

LINDEN BARK

Vol. 13—No. 17

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, Tuesday, May 22, 1934.

\$1.00 A YEAR

News from the Dean's Office

Dean Gipson asks that all students desiring scholarships for next year come to Miss Crutchfield's office as soon as possible and fill out the application blanks.

The Deans reports that work on the new courses for next year is rapidly being completed and it is thought that they will be announced to the students before June.

With the work of the school year rapidly drawing to a close, the Dean earnestly requests that the students not forget that classes are still in session and that examinations are right around the corner.

Juniors Honor Seniors At Spring Prom

Dutch Decorative Motif Used

A real Dutch mill, little Dutch girls and boys in silhouette form, Dutch flowers and the strains of "Just a Little Dutch Mill" echoing as a theme song combined to make the setting for the Junior-Senior Prom, of Saturday, May 12, as Hollandesque as it could possibly be. Dr. and Mrs. Roemer and Dean Gipson, the guests of honor, Misses Alice Parker and Marie Reichert, sponsors of the Senior and Junior classes, respectively, and forty members of the two classes with their escorts formed the personnel of the prom, which is always one of the gala events of the school year.

The prom, with its display of fluffy summer evening frocks and the summer formal dress of the boys always makes a delightful picture; this year was no exception to the rule. Mrs. Roemer in blue flowered print, Dean Gipson also in a summer print, Miss Parker in white crepe and Miss Reichert in white organdie with a red taffeta jacket were charming figures in the receiving line. Allie Mae Bornman, Junior class president, was especially attractive in a lovely gown of white lace. Margaret Ringer, May Queen, in white chiffon set off by a corsage of pink rosebuds was her usual winsome self. Sarah Louise Greer, president of the Senior class, made a striking appearance in a brown and white striped organdie with extreme lines.

One of the most unusual dresses seen was that of Kathleen Breit. Her gown, of yellow rousseine de soie with black rick-rack trim was effectively complimented by black finger nail polish. Pink starched chiffon with voluminous sleeves chosen by Betty Pe'l was one of the loveliest on the floor. In contrast to this was the rather sophisticated dress of Mary Roberts, made of printed crepe in the gayest colors and cut very décolleté. A crisp capelet of brown mousseline de soie completed the charming outfit. Nancy Montgomery in pink mousseline de soie and Mary K. Dewey in

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer Honored on 20th. Anniversary

Faculty Entertain With Formal Dinner

Notes of congratulations and a profusion of congratulatory bouquets filled Ayres dining room, Thursday evening, May 10, as Lindenwood honored the twenty years service of Dr. and Mrs. Roemer at formal dinner sponsored by the faculty. Members of Board of Directors, the faculty, and the administration joined Lindenwood students in honoring President and Mrs. Roemer.

As the guests, led by Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, marched into the dining room at 6:30, the students, seated in their respective class groupings rose and joined in singing Lindenwood songs. The speakers' table at which were seated the guests of honor, Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, Dr. and Mrs. MacIvor, Dr. and Mrs. Stumberg, Dr. Gipson, Mr. Motley, Dr. Linneman and Miss Cook, was attractively surrounded by the many beautiful flowers which Dr. and Mrs. Roemer had received from their hosts of friends during the day. Placed on easels at the left of the table were the portraits of Colonel and Mrs. James Gay Butler, early benefactors of Lindenwood. The portraits were artistically wreathed in old fashioned bouquets of roses, snap dragons and gladioli.

The menu of the dinner included tomato juice cocktail, celery, olives, salted nuts, fried chicken Virginia style, cranberry sauce, new potatoes, buttered peas, Parker House rolls, grape-fruit salad, ice cream, fresh strawberries, anniversary cakes and coffee. Before the serving of the last course the lights of the dining room were turned off and the anniversary cakes lighted by candles were carried in.

A short musical program given by members of the faculty and student body immediately followed the dinner. Miss Isidor accompanied by Miss Englehart, presented Kreisler's violin composition, "Viennese Folk Song." The piano selection, "Garden Music," by Niemann given by Mr. Thomas, head of the Music Department, was the second number on the musical program. The Lindenwood sextette, composed of Ruth Bewley, Virginia Jaeger, Ruth Elaine Smith, Dorothy Ann Martin and Frances Marie McPherson sang Berwald's "Antiphony" followed by the popular "Shortnin' Bread".

Mr. Motley served as the genial toastmaster of the evening. He introduced himself as a representative of nothing in particular unless himself and the Democratic party. In congratulating Dr. and Mrs. Roemer he described the love of the Roemers as one that should be felt by "faculty, students and their fellow workers" all of their lives.

Jane Tobin, president of the Student Council, extended the sincere congratulations of the students. Dr. Linneman represented the Lindenwood alumnae in addressing felicitations. "When I think of Lindenwood," she said, "I visualize a beautiful pic-

Lindenwood Day At 5th. St. M. E. Church

Lindenwood College Day, an annual occurrence at the Fifth Street Methodist Church, was observed in a beautiful Sunday morning service, May 5. Dr. Roemer, guest pastor for the occasion, delivered the morning sermon based on the scripture taken from Acts 3:1-11. The Lindenwood Choir also participated in the morning service with two choral selections. Dorothy Ann Martin appeared as soloist for the choir.

Dr. Case gave the Invocation after which Rev. James Douglas, pastor, extended a cordial welcome on behalf of the congregation to Lindenwood College and introduced Dr. Roemer.

After a few words expressing Lindenwood's pleasure in joining in the service Dr. Roemer turned to the subject of his morning address. "This story," he said in referring to the scripture, "is called the Story of the Beautiful Gate. The central figure of that story is the Apostle Peter. We must not think of the background, the beautiful gate or the lame beggar, but of the Apostle Peter.

The story in this scripture has in it the study of psychology, Dr. Roemer pointed out. "Through his healing of the lame beggar Peter revealed himself. Blessed by the power of God it was only natural that Peter should have in him something of the heroic which was revealed when he said, 'In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk.' This story is also one of ethics and sociology. It answers the question, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' in the affirmative. Peter was in a position to be a benefactor to man. He said to himself when he healed the lame beggar. 'This is the thing I must do; the strong must minister to the weak.'"

Dr. Roemer next dealt with the world lessons which the scripture contains. "First," he said, "it illustrates that interruptions are no hindrances, as we so often conceive them, but are opportunities. Often when we have something holy or exalted in our minds there are interruptions that destroy it. Interruptions such as the beggar before the beautiful gate are not hindrances but opportunities. They are assertions of our better selves. The greatest teachings of Jesus Christ have come out through His interruptions; for example, the disciples' interruption when He went out to pray occasioned the greatest of all His prayers."

The second lesson in the scripture selected teaches that that which is sought is not always needed. "Often," Dr. Roemer said, "we seek material gain rather than something necessary to our welfare, such as the self respect which this lame beggar sought." The third and last world lesson in Dr. Roemer's morning message was that of withheld blessings. "We are interested today in making available unused power," he asserted. "Efforts are being made in the school room of today to study the abilities of students and educate them so that these abili-

Rev. J. B. Douglas Gives Tribute to Mothers

Rev. James B. Douglas gave his last sermon of the year in Vesper services at Lindenwood, Sunday, May 13, at a Mother's Day service.

Before his sermon, Rev. Mr. Douglas expressed his sincere thankfulness for being asked to speak to the Lindenwood students this year, and for the participation of the girls of the college in Lindenwood Day services at his church.

Mother's Day recalled to Rev. Mr. Douglas this text from Samuel 2, 21, 10, "And Rizpah the daughter of Aiah took sack cloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon it out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night."

The passage recalls one of the most gruesome stories of the Bible but also emphasizes the glory of a mother's love. The story is of a famine that continued for three years through the land of King David's. Finally the Gideonites came to him and said, "Let seven men of his sons be delivered unto us, and we will hang them"—They were speaking of Saul, whom they wished to revenge.

When two of the men who were sons of Rizpah were hung upon a mountain, she went up to them and from summer into the winter she drove birds and beasts of prey from their bodies. Then King David heard of her devotion and ordered a proper burial of her sons.

Above all things a mother's love is divine in its everlasting unselfishness, its courage, and faith. Rev. Mr. Douglas illustrated with the story of a little boy who had been saved from drowning. When they asked him where his mother was he answered that she had given him her life preserver and there were no others for her. In a golden deed of unselfishness the mother giving her son his life for hers.

A mother's courage, superhuman in its magnitude, is illustrated by the story of a mother wolf, tracked by blood hounds to the mouth of her cave, who placed herself at its entrance, and was torn to pieces there rather than let them reach her cubs.

Rev. Mr. Douglas closed with the question "What can we give our Mothers in return?" His answer was that a child can give to its mother deep abiding loyalty and steadfast devotion. These alone equal the greatness and glory of a mother's love.

ties may be of use in the world. Peter had the ability to heal that beggar and he used it."

In conclusion Dr. Roemer made the wish that the whole congregation might be inspired by the leader of the great Apostle band, the Apostle Peter, who said, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk."

Linden Bark

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TUESDAY, MAY 22, 1934.

Linden Bark:

"Hail bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire.
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing."

"Song: On a May Morning"—John Milton.

May 30th. Is Memorial Day.

In most of the Northern states of the Union, May thirtieth is set apart as a day for decorating the graves of the soldiers who fell in the Civil War, and for holding exercises in their memory, in order that their sufferings and heroism may never be forgotten.

The custom of strewing flowers on the graves originated in the South. Two years after the close of the rebellion the women strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National Soldiers. A thrill of tenderness ran through the North, admirably expressed in this excerpt from Francis Miles Finch's "The Blue and the Gray":

"From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe:

Under the sod and the dew
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray."

But not for some years was there any general observance of this beautiful custom in the North. Finally in May, 1868, General John A. Logan issued an order by which the thirtieth day of May was set apart "for the strewing of flowers, or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the rebellion". State legislation soon took up the idea and the day is now a legal holiday through practically all of the North. The South has no general memorial day.

"The impulse which led them to set apart a day for decorating the graves of soldiers sprung from the grieved heart of the nation, and in our own times there is little chance of the rite being neglected. But the generations that come after us should not allow the observance to fall into disuse. What with us is an expression of fresh love and sorrow should be with them an acknowledgment of an incalculable debt."—Beecham.

How Shall We Spend the Summer?

With the advent of exams, the last, thank heavens, term papers, and the coming of commencement, we are again confronted with the inevitable question of how we shall spend our summer vacation. Many of the girls, of course, have their vacations planned already. Those who are engaged will probably have a delightful summer planning for the wedding. Others have secured positions for the summer, and many will make trips. When exams are over, those of us who have nothing definite planned for the summer will probably yell excitedly, "Am I happy! No more exams!" It will be wonderful for a while, but, as a certain teacher told her weary students not long ago, by the middle of the summer we will probably all be completely bored and wish we were back in school. If there were only some successful way to make oneself read good things to exercise the brain a little. However, there doesn't seem to be a solution for that. We will probably all loaf away the summer, swimming, dancing, and going places. We won't accomplish much in the way of intellectual prowess, but we shall certainly endeavor to have fun.

Students Present

Play in St. Louis

On Thursday, May 10, a few of the advanced students of the oratory department presented the play, "The Heart of A Clown", at the West Presbyterian Church in St. Louis.

The play tells of a clown in love with Columbine, who is unaware of the fact; but the clown thinks himself too old for Columbine and wishes she would fall in love with Harlequin. The gypsy appears on the scene with her crystal ball, and the clown tells the gypsy to read on the palms of Columbine and Harlequin that they will marry. But Columbine discovers that she cares for the clown rather than Harlequin.

Those taking part were: Columbine,

Elizabeth McSpadden; the clown, Florence Wilson; Harlequin, Mildred Sterling and the gypsy, Alice McCauley.

Mary Erwin Wins Beta Pi Theta Award

The Theta Xi Chapter of Beta Pi Theta, the National Honorary French Fraternity is happy to announce Mary Erwin as the winner of the national scholarship of \$75.00 to the summer session at the University of Pennsylvania. She also received the Beta Pi ring.

Varied Recital

Pupils of Mr. Thomas gave a splendid recital Friday afternoon, May 11,

Sigma Tau Delta Names Freshman Winners

Last week, announcement was made of the winners of the Freshman Medal contest sponsored by the Kappa Beta chapter of Sigma Tau Delta, the national honorary English fraternity.

The Kappa Beta Chapter of Sigma Tau Delta was established at Lindenwood in 1928. There are sixty chapters of Sigma Tau Delta in the various colleges in the United States. There is quarterly publication of a news letter and literary journal called THE RECTANGLE.

In chapel, Mary Cowan, president of the Kappa Beta Chapter, gave a short history of Sigma Tau Delta and outlined the purposes of the organization; to encourage the love of and the writing of great literature and to foster creative writing among the members. Mary introduced Miss Parker, sponsor of Kappa Beta Chapter, who made the awards for the contest. Three medals were awarded for the best contributions, and honorable mentions were given to the next two best. The gold medal, the highest award, was given to Dorothy Tull of Buffalo, Wyoming for her short story, "Fire". Dorothy is also well known for her poetry which has often appeared in the BARK. Erma Schacht of Cook, Nebraska, won the silver medal for "Sophie", a very clever character sketch. Dorothy Copps of Grand Island, Nebraska, was awarded the bronze medal. Her contribution was in the form of two short sketches, "Indian Sun Dance", and "Keys". Honorable mention was given to Virginia Rugh of Decatur, Illinois, for her narrative sketch "The Quest", and to Alma Reitz of St. Louis for her four nature sketches. These stories and sketches, with the exception of "Indian Sun Dance" which appeared in an earlier number of the BARK, are in the literary supplement of this issue of the BARK.

Sigma Tau Delta was greatly pleased with the high quality of the contributions which were handed in. This contest was open to Freshmen only. The contributions were judged on a numerical basis, points being given for subject matter and literary technique. Each girl's work was read and judged by the faculty and student members of Sigma Tau Delta. This contest is sponsored every year by the Kappa Beta Chapter of Sigma Tau Delta and throughout the various chapters in other colleges.

Lucile Chappel Receives Pi Gamma Mu Award

In chapel yesterday the distinction of winning the scholarship medal award of Pi Gamma Mu, sponsored by the national organization of this fraternity, was announced for Lucile Chappel of Bowling Green, Mo.

The Missouri Delta chapter, which gives the medal this year for the first time, announced that the prize was bestowed upon the student of Lindenwood College who has completed the greatest number of hours in the social sciences with grades of S and E. Lucile earned 68 hours in history, psychology, education, philosophy, and economics, with no grade below an S.

The medal has engraved upon it the letters "S. S. S", standing for "Social Science Scholarship."

at 2:30 o'clock in Roemer Auditorium. Those taking part were Beatrice Hill, Mary Adeline Wilson, Roberta McElhiney, Marilyn Graham, Marjorie Hickman, Margaret Jane Stormont, Mary Agnes Hamacher and Rachel Hinman.

Frances Marie McPherson in Graduating Recital

Frances Marie McPherson, pianist, was presented in graduating recital for her Bachelor of Music Degree before an unusually large and enthusiastic audience of friends, relatives, and out-of-town guests, Thursday evening, May 3, at eight o'clock.

Frances Marie looked charming in a white thread lace evening frock over which she wore a white lace long-sleeved jacket. Orchid accessories were worn, and her corsage was of yellow roses, orchid spring flowers, and gardenias. The stage was decorated with numerous baskets of red and yellow roses, spring flowers, and old-fashioned bouquets of sweet peas and gardenias.

The first group on the program consisted of six movements from Bach's "G Major French Suite, No. 5." In these, dexterity of fingering and finesse were both necessary; Frances Marie played them excellently. The second group consisted of the three movements of Beethoven's "G Major Sonata, Op. 31, No. 1". The first movement was brilliant and technically difficult, the second movement was slow and very beautiful; and the third one of Beethoven's rare humorous numbers. The last group consisted of two Chopin Etudes, one in C Major, the other in C Sharp Minor. The first was an arpezzio study, very difficult technically; the second is often called the Cello Etude, as the melody in the left hand suggests the hum of the cello. This was beautifully done, technically and interpretively. The next number was Debussy's "Reverie", a very modern number with gorgeous harmonies of overtones.

The last number, which brought an enthusiastic burst of applause, was the famous transcription of Delibes-Bohnanye's "Nai a" Waltzes, brilliant and splendid, a beautiful close to an inspiring program.

Guests from Frances Marie's home, St. Joseph, were her father, Mr. Robert L. McPherson; her grandmother, Mrs. A. L. McPherson; Mrs. C. J. Thomas, and Mrs. Felix Anderson.

Ushers for the evening were Mary Irwin, Evelyn Wood, Margaret Brainard, Katherine Henderson, Isabel Orr, and Polly Atkinson.

Edith Knotts in Violin Recital

Edith Knotts gave her graduating violin recital Wednesday evening, May 9 at eight o'clock in Roemer auditorium. Edith wore a lovely yellow net evening gown made in smart summer mode. Her accompanist, Allie Mae Bornman wore green mouseline de soie and a corsage of pink roses. The ushers were Virginia Krome, Blanche Edna Hestwood, Katherine Eggen, Margaret Brainard and Theo. Frances Hull. Edith will receive her B. M. degree this year, having completed four years work in the musical department. Her first selection was "Sonata (D Minor) (Nardine)", in four movements "Adagio", "Allegro", "Larghetto", and "Allegretto". The second selection, "Romance" (Schumann-Kreisler), was a lovely piece executed with fine feeling. Mozart's "Concerto, D Major" was delicately interpreted. Other numbers were Dvorak's "Slavonic Fantasia", "Larghetto" (Weber), "Pow-Wow" (Burleigh), "Andantino" (Taneiv-Hartmann), and "Hobgoblin" (Grieg-Hartman). All were rendered well, especially "Larghetto", with its slow melodic strains. She received a great deal of applause and two curtain calls after the last piece. The stage was beautifully decorated with baskets of gladioli, irises, roses, and snap dragons.

Sigma Tau Delta Freshman Medal Contest

Gold Medal FIRE

By Dorothy Tull

The first light of the sun showed over the hill, flaring between the black trunks of trees. Brian Marcy looked up at the flaming sky with a strange joy, as if he had met something he knew and loved in a foreign place. He had been walking for nearly an hour; but the gladness with which he greeted the rising sun was something more than that of a traveler finding warmth for his body and a light on his road. Walking with his face to the east, he felt a mystical kinship to the ancient sun-worshippers who went forth to greet the bright god as he came up from the darkness of the earth at night. Brian felt his whole body tingle, and his feet seemed very light on the road. And so it was day! And he was going home.

Going home, after six years at a university: going back to something old and friendly after years of wandering in strange, dark jungles of science, where one came face to face with the trembling joy of discovery, and juggled with the dreadful forces which keep the whole universe whirling through infinity and eternity, while living beings crawl a little way across the surface of the planets, and die. How many times, he thought, a man comes close to the eternal in the laboratory. How many times he feels himself a god, when elements become compounds and compounds shatter into elements at his will. And always, hovering over the test tubes, lurking in chrysalis solids, flitting through vapors, the Unknown. It is there, always, close to him, making him tremble with the sensation of its nearness, but never showing itself; enveloping him for a moment, like the precious gases from an unforeseen explosion, then gone. Still, sometimes, there is a crushing sense of impotence for the chemist cannot destroy his powders, his liquids, his gases; he cannot create them; he can only change. Elements grow into compounds; compounds interact and lose their seeming entities, then fall back into elements; always the endless cycle. Never does something spring into being where there was nothing; never does the master find suddenly only emptiness where something was. Creation! Destruction! No. There is only change. The preservation of energy, the indestructibility of matter—forever the chemist finds them staring him in the face, between him and the Unknown, until he cries out blindly at their imperturbability, and breaks his heart at his own impotence.

Brian had gone so far as that; he had gone farther. He had seen the tremendous beauty, the unutterable power, in Change. He had cried out for creation, for destruction; now he felt as though he should approach his every task with prayer, because Change, that instrument of eternity which was in his hands, was so much greater than he. When all is said, that is the most a man can do. What has been created since the first flash of life appeared; yes, even since the first atom of matter, or the first spark of force came out of the void? Nothing is created; it is only the old being changed into the new; something familiar transmuted to something strange. Even the so-called creative artist—what does he do but change sights and sounds, experiences and emotions, into music, or poetry, or colors on canvas, or forms in stone, through the agent of his own soul? The chemist has all the forces of the

natural world at his bidding; because he works not with the plastic stuff of thoughts and dreams, but with the solidity of matter, because the changes he works are so much more tangible and complete, his is the closest approach to creation.

So Brian had felt the greatness and holiness of his vocation to science. To change imperturbable matter just as quickly and more completely than the dramatic artist changes the subtle, comprehensive tones of his voice—there was something god-like in that. And to have as his ally fire, the supreme chemist. Even since his childhood, Brian had felt the fear and the fascination of fire. Even now, that fear had not entirely left him; perhaps it was even greater since with it had been mixed understanding.

Pausing now on the top of the hill among the trees, and gazing at the rising sun, he remembered how he had used to watch the sun come up, when he was scarcely more than a baby, and wonder if the sky would not burn to ashes, and perhaps shake down some of its flame onto the earth so that it, too, would be consumed. Once the home of one of his friends had caught fire in the night. It flashed over him suddenly, in the midst of his old recollections, how the family had stood in the street, watching bright-black timbers falling through the fire, and looking as though those soaring flames were burning their whole life. The boy had been seized by an icy terror: he had come so suddenly upon the full force and glory of fire. After that, until his family left the city for the old farm in the hills, the very thought of fire shook him with fear. It was the sort of fear which some men have of God.

Fire, the omnipotent! In his earliest studies of chemistry, he had feared it. He remembered his first laboratory experiment as a man remembers a crisis in his life. He was watching iron and sulphur burn together, concentrating with all his energy on the small blue flame, until all his muscles ached. Suddenly, there was a sharp pop, and the flame was gone. He started, almost crying out. Then, a shivering wonder stole over him, slowly, slowly until he was fairly bursting with it, and almost weeping at its strangeness. It was as though he had seen something born. Later, he had begun to play with fire, trying the potency of every sort of flame, delighting in the hot yellow light of a sodium compound when it burned, and the crimson flame of strontium, so deep and soft that one wanted to clutch it in his hands and hold it close to his heart, and the pale, serene violet of potassium. He had dreamed of fire, and he had lived in his dreams. If it had been possible for him to worship something that was his servant, something of which he made constant use in the laboratory, something that had furnished him with material for arguments and theses, he would have deified fire.

As it was, he stood on the little hill, looking off over a broad farming country, bright and still in the early morning, and watched the rising sun. He felt very tall, very significant, standing there alone in the light of the sun; it occurred to him that anyone who had seen him from the valley would have taken him for some strange tree, tall as a poplar, but scarcely rooted to the ground. The prayer in his heart, the prayer of humility and of strength that always filled him when he looked at fire or its father, the sun, remained, as al-

ways, unspoken. He felt wings on his feet, wings on his heart, wings on his purpose. He needed no further prayer.

Yes, he was going home. Brian kept repeating it to himself, in different tempos and different phrasings, as he went down the hill in that early morning. There was no one now, at the old farmhouse; they were all dead. Only the old tenant and his wife still lived there, in the little cottage at the end of the orchard where he had used to play. He had written them that he was coming; everything would be ready for him, just as it had been when he used to come home for his vacations, in the days when his father was still alive. It did not seem so long ago, somehow, only very, very far away. He remembered, suddenly, how his father had looked at him when he had gone back to school for the last time—two years ago it had been. The old man had seemed troubled. He would never have said, "Brian, leave this crazy devotion to your science. Stay here on the old farm, and make your father content in his last days." He had never been a sentimental man. He said it only in his eyes, and shook his gray head. And Brian went away. He remembered his mother more dimly; she had died before he had gone to the university. But it made his scalp prickle to think how her eyes used to shine when he told her of his experience in the laboratory. How much had she known, he wondered. How much that was still hidden from him?

Now, at last, he was going back. Why, he could not have said. It was all that was left to do. He had all the university degrees he wanted. He had enough money to do as he pleased. (His father had never kept the farm as other than a luxury or a solace.) But he was not eager to go out from school into the money-making world, as he had seen his classmates do. There would be time enough for that. Just now, he wanted, unaccountably, to live in the old home; to idle as he had not done in years; to dream.

No more could he have told why he was walking this last fifteen miles from the railroad station, when he could just as well have ridden. Perhaps he felt dimly that he should not come home as the ordinary student does, since he had disobeyed his father's deep, unspoken wishes, and now could never be forgiven. Or perhaps it was only a whim only a desire to feel the dirt road beneath his feet, the morning breeze in his hair, and to see the green young fields between the trees where already the birds were feeding their young.

He walked rapidly, delighting in the long, powerful swings of his legs. How good to follow these country roads, with a comfortable home and a pleasant dinner waiting at the end of the tramp! A bright haze seemed to hang over the world. Brian felt that he could write poetry, if he were a poet. How light, how inexplicably happy he was! Surely, this morning the whole world was light and happy with him. Here he was, leaving everything he had loved (what audacious dreams they had built at the university!), going back to another universe, one which he scarcely remembered, except with a vague sense of calm that was distasteful intruding as it did not his state of exultation. And yet, he was happy.

Brian was approaching a farmhouse, a gray old building with dull green shutters, surrounded by oaks

and lilac trees, with something vaguely familiar about it. He felt suddenly as if something inside him had been abruptly awakened, and he knew that this was where Gilbert Hamilton had lived. He had nearly forgotten it. Gilbert Hamilton, his high-school friend, the boy with whom he had shared his early experiences and his early dreams. Brian wondered if he was still living here with the old people. Probably not—but he had an unaccountable desire to see his old friend. He hesitated at the gate. No, better not to go in. One can never go back to what has been, never go back to an old friendship in the spirit which made it precious. Sometimes it is too painful to try. Still, he lingered a moment, and suddenly a dog rushed out, barking savagely. In another minute, a tall man of perhaps twenty-two, dressed in shabby overalls, had opened the door, evidently startled by a disturbance so early in the morning. He shouted to the dog, and started toward the gate. It was a moment before the two young men knew each other. At first they did not speak but stood for a long time shaking hands over the fence.

Gilbert spoke first. "So you've come back."

"Yes. And you?"

He laughed shortly. "I've never been away."

Brian looked at him for a moment, trying not to let his compassion spoil their meeting. When he said, "So you've been here all this time."

"All this time." He gazed off at the trees on the horizon. "How long has it been since you were here last?"

"Two years."

"That's not long—at a university."

Brian was silent for a moment, in an effort not to look at his friend. "No, not at a university. But how've you been keeping yourself?" That was the way they used to talk, he remembered, this was not so difficult as he had imagined.

"Same as ever." He laughed a little harshly. "Plowing in the spring, worrying about the crops all summer, threshing in the fall. And in the winter—well—" He shrugged his shoulders. "Studying farm bulletins, reading newspapers, playing checkers with Dad—you've some idea." And he laughed again. Then, in quite a different voice, one with no trace of bitterness, he asked, "Aren't you coming in?"

"I don't think so. Some eight or nine miles to do yet—going to be home in time for dinner. Had breakfast more than an hour ago. But I'll come back when I'm settled."

"Oh, you're going to stay a while! Well—" He frowned a little. "I'll walk along with you a little. Reckon we should have a few things to talk about—after two years."

Brian smiled. This was not just what he had expected. But it was well enough. It was he who had changed; Gilbert was just the same. He could not complain.

They walked a little distance without speaking. Then Gilbert said, quietly, "I'm going to be married in a couple weeks."

"Married!" This, from the boy who had dreamed of the university, a profession, brilliant successes!

"Yes. You remember Martha Richards? She's a good girl. We've been going together for nearly a year."

"But—" Somehow, Brian felt desperately disappointed.

"Oh, yes, I know—the university and all that. Well, Brian, there are other things besides learning. You know I was bored and—well—pretty unhappy on the farm that first year af-

ter high school. I tried to study. It didn't work of course. And finally, I began to think I wasn't made for that sort of thing—not made for anything but living on the farm, and making a little money, and maybe sometime raising a family. Quite a comedown, at first. I still had wild ideas, for a long while—till I met Martha. Then I was certain. Old Gresham died a few months ago, and I bought the place. Been doing a little odd work in my spare time—saved the money to go to school at first. Now—” He shrugged his shoulders and smiled. Then he looked up serenely. “We're going to be very happy.”

Brian felt himself on a vastly higher plane than Gilbert, and, suddenly, very lonely. This boy had been his friend; and now, all his dreams (wild ideas, they were now) had ended in marrying a pretty country girl and settling down on a farm for life. Partly Brian's own dreams these had been, too. He felt almost as if he had been deceived and betrayed.

They said little more. Brian could not talk; he could not remember the things he had wanted to say. He could not have told Gilbert, now, about the vastness of the field of chemistry, the glorious things which were to be done there. Gilbert felt it; a moment later he remembered that his mother was waiting breakfast for him, and he hurried back, after a few half-hearted suggestions of meeting again soon.

IV

Brian walked on alone, watching the road beside his feet. There were other things than being a great chemist and enriching humanity with your discoveries. People had been happy without knowing a thing of science, and probably they would continue to be so. And to go on, missing so much! Suddenly, he wondered—All these six glorious years, he had been looking at people outside the university, and pitying them. Meanwhile, what had he himself been missing? He remembered how calmly his friend had looked at him. Yes, Gilbert was right; he was very happy. People could be happy without tremendous dreams and unattainable ideals.

What was it that men found here, that made them so serenely happy, and content to let so much of knowledge and enjoyment go by, as if they were too rich in other sorts of wealth to bother about the rest? They found something very different from his own feverish happiness—something, he somehow felt, deeper, simpler, perhaps truer and more lasting. Yes, surely they could never lose this sort of content, while his happiness was intersected by periods of dullness and despair. But happiness—fine, exultant happiness—was worth a little gloom, and more than that!

Still men were happy here, in their endless cycle of planted, growing, ripening crops, and slowly multiplying animals. There was a certain joy in their peaceful doings. Yes, that was it—peace! He had dreamed of it sometimes, in the thrilling, hurried years that had been so glorious to him. That was why he had come back to the country, though he had scarcely known it—to rest, to find peace. He had met it face to face, just now. But could he ever have it, knowing as he did the excitement and elation which is destructive of all calm? Would he be willing, even, to have it?

He could not tell. More slowly, now, he walked across the hills and past the familiar houses and the fields whose faces he could almost remember, but scarcely seeing it all. His wonderful joy of an hour ago had been replaced by a strange restlessness.

V

It was quite dark now. Mrs. Ewell, the tenant's wife, had washed the sup-

per dishes and gone back to the cottage, after having been assured several dozen times that Brian, whom she considered her guest, would be perfectly comfortable if left to himself for the rest of the evening. He was alone in the house, almost dozing because of its stillness. A coal-oil lamp stood on the table behind him, flickering a little because for over an hour he had not thought to get up from his chair and turn down the flame, which crawled up until the glass chimney was quite black from the smoke. He looked drowsily into the fireplace, where little blue flames leaped up from the bright coals and vanished. How beautiful it was, even such a small, comfortable fire, with so little suggestion of power!

It had all been just as he had imagined it: the old tenants treating him almost as a son, but with the constraint of a certain respect; the questions about his college life and his plans for the future; the endless details of neighborhood gossip in which he was supposed to be interested, though he had really quite forgotten about such things. But it was pleasant; he had been with intellectual people so much that the simpler sort were somehow comforting. And he had wandered about the farm, but little disturbed by Mr. Ewell's comments on the fine state of the crops. Every tree seemed friendly to him; he remembered little, trivial associations in every spot. It had been a strange home-coming, but a pleasant one.

Now, as he sat by the fire in the empty house, he thought again of his conversation that morning, of Gilbert Hamilton about to marry, and very happy to abandon his dreams and his hopes. People found peace here in the valley; already, perhaps, a little of it had entered his own heart. No! He jumped from his chair at the thought. Others might lose faith in their dreams, abandon the fiery ap-piness which was their youth for the peace of old age, discard the glorious strugglings after an ideal for calm acceptance of an insignificant life—but not he! Nothing, not the memory of his parents' gentle lives, nor the sight of his friend's happiness, should rob him of his dream! His dream—the endless, mysterious cycle of Changes, the fearful, fascinating ways of experimentation, the glory of fire. That was the only happiness. Let these farmers have their peace—with it they lose their manhood. The man is the dreamer, the soul who is dazzled by an ideal. Peace! Peace! To do nothing for a little while, and to die! Anything, any suffering, any defeat, rather than that! You were born to do something, Brian Marcy—not to sit quietly and dream old men's dreams. Yours is the glory of an ideal, the unutterable joy of discovery, the coming close to creation! What whim was this, your daring to waste time in sentimental reminiscence and fruitless imaginings? You must go. Shades of dreams are waiting to become realities at your coming. You have a life to live.

Making a sudden movement in his excitement, he upset the lamp. With a horrified fascination he watched the kerosene flow over the table and drip onto the floor, then burst suddenly into flame. Let it burn—it is no use to him now. Burn then, you thoughts of peace, you dreams, whatever you may be, that would hold me from my purposes! Burn, and be glad in your destruction by fire!

He rushed from the house, feeling the cold wind of his motion rush against his forehead, hot with excitement. It was dark and still outside, a night of a million stars, but he saw nothing but the dim road before him. At the top of the first hill, he stopped, and looked back. The flames were

rolling up higher than the trees; already naked beams stood out where the roof had fallen away. Faintly, he heard shouting; some of the neighbors must have gathered already, to commiserate each other in their impotence. He watched it for a little time, the flames growing every moment higher and brighter. A wild joy rushed through him, making him gasp and tremble—such joy as he had never known before. Then he turned, and moved swiftly into the darkness.

Silver Medal SOPHIE

By Erma C. Schacht

“Smith's store.”

“Hullo, vat are you paying for eggs unt springs today?”

“Eggs are fourteen cents and springs, ten, Mrs. Hilkebaumer.” Henry recognized her voice from the dozens of others who asked the very same question six days a week.

“Oh, dey vent ub a little, didn't dey? Henry, I believe I bring a few in dis afternoon. Unt tank you, very much,” she added in a truly appreciative manner—the identical way she had said it for five years.

“So Sophie is coming to Burr today. Four times a year is her maximum number of visits; this will be her third time, and it is only July. Well, I believe I'll show her our new black cotton hose—she'll be sure to buy several pairs. And I know those brown jersey work gloves are just what she will want later for husking corn”. Henry smiled as these thoughts prevailed his mind. When he had hung up the receiver, he called, “Floyd, Sophie's coming to see us this afternoon.”

“You picked a good day to bring in your things, Mrs. Hilkebaumer. Yesterday the prices were a little lower, and with the hot weather, I'm afraid the egg prices will drop.”

“Henry, chust call me Sophie. Yah, Herman says to me that I better come mit him today I got so much to do I said I better not, but den I tink it ofer, unt I says I guess I vill. Ve chust about got two crates of eggs—fifty-four dozen unt four extry—unt twenty-vun springs. I guess dey are about tree unt a half pounds each. So I says to Herman, ‘I guess I go along unt trade out for 'em vat dey bring us.’ But my hens, dey ain't been doin' so good yesterday unt Tuesday. Dey don't like de hot days neider. I hope ve get a little shower tonight to cool it off.”

During this speech, Henry and Herman took the eggs and chickens from the carriage, while Sophie held the horses' reins. Then Henry weighed the poultry and wrote “87½ lbs.” on a receipt.

Sophie, looking over his shoulder, saw. “Himmel, I didn't think dey vas dat heavy. Maybe I might haf enough to buy yet a pair of ofershoes. For me, I like von-buckle ofershoes, but Herman, he likes de high vuns. I tink dey take too much time to put on. Vell, how much does dat make for me, mit de Eiern yet?”

“Let's see. Eighty-seven and a half pounds of springs at ten cents makes \$8.75. And fifty-four-four eggs at fourteen is \$7.61. \$16.36 all together. That's pretty good, Sophie.”

“Yah, das ist gut, but I should ha more eggs. I guess dat sour milk unt de cooked oats I gave my chickens ven dey hatched vas good for dem, unt made them heavy. Lotsa times I tought I vork no more mit dem. All de time I must see dey keep varm, unt den dat dey get de feed. Yah, lieber strohsack! But Herman takes care of de cows unt horses, unt plows so I can stand it, too.

“I'rst I vant brown unt vite oil cloth, dat bottom vun—zwei und ein halb fusz. After vile, I vant to look at

some black percale mit a little vite flower in it for aprens unt dresses. Unt two spools black darning cotton, unt vork mittens for Herman unt me. Vat kind of flour haf you got?”

“We have Victor for \$1.50, Goorhes for \$1.45, IGA is \$1.25, and Four Square is \$1.08. The IGA is—”

“I guess I take two forty-eight pound sacks of Four Square. Last time I had four square, too, unt it baked me a real nice cake for last Sunday ven Papa unt Mama came ofer. I vant two packages yeast foam. Unt gif me a fifty-pound sack of barrel salt; I like it better dan de real fine salt, unt it costs chust a dollar unt fifteen cents, don't it? Unt den I guess I got to haf a sack of sugar. How much is it now? Did dat go up, too?”

“Yes, sugar is \$5.50 a sack for beet. Cane is \$6.25, but I have no cane right now.”

“My, sugar sure costs lots. Herman got a sack chust four unt a half veeks ago for four dollars unt seventy-five cents, but mit cherries unt peaches unt strawberries unt efrhything dat I got in my garden to can, it takes much sugar. Vell, gif me a sack of beet. I vant two of dose twenty-five cent brooms you advertized. Dat's de cheapest you got, ain't it? Gif me funf pfunde navy beans. I guess I make bean soup tomorrow. I got to vork in mine garden, unt I can get dat on de stove beore I go out. Vell, Mrs. Schmidt, I'm yet so glad to see you.”

At the sight of Mrs. Smith, she left Henry and hurried to kiss the newcomer. Floyd laughed in embarrassment, and her face slightly flushed, but Sophie continued talking without noticing her discomfort. While Sophie told all over again about the chickens and her garden, and about the destructive renters of one of their farms, Floyd had to smile again at the quaint, bulky picture this farmer's wife made. On this scorching July afternoon, Sophie was wearing the same black sateen dress that she had worn since Floyd had come to Burr five years ago, presumably even before that. Long sleeves, a black collar at her throat, very much fullness above the waist, and an enormously gathered skirt which measured at least three and a half yards at the bottom—all attracted attention. And it was just short enough to reveal the black flat-heeled, one-strapped slipper that she wore over heavy lisle hose of the same color. But the last touch to her whole costume was a deep-crowned, velvet hat with a perfectly straight three-inch brim, that was kept on the very top of her head with a long hat pin stuck through the knot—which was never seen—of hair slightly darker than flax. Yes, those purple flowers on it were the ones she'd had two years ago; last year she had had blue sweet williams. From under the hat shone her rosy face, unwrinkled even at forty, and brightly polished by the incessant use of soap and warm water. The brief-case sized hand bag that she carried in her strong, hardened hands showed by the peeling off of the imitation leather, especially on the handle, that for many years she had brought it with her when she came to trade out her products.

Yes, Henry so'd her a pair of over-shoes, and the hose, too. Quite a person, this woman. An eventful day for the little store passed when Sophie hurriedly left Burr, the only village she ever visits, with the excuse that “I got some turnip seeds to plant tonight yet.”

Bronze Medal KEYS

By Dorothy Copps

She had a play house in the garage, but that was not important until the lock with two keys came. Once she

had found a key. It was her greatest treasure. Grown folks always carried keys. She could pretend she were grown if only she had keys. But the keys must clank so people would notice them. One key didn't, and besides it didn't have a lock anyway. Then the lock came for the garage door. With it were two keys on a string. Her father put her third key on the string too. The noise they made caused her to feel much older.

Just as the long summer evening began she took a walk. It was only around the block because she wasn't allowed to cross streets. Of course she took the keys. She held them by the string so they would ring together. Swinging her arm ever so slightly to ensure a noise she walked as fast as if she were going somewhere. She was important now because she had some keys.

She walked first past several houses where she called hello to her friends who were watching. When she came to the vacant lot she slowed down and relaxed her arm a little. There was no one there to see her. It was nicest when she passed the "poor people's" house—the people she didn't know. She was very happy because they thought her a grownup person going somewhere and carrying keys. Then she hurried faster past Teddy's house because she didn't want Teddys' sisters who were in college to see her. They would laugh. Finally she walked home and down the drive. She unlocked the door, went in for a moment, then came out and locked it again. She took the keys to the house and hung them on the nail by the back door. Then she breathed a sigh of ecstasy. Now she was grown up for she had some keys that clanked.

Honorable Mention THE QUEST

By Virginia Rugh

There was a regular geyser of dirt flying as Pat, my dog, dug for a buried possession. His paws scooped and circled as if they were operated by a piston; at intervals this automatic motion ceased and he clawed vigorously at the ground with his right foot. Alternating these movements he industriously built a little mound of dirt behind him. Suddenly he stopped and disjointedly sauntered over to his worn-off-grass island. Flopping himself upon the ground, he scowled out from under his heavy brows as if to say, "What is the matter with me? Didn't I put it there?" He pushed and braced himself in a lazy sitting position and scratching his side meditatively he tried to bring his thoughts to the surface. Something was lacking in his thinking message that day because no new idea came through his skin.

Pat boosted himself up with his hind legs, ambled over to his house, and sniffed one weed after another. Something arrested his attention and it seemed the end of his quest must be near, but it was only a bug twisting through the grass. After smelling it he gave the creature a helpful little boost only to sent it squirming feet up. He thrust his head forward, recoiled it like a snake, and slapped the bug with his paw. He lifted his little p'aything with his teeth but dropped it as if something had hurt his pride.

Then he walked over to his water pan, and forgetting that his feet were so large he misjudged the distance and stepped clumsily into the water. To get out of this predicament he drew back and carried the pan with him. Becoming disgusted with his futile attempts he decided to drink before he spilled it all. After a few slip-slips at the water he emerged with drops streaming off his shaggy whiskers and paws and strolled

around trying to remember where his treasure was. He stepped off two paces from his home and plowed into the earth; the dirt began to spray again, making the air a veil of dirt. Bicycling his way into the ground, he shook his head and snorted in his anxiety. Suddenly he struck something and hastily reversing his position to the other side, he continued his task. It appeared that he could be doing no less than excavating a buried city, but I could not stop him for I too was excited about that mysterious thing that could arouse him to such a display of energy. His nose disappeared into his home-made cavern, and when he appeared he was bearing a decayed knot of a bone that in the long ago might have been his supper.

Honorable Mention

FOUR NATURE SKETCHES

By Alma Reitz

NATURE IN NOVEMBER

I took a walk along the bridge path at an unusual time one bleak November morning. The air was fresh, crisp, and invigorating; but the wind was piercing, which fact alone made me button up my red sweater and pull my apple-green hat close about my sensitive ears.

As I walked along as leisurely as was possible in such a strong, biting wind, I noticed the open gate in the fence around the Sibley Graveyard. It looked as though visitors were expected, but it was such a dreary, bleak place on a windy day that I decided to recall my last visit instead of making another one. There was no life anywhere around: not even one of the many squirrels scampered playfully around near the trees; only when I got beyond the concrete bridge over the creek did I see a little pig in the field. However, at the startling sight of my red sweater and the contrasting greenness of the hat, the pig squealed and ran away.

To my left were the remains of some botany gardens all over-grown with weeds. Turning around I could see a huge tree with absolutely no leaves on the twigs; the whole structure of the tree, in fact, had the appearance of drooping so that the leaves would just slide from the branches without any effort at all. I had never noticed anything like that before, but then I saw, too, that the tree was an old, old elm, sturdy but undoubtedly weary. All its defects were exposed without the leaves for covering.

I had thought of "And what is so rare as a day in June? Then if ever come perfect days." Now I think of November when most of outdoor nature settles down to sleep.

SNOWY WEATHER

It was snowing when we left the house. The flakes were large and damp, perhaps because it wasn't very cold—just cold enough to snow. The air was heavy with the moisture and a mixture of smoke and fog which pressed down and mingled with the exhaust fumes of buses and large, powerful cars. It was truly a winter night in a large city.

Our cheeks tingled and felt cold and satiny, but our feet grew clammy, for our shoes were absorbing snow water which is so very penetrating because it just seeps and oozes its way through. Before long we weren't exactly comfortable: in my own throat was what felt like a concentrated lump of "smog" and my kid gloves were getting spotted and wet by the snowflakes which melted when they came in contact with just the slight warmth of my hand. We finally

arrived at the warm, cozy end of our journey, however,—such a welcome contrast with the outside.

It was about three hours later when we started back. During that time a freezing wind had blown up, making the thermometer drop about twenty degrees. It was strong enough to blow away all of the snow clouds and all of the heavy, smoky air. The stars actually sparkled and radiated light; the moon with its greater body gave more illumination and cast dark, blotchy shadows in the immaculate covering of snow which had become hard enough to crunch when stepped on. It sounded as though we were turning a key to lock the entire world under our steps.

My ears tingled and later grew numb; my nose felt like a cherry in a tight skin; my fingertips were growing achey; and my feet had practically ceased to have feeling. But it was so lovely—everything so peaceful and serene, everything so stiff and still, everything asleep.

A PHEASANT

A hillock, growing with scrub oak trees which hold fast last fall's brown, sere leaves, receives the wind and sends it whistling and rattling through the dormant plants. Bright yellow straw from last summer's threshing covers a clearing at the bottom. It glistens in the early February sunlight. Picking daintily in the straw, a pheasant, searching for food, stops suddenly, cocks an ear to listen to the whirring of the car, and then goes about discovering choice tid-bits for a meal. But at the sound of a human voice, harsh and frightening to those unaccustomed to it, the pheasant unhesitatingly turns, dashes for the woods, and like a bird with longer legs picks his way carefully yet assuredly up the slope, carrying his tail high and keeping it unentangled in the thick brush. The frozen twigs crackle and snap, and in a second the iridescent browns, blues, greens, and yellows of the gorgeous creature's plumage are lost in the protecting oneness of the drab vegetation.

SPRING IN THE CITY

I know that in the city there is not the same kind of beauty as there is in the country; and I believe, too, that according to rules governing beauty we city dwellers could not claim so much springtime loveliness. However, there the contrast between natural and artificial is more striking.

The streets and sidewalks, it is true, are "gummy" and messy with the heavy fall of winter soot mixed with remains of a late snow, an early shower, or perhaps, even both. But the lawns of real blue grass are brightened by the moisture, and the color is a clear, new green. And if this should be in the month of March, the wind, the proverbial lion, whistles around houses and plays a regular orchestral selection on the weatherstripping, "Zwang, humm, buzz, zwang." It is the musical rhythm of that early month.

Later, from the tops of the buses, the buds on the trees are seen to acquire a new look of fuzziness, and day by day, with close scrutiny, it is possible to see the small leaves grow bigger. And then the trees themselves take on the new dress that they will wear all summer without any variation until October, when a change is made to russet tones which to most of us greet warmth and coziness against the frosty nights of early autumn.

THREE POSES

By Wanda Pringle

Our cat has three positions in his

repertoire which are, I know, common "catty" attitudes; but when he assumes them I feel that there is no other animal like him. I may say, parenthetically, that although I have been told that cats are creatures unable to show affection for their owners, I pretend he admires me as a human as much as I admire him as a cat. The three postures may be named Watchfulness, Repose and Beggary.

In the first he is crouched, his hind legs drawn underneath in readiness to spring, and his front paws together, the shoulder blades making two fuzzy humps on either side of his body, interrupting a tense, long line of his back and head. His neck is extended as if pulled by the intentness with which his enormous eyes watch his prey, and his ears are laid back in a listening position which heightens the effect of preparedness. The tail movement expresses the jerkiness of a lash in slow motion. One would say the slowness denotes anticipation, and the jerkiness, the tenseness of waiting for the proper moment at which to leap.

In Repose, the second, he is sitting in the way any cat sits, with a big bump for a back, and a trance-like expression in the eyes. What attracts me in this sight is the pure whiteness of his chest and front paws, which are placed so daintily and primly side by side. Also, his tail, circled in rings of tan and white, is curled around until the tip alone waves softly back and forth near his paws.

The last, Beggary, is like the second in regard to position, but the situation is vastly different. I am sitting at the dinner table and he is on the floor beside my chair. The difference is in the expression on his face. His eyes are at their very largest as he looks up at me, and are more wistful and pleading than any I have ever seen in a human face. After duty has won the struggle between my desire to give him some meat and the knowledge that it isn't proper to feed animals at the table, I go on with my own meal. The little beggar does not cry, but soon I feel a gentle pressure on my hanging skirt and look down to see that he has quietly raised one of his soft paws to the material and pulled with his claws, I can't resist that plea, and while he is eating I reflect that he seems to have reached the heights in the art of acting.

COUNTRY SCENE

By Annabel Duffy

A fat, good natured, orange sun smiled down between the black branches of an old tree to brighten the grey pines of its Spanish moss. Below the tree twelve white geese waddled tranquilly in the bright, closely clipped grass which was relieved of its monotony now and then by the yellow button of a crocus plant. The lower valley was still a pale blue haze in the background as though unconscious of the sun and still inclined to dream of night's solitude. Through its denseness a child emerged, evidently the geese's master, a tiny brown boy he was, in a red wisp of a dress.

SACRED RIVER

By Bettie Hooks

At the bottom of the long flight of stone steps, the little rickety boat pushed off slowly down the river. The sun glared as usual, but the passengers, having by this time become accustomed to the intense heat, tipped their topees lower, and turned their attention shoreward. Eager, knowing eyes searched longingly for new excitement; but only the cold, logical gaze of the traveler who has already seen horrible things found interest

along the banks of the Ganges.

In the shallow water along the shore the liner was full of people; priests performing baptisms; men and women taking their morning baths, and a little farther on, girls filling silver pitchers with drinking water from the sacred river. Even as we looked, a funeral procession moved to the middle of the stream and dumped overboard a linen swathed body. We learned that the man had died from smallpox.

The boat drifted more slowly as we came to the burning ghats. Piles of wood—the big ones belonging to rich people, and the small ones to the poor—dotted the shore line at the top of the bank. Bodies lay all about on the ground waiting to be placed on the biers. Some were already burning, the bodies being placed in the middle of the piles with logs both beneath and over them; women and children clad in long white wrappers stood at one side, weeping. One extremely large bier blazed high and emitted a blue, lonesome smoke that floated away across the river.

Gliding slowly by, we turned and looked back. Just behind, two boats gayly decorated in yellow pushed from the shore; laughter rang out across the water as a hilarious wedding party announced a new bride and groom.

ASPEN

By Marjorie Prat

As each elf-like breeze rustled near, the small, fresh-green sapling quivered gently. Every heart-shaped, yellow green leaf twirled over and over, showing its pale silver back, threaded with minute veins. The silver and green blended in the rapid but smooth circling, like the double lined, full skirt of a dancer. Dainty shadows frolicked on the needle-covered ground as pale light beams sifted through the taller trees. Everything in the forest was quiet except the small aspen, which quivered from top to bottom like a shy deer overtaken by panic.

BRIEF

By Betty Lee Hilding

From the moment that I mounted the sleek, blue-black mare I had an overwhelming sensation of insecurity. As her feet sounded metallically on the paved bridge and the rhythmic play of her muscles swelled the saddle under me, I felt as if I were the one being controlled. When she stretched her neck and broke into a long rearing trot the reins in my hand seemed as inefficient as a sand dike against the appalling force of a bursting torrent. Without warning the mare lengthened her trot and sped into a powerful canter which made her hoofs thunder ominously on the packed dirt of the wide river road. My sense of insignificance and absolute helplessness reached the point of panic as Biff, the mare, tore past the last one of our party. Her feet drummed like pistons as she lowered her head and raced on. The surrounding country—green, full-leaved trees, the slow-moving river, and an occasional summer home—reeled and blurred before my eyes as I slipped perilously in the saddle. I lost one stirrup. Desperately hanging onto the now useless reins I frantically grabbed the horse's mane. As I hung low on her sides with her sweat-streaming flanks heaving under me the ground seemed to rise to meet me at each forward bound. The road turned. As Biff swung unhesitatingly, I gave one terrified scream and rolled head first into the dust flung up by her flying heels. One shining hoof shone in mid

air and then Biff was gone. I tried to rise, but my legs seemed to have become jelly-like in the middle and refused to respond. My throat was dry and each breath rasped as if over sand paper. With a shaking hand I gingerly felt a fast rising bump on my head. Convinced that I was really in one piece I relaxed my fingers which were still curled tautly as if holding the reins and sat in the middle of the road until my companions came cantering back in pursuit of me. I slowly walked the mile back rather than risk encountering another bolting ex-race horse with a fat, unsustaining English saddle.

UMBRELLAS

By Margaret E. McIntosh

When I was eight years old, I was rather isolated in the horth of Scotland with only my brother for a playmate, for the nearest house was in the village of Lybster some six miles away; consequently Jimmy and I were often rather lonesome and had to create our own amusement. Practically every day we would invent some new game ("deviltry" as my aunt called it) such as setting traps with burlap bags for the chickens, letting the cows loose in the corn fields and eagerly listening for the excitement which followed when one of the farmhands discovered them, or lighting a fire in the grate in an old disused servants' house to see if the chimney worked. But our favorite haunt was in a small flat vale about six feet above the beach and surrounded on two sides by gently rising heather-clad foothills.

One day while we were playing tennis over a clothes line here, a sudden storm arose. Our first impulse was to rush into the house, but the air was so fresh and invigorating, we stood for a while watching the gulls circling over the sea or gently riding the gradually roughening water. It began to drizzle. Jimmy ran to the house and soon returned with an old bronzed stand of umbrellas which we had noticed in the lower hall. With delight we opened them one after the other. Not being very large, I half fell and was half pulled by the strong suction of the wind on the umbrella over one of the small cliffs onto the beach below. I was rather frightened at first, but after I picked myself up. I realized the sensation of being swept over the embankment was rather thrilling; consequently Jimmy and I spent the next hour running to the edge of the cliff with an umbrella over our heads and gleefully jumping over until my aunt, aroused by the storm, came to fetch us. Today, whenever I ride down in an elevator, I am reminded of this day because the sensation I feel is similar.

A CHRISTMAS TIE

By Sue T. Johnson

Days and days before Christmas I had saved from my small allowance. I had carefully selected all of my presents except Daddy's. It had been easy to choose for my sister and mother, but to try to find a man a gift was a hard task. Counting my remaining coin I found I had exactly fifty-seven cents. What could I get Daddy? It had to be nice because after all there is only one like Daddy. Handkerchiefs were out of the question. I hated them because when I have colds Mama always makes me take his big ones to school. I didn't have enough for smoking equipment. My sister was going to give him cigarettes. What in the world could I get. An idea. A tie. Aunt Mary always gave him ties but he never wore them.

I'd give him a real one; he'd appreciate it.

Saturday afternoon Zaidee and I went shopping for the fifty-seven cent tie. First we looked in the windows. Then we would enter the store and walk slowly down the aisle of men's ties. Out one store and into another we went upon our quest. We argued about the cost; we discussed the pros and cons of the quality. This was indeed important. At the last of our stores, a small, dingy building, we saw a beautiful tie, in the window with a big sign "50c". We hurried in and with a gasp asked for it. It was wrapped neatly in a Christmas box with big red flowers. Both Zaidee and I were pleased. The tie was a bargain; shiny material; excellent material; bright orange and royal purple striped material. Catching the package we bought seven cents worth of jelly beans.

Christmas morning at six o'clock Daddy opened the package and was pleasantly surprised. His eyes sparkled. I was glad. When we dressed after breakfast he put it on. The big stripes were so pretty against his dark suit. I felt more pleased with that tie than I did about my own presents.

It is our custom to have open house Christmas Day. In the afternoon all of Mama's and Daddy's friends came in. At four-thirty Mrs. Pond arrived I was standing in the doorway unnoticed. She gave a low chuckle and drawled: "Why, Eugene. Where did you get that horrid tie". Tears welled in my eyes. I ran upstairs to my room and broke out crying. Daddy had laughed. Mrs. Pond's voice kept repeating in her Southern drawl: "Why, Eugene—that horrid tie."

My heart was broken. I hated that woman the rest of my life. This was my first bitter taste of realism. Since then I have had other disappointments and "jolts" but none as hard as that of the Christmas tie.

THE BARON

By Sue Greer

The front door was unceremoniously flung open and Mary breathlessly entered the room stammering, "Baron is out!" Everything was confusion as Mother and I jumped to our feet exclaiming loudly and asking questions in unison. The family pet, a young German police dog of clumsy, elephantine proportions, was loping down the block, unconscious of the excitement he was causing his owners.

Muttering unladylike curses at the garbage-man who undoubtedly had left the gate open, I flew down the front steps, stopping long enough to grab the largest stick I could find, and set out in pursuit. The cook came after me; still holding a dish rag in her hand and running at an uneven, laborious gait, while Mother followed at a slower pace, calling out in her best long-distance voice which she hadn't used since her children had grown up. In this ludicrous fashion, the three of us streaked down the sidewalk, and passing automobiles slowed down to see why three people had apparently gone completely mad.

I finally caught up with the escaped, who was having a glorious time growling impressively and scuffling with a small dog whose bewildered young mistress stood looking on. She stood beside me, howling energetically. My curt commands mingling with her cries were unheeded by Baron, who was shamefully intoxicated with his newly-found freedom. Not without some misgivings, I ran up the terrace of an unfortunate neighbor's lawn and looked furiously at the stupid animal—vicious scoldings were punctuated with grunts as I swung at him and missed. At last, one well aimed blow caught him across the shoulder and he ceased all activity, seeing me for

the first time with hurt, sheepish eyes. Taking the opportunity thus afforded, I seized him by the collar and brought the stick down a few more times to be sure that he understood how he had sinned. He pulled and whimpered but by this time the cook, frankly puffing, was there to help me. Mother had given up the chase and stood waiting for us a little way down the street. The poor puppy, now thoroughly aware of his guilt was hurried home among three angry but relieved women, who chattered and scolded all the way home.

TOMBOY DAYS

By Betty Touchstone

Mother used to say I would be the death of her. She couldn't keep a dress on me, keep me out of trees, or keep me with the other little girls. No ruffles or fluffs for me, and no mamma's darlings. If I had to wear overalls to be one of the boys then that's what I would wear, for I intended to keep my place with them. Other mothers looked on with pity at poor Mrs. Touchstone trying to tame that tomboy of hers; I had a "sweet" time.

No boy was going to outdo me. No sir, I could throw a ball, run, shoot, fish, and fight as well as any boy. In fact, I had quite a name as a fighter. Often we fought among ourselves, and I managed to take care of myself. My two best friends, a hard-headed German boy and a stocky, little Irish lad, and I always carried on our fights in the back alley. The fight usually consisted of throwing rocks, pieces of bricks, chunks of coal, or corncobs. Occasionally we had a fist fight that would end in a bloody nose or black eye.

However, the boys that didn't live on our street were the ones we fought the hardest. Particularly I remember one incident. A big bully from the country had moved across the street. We weren't any too anxious to have him join us, but as he lived on the street he had a right to join the North Clay Gang. It was a cinch, however, that he had to prove himself worthy. We waited for the chance to try him out. It came one day when we were playing baseball on our lawn. He was hanging over the iron fence that surrounded the yard. It was my place to challenge him as I was very particular who touched that fence. I walked toward him, and although I was a bit shaky about scuffling with a big boy whose strength was untried, I had to go through with it or lose my standing with the gang.

"Get off my fence," I said in my toughest voice.

"Who's going to make me, little gal?"

That was too much—to be called a girl. Of all things—why, I had been insulted.

"I am, and you better get off quick or I'll give you something you're not looking for!"

With that he jumped the fence and the fight was on. His fist caught me in the shoulder, but my fist came up under his arm and caught him in the chin. I saw then that I was going to change my tactics, for his punch was harder than mine. We hit back and forth at one another. Fortunately I caught him with my foot just as he made another jab at my face. He went down. Like a cat I was on top of him, pinning his arms to his sides with my knees, scratching and biting him in the face.

He let out the one cry that kept him out of the gang—"Mother!" I got up and walked victoriously back toward the boys just before an indignant mother led her crying child home.

Read The Linden Bark.

Rev. J. C. Inglis Speaks in Vespers

Rev. J. C. Inglis gave an interesting sermon Sunday evening, May 5, taken from Boob of Acts, from the chapter in which St. Paul is pleading before King Agrippa, with these words, "O, King Agrippa, I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision."

Rev. Mr. Inglis compared "the art of science in focusing the microscope with time and patience on a subject" to the art of focusing one's life with time, patience, and guidance in the ways of religion; however, the focusing point is beyond immediate present appeals and lies in the infinity of the spiritual life, which demands progress.

"But progress, inventions, and forward looks are all first founded in Christ himself, for the beginning of progress and of a religious life in any man in the vision of Jesus.

"The last factor is that of sharing. The artist shares his creative piece of work, the writer his beautiful composition of words and philosophies, and the musician his creative ideas born in music, and so with all sharing—it was born with Christ."

Rev. Mr. Inglis concluded with the words, "The first law of man is his duty to the rest of humanity. That is Christianity."

Martin and Hestwood in Sophomore Recital

Dorothy Ann Martin, soprano, and Blanche Edna Hestwood, pianist, presented to a large group of students, and friends their sophomore recital in Roemer auditorium, Tuesday afternoon, May 8, at four forty-five o'clock.

Dorothy Ann Martin looked lovely in blue mousseline de soie, with which she wore silver accessories and a wrist corsage of pink rosebuds; Blanche Edna wore an attractive yellow mousseline de soie trimmed in brown; her corsage was of yellow Talisman roses.

The first two numbers were flawlessly played by Blanche Edna; they were Bach's "Prelude and Fugue, B F at Major", and Haydn's "Sonata (111)".

Following this Dorothy Ann presented Handel's "Come Unto Him"; Donaudy's "Spirate Pur, Spirate"; Donaudy's "O del mio anoto ben"; and Thomas' "Connais-tu le pays".

The concluding numbers on the piano were; "Humoresque" by Tschalkowsky, "Nocturne" by Chopin, and "Staccato Etude" by Rubinstein.

Dorothy Ann concluded her numbers with the lovely "Dawn Awakes" by Braine, "Let All My Life Be Music" by Spross, Mednikoffs' "The Hills of Gruzia" and lastly the clever number of Kountz's "The Sleigh".

The ushers for the recital were Margaret Brainard, Ethel Gard Barry, Edith Knotts and Kathryn Eames.

Chart Indicates Extent of Women in Industry

Dr. Schaper has a colorful and interesting new chart on her Occupational Bulletin Board this week, which is the work of Women's department of Labor Bureau and illustrates the percentage of women employed in various types of gainful occupations. The greatest number of women employed outside the home are occupied in domestic and personal work. Next comes the mechanical and manufacturing industries, then agriculture, clerical, professional, trade, and lastly, transportation and communication. The chart did not include the very few employed in forestry and fishing.

1934 Lindenwood Leaves Appears on Campus

"Annuals are out!" Every year this announcement has afforded Lindenwood cause for rejoicing. The attractive black and silver bound "Linden Leaves" for 1934 which the Annual Staff headed by Betty Hart, editor-in-chief, and Marietta Hansen, business manager, presents this year furnishes a particular incentive for rejoicing. In it there has been achieved the finest and newest in annuals, a distinguished possession for every Lindenwood student.

The new features, the pebbled paper used throughout the entire book, the doubletone blue-black ink, the silver fleck "em" sheets and the Linden Leaflette Section, make it an outstanding annual in the history of Lindenwood. The pebbled page which has greatly enriched the appearance of the book is still further enhanced by the tree motif used as page decoration.

Of especial distinction this year is Chapter Four of "Linden Leaves", the Linden Leaflettes. This section, which replaces the usual popularity and athletic sections, is a literary supplement in magazine form with the use of the double column. Selections from the best poetry and prose creations of present Lindenwood students are included. Also contained in this section are the witticisms of the joke editor and the advertisements.

Lindenwood truly owes hearty congratulations to Betty Hart, editor-in-chief, of 1934 "Linden Leaves", Marietta Hansen, business manager, and the staff, Marjorie Wycoff, Mary Cowan, Mary K. Dewey, Katherine Fox, Wanda Pringle, Lois Gene Sheetz, Virginia Porter, Margaret Ringer, Mary Erwin, Elaine Slotlower, and Peggy McKeel for this notable product of their combined efforts. This year's "Linden Leaves" will undoubtedly contribute greatly in aiding Lindenwood to maintain the high ranking which she has earned in the National Scholastic Press Association through the merit of her publication.

Also to the faculty sponsors Dr. Gipson, Miss Gordon, Dr. Evers, and Dr. Linneman, who so carefully supervised the staff in their execution of this year book, does Lindenwood owe an expression of appreciation.

The book is dedicated to Lindenwood as a whole and comprises four chapters. Chapter one is devoted to the institutional, chapter two to classes, chapter three to organizations and chapter four to Linden Leaflettes. The book is the product of the Midland Printing Company, Jefferson City, Missouri and the Central Engraving Company, St. Louis. The photography is by Sid Whiting of St. Louis.

Guest of Sigma Tau Delta

Synnove Larsen Baasch, writer and resident of Kirkwood, Missouri, was the guest of the Lindenwood chapter of Sigma Tau Delta, honorary English fraternity, at a meeting Tuesday evening, May 8, at 6:45 in the college club rooms. Mrs. Baasch's story "Shoes" recently appeared in the May issue of the Story Magazine. The writer is a native of Norway and is much interested in the folklore of her home-country. She has just completed arrangements with a Norwegian publishing house relative to the publishing of a volume of her Norwegian fairy tales. As a special feature of her talk Tuesday evening, Mrs. Baasch read to the girls one of her stories, which was very favorably received by them. Other guests at the meeting were members of the child literature and story-telling classes.

"Lindenwood Verse" Coming Off The Press

Miss Elizabeth Dawson, of the English department, is busy taking orders for the book which is to establish a precedent in Lindenwood literary life and which will soon be off the presses of the Midland Printing Company, of Jefferson City, Mo. It is entitled, "Lindenwood Verse", and is being published by Kappa Beta chapter of Sigma Tau Delta, and the Lindenwood chapter of the College Poetry Society of America.

The committee which collated the material has examined all the verse which could be found from the pen of Lindenwood students through the long history of the college. Only those poems were selected, 70 in all, which seemed to have genuine literary merit. These are very largely poems written in recent years, as the writing of poetry in colleges seems everywhere to have flourished most within the last ten years.

Among the twenty-five or more poets whom Lindenwood may now consider "authentic" are Margaret Jean Wilhoit and Elizabeth Austin. Their poems which appeared in Harpers' Anthology as "Best College Verse" of 1931 are used. Miss Jessie Rehder, editor of that volume of verse, has granted permission for the poems to be published here.

The others making up the list, some of whom have more than one poem in the book, are Sarah Louise Greer, Catherine Marsh, Betty Hart, Evelyn Brown, Mary Mason, Carmen Sylvia Woodson, Nancy Culbertson, Helen Petty, Jane Duvall, Betty Palmer, now Mrs. Walter Hussman; Ruth Dawson, now Mrs. Richard C. Duncan; Mary Louise Burch, Helen Calder, Elizabeth Ann Combs, Julia Ferguson, Edna Hickey, Josephine Peck, Dorothy Rendlen, Mary Norman Rinehart, Frances H. Stumberg, Dorothy Tull, Marjorie Taylor, now Mrs. B. Allen Morgan, and others.

Senior Class Sneaks to St. Louis for Day

Wednesday, May 16, about thirty extremely sleepy members of the Senior Class rolled out of bed, reached blearily for their best togs, and then snoozed down to the Hollywood in their chartered bus. Breakfast was a prolonged confusion of people eating other people's eggs and toast, people going to sleep on stray shoulders, and people with a gint in their eyes, collecting money. The trip to St. Louis was enlivened by a glimpse of this year's annual and the high hopes that the day would be a success.

From their arrival in the city until luncheon, the Seniors plans were unannounced. It is suspected on good authority, however, that some of the more dignified members rode bicycles through Forest Park all morning. A few lucky and wealthy ones shopped and the rest just meandered around, it seems.

At twelve o'clock luncheon was served to twenty-five of the Seniors in the Terrace Restaurant at the Park Plaza. The menu included tomato juice cocktail, individual steaks, Spanish potatoes, peas, lime and carrot salad, and ice cream and chocolate wafers. Most of the guests seemed to be particularly happy when the orchestra was persuaded to play "I Love You Truly". Wonder if that was not anticipating a couple June weddings which are to take place?

After luncheon the Seniors rapidly separated, their destinations carefully kept secret. One by one, they trailed back to the campus, almost exhausted but blissful. Just ask 'em!

Washington Debaters Are Lindenwood Guests

On Tuesday evening, May 15, at eight o'clock, Lindenwood girls received the pleasure of hearing members of the St. Louis University Forensic Club debate. The subject for debate was: Resolved, That the Powers of the President Should be Substantially Increased as a Settled Policy. The affirmative of this question was upheld by Messrs. Max M. Librach and Alex Kerckoff, while Messrs. Joseph Schlarman and Edward O'Neill were advocates for the negative. The debaters are members of the law school at St. Louis University. Dr. Ralph B. Wagner, Director of the Forensics, who presided over the debate, charmed the girls with his clever geniality. Each of the young men presented a brilliant argument and the rebuttals were both rapid and pointed. The audience of Lindenwood girls was made judge of the debate. After some hesitation the decision was given to the negative side.

Spring Horse Show

Violet Wipke School Champion

The Beta Chi riding sorority of Lindenwood College presented members of the riding classes in an exhibition Friday afternoon at three o'clock in a specially constructed ring back of Irwin Hall. The show was under the direction of Mr. Ollie Dapron, riding instructor. The ten events were judged by Mr. C. H. La Rue of St. Louis and Clarksville, Missouri, a member of the St. Louis Ring Committee. Roslyn Weil of St. Charles was scorer for the events.

In the first event, three-gaited class for both rider and horse, Nell Shouse won first place, Helen Stance, second, Marie Ellis, third, and Nan Latham, fourth. In the five-gaited class for riding and management, ribbons were awarded to Ruth Bewley, Louise Scott, Margaret Ringer, and Helen Mary McLatchey. For riding and management in the three-gaited class, awards were made to Violet Wipke, Annabel Duffy, O'ive Diez, and Virginia Lee. Reba Mae Showalter, Mary Willis Heeren, Flora Mae Rimerman, and Betty Hilding. Marie Ellis showed "Buddy", high school horse, in a pivot, several poses, and knee-walk. In the three-gaited class for riding only, Peggy McKeel won first place, Louise McCullough, second, Barbara Ann Combs, third, and Mary Erwin, fourth.

Violet Wipke on "Smoky Joe" won the school championship and was presented with a black and white calico horse from the Palace Clothing Company. Nell Shouse on "Victory" was second, Reba Mae Showalter, on "Silver King", third, and Annabel Duffy on "Gorgeous", fourth. The novelty relay race was won by Ruth Bewley, Marie Ellis, Violet Wipke, and Helen Stance.

In the jumping events Flora Mae Rimerman placed first, Nan Latham second, Peggy McKeel third, and Nell Shouse, fourth.

Thursday Oratory Recital Interesting

As one of its closing programs of the school year, the oratory department offered in recital Thursday, May 10, at chapel time, three of its talented students, Bettie Hooks, Alice McCawley and Virginia Spears.

Read The Linden Bark.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Thursday, May 24—

Concert by Mme. Graziella Pampari, St. Louis Symphony harpist, and Pasquale De Conto, cellist, who is also with the Symphony at 11:00 p. m., Roemer Auditorium.

Friday, May 25—

Beginning of final examinations.

Thursday, May 31—

Examinations over.

Friday, June 1—

Annual art exhibit, from 3 until 6 P. M., in the Art Studios in Roemer Hall.

Saturday, June 2—

Commencement Play at 8:00 P. M. in Roemer Hall.

Sunday, June 3—

Baccalaureate Services at 3 P. M. in Roemer Hall.

Senior Class Day exercises at 4:30 P. M., Lindenwood Campus.

Commencement concert, 6:30 P. M. in Roemer Hall.

Monday, June 4—

Commencement exercises at 10:00 A. M., Roemer Hall.

Sidelights of Society

Mrs. Roemer took as her guests on a four hundred and fifty mile motor trip, Tuesday, May 15, Mrs. Roberts, Miss Hough, Mrs. Wenger, Miss Blackwell, and Mrs. LeMaster.

Leaving early in the morning they drove to Round Springs, near Salem. Around the crystal-like, clear, blue water was piled large round stones over which grew mosses and ferns in abundance, and the water as it flowed over the rocks ran on down to meet the river which was full of all varieties of water-crest. "The springs remind me of Morning Glory Springs in Yellow Stone Park; the water is so extraordinary blue."

From Round Spring they continued their trip to Van Buren where they stopped at the Rosecliffe Hotel for lunch; then they drove through the Ozarks, stopping to see Big Springs where Mrs. Roemer says, "thousands of allons of water flow from under the stne cliffs down into a winding river every day, and the cliffs are lovely."

"Never have I seen such beautiful mountains, pastoral scenes, springs, and extraordinary scenery", was the statement heard from all the house-mothers after their drive.

Dr. Terhune Speaks to Y. W.

"The Other Spanish Christ" by Dr. John R. McKay was interestingly reviewed by Dr. Terhune, sponsor of the Y. W. C. A. at their regular meeting Wednesday evening, May 16.

Dr. Terhune told of two Spanish conceptions of Christ, one as a little child, and one as a grown man; she also explained that when the Spanish children were small they had a religion which was more or less forced upon them, instead of having any deep feeling about the Savior, but now they the given full freedom of religion and allowed to worship as they please.

Dr. Terhune's review of the book was both interesting and vivid.

Commercial Club Elects

The last Commercial Club meeting this year was held Thursday evening, May 3, at 6:30 o'clock. The officers elected for next year are: Kathryn Morton, president, Dorothy Straight, vice-president, Lenore Schierding, secretary-treasurer. After the election of the new officers, the meeting was turned over to the social committee and refreshments were served.

Alpha Psi in Rehearsal

A meeting of Alpha Psi Omega,

national honorary dramatic fraternity was called Tuesday, May 8, by the sponsor, Miss Gordon, for the purpose of getting started on their new play, J. M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton", a comedy in four acts. Practice was called Tuesday evening by the president, Dorothy Holcomb.

Elaine Slothower, a sophomore, and Louise McCulloch, a freshmen, both talented in art, were initiated into Kappa Chapter of Kappi Pi, the Honorary Art Fraternity, on Wednesday, May 9.

A Home Economics dinner was given Friday, May 11, with Madeline Hansen as hostess and Mary Belle Grant, host.

The table was beautifully decorated with snapdragons and daisies, and the following menu was served: orange and grapefruit cocktail with cheese canapes, meat loaf, buttered new parsleyed potatoes, buttered new peas, pineapple and carrot gelatine salad, celery and olives, an hot rolls and jelly. The dessert was maple mousse and cakes.

The guests at the dinner were Miss Tucker, Miss Eva Sayre, Miss Anderson, and Kathryn Fox.

International Club Elects

The International Relations Club held their final meeting of the year, Monday, May 14 in the College Club Room.

Election of officers was held and the following girls were elected for the ensuing year: president, Mary K. Dewey; vice president, Kathryn Fox; secretary-treasurer, Dorothy Copps; chairman of entertainment committee, Margaret Taylor; chairman of program committee, Betty Touchstone.

Dr. Appleton, sponsor of the club, discussed with the girls the plans for next year.

Ethel Gard Barry Gives Dinner

One of the loveliest dinners of the Home Economics department was given Thursday evening, May 3, by Ethel Gard Barry in the Home Economics apartment in Roemer Hall.

Ethel Gard had as her guests Miss Anderson, Miss Geiselman, Miss Isidore, Dorothy Ann Martin and Theresa Crispin, who acted as host. The dinner consisted of tomato cocktail and egg canapes, breaded pork chops, buttered new potatoes with parsley, creamed cauliflower, molded salad with cheese balls, butter horn rolls, apple jelly, strawberry ice cream, cake and iced tea. White carnations in a black crystal bowl and white candles in white holders were used as table decorations.

Mr. Burnet C. Tuthill, of Cincinnati, Ohio, Secretary of the National Association of Schools of Music, was a guest of the college last Thursday.

(Continued from page 1, Col. 1)

a frock of the same material were both outstanding figures on the dance floor. Isabel Orr, vice-president of the Senior class, whose clothes are always the last word, was not to be outdone Saturday night. She appeared in a self designed dress of navy blue and white linen, with which was worn a long coat of blue linen.

At ten o'clock supper consisting of chicken sa'ad, rolls, potato chips, olives, strawberry sundae, cookies, mints and coffee was served at tables for eight in the north wing of the dining room in Ayres.

The music for the dancing, which terminated at 12:00, was furnished by Jimmie Parker's orchestra.

Read The Linden Bark.

(Continued from page 1, Col. 2)

ture of sunlight and shadows. In every picture there are high-lights and when I think of the high lights of this one I see May 12, 1914, when God sent the Roemers to guide the good ship Lindenwood." In concluding she proposed a toast to Dr. and Mrs. Roemer "in the name of all Lindenwood girls past and present."

Miss Cook, college Bursar, spoke in behalf of the administration of the college. "Many of us have been here for years and have seen many changes in the administration", she said. "Quite a number of us have given the best of our lives to Lindenwood but we are satisfied with the investment."

Dr. MacIvor, president of the Board of Directors, represented the board in extending congratulations, both his own and the congratulatory resolutions drawn up by the Board. In behalf of the Board he presented Dr. Roemer with a wrist watch in token of their appreciation of his excellent service.

Telegrams of congratulations received from the Roemer's many friends were read by Dr. Stumberg. The messages came from all parts of the United States, many of them from absentee members of the Board of Directors and former associates and students.

Dean Gipson represented the faculty in extending the Roemers their cordial greetings. On behalf of the faculty she presented to them two large artist proof colored etchings of foreign scenes. A leather bound book, "The Annals of Lindenwood College 1914-1934", a record of development of Lindenwood under the Roemers, was also presented to them by Dean Gipson as a gift of the faculty. The book, compiled with the cooperation of faculty members, was illustrated by ink sketches of the art students, Madeline Chandler, Louise McCulloch, Louise Snyder, Elaine Slothower, Virginia Emerson and Wilma Burnett.

In a short responsive speech to the many greetings Mrs. Roemer graciously expressed her appreciation of the flowers, gifts, and congratulations. She described her first feeling of regret when Dr. Roemer was called from the ministry to presidency of Lindenwood twenty years ago. "But," she said, "I have never shed a tear of regret from that time to this. Twenty years as we look back seems rather a long time in ways but they have been happy years I am proud to say. It has been such a pleasure to work with those here and those who are not here tonight. I wish to thank you everyone for helping in making Lindenwood what it is."

Dr. Roemer, after expressing his thanks for this "quiet little affair" to which the faculty had invited him, gave reminiscences the twenty years of his presidency. He pictured for the students and guests the Lindenwood of twenty years ago with its cow pasture where Irwin Hall now stands, grape vineyard on the site of Niccols Hall, and apple orchard on the location of Butler Hall. From its former area of thirty-four acres it increased to one hundred and forty acres he pointed out. "The leader has not been the only instrument in bringing about these things that have come to pass," Dr. Roemer said, "but only a partial one". Dr. Roemer described all those working for and with Lindenwood as being cooperative factors in its development. "We do not have workmen here," he asserted. "We are all co-operators in a unit." In concluding Dr. Roemer attributed to Mrs. Roemer his success in developing Lindenwood. "The leading light in my life with this particular work," he said, "has been Mrs. Roemer."

As a finale to the evening Lindenwood students rose and sang the Lindenwood Song as the guests departed.

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LANNY ROSS
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Boat with Charles Ruggles—Mary
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THURSDAY, MAY 24
Double Feature Program—
"PARISIAN ROMANCE"
also
"WHAT'S YOUR RACKET"

FRIDAY, MAY 25
Katherine Hepburn, Star of
"Little Women"
in
"SPITFIRE"
also
"CROSBY CASE"
with
Wynne Gibson—Alan Dinehart

SATURDAY, MAY 26
Frank Buck's
"WILD CARGO"
You will never forget it