

### Many Men Work Through University.

Approximately one-third of the men who enroll in the University of Missouri are partly or wholly self-supporting, and a considerably smaller per cent of women. A few of these students come equipped with a trade, such as stenography and typewriting, bookkeeping and printing, and they usually have little trouble in getting employment and in making enough money to live comfortably. For those students who know no trade, composing the large majority of self-supporting students, positions are harder to find and also pay less. Some live with families, the girls doing house work and taking care of babies, the boys tending furnaces, gardens, etc. for their room and board. Besides this, many students wait on tables, press clothes, clerk in stores, mow lawns, shovel snow, do tutoring, sewing and orchestra work.

Employment bureaus are maintained to help students obtain work, but nothing can be guaranteed. Men desiring information regarding employment should write the Secretary, Employment Bureau, Y. M. C. A., Columbia, Mo., and women desiring similar information should apply to the Secretary, Employment Bureau, Y. W. C. A., Academic Hall, Columbia.

There are a number of funds that may aid the student. Chief among these are the Rollins Aid Fund for men and women from Boone County, and the William Alexander Gregory Educational Fund for general use. For description of these see the general catalog of the University. Beside these, there are numerous fellowships, Scholarships and prizes, including the Board of Curators' scholarship by which all students who rank first in the graduating class of any accredited Missouri high school are exempt from the first year's entrance fee.

Though chances of working one's way through the University are fairly good, probably as good as those of any other University, the University authorities advise no student to come to Columbia without enough money to take him through the first semester of his freshman year, and also, new students intending to work their way should be in Columbia a few days before school begins, September 18.

### "What Would He Do?"

Mr. Charles E. Hughes, from the cosy and pleasant vantage ground of hindsight and no responsibility, told the Republican party and the country the other night that in his opinion everything that President Wilson had done in his difficult and delicate tasks of statecraft during the more than three years of his administration had been done wrong!

What would he do? That is a fair question to ask a man who criticises everything that has been done and who wants to be put in the White House. The people are asking it!—From the Boston Post (Dem.).

When John saw the New Jerusalem it had twelve gates, and they faced every quarter of the globe. If that means anything it means that every nation shall have a chance.—Dr. C. I. Goodell, at Chautauqua, N. Y.

### Painful Bunions.

Dissolve one ounce of camphor gum in two ounces of kerosene and apply to your bunion freely. You will be surprised to find how quickly it takes the soreness out. Painting them with iodine, to which a very little glycerin has been added, is, perhaps, the best means to a cure. In the meantime, easy shoes, rather long, should be worn, with a pad of felt under the joint to prevent any friction.

### The Bum and the Philanthropist

Before the heavenly gate they stood, and one was portly and smug and "good," the other was scarred by an evil life, warped by destiny, marred by strife. A crooked, unlabeled soul was he. St. Peter said, "Brother, who might you be?"

The warped one answered him, "Bill the Bum, who lived his life in a rotten slum; I fought an' gambled an' stole an' swore 'cause I thought that's all I was livin' for. I wasn't no good, I know, but say—I played the game I was taught to play. I done the way I learned to do, so dat's me spiel an' it's up to you!"

St. Peter juggled his golden key and said to the other, "Who might you be?" The smug soul lifted his head in pride. "I'm a public character," he cried. "I'm Jonas Gouger philanthropist; I'm found at the head of every list of givers to tender charity, and heaven's the proper place for me!"

St. Peter nodded his august head. "I'll add to that tale a bit," he said. "You're one of the men who ran a mill where children toiled through the weary day. You're one of the sort who used to kill the children's joy and their chance to play. Oh you knew better, but 'gold was good' though wrong from boyhood and maidenhood; you took it gladly for all its shame, knowing exactly whence it came."

"Now, Bill, don't rank with the seraphim, yet I'll take a sort of chance on him, but what excuse has a man like you? Bill learned no better, but you—you knew! So I'll try Bill out for a little spell; but you, smug faker, can go to hell!"—Berton Braley

### Arbitration

This country is face to face with the threat of a nation-wide strike on the part of the railroad trainmen. Such a strike would paralyze industry and business; and therefore affect not only those who believe they have a grievance, but practically every person in the country. It would be folly to believe that under such circumstances there could be such a thing as a peaceful or dignified strike. The first of it would be annoyance, then loss, then hunger, then riot, and then murder. Smaller strikes have produced all of these results. We dread the threat of war, but the threat of a strike of this magnitude is to be dreaded more than a war. We do not know anything about the merits of the controversy; but one thing we do know, and that is, that strikes are wholly unnecessary. This country has come to the point where it believes that arbitration can settle disputes among nations. Can not arbitration settle disputes among ourselves? What a spectacle the United States would make of itself to stand lecturing Europe on its war folly, if we ourselves, in the very midst of the very greatest prosperity our country has ever had turned to breaking each other's heads because we have not sense enough to talk things over. Employees and employers are entitled to justice, no more and no less; but so is the general public, whose servants they are. No body of men has a right, for any cause, to invade the rights of the public, if there be a way through arbitration to avoid it.—Extension Magazine.

### PRESIDENTIAL POINTERS

The Barnburners was a name applied to the followers of Van Buren when in 1844 the Democratic party in New York split into two factions. The story of a farmer who burned his barn in order to free it from rats, was often told, and the case of the party likened to it. Hence the name. Later they were known as the Softs or Soft-Shells. Their opponents, while known as Barnburners, were the Huakkers, the Hards or Hard-Shells.



WE PROGRESSIVES.

(New York World)

### Did You Thank Her?

She spent a long, hot hour getting it. And you thought it was a fine meal. But did you take a second to tell her so?

Maybe she was so pleased watching you enjoy her cooking that she didn't eat much herself. (Notice the women who do the cooking in hot weather, and you'll see that they haven't much appetite.) But she was quick to see when you needed a second helping.

Maybe when you had finished, you lighted your cigar and picked up the evening paper and went out to the front porch. And you felt perfectly complacent in the assurance that you had completed a good day's work.

But her work was not done. She had to go out into the stuffy kitchen and spend another hour over the steaming dishpan.

And she didn't even get a tip for her trouble.

Not that she wanted it. What she wanted was something like this:

"Gee, Fib, that was a dandy dinner. Bet nobody in this street had a better!"

What will your little word of appreciation mean to her?

The difference between tears and smiles over that measly dishpan; the difference between a song mixed with the rattling of the dishes and a sob hidden by the scouring of the kettles.

Such a little thing for you to say so much for her to hear.

Women are like that. Do you ever stop to think, man, that unless you take a little pains to put some joy into the life of the woman who is your wife, she isn't going to have much of it!—Cleveland Press.

### Affection a Heavenly Gift.

How sacred, how beautiful, is the feeling of affection in pure and guileless bosoms! The proud may sneer at it, the fashionable may call it fable, the selfish and dissipated may affect to despise it; but the holy passion is surely of heaven, and is made evil by the corruptions of those whom it was sent to bless and preserve.—Mordant.

## Good Men

We submit this declarative statement: "The success of any organization depends upon its members; not on its form."

This is especially true in the organization of a bank. No matter what form the bank may adopt, no matter how elaborate the fixtures of the building, no matter how big the capital stock, the success of the institution depends upon the men who are interested in it and guard its funds and direct its policies. We are particularly proud of the officers, directors and stockholders who are interested in our bank. They are among the best men in the community and help to make our bank a strong one.

## The Monroe City Bank

## WHY WEAR YOUR LIFE AWAY?

Washing and ironing when you can have it done here at such small cost.

### Take a Vacation

from the wash tub. No use sweating, fussing and wearing your life away in the hot summer weather.

Read These Prices, then, Send Us Your Washing

Rough Dry	-	-	-	3c
Flat Work	-	-	-	5c
Wet Work	-	-	-	2c
Comforts and Quilts	-	-	-	15c
Counterpanes	-	-	-	15c
White and Linen Skirts	-	-	-	25c
Lace Curtains	-	-	per pr.	50c
Your Carpets & Rugs Laundered				

## MONROE CITY LAUNDRY