

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 17—No. 11.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, March 15, 1938.

\$1.00 A Year

From the Office of the Dean

Since Dr. Gipson has returned from her trip east, she has been quite busy catching up on the work which piled up while she was gone. The first marking period of the second semester closed Friday and the grades were in the office of the Registrar on Monday. Dr. Gipson said from the reports which have come in it would indicate a good many students would have proved their good records which they made the last semester. This week Dr. Gipson will be busy having conferences with the students having unsatisfactory grades.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

- Tuesday, March 15:
5 P.M. Student Recital
5 P.M. German Club
- Wednesday, March 16:
11:45 A.M. Lenten Service:
Rev. Ernest Jones, Pastor of the Methodist Church of St. Charles.
5 P.M. Commercial Club
6:45 P.M. Y.W.C.A.
8 P. M. Cooperative Concert Series.
- Thursday, March 17:
11 A. M. Speech Recital
4:30 P. M. Pi Gamma Mu Tea
7:30 P. M. Garden Club
- Sunday, March 20:
6:30 P. M. Dr. David M. Skilling, of Webster Groves.
- Monday, March 21:
6:30 P. M. Pi Alpha Delta
- Tuesday, March 22:
5 P. M. Student Recital
6:30 P. M. Sigma Tau Delta
- Wednesday, March 23:
11:45 A. M. Rev. L. V. McPherson, Pastor of First Presbyterian Church, St. Charles
4:30 P. M. Style Show by the Clothing Classes
- Thursday, March 24:
11 A. M. Music Recital
6:30 P. M. League of Women Voters.
7:30 P. M. Mu Phi Epsilon
- Sunday, March 27:
6:30 P. M. Dr. R. Calvin Dobson, Pastor of First Presbyterian Church of St. Louis.
- Monday, March 28:
6:30 P. M. Spanish Club
- Tuesday, March 29:
4:45 P. M. Student Recital
7:30 P. M. Faculty Meeting.

Students' Opinions On American Paintings

Approximately sixty students recently visited the St. Louis Art Museum to see the American exhibition of pictures. Dr. Linneman feels that with few exceptions the majority of the girls enjoyed those pictures which were not too extreme and those which portrayed a saner attitude; art students emphatically verified this statement. Pictures which particularly appealed to many members of the group included "Swing Low Sweet Chariot", by John McCrady, and Robert Brackman's "Arrangement of Life and Still Life."

Leaders of Philosophy Assemble At Lindenwood

The St. Louis Philosophical Society met at Lindenwood College on the evening of March 8 where they assembled in the library club rooms for a social hour. They looked over the new library after which they had dinner in the tea room. At eight o'clock they adjourned to the library club rooms where a speech of welcome was given by Dr. Roeber, followed by the address of the evening by Dr. Sigmund A. E. Betz entitled "The Dogma of Personality in Literature." Another social hour followed with the 43 guests conversing and discussing the paper.

The next meeting of the society will be with the Ethical Society in St. Louis. The last meeting of the year will be at Principia College in May.

Professors of Eden Seminary and other institutions, with a number of Catholic priests, were in the group.

Unusual Privileges For Case Study

The Case Study class under the direction of Miss Morris went on an interesting tour through the Police department and the Detention Home in St. Louis, Saturday, February 26.

The girls met at the Police Department at 9 o'clock and were shown through the parole department, radio room, men's and women's quarters, identification rooms and police gymnasium.

In visiting the detention home they were fortunate in being able to hear Judge Baron's Court. They later were shown through the rooms where the younger boys and girls were kept and were also shown their playrooms and schools. They saw the reporters for parole and heard adoption cases and delinquency cases.

Those girls who went on the trip were: Sue Smith, Jean McFarland, Maurine Potlitzer, Mildred Neidergerke, Dorothy Wagner, Helen Pletz, Sara Lee Auerbach, Sue Sonenday, and Zora Horner.

Excellent Organists Playing In Sibley

Mr. Friess presented his students in a studio organ recital on Tuesday, March 1, at 5 o'clock in Sibley chapel.

The students who participated and their selections follow: Betty Schroeder, "Invocation" by Rogers, and "Reverie" by Dethier; Mary Jane Brittin, "Meditation" by Duncan, and "Legend" by Stoughton; Jane A. Larsen, "Nocturne" by Stoughton; Harriet Small, "Reverie" by Irons, and "Eventide" by Gaul; Ruth Reinert Rau, "Pastorale", by Faulkes, and "Prelude" and "Fugue in F" by Bach; Doris Danz, "Prelude" and "Fugue in D minor" by Bach. The program was very enjoyable and the artists performed extremely well.

Other Times; Other Books

Assembly Lecturer on Current Literature.

Mrs. Elizabeth Coulter Miller was the speaker for the chapel period on Thursday, March 3, at 11 o'clock. Her subject was, "Books in a Changing World."

In opening her talk, Mrs. Miller referred to "Joys of Reading: or Life's Greatest Pleasure" by Burton Rasco, which, she said, "gives a book list, and is interesting to read". Quoting the book, she passed the thought on to the audience that 'it is necessary to read to find nutriment for the mind, as it is necessary to eat to get nutriment for the body.' We cannot be good listeners unless we read, and we must be aware of what is going on about us. This cannot be done without reading. The word 'aware' has come to mean something very fine and very strong. "If we would live fully, we must be aware", she said, and "Stuart Chase challenges many of the words which we use today, suggesting that we don't know their meaning." The word 'awareness' is found everywhere in the life about us. The world changes so rapidly that we must constantly be aware, and books help us to accomplish this.

"Autobiographies have been an epidemic for the last year or so; they wouldn't be so bad if people didn't have to tell all. The method of living in the average American families have changed. The home is used as a filling station, because it is only a place to eat, or a depot—a place to stop between trains. Manners and customs have changed likewise, so rapidly that we can't be aware of all the changes, and this produces a time of confusion." Mrs. Miller suggested each individual make a laboratory of his own. This can be done by writing down ten things which we consider the matter with ourselves, and working to correct the easiest fault first and then go to another until all are corrected. "There is one beautiful thing in Dale Carnegie's "How to Deal With People", and that is the advice about practicing the Golden Rule: 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.'"

To conclude her lecture, she quoted from Virgil—"all this I saw, Queen Dido, all this I saw and part of this I was"—leaving the thought that we are all a part of this changing world, and we must read to be informed of the changes that we may adjust ourselves accordingly.

College Annual Progresses

The college annual is being completed rapidly. It is expected to be off the press by the middle of May, and will be available to the students immediately. The book will be larger than ever before, containing more snap-shots and miscellaneous material of interest to everyone. "It will be bound in black and carry a feature which has never been used

Mrs. Overton's Lenten Talk

Also Spoke at Y. W. on Problems

Mrs. Grace Sloan Overton of Ann Arbor, Mich., a member of the National Preaching Mission spoke in chapel Wednesday noon in giving the second of the series of Lenten addresses.

Mrs. Overton told the girls she had had such a grand time at Lindenwood but was so regretful that she had been unable to have small groups of student contacts in which she could make her contributions. She asked that the girls come in and talk with her of those problems that they are questioned about.

Mrs. Overton said that it was very difficult to approach a devotional subject directly. "We have not faced the fact that we were to build a Christian religion" she said. It takes a great deal of nerve to keep Lent but one has always a joyful feeling in his heart if he has accomplished this. The subject then discussed by Mrs. Overton was "Who is Jesus"? Jesus has the simplicity of the profound. Jesus could resist flattery when they wanted to catch him. Jesus is the one person who knows enough of Psychology to understand human nature, she said.

In Mrs. Overton's closing words was the hope that this generation would rediscover Jesus soon.

At the Y. W. C. A. Wednesday evening at 6:30 o'clock in the Library club rooms Mrs. Overton spoke on the topic "Ages". She said that in the former times parents used to know how to guide their children, but today they do not know what is right or wrong. "There is the problem the younger generation now have and that is drinking and smoking," said Mrs. Overton. "Some people feel you shouldn't take a drink while you yourself feel it is alright." There were many other questions and answers given with which Mrs. Overton discussed with the girls and gave them a much more thorough knowledge of what they were most uncertain about.

Lindenwood's Own Jewel Box

The greenhouse, at present, is a mass of bright colors. There are various types of narcissus, the red cyclamen, lavender ageratum, purple cineraria, lavender and white schizanthus or "poor man's orchid", many pansies, the deep orange thunbergia with the dark center, purple larkspur, orange calendula, geraniums of different shades of red, primroses, yellow bushy and purple trailing lantana, and Paris daisies with white petals and yellow center. There is also a large variety of other plants in the greenhouse.

before", said Lois Null, editor, in a recent interview. The mysterious achievement will be a surprise to the buyers of this year's copy.

Linden Bark

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by the Department of Journalism

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Avis Saunders, '40

ADVERTISING MANAGER
Mary Louise Mills, '38

EDITORIAL STAFF
Dorothy Ringer, '40 Marajane Francis, '39
Betty Barney, '40 Marion Daudt, '40
Mary Kern, '40

TUESDAY, MARCH 15, 1938

The Linden Bark:

Ah, March! we know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly look and threats,
And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets!
..... Helen Hunt Jackson

St. Patrick's Day for the "Wearing of the Green"

To many people next Thursday, March 17, is just another day, but to the Irish it is the day set aside for the apostle and patron saint of Ireland, St. Patrick. The date of his birth has been placed at from 373 to 389. As a youth of 16 Patrick was taken prisoner by some Irish raiders. After six years of imprisonment he escaped and finally found refuge in the Monastery of Lerins. It was there that he claimed to have had a divine call, a vision of himself going as a victorious apostle of Christianity to the Irish. After years of study, preparation and work, under the bitterest of criticism, he achieved success in the midst of warring factions. He was a man of tireless action and enthusiasm in his work; and it is said that he founded 360 churches, baptized with his own hand 12,000 people, and ordained a great many priests. He dealt a death blow to the religion of the Druids. He influenced strongly the Irish mind, and Celtic imagination has surrounded him with picturesque legends. He banished the snakes and toads out of Ireland; he performed outstanding miracles in his contests with the Druidical priests; he confounded his enemies by bringing down darkness upon them.

St. Patrick is the patron saint of engineers, and social celebrations are held at all the engineering schools. No definite celebration has been planned at Lindenwood, but there will probably be a lot of green on the campus.

Anthology on March Weather

The ground hog's prophecy of spring weather still seems to be holding true, for March came in like a gentle lamb. No March winds, no cold spells yet—just beautiful, moderate spring weather. But we must remember the old saying that "If March comes in like a lamb, it goes out like a lion." However, most of us are hoping it will leave in the same manner as it came, for there is something fascinating about this spring air.

Perhaps we should look farther into this lamb-lion story and reflect a bit upon future world affairs upon the same basis, for there is the same element of doubt present. Are China and Japan going to continue their warring like lions, or are they going to calm down gradually? What about Germany, Italy, and Spain—are they going to leap upon their prey like wild animals? We must not forget the affairs of our country; let us hope that our labor troubles will quiet down; that our unemployed may be well taken care of so that they will not run wild; that we may all keep faith in our United States and keep it the purest democracy of the world.

"Lightly Turns to Thoughts of Love"

An editorial on spring is a rather difficult thing to write, especially in regard to using trite expressions. Not that spring is trite, oh no, but the expressions describing it are trite to the worst degree. You've all heard about the grass getting green, the trees and flowers budding, the birds singing. Now the above sentence may be applied to a spring any place in the world, but there is no spring on earth as beautiful, inspiring and romantic as a spring at Lindenwood. Ours is the kind of the spring that gives you that "Gee, I feel so good" feeling. If you don't get that old feeling you must be one of those people who say they love to sleep when the weather is like this, or that class-sleeping is much more resting than it was during the winter.

Signs of spring. (Sigh, sigh). With apologies to Tennyson, someone said something about a young man's fancy lightly turning to what he's been thinking about all winter. Did you ever hear anyone say to the campus kids that they would see them when the grass was getting green? Have you noticed those same kids cruising around as if they didn't have a care in the world? That's the surest sign of spring you can ask for. And in regard to those birds—haven't you accidentally waked in the morning about six-thirty, and just as you turned over to enjoy that last 45 minutes of glorious sleep, those birds started twitting on the window sill?

If all these signs of spring have escaped your notice, and you are still in that mid-winter slumber, you better wake up right quick-like and learn how to love Lindenwood in the spring when it's at its loveliest.

Upperclass Musical

At a recent meeting of Mu Phi Epsilon, the honorary music society

for upper classmen, Margaret Hull, Anaconda, Mont., and Ruth Reinert Rau, St. Louis, were initiated. Both have been heard in recitals here. Ruth is pianist for the orchestra.

COLLEGE DIARY

By M. K.

Tuesday, March 1: Organ recital this afternoon and was it grand! The music was excellent—we just sat and listened in awe. Mr. Friess should be mighty proud of his students. The poetry society met tonight. We hope that they will soon turn out some more good poetry.

Wednesday, March 2: Ash Wednesday—Mr. Fay was at school today to talk to us. Some of the Episcopalian girls went to Overland to church tonight. Y.W.C.A. met tonight, I heard they had a very interesting program—more girls should turn out.

Thursday, March 3: Mrs. Elizabeth Coulter Miller was the guest speaker in chapel. The topic of her talk was "Books in a Changing World." Everyone enjoyed it.

Saturday, March 5: "Campused kids getaway or who left the gate open?" Well anyway, it is swell to be out again, don't you think? Everyone was busy getting ready for the dance—wasn't it a marvelous dance? Everyone looked so lovely, it's too bad we can't have more of these dances. But, I wonder—what was all the curiosity in Ayres about when a certain little lady received her flowers?

Sunday, March 6: Left early, and went to St. Louis for the day. When I returned the hall was just dead, everyone had dates or had gone to the show. Aren't Sundays grand now?

Monday, March 7: Just another blue Monday only this one is nice and warm, and sunshiney. Mrs. Overton spoke to us today, she certainly made a hit with the girls.

Wednesday, March 9: Mrs. Overton gave a Lenten address in chapel this morning. Nothing special today but study. At Y.W. tonight Mrs. Overton held an Open Forum and many of the students attended.

Thursday, March 10: Major James Sawders lectured tonight at eight o'clock on **Sensible Scandinavia**. He was extremely interesting especially with his pictures in color and motion.

Take The Children To See The Animals

The college post office has been transformed into a zoo. The show case has quite a clever menagerie behind its shining plate glass, which was recently acquired from a remote jungle. The animals, which are yellow and white, the college colors, represent various kinds of beasts, and each has been christened. "Joe College", the dog with a square flat nose, has made a smashing hit. He has button eyes, and is branded by the letter "L" on his right side. "College Horse", who is all stitched up around the eyes, nose and ears, beside having "Lindenwood" stitched on his side, has a tail and mane of cut felt. "Professor Owl" has a large "L" in the center of his dress shirt, and his knowing eyes have that glassy stare. "Poochie Pup" is adorned with a white ribbon around his neck which ties in a stiff bow; his eyes, nose and mouth are also many small stitches. "Penguin Soph" stands in a stately manner showing off the "L" which he wears below his yellow tie. Lastly, but by no means least, for he is the largest of the group, is "College Bully" who wears a pair of yellow and white overalls and shirt, whereon he bears the good letter "L".

Many of these unique creatures have been sold, and a reorder will be made soon. They are the talk of the student body, but really deserve to be.

Dramatic Art Class Presents Two Plays

Little Theatre Dramas Realistically Given By Students.

The Dramatic Art class, under the direction of Miss Gordon presented two of its Little Theatre plays, Wednesday, February 16, at 4:30 o'clock in the Little Theatre.

The first play was entitled "For Distinguished Service" by Florence Knox; and was very cleverly portrayed. Ruth Ettin played the part of Miss Kathryn Burton, an unmarried woman; Mrs. Jim Harding her friend, was played by Corneille Davis, and Mary, her maid, by Leonora Blackhurst.

The play took place in the apartment of Miss Burton; who was reclining on a lounge in negligé attire. The story tells of how Miss Burton gave up her romantic ideas concerning Mrs. Harding's husband, after she talks with her and Mrs. Harding realizes how unlike a wife she had been to him the past few years. The close of the play finds Miss Burton alone, as she repeats the title of the play, "For Distinguished Service".

In the second play, "The Bad Penny"; by Rachel Field, the characters were Kate Penny, played by Leonore Blackhurst; Margaret her sister, by Johnnie Flock; Peggy, the twelve year old daughter of Margaret, by Ruth Ettin and Lillian, another of Kate's sisters, played by Corneille Davis. The story concerns three sisters who were formerly known to all as the "three pennies". After their father's death, Lillian ran off and got married and was given the name of "the bad penny" by her more refined sisters. The two sisters, Kate and Margaret, unaware of Lillian's fortune and success, were afraid of her coming back and putting in a claim for her share of their father's estate. When she does come back to her home town for a short visit, her sisters treat her very formally and whenever finances are mentioned, they change the subject immediately. After Lillian, to the relief of her sisters, has gone, they discover in the evening paper that she is a wealthy society woman. The play was very realistically played and showed excellent talent on the part of the students.

The stage manager for the first play was Johnnie Flock and for the second, Ruth Ettin. The stage crew was the class in stage craft.

Singers In Bach Festival

The choir of Lindenwood participated Saturday afternoon, March 5, in a Bach Festival at Monticello College, Godfrey, Ill. The Lindenwood group, along with organizations from Knox College, MacMurray College, and Monticello, presented a program of nothing but Bach's music. Following this event was an open discussion of the layman's place in the world of music, in which Lindenwood took a prominent part. The discussion was led by Cecil Smith of the University of Chicago, associate music critic of the Chicago Tribune.

Coming to Lindenwood

The Quadrangle Club of Washington University of St. Louis, will present a musical comedy at Lindenwood Saturday night, March 19. The cast of 100 will include dancing and singing choruses. Purchasing tickets will be entitled to attend a dance in Butler gymnasium afterwards. Washington University will furnish the orchestra.

AMOROUS ADELAIDE

By Christine McDonald, '41

Before the fire, sits Adelaide,
Her head bowed down in tears.
Her heart is sore and troubled much,
For something's wrong, she fears.

For three long days she has not
heard

A word from her true love.
In far off wars, he's fighting hard
The sod to stay above.

Because she fears he may be dead,
Her heart is beating slow.
She bears a step upon the porch—
"Tis someone that I know."

Kind Parson Brown has just stopped
by

To see what could be wrong.
On Sunday morning in the choir
He'd missed her loud, glad song.

A soft and gentle hand he lays
Upon her grieving head.
"Have faith, my child, the war is
short.

The war is what you dread?"

"Oh, yes, kind sir, my heart doth
break

For fear of what may come.
If this cruel war does not end soon,
My love will ne'er come home."

Upon the door a knock did sound
And then the door swang wide.
A tall and handsome man paused
there
And then he stepped inside.

"My love," cried Amorous Adelaide.
"You're home, you're safe once
more!"

The lovers kissed while Parson
Brown
Gazed quickly at the floor.

The kind old man a chance did see
To do a deed so good.
So then he up and married them
As waiting there they stood.

A DELIGHT OF MAN

By Corinne Zarth, '40

There are not many men, who
having reached the age of maturity,
cannot remember in their youth a
hint of curiosity for the morbid
which unfortunately possessed them
through their maturing years.

A chow dog is killed in a neighborhood street one day, and a small boy's crying is heard by a group of children who are playing an exciting game of touchball on a nearby vacant lot. The interesting death news is spread among the players, and with almost bestial craze, each child runs wildly to the scene of the accident and stands gloating over the unfortunate victim and at his small master. Only the weakest spectator allows tears to streak his dusty face, and he is instantly hissed to his home by the hungry, thickened crowd of youngsters. Not one of them forgets to console the owner of the dog with words of none too sympathetic understanding. Rather a thank you for the excitement which succeeded in breaking the monotony of the day. After rolling the mangled body over and over to discover every trace of broken bone and blood release, they disgustedly turn away to wait for the next bit of excitement, all of them recalling even more enthralling moments in their simple lives. Yet these children can hardly be condemned for these common human reactions. They are helpless to overcome their tendency to thrill and run to scenes of horrifying significance.

Their parents, guilty of a germane talent for absorbing chilling headlines and numerous blood-curdling news-photos, find it just too hard to understand their children's hunger

for such unpleasant, heart-penetrating episodes.

Funerals offer an interesting entertainment for the every-day housewife, who cannot wait to tell the unfortunate members of her family all of the entertaining details of the burial of some notorious gangster. The newspaper stories color her eye-witness account for her interested listeners, and together with them, she furnishes enjoyment for the evening. When bedtime comes, the material recounted to the children provides food for their dreams. Mother is requested to go and see, in not so many words, another corpse, and soon.

Not every one has the chance to see the uncensored pictures of the press. But I know of at least one man who has the opportunity to secure the best of these uncommon masterpieces. He brings them home and gains in popularity with his clan. His boasts are murderous scenes of blood, still warm dripping from the slab of stone on which the body is laid.

It is obvious that the reading public feels that they must be furnished with an abundance of vividly colored, realistic print. And it is the newspaper that supplies them with this pabulum. The bigger the headlines, the more satisfaction for the daily reader. Each day reporters are sent out to gather all the sordid details of the more breathtaking events. For them to exaggerate their findings is to gain a pat on the back and a raise in salary. For they have assured their editor, with their startling report, a double sale at the newsstand. It is shocking to realize the half-cannibal reactions of the public to a story of an electrocution. What was considered one of the most important pictures and written reports that ever appeared in a newspaper had for its subject "The broiling alive of a human being."

It is this same search for the adventuresome that has taken men for many centuries away from sheltered homes to the battlefields. And too, because of lack of excitement, small boys as well as grown men find time to draw off their coats and fight in the streets with their playmates and attackers. No one needs to teach these guilty citizens to fight, to kill, and ruthlessly to murder their own kind. For they were born with this faculty to satisfy their thirst for pleasure through morbid excitement. And although they require no encouragement in these distressing games with death, they receive it much too frequently. Which, of course, only furthers their desire for sanguineous pastime. Opportunities for murderous delight are placed carefully at their feet, and they delight in the gift. Following closely behind is unconscious mad greed for the inevitable slaughter. What a charming thing is human achievement!

BEHIND THE HOUSE

By Mary Jean Du Hadway, '41

In the big window of my corner room at home, I have a box seat from which to enjoy our own back yard, the back yard of the house facing on the next street, Mulberry Street itself, and a long strip of the fenced-in pasturage beyond the concrete walk on the far side of the road.

On summer mornings, I usually awake to hear a voice calling in an old man's shaky treble, "Vegetables, lady, peas, beans, corn, tomatoes." Then a loud tap on the door step. The old peddler has always fascinated me. Often I shift my position to the foot of my bed and look down to watch him remove his farmer's

straw hat in gratitude for the sale, and then set it down beside his basket while he wipes his thin, wet gray hair and forehead with his red handkerchief, returns both hat and handkerchief to their places, throws the basket strap over his bent shoulder, and shuffles on to the next house, resuming the cry.

Wide awake by this time, I like to watch the birds play in the concrete bath near the rose trellis which stands against the side of the white garage. They sputter and fight, duck, shake, and preen, most of them sparrows, but now and then a goldfinch, cat bird, or a cardinal. Sometimes they make their toilet for fifteen or twenty minutes if a dog fight, or a stray cat with an avid eye doesn't scatter them.

Into the neighbors' exposed back yard, activity draws my attention. A man tediously picks cherries from the fertile little tree which spreads its shade across the cannas on the boundary line of the two yards (if I am lucky, I find a humming-bird spinning among the red blossoms), or he mows the lawn, or clips the thriving hedge. If it is not Monday—the full clothes line always obstructs the view then—and if I am early enough, I can watch the three cows being milked in the field on the other side of Mulberry Street, a road undisturbed by much traffic.

The play from my window is animated and colorful during the summer months. On the windy days of spring and autumn, boys fly kites in the pasture. Most of the diamond-shaped frames covered with bright paper rise high—tipping and bobbing gracefully before the healthy breeze. Some of them fail to go up, and are dragged away by their disappointed owners.

In winter, I rise to a picture lifeless and gray. The trellis is bare, the cherry tree naked, the brown field empty, the yards padded with old leaves. It is a world that lives with the summer and dies with the winter.

THE HOLLYWOOD

By Jean Hahn, '41

Somewhere in the distance a clock chimes the half-hour four-thirty p. m., and something in its tone explains that today is Sunday. But inside the Hollywood, favorite gathering place of Lindenwood students, the atmosphere is quite out-of-keeping with the solemn Sabbath spirit.

From our table by the window, I can look through a haze of low-hanging grayness and observe the excitement of the entire room. The waitresses in white smocks bustle from the kitchen carrying trayfuls of pie, cake, sandwiches, and other foods to their customers, then back again bearing stacks of empty, unclean dishes. Crowded around small tables, laughing boys and girls sit sipping cokes or eating ice cream. Evidently they have taken advantage of Lindenwood's new privilege, leaving campus on Sunday (if you return by five-thirty). Smoke curling from glowing tips of their cigarettes hangs stagnant in the air, and then rushes to escape to the cool outside whenever the door is flung open.

The girls and boys remain there a long time, inconsiderate of the other people waiting impatiently for a table. They eat, although they are not hungry, merely to have something to do and because they are loath to return to the sleepy, deserted college. They constantly feed shiny nickel pieces to the electric victrola, which immediately coughs forth the latest swing numbers. Above the noise I can hear the voice of the small boy behind me begging, "Can I have a chocolate soda, Mother?"

From the window I stare out into

the street. Shiny new automobiles, intermingled with old battered ones, glide past. A long, yellow Oldsmobile slinks to a stop at the gas pump in front of the building. The girls at my table exclaim over its smooth beauty, and think sorrowfully that they might be riding in a similar model were they only back in their home towns. Down the walk stroll a group of girls in fur coats and bright-colored hats. They too are coming to the Hollywood to spend the remainder of their afternoon.

The same distant clock that had chimed before now strikes five drawn-out strokes. Reluctantly we put on our coats, and I gather up my scarf, gloves, and purse—a purse with nothing in it: For before me on the table stand an empty plate, a glass partly filled with melted ice, a crumpled cigarette package, and a sherbert dish. We leave the restaurant, and as the cold air greets us, I pull my fur collar tighter about my throat and start the long walk back to school. An orange cab whizzes past, full of laughing girls, and leaves us looking regretfully after it.

DUST BOWL

By Jean Anderson, '41

I stood on a desolate bluff and looked across the stretching miles of sand dune and prairie. It was late August. Under my feet, the loose shale shifted; the soles of my feet burned from contact with the earth. The sparse grass which powdered at a touch was scorched to a crispy, dark brown. Spikes of soapweed and prickly cactus were parched and shriveled from the heat. The sky was a brazen, glaring yellow. Looking east, I saw an old shack, windows broken out, and great gaping holes in the roof. The remains of a "Model T.", half buried in drifting sand, leaned against the south side of the deserted house. Only these were left from some man's dream, a prairie homestead. Beyond the hut stretched endless miles of sameness—hills, bare, drought stricken. In the dry creek bed at my feet, a dust-devil whirled—a miniature hurricane of spinning dust which ran across the country as if the demon it was named for pursued it. The stirring air directed my attention to the south where great angry saffron clouds rolled over and over each other, boiling higher and higher. Soon, a dry, hot wind parched my face and a second later, tiny sand particles stung my flesh. The sun was gone now, hidden in dust waves; the world was a peculiar, greenish color as if I were seeing it through yellow cellophane. The wind increased and the sand became a barrage. Everything was hidden in swirling, biting dust; I could not see even the outlines of the old shack. I was suffocating, choking with sand and dust, and for protection, I breathed through my handkerchief. In fifteen minutes the worst was over. The wind subsided from a roar into gusts, and the sand began to settle. Objects emerged from the dust-veil, great bunches of tumbleweed, a tin can, and a loose shingle. The ramshackle hut was still there, but the Ford had lost a door. The contours of the drifting sand had been changed by the gale. It almost seemed as if I were on a different bluff. I looked toward the west, where, one hundred and fifty miles away, the purple-blue mountains were serenely unconscious of the heat-ridden plains. I only saw their faint outlines through the dust fog still in the air; they were shadow mountains against a weird yellow sky.

This was the dust bowl.

CHINESE RUGS

By Imogene Stroh, '41.

(Continued from February 15.)

There is not only beauty in these Eastern fabrics, but there is spirit.

The weaving of the Chinese rugs was originally done in the interior bordering Mongolian territories, but with the coming of foreigners and railroads, weavers were brought from the interior to Peking and Tientsin to teach small boys the trade. At first they followed their own designs, but slowly the genuine Chinese designs became corrupted by copies of American patterns on oilcloth and wall papers. In 1917 from a survey of the Peking rug industry, five thousand workers were employed. These were divided between skilled workers and apprentices. Today the number of apprentices exceed the skilled workers. These apprentices are recruited from country districts. Some are as young as eight or nine, but the usual age is on an average of eleven or twelve years of age.

These children receive no money for their labor, and work for a term of three to four years. There is absolutely no future for apprentices as most of them are turned out at the end of that term. Small shops have a much larger number of apprentices in proportion to paid workers than the larger shops where this condition is better. The apprentices are under absolute control of the master of the shop. This master is not responsible for any illness or death of the child. Sometimes, however, the master pays the medical bill for slight illnesses. The hours of working are the hours of daylight which include from thirteen to fourteen hours each day. Their work is not forced to be done, but it can not be done leisurely. There are only sixteen days a year in which the apprentices have vacation, ten of which are taken during the Chinese New Year. The children work seven days a week.

The shops in which skilled and unskilled eat, sleep, and work are windows are of paper and they are small and dark with dirt floors, and no ventilation. The air is full of dust and tiny wool fibers. In the winter the only heat is given from small stoves just large enough for hand heating. There are no tables or chairs, and at night mattresses or quilts are spread to sleep on. One shop made improvements for eighty boys sleeping on a platform fifty feet long as the idea of a dormitory. Each boy is allowed three dollars Mexican for his monthly ration which consists of corn cakes, rice, soup, raw onions, and meat on feast days or twice a month. These still growing boys sit on benches raised on scaffolds so they may be raised as the rug progresses. He must crouch far over to reach the shuttle as he slides it from one end to the other taking seven hundred steps, then whirls around to repeat the process. His face is a blank mask saying nothing, thinking nothing, only intent on the warm exotic designs of red, yellow, and blue threads. Tuberculosis and trachoma prevail in these shops from such conditions. Between fatigue, poor food, and improper moral conditions, this makes it "nothing less than indentured child labor."

Even today modern machinery has not been used. The frame consists of two uprights with two large beams between at the top and bottom. The weaver strings warp threads, which is usually cotton, between the beams. These warp strings number from sixty to one hundred and twenty threads a foot. The wool yarn is tied around the

warp strings in what is called a Sehna knot. The excess yarn is cut off with quick blows of a short, heavy knife. This is continued across the loom. The knots are tamped down tight and the process is repeated. The usual day's work is about a half square foot. The weaver follows a design painted on the warp in black and white and is guided by a small colored drawing. When the rug is completed, the pile is uneven; therefore, a skilled workman must use a special type of scissors to snip the surface smooth and even. Men operating the small factories are under the direction of a few corporations. They live with their employees in a room serving as an office and bedroom. These men get the lowest price for their products and the shops usually have a capital of one thousand dollars or perhaps less. Failures occur frequently during depressions.

The materials used in rugs are camel's hair, goat's hair, sheep's wool, and cotton. Camel's hair is brought from Mongolia by caravan and with goat's hair it is treated in the same fashion as sheep's wool. This latter is the most used, much of which is brought from Tsinghai in ropes of twisted wool bound with thin strings of goat's hair. There are three classes of sheep wool. Fine wool is sheared from eight months old sheep. It is used as the nap of the rug and appears to look like silk. The second quality is sheared from twelve to fourteen months old sheep. The last class is taken from old, diseased, or dead sheep. Upon the arrival at the factory it is washed to remove the dirt, grease, burrs, and other foreign substances. After it is cleansed and still wet, it is sent to poor homes to be spun by women and girls into yarn. They receive six cents Mexican for one and a third pounds. They can earn about twenty-five cents Mexican a day. Machine spun wool is being used but hand spun is still the most important.

After yarn is spun, it is dyed by a conscientious Chinese craftsman. He does his work so skillfully that a Chinese carpet softens and grows richer with age. In pieces of the Ming Dynasty, wool yarn which was originally red is now a pale gold. The effect is done not alone but with clever dyeing. The yarn is first dipped into a strong red. After the yarn is exposed to the air the red shade fades, allowing the yellow to come through. Age finally makes the warmth come with just a blush still remaining. No one color dyeing can give such an effect. With the added years the natural oil in the wool is worked out resulting into a glossy effect. Before the foreign aniline dyes began slowly to appear, vegetable and animal dyes were used altogether. The vegetable dyes were obtained from leaves, flowers, roots, berries, bark, and nuts. Blue gamboge, pink from vermilion, was taken from indigo, yellow from browns from sapan-wood, red from red lead, and black from lampblack. Today to obtain some blacks, iron filings are steeped in vinegar. When the wool is dyed in this, it begins to rot soon and gives the finished rug an antique appearance. All kinds of fibers will not take and hold every sort of dye, so each kind requires a special treatment.

The Chinese artist deals only with the simplest colors, especially the imperial yellows, golden browns, and dull blues. Blues, usually found in shades of robin's egg and turquoise, are the most interesting because of depth and glow of the color. Reds are the most distinctive and are never bright, but only found in warm hues of pomegranate, persimmon, and apricot. The artist uses this color to bring back to the owner Greens are very rarely seen, and

altogether, colors are used sparingly rather than the profusion of the Persian rug.

Every design in a Chinese rug signifies religion, philosophies, learning, and symbolizes social, ethical, and moral ideals of the Chinese. In the old rugs there were two types of design. First the medallion which consisted of a border of the Chinese pattern of waves with three medallions in the center. The second design was called the five blossoms which consisted of groups of five blossoms of rich reds and orange with a little clear blue. Later the designs became more complicated.

Fruits, when introduced, meant a happy omen, such as the citron meaning happiness, and the pomegranate signifying fecundity. It is believed when the Buddha slept in the dust he left a print from the sole of his foot of eight precious objects which are woven in high grade rugs. These are the lotus, which stands for summer, meaning purity; the relic jar; the fish; the conch shell; the endless knot giving long life and power; and the wheel of the law. If the rug contains the cloud pattern, it signifies the more sublime things of life such as gain, abundance, and plenty. It is interesting to read a Chinese rug.

Weavers, artists, and dyers have lost the sense of the old unique art of their ancestors, but they still possess much of the essential technique. Several authors see a possibility for a renaissance of making works of art of Chinese rugs. It is important, however, that buyers of these rugs come "to an appreciation of the best in oriental rug design, and condemn unsparingly whatever is mediocre. The course that the art takes rests largely with the buyers."

REMEMBERING TAOS

By Sarah C. Phillips, '41

It was a July afternoon in Taos. I waited in the plaza. The hot, dry wind seared my already-browned face and arms, and blinded my eyes with blowing sand from the streets. My once-white dress, red with dust from mountain roads, stuck to the back of the wooden bench on which I sat. Mexican men wearing wide-brimmed straw hats and brown shirts and trousers were grouped under the trees, stopping their meaningless chatter with occasional spitting on the grass. An old Indian with black braids falling beneath a worn-felt sombrero whittled endlessly, remaining undisturbed while his young companion exclaimed over the shining fish in the pond. Across a street wavering in heat, a woman dressed in paisley-printed linen stepped out of the Heptagon Galleries. Slender legs stretched in bronze bareness from leather-sandaled feet. A tomato-red handkerchief tied back her hair, and sunglasses concealed the expression in her eyes. Yet she smiled and her voice laughed into a cadence as she petted an awkward panting sheepdog. The doors of a grocery store swung open, and heavy, white do-skin boots shuffled beneath the bright-colored rebosas of two Indian women bearing whimpering babies and brown sacks of food. They wandered along the street muttering comments on the window displays.

Tired travelers parked at the curb and settled for drinks and cigarettes, inquiring as to roads, canyons, fishing, and lodging. Children stuck heads out of car-windows with pointed fingers and asked questions. A scrawny woman flopped from an open roadster, talking loudly to a little man chewing a cigar and registering nothing on his perspiring face. "Never again will you risk my

life on hair-pin turns; even if the aspens do quake, so did I!" Music came in wild, raging fragments from the corner saloon. Men laughed, betted, and fanned faces with hats. A bald-headed man walked out of the swinging doors, wiping his hands on his apron as he looked up at the thermometer. A gray-haired man picked his way in the crowd. He wore grey slacks, crepe-soled shoes, and a light blue shirt. In his arms he swung a canvas dabbled with colors. He paused to talk to a man who called him Bistram.

My mind was cluttered with this cosmopolitan crowd. I liked the blue-silled windows, the geraniums, and the poplars; yet, would this be Taos without its contrasts? I looked over the squatting buildings to the Cross of Martyrs, and up to the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. The clouds made shadowy patterns on the sides. I forgot the milling people until a laughing boy in white linen rattler a bag of pinon nuts in my face, and I laughed with him; for Taos is a gay town.

CONFLICTS

By Joyce Ganssle, '41

The sound of soft rain pattering gently against the earth and the refreshing smell of a rain-washed world beckon me from my desk in the hot, smoke-filled room. I come to the window. At first my eyes, accustomed to the bright, artificial light, refuse to perceive anything but solid darkness. But no—close on the right and slightly farther away on the left, the severe, blacker lines of a building stretch at right angles to the main portion of the dormitory enclosing the three sides of an open rectangle.

A few wandering beams from a search light, out of view on the opposite side of the building, turn a small holly bush into a sparkling mass like the meeting place of ten thousand fireflies. Five baby evergreens cast shadows six or seven times larger than their normal size. While about half of the old spreading oak, which separates the near court within the confines of the brick wall from the distant campus, looms up through the wet haze, the rest is completely lost in the omnipresent shadows.

Straight below me a weak glow through a glass doorway makes a cobweb of veiled light on the well-soaked ground. Looking out into the distance beyond, I can see nothing. It is as if the purple-black carpet of rain and night had completely smothered all views. Although often I have enjoyed gazing at the prim white fence around the graveyard, at the trees rising over the little brook, at the winding road, the broad cornfields, and distant farm houses, these things have vanished. Only a peaceful night of rain and opaqueness remains.

Light tan squares, at geometrical-perfect intervals in the walls on either side, furnish a brazen contrast to nature as expressed in the out-of-doors. Behind partly drawn shades, feminine silhouettes perform unseen duties. Occasionally the blatant tones of a jazz orchestra interrupt the soothing rhythm of the rain.

Voters' Party

The League of Women Voters was entertained at an informal party by Alice Belding and Sara Lee Auerbach at Alice's home on Wednesday evening, March 9. Ruby Drehmann sang, and the girls played games. Refreshments were served.

Key Hole Peeper by Tom

We're wondering why Jean Hahn always takes pillows to her afternoon class? Is it as bad as all that Jean?

Ask Mary Louise Fowler what she learned in Zoology class about skunks!

Have you seen the beautiful Valentine Betty Faxon received inscribed, "To My Loving Wife?" Why don't you tell us these things, Betty?

Betty Clark seems to be quite interested in high school teachers. Be sure you learn your lesson well, Betty.

We hear Kay Mayer is to receive that ring-of-rings, (a diamond), at St. Pat's time in Rolla next week. It was just a year ago at St. Pat's she was pinned. We'll be listening for the bells to ring next year, Kay.

Speaking of Rolla, it seems some of our Lindenwoodites are going out there for the St. Pat's festivities to the OAO. Wonder how many of them will come back pinned? Good luck, girls.

We heard that Jane Thomas was quite upset over a letter she received a short time ago from a certain institution in St. Louis. We hope you take good care of "little Dave", and see that he gets the proper care.

Wonder why Betty Barney was so upset because she did not receive any letters while on campus, from her ex-love? Remember, "absence makes the heart grow fonder" . . . for some one else. Could that be the reason they were both seen with new partners at the last dance?

Speaking of the dance we saw our old friend, Mr. Edlen back again. He looked in the best of health, not showing the effects of his "pining away" as he is reported doing.

We've been told several times that Frances Hickey wants to be called "Portia" . . . you might ask her why. But let's all cooperate and make the girl happy.

Must be nice to (?) % perfect as that little Junior, so you can always be criticizing, and saying, "Gad, how awful."

We've just been told that some of our St. Charles lads didn't believe it when told that one of our juniors was "The Lady Who Couldn't Be Kissed", so they decided to find out. Well, they found out, and it seems they got rather mad at her No's. Can't you take it, fellows? Remember "If first you don't succeed, try, try, again until you do."

We see Mary Ann Fowler is no longer wearing that ruby ring belonging to THE person from Kentucky. She recently went down there for a week-end, could that save any connection?

Wonder why Mildred Jane Bryant doesn't go to church anymore? We saw her ex-love at the dance the other night with another Kentuckian. Again we give you an old saying, "distance lends enchantment", perhaps he should have stayed at Westminster.

And did you see "Cacky" at the last dance? We hope he saw that adoring look in her eyes that she gave him so often. We saw two old friends reunited at the dance and in vespers last week. Nice going you two, and good-luck, Ringer.

We also saw at the dance a few Western Military boys, but where were the many cute Kemper fellows? We hope to see them all back in full "swing" at the next dance.

Speaking of Kemper, have you seen the Kemper shirt Marajane has been wearing around campus? Wonder who gave it to her?

One of the little freshmen in Sibley certainly gets a kick out of

"tattling" on others. Be careful, Z., some day someone is going to tell on you.

Frances Perlatti made a resolution sometime ago NOT to have any more dates at all while here. Not even to the dances. We saw her at the dance, was that her first chance to break the resolution, or was it a blind date?

Where was Betty Newlon during a greater part of the dance? Better stay away from under fir trees, if you don't want to catch a cold, Betty.

Opening Sermon On Ash Wednesday

Lindenwood Lenten Services, under the auspices of the Y.W.C.A., were opened Wednesday morning, March 2, at 11:45 o'clock by Rev. Robert W. Fay, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church of Overland, Mo. Mr. Fay's theme was, "The Meaning of the Cross in Human Experiences."

"Our description of a great man," said Mr. Fay, "is one who is filled with a desire to invent and create but in other days a great man was one who went as God bade him and he did not know where he was going."

"Abraham went away over the desert where things seemed depressed and futile and there was an urge in him to go back to where things were comfortable and safe. There are those who want to find a kind of a life that is more beautiful, those who want a social organization that is more just. The only reason some of us can go on is because we know that what is best in the world is never destroyed. It is very hard to see the good in the world today, outside of Christ."

Mr. Fay concluded with: "Christ is asking us to leave a land that is safe and comfortable and to get out into one that is new."

Music Presentations

Exceptional Talent Shown

Six students of the music department presented a recital in Roemer Auditorium, Thursday, February 17, at 11 o'clock. First on the program was Pearl Lucille Lammers who played with much feeling the "Sonata, No. 5 in G major, Allegro" by Mozart. Pearl Lucille displayed fine ability in her selection.

Two of Beethoven's numbers were played. Ruth Elsie Shanks played "Sonata D major, Op. 10, No. 3," first movement. Sarah C. Phillips played "Sonata, D minor, Op. 31, No. 2," first movement. The girls did exceptionally with their contrasting pieces and the audience was greatly moved by the music.

The voice numbers on the program were presented by Vera Jean Douthat and Elaine Reid. Vera Jean sang, "O Lord Most Holy (Mass in A)," by Cesar Franck and "The Swallows" by Cowen. Both were lovely pieces and with her good tone quality and volume the selections were well received. Elaine sang "Night of Dreams", by Wolf, and "Clavelitos", by Valverde. "Clavelitos" was a rollicking Spanish number, while "Night of Dreams" was a beautiful number although not so rollicking. Elaine has a very lovely voice and everyone thoroughly enjoyed her performance.

Beverly Mahall rendered a very good performance of the difficult "Impromptu, B flat major," by Schubert. She played Theme and Variations, which were very well accepted. Her tones were soft and clear.

Story of Civil War

Reviewed by Mary Kern

ACTION at AQUILA by Hervey Allen; Farrar and Rinehart Inc. \$2.50.

In **Action at Aquila**, Hervey Allen presents a story of the Civil War in a new and refreshing manner. The hero, Colonel Nat Franklin, is an idealistic Pennsylvanian who remembers that the most important question over which the war was begun was secession and the preservation of the Union. Through the thoughts of this character the idea is brought out that this all-important cause was lost in the minds of most people where it was over-shadowed by more personal feelings. The slavery issue is emphasized as being a secondary one, and it is pointed out how the war was drawn out by a desire on both sides for revenge, by people who had been bereaved, plundered, or wounded.

The simplicity of the plot is delightful. The book traces the activities of Colonel Franklin throughout the later years of the war. His love for Elizabeth Crittendon, the widow of a Confederate officer whose home Colonel Franklin was forced to burn, makes a simple, but beautiful story. Supplementary to this main romance is the love story of Bill Farfar, a recruit from the mountains, and Margaret, Elizabeth's daughter. The episodes in the story achieve a highly dramatic effect. They are simply and directly told and are so common and incidental, so full of the personal, that they are deeply felt by the reader.

Some of the high points of the story are the relating of the burning of the Crittendon home; Colonel Franklin's reminiscences as he watches a parade of new soldiers going to battle while he is on leave in Philadelphia; Colonel Franklin's capturing of Morgan Springs; the treating of the wounded on the battlefield at Aquila; and the concluding thoughts of Colonel Franklin just before his death when he comes to understand that war is eternal.

The setting is natural to any reader, even to those with no conception of the country described. The characters are real, they fit the action of the story and yet are easily visualized as living people. The whole narrative takes the times and problems of the Civil War and puts them in the "Now" rather than attempting to put the reader into the "Then". Altogether, it is a simple story told clearly with no attempt at forming opinions for the reader on any of the issues in the book, based on fact and told as fiction, a truly comprehensive and impressive novel.

Speech Recital Enjoyed

Humorous Readings Given

Dorothy Grote, Mary Virginia Lay, Sara Coleman, Minnie Jo Curtis, and Ruth Ettin took part in a speech recital Thursday, February 24, at 11 o'clock in Roemer Auditorium.

The girls gave the following numbers respectively: "Gretna Greenhorns" (Richard Connell); "Rest Cure" (Patricia Collings); "Stephen" (Justine Long); "Cinderella Dyes Them Black" (Fanny Kilbourne); and "The Mantle of Whistler" (Dorothy Parker). Special mention should be made of the entertaining and artful way in which Minnie Jo Curtis presented her number. The other girls as well deserve praise on their recitations.

Reminiscences With Business Students

Miss Nellie McClannahan, Carruthersville, Missouri, former student of Lindenwood, was in St. Louis last weekend to attend the convention of young Democratic clubs of Missouri, at the Statler Hotel. Miss Allyn spent Saturday afternoon and evening with her reminiscing. Miss Allyn was interested in learning that she still has a very good position in the Collector's office in Carruthersville. She takes an active part in the Business and Professional Women's club in Carruthersville and plans on attending the convention held this spring.

Miss Ruth Howe is still employed by the Bell Telephone Co., in St. Louis since her graduation from Lindenwood. She spends her holiday on Washington's Birthday every year in a trip to Lindenwood to visit her former friends and teacher in the Commercial Department. Evelyn Brown, former Lindenwood student accompanied Ruth. Every one was so glad to see the girls.

Ruth Austin has a very good secretarial position with Staley's Starch and Corn Products Company at Educator, Ill.

The Commercial Department has been very busy recently cutting stencils and running them off. Work has been done for Miss Tucker of the home economics department, Dr. Dawson who teaches Botany, and Mr. Ordelheide. Fifty-one stencils have been cut and more than 7000 copies have been run off.

Spode China Lecture

Miss Laura Lorenson Gives Exhibit And Speaks.

Miss Laura Lorenson, of New York City, lecturer and writer on the decorative arts, gave an exhibition of Spode bone china, stone china and earthenware and a motion picture lecture and demonstration of the manufacture on Thursday, February 24 at 6:30 o'clock, in the auditorium.

Miss Lorenson, who has visited most of the famous European potteries and written about them for the Magazine Antiques, Arts & Decoration, House Beautiful, The New York Sun, and many others, told of her visit to the pottery at Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire, England.

The motion picture, taken in the pottery at Stoke-on-Trent, showed the manufacture from the mixing of the materials through molding, glazing and the various processes of decorating and firing to packing. The work-people were shown at their accustomed tasks.

After the motion picture, Miss Lorenson displayed clays, molds and samples of both bone china and earthenware in various stages of completion and demonstrated the different decorating processes. Spode designs, from the eighteenth century to the present day, passed in review while Miss Lorenson told interesting facts of their origin and history. She used a powerful light so that the details of the patterns could be seen clearly in the back of the auditorium.

The exhibition of Spode bone china, stone china and earthenware was both delightful and comprehensive. It was arranged according to material and design, showing different variations of the same theme. There were also a group of plates from service, made for royalty and other prominent European and American families.

LESSON IN LIFE

By Jane Austin, '41

Tom Williams stood on the steps of the dingy administration building and glanced over the campus before him. It was a typical midwestern college, situated on this flat unimpressive piece of land, its buildings scattered disinterestedly here and there. The enrollment of the college was small, and he felt himself to be the most important member. While walking across the campus to the dormitory he considered himself speculatively: tall, good-looking, he knew himself to be, athletic, amusing, definitely the ideal senior of any college.

As Tom entered the boys' dorm, he caught a glimpse of a small inconspicuous figure hurrying toward the library, books piled high in her arms. She waved shyly to him, but he ignored her and closed the door behind him, half ashamed, but rather defiantly excusing himself with, "If I'm nice to her once, she'll be bothering me the rest of the year".

From her window in the hall for girls, Martha Mills viewed the little scene and turned away in anger. "The conceited fool", she thought. Bussing herself about the room, Martha let her thoughts wander back to the time when she and Tom had first met. They had both been freshmen then, and she had worshipped him. Then she had realized that he was entirely self-centered, doing something only if he considered it beneficial to himself, or if he especially enjoyed it. She wondered idly why others didn't know this. Perhaps they merely enjoyed basking in the glow of so illustrious a class-mate. Martha sighed, she still loved him in a way, much as she tried to forget it.

Back in the library Mary Martin sat staring resentfully at a row of books. "Why", she thought, "did I wave to him? He's never noticed me, he and his conceit." She returned to her surveillance of the dusty books, choosing a few and perusing them thoughtfully. Books were Mary's whole life. Since she had no friends, she chose books, spending her spare time in the dark old library, thinking and reading.

The school year passed, and the senior class graduated with much pomp and ceremony. Tom was valedictorian, and Mary was chosen popularity queen. In the back row sat Mary, her eyes fixed on Tom, watching his every move.

In his attempt to make a living, Tom found himself wondering at life. A job on a newspaper proved he had no talent in that direction. A few weeks clerking showed his incapacity for figures. A dozen odd jobs gave him only bare sustenance. He wondered if he were in love with Martha. She was surely ideal, and though she had seemed to like him a great deal, still he felt a certain coolness in her manner toward him. He talked a great deal while he was with her, exaggerating his minor jobs until they became great possibilities. Sometimes she seemed to be trying to hide a smile. He wondered at that, and it hurt his pride. He knew she was making a comfortable living, and it irritated him to know that she was more successful than he. Consequently he blustered and gesticulated at great length when they were together.

Finally Tom got a job in a small bank, still earning only a few dollars a week. It became an obsession with him—Martha earning more than he, even that little wisp of a Mary Martin had an excellent job as head of a department in a large store. One late afternoon he saw his chance. Everyone had gone from the bank and he was left alone to close the vaults and straighten the

desks. As he was about to close the big safety vault, he saw one of the deposit boxes partly open. He remembered whose it was—that old man who insisted on keeping all his money in that box. Swiftly he gathered up the currency; no one would ever know because the old man was considered slightly mad by the townspeople. Stuffing the money in his pocket he turned to go. The door of the vault faced a big window onto the street. He turned quickly to see someone staring at him through that window. It was Mary Martin. Only for a second she was there, and then disappeared. How much had she seen? Tom suddenly became furious with her. What did she mean staring at him that way? He hurriedly locked everything and went to his room in a house not far down the street.

Once in his room, Tom strode up and down, thinking furiously. Should he keep the money? The thought of Martha with her pitying smile irked him. He could show her with that money. He could buy a car and clothes. He'd show her! Then the picture of Mary's wide questioning eyes. If the story appeared in the papers she might report what she had seen. He wished he had been nicer to her in college, but what was the use now?

A sleepless night passed, and Tom went to work in the morning wondering if anyone noticed his haggard eyes and face. The thought of the money in his room haunted him all day. When the old man came in later and discovered the loss, Tom's heart stood still. The cashier promised to search for the money, at the same time comforting the old man with the suggestion that perhaps he had carried it home with him. Several nights later an item appeared in the paper to the effect that the money was missing. Tom read it and shuddered as he thought of those bills under the mattress in his room, and remembered again Mary's face through the window.

Finally he could stand it no longer and one night slipped into the old man's house and returned the money. With that over, he felt suddenly limp and lifeless. He wanted to talk to someone, to confide in someone. Suddenly he thought of Mary. Why not? She knew the circumstances anyway. He walked quickly to her house. One thought burned in his mind—he must tell her—to confess everything, tell her he had returned the money. Finally at her door, he stood waiting nervously. A maid admitted him, and he paced the floor, waiting for Mary's appearance. When she came in, something in him snapped. The tension of those days was released and he found himself kneeling at her feet while she stroked his hair saying, "I knew it, I knew you would return it; I trusted you."

Cooperative Concert Given at Lindenwood

Miss Carolyn Urbaneck, soprano, was the guest artist at the cooperative concert Wednesday evening, March 2, in Roemer auditorium at Lindenwood. The concerts are under the management of Concert Management Arthur Judson, Incorporated, which presents annotated programs furnished by the central organization through which all Cooperative Concert Associations of the United States are nationally associated. All of the programs at St. Charles are presented at Lindenwood in Roemer Auditorium and many students, faculty members, and house mothers attend the concerts, in addition to citizens of St. Charles.

Methodist Minister Interprets Purpose of Life, at Vespers

The Rev. Mr. Ernest Jones was guest speaker at vesper services Sunday evening, February 20, at 6:30 o'clock. His subject was, "Testimony of a Saint".

"Most of us," Rev. Mr. Jones said, "in trying to interpret the meaning and purpose of life, spend our time consulting the book of God's word. It is the greatest book concerning human relations and the attitudes of men and women as they meet life.

"In speaking on the 'Testimony of a Saint', the man I speak about is a scholar, philosopher, a man of public spirit, and great teacher who bears the testimony of a saint.

"This modern saint", Rev. Mr. Jones continued, "has been living 75 years and is now on his way to South Africa to study the racial problems of the people there. He has had ample training in the leading universities of the world. He is a Quaker, which caused him to think intensely and deeply. He has made discoveries and he is trying to tell the world some of the things he has found. His character is one that stands out preeminently. Friends call him their mystic philosopher and patron saint. There is a warm reliance about his character that helps and cheers men and women in all walks of life. He is honored among Christian people all over the world whenever his name is mentioned. He said 'In spite of the darkness, I am still convinced that there is a great pilot above the storm in the darkness who is steering the mighty ship, and I find life a beautiful thing and I find there are vast opportunities for love and for service.' This man is such that in spite of the darkness and chaos there is a pilot steering the ship. Maybe life is a beautiful thing because of what he presents to it. Deeds of kindness to others has been that saint's idea of life."

The Rev. Mr. Jones concluded with, "Renew your faith, the great Companion is always there. May we find and may we walk in the fellowship of this great Companion that Rufus Jones, our saint, speaks about."

Friendship Adventures

Rev. Robert W. Fay, St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Overland, was the guest speaker of vesper services Sunday evening, February 27, in Roemer auditorium. He chose for his subject the story of the two disciples who followed Christ when, after asking Him where He lived, He had answered them saying, "Come and see."

Mr. Fay said that today many shallow objectives were weakening the church and that too many individuals were not certain of the finer things that they wanted out of life.

"In the story of the disciples it was a momentous case of love at first sight," he said. "Never once did he use force and clever logic; it was an instinctive feeling of love and beauty that these two helpers felt toward Christ. They were willing to adventure with him in friendship.

"Today adventuring with Christ means going into conflict of all sorts. The call of Christ is 'come and see' and we enter a life of sharing work and worship. The Christian religion is not primarily a philosophy or even a theology; it is an adventure in friendship. There is forgiveness to be given and sought."

Mr. Fay spoke briefly on the sentiment of Easter and the often

frivolous attitude that some people have toward this beautiful day. "We can all experience a new and thrilling sensation if we enter the season before Easter as adventurers in friendship with Christ."

Mr. McPherson at Vespers

Asks "What do you think about God?"

Rev. L. V. McPherson, new pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of St. Charles, was guest speaker at vespers, Sunday, February 13. He spoke on "God In Our Thinking".

Rev. Mr. McPherson said that life is not what it ought to be if we do not think of God. It is the forming of ideas of God that mold our character and lead us into the proper channel of life. No matter where you go you swap ideas with different people and talk about God.

"If you were being led by your own thinking of God, you would do well", said Mr. McPherson, "Imagine a life without God—we may not know much about him but if we know he is Father to all of us, we should be able to launch our own boats. The Bible contains the story of God and also tells us that God is a 'spirit', a 'person', and 'our heavenly Father'. There have been only two presidents in the United States that have not been church members. It is what we do, that determines what we become".

In conclusion Mr. McPherson gave his own opinion of God. He said that he thought of God as being a person; an individual, possessing personality, and as a human. "He feels what we feel; He suffers when we suffer; and He is pouring his soul in the world with the soul of a human being.

"He is a spirit and they that worship him must do so both in spirit and in truth. Rev. Mr. McPherson then closed with the question, "What do you think about God?"

JUST A-SNOOPIN'

It all started with a date last Sunday afternoon. Since then things have certainly been flying. Dozens of flowers during the week just so she won't forget. A very nice gesture, John.

Poor little Mary Achard just can't quite see her way clear. We would like to take a peek at her date book and see which one she has put at the top. Sailor? Tate? O.F.? Columbia? Ottawa? You guess, we're tired of guessing.

Who was it who went to see the "Shadow" and then complained all week because she couldn't have a date until Friday? We wonder what Slim thinks about that.

My! My! Everyone is so excited about the big affair Saturday night. Something new in the line of entertainment, we suppose is what is making everyone look forward to the Washington University invasion of our campus.

A Flora, Ill., student of last year came back to visit last week end. We wonder if she really thought the boy Becky was dancing with was Tate. A very embarrassing instance of mistaken identity. Maybe she just didn't remember, or did it have something to do with the peculiar circumstances of the date she had with him last spring?

There's a boy in our town who goes about things in the right way. Whom are you thinking of dating now, Richie?

What Niccoli's sophomore is in the habit of writing to what former All-American from Washington U. It's no use, gal. He seems to prefer that gal in Ayres named Mary!

SPORTS

New Baseball Head

The Athletic Association met Wednesday at 5 p. m. in the library club rooms. The roll was called after which the minutes of the last meeting were read. There was a brief discussion of spring sports and Mildred Anderson was elected head of baseball and volley ball.

Lindenwood Stood High In Archery Contest

The results of the archery tournament have finally arrived. Lindenwood placed fifth among all the colleges to compete. According to the number of teams competing, Lindenwood was in fifteenth place. This doesn't sound so well until one studies the results more carefully. Thirteen schools, mostly universities, did not even place in the first 21 places. Then, too, on careful examination it was seen that there were only four schools ahead of Lindenwood. Los Angeles Junior College had sent in nine teams so they took nine of the fifteen places. Then Connecticut State College sent three teams. The other two places were Alfred University and Phoenix Junior College. So Lindenwood actually got fifth place. The line up is as follows:

- 1—Los Angeles Junior College.
- 2—Phoenix Junior College.
- 3—Connecticut State College.
- 4—Alfred University.
- 5—Lindenwood College.
- 6—Oregon Normal College.
- 7—Ventura Junior College.
- 8—University of Wichita.

Let Electricity Do The Work

A demonstration of an electric mixer was given to the home economics department Tuesday afternoon from 4:30 to 6 p. m. in the cooking laboratory by representatives of the Union Electric Company of St. Louis. The girls watched the functions of the mixer and made comparison of time required in mixing by hand and by the electric mixer. They inspected the various machine attachments for slicing and beating, and also the different sizes of the machines made.

Mrs. Wolf, the demonstrator, made an angel food cake and three-minute icing, the meringue for a chocolate pie, and demonstrated the mixing of ice-box cookies.

Prizes of cook books, pastry sets, and the angel food cake that was made, were given to those present. Aileen Vandiver won the angel food cake and insisted that the cake be cut and all attending the demonstration be given a piece.

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Song Hits of The Week

Barb—"Moonlight and Roses".
Waxenberg—"With Plenty of Money and You."
Marajane—"Breezing Along with the Breeze."
Richie—"It's Wonderful."
Nancy—"Chain Store Daisy."
Boenker—"This Little Ripple Had Rhythm."
"Little Nell"—"Something Has Happened."
Joanne—"My Secret Love Affair."
Slim—"The Snake Charmer of Old Bagdad."
Mary A.—"Tormented."
Heinie—"Let's Give Love Another Chance."
Mary Mangold—"I've Got a New Romance."
Schroeder—"If I Look Like I Feel."
Goose—"I'm Always in the Mood for You."
Barney—"Who Knows."
Sarge—"What Shall I Tell My Heart?"
Dot Keyes—"You Have Everything."
Mildred Jane—"I Know Now."
E.G.—"Ain't Misbehavin'."
Totsy—"I'm the One Who Loves You."
Bro.—"So Many Memories."
Marilyn—"In the Still of the Night."
Mary K.—"There's a Lull in My Life."
La Verne—"You're the Top."

Opening of Bible Week

Mrs. Overton Speaks in Auditorium

On Sunday evening at vesper services, March 6, Mrs. Grace Sloan Overton spoke on "Spiritual Interest. What is it?"

She began by saying, "Talks that thrilled me when I was a young girl in college, you would call sentimental."

She continued, "Can we have emancipation and justice at the same time? Biologically we are an emancipated race. We are in a dilemma. The sociologists say the public is beginning to crack-down on human liberties."

"Sophistication is but a garment we slip on to hide how deeply we feel. A 'strut' is a person who has an inferiority complex."

"We have psychology, yet with a ruthlessness. We use our psychology to bag people."

She quoted a young man of her acquaintance as having said, "We are morally emancipated, we can do things our parents were told they couldn't do and be decent."

"If all you learn at college is a skill, you are no good. When you are out one-third will understand the trends of world affairs, others will be able to pronounce the words, such as Fascism, Communism and others."

"Youth is going to have to get hold of something far more real and definite than they have yet done. What is the controlling motive of your life? Are your conflicts all on the same level?"

Mrs. Overton told what Christianity has to offer. "First, we need a God that becomes a point, a strength that gives meaning to life. As Shrewood Eddy has said 'Christianity gives dignity to human life. We are best equipped to be Christians with all our scientific basis'."

She quoted Mary Woolley;—"Humanity is off on the wrong foot. We must help youth to be remotivated."

Mrs. Overton ended by saying, "Christian faith can remotivate. We have a bigger world, and more instruments to use, but unless we find a guiding power we will con-

tinue to go on in this devastating way. We must come to grips with life's realities." She closed with a prayer.

Seen and Heard

There is one young man who chooses to park his car on Sibley's front lawn when he brings his date back to the college. Who can this unique person be?

A certain boy was recently a victim of circumstances in a crowded car one dark and stormy night. Some people got a good laugh from it anyway.

What is this strange power which "Blows" over the girls—Joe?

An attractive brunette who leads a certain St. Louisan a dog's life is getting some of her own medicine. There's such a thing as carrying a thing too far—or is there?

"All the world loves a lover", but fickle guys are out! Aren't they Millie?

A freshman at the last date dance tried to put the skids under another freshman. Is it just an old Okla. custom? It's alright to play, as long as you don't play up to another girl's date.

We need more freshmen who insult upperclassmen by sitting down in the chair right under the nose of both in a crowded tea room.

A group of the more conscientious girls have decided that they want a community project. So "Parks" seem to be right in line. Is it those uniforms again? There's just something about an aviator.

Joan even has the guys skidding to her. What about those breaks?

What was the matter with Jack the other night? Doogy, take care of him.

FASHION NOTES
totsy

If you're getting spring fever, get a new outfit; it's a grand tonic, and really amazing how good it can make you feel. Only six days until the vernal equinox, so the gypsy in you is bound to appear soon, and you'll get the "wanderlust." But don't go out without your coat!

Shades of pink and blue—light, pale or gaudy—are the season's smartest intriguing elements, not only for coats but for everything. Also, checks, tweeds and plaids rank high in the latest spring mode, fashioned on that "hang loose" line.

The rose colored full length coat with a stitched collar, rolled at the back, stitched shoulders and full sleeves which Barbara Dale wears is one of the most stunning ones yet to be seen. Evelyn Rickabaugh's is a black, neutral, and Parisian combination in large plaid. It is three-quarter length with padded shoulders, and an added touch is given by the sweat tail. Jo Anne Bryan has chosen a black and white checked swagger coat with box shoulders and buttons down the front.

For tweed, the beige and brown combination, that makes Kay Lovitt's coat smart, is among the attractive selections. It has full sleeves; hangs very loose from the shoulders and has four patch pockets which make it extra clever.

Use these next few weeks to the best advantage by brightening up your wardrobe with a coat of irresistible color; the short coat is especially good, for it reveals lovely print skirts beneath it, and the dauby effect is popular once more. Non-matching accessories which blend in tone create a likable feature in the on-coming fashion, particularly if one is an ardent defender of "much color." Be brilliant, choose several colors instead of one.

WHO'S WHO

Her hair is blond, naturally curly, and worn in a rather long bob. A bright twinkle is found in her blue eyes, and her gay laughter can be heard anywhere from the stables to the tennis courts. Who is that popular sophomore member of the Student Board? We'll leave it to you!

OUR BLIND ALLEY

By Elizabeth Anne Field, '41

At the end of a very narrow street two Spanish stucco houses blinded the way to oncoming traffic. I couldn't see them from my bed, but I blinked at them through the tears that the west wind stung into my eyes every afternoon as I turned into the open of the court on my way from school. I knew that on the northwest corner of the street stood a dirty white house, the roof of which was pulled down over the second story windows like an oversized hat. Farther east a comfortable white colonial home looked across a broad side lawn to a green-trimmed ivory-colored dwelling. A short concrete drive separated it from a barn-like white structure next to which insistent weeds covered a vacant lot.

I rolled over in bed and looked out of the window. The two boys who lived next door to us were flying kites in that vacant lot. The wind tossed their toys in a cloudless sky as Jack and Jimmy steered the tangle of string sticks, and bright green paper between rows of telephone wires which wove back and forth high above the weeds. As I lazily watched the boys Jimmy caught his toe in a bed of dead leaves and fell awkwardly to the ground. His loud cries screeched in my ears, and I saw him stumble across the badly cracked and poorly mended court to his gray stucco home. A skimpy porch ran far enough around that house so that on warm summer evenings we could talk to the Crow family from our side porch as they lounged on theirs. Our house, a very conventional two-story building, nearly spilled over a tiny lawn. A double driveway, on which the children of the neighborhood skated in the spring and fall and bicycled in the summer, stretched between our side entrance and that of the twin adjoining house. Still farther west the only bungalow on the court shrunk shyly beside another vacant lot. I closed my eyes and began again the familiar round of two Spanish stucco homes, a dirty white house, a comfortable colonial home.

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Sidelights of Society

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Guests

The first dinner of the year given in the home economics apartment by the class in Foods Buying and Preparation was given last Tuesday night.

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer were the guests of Sara Lee Auerbach and Sue Smith. Miss Ruth Hess, an aunt of Sara Lee's was also a guest. Miss Anderson, the instructor of the home economics department was included in the guest list.

The menu consisted of the following: tomato soup, melba toast, radish roses and celery, swiss steak, with mushrooms, potato boats, cauliflower pear nest salad, hot rolls, jelly apple pie with cheese, and coffee.

Each girl plans and prepares the entire meal. She is allotted \$3.50 for the buying of the food for the meal. Two meals are given each week, which each girl has planned prepared, and is hostess to. She serves the meal, as no maids are provided at an informal dinner.

The color scheme of Sara Lee's and Sue's dinner was red and white. The centerpiece of red tulips and white snapdragons carried out the colors.

Dr. Gipson on Platform With University Deans

Dr. Gipson has recently returned from the meeting of the National Association of Deans in Atlantic City. In her address before that body on "The Function of the Academic Dean", Dr. Gipson urged that the academic dean should be on the alert for any necessary changes in the curriculum, for curricula do become outworn and adjustments are necessary. She said that the dean should be ready to defend the freedom of speech of the students in controversies which arise. Institutions of this country must be on the alert to prevent the loss of freedom of speech in the schools, which has occurred in the Fascist and Nazi schools, she stated. A third function of the academic dean is to consider the needs of each individual student. She should always adopt a reasonable attitude and realize that concessions have to be made, that a curriculum which fits one student does not suit all. The student should be adjusted to the type of work she can best do.

On the afternoon that Dr. Gipson spoke, there were on the program speeches by Dean Allyn of Mt. Holyoke, Dean Voigt of Ohio State University, Dean Yost of Stanford University, and Dr. Ruth Strang of Columbia University, with Dean Lloyd of the University of Michigan presiding.

While in the East, Dr. Gipson saw Miss Alice Parker, now on a leave of absence from the college and studying at Yale University; Dr. Eleanor Tupper, Academic Head of the Emma Willard School in Troy, New York, who was formerly in the history department here; and Dr. Marguerite Appleton, also formerly of the history department here, who is now Dean at Groves City College in Pennsylvania.

Marajane Francis spent the weekend at her home in Kansas City, Mo., with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Francis. They drove to Boonville, Mo., Saturday where she attended the military dance at Kemper that evening.

Nautical Motif and Gay Spring Colors

The sophomore class of Lindenwood sponsored a date dance last night in the gym of Butler hall. The class was assisted in receiving by Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Dr. Gregg, the class sponsor, Dr. Betz, Dr. Benson and Kathryn Wagner of El Dorado, Kan., who is class president.

The nautical motif was carried out in the decoration of the gymnasium. Blue and white scalloped crepe paper hung from the ceiling and a large blue and white figure of a sailor presided at one end of the hall. A large white anchor gleamed on the back ground at the other end. The side walls were hung with life-preservers.

Charles Eby's orchestra from St. Louis played for the dance. There were about 200 in attendance and the girls were eccentrically dressed in the gayest of spring colors. Becky Lou Cox wore a dress of Chinese red chiffon with silver accessories. Betty Schroeder was dressed in flowing orange chiffon with white satin slippers. One of the most unusual dresses of the evening was a turquoise blue chiffon worn by Caroline McCormick. She matched her gown with a blue net veil which hung from the back of her forehead to her waist. Bernadine Rubins was attractive in a gown of white net with a sailor collar and puffed sleeve. The front of the dress was made sailor style. Her accessories were of silver and she wore a white gardenia in her hair.

Fine Experimental Dinner

Jeanette Scroggin gave a dinner in the home economics apartment Thursday night, March 10. Her guests were Dr. Gipson, Miss Anderson, Mary Beth Baptist, Betty White, and Sara Lee Auerbach.

The centerpiece was made of yellow tulips and white snapdragons. The menu consisted of fruit cocktail; spiced ham loaf, horseradish sauce, carrot and celery jello salad, sweet potatoes, creamed Brussel sprouts; hot rolls; grape jelly; melba peaches; cup cakes and coffee.

The dinner was served at 6 o'clock.

Dorothy Lawhon, a first semester student at Lindenwood who transferred at the beginning of the second semester, has been made society editor of the Arkansas Gazette. She writes that she finds the work both fascinating and interesting; in addition to her position on the local paper she is studying journalism and dramatics at a junior college of Little Rock.

Miss Anne Marie Kistner, former student and graduate of Lindenwood entertained at her home Sunday evening, February 27, with a buffet dinner following the St. Louis Symphony popular concert given that afternoon. The guests included Beverly Mayhall, Betty White, Mary Benner, Margaret Anne McCoid, Doris Danz, Margaret Hull, Anna Ruth Seaman, all of Lindenwood and Alma Reitz and May Ruth Tyler, both graduates of Lindenwood.

Martha Denious, Georgianne Theis, and Avis Saunders spent the weekend in St. Louis with their mothers Mrs. J. C. Denious, Mrs. Otto Theis, and Mrs. J. E. Saunders of Dodge City, Kansas. Miss Helene Marie Zimmerman, Dodge City, and her mother Mrs. B. F. Zimmerman also visited the girls during the weekend.

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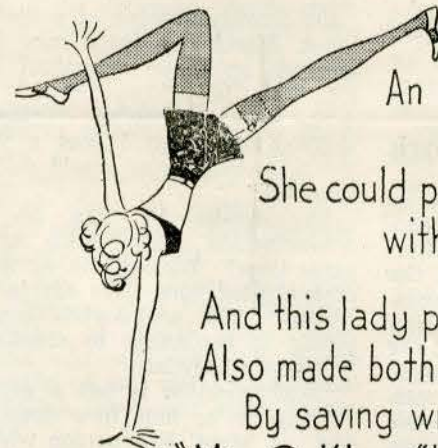
EVELYN HOFFMAN, Prop.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Reeves are the parents of a daughter Beverly Jean, born February 17. Mr. Reeves was formerly Jeanette Parker a student of Lindenwood last year. The young daughter is already becoming educated to the importance of clothes as she has a complete layette which boasts of many pretty dresses, coats, and bonnets.

Gertrude Schmidt spent the weekend at her home in Boonville, Mo., where she attended the military dance at Kemper Saturday night.

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