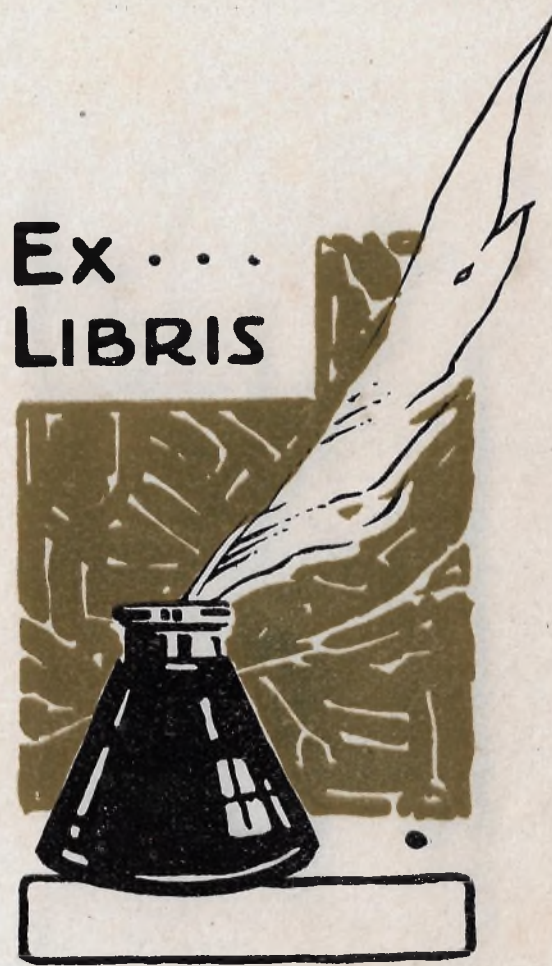


The OWL



Charles Cook

Ex . . .
LIBRIS



The OWL

ii 1914 ii

A Year Book

published by the

Junior Class

of

Missouri Wesleyan College

which is a record of the

Events of the Recurrent College Year

Preface



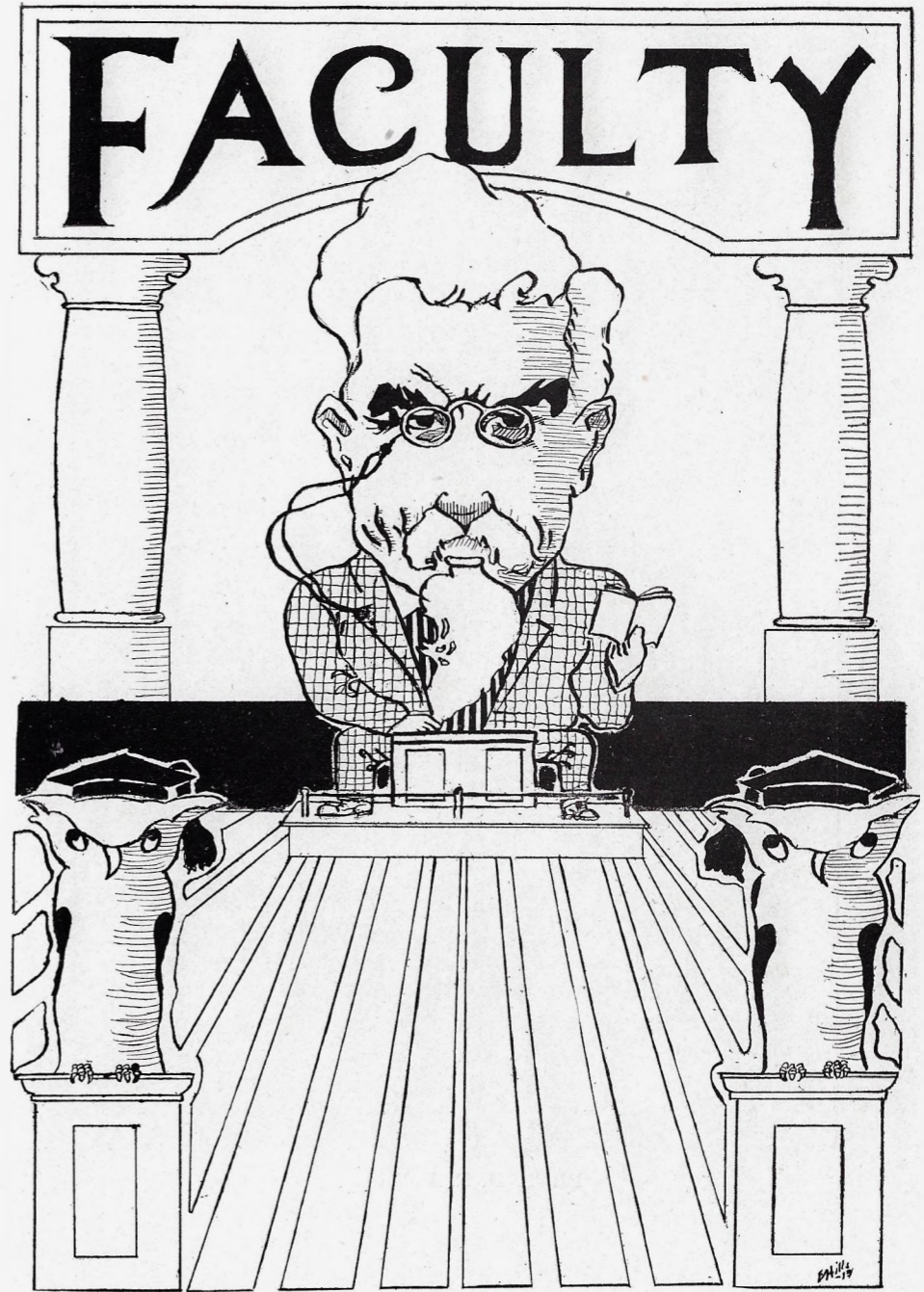
THE aim of this book is to help thoughtful readers of human nature to discover more clearly the features of those who compose the brawn and brains of our college. And to dress up a full fledged "Owl" is a decidedly ominous undertaking. The book is avowedly a catalogic study rather than a romantic story, (evidences of a few romances appear in appendix pages); but for the aid of those who wish to study it more extensively and technically, an appendix is added to furnish references to the large number of types. For those whose countenances do not beam forth from these leaves, we express our heartfelt sympathy.—Penury is a common bond of fellowship.—And because of their absence and our human limitation it should be stated distinctly that the volume in hand does not at all approximate the ideal that we had for the nineteen-fourteen year-book. But we console ourselves with knowing that you are a stranger to the vision that we entertained for a synthetic triumph. And if it serves to recall memories of the pleasant past to those retiring and retired from active student life or to convey some idea to others of the various features of college life, to us, too, it has been a work at once fascinating and difficult. Or if the effort does nothing else than serve the student body by allowing them to see their names in print as often as possible, we feel even that makes a fitting occasion for its publication. To those who have unconsciously let fall any suggestions or postures which the staff has endeavored to use, our thanks are due. Now with a word of commendation for our advertisers, a word of sympathy for our successors, and a parting recollection of the constant co-operation and good fellowship of those who sat side by side during the compilation of these pages, this book is ready for the "painful" reader, whose inspection we trust, will find it no discredit to his Alma Mater.

The Staff.

To

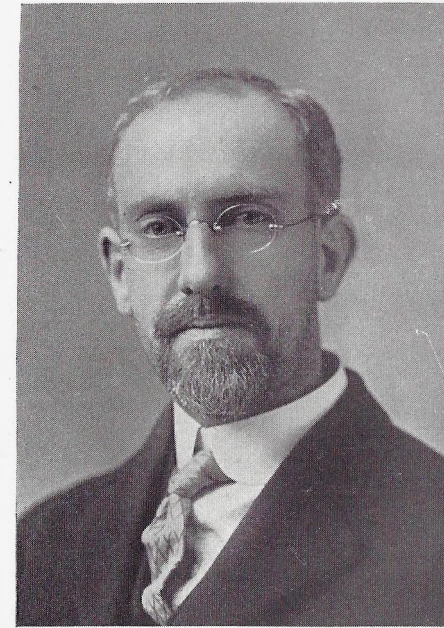
All the People

Who generously helped with their prayers and money to save our school,
We gratefully dedicate this book.





PRES. H. R. DeBRA.



A. S. WATSON.

Dean, Professor of Spanish.

A. B., Williams College; B. D., Drew Theological Seminary.

A man intensely practical and energetic. One whose friends are gained by long acquaintance, but seldom lost.

"Mr. Lamme, do you want my glasses?"

WILBUR FRANKLIN NULL.

Professor of Mathematics and German.

A. B., Northwestern University; A. M., Missouri Wesleyan College; Post-Graduate student, Chicago University.

A living example to all students in consistent and practical living. The place which he has occupied in Wesleyan for thirteen years can never be filled.

Information bureau of M. W. C.

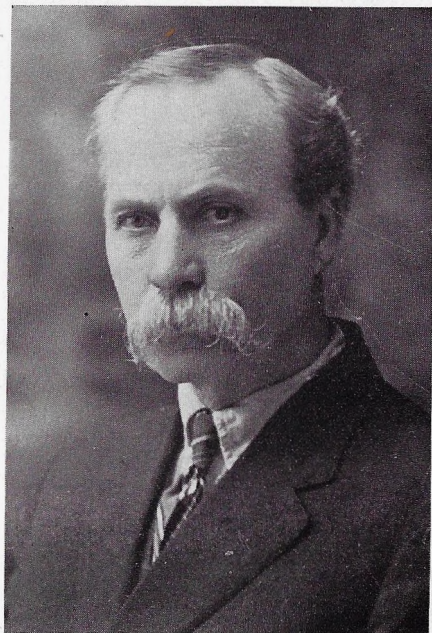




WILLIAM H. MACK.
Head of English Department.

B. A. B. and A. M. Oberlin College.

A true knight of learning. A promoter of the best in school activities. Believes in limiting outside interests.



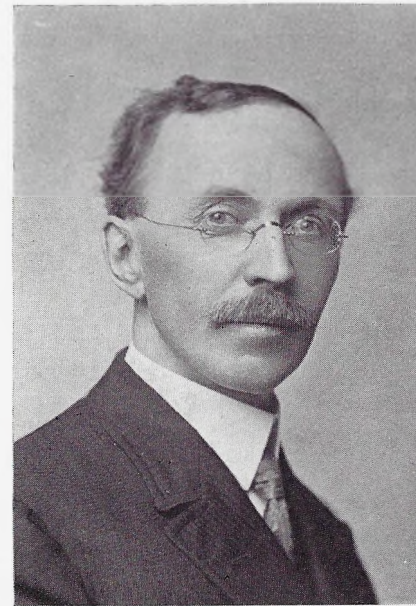
L. S. DAUGHERTY.

Professor of Chemistry, Zoology.

B. S., M. S., University of Illinois;
Ph. D., Illinois Wesleyan University;
Member of Royal Societies Club, London.

Tries to bring out the best that is in his students. Always willing to render any assistance possible.

Creed: Tease.



JOSEPH E. LAYTON.

Director of Piano Department; Instructor in Piano and Pipe Organ.

Graduate, Mt. Allison Conservatory of Music, New Brunswick, Canada; three years post-graduate work in Leipzig, Germany.

A musician with true refinement.



FRANCIS JONES.

Instructor in Piano and Ensemble.

Graduate of Liberty Ladies' College.

An instructor who takes a vital interest in her teaching and pupils. Objects to having jokes played on her in North Hall.



HERBERT CLEMENT KELSEY.

Chorus Director, Professor of Voice.

Graduate, Conservatory of Music, Missouri Wesleyan College; Master work in Chicago.

Has an inexhaustible amount of energy. When he starts anything, it just simply has to go.

So busy that he hates to take time to button his shoes.



GRACE SALOME HENDERSON.

Head of Department of Oratory.

Graduate of School of Oratory, Missouri Wesleyan College; B. O., Dillenbeck's School of Oratory.

Quiet and unassuming, she holds her pupils by the charm of her personality.

Distracted, trying to keep track of Reba Tomlin.



VERA SIGMAN.

Instructor in Art.

Graduate of the Ornamental Design Course of the International Correspondence School; attended Art Department of Liberty Ladies College and the Fine Arts Institute of Kansas City.

Her work and the work of her pupils demonstrates her professional ability.



NANCY E. NEEDHAM.

Head of Commercial Department.

Graduate, Valparaiso Business College.

A woman of strong and admirable character. Highly appreciated by those in her department.

From her lofty seat in chapel, she sees many laughable episodes.

FLORENCE WINTER.

Director of Shorthand and Typewriting.

Graduate Elliott's Business College,
Post Graduate in Stenography of the
same.

A very proficient teacher in M. W.
C. for six years.

Hard to tell now just what her
chief aim in life is.



ETHEL WILLIAMSON.

Instructor in Shorthand and Typewriting.

Graduate in Shorthand and Type-
writing, Missouri Wesleyan College.

A faithful and conscientious teach-
er.

Enjoys being told of her slender-
ness.



MRS. C. M. FISH.

Instructor in English in Academy.

A. B. Missouri Wesleyan College.
Takes a genuine interest in the
welfare of her pupils.

Still lovely tho' married.

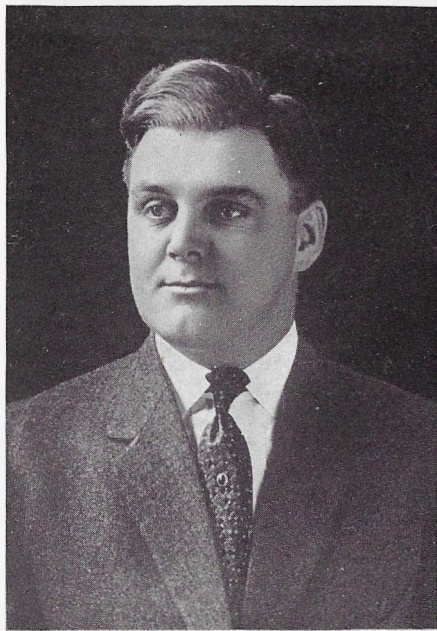


INA KENDALL.

Instructor of Mathematics in Academy.

A. B. Missouri Wesleyan College.
Her patience is never tiring.

Hobby: The mental expansion of
her pupils.



J. W. WHITSELL.

Director of Athletics.

A. B., Cornell College; Coach, M.
W. C. two years.

In all collegiate games he has made every effort to have his men play a square fighting game. Has done much to retain a Christian attitude among the fellows on the athletic field.

So devoted to his wife that he never comes to chapel.



G
l
a
s
s
e
s

1914

Post Graduate



STELLA DODD.

Assistant in Science.

M. S. Missouri Wesleyan College.
1913. Is now taking post-graduate
work in Science.

Although very busy, keeps in touch
with college interests.

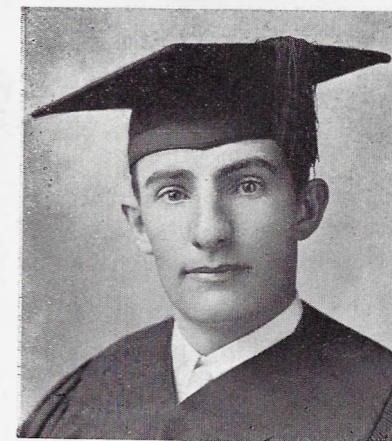
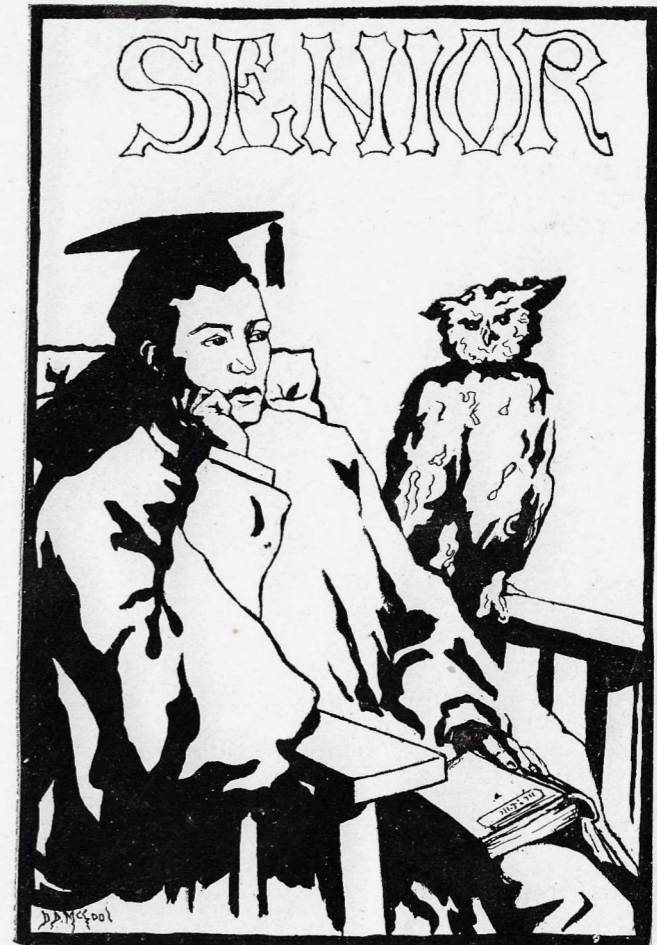


CHESTER BUTTERFIELD.

Assistant in Science.

M. S. Missouri Wesleyan College.
Also taking advanced work in Science.

Did much to foster the spirit of
debating, and to make debating an
actuality.



BUEL HORN, A. B. Class President.
Skidmore, Missouri.

Has the "makings" of a splendid
bishop.

HOWARD DRAPER, A. B.
Cameron, Missouri.
The Orpheus of Missouri Wesleyan.

HATTIE SPECHT, A. B.
Sherrill, Iowa.
Has a very pleasing German man-
ner.

RUSSELL YANKIE, A. B.
Cameron, Missouri.
If self confidence wins success, he
will enjoy its emoluments.

MERLE WYCKOFF, A. B.
Cameron, Missouri.
Her dignity is at a high tide of effi-
ciency.

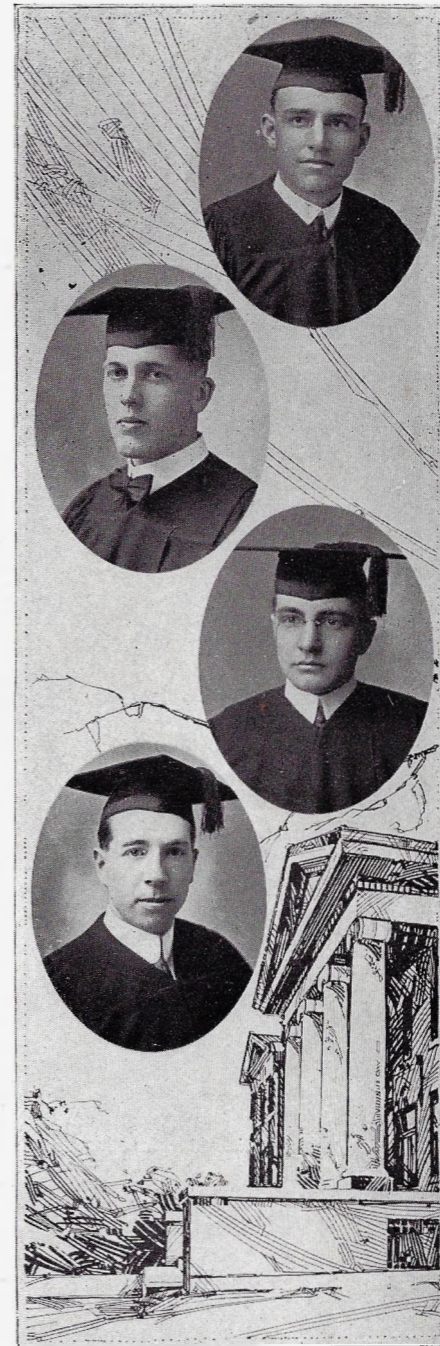


ARTHUR F. SMITH, A. B.
Ford City Missouri.
All the dynamite in U. S. could not
change his opinion on a question.

HUGH WYCKOFF, B. S.
Cameron, Missouri.
Girls a specialty.

CLARENCE FISH, A. B.
Cameron, Missouri.
Little "Fishie" in the brook,
Fannie caught him on a hook.
Now she fries him in a pan,
And Fishie takes it like a man.

J. CLAUDE BERRY, A. B.
Tina, Missouri.
Stars (?) in Greek.

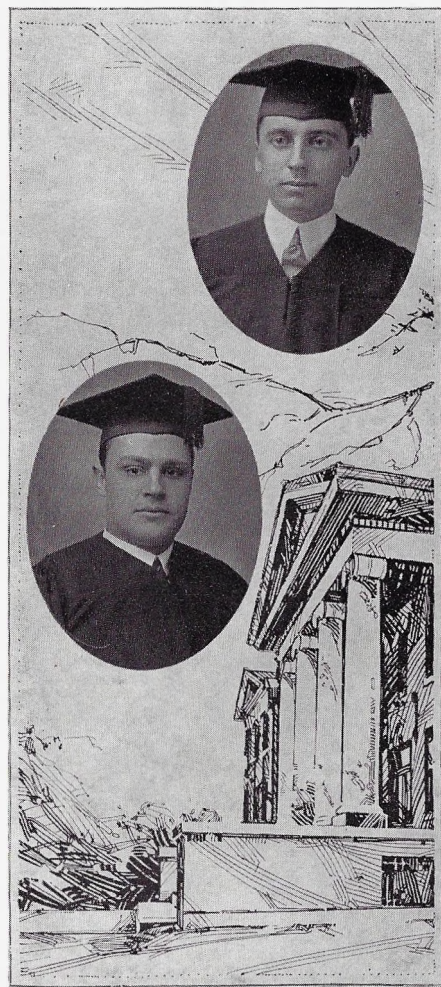


J. Q. VANCE, A. B.
Skidmore, Missouri.

His specialty, chapel announcement. Very demonstrative in Greek class.

VICTOR B. SHELDON, B. S.
Altamont, Kansas.

He allows the finer attributes of life to mitigate the difficulties of cold hard poets in Science.



Senior Class History

In the autumn of 1910, a band of barbarians gathered at Wesleyan. They soon organized themselves into a tribe known as Freshman. The stunts this jolly dozen braves pulled off at chapel amazed the whole school, especially the faculty. Only three of these noble warriors entered the Sophomore Class. One bright and shining star, Chester Butterfield, had received 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, wielded the rod on the freshest of Freshmen. Paul Miller became one of Missouri's prosperous farmers. Kenneth Weary, John Powell, John Pierce, and Alma Butler have entered other halls of learning. Harry Schmitz obtained 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.

As we assumed the responsibilities of Juniorism, we found that Esther Wilson had been drafted into the Senior ranks, Edward Thompson entered Drury College, Minnie Young taught school, and Denna Fronk entered Missouri University. The two survivors of the class juniorized Buel Horn and Charles Draper from the Sophs, Clarence Fish from Kirksville, Russell Yankie from Kansas University, and Miss Hattie Specht from Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy.

Having passed this stage of chivalry without loss, we won to our court from the Juniors, one fair lady, Merle Wyckoff, and three gallant knights, Victor Sheldon, Hugh Wyckoff, and Arthur Smith. With this coterie of nine Dubs and two maidens, the class of 1914 will depart from the gates of the castle of learning to enter the tournament of life.

"Knots"

(Apologies to Longfellow)

All around the Wesleyan halls
The college "matches" stand;
These matches, funny things are they,
Which no one understands;
But affinity 'twixt these couples seems
As strong as iron bands.

Winter's hair is crisp, and black, and long,
Her face attracts the man;
His brow is wrinkled many a time,
But he bluffs her all he can,
And they look the whole school in the face,
For they fear (?) not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear Claud's "bellows blow;"
You can hear him tenderly pleading his cause,
With cautious tread and slow,
While Mabel suggests he'd better wait,
Till the evening sun is low.

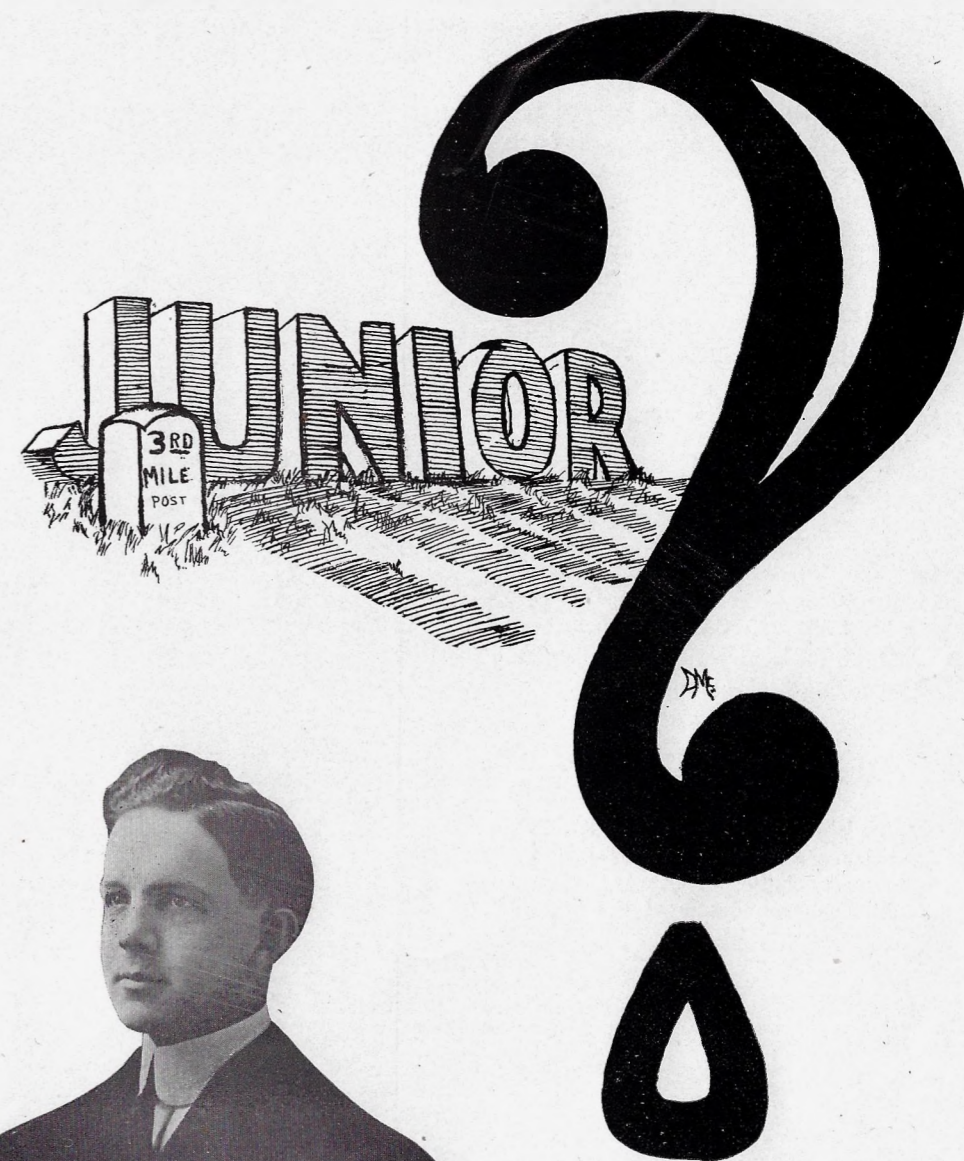
And students coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see Miss Tomlin there,
Hear Leslie's voice once more,
And catch the burning "sparks" that fly
Like chaff from the threshing-floor.

Mack goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among the boys;
But when the parson's prayed and preached,
He hears Miss Jones' voice,
As she's walking by his side,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

And Nelson thinks, when with Nell he strolls,
He's near to Paradise!
He needs must walk a few (?) times more,
Before she homeward hies;
And with his hard, rough hand he holds
Her small one, half the size.

Cramming, bluffing, strolling,
Onward "Engle" goes;
Each morning sees his lady love,
And in the evening, till its close;
Something attempted, something done,
He's most favored of her beaux.

Thanks, thanks to thee, our worthy friends,
For the lessons thou hast taught!
For thus in the college time of life
Our "fortunes" must be wrought;
Or else we go into the world,
A grouchy, lonely lot.



LESLIE WILSON, Adelphian.
Class President.

A "Smithsonian" expert in finding
rare specimens of strange dogs and
cats for research work.

EDMUND FREEMAN, Excelsior.
"Old Limpy's" eagle eyes fairly
shine with wisdom.

IRENE RUTLEDGE, Ruthean.
In spite of her devotion to Wesley-
an, has adequate esteem for the good
in William Jewell.

FAY FAWCETT, Ruthean.
Like all geniuses, she has variable
temperamental characteristics.

EUELL HENDERSON, Adelpian.
Has a keen intellect together with
an appreciation of beauty. Quite a
philosopher and one of the "bunch."



WINIFRED LAWRENCE, Ruthean.
One of the strong supporters of
Wesleyan's reputation as a matri-
monial bureau.

DAISY McCOOL, Ruthean.
Official art designer for "The Owl."

RUTH FAREWELL, Aesthesian.
Too busy to come to class meetings.

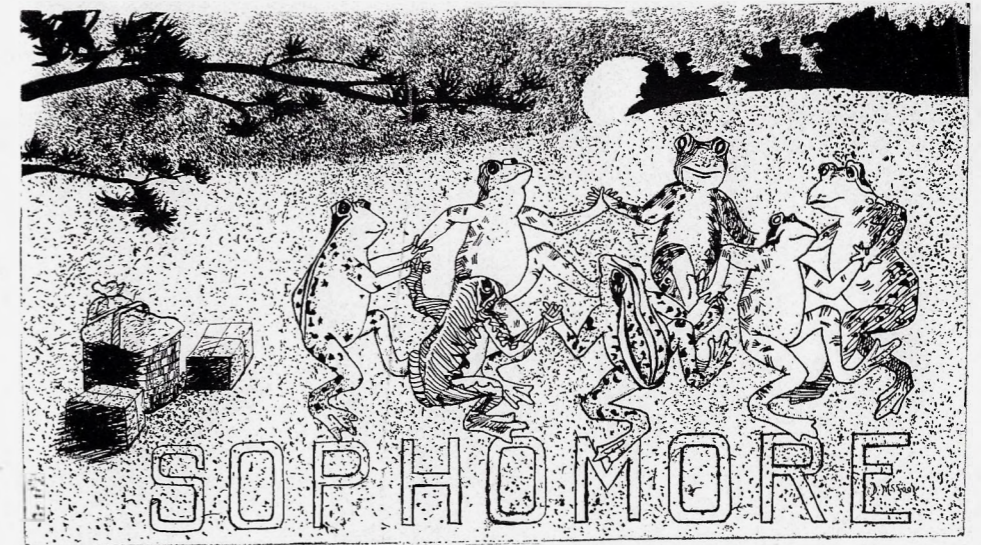
VICTOR LOCKHART, Excelsior.
One of the penalties of greatness is
to be especially conspicuous every
time you make a fool of yourself.
Believes in the survival of the fittest.

Junior Class History

Some class historians relate the chronological happenings of their particular class with the same minute regard to heroic qualities as tomb stone inscription writers exercise to their particular field. This statement is not meant to disparage their efforts, for every class, generally speaking, has a few outstanding virtues. In this narrative, however, it is hoped that the reader will not get a one-sided opinion of the Junior Class of 1914.

It is with a deep sense of gratitude (to the powers that be) that we have been privileged to reach such a stage as this in our upward climbing toward a hoped for success. Had all our former members proven faithful, we would now in size be a small army. But alas! That is not true. Some have wandered from the paths of knowledge to seek other roads to success. Remembering that the plodder ultimately wins we have struggled on.

We know our members are men and women who will achieve honor and glory either in scientific or literary endeavor. Until then, we will bear our burdens and endure our trials.



WARREN YETTER, Adelpian.

Class President.

He has a restless expression on his face and talks constantly of transferring to Drury.

FOSTER POLAND, Adelpian.
 When not at college, may be found
 on the corner of "Third and Harris
 streets."

MARY CARSON, Ruthean.
 Believes in single blessedness but
 it is hoped that in the future she will
 overcome her timidity of the opposite
 sex.

FLORENCE WINTER, Aesthesian.
 Whatever other people may think,
 she has supreme faith in "Doubting
 Thomas."

BESSIE STONER, Ruthean.
 If she could be domesticated would
 make an excellent team mate.



VERNER KENDALL, Excelsior.
 Next to his books the coeds fill his
 thoughts (?). Prone to protect him-
 self from physical injury.

GRETA SNIDER, Ruthean.
 Likes the gentle style of "Cooper."

W. T. BUTLER, Excelsior.
 A star of first magnitude among
 the gentler portion of humanity.

BURNHAM SHAW, Adelpian.
 Going to be a dentist so that he can
 sleep late in the morning.



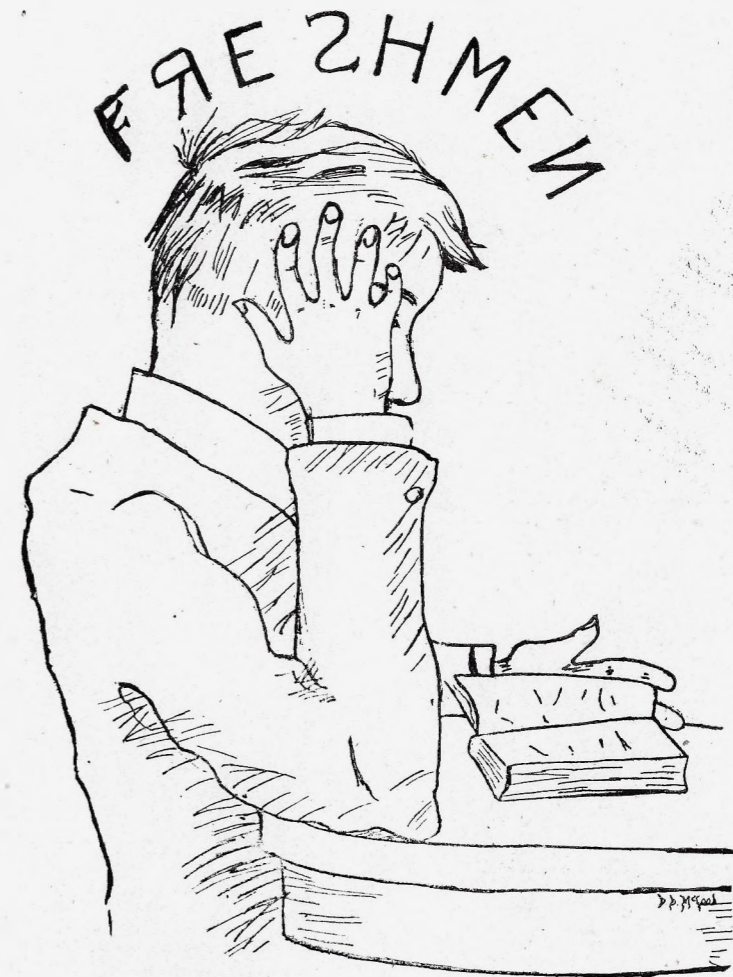
Sophomore Class History

This romantic history concerns the honorable "Pep" Yetter of King City, Missouri, Class President; Florence Winter of Gladstone, Illinois; Bill Butler of Amity, Missouri; Greta Snider, Mary Carson, "Deakon" Kendall, "Ing" Poland, Bessie Stoner, and "Benkle" Shaw of Cameron.

We began our college career with thirty aspiring students, only nine of whom have survived, a fact which illustrates the biological principle, "The Survival of the Fittest." Although our number is small the Freshman stand trembling and in awe when in our presence.

Surely the spirits of the Freshman have degenerated, for when we were Freshmen, on a certain occasion, we laid violent hands upon a band of Sophomores, dragged them from the chapel, and ever afterward commanded their respect. Although we have not kept our entire number, we are still pressing forward with high aspirations and lofty ideals.

So much for our past and present but what of our future? We are not in any sense egotistical, but we solemnly believe that the golden age of which tradition tells us, will return once more when we graduate and give our mighty intellect to the task of remodeling the world.



EUGENE HILLS, Adelpian.
Student manager of Athletics.
Great Bible student.
Knows Ruth by heart.

LUCILE LANE, Ruthean.
Takes "Dutch" and frequent possession of the library.

WELDON DILLENER, Adelpian.
Started to play basket ball but stopped, as he had his fill (Phyl).

MAY HATFIELD, Aesthesian.
Trig shark. Is affected with a severe case of giggles.

RALPH SCOTT, Adelpian.
Looks best in a green tie.

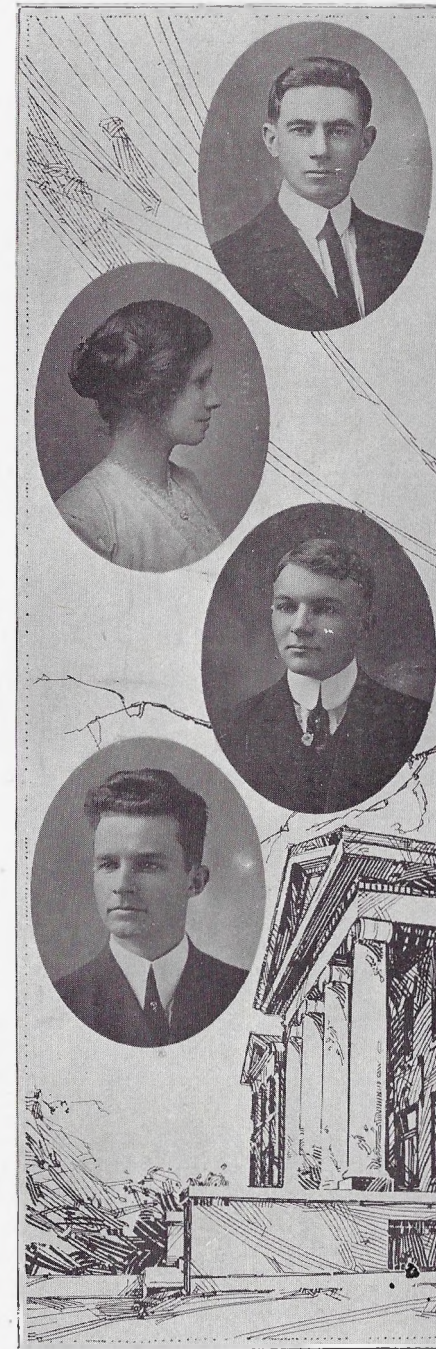


THORNIE LAMME, Adelpian.
He'll make a good goat when grown. As yet he has not been able to raise a beard.

RUTH CLAYTON, Ruthean.
Assistant athletic manager. Geological students. Authority on hills (Hills).

PAUL OSMAN, Adelpian.
Master of Latin. His favorite expression is "Ego."

NELSON HORN, Adelpian.
Is often heard singing "My Sweetheart, Little Nelle."

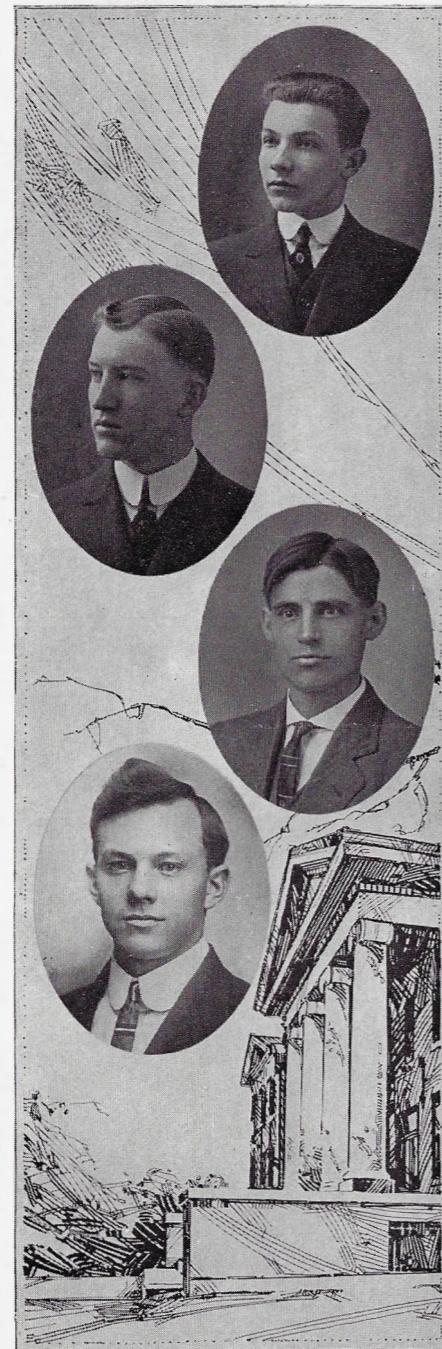


FOREST LARMER, Adelpian.
Biggest flirt in the class.

ALVA ENGLEHART, Adelpian.
Frequently says "Grace" at the table.

WILL BARKLEY, Excelsior.
Good student. Walking record five
miles in three and one half minutes.

CLINTON FARMER, Excelsior.
Drifting close to the "Borders" of
matrimony.

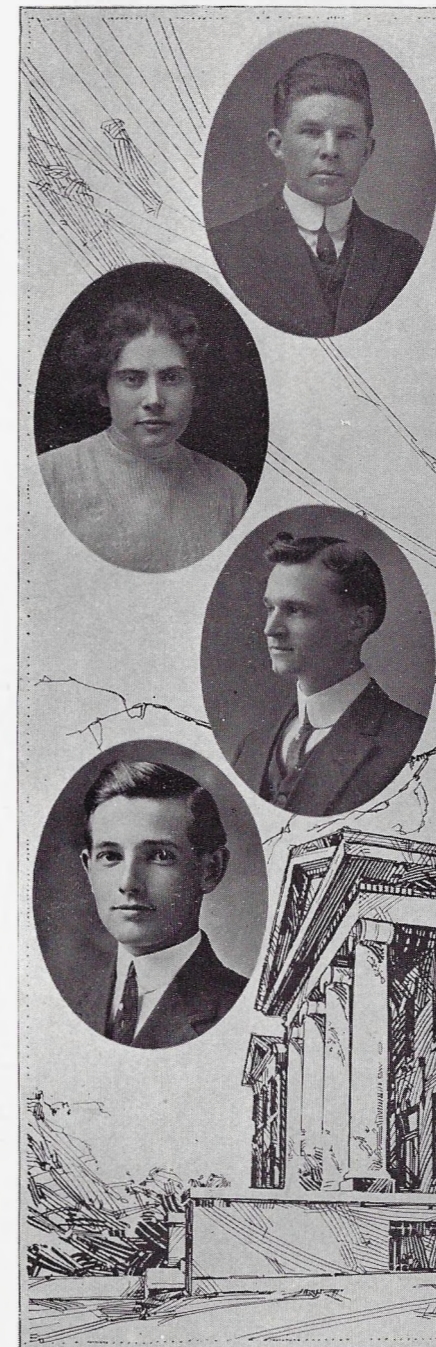


EARL LUKENS, Adelpian.
"Smiles" is a good all-around fel-
low. He frequently gets hungry for
a bun (Bunn).

REBA TOMLIN, Ruthean.
Goes with a Wilson, in hopes that
she may some day live in the White
House.

BYRON HORN, Adelpian.
Delights in calling the teacher a
prevaricator.

MERLIN COOPER, Excelsior.
Has lately joined the campuistry
class.



FOREST KEMPER, Excelsior.
The class voted unanimously to
buy him a muffler.

MAUDE GIBSON, Aesthesian.
"And her name was Maude."

DOROTHY WYCKOFF, Ruthean.
Favorite readings are "Letters
from Paul."

THOMAS McKEE, Adelpian.
His favorite selection is "Snow-
bound" as it talks about Winter.



ARLIS VOGT, Adelpian.
Finished two classes at end of the
first semester by the request of the
Profs.

JOSEPHINE CASSINGHAM, Ruthean.
Goes around with a locked heart
(Lockhart).

ELLA CARSON,, Ruthean.
More often heard than seen.

PAUL McCOOL, Adelpian.
Always asking why cough? (Wyck-
off).

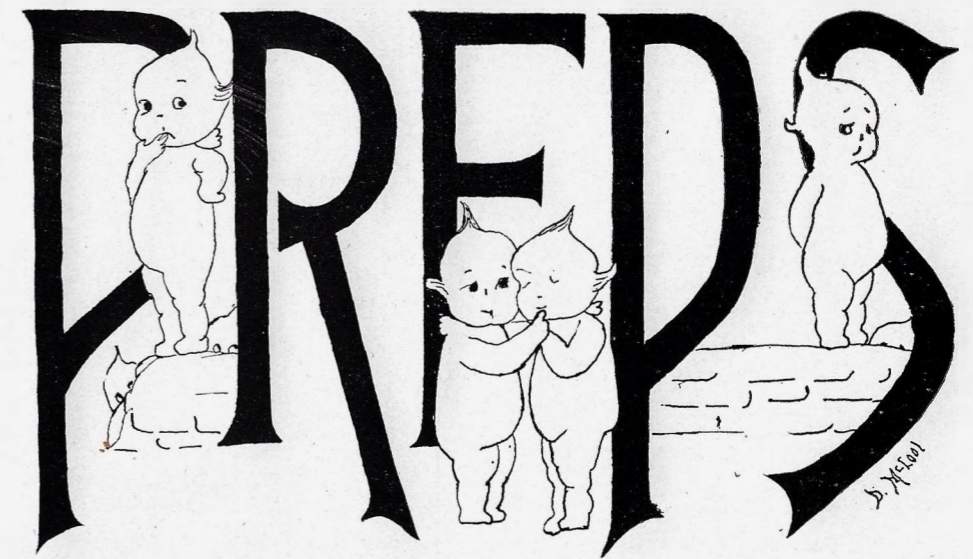


Freshman Class History

At the beginning of the year there gathered in Wesleyan's honored halls from the four corners of the earth a motley and varied troop of raw recruits, the class of nineteen-seventeen. They were green but lusty; green because they understood not the meaning of the dinner bell and because they recognized neither the humility becoming Freshmen nor the amazingly small difference between an "A" and an "F"; lusty because they were fired with a determination to make their class heard as well as seen. Some of this band were short, some tall, some lean, some fat, some handsome, some otherwise, some of the girls beautiful and some, well, let us say "striking." For a week they wrestled with the problem of getting settled and learning how to attend their confused programs without accumulating undesired cuts, and then for the next month they fought the blue demon of homesickness with heroic endeavor. By the time of the Christmas vacation, however, the entire bunch began to feel as if they really belonged to Wesleyan.

This company consists at present of many illustrious members. Only a few can be mentioned, but there are plenty of others just as good in their way as the few for whom we have space: Mr. E. L. Hills, class president, is a young man with unbounded aspiration who has thoroughly mastered the topography of Cameron by his repeated trips to its southern limits. Life would occasionally grow dull if "Dutch" were not present to his genial humor abroad, and stale if "Smiles" did not use his "Cheshire cat grin" every sixty seconds. But the triumphs and accomplishments of this august body are so many that more space than we have would be required to relate them. So we close with a toast to the class of 1917:

Here's to the class of seventeen,
May strength and vigor, sharp and keen,
Follow them through Life's changing ways,
Till all at last shall end their days.



VERA HORN,
Cameron, Missouri.

H. J. BANE,
Cameron, Missouri.

ALYCE LEEPER,
Altamont, Missouri.

EARL SNYDER,
Cameron, Missouri.



RICHMOND HAWN,
Osborn, Missouri.

JOE LUKENS,
Cameron, Missouri.

BESS FAREWELL,
Granger, Missouri.

J. A. MOORMAN,
Cameron, Missouri.



GERTRUDE KING,
Tina, Missouri.

MABEL LAUGHLIN,
Wyaconda, Missouri.

JOHN FARMER,
Cameron, Missouri.

HARRY LOCKHART,
Cameron, Missouri.



EUGENE DeBRA,
Cameron, Missouri.

HELEN SPURLOCK,
Cameron, Missouri.

IVA ENTRIKEN,
Turney, Missouri.

RUTH ENTRIKEN,
Turney, Missouri.

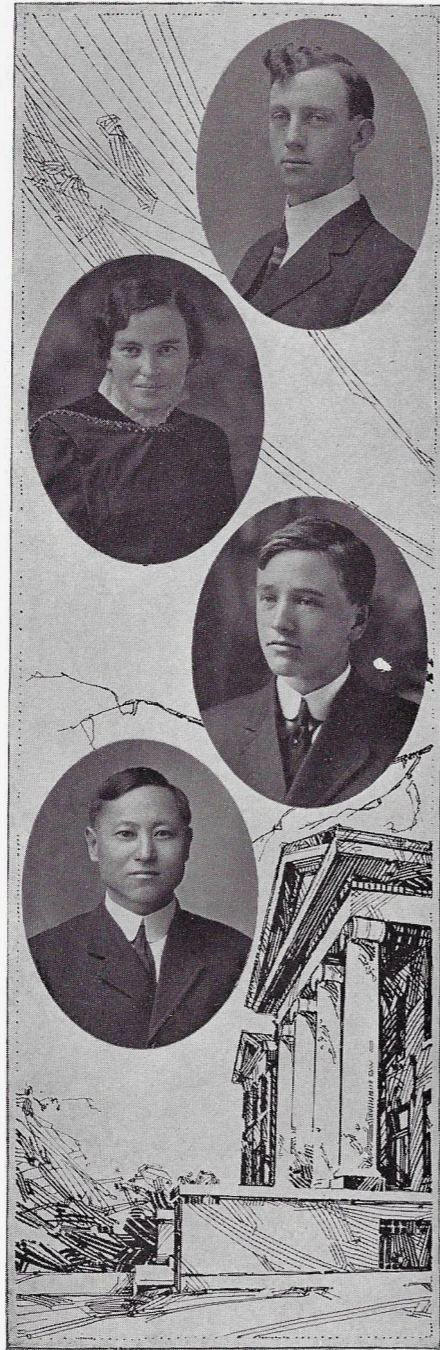


EARL HUDSON,
Cameron, Missouri.

EDNA LOGUE,
Cameron, Missouri.

WILSON THOMAS,
Cameron, Missouri.

K. W. KIM,
Korea.



VIOLA McCLINTON,
Gladstone, Illinois.

W. R. MILAN,
Bevier, Missouri.

BESSIE GASKELL,
Cameron, Missouri.

PEARL ROGERS,
Cameron, Missouri.



BESSIE PAUSTIAN,
Cameron, Missouri.

A. W. MONGER,
Braymer, Missouri.

HELEN BOTHWELL,
Cameron, Missouri.

RAYMOND SPURLOCK,
Cameron, Missouri.



ELMER JOHNSON,
Maryville, Missouri.

TROY BLOOMFIELD,
Parnell, Missouri.

PAULINE SPECHT,
Durango, Iowa.

LOIS EWING,
Spickard, Missouri.



CLAIR EBERHART,
Ottawa, Kansas.

HUGH TRITT,
Osborn, Missouri.

LOTTIE BIRD,
Parnell, Missouri.

E. L. HARTER,
Linneus, Missouri.



RUTH BIEBER,
Rothville, Missouri.

MINNIE BROTT,
Hamilton, Missouri.

BESS KILBORN,
Cameron, Missouri.

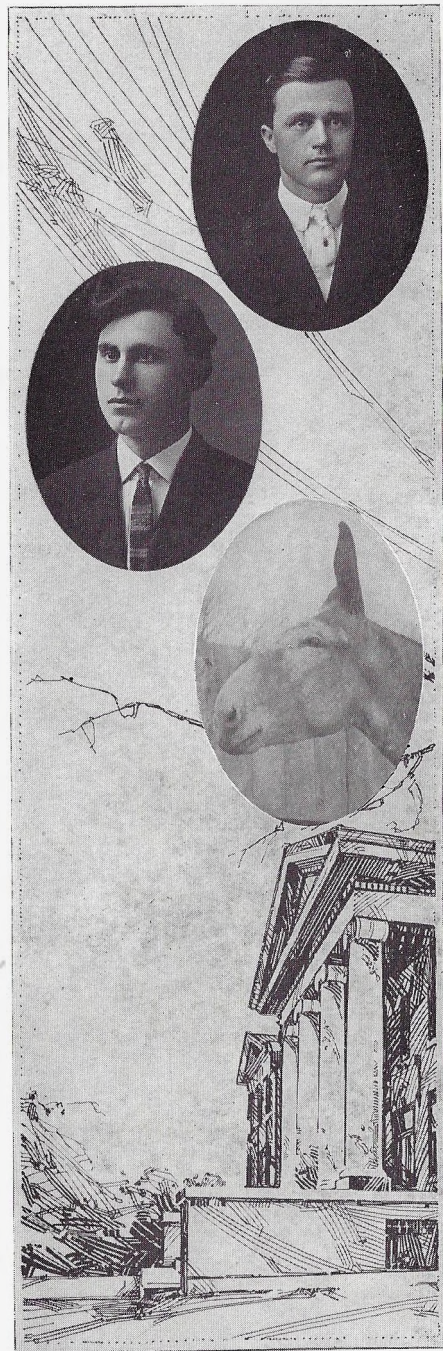
MARGARET GAGE,
Cameron, Missouri.



BERT HOLCOMB,
Cameron, Missouri.

WALTER FRANCISCO,
Pattonsburg, Missouri.

This creature is an exact composite
of the characteristics of all shirks,
kickers, growlers, "bears," and in-
grates who frequent the Liberal Arts
Building of Missouri Wesleyan Col-
lege. Selah.



Commercial.

OAKLEY MORRIS,
Oregon, Missouri.

LEE ESTEP,
Cameron, Missouri.

LOUIS STEIN,
Cameron, Missouri.

W. E. STEWART,
Cameron, Missouri.

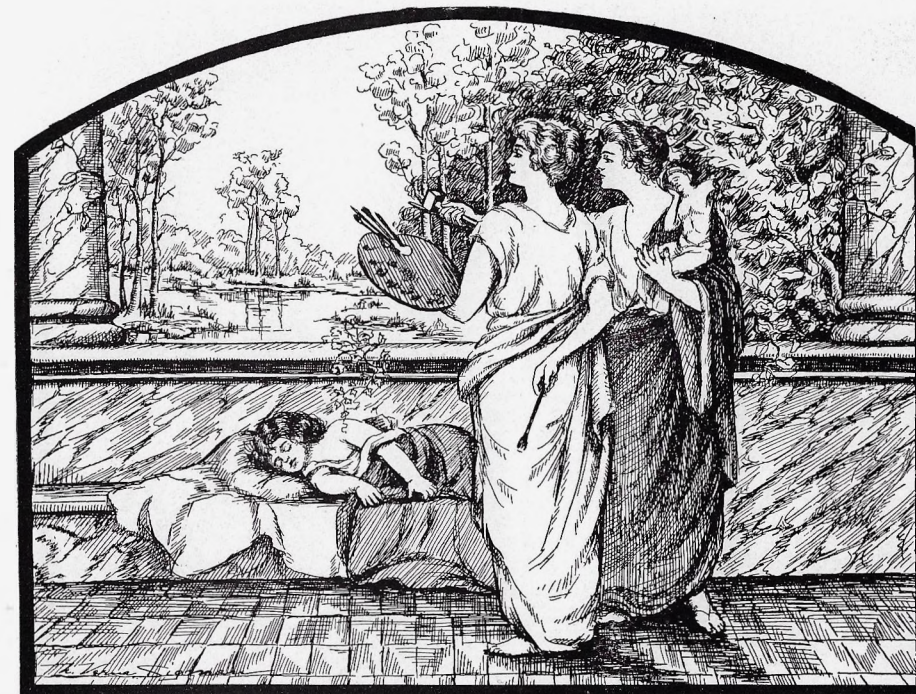
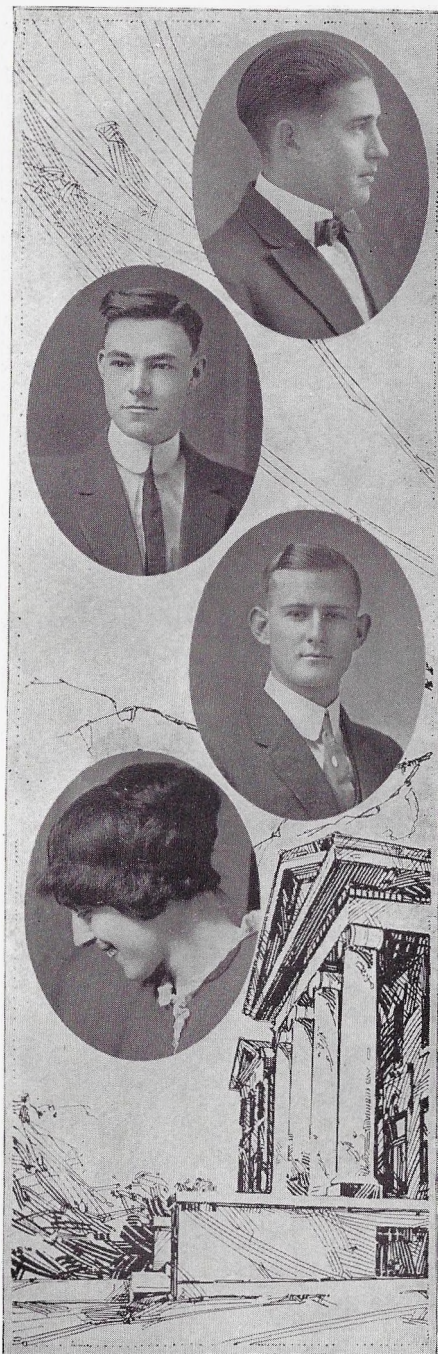


JEWELL STOFFLE,
Lathrop, Missouri.

FRANK LAUGHLIN,
Wyaconda, Missouri.

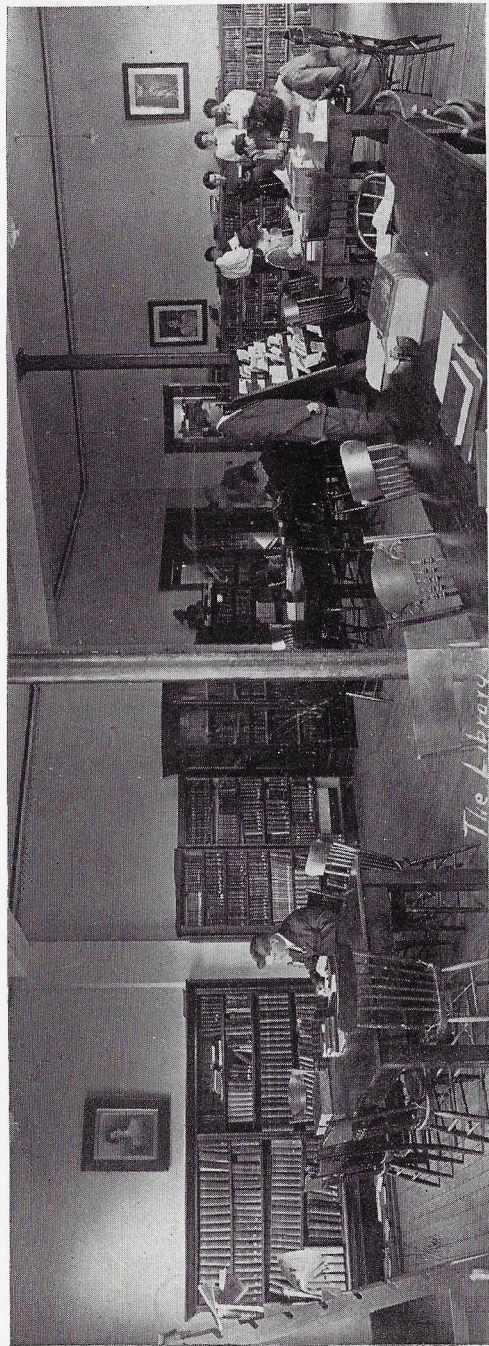
VICTOR EDWARDS,
Altamont, Missouri.

FLORA SLOAN,
Cameron, Missouri.

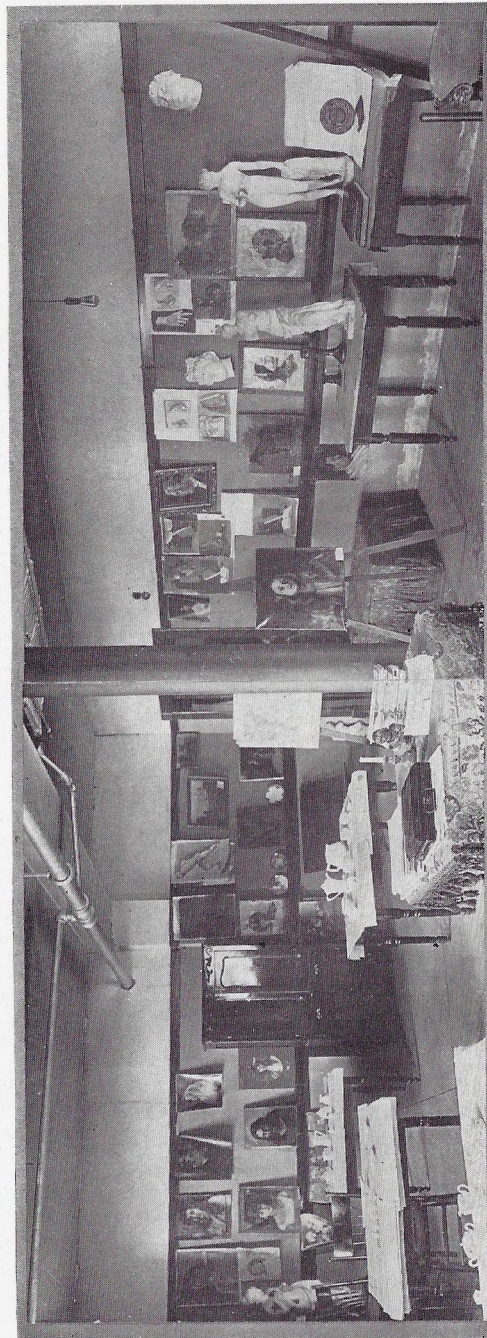


A R T S

“Beauty's loveliness increases, it will never
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet
breathing
Therefore on every morrow are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and overdarkened ways
Made for our searching, yes in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits.”



THE LIBRARY.



ART STUDIO.



JUANITA DOWNING.
Graduate in Piano.
 There is little of melancholy in her.

MABEL BROWN.
Graduate in Piano.
 What's the use of roasting
 Such a nice quiet girl.

CECELIA CARROLL.
Graduate in Piano.
 A maiden never bold,
 A spirit still and quiet.

CAMILLE LEEDY.
Graduate in Piano.
 A merry heart that laughs at care.

PEARL NEFF.
Graduate in Voice.
 I'd rather study voice than men.

LOIS BURRIS.
Graduate in Piano.
 When she will, she will
 And you can depend on it,
 But when she won't, she won't
 And that's the end on it.

MAE PARKER.
Graduate in Expression.
 One of our gifted readers, also a
 vocalist of great renown.
 "For she is wise if I can judge her,
 and fair if that mine eye be true."

RUSSELL YANKIE.
Graduate in Expression.
 The first young man to receive a
 diploma from this department.
 Always at home and very natural
 in his work. Has been known to be
 very serious.



STELLA DODD.
Graduate in Expression.
 A quiet, unpretentious girl, who
 works and doesn't talk about it. Big
 hearted and generous, always ready
 to help any one in trouble.

GERTRUDE SHAW,
 Cameron, Missouri.

GLADYS AYERS,
 Cameron, Missouri.

ALMA WILSON,
 Powersville, Missouri.



NEVA NIGHSWONGER,
Winston, Missouri.

PEARL ELLIS,
Cameron, Missouri.

EVA SHANNON,
Lucerne, Missouri.

INEZ HUGHES,
Cameron, Missouri.



FERN MILLER,
Cameron, Missouri.

ADALINE TAYLOR,
West Plains, Missouri.

SYLVIA WYCKOFF,
Cameron, Missouri.

SYLVIA FELLERS,
Cameron, Missouri.



VERNA BORDERS,
Ludlow, Missouri.

NELL McGLUMPHY,
Kingston, Missouri.

GRACE HOWARD,
Kingston, Missouri.

ETHEL VOSS,
Cameron, Missouri.



ETHEL COURTRIGHT,
Cameron, Missouri.

C. CARROLL,
Cameron, Missouri.

CLORA GROOM,
Cameron, Missouri.

AVA CASE,
Cameron, Missouri.



HELEN KELLEY,
Plattsburg, Missouri.

BERNICE BOTSFORD,
Cameron, Missouri.

MRS. J. A. MORMAN,
Cameron, Missouri.

MAY WHITE,
Hopkins, Missouri.



MABEL TURNER,
Nettleton, Missouri.

LELA GARDNER,
Lineville, Iowa.

MARIE WHITE,
Coffey, Missouri.

PHYLLIS AYERS,
Cameron, Missouri.



Expression

Miss Henderson, Director of the School of Expression has done a good year's work which has been greatly appreciated by the college. It is not the aim of this department to make merely impersonators or public readers, although each year a number of good readers are graduated.

The first and highest aim of instruction in Expression is to develop ease and grace in expressing oneself. The old style of imitation, which was so commonly known as Elocution has given way to the common sense and practical instructions in how to read, talk, and act. In no other special department therefore is it so necessary that the correct reader be possessed of knowledge of life, of literature, and of the arts. Students must learn independence of thought and action and it is due to this that the department has grown into one of the strongest of the College.

Every year recitals and plays are given by the Expression class and opportunity is thus given students to become accustomed to public address. The religious drama "In His Steps" which was given on the evenings of March 23 and 24 was one of the most deserving and highly complimented entertainments ever produced by local talent. Every character displayed talent as well as good hard work.



Art

An unusual interest has been awakened in the Art Department under the direction of Miss Verna Sigman, who has received many honors from the schools in which she has studied. During the five years that she has taught in Missouri Wesleyan College her ability to develop in her pupils an artistic appreciation has been thoroughly demonstrated.

We are looking forward to greater things for another year, and hope that more students will avail themselves of the splendid advantages until this department will become one of the strongest in the school. We are greatly pleased with Miss Sigman's work and trust that her pupils may catch the spirit of inspiration which always pervades this department.



ORGANIZATION



Aesthesian

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

COLORS: Purple and Gold. FLOWER: Purple Aster and Goldenrod.

MRS. BANE	EDNA LOGUE	LOIS EWING
ANNA BUCK	NELL McGLUMPHY	RUTH FARWELL
BERTHA BOULTING	CLAUDIA STONE	DORSEY GRIFFEY
STELLA DODD	MABEL TURNER	VERA HORN
RUTH ENTRIKEN	ADALINE TAYLOR	VIOLA McCLINTON
BESS FARWELL	FLORENCE WINTER	IDA McKEE
SYLVIA FELLERS,	LOLA BANE	MRS. PARSHALL
GRACE HOWARD,	MINNIE BROTT	GERTRUDE SHAW
MAE HATFIELD	VERNA BORDERS	ETHEL VOSS
ALYCE LEEPER	IVA ENTRIKEN	MAE WHITE
		ALMA WILSON

Yell

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



Excelsior

MOTTO: Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.

COLORS: Pink and Green. FLOWER: Pink Carnation.

W. BUTLER	A. LOCKHART
H. LOCKHART	C. EBERHART
C. DRAPER	E. FREEMAN
G. SEATON	R. DAVIS
V. KENDALL	E. HUDSON
C. MacDONALD	J. FARMER
R. HAWN	R. YANKIE
W. BARKLEY	O. DeWOLF
A. DeWOLF	E. SUMMERS
L. OWEN	T. BLOOMFIELD
K. KIM	L. LINCOLN
R. STURMAN	F. KEMPER
M. COOPER	P. SMITH

Yell

Rah, La, Ka, Hi, Kaeor
 Hulla-ba-loo, Ka, Del.
 Excelsior, Excelsior,
 Hear our yell.
 I roar, you roar, all roar
 E-X-C-E-L-S-I-O-R
 A--M--E--N.



Adelphean

MOTTO: Esse quam videri.

COLORS: Blue and White.

Flower: American Beauty.

V. SHELDON	W. DILLENER	J. McCREA
R. PARSHALL	A. VOGT	A. ENGLEHART
T. McKEE	F. LARMER	P. McCOOL
Q. VANCE	E. SNYDER	O. MORRIS
W. YETTER	R. NEFF	F. TOMLIN
A. SMITH	W. DAVIS	R. SPURLOCK
V. ELLWOOD	H. BANE	H. WYCKOFF
C. BERRY	E. HILLS	W. STEWART
E. LUKENS	E. HENDERSON	J. MOORMAN
R. SCOTT	B. HORN	B. HORN
L. WILSON	F. POLAND	T. LAMME
C. FISH	B. HOLCOMB	B. SHAW
N. HORN	J. LUKENS	H. TRITT
P. OSMAN	A. MONGER	W. MILAM

Bell

Rolla Ka Chick
 Rolla Ka Chick
 Who are We?
 Adelpheans, Adelpheans,
 M. W. C.



Ruthean

MOTTO: "Vita sine litteris mors est."

COLORS: Cardinal and Straw.

FLOWER: Red Rose.

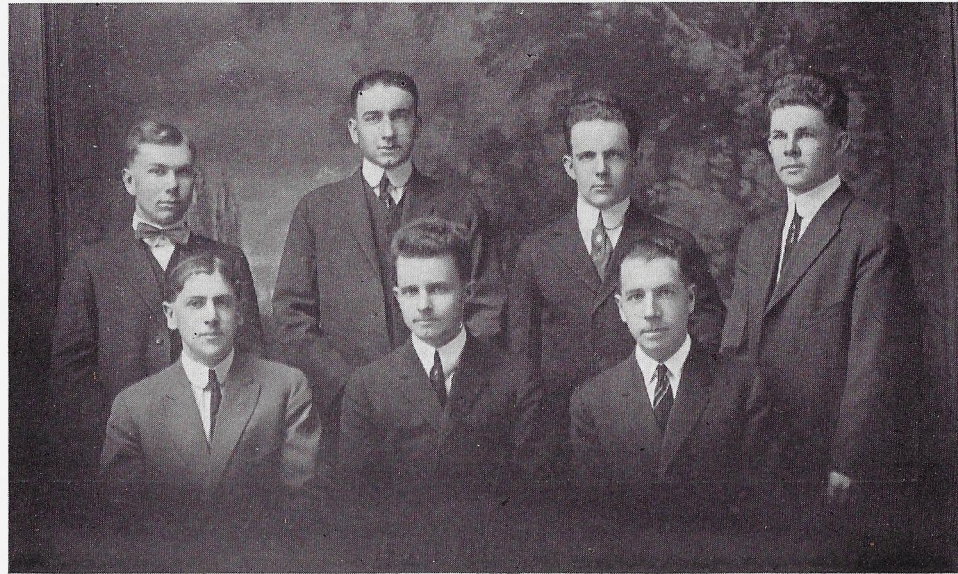
GLADYS AYERS	LOTTIE BIRD	PEARLE ELLIS
PHYLLIS AYERS	FAYE FAWCETT	RUBY NETCHER
RUTH BIEBER	FANNIE FISH	NEVA NIGHSWONGER
BERNICE BOTSFORD	MARGARET GAGE	IRENE RUTLEDGE
LOIS BURRIS	INEZ HUGHES	VERNA SIGMAN
ELLA CARSON	BESS KILBORN	GRETA SNIDER
MARY CARSON	GERTRUDE KING	BESSIE STONER
AVA CASE	LUCILE LANE	REBA TOMLIN
RUTH CLAYTON	MABEL LAUGHLIN	ETHEL WILLIAMSON
ETHEL COURTRIGHT	WINIFRED LAWRENCE	KATHERINE WHITSELL
RUTH ELLWOOD	ETHEL McCOOL	MERLE WYCKOFF
PEARL NEFF	DAISY McCOOL	DOROTHY WYCKOFF

Honorary Members

BLANCE DeBRA	FRANCIS JONES	CATHERINE MCGILL
--------------	---------------	------------------

Bell

R-U-T-H-E-A-N.



Y. M. C. A.

The purpose of the Y. M. C. A. is to encourage active Christian work among the men of the school and to develop definite Christian character. It has won for itself the high esteem and hearty co-operation of the student body and has become a strong factor in the religious and social life of the college. On its cabinets and in its Mission and Bible study classes are to be found men, who, not only stand for development spiritually, but who believe in the broadening of mind and strengthening of body as well.

During the past year a number have given their closest attention to Mission and Bible study and certainly no one can say that their efforts have been in vain if one man has gained a broader vision of the world or has had his own spiritual life deepened. The Sunday afternoon devotional meetings were of special interest and many subjects of vital importance were presented by competent leaders.

In addition to these important issues, the social work of the Association has done much toward bringing the men into a closer fellowship with one another by giving them a common ground upon which to meet. We believe, therefore, that among the many college activities the Y. M. C. A. rightfully demands first attention.



Y. W. C. A.

As another school year nears its close, we cast a retrospective view over the past year's work. We do not grade with A's, B's, and C's in this work, but we strive to measure what has been accomplished by the degree in which it has led the young women of the college to be true to their noblest and best selves. How true are these words of Philips Brooks: "Count your highest moments your truest moments. Believe that in the time when you were the greatest and most spiritual man, then you were your truest self."

The splendid devotional meetings on Sabbath afternoons have been helpful and it is hoped that the seed sown will help all our college girls to remember that they are indebted to the great host of girls who do not share in similar privileges.

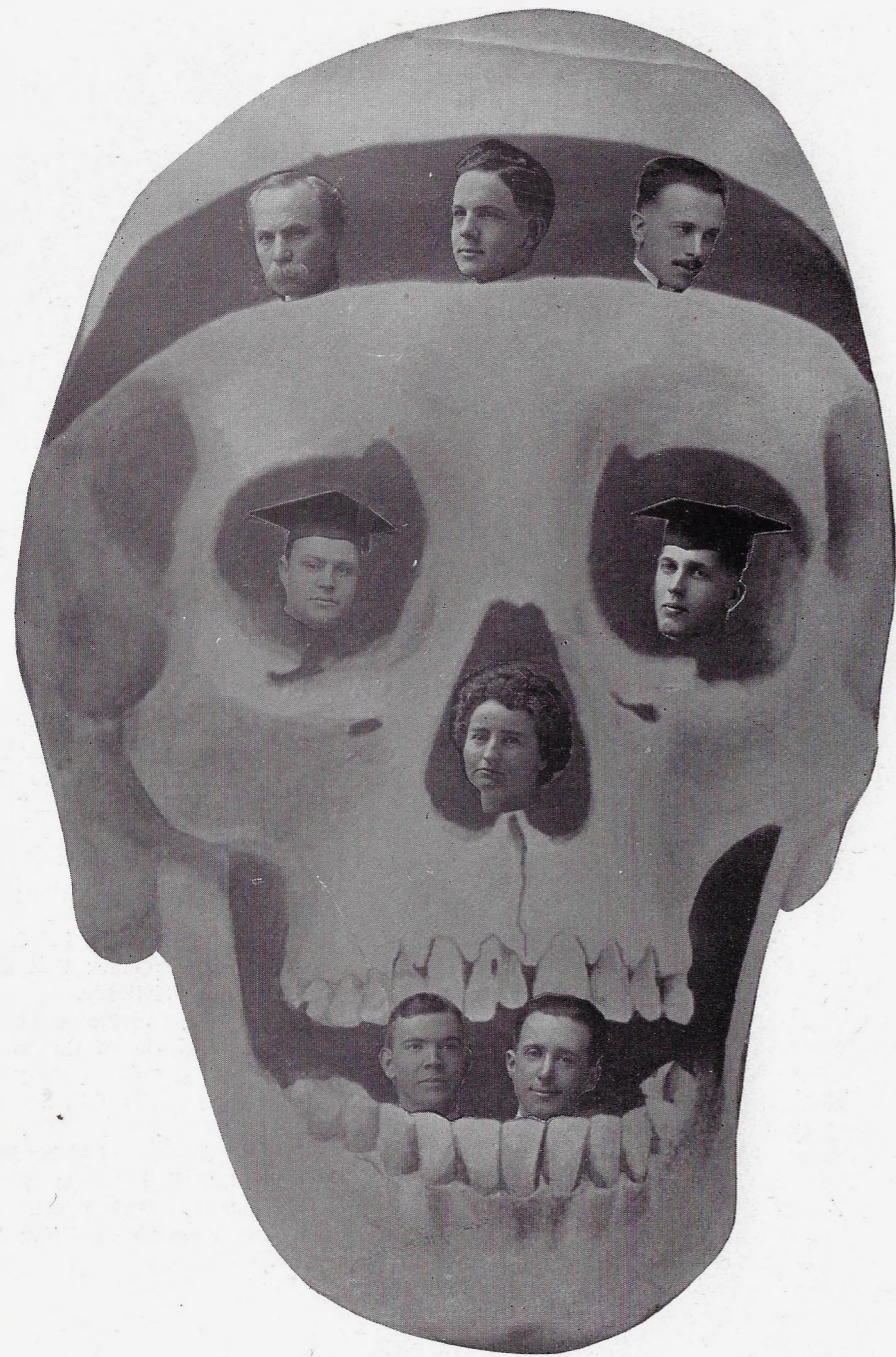
Two of our girls, Miss E. Carson and Miss F. Fawcett attended the student volunteer convention in Kansas City and brought to us the enthusiasm of that wonderful gathering, which seemed to indicate the heart beat of present day Christianity.

Miss Scherreback, the student secretary, came to us early in the fall, thus we had the benefit of her suggestions throughout the year.

We are hoping to send two delegates to the Summer Conference at Estes Park.

The new officers for the coming year are: President, Ruth Farwell; Vice-President, Nell McGlumphy; Secretary, Viola McClinton; Treasurer, Minnie Brott.

In this annual message of the school year, the Young Women's Christian Association sends hearty greetings to all Missouri Wesleyans.



SCIENCE CLUB.



COLLEGE ORCHESTRA.



LADIES' CHORUS.

The Midnight Sons at Home



12 A. M.



12 P. M.

The Midnight Sons

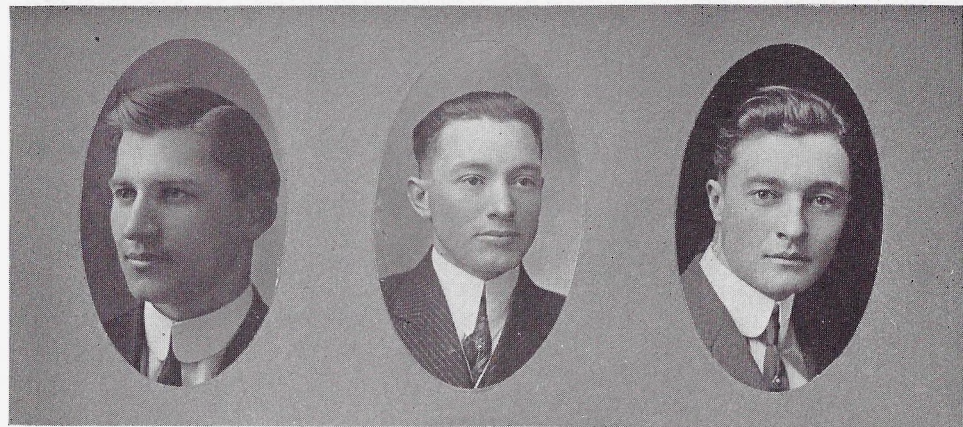
MOTTO: Sh-h-h! The baby's asleep.
COLORS: Jet Black and Ivory White. FLOUR: Gold Medal.

Paying Rent

<i>Handle</i>	<i>Prefix</i>	<i>Suffix</i>	<i>Famous for</i>	<i>Where found</i>
"Tub"	Oakley	Morris	Castor Oil	"42"
"Skeezicks"	Paul	Osman	Day Dreaming	Railroad
"Pa"	Alva	Englehart	"Go on off now"	Hall
"Runt"	Thornie	Lamme	"Pups"	Any place
"Dutch"	Arlis	Vogt	Variety	In the hole
"Skinny"	Forrest	Larmer	"Jump and grab one"	Narrow Gage Road
"Butch"	Victor	Sheldon	Walking	Laboratory
"Scotty"	Ralph	Scott	Stalling	Church via Taylor's

Bell

Good night nurse.



Intercollegiate Debate

TEAM AT M. W. C.

"Resolved: That when internal dissention menaces the perpetuity of a Latin American republic, the United States should intervene to establish a stable government."

Affirmative

R. H. YANKIE

P. McCOOL

E. FREEMAN (Capt.)

Negative

J. TRAVIS

L. MOREHEAD

W. McCLURE (Capt.)

Unanimous decision for the negative.

TEAM AT TARKIO.

Affirmative

C. HAWTHORNE

W. McINTYRE

S. THOMAS (Capt.)

Negative

B. HORN (Capt.)

V. LOCKHART

N. HORN

Unanimous decision for the negative.



THE CRITERION

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF MISSOURI WESLEYAN COLLEGE.

VOLUME VII CAMERON, MO., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1911. Number 4

THANKSGIVING DINNER ENJOYED AT THE CLUB

SOME DISTINGUISHED GUESTS WERE PRESENT

In addition to the Big Feast a Good Program Was Rendered

While the members of the board and invited guests were in the hall about 6 o'clock on Monday night, the club members were in the dining room, and the dinner was served at 7 o'clock.

Dean Watson said grace, addressing the guests in grateful words for manifold blessings lavishly bestowed. Enjoying the beautiful repast, so well prepared, the dinner hour whiled away in innocent hilarity.

Before the meeting was fully satisfied, the guests were called on by Miss L. A. Shockey, an expert telegrapher in the employ of the Burlington railroad system and the Western Union Telegraph Company, who will have charge of the Class of Telegraphy, while the pupils will have all the advantages of the commercial and other departments in the college.

TIME TO CELEBRATE HOLIDAYS EXTENDED

Announcements are not always equally interesting to all. But one was made recently from the chapel pews which seemed to have the same effect on every student, if it please speaks the truth, and also an equal effect on every faculty member. If a great big smile speaks consent, it is a sign of approval.

School of Wesleyan has been instituted in Missouri Wesleyan College. It began December 2 and will be subject to entrance in the afternoon. The course can be completed in five months. It will consist of a thorough training in the Morse Code of Telegraphy, office practice for railroad work and equipment for commercial office positions.

Mr. C. A. Shockey, an expert telegrapher in the employ of the Burlington railroad system and the Western Union Telegraph Company, will have charge of the Class of Telegraphy, while the pupils will have all the advantages of the commercial and other departments in the college.

EMINENT PHYSIOLOGIST TO SPEAK IN CAMERON

SUBJECT: THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE HUMAN NERVOUS SYSTEM

Winifred M. Hamilton, a well-known physiologist, who has lectured in various parts of the country, especially among college and university students.

Dr. Hamilton is a member of the American Physiological Association and has published many papers on the physiology of the nervous system. He will be in Cameron, Mo., on Tuesday, December 5, at 8 o'clock p.m.

The lecture will be held in the auditorium of the college. It is expected that a large number of students and faculty members will attend.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS TO BE STRONG

Intercollegiate Debates Will Be Strong

The extension of the Christmas Vacation necessitates postponement of debate.

Thanks to the efforts of the department, the long delay which has been the cause of so much disappointment has been overcome. The contest will be held on Friday night, December 8, at 8 o'clock p.m. in the auditorium.

The efforts put forth and their results will largely determine the vitality with which we shall enter the intercollegiate debate.

The ladies' debate will be held on scheduled December 17. On account of the extension of the Christmas vacation the men's debate has been postponed to January 25.



















HEBER LINEUP.

*MOTTO: "Never exceed the speed limit
but always keep 'er in high"*

COLORS: Red, White and Blue.

FLOWER: "Jack in the pulpit."

Weldon Dillener, "Dill" '17

Vincent Ellwood, "Doc" '18

Euell Henderson, "Hen" '15

Thornie Lamme, "Bantie" '17

Earl Lukens, "Smiles" '17

Foster Poland, "Ing" '16

Leslie Wilson, "Punk" '15

Hugh Wyckoff, "Wyke" '14

Russell Yankie, "Yank" '14

Warren Yetter, "Pep" '16

William Butler, "Chicken" '16. Photo
absent, as at the time appointed he
was taking an auto ride in a tele-
phone booth.

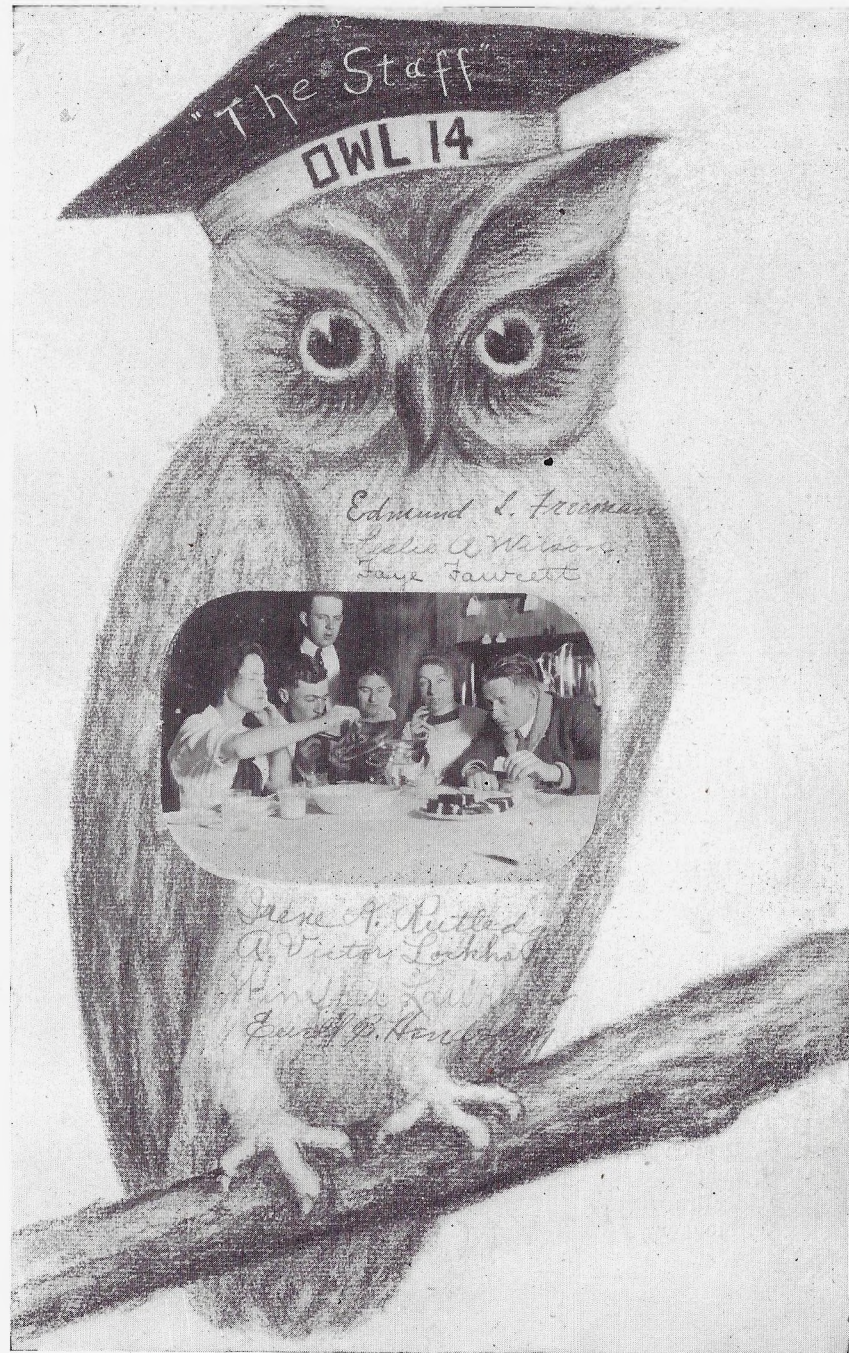


Ministerial Association

B. L. HOLCOMB	-	-	-	-	President
C. M. FISH	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
R. E. PARSHALL	-	-	-	-	Secretary
F. W. CLELLAND	-	-	-	-	Critic
H. BEEBE	-	-	-	-	Chaplain

ROLL CALL.

C. M. Fish	R. E. Parshall
B. L. Holcomb	H. J. Bane
B. E. Horn	H. Beebe
N. P. Horn	T. J. McKee
A. S. Watson	W. E. Stewart
F. W. Clelland	E. Snyder
W. F. Null	J. A. Moorman
C. H. Draper	B. H. Horn
G. H. Zentz	W. L. Barkley
H. R. DeBra	C. E. Eberhart
A. W. Monger	



T H E O W L

W
i
t
h
e
r
a
y

The Origin and Evolution of Man

Of all the chapters of science, perhaps none is so romantic or thought provocative as that which contains the fragmentary narrative of the dawn of human life upon our planet. Skulls and flint implements are the hieroglyphics with which the story is written. And never did a serial story create more suspense or air of mystery. The narrative grows more vivid and the interest more intense as each new skeleton or primitive relic is unearthed, here a page and there a page, now in a cave in France, now on the banks of a German stream, or again, it may be in distant Java.

When, in the thirties of the last century, Boucher de Perthes first claimed to have found, in glacial deposits, rude stone implements shaped by human hands, he was scoffed at and greeted with ridicule. Since then even the most reluctant have been forced to admit that man originated at least as far back as the great Ice Age. Evidence of the great antiquity of man has accumulated on every hand until now it is unassailable. The sources of this evidence as well as of the known facts concerning the origin and evolution of man are derived mainly from two sciences, embryology and paleontology.

Embryology attests in a strikingly convincing way to the evolution of man from lower forms of life. As Darwin well said, "Man, with all his exalted powers, still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his lowly origin." In the words of Professor Rice, "Men's body is a perfect museum of rudimentary organs, from the rudimentary muscles that can no longer prick up the ears, to the rudimentary muscles that can no longer wag the rudimentary tail; from the rudimentary third eyelid which can no longer brush dust from the eyeball, to the rudimentary intestinal caecum, whose only certain function is appendicitis." There are over one hundred and eighty rudimentary organs in the human adult. These organs which no longer function in man are important structures in many of the lower animals. As the embryo develops, many organs grow for a variable length of time only to atrophy or become rudimentary in the adult. Such facts as these have led to the generalization that "The development of the individual is a recapitulation of the development of the race."

The evidence derived from a study of fossils is even more convincing, if possible, than that of embryology. The so-called "missing-link" is no longer missing. In 1891, Dr. Eugene Dubois, Professor of Geology in the University of Amsterdam, found on the banks of the Bengarvan, at Trinil, Java, the remains of a creature presenting characteristics which placed it in a position about midway between the highest apes and the lowest existing human beings. The estimated size of the brain was 300 cubic centimeters, that of the largest gorilla being 600 cubic centimeters, while the lowest Australian savages have

a skull capacity of about 1,200 cubic centimeters. These facts and others of similar nature led Dr. Dubois to give the name of *pithecanthropus erectus*, or ape-man to his Java discovery. In 1887, in a rocky ravine known as the Neanderthal, near Etherfeld, Germany, there was found a cave containing the upper part of a skull. A fierce scientific controversy concerning the nature of this skull raged for many years. Virchow, the great German anthropologist, contended that this could not be the skull of a normal human being. But the subsequent discovery of more than twenty skulls of the same general type, extending as they do over a vast stretch of time, proved that Virchow was quite wrong. The Neanderthal race, as this is called, is believed to have been a degenerate offshoot from the direct line of human descent. They doubtless became extinct ages before the dawn of history. The skulls of these men have larger brain capacities than those of average human beings of today, yet the anthropoid features are very marked. The forehead is very low and retreating; the ridges above the eyes are unusually heavy and projecting; the eye-sockets are enormous in size; the nasal opening indicates a very large, broad, flat nose; the jaws are large and prognathous with a markedly retreating chin. The latest discovery of fossil man is that of the piltown skull found in 1912 by Charles Dawson and Dr. A. S. Woodward, at Piltown, Sussex, England. The jaw slopes backward instead of forward as in modern man. As a result, the chin is lacking. Though the jaw is ape-like in so many characters, the teeth are distinctly human. This strange and unexpected fact tells us that evolution has not proceeded by a gradual, harmonious and evenly balanced modification of all the parts of the organism. The teeth were probably among the first organs of the human body to lose their anthropoid characteristics. The piltown skull is believed to have been in the direct line of descent from which modern man has sprung.

How old are these ancient fossils? Geologists hesitate to even estimate their age in years and these early men have left us no written records. However, according to Penck, the great German geologist, the whole pleistocene era covers a minimum period of 500,000 years and may possibly extend to 1,500,000. Since the Java ape-man of Dr. Dubois is supposed to have lived during the late Pliocene or the early Pleistocene era, this fossil is more than a half million years old. It is the oldest and most primitive human fossil thus far discovered. The piltown skull is at least 200,000 years old and probably twice that age. But if the Java ape-man lived over 500,000 years ago, what an exceedingly distant beginning must we assume for the real origin of man! If Penck is correct in his estimates of time, we must go back more than 1,000,000 years to find the purely anthropoid ancestor of man. Some idea of man's antiquity may be obtained through a study of the remains of animals which were contemporaneous with primitive man. In the caves of France and some other parts of Europe, human bones and implements have been dug from

beneath the hard layers of lime carbonate which incrust their floors. With them are mingled the bones of the mammoth, mastodon, cave bear, cave lion, cave hyena, woolly rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and reindeer, none of which have lived in central Europe in historic times, but which were plentiful during the glacial or inter-glacial epochs.

The earliest men probably lived in trees and subsisted on a vegetable diet. In this connection, the fact that the human infant has the tendency to shrink together and clasp at objects as if afraid, when lowered suddenly, is very striking and suggestive. Man, in this stage, walked with a stoop; he was covered with shaggy hair, his only clothing; his nose was flat; his jaw projected; and in general he was a very unattractive human brother. If we may judge from the scanty remains thus far unearthed, the earliest men, such as the Java type, were devoid of the power of speech. In the Heidelberg skull for example, the inside of the front part of the jaw, that part which lies immediately beneath the tip of the tongue, is devoid of those little prominences to which some of the more important muscles of the tongue are attached. In their place a depression is found as in the ape. This leads to the conclusion that speech was absent or but poorly developed in the Heidelberg man.

Driven by causes unknown to us, man at length left his primeval home which was probably in the gloomy forests of eastern Asia and began that process of emigration and conquest of nature which was to make him master of the world. This theory as to man's place of origin is strengthened by the fact that as we look back into the misty ages of tradition, we seem to see wave after wave of migration peopling Europe from the East.

Man now entered upon a stage of culture, known, from the nature of the implements used, as the Paleolithic, or Old Stone Age. His tools and weapons were usually made of stone, and particularly of easily chipped flint, although bones, tusks, horns, and other materials were sometimes used in their manufacture. The habitation of Paleolithic man was no longer a tree, but was a cave or a rock shelter. He was a hunter and fisher. The invention of the bow and arrow and the discovery of the use of fire gave him supremacy over his animal foes and nature. Towards the close of the Old Stone Age man began to live in tribes which fought fiercely with one another. Many a tribe doubtless died to a man under the law of the survival of the fittest; for the frequent signs of violent injuries found in various fossil specimens attest eloquently to the struggle for existence that prehistoric man had to wage.

When the Neolithic or New Stone Age opened, man had learned to grind and polish his implements. Neolithic man knew how to make pottery, to spin, and to weave; he built houses and constructed great earthen forts. To this period belong many of the lake dwellings and kitchen-middens (great heaps of refuse) of central and northern Europe. The progress of most importance for the future of the race was the domestication of plants and animals. Hence-

forth men could live a settled life. The discovery of the use of metals and the invention of the art of writing ended the long period of prehistoric times. When the curtain of history first rises, at least 5,000 years B. C., in the fertile valleys of the Nile and Tigris-Euphrates, we find civilizations already hoary with age.

In conclusion, when we consider the marvelous advancement which man has made since he first left his primeval forest home, may we not look forward confidently to a glorious future, fraught with bright promise of wonderful and as yet undreamed of progress?—W. T. B.

If I Were to Begin My College Career Again

If I had the opportunity to begin my college career anew, I certainly would get acquainted as soon as possible for fear that I might be suspected of holding myself aloof. For I have learned that if you belong to that class (the aloof), some chilly night (when a light overcoat is comfortable) you are seized. You are taken a little walk into the poorly inhabited district of the city (as though you were a slum-worker), or even worse to that section of the country where the calves bawl and the windmills squeak.—The former you often do sympathetically.—Here your clothes are taken; not stolen, but merely exchanged for a neatly fitting sugar sack. Clothed in shoes and sack, you naturally set out for your habitation. And if any remonstrance is made to this treatment, you are given a drink from the spout of a pump. Frequently, for the perpetrators are careless, some little water is spilled on your only garment, which then clings with its icy threads to your Herculean form as a miser clings to his gold bags.

However, I do not wish to be misunderstood. I would not make friends too quickly. I would be most careful to search out all defects before I formed any bonds of friendship. For it is in these early friendships that we loan father's money, or are induced to pull strings which connect electric bell circuits. The detective Prof. finds the string; sees the batteries and bell at one end and you at the other. Then youths, the greatest calamity which can befall a student (flunking is not a calamity but merely an unfortunate turn of fate), with out-spread wings descends upon you. You are ushered into the President's office and "called upon the carpet" where in five minutes you go through more Jiu Jitsu dancing than you do in your four years of gymnastic training. Here you are unable to stand alone any definite length of time. Then the record is put on, a new needle adjusted and the machine is started.

You must face the music; you cannot look in any other direction, even though you swear yourself to be deaf in one ear. When the record is taken off, you involuntarily rise and are immediately seized by the shoulder,—Prexy still fearing that you are unable to stand alone (?).—You then leave, feeling much like the dog who has spent a twelve hour day with the vivisectionists, and with a strong determination to walk the straight and narrow path.

Lastly, if I were to begin my scholastic career again, I would go out for foot ball. For by going out you usually face only two or three at a time; while if you do not go out, you must face the entire squad in a body. When out on the field you are hit each time in a different place. When assailed by the "army" you are hit each time in the same place.—W. R. Y.

An Adventure in Sberia

I sighed as I took my eyes from my work and gazed out of the window into a dreary, thick, typical London fog. For six years I had served the firm of Hobbs & Co., grain importers and dealers of London, with what little business capability I had, without once receiving more than the most casual notice. I wondered if it would be always thus, if year after year I would sit at the same desk, lighted by the same fog-darkened window and wearily run through the same routine of business until I should cease to be of further use. My mind longed for travel, for new sights and sounds, for glimpses of foreign land and the babble of strange tongues. But I did not yet understand the policy of my employers. If a man stayed long enough they would sometime advance him to a better position, but it was their belief that it did not pay to offer their employees chances for promotion until they had proved themselves willing to serve on a humble salary.

"Mr. Colby! the boss wants you!" sang out the office boy as he paused at my desk. Were my hopes to be realized? I arose and sought the sanctum from which Mr. Hobbs, the senior member of the firm, ruled his little world with the power of a despot. He glanced at me and waved his hand toward a chair.

"Mr. Colby," he began, "I have decided that it is about time we were intrusting you with something more important than the work you have been doing for us. What do you think about it?"

"Well," I answered hesitatingly, for I must confess that his remark nearly took my breath, "I would surely try not to violate any trust you might impose in me."

He looked at me for a moment in silence, wiping his glasses on his hand.

kerchief, and then said, "There is, in the Siberian village, Urlaska, a surly rascal of a Russian who controls the entire wheat crop. His name is Serge Penetrovosky. The firm wishes you to see him as soon as possible and humor him into giving you a million bushels at as low a price as possible. His grain is now on the market, and it is likely that other companies will send their buyers there. Here are travelers' checks for your expenses. Get your passports and start at once. That is all."

He turned to his morning mail with apparently no other thought for me. I was so astonished that for a second or two my mind was as blank as a fresh blotter, then, as my senses returned, I wondered if I had better ask for more minute instructions. But the boss remained taciturn, so I slipped away to make my preparations.

I went to my room and threw everything I thought I would need in two suitcases, donned my Sunday best, and departed, bachelor-like, leaving the room in a tangled litter of odds and ends. Calling a hansom, I ordered the driver to take me to Charing Cross Station. I caught the "Paris Express," and made excellent connection with a dingy flat-bottomed tub which was misnamed "The Sylph."

As usual, the Channel was in a state of heaving unrest. At first, I felt as bold as if I had crossed the ocean ten times and the channel a hundred. I sauntered up and down the deck, looking with an air of superior wisdom at the forlorn passengers huddled under every leeward cover. But, alas, my exhilaration did not long continue. Soon an uneasy sensation began to creep over me; I wished the boat were more steady, that the waves would not tumble about in such a dizzy manner, and that I had less ballast on board my own person. But what is the use of giving a painful description of the downfall of my pride? Suffice it to say that I crawled off "The Sylph" at Calais feeling as badly as if the moon had been made of green cheese and I had eaten it all.

After a short wait at Calais, I boarded a through train for the Russian border. All night long the wheels hummed over the excellent German road-bed, and morning found the train not far from the border. The cars stopped and the guard poked his head in at the door crying, "Russian border! Everybody off, please! This train goes no farther. Train for Moscow on next track."

Everybody tumbled off and amid a confused roar of bad German and worse Russian, of tumbling bags and crashing boxes, of hissing steam and whistling air, the Russian officials in white caps and fatigue jackets went through the same process that the German officers had gone through eighteen hours before.

It was lucky that the news of the Penetrovosky wheat deal arrived as soon as it did, or I would not have been able to reach Siberia until three days

later, as the traffic at that time was so light that through passenger service ran only twice each week. The train from the German line to Moscow was considerably slower than the expresses on which I had been traveling, but the roadbed was smooth and the carriages clean, so the time passed pleasantly until Moscow was reached the next morning.

At Moscow, a quick transfer was made to the Trans-Siberian. Then began a long, tedious, tiresome, forty-eight hour journey. Nothing could be seen for miles but a dreary, brown carpet of sun-scorched grass from which the heat rose upward to meet the burning rays of a fiery sun until the whole prairie seemed to be roasting in a gigantic oven. After two days and nights of alternating wastes and natural beauties, we stopped at a town of larger size than usual, named Blancov. At this place a short, stout, plainly dressed little Russian, with ferret-like black eyes and a gray moustache briskly boarded the train and, after peering all about him, slumped down in the seat next to mine.

"Fine day, sir, fine day," he said, addressing me in good English.

"Huh! not much good that I can see about it," I returned surily, "I have been roasted to a crisp."

"Ah! perhaps you don't like our country. I suppose it is cooler in England, but, believe me, it is cold enough to freeze your head off here in winter. May I ask what you are doing so far from home and where you are going?"

"What impertinence!" I thought. "I suppose he is one of the rivals Hobbs warned me about; I guess I had better throw him off the track."

Aloud, I said, "My name is Dobbs, and I am going to Ulaska to see my brother, who turned Greek Catholic and has become a priest."

"Well, well," said the little Russian, chuckling to himself, "well, well, and may I suggest that I know the priest at Ulaska and that he is not English but Polish, and his name is not Dobbs? You had better try again."

It was impossible to be angry, as the little old gentleman persisted in smiling so engagingly, but I determined to watch him, and, if he got off at Ulaska, to be very sure to reach the surly Penotrovosky first. No further conversation passed between us that night, and I soon sought my berth.

Early the next morning I reached my destination. I stepped off, and, glancing around, saw the little gentleman tagging behind me. I was annoyed and as rapidly as possible made my way to the station agent and asked him where I might find lodging. He looked at me and then made a gesture of utter incomprehension. I realized that he could speak no English, so made signs as well as I could to tell him what was desired. But he merely shook his head with a blank look and turned away. I heard a laugh behind me and turned quickly to see the little old Russian again chuckling to himself.

"Ha! Ha!" he bubbled, "signs won't work, will they? Besides a certain Penotrovosky whom I have come to see, probably we two are the only

persons in the town who speak English, and these fellows are too thick-headed to understand signs. Besides there is no hotel of any sort in these Siberian hamlets; the priest will take you in if you desire."

"I wish to see this Penotrovosky myself," I confessed, "I believe I will go there first."

"Come on, I will show you where he lives," he smiled, seizing one of my suitcases and starting off with his accustomed briskness. Needless to say, this turn of events far from pleased me, for I wished to see Penotrovosky alone before my rival got a chance. However, he had the situation quite well in hand, and there was nothing for me to do but follow his lead. We walked along to the side of the village farthest from the railway until we came to the last hut.

"Go to the door and knock once loudly, then twice softly," my guide directed me, then, setting my grip on the ground, started back toward the station. I gazed at the retreating figure in perplexity.

"If he is what I think, why does he leave the field clear to me?"

I could not explain it, but concluded that I had better follow his directions, so, striding to the door, I gave the knocks as directed. The door swung back noiselessly, and a cleanly dressed servant silently pointed down a narrow stairway guarded by iron rails. I was surprised indeed at this turn of affairs. How came a servant and a subterranean stairway in a peasant's hut? But I reflected that after all, the man I wished to see was something more than a peasant, and, perhaps, used some of his abundant wealth in this incongruous fashion. So I followed the servant's motion and descended the steps. At the bottom a dimly lighted passage led through the dry earth to the right. After walking about sixty yards in this direction I came face to face with a barred door of iron. I wondered what I was to do now, but the door swung heavily toward me and a flood of light streamed out into the passage from a cavern scintillating with a hundred glowing candles.

In the center of the room, forty or fifty rough-looking, bearded men were seated. At the head of this table a tall, heavily-built Russian with cruelty and cunning chisled in every line of his face rose as I entered.

"Welcome, Englishman, to our company!" he exclaimed in a bass voice.

"I suppose this is Mr. Penotrovosky?"

"Hush! Mention no names," he broke in. "At times even the earth itself seems to have ears. As you have spoken, though, I will admit that you have correctly guessed my name. And now, what are your reports from our noble brotherhood in the British Isles?"

I gazed at him, at the room, at the assembled men in absolute bewilderment. What did it all mean? I could not open my mouth for my perplexity, until the big Russian said impatiently, "Hurry up with your words; our time is precious."

"I beg your pardon, but I seem to have intruded where I do not belong," I answered, "I am an agent sent by Hobbs & Co. of London to make offers for a million bushels of grain. I would like to see you about it at your convenience."

A look of surprise appeared on Penetrovsky's face, and he held a conference with his associates in Russian, and then addressed me.

"It is not our desire that the innocent should suffer, but since you have seen things, which no outsider is allowed to see and live, you must die."

"Ivan! Peter! take this fellow in charge!"

Two swarthy henchmen appeared, and before I could offer the least resistance, bound and carried me into another room, where they forced some kind of bitter fluid down my throat and departed. I soon felt a drowsiness creeping over me, and in a few minutes lost consciousness.

When I awoke from the stupor, I could not determine my situation, but as my brain cleared I began to realize the trouble I was in. I was bound fast to a long stone slab by ropes fastened across my body. Directly above me was a smooth iron plate, the purpose of which I could not at first discover, but was soon to find out to my sorrow.

I had lain thus perhaps an hour when my attention was drawn by a slight sound as of the turning of a rusty screw above my head. Squeak, squ-e-e-e-ek, squeak. The sound increased to a steady, creaking noise which set every nerve a tingle, until my teeth were almost set on edge by the rasping, screeching sound. And then I saw the cause, the iron plate was slowly descending!

"Great Caesar!" I groaned aloud, "is this to be the end of it all?"

There was no answer but the horrid squeak, squeak of the turning screw. Inch by inch, foot by foot, the plate descended. Soon it was only a yard above my face; then two feet, then a foot. The events of my life rushed in kaleidoscopic procession before my mental vision. Some were good, some were bad, most were neither. I did not fear death, but I hated to part with life at the age of twenty-five. However, these thoughts did not stop the devilish screeching of the press, nor the lowering of the plate which was now within an inch of my body. I turned my head to one side, felt the cold iron press on my chest, brush my cheek, and then,—then, there was a roar of shouts, cries, gun shots, and screams of wounded men; a trap door opened into my cell, armed Cossacks streamed in, cut the ropes that bound me, and slid me out from under the deadly plate.

"Hello!" shouted a familiar voice, and the little old Russian grasped me by the hand. "Just got here in time! I am one of the Czar's detectives, and thought that you were a messenger from England to these Nihilists here of whom Penetrovsky is the leader, but the real agent got caught in Moscow, and I found it out just in time to save you. A thousand pardons for getting you into the scrape."—P. E. O.

Peace On Earth

For untold centuries all tribal and national disputes were settled on the battlefield. Blood was the ink and death wrote the judgment. Nations arose, prospered, warred and conquered, only to fall crushed by another more powerful, nor did it enter into the heart of man that there might be a better way. But about twenty centuries ago an angel band sang above a new born babe in the manger of Bethlehem, and the message of their song was, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Of this child it had been said, "His name shall be called the Prince of Peace." He grew to manhood and by his example gave to the world a new conception of life which might be couched in the words, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another;" and multitudes of the followers of the lowly Nazarene have taken his words as a promise and prophecy of universal peace, and with faith and hope are looking for the coming of the day when the nations of the world will learn war no more.

But glancing at the pages of history we find them written in blood, for both church and state have attempted to adjust all disagreements by means of war; and we question why was the founder of the Christian church and Christian civilization called a "Prince of Peace?" Has he failed to establish in the hearts of his followers his law of love and the great principle of universal brotherhood? No, he has not failed, for slowly but surely the day is coming when war clouds no more will lower and the roar of the cannon will cease, the battle field give way to courts of arbitration as the principles which govern men in their dealings with each other are applied to nations. A few have caught a vision of that happy day and are striving to hasten its coming, but in the meantime, nations are spending their millions in preparation for war, scientists are inventing yet more deadly weapons, while a mad infatuation of militarism is rampant. Which spirit shall prevail? Is international peace really desirable? If so, how may it be attained?

We plead for peace, in the first place because war is costly and wasteful. Do you know that the United States spends 70 per cent of her national revenues for wars, past and prospective, or more than is spent for educational purposes both public and private? Do you know that in a single year, 1910, the appropriations for military purposes amounted to more than twelve times the combined appropriations for the expenses of the legislative, executive, and judicial departments of this government? Is it any wonder that with all our immense revenues we are facing an increased indebtedness?

War is costly also in lives. It has been estimated that more than 14,000,000 persons were slain in war during the nineteenth century. And who were they? Not the weaklings, not the outcasts, for grim war demands

that upon his altars a nation lay its best, therefore the young man of strong physique in the very prime of his life must be the sacrifice. Can our nation or any nation afford to take the very flower of her manhood from his natural environment where he may contribute to her social and economic welfare to put him on military duty? We believe not. The time has come to sheathe the sword and spare mankind for more useful service for his country.

But war's effects are not limited to those who stand in the ranks. Ex-president Taft aptly expresses the situation saying, "But the sufferings and perils of the men in the field distressing as they are to contemplate, are slight in comparison with the woes and anguish of the women who are left behind. Theirs is the deepest pain, for the most poignant suffering is mental rather than physical. No pension compensates for the loss of a husband, a father, or a son. The glory of death in battle does not feed the orphaned children nor does the pomp and circumstance of war clothe them." The voice of the women of America should speak for peace.

But what are the things that make for peace? We believe that the two most vital factors are the school and the church, for nations act as these prepare the way. Shall our schools teach patriotism? Yes; but let it be a Christian, not a heathen patriotism. Let every school boy learn that "Peace hath her victories not less renowned than war." Let him learn that the man who can keep peace without surrendering right principles is a greater hero, a truer statesman than he who can only fight. Is it consistent that our school histories shall use page after page in telling of the civil war which brought national progress to a standstill, paralyzed business interests, laid bare the south land, cost about \$8,000,000,000.00 and 700,000 lives, when the work of such men as Edison, and Bell, and Morse, and Fields is scarcely mentioned?" Surely these men have done as much for our nation's good as did Sherman or Grant. But you say that the Civil War freed the slaves. True, but at an awful cost, for it took the life of one sturdy white man for every six negroes freed and eight times the estimated value of the slaves in money. How much sectional hatred, how much social and economic loss, how much suffering might have been averted had the question been settled by arbitration. Perhaps no war was ever more just than that one; but as we teach it, let us use it as a warning against undeliberate judgment rather than as a means of inciting a military spirit which would plunge our nation again into carnage. Let us teach that the living hero is as worthy of praise and emulation as the fallen one, that he who builds a railroad is greater than he who burns a city, that a college does more to promote a nation's welfare than does a submarine, and that a flying machine which could carry on friendly commerce between nations would be a more valuable asset than one which only hurls the shell which leaves death and destruction in its wake. May the day soon come when Frances E. Willard will be accorded as great honors as any military hero, and

the man who wages a bloodless warfare for sanitary living, social purity, clean morals, and civic righteousness shall be deemed as praiseworthy as the man behind the guns.

The church should labor to secure international arbitration, else how can it show the spirit of the Prince of Peace who first proclaimed divine kinship of men? It should keep in the forefront of its work the great doctrine of brotherly love and thus break down the walls between classes, races, and nationalities, because Christ said, "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold, them also must I bring that there may be one fold and one shepherd."

Can people be one in Christian fellowship and yet war against each other? No, for love worketh no ill to his neighbor. The principle of human brotherhood is the central pillar upon which international arbitration must rest if it is to be efficient. May the church not fail to establish it!

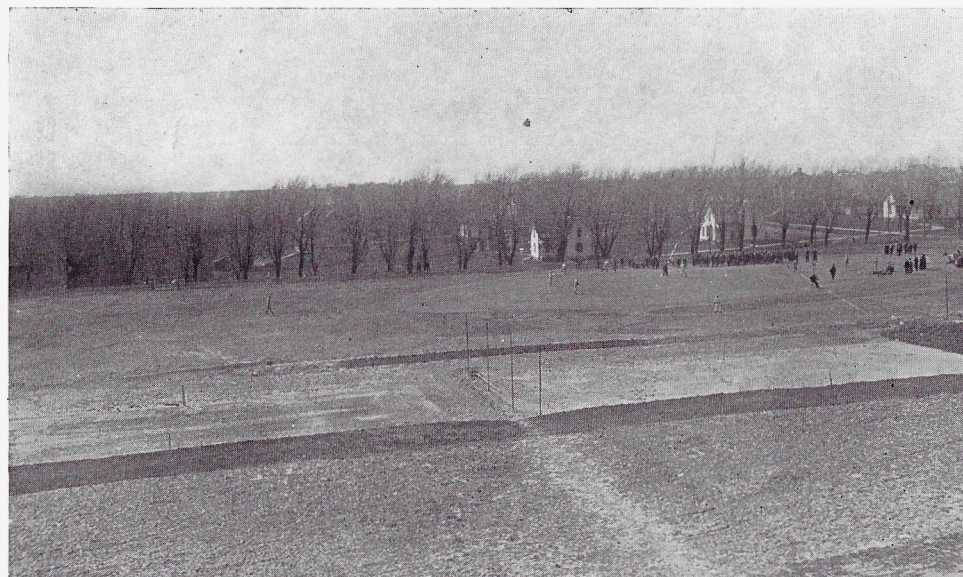
But, while school and church may mold public sentiment in favor of peace the decisive steps must be taken by the national governments, and no nation is better fitted than our own for taking lead in the matter. How shall nations secure peace? The most essential action toward it is disarmament. True, some believe that huge armaments exist in the interests of peace. Nay, friends not so. Armed peace is the preliminary of war and is likely to precipitate it upon the slightest provocation, for it promotes a feeling of distrust generating international jealousy and suspicion. Then too, its effects upon a nation are almost as detrimental as war itself for armies and navies are expensive whether they fight or play. Do you know that seven years of armed peace have cost Europe almost as much as the entire wealth of the United States; or that a big Dreadnaught cost \$12,000,000.00; that its peaceful cruise costs enough to build 500 school houses at \$20,000.00 a piece; that it will last about ten years and then go to the scrap pile? Friends, why this waste of wealth? Think for a moment how much good might be accomplished with \$400,000,000.00 annually spent in peaceful pursuits. How many colleges might be endowed! How many libraries built! How many places of recreation to keep young men and women from frequenting haunts of vice! How many public parks and playgrounds for children whose only outdoors is a back alley where filth and sin abound! Oh! There are many ways in which a nation might spend its wealth that would contribute more to its social uplift and economic good than it does when invested in armament. Would it not be better to spend it to prevent war than to make it? Longfellow has told us how that might be done, saying:—

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts,

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred,
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Should wear forever more the curse of Cain.

What then shall we say? Let us have peace. Let us stifle the spirit of militarism and inculcate the greater law of love. Let home and school and church unite in fostering the principle of the brotherhood of man which implies the sisterhood of nations. As a nation let us seek friendly relations to those about us, and show our faith in their integrity by ceasing to prepare for war. Let us do all in our power to make efficient the courts of arbitration. Friends, do you desire peace? Then arouse from your indifference and use your influence to hasten that glad day when all men's good shall be each man's rule, and the spirit of the Prince of Peace shall reign throughout the world. Then shall the white dove of peace hover o'er us, and mankind everywhere may hear again the angel band sing "Peace on earth, good will toward men."—S. L. D.





ATHLETIC FIELD.

Football Season Review

The foot ball team of 1913 was one of the hardest fighting squads that have worn the red and black for years. And in spite of being handicapped for weight the men made a good record for themselves. The captured scalps were few, but the class of foot ball was worthy of recognition. For a large number of the men, this was the first year of collegiate foot ball. Results can be further attributed to the fact that several severe injuries happened early in the season to a number of our best players. With a light team and the majority of the games scheduled away from home, our explanation is complete. Next season promises to be a banner year. Three good men are lost by graduation but there is a squad returning which were fighting hard for first place. With their strength and spirit, we confidently expect Wesleyan to be among the headliners in 1914.

Foot Ball



J. F. POLAND, Capt.

Quarter-back. Cameron, Mo. 140

"Ing" has this year demonstrated his ability as a leader. Besides being a great general, he is one of the best open field runners in the state. He is light and speedy, but hits hard. Poland also has a wonderful kick. The wonderful Sermon edged our captain from the first All State only by a narrow margin.



W. R. YETTER, Capt.-elect.

End King City, Mo. 150

"Pep" is a fast bundle of fighting spirit, which not only makes him a good ball-player but a popular fellow with his teammates. Warren receives forward passes at right end like he would money from home (he makes away with it) and is equally as strong on the defensive. With the material M. W. will offer next year, Yetter will be leading a winning team never failing in "Pep."



A. F. SMITH.

L. Half-back. Ford City, Mo. 160

For the past three years Smith has played a great game at full-back. This year he was shifted to the half which position he filled like a veteran. Besides his line plunging and ball carrying ability, Arthur was one of the hardest tacklers on the team. He leaves a vacancy that can with difficulty be filled next season.



W. T. BUTLER.

Guard Amity, Mo. 163

1913 was "Chicken's" first but not last season on the Varsity. He filled the guard position to the satisfaction of the most exacting critic. Although slow, he is big, strong and steady and disposes of his opponent in a truly gratifying manner. If Bill retains his late season form, we prophesy that he will amply fulfill the expectations of his team-mates.



H. McCOMB.

End. Cameron, Mo. 157

"Hawk" has played two years for Wesleyan, and twice was placed on the "All State." Unreservedly, he is the greatest tackler in the Missouri Conference. It is the delight of a game to see him pick off his man from behind. His return next year means that Wesleyan will have the best end in the state.



A. V. LOCKHART.

Center. Linneus, Mo. 160

This year "Vic" earned his second emblem in foot ball. With this year's experience and increase in weight (due to less faculty attention?) Lockhart is slated to be a "stellar performer" in 1914. "Vic" is a typical true blue college athlete; a persistent fighter, game loser and good winner.



H. A. LOCKHART.

Tackle. Linneus, Mo. 165

Harry proved to be a game and efficient fighter from start to finish, although in the first year of his foot ball career. Somewhat crippled up in the early season he came back, playing a strong game at the finish and showing himself one of the best prospects for "Pep's Winners."



P. C. McCOOL.

Full-back. Cameron, Mo. 153

"Mac" came to us from C. H. S. where he received his rudimentary pigskin knowledge. His playing at full showed us that with another year's experience he will be a hard man to beat. He keeps a clear head, hits the line hard and is in the game from whistle to toot.



V. B. SHELDON.

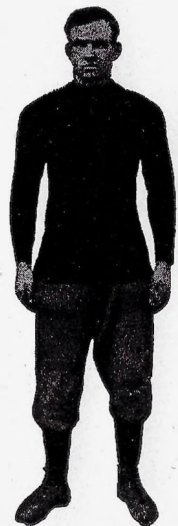
Tackle. Altamont, Kans. 185

"Butch" has been a Wesleyan line man since 1908. Twice he has made the All State. The first part of this season found Sheldon at full-back, but he finished the year at his first love, the tackle position. Here he was a tower of strength in our light line. Welcome to the man who can fill his shoes.



E. B. HENDERSON.

Half-back. Cameron, Mo. 158.
"Hen" carried the oval for his third time this season, and apropos, showed much improvement over last year. As a half-back he is hard to beat, being heady, fast and hard hitting. Equally sure on ground gaining and dropping his man when running interference. With the exception of the Baker game, when some careless fellow walked on his face, Henderson finished every game. He is "there and over."



ROY McCOMB.

Half-back Cameron, Missouri. 140
"Crow" filled in at both end and half, positions that he fills equally well. He owes his success to his "never give up" spirit. Roy hits the line like a bullet and is never down until picked off by several of the enemy.



H. WYCKOFF.

Center Cameron, Mo. 160
Wyckoff is long on the foot ball field. His passing of the ball could not have been excelled, and on the defense he was a dependable tackler and breaker of plays.



A. C. DeWOLF.

Guard. Braymer, Mo. 169
DeWolf won his "W" during the early season, playing a hard and steady game. Injuries kept him from playing up to form during the latter part of the year. Amos is due for a regular berth in the future.



A. ENGLEHART.

Guard Cameron, Mo. 175
"Tingle" is another new recruit at football, but a comer. He is big and a hard man to move. Plays an unusually strong defensive game. Next year will see him playing to the whistle in every game.



A. VOGT.

Guard Stanberry, Mo. 160
This season was "Dutch's" first chance at collegiate foot ball. Nevertheless, he played a most steady and consistent game. With his proverbial fighting spirit, Vogt should make a great chaser of the pigskin next year.



BASE BALL SQUAD.

Base Ball Review.

Our ball season this year was prefaced by a real base ball war. Last year the schedule was called off on account of the unsettled condition of the new field. This spring the funds in the athletic treasury were reported very low, so it seemed that the schedule would have to be shortened, but the players' base ball fraternity immediately held an indignation meeting and everybody threatened to jump to the Federal League if their rights were not respected. The president of the organization kept a stern front—we are privately informed that he had grave apprehensions—and complacently called attention to the reserve clause. He was greeted with hoots of scorn and derision for investigation showed that the stenographer had forgotten to include the reserve clause in the new contracts. The situation was now tense. After several meetings of the association which would have made the stormiest session of Congress appear as a family reunion, the powers resignedly granted all demands and promised that the needed funds would be forthcoming even if it be necessary to hold up the postoffice. The season would have opened with a flourish at William Jewell but an April shower cancelled the game. The aspiring athletes, however, went over to K. C. where they saw a base hit made by a villain. When the hero attempted to steal two chorus girls everybody made a home run and reported a damp contest. At the present writing the outcome of the remaining schedule is a surmise, but we predict that after a neckbreaking race for the pennant Wesleyan will lose a heart-breaking game at the finish and have to be content with a place in the first division. At present, however, the fellows are playing in mid-season form and promise to take their full share of the games of the following schedule.

Basket Ball

J. F. POLAND.

Guard Cameron, Mo. 140

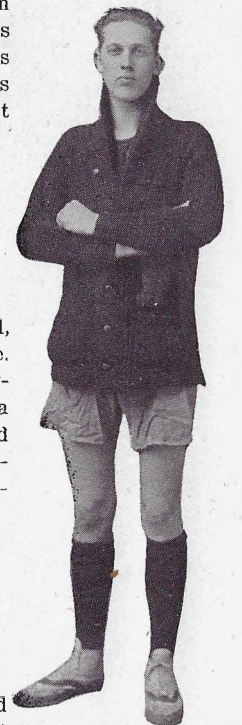
"Ing" an all-round athlete has played his second year with the wearers of the "Red and Black" in basket ball. His dribbling, exercised with splendid decision and speed places him as the peer of any player on the court. Foster has played forward as well as guard and starred in many ways and many times. May his next two years be as invaluable to Wesleyan as the past two.



H. WYCKOFF, Capt.

Center Cameron, Mo. 160

"Wyck" was the tallest, best natured, goal-shootingest center in the conference. He has played four seasons with Wesleyan, having been captain twice, and is a man whose berth (6 ft. 4 in.) will be hard to fill. Probably at no time was he out-jumped or out-pointed in baskets by his opponent.



E. B. HENDERSON.

Guard Cameron, Mo. 160

"Hen" for three years now, has held down his guard position in a manner most annoying to his opponents. To see Euell receive the ball from center is a joy to all (the referee excepted). He plays a hard, consistent game and is always to be depended upon.

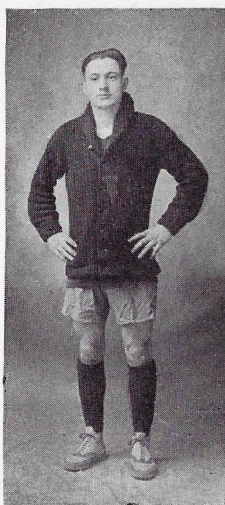




BUEL E. HORN.

Forward Skidmore, Mo. 140

Buel has been forward on the varsity for the past four years. He is a sure shot at the goal and always in the game. Graduates this year. The lad who takes his place must be able to make the hair rise on end with his spectacular shots.



PAUL McCOOL.

Forward Cameron, Mo. 155

"Rooney" had played a good class of basket ball while in H. S. and continued that form here with us. He was in the game, traveling from whistle to whistle. Although sometimes erratic, Paul always can be depended upon for his share of the baskets.



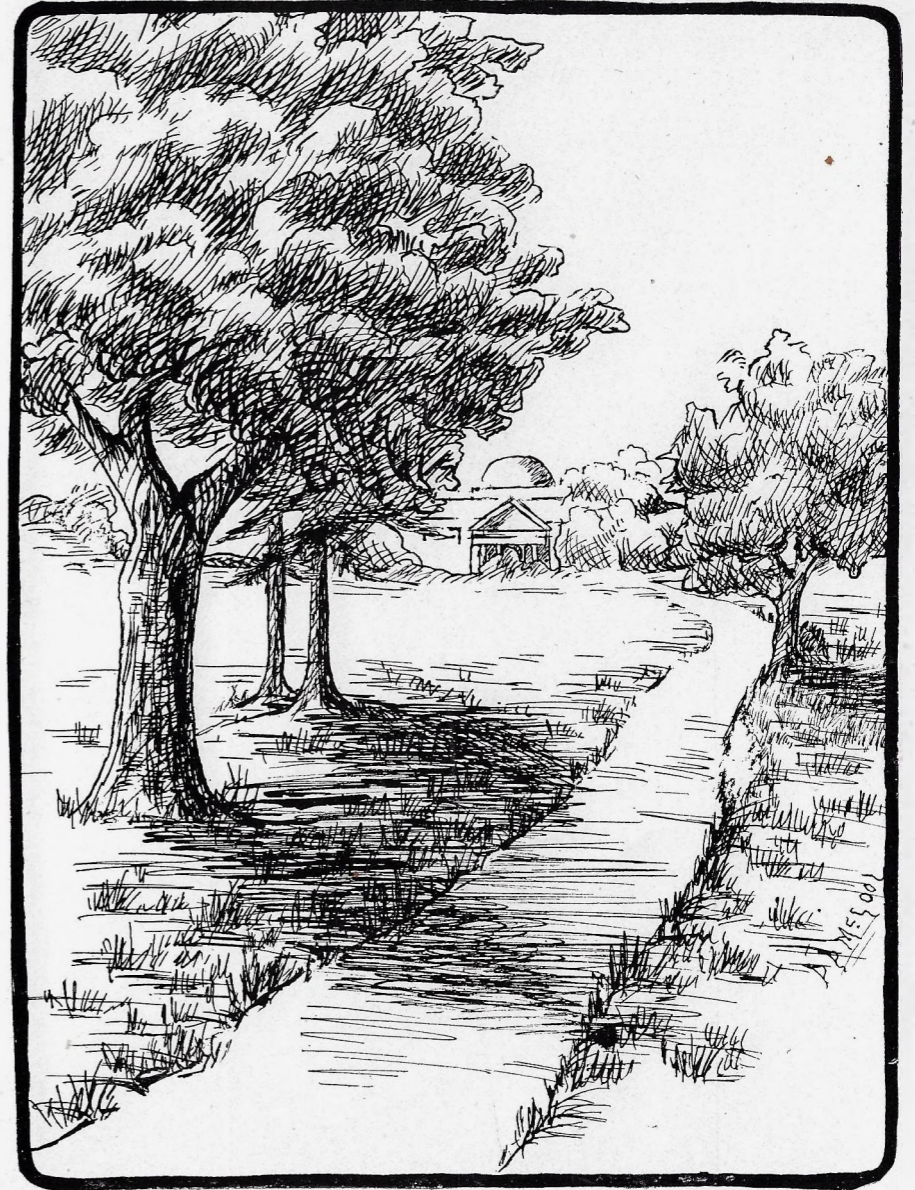
GIRLS' BASKET BALL SQUAD.

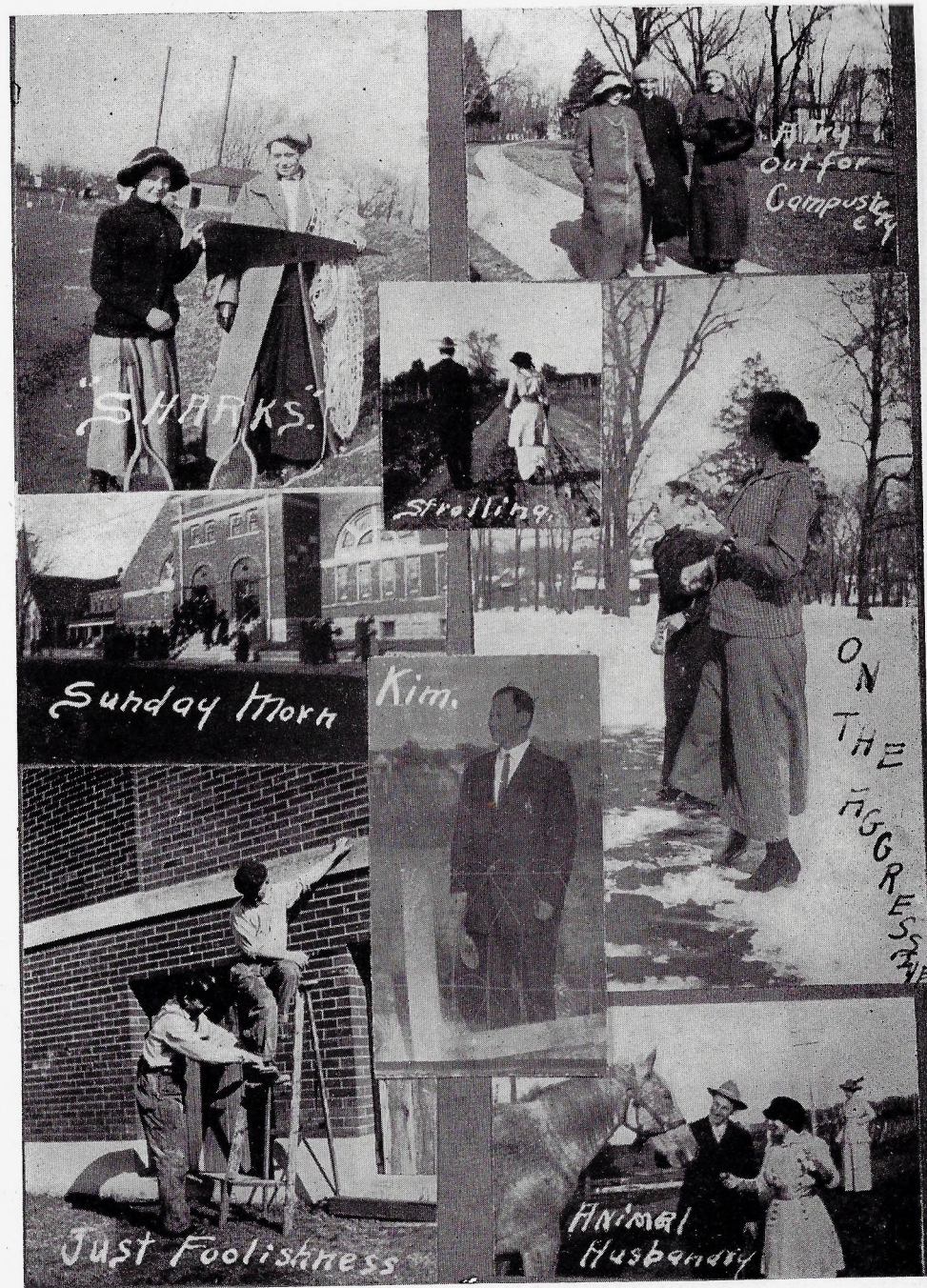
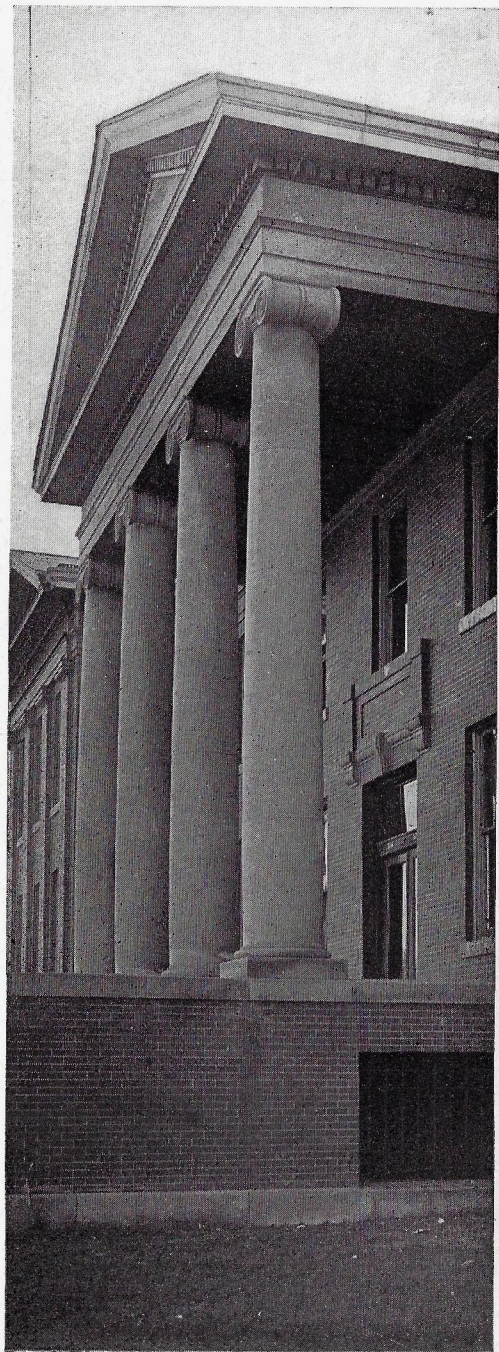
Girls' Basket Ball

Girls' Basket Ball has proved one of the most popular recreations for the young women of the college. During the past years we have had many champion teams, whose work has added much to Wesleyan's fame. This year only two of the old players were in school, but the standard was not lowered by the new girls who put up a good fight for the red and black. There were several candidates for each place and at no time during the season were the positions definitely assigned. The "try-outs" helped to fill up the rather incomplete schedule. Much praise is due to the captain and the team of 1914 for their splendid work.



CAMPUS



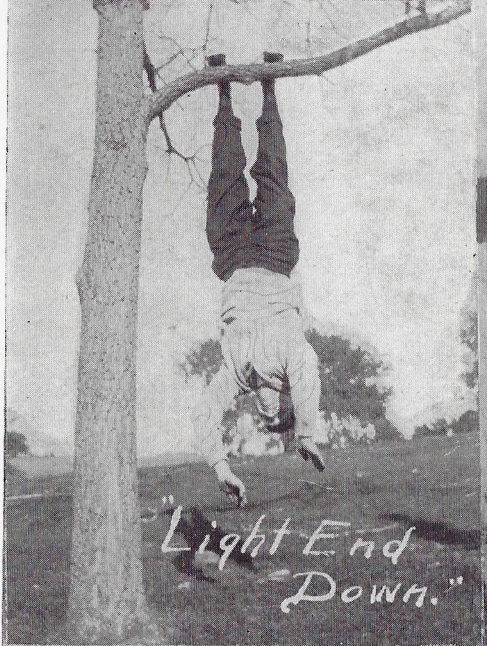




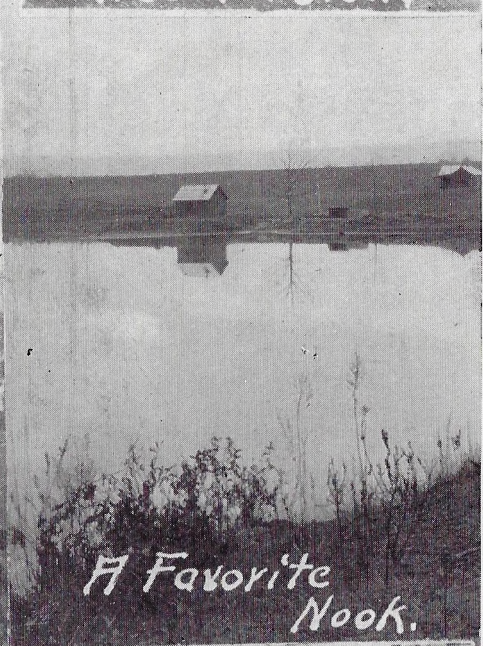
St. J.



Three is a Crowd.



"Light End
Down."

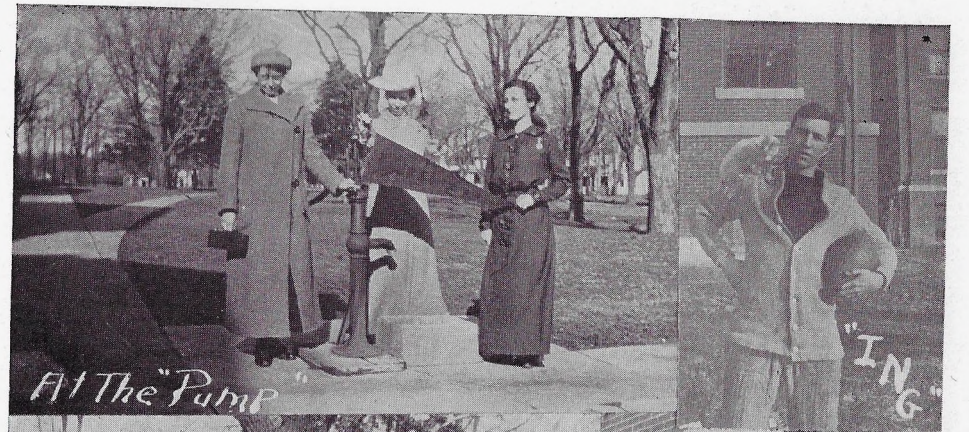


A Favorite
Nook.



Winsome Weslevans.

Burying the
Past.



At The "Pump"

"ING"



Martels' Still.



Clean Ups.



?

A Man



JACK.



A Penny for their Thought



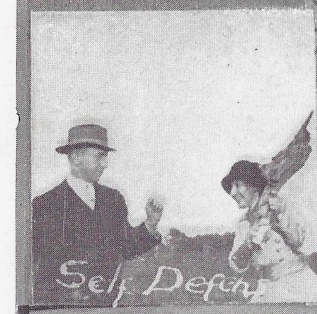
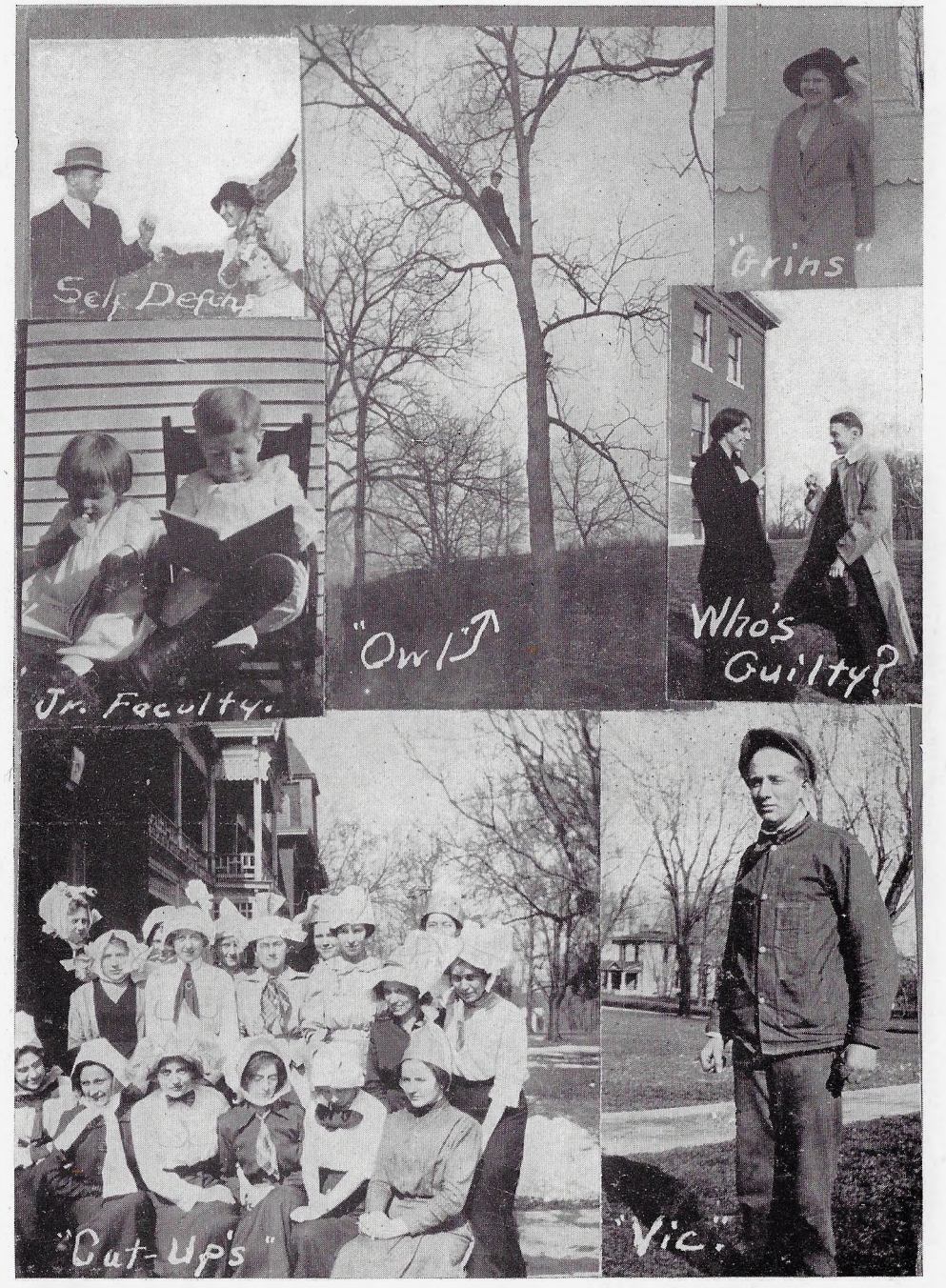
About to go Out



"A Faculty Dissention."



Co-Ed Coquettes.



Self Defense



"Owl"



"Grins"



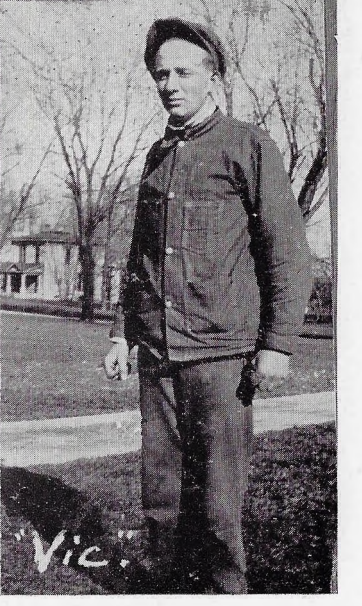
Jr. Faculty.



Who's Guilty?



"Cut-ups"



"Vic."



"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where can you be?"
"In vain will you search, you will never find me."
"Pussy cat, pussy cat, why don't you come home?"
"The anatomists found me, never more will I roam."



EXCELSIOR BANQUET 1914.



ADELPHIAN BANQUET 1914.

The Consensus of Opinion

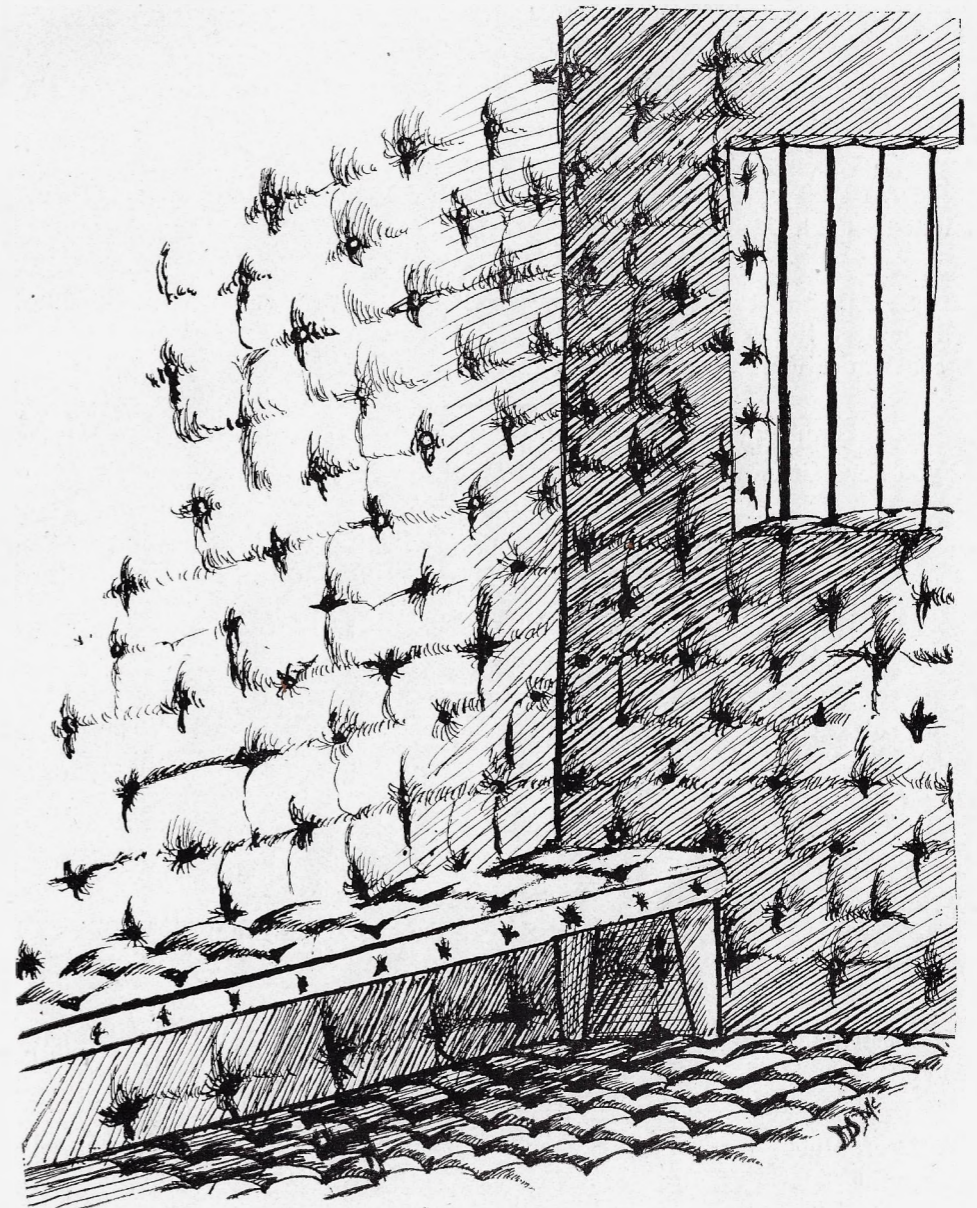
PRETTIEST GIRL—Mildred Ketcham.
BEST ATHLETE—Foster Poland.
WORST KNOCKER—Eugene Hills.
WORST GRIND—Verner Kendall.
MOST POPULAR GIRL—Reba Tomlin.
BEST ALL-ROUND MAN—Edmund Freeman.
GREENEST FRESHMAN—C. T. Farmer.
MOST CONCEITED MAN—Paul Osman.
MOST TALENTED GIRL—Bernice Botsford
BIGGEST LADIES' MAN—Alva Englehart.
NERVIEST MAN—Russell Yankie.
BIGGEST BLUFFER—Russell Yankie.
MOST CONSISTENT FUSSEY—Paul McCool.
MOST COURTEOUS MAN—Tom McKee.
MOST GRACEFUL GIRL—Ethel Williamson.
BEST STUDENT—Wm. Barkley.
IDEAL COUPLE—Leslie Wilson and Reba Tomlin.
IDEAL OLD MAID—May Hatfield.
HANDSOMEST MAN—Euell Henderson.

Who is Who

CRITERION—Editor, J. Q. Vance; Bus. Mgr., L. A. Wilson.
RUTHEAN PRES.—Bernice Botsford.
ADELPHIAN PRES.—Nelson Horn.
EXCELSIOR PRES.—William Butler.
AESTHESIAN PRES.—Adaline Taylor.
Y. M. C. A. PRES.—Robert Parshall.
Y. W. C. A. PRES.—Ruth Farwell.
MINISTERIAL ASS.—Bert Holcomb.
DEBATE CAPTAINS—Byron Horn and E. Freeman.
SCIENCE CLUB PRES.—Chester Butterfield.
FOOTBALL CAPT.—Foster Poland, Elect. Warren Yetter.
BASKET BALL CAPT.—Hugh Wyckoff.
BASE BALL CAPT.—Arthur Smith.
ATHLETIC ASS. PRES.—Foster Poland.
"W" ASSOCIATION—Hugh Wyckoff.
GIRLS' BASKET BALL CAPT.—Merle Wyckoff.
HEBER MOGUL—"Pep" Yetter.
PROHIBITION ASS. PRES.—Stella Dodd.



PADDED SELL.



Wisdom of our Faculty

Francis Jones: (at telephone) "But, Mr. Mack, I'd rather you'd propose."

Dean (in Chapel) "We don't want you academy classes to disgrace the school any more in the Owl."

Dr. DeBra is a very polite man. With his usual courtesy he absent-mindedly apologized in Chapel for not meeting his classes during vacation.

Mrs. DeBra: (announcing a play in Chapel) "The proceeds from this play will be used to build a sidewalk around the campus which will make 'In His Steps' much more interesting."

Prof. Null: (in Chapel) "Don't put books on the radiators in the Library. If you must sit on radiators take it straight."

Prof. Mack: "We want concrete beauty and we want it close to us."

Dr. DeBra: (in Chapel) "The Y. M. C. A. girls (giggles)—Well I can easily correct that, the Y. M. C. A.'s girls—"

Prof. Clelland: (reading a report to the sociology class) "There are some of these abbreviations that I don't quite understand. Now it says this milk contains 1,000 bacteria per cc. What does cc. mean, cows?"

Prof. Daugherty: "Bane, what if someone would offer your wife a hundred a month to leave you?"

Bane: "Well I know you couldn't hire her to do it, but if she was fool enough to, I'd let her go."

Dean: (in Chapel) "Mr. DeBra has lost a pen. I think it is a Waterbury make."

Prof. Mack: (after Faculty meeting) "Say, what are the rules about calling at the Dorm and where are the prettiest places in town to stroll?"

Prof. Null: "I like sometimes to think how students may be classified under the names of magazines here in the Library. Some are 'Musicians,' a few 'Scientific Americans,' quite a lot of 'Youth's Companions.' I wonder how many could be classified under 'Our Dumb Animals.'"

Dean Watson: (in Chapel) "I can't sing any this morning so the rest of you will have to."

Victor Lockhart: (arguing against the use of slang) "Gee-whiz I don't see any sense in a fellow using that dope anyhow."

Draper: (discussing some books on "Russelism") "Why Prof. they are the best books I ever read, they read just like a dime novel."

"My face my fortune is," she said, with a twinkle in her eye.
"And so is mine," quoth crafty Paul (McCool).

When parting time drew nigh,
With the lamp turned low,
As he rose to go,
Did they talk about the weather?
Not a single word,
Not a sound was heard,
As they put their wealth together.

Irene R.: "Edmund, we must have another light in the inner library if we're going to have an Owl Meeting there tonight."

Edmund F.: "Oh, we can do all we ever do in the dark."

Miss Neff: (meeting a strange, young man at the "dorm" room) "Why, bless your dear heart!"

Prof. Kelsey: "It seems to me Miss Neff that you are rather demonstrative."

He was somewhat pacified however when he found that the youth in question was her brother.

Minnie Brott: "Would you marry him if you were me?"

Mae Hatfield: "I'd marry anyone that asked me if I were *you*."

Victor Lockhart: "Prof. Null, why do Inez and Irene both seem to have it in for you?"

Prof. Null: "Oh! I once happened to innocently remark that they looked alike."

Miss Dodd: (Giving oration on Woman Suffrage) "Where, I ask you, would man be today were it not for woman?"

H. Wyckoff: (From balcony) "In the Garden of Eden eating apples."

Mrs. Williamson: "I believe Mr. Henderson will propose to our Edith tonight."

Mr. W.: "Why?"

Mrs. W.: "Well, I noticed he had a sort of desperate look when he came in tonight."

Merlin Cooper: "Shaw, why doesn't your dad cure that old lady's chronic indigestion?"

Burnham: "Why, that old lady's indigestion is putting me through school."

V. Lockhart: (to merchant up town) "I'd like to get an ad; is there an opening for me?"

Merchant: "Yes, there's one right behind you, shut it as you go out, please."

Many a man creates his own lack of opportunities.

Winnie: "Faye, did you see our book with that bunch of jokes?"

Faye: "I saw the book but I didn't see any jokes."

Osman: "Mr. Hughes, I proposed to your daughter last night and was accepted and I have called this morning to ask you if there is any insanity in your family?"

Mr. Hughes: "There surely must be."

Prof. Melick: (in Botany) "Ellwood, what plants flourish in excessive heat?"

Ellwood: "Ice plants."

King: "I am going to put some white in the yoke of my easter gown."
Harris: "Won't that scramble it?"

Francis Burris: "Mamma, does Arthur Smith play base ball?"
Mrs. Burris: "Yes, why?"
Francis: "Well, I heard Lois tell Winnie he was a good catch."

Yankie: "Merle, the average American girl graduate really has very little education."

Merle: "Well, there's one consolation, the average American boy will never find it out."

Sheldon: "I'm not fond of the stage, Winnie, but I hear your father on the stairs and I think I'd better go before the foot-lights."

Faye: "Let's go down to Brown's tomorrow and get our back ground."

Winnie: "Will you read my English to me if I go walking with you?"
Victor: "No, I've got something better than that to tell you."

Bernice Botsford: "What do you think, Leslie, that that mean Chet Butterfield did?"

Leslie: "I don't know, what?"

Bernice: "Well, he held me in the chapel about an hour."

Dorothy Wyckoff: "If you'd saw what I seen, you'd have did what I done."

Miss Dodd: "There's no use of them putting in that new sidewalk across the campus."

Leslie W.: "Oh! Yes there is!"

Miss D.: "Well, probably there is for you."

Prof. Daugherty: "When did plumbum change it's name to lead?"
Foster Poland: "When it got married."

Miss Specht: (holding up an envelope) "Does anyone want this?"
Vance: "If you mean the hand, I do."

Ray Neff: (displaying great knowledge of Chemistry) "The ionization of an 'electric light' (electrolyte) results in equilibrium."

Mr. Harter: (in English) "I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won, to me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration."

Weldon Dillener: "I am very fond of popular airs (Ayers)."

Prof. Daugherty: "Dorothy Wyckoff and Paul McCool had the mumps at the same time, I wonder if they got them from the same germ."

Joe Lukens (in Physics) "Oh, these meters just kill me."
V. Horn: "Well, that's the reason we call them kilometers."

Miss Winter: "My ear sure hurts, I guess I heard something last night that I'd never heard before."

Winifred Lawrence: (in Owl meeting) "Well, I've already told Edmund twice that I'd do anything he asked me to."

Lois Burris was in the laboratory with her hands in her muff.
Prof. Daugherty: "Well, are you trying to carry off some of our apparatus?"

Lois: "No sir! There's only room for two more hands in this muff."

Pep: "Bill, can you lend me \$5.00 for a month, old boy?"

Bill: "What in the world does a month old boy want with \$5.00?"

Mabel Laughlin: "Do you love me?"

Berry: "Yes, I love every hair on your—dresser."

Ruth Clayton: "Papa, Gene is coming tonight to ask your consent to our marriage, be kind to him, won't you?"

Mr. C. "Yes, I'll tell him, No."

Wyckoff: "Pass your Exam?"

Sheldon: "No, got in late and all the good seats were taken."

Kemper had just registered and was about to leave the office.

Dean Watson: "Here, what's your name?"

Kemper: (indignantly) "Don't you see my signature?"

Dean: "Yes, that's what aroused my curiosity."

Larmer: "Why did you come to school, Barkley?"

Barkley: "Oh, I've heard the best way to get on in this work is by degrees."

P. Ayers: "Reba, does Leslie come down often?"

Reba: "No, he doesn't come—he stays."

I left a book upon the stair,
It disappeared I knew not where.
But later it came again to light,
Prof. Null had catalogued it alright.

I breathed a joke into the air,
It fell to earth I knew not where.
But certainly that joke fell flat,
There isn't the slightest doubt of that.

Long, long afterwards, tho' that book was "punk,"
It really saved a "Freshie" a flunk.
And the joke from beginning to end,
I heard again from the mouth of a friend.

Arthur Smith: "Do you believe in the doctrine of infant damnation?"

Prof. Clelland: "Well, yes—at night."

Miss Leonard: (in Latin) "'I am beautiful,' what tense is that?"

Pupil: "From all appearances it must be past."

Reba Tomlin: (in agriculture) "Professor Daugherty, at what time are you supposed to plant potato seed?"

Sheldon: "I see, Merle, that there was a letter in the office for you from the University, what could they be writing to you about; do they want you to take Domestic Science?"

Smith: "No, I imagine they want her to take a course in animal husbandry."

Miss Specht: (translating Greek) "Clearchus, the Greek general remained faithful to the Aesthians (Athenians)."

• Prof. Clelland: "I didn't know they were quite that old."

"Bro." Draper seems to be quite famous for his originality. At a public gathering one of his flock arose and announced that Bro. Draper would deliver the "Innovation" of the morning.

Mary C.: "Leslie Wilson says that if one could see the number of germs that may be taken from a person's lips they would never want to kiss anyone again."

Reba: (surprised) "Did Leslie Wilson say that?"

Smith: (in Sociology) "Why, Prof., it's getting so a single man can't get any place these days."

Ella Carson: "Vera, where did you get those dimples?"

Vera Horn: "Oh! that's where an angel kissed me."

Walter Freeman: "Oh! Vera, don't bawl me out that way."

Neva Nighswonger: "Mabel, is that goose,—Berry—coming over here to-night?"

Miss Leonard: "Mr. Englehart, the 10 o'clock bell has rung!"

Englehart: "But, Miss Leonard, can't I have just a few minutes more of (Grace)?"

Mr. Vogt declares that for the most delightful walk he will take a nice long lane (Lane).

N. Horn: (after the banquet) "Well, that's one march we've led anyway; if we never lead another."

Inez Hughes: "Verner Kendall has the worst habit."

Paul Osman: "What's that?"

Inez H.: "He turns around and looks back every time we pass on the street."

Paul: "How do you know he does?"

Sylvia Fellers: (Just before Society) "Vera, are you scared?"
Vera: "No, but I hope none of those boys come, they sure do get me."

Lamme: "Prof. what does a guy git fer gessin'?"

Vogt: (trying to convince Prof. Cope that he had performed an experiment in Psychology on rhythm of attention) "Why, Prof., I put that watch clear across the room and then I put my hand over it and I could still hear it."

Sheldon: (reading an ad.) "Have you a little Fairy in your home?"
Prof. Clelland: (absent-mindedly rubbing his eyes) "I sure have!"

Audrey Phillips: (Reba's little neighbor) "Hasn't Leslie Wilson any mamma?"

Reba: "Why, yes."

Audrey: "Does his mamma live here?"

Reba: "Yes, Audrey, why?"

Audrey: "Well, why don't he ever go to see his mamma?"

Vance: "We will have a campustry class this spring, I wonder if Miss Leonard won't want to join it?"

Miss Leonard: "Oh! No! I had that at Ann Arbor."

Forest Kemper: "My, there's gettin' to be a lot of old maids around here."

Berry: (in exam.) "Don't start on that second question, I'm not through with the first."

Vance: "Oh, well, we'll have to make 125 so you can pass."

Irene: "Don't hug me so rough you'll knock my glasses off."

Winnifred: "Well, I'm not used to anyone that wears glasses."

During the last semester it was decided to put Yankie under closer faculty supervision.

Prof. Daugherty: "What is a cow's cud?"

Reba Tomlin: "Their after-dinner mints."

Prof. Mack: (to debaters) "I want you to spend all your available time on this debate, I don't want you to even see your girls."

N. Horn: "I'm afraid I wouldn't have any by the time the debate is over."

Mr. Draper: (approaching Bane who was passing the college one night on his motor-cycle) "Bane, your beacon has ceased to function."

Bane: "What?"

Draper: "Your illuminator, I say, is shrouded in unmitigated oblivion."

Bant: "But, really, I don't quite—"

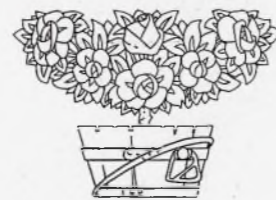
Draper: "The effulgence of your irradiator has evanesced."

Bane: "My dear fellow, I—"

Draper: "The transversal oscillations in your incandenser have been discontinued."

Just then a boy shouted, "Hi, guy, your lamp's out"—and Bane understood.

Why the Owl Staff goes to heaven, and why they don't go there,
Has been published everywhere, and wafted through the air.
Till, honestly, I'm thinking, it plainly would be best,
To settle now both questions and let the subject rest.
The answer's clear and easy, and here is put in rhyme
That it may be sung or whistled at any place or time.
All Juniors go to heaven, regardless of their worth,
For the very simple reason that they get their———on earth.



Cut Flowers

Our Specialty
RALPH WARD
Florist

415 - - S. Walnut

C. N. STUCKER
— FOR —
Society Brand Clothes
E. & W. Shirts
And Collars
For The Swell Dresser

O. W. WRIGHT
The Cash Grocer
Both Phones 51
PRICES ALWAYS the LOWEST

THE SANITARY BARBER SHOP
U. R. ALWAYS WELCOME
WE CATER TO COLLEGE PATRONAGE
M. H. WRIGHT, PROPRIETOR

**YOUR WANTS
CAN BE SUPPLIED**

In the Line of

**DRY GOODS,
READY TO WEAR,
HOSIERY, UNDERWEAR,
NOTIONS, CARPETS, RUGS,
AND LACE CURTAINS, ETC.**

At the Place They All Trade

NEWTON L. ADAMS
119 East Third Street
CAMERON, MISSOURI

C. EVERETT FORD
For
**Hardware, Cutlery,
Etc., Etc.**

Our Aim is
Good Goods at Low Prices

PALACE BARBER SHOP
WE STRIVE TO PLEASE
COLLEGE PATRONAGE SOLICITED
ED. NICHOLAS, PROPRIETOR

SPICES

EXTRACTS

NOREMAC

TOILET ARTICLES

REMEDIES

NOREMAC CHEMICAL CO.
Cameron, - - Missouri

FLOWERS

NOTIONS POST CARDS
MRS. NETTIE MCGILL

"CREAM OF QUALITY"

Ice Cream

PURE, WHOLESOME & DELICIOUS

Ask your dealer if
he buys from the

...CAMERON DAIRY COMPANY...

DR. J. C. BOWMAN

OFFICE IN THE
BUNGALOW BLDG.

PHONES:
RESIDENCE 240, OFFICE 21

The Cameron Sun

COLLEGE ANNUALS

Society Printing For Particular People

A. S. Brown

Maker of
High Grade

Photographs

All Kinds of Picture Framing

Kodak Finishing

Cameron, Missouri

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, Assistant 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

C. A. LEIBRANDT

JEWELER & Watch Repairer

Everything in

JEWELRY, WATCHES, CLOCKS
DIAMONDS, SILVERWARE
AND CUT GLASS

All Our Goods Are Guaranteed

209 E. 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-around 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 all 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 a fine lot of things besides clothes to show you, too.

This is the Store of Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothes

PARRY & GORRELL, CAMERON
MISSOURI

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 and Oils.*

S. H. HOOK & COMPANY

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

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

WHEN IN NEED OF

CLOTHING,
FURNISHINGS
OR SHOES

CALL ON

The DILLENER CLOTHING CO.

CAMERON
MISSOURI

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Cameron, Missouri

Capital \$50,000
Surplus & Undivided Profits \$32,000

YOUR BUSINESS SOLICITED

J. A. RATHBUN, President
W. A. CONKLIN, Vice-President
H. F. LAWRENCE, Cashier

THE WHITE WAY
Meat Market
The Place For Quality
McCLEAN-LIVERS
Phone 51

For Quality that Pleases
Send Your Work to

The
Cameron Steam
Laundry
Cameron, Missouri
Phone 30 West Third Street

Thompson

Grocery

Company

Cameron

Missouri

Clean Up-To-Date Groceries, Fruits,
Candies and All Kinds of Vegetables
in their Seasons.

Richelieu Coffee

Is the Only Coffee that Satisfies.

I also have the Largest Line of Decorated
China and Dinnerware in the City.

Call And Be Convinced.

The
Cameron Trust Co.

Capital & Surplus \$140,000

*Does a General Banking Business,
Pays Interest on All Deposits.
We Invite Students and
All Others to Call on
or Write Us for
Terms.*

WHEN IN NEED OF ANYTHING
IN

**UP-TO-DATE
FOOTWEAR**

SEE

BROWN & McCLEAN

Walk - Over Shoes

Cameron, Missouri

MYNATT'S PHARMACY

SODA FOUNTAIN SPEC-
IALTIES, DRUG SUN-
DRIES, STATION-
ERY, DRUGS,
BOOKS,

THE
NAME AT
THE BOTTOM
OF THIS ADV. IS
ENOUGH SAID. EVERY
ADVERTISEMENT IS BASED
ON A GOOD FOUNDATION,
AND THIS ADVERTISEMENT HAS IT.

SHERMAN J. SLOAN

Ice Cream

The Test Tells

The
**Cameron Candy
Kitchen**

Cameron, Missouri

The
Florsheim

Shoe

KNOCH, JONES & PACKARD

*Solicit Your Patronage
For High Grade
Footwear*