

LINDEN BARK

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\$1.00 A YEAR

From the Office of the Dean

The grades for the first six weeks of school are out, and as a whole, Dr. Gipson is very pleased with them, especially the many good records set by the new freshman class. Lindenwood is still holding to its high standard of scholarship, and this reflects credit on those students who have done so well.

Announcement has been made of the annual Christmas Story contest, with the request that all stories be in the Dean's office by Monday, December 2. The winning story will be published in the literary supplement of the Linden Bark on December 10.

Dr. Gipson, Dr. Roemer, and Mr. Motley attended the meeting of the Missouri College Union in connection with the Missouri State Teachers' Convention, held this year at St. Louis University.

Dr. Gipson also announces that work on the new catalog for this year is to be begun this week.

Elda Vettori, Opera Star, To Sing at Lindenwood

Dr. Roemer has announced that he has secured Elda Vettori, soprano of the St. Louis grand opera, to come to Lindenwood and give a concert Monday night, November 18.

Miss Vettori is a St. Louisan of Italian birth. Mrs. Roemer met her at a concert last week and is very enthusiastic about the coming program. "She is very pretty and has the most charming personality of any opera singer I have ever seen," Mrs. Roemer says. "Her costumes are beautiful and she changes them according to the song." Miss Vettori expressed delight at meeting Mrs. Roemer and said she thought Lindenwood a wonderful institution and had always wished she could come here.

Miss Vettori sings the role of Liu in the opera "Turandot" at St. Louis this season.

When she sings here, Miss Vettori will be accompanied by Mr. Fries.

Flowers In Loving Memory

Four very lovely bouquets of autumn flowers decorated the graves of Major and Mrs. Sibley on Founders' Day. The St. Louis Lindenwood Club presented one lovely floral piece made of deep bronze chrysanthemum buds surrounded by hot-house ferns and autumn leaves. Similar bunches of autumn leaves and yellow pompon chrysanthemums were laid on each of the two graves, and another decoration was a large bouquet of yellow and white chrysanthemums.

The girls in Dr. Linnemann's art department were responsible for the care of the graves of the founders of Lindenwood, and the lovely autumn flowers were most effective in the cemetery.

Mrs. Roemer's Party Tours South to "Egypt"

Wednesday, October 30, Mrs. Roemer and Mrs. Roberts, Miss Hough, Mrs. Wenger, Miss Blackwell and Mrs. LeMaster, the house-mothers, enjoyed a trip through the southern part of Illinois. They left at eight o'clock in the morning, and with Frank driving, they went through St. Louis and East St. Louis, and then followed the highway to Carbondale, Ill. In that city they drove through the prominent streets and viewed the churches and other buildings. The Southern Illinois State Teachers' College is in Carbondale, and the party drove through the grounds and saw a number of interesting buildings.

Driving south they reached Makanda where the state Giant City park, is located. At the entrance is the Old Stone Fort. The drive through the grounds was very interesting. The name of this park originated from the great pile of rocks that is laid off in squares not unlike a city block. Lack of time prohibited the party from visiting the old fort that is on the top of these hills. All through this section of the country are found continuations of the Ozark hills and it is often called the "foot of the Ozarks".

From Makanda, the group drove through Cogdon to Anna. The roads in this section of the country are rolling and scenic. While in Anna, they drove through the grounds of the Southern Illinois State Hospital, which are considered very beautiful.

From Anna, they went on to Cairo the destination of the trip. It is one of the oldest towns in the state and is full of historical places. The Halliday Hotel, where the party had dinner, was formerly the St. Charles Hotel and was prominent during the civil war. There is a room in the hotel with the original furniture that General Grant used when he occupied the room during the civil war. Driving through the streets of the town, the party especially noticed the large homes with magnolia trees.

One of the most interesting views was that of the large cotton fields near Cairo where cotton was being picked. Cairo is in the extreme southern part of the state, in the region often called "Egypt", as the Mississippi and Ohio rivers unite to form a delta.

On the return trip, they drove along the Mississippi river and crossed on the bridge at Cape Girardeau. The housemothers enjoyed the trip and thank Mrs. Roemer for a very enjoyable day.

Art Class Elects

The Art Class has recently elected the following officers: Doris Lee Atteberry, president; Thelma Langston, vice-president; Gracia Lou Arnold, recording secretary; Imogene Hirsch, secretary; and Rene Kiskadden, treasurer.

Lindenwood In Excellent Financial Condition

At the semi-annual meeting of Lindenwood's Board of Directors, Monday morning, October 28, reports were given showing an excellent state of finances. The college is out of debt, and has managed to remain so through all the depression. The various departments were represented as flourishing.

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer afterward entertained the board members at luncheon in the dining room. Among the men attending the meeting were Dr. David M. Skilling, Webster Groves; Dr. Arnold H. Lowe, St. Louis; Mr. John T. Garrett, Mr. Thomas H. Cobbs, Mr. A. B. Shapleigh, of St. Louis; Dr. B. Kurt Stumberg of St. Charles; Mr. Lee Montgomery of Sedalia; Mr. George B. Cummings of Webster Groves, and Dr. Roemer.

Lindenwood Inaugurates New Pipeless Organ

It was a treat on Founders' Day for Lindenwood to hear the splendid, full tones of an organ in Roemer Auditorium. There was a fitting statement about the morning services which had not before been achieved. So pleased was everyone that Mr. Friess' recital scheduled for 8 o'clock in the evening was looked forward to with considerable eagerness. Now did the recital prove a disappointment.

Mr. Friess very graciously explained the possibilities of the Hammond organ before beginning his program. Many excited and pleased comments were heard throughout the room as the organist demonstrated a few of the many lovely solo stops such as the flute, harp, clarinet, French horn, and oboe. The recital which followed gave that impression of serene, full-toned loveliness which only an organ can produce.

The instrument has not the majesty of the great organ with its impressive line of mighty pipes; nevertheless the splendid tones are there, and an organist, skilled as is Mr. Friess, may find lovely music at his command. As these statements would indicate, the pipeless organ is only a substitute, but as such is a splendid and practical invention. For those who cannot afford the tremendous expense of a great pipe organ this would seem a real opportunity.

Orators For Peace

This week the preliminary hearing of the oratorical contest will be given in Roemer Auditorium. This contest is preliminary to the State contest of the Intercollegiate Peace Association to be held in Columbia, Mo., November 16.

Among those taking part in the contest will be: Maxine Elsner, Helen Bandy, Clara Bishop and Lorraine Pyle.

All Forces Combine For Happy Founders' Day

Splendid Programs and Many Guests For Festal Observance.

One of the most eventful days in the school year at Lindenwood is Founders' Day, which was celebrated Thursday, October 24. On this day a warm, hospitable spirit seems always to prevail throughout the numerous activities, and it was so refreshing to hear the laughter coming from small groups of girls gathered around some favored alumna who had returned to celebrate the 108th birthday of her alma mater.

Lindenwood is usually blessed with lovely weather on Founders' Day, and as the day comes in the month of October, the campus manages to look its best for the many visitors and friends of Lindenwood. Both the weather and the campus were delightful last Thursday.

The spirit of the students, the return of so many of the graduates, the entertaining program, and the very thought that the college had set aside that day to express gratitude to those who were responsible for making Lindenwood what it is today, all went to make an anniversary that none will forget.

Veteran Board Official Gives Lindenwood Memoirs

The first exercises of Founders' Day were held in Roemer Auditorium at 11 o'clock.

The choir, dressed in white, opened the program, with "O Mother Dear, Jerusalem" as the processional hymn. The singers were accompanied, on the organ, by Rachel Hinman.

Dr. Roemer presided, and the invocation was given by Dr. Case, head of the department of religion. Following the invocation the choir sang "God's Treasures" by Sibelius.

Dr. D. M. Skilling, pastor of the Webster Groves Presbyterian Church and vice-president of Lindenwood's Board of Directors, gave the address of the morning. In his talk he recalled interesting bits from the history of Lindenwood. First, Dr. Skilling mentioned Mary Easton Sibley, the founder of the college. She was born in New York in 1800. At the age of three she was brought to St. Louis where her father, Rufus Easton, had been sent by the President of the United States to investigate the Aaron Burr case. He later decided to make his home in that city, and became the first postmaster of St. Louis.

Mary Easton married Maj. George Champlin Sibley in 1815, at the age of 15 years. They settled on 120 acres of land which they owned near St. Charles, and here they later established a school for young ladies calling "Linden Wood".

The speaker told of the acceptance

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Linden Bark

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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1935

The Linden Bark:

November's days are thirty:
November's earth is dirty.
But of all the months when earth is greener
Not one has clean skies that are cleaner.

Philip Edward Thomas, "November"

Anniversaries Akin, Armistice Day and Election Day

At eleven o'clock, November 11, 1918, a treaty was signed to end an era of world war—this undoubtedly is being kept a secret from Mussolini. Men labored and tasked themselves at conferences to draw up a treaty that would be agreeable to each country in order to free the world from disaster. Mussolini now laughs in the face of the Armistice and to satisfy his own whim for personal greatness and desire for territorial expansion, begins a conflict that may entangle the whole world.

Of course students do not want the United States to become involved. There is little they can do, but they as students can learn something of their country, learn the causes of war both economic and political and ways in which it can be prevented. These students are to be the educated men and women of tomorrow—the future leaders, and it is their duty to have some understanding of political and economic affairs and take more active interest in them than has been done in the past.

Saying that they do not want war does not mean that students are unpatriotic or un-American. Patriotism means love for country. America was born in a search for life, liberty, and happiness. Then to love it must they throw it into a state where force, death, and sorrow prevail? To love it they should uphold the things for which it was born.

Freshman Adaptability Much Admired

The freshmen have been here for six weeks and they have fallen in with the Lindenwood spirit with alacrity. They all seem to realize that they are representatives of their home towns and are doing their best to make a good impression—and succeeding.

The freshman party is to be in the near future and everyone is looking forward to it eagerly. The students all think that the freshman will prove able and charming hostesses.

The class is a large one and promises to be one of the finest that has ever entered Lindenwood. The school is proud of its freshman class, whose members, although so numerous, are falling into line with the gracious modes and manners which always distinguish "the Lindenwood girl". By Thanksgiving, it is predicted, each freshman will have quite the air of having always lived here.

Miss Rice Speaks At Triangle Club

The first meeting of the Triangle Club was held Monday evening, October 21, at which time Miss Rice, a new science teacher at Lindenwood gave interesting statistics on "Women in the Field of Science".

Plans were made for the annual science exhibit in the spring at the meeting, and Guinivere Wood was elected treasurer of the organization.

Poems Read By Authors

The Poetry Society met Thursday night, October 17, in the library club rooms. A joint meeting with Sigma Tau Delta was planned, in order to sell the remainder of the volumes of "Lindenwood Verse".

The society made plans for the remainder of the year. The members will be guests at Dr. Gregg's home at their next meeting.

The remainder of the time was spent reading and critiquing each other's poetry.

Distinguished Guests At Noon Dinner

Lindenwood entertained 70 guests at dinner on Founders' Day. Additional tables had been put into use and the dining room was practically filled. The tables were very attractive with a bouquet of small yellow and white flowers on each table. At Dr. and Mrs. Roemer's table were the distinguished guests: Mrs. David Hardy, of Waterloo, Ill., a graduate of '76; Mrs. R. C. Morris, president of the St. Louis Lindenwood Club; Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Ryan of St. Louis; and Dr. and Mrs. D. M. Skilling.

The menu was particularly attractive and the guests lingered a long time. Each class sang its new songs. The senior song, written by Martha Perry, was very clever. Fruit cocktail was followed by chicken salad, fresh tomatoes, french-fried potatoes, lima beans, and of course, hot rolls, butter, cottage cheese, cranberries, and olives. Chocolate pie with whipped cream topped off this most excellent meal.

COLLEGE DIARY

Gy F. W.

Thursday, Oct. 24. Well today was Founders' Day. Our room was full of strange coats and stuff. I wonder if I'll be coming back after 50 years? The dance recital was better than it ever had been before. There is a great deal of talent in that freshman class. Charlotte York was grand. Those of us who have been here before take off our hats to Mildred Rhoton. "Madaguena" was better than ever this year. Also honorable mention goes to Mary Roush. Not only can she dance, but she stagemanages as well.

Tonight the organ recital sort of left us up in the air. I hope they keep it for it certainly will add to our programmes.

Friday, Oct. 25. There was a football game at St. Charles High School tonight but I won't mention the result...I'm glad six weeks' exams and papers are over.

Sunday, Oct. 27. What kind of people are these that go around losing the necessities of life? We have one in Ayres on second floor. We're having another rainy spell. Just like the tropics, only not so dense.

Monday, Oct. 28. Blue Monday and more rain. Mildred Rhoton was on time to American Lit, much to Dr. Gregg's surprise. Among others present was Kathryn Fox. Nice to see you Kay! It seems to me that the students might have a little consideration for the teachers around here. Dr. Gregg might have fallen over in a dead faint.

Tuesday, Oct. 29. Had a caller at seven o'clock this morning. It wasn't raining outside but it surely was inside. If you ever want to get up at the bust of dawn, just notify Miss Ellis.

Wednesday, Oct. 30. The gym is getting to look like Halloween sure 'nuff. Space should be given right here to Margaret Taylor and Betty Baker for their work over there. It has been said that two people cannot decorate the gym, but I believe about half the student body felt that they would let them try it. Well they did it and it looks grand, girls.

Last minute report: Ye ghosts and ghostlings! Mrs. Sibley's Ghost played tonight at twelve o'clock. I never did believe in ghosts (much) but I'm well on the road to being convinced.

Thursday, Oct. 31. The dinner was spooky and fun tonight. And the dance was a scream. But weren't the Special Maids of Honor and the Maids of Honor beautiful? Of course the Queen was the grandest one of all. You certainly looked Regal, Queenie. I like the new way of introducing the girls. It was like having a Veiled Prophet Ball right here on campus.

Special credit goes to the faculty members who came in costume, they were all clever and interesting.

In the excitement of the Queen and the party, I almost forgot Dr. Rollo Walter Brown. He just thrills me to death. I wish we could have him once a week as a steady diet.

Friday, Nov. 1. Everybody is leaving for the city, so once more we'll have peace and quiet. Go early and stay late, girls, it's quite all right with us.

Monday, Nov. 4. Well, tomorrow the paper comes out so I'll get some mail for a change. Blue Monday again. Wish they'd just skip Mondays for a month.

Tea Room Pies Are Home-Made.

Student Board Echoes

I needs must be serious this time—on account of the Student Board has buckled down to serious business. We actually feel that 'most everyone on campus realizes we exist at least, and that is something—after only six weeks of school and Student Chapel once a week. On Tuesday y' know. The main ignominious burden lodging so heavily on our frail shoulders at the moment, is just how long we can keep the new privileges if you continue to break what rules we have. They aren't very strict and it's the easiest thing in the world to observe them. How's about it, gang?

Margaret Taylor

(Continued from page 1)

of the school by the Presbytery of St. Louis and later of its charter from the state. By direction of the board, and through the inspiration of a succession of wise presidents, and by the munificence of the late Col. and Mrs. James Gay Butler, the beautiful buildings of today have been erected, said Dr. Skilling. "The presidents pass before us as we recall the life of this growing college; Mrs. Sibley, Dr. Schenck, Dr. Barbour, Prof. Strother, Mr. Watson, Dr. Nixon, Mrs. Merman, Dr. Irwin, Mrs. MacMillan, Miss Jennings, Dr. Knight, Dr. Reaser, Dr. Ayres, Dr. Hendy and Dr. Roemer. Many teachers and instructors through the years have carefully and intelligently and effectively guided students and raised the standards of the college."

"The worth of this college" he continued "is discovered in the character and the influence of the women who have been graduated here. Lindenwood has always had the purpose to give to every young lady who enters its doors a complete education of the body, the mind, and the spirit."

Miss Pearl Walker, of the music department, sang two selections, "Memories" by Crescenzo and "Bless This House" by Brahe. As usual, Miss Walker thrilled the audience with her beautiful voice and her exquisite stage presence.

The recessional was "School of Our Mothers" Lindenwood's college hymn.

Commercial Club Initiation

Eighteen new members of the Commercial Club were initiated at a meeting of the club held Tuesday afternoon in the club room. Miss Allyn, sponsor of the group, welcomed the new members to the club and told them of some of the activities of the club. Besides a formal tea, which is an annual affair of the club, the entire group with their sponsor have one evening of the year set aside for purely social enjoyment. On this night the girls usually attend a play or some other form of entertainment in St. Louis.

Ruth Howe, president of the organization, read the pledge to the new members.

Although the new officers are elected in the spring of each year it was necessary to elect a vice-president at the meeting and Elma Milhouse was elected to this office.

New members of the club are: Emily Jane Buxton, Ruth McCall, Thelma Riske, Emma J. Wood, Janet Burroughs, Marie Cohen, Margaret Wepfer, Dorothy Bottani, Miriam McCormick, Florence Whitmore, Katherine Foltz, Sue Smith, Lorraine Barrett, Jean Wyatt, Marguerite Echelemer, Dorothy Beaumont, Helen Wiley, and Betty Clark.

Read The Linden Bark.

NEW LINDENWOOD POETS

The Lindenwood Chapter of the College Poetry Society sponsored again this year a contest for the encouragement of creative work. The girl submitting the best verse was to be given free membership in the Poetry Society, which included a subscription to *College Verse*, its official publication. Margaret Taylor, a senior, has received this award. Others who have become members of the organization because of the outstanding work which they submitted are: Ethel Gard Barry, Harriet Bruce, Ethel Burgard, and Johnsie Flock.

(At a meeting of the Poetry Society in the Library Club Room October 17, the poems written by the new members were read. Some of the most interesting of these are printed below.)

NIGHT SHADOWS

By Margaret Taylor

Long black fingers
Stray across grass
In the moon glow,
Wavering.....
They fade into the dull,
Dark shadows
Of the night.

RAIN—THROUGH A WINDOW

By Margaret Taylor

Shining beads of water,
Dripping against the glass,
Slip through tiny crevices
And drop upon the sill,
Forming crystallized pools,
Becoming a heavy force.
The pools are ugly now;
But still the rain beats down,
Down upon the earth
And on the window pane;
Becomes a blinding sheet
Of silvered darting arrows—
Sighing, I turn away,
But the brilliance calls me back.

ACCIDENT

By Margaret Taylor

A slender black shadow,
A night time silhouette,
A tender breeze across the meadow.
You dance—a twirling pirouette
Spinning dizzily, you fall;
An ill-timed leap,
A broken heap,
A ghostly shadow on the wall.

MUSIC OF WAR

By Ethel Burgard

What folly to feel the glorious
surge of spirit that comes
With the tramping of feet, and the
stir of drums.
Is it not a clever trap of fife and
drums?
Would your feet lift gladly without
the joyous strain?
Surely the mock terror of war is not
revealed in these,
The sounds of joy, wafted along,
light as the breeze.
Rather let the marching song
Be heavy and solemn, a funeral
dirge, a sad refrain;
For that is the theme borne to
hearts filled with pain,
And with grief for those who are
departed, gone!

HANDS

By Ethel Burgard

Slender white hands,
Soft, dainty and smooth,
Hovering over old china and silver.
White butterflies fluttering
About the candles lit for tea:
The hands of a lady.

Grubby hands,
Stubby, work-worn,
Stained, almost black;
Dull black beetle at a task:
The hands of the earth laborer.

Loving hands,
Care-worn, yet kind,
Soothing and gentle.
Patience in every gesture:
Hands of a loving mother.

Nervous hands,
Fingers impatient with life,
Eager to grasp, to fidget with wait:
The hands of a nervous man.

COMFORT

By Johnsie Flock

Eyes green as new spring grass,
Plump body sleek and shining gray,
A gray plume of tail
Waving lazily, malignantly,
Warm and soft in the chill autumn
sun:
Lying curled up,
Singing drowsily,
On a green painted lattice fence—
Cat in the sun.

LOST

By Ethel Gard Barry

The sound of something soft break-
ing in two;
Her entrance a flash of gold and
black.
She comes to me smiling—ah, hap-
piness—
And then she goes so sootily, so
sadly—
Carmenoriza, you have gone for-
ever.

TENEMENTS

By Johnsie Flock

A dim, narrow, dirty street,
With the raucous cries of children
Echoing down its length;
Where haggard men
With hunched shoulders
Pled drearily along;
Where tired women
Grasping with chafed hands their
ungainly bundles
And forlorn children clutching at
their skirts
Trudge doggedly
Along the debris-littered walks
And climb a dirty, broken stair
Where great-eyed, gaunt-bodied
children play—
They know no better—
Where the poverty stricken gentle-
man
And his wife
Rub shoulders with the small-time
gangster
And his gaudy moll.
No moon, no sun, no stars,
No love, no life—
Nature in the raw.

CELL CRUCIFIXION

By Ethel Gard Barry

I drew that picture on the cell wall,
People look and wonder why I was
so clever;
But, Oh God, the pain—the suffer-
ing on the face of that pencil
sketch—
Is mine:
The Crucifixion drawn by my
broken pencil
Is gazed upon
By curious people.
I wanted it not to be wondered at;
But God knows, just as Christ
knew:
He suffered on the Cross—and I in
this cell—
I am not, I try not to be a hypo-
crite.
Forgive them—they laugh at my
suffering.

COLOR SKETCH

By Harriet Bruce

Red lips;
Red nails;
Red hair;
Paint the drabness of your life
with red;
Paint your weariness and heart-
lessness
with red;
Resolute lips:
Nervous fingers:
Brittle, professional hair:
Paint them red.
Red for gayety.

ON GETTING UP IN THE MORNING

By Dorothy Franz

A single ring penetrates the silence
of the early morning and, as if it has
accomplished its duty, stops as
abruptly as it has begun. A few
scarcely audible groans, the sound of
a disturbed body turning over, and
then, once again, peaceful quiet. But
an alarm is most delusive: as if it
has only stopped for breath, it re-
news its ringing, increasing in
volume—insistent—yet more in-
sistent. In discord, a succession of
almost inhuman noises struggle forth
from some place under the sheets
until at last one arm, accompanied by
an unintelligible imprecation, springs
out and silences the alarm. A sigh
of contentment, a snuggling farther
down into the covers and a moment-
arily continued slumber.

However, it is then that the real
torment begins. It necessitates all
the will-power that can be mustered
to move one little toe from out of that
haven of comfort. But, influenced by
some hidden strength, which never
fails to surprise the possessor regard-
less of the times it has been experi-
enced an arm, very reluctantly ex-
tended, reaches a stocking. A con-
tinued stretching of an arm and a
series of extremely awkward and un-
comfortable twists of the limbs some-
how miraculously slip all that day's
apparel into its accustomed place,
making it possible, just in time, to
obey the command of the breakfast
bell. And thus another day is begun.

STYLE

By Virginia Morsey

Style is an exacting mistress. She
is a burden upon mankind; yet it is
unlikely that she will ever be dis-
posed of, for she has good qualities
as well as bad. The dictionary de-
fines style as the prevailing mode or
fashion, as in dress. How often that
mode changes; yet how few persons
dare fail to change with it. Styles
are strange creations, for to be sty-
lish a person's dress must be indivi-
dual—not like that of everyone else;
yet his fashion of dress must be
enough like that of the general run
of mankind that it does not appear an-
tiquated. Thus he must be like
others and unlike them.

It is said that women are greater
slaves to style than men are. This
statement may be disputed, for style
is a veritable dictator to men as well
as to women. She tells the men when
they shall begin wearing straw hats;
the time when they shall discard the
straw for the felt; whether their
trousers shall be wide or narrow; and
other equally odd regulations.

Men's styles probably change more
gradually than women's because a
man can wear a suit for a longer
number of years than a woman can
wear a dress. If one looks in a mag-
azine which was published about
seven years ago, the women's styles
appear odd and unbecoming to the

present-day eye. On the other hand,
men's styles are somewhat the same
as those of today. It seems that
style changes move in a sort of cir-
cle. One of the well-known American
newspapers often gives the latest
styles for women's clothes, and it is
remarkable that some of the more
recent styles are replicas of the dress
used in the so-called "gay nineties".

Perhaps it is right for styles to
change. Everyone would become
tired of dressing in the same way all
the time. Then too, the newer styles
are often supposed to give more free-
dom and comfort. Some claim even
that style is a sign of human pro-
gress.

Who changes styles? Is it the dress
designer? To a degree, yes; yet, no,
because if Mary Brown and Jane
Smith don't approve the designers'
styles and if no one wears those cos-
tumes they aren't the style. In the
end, then, it must be Tom, Dick, and
Harry who determine the prevailing
fashion. So after all style is an ex-
acting mistress only in so far as she
is made to be.

A QUIET COVE

By Martha Ann Woltman

In the northern part of Wisconsin,
there is a certain beautiful little lake,
almost hidden away by a dense
growth of forest. Some unappreci-
ative soul prosaically named it Man-
son Lake. It possesses six miles of
winding shore line, which dips in and
out leaving shady little nooks. Its
blue and green coolness enveloped us
last summer when we arrived, tired
and hot, from steaming central Illi-
nois. With a quiet sigh, we gave our-
selves over to two weeks of perfect
ease and enjoyment.

Our cabin was beloved by all of
us, but there was one particular spot
in the immediate surroundings which
grew to be very dear to me. I was
introduced to it the first morning we
were there when my two boy cousins
and I rowed across the lake from our
cabin to this place to fish. We came
from the turbulent lake waves into a
small cove where the water was as
clear as a mirror. I sat in the boat
and looked around with somewhat the
same hushed feeling as a miser
would have upon finding a cave filled
with gold. In a little while we pro-
ceeded to fish, but I rather disgusted
my cousins by my more obvious in-
terest in allowing my eyes to wander
in search of little nooks and crannies
along the shore than in paying atten-
tion to my line. Soon it began to
rain, and the drops fell quickly, mak-
ing hundreds of tiny ripples. Having
no particular desire to become soak-
ed, I persuaded my cousins to row me
to the shaded bank, where, sheltered
by the trees, I walked along and ex-
plored the shore until the rain
stopped.

Another morning we got up at four-
thirty and went to the cove again to
fish. The sun was just coming up,
and the mist had not yet entirely
risen from the water. We sat in the
boat fishing while the mist eddied
around us, giving us the feeling of
being high in the clouds.

The cove grew to be a large part
of my daily life, and it was with great
reluctance that I said good-bye to it.
The last evening, the rest being other-
wise occupied, I took a boat out
alone and rowed across to the cove.
The full moon shone above, hanging
like a great lantern in the sky,
against which were silhouetted tall
rows of black trees. I hope someday
to recapture the wonderful feeling of
utter peace and happiness I had
while quietly sitting there in the
shelter of my cove.

THEATRE FUMES

By Margaret Aloise Bartholomew

It was Saturday evening, and I was anticipating a double thrill! I had a date with my best boy-friend to see Claudette Colbert's latest movie!

After we had been ushered to the only available seats, I settled myself comfortably so that I could enjoy the performance to the utmost. Just as I began to get interested in the picture, I suddenly became aware of a violent sickly sweet smell near me. Sniffing the air furiously, I discovered that the scent came from none other than the "would-be movie star" on my left. Horrors! to think that I, a free, law-abiding citizen, must endure that atrocious odor for one hundred and twenty minutes!

From my first glance I labelled her an audacious "ten-cent-store doll." She was a "peroxide blonde" with a "plastered" finger-wave. Her highly arched brows were penciled in a thin brown line, which irked my critical nature. The girl's long, heavily-beaded "mascaraed" eyelashes curled slyly in an upward fashion, revealing light blue, watery eyes. Her eyelids bore dark eyeshadow. Although I couldn't distinguish what shade she used, I knew it must be either purple or green. Cupid-bow lips of carmine and poppy v-shaped patches of rouge completed her facial make-up. Her artificial finger nails were so pointed that they reminded me of tiger claws; these I observed, were polished a brilliant shade of blue. She was indeed a rare specimen! I could overlook her gaudy beauty, but never would I forgive or forget the scent of her perfume!

I reviewed in my mind the different brands of perfume which I had noticed at ten-cent-store counters. I reached the decision that she must be wearing Mae West's Paris Perfume! Mae, the dynamic, "come up an' see me some-time" lady has given to the public a perfume which "allures and holds men spell-bound." But I sniffed again and decided that perhaps I was mistaken—it might be Cleopatra's Gardenia. (Surely you remember the devastating Egyptian queen who cast her charms upon Caesar and Marc Antony.) I was unable to remember which perfume had the more obnoxious odor. As I have always treasured expensive perfumes and abhorred the cheap grades, the situation proved almost unbearable.

By the time the show was over, I still could not decide which aroma—Cleopatra or Mae West's—the girl was using. Therefore, I concluded that she probably was wearing a combination of both, because I'm sure that Mae West and Cleopatra would be greatly embarrassed if they realized what nauseous effects their perfume had produced.

HAVING MY PICTURE TAKEN

By Emily Jane Buxton

The dreaded day has arrived! In spite of my pleas I can put it off no longer. No, Mother is firm. Today is the day that I must go to have my graduation pictures taken. I try to make excuses by saying that I was out late last night, and that I will look tired in the picture, but Mother insists that we cannot break another appointment with the photographer, never find the time that I will be ready for the ordeal. For it is really an ordeal for me to have a picture taken, I am not quite sure why I should be so painfully conscious, but for some reason I seem to freeze the minute I get in front of a camera, and the result is even more painful than the effort.

I worry all morning about the afternoon before me, but Mother goes serenely on, getting my formal ready in which I am to be photographed, and stopping her work many times to ask me such questions as, "Is your hair set?" and "Is your manicure finished?" It is all very well for her to be so calm about the whole affair because she isn't the one who is going to "make a monkey" of herself.

I spend about three fourths of my time in front of the mirror trying the effect of different poses, and smiling all sorts of smiles, which range from the ridiculous to the idiotic. I finally give up in despair and resolve that if the pictures are good at all, it will be due to the skill of the photographer, and not because of any beauty on my part.

In the afternoon, when we start out, I am even more discouraged. Arriving at the studio, I am in a great hurry to get it all over with, but the office girl tells us that we must wait. Pictures line the walls of the reception room, and I stroll restlessly about, admiring first one and then another. I wonder whether my pictures will flatter me as much as some of the prints of my friends that I find, and become quite excited about one picture in particular. I tell Mother that So and So isn't even as good-looking as I, and see what a perfectly picture of her. I rattle on for some time, and poor Mother's patience is almost exhausted when the girl appears and says that we may have the dressing room.

After I am dressed, I go rather fearfully into the big barren room where the camera stands, and take my place on the little platform. The photographer and his assistant place me in position after position, each more uncomfortable than the former. They request that I hold still, smile, look natural, and do various other things, impossible as far as I am concerned. I do my best, however, and hope that the results are more gratifying than I really expect. This goes on for two hours, and I am thoroughly exhausted by the time I am finally allowed to change my clothes and leave.

The result! Just what you might expect from the description of the sitting. Not even the photographer's skill can disguise a wooden figure with an agonized expression on its face.

AMBITIONS I HAVE HAD

By Sue Sonnday

I feel extremely sorry for a person who has had no ambitions, no childish dreams. He has missed a great deal of pleasure that comes from building aircastles that crumble and smash as each new birthday is reached. I shouldn't want to go through life with a very definite aim from the first, with no foolish fancies for which to live. Ambitions make a person more energetic, give him more initiative, and make life just a little more important for the time.

When I was very young, I was sure that Santa Claus was in dire need of a helper like me. I was sorry for poor over-worked Santa and prayed to grow up quite suddenly so that I might help him. He had been kind enough to bring me a toy stove, and as my mother helped me cook, I came to the conclusion that Santa had gotten along surprisingly well without me for many years. I then changed my mind by deciding to stay on earth and bake nice fluffy cakes, and spicy cookies for hungry, dirty children. I wanted an old, old house where children could race from one end to the other with no one to hush them. I wanted to be a fat grandma,

congenial, jolly, and loving. I had seen a picture of a fat old lady I wanted to resemble.

My desire to be a grandmother who baked tasty things and didn't hush children, was followed by a longing to be like my first idol, my kindergarten teacher. She was a pretty, young thing who was overly kind, and who had a beau. She was so patient, and she painted such beautiful word pictures that I thought she must be the most brilliant person in the world—that is next to my father. I am very sorry that my teaching ambition crumbled before a desire to rival Baby Peggy, the child wonder of the screen. I wanted mothers to envy my mother; I wanted all children to copy my style and my clothes; I wanted to grow up to be a second Billie Dove and be carried away on a huge white horse by Tom Mix. Then, alas, for my mother, my clothes, the laundress, and everyone concerned, I turned my thoughts to being an All-American, in a local way. I wanted to play on the neighborhood football team. My ambitions there were realized, and I became an invaluable member as center on the team.

At last, realizing one ambition, I turned quickly to a desire to be Helen Wills's most-feared opponent. This athletic aspiration was replaced by a very different desire. I wanted to stay up all night, race around in taxis, be at all scenes of action,—in short, I wanted to be a newspaper reporter. My next ambitions ranged from being a famous dress designer, to the best-dressed woman in the world, and I even went so far as to have ambitions to be the richest girl in the world. All my hopes faded when I knew definitely that the Age of Miracles had passed. After this, I was sure that I could write a book, even win a Pulitzer Prize maybe, but never have I gotten beyond a feeble short story.

Ambitions usually correspond to age, and all persons must go through the juvenile stages; I have had a great variety, I feel now, however, that I shall persist in writing until my journalistic ambitions are either thwarted or realized.

THE RED SPORT SWEATER

By Effie Reinimer

Our Girls' Athletic Association was having a party on a farm near the Meramec River. The party was one of the most important events of the school year, and for many weeks I looked eagerly forward to it. I was very happy to be the only one to have earned a bright red sport sweater which I could properly wear on the occasion. I knew it would attract the attention of everyone.

The party had been a success. We had played games, gone swimming, eaten "hot dogs", and drunk lemonade. In the late afternoon, three of the girls went for a walk through the cornfield. However, as the sun was beginning to set, we knew it was time for us to be starting home. The sponsor of the Girls' Athletic Association sent me to search for the missing girls. As I approached the opposite side of the cornfield, I was horrified to hear their screams, and to see an enraged bull tearing through the adjoining cornfield after them. My first impulse was to scream, but I could not make a sound. Then I wanted to run, but my legs would not move. Suddenly, it dawned upon me that I was on the opposite side of the fence. I also remembered that bulls disliked red. I pulled off my sweater and waved it in the air; at the same time my feet and legs carried me swiftly along the fence. By chance, the bull

saw the red sweater and charged toward it. I ran along the fence for several yards and then turned and ran through the cornfield to the party grounds. In the meantime the three girls had gotten safely across the fence and came running behind me. The red sport sweater was worthy of its name that day.

MY "PIGGIE" FRIENDS

By Ruth Pinnell

Most children have their own particular methods of being reconciled to sleeping at any time—day or night. Unlike many of my contemporaries, I had no pet "Teddy" that I could not sleep without. I found having the lights out with Mother beside me relating some familiar fairy tale far more to my liking. Usually I would insist upon the "Three Little Pigs" or the "Three Bears". I suppose I must have been fascinated by the number three without knowing its peculiar significance.

On this particular night Mother sleepily told me the "piggie" story with an unusual amount of prompting from me. She must have been quite tired, because she was asleep long before I even became drowsy. For a long time I lay looking at the bright stars that winked at me through the screen and in my thoughts severely reprimanding the wolf for being so mean to my three little friends.

When I made the journey, I shall probably never know. However, I suddenly found myself among a group of dirty-faced, but happy children playing on the sloping lawn of an ancient castle somewhere in England. There must have been thirty of us shouting and running about the beautiful old oak trees that formed a part of what had at one time been the country home of some great prince or duke.

Growing tired of the game, I sat down beneath one of the trees to rest. I could hear the squealing of pigs in a pen not far away. As I sat there the sky suddenly began to darken as though a storm were approaching. Then the figure of a tall, thin man dressed in black appeared by the pig pens. I was too frightened to move until he was within only a few feet of the spot where I sat. Jumping to my feet, I ran in the direction of the castle behind my comrades, who had seen him almost as soon as I had.

The next thing I knew I was running toward the pig pens, with the stranger close behind. Reaching the fence, I climbed in among the swine, where I thought I would be safe. However, I was mistaken, for the long-legged creature chasing me had no difficulty in hurdling the fence and picking his way through the excited group of animals much faster than my short, fat legs would allow.

By the time I had reached the opposite side of the inclosure, I was puffing so that I had to stop for breath. I turned just in time to see my pursuer fall over one of the fat little pigs. There might still be a chance for me. Gaining new courage, I scrambled over the fence and ran faster than ever before up the hill toward the castle. Even then I felt that my enemy was gaining by great strides.

When I reached the porch, a portly old gentleman opened the door and I fell exhausted on the floor within. I heard the door slam and began gasping for breath. However, my stifled feeling was not caused from running, for I woke to find myself buried in the blankets and sheets practically smothering; yet I was too frightened to expose one hair.

Last Word in Styles

Hard to Choose Which of the Ten Was the Prettiest.

When the curtains opened on the style show, Friday night, October 18, at 7 o'clock, the students and guests saw a charmingly arranged stage. The pitno was on the left and Jean Brawner played popular music during the show. On the right was a desk equipped with telephone and all the necessities of a modern business office. Joyce Davis, in a dinner dress of wine-colored velvet with lace collar and cuffs, presided at the desk and announced the models as they appeared.

Margaret Taylor, president of the Y. W. C. A., looking charming in a floor-length dinner dress of brown crepe with a blouse of gold satin, made the opening announcement to the audience.

A page dressed in black satin trousers and a peach-colored satin blouse, and wearing a jaunty little hat, brought the names of the girls in on a silver tray and gave them to Joyce who read them off in order.

Conchita Sutton was lovely in a wine-colored wool skirt with a plaid top. With this suit Conchita wore matching accessories.

The second model was Betty Boles, wearing a charming two-piece suit in green. The coat was the swagger style and was trimmed in beaver. Her accessories were brown, brown.

Betty Barbour wore a dress of the new chili-colored material that was trimmed in brown polinsky. Betty wore brown accessories with this lovely dress.

Helen Hayes wore an unusual suit of brown and yellow. The coat was a swagger style and the material consisted of brown and yellow stripes running diagonally. Her accessories were brown and she carried a brown bag by the handle, letting it swing gayly.

Margaret Burton, the sophisticated blonde, wore a black silk street dress with white fur collar and white fur banding the three-quarter length sleeves. She had black accessories.

Gertie Lambert chose a wine-colored wool with pockets and collar of beaver. She wore accessories of brown.

Mary Roberts looked too cute for words in a brown suit with a lovely fur collar. The aquamarine blouse made a nice contrast. Mary, too, chose brown accessories.

Katherine Clifford wore a dress of the new diagonally striped wool. It was trimmed in black velvet, having the collar and the cuffs of that material. With this, Catherine chose an off-the-face hat of stitched black velvet.

Elizabeth Waldron wore a suit of green and oxford gray. The skirt was green and the oxford gray coat was made on the military lines so popular this winter. Black accessories were her choice.

Sue Sonnenday looked lovely in a wool dress of the new shade called dubonnet. The triangular shaped pockets were trimmed with gray wool. Black accessories were worn.

Last, but certainly not least, was Jean McFarland wearing a three-piece tailored suit of brown. The undercoat was of small brown checks.

The evening styles that the girls wore were all lovely and many gasps of admiration were heard as each appeared again.

Conchita was too, too lovely in a heavy red velvet dress with a hip-length white velvet coat. The dress was dropped off the shoulders and was held in place by two narrow straps of the same material. From

the knees to the floor the material was very full and was slit in the back. Across the back of her hair Conchita wore a bunch of red flowers. Her shoes were red also.

Betty Boles appeared wearing a gorgeous evening wrap of black velvet with ermine sleeves. She wore a girlishly sophisticated white lace dress that swept the floor. The fullness in the skirt was taken care of by insets of pleated chiffon. It was backless, but a lovely little cape of the material fell to the waist.

Betty Barbour wore the ever popular black velvet ensemble. The dress and coat both had white fur collars that were very effective. With this she wore a small black velvet hat with a tiny veil.

Helen Hayes wore a three quarter length black velvet coat and a red dress. Different from most of the other styles the dress was not backless.

Margaret Burton looked very sophisticated in black velvet with a silver top which was split to the waist. When the top was removed, it revealed a v-back with two small straps over each shoulder, and a halter neck. Over the entire dress she wore a quilted white coat.

Gertie Lambert was wearing a white bunny jacket when she made her second appearance. Her dress was cut on princess lines and the top was banded with silver sequins. Two wide straps of the sequins were joined to the waist in the back.

Alice Neal made an effective entrance in a beautiful civet-cat coat that was full length and cut on the smart swagger lines. Her dress was of black velvet with a high neck. A brilliant clasp at the neck and a brilliant buckle were the only ornaments.

Mary Roberts wore a black coat shot with gold threads. Her dress was red and had a high neckline which was slit to the waist in the back.

Katherine Clifford wore a long velvet coat with fullness in the back. She wore a burnt orange satin dress with several slits in the skirt. She wore a tiara.

Elizabeth Waldron wore a white bunny jacket and a dress of lavender taffeta. The fullness of the skirt swept into a short, but effective train.

Sue Sonnenday was wearing a white bunny coat. Her dress was black crepe with a halter neck. Rhinestone streamers fell to the waistline in the back.

Jean McFarland's black velvet evening wrap had the new style hood of white. Her dress was white crepe trimmed with sable tails.

The twelve girls came back on the stage in a group and the audience had its last look at the smiling candidates.

L. C. Cupid Victims

BEWARE...not of the bad dog...but of the Beau Brummel of Shorty's. He breaks hearts indiscriminately. "sells out" when things get too hot, and makes the lives of the freshmen either sublime or an agony. Not only the frosh but one of the dignified seniors is reported to have "fallen."

Reckon everyone has heard about Mary's Nordie. She says he's tall, dark, handsome and really swell.

Of course, the campus romance is Vi and Lutz. They are a familiar sight for they are "love in bloom" personified....spring or no spring.

Fulton seems to have quite an attraction for LaVerne this year. Kirkwood must have lost it's glamour along with Mr. Berkley!

Noticed how Mildred Ann has been going around the last week or so, with that sort of far away look in her

eyes? A little bird told us, and from all appearances it's true.....she's wearing a brand new diamond. Congratulations, Virgil!

Dancing Adds Zest In Grace and Color

The dance recital at 2 o'clock Thursday was a great success. Miss Stookey and the girls are certainly to be congratulated. Harriette Pipkin, who introduced the numbers was a scream....that southern drawl and those ridiculous costumes kept everyone "in stitches".

The waltz clogs by the beginning tap classes were surprisingly good for so early in the semester. Mildred and Myrna won everyone's heart with their "Syncopated Love Song". Lucille Nelson used "What's the Reason?" for her tap. She wore a green costume with a silver heargear.

Helen Sembrez did a cute "High Kick Routine" and Marion Randolph was darling in a red formal, doing "The Lady in Red". Her "Fancy Free" was cute, too. Martha Anderson really looked the part of Kazatchka in that Russian costume and can she ever do acrobatics!

Alice Davies' soft shoe to "Nola" was most rhythmic and graceful. Her costume was blue, sprinkled with rhinestones. Margaret Thompson interpreted Primitive Rhythms marvelously in a very striking black costume.

Everyone loves to see Mildred do Malaguena, and it was a treat to have Miss Bornman accompany her. We enjoyed hearing Babs Lawton sing again, too.

Myrna pleased us again as in years before with "Stop the Clock", and that was the cutest costume that Joan Spangler wore in her "Cellophane Tap." It was a blue cellophane blouse and white satin slacks!

The final number was the "Sister Strut" by Charlotte York and Katherine Clifford. It was wonderfully clever and the girls' stage personality was very pleasing.

The stage looked grand. They used the black curtains and two huge silver and green peacocks as contrast.

All in all, it was a great success and everyone enjoyed it immensely.

Faith Is Inspiration, Vesper Speaker Says

Rev. Lewis McCogan spoke to the students of Lindenwood College in Roemer auditorium Sunday night, October 19, at vespers.

The speaker quoted the Bible, "The just shall live by faith". He told of driving along the road and noticing the trunks of fallen trees. Those trees that stood had trunks no stronger than those that had fallen but it was the strength and depth of the root that had made the difference. He compared faith to a house that fell in a storm because of a weak foundation.

Men will be saved, because of faith. I also think if our faith is real we will reap benefit of it from day to day."

The speaker told of a statue in which learning was represented on the right and faith on the left. An observer of the statue remarked, "Faith, what are you doing here on the western side of life? Why are thou not serving as the inspiration of youth?" Mr. McCogan said:

"The most dangerous thing with college students is that air of cynicism that has crept into their attitude of faith. It is because no one has given them an adequate interpretation of what they have heard in Sunday School or science, so when they come in contact with things they can-

WHO'S WHO?

Have you noticed a tall senior trekking across the campus at all sorts of odd hours, usually for Sibley? She holds sway in Alpha Sigma Tau, Triangle and the senior class. Wears sport clothes to very good advantage and is great on early morning golf games. She lives....but no....tha... would give it away, but surely you know already.

Lynn Wood Dictates

From the Catty Club
By H. J.

The freshmen all looked lovely at the tea Tuesday, but one of the little bright and spirited brunettes' toes were sticking out of her shoes. The beach is the place for bare feet, not teas. But—maybe they were not sandals at all and shoes just a little worn.

But the "freshies" cannot be carried on too long. One of the dignified seniors appears every morning just about daybreak in a gorgeous baby blue turkish towel sweater just the color of those innocent eyes! We get variety with this fall outfit—the skirt is still another shade of blue. Sometimes a blue belt is worn with the blouse to add to those "slinky" lines.

While speaking of the upper-classmen one of the juniors has been wearing an adorable plaid skirt—but why go on? You've probably noticed it, too, if you've been here within the last three years.

Will It Be Peace Or War, In Europe?

Dr. Mitchell, head of the history department, was the interesting speaker at Y. W. C. A. on Wednesday, October 24. Dr. Mitchell, after having spent the last two years in study abroad, falked informally on "The European Situation Today."

"It has been 17 years since the Armistice was signed, and it is interesting to notice just what has happened in Europe since that time," Dr. Mitchell said. She then divided the European countries into two classes, the "haves" and the "have-nots," and pointed out, with the aid of maps, the conquests and losses of these larger countries.

Germany, the most important of the "have-nots," is causing much trouble at present because its formal resignation from the League of Nations recently became effective. Hungary is also under this classification, and according to Dr. Mitchell, "the greatest propagandists in the world, they are extremely discontented with the present situation."

Italy has not received out of the peace terms of the "Little Entente" treaty what she expected, and Germany is preparing in every way, legally or illegally, for a great war. Hungary is also defying the Treaty of Trianon, and preparing for war.

"This is the type of situation that exists in post-war Europe, and because there have already been several crises before that have passed without war, whether there will be peace or war cannot be determined," Dr. Mitchell concluded.

not understand they are baffled and grow cynical! Faith frees us from the deadliness of cynicism. Remember that the great men who have stood before us have been those who believed in God."

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, November 5:
6:30 p. m., Oratorical Contest.
Triangle Club.
7:30 p. m., Alpha Mu Mu.
Wednesday, November 6:
5 p. m., Beta Pi Theta.
7 p. m., Alpha Sigma Tau.
Thursday, November 7:
11 a. m., Faculty Recital, Miss Isidor and Mr. Thomas.
8 p. m., Dr. A. A. Allen's lecture.
Tuesday, November 12:
5 p. m., Sigma Tau Delta Tea.
6:30 p. m., A. A. Meeting.
Wednesday, November 13:
6:30 p. m., Dinner, St. Charles Club.
Thursday, November 14:
11 a. m., Public Speaking Recital.
Friday, November 15:
6:30 p. m., Freshman Formal Dinner Dance.
Monday, November 18:
8 p. m., Concert, Elda Vettori.

Sidelights of Society

Dr. Roemer preached the silver jubilee sermon for Grace Presbyterian Church in St. Louis, Sunday morning, October 27.

College At Opera

On Thursday evening of last week Mrs. Roemer and Miss Cook attended the opera, Tourandot. Quite a number of the faculty also attended, busses were chartered for the students since so many were going. It is splendid the way the girls are taking advantage of these opportunities which Lindenwood's proximity to St. Louis makes possible. Some of the most outstanding operas are being given this year, and the performances are proving quite excellent.

Founders' Day Tea For Younger Group

Lindenwood former students, members of St. Louis Lindenwood College Evening Club were entertained at tea Founders' Day in the dining room of the college. This group comprized girls holding positions, who could not come out during the day. Many familiar and delightful faces of "old girls" filled the dining room, making the Founders' Day tea very successful. This tea was an added attraction exercised this year for the first time. Everyone enjoyed the ham, celery, olives, hot rolls, potatoes au gratin, apricot salad, and the coffee and ice cream. The ice cream was frozen in yellow and white, the Lindenwood colors.

After the tea Dr. Roemer introduced the president of the St. Louis Lindenwood College Evening Club, Miss Anna Louise Kelley to the student body and guests. The former students then retired to chat together of old college days.

Dr. Mitchell, New Sponsor

The first meeting of the League of Women Voters for the season was held in the library club rooms on October 2. Ernestine Thro, the president presided and introduced the new sponsor Dr. Mitchell of the history department.

Mary Ruth Tyler, recently elected president of the Missouri League of Women Voters, gave a report on her activities at the state convention recently held in Columbia.

Following this, refreshments were served to both the old and prospective members.

On Saturday afternoon, October 26, Mrs. Roemer and Miss Englehart attended the recital of Madam Elda Vettori, which was held in Webster Groves. Mr. Paul Friess accompanied Madam Vettori, who is of the Metropolitan opera company.

Pi Alpha Delta Party

Pi Alpha Delta, the Latin club, held a social meeting in the club rooms at 6:30 o'clock, October 28. All girls taking Latin this year were guests of the club. Miss Hankins, sponsor of Pi Alpha Delta, welcomed the girls and acquainted them with the requirements for membership in the club. Josephine Miles, who has recently pledged Pi Alpha Delta, gave a very interesting account of her trip abroad this summer. All had a very enjoyable evening.

Sigma Tau Delta, national honorary English fraternity, recently initiated new members. They are as follows: Kathryn Dalton, Janet Sage, Jean Stephenson, Mary Elizabeth Null, Genevieve Chapel, and Mary Long.

Miss Mary Bell Grant, who graduated from the college last year, spent the week-end of October 24 with friends on the campus.

Jane Bowman spent the week-end of November 2 at the home of Genevieve Green in Johnston City, Ill.

LaVerne Rowe attended a dance at Westminster College, Fulton, Mo., the week-end of October 25.

Wilma Hoen spent the week-end at her home in Hinsdale and at Chicago.

Doris Danz went home for the week-end taking Esther Margaret Bruce with her as her guest.

Mildred Rhoton was surprised with a visit from her family, of Anderson, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Davis spent the week-end with their daughter Joyce and attended the Horse Show.

Jo Slack spent an extended week-end at her home in Kansas City.

Virginia Wilkerson spent the past week-end at her home in Sedalia.

Peggy Hollands entertained her parents who drove down to see the recent horse show.

Claudia Dell Johnson, of Lexington, Mo., spent a recent week-end visiting Wanda Gayle Covington.

Margaret Hollands went home October 24 to attend the home-coming celebration of her town.

Breakfasts Worth While

Members of the food buying and preparation class of the home economics department have finished the study of breakfasts and their preparation. At their first class in cooking, the girls made jelly. Since then they have canned tomato juice and have made all sorts of muffins and breakfast breads. On October 23 each unit of the class planned a menu and prepared breakfast for its own unit. Some of the girls served the tomato juice that they had canned and almost all of the girls had some of their jelly. Blueberry muffins, waffles, coffee cakes, egg omelets, sausages, cocoa, coffee were some of the foods prepared.

Attractive Junior Tea

The junior class entertained its sister class, the freshmen, with a tea in the club room Tuesday at five o'clock. Mrs. Roemer and Dr. Gipson poured.

The officers of the junior class: president, Katherine Morton; vice-president, Anna Marie Kistner; secretary, Josephine Miles; treasurer, Virginia Wilkerson, with the class sponsor, Miss Hankins, stood in the receiving line. Pianist, Marjorie Hickman, and the song leader, Harriett Judge were also hostesses.

Music was played throughout the tea by Lorraine Snyder, pianist. Chocolate cake, whipped cream, coffee and tea were served by the juniors.

Dorothy Wagner was the week-end guest of Sue Sonnenday.

Sylvia Lipp was in Chicago October 18, 19, and 20. She saw Walter Houston in "Dodsworth". Saturday afternoon she attended the Chicago-Purdue football game.

Mr. Thomas and Miss Isidor will give a recital on Thursday morning, November 7, at the regular assembly hour.

Tau Sigma, the campus chapter of the national ance fraternity, recently initiated Charlotte Ann York, Katherine Clifford, Margaret Thompson, Martha Anderson, Lucille Nelson, Babs Lawton, Helen Sempres, and Margaret Bartholemew.

Miss Mary K. Dewey, who graduated from the college last year and who is teaching school in Cairo, Ill., spent the week-end of October 25 with friends on the campus.

Mary Roush spent last weekend in Oakland City, Ind., with her parents.

Jean Williams went home for the weekend and said Kansas City "surely did look good".

Gifts, Greetings, Games

Mu Phi Epsilon, the national music sorority, gave a Hallowe'en dinner party on Saturday evening, October 26, for the music patrons and patronesses. The guests of the evening were Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Gauss of St. Charles; Mr. and Mrs. Paul Friess of St. Louis; and Mr. and Mrs. John Thomas of St. Charles. Very appropriate gifts were presented, jewelry for the ladies, a bowl of gold fish for Mr. Gauss, the fisherman; and a mustache cup for Mr. Friess.

Following the dinner the party proceeded to Music Hall where the remainder of the evening was spent with games.

Mu Phi Epsilon has this year the largest enrollment it has had since the chapter was incorporated at Lindenwood.

Will Again Award Medal

Pi Gamma Mu, social science national honorary fraternity, met Monday, October 28, for the initiation of six new girls. The fraternity was pleased to receive Dr. Benson as a new member, and also to welcome the return of Miss Mitchell, who has been away for the last two years. A short business meeting was held previous to the initiation ceremonies and it was decided again to award the medal for the most outstanding work in the field of the social science.

The following girls were then initiated: Constance Osgood, Mary Ruth Tyler, Guinivere Wood, Juanita Jones, Ethel Gard Barry, and Sue Greer.

A. A. New Pledges: Officers Installed

The Athletic Association held a meeting Wednesday night, at which Miss Reichert installed the new officers: president, Betty Butler; vice-president, Effie Reinimer; treasurer, Margie Spearing; and secretary Marie Christensen.

The following new members were pledged: Martha Anderson, Margaret Bartholemew, Clara Bishop, Dorothy Bockstege, Mary Brooks, Marjorie Jane Briggs, Margaret Burton, Katherine Clifford, Ruth Denton, Dorothy Erwin, Eleanor Finley, Marion Hardie, Kathryn Hill, Myrna Huddleston, Sonny Lohr, Martha Lott, Alice McCawley, Jane Montgomery, Alice Nael, Mary Roush, Eleanor Rodhouse, LaVerne Rowe, Helen Sempres, Grace Stevenson, Margaret Wright, Ann Wyatt, Charlotte Ann York, Joan Spangler, Betriex Lee, Wynema Burns, Mary Rogerts, Ethel Duebbert, Dorothy Randall, Pauline Podeshi, Wanda Gale Covington, and Minerva Haydon.

Grace Stevenson was elected head of golf and plans were discussed for a musical comedy.

STRAND THEATRE

TUES.—WED. Nov. 5 and 6
Paramount's great musical production
"BIG BROADCAST OF 1936"
with Jack Oakie, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Amos and Andy, Bing Crosby and many others

THURSDAY, NOV. 7
Double Feature Program—
7:45 P. M. BUCK JONES in
"THE THROWBACK"

also
"THUNDER IN THE NIGHT"
with
Edmund Lowe, Karen Morley

FRIDAY NIGHT 7:45 p. m.
SAT. MATINEE 2:30 p. m.
Sat. Night two shows, 7 and 9 p. m.
"HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE"
with Carole Lombard, Fred McMurray
Those adults registering and here on Friday nights and Saturday matinees in future will have same privileges (without being here Sat. nights) as those who are here Saturday nights.

MERRY MARIE SHOP

Special Prices on

Formals and Dinner Dresses!

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