H. T. C. Battles With
Westhampton today when it met

Mrs. Robert Schane
Sings At College
For First Time

Mrs. Robert Schane, of Harrison,
delighted her hearers Wednesday
morning at chapel, when she sang
a number of attractive selections.

The Mrs. was Schane's first appear-
ance at the college. (The song
Says "Morning." "I Would Wands
The Goodby Kiss," a First Nation-
al Attraction was the movie present-
ted on the program. It was given several
minutes to prepare his audience that station
in its casting of characters, the
situations, thoroughly attractive
and picturesque. That "love and first sight is real and
loving," that this trainelle may be
turned to the usual. "Arms" are
found in the chill and mix and
grown, has added to its charm.

Cousin Kate, the author, who
tells her "The Great and Usu-
fail," said Mrs. Buchanan. "And
"Lost Ships," effectively present-
ed by Sadie Finkel-
berg, was the first hit of the program.
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enhance the amount of unnecessary noise. Are we really thinking when
pointment of commissions and the reading of statistical reports. The re-
appropriate outlet, which for from being consistent with rest, add some-
necessary noiss, petty annoyances.

up 26% more energy than when they work in quiet surroundings.

up in New York.       But the same disasterous results are here.

valance of too much noise. Commissions are being appointed to work on
Uie situation.

Such noises at night generate angry emotions, unfortunately lacking
Even in the soundest sleep, noises can effect ones nervous system. Ac-

a wasp."

made ten thousand ($10,000)

Johnny came back from the circus

at any of her.

a gnome, •

Erase the ugly

For the love of God, and healing the soul.

Leaves, falling, falling, grayling, sparkling, falling.

As I launch out my boat

as he will ever spend.

It's breath was sweet and clean,

During a hold up in Chicago, ac-

It is especially pjeasing to have

and said, with charming smile,

with a "hey" and at every oppor-

"Twelve Pound Look," Tarkington's

Tarkington's

Oh, be thou my guide

I lie at your feet

You kissed me when you left,

and last appearance.

Our experience with noise has been an attempt to tone down a given
minute as fast as we can.

Suffocating proportions, I am sure.

Pityful Pictures

A professor of mathematics being

A WEEKLY PRAYER IN VERSE

Oh, keep me, my God, as I launch out my boat

Let memory

Make love the victor—

Looking, laughing, wondering at

To fly through miles of space.

Marriage, we are saying to the young lady today "the other day"

I am no longer your Star,

and. tearing your

She—"Oh, John, I've been stung by

cause, it is necessary, to use a

nights when the training teacher goes

as he will ever spend.

I am the new in things old

A dinner closed the Homecoming

I lie at your feet

The Journal, Western Reserve Uni-

is a great

I lie at your feet

Get the cat out before I leave.

mercy days are come.'"
Dear Aunt Abby,

As usual I am in great trouble, so much so that I can no longer even possibly map the flowings which had fair to ruin my complexion. I desire your advice to an extent that I am afraid I have not enough. Great scientists and doctors have endeavor- ed to solve my problem but with no success. In four simple grievous words it is simply this, "I am growing fat." Each day I dash to the scales and hope that the good fairies have come down and left me a few pounds from my voluminous self. But alas each time that scale registers a few pounds more, one gets a little sleep without a night's rest. The other side slept I kept on a piece of sounding rain, in hopes of being the man I was to marry. My only desire was that I was a fat lady in the dress and the people hated me as they turned on me. Advice, please, Auntie. I grew more expensive each day. Rungs and bannisters refuse to go on, and off and on. I move these wearing out all clothes while I wear one or two dresses in which I really am masterless. Late of love from a girl there's lots of.

Your Niece,

I wonder why you didn't sign your name as usual unless you meant that you didn't want me to know your name. What a job for you. I know who you are. I saw you yesterday wrapping up the gym. If it isn't metabolism it's probably thyroid. By the time your case is diagnosed your tongue will probably be dead and come from this cruel world where you have been just as much as a few pounds from your cumbersome form. If you ask the girls up stairs in Johnson they still say they have no experience. After they say they dance, some say diet, but I say "I know a thing or two."

Auntie, adorable, my dear, you'll just have to smile, (Don't laugh, it isn't good for what's wrong with you)

Love,

Aunt Abby
ESCAPADE
By Helen Darrell
(Continued from last week.)
Part Three.
"Show the led, Mr. Thompson," Dean Revel bade him in his curt voice, as he walked to the head of the desk, and...