and Blues". He was assisted by Charles Shaffner.

Even to those not familiar with the game known as "African Dominoes," the negro sketch was amusing and anyone who has squatted in a circle in the middle of which were the "Rollin' Bones" and other requisites fully appreciated the situation. The dramatis personal was as follows: Henry Hahdtak Hog-shead, Charles Shaffner Rafus, a buck private, Romaine Wood; Hard Boiled Higgins, an M. P., Roland Ryan; Col. Muchmore Mustard. Vern Elliott; Wet Weather Watson, a shavetail, Wallace Croy; T. Seldom Misseus, a simple shooter. Donald McGlumphy; Flat Foot, a runner, Frank Slayton; Dotson Dashes, an operator, Lynn Youngman. The setting was a section of a front line in France. The time, sometime during the recent World Conflict.

Shaffner, the "hero", showed his mastery of negro dialect, and his knowledge of how a negro would act under certain circumstances. He would bet on anything. The other characters, too, showed that they knew negroes pretty well where, we wonder, might these college men have acquired such accurate knowledge of the black race?

From start to finish the minstrel was successful. If you went, you laughed till your sides were sore. If you stayed away, as Mr. Jackson would say, "Yo' sho' missed something".

FIRST SEMESTER HONOR ROLL

(Continued from page 1)

Howard, Marion Hulsizer, Irene Kauffman, Eilleen Kay, Joe Knierim, Ross Langford, Leona Loy, Gladys Marsh, Jim McGlumphy, Helen Mullinix, Jennie Munsell, Isabelle Prugh, Elza Redmon, Thelma Schonk, Mabel Shaw, Ralph Shaw, Austin Simonds, Carol Stokes, Clyde Urban, Ernest Vaughn, Ada Williamson, Pauline Wiley, Loyce Wise. Total 53.

Academy—Kathryn Voorhees, 3 A+, 1 A; Alice Bentley, 2 A+, 2 A; Mary Hartsook, 2 A+, 3 A; Ida Osborne, 2 A+, 2 A; Ralph Hulse, Lois Kennish, Ruby Little, Arvel Nelson, Alvis Runyan, Roy Schneiter, Grace Sydebotham, Leota

Welsh, Marie Steele, Lucy Hall. Total 14.

Grades of B+ and above: Elma Selle, 2 A+, 2 B+, Phoebe Osborn, 2 A+, 2 B+, Hattie McAllister, 2 A, 2 B+, Edith Wickizer, 3 A, 2 B+, Ogie Bennett, Edris Bentley, Ella Bentley, music, Everette Blackman, Winthrop Bronson, Charles Burgess, Mildred Conner, Harry Hutton, Beverly Ingram, Elizabeth Kuebler, Myrtle Ledgerwood, Mary McKee, Helen Reese, Florence Shepherd, Leona Smith, Frances Spurlock, Irene Wamsley, Maude Welsh. Total 21.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

The Y has begun to prepare for entertaining the Y. M. C. A. Officer's Training Conference, which meets with us next month. We are planning to have all things in readiness before the advance guards arrive. This is the first time that the conference has been held with us, and we are anxious that each student in the college shall assist in giving our visitors a royal reception.

As a Y we are striving to boost high the moral standards of our institution. We would not have visitors say that our school ranks below the average moral standard of colleges. We want them to see and feel the clean moral spirit for which our Y stands. If each young man in M. W. C. will govern himself accordingly, our objective will be realized.

You who did not attend Y last Tuesday, February 7th, missed one of the best sessions we have had this year.

"Big" Bill Warren led the meeting. He stressed the moral ideals that are essential to real living. After his address, the social life of Wesleyan's young men was discussed. As an organization, we decided that we did not have enough social activity among our men of the college; and pledged ourselves to our fellow students in their leisure hours.

Our three gospel teams are on the job and are doing effective work. The DeKalb County Herald gave one of our teams a fine write-up.

President Spurlock, in his endeavor to boost the Y. work, deserves the co-operation of each man in the college.

Show your colors men; attend Y each Tuesday evening at 7, p. m.

CHAPEL IN REVIEW

Again in the hurry of college life there has come with each day a breathing space. The faculty calls "time out" and we turn aside from classes and bend our steps toward our chapel.

Here Professor Null talked to us one morning on the words "ye are the salt of the earth". He told us of a renter who was unable to pay a note to the man who owned the farm; how this man tempered justice with mercy enough to tell his tenant to sell all the grain, that he would not need to use until the next crop, to bring him half of the money and he would then destroy the note. Did not this man belong among the class which form the "Salt of the Earth?"

"Selah" will probably cease to be heard in chapel since Dr. Reed kindly explained to us that it was written as an instruction for louder playing on the part of the orchestra. He also interpreted for us "Lift up your Heads, Oh ye Gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors that the King of Glory may come in."

"Jazz is a reversion to barbarism. It is responsible for the Jazz living?" said Rev. S. W. Jones in his talk at chapel last Thursday. "Jazz is not music." He talked farther on this line and of the best in music, art and literature. He bade us keep our eyes open for the Voice of God in all of these.

The Men's Glee Club appeared on the platform on Friday. This was their first appearance before the students this year. They sang "Sort o' miss you" and "Wyoming Lullaby". The applause and the number of encores called for showed how much they were appreciated by the students.

On Tuesday of this week, Dr. Harmon read in chapel the names of the students on the Honor Roll for last semester. Miss Helen Deems was first called to the platform and congratulated on having the highest average in college. Miss Katherine Vorhees had this honor in the academy. Dr. Harmon then gave an idea of the scholastic standing of the entire student body.

Said the man as he fell into the cistern. "This is the first thing I've ever fallen into that didn't have a woman at the bottom of it."—The Lawrentian.



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FORTNIGHTLY RECITAL

The music students of Professor Layton and Miss Klein put on a pleasing afternoon recital in the chapel at 4:15, p. m. Friday. The audience was especially interested perhaps, in the good work of the four little girls who furnished piano numbers. The next afternoon recital will be held in two weeks, and Professor Layton extends his invitation to all those who are sympathetic with the development of good music in the college.

The program was as follows:

Fairy Lightfoot, Frances Marlene Dalke; In the Hayloft, Florence Margaret Dorsey; "Sunset", song, Elza Wallace; Hammock song, Pauline Layton; Song of the Plowman, Catharine Caldwell; "Old Squire Bob", song, Geo. Cline; Flower Dance, Esta Borders; Martha, Mary Hartsook.

RICE HALL BIRTHDAYS

On January the thirtieth, the Rice Hall Club celebrated the birthdays of each and every one of its members, by a six o'clock dinner.

The toasts of the evening were given by Dr. Harmon, Miss Sagsworth, Fayette Rapier, Lois McCollough and Herbert Dieterich, with Miss Herring as toast mistress.

The tables were artistically arranged in a sort of U, each person being seated according to the month of his birthday. The menu was the best the club has known for many a day. Miss Hansen had the honor of cutting the large birthday cake, which was decorated to represent our American flag.

The small birthday presents ranging all the way from "squaky" dogs to telephones with candy, greatly delighted the "clubbers".

It may be quite worth noting that we have among our club members nine pairs of twins and three groups of triplets.

MADE DEBATING TEAM

The finals for the Wesleyan debating team were held Saturday afternoon at the college chapel. Those chosen to represent the college were Fayette Rapier, Robert Russell, Emerson Brown and Raymond Spurlock as alternate.

"Ever study a blotter?"

"No, foolish."

"Very absorbing thing." — The Lawrentian.

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YE OLDE GOSSIPE

Salt Lake City, Utah.
February 1, 1922.

Ye Dear Olde Gossipe:

I should regret keeping you in suspense so long—running my column, you know—were it not that I am enjoying to the utmost my sojourn here in the city of Brigham Young and his nineteen fair wives.

My oil project has failed; I am the proud possessor of seven deep holes in the ground—empty ones. I am not without hope, however, for my plan is to cut these holes into four-foot lengths and sell them for post-holes in the mountain country where fence building is so difficult.

Thanks for the good work you are doing for me, also for the copy of the Criterion. I have looked for several items of interest that I haven't found; therefore, I wish to ask a few questions.

Even out here in the salty atmosphere of Utah the praise of M. W. C. is loudly sung. Tell me about last semesters' grade averages so I can have them printed in the Salt Lake City newspapers.

I should also like to hear from the latest activities of the Ministerial association. If you can enlighten me on these subjects my happiness will be complete.

You must pardon my abrupt close, but I must go to Salt Lake beach for my evening frolic. You see, I am availing myself of my absence from Wesleyan—the lights don't go out here at ten o'clock.

Respectfully,

THE CAMPUS STROLLER.

Jasper University.
Cameron, Mo.

Feb. 14, 1922.

Mine excellent Campus Stroller:

Don't hurry home, for I like your column very much, in spite of several libel suits which are now pending as a result of my freedom of expression.

So you hadn't heard about the first semester's grades! Everybody in all departments, with the exception of one individual (me), made

the honor roll. A's and A+'s are becoming so common that an F is now a thing to be sought and prized. The cause of such high averages is probably the fact that final examinations were recently abolished as an improper institution. The honor roll this year reached such numerical proportions that Dr. Harmon found it necessary to rent the American Legion Hall in order to entertain them with his annual pink tea. Strange to relate, there were few cases of auto-intoxication at Dr. Harmon's party.

You asked concerning the ministerial association. Alas, my strolling friend, their faces no longer brighten our fair campus and classic halls. The administration decided that their influence on the life of our college was decidedly too heavenly. Hence, at the end of the first semester, the ministerial association, with several other "citizens of renown," departed on outbound freight trains for the State University. Ah, is it not sad?

It is nearly time for the inter-class polo tournament which is to be held tonight in chapel, so I now lay my pen aside.

Yours deliciously,
YE OLDE GOSSIPE.

EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT

During the next few weeks the Expression Department is going to practice some of the things which have been taught during the past six or seven months. The post-graduates and graduates have been told what they should do in planning and executing a program and now they are to be tested. Each of these people is to be given a chance to see how well or otherwise she can plan and carry out a recital. Next Thursday evening, February 16, the first one of these recitals is to be given in the chapel of the college building by the seniors in this department, Miss Mary McKee and Miss Ina Wachtel. Come and judge for yourself whether this is a practical method to pursue. We will try to take you all back to the days when you were kiddies. Come, it will do you good.

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A group of Freshman were set browsing among the books of the Library not long since, especially among those of the departments in the main room. They reported rather enthusiastically on the newest volumes, and expressed a desire to delve into these. "Chemistry of Warfare" may sound somewhat stupendous for a Freshman, but it was a favorite. The Library is building rapidly and attractively. Miss Shepherd is an enthusiastic on the subject of books, and she is planning to make her department meet the needs of the town as well as of the students. And the Professors! How chatty they become over the additions to their shelves! The Criterion hopes to publish in the next issue a list of all the new books that have been purchased this year.

PROMOTING BETTER ENGLISH

Our exchanges every week are bringing news items concerning the "Better English Clubs" in the various colleges. One good editorial comments thus: "We hear common words decapitated and decaudalated, e changes to i, and somebody "gits me," we except when we really want to accept, and soon we become wonderfully eeee-ficient in these linguistic strocities." Jist so!"

Now Missouri Wesleyan holds it

a crime to indulge in "enthused" and "It aggravated me" and our old enemies (or friends) "in quiry" and "mischievous" but she still retains a sneaking affection for "Each one have obtained their grades." No, we are not entirely ready to accept the rule, "It sounds right, therefore it is right."

However, we are watching our steps, and the faculty are giving us a frequent prod. We just heard the awful rumor that the English Department intends to base our final grades on reports as to our English efficiency in other departments. If that happen, there may possibly be no graduates from Wesleyan this year.

But here's a bit of encouragement yesterday we heard a Sophomore say glibly—without blinking an eye, "Everyone has left his books in the Library but John and me."

DOINGS OF THE RUTHEANS

And the damsel went out from her home and went to Missouri Wesleyan College.

An she lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and she took of the stones of that place and put them for her pillow and lay down in that place to sleep.

And she dreamed, and behold, a sheath appeared to her, with a sickle across it, as though 'twere proud of the harvest. And the grain in the sheath was ripe, and each stalk was different, but together they made the complete sheath.

And behold, the spirit of Ruth of old stood near by and spake unto the damsel, saying, "I am Ruth, whom thou shalt pattern after. Thou too shalt help others to live the life of worthwhileness.

"And in so doing, thou must ever be Ready to do what is Right; ever Unselfish, Truthful, Happy, Earnest, Amiable and Noble.

And behold, I am with thee and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee until thou hast done that which I have spoken to thee of."

And the damsel awaked out of her sleep, and became a spirit unfolding all she had heard. And she called those who followed after her "Rutheans".

MISS DODD IN CHINA

Shanghai, China. Jan. 4, 1922

Dear Home Friends:

I think I sent my last letter from Honolulu, so if it is to be a continued story I suppose I should begin there. Our entire trip has shown nothing more picturesque than were the Hawaiian Islands as we left them just about sunset, for by that time the clouds had cleared away and a soft glow seemed to hang over the mountains as the lights began to twinkle out in the villages at their feet. That evening, for the first time, we saw the sun drop right into the water and disappear. We watched the Island until darkness hid them, for we knew we should see no more land for two weeks.

Our ocean trip was rather uneventful. We had warm weather and a calm sea most of the time, with just enough rolls and swells to make us appreciate the calms.

Last Thursday we dropped anchor in the Yokohama harbor. Miss Slade, one of our missionaries there, came to the pier to meet us and help us out a bit in our dealings with the natives. A young Japanese minister, who was educated in America and knew two of our group, was there also; and we decided to go up to Tokyo with him as our guide. The most thrilling part of the journey was our first ride in the jin rickshas. I smile yet when I think about it, and I do not wonder that the natives stopped in their tracks to gaze in amangement as a dozen queerly dressed foreigners, each in a queer little high wheeled cart drawn by a human horse with a sort of an inverted butter bowl on his head passed by. Of course we were chatting merrily as they joggled along in a sort of trot, and grunted to make people keep out of their way. Some of the men could talk some English, and pointed out various places of interest to us as we passed by. They took us to the station and we took an electric interurban train up to Tokyo.

Our guide was of course quite anxious to show us the best of the city so he took us to one of the finest department stores there. The natives left their shoes at the entrance, but we foreigners had a sort of woolen slipper put on over ours. The store was quite the cleanest and gayest department store I have ever been in. Every nook and corner seemed gorgeous with holiday display, for the Japanese make much of New Year's Day. Every floor seemed thronged with people, and everywhere we seemed to see objects of curiosity. It gave me a rather queer sensation that was not really pleasant when I had it so forcibly impressed upon me that now I am the foreigner and other people are home folks.

We were all anxious to visit the

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famous Buddhist Temple at Tokyo, so our guide took us there. After leaving our autos we walked thru a narrow street lined on either side with little open shops displaying bright colored good and toys for sale. At length we reached the temple grounds proper, and there the scene suddenly changed. We climbed a long flight of rough, dirty stairs to the entrance, but the inside was more gloomy than the outside. Just in front of the door was a huge image in a sort of cage of heavy wires. Before it was a crude altar at which people knelt for a moment and then hastened on into the crowd. On every side was the clatter of the wooden shoes, for here the shoes were not removed. The floors were of rough, heavy lumber and were covered with mud. There were no windows, so darkness added to the gloom of the place. The entire scene gave me a feeling of horror and I did not care to tarry long. We went out at a side door and passed thru narrow, muddy alleys past a number of other shrines and images, most of which were quite as unattractive as was the temple itself. It seems most strange that people as progressive as are the Japanese can still worship in a place like that.

I was on deck early next morning and watched the unloading of a great raft of big cedar logs from the hold of our ship. They were lifted from the ship with a big crane and let down into the water, one by one. It was quite interesting to see them assembled into rafts. It seemed strange that a little brown man with a long bamboo stick with a hook in the end could stand on one floating log and unaided pull another immense log up to him. The logs were fastened together with ropes and tied to little boats, but I did not see what was finally done with them for our ship steamed away as soon as it was really day light. I heard that they were to be used for building air ships.

Japanese scenery from a distance is very beautiful. I watched Fujianna just as the rising sun was tinting her snowy crown with a rosy splendor, then I understood why a single snow capped peak has such a large place in Japanese art. The mountain was in view for the greater part of the day as we sailed toward Kobe, for we had a very high gale and the air and sky were clear. Again and again we passed mountains whose sides were terraced almost to the top. One of our officers tells me that they carry water by hand up to irrigate the

gardens. Truly they need more land to support their vast population for thousands of people are crowded into the little cities nestling at the foot of the mountains.

Our visit at Nagisaki was a very happy one. We found our W. F. M. S. Girls' school, Kwassin quite close to the dock. It is situated high on a hillside but it was well worth the climb to get our feet on real grass once more. There are four or five buildings in the compound, and about 400 girls make up the school and college. The general board has property adjoining it and has a large school for boys. The pastor and his wife came over to see us for a few minutes. Two of our missionaries acted as guides and took us to visit an old Shinto temple which was built about 1656 to celebrate the driving out of all Christians from the islands of Japan. It was quite a marked contrast to the Buddhist temple which we had visited, for here all was bright and gay. To reach the altar we had to climb in all one hundred and forty-nine steps. These were in several flights and on the landings were the ever present peddlers with their wares. The steps were thronged with a merry chattering crowd all in holiday attire where colors rivaled those of an old-fashioned flower garden. The pretty maidens there are quite as adept in the use of powders, paints and rouge as are their sisters across the sea, but what really astonishes one is the amount of clothing, and the great variety of color, and the number of butterflies and birds and other winged creatures that can be displayed on one wee tot of two or three years.

When the top landing is finally reached the sandals are left on a step and the worshiper goes a few steps higher, throws his coin on a platform, kneels or prostrates himself for a brief moment, then hastens out to join the happy throng on the steps or in the park adjoining. At the back of the platform are heavy draperies and at intervals drums are beaten behind them to announce the coming of the Priests, who in their gaily colored robes come out and perform a few simple rites.

We also wandered out thru the park where there were a few wild animals and birds. The trees are scrubby, rough, and gnarled, but from below it all made quite a pretty picture. From the heights we could look out over the city and the harbor. There are several very fine buildings, but the greater part of the city is very crowded with nar-

row, crooked, winding streets which seem to lead nowhere. On our way back to the compound we passed the homes of wealthy people. Our guide explained the significance of the emblems which seemed to be every where before the door posts of rich and poor alike, a bamboo pole, a plum branch, and a palm tied in front of the door while over the door a huge red lobster hangs in the midst of many paper trimmings. The lobster signifies long life; the bamboo, strength; the plum, prosperity; and the palm leaf, peace. What more could one ask in a New Year's wish?

On Monday morning we were gliding thru the muddy yellow water of the Yangste Kiang, and instead of the mountain scenes of Japan we looked out over the flat delta lands of China. On high tide we floated up the creek upon which Shanghai is located. There were quite imposing fortifications at the mouth of the stream. Shanghai is an international port in which almost every nation has its own government buildings and officers. Miss Strow met us there and took us to the Mission Home, inter-denominational, where we had lunch. Then we hired autos and went out to see the city. Some parts of it would compare quite favorably with the millionaire rows of Philadelphia. In other places the streets were so narrow and crowded that it sometimes required the aid of a red turbanned policeman to make way for the car to get thru for it takes more than the honk of a Ford to move a Chinese coolie unless he is good and ready to start. We did not go into the real Chinese part of the city because a very virulent form of small pox was raging there, but of course we saw many of the natives at work in the streets. There they seem more like beasts of burden than they do like human beings. They draw the loaded carts or push queer high wheeled wheel barrows with hugh loads of boxes or baskets on them, or perhaps they carry their load in a big basket hung from either end of a long bamboo pole across the shoulder. One could not accuse them of having the American rush, and yet one would hardly expect it, for they are poorly clothed and I presume as poorly fed, for their labor brings only a few cents a day.

There is much more that might be of interest but already my letter is too long, so I must put my pen away. We shall reach Hong Kong Sunday morning, Jan. 8th, and wait there for a boat to Calcutta, so the end of the journey is still a long way off. Stella L. Dodd.

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BASKETBALL

Drury Got Revenge—Won From the
Chillicothe Business College—
Girls in Double Victory.

The Drury Panthers seemed un-
able to miss the basket last Thurs-
day night in the contest at the Wes-
leyan gym in which the Davis quin-
tet took second place—score 55 to
22.

Chillicothe Business college ser-
ved the Wesleyan basketball team
a victory on a silver platter Mon-
day night at the college gym, the
score was 35 to 33. Both teams
are to be commended for good
sportsmanship as each endeavored
to give the game to the other.

The Wesleyan girls' basketball
team won two easy victories Friday
and Saturday, Feb. 3rd and 4th, de-
feating the Missouri Christian col-
lege girls at Camden Point by a
score of 23 to 15 and the St. Joseph
Y. W. C. A. team at St. Joseph by
a score of 30 to 3.

WESLEYAN GIRLS WIN

Did we win? Well, Yes! and
both games too!

Despite the fact that the Camden
Point team had the advantage in
being on their own court, the M.
W. C. girls came out with the large
end of the score on last Friday
night.

At the end of the first half our
girls had need of alarm, for Camden
was in the lead by two points; but
during the second half Mrs. Davis
ran up the score and our girls got
somewhat used to the small court
and low baskets and iron posts in
the court, so that by the time the
whistle blew the score was 21 to
15. On Saturday night at St. Jo-
seph our girls were again victor-
ious, coming out with the large
end of a score of 30 to 3. Neverthe-
less the Y. W. C. A. girls are good
sports, and never once did they lie
down on the job.

Soon we can move the "Cameron
Poultry Co." sign to our "Ag."
Department. Already several incu-
bators have hatched and last week
Prof. Withington received a new
Mammoth incubator which has a
capacity of 1200 eggs. The Poultry
raising class is busy installing the
new arrival and it will soon be
ready for use. The Agriculture
department has enlarged to a great
extent and is still growing larger.

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birthday

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O, yes!

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The Ground Floor Studio

THE ALUMNI

Following the custom of other years, the Criterion is publishing lists of the Alumni of M. W. C. as nearly correct as present data at hand allows:

1893

Prof. Chas. L. Hunley, Liberal Arts, unknown.
Jennie Harwood, (deceased), Music.
Anna Stevens, now Mrs. W. Moss Jones, Music, 1009 W. 5th Street, Topeka, Kansas.

1894

Rev. Edgar P. Reed, Liberal Arts, Nevada, Mo.

1895

Elizabeth C. Bentley, Liberal Arts, Baldwin, Kansas.
Lena V. Corn, Liberal Arts, Cameron, Mo.
Nettie B. Prather, now Mrs. A. S. Flannigan, Liberal Arts, 1028 North 2nd Street, Quincy, Ill.
Harry Prather, Liberal Arts, Tarkio, Mo.

1896

Lena Benson, now Mrs. J. C. Baker, Liberal Arts, Urbana, Ill.
Dr. Chas. W. Reed, Liberal Arts, Grand Junction, Colo.
Elizabeth Wells, Liberal Arts, Laclede, Mo.
Mable J. Francis, now Mrs. A. L. Casely, Music, 324 E. Mulberry Street, Bloomington, Ill.
Nellie Hodges, now Mrs. Nellie Goodlander, Music, Sioux City, Ia.

1897

Mabel G. Corn, Liberal Arts, Cameron, Mo.
Luther B. Hill, Liberal Arts, 542 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
Leland T. Monett, Liberal Arts, Norman, Okla.

1898

Martha Ware, now Mrs. Edwin Barton, Liberal Arts, 422 N. Sheridan Street, Ottumwa, Iowa.
Rev. A. D. Davis, Liberal Arts, unknown.
George W. Orme, Liberal Arts, Warrensburg, Mo.
Bertha E. Ware, now Mrs. Bertha W. Hill, (deceased) Liberal Arts.
Prof. Paul L. McFerrin, Music, Nashville, Tenn.
Carrie Reed, Music, Cameron, Mo.
Edna Sharp, Music, Cameron, Mo.
Anna V. Watts, (deceased), Music.

1899

Rev. George Bradford, Liberal Arts.
Rev. Chas. O. Mills, (deceased), Liberal Arts.
Harry S. Ware, Liberal Arts, Anaconda, Mont.

1900

Hortense V. Casper, Liberal Arts, 4644 Alabama Street, San Diego, Calif.
Rev. D. A. Leeper, Liberal Arts, Garden City, Kansas.
Hattie Middaugh, now Mrs. Chas. Harris, Liberal Arts, Cameron, Missouri.
Harriet B. Howard, Music, Spickard, Mo.
Cora D. Potter, now Mrs. A. D. Davis, Music.

1901

Prof. Ray J. Gregg, Liberal Arts, 1301 South 12th Street, Birmingham, Alabama.
Rev. A. T. Henry, (deceased), Liberal Arts.
John B. Jones, Liberal Arts.
Arthur E. Rutledge, Liberal Arts, 67 Church Street, New Haven, Conn.
Bertha Longfellow, now Mrs. R. C. Clark, (deceased), Music.
Gertrude Forsythe, now Mrs. Wm. R. Townsend, Music, Henrietta, Missouri.
Nellie Grant, now Mrs. Wallace E. Waits, Music.
Chloe Herrick, now Mrs. W. F. Null, Music, Cameron, Mo.
Nellie Dayhoff, now Mrs. Isaac Brokaw, Music, Pocahontas, Ia.

1902

Rev. J. Will Caughlin, Liberal Arts, Wentachee, Wash.
Hon. J. Ernest Engle, Liberal Arts, Grant City, Mo.
Rev. C. A. Field, Liberal Arts, Marengo, Iowa.
Roy B. Kester, Liberal Arts, 457 W. 123th St., N. Y. City, N. Y.
Bertha Stafford, now Mrs. Herbert Hopkins, Liberal Arts, Holly, Colorado.
Dr. Hugh Ware, Liberal Arts, Butte, Mont.
Geneva Anderson, now Mrs. J. O. Boyd, (deceased), Music.
Minnie Longstreth, now Mrs. M. L. Peters, Music, Cameron, Mo.
Margaret Towson, Music, Knox City, Mo.
Nellie Munson, now Mrs. Scott Longstreth, (deceased), Music.

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THE SCRIBBLERS

All the Work This Week is Contributed by Students from Miss Bryant's Freshman English.

"Wasn't Scairt—Much"

"Say, Spotty, I wish I'd a had yer hard shell back las' night. I wuz a turtle like you. Maw sent me to get her a jar of peaches in the cave-cellar las' night. An', an' say, Spotty, its sure dark at night. I banged the door real hard when I went out. That wuz to scare the what-cha-me-callums away. I bet that ole cave's twenty sixteen miles from our house. I sneaked 'long, and clumbed down the stairs, and, Spotty, they wuz a man what stood still in the corner. But I went up and touched, an' it wuz only Daddy's ole coat. I wasn't scairt—much. I grabbed the first can I come to and I sure did run for the house, 'cause they wuz sumthin' right side of me, tryin' to catch me. I would feel its bref; and I run an' banged the door 'gin some more and scairt him 'way, I did. What I brung wasn't peaches but water-melon 'serves". Maw couldn't make me go back 'gin, 'cause I know they wuz a what-ch-me-callum out there waitin' to scair me to death an' eat me up!" LOUISE FERRIS.

Love Me, Love My Dog

Little Penrod Sawyer had been sent by his mother to the cyclone cellar after some apples just before being put to bed. The nocturnal dangers encountered in this quest changed what would have been a peaceful slumber into a tossing nightmare. The following conversation was overheard the next morning by big brother.

"And Johnny, after I had got to the big, dark cave I came to a big door. I called out in a loud, thunderin' voice just like Pap's, 'I demand entrance.' No one answered. They were all scared I guess, so I busted it in with my fists and what do you suppose I saw? Well, I saw giants, and robbers, and lions, and hippo, hippo—well you know what I mean Johnny, and in the middle there was a beautiful girl and my dog Nero.

"Then what did you do Pen," asked Johnny breathlessly.

"What do you 'spose you crazy boob? Why I killed 'em all as dead as a doorknob with my sword

and pistols. Then I carried Old Nero out of the cave in my arms, kinda like a hero would, you know."

"Did you kill the girl, too Pen?"

"Naw, I didn't kill her but I just left her there Johnny cause girls ain't worth saving anyhow.

JUNIOR CLARK.

Seein' Things

"The apples wuz s' low in the barrel, I had to climb on a box and reach way down to get 'em. Don't it sound funny with your head in a barrel? I'd just put four apples in the pan when I heard somethin' sounded like it wuz movin' the jars on the shelves. I jumped out and looked to the door and meaned to run, but there on one side stood a big black man and he was movin'. Gee! I wuz 'bout skeered to death, I yelled awful, but he didn't say nor do nothin', so I runned past him like lighten'. I goed as fast as I could, and look back of me, too.

"I telled mother but she jest laughed and said she thought old Tabby slept and hunted mice down there at nights, and that she had on that very day hung one of Daddy's old overcoats in the cellar."

MRS. BOURQUIN.

The Mask

I was waiting for my order in one of the popular cafes when my glance wandering about the ornate room, fell by chance upon one of the numerous mirrors in which was reflected a singular visage. The strangely familiar features were regular in contour and vaguely handsome. The face, being absolutely void of expression, appeared lifeless and this effect was height-

ened by a stony gaze. A waiter halted before the mirror and I turned searching the room in vain for the original of the image.

Since that evening I have caught many glimpses of that elusive face but could never meet its owner in the flesh. I would get a transient view of it in a street car window, or it would momentarily appear in the plate glass fronts of the downtown shops. I began to feel haunted. I often found myself waking from a dream with the phantom just fading into space. I looked everywhere, but with no success, for that mawkish insipid countenance which so depressed and yet so bewitched me.

This morning I stopped before a mirror in the deserted lobby of my hotel to adjust my tie. The voices of a group, which had just entered, startled me and in consternation I watched my familiar cast of countenance fade into that of the expressionless face. It is a mask which I unknowingly assume in the presence of others to cover a super-sensitive nature.

THOBURN HAWK.

The Greater Love

The man arose from his bed and dressing quickly stepped through the big French window and out into the still night. Marion De Spain could not sleep. It must be his work he decided, and wondered if other amateur artists had as hard a time as he. Lighting a cigarette he strolled down through the garden aimlessly, wandering along the crooked little path until he came to the marble fountain and bench enshrouded in the fog that always falls of a night in that part of Italy. Turning from these he sat

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down beside the olive tree where he had sketched that afternoon.

Presently he looked up and saw the figure of what seemed to be a woman dressed in a thin filmy cloudy garment very much like the fog around him sitting quietly upon the marble bench. Just then the clock struck twelve and the figure arose, walked a few feet and apparently faded from view.

For several nights after that De Spain went into the garden and always as the clock struck twelve the figure vanished into the fog. He did not believe in ghosts and laughed at the idea but he often found himself pondering over it. Then one night he stood in the shadow of the fountain and when she started to leave he stepped forward and caught her hand in his. It was not a cold death-like claw, as he had half expected to feel, but a warm, soft, little hand that struggled to free itself from his grasp. It was then he saw for the first time her face, perfect in rare beauty with blue eyes and a mass of golden hair that fell in ringlets around her face.

"Please let me go," she pleaded.

"But I want to know who you are".

The clear tones of the clock in the old tower began to chime the twelfth hour. She shuddered and said, "I must go or he will find I am gone and beat me".

"Will you promise to meet me tomorrow night?"

"Oh! Yes I promise," she cried and as he dropped her hand she vanished once more into the fog. She met him the next night and many more. They always talked until the clock struck twelve, then she hurried away making him promise never to try to follow her. They never talked of her, for she always changed the subject tactfully, and made him tell all about himself. While they talked he would hold her hand, but one night where he would have placed his arm around her she trembled, rose to her feet and said, "I cannot meet you anymore, already they suspect something."

"But little mystery lady I've learned to love you."

"That's just what you must not do, you do not even know who I am" and pressing his hand she left.

The next night as De Spain came in view of the fountain he saw her

standing in the moonlight her golden hair falling around her shoulders like a silken veil and as he watched her she raised her hand swiftly above her breast, then there was a flash of something white and shiny and she lay in a heap at the foot of the fountain.

Horrified he rushed to her but she was dead. In one hand was a letter addressed to himself which read thus:

"When you read this I will not be with you anymore and what I am doing is for your sake. I love you and know you are beginning to care for me but I cannot let you do that and you must never know why. I would that you remember me only as a vision you once had.

Goodbye,

Your little Dream Lady."

When he had finished reading it he stopped and kissed her lips then left the garden never to enter it again because of its memories.

MEN'S GLEE CLUB AT BARWICK

The Men's Glee Club made their first formal bow to the public of Northwest Missouri last Tuesday night at Barwick Chapel. The club composed of twenty men; Miss Clara Boon, pianist; Miss Zola Althouse, reader; and Prof. Kelsey, director; made the trip in motor cars.

Owing to an unfortunate delay in the arrival of three of the "star performers" the program was not commenced promptly on time. The interim was quite acceptably filled by local talent, readings by Miss Althouse, and Mr. Orr's sermon on the soap box.

The following program was given consisting of: "Soldiers' Chorus", Club; tenor solo, Luther Swift; Wyoming Lullaby", Club; reading, Miss Althouse; quartette, Swift, McMahon, Frazier and Crawford; piano solo, Miss Boone; "Tempest of the Heart," Club; bass solo, Crawford; "Swing Along", Club; reading, Miss Althouse; "Wonder Peace", Club; "Goodnight", Club.

As this was the first public appearance of the club this year, Prof. Kelsey is to be congratulated on the way the program was carried out. There is quite a bit of new material this year, and while we badly miss "Pinky" and George, we believe that this will be the best Glee Club Wesleyan has ever had.

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EXCELSIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

In a meeting held Thursday night, January 27, the Excelsiors elected new officers to serve for the second semester. The following is a list of those elected and their offices:

Lawrence Wheeler, President; Fayette Rapier, Vice-President; R. L. Henry, Secretary; Beverly Ingram, Treasurer; Alvis Runyan, Chaplain; Eugene Wood, Critic; Luther Swift, Chorister; Kenneth Crawford, Sergeant, Pianist; R. Henry, F. Rapier, Hawk, Curators.

We had a very interesting program last Thursday night, Feb. 2nd, which was composed of the following numbers.

All who were to take part on the program were present and each did well. The program was considered by all to be a success. After the program was over we had a short business meeting and in this meeting we set the date for our annual Excelsior Banquet as March tenth. Committees were appointed to make arrangements for this banquet. We have received some interesting letters from Excelsiors who have gone out of school here and have gone into foreign countries, one especially from South Africa. And some of these inquired if we were to have a banquet, as they wanted to come if possible.

IN MEMORY OF LINCOLN

The chapel hour at Missouri Wesleyan college Saturday morning in charge of the public speaking department was devoted to a program in honor of Abraham Lincoln's birthday.

Russell Casteel, chairman, handled the program with the ease of a William Jennings Bryan. His remarks in introducing the speakers brought much applause from the audience, especially when introducing the Hon. Emerson Brown and Hon. Robert Russell, stating that both the gentlemen were slightly under the weather owing to participating rather heavily the previous evening in the banquet given by Dr. and Mrs. Harmon to the honor students of Missouri Wesleyan.

The Rev. Raymond Spurlock led the devotional services. Then Fernon Sewell, Emerson Brown and Robert Russell each delivered an address on different phases of the great man's life.

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**SEE YOURSELF AS OTHERS
SEE YOU**

The following program was given by the Aesthetians in their hall Thursday night, February ninth:

Vocal solo, Thelma Ferkins; piano solo, Lois Kennish; reading, Vida Shafer.

See yourself as others see you.

Every individual by nature wants to know what the public thinks about him. One of the highest motives for his actions is to find favor and approval in the eyes of the public. As a rule the public does not tell one his faults and his charms truthfully. Under this circumstance, how can one become better fitted to live in his society?

The purpose of this important number which appears on every Aesthetian program, namely, "see yourself as others see you", is to help girls to see their good traits and their faults, that she being criticized may profit thereby.

GUILD MEETING

Mrs. J. C. Dillener was hostess Monday afternoon to a pleasant meeting of the M. W. C. Guild at which seven new members were added to the roll.

After devotions led by Mrs. J. C. Bowman and the regular business session, Mrs. Cameron Harmon had charge of an excellent program. Subject, "What Our College is Doing in the Brief Time Allotted It". Dean D. L. Kalke gave an interesting sidelight into college life by starting in with the first class period and taking his hearers with him thru a busy day in the class room. Miss Lou Gene Evans and Miss Aileen Wilson each gave a double vocal number with Miss Helen Deems accompanist.

Delicious refreshments were served during the social hour.

Education without religion is simply veneering rotten wood.—
Bishop Welch.

THE LEADER

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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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