

The Criterion

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1930

NUMBER 10

AESTHESIANS ENTERTAIN

Sixty-six Attend the Twenty-sixth Annual Banquet

Last Saturday at 8:30 o'clock the Aesthesian Literary Society held its twenty-sixth annual banquet at the Cameron Hotel. The sixty-six people present included Aesthesians, their guests, a few old Aesthesians, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Gale, and Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Dalke.

The aesthetic prevailed in every detail. Not only the lovely frocks of the hostesses, but likewise the decorations, the toasts and the program were of this characteristic. The tables, arranged like an enormous A, were dimly lighted with yellow candles in glass sticks tied with purple tulle bows. Large baskets of Easter eggs stood here and there in the dining room. The combined place cards and favors were chocolate Easter eggs with the names printed in purple and gold.

The menu consisted of:

Branched Celery	Queen Olives
Fruit Cocktail	
Baked Young Hen	Dressing
Mashed Potatoes	
Garden Peas in Cream	
Raspberry Fruit Jello	Pear Salad
French Rolls	
Vanilla Ice Cream	
Assorted Sugar Sticks	
Coffee	

Katherine Gale, the Aesthesian president seated at the point of the A, presided as toastmistress. The following program was given between the courses:

Invocation	Dr. Gale
Entree	Katherine Gale
Aesthetic	Miss Garner
Piano Solo	Ailene Brower
Smiles	Dean Dalke
Reading	Guenavere Knoch
Troubles	Eleanor Ward
Vocal Solo	Faye Ganfield
Expectations	Louise Gilliland
Reminiscence	Alma Mater

Radio music was enjoyed during the banquet and at a late hour the 1930 Aesthesian festival ended.

It has been pointed out that the Literary Digest's poll of the nation on the wet and dry question is perhaps largely an advertising stunt to get new subscribers. Perhaps you remember a few years ago the Digest put on a poll on this same question which returned every state in the union wet except Kansas and Oklahoma. And yet—in the elections of the same year an increasingly large dry majority was elected to Congress. Evidently the poll was as misleading as it was wet.

CHAPEL NOTES

On Thursday, March 20, Miss Shepherd read some sketches in which famous men gave the reasons for their success in life. A few of these attributes were: perseverance, concentration, patience, good parents, work, temperate habits, and philosophy of life based upon Christian religion.

Mr. Thompson talked Friday about Paul. He brought out that many who have stood for good causes have been persecuted. He gave specific examples of great men who like Paul have been despised.

Saturday Mr. Gale spoke on 'World Peace and Disarmament.' He said that just as banditry and dueling have been outlawed, so war will in time become a thing of the past. The mere fact that people are discussing peace he declared would eventually bring it about.

On Tuesday, March 24, Mr. Paxson read several stories with morals.

Mr. Dalke made a talk the next day and informed the students that many people die in their teens and don't realize it. He said, "Education kills lots of people off." He brought out that education ought to emancipate people not enslave them.

Friday, Rev. Clark of the Presbyterian church presented some thought questions such as: Are students making the most of their training in college? Are they meeting the expectations of the people in whatever work they do? He said every delinquency in life should not be blamed on the World War.

Saturday, Mr. Null gave a few facts about the teaching profession. He said teaching requires intellectuality of a high quality. He followed the idea through that mentality is higher than muscles.

Last Tuesday, Mr. Gale gave a few interesting facts about the discovery of the new planet. He said the temperature on this planet was estimated at 350 degrees below zero.

Mr. McNamee, pastor of the Methodist church, spoke Wednesday on David and the twenty-third psalm. This talk was followed by the presentation of the track cup to the Sophomores who won the inter-class meet on Tuesday. Mr. Slayton in his speech mentioned the names of the high point athletes in both girls' and boys' events.

MINER CLITES ENTERTAINS

Minor Clites of Council Bluffs, Ia., entertained a good sized audience in the college chapel March 28.

Mr. Clites has been blind since birth and is heralded as America's foremost blind musician. He plays the piano, pipe organ and accordion, and sings. The entire crowd seemed to enjoy his concert, and he was well-liked by both young and old. Miner plays over the radio stations, WAAW and WOW at Omaha, Neb.

SOPHOMORES WIN MEET

Are Awarded Trophy Cup

The Sophomore class was presented with the inter-class trophy cup by Coach Slayton, Wednesday morning in chapel. The sophomores won this by defeating the freshmen in an inter-class track meet held Tuesday afternoon. The meet was close from start to finish and several "dark horses" were brought before the public. The Freshmen girls proved their right to be the winners in their class, but the boys lacked experience and training. The following are the events as they took place, and their results:

Boy's class track meet entries and records:

100 yard dash: Collings, Whiteaker, Callaway. Time 10.6.

1 mile run: Kellogg, Barnett, King. Time 5.23.

120 yard hurdles: Collings, Foor, Whiteaker. Time 19.2.

220 yard dash: Collings, Sheldon, Cater. Time 24.

440 yard dash: Collings, Nichols, Attywood. Time 57.4.

Shot put: Packham, Callaway, Attywood. Distance 38.5.

220 yard low hurdles: Foor, Olson, Dodson. Time 29.6.

Javelin: Wright, Hays, Packham. Distance 132.

880 yard run: Kellogg, Barnett, Wilson. Time 2.38.

Pole vault: McClure, Walker, Hays. Height 9 ft., 2 in.

1 mile relay: Sophomores: Foor, Walker, Collings, Sheldon. Time 4.4.

High jump: Wright, Walker, McClure. Height 5 ft., 1 in.

Discus: Callaway, Wright, Packham. Distance 96 ft., 7 in.

Broad jump: Collings, Olson, Foor. Distance 19 ft., 1 in.

880 yard relay: Sophomores: Nichols, Foor, Callaway, Sheldon. Time, 1.44.

Girls' track entries and records:

25 yard dash: Bruner, Shirts, Calhoun. Time 3.1.

Baseball throw: Calhoun, Theilman, Bryan. Distance 120 ft.

50 yard dash: McKenzie, Shirts, Bruner. Time 6.5.

Basketball throw: Bryan, Bruner, Theilman. Distance 60 ft.

75 yard dash: Shirts, Bruner, Shaw. Time 9.1.

High jump: McKenzie, Brower, Martin. Height 4 ft.

Sprint medley: Freshmen: Calhoun, Shaw, Bruner, Brower. Time 24.5.

Running broad jump: Calhoun, Bruner, Bryan. Distance 11 ft., 5 in.

Discus throw: Bryan, Fender, Bruner. Distance 35 ft.

220 yard relay: Freshmen and Sophomores tied. Time 27.2.

Shot put: Bryan, Bruner, Calhoun. Distance 24 ft., 10 in.

PRES. GALE SPEAKS AT Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. has been well attended the last two weeks, and the programs have been good.

One of these programs was conducted by President Gale, his subject being, "Qualities Which Assist in One's Success." This discussion brot before the students the necessity of doing their best and working for the better things in life.

The other program was a discussion on budgeting one's time. It was led by "Nick" Carter and Forrest Kellogg.

A good program is anticipated at our next meeting. Come out and see how you like us.

BIOLOGICAL SCIENCE CLUB

On March 22, the Biological Science Club held their meeting in Excelsior Hall. The theme for discussion was "Trees." Response to roll call was made by each student giving the common and scientific name of a tree. The following program was given:

Talk, Russell Packham.
Solo, Margaret Grimes.
Reading, Guenavere Knoch.
Chart, Clark King and Byron Francisco.
Historic Trees, Mary Benson.

AN EASY ONE

Mortimore: If I cut a potato in halves, then into quarters and then into halves again, what would I have.
Edith Van Alstin: Potato chips.

100 yard low hurdles: Bruner, Bryan, Calhoun. Time 17.9.

Javelin: Calhoun, Bryan, McKenzie. Distance 59 ft., 1 in.

Standing broad jump: Bruner, Shirts, Bryan. Distance 5 ft., 11 in.

440 yard walking: Calhoun, Bryan, Brower.

100 yard relay: Freshmen: Calhoun, Shaw, Bruner, Brower.

Points scored by the Freshmen girls were 75½; by the Sophomore girls 53½; by the Freshmen boys 39; and by the Sophomore boys, 88. The total of points proved that the Sophomore class won the cup by a 21 point margin.

High scoring Sophomore boy was Collings with five firsts; second was Kellogg with two firsts. High scoring Freshmen boy was Wright with two firsts and one second; Barnett and Olson tied for second honors with two seconds each.

High scoring Freshman girl was Bruner with three firsts, four seconds and one third; Calhoun was second with four firsts and three thirds. The high scoring Sophomore girl was Bryan with three firsts, three seconds, and three thirds; second was Shirts with one first and three seconds.

THE CRITERION

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Wednesday, April 9, 1930

"Keep your sunny side up—up." We can all sing this simple little phrase when we're happy and gay; but how hard it is to pep up and trill it when we've just flunked in a quizz, or lost a contest. Sometimes we wonder if there can be a sunny side when everything depressing comes on the same day. But generally if we search or even notice we'll find some redeeming sunshine to brighten up the gloom.

We can recall a person who seems joyful constantly and we criticize him and say he probably has no serious thoughts. Many times that is not the case. This person is merely displaying to his fellow students his glad side and saving those thoughtful moods for his own reflection. Perhaps we term this selfish of him and yet—does anyone like to hear a long string of troubles related? Not very often.

When it rains and you can't play golf or put up the tennis net, when you have a quizz and you've studied and failed, when you're four themes and two book reports behind in English, when you've gone out for track every day and still aren't so good at the sport—then's the time to revolve around until you get that sunny side up. For after all there's generally ninety-three other students just as down as you are and just as anxious to show it. Just forget that old fear that someone will be disgusted with what you have done and start singing your tune. "Keep your sunny side up."

TELL THE EDITOR

Tell Eugene Trice if anyone—
Ditched school.
Bought a Ford.
Broke a mirror.
Found a girl.
Broke a shoestring.
Heard a lecture.
Grew a mustache (or beard)
Broke a leg
Won a medal.
Had a wreck.
Got married
Ate garlic.
Made a hole in one.
Don't forget to tell him. It's news.

Forrest Kellogg was standing in her parlor and he said unto the light, "Either you or I, old fellow, will be turned down tonight."

GRANT TO EACH MAN HIS DISPOSITION

We are fools. I am a fool because I am a Methodist. You are a fool because you are a Presbyterian. I am a fool because I won't eat raw oysters. You are a fool because you don't like ripe olives. I am a fool because I admit the fact. You are a fool because you think you are wise.

Yet, I admire you even though you are a Presbyterian. You have your ideas of worship and whether I like them or not I recognize your sincerity in and faithfulness to what you believe is right. Of course, you believe it is right only because your mother thought so, or because your father insisted on leading you to Sunday School at the regular hour each week until Sunday School became a part of your life; but I read beneath the very evident. My interest lies not in the surface, but in that which is responsible for your outward appearance. Likewise, I expect you will find something in me that you may regard worthy—but you must not pass by on the other side of the road or you may never discover one desirable characteristic in me.

Do not despair at the moment you find I cannot devour raw oysters with relish. Wait until the next course is served. You may be surprised and delighted with me for a dinner partner before the waiter brings the check. When I declare that I am a fool, don't run away and tell your friends that I am an imbecile until you are sure that there is nothing beneath my words. Just because I have said that you are a fool, do not believe that I can find nothing about you worthy of my attention. On the contrary, it is because we are all fools that we find a common current running in our veins.—The Kenkonian.

THE FOREIGN LANGUAGE "GRINDSTONE"

Whether or not one gains anything definite from the compulsory study of a foreign language is a question which has troubled nearly every normal student mind. William Norwood Brigance, a member of the Wash college faculty, deals with just that question in the April American Mercury. There are two ancient arguments, he says, which are habitually used by educators. That studying a foreign language is "invaluable mental discipline," and that it is an important aid to the student's speaking and writing of his own language. Both of these sound quite familiar to our ears. Mr. Brigance is able to cite scientific proofs that both are entirely erroneous. He quotes a number of psychological investigators, all of whom have conducted what are unquestionably accurate and exhaustive tests among high school students. A test of third-year Latin students showed that they were not only unable to read Latin, but were also unable to read their own language as rapidly as those who had not taken Latin. Mr. Brigance gives a striking experiment in which it was supposedly proved that an equal knowledge of two languages is a distinct disadvantage to "clear thinking and definiteness of opinion."

However, Mr. Brigance, in conclusion, is obliged to confess that without the aid of two foreign languages,

his article could not have been written. One reaches the conviction with him that the present need is not to abolish the study of foreign languages, but to define the aims of that study, to clarify its purpose, instead of bringing forth the worn-out argument which amounts to saying that "learning the French syntax, which requires one to say 'a horse black' can improve his facility in English syntax, which requires him to say 'a black horse'."—The Park Stylus.

BILL GOES TO THE BANQUET

"Look at those shoes," said Bill. "Seventeen dollars."

Jerry looked. "Partly."

"Sure, I got 'em specially for the banquet."

"Oh well, I know you're a swell, but there's no time for showing off shoes. Get into 'em and hush up."

"I'm not a swell! Who said I was a swell?" demanded Bill. Just because I've got more taste than the rest of you bozos you call me a swell, huh?"

"But then you're a handsome young chap," persisted Jerry sarcastically. "Yeah? Sez you? Well, sure I am, compared to you anyhow. I look like a man—which is more than most of these pretty boys around the campus do. Say man! Where's those new cuff links of mine? You guys had them out in a crap game? Well, hunt them up right now or else get me another pair. They're the best looking ones that ever hit Ford Hall. So I'm not surprised that I can't find them."

"Look out! There goes your perfume. Don't be so clumsy about getting your powder on—you're going to a banquet, not a fancy dress ball anyway."—Winona Everett. English, I.

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THE LOCOMOTIVE

Locomotive, thing of beauty, work of man!
 See the smoke-cloud rollings, rolling from the stack,
 Openly spreading, rising up and trailing back.
 Listen to the evenness of that exhaust!
 Hear the grinding wheels, the 'scap steam, the bell;
 The vibrant roaring, rushing of the air;
 Smell the smell of smoke and steam and heated oil;
 Hear the whistle, loudly screeching in ringing tones;
 See the massive locomotive coming on.
 Music, music to an engineer!
 (thing of beauty, work of man.
 A mass of 'sembled steel and iron and brass!
 Flues and firebox, grates and smoke-box too;
 Engines, lubricators, air-pumps, pipes and valves;
 Steam dome and sand-dome, cylinders and steam chests, two;
 Pistons, cross-heads, piston-rods, connecting rods,
 Pistons, drivers, cranks, injectors, of each a few;
 Wheels and tender filled with water, coal;
 Journal, journal-boxes, cab for working crew.
 Ah, 'tis beauty, beauty to an engineer.

Locomotive, thing of beauty, slave of man,
 Grand, majestic, proudly-moving power plant
 All arranged, the will of modern man, to serve,
 Daily, over vast expansive distance speeding
 Child to dying parent, parent to the child,
 Soldier to his duty, lover to his bride,
 Ever faithful steed of steel, tirelessly hauling
 Baggage and express, and tons and tons of human freight,
 Papers, orders, letters, messages of state.
 Ah, 'tis power, power moving every engineer!
 —D. L. Dalke.

THE GRIND

Grind there is and he's a worthy youth
 With rumpled hair and furrowed face of tan.
 His mouth is grim and surely full of truth,
 Although he seldom pours it forth to man.
 His eyes are sunken deep, and cold, and gray,
 And fixed upon his work with greedy care;
 His arms are piled with books the live-long day—
 To guess how much he learns I would not dare—
 He darts with careless haste from class to class,
 And toils and sweats throughout the live-long day
 From fear one precious moment idly pass;
 And so ne'er stops for wholesome breath or play.—Albert Meyer.—
 McKendree Review.

THE CAMPUS IDEAL

"There goes your Heart Throb," exclaimed Alice, suddenly stopping a tuneless strumming on a ukelele to stare out the window.
 "Where?" shrieked Helen, although she knew perfectly well that he was merely walking down the sidewalk. She dropped a book and pencil, and tripped over a rug in her rush to get to the window. "Isn't he marvelous?" she cried. "How did such perfection get boxed up in one boy? I'd give three years of my life for a lock of that curly hair."
 "You wouldn't either, silly," interrupted Alice. There was a sharp scorn in her words.
 "I'm not silly," retorted Helen. "I'm just showing good taste in falling for a fellow like Jim."
 She tapped on the window and waved at him. Alice followed suit, and Jim waved back to both them, smiling broadly.
 "Doesn't he look heavenly when he smiles?" Helen rattled on. "He'd make a good-looking movie hero, with a black moustache and a gun on his hip. He'd probably make a better villain. It'd sure be thrilling to have him rob you. I'd offer him my pearls for a kiss."
 "Ridiculous. You haven't any pearls and if you had he'd probably take them without your pleasing offer." Alice's matter-of-factness had a disagreeable way of bringing Helen out of her day dreams. "Jim is good looking, but there's no sense in making a cave-man hero out of him. He probably wouldn't be half so interesting if you knew him."
 "Aw, you're an old wet blanket," snapped Helen crossly. Jim having disappeared from sight, she went back to her seat, without straightening the rug or picking up the book.—
 Jessie Lawrence, English 1.

STUDENT RECITAL

The students of the music department presented the following program in the college chapel Friday, March 28:
 Lantelle, Karganoff. — Marlene Dalke.
 At The End of The Cobblestone Road, Bourke, Lucille Jones.
 Impromptu in C Minor, Rheinhold, Florence Margaret Dorsey.
 God Shall Wipe Away All Tears, Caro Roma, Maurice Cater.
 Lantelle in A Minor, Dennee, Bernice Sloan.
 Out on the Deep, Lohr, Dennis Dorsey.
 Saltarelle Caprice, Lack, Muriel Dalke.
 The Wind's in The South, Scott—Mildred Kelsey.
 Witches Dance, Mrs. Dovell, Ailene Brower.

Y. W. NOTES

Mrs. Ayers talked at the Y. W. meeting Tuesday evening, March 25.
 Katherine Gale led another interesting missionary lesson at the meeting Tuesday, April 1, on Isabel Thoburn.
 The Y. W. has succeeded in raising the twenty-five dollar pledge for its sister college, Wha Nan, at Foo Chow, China. This money and a group of photographs of the Y. W. girls and the college building and campus will be sent in a few days.

JOKES

Nick Carter: What kind of shoes would look best with these socks?
 Burlah Bird: Hip boots.
 Fender: I just bought a nickel eraser.
 Everett: Why, I think a rubber one would be much better.
 Emma: Shorty said he'd kiss me or die in the attempt.
 Virginia: Gracious! And did you let him?
 Emma: Well, you haven't seen any funeral notices have you?
 Miss Gibson: Mr. Carter, kindly decline the noun femina.
 Mr. Carter: I decline with pleasure.
 Mrs. Cater: Maurice hasn't been out one night for three weeks.
 A Friend: Has he turned over a new leaf?
 Mrs. Cater: No, he has turned over a new car.
 Beckwith: What is a cynic?
 Mason: I believe that's what mama washes the dishes in.
 Bill Farris: What do you do when you are kissed?
 McQuillen: I yell.
 Bill: Would you yell if I kissed you?
 McQuillen: I couldn't. I'm hoarse from last night.
 Wayne Mayes: Let's cut history.
 Stewart Castle: No thanks, I need the sleep.

THY SPEECH BETRAYETH THEE?

What do you say when you have nothing to say, or when speaking is optional? That is a true index to your mind and life. What kind of records would your casual conversation make? It is being recorded, whether or not you know it, and whether or not you wish it. The first record is that made on your mind, the second is that made on the minds of those who hear you. The chance moment, when you speak because of what is within, rather than because of what is without, shows what your mind is in the habit of doing. What sort of customary thinking does your speaking reveal? Is it flippant, bitter, cutting, generous? What do you say about yourself when you talk about others? You cannot open your lips without saying something about yourself.

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KING OF THE WALKERS

Edward Payson Weston, who died in Brooklyn last spring at the age of ninety, was probably the world's most famous walker. He first attracted attention in 1867 when he made his historical hike from Portland, Maine, to Chicago. Leaving the former city October 21, he arrived in Chicago in twenty-five days and nineteen hours. Many years later, in 1907, he bettered his record between the same two cities, a distance of 1,345 miles, by eight hours. Between 1870 and 1884 Weston entered several walking contests in England, where he won many prizes and medals. One of his exploits was to walk 110 miles in twenty-four hours. In 1896, after returning to America, he engaged in a contest with Daniel O'Leary, covering a total of 2,600 miles. He walked twelve hours daily for nine consecutive weeks.

The feat which won him a nationwide attention, however, was his famous hike from New York to San Francisco, a distance of 4,000 miles. Setting out on his seventy-first birthday, March 15, 1909, "Daddy" Weston as he was affectionately known, reached the Golden Gate in 104 days and seven hours, after passing thru Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, and Ogden, and battling blizzards for more than thirty days. The next year he began the return trip, his famous "ocean to ocean" hike by way of the Grand Canyon. Seventy-six days and twenty-three hours elapsed between the time he left Santa Monica, California, and the day he set foot in the City Hall in New York.

Shortly before his death Daddy Weston told newspaper reporters that the exploit of which he was proudest was one of his earliest hikes when he walked from Boston to Washington, D. C. in 1861 to attend the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln. He left the State House in Boston February 22 and arrived at the Capitol March 4, too late, unfortunately, to witness the inauguration ceremonies. However, he had the satisfaction of a personal congratulation from President Lincoln.—The Classmate.

FORWARD

A man becomes great because he has lived in the anticipation of accomplishing some great work. If, upon attaining the end, he sets no other goal, but rests his plea for greatness upon it, he immediately ceases to be anybody.

Grumbling Europe is a good example. She insists upon mistressship of the seas, upon larger armies, upon control of international affairs merely because she had these formerly. Nevertheless she looks to America when she desires to carry out some project, as the League of Nations. She looks to America for her films, automobiles, and many modern necessities.

Do we wish to hold this advantage? Sure! The only way to do this is to accomplish things, forget them, and take a bigger task. Forward Americans!—Graceland Record.

Mary Benson: What did you get on that Botany quiz?

Louise DeShon: Zero, but that's nothing for me.

THE LITTLE WORD "GET"

Have you ever considered how often and with how varied meanings we use the simple little word "get"? J. W. Sewell in "Colloquialism at the Bar" in the March English Journal points out what a time the average man would have trying to talk without it. Mr. Sewell lists several uses of the word:

Did you get wind of his doings in the city?

He got hold of a new kind of wringer.

Such a racket gets on my nerves.

Our crowd get the worst of it.

I told you'd get it.

Get in before the train catches you.

I'm afraid I shan't get to go.

Get him to help you if you can.

Have you got through with that letter?

I am done with you. Now get.

How he gets along nowadays I do not know.

They couldn't get along together many days.

Perkins got off a good joke last night.

Oh, get out. I know better than that.

I got up at six o'clock this morning.

I got after the boy for tattling.

I didn't think he'd get to be president.

How did your knife get broken.

Really, doesn't it seem as if most of us would find it rather difficult to "get" along without this brief word?

"TEN CENTS A RIDE"

Elevators are such an everyday convenience now that it is hard to realize that less than a century ago they were regarded as a costly luxury; and before that they were a curious and even dangerous device used only at fairs and amusement parks.

"For the small sum of one dime you can enjoy the wonder of the century!" the barkers at fairs and circuses would shout, as they urged the curious throngs to pay ten cents to ride in a crude belt-driven lift which was operated by steam. A little later hydraulic hoists came into use for lifting freight, and soon they were adapted to passenger elevators. For a long time, however, elevators met with no enthusiasm; people looked upon them as a revolutionary innovation and dangerous.

An amusing story is told of an architect who designed a seven-story building in New York in the early days. When the owner heard how tall his structure was going to be, he protested that no one would ever walk up so many flights.

"They won't have to," explained the architect. "I am going to install an elevator."

"Elevator!" stormed the irate owner. "I tell you I won't have it! Why, no one will ride in that silly contraption."

The matter was peaceably settled only when the architect, to prove his faith in elevators, agreed to rent the two top floors himself, and signed a lease to that effect.—The Classmate.

Paxson: There's two dollars missing from my desk drawer and no one but you and I have a key to it.

Hayes: Well, let's each put a dollar back and say no more about it.

J. T. TO HIS GIRL

Like swaying willows is your lissom grace,

Like some rare carven cameo your face,

The shimmering dark splendor of your hair

Is woven sunlight, silken, soft and fair;

Imperial in sauciness your dainty nose

And pinkest cheeks, far lovelier than the rose;

And all the azure of the summer sky Lies hidden in the blue depth of your eye.

Like moon glow through the night clouds is your smile,

And your rich voice the very birds beguile;

The dazzling charm of teeth of snowy pearl

And regal mien make you my wonder girl.

You are like some ethereal sweet dream,

An angel sent to bless me here you seem.

Bewitching beauty, wistful and serene,

Your charm enslaves my heart, exquisite queen.

Fox: I've changed my mind.

Collings: Well, does it work any better?

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