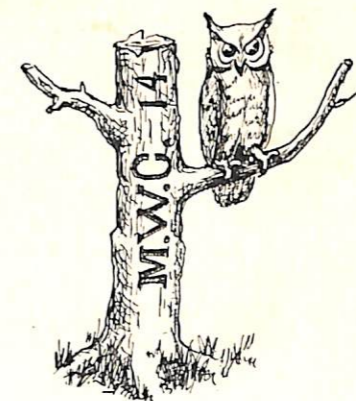




The Owl



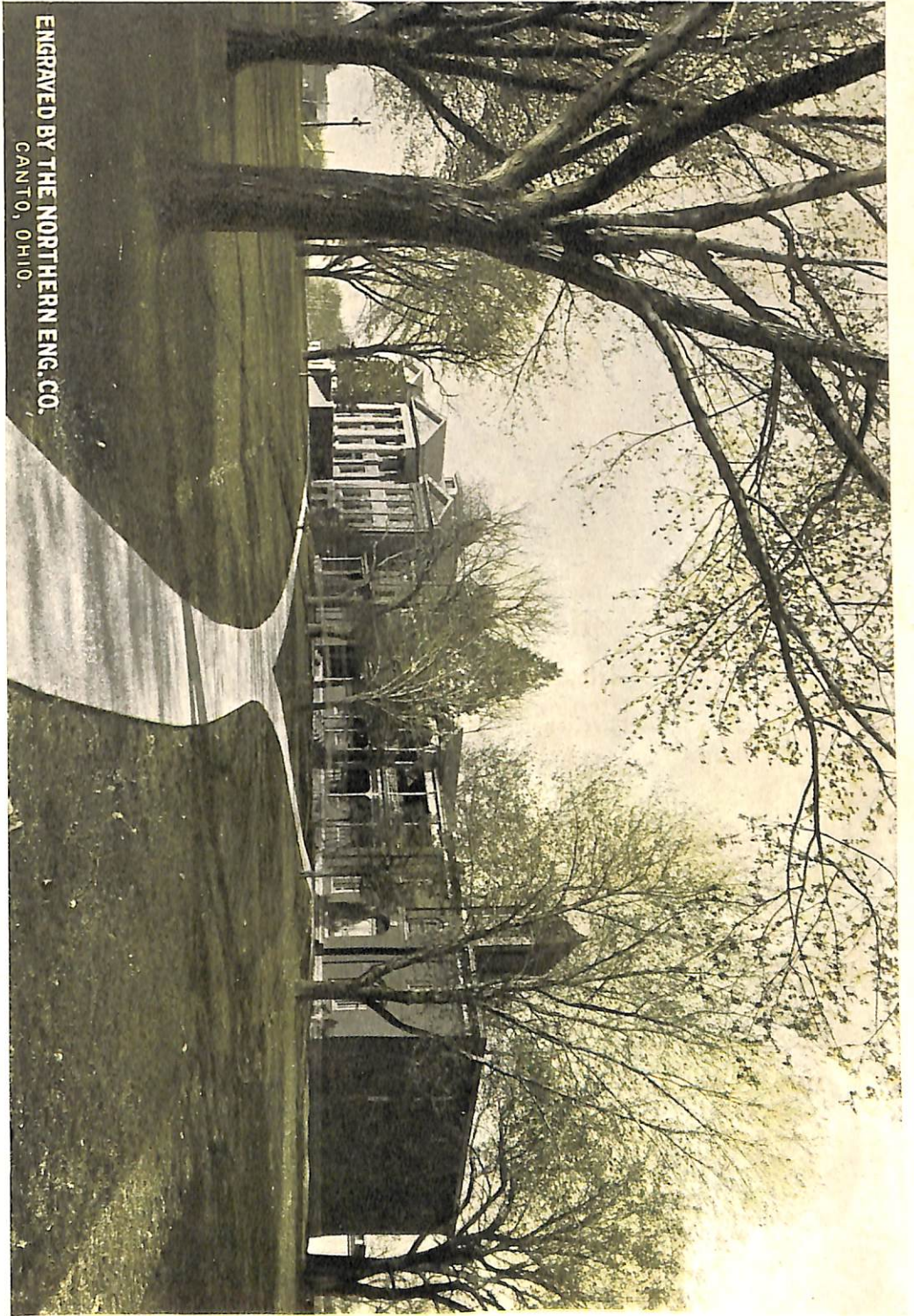
Missouri Wesleyan College
Annual

Published by the Junior Class
1913.

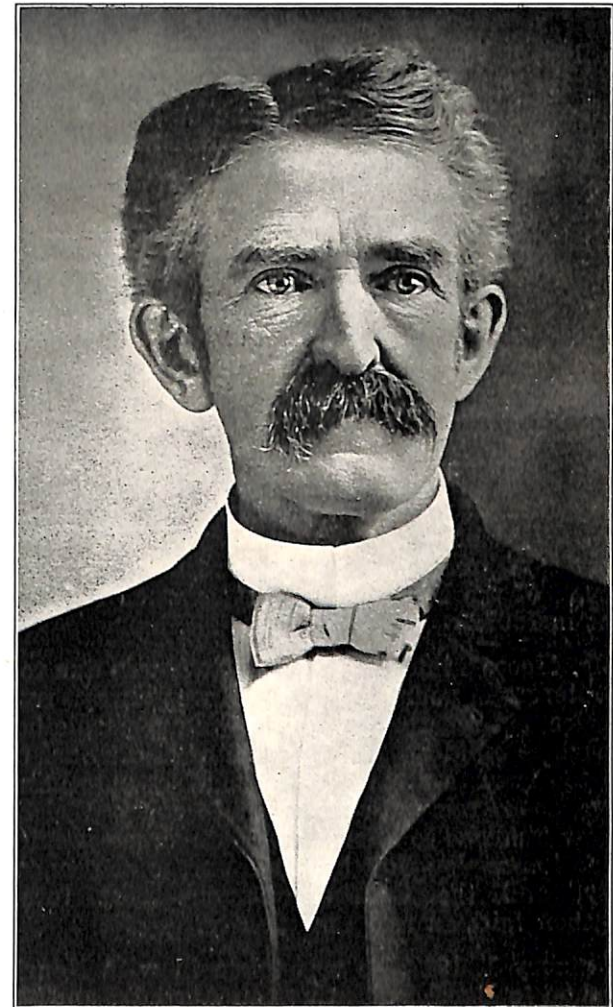
Greetings.

The Junior Class hereby presents its efforts to collect and record the events and things that interest the lovers of Missouri Wesleyan.

May this book be a means of filling us with a greater appreciation and a more genuine love for our College.



To the
Unfading Memory of
Milton E. Moore
Our Beloved Friend and Benefactor
We affectionately dedicate this Book.



In Memoriam

Milton E. Moore was born January 6, 1847, in Parkman, Ohio. He came to Missouri in 1868 and settled near Cameron, Clinton county. Here he built up a great cattle breeding farm, bringing the first Holstein cattle into the State.

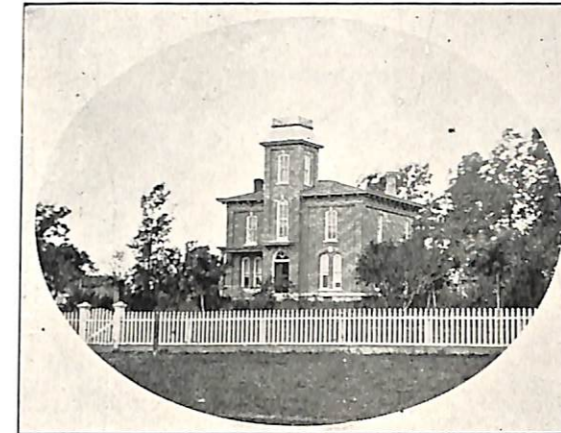
His relation with the Missouri Wesleyan College began with its founding. In fact he was urging that such a college should be established in Cameron a year before it received its charter. He was one of the first members of the Board and was still a member at the time of his death. He was secretary of the Board for a number of years and then was elected treasurer which relation he retained for the last thirteen years of his life. When the Liberal Arts Building was under construction he was the man selected to serve as chairman of the Building Committee.

For thirty-two years Mr. Moore was a member of the Official Board of the Methodist Episcopal church, was for fifteen years president of the Board of Trustees, and was chairman of the Building Committee when the church was rebuilt in 1907.

Mr. Moore's interest in the College was due to his very deep interest in young people. He was always ready to be of service and felt that by serving young people he was doing much to build up the Kingdom of God. Just as he was never too busy to attend to any matters pertaining to the College, so he was with reference to every Christian duty. To know him was to know one of the sweetest spirited men and the impression that he made on the church, the community, and the College was one that forever will strengthen faith in real Christianity.

January 1, 1912, he was taken ill with Neuritis. He was taken to Excelsior Springs on April 1st and the last of May was taken to St. Louis to a Sanitarium. On July 1st he was brought home where he died November 6, 1912, being 65 years and 10 months old.

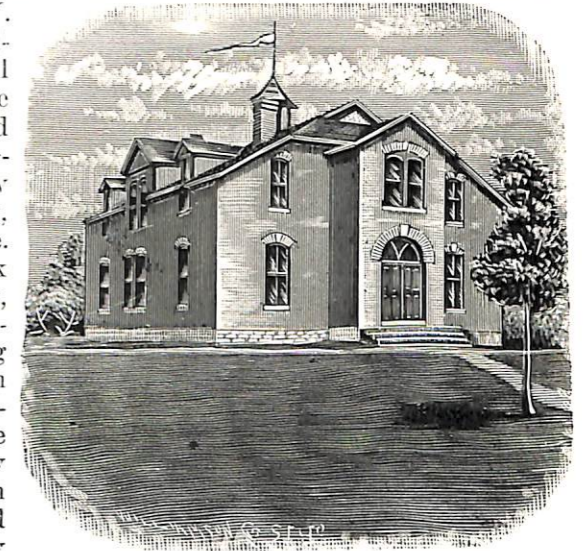
Retrospection.

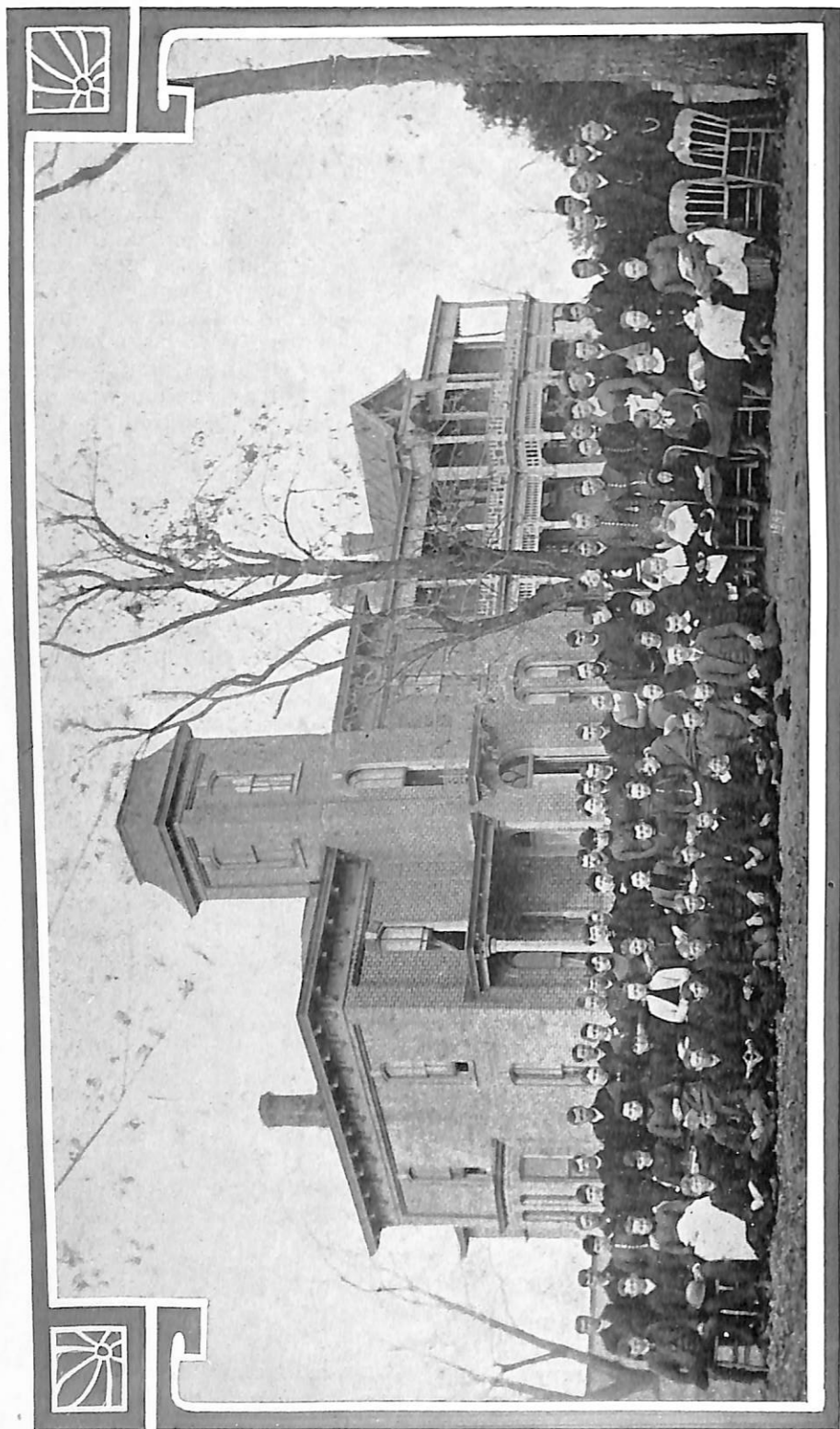


We observe, this year, the quarter centennial celebration of the founding of this Institution. But, in point of fact, it has been thirty years since its earliest beginning. In the year 1883, on October ninth, articles of association were filed with the circuit court of Clinton County, incorporating Silas H. Corn, Jarvis R. Rogers, Henry L. Freeman, Thompson E. Potter, Alonzo A. Goff, Chas. I. Ford,

Milton E. Moore, Solon Hyde, and Geo. C. Howenstein, under the name The Cameron Institute. These articles of association stipulated that the school should be placed under the care of such Christian Protestant Church as a majority of the subscribers should decide by vote. Accordingly in 1887 the school was proffered, by the Board of Regents, to the Methodist Episcopal Church, then in Conference session, at Moberly, Mo. In 1890 the name of the school was changed to Missouri Wesleyan Institute and again in 1897 to Missouri Wesleyan College.

With the acceptance of the Methodist Church, Mr. C. W. Proctor, who now resides in Buffalo, New York, was succeeded in the presidency by John W. Huston. During his administration South Hall came into existence. The old barn was veneered with brick and partitioned into a library and class rooms below, and a dormitory above. In 1892 Dr. S. M. Dick came to the presidency, and under his management, the north wing was added to North Hall. In this new addition was placed the chapel. Chas. F. Spray succeeded Dr. Dick, in 1895, and remained three years. The library





M. W. C. TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

1889

was moved from South Hall and placed in North Hall. But with the coming of Dr. B. W. Baker there came also the beginning of bigger things for M. W. C. His administration will never be forgotten. By his personality, he aroused enthusiasm for the school, wherever he went. It was not long after his coming that plans were commenced for a more commodious structure. And, with most heroic efforts on the part of the people, our present Liberal Arts building was completed, and dedicated June 6, 1906. Upon the shoulders of the young Professor of English, Dr. W. D. Agnew, the administrative mantle was now to fall. Accordingly, on the day of dedication, he was duly installed as president. To him fell the work of clearing the debt. He prosecuted his work with vigor, and success. Old South Hall was torn down, the summer following his installation, and the materials were sold for their work. But there remains in the memories of its occupants, recollections of the old Hall which time can not erase.

The school was in a critical shape, financially, when W. A. Rankin came to the rescue in 1909 with a conditioned gift of \$25,000. A new campaign of debt paying and endowment raising was started, which was checked somewhat in its progress by the resignation of Dr. Agnew. But in September of the same year Dr. DeBra came to the presidency, and courageously undertook the work, so suddenly dropped by Dr. Agnew. The success of the Rankin-Clelland campaign is a lasting monument to his memory.

We judge the usefulness of an institution by the fruit of its labors. A retrospective glance reveals the fact that, although we cannot point to any illustrious graduates, we can be satisfied in the knowledge that every alumnus and former student has left his Alma Mater to be of service to the world. Thirty eight per cent of our graduates are now ministers. Some of these have been given the highest favors of the ministry, some occupy pulpits of prominence, while others have left the field of pastoral duties and have entered the work of the educational ministry. Thirty two per cent have gone directly into educational work and today we can point with pride to one Professor in our own College, and one City Superintendent of schools, three high school principals, and a number of teachers, both of high school and common school rank. Two of this number, who were college professors have left the active work. The remaining thirty one per cent are scattered through various professions: Y. M. C. A. Secretaries, printers, clerks, chemists, and housewives. They live unknown in their respective commu-

nities, yet employ themselves, humbly in the service of their fellow men.

The years that have passed have been years of growth for Missouri Wesleyan. Starting with one small building, thirty years ago, the College plant has now grown into two large buildings which are too small to accommodate the students in their work. We look with hope into the promising future, and see the assurance of greater things for our own Missouri Wesleyan.

We, the class of 1914, pledge ourselves to labor for our Alma Mater, to make of it a mighty factor in the betterment of mankind, and in the blessing of those who come within its portals.



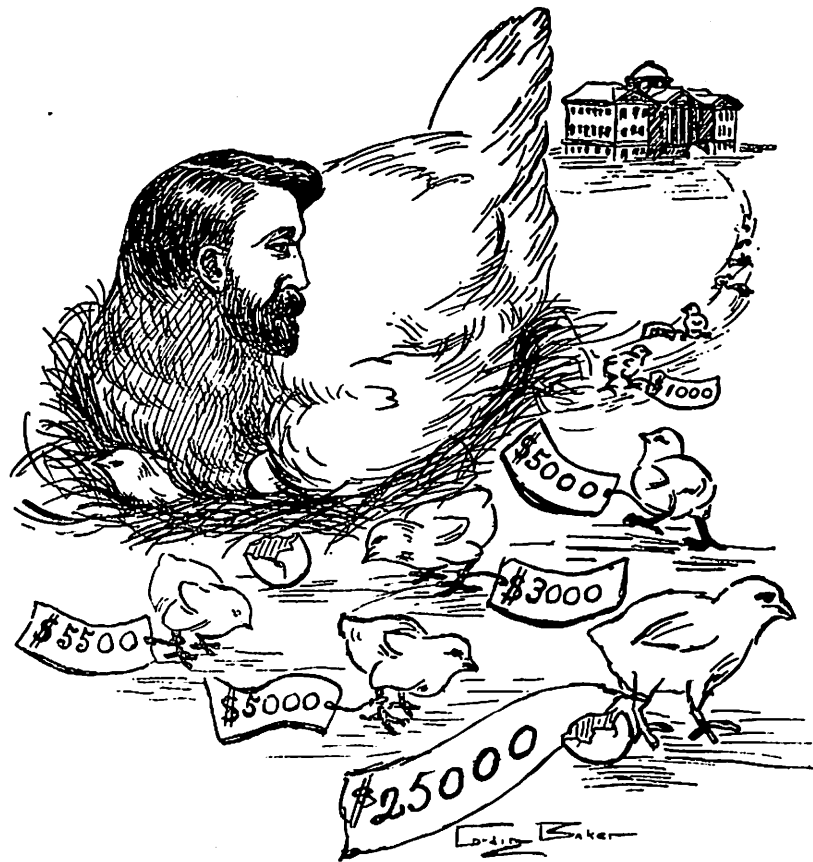
History of the Rankin Endowment Campaign.

For years before the Rankin campaign was initiated a number of enthusiastic members of our Board, and ministers and laymen of the Missouri Conference, were working arduously to launch some popular and hopeful plan to pay off the debt on our College and to establish a larger endowment. It was at our Annual Conference Session in September, 1908, at Tarkio, Missouri, that Mr. W. A. Rankin of Ornaga, Ill., laid his proposition before the leaders of Missouri Methodism.

It happened on this wise. A rally was held on Saturday evening of the Conference session in the interest of the campaign. Preceding the rally was held a banquet in celebration of the 25th anniversary of the granting of the charter for the Missouri Wesleyan College. At this rally Mr. Rankin made his proposition which was as follows: That he, Mr. Rankin, would give \$25,000 to the College if we would pay our indebtedness and raise our endowment to \$143,000, by Sept. 1st, 1910. The hearts of our Methodist preachers were filled with wild enthusiasm, and in the words of the historian of the hour, "Chairs were turned over, hats tossed in the air, and shouts broke out equal to those of a crowd of rooters at a foot ball game." \$10,000 were pledged at this rally. Mr. Rankin reiterated his promise at the celebration held at Cameron, Missouri, on the evening of November 13th, 1908.

Rev. George P. Sturges and Rev. E. L. Jeffers were called by the Executive Committee to the position of Field Secretaries to assist Pres. Agnew in the campaign, and later the appointments were confirmed by the Bishop. On January 24, 1909, Rev. Thomas Nicholson, D. D., LL. D., Secretary of the General Board of Education, visited Cameron and an effort was made to begin the campaign in the most effective way possible. But at this critical beginning there came a blow to the now enthusiastic leaders. Dr. Agnew, to whom great praise is due for the launching of this great campaign, having gone through a severe siege of typhoid fever, found it necessary to resign his position as president of the Missouri Wesleyan College in order to regain his former health and vigor. This resignation was a great disappointment to the Board and retarded the campaign quite a little, making it necessary to postpone the time for completing it.

But Methodism is never without great men for great work. After a strenuous effort, in which correspondence was carried on with some of the most prominent men in Methodism, Dr. H. R. DeBra of Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa, formerly president of Epworth Seminary for seven years, was secured for the presidency of our College and as the leader of the Campaign. The Central Christian Advocate had this to say of the newly elected president:



The Old Way.



The New Way.

"He is a devout and consistent Christian, straightforward, with a perfect passion for hard work, abhorring debt, a character builder in his contact with youth, aiming at reality and steadily influencing them for a decision for Christ. He is not above the lowly. He is at home with men. He can build the interior life of the College, and he can inspire confidence among those who have money that ought to be in a Christian school."

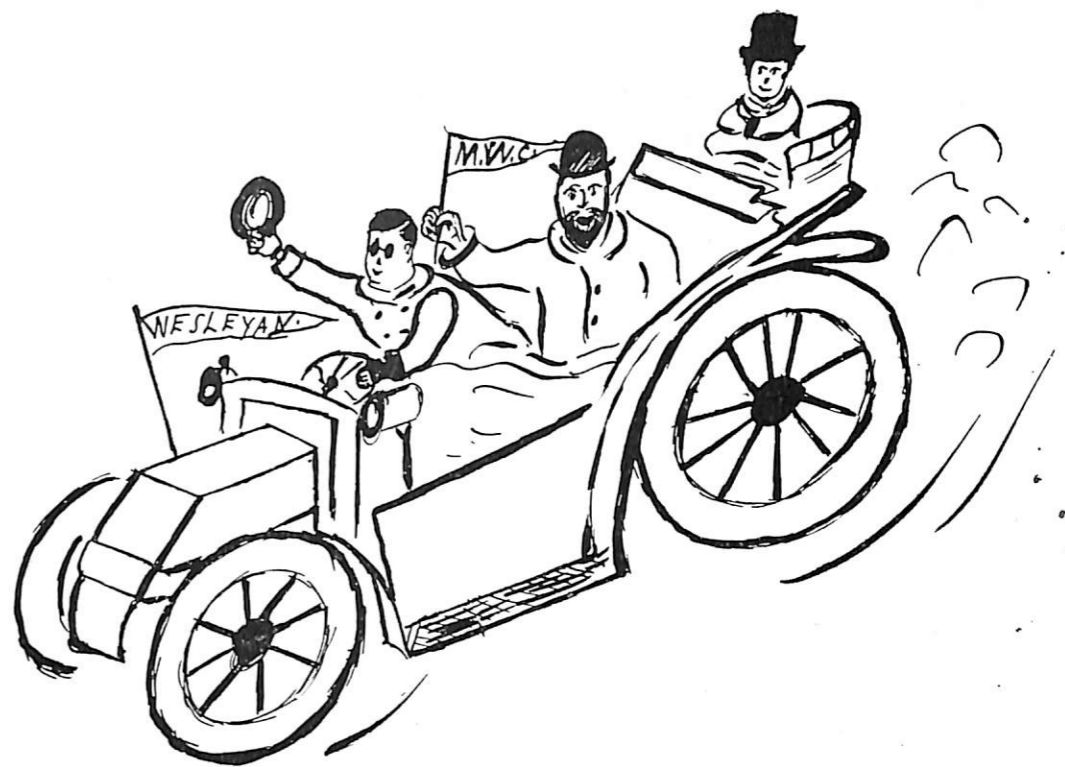
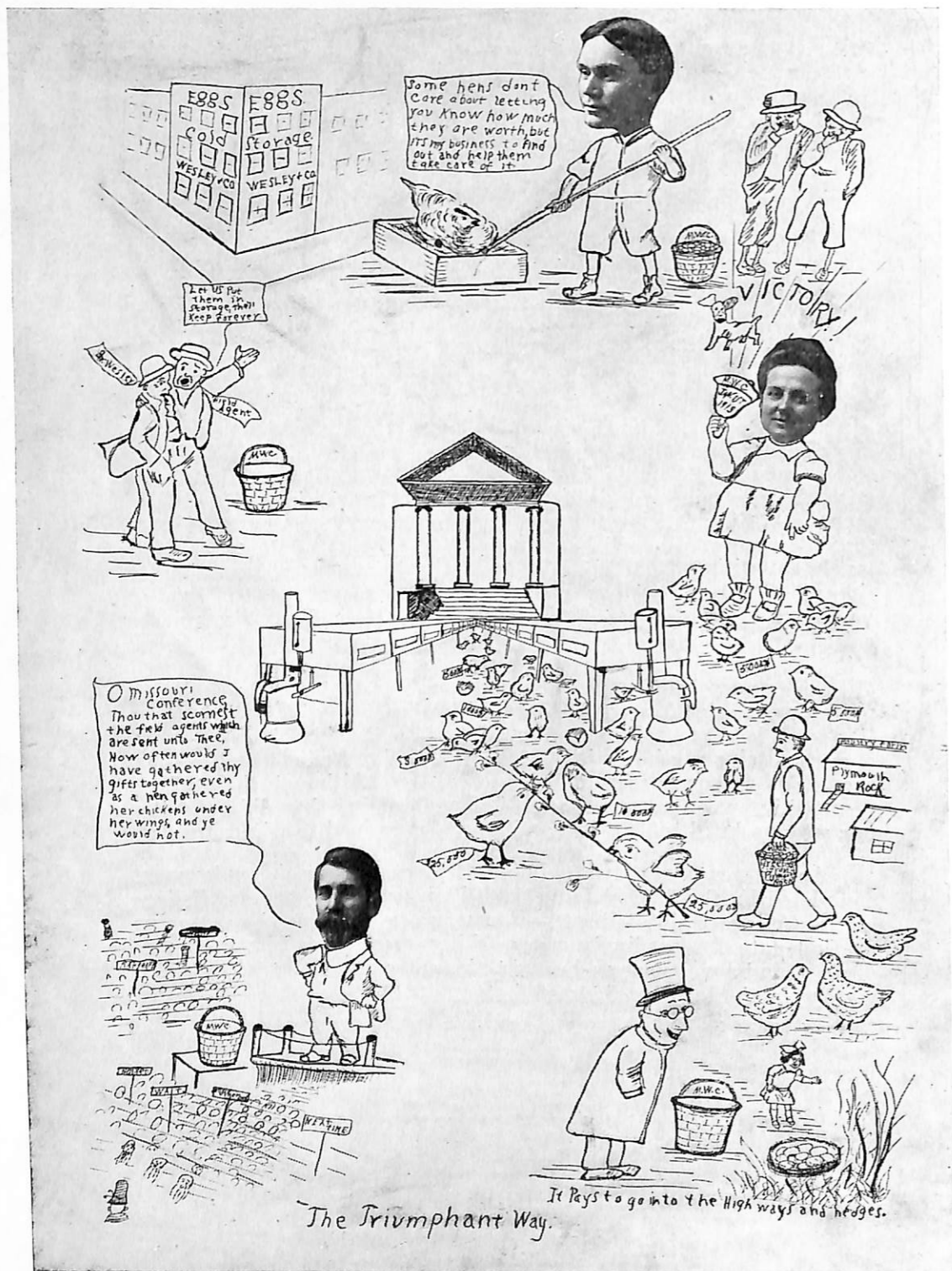
The campaign now began to be placed on a broad and firm basis. The debt was such that it became necessary to make the campaign a campaign for \$200,000 including Mr. Rankin's \$25,000. It was proposed to raise \$100,000 in pledges of \$1,000 bonds by one hundred men. With 30,000 Methodists in the Conference it was thought that the remaining \$75,000 could be easily raised.

Field workers had to be secured, however, to assist in visiting all the churches of the Conference, whereupon the following men were secured and enlisted in the field: Prof. Frank W. Clelland, Cobe Crawford, Henry Ellwood, and Rev. S. W. Jones. These men, with their heroic leader, began their work by visiting a number of men in the Conference from whom they hoped to secure gifts of \$1,000 or more. As will be seen on another page of *The Owl*, after much opposition from drought and other hindrances from time to time, \$140,000 was secured in large gifts, thus leaving \$60,000 yet to be raised. It was reasoned that with 30,000 Methodists this could be raised by a membership canvas of \$2.00 per member.

The new scheme now made the work more strenuous and day after day, week after week, these faithful men sacrificed their home ties and pleasures, plowing through mud and rain, wind and snow, and mountains of difficulties to save a Christian College, and in time, thousands of young men and young women. Although their efforts resulted in but on an average of \$1.50 per member they did not falter nor give up but kept hopeful and more determined to win every day.

As the new state law made it necessary to have the endowment completed by the first of January, 1913, in order to keep our College in the College Union it became necessary to complete the campaign by that date. Accordingly every field worker assisted by the scores of true and loyal pastors brought the campaign to a triumphant victory in the last few days of that year.





The Endowment Calendar.

August 1911. CHAUTAUQUA.

Aug. 1—Drought, despair, everything gloomy.

Aug. 15—Still in despair, drought increases.

Aug. 30—A great victory. Clelland family of New Hampton make a gift of \$25,000.

September, 1911.

Hope revived for Missouri Wesleyan College. Campaign for \$200,000 started with renewed energies because of great gift from Clellands.

October, 1911.

Methodist Conference at Brookfield makes gifts to Missouri Wesleyan College amidst great cheering. Cobe Crawford comes to help president in field work. Many places visited in interest of campaign.

November, 1911.

Bro. M. E. Moore offers the last \$1,000 of \$10,000 to be raised in Cameron. \$5,000 raised on this challenge.

December, 1911.

\$3,000 more in \$1,000 subscriptions raised in Cameron on endowment. The year 1911 closes with new hopes and new interests awakened over the country for M. W. C.

January, 1912.

Beginning to see through the great stone wall that seemed impenetrable heretofore. The friends of Missouri Wesleyan College greatly cheered by gifts from the people. A campaign started to visit every little town and country church as well as city churches for \$2 per member. Larger churches visited during bad weather and because of bad roads.

February, 1912.

Churches rallying to the front to help.

March, 1912.

Put into the field to help on endowment work; visiting all the country churches and soliciting two dollars per member, a good many gifts of \$100 to \$500 and some \$1,000.

April, 1912.

Several small churches add sums together and amounts reach \$1,000.

May, 1912.

Prof. Clelland leaves school work to help men in the field on endowment work. Work given over to churches in the country districts.

June, 1912.

A great Commencement. Speakers: Dr. A. B. Spencer of Christian Advocate on Baccalaureate Sunday; Rev. Ferris a most excellent graduating address. Many social functions. The first Epworth League Institute ever held at Cameron followed Commencement week. The best talent in our League secured for faculty. Rev. Joshua Randall, Rev. Ward of Kansas City, Kans., Rev. W. F. Sheridan, the new corresponding secretary of the League. A splendid Institute was held and another approved for next year. Summer school opened with a good attendance. Prof. Urban and Prof. Watson were in charge. The summer students were a studious lot and enjoyed the shady campus while pursuing their studies.

July, 1912.

The campaign pushes forward toward the goal. The whole country cheered with good crops and enthusiasm for the campaign is in marked contrast to one year before.

August, 1912.

Many of the ministers join with the field men in pursuing the campaign, over twenty churches a week being visited.

September, 1912.

A strenuous effort made to finish church campaign before Conference. The Chula circuit gives over \$1,000. Cameron finishes the \$10,000 challenge.

October, 1912.

Conference session with great enthusiasm for the campaign. The ministers pledge themselves by the score to help. About fifty churches left to visit. This completed in two weeks.

November, 1912.

Following the close of the church campaign a rapid revisiting of all parts of the Conference for personal gifts. George Warren Brown gives \$5,000.

December, 1912.

Fine weather throughout. Men live in automobiles day and night. Subscriptions rolling in by mail. Grim determination everywhere to win. Closing with an all day meeting of the Board of Trustees on December 31. Watch night meetings in the churches all over the Conference. Hundreds of telegrams and telephone messages of appeal and responses with pledges. The campaign closing seven minutes to twelve with the jubilant announcement that the Rankin terms had been met.

Field Workers

These are the men who aided Dr. DeBra in achieving success in the recent endowment campaign. They deserve a great deal of credit for their labors. Trudging along through rain and shine they endured privation to keep the good cause going. "Honor to whom honor is due," is the principle we should act upon. We give their likenesses here, that we may show to them our respects for their labors.

PROF. F. W. CLELLAND—

Here is a man whose life is wrapped in the welfare of Missouri Wesleyan. Brought up to graduation within her walls, he learned to love her as his Alma Mater. Prompted by his school spirit, he made himself a co-contributor in the Clelland gift, and then, when the campaign was almost a failure, he threw himself into its strenuous labors, endeavoring thereby to save his school from dissolution.

REV. S. W. JONES—

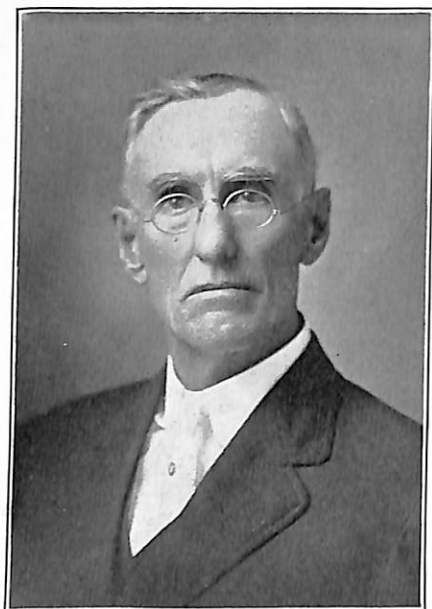
Brother Jones came to us late in the campaign from a pastorate in Hannibal. He is a graduate of the College in the class of 1904. His strenuous endeavors were prompted by a love for his Alma Mater, and a desire to see her maintain her integrity as an institution of learning. He is still with us and spends his time in the field in search of new students.

COBE CRAWFORD—

He came to the campaign work from the farm. He was just farmer enough not to give in until he had fished something from everyone he met. He used his voice in song, wherever he went to break the distastefulness of the endowment presentation. His success was due to unprecedented tactics and unmitigated perseverance. We could not say these things if he were not such a good fellow.

HENRY E. ELLWOOD—

Brother Ellwood is a member of the Board and its treasurer. He has recently moved into Cameron from his farm, and now devotes his entire time to the field work. His work during the campaign displayed a keen business intuition. He was an efficient worker.



MR. S. W. JONES



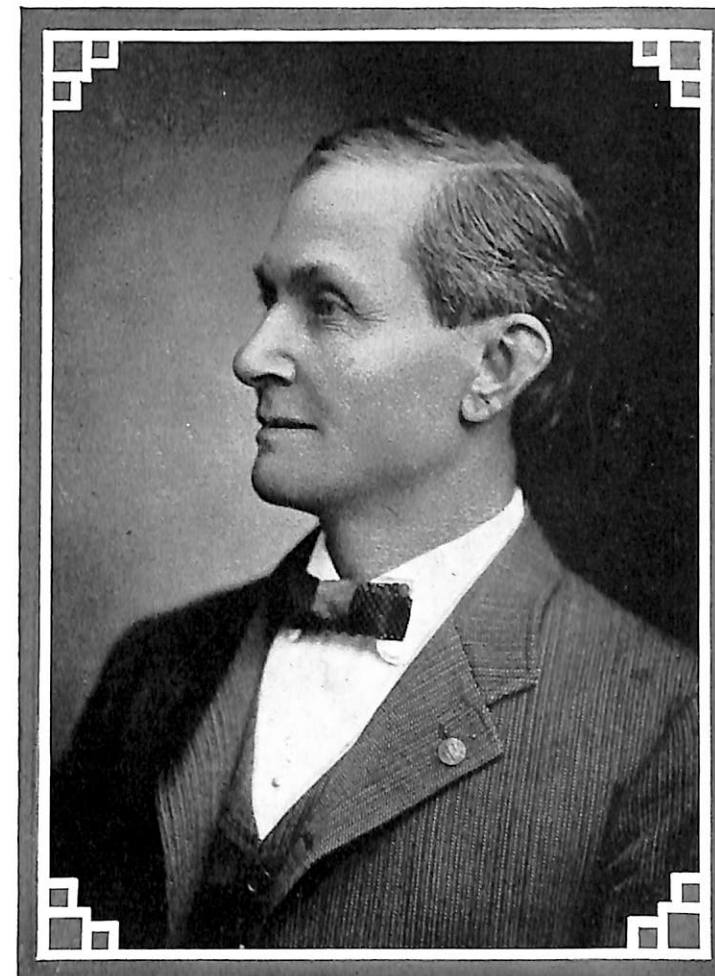
MR. F. W. CLELLAND



MR. COBE CRAWFORD

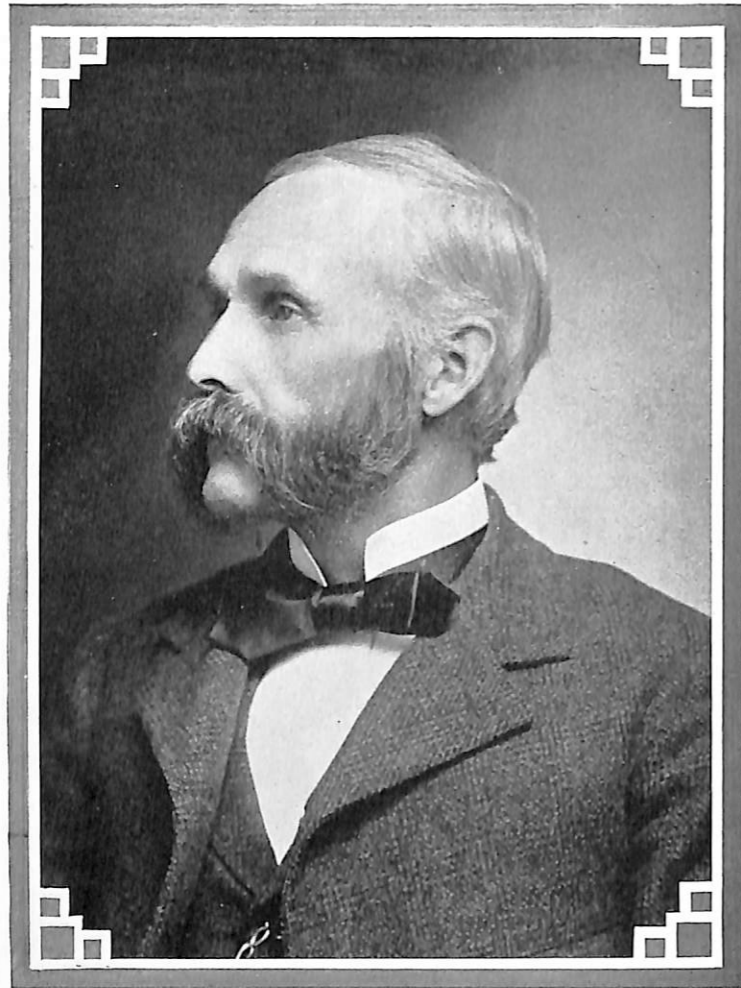


MR. HENRY E. ELLWOOD



MR. W. A. RANKIN

The man who inspired the endowment campaign for the Missouri Wesleyan College, which has just closed with such glorious results is Mr. W. A. Rankin. It was his original pledge of \$25,000 that led to the undertaking of cancelling the debt, which at that time was a little over \$50,000, and the raising of approximately \$150,000 of endowment. Mr. Rankin resides at Tarkio, although he still retains his business headquarters at Onarga, Ill. He has large interests in farming and has wide holdings in banking and other interests in Illinois and Missouri.



MR. JAMES CLELLAND

Mr. Clelland is the man who came to the rescue when the campaign for endowment had been stopped by the discouragement due to the drouth of 1911. He and his nephews, Robert W. Clelland and Prof. Frank W. Clelland, gave a pledge for an amount equal to that originally pledged by Mr. Rankin. Under the inspiration of this princely gift the campaign once more moved forward with hope towards the happy culmination. Mr. Clelland is a farmer near New Hampton, Harrison County, Missouri.

Board of Trustees.

REV. J. O. TAYLOR, D. D. Dist. Supt., Pres.	-	Brookfield, Mo.
REV. J. J. BENTLEY, D. D.	- - -	St. Joseph, Mo.
S. H. PRATHER, Esq.	- - - -	Tarkio, Mo.
REV. G. H. ZENTZ, A. B., S. T. B.	- -	St. Joseph, Mo.
W. R. CLELLAND, Esq.	- - -	New Hampton, Mo.
F. C. BARBER, Esq.	- - - -	Skidmore, Mo.
REV. W. B. CHRISTY, D. D. Dist. Supt.	- .	Maryville, Mo.
HON. HOMER HALL, A. B.	- - -	St. Louis, Mo.
REV. C. J. ENGLISH, Ph. D., D. D.	- -	Cameron, Mo.
J. F. SHEPHERD, Esq.	- - - -	Plattsburg, Mo.
G. W. MOORE, Esq.	- - - -	Hamilton, Mo.
REV. E. O. COLE, S. T. B.	- - - -	Anthony, Kans.
HON. F. B. KLEPPER,	- - - -	Cameron, Mo.
REV. C. E. PETREE, Dist. Supt.	- -	Kirkville, Mo.
JOE McCALLISTER, Esq.	- - - -	Milan, Mo.
REV. E. P. REED, A. B. S. T. B.	- - - -	Brookfield, Mo.
HENRY E. BRAGG, Esq.	- - - -	St. Joseph, Mo.
REV. L. C. SAPPENFIELD	- -	Burlington Junction, Mo.
REV. J. T. PIERCE, D. D.	- - - -	Tarkio, Mo.
HENRY E. ELLWOOD, Esq.	- - - -	Cameron, Mo.
REV. C. J. CHASE, D. D. Dist. Supt.	- - -	St. Joseph, Mo.
REV. W. F. BURRIS, D. D. Dist. Supt.	- -	Cameron, Mo.

Alumni.

Missouri Wesleyan College of Liberal Arts.

Class of 1893
Charles Leo Hunley

Class of 1894
Edward P. Reed

Class of 1895
Elizabeth C. Bentley
Lena Virginia Corn
Nettie B. Prather
Harry R. Prather

Class of 1896
Lena Benson
Charles W. Reed
Elizabeth Wells

Class of 1897
Mabel Gertrude Corn
Luther E. Hill
Leland T. Monnett

Class of 1898
Martha Ware Barton
A. B. Davis
George W. Orme
Bertha E. Ware

Class of 1899
George H. Bradford
C. O. Mills
Harry Stewart Ware

Class of 1900
Hortense Casper
D. A. Leeper
Hattie S. Middaugh

Class of 1901
Ray J. Gregg
A. T. Henry
John B. Jones
Arthur E. Rutledge

Class of 1902
J. Will Caughlin

Jesse Ernest Engle
Chas. A. Field
Roy B. Kester
Bertha Stafford
Hugh M. Ware

Class of 1903
Zilpha Baker
Chas. W. Oldham
Chas. H. Sauceman
Ernest B. Thompson
John S. Troxell

Class of 1904
James T. Carlyon
Dora Carroll
Silas W. Jones
Amy L. Null

Josephine Shepherd
Dora Thomas
Gay C. White

Class of 1905
Blanche Boyd
Aldena Lewis
Clifton C. Snyder
Bertha Snyder
Avon E. Taylor
Frank Dee Taylor

Class of 1906
Claire Maude Nelson
Robert Scott
George H. Zentz

Class of 1907
Howard Benjamin
Frank W. Clelland
Chas. S. Greenwood
Blanche L. McDonald
Glady's Stafford

Class of 1908
Benjamin A. Cram

Alfred A. Thoman
William D. Cater

Class of 1909
Susie True Benson
August Bose
Fred Harper
Mary L. McCallister
David Propps
Ethel A. Taylor
Omar J. Wilson

Class of 1910
Fern Edna Burris
Coleman C. Hartzler
Dean McKee
Daisy Robbins
E. O. Watkins

Class of 1911
Helen Cope
Leora Ellwood
Lester Geyer
Ida Kuenzi
Lloyd Lanning
Myron E. Porter
Foster Taylor
Meram Trenchard
Clifford Yetter
Marshall Yetter

Class of 1912
Paul Dillener
Leora Walker
C. V. Bigler
Helen Farwell
Earl S. Coe
Grace Campbell
A. M. Carpenter
Ina Kendall
Roy V. Felt

Conservatory of Music.

Class of 1892
Jennie Harwood
Anna Stephens Jones

Class of 1897
Nellie Hodges Goodlander

Class of 1898
Paul McFerrin
Carrie Reed
Edna Sharp

Class of 1901
Nellie Dayhoff
Gertrude Forsythe
Bertha Longfellow
Chloe Null
Nellie Grant

Class of 1902
Genevra Anderson
Zilpha Eaker
Minnie Longstreth
Nellie Munson
Margaret Twonson

Class of 1903
Corda Hamer Green
Claire Maude Nelson
Pearl O. Stout
H. Mabel Surry

Class of 1904
Helen Gilmore
Nora Keiser
C. A. Songer

Class of 1905
Oma Jeffers
Ola Jeffers
Bertha Earnest
Susie Bonson
Ora Misemer

Class of 1906
Elizabeth Moore
Addie Ross

Class of 1908
Mary Helen Harper
Mabel H. White
Gertrude Emma Harrison

Edna Gertrude Carrothers

Class of 1909
Edith Christy
Pauline Harper
Carrie Rockhold
Mattie Clelland

Justa Wingo
Glenna Jones
Class of 1910
Guy Corken Allen
Nellie Mae McComb
Cecil Opal Summerville

Class of 1911
Agnes Burt
Bess Robinson
Nettie Troxell
Lissa May Sidebottom
Carrie M. DeWalt
Naomi Weidmeyer
Class of 1912
Eva Johnston
Ivy Dopkins
Lora Holland
Bessie Rogers

The Roll-Call of Yesterday.

A story of the old days? Then it IS true after all that with my much meandering and four young bear cubs that I am getting along in years, and that since I am expected to wax fondly reminiscent at mention of the heroic Mater's name, from September 1899 to June 1913 is a lifetime.

But how and where to begin, I do not know. Call the roll of the Grown-Ups of that early day, and the flood tide of memory will come rushing in upon the already crowded sands of this Saturday night in Portland by the sea. Sauceman, Cornish, Good, Gregg, Urban, "Senator" Engle, the Ware family (Harry, Mattie, Bertha, Hugh), Hattie Middaugh, Hortense Casper, the Forsythe sisters, Oscar Leslie, the Oldham boys, A. B. Thompson, Arthur Rutledge, Herbert Crossman, Charlie Field. And what a bunch of youngsters came in about that time,—the Clellands, Frank Taylor, Jimmie Carlyon (this June—James Thomas Carlyon, Ph. D., of Harvard University) "Chris" Carroll, Gertrude Shaw, Helen Green, Alfred Thoman, Zilpha Baker, Clem Kelsey, Chester Wright and Oscar Riggs. A bunch of unsophisticated greenhorns we were, clay on our boots and hayseed in our hair! Especially, the verdant spirits from Chillicothe, Helena, Turney and Hamilton,—see the Year Book for 1899-1900. Sackett's Harbor was a great resort for those of the fellows who enjoyed considerable "Zola-esque" freedom and realism. No pampering at Sacketts, I tell you. The molly-coddle stood a good chance of getting thrown down stairs or smashed through a closed door. Only once in a while Mr. Sackett would take things in his own hands and then affairs would tone down in a hurry. I would match some of our old fashioned rough house episodes at Sackett's against any half dozen insipid celebrations of the present day regime of law and order.

The generations now passing through the Halls of our Alma Mater have lost a great heritage in not having known the Joneses. There was "Kidder" Jones, the like of whom the world has never seen; "Laclede" Jones, brilliant, lazy, and up to all sorts of quiet devilment; and a little later, the redoubtable "Parnell" Jones who would fight at the drop of a hat and drop it himself.

Time and space forbid that I more than mention a score of incidents and experiences of the long ago; the anti-clerical feeling against those peaceful Knights of Letters, and the resultant militant gang of literary sports known to the world as Excelsiors; the sudden rise and rapid decline of a certain Student Publication christened the "Censor" (I will pay a fancy price for any copies now extant); the glorious all-night escapades; the wood pile brigade, sawing wood out in the snow and carrying hundreds of cords up the back stairs at North Hall (Kelsey, the hardest job we ever faced); the

occasional social evenings in the quiet cultured atmosphere of Dr. Baker's home; the riots in the "Mule Barn," the sly business of exchanging notes with the always fair but not always compassionate inmates of North Hall,—these and a thousand other pictures crowd the echoing halls and courts of Memory. It was a crude foundation for our busy tomorrow, but it served its purpose in a noble way.

Avon Taylor and his good looking sisters, the Law girls, Jo Shepherd, Amy Null, the Snyders, Tommy Bigger and Jerome Bentley belonged to a later period and to a slightly higher social strata. The great unwashed and unafraid came in with that 1899 crowd. Bentley brought us new tricks from a "city" High School, and we might as well admit that the credit for genuine college athletics at M. W. C. is due more to the persistent efforts of Bentley and Bigger than to any other two men in the school. It was a long and bitter fight, amateur against professional foot ball and base ball, but the issue proved that the amateur adherents were in the right.

What pictures are in the foreground? Chester Wright's funeral at the Methodist Church,—it was a scholar's funeral, the first away-from-home experience of the sort for many of us; the literary and oratorical contests, the base ball games with Kidder Institute, the vulgar, noisy, old-style Street Fairs, the picnics in May time, the revival meetings under Brother Mills, the Society banquets and the Chapel Hour,—oh yes, and the courtships, wise and otherwise. And what characters stand to the front? Prof. Null, "J. C.," and Dr. Baker. With all due credit to the other members of the faculty, those three were the faculty to many of us. A greater than Dr. Baker never entered the Missouri Conference. Some day the campus must be honored with a statue of our lion hearted, kind hearted, pioneer and scholar, Benjamin Webster Baker.

I do not know what I have written, but am at the end of the page. My heart is saddened and I can only say to all the dear old college friends, Greetings from Gaius, and Auf Wiedersehen.

(Signed)

Gaius Albus.



Alumni.

Officers for 1912-'13.

MISS DORA CARROLL, '04, Maysville, Mo., President.
PAUL DILLENER, '12, Cameron, Mo., Vice President.
FRANK W. CLELLAND, '07, Cameron, Mo., Sec'y-Treas.
AVON E. TAYLOR, '05, Cameron, Mo., Alumni Editor.

The Alumni Association of M. W. C. was organized and held its first meeting under the Presidency of Rev. E. P. Reed, '94, in June 1902. The Secretary's minutes showing records of regular annual meetings thereafter excepting 1903.

The Alumni Association has been holding its annual business meeting and banquet during Commencement week each year. Until June 1910 nothing of the distinctive alumni features more than the business meeting and banquet had moved the return of graduates to the campus of their Alma Mater, but in that year a very important feature was added to the Commencement program—an Alumni Address—given in honor of the day and by one of our own number elected to that honor by the vote of the Association.

The following have been Alumni Orators—1910, Rev. George Henry Zentz, A. B., '06, S. T. B., St. Joseph, Mo.; 1911, Rev. Gay Charles White, A. B., '04, A. M., S. T. B., Portland, Me.; 1912, Rev. Chas. A. Field, Ph. B., '02, Keosauqua, Iowa. The orator for 1913 is to be the Rev. C. O. Mills, A. B., '99, D. D., Albion, Michigan. This feature has added not only dignity to but has commanded attention for the Alumni Association which will militate in the succeeding years to produce a line of notable addresses.

Besides the purely social and intellectual features of the Alumni work to which the not too wealthy members of the Association have been devoting their attention, is—viz—assistance in the endowment campaign for their Alma Mater. Early in what is now known as the Rankin campaign steps were taken to endow and maintain a Chair of Philosophy in memory of that giant and fatherly scholar among us—Pres. Benjamin W. Baker—one time President of M. W. C. and intellectual and spiritual father of many of our number. That plan has thus far succeeded and an agreement has been arranged with the Board of Trustees for the endowment of that Chair from the funds contributed by Alumni and their immediate families and friends.

Another step was taken last year looking to the endowment of the Chair of English in honor of the Alumni Association.

Sometime since we secured the right to recommend for appointment a percentage of the members of the Board of Trustees of the College and now have several members on the Board representing our interests in the administration of the College affairs.

To the Alumni of M. W. C. who are not actively identified with the work of the Association we implore your hearty co-operation in what we consider active and progressive boosting for our beloved Alma Mater.

FACULTY



FACULTY



PRES. H. R. DeBRA



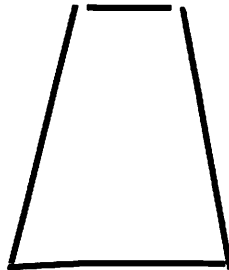
"Build thee more stately mansions, O, my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll.
 Leave thy low vaulted past
 Let each new temple nobler than the last
 Find thee in a dome more vast
 'Till at length thou art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

Are these the words of
 the Gallilean Carpenter as
 He walked along the sea
 shore strewn with out-
 grown shells? No, a fel-
 low work man, Oliver
 Wendel Holmes, heard the
 voice and in his "Cham-
 bered Nautilus" has
 caught the echo and sent
 it rolling from shore to
 shore.

While its music rolled along the hills and plains,
 North Missouri took up the song. The Methodist
 Conference said: "Missouri Wesleyan College is a
 Chambered Nautilus. It has outgrown its shell. Where
 shall we find the master who will direct the building of
 a statelier mansion for the youth of our state?"

Heralds were sent out on
 the King's Highway. They
 traversed this royal road
 and at length came to a
 cross road, where a sign
 had been erected. The
 hand pointing to the
 right was labeled "Chris-
 tian Duty." Though
 the path was rugged the
 heralds paused not, but
 turned their chargers and

took this way. It led to Mt. Vernon. At eventide they arrived at the home



of the Master Builder. Greetings were exchanged. As the messengers make their mission known, they notice the plans of the Great Archi-

tect in the Master's hands. This observation confirms their belief in the Builder's ability. The Master consults his companion and coworker, one well versed in the art of engineering. Together they consider the possibility of erecting a larger temple with a greater dome where the outgrown shell now lies. With the plans of the

Great Architect still in his hands, he approaches the King's Herald and says: "My Architect has a plan for Missouri Wesleyan College and we shall be glad to work it out."

In the year 1909, Dr. and Mrs. DeBra undertook the task of building. They saw that the structure was inadequate for the educational needs

of Missouri's youth. To build a statelier mansion—a permanent structure, overshadowed by a dome ever becoming more vast, is the task the Builders see before them. Four years of toil on the rugged path of duty was needed to complete the dome. If our Builders from Mount Vernon had not, like Ezekiel as he sorrowed over the fallen Jerusalem, been able to see through the tottering structure, the transformed

building of a brilliant future, they would have given up in despair. The new structure is crowned with a \$250,000.00 dome. The cedar for the erection of this temple is furnished by the Lebanon forests of the Missouri Conference. The click of the woodman's axe resounded through the timber as the tall cedars fell before our loyal fieldmen's heavy blows.

The hills of Lebanon were difficult to climb. It was a wearisome task, but our Master heeded no cost as long as material was needed for the dome. The Master Builder is satisfied that

Frank Clelland's experience in forestry has equipped him for a greater task, the building of character with reference to the strange winds which lie unhorsed as yet in the abyss of the divine soul, with reference to the tempest that will sweep upward from the deep: with reference to the nature of the Eternal must it be planned and executed.

While the cedar is collected for the larger structure, the Master Builder's workmen are busy with the material on hand. Adelbert Watson has been appointed foreman, directs the work in carpentry and joinery. Wilbur F. Null is the mason, has charge of the work in stone and mortar, uses German methods. His commendable work certainly adds to the stability of the structure. The building of the temple could never be completed successfully, if it were not for the valuable assistance given by Joseph Layton, Miss Corken, Herbert Kelsey and Grace Henderson. The world's workmen cry aloud for music. The in harmonious din of toil becomes unbearable without

it. Truly there is power in music; an almost omnipotent power. It calls the religious devotee to worship, the patriot to his country's altar, the philanthropist to his generous work, the free man to the temple of liberty. It elevates and

strengthens them all. Our Master Builder knows full well that the soul of each builder is a mighty harp whose strings vibrate to the gush of music. The human voice is the most perfect musical instrument ever made. Who hears the harsh voice of selfishness when music gathers up her pearly love notes to salute the ear with a stray song of paradise? Music means not merely tunes adapted to particular emotions—a set of notes; a warbling voice. O, no; music can be acted as well as sung. A simple word may be full of music and stir the pulses to new and better emotions, the soul to higher joys!

We hear the truth of music and call it harmony; we look at the truth of ar-

chitecture and call it symmetry. This goes to show that art is the soul's story of its vision of truth. No one knows better than our chief engineer that the first and last lesson of the useful arts is, that nature tyrannizes over our works.

They must be conformed to her law or they will be ground to powder by her omnipresent activity. Miss Sigman directs the builders, with reference to every storm, to every wind, to every streak of sunshine. How well she teaches, that as the builders have stern nature, according to whose laws they have to work if they shall make a temple that shall endure, so does every soul who tries to build character find an Almighty One whose laws must be consulted and obeyed.

The moral contagion of fine art, in life and the world's gallery is the same. Raphael painted St. Cecilia. Corregio

saw it. It awoke kindred enthusiasm. He said: "I, too, am a painter." William V. McCay has looked upon Roman and Grecian art. Kindred enthusiasm has been awakened. Beauty and truth have been added to this temple by the aspiring force of his nature. Through Homer, he sees the great artist in poetry, representing truthfully the soul of Greece, looking through all the tyranny of heaven and the cruelties of the sea, through the dim but grim myths of war, for the Eternal Father

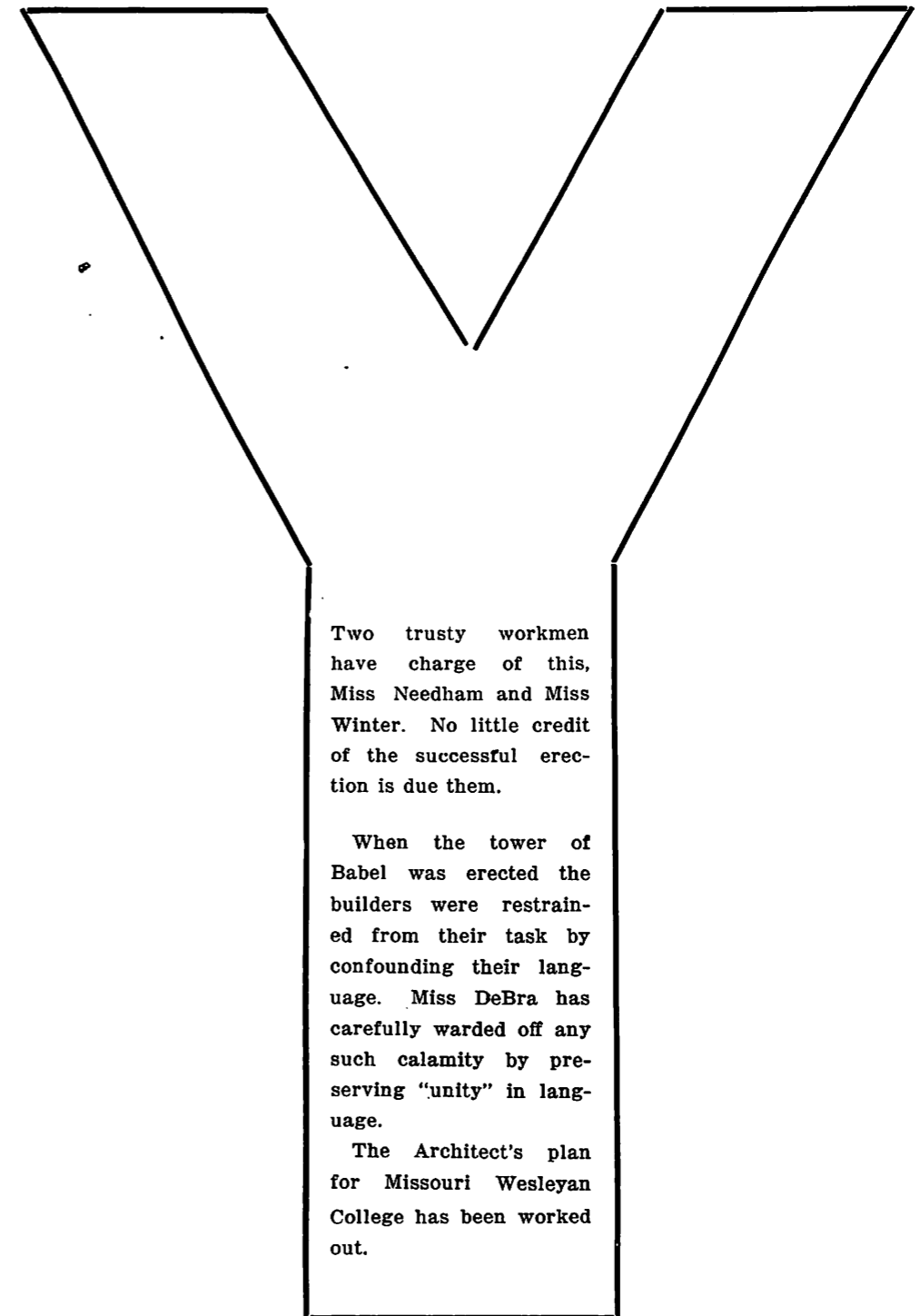
of spirits. At Homer's side Mr. McCay beholds the planner of the Parthenon trying truthfully to express the truest and best feelings in Greece. By the side of these he sees Phidias, listening intently unto Greece. So true was he to the life of his country that nothing but a Zeus of ivory and gold, sixty feet high, could

express his estimate of what the soul sighs for.

Prof. Cope of Kansas is training those who are to minister in the completed temple.

Clark O. Melick, the gardener, has charge of the plants. The heat and light plants flourish by the work of his hands. Brilliant flowers from his light plant adorn every festival hall. The courts surrounding the temple are kept intact by John Whitsel.

In the erection of every building some one must count the cost and pay the bills.



Two trusty workmen have charge of this, Miss Needham and Miss Winter. No little credit of the successful erection is due them.


When the tower of Babel was erected the builders were restrained from their task by confounding their language. Miss DeBra has carefully warded off any such calamity by preserving "unity" in language.

The Architect's plan for Missouri Wesleyan College has been worked out.

THE House

By the side of the Road

Let me live in a house by the side
of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are
as good and as bad as I,
I would not sit
in the scorner's seat
or hurt the
cynic's ban
let me live
in the house
by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man



"THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD"

Devotion.

'Tis Sabbath afternoon—
The hour of meditation closes,
And the old bell calls us to worship.
Past the stately columns through the aisles
And then up the stairs we wind our way.
With noiseless step we enter
The quiet halls to worship and to pray.
Our voices are lifted in song.
In the sacred hush which follows
The music, prayers like holy incense
Ascend from lowly altars.
Oh, holy hush, sweetened by the fragrance
O Divine benediction!
Oh, calm repose and wonderful peace
Wrought by the memory of Him
Who stilled the restless sea;
Linger with thy deep and tender power.
Conscious of the spirit hovering near
We reverently listen to the message of the hour.
Through the windows the shades of twilight steal
And the solemn chant of the closing
Vesper song trembles away into silence
Like the distant chimes of evening bells.



Y. W. C. A. CABINET

YOUNG **W**OMEN'S **C**HRISTIAN **A**SSOCIATION
OUTH EARNING OU ISDOM ORK HRIST HARACTER LL

was interpreted by Mrs. DeBra in the unique way shown above at the first of the year. Since then it has stood more than ever for the great things of life.

A great deal of inspiration was brought to us through the Summer Conference in the Ozarks, and the Student Volunteer Convention at Park College. Five girls attended the latter and brought back intensely interesting reports.

In one Bible Study class we have studied "The Life of Christ in Art." In the other the evenings have been devoted to a study of the Gospel of St. John.

"China's New Day" by Dr. Hedlund, has been a most interesting and inspiring study of Foreign missions. "Mormonism the Islam of America" led us to see the service which our own nation needs.

Miss Britt from the Kansas City National Training School came to us just before Easter with a call to specific work, and testified to the joy of such service.

- Officers*
- FANNIE M. BURGESS - President
 - PEARL NEFF - Vice-President
 - RUTH FARWELL - Secretary
 - ANNA MAE REMLEY - Treasurer
- Chairman of Committees*
- BELLE SMITH - Social
 - CLARA HUMMEL - Bible
 - LEAH TAYLOR - Mission
 - HELEN NIXON - Association Monthly
 - FLORENCE WINTER - Devotional

Young Men's Christian Association.

Officers.

- LEON E. HEINZ - President
- J. Q. VANCE - Vice-President
- J. CLAUDE BERRY - Secretary
- NELSON P. HORN - Treasurer

The student Y. M. C. A. has been one of the strongest factors in the religious and soeial life of the College. The past year has been a success in every respect. Five delegates were sent to Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, four Gospel Teams were sent out, the Mission Study and Bible Study classes were well attended throughout the year. Beginning with the Day of Prayer for Colleges, Dr. Sommerville of Wichita, Kansas, conducted a series of meetings which proved very helpful and beneficial.

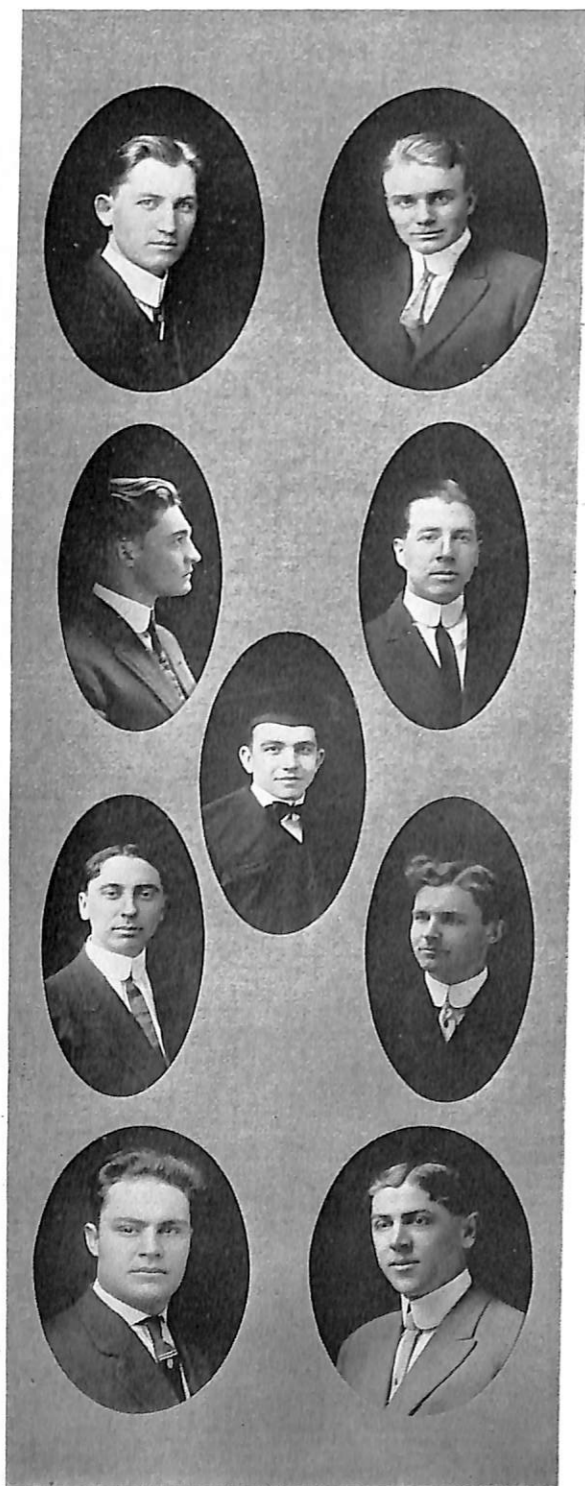
The aim of the Association has been to deepen Christian experience and to interest all the men in some active Christian work.

Gospel Teams.

The Y. M. C. A. of the College has this year carried out a new feature of Christian work; that of sending out teams, consisting of four or five fellows, to neighboring towns for the purpose of doing evangelistic work. An invaluable work is being accomplished and much help is given to the various communities besides those who have gone on these campaigns have received some useful training.

The Jamesport team is:
 F. K. RILEY
 C. M. FISH
 J. C. BERRY
 LEON HEINZ
 J. Q. VANCE, Capt.

The Maysville team is:
 ORDIA COOLEY
 CLAIR EBERHART
 CHAS. DRAPER
 RUSSELL YANKIE, Capt.



Y. M. C. A. CABINET



GOSPEL TEAM



MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION

Ministerial Association,

The Ministerial Association is a student organization open to any one having in view definite Christian effort as a life work, especially if that life effort be the Christian ministry.

The Ministerial members of the Faculty have given inspiration to the work by their presence and interested advice.

Not so much work has been done this year as had been planned. However, the student body has felt the influence of this organization. The members of the Association have experienced good from the efforts they have put forth in the interest of this type of school life and work.



WHEN TIGE GETS HOLD HEAVEN AND EARTH
CAN'T MAKE HIM LET GO AGAIN—DR. H. R. DeBRA



RUTHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Ruthean Girl.

The Ruthean girl is witty,
The Ruthean girl is pretty,
The Ruthean girl is nifty,
And she's wise.

She's the girl that makes the candy
Out of anything that's handy,
While everybody votes it
A delightful surprise.

The Ruthean girl has dimples
Horizontal to her nose,
And the flush about these dimples
Does credit to a rose.

Her eyes are bright like starlets,
And her hair is soft and thick.
She's a charming, buoyant maiden
Who always takes the trick.

She is kind to the unhappy,
And she always wears a smile,
She is clever, never snappy,
'Tis assured she's worth the while.

Nine rahs, Rutheans,
For in all this charming land
'Tis the Ruthean girl who always
Holds the winning hand.

The Ruthean Literary Society.

The Ruthean Literary Society was organized March 10, 1910, with twelve charter members, who, realizing the need of friendly competition in literary work, established a new order in Missouri Wesleyan College.

It has taken but three years for the society to earn an unsurpassed reputation for their excellent literary ability and charming social qualities upholding always the highest moral and intellectual standards of the Institution.

The year 1912-13 has been an unusually profitable one. In regard to our new roll of members we boast of quality as well as quantity.

It was the Rutheans' original plan to remodel the Society Hall which scheme has been so successfully accomplished and so neatly patterned after. At a cost of \$200 the Hall was completely renovated. Harmonizing and dainty colors were selected for the paper and curtains, giving the room a bright, splendid appearance, while the rich carpet blends effectively with the other appointments, making all in all a club room of which not only the Rutheans but the entire school are justly proud.

We may state here that the Rutheans, by their thrift and business ability have obliterated the debt on the Hall for this year. Among the ways by which this was accomplished we will mention the circus given jointly with the Excelsiors last Autumn, which was unusual and enjoyed by not only the college students, but the town people as well.

In circus fashion, tents were dotted over the campus containing the various attractions. Popular among these was the minstrel show which had a full house throughout the evening; a menagerie containing mysterious creatures created a big sensation; the red bat (brick bat); the monkey (looking glass in a barrel), etc., were seen here. A moving picture show drew the crowds from the town Lyric and Crystal show to the circus "movies." The largest woman in the world was in evidence—of course. She weighed 450 pounds. The tallest man in the world, somewhat over 8 feet high, shared part of the fat woman's honors. The snake charmer, fortune tellers and "the poor blind woman" with her pathetic tin cup caught many rickels and faked the visitors to their hearts content. The band boys and clowns with the balloon and pop corn men passed gaily back and forth and leant a carnival air to the crowd.

The Ruthean candy sale was a pleasant feature of every ball game and was certainly a financial success.

The social calendar of the year opened with the Annual Reception for the new girls given at the home of Miss Burris. The winter picnic followed at Halloween time with a hay-rack ride to the reservoir where a delightful lunch was enjoyed around the camp-fire. The night was a beautiful one and a repetition of the affair is one of the delightful anticipations for next year.

The annual Ruthean Party was given by the Rutheans to their friends and a few guests of honor including President and Mrs. DeBra. Ruthean Hall was tastefully decorated in green, shamrocks predominating and showers of tinsel swinging from chandelier to chandelier. American Beauties—the class flower—were conspicuous in the decorations. The feature of the entertainment in the early part of the evening was a progressive game. A delightful four course luncheon was served at a long table spread in the corridor. The green and white color scheme was carried out in the decorations and in the menu. Music and readings were interspersed between courses. It was declared by many of the guests to be one of the most charming social affairs ever undertaken by Wesleyan girls.

The Rutheans have an excellent representation in the graduating classes this year—Miss Burgess in the college of Liberal Arts; Misses Ellwood, Lane, Pierce, and Jones, in expression, and Misses Tomlin and Williamson from the Academy.

We are proud of the active interest taken by the new girls in the society work this year as it promises efficient work in the future.

The society work for this year has been very profitable. We expect next year, however, to take up a special course of study.

"Unless You're the One."

Manville Therman stood at his window watching the crowds of people thronging the streets with no particular concern in any one. He was wishing that he might have some real interest aside from the dull monotony of life; and he wondered why he did not find the real enthusiasm in living that he used to know when a boy with his playmates years ago.

During the last three years this young author had been writing for "The Standard Magazine," and living in his one small room in the second story of a poor class rooming-house in the heart of New York City. He cared little for association with other people except occasionally for characterization in his story-writing, so he stayed close in his room, bending over books and manuscripts, except at times when he was out for observation. On one of these trips, in a by-path in the outskirts of the city, he met face to face a young woman, a bright-faced girl with unusually clear-cut and striking features, whom he might naturally have taken for a high school student, but for the dignity that flashed from her dark eyes when she passed him. "A young teacher in the grades," he thought and went on but unconsciously glanced around and saw her just as she was turning into the street.

He continued on his way listlessly to a secluded nook farther on where he took his seat on a huge rock projecting over a small stream and there he endeavored to meditate on his story just started, but which had come to an extended pause for want of two, just the right characters. Apparently it was a very favorable opportunity for writing. The soft south breeze of that warm evening late in May certainly would not strike any discord that would prevent his thinking; rather would it not incite his imagination to new and nobler activity. Still, somehow, he could not write; he could not concentrate his mind on the subject before him. The little stream seemed to bear his thoughts away on its current. "Who was that girl?" he wondered, and then he remembered very distinctly that unusual face. There must have been character back of such a countenance, and then the suggestion came to him: She might do for one of the characters in his story.

He decided it was too late to work longer, so he retraced his steps half-hoping he might get another glimpse of that figure in white waist and dark skirt and plain sailor hat, but he saw nothing more of her that afternoon. He felt very confident, however, that

the next day would afford like opportunity, for he meant to station himself near the place where he had seen her, and wait until school hours would be over, for if she were a teacher she probably would be passing along that way about the same time he had seen her that day, he reasoned.

Very eagerly on the following day he resumed his walk into that part of the city, and sat at the parlor window of a small hotel; but he watched to no avail. This must not have been her regular street home, for evidently she had not passed the same way that afternoon nor the next, for he repeated his effort the succeeding day.

The next morning he started out early, for it was Friday and all the public schools of the city closed that day, and he felt it would be his last opportunity to find her there.

At last after searching in the district thoroughly, he found a large brick building which he thought must be the school building of that ward. But how could he ever secure an interview with this particular young woman if she should actually be a teacher there? Then a very strange suggestion crossed his mind; he began to wonder if some mysterious transmission of thought might not convey to his mind the name of the young woman. Although, amused at his own device, he began trying to get some definite impression of a name. Very rapidly names and accompanying faces passed through his mind. By an effort to dismiss all other thoughts he tried to think of just names; the ones he liked lingered a little but no name except Mary seemed to predominate his thoughts (because that was his mother's name) he thought. Suddenly "Mary Reynolds" crossed his mind. He stopped and tried to think if ever he had heard that name. No, he had no remembrance whatever of having known such a person. But some way, he could not get away from that impression.

Was he acting unconsciously, he wondered or what possessed him? For he soon found himself making his way to that school building to call for "Miss Mary Reynolds." What could he possibly say, if perchance there should be a teacher there by that name? "I'll pass as an agent for a new encyclopedia," he thought and laughed to himself, but kept on.

Presently he stood before the principal, a tall elderly lady, inquiring: "Is this where Miss Mary Reynolds teaches?" He almost caught his breath with a gasp when she replied in the affirmative but that she had dismissed her grade and had gone an hour before.

He thanked her politely and hurried away too much astonished to ask any more of her whereabouts.

His mind was so much taken up with the mystery of how he ever came upon that name that he almost forgot to look for the young woman while he was walking through the city to his room.

That evening, glancing over the News. Manvill Therman saw the announcement of a teachers' convention to be held in the Walton Hall at 1942 Sherman Ave. He remembered that this hall was not more than twenty blocks from that school building at which he had called. "I'll attend," he said to himself, "perhaps I'll find out if the young woman I have seen replies if the name Mary Reynolds is called."

Accordingly, about fifteen minutes before the first session of the convention, he took his seat near the main entrance. At last when the room was almost filled, and he had not seen the one in whom he was interested, he glanced up, and there, the last one of several ladies, he saw again those same features and superior bearing. The other ladies were ushered to seats just in front of him, and there being no place for her, he politely arose and offered his place. She accepted with pleasant reserve, and he moved farther back, but took a seat where he could still view the object of his interest. At the close of the session the roll of the teachers in those several wards was taken alphabetically. Manville Therman waited eagerly for the Rs, at the same time, leaning forward to listen if the young woman answered to any other name. Presently he heard distinctly. "Miss Mary Reynolds" and the clear response from the one he was watching so intently. Now, he was simply stunned. He loitered, watching her leave, and unconsciously he followed not far from that group of ladies to where she turned off alone. "It will not do," he decided, "for her to see me following," so he did not take the same street but went on to his room.

"How shall I see her?" he demanded emphatically. Finally he concluded to write to her, introduce himself, and frankly tell her the circumstances; that he should like to call Monday afternoon the following week and talk with her on points concerning one of his stories.

That same evening Miss Reynolds glanced wonderingly at the handwriting on a letter in the mail addressed to her. Her friend, Mable, was in just then, and they commented and laughed together over the incident, Mable in her teasing way, delighting to remind

Mary of her general views concerning men: "Oh! you can't afford to be bothered with a man, Mary; they're never interesting like a good book you know," Mable kept on.

"Well, I do not enjoy their calls and what is the use to pretend?" Finally it was decided that she would comply. "I do hope one interview will complete the task," Mary concluded in her matter of fact way.

On Monday afternoon Miss Reynolds did not wait long till her new visitor arrived. Their meeting was pleasant, although Manville Therman was a little embarrassed in his attitude. Miss Reynolds was especially business-like in her manner toward him. A few general remarks, and then they began conversing upon the subject in view.

"I wonder, Miss Reynolds, if you have noticed any of my efforts at story writing in the Standard Magazine?"

Mary Reynolds could understand that her opinion upon the writing was desired and without permitting him the embarrassment of asking her to express her views she replied, "Yes, since we have been taking that magazine, I have read it pretty thoroughly, and of course I have read your stories along with the others. In some of them especially I have been interested, still—" and she did not finish her sentence.

"Go on," he said, good-humoredly, "amateurs are quite accustomed to criticism."

"I think your stories are good, Mr. Therman, in a general way, and yet, it seems your characters lack intensity," Miss Reynolds replied in her practical way. He thanked her and admitted that he had himself felt that deficiency in portraying character.

Then he proceeded to tell her the object of his call: "For some time, Miss Reynolds, I have been delayed in writing one of my stories because I could not find either in the persons about me or in those in my imagination a character just suited to my story. And I have called to know if we might not become acquainted for I should appreciate it very much if you would consent to take the part of that one character in my story."

Miss Reynolds looked rather perplexed for a moment, and then with a pleasant countenance, she at last, did not refuse to help him with his story for she was thinking how she had enjoyed being "A Woman" in a dialogue at the old country school.

After some explanation of the plot of the story, and due consideration on her part the plan was made that she would take the part of the one character and for the time he would assume that of the other person, at least, until he could find a man suitable for the complementary character; and their next meeting was to be on the following Monday afternoon.

And so it continued that Monday afternoon was given to the completing of the story in progress; and it also became necessary for the development of the story, that they take long walks together and too, that they attend lectures and even a banquet.

Finally one evening, Manville Therman felt that the time for the climax of his story must be met; he hurried to the subject of interest; and, forgetting his plan for some one else to be the character for whom he was acting, very nervously he tried to assume, and yet he was wishing that some way she could know that he actually meant it, every work. He had never been more in earnest since he was a child and when he did speak unassumingly, with a sparkle in her eyes she replied: "Not unless it is the one who used to run off to play with me fifteen years ago." Then he remembered near his aunts, on the farm that summer, long ago, that little play-mate, "Mary Reynolds."

FANNIE BURGESS, '13.

To a Heedless Heart.

To you my own dear heedless heart,
So debonair, so gay, so smart,
My soul goes out alone to you,
At one time faithless at another true.

So changeable and faithless, too,
The while my heart goes out to you,
But could the follies quickly flee
And you in all perfection be,
I'd view you with a joyless eye
And for your imperfections sigh.

OLGA MOORE, '16.



ADELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Adelpgian-man.

With wondrous power at every hour
We see the Adelpgian-man,
In overalls or banquet halls
He does the best he can;
For if he be on land or sea,
Or feels the tropic's tan,
In foreign lands, on coral strands
He's every whit a man.

In glen or dale, on hunt or trail
He's always in the van;
In ocean's swell, in wildest dell
He fears no victor's ban.
With pen or quill at spring or rill
Where gentle breezes fan
He feels delight in the sunbeam's light—
For he's the Adelpgian-man.

The friendly strife of college life
Helps bind his chosen clan,
And we stand in awe of the rah! rah! rah!
That comes from th' Adelpgian-man.
With iron like nerves he ever serves

The helpless he may scan—
Wild Fortune wings from queens and
kings

To know this wonderful man.

But if God sees best to end his quest
Of helping fallen man

With steady eye he wills to die—

A part of God's great plan:

His life calls back o'er deathless track
Across the Jordan's span,
And o'er his bier we shed the tear
For *this* Adelpgian-man.

So here's to him with strength and vim—
To you, Adelpgian-men,—

May you ever live and love and give

Your lives for your fellow men:

If ne'er you shrink from the battle's brink
But fight the best you can

When you are dead of you 'twill be said
"He was an Adelpgian-man."

FLOYD K. RILEY, '15.

Ideals.

Wordsworth said, "A noble aim faithfully kept is a noble deed."

There are few people who do not think that the most critical point of their lives is the day they graduate from college—or university, or the time when they are to assume life's responsibilities. This is the pivotal period when their future life is determined. Some time in life's short vista they have had a concept of some ideal for which to strive when life proper has begun. This is indeed natural, for all men have an ideal in life, base or lofty, which moulds character and shapes destiny. This should be the best, for no man develops into a life higher than his ideal. But whatever it may be, we all associate life with some end or ends, the attainment of which is most desirable. The ideal which we love and desire, is at once the best expression of our character and determines to what end we are working. As Youth is the desirable time for forming character, it is all important that we select the proper ideal which we shall embody in maturity. The results of the work of youth are heaped up and made extremely manifest in old age. The love of the best is twin-born with the soul. But what is the best? What is the worthiest life aim? It must be something which is in reach of all. Are the ideals of pleasure, wealth or fame the highest life aim or is the highest aim that of a perfect life in God?

It is marvelous that the great mass of people regard pleasure as the highest aim of life. Men are found the world over who are seeking pleasure and nothing else. If it is possible for them to obtain it they are satisfied. It is good as far as it goes, but when sought for itself it is not sufficient.

To make pleasure an end is to thwart one's purpose, for joy or pleasure is good only when it comes unbidden. It is good, indeed, if it come as refreshment to the weary, solace to the heavy-hearted and rest to the careworn; but when sought for its own sake it is "the honey of poison flowers and all the measureless ill." Only the young, or depraved can believe that to live for pleasure is not to be fore-ordained to misery. Whoever loves God or freedom or growth of mind, or strength of heart, feels that pleasure is his foe.

Closely associated to the ideal of pleasure is that of wealth. To be wealthy, to have financial prestige is the highest aim of many men. This ideal is that of material progress, to have more rather than to be more. But should youth strive for wealth and devote their lives to that purpose? Let the old and infirm put their trust in money, but where there is strength and vigor of youth the soul

should be the guide. It may be true that material progress is a condition of moral and intellectual progress, but none the less is it true that the right ideal of youth should be a life of thought and love, of hope and faith, of imagination and desire. Money is only an idol which we worship unawares. The rich and poor alike are planning and scheming continually to obtain more. The rich are crushing the poor and striving with one another; the poor are hating the rich and at the same time endeavoring to procure more of the coveted treasure. Yet only a part of the world succeeds in accumulating wealth and not all those who do succeed are of the best and most refined classes. A great many of the base, unprincipled, debauched men become wealthy, the result of which is a curse to society instead of a blessing.

The acquiring of wealth is a selfish desire. Men are thinking only of themselves and not of their neighbors, and are striving for riches regardless of the pain, suffering and misery they cause. All this contesting for money is utterly against the true laws of nature which should be harmony and peace, not strife and conflict. Tullius says, "No sorrow, no dread of death, nothing that may fall unto a man, is so much against nature as a man to increase his own profit to the harm of another man."

Wealth is only a material possession. Even when men do acquire it there is something lacking. They are not satisfied. They know not what it is. They have all the pleasures of life money can purchase, yet there is that inner feeling, that deeper desire for something better. But what is lacking? The true ideal which they should have cultivated through life.

However we should not regard wealth as a sin in itself. For St. Paul says, "The love of riches is the root of all kinds of evil." It is this inordinate love for money that causes us to forget God, the giver of all things. The trouble is, men have not the true conception of the right way to acquire wealth and the right way to dispose of it. There are those who become comparatively rich without strife and envy to their fellowmen. The poor strive for it because they think the rich man happy and independent. Then too, there is the man to whom a fortune has been left who becomes immensely wealthy without scheming and trading. This may prove a curse or a blessing to humanity, according to the ideal which the man possesses. Wealth is good if it has the true ideal back of it. If the wealthy man has the true aim of life, that of making the world better by his living, he will use his money to the benefit of those about him and help lift the burden of the struggling man. He

will make the poor richer, the griefstricken happier, the weary rested and refreshed. Cato says, "It is a great shame to a man to have a poor heart and a rich purse." Wealth should be considered merely as means, which, if we ourselves do not sink beneath our fortune, we should use to help us develop on a vast scale, a nobler, freer, and fairer life than hitherto has ever existed. Wealth then is not the highest aim for which to work.

Can fame be the true Ideal? We said in the beginning the true ideal must be universal; therefore this cannot be, because only a few can acquire fame regardless of the great number seeking it. The time seems past for men of great individual fame, for the world has developed so rapidly in the different phases of life that it does not look to one man as being the one great leader but instead looks to a nation. Yet there are lives of world renowned men which stand as beacon lights encouraging us on to a higher life and urging us to put our ideal sufficiently high that we can be a success regardless of the fame we may acquire while succeeding. Washington and Lincoln were heroes of America. Why? Because they gave their lives to the service of their country. Their ideal or desire was not selfish but was to help mankind, to make the world better. But were they desiring fame and notoriety? Fame is sought by those who little deserve it and those who deserve it, think little of it.

What then do these ideals produce? Do they make the world better? Do they raise the standard of morality? Do they cause men to love their neighbors as themselves? Do they fill men's hearts with a pure and contrite spirit? Do they make men Christians and co-workers with Christ? No! The world is not made better; the standard of morality is lowered; men envy and hate their neighbors; their hearts are impure; they are not Christians, but work against Christ instead of for Him.

There is a perpetual conflict between men. It is said man's greatest enemy is man. All through the ages past men have been warring against one another. Nations, because they spoke a different language, and lived across the sea or river from another, thought that might was right; and millions of men stood with weapons in their hands ready for the slaughter. And in America, what other sufferings and wrong—greed, sensuality, injustice, deceit,—make us enemies one of another? It is a constant struggle between humanity. We trade upon the weakness, the vices and the follies of our fellow-men, and even an attempt at reform is met by multitudes who stand for corruption. And worse still, the good, who should work together, misunderstand and thwart one another, become envious,

and seek credit for themselves rather than work for the good that should be done.

Is this then to be the outcome of life? Are envy and conflict what we are living for? If not, then there must be an ideal, loftier and more ennobling. If this is not the aim, what then, is this better ideal? It is that of Christ, or a perfect life in God. This is the common one for all people. It is the only one and the greatest which it is possible for all mankind to have. The rich and poor, the educated and the ignorant, the strong and the weak may have this great desire of a Christ life. This is the most lofty aim and when faithfully kept is the most ennobling. The more closely this ideal is copied by humanity the better the world becomes. Men desist from strife and contention with one another; they shun the evil of the world; they strive for the betterment of the human race. Even the evil forces themselves weaken and finally succumb to the powers of righteousness. In fact, this is the only ideal which produces harmony and at the same time satisfies the soul and lifts man and the world to a higher plane of life. In the other ideals there is something lacking, something the soul has missed. But in this there is that calm, peaceful, serene satisfaction which comes to all who are at peace with God.

It is the advancement toward this ideal that makes us virtuous and "'tis virtue alone which renders us superior to Fortune." When we abandon it, or the virtuous life we become subject to Fortune and the combat is no longer equal. Fortune mocks us; she turns us on her wheel; she raises and abases us at her pleasure, but her power is founded on our weakness. This is an old rooted evil, but not incurable; for there is nothing that a strong and elevated mind cannot accomplish. Therefore we need to have this high ideal of God in order that we may master Fortune instead of Fortune mastering us.

When the greater part of the people are persuaded to hold this ideal of Christ as their greatest desire and aim in life, there will be a universal change in the world. Sympathy will be for all. The narrow, exclusive self will be lost in wider aims, in generous deeds, and in the comprehensive love of God and man. The good will no longer thwart one another. The weak will be protected; the wicked will be surrounded by influences which make for righteousness; and the forces of Nature itself will be brought more and more under man's control. Pestilence and famine will no longer bring death and desolation; saloons, which stand like painted harlots to lure our men to sin and death, will be closed. Children will no longer be made victims of mammon and offered as sacrifice in his temple, the factory; girls will be freed from the terrible curse of "white slavery." Ig-

norance will give place to knowledge; war will be condemned as public murder; the social organizations, which make few rich and doom the many to slavery of poorly paid toil, will cease to exist. These principles will so thoroughly pervade our everyday life that it can be no more to the interest of one to wrong his fellow; to grow rich at the cost of poverty and misery of another. Then as these conditions will be the result of the true Ideal when planted in the souls of men, let us as people of a Christian nation go forth with our highest aim in life, that of Christ or a perfect life in God, and give it to the world.

The Freedom of Christopher.

Christopher Guatellmo and his son, Pablo, had been working in the Coyote Coal mine for almost six months. Hands were short that year and wages good. Soon there would be money enough to send for Pablo's mother and sisters, who still lived far off in sunny Italy. Not many Italian laborers were in this community, because it was a new district situated in a remote and thinly settled part of one of our great Western states. The few hardy ones that had ventured in were for the most part vilely treated by the other workmen, who were Irish, Germans and Americans of the roughest class. Christopher and Pablo, however, had gotten along fairly well; they were quiet and industrious and lived apart in a little shack on the outskirts of the camp. The unknown quantity that holds its position in algebra, figures quite as interestingly in human life, and its solution worked out much faster in the lives of Pablo and his father than anyone dreamed.

One morning Christopher and Pablo came to the mine unusually early; that evening before they had struck a very rich vein from which they had succeeded in getting out a large quantity of coal, a larger pile, in fact, than there were cars to haul. It was their plan to come early this day in time to send out several extra cars and make a big day's wage for they were paid by the car.

The morning was half gone before all the extra coal had been sent out. When the last car was loaded, old Christopher climbed aboard with the brief explanation that he was going out to fill his lungs. After he had left, Pablo went energetically to picking out

more coal from the thick vein which ran back under a heavy ledge. This ledge seemed to consist of solid rock and to be perfectly safe, but unknown to the boy a deep fissure opened through the rock only a few feet back of where he was working. Every stroke of his pick was burdened with imminent peril, yet he worked on industriously, thinking only of the profit of the day's work which would be added to the sum already laid carefully away to bring mother and sisters across the ocean to America, a name which old Christopher loved and of which he never spoke without adding "The land of the Free." Soon he was to be brought face to face with the bitter irony of these words.

Death had not long to wait, another swing of the pick and he would reach out his greedy arms to glean another victim to this harvest. The final stroke came and the ledge giving way fell with a crash. But Fate intervened and Death was disappointed. A chunk of coal hurling through the air struck Pablo and knocked him flat into a depression in the floor. The hollow place was hardly large enough to save him but the huge stone was uneven across the bottom and a crevice opened to receive him.

Pablo was stunned by the blow and paralyzed with fright. Presently he was aroused by someone calling. At first the voice sounded far away, faint, and indistinct, but suddenly it came so near and familiar that startled, he attempted to get up. But he could not move; he was held firm in the embrace of granite, old and grim as the Rockies themselves. Then he remembered; the full import of his situation dawned upon him. Again he heard Old Christopher's voice brokenly appealing, sobbing, and entreating him to speak. Upon his return, the old man had stood amazed and bewildered at the debris of rock, which obliterated the familiar spot where he had worked only a few minutes before. Suddenly he understood the true meaning. His heart almost stopped beating; he felt that he would smother and in his frenzy he endeavored to lift a rock the size of the old shack in which he lived. He strove and wrestled until his eyes felt as though they would burst from their sockets. He might as well have tried to dip the ocean dry with a cup. Then Pablo answered. It was like a voice from a tomb, broken and weak, but it was the sweetest music that had ever fallen upon those rough Italian ears. Hope flashed in upon the old man's soul like the first gleam of the morning sun. He hurriedly asked Pablo if he was hurt, how it all happened, and if he could get out. Pablo was in a poor way to answer questions but with a great effort he assured his anxious father that he was not seriously injured. The father's words of

cheer and comfort were as awkward as a sinner's first prayer, for in his fierce struggle for existence Christopher had never learned the language of tenderness. But the lad understood and waited patiently while his father hurried away for help.

Ascending the shaft he learned from the engineer that the foreman was over on the dump. Christopher hastened away and arrived there just at the close of a scene of violence. Italian and American laborers had been working together loading railroad cars with coal. The Americans with crafty scheming had placed the harder lot upon the foreigners; they even jeered the latter and called them insulting names. At last goaded to desperation an Italian had retorted in broken English and had hurled foreign curses in the faces of his tormentors. Outraged at such impudence the Americans were silent for an instant—only; then a piece of coal was thrown and an Italian was hit. That was the last straw; a fight ensued in which a man was killed, nor was he a dago.

Murphy, the foreman, had arrived on the scene of action just as the Americans were hastily scattering to the top of the dump. The foreman was of Irish descent and at this particular moment as he glared into the faces of those despised Italians, who had halted at his coming, one could readily believe the story of his infamous life as it was commonly rumored about camp. He had the body and soul of an ox and a reputation for cruelty, immorality, and deeds of violence that extended over four states, even murder was attributed to him, but for some reason he had always escaped the hand of Justice.

It was at such a moment as this that Christopher rushed up and in vain attempted to explain the accident with his broken English. However, the Italians understood and one acting as an interpreter stepped up to the foreman and explained the situation. Murphy looked furious as an angry beast; his beady little eyes sparkled with a cruel gleam, and no trace of sympathy was evident in his hard, sinful face. Just then it would have been pleasure for him to annihilate the whole Italian race. What were they more than dogs? Every day they were killed in the mines, dragged out with the last load at night and buried like a stricken animal.

The State law said that a body must be recovered from the mines, dead or alive. The foreman ordered the Italians to return to their work. Two Americans were detailed to care for their dead comrade. The remaining men together with Murphy and Christopher proceeded to the scene of the accident. The foreman looked

over the situation with practised eye. By the use of picks, shovels, and a steam drill, Pablo could be rescued in two days. Ha! But there was a quicker way than that. Holes were ordered to be drilled at intervals across the top of the rock. The workmen glanced turvatively at each other. But trash! What did they care. He was nothing but a dago. Dagoes took "white men's" jobs away from them, made wages cheaper, anyhow, the kid had a chance. Yes Pablo had one chance perhaps in a thousand.

The holes were drilled in less than an hour. The foreman placed in sticks of dynamite, fuses were laid and caps pinched on. Old Christopher eyed these maneuvers with suspicion and distrust. Once he attempted a remonstrance but was quickly silenced with a blow from a prop wielded by the hands of the burly foreman. The fuses were lighted and the men retired. After the muffled report had died away and the smoke had drifted out in the shaft, they returned. The big rock was split in two. Pablo's name was shouted, but there was no response; silence reigned in the corridor. A little after noon the body was recovered and the shapeless mass turned over to Christopher. The old man never said a word. That afternoon he dug a grave back of the little old shack, which he called home since coming to Free America, and there a little after sunset with the aid of a fellow countryman, he gently laid Pablo to rest.

Next morning the old man returned to work as usual. The foreman glanced at him curiously for a moment but Christopher went silently to his task. Three months passed and the old Italian still continued at his work. To a careless onlooker there appeared as formerly the same quiet and rather submissive look of patience on his wrinkled old face. But a keener observer would have noticed a fanatical gleam in the deep set eyes. Constant brooding over the crushing sorrow that had torn him was gradually deranging his mind. His dream of freedom from oppression and the founding of a happy home in America for his loved ones, was shattered. His ideal, America, a nation where he supposed justice, law, order and freedom prevailed, was a broken reed. A purpose slowly took root and developed in the old man's mind. If in Glorious America such deeds of crime went unpunished then he would deal Justice with his own hand.

"At four o'clock this morning a bunk house belonging to the Coyote Mining Company was blown up with dynamite. Nine men were killed and wounded. Among the dead is A. J. Murphy, foreman of the mines. Suspicion for the crime points toward Christopher Guatellmo, an Italian laborer, whose son was killed accidentally

in an explosion at the Coyote not long ago. The Italian is said to have persisted in maintaining among his countrymen that Murphy was responsible for his son's death." This is part of an account that came out in the city morning papers, September 18, 1897.

Two days later it was confirmed by the remarks of Italian workmen that Old Christopher had done the dynamiting. In the evening the sheriff went down to the shack to get him. He was not there. Next morning blood hounds were put on the scent; they followed the track from the house to the grave of Pablo and back again on a slightly different course as if the old man had been wandering aimlessly about in the twilight. The trail stopped at the mouth of an abandoned shaft, loosely covered with rotten boards, one of which was freshly broken, leaving a black and ominous gap. The smooth straight walls of the shaft sank eight hundred feet into the ground. Old Christopher had found his freedom.

We Are Seven.

I met an aged college chum
She was eighty years she said,
Her hair was white as the driven snow,
That crowned her bowed head.

"Wesleyan class mates, precious friend,
How many, still are ye?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us in Missouri dwell
And two have crossed the sea."

"Two of us in the courtyard lie,
My comrade and my brother;
And in the courtyard cottage I
Dwell near them with another."

"You say that two in Missouri dwell
And two have crossed the sea,
Yet we are seven! I pray you tell,
Dear friend, how this may be."

Then did the aged one reply,—
"Seven loyal comrades are we;
Two of us in the courtyard lie
Shaded by the courtyard tree."

"You move about, my good old chum
You're very much alive
If two were in the courtyard flung,
Then ye are only five."

"Their fame is great, their names are
known,
But justice was denied.
Twelve steps or more from our cottage
door,
There they live side by side."

"My Criterion there I often read,
And on old times reflect,
And through the iron bars I breathe,
A college song select."

"And often after sunset, Pal,
When it is light and fair,
I take my college annual,
And review my comrades there."

"The first that sighed was comrade Berry,
In court he groaned, 'yea, yea,'
Till the judge released him from the
strain;
And he was lead away."

"So in the courtyard he was laid;
And when the grub was dry,
Down to his dingy cell I strayed
To bring him a chicken fry."

"And when the grounds were dark at
night,
To free him we would strive,
But Brother Buell was caught outright
And placed by Berry's side."

"How many are you then," said I,
"If two are in the pen?"
Quick was the aged one's reply, "
"O good friend! We are seven."

"But they are dead, as good as dead!
What merit makes you claim them?"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The aged one would have her will
And said, "Nay we are seven!"

H. L. S., '14



EXCELSIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

Excelsior Literary Society.

The Excelsior Literary Society was founded 1889.

MOTTO: *Suavitar in modo, fortiter in re.*

COLORS: *Pink and green.*

The society was organized for the purpose of proper training in literary work. While we encourage essays, readings, music and oration, we are trying to make a specialty in debating.

This has been a successful year for Excelsiors in many ways and we have many pleasant things to remember. Who will forget the Excelsior-Ruthean circus, with its beautiful fortune tellers and snake charmers, the minstrels, clowns and menagerie?

Then there is the banquet. We can't overlook that; especially some of us for whom it was our first real banquet. How we got our best girl and went home as proud as a young rooster with his first spurs.

The annual inter-society debate was won by our debating team consisting of Freeman, Draper and Yankie.

We can all look back with pride to our work of this past season and expect greater things in the future.

A Devilish Dream.

It was out in a mountainous country
Where all is peaceful and still,
Our faces turned to the heavens,
Our minds were wandering at will.
We lay silently there together,
A good old friend and I,
Thinking of things about us,
Of the mountains that reached to the sky.

The shadows were gleefully dancing
On the carpet under the trees,
As the branches were gently tossed about
By the cool and silent breeze.
There were so many beauties around us,
Each one bidding us not to speak,
The stars were acting as diamonds
In the crown of the highest peak.

The stream was flowing so gently
That we attentively listened to hear
How she sang her song so sweetly,
So softly, and yet so clear.
We looked silently into the water
As on it the moon beams shone
Then wondered how a man could doubt
That there was a God on the throne.

Slowly but surely God left his seat,
The devil took his stand,
It took him just a moment

To destroy this beautiful land.
He blew his breath on the mountains
They rumbled and roared as they fell,
Our thoughts of beauty were instantly
changed
To the dreadful horrors of hell.

He rode in great balls of fire
From the sky clear down to the earth.
He withered the trees as he passed them.
And shrieked in his fiendish mirth.
We grasped each other firmly,
Trembling all over with fear,
As he rode in his hell fired air ship
Brandishing men with his spear.

We were clinging together tightly
When he found my friend and me,
He carried us high into the air,
Then hurled us into the sea.
The devil's imp came rowing up
To carry us down below
We battled hard till we reached the shore,
For with him we could not go.

By this time the rain had ceased falling
And when I awoke I found,
Excepting my rain soaked condition,
I was lying safely there on the ground.
C. H. B., '16.

Incidental Aims of Education.

"The times are perpetually changing, we, with the times." Today America is experiencing a great organic change, at once social and political, humanitarian and economic, religious and educational. Expressed in a little romance of self-denial, this is an age, when "just things" don't count very much—it's people that do."

After politics, public school education is receiving the greatest attention. Conditions demand unusual progress, and an education has always been closely related to the dominant needs and ideals of the people, this period will undoubtedly be chronicled as an educational renaissance. Great revolutionary changes are not occurring but evolution is proceeding with unexampled rapidity.

"The new education," the wide swing of the pendulum, will no doubt show the usual mistakes of revolution. Some, perhaps many good things, of the old order will be despised and forgotten. In time, this will be true of the new. After all, what we have to learn of the thing we call education is so much greater than all that either the past or the present has taught us, that dogmatism holds no place in educational progress.

So this effort is not a matter of ideals in the form of a solution of the educational problem, but rather an observation of some of the problems, their solutions and their effect upon community life.

Casual observation might lead one to conclude that this widespread enthusiasm is only an ephemeral disturbance. A look into basic conditions answers "No!" That education should be mental, moral and physical, is a commonplace, too trite to repeat. That it must be, we are only today realizing. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that the school is more and more taking the place of parents. But the national Educational Association reports that the moral sensibilities and the ethical side of life have been slighted. Ninety per cent of American children leave school at the age of fourteen. One million children in school today will die of tuberculosis before they are of age. Is it a transient disturbance that is prompting man to change such conditions? Let us hope not!

The new idea of education is to adapt educational aims to civic needs. (Civic needs, nation-wide, demand the active participation of the forces that make for progress of society through education in school.) Such a tremendous task requires a moving force. That force, not yet completely harnessed by the thongs and cords of organization is the working together of the home and school.

We have learned that mental education must involve the culture of things as well as of books. The fact, however unwelcome, is that people, out of necessity, are demanding of the schools an education that is more closely connected with everyday life. But this cry is not peculiar to our age. When social ideals required the fine physique the practical was demanded through athletics. When achievements in war were the end of life, the practical was sought of life, through military training. And so in all ages, real culture has been secured in conforming to the social ideal. In this day of the transformation of the crude to the useful and beautiful, is it logical to deny the culture of accomplishments? The answer lies in the many changes in college and university courses. But the question arises, "Electives in college, why not in the public school?" The citizen a worker, the worker a citizen and character in both is being recognized as an ideal which can be realized only in the public school where industrial training can go hand in hand with training in civics, in literature, in hygiene and in morals. You demand proof? Over one-half of our cities of four thousand population have manual training in their schools.

To make every citizen a wage earner is not the duty of this course, but to give every student a capacity for self support. Manual training is often condemned as too expensive to be successfully maintained in the public school. To have no manual training because a costly equipment cannot be maintained is as big a mistake as to close a school because it does not have an expensive library. Recognizing this the people are making of this broad industrial education of the masses, a new force not only beneficial to the industries but useful to the state as an economic and social agency.

Physical education is meeting with vital attention. That there lives something too true in the accusation that the vital knowledge of health and existence is now taught in nooks and corners while the ordained agencies for teaching such knowledge are mumbling dead formulas, educators admit. If the appeal to simple duty is powerless to stir men unless aided by other motives, the fact that \$7,500,000 is spent yearly to educate children who will not live beyond school age, ought to make the taxpayers welcome reform. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge;" perhaps these words of the prophet of Israel have in them a truth applicable to our day. For health instruction, a new aim, is working out through courses in hygiene, through medical inspection through cooperation with health societies such as the anti-Tuberculosis League and even thru free dental clinics. And to be brief, the one striking

result of these courses in school, large or small, has been the proof that it was needed.

Physical education through the playground is another "new wrinkle" in the school. The status of the playground movement shows that people have ceased to look upon playgrounds as mere places for recreation and are beginning to consider them from an educational standpoint. Consequently, there is almost the same need for them in the small as in the large city. But the cost! The most successful playground system in the world is that of the preparatory schools in England. The grounds are entirely without apparatus. The secret is "supervision." And with it the playground is becoming a school of health, and more, a school of character. Courses in play as one of the chief means of moral and social training, as exemplified in the English and German systems, are still an incidental aim in many of our schools. But the theoretical and ideal of yesterday is the practical of today, and so it is likely to be in the future.

Midst all our problems, the great need of the times is not so much for men with health, or brains and money, as for men who possess common morality. Newspapers with their daily accounts of lawlessness show that disregard for law is fast becoming an American characteristic. And so the tremendous question of moral education presents itself. Formal religious dogma has been rightly barred from the school but it is not desirable to make the school anything other than a moral and spiritual force. And the cry to make it more so is meeting with a noble response the world over. Even in "Godless France" morals is a compulsory school course. But the question here is, "The school is giving moral training, what kind shall it be? Direct or indirect? Instruction or merely training?" It is indirect now and according to most educators is not fulfilling its purpose. If we turn and go forward backward, morality and religion, in all history, have gone hand-in-hand. Whether we gain our knowledge of God through a recognition of duty or recognize our duty through our knowledge of God, there is something in man which links the human with the divine, something in religion which must find expression in moral action, something in moral action which finds its chief power in religion. And so in the school there has been strength in union, weakness in separation. And since religion is the basis of morality, as all admit, and morality is one of the chief aims of education, as all declare, formal recognition of the First Great Cause, whom we call God, will not for long be considered contrary to the spirit of the day and religious instruction in the pub-

lic school as the greatest moralizing force today stands forth as an aim, both retrospective and prophetic.

All this now prompts the question "Great are the problems, but how are they solved?"

Co-operation has been the means. The school as the focal point of our common educational, recreational, political and social life has been the result. The imperative factor for the continued success of this movement has been that these growing activities should come from the people themselves. The Home and School Organization, composed of professional men, prominent women and all actively interested in education, is the organ of this aroused sentiment. The methods of these associations vary with community conditions, but invariably result in a study of problems that are no longer the monopoly of so-called social workers. The methods of the school, the child's relation to community life, ethical problems, community interests, world movements, all in their turn press in. And the result? This study invariably results in the co-operation of the school and the life of the community at many points; with civic improvement leagues and charity organizations, with libraries and art clubs, with musical clubs and lecture courses, even with picture shows, and despite the already crowded course the field is constantly being extended.

The little city of Richmond, Indiana, has a national reputation as an art center, as a result of art being made a part of public school education, fifteen years ago. Greater artists, finer paintings and sculpture are found elsewhere, but nowhere is there a greater appreciation, among the plain people, of the beautiful and the value of the beautiful. Acquired democratically, in the school, not simply artistically, the love of beauty shows not only in the character of the people, but in the absence of the many inartistic features which degrade in most communities. Art held aloof from the common people, is coming to be recognized, at its best, as pouring water into a full bucket, and, at its worst, as widening a gap in humanity which ought not to exist at all. Lindsborg, Kansas, has an Easter festival known throughout the land, as a result of co-operation between school and musical club. Music has a broader and deeper meaning in relation to the community than any we have yet touched upon. In truth, training for avocation is being recognized as more important to character building than training for vocation. The point lies here—musical educators agree that the child of the future will learn to love music through hearing rather than singing. Here lies the opportunity of the musical club to make music what it really is, "a

sweeping force in civilization." Much has been said about unmusical America and how to make it more musical. Those with a deep and clear vision reply, "Only through the school can this be accomplished." Bluff City, Kansas, has the largest park area per capita in the world. Beautiful and artistic in every other point, all as a result of civic pride working through the public school as the pivotal point. Sentiment and energy thus result in "city planning," "surveys" and "constructive sanitation." To the average person these things savor of the impractical of flower beds and lily ponds, and sound prodigally expensive. They are terms so connected with high-brows and reformers that people with practical business sense have passed them by without consideration. But the American people are coming from an interest in dollars to an interest in disease and civic conditions. We learn that beautification pays in dollars and cents. It shows in character and in better institutions. To hasten this interest, democratically not snobbishly, is coming to be the aim of the school. This is true of the other co-operative ideas. With lecture courses, picture shows, libraries, this one principle is at the bottom. Get the people to know the beautiful and they will demand the beautiful. Rising to the opportunities and responsibilities, the people are making a communal force of the school, valuable in ways unthought of before to the life of the people.

"Why this subject in a college publication?" Because college interests should be life's interests. The Century Magazine says, "As educated men filter through the community, reforms have been obtained, that twenty years ago seemed as far above popular comprehension as your dimensional space, thanks chiefly to the radiations from the classrooms." To notice present civic problems as well as ancient, and to show a willingness to cope with these problems, even though feebly, is the student's part in establishing the college as a necessary institution for the fulfillment of community ideals of education. Co-operation to advance the incidental aims of education, is a life interest. There are but few school communities today that are not at least discussing the subject, even though it has not yet been accepted as an educational factor to be used as an uplift to community life. The character of the movement is purely that of social service, commenced and carried forward in the spirit of love, love that never "goes down" but simply "goes along." But with such a spirit the movement stands today large with promise. In the words of an educator, "It is willing and anxious to try out in experimental form whatever bears the promise of help to childhood. It stands, half in fear, half in hope, the dove across the mist-hung waters, glad if on its return it bears the promise of better laws and loftier ideals for the training of citizens for the republic of men and for the Kingdom of God."



Aesthesian Literary Society.

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

In Missouri Wesleyan College,
 Our beloved Missouri Wesleyan,
 There's a band of merry maidens
 Who are known as the Aesthesians.
 Six and twenty years they tell us
 Has this band been part of Wesleyan,
 Permanent, yet ever changing,
 Losing old friends, gaining new ones;
 Sending forth some of its members
 Out into fields across the waters,
 Some as teachers, some musicians,
 Some to nurse and cheer the sick folk,
 Some to be queens of the household,



All to make this drear world brighter,
 Would you know some of their doings,
 Of their aims, their fun, their victories,
 Why it is that the Aesthesians
 Are accorded in the College
 Place of highest rank and honor—
 Listen to my simple story.

This bright band of merry maidens
 Ever strives toward high ideals,
 With the present satisfied not,
 Faces forward, eyes uplifted,
 Reaches out and presses onward
 Toward the goal of great achievements,
 And success oft crowns their efforts
 Victor's laurels wreath their foreheads.

We might mention, we might tell you
 Of their president, Miss Hummel,
 She it was who in the contest
 With our rivals, the Excelsiors,
 The Adelphians, and Rutheans,
 Carried off the highest honors,
 With her excellent oration.

We might say that in debating
 They have never been defeated.

We might tell you how last summer
 On the last eve of commencement,
 In connection with their lawn-fete
 They did give a play most pleasing,
 Showing to the vast crowd gatherers
 How the brave chief, Hiawatha,
 Wooed and won his Minnehaha,
 How the famine and the fever
 And the ghosts came to their wigwams,
 How the lovely Minnehaha
 Went to be with the Great Spirit,
 And that now these maidens purpose
 That each year upon the campus
 They will entertain the students
 And their many friends and neighbors
 With a play of classic nature.



On the last night in October,
 When all ghosts and spirits wander,
 Every year do the Aesthethians
 With their chosen friends make merry
 As they pry into the future,
 Learning of their fates and fortunes.
 Then when comes again the birthday
 Of the father of his country
 Once more do these maidens gather
 For a night of mirth and laughter.
 —Fun and feasting go together.—

In the year of twelve and thirteen
 Three and forty did they number;
 Maidens wise and maidens witty,
 Maidens clever, maidens pretty,
 Some could read and some make music,
 Some could sing and some write stories,
 Some debate, and some inspired
 By the muse, became poetic,
 Pen would fail to tell of all things
 That they did when giving programs.

That same year they saw quite plainly
 That their hall looked worn and faded,
 So, with the Adelphians helping,
 On its walls they put new paper,
 At its windows pretty curtains,
 On its floor a brand new carpet,
 All in nut brown tints of autumn.
 Now it is a thing of beauty.
 —May it be a joy forever.—

Neither tongue nor pen could tell you
 All about this band of maidens,
 All their fun and their achievements
 Their ideals and their victories,
 But we hope that in the future
 As in past years they may flourish,
 So that all who come to Wesleyan,
 Seeing that they are quite worthy
 May praise and honor the Aesthethians.



Gain after Loss.

I stood beside an empty nest,
 The nestlings flown;
 The mother bird that placed it there
 Was left alone.
 Was it in vain that she had toiled
 Day after day
 To feed the baby birds that flew
 So soon away?
 No, not in vain, for when the spring
 Brings balmy days,
 Some weary hearts may gladden be
 By their sweet lays.

I stood beside a faded flower,
 Its beauty flown;
 The stem which bore it proudly there
 Withered and brown.
 Was it in vain the flower grew
 With petals fair
 And breathed upon the summer wind
 Its perfume rare?
 No not in vain. It dropped a seed,
 Perchance we may
 Find its rare beauty multiplied
 Some future day.

I stood beside a lifeless form
 The spirit flown;
 The mother who had loved it so
 Bereft, alone.
 Was it in vain she lived on earth
 A few short years
 To cheer the hearts which mourn her loss
 With bitter tears?
 No not in vain. Her memory still
 Makes bright the way,
 We'll meet her in a heavenly land
 Some fairer day.

Which is on Seniors.

(By an Aesthesian).

Two long looked for events transpired today, March 4th. Woodrow Wilson was inaugurated President of the United States of America, and the Seniors of Missouri Wesleyan College wore their caps and gowns to chapel. I suppose they chose this day for their first dress parade in honor of President Wilson, though I understand that it took most of the students a whole day to realize this, so overcome were they by the dignity and pomp displayed by the processional.

I have always wondered why the order of seating in chapel was the reverse of that in public schools. There the big boys are allowed to sit way back, unless they are very bad. But in chapel you begin at the back and approach the Faculty, just as in Geometry you approach the limit. However, the advantage of sitting on the front seats was quite apparent this morning. It gave the seniors a much greater opportunity to display the draping of their gowns.

For the instruction of those who may hope some day to be seniors, I shall explain just here, how this annual stunt is pulled off. The inner library is usually the place of rendezvous. About eighty-three if you are seated in the library reading, not too attentively, you may notice a senior with a suit box dodge through the door and into the stack room, scarcely daring to look to the right or left. If you are a stranger to the ways of seniors you will probably suspect that the refugee is playing some practical joke on a member of the faculty. However there is no cause for alarm. You need not expect to see the city marshal come next. It is only a senior with his cap and gown.

When you go into chapel it is rumored that the seniors will wear their caps and gowns. Involuntarily you look at the front row, but not a senior is visible, to say nothing of caps and gowns. About this time you hear some one say "Lock the door! Quick!" But one must be quick indeed—or brave to lock a senior out of chapel. When every thing is ready to begin an expectant hush falls upon the assembled student body. Soon the door opens and in march the seniors in the full glory of the outward symbol of knowledge and accomplishment.

Just here I should like to make a suggestion to all future seniors: I think it would be much more effective if you would ask the stu-

dents to rise as you enter and sing—well for instance—

"Honor and love to the seniors give,
Their deeds of valor will ever live,
Cherished in memory bright and fair
Our Wesleyan's pride; Our Wesleyan's pride
And safety they are."

Then you must be careful to keep your dignity when you attempt to sit down, even though the students in the row behind you have very awkwardly gotten their feet fast in your seat and you cannot get it down. Just remember that by the time they are seniors they will have outgrown their foolish ways.

Of course, we all stood up today when the seniors came in. I don't know whether it was out of respect to the seniors or so that we might get a better view. I know I craned my neck as much as I could but some of them were so short I could scarcely see them. Some of them bobbed their heads to make their tassels shake, just like some women used to shake the jet spangles on their hats in the days when I was a very little girl and could only in my imagination look into the distant future to the time when I too might sit in church with spangles on my hat and by gently jiggling my head make the spangles shake and tinkle. I knew just how far I should shake my head so that it would seem unintentional.

Some of the seniors seemed slightly immature since they showed a little green. I suppose, though, that this bit of color only aided in creating the impression that all seniors feel it their duty to create. If I have reached a correct conclusion from my observations a senior thinks it his duty to make you feel that he knows he does not know much. Sounds rather contradictory, but you can't help feeling somehow that they have gotten a sort of birds-eye view of knowledge and comprehend how much there is of it. It makes what you know seem like an infinitesimal part of the whole.

There was only one thing that differentiated this morning's chapel service from any other, and that was the reverent attitude of the senior boys during the worship.

There are so many contradictory things about seniors. They know so much, yet they know so little. They never have to work so hard as freshmen, yet they are worked harder than anybody else in school. They are glad that they are seniors, yet they are sorry that they are seniors.

It occurs to me that one of the worst drawbacks to the pleasure

of being a senior is that when you are through being a senior you must be something else.

There is one other thing that may or may not be a thorn in the flesh during one's senior year. Never, with the exception of the times when one marries or dies, is the public so concerned with one's age as when one is a senior. One can imagine as one goes down the street in cap and gown that such phrases as, "my age"—"my class"—"old" are being hurled with a sure aim at that target of all such remarks and looks, the small of one's back.

But say! Wouldn't it be joy when you go home to greet Mrs. Interrogation's annual remark, "You're a senior this year?" with an affirmative answer. There are always some people who expect you to graduate the first year you come to school, and always seem amazed when you do not.

All things considered, I think any one of us would be glad enough to exchange chapel seats with a senior at a moment's notice and even to run the risk of looking like a flapping scarecrow in a cap and gown. I remember that at one time it was my privilege to be permitted to press one of the aforesaid garments, on which memorable occasion, I yielded to temptation and having donned the cap and gown, paraded with all the dignity I could assume before my mirror and was even guilty of thinking myself quite stunning in it, although my mirror was only a dormitory glass and made my face look rather siwaddled. I was not to blame for my vanity I am sure. Such conceit seems to go with a cap and gown.



The Academy.

The Academy of Missouri Wesleyan constitutes one of the leading departments of the College. In numbers, spirit and promise its men and women make a strong factor in the college life. Although it offers a straight high school course, the Academy is after all unlike the public high school in that its students are more mature and are thrown into the complex of a college environment. The advantages of the college library and all the college equipment are at the disposal of the academy students. In athletics, literary societies, and the social and religious life of the school the academy student is free to develop strength and leadership. Then association with the upper class-men and members of the college faculty mean much to the academy students. Many of the leaders in Missouri Wesleyan are developed in the Academy and from this department the College proper each year draws a strong recruit.

Recognizing the need of better organization in the Academy of Missouri Wesleyan the Board of Trustees took action in the spring of 1909 whereby a regular four years' high school curriculum was installed and a principal appointed for the Academy. Since that time the four classes have been organized and trained according to a standard high school course modeled by the entrance requirements of the State University. This year's senior class is the third to graduate from the Academy and receive the academy diploma.

While it is not the purpose of the administration to build up a strong Academy to the detriment of the College department per se, yet every provision is made to give all who enter the Academy of Missouri Wesleyan a thorough and complete high school education and besides this to throw about them that environment which is peculiar to the Christian College.

WILLIAM VANCE McCAY, (Principal.)



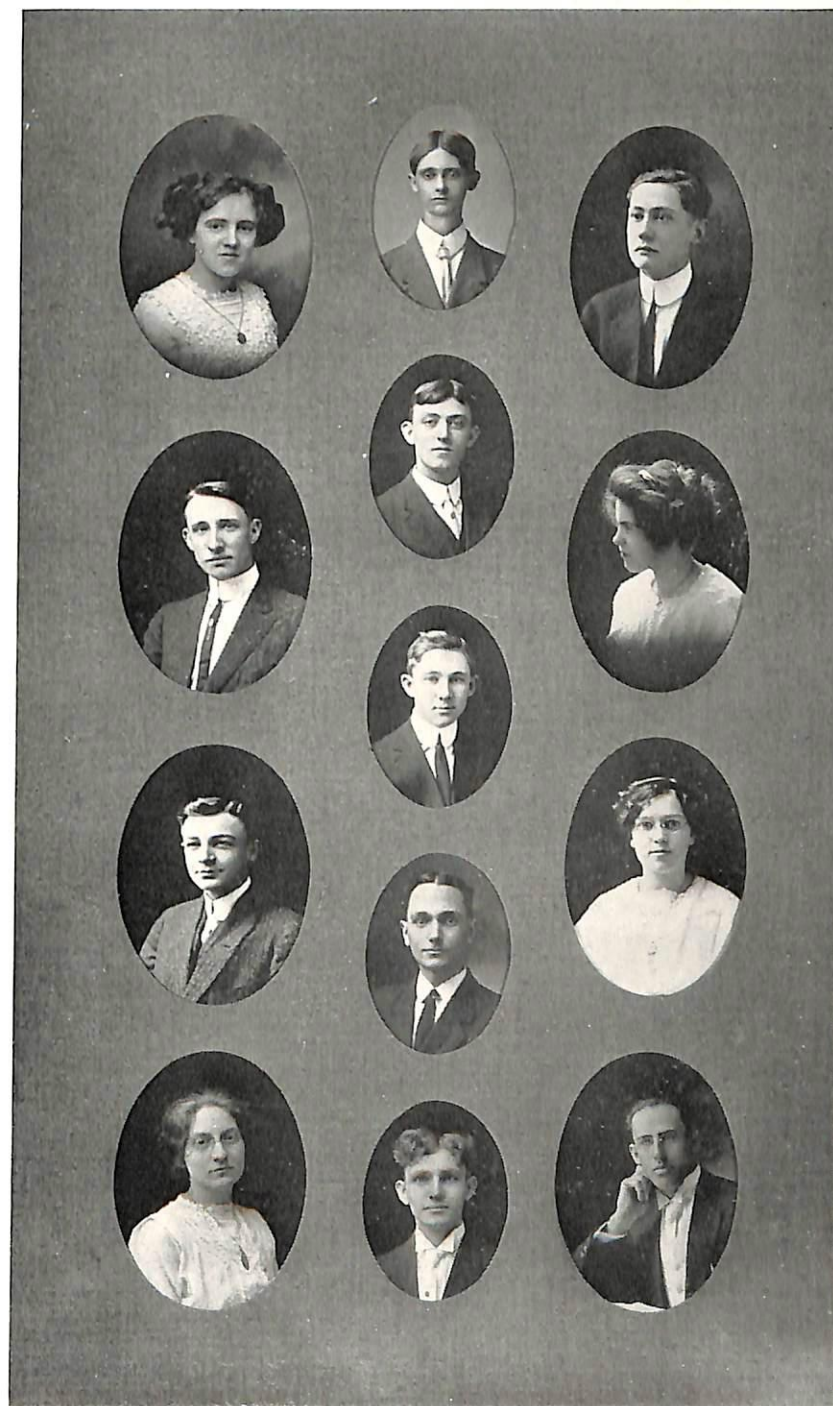
FRESHMAN ACADEMY
Monger Griffy Bell Cooley Francisco
R. Entrikin E. Gibson Hudson Davis I. Entrikin Cottier W. Thomas DeBra Spurlock



SOPHOMORE ACADEMY

Farmer
Martin
Harter

Cooley
Bane
Holcomb
Stucker



JUNIOR ACADEMY
Hawn

Rairdon
Bethel
McDonald
Leeper

La Frenz
J. Lukens
Johnson
Edson

White
King
Alamong
Bane



NELSON PAXON HORN
 Class President; Adelpian; Y. M. C. A. president and a preacher. Nelson is a true optimist for with him to talk is to smile, to smile is to laugh and when he laughs the world laughs. Of late, however, he has been getting a little Glum(phy).



EARL LUKENS
 More commonly known as "Smiles." Keeps tab on the Adelpians. Says he would rather have a Ruby than a diamond any time. His motto "Never let your education interfere with a good time."



EUGENE L. HILLS
 A graduate of the commercial department of M. W. C. '12; Y. M. C. A. pianist, and an Adelpian. Will probably make his mark in the world some day if he has time.



REBA TOMLIN
 She takes the weeds from some wild spot,
 Removes each stone that shows,
 Plants seeds of friendship good and deep,
 And tends the plant that grows,
 sunny disposition and merry ways.

SENIOR ACADEMY



EDITH WILLIAMSON
 Y. W. C. A.; walker and excellent student. Is an associate member of the campestry class.



RALPH SCOTT
 An Adelpian; assistant teacher in the Commercial department and a descendant of Sir Walter. His mind often wanders but seldom gets farther away than Kingston.

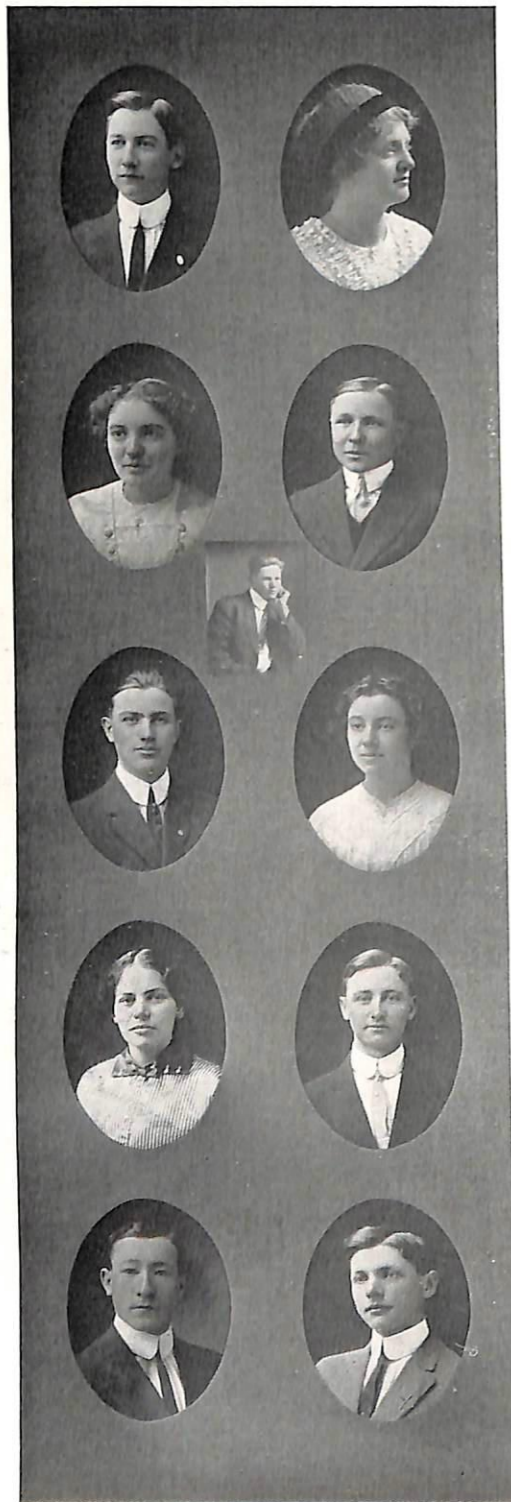


ANNA MAE REMLEY
 Aesthesian, Y. W. C. A. cabinet. First representative in campestry class. Still going with Peary on his explorations to the north.



THOMAS P. McKEE
 A very studious boy when he is not looking after the welfare of others, one in particular.

SENIOR ACADEMY



E. Thompson Word
 Parr McCrea
 Gross H. Lockhart L. Gibson
 Edie N. Thompson
 Cropper Creamer

Normal Department.

The purpose of this department is to prepare students for the county certificate examinations. Students are advised to take four years of work of a secondary grade or one year in addition to a high school course.

In addition to the usual secondary courses in Mathematics, History, Language and Science, courses are offered in History of Education, Psychology, Methods, Management and Review, including the common branches.

This course is adapted to the needs of those who desire to prepare to teach in rural and elementary schools.

As much attention as possible will be given to the observation of good teaching work and to practice in handling classes.



COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Voss	B. Farwell	I Cooley	Logue	James
Stoffle	Stafford		Lee	Harris

Sonnet.

My heart, dear Home, calls out for thee alone.
Fond memories cluster 'round thy scenery fair.
Thy shaded brook with fern-decked banks so rare,
And moss that grows serene on trees and stone,
Which show the work that hands Divine have done,
And calls my soul to rest from weary care,
To breathe in nature's songs and scented air,
While all around lies Heaven's fairest throne.
I long to play again those child-hood plays,
And hear once more the songs of flitting birds,
That build their homes, in happy spring-time days,
In those familiar scenes where peaceful herds
Have sought for cooling shade, for each conveys
Life's former joys ne'er told with choicest words.

C. M. FISH



Music.

The Conservatory of Music of Missouri Wesleyan College has, since its inception been slowly yet constantly gaining the confidence of the public until today it stands recognized as one of the strongest schools of music in the Middle West. This condition has been brought about through the untiring efforts of the teachers and by many of the students themselves, who quickly recognize the advantages here afforded for general musical culture, and are not slow in telling their friends the nature of the instruction here received. Graduates of our Conservatory who afterwards enter some of the best and highest reputed schools of this country are commended by the instructors with whom they come in contact.

We are very pleased to note the increased appreciation of the people of Cameron in the Conservatory of Music as we have this year an augmented attendance from town, and have every reason to expect greater things in the future.



So Fetching.

I so admired his summer clothes,
I like the sheen of his purple hose,
His eyes were bright but not one bit bold,
His hair was soft and the color of gold.
Hundreds of people paused to stare,
He was so wondrously fine and fair,
But really he didn't seem to care,
Possibly he was too debo-nair.

I liked his arched instep, and his new straw hat,
I never dreamed of any thing so fetching as that,
His shoes were nifty and so was his tie
For him any maiden would gladly die;
And Oh! how he did gaze down at me,
The handsomest look I hope ever to see.

But there is a great gulf between him and me,
A gulf greater than the deep blue sea,
For I am of mortals, but not so, he,
A match for Apollo, or Helen of Troy
Is this dashing blond haired boy,
Only of course, he is a boy,
And tho' I see him at twilight dim,
Never one word I may speak to him.

And though he smiles down in mild surprise,
I never can tell him where the trouble lies.
So come on with me, you will see him today,
He's the central figure in a window display.

OLGA MOORE, '16

ELOCUTION





MAUDE LANE

Ruthean; C. H. S. '12. A star pupil, her favorite reading being the book of James.



NELL RAMSEY

"She is pretty to walk with, witty to talk with, and pleasant to think on, too."



MAY PIERCE

The fluffy-ruffle girlie, you know, Who came down twice a week from St. Joe.



LOIS JONES

Commonly known in college circles as "Casey." Always winning friends by her sunny disposition and merry ways.



RUTH A. ELLWOOD

Shy, unconquered, lovable.

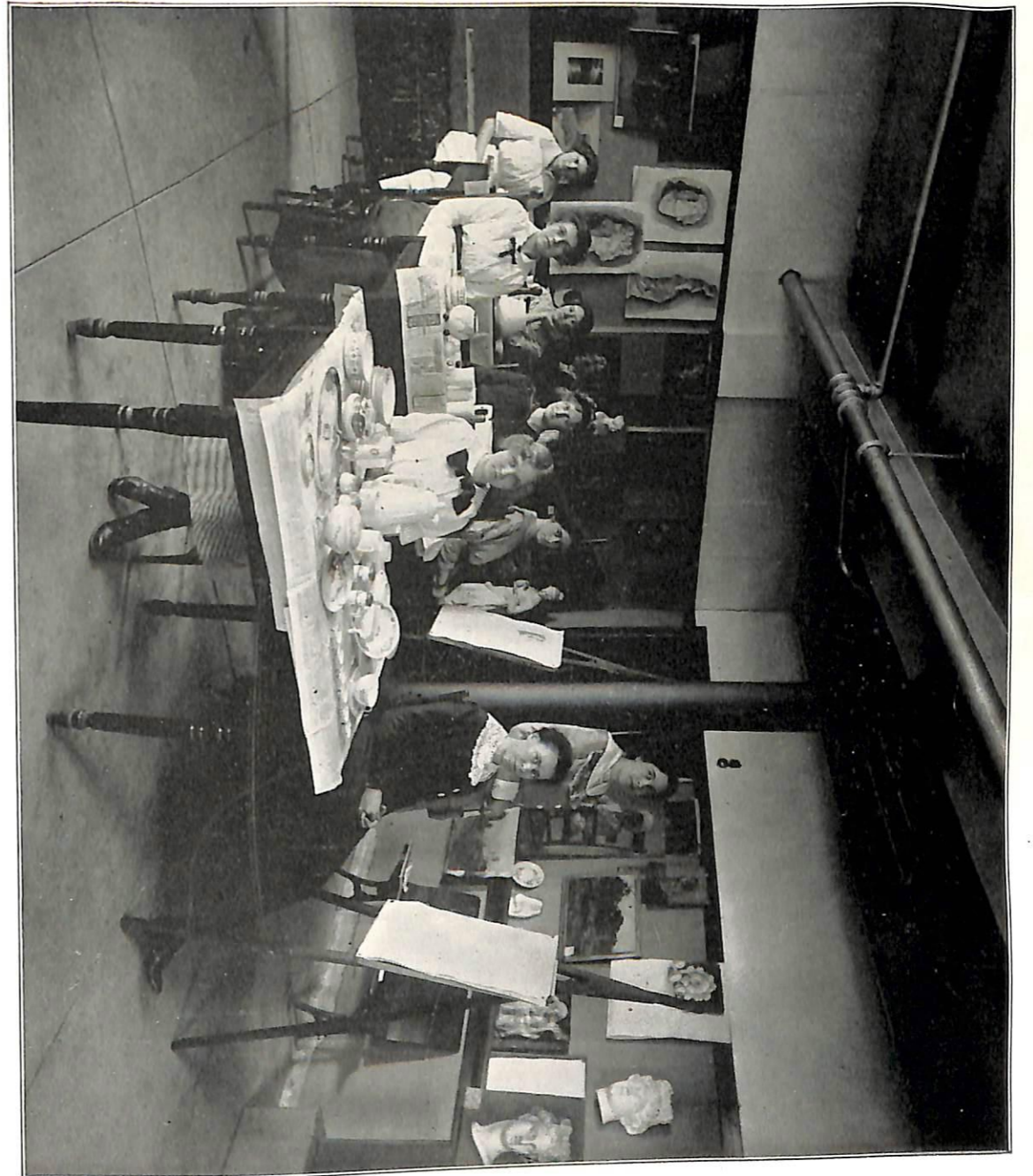


Art.

It has been found that beautiful pictures when placed before those having shattered nerves exercise a most benign influence over them, and where they have been introduced into sanitariums they have proved themselves wonderfully beneficent with their subtle and exquisite powers to minister to nerves tired and unstrung. If this be true then we should make the beautiful act as a preventative no less powerful than a cure. We have come to realize as a nation our need of a general art education. It is scarcely twenty years since the introduction of drawing into the public schools. This has been followed by the establishment of art schools in all parts of the land.

Miss Verna Sigman has charge of the art department in Missouri Wesleyan College. This year she has been asked to paint a picture of "Christ, the Good Shepherd," which will be nine by ten feet and will be placed in the center of the arch over the Chapel Platen when finished. This, of course, will be made life size. She has worked out many of the plans and has done a great deal of the work this year. Though it cannot be finished by this Commencement time we are hoping to have it sometime in the near future. The sheep of the picture have been taken from real life. Professor Clelland who lives in a suburban home called the "Maples" has furnished the subject.

Miss Sigman is an artist of rare ability, having graduated from Art Institute of Kansas City and she has taken work in the Chicago Art Institute under special teachers.



ART STUDIO

Freshman History.

The Freshman class of 1913 is one of the most famous that has ever graced with its presence the halls of Missouri Wesleyan College. We are cosmopolitan in character; for not only have we come from far and near but likewise we include among our numbers all creeds and all nationalities.

Ours is a class with a history. Beginning in 1908 with twelve students we have climbed manfully up the straight and narrow path which leads to culture and achievement. Half of the journey was finished honorably in 1912, and this year by successfully evading the vigilance of the Profs we have succeeded in completing the first lap on the home stretch. Many, sad to relate, have fallen by the wayside; only two of our original number are yet continuing the struggle. But other recruits have joined us, so that at present we comprise thirty veritable giants in intellect and knowledge. Indeed, the whole world awaits in a tremor of expectancy our graduation.

We embrace many vocations. We have famous readers, stenographers, musicians (both male and female), and the only woman surgeon. Likewise there is now with us a sometime renowned jockey of a certain Cicero class. To our great sorrow, however, he was rather violently unhorsed by Professor McCay.

Our troubles with the Sophomores (Greek, foolish ones) have been few, since the Sophs, as has been ever the case, have trembled with fear at the sight of our gallant band. On one memorable morning, however, four Sophomores were unceremoniously dragged forth from the chapel and soundly flogged by a like number of brave Freshmen.

And as it has been of our illustrious past, so may it be with our auspicious future. May our strenuous battle for culture and knowledge finally culminate, in 1916, in glorious victory.



E. A. HOWDEN
Skidmore H. S. '12; Adelpian; a capacious booster of foot ball; can fill any man's place. Has the real college spirit.



CECIL JEAN CHRISTIAN
If to her lot some errors fall,
Look to her face
And you'll forget them all.

FRANCES JONES
The freshman musician. She came to us from Braymer full of spirit, ambition, and music. We are proud of our faculty member.

RUTH ELLAVODD
Ruth is a maiden, shy and bashful, too, but if you'd flirt with Ruth I think she'd flirt with you.

OLGA MOORE
"To myself alone I owe my fame."



MAUDE LANE
Her favorite hobby is expression; the twitch of her mouth and the twinkle of her eyes is more alluring than grandmother's peaches.

VERNER KENDALL
His cogitative faculties immersed in cogibundity of cogitations.

ALLIE CLEVELAND
"A maiden never bold, a spirit still and quiet."

RAYMOND WADE
Excelsior; Central College; very industrious; a walking advertisement for faultless starch.



FLORENCE WINTER

Among the least and the greatest, the finest.

MADGE REED

Demure, modest and very fond of College "Dainties."

RUTH FARWELL

Aesthesian; Y. W. C. A. cabinet; I. P. A. Quite studious. Would keep company if the right young man could be found.

GERTRUDE BROWN

Aesthesian; small but attractive; has "interests" in Parkville College.



BURNHAM SHAW

C. H. S. '12; Favorite pastime is studying German.

GRETA SNYDER

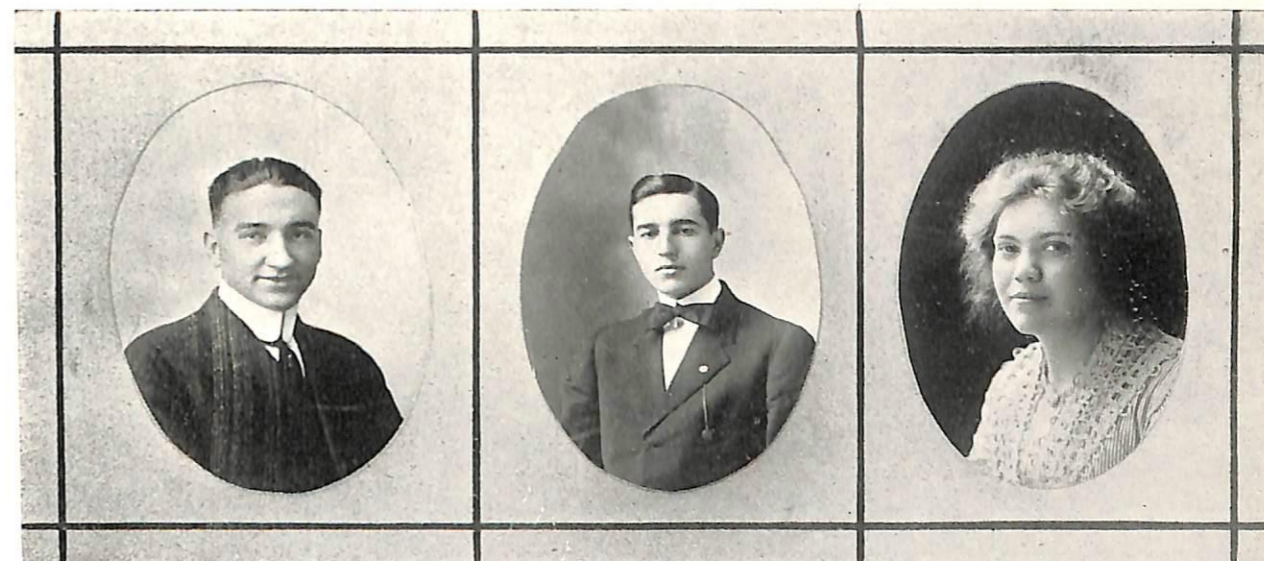
C. H. S. '12; Ruthean; athletically inclined, especially interested in basket ball. Expects some day to take practical course in domestic science.

W. T. BUTLER

A rounder of considerable renown; has been around some, down many lanes and has encountered the inclemency of Winter. An authority on science; tennis and basket ball shark.

BESSIE STONER

Ruthean; C. H. S. '12; believes in Woman's Suffrage !!!



W. R. YETTER

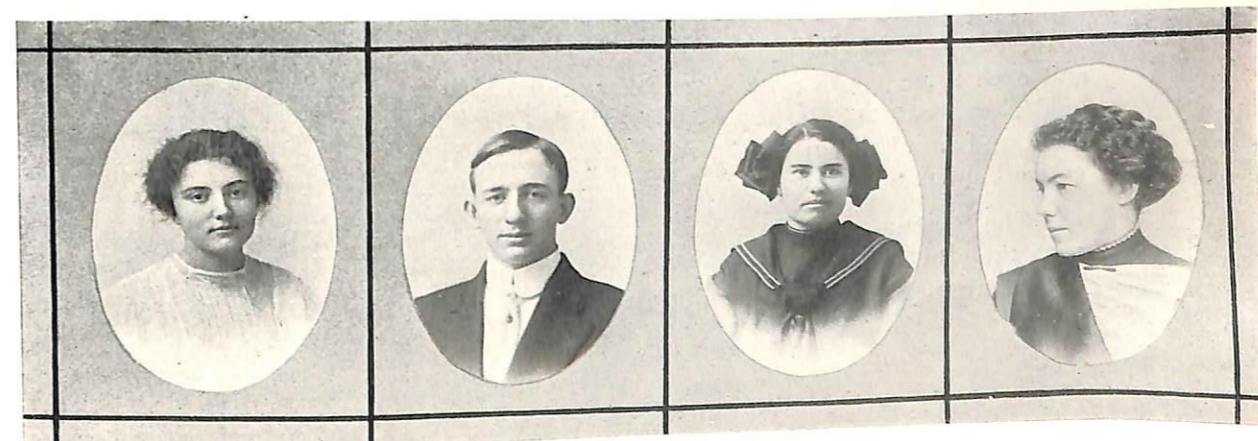
Witty, wirey, peppery; his favorite chum is Bill when he wants a pill. His mind is at Drury when he's asleep.

FOSTER POLAND

C. H. S. '12; a star quarterback; very calm and peaceful during recitations; studies for recreation.

GERTRUDE McCLEAN

Aesthesian; Y. W. C. A.; good student with a good deal of regard for "Banks" and "Brands."



ADELINE TAYLOR

Aesthesian; Y. W. C. A.; a good student and liked by every one.

A. V. LOCKHART

Excelsior; president of the freshman class of 1913. Likes music, in fact, is very fond of music teachers. A great soul lies beneath that droll wit and humor.

MARY CARSON

A typical college girl; fond of a good time and greatly interested in athletics.

ELSIE ELIOT

Very studious; C. H. S. '12; quiet and reserved; believes in single blessedness.

ELMER HOWDEN

A capacious booster in athletics. Can fill any man's place. Very optimistic. A staunch Adelpian.



Sophomore Class.

The Sophomore Class is composed of geniuses, the name itself suggests genius, the president is a genius—genius, genius, all is genius. No brighter Freshman class ever entered the halls of Missouri Wesleyan College than that of last year. They have kept their brightness through the reverses of Freshmen life; they have maintained their vigor in the midst of the slothfulness about them; and they are supreme in every kind of athletic work, social life, and literary atmosphere.

The class is composed of healthy-minded personages of high birth, each possessing rare intellectual power and mental activity, and each intensely striving for an exalted position on that famous ladder of greatness, the top of which is said to be so nearly depopulated and uninhabited that plenty of room will be reserved for the entire Sophomore Class.

The Sophomores won the cup in a series of Basket Ball games with the other College Classes. Their name is engraved thereon and it is their intention to place the numeral '15 on it each year hereafter.



FLOYD K. RILEY
Adelphian; a poet; the "Little" minister; a bright light in the future ministry.



FAYE FAWCETT
Ruthean; good student; Latin shark. Has lately become much interested in agriculturists.



MERLE WYCKOFF
Ruthean; captain elect of girls' basket ball; has interests in M. U. Agricultural School; delights in "roughing," "small boys."



ARTHUR F. SMITH
Adelphian; foot ball '09-'12; base ball captain '09-'11-'13. Short story writer; an orator; a man of honor with a mind of his own.



CLARA HUMMEL

Aesthesian president; orator, pride of sophomore class; capable. A splendid find for some good man.



HUGH WYCKOFF

Adelphian; three inches thick; 10 inches wide; eight feet long. Foot ball '11-'12-'13. Captain elect basket ball.



EUELL HENDERSON

Called "Hen" for short; captain of foot ball '13; handsome as Apollo; much improved by his two years at M. W. C.



DAISY McCOOL

Ruthean; known as Mack; something of an artist. "Our Daisy" won't tell.



LESLIE WILSON

President Sophomores; Adelphian president; cabinet member of Y. M. C. A.; advertising manager Criterion; science shark. His favorite expression is "Reba."



VICTOR B. SHELDON

Adelphian; Y. M. C. A.; Varsity foot ball. Has the power of making good at everything he attempts.



IRENE K. RUTLEDGE

"She is most fair and thereunto Her life doth rightly harmonize; Feeling or thought that was not true Unclouded heaven of her eyes."



EDMUND FREEMAN

Excelsior; the boy philosopher, artistic appreciation, poetic, meditative, never bluffs unless it is necessary. His favorite quotation, "The female of the species is more deadly than the male."



LEAH TAYLOR
Aesthesian; Y. W. C. A.; a
courage to endure and to obey;
a hater of gossips and of slang.



WINIFRED LAWRENCE
Ruthean; fond of music and
strong men; often seen in the
spoon-holder; never was known
to be angry.

Class of '13.

Prehistoric:—

Four small girls and five small boys
Full of fun and full of noise
Making mud pies, climbing trees
Untamed savages were these.

Ancient History:—

These small boys and girls as well
Learned to read and write and spell
On their fingers learned to count
Then Wisdom's ladder swift did mount.

Mediaeval:—

Modest maids and bashful boys
Turned away from childhood's joys
Bade good-bye to friends and home
And to Wesleyan's halls did come,
Freshmen not o'ercharged with lore.
Each became a sophomore
Grew in wisdom, shrewdness, too,
Learned to think as great men do.
Junior year came on apace,
Wisdom's lines then marked each face,
Hard did each strive to surpass
Deeds of any former class.

Modern:—

Nine wise men and maidens now
Seated in the "Senior" row,
Each attired in cap and gown
Each one sure to win renown.
Heads with knowledge overflowing,
From fair Wesleyan's halls they're going;
Sad because school days are o'er,
Glad for future holds in store
Rainbows with great pots of gold
Success, fortune, fame untold.
One is just a swaying Reid;
One a Barber, skilled indeed,
Burgess—fond of fish they say,
Heinz can always bluff his way,
Hulen—somewhat Anna-ma-ted
Butterfield—a genius rated.
Wilson, Dodd, and Nixon, too,
As school ma'ams great things will do.
Each some day will write his name,
High upon the scroll of fame,
Then may Wesleyan, Alma Mater,
Be proud of each son and daughter.



ESTHER FANNIE WILSON, A. B.
Cameron, Mo.
M. W. C. '13.
Aesthesian; Y. W. C. A.; I. P. A.
"Modest and shy as a nun is she."



WILL F. BARBER, B. S.
Skidmore, Mo.
S. H. S. '08; M. W. C. '13.
One who believes in fostering college life.
Motto: "If work interferes with play, give up work."



LEON E. HEINZ, B. S.
"Dutch," "Germany"
M. W. C. '13.
Adelphian; President Y. M. C. A.;
Member of Gospel Team; Foot Ball;
Basket Ball.
Still believes in the old adage that if
you don't think highly of yourself no one
will think highly of you.



HELEN M. NIXON, A. B.
Cameron, Mo.
M. W. C. '13.
Aesthesian; Y. W. C. A.; I. P. A.
Brave and womanly, with an intellect
and perseverance that surmounts difficul-
ties while she stays sweet in the process.
"Smiles when the sky is a gray one,
And smiles when the sky is blue."



HARRY A. REID, A. B.
Warrensburg, Mo.
Graduate Warrensburg Normal '08; M.
W. C. '13.
Adelphian; Y. M. C. A.
A firm believer in woman's suffrage
judging from his attitude toward the fair
sex.



WILLIAM PERRY HULEN, A. B.
Lancaster, Mo.
L. H. S. '09; M. W. C. '13.
Adelphian; Y. M. C. A.; I. P. A.;
Preacher; Editor-in-Chief "Owl" '12;
Class President, not only an able class
leader but also a leader of men.
An all around good fellow.



STELLA L. DODD, B. S.
M. W. C. '13.
Aesthesian; I. P. A.; Orator, debater on
all committees.
If you have any thing you want done
ask her, she will do it.



FANNIE BURGESS, A. B.
M. W. C. '13.
Ruthean; I. P. A.; Y. W. C. A.;
Patient, unselfish, purposeful, strong
and eager to work mightily.
A woman with a great purpose direct-
ing her life.
One who lives as if her motto were,—
"Let me do good and never know
To whom my life a blessing brings."



CHESTER T. BUTTERFIELD, B. S.
C. H. S. '09; M. W. C. '13.
Quiet, unassuming, gentle, guaranteed
harmless.

The Junior Song.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
The Juniors sat, amid papers and books
Plying their pens and lead—
Scratch! scratch! scratch!
In poetry, prose, and art,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
They sang the song of their heart.

"Work! Work! Work!
While others are playing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
Its Oh! to be a Junior,
Along with other years,
Where one has never a chance to save
Themselves from the constant jeers.

"Work—work—work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Ream, and cut, and card,
Card, and cut, and ream,
Till over the work we fall asleep,
And write them down in a dream!

"Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The happy school-mates cling,
As if to show us their sunny hearts
And twit us with the Spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above our heads
And the grass beneath our feet;
For only one short hour
To feel as we used to feel,
Before we had to publish the Owl,
And the news both false and real.

"Oh! but for one short hour!
However much we must lurk!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for work!
A little weeping would ease our hearts,
But in their briny bed
Our tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders the pen and lead."

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
The Juniors sat, amid papers and books
Plying their pen and lead—
Scratch! scratch! scratch!
In poetry, prose and art,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that their efforts could reach the rich—
They sang this song of their heart.

C. M. FISH.



STELLA L. DODD, B. S.
M. W. C. '13.
Aesthesian; I. P. A.; Orator, debater on
all committees.
If you have any thing you want done
ask her, she will do it.



FANNIE BURGESS, A. B.
M. W. C. '13.
Ruthean; I. P. A.; Y. W. C. A.;
Patient, unselfish, purposeful, strong
and eager to work mightily.
A woman with a great purpose direct-
ing her life.
One who lives as if her motto were,—
"Let me do good and never know
To whom my life a blessing brings."



CHESTER T. BUTTERFIELD, B. S.
C. H. S. '09; M. W. C. '13.
Quiet, unassuming, gentle, guaranteed
harmless.

The Junior Song.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
The Juniors sat, amid papers and books
Plying their pens and lead—
Scratch! scratch! scratch!
In poetry, prose, and art,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
They sang the song of their heart.

"Work! Work! Work!
While others are playing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
Its Oh! to be a Junior,
Along with other years,
Where one has never a chance to save
Themselves from the constant jeers.

"Work—work—work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Ream, and cut, and card,
Card, and cut, and ream,
Till over the work we fall asleep,
And write them down in a dream!

"Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The happy school-mates cling,
As if to show us their sunny hearts
And twit us with the Spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above our heads
And the grass beneath our feet;
For only one short hour
To feel as we used to feel,
Before we had to publish the Owl,
And the news both false and real.

"Oh! but for one short hour!
However much we must lurk!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for work!
A little weeping would ease our hearts,
But in their briny bed
Our tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders the pen and lead."

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
The Juniors sat, amid papers and books
Plying their pen and lead—
Scratch! scratch! scratch!
In poetry, prose and art,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that their efforts could reach the rich—
They sang this song of their heart.

C. M. FISH.

Junior Class History.

In the autumn of 1910, a band of barbarians gathered at Wesleyan. They soon organized themselves into a tribe known as Freshmen. The stunts this jolly dozen braves pulled off amazed the whole school, especially the faculty, at chapel time. Only three of these noble warriors entered the Sophomore Class. One bright and shining star, Chester Butterfield, got such a tremendous start during his associations with us that he completely hurdled our class and landed a year above. Two of our fair maids, Ruth Wyckoff and Ava Case, are now wielding the rod on the freshest of Freshmen. Paul Miller is one of Missouri's prosperous farmers. Kenneth Weary, John Powell, John Pierce, and Alma Butler have entered other halls of learning. Harry Schmitz now has a class of his own.

In this dilapidated condition we entered our Sophomore year. At this time it was our fortune to attract from the class below, Denna Fronk, Edward Thompson and Minnie Young.

Last September we found that Esther Wilson had been drafted into the Senior ranks. Edward Thompson entered Drury College. Minnie Young concluded that it was more profitable to teach than to be taught, therefore, she is ours no longer. Although Denna Fronk still has interests in Wesleyan, he left our class to enter Missouri University. The two survivors of the class got busy and Juniorized Buel Horn and Charles Draper from the Sophs, Clarence Fish from the Kirksville State Normal School, Russel Yankie from Kansas University, and Miss Hattie Specht from Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy.

With this group we have assumed the responsibilities of Juniorism. And we are now well on our way to blissfully bathe in the meditations of Seniority, unless the class avails itself of the hurdle or vaulting stunt before it reaches that ideal state.



JUNIOR CLASS PRESIDENT
J. C. BERRY

Berry would have been picked long ago had he not been so green. But even green berries are tempting to children so much so that one near Kidder is anxiously watching the development of this one.



J. Q. VANCE
 Editor-in-Chief of The Owl. Alive with energy and push. Just the fellow who will some day be steering the great wheels of progress. If you have a task that must be done there is no greater thing one can do than to just ad(d)-Vance.



MISS HATTIE SPECHT
 Preceptress of North Hall; earnest, sincere; a careful and appreciative student, and a devoted worker.



BUEL E. HORN
 Adelphian; business manager of The Owl; attends strictly to business, hence unrelentingly shuns the fairer sex. A Doctor of Divinity *protem*; a metaphysician *ad interim omnium*. "Celerity is never more admired than by the negligent."



RUSSELL H. YANKIE
 Excelsior, Jayhawker, has plenty of credits for a B. S. degree. A lawyer, very busy with a case out of town.



CLARENCE M. FISH
 Bandmaster of M. W. C. Concert Band. Coach of Girls' Basket Ball Team. Frequently goes East for his health.



CHARLES HOWARD DRAPER
 Excelsior, song bird; has chosen the ministry as his life-work; especially fond of the study of botany, specializing in the "Reed."

Faculty in Hankie Language.

Well, 'speak you'd like to hear something about our faculty. Yes, we've got one. Most dignified bunch you ever met, and we worship them all right. If you don't believe it ask them. Doc DeBra, he's the head one. And a good one he makes, too. Might as well try to take a pork chop away from a dog as to stop him when he gets started. He gives us a lot of advice in chapel, too. And there's Dean Watson. He also teaches Spanish and some History, too. He's a good Spanish teacher, guess he ought to be though. He talked it for seven years as a missionary in Chile. Say, you ought to see the way he handles things around in that office! Oh, he's a worker, he is. Say, while I am talking about work I'm going to tell you about a man that would rather work than eat. His name's Null. Wilbur C. Null. He teaches German and Mathematics. He's some gun at Mathematics. I s'pect he has forgotten more Math than I'll ever know. Null is a man that attends to his own business and expects you to do the same. While I'm thinking of it I'll tell you something about that man Clelland. He's from Boston U. He teaches Philosophy, and Religions. He's a sport, he is. He takes more interest in athletics than any one man on this faculty. Fact of the case is, he's athletic boss. He's also a good basket ball player. If you don't believe it you ask some of the Seniors. Speaking of basket ball makes me think of Melick. He's our Prof. of Material Science. He's done more towards the progress of science in this College than any one man we've ever had. Busy? He's always busy trying to find out something about these little microbes and other little animals that keep hanging around us. Say, we've got another fellow I want to tell you about now. McCay by name. He's Principal of the Academy and teaches Latin and Greek. Runs a boarding club over here. Pretty good grub, too. I know cause I was his guest today. He's very fond of music. We've got another fellow that's fond of music, too, Kelsey. He teaches Vocal Music. He can make anything sing. If you don't believe it you ought to be around here sometime. While I'm talking about music, guess I'll tell you about some of the rest of our musicians. Now there's Layton. And take this from me, that man knows some music. He's a quiet, unassuming man but he knows how to teach music. Say, I came very near forgetting Whitsell. But if you are going to hear some more about him later on I won't say much about him now, except that he's director of athletics and teaches a little Mathematics. And a jolly good fellow too. Say, we've got a new man from Kansas I want to tell you about. He's the last addition to this august body.

His name's Cope, and he's head of the Normal Department. He's also a basket ball player. When he isn't busy at other things you can find him on the tennis court. No, they're not all men. We've got several women teachers. Now there's Mrs. DeBra, she's Dean of women, and instructor in the Normal Department. She's a kind of mother to the girls around here. Then there's Grace Henderson. She's at the head of the department of Dramatic Art. If you want to know how to say things in a nice way you just go to her. Blanche DeBra, she teaches English. I know you'd like her. You just couldn't help it. She's from Northwestern University in Chicago. And there's Miss Corken. She belongs to the music department, but she is interested in Ancient languages. Yes, we've got an Art Department. Miss Sigman, she's director. They turn out some pretty nice art, too. We've also got a Commercial Department. Miss Needham is the head of that department. We get a lot of foot ball players from her department. Oh, it's easy! We've got another department. I almost forgot. That is the stenographic department. Miss Winter has charge of it. I would like to tell you about some of our assistant teachers. Now there's Miss Kendall, and Stella Dodd, and Martha Bell Smith and Fannie Jones and Leon Heinz but really I haven't the time. We got a good faculty all right and we love them too.



College Songs.

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 temple top
You'll find us in the cloud.

CHORUS

Missouri Wesleyan, tra-la-la
Missouri Wesleyan, tra-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.

Wesleyan Spirit.

Tune: Co-cache-lunk
Here's to dear old Mo. Wesleyan
We will ever sing her praise,
Boosting always, onward, upward,
Through the fleeting college days.

CHORUS

Rip Zid-y-i-ki-u-vi-uv
Rip Zid-y-i-ki-u-vi-uv
Rip Zid-y-i-ki-u-vi-uv
Rah! for old M. W. C.
With a rousing college spirit,
Greeting all we chance to meet;
Ah, indeed, we're never daunted,
By that little word defeat.

?? ? ? ?
Tune: Suwanee River.
Way down upon the Wesleyan goal line
Far, far away,
There's where the ball is rolling ever,
There's where it's going to stay.

CHORUS

All their team is sad and weary
Everywhere they roam,
Still longing for the single touch down,
And for the liniments 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.

College Yells.

Mis-sou-Wes-Ra,
Mis-sou-Wes-Ra,
Rah, Rah,
Missou-Ra-Wes.

Rah-Rah-Rhee,
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.

Rackity yackity yackity yack!
Rackity yackity yackity yack!
Halabaloo, Halabaloo,
How-do-you-do how-do-you-do?
Wesleyan.

Rip-rap!
Flip-Flop!
Dead-Cinch!
Can't-Stop!
Wesleyan!



Athletics



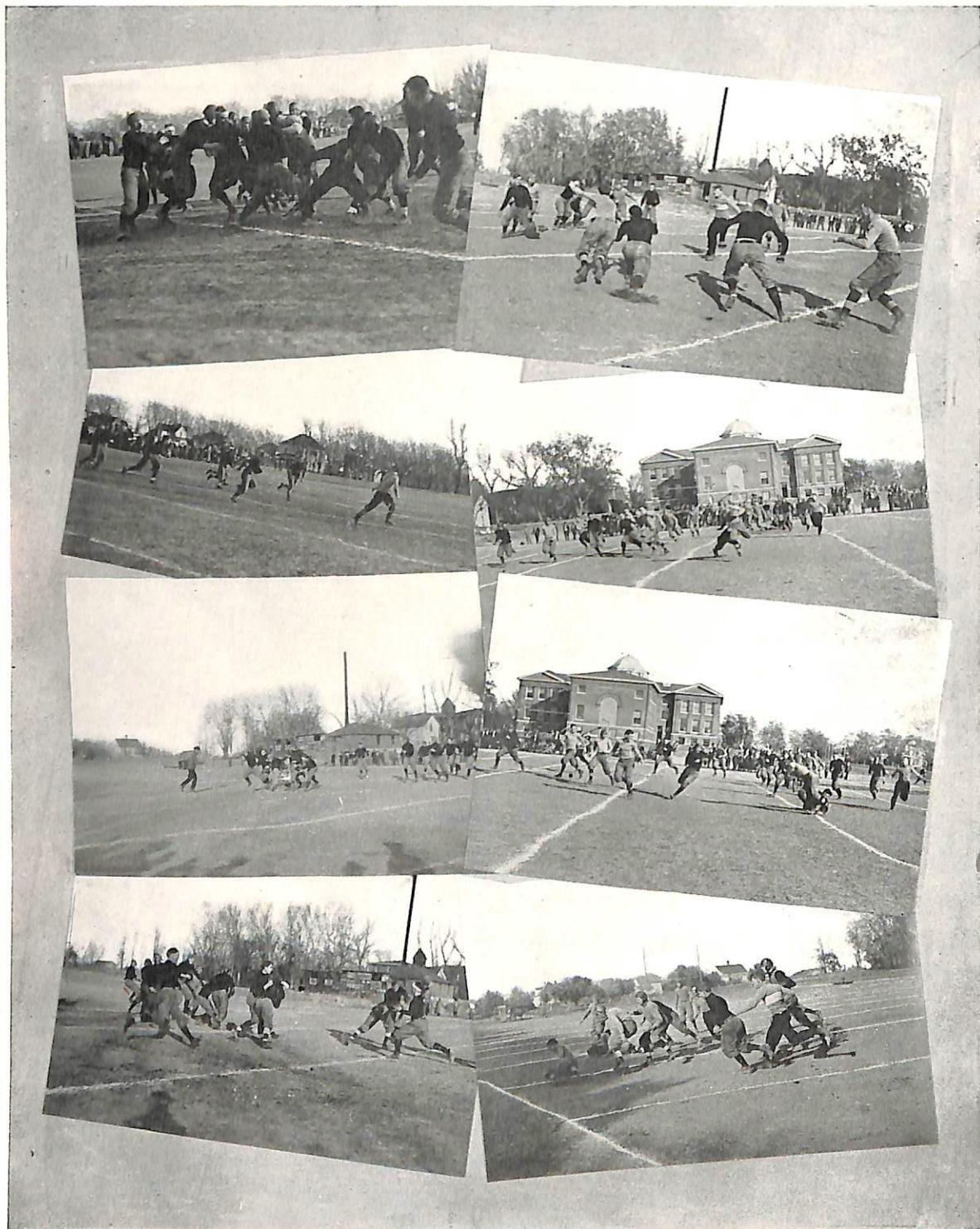
COACH WHITSELL

Coach Whitsell comes to us from Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa, where he received his B. S. degree last year. While in college he played foot ball during his entire course,—playing right guard. In his senior year he was captain of his team and was selected on the All State Iowa Team.

As an Athletic Director Jack is the best we have had so far. In the fall, working under great difficulties he put out a good team, which, while it did not win the honors for the College we had hoped for, did win good words for its playing and its conduct. As a basket ball coach he did the finest kind of work, proving beyond doubt that he knows the game by showing our boys how to play basket ball in a speedy scientific way, such as, if followed next year, can not help but put us in the forefront. The same thing was true of the girls' team as of the men's team.

But the best thing that Coach Whisell has done for us has been in the light of general athletics in which he has taken a consistent unflinching interest. Gymnastic work was carried on every afternoon all through the winter and out of doors work was begun as soon as possible and all that could be done was done under the handicap of a base ball diamond unfit for use this year and an unfinished track.

By his manly bearing and his earnest efforts in looking after that branch of college activities of which he has charge he has won the respect of all the admirers of the manly and Christian spirit in athletics.



PLAYING THE GAME



EUELL B. HENDERSON

Cameron, Mo.
 Captain of the Varsity for 1912. At left half he always played the hard steadfast, heady game. When "Hen's" signals were called he was alert and fixed for a hard line punch. His game is not the sensational but the ever ready, hard hitting game.

ARTHUR SMITH

Ford City, Mo.
 Smith at full back played a hard consistent game and distinguished himself at handling the forward pass.

C. H. BIGLER

Amsterdam, Mo.
 "Big" was big, sturdy and robust, right half for 1912. By his line plunging and fast end running he was our foremost ground gainer. On the defense he might be likened as to "Stonewall" Jackson, for he always met his opponent more than half.



LEON HEINZ
Cameron, Mo.

"Dutch" was one of the old men from last year's squad and played at right guard and was always in the game. His playing was the spectacular kind and this being his last year he will be greatly missed from next year's squad. "Don't they beat the Irish" was a proven proverb in the "Bill Jewell" game.



RALPH FILLEY
Turney, Mo.

Filley was a beginner at the game of foot ball but played a hard, steady game at right guard. Played hard on the defensive and also a strong offensive player.



EDWARD VOSS
Cameron, Mo.

Voss was another new man playing his first year at collegiate foot ball and played a hard, stubborn at guard. Voss was in the game from the kick-off and always gave his opponent a little more than he wanted. Should Voss return next year he is assured a position at guard.



HUGH WYCKOFF
Cameron, Mo.

Wyckoff was lengthy center of the 1912 squad and when it comes to staying qualities he is as "long" as the rest of 'em. Hugh's playing was characterized by his accurate passing of the ball and opponents find in him a worthy foe.



VICTOR LOCKHART
Linneus, Mo.

"Vic" played part of the season at tackle. "Vic" is a hard player and has the weight, playing with lots of "vim." Also is a promising man for next year's team.



ROY M-COMBS
Cameron, Mo.

End, left half and reliable any place you put him. First year of collegiate foot ball but one of our best, all-round men. Like his brother, he believed in "shoe-string" tackling.



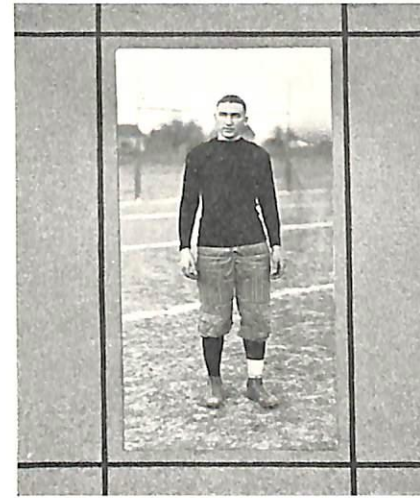
FOSTER POLAND, Captain Elect
Cameron, Mo.
"Ing" successfully, although a man from new material, filled the place of our All State quarter of last season. He was a good general of his team and showed good head work at critical points. And when it came to carrying the ball, well—he was there.



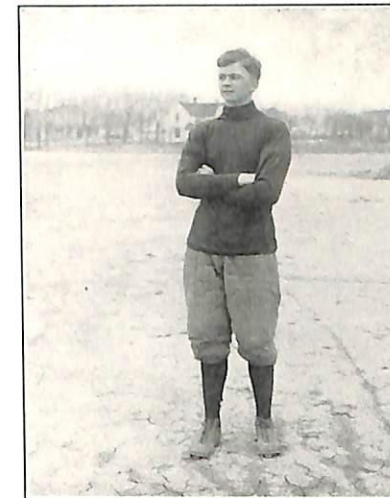
VINCENT ELLWOOD
Cameron, Mo.
Ellwood was one of our light men but nevertheless he played a fighting game at right end. With a little gridiron experience he will make good at that position.



HORACE McCOMBS
Cameron, Mo.
Although this was his first year at collegiate foot ball he proved to be one of the best ends that Wesleyan ever developed. He was never satisfied with blocking his end but had the habit of messing up the interference and getting the man with the ball.



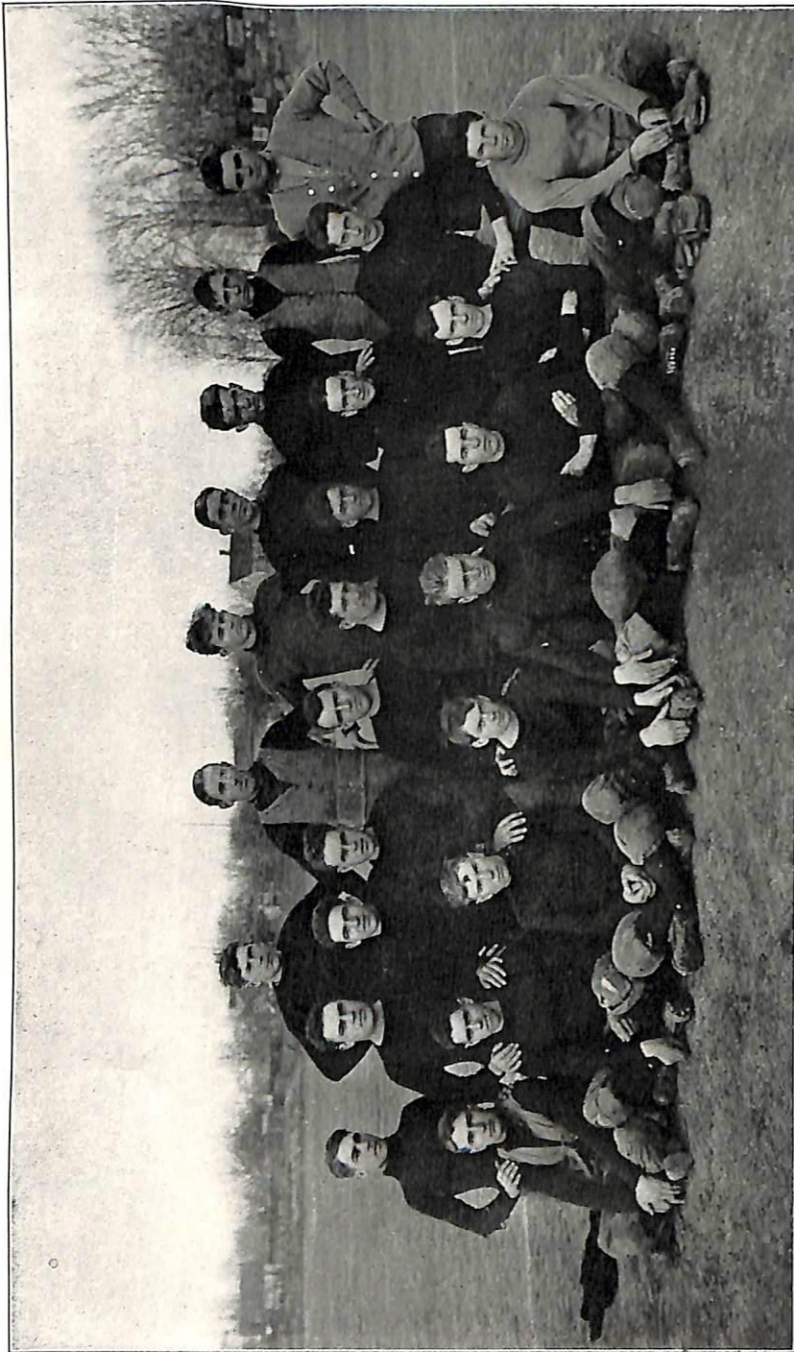
WARREN R. YETTER
Kansas City, Mo.
"Pep" played right end and was sub-quarter. He was strong on the defensive and always got his man. "Pep" was a little light but what he lacked in weight he made up in nerve and "vim."



ROBERT PARSHALL
Cameron, Mo.
"Bob" played part of the season at right tackle. "Bob" is not a weighty man, but his loss in weight was made up in his head work and fighting qualities.

FRANK SILVIUS
Another new man and a good hard fighter. Played tackle and won his "W" and a place on next year's team. Has plenty of nerve and always in a good humor.

VICTOR SHELDON
Altamont, Kans.
Sheldon's terrific line plunging and savage tackling won for him the nickname "Butch." Always opened his hole on the offensive play and blocked the hole on the defensive. Always played a consistent game.



FOOT BALL SQUAD

See next page—Prof. McCay going through the megaphone.

Foot Ball.

As students assembled around the College last fall, everyone, especially the former students, talked of our prospects for our all momentous game, foot ball. A summary was made of the old veterans and the new fellows were sized up as to their promising prowess in the battle. At first, on seeing our ranks somewhat thinned of old material, a wave of discouragement passed over the fellows. But this cleared away as our noble coach worked with the men day after day, retrimming and inspiring the old, training and encouraging the new, until on Sept. 28 in their little practice game with Kidder Institute they began to realize their ability to handle the pig-skin, when they played it to our favorable tune of 55 to 0. But it was not until our team had played Baker University in a close and interesting game and Wentworth Academy at 0 to 0 game, that we really appreciated what our Coach and faithful men were doing to push Wesleyan foot ball to the front.

Our team played an unusually hard schedule and the games lost were to the strongest teams in the state. The fellows played a consistent and stubborn game in every instance. The games lost were due to the fact that our players failed to muster confidence in themselves at the beginning of the game. They always finished fierce, strong and determined as a dog at bay.

The games on our field were well attended and the work of the boys on the team was appreciated and commended by the citizens of Cameron and all who are true sports and lovers of clean athletics will agree that the season of 1912 was a banner year for foot ball at Wesleyan.

Here's to Wesleyan foot ball: May we come back to the game in 1913 with the same spirit in even greater quantities.

See next page—Prof. McCay going through the megaphone.



WINNERS OF THE "W"

See next page—Prof. McCay going through the megaphone.

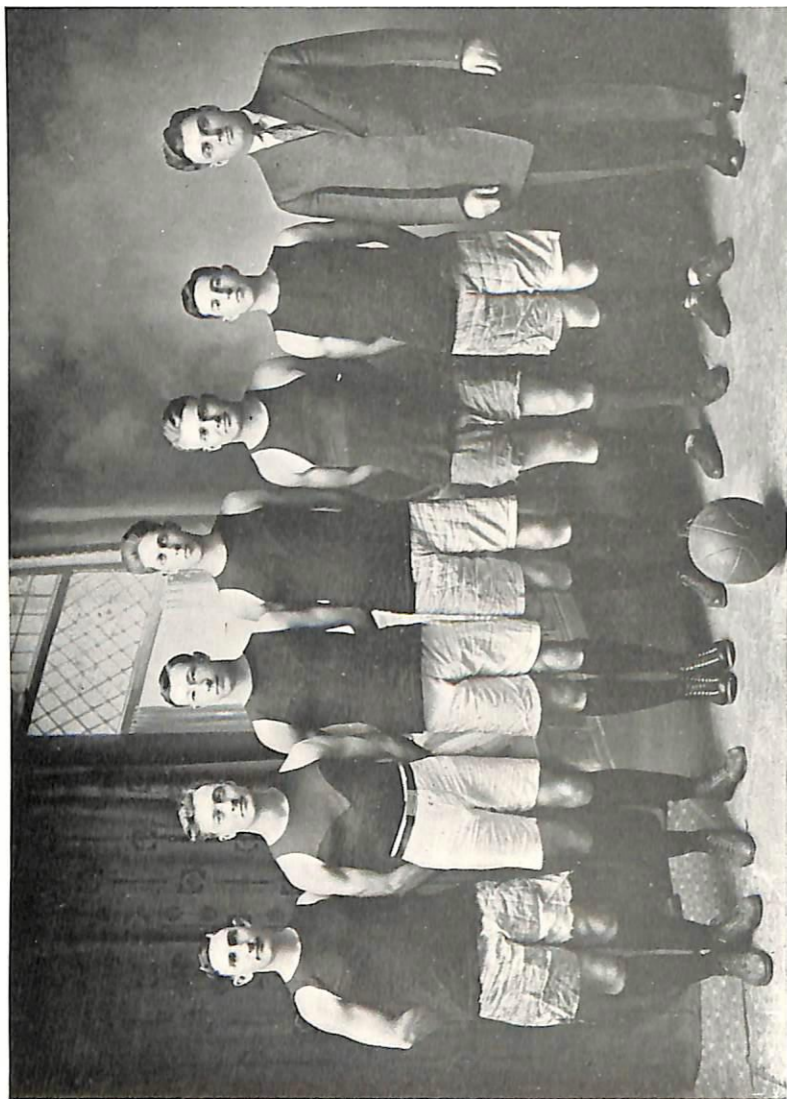
Basket Ball.

At the first of the season it appeared that basket ball was going to be a complete failure; but by the diligent work and practice of the players and the devotedness of Coach Whitsell to training the men it was proven that this phase of athletics was not a failure for M. W. C. The coach is to be complimented on his proficient work as director and for the fairness with which he dealt with every man on the home squad and with all visiting teams matched against the wearers of the red and black jerseys. The coach stands for all the high principles which are the ideals of a Christian college—fairness, squareness, cleanness, and Christian spirit. We are glad to have such a man as head of all manual training in Missouri Wesleyan College.

The first game of the season was played on the home court against the fast Drury goalers, which resulted in a decided victory for our friends from Springfield. Although the defeat was hard to take it spurred Wesleyan's men on to more efficient practice and gave them a determination to do something. As a result of such determination when the Maryville Normal came, our boys proved themselves equal to the occasion and succeeded in trouncing the school teachers. The next two games were played with Tarkio College at Tarkio and the Normals again at Maryville. At both of these places M. W. C. lost by a good majority. Nevertheless, the team was not daunted and when the Baptists of William Jewell appeared on our court the boys gave them the speediest game that has been seen in Cameron for some time. The first half closed 15 to 5 in favor of W. J. C. When the starting of the second half was called for, the team came on to the court with the fighting blood running hot. In this half they outplayed the Jewell fellows and ran their side of the score up until the visiting team had but two points in the lead. The game closed thus with W. J. C. 25 and M. W. C. 23.

This game showed the fellows that they could play basket ball. When Central marched out on our court, although a fast team, they were doomed to defeat. Wesleyan was victorious. At Liberty in a second game with William Jewell our boys lost again. Only one more game now remained to be played and that was with our old friendly enemy, Tarkio, on the home court. The boys settled down to work with a determination to wallop the beloved foe. When the game came off M. W. C.'s team was in excellent condition. The whistle blew, the game was on and Tarkio, at last knew they were doomed to defeat. The game was well played from start to finish, but not once did Tarkio have a lead in the counting of points. It was a decided victory for M. W. C., and the season closed with this grand triumph over the friends of Tarkio.

See next page—Prof. McCay going through the megaphone.



BOYS' BASKET BALL TEAM

See next page—Prof. McCay going through the megaphone.

Girls' Basket Ball Team.

Ruth Ellwood's work at right forward was unsurpassed this season. Her ability as an all around player was excellent. Her fast playing together with her accurate basket throwing was the despair of her opponents. Her knowledge of the game made her a good leader. She gave strength and confidence to her team mates through her team work. Her pleasing manner as captain won the respect of all.

Lucille Lane played a good game at left forward. With another year's experience she gives promise of becoming one of the best forwards M. W. C. has had. She did excellent work on free throws after fouls. Her sunny disposition always made her welcome on the floor.

Neva Henderson at jumping center did good work. In this position she showed a remarkable amount of endurance. Her opponents seldom out jumped her. In another year she would be unsurpassed as a center.

Lois Burris playing her third year as running center did great work in eluding her opponents. She played a hard, fast, consistent game. She was an accurate passer. Her strongest point was team work.

Nell Ramsey at left guard was quick. A great aggressive player. She guarded her opponents well. Her cheery disposition was not without its effect.

The confidence of the team was not misplaced by electing Merle Wyckoff as captain for '13-'14. She was a strong player both defensively and offensively. She always guarded her position so well that the points won by the opposing team from that quarter were the minimum. She had a good knowledge of the fine points of the game. She was one in whom her team mates would place the utmost confidence.

Edith Williamson who accompanied the team as substitute always proved her ability as an all around player, both as forward and guard. She will make a strong bid as regular next year.

See next page—Prof. McCay going through the megaphone.



GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

See next page—Prof. McCay going through the megaphone.

Ladies' Gym Class.

Ladies' Volley Ball and Gym class was organized Nov. 12th, under instructions of Russel H. Yankie, student manager of athletics. There was a large enrollment in the gymnasium class, and great interest was shown. The main feature was the dumb bell exercises, in which the class work was perfect. The class on different occasions was complimented on the rapidity with which they responded to coach Yankie's signals and commands.

Volley Ball also afforded excellent physical training. The two teams were Stars and Blues.

LINE UP

Stars

Ruby Bunn, Capt.
Leta Gibson
Nell McGlumpy
Georgia Parr
Lena Coe

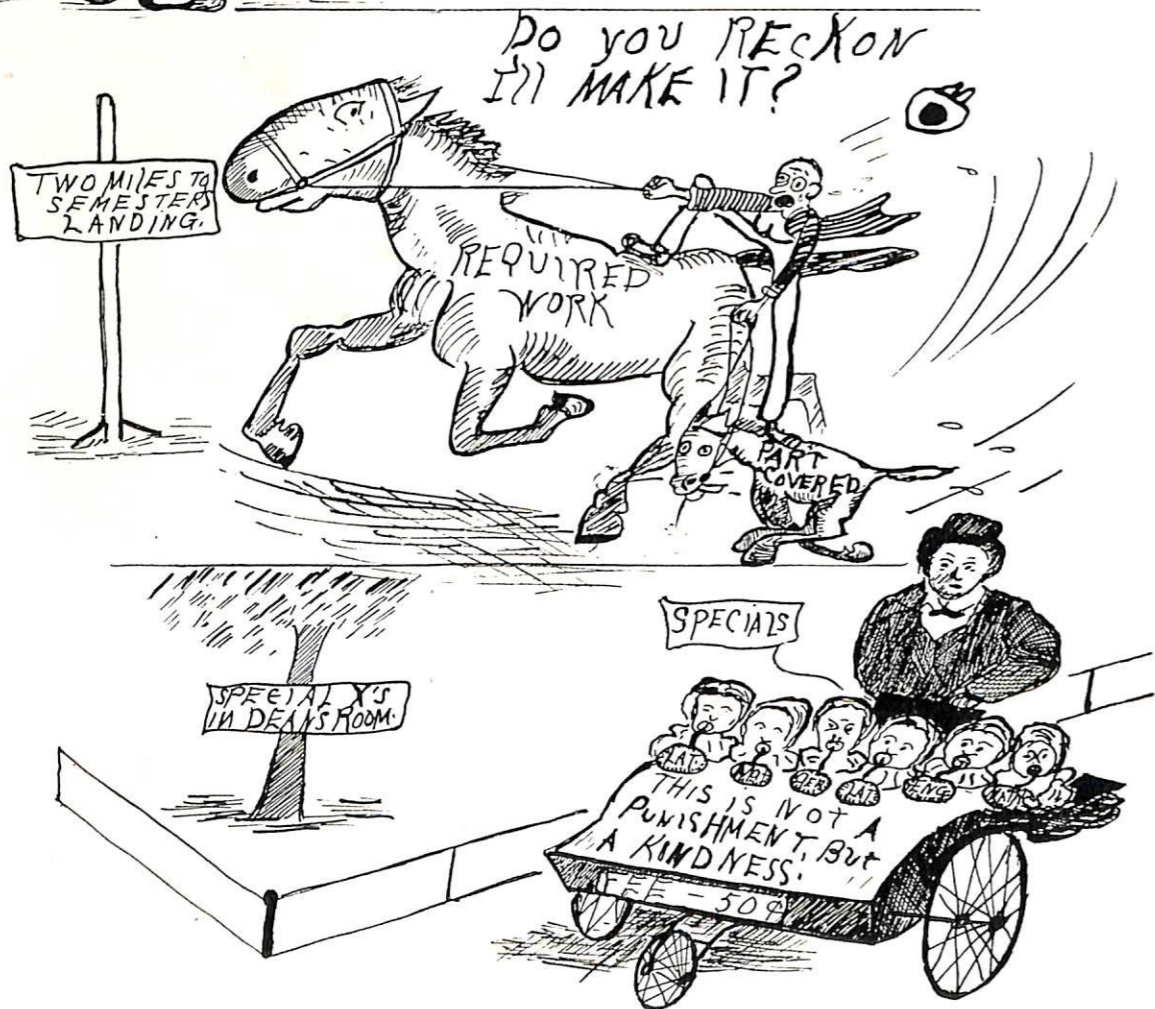
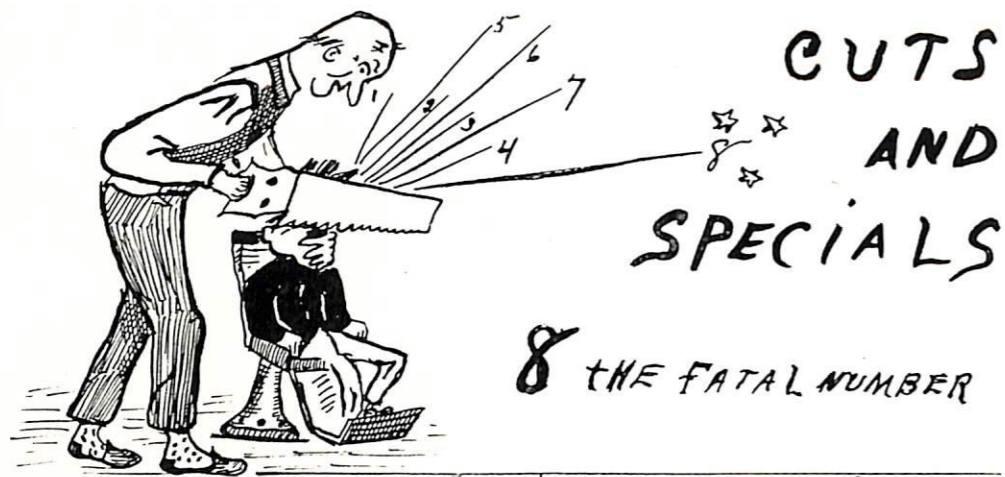
Blues

Eunice Proctor, Capt.
Cleo Harryman
Alma Cooley
Vera Rairdon
Virgil Allamong

There were five matched games between the two teams. The first game was on January 7th, the score being 21-5 in favor of the Stars. On January 31st the second game was played in which the Stars were again victorious by a score of 21-10. But on February 18th the tables turned and the Blues won by a score of 21-15. On March 7th, however, the Stars again met the opposing team and defeated them by a score of 21-8. On March 25th the Blues were again victorious, winning the last game of the series.

This is the first year Volley Ball has been played at M. W. C. Both teams showed excellent skill and team work and we have evidence of a splendid team for the following season.

See next page—Prof. McCay going through the megaphone.



See next page—Prof. McCay going through the megaphone.

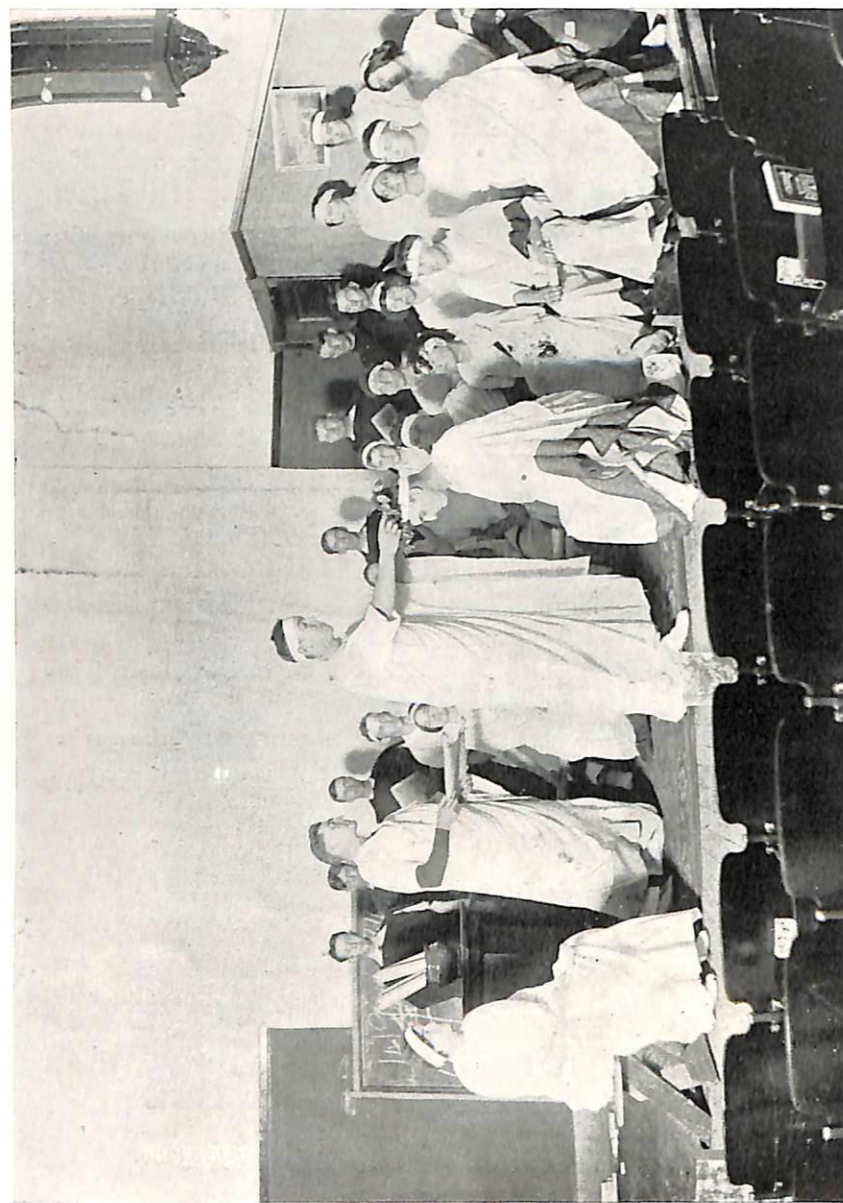
"A Roman School."

The program given by the Latin department of Missouri Wesleyan College under the direction of Prof. W. V. McCay of the Chair of Latin, was not only one of the most unique, but one of the most educative programs ever given by the students of the college. The large audience, composed mostly of high school and college students, enthusiastically showed their fine appreciation of the program. The first part of the program consisted of a splendid paper by Miss Smith of the Latin department of the high school, explaining the methods and aim of Roman education of the first century, B. C., the time given for the setting of the play, a Roman School, which was the second part of the program. Miss Smith's paper was followed by several stereopticon views of Rome and Roman life. The slides for these views were purchased by the Latin classes. After this instructive introduction to Roman life and education the students of the Latin department, robed in Roman toga, presented the play, "A Roman School," written by Miss Susan Paxson. Such famous characters as Cicero and Caesar, who rivalled in oratory; Antony and Brutus, historical figures made immortal by the power of Shakespeare's pen; Cataline, the outcast; and Pompey the Great, were impersonated by the pupils of the "School."

Great credit is due Miss Blanche DeBra and her assistants for making costumes, and Miss Henderson for assisting in the rehearsals of the play.

The proceeds of the program, amounting to \$40, will go towards equipping the Latin department with lantern slides on classical subjects.

See next page—Prof. McCay going through the megaphone.



ROMAN SCHOOL

See next page—Prof. McCay going through the megaphone.

The Bachelors' Club.

On a gray snowy Sunday afternoon, in the middle of January, a bunch of congenial spirits were drawn by the law of attraction into the "den" of Hopeful Jones and Foxey Neff.

In the world of bleak reality these spirits are known by various dignified and suggestive titles, but in this Bachelor land of Bohemia they are called by fitting names which reveal their personalities and which we will use throughout this article.

It was Mischievous Christian who suggested the eats and she and Hopeful lighted a flame beneath the chafing dish, while Foxey preceded to crack the English walnuts, for the delicious treat that afternoon was to be fudge.

Flip Ramsey and Go Lucky Moore, kimona-clad, were curled up among the pillows, and at the moment Foxey's nodding little head was turned, they delved languidly into the "nut goddies," meanwhile contriving to keep two pairs of innocent eyes on the other congenial spirits, and interjecting brilliant remarks into the already very brilliant conversation.

The rich brown ambrosia was by this time boiling and its fragrance mingled with the burning alcohol, reminded one of incense, and Reckless Jones, standing over the dish, like a priestess, gave her verdict that the candy was "threading beautifully."

Then came the time to "beat" the fudge and Mischievous Christian in a chafing dish apron was unanimously considered quite the proper person to do this stunt.

Fluffy Brinkley drawn by an unseen force entered at this moment. That "there is always room for one more" is especially applicable to Fluffy when it isn't to others, for the point is Fluffy is so small that she doesn't require much room. Well Fluffy was cordially welcome and promptly suspended on a chair to await the cooling of the candy.

The evening went like a Banana Split with two spoons on an August afternoon and before church time plans had been made for various jolly "meets" each girl clamoring to be hostess at the next meeting of—oh—"The Bachelors' Club!" exclaimed half a dozen girls in one voice.

So the Bachelors' Club had evolved itself quite naturally from a meeting of joy revelers into a tangible thing—a club, with a flower and a motto.

To the personnel of the sisterhood since that memorable afternoon have been added "Captain John" Smith and "Peggy" Burris (members in urbe).



BACHELORS' CLUB

See next page—Prof. McCay going through the megaphone.



ROYAL HEBERS
 H. McCombs Poland Yankie Ellwood Wyckoff Seaton R. McCombs Lukens Wilson
 Bigler Yetter Barber

?

“ROYAL HEBERS.”

- C. H. BIGLER, “Big,” '16.
- W. R. YETTER, “Pep,” '16.
- W. F. BARBER, “Bill,” '13.
- J. F. POLAND, “Ing,” '16.
- R. H. YANKIE, “Yank,” '14.
- H. A. McCOMBS, “Hawk,” Com. '14.
- R. E. McCOMBS, “Craw,” Com. '14.
- H. A. WYCKOFF, “Puke,” '15.
- E. H. LUKENS, “Smiles,” Acd. '13.
- G. B. SEATON, “Deak,” Acd. '13, '14.
- L. A. WILSON, “Punk,” '15.
- V. C. ELLWOOD, “Vint,” Acd. '13, '14.

See next page—Prof. McCay going through the megaphone.



PROHIBITION ASSOCIATION

Prohibition Association.

The I. P. A. which was organized in March 1911, has started out this year to do things. The purpose of this organization is to investigate the Liquor Problem. By various methods it brings to the attention of young people in our colleges and universities one of the greatest problems confronting this nation.

In three different ways our local association is endeavoring to reach and interest every student in school. Professor Clelland offers a class in "The Liquor Problem" in which the enrollment numbers thirteen. Once a month a Prohibition program is given by one of the Literary Societies, each society giving a program in turn. Then, not only an opportunity, but an inducement is offered for some intense work on this subject in the oratorical contest which occurs each year. In this contest a prize of ten dollars is awarded to the one who wins first place, and the winner of second place receives five dollars. There were three in our home preliminary last year. The winners of the first and second prizes were successful in two contests held outside. Miss Stella Dodd won first place in a state contest held under the auspices of the Prohibition Party at their convention in Marshall, Mo. Mr. Arthur Smith tied for first place in a contest in the Methodist Temperance Society. This shows what our Missouri Wesleyan students can do and should offer an incentive to the rest of us to work.

M. W. CRITERION.

Published Monthly by the under-graduates of Missouri Wesleyan College.

C. T. Butterfield Editor-in-Chief
Edmund Freeman Business Manager

Stella Dodd / Associate Editors	Avon Taylor Alumni Editor
F. K. Riley /		Helen Nixon Exchange Editor
W. P. Hulen / Local Editors	Burnham Shaw Athletic Editor
Ruth Ellwood /		Leslie Wilson Advertising Manager
Victor Lockhart Circulation Manager		

Editorial Association

President W. P. Hulen
Vice-President E. L. Freeman
Sec'y and Treasurer J. Q. Vance

Board of Control

Senior Fannie Burgess
Junior Russell Yankie
Sophomore Edmund Freeman
Freshman Foster Poland

EDITORIALS.

At this, the close of the year, we wish to express our commendation of old and new students alike. The year has been a glorious success both from the standpoint of great victories won and very satisfactory work accomplished.

The college spirit has been good, compared with previous years and re-buffs suffered this year, it has been exceptionally good. It's easy to get support for a victorious team but unless the spirit is tip-top it is mighty difficult to get support for a losing team. Neither in foot ball nor in basket ball did we pile up big scores. With such a condition as that it doesn't make any difference if old-timers do rise in chapel and tell us of the unimportance of scored in comparison with moral victory and of the wholesome effects of defeat, the dose is going to be too big and bitter to swallow unless the college spirit is right. The spirit was right; it never wavered from the first.

The student support of the Criterion this year was excellent, this we appreciate. No doubt, many of you were disappointed in the paper, we see where we could have made improvements but we did our best at the time. There was one branch of the college life that we felt a decided lack of support from, that is, the Alumni. With their assistance through their editor, or individually, we could have conducted a much more interesting paper. Without that support we could not keep track of them and events where they went.

Perhaps few realize the benefits of a college paper, first, to the student body, and second, to the institution itself. The advantages to the student are two-fold; it carries to each one the news items and jokes that would not otherwise reach them and it furnishes instructive literary articles and information. In the second place, in a school that does not offer a course in Journalism, it gives the student a drill in this work, a benefit that is often not realized until it is experienced. Mr. Subscriber, did you ever stop to think how much of the Criterion you paid for? If you received each issue what your subscription paid for you would get the cover sheet and three other pages. The advertiser makes the Criterion and its benefits to you possible. The reason they do it is that they believe in you and in the College. As such believers and co-workers they deserve and should have, as far as you can make it possible, your patronage. We are careful what we advertise and can assure you of their sincerity. Let's pay the debt that we owe and give them our trade.



CRITERION STAFF

See next page—Prof. McCay going through the megaphone.



LADIES MISSION CLASS

A Prayer for Vision.

The Master said that they receive who ask,
 We seek a vision of our present task.
 O God and Father of the church, we pray,
 Make known Thy plan for each of us today!

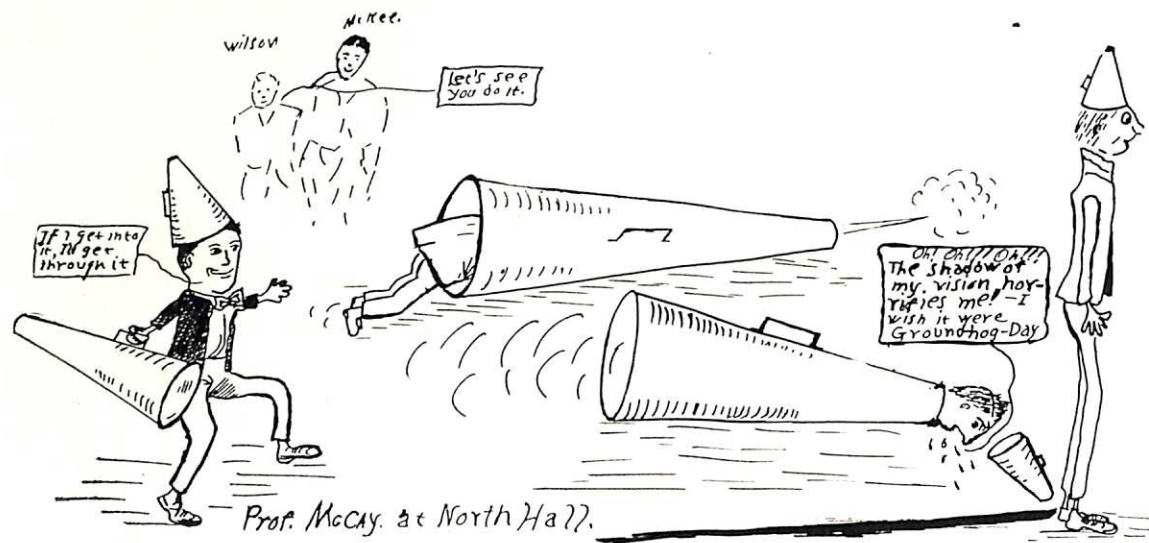
We Christians hurry so, and fret and fear,
 As though the living God could scarcely hear
 His own child's voice. This is our Holy Place,
 And Christ will tell us of the Father's face.

Exalted visions of the things we dare
 To undertake for those who do not care;
 Visions of sin, the unclean lips, the doom;
 And, last, the vision of the Upper Room.

The Living Fire, the Holy One,
 The world wide program of the church begun,
 Endured with power. We linger here and ask
 Once more the vision of our present task.

GAY C. WHITE.

See next page—Prof. McCay going through the megaphone.



Prof. McCay at North Hall.

PROF. McCAY GOING THROUGH THE MEGAPHONE

Our Sympathy to Faculty and Students.

TO ROAST those worthy of our attention by the ungentle application of satire's heat to take from each that awful rawness.

TO DEVOUR BY FLAMES his pet exerescence that ill becomes a student—though may-hap its owner knew it not.

TO REFINE IT BY FIRE and thus enabling each character rough hewn as it may have come from rural scenes to take on a high polish.

And all in a spirit of kind intent. This has been our pleasing task, and to all our victims we offer our sympathy.

THE OWL STAFF.

We are sorry kind friends,
That we can't roast you all,
But our victims are many
And our oven is small.

Yet all who are victims,
We roast till well done,
That those who may feast here
May relish the fun.



Clelland: "What is the difference between the great symphony and the raggedest ragtime?"

Freeman: "In one you lose your heart, in the other you lose your feet."

History Teacher: "Take to the Pyramids tomorrow."

Yankie, (to his seat mate): "I'd rather take to the tall timber."

Senior: "Don't you know I am a Senior?"

New Student: "Then cheer up."

Better subscribe for the Criterion before you go home.

Don't knock the knockers, they knock themselves.

Ho! Ho! Did you see that new suit of the Dean's?

Sophomore: "I want to get myself some new glasses."

Freshman: "Why, are your eyes failing?"

Sophomore: "No, not exactly; I just want to strengthen my eyes so they will be in trim to devour the contents of the new Owl."

"What are the base ball nine doing this season?"

"Some are in the marble business while others are working for Street and Walker, pressing brick."

McCay: "Mr. Vance you should study your Greek alone somewhere so you could study out aloud."

Vance: "A fellow can't get off alone anywhere around here."

Hulen (Refusing a glass of cider at the Halloween party): "No, thanks; we have a little press of our own."

Mr. Riley (Speaking of the merits of the Soph. class): "Why, we are all married to each other."

Miss Ramsey (Rushing into the Junior meeting in North Hall and rummaging through the papers on the table)

Fish: "What are you looking for?"

Miss Ramsey: "I—I'm looking for a picture."

Fish: "What kind of a picture?"

Miss Ramsey: "O—a—a picture of a man."

Dr. DeBra in chapel: "I do not want you to throw your money around just everywhere."

Dutch Heinz accidentally lets a whole handful of money fall on the floor. It was a question for a moment which was the reddest, his hair or his face.

Dean (In chapel) "You were noisy from the time you began."

Cropper: "Don't you board here in the hall, Lukens?"

Lukens: "No! I board at home!"

B. Horn: "I wish I could board at home."

Ruby Bunn: "So do I, Mr. Horn."

Lukens: "Why don't you just come on over?"

Miss Burgess: "Mr. Freeland will you explain what most verbs show?"

Freeland: "Why," (with his characteristic gestures)—"something doing."

At nine o'clock they sat like this—

He was not long in learning.

At ten o'clock they sat like this—

The gas was lower burning.

Another hour they sat like this—

Still I'd not venture whether

At twelve o'clock they sat like this—

Alleroweduptogether.

Null: "Why are you always behind in your studies?"

Yetter: "Because, if I were not behind I could not pursue them."



Brother Bill Butler boarded at the Boarding Bee. Bill brooded over the board and board bills, bewailing and boasting that better board could be bought at better boarding bees, until both beast and bi-ped bounced Butler broadcast before the blustery breezy Blizzard. "Better begone, Bill," bespoke bonnie Blizzard, "bad board builds bad business, bad body besides bad breath. Begone, Bill, begone!"

Bill bore up bravely, and before breakfast Bill busied himself about bill boards and board bills at better boarding bees. By bedtime Bill being bothered about the bad Blizzard blubbered boisterous brawlings about his brother. "Bother it," bemoaned Bill, "brown bread, baked beans, or bitter butter is better than being beaten by a bombast bi-ped."

But the bonnie Breeze beamed brighter and blew balmier. "Better not bother about the board—Bill. Be brave and the bonnie Breeze will blow better blessings."

A long white hair was found on Prof. McCay's coat. What color is Miss Corken's hair?

Dainty—That which is pleasant to (Reed) read.

Bettie (To Miss Martin, her room-mate): "Minnie, I have three nephews and isn't it strange they are all boys?"

Minnie wasn't so much surprised as amused.

Miss Cecil Jean Christian to Victor Lockhart at the dinner table September 10th, "Mr. Lockhart, where do you live?"

Mr. Lockhart, answering in his customary matter of fact manner, "I'll tell you in plenty of time for you to write to me next summer."

A new student appeared at Prof. Kelsey's studio. "Professor, I wish to take voice."

Prof. Kelsey: "Very well."

Student: "I wish to take a tenor voice."

Prof. Kelsey is up against a new problem.

Dr. DeBra at Christmas time under pressure of the Endowment, to his family at the breakfast table, "Well friends, let us retire to the other room."

Mr. Clay Bigler, at the table on Thanksgiving day: "I can't imagine why Tom McKee gets in so late. I wonder where he keeps himself?"

Miss Specht: "Does he seem rather frosty when he comes in?"

Mr. Bigler, wrinkles his brow is still puzzled.

Miss Specht: "I mean is the trace of (W) winter's breath discernible?"

Mr. Bigler: "It certainly is." Another mystery solved.

Dr. DeBra at Christmas time, still under the pressure of the Endowment: "Prof. Clelland, this is the first time in my life I've forgotten to get my wife a Christmas present."

Prof. Clelland: "Let's go up town as we go from the train and look up something." Result—a coffee percolator.

Christmas day. Dr. DeBra's daughter over the phone: "Hello father."

Dr. DeBra at the College Office: "Hello. Is this you Central? Long distance message. Endowment did you say? What, Endowment?"

Miss DeBra: "No father, this is Blanche. Did I hear you say you bought a clock for mother for her Christmas present?"

Dr. DeBra: "A-hem, why yes,—a-hem, this is Christmas isn't it?"

A few moments later Dr. DeBra appears at the dining room door

with the clock which had been forgotten entirely. Mrs. DeBra fares well with the percolator and clock.

Leah Taylor, going to Physics class. "There is only one thing I can answer to today."

Miss Remley: "What is it?"

Miss Taylor: "Roll call."

Mr. Riley, to one of the guests at the table: "How much you remind me of something I have seen in the pen."

Miss Specht: "Well, I have always heard that it takes one to recognize another."

Bunn—A rare sweet, found wrapped up in Lu(kens) cans.

Heinz—A brand of pickles. Often canned at North Hall.

Ring in Endowment! Ring in enjoyment!

Clelland, in Philosophy class: "When is the present? The tick of the watch? Or is it the beginning of the tick or the tail end of the tick?"

Dr. DeBra, in Chapel, after the Dean had spoken briefly on the passing of the Webb Bill and the County Unit Bill: "Now, you may not be able to see through all this jumble."

Why is a preacher like a sky scraper? Because he has so many stories.

Bigler, at dining hall: "I'm going to change my boarding place."

B. Horn: "Where are you going?"

Bigler: "Out under the trees and eat leaves."

McCay: "Miss Rutledge, what is the Greek word for bad?"

Miss Rutledge: "Maka."

Miss Jones: "Nell, have you seen anything of 'Nebuchadnezzar' pinned onto the end of 'Those Old Sweethearts of Mine?'"

Senior Yell.

We'll yell for Missouri Wesleyan,
With its banner of bright red—
We'll yell for Missouri Wesleyan
In our coffins when we are dead;
And when we are up in heaven
We'd like to give a yell
But alas, '13 to deafen,
We must give it down in—

—Chapel.

Too poor to roast—Coach Whitsell.

Olga Moore has been seen wearing Bill's coat sleeve for a belt.
We're sorry she is so hard up.

Oh!

Ouch!

Hurrah!

Buy an Owl!

Come. Wake up!

Don't look so sour!

Smile, darn you, smile!

Nelson Horn has some samples of marriage announcements.

Riley: "What are you doing with these?"

Nelson, getting very red: "I did not intend for you to see them."

Miss DeBra, in English class: "Miss Brown, you have two cuts."

Miss Brown: "Two?"

Miss DeBra: "Yes."

Miss Brown, meditatively: "O, yes, I made one when I went to Parkville, and one when Parkville came here."

Prof. Null, in Economics: "Has anyone here a green back?"

Pessi.

There ain't no use in trying,
I never can succeed,
The whole world is ahead of me
I'm never in the lead.

I work as hard as any man
And make good wages too,
But some how, I am always broke
No matter what I do.

Some men, who don't earn half as much,
Have twice as much as I,
They don't appear to be hard up
No matter what they buy.

Last night I sat down in my room
And tried to figure out,
How everybody else gets on
While I go on without.

I got so worried over it
I couldn't help but cry;
And here it is another day—
It ain't no use to try.

Opti.

Isn't this a grand old world?
The sun shines every day,
And though the clouds are sometimes thick
They quickly pass away.

I love my work, my home, my friends,
The world is good to me;
Some folks get more than I, perhaps,
But that will always be.

At every turn I see some man
Less fortunate than I,
Which makes me thankful for these things
That money cannot buy.

Last night I sat down in my home
And tried to figure out,
Why I am able to get on,
While others go without.

If there's a reason for the luck
That's with me all the while,
I think it may be this:—I try
To always wear a smile.

Prof. Clelland, in Bible A: "Love is always timid—except around here."

A boarder at North Hall, after eating four dishes of ice cream, on a bitter cold day, remarked: "I fear I shall be a frozen corpse before I reach my rooming house." A friend who heard the remark suggested that the tragedy might be prevented if he took a hot water bottle with him.

The telephone rings and Mrs. DeBra steps to the phone, placing her ear to the mouthpiece and her mouth at the receiver. "Hello—hello—hello—Why don't they answer?"

At this moment her son Walter looks up and bursts out into laughter: "Why, mother, look what you are doing, no wonder they don't answer."

Dean Watson, entering the class room and seeing Eugene DeBra tilting his chair against the wall, remarked: "Mr. DeBra, that chair is a quadruped."

Prof. Clelland still says, "The fact of the business is."

Olga Moore in Sociology: "A girl can live cheaper than a boy. She can fry an egg three times a day."

Prof. Null's favorite saying is: "You're fudging."

Miss Corken has Prof. McCay going South.

Miss Ramsey at the telephone: "Hello, Edmund, let me put your number on the wall with the rest of my beaus. Here's Heinz, Reed, Schlademan, and now give me yours. Some way I never can tell whether I've got you or whether I haven't."

Too much fruit salad.

Vance, violently tugging at Berry, two thirty A. M. "I'm going to throw you out into the mud, you've got bottles on you."

Nothing has ever made Vic rattle his jaw bones as the return of Frances L. Jones.

Mr. Riley to Prof. Clelland in Bible B: "Don't you have to know something about salvation before you can study it properly?"

Prof. Clelland: "Is that the reason you can't get your lesson?"

Prof. McCay counts the faculty (f-a-e-u-l-t-y) over one by one and decides that he will have "C" for his write-up.

Moore (in sociology): "Why is it that men are better cooks than women?"

Prof. Clelland: "I don't know."

Moore: "It must be because men have stronger arms and stir harder."

Winnifred: "Mamma objects to hugging."

Sheldon: "Well, I am not wanting to hug her."

Miss Specht to Hulen as he is leaving North Hall: "Mr. Hulen, you are not looking as well as before you were sick."
Hulen: "Oh, I don't know. I have been holding *my own*."

Miss Smith: "Dr. DeBra, your wife wants to talk to you over the phone."
Dr. Debra: "Which one?"
Miss Smith: "I didn't know you had more than one (wife)."

Christian: "Is my hat on straight?"
Neff: "No, one eye shows."

(In the library) Ramsey: "Man Without a Country."
Casey: "Heavens, I can't imagine of anything worse."
Ramsey: "Oh, I can. A country without a man."

Pep: "Well, how did you come out last night?"
Bill: "Through the window."

Moore: "My skirt feels too tight."
Brinkley: "No wonder. You have it upside down."

Casey: "How could you see out in that dark hall?"
Ramsey: "I couldn't."
Casey: "I heard you tell Freeman he hadn't shaved."

Ruth's friend: "Mr. Hills kisses you, don't he?"
Ruth: "Do you think he would come so often just to hear me play on the piano?"

Draper (making a long reach): "It's nice to have long arms."
Vance: "Yes, in some cases."
Draper: "I use them, too."
Vance: "Looks like one would be enough for your case."

Greta Snider: "This is my first pie."

Gertrude King: "Don't you think it would be nicer to keep it than to eat it?"

Caught in the kitchen—"Are you the same guy that ate my mince pie last week?"
Nelson Horn: "No, I'll never be the same guy."

Miss Fawcett (to merchant): "Do you keep coffee in the bean?"
Merchant: "No, madam, brains."

Melick (in physics): "What is a vacuum?"
Riley: "I know. I have it in my head, but I can't just think of it."

New student: "Does Draper belong to the 400?"
Old student: "Yes, he's one of the ciphers."

Pupil: "What effect does the moon have upon the tide?"
Miss Burgess: "None! It affects only the untied."

Lukens (at North Hall 10:00 P. M.): "Oh, don't trouble to see me to the door."
Ruby: "No trouble at all. It's a pleasure in case of necessity."

(During election time) "What party does Perry belong to?"
Anna Mae: "I'm the party."

Tom McKee (in physics laboratory): "Sheldon is a deep thinker."
Riley: "I guess so. None of his ideas ever get to the surface."

Anna Mae: "Yes, I will be yours, on one condition."
Perry: "That's all right. I entered Wesleyan with six."

Concentrated Classification of Inconsequential.

Name	Age	Appearance	Occupation	Aim	Hobby	Criminal record
Hulen	Courage	Heavenward	Barker	Marriage	Himself	An awful case
Lodd	Kiddage	Dashing	Braying	A diamond	Writing poetry	Divine smile (it never comes off)
Barber	Ravage	Mustard	Farming	Ease	Slang	Making (Moore) mashes
Wilson	Mucilage	Slowly opening	Making a hit	To look cute	No one knows	We daren't tell
Butterfield	Rubbage	Rustic	Smiling	Pres. of U. S.	Billiken	Heavens Umm!
Nixon	Manage	Peachy	Unknown	High life	Dignity	Heart breaking
Reid	Sausage	Sanctimonious	Getting close	Gathering in sheep	Girling	Indescribable
Burgess	Dotage	Queenly	Fishing	Preacher's wife	A little fish	Numerous proposals
Heinz	Cabbage	Dutchy	Spurting hot air	Master's degree	Eng. grammar	Advising the Profs.

(The morning after the night before) Berry bringing forth a sack of chocolates, says: "We didn't have time to eat them last night."

Vance: "Oh, that's the reason they are all squeezed up together."

Moore: "My, it's awful dark along this street."

Barber: "Are you afraid?"

Moore: "No, not if you take that cigar out of your mouth."



Immortals.

Breathes there a man
 With hair so red
 Who ne'er to himself hath said
 I'm in danger of losing my own, my native head
 Who ne'er did secretly howl
 For fear he wouldn't be put in the Owl
 While at Missouri Wesleyan;
 Who ne'er hath said
 "I hate this picture taking,"
 But inwardly felt like shaking
 Him who pointed his kodak another way;
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
 As in his soul he eagerly yearned
 To beam forth in the Annual.
 Who ne'er wished the calendar would tell
 He bought some shoe strings
 And went to the banquet with Nell;
 Who ne'er would remind
 The juniors at each curve
 Of the recognition he rightly deserved
 For heroic stunts, fool pranks, and jokes most bum,
 If such there breathes, go mark him well
 He never shall appear in the Annual
 May the wretch go down
 Through these pages unsung
 And never be remembered as unscorched or unstung.

Concentrated Classification of Inconsequential.

Name	Age	Appearance	Occupation	Aim	Hobby	Criminal record
Hulen	Courage	Heavenward	Barker	Marriage	Himself	An awful case
Jodd	Kiddage	Dashing	Braying	A diamond	Writing poetry	Divine smile (it never comes off)
Barber	Ravage	Mustard	Farming	Ease	Slang	Making (Moore) mashes
Wilson	Muchlunge	Slowly opening	Making a hit	To look cute	No one knows	We daren't tell
Butterfield	Rubbage	Rustic	Smiling	Pres. of U. S.	Billiken	Heavens Umm!
Nixon	Manage	Peachy	Unknown	High life	Dignity	Heart breaking
Reld	Sausage	Sanctimonious	Getting close	Gathering in sheep	Girling	Indescribable
Burgess	Dotage	Queenly	Fishing	Preacher's wife	A little fish	Numerous proposals
Heinz	Cabbage	Dutchy	Spurting hot air	Master's degree	Eng. grammar	Advising the Profs.

(The morning after the night before) Berry bringing forth a sack of chocolates, says: "We didn't have time to eat them last night."

Vance: "Oh, that's the reason they are all squeezed up together."

Moore: "My, it's awful dark along this street."

Barber: "Are you afraid?"

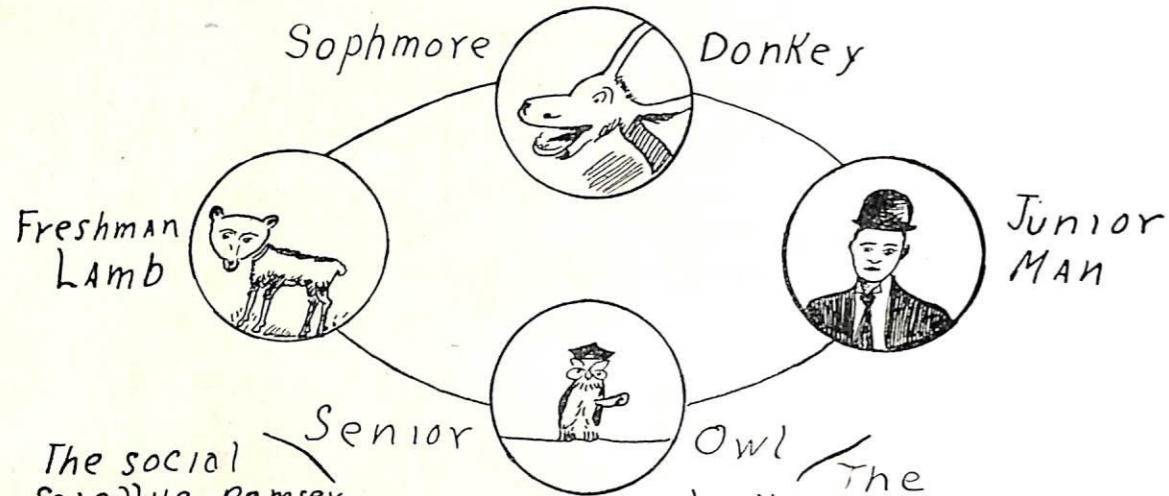
Moore: "No, not if you take that cigar out of your mouth."



Immortals.

Breathes there a man
 With hair so red
 Who ne'er to himself hath said
 I'm in danger of losing my own, my native head
 Who ne'er did secretly howl
 For fear he wouldn't be put in the Owl
 While at Missouri Wesleyan;
 Who ne'er hath said
 "I hate this picture taking,"
 But inwardly felt like shaking
 Him who pointed his kodak another way;
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
 As in his soul he eagerly yearned
 To beam forth in the Annual.
 Who ne'er wished the calendar would tell
 He bought some shoe strings
 And went to the banquet with Nell;
 Who ne'er would remind
 The juniors at each curve
 Of the recognition he rightly deserved
 For heroic stunts, fool pranks, and jokes most bum,
 If such there breathes, go mark him well
 He never shall appear in the Annual
 May the wretch go down
 Through these pages unsung
 And never be remembered as unscorched or unstung.

The Four Signs of the college course.



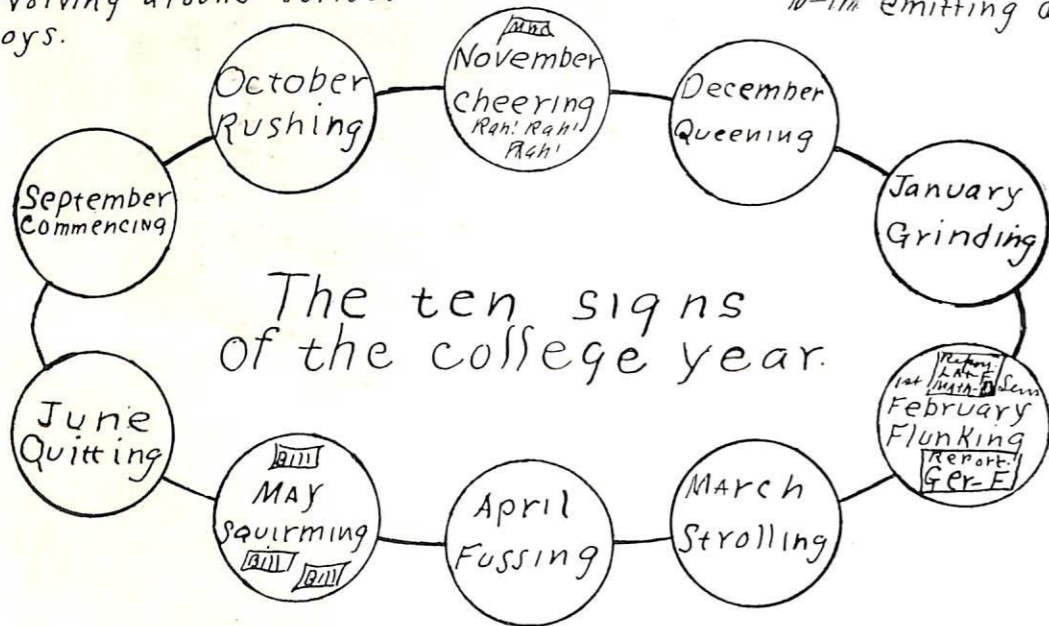
The social satellite Ramsey is visible to the naked eye at certain times during the day revolving around various boys.

Morning

and

Evening

The brilliant Luminary, Rev. (Josephus) Reid is visible at North STARS. Hall from 7^{PM} to 10^{PM} emitting dazzling Rays.



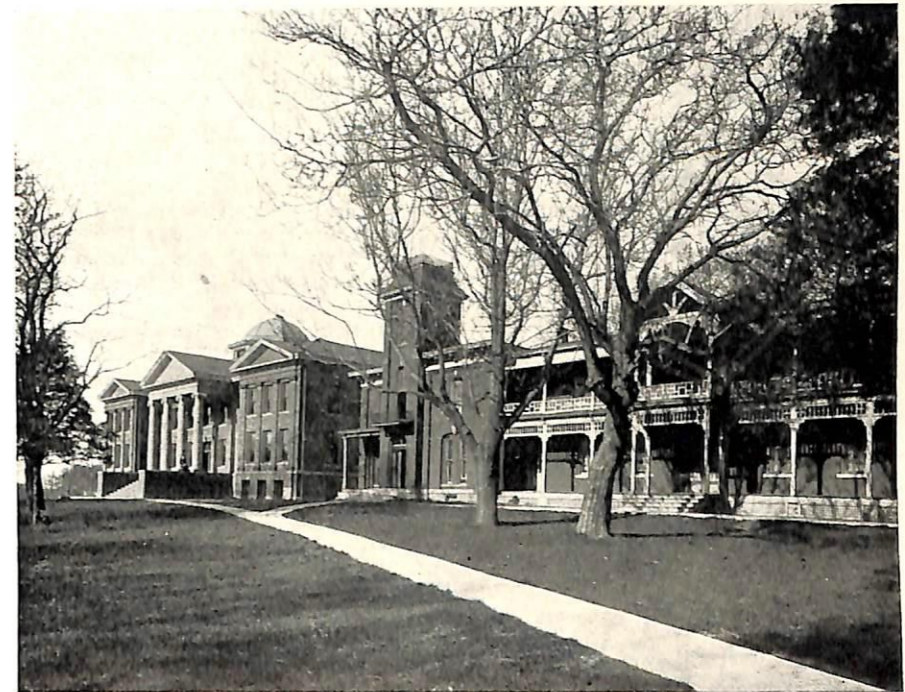
The ten signs of the college year.

Missouri Wesleyan College

A Christian School

for the Higher Education of both the Young Men and Women

COLLEGE - Classical, Scientific. PREPARATORY. COMMERCIAL. NORMAL. CONSERVATORY - Piano, Pipe Organ, Voice, Violin, Theory. ART. ORATORY.

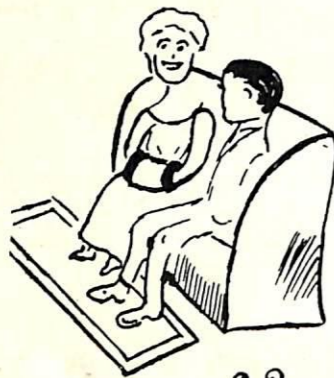


This Institution maintains a high standard of scholarship. Its faculty are well trained, and experienced. There are ample opportunities for self-support. Expenses are moderate. Excellent facilities for Physical Culture. A new Athletic Field, which is the finest in the state. For particulars address

Pres. H. R. DeBra,
Cameron, Missouri.



19



23



30

Sept. 9, Mon. North Hall opens for tea.

Sept. 10, Tues. Classification. Registration. Mental telepathy practiced by old society members upon the new comers.

Sept. 11, Wed. Y. M. C. A. Stag Social. Preps find their rooms, unpack, hang up family pictures.

Sept. 12, Thurs. Y. W. C. A. Reception at Mrs. Clelland's.

Sept. 13, Fri. Reception for new students at North Hall.

Sept. 14, Sat. "This next is a joke," so says Puck, "Breeze wafts more and more freely through Dean Watson's hair."

Sept. 15, Sun. Mrs. DeBra leads the first meeting of the Y. W. C. A.

Sept. 16, Mon. Reception for College students given by Epworth League. Aesthesians begin their rushing before breakfast.

Sept. 17, Tues. Informal reception for Rutheans given by Miss Lois Burris.

Sept. 18, Wed. Chapel speech. Less noise. Aesthesian reception for new girls.

Sept. 19, Thurs. Prof. McCay has found a palate tickler. Chapel seats assigned.

Sept. 20, Fri. Meeting of literary societies.

Sept. 21, Sat. Dr. English gives chapel talk.

Sept. 22, Sun. Twenty new members received into Y. W. C. A.

Sept. 23, Mon. Puck takes note of something he is pleased to call "Queen-ing."

Sept. 24, Tues. Faculty meeting.

Sept. 25, Wed. Foot Ball field scene of activity.

Sept. 26, Thurs. First frost. Everything green bitten, even the freshmen. Aesthesians take in nineteen new members.

Sept. 27, Fri. Puck reports that the new girls begin to have friends.

Sept. 28, Sat. First foot ball game played with Kidder Institute. Score 55-0 in favor of M. W. C.

Sept. 29, Sun. Everybody goes to church.

Sept. 30, Mon. Nell Ramsey squeezes a live snake. This practice may be of value to her in later life.

Red Cross Pharmacy

Soda Fountain Specialties The
 Drug Sundries name at
 Stationery the bottom of this
 Drugs Ad is enough said. Every
 Books advertisement is based on a
 good foundation; this one has it.

M. R. Blanchard, Jeweler

Ice Cream

The Test Tells

Cameron Candy Kitchen

Cameron, Mo.

QUAYLE

STEEL ENGRAVERS

AND

Manufacturing Jewelryman

TO

American Universities

NEW YORK,
25 W. 42nd St.

CHICAGO,
64 W. Randolph St.

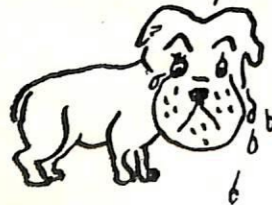
ALBANY,
19 Chapel St.



Now the girl will all love me.



And I must be sacrificed for base humanity



Oct. 1, Tues. Rev. Heicke leads our devotional meeting and gives us a splendid talk on the power of the Bible. At Mission Study Miss DeBra tells of her trip abroad.

Oct. 2, Wed. Puck hears something like Ramsey, Neff and Casey and wonders who the guys are. Aesthesians give "Old Time Program."

Oct. 3, Thurs. Does Yankee think he is the most popular man at M. W. C.?

Oct. 4, Fri. Foot ball game between Baker University and M. W. C.

Oct. 5, Sat. Game between Wentworth Military Academy and M. W. C.

Oct. 6, Sun. Puck standing on a fence post sees many wending their way to the cemetery.

Oct. 7, Mon. Olga Moore arrives.

Oct. 8, Tues. Olga gets acquainted. Quiz in Bible.

Oct. 9, Wed. Dr. Nicholson of New York visits M. W. C. Gives talk at Chapel, subject, "You must civilize or get off the earth."

Oct. 10, Thurs. Dr. Bickle gives splendid talk at chapel.

Oct. 11, Fri. Rules are read at North Hall and new system of self government considered. An indignation meeting follows.

Oct. 12, Sat. Number of callers at Hall increase.

Oct. 13, Sun. Bright and fair. Everybody attends church. M. E. Conference at Hamilton. Many M. W. C. students attend.

Oct. 14, Mon. Student preachers tell of the feasts they enjoyed while gone for the benefit of the Club boarders. Proctors begin work.

Oct. 15, Tues. Aesthesian Preliminary Debate.

Oct. 16, Wed. Everybody takes dinner at the church.

Oct. 17, Victor cracks a joke at the boarding club.

Oct. 18, Fri. Ruthean and Excelsior Circus.

Oct. 19, Sat. Heinz is complimented on his ready flow of gab and on making announcements. "Let all the fellers remember that the Y. M. has a meetin' tomorrow aftanoon. Dean Watson will lead. All the fellers be sure to git there."

Oct. 20, Sun. Student state secretary Garner visits M. W. C., gives a very helpful talk at the joint meeting. Coach Whitsell absent from Cameron on Sunday. Where?

Oct. 21, Mon. Olga Moore contributes a barrel of apples to the inmates of North Hall.

Oct. 22, Tues. A mighty question is on the minds of our young men. "Who will occupy the seat next to me at the lecture course?"

Oct. 23, Wed. Mr. Leonard Patton, President of the Missouri State League of I. P. A. visits M. W. C.

Oct. 24, Thurs. Mr. Patton talks at chapel and meets with the local association.

Oct. 25, Fri. Rutheans and Excelsiors initiate their new hall.

Oct. 26, Sat. Sport succumbs in Prof. Melick's arms.

Oct. 27, Sun. Bell Smith and Pearl Neff break Sunday traditions by cleaning house.

Oct. 28, Mon. Mr. Hounshell of the Student Volunteer Movement engages in consultation with M. W. C. students.

Oct. 29, Tues. Mr. Hounshell visits chapel, gives helpful talk. Rutheans gave Hallowe'en party at the city reservoir.

Oct. 30, Wed. Aesthesian Hallowe'en party. Did any one have a dry time that evening?

Oct. 31, Thurs. Prof. Null still busy in the ditch. First snow.

The Corner Drug Store

The Home of Blue Jay School Supplies, Conklin Self-Filling Pens and All School Supplies.

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

S. H. HOOK & CO.

The Florsheim Shoe

KNOCH & JONES

Solicit Your Patronage for High Grade Footwear



IF IT'S CANDY IT'S AT NEFF'S



20



26



27 Lockhart and the obstreperous twins

Nov. 1, Fri. Supper hour changes at the Club.

Nov. 2, Sat. The Sophs have a stunt in Miss Fawcett's kitchen.

Nov. 3, Sun. Gentle, balmy, lamblike air.

Nov. 4, Mon. Voss earns the appellation of Colonel, which he readily adopts.

Nov. 5, Tues. First number of Lecture Course. The Hussars, a singing band.

Nov. 6, Wed. Death of Milton E. Moore.

Nov. 7, Thurs. Plans are made by students and faculty to attend Mr. Moore's funeral in a body.

Nov. 8, Fri. Funeral of Milton E. Moore.

Nov. 9, Sat. Marshall Yetter and Miss Trenchard visits M. W. C. "One icy morning, years ago," says Puck, "Marshall went down the College steps bumpety, bump."

Nov. 10, Sun. Lots of strolling. Mr. McKee and Miss Winter included.

Nov. 11, Mon. Miss Christian playfully picks Miss Needham up bodily and plants her on a box in the hall—quite a feat.

Nov. 12, Tues. Girls explore subterranean wonders on the campus.

Nov. 13, Wed. Miss Blanche DeBra sees a man under her window late in the night.

Nov. 14, Thurs. A student in Dean Watson's class wishes that if he is obliged to talk so loud he would grease his voice.

Nov. 15, Fri. Aestheticians received society pins.

Nov. 16, Sat. Cheered by good news from the field.

Nov. 17, Sun. Miss Specht speaks on "The Call to Service" at the Y. W. meeting.

Nov. 18, Mon. Preparations are being made for mock trial by Adelpians.

Nov. 19, Tues. Chicken Pie dinner at M. E. Church.

Nov. 20, Wed. Adelpian Mock Trial. Euell B. Henderson electrocuted.

Nov. 21, Thurs. Students in Bible A. pleased with Rev. Heicke as instructor.

Nov. 22, Fri. William Jewell and M. W. C. game.

Nov. 23, Sat. Grace and Oriene Howard are visiting Ruby Bunn and Nell McGlumphy.

Nov. 24, Sun. Prof. Kelsey's fire. Preachers are homeless. Perry Hulen lost Anna Mae's letters in the fire.

Nov. 25, Mon. Preachers are hunting homes.

Nov. 26, Tues. Some have found shelter. "Scenes in the Union Depot" is given. Victor Lockhart and twins most of the scenes.

Nov. 27, Wed. One of the obstreperous twins refuses to lead Chapel next morning.

Nov. 28, Thurs. Thanksgiving Candle Light Service at North Hall by Y. W. C. A.

Nov. 29, Fri. Irene Rutledge entertains Perry and Anna Mae.

Nov. 30, Sat. Hunting is discussed at North Hall; particularly bear hunting. Miss Bell Smith declares that she would enjoy it, especially that part of the hunt which included the bear hug. A spontaneous swing of Mr. Lockhart's arm causes consternation and a call for a screen is heard.



A. S. Brown

Maker of High Grade

Photographs

All Kinds of Picture Framing
Kodak Finishing

CAMERON

MISSOURI



Belle's favorite
19



Dec. 1, Sun. Dr. English very graciously accepts the explanation tendered by Mr. V. Lockhart in regard to calling the High School students who disturbed him a Prep. Mr. Lockhart wants it understood that the College Preps are gentlemen.

Dec. 2, Mon. New students for Winter Term are coming in. Old students returning.

Dec. 3, Tues. Winter Term opens. Hesperian Orchestra concert.

Dec. 4, Wed. Latin songs are sung.

Dec. 5, Thurs. Rushing is again taken up.

Dec. 6, Fri. Men in the field are working hard.

Dec. 7, Sat. Prof. McCay secures the services of a number of dress makers to sew for Cicero, Cataline, Anthony, Caesar, etc.

Dec. 8, Sun. Nelson Horn borrows Scott's collar to go to church.

Dec. 9, Mon. Togas for Pompey, Claudius and Brutus are finished by the seamstresses.

Dec. 10, Tues. The Latin play draws a large crowd. Leon Heinz and Russell Yankie dig enough metal from their pockets to pay for ten belles.

Dec. 11, Wed. Latin class quite jubilant over the success of their play.

Dec. 12, Thurs. Nothing stirring. Vic is a hearty eater.

Dec. 13, Fri. Five new members join Aesthetians.

Dec. 14, Sat. New Proctors are appointed. Inter-society debate. Excelsiors won.

Dec. 15, Sun. Chicken pie dinner at Boarding Club.

Dec. 16, Mon. Miss Corken tells of the Musicians service at the Y. W. meeting.

Dec. 17, Tues. Mr. Fish announces the girls' basket ball rehearsal.

Dec. 18, Wed. Students vote to have Spring vacation.

Dec. 19, Thurs. Belle loves to see pies on and under the table. Christmas tree program.

Dec. 20, Fri. Dr. English presents Christmas tokens to students. Anna Mae and Perry are doing their shopping together.

Dec. 21, Sat. Students return to their homes with endowment on their hearts.

Dec. 22, Sun. Thoughts of home, sweet home, entertained by non-home-goers.

Dec. 23, Mon. College Office, a busy spot.

Dec. 24, Tues. Mail man brings Christmas gifts.

Dec. 25, Wed. Christmas.

Dec. 26, Thurs. Fine weather continues. Endowment the only thing spoken of.

Dec. 27, Fri. Eagerly watching returns.

Dec. 28, Sat. Summing up. City water supply is shut off. Result of bath must of necessity be an abiding one.

Dec. 29, Sun. Dreaming of victory.

Dec. 30, Mon. Hopeful. Trustees are coming in.

Dec. 31, Tues. Turkey dinner given by Mrs. DeBra to Board of Trustees. A great day. Watch Night Service. At Midnight the old bell rings triumphantly. The victory is won.

E. STEINER

Dry Goods, Cloaks, Suits and
Millinery

Phone 400

CAMERON

MISSOURI

When in need of anything
in
Up-to-date
Footwear
See

Brown &
Phillips
Walk-Over Shoes

Cameron, Missouri

The Cameron Trust
Co.

Capital and Surplus, \$140,000

Does a general banking business.
Pays interest on all deposits.
We invite students and
all others to call on
us or write for
terms.



30

Jan. 1, Wed. Annual reception of Ladies' Guild at Mrs. Evans. Students returning. The girls all have new furs, the boys all wear loud neckties which their aunts gave them.

Jan. 2, Thurs. A rousing time at chapel over our great victory.

Jan. 3, Fri. Opening of the Aesthesian-Adelphian Hall. Please note the dancers boast.

Jan. 4, Sat. Dr. English calls attention to the errors in Christmas token at chapel service. Olga Moore and Merle Wyckoff enjoy a ride with Mr. Fronk and Mr. Lawrence and find out all the fine points about Lawrence's auto. (1) Slowness in shadow and (2) haste in light.

Jan. 5, Sun. University visitors still lingering. Reid enjoys variety.

Jan. 6, Mon. We enjoy the snow.

Jan. 7, Tues. Mr. McKee and Florence Winter chaperon a sleigh ride party.

Jan. 8, Wed. Chilli Supper given by Miss McClean in honor of Ruby Bunn and Nell McGlumphy.

Jan. 9, Thurs. Mr. Rankin visits M. W. C. Gives encouraging words to students and finds that his condition to endowment are met satisfactorily.

Jan. 10, Fri. Miss E. Chaney and Mr. Moorman form a We, Us & Co. partnership.

Jan. 11, Sat. Special Exams. Miss DeBra must be under the impression that a goodly number are majoring in "Pity Sakes."

Jan. 12, Sun. Rev. Jones has charge of the morning service at the M. E. Church. Dr. DeBra conducts the evening service.

Jan. 13, Mon. M. W. C. is becoming very studious.

Jan. 14, Tues. Midnight oil is being burned.

Jan. 15, Wed. Cramming, working on note books, getting really serious.

Jan. 16, Thurs. First semester's examinations.

Jan. 17, Fri. Examinations continued.

Jan. 18, Sat. Results are becoming known. Abundance of material for McCutcheon. Dean Birney of Boston School of Theology is with us and brings us greetings from Plymouth Rock and Mr. Bigler.

Jan. 19, Sun. Rest for the weary.

Jan. 20, Mon. The Term Recital given by students of Music department.

Jan. 21, Tues. New semester begins. New resolutions are made. Basket Ball game, Drury and Cameron.

Jan. 22, Wed. Rutheans are planning to adorn their hall with a painting of Ruth the Gleaner.

Jan. 24, Fri. Initiation of Aesthesian officers.

Jan. 25, Sat. Mr. Wilson continues to remind Mr. McKee when to leave North Hall. "Good night, Tom."

Jan. 26, Sun. Young ladies serve refreshments in Y. W. C. A. Hall after the devotional meeting. Heinz, Freeman and Cropper kidnapped near North Hall.

Jan. 27, Mon. Second number of lecture course. Mendelssohn Trio and John Eberly.

Jan. 28, Tues. Faculty meeting.

Jan. 29, Wed. Riley's Child World given by Aesthesians.

Jan. 30, Thurs. Prof. McCay buys a new relish for the table.

Jan. 31, Fri. Game between Maryville and M. W. C. Mr. Cottier visits his daughter Bettie.

Thompson Grocery Company

Clean Up-to-date Groceries, Fruits, Candies, and all kinds of Vegetables in their season.

RICHELIEU COFFEE

Is the only Coffee that satisfies. One trial will convince you. I also have the largest line of Lamps, Decorated China and Dinner Ware in the city.

Call And Be Convinced



Feb. 1, Sat. The Spinsters' Convention. No one could deny that women are foolish. God Almighty made them so to match men.

Feb. 2, Sun. Puck says this is "Ground Pig's Day." Did he see his shadder?

Feb. 3, Mon. Girls' Basket Ball Game, Liberty High School and M. W. C. Mr. Fish taken to Ensworth Hospital.

Feb. 4, Tues. Everybody looks to see how many credits they have, some sad, some glad.

Feb. 5, Wed. Prof. Cope begins his work. Taffy pull at Miss Reed's home.

Feb. 6, Thurs. Dr. Sommerville arrives. Special evangelistic campaign. First evening meeting. Day of Prayer for Colleges.

Feb. 7, Fri. Dr. Sommerville gives splendid talk at chapel and conducts evening meeting. Game between William Jewell and M. W. C.

Feb. 8, Evangelistic services continued.

Feb. 9, Sun. Decision Day.

Feb. 10, Mon. Basket Ball game between M. W. C. and Central. Hurrah for Wesleyan!

Feb. 11, Tues. Preparation for Excelsior Banquet is being made.

Feb. 12, Wed. Excelsior Banquet.

Feb. 13, Thurs. Nell Ramsey and Reba Tomlin have a birthday. Game between M. W. C. and William Jewell.

Feb. 14, Fri. Gertrude Brown, Leah Taylor, Irene Rutledge, Frances Jones and Bell Smith attend missionary meeting at Parkville, Mo. St. Valentine's Day. Miss B. Farwell certainly is indebted to the mail man for such a huge valentine. Prof. Null's home burns. One gallant lad braver than the rest rescues a lidless cigar box from the burning building.

Feb. 15, Sat. Wentworth Ball game. Seaton, Scott, Lukens and Lockhart serenade North Hall.

Feb. 16, Sun. Vic takes Miss Frances Jones to church.

Feb. 17, Mon. Third number of lecture course, Emma Dee Randall, Reader. Do you remember Aunt Jane of Kentucky?

Feb. 18, Tues. Students and teachers attracted by Shakespearian play at St. Joseph are returning, weary and worn.

Feb. 19, Wed. Rev. H. J. Bane performs a marriage ceremony.

Feb. 20, Thurs. Leora Walker, Grace Campbell, Meram Trenchard and Coy McClure visit M. W. C.

Feb. 21, Fri. Dr. DeBra requests the young men to tarry after chapel. Washington Birthday party given by Aesthetians at Prof. Clelland's home.

Feb. 22, Sat. Dining room needed in addition to parlors to accommodate couples in North Hall.

Feb. 23, Sun. Scott and Horn have a scare. Liberty College burns. Miss Needham gives two sweet hearts an electric shock. It is almost unbelievable, yet it is absolutely true.

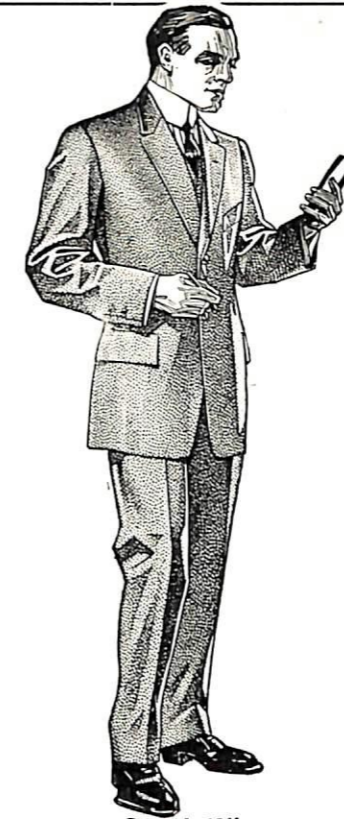
Feb. 24, Mon. Basket Ball game with Turkio.

Feb. 25, Tues. Ruby Bunn has a sore near her lip.

Feb. 26, Wed. "Petty geese, petty geese, what does Prof. Cope mean?" thus asks a student in Pedagogy. John A. Gray lectures.

Feb. 27, Thurs. We have a fire scare.

Feb. 28, Fri. Adelpian Annual Banquet. Riley, Horn and Scott import the treasures of their hearts. Prof. McCay throws a paper wad (Puck calls them spit balls), at Miss Florence Winter.



Copyright 1911
The House of Kuppenheimer
Chicago

When in need of
Clothing, Furnishings, or Shoes
Call on

The Dillener Clothing Co.

Cameron, Mo.

The First National Bank
CAMERON - - MISSOURI
Capital \$50,000.00; Surplus and undivided profits \$32,000.00.
YOUR BUSINESS SOLICITED.

J. A. RATHBUN - President
W. A. CONKLIN - Vice President
H. F. LAWRENCE - Cashier
A. M. RICHARDSON - Asst. Cashier

DR. T. H. TYE
DENTIST
PHONES:
City 21 Mutual 76
Hours, 8-12, 1-5
Bungalow Building

J. W. Poland Furniture
- PHONES -
City 36 Mutual 59
Y. M. C. A. BUILDING

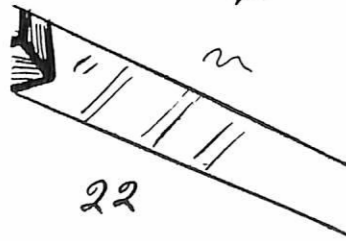


A Disturber of the Peace

March 1st 18



19



22

Mar. 1, Sat. Floyd Riley brings the treasure of his heart to Bible B.

Mar. 2, Sun. Floyd Riley's treasure vanishes during his absence. Girls play Maryville, score 36-9 in favor of M. W. C.

Mar. 3, Mon. Prof. McCay has lost his voice and all the girls are looking for it.

Mar. 4, Tues. Seniors appear in caps and gowns. Inauguration of President Wilson.

Mar. 5, Wed. Miss Shannon's mother returns to her home. Rutheans give program on Longfellow.

Mar. 6, Thurs. Proctors are busy in Dormitory.

Mar. 7, Fri. Unearthly shrieks summon the preceptress upstairs. Reba is almost drowned. An explanation is demanded. "We were mad because she said she ditched Leslie," was the reply. Leta Gibson, Georgia Lee Parr, Minnie Marten, Gertrude McClean, Ailie Cleveland, Bessie Edie and Mr. Cropper take teachers' examinations.

Mar. 8, Sat. Dormitory girls indulge in a game of "leap frog." Again the preceptress is summoned. This time she speaks in Dutch.

Mar. 9, Sun. City water is turned on. Dr. DeBra leads the Y. W. meeting. The Netcher Trio are taken to the cemetery by Messrs. James, Lockhart, and Bethel.

Mar. 10, Mon. Choir of M. E. Church give "Trip Around the World."

Mar. 11, Tues. Fire in Miss Shannon and Miss Harryman's room. Flames were smothered before the fire whistle had time to blow.

Mar. 12, Wed. Something is going to happen very soon.

Mar. 13, Thurs. Senior-Faculty game. Several other games thrown in: Leap Frog; Tug of War; and Three Deep.

Mar. 14, Fri. Vincent Ellwood deliberately breaks his nose. He didn't think it was fair that only Seniors and faculty should go about, proud of their scars.

Mar. 15, Sat. Miss Britt, a deaconess from Kansas City, is a guest at North Hall.

Mar. 16, Sun. Miss Britt leads our association service. Refreshments are served after the meeting. Rev. Ayers' lecture on Africa at M. E. Church.

Mar. 17, Mon. Ruthean Party. Seventy guests are royally entertained. Again Vincent wishes to be in it so he has his nose turn green to please St. Patrick.

Mar. 18, Tues. Concert at M. E. Church. Miss Moore has a caller who stays after hours. She is invited to have him leave; a reluctant response. Mr. Fish is a noisy fellow.

Mar. 19, Wed. Term Recital. Thelma Parshall attends Latin A. She took her toys with her.

Mar. 20, Thurs. Dr. Hopkirk of Chicago addresses Christian Associations. Y. M. C. A. at home, North Hall.

Mar. 21, Fri. Lecture Benjamin Chapin, on Lincoln.

Mar. 22, Sat. Mr. Freeman forgot the old adage, "The early bird catches the worm." Students leaving for Easter vacation.

Mar. 23, Sun. Easter Day. Great Storm.

Mar. 24, Mon. Tom McKee and Clair Eberhart entertain at North Hall.

Mar. 25, Tues. Mr. Hulen calls at the Dormitory.

Mar. 26, Wed. Non-home-goers-stunt-reception.

Mar. 27, Thurs. Miss Nixon entertains.

Mar. 28, Fri. A quiet day. Lamb like breezes.

Mar. 29, Sat. Library is being tinted.

Mar. 30, Sun. Rev. Heicke preaches farewell sermon. Dean Watson lectures on South America. Miss Smith and Dean Watson sing in Spanish.

Mar. 31, Mon. Students return for spring work.

THE REXALL STORE

N. E. OWEN & CO.

Druggists and Stationers

123 East Third Street

CAMERON : : : : MISSOURI

YOU WILL BE CERTAIN

of being well dressed, if you buy your clothes in this store: Certainty of style; certainty of all-wool quality; of fit, and of general all-round satisfaction are some of the things we deal in, besides our special.

HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX

fine clothes. We want you to feel entire confidence in coming to us for things to wear. We intend that our store, and our name, shall be a guarantee of satisfaction; that whatever you buy here shall be right.

That's one of the things about Hart, Schaffner & Marx clothes. When you get that name in your suit, you know it's all wool, and all right in every respect. We want you to see the new styles now. Get in early, and pick out the best. We've got a fine lot of things besides clothes to show you, too.

This store is the home of
Hart, Schaffner and Marx Clothes.

PARRY & GORRELL

CAMERON, MO.



Substitute 15

April 1, Tues. Miss Dodd attends Prohibition contest.
 April 2, Wed. Mrs. Miles is visiting her sister, Miss Needham.
 April 3, Thurs. First Oratorical rehearsal at church.
 April 4, Fri. Rev. Cornish of Omaha, a former student of M. W. C. speaks during service, tells something on Prof. Null.
 April 5, Sat. Mr. Wickizer of Bethany brings students a helpful message.

April 6, Sun. Rev. Bushnell occupies the pulpit at the M. E. church.

April 7, Mon. Though late in the term, new students are still coming in. A young baritone enrolled today under Prof. Kelsey.

April 8, Tues. Rejoicing—Mrs. Sigmans because she is the god-mother of another professor; Dr. DeBra, because M. W. C. now has a new professor who is not influenced by the spoils of his position.

April 9, Wed. All day Prof. McCay had been trying to walk like Hamlet and carry a million dollar face around with him. Puck declares that only a ten cent man would dare to attempt a stunt of that kind.

April 10, Thurs. Relatives of Aunt Jane of Kentucky occupy the Anteroom during the chapel service.

April 11, Fri. Dr. DeBra brings the students a stirring message.

April 12, Sat. The Commercial teacher is obliged to eat at least a half dozen eggs each day if she respects the doctor's orders. She fears she will never again have the nerve to look a hen in the face.

April 13, Sun. Miss Thomson of W. F. M. society speaks at the M. E. Church. Miss Blanche DeBra leads Y. W. Speaks of Tennyson, Whittier, and Browning and the poet preachers; Prof. Clelland sings because he is "HAPPY."

April 14, Mon. Beauty Doctor visits North Hall, and girls go through a process whereof no man is supposed to know anything about.

April 15, Tues. Dr. Bentley of St. Joe, Mo., speaks at M. W. C. The College boys find a substitute for base ball.

April 16, Wed. Dr. Bentley tells the student body "How and why to check up."

April 17, Thurs. Dr. DeBra gives chapel talk.

April 18, Fri. The parable of the sower illustrated by Dr. DeBra in a very practical way on the athletic field.

April 19, Sat. Dr. DeBra speaks of the educational value of travel. Every student should aim first to see the points of interest in his own country and then should plan a trip abroad. Say somewhere between the age of thirty-five and forty. After chapel service Miss DeBra asks her father whether he was referring to her when speaking of the proper time to take a trip abroad. Mrs. DeBra has a birthday.

April 20, Sun. Euel Horn leads Association meeting. Miss Frances Jones is called home by her father's death.

April 21, Mon. Reba Tomlin is back again.

April 22, Tues. Nell Ramsay and Lois Jones assisted by Lissa Sidebottom and Lois Burris give their senior recital.

April 23, Wed. Leah Taylor reminds the English class of Cinderella losing her slipper.

April 24, Thurs. Comic opera. H. M. S. Pinafore, given by Seniors and Juniors of Cameron High School. Stars: Weldon Dillener, Forrest Kemper, Tom Taylor, Dick Deadeye, Fern Delay, and Ruby Cruickshank.

April 25, Fri. Comic Opera repeated at the College.

April 26, Sat. Two fair damsels of North Hall explain that on a flying trip to the Post Office, Mr. Yetter and Mr. Barber were caught on the wing.

April 27, Sun. Miss Fannie Burgess feels that the college should offer a course in nuptial science.

April 28, Mon. Work on athletic field is progressing fine.

April 29, Tues. Field day is voted on at Chapel.

April 30, Wed. Classes dismissed after Chapel. Men transform the rear of campus. Girls wage war with the dandelions.

Farmers Bank of Cameron

Established 1878

Cameron, Missouri.
Capital and Surplus \$125,000.00

C. I. FORD, President.
N. S. GOODRICH, V. P. and Secretary
J. H. BOTTHOFF, Cashier.
H. B. COOPER, Ass't. Cashier.

Safety Deposit Vaults for Rent

Board of Directors—

C. I. FORD C. A. GROSS
N. S. GOODRICH C. A. RISLEY
H. B. COOPER T. L. WILEY
J. A. LIVINGSTONE G. O. WALLACE
W. G. SLOAN

Interest paid on Time Deposits and Savings Accounts. We Solicit Your Business

DR. O. A. SMITH DENTIST

Special Discount to Students
Office in de Steiger Bld'g.

Cameron, Missouri.

Mutual— City—
Office 47 Office 50
Res. 74 Res. 57

DR. P. H. STOCKFLETH PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Cameron, Missouri.

For Quality that Pleases Send
Your Work to

The Cameron Steam Laundry

Cameron, Missouri.

Phone 30.

West Third St.

J. E. McCLEAN W. A. LIVERS

THE EAST END MEAT MARKET

FRESH AND CURED MEATS

Telephone 15

Green's Millinery

LATEST STYLES AND
LOWEST PRICES

I'll
marry
no body
but
Anna
may
(Mae)



yep old
Pal nothin
will develop
a fellow
like

cards
and
Tobacco



May 1, Thurs. No one as busy as the Juniors.

May 2, Fri. Miss Neff goes to Columbia. Mr. C. V. Bigler from Boston visits M. W. C.

May 3, Sat. Down pouring torrents can't keep Nelson and Earl from the Hall.

May 4, Sun. Mr. Needham of Virginia, Ill., visits his sister, Miss N. Needham.

May 5, Mon. Perry's sentiments are still, "I'll marry no one but Anna Mae."

May 6, Tues. Did some one say, "bah, bah?" Oratoria practice at church.

May 7, Wed. Miss Withers, the State Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. meets the Association Cabinet.

May 8, Thurs. High School faculty gives reception to Juniors and Seniors.

May 9, Fri. College Juniors entertain Seniors. May morning breakfast.

May 10, Sat. Some believe in evolution other in devolution.

May 11, Sun. Baccalaureate services of Cameron High School. Address given by Rev. Richards.

May 12, Mon. More evidences of Mr. Reid slowly slipping o'er the Brink.

May 13, Tues. Miss Smith and Mr. Yankie certainly do enjoy Spanish.

May 14, Wed. Representative program given by High School.

May 15, Thurs. High School Commencement.

May 16, Fri. Alumni Banquet.

May 17, Sat. High School picnic.

May 18, Sun. Grand Oratorio rehearsal.

May 19, Mon. Preparations for May Festival are being made.

May 20-22, Tues., Wed., Thurs. May Festival.

May 23, Fri. Miss May Pierce gives Elocution recital.

May 24, Sat. Mr. Earl Lukens has a gum-swizzling attack of queenitis at North Hall which was feared would prove fatal. Dr. Wilson jerked his auricular appendages and by so doing put him on the road to recovery.

May 25, Sun. Mrs. DeBra leads closing meeting of Y. W. C. A.

May 26, Mon. Getting ready for Festival Week.

May 27, Tues. The final pull begins.

May 28, Wed. A few are becoming anxious.

May 29, Thurs. Cuts are counted. Annual exercises of the Literary Societies.

May 30, Fri. Specials are given.

May 31, Sat. Conservatory recital.

College Annuals and Catalogues

For Those Who Care

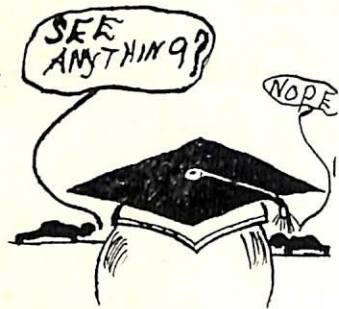
"Particular Printing for Particular People"

Linotype Composition
The Sun Printing Company
Cameron, Missouri.

Engravings for School Annuals

IS OUR SPECIALTY. WE HAVE SERVED THIS CLASS TO THEIR ENTIRE SATISFACTION AND WE WOULD APPRECIATE THE OPPORTUNITY OF SERVING YOU EQUALLY AS WELL. TRY US AND BE CONVINCED.

BIERMAN ENGRAVING COMPANY
SAINT JOSEPH : : : : : MISSOURI



JUNE 5th



For Kalendar Knocks
Try Drs Moore & Wilson
Tremendously Tooth
Some Tonic-

June 1, Sun.—
8:00 A. M. College Love Feast.
10:45 A. M. Baccalaureate Sermon.
3:00 P. M. Joint Meeting of Y. M. C.
A. and Y. W. C. A.
8:00 P. M. Anniversary Address Be-
fore the Elizabeth Wells Mission-
ary Society.

June 2, Mon.—
8:00 P. M. Commencement Exercises
of the Conservatory of Music and
School of Oratory.

June 3, Tues.—
3:00 P. M. Graduation Exercises of
the Academy.
8:00 P. M. Bishop Frank M. Bristol,
D. D., LL. D. Lecture on "Brains."

June 4, Wed.—
8:30 A. M. Business Meeting of the
Alumni Association at the College.
10:00 A. M. Bishop William Frazier
McDowell, D. D., LL. D. Endow-
ment and Quarter Centennial Jubi-
lee Celebration.
1:30 P. M. Annual meeting of the
Board of Trustees.
3:00 P. M. Exercises of the Senior
Class of the College of Liberal
Arts.
5:00 P. M. Annual Alumni Banquet.
8:00 P. M. Annual Alumni Oration,
Rev. Charles O. Mills, D. D. Pas-
tor of First M. E. Church, Albion,
Mich.

June 5, Thurs.—
10:00 A. M. Inauguration of the Presi-
dent.
Rev. Thomas Nicholson, D. D. LL.
D., General Secretary of the Board
of Education.
3:00 P. M. Commencement Oration,
Bishop Charles W. Smith, D. D.
LL. D., followed by granting of
degrees.

THE NORTHERN ENGRAVING CO



CANTON OHIO
MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS

CLEVELAND
BRANCH OFFICE

Largest Producers of Quality Engraving
For College Annuals

If You Wish Your Money to Have Its Full
Purchasing Power, and Want Nifty,
New and Stylish

**Dry Goods,
Shoes,
Furnishings,
And Notions**

Be Sure That You Go to

WALLACE'S

Your Wants can be Supplied
in the line of

DRY GOODS, HOSIERY, UNDER-
WEAR, NOTIONS, CARPETS,
RUGS and LACE CUR-
TAINS

at the place they all trade.

Newton L. Adams

119 East Third St.
Cameron, Missouri.

GROCERIES DRY GOODS

**The Plain Price
Mercantile Co.**

Home of Phoenix Silk Hose and
American Lady Corsets

Cameron, Missouri.

NOTIONS SHOES

Wood Music Co.
Pianos and Piano Players

Popular Sheet Music

210 East Third St., Darby Building

Cameron,

Missouri

KNABE

A. B. CHASE

IVERS & POND

J. & C. FISCHER

PACKARD

EVERETT

LAWSON

CORL

HAINES & CO.

PIANO PLAYERS

CECILION

HAINES & CO.

AUTO PIANO

EDISON PHONOGRAPHS

VICTOR TALKING MACHINES

COLUMBIA GRAPHAPHONE

On Easy Payments

"The Noremac Line"

We want a salesman with a team and a rig in every county.

You can make from \$125 to \$300 per month.

Address,

Noremac Chemical Co.

Cameron,

Missouri

The Greatest Line On Earth

B. T. Buckles

Good Coffee

"Cream of Quality"

ICE CREAM

Pure, Wholesome and Delicious

Ask your dealer if he buys from the

CAMERON DAIRY CO.

GEO. M. NICHOLS & SON

FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EM-
BALMERS

Both Phones—
Mutual 70; City 18.

Calls Answered Day or Night.
Cameron, Missouri.

Fiddick & Sheldon

Dealers in

FUEL AND FEED

FARM IMPLEMENTS,

SEWER PIPE

Near Burlington City Depot

Phones—City 675; Mutual 144

Cameron, Missouri.

WARD & BURGESS

Lumber, Cement, Paints, Oils, Glass
Barbed and Page Fence

Prompt Service

Phones—City 195; Mutual 104

Don't Forget

When you need anything in the
Drug, Book, Papetery, Prescription
or Post Card Line, Call at—

Williams' Drug Store

Something Good

WHERE?

DELANEY'S

The cleanest and most up-to-date

MEAT MARKET

in Northwest Missouri

Phones—City 231; Mutual 99.

Nothing but U. S. Inspected
Meats Used

MISSOURI CORN LAND
Cameron City Property a Specialty
Rentals and Loans.

B. M. SEATON

Cameron, Missouri.
City Phone 692

DR. J. C. BOWMAN

Office in the
BUNGALOW BUILDING.
Phones—Residence 240; Office 21

C. A. LEIBRANDT

Jeweler and Watch Repairer

Everything in Jewelry,
WATCHES, CLOCKS, DIAMONDS,
SILVERWARE and CUT GLASS

All Goods Guaranteed

209 E. 3rd St.

We've done our stunt, let no one fret
Whose name has been left out;
That their fame is any less
Than those we wrote about.

Owl Staff.

J. Q. VANCE
Editor-in-chief and Art Mgr.

J. C. BERRY
Associate Editor and Circ. Mgr.

BUEL E. HORN
Business Manager

CLARENCE M. FISH
Local Editor

RUSSELL H. YANKIE
Athletic Editor

C. H. DRAPER
Advertising Manager

HATTIE SPECHT
Cartoonist