

LINDEN BARK

Volume 14—No. 11.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, March 26, 1935.

\$1.00 A Year

Fellowship Meeting

Eight Colleges to be Represented at Dinner.

Eight church colleges will hold a fellowship meeting at the Jefferson hotel in St. Louis on Tuesday, April 2, with a dinner at seven o'clock. The eight colleges are Lindenwood college, Park college, Missouri Valley college, Westminster college, William Jewell, Drury, Central, and Culver-Stockton. Dr. Roemer and Mr. Motley will attend the dinner, and Lindenwood will be well represented by old students. Mr. John B. Edwards and Mr. C. M. Hay, St. Louis lawyers, will be the speakers.

Webster Groves Speaker Tells About Birds

The St. Charles Nature Study group held a meeting last Tuesday night. Joanna Achelpohl gave a short talk on "Stars" and explained the positions of some of the constellations in the skies. Miss Rutherford spoke on "Toads", Frogs, and Salamanders". She had moving pictures to illustrate her lecture.

The guest speaker for the evening was Mrs. Satterthwait of Webster Groves, Mo. She talked about the methods of attracting birds, explained the set-up of the nature club in Webster Groves. The St. Charles group is attempting to follow the plan of other clubs.

The meetings are held on the first Tuesday of every month. There are bird walks every Saturday morning at six o'clock. Those wishing to go on these walks are to meet in front of the St. Charles library. Everyone is invited to the meetings.

Mr. Motley Gives Annual Y. W. Talk

Mr. Motley, being one of Lindenwood's favorites, drew a large audience at the Y. W. meeting Wednesday night, March 20. He talked in his usual sincere and informal way.

He asked that the girls keep an interest in their community. There are plenty of problems to be solved there without going into other places to find interests.

He encouraged friendship, which is one of the greatest qualities that we can possess. He said, we must have courage in order to gain our goals. When we fail, we must have the courage to go back and start over. He gave as an example the story of the fishermen who had been fishing all day without any success. Jesus told them to go into the deeper part of the sea and cast their nets on the other side of the boat. They went back from where they started and cast their nets, and caught an abundance of fish.

Lindenwood is always glad to listen to Mr. Motley because he is so interested in, and understanding of, girls.

New Occupations Offered

Requirements Given For The Perfect Secretary.

The Occupational Bulletin Board offers a most interesting group of clippings. One is entitled "Home Economist in Business" and tells of a pamphlet by Genevieve A. Callahan, "Preparation for Business Field of Home Economics." The pamphlet is said to be of great value and may be had for ten cents by writing to the Sunset Magazine, San Francisco.

Prof. Fred G. Nichols of Harvard, has been making a study of "the perfect secretary and has arrived at the following requirements: high intelligence, orderly mind, accuracy, alertness to importance of situations, memory for details, courtesy, poise, self-control, and ability to adjust herself to her employer's attitude.

Announcement has been made of the change which is to take place in the Pulitzer school of Journalism. It will abandon its undergraduate status and will become exclusively a graduate school. The entrance requirements are: age limit, 20-30 years, four-year degree from an accredited school, and an interest in Journalism.

The last clipping is entitled "Saving Lives on the Last Frontier", and tells of the work by Mrs. Mary Breckenridge in the mountains of eastern Kentucky. She, a decade ago, founded the Frontier Nursing service and from it have grown eight branches. Mrs. Breckenridge has attained great proficiency in the care of mothers and infants.

Y. W. Installs New Officers

Jean Kirkwood was installed as president of the Lindenwood Y. W. C. A. at a meeting held Wednesday night, March 13. The retiring president was Nancy Montgomery.

The old officers besides Nancy were Jean Kirkwood, vice-president, Connie Osgood, secretary, and Margaret Barber, treasurer. The old cabinet was composed of four girls, Sue Olmstead, Evelyn Brown, Virginia Emerson, and Margaret Taylor.

The new vice-president is Connie Osgood; secretary, Ruth Ann McSpadden; and treasurer, Margaret Taylor. The new cabinet members are Margaret Keck, Ellen Ann Schachner, Virginia Emerson, Florence Wilson, and Betty Baker.

The meeting was opened with two songs by Ruth Bewley with Evelyn Ruth as accompanist.

Poems Criticised

The Poetry Society held a meeting in the club rooms Monday night, March 18, at 6:30 o'clock. A short business meeting was presided over by Katherine Fox, president.

All the members brought their poems and read them before the society and the members offered criticisms on each.

Read the Linden Bark.

"A Kiss In Xanadu" Featured On Program

Tau Sigma Dance Sorority Presented Excellent Recital.

Tau Sigma, dance sorority, presented a recital Friday night, March 15. This "not-too serious program of moods and modes" was under the direction of Miss Margaret Mantle Stookey. Dorothy Miller-Forgey was the guest artist of the evening. She was a student last year.

The first part of the program consisted of syncopations:

"Something Rhythmic"—Joan Spangler, Wanda Gayle Covington, Coila Harding, Ruth Newell, Roberta Lee Strange;

"Something Intricate"—Marion Randolph, Helen Moeller, Katherine Lehbrink, Bertha Marie Kenj;

"Something Catchy"—Marion Randolph, Joan Spangler, Marjorie Hickman, Coila Harding, Helen Moeller, Katherine Lehbrink;

"Something Gay"—Myrna Huddleston. This was an intricate tap dance and Myrna really made her feet balk. The big hand she received showed what a favorite she is with Lindenwood girls.

"Something Spanish"—Mildred Rhoton. She wore a white costume and the dance was well interpreted as only Mildred can do it. Her dancing is always an inspiration and she leaves her audience breathless.

"Something Abstract"—by Dorothy Miller-Forgey. Dorothy wore a black costume with red and black sequins. The dance was beautifully and gracefully done. This was one of the numbers that she did in Mexico City. It seemed like old times to have Dorothy dance for Lindenwood again. "Serenade to a Wealthy Widow"—Camille McFadden. Her costume was black and white with a black veiled hat. Camille certainly did her best in this dance and one wouldn't mind seeing it again. How about it, Camille?

"Revelry—Something Diverting"—Marion Randolph. Marion wore a red dress trimmed in silver. Her dance was a modern number and a large part of the movements made by her hands.

"Park Avenue Fantasy—Something Amorous"—Mildred Rhoton and Myrna Huddleston. They danced beautifully together in the modern mode.

The second part of the program was a dance drama in three scenes, "A Kiss in Xanadu", as performed in Winthrop Ames production of "Beggar on Horseback". The characters were:

Princess—Marjorie Hickman, (first and third acts).

Camille McFadden (second act).

Prince—Myrna Huddleston, (first and third acts)

Mildred Rhoton (second act).

Lady in waiting to the Princess—Wanda Gayle Covington.

"The Home Feeling"

Dr. Roemer tells story of Naaman at Lenten service.

Dr. Roemer had as the subject of his second Lenten meditation last Wednesday noon, "The Home Feeling." He opened his discourse with the familiar story of Naaman, head of the Syrian army, a man held in high esteem, but a man who was a leper. A little Jewish maid in his household suggested that the great soldier go to an Israelitish prophet in Samaria who was known for his wonderful cures, so Naaman went with horses and chariots and presents, to the home of Elisha. Elisha told him to go wash in the Jordan river seven times and he would be clean, and Naaman retorted: "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" This remark has brought upon Naaman's head unfavorable comment. But perhaps there is something worthy of a more favorable reception of his hasty comment, Dr. Roemer said.

"This remark was born of a home feeling the home feeling is born of memories and possession. Naaman's home feeling for the rivers of Damascus recalls the home feeling Jesus manifested in His ministry. Jesus came out from the Father and lived in expectation of return to Him. The home feeling arouses the best that is in us. It is the home feeling that interprets the Cross of Christ. Naaman! The world has harshly criticised you for the remark you made in a spirit of indignation. We apologize as we better understand what prompted it. To you Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, are greater than all the waters of Israel."

Lord in waiting to the Prince—Marion Randolph.

Page to the Princess—Katherine Lehbrink.

Page to the Prince—Helen Moeller.

Watchmen in the park—Coila Harding, Mary Elizabeth Stuhler, Roberta Lee Strange.

Scene 1—In the Royal Suite—evening.

Scene 2—In the Public Park—night.

Scene 3—In the Royal Suite—morning.

The story of the drama is based on the longing of the prince and princess of Xanadu for romance. One night from her bed the princess peeps wistfully at the moon and longs to be loved. The prince has the same idea. While his princess sleeps he decides to look for romance in the public park under the moon so he disguises himself and climbs out of the balcony window. Later, the princess has the same idea and she too disguises and goes to the

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Linden Bark

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TUESDAY, MARCH 26, 1935.

The Linden Bark:

"The Lazarus of spring comes forth this year
Slow out of his tomb and late, as if the cold,
Reluctant hand of death some frozen hold
Kept on his grave clothes."

Frank Allaben

"Woman's Place Is Still In The Home"

"Woman's place is in the home" is a familiar saying but one which has been done away with by a certain group of people who call themselves "modern." They compose a very great minority of our population and the home-making goes on. There are a few very intelligent people who really prefer working for their living and living in a single room with meals out, to caring for a home. They do not have the ordinary flare for homemaking. Have you ever noticed the rude huts in the country along the highways? Have you noted here and there attempts at homemaking . . . a few flowers . . . cheap clothes on a line . . . Some woman with no education whatsoever has nevertheless been trying to make a home for her family. Then think of your own home, run so smoothly that nothing seems ever to go wrong and it seems simple. Let mother go away for a weekend and leave you as superintendent of the household. Meals to be planned . . . groceries to buy . . . cleaning and dusting to be done . . . the telephone rings off of the wall . . . you forgot to order any coffee . . . the frigidaire is out of commission . . . baby brother fell down and hurt his hand . . . and then mother returns and takes the job over. How simply she reorganizes the disordered household! You determine to master the art yourself. It's truly fascinating, you find . . . and when at last you've gone away to college you find instruction there in the art of home-making . . . sewing, cooking, home management, marketing . . . budgeting . . . house planning . . . designing . . . dietetics . . . and you can hardly wait to put your new found proficiency into practice.

Indeed homemaking is woman's true place in the world . . . in spite of the fact that she may be a business woman. She almost invariably will have a touch of home whether she live in a single room . . . an apartment . . . or a mansion.

BUT let's let the men stay in their place, too. Have you seen a house after a man has "batched" for a week or so? YYes 'Nuff said.

April 1 A Day of Real Significance

What does April Fool's Day mean to you? This day has different significances for everyone. To the child, it is a day of foolish pranks and tricks. To the young high school student it may be a time of parties, or a box of candy filled with soap or some other harmless trick. It is always thought of as a day when it is permissible to play tricks upon one's friends.

To Lindenwood girls the first day of April has a much greater significance than just the playing of pranks—it is Major Sibley's birthday. Lindenwood's founder was born April 1, 1782, in Barrington, Massachusetts.

Dr. Gregg recently read a paper before the Missouri Historical Society in which Mr. Sibley had an incidental part. In 1805, George Sibley was appointed, as assistant factor to Tillier at Fort Bellefontaine, the first American fort west of the Mississippi river. Young Sibley criticised the casual bookkeeping that was being carried on and he was discharged by Tillier. Mr. Sibley then went to Washington, told the story, and received an appointment as chief factor at Fort Osage, 300 miles up the Missouri. Here he received friendly and respectful treatment from the Indians.

Major Sibley and Mary Easton Sibley were married in 1815. At once Maj. Sibley secured 120 acres of land adjoining St. Charles, which Mrs. Sibley called "Linden Wood" and here they resided until their death.

Anticipating Conference

The Lindenwood Young People's Conference club met at the West Presbyterian Church in St. Louis on Thursday, March 21. Dr. Case addressed the group. The purpose of the meeting was to stimulate interest in the conference which is to be held here June 22-29. This is the third summer that the conference has met and at least two members of the Lindenwood faculty will be on the faculty of the church school. More definite announcements will be made later.

Training School To Close

The Leadership Training school which has been held at Lindenwood on Monday nights will close on April 1. Dr. Case, dean of the school, reports that there have been about eighteen Sunday School and church workers in attendance. Dr. Case has classes in "The Curriculum of Religious Education" and Rev. W. L. McColgan had a class in "The Message and Program of the Christian Religion." The courses of study are accredited by the International Council of Religious Education.

French Songs

Beta Pi Theta held a meeting in the club rooms Monday night at 6:30 o'clock, March 11. Sarah Cruz, president, presided over a short business meeting. Ruth Bewley sang several songs. The remaining time was spent in social enjoyment.

CAMPUS DIARY

By G. R.

Wednesday, March 13:

"Doonie" brought Porter a box of candy from the city today for a bet that she lost with her. You might ask either of them what the bet was about!!!! Y. W. elected new officers tonight. Nancy has been a very efficient president and I'm sure that Jean will carry on the good work. Thursday, March 14:

Mary and "Cicero" had the bright idea that we be "Little Women" today so we did our best to appear in character. Everyone was telling Marie how funny she looked and that's the way she used to wear her hair!

Friday, March 15:

Tau Sigma recital tonight and they really displayed their dancing ability. It was the best dance recital that we have ever had. Mildred Rhoton certainly has lots of strength when she can break a street lamp.

Saturday, March 16:

Saw Mary Belle and Mary K. in the city buying new spring clothes. It must be nice. Sue Perrin Reyburn was out this afternoon and she seems very happy. Several of the girls went down to the H. S. to the operetta. Mary, Bert, and Dorothy Ball taught some of the dances for it.

Sunday, March 17:

A very quiet and peaceful Sunday, a perfect day to sleep! Rev. Ernest Jones spoke at vespers.

Monday, March 18:

Jean Kirkwood presented \$28 to Dr. Roemer for the student loan fund, which was collected from the Y. W. circus.

Marie's Babe broke his arm and she is rather worried about the daily letter from him. Mary Louise, who is your latest admirer??

Tuesday, March 19:

Betty Bell went to Barnes Hospital today. It seems as though Betty likes that place.

When you want any pointers on the technique of cleaning a room, just ask Jo or Peggy. They really are quite good at it.

Wednesday, March 20:

Spring arrived a day early. White oxfords and summer dresses appeared on the campus. Betty Clark received a twenty-four page letter—it must really be love! !

Music Department

Presents Recital

Students of the department of music presented a recital in Roemer Auditorium on March 7 at eleven o'clock.

The first number on the program was, "Sonata Op. 2. No. 2 Major" by Beethoven, played by Lorraine Snyder.

Dorothy Ball sang two songs "A Memory" by Ganz, and "Life" by Curran.

Marian Randolph and June Myers sang duets "Oh, that we two were Maying" and "In Springtime".

Beethoven's "Sonata, Op. 26. A flat major" was well executed by Rachel Hinman, and Blanche Edna Hestwood played Beethoven's "Sonata, Ou. 2 No. 3 C. Major" and Chopin's "Etude Op. 25, No. 8".

Ready in Faith

Address at Vespers by
Methodist Pastor.

Rev. Ernest Jones of the Methodist church had as his subject, at vespers Sunday evening, March 17, the text, "They that were ready went". He opened his talk reading part of the gospel according to St. Matthew, about the ten virgins who went to the wedding; five had extra oil for their lamps and five didn't, and when the bridegroom came only those that were prepared were allowed to enter the bridal chamber.

"If you are ready", said Rev. Mr. Jones, "there will be a lot of things for you. We are living in a universe of mystery. Men and women have been wrestling with these mysteries for years. If you are going to get the best out of life, you must fashion some kind of philosophy of life; to have this you must have faith. It takes a long time to get faith, for faith is a personal matter. Others with faith can show you how it holds them when they are in some kind of stress, but you must develop faith yourself.

"Get ready to be men and women of faith. Get ready to be thinkers, for the world needs thinkers, and God gave us brains to use. Thinking is hard work.

"Get ready to be interpreters of Jesus Christ. He needs interpreters in these troubled days. If you could grow up with a deeper understanding of Him, it would change the world. Once a drunken man saw a crowd around the famous picture of Christ before Pilate, and he went to see the picture. At first he was only drunkenly interested in this, and then slowly he took off his cap and tears streamed down his face and he said: 'I never knew He was like that.' That painter had interpreted Jesus Christ to this poor old man.

"There are many fields of service waiting for us. The world is going through a revolution. It will take men and women of faith who are not afraid to think and express their thoughts to interpret Jesus Christ to a world which is troubled."

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park. In the park the two meet and fall in love and sit in the park until early in the morning. They don't even know that they have been together when they face each other at the breakfast table the next morning. They both sit dreaming of their adventures of the night before. Dutifully the princess leans over for the prince to kiss her—it is so boring to be married to each other!

The drama was cleverly portrayed with movements to music. The dances in this part were well interpreted by the different characters. The large applause gained from the audience expressed how well the girls liked it.

The accompanists for the recital were Miss Eva Englehart, Miss Leland, Reba Mae Showalter, Lucille Wallingsford, Martha Perry.

The ushers were June Fleming, Jannette Campbell, Barbara Hall, Beatrice Hill, Helen Lightholder, Betty Butler.

Stage managers were Elizabeth Maassen, and Betty Spears. Virginia Rugh and Constance Osgood were in charge of the spotlight. Genevieve Chapel transcribed the story.

Tau Sigma gave an excellent recital. In fact, it was the best they have ever given. Lindenwood is fortunate in having such good dancers and Miss Stookey is to be complimented on her excellent direction of the recital.

REMINISCENCE

By Eleanor Hibbard

Silence called to me one day,
So I went
To the top of a hill.
There I sat.
A breeze blew back my hair—
Silently,
And I did nothing to destroy the
peace.

JOURNAL

By Jean Leftwich

Feb. 5—When I was walking back to Nicolls from the library tonight I tried to compare the nights of the four seasons. Winter nights are porphyry. Spring nights are crystal quartz, new-mined, glittering. Summer nights are turquoises, triangular shafts of misted light coming through high windows. Fall nights are red flint, stenciled, patterned shadows projected on the floor.

Feb. 7—Tonight the lights were madonnas of the mist with halos around their heads.

Feb. 8—So many lovely things are blue: a gallant, cocky jay, a sapphire's depths, the summer sea, and the lazy twisting of wood smoke.

Feb. 9—I sit now in the winter's twilight, watching that mysterious blend of warm and cold, black hills and trees, a deeping dark, and the sun's blood spilt across white ice.

Feb. 11—Its green gold, rippling body hesitated and wavered a moment. Wistful goggle—eyes peered through the globe at me, and measured all the queer and colorless world without. And in those gold-rimmed eyes I saw a poignant longing for the deep, cool beds of rivers, friendly swirls of currents, and the rainbow gleam of fellow-fish. Then it flickered its feathery tail, darted through an artificial castle and was gone.

Feb. 12—If I were an artist I'm sure that I would have nightmares of lovely daubs of springtime green. The lavender of a wild flower, the delicate pink of the inside of a shell, the yellow of pollen and pale lilies, all changing into voluptuous orchid and brilliant orange. There would be hues in hideous combinations—great swirls of fevered red, monstrous purple, green, yellow, blatant blue, spots of gray, and a splatter of dirty brown.

Feb. 14—I have always loved the order of faded dawns, scarves of skiers firing down the sunlit winter sky, orange jerseys on a brown and and frosty field, or silver wings disappearing in grey fog. Also, there was the wonder of the sun on morning grass, stars and trees and darkness with a gold moon peeping through, friendly, much-read books, or sturdy, gleaming, kitchen things.

Feb. 15—Tulips are soldiers, round, fat, stiff, little Dutch soldiers. Marching sedately past in gay uniforms of purple, yellow and scarlet, they hold themselves erect as all good soldiers do. Advancing, retreating, now in close formation, they maneuver across the green lawn or stand guard over the more tender flowers. They form a valiant line against the boisterous wind. They are a clean, jaunty regiment, alert to be stepping out at double time. One expects to hear the roll of a marching song drifting from them. Here a tall, shiny one flaunts the red and gold of a general's braid. True to form, he stands a little to the front.

PEOPLE OF FLAVOR

By Esther Margaret Bruce

These are the people who see a certain color at the mention of a name or when they hear a definite tone in music. But, as I am super-sensitive to the qualities, study, and consumption of food, these names, or, moreover, the personalities and characters of certain persons remind me of a flavor or a concoction of food stuffs.

There are those who have a rich, pure flavor—such people are calm, composed, majestic; their presence is always welcome, and often needed. An example of this personalization is Aunt Jane. She reminds me of a fine home-cured, Virginia baked ham. On the other hand there is Mary Ellen, vivacious, so honest in her opinion, so athletic, and so cosmopolitan that she might be a cool, refreshing, fruit salad, served upon a crisp lettuce leaf! Next comes Aunt Katherine. She, if made into an edible object would surely become a devil's food cake. She is sweet, delightful to look upon, and has an almost intangible aroma of spiciness.

Grandmother's specialty is cherry pie. There is absolutely nothing to equal it, nor her. The flavor in the pie is equivalent to her wit; the flaky crust to her sturdy perseverance in trying to make her grandchildren live by the standards of Civil War days; while the deep color of the cherries brings out the delicate pink of her complexion. Dave, who plays on the football team, runs the high hurdles, and is tall and dark, brings to mind a great thick steak, well seasoned, juicy and tender, with which nothing could taste better than hot tomato sauce and shoe string potatoes!

All these are dishes that I am very fond of. But one cannot expect to find every dish on the menu a favorite. There are people who are reminiscent of cooked cabbage, of nothing but vinegar, of stews, and, worst of all, of corn on the cob!

A SYMPHONY

By Marv Long

Music, living strains reaching out; drawing you apart into that world above the one in which you daily walk. In that higher world you may be soothed or excited. You may find sorrow or happiness. You may be left unconscious of any common sensation and wander in a perfect joy of oblivion to life and to yourself. For the time you are not plain; you are but another being, thrilling to the vibration of each string and pipe. They are played not by men but by beings that are a part of the notes and moods themselves. Reality no longer is. Life is melody.

Silence—Applause breaks through the mist. You come to reality with stunning suddenness. Men are bowing. Hands are clapping. Instruments are being laid away. The crowd rises. You are carried slowly with them to the air and to sounds of traffic fighting its way along. Life has become once more a part of this world in which we walk and talk. Everything continues as before. But no, you are different. You may not notice, your friends may not, but something sweet and precious has entered your being and will stay. You have heard man's finest expression of life's beauty and excitement. You have heard a great symphony concert.

Read The Linden Bark.

MOUNTAIN SIDE

By Eleanor Hibbard

Cold

Drifting, whirling, stinging snow seemed to blow from all directions at once. Not for a second was there any quiet or even a lull in the fierce onrush of the wind. From the top of the mountain, although it was invisible through the chaos of white, came the steady roar, roar of rushing wind as the snow raged through-around-under the swinging branches of storm-torn pines. Majesty gone, only inanimate thrashing bodies left to combat the engulfing fury of the blizzard.

Dimly through the rushing haze could be seen the dull red shapes of a cow and her half-grown calf, huddled near a group of hard, cold granite boulders. Left in the mountains by some negligent cowhand, they had been foraging for themselves. Caught in the storm and drifting with the wind until weary they now bunched behind the broken rocks. The piercing, bitter-cold wind rushed around the boulders, ruffled the coarse hair on their backs and filled it with stinging particles of snow. Once in awhile one or the other would shake the accumulating bits from his head, or lick his mouth where icicles and frosted breath had gathered. Darkness came and the scene faded into a white, whirling, mad world.

Warm

Sky blue forget-me-nots, black and yellow tipped crimson shooting stars, tiny white bell-flowers—all grew in the long grass near the base of the huge granite boulders. Tall yellow sweetpeas and lavender lupine thickly grew around them and above to the very foot of the tall, imposing pines which pointed straight at the blue, blue sky. There was a rustle, a whisper as a slight wind passed through their needles, slightly fanned the tall, luxuriant grasses, then was quiet again. A faint cow-path ran through the trees, turning here and there among the boulders and flowers, finally to end at a rock-strewn, dashing mountain stream.

Ants steadily carried gravel from one rock base to another. A chipmunk ran quickly up one side of a sun-warmed, gray rock, gazed at the world, flicked his tail and scurried down the other side. Tall grass pushed a pile of white, scattered bones—two black beetles scuttled over a bleached skull and disappeared into the musty ground beneath.

LITTLE SIS

By Sue Kellams

It was a Sunday almost a year ago. I walked, sometimes tiptoed, through the quiet, odorless corridors of the hospital. I glimpsed a group of friends standing in front of the plate glass window which divided us from the babies' ward.

An undergraduate nurse in immaculate blue-grey uniform was holding a little soft red babe firmly but rather in differently in her arms. One of the baby's fat cheeks drooped and looked fatter than the other; one eye was half closed. On a tiny arm in the crease at the wrist was a little identification bracelet which I knew bore my own surname. This was the little child of whom I had dreamed—incredibly not a brother—but another sister not yet twenty-four hours old.

Almost immediately it seemed to me, she was whisked away to her crib in the farthest now from the window. I moved away feeling very warm inside.

SYMPHONIC ANTICS

By Helen Moeller

With a great clatter of applause the symphony conductor comes into the pit. Having bowed stiffly to the enthusiastic audience, he picks up his baton and turns a scornful eye on the still noisy guests. The whispers die out; he raises his baton; the orchestra springs to attention; and the symphony antics begin! With a great flourish he swings the artists into somebody's overture from something-or-other. Sweeping his arms to include his entire assembly, he bends his men to his will. A mere lifting of the free hand increases the tonal volume. The conductor is able to quiet this same volume by his "shushing" expression and tenderly raised eyebrows, and by figuratively "squashing" the vibrating notes with his hand, palm down.

In the crescendo parts of the symphony, the leader goes into vigorous action. His antics increase almost to absurdity. Struggling to bring the most from the inanimate instruments in the hands of the able artists, he must fall to realize how ridiculous he appears. With flourishing sweeps he grapples with the symphony. A baleful glare comes into his eyes as he imagines he bears an off-tone from a nearby violin. The color rises to his face and beads of perspiration dot his forehead. Still the symphony goes on!

The conductor's wild antics continue as the climax arrives. He gestures as though he were pulling the harmonious sounds from the instruments. The auditorium resounds with the din of the climax. Eyes of players and audience alike are fixed on him in rapt attention.

With a sudden relaxation in the conductor's antics, a soft, sweet harmony arises from the pit. The music softly fades into nothingness. There is a moment of silence before the audience becomes accustomed to the unexpected stillness. As the leader lowers his baton and thereby allows his men to relax, the audience breaks into wild and lengthy applause. He turns a disheveled visage on his admirers and bows wiltedly to them. A final sweep of his arms brings the orchestra to an upright position for the acclamation of the crowd. The last flourish reseats the players, and they begin to remove their instruments. The symphony is over.

A VACANT LOT

By Wanda Pringle

The vacant lot next door to us had been cut out almost perpendicularly from the side of a hill so that one boundary rose twenty-five feet above the other. Half imbedded in the gashed elevation was an old brick well about four feet wide filled with dirt. Near the top of the shaft, the bricks began to shape in toward the middle, and it looked as if an Eskimo igloo had been chopped off two feet from the ground and the base placed on a cylinder of the same diameter buried in the side of a hill. On the firmly packed dirt in the well, and in the cave dug above it, we had our primitive dwelling. To us, the paths were dangerous trails down a high mountain, the tall, straight sunflowers were giant trees, and the weeds were vines and undergrowth through which we were forced to tear a passage in our search for our wild-animal prey—a stray cat or dog.

Read The Linden Bark.

ACROBATS

By Elizabeth Triebel

Saturday morning was the first time had ever visited the Art Museum in St. Louis. A group of art students from school went to see the American Exhibit which is being shown there this fall.

After walking around and studying the paintings from different angles, I sat down before one by Gifford Beal of New York. The picture was called **Acrobats**. This painting brought back thoughts of blaring music, noise, excitement—circus days. I saw the show under the "big top" where beautiful ladies in gorgeous array rode in queenly fashion upon the heads of great, silent, lumbering elephants. There were balloons, and clowns, peanut shells, and masses of hot, uncomfortable people.

The painting wasn't of all this though. It was about the feature act in the show. The ring master had just announced that the spectators would witness some feats they had never seen. Perhaps they had seen acrobats, but now they would view famous artists. Entrance chords, and then hushed music, a silent audience an eager eyes turned to the center ring. Here was our picture.

Two patient white horses with arched necks and prancing feet came side by side. Standing with a foot on the back of either horse was a girl in a short costume of pink satin, white fur, and silver bangles. Posing in an arabesque and standing on the bended knee of the girl was another, smaller acrobat. Perhaps the latter was a younger sister. She was dressed the same as her partner. Her graceful hands and arms were out stretched and her beautiful head was held high as she looked upward in an ecstasy of joy.

This picture, full of action and life, was set against a background of gray brown. One could faintly discern the heads of the spectators and the folds of canvas over a pole supporting the tent. The artist had brought out the muscular legs of the two acrobats, the patient eyes of the horses, the tense face of the one girl and the happy, carefree expression of the other.

A painting of this type couldn't be used in a home. It could only be a lovely piece in a collection. When I try to analyze the appeal this picture has for me I come to this conclusion: it must be the memories it recalls, the graceful lines of the figures, and my former study of acrobatic dancing that made it seem familiar. Nevertheless, **Acrobats**, by Gifford Beal is my favorite of the Americans Exhibit this year, and I hope others may find in it as much pleasure as I have.

RELICS

By Sue Kellams

Old tumble-down houses, worn furniture, old china, silverware worn thin—these hold for me a peculiar fascination; and because I love these things. I love to imagine what the people who used them were like. The white frame house in which my father was born was almost one hundred years old when Grandfather bought it. It was remodeled from time to time; a wing was added to accommodate a growing family. It is nice to live in a house that has been haunted for years with the ambitions, anxieties, emotions of human beings. However, that is purely sentiment and I like antiques more for their beauty than for associations.

The reason that contemporary

achievements are not appreciated for several decades is that the good is not yet segregated from the inferior—not yet placed in its proper category. Thus a modern trinket will not be an *objet d'art* for at least fifty years; someone has to get a bird's eye view of the whole period in order to catalogue anything as to its beauty value. And that, too, could be only a compromise, because there are as many ideals of Beauty as there are personalities.

However when you look at something old a feeling of respect comes and, with it a confidence that anything which has survived many generations of critics and comes through with flying colors is somehow worthy of your condescending attention. With some such feelings I approach an art museum.

I have gazed intently into the glass case containing the large white china plates. After a careful search at last I have found that the ornate gold initial is N for Napoleon. The little white card goes on to give a detailed history of Napoleon III but utterly neglects to tell how and when the plates were used. But in the art world, I suppose, mashed potatoes are not missed, when you have a smooth shiny surface to please the eye. The conclusion reached, I always move on, because the guard growing suspicious, has poked his head around the corner.

Trying to look innocent, I walk as quietly as possible down the corridor into the period rooms. Here as everywhere else it is silent except for the occasional pad, pad of a guard, who wants me to know that I am watched. Rather hating myself for this intrusion on his domain, I stand pretending that this colonial dining room is mine and that now I shall go sit in my beautiful drawing room beneath the huge chandelier whose crystals shiver in a slight draught. Of course I don't sit beneath the chandelier because I must stay within the cord that makes a path through a narrow hall I reach the door of a bedroom which has a small four poster bed with a tufted canopy. Through a door, I can catch a glimpse of Greek statuary and the spell is broken—I always hurry away.

Visitors are watched carefully in a museum because age has brought about scarcity of the exhibits and vanity gives them greater money value. I do not blame the guards because they cannot read character in our faces; and the most meek of us may someday be transformed by an idle day dream which has turned into a grand passion.

THE FARM

By Matilda Robertson

From my window I can see across the pretty little valley to the hills beyond. The snow hazes the scene like a crayon drawing. The landscape, a monotone in brown and olive green, accentuates the spot of color that a neat farm-house and yard lends to the crest of a distant hill. The house itself is large and square except for a wing jutting out on one side, obviously an afterthought. It must have been added recently, though, because the dull, Spanish red of the wain roof and the bright green of composition shingles on the wing contrast pleasantly. Various outhouses, paintless and dilapidated, blot the yard.

Inside the paling fence a frozen white wash flops grotesquely in the strong wind. White leghorns peck at the frosty ground in search of food.

A team, drawing a wagon piled high with baled hay, drives into the yard, scattering the chickens like leaves in a breeze. Two cows stand huddled together beside the barn, waiting, I suppose, for the boy who hurries across the yard. But twilight gradually deepens the snowy haze until I cannot distinguish the house from the low clouds.

INORGANIC CHEMISTRY LABORATORY

By Mary Stokes

After having signed my name on the locker list, I stepped through the side door, and saw for the first time the laboratory used for inorganic chemistry. I paused to look at this slightly bewildering room, which immediately impressed one as being all cluttered up. And the peculiar odor which penetrated my nostrils reminded me of what I imagined a combination of the odors in a doctor's office and an undertaker's parlor would smell like—if they could be combined. From the right wall three parallel tables jutted out and extended almost four-fifths the width of the room. The other fifth left a place for an aisle.

Half wondering and half stupefied I moved down this aisle, found and picked up the rusty locker key from a board on the left wall, and moved on to my locker. There I hoisted myself to the high wooden stool and scanned more intently the top shelf with bottles full of yellow, white, silver and black substances, labeled Na, O₂, K, Cl, O₃ and many other meaningless symbols. Hurriedly I lowered my eyes to the table with its black top. I discovered the sink and a faucet which — when I experimentally turned it on—spurred and splattered water in my face and on the clean black top. (I thought, "Depend on me to mess things up".)

Then I explored my locker. I found test tubes, beakers, evaporating dishes and other utensils. With each new discovery my interest grew. And when the instructor came to show us how to light the Bunsen burner, the blue flame fascinated me. I was as anxious to get started making things as a little girl is anxious to help her other cook.

BEACH SCENE

By Barbara Workman

As I stroll along the high walk of Ocean Avenue on a Sunday morning, the vivid panorama below captivates me. Gay parasols and splotchy towels carelessly dot the warm, white beach. Little children are playing happily in the sand with their shovels and buckets. One little boy in a red sun-suit cattering crumbs to a bunch of greedy sea gulls. A group of high school girls, in the latest Hollywood bathing suits, sprawl lazily in the sun, bravely struggling to acquire a coat of tan. Elderly men, wearing ancient beach costumes, sleep peacefully, their faces hidden by newspapers.

To my right, Rainbow Pier curves around a large area of still, blue water. Four small sail boats with different colored sails, dart back and forth, sending gentle ripples across the surface.

On my left stretches a long fishing pier, heavily covered with barnacles. Loafers automatically gather there with fishing poles, and sit idly from day to day.

I turn back and gaze out across the horizon. A huge shadow vaguely outlines itself through the pale, blue haze; and although it is heavily veiled, I know that it is the island of Catalina.

SUPERSTITIONS

By Elizabeth Triebel

As far back as I can remember, Mandy, an old Negress, has worked for my grandmother. To be exact she came to the house fifty-two years ago when my grandparents were first married. Mandy and her four daughters, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, and Virginia (really their true names) have afforded us great amusement, but they have also cast a spell over us with their superstitions. Of course we don't seriously believe in these, but even so we hear them, and knock on wood or refrain from walking under a ladder. I shall tell you a few other old beliefs so that you can heed them and possibly escape some terrible disaster.

Don't, for goodness sake, sing before breakfast. According to Florida, of the rolling eyes and deep sighs, you'll weep before dinner. One day, quite unconsciously, I committed this crime and when I did cry that afternoon, of course it was because I had sung before breakfast.

Another thing, it is bad luck to bring a strange cat into your home. When my aunt was going to California for the winter she left her cat in our care. After the cat had been with us a few weeks, my dog was killed by an automobile. Right away Georgia popped up with "Miss Betsy, ah jus' know that ol' cat alone brung that bad luck there."

"Oh Georgia", I said between sobs, "don't be a silly".

Nevertheless, as she shuffled off, shaking her head at my ignorance, I looked after her with a question in my eyes, and to this day I haven't been able to restore my affection for the cat.

Other superstitions of these black women were those you have most likely heard about, such as not telling a bad dream before breakfast for fear it will come true, not letting a black cat cross your path, not looking in the same mirror with another person, wishing on a wish bone or on the bread and butter plates as they pass each other at the table, and countless others.

It seem to me, when I'm at home, that every word I utter or every move I make has some superstition attached to it, but just the same I heed them. I'm sure life would grow very dull if our dusky friends weren't there to warn us how to avoid countless dangers.

DRUMMER

By June Fleming

"Boom, boom, crash!" thundered the drum, and for the first time we noticed the little man who was responsible for the beating of tempo in the orchestra. Humpty Dumpty in a tuxedo was my first thought. His tiny bald head glistened in the searching rays of the spotlight like a pink amethyst in a slack and white mounting. I tried desperately to see where his neck was hiding; but the flabby double chin completely concealed the short stem of a neck. "Humpty's" shoulders were not nearly so wide as his middle, and truly, I thought it quite remarkable that he could reach the drums from his position far away. (Well, he was as close to the mighty masters of sound as his stomach would permit!) When "Humpty" laughed his smile spread over his entire face, and his little beady eyes were hardly discernible. Did I say laughed? I meant to say chuckled and shook! It was his entranced audience who laughed!

SPORTS

Continued Victory

For the Maassens

The Maassen team has won again. Nothing seems to be able to keep those Maassens down. They have not lost a game yet this year, and Thursday evening they easily won the round-robin tournament. The McSpadden's put up a gallant fight, but they were never able to cut down the Maassen lead. The final score was 31 to 14 with Betty Butler scoring 12 points for the winners, Dorothy Ball led the McSpadden team with 8 points. The game was fast and exciting characterized by good teamwork and accurate shooting and excellent guarring on both the teams

Margaret Hollands and Mary Louise Whitely timed the game; Mary Stokes, Eleanor Hubbard, and Adrienne Griffith scored; and Jane Bowman and Effie Reinemer refereed.

Lineup:

Maassen

Forward, B. Butler; Forward, V. Rugh; Forward, J. Thomas; Guard, L. V. Whitely; Guard, E. Maassen; Guard, B. Spears.

McSpadden

Forward, D. Ball; Forward, C. Osgood; Forward, K. Dalton; Guard, E. Null; Guard, L. Null; Guard, E. Christenson.

Substitutions for Maassen; M. Spearing, Scroggins; for McSpadden; M. Huddleston.

Thursday afternoon the Bowman team played the Reinemers. Neither team had won a game, but the Reinemers were victorious by the score of 18 to 6. Evelyn Brown led the victors scoring with 11 points while Helen Lightholder made 4 of the Bowman's 6 points. Virginia Rugh and Connie Osgood refereed the game which was both exciting and amusing.

Lineup:

Bowman

Forward, H. Lightholder; Forward, J. Bowman; Forward, E. Chorpensing; Guard, N. Smith; Guard, C. Lee; Guard, D. London.

Reinimer

Forward, E. Brown; Forward, A. Nichols; Forward, E. Reinimer; Guard, E. Martin; Guard, A. Wilker-son; Guard, G. Wessling.

Substitutions: for Bowman; A. Griffith.

Table Tennis And

Shuffle Board

Two very interesting tournamenas took place here last week, tournaments in table tennis and shuffle board. The winners of the tournaments held in the gym classes took part in these tournaments. The first games were played last Tuesday evening, and the shuffle board finals were played Thursday, but the table tennis tournament is not over yet. Jane Bowman and Virginia Rugh are the two still contesting the ping-pong title of Lindenwood. Marge Spearing is the shuffle board champion. She won the first two out of three games from Mary Stokes after the basketball games Thursday.

Those taking part in the table tennis tournament were: Mary Stokes, E. Maassen, J. Baker, H. Knell, A. Griffith, V. Rugh, and J. Bowman. Those in the shuffleboard contest were K. McMahon, A. D. Hamilton, M. Spearing, E. Maassen, M. Stokes, and J. Bowman.

Read the Linden Bark.

From King to Vagabond

Romantic Play Well Presented

Carolyn Courtney gave her graduation recital in oratory last Thursday, reading "If I Were King" by Justin Huntly McCarthy. This play was admirably suited to Carolyn's talent, and her audience really enjoyed the whole play. Carolyn's characterization of King Louis XI was particularly excellent, and her care-free interpretation of Francois Villon, King of the Vagabonds was very good.

Carolyn characterized fifteen characters including: Huguette, a girl of the tavern; Isabeau, a friend of Huguette; Guy Tabarie, a Tavern Rogue; King Louis XI, King of France; Tristan l'Hermite, the King's Man; Rene, a tavern rogue and spy for Burgundy; Landlord; Francois Villon, King of the Vagabonds; Lady Katherine de Vaucelles, Lady-in-waiting to the queen of France; Thibault d'Aussigny, grand constable of France in the pay of the Duke of Burgundy; Captain of the guards; an astrologer, Oliver; Herald from Burgundy; Noel de Joly, head of the Palace guards; and pages.

The play is written in three acts and takes place in Paris during the 15th century. Before Carolyn started to read, Mary Agnes Hamacher, a student here last year, played a few selections from "The Vagabond King" which created just the right atmosphere for the play. Carolyn read extremely well. Hers was the second of the dramatic graduation recitals, and all the audience can only realize that the oratory department has many girls of talent this year taught by the very talented Miss Biggers.

Spanish Club Initiates

El Circulo Espanol held a meeting in the club rooms Tuesday evening at 6:30 o'clock, March 12. Evelyn Brown, president, presided. The new members initiated are Mary Elizabeth Bell, Ruth Bewley, Dorothy Copps, Hannah Grimes, Jane Holbrook, Martha Perry, Wanda Pringle, Matilda Robertson, Dorothy Shawver, Violet Wipke, Louise Murdock, and Sarah Davis.

Ruth Ann McSpadden gave a review of "The Cradle Song" by Martinez Sierra. Refreshments were served after the program.

Lindenwood Students

Travel To Mexico

Major J. C. Sawders gave an illustrated lecture in the auditorium Monday night, March 11, on "The Wonders of Mexico".

He said travelers get to the border towns where the lower classes of Mexicans live and these are not real Mexican towns. The travelers get the wrong idea of Mexico.

The Mexican are an illiterate group of people, not more than 20 per cent of them being able to read. Since 1824 they have built 9,000 country schools and before 1926 they did not have a public clinic. Many of the villages are getting up to date with their talking pictures and are teaching English to many of their people.

Major Sawder showed many beautiful pictures of cathedrals, chapels, homes, and monasteries. He also showed pictures of many beautiful flowers of Mexico which were of much interest to everyone. The Mexicans have wonderful architecture and this was clearly brought out in the pictures. They have begun restoration of many of their ancient buildings and pyramids.

Piano and Song

Music students presented a recital in Roemer Auditorium, Tuesday, March 12, at five o'clock.

Ruth Newell played Schubert's "Menuetto, b minor" and Phyllis Armstrong played "The Mountain" by Brainard.

Arabel Wycoff sang "Iascia mis Pianga" and "Poor Man's Garden" June Myers sang "Evening and Morning" and "Sunbeam" and Ruth Bewley, "Pleading" and "Moon Market-ing."

Mary Long played "Prelude and Fugue, E Minor" by Back-Lindquist and Beatrice Hill, "Air de Ballet."

Mrs. Underwood And

Journalistic Work

Mrs. Underwood, journalism instructor and religious editor of the Globe-Democrat, gave the fourth in the series of vocational lectures on Tuesday, March 19, at one o'clock in the club rooms.

The requirements for a newspaperman or woman, she said, are: Be punctual; Love humanity; Be patient; Be accurate; Divest yourself of the "ego". Failure to perform the last-named requirement is the most common fault of a young writer, Mrs. Underwood said. Divest yourself of prejudice, she said. Do away with "I" in your writing.

The seven cardinal principles of journalism as cited by the American Society of News Editors are: Responsibility, Freedom of the press, Independence, Sincerity, Impartiality, Fair play, and Decency.

A woman may develop a field for herself on the newspaper, Mrs. Underwood said, and she cited as an example Mrs. Kathryn Darst, editor of the Woman's page of the Globe-Democrat, who has revolutionized that page with her clever ideas.

A woman can write on all subjects but is usually more apt to succeed if she follows her own tastes. A general reporter must cover a lot of territory but a woman may try this work. Society is always a good field for women although in New York the Society writers are men. Women's clubs and women's politics are both good fields for woman. The book reviews are almost always written by a woman.

There are some positions in which a woman would not be wanted in a large city newspaper. She could not be a telegraph editor, a city editor, or a managing editor, and she couldn't well be "on the rim" as a copy-reader. Seldom, too, is a woman an editorial writer unless she does the work at home.

Don't expect too much money at first in newspaper work, but do expect entertainment!

Sigma Tau Delta Gives Tea

Sigma Tau Delta, national honorary English sorority, gave a tea in the club rooms on Thursday, March 7. There were about sixty-five guests, students who are making "S" in their English courses.

After tea had been served, Lucille Mienholtz, president of the organization, welcomed the guests and explained to them the requirements for membership in Sigma Tau Delta and the purpose of the society. Mention was made of the Sigma Tau Delta medal contest for freshmen.

Martha Perry played the piano throughout the afternoon.

Read the Linden Bark.

Receives Herbarium

Specimens

Will Be Exhibited in Science Show

Dr. Ennis recently received a package of herbarium specimens from Mrs. W. B. Collom (1886-1889) of Wayson, Arizona. Mrs. Collom had an article in the November issue of "Desert Plant Life" magazine, entitled "Along the Arizona Trail". In this article she considers the outstanding characteristics of Arizona plants, courage, beauty, and hardness, and these characterize the plants received by Dr. Ennis. Betty Baker has taken charge of the 42 specimens, has prepared them and mounted them beautifully, and they will be one of the exhibits of the Triangle Club later in the spring.

A letter accompanied the specimens in which Mrs. Collom says: "These were identified by the Smithsonian Institute.....I am sending these specimens just as I send them to others, unmounted, but carefully labeled.....I am not scientific—just practical, but I find that scientific people are often glad to hear some of my observations.....I wish I could tell you how many, many miles I have walked collecting these specimens and the many interesting experiences connected with my walks over the mesas and mountains. The plants I am sending range in altitudes from 3,000 feet to 7,600 feet, from absolute dryness on the mesa to considerable dampness in the high altitudes.....I hope that the contents of the package I am sending you gives both pleasure and benefit to you all."

WHO'S WHO?

Who's Who for this week is a most fascinating sort of person. Tall and slender, she combines dignity and poise with humor and wit. She recently has been doubly honored, one time by her class, and again by a certain organization, and she gives promise of proving a hard worker. But she would. She's that sort of person, She takes her science rather seriously and has always longed to be a trained nurse. Her clothes are always just right, and her hair is perfectly arranged. It's short. She talks so fast that you can hardly keep up with her. Watch her in the dining room sometime when you can't hear what she is saying. It's been said that she looks like Joan Crawford.....Is that enough?

Humorous Sketches

Given By Students

Students of the oratory department presented a most delightful program on Thursday, March 14, at eleven o'clock.

Miriam Harris gave the selection, "The Vamp", author unknown. The reading was of particular interest to students and Miriam's interpretation was very good.

Louise Hancock gave Alma Foss' "China Blue Eyes", a most amusing sketch and the "little brother" was very real.

Dorothy Mae Saul's rendition of "—and Sealing Wax"; by Montanye Perry was good and Myrtle La Rue Stephenson's "The Declamatory Contest" received much applause.

The only serious reading was "Makers of Steel" by Earl Wilson Baker. It was given by Doris Sarchet, who handled it well.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Wednesday, March 28:

12 noon, Lenten address. Dr. Case.

Thursday, March 29:

11 a. m., Graduating recital by Alice McCawley.

Sunday, March 31:

6:30 p. m. Rev. R. W. Fay, pastor of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Overland.

Monday, April 1:

Anniversary of birth of Major Sibley, April 1, 1782.

8 p. m., Captain Albert W. Stevens of U. S. Army air corps, address.

Wednesday, April, 3:

12 noon, Lenten address, Dr. Roemer.

4 p. m., Vacation begins.

Wednesday, April 10:

11 a. m., Vacation ends.

Sidelights of Society

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer Weekend in Chicago

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer were guests of the Lindenwood college club of Chicago at a luncheon during their visit there a few weeks ago. The luncheon was at the Medina Club.

Mrs. Byron Downing (Mary Rudy, 1920-21), president of the Chicago Lindenwood club, presided and introduced Dr. and Mrs. Roemer who made short talks. Miss Ada Belle Files (1922-23) who is a teacher of music in Chicago, sang several selections. Doris Force (A.B. 1931), winner of the fellowship in 1931, demonstrated a method which is being studied in Chicago University, to reduce the length of time used in teaching children. Sound was shown in films and also the growth of a flower from a seed. Such films are expected to become a great factor in revolutionizing education.

Many of the women who attended the luncheon were students in the years 1920-21-22 and several years before. Mrs. H. W. Dinkmeyer (Lois Ely, 1913-15), a former St. Charles girl, was among those present, and Miss Marietta Hansen (A.B. 1934) winner of the fellowship last year, was also there.

Dr. Gipson Speaks To Alpha Sigma

Alpha Sigma Tau, national honorary society, held a meeting in the college clubrooms Wednesday evening, March 20, at 7:30 o'clock. The three principles of Alpha Sigma Tau are truth, wisdom, and honor, and Dr. Gipson spoke on "Wisdom."

Initiation was held. Those taken into the sorority were Margaret Barber, Barbara Combs, Connie Osgood, Mary Willis Heeren, Nan Latham, Dorothy Copps, Alma Reitz, Wanda Pringle, and Guenivere Wood, Helen Stants and Lucille Meinholtz were both pledged and initiated.

Ice-cream and cookies were served.

Vi Wipke practically had a house party this past weekend at her home in Kirkwood.....Bunny Robertson, Marie Ellis, Florence Wilson, Katherine McMahon, Dorothy Parrott, and Mary Roberts were in.

Helen Foster spent the week-end of March 16, in Liberty, Mo., visiting Lois Gene Sheets, who graduated from here last year.

Miss Blackwell received an announcement of the marriage of Alpha Holloway (1933-34) of Poplar Bluff to Mr. Ernest Holland. The marriage took place March 8.

Deep sympathy is offered to Miss Cook, Lindenwood's bursar, in the death of her sister, Miss Gertrude Cook, on March 16, after about a week's illness. Miss Cook and her sister had lived together in an apartment in St. Louis.

College Guest Day

The St. Louis Lindenwood College Club held its guest day meeting at the college club on Delmar boulevard, yesterday at 2:30 o'clock. The program was given by Lindenwood students.

Mrs. M. E. Morris, president of the club, gave the welcome. Then the college sextette, accompanied by Allie Mae Bornman, sang "In My Garden" and "My Johann".

Marjorie Hickman played two piano numbers, "Chant Polonaise" and "Arabesque Valsante" and accompanied LaCene Ford who sang "O Think of Me" and "Children of the Moon".

Florence Wilson gave a musical reading "The Happy Prince" by Oscar Wilde, with Marjorie as accompanist.

Allie Mae Bornman played two Etudes by Chopin and Virginia Jaeger sang "Il mio bel foco" and "Hills".

Dr. Roemer made a brief talk and then the sextette sang two numbers, "Dream Hours" and "The Old Woman and the Pedlar". The program was concluded by the singing of "Lindenwood, We're Loyal", the song written by Marjorie Hickman.

New Members Initiated

Delta Phi Delta, honorary public school music society, met in club room on Thursday, March 14 at five p. m. for the initiation of six new members. The girls so honored were: Erma Schadt, Beatrice Hill, Arabel Wycoff, Durine Riddle, Betty Johnson, and Alice Douglass.

Refreshments were served. Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Dr. Gipson, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas were guests.

New Member Among Latins

Pi Alpha Delta met Tuesday evening at 6:30 in the college club room. The organization welcomed one new member, Jean Stephenson, who has met the requirements for membership. Miss Hankins then reviewed two of Sheida Kaye-Smith's books. After dinner coffee and cake were served.

Dr. Schaper gave a review of a recent economics book on consumption at the St. Charles library, on Thursday, March 21.

Mrs. Adele Chomeau Starbird, dean of women at Washington University, spoke at the Lindenwood faculty meeting on Monday, March 18.

To Hear Rosa Ponselle

Alpha Mu Mu, musical sorority, held a meeting Tuesday, March 19, in the Y. W. C. A. parlors. The constitution was read to the seven pledges, and several amendments were made. The pledges are Durine Riddle, Arabel Wycoff, Doris Danz, Anna Marie Kistner, Alice Bainum, Margarette Winder, and Lorraine Snyder. Tuna-fish salad, crackers, nuts, and coffee were served. Plans were made to go see Rosa Ponselle in St. Louis Thursday, March 28.

Read the Linden Bark.

Queen from Lindenwood

Marguerite Echelmeier's picture recently appeared in a St. Louis paper as queen of the military ball at the Rolla (Mo.) School of Mines. She wore a white satin formal and silver slippers, and carried a large bouquet of talisman roses and orchids. Marguerite was chosen queen by the students of military training at the school, and was presented to them as queen on the arm of the student major. She also went to Rolla to the St. Pat's ball two week-ends ago.

Carolyn Courtney's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Courtney, of Sedalia, Mo., were guests at Lindenwood, with Carolyn's two sisters, for her graduation recital Thursday.

Betty Woodson Forbes and Rubelle Roark spent a week-end recently in Marthasville, Ill., the guests of Rubelle's aunt.

Virginia Estes' mother spent a weekend with Virginia some time ago.

Peggy Lou Stein is leaving today to attend a convention in Texas of the National Fraternity of her Junior college of which she is the national vice-president. She will return Saturday.

Camille McFadden's mother and father visited her recently for the dance recital, and she accompanied them to her home in Taylorville, Ill., for the weekend.

Betty Johnson and Betty Barker were guests of Emily Watson in St. Louis not long ago. Emily was visiting her brother-in-law.

Reba Mae Showalter met her father in the city last weekend.

Kathleen Kloster has left for a trip to California and will be gone about a month.

Edith Ann Gorrell recently had a visit from her father, cousin, and friends from Tulsa, Okla.

Jenny Green recently spent the weekend at her home in Johnston City, Ill. She was accompanied on the trip by Adele Nichols and Jane Bowman who spent the weekend at Adele's home in Benton, Ill.

The weekend of March 16 found many Sibleyites visiting in St. Louis. Among those who went home or had visitors in St. Louis were Thelma Stevens, Miriam Turner, Margaret Taylor, Ellen Ann Schachner, Effie Reinimer, Marjorie Hickman, Mary Greer, Sue Greer, Mary Ruth Tyler, and Dorothy Straight. Ethelgard Barry spent the weekend with the Greer sisters.

Mary Keeling visited her home in Ellsberry, Mo., a few weeks ago.

What Peggy Blough Does In Social Service

So many of us when we get out of college think that there is nothing in life for us to do, that all the good jobs are taken, and there is no opportunity to show what we can do in any field. Are you one of those girls that have a faint idea that you might like to go into social welfare work? Well, here is a story about one of the girls that was graduated from Lindenwood College last year and is now doing social welfare work in

Chicago.

Peggy Blough is now going to Northwestern University working on her master's degree which will concern recreational welfare work. She is living at Hull House on Gads Hill, which is down in the part of Chicago, where the Polish, Mexicans and other foreigners live. Hull House is a home for social workers, and is in the heart of the poorer district.

Peggy has charge of three clubs, Mexican boys around 17, Polish girls and a group of Chinese boys, with whom she works. It is necessary for her to go to Chinatown in order to help the Chinese boys. Peggy is the student representative at the Hull House from Northwestern University. She also attends college, but her time is mostly devoted to these children.

At the settlement house the children give many parties. At one time some of the smaller children had a party, and there was one little fellow, who found it very hard to come, because he had no shoes to wear. Imagine the sorrow of the little Mexican boy when he knew he could not attend. Finally in desperation the little boy's father gave him his own enormous shoes so that he might go to the party. At all the parties the children dance, and as Peggy says they dance every type of dance, from the simple folk dances to the most difficult Rhumba. Wonder how the little boy fared with the big shoes on?

Peggy told one of her friends that she didn't think she could ever attend another sophisticated college dance again, after working with this group.

There are all kinds of boys and girls that Peggy is working with and everyone of them has his problems. It is Peggy's job to take them out of the dark side of this life and turn their purpose to the finer side of living, through making them happy in play and constructive work. This is Peggy Blough's job and she loves it, and all the children she works with love her, for she in her serving others is doing her service to all mankind.

STRAND THEATRE

TUESDAY—WEDNESDAY
Warner Baxter—Myrna Loy in
"BROADWAY BILL"

THURSDAY
Double Feature Program—
George Arliss in
"THE IRON DUKE"
Also Bill Cody, Western Star in
"LAND OF WANTED MEN"

FRIDAY
Carole Lombard—Zasu Pitts in
"GAY BRIDE"
Also Rex Bell, Western Star, in
"GUNFIRE"

SATURDAY
Loretta Young and Ronald Colman in
"CLIVE OF INDIA"
Also Patricia Ellis—Wm. Gargan in
"A NIGHT AT THE RITZ"

TERMINAL CAB

CO.

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