

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 14—No. 9

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, February 26, 1935

\$1.00 A Year

News from the Dean's Office

Dr. Gipson spent last week in Atlantic City attending a national meeting of the Deans of Women's Colleges.

Miss Parker taught Dr. Gipson's Shakespeare class, and Miss Hankins took Dean Gipson's place in the World Literature class.

First Vocational Lecture

Dr. Schaper gave a lecture in the club rooms Monday evening, February 11, at 6:30, on the subject of Social Work. A very large group attended this lecture and the girls were very interested in it.

Dr. Schaper enumerated the different types of social work which include health, recreation, families and adult individuals, the handicapped, public social welfare, mental hygiene, crime and penal conditions, and industry.

She also gave the minimum qualification for a social worker. "The profession of social work has established certain qualifications and standards for persons who plan to enter the field of social work." The following qualifications are recommended:

1. Minimum age of 21 years.
2. Completion of at least two years' work in an approved college.
3. Three additional years of general education, technical training, or employment in a social agency. This requirement may be satisfied by completion of two additional years' work in an approved college and one year's work in a school of social work which includes: 15 to 25 semester hours in the social sciences (psychology, sociology); 10 semester hours of technical social work; and 300 hours of supervised field work.

Through this lecture Dr. Schaper created an interest in the social sciences. This is the first of a series of vocational lectures to be given this semester.

Well-Known Reader To Be Here Today

Alpha Psi Omega, honorary dramatic sorority, will present Miss Margaret Keaney of St. Louis in a review of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" in the Club Rooms at 5 o'clock today.

Miss Keaney is a graduate of the Morse School of Expression and is a very talented reader. She is giving this program free of charge.

The Alpha Psi Omega members will be the hostesses and the guests are the girls from the oratory department and the college faculty. Members of the club are Dorothy Bottani, president; Bettie Hooks, secretary; Virginia Spears, Evelyn Brown, Carolyn Courtney, Ruth Bewley, and Nan Latham.

This will be a highly commendable program and well worth attending. Miss Keaney will make the review interesting to everyone.

Japanese Fantasy

Nippon Program Presented at
Vespers.

The Sunday evening vesper service, February 10, was presented by the music department in conjunction with the speech department, and was devoted to "Japan". The stage was decorated attractively with Japanese lanterns and the girls were all dressed in Japanese costumes.

June Myers was master of ceremonies. The first number was a composition by a Japanese song writer by the double sextet.

Genevieve Chapel made a talk on "Japan of the Ages". She started out by telling of the traditions of Japan—that is, that Japan was too beautiful for man to rule over so she was ruled over by the gods. The oldest type of religion in Japan is Shintoism, which is a combination of ancestor worship and nature worship. In spite of their progress, the Japanese native dress has not changed. "Today, Japan is the leader of the East, a great nation."

Virginia Jaeger sang a beautiful number entitled, "Counting on You".

June Myers spoke on "Japan of Today." She said that Japan is one of the most interesting countries, especially in art and religions. Curiosities and mysteries of Japan are found in no other country. The Japanese life centers primarily about the worship of their many gods. The most awe-inspiring image is that of Gautama Buddha. This image has been there for over seven centuries. There is great progress toward one great goal—Christianity.

The sextet sang "The Voice in the Wilderness", which was a beautiful English number.

"Japan Whither" was the subject that Laura Fritz spoke on. She told something of the family life of the Japanese. There are two classes in Japan, the noble and the ignorant. The noble have a clan and a clan name. The ignorant have no clans. She also told of the marriage customs. The parents arrange the wedding for their sons and daughters, and the boys and girls are never permitted to see each other before their wedding day. She stressed the amount of educational work produced by Christian missions in Japan. "We must remember that Japan needs our help and in the sight of God we are all one great family."

Triangle Initiation

The Triangle Club met Monday, February 18, at 5 o'clock in the club rooms, with Lillian Willson, president, presiding. New members taken in were Olga Owen, Virginia Rugh, Ernestine Thro, Helen Stants, and Constance Osgood.

Refreshments were served after the business meeting. The club then went to the chemistry laboratory where they witnessed a moving picture on bird lore.

Mamma, See The Circus?

Little Mary Tells About All The Acts

A CIRCUS is coming to town. Can you remember when you thrilled at those words? Well, a circus is coming to Lindenwood, and it's going to be twice as much fun as any Barnum and Bailey ever put on. So get out your pennies and put on any old dress, and come to see your contemporaries perform.

I've heard a few hints as to the nature of these booths and I'll pass them on to you. Beta Pi Theta will present a puppet show...here may be some catch to this, I don't know, but it's pretty sure to entertain you. Then, Pi Alpha Delta (Latin, if you didn't know) will offer a Latin play. International Relations club and the League of Women Voters will each have a booth, but they have not allowed the truest hint to escape, but I hear that one will deal with elephants and donkeys.....The A. A. has something up its sleeve and it's bound to be good; Tau Sigma will sponsor a dance hall and will receive a goodly number of my pennies. Pi Gamma Mu has reserved a booth in which to sell candy.

Several individuals will present "one man shows". Kathryn Board is planning a most unique entertainment, and there are to be several clowns. Then, too, there will be a zoo which so far includes the elephant and donkey mentioned above, and Mickey and Minnie Mouse.

I have waited to mention the faculty booth until now because I feel that it deserves a separate paragraph. Have you wondered how Dr. Schaper looked as a baby and if Miss Relchert was a bashful school girl? Perhaps you'll learn at the faculty booth, because I heard that some deep dark pasts are to be disclosed there. Don't quote me. I only heard.

Well, that's only the beginning. Surely there will be a fortune teller and I'll bet I can name a few who will haunt her booth, and most of a certainty someone will do imitations. But what about our freaks.....aren't we to be allowed this most vital part of a circus, the sideshow? Oh well, guess I'll have to enter myself.

I'll see you at the Y. W. C. A. circus, Friday, March 1, at 6:30 o'clock.

Students Teaching

Seventeen Girls Practising in
St. Charles

This semester there are 18 girls doing practice teaching in the St. Charles public schools. In the High School Catherine Blackman is teaching home economics; Mary Roberts, English; Virginia Sodeman, home economics; Evelyn Fox, Latin; Mary Belle Grant, home economics; Lucille Dillingham, home economics; and Geraldine Robertson, physical education.

In the Jefferson, Jr., High School Marguerite Echelmeier is teaching

Honors to Queen Allie Mae

Allie Mae Bornman, president of the senior class, was elected May Queen at the senior meeting February 21. Allie Mae was the maid of honor from her class last year. She is a music major, and president of Mu Phi Epsilon, music sorority.

Jean Kirkwood, prominent member of the junior class was chosen maid of honor. She is a science major, and an officer of the Triangle club.

The two attendants chosen from the senior class are Virginia Porter, editor of the annual and treasurer of her class, and Mary Roberts, secretary of the senior class.

Violet Wipke and Gwen Wood are to serve as attendants from the junior class. Violet is a member of Beta Chi, and Gwen is a member of the Triangle club.

Dorothy Ball and Jennie Sue Sparks, representatives of the sophomore class, have been prominent in campus activities.

Jeannette Campbell and Evelyn Eberle were elected by the freshman class as attendants to the May Queen.

Hygiene.

In the Benton Grade School Olga Owen is teaching spelling and writing in the third grade; Dorothy Ball, geography in the sixth grade; Sarah Miller, reading in the second grade; Marjorie Pratt, reading and history in the fourth and fifth grades.

In the Lincoln Grade School Mary Elizabeth Stuhler is teaching reading and arithmetic in the first grade; Madaline Chandler, art in first, second, third, and fourth grades; Roberta Strange, reading and arithmetic in the second grade Evelyn Poil, reading in the fourth and fifth grades; Susan Lischer, English and reading in the fifth and sixth grades; and Geraldine Robertson, physical education in the second, third and fourth grades.

These girls spent last week in daily conferences with Dr. Dewey. This week they are observing at the schools and next week they will start their teaching.

Lindenwood's Lecturer Honored

Dr. Gregg will be the speaker tonight at a meeting of the Missouri Historical Society at the Jefferson Memorial in St. Louis. Her subject will be "Bellefontaine, the First Fort West of the Mississippi." The Society is a consolidation of the Missouri Historical Society and the Louisiana Purchase Historical Association.

All the members of the faculty have received invitations. The meeting is at 8:15 o'clock, and an informal reception will follow. Dr. Gregg has specialized in studying local history.

Read The Linden Bark.

Linden Bark

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1935.

The Linden Bark:

"Simple and brave, his faith awoke
Ploughmen to struggle with their fate;
Armies won battles when he spoke,
And out of Chaos sprang the State!"

—Robert Bridges

Sports Offer Valuable Contributions To Life

The field of sports holds many moral qualities which are not often realized. We often enter into a sport without thinking of its values.

The greatest quality of sports is sportsmanship. Sportsmanship is stressed in every game. It makes one consider other people and want to play for the fun of it and not for the main idea of winning. It also stresses fair play: play the game squarely, whether it is won or not.

Another quality brought out in sports is the ability to get along with other people. It makes one more considerate of others.

Sports also make for leadership and character. Development of leadership is a great asset in life. If one learns leadership in sports he can apply it to his life.

Sports are also beneficial to mental health. A sound body makes for a sound mind. Certainly sports of all kinds make a sound body.

In all sports it must be remembered to play for play's sake and not with the main idea to win.

Spiritual Preparation for Easter

Many of us are rather vague as to just what the term "LENT" signifies. To some it means the denying of some luxury as the daily bar of candy, or the limiting to one picture show a week. Farther than that it has no significance.

So for those who do not fully understand, we have taken a definition of the word from the dictionary, and hereby print it in the hope that you will familiarize yourself with the true meaning.

LENT is a spring period of fasting observed in many churches in preparation for Easter, or as a time of special penitence. In Western churches it is a period extending from Ash Wednesday until Easter. The fasting to be discontinued on the Sundays of the six weeks.

During the Lenten period, it is urged that more thought be given to charitable work, and more time to church work. Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis has suggested to all Catholic girls that modesty in dress should accompany the period of fasting and reverence.

Rings and Ancestry

Many Things Learned from Roman Tatler

The Roman Tatler which has graced the Latin bulletin board for the past week is a most unusual and interesting one.

In the very center of the board is the familiar "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love....." and pasted around this piece of sentiment are pictures of the various wedding rings of long ago and of today, with a smaller picture of a happy couple as a background.

The rings pictured are: the ancient Hebrew, Grecian, Etruscan, Saxon, Old French, Old Roman, fifteenth century English, seventeenth century English, German, Grandmother's, Mother's, and The Modern Bride's. The ancient rings were made of iron, and most of them bore inscriptions. It is said that the custom of throwing rice at a bride and groom is by no means new, but in olden days nuts were used in the place of rice. The people of those days were probably of a sturdier type.

The preceding Tatler was also a

most entertaining one.

The left hand corner of that Tatler bore a group of derivatives, English taken from Latin, and is captioned, "What Latin Has Done for English." Below this was a picture of Prof. Robert Bell Burke, dean of the college of the University of Pennsylvania, who has translated Roger Bacon's stupendous volume. There was also a picture of a music book of the fifteenth century which has been added to the library of Congress in Washington. It was, of course, in Latin.

In the center of the poster was a drawing entitled "By their Roots Ye Shall Know Them." The verb "venio" meaning come occupied the trunk of the tree pictured and the roots were named such words as advent, adventure, and uneventful.

Almost half of the bulletin board was taken up with jokes, one being "The prize coed comes from Nebraska. She thinks ALMA MATER means "SWEET MAMMA".

There happened to be a title "Of course, being college students, you are familiar with these languages" and a verse in French, Latin, German, Swedish, Italian.....I'm afraid our educations have been sadly neglected.

Splendid Entertainment At Student Recital

One of the most delightful student recitals of the college year was given in Roemer auditorium on Thursday morning, February 7.

Jane Roberts opened the program with two numbers, "Gigue" (Mozart-Leschetzky) and "Ballet of the Happy Shadows" (Gluck-Friedman). Her interpretation of the last number was one of light gaiety and care-free abandon, which left its happy impression on the audience.

"Pastoral Variations" (Mozart) was then offered by Doris Danz, which was played with quietness and tranquility of tone that is a part of any pastoral scene.

Margarette Winder sang two very lovely songs, "O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me?" (Handel), a song of sadness and pleading. "Over the Steepe" (Gretchaninoff), a song of lower tones and surging emotions which was well sung by Margarette.

Anna Marie Kistner played two violin numbers, the first being a "Poem" (Fibich, which was soon recognized by the audience as one of its favorites and which sang its melody as Anna Marie played. Her second number was "Canzonette" (D'androsio), also nicely played.

Allie Mae Bornman was the last on the program, playing the first movement of "Concerto, G Minor" (Sainte-Saens) with Mr. Thomas playing the orchestral score on a second piano. Allie Mae played so beautifully and with such a fineness of feeling, with the lightest delicacy, swiftness of emotion and keen sensitiveness. Then again when the mood of the number changed, Allie Mae played with such sweeping strength and power as to make the whole audience surge into the feeling of the Concerto. Her hearers tried to persuade her back for an encore, but she refrained, leading the beauty of her Concerto rolling softly, then powerfully, out over the audience.

All Minds Worship The Mind of Jesus

Dr. Ernest Jones spoke at vespers on Sunday evening, February 17, on "The Cross-Bearing Mind".

In this passage Paul was giving a clue to the highest kind of life, he said. The greatest thing in the universe is the mind, and it has the greatest mysteries about it.

Dr. Jones talked about the different kinds of minds and the ones that have contributed to our civilization. The first type he discussed was the scientific mind. He said that our age is blessed with this mind and it has brought wealth to us. We are indebted to the scientific mind.

The mind of the statesman is also important to us. It deals with many problems which the average mind cannot comprehend.

The third type of mind that Dr. Jones discussed was the poet mind. This is an enriching mind and the poet expresses things to us that we have never thought of before.

"What kind of mind did Jesus have?" is a question Dr. Jones asked. No one has been able to determine this, but the outstanding characteristic of His mind was "cross-bearing", full of sacrificial love. This is the highest type of mind that we know. It has a reverent outlook on life.

cross-bearing mind in order to achieve success.

He closed his sermon by saying, "Let the mind that was in Christ Jesus be in you. It will lead you to glorious goals beyond all dreams."

CAMPUS DIARY

By N. S.

Tuesday, February 12,

We're learning a new song in chapel now. It's very good. Maybe Randy should sing it all alone all the time; she's the only one to have gotten it right so far! Porter is already looking for a Valentine—have hope, Virginia. After all Valentine's isn't till Thursday.

Wednesday, February 13,

Dot Palmer Osterwald was up today. She's still as jolly as ever. We had a big Valentine's dinner tonight Mac played for us. We'll never hear that "Feather Duster" enough to get tired of it. She's looking elegant.

Thursday, February 14,

Valentine's day! Everyone had a Valentine in the post office early this morning, but, alas, they were only questionnaires. At least Arabel got something for being neat and bright, a big box of candy. Lots of fun at the Valentine Program. What's that you whispered in "Love's" ear, Mary?

Friday, February 15.

Belated Valentines arrived today for those who thought yesterday that nobody loved 'em. Mildred Keegan came up today; did you see the way she is wearing her hair?

Saturday, February 16.

The Sophomores gave a Valentine dance tonight and the gym was decorated in red and white cupids and hearts. Porter certainly "Wowed" everyone with her new white dress; did you ever see anything so good-looking? I must be color-blind; at the beginning of the evening Betty Bell was in a very chic green dress, but later on I saw her in black. Well, it's always nice to have more than one evening dress wearable at a time. Mary had a hard time deciding what to wear. Idiot tried on at least four different dresses. Who me?—I got by easily; I put on my one and only!

Sunday, February 17.

Had a rather warm time at Ayres hall tonight. Cicero has finally chosen her vocation, to be a fireman or to marry one. Why? C'mon up sum'time and ask 'er.

Monday, February 18.

Everyone seems to be either getting a cold or trying to get rid of one. Marie is the latest addition to the ranks of snifflers. Bunny was about the only one with a clear head, but she fell down today and is in the infirmary now. I'd better not say anything; I dode a code doo!

Tuesday, February 19.

I can't decide whether all them gals at Mary's table are dieting or dieting. At least Bobby and Margaret eat their spinach though they burn up their noses at rich desserts.

Wednesday, February 20.

Lots of talk about May Queen possibilities and thissa and thatta, and why don't so many good-looking girls make grades as good-looking? Bunny got out of the infirmary and Betty Bell went in; Ayres must always have a representative in the infirmary.

Thursday, February 21.

Our art friend was here again today. That's about all of int'rest today except choosing of May Queen and attendants tonight. Every class is going to be represented this year instead of giving the honor only to the two upper classes. Well, gotta go to the meeting. I'll be seeing you soon.

Read The Linden Bark.

SNOWFLAKE

By Eleanor Hibbard

Lone, lace-like, a snowflake on my glove
Glistened, clear-cut, feather-fragile
Then was gone.

A BLIZZARD

By Eleanor Hibbard

High and shill rose the wind—
Blotted out
All the world in one sweep of madness.
Biting particles of ice,
Piercing shafts of wind,
Together thick,
Menacing,
Engulfing.

WIND IN MY HAIR

By Kathryn Dalton

In spite of our superficial culture, we all have enough of our outgrown instincts to respond in a purely primitive way to the fascination of a flame, the mystery of the dark, and the lure of the wind. We have all watched a fire, our eyes dilating and contracting with the flicker of the flame, half-hypnotized. We have all shuddered at the esoteric darkness; and at other times, sought it for its consoling solitude. Often, standing on the edge of a sheer cliff, we have almost taken that small step over, just to, falling, feel the glory of the rushing air. To us all, the wind brings many mad desires and a frustrated envy of its freedom, power, and speed. For me, the wind has another greater value. On a gusty day I can re-live my whole life, recapture all my past sensations.

A cool morning breeze gives me a feeling of vibrant strength and unlimited energy. It presents a kaleidoscope of recollections: a hard run with the dog through the tall grass, that ends when, exhausted, I fall flat on the ground and, panting, push away the collie who tries to lick my face with his dripping tongue; a quick "shinney" up a slender tree to cling triumphant to the top branch, swaying perilously with the trunk. When a warm mid-morning zephyr plays through my hair and dress, I can close my eyes and taste again the wild strawberries I've hunted on days like this; I can smell the fresh odor of wild grape blooms; I can see myself in the crotch of our old maple tree, crying over "Dog of Flanders"

I always catch the wanderlust from an autumn wind. I want to tramp around hunting red haws, wading through muddy ponds, shooting at squirrels with a BB gun.

At night there's the joy of driving a car, foot pressing the accelerator to the floor-board, windshield up, and the steady blast carrying off all my petty worries and disappointments, leaving a pure, clean pleasure. A stormy night thrills me with the force of the rough gale, the crisp brilliance of the lightning, the throaty roar of the thunder, and the drenching spasms of rain.

Not all the memories the wind recalls are happy. But happy memories would be shallow and unappreciated if it were not for drearier, sadder ones by way of contrast. Every bitter January gust bearing a fine, dry powder of snow chills me with the same agony I felt the afternoon my mother was buried.

The wind, you see, is my scrapbook; to look it over, I need only to sit with a breeze blowing through my hair.

Read the Linden Bark.

STREAMS

By Janet Sage

I was going to get a new hat. Mother had promised, and now we were on our way to town. My curls were brushed, and I had on my new blue checked dress with panties to match.

As we went by a store window, I spied the hat. It had a wide brim, and three beautiful, long, red streamers in the back. Instantly I began begging Mother for the hat; but she, I soon discovered, had different plans. I begged and begged. I used every trick I could conjure, for those long, red streamers had fascinated me. I was ready to do anything—if only I might have that hat. Finally, Mother succumbed to my heckling, and I got what I wanted.

A few days after, a man came to our house and asked Mother if he might take my picture. She gave her consent. Immediately, I ran into the house to get my new hat, for the thought of how beautiful those pretty, long, red streamers would look in the picture overcame me. I must have those streamers in my picture. Mother agreed to let me wear my hat. The camera man produced a small, red chair, arranged the necessary atmosphere, and called me to take my place. Mother told me to sit down in the chair and let her put on my hat for me. She placed it on my head, and stepped back with a beaming look on her face. Proudly, I reached back and pulled my coveted streamers in front of me, all ready for the picture to be taken. Mother gave a sigh of disgust and the camera man gave her a knowing glance. Very gently, but firmly, Mother asked me to place the streamers in the back; and I, just as firmly, but probably not so gently, refused. Even the huge sum of a nickel failed to erase the alluring picture which I knew those streamers would make. I could not be persuaded to place them behind.

Finally, after they had despaired of ever changing my mind, Mother and the camera man let me have my way. Mother drew back, the camera man steeled himself and I, broadening my toothless grin, and pulling the hideous, red streamers into fuller view, sat, blissfully unaware that I was having my worst picture taken.

AN OKLAHOMA DUST STORM

By Nell McGibony

It was noon. The sun beat down relentlessly on the flat Oklahoma plain. For miles and miles the same weary landscape was visible. Here and there stood a few stunted trees with twisted, thwarted branches and brown, curling leaves. The only break for miles and miles was the feeble, leaning wire fence, standing determinedly against the howling prairie wind. Suddenly a cloud of red dust appeared, a miniature cyclone, whirling and raging. Rolling tumble weeds were hurled down the prairie and came to an abrupt halt as they encountered the old fence. For a few minutes the dust storm raged and threatened to be a real storm, but as suddenly as it had appeared it subsided. The sun continued to shine with unceasing intensity. The wind became a low swishing sound as it blew through the little brown trees, squatting there on the monotonous landscape.

**Come to
The Circus!**

UMBRELLAS

By Virginia E. Miller

For as long as I can remember I have always hated to carry an umbrella. As soon as I get one in my hands I seem to become as absent minded as that poor abused professor who is always doing the wrong thing at the wrong time with his umbrella. Every time I lose one my mother says, positively, that she will not get me another. Why she always breaks her word and gets me another I don't know, because I'd be much happier and enjoy the rain much more if I didn't have to worry about having an umbrella to look after. But then it is less expensive to buy an umbrella than new clothes.

As a child I didn't mind carrying one so much because I could push it along in front of me tracing the little ridge that the contractor always makes, for reasons of his own, in the middle of every sidewalk. That was great fun until I, sooner or later, came upon an unexpected bump or stick in the ridge. Before I could realize it—snap! and half of my umbrella was dangling in a very unusual position. First I had a hollow feeling in the pit of my stomach; then my tongue got thick and fuzzy as I wondered what Mother would say about this. I looked hastily around to see if anyone was near before I tried to see if there was any possible way of putting the thing together. It was no use so I started down the street trying to look as if nothing had happened. That, too, was unsuccessful. I thought of several stories to tell mother, but I knew she would believe none of them because I had broken several umbrellas in that manner. Trying to put off facing the music as long as I could I played out-doors until dark. Sometimes I was very fortunate in getting the umbrella in the closet unnoticed. My peace of mind for the present was somewhat restored, but afterwards I wished that I had gotten the scolding over because I had to watch and worry about the weather. When it finally did rain I tried to manage to stay in the house or pretend that I had forgotten my umbrella. I'm afraid I was a very poor actress, for Mother always discovered the crime.

Nor could I ever remember to bring my umbrella home with me. When I'd come home without it I'd be sent back to look for it. Sometimes I could locate it and sometimes I couldn't. Except for the scolding I didn't mind—what did I want an umbrella for anyway? It just caused me a lot of trouble.

Umbrellas are really a menace to the safety of human lives. It is practically impossible to see out from under one, and a car could very easily be upon you before you had time to peer from under your umbrella to see if the way was clear. Walking along a street in a crowded downtown district, it is impossible for you to feel secure. You never know whether you will survive with two good eyes or not. To say nothing of the hazards of being in a crowd of umbrellas, there is the annoyance of being jabbed in practically every part of your anatomy at every step taken, and having your hat pushed suddenly over your eyes.

I think the Mr. Hyde must make his appearance in every person who has an umbrella in his hand because he seems to forget all his manners and delights in knocking someone with his umbrella.

If umbrellas must be carried, some sort of transparent ones, or ones with peek-holes, should be invented.

MY SAVAGE PLAYMATE

By Virginia Rugh

The dispute had started over the question of whether my cowboys or Johnny's band of Indians had won on the sandpile battlefield.

"Well, my Indian was standing behind the tree and he saw yours first," he protested.

I argued that my cowboys were not the kind who were killed if the enemy gave them one glance from behind a tree. I was tired of always having to be massacred and forgot the rule that to keep peace a girl must always let a boy win.

Johnny started toward his home without so much as looking at me. I reminded him that at last I had won from a boy; he turned instantly to spring on me. In that moment of reverse I saw his ears kindling into a flame red; his outworn shirt stretched and his eyes were full of little needles. I realized that I had said the wrong thing so I gazed up at the birds' nest under the garage roof. Staring my well-practised, innocent nose, I waited for his ears to cool off; but instead I felt my hair rise on end. The Indian leader pulled and tugged in his attempt to scalp me, for he knew that there was nothing I detested more than a convict's shaved head. Fortunately my hair stuck with me and the roots wiggled down into my eyes and held fast. When he jerked I expected to feel the top of my head come dangling off on the end of my hair. I struggled and clawed at his arm in my effort to get my teeth, which were my main means of attack, into position. Lifting me up quickly, he squeezed water out of my eyes and I blindly made a desperate grab at him.

All these attempts were useless so after I had wrung out a few twisted screams my brother came to separate us. The first thing I knew I was knocked on the grass, and he was escorting my enemy across the border line. He had become quite efficient as to the proper technique of grasping one of my playmates by the neck and helping him home, but I was surprised when he boosted me in a like manner into the house.

When I looked in the mirror to see what was left of me, I discovered my hair sprawled all over my head as I had seen the American children's do on our Red Cross posters at school. Mother, taking one dry look at me, dug the comb into my head and each stroke bit into my much-massaged scalp. Hair was dangling and slipping down over my shoulders, and it covered the newspaper; it looked like a hair cut but did not feel quite so pleasant. For once in my life my hair streamed down my back, but I decided that it would have been much better to have used a little feminine discretion and to have had my hair instead of little bumps.

MOUNTAIN STREAM

By Marjorie Pratt

The rushing mountain stream thundered over the sharp boulders as it dashed downhill through the pine forests. The clear, pure water foamed up in sparkling jets as it broke against the blocking stones. Under the shelter of a large rock, a big mountain trout lay sleepily in the quiet eddy. The stone gleamed smoothly through the transparent water, their sharp edges dulled by the current. Quietness, broken only by the gurgle and splash of the stream, and the faint twitter of birds, lay over the forest.

Read the Linden Bark.

HE WHO LAUGHS LAST

(With apologies to Horatio Alger and Martha Finley)

By Ruth Ann McSpadden

Oh, how I hate to get up early in the morning! There is nothing in this world which I loathe any more than to crawl out of my comfortable bed onto a cold, hard, unresponsive floor, with the thought foremost in my mind that before me waits a new, clean, unusual day which could bring forth any unlooked for event. At night I hate to finish my bedtime preparations because when I reach that point of my progress in retiring, I invariably begin to think of the terrible feeling I shall have the next morning upon arising.

This sensation of dread kept growing and growing on me until I began to fear that it might truly affect me mentally, because I had read of the horrible catastrophes which had occurred to people who incessantly harbored in their minds animosities, hatreds, and aversions. At length, therefore, with the fear of these consequences foremost in my mind, I decided that it was absolutely compulsory that I relieve myself of their burdens. Accordingly, as I became more and more absorbed in the "reconstruction" of my person, I began to make very definite plans to be worked out.

As the days went by, I gradually completed my plans, the results of which could be so beneficial to me. I had decided to retire at a very early hour on some previously designated night so that I would get my eight hours sleep, for I knew that an adolescent (badly as I hated the appellation) should have, at least, that number of hours of rest. The following morning the alarm would ring at 5:30. My mind would be at ease, and I, singing a morning song, should gladly jump out of bed. I should be thinking of only the brightest prospects of life as a whole. The entire day I should be setting a brilliant example before my friends; they would see the result of my will power and persistency in conquering my hatred. More than that, I should be the one most benefitted by my action, for, by the end of one day, I should probably be entirely free from my old obnoxiousness of early rising. The following morning, and every morning, I should get up early in order to work and accomplish something during the best part of the day. Oh! How happy I should be.

My plans were thus completed. The evening which I had designated as the one when I should retire early had arrived. We had a delicious dinner in our home. Guests were present, and everyone was doing his utmost to outwit the other by his brilliant remarks. We were still seated at the table when I heard the nine strokes telling me the hour. "Oh dear," I exclaimed to myself, "I certainly am not going to bed at this early hour." But something, perhaps it was my conscience, kept probing me and telling me to go on and try to work out my plans. At 9:30 I reluctantly said good-night to our guests and slowly went up to my room. I silently thought, "Imagine what they are saying about me. What could they think of a seventeen year old girl who goes to bed at 9:30?" But I consoled myself by thinking of how fresh and bright I would be early in the morning when they would be groggy from lack of rest. "I shall accomplish so much," I thought, "Perhaps if I continue this practice I shall be a genius someday." At 10:00 I turned out the lights and

lay down. I could still hear the happy, laughing voices of the guests coming from below. A very short time later I heard a loud, ringing noise in my ears. I awoke and sat up. "What could that be?" I questioned. "Why won't my senses tell me what is happening?" Slowly, very slowly, I climbed out of bed, which was so warm and hospitable. The floor was clammy cold. All this time that wild, ringing noise was still coming forth. Then I remembered—the clock, and I silenced it. "Now I see it all very clearly", I said. This is the morning when I was supposed to accomplish something. But what could I possibly do at this unearthly hour? It's still dark. No one, not even Edison, worked forever in the dark, I shall go back to bed". Just then I heard a loud thump on my window. At that subconscious stage in my awakening process I was ready to undertake anything; so I walked down the stairs to see what had happened. I was just thinking of Poe's line, "Is there balm in Gilead" and was about to decide negatively when I learned that the awful thump had been only the arrival of the *Morning Post*. I slowly picked it up, and just as slowly unfolded it. But I was completely aroused from that state of lethargy when I read a small article placed far down in one corner. It said, "The first person who brings a copy of this paper to Doan Coy will receive a gift of \$10. Although I knew nothing of Doan Coy and I could not imagine why he should deliberately give away ten dollars, I determined to try my best to obtain that gift. "How happy I am", I cried. "Everything has its remunerations, even early rising. Hereafter I shall always get up early."

FIRST MORNING OF VACATION

By Bettie Frances Hooks

Wandering from room to room,
Pattering about in robe and slippers,
What can I do with myself
Shall I read? I'm going mad.
Crossword puzzles,
Newspapers,
Magazines,
Nothing but these.
There isn't a book in the house
worth reading.
Don't want to read words anyway.
Don't want to write papers,
Ever again.
Want to go back to bed,
Want to snuggle 'way down deep
in bed,
Want to sleep.....
Forever.

PRIMITIVE SHADOWS

By Jean Stephenson

Paganism Echoes, hollow and mysterious of nature tom-tom and savage chants, muffled by the ebony jungle shadows. Paganism! Indian, bronzed and perspiring, their skins gleaming in the rays of the desert sun, their moccasined feet rhythmically pounding out on the yellow sand the intricate steps of the snake dance. A crude attempt to express religious fervor, but it satisfied their barbaric souls. Paganism civilized we may be; still we are responsive to its peculiar fascination, perhaps because of the mystic rituals with which the heathen ceremonies are performed. Last autumn succumbing to its magic spell, I cast aside all thoughts of civilization and found myself in a primitive world.

A fire was burning brightly down by the lake, the darting tongues of flame illuminating a strange scene,

unbelievable, yet real. A circle of Indian war bonnets and prominent Roman noses guarded the blaze. Soon, from the shadows of the forest, came the beat of a drum, softly at first as if restrained by the pine shadows; then more loudly and still more loudly until it emerged victoriously with a great trobbing into the clearing at the water's edge. It was as if the drum men were trying to put into every pulsation the feelings and wanderings of his soul. It was as if his whole heart with its primitive desires and perplexities were going forth into the forest in search of happiness and the answer to some vague, unformed question. Slowly, slowly, the bonnets came to life, slowly, in the uncertain light the shapes assumed human form. Gradually the Indians seemed to abstract the tone of the drum, to be inspired with the unseen drummer's pavor and exultation. Their dancing became almost rhapsodic; an immense unseen force bore them on. They were attempting to reassure the drummer. Would he hear Oh, would he never hear? But almost imperceptibly the tempo of the throbs became slowed. The frenzy of the Indians became decreased. The feathers in the war bonnets drooped at a perilous angle and finally sank to the ground. The embers of the fire went out, leaving the world in darkness. The echoes of the dying drum beats were at last relinquished in the forest tress and vanished into oblivion, leaving only a great awful silence. The drummer had received his answer.

THE DIVER

By Eleanor Hibbard

The pool,
Fathomless green-blue glass,
Trembled,
Rocked,
And shivered into a thousand jade
and white splinters,
As,
Like a slim, silver arrow
The diver shot through the water,
Leaving a confusion of crystal
bubbles.

CHIVALRY, HISTORY'S GREATEST HOAX

By Claudia Dell Johnson

The days of chivalry occupy a rosy misted niche in history's halls. The word suggests a brilliant picture of a lovely damsel daintily mincing across a field of nodding white daisies. Forsooth and alack. A horrible monster is sneaking up behind our beautiful lady in the flowing robe of blue. He raises his gory claw to crush her—hark! The sound of thundering hoofs is heard in the distance and at the next instant a fair knight in shining armor dashes bravely to the rescue. With a single blow of his mighty right arm he kills the monster. After disposing of this minor obstacle, he leaps from his steed, clasps the swooning maiden to his heart, and saks her to be his lady forever. Blushing coyly, she consents; and they live happily ever after in a castle at the top of a high hill. Of course, the castle is surrounded by a moat with a draw-bridge over the gate, and there is a huge banquet hall inside. Smoke dims the rafters of the high ceiling. At one end of the long table sits the genial host, quaffing noggin after noggin of ale, and at the other presides the gracious lady, one dainty foot resting on the head of a mastiff lying on the floor. Tomorrow the lord will ride out to the hunt with a falcon on his wrist; and milady will gather her maidens about her and they will embroider all day long.

Who could ask for a pleasanter picture of good living? Is it not a wonder that the people of today do not start a back-to-knighthood movement? Probably they would, if it were not for a few straight thinkers who realize the exaggeration and untruth of the common idea of chivalry. Mark Twain in his *Connecticut Yankee* gives many a dig of bitter satire at the good old days of the Round Table. Indeed, this highly romanticized period was one of the bloodiest and dirtiest times of all man's history. A true description of Chivalry runs something like this: The knights were ignorant, wandering men who were too lazy to stay in one place and work. They considered it gentlemanly to kill anyone who interfered with them, and they fought to the death at the slightest provocation. The castles were simply huge, unusually, barn like structures, dark, gloomy, and cold the year around. Dirty rushes covered the floors and milady dragged her flowing train through the filthy weeds whenever she entered the banquet hall to preside over the nightly brave. Table manners were of the very worst sort: the knife was the principal, and in many cases the only, eating utensil in use. Both fists were used to carry the food from trencher to mouth. The lords constantly fought each other and the king, and human life was cheaper than salt. Knowledge, learning, and all joys of the intellect were unknown to the common people. Books were treasured by a privileged few who considered the lower classes, unworthy to enjoy them. They were, in short, medieval people living in a dark age.

RAIN

By Jean Thomas

Let it rain, for who shall be sorry because the lowering clouds send a shower upon the earth? Who shall sit beneath a roof and look out at the falling water?

Again I say, let it rain—and let me walk, bareheaded, through it. My feet will be soaked. Water will run in little rivulets down my nose and into my eyes, so that I must take my perspiring hand from my rain-coat pocket and brush it away that I may see. Little drops will fall from my hair down behind my coat collar against my neck.

My companions and I will shout and laugh and run in the down-pour, none of us caring because her shoes are being ruined; none of us thinking of those who despise the rain.

A passing car will splash mud on us, angering us at the moment, then only adding to our merriment. Fallen leaves will wash down into a pile, damming up the water in the gutter, forming a pool before the sidewalk. Other leaves will form a sodden, slippery mass beneath our feet.

The sky, so dark and tired-looking, will break momentarily, casting a silver stripe across the gray, swiftly moving drops of moisture. Then its curtain will fall again, leaving with us the vision of that silvered instant when the world was so bright and clean.

On and on we shall rush, 'till the clouds dissolve into a clear blue, and the drops no longer fall upon us.

NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDING

By Eleanor Hibbard

Slim, celestial, aloof—
Tall smoth opaque stone
Towers into the darkened sky,
Gleams like white marble
Against taupe velvet.

SPORTS

Maasen-McSpadden, 24-18

A championship basketball game was played last Thursday between Ruth Ann McSpadden's team and Elizabeth Maasen's team. The game was played at five o'clock in the gym. It was a very fast contest, characterized by a lot of fouls and walking, accurate shooting, and good sportsmanship. Not much team work on either side was used during the first half, but at the end more was in evidence.

She Maasens won the game 24-18. Virginia Rugh was high scorer for the winners with 14 points, while Dorothy Ball and Connie Osgood of the McSpaddens tied with 8 points each. Miss Reichert refereed the game; Adrienne Griffith and Mary Stokes acted as scorekeepers; and Margaret Hoffman was the time-keeper.

Lineup:

Maasen's Team

Forward, R. Butler; Forward, V. Rugh; Forward, E. Maasen; Guard, L. V. Whitely; Guard, B. Spears; Guard, R. Newell.

McSpadden's Team

Forward, D. Ball; Forward, L. Null; Forward, C. Osgood; Guard, E. Null; Guard, M. Christeensen; Guard, R. A. McSpadden.

Substitutions: for Maasen, M. Spearing; for McSpaddens, M. Huddleston, L. Null.

Miss Reichert is conducting swimming classes every Monday night for young women of St. Charles. She has eight girls in the beginners' class and eight in the swimmers' class. Miss Reichert has created much interest in these classes.

Dramatic Students

Present Pantomime

Mac Renders "Feather Duster" to the Delight of All.

St. Valentine visited Lindenwood this year with cards, packages, a big dinner, a program of plays, pantomimes, poetry and readings, and a dance. The Valentine's dinner was held the night before, February 13, in the dining room, and the menu included chicken, sweet potatoes, peas, hot rolls, coffee, ice cream and cake. The tables were decorated in red and white; everyone got a Valentine card, and there were dishes of candy hearts on each table. When dinner was almost over, Dr. Roemer announced that he had a real Valentine from St. Joseph to present to students and introduced Frances McPherson to the new students. Mac played several Lindenwood songs and the students sang as they've never sung before. After continuous applause she went back to the piano and played several popular numbers including "Feather Duster", a piece which she wrote last year.

The next evening a Valentine program was presented in the auditorium at 7 o'clock, given by the dramatic arts students under Miss Biggers' direction. Betty Woodson Forbes opened the program with a short speech, "Welcome This Day" and was followed by Miriam McCornick who told about the origin and history of Valentine's Day. The third act on the program was a pantomime, "School Days" written by Mary Long, a junior. This was a very clever and very humorous sketch. Phyllis Armstrong was the teacher and the

school children were Ellen Ann Schachner, Virginia Little, Genevieve Chapel, Ann Sonin, Louise Hancock, Becky Jane Brown, Ruth Hughes, and Helen Alberitz. Ellen Ann's portrayal of a very bad little boy was excellent.

The next group of numbers of the program were listed as street scenes on Valentine's Day or "Comic Valentines." Florence Wilson and Marie Frink were Mrs. Biddy O'Toole and Miss Sally O'Flannigan in the first sketch. "Lovers" a very short play in two scenes was given by Edith Ann Gorrell and Mary Louise Whiteley. The third little sketch was "Too Much Valentine" and this was perhaps the most humorous of them all, as little Ruth Bewley was the man and Margarette Winder the woman!

"Valentine Verses" by Barbara Allen, took place in a college room and the characters spoke about Valentine's Day in verses. They were all attired in evening dresses except the gypsy who came in to tell their fortunes. The hostess was Laura Fritz, the master of ceremonies Betty Forbes; the accompanist, Lucille Wallingford; the gypsy, Peggy O'Connor, and the college girl guests were: June Myers, Eleanor Finley, Edwina Peuter, Betty Barr, Dorothy Shawver, Miriam Harris, Ann Wyatt, Dorothy Mae Saul, Doris Sarchet, Zoe Barnes, Virginia Jaeger, and Susette Haussler. Virginia Jaeger sang.

Two readings were next given before the last pantomime. Ann Wyatt, a new student, and June Myers read. Then Virginia Porter announced the winner of the Valentine prize. Large Valentine questionnaires had been placed in all the post office boxes and the prize was awarded for accuracy and neatness to Arabel Wycoff, a freshman. Arabel received a two pound heart of candy.

The last sketch on the Valentine program was entitled "The Love Shop" by Pearl Quantrelle, a pantomime. The scene was set in a shop owned by Love into which a young man came hunting for the right kind of a heart. Several girls were shown to him, but he rejected them all and was about to leave when a messenger arrived to tell "Love" of a "Love-Land Special", and the young man was satisfied. He paid Love and left with his prize and the curtain fell as Love smilingly tore up the check she had received. "Love" was Clara Weary. The other characters were: "Cupid One and Cupid Two", Betty Hooks and Virginia Spears; "The School Girl", Mary Long; "The Society Girl", Sarah Bloom; "The Daughter", Myrna Huddleston; the messenger, Mary Roberts; the man, Carolyn Courtney; "Fate", Betty Snears; and the "Love Land Special", Mary Louise Whiteley.

Botany Department

Recipient of Gift

Dr. Roemer presented twelve pictures to the library, which has turned them over to the botany department as they are botanical studies. The group is taken from the American Forestry Magazine. Ernestine Thro, Dr. Ennis' assistant, framed the pictures which will be hung in the botany laboratory. All of the plates are of trees, and they are very beautiful. Among the subjects are: "Snow Blossoms", "The Wind Curtain", "Alpine Firs", "Aspens by the Road", "Cypress Swamp", "Eucalyptus", and "Mountain Hemlocks". At the bottom of each plate is a short descriptive poem which perfectly suits the picture.

Read The Linden Bark.

Roman Names Given

To L. C. Girls

Pi Alpha Delta, honorary Latin sorority, initiated three new members at its meeting on Tuesday, February 5, in the club rooms. These new members were given Roman names and asked to sign their names in the scroll.

Miss Hankins talked on the kind of food eaten by the Romans, and then good American tea, candy, and cakes were served.

The new members are Claudia Dell Johnson, Zoe Barnes, and Doris Lee Atteberry.

Cyril Clemens Back

Phrase, "New Deal", obtained by Roosevelt from the works of Mark Twain

"Mark Twain, His Life and Works", was the subject of an address by Mr. Cyril Clemens, Thursday morning, January 17, at 11 o'clock in Roemer auditorium. Mr. Clemens has talked at Lindenwood every year since 1925, except for two years when he was in Europe. He has devoted much time to a study of Mark Twain's life and said, "We can't but estimate the wisdom which underlies his humor."

Mr. Clemens interspersed the life of Mark Twain with amusing incidents. Sam Clemens was born in Florida, Mo., November 30, 1835; this year is his centenary year. When he was four years old, his parents took him to Hannibal, Mo. "We needn't dwell on his boyhood", remarked Mr. Clemens, "since we have it all in his books." When his father died, he went to work in a newspaper office in Hannibal. He had charge of the circulation department, and when he was 18 he helped his brother edit the paper. In 1859, after working on the river for several years, he became a full-fledged boat pilot. When the Civil War broke out, he joined the Confederate army. He went to St. Louis after the war, and later tried his luck in the Nevada mines. Then he went to California and in a short time began his writing and lecturing. He took the pen-name of "Mark Twain" because it is a river term meaning two fathoms of water, or 12 feet.

Mark Twain's home, "Stormfield", in Hartford, Conn., next door to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, became famous for its eccentric feature of having the kitchen in the front of the house. Mark Twain maintained that he had it built there so that "his fat cook could watch circuses from the kitchen window instead of tearing through the house jarring it to pieces."

"He did most of his writing in Hartford," said Mr. Clemens. "His first great book was 'Tom Sawyer' which is mostly true except where he stretched it a little. Both Chester-ton and Galsworthy consider 'Pickwick Papers' and 'Huckleberry Finn' his best books. 'Huckleberry Finn' is in its fiftieth edition, and Willa Cather, who was presented with the Mark Twain medal last year, has re-read this book 20 times.

"In 1907," continued Mr. Clemens, "he went to Oxford to receive the degree of Doctor of Literature. The English were very fond of him and took him to their hearts. When he died on April 18, 1910, he was mourned by the entire world."

President Franklin D. Roosevelt, who met Mark Twain when a boy, has read all of his books. He obtained the phrase, "New Deal", from Mark Twain, Mr. Clemens said.

Y. W. C. A.

PRESENTS

Three Ring Circus

March 1st

Sideshows

Clowns

Fun for Everyone!

If you want to eat, play, or be entertained, come to the Circus!

WHO'S WHO?

Who's Who for this week is undoubtedly one of the most talked of girls on the campus at present. She was recently honored by her class. Now guess which class. She is a blond (that eliminates several) and has the cutest southern drawl. She's rather quiet, but well poised and as far as I know has not one enemy. That indeed is an enviable state. She looks particularly nice in a certain shade of green and wears a Bradley dress in that shade. You observing ones are sure, now. You tell the others.

Freshmen Tell

Of Many Nations

The International Relations club had an all-freshman program at their last meeting, Tuesday afternoon, February 19. Five freshmen discussed recent important incidents and developments in five different countries. Barbara Workman spoke on "Japan", Mary Louise Brower represented "England", Emily Watson told about "Italy", Peggy Roseberry spoke about "France", and Dorothy London spoke of "Germany".

At the business meeting plans were made for being in the Lindenwood circus at the first of March and the possibilities of sending delegates to the Intercollegiate International Relations conference at St. Paul, on April 11.

Gertrude Stein Study

The Poetry Club held a meeting Wednesday afternoon, February 20, in the clubrooms. Almost the whole meeting was given over to the study of Gertrude Stein. Ruth Ann McSpadden gave a biography of Miss Stein; Alma Reitz reviewed her poems; and Genevieve Chapel reported on three or four magazine articles written by Gertrude Stein.

After a short business meeting, the members of the club read original poems on the subject "Storms", some of which were excellent. Kay Fox, president of the club, presided over the meeting.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, February 26:
 5 p. m., Music Students' Recital.
 5 p. m., Alpha Psi Omega.
 6:30 p. m., Commercial Club in Y. W. C. A. parlors.

Wednesday, February 27:
 6:45 p. m., Y. W. C. A. meeting

Thursday, February 28:
 11 a. m., Graduating Recital by Bettie Hooks.
 5 p. m., Sports.
 5 p. m., Alpha Mu Mu.

Friday, March 1:
 6:30 p. m., Y. W. C. A. circus in the gym.

Sunday, March 3:
 6:30 p. m., Dr. H. C. Englebrecht.

Sunday, March 10:
 6:30 p. m., Rev. L. M. McColgan.

Monday, March 11:
 8 p. m., J. C. Sanders on "Wonderland of Mexico."

Sidelights of Society

Eleven Students Honored

Alpha Sigma Tau held a meeting Monday evening, February 18, in the college clubrooms. The following girls were pledged at this meeting: Constance Osgood, Mary Willis Heeren, Alma Reitz, Dorothy Copps, Barbara Combs, Margaret Earber, Nan Latham, Lucille Meinholtz, Guinivere Wood, Wanda Pringle, and Helen Stantz. Nancy Montgomery, president of the honorary sorority, presided at the meeting. Dr. Schaper spoke, having as her topic "Intellectual Freedom". Ice cream and cake were served.

Three Sororities Give Tea

Faculty and Music Majors Present
 Delta Phi Delta, Alpha Mu Mu, and Mu Phi Epsilon, music sororities, entertained at tea in the club rooms on Thursday, February 14 from 5 until 6 o'clock.

Invitations, in the shape of hearts, were sent to all members of the faculty and all music majors.

The receiving line was composed of the officers of the sororities, and Mrs. Roemer and Dr. Gipson poured. They were assisted by members of the organization.

Allie Mae Bornman gave a talk on the requirements for admission into the three societies; LaCene Ford sang, and Marjorie Hickman played a piano selection.

German Club Meets

An informal meeting was held by the German Club Tuesday night, February 19, in the Y. W. C. A. parlors. The members discussed plans for the circus, played games, and sang songs. Betty Butler had charge of the games. Wilma Hoen, president, presided. Ice cream was served at the conclusion of the meeting.

"Little Women", Graduating Recital

Bettie Hooks will present her graduation recital on Thursday morning, February 28, at 11 o'clock. She will read "Little Women" by Louisa M. Alcott.

She will portray twelve characters: Mr. March, Mrs. March, Meg, Jo, Beth, Amy, Mr. Lawrence, Laurie, Aunt March, Hannah Mullett, John Brooke, Professor Bhaer.

Everyone is familiar with this story and anxious to see it.

Fellowship Winner Here

Miss Marietta Hansen A. B., 1934) visited Evelyn Brown at Lindenwood last weekend. Marietta received the fellowship to Chicago U. last year, and she is working for her master's degree in English there this year.

Former Student Visits Friends

Mrs. Herbert Osterwald (Dorothy Palmer, 31-34) visited Lindenwood college last Wednesday, February 13. Mrs. Osterwald majored in music during the three years she spent at Lindenwood and is at present singing in the choir at Washington, Mo., where she lives. She has sung at several social events and has become prominent among the young married people at Washington.

Music Students Meet Requirements

Alpha Mu Mu has announced the acceptance of seven girls into the sorority. The requirements for admission into this honorary underclassmen music organization are: a grade of at least "S" in the major subject, and no grade lower than an "M". The students who have been approved by the faculty on the basis of their record are: Alice Bainum, Cheyenne, Wyoming; Margarete Winder, Ft. Smith, Arkansas; Durine Riddle, Leon, Iowa; Anna Marie Kistner, Bismarck, Missouri; Arabel Wycoff, Garnett, Kansas; Doris Danz, Union, Missouri; and Lorraine Snyder, St. Charles, Missouri.

Valentine Dance Given

Sophomores Trim Gym with Cupids and Hearts

The freshmen, juniors, and seniors were most delightfully entertained by the sophomore class at a date dance in the gym on Saturday night, February 16.

The decoration committee, headed by Sally Pemberton, had carried out the color scheme of red and white in all details. The ceiling, erstwhile red, was completely hung with white crepe paper, and the walls were also in white, but were ornamented at appropriate intervals with red silhouettes of cupids and hearts.

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, and Miss Hankins formed the receiving line at the far end of the gymnasium.

Dancing continued from 8:30 until 11:30 to the music of the 11-piece band which was unusually good what with their medley of "Star Dust" and "MoonGlow", and their interpretation of the rather old but still highly popular "The Object of My Affection."

Nan Latham was wearing a stunning dress of gold moire, and Barbara Hall was the picture of sophistication in her green crepe formal. Mildred Keegan, the guest of sister, was lovely in her flame satin; Virginia Porter's white chiffon dress with the flowing sleeves was lovely; Ruth Kelly looked darling in a heavy yellow crepe; one might go on for columns. At any rate, this dance has been judged by many as the best dance of the year. Thanks, sophomores.

SYMPATHY EXTENDED

The students of Lindenwood join in extending their sympathy to Alice Bainum in the loss of her father who was fatally injured in an accident at their home in Cheyenne, Wyoming. Alice has returned to school.

Plan For Circus

The Home Economics club held a meeting Thursday afternoon, February 21. Mary Belle Grant, president, presided over the meeting. Quite a few reports were given. Betty Barr had as her subject "Ellen Richards"; Zoe Barnes, "Anna E. Richardson"; Josephine Miles, "Margaret Justin"; Lillian Peterson, "Alice Edwards"; Bobby Elkins, "Dr. Louise Stanley"; Jo Neindorf, "Mrs. Renassler". Ethelgard Barry gave a short report on "Labeling", and Marian Schulze also spoke. Plans for the circus were discussed. The refreshments were angel parfait, chocolate cake, and coffee.

Pledges to Kappa Pi

Kappa Pi, National Honorary Art Fraternity, announces the following pledges: Sarabel Pemberton, treasurer of the Art Club; Catharine Schroeder, president of the Art Club and treasurer of the freshman class; and Evalyn Eberle, Mary Sue Kelams, Janet Sage, Mary Elizabeth Triebel, and Mary Jane Wishropp, all freshmen.

Katherine Henderson, of Pocahontas, Arkansas, a former Lindenwood student, was a visitor in the campus last weekend. Katherine has a job with the state legislature in Little Rock, Arkansas. Ruth Lothrop, of Webster Groves, was also out to see her friends for the first time this year. She is attending Washington University.

Beta Pi Theta, French sorority, held a meeting in the Y. W. C. A. parlors on Monday night, February 11. The girls sang French songs and played French games. Eleanor Payne accompanied them at the piano.

Geraldine Robertson was slightly injured in a fall in the swimming pool on Monday, February 18. It was feared that her knee cap was fractured but it was later determined that it was merely a sprain.

Mildred Keegan, Lindenwood '31-'33, was the guest of her sister Katherine, two weekends ago.

Tells of Things Mexican

Dorothy Hope Miller, now Mrs. Forgey, spoke at the last meeting of El Circulo Espanol, Spanish club, about her stay in Mexico last summer. Evelyn Brown, president of the club, presided over the meeting, which took place in the Y. W. parlors, Tuesday evening, February 12. Mrs. Forgey had brought a lot of Mexican things to the meeting such as Spanish lace, pottery, woven baskets, blankets, and a beautiful Mexican blouse. She talked about the customs of the people, especially in Mexico city where she stayed while in Mexico.

Mrs. Forgey was a student at Lindenwood (1931-34) and specialized in dancing. She is now living in University City.

"Abe's" Birthday Again

On Lincoln's birthday the flag was raised on the campus. Lincoln's picture was on the stage, adorned by flags. There were flags on all the tables in the dining room. Even though Lindenwood did not have any formal observance of this day, everyone remembered that it was Lincoln's birthday.

Read The Linden Bark.

Lynn Wood Observes

Well, I guess the postoffice had about its busiest day on Valentine Day. 'Most every box had a little red package slip in it, some had two and some even five or six, and then some were empty like mine. Woe is me! Virginia Sodeman got the loveliest valentine—three orchids in a velvet box, and Merriam Harris got tulips, and a beautiful white vase came with them. The sender was certainly a thoughtful person, cause HOW would gorgeous red tulips look in a purple and yellow wastebasket, or a drinking glass I ask you. Roberta Miller's Donnie sent her two dozen roses.....a large order? I'd say, and I'd say Donnie kinda likes our Berta, or am I getting too sentimental. Sara Davis' brother sent her an orchid. Seriously, that's one of the nicest things I've heard of.

So much for the flowers, though there were lots more. Nancy Smith received a book of best modern plays from Emmy, her best beloved, and odd to me, Nancy says they even exchange gifts at her house on Lincoln's birthday. Think I'll mention that at home.

I shan't even start to name the numerous girls who received candy, and phone calls. Why the phone at Niccolls was almost ringing off of the wall.

Well, it's come and gone. I wonder what next year will bring.

Music and Reading

At the Y. W. C. A. meeting on Wednesday, February 13, the program consisted of two numbers, a vocal selection, "Blue Moon" by Margaret Lynn Winder, and a reading by Betty Hooks. Margaret was accompanied by Arabel Wycoff.

SILENCE OF STORM

By Eleanor Hibbard
 Silence—silence—silence—
 Thick, fluffy snowflakes muffled every sound;
 Rocks were smothered out of sight.
 Under the feathery weight
 Pine boughs ceased their constant whispering;
 The half echo of a wind rustled—
 only to die.

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