

LINDEN BARK

Volume 16—No. 3. Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, November 3, 1936 \$1.00 A YEAR

From the Office of the Dean

Grades for the first six weeks are out, and students can find out their grades by going to the Dean's office during her office hours.

Dr. Gipson is busy this week seeing students concerning their grades.

Dr. Gipson recently spent several days at a meeting of Presidents and Academic Deans of the Association of American Colleges. Subjects discussed were, teaching Freshmen English, Religion in small colleges, and advantages of survey courses. Dr. Gipson felt it was a very worthwhile meeting.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Monday, Nov. 2:

League of Women Voters
7:00 p.m., Alpha Mu Mu

Tuesday, Nov. 3:

Voting Day
6:30 p.m., W. Y. C. A.

Wednesday, Nov. 4:

Speaker in the Little Theatre

Thursday, Nov. 5:

11:00 a.m., Music Recital
Miss Isador and Mr. Thomas
4:30 p.m., Beta Pi Theta tea

Sunday, Nov. 8:

6:30 p.m., Vesper Service
Rev. W. L. McColgan

Monday, Nov. 9:

5:00 p.m., Triangle Club
6:30 p.m., Spanish Club

Tuesday, Nov. 10:

5:00 p.m., Student Music Recital
6:30 p.m., Sigma Tau Delta

Wednesday, Nov. 11:

5:00 p.m., International Relations Club
6:30 p.m., Y.W.C.A.

Thursday, Nov. 12:

8:00 p.m., Dr. Rowena Morse Mann

Friday, Nov. 13:

8:00 p.m., "Mrs. Moonlight".

St. Charles Pastor Speaks at Lindenwood

Rev. Mr. Ernest Jones, of the Methodist Church of St. Charles, was the speaker at the vesper services, Sunday night, October 18. His text was based on the verse, "Jesus said 'I am the light of the world'"

Mr. Jones said that now was the time, while you are young, to learn the word of Christ. It would be fatal to put it off too long, so you should begin now, while you are in school. In developing his text, Mr. Jones gave us three points: Jesus shed light on the world of nature; Jesus shed light on man; and Jesus shed light on God. It is a crowning beauty of character, he said, to be able to see life as God sees it. It is essential that everybody have fellowship with God. God, as the father of Jesus Christ, revealed himself in Jesus. "See the glory of God in fellowship with Christ", said Mr. Jones.

Sympathy Extended

The Linden Bark extends the deepest and more sincere sympathy in behalf of the college to its beloved faculty member, Mrs. Julia Underwood, upon losing her husband, who died last Wednesday.

Athletic Association Holds Initiation

The Athletic Association had one of its regular meetings in the library club rooms Monday, October 26. Thirty-six new girls had earned their 125 points and were initiated into the association. The election of the heads of sports was put off until some future date.

The girls who were taken in were: Betty Brown, Aline Day, Jeanne Dornblaser, Judith Elkins, Geraldine Harrill, Sara Hurdis, Betty Harper, Dana Lee Harnagel, Justine Hansen, Betty Hurwich, Biddie Johnston, Julia Lane, Betty Lee Lemley, Alma Martin, Virginia Morsey, Martha Lou Munday, Gwendolyn Payne, Marjorie Peabody, Lois Penn, Martha Jane Reubelt, Dorothy Ringer, Wilma Schultz, Virginia Starkes, Betty Smith, Jean Starr, Gene Simcox, Alicia Young, Doris Heineman, Virginia Lupfer, Molly Geahart, Mary Alice Coogan, Jeanette Klitzke, Margaret Stookey, Marian Daudt, Kathryn Thompson and Jennie Anderson.

Inside View of Europe

I Write As I Please, by Walter Duranty; Doubleday and Doran, New York, 1935.

By E. B.

Walter Duranty's novel, "I Write As I Please", published in 1935, is a very interesting and witty book. The excellent rating of the book has been proved for it was one of the best sellers when it came out.

In this novel, Mr. Duranty relates his experiences in Europe, and in Russia particularly, during the time of the World War, as well as before and after when constant uprisings were occurring. Mr. Duranty is not bashful in offering his opinions, and opens a new vista for readers interested in political Europe. He has a dry brilliance of style which is not above poking fun at some of Europe's famous statesmen and their policies. He exposes the hardships of a war-ridden country and the calm, indifferent attitude in which the peoples accept their fate and what life has to offer as a means of livelihood.

As the book moves on Mr. Duranty relents somewhat and is a trifle kindlier with his attitudes and expressions, but throughout the entire work one feels his cynical appreciation of what has taken place and is taking place in the world. His work on the whole has a highly introspective polish which is very enlightening and should be enjoyed by anyone who cares for a book both easy to read and having in it unusual depth and truth.

The Need For Rethinking Our Religion Presented

Vespers, Sunday night, October 25, was conducted by Rev. C. H. Rohlfling, pastor of the Evangelical Church of St. Charles.

The processional "I Love to Tell the Story", was followed by the invocation by Dr. Case. The scripture read was taken from Psalms 39 and 40. The choir sang the lovely anthem, "Protect Us Through This Coming Night", by Crushman.

Rev. Mr. Rohlfling chose as his title "Rethinking Our Religion" from a recent theological text written on the same subject. "Rethinking is good for everyone—in religion and in all our problems", said Rev. Rohlfling. "Most of us consider ourselves Christians, and congratulate ourselves for living in a land ruled by the Christian religion. Someone has said that if the churches closed their doors for a year that people would be begging to have them open again. Yet they do not attend our services when they are open and free to everyone. In less than 6 months after closing the doors I believe the church would be missed so much that they would be reopened on popular demand."

"Are we really Christians? The real Christian more than contributes to worthy causes or subscribes to some creed. We are often most irreligious when we think we are the most religious. We as Christians should take inventory of our lives and of our religious lives. Are we still religious? Do we need to think our religion? Has religion a vital place in life? Our convictions of religion should actually grip us and make us different from average people."

"We have pushed religion out of our business. We don't discuss religion in our places of business any more. Isn't that our trouble? Religion is the foundation of good business. If our government isn't what it should be then our religion isn't either. We keep religion apart from practical life when we need to take religion seriously in all walks of life; social, business and every day affairs."

"We are not applying religion to our lives. Does our religion give us faith, strength, in our hearts? All of us must face loss and sorrow sometime. Must we harden our hearts to stoicism and denounce religion and lead lives in despair or will religion help us then? Religion must be more than mere nominal religion."

"All of us must have a conviction that God is; that Love is—Jesus suffered and died for us; and Trust—a fearless trust that Job had. In rethinking our religion we make it practical and useful for our lives. It must reach our fellow man for we must love our neighbor as ourselves."

(Continued on page 4)

Founders' Day at Lindenwood College

Dr. Gage Guest Speaker

The Founders' Day program began with the singing of the Processional Hymn by the choir and audience as the speakers and choir marched in. After the Processional the Rev. John C. Inglis gave the invocation. The choir then sang the anthem "The Lord is My Shepherd", by Macklin. Dr. Roemer, who presided, introduced Dr. H. M. Gage, president of Coe College of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, who gave the address.

Dr. Gage gave a very clever and interesting talk concerning the tradition of Lindenwood and the richness it has arrived at since its foundation in 1872 by Major and Mrs. Sibley.

In his address Dr. Gage pointed out the value of being able to look back into the past and deriving a future from it. He said that an institution gains strength and a greater pleasure of the purposes it has set out to attain as the years go by. He then listed his five "bacilli" which were polite and witty ways of revealing the manner in which some people and institutions either achieve what they set out to, or decline as the years go by and new inventions and ideas offer themselves to the public.

Dr. Gage closed by reading a passage from one of his grandfather's works which was published in the day of Major Sibley, and showed their outlook on life. The passage contained excellent advice to students as well as to people who are striving to achieve the seemingly impossible.

After the address Miss Melba Deets sang "The Angels' Serenade" by Braga. Miss Deets was accompanied by Suzanne Eby on the violin. After the solo Rev. W. L. McColgan gave the benediction and the student body sang the Lindenwood hymn, "School of Our Mothers."

Luncheon was served at 12:30 in the dining room of Ayres Hall. Following the luncheon a joint meeting of Alumnae Association and Lindenwood Clubs was held in Sibley chapel.

At 3:00 o'clock a dance recital, under the direction of Margaret Mantle Stookey, was given by students of the college. Those taking part were Josephine Campbell, Virginia Mae McQueter, Virginia Horner, Ann Jean Dornblaser, Dora Louise Krug, Charlotte Ann York, Catherine Clifford, Martha Anderson, Molly Gerhart, Julia Lane, Margaret Bartholomew, Winifred Travis, Martha Jane Beubelt, Mary Ellen de Maro, Louise Harrington, Lois Penn, Charlotte Yocum, and Helen Sempres.

A faculty recital was presented at 8:00 o'clock in Roemer Auditorium by Virginia Ann Shrimpton, pianist; and Pearl Walker, soprano. Miss Walker was accompanied by Paul Friess. Thus another Founders' Day was observed.

Read The "Linden Bark".

Linden Bark

A Bi-weekly Newspaper published at Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo.,
by the Department of Journalism

Published every other Tuesday of the school year
Subscription rate, \$1.00 per year

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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1936.

Beautiful Things of Autumn at Lindenwood

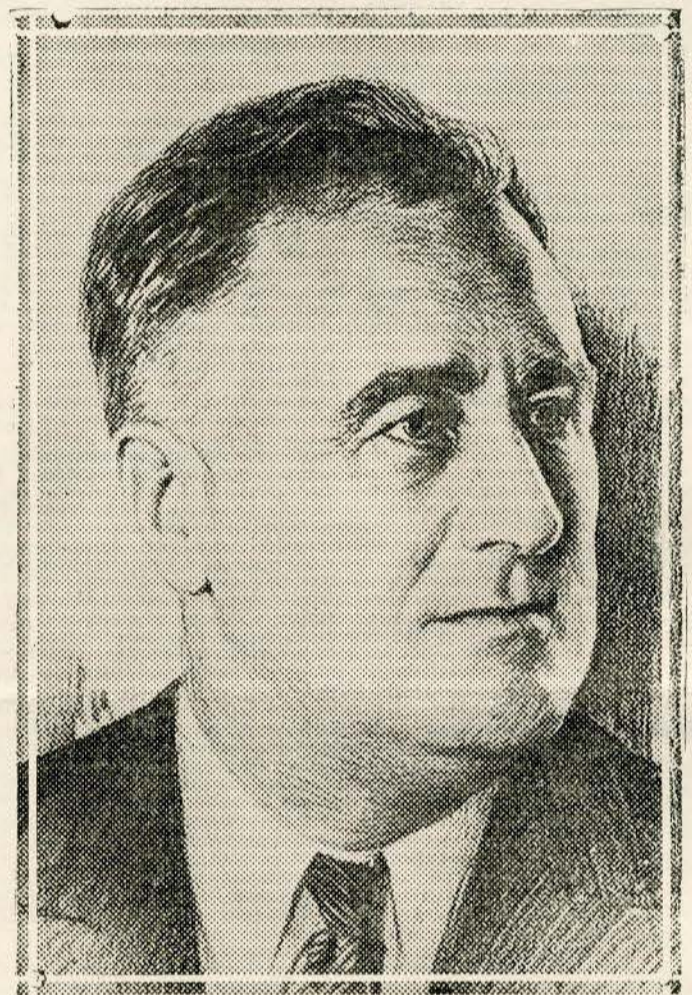
The summer beauty of the campus does not fade—a blending of seasons comes about, and thus Lindenwood's campus takes on fall beauty very smoothly. One is aware only of a gradual change. Summer's cool greens are slowly transformed into the most brilliant colors to which Nature has access. Vivid reds, violent oranges and yellows are set off by rusty browns; making a veritable jig-saw puzzle of color. One tree in itself is capable of representing a gay patch-work quilt.

It's a great sport to walk through the leaves, crunching them into little bits; or have the crisp winds blow them derisively about your face. The campus is a squirrel's paradise, for there is a plethora of acorns. Even the shadows on the buildings assume a different character. Fall is here—bringing pep and vivacity to Lindenwood students.



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Why Vote for LANDON?

"—Not where to find work for the workers, but where to find workers for the work" says Governor Landon, "You don't have to have a college degree to know that labor has a stake in business and Government cannot "crack down" on legitimate business without at the same time "cracking down" on labor.

After all this supposedly complicated thing we call "economics" is not so very mysterious. Our hard headed ancestors called it "common sense" without ever knowing that they were applying the law of economics.

Mr. Roosevelt under the guidance of his Number 1 Brain Trustee, Mr. Tugwell, has forgotten or chosen to ignore this simple basic principle. As a result, during the past three years, the prudent business man, responsible for the money of others invested in his business, has hesitated to risk money in making necessary improvements as he otherwise would have done. It is what you or I would do if we didn't know from one day to the next what new

burdens or restrictions might be placed upon our business. That is why this country has lagged behind other countries in recovery. It is why after three years we still have 11,000,000 unemployed in this country—11,000,000 men and women unable to find jobs.

Under the administration policy of harassing business, there is no hope of cutting the relief rolls. Under such a policy, the administration spent \$25,000,000 as much money as the Federal Government expended in the first 124 years of its existence. Seven billion dollars went for direct relief alone.

What is the answer? Spend another \$25,000,000? Accept the 11,000,000 as a permanent charge of the country as a whole? Advise 11,000,000 men and women that their only future is the relief rolls?

Or follow a sound public policy that will enable industry to provide jobs all the way around? Most of the 11,000,000 certainly want the last way.

Vote for Landon and Knox and honest jobs for everybody.

Why Vote for ROOSEVELT?

There is an old saying that goes like this, "Don't change your horse in the middle of the street." This in a way, applies to the present Roosevelt administration. The president has put into practice a pretty extensive program. He has been accused of using radical measures and wasting the money in the U. S. treasury. But the condition the country was in when Hoover got through with it called for radical measures. There were millions of people who were starving when Roosevelt came in. Something had to be done. He could not afford to sit and do nothing—as Hoover had done—and let these people starve. You say he wasted the money. Well if you go down town today you will see in the grocery stores people buying food with those little blue relief checks. Those checks keep those people from starving. Is this wasting money? In nearly every town in the union you will see buildings going up under the W. P. A. These works are beneficial to the towns, and they give hundreds of men a way of making money by which to keep alive. You say this cannot last forever. Of course it can't. But every day the relief lists

are growing shorter and less money will be required. Soon the country will be on its feet again and these people will not depend so much on government help. Would you call the money wasted that has kept thousands of men and their families in food and clothing during these dark years of depression?

But maybe you would like more specific reasons. Well, here goes. Roosevelt saved the American farmer. He saved the American banks when they were on a verge of collapsing. He revived the foreign trade after nearly 82 percent of it had been lost. He has saved many men from losing their heavily mortgaged homes. He has done as much as any human could do in putting the country back on its feet again.

If we change presidents now all of this good work will be destroyed and we will be right back where we were four years ago. The president may have made a few mistakes but the extensive New Deal program has just started and all the deficient parts have been weeded out. It would be fatal to change heads now!

DORMITORY DISTURBANCES

By Audrey L. Wenger, '40

Patiently awaiting an inspiration to enter my sadly benumbed brain, I sit here in the quietude of my dormitory room, my pencil making peculiar hieroglyphics on the first-page-to-be of my required English composition. I ponder upon first one subject and then another without success, for my usual genius—if one can call it that—stubbornly refuses to burn. At last, pushing back my chair in disgust, I rise and open the door leading into the hall hoping that in this brief interlude my elusive and chaotic thoughts may adjust themselves into one suitable idea.

As the old saying goes, miracles will happen, and no sooner have I opened the door than my awaited inspiration comes drifting into my room. Yes, "drifting" is the correct way in which to describe its entrance, for the inspiration is nothing more or less than noise—the noise of the dormitory. Possibly I should say "noises", since the sounds are most certainly of a distinct and varied nature. Dashing back to my pencil and paper in order to catch every sound, I receive the following impressions:

My next door neighbor seems quite fond of her radio—so fond, in fact, that it may be heard at all hours of the day and night. At the time of this writing, it is blaring forth the strains of "The Saint Louis Blues" in sharp (and excruciating) contrast to the soprano solo, "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise", which can be heard issuing from still another radio farther down the hall.

Suddenly, in the midst of these disturbances, the hall telephone jangles noisily. There is a rush of feet, on which the slippers flop spasmodically up and down on the oilcloth-covered floor as the wearer rushes to the telephone. Then follow several shrill calls as the person for whom the message is intended is loudly paged up one hall and down another by some well-meaning but extremely clamorous friend. Once the correct person is located, a conversation ensues, which, although supposedly a private one, can be heard by anyone on that particular floor and not infrequently by those people occupying the floors either above or below.

No sooner has the telephone conversation reached its termination than the piercing cry, "Special Delivery, Mary!" wings its way up from the first floor. An answering shriek (supposedly one of joy, although it sometimes gives the impression that the person has been stuck with a pin) comes from some point along the halls, followed by the clicking of spike heels being rushed over the floor and down the stair-case at a great rate.

And then the laughter! Having been here a mere two weeks, I already feel as though I could describe at least one hundred separate and distinct types of laughter. There is the loud and boisterous laugh which echoes intermittently through the halls usually during study hours. This particular type of mirth, I might add, is extremely soothing to nerves already jangled to the breaking point in an attempt to solve an impossible bookkeeping problem. Next in line we have the whoop. This type is apt to startle one a trifle until he becomes accustomed to its frequent and unexpected occurrence in the dormitory. The trademark of adolescence—the giggle—may be discussed. One person alone indulging in this form of expression is quite enough, to say nothing of an entire group of young ladies who—at 11:00 p. m.—choose YOUR door outside of which to con-

gregate and exchange confidences punctuated with the well-known giggle.

By no means are the above-named the only noises. We have yet the excessive slamming of doors and windows, the meaningless conversations which are carried on between rooms and even dormitories through the gentle medium of shouting, and the shrill vocal exercises (usually off key) indulged in by many of the residents at unheard-of hours of the night.

Without a doubt, it would be possible for me to expound almost indefinitely on these sounds. However, in deference to my readers, I shall conclude my observations by stating to anyone desiring to make an exhaustive study of tumults that he could most certainly discover invaluable information in the particular dormitory which is likely to be my home during the next two school years.

THE CHARMING HYPOCRITE

By Aline Day, '40

It is interesting and usually very revealing to see how some people practice their religion. Mister X, a banker in our town, is the picture of a kind and pious gentleman. His mildly offensive cigars which he smokes are merely a gesture of big business. His perfectly tailored clothes and beautiful manners signify, I suppose, refined big business. As he takes his daily walk from his home to the bank he smiles benignly while lifting his hat politely to every one. He is always careful to greet women of his acquaintance with a charming little bow from the waist.

Mister X belongs to the wealthiest church in town and is incidentally chairman of the finance committees. His loyalty to his church is impeccable. In fact, he has a very firm grip on the church coffers. Mister X at one time taught a Sunday School class of young boys. The superintendent of the school, an unbelievably stupid man, thought that Mister X, with his fine manners and spotless character, would present a perfect example. He presents a perfect example certainly, a perfect specimen of a finished hypocrite.

His wife is president of the Ladies' Auxiliary and is, of course, an active member of the Foreign Missions Society. She is constantly playing the part of the loving and devoted mother whose children are so dear to her. Mrs. X pretends to be innocent of all her husband's transactions; yet it is not perhaps altogether a coincidence that her most cherished friends are composed of the bank's most prosperous clientele. She was at one time president of the Woman's Club. Before the repeal of the eighteenth amendment she conducted campaigns in the interests of Prohibition. When one reflects that her own cellar is and always has been well stocked, one is inclined to wonder if her interest was inspired by the dry-minded bank depositors or her own righteous zeal.

Every member of this family comes to church every Sunday. Well-meaning but misinformed people exclaim how fine it is to see an entire family seated together at church. Mister X's oldest son, who so courteously helps his aged grandmother to the pew, is sometimes carried home at night in a rather foolish and inebriated state. When some one dares to voice his disgust people are positively horrified. It's too bad, of course, but after all he comes from a nice family and is Mister X's son. If you are extraordinarily brazen and insist that Mister X's son drunk is just as bad as any one else, you are avoided for

having communistic ideas.

Mister X is always chosen to lead in prayer at all public meetings. He has his carefully groomed fingers in every pie. With an eye for his public he drops several coins into the beggar's hand while the ink is still not dry on some farm foreclosure which will net a very cosy little profit.

When Mr. X dies there will be a magnificent funeral, a detailed eulogy, and his family, dressed very correctly in black, will mourn fashionably for several months. I do not know to which particular part of hell hypocrites are assigned, but I am sure that Mister X will be there, smiling and bowing from the waist to the devil.

PICTURE PUZZLES

By Betty Cole, '40

Afterreading the current issue of the **Good Housekeeping** magazine from one bright-colored cover to the other, I am puzzled by one thing—what advertisements should a girl take to heart? Whose advise should I follow? Should it be that of the gentleman with white coat and stethoscope sternly looking at me from page 143 saying that all the doctors of Paris recommend Lipton's Liver Pills? Or should I heed the whispers of the society matron who guarantees charm and poise to the girl wearing Silver Shadow Lingerie?

In general, I think most of these puzzling pictures fall into one of three classes. First come the Soap Sisters. These are the maidens whose skins could be used for sandpaper because they do not use Plum Blossom Soap. Along with them are the girls who never have a date, for their clothes are not washed with Softy Suds. Not to forget the unfortunates whose friends never told them to bathe with Newton's No-Germ. Poor girls!

Another sad class of people are the Discontented Drinkers. No, I do not mean the bleary-eyed staggerers but the men whose coffee keeps them awake, the underweight children who refuse their milk, and the listless housewives who are too tired to go shopping after doing their weekly washing. Are they unaware that Dripper's Coffee never causes sleeplessness, Miller's Milk puts on pounds, and Carbonated Cherry removes that worn-out feeling.

Last in line are the Nameless Faces, the unloved, unmarried, unwanted women whose make-up was not correctly matched for them by Meacham. Nor may we forget the girls who dare not smile and show teeth untouched by Pearly Paste, and the shrouded ghosts whose features are concealed by powder rather than shown to their best advantage by Cellophane No-Shine.

Now the question arises, what should I do? Should I use the glamorous products that promise to make one devastatingly beautiful and wonderfully healthy, or those guaranteeing a husband in six months? What would happen if I used them all? Would I not run the risk of ending up with a face so striking my best friends would be afraid to introduce me to their husbands? Might I not grow to be seven feet tall and weigh two hundred pounds? I might sleep twenty hours every night, and, worst of all, have six husbands.

THE MOUSE-WIND

By Ethel Burgard, '39

The wind is like a mouse
For it's always scuttling by
Our big, old red brick house
That leans against the sky,
And piling up the snow in fluffs
Against the worm-worn rails;
It hides each sag with little puffs
As it gayly whirls and sails.

EARLY MORNING IN THE NORTH WOODS

By Miriam Schwartz, '40

As I sat shivering with cold on the edge of my cot, trying to lace my shoes, I had half a mind to roll back into those inviting warm blankets. My teeth chattered a regular tune, which did not harmonize with the muffled snores issuing from the roll of blankets on the other cot. I pulled aside the flap of the tent and stepped outside into a cold, gray fog. It was one of that cold kind common in the North Woods, but new to me. I could see a few dark, hazy forms of trees, ghostly in their quietness. Not a breath of air was stirring, not a ripple could be heard from the lake, which I could not see but somehow could feel.

I dived back into the tent again for my big sweater, but it was not to be found. I hunted everywhere—in trunks and bags, under cots—and finally found it under my brother's head. I tried to wake him, but all the response I got for my trouble was a few incoherent mumblings. Then, resorting to more strenuous methods, I received an "Oh! Shut up! I don't want to go fishing", which trailed off into snores.

I stepped outside again. The sun had just risen over the mountain top, transforming the cold-gray fog and the silent, ghostly trees into bright, warm sunshine. On every leaf and sprig, on every blade of grass, the dew-drops glistened; and as they dropped from the trees, losing themselves in the grass, they shone in many colors. The grass and leaves grew greener, while the lake turned a smoky brown. A slight breeze had sprung up, forming small ripples on the water, which kept up an incessant wash, wash on the shore. The fog was lifting from the lake. Slowly, slowly, it drifted up the side of the mountain, then off into space, to be seen no more.

My sweater was too hot; so I gave it a sling into the tent. From the bundle of blankets came a muffled sound; the cot creaked; then all was still again. I picked up the water pail and started alone down the trail to the lake, because I remembered that it was my turn to get breakfast.

INFATUATION

By Lois Welsh, '40

Romance has never been one of my weakest points, but I think, at times, it has been one of my most foolish. When it is taken into consideration that I have a great and wild imagination to go with my romantic nature, it is not hard to imagine me, at the ripe old age of eight, trying ever so hard to learn to play a banjo so that I could serenade the boy next door on some beautiful moonlight night. Thank goodness, I never learned to play that musical instrument. Or, picture me, my heart beating wildly, eating a popcorn-ball and grinning at a little blond boy whom I was sure to marry in twelve years when I reached twenty. One summer I lost pounds going far out of my way to walk by Hugh's house, and wondering if I would get to go to the next party with that big handsome man of thirteen.

By the time I was eleven, I had gone from bad to worse, for, by then, I had reached the point where no one less than five years my senior would keep me awake nights dreaming of being rescued from a lion or tiger on Main Street. About this time I became positively fascinated by the life-guard at the town

swimming pool. He really was good-looking, but no one ever deserved the adjectives with which I described him—that is, no one but a Greek god. And I still have a collection of his things: a piece of a shirt; a feather and a piece of the straw hat he wore in it; and, a stick of gum he gave me that never met the fate it was intended for.

However, most of these affairs can be excused by my extreme youth. But there is no excuse for my foolishness when, at the age of thirteen, I was infatuated with a man thirty-nine; and, in my every look and action, I showed my adoration for Amos. To top it all, I saved pictures from movie magazines of whom, his wife said, was his favorite movie actress, and presented them to him one day with a flourish. Even now, whenever I see Amos, I pray that he has forgotten that incident, so embarrassing for him, at the time, and for me, later.

MY FAVORITE BOOK

By Betty Cole, '40

Since I was a child, my favorite book has been a little red volume containing a simple English translation of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. From it I heard tales of goddesses and giants, heroes and horses, sirens and ships. I discovered a world in which Greeks and Trojans fought for the beautiful Helen, a place where Cyclops ate men for dinner, and tiny ships sailed dangerous waters.

These stories, read to me by my father when I was nine years old, made a great impression on my mind. Other children could have their stupid Peter Rabbits, crying Cinderellas, and foolish fairies. I wanted to hear about the burning of Troy. The characters impressed me in varying degrees. I thought Paris a perfumed top, Helen a little fool, and Hector a bullying braggart. Agamemnon I respected, and Priam I pitied; but Ulysses was my hero. He was braver than all the knights of the Round Table, and more adventurous than Columbus. Even then, I began to dream of seeing his blue Aegean Sea, and his sirens' isles.

As I grow older, although I no longer read the stories of Ulysses with the old frequency, I still feel that he is my favorite character in books. No other hero in literature seems quite to equal him in wisdom and courage. It is through my love for travels in the *Odyssey* that I have come to enjoy reading of the other wanderers in strange lands. I have read of Fletcher Christian in the South Seas, Lord Jim in the Malay Peninsula, and Richard Halliburton traveling a **Royal Road to Romance**. India, Nepal, and the pirate islands of the Caribbean Sea have all caught my fancy. But still, in my heart, I have my old childish desire to see the islands and seas of Ulysses.

How A Newspaper Keeps Its Files

Miss Josephine Fahey, Head of the Reference Department, and Secretary to the Managing Editor of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, spoke to the Journalism class, October 20.

Miss Fahey gave a very interesting lecture, telling the duties she has to perform as secretary. She explained in greater detail her duties as Head of the Reference all the pictures used in stories are filed, as well as all clippings of speeches, news articles and special features. Miss Fahey brought along several types of photos and explained how the wireless pictures are received and the conditions un-

der which they are released. In this department all the clippings which are files are kept for a period of from five to seven years, and if of unusual importance, for about ten years. The files are kept systematically with the use of cards and indexed shelves. Miss Fahey, who has been with the *Globe-Democrat* for about fifteen years, had charge of the planning of the new reference room in the *Globe-Democrat's* new building.

SCIENCE EXHIBIT

Each week, the Biology Department is arranging a small display of plants and animals of interest to biology classes and the general student body. These exhibits are placed on a table in the main hall of third floor Roemer, near the north stairs. A new display is shown each Monday and left up throughout the week.

So far there has been shown a collection of common weeds; fruits of many sorts (did you know that burs, pumpkins and acorns are fruits?); interesting fungi; and a number of local animals including a salamander, a lizard, scorpion and insects of various kinds. Last week's display explained how leaves take on their bright red and yellow autumn colors.

Faculty and students are invited to stop at any time.

German Club Holds Meeting

The German Club, presided over by Leonora Blackhurst, vice-president, held its meeting Tuesday, Oct. 20. Virginia Carter sang "None but the Lonely Heart" in German, and Sue Greer read several German poems. Tomato juice and crackers were served before concluding the meeting.

CIVIC MUSIC LEAGUE MEMBER SPEAKS

Mr. Richard Spamer of St. Louis spoke to the Thursday Assembly, October 22. Mr. Spamer, a music critic and a member of the St. Louis Civic Music League, reviewed the outstanding musical attractions of the season which opened Tuesday evening, October 20, under the auspices of the Civic Music League.

Mr. Spamer is quite an interesting speaker for all of his eighty years of age, and he explained clearly the finer technicalities of some of the scores to be played this season. He enumerated the list of concerts, artists, and operas to be heard, and explained some of the more important ones in detail.

Dr. Arnold H. Lowe Surprise Speaker

Dr. Arnold H. Lowe, a member of the Board of Directors and Pastor of the Kinghighway Presbyterian Church in St. Louis, spoke Monday morning, October 26, in chapel. Mr. Lowe was an unexpected but very welcome speaker and everyone enjoyed his stirring and truthful address.

Dr. Lowe did not quibble with mere words, he went to the very root of the thing and explained the manner in which most people try to face life and how they intend to come to terms with life. Before we are able to make terms with life, we must face ourselves and realize our true failings and short-comings honestly, and set about to readjust our lives accordingly. In doing this, he said we will be able to find the value of the real and good things in life and will develop an individual character of our own to rely upon.

Lindenwood Girls Are Good Sports

It looks as if the Athletic Association is going to have a big year this year. About thirty girls turned out the other day for tennis tests and one can see many more than that wearing the little symbols for taking the posture tests. And you would be surprised to see how many turn out at 6 o'clock in the morning for the hikes. Mary Books reports twenty-five or thirty girls every morning. The association will be glad to get these new members because of their old members who are not back this year.

Arkansas Club Meeting

The first meeting of the Arkansas Club was held in the Y.W.C.A. parlors on Tuesday evening, October 13. The following officers were elected: president, Bargaret Wepfer; vice-president, Charlotte Yocum; secretary, Alice Stephens; treasurer, Grace Lindsey; reporter, Cordelia Buck; pianist, Melba Combs.

Requirements Made Known

Delta Phi Delta, a music fraternity, held a meeting Thursday afternoon, October 22. The main purpose of the meeting was to instruct the possible new members of the necessary requirements.

Delta Phi is an organization to which the underclassmen are eligible, although there are others which they may later join.

(Continued from page 1)

Religious blessing can come to us if we give God a chance that he might let blessing of Him flow through us as through chanel. A ceremonial religion is not enough. Ours must be useful and helpful as in the religion of Jesus Christ which causes man to come down and administer to the needs of his fellowman."

"It is well to go to church; it is well to pray because it will help us to become more religious and become better Christians, but we must go about doing good. No man lives unto himself. This might have been possible in the early days of our country but not now. We can live only for each other. Religion cannot stop with ourselves but must go on to our fellow men."

Illustrating his point by an old Chinese proverb, Mr. Rohlfing said that once a Chinese man was in a deep pit. He cried out for someone to help him. Buddha came along and said he would like to help him but couldn't reach him, and went on. Confucius passed by the pit and sympathized with the poor man, but said if he would come up far enough in the pit so that Confucius could reach him he would help him out. Of course the man couldn't so Confucius passed by. Jesus Christ came and went down to get the man. He did not ask him to come up part of the way, he went down all the way after him. This is our religion. Help man in need.

Closing his very important and interesting speech, Rev. Mr. Rohlfing said, "If our religion isn't as practical as it should be we need to rethink our religion so as to make it become something worth while in our lives. God grant that we can make our religion this way."

The recession hymn was "Oh Love That Will Not Let Me Go."

Peru, Far-Away Home Of Shirley Spaulding

In her charming room decorated with hand-woven Indian rugs and hammered silver picture frames, trays, and knick-knacks, Lindenwood's Peruvian student, Shirley Spaulding, is the girl farthest from home but she loves it, though she admits she misses Peru "sometimes." Her home is in Lima, Peru.

Mr. W. J. Spaulding, her father, is a government civil engineer who has appointments between the U. S. government and the South American government for contracts. Her mother is a Peruvian Countess. Shirley has traveled extensively, having visited Chile, Argentina, Bolivia, Uruguay, Colombia, Venezuela, Panama and Cuba on business trips with her father. She has also traveled extensively in the United States and attended school in Canada for 3 months.

Shirley was born in Panama and has lived there and in New York, Canada, and Peru. This is her eighth trip to the United States. Speaking Spanish fluently, she never spoke English until she came in the United States but speaks quite well, though she says, "I have great difficult expressing myself in writing."

When asked what Peruvian amusements were, she replied: "Oh, just like here. We ride horseback, swim, have picnics, and go aquaplaning. Oh, yes, but we go skiing on the sand hills down by the ocean. We grease our skis and go skiing even in the summer time. It's fun. We have lots of dog races, bull fights, cock fights, horse races, and football games. Its all awfully exciting."

Considering Peruvian life and customs, Shirley said: "The women all dress elegantly. All our clothes are imported from either France or the United States, so we have all the newest styles. Our food, though highly seasoned, is about the same as yours. We eat breakfast between 9 and 9:30; lunch at 1 or 2; tea is at 5 and dinner varies from 9:20 to 10:30. They teach English as a foreign language. I never took it but I surely wish I had, now. There are no colleges that girls can attend in Peru. South American women can't work. Most girls do go away to school, however, so I came up here. My aunt lives in St. Louis and I had attended Visitation Academy there for four years previously but spent last year at home in Lima."

Now girls, isn't this devotion! Shirley gets a 40-page letter twice a week from the boy friend. If they're that devoted maybe we should move to Peru, don't you think? Or is this just a special case, Shirley? She says if a boy or girl are seen together 3 times at the movies, which by the way are American talkies, they're known to be going steady. Lucky for some L. C. girls it's not that way here, isn't it?

Shirley won't be home for 2 years as it's too far to spend the summer there. Its an 11-day trip from New York City and that takes up a long time from a summer's vacation. But she's very happy here and hopes to return to Lindenwood next year.

Miss Anna Wurster of the French Department spent her summer vacation visiting in Indiana and in going to Chicago for several weeks.

Plans Made For Tea

Beta Pi Theta, French sorority, held a meeting Monday, Oct. 26, at which time Sue Greer, president, presided. Final plans were made for their tea which is to be held Nov. 5. The new members were tested, giving fifty lines of poetry by heart. Then some French songs were sung before the meeting was adjourned.

O'KEEFE HOLE!

We heartily hope, Caroline, that Christmas draws near very soon; though not many girls hear indirectly from the boy friend when they're not on speaking terms. Good luck I calls it.

After dating a fellow for 5 years you'd think a mere date dance wouldn't upset one would you? But it seems that's the case, but we sincerely hope she recovers fast and furiously.

When a young lady is pursued for 2 years as persistently as a certain Irwinite is you'd think she'd grow used to getting 5 and 7 letters a day wouldn't you? But it seems each time she's just as disgusted as before, though Looks point to the fact she's a little proud! ! ! !

How inconsiderate some boys are—for instance the case of the Soph. who goes a letter saying "Will be there at 7" with no day set or anything. What would you do in a case like that? Well, she waited hopefully too.

RETRACTION

Miss Barefacts seldom makes a mistake, but when she does commit such a crime she readily assumes the responsibility of making said mistake right. So let's consider "J.R." changed to "N.R.". Now perhaps one young man who has been razed constantly by his lady love in Ayres can make her believe that it isn't just a "line" he's been giving her, but the "real stuff."

TRIXIE BAREFACTS

Dear Miss Barefacts:

I was greatly embarrassed the other nite when I returned five (5) minutes late to my hall. While I was being thoroughly reprimanded Don stood outside and cheered lustily. How can I combat such situations?

BLUSHINGLY,
"An Irwinite."

Dear "Irwinite":

The most obvious and logical way I would recommend would be to either stay home (which has undoubtedly been struck off before being mentioned), or put forth a little added effort and arrive at 10:50. I've heard this does wonders. Then to, it will make you appear just a trifle more independent in the eyes of your escort, and he'll eat that up.

Helpfully,
Trixie.

Dear Miss Barefacts:

Very generously I invited a young man to come to the dance last week. He accepted, coming some distance. We had a most satisfactory evening—I thought. But the next day he asked another girl whom he had just met the night before for a date. Now should I follow your philosophy about "that's what thinking will do to one", and cease straining my cerebrum; or have you a more clever solution?

Perplexed One.

Dear Perplexed One:

Just off-hand like I can see how you "might" have been a wee bit embarrassed the following day. But, my dear, men are a fickle and worthless lot. At least they don't deserve the tears and heartbreaks they cause. You must assume a more worldly outlook and merely think, "Thank you for a lovely evening" so what! Besides there seems to be an epidemic of "fickleness" hitting this part of the country. Ask Ayres concerning their attitude about it.

Trixie.

VINCHELL

"Hat, hat, who's got the hat". Is a new fashioned game being played in an old fashioned way. A whole evening was devoted to the search of the before mentioned hat only to discover the following day that "Hop" has begun an unique collection—a hobby of collecting hats as they fall out of cars. Come now, don't you think that's rather an expensive collection—for someone else?

One of our dashing Romeos have found a new Juliet is the talk being rumored around St. Charles. How about it Corey?

Some boys seem to have the idea that "one tonight, another tomorrow night" is a good motto. The girls may have something to say about that, so let that be a warning to you.

These freshmen and their insatiable appetites! The story goes that one enterprising young thing tried to appease her hunger with mothballs. Strange as it seems—they didn't prove a very digestible diet.

Engagements in this day and age may be a means to an end. They might prove an artifice to intrigue; or spring from the desire to impress; but be sure it doesn't turn out to be a joke because that someone might fail to be impressed!

Notice to T. W.—fuses can be bought two for a nickel. They come in handy at certain times—such times as on a rainy Sunday night, minus a moon, minus stars, minus lights, and minus music. Don't you think so?

"On again, Off again, gone again Parrott". Whoops! Rolla; on Friday. Whoops! Fritzy; on Saturday. Whoops! Washington; on Sunday. Could it be possible that it's—Whoops! Lindenwood on Monday? I doubt that. Whoops! St. Charles; on Monday is more probable.

Doc, do you think that you aren't goin to regret last Sunday? After all a reputation of seven years standing is an item to be considered.

Suzy, Suzy, let's use tack at such moments as breaking one date to the dance for another one. Most St. Charles boys aren't used to such a shock, and it might prove fatal to their prides.

Bertha considers herself an expert in races. In fact she was heard to make the remark, "I'll bet I can outrun you." And at such a time. Tsk! Tsk!

What aspiring young sophomore fulfilled the prophesy in St. Louis Blues by dying her hair red? It's funny how these date dances affect some of our members.

One of our seniors wished me to make this announcement. All dates for weekends are closed until November 20 because of previous engagements. I wonder how it feels to be so popular.

High Lights of the Dance

Lindenwood and St. Charles were certainly well represented at the date dance. Military men were in evidence too. By the way—did you notice Ruth Reinert in a white crepe formal with a rhinestone studded

CAMPUS DIARY

By E. D.

Monday, Oct. 19.—Work begins again—doesn't Monday leave you with the most let down feeling? Didn't you feel important registering for the election?

Tues. Oct. 20—Don't the girls know when the movie is over—or was it a broken wrist watch? Were the Civic Music League girls locked out?

Wed. Oct. 21—Freshman style show. Don't the Freshies have the style and the looks? I'll bet that will be a close contest.

Thurs. Oct. 22—Wonder if Mr. Spamer convinced any more L. C. girls to attend the music attractions in St. Louis?

Fri. Oct. 23—More people at school this week-end—guess that means there will be a big crowd at the dance.

Sat. Oct. 24—Preparations for the dance were well under way. Never saw so many girls with their hair up on curlers in my life.

Sun. Oct. 25—Well, the dance was a big success and Cupid was very active. Cheer up girls there will be more dances and other nights. Was it the late hours or Cupid who made Sunday such a blue day?

Mon. Oct. 26—Aren't you glad Lindenwood has Dr. Lowe on its Board of Directors? From the rapt attention in chapel everyone enjoyed his impromptu speech as much as I did.

Tues. Oct. 27—Freshmen, I guess you all attend your meetings 100%, eh what? Anyway Dr. Gregg is very emphatic. Hope you all got there. Sophomores had a time with their songs from what I've heard.

Wed. Oct. 28—We salute Dr. Gregg for being so forceful in her chapel announcements if its going to produce songs like those we heard today from the Freshmen. Where is the initiative of the other classes? And isn't the Thanksgiving recess too, too marvelous? Never heard any more delighted screams in my life. From the bottom of 430 hearts there was a "thank you, Dr. Roemer."

Thurs. Oct. 29—Founders Day—lots of fun and very impressive. Guests—good food, Dr. Gage's address, Miss Walker's and Miss Shrimpton's recital and the program by the Phys. Ed. Department in the afternoon certainly filled the day, and we really enjoyed ourselves. Certainly makes you glad you came to L. C.

Friday, Oct. 30—The Hallowe'en Party was lots of fun. And didn't the Freshman Queen and attendants look beautiful? Wasn't the dinner fun? I love the spirit on Hallowe'en—so many in costume at the dance!

Sat. Oct. 31—Did you all hear Mrs. Sibley's ghost tonight? Sure gives you an eery feeling and from what I've heard there were more than a few girls almost literally scared to death? Wonder if the Kansas girls got to see Landon? Some prestige we have here on the campus, eh?

Sun. Nov. 1—A new month and that much nearer to Thanksgiving. And the six weeks tests are over. Gloomy Sunday seems prevalent today though there were a few really perfect weekends; weren't there, Caroline.

tunic? And incidentally—she was wearing an orchid. Helen Sempres wore something new and different—severely cut black formal which set off her blonde hair beautifully. Evidently the gown that Ruth Nicolls wore made her the crowning glory of the SEASON. Wilda Wise looked like an old fashioned cameo in her black velvet, cut on simple lines with puffed lace sleeves. Eloise Stelle wore a red crepe formal trimmed with red velvet. Betty Bur-

WHO'S WHO?

She's very nicely built and has the cutest turned-up nose. She also has blue eyes, and wavy brown hair which she wears in a knot, just now. She talks rather rapidly and her early eastern schooling comes out in an occasional accent. What more should I say—oh yes, she is a very popular house-president and has a passion for sticking pencils in her hair.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

GUESS WHO?

Variety has often been said to be the "spice of life." What kind of a life I'm wondering! There are several engineers in this vicinity who are really making that their philosophy. Do you suppose an individual at the age of 29 could still be naive enough to believe he's capable of throwing out his "line" and completely hooking "6" different species? His "attack" is a bit breathtaking—I suppose he learned that being one of Rolla's star football players. His "lines" are apt to become slightly entangled and he MIGHT get caught in his own. Some people never get over that "I Slay Them" feeling. Most of L.C.'s girls are worldly enough to recognize a playboy when they meet up with one—so you're out of luck, "Lock 25 Flash".

Variety also is becoming one seniors first name when it comes to getting down to some plain and fancy ordering.

I wonder if all Sigma Nus are in the habit of dancing in their stocking feet. Maybe they think it slays the women—in a CERTAIN respect it does!!!

Whom do you have a date with tonite? The same person you had a date with the nite before she had a date with the one she had a date with.

Irwin and Ayres are about to have another "cut-throat" affair. What trouble these fickle men cause.

One girl is going to have to become electrically minded now rather than prescriptionally so.

EDITS LINDEN LEAVES



ALMA REITZ

ton's formal, white crepe trimmed in gold, was very becoming on her. Buddy Schwartz was stunning in a red crepe gown with a matching wrap of taffeta which set off her black hair and fair complexion, giving her that sophisticated air. Effie Reinemer goes in for bizarre effects. She wore a blue flowered print with a huge white cord catching the bodice in full gathers around the neck and tying in a huge knot in the back. Mary Ingalls was especially attractive in a brown and gold striped taffeta formal. Louise Lary looked darling in a blue crepe, princess style, with rhinestone straps. Dorothy Ervin wore a white satin formal with a black satin tunic. Chic Keithly was dancing in a du bonnet velvet with a crushed velvet cape of the same color.

Sidelights of Society

Birthday Luncheon

Ruth Reinert gave a bridge luncheon at her home in St. Louis to celebrate her birthday. Those attending were Goody Goodjohn, Effie Reinemer, Dorothy Ervin, Mary Alice Honrish, Mary Bacon, Ethel Duebbert, Shirley Spaulding, Dorothy Randall.

Helen Kisterly and Pauline Sturgis spent the weekend at Champaign, Ill., where they witnessed the Northwestern-Illinois football game.

Dorothy Parrott attended the Mis-speakers here this campaign are at Rolla. By the way, Miss Parrott how was Rolla?

Nancy Patterson, of Kansas City, Kansas, had a pleasant time visiting with her father who came to St. Louis a week ago.

Jean Corey, Harriett Judge, and Clara Weary, spent last weekend at Jean's home in Fulton. Another one of those, "hold your hats Fulton, here we come" affairs?

Helen Semprez was pleasantly surprised when her folks dropped in unexpectedly the other day. Seems like old times to see that black "Olds" on campus.

Miss Elaine Newby, from Stephens College, visited Abigail Pierce in Irwin during the week end of Oct. 28.

Anita Warden spent Saturday in St. Louis visiting with her parents. Mr. and Mrs. Warden were enroute to Washington, D. C.

Sue Sonnenday entertained Mary Morton Watts and Jean McFarland home. The girls returned to the city after the dance. Sue Sandusky and Nancy Robb spent the weekend in Saturday night and Sunday at her Danville, Ill., at Sue's home.

Ethel Burgard spent the week-end at her home in Fayetteville, Ill. She attended her cousin's wedding.

Eleanor Cavert spent the week-end of Oct. 17 in La Monte, Mo., visiting her grandmother and other friends.

Jean Callahan enjoyed a visit from her mother and brother from Tulsa, Oklahoma during the week-end of Oct. 17.

Catherine Clifford and Charlotte Yocum went to Champaign, Ill., for the homecoming football game between U. of I. and Northwestern.

Helen Schelosky is attending the homecoming game at University of Indiana this week-end.

Laverne Langdon enjoyed a visit with her mother last week. Mrs. Langdon was driving through and stopped to see LaVerne. La Verne also was visited by her aunt, grandmother and her sister during the week of Oct. 12.

Martha Norris met her parents in Kansas City during the week-end of Oct. 25, and attended the American Royal with them. Martha returned to school Monday.

Jeanette Parker and Ruth Austin are attending the homecoming at Normal State College at Bloomington, Illinois. After the football game Herbie Kay plays for the first dance of the weekend and Ted

Weems finishes it up with his orchestra on Saturday night.

Mrs. Roemer Entertains

Mrs. Roemer entertained her club, which she has belonged to for many years, at a party on Friday, Oct. 16. The guests were served luncheon in Lindenwood's dining room, and spent the afternoon hours informally in "The Gables". Mrs. Roemer's home.

Holiday for Sophomores

Thursday, October 15, was a big day for the sophomores of Lindenwood. It was sophomore day, and no one had to go to school. Most of the girls went in to St. Louis and what a time they had. Three full buses left here about nine o'clock and when they reached the city each girl went her own way. They met at seven at the Chase Hotel where they had dinner. Eddie Dunsteder and his orchestra were there and they presented a floor show which was dedicated to Lindenwood College. The buses picked them up about nine and they reached the campus before 10:30 o'clock.

Graduate of 1909 Returns For Visit

Lindenwood was pleasantly surprised by a visit from Mrs. Mary Clay Robinson on Friday, Oct. 23. She was graduated from the college in 1909. At the present she is connected with Rescue Mission work in Boston.

Mrs. Robinson came to Lindenwood as Mary Clay; her mother having been here thirty-five years before her. Her mother married an Easton, (a second marriage); consequently she is a relative of Mrs. Sibley. She expressed great enthusiasm about the developments here and was glad to be back for a visit.

Miss Parker Attending Yale

Miss Alice Parker, who in one leave of absence from the college, is taking additional work in English Literature in Yale University. Word has been received that she has passed, with distinction, the general examination for her Ph. D. She also received credit with honors for all courses taken last year. She will remain at the University this year working on the thesis for her Dr.'s degree.

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First Date Dance Given

The first date dance of the year was given in Butler Hall at 8:00 o'clock, on Saturday, Oct. 24. The Student Board sponsored the affair. Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Dr. and Mrs. Case, and Dr. and Mrs. Garnet composed the reception line. Mrs. Roemer was attired in a flowered chiffon formal with a deep blue velvet wrap.

Such an array of femininity and masculinity. And what a party spirit! Those not having a good time were certainly few and far between. Twelve o'clock came all too soon—there were those who practically had to have a little force used to get them inside. There'll be another one along though before this one is really thoroughly digested.

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GIRLS!

GIRLS!

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By Ethel Burgard, '39

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And her tears fell to earth below;
And some, before they had dried,
Caught the moon beam's misty glow,

And others were shot with sun-fire
While escaping its searching ray.
Others grazed past Heaven's star-lit tower

Twinkling up, when they entered the grey

Of our earthly world. And now,
All the jewels we see are the tears
That caused an angel's head to bow,
That we might wear them all these years.



When the big game is over, and your full-back hero takes you to tea, you want to be dressed so beautifully that the only signals he can think of will be signals of love to you. BRAUFMAN'S have done themselves proud in a selection of little woolen dresses, knitted suits, and costume suits, that are perfect for the occasion.

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