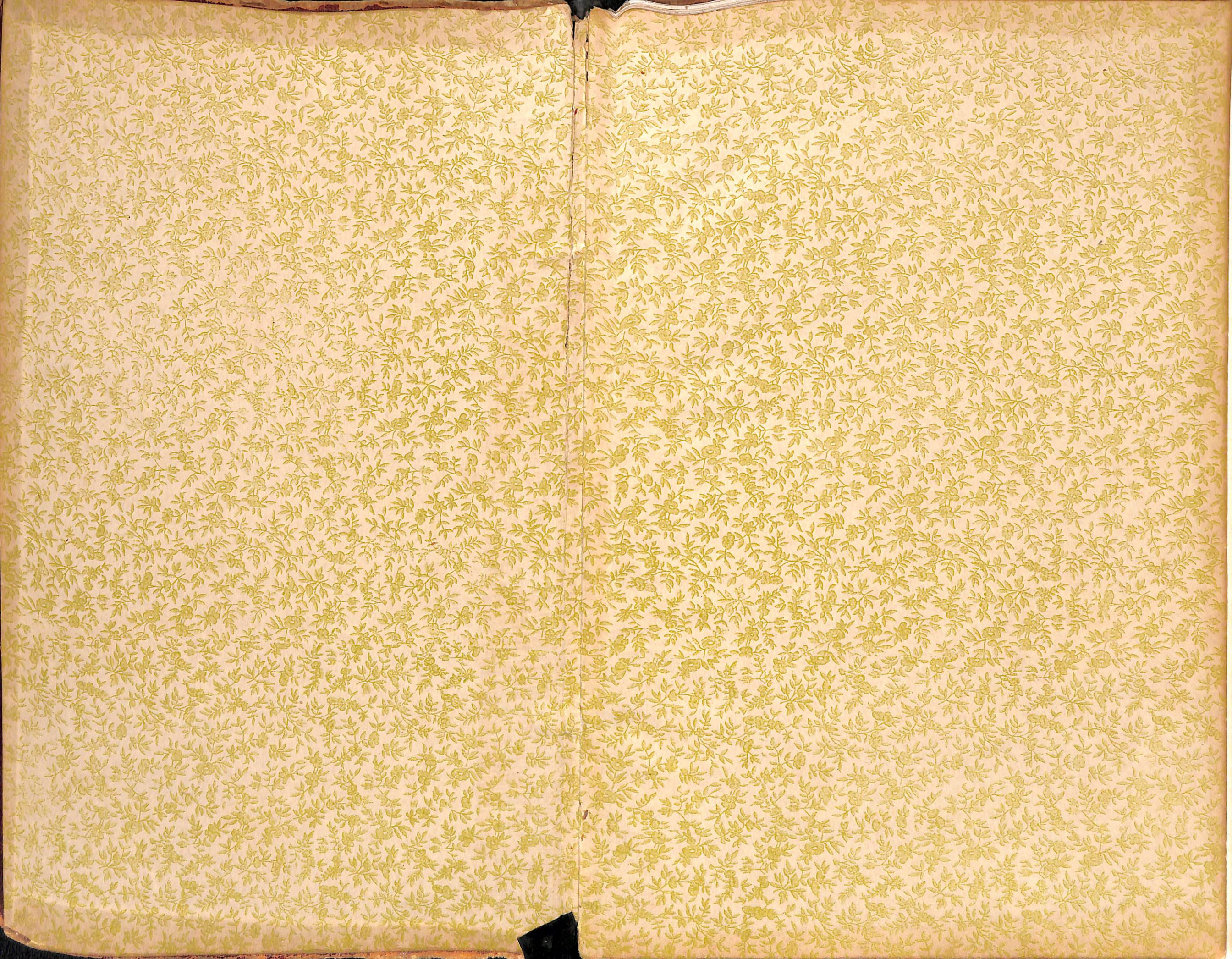


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The Owl

The Junior Year Book
of Missouri Wesleyan College
Cameron, Mo.
1911.



MISSOURI WESLEYAN COLLEGE.

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JUNIORS AT WORK.

Greeting

The Junior Class wish to present this book to the students, faculty, board of trustees and friends of Missouri Wesleyan College, in the hope that here these friends may find recorded some of the things which tend to make life happier, brighter, and better.

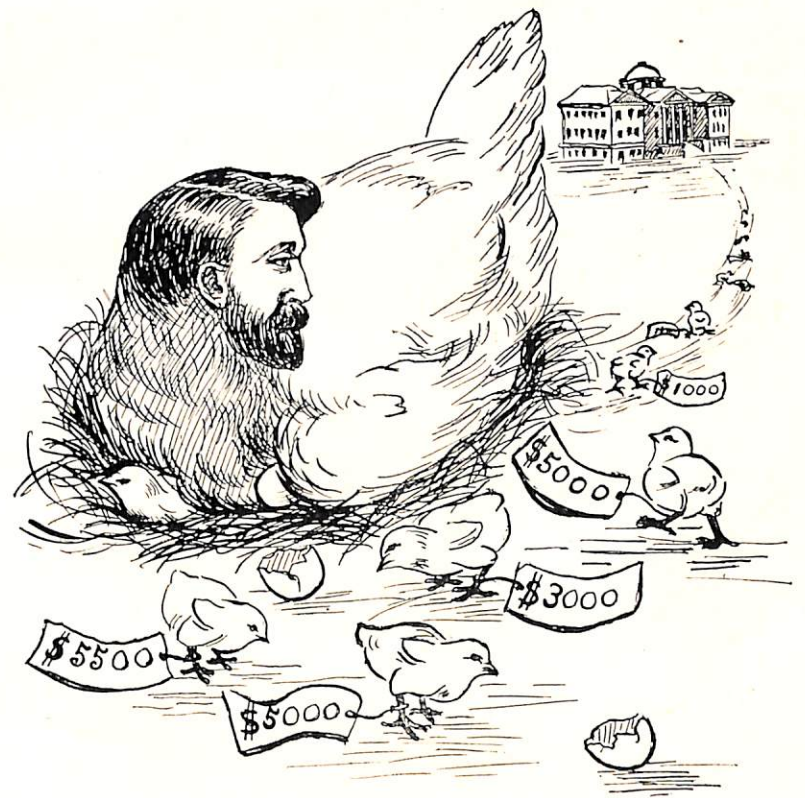
To

Harvey Rufus DeBra

Honored President of our College

we respectfully dedicate this book.





L. L. Baker

ENDOWMENT

College History

The history of an institution is unlike the history of a life, for the institution is supposed to grow and develop for all time. One is not to be discouraged therefore with the slowness of growth, while there is nothing alarming about rapid development in the early stages. Unlike a life also the institution has its hardest struggle in the beginning of its career and comes to comfort and ease of life with its development.

The Missouri Wesleyan College has not developed rapidly as many institutions in the country have done. Its growth has been retarded by difficulties, chiefly financial and it is now passing through the throes of a struggle for its life. Emerging from this struggle, however, it will have gained comparative comfort for a number of years. Going back to the beginning, we observe that this institution was launched in 1883, and was known as Cameron Institute. The school was opened in what was known as the Ford residence and continued as a private institution until 1887 when it was placed under the control of the Methodist Episcopal Conference. From that time its history has been one of steady growth in spite of all the difficulties. The original residence first grew to something more than twice its size, and then added a third more, completing what is known as North Hall. An old barn was veneered and fitted up for school purposes, being used partly for class rooms and partly for a boys' dormitory. This latter building has entirely disappeared from the campus. In 1906, under the heroic leadership of President Baker, and later of President Agnew, the new splendid Liberal Arts Building was erected.

During the time of securing and building this splendid structure the school incurred quite a heavy indebtedness. This building, however, was a valuable acquisition and the campus now presents as beautiful school equipment as can be found in the state. The location of this campus in the south part of the beautiful city of Cameron is ideal. Geographically, its location may be said to be fairly in the center of its territory. Belonging as it does to the Missouri Conference, it comprises all of Missouri north of the river. It may seem at first sight to be too much to the west, but when consideration is allowed for the large population in Kansas City and St. Joseph, and for the fact that a long stretch of territory lies in the northwest, it will be found that the school is in the center of its population. It is also in a splendid center for railroad accommodation. In St. Joseph and Kansas City are found the greatest railroad centers in the southwest, and Cameron is the junction of three trunk lines converging from those cities to the north and east.

In common with the history of nearly all institutions of this class, this school developed its curriculum to a high college standard in advance of endowment funds to support such a standard. This as stated above with the cost of the new building accumulated a debt of \$50,000. In the autumn of 1908 a movement was set on foot to cancel this indebtedness and to raise the endowment. Mr. W. A. Rankin of Onarga, Illinois, happened to be present at the conference session when the cause of the college was presented. Though a total stranger to nearly all present, he saw the need and came forward with a proposition to give the institution \$25,000 on condition that the debt should be cancelled and \$100,000 additional endowment be raised. This, with the \$25,000 and with the \$20,000 of endowment which the institution had would make an endowment of about \$145,000. The property is conservatively estimated at from \$125,000 to \$150,000.

Although the beginning of the campaign for endowment was delayed by the change in administration, it is hoped that with the year's extension of time granted by Mr. Rankin the sum can be raised and the institution placed on this solid foundation.

No one has been more vitally concerned with this raising of endowment than the students and faculty of the institution. The students begged the privilege of taking a subscription among themselves, the president hesitated about it because he did not want the impression to prevail that the students were solicited and pressed for subscriptions to the institution, but having gained the consent to undertake the matter, in two days the students raised a subscription of over \$2,000 from among themselves. Not to be outdone by the student body the faculty took up the matter and became responsible for \$4,000 in support of the enterprise.

Many heroic and splendid things have been done already in this campaign, and we expect many more to be done before we are through. One of our splendid old pioneer ladies of Methodism in Missouri pledged \$5,000 and paid the cash within thirty days. A total of three gifts of \$5,000 and one of \$5,500, with two or three more of the same denomination in sight are the report up to the time this book goes to press.

The plan of the campaign is to raise \$100,000 in thousand dollar subscriptions. For these honor subscriptions a bronze tablet of memorial will be erected in the school, those giving in smaller sums will also be grouped in recognition of their sacrifice and support of this endowment.

Board of Trustees.

Officers

PRESIDENT - - - J. O. TAYLOR
 VICE-PRESIDENT - - - C. O. MILLS
 SECRETARY - - - J. T. PIERCE
 TREASURER - - - M. E. MOORE

Term Expires 1911.

CHAS. E. PETREE
 JOE McCALLISTER
 E. P. REED
 HENRY E. BRAGG
 L. C. SEPPENFIELD
 JOHN T. PIERCE

Term Expires 1912.

J. J. BENTLEY
 W. H. MILLER
 W. F. BURRIS
 S. H. PRATHER

Term Expires 1913.

GEORGE H. ZENTZ
 W. R. CLELLAND
 R. L. THOMPSON
 FRED C. BARBER

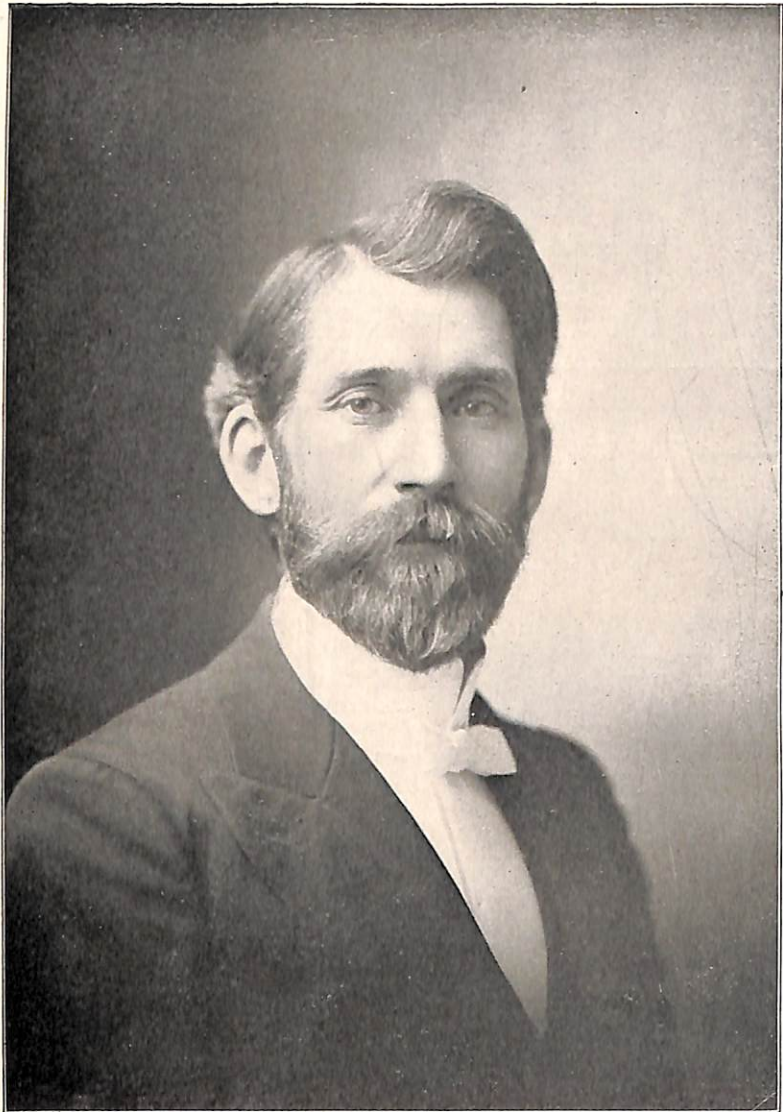
Term Expires 1914.

W. B. CHRISTY
 HOMER HALL
 CHAS. O. MILLS
 J. F. SHEPARD

Term Expires 1915.

J. O. TAYLOR
 M. E. MOORE
 E. O. COLE
 F. B. KLEPPER





HARVEY R. DeBRA, President.

Lecturer in College Life and Work.

He entered Northwestern University in 1890 and completed four years work in the Academy, four years college, three years Theological and one year graduate work, finishing in 1900 with the degrees of A. M. and B. D. During the greater part of that time, and until he was called to the principalship of Epworth Seminary, he served in pastoral and mission work in Chicago. He spent seven years at Epworth Seminary, one year as educational secretary for Cornell College, and in 1909 was elected to the presidency of Missouri Wesleyan College.

He is the Educational Moses of Missouri Methodism—with the vision of a leader and the counsel of a sage—systematic business ability, characterizes every phase of his work. "He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."



HENRY J. DUEKER,

Professor of German and Greek.

A student at Central Wesleyan and at Ohio Wesleyan; receiving the degrees A. B. and A. M. from Central Wesleyan. S. T. B. Garrett Biblical Institute; Instructor at Garrett for two years. He was in the ministry from 1892-1909. Instructor in Missouri Wesleyan 1909-'11.

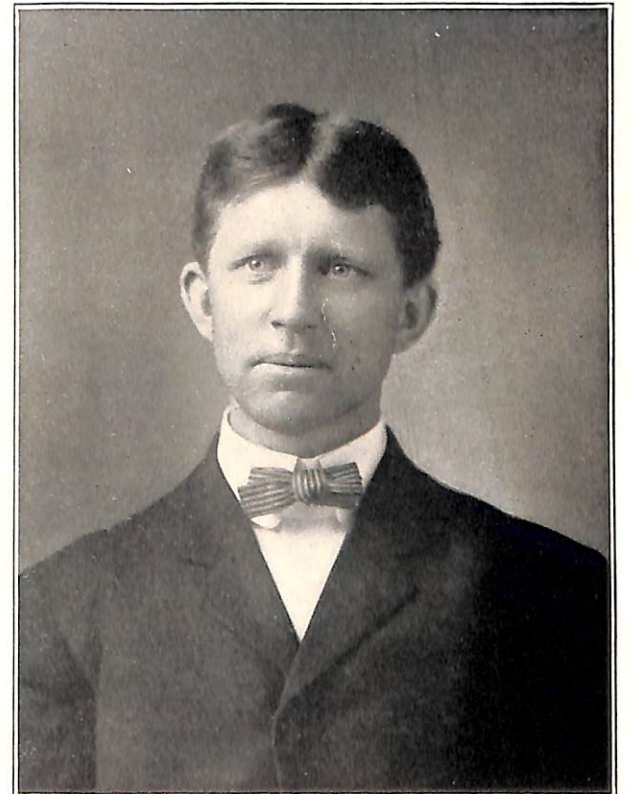
Professor Dueker is of German descent and temperament, sturdy in body, strong in mind, and in spirit a saint; in his education Professor Dueker laid great stress on a classical and biblical training developing thus a sympathy with things humanistic and with the life which alone is life.

WILBUR FRANKLIN NULL

Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering.

Graduated from Maryville Seminary in 1894. A. B. at Northwestern University in '97. He has been a teacher in Missouri Wesleyan College since '97, save one year. He took graduate work at Chicago University. Missouri Wesleyan granted him an A. M. in '03.

He was one time inmate of, and "Muledriver" (Preceptor) in the famous old "Mule Barn." Injured many times in that capacity. Has owned a mill ever since he came to M. W. C. Grinds incessantly every four in the day. Six days every week—Fires on Sundays and—Exam days. Says what he thinks—thinks rapidly. Great mathematician—figures prominently in college activities—in the Halls—in inactivities—in the class rooms. A great mixer, in fact a real concrete mixer. From M. W. C. he has won great honor and respect,—an A. M. degree—and a wife. Long live Professor Null.





FRANK WESLEY CLELLAND,

Professor of Philosophy, Bible, and College English.

A. B. '07 Missouri Wesleyan College. A. M. (in English Literature) '08 and one year's work in Bible and Philosophy—Boston University.

Prof. Clelland is mighty as an instructor and in other ways. He knows his subjects and he uses his dogged perseverance to make the students know them. He is lofty in purpose, high in ideals, and Scotch in his ways. Don't try to drive him, for he won't drive. Don't try to wheedle him, for he won't wheedle. He believes in the square deal, and is a great booster for the public welfare.



BERT CUNNINGHAM.

Professor of Natural Science.

The degrees of B. S. and M. S. were granted to him by Illinois Wesleyan. Head of Science Department in the High School of Clinton, Illinois, 1908-'09. Chair of Science Missouri Wesleyan College 1909-11.

A jolly good fellow except at examination time, and then "absence makes the heart grow fonder." Regular attendant at choir practice where he dines on Post-toasties. He played a phenomenal at grand in the Faculty-Senior basket ball game, holding his opponent scoreless and shooting one basket himself.

WILLIAM VANCE McCAY,

Professor of Latin.

A. B. Morningside, 1907, Scholar in Latin at the University of Iowa 1907-'08; A. M. ibid 1908. Instructor in Latin Morningside College in 1907; Professor of Latin in Missouri Wesleyan College since 1908. Principal of Academy 1910-'11.

He has a daily beauty in his life
Which grows, not lessens as one knows his
strife,

For nowhere was there e'er so busy a youth,
Nowhere a more ardent lover of truth,
All noble traits of man in him are rife.

He has had a year of splendid success,
even to the annihilation of the "pony" that
so often intrudes itself into college circles.



ETHEL ALICE TAYLOR,

Professor of History.

A. B. Missouri Wesleyan College 1909. Assistant instructor in History 1908-09. (Special work in history and methods of teaching in the University of Colorado) Instructor of History, Missouri Wesleyan College 1909-11. Preceptress 1910-11.

Born, bred and educated in Missouri, Miss Taylor embodies the best and noblest elements in the life of our own state. Her faithfulness and efficiency as a student won her the honor of a position on the faculty of her Alma Mater. She has led her pupils to an understanding of the great movements of history; and, thru this, has given them a larger vision of the problems of today.





FLORENCE M. NICHOLSON,
Assistant Professor of English.

A student at Cornell College, and later at Dakota Wesleyan University, taking the A. B. degree from the latter in 1908. A graduate student in English at Columbia University, New York City, in 1909-1910. Came to Missouri Wesleyan in 1910.

When Miss Nicholson came to us we accepted and honored her for the sake of her father, Dr. Thomas Nicholson, the Secretary of the Board of Education of the Methodist church. Now that we know her, we esteem her for her own worth.

Believing that "We needs must love the highest when we see it," Miss Nicholson has made it the purpose of her life to point out the high and beautiful.

Her students know her as one who is their sincere friend. What higher tribute could we pay her?



REV. J. T. PIERCE, D. D.,
Instructor in Bible.

Attended Amity College, College Springs, Ia., was admitted into full membership of the Missouri Conference in 1887; Pastor at Breckenridge, 1886-1887; Plattsburg and Lathrop, 1888-1890; Hamilton, 1890-'92; Flagstaff, Arizona, 1892-1894; Kirksville, Mo., 1895-1901; Tarkio, Mo., 1901-1906; Maryville District, 1907-1909. Pastor Cameron, Oct. 1909—

Somewhat reticent; always careful; urbane by habit; widely read; facetious in expression; devoted to work; true in friendship; lofty in aim; loyal to conviction; optimistic in temperament; successful as teacher.

MRS. H. R. DeBRA.

Instructor in Education.

Mrs. DeBra received her early training in the high school of Syracuse, Ind., followed by a thorough training in Normal Work. Special course provided by Doctor C. S. Bronson, Garrett Biblical Institute. Taught Normal Work and Elocution seven years in Epworth Seminary.

A woman of wide experience, broad culture; by profession a teacher, by mission a character builder; in temperament sensitive to environment, in emotion tender to weakness, in passion fierce against wrong, in faith a loving and much loved Christian.

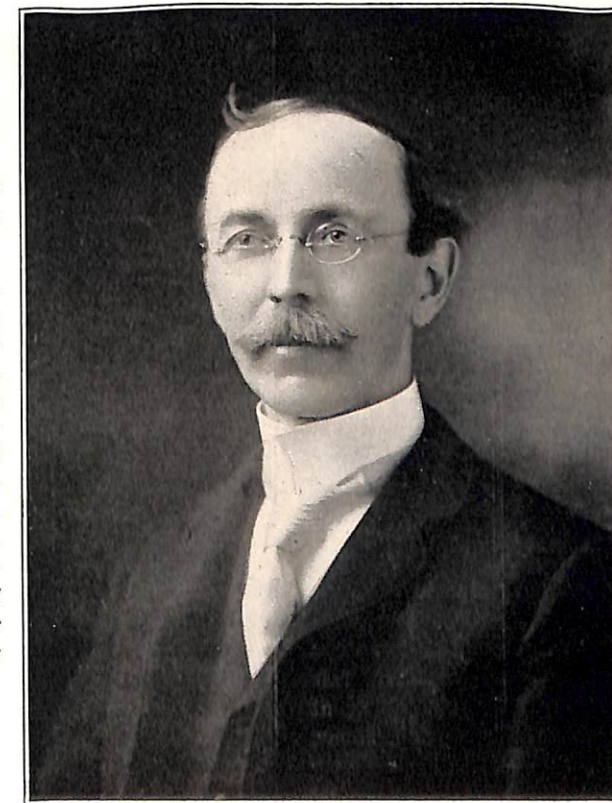


JOSEPH E. LAYTON.

Director of Piano Department and Instructor in Piano, Pipe Organ, and Analysis.

Completed a course at Mt. Allison Conservatory of Music, New Brunswick, Canada, studied three years in Leipsig, Germany, taking special work in Piano, Organ, Harmony and Counterpoint. He came to Missouri Wesleyan in 1907 after a teaching experience of fourteen years.

Very pleasant and jovial. Rather tall. Goes in for athletics of any kind. In days of yore he held forth in the "lower regions" but within the last year has been "called up higher."





CLARA NELLE CORKEN,

Instructor in Piano and Ensemble.

Graduate and Post-graduate of Maryville Seminary. A student at Northwestern in 1907-'08. She studied Piano under Prof. Oldberg, Theory under P. C. Lutkin.

A lover of music herself, Miss Corken inspires in her pupils the same devotion to musical art. Quiet and retiring in disposition, she wins her way among the students by her kindness and sincerity. The same proficiency in technique and sympathetic interpretation of the best composers, which make her own playing so delightful, she holds up as ideals for her students. Her patience and faithfulness have won her great success as a piano teacher.

HERBERT CLEMENT KELSEY,

Chorus Director, Professor of Voice, Harmony, and History.

Graduate in Voice of Missouri Wesleyan, graduate work in Chicago under Hall, Barroff, and Hackett. Theory under P. C. Lutkin.

One time inmate of the famous old "Mule Barn" — Sometime woodworker,— later hod-carrier about M. W. C.,—chief janitor and servant of the Ladies' Dormitory. A regular "Pull-'m-in Sleeper," early riser and speedy worker as a Prep. Concentrated attention—loved one girl at a time. Lion of society—much in evidence at Stag socials—later became a "lady's man" long enough to get married. Now father of a lady—likes the ladies so well he is spending his days and nights, too, teaching fair Coeds the art of song. Clem, at heart, is really a good, sober, honest father—even tho he persists in keeping late hours some nights.



JESSIE THOMAS,

Instructor in Violin.

She was for five years a student of Wort S. Morse, having studied several years previously under Professor Burneister.

She is great always without aiming to be so.

She's skilled in music, be it fast or slow.

And yet she is not proud
Though 'tis by all avowed
The music from her finger tips does flow.

She not only teaches her pupils technique but is able to bring out what the old German Master calls "The Soul of Music."

GRACE HENDERSON,

Instructor in Expression.

Completed the Expression course at Missouri Wesleyan College. Graduated from Dillenbeck School of Oratory '07. Student at the Columbia College of Oratory summer '10. Four years experience as teacher.

Tall and very graceful.

Light hair and blue eyes.

Sweet and generous.

Star basket ball player.

She may be found in almost any room in the building teaching pupils to say, "Thomas the thistle sifter thrust six thousand thistles in the thick of his thumb," or "Oh! what a commotion under the ground."





N. VERNA SIGMAN,

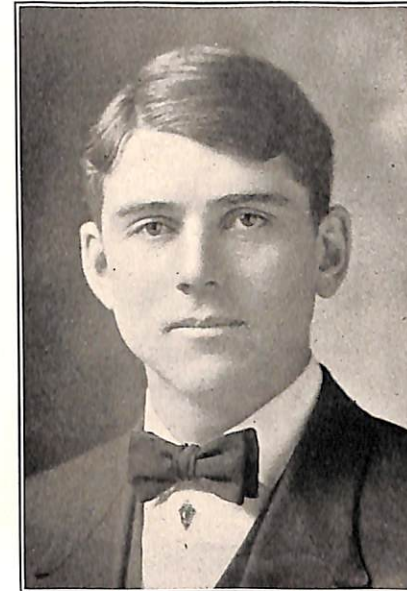
Instructor in Art.

A graduate of the Ornamental Design course of the International Correspondence School, Scranton, Pa., 1903; studied one year at Liberty Ladies' College Art Department; Fine Arts Institute, K. C., three years; under J. D. Patrick, Mlle. Alexander Blumberg and E. H. Huppert. She won a scholarship in the Annual Art exhibition of the work of the students in 1905. Attended Art Institute, Chicago, Ill., 1910.

Miss Sigman sits silently sketching shadowy scenes.

She smiles sweetly, simply, scintillating sunshine. She sometimes sketches scencs, sometimes sons, sometimes sisters.

Miss Sigman believes in the old adage "Make hay (McCay) while the sun shines."



JOSEPH T. BEADLE,

Director of Athletics and Assistant Professor of Science.

B. S. Cornell College, 1910; Scientific training in Physical Culture and Athletic games under Prof. Finger, a pupil of Prof. Stagg, of the University of Chicago.

As big a "bug" in athletics as his name implies. Extremely "Stout" in the opening of the season, but nobody now but "kin see" what bothers him.

SYDNEY M. JEWETT,

Principal Commercial Department.

Graduate and post-graduate of the Commercial and Stenographic Departments of Southwestern College. Assistant teacher in Southwestern College one year. Came to Missouri Wesleyan 1910.

Jovial and merry. Trades a great deal at Neff's bakery, in fact he may be found at Neff's frequently. From all appearances he seems to be following in the foot-steps of the former principal of the Commercial Department. Students consider him "A friend in deed" when they want some chapel absences excused.



RUTH BURTON SIDEBOTTOM,

Instructor in Shorthand and Typewriting.

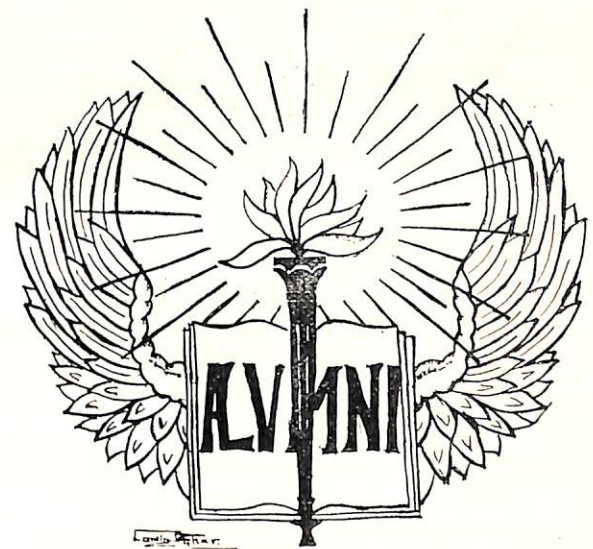
Received her diploma from Shorthand Department of M. W. C. in 1910. Spent summer in Kansas City perfecting her work. Instructor in department from which she graduated 1910-'11.

Although to her share some faults may fall. Look on her face and you'll forget them all; For her very frowns are fairer far Than smiles of other maidens are.





WINTER SCENE.



Alumni.

The organization of an Alumni Association of Missouri Wesleyan College was effected in June, 1902. There were seven charter members, all of whom are active members at this time. The Association has grown until at the present time there are seventy-five active members and twenty-five associate members.

All graduates finishing any degree course are active members of the Association. Those who have finished the diploma course in either music or oratory; also those who have completed any degree course within two years of graduation are eligible to associate membership.

Among the members of the Association are numbered college presidents, college professors, high school superintendents and principals, foreign missionaries, doctors, editors, Y. M. C. A. Secretaries, lawyers, and many other positions of trust and honor.

In June, 1909, steps were taken towards establishing an endowment chair of Philosophy and Bible in honor of the memory of Dr. B. W. Baker, who was president of the College for a number of years. The establishment of such a chair will form a closer bond of union between Alumni and Alma Mater. It is the beginning of greater things to come.

Officers.

PRESIDENT	-	-	-	AVON TAYLOR
VICE-PRESIDENT	-	-	-	OMAR WILSON
SEC. and TREAS.	-	-	-	MRS. BERTHA TAYLOR
ALUMNI EDITOR	-	-	-	GAY C. WHITE

Seniors.



Wm. J. ...

Senior History.

In the autumn of the year 1907 A. D., a group of pilgrims were standing at a certain place in this world and knew not whither to go. While in this dire state of perplexity they observed a very tall individual with an open book in his hands who was seen to be walking toward them. Having reached them, he read from his book and explained his readings. Pointing into the distance he said, "Yonder is the gateway to the World of Greatest Usefulness. Heed my admonition and you may know what it will profit you to enter therein and how this goal may be attained." As the pilgrims listened they also looked and saw beyond the gateway various individuals standing on a great pedestal of eminence in this World of Greatest Usefulness. After the stranger had explained in full concerning the length of time it would take to cover this distance, the perils likely to attend those who were on the way and the wonderful possibilities afforded by this coveted realm, the pilgrims marvelled among themselves and forthwith agreed to set out together on the road to this World of Greatest Usefulness. Having had no personal knowledge concerning the nature of the country through which they must pass, they were sorely irritated by the roughness of the way but at the end of the first year had successfully ascended the first hill of their journey which is called the Freshman Hill. During this part of their journey they had learned many valuable things regarding methods of travel and the nature of the country through which they must go so that at the beginning of the next year they were in many ways much better prepared to continue their journey. However, during the wait at the summit of the first hill before taking up their journey again, several were induced by various means to abandon the course.

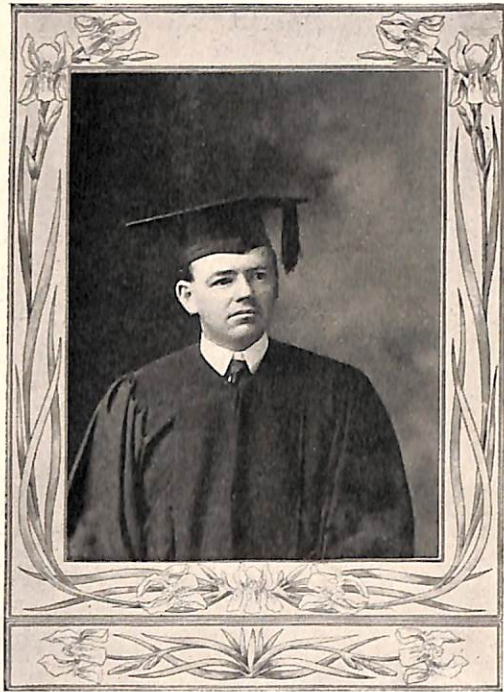
Upon resuming the journey, only five of the pilgrims continued on the way. They had known so little of the nature of the pilgrimage before setting out at first and had learned so much during their first year's travel that they began to become vain concerning their accomplishments and continued with much conceit, looking back with haughty demeanor upon those just starting upon the journey. At the end of the second year each of the five mounted with much self esteem the second hill which is called Sophomore Hill.

As the five cojourners were starting on the third year's journey five other travelers came up to them and asked, "Whither are you going?" "To the World of Greatest Usefulness we are bound," said they. After being petitioned by those who had been on the journey together for the past two years the strangers consented to join their band and therewith the ten pilgrims set out together. To induce more of the worldly minded to undertake the pilgrimage to the World of

Greatest Usefulness and to furnish a souvenir for those who had already started it had become the custom for travelers during the third year of their journey, to collect pictures of pilgrims who were then at different points along the way and to make an illustrated book of travelers. In accordance with this precedent the pilgrims of 1911, that being the year in which they were to arrive at the gateway, began at once the compilation of their book and, that it might be better preserved, bound it in leather. This was barely done and they surmounted safely the third hill which is called Junior Hill.

While making ready for the fourth and last year of their journey four other pilgrims approached and after finding out the purpose of the band then about to set out, agreed to join them. But before very far on the way one of these four and three others were persuaded to than ever of their real weaknesses, are plodding hopefully up Senior year the pilgrims had spent much time in various diversions which left their minds in a state of doubt as to their real progress but after resuming the fourth year of their journey this doubt was rapidly dispelled. At the time of these writings ten pilgrims, more conscious than ever of their real weakness, are plodding hopefully up Senior Hill, confident that the gateway to the World of Greatest Usefulness which is only a short way off will soon be reached by all.





LLOYD H. LANNING.

Excelsior President 1909. Ordained as Deacon in M. E. conference 1909. Editor-in-chief of "Owl" 1910. Y. M. C. A. Chose his mate early in life. A zealous student. Good natured. Always ready to perform his duty.



MERAM E. TRENCHARD.

Aesthesian President 1909; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1908-1910. An admirer of the prominent and athletic male form, but very shy of the opposite sex.



HELEN E. COPE.

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, Aesthesian President '08. Associate Editor of Annual '10. Associate Editor of Criterion '11. She is studious and gentle and in every way a fit companion for an Earl.

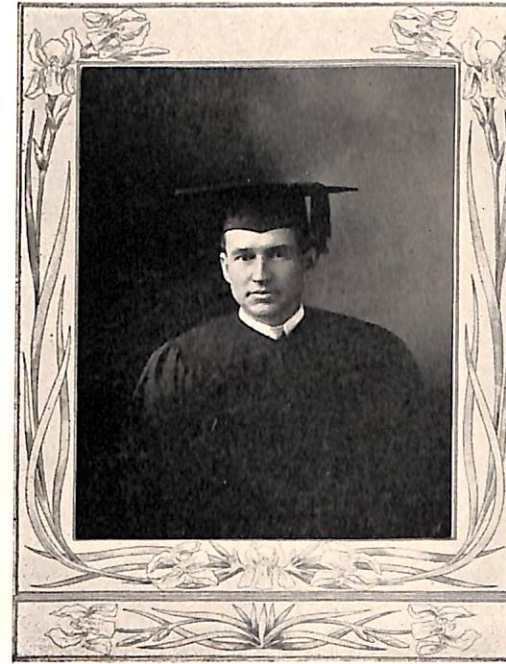
MARSHALL N. YETTER.
Prince of the gridiron, wears a "W" of honor. Amply able to fill a seat in the senate. Known to all as Tubby. Adelpian President fall 1910; Y. M. C. A.; A. A. President 1909-1910.





JOHN FOSTER TAYLOR.

Assistant Science Dept.; President E. L. S. winter term 1911. Popular with the ladies.



C. E. YETTER.

Excelsior, Editor-in-chief of Criterion 1909-'11. Varsity foot ball team '10. Diplomatic; the philosopher of the class.



LEORA B. ELLWOOD.

Came to M. W. C. from Baker U. in her Junior year. Studious and jolly. Liked and admired by everybody. Intends to practice the art of pedagogy. Ruthean, Alpha Sigma Delta.

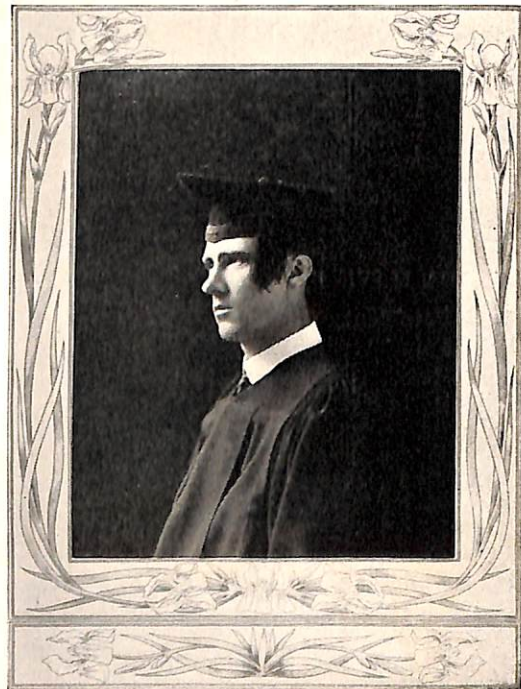


IDA MAYE KUENZI.

A. L. S. President; Y. W. C. A. President. Has majored in Latin. An experienced teacher. She is gradually overcoming her timidity of the contrary sex.



LESTER R. GEYER.
E. L. S. President 1908; Y. M. C. A.
worker; Editor of Owl '09; Ann Arbor
'09-'10; M. S. U. '10-'11. Intends to be
a lawyer. Steady and sure.



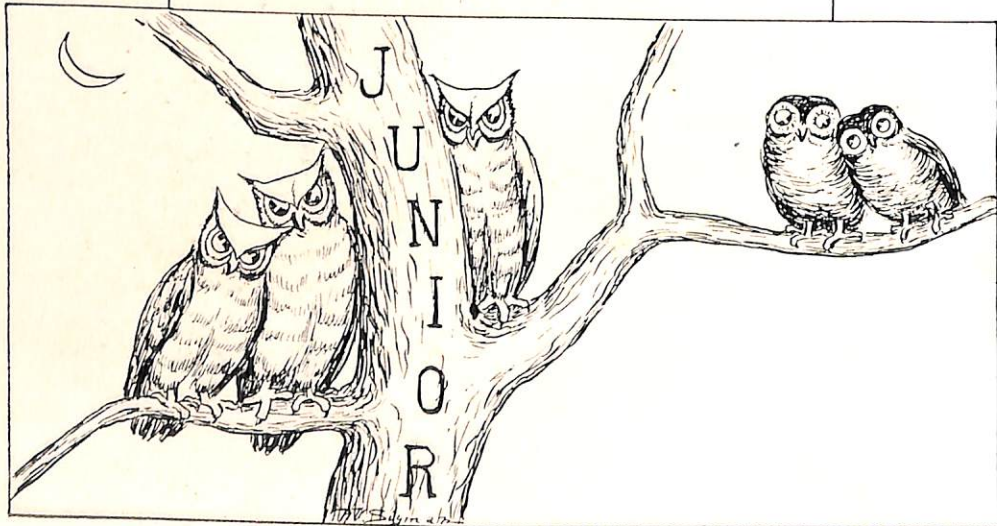
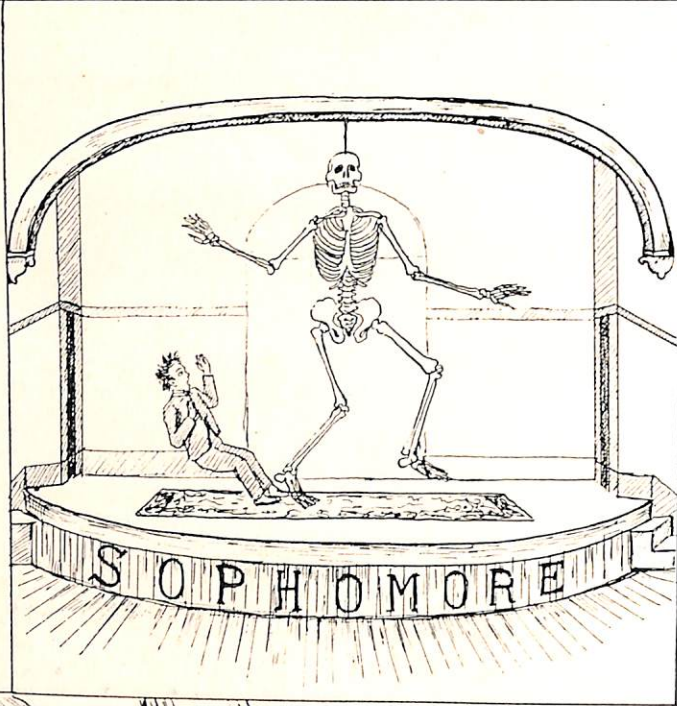
M. E. PORTER.
Orator, Excelsior, Benedict, father-
ly. Preaches for diversion. Elder in
Missouri Conference.



Juniors

Lordie Baker

Junior History.



HELEN FARWELL

FARWELL
AVORITE
LIPPANT
RIVOLOUS
LIRT



ROY V. FELT

FELT
ATHERLY
AITHFUL
LUNKER
RAIL



PAUL M. DILLENER

DILLENER
IGNIFIED
ETERMINED
EAFENING
ASHING



C. V. BIGLER

BIGLER
ACHELOR
EMIGNANT
ASHFUL
LUFFER

CAMPBELL
HARMING
OLDHEARTED
UTE
HEERFUL



GRACE CAMPBELL

YETTER
OUNG
ARNER



ELSIE L. YETTER



EARL S. COE

COE
COOL
CALM
COHESIVE
COUPLE



A. M. CARPENTER

CARPENTER
COLLECTED
COMPOSED
CRANKY
CAPTURED

KENDALL
KINDHEARTED
KEEN
CAUTIOUS
COMPETENT



INA E. KENDALL

PORTER
PARENTAL
PEACEABLE
POLITE
PERSISTENT



MAUDE E. PORTER



JAMES H. SUTTON

SUTTON
YMPATHETIC
UCCESSFUL
USCEPTIBLE
PORTY



The Sophomore Class.

You've read of the "Seniors" so learned and sedate,
Also of the "Juniors" who are hooting of late.
The "Freshmen" with pranks of their own crude invention
Have earnestly striven to claim your attention.
The "preps" and the "normals" have blown their horns;
The "musics" have not of due honors been shorn;
E'en stenographers and bookkeepers have been given places
Where you may gaze fondly on their smiling faces;
You've given to these a stray glance as you pass,
But pause now to learn of the "Sophomore" Class.
Class of nineteen and thirteen—now note what I say
We're thirteen in number since Ward went away;
No—don't shake your head as if fearful that we
By unlucky thirteen will e'er hoodooed be,—
For we're not the sort to let vain superstition
E'er come between us and our cherished ambition.
You will find mongst our number some teachers sedate,
And some who are athletes noted of late;
One embryo preacher, a musician too,
And 'twould be hard to tell all that the others can do.
But in this small space that's allotted to us
We'll just tell who we are without making much fuss;
But just wait, and next year you'll see what we can do,
For then we'll be the "hooters" and will loudly hoot too
That youth, with a grave sanctimonious mien,—
It's not hard to tell who he is I ween,
Yes, that's Hulen, our president,—a good fellow too,
I'm sure he'll be famous some day, aren't you?
That jolly young fellow?—why that's Mr. Powell,
His face you will never find marred with a scowl;
But happy and carefree he'll steadily climb
Till he reaches great heights of knowledge sometime.
That Miss Nixon's a teacher, you'd know by her look;
She burns midnight oil poring over her books.
Then here's also Miss Eliot, a staid schoolma'am, too,
Neither one of these ever lack something to do.
One maid have we who'll still be a Young lass
When time silvers the hair of the rest of the class.
Lest haply some wooer her affections shall claim
And gently persuade her to give up her name.
Of William F. Barber now what shall I say?
Shall I tell of his work or tell of his play?
No matter—so much alike are they that I
Can't tell which is which and so I'll not try.
Mr. Burgess and Fannie are two busy B's,
Each one too ambitious to seek hours of ease.
So earnest and faithful in all that they do—
The class may right well be proud of these two.
And also an excellent "Walker" have we,
A quite noted reader she aspires to be,

But quietly and modestly she goes on her way
You may hear of her at some later day.
What about Mr. Heinz? Well now that's hard to say,
He thinks that he'll be a chemist some day,
And a mathematician he fain would be, too;
But be sure he will always have mischief in view.
Miss Pierce—you'll agree her name fits to a "T"
For Joy in her face each moment you'll see.
Deep problems of science will ne'er whiten her hair,
Nor lay on her forehead a wrinkle of care.
Mrs. Cunningham handles the ivory keys,
In a manner the most fastidious to please;
But would you believe it—it really is true
She can skillfully manage a scientist, too.
And lastly the scribe—no, I'll not tell my name
For it ne'er will be 'graved on fair records of fame.
You really would know it?—Well prefix a "D"
To an odd little word and you'll have it you see.
The colors we have are the cream and the blue,
And stand for those things that are pure and true,
And the cream rose unfolding its petals so fair—
A queen among flowers—in its beauty we wear.
Our motto is onward,—we'll never turn back
Nor be sorely dismayed by the wall 'cross our track;
But with earnest endeavor and resolute will
We'll surmount every barrier and climb up each hill.
Nine "rahs" for the Sophomores of M. W. C.
Who in nineteen thirteen graduated will be.
We're climbing determined that we'll reach the top
Of the ladder of knowledge before we will stop.
Then when two years roll on in our college may we
With the highest of honors each receive a degree,
And when, scattered, we take up life's work,
Do nobly the task that is his to be done.
May each in all things whether smaller or greater,
Be true to the spirit of our Alma Mater.
When on fair rolls of honor our names may be seen
Then may Wesleyan be proud of her class of '13.



PERRY HULEN

"For thence,—a paradox,
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to
fail;
What I aspired to be,—
And was not comforts me."

EUGENE BURGESS

Y. M. C. A. President; Business
Manager Criterion; Adelpian; Capt.
Basket Ball Team; a poet; shark in
languages and mathematics. Will get
his name in "Who's Who and Why."
He likes the Yettors.



FANNIE M. BURGESS

"None knew her but to love her,
Or named her but to praise."



LULA WALKER

"The sun always shines on the faces
of the good,
To know her is to love her."



LEON HEINZ

An Adelpian and Y. M. C. A. mem-
ber. Natural wonder in mathematics
and science. An all round athlete,
specialty as basket ball forward. Has
personal interests at Helena. Known
in college circles as "Dutch Heinz."

WILL BARBER

"Bill." "Father calls me William,
sister calls me Will, mother calls me
Willie, but the fellers call me Bill."





INA ELIOT

Y. W. C. A. Aesthesian. Has taught school. An excellent student. Expects to be a chemist some day. Never fails to do her duty.

RALPH WARD
"The deed I intend is great, but what, as yet I know not."



JOY C. PIERCE

"Fire and frolic and glee were there.
The will to do—the soul to dare."



STELLA L. DODD

Naturally poetic; susceptible to the beautiful in Nature, and the lovable in people. Her favorite recreation, complete mastery of hard problems and chemical unknowns.



WILLIAM H. POWELL

"There surely must be some good, hard work in him for none has ever come out."



MINNIE B. YOUNG

"In maiden meditation, fancy free."





HELEN M. NIXON

"Her voice was ever soft and low;
An excellent thing in woman."



LEAH K. CUNNINGHAM

"Of sweet and gentle grace and un-
assuming mien."

A Sophomore who has a life-long
"stand-in" with the faculty. 1 plus 1
equals 2.



The Freshman Class.

In the bright and glorious autumn,
In the cool days of September,
Days of golden-rod and aster,
Days when nature smiled upon us,
Came a class into our college,
To our school Missouri Wesleyan,
To that honored institution.
This was but a class of Freshmen,
Young and brilliant, wise and witty,
Fair to see as morning's dawning,
Or the coming of the springtime,
After long, cold days of winter.
Honored most among the Freshmen,
Was their chief, the noble Chester,
He who kept the tribe united,
Kept them all in cheerful spirits,
With the shrewdness of a leader,
Who had kept them all from flunking,
In the terrors of the class room,
When the profs were asking questions,
When they held examinations.
One of them was Sir John Powell,
He descended from the nobles,
He was handsome, brave and gallant,
Had a voice like distant thunder,
Sang in Glee Club and in Chorus,
He had hair like darkest midnight,
Eyes that twinkled with good nature,
Loved a maid, as Hiawatha
Loved the charming Minnehaha.
Wycoff also was a Freshman,
Fairest she of all the maidens,
Eyes like azure of the heavens,
Hair that gleamed like summer sunshine;
She was tall and strong and brilliant,
In the classes teachers wondered,
How this maid had gained her knowledge,
But she only smiled on Bland-ly.
But the smallest of the Freshman,
Was the fair and dainty Ava,
Who had won the hearts of many,
But had failed to find the warrior,
Who could win her admiration.
She became a learned school-ma'am,
Went she forth from out the college,
Went to teach the sons and daughters,
Of the farmers near the Springs.
Big and mighty was one Freshman;
One whom all loved and admired,
He who smiled at everybody,

Capturing hearts of all the fair ones,
He who knew things that he read not,
Who recited when he knew not,
With a knowledge and conviction,
That appalled the learned professors,
This brave's name was Paul D. Miller,
Who excelled in all his classes.
From the little town of Osborn,
From the tepee of his father,
Came a brave so wise and learned,
That the others scarce could realize.
How he carried all his learning,
He could speak with great sarcasm,
He was singer in the Glee Club,
He was bosom friend of Miller,
Schmitz the surname of this warrior,
Of this brave and gallant Freshman.
From Nebraska, Alma Butler,
Came with Western winds about her,
Black her eyes and black her tresses,
As the night that o'er the prairies,
Curtains out the glare of daylight—
Cools the scorching, heated prairies.
At the head of all his classes,
Stood the boy named Vance, from Skidmore.
Freckled face, but eyes that shine forth
From a king's imposing face.
He opposed us in the class games,
Made us lose the cup of victory,
Yet we hail him "Friend and Brother,"
Give our hearts right hand of friendship,
To this quiet, studious Freshman.
And another Freshman warrior,
Was the brave and handsome Berry,
Although always here in body,
Some say his heart was left in Kidder,
Whence he came to join his classmates,
Join our class in this good college.
In the class there was a maiden,
With the name of Fannie Wilson,
She was modest, shy and studious,
Had a voice of charming sweetness,
Which could soothe a worried student,
When his class work made him weary.
There was one who left his classmates,
In the school, Missouri Wesleyan,
Went away to gain more knowledge,
At another school called Baker.
He was always, always Weary,
Though he never ceased from labor,
Only when he ate and slumbered,
Kenneth still will be remembered,
Though he left us in the winter.
To the class of 1914
Cameron gave a worthy member,
John his name, and Pierce his surname,
Though his height was not exalted
He excelled at playing tennis;
In the gym he won the praises
Of the coach and all the warriors.



CHESTER T. BUTTERFIELD

This, our president, is a quiet, wise and reserved student, an able class leader and admired by all

RUTH WYCOFF.
"Serene and calm this maid goes on her way,
Reserved and quiet, kind and always true,
Her age is just a few years and a day,
Her cheeks are softened by a rosy hue."



HARRY L. SCHMITZ.

A boy with a musical turn of mind.
Has taken a full strollers course.
"Absence makes the heart grow fonder"—of someone near at hand. Much study is weariness.



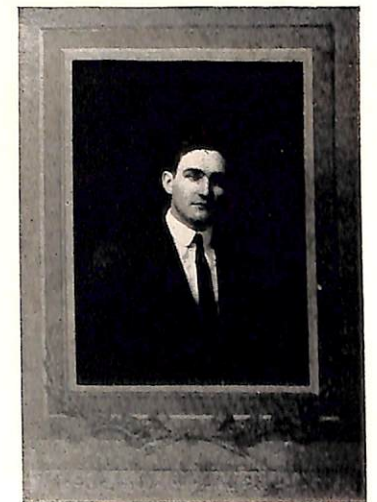
KENNETH WEARY.

A loud, noisy fellow whose motto is, "If study interferes with a good time, don't study."



AVA CASE.

An objective case. She's small, "but precious things are done up in small packages."



PAUL D. MILLER.

Decidedly brilliant. Has sunny smile which melts the hearts of the Profs. Has studied third German. Very fond of the Dutch. May go to Holland.



J. C. BERRY.

Berry is a minister's son. Life motto, "Is this the place for a minister's son?"



J. QUINCY VANCE.

Vance shines anywhere you put him —base ball, German, Trig, or Sun-day school.



ALMA L. BUTLER.

The joy of youth and health her eyes display. Quite politic under co-educational conditions. Her love of learning is entertained only at hap-hazard intervals.



JOHN T. PIERCE.

This is the short of it. There never was just such another, for he's a jolly good fellow which nobody will deny.

JOHN G. POWELL.

"He is always Johnnie on the spot,
When it comes to fun, he has a lot,
His smile is very charming too,
Seems to have captivated a few.
But you haven't seen the serious part.
Just drop around when recitations start,
Then you will find him pouring o'er
His books of long forgotten lore."



FANNIE ESTHER WILSON.

"Men may come and men may go,
but I go on forever."



FAMILIAR SIGHTS.



PREPS.

Senior Academy 1911.

The class of '11 is the first to receive diplomas from the Academy of the Missouri Wesleyan College.

Buel E. Horn, the president of the class, joined our ranks in '08. He carves the surloin for DeLaney as he plows his way through school. Captain of first team of basket ball in '10.

Clara E. Hummel, secretary, always talking about doing something but never does it. We think it strange that she made up her mind to come to us in '08.

David F. Edelman; Missouri has been richly blessed by his ability to do things. In Bolekow he was a horse jockey, in M. W. C. A. he became known as a Latin shark.

Merle Wycoff, "Born early on one frosty morn" near Cameron. A brilliant Latin and German student. Intends to be an old maid but may change her mind as the years roll on.

Warren Yetter, commonly known as Pep came from Evanston, Ill., across the Father of Waters to be one of us in '09. A pony rider but quit Latin by request. Especially bright in spoonology.

Stanley Goodman came here from Darlington, Mo., in '08 with the expectation of becoming a priest but changed his mind when he discovered that they had to remain single.

Charles Draper; he loves the ministry, he loves singing, but best of all he loves typewriting. He came to M. W. C. A. in 1910.

Edward Thompson, the mathematician of the class. Labored for Uncle Sam in the post office at Amity for a few years. Lean, lank, and long, and plays basket ball.

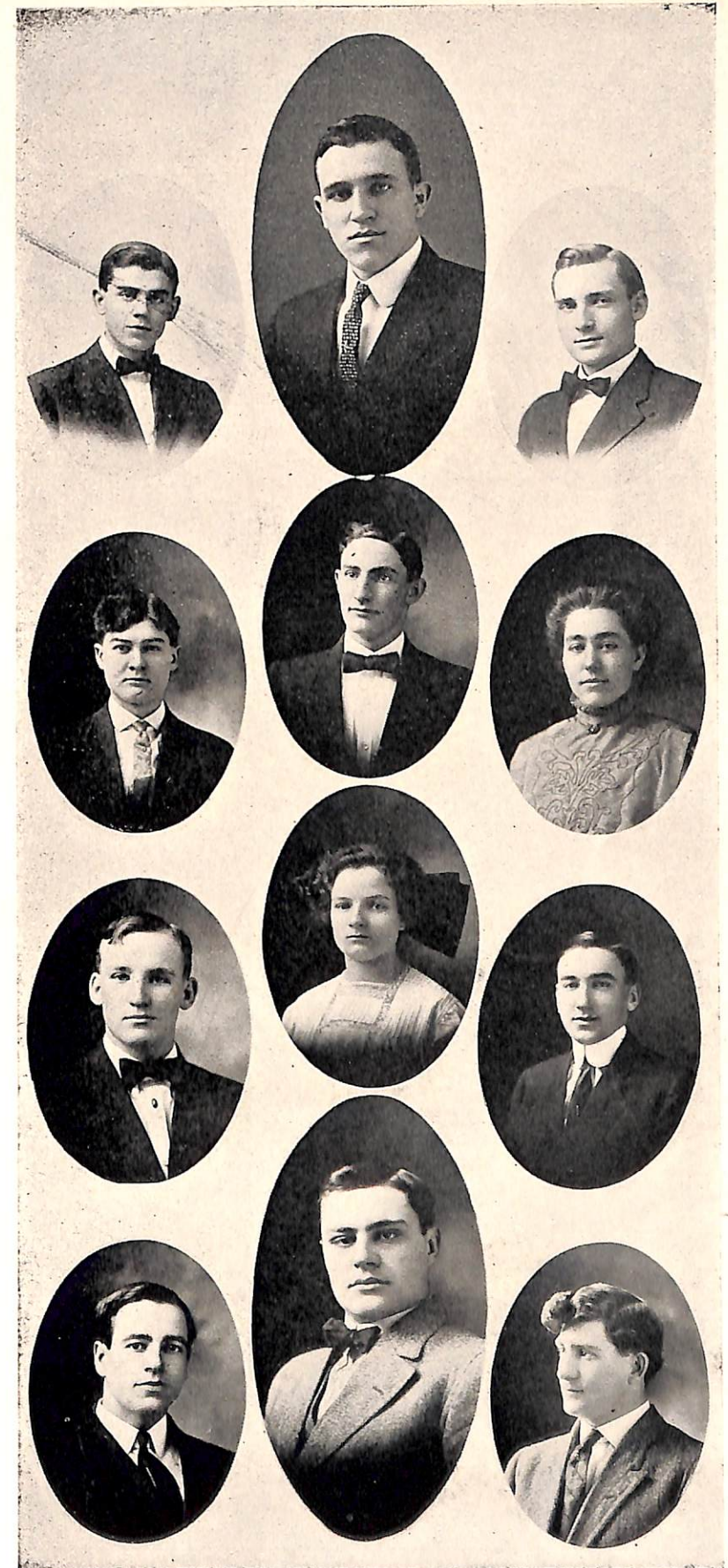
Arthur Smith came from Ford City in 1908. A star in foot ball and base ball. He looks after the ladies and cooks his own meals.

Floyd Riley, Macon, Mo., '07. He has won great fame as a poet. Looks nice in a white suit waiting on the lunch counter.

Victor B. Sheldon, after wandering about over the world for a number of years joined our party in '08. Known to all as "Butch," having received this name from the foot ball gridiron.

Denna E. Fronk, very faithful on the foot ball field. Born in Conway, Ia.; came to Cameron in '08. Has a longing for chicken. Intends to be a doctor. Enlisted as a cavalryman but one day while out riding, the Latin professor shot his pony from under him.

Mrs. Violet Carpenter. The chaperon of the class. Takes full work in school and also keeps house.

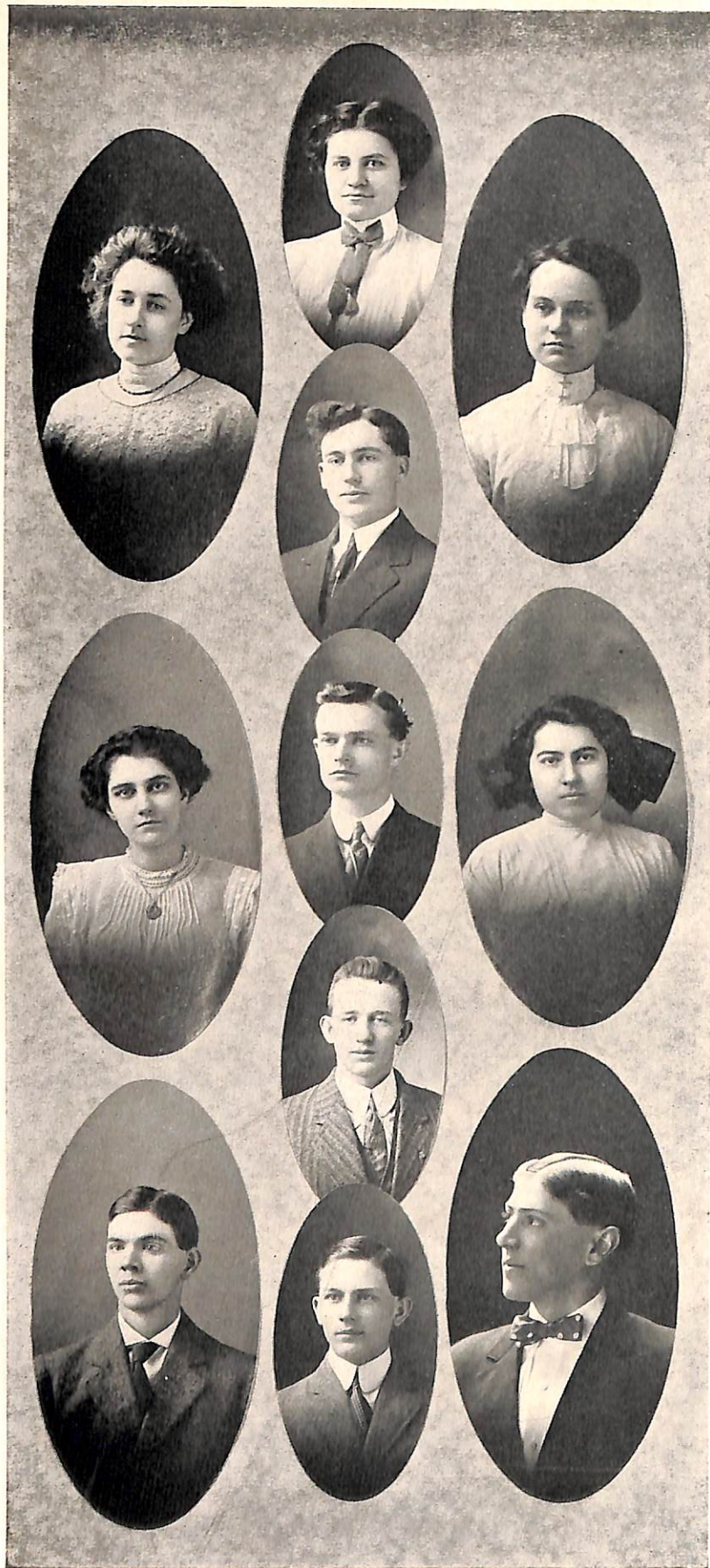


C. Draper
Edelman
Goodman
Riley

SENIOR ACADEMY.

Fronk
Buel Horn
Hummel
Sheldon

Baker
Carpenter
W. Yetter
C. Bigler



JUNIOR ACADEMY.

G. Trenchard
R. Ellwood
Butler

Wycoff
Jones
Byron Horn
Lockhart
Dueker

Nims
Farwell
McKee



SOPHOMORE ACADEMY AND NORMALS.

R. Smith
A. Remley
V. Wright

N. Stream

D. Jenkins
F. Winter
W. Ross



FRESHMAN ACADEMY.

W. Pollock
L. Harter
J. Ebersole

N. Shannon

V. Ellwood
I. Sheldon
N. Horn

Music



Post Graduate.



GUY C ALLEN.

The subject of this little sketch, Mr. Guy C. Allen, as we are all aware, had the honor of receiving his parchment from M. W. C. last year. This year, however, he is doing post-graduate work in the Music Department, which is we understand a new departure for our college and may be considered complimentary to the efficiency for that department.

As a student Guy is ever striving after higher ideals, and we have good reason to believe that he is reaping the reward of zealous endeavor. He can appreciate a joke never-the-less, and is not strictly averse to associating with the fair sex, although he is not serious (?) just now. Wherever his lot may be cast in the future, we wish him every success in his chosen profession.

Seniors.



AGNES BURT.

Ruthean, C. H. S. '09. Only graduating warbler. Wears a diamond and likes traveling men.



BESS FOBISON.

Is very decisive and uses her hands to explain her thots.



NETTIE TROXELL.
Studied piano and "violin," but for unknown reasons dropped the latter.



CARRIE M. DeWALT.
Our only Colorado student. Believes in Woman's Rights. Likes to accompany stenographers.



LISSA MAY SIDEBOTTOM.
Sorority, Ruthean and President of the Senior Class. Is a champion basket ball player and at times given to running "Bills."

NAOMI WEIDEMIER.
Noted for wit and humor. Could write the "That Reminds Me" page for Ladies Home Journal. Excels in the art of popping her gum. Used to "Beat the Dutch."





Juniors.

JOHNSTON'S
OCUND
OYOUS
UNIORITY



EVA E. JOHNSTON.



IVY DOPKINS

DOPKIN'S
AINTY
OVELIKE
ISPOSITION

ROGER'S
EADY
OMANTIC
EMARKS



BESSIE ROGERS.



UNCLASSIFIED MUSIC.

K. Jones

Shannon

Sloan

Baker

Felt

Powell

Lanning

Thompson

Art Department.

Lulu Stout
 Gladia Frenchard
 Lora Holland.
 Blanche McDonald
 Carrie DeWalt
 Cordia Baker
 Meriam Frenchard
 Grace Henderson
 Hazel Thompson
 Agnes Burk
 Ava Case.
 Miva Shannon
 Lena Atkins
 Rot E. Parball
 Paulah Wiggins
 Lin Harter.
 J. A. Ebersole.
 Katherine Jones.
 Fannie M. Burgess
 Attilia W. Ducker
 Milton Ducker
 Graham Moore



Mrs. O. W. Wright.
 Lloyd P. Riley.
 Irene Sheldon.

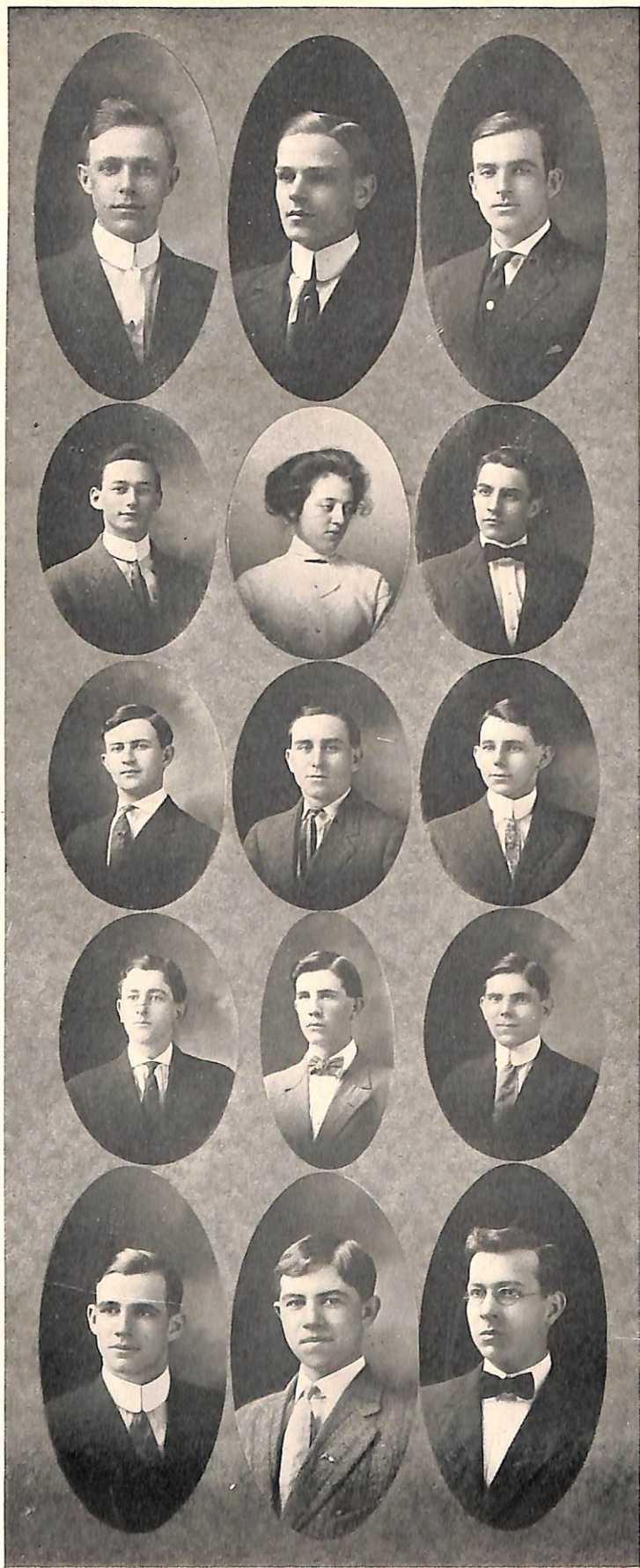


Expression

Lola Aplin	Emma Moose
Agnes Burt	W. V. McCay
Helen Cope	Ruth Murthy
Ava Case	Grace Pierce
Mariette Dillener	W. A. Pollock
Willie Davis	Verna Sigman
Eruth Eggleston	Ruth Sidebottom
Ruth Ellwood	Lissa Sidebottom
Neva Henderson	James Sutton
Lora Jones	Hazel Thompson
Helen Klepper	Verna Wright
Maud Lane	Ruth Wyszokoff



COMMERCIAL



Bland
Wilson
Whitaker
Lyle
Holder

COMMERCIAL.

Thompson
A. Fell
Peairs
Ashbrook
Brooks

Denny
J. Powell
Taylor
Scott
W. Powell



J. Powell

Slonaker

Nicholas

Miss Sidebottom
Baker

W. Powell

TYPENWRITING.

College Yells and Songs.

Mis-sou-Wes-Ra,
 Mis-sou-Wes-Ra,
 Ra Ra
 Missou-Ra-Wes.
 Row-Rah-Ree
 M. W. C.
 Boom-a-lac-a-hi
 Zip Boom Bee
 Che-hee-che-ha,
 Che-ha-ha-ha!
 Wesleyan-Wesleyan
 Rah-Rah-Rah
 S-s-s-s.....s-Boom
 Wesleyan.

OUR POPULAR FOOT BALL SONG.

TUNE:—Swanee River.

Way down upon the Wesleyan goal line
 Far, far away,
 There's where the ball is roaming ever,
 There's where its going to stay.

CHORUS

All their team is sad and weary
 Everywhere they roam,
 Still longing for a single touchdown
 And for the linaments at home.
 All up and down their own five-yard line
 Sadly they roam,
 Still longing for the bright new pennant
 And for the rooters at home.

OUR NAME IS MISSOURI WESLEYAN.

TUNE:—Solomon Levi.

Our name is Missouri Wesleyan
 We live in Cameron;
 Of all the jolly contests
 A jolly share we've won.
 Come, raise your hats and swing your canes
 And sing your peans loud,
 When others reach the steeple top,
 You'll find us in the cloud.

CHORUS.

Missouri Wesleyan, tra-la-la
 Missouri Wesleyan, tra-la-la-la.
 (Repeat first verse.)

In every kind of college sport
 You'll find us all in line,
 In oratory and debate
 We've got there every time.
 Let's wave aloft our colors bold,
 And raise our pennants high,
 Let's sing our alma mater's praise
 From now until we die.

—Apology to Ohio Wesleyan.

ORGANIZATIONS



Y. W. C. A.

The Young Woman's Christian Association is the strongest organization among the girls. Its aim is spiritual development, and it is the desire of every true association girl to give Christian work the first place above all other phases of the school life. Regularly each week there is held a devotional meeting, and also Bible and Mission classes are conducted which have proved very helpful.

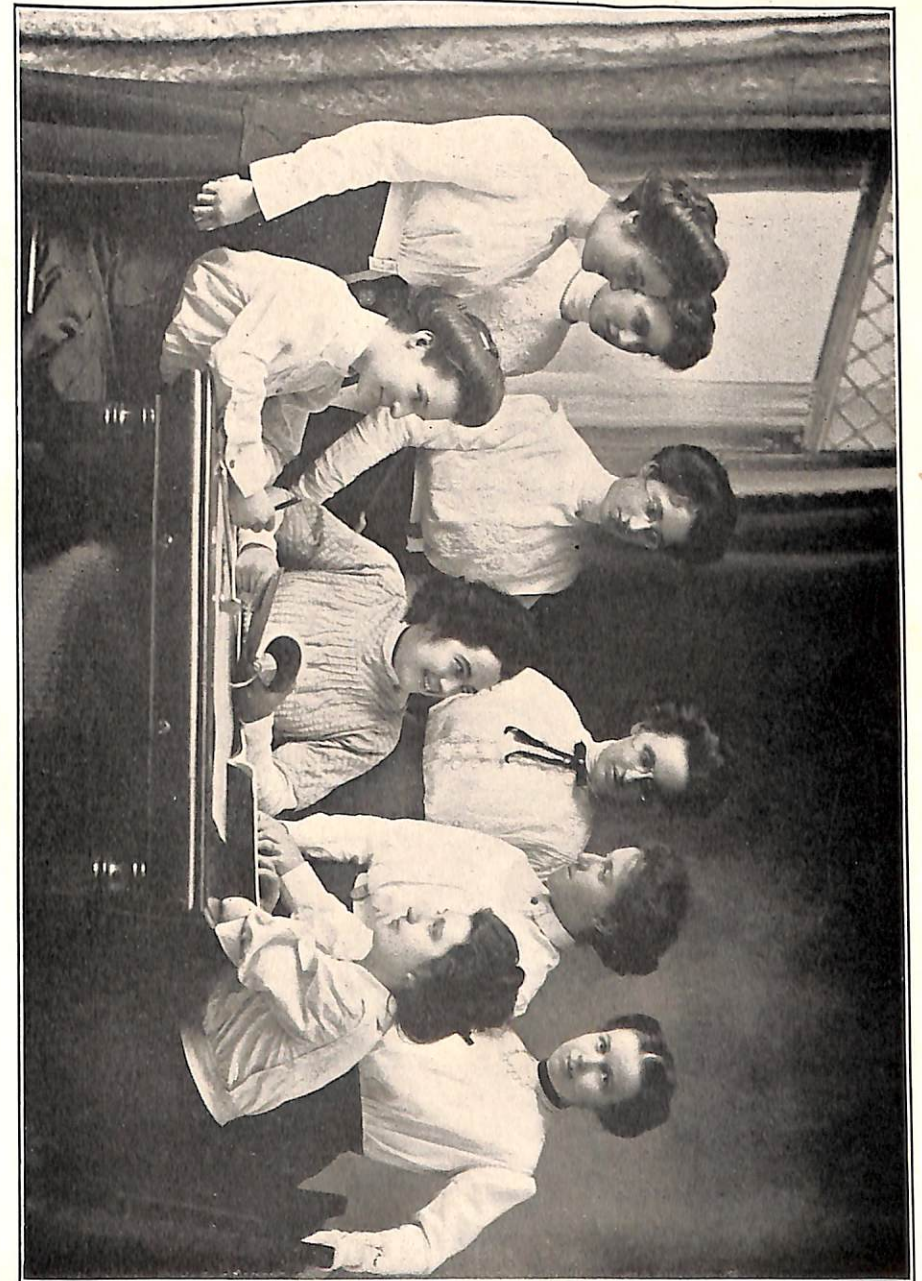
MOTTO: "Not by might nor by power but by my Spirit saith the Lord of Hosts."

Officers for 1910-1911.

PRESIDENT	- - -	HELEN FARWELL
VICE-PRESIDENT	- - -	JOY PIERCE
TREASURER	- - -	GRACE TAYLOR
SECRETARY	- - -	MINNIE YOUNG

Chairman of Committees.

MISSIONARY	- - -	LEORA ELLWOOD
BIBLE	- - -	GRACE CAMPBELL
INTERCOLLEGIATE	- - -	FANNIE BURGESS
RELIGIOUS	- - -	HELEN NIXON
SOCIAL	- - -	HELEN COPE



Y. W. C. A. CABINET.
 L. Ellwood H. Cope
 J. Pierce M. Young
 H. Nixon
 H. Farwell
 G. Campbell
 G. Taylor
 F. Burgess

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. has made such rapid strides to the rescue of young men, not only of our own land but of the whole world, that it has won for itself the highest esteem and co-operation of all peoples. Our Student Association has become a strong factor in the religious and social life of the college. Its aim is to encourage active Christian work among the young men of the school and to develop definite Christian character.

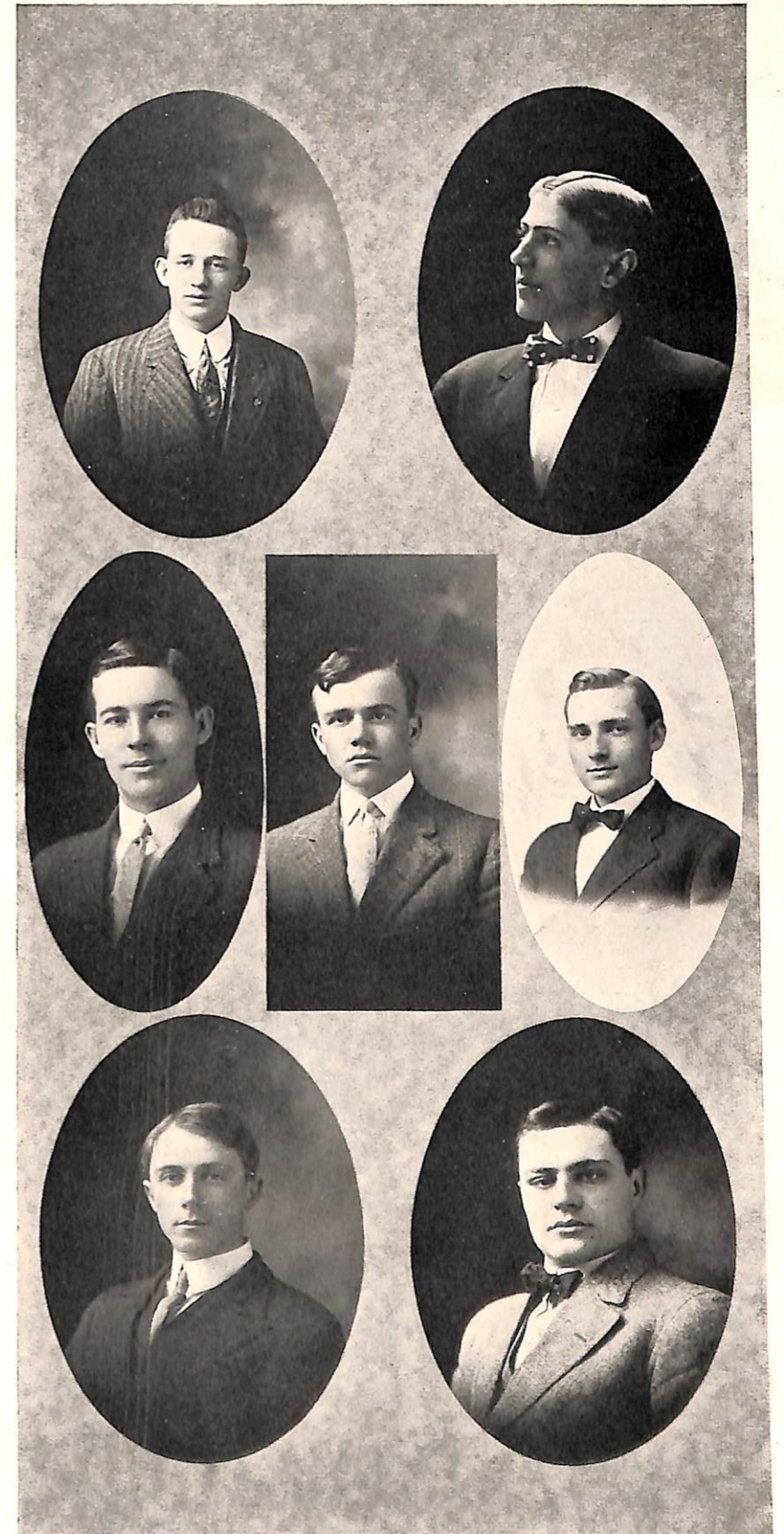
At the devotional meetings subjects of vital importance to every college man were presented by competent leaders. A course in the study of the Life of Christ was pursued very successfully during the past year. The Mission Class made a thorough study of the great problem of our cities. This class proved especially interesting and was really the pride of the association. Intermingled with these important issues was the social work of the association which did much toward bringing the men into a closer fellowship with one another.

Officers.

PRESIDENT	- -	VICTOR B. SHELDON
VICE-PRESIDENT	- -	C. E. REDKEY
SECRETARY	- -	A. V. LOCKHART
TREASURER	- -	W. E. BURGESS

Chairmen of Committees.

RELIGIOUS	- - -	C. E. REDKEY
MISSIONS	- - -	W. P. HULEN
BIBLE STUDY	- - -	BYRON E. HORN
FINANCE	- - -	W. E. BURGESS
SOCIAL	- - -	J. H. SUTTON
MEMBERSHIP	- - -	W. V. McCAY



Y. M. C. A. CABINET.

Lockhart
Hulen
McCay

Burgess

McKee
Baker
Sheldon

Ministerial Association.

The Ministerial Association is composed of all students who are intending to make the ministry their life work, as well as those who are already engaged in active ministerial work. The membership is increasing from year to year. Last year there were about twenty-five, while at present there are about thirty.

The purpose of the Association is to bind together more closely the ministerial students of the school; that they may better prepare themselves for their life work; be a greater power to fight evil; hold higher the standard of Christian life, and promote those things in the school which tend to build up the principles of Christian manhood.

Regular weekly meetings are held. Those things which are considered of the greatest importance, are taken up and discussed by some competent person. After the presentation of the subject by the speaker, each one has an opportunity to ask any question he desires. At times there are regular round table meetings; and not infrequently is the meeting turned into a prayer service. Much spiritual benefit as well as literary training is derived from the meetings.

The officers for this year are:—

PRESIDENT	- - -	BYRON HORN
VICE-PRESIDENT	- - -	PERRY HULEN
SECRETARY	- - -	THOMAS P. McKEE
CRITIC	- - -	LLOYD LANNING
ATHLETIC MANAGER	- - -	PERRY HULEN



MINISTERIAL EDUCATION.

Riley	Pollock	McKee	Byron Horn	Felt	Bigler	Carpenter	N. Horn	Ebersole
Buel Horn	Lanning	Null	DeBra	Duiker	Porter	Powell		



M. W. C. GLEE CLUB.
 Draper Clelland
 Seaton
 Denny Kelsey
 W. Powell Smith
 Baker
 Miller Schmitz
 J. Powell

Mission Study Classes.

Girls' Class.

The Girls' Mission Study Class which was organized under the supervision of Mrs. DeBra, the first of last year, resumed its work the second Tuesday evening in September, with a pleasant social hour.

In connection with the mission study, Miss Carrie DeWalt conducted an embroidery class, the girls bringing their fancy work each time, and while they embroidered, took part in the discussion of the topics.

Professor Null gave us an interesting talk on "The Attitude of Catholicism towards Protestantism in Rome." Miss Schmitsky told us about rural life in Germany, and Mr. Pelz related facts concerning Bismarck. Also, Mr. Joseph Riley reported on his experience in slum work in Chicago.

The basis for our study was the book, "Aliens or Americans?" which pointed out to us that: "The first need of American Protestantism is for clear vision, to discern the supreme issues involved in immigration, recognize the spiritual significance and divine providence in and behind this marvelous migration of peoples, and to see Christian obligation as the rise to the mission of evangelizing these representatives of all nations gathered on American Soil."

The great awakening in the cause of Missions which has swept the world from shore to shore, making it no longer a mere privilege to study Missions, but it is our duty to inform ourselves along this line if we would keep pace with the rapid progress of Christianity and civilization.

Men's Mission Class.

The past year has been an exceptionally profitable year in the study of Missions.

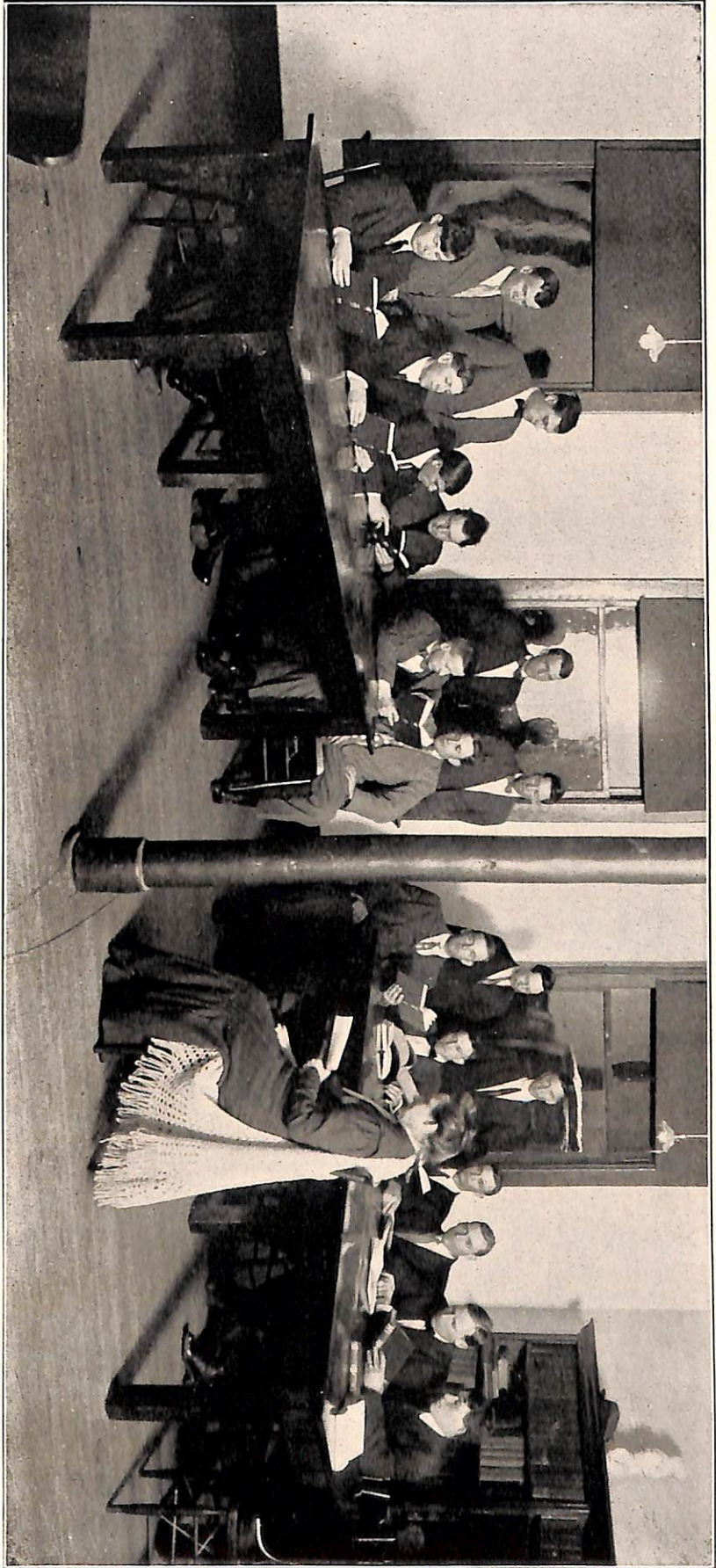
About half of the men in school were enrolled in the class and with Mrs. DeBra as leader, made a thorough and interesting study of the "City Problem."

Since there were members of the class who were directly acquainted with the mission work and also with the great need in two of our great cities, Chicago and Kansas City, we studied the problems of these two cities. In this connection we used the text "The Challenge of the City," by Josiah Strong.

The Mission Class was truly the pride of the school. It reached many men and did a lasting good.



GIRLS' MISSION CLASS.



MENT'S MISSION CLASS.

Poem by Sunshine Club.

Between the spreading college walls,
The student labors there,
And dreading the time the class bell calls,
From pleasant moments where,
The light of life with lovely grace
Is shining from his sweetheart's face.

The brain is white, and gray and wrinkled,
The eyes are filled with sand,
The brow is wet with dishonest sweat,
And he learns what e'er he can,
And he looks the faculty in the face
With a stahl for everyone.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear the bluffs outright,
You can hear the tramp of heavy feet,
As the Doctor says "Be quiet."
And the student boy with heavy tread
Is quickly soaked upon the head.

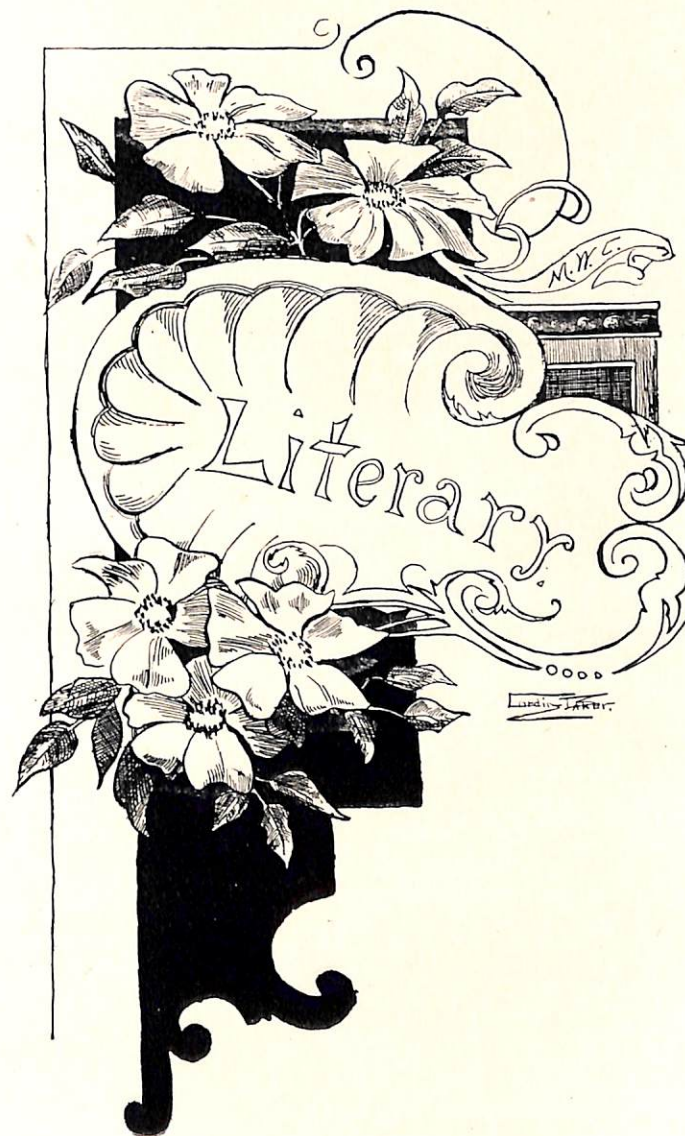
And the parents coming down to school,
Look in at the open door,
They want to see their children there
Saying their lessons o'er,
And catch the paper wads that fly,
Like shot from a twelve guage bore.

They lie on Sunday in the bed,
And how they hate to rise,
For they cannot go to church,
And with them take their wives,
So they sit around at home
And tell some awful lies.

They do not sound like the pastor's voice,
Preaching in the church.
They needs must think of church once more
On Tuesday morning must they lie
Or sit and answer absent
And never wink an eye.

Stahling—Smiling—Sweating,
Onward through school they go,
Each morning sees some joke began,
Each evening sees it's close.
Nothing attempted—Something done,
Have they earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee our worthy friends
For the lessons thou hast taught,
Thus at this mold of life,
Our character must be wrought.
Thus as it presses down in each
Hard earned deed and thought.



Aesthesian Literary Society.

The Aesthesian Literary Society continues to hold its place of high rank and popularity among the organizations of Missouri Wesleyan. The year 1910-'11 has been a very successful one in the history of the society. About thirty members have been enrolled during the year and all have striven to hold up the high standards that have characterized the society from its beginning.

Programs clever, unique, entertaining, and instructive have been given. The society aims not only to amuse or entertain its listeners, but at the same time to give such training to its members as will make them feel at ease before an audience, and enable them to do those things that are well worth doing and worth doing well.

The social affairs of the year have been highly enjoyable. Incidents of Hallowe'en and February 22nd will long be held in memory by every Aesthesian and may in the far distant future be told to children's children who will marvel at the stories of grandmother's college days.

May the society long continue to prosper and to give culture, training, and enjoyment to those who may come under its influence in years to come.

COLORS: Purple and Gold.

MOTTO: Be not satisfied with present attainments; for when growth ceases, decay has already begun.

Officers.

	First Semester	Second Semester
PRESIDENT	HELEN NIXON	BESS ROBISON
VICE-PRESIDENT	FLORENCE WINTER	LELIA NIMS
SECRETARY	HELEN COPE	WILLA ROSS
TREASURER	INA KENDALL	EVA JOHNSTON

Yells.

Rac-a-lac! rac-a-lac! zip! boom! bah!
 Aesthesian, Aesthesian, hip! Hurrah!
 Wasci-wow-wow! Basci-bow-wow!
 En, teen, tetti, fortti, fit.
 Apple chow-chow!
 What's the row-row?
 Rah! Aesthesians!
 We are It!
 A-E-S-T-H-E-S-I-A-N.



AESTHESIANS.

Hummel	Dodd
Wilson	Johnston
Holland	G. Trenchard
Yetter	Butler
Nixon	Moser
Taylor	DeWalt
Winter	Robison
Walker	M. Trenchard
Cope	Dodge
Kuenzi	Nims
Ross	Elliot
Kendall	Campbell
Powell	

The Ruthean Literary Society.

The Ruthean Literary Society is the "baby" of the school. Organized in 1910, with twelve charter members, she started out. This year the total number of members is twenty-six. The lofty ideals of the society are being upheld, and each Ruthean is full of enthusiasm and love for her society. Living up to their motto, the girls have striven hard to further the development of the society which in turn aims toward the betterment of the school. The Ruthean Literary Society is a standard-bearer of high, intellectual and moral development to the students of Missouri Wesleyan College.

Officers for First Semester.

PRESIDENT	- -	JOY C. PIERCE
VICE-PRESIDENT	- -	RUTH SIDEBOTTOM
SECRETARY	- -	RUTH ELLWOOD
TREASURER	- -	CORA DENNY

Officers for Second Semester.

PRESIDENT	- -	RUTH SIDEBOTTOM
VICE-PRESIDENT	- -	VERNA SIGMAN
SECRETARY	- -	LOIS BURRIS
TREASURER	- -	LULU STOUT

Colors.

Cardinal and Straw.

Flower.

Red Rose.

Motto.

"Vita sine litteris mors est."

Bell.

Hoo! ski! yi!
Hoo! ski! yee!
Rutheans! Rutheans!
M. W. C.

RUTHEANS.
Case McCool Neff Dopkins Denny Troxell Burt Sigman Pierce L. Sidebottom Burris Wycoff R. Sidebottom McGinn R. Ellwood Stout



Excelsior Literary Society.

Since its organization in the fall term of 1899 the Excelsior Literary Society has been an important element in the social and literary life of the Missouri Wesleyan College.

The society has attracted into its ranks the leading men of the College; typical fellows of the student class; men whose culture is broad and liberal. The society has ever stood for all that is best in college life, on the athletic field, in the class-room and at social affairs. The direct aim of the society is two-fold—to afford its members adequate training in the lines of literary work, and to fulfill those social wants of college men, answering to the fraternity spirit so natural in student life.

The extent to which the aim and object of the society has been realized is sufficiently attested by the lives and achievements of its former members, and in the development and improvement of those who are now upholding the standard of Excelsiorism of M. W. C.

Officers.

FALL TERM.

PRESIDENT	-	-	-	C. V. BIGLER
VICE-PRESIDENT	-	-	-	C. E. YETTER
SECRETARY	-	-	-	L. H. LANNING
TREASURER	-	-	-	M. E. PORTER
CRITIC	-	-	-	FOSTER TAYLOR

WINTER TERM.

PRESIDENT	-	-	-	FOSTER TAYLOR
VICE-PRESIDENT	-	-	-	CLAY BIGLER
SECRETARY	-	-	-	EDWARD THOMPSON
TREASURER	-	-	-	MILTON DUEKER
CRITIC	-	-	-	PAUL DILLENER

SPRING TERM.

PRESIDENT	-	-	-	M. E. PORTER
VICE-PRESIDENT	-	-	-	CLAY BIGLER
SECRETARY	-	-	-	D. F. EDELMAN
TREASURER	-	-	-	W. A. POLLOCK
CRITIC	-	-	-	C. V. BIGLER

MOTTO: Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.

COLORS: Pink and Green.

Yell.

Rah, La, Ka, Hi, Kaeor
Hullabaloo, Ka, Del.
Excelsior, Excelsior,
Here our yell.

I roar, you roar, all roar
E-X-C-E-L-S-I-O-R
A-m-e-n.



EXCELSIOR.
Lanning Carpenter Heath Lyle Butler Yetter C. Bigler Seaton Edelman Taylor Thompson Jones Felt Powell Pollock Dillener V. Bigler Dueker Lockhart

The Adelpian Literary Society.

The Adelpian Literary Society is one of the strongest and most active societies of the college.

Its aim is to develop ease and forcefulness in public speaking and to give to its members a clearer understanding of Parliamentary rules and usages.

By actual experience, the members are trained to reason logically and effectively.

This training has proven invaluable to men as they meet with the practical problems of Life.

Adelpianism stands for the highest social and literary attainment.

The banquet this year was one of the most unique as well as one of the most successful social events of the year.

In the three years in which the Adelpians have been represented in the Inter-Society Oratorical Contest, they hold a record of one second and two first prizes.

Officers.

FIRST SEMESTER.

PRESIDENT	-	MARSHALL N. YETTER
VICE-PRESIDENT	- -	W. E. BURGESS
SECRETARY	- - -	W. P. HULEN
CRITIC	- - -	JAMES SUTTON

SECOND SEMESTER.

PRESIDENT	- - -	W. P. HULEN
VICE-PRESIDENT	-	PAUL D. MILLER
SECRETARY	- -	THOMAS L. DENNY
CRITIC	- - -	BYRON HORN

MOTTO: Esse Quam Videri.
 COLORS: Blue and White
 FLOWER: Hyacinth.

Hell.

Rollic-a-chic
 Rollic-a-chic
 Who are we?
 Adelpians, Adelpians,
 M. W. C.



ADELPHIANS.

Redinger, Bhel Horn, F. Redinger, J. Riley, Wallace, S. Smith, Sheldon, P. Miller, Denny,
 G. Miller, C. Thompson, Fronk, Chesney, W. Yetter, Fisher, Bland,
 Goodman, Sutton, Stelter, Burgess, M. Yetter, Hulen, J. Powell, Heinz, Byron Horn,
 W. Powell, Allen,

Alpha Sigma Delta

Established 1906.

Colors, black and gold.

Flower, daffodil.

Active Members,

RUTH SIDEBOTTOM,
BLANCHE McDONALD,
EMILY THOMPSON,
PEARL NEFF,
LEORA ELLWOOD,
LISSA SIDEBOTTOM,
LOIS JONES,
CECIL RUSSELL,
LULU STOUT.

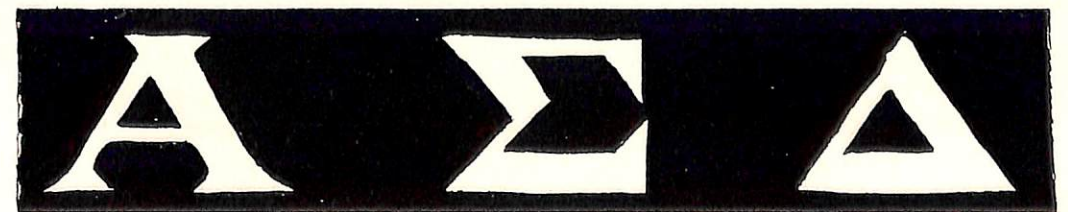
Resident Members.

MRS. McLEAN, MRS. WRIGHT.

Alpha Sigma Delta Sorority.

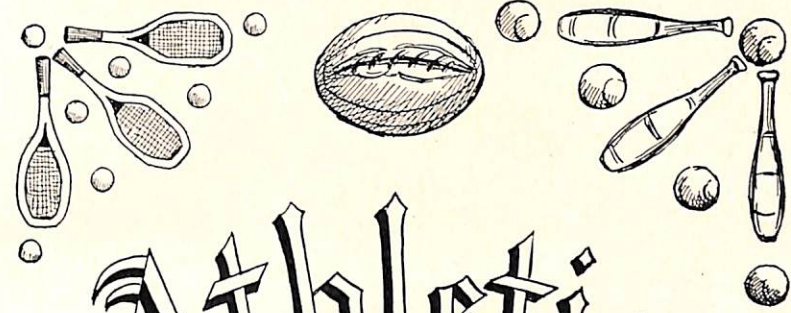


Russell, Neff, Thompson, Wright, Ellwood,
McDonald, R. Sidebottom, L. Sidebottom, Stout.





MOTTO: Never do today what you can put off until tomorrow.
FLOWER: Sunflower.
COLORS: Green and Yellow.



Athletics





ARTHUR SMITH,
Captain Base
Ball Team.



C. V. BIGLER,
Captain Foot Ball Team.



JOSEPH T. BEADLE,
Coach.



RUTH B. SIDEBOTTOM,
Captain Girls' Basket Ball.



EUGENE BURGESS,
Captain Boys' Basket Ball Team.



FOOT BALL PICTURES.

Foot Ball.

Last fall, Missouri Wesleyan for the first time secured a coach; who came to us from Cornell College highly recommended. Having only raw material and just a few men to select from; Coach Beadle soon proved that he knew foot-bali.

The College had been playing in the Academy and High School class, but he set about securing games with the best schools in the state. Many friends of the school looked wise, and said, "You are getting into fast company." After he took the team to Warrensburg and played them a 0—0 game, they opened their eyes, especially when they rememberd that the last time we met the Normals the score was Warrensburg 41—Wesleyan 0.

Two weeks later when we played William Jewell, one half-back was out with an injury, quarter-back was sick, full-back, center and both ends were knocked out before the second quarter was over, but we held them to a 20-0 score.

The next Saturday we played them at Liberty. Our half was still out, but this time there was a 6-0 game with a disputed score in our favor. Last year this same team sent us home to the tune of 68-2.

The next game was with Washburn College, at Topeka, Kansas. They were a little big and beat us 37-0.

Then we met Tarkio who two years ago beat us 80-0. This year they were only in our territory with the ball in their possession three times, but each time kicked a goal, once from the 43 yard line, once from the 37 yard line and once from the 30 yard line, but this was enough to win.

After such a remarkable progress this year, with Coach Beadle back, and only losing the two guards, we should have a state championship team this coming fall. Earl Coe, the quarter-back, is Captain elect. He is a fast, heady, hard player, always consistent, and always in the game. He runs the team like clock-work.

Let us all get the spirit and bring some good high-school man back with us. Do not forget your little tin horn for we predict a championship team for 1911.

There should be a word said for those who supported the team, for nowhere did we find a body of students as loyal to a winning team as they were at M. W. C. to a losing one.

Peairs, Barber, Heinz, C. Bigler, FOOT BALL, Baker, Smith, Coe,
W. Yetter, Frank, Denny, M. Yetter, C. V. Bigler, Goodman, C. Yetter, Sheldon, Coach Beadle,
Miller.



Girls' Basket Ball.

Wesleyan has always boasted of her girls' basket-ball team and justly may she do so. To hold the state championship for three consecutive years is a record to be proud of, and the girls have as good a claim as any team to that record. Five of the girls who played on this year's team had won their "W's" prior to this season. Thus they knew the kind of ball their team-mates played and were able to have good team work during the early part of the season. This team work developed with the season and was one of the essential features of our winning team. Another good feature of the team was the willingness of the players to sacrifice individual play for the sake of the team. The physical condition of the team was good, always being better than their opponents, which enabled the girls to score almost at will during the latter part of the second half.

Four of the girls who are on this year's squad will be back in school next year and the team that wrestles the championship from them will have to be up and doing.

R. Sidebottom, 1st Center and Captain, played her first year at center, but she played it like a veteran, always getting the jump on her opponent; she gave her team the advantage of having possession of the ball and thus enabled them to play on the offense instead of the defense. Ruth had the responsibility of running the team, which she did in a first-class manner. She had the confidence of her team, and they would fight with her until the very last.

Burris, 2nd Center. One of last year's team and pulled off some classy plays with her Capt. She knew where the ball was coming down and was always there. Lois was exceedingly accurate in passing the ball to her forwards. With her two years' experience she will be a great help to Wesleyan's team next year.

Stout, L. Forward. Will leave a place hard to fill on next year's team. She is tall, strong, fast on her feet, and has an unerring eye in shooting baskets.

Ellwood, R. Forward. Another girl of the tall variety. She is sure of her baskets, has a nimble way of getting over the floor and losing her guard.

Stout and Ellwood make a pair of forwards of which any school might be justly proud.

L. Sidebottom, L. Guard. Our other senior member and has probably played her last game of guard for Missouri Wesleyan. Lissa is one of the fastest girls on the team, and has more than held her own against any forward she has met. Whenever the ball comes up to the wrong end of the court she is always there ready to send it back in the proper direction.

Thompson, R. Guard. Just the girl we were wanting to enter school last fall. Although not a very large girl, you always found her between the ball and her opponent. She could catch the ball in any position and when once it touched her hands she claimed possession.

Wycoff, sub. Played almost as much as the regulars. When called upon she could fill any position on the team. Ruth is a hard player and goes in for all she is worth. She will make a valuable player to Wesleyan next year.



GIRLS' BASKET BALL.
Coach Eadle, Thompson, Burris, L. Sidebottom, R. Sidebottom, Wycoff, Ellwood, Stout.

Boys' Basket Ball.

According to the latest statistics basket ball is coming to be the favorite game in college and university athletics, and rightly so. The game is just as scientific and is played with far less risk to the individual than football or baseball.

This year games were scheduled and played with some of the strongest colleges of the state. The team accompanied by Coach Beadle went to Maryville on February 16th, and won over the Normals. The next evening the Wesleyans met defeat at the hands of the Tarkio squad on Tarkio's court. Later two games were played with William Jewell and on March 9th a return game with Tarkio.

Under the competent direction of Coach Beadle the work of the team showed a decided gain over last year. The real scientific points of the game were introduced in regular practice, and the team was constantly urged to work as a unit, individual playing being always discouraged. With the experience of this year's training we hope for a stronger team next year.



BOYS' BASKET BALL.
Bigler, Coach Beadle, Sheldon, Heinz,
Burgess, Barber, Buel Horn.



Whitaker, Bland, Coe, Vance, Coach Beadle, Taylor, Barber, Smith, Peairs, Hulén, Powell,

BASE BALL.

M. W. CRITERION

Published monthly by the under-graduates of Missouri Wesleyan College at the office of the Cameron, Missouri, Sun.

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Meram E. Trenchard		Helen E. Cope..... Exchange Editor
Joy C. Pierce	} Local Editors	Chas. H. Draper Athletic Editor
J. Foster Taylor		Marshall N. Yetter, Circulation Manager. W. Perry Hulén.. Advertising Manager

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Editorial.

The Aftermath of Foot Ball.

Wesleyan's last line buck and end run have been made for the foot ball season of 1910. What has been accomplished, is; what might have been if such and such were the case, is not. With the facts at hand let us reflect a little. Did we accomplish anything or were our efforts in vain? If success in football is measured by the number of uprights kicked or touchdowns made over those of opponents, not taking into consideration the size of the schools or the material from which the teams were selected, then the football season for our part has been a flat failure. However, we are not inclined to estimate success in football by this standard. Neither are we seeking to frame some plausible excuse for defeat. The facts are a school with a large enrollment, under ordinary conditions, should develop a much stronger team than one whose enrollment is much smaller. During the past season games have been played with schools that had many times our enrollment. Only in one instance did we engage with a team from a school any where near the size of our own; in each other instance they were many times larger.

In former years it had been customary to have a regular team and "subs." As long as the men on the team did reasonably well considering a certain number of things they were allowed to continue at their old places. But home isn't what it used to be holding down a place on the football team. This year not a man on the squad knew until the evening before a game whether he was going to play in that

game or not. Each man had been practiced at a number of different positions so that no serious damage would result if any particular one did not get to play. Under this system the strictest rules of training were observed, class work was not made a side issue and football proved a real benefit to all who engaged. That the quality of work done on the gridiron was thus enhanced is proved by the manner in which the team held down opponents who had formerly literally swamped us. Three of the games this year were with these old enemies. The last time we had played Warrensburg we were beaten 41 to 0. It was two years ago that we had played the Normals. Last season we played William Jewell, learned considerable football and got two points while they made 68. The same season we played Warrensburg we had our last game with Tarkio. They piled up 78 scores; we made our trip for nothing. This all sounds like taking milk from babes. This year we have a little different story. The material on hand last fall was practically the same quality as usual. Many of the fellows had never played a game of football before; few of them knew either old or new rules. The coach was secured, he worked the men out at different positions apparently to find out which they could fill with the least bungling. He put them under training (a previously unknown word in the M. W. C. athletic vocabulary) and began meeting dates on the schedule. They went to Warrensburg, held the Normals 0 to 0. They went to Liberty, held William Jewell 6 to 0 and in a contest with Tarkio at home held her 9 to 0. With most of the men who played this season back next year under Coach Beadle's direction, there is no reason why Wesleyan should not be a state champion in 1911.

College Spirit.

It is generally an easy matter to get support for a winning team but unless conditions are very favorable it is mighty difficult to get a student body to back a team when it continually loses. The manner in which the football team has been supported throughout the past season has been remarkable. Especially does this seem so when it is remembered that the team did but little at piling up scores. It is true they quit even with one team and were never beaten badly in any of the contests in which they were engaged. But in spite of their hard playing they were able to get but one touchdown to their credit. However earnestly chapel speakers may discourse concerning the superficiality of such marks and the wholesome effects of defeat, unless college spirit is healthy, such a scarcity of scores is going to cause a lull on the side lines. But be it said of M. W. C. students that during the whole season the students have supported the team loyally.

Patronize the Advertisers.

Before going home the students will need a great many things which will have to be purchased of merchants. Before making such purchase consult the Criterion advertisements. It will be to your best interest to do so. These firms want your business and the fact that they are Criterion supporters should appeal to every student.



CRITERION STAFF.

Dillener,
Pierce,
Hulen,

Cope,
C. Yetter,
Draper,
Burgess,

Trenchard,
Taylor,
M. Yetter.

I wish to see all the Hall
girls in my parlor at
six fifteen this evening.
Please come when you hear
the study bell.
Miss Taylor.

"I believe all the girls are here now. I have just a few things to speak to you about to-night, girls. Now you have been pretty good the last week or two, but there are some things to which I thot I'd better call your attention.

(Brings forth a list.)

First I will mention study hours. You know in a hall like this, each one's rights are so closely connected with those of others that we can't always do just as we want to. Now you know that there are some in the building that are carrying heavy work and must have all their time for study. And then in going from one room to another, I would suggest that you walk more quietly. Now, I know you just forget, but really we must have it more quiet. Then in connection with this, I wish you would be more quiet after ten o'clock. I won't say that lights must be out, but some must sleep and you know the slightest noise can be heard all over the building.

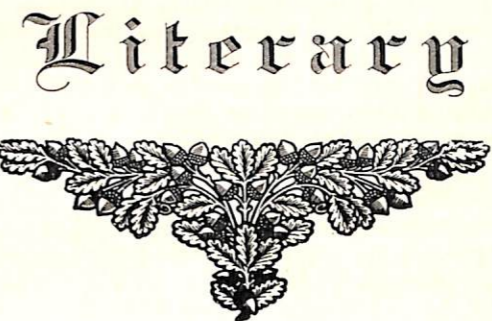
Now, I don't want you to think that I am scolding, for really you have done pretty well for the past week. There was one night I didn't have to call a single person down.

Another thing, the catalogue says that girls can go down town on Saturday and Monday afternoon. I would rather you would not go any other time without leaving word because it is sometimes necessary that we should know where you are.

Then too, you may entertain callers on Saturday night, but on Sunday night you are supposed to go to church and not remain in the reception room.

In most places it is not customary for young ladies and young gentlemen to go to church together in the morning unless they are engaged, and even if you are, there are perhaps more desirable ways of announcing it.

Are there any questions? If not, I guess that is all for this evening.'



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girls in my parlor at
six fifteen this evening.
Please come when you hear
the study bell.
Miss Taylor.

"I believe all the girls are here now. I have just a few things to speak to you about to-night, girls. Now you have been pretty good the last week or two, but there are some things to which I thot I'd better call your attention.

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Literary



Ode to a Mountain Stream.

Away up there so dreary and bleak
Arises a quaint old mountain peak,
Lifted too high for vegetable life,
Exposed to nothing but weather's strife,
As that black cloud floats above it so high
A glittering snow flake falls from the sky.
Another comes drifting softly down,
And others drop on the mountain's crown.
They frisk about as lambs at play
And merrily sing in their joyful way.
At length they cease skipping to and fro
And settle in a quiet rest below;
There they lie in purity sweet
Too pure for all but the Christ Child's feet;
Below the wild beasts tread with fear
Lest they should come a pace too near
And mar the beauty so wonderful and rare
That only nature could make so fair.

The sun next morn, from its sleep at night
Shines on the earth with its beautiful light,
The rays fall softly on the snow
And causes the diamonds to glisten and glow.
Because it shines forth brilliant and warm
It causes a water drop to form.
Starting slowly with little force
The drop pursues its lonely course.
Others follow it day by day
Joining each other along the way.
Weak they are at first and slow,
Steadily seeking the depths below.
Day by day they increase in strength
Till a mountain stream is formed at length.
Merrily on the stream dashes along,
Gaily singing a frolicking song,
She bounds and kisses the rocks she meets
Then passes them by with a youthful leap.

She plunges over a water fall
The distant echo answers her call,
She dashes the foaming water high
As the moss grown rocks she passes by;
She roars sullen and low as a stormy sky
Then whispers her soft, sweet lullaby,
She sings as gay as a bird in June
For each rippling wave hums a merry tune,
As two by two the waves ripple along
Singing their ever joyful song,
The stream winds about in her forward travel
Polishing brightly the golden gravel;
Her clear cold water seems to invite
The outer world with her to unite.
The moon beams play on her waters that glisten,
While lovers stroll on her banks to listen.
The stream murmurs softly love's sweet refrain
Till she empties into the broad flat plain,

Broken Dishes.

John Foster Taylor.

The grandmother was sitting before the open fire holding a small boy on her lap. A little girl sat on a low stool by her side leaning her head on her grandmother's knee.

"Tell us a story, grandmother," said the girl. "Tell us the story of the broken dishes," she pleaded.

Grandmother smiled and began.

"In the city of Washington in the year 1814—lies the scene of our story.

"Washington—A dull straggling village reared in the midst of a swamp, overlooked from the north by a long range of bluffs, upon whose slopes was builded the flourishing little city of Georgetown, long since become a part of Washington. North of these bluffs the country was a dense wilderness.

"On the east side of the town flows the Anacostia river. On the west is the Potomac, on the south these two streams unite. West of the town, connecting the village with the Virginia shore, was a long bridge, and this bridge was one of the few means of escape when the British captured the town.

"A very small darky was holding a powerful black horse before an inn in the western outskirts of the village. The horse pawed viciously in the loose earth, and at times advanced threateningly, ears back and teeth gleaming, towards the boy, who kept him off with a short riding whip."

"Tell us about the horse," said the boy on the grandmother's lap.

Grandmother smiled and said, "Must know about the horse, little man? I will try and tell you how he looked the first time I saw him. He was a magnificent brute, deep chested, long, clean limbs, with powerful quarters, lean and springy. The hind feet were both white stockinged and he had a small white star in the center of his forehead. His eyes showed too much white, his ears were small and his forehead was rounded until one instinctively knew that he was scarcely to be trusted, yet would be high-spirited, and loyal to one he knew to be master.

"Inside the inn a young man wearing a colonel's uniform was eating his supper. In one corner of the room by a window sat an old woman smoking a small clay pipe with a long stem. From time to time she would tamp the tobacco firmly into her pipe with a long skinny forefinger and then resume her smoking, dividing her attention between a minute examination of the stranger and watching the struggle between the boy and the horse.

"When the man had finished his meal he sat toying with a small silver spoon.

"'Queer,' thought he, 'This spoon is of the same pattern as one I saw at Mrs. Madison's reception at the White House. Who was the girl who had been helping the President's wife receive that day? He had intended meeting her, but had been prevented by some trivial incident, and then he had been called away by some trouble at the fortifications, so he had been unable to meet her. Who would have thought there was such a woman in the states. He had been educated in England and had traveled much on the continent, but never had he seen such unconscious beauty.

"He had heard her voice, it was clear and modulated as the tones of a wood dove calling to her mate, in the twilight of a summer evening. And her laugh, never but once had he heard such musical laughter, it reminded him of his girlish mother who had died when he was but a small boy. His only memory of her, was of one evening when they had been playing in the sand of the river watching for his father's return from a trip to Richmond. He remembered how happily she had laughed when they had heard the splash of the oars, wielded by the big blacks who were his father's rowers, long before they could see the form of the boat thru the deepening shadows.

"The girl at the reception had laughed at some remark of General Winders, and her laughter recalled this memory of his mother. The General knew her then, he would ask his aid in meeting the girl, for know her he felt he must. True, most probably she would turn out to be like the other women he knew, but then there would be some satisfaction in knowing.

"The old woman in the corner started from her chair, her pipe dropped from her toothless gums and was shattered on the floor. The woman's exclamation and the noise of the falling pipe roused the young man from his reverie, and as he glanced thru the window he saw the cause of the old woman's consternation.

"He could see men running in all directions, soldiers hurrying here and there, and from the commotion he knew that something unusual was afoot. He surmised, and truly, that the long expected attack of the British was about to take place. Seizing his hat he rushed from the inn, snatching the reins of his horse from the boy and tossing him a coin galloped away.

"The pickaninny scampered after the coin, dug it out of the dust and stood looking at it in wonder. The old woman had followed the colonel and stood in the doorway watching the flying figure of the horseman. Suddenly she motioned to the little negro boy, 'Hyear you! George Washington,' she cried, 'bring that there money hyear to me. He didn't pay his bill, but I reckon this here will come mighty nigh to payin' it,' she remarked as she took the coin from the unwilling hand of the boy. 'Well I swan! if it ain't real gold, I do believe,' she chuckled, testing the coin with her few snaggy teeth. 'Hyear you George Washington, you go 'round to the kitchen and Rosy'll give you a cooky.' The boy started on a run for the kitchen while the old woman returned to her post by the window.

"The British were in full march to Washington, through the thinly settled country, while a part of their fleet came up the river to attack the town. The next day in the battle which followed at Bladensburg, at hot noon on a dusty road, the Americans were defeated, and were forced to retreat toward the desolate little village of Washington, and by eight in the evening the British were entering the town. All this is a matter of History.

"About five o'clock in the afternoon on the day of the battle at Bladensburg, the eastern approach to the long bridge was crowded with a motley array of people. Villagers, camp followers, fleeing soldiers, militiamen and frightened negroes, men, women and children of every station in life; some mounted on horses, some riding in carriages, and more afoot. Each seemed to be carrying or conveying the thing they prized most highly. One man was leading a cow, another was trying to drive a pig tethered by a string attached to one forefoot, while many of the children were trudging along leading a dog or carrying a pet kitten.

"Colonel Richard Brock had been stationed at the east end of the bridge with orders from General Windsor to allow all fugitives to cross and then fire

the bridge to cut off the pursuit of the British. When most of the crowd had crossed the bridge, the Colonel noticed a young girl who had been forced to one side by the rush of people. She was standing with her back to him, leaning against one of the many wooden piles that had been driven to support the eastern approach to the bridge. She was dressed in white without cloak or hat, her hair blown about by the wind. Instantly he knew her as the girl he had seen at the reception.

"The Colonel spurred his black horse down the embankment and pulled him to his haunches beside the girl, stooping low from the saddle he swung her lightly to the pommel in front of him. Astonished, the girl struggled to free herself. The horse reared under the double burden. The man tried to check the horse as he plunged, and the girl seized the Colonel with both hands, dropping three small cut glass desert dishes she had been carrying in the excitement of the flight.

"The horse stopped as suddenly as he had jumped, and stood still. The Colonel slid from the saddle to recover the dishes. The girl cried out in dismay for one of them was broken into halves. The Colonel handed her the two perfect dishes and one of the pieces of the broken one, the other piece he placed in his pocket.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked the girl.

"Some day, perhaps I may tell you," said the Colonel. "Pardon me, Whoa! Dem-on! I believe we have never met. Will you allow me to introduce myself? I am Richard Brock of Virginia, Colonel U. S. A.

"And I am Elizabeth Coke of Maryland," laughed the girl, "I have been visiting at the White House and have become separated from my friends in our hasty departure."

"The Colonel gave a low whistle. 'Coke,' said he to himself, 'One of those Methodists, as sure as I am a sinner.' Then he vaulted to the saddle and headed the horse up the embankment and across the bridge toward the Virginia shore. As they left the eastern end of the bridge he gave the order to burn it.

"The Colonel placed the girl with her friends on the Virginia side of the river, and as they parted he whispered, 'Some day I will find you and tell you why I wanted the broken dish'."

The story was finished, a log slipped on the hearth and the fire blazed brightly. The white haired old lady placed the small boy who had gone to sleep in her arms, on the old fashioned lounge. The little girl who sat at her knee looked up and said, "Please, Grandmother, may I put them away?"

The Grandmother looked at the child on the lounge, placed a finger on her lips and nodded to the little girl. "Yes, Elizabeth," she whispered.

Very carefully the girl wrapped three cut glass desert dishes of ancient pattern into many pieces of soft paper and placed them one by one in the box on her grandmother's lap.

There were four small packages, for one of the dishes had been broken into halves.

Opening the Gate.

Byron Horn.

America has grown to be a mighty nation. In her course of development she has solved some great problems, but has faced none greater than one that confronts her to-day. In former conflicts—save in that of the Civil War,—she has stood with forces united. In the great struggle in which we now are engaged, there is a division—an opposition between the people and the government. Formerly the government has moved with the people; now she throws her mighty weight firmly against the gate which her citizens, for the sake of their own freedom and prosperity, are striving to push open. What is the cause of this opposition? Why does Uncle Sam not let us through the gate—the gate which he has buttressed and is guarding with his own force—the gate that checks our fight against the influence of the liquor powers?

Let us investigate this matter of an opposing government. From ocean to ocean our people are arrayed against the liquor business. If our Federal Government is co-operating with us—not opposing us—what is her motive in refusing to sanction local option and prohibition laws? What is her purpose in granting "permits," "licenses" to the very curse we are trying to suppress? What is her object in sending Government Representatives to the Brewers' Congresses? Why is it that the legislatures of Michigan have recently been smuggling liquor into the dry territory of that state? Why is it that the saloon holds in high esteem the phrase: "Uncle Sam says 'it's all right'?" One of the most influential breweries in the United States makes this boast, "Uncle Sam, in the person of ten of his government officials, has charge of every department of our distillery. During the entire process of distillation, after the whiskey is stored in barrels in our warehouses, during the seven years it remains there, from the very grain we buy to the whisky we get, Uncle Sam is constantly on the watch to see that everything is all right."

Men! with conditions thus—with our government sanctioning this ruinous work of the saloon, what can we, the people, do?

Here this query confronts us, Why should the government thus thwart the wishes of the American people? Is it to produce a greater manhood? to promote peace and good citizenship? A thousand times "No"! The government does not stand as the guardian of the good name of our nation, nor as the protector of peace and good citizenship! Lurking within its nature there is an insatiable greed for revenue—a greed for that three hundred million dollars which it receives yearly from its genial rich patron, the American saloon. It is only when Uncle Sam receives money that he finds his voice and says, "It's all right." We listen, and we can hear him muttering but one word—"revenue." Therefore this conclusion is forced upon us;—that next to the man behind the bar in the promotion of this hellish business is the American government.

But let us not despair. If under the present difficulties we are able to pass local option laws and maintain the policy of state-wide prohibition, what then may we not expect to do under more favorable conditions?

The question now confronts us, How shall we remedy these present circumstances? Knowing that the liquor interests will defy us until they are abolished, let us not try to avoid their opposition, but let us concentrate our

strength upon the opposing government; and clear the way for a victorious battle against this liquor business.

Certain remedies must be applied before the power and influence of the government is turned in the right direction.

The work of local option and state-wide prohibition is not to be condemned but we fear it lacks proper co-operation and organization.

The liquor interests are thoroughly organized. Before the Civil War the power of the saloons and breweries was divided, but upon November 12, 1862, the same year that the Internal Revenue Act was passed, thirty-four members of the brewery trade met in New York and organized the United States Brewers' Association. "Unity is Strength" was adopted as their motto. This motto has not been trampled under foot, but has been the harmonious tie that bound them together. And we, the opposers of the liquor business, are beginning to realize the truth of that motto. Today, these liquor interests are more firmly knit together than ever before. No local firm stands alone. If the man behind the bar violates the law, he is supported by the entire liquor system. In the year 1886 George Haddock, a prominent minister in Sioux City, Iowa, was murdered while fighting the hellish work of the saloon. The guilty parties were freed, as many others have been, simply because they were protected in court by the Saloon Keepers' Association.

We have money. We have resources. We have prohibition sentiment. What we need first of all is organization. We are not surprised that Honorable Richmond P. Hobson, not three months ago, while speaking before the Sixty-first Congress said: "Organization is the watchword. After resources are developed, after the army has been recruited and officered, the next step is organization. The army must be organized and drilled until it can be wielded like a great engine of war—like the great standing armies of the world. In every state, in every county, in every township, in every precinct, the individuals must be gathered under local leaders into squads; squads must be assembled under higher leaders into companies; companies into regiments; regiments into brigades, brigades into divisions, divisions into army corps, until upon the word of command we can set in motion ten million patriotic men, the flower of the land."

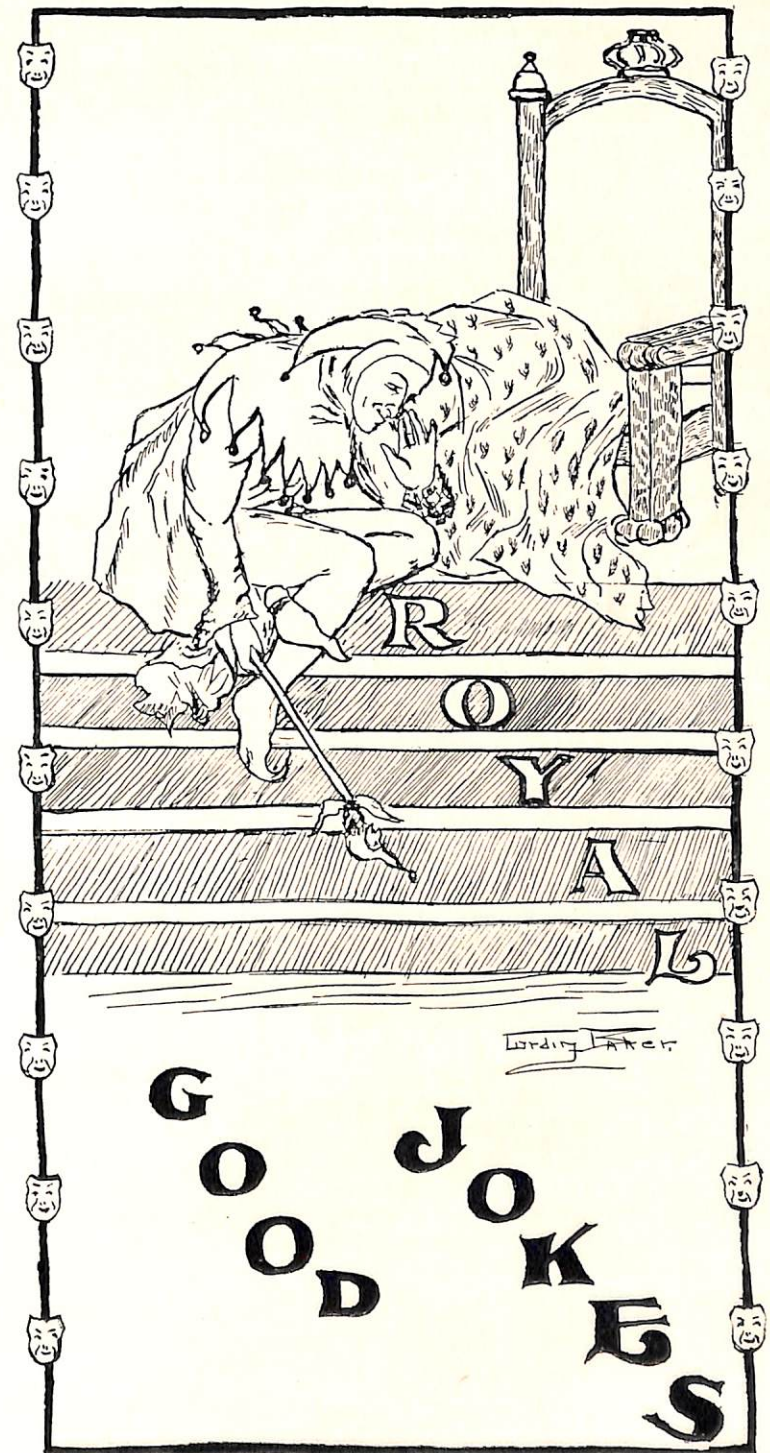
Yet, we might possess the very strongest organized force available, and had we not unity of purpose—had we not harmony between people and government—we might fight ten thousand skirmishes and emerge ten thousand times—defeated. Most of all, we must have unity. Our forces must all converge to the same end—people and government united. Then the gate will be opened. Then we can fall upon our entrenched foe, the saloon of America.

Two things must be done in order to win this harmony between people and government. When these two things shall have been accomplished, we shall then be at the very door of victory itself. First, We must make use of the Initiative and Referendum system of government, whereby the people may enact or repeal a law by direct vote. This vote may be secured at any time by petition, if upon that petition there appear the signatures of five per cent of the legal voters in at least two-thirds of the congressional districts of the state. Then, by this system we, the people, will be the government. And then will we not have our desire? Then will we not have power to slay the enemy? For when we, the government, say "No," there will be no saloons, there will be no licenses, there will be no breweries. And without any of these cursed things there will be less misery, grief, crime—yes, in a word, less hell on earth; but more joy, peace, and righteousness—in a word more heaven.

Having secured the power of the referendum, we, the government must take that other step and thus attain perfect unity. We must act wisely. We must elect those of our number to office—city, county, state, and nation—who will not "permit" but slay. Who will not hunger for revenue and take it at the expense of our nation, but who will enforce the law—the law we have demanded through the Initiative and Referendum. This can be done. But the urgent question is, Are we sufficiently awakened to these great facts, or shall we, as did Eabylon, Greece, and Rome, lie sleeping until the foe is upon us?

Oh! will we awaken and save America, this great virgin Republic as she now stands, one of the last great nations of the world that has not yet succumbed to vice? Let us not tomorrow, but to-day, thus win that contrary force, the government, to our side. Then together in perfect unity, let us throw our united force against that mighty gate so long protected by the government. And lo, we burst forth into the stronghold of the enemy, shouting, "Victory, freedom, prosperity, and peace!"

Men of the Twentieth Century! awaken to the opportunities and great responsibilities of your time! Education has given you power, and has added heavy responsibility in this time of great need. Let us now put on the full armor as men in olden times going forth to decisive battles. Then, in the words of Hobson, "we can all go forward in the great war with a song in our hearts, each to do his duty, whether as an officer, or as a private in the ranks, knowing that whatever betides, whether the heavens fall or the earth melt away, whether we see the victory or die in the conflict, that the Lord of Hosts is with us, that the God of Jacob is our refuge."



Library Motto.

"When you're fooling in the library
An' havin' lots of fun
A laughin' and a giberin'
As if your time had come
You'd better watch your corners
And keep kinder lookin' out
Er the librarian'll get you
If you don't watch out."

Smith—"Have some gum, Miss Yetter".

Elsie—"No thank you, it makes my jaws tired."

Smith—"Well, doesn't talking ever have the same effect?"

Student to Coach Beadle—"Will you chaperon our basket ball game to-night?"

Mr. Lanning carrying in wood at home. Gray Miller, passing by, asked—"Are you working here for your board?"

Joy Pierce, sitting down between Harry Schmitz and Eugene Burgess—

Joy—"A rose between two thorns."

Schmitz—"Oh no! a tongue sandwich."

Fronk—"Say did you hear who is on the veracity team?"

Prof. Clelland in Epistemology—"There is more intelligence shown in class when you are silent than when you are trying to recite."

Barber was drawing different sections of an earthworm on the same page.

Prof. Cunningham—"You ought to put those on separate pages, Bill."

Barber—"Oh, if he crawled off I wanted him all there."

Discussion of orational subjects—

Miss Ellwood—"What would 'Babes in the Woods' be, Professor?"

Prof. Clelland—"They would be college students."

Prof. Dueker (in German)—"Is there any passage of Scripture which you don't understand?"

Fronk visited the Co-op store at Liberty. When he came back he informed the fellows that he bought a pennant at the "Cope" store.

In Economics Class.

Elsie Yetter after having given a lengthy recitation said, "Well Professor, what is the question, anyway?"

Seasons of the year, Football, Basket ball, Tennis.

"Thus endeth the reading of the lesson."
Then—"The Gloria."

It was the day the native from India appeared in costume at chapel.

Miss Wright—"Did you see that fellow with his head tied up? Say, he must have cut it pretty bad."

Prof. McCay, temporarily hard of hearing, went into Dr. Bowman's office.

Dr. Bowman—"How is your hearing to-day?"

Prof.—"Sir?"

Doctor—(Louder) "How is your hearing?"

Prof.—"What did you say, Doctor?"

Doctor—(Still Louder) "How is your hearing?"

Prof.—"Well, I think you have found out."

Prof. Dueker—"What house is in control in Germany now?"
Heinz—"House of Lords."

Wednesday. Professor Cunningham's dog disappeared.
Thursday. Sausage at the hall for breakfast.

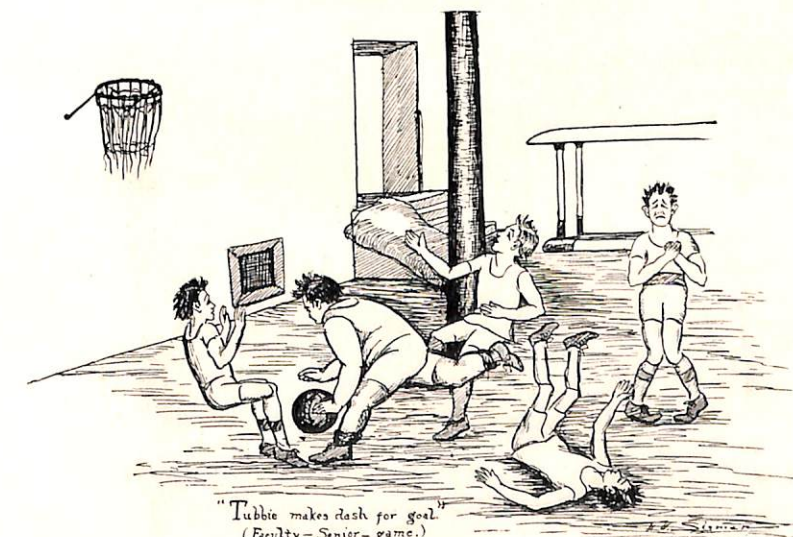
Summer School Student—"Who is that big boy that boards at Felts?"

Old Student—"What boy?"

S. S. S.—"Oh that big curly headed one who wears glasses. There he is now."

O. S.—"Why, that's Mr. Felt."

S. S. S. "Oh! _____"



"Tubbie makes dash for goal."
(Faculty-Senior-game.)

SENIOR-FACULTY GAME.

Hulen coming from chemistry class,—“Veni, Vidi, Flunki.”

Prof. Dueker—“Miss Ellwood, you may read.”

Miss E. (Translating) “You keep silent until you are called upon.”

C. Yetter (Attempting to answer a question)—“Prof. I can't express it.”

Prof.—“Ship it by freight then.”

Fannie Burgess (Taking her fourth dish of breakfast food)—“This doesn't taste as good as it did, I believe I am losing my appetite.”

Bill Barber in baseball resembles George Washington, he cannot tell a lie.

Naomi (Running through the room just as they were asking the blessing)—“Hold, fair lady, hold.”

Miss Winter during vacation.
“Oh dear, boohoo, what shall I do,
I cannot choose between the two,
Tubby or Powell, well I'll declare,
I'll have to take them both I swear.”

News Item.

William Powell an aged and decrepit citizen of this city died last night at 12 o'clock.

Bulletin Board.

“Found—A fountain pen, Conklin, self-filling, mottled barrel, piece broken from cap. It belongs to me.”—W. F. Null.

P. S. All rewards off.

P. S. It was not found under the pear tree.”

Clifford Carpenter—“Who is Roosevelt, papa?”

Mr. Carpenter—“Why that is a man who used to be president.”

Clifford—“But papa, I thought Dr. BeBra was president.”

Prof. Null (To Goodman in Algebra)—“Now eliminate, eliminate, don't you know what eliminate is?”

Goodman—“Yes, that's erase it.”

Draper, Nims ————— Carrie.

Mr. Geyer—(In a department store in Columbia)—“Have you any caps and gowns?”

Clerk—“No, but we have some white night shirts will they do?”

Student (To Prof. Null)—“What kind of a fruit tree is this?”

Prof. Null—“Oh, that's a poky one, I call it Bill Barber.”

Helen Farwell had been telling of her many and varied experiences at M. W. C.

Miss Eliot—“Why, you must have been a charter member.”

Two Mr. Brown's.

Clara Hummel (Telephoning)—“Will it be convenient for some of us girls to have our pictures taken to-day.”

Mr. Brown (dentist)—“Yes, but I am not in the habit of taking pictures, I usually work on the teeth.”

Judge (To Foster Taylor)—“What are you charged with?”

Foster—“S-t-t-t-t S-t-t-t-t”

Judge—“Attorney, what is this man charged with?”

Attorney—“I don't know but it sounds like he is charged with soda water.”

Another Quotation from Shakespeare.

Meram Trenchard—“Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look. Let me have men about me that are fat.”

Mr. Bigler after having the pupil of his eye dilated was heard telling some one that he could hardly see since he had the pupil of his eye diluted.

Senior—“Oh who was that boy who used to be in school? Was his name Sideburns or Burnside?”

Mrs. Felt—“Wilbur, go wash your hands, don't lick your fingers.”

Wilbur—(Licking the syrup off his fingers) “That's the way papa does.”

There was a circus when Neff saw her First auto in St. Joseph.

Prof. McCay—“Give the principal parts of a verb, Miss Thompson.”

Miss Thompson (aside) “What is one Edward?”

Edward—“Darn if I know.”

Miss Thompson—“Darnifknow, are, avi, atus.”

Prof. “What are you trying to give?”

Miss Thompson—“Darn if I know.”

It would be wise if the married preachers were tagged at the first of school.

Prof. Clelland—“These orations must be delivered before a company of people.”

Marshall—“Say, Prof., how large does that company have to be?”

Prof. Cunningham—“Miss Wright, did you ever touch your tongue to a piece of cold iron?”

Miss Wright—“Yes, and left part of it, too.”

Prof.—“Well you seem to have plenty yet.”

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Is the only Coffee that Satisfies. One trial will con-
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and Decorated China and Dinner Ware Carried in
the City.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED

It was a temperance song to the tune of "No, Not One." Mr. Horn sang, "There's not a friend like the liquor traffic."

Mr. Clarence Powell could not preach. He sent this message by Mr. Hulen—

"I am sending Mr. Hulen as substitute, you will find him either at the grocery or drug store."

Music Student—"I don't like the songs Prof. Kelsey gives because the compliments don't fit the words."

Prof. Cunningham—"What is the Aurora Borealis?"

Bigler—"Prof. I did know, but I have forgotten."

Prof.—"Well its too bad that the only one who ever knew has forgotten."

They were sorting the mailing list in the office.

Miss Wilson to Miss Winter—"Here is one man's name, marked dead, what shall I do with it?"

Miss Winter—"Oh lay it aside, I don't know what his address is."

A Grave Mistake.

Helen Cope, returning the favor, slapped Mr. Watkins on the head, and turned to find to her surprise—Prof. Clelland.

Latin Student—"I am going to take Horace this spring."

Another Student—"Are you going to take him for better, or for worse?"



RUTHEAN.

Cliff Yetter (In American History) "Why did they put the picture of the wife of John Adams in this book? Was it to show the style of Oriental dress?"

Junior—"We are to have a dressed leather binding for our Annual."

Senior—"Well, we had undressed leather."

Junior—"You see we are more modest than you."

Why does every new Prof. get class-room No. 1?

"Aesthesians, please stand." Also three boys stood.

≡≡≡
E. STEINER
≡≡≡

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Cloaks, Suits and
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CAMERON, - - - MISSOURI.

Lissa—"I am dippy about this dinner, and if this is a fair sample of your meals I'd like to come to terms."

Mrs. Felt—"Well, before we go further, is that a fair sample of your appetite?"

If a body meet a body
Comin' through the hall,
Must a body greet a body
Not at all, at all.
Every ladie has a message for a lassie's ear,
But all the Profs. and Proctors say, "Mustn't do it here?"

Clelland—(In Sociology) "Mr. Coe, what are the requirements for a marriage contract?"

Coe—"The parties must be of age and have their parents' consent. That is all I know about it."

Seniors—(In music) "I want to finish up my Liberal Arts course."

New Student—"Well, I don't care anything about that, I haven't any talent for art anyway."

Miss Hord in a chapel speech said, concerning her experiences in Yellowstone Park, as she gestured toward the Seniors, "I never realized that there was more than one shade of green, but now I see that there are many."

Prof. (In Physiology) "What is the organic matter thrown off by the breath?"

Draper—"Bacteria."

Miss Remley (To the mail carrier)—"I want a letter. Why don't you bring me one? It doesn't matter who it is from, just so it is a letter."

Mr. Reed—"I might write you one."

Racket down below window. Prof. McCay (Looking down)—"I am trying to hold a class up here."

Schmitz—"Well, put your arm around them Prof."

Mr. Lanning, quoting from "As You Like It."
"And this our life exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees,
Stones in the running brooks,
Sermons in books and good in everything."

How about advertising false teeth in a college paper after the foot ball season is over?

Girls at Felt's—"When I had tonsillitis."

Coach's new title—"What-not."



A. S. Brown

MAKER OF HIGH GRADE

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and Kodak Finishing

CAMERON,

MISSOURI



Mr. O. B. Allen (To Mrs. Allen) "Have you seen anything of my belt around the house?"

Mrs. Allen—"Why no, dear, did you put it around the house?"

"Spend and the world spends with you. Strive to borrow and you seek a loan."

In Bible class they were giving verses from Proverbs.

Floyd Riley—"He that getteth a wife getteth a good thing."

Leader—"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."



Professor Duaker! "You are at liberty!"

Prof. Cunningham—"Are you having trouble with any of the questions, Miss Pierce?" "No it is the answers that are troubling me."

Librarian (To Victor Sheldon who had just put his feet upon the table) "Two feet lower, please."

Conversation in Junior Meeting.

First—"Well, we will give Mr. Brown an Annual."

Second—"Well, why are we going to give him one?"

First—"Well, for being so beastly slow."

Prof. McCay (Stepping from train) "It looks good to see so many students at the depot to meet me when I arrive for the year's work."

Miss Walker—"Oh! Professor, we are going out of town on this train."

Ruth Sidebottom—"When I was up at Maryville—"

Miss Baker, a few days after she began boarding at Felt's was heard to explain, "Oh! everything tastes so good, I ate three pieces of fried potatoes."

Guy Allen (To Professor Layton during Vacation) "Are you working hard these days?"

Prof. Layton—"Oh no, you know my work is mostly playing, anyway."

In Room No. 1.

"This is no place for a minister's son."

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Conklin Self Filling Fountain Pens and

All College Supplies

Drugs, Books, Wall Paper, Window Shades, Paints
and Oils.

S. H. HOOK & CO.

THE CORNER DRUG STORE.

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STUDEBAKER & OVERLAND CARS



MOTOR CAR LIVERY WITH A "BLIND DRIVER."

Darby Automobile Co.

Garage, 312 N. Chestnut St.,

Cameron,

Missouri.

Katherine Jones answering the doorbell for Miss Taylor one night said, "Why the boys ask for the girls just like they were asking for a ham sandwich at a restaurant."

Dr. DeBra announced that from five to six missionaries would be at chapel the next morning. Query—"How many would that be?"

Rev. Felt returning from his charge found himself without a home.—Reason—scarlet fever sign.

These three books were found side by side on the library shelf:
"Transactions of Medical Ass'n."
"Memorial Tributes."
"City of God."

On Saturday evening in the boarding-club, we have the hole, on Sunday evening the doughnut.

A couple in the library were seen closely studying, "How to mark household linen."

Great Love for Junior Class.

Miss Walker—"When I think of graduating in another class, why its like marrying a man whom you don't love."

Harry Jones (To the Grocer) "I want a can of consecrated lye."

Prof. Ducker—"Please read a little louder Miss Eliot, that music is making such a racket I can't hear you."

Bill for "Postage due" on letters post-marked Bosworth, \$1.02.

The reason the faculty won't let girls go skating after night is they are afraid they will drown. "Wonder if there was any danger of drowning while skating on campus?"

Ruth Ellwood let the library door shut on the pup's tail. Prof. McCay and the librarian decided that that door certainly did need oiling.

Edelman—"Is that Felt?"

Lanning—"No, that's a man."

"Now about these credits."

Prof.—"You can have only eight cuts in Physiology."

Fronk—"So if we cut nine times, we will have Physiology F."

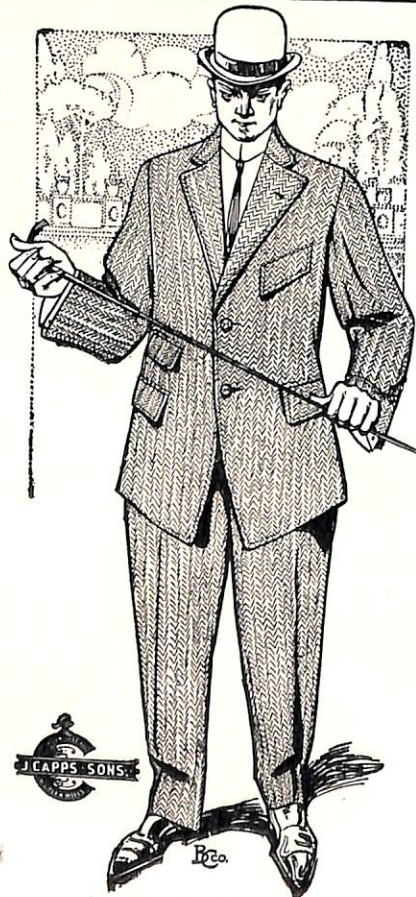
The new coathangers didn't seem to be an addition to the front hall.

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SMITHERS
THE
JEWELER.



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CLOTHING,

FURNISHING and SHOES

From

Dillener & Cottey

Cameron,

Missouri.

"Who gave you that cookie, Wentzel?" Wentzel Taylor (Coming up from the kitchen) "Aunt Helen."

Ida Kuenzi (To Mr. Brown) "Now, I want a small picture."

Mr. Brown—"Well just close your mouth please."

Prof. (To Dr. Day after services on Prayer Day) "Pleasant day for Prayer Day, today, isn't it? Dr. Day."



RUTHEAN PICNIC.

Lulu Stout on skates, to Clara Hummel, also on skates—"You little insignificant thing!"

Clara—"You big awkward thing!"

Prof. Cunningham—"Why the Biology Class is a regular phonograph when it comes to rattling off Greek names."

Miss Dodd—"With about as much sense, too, I suspect."

Second year German Class are requested to use megaphones and ear trumpets.

Prof. Null—"Be sure and buy a ticket for the lecture Tuesday night—fifteen cents apiece."

Mr. Lanning—"Two for twenty-five cents, Prof."

Prof.—"Yes, two like you."

Heinz (In Bible) "Amos was a complimentary writer of Isaiah."

How's this for a Farmer's Daughter?

Anticipating Mr. Felt's absence. Meram said—"Well, Carrie can milk the cow Sunday evening, Grace can milk her Monday morning, and I will milk her Monday noon."

Two were going to the cemetery to bury the dead. A funeral procession beat them to it.

M. Yetter (To Miss Taylor) "How can a person create a liking for history?"

Miss Taylor—"If I were to say I did not like foot-ball you would at once say it was because I knew nothing of the game."

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On a car in the tunnel when the power stopped. The girl (Sitting beside C. V. Bigler)—“I hope we won't have to put up with this all day.”

Clay Bigler—“I'm not going to that girl's again until she takes back what she said.”

Vernon Bigler—“Why, what did she say?”

Clay—“Why she said I couldn't come back any more.”

“W. O. Butler, (that's my father) lives in Arapahoe, Furnas Co., Neb., (That's west of Cameron). He is editor of the Arapahoe Pioneer, a life long friend of William Jennings Bryan, Chairman of the Furnas County Democrats, police judge and justice of peace of Arapahoe, and passes the collection box at church”—quoted from one of the dormitory crowd during vacation, guess who.

Vacation Table Talk.

Sheldon—“I want some of the bread.”

Hummel—“Isn't this salad good? I made it.”

Butler—“Let's have beefsteak to-morrow.”

Remley—“The milk ran out.”

Miss Nicholson—“We must have a little rest.”

Minnie Young—“Wonder where my Bill is?”

Hulen—“Please give me some coffee-cocoa.”

Prof. McCay—“My, I miss Marion.”

Tom—“What's doing to-night?”

Miss Elliott —“.....”

Miss Remley—“Come on Clara, let's have a duel.” (Turning to Nelson Horn) “Will you be my second?”

Horn—“I'll be second to none.”

If there is a telephone call you will find—

Draper in the office.

John Pierce on tennis court.

Helen Farwell in inside library.

Coe in chapel.

Sherman in ante.

Marshall in Miss Taylor's room.

Denny at Reed's.

Layton hurrying home to his wife.

Paul Dillener at Junior meeting.

Meram in Miss Taylor's room.

Foster Taylor sitting on elevator.

Helen Cope at the mail box.

Johnston writing letters.

Mrs. DeBra—Goodness knows!!

An Ambiguous Remark.

Miss Campbell—Watching Mr. Dillener put away the book containing the productions for the Annual, exclaimed—“Oh you precious dummy!”

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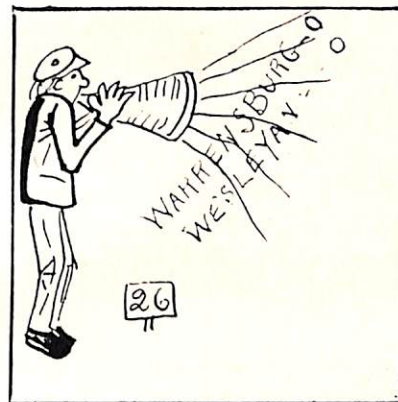
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September

- 12 Tom, Dick and Harry begin to arrive.
- 13 Registration.
- 14 Y. M. C. A., reception for the new men. Y. W. C. A. entertain the new girls.
- 15 Convocation meeting.
- 16 Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. "At Home" to all the new students.
- 17 Epworth League reception.
- 18 First Sunday. Oh! Mamma.
- 21 Rutheans entertain new girls.
- 22 Bring your fancy work, Join the Mission Class.
- 23 "Prof. Null, does the faculty class me as a Freshman or a Senior?"
- 24 Prof. Dueker gets a hair cut.
- 26 Football game at Warrensburg.
- 28 Societies rush the students.
- 29 Get your study card in or sit on the floor in chapel.
- 30 All settled down to work.

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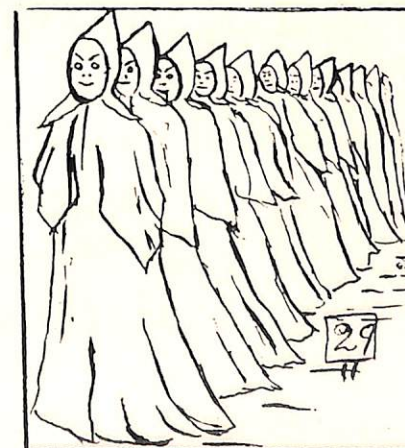
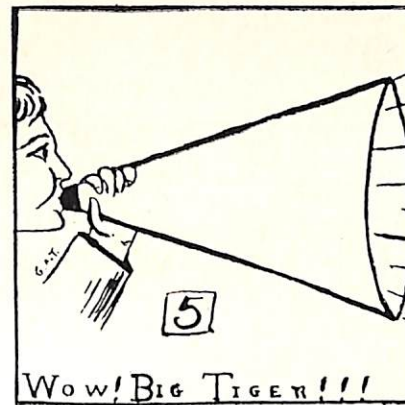
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October

- 2 Everybody goes to conference.
- 3 Lanning and Bigler gone. Everything peaceful.
- 5 Wow! Big tiger! Missouri Wesleyan.
- 6 Juniors get busy.
- 7 Reception for Dean Minear.
- 8 Foot-ball game here with William Jewell.
- 13 Everybody's "Ma" comes to Missionary Convention.
- 14 Ladies all come to chapel.
- 15 M. W. C. vs. William Jewell at Liberty.
- 16 Miss Garibaldi of Rome speaks at chapel. Everybody pleased.
- 17 Lanning jumps the hedge fence. Oh!
- 19 Aesthesian edition of the Ladies' Home Journal for October.
- 22 Fronk goes 'possum hunting.
- 23 Rat dissected in Lab.
- 25 Mr. Lanning entertains Seniors.
- 27 Everybody for temperance.
- 29 Ruthean ghosts appear to their friends at Quigley's.
- 30 Cupid gets busy. Everybody goes to Reservoir.
- 31 Gymnasium turned into a cornfield. Aesthesians and friends all there.

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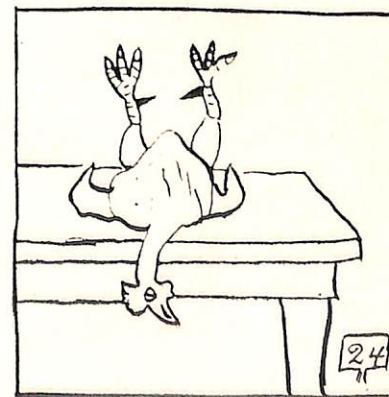


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November

- 1 Cunningham — Now you folks have got to get to work.
- 2 Rutheans walked over Aethesians in basket-ball.
- 3 Lost, strayed or stolen, the faculty chairs.
- 5 Boys seared to death at Washburn.
- 6 Temperance is the word now.
- 8 Holiday. Parade, parade, parade.
- 9 Next day after holiday. Usual thing.
- 11 Warren Yetter caught studying.
- 12 Foot-ball mass meeting.
- 15 Mr. Felt occupies the spoon-holder in Junior meeting.
- 16 Another foot-ball mass meeting.
- 17 Everybody yells again for the Markio game.
- 18 The game. Girls' Rooting Club entertains.
- 19 Still we play tennis.
- 21 Blue Monday.
- 22 I want to go home, I do.
- 23 Oh goody, I can go home.
- 24 Osteopaths "rub it in." Turkey at Dormitory.
- 26 Watkins visits friends.
- 27 Mr. Buddah of Persia proved to us in chapel that we Americans write backward.
- 28 Dr. Stewart at Chapel.

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December



- 1 Marshall and Meram miss chapel.
- 2 Prof. Dueker "sits on" the office force and faculty.

3 Six missionaries at chapel.

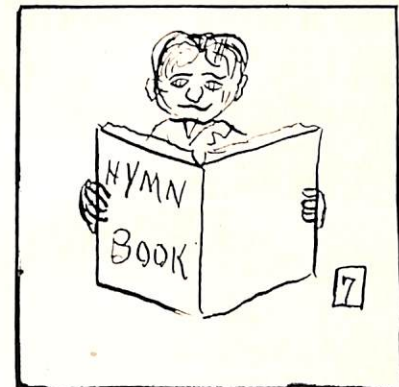
4 Prof. Dueker falls down the front steps.

5 First sleigh bells.

6 Another Prof. down the front steps. It was McCay.

7 Everybody sings at chapel.

8 You can go to the meetings three nights in the week with the boys, but any oftner than that is a little too much.



9 Some of the girls are trying the prescriptions which the Persian wrote for them.

10 "Marshall is sublime."

11 A cold morning at chapel.

12 If you go to church to-night work five problems. If not, ten.

13 New book shelves for the library.



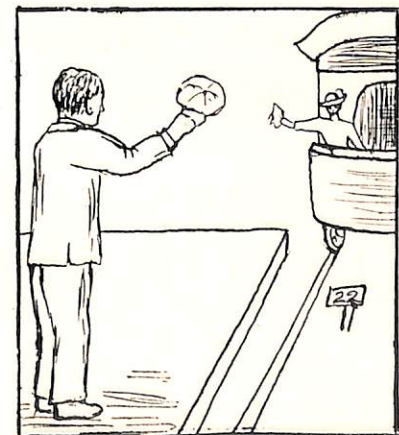
14 Prof. Clelland swiped the suitcase from the hall.

18 Prof. Dueker says that if you are not present on Wednesday after Christmas you will be absent.

20 Welsh Choir.

21 Christmas tree at Weidemier's.

22 Good-bye till next year.



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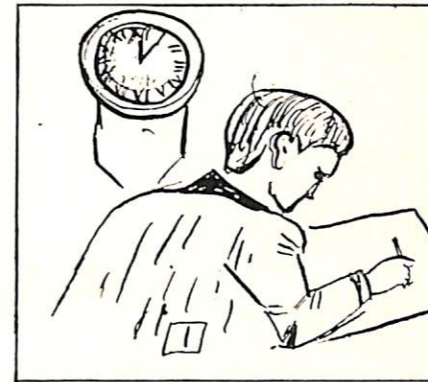
The Test Tells

CAMERON

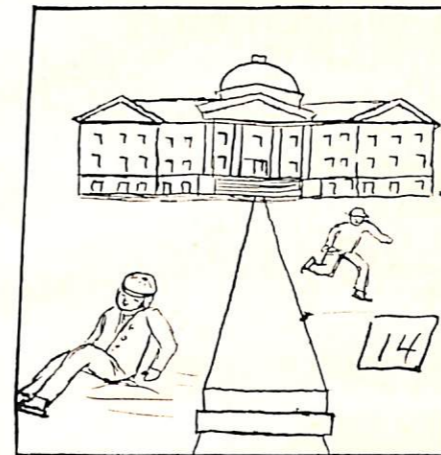
CANDY KITCHEN

Cameron, Mo.

January



- 1 Seniors begin writing orations.
- 3 Hello! Have a good time? Yes, lovely, had the grip.
- 4 Lessons? Well I guess not.
- 5 Just write one more thesis before exams.



- 6 New club formed at North Hall. Sparking Club.
- 7 Solo in chapel by Prof. Dueker.
- 10 Y. M. C. A. social.
- 11 Caveny, the clay modler, at the Christian church.



- 12 College pump out of fix again.
- 14 New sport on the campus. Skating.
- 15 Sleet breaks the white birch tree.
- 16 Rah! for skating on the hill in Chautauqua Park.
- 17 Two persons seen warming their hands in the same muff on a sleigh ride.



- 19 Exams.
- 20 More exams.
- 21 Still trying to find out how much we don't know.
- 22 Term recital.
- 23 Prof. McCay corralls the yellow pony.
- 24 Lightning and Toothpicks by Sylvester A. Long.
- 26 College day of Prayer.
- 27 Dr. DeBra awards W's.
- 30 New cook at the Hall. Full feed.
- 31 Lulu Stout and the two Sidies get filled up at Felt's.

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During the Summer vacation you can sell our stock and prepare for the opening of school in September.

Send for our selling plan; it offers a fine opportunity for selling attractive goods. Then again you are taking no chance as we are a recognized authority commissioned by well known Universities and Schools in a correct interpretation of their official seals, names, emblems, etc. All students are enthusiastic over new ideas commemorating their school days, such as athletics, class scraps, literary societies, etc. *Felt hats in your school colors, \$5.50 a dozen.*

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CAMERON, MISSOURI



1 Prof. Null "sits on" Mr. Lanning in chapel.

2 Mrs. Felt superintends the candy making for the Juniors.

3 Excelsior invitations out. Big crowd at society.

5 Entirely too stormy to go to church. What's the use anyway they don't call the roll.

8 "Skidoo" is the word if you meddle with the fire extinguisher.

9 Boys play basket-ball with Maryville. 18—17. Rah for us.

10 Both Horns have the measles.

12 "Courtin's sure to prosper when its fine in Febrar."

13 Another Miss Stout.

14 Boys all learn how to propose at the Sorority Valentine party.

15 Basket-ball game with William Jewell at Liberty.

16 Excelsior banquet.

18 Faculty on platform.

19 Too snowy to go to church.

20 Basket-ball game here with William Jewell.

22 Half holiday. Aesthesian Colonial Dames entertain friends.

24 Hear the Kleptomaniac.

25 Kameron and Kidder girls play basket-ball.

26 Sheldon swiped Mrs. Sigman's milk from kitchen.

27 Hurrah! for the endowment.

28 Seniors appear in caps and gowns.



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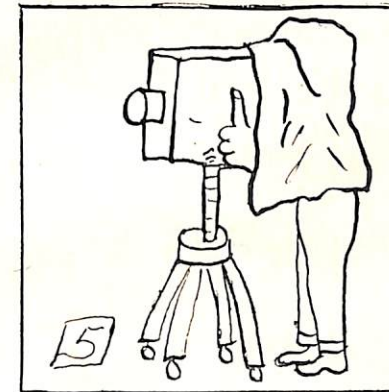
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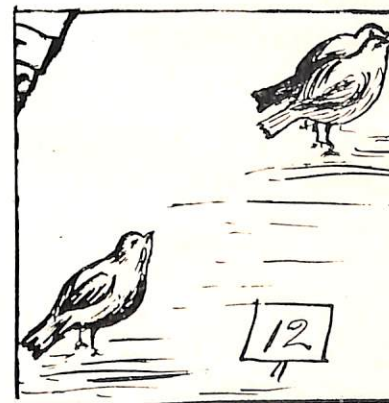
March



- 1 Annual proposition presented.
- 2 Adelphian banquet.
- 3 Measles. Cause—too much ice-cream.
- 4 Some wood-peckers have been in the hall.
- 5 Everybody has his picture taken.
- 7 Madison C. Peters at the Christian church.



- 8 Base-ball begins.
- 9 Missouri Wesleyan boys play Tarkio.
- 10 Our girls show Maryville how to play basket-ball 37—6. Nine Rahs.
- 11 Some boy swiped the Ladies' Home Journal from the library.
- 12 Spring is here. Two robins seen on the campus.



- 13 Glee club gives a splendid entertainment in chapel.
- 14 Faculty men accept challenge and win over seniors in basket-ball.
- 15 Bill Dad Cater makes a chapel speech.
- 16 Every one hears Mrs. Garghill Beecher.
- 17 No need to put on extra green around the college. Glee club goes to the country.
- 18 Senior girls defeat the faculty women. Wilson Club beats the hall boys in base-ball.



- 19 Big crowd to hear the sermon on "Seven Devils of Cameron."
- 20 Oh! isn't it fun to play tennis again.
- 21 Prof. McCay entertains in honor of Mr. Holder.
- 22 Excelsiors play "Der Neffe Als Onkel."
- 23 Mrs. Garghill Beecher.
- 25 Spring vacation begins. Nothing doing?

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April



1 Something doing on April Fool's Day.

3 Oh! I had the dandiest time during vacation.

4 Every girl has a new gingham dress.

5 Mr. Bronson gives an interesting talk in chapel.

6 "Keep Green."

7 Tennis all day.

8 More tennis.

9 All the home towns represented in a millinery display at church.

11 Juniors sit up till two o'clock.

13 Prof. Dueker locked out of chapel.

14 Dining-room curtains washed.

16 April showers.

17 Alarm clock Ring, Ring, Ring.

18 Track team begins practicing.

20 Junior Preps entertain Senior Preps.

22 Wilson crowd go serenading.

24 Miss Winter "sits on" Prof. McCay's ———hat!

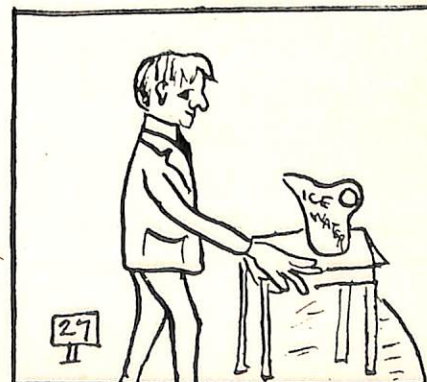
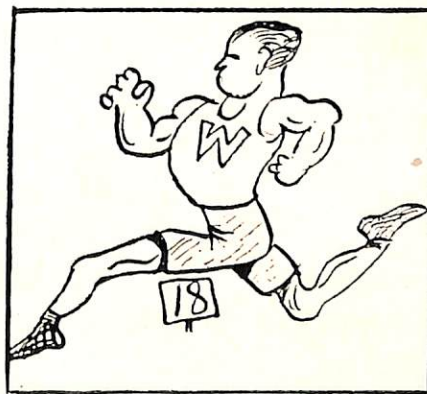
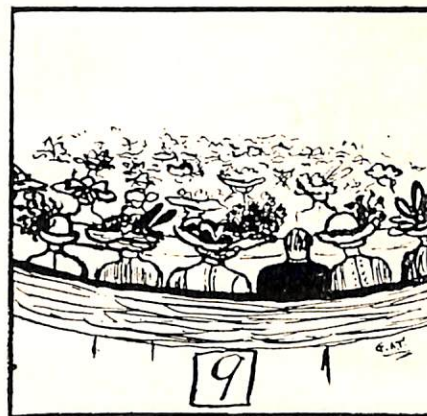
25 An oration is written in oratory class.

26 Aesthesian play.

27 State prohibition oratorical contest.

29 John Pierce plays his usual game.

30 Course in "campustry."



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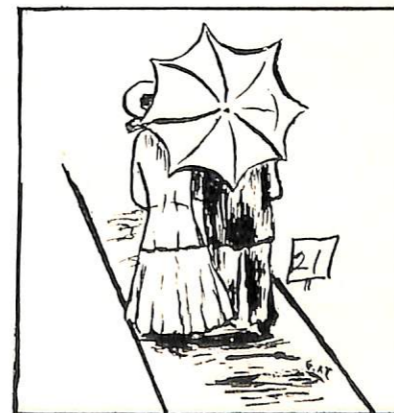
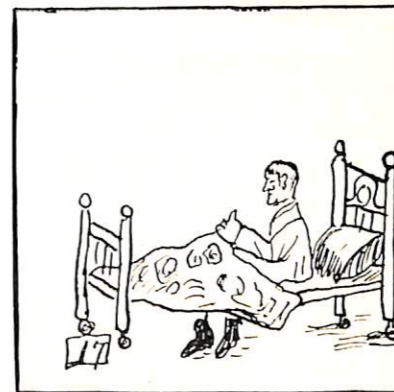
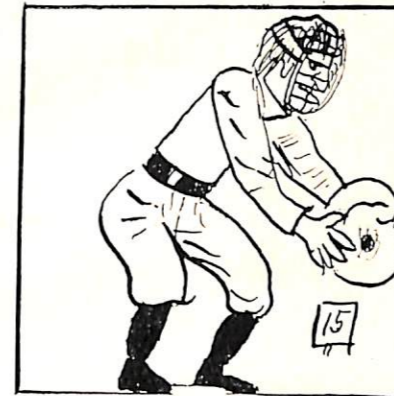
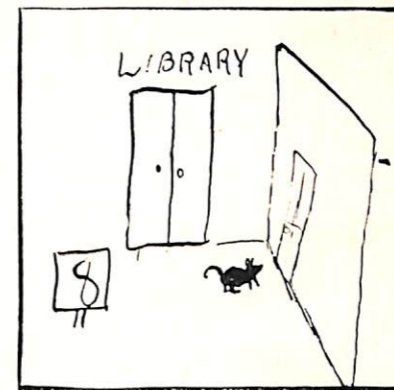
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PHONES— Residence 86
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May

- 1 Elsie Yetter nearly fainted when she saw the cat eye.
- 3 Prune whip for supper at the hall.
- 5 Juniors entertain seniors.
- 7 Full Sunday School Class.
- 8 Quiet in the halls.
- 9 We sing the Amen three times.
- 11 Smith and Lois stroll too long at noon and Prof. Dueker has to ring the one o'clock bell.
- 13 Heinz cuts lab. to play tennis.
- 15 Base-ball in full blast.
- 17 Prof. Clelland's alarm clock didn't go off; Sociology class get a vacation.
- 18 Taylor fails to get a job because he's too religious.
- 19 Seniors all at chapel but six.
- 20 Sheldon goes to sleep in English class.
- 21 Last stroll to the Reservoir.
- 23 Juniors entertain Seniors at J. C. Dilleners.
- 25 Byron Horn and Vict. Lockhart have a scrap in English class.
- 28 Please remember the "Messiah" rehearsal at the church this afternoon at three o'clock.
- 31 May Festival begins.

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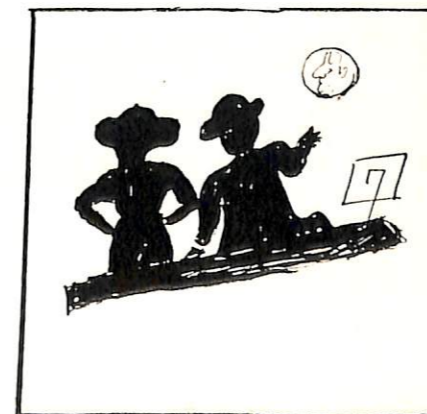
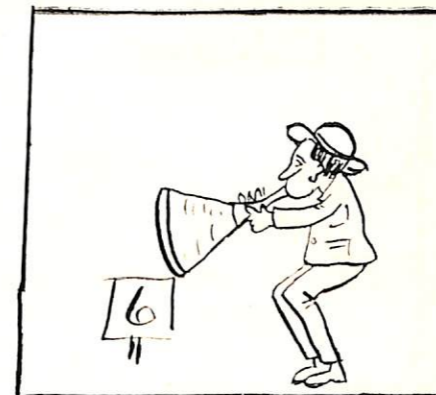
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Cameron, Missouri.



June

- 1 Still looking for the Juniors.
- 2 Inter-society Oratorical Contest.
- 3 Last game of tennis.
- 4 Baccalaureate Sunday. Cemetery popular these days.
- 5 Commencement of Music and Oratory.
- 6 Academy Commencement. Faculty-Alumni Game.
- 7 Alumni Banquet. Moonlight again.
- 8 Commencement Day.
- 9 All gone but the Seniors.
10. Seniors leave.

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