

Mildred Bender

# THE CRITERION

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VOLUME XX

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No. 4

## DEBATE SEASON OPENS

### Debating Season Opens at Wesleyan With Clash Between Two Home Teams.

On last Saturday night, the debating class under Mrs. Overton did its first public work. The debate was based on the question, Resolved: That disarmament is necessary for the maintenance of civilization? The affirmative was taken by Emerson Brown, Fernan Sewall, Angela Buzard and Fayette Rapier, while the negative was upheld by Robert Russell, Raymond Spurlock, Marguerite Bangs and Roy Budd.

The affirmative was opened by an outlook over wars, their causes and effects. The arguments were based upon three main issues: First, that economic welfare demands a change; second, that disarmament tends to prevent war; and, third, Educational, Moral and Social reforms are necessary. Mr. Brown gave the introductory speech and outlined the general plan of discussion. The three propositions were each then handled in their turn by the rest of the speakers of the affirmative.

The negative, at the beginning of their discussion, admitted the results of war but contended that the causes lay deeper than mere armament. They also admitted that disarmament was theoretically correct, but contended that it was not practically sound, for: first, disarmament would not prevent wars; second, armament has not prevented civilization thus far but has protected it; and third, present conditions do not demand disarmament.

Each team backed its issues with strong proof

The decision of the judges showed the affirmative to hold the lead slightly in the number of points.

Both Mrs. Overton and those who took part are to be congratulated on the quality of the work. Judging from the material represented here, Wesleyan has a right to expect a fine debating team for the college.

## DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

### Dean Dalke the New Man in Charge of This Work.

We feel, since the man of whom we speak is doing double service, that double space should be devoted to him; but, being a man of a few sincere words himself, Prof. Dalke would perhaps wish such about him. Suffice it to say that his dignified administration as Dean is a constant and impressive example of the theory he propounds in his classroom.

Wesleyan has always been rightfully proud of the goodly number and notable success of those who have been graduated from her student-life to become teachers. Therefore, it is with special interest that we turn our attention to the Department of Education.

Under Prof. Dalke this department is proving his competence already. Perhaps we should say that his worth has been proved, as Prof. Dalke is not a stranger to Wesleyan halls, and many remember his capable work as a teacher in the summer of '19.

Prof. Dalke was graduated from McPherson College in 1910, and received his Master's Degree from Kansas University a year later. Since that time he has been actively engaged in teaching and study, both in Kansas and Missouri. With such a wealth of practical experience, and such broad-minded ideas of education as he possesses, we feel that the future of this department will be even better than that of the past.

Friends here have received the announcement of the marriage of Miss Laura Grundy to Mr. William Robert Clelland, Nov. 15, 1921 at Oklahoma City. Mrs. Clelland was here in school several years and has many friends here. Mr. Clelland is a brother of our former professor, F. W. Clelland. Mr. and Mrs. Clelland are now at home at New Hampton, Missouri. The best wishes of Wesleyan friends are extended to them.

## ARMISTICE DAY

### Exercises in Honor of Our Dead Held at Methodist Church.

This year November Eleventh was for the first time declared a national holiday. In order properly to celebrate the day, and that we might give due respect to those who fought for peace and democracy, and as a memorial for those who in fighting lost their lives, schools and business houses of Cameron were closed.

Cameron, being the center of a patriotic and liberty-loving community, desired to celebrate the day in a manner fitting to the occasion. At this time the fitting manner took the form of a parade and an address by Doctor Harmon in the morning, and a football game in the afternoon.

The parade formed in front of the High School. The line of march was broken at the Methodist church where the further exercises were to be held.

The service at the church was an impressive one. As is his habit, Doctor Harmon delivered an address worth while: one which accurately expressed the sentiments of those who fought in the World War, and of those who lost loved ones in that war. He began by saying that the day was not a proper time for jest, because of its sacredness.

He told us that it is not material wealth but a wealth of high ideal that glorifies a nation. Rome, with her many colonies, is an example of the nation which glorifies wealth. Rome, in the height of her wealth, fell. America is a nation which she has preserved through periods of greed and selfishness.

Then the speaker told us of the peace conference which, on November eleventh, convened in Washington. He pleaded for peace and for the success of the peace conference. He showed the industrial and educational advantages of peace.

Lastly, he paid a beautiful tribute to the living soldiers who fought for

peace and democracy. He asked that might be true to the ideals for which they fought.

After his address, Doctor Harmon presented a resolution upon which the audience was to pass. This resolution, a copy of which was sent to Secretary Hughes, contained a plea for peace and for the Washington Conference. It passed unanimously.

At twelve o'clock a two minutes prayer service was held for our soldier dead and for the conference.

The people went from this memorial service with greater patriotism and a greater desire for peace than they had had before.

### THE SCRIBBLER

Work Contributed From the English Department—Advanced Composition.

#### THE DUCKING

(Comments by Mrs. Samantha Deacon Brown, and Tommy Peters, when the Boston girl falls into the "Crick" and is rescued by the most eligible young farmer.)

Mrs. Samatha Wiggins:

Say, Mrs. Jones, ain't you got time to put down your hoe and come over and talk with me while my soap's a boilin'? I've got a bit of advice you'd appreciate havin'. There, have a seat on that bushel. Do you know you'd better keep your Margarette Susan away from that high fanglin' gal from Bosting, whose visitin' with Josephine Peabody? I'll never let my Joan associate with her. Rather have her drown than be carried out by Hank Cactus. You havn't heard it! Gracious me! Everybody's heard it what didn't see it. I didn't see it, but just as good as did. Little Tommie Peters was drivin' home the cows and saw it and told his dad and he told his wife to tell Mrs. Fleming so she'd keep her gal away and I heard Mrs. Fleming tellin' about it over the phone yesterday. Well you know the Bosting gal was a walkin' all alone down in the timber, and I guess she got scared at a bug or frog; anyway she must have jumped right into the middle of the crick. Could have walked out if she hadn't seen Hank a comin' and thought he'd save her the trouble, so she stood and yelled like she was dyln'. Of course he heard her and jumped in to get her out. Took him awful long time to get her out,

then she wouldn't let go of him, but hung on and cried. Hank had to carry her most of the way to the house. Everybody says they're going to get married as soon as Hank can get his crop in. Sure is sad for his old ma. GRACE IRMINGER.

Tommy Peters:

Say maw, you ought to a seen Hank Cactus save that city girl from drownin', you know that one that's been staying over to Cal Williams all summer. Willie Green says she ain't paid a cent for board all the time she has been there. She fell in the crick back of Williams' place, and Hank was a coming down the road and he seen her and runs over and wades right in with all of his clothes on, just like they do in the movies. And this city girl just threw her arms around his neck and hollered for him to save her. Lem Tucker was a passin' along and he hollers to Hank to hold her until he gets his camera, and Hank got awful red in the face and almost dropped her back in the crick. It sure was funny, maw, because then along comes Hank's best girl, Susan Peabody, and sees him a holdin' this city girl and she just turned up her nose and walked right by, like she never saw him. I'll bet Hank has a hard time explainin' to her.

HERBERT KIMES.

Deacon Brown

Oh, my soul, my soul! What can be done to save them youngins! Hank was always a good boy until the girl came from Boston, but he's going fast, drifting, rapidly drifting away. If nothing more can be done, I'll have them both put on the prayer list for Wednesday night. Yes, and parson must put something for just them two in his sermon. How can this place be saved from the punishment sure to come, after the actions of our Hank and the girl? Somebody must do something to get her away, to save our dear, dear boy. The other lads and lassies are all thinking it funny, interesting, thrilling. They'll be trying it short off, then the town will be struck by an awful punishment. May God be mericful and deliver us.

GRACE IRMINGER.

Comments by the Boston Girl, Herself to Her Precious Diary

June 16

What a day of marvelous happenings, little book. It was really only

this very morning, as I was out in the woods, that I fell into the creek. I shudder yet at the cold water, and at hearing the farmer folk call it a "crick".

But what a sensation it caused in this sleepy village for Hank Cactus to rescue me—one of the select of Boston. I heard two ladies discussing it when I listened at the phone this afternoon. From what they said, it is everybody's opinion that I should be overjoyed that the most eligible young farmer in the whole community saved my life.

He didn't appear very educated, for he said "ain't" and dropped his g's.

I hope I thanked him suitably, I know scarcely anything about him. Right away I will look up his ancestors. EILEEN KAY.

#### Freshman English

The Soft June Breeze

I am the soft June breeze. I sift gently through the tree-tops, bending the branches gently, so as not to disturb the birds and their nests. I caress the cheeks of the children as they romp at play in the summer sunshine, and flutter the ribbons on the baby's carriage, making her coo in delight. When the tired mother comes to the door, I erase the lines of worry, and bring the tender smile to her face, as I blow gently on her. The weather-vane perched on the barn, I turn teasingly, or I spin the wind-mill around once, and again. Then tired of this, I seek the flower garden. At my breath the roses nod to each other and mingle their perfume with that of the lilacs. Then I waft this sweetness into the nostrils of the passers-by. Oh! I am the soft June breeze. Without me, life would not be complete.

MARION HULSIZER.

I am just a little yellow red flame feeling on the pine needles of the forest. I am not very large now, but I am growing steadily, so that by tomorrow I shall be large enough to move about and shall consume everything in my path. The wind is my friend and helps me to travel faster. Men come and try to destroy me by cutting down the trees, which I must have in order to live. But I leap over their barriers and with my fiery breath overcome these small creatures and devour them in an instant. Water is my greatest enemy; every time I must meet him,



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a great battle rages until one or the other of us is conquered. Finally I come to great stretches of barren waste, where I cannot go. Then I dwindle down to a small yellow-red flame no larger than of my beginning.

CARYL HOWARD.

The Wild White Night

Far in the northlands I delight in hovering close to the white frozen earth, which glistens like heaps of brilliant diamonds, but brings pain to the desolate wilderness. Each wandering, starving wolf bays tauntingly at my silvery moon, as he roams through the white shadowy forests seeking his prey. Often I love to go wildly, about and bring turmoil and enmity to my haunts, and roam like a tempest, hurling great clouds of drifting snow and sleet through the barren trees and against baffling cliffs. I love to travel far and wide, singing my songs of woe to the wilderness; then, even the boldest creature dares not venture from his cozy lair. I bring strife and grief to the life on the earth, and demand that he who neglects must pay, and he who lives his life must struggle and fight. Mine is the great law, "Survive or Perish." I am the wild white night.

DONALD STROLLER.

The Soft South Wind

I am the soft south wind;—I appear when the summer months come and all the flowers are in bloom. I blow gently over the roses and carry their sweet fragrance into the room where the little sick girl lies. She smiles as she feels my caresses. I come softly through the trees and hear them whispering to each other marvelous secrets,—secrets that no mortal could ever know. Sometimes I blow and bring a summer shower with me. Then people are glad, and I freshen all the flowers and leaves. I see many things that no one else ever can perceive. I see the farmer, when he lifts a grateful face to me from the fields, as I blow over him. I see the little children playing under the trees and I blow softly there that I may hear their childish chatter. I blow over the lovers, too, as they walk slowly along the path, the world forgotten.

Mine is a wonderful life,—I would be nothing but the soft South Wind.

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### THE CAMPUS STROLLER

Well, here I am again! I don't know whether you're glad to see me or not, but the staff just love me and lean on me as a present help. I strolled around last week to the extent of about a column and a half, just seeing, and that's what I am at again. That's inspiring, isn't it? Of course my theories and experiences aren't as stimulating to intellectual development as an editorial on the "Value of a College Education" might be, but I sure do take up space when I get started.

What local celebrity was it who said that the "social life of M. W. C. centers about the library?" Verily, that one spake not with a forked tongue! Of course, the usual avalanche of romances was born during the first two weeks of school. And there are even now in the course of development some quite new and beautiful ones. Oh no, I won't be the least bit personal, and mention names—not just yet, anyway. I'll leave that to you—all you have to do is choose a chair in the library (after supper, of course) lay aside your beloved chemistry note-book and wait for results. If you happen to be a young man, you will soon find directed toward you at least one pair of soul-inspiring baby-blue eyes. Meet these flirtation advances with a stony stare, and you'll notice that the baby-blues will fix themselves on some other victim.

The man-flappers too, is in wait for unsuspecting damsels just outside the library door. Often one of these masculine vamps has succeeded in persuading some fair and blushing maid to let him carry her books; the two of them trip joyfully down to Rice Hall, and stand on the steps until the indecent hour of nine-thirty.

Meanwhile, in the sacred confines of the library, one might observe other strange things. Why, the other night I saw Dr. Cline studiously engrossed in, as I thought, some weighty volume of English History. But a closer observation disclosed the remarkable fact that the object of his attentions was nothing more nor less than the December copy of

"Captain Billy's Whiz Bang." At least that is what it looked like, but the Stroller had forgotten his spectacles. If he saw correctly, surely this deserves the attention of the Board of Trustees. For unless we curb these tendencies of the faculty, what will become of our student body? Already we find many students carrying uncensored vest-pocket editions of Shakespeare.

But the greatest paradox of the entire school year happened not a week ago. Mr. Roland Ryan, known to the Chicago underworld as "Chi" Ryan, was seen actually to enter the college library. After carefully observing the unfamiliar surroundings, he glided gracefully to the stack-room from which he emerged fifteen minutes later staggering under a load of heavy volumes. He seated himself and drew forth a pen and notebook. When I had sufficiently recovered to be able to walk steadily, I inquired as to the cause of this diligence. What do you think he said? He is preparing a text-book on Ancient History! We must commend Mr. Ryan for his noble endeavors and the fame he will bring to our institution. And may his diligence and noble effort be an example to all of us.

### CRITERION TO ALUMNI

The Alumni Association deserves praise for its recent action in regard to the college paper. There is probably no other method so good for fostering the love for the old school and for each other; for keeping alive the mutual sympathy and interest of all Wesleyan folk, as the common medium of the college paper. Mrs. Wilbur Null and Miss Maude Gibson here in Cameron are directly responsible for Alumni information, and any news items, change of address or other facts of concern to former Wesleyanites may be sent to either one of the women.

The Staff regrets the omission of important Alumni news in the last issue. It "just happened" and will not happen again.

Dr. Reed (in philosophy class) "Class we are now in the Greece of the 5th century."

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## THE CRITERION

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Fortunate indeed is the school that has the wholehearted support of such a town as Cameron. Missouri Wesleyan can never pay back the loyalty and the support the townspeople have given us.

The town has always stood behind us but it is at Thanksgiving each year that we are able to secure the best view of the material side of their support. Each year the Royal Rooters organize several hundred strong and come out to cheer our team on to its utmost.

Even the best team in the world is handicapped if its support is of an unknown quantity. And so Wesleyan feels that no small share of her successes in the athletic world as well as the successes of her other activities along the lines of forensics, student publications, society endeavors, and departmental programs are to be traced back directly to the support and the loyal co-operation of Cameron's merchants and townspeople.

And again Wesleyan thanks you.

### A LOOK AT STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Our last issue contained an editorial on the attitude of some Wesleyan poet on Student Government. We may all be interested to see whither we are tending. This exchange is from the Kansas City Collegian:

From the University of Kansas Women's Handbook (1921), page 25:

#### Article VII

The following regulations and customs have been adopted by the women of the association. The association, acting in its legislative capacity, may make additions to the customs and regulations from time to time as it may see fit.

Section 1. Rooming houses for women should be closed not later than 10:30, p. m. every night in the week, except Sunday night, when they should close not later than 10, p. m., and Friday and Saturday nights, when they should close not later than 11, p. m., except for those persons attending dances or entertainments of general interest.

Section 2. Student parties should be held on Friday or Saturday nights, or on nights preceding holidays.

Section 3. Social engagements should not be made for the evenings of school days, except for Friday evenings or for evenings preceding holidays.

#### Article VIII

A woman student going out of town at any time or away from the house for the night shall registey her destination and time of departure and expected return with the chaperon or landlady on a card provided for the purpose.

From page 27:  
Interpretation of Regulations Regarding the Date Rule

1. All rules of the Women's Student Government Association apply alike to women students living at home and in rooming houses.

2. University women should not make any engagements with University men or men living in town for later than 8, p. m., except on Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights, or when the date rule is suspended by the Council president.

3. When the date rule is suspended by the Council president for events of general interest, it is suspended for that event only.

4. An occasional exception may be made to the regular closing hours for out-of-town callers, who may then stay until 11, p. m. This exception does not apply to regular out-of-town callers.

5. Escort directly home from the library is not considered an infraction of the rule. However, this does not permit stopping for refreshments.

## ATSTHESIANS

You have seen them all in action,  
Brave in thought and strong in virtue

Those, our loyal girls, Aesthesians.  
Those who strive with high ambitions,

Those who labor on and faint not,  
Those of whom I now shall tell you.

Moving on in quiet friendship,  
Deep in thought and slow in action  
Is the modest Opal Ashburn.  
She it is who writes our records.  
She, so neat in pen and paper  
And with all, about her dealings.

While another dark haired maiden,  
Busy Georgia, Georgia Amick,  
From the morn till late of evening  
You will find her at her duty  
Always busy serving others.  
"Others" has become her motto.

Studious, much versed in nature,  
Where God first began his teachings,

Anna Buck has built her kingdom.  
And she e'er will grow in knowledge,

As she gains with faithful efforts  
That which toil and care can bring her.

There's another nature lover,  
Who herself of it a part is  
Noiseless as the sun about her  
Sending, though, in rays abundance  
Of her gentleness and beauty  
She we call fair Vera Border.

"As unto the bow the cord is,  
So unto the man is woman."  
Edris knows and so does Elbert.  
"Though she bends him, she obeys him.

Though she draws him yet she follows.  
Useless each without the other."

And the other, quiet Ella,  
Has within her, deeply hidden,  
Thoughts which never find expression

Save in music—that great power  
Which from monarchs draws submission  
And the poor and weak makes stronger.

(To be Continued.)

In History—Dr. Cline: "Mr. Brown what can you say about Henry VII?"

Mr. Brown: "He had too small a brain for his head."

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# S P O R T S

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## SCORE AT WILL

**Wesleyan Boys Unable to Hold Down The Score Against Culver-Stockton.—66 to 0.**

Missouri Wesleyan's football team met the Culver-Stockton pigskin luggers from Canton for the first time in the history of the two schools on Wesleyan field Friday afternoon, Nov. 11, beating the Culver boys by a score of 66 to 0.

This is Culver-Stockton's second anniversary in the realm of football which accounts in a large measure for the one sided score, for what the Canton machine lacked in knowledge of the game was counterbalanced by their excellent sporting spirit. Altho Coach 'Davis' men overwhelmed them from the start the visitors fought gamely to the final whistle.

Dr. Harmon was in charge of the Wesleyan squad, as Coach Davis was scouting the Jewell-Tarkio game at St. Joseph. After the first few minutes the Doctor began running in the subs and by the close of the game every man in uniform had been in the lineup. The President is one of the very few coaches unable to figure out a losing combination.

## CAMERON HIGH LOST

Cameron high school's football team met their second defeat this season at the hands of the Trenton machine at Trenton Friday, Nov. 18, by a lone touchdown.

The first half ended 0 to 0 with the honors about evenly divided. At the opening of the second half Cameron had the choice and chose to receive when they were going with the wind. The Trenton kicker booted the oval far down into Cameron territory and the Trenton speedy ends were down almost with the ball nailing the Cameron man before he got five yards. A

Cameron fumble gave Trenton possession of the ball with only 30 yards to go. Trenton scored.

Several times the Cameron boys were in striking distance but were unable to shove the pigskin across the goal line.

Dyer Campbell, Cameron end, was injured during the first five minutes of play and was unable to re-enter the game.

## WIN FOR CAMERON HIGH

**Liberty High School Dropped Hard Fought Battle Thanksgiving Morning—Score 21-0.**

Cameron high school's football team defeated Coach Collin's eleven from Liberty high school on Wesleyan's field Turkey Day morning by a score of 21 to 0.

Cameron kicked and downed the visitors well back in their own territory. All during the first quarter the play remained near the center of the field with the honors about evenly divided.

In the second period the Cameron boys began shoving the pigskin towards Liberty's goal. A fifteen yard penalty on Cameron saved Liberty from having their goal line crossed. But a few minutes later after completing a couple of forward flips Otis Jackson ploughed thru the opposing line for a touchdown. The half ended Cameron 7, Liberty 0.

The second half Cameron came back strong scoring two more touchdowns while the visitors cut loose several times making big gains thru the Cameron team. In the final period Crawford, Liberty quarterback, intercepted a forward pass and ran 65 yards but was overtaken and pulled down by two Cameron players.

A cat has nine lives, so they say, And that, indeed, is right. But you never hear about the frog And he croaks every night.

## TIES FOR CHAMPIONSHIP

**Wesleyan Shares Honors With Kirksville and Jewell in M. I. A. A. Championship Race.**

The three point victory of William Jewell over Missouri Wesleyan on Wesleyan's field Thanksgiving Day left three teams tied for the 1921 bunting.

It is understood that R. E. Bowles, coach of William Jewell, is protesting a Central college player, endeavoring to get Central's games thrown out. Central beat Jewell 7 to 0.

If Bowles succeeds in this attempt to clear his skirts of defeat, Kirksville and Jewell will be tied for the championship as Kirksville lost only to Central.

## WHAT ARE YOU?

There are many mean creatures on this earthly ball;

Their numbers truly are shocking.

But search where you will, the meanest of all

Is the person who always is knocking.

Now whoever knocks, be it well understood,

Shows himself to be very poor stock.

For a cast-iron head on a stick of wood

Is all that it takes to knock.

If you have any pride, never let it be said,

That you're classed with the knocking clique.

For who wants to be a cast-iron head

On the end of a wooden stick.

—W. D. R. '23

A number of college students went to Trenton to witness the C. H. S. and T. H. S. battle at that place.

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**CHAPEL SPEECHES IN REVIEW**

Of chapel speeches we've always a score,

And though to the students they're always a bore,

Yet to those who try to think things through,

They've all good thoughts and they all ring true.

It so happened the other day,

Dr. Reed spoke in his own good way;

"Democracy," he said, "I'm in favor of,

But with exact equality, I'm not in love.

We're all Americans, true, said he, "Some as high up as can be

And others", he said (and quite humbly)

"Are drunkards and such, below you and me,

We've each our ideas, I do confess, But we're all democratic neverthe-

less.

Mr. Taylor next did take his turn, And nothing of effort did he spurn

To reach the hearts of all those there

To make us see and to show if he dare

That the beam in our eye which we cannot see

Can be seen by others and quite clearly;

While the most which we see in another's eye,

Cannot be seen, if we but try

To perfect ourselves and our judgments weigh

Before we lightly do or say

The unkind things in an unkind way.

So let's look at the good which about us we see

And then we'll become what we wish to be.

Dr. Arnfield spoke also, (he's our "Presbyter")

Told us we listened, but we did not hear

It's an art, he said, and one that is lost;

Each talks for himself at any cost. We all do that without any doubt.

Then he scattered his talk with verse throughout.

"Just why are you here," Miss Gibson asked,

"And what do you hope to gain from our tasks?"

And then, just what do you hope

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to do  
 When you're out of college; by the  
 time you're through  
 You should be able where ever you  
 go  
 To encourage and help all you  
 know."

"It's effort through which we at-  
 tain our ambitions,"  
 Dr. Harmon said, "It's not preten-  
 sions.  
 Some of you'll not be here with us  
 long  
 And then we'll forget you as soon  
 as you're gone;  
 So just get acquainted with all that  
 you can  
 For you'll go home a sadder man.

"I'm a substitute here," said Dean  
 Dalke  
 "And so this morning I thought that  
 we  
 Might have some pep if only to show  
 That we're backing the team, let's  
 let them know!  
 So we yelled and we sang till chapel  
 was o'er  
 And then we marched out still wish-  
 ing for more.

On the day before Thanksgiving day  
 Dr. Swan appeared and made every  
 word pay  
 So inspiring he was, and so very  
 sincere  
 We sat spellbound at what we did  
 hear.  
 Just a heart to heart talk he gave  
 us 'tis true;  
 Just the every-day things as they  
 affect you.  
 The worth-while things that make  
 us grow strong,  
 Things that make us stay straight,  
 things that make us go wrong;  
 "The 'if' is half of life", said he.  
 Let's help to remove it I know you  
 agree;  
 Then quoted to us as best one  
 could,  
 "Let me live in a house by the side  
 of the road."

In English History Class—Class  
 all looking out of the window at  
 an aeroplane that was flying over  
 the college. Mr. Brown: "Why that  
 man waved at me."

"Chi" Ryan and "Red" Jones re-  
 moved the rubbish, etc. from a cer-  
 tain room in Ford Hall recently.  
 It has been a very habitable abode,  
 since.

## ALUMNI NOTES

2 Louisburg Square,  
 Oct. 18, 1921.  
 Boston, Mass.

Alumni Editor "Criterion",  
 Cameron, Mo.

Dear Sir:

I am writing to notify you of my  
 change of address. Please forward  
 my "Criterion" to the address given  
 in the heading, instead of to Follett,  
 Texas, as formerly.

It might interest the Wesleyan  
 folk to see the roll of their repre-  
 sentatives in this vicinity; especially  
 as Wesleyanites seem to have a de-  
 cided penchant for coming to Boston  
 after they have been weaned from  
 the sheltering wings of dear old  
 alma mater. Here is the list:

Prof. and Mrs. F. W. Clelland,  
 Dean Isaac S. Corn, Rev. Frank  
 Taylor, Mrs. Blanche McDonald Por-  
 ter, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. N. Burrows,  
 Mr. and Mrs. Clinton T. Farmer,  
 Mr. and Mrs. Clyde S. Crowder,  
 Capt. Alva F. Englehart, Miss Bes-  
 sie Lee Edie, Mr. Verner Kendall,  
 Mr. Joseph Thompson, and Mr. Paul  
 E. Osman.

Professor Clelland and Dean Corn  
 are taking work in the Graduate  
 School of Boston University.

Rev. Frank Taylor, a graduate of  
 M. W. C. some years ago, is pastor  
 of St. John's M. E. Church, Water-  
 town, one of the largest Methodist  
 churches in New England.

Mr. Burrows is a student at Har-  
 vard. "Charlie" hopes to attach  
 "Ph. D." to his name some of these  
 fine days.

Mrs. Porter is living in Cambridge  
 with her family. Mr. Porter is  
 studying here to take up teaching  
 work.

Capt. Englehart and Mr. Kendall  
 are students at the Massachusetts  
 Institute of Technology.

Miss Edie is a student in the Bos-  
 ton University School of Religious  
 Education and Social Service.

Messrs. Farmer, Thompson, Os-  
 man, and Crowder are attending the  
 Boston University School of Theol-  
 ogy.

If you can use any of this assort-  
 ed and miscellaneous crazy-quilt of  
 information in the "Criterion", you  
 are welcome to do so.

Thanking you in advance for your  
 attention to the matter of my ad-  
 dress, I remain

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## DOINGS OF THE RUTHEANS

Now it came to pass, in the days when Harmon was ruler over the school, that a student went to the place of worship on Sunday night, and harkened unto the words of the minister.

And it so happened that the subject of the sermon was "The power of suggestion." And he harkened unto the sermon, but there was somewhat of doubt in his belief as to the truth and the proof of the experiments.

And it came to pass in these same days, that there was apparent famine in the land, and this student went to sojourn in the college chapel, he and his brother and his two chums.

And lo, great pangs of hunger came, and caused him to be restless and to wish for a sandwich, for he had eaten no breakfast.

And he said unto his brother who was resting near him, "Brother, hast thou a hunger?"

And he answered him, saying, "Yea, verily. But hast thou forgotten, dear Brother, that this day is Wednesday and the Rutheans will prepare sandwiches for us who ate no breakfast?"

"Alas, I had forgotten. 'Tis a sandwich that I smell now, even unto the knowing of the kind. For is it not pimento and cheese that I smell?"

"Ah, 'tis so. And when we are come from this chapel, forthwith shall we follow the multitude, even unto the Rutheans and their pimento and cheese sandwiches."

And the Dean said unto the orchestra which was assembled about him, "Let us have the closing march." And, lo—beautiful strains of music smote the ears of the hungry people, and likewise did the smell of pimento and cheese taunt the students to rush to the hall.

And they came unto the place, and were ahungered, and they searched diligently for the sandwiches they had smelled.

And they searched the halls, even from the south end of the hall unto the north end, and no sandwiches could they find. But they had smelled pimento and cheese, and were diligent in their search.

Then the student said unto a Ruthean, "Canst thou guide me to the sandwiches, for I have eaten no breakfast, and am ahungered."

And the Ruthean made answer

unto him, saying, "Alas, 'tis sad! But there are no sandwiches this morning."

"Ah," said the student, "But I have smelled them, even unto the knowing of the kind. They are pimento and cheese, and I must find them."

And again the Ruthean spake unto him, saying, "Alas my brother, there are no sandwiches, for the Rutheans have this one time failed to prepare them."

And he remembered the sermon he had heard, and believed that the teachings of the minister, even unto the testing of the Power of Suggestion, were being made manifest in the school. Selah.

During the series of meetings recently held at the Methodist church, all societies responded to Dr. Harmon's request that no meetings be held that would in any way conflict with the church services. Accordingly, the Ruthean Open Program, scheduled for November 10, was revised and posted as a closed program for Nov. 17, with the date of the former indefinitely postponed. The following numbers comprised the very entertaining program in Society Hall, Thursday afternoon.

Vocal Solo.....	Florence O'Toole
Original Story.....	Helen Williams
Vocal Solo.....	Marion Hulsizer
Extempo.....	Ada McCullough

The participants of the program were new Rutheans, and there was a particular willingness among the new members to comply with Dr. Harmon's request. This spirit of loyalty to the revival meeting was most commendable.

Ivan Bray and Clarence White spent Sunday, Nov. 20th, at Ivan's home in Maysville.

## ME

Ego, Ego, I—around me the world centers; my smile is illuminating; my frown casts a shadow on all. I am pretty, I am cute; I have brains; everyone is wild about me. I have a charm, a poise, a personality that is the envy of all. There is nothing I do not know; my instructors cannot tell me anything. I get good grades without studying; I am the shining light of the universe.

I am ME.

What could be sweeter?—Exc.

Langford—Did you ever have trig?

Gob—Yes, but I didn't have it very bad.

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## DR. SWAN AT CHAPEL

### Major Eugene L. Swan Captures Wesleyan in Splendid Address.

It was the day before the big Thanksgiving game. The air was full of electricity. The hammer was resounding from the new bleachers over in the athletic grounds. Red badges, "Beat Jewell" were displayed on every breast. The college halls and lecture rooms were a tingle with excitement.

Nine-fifteen! Chapel time! The college men lined up full strength at the north door, then staged a spectacular parade up the aisles, over the platform, down the aisles, down the hall, and back to their usual places for the chapel service. College yells, and cheers, and enthusiasm them. Everybody was happy.

In the meantime, a stranger had come in with Dean Dalke, and was sitting on the platform smiling—approvingly, everyone hoped.

"A hard place for a speaker today!" everyone thought. "Is he the man for the hour?" Professor Kelsey chose a most appropriate opening song; faculty and students made their usual announcements.

Then Dean Dalke arose: "We feel it great a privilege to have our speaker of the morning here, that we have decided to dismiss the 10:15 classes. We want him to have all the time he desires: Major Eugene L. Swan from the Surgeon Major General's office in Nw York, will now address us."

And what an address! A mental "Red letter" day for Wesleyan! Of course he was on Wesleyan's side in the coming great football clash. He even became a Freshman long enough to help plot a clever "stunt" to be put on "between halves"—that memorable occasion relating to the exit of the green caps. Then from happy jest he went over into the tremendous speech he had to give to Wesleyan. Straight from the battle fields of France he brot home stories of pure womanhood and clean, fine manhood. For an hour everybody forgot—even the Jewell game, while this man who found every fellow "a bully scout" made his appeal for high standards and splendid living.

"The intelligent woman of today wishes to be looked at—not with

men's eyes, but with men's minds," he quoted from a noted woman, his dinner companion recently in New York.

Yet while he was speaking straight from the shoulder, Dr. Swan seemed so much a good fellow, a sort of comrade, that every word went home, and in a strangely tender way. "He had proved himself the man of the hour."

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## LOCALS, ETC.

Several sections of new bleachers were built for the Thanksgiving game. These were badly needed as seating room was rather limited. We are looking forward to the time when concrete bleachers will replace those of wood around the athletic field.

There are two reasons why some people do not mind their own business. One is that they haven't any mind, and the other is that they haven't any business.

A "Kangaroo Court" has been in session several evenings at Ford Hall. A number of Freshmen have been found guilty of various charges and paddled accordingly.

Blessed be the tie that binds  
My collar to my shirt,  
For underneath that silken band,  
Lies half an inch of dirt.

Life is like a bicycle; we can keep from falling if we keep moving. Only a few trick riders can stand still, and not fall.

---

## FORGET YOURSELF

Forget yourself and be a man,  
And do for country all you can  
In time of need and deep distress;  
Stand up and work and ne'er confess  
You are a laggard in the van.

Throw out your line the world to span,  
The good of all to be your plan,  
With heart and mind of nobleness,  
Forget yourself.

Now come and join the caravan,  
With arms of brawn and face of tan,  
And all together onward press,  
And leave to God to judge and bless  
Alike each true American,  
Forget yourself.  
—Henry Polk Lowenstein.

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ALUMNI NOTES

Mrs. Fred Selby, formerly Miss Pearl Neff, '14, with her husband and small son visited Cameron friends over Sunday. They are living at Bethany, Mo.

Miss Elsie Jeffers, '19, who is studying Religious Education in the Kansas City National Training School, visited home folks recently.

Rev. Joseph W. Thompson visited chapel at the beginning of the college year and made a short talk. He is pastor of a church at Salem, N. H., and is a student of Boston Theological School. He bears the distinction of being the first "grand-child" of Missouri Wesleyan College. His father, Dr. E. B. Thompson, graduated in 1903, while Joseph graduated in 1919.

Married

Friends and students of Wesleyan will be pleased to know of the marriage of Joseph C. Thompson and Miss Bessie Lee Edie both of the class of '19 at Water Town, Mass., at 4, p. m., Nov. 9. Rev. J. Frank Taylor also a Wesleyan Graduate performed the ceremony.

The wedding dinner was given at the home of Dr. F. W. Clelland, a former Wesleyan professor. The most of the goodly number of Wesleyan people who are in Boston were present at this affair.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Thompson are students in Boston University and they will continue their studies there for the present.

The young couple have both proved their worth among us, and have many friends in the student body and Alumni who wish them the greatest success and happiness throughout their wedded life.

Mr. Ryan: Pluck, my son, is an essential thing to success in any line of business.

"Chi"—Yes, I know, but the trouble is to find someone to pluck.

Speaking of the psychology of football. Mr. Russell, "Why it would scare any one to look at "Joe Pick" when he is in his uniform.

Mary—What's your last name, Esta?

Esta—Don't know yet, I'm not married.

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**Y. W. C. A.**

Yes! we're still sending out Gospel Teams. Last Thursday Mary McKee, Grace Irminger and Hattie McAllister attended a joint meeting of the Ladies Aid, W. F. M. S. and W. H. M. S. As usual, Mary's reading was good and Hattie and Grace made interesting talks on "Missions."

The Y plans to send a team to one of these meetings every second Thursday in each month. If you want to go, tell us.

During the services at the Methodist Church, the regular meetings every second Thursday in each month. If you want to go, tell us.

During the services at the Methodist Church, the regular meetings of the Y associations were held jointly in the League room at the church. These were well attended and were an inspiration to the meeting following.

The regular meetings, however, were resumed Tuesday night and the regular Bible study was carried out. An interesting program has been planned for next week. Come out and learn something about Missions.

Friends here will be interested to learn of the marriage of Miss Grace Howard, a former Wesleyan student, to Mr. Walter Scott Hope, October 18. Mr. and Mrs. Hope are now at home at 806 East McCarty street, Jefferson City, Mo. Wesleyan folk extend best wishes to them for a long and happy wedded life.

The "Burrists" had as Thanksgiving guests the following young women: Helen Bothwell, Bernice Bothwell, Hildred Loew, Thelma Riley, Irene Cobb, Ethel Williamson.

Clara Boone, pompously: The man I marry must be a hero.  
Florence Farmer: He will be.

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