

The Bryan Echo

Volume 2

Dayton, Tennessee, Saturday, November 4, 1933

Number 2

The Campus Growler

Here's for an 8:30 chapel period, a longer song service with student song leaders, a series of sentence prayers and a more liberal use of ministerial students on the programs.

The mid-quarter tests have been completed and the grades are being mailed to the parents. Test week the general comment is, "I wouldn't go home this week but I have to go and prepare my folks for the receiving of my grades. Such is life."

Let's back the Debate Club, it is a new organization and needs your support. It is probably the most practical of the extra curricula activities. Debating has an educational value and is very fascinating once you become interested.

In this age of dictators a useful proverb might be, "If power is given unto you, jealously guard but don't misuse it." How often organizations fail because those invested with executive authority either shift their burden to unscrupulous or incapable hands or adopt policies that call for more strength than their office holds.

COLONEL AND MRS. RYTHER ARE VISITORS

We are happy to have as our visitors Col. and Mrs. D. W. Ryther, the parents of Prof. D. W. Ryther, Jr. Col. Ryther has been in the United States army for forty-two years, his last post having been commanding officer of the 7th Infantry at Vancouver Barracks, Washington, from where he was retired in May of this year.

Col. Ryther's forty-two years of army life have brought him many and varied experiences, some of which he will probably tell when he speaks at the chapel hour next Monday. He has seen service in Cuba, the Philippines, and in France. He was commander of the famous Rainbow Division when it went over seas, but was not permitted to go to the front line service because of his age.

Col. and Mrs. Ryther arrived unexpectedly Monday afternoon from the East. During their stay here, which will probably be three or four weeks, they will be at home at Cedar Hill as the guests of their son.

MERCHANTS AND BUSINESS MEN:

Thank you for your whole-hearted support of our student activities. Bryan University and Dayton are dependent on each other and this dependence will increase as the years pass. Thousands of dollars are being put into circulation in Dayton this year by Bryan University.

Clothing, food, coal and electricity are among the items we might mention that are bountifully bought.

Benson Gets Bryan Annual Contract

Mr. Leech, representative of the Benson Printing Company, spent last Friday at Bryan making arrangements for the printing of the 1933-34 annual, which is sponsored by the Senior Class.

A financial goal of five hundred dollars has been set and work has already been started.

STUDENT COUNCIL

On Saturday morning, October 7, the chapel period was turned over to the student body for the organization of the Student Council. After much electioneering and many spirited campaign speeches the following students emerged victorious.

Pres., Franklin H. Bennett; vice-pres., Miss Sybil Lusk; secretary, Miss Virginia Kohout; parliamentarian, Ernest Toliver; representative from student body, G. Harold Tadlock. In addition to these officers the Student Council is composed of the president and vice-president of each class. The Council has been busy formulating plans for the development and regulation of all student activities. They also have pledged themselves to a major role in support of the faculty.

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE PLAY CAST ANNOUNCED

The following cast of characters has been selected by Prof. Ryther for the comedy "Blow Your Horn," to be given by the Freshman-Sophomore Classes in a few weeks.

Etta Lamb, Cleneyria Lee
Christine Eliot, Ruth Peters.
Drusilla, "Ted" Dunlap.
Phyllis, Emily McMurray.
Mrs. Van Dyke, Nancy Clouse.
Diane Webster, Helen Limburg.
The leading male role, Ted Webster, has not yet been chosen. Trials for this part, Mr. Ryther says, may be made until 4:00 o'clock Monday afternoon. See him in the office.

"Blow Your Horn!" is a comedy in three acts and was written by Howard Reed. The scene is a hot dog stand on the State Highway.

DR. CURRENS WILL SPEAK TO S. S. TEACHERS

Dr. Currens has kindly consented to go over the current Sunday School lesson every week with those who have Sunday School classes. For want of a better time when all interested could get together, Thursday morning from 7:45 to 8:30 has been set aside for the group. The place is Miss Yancey's room on the first floor of the academic building. This period is not open only to Bryan students but also to other Sunday School teachers of the town who are interested.

New Literary Society

A new literary society was formed at Bryan U. Monday night, October 30, when the former members of the Sigma Tau and Phi Kappa societies met in the assembly and elected officers for the organization. Mr. Lloyd E. Fish was elected president and Miss Agnes Copeland was given the honor of being vice-president. Other officers are Helen Limburg, secretary; Sybil Lusk, treasurer; Roland McInay, chaplain; G. Harold Tadlock, parliamentarian; Heber Brumley and Bill Daugherty, sergeants-at-arms, and Professor C. A. Montoya, faculty advisor.

The meeting was called to order by Ralph Toliver, chairman of the nominating committee that was appointed to fix upon the officers.

Mr. Fish promised the society a program for next Monday night, before which time the executive committee would convene and decide on plans and policies for the new organization for the year.

A name has not yet been chosen for the society.

HALLOWE'EN BANQUET

A Halloween Banquet was given by the Edworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church for league members on the evening of Thursday, Nov. 2. It was one of the cleverest and best executed banquets held in Dayton this year. Mr. Ralph Cline was toastmaster. Decorations in the form of beautiful autumn leaves adorned the banquet room.

During the course of the meal the following program was interspersed:

Prayer, Rev. Graves.
Bells of St. Mary, Misses Woolen and Knight.
Guitar Solo, Mr. Charles Prussack.
Piano Solo, Miss Wilkey.
Cornet Solo, Mr. Russel.
Toast, G. Harold Tadlock.
Cornet Solo, Miss Galloway.
Vocal Solo, R. Tibbs Maxey, Jr.

Each one present was invited to give a toast. After these a series of cross questions and answers kept the multitude in an uproar. Let's have more such affairs.

M. E. PASTOR GIVES CHAPEL TALK

Brother Graves, pastor of the M. E. Church, gave a very practical and inspirational chapel talk recently on the subject "Keeping on Keeping on." Perseverance and Initiative were the keywords of his address.

Thanks, Brother Graves. Come and talk to us again.

Students: Patronize the Lyric. See "Luxury Liner," Nov. 6-7-8. Coming—"The Devil is Driving" and "Midnight Club." Don't miss—"Mama Loves Papa."

Dayton Dramatic Club Forms Organization

The Dayton Dramatic Club is a new organization in Dayton, brought into existence as an outlet for local dramatic talent. Dayton has long needed something of this nature.

The Club will promote amateur plays of the highest type. The present aim is to produce four or more plays each year, each coached and put on by local people only.

"Rosetime," a musical comedy of the Sewell Company, was presented by the club October 20th. Tho the subject was light the acting was of a high order.

Official organization of the Dayton Dramatic Club was completed October 30th. A constitution was presented and accepted, officers elected, and plans laid for a play to be presented just before Christmas. The officers chosen were: G. Harold Tadlock, president; D. W. Ryther, Jr., vice-president; Zelpha Russell, secretary; Miss Yancey, treasurer. The remaining members are Marian Woolen, Franklin Bennett, Hoyal Frazier, R. Tibbs Maxey, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Ray Alden Smith. Others will be taken in at the next meeting. The club is not a University project, but a Dayton affair with Dayton people.

STUDENTS TO HAVE REGULAR PRAYER SERVICE

Some good slogan writer has said that "Prayer changes things." Most of us would unhesitatingly agree with the statement, but most of us, too, do not act as though we believed it, for we woefully neglect prayer unless it be for some personal need.

An inspiration that came "on the wing" led a group of students to consider the idea of making prayer a more effective and realistic part of our everyday life. The result was—a prayer room. Not very beautiful to look at, for it is merely a former lab room which is at present in use but infrequently; it has been set aside as an open room into which students may come at any hour to pray, singly or in groups.

There is no organization, nor is any contemplated; by common agreement, fifteen minute prayer meetings (and they are just that) are held on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday of each week; but the spirit of prayer, by its very nature, must be spontaneous and untrammelled by times and seasons, and so it is that the utmost informality rules in this matter.

The Scripture says "The prayer of the righteous availeth much." Our prayer, too, will "change things." The opportunity has been made favorable; our response should be correspondingly according.

THE BRYAN ECHO

Student Publication of William Jennings Bryan University

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief G. Harold Tadlock
 Assoc. Editors: Helen Limberg, Harriett Dunlap, Franklin H. Bennett
 Sport Editor R. Tibbs Maxey, Jr.
 Social Editor Thelma Lee
 Business Manager Lloyd Fish
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 Faculty Advisor Prof. D. W. Ryther

PRAYER IN OUR SCHOOL LIFE

One man has said that God answers all prayer. Sometimes he says yes, sometimes no, and sometimes waits awhile. To those sincere souls who prayed for an early completion of the university buildings the answer has been, "Wait awhile." But the work has gone on. The present faculty and student body look forward to another successful year.

As we look into the future let us think of the part that prayer should play in our life. There is one place where we can find the true answer to this question. In the Epistle of First John we read that if we ask anything according to the will of God, He heareth us. Furthermore the same writer brings us this testimony from his own experiences. "And whatsoever we ask we receive of him, because we keep his commandments and do the things that are pleasing in his sight."

Then let us fix our aim according to the will of God. Let us prayerfully endeavor to keep His commandments and do the things that are pleasing in His sight. With these ideals we can hope to achieve our highest goal through prayer.

WHAT I MEAN IS

By Sleepy

Wherever you find Virginia, you find Imogene, also.

Mr. Margrave and Miss Smith have just announced that sometime in the near future they will have something more to announce.

Some of our campus notables could be summed up like this: Amy, the campus vamp; Reed, the mouthpiece of the Freshman class; Margy, the beautiful; Mary Lois, the lovable, and Toliver, the suspicious.

Hallowe'en can be summed up by that trite old phrase, "a good time was had by all," especially the dog.

"Jumbo" enjoyed the Monday evening of the big election in the company of Roland McInay.

Speaking of the big election the most notable result was Bill's reward for his hard work—more hard work.

Now that the various stump speakers for society officers have ceased their orating and the officials have begun officiating, let's efficiently back these officials with effervescent fervency of spirit. Let every man be a man and act like one, as well as every woman. Let us each one individually and separately wip:

the blood of old inter-society battle from his or her particular tomahawk, and let's smoke the pipe of peace, if we do choke a bit on it. Then let us all rise up and build a bungalow that will stand the stress of all the winds that may blow down a bleak Tennessee valley.

"INITIATION"

News of special interest to College and University students and teachers has reached the front pages of our leading papers.

In addition, editorial comment has been extensive and varied.

The news: A damage judgment of \$56,860 was recently granted to Armond Powlett against the University of Alberta. The award was made by Supreme Court Justice Tuesday.

The judgment was rendered on the ground that Armond, a freshman at the University of Alberta, became insane as a result of initiation ceremonies at the university last year.

This is a concrete example of the seriousness of the initiation problem.

Here we have not only the loss of possibly a useful career but this particular university has been cited by the court as being wholly responsible.

This case will not only serve as an example, it will serve as an incentive for other students, who, feeling themselves mistreated, to turn to the courts for recompense, for courts have shown a willingness to respond.

COUNTY JAIL SERVICES

Sunday afternoon, Oct. 29, members of the Geo. E. Guille Ministerial Association met at the county jail to conduct the first of a series of weekly meetings to be held there. Miss Amy Cartright was in charge of the following program: Misses Frances and Wylma Hogue sang, "If I could Hear My Mother Pray Again." This was followed by a solo, "Tell Daddy I'll Be There," by Miss Amy Cartright. Mr. Lloyd E. Fish brought the message.

Another service was held Wednesday afternoon, with Miss Cart right in charge. Mr. Edgerton Reid delivered the message. Miss Cartright sang, "Some Day, I Won't Be Long."

Several Bryan students, including "Jumbo" and "Red" are visiting the Quigleys in Chattanooga today.

Patronize Our Advertisers

SOCIAL MEETING

The choir of the Presbyterian Church met at the home of Mrs. F. E. Robinson on Thursday, Oct. 26. This was a practice and social combined and every minute of the evening was well taken care of and greatly enjoyed by those present.

After having a wonderful time singing, several had the privilege of meeting the King and Queen of Siam. The group was later entertained by an old fashioned candy pull.

It was indeed a sight to watch the girls and boys pulling away on the candy so that it might be sampled as soon as possible. For some of the guests this was the first candy pulling experienced and one certainly would know it by observing them. Those that were present to enjoy the entertainment were: Misses Virginia Kohout, Frances Robinson and Madge Smith; Messrs. G. Harold Tadlock, F. H. Bennett, Tibbs Maxey, Jr., W. T. Margraves, John de Rossett, S. D. Hodges and Sonny Boy Robinson and Lloyd Fish. Many thanks to the hostess for the delightful evening.

BITS OF HUMOR

Senor Montoya—I tell you John Hair, fleas are black.

John—Not, neither, 'cause it says here in my book, "Senorita had a little lamb; its fleas as white as snow."

Miss Yancey—Cats, my Dear—I hate the very sight of them. I had a sweet little canary and some cat got that. I had a perfect parrot—some cat got him. I had a sweetheart, and, oh, don't mention cats to me!

Helen L.—Can you imagine anything worse than being a corn stalk and having your ears pulled by farmers?

Ariabelle L.—How about being a potato with your eyes full of dirt.

Thelma L.—Or a chair with on short leg and a broken back.

Bill Dougherty—Dad, you are a lucky man.

Mr. Dougherty—How is that?
 Bill—You won't have to buy me any schoolbooks this year. I'm taking all of last year's work over again.

"Shorty"—Have you given the Goldfish fresh water today?

"Pete"—No, they haven't finished the water I gave them yesterday yet.

Dr. Austin and John de Rosset are advocates of inflation.

Sam Scott attended "Knight" school all week. He is majoring in apple separation.

Miss Louise Godsey took advantage of the excursion to Chicago last week-end.

Prof. Ryther: Your composition should be written so that even the most stupid person can understand it.

Ted: Yes, Sir. What part don't you understand?

Miss Madge Smith spent last Sunday in Benton.

Miss Helen Limberg has a peculiar liking for "Sears Roebuck."

Misses Dorothy Hair and Emily McMurry visited in Soddy last Sunday.

Misses Limberg and Kohout, Messrs. Stegall and Evans are spending the week-end with Miss Limberg's parents, near Harri-man.

Miss Mary Lois Hodges and little brother, "Baby Ray," and Mr. Lloyd Fish spent the week-end in Chattanooga.

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Nov. 13—14—15

"Midnight Club"

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and George Raft.

Comedy—"Daddy Knows Best"

Monday—Tuesday—Wednesday

Nov. 20—21—22

"Mama Loves Papa"

with

Charles Ruggles and Mary

Boland

Comedy—"Road House Queen"

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

On October 31, the occupants of the Octagon delightfully entertained the student body with a Hallowe'en party. The Octagon was decorated in Hallowe'en colors and leaves and pumpkins.

It was reported that some of the faculty members learned of their past and present from the "fortune teller." The "House of Horrors" was more than some fair damsels could stand and therefore we heard several bloodcurdling screams.

The Goblins and the Witches tried to transform all who applied for admission to their famous transforming machine into the nature of whatever they wanted to become. However one maiden lady Miss Susie Smith, (Harold Tadlock) was too much for the machine and completely destroyed it.

Another feature was a room in which the Daughertys' famous bear was on display. The prize for the tackiest costume went to Mr. Rudd.—Congratulations Mr. Rudd.

Mr. Montoya was very much worried at one time, because the spooks had spirited away his car but he finally found it under the pavillion—without any flats.

Refreshments were served at 9:30 around a campfire after which a number of songs were sung and then followed the moonlight walk home, or if you rode pumping on tires before there was the pleasure of riding. Just ask John De Rosset.

The success of the party was largely due to the untiring efforts of Mrs. McMurry and the student body gives her its heartfelt thanks for this evening of entertainment.

WHO HAS WHAT ON CEDAR HILL

"Cyclone" Lee—Eyes that lost IT.

"Smitty" Smith—What they all like.

"Long-Distance" Limburg—The Skin you love to touch.

"Dot" Hair — A crush on "Babe."

"Em" McMurry—The line of Lines.

"Hooker" Hodges—A line with a rusty hook that caught a fish.

"Jumbo" Pendergrass—Power to hold everything.

"Tom" Lee—A country gentleman.

"Pete" Peters—That school-girl complexion.

"Red" Brimer—Rubies and jewels.

"Trudy" Brimer—The Soddy Blues.

"Gigie" Kohout—The men in a whirl.

"Hollywood" Finnell—A weakness for brunettes.

"Shorty" Yancey—A man in every college.

Ariabelle Langley — A weakness for preachers.

John Hair (To girl friend): Would you like to go to the show?

Girl friend: Yes, I'd like to.

John: I'm selling tickets. Won't you buy one from me?

Patronize Our Advertisers

Mrs. E. B. Arnold entertained the members of her Sunday School Class and their dates, Friday evening, with a Hallowe'en party. Among the Bryan students attending were: Misses Dorothy Hair, Emily McMurray, Juanita Pendergrass, Lois Hodges, Louise Godsey, Helen Limberg and Agnes Copeland. Messrs. S. D. Hodges, John M. Hair, Lloyd Fish, Ralph Toliver, Wm. Daugherty, E. C. Caudill and Frank Bruce.

YE EDITOR ENTERTAINS

On Saturday night several Bryan students and guests were entertained by Mr. G. Harold Tadlock, at Cumberland Springs, in the form of a weiner roast.

Did the group enjoy all the food? No wonder—look what they had: hot dogs, rolls, bacon, candy, apples, pop and coffee. They even brought back Souvenirs.

Those who had the privilege of attending this treat were: Misses Elizabeth Byron, Helen Limberg, Virginia Kohout; Messrs. G Harold Tadlock, Tibbs Maxey and Franklin Bennett.

After singing and telling various stories and experiences Mr. Montoya, who acted as chaperone, took each one of his guests to his individual home. We are sure G. Harold must have lost money on this feast.

BETA PHI

The small organization in Cedar Hill, called Beta Phi, is making rapid progress. At their last meeting a constitution was drawn up and approved by the society.

The constitution provides for two sections of work in the Beta Phi Society, the Y. W. C. A., and the Social Welfare Sections.

Motto: "The King's daughter is all glorious within."

Song: Follow the Gleam.

Colors: Lavender and Green.

Time of meeting: Each Thursday evening at 6:45.

A HIKING WE WILL GO—

A number of Bryan couples are taking advantage of the pleasant afternoons and fall weather to explore the different paths that lead in and about Dayton. The charter members thus far are: Mona Finnel, Tibbs Maxey, Helen Limberg, E. C. Caudill, Virginia Kohout, F. H. Bennett and Lois Hodges and Lloyd Fish.

There are no limits to the number of couples so they invite you to join them. "There is no limit to the possibilities of such an organization," says one of the coeds.

"Chuck" accompanied the Triumvirate on a rip-snortin' hop over to the neighboring metropolis of Chattanooga, last Monday night, for the sole purpose of finding out who it was that claimed she was no angel. Everything that right was rather "fast," except the last six miles, which were navigated on only three good tires—Bed at 2:30.

Sam Scott: Baby Ray, if you had three dollars and I gave you two more, what would you have?
Baby Day: Hysterics.

VISITING THE LONDON OF 1603

Having visited the mouth of the Thames, the father of England's commercial waters, and having seen in Canterbury the shrine of that faithful archbishop of Henry II—the shrine to which Chaucer's Pilgrims are riding as they tell their Canterbury Tales—let us embark on the good ship Bonnie Beth and sail up the Thames to London. There we shall forget that it is 1933, and moving from place to place, shall live again in the London of 1603.

Had we embarked a little earlier, we might have witnessed the gorgeous and seemingly endless funeral of good Queen Bess, might even have visited the royal palace, expecting, perhaps, to see the glories that were Elizabeth, only to find the entire interior of the palace draped in jet black. But as we did not arrive in time, we must content ourselves with moving about the city that was hers.

Disembarking from the Bonnie Beth at Whitefriars, we at last secure a coach and come to a more or less satisfactory agreement with its driver, unresponsive and unfriendly, who speaks in a tongue quite like our own, though apparently somewhat foreign, leading us to conclude after a short and almost futile conversation that surely we have met, in the flesh, one of Defoe's True-born Englishmen.

Into the coach we climb and, sitting on seats sadly in need of cushions, bump jolt and perk up the narrow lane to Fleete Street, on which, if our minds play not false—and they might well do so, for it has been years since last we spent delightful hours with the sweetheart of Richard Carvel—is the future home of Miss Dorothy Manners, of America.

As we ride East, gazing in wonder at the houses overhanging the street like great shading elms, we approach what appears to be a large gate. "It is Ludgate," remarks our guide with a grunt of disgust at our all too apparent ignorance, and after many questions and numerous similar grunts we learn that we are passing through the great wall of London and that there are other gates. Newgate, Aldersgate, Cripplegate, Moregate, Bishopsgate—through which the church dignitaries are wont to enter and leave the city—and Aldergate, leading to White Chapel, now a small suburb in which laborers live. In later years it will become the home of those who live by picking purses and of those who will, for a paltry sum, rid the earth of one, Lord Hinchley, who has recently refused to give our Lord Burggr the wall, thereby grossly insulting him.

Of the wall itself we learn scarcely anything. Built some time after 45 A. D., when the Romans began their four hundred year occupation of England, it is some two and three-quarter miles long, enclosing a little over 500 acres of land. Apparently not kept in repair by the Britons after the exodus of the Roman forces, it was easily entered by the Teutonic hordes, who took possession of

(Continued on page four)

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VISITING THE LONDON OF 1603

(Continued from page three)

an almost deserted city, now London, then Augusta. Since then we feel reasonably certain, it was at one time repaired by Alfred the Great. We are most certain now that it needs further repairs. In many places it has quite disappeared; in others it has been completely overgrown by houses, even as morning glories overgrow the back fence at home.

But it is all the more interesting for this, and we follow it around to eastern extremity, where we are told by our obliging guide—now obliging by the measure of one mug of sack—that the wall-enclosed buildings before us are known as the tower. What terrible tales of imprisonment, torture and death come to mind as we look on the cold and sternly expressionless walls. Since the time of William the Conqueror, who entered the city on Christmas morning of 1066, the tower has kept vigil over an ever changing London.

It was in this tower that Richard III so cruelly had murdered the two little princes, in order that he might enjoy with more safety his rather insecurely secure throne. Here it was that Essex, but a few months past, awaited the verdict of an enraged queen whose final days were made the more miserable through her ending of his.

From the tower we can see to the northeast Tower Hill, upon which stand the gallows—gallows which have brought to the executioner the clothing of many a brave man found guilty of treason—the unpardonable sin under the Tudor rule. And to the northeast, lying outside the wall as though to lend support to the neighboring Tower Hill in carrying out the dread orders of Her Majesty, is Smithfield, another center of law-ful murder.

But now we leave the tower with its gruesome atmosphere, its blood-stained floors, and its cheerless walls, echoless still, at times, with the agonized cries of tortured criminals.

This time we jolt north and arrive at Spittlefields. Here, were it Easter Monday or Tuesday, we should hear a sermon preached from the cross. When our guide remarks that the site is that of an old Roman burial ground, our thoughts turn again to the tower, and we hurriedly depart in search of more pleasant fields—and find them, too. For we enter Morefields in which we see the gardens and summer homes of the wealthy folk of London—a city which, having some 200,000 people crowded within the limits of its walls, finds space entirely too valuable to allow gardening within the city.

Upon examining and entering one of the summer homes, we find it is built in the usual loyal E; that the windows are of glass quite full of bullseyes; that the walls are arras hung and the floors covered with rushes. And were we immobile enough to look beneath the rushes we should find hiding there countless hordes of vermin, feasting undisturbed on

the decaying scraps thrown from the festival board by the servants, or, perhaps, by the mistress, herself. But our sense of smell is so benumbed with the scent of civet and musk that we do not notice the odor of filthy rushes for rushes cannot be scrubbed. And to be more candid than refined we might add that only the most extravagantly rich can afford the luxury of bathing, and even they often find it more convenient to use perfume. After all, water is scarce and hard to obtain, betaken from the Thames and transported through open conduits to central places within the city, and from there by hand to the consumers' homes, or hawked about the street by water sellers.

But enough of civet and musk. We are glad when our guide rather slyly suggests that the more interesting sights are in the city proper, and though we do not let on we catch a gleam in his eyes which plainly adds, "and incidentally, more wine houses." So in we go, riding under the high arch of Bishops gate and slowly threading our way down Thridneedle Street—in years to become the home of the "Old Lady of Thridneedle Street"—to Cornes Hill. Here we stop to admire the churches of St. Peter and St. Michael, to say nothing of Tun Prison, which boasts of over 300 years of life.

"The building on your right," remarks our guide, who would like very much to slip around the corner into Bread Street and from there into the Mermaid Tavern, "is The Royal Exchange, the commercial center of London."

Established, built, and given to the city by a man named Gresham, Queen Elizabeth's Royal Agent, it stands, a pretentious, three-story brick building. On each corner of the roof sits a large grasshopper—the Gresham crest. It is through the merchant combination meeting here twice a day under the control of Gresham that London will wrest from Antwerp the commercial leadership of the world. Strange as it may seem, when the fire of 1666, the Exchange was burned to the ground, only the statue of Gresham remained unharmed.

And now the sun, is high overhead and we, too, feel the need of a refreshing drink, greatly to the satisfaction of the guide. Passing by the stocks, now unusually empty, we enter Bread Street and the Mermaid Tavern—only to find that we have come too late to see Walter Raleigh's club in session: Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Carewe, and Shakespeare have just left the tavern. We drink hurriedly and leave, again disgusting our guide who would linger thoughtfully over his glass, as all true Englishmen do.

In Cheapside we stop before another, larger set of stocks, quite different from the others in that they are not empty. But we pass on, finding no pleasure in the hooting of children and the reviling of the old women as they taunt the unfortunate occupant—rare sport, indeed.

Before us loom the magnificent walls of one of the landmarks of the world—St. Paul's Cathedral—standing on a site occupied as ear-

ly as 610 by a Christian Church dedicated to St. Paul. Burned in 1087, the church was replaced by a much finer building, known as Old St. Paul's, which in turn was burned in 1139. The present structure, we are informed, was planned by no less a personage than the incomparable stager of Jonson's masques—Inigo Jones.

In the corner of the churchyard, now given over to shops and dwellings, we find Paul's Cross. Paul's Cross, insignificantly small as it seems to cower beneath the overbearing walls of the cathedral, is small, but of tremendous importance. For years it has been the gathering place of the people. I was here that they came to express their wants, about the only place, in fact, where they could with impunity express them; it was here that not so many years ago Bishops Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer preached the reformation gospel; and it is here that one must come if he would find the cradle of that same reformation for is it not true that from this pulpit was exposed the miraculous actions of the Bexley Rood, an exposure which gave the lie to so many of the miracles of catholicism?

But we must hurry on into the churchyard, past the little that remains of Charnel Chapel, in which the bones of many noble and mighty men reposed until Edward VI had them removed and quite contemptuously thrown into Finsbury Fields.

(To be continued)

STUDENTS

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