



N. U. STARS WHO FACE ILLINOIS SATURDAY

Above appears a quintet of Northwestern university gridders who will oppose Coach Bob Zupke's proteges in the Illinois Memorial stadium at Urbana Saturday. All five of the above players are residents of Illinois and starred on state high school teams before coming to Northwestern. Captain Walt Holmer, fullback on the Wildcat eleven, hails from Moline; Henry Bruder comes from Pekin; Justin Dart is a product of Hinsdale; Mickey Erickson starred at Moline high and Yatz Levison came to Northwestern from Evanston.

Esther Gould's Book Corner

JUST PARAGRAPHS

Anyone looking over the lists of books which are to be published in the next three months might be tempted to cover his eyes and run, crying "No thank you we already have a book." But we have lived through other seasons as prolific and it is probable that we will get through this one. Among the interesting ones just off the presses Senator Beveridge's "Life of Lincoln" ranks high. It is written not in the sketchy method of the popular fictional biographer but as the New York Times says "Beveridge's way was to get all the facts, sift them and present them in the conviction that the character would emerge of itself. It did." As proof again that the really great and flaming personalities of the world never grow old, Rachel Annand Taylor has written a brilliant biography of "Leonardo the Florentine." In her pages the great colorful age and its greatest genius come to life again.

HERE WE ARE "DIVERSEY"

By Mackinlay Kantor
Coward-McCann

Again we figure in fiction. Mackinlay Kantor's story "Diversey" is, as might be suspected from its title about Chicago. It is one of those tales told in short barks, somewhat like a series of movie inserts. Guns, lights, toots, wild women whirl by so gloriously and incessantly that one is moved to go to our city and have another look. There must be a lot we missed the last time.

Mary Javlyn came to Chicago from an Iowa town where he had been reporter for the "Courier." He came as most young men of his kind would come—for excitement, for opportunity, for new experience. He got them, to a certain extent, all. Excitement in his love affair begun with no delay with the green eyed girl across the hall, in the bootleg war in which he becomes involved; opportunity in the chances offered by the city papers of which he has not at the end of the book taken advantage; new experiences at every turn in the bewilderment of city life. Mary sees it all as a pageant passing against the background of the little Iowa town, the Dorset porch, the "Courier" office early in the morning.

BY AN INDIAN "LONG LANCE"

By Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance
Cosmopolitan Book Corp.

One evening in the dining room of the fabulously lovely hotel at Lake Louise I looked up to see an unusually striking man in evening clothes walking with great dignity down the length of the room. Immediately there was a murmur, originating in this air as those murmurs always do. "That's a full-blooded Indian chief, he is a college graduate and did distinguished service in the war. He is an author, too, he has a book which is going to be published." That was too much! The entire dining-room gave itself up to staring in child-like delight. But it did not perturb in

the least the stately figure, walking as if through one of his own forests, his fearless eyes straight ahead, his skin no darker than the sun had made other skins in the room, his features like an Indian carved in bronze. It would be entertaining to be able to say that this Indian chief was Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance, author of the book "Long Lance." Unfortunately I have not the faintest idea, yet it might have been for the publisher's blurb on the cover coincides in all the particulars with that murmur. But I have forgotten the Indian name that I heard then.

This book "Long Lance" is not a book of the world in which its author now lives, but a story of the Indian world in which he lived years ago. Very simply and yet with a great deal of grace and polish he has told this story, of buffalo hunts, the exploits of medicine men, wars and the queer wild tribal dances in which he has taken part many times. It is all part of an almost forgotten time, yet would you believe that many of the most famous chiefs still live, that only a little over twenty years ago these Indians saw their first white men? It is like a speeded up movie, but it is true.

This is a book to be read for it is one of the few that we will ever have from one of the Indians who lived in that famous, glamorous time.

THE COMING of the LORD

By Sarah Gertrude Millin

On a greater canvas than any she has used before, Mrs. Millin tells another superb story of South Africa. Blending many themes together as in a fugue she achieves a swift tragic crescendo.

Horace Liveright, N. Y.

Don't Miss BOOK EVANS

By Susan Glaspell

Of which the New York Evening Post says: "A simple, direct beautifully powerful novel such as you may happen on less than three or four times a year."

Frederick A. Stokes Co., N. Y.

The best gift book of the year for boys and girls is

DRUMS

by James Boyd

With 17 color pages and 46 drawings by N. C. Wyeth

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ROMANCE STILL IN BUSINESS IS CLAIM

STIRRING ADVENTURE, TOO

In Every Stride Toward Higher Civilization, Resourceful Men Keep Their Eyes on Future

"A man of wit is not in capable of business, but above it," sang Alexander Pope, adding that an adventurous spirit was too good to be put to "this drudgery."

Two centuries have passed and the "Popes" of today, writes Merle Thorne in Nation's Business Magazine, make the same indictment. They, too, are misled by the sensitive concern of business men to appear matter-of-fact. We take pains to conceal our true feelings behind a mask of materialism. We are shame-faced about the joy of our tremendous job of making the world more comfortable.

Romance in business? Huh! We reply, business is business. Adventure in factory layouts? Poetry in a production schedule? Fascination in a sales quota? Mystery in a balance sheet? Chivalry in buying and selling? Heroics in per cents? Ridiculous!

Yet, underneath the hard-boiled exterior, the successful business man recognizes and enjoys the stirring adventure of which he is a part. For in every stride toward a higher civilization are the romantic figures of resourceful men, who, like great poets, have kept their hands on the present and their eyes on the future.

Roaring cataracts put to the making of light and power. Mountains pierced to give speeding trains right of way. Plant food plucked from the air. The sky made highways of commerce. Nations joined by an eager spark leaping across the ocean. Domestic drudgery assumed by laundry, bakery and factory. Ice by wire, "lumber" from sugar cane, silk from wood. An automaton, handing out merchandise with a "thank you!" at the drop of a coin.

True Essence of Romance
Of such is the true essence of romance.

The quality of poetry is in all fine projects, big or little. "Why, that man Harriman," exclaimed a discerning European, "supposed to be so hardboiled, that man is a great poet! Only, he rhymes in rails!"

DR. JOSEPH GREER DIES IN CHICAGO

Dr. Joseph H. Greer, 67 years old, a member of the Socialist Party since youth, died last Monday, Oct. 15 at his home 4114 South Michigan avenue. He was born in Liverpool, came to this country at an early age, and began practicing medicine on his graduation from a Chicago Medical college in 1875. He is survived by his widow, Hattie Curtis Greer, two sons Frederic and Erwin Greer of Deerfield and two daughters, Mrs. Fred L. Workman and Mrs. Frank C. Vaughan.

Funeral services were held on Thursday at 2:30 in Graceland cemetery chapel.

Quite appropriate that vacations should be called "outings," since the tourist usually return "out" of cash.

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